

Being Spied on Has Benefits of Sorts

By Jack Anderson
and Les Whitten

I don't know how other middle-aged men, beset by menopausal quirks and temptations, manage to keep on the straight and narrow. But I have found a method.

More precisely, the method has found me.

For illustration, just the other day I was browsing through the morning paper and came unexpectedly upon the admission by Central Intelligence Agency chief William E. Colby that the agency has been spying on me.

Well, there was a time when such tidings might have left me somewhat greenish. But I can now accept the CIA in my life with an inner serenity. I have developed this simple philosophy:

If men would but live their lives as though gumshoes from seven government agencies were always half a block behind, the appeal of the virtuous life would soon be made manifest to them.

I also get some comfort from the security which all this government attention provides. To waylay me, a bad man would have to get past a whole posse of federal flatfeet. Here is the latest count:

•In late 1970, the White House assigned Jack Caulfield, the precursor of the plumbers, to investigate me. His aim, according to a confidential Feb. 11, 1971, memo, was to make "the ability of the Andersons of the world to gain White House in-

formation both difficult and hazardous." He spent three months on the assignment, without notable results.

•The Pentagon's sleuths got on my trail in early 1971. They produced a bespectacled clerk, Eugene Smith, as our master spy and, after third-degree grillings that left him with ulcers, dragged him before a grand jury in Norfolk, Va. The U.S. attorney there, Brian Gettings, quickly concluded that Smith was the wrong man.

•Shortly thereafter, The Washington Post reported that the White House "is directing a major effort to discredit columnist Jack Anderson"—an effort The Post said involved the Justice Department, Republican National Committee and the Committee for the Re-election of the President. These groups were to feed "negative material about Anderson" to the press and to simpatico senators.

•By this time, the CIA and the FBI had joined the posse. A separate investigation was directed by Robert C. Mardian, then an assistant attorney general, whose plainclothesmen collaborated behind the scenes with Intertel, the private eye firm, which had been hired by the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. to spy on me. Mardian has now been convicted in the Watergate case.

•In 1972, the maladroit White House "plumbers" turned their attention from Pentagon Papers' leaker Daniel Ellsberg and scrawled my name on their blackboard as their new Public

Enemy No. 1. Their relentless search for my sources led them at last to a gentle Navy yeoman, and they browbeat a confession out of him that he was, indeed, a spy—not for me but for the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

All this surveillance, meanwhile, has toned me up marvelously for the future.

I have a sensitive eye and memory for the location of pay phones, and in conversation, my evasive code has become so effective that half the time my

own staff doesn't understand my instructions.

Other pitfalls are avoided. For other men, the Washington whirl is full of lures—message parlors, Fanne Foxe-type bistros, get-rich-quick schemes, lobbyists who can offer all that comfort and cupidity hold dear. Temptation is everywhere.

But not for me. The thought of all those cops back there, tripping over their night sticks but gaining on me, turns me right off.

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