

LAGNIAPPE

Thomas Griffin

Drag Racer Assists Motorist In Trouble, Helps Image of Hobby

A NEW REGARD for the sort of young people who indulge in drag racing (on a proper track, that is) is now held by Carol (Mrs. Mike) Powell—with good reason.

Seems Carol, her crippled son Miles and her mother, Mrs. A. Miles Coe, were driving back from a visit to Carol's sister, Mary Miles Coe Higgins in Baton Rouge, when a loud klunk came from the car's engine. A big bolt holding the main pulley of the crank shaft had sheared in half and fallen into the roadway. Result: generator out, no power steering.

The accident occurred on the Laplace side of the spillway. Carol pulled to the side of the highway and looked appealingly out of the car's window in what she described as 104-degree heat. "All of the big shiny cars full of rich people passed us by," she declared. "Luckily, the drag racing at the Laplace Strip had just ended and one young man who had participated with his car, stopped.

"He not only stopped," Carol continued appreciatively, "he picked up the part of the sheared bolt, then drove us slowly across the spillway to a service station. When it developed our car couldn't be repaired the same day, he returned to his car with other drag-racing friends who had followed us. Then he came back to pick us up, lifting my 30-year-old son from our automobile to his, then drove us home and put my son in his wheelchair.

"I had a difficult time trying to get him to take anything for his trouble, but I wish you'd publish the name of this Good Samaritan, so he'll receive some recognition in print. It's Larry Venus who said he's only been in New Orleans a short time. He came from Houston."

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POTPOURRI—Clay Shaw quietly disposed of his home on Dauphine st. for a fancy sum of money and is restoring another building in the Quarter; the former domicile

with its telltale red door and double hard-luck number, 1313, evidently had become too familiar to the public due to the celebrated case . . . Pancho Rodriguez has had another thrill during his New York visit; was dining with a friend in a restaurant on East 50th when he walked the Duchess of Windsor "looking magnificent in a white suit trimmed in red with the largest pearls I have ever seen." . . . Would you believe the swimming pool in the new Royal Sonesta is on the third floor directly over the grand ballroom? They're testing it with 55,000 gallons of water now to see if it leaks. Time to find out, n'est-ce pas?

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HITHER AND YON—Jessica Hotchkiss, holidaying in Boston, making a "disconcerting" discovery; men clerks in stores address ladies as "dear" instead of the old Southern custom of "ma'am." . . . Realtor Stan Weber prepping a Saturday bash for his staff at La Charcuterie to celebrate their hanging up record sales for his firm . . . Designer Millard Wilson on the receiving end of hearty handshakes for his winning oil in the amateur art contest at Lafitte's Annex.

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SHOW BIZ—Where were Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman when the lights went out during a 20-minute power failure in the uptown area the other p.m.? Dining in Commander's Palace, that's where! And because the air-conditioning went blooey, too, Newman asked and got permission from manager Frank Manale to remove his coat . . . Actress Wilma Francis is home from Hollywood for a brief spell; had two scenes with Helen Hayes in "Airport" which has just finished shooting; will be back again for the premiere of "Number One," Aug. 21, in which she has a scene with Charlton Heston . . . Ronnie Kole's "exposure" to the large "Pops" audience accentuated the talent he's been hiding in his tiny Kole's Corner; it'll probably have many more fans beating a path to his door.