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HESITATION

Carpenter, O'Neill & Abourezk put off eating with the Fat Club

was a work of calligraphic art. The angel was a vision in white. She carried a delivery receipt headed "St. Michael's Delivery Service."

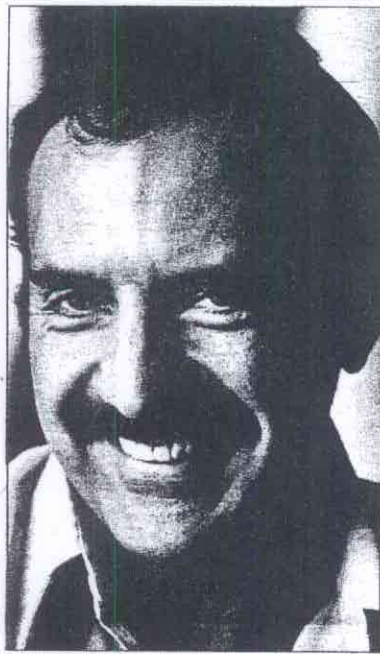
Lacy, an advocate of Hudson's project, accepted the surprise visit with aplomb: "I've been expecting you all day," he said, signing the delivery receipt next to "name of mortal."

"It was a starving citizen-artist trying to get a reply," says Hudson. "The trouble is, an angel of the Lord appeared and we still didn't get a reply. We'd like to—if you'll pardon the expression—get this project in the can."

MARVIN, DIDN'T OUR TABLE JUST MOVE?

Washington's fashionable and pricey restaurant, **The Palm**, is opening a West Coast branch with a famous major investor, **William Peter Blatty**, a former Georgetown University student who brought show biz to his old neighborhood with his bestseller, *The Exorcist*.

Locally one of **The Palm's** backers, attorney **Mark Sandground**, works on divorce cases full-time and considers opening eateries his hobby. That avocation has produced Georgetown's **La Niçoise** and **Le Canard**, Clarendon's **Hu Yuan** as well as **The Palm**. After Labor Day, the doors open on **Le Pescadou**, with a French seafood menu on upper M Street. Investing in **Le Pescadou** with Sand-



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AVOCATION

Exorcist author dabbles in the restaurant biz

ground is **Ramond Losit**, the kissing maitre d' at **La Niçoise**, and three more of that restaurant's rollerskating wonders.

THE FAST TRACK

Those petrodollars fly when you're having fun: Iranian Ambassador **Ardeshir Zahedi**, in the company of a couple of beautiful women and friends, dropped \$150 in an hour on a few drinks and four bottles of Dom Perignon champagne at **Nathan's** one recent Saturday midnight . . . Power has its perks, Presidential Assistant **Donald Rumsfeld** and his wife demonstrated when they took over two press box seats, ousting a couple of working journalists at the Washington Star International tennis tournament . . . **Ralph Nader** was less lucky a couple of nights later when **The Big Cheese** restaurant in Georgetown turned him and his four companions away because no tables were available . . .

Mary Perot Nichols, Village Voice senior editor and political conspiracy hound, would like to open a Washington bureau, friends say, but her paper says no dice in the foreseeable future.

Continental Airlines' ad slogan promises, "We really move our tail for you," but one airline employee stands charged with also moving other items: six rare Oriental paintings out of a Singapore business consultant's office. The 350-year-old paintings, valued at over \$10,000 were taken from a Sin-

gapore office by night and shortly thereafter turned up on the office walls of Continental's Washington sales manager's office. The airline exec—just returned from the Far East—proudly showed the paintings to a curious visitor who happened to be a private dick from **Investigations Inc.**, hired by the Singapore collector. The FBI did the rest.

Rep. Robert Drinan's (D-Mass.) probable Republican opponent in 1976 is most assuredly a choice, not an echo. Drinan, 54, is the Jesuit priest whose feelings against Richard Nixon and the Vietnam war were no secret. **Arthur Mason**, a 35-year-old attorney who grew up in Drinan's congressional district, is Jewish, a decorated Vietnam war vet and a specialist in securities law with Charles Colson's old law firm. Further, Mason was a law student at Boston College when Drinan was the school's dean. And until a year ago, Mason's attorney brother worked in the Capital Hill office of—Rep. Robert Drinan . . . Superagent **Irving "Swiftly" Lazar** says Richard Nixon should complete his memoir by September 1976.

AFTERMATHS: THE CANDIDATE & THE PILOT

Remember the \$250,000 Kalorama Road house **Sen. George McGovern** purchased last spring that was reportedly going to headquarter a historical study of the 1972 presidential campaign? Well, forget the grand oral and written history project and don't give the house another thought, either. The McGoverns apparently made the purchase for investment purposes; the Syrian ambassador now rents the splendid stone mansion. And the history of McGovern's losing campaign is buried in boxes and files scattered all around town. A staffer says someday ambitious office interns might be able to create some order out of the chaos.

He is pudgy and dresses modishly now, and the tales of CIA malfeasance at home and abroad "disappoint" him. He is **Francis Gary Powers**, who was shot down 15 years ago while spying over Russia in a U-2 aircraft. Now he pilots a single-engine plane as a radio traffic broadcaster in Van Nuys, California, and anybody with an AM radio can keep tabs on his flight path. Powers, 45, recently told a reporter he has no idea how the country can keep tabs on his former employer, the CIA.

BIG TALK AND SMALL

Barron's managing editor **Alan Abelson** with a modest proposal for world peace: "The rendezvous . . . of Apollo and Soyuz demonstrates graphically that the way to get people together . . . is to shoot them several hundreds miles into the celestial wastes."

AFL-CIO chief **George Meany**, lecturing the House International Relations Committee on world peace, offering his thoughts on dealing with Russia: "If they kick us in the shins, we kick them in the shins. It's the only thing they understand."

Fourteen years ago **Richard Nixon** agreed with a newspaper editorial denouncing the political techniques of the John Birch Society this way: "One of the most indelible lessons of human history is that those who adopt the doctrine that the end justifies the means inevitably find the means becomes the end."