

JEFFERSON PARISH



**YEARLY
REVIEW**

JEFFERSON PARISH

Home of

- World Port—has river frontage on both banks of the Mississippi River. Fifty-five per cent of all goods manufactured in and shipped from the Port of New Orleans is manufactured on the west bank of the river in Jefferson Parish
- The only Celotex Plant in the Country
- The Largest Sugar Cane Syrup plant in the Nation
- The Largest Cottonseed Products Plant in the Nation
- The Largest Shrimp Canning Plant in the World
- Hope Haven, Jefferson Parish's Million-Dollar Boys' Town.

Home of

- Lafitte—the Most Amazing Oil Field in the State. Thirty consecutive deep wells have been brought in by its producer, The Texas Company. There are now 52 deep producers in the field.
- Molasses Center of the United States
- Grand Isle—the Best and Safest Surf Bathing in America
- The Unique Beauty of the Pirate Haunts of the Romantic Figures of Jean Lafitte and his Men
- Huey P. Long Bridge
- Terminus Intracoastal Canal
- Sportsman's Paradise
- Seven Trunk Line Railroads
- Super Paved Highways

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JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY

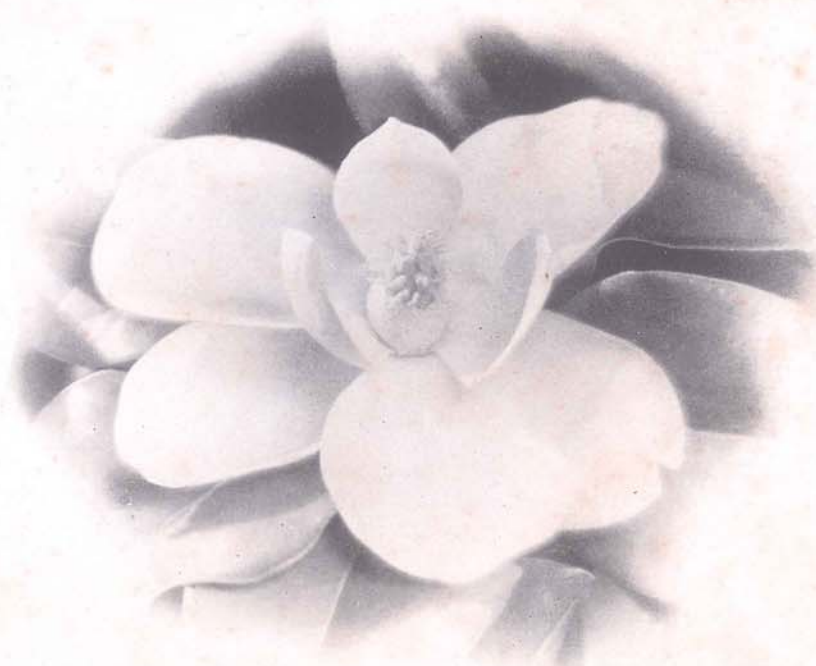
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1941

JEFFERSON PARISH

Yearly Review

To the young men of Jefferson Parish, who by their training service in the armed forces of the United States are helping to insure the continuance of the way of life we love here in our Parish and in our Country, this volume is admiringly and affectionately dedicated.



JUSTIN F. BORDENAVE
Editor and Publisher

WEAVER R. TOLEDANO
President of the Police Jury

JOSEPH H. MONIES
Business Manager

H. D. CHAMBERLAIN
Associate Editor

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THE SUN RISES ON ANOTHER DAY—GRAND ISLE

"As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,

May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!"

Sir Thomas Moore.

Foreword

IN KEEPING with the spirit of our Nation, Jefferson Parish is all out for national defense. The spirit of Jefferson is truly expressed by the following resolution passed unanimously by the Jefferson Parish Police Jury:

"On motion by Mr. Cantrelle, seconded by Mr. Petit, the following resolution was adopted:

RESOLUTION

"WHEREAS it has become apparent that the spread of a devastating war, waged throughout Europe and in the Far East by the vast armies of Naziism and Fascism, now threatens to destroy the civilization of the World;

"WHEREAS this threat of destruction to the traditions, the ideals, the rights, the privileges and the institutions of the people of the United States of America has been recognized by President Franklin D. Roosevelt who proclaimed the existence of a national emergency and called upon the nation to take all steps necessary toward achieving a state of total defense;

"WHEREAS, further, the Congress of the United States has acted promptly to procure the enactment of measures and laws and to appropriate necessary sums for the full and adequate defense of the nation;

"WHEREAS, further, it is the plain duty of every citizen of the United States to engage and commit himself and his goods toward bulwarking the nation against the senseless rapacity and cruelty which threatens its very existence;

"NOW THEN BE IT RESOLVED BY THE POLICE JURY OF THE PARISH OF JEFFERSON OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA, in meeting assembled, that the said Police Jury does, so far as it lies within its power, hereby pledge the resources and the industry and ingenuity of the people of the Parish of Jefferson together with the great natural resources of the Parish for the use and assistance of the President and the Congress of the United States of America, fully and without reservation, in the defense of this Nation to the end that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall indeed not perish from the earth.

"Roll call on the adoption of the above resolution resulted as follows: YEAS: Toledano, Haas, Strehle, Gendron, White, Cantrelle, Feitel, Meyer, Gordon, Petit, Perrin, Ottermann, Riviere and Holtgreve.

"NAYS: None.

"ABSENT: None.

"The resolution was declared adopted on this the 9th day of July, 1941.

WILLIAM HEPTING,
Secretary, Police Jury, Parish of Jefferson."



JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Clem Perrin, Ward 6, Lafitte; Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Gretna; Hirsh Meyer, Ward 4, Marrero; W. R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Eugene Haydel, Office Clerk; Mrs. Jeanne Smith, Office Clerk; Wm. Heping, Secretary, and Albert J. Cantrelle, President Pro-Tem, Ward 4, Marrero. Standing, left to right: John H. Haas, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville); D. H. Roussel, West Bank Road Superintendent; Leon Gendron, Ward 3, Harvey; John J. Holtgreve, Ward 8, Metairie; Ernest Riviere, Ward 8, Metairie; Edward M. Gordon, Ward 4, Westwego; W. Richard White, Ward 3, Gretna; C. V. Bourgeois, Parish Treasurer; Ed. E. Fettel, Ward 4, Harvey; Robert Ottermann, Ward 7, Southport, and Joseph Petit, Ward 5, Waggaman.

A PLUS YEAR

W. R. TOLEDANO

President, Jefferson Parish Police Jury

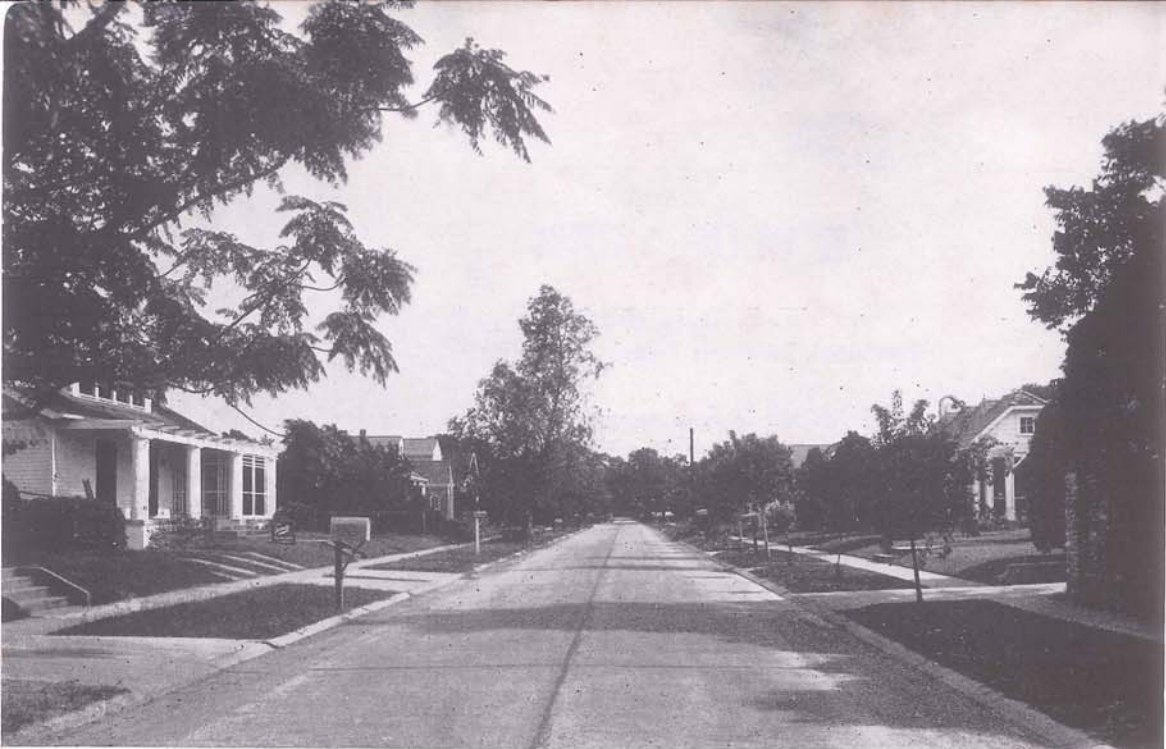
(Editor's Note: Mr. Toledano is now serving his 17th successive one-year term as president of Jefferson Parish's Police Jury. Elected first in 1925 to this responsible office, he has been re-elected every year thereafter, and has served as president longer than any other man since the creation of the Police Jury in 1825.)

The past year has been a plus year for Jefferson Parish. We have retained the advantages that we have been building in the past, as well as the advantages bestowed on us by nature, and in addition to these, we have added more of many things—things that are tangible, and can be seen on every side. Jefferson still offers the best fishing in the country for sportsmen as well as commercial fishermen, oystermen and shrimpers. Jefferson trapping lands still produce the same quantities of fine furs for shipment all over the United States. Jefferson's farming acres are still noted for their fertility and the high quality of vegetables they produce. Jefferson Parish's pasture lands are of the highest quality, and dairies, more and more of which are locating in the parish, report healthy animals and good milk production with a high butter-fat content.

These are the things that Jefferson has, and has had, provided by nature, which is very bountiful and very varied. But besides these things, and in conjunction with them, Jefferson offers unique advantages to business and industry, and it is the hope of the Parish that these advantages can be used in forwarding the progress of national defense in the present emergency. Along the Mississippi River in Jefferson is mile after mile of safe harbor, ready and waiting for the use of industry busy with the safety of this great nation. The Intra-coastal Canal which traverses the parish gives safe and protected inland pas-

Rio Vista. A real estate development of attractive and comfortable, modern cottages for families of moderate income, located in the Seventh Ward, in Jefferson, between the river road and the bridge highway. One of many in the parish.

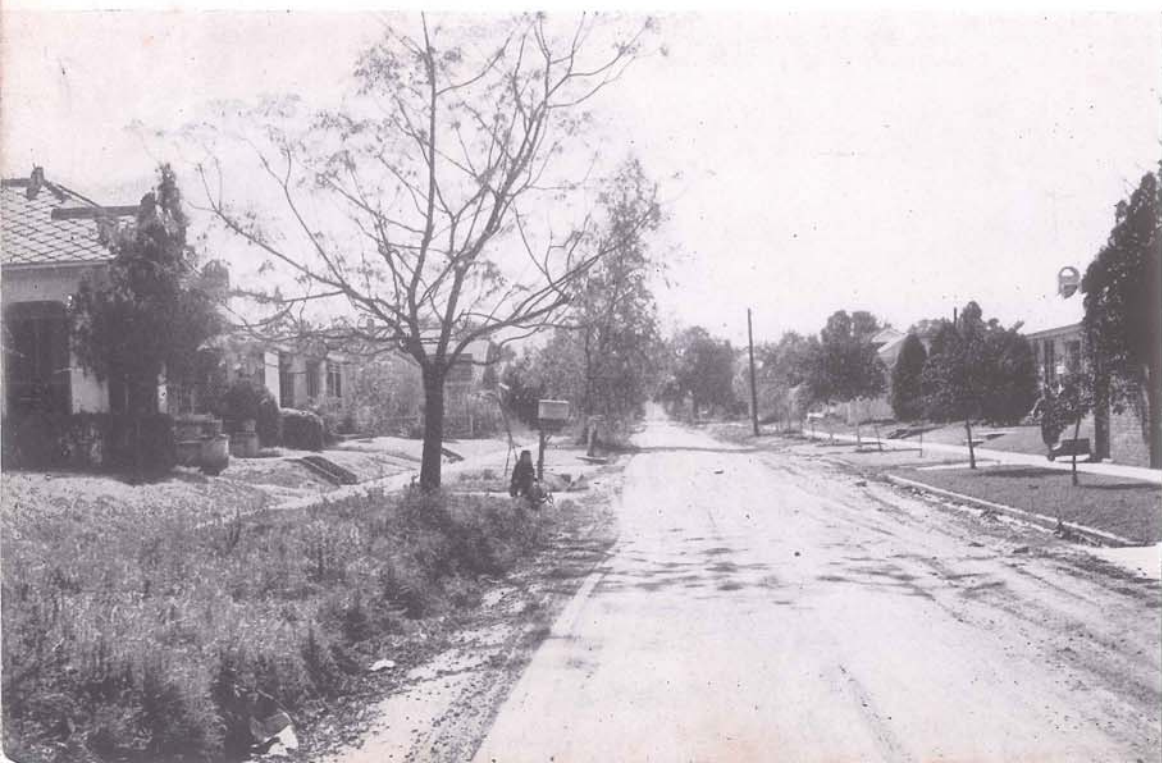




Glenwood Drive, Metairie. One of the beautiful residential streets in Metairie, paving and sub-surface drainage of which has been recently completed, and below—

sage for goods moving to the westward and to the eastward. Connecting with available sites for industry are trunk line railroads, a network linking Jefferson with the whole of the North American Continent, and the river at Jefferson's door berths ships from all the world, and connects the parish with the great Mississippi Valley territory and its tributaries. Here, indeed, is ready at hand all that industry can ask in facilities, and the people and Police Jury of the Parish are ever willing and eager to lend every aid and assistance.

Glenwood Drive, before being paved. These two pictures of the same spot, approximately one-half block off the Metairie road, graphically illustrate the improvement that has resulted from the recent paving program.





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But to get back to the plus year that has been enjoyed by Jefferson Parish during the past twelve months. We have more of many things, things that help to build the Parish of Progress.

First and foremost among the things of which we have more is oil. Three new fields have been developed in the parish during the past year, the Lake Salvador Field, the Delta Farms Field, and the as yet unnamed, so new is it, field on the west bank of the Mississippi River near the Huey P. Long bridge. Today the assessment of oil property in the Parish of Jefferson is approximately \$1,100,000.00; and the income derived by the parish from these properties is being used to better living conditions throughout the parish, which we will consider later.

Partly as a result of this increase in oil activity, and partly because a larger number of people are seeking the benefits of a more rural life, there has been more building in Jefferson during the last year than ever before in its history. During the year 1940, 631 new homes were built in the parish, as compared with 558 during 1939, and 457 during 1938. This has added thousands of new residents to our parish, and we welcome them one and all, whether they come from neighboring parishes, from other parts of the state, or from out-of-state, as has been the case with many who have been brought here by the new oil developments. We feel sure that our people welcome them also, and we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to make their lives in our parish happy ones.

This new building is still continuing unabated, and in addition to the sections of the parish already built up, John Lauricella & Associates, Inc., are continuing with the development of Rio Vista in the Seventh Ward, the Jesse R. Jones Corp. has subdivided the Metairie Kennel Club tract into homesites, Ad Given Davis has a development in the rear of Beverly Gardens, and La. Homes, Inc., one at Ridgelake Drive and Athania Place. Three other developments are being very seriously considered—that of the Fox tract in the rear of

An ancient oak guards Brockenbraugh Court. Another Metairie beauty spot enhanced by recent paving.



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**THE JEFFERSON PARISH
YEARLY REVIEW**

Farnham Place and Oakridge Park, in Metairie, and two locations on the Air line Highway, one of which will probably be made available by Roger Derby, and the other by Porche, Babin & Waguespack.

With the increased parish income, and the co-operation of the WPA and home owners, a great deal of paving has been done in Jefferson during the past year, which has added to the value of property, and to the comfort and convenience of property holders. In Harvey, First Avenue, 1800 feet in length, with a width of 26 feet, is being paved, with sub-surface drainage. 5770 feet of sidewalk will be paved in McDonoghville.

On the east bank of the river, in Metairie, the first street to be paved was Old Homestead, work on which started July 1, 1940. Since that time a number of streets have been paved, and the cost to the homeowners has been unusually reasonable. These streets are:

Street	Width	Length	Approximate Cost to Property Owners
Old Homestead	26	2,196.5	\$8,000.00
Hector Avenue	26	3,221.76	9,500.00
Fredericks Avenue	26	1,320.375	3,800.00
Glenwood Drive	26	1,886.19	5,600.00
Hollywood Drive	26	1,796.73	5,400.00
Rosewood Drive	26	1,635.38	4,900.00
Ridgewood Drive	26	1,505.535	4,500.00
Crestmont Drive	20	934.845	1,900.00
Elmeer Place	26	4,111.95	5,600.00
Brockenbraugh Court	26	4,399.55	6,000.00
Hesper Avenue	26	4,255.00	4,600.00
Ellis Parkway	26	617.00	1,800.00

Work is now in progress on laying of sub-surface drainage and paving the following streets in Metairie: Helois, Aurora, Phosphor, Orion, Brockenbraugh, Homer, Demosthenes, Desoid and Socrates, and Bonnabel Boulevard and Codi-fer Avenue. Two hundred eighty-three feet of paving is now being laid in front of business houses on Metairie Road, and the work on Metairie Highway, which is being widened to 30 feet, with the installation of concrete curbing and gutter bottoms, and resurfaced with asphaltic composition, will be completed in about six months.

In Hyman Subdivision in the Seventh Ward, Harding and Coolidge streets are being paved, with sub-surface drainage.

Last year Metairie residents were inconvenienced by flooding of some sections following torrential downpours. Since No. 4 pumping station in the rear of Kenner has been put into service again, helping Nos. 1, 2, and 3 stations to drain this whole area, no flooding has occurred, in spite of the fact that if anything the rains during the past months have been heavier than those of last year.

So we are glad to be able to report that Jefferson Parish has gone forward during the past year, building, growing, serving. Keeping the things that are ours, and make our parish interesting and livable, and adding to them every-thing in our power for progress and a better life. Truly the past year has been a plus year for Jefferson Parish, and we expect each year to continue this building and improvement.

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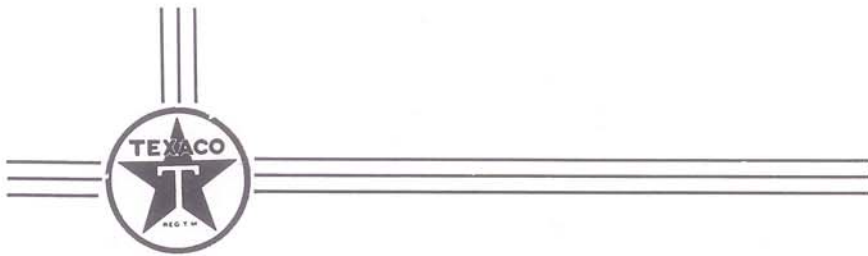
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LEADS PRIZE WINNERS



Audrey Beauvais of Gretna, La., drum-majorette of the Liberty Girls' Drum and Bugle Corps. This girls' organization is sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, John McDonogh Post 3121, of Gretna, and received the Alvin T. Stumpf Trophy for winning honors at the National V. F. W. Encampment in Boston, Mass. They have already attended one national and five state conventions of the V. F. W., and are preparing to go to another encampment in August, which will be held in Philadelphia. The Liberty Girls not only participate in the affairs of the V. F. W., they were also sponsored by the Metairie Lions' Club and competed with other corps from all over the country at the Lions' International Convention held in New Orleans July 22-25. In the drum-majorette contest Miss Beauvais placed second.



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LAFON SETS THE STAGE

OLIN and HELEN CHAMBERLAIN

(Much of the material used herein derives from the very excellent Proces Verbal drafted by Major Frank T. Payne, and submitted as evidence in the boundary line dispute between the parishes of Lafourche and Jefferson, Louisiana. Interpolated remarks of court and counsel are purely imaginary, being used for the development of the factual story, and are not taken from the record.—The authors).

On this May day in the year of Our Lord 1941, a busy little town in South Louisiana goes about its business with scant regard for the heat. Automobile horns blow. Through open windows radios raucously vie with each other broadcasting to the world the latest war news from overseas and the hottest music of the most recent idol among the name band leaders. Within the courthouse a telephone shrills insistently down a dim corridor, and in the courtroom itself, proceedings for the day have begun with the sheriff's inevitable "oyez, oyez, oyez."

His Honor takes the bench, and at the bar are an unusual number of very professional looking gentlemen, little knots of whom confer in low tones as others dispose of routine motions before the real business of the day begins. A default is confirmed. A will probated. A continuance by preference is asked and granted.

"Call the first case," comes a brief order finally to the clerk.

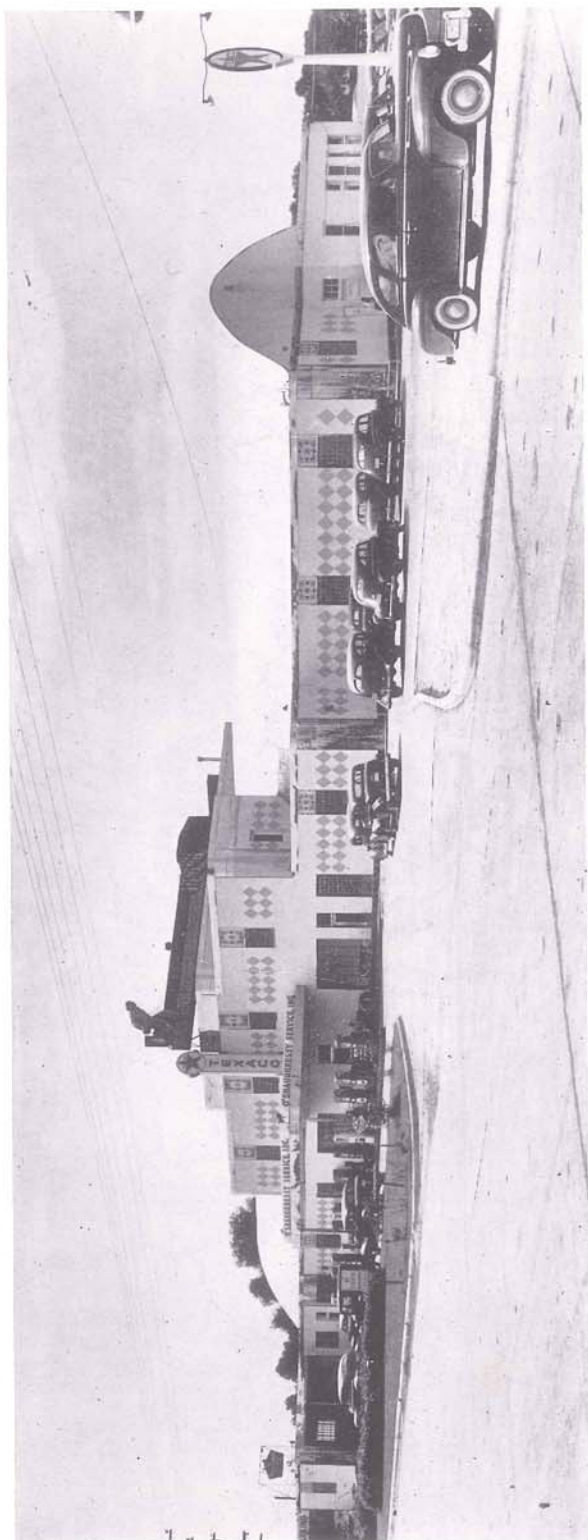
"Parish of Lafourche versus the Parish of Jefferson," he drones perfunctorily.

"Are you gentlemen ready?" queries His Honor.

As both sides announce, ready, court, clerks, counsel, witnesses and spectators settle back into more comfortable positions. They all know that the case at bar will go on through the day, and probably longer.

So begins the trial of the boundary line dispute between the parishes of Lafourche and Jefferson, in Louisiana. In attendance, in the persons of the numerous professional gentlemen and at the behest of the sovereign powers of the disputant bodies politic are leading members of the bar, civil engineers of note, district attorneys, parish surveyors, and, a little in the background, work crews and guides who assisted in the surveying. Both sides are armed with maps, some legended in ancient French and marked with old French and Indian names, others with modern English legends and later and more familiar titles. Dusty volumes are piled in stacks on counsel's table from which are quoted ponderous legal phrases and the crisp mathematical language of the engineers.

On the two following pages will be seen a copy of the map of the Territory of Orleans, as prepared by Barthelemy Lafon in 1805. The original western boundary line, which Jefferson Parish claims has never been altered, and became the boundary line of Jefferson when the Parish was cut from the original Orleans, is plainly shown from Lake Pontchartrain to the Gulf. Various later political subdivisions are shown imposed on the original map. From the Proces Verbal submitted by Major Frank T. Payne.



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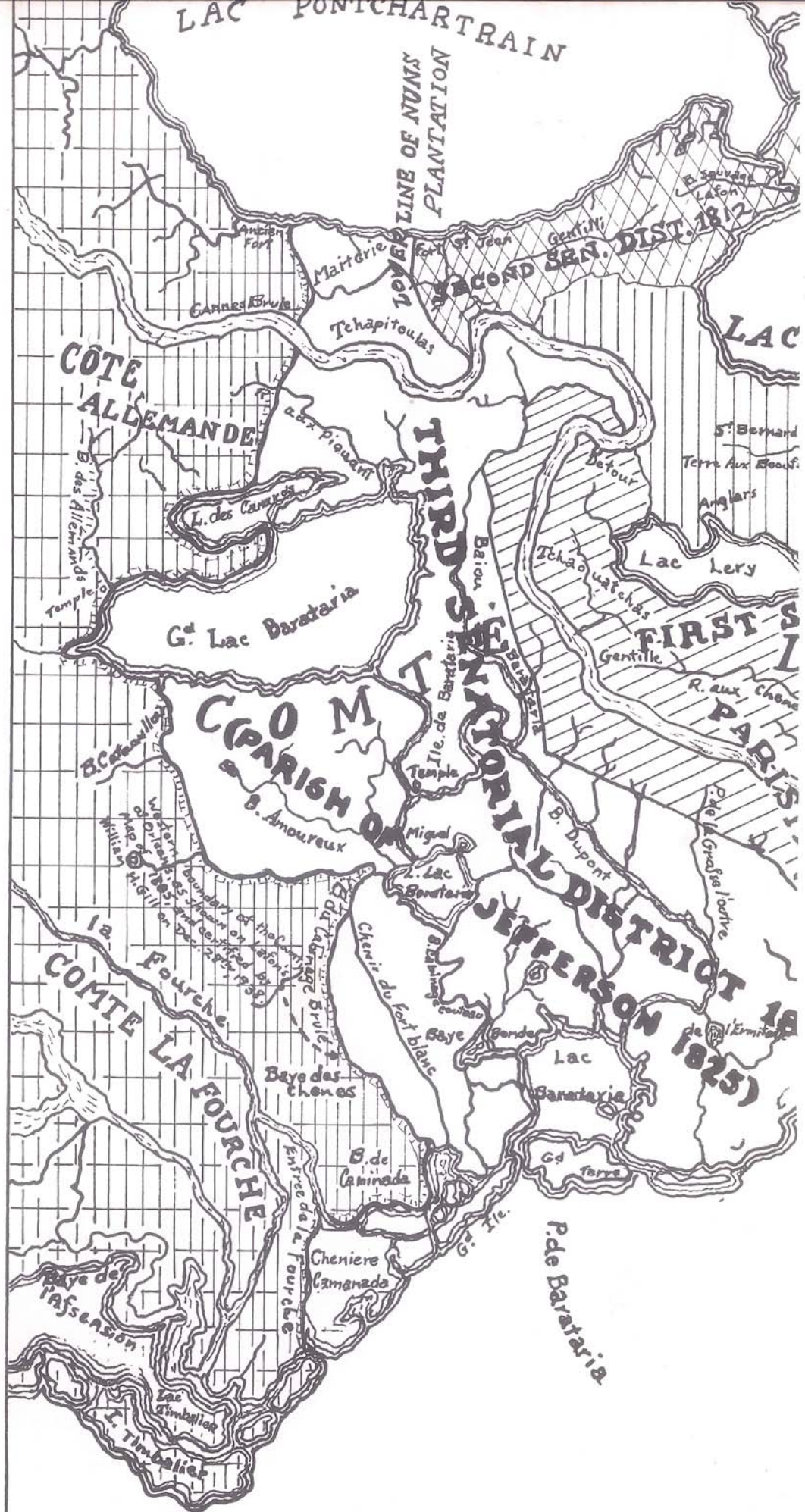
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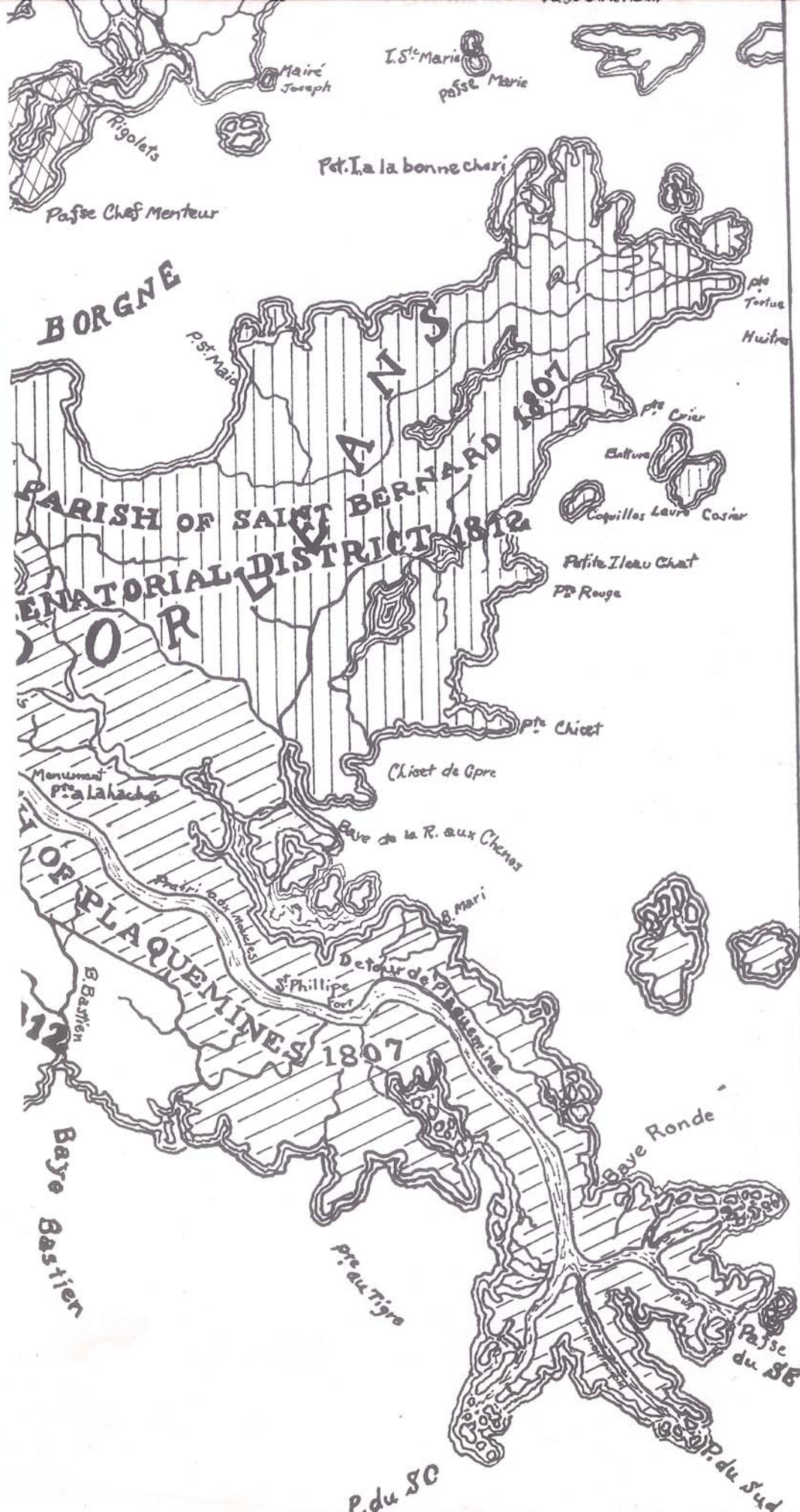
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Jefferson Parish's survey party on the site of the Temple, trading post of the pirates. No trace is left of the community that flourished here, outside the law, at the head of the old lugger route to the sea, where Bayou Des Allemands flows into Lake Salvador.

The prize of this contest between technical giants is some 260,000 acres of land; waste land—overflow and swamp land—waterways and lakes—neglected for more than a hundred years by the very parishes now locked in a titanic legal struggle for them. For more than a century this area, the greater part of it uninhabited, has been entirely unproductive of tax revenue of any kind. Indeed, nearly all of it is owned by the state. Today, however, the magic of oil makes it a prize well worth contending for.

"If your Honor please," learned counsel advises the court, "in the presentation of this case we feel it might be useful to go into a certain amount of historical background. We find that the whole history of the Louisiana Territory is involved in this litigation . . ."

Like a fade-out on a screen, from the dull, dry routine of this modern court room, the scene changes to high adventuring in a new world late in the seventeenth century. To the gallant men and great rogues who lived the drama, the excitement, the comedy and tragedy which mark the early history of Louisiana.

At the head-waters of the Mississippi river stand Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, and his little band of 23 Frenchmen and 18 Indians. The bitter cold of February, 1682, provides little comfort for these men after the wracking hardship of their journey overland to find the great river's beginning, which is indeed the beginning of their own journey. Driven by the impulse which has made men seek what lies around a turn in the road or behind the horizon, the little party embarks in frail canoes. They seek to conquer the Father of Waters for the greater glory of the nation that is France. Each day of the long and arduous journey writes itself in the log of the weary wayfarers, a repetition of the one that went before. It is doubtful if they know when they pass

When In
METAIRIE

Visit
Louis E. Gruber

the spot where in 1542 DeSoto crossed the Mississippi and three years later was given in death to its quiet waters. Or whether they recognize the mouth of the Arkansas as the spot where Pere Marquette and Louis Joliet turned back to the north nine years before.

"Your Honor recalls from history that it was La Salle who gave to France the vast and then unknown Valley of the Mississippi . . ."

Journey's end! Behind lie 4,000 miles of winding river, and at the mouth of the mighty Father of Waters La Salle and his Frenchmen, in armor and besworded and bucklered, erect a great cross. On a stone monument they have carved a message so that those who follow may read that "all the country through which this River runs, and its tributaries, is the property of France" and that it has been named by them "Louisiana" in honor of the king of the French, Louis XIV, Grand Monarque! Nearby the standard of "His Most Christian Majesty" stirs in the vagrant spring breeze, golden fleur-de-lys flashing on a field of white. The Indians stand in silent wonder.

"It remained, however, for Iberville and Bienville to found a colony on the lower reaches of the Mississippi. Indeed, Your Honor is doubtless familiar with the fact that ancient records reveal that one of these brothers, Iberville, was the first to set metes and bounds in what is now Louisiana in designating the site of New Orleans . . ."

The scene changes. The magnificent Louis in the midst of the panoply and luxury that is Versailles, receives the brothers LeMoyne, citizens by birth, if you please, of the New World. Pierre, the elder, now Sieur D'Iberville, was born in Montreal in 1661, some 37 years before. He is fresh from the glory of conquests of Schenectady, and Forts Nelson and Bourbon on England's Hudson Bay. Jean Baptiste, Sieur De Bienville, is but a stripling of 19. He is content to shine in the reflected glory of his swashbuckling brother for the moment. Still a third brother stands in shadow where he is destined to remain until his death two or three years hence, known now as then, only as Sauvolle. Le Grand Monarque, scarcely concealing his grief at the recent brutal murder of the great La Salle, entrusts to these three stalwart pillars of his empire overseas the settlement, under royal commission, of Louisiana. So with ships and men, they take themselves off from the brilliance of Versailles.

"It is important to remember, may it please the Court, that from the map laid out by Iberville in 1698, Bienville founded the present City of New Orleans . . ."

"Le roi est morte. Vive le roi!" It is 1718, the third year of the reign of the infant Louis XV, under the regency of the Duc D'Orleans. Of the brothers LeMoyne, two have preceded Louis XIV in death, Sauvolle in 1701 and Iberville in 1706. Bienville, the last of them, stands in a bend of the Mississippi and drives French and Indians at the prodigious labor of clearing a great tract of land. In his hand he holds a twenty-year-old sketch painstakingly prepared by Iberville, the campaigner. Day after day the work goes on, until finally, a little town rises "on the Island of Orleans, bounded by the Mississippi River, Bayou Manchoe, and three Lakes (Maurepas, Pontchartrain and Borgne) and the Gulf of Mexico." Thus, a great city is founded and named by one of its earlier politicians for his master, the Regent Duc D'Orleans.



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A trapper's cabin broods in the silence that has followed the closing of a busy trade route. Up until the past quarter century, Bayou Gauche (formerly Bayou Cabanage Brule) was a link in the waterway to the Gulf, and constant traffic moved back and forth. Storms and wind erosion have partly filled the waterways, and a new era has new, improved traffic routes.

The pace on history's screen moves in faster tempo. The churchmen come and New Orleans is made the civil and ecclesiastical capital of all of the Louisiana territory or the Province of Louisiana: 1722. In France another king is crowned and his reign is a turbulent one. One war follows another in which successes are small and defeats large. Finally, with Canada lost to the English, the unhappy Louis XV, surrounded by all of the safeguards of secrecy, resignedly signs Louisiana over to Spain.

"We commend to Your Honor's attention a number of old documents in the proces verbal of the survey made by the surveyor for the Parish of Jefferson . . ."

Again the scene changes. There sits His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain signing grant after grant of land to his faithful subjects in the new Province of Louisiana. Ship after ship departs from Spain carrying settlers to this great colony—each carefully preserving the valuable document of grant under royal signature and seal which soon will make him owner of fertile and verdant acres.

Arrived in Louisiana they are welcomed by the august lords governors of the province. Each family head consults authority and proceeds to establish his "landed home" on agreeable portions of the lands granted by his king. Here the de Pinedo's clear and build. There in the "Barrataria" district the Nodal's. And on the Cheniere or, as the Indians called it, the island of Chetimachas, the Caminada's have purchased from Monsieur Du Roullin, himself a holder under grant of the King of France. And from the family Caminada, in time the Cheniere will become Cheniere Caminada and the name Island of Chetimachas shall be lost and forgotten.

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In Barataria, Manuel Perrin sets up his effects under a clear grant from the monarch of Spain. On Grand Isle Manuel Alcalave and Francisco Anfrey have already established themselves under grant of the Spanish governor, Estevan Miro. And throughout the Barrataria District are the Harang's, the Parra's, the Rojas', the Perrillat's, the Cherami's busy in the cultivation of fertile acres, raising cattle perhaps, or harvesting rich crops of indigo.

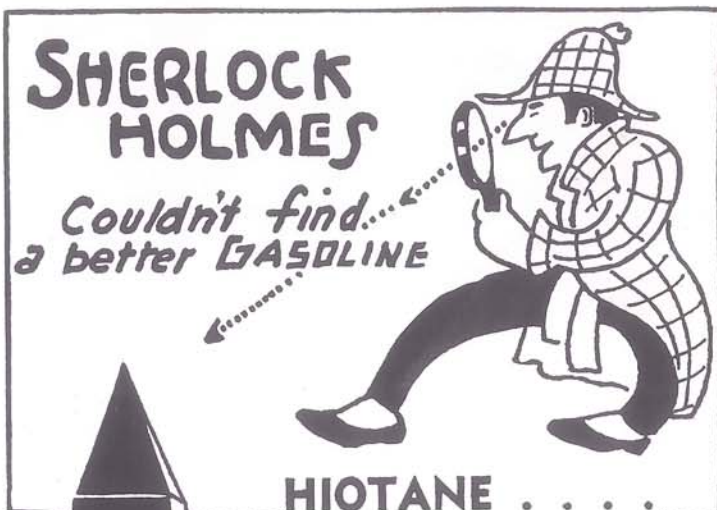
"We have among our witnesses to establish evidence of ancient grants of land in what was then the Barataria District of Orleans county and later became and remained the Parish of Jefferson," the insistently persuasive voice of learned counsel identifies in this modern courtroom, "Messieurs Perrin, Cherami, Rojas, Parra . . ."

These are a hardy people, these settlers of Louisiana following the cession of the province by France to Spain in 1763. They have kept their homes on the southern coast of the province well. Families are growing to manhood and a new generation takes itself to court to contest for the validity of titles derived from documents bearing the great seal of Spain, once so precious, now perished with the old and dead. That this litigation and these confirmations of titles shall one day, a hundred years hence, reappear in court concerns them not at all.

"We expect to prove, may it please the Court, that the original boundary of the county of Orleans, on the west, became the boundary of Jefferson Parish and remains such, even today. History reveals that Charles IV of Spain ceded the Province of Louisiana back to France under Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, on October 1, 1800. By May of 1803, James Monroe and Chancellor Livingston, under plenipotentiary powers of President Jefferson, horse-traded the wily Talleyrand and Bonaparte, himself, out of three-quarters of what is the United States today for a paltry \$15,000,000 . . ."

Louisiana, and particularly New Orleans, seethes with bitter anger. Frenchmen always, at heart, the people feel that this is their final betrayal by a mother country too weak to hold the Corsican monster at bay. Excited knots of citizenry protest volubly against their sale, like cattle, to this upstart republic of the new world. United States of America, indeed! Women keep discreetly indoors and hear with rounded eyes tales of huge, uncouth Kentuckians and men of Tennessee off flatboats at the river front of the port which is again and forevermore open to the trade of America. These stamp noisily along wooden banquettes, shouldering Orleanians—" 'Frenchies' they call us!"—roughly into the street. They riot in buckskin and homespun groups in coffee houses where the gracious decor of gentle custom flees in horror. Families high in esteem in the colony, unable to bear this sudden and rough transition, regretfully pack and book their departures on the first ship for the cultured capitals of Europe. Others, shrewder, and farther-seeing, shrug resignedly at the prospect of a period of adjustment, envisioning ahead a new and more prosperous order.

"In 1804, an Act of Congress divided the Province of Louisiana into two parts. One was called the 'Territory of Orleans' and the other the 'District of Louisiana'. In the same year William C. C. Claiborne was administered the oath as first territorial governor. Governor Claiborne convened the first session of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Or-



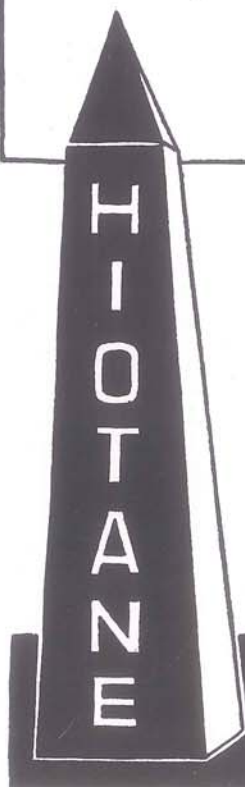
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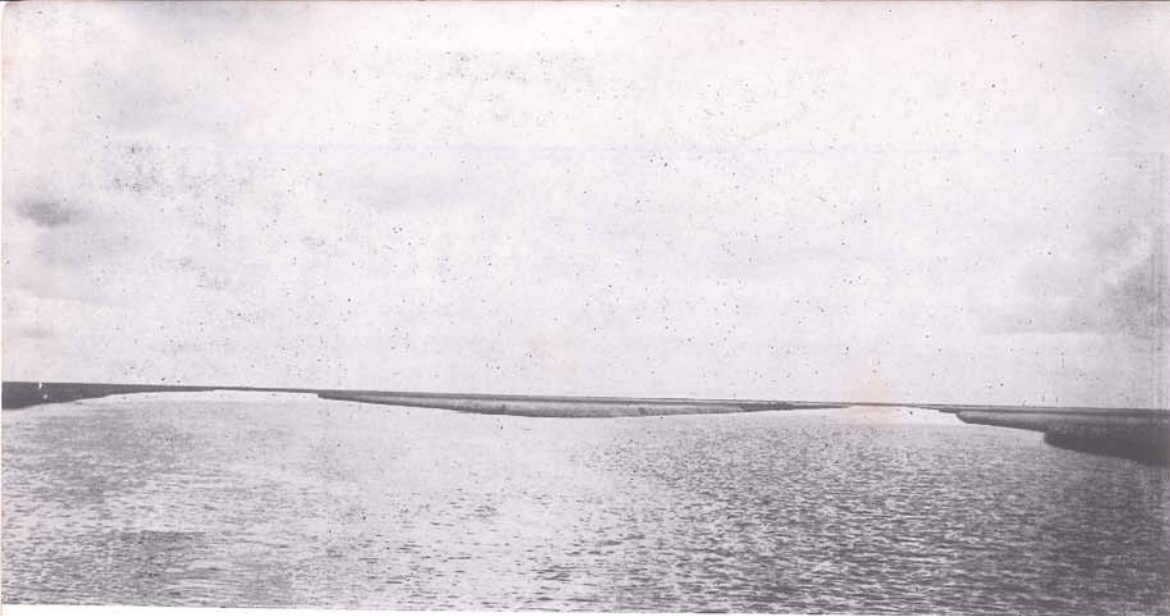
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"As New As Tomorrow"



Bayou Ferblanc, a link of the former Bayou Cabanage Brule, meets Bayou Laurier in the salt marshes, near the Gulf.

leans, with Poydras as president, on December 3, 1804. Chapter XXV of the acts passed 'by the governor by and with the advice and consent' of the council, divides the Territory of Orleans into twelve counties, 'to be called the counties of Orleans, German Coast, Acadia, LaFourche, Iberville, Pointe-Coupee, Atacapas, Opelousas, Natchitoches, Rapides, Ouachita and Concordia.' As to boundaries, however, this act of 1805, simply described the county of Orleans as 'all of that portion of the country lying on both sides of the river Mississippi from the Balize to the beginning of the Parish of St. Charles, including the Parishes of St. Bernard and St. Louis.' We urge that Your Honor consider that it is probable, from its coincidence in time with the sessions of the Council, that the survey by Barthelemy Lafon, a deputy surveyor of the United States for the County of Orleans, a facsimile of whose map is in this record, first established the western boundary of the County of Orleans with mathematical certainty. And we emphasize that there is no conflicting survey or map of this boundary. We know, of course, that Your Honor is familiar with the act of 1825 passed at the first session of the Seventh Legislature of the State of Louisiana which created the parish of Jefferson from the northern and western portions of the County of Orleans, called for the purpose of representation, the Third Senatorial District . . ."

Barthelemy Lafon, deputy surveyor of the United States for the County of Orleans, contemplates his latest official assignment with mixed emotions. Recent events have marched favorably for the career of this distinguished engineer, it is true. But this business of making a survey of the boundary of Orleans county may be something else again. "True," he reflects, "I am a native of the Barataria district, and surely no one knows that country better than I. Equally true, I hold both the commission of Governor Claiborne and an order of the territorial Supreme Court to proceed with the work. En fin, there is honor in this appointment, and I have had private business along most of the waterways of what must be the route of the survey. Allors! We shall begin."

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"As further evidence of the ability of the man, Lafon, and of the integrity and accuracy of his work, we commend to Your Honor's attention an excerpt from a letter, June 17, 1805, from Governor Claiborne to the Postmaster General of the United States: 'Mr. Lafon is making a map from an actual survey of the country which . . . ought of consequence to be very accurate . . .'"

Since early in June Barthelemy Lafon and his party have painstakingly plotted their course along the western boundary of the County of Orleans. They do their work well, not only as experts in accuracy, but also because upon it may depend grave questions of the law of the land, west of New Orleans.

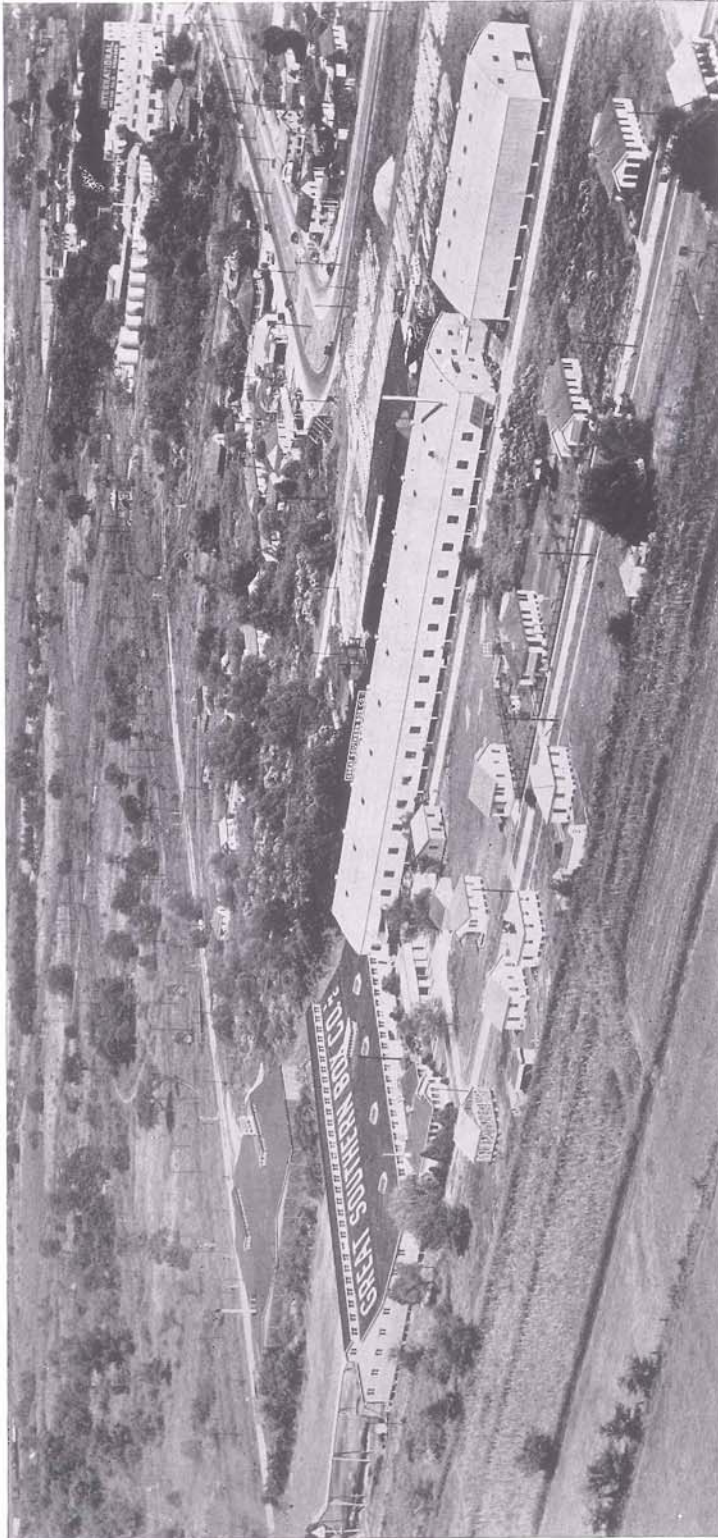
Starting at the site of a fort on Lake Pontchartrain, so old, that it is designated on their working sketches simply as "Ancient Fort," the survey party has crossed the Mississippi, picked up the line of projection on the west bank and moved southwesterly to the small waters of Lake Ouacha, crossing Bayou Piquant on the way. Around the shore of Lake Ouacha (later Grand Lake Barataria, now Lake Salvador), was easy going, and here on its western shore at the mouth of Bayou des Allemands, Lafon and his men have lingered for a day or two. Supplies will be replenished here at the Temple and boats will be procured. The Temple, though a pleasant enough settlement to look at, wears an air of sinister mystery. It is a busy place with open trade filling most of the daylight hours and some of the night devoted to bargaining more private in character.

Lafon knows that this is a trading post founded by smugglers and pirates in the early days of French rule. He is aware that it is still the terminal port of outlaw brethren on the water route from Cheniere Caminada and Grand Ile on the Gulf to a discreet interior point not easy of access even to industrious customs authorities of the new government of the United States.

There are small ships in great number tied up at the Temple's rough piers and anchored off shore. Slim hulls and rakish rigging on many suggest the speed of swallows. Lashed and tarpaulined at forepeak and stern are shapes that hint of ship's ordnance. It needs but little imagination to plot the course of a voyage of one of these prim hell cats rocking in the summer swells.

Ashore are men of all types. Bluff storekeepers, one minus an arm, another clumping about on a wooden leg. A sailmaker from Scotland; shipwrights from Brest; pallid men of books and accounts whose veins run ink and who think in figures; burly negroes of the Indies and furtive rats from the sewers of Paris. The masters of the vessels in the bay, however, are the ones who compel the eye. They range from slim satin clad fop to a great swag-gerer who, by his attire, should be a grand admiral of the Spanish fleet. Finally, there are occasional individuals in sober business attire who closely and strangely resemble well known merchants of the thriving city of New Orleans.

This wary community pays scant attention to Lafon and his men. Indeed his business of supplies and boats is soon concluded and the party embarks,



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Chemin du Fort Blanc. Traces of the old military road through the swamp remain, although the fort, and the men who manned it and guarded the waterways were gone and nearly forgotten when Lafon first surveyed in 1805.

again southward, on Bayou Catahoula. On the west not far away is the highland of Lafourche Interior. On the east, adjoining the bayou bank is a great stretch of marsh land. Mile after mile, day after day, the line is plotted.

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Windingly along the Catahoula. A few turns and into Bayou Cabanage Brule near where it joins lake Petit Barataria.

Bayou Cabanage Brule takes its name, Lafon knows, from the habit of trappers along its banks to burn the prairie each year. So often have the fires consumed the cabins of the men who lighted them, that their charred ruins have given the stream its name.

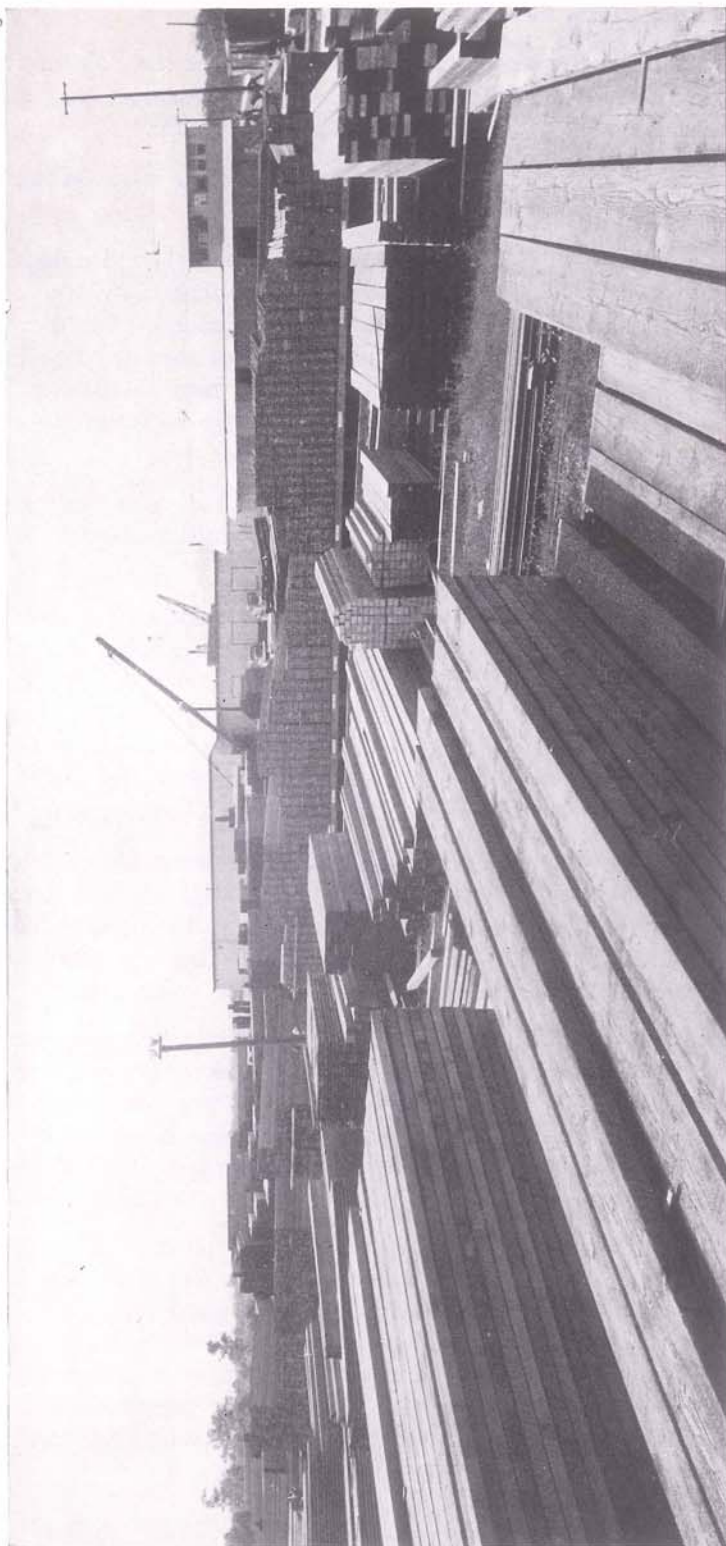
It is where Cabanage Brule straightens itself out to flow almost due south-east that the surveyors pick up the northern end of the old Fort Blanc road. The French were quick to build protecting forts at strategic points, due probably to the military and naval experience of Iberville. Fort Blanc was one of these. Lafon was aware that it had been established for a number of years on Cheniere Caminada, at the head of Caminada Pass. Although abandoned before the purchase of Louisiana by the United States, it had served to protect Cheniere Caminada, Grand Ile, Grand Terre and other fertile regions bordering the Gulf. Additionally it was a customs outpost, and in order to improve the efficiency of its garrison in thwarting smugglers and other outlaws plying the waterway to the north, successive commanders had built a military road over 16 miles long.

For a day or so, Lafon and his party stretch their legs on the Chemin du Fort Blanc, sending the boats on ahead. They mark with interest a series of ancient stockades cunningly set somewhat off the road in the swamp and commanding a view of the bayou. These outposts for observation and protection of the road by detachments from Fort Blanc in the field, take the form of circular levees, with earthworks considerably above swamp level and filled in inside to provide high, dry land for bivouack.

Where the road leaves the bayou, the surveyors resume water transport. Meticulously they note on their work sketches and in their log, bayous, lakes, bays. From Bayou Cabanage Brule they move down Bayou Laurier, traverse the length of Lake Laurier Blanc, going west by south, turn sharply south-eastward around the Cheniere Caminada, and there is the Gulf. It is done!

An ancient tale, perhaps, but it has been brought very much to life by this modern boundary line dispute between the Parishes of Jefferson and Lafourche. Remember please, that the Parish of Jefferson was created in 1825 from the northern and western portions of the County of Orleans, which was called for the purpose of representation, the Third Senatorial District. Determination of the western boundary of Jefferson Parish depends therefore on the definition of the original western boundary of Orleans county and on the intent of the legislature to include in Jefferson Parish all of Orleans known as the third senatorial district.

The exact location of the western boundary of Orleans County? You've just run it with Lafon. Not only that, but in the record of the dispute between the parishes, there is a report by Major Frank T. Payne, commissioned as Parish Surveyor for the Parish of Jefferson, made to the boundary line committee consisting of Clem Perrin, chairman, and Albert Cantrelle, John J. Holt-



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greve, Robert Otterman, Alvin Hotard, W. R. Toledano and John E. Fleury, all appointed by the Parish police jury. Read that report!

You will find historical references, ancient documents of land claim confirmations, law suits of the early 1800's, photostats of old surveys, and, yes, a replica of a part of the very map made by the brilliant Lafon.

But better than all of this, and a real tribute to the ability of Lafon is this excerpt from Major Payne's report:

"It has been decided, after a careful study of the subject, and aided by the legal advice of Judge John E. Fleury, that the line established by the Territorial Legislative Council in 1804-05 and delineated by Lafon on his map of that date is the only legal and official boundary line between the two parishes, and therefore the Lafon line should be surveyed and established on the ground, according to law, as the official boundary line between the parishes of Jefferson and Lafourche."

Moreover, this modern surveyor in accordance with law, usage and common sense, did exactly what his predecessor did a hundred and thirty-five years ago. He says:

"The surveyed boundary line follows the thread of streams as called for by law. It is a retrace of the Lafon line except along the western shore of Grand Lake Barataria, Ouacha (now Salvador), from Bayou des Allemands to Bayou Catahoula where some erosion has taken place since early surveys. However, these streams presently surveyed . . . are the same streams or bayous, having the same contours as surveyed and delineated by Lafon on his map of 1805, with the exception of such changes as time hath wrought."

He records the finding of the old Fort Blanc road and alongside of it there are still recognizable traces of the circular strong points used by detachments from the fort so long ago as to have been half forgotten in the time of Lafon. Other stations and points on the Lafon line were found. Changed somewhat, perhaps, "as time hath wrought," but readily recognizable, even today.

The courts may not hold with all this. A decision may favor the act of 1824, relied on by the Parish of Lafourche. Passed before the creation of Jefferson Parish, its purpose is declared to be "to determine the boundaries of the parishes of Assumption and Lafourche Interior, and the eastern boundary of the last named parish." Jefferson calls this a "strange piece of legislation." Major Payne's report declares:

"It encroaches on the territory of Orleans Parish, giving it an entirely different western boundary from that established in 1805. The 'calls' specified in the act are ambiguous and cannot be followed by a surveyor in the field and lead to an impossible result. It places Grand Isle, which has always been in Orleans county, as shown in the confirmation of land grants, in Lafourche Parish. And, last, while it follows Lafon's line of Lafourche to Lake Ouacha or Grand Lake Barataria, south of that point it invades the territory of Orleans Parish (Jefferson)."

It is contended also that the Legislature later "saw and tried to correct this mistake in the western boundary" by the passage of two amending acts. One in 1827 provided that "until the boundaries of the parishes of Orleans,

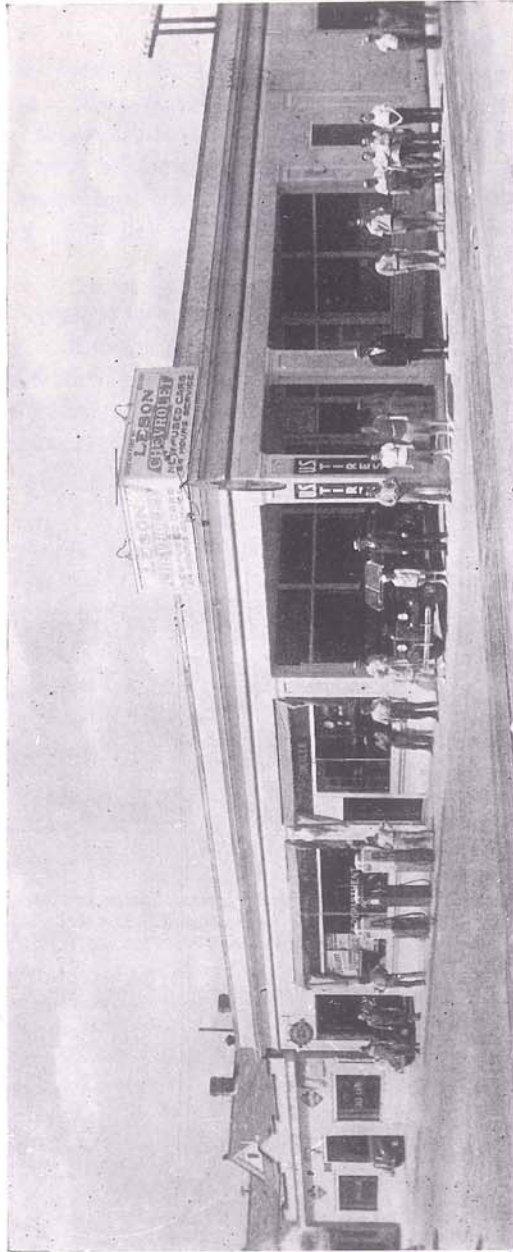
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Jefferson and Lafourche shall have been particularly defined by law, the island commonly called Grand Isle shall make part of the Parish of Jefferson . . . " This act also carried the jurisdiction of Jefferson Parish as far as the overflow banks of Bayou Lafourche, where the settlements extended to an average depth of only 80 arpents from the bayou. It was, in fact, a practical re-statement of Lafon's famous line of 1805. The other amending act, passed in 1830, which Jefferson claims is another admission of original error by the legislature, provides that Cheniere Caminada, as originally comprised within the limits of Orleans Parish, "be annexed to the Parish of Jefferson, from the passage of this act."

So this is a modern tale peopled by the shadowy forms of history. These brilliant men of another day have lived again for a brief moment in a modern court of law. The work they did lived, too. Barthelemy Lafon went down the line in 1805, and more than a century later, men traveled that line in boats that disturbed the same quiet waters and, on the land, their foot prints trod the path of him who went before.

• • • • •

On the beach at romantic and historic Grand Isle. Formerly an infamous headquarters of pirates, among them the great Lafitte, Grand Isle for a century has been a popular resort. Here Miss Rita Mae Gegenheimer, of Gretna, and Misses June Vallee and Dorothy Tibo, of Westwego, are enjoying a holiday.



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The Seiners. Dawn finds market fishermen at Grand Isle hauling their nets up the beach in the never ending roll of the surf.

CAST YOUR BAIT UPON THE WATERS

HERMANN B. DEUTSCH
Magazine and Newspaper Writer

This is an invitation to Mr. Venator to pay a visit to Jefferson parish. Ever hear of Mr. Venator? Of course not! Isaak Walton's book is like an insurance policy. Everybody knows in a general way what it's about, but nobody's ever read it. The entire book is a set of dialogues between Isaak Walton, who speaks of himself as Piscator, and his disciple, whom he calls Venator, and whom he instructs in the positive, pedantic manner of all fishermen, as to the only proper way in which to fish.

And that's why Mr. Venator is invited, after all these centuries, to come to Jefferson parish, because he can fish in Jefferson after any fashion that suits or pleases him, and for practically any kind of fish he chooses to pursue. True, the guacharo, which is the nut-cracking, tree-climbing fish Theodore Roosevelt discovered along the Amazon, has not yet been discovered in any

In looking forward to the future growth of Jefferson Parish, our efforts are being put forth to building a greater friendship among its people in offering our services for their security and happiness.

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This is certainly the life! Trolling for tarpon and other game fish is one of the major sports offered in Jefferson Parish. A tarpon rodeo is held annually at Grand Isle, and tarpon are caught even in Lake Pontchartrain.

of the waters of Jefferson. But give us time, brother. We'll produce even one of those sooner or later.

Fishing is perhaps the oldest human pastime. Even before man learned to hunt on land he pursued, caught and ate the creatures of the sea. No human record has been found so old that it did not include some reference to the taking of fish. Angling and the drawing of nets were subjects of antiquity in the days of the Bible itself.

Naturally, fishing has been the subject of countless written treatises. It has been discussed in the ancient phrases of Hebrew, Latin and Greek. But the first English writing on this topic, was the product of the prioress of St. Albans, Dame Juliana Berners or Bearners or Bernys or Barnes—apparently it all depends on how the particular historian wanted to spell it—who wrote a "Treatise on Fishing with an Angle," in the year 1486. From that point the English literature on angling has progressed through thousands of volumes and billions of words to the present chronicle, which deals with virtually the highest phase of fishing with an angle, to wit, fishing in the parish of Jefferson, state of Louisiana.

Jefferson parish is one of the only two subdivisions of the state which touches the salt water of the Gulf and its inlets on both sides of the Mississippi river. It is like a patch laid straight across the big river's Delta, and by the blessings of Providence much of that patch consists of coastal and inland waters, and most of the waters teem with the delicious food creatures thereof.

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GRETN, LOUISIANA

You may begin with anything; with set-nets or scoop nets for crawfish, which jostle one another in what is literally a traffic congestion along every roadside ditch in the early months of Spring, and you may fill buckets with them for their own toothsome sake, or you may fill a smaller bucket with crawfish to be used as bait that will lure the succulent perch, sunfish, crappie, bass or channel cat from their respective lairs to your dinner table by way of pan, kettle or oven.

The whole year long you may catch crabs in almost any desired quantity along the shores of Lake Pontchartrain or in the waters of Lafitte's Barataria countryside. How many persons win a livelihood from such crabbing is a matter of statistics, and statistics make dull reading, no matter how they are laid end to end. But their number is large.

Still in the realm of crustaceans, and most important from the market or economic point of view, are the shrimp. From Barataria, from Bayou Rigaud, from Manila Village and Cabinash the shrimp fleets work along the tidal shallows and out in the open gulf, netting a silver harvest from the waters—shrimp for the market, shrimp for the canning factories, shrimp to be dried on huge wooden platforms and shipped in barrels to the far places of the earth.

Perhaps your taste runs to oysters? You've never really savored an oyster if your experience has been confined to Blue Points, Lynnhavens or Cotuits. Wait till you've smacked your lips over a freshly opened dozen from Grand Lake or Bay des Islettes.

Your favorite of fast-day foods is terrapin? You didn't know, did you, that the biggest supply of "Terrapin Maryland" comes from Jefferson parish, did

Fishing in Big Bayou Barataria, at Lafitte. Pleasure craft such as those tied up here, and many others, ply the myriad waterways of the parish, going a-fishing.



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The crab fleet. Soft shell crabs are caught by these fishermen where Bayou St. Denis meets Bayou Cutoff. Lines, resembling trot lines, with bushes tied to them, are strung across the bayou. Crabs about to shed their hard shells take refuge in these bushes, and are brought up by the fishermen who supply the markets of New Orleans with their delicious soft shell crabs.

you? The Terrapin you buy for minted coin, and plenty of it, at the Fulton Fish Market in New York or in the restaurants of Baltimore and Washington, was caught not far from Grand Isle. Perhaps it was raised in a pen; perhaps it was simply netted by fishermen; perhaps it was tracked down by terrapin hunters with trained terrapin dogs, for by all these means the Lucullan delicacy of the diamond-back is taken from its haunts and started off to market.

The trawls and seines of the shrimping fleets bring in much salt-water fish as well. Chief among them are the so-called speckled trout, whom you may know—if you're a Yankee from the Atlantic seaboard—as the spotted weakfish; the croaker, the redfish, the sheephead, the drum, the channel mullet; and occasionally the giant black grouper or jewfish.

These are laid to one side when the shrimp are sorted out. Tied in bunches with strips of palmetto leaf, known as latannier, they are brought to the French market in New Orleans.

In the same way, commercial fishermen take buffalo, gaspergou, sac-a-lait, and catfish from the fresh waters of the parish, with an angle, with a trot line, with large trap nets, for the market stalls.

But it is in fishing for sport that Jefferson parish offers the widest opportunities. The small fish which are locally known as perch, but which embrace the warmouth bass, the bream, the sunfish and other allied species, are caught in almost every fresh water stream, as are also those kings of the fresh-water game fish, the black bass, more widely known here under their local name of "green trout." Literally, it is a paradise for fly fishermen, but the humble follower of the cane-pole, the worm or minnow, and the little cork bobber has the same opportunities for sport.

Along the river banks above New Orleans are the old barrow pits, left when the levees were built. Annually the world's greatest fish nursery, the

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The plant provides employment for approximately 300 people, most of whom are heads of families. It sends thousands of dollars out into the Jefferson Parish community each year in the form of Johns-Manville payrolls, taxes and local purchases of factory necessities.

As in other locations where Johns-Manville does business, the Marrero factory tries to contribute to the welfare of the parish and to perform its rightful civic duties with a high sense of community responsibility.

Mississippi River, overflows the batture outside the levee, and re-stocks these barrow pits with countless millions of such fish. Many of the tiny ones are seined out before the pools go dry, to restock waters in other parts of the state. Others are left in the larger pools, to feed the big fish already there, or perhaps to replace those which fishermen have taken during the previous year.

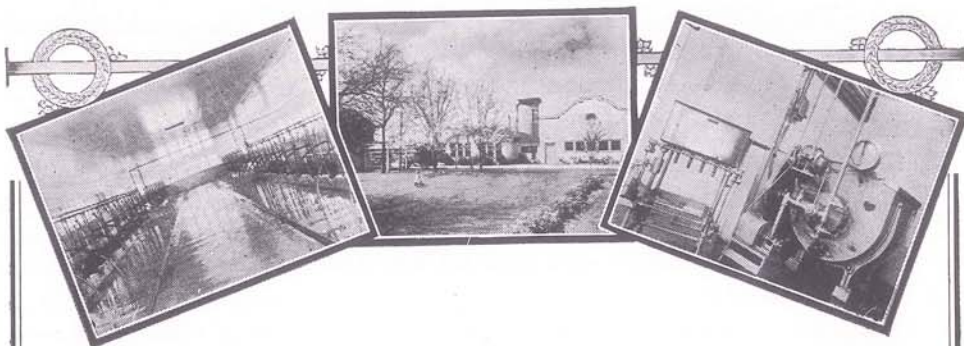
And along both coast-lines of the parish is salt-water game fishing without compare, from the most modest to the most ambitious. At one end of the scale are the skiffs which may be rented for an inconsiderable fee, and from which hand-lines, baited with bits of market shrimp, will take croakers by the sack when the run is on, along with occasional small drum, redfish, salt water trout, and the like. At the other end of the scale are the big yachts, trolling for tarpon and other giant battlers of the sea.

But it is by no means necessary to be a yachtsman to enjoy tarpon fishing and kindred sport, in Jefferson parish. In Lake Pontchartrain, for example, most sportsmen troll for the Silver King from rented skiffs, and any one who thinks this might be too dull is invited to consult the records which show that within a few blocks of his East End home, Frank Swanson of Jefferson parish in 1939 landed a 169-pound tarpon from a skiff, which fish was the second-largest tarpon taken anywhere in the United States on rod and reel that season.

But the biggest crowd of tarpon takers comes each summer to Grand Isle, at the extreme southern edge of Jefferson parish, where it touches the Gulf of



Annual Garfish Rodeo held by the Lafitte Yacht Club in Bayou Barataria. A crowd of happy anglers compare their day's catch. Garfish are hard to take and land, and while they are of no use as food, removing them from the waters helps other fishing.



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MARRERO, LOUISIANA

Mexico. Tarpon may be fished here, from skiffs too, in the waters of Livingston Pass where Jean Lafitte turned down the offer of British favor in 1815 to cast his lot with Andrew Jackson and thus save the fabulously wealthy tract of the Louisiana Purchase for the United States.

Those who would seek the waters of the open gulf will find it neither difficult nor unduly expensive to charter a fishing lugger for the day, right at Grand Isle. They head out of Livingston Pass, beside the picturesque ruins of Old Fort Livingston, which once guarded this water gate of the United States, for the sea-buoy that marks the open channel. In the grey light of approaching dawn, the olive backs and flashing sides of tarpon are already to be seen, rolling on the surface of the Gulf, while porpoises play and leap, and myriads of seabirds wheel and scream overhead.

The lines are dropped astern, each with its owner's favorite type of trolling lure. Wham! A strike, and what a strike! The line literally hisses through the water, the stout rod bends, the angler strains. And that's a big jackfish, a tough baby to handle, even though he doesn't make the tarpon's spectacular leaps into the sunlight.

At last he is gaffed, and the lures are dropped astern once more. If near the sea-buoy, one of them may be taken by a huge ling, or lemon-fish, thrashing fiercely to and fro on the surface as the barbs go home, before he makes his few frantic rushes. Don't throw him back. He's one of the finest eating fishes that swims, and ling that run anywhere up to 40 pounds in weight are by no means uncommon, off Grand Isle.

Or it may be that a school of a dozen or so fish will suddenly break water behind the lures. They'll look like jackfish as they charge down upon the trolling baits, but don't reel in. They're probably bull redfish, running to 25 pounds each, a far different sort of customer from the kind taken on still-fishing bait along the coastal shallows. And don't let anybody tell you a red-fish that big is coarse or tough to eat. He's just as delicious as his 6-pound

Are the perch biting, Uncle? Every pond and stream in Jefferson offers fishing of some kind, be the equipment the most elaborate, or, as in this picture, only an old stick, and probably an angleworm.



JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT

Official Journal of the

PARISH

OF

JEFFERSON

SINCE 1896

Gretna, Louisiana

brother; every bit and every bite. And he's one of the most beautiful fish drawn from the sea, each of his big scales tipped with a spangle of red gold.

Or you may pass through a school of mackerel, and that's fast and furious fishing indeed. Flashing like emeralds in the blue water, the fish are plainly visible. Take off the big tarpon lure and substitute a small spoon or feather jig or fantail squid. Before you know it all the lures will be taken at once—yank, slash, snap, strike, and all three or four of you will be fighting your fish at once, trying to keep the lines from getting fouled, eager to bring in your prize so that you can send back the lure for another. And in the opinion of most epicures, fresh-caught Spanish mackerel is tops in sea-food.

But when all's said and done, what you're after on this particular trip is tarpon. Exciting and savory as the other catches may prove to be, what you've looked forward to is a battle with the finest, cleanest and most gallant fighter of the seas, the Silver King himself. So you head out and away from the lesser fish. Here and there a school of sardines breaks the surface. Up into the sunlight from among them suddenly explodes a gleaming apparition, slapping the small fish silly. That's a tarpon. You head that way hoping to arrive before the tarpon finish their buffet lunch of sardines *au naturel*. You pass the school, tense. Nothing happens. You try again, and again and again. And finally there comes a savage slash at the lure you are trolling, so fierce that the rod bends in pulsing jerks as you strain back to set the hook. The line hisses away and melts from your reel spool. It may still be a jackfish. You hope not, you hope . . . and then a thunderbolt shoulders the ocean aside and leaps toward the blue. Tarpon! The fight is on.

Perhaps after one jump, or two, or more, he will fling out the hook with that tremendously powerful shaking of his mighty head. Meanwhile you strain, and hold your breath, and perhaps you pray, for he's a hundred-pounder sure. He looked big as a house on that last jump. He's sounding now, pulling away from you. You hang on grimly and trust to the stout laminations of your bamboo rod. You pump, swinging your whole back into the effort to draw the powerful fish a few feet toward you, dropping the rod-tip swiftly and reeling more swiftly still to take up a foot or two of slack before you swing back again, and pump some more, until you've worked him close to the boat. He jumps again; again line melts from the spool, and again you pump. Finally the battle is over. Exhausted—in which respect Brother Tarpon has little on you by that time—he lets himself be drawn in and gaffed.

And that's the time you'll have a chance to show what sort of a sportsman you are. If you bring the tarpon in, your only purpose will be to show him off to the other anglers at the dock, because you can't take him home or eat him. To let you show him off he pays a pretty high price: his life. But if you're the right sort of angler, you don't give a hang whether or not anybody else sees him. You've had a glorious time, thanks to him; the kind of time that makes showing off a dead fish pretty puny stuff. So work the hook loose carefully, pat him on the nose, and let him swim off. He's earned that much, and you'll feel all the better for it yourself.

Of course, it's different in the case of a rodeo fish, for there's a tarpon rodeo each August at Grand Isle, a grand, gay party in which such local notables as the chief justice of Louisiana's Supreme Court participate, with a

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world of valuable prizes for best fish, biggest fish, most fish and the like. Everybody brings in his fish to the judges to be weighted and recorded. But the number of fish taken on this one week-end each year will never menace the supply of tarpon; nor, for that matter, will the fish taken on rod and reel at any time. But you'll agree that killing a fish for no good purpose, particularly as gallant an opponent as the tarpon, is the sort of thing one doesn't do.

Speaking of fish rodeos, there's usually an annual garfish rodeo with prizes staged by the Lafitte Yacht Club in Bayou Barataria. The garfish doesn't class as a game fish, perhaps, but he's a mean, tough customer to handle, and each one killed saves the lives of countless game fish and shrimp. And if you choose to take in a few scales, Percy Viosca has shown what lovely trinkets and decorations can be made of this "gar-ivory."

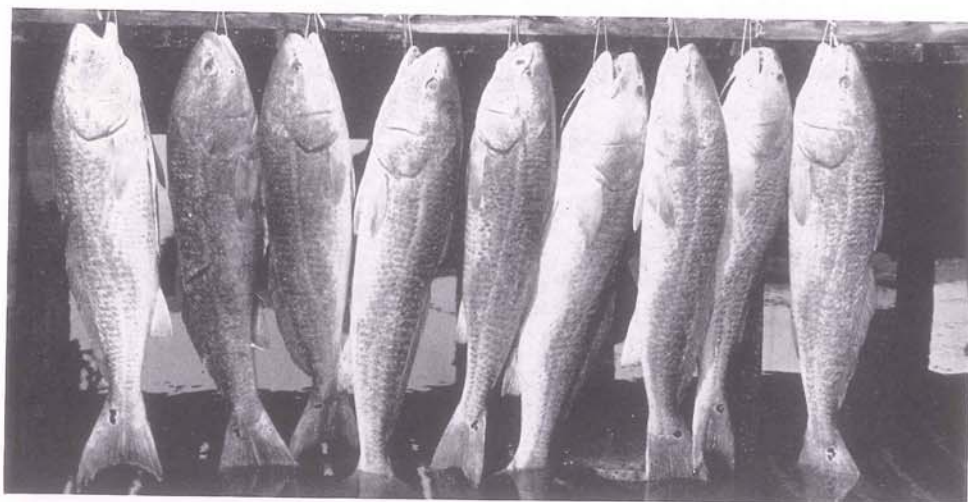
So you see it really doesn't matter much what kind of fishing you're after, if you're one of the legions of Venators. You'll find it in Jefferson parish. Come to think of it, this chronicle hasn't scratched much more of the surface so far as Jefferson is concerned, than did that of Dame Juliana Berners nearly 500 years ago.

An even older writer once asked the question: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?"

The answer now is "Yes—in Jefferson parish."

But words can't tell the story, after all. The only way to find out all about it is to wet a bait—in Jefferson parish—yourself. Then, you'll know.

• • • • •



Reds abound at the mouths of the bayous in Jefferson Parish.

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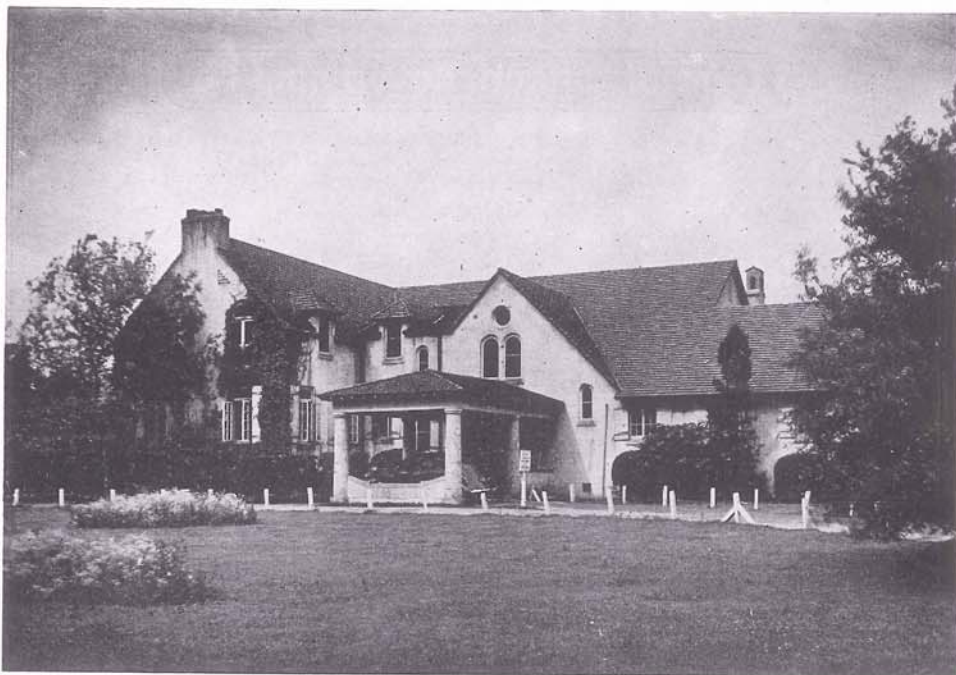
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The beautiful clubhouse of the Metairie Golf Club.

METAIRIE GOLF CLUB

FRED HAAS

Metairie Golf Club Professional

Metairie's 350 members, men, ladies and juniors, all cherish the traditions behind their golf club and course. Located in the fashionable suburb of New Orleans, the township of Metairie, in the parish of Jefferson, only a few miles from the city's business center, this unusual golf course was hewed out of the cypress swamps in 1923 by a group of distinguished New Orleans sportsmen who organized the Metairie Golf Club.

A large area of land was devoted by this discriminating group of golfers to one of America's most unusual golf courses because each hole is a replica of another famous golf hole somewhere in the world. The old "cradle of golf," St. Andrews in Scotland, the National Golf Links in New York, Hoylake in Liverpool and numerous other championship layouts furnished the models for the various holes of Metairie.

It is no wonder that Metairie's composite today represents a test of the grand old game surpassed by few golf courses anywhere. The golfing membership of Metairie demands and receives the finest conditioning and grooming of their links of any course in the South at all seasons of the year as attested by the many visitors from all over the country.

Beginning in 1937 a number of changes were made such as styling new traps and topdressing and fertilizing fairways. Nearly fifty thousand dollars

***For First News
For Best Shows---***



Charley Spahr

Distributor



Harvey, Louisiana

has been spent in this manner by the club up to the present in addition to the regular maintenance costs, and therefore the club represents a source of income to the parish equivalent to a good industrial factory or business enterprise.

The presidents of the club since its organization, were: C. B. Fox, 1923 and 1924; W. S. Penick, 1925, 1926, and 1927; W. P. Stewart, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1933; R. E. Tipton, 1934; Joseph Lallande, 1934, 1935, and 1936; W. Horace Williams, 1937 and 1938; Clarence C. Barton, 1939 and 1940; A. E. Ralston, 1940 and 1941.

The club has at all times been sought after by golf organizations as the scene of various championships, local, sectional, and national. Outstanding among these was the famous True Temper Open Tournament of 1931 won by Gene Sarazen with a score of 286 from one of the finest fields of golfers headed by such golfing greats as Walter Hagen.

The par of the course was then 72.

The present course record of 67 held by Fred Haas, Jr. and Denny Shute attests to the still exciting quality of the layout despite the really fine condition of its fairways and putting greens. While Metairie was originally built to be strictly a man's golf club, it has a very fine clubhouse with all the usual golf facilities and since the modern trend of golf clubs includes not only the feminine but also the juvenile part of the golfing family, Metairie has blossomed out fully as the real family golf club of New Orleans.

The builders and owners of the beautiful residences surrounding the Metairie Golf Club have been assured of the continued existence of this club by the real estate syndicate promoting this wonderful residential section and with the continued support from such a distinguished clientele, Metairie's past success should not only continue but increase and further developments toward country club facilities, such as swimming pools, tennis courts, etc., are only a question of time.

• • • • •

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JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

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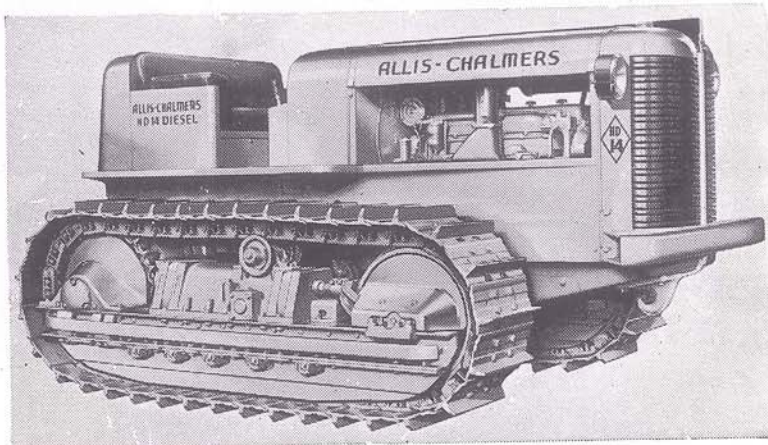


LOUISIANA STATE OFFICIALS

Upper left: Hon. Allen Ellender, United States Senator from Louisiana.
 Upper right: Hon. John H. Overton, United States Senator from Louisiana.
 Center: Hon. Sam Houston Jones, Governor of the State of Louisiana.
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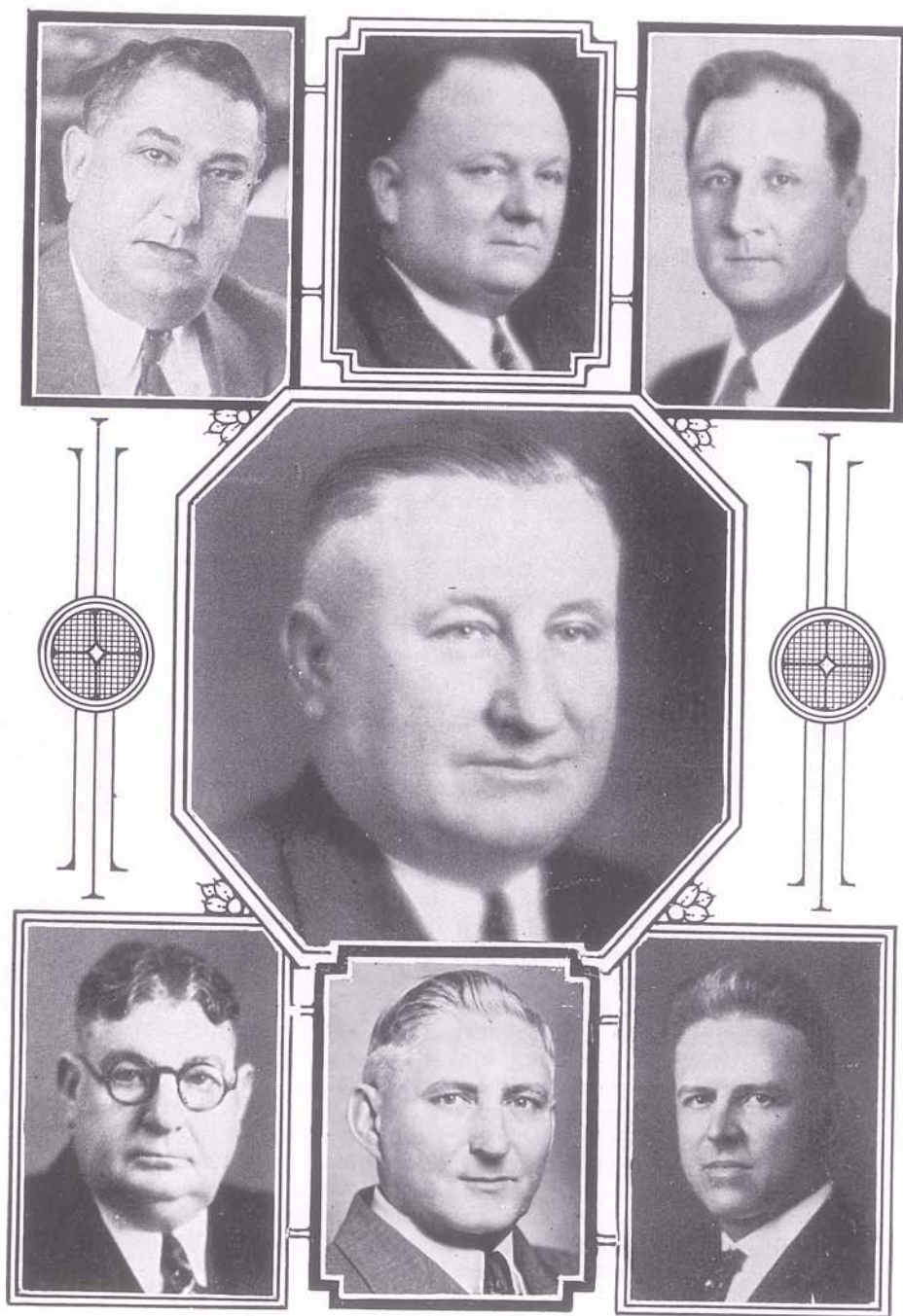
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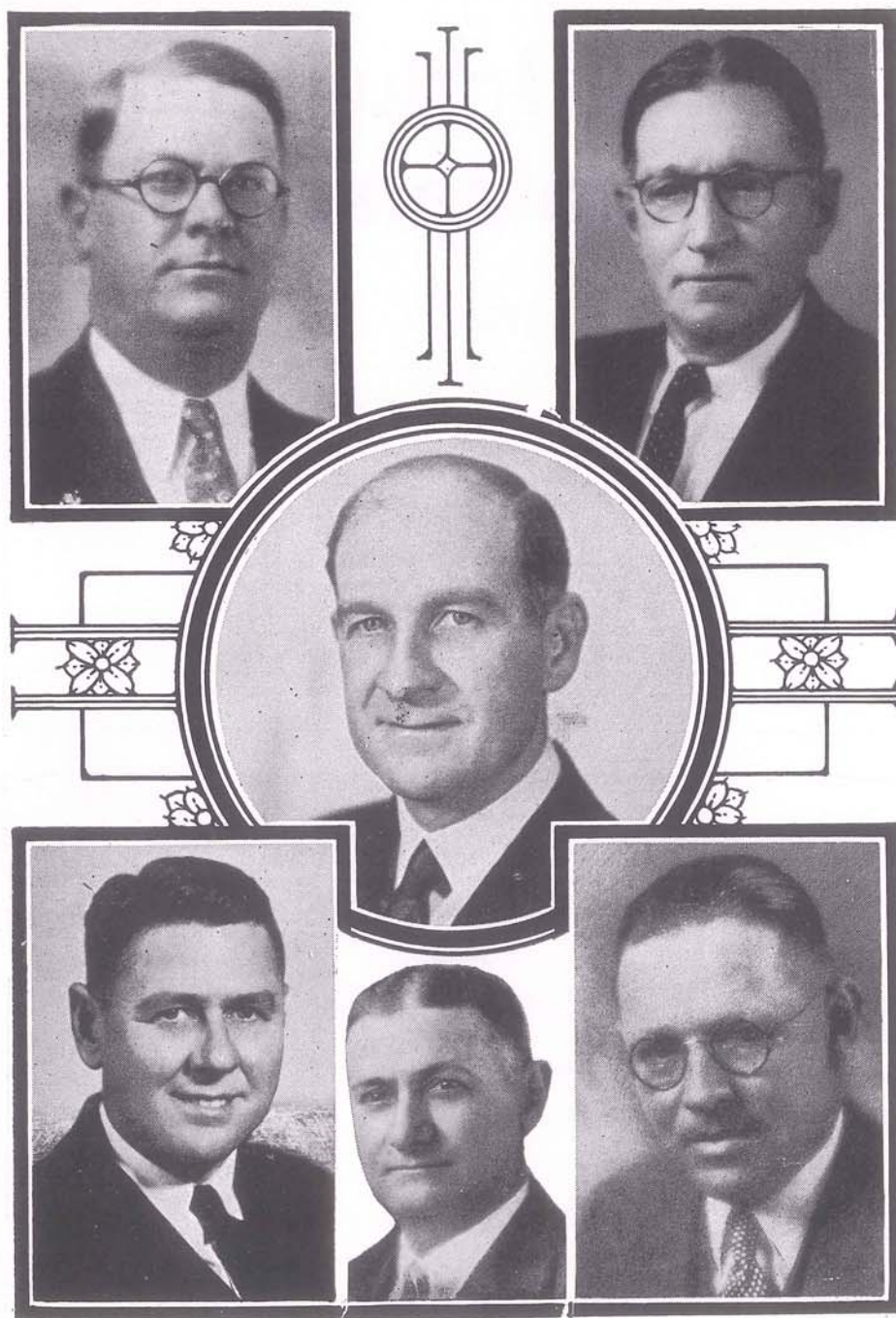
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THE JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

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INFORMATION

of any kind regarding opportunities in Jefferson Parish may be obtained from the men whose names appear below. The establishment of industries is aided in every way by the Police Jury. To those interested in locating within its boundaries, Jefferson Parish offers every inducement. To industries it offers extremely low transportation costs, easy access to raw materials, an excellent point of distribution, and ten years' tax exemption. To farmers it offers rich, alluvial soil, mild climate and a close and ready market. To homeseekers it offers clean, pure air and sunshine, and the neighborly spirit not found in cities.

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THE COVER

The cover picture is a natural color photograph of the country home of Hermann B. Deutsch, New Orleans magazine and newspaper writer. The place is a seven-acre farm on Barataria Boulevard in Jefferson parish and graphically illustrates the parish's home-building opportunities. In 1927, when purchased, the place was a mangrove thicket. Bayou des Familles, here shown, was cleared by hand, the bridge is a home-made affair of waste cypress slabs, the irises were collected by Mr. Deutsch in various sections of Louisiana's swamplands and transferred to the bayou bank.

Pictorial Section

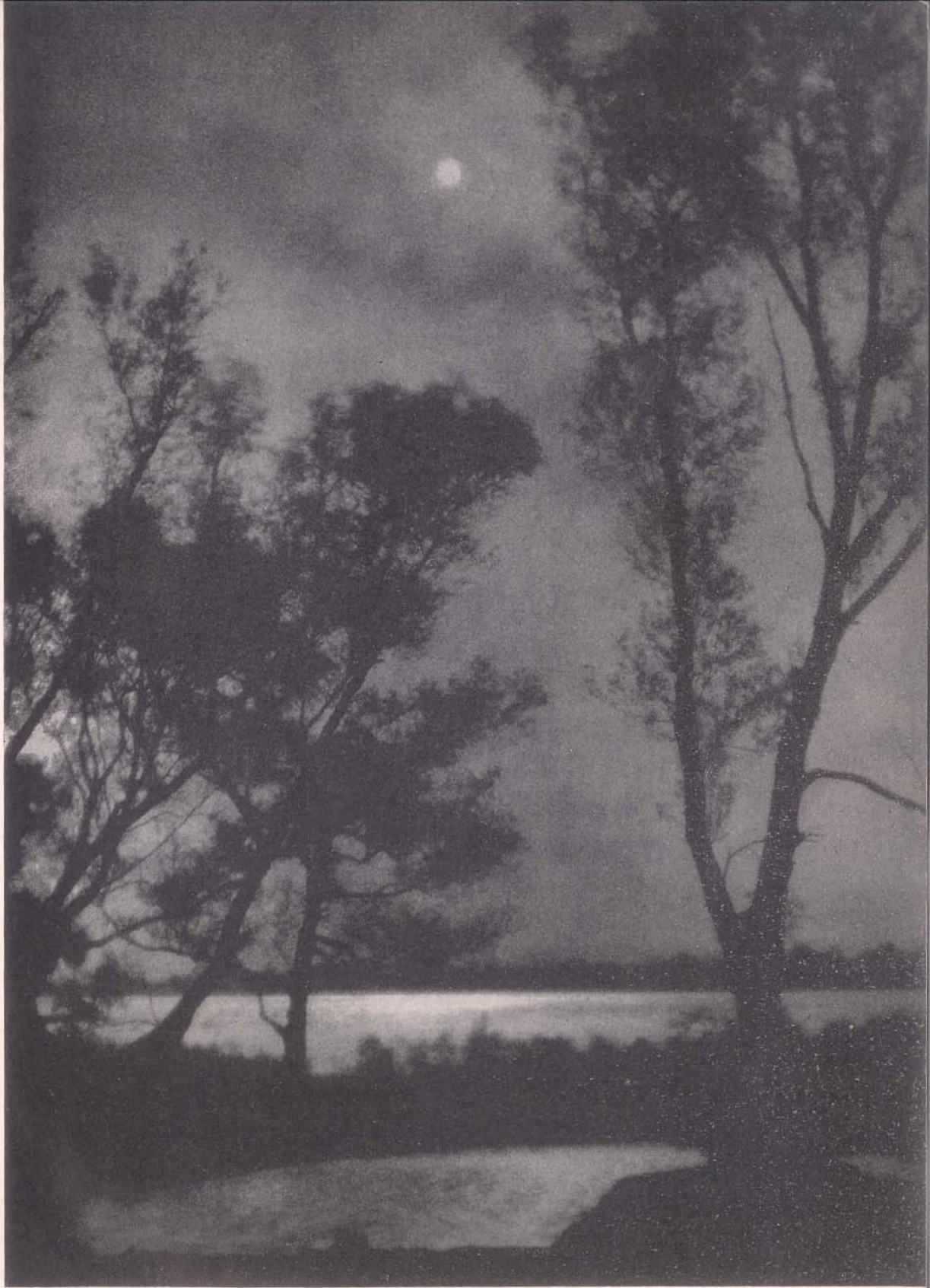
WE PRESENT on the following pages a group of photographic art studies, which capture the varying moods, and show graphically the photogenic beauty of Jefferson Parish.

These photographs, the majority of which were made especially for the Review, are the work of Eugene Delcroix, New Orleans artist whose prize-winning work has been accepted and hung in exhibits throughout the United States and abroad. It is interesting and instructive to see the beauties of Jefferson through the eye of Mr. Delcroix's camera.



DEEP SUMMER

On the banks of Bayou Coquille where it flows into Bayou des Familles the sun through the graceful trees lays a marquetry pattern on the verdant grass.



THE MOON RIDES HIGH

And silvers with fairy light the waters of the Mississippi.



"LET'S GO!"

These sturdy craft of the deep sea shrimping fleet strain at their moorings at Grand Isle. From Jefferson and neighboring parishes and states, this fleet goes as many as thirty miles out into the Gulf during the shrimping season, which opens yearly during the latter part of July with the colorful ceremonies of the blessing of the fleet.



OFF TO THE BEACH

Before the bridge and highway to Grand Isle were built, these two-wheeled carts were the only transportation on the island. Generally drawn by oxen, they came out to the boats to meet the arriving travelers.



"... AND THERE WAS LIGHT"

At high noon the sun blazes on the pure white of the new chapel at Madonna Manor, tipping its crenellations with gold.



"HALT! WHO'S THERE!"

The lone sentinel presents arms as he guards one of the lovely, desolate bayous that spread their network over Jefferson Parish.



SPRING IN THE SWAMP

In the dark and mysterious swamps of Jefferson, the spreading branches are touched with sunlight, and the curtains of moss half reveal and half conceal the vistas beyond.



WINTER TRACERY

A study in gray, trees, clouds, and water, as winter comes to the river.

PATH OF GOLD

Two holidaymakers are silhouetted by the rising sun on the beach at Grand Isle.



**STORM'S ENDING,
AND THE WITCHES
DANCE**

The sun breaks through
scudding clouds after one
of Grand Isle's sudden
squalls.



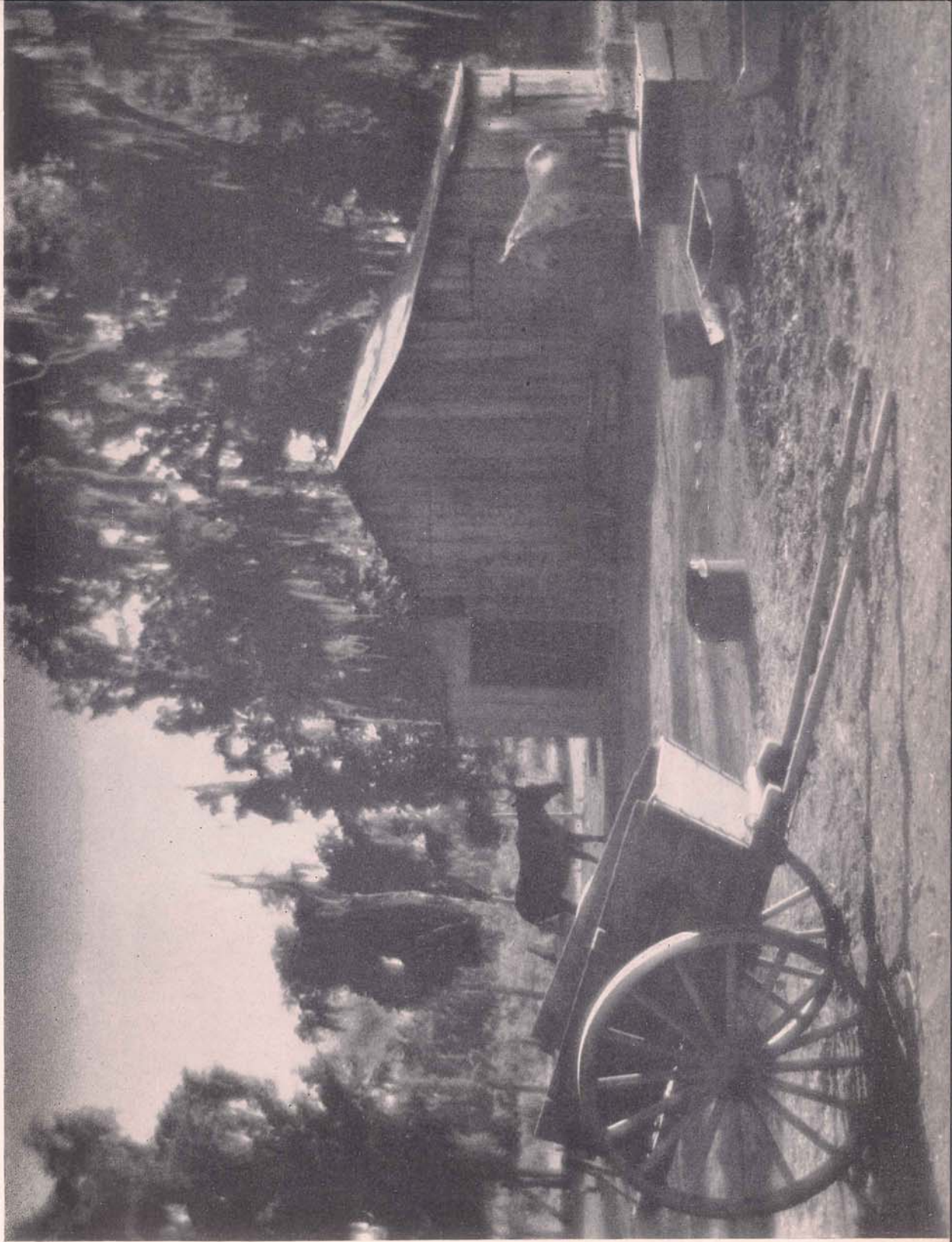


**A MEMORY OF
THE OLD SOUTH**

This ruined quarter's cabin was one of many on what was once the Ross plantation on the Barataria Road.

A RURAL SABBATH

Long afternoon shadows
lay their quiet fingers on
the farm after the busy
week.



**DOWN A
WOODED LANE
TO HAPPINESS**

The constant winds from the Southern Seas have moulded the trees on Grand Isle into fantastic and fascinating shapes.



ROMANCE ROUND THE BEND

The road to Lafitte is one of the loveliest in the parish, and around every turn are new vistas of enchantment.



THE DAY IS DONE
Twilight falls on the Mississippi, as high waters carry seaward the sweepings of a thousand valleys.



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GIFT OF THE WATERWAYS

THOMAS EWING DABNEY
Metropolitan Press Feature Writer

The lush wilderness which became Jefferson parish had a decade of civilization behind it when George Washington was born in 1732. Its waterways carried in this early development; its waterways continued to be the open-sesame for the new wealth which it uncovered in the next two centuries; its waterways are today a factor of increasing importance in its growth.

Waterways, since man learned to use them, have been a vitalizing force in transportation, which is the progress of civilization. Primitive people could stamp animal paths into local roads, but they could not push transportation beyond their hunting grounds, for the physical difficulties of jungle and marsh and mountain were too great, and they always returned upon themselves and so remained primitives. But the water trails led through the unexplored known lands and to the unknown continents—the safest, easiest, quickest and cheapest transportation in the world, carrying the interchange of goods and ideas, stirring the imagination, and quickening incentive to new development by the race. Tribes united to form kingdoms, and kingdoms became empires as transportation improved, and the most durable growth stemmed from the use of the waterways, for they led deepest into the unknown, they offered the surest routes, and they opened the largest treasure houses.

It was the Mississippi river, not the vast wilderness of land, that enticed Louis Joliet and Father James Marquette in 1673; that filled LaSalle's mind



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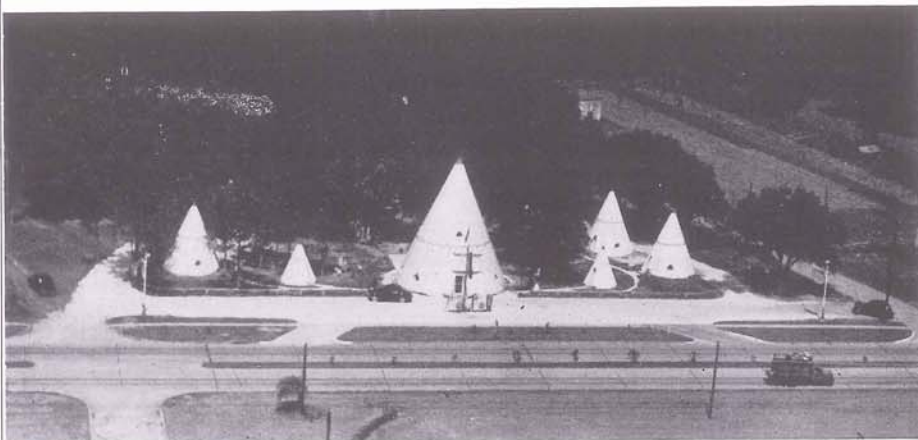
with visions of empire in 1682; that made possible Iberville's colonization in 1699. It was the Mississippi river that opened continent-broad transportation, in this land, in 1700, when Tonti of the Iron Hand and some Canadian trappers paddled from today's Illinois with skins for the new world-market which the founder of Louisiana was building on the unknown Gulf of Mexico. It was the Mississippi river that lured Daniel Boone and the long hunters and the eager questers who followed them, in the founding days, across the mountains which would have confined the American Idea to the narrow Atlantic seaboard had it not been for the mighty western transportation; and, completing the most rapid occupation of a continent in the history of humanity, it was the Mississippi river which projected, through its tributaries to the west, the rush to the Pacific ocean.

Waterways evoked the city of New Orleans from the soggy wilderness that was the winter camp of the Chinchuba Indians in 1718; the 4700 miles of navigable rivers, bayous and lakes opened the 48,506 square miles of what is now Louisiana to the rapid development of the eighteenth century when the going on the land routes was still slow in other and older settlements on this continent.

The Jefferson parish land was the special gift of the waterways to man when he could not hope to enter the primeval wilderness save by the waterways. Its liveoak uplands, cypress swamps and coastal marshes straddle the Mississippi river, the mighty trunk line for a territory of a million and a quarter square miles, and reach from Lake Pontchartrain on the north to the

A barge tow moves through the Harvey Locks. These locks connect the Mississippi River with the Harvey Canal, now a part of the Intracoastal waterways system. They were completed in 1934 at a cost of \$1,700,000.00.





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Gulf of Mexico, sixty miles to the south. On the left side of the river, extensions (now filled up) of Bayou St. John opened the land to settlers' axes when Jefferson extended below Jackson avenue. On the right side, Bayous Barataria and St. Denis, the bays of Little Lake, Barataria and Caminada, the streams flowing into them, and the miles and miles of coastal seaways invited the surge of civilization—flowing roads which could be connected, with small effort, to give through transportation.

Power transportation entered the Mississippi Valley in 1812, when the first steamboat splashed down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and the waterways became more important than they had been when flatboat and keelboat carried trade, for speed increased their capacity of men and merchandise, which are the materials of which civilization is builded. Railroads actually increased their importance in the beginning, because the first rail lines were feeders to the waterborne transportation, within the reach of which they brought new country.

Land roads, during most of the last century, were better than the trails of the primitives, but not much better. There was small planning of route, there was less durability of construction. In bad weather, they were almost impossible. It cost 70 cents a ton mile to send freight from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa., during the first quarter of the last century; and a book published in 1847 says the roads in the United States "are inferior to those in any other civilized country."

Even after the railroad appeared, men sought to open new territory by canals—extending the reach of the flowing roads. The first construction of this kind, in the East, was in Orange county, New York. It was a short waterway, dug in 1750. The Erie canal, in 1825, ushered in the canal era. It connected New York with Buffalo, 362 miles away. Before then, it cost \$100 to move a ton of freight between the two cities, and consumed twenty days. The canal cut the charge to \$10 and the time to eight days. By 1865, there was continuous inland waterway connection between the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, via the Great Lakes and canal connections. By 1880, this country had built 4468 miles of canals at a cost of \$214,041,802. Of these, 1953 miles were abandoned, but through the canals in 1880 moved 21,044,292 tons of freight.

Long before Orange county's modest venture, Jefferson parish-to-be pioneered the way in canals. To link its waterways system with the Mississippi, it began, in 1737, the Harvey canal, as a later generation named it, a five-mile water road from the river bank to Bayou Barataria from which other water roads branched through the rich demesne. This was probably an enlargement of a drainage ditch which the records tell us existed as early as 1724, and which must have borne considerable small-boat traffic.

Four generations of the same family have put their labors and their ambitions into the creation of the Harvey canal, and the waterways development which it inspired. The Destréhan who contracted with a number of German settlers living in the village of Mechanickham (now the city of Gretna) to dig a channel twelve feet wide by four and a half deep, was treasurer and comptroller of the Louisiana Territory in French colonial days, to whom large grants in Jefferson and St. Charles parishes were made by the



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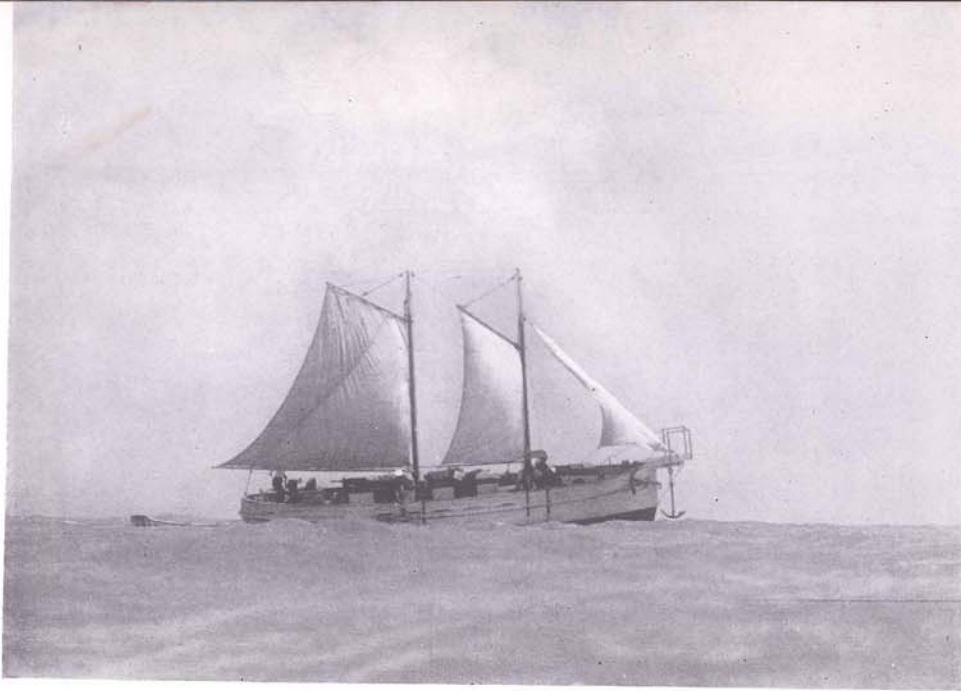
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The Open Sea. Off the southernmost tip of Jefferson Parish lies the Gulf of Mexico.

Crown. To those hardy German settlers performing that difficult task, using not modern implements and machinery, but wooden spades, he gave in return for their labor small farm lands in the settlement in which they lived and which he owned practically in its entirety. Slaves were not used in this work, because the work was hard and dangerous and slaves represented a large investment, whereas a laborer could be hired for a small fee.

Destréhan's son, who enlarged this canal to a width of thirty-four feet, was a planter, city builder, art connoisseur and member of the convention which framed the state's first Constitution in 1812, and a member of the Jefferson Parish Police Jury in 1835. Facing the canal, he built on the site later to be occupied by the enlarged lock, a baronial mansion, and next to it an art museum with statues which he clad in Mother Hubbards when he admitted women, lest marble nudity be too severe a strain on human frailty. His daughter Louise—Queen Louise, as she was known—whom he trained in business from childhood, and his son-in-law Joseph Hale Harvey, sea captain out of Virginia, began the river locks in 1880, which their son, Captain Horace Hale Harvey, completed in 1907.

Through the Harvey waterway system, the pirates who made their headquarters on Jefferson's seacoast when they were driven from Guadaloupe and Martinique early in the nineteenth century, reached their most important market, New Orleans. Through it, steamboats carried the beauty and chivalry of New Orleans to the famous resorts of the last century, Last Isle and Grand Isle, laced with the surf of the Mexican Gulf. Through it, the plantations poured their rich harvests of rice and sugar, the waters their bounty of oysters, shrimp and fish, and the marshes their king's-ransom of furs. Through it now drives an enormous oil activity, no more astounding to our generation than the bursting fecundity of the soil was to men who opened the land more than two centuries ago—soil that was the gift of this continent's greatest waterway which drove back the sea with its creative silt.