

# Southampton Meets 'La Causa'

## Grape Pickers Talk and the Partygoers Donate \$20,500

By CHARLOTTE CURTIS  
Special to The New York Times

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., June 29—The United Farm Workers, fighting for recognition of their union and contracts with California table grape growers, took what they call "la causa" to the frankly rich residents of this conservative summer resort last night.

Andrew Imutan, the first vice president of the union, and a team of blue-jeaned organizers and longtime supporters accepted an invitation to mingle with the elegant Southampton regulars at what amounted to a combination rally and elaborate buffet supper.

Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli, the former Anne Ford, was chairman of the benefit, Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy emerged from more than a year of mourning to serve as honorary chairman. The committee was made up of liberals of one sort or another, only a few of whom summer in Southampton. And the party was given by Andrew Stein.

"I believe in the cause and I wanted to do something," he said simply.

Mr. Stein, a young Assemblyman from Manhattan's Upper East Side who usually spends his summer weekends playing touch football and tennis, is the son of Jerry Finkelstein, chairman of the Struthers Wells Corporation,



Mariachis serenaded Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli, benefit chairman, and Mr. Uzielli as the guests arrived. The Stein house near the ocean is in the background.

a diversified concern involved in desalinization and other projects. His father also publishes The New York Law Journal and the Civil Service Leader.

And the Finkelstein-Stein home, with its indoor trees and outdoor swimming pool, is not small. In fact, it was the biggest house Mrs. Imutan had ever seen.

"It has a place for servants to sleep," she said as women in silk pajamas and diamonds and men in brightly colored pants and blazers streamed through the house and out onto the lawn where the bars were. "We couldn't even afford the curtains."

Mrs. Imutan, whose blue pants and pink cotton shirt were no more bizarre than Heidi Vanderbilt's shocking pink silk pants suit, stood at the edge of the crowd, obviously awed. She said she had never before seen uniformed waitresses pass hors d'oeuvre on silver trays.

"I didn't know if I was allowed to pick up anything or not," she said of the little watercress and crabmeat sandwiches. "I thought maybe it was only for the millionaire guests. It's the first time in my life I came to this kind of party."

The Imutans' three boys were less reluctant. The

youngsters threaded in and out among the 700 guests, staring at them. And when Mrs. Kennedy arrived without much fanfare, they followed her around with an Instamatic camera.

"She's very pretty," said 12-year-old William Imutan, after she shook his hand. "She wanted to know how old I was."

Mrs. Kennedy, in a short pink dress with gold and diamond bracelets, moved quietly through the crowds, shaking hands with friends mostly from campaign days. When guests said it was nice of her to come, as they almost invariably did, she smiled and inevitably answered, "It's nice to be here."

### Dampness Wrecks Coiffures

Aside from that, some comments about how the ocean dampness was wrecking her hair and an occasional reminder that Cesar Chavez, the union head, and his cause had been close to her late husband's heart, Mrs. Kennedy hugged Rafer Johnson, the track star turned movie actor, and Antonio Muñoz, the Spanish banker.

After perhaps an hour of small talk and drinks (during which Mark Goodson, the television producer and causa sympathizer, remark-



Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy had a talk with Andrew Imutan's sons, Barney, Jerry and William, during Andrew Stein's party and supper in aid of United Farm Workers.

The New York Times (by Meyer Lebowitz)

ed that he found the party "more than a little incongruous" and Joel Sirkin, a Harvard Law student who is serving as a union organizer, deplored the use of a mariachi band on such an occasion), Mr. Stein ran his hand over the mess the damp wind had made of his black hair, escorted Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Uzielli up onto a floodlighted stone terrace, adjusted the microphone and attempted to call the party to order.

He never really succeeded.

### She Had a Reason to Talk

Mr. Imutan, a quiet, gentle man in tan twill pants and a blue and tan plaid cotton short-sleeved sport shirt, asked everyone to shut his eyes and pretend for a few minutes that he was a farm worker's wife.

He talked about breakfasts of tortillas and baloney sandwiches at 3 A.M., days picking grapes in the fields when that was possible, and the need for money to support both the strike against the growers and the boycott of grapes in stores. Only a few guests, including Mrs. Kennedy, paid much attention.

Anita Colby, the model known as "The Face," was being hugged and kissed by an admirer as Mr. Imutan

talked, and off across the lawn there were knots of conversation. Miss Vanderbilt had reason to whisper, however. She was circulating with pledge cards she was trying to get filled.

Senator Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma spoke briefly (and gave \$100), and so did Frank Mankiewicz, the late Senator Kennedy's press secretary and now a political news analyst, and Peter Edelman, a one-time Kennedy aide. And then Mr. Stein announced some of the contributions.

The Uziellis had started the fund with a \$1,000 contribution. Huntington Hartford, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company heir who picketed one of his own stores because it was selling grapes, gave \$1,000, although he couldn't attend the party. And W. Averell Harriman, President Johnson's representative at the Paris peace talks, sent a pledge for \$500.

"I understand there's a man out there who'll give us \$10,000 if four others will give \$2,500 cash," Mr. Edelman announced.

He got lots of conversation, at least three cries of "Viva la huelga" ("Up with the Strike") and no takers. But Abe Schrader, the dress manufacturer, came up with another \$1,000 and Newton

D. Glekel, chairman of Beck Industries, Inc., the shoe company, agreed to give \$1,500—the largest single gift.

Mr. Glekel, like several other important contributors, had been carefully cultivated by several committee members. They had been expected to give a lot more. But, as one man said, "they'll never give if it's public and announced."

Another theory had it that making the gifts public—announcing them not just to the press but in the presence of Mrs. Kennedy—would up the ante considerably.

The final tally, made up mostly of \$100 contributions, was \$20,500, which is still all right for a cocktail party on a Saturday night in Southampton, but the committee was disappointed. It had hoped for \$100,000, which was only reasonable considering that Mr. Stein had spent about \$3,500 for his party.

And by the time most guests left, the pickets in front of the Stein residence were gone. They had carried signs with such slogans as "Boycott Communist goods, not grapes" and "Grapes Si, Chavez No." But there weren't any aristocratic old Southampton residents in that group, either.



Author Dan Greenberg writes out his check for "la causa" at the party.