



**Winners:** Co-chairman William Ellinghaus, guests of honor Lewis and Jack Rudin, co-chairman John McGillicuddy at the Olympic gala.

# Guilt Dinners

By Bernice Kanner

## Dressing Up and Shelling Out—All for a Good Cause

**O**UT OF THE RAIN THEY COME in their dinner jackets and cocktail dresses to the Art Deco Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. Jack and Lewis Rudin, the real-estate men, are among the first to show up. William Ellinghaus, president of American Telephone & Telegraph, and John McGillicuddy, chairman of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, arrive, then the Peat Marwick contingent, followed by Olympian John B. Kelly Jr. (Princess Grace's brother) and John Cruz, the one-legged marathon man. A rabbi (Sheldon Zimmerman) and a bishop (Joseph Sullivan) saunter in together.

What has brought all of them out on this stormy November night is a banquet

to benefit the United States Olympic Committee—and honor the Rudin brothers in the bargain. Ellinghaus and McGillicuddy are the dinner's co-chairmen, and the four men have stationed themselves in the Basildon Room, where 150 special guests invited for 6:30 P.M. exchange hugs, kiss the air, and mill about over drinks, hot chicken livers wrapped in bacon, and tepid conversation. When Lew and Jack's mother, May, arrives, the room erupts with little shrieks of pleasure.

At 8:15—45 minutes behind schedule—everyone sits down to petite marmite, roast loin of veal, and frozen lemon soufflé with raspberry sauce. The national anthem is sung, and a movie clip of the New York City Marathon is

shown. Toastmaster Jim Jensen calls for a moment of silence to honor those killed in Grenada. Congratulatory messages from Mayor Koch and Governor Cuomo are read, and posters signed by President Reagan are presented to the Rudins. The first evacuees sneak out at 9:46. By 10 there's a distinct rush for the exits, and by 10:48 the last of the 775 guests have trooped out into the rain again, many clutching the towering amaryllis centerpieces—and the Olympic Committee is \$275,000 richer.

So closes another chapter in one of the great untold stories of corporate America—the guilt dinner. These good-cause rituals have become so pervasive in New York that from October through May scarcely a weeknight goes by that