

# Lagniappe



## Terrible Yscloskey Insects Cancel Travel Article

By THOMAS GRIFFIN

THE WAY it was told to me is that this travel writer, a comely young woman from The Tampa Tribune, came to town seeking sights in the area about which "relatively little had been written." After a day or two of browsing about, someone informed her the area around Yscloskey and Delacroix Island was interesting.

So our heroine contacted a friend of ours to whom she had been recommended and he in turn got in touch with a man who had been termed "the official historian of Lower St. Bernard Parish." The source, who prefers to remain anonymous, drove the lady to Yscloskey to meet the historian and explore the region.

Things went along swimmingly until the lady returned to the car which was then swarming with mosquitoes. As she began thrashing at the insects with both hands, she asked the historian, "Are the mosquitoes bad down here?"

The man considered a moment and replied, "Well, they're not as bad as the gnats."

"The gnats?"

"Sure! But the buck flies are worse," he said, warming to his subject.

"Buck flies?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the obliging historian. "The yellow ones sting the hell out of you."

Result: No story on Yscloskey.

**NOTE FROM Milton Greenstein,** vice president of The New Yorker:

"Dear Mr. Griffin: You are quite right to doubt that The New Yorker published the article on the peace symbol that is being attributed to us in a number of Baptist Church publications."

The magazine editor explains further: "The Baptist Courier published an editorial on May 28, 1970, incorrectly attributing to us certain statements regarding the origin of the peace symbol. These statements have since been reprinted in a number of other publications."

"We did not publish any article on the symbol, nor did we—in any connection—make any of the statements in question."

**POTPOURRI**—Author James Kirkwood's book on the Clay Shaw trial rolls off the press via Simon and Schuster this month; title is "American Grotesque," plus a sub-title, "An

Account of the Jim Garrison-Clay Shaw Affair in the City of New Orleans." Kirkwood will be in New Orleans Nov. 17 for a round of pre-publication autographing parties through the 24th; publication date is the 30th . . . Chalk up another grandson for Dottie and Ed Hoerner, a third boy, tagged "Jonathan Christopher," for Dr. Harry E. Hoerner and wife Linda . . . Jake Aronowitz spotted this sign in the doughnut department of Schwegmann's on Annunciation Street: "Part-time Sales Ladies Wanted, Dead Or Alive. Apply Here." (That's graphic enough, n'est-ce pas?) . . . "Pat" and Lloyd Rittiner (the recently elected school board member) have nine puppies of "very interesting ancestry" to give away for the asking; "Pat" thinks the pups had "three fathers—and we've changed the name of our dog from Mrs. Woodson to Mehitable."

**HITHER AND YON**—Louis Boasberg on the road back to hale and hearty-ness, putting in an appearance at his beloved New Orleans Athletic Club for a little light calisthenics . . . Imelda and Schuyler Ruhlman, a mother and daughter combo, both studying French in different classes at International House . . . The Camille Gennaros (he's famed dancer-choreographer Pete Gennaro's brother), plus Ken Paisant, a publishing company prez, among those applauding the St. Paul Sisters act at the Huki Lau.