Benighted Southern States Spurn Mudbug

By HOWARD JACOBS

IT APPEARS that Louisiana is a crawfish oasis in a cluster of states so primitive that they have spurned the delectable little mudbug. A survey on the role of crawdads in other southern states yielded some startling information.

All of the queries went to counterparts of the Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries Commission. From Texas:

“I’m afraid Texans don’t share the enthusiasm for crawfish on the table. So far as I know, they are never sold in markets for food. But large quantities are sold for bait all over the state.” (Conductor’s note: what a shameful desecration!)

From Mississippi:

“We have checked with ardent sportsmen through the state, and I cannot find any section where crawfish are used in restaurants. This seems to be one Louisiana custom that we Mississippians have not adopted.”

From Arkansas:

“Very few crawfish are taken in Arkansas to be used for food, and the sport of crawfishing is practically unknown here. Crawfish are prized for trotline bait, and that is about the extent of their use.”

And from Alabama:

“As far as we know or can determine, crawfish are not offered in Alabama restaurants. We do use the small crawfish as fish bait. I understand that some restaurants (in one area) serve lobster dishes which are really made from crawfish.”

From Florida:

“Could you give us the Latin name of your animal? Since the Florida crawfish (a salt water form) has not been found in Louisiana coastal waters, and since you have a ‘crawfish’ that is indigenous to your fresh waters . . . I’m afraid that information on our animal would be of little help to you . . . We’ll gladly help you if you let us know the exact crawfish which currently tickles the Louisiana palates.”

Noted sports writer MacFadden Duffy:

“There was no need to reply. A canvass of all the coastal states revealed that the Pelican state has an odd monopoly on edible crawfish, and that the millions of pounds taken annually represent not only a valuable commercial resource but also an inviting sport and dish for family outings.”

Pithy Palaver

HAVEN’T SEEN such splendidous costumeing in many a moonshot as we did at the Repertory Theater’s production of Sheridan’s "The Rivals," featuring mercurial June Havoc. She’s as fluttery as Billie Burke in her heyday, and far more ungrammatical as Mrs. Malaprop. Typical lines: “He’s the pineapple of politeness,” “as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile,” and “We shall not anticipate the past.” Males in the cast were grandly foppish, as befitted the era, and the high falutin’ language employed (save for that of Mrs. Malaprop) was both elegant and eloquent. The cast, with only this weekend to go, were letter perfect in delivering their lines.

An EXCITED flight observer reported that Sunday night he glimpsed a flying pigskin. It was blue-white, moved slowly from west to east, emitted some sort of exhaust, said he, and after a few minutes the “football” simply vanished from sight. In this respect, at least, it was similar to more conventional footballs which, booted into the grandstand, also vanish from sight.

DROLL Pepe Citron was chatting about reincarnation with 15-year-old Danny Hampton, son of geologist Howard Hampton. Said Pepe: “If I were reincarnated I’d be a beautiful rich woman with all of the benefits and none of the responsibilities.” Said Danny blissfully: “I’d go right down to a pizza parlor and get a $12 pizza.”