

TV SETS MOVED IN BY SOME BARS

Moon Walk Barely

Slows Bourbon Street

By CHRIS SHEAROUSE

Most Crescent City streets were quiet last night as her residents sat indoors, awaiting the eloquent moment when astronaut Neil A. Armstrong stepped onto the moon.

Down on Bourbon Street, though, the strippers were baring their pink flesh, the Dixieland brass was blaring and cash registers rang out "business as usual" jingles.

Business was a little lighter than usual, and many bars set up television sets where customers huddled about, paying silent homage to the big grey screen that promised to show them man's first step on another planet.

AND MANY of those watching experienced a vague, starry, exhilarating feeling of disbelief, a feeling described by Al St. German, a bartender in the Old Absinthe House, as "a very tingling feeling."

Carlos Castillo, proprietor of a Mexican restaurant, saw it as "a super human adventure," and his companion, Miss Yvonne Bladergroen, put in that she would like to go to the moon some day herself.

Honey-haired Brigitte Boudreaux, a "cajun strip-teaser from Breaux Bridge," said she thought it was "just like seeing an adventure story—It was a real Jules Verne thing."

SHE EXPRESSED her admiration for the Apollonauts, who "put their lives on the line for the advancement of man's knowledge."

The man in a candy striped coat hawking hot dogs on the corner proved to be named Layre Richardson, and he found it "still kind of wonderful and hard to believe."

He said he was still "wondering and worried about whether they would make it back."

Richard Janos, an unem-

ployed man from Lafitte, borrowed a cigarette and said he thought it was "very beautiful."

"Men can accomplish anything they think they can. People with brains can do anything they want to—because they're men," he said.

TWO PATROLMEN got out of their car, and one, Ptn. Bill Holcomb expressed gratitude that he had gotten to see man's first moon step.

He and his partner, Ptn. J. O. Reilly, had luckily been out on a call for a domestic squabble and had gotten to watch the action while they settled the problem.

Reilly said on his way from handling the complaint he had seen a 14th Century helmet in the window of a Royal Street antique store, and that he couldn't help but marvel at the big jump man has made in 400 years.

AMZIE ADAMS, bearded, with long blond hair, attired in hippie garb, stood on a busy corner selling copies of "Logos," crying out, "buy one for your dog. Underground psychedelic trash!"

His initial, unprintable comments were to the effect that he wasn't really wild about man having gone to the moon.

After some reflection he decided it might be a good thing after all.

"They might get out there and look back and realize how messed up this world is. Out there they can look at the world like it's all together and really think about it.

ADAMS, AN artist, from West Orange, N. J., equated the moon voyagers with people on a ship, able to "get away from all the (problems) here."

Phil McLaughlin, a cab driver termed it "the most ex-



BRIGITTE BOUDREAUX
"real Jules Verne thing."

citing thing I've ever seen."

And Wallace Gay, a waiter at Par O'Brien's said the moon walk made him "real happy, real happy, man."

William Smith, a tourist from Coraville, Ore., was at a loss for words. "What profound thing can I say? They've said it all, haven't they?"

MRS. CHARLENE Legg of Santa Rosa, Calif., threw out her hands and shouted, "It's really wonderful."

And Pinkie Ginsberg, who identified himself as the world's greatest gate crasher, having invaded Hitler's palace and the inner sanctum of Egyptian Premier Nasser, called it the greatest thing ever to happen in the history of America.

The general impression was, as Neil Armstrong had put it, that this little step for a man had been a giant leap for mankind. And that the average man had gotten a rare front row seat at the giant pageant that is history. And the bands played on.



CARLOS CASTILLO YVONNE BLADERGROEN
"a super human adventure"

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