Canadian Acadians Hold Gala Festival

By HOWARD JACOBS

FRENCH CANADIANS celebrated their national holiday, Les Fetes de la Saint-Jean Inc., with gusto recently, reported Rousseau Van Voorhies from Quebec City. In Quebec City, the celebrations took place on the beautiful campus of historic Laval University, the oldest French university in North America.

"Acadian songs and folklore were strikingly rendered by a gifted and beautiful Acadian, Laval University's Edith Butler," exulted Van Voorhies. "She visited her Acadian cousins in Louisiana some time back in a song and folklore recital . . . The French-Canadian national holiday could be compared to a spirited mixture of our Mardi Gras, Easter and Fourth of July celebrations all rolled into one with the special charisma of French-Canadian cordiality and hospitality. For the French-Canadians and Acadians love singing and family reunions during these holidays. One could well imagine that the scene was in Southwest Louisiana before technology took over.

"A continuation of these patriotic and pastoral revelries is a special TV program to Acadian ancestors in France by the International Acadian Alliance in Quebec City (of which Van Voorhies is director)."

Pithy Palaver

A READER initialed R. S. who keeps an ear to the ground reports that a group of elderly citizens assembles almost daily at Dauphine and Canal to pow-wow the state of the nation and race relations at the Fair Grounds . . . Last May a column item appeared about a man named Roy Harris of Kenner whose vocation was a unique one. He scrapes off the bottoms of doors so that rugs may be fitted beneath 'em. Now comes Mrs. J. P. Byerly who would like to contact the door scraper-offer.

"DO YOU BELIEVE that Kenneth the Menneth, aged four, will follow in your footsteps?" inquires William H. Moran. (We doubt it. Right now he's got the bug to be a furniture rearranger. Every day for the past three weeks he has been rearranging the furniture in his room. Watching him work so diligently is a moving experience.)

A UNIQUE invitation to a bash at the new French Quarter Inn at 717 Conti was received by the media and others. The invite was handwritten by a provocative lass named "Josie," whose most enticing photo smilingly toasting whom it may concern in champagne was enclosed. The invitation is on the letterhead of the Charles D. Slater Enterprises on Belle Chasse Highway.

TO MANY THOUSANDS of frustrated citizens who have fruitlessly submitted contributions to The Reader's Digest, it might be comforting to know what you are up against. The explanation appears in the August issue which confesses that it ran an item submitted 15 years earlier by a lady who didn't even remember having sent it in. The item goes on to say that, on a purely mathematical basis, your chances of scoring are infinitesimal. Each month some 50,000 submissions are received by the Digest, and from this avalanche some 150 "nuggets" make the grade. This gives you roughly one chance out of 333, unless of course your item is a superior one, in which case the odds plummet to a possible 100-1. We won't even try to calculate the odds once the item becomes "overset."

There's one more consolation. If your brainchild hasn't been accepted yet, don't lose heart. Think of the lady who scored 15 years after submission.

ASIDE to Babe DeKemel, glad to know you received your B.S. degree after completing the third grade . . . To "Quid Kid": Now we never will know what President Nixon said in the same message . . .

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