Now that the election is over and Louisiana is assured that—among other things—there will be a domed stadium in New Orleans, perhaps we should turn our attention to another pressing issue: What should be the name of the new National Football League team which will make the domed stadium its home?

Mr. Dixon can see it all now:

"The Saints." Mr. Dixon can see it all now: The moment the news media who have been the No.1 promoter of the idea of a domed stadium in New Orleans would hear this name, they would be aghast. "What are the Saints?" Mr. Dixon can see their reaction now. Everywhere "The Saints" would play throughout the nation they would evoke in the minds of the fans a picture of the New Orleans French Quarter where "When the Saints Come Marching In" and the Marching Saints would go wild in merry-making.

Outside of Louisiana, not many people know what a Cajun is. If the New Orleans National League team should adopt the name of "The Louisiana Cajuns," every serious-minded sports fan in the nation would want to know immediately what we Louisianians were talking about. Besides: Every sports page of every newspaper in the United States would publish a glowing account of how the valorous French Acadians migrated to Louisiana from Canada and helped build a great state and a great nation. Every newspaper reader in the country would learn that the name of the Acadians—shortened to "Cajuns"—was destined to live on, not just in Louisiana, but all over the country. So let's call our football team "The Louisiana Cajuns." After all, it could still stuck on to the field to the tune of the marching saints!

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Editor’s note: Agreed. "The Saints" is okay for Bourbon St. swingers, but not for a professional football team. Pro gridders should have a name that denotes courage, valor, stamina, boldness, daring—in short, all the virtues that are inbred in the manly Cajuns of Louisiana. Another thought: not only would the name publicize the NFL team to the fullest, but the fringe benefits for out-of-season tourism would be tremendous. New Orleans, we think this is a good play. How about carrying the ball on it?

Can it be harmful to realize how much non-Louisiana men and women who have earned degrees, whose professional conduct and capacity equip them for life and these hectic and troubling times? Are they not the younger ones whose hopes and minds are preoccupied with space and popula- tion?

The question that disturbs us is: Why not call the professional gridders from New Orleans "The Louisiana Cajuns"?

Dave Dixon, New Orleans"us

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GUEST EDITORIALS

‘The Louisiana Cajuns’

The weather gods, who dealt Louis- iana cane growers heavy blows in 1964 and 1965, with hurricanes Ida and Betsy, appear to have done the same thing again in 1966. Although quietly this time and in a way hardly noticed by the rest of us. On the night of No- vember 3, a clear night with temperatures most of the day over 80 degrees and ra- ther enjoyable, the mercury sank to record lows for so early in the year. In many parts of the state the temperature dropped to 24 degrees at Meeker and Port Allen, 23 degrees at Houma, 26 degrees at Franklin, and 27 degrees at Houma, 26 degrees at Franklin, and 27

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Editorialized.