

short in surprise as he arrived to speak to an out-of-town wedding party before performing the ceremony: The bride was in wedding gown and veil "but only half a skirt," he reported later.

Her hem had evidently turned up a bit in back, for as she rose, the bridegroom rushed over to pull it down with a hasty, "Oh Mary! You need every inch you've got!"

THE TWIN IMAGES of Sotheby's of London and the Hon. James Dugdale—art expert, wine expert, heir of Lord Crathorne—sound veddy Olde England. But next Tuesday's young English Speaking Union lecturer on art at auction is positively swinging: He's a hot drummer who has worked with British jazz and rock-and-roll groups. In that world, he is obviously a real individualist: He cuts his hair short.

Dugdale and his New York associate, Jerry Patterson—who will explore the same topic Monday night for the Fine Arts Club—will have a weekend on the town with Patterson's cousin, Loyd Rowland, and other friends before each speaks his piece—Dugdale at Loyola's Danna Center, Patterson at 7100 St. Charles ave.

PROFESSIONAL singers, notably Norman Treigle, are aghast at the renovation of Municipal Auditorium. "What they ought to do is tear it down," he said flatly. "Otherwise, you'll never get your own opera building." What does he favor, as a singer? "The old Civil Courts building," he said emphatically. "It's your best bet."

NOTHING STIRS unlikely activity like a school fair. Clifford Favrot is billed as ringmaster for Newman's Monday night "Carousel" (not the musical; the only music will be money jingling in their ears) . . . but the date conflicts and he has had to fly off with the group of other wheels who're helping steer new industry toward Louisiana.

Paul Godchaux, the elder, has turned up among a group of grandparents who've taken on a "Carousel" booth. He'll stock it with children's furniture he has made himself.

Tomorrow, 2-9 p.m., ardent mamas have nudged a squad of fathers into cooking hundreds of pizzas at St. Mary's Gym for La Petite Ecole's annual fair, while the others confine themselves to riding herd on white elephants and such. Why pizzas? Says Vernon Main Jr., pushed into the post of head chef, "It's easier than making crepes suzette."

HERMAN J. YOUNG may not sound like a Cajun name but Mr. Young has the accent and the relatives to prove it, as he leads a New Orleans aggregation to Mansura for "an oldtime French lay-out, the Cochon De Lait," which will last all weekend. Hogs will be roasted, he assures, "for all former natives, friends and residences to attend; this will keep the French custom alive." Worth the trip? Declares Mr. Young firmly: "25,000 New Orleans French Avoyellians can't be faux."

LONGTIME gospel singer Sister Elizabeth Eustis, who'll perform as a feature of the Cancer Society benefit Sunday, 2:30 p.m., at the Monteleone, doesn't feel the thinning ranks of her generation have anything to worry about, in passing on the mantle. "Some of the young people, the older people haven't given them a chance to show what's in their soul," she said earnestly. "There's plenty



—Photo by David Nelson.
MISS SUSAN JEAN MOREL'S betrothal to Mr. John Edmund Firmin is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene J. Morel of Harahan. The wedding will take place May 20 at St. Rita's Church with the bride's cousin, the Rev. Warren Chassaniol officiating.



—Photo by David Nelson.
MISS DARLEEN PERRY and Mr. James Eldon Winchester will wed May 27 at St. Francis of Assisi Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Perry. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Winchester.

of them just sitting back and waiting for their chance to express their love of God."

A distinctive personality, Sister Eustis' advent under Jazz Club auspices may launch a new cycle in our town.

BUSILY GETTING film clearances from the contestants for the Gulf Coast Photographers "Miss Photogenic" contest, Mrs. Marshall Glazebrook was astonished at the calm, relaxed mien of every one of the girls. At the point of leaving to help Col. Glazebrook set up his motion picture equipment, she asked kindly, "Anything I can get anybody?" A voice spoke up from across the room. "Yes, please, a tranquilizer." Mrs. G. surveyed the crowded room in surprise. "Who needs a tranquilizer? You girls seem so calm." A woman emerged from the throng with, "I do; I'm a mother."

NO MATTER HOW enthusiastic, last night's applause for "The Rivals" couldn't match the music already in the ears of the Repertory company: A packed house of high school students Tuesday yelled and cheered for five minutes after the final curtain, said an exultant June Havoc, whose "Mrs. Malaprop" role is one of the all-time comedy classics. "I've never seen anything like it before. Suddenly, those 12 noon to 12 midnight rehearsals seemed worth it."

SAGEBRUSH: "A man who is never foolish is not as wise as he thinks." (La Rochefoucauld)

Friday, April 7, 1967

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