

A Call for the Chauffeur

By Maxine Cheshire

POM 9/26/72

VIP

There were a lot of McGovern buttons around, so Martha Mitchell caused a stir among the other guests when she went looking for a telephone at Barbara Walter's birthday party in New York on Sunday night.

Her husband, who made no attempt to follow along and monitor her call, chuckled afterwards at the curiosity of onlookers. He assured his hostess that his wife wasn't calling anyone except the chauffeur, to tell him to bring the car to take them home.

It was the first time the Mitchells have surfaced socially since moving to Manhattan where they are staying at the Essex House until they can move into their new apartment. The former Attorney General, relaxed and puffing his pipe, introduced himself over and over again with the identification: "I'm Martha Mitchell's husband."

Watching his wife getting a celebrity's attention from other celebrities, Mitchell beamed. "Did you ever see such dimples?" he asked former New York Mayor Robert Wagner, pointing happily at Mrs. Mitchell's radiant smile across the room.

She wasn't talking politics except to say to reporters

who approached her that she doesn't intend to talk politics "until after election day."

Guests included CBS commentator Walter Cronkite, author Jacqueline Susann (who was told by Mrs. Mitchell that she had read "Valley of the Dolls" twice and is starting on it again), Kitty Carlisle, Mrs. Bennett Cerf, photographer Yousef Karsh, producer Hal Prince and Vogue magazine editor Grace Mirabella.

Predominantly Democratic liberals, several guests were unhappy over the Mitchell presence and said so.

"We're of very different religions," sniffed one complaining McGovern supporter. "Would you have had J. Edgar Hoover to your party when he was alive?"

Mrs. Mitchell, who had called and asked ahead of time about appropriate attire for the evening, was wearing a jacketed pink-and-green brocade cocktail dress and the five-inch sling-back pumps she favors even though they are currently considered unfashionable.

Her costume contrasted strikingly with the "hip" garb of such New Yorkers as Hal Prince and writer

Barbaralee Diamondstein, who turned out in matching, pin-striped "George Raft-Marlene Dietrich" suits and polka-dot accessories.

Datebook

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's wife, Joan, had her datebook open beside her plate at P. T. Barnum's on Saturday night and was coordinating her upcoming schedule with her husband's as they ate. The occasion was their son, Teddy's, 11th birthday, and they took him and three pals to play the pinball machines. Two Secret Service agents chaperoned the party from another table.

Margaret's Washington

Former President and Mrs. Harry S. Truman's daughter, Margaret, never did like living in Washington and is not exactly thrilled at the prospect of moving back when her husband, Clifton Daniel, becomes head of The New York Times bureau here.

"I'm so sad for you," Bess Truman said consolingly when her daughter telephoned the news last week.

"But why?" asked Margaret. "I always thought Washington was your favorite place."

"It is," said her mother. "But I know it will never be yours."

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