

KAREN

On Friday

Hollywood filmmakers won't touch **Frances S. Leighton's** unauthorized biography of the first lady, "The Search for the Real **Nancy Reagan**" — at least that's the word of her agent, **Oscar Collier**.

Fran, who once wrote about another first lady, **Jackie Kennedy**, has never interviewed Mrs. Reagan. "If the White House had cooperated, they would have had a far nicer book," she says. Instead, the book is a compilation of what's already been published, beginning with her childhood, combined with tidbits the author could learn from those who know Nancy. But the author found that the first lady's pals were either very loyal, very busy, or said they were afraid to speak to her. Most of those who did talk insisted on anonymity. Magazine rights sold at auction for five figures last week.

Scheduling announcements to "announce" is becoming complicated business. **Gary Hart** postponed his announcement date for the Democratic nomination to April 13, **Thomas Jefferson's** birthday. It's not that Jefferson is his hero. (Nor, so far as any psychic knows, is Gary a hero of Jefferson's.) Gary had planned to announce his candidacy April 6, but then **Jack Kemp** announced that he would make his "announcement" on that day. The going gets rough when there are so many candidates that everyone has to compete for headlines for the "announcement."

Adnan Khashoggi, who has an eye for pretty ladies, is bragging to pals, with the tact and gallantry of an overweight, overage, bankrupt arms dealer, "It's too bad **Barbara Walters** isn't 20 years younger. I've got her private numbers." When **Barbara** first called the Saudi arms dealer at his apartment in **Olympic Towers** in New York to convince him to agree to an interview for



Barbara Walters

ABC News, he asked for all her phone numbers so he could get back to her if he decided to talk. At his encouragement she gave him every phone number where she thought she could conceivably be reached over the upcoming months. After all, should he agree to the interview, she wasn't going to play hard-to-get.

If Mayor **Marion Barry** had read the "Farmer's Almanac," the city might have been better prepared for the great snowstorms. Not only did **Georgetown** residents not vote for him in November, but it's unlikely that they will next time. Side streets there have yet to be plowed. Instead, the cops just put up barricades, as if out of sight, out of mind. Even mailmen haven't been able to get through. Many **Georgetown** residents haven't had mail delivery all week. Whatever happened to that stuff about not even the dark and gloom of night being able to stay the postman from his appointed rounds?

All it takes to cope, actually, is a little ingenuity. When **Sadie Bregman** thought she would have to miss her weekly appointment with her hairdresser because her car was snowed in, her savvy husband, **Bo**, the retired sports promoter, called a tow truck. "But I still don't want to try to drive through these streets," Sadie said. **Bo** smiled. The truck was not for the car, but for Sadie herself. She rode off in style, and back again, in the front seat of a two-ton truck with monster wheels, and looked simply smashing for dinner.

The fact that the mayor didn't do adequate snow cleanup may have finally hit home. **Robin Weir** was on his way to do **Effi Barry's** hair yesterday when he slipped on the ice. He was rushed to the hospital and treated for multiple sprains in his leg, which is now in a cast, leaving **Effi's** hair undone. His injuries were treated by late afternoon, when the White House sent a car for him to do Mrs. Reagan's.

— Karen Feld