

Power of Attorney

V I P

By Maxine Cheshire

When Attorney General Richard Kleindienst alighted from his limousine to catch a plane at National Airport one day last week, he deposited the book he had been reading on the ledge of the car's rear window.

Someone waiting at the curb for a cab was curious enough to sneak a peek at the title. It was "Alter Your Life," written by Emmet Fox in 1931 and recently reprinted.

Fox's other books are "Sermon On the Mount" . . . "Power Through Constructive Thinking" . . . "Find and Use Your Inner Power" . . . and "Make Your Life Worthwhile."

Fox's philosophy may or may not alter Kleindienst's life.

A typical quote from the book in the Attorney General's car reads:

"Unhappiness, frustration, poverty and loneliness are really bad habits that their victims have become accustomed to bear with more or less, fortitude, believing that there is no way out, whereas there is a way and that way is simply to acquire good habits of mind instead of bad ones, habits of working with the law instead of against it."

Marthamobile

The Republican National Committee, which could find no records Friday on a Lincoln limousine leased for Martha Mitchell's use, has solved the mystery.

A spokesman, Tom Wilck, said yesterday that the car in question is being leased by the Republican National Committee from a division of the Ford Motor Co. and made available to the Committee for the Re-election of the President.

"What they do with it is their business," he said. The bill will be paid by them.

Potpourri

Martha Mitchell is saying now that her husband wanted to get out of government two years ago, but she stopped him. Now she wishes she hadn't. He had never intended to remain Attorney General longer than a year or two, she says, and considerable persuasion was necessary on her part when he decided, midway through the Nixon administration's four years, to go back to private practice . . . Perhaps the reason is Edward Nixon's striking resemblance to his older brother, but Secret Service protection for him on the campaign trail has been unusually cautious. Before he checked into the Essex House in New York last week, agents were even poking long sticks into

the sand of lobby cigarette-butt receptacles to check for bombs . . .

Columnist Jack Anderson
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