

VIP

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Speaker's Chair

By Maxine Cheshire

There are a lot of men on Capitol Hill who would like to sit in Speaker John McCormack's seat.

There is also someone in the White House with that secret Walter Mitty ambition, and he has tried out the chair for size.

Manolo Sanchez, President Nixon's valet, had the opportunity when the Chief Executive made his now-famous pre-dawn visit to the House of Representatives the morning of the peace demonstration.

With no one to observe except the President and Secret Service agents, Sanchez took the presiding chair in the big empty chamber.

President Nixon sat out in the chamber on one of the benches used by the congressmen and applauded.

Hoover's Hat

A former FBI agent was standing outside the Justice Department this week with a Justice Department employee.

FBI director J. Edgar Hoover's limousine drove up. "Look at the hat! Look at the hat!" exclaimed the employee.

Clearly visible was a hat which casual observers would assume was affixed to Mr. Hoover's head.

"It isn't," said the Justice staffer. "Hoover sits slouched down on the other side of the car. Anyone who ever takes a potshot at him will be aiming at a decoy."

No Hotline

Liberal New York Sen. Jacob Javits has discovered that he does not exactly have a hotline to the White House.

A secretary put through a call recently to presidential assistant Peter Flanigan.

A White House secretary on Flanigan's staff very coolly insisted on knowing the nature of the senator's call. Otherwise, she said, she could not put the call through.

Javits, amused because most secretaries anywhere in Washington do not react that way to ANY senator, instructed his Girl Friday just to leave word for Flanigan that Javits would like the call returned.

It never was.

Potpourri

Bill Moyers, out as publisher of Newsday, was asked by someone if he intends to go back to preaching. No, he replied, because "this is an age for deeds, not words" . . . A National Portrait Gallery official went up to New York recently to see painter Jamie Wyeth's increasingly famous portrait of a pig. "Don't you want to buy this," his agent asked the Portrait Gallery official, "as representative of a whole generation of Americans?" . . . Mary Jo Kopechne's parents, as is their custom on a very regular basis, visited here last weekend with their daughter's former roommates.