

Fair staffers are seeing the world before the world visits them

By BETTY GUILLAUD

Some of the fair-haired help at the world's fair are playing a fare game. Petr Spurney, president of Louisiana World Exposition Inc., another name for the fair, is on the wing to Tampa for the Super Bowl. And so is Jerry Wynn, the fair's sports manager.



Lagniappe

tion, director of communications Karin Giger is breaking in a new assistant, Aggie Isaacs, who, like Karin, arrived at the fair via WYES-TV.

Jeanne Nathan, whose title is public relations director, is flying away on Governor-elect Edwin Edwards' \$10,000 per-politico party to Europe.

Office supervisor Kathleen Melancon is staying put, but her daughter Tiffany is going places. The 11-year-old who was the star of Players Dinner

Theater's recent production of "Annie" is the youngest person ever to be picked as a "People to Watch" in another publication.

Another of those "People" was Capt. Ray Holman, who heads the world's fair planning task force for NOPD and was recently named commander of Special Operations Division.

FAIR FOLKS II: It's been projected by the powers-that-be at the world's fair that there'll be millions of tourists coming to New Orleans this year between May 12, when the fair opens, and Nov. 12, when it closes.

And while almost everyone in tourist-oriented businesses is busting to do business with the visitors, at least one New Orleans restaurateur is thinking about the local folks — the ones who

will be here when the tourists are gone.

The management is certainly not against the tourist, according to a note some of the restaurant's prized patrons received this week reminding them that "the energy and activity created by these tourists will be great for New Orleans!"

"And yet, we want to remind you that our number one priority is YOU" and ... "Our private line for reservations will always be open to you. We ask that you use it freely and whenever necessary."

"We have only one request, and that is to please help us to keep the number confidential in order that we might better serve you."

Attached to the note was a card with the confidential number. I saw the

note, the card and the number ... and who said I can't keep a secret?

NOT-SO-FAIR GAME: Whenever Dr. Tom and Mercedes Whitecloud entertain, the guests always include a fair share of folks from the Faubourg St. John neighborhood association. And so it was on a recent evening at their home that's in the center of Faubourg St. John and in the shadow of the Fair Grounds race track.

The silver lining — the one that the Whiteclouds and other neighbors have brought to the neighborhood since restoring historic homes in the area — is getting a little cloudy, it seems. The big concern, as one neighbor explained it, is that Fair Grounds management is planning to move the race track operation to Jefferson Downs, only to return in a year or two ... and instead of hav-

ing afternoon races, "they'll then have night racing."

OFF AND RUNNING: Gayfryd Johnson, who's polishing up the Big Apple (you do remember!), is photographed in the current W — the weekly that the wags wouldn't miss for the world — at a benefit bash at Sotheby's. The outline under the wee photograph says she's "in a Galanos worn backwards." You'd have to see it to believe it.

The former Mrs. Johnson wasn't photographed, but she was seen at the recent Yves St. Laurent tribute at the Metropolitan Museum by localites Patrick Lee, Bud Hirsch, Jan Pappas and Rene Fransens. Rene would know her anywhere. He's the one who did the luxurious landscaping at her former home on St. Charles Avenue.

Arctic lensman braves fierce beasts along with the cold

TORONTO (UPI) — Photographer Mike Beedell has roamed for seven years over Canada's northern regions and has learned many techniques for coping with grinding cold — and camera-shy musk oxen and polar bears.

He has tales to tell. A large annoyed polar bear once kept Beedell, 27, penned up in an old observation tower for three days, battering away at his perch. The hapless photographer spent his days pitching stones at the bear to frighten him away and his nights sleeping beside a shotgun in case the bear came up the stairs after him.

Two years ago he was camped on Victoria Island in the high Arctic, photographing musk oxen during the mating season. The animals were fairly tolerant, letting him get as close as 15 meters, until one large male decided to play "chicken" and Beedell was forced to seek refuge behind a big rock.

Once hiking alone in the Yukon he found himself only 15 yards away from a mother grizzly and her three cubs. Female grizzly bears are notorious for their ferocity in defending their young. To his great relief the four bears just wandered away.

Working in bitter Arctic weather, Beedell has learned lots of tricks to keep his cameras functioning. He dispels the myth that wearing a camera under a coat to keep it warm will ensure it performs in sub-zero temperatures.

"You should never put your cam-

eras just by themselves inside your coat because it tends to drive moisture into your cameras," he says. When the camera is suddenly brought out into the cold, the moisture can freeze and expand and damage its internal mechanism.

Manual cameras, he says, may be better kept outside and cold. Photographers can also have some cameras "winterized," by having their lubrication removed so they can work at any temperature.

While camping outdoors on his photography trips, he uses a green garbage bag to take his cameras gently from outdoor temperatures into his tent. That way the cameras warm up slowly inside, with no condensation.

Beedell says his pursuit of such wildlife as polar bears, musk oxen, grizzly bears and eagles — displayed recently in his book, "The Magnetic North" (Oxford University Press, \$24.95) — has given him some painful times in the cold.

"I've had lots of experience with frozen fingers. I've even frozen my nose," he recalls. Once, when trying to capture a herd of caribou passing by, he had the "insane experience" of freezing his nose to his camera.

The combination of temperatures as low as minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit with a wind chill factor can wreak havoc with the workings of motor-drive cameras, film, and batteries. Beedell uses an external light meter



Photographer Mike Beedell has tales to tell

that works off a light diode so that he does not have to rely on batteries.

Film can splinter if it gets frozen. To keep it usable, Beedell stashes it away in pockets sewn onto the outside of his parka under his armpits.

He also puts small hand warmers that work on solid fuel into his pockets to keep cameras and lenses warm. Another heater can be strapped on to the back of a camera

body if he doesn't have time to warm it up in a pocket.

"A very frustrating thing about Arctic photography is that some of the most incredible things happen at night," Beedell says.

He still regrets he did not have enough light one night to shoot the spectacle of thousands of caribou passing on a ridge under "fantastic northern lights" in Labrador.

They bask in the spotlight before it shifts away to others

The Chicago Tribune

I was in Texas a few weeks ago, and I was visiting the news director of a Dallas radio station. As I waited in the reception area, I noticed another man waiting with me; dark-haired and extraordinarily handsome, he was dressed casually and seemed to be in no particular hurry.

The news director came out to the waiting area. He said hello to both of us; then he said, "Do you two know each other?"

We didn't. The news director said, "Bob, this is Danny White."

Danny White, of course, is the quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys. There are any number of prestigious and glamorous jobs in America, but being the quarterback of the Cowboys has to rank near the very top. We all fantasize about what it would be like to do certain things; I imagine that a few million American males, during any given football season, let their minds drift off while they consider how it would feel to be calling the signals behind the Cowboys' offensive line, while much of the nation watches on network television.

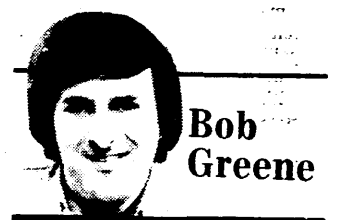
It turned out that White was at the radio station to take part in the taping of a roundtable show with some of the station's newsmen. The news director said that if I wanted to join in on the questioning, I was welcome.

I wasn't due at my next stop for another hour, so I took him up on it. The three of us went into one of the studios, where we were joined by other station personnel; the tape machine was turned on. I'm not really an expert on the intricacies of the National Football League, so when it was my turn to ask a question, I didn't ask anything about the NFL's playoff series, which was just about to start.

Instead, I asked White something I had always been curious about. I said, "When you throw the ball, do you know if it's going to be a completed pass right when it leaves your fingers? Can you feel that you've thrown it exactly right? Or do you have to watch the rest of the play unfold just like the rest of us before you know?"

White said that he knew right away. He said that something totally unexpected might happen — the receiver might slip and fall down, for example, or run into another player by mistake — but on a typical pass, he knew whether it was going to be a completion or not even before his arm had finished its forward motion after releasing the ball.

I stayed around for a while, then headed off for my appointment. Everywhere I went in Dallas I heard people talking about White and the upcoming playoffs; every time I picked up the newspaper or turned on the television, he was a topic of conversation. In an earlier generation there was a phrase: "great to be young and a New York Yankee." That sentiment is undoubtedly still true, but I kept thinking that



Bob Greene

it must be even greater to be young and the quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys.

The reason I bring this up now is that the Super Bowl is coming up, and the Dallas Cowboys are not in it. The Los Angeles Raiders will play the Washington Redskins in Tampa; the Cowboys were knocked out of the playoffs in a wild-card game, and suddenly the sportswriters are saying that Danny White is in deep trouble.

White, it is being pointed out, has not taken the Cowboys to the Super Bowl in the four years he has started at quarterback; the fans in Dallas are looking back to the days of Roger Staubach — and some of them are looking ahead to what they think will be the days of Gary Hogeboom, who is Danny White's understudy. During the Cowboys' season-ending defeat, the people in the stands booed White loudly as he threw three second-half interceptions; after the game Hogeboom was not shy about his own eagerness to take over.

"I feel like I should have started this year," the understudy said after the game. "I've been ready for three years. We have leadership problems on this team."

The sportswriters who were in Texas that afternoon said that Danny White left the stadium in a hurry, alone and seemingly confused. It's not hard to imagine; as great as it must be to be the quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys, the apparent price you pay is never knowing for sure when someone is going to take it away from you.

People who achieve the heights are familiar with that feeling; if you don't go after much in this life, if you content yourself with staying in the middle, then you can probably be pretty secure in knowing that the whole world is not shooting for what you have. If you aim for the top, though, and you're lucky enough to get what you want, you must realize every morning when you wake up that people, including people you don't even know, are out there coveting it, and planning ways that they might be able to get it.

It's never a question of "if"; it's only a question of "when." Perhaps Gary Hogeboom will start for the Cowboys next year, perhaps it will take a year or two more. But regardless of that, one of these days Danny White is inevitably going to wake up as the one thing he was always destined to be: the former quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys. That's the way the world works.

Tribune Company Syndicate, Inc.

Error in address means lost merchandise, refund

The People Helper

On Oct. 17, 1983, I sent a mail order to a company named Anthony Richards for a navy blue suit and a black jumpsuit. I mailed a check for \$45.92, which was cashed by the company on Oct. 13. When I didn't receive my merchandise after a month of waiting, I wrote them, asking for information on my order. As of yet, I have not received a reply. — G.S.

According to Teresa Porter, director of customer services, there was an error in your address. They are sending you a refund.

Last April I sent a check for \$26.71 for a white suit and a black-and-white blouse to Anthony Richards. They cashed my check in May. Finally in June or July, I received notice that the

suit I wanted was back-ordered. They said I would receive my merchandise as soon as a new shipment arrived. Well, by July, I decided to write them again, asking for my money back. But the company was in the process of sending my order. When my clothes arrived, I didn't like them. So I sent them back.

Unfortunately, when I was at the post office I was stupid enough to let the postal clerk change my mind about getting some kind of proof that I was returning the merchandise. But perhaps the two clerks on duty that day will remember me because one clerk thought my package was not wrapped well enough. Now, the company says they never received the parcel, which leaves me out both the merchandise and my \$26.71. Should I get a statement from the postal clerk? I mailed my package last August. This has been a very unpleasant experience as I've had to wait months to get my clothes,

and then months to be told that my package "wasn't received" by them. — H.R.

When you mailed your package, you should have paid a little extra for return receipt requested. While you remember the incident very clearly, the postal clerks experience such transactions daily.

I would be surprised if the two postal clerks remembered you — let alone mailing your package.

Stork-Kit Inc., the parent company of Anthony Richards, is unable to find a record of your order. However, they are sending you a form to fill out. After they receive the completed form, along with a copy of your canceled check, they will send you a full refund.

Shipping and handling charges:

A common question from people who order from catalogs concerns the payment of postage and/or handling when merchandise is returned.

There is no set rule governing this transaction. But most companies expect the customer to pay the shipping and handling cost since this transaction is a service to you.

You are, however, entitled to a refund on merchandise, which is a product, not a service.

There are, however, some catalogers who will assume the costs of shipping or handling when the error or problem does not originate with the consumer. In other words, when the merchandise is faulty or the order was wrong.

Sometimes the company's policy is printed in their mailer. In the absence of a printed policy, assume that you will have to pay the shipping costs if you decide to return the merchandise.

While this policy may be annoying to some catalog customers, it is important to remember that many department stores across this country maintain a similar procedure in these days of high postage.

The calendar

Compiled by Alouzo J. Riley

For Thursday, Jan. 19

Jefferson Parish Recreation Department begins a six-week course in tarot-card reading, at the Delta Playground, 8301 W. Metairie Ave., Metairie, 7. For information call 834-2441.

Tulane University, as part of its Mellon Colloquium series on "Constraints of Form," sponsors a talk by Alan Avery-Peck of the classics department on "From Failed Promises to Rabbinic Theology: The Place of Scripture in Early Judaism," in Rogers Chapel, 7:30. Free. For information call 865-5260.

Kirschman Foundation sponsors a talk by Dr. Nicholas Bajlich, a clinical associate professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, on "The Pleasures and Problems of Sexual Development," at the Tulane School of Medicine Auditorium, 1430 Tulane Ave., 8. Free.

Benjamin Franklin High School PTA sponsors a panel discussion on "Parenting Your Teen-ager," featuring psychotherapists Andree Surcouf, Robert Maddox and E. Philip Bein, in the school cafeteria, 719 S. Carrollton Ave., 8. Free.

Concerts

New Orleans Philharmonic, led by Music Director Philippe Entremont, plays a concert sponsored by the city administration and featuring Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2

(with Moses Hogan as soloist), Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" Overture, at the Orpheum Theater, 129 University Place, 8. All seats \$1. For information call 525-8500.

Tulane University presents the Jeffrey II Dancers, a touring ballet company directed by Sally Brayley Bliss, performing works by Robert Joffrey, Frederick Ashton and others, in Tulane's Dixon Hall, 8. For ticket information call 865-5143.

Nightclubs

Barry's Place, 3124 Loyola Drive, Kenner, 469-8253. The Rock Outs, 10.

Blue Room, Fairmont Hotel, 529-4744. Phyllis Hyman, 9 and 11.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, Lakefront, 282-9333. Cross-over, 10 to 2 a.m.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow St., 866-9549. Allison and the Distractions, 10.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak St., 866-9359. Bruce Daigrepont and Bourre, 10.

Penny Post Coffee House, 5110 Darnell St. Bobbie and Bill Malone, 9. The Mount Postchartrain String Band, 10.

Players Club, 399 N. Claiborne Ave., 528-9988. The Shepard Band and Kask, 10.

Saug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen St., 949-0696. The Survivors, 9.

Segar Mill Lounge, 4520 Williams Blvd., Kenner. The Nobles, 10.

Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon Ave., 899-9114. Johnny Winter, 10:30.

Tyler's Beer Garden, 5234 Magazine St., 891-4989. Germaine Bazile, John Vidacovich, James Singleton and Mike Peller, 10.

Theater

"Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," a comedy-drama by Ed Graczyk, at Theater Marigay, 944-2653, 616 Frenchmen St., 8:30. Opening night.

"Oliver!," a touring production of the musical by Lionel Bart, at the Saenger Performing Arts Center, 524-0876, 143 N. Rampart St., 8.

"One Mo' Time," a musical by Vernel Bagneris about black New Orleans vaudeville in the 1920s, at the Toulouse Cabaret Theater, 522-7852, 615 Toulouse St., 8.

"Runaways," a musical by Elizabeth Swados, at the Contemporary Arts Center, 523-1216, 900 Camp St., 8.

AUDITIONS: Players Dinner Theater, 1221 Airline Highway, holds auditions for Paul Loomis' "Pure as the Driven Snow," 7:30. Needed are 15 men and women of all ages. For information call 835-9057.