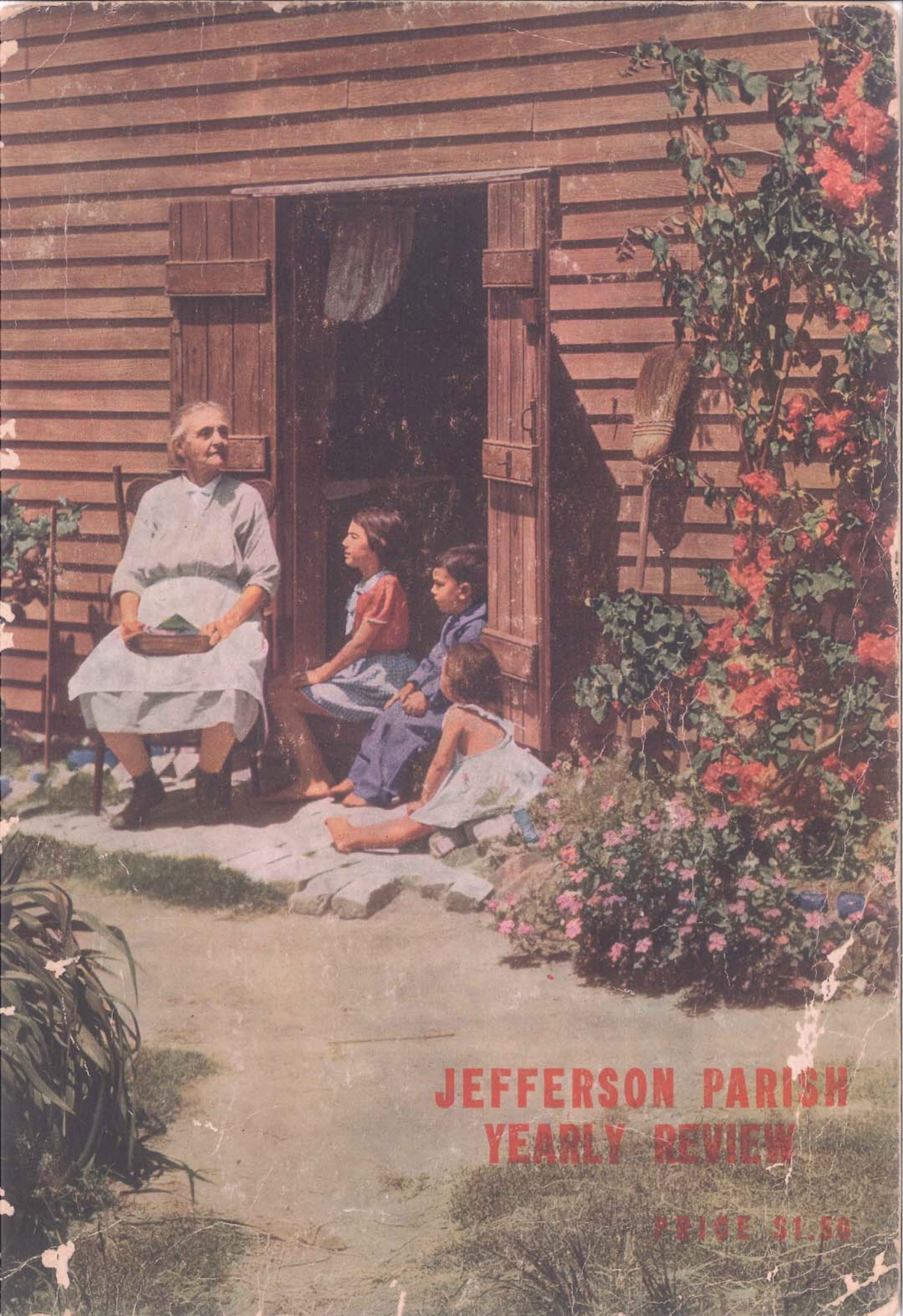

JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

PRICE $1.50

JEFFERSON PARISH

the most highly industrialized section of the South!

There are—in Jefferson Parish — sixty-one industrial concerns of which five are the largest of their kind in the nation.

Seven trunk line railroads, three national highways, the Intracoastal Canal, the Mississippi River and one of the country's largest airports serve this area—and, it is the proposed location for the post-war deep ship channel from the Port of New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is the industrial section of the Gateway and Air Hub of the Americas, strategically located between the raw materials of the South and Southwest and the Southern and inland markets of the United States.

JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY

1944
JEFFERSON PARISH
YEARLY REVIEW

To our thousands of readers within the parish and far beyond, whose continued interest, during ten years of publication, have inspired us to greater efforts, this Anniversary Issue is affectionately dedicated.

"We're both ten years old"

Printed in U. S. A.

"Hello again — and welcome back to Jefferson Parish!"

FOREWORD

You are about to begin reading the Tenth Anniversary Edition of the only parish publication in the United States.

Since 1935 we have been telling the story of Jefferson. Our back issues—carefully filed by libraries and colleges throughout the country and constantly requested by writers and business executives—are a decade's prose and picture history of this section of our State.

It has been the policy, in each Yearly Review, to concentrate on the authentic and attractive presentation of Jefferson Parish, but, in so doing, it has been our good fortune to create a widespread interest in all of Louisiana.

Authors and editors, intrigued by our tales, seek us out for more data on the legend and lore of our famous Barataria bayouland, the early nineteenth century haunt of America's only pirate, and, as a result, they also become interested in other parts of romantic Louisiana. Business men from all sections check us on our amazing statements about the possibilities and resources of our own highly industrialized parish, and usually grow enthusiastic over the marketing promise of our whole Gulf area. Sportsmen and artists and scientists are attracted, by our articles, to the infinite variety of Louisiana's marine and wild life. Movie companies consult us on locale. Travelers learn about Grand Isle, our primitive paradise on the Gulf of Mexico, and are lured to explore lovely Louisiana, an experience they never regret.

Part of Louisiana we are, but of all of it we are proud. If, in reading about Jefferson, you are persuaded that, where one parish can be so rich and romantic and progressive, the other sixty-three must also be interesting and worth investigating—then our job has been well done.

As you finish this Tenth Anniversary Edition, remember that the editors and writers and people of Jefferson Parish will welcome your comments, your questions and—best of all—your visits for personal confirmation.

Jefferson Parish Yearly Review

JEFFERSON
THE PROLIFIC PARISH

BY WEAVER R. TOLEDANO
President, Jefferson Parish Police Jury

JEFFERSON Parish was named in honor of Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, in spite of the fact that originally he didn't want it. It was laid in his lap, along with the rest of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, a hot political potato which required all his statesmanship to handle.

In those early days, some of the best minds of our country, including Jefferson himself, believed that we should never expand west of the Mississippi. James Madison went on record as stating that emigration west of the river would be detrimental, that it would slacken concentration and promote disunion sentiments—actually, that it was a necessity for the West bank to be under a separate and foreign government.

Jefferson merely wanted to buy Florida and the island of New Orleans to keep out of war with France. Napoleon happened to want to sell more than that because he preferred war with England—and needed cold cash. It was Napoleon's idea that everything west of the Mississippi, involving a gigantic slice of real estate which now represents more than 14 of our 48 states, should be included in the deal—a factor which obviously upped the purchase price.

Fortunately for us, we had Robert Livingston and James Monroe as our representatives in France—both men with vision. Jefferson had given them authority to buy only New Orleans and that portion east of it, which was then known as Florida, and he had put a maximum of $10,000,000 on what they could spend.

Livingston and Monroe, however, came back with practically the rest of the continent—had secured it all for the bargain price of $15,000,000, which helped the situation some—but Thomas Jefferson had to wage a bitter fight to justify their seemingly extravagant transaction to a young nation, to whom at that time 15 million was a lot of money.

Yes, Thomas Jefferson has gone down in history as one of the greatest Americans, mainly because he was lucky enough to have two men who knew when to exceed their orders.

Jefferson Parish, as it now exists, was only 426 square miles of that fabulous transaction, and yet, we have every reason to believe that—mile for mile—it has turned out to be the most prolific and productive piece of the whole Louisiana Purchase and, therefore, rightfully deserves the name of the man whom history credits. And—here are our arguments.

. . . WHERE 60% OF THE MANUFACTURED AND SHIPPED GOODS OF THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS ORIGINATES.

. . . WHERE ARE LOCATED FOUR OF THE LARGEST PLANTS OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD.

. . . WHERE IS CENTERED A DAIRY INDUSTRY WHICH EXCEEDS ANY OTHER PARISH IN LOUISIANA.

. . . WHERE ARE FOUND THE SUCCULENT SHRIMP AND OYSTERS OF BARATARIA BAY AND THE FAMOUS SOFT SHELL CRABS OF LAKE SALVADOR.

. . . WHERE BLACK GOLD FLOWS AND SLEEK FUR ABOUNDS AND PRACTICALLY EVERY VEGETABLE KNOWN TO THE TEMPERATE AND SEMI-TROPIC ZONES CAN BE RAISED.

. . . WHERE THE SPORTSMAN CAN RUN THE GAMUT FROM TROUT TO TARPON OR DUCK TO DEER.

. . . WHERE THE ARTERIES OF EVERY KNOWN MODERN METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION CROSS OR CONVERGE.

. . . AND WHERE, AWAITING THE POST-WAR TRAVELER, LIES THE TOURIST-UNTOUCHED AND LOVELY LAND OF LAFITTE AND THE GOLDEN SANDS OF GRAND ISLE, AMERICA'S RIVAL TO THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI.

Jefferson Parish reaches up from the Gulf of Mexico for sixty miles, like a strong right arm, supporting the Port of New Orleans in its cupped palm, the fingers disappearing in Lake Pontchartrain and the thumb cut off by Orleans Parish. This is an apt comparison because the strong arm and helping hand of Jefferson Parish are giving tremendous assistance to New Orleans on her steady forward march toward the great world prominence that is her post-war opportunity and destiny.

New Orleans' inevitable expansion will be in the direction of her port activities. That means westward—into Jefferson Parish, where exist long miles of river frontage and where there are acres of ten-year tax free industrial sites for factories and warehouses.

Already sixty-one industrial concerns—ranging from the four world's largest in their class to the moss ginner who employs several people—have proven the practicability of Jefferson Parish as a manufacturing center. Here are concentrated a population large enough to supply intelligent workers. Here are seven trunk line railroads, two railroad yards and a railroad shop. Here are concrete highways, the $14,000,000 rail and vehicle Huey Long Bridge, the Moissant Airport, which when completed, will be one of the largest in the country, the famous toll free Intracoastal Canal and the old Mississippi itself. Here also, as discussed in another portion of this issue, is the future natural short route to tidewater.

Here, in the roomy parish of Jefferson, right where the raw materials from the South and West, from the Latin Americas and other foreign lands enter the Port of New Orleans, is the ideal spot for economically processing them for market or for storing them for reshipment.

In Jefferson Parish are the fuels to run the machinery of manufacturing: its own abundant oil fields now comprising over 135 wells—natural gas—ample electric power for great industrial expansion—even coal economically transported by water from Kentucky and Alabama. Here also is another important factor—the climate for all year manufacturing and for economical living.

This stately residence is indicative of the fine homes and beautiful surroundings to be found in Metairie. This residential section is considered one of the finest in the South and we are justly proud to claim it as part of Jefferson Parish.

JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY — MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: John H. Haas, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville); Clem Perrin, Ward 6, Lafitte; Wm. Hepting, Secretary; W. R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Parish Treasurer and Assistant Secretary; John J. Holtgreve, Ward 8, Metairie; B. P. Dauenhauer, Ward 3, Gretna; and Robert Ottermann, Ward 7, Southport.
Standing, left to right: Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Gretna; Alvin E. Hotard, Parish Engineer; G. Ashton Cox, Parish Printer; Edward M. Thomassie, President Pro-Tem., Ward 4, Marrero; D. H. Roussel, West Bank Road Superintendent; Frank J. Deemer, Auditor and Bookkeeper; Russell Le Doux, East Bank Road Superintendent; Ernest Riviere, Ward 8, Metairie; Roger Coulon, Ward 4, Harvey; Joseph Weimer, Inspector of Liquor Permits and Business Licenses; Sidney Pertuit, Ward 4, Westwego; Wilfred Berthelot, Ward 5, Waggaman; Jessie J. Breaux, Ward 3, Gretna; and Roy Duplechin, Ward 4, Marrero.

Jefferson Parish officials are working closely with the State Highway Department to secure overpasses such as this one located just west of the Huey P. Long Bridge, in other sections of the parish, where they are needed.

The population of Jefferson Parish doubled between 1920 and 1930. It has again almost doubled. Industry came and saw and passed on the word to others. Today this parish is the most highly industrialized section in Louisiana —and it has just begun to grow.

I have used the word "prolific" several times. That was no artistic license or writer's exaggeration. I mean just that. This parish has EVERYTHING. In case you should get the idea, from my remarks about the industrialization of Jefferson, that we are merely a community of smoke stacks and time clocks, I will give you a running resume of the whole parish—then we'll come back to a few concluding points.

At the top of Jefferson Parish is one of the finest residential districts of New Orleans—the town of Metairie—where it is always 5 to 10 degrees cooler in the summer than in the city. Fine homes flourish here.

At the other end is one of the still undiscovered primitive places of America—an Eden of sun and shade, surf and sand, trees, flowers and peace, where time has been asleep a hundred years and where the honk of wild geese is heard often—the automobile horn seldom.

Between these two extremes is the strange and romantic region of bayous, bays and swamps. This is the locale of Louisiana's most colorful story—the land of Lafitte and his pirate-patriots.

Here the visiting sportsman may enjoy a week's hunting or fishing. (Note: Come to Jefferson Parish between May and October and you'll always get your tarpon.) Here also the native earns a good year's living trapping and fishing. Pleasure for one. Profit for the other. All in this forty miles of water wilderness between the industrial and residential section and an island of enchantment.

Strange, paradoxical parish! There are spots in it where families back in the bayous must use the tricky pirogue to get to town. Their doorstep is the water's edge, their home a houseboat which they transfer from fishing grounds to trapping grounds.

Yet through this same parish run the fast highways from St. Augustine, Florida, to San Diego, California; from New Orleans to Winnipeg; and from New Orleans to Madison, Wisconsin.

Mickey Adam and Ann Metoyer, daughters of Grand Isle residents, happily arise with the sun to lend a hand with the early morning seining. The sun and air and climate build strong, healthy young bodies on Grand Isle.

At the airport in Jefferson Parish you are only a few hours from any spot in the U. S. A. At Grand Isle, the same parish, you are over a century in the past.

Industry! Beauty! Romance! Fishing! Hunting! Trapping! Ah, yes—we forgot farming and dairying. New Orleans leans heavily on the milk and cream from Jefferson. Truck farm products find their way to the New Orleans' stores and historic French Market. The early cucumbers from Grand Isle are famous firsts on the northern markets. And Jefferson Parish poultry is another food item gaining in prominence every day. The alluvial soil of Jefferson is rich with top soil loot brought down by Old Man River for centuries. The temperature will only average about 5 days a year as low as 32° and about the same number of days a year as high as 95°.

This is a prolific parish—but not a self-satisfied parish. Right now, in time of war, we are working for victory and preparing for peace.

We are fighting for a bridge from Gretna to New Orleans, a still closer link with the East Bank. We have proposed to the U. S. Army Engineers the shortest, practical deep sea channel to the Gulf—our Arrow To The Americas that will bring the biggest ships of Uncle Sam's navy right up to the harbor of Greater New Orleans. We plan a road to Grand Isle paralleling the ship canal, that will put the safest and finest surf bathing in America only an hour by car from Canal street. An additional project is a reinforced embankment and highway along our lake front. And we are working for additional overpasses in our congested areas so that the traffic of tomorrow can move at tomorrow's pace.

The post-war program of Jefferson Parish is one designed to keep our industries expanding and our people prosperous, and to help New Orleans move nearer to her goal as Port No. 1 in the United States.

OUTGOING JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY — MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Clem Perrin, Ward 6, Lafitte (12 years); Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Gretna (28 years); Hirsch Meyer, Ward 4, Marrero (12 years); W. R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner (24 years, 19 as president); Eugene Haydel, Former Office Clerk, now in the air service of the United States; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Parish Treasurer and Assistant Secretary (4 years); Wm. Hepting, Secretary (27 years); and Albert J. Cantrelle, President Pro-Tem., Ward 4, Marrero (20 years).

Standing, left to right: John H. Haas, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville) (4 years); D. H. Roussel, West Bank Road Superintendent (25 years); Leon Gendron, Ward 3, Harvey (8 years); John J. Holtgreve, Ward 8, Metairie (8 years); Ernest Riviere, Ward 8, Metairie (8 years); Edward M. Gordon, Ward 4, Westwego (12 years); W. Richard White, Ward 3, Gretna (5 years); C. V. Bourgeois, Liquor License Inspector and Collector for the Sixth Ward (12 years); Ed. E. Feitel, Ward 4, Harvey (12 years); Robert Ottermann, Ward 7, Southport (20 years); and Joseph Petit, Ward 5, Waggaman (20 years).

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Regular Barge Service
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New Orleans, Monroe and Camden, Ark.

Regular Barge Service
between
New Orleans and points on Intracoastal Canal - - - West

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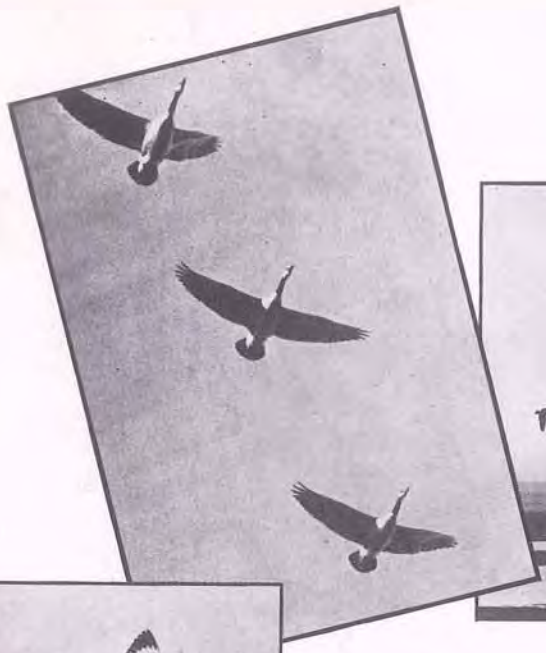
HARVEY, LA.



Upper right: Northbound geese display precision flying for which they are famed.

Upper left: A trio of Canada Geese in perfect unison of movement.

Center: The beautiful Willet, a shore bird, exhibits its powerful two-foot wing spread. Once nearly extinct this game bird is now protected.

Below: A Towering Black Duck, suddenly startled, takes off with the easy grace and power of a bomber.

WILDLIFE

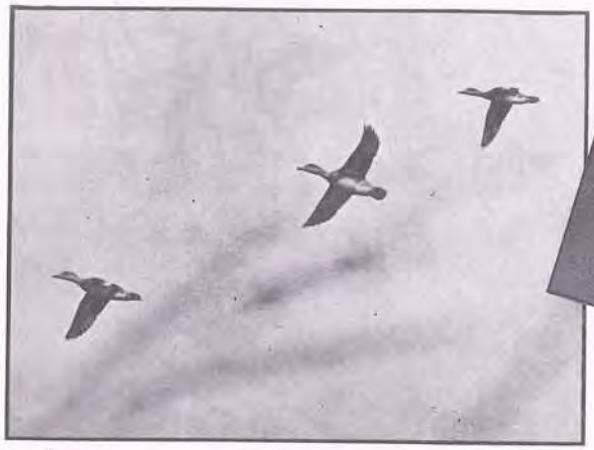
THE wildlife of Louisiana represents, in recreation, in interest and in economic value, an immense asset.

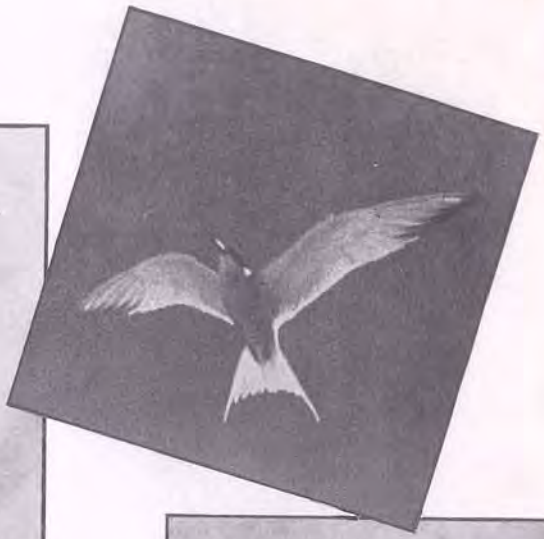
Grand Isle, that famous land where Jefferson Parish meets the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, is one of the very finest starting points for a survey of the wildlife of the State, since it is a veritable cross-roads—south and north, east and west—for some of the most interesting members of our rich birdlife.

Motoring along the beach in the early light of morning, we come suddenly upon ten Blue Geese who have made this strategic stretch of sand their landing field. They look tired, and well they should, for in one unbroken flight these birds have come all the way from the arctic eastern entrance of Hudson Bay to find in southern Louisiana their winter home.

The Blue Goose is one of our most extraordinary migrants. Described in 1758 as originating from Hudson Bay, its nesting grounds were never actually found until 1929. Soper, a Canadian naturalist, terminating a six-year search, discovered its breeding places in Baffin Island and other limited areas of the lands that form the Eastern Canadian Arctic. Why these birds should choose to leave the luxuriant coastal areas of Louisiana, where, in only several concentrated spots, such as Main Pass and Marsh Island, more than 95 per cent of all existing Blue Geese sojourn, and seek for their summer home and nursery grounds the bleak and windswept arctic tundra is a question to which no man has answer. But, this they do.

Here, too, at Grand Isle, innumerable Warblers, Tanagers, Orioles, Finches and many other birds





BY JAMES NELSON GOWANLOCH

Chief Biologist, The Department of Conservation, State of Louisiana

stream in migration, arriving in the spring tired and hungry from their flight over the Gulf or in autumn leaving for winter homes farther south. Here the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, tiniest of all our avifauna, sets out unhesitatingly to fly five hundred miles across the Gulf non-stop. It is interesting to note, as another evidence of our benign Southern Louisiana climate, that this jewel-like bird sometimes stays the entire winter in New Orleans.

Wildlife, however, is made up of more than birds. It includes the mammals, those animals that occur in such abundance and variety, many of them so unheeded by man that few bother even to learn their names. Included too are the reptiles, such as the once very valuable Diamondback Terrapin and that creature we could so easily dispense with, the ugly Water Moccasin. Here, too, are the amphibia, including that admirable beast, the Bullfrog, whose Cajun name, *Ouaouaron*, Lafacadio Hearn once described as the most delightful and perfect of all examples of a name imitative of a call.

It is the purpose of this article to indicate what must of necessity be merely a few highlights of Louisiana wildlife.

Louisiana has but slight variations in altitude when compared, for example, with California, from which fact one might think that our wildlife should be poor. On the contrary, Louisiana is exceeded in the richness of its birdlife by only two other of the forty-eight states, namely, California and Texas.

All birds are arranged technically into related groups of species known as "families." Sixty-five families of birds have been recorded for the entire North American continent, some of which are represented by only casual or accidental occurrence.

Upper left: Green Winged Teal, small but swift, can coast to a landing with the wind, or against it.

Upper right: The Common Tern, whose symmetry of form is beautifully revealed in this photograph, is a familiar bird throughout most of the North American continent.

Center: The American Widgeon-Baldpate is one of the fastest flyers of the duck family.

Below: Pintails, whose two long tail feathers (not fully developed on these drakes) caused Audubon to call them the "Sprigtails."

Yet of these sixty-five families, members of no less than fifty have been found in Louisiana. Thus Louisiana has, as part of its rich birdlife, representatives of no less than seventy-seven per cent of all the bird families ever known to occur on our whole continent. Strategic geographical position more than compensates for the lack of that diversity of habitat found in mountainous states. To Grand Isle come such a southern species as the Groove-billed Ani, such a northern species as the Duck Hawk, such a western species as the Scissor-tailed Flycatcher, and such an eastern species as the Reddish Egret. Here indeed is a meeting place, biologically, of the four points of the wildlife compass. The recent discovery of the airlines that New Orleans is a strategic four-way cross-roads for planes merely corroborates what the birds have always known.

Louisiana may be divided, for purposes of wildlife consideration, into six physiographic regions, since the kinds of wildlife present are dependent upon the home that they can find. These regions are the blufflands, uplands, alluvial lands, pine flats, prairies and coastal marshes. Alluvial lands are, of these, naturally the most characteristic of the State, composing as they do about one-half of our total area; while the coastal marshes, ranging from ten to sixty miles inland, form one of the most interesting environments of all. Such is the patchwork pattern of environments, ranging in height from the blufflands of the Felicianas (East and West Feliciana Parishes) to the beaches upon which the sea surf breaks. Each provides habitation for typical groups of animals. Probably most unusual of all are the coastal marshes whose luxuriant vegetation conceals a richness of life that is not yet properly comprehended, even by the biologist.

Most abundant of the game mammals of Louisiana are the Cottontail and the larger Swamp Rabbit, the first of which occurs chiefly in old fields and woodland borders, while the latter is generally distributed over the lowlands, including the marshes along the Gulf Coast.

Deer range in considerable numbers over most of the State and in some sections are common. It is interesting to note how well adapted these animals have become to a life along the coastal lowlands where they find abundant shelter in the willow-grown ridges. The writer has been deeply impressed, when paddling silently in a pirogue along a bayou,

Not long ago Louisiana Conservation men made an expedition into the swamps to save young deer endangered by high water. Photographer Edouard Morgan was fortunate in recording on film the story of the benevolent deer hunt, rivaling the tale of "Bambi." Here, in sequence, is the discovery of a group of young deer surrounding a doe, undisturbed and merely curious at the human intrusion. However, sensing that here is their natural enemy, man, the group breaks up and a doe and what is evidently a real life "Bambi" are caught as they silently steal off. Curiosity gets the better of the baby deer and he stops to investigate. Below, two bucks, hearing the disturbance, rush to the rescue of their young. **(See Page 14)**

Miracle Homes of Tomorrow ....from Marrero

Twenty-two years ago newspapers from Maine to California headlined the making of "the largest board in the world" at Marerro, Louisiana.

Since then, Marrero men and Louisiana sugar cane have helped to make the Celotex plant at Marrero—now grown to ten times its original size—the world's largest producer of insulation board products. In achieving this, Marrero and Jefferson Parish have made a major contribution to the comfort and healthfulness of homes all over the world.

Today, some 2500 Jefferson Parish residents are working at Celotex, turning out building materials needed by Uncle Sam's fighting forces and war industries. Another 1130 local Celotex men and women are serving with the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard.

Tomorrow — when peace comes — the Marrero plant will have an equally important part in building a new America and helping to rebuild the rest of the world. Marrero men and Louisiana sugar cane will be called upon to produce a great volume of Celotex products, including many new ones.

These Celotex products will help to create new types of homes—Miracle Homes of the future — that will be finer and less costly than any built in the past — homes that will probably be erected at the rate of 2,000,000 a year after the war.

In these future days, as in the 22 years that have passed, Celotex will continue to do its full share for the well - being of the people of Jefferson Parish.

CELOTEX
BUILDING PRODUCTS

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION

by the almost magical ability with which deer at the water's edge will suddenly and silently vanish into the tangled cover. Fox squirrels of several species provide excellent quarry for the skillful marksman. Bears still occur in some parts of the state, chiefly in the heavily timbered bottomlands along such rivers as the Tensas and the Atchafalaya.

Predatory, yet valuable because of its skin, the mink still ranges throughout the entire state, a total of as many as a hundred thousand pelts being taken in four parishes in a single year.

The Otter, odd and inquisitive in its habits, ranges throughout most of the parishes but is properly most abundant around the mouths of the rivers. As many as seventeen not infrequently may be observed swimming along in a leisurely manner or playing gracefully in the water. Full of curiosity, they will arrest their movements at a sharp whistle and will then cruise in the offing to watch for what will happen next.

The Gray Fox occurs throughout the State and is a considerable enemy of such ground-nesting birds as quail. The Red Fox is not a native Louisianian. Imported by fox hunters it has become established in many regions, but appears to be less damaging to wildlife than is its gray relative.

One strange member of our fauna is the Armadillo, wierdest of all North American mammals. This creature apparently moved eastward years ago from Texas into our State and has now spread over virtually all of Louisiana with records in areas east of the Mississippi. Armadillos, active at night, burrow rapidly and roam widely. Quail hunters, apprehensive that this nocturnal wanderer might be a serious quail enemy, can be assured that such is not the case. Careful studies reveal that Armadillos feed chiefly on insects, including that serious southern quail pest, the fire-ant. Their presence in Louisiana, it is to be concluded, is beneficial.

Probably few Louisianians realize that the Beaver, the Wolf and the Panther (Mountain Lion or Cougar) are still members of our fauna. The Beaver occurs along the Amite and Comite Rivers and some of them have recently been transferred to the Tangipahoa. They became so numerous in one part of East Baton Rouge Parish that their fondness for corn caused considerable alarm among the farmers whose lands bordered the stream. One agent of the Department of Conservation,

And here we see the actual rescue. Young "Bambi" is not only lost—but fast getting out over his head in water and it appears that he is relieved, rather than frightened, to see the Game Warden approach. "Bambi" and what may well be his brother, "Sambi" don't seem a bit perturbed as the Game Warden picks them up and carries them to safety. Those deer which the Conservation men could return to their families were released. One, which was completely lost, was taken to a nearby farm and fed by bottle. In the last photograph "Bambi," surrounded by admirers, is on his way to a new home at the zoo—and from all appearances it would seem he is lapping up the attention!

The Southern Cotton Oil Company

* * *

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SNOWDRIFT SHORTENING

* * *

GRETNA, LOUISIANA

on one occasion, caught eighteen beavers in one community with live traps and transferred them, unharmed, to other areas where they were more welcome.

Wolves can be heard in some of the wilder bottomlands in the northeastern part of the State and elsewhere. Some of this same habitat is shared by the Panther, one or two specimens of which are taken almost every year. It is a strange contrast, therefore, the existence of these traditionally wild creatures in the State of Louisiana where, in addition to the pattern of modern towns and cities, the confines of the State still include abrupt transitions to primitive areas of bottomland and swamp.

Perhaps nowhere in the world do there exist more picturesque names for wildlife than in Louisiana. This doubtless is in large part due to the peculiar backgrounds of the early inhabitants of the State, who, from the earliest French adventurers and hunters faced the hardships of an unusual wilderness from which they sturdily won their sustenance. Someone once said that an Indian's idea of a road was a means of getting from one place to another and arriving there alive. This would well have applied to primitive Louisiana, were it not for the fact that the rich network of waterways provided for the bateau and pirogue of traveler and hunter a highway paved with water, by which he could pass through the wilderness—a wilderness, seemingly interminable, seemingly unconquerable.

Louisiana wildlife names have arisen from the intermingling of no less than seven languages, French, Indian, German, English, African, Spanish and Italian. The Opossum became *Rat de Bois* ("rat of the woods"); that eminent animal the skunk became *Bête Paunte* ("stinking beast") or, even more vividly, *Arrosoir* ("sprinkler" or "watering can"); while to the bat was given the odd appellation *Souris-chaude* ("hot mouse"), apparently a reversal and corruption of the name used in France, *Chauve-souris* ("baldheaded mouse").

A characteristic winter scene is the sight of graceful Tree Swallows playing over the marshes or criss-crossing in search of food low over the surface of the Mississippi River. Characteristic, also, and surprising to visitors from the North is the summer spectacle of the Orchard Oriole, a bird elsewhere so completely associated with trees. Here, however, it builds its nest among the marsh plants of even, low coastal islands.

The Bob-White is undoubtedly the species that provides more hunting than any other single bird. Its spirited and lovely call can be heard in Louisiana in appropriate areas all the way from the Arkansas border to Weeks Island on the Gulf. Over-hunting, erosion, the rise and spread of useless vegetation such as broom sedge, have been among the factors that blotted out in many parts of the State what was once fine quail hunting. The Division of Wildlife and Fisheries of the Department of Conservation has, under the direction of Major James Brown, Director, conducted extensive activities to restore this bird to its former wide abundance. Quail raised in the State-operated hatcheries have been distributed through the cooperation of local sportsmen's clubs to areas all over Louisiana, where they have been released on public lands at such time of year that they have ample opportunity to join with the wild coveys and set up their own households. Especially important has been the program, likewise conducted by Major Brown, of providing farmers with seed of good quail plants such as lespezda, together with fertilizer, so that soil erosion can be checked and excellent food and cover for quail grown.

One voice, solemn and sonorous, heard from Louisiana woodlands is that of the Barred Owl, a year round resident. This is one of the birds most frequently found killed on the highways, which is quite unfortunate since its food habits are, on the whole, highly beneficial.

Coastal Louisiana, as well as many inland areas, provide ideal habitats for Herons. The writer, on one occasion, while passing down one of the coastal waterways, observed in less than twenty minutes no less than eight different species of the Heron family. Striking in their beauty, Herons range in coloration all the way from the pure white of the Snowy and American Egrets to the

new words to conjure . .

With a brave new world to conquer when the smoke of battle clears—there are brave new words to conjure . . . to dream . . . to develop for the ultimate benefit of all mankind—the free and the oppressed, the victorious and the spoilers. Thousands of new ideas, new products, new conveniences . . . will make our tomorrow livable beyond our fondest expectations . . . will make life, in this world of tomorrow, sensational and thrilling.

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complex pattern of the Louisiana Heron and the Least Bittern. Strangest in coloration of all is the Little Blue Heron, a common species which, completely white when young, assumes a piebald blue and white pattern before attaining the uniformly blue body and wings of the adult. Social birds, Herons nest in crowded colonies from which they scatter far and wide during the day in search of food. Their evening home-coming, when after circling over the rookery they suddenly plunge downward to their nests, is a beautiful and memorable sight. Herons are welcome birds to the eyes of all who grow rice or any other agricultural crop because, although these species eat frogs and fish (the latter unimportant kind), the major part of their diet is composed of grasshoppers and other insect pests.

Terns and Gulls are among the most familiar of our sea birds. Not only do they occur along the coasts but they may, like the graceful Least Tern, penetrate far inland. Scarcely anything can match the spectacular character of the tern cities located on the coastal islands. Cabot, Caspian and Royal Terns by the thousands congregate in compact nesting colonies particularly along the low shell islands of the Chandeleurs. These birds certainly lack wisdom in planning their cities, since with available abundant territory that seems to our human judgment much more desirable, they, nevertheless, year after year cheerfully choose beaches so low that the rise of tide due to a single minor storm will sweep, into destroyed windrows, thousands of their eggs in a single day. Undaunted they cheerfully again set up their complicated house-keeping.

Louisiana has an abundant Rail population. "Thin as a Rail" is a well chosen phrase, for these birds are laterally compressed, enabling them to run easily through the reeds and other vegetation of the marshes in which they live. The peculiar cry of the Clapper Rail, resembling the sound of the watchman's rattle of long ago, is familiar to all as, too, are the oddly contrastingly colored black young. The Clapper Rail keeps chiefly to the salt or brackish water marshes while the King Rail prefers fresh water. Both are known in Louisiana as "marsh hens" and are highly prized as game birds. One remarkable thing about the Rails is the fact that whenever pursued in the marsh they take with reluctance to the air and fly only short distances, yet their normal migration may carry them, in certain species, a thousand miles. Thus, our Sora Rail, breeding in Manitoba, winters on the Gulf Coast, while the little Yellow Rail, found, in summer, as far north as Southern MacKenzie and Central Quebec, Canada, likewise journeys to the Gulf states for its winter home.

One of North America's rarest birds, the Whooping Crane. This pair, in flight, was photographed in Louisiana.

The Poule d'Eau (American Coot) is an abundant bird familiar to every hunter. It is, however, not an unmitigated blessing since it competes with the much

Here photographer Albert Dixon Simmons has captured the beauty and grace of birds in flight at sunset.

more desirable ducks for their food and will often in concentrated numbers completely clean out the useful vegetation of good duck territory. The removal of the bag limit on coots (which must be a Federal matter) would, the writer believes, be desirable.

The Raccoon, that quizzical creature, almost a jester among our wildlife, ranges in every parish of the State. Where it can reach the island-nesting Pelicans, the 'coon is capable of causing heavy depradations among these birds. The writer has often encountered clear evidence of such work.

Our Pelican, official symbol on our state seal and also official state bird, deserves a special mention. Properly known as the Eastern Brown Pelican, this grave fowl has every right, by tradition and by performance, to hold the high office that it honors. The Brown Pelican occurs throughout central and southern United States, being represented on the Pacific Coast by a western sub-species. Brown Pelicans are no enemies of our fisheries since most exhaustive scientific investigations have established that the fish they eat include almost none of either game or commercial value.

The Pelican has a historic position in written natural history that dates back ten centuries. There were compiled, over one thousand years ago, in manuscript form, certain quite remarkable documents known then as "Beastaries." These were discourses on natural history written by medieval monks, consisting, in fact, of only a slight chemical trace of any natural history at all but an overwhelming dose of Middle Ages moral precept teaching. The Pelican became the symbol of unselfish devotion, because the action of the mother bird in regurgitating swallowed fish to feed its offspring was misunderstood, and it was believed that the parent actually tore open her own breast and fed, with unfailing sacrifice, her young with her own blood. Even Shakespeare refers to this legend when, in "King Lear" he speaks of "pelican daughters." It is such a sacrificial act that the Pelican is depicted as performing in the representation of herself and her young on our state seal.

Brown Pelicans nest in exceedingly interesting colonies in Louisiana, particularly on islands off the coast. The contrast between the constant raucous racket of the young and the completely silent anxiety of the disturbed parents in their ponderous flight is indeed memorable. Young Pelicans are first dead black in the color of their skins but soon acquire a white coat of down. Adult Pelicans so often bring sharply to the observer's mind the impression of what those long extinct reptiles, the pterodactyls, must have looked like when the earth was much younger and allegedly much less civilized than it now is.

Dr. Harry Church Oberholser, one of the most eminent North American ornithologists, has well said:

"The coast of Louisiana, situated as it is in the central portion of the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, lies directly in the migration route across the Gulf of Mexico that is used by so many birds traveling from the Gulf States to Central and South America. On the Gulf shore, in southern Jefferson Parish, is situated Grand Isle, a sandy coastal island that, however, supports a considerable growth of live-oak trees. By reason of its position and apparent attractiveness to birds, it seems to be a port of call for large numbers of northward migrating small birds in the spring and their first stopping place on the edge of the mainland of the United States. Few places seem to be so advantageous for the study of the migratory movements of birds in the spring

Here is an unusual photograph of winged warfare. A Mourning Dove speeds to safety as a Cooper's Hawk zooms close behind.

as does Grand Isle, and the large numbers of migrating birds that are to be found at this locality during the northward migration when weather conditions are right, are almost unbelievable."

One scientific method of studying bird migration is by banding individual birds. A serially numbered band is placed on the bird by an expert competent to identify the species. Recovery of the band then tells how far and how long the individual has travelled. Turning now to some Louisiana records we find many of interest. A few are cited here:

A Cedar Waxwing banded at Shirley, Massachusetts, July 11, 1933, was found at Houma, Louisiana, February 25, 1934. A Ruddy Turnstone, banded at Zion, Illinois, September 4, 1929, was found at Bayou Scofield, Louisiana, October 10, 1929. A Robin, banded at Kingston, Ontario, July 22, 1934, was found at Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, December 21, 1934. A Killdeer, banded at Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, June 27, 1933, was found at Arnaudville, Louisiana, January 5, 1936.

Interesting records of three waterfowl, each banded at Avery Island, follow: A Blue Goose, banded November 12, 1933, was found at Moosonee, Ontario, Canada, May, 1936. A Pintail, banded March 4, 1933, was found at Steep Rock, Manitoba, Canada, July, 1936. A Pintail, banded December 22, 1933, was found at Pitt Point, Alaska, July 29, 1934.

The way Canvasback wander is indicated by two individuals, each banded at Abbeville, Louisiana. The first, January 29, 1933, was found at Huaniquero de Morales, Michoacan, Mexico, January 2, 1934. The second, banded February 4, 1929, was found at San Diego County, California, November 13, 1929.

Particularly of interest are the records of Woodcock since, more than in any other State of the Union, Woodcock appear to congregate for their winter home in Louisiana. Out of eight birds banded near Lottie in Point Coupee Parish, January 14, 1937, one was killed October 2 of the same year near Martinsburg, New York, another October 29, 1938, near Sloansville, New York, while of seven Woodcock banded on the night of January 7, 1937, near Sherburne in Pointe Coupee Parish, one was killed on November 14 of the following year at Chipman's Corner, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Particularly interesting, also, is a record of a Pintail duck shot just below Dulac, Terrebonne Parish, November 28, 1933. The band was so worn that the lettering could not be read until the metal was specially treated by the F.B.I. It was then found that this Pintail, hatched at the Waubay National Wildlife Refuge, Waubay, South Dakota, and banded there August 18, 1929, had carried the band for almost five years.

Still more remarkable is the story of a Dosgris (officially the lesser Scaup), which was shot by the writer's friend, Robert "Bobbet" Gaspard, Christmas, 1941, in a salt marsh between Lake Borgne and Lake Catherine. Mr. Gaspard brought the band to the writer who found that so worn was the metal that nothing whatever could be deciphered even under a microscope. The aluminum circlet was then submitted to the F.B.I. who, by application of special methods, revealed the bird band's message. The writer was then astonished to learn that this duck had actually been banded by another of his friends, Mr. R. B.

Gordon, near Abbeville, Louisiana, December 23, 1933. It is challenging to contemplate the vicissitude and hazards encountered by this bird in traversing sixteen times the entire length of our country, an aggregate journey of approximately 32,000 miles.

Remarkable among our northern migrants is the Great Blue Heron, a common Louisiana species. The Great Blue Heron and its sub-species occur as breeding birds from Northern Canada to the Gulf. Great Blue Herons make long flights. One banded June 21, 1936, at De Pue, Illinois, was shot on Monkey River, British Honduras, on November 30 of the same year. Of two banded at Waseca, Southeastern Minnesota, one flew nineteen hundred miles to Oaxaca, Southern Mexico, the other twenty-six hundred miles to Gatun Lake, Panama. Both of their flight lines, if they were direct, probably traversed Louisiana.

Sixty years ago Louisiana received from Japan by way of Venezuela and New Orleans a Japanese gift that has done and is doing inestimable damage to our wildlife. This is the water hyacinth known generally throughout the State as the "water lily." When, in 1884, an International Cotton Exposition was held in New Orleans the Japanese representatives in their building on the Exposition grounds gave away these plants, which they had imported from Venezuela, as souvenirs. The plants originally came from Japan. Eagerly sought because of their beauty, these plants were taken far and wide by exposition visitors. As early as 1890 an agitation was started to take some measures to control the water hyacinth and in 1897 Congress made its first appropriation of $5,000 for the study of this plant in the waters of Louisiana and Florida. 1899, 1902 and 1912 are the dates of the first three Congressional acts providing funds for water hyacinth removal in Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, the four states into which they had, even then, spread.

Another plant, an American native, the alligator weed (alligator grass), often joins up with the water hyacinth and contributes badly to the damage done. Water hyacinth cannot live on land while alligator grass, although it can spread out over the water, must remain attached to the shore.

The water hyacinth is one of the worst biological pests in the State of Louisiana. The writer, with the invaluable assistance of Mr. W. E. Wunderlich, of the United States Engineers, War Department, worked out for the Department of Conservation a water hyacinth control unit capable of being transported to any point to which an automobile could travel. Consisting essentially of a twenty-foot long, three-foot wide conveyor mounted on two automobile wheels and handled as a trailer attached to a truck, the machine is mounted on three sheet-iron pontoons. The Department of Conservation had two of these units constructed and they have been in successful operation for over two years under the direct supervision of Major James Brown, Director of the Wildlife and Fisheries Division, but due to the wartime manpower situation it is not possible at present to continue this work. Using a simple cutting pattern it is possible to have the water hyacinth move steadily onto the conveyor. They are thrown out onto the bank where rapidly these plants die, quickly losing their 95 per cent water content. Each unit is capable of clearing 1200 square yards of hyacinth infested water an hour. Although the motor necessary to operate the conveyor is actually less than four horsepower, the machine has the surprising capacity of throwing out and disposing of the water hyacinth at the rate of one ton a minute.

Water hyacinths jam up navigation. Repeatedly, owners of homes and camps along bayous, where the only means of access is by boat, have been compelled to abandon their valuable equities because they could no longer traverse the hyacinth infested waters. Water hyacinths completely destroy the fishing value of the ponds, bayous and lakes which they cover. Light

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penetration is blocked. Under-water plants, necessary either as food or shelter for various forms of life upon which the fish feed, or necessary shelter for the fish themselves, are destroyed and the fish (game or commercial) must starve or migrate. Investment of many tens of thousands of dollars of State money in State fish and game preserves is being endangered, and will be completely destroyed unless the water hyacinth is controlled. The water hyacinth, also, to a very serious degree affects the usefulness of what would otherwise be ideal duck ponds. When water hyacinth rafts form they may be driven back and forth by the wind and thus destroy, by scouring out, underwater stands of valuable duck-food plants. When, also, water hyacinths completely cover the surfaces of such ponds they render them utterly useless as haven or port-of-call for migratory waterfowl. Chemical methods of control have, for various reasons, proven unsatisfactory. One of the big post-war jobs to be done in the State of Louisiana is a program to bring this dangerous Japanese plant pest under control, and recapture, for our recreation and our other valuable economic use, the vast water expanses that have been so disastrously invaded.

The economic importance of Louisiana wildlife is tremendous. Where such excellent duck and goose hunting, tarpon fishing and other forms of angling are available in the picturesque setting and natural charm of our state, it is natural that visitors from far away should come to Louisiana to combine many pleasures in one journey. The economic value of the activities of Louisiana sportsmen within the state is also very great. Every time the hunter or fisherman pursues his sport he adds to the income of a wide range of fellow citizens. When, under normal conditions he enjoys such recreation, he contributes most substantially by his use of and payment for transportation services, food, overnight accommodations and the personal services of a guide, expert in hunting and fishing. Any important hunting and fishing community in Louisiana can provide such guides and they are of traditional excellence. Fish and other game must be regarded as a crop, a crop to be carefully guarded, as far as its safe perpetuation is concerned, but a crop that very definitely should be harvested since, unharvested, it is simply wasted.

No state of all our forty-eight excels Louisiana in its fine tradition of hunting and fishing enjoyment. Once a wilderness, which Columbus has been credited with sighting along its lowest southern border on his mysterious fourth voyage in 1502, Louisiana is a land rich in wildlife and rich in historic background. It was the meeting place of primitive hunter, trader, adventurer, priest and soldier of fortune, a mingling of daring men who lived dangerously in the presence of wild nature, gaining from bayou, lake and forest their fare and their welfare.

They have left to us a precious heritage that, damaged sometimes by inevitable changes of developing civilization, damaged sometimes by prodigal waste through our own carelessness, we still have in rich measure. Such is the wildlife of Louisiana—unique in many ways in the wildlife pattern of our entire continent.

James Nelson Gowanloch, *author of this article, has been Chief Biologist for the Louisiana State Department of conservation for 13 years. His lifetime has been devoted to the study of the flora and fauna of our country. Marine research has taken him from Nova Scotia to the Dry Tortugas Islands off Florida and to the Pacific Coast. For 13 years he was a professor in American and Canadian universities. To those interested in supplementing the reading of this article with further information, we recommend "The Bird Life of Louisiana" in the writing of which Mr. Gowanloch collaborated with Dr. Harry C. Oberholser.*

ARROW to the AMERICAS

BY M. F. PARSONS

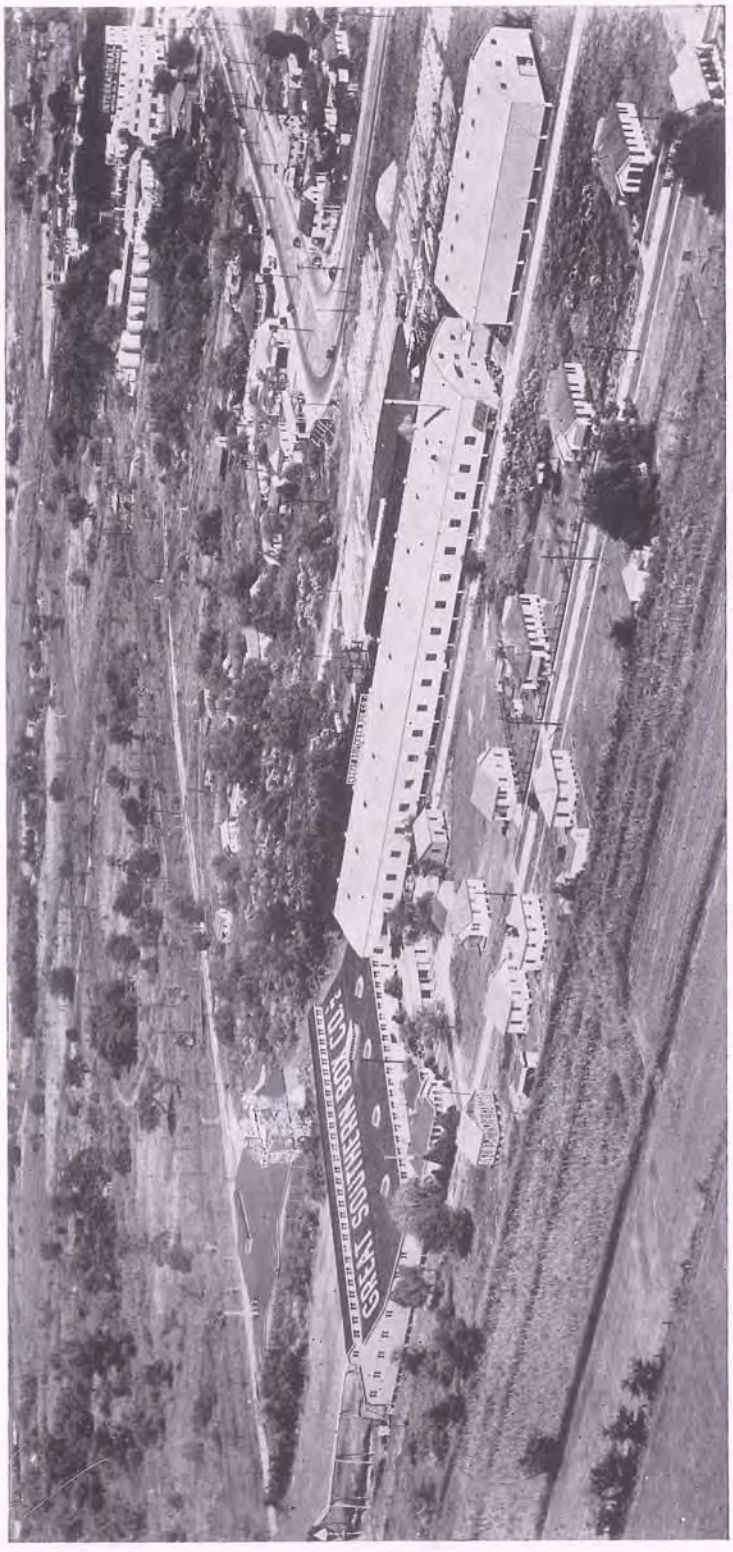
ON AUGUST 5, 1943, the Ship Channel Committee of the Police Jury of Jefferson Parish and the Dock Board of New Orleans presented to the U. S. Army Engineers—in public hearing—two different routes for a proposed deep ship channel to the Gulf of Mexico.

On that memorable date, both these groups—representing Greater New Orleans—realized that, although they differed in the details, they were fighting for a common cause; and, that their united efforts were putting in motion the project that would be Postwar Problem No. 1, not only for New Orleans and Louisiana—but for the whole Mississippi Valley.

New Orleans has ahead of it the greatest postwar opportunity of any city in the world. It is the natural port of exit for the great Mid-Continent area of the United States, which accounts for 42.1 per cent of the retail sales of the country, supplies 63.5 per cent of the farm income, contains 49.3 per cent of the population and produced—before the war—40 per cent of the manufactured products. During the war, it has fared particularly well in the location of new industries. This means that the Mississippi Valley will have a postwar percentage of industrialization undreamed of before Pearl Harbor—and that these factories will aggressively seek new peace time markets.

Through their natural port of exit, New Orleans, they will find them in the Latin Americas, the great trade frontier of the future. From the rich Mid-Continent of the United States—via truck over fine four-lane highways, via rail over eight trunk line railroads, via boat over our inland waterways and via air by means of the new airlines which have made New Orleans their terminus—will come finished products of our factories to be shipped to the machine-hungry Latin Americas.

Only one thing is needed to clinch this great chance of a great city. Everyone familiar with the economics of the Port of New Orleans is aware that the Mississippi River passage to the Gulf has been inadequate for years. The war has simply brought to a crisis a situation that has long been tolerated. We can wait no longer. Post war ships will be larger. Postwar commerce will be heavier. Postwar competition will be tougher. A ship canal MUST be built—and that canal must be the deepest and best approach on the whole Gulf Coast.



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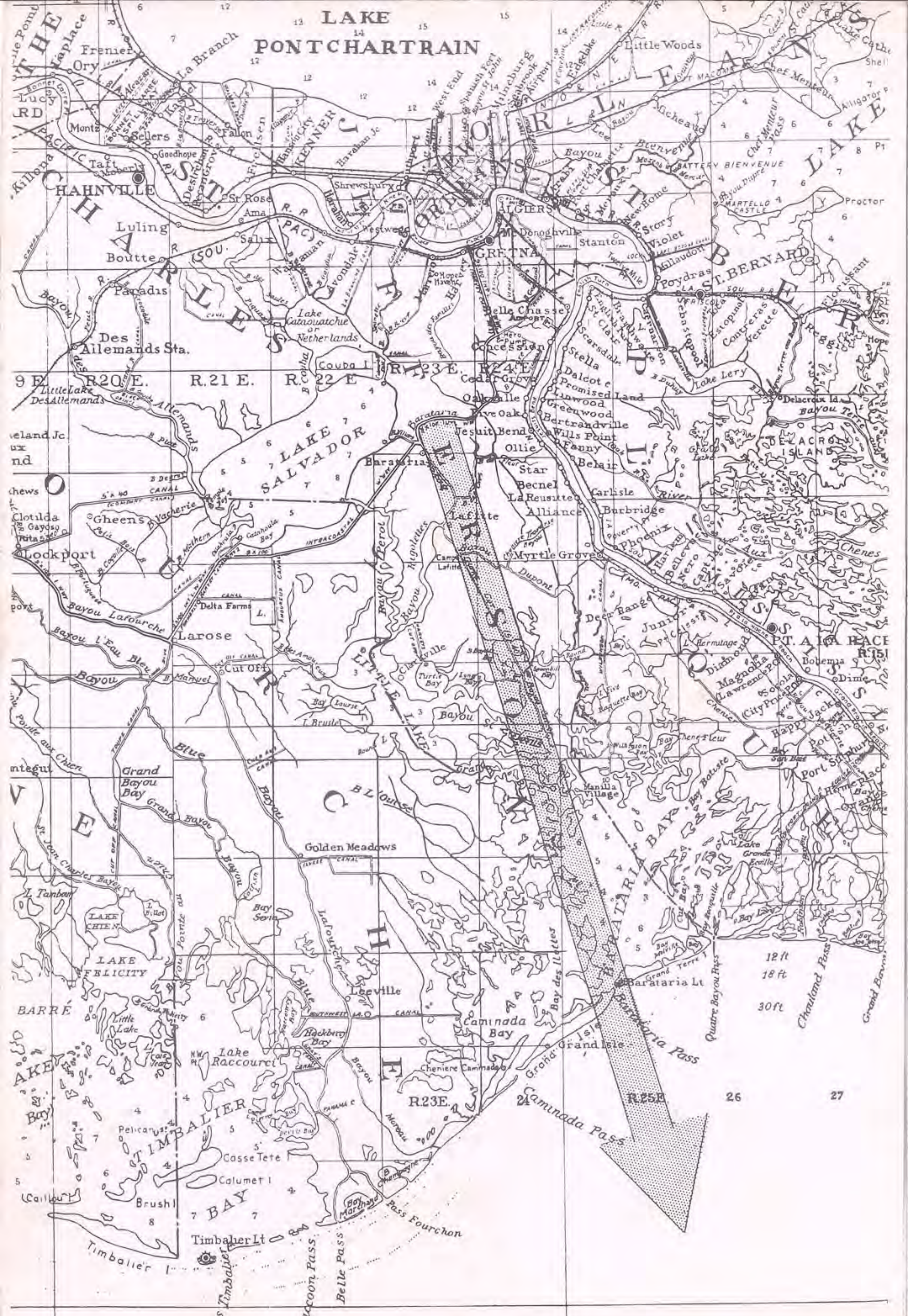
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Bertrandville
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Fanny
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Jesuit Bend
Ollie
Star
Becnel
La Reussite
Alliance
Myrtle Grove
Dupont
Lafitte
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Lake
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or
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Couba I.
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R.22 E.
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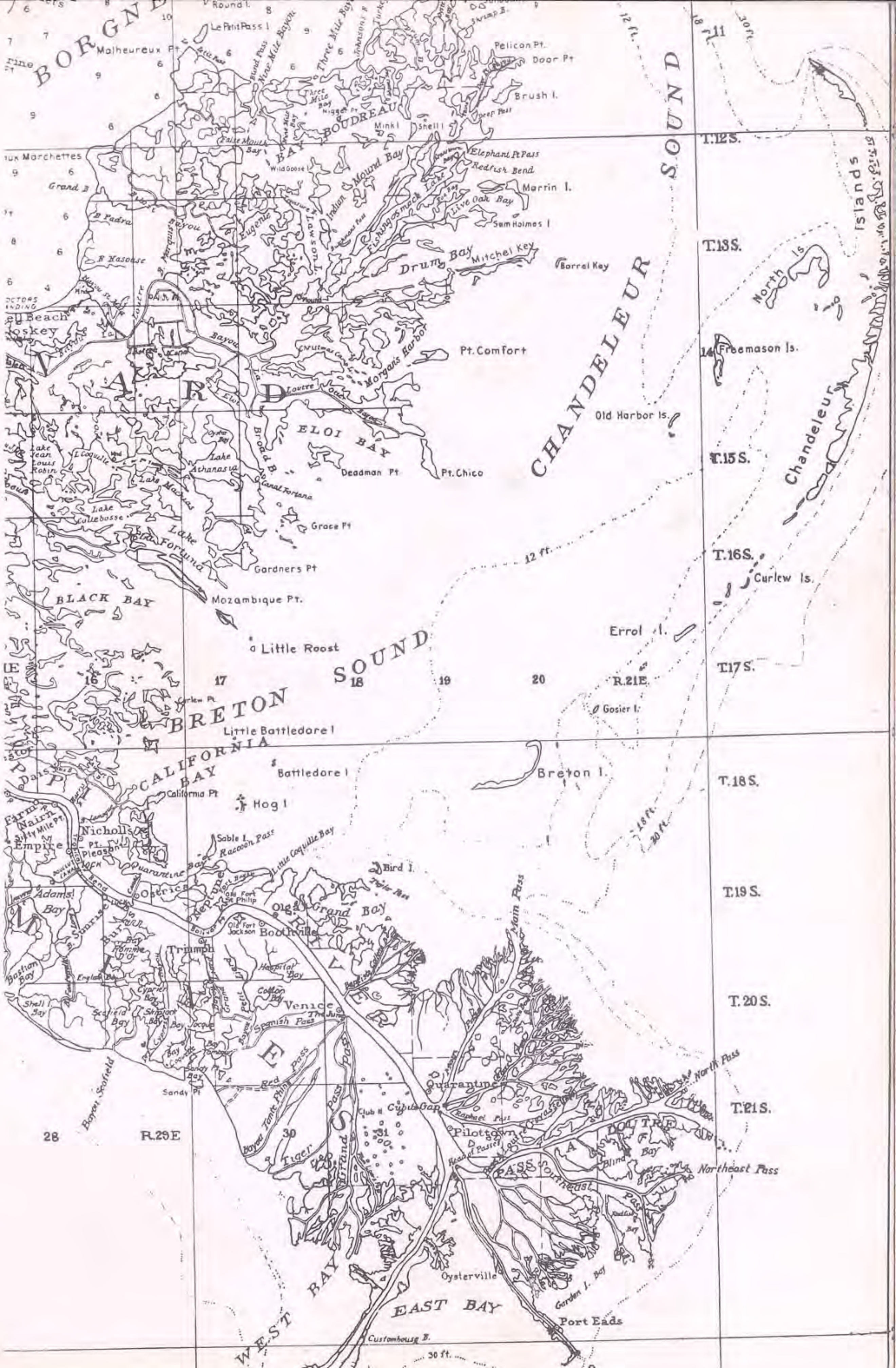
LAKE
SALVADOR
Gheens
Clotilda
Lockport
Bayou Lafourche
Larose
Cut Off
Delta Farms
Clarksville
LITTLE LAKE
Turtle Bay
Bay Lourse
Golden Meadows
Grand Bayou Bay
Grand Bayou
Blue Bayou
L. Tanbour
LAKE CHIEN
LAKE FELICITY
BARRÉ
Little Lake
Lake Raccourci
Leeville
Hackberry Bay
Cheniere Caminada
Caminada Bay
Grand Isle
Barataria Pass
Caminada Pass
Barataria Lt
BARATARIA BAY
Manilla Village
Bay des Ilettes
Quatre Bayou Pass
Chaland Pass
Deer Range
Junior
Diamond
Magnolia
Lawrence P.O.
Happy Jack
Potash
Port Sulphur
Homeplace
Lake Grande Ecaille
Bay Melville
Grand Terre I.
Bohemia
Dime
PT. A LA HACHE
TIMBALIER BAY
Pelican
Casse Tete I.
Calumet I.
Brush I.
Caillou
Timbalier Lt
Timbalier I.
Raccoon Pass
Belle Pass
Pass Fourchon
Bay Marchand
R.23E.
R.25E.
26
27
12 ft
18 ft
30 ft



BORGNE
Round I.
Le Petit Pass I.
Malheureux Pt.
Nine Mile Bayou
Three Mile Bay
Pelican Pt.
Door Pt.
Brush I.
BAY BOUDREAU
Mink I.
Shell I.
False Mouth Bay
T.12S.
Elephant Pt Pass
Redfish Bend
Morrin I.
Live Oak Bay
Sam Holmes I.
Mound Bay
Lawson L.
Eugenie L.
Drum Bay
Mitchel Key
Barrel Key
T.13S.
North Is.
Islands
Freemason Is.
Pt. Comfort
Morgan's Harbor
ST. BERNARD
CHANDELEUR SOUND
Old Harbor Is.
ELOI BAY
Lake Athanasia
Lake Jean Louis Robin
Deadman Pt.
Pt. Chico
T.15 S.
Chandeleur
Lake Collebosse
Lake Fortuna
Grace Pt.
Gardners Pt.
12 ft.
T.16S.
Curlew Is.
BLACK BAY
Mozambique Pt.
Little Roost
Errol I.
BRETON SOUND
16
17
18
19
20
R.21E.
T.17S.
Gosier I.
Little Battledore I.
CALIFORNIA BAY
Battledore I.
Breton I.
T.18 S.
California Pt.
Hog I.
Nairn
Sixty Mile Pt.
Nicholls
Empire
Pt. Pleasant
Sable I.
Raccoon Pass
Little Coquille Bay
Quarantine Bay
Bird I.
Adams Bay
Ostrica
Grand Bay
T.19 S.
Old Fort Jackson
Boothville
Triumph
Main Pass
Bastian Bay
English Bay
Hospital Bay
Cotton Bay
Venice
T.20 S.
Shell Bay
Scofield Bay
Skipjack Bay
Bay Jacque
Spanish Pass
Red Pass
Grand Pass
Sandy Pt.
Quarantine
Cubits Gap
Raphael Pass
North Pass
T.21 S.
28
R.29E
30
31
Bayou Scofield
Tiger Pass
Pilottown
Head of Passes
PASS A LOUTRE
Blind Bay
Northeast Pass
Southeast Pass
Garden I. Bay
Oysterville
WEST BAY
EAST BAY
Port Eads
Customhouse B.
30 ft.

Jefferson Parish recommended to the U. S. Engineers that this future ship channel should be located on the West Side of the Mississippi, where Jefferson Parish quietly awaits its destiny as the "Brooklyn" of New Orleans.

Here, digested for quick understanding and future reference, are the arguments presented by Jefferson Parish. To help you we have included a map of the channel recommended. And, as you observe how it takes the shortest distance between two points straight as an arrow down through the Parish to Gulf deep water, you will understand why it has been named "THE ARROW TO THE AMERICAS."

A ship canal such as proposed—a canal that will build around it one of the greatest seaports in history—must be built where industry can grow. It must have available room on its banks to welcome new enterprises. It must have space beyond those banks to expand as its industrial life grows, and, it must be located where the resources required by industry are most convenient.

A glance at the New Orleans' growth chart over the years shows that to the East have centered the retail, the cultural, the wholesale and the residential activities. But to the West Bank have gravitated the industries, the storage facilities, the majority of all the trunk line railroads bringing raw materials to New Orleans, the railroad yards and the machinery of commerce. Right now the plants handling nearly 60 per cent of the normal industrial volume of New Orleans are located in Jefferson Parish.

Here are electric power, natural gas, oil and water—all unlimited and available to industry. Here, also, are miles of ten-year tax free parish land, still uncrowded and ideal for future factories.

Through this area, abounding in natural advantages, Jefferson Parish engineers have indicated a route that will be SHORTER.

The "ARROW TO THE AMERICAS" would anchor at Crown Point on the Intracoastal Canal on the northern end and terminate at Barataria Bay, the actual canal distance being approximately 42 miles. This is the closest point to Gulf deep water from New Orleans in any direction.

Ships would come through Barataria Pass between Grand Terre and Grand Isle, a natural channel that has maintained an 80 foot depth for generations.

By this route it is estimated that a ship can reach Crown Point from Tidewater in three hours as compared to the 12 hours now consumed fighting upstream on the Mississippi. From Crown Point—where rail, barge, air and truck distributing systems would pick up cargoes—the distance is only 9 miles to Gretna and 12 miles to the Huey Long Bridge. It has been recommended by certain factions, that this canal be cut through to Westwego on the Mississippi, an additional channel distance of only 8 miles.

Experts claim that "THE ARROW TO THE AMERICAS" would save shippers, over the present river route, one dollar per cargo ton.

"THE ARROW TO THE AMERICAS" could be constructed for $10,000,000. This low estimate is based on these factors. First, the utilization of present bayous and cut offs over part of the route would minimize dredging. Second, none of the terrain for the entire distance presents dredging difficulties. Third, no bridges will be required. And fourth, the Gulf end represents no silt elimination or control.

Its economical construction estimate also takes into consideration the inexpensive right of way purchases that would be possible. Practically all of the Jefferson Parish land through which this canal would be routed is undeveloped and therefore cheap. Most of it is property of the State, under Conservation Department protection. None of it passes within the limits of any town.

It will be a safe and reliable route for shippers. There will be no currents or curves to present navigation hazards. The absence of silt formation guarantees a uniform depth at all times. The canal, being salt water, will offer deep water conditions to fruit cargo shippers—a very important profit point. Fruit ripens faster in fresh water. This route will also eliminate bar and river pilot charges and automatically lower insurance rates.

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From an industrial standpoint, the earth secured from the excavation of the canal can be utilized to a safe height and several hundred feet in width as building sites and switching facilities—plus a four-lane highway to Grand Isle on the West Bank.

Its completion would open up the agricultural, seafood, cattle raising and industrial possibilities of Grand Isle and the surrounding islands. Its construction would also make available to industry the rich oil, gas and sulphur resources immediately adjacent to the canal.

"THE ARROW TO THE AMERICAS" would pass right through the famous Lafitte Oil Field. In Plaquemines Parish, which joins Jefferson on the East, are the rich Grand Ecaille sulphur mines.

Oil and sulphur are two things which industry cannot do without. Every modern means of locomotion that flies, rolls or floats requires oil and every article manufactured, somewhere in its production or handling, comes in contact with sulphur in one of its many forms or applications.

To these two vital commodities "THE ARROW TO THE AMERICAS" would offer a cheap, handy ride to market.

"THE ARROW TO THE AMERICAS" would bring additional wealth to local, state and Federal governments. At present, the greater part of the land through which the canal would be projected is low value marsh land, undeveloped and practically uninhabited. When the canal goes through, thousands of these low value acres will become industrial sites, roadways or ship slips and docks. Land values will raise.

It will put us closer to the Central and South Americas and closer to the Pacific Ocean if the Tehuantepec Canal across Mexico is eventually constructed.

There is, also, a final consideration that strengthens still more the Jefferson Parish deep ship channel route. There will be, at the Gulf end, excellent land and water facilities for a large naval base. With this canal, all vessels of our Navy could be serviced here—in close conjunction with sea and land planes at a similarly constructed air base in the same area.

At the time this report went to press no word had been received as to which route the U. S. Army Engineers have approved. Back in 1929, when the need of a deep ship channel was already under consideration, the Engineers reported that the route now proposed by Jefferson Parish was the most feasible route from a construction and economic standpoint. We hope they reach the same conclusion again.

But—let us not lose sight of the main issue, which is A DEEP SHIP CHANNEL. Whichever route is approved, our fight has just begun. The decision of the U. S. Engineers will be merely the first step in the project.

We think it is a foregone conclusion that both Jefferson Parish and New Orleans, when the U. S. Engineers hand down their decision, will forget their differences of opinion and will unite in support of the selected route.

Then will come the struggle to get it through Congress—to get the money to build it—to get the rest of the states to see its value to the whole nation as we do.

M. F. PARSONS

Mr. Parsons, author of the preceding article, is Vice-President of Celotex Corporation, in charge of the Marrero plant and all operations throughout Louisiana in connection with the purchase and gathering of bagasse. When Celotex was but an idea in 1920, Mr. Parsons joined the original organization. For 24 years he has been associated with every activity of his company, the largest of its kind in the world, and has a quarter century's economic knowledge of the parish in which it is located.

By HARNETT T. KANE

MAKING a talk on the subject of Louisiana's bayous some time ago in Mississippi, I was asked a question by a good-humored listener: Why, in writing about the bayou country and its people, hadn't I mentioned any of "those big storms" since the Cheniere Caminada hurricane of 1893? Weren't they always hitting here, and killing people?

My answer was that, in the fifty years since the much-publicized blow of '93, the area about New Orleans had been visited only once by a heavy hurricane, in 1915. At that time, in the places adjoining the city, only a handful of persons died, and in New Orleans itself—only two. And those two lives were lost because the individuals failed to heed warnings to stay indoors out of the path of flying debris!

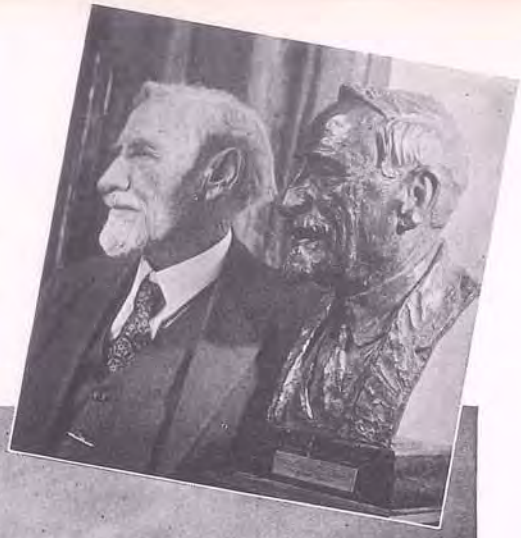
Thereby hangs a story. This pair of tropical outbursts, over a period of a half century, should not give New Orleans and its surroundings a classification as a "hurricane belt" any more than the Chicago fire should set that city apart as one peculiarly subject to flames. As a matter of fact, over a period of years, more persons die of cyclones or twisters in the interior of the United States than meet death in the Gulf coast hurricanes striking at all points from Florida to Texas.

In former years, in this rich Deep Delta area built up by the winding Mississippi, people might have had reason for fear when September or October winds moved upon them. There was no way of knowing, until the last moment, if or when or how the elements would strike. Today, say those whose job it is to cope with the winds, there is no reason why a single life should be lost. Louisiana has learned to handle its storms. It recognizes the signs far in advance; it takes precautions and it protects itself.

For much of this, one particular Louisianian is responsible. Today, in a dusty art shop at 633 St. Peter Street, a sprightly, goateed man with sharp eyes and a no less sharp sense of humor, chuckles with his customers and talks about the weather. He is Dr. Isaac Monroe Cline, for many years the principal meteorologist in charge of the United States Weather Bureau office at New Orleans. Now in zestful retirement, he is one of the great figures in the history of American weather forecasting.

"Old Doc" Cline wrestled with the hurricanes, treated them as his personal enemies and sought out their weak points over a period of many years. He came to know as much about the subject as any man, and he put his information to work.

He had a reason for his interest, a bitter one. In 1900 he was living in Texas, in charge of the Galveston station and the Texas section of the United States Weather Bureau. His main concern then inclined toward medicine. He belonged to the state and national medical associations, and he lectured on medical climatology at Texas State University's medical school. Then, one night changed his life. September 8 came, and with it the Galveston storm.



Isaac Monroe Cline, M.D., Sc.D.—the Weather Wizard—beside a bust of himself. While below is the Gulf of Mexico, whose many moods he studied and carefully charted for years until he was able to see beyond her smiling shores and surface and accurately foretell her mounting angers long before she herself was able to express them in sudden and sullen storms.

Among those who were killed was his young wife, drowned before his eyes. He managed to save his three children; and "Doc" Cline decided the next day to give up medicine and put himself into a fight against the forces of the winds.

There was no reason, he told himself, why the toll of the tropical hurricanes could not be greatly curtailed. Men called them "unpredictable." "Doc" Cline felt that nothing was unpredictable. He dug into records, he made inspections, he set up measuring instruments, he interviewed witnesses, and slowly he accumulated thick volumes of data. Sometimes he was discouraged, but every year added new facts, building what was almost certainly the greatest collection of information on the subject. Gradually he was developing his thesis.

The route of a tropical hurricane, he found, is certain and can be determined in advance if watchers ashore will study the rise and fall of the tides. The hurricane, like other phenomena of nature, sends its signs ahead; it is man's task to recognize them. "Doc" Cline sought to develop ways of charting the course and predicting the destination of the blow. Eventually he had ready what he called his integration method: an analysis of many wind directions over a wide area, brought together eventually into a definite picture of the storm itself.

Often, he found, the weather was clear and bright along the coast when the hurricane was moving toward it. Some who were on the scene might be unworried; but if they examined the waves they would know that something was wrong. By keeping a close watch upon wave movements everywhere in the storm area, "Doc" Cline could tell just what that something was, and what to do about it.

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The storm of 1915 was his first great test. Dr. Cline put his data together, gave a clear set of warnings in advance, told the people what to expect, and when. News of the blow was circulated carefully in advance; vessels were sent out to pick up persons in the path of the winds. In New Orleans on September 29, the day the hurricane arrived, he urged people to stay indoors, out of the way of flying slate and other articles. The human losses were amazingly small—just two. "Doc" Cline had licked the enemy.

Today his methods are almost universally accepted. They have proved repeatedly that the term "unpredictable" need no longer be applied to hurricanes. He has refined his methods, and changes have been made in communication and coverage of the South Louisiana sections. If any storm comparable to that of 1915 arrives, the losses should be still less than the last time.

Weather men can now tell the source of a hurricane at least three or four days in advance, from the time it enters the Gulf or has its birth there, and check it hour by hour in its movement toward the coast. Even before that, thanks to stations in the West Indies and facilities for receiving reports from ships at sea, they know when trouble is brewing.

About the Delta area, in all directions from New Orleans, telephone service is now available—toward the river mouth, to the lake edges, to Grand Isle and other outlying spots. Radio has made rapid advance in recent years. Most homes have a receiving set or possess quick access to one. Luggers and other vessels own them as regular equipment.

When the "storm period" approaches, the people of Jefferson, of St. Bernard, of Lafourche and Plaquemines Parishes keep their ears close to the radio, and watch their skies and waters. They know the meaning of a peculiar color to the sky at dusk, the significance of the odd flights of certain birds. They un-

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The U. S. Coast Guard Station at Grand Isle, stoutly constructed to withstand the most violent wind, and built high to afford shelter in case of flood waters. From the top of this station flies the flag that warns the island fishermen of impending storm or dangerous weather. It is strategically located near the center of the island.

Floral Beauty

The magnificence of New Orleans' Floral Trail, the beauty of her parks and gardens and the charm of the city's "Old World" atmosphere have made this city the mecca for visitors from all parts of the United States. Her annual Sugar Bowl, Mardi Gras, Spring Fiesta, and other celebrations draw additional thousands of visitors.

This will always be true and in the post-war years New Orleans will be host to ever-growing thousands. Today, however, New Orleans has developed anew in going about the grim business of winning the war. Vast war industries have sprung up, employing thousands of people. Much of this will be retained after the war, insuring for the city an ever-growing importance in the industrial and commercial life of the Western Hemisphere.

And so, to the lovers of beauty; to the seekers of relaxation and pleasure and to others who are attracted by business or commercial interests — a Hearty Welcome is Extended.

City of New Orleans

Sturdy amphibious planes that can land in a bayou or at the door of a lonely trapper's cabin, whose inmates may not be able to move out on account of sickness or injury, are additional present day precautions against the dangers of flood and storm.

derstand the "signs"—but they understand also that men with headphones and little instruments for recording winds and tides comprehend more than any layman.

Few of these people are unfamiliar with the modern storm warning flags. A child hears early about them, and is impressed with their importance. He knows the Coast Guardsmen, and he knows that they are ready to help spread warnings and to evacuate residents when evacuation is thought necessary.

These people, too, have learned about home construction. Their buildings are now more heavily built than in earlier years, more firmly anchored against the winds. Back levees have been raised in many places, to keep out the waters from the marshes along the Gulf. If and when the hurricane comes, the people are equipped to meet it as never before.

But when the message goes out that the authorities advise departure for those in a certain strip, everything is coordinated to assure a quick removal. At radio stations, repeated warnings are dispatched. Boats of every kind—tugs, barges, luggers, yachts are available. Motor cars will transmit the word to some sections beyond the usual line of communication; pirogues or canoes will carry it beyond that. Even amphibious planes are on hand, and have been used frequently in individual instances, when fishermen were lost or marooned on the lake edges.

The children of this area read in their school books, or listen to the old people as they talk of the Cheniere Caminada disaster of '93. They know that there is today no reason for a repetition of the tragedy; that they will never be caught in this fashion by the winds coming without advance indication.

Meanwhile the workers in the weather offices and government headquarters, despite wars and embargoes, discover more and more each year about the behavior of the winds in the Gulf and the Caribbean. And "Doc" Cline's chin-whiskers bristle as he works among the vases and oil paintings in his shop, and remembers his pioneer days.

HARNETT T. KANE

Author of the preceding article on hurricanes, is a former reporter and feature writer for the New Orleans Item. In recent years Mr. Kane has become nationally known for his two best sellers, "Louisiana Hayride" and "Bayous of Louisiana." A frequent contributor to Collier's, Reader's Digest, Saturday Review of Literature and other publications, Mr. Kane is, at the moment, putting the finishing touches on his forthcoming book "Deep Delta Country."

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TAMING THE MISSISSIPPI

The Mississippi at New Orleans in May reached 19.37 feet, the highest in 15 years. The papers briefly printed the news, the people of the batture were officially instructed to move to higher ground, and the authorities sandbagged various points as merely precautionary measures—but the people of New Orleans paid absolutely no attention to what was formerly panic material. . . . The populace read with desultory interest the newspaper speculation that the Bonnet Carre spillway should be opened, but no anxiety was aroused. Carelessly they took for granted one of the greatest engineering victories in history—the taming of the lower Mississippi.

This absence of fear of flood is a tribute to the successful finish of a fight, the story of which is dramatically told in this article.

By THOMAS EWING DABNEY

TO OPEN an outlet port for its extreme western settlements in Kentucky and Tennessee, the young and struggling United States in 1803 made the largest real estate purchase in history. Incidentally, it acquired the biggest flood-control problem the world had ever known.

The $15,000,000 which Thomas Jefferson gave for the Louisiana Territory was less than five per cent of what this country would spend in less than a century and a quarter in vain earthworks against the Mississippi river's overflow, before it adopted a real control plan costing about that much more.

Through 16,000 miles of navigable, and tens of thousands of miles of non-navigable streams, the drainage of the million and a quarter square miles of territory between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains included in the Louisiana Purchase reaches its heaviest concentration in the thousand-odd miles of the Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans.

That river-groove is large enough for the water run-off most of the year, but for the overload when spring melts the snows and brings its heavy rains, Nature provided some 30,000 square miles of flood-plane. It was man's job to

hold the river in its regular channel so he could drive his plow through this rich alluvium deposited in previous centuries.

The first challenge to the Mississippi appeared in 1727—a three-foot levee 5,400 feet long at New Orleans. French engineers of the day believed they had tamed the river, and the Superior Council of that colonial period made official proclamation to that effect.

But by 1812, when the present Louisiana was admitted to the Union, there were, between Baton Rouge and New Orleans, 340 miles of levee considerably higher than three feet, and they had cost $6,000,000. By 1858, the mileage had grown to 2,000, the levee line reached as far north as Cape Girardeau, Mo., and the earthworks averaged eight to ten feet in height. By 1926, they had grown to 18 feet.

When the 18th century opened, it was physically impossible for more than a million cubic feet of water a second to pass down the lower Mississippi without overflowing. But confinement has more than doubled that—and doubled the destructive force of the river.

Between 1735 and 1827, there were 15 major floods; in the century that followed, there were 23.

The flood of 1811 put five feet of water in the Oak street stores of St. Louis. That of 1816 poured so much water into New Orleans that boats did a large business on Chartres, Royal, Dumaine, Bienville, Burgundy, St. Louis and Rampart streets. Eight other floods drove into New Orleans, not because the city's ramparts had been breached, but because breaks elsewhere had exposed the city to flank invasion.

As early as 1735 it was seen that flood-control was a public problem. The French ordinance of that year, requiring property owners to build embankments in front of their river lands or forfeit their holdings, recognized that principle. The United States, by the Act of 1850, which provided for state funds to build levees (funds raised by the sale of federally owned swamp and overlow lands by the states) underscored that principle, to which this government gave further emphasis when, within the next two years, it appropriated $100,000 for a survey looking to a broad control policy. Devastating floods in 1858 and 1859 put new pressure behind this movement, but the War Between the States intervened; and by 1874, the protective system was more inadequate than it had been in 1858, thanks to the military operations of four bloody years when both Union and Confederate armies cut the levees; and thanks, too, to the neglect, impoverishment and prejudice of Reconstruction years.

Hope returned to the stricken land when Congress created the Mississippi River Commission in 1879. This was a step towards federal responsibility, but not a long one, for current reasoning was not unanimous that flood-control was constitutional, and the commission put in its protective devices under the guise of aids to navigation. This committed it to a policy of levees only, though Charles Ellet, Jr., a distinguished engineer employed by the corps of Engineers, U. S. A., in 1852, and A. A. Humphreys and H. S. Abbot, army engineers, in 1861, had pointed out that levees alone would not meet the challenge. Levee-building continued, with the states supplying most of the funds.

The larger and stronger levees raised in this modern period reduced the number of crevasses from 284 in 1882 to three in 1922. Government engineers believed that as soon as certain sections were brought up to proper grade and cross-section, the system would be impregnable. But the larger confinement raised the flood-crests. The river awaited the day when it could hurl new forces into the attack.

In the spring of 1922, more than 13½ inches of rain over the Mississippi Valley sent 265,146 million cubic yards of water down the huge drainage flume. This was a new record. The flood reached crests of 20.3 feet at Pittsburgh, 34 at St. Louis, 53.5 at Cairo, 43.3 at Memphis and 22.3 at New Orleans. It overflowed 13,200 square miles of land and destroyed $17,087,790 of property.

Levees broke at three places, all in Louisiana. At Ferriday, the crevasse was 3,700 feet wide. The other two breaks were below New Orleans, one at Myrtle Grove plantation, 22 miles from the city but on the opposite side of the

Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, laying an asphalt mattress on the bottom of the Mississippi to prevent it from eating away the levee. Notice the gap in the mat for fitting the landward section around the Westwego Ferry landing pile structure. Men on top are stapling reinforcing wire preparatory to pouring the hot asphalt. About 200 men to a crew. Mats sometimes laid as deep as 90 feet.

river, the other at Poydras plantation, on the New Orleans side and only 14 miles from the city.

No crevasse in recent history had struck so close to the South's largest city. It was a stop-look-listen sign which told the nation that the Lower Valley was still fighting a life-and-death battle with the river. But more important was the immediate relief which the break gave to the overburdened river. Though a rise had been forecast, the crest dropped after this break. This showed the value of outlets, which Ellet had advocated nearly three-quarters of a century before.

While the flood was at its height, a group of Louisiana citizens organized, under the leadership of James M. Thomson, then publisher of the New Orleans Item, the Safe River Committee of One Hundred. That committee demanded that the flood-control policy be enlarged to include relief outlets, through which excess flood waters could be discharged; the building of reservoirs on source streams to hold back the water; and reforestation to retard the run-off.

The Poydras levee was rebuilt, but Louisiana in 1926 removed, at its own expense, a stretch of levee 60 miles below the city, on the east bank of the river, so that the water could spill across the marshes to the sea. It cost the state $1,000,000 but it was a good investment because it kept alive the outlet agitation.

The Safe River Committee won the support of many national organizations in the demand that the federal government assume full responsibility for flood control. No longer able to match government dollars in levee building, as required in the flood-control Act of 1917, the exhausted states, subject to overflow, could not hope to participate in the enormous program which 1922 showed was necessary.

The people who lived behind the mile-wide flume which supported the river above the land in the high-water periods had spent, on levees up to the

War Between the States, $43,750,000; from Reconstruction to 1879, when the Mississippi River Commission was created, they had spent $5,000,000; from then to 1926, they spent $170,000,000 and the federal government added $129,000,000 to that—total, $347,750,000. Louisiana's bill alone had in 60 years totaled $63,000,000.

Came 1927, with an early snow-melt and unusually heavy rains. Flood-crests reached new levels—36.1 feet at St. Louis, 46 at Memphis, 58.7 at Vicksburg, 47.8 at Baton Rouge, 20.8 at New Orleans. The levee walls were not strong enough to withstand the mighty thrust. The river broke through and broke through and broke through—the broadest and tallest earthworks melted under that charge.

Panic rushed ahead of the boiling crest, and even New Orleans, lying behind the heaviest defenses in the Mississippi Valley, became the abode of terror. Greenville, Mississippi, almost wiped out; 75 squares in Little Rock, Arkansas, under water; the flood sweeping to New Iberia, Louisiana, 200 miles from the river, a town never before reached by flood water! "For God's Sake Send Us Boats," shouted Governor Dennis Murphree of Mississippi in eight-column headlines.

New Orleans became hysterical. "Cut the levee at Poydras!" From a hundred miles away the city rushed in trainloads of dirt with which to fill 640,000 sacks for strengthening its fortifications. "Cut the levee!" Hospitals laid in immense stocks of provisions and evacuated the lower floors. In hundreds of back yards, skiffs testified to the panic. "Cut the levee!" The river was a foot higher than the street which was the top of the levee at the Canal street ferry landing. "Cut the levee!" City engineers joined in the cry.

The War Department gave permission. On April 26, Louisiana's governor, O. H. Simpson, signed a "Public Emergency" Proclamation, giving permission to dynamite the levee near the site of the 1922 break, at noon, Friday, April 29.

Guaranteed reimbursement for their property, the people of St. Bernard Parish, who had stood guard-mount on their levees day and night since the beginning of the panic, put aside their arms and consented to be evacuated to New Orleans—a pathetic parade: families and their household goods loaded upon creaking farm wagons and rattling automobiles, boys herding livestock and driving chickens, men and women and children trudging through the hot dust, for summer was then warming up to its work.

This is a companion picture to the one on page 48, showing another stage of laying an asphalt mattress. This is an upstream view revealing the revetment in place prior to upper bank paving on the Mississippi River.

JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT

Official Journal of the

PARISH

OF

JEFFERSON

SINCE 1896

Gretna, Louisiana

Unskilled dynamiters, after long trying, opened a 1,000-foot breach, and the river poured its yellow water upon the green marshes, driving the muskrats to the grass-covered rafts which the Department of Conservation had prepared to prevent the destruction of so large a part of the fur industry. The river above New Orleans began to drop, and the city awoke from its panic, as from a bad dream.

That levee-cutting cost the city $8,000,000, but it was money well spent, for it gave sensational proof to the outlet-theory.

Elsewhere on the river, the people could not buy security so cheaply. Through 225 breaks in the levee, the river poured across 28,573 square miles of land, almost as much as it had taken in the days when there were no levees; it destroyed half a billion dollars of wealth, drowned a million and a half head of cattle, reduced more than 600,000 persons to destitution, and killed 250. It was the greatest peace-time disaster in the history of the nation. By August the relief bill was almost $17,000,000. Rehabilitation of the land and the stricken families cost millions more.

Congress met while the disaster was still fresh in their memory. By the Act of May 15, 1928, the United States recognized federal responsibility for flood-control. This country adopted an engineering plan which was the largest peace-time constructive measure in our history; revised that plan upward in 1936, increasing the appropriation from $290,000,000 to $332,000,000.

The plan included stronger levees, artificial outlets, the increasing of the capacity of the Atchafalaya river, reservoirs in source streams, and cut-offs.

Twenty-three miles above New Orleans, the Bonnet Carre spillway was built in 1935. This is a controlled outlet, to be used in flood emergencies, for diverting 250,000 cubic feet of water a second—nearly twice the flow of Niagara Falls—into the Gulf of Mexico via Lake Pontchartrain, eight miles away. It cost $13,226,492.

The cut-off program was the most audacious attack on the river since Eads' jetties. A cut-off is a new and shorter channel through a peninsula formed by the stream's meanders. In flood, the Mississippi had often found this relief, and engineers had tried to prevent it, believing that cut-offs introduce abnormal slopes both upstream and downstream. Brigadier-General Harley Bascom Ferguson, U. S. A., president of the Mississippi River Commission, after an exhaustive study of the hydraulic forces involved, drove 11 cut-offs through the tangle of bends between Arkansas City and Natchez. The river itself added the 12th. Ferguson opened the first cut-off January 8, 1933. It is 12 miles below Vicksburg. Five years in the making, the cut-offs cost $25,-

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Another stage in levee reinforcing and a companion picture to those on page 48 and 50. This shows the facing of a revetment with asphalt in the ordinary manner above the water line. The U. S. Engineers no longer give the mischievous Mississippi much to chew on when it's on a rampage.

000,000. They shorten the river by 100 miles, and speed the progress of flood water to the Gulf of Mexico.

The cut-off theory was put to a severe test in 1936, before the job was completed. That was the year when the simultaneous rise of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, which form the Ohio, poured muddy, foaming water into the Golden Triangle of Pittsburg, turning theaters into swimming pools with 20-foot diving depths; climbed to 52.8 feet on the Cairo gauge; passed flood stage as far down as Helena. But from that point, the menace was lost in the rapid run-offs, so that at New Orleans, the gauge reading was only 14.4 feet, which was 2.6 feet below flood stage. Next year, there was a still more severe test.

Between January 1 and 25, 1937, rains dumped 60,000,000 tons of water into the Ohio drainage valley. Swollen by the downpour on an area 100 miles wide by 550 long, the Ohio put 18 square miles of Cincinnati under water, flooded three-fourths of Louisville and would have overwhelmed Cairo had not the army engineers opened the Bird's Point-New Madrid Floodway, which took the strain from the city's 60 foot seawall almost in the moment of collapse. By 10 to 20 feet, the Ohio topped the flood stages which had been the rosary of suffering. At Cairo, the flood reached the height of 59.6 feet on February 3, and poured the greatest volume of water ever recorded into the Mississippi, 2,024,000 cubic feet a second, 410,000 more than in 1927. Down the Mississippi rolled as great a flood as that of 1927. At Memphis the peak flow was 2,020,000 cubic feet a second, as compared with 1,750,000 in 1927; but at New Orleans, the crest was 1,200,000, as compared with 1,360,000.

This flood, though it destroyed half a billion dollars worth of property, drove nearly a million persons from their homes and killed 400, did not roll over as much land as that of 1927, for not a levee on the main river below Cairo broke. Its progress to the sea speeded by the cut-offs—eight days to travel the distance which, under 1927 conditions, could not have been passed under 20—the water did not pile up in the long and deep and broad channel of the lower river. Like a well-ordered parade, it moved between the strengthened levees, 490,000 cubic feet of each second's flow entering the Atchafalaya, 210,000 the Bonnet Carre spillway, the rest down the main channel. Each 60,000 second feet that passed through Bonnet Carre lowered the river height at New Orleans one foot; the maximum gauge reading there was 19.3 feet.

The Mississippi Valley, which Thomas Jefferson bought, opened a new destiny to the United States, and launched the most rapid and the most complete occupation of a wilderness in history. The conquering of the Mississippi's flood menace is one of the most dramatic triumphs in engineering.

It guarantees the safety, not only of New Orleans, but also of the farms, plantations, industries, villages and cities up and down the restless river. It opened a new economic era for a section in which capital was not willing to make impressive investment because of the danger of flood. It made good the promise of Thomas Jefferson's great Purchase; it showed what can be done for other sections lying under a similar threat.

THOMAS EWING DABNEY

The author of this article has long been one of the Review's most popular contributors. On the subject which he treats this year, he is probably the most thoroughly informed writer in America. Mr. Dabney, a former feature writer for the New Orleans States, has been publishing his own newspaper for the last two years, out in Socorro, New Mexico. Almost simultaneously with this article comes his new book off the press—"100 Great Years"—an interesting history of the Times-Picayune.

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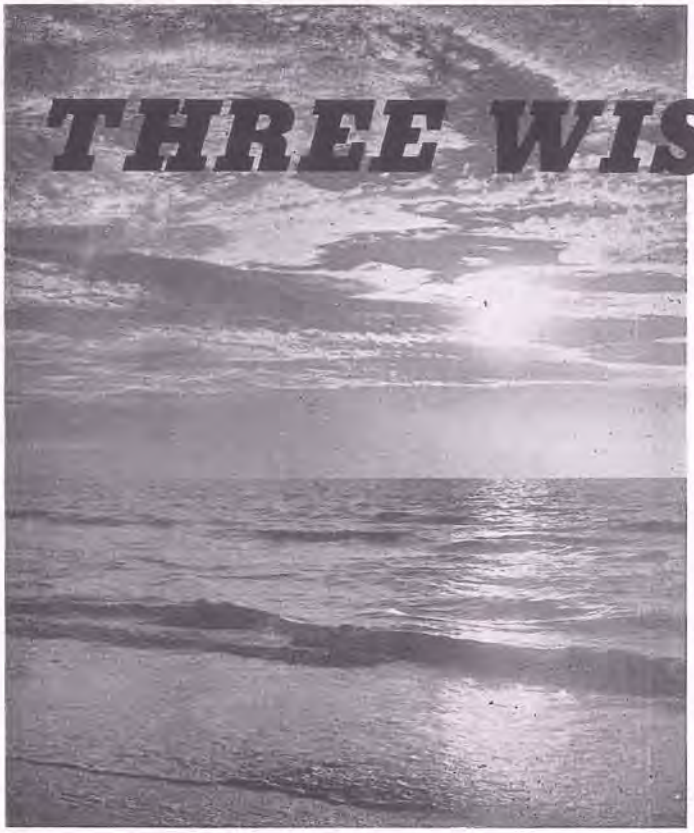


THREE WISE MEN

At the southernmost tip of Jefferson Parish lies Grand Isle, whose primitive beauty and romantic history make it one of the few remaining unspoiled spots in America. Grand Isle is a "sleeping beauty" which has several times seemed on the point of rising from her slumbers to assume her rightful role as a princess.

This is the story of three men who fell in love with this "sleeping beauty" and devoted their lives to bringing about her awakening.

Their belief in Grand Isle has not been in vain for it will not be long, once this war is ended, before the "Prince of Progress" will awaken the "sleeping beauty."

By
SUE THOMPSON

A STAR OF DESTINY hangs low in the heavens above Grand Isle. A star that promises the fulfillment of a vision.

Three men have clearly seen that vision and devoted their lives to making the dream become a fact. All three have died without seeing its complete fulfillment. But the work, the time and effort and love they devoted to making it a reality has not been in vain.

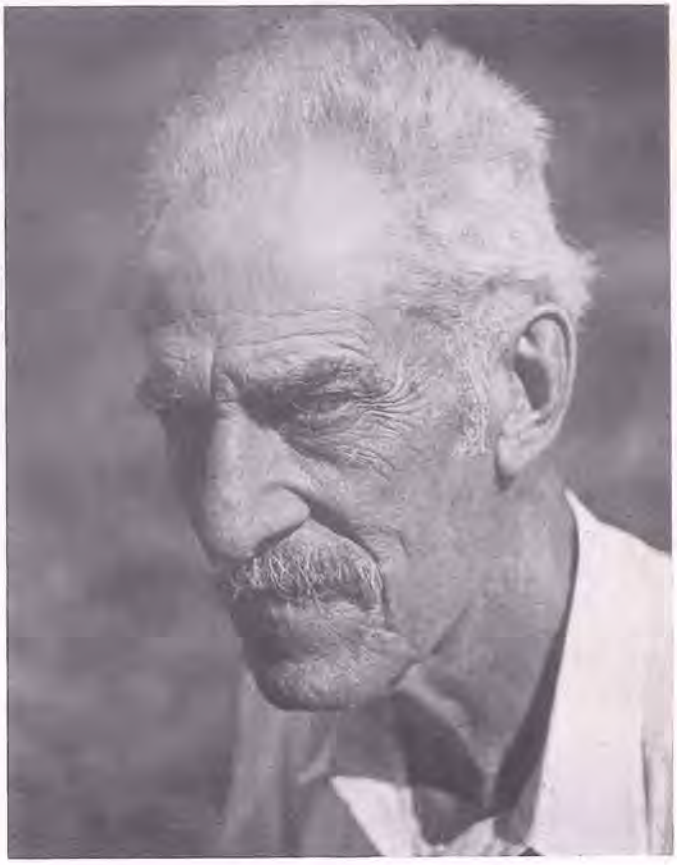
For Grand Isle is merely sleeping now—a sleeping beauty—awaiting the enchanted kiss of the Prince of Progress who shall wake her from slumber to vibrant, pulsating life.

As yet, comparatively few people know Grand Isle as anything but a name—a dot located on the Gulf of Mexico—a spot where, they have been told, the sun beats down relentlessly. But to those who know and love this island for what it is, and was, and can be—it's a peaceful haven for weary bodies and jangled nerves. An island of beauty and contrast. Unmercifully hot on the beach—but cool, quiet and calm beneath the heavy growth of trees and oleanders which canopy the homes of the islanders so completely that almost no habitation can be seen from the stark white road which parallels the eight-mile-long beach.

A place where sun and surf and tropical breezes combine to lull the most turbulent breast. A place where the blue white stars hang so low in their velvet black drapery of night that the first time you see them in this setting you automatically reach up to pluck one down.

It is an island of beauty—an island that will some day be the playground of the South—that will, like Cinderella, emerge from her tattered raiment, in beautiful silk and satin, as the radiant beauty she was intended to be.

This "sleeping princess," Grand Isle, has, since its first discovery, had as colorful a history as any romanticist could wish. No doubt Columbus, on his mysterious return voyage to America, must have seen, and perhaps stopped, at this jewel-like island. Unquestionably it must have been one of the many secret rendezvous of Henry Morgan, the notorious pirate who terrorized the Caribbean and Gulf waters long before Lafitte.



Colonel Stephens, who, to prove that a road could be built through the "trembling prairies" to Grand Isle, walked from New Orleans to the island in 1907.

But the first actual record we have of Grand Isle is in the latter part of the 18th century, as the home and sanctuary of peaceful fishermen.

It was around the turn of this century that the tranquil existence of Grand Isle was shattered by the blood-curdling cries and raucous laughter of pirates. During this era the island became a swaggering, swashbuckling adventuress, not from her own choice, but through circumstances which forced her, as the rendezvous for the colorful Jean Lafitte and his band of smuggler-pirates, to wear a cutlass at her belt and to bear the name of "outlaw" without a quiver. She had suddenly been transformed from a quiet and shy maiden, into a brazen, pirate-lass, her natural beauty overcast with a quality of the sinister. Upon her golden sands respectable men feared to tread. Her beach was strewn with loot and the wreckage of unfortunate ships who ran afoul of the Gulf pirates. Her bower of trees became, instead of protection and shade for quiet homes, a clever camouflage for a smuggler's lair.

Her peaceful fishermen turned to the reckless daring of sudden death upon the sea. She was an island of beauty, yes. But she was also an island of danger—of death, and, until the United States government took a determined hand in matters, she belonged to a pirate band. In 1814 she was liberated from her enforced piracy by the quick destruction of her sister island, Grand Terre, the arsenal and stronghold of the pirates.

The scattering of the Gulf pirates permitted her once again to return to a quiet-sit-by-the-sea life. Her fishermen-turned-pirates returned to fishing. Her beach was strewn with nothing more sinister than driftwood. Her quiet, shaded lanes presented nothing more dangerous than a startled lizard. On the clear blue waters of the bay and gulf sailed nothing more awesome than migratory birds.

For several decades she slept peacefully.

Then suddenly, without warning, the storm of 1893 struck Grand Terre and Cheniere Caminada. Devastation and destruction lay all around her. And, despite the fact that Grand Isle herself suffered comparatively little from the storm—despite the fact that her sheltering oaks protected and saved her from being leveled by the hurricane which destroyed Grand Terre and Cheniere Caminada—the damage had been done. This was the era before the wireless and the telephone. By word of mouth news seeped northward, distorted as news always becomes by word of mouth . . . and for many years the people of Louisiana, in fact all over the nation, assumed that Grand Isle had sufffered a like fate.

Some damage had been done, of course, as would be natural with a storm of the proportions of that of 1893—but not to the extent that word got around. The truck farms of the islanders had been destroyed—but not the island. Nor

Dr. Theodore Engelbach, who went to Grand Isle to die and instead lived to devote a lifetime of service to the islanders and to become one of its most outstanding benefactors and enthusiasts.

Dr. Engelbach early recognized the therapeutic value of the island's climate and hoped to see Grand Isle become a health resort where tired minds and weary bodies could be mended.

the islanders. Of the entire population on Grand Isle who were in the storm of 1893 not one white person was killed. Seven negro workers were killed, but only because they did not heed the warning, or take shelter quickly enough behind the protecting oaks.

Lafcadio Hearn's poignant and tragic story "Chita," based upon the storm which split Last Island, somehow mistakenly became identified with Grand Isle and for many years she suffered the stigma of the tragedy that befell Last Island. Only in comparatively recent years has this mistaken identity been cleared up in the minds of people who assumed that Grand Isle was the scene of "Chita."

So, from 1893 the sleeping beauty found herself experiencing a bad dream. She must have, during this time, been very bewildered to hear herself described as a "dangerous woman."

Her inhabitants shook the salt water from their eyes and surveyed the scene. Yes, the land was still there. The trees were still there. True, they would have to repair here and there, replant their gardens, mend or replace their boats—but there was no reason why a return to normalcy should not be made immediately. But somehow, the fear or the discouragement that descended upon the survivors of Cheniere Caminada must have crept into the hearts of her people. They were lethargic about getting back to the business of living.

It was at this psychological moment that three wise men appeared upon the Grand Isle horizon. Three men who saw the destiny of this gem lying in the blue waters of the Gulf . . . who saw the possibilities of the island . . . saw the radiant beauty of the princess and recognized her nobility even though she was dressed in worn calico.

One was a native of the island . . . one was a doctor . . . and one was an engineer.

Since what these three men did and tried to do cannot be told simultaneously, even though they were contemporaries, we shall tell their stories, as simply as possible, in the order in which their destinies merged with that of Grand Isle.

John Ludwig was the native.

Of hardy German stock, John was born and raised on the island and he had a great love for it and its people. If one could make a distinction, he was, you might say, one of the leaders of Grand Isle by virtue of the fact that his general store was the central meeting place of the island. Following the storm

of 1893 John Ludwig knew that the people of Grand Isle must be brought out of their lethargic attitute. In his store he talked to them, alternately cajoling and badgering them about replanting their gardens and repairing their boats.

He himself led the way in the agricultural reconstruction of Grand Isle. Because of the sandy loam texture of the earth certain products such as melons, cucumbers, cauliflower and other products indigenous to sandy soil could be grown profusely on this island. But the same soil which gave abundant growth to these products could not be cultivated too deeply lest the salt water beneath it destroy the crops. So Ludwig worked out a unique method of cultivation . . . oversized hills with deep furrows between. He pointed out that the tremendous supply of shrimp which abounded in the gulf and bay could be used, in dust form, as rich fertilizer for these crops.

The islanders snapped out of their lethargy. They built new levees on the bayside of the island and repaired those that had been damaged. They put in flood gates to control the salt water. They dug drainage ditches. And they planted crops.

How well they followed Ludwig's example is indicated by the fact that when the Pan American Pacific International Exposition was held in 1915 a cauliflower, so large it completely filled the top of a regular sized flour barrel, and grown by Miss T. Mercedes Adam of Grand Isle, won the Gold Medal. Miss Adam's cucumbers were given a Diploma of Honorable Mention. Other vegetables exhibited by her drew blue ribbons in the same exposition.

From around 1900 on, the sleeping beauty added to her repertoire the role of a farmer's daughter. Produce cultivated by her inhabitants was shipped northward as far as New York. In 1931 for example, John Ludwig was shipping to northern markets between 35,000 and 50,000 bushels of big, crisp cucumbers.

And John Ludwig soon found himself wearing the crown of "King." To the islanders he became "King John." His leadership in the agricultural reconstruction of Grand Isle, his benevolence, his foresight and sagacious wisdom made him a beloved figure.

So it was only natural that Grand Isle found herself the center of nation-wide attention. Writers and artists flocked to see for themselves this tiny kingdom ruled over by "M'sieu John." They were intrigued by the primitive beauty of the island, the islanders themselves, most of whom were direct descendants of pirate forbears. They were fascinated by the colorful "King John" in his well-worn baggy clothes, a black derby stuck rakishly atop his head, and an ever present black cigar protruding from his jovial face.

His throne was his store. Here,

John Ludwig, who, through his benevolence and wisdom, became "King John" to the islanders. It was his unique method of agricultural cultivation that rejuvenated truck farming on Grand Isle and caused Russell Lord, novelist, to include the colorful "King John" in his book "Men of Earth."

Ludwig's terrapin farm was the largest in the world and an important factor in the welfare of the island. Artists, writers and the nation's gourmets called him "M'sieu John" or "King John." He was never any more formal than he appears in this photograph despite the fact that he was a friend of the famous and a man of considerable means.

rocking back and forth, he was to be found constantly surrounded by his "court" who perched on overturned boxes and barrels and either listened avidly to "King John's" wise advice or were in deep discussion of some current problem or trouble. They came to Ludwig with their problems and he helped them. Sometimes with advice—sometimes financially. But always he helped them.

And yet this was not all "King John" did to earn his crown. In addition to the agricultural enterprise of the island he started, in 1900, a terrapin farm which became, in a few short years, the largest terrapin farm in the world. In New York and other fashionable spots the name "King John" was synonymous with the diamond-backed delicacies so eagerly awaited by discriminating gourmets.

Even though Ludwig was vitally interested in other projects of Grand Isle and did not lessen his activities in their behalf, his terrapin farm was closest to his heart. And it furnished an excellent livelihood for the islanders who engaged in trapping the terrapins for Ludwig.

Here is pictorial proof of the profitable truck farming possible on Grand Isle. Crops are planted in fairly high hills with deep furrows between for proper drainage. The huge, crisp cucumbers grown on Grand Isle are early "firsts" on the northern markets.

Yes, John Ludwig did much to put the name of Grand Isle on the map. He knew and saw the possibilities of Grand Isle. He lived long enough to see part of the vision come true.

The second man of vision was Dr. Theodore Engelbach.

It was during the latter part of the nineteenth century that Theodore Engelbach came to New Orleans to take charge of the Boericke and Tafel Pharmacy on Canal Street. As a boy in New York he had determined to make medicine his life work and his arrival in New Orleans was part of his well laid plans. He worked in the pharmacy until he had acquired the amount of money needed to attend Tulane. In 1894 he graduated from Tulane Medical School, probably

the only man in history (at that time) to be awarded a diploma in pharmacy and medicine on the same day. However, the strain had been too much. He had attempted the almost impossible and it resulted in a nervous breakdown. A physician recommended that he go to Grand Isle to rest and recuperate. And, while he did not know it at the time, that period of rest on Grand Isle irrevocably moulded the rest of his life.

Dr. Engelbach went from Grand Isle to Europe and finally back to New Orleans. Once more overwork brought on a nervous collapse . . . this time of such severity he was given no hope of recovery. In 1901 he was pronounced all but dead. And it was then that he remembered Grand Isle—remembered his former recovery there and decided if he was going to die, that was where he wished fate to overtake him. So he went to Grand Isle to die and instead lived to the ripe old age of 78. But, once having recovered from his second illness, the irresistible lure of the island had crept into his blood. Able to return to his practice of medicine in New Orleans he chose to remain and cast his lot with that of the island.

He himself could not, or modestly preferred not to, fully explain his reasons for staying. Sometimes, in later years, he would reluctantly admit that possibly the need of the people had partly influenced him to remain. But would quickly add that the warm waters of the gulf, the tropic breezes, held him on the island.

Those who knew Dr. Engelbach were perfectly aware that he could have, had he wished, become a shining light in the medical profession but instead chose to devote his life to the care of the islanders and the natives for miles around who, until his arrival, had no doctor closer than New Orleans.

He was a member of the Louisiana State Medical Society, a member of the American Medical Association, Assistant Surgeon U. S. Public Health Service attached to the Coast Guard station and a life member of Tulane Alumni Association.

To round out his activities he took on the duties of justice of the peace and notary public and, referring to his great family of islanders, he was fond of telling his cronies that "I hatch 'em, I patch 'em, I match 'em and finally I dispatch 'em."

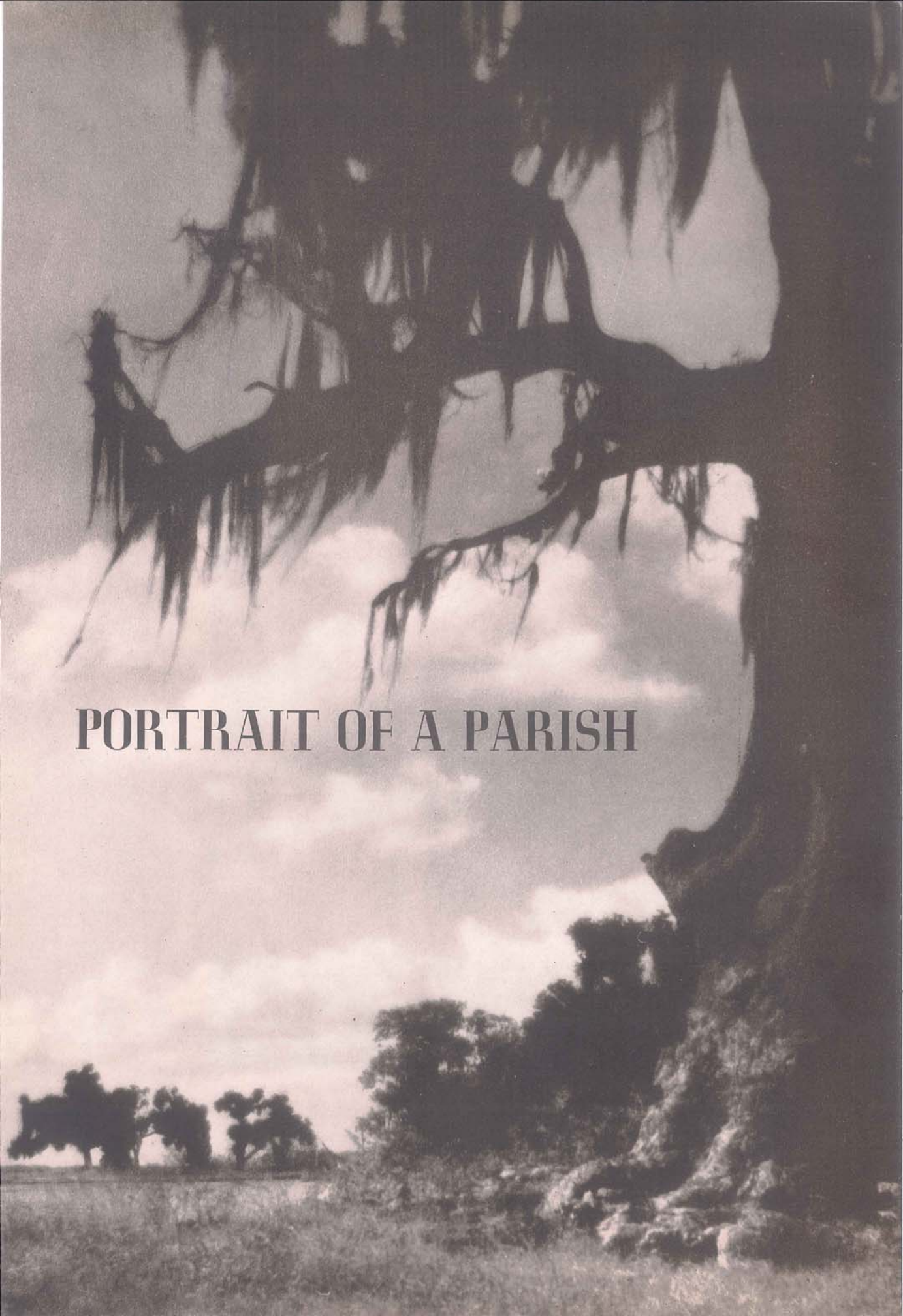
It was not at all unusual for Dr. Engelbach to paddle twenty or thirty miles in a pirogue to bring a baby into the world. Dr. Engelbach was always ready and willing to travel any distance, day or night to minister to the sick. The recountal of the many times when Dr. Engelbach, hardly able to stand on his own two feet, traveled to the bedside of the sick, would fill a good, thick volume.

Once he was suddenly called to a showboat which was tied up at the Ludwig Wharf . . . and there, surrounded by the gaudy trappings of showboat life, he delivered a husky youngster. Another time he brought into the world an infant so tiny it had little chance for life unless an incubator could be secured immediately. It was impossible to get one quickly enough from New Orleans so "Doc", hardly pausing long enough to take a deep breath, set to work building the incubator.

Oddly enough the first serious medical case which Dr. Engelbach treated on the island was that of a young woman who was brought to him with lockjaw resulting from some minor injury. That young woman was Miss T. Mercedes Adam who later became Dr. Engelbach's housekeeper and assistant—and is today one of Grand Isle's leading citizens as Justice of the Peace. Judge Adam is, you might say, a protege of Dr. Engelbach and has been untangling the problems of the islanders for the last ten years.

Long before the medical profession worked itself into a tizzy over therapeutics Dr. Engelbach was preaching the therapeutic value of the island's climate.

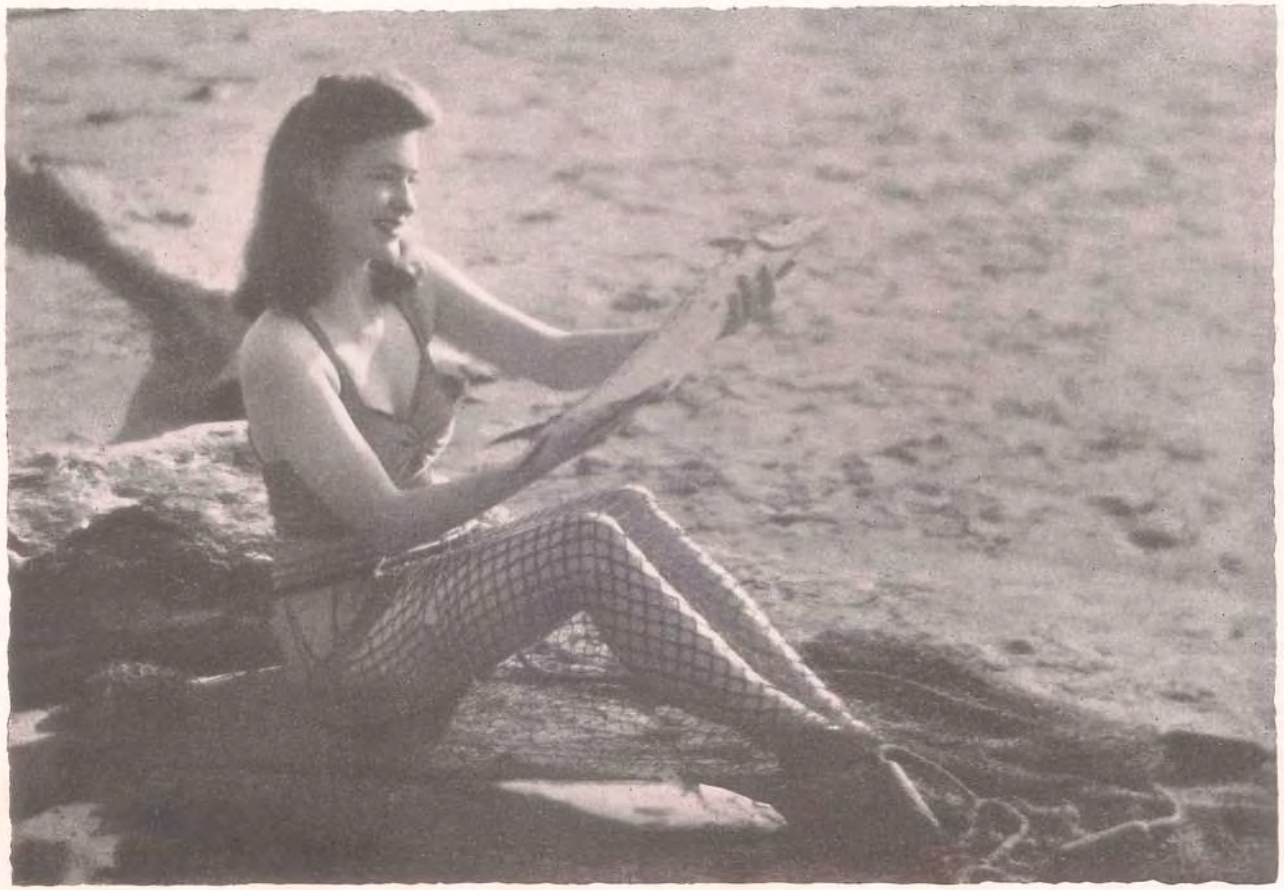
(Continued on Page 148)



PORTRAIT OF A PARISH

A portrait of versatile Jefferson Parish begins properly with the exotic magnolia . . . the beauty and fragrance of which are so symbolic of the rich romance and mysterious beauty of this part of the country. The magnificence of the stately magnolia tree in bloom, its platter-size, creamy white blossoms nestled against the glistening green of the tree itself, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. Nor will you, once having visited Jefferson Parish, soon forget this lovely land of contrast.

Here, on the golden sands of Grand Isle—the once famous rendezvous of Lafitte the Pirate, and the future playground of the South — Georgia Alford, enmeshed in a fishing net, inspects a gleaming Spanish Mackerel which was a part of the early morning's haul. At Grand Isle, is to be found the finest fishing in America and the finest surf bathing—two postwar pastimes which will some day soon be available to the traveler, sportsman and vacationist.



Jefferson Parish is a land of striking contrasts—in terrain, its people, and its character. Located in Metairie, the swank residential section, is this magnificent building, reminiscent of the past glory of the plantation era and expressive of the modern era which is duplicating and restoring many of the old plantations to their former beauty. Built in 1929, this graceful structure houses Metairie Park Country Day School.

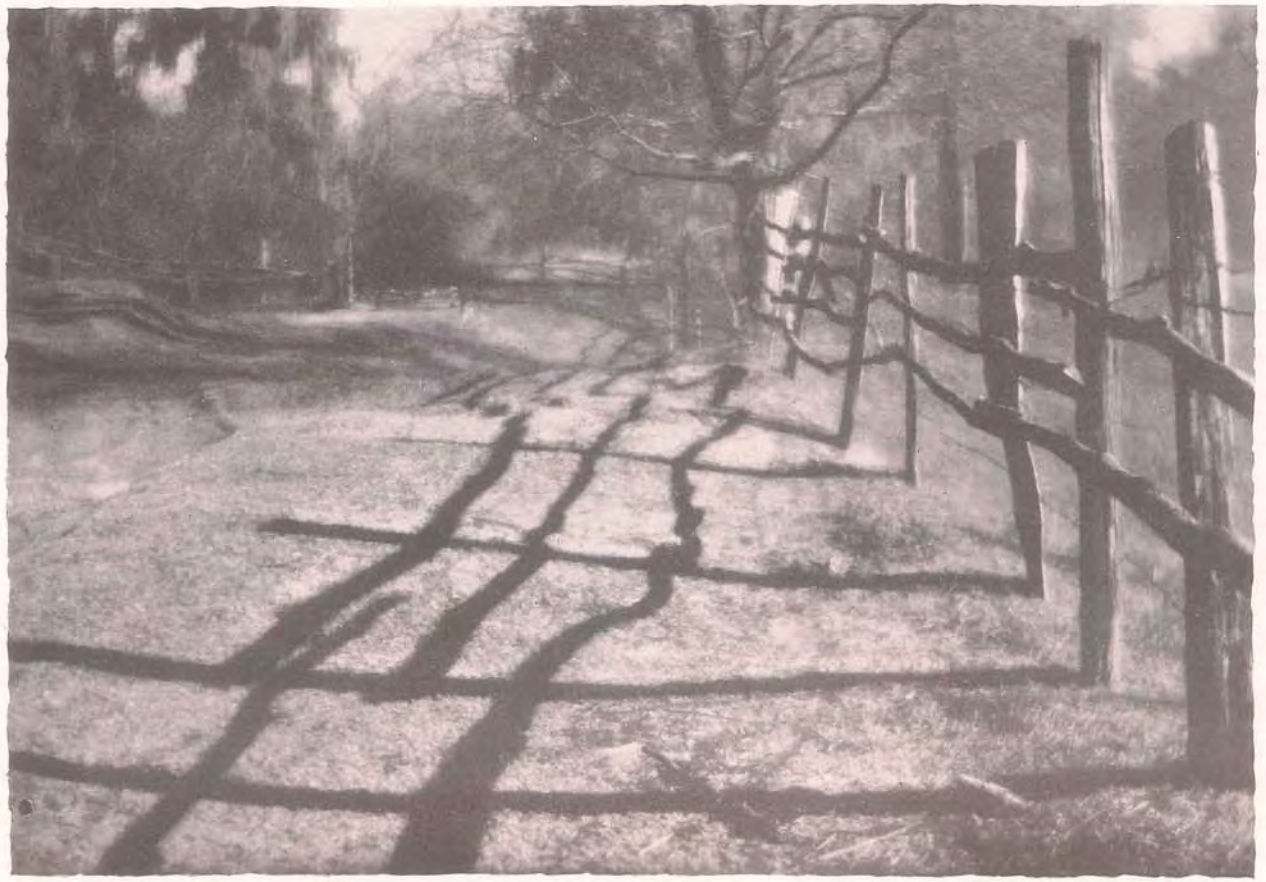
In vivid contrast is this weather-worn cabin, its hand hewn fence leaning precariously against the wind, the omnipresent old oak trailing the familiar grey beards of Spanish Moss against the sky. This particular type of shanty-cabin, with its aura of happy-go-lucky nonchalance, once a familiar and dear sight to poets and song writers, is fast disappearing as the ravages of time and weather wreak their havoc.

Jefferson Parish is a many-faceted land, one of which is the physical makeup of its terrain. Within the 60-mile length of this parish which stretches from the warm, blue waters of the Gulf northward to Lake Pontchartrain, the traveler encounters a variety of landscape . . . marshlands, half land, half water, whose deceptive appearance of solidity have gained them the local name of "trembling prairies;" labyrinthian bayous which interlace and intertwine; gently rolling alluvial land such as this whose fertile soil has been richly endowed by Mother Nature for profuse and abundant productivity.

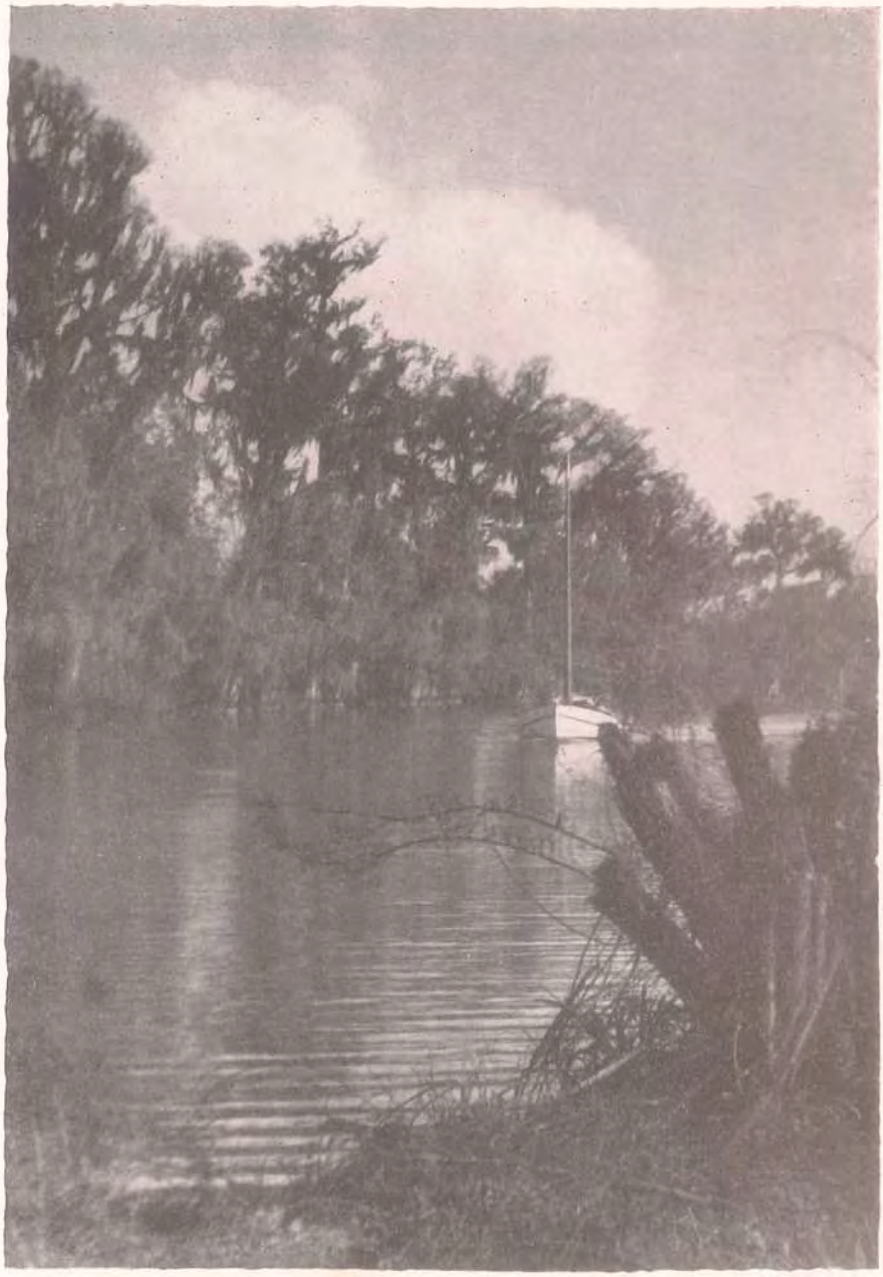
One of the most interesting sections of Jefferson Parish is the Barataria country through which Lafitte and the U. S. customs officers played hide and seek in the early part of the 19th century. Here too, parallelling Bayou Barataria, is one of the most unusual streets in America—the winding footpath which hugs the bayou's bank, the waters of which furnish the only highway these fisher-folk need. On the banks, but a few steps from the water's edge are the homes of these fishermen. Their boats are anchored before the very doors of their homes. The path, a portion of which can be seen here, is their main street, the connecting link between their homes, their stores, churches and cemeteries which line the bayou for many miles.

Mysterious and myriad are the swamplands of Jefferson Parish. Sometimes dark and foreboding; more often cool and green with lush tropical foliage. Tall cypress trees canopy this maze of waterways through which the light reaches the water only by long shafts of sunlight creating a jungle-like contrast of dark and light. One can paddle quietly in a pirogue through these silent swamps and glimpse the lazy alligator, a startled deer—or, flashing among the trees, the bright plumage of rare and unusual birds.

The late afternoon sun weaves an undulating shadow pattern on a bit of rustic and unspoiled farmland. Rich farm and pasture lands are abundant in Jefferson Parish. On land such as this graze our fat, sleek cattle and grow our famous market products which are shipped to all parts of the country. Early settlers soon discovered that the fabulous wealth promised them was not in gold and silver but was the precious treasure of rich and fertile soil, which is today being tilled by the descendants of those first adventuresome colonists.

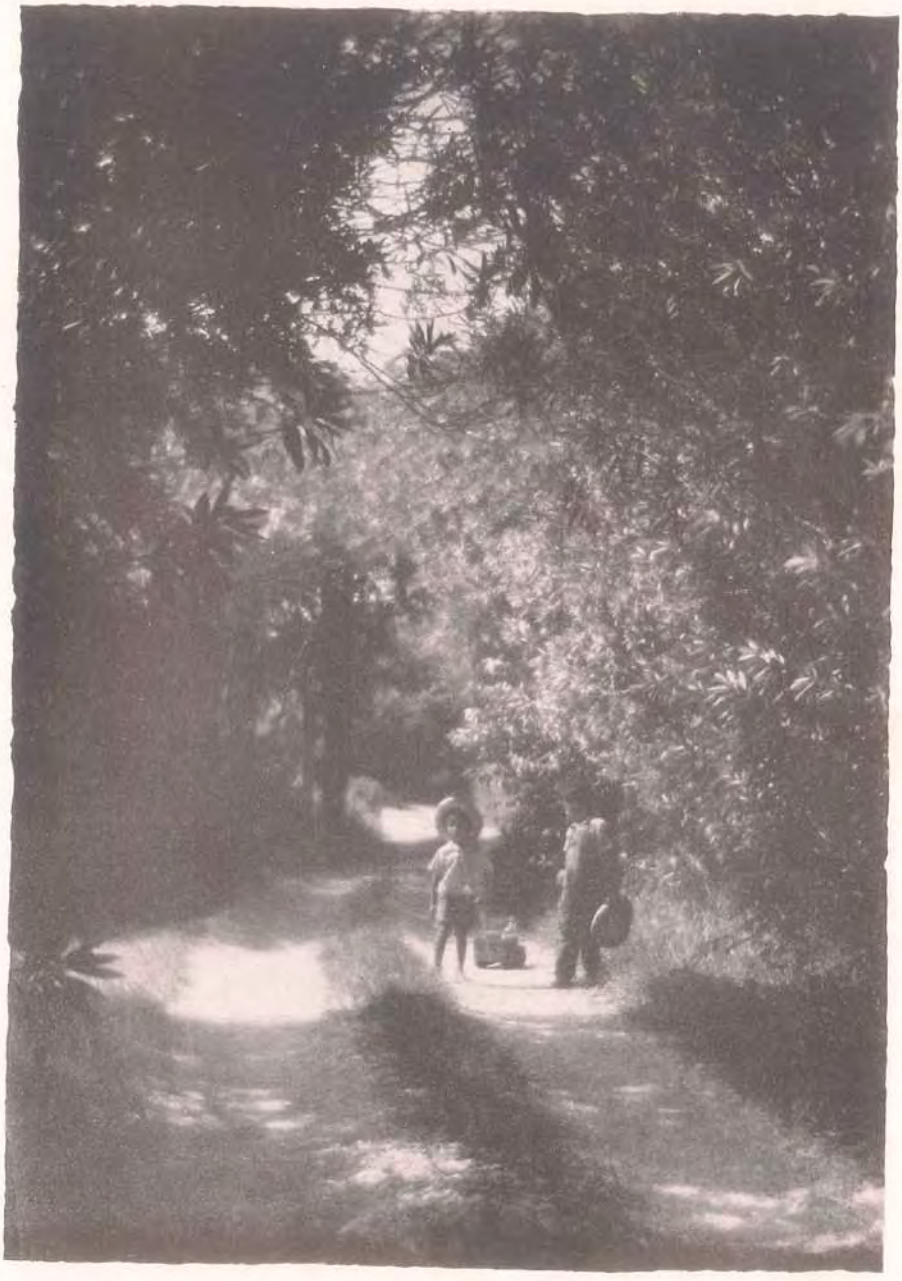


Green grows the corn—and tall—in Jefferson Parish. Let the farmlands of America look to their laurels for more and more is this section being cultivated and transformed into fields of waving corn and other produce to help feed the nation. The semi-tropical sun, the good, rich earth and a salubrious climate combine to make possible prolific three-crops-a-year planting.

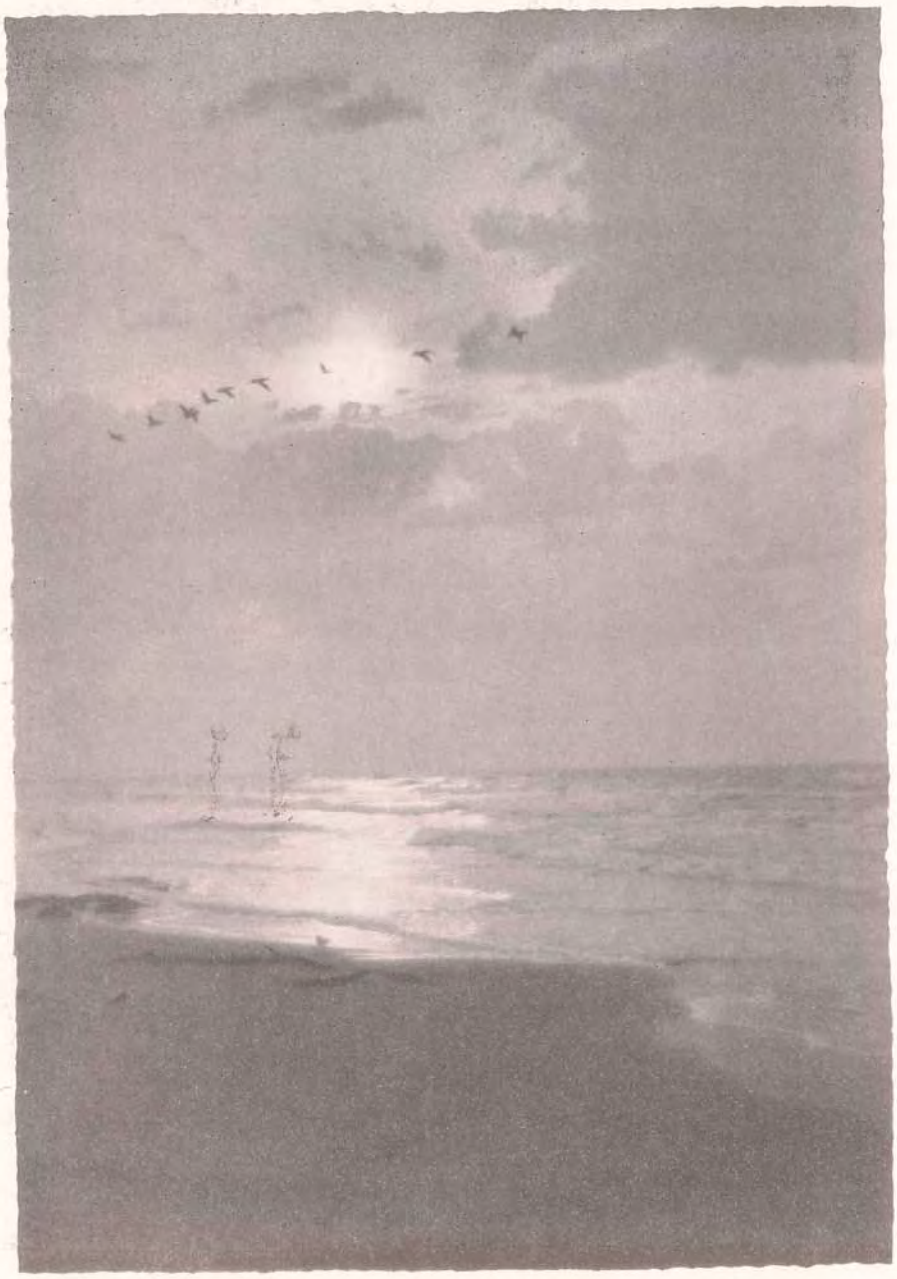


Here, one of the many thousands of fishing boats is wending its way via bayou to Gulf waters for a lucrative day of fishing. The waters of Jefferson Parish abound in succulent seafood—practically everything that swims or lives in water is to be found either in the inland bayous and lakes of Jefferson Parish or in the waters of the Gulf off Grand Isle, which is the southernmost tip of this fishermen's paradise.

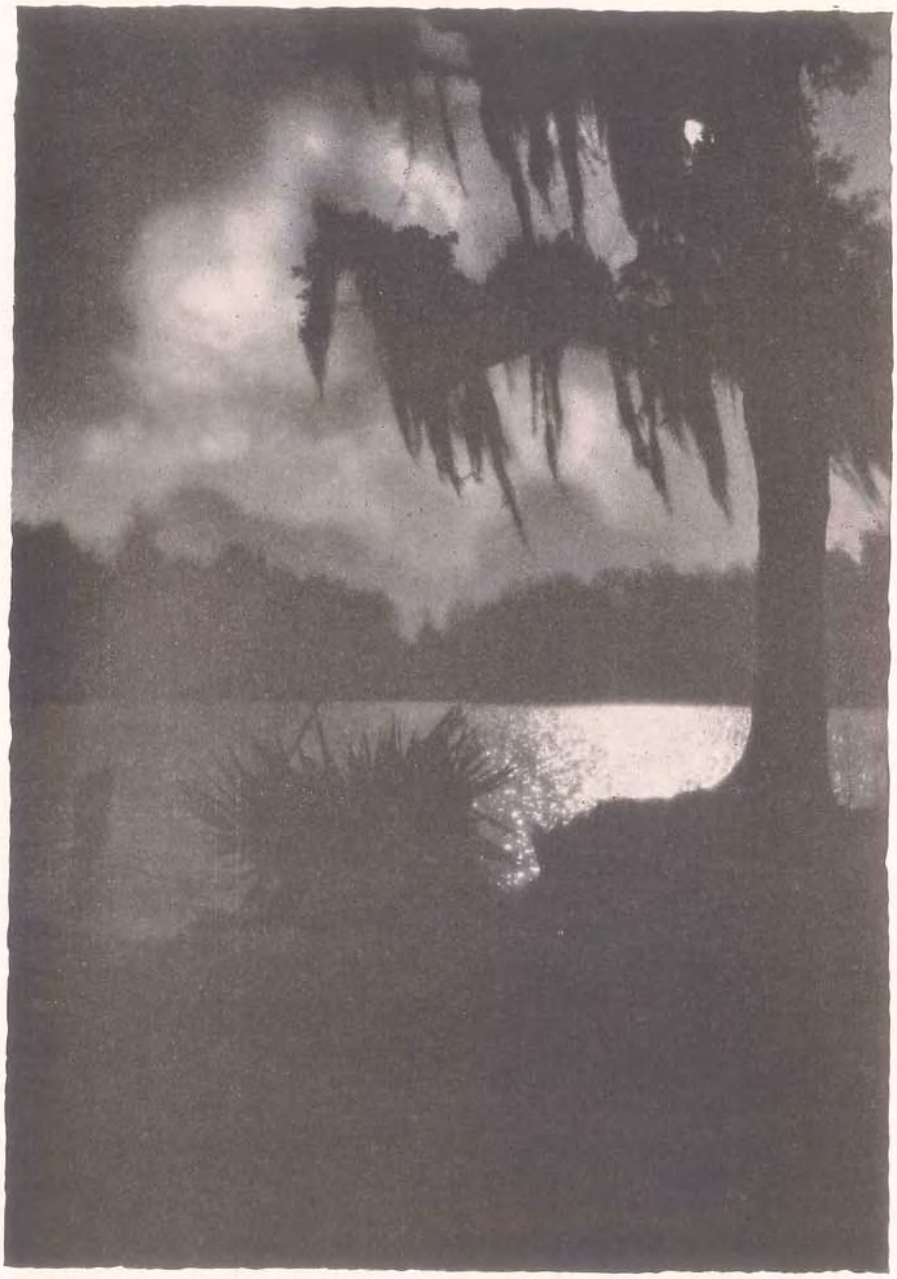
Grand Isle is rich in legend and historical anecdote. No less a part of its charm are its inhabitants, most of whom are direct descendants of Lafitte's band of smugglers. It is, then, a bit startling to find these natives so deeply religious. But, when one remembers they were originally peaceful fishermen turned smugglers by tempestuous circumstances, it is not difficult to realize their quick return to home-loving fishermen. Descending the stairs of "Our Lady of The Isle" church, around which all island life revolves, are two of Grand Isle's children.



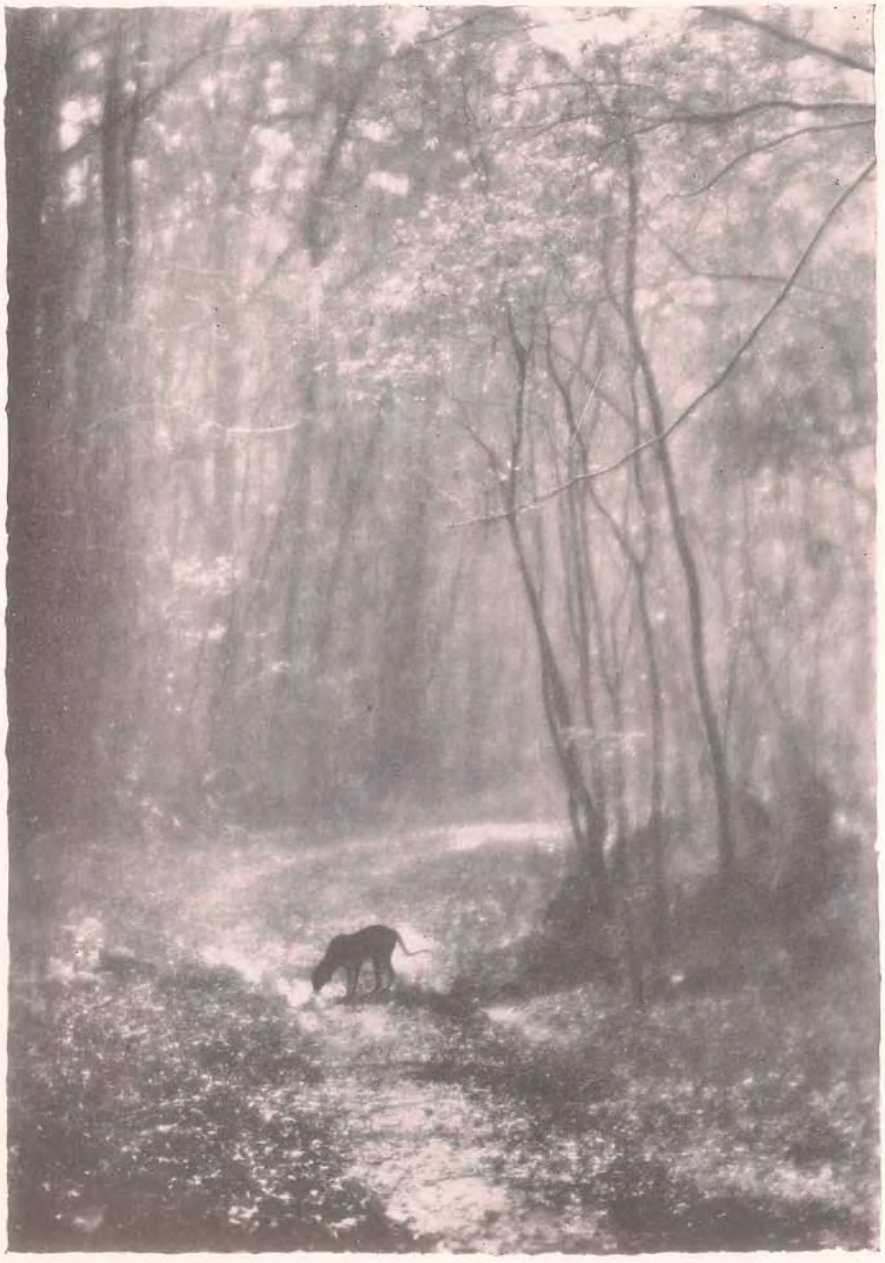
Nowhere in America will you find more tranquil, unsullied beauty than here on Grand Isle, the "sleeping beauty" of Jefferson Parish. No strident noise nor blare of traffic disturbs these two tanned and barefoot island boys, who, having been to early morning mass, now make their way down one of the lovely shaded lanes, beneath a bower of fragrant, crimson oleander toward the beach where they will fish and swim and play the rest of the day away on the eight-mile, unbroken stretch of Grand Isle beach.



Not until the war is over and traveling is no longer rationed will the eager visitor be able to stand here on this stretch of beach at Grand Isle and witness this awe-inspiring sight—the dawn that breaks "like thunder" over the island and the opalescent Gulf in golden splendor. And, if you arise early enough, you may be able to duplicate this flight of pelicans in precision formation against the sun.



Anywhere you may be in Jefferson Parish at eventide . . . whether at Grand Isle, on one of the many bayous, a limpid lake or the "Father of Waters" . . . moonrise will fill your heart with peace and calm and beauty—and you will see, in the darkening velvet of the sky, the low hanging moon of silver—the poetry and majesty of nature with which this land is so lavishly endowed.

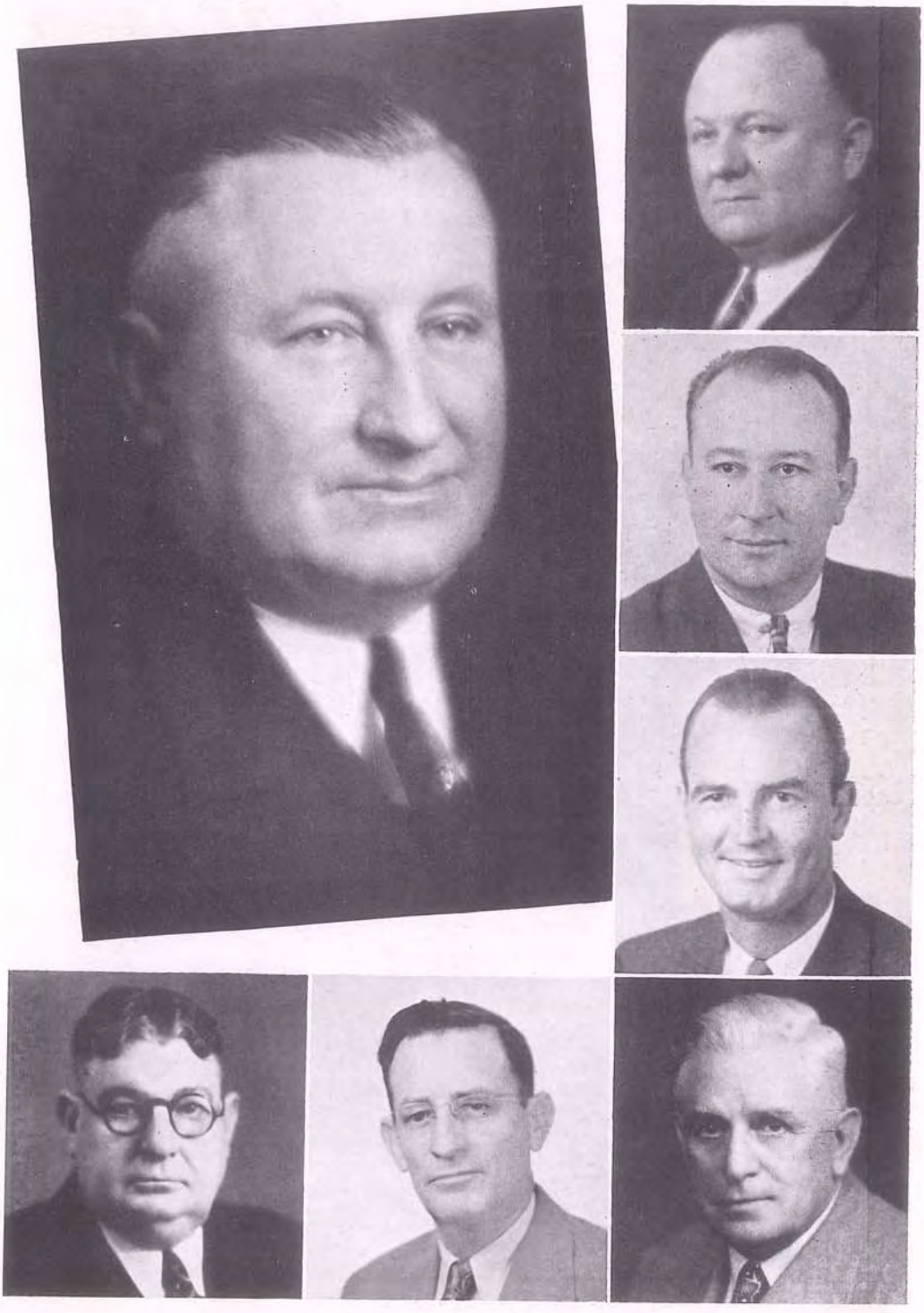


And here—where a hunter's hound experimentally sniffs the trail in the sifting sunlight—our portrait of Jefferson Parish must end. Here, where the trail leads off into the still wild woods whose friendly branches and protecting foliage are the habitat of nearly every known form of wildlife. Here, then, lies the promise of good hunting to the man or woman seeking relaxation . . . and a warm welcome to this land of friendliness and friendlier people!

FEDERAL, STATE AND DISTRICT OFFICIALS

Hon. James H. Davis, Governor of the State of Louisiana

Reading from top to bottom: Hon. Allen J. Ellender, United States Senator from Louisiana; Hon. John H. Overton, United States Senator from Louisiana; Hon. J. Emile Verret, Lieutenant Governor, State of Louisiana; Hon. Paul H. Maloney, Member of Congress, Second Louisiana Congressional District; and Hon. Alvin T. Stumpf, Louisiana State Senator, Tenth Senatorial District.



PARISH OFFICIALS

Hon. Frank J. Clancy, Sheriff

Reading from top to bottom: Hon. George Heebe, Jr., Assessor (term expiring January 1st, 1945); Hon. Vernon J. Wilty, Assessor Elect (term beginning January 1st, 1945); Hon. James E. Beeson, State Representative; Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Coroner; Hon. Edward M. Thomassie, President Pro-Tem., Police Jury; and Hon. Weaver R. Toledano, President, Police Jury.






COURT OFFICIALS

Upper left: Hon. John E. Fleury, District Attorney, 24th Judicial District. Upper right: Hon. L. Robert Rivarde, Judge, 24th Judicial District. Center: Hon. A. T. Higgins, of Jefferson Parish, Associate Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court. Lower left: Hon. E. Howard McCaleb, of Jefferson Parish, Judge of the Court of Appeals. Lower center: Hon. Vic A. Pitre, Jefferson Parish Clerk of Court, 24th Judicial District. Lower right: the late Hon. Ernest M. Conzelmann, Assistant District Attorney, 24th Judicial District Court. (At the time this publication went to press no successor had yet been appointed.)

PARADE OF

PROLOGUE

The parade forms!

A lady in Ohio walks in a store and places her down-payment on a sleek and expensive fur coat, the pelts of which came from the marshes of Jefferson Parish. A husky farmer in North Dakota pours on his breakfast wheatcakes a golden cataract that originated in the world's largest cane syrup cannery—also in Jefferson Parish.

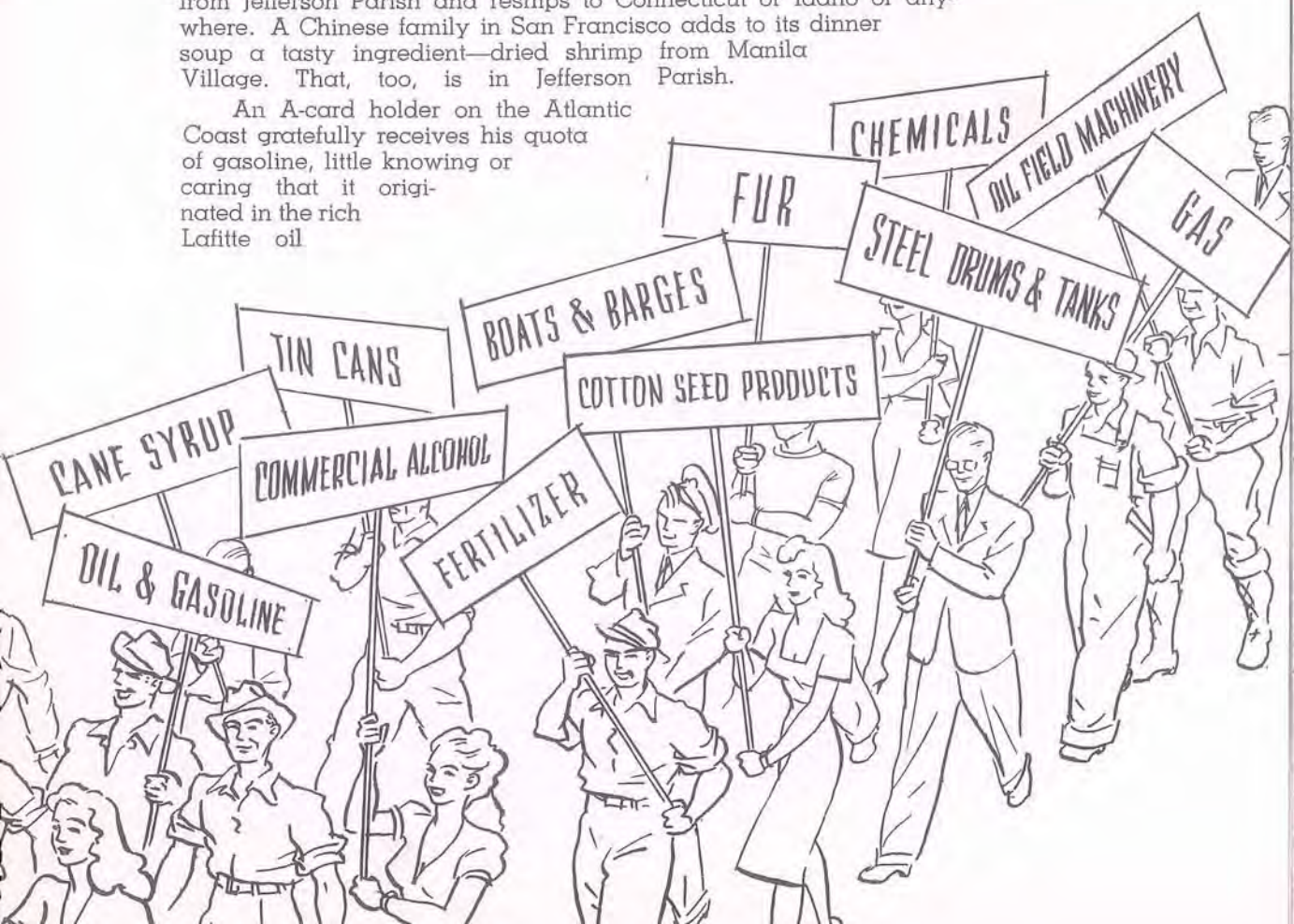
A Jap destroyer in the Pacific feels a sudden pain in its guts—and, in death agonies from the deadly torpedo of a fragile PT, hisses its hatred at the tiny antagonist whose wooden fleetness was milled and formed in Jefferson Parish. In the nation's fight to supply the demand for synthetic rubber, a new butadiene plant in West Virginia goes into production with commercial alcohol furnished by this same parish of profusion.

In Chicago, a beautiful church solves an acoustical problem so effectively that now the solemnly and softly uttered prayers from the pulpit can be heard distinctly in the rearmost seats. The solution of that problem was Acousti-Celotex, made in the only Celotex plant in America, located in versatile Jefferson Parish.

A tourist in New Orleans orders the famous Oysters Rockefeller, and is served the equally famous bivalves from Barataria Bay, at about the same moment a hostess in Detroit is proudly placing in front of her guests a tasty shrimp salad, the crustaceans of which were caught in the waters of Jefferson.

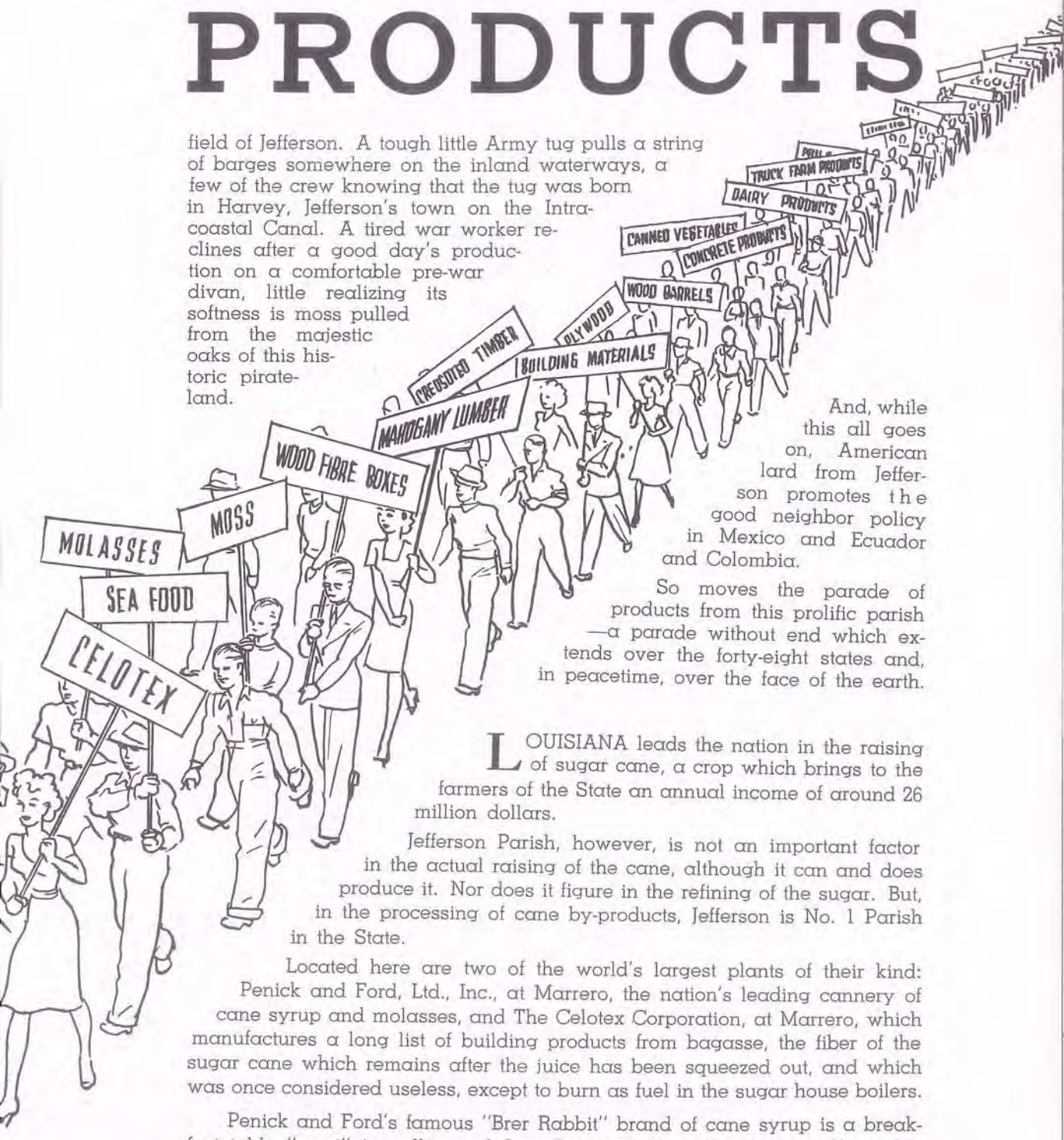
A meat packer in Kansas City receives a shipment of wooden crates from Jefferson Parish and reships to Connecticut or Idaho or anywhere. A Chinese family in San Francisco adds to its dinner soup a tasty ingredient—dried shrimp from Manila Village. That, too, is in Jefferson Parish.

An A-card holder on the Atlantic Coast gratefully receives his quota of gasoline, little knowing or caring that it originated in the rich Lafitte oil



PRODUCTS

field of Jefferson. A tough little Army tug pulls a string of barges somewhere on the inland waterways, a few of the crew knowing that the tug was born in Harvey, Jefferson's town on the Intracoastal Canal. A tired war worker reclines after a good day's production on a comfortable pre-war divan, little realizing its softness is moss pulled from the majestic oaks of this historic pirate-land.



And, while this all goes on, American lard from Jefferson promotes the good neighbor policy in Mexico and Ecuador and Colombia.

So moves the parade of products from this prolific parish —a parade without end which extends over the forty-eight states and, in peacetime, over the face of the earth.

LOUISIANA leads the nation in the raising of sugar cane, a crop which brings to the farmers of the State an annual income of around 26 million dollars.

Jefferson Parish, however, is not an important factor in the actual raising of the cane, although it can and does produce it. Nor does it figure in the refining of the sugar. But, in the processing of cane by-products, Jefferson is No. 1 Parish in the State.

Located here are two of the world's largest plants of their kind: Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., at Marrero, the nation's leading cannery of cane syrup and molasses, and The Celotex Corporation, at Marrero, which manufactures a long list of building products from bagasse, the fiber of the sugar cane which remains after the juice has been squeezed out, and which was once considered useless, except to burn as fuel in the sugar house boilers.

Penick and Ford's famous "Brer Rabbit" brand of cane syrup is a breakfast table "must" in millions of American and Canadian homes. From this factory also originates first, second and third grade molasses and blends of corn and cane syrup. Louisiana is the source of most of Penick and Ford's products for table use, but this firm also imports "blackstrap" from Cuba for the manufacture of cattle feed and for distilling purposes. It maintains a three-million gallon capacity cold storage plant for syrups and molasses.

The Celotex Corporation was established in Jefferson Parish in 1922 for the pioneer manufacturing, from bagasse, of what painstaking experiments had revealed would be the best insulating board that could be produced. Jefferson Parish had all the necessary qualifications. It was in the sugar cane area; it had plenty of water; excellent transportation facilities; ample land for future plant expansion and a wide-awake community for the procurement of labor and intelligent cooperation. The originators of what they determined to call "Celotex" started operations, back 22 years ago, with one board making machine.

Today "Celotex" is a household word. Seven board machines now produce 1,500,000 square feet a day—including building board, lath, roof insulation, sheathing, insulation for refrigerators, acoustical board and expansion joint material for concrete roads. The plant now consumes approximately 30 carloads of fibre every day and about 10,000 gallons of Mississippi water per minute.

A moment ago we mentioned "blackstrap." That is the final molasses left after several refining processes have been completed. Formerly, like bagasse, it was considered a waste product and was usually dumped in a ditch.

But today, shiploads of "blackstrap" ranging from 80,000 to 2,000,000 gallons, come into Jefferson Parish from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Honduras and Hawaii for the manufacture of commercial alcohol. Rum was also produced in peace time.

Two plants of the Commercial Solvents Corporation are engaged in this alcohol production—one at Harvey and one at Westwego. In the past year the Harvey plant has increased its production 50% and the Westwego plant 45%. The Gulf Distilling Corporation, also engaged in this same activity at Gretna, has likewise increased its output. Commercial alcohol has become a vital ingredient in our synthetic rubber program.

This is the "M. V. SEGUIN," one of the seagoing tugs recently built by Avondale Marine Ways, Inc., for the U. S. Maritime Commission. These tugs are motor-propelled and are among the largest in the world designed for commercial purposes.

The North American Trading and Import Company at Westwego imports and stores molasses for the Defense Supplies Corporation for shipment wherever it is vitally needed. And, the Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company, working with North American Trading and Import, produces commercial alcohol which goes to butadiene plants in Baton Rouge and West Virginia.

The U. S. Industrial Chemicals plant at Westwego is a molasses terminal for the purpose of storing imported and domestic molasses for the subsequent manufacture of cattle feed, which finds its way West for the winter feeding of cattle when the range is snow covered.

When cane was brought to Louisiana about two hundred years ago it was first grown and sold as a confection, being soft and sweet and easy to chew. Very shortly, however, the ingenious populace discovered that a powerful homebrew, which they called "Tafia," could be distilled from it and the early authorities had many a sugar cane binge to handle. But today, the parade of products that have been derived from this amazing plant is lengthy and imposing. And, for a good view of this parade as it forms for its march into the homes, farms and factories of the world—visit Jefferson!

From cane let's jump to cotton—another great Southern crop—and another great source of Jefferson Parish's manufacturing activity.

The Southern Cotton Oil Company at Gretna is one of the world's largest plants for processing cotton seed oil. From this plant is shipped, North by rail and South by ship, vegetable shortening and cooking oils. This is one of the oldest plants in the parish, having passed the half century mark of continued operation.

Here, also, is the Harvey refining plant of Swift and Company, also a Jefferson Parish old-timer with over 33 years on its production records.

Because Jefferson Parish has admirable rail and water facilities for bringing in the cotton seed and other raw materials, and excellent water connections

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This is an OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES photograph of a Transport Glider. After D-Day, when we began to read the newspaper accounts of plane-towed gliders dropping our air borne infantry into Fortress Europe, we began to realize that Jefferson Parish processed mahogany had taken a dramatic part in the invasion, both by air and by water.

for shipping finished products by both rail and water, these plants have economically gravitated to this area.

What's next in the parade? Oh, yes, we see a banner there marked "Seafood." That's a puny word to cover such a big Jefferson Parish subject.

First of all, along with the other "world's largest" we have already mentioned, Jefferson Parish has the largest shrimp and oyster canning plant in existence—the Southern Shell Fish Company at Harvey.

Jefferson Parish is right in the middle of the great shrimp fishing zone of Louisiana. Its trawlers from Lafitte to Grand Isle, cruising in Barataria Bay, Bay des Ilettes and the Gulf of Mexico, dip their nets and lift from the storehouse of Nature rich harvests of the sweet succulent crustaceans—some of them to be canned for far off grocers' shelves, some to be shipped fresh-frozen by truck and railway express to waiting hotels, restaurants and seafood mar-

Into PT boats have gone a great part of the war time production of processed mahogany from Jefferson Parish. This photograph shows Higgins PT's staging combat maneuvers on Lake Pontchartrain under the eagle eyes of veterans of the famous "Squadron X" of Guadalcanal fame now training youngsters in PT "know how."

kets, and some to be dried on huge wooden platforms and shipped dehydrated.

Its Barataria Bay oysters, seasoned delicately with Gulf saltwater and fattened healthily by the fresh water, are famous for their flavor. Admittedly, the finest soft shell crabs in America come from Lake Salvador and Bayou Pero, a unique industry developed by Jefferson Parish ingenuity a few years ago. (See story in 1938 Review.)

From the diversified waters of Jefferson—its twisting bayous and broad fresh water lakes and the Gulf itself—come the finny additions to the seafood parade—speckled trout, spanish mackerel, redfish, sheephead, drum, channel mullet, buffalo, gaspergou, sac-a-lait, and catfish—most of which the fishermen take to the markets of New Orleans.

An excellent example of the seafood business of Jefferson Parish is the activity of the Ed Martin Seafood Company at Westwego.

This firm, in addition to its shrimp canning, has at least 80 fishermen catching crabs exclusively. Four to five hundred baskets, averaging 7 dozen crabs to the basket, are picked every day. The crab meat is packed in cans, and shipped in wooden barrels, one hundred cans to the barrel surrounded with ice, to 44 states in the Union.

This eleven year old firm, employing 120 people, has just started shipping boiled crabs in the shell. The pincered delicacies are wrapped individually in parchment paper and shipped by truck, to points as far as Philadelphia.

In the Lewis Sea Foods plant, another Westwego firm, ten thousand pounds of crabmeat have been picked in a single day. This company will introduce an innovation to the shrimp trawling trade this summer. The "Betty Jean," a 65-foot, 80-ton boat, operated by Lewis Sea Foods, will cruise in Barataria Bay, the Gulf of Mexico or anywhere the shrimp are being caught—equipped with a complete freezing unit. Shrimp will be taken from the trawler's nets, the

Prophetically silhouetted against Jefferson Parish skies, as this article is written, are 135 of these towering symbols of Louisiana's great new oil industry. She has profitably pioneered the drilling of deep wells and a new oil metropolis is about to be born in New Orleans, from which southward into the Gulf of Mexico and northward into Mississippi are already extending spokes of exploration — offering fascinating challenges to the geophysists, the geologists, the paleontologists and the drillers and their roughnecks.

heads will be picked off, the shrimp frozen and packed in 5 lb. cartons—all on board the "Betty Jean." The boat will hold the equivalent of two boxcars. When filled to capacity the "Betty Jean" will return to Westwego and the cargo shipped.

Other seafood shippers are the Cutcher Canning Company, the Robinson Canning Company and the Otto L. Kuehn Company. There are other seafood activities in this parish—the Grand Isle and Cheniere Caminada shrimp and fish receiving platforms; the oyster tonging in Barataria Bay; the dried shrimp platforms of Manila Village and Bayou Broulo and the Westwego Feed Meal Mill, which takes seafood shells and by-products and makes them into nutritious poultry feed. But these will give you a passing view of the seafood part of the parade. We can't tarry too long. Other products are moving up.

With boats so much a part of the panorama of Jefferson Parish it is only natural to expect to see boat building. You will not be disappointed. The Avondale Marine Ways, Inc., is now fulfilling a Maritime Commission contract for 8 large seagoing tugs and working on coastal cargo vessels. The Allen Boat Company is producing 85-foot diesel tugs and steel oil barges. And, the Harvey Canal Shipyard and Machine Shop keeps in repair the boats and barges of the Coast Guard, the public service agencies and the Intracoastal Canal trade.

The subject of boats immediately focuses our attention on another interesting Jefferson Parish product—its mahogany. We are visualizing in our mind's eye those tiny PT's delivering large lethal doses to the surprised squadrons of the Imperial Japanese Navy, and we are proud that many of their sleek and slender hulls originated with two Jefferson Parish firms.

One is the Freiberg Mahogany Company, early this year awarded the Army-Navy "E," which operates a sawmill and veneer plant, dealing exclusively in foreign hardwoods, chiefly mahogany from Central America. Into the PT boats we just mentioned—and into airplanes, gliders, helicopters and landing and crash boats—now go practically its entire production. Furniture, radios and pleasure boats must wait for victory.

The other firm is the Ipix Plywood Corporation, which fabricates mahogany and other hardwoods into aircraft and marine plywood and flush doors. This Jefferson company is also completely dedicated to war work.

A prepainted and stencilled installation of Acousti-Celotex installed in St. Hyacinth's Church of Chicago, Illinois, involving a coverage of 19,000 square feet. From the discarded pulp of the sugar cane, science and Celotex have combined to produce in Jefferson Parish a sound conditioning building material which, in the case of this church, carries even the softest tones of the Mass to every worshipper in every pew.

In Jefferson Parish, at Southport, is the largest creosote treating unit for lumber in the country. This is the American Creosote Works, Inc., which covers 30 acres of ground. A planing mill, including re-saw and framing machinery, permits the fabrication of special timbers before treatment. Two wharves serve the plant. One is a landing unit, which is equipped to discharge creosote from tankers direct into an 8,000,000 gallon storage tank and the other is an export shipping dock. Today, of course, this plant is supplying treated lumber almost exclusively for war work.

Let's stay in the wood classification and study the other products that Jefferson can supply in this category.

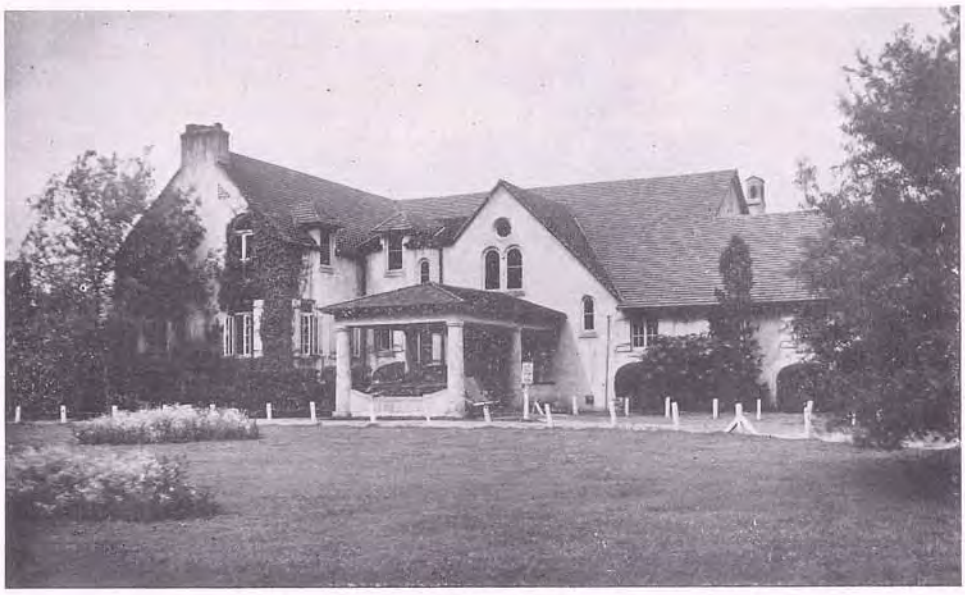
The Great Southern Box Company, Inc., has one of the largest wire-bound box plants in the South. From veneer, procured from Louisiana and Mississippi, finished boxes are distributed to meat packers in the Middle West and to citrus packers in the Rio Grande Valley, as well as many other markets. The Great Southern Box Company also operates a corrugated paper board plant.

There are also the Louisiana Box and Lumber Company, noted for egg crates and the Mancuso Barrel and Box Company, Inc.

In another part of this issue is an interesting article on oil, which has become, in the last ten years, one of the richest products of the Jefferson Parish parade. So complete is that story on the producing end of the parish oil business—and so authentic and convincing are the figures—we won't attempt to cover any more of that phase here. Instead we will point out, in the passing parade, the activities that have followed on the heels of the drillers.

It is only fair to say, in explanation, however, that four companies—the International Lubricant Corporation, the Gulf Refining Company, the Texas Company and the Sinclair Refining Company were here long before oil was discovered in Jefferson. They came originally because of the inland waterway connection with sea and rail.

Chiefly supplied by the Mid-Continent and Texas oil fields, The International Lubricant Corporation manufactures all kinds of greases for industrial



The beautiful clubhouse of the Metairie Golf Club

METAIRIE GOLF CLUB

HAROLD W. MISCHLER, President

A. W. CANCIENNE, Vice Pres. W. H. WYNNE, Sect'y.-Treas.

FRED HAAS, Professional

LEOPOLD SAUX, Manager

and automotive use. It ships to every state in the Union and before the war exported to 57 foreign countries. The Gulf Refining Company established a distributing terminal here for five Southern states in 1904. The Sinclair Refining Company at its Westwego Terminal has distributed light oils, gasoline and kerosene from Texas since 1925 and the Texas Company has operated a petroleum terminal at Marrero for years and, in addition to oil production, is refining casing head gasoline at Lafitte.

In Harvey is the American Iron and Machine Works, Inc., engaged in making and repairing oil well drilling and producing equipment. As a war activity they are also machining Liberty Ship shafting. Then there is the Hunt Tool Company, engaged in the repairing and serving of oil field equipment.

Incidentally, the Hake Galvanizing Works at Harvey offers the only hot dip galvanizing unit within 400 miles.

Steel drums, of course, are a prime product of the parish. The Rheem Manufacturing Company, the Bennet Manufacturing Company and the J and L Steel Barrel Company are all engaged in this activity. The Evans Cooperage Company reconditions them and the Wm. F. Spahr Foundry and Machine Works makes parts for steel drums and the machinery to manufacture them.

To serve the Gulf Coast syrup, seafood and vegetable canners the Continental Can Company established a huge plant in Jefferson Parish in 1932. The plant space has expanded twice since that time, now occupying, with the addition of a lithographing department, an area three times the original layout. This plant produces 80 to 100 million cans annually under normal conditions, and is equipped to serve the needs of the entire South.

A paradoxical parish is Jefferson. With less than 3 per cent of its total area available for farming purposes, it pastures and feeds great herds of dairy cattle that furnish a steady, dependable supply of rich cream and milk to New Orleans—it grows and transports to the city markets over thirty different kinds of vegetables—and it raises pedigreed porkers and blue blooded poultry for its own and cross-river consumption. Its truck farmers, poultry and hog raisers and dairymen are helping to make the parish one of the largest producers of food per acre in the United States.

There is, in the area around Lafitte, a thriving beef cattle business. The cattlemen here specialize in high grade Herefords, regarded as one of America's finest type of beef cattle.

From raw materials obtained in Louisiana and Mississippi, the Squire Dingee Company packs pickles and mustard for distribution over the U. S. and for export to Cuba.

In 1936 Johns-Manville Products Corporation established a plant at Marrero in this industrial center of the South, and proceeded to manufacture asbestos cement shingles, asphalt shingles and roofing, and roof cements and

Shrimp, the largest single item on the imposing seafood list of Jefferson Parish, is shown here being taken from the trawler and put into baskets preparatory to its trip to market. Soon it will be served boiled, with beer, or will emerge as someone's dinner cocktail.

putties for the Southern market. Today this plant, covering 130,000 square feet of floor space, provides employment for 350 workers.

Fertilizer is an important product of Jefferson Parish for three reasons: the South and Southwest are good markets for the finished product; the South is also a source of the raw materials; and Jefferson Parish is the transportation center between sources and markets.

The Davison Chemical Corporation has produced fertilizers in Jefferson Parish since 1900. These fertilizers, made up of potash and phosphates, are shipped throughout Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Arkansas. The Swift and Company Fertilizer Works began operations in 1912, procuring phospate rock from Florida, sulphur from Louisiana, other nitrogenous materials from other parts of the U. S. and foreign countries and potash from California. Swift's fertilizers are also shipped throughout the Southwest.

Did you ever see so many boiled crabs? This is only one batch. Actually, 400 to 500 baskets of these delicious denizens of the deep are processed in a day at the Ed Martin Seafood Company of Westwego.

Armour and Company Fertilizer Works, sharing age honors with Davison, both being established in 1900, produces fertilizer made from animal bones from its own packing houses and products from the Southern states. Its bone black is nationally distributed, sold to sugar refiners and syrup manufacturers. It exports to South America.

In 1927 the Paper Makers Chemical Division of Hercules Powder Company established a plant in Jefferson Parish for the same reason all these many other manufacturers have located here: nearness to raw materials, excellent transportation facilities and a great Southern and Southwestern market, both export and domestic. With resin from Mississippi and bauxite, obtainable all over the South, this firm produces paper manufacturing chemicals and general industrial chemicals. To list a few: acids, alcohols, alums, cleansers, caesin, wax emulsions, sulphonated oils and oil emulsions, soap powders, resins and pitches.

A famous international shipper of insecticides and sanitary supplies, holding world's medals for its products, has been operating in Jefferson since 1876—John Stumpf's Son of Gretna.

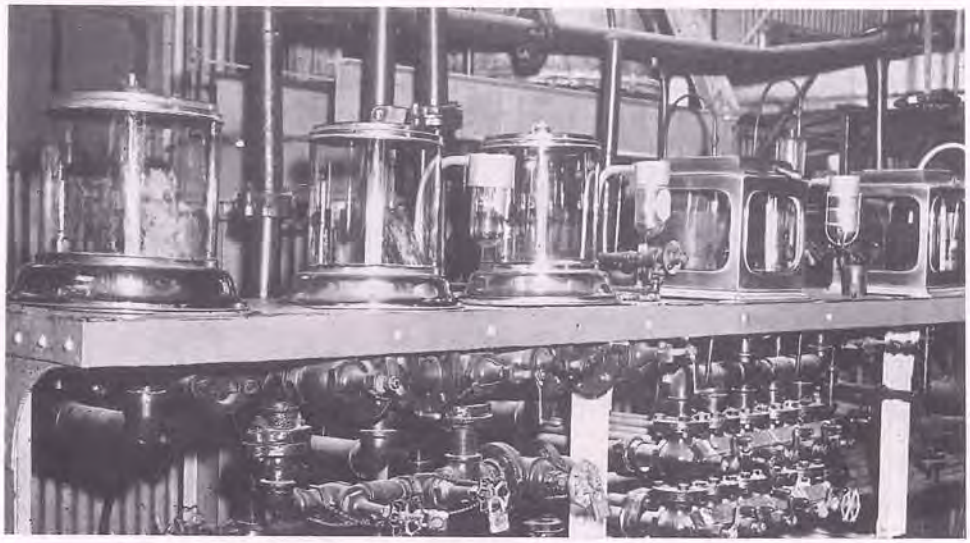
Are you tired reading about the products of Jefferson Parish? Did you realize there were so many and that they were so varied?

We said in the beginning of this article that Louisiana leads the nation in sugar cane. It is also top state in fur production—the 1942-43 catch totaling 4,776,812 pelts, bringing $5,738,168 to about 20,000 trappers in the state. Muskrat, skunk, mink, raccoon, opossum and otter—all abound here.

Although the total catch and total valuation are not broken down by parishes, it is thoroughly recognized that Jefferson is one of the top three—and that its several thousand seafood fishermen follow the trap lines in the winter time, often pocketing several thousand dollars for three months work. From the marshes of Jefferson into the markets of the world go hundreds of thousands of pelts annually.

Where, you might ask, in this parish only 60 miles along, would there be room for anything else? Already we have covered an extensive industrial section, oil fields, fishing and trapping grounds, lakes, bayous, bays and canals.

But, there seems to be room for everything here—even farming and dairying. The rich alluvial soil which the river deposited in previous centuries yields excellent truck vegetables and furnishes pasture for contented cattle. Jefferson has infinite variety in its agricultural products, sending to the markets



The combined storage capacity of the two plants of Commercial Solvents Corporation is 30 million gallons of molasses. These are stills for the initial distillation of commercial alcohol from fermented molasses. The resultant distillation, known as High Wines, is further distilled into finished alcohol, which is then worked into different grades for different purposes.

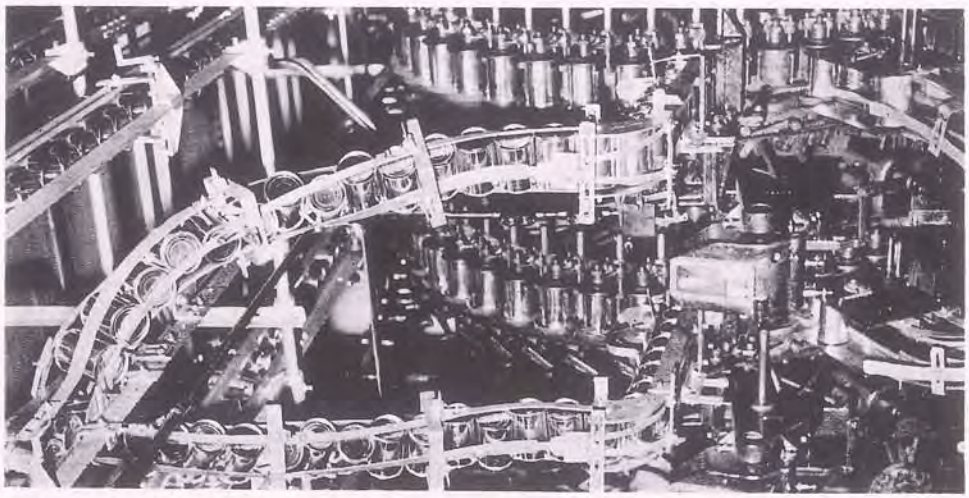
of New Orleans fresh vegetables, fresh eggs, poultry and dairy products. Especially upon the modern dairy farms and dairy cattle of Jefferson Parish does the metropolitan area of New Orleans lean heavily.

Then there is the Spanish Moss, which nature has lavished upon this parish. Visitors admire its beauty and the people of the bayouland turn its abundance into bales of future upholstered comfort for the homes of America—and nature keeps replenishing it so that neither its beauty nor abundance will diminish.

There is also natural gas which Jefferson has recently discovered in her vast reservoir deep in the silt of the centuries, packed down by Ol' Man River. One well has already been put into production.

Oil in Jefferson was found only a little over ten years ago. Gas is a very recent discovery. Many of the industries are young in years, but all were

This is a picture of an automatic air testing machine for two pound cans for Home Canning at the Harvey plant of Continental Can Company. Two such machines are used, their combined capacity making it possible to test 320 cans a minute.



H. G. McDonald, Superintendent, and Miss Gladys Parfait demonstrate one of the many types of wooden boxes that are produced by the Great Southern Box Company of Jefferson Parish.

established before the war and are now, for the duration, dedicated to war work. They are all permanent projects, not war-time expansions. The point we wish to make is this: that products are constantly being added—that even while we write, something new is forming at the other end of the line and will, in next year's edition of the Review, be a part of the passing parade of products of Jefferson Parish.

EPILOGUE

A scientist, deep in the seclusion of his laboratory, creates an amazing new product from an old familiar raw material. The manufacturer, to whom the scientist turns over his formula, discovers that in the South or Southwest that particular raw material exists in abundance. He also discovers that in the industrial area of Jefferson Parish the three necessary factors for its economic production—source, transportation and market—all arrive at their combined least common denominator.

That is why progress is a parade—because science and economy and the inherent hunger in the human race for a better way of life keep forcing those in line to move ahead or drop out.

WOMEN WAR WORKERS ... BY THE MILLIONS

By RAY M. THOMPSON

THIS story would never have been written if it hadn't been for a lovely Louisiana lane on a lazy day in April.

I don't remember now where I was going. It couldn't have been very important because the sun seduced me easily and the clover covering the roadside was an invitation to loiter too powerful to resist.

To further contribute to my dilly-dallying there were several honey bees buzzing around the clover, and their midday lullaby soon had me half dozing as I watched them.

Reclined there, completely relaxed, something I had read a few weeks before kept intruding itself into my mind—an almost forgotten piece of information which at the time had not impressed me. It was about these bees and, not until I found myself out here next to nature, did I realize its full significance.

Gradually it returned to me. I had read that gathering honey for the sweet tooth of humans was only a small part of the value to mankind of these industrious little ladies (oh, yes, I especially remembered now that the bees which gather the honey are always females. The drones, or the indolent males, spend their brief existence lazin' in the sun like I was doing.)

The article had said that their greatest contribution was their flower-pollinating activity. Without honeybees in the groves, orchards and fields to spread the fertilizing pollen, there would be very little growth of many foods, including fruits, vegetables, berries and nuts.

The article also said that, for this reason—plus the fact that the wax produced along with honey is in great demand for sealing shells for our big guns against moisture—high priorities are given to beekeepers for materials needed to carry on their work.

A close-up of the Queen Bee, easily recognized in the hive because she is the largest.

Sitting there, I began to realize that these busy little bees—ignoring me as they buzzed about their business—represent a class of women war workers we don't know we have, never publicized by the OWI and never recognized by the Manpower Commission. The idea of millions of these mighty little mites, never guilty of absenteeism, never failing to faithfully perform their God-given function in the production of the food that we need in ever-increasing quantities to supply ourselves and the world, made me suddenly very, very interested in bees.

I no longer wanted to linger in the sun. There is a man by the name of Mike Stevenson in Westwego who raises queen bees. I, like others, had passed his place dozens of times, but had never stopped. Up to now, I had figured bees made honey—and that was that. But today I made a bee line for Stevenson's place to learn more about these women war workers who have never made the headlines.

I soon discovered that Mike Stevenson is no

Mike Stevenson inspects one of his hives. The bee net over his hat and head is merely a precaution. If the bees are disposed to be unruly they are quieted by several puffs from a smoke pot which is always handy. This is a bellows arrangement over a receptacle containing smouldering sticks of wood. The smoke treatment seems to discourage any bellicose attitude the bees might unexpectedly develop—but Mike maintains that, normally speaking, his Golden Italians are gregarious and friendly.

beginner in this bee business. It was Sunday, April 16, this day on which I suddenly became interested in apiculture, and, as it turned out, it was also Mike's 84th birthday.

Partly because I was so ignorant about bees and so interested and partly because my visit happened to fall on the day of his natal celebration, Mike told me a little of his own story along with an interesting discourse on the oldest craft under the sun.

Mike Stevenson, at 84, is a healthy six-foot denial of his age. And, Mrs. Stevenson, a good many years younger, is as constantly busy as the bees she tends.

The Stevensons do not raise bees to produce honey. They raise queen bees and workers for shipment into almost all parts of the world—mostly now to the 48 states, Mexico and Canada—but as far as South Africa before the war.

Mike, himself, has been a beekeeper since the time, as he tells with a twinkle in his eye, when his dad gave him the care of a hive on his twentieth birthday. By attending to bees-ness he amassed a profit of $18.50 on this hive the first season. With this fortune he went on a brief spending spree and was soon back minus his money, but with the bees still in his bonnet. And, he never quite got away from their buzzing for the next 64 years.

Biologists say hunting is the oldest human enterprise but, after you talk with Stevenson awhile, you begin to realize that original man, long before he learned to fashion weapons to kill animals, had fed himself on caches of wild honey. Insect life was present in the world long before man appeared on it. The apple, pear, raspberry, blackberry and plum were common fruits of the countryside in the later Stone Age. Undoubtedly the bees preceded man and first fed him.

One of the oldest fables in mythology deals with the origin of the honey bee. The ancients believed that the God Jupiter was entrusted by his Mother, Ops, to the two beautiful daughters, Melissa and Amalthea, of the King of Crete, with instructions to secretly feed and care for him. This was to prevent Saturn, his father, from devouring Jupiter as was his immortal habit with all his children as soon as they were born.

So grateful was Jupiter, when he was grown and learned how he had been raised, that he turned the sisters into bees and decreed that the work of collecting honey for man should be evermore confided to their descendants—that honey which, up until a few centuries from the present day, was believed to be a miraculous secretion from Heaven.

It is difficult—with cane sugar so common in our own state and with beet sugar, saccharin and other chemical sweetening agents now in existence—to realize that up until the time of Columbus there was practically no other sweetener, of any kind, except honey, in the world.

To thoroughly understand bees, we must first learn that, in the bee colony, the ordinary male-and-female principles are all abolished. Each hive, or colony, consists of workers, drones and the queen bee. The drones are all males. The workers are all females. The queen bee, also female, is however,

To the left is the drone, the only male in the bee hierarchy. He makes no honey. He possesses no stinger. He has no vote. He just plays in the sunshine and eats what the toiling females provide and dies when his appointed span of uselessness is over.

To the right is the worker—the neuter or undeveloped female of the hive. She handles all the work, brings in all the honey—in fact does everything except deposit eggs, which is the Queen's royal responsibility. To give you a faint idea of the amount of work done by each of these little ladies, it takes twenty to forty thousand trips to the flowers to produce a pound of honey.

the only one of her sex in the hive that becomes fertile and deposits eggs. Only in the dire emergency of the loss of their queen, do the other females take over the duty of propagation.

Since the life of the bees, like all living creatures, is a cycle or circle, we must start somewhere in that circle. So, let's start in the early Spring when, in the natural development of a hive, free from man's manipulation, the new young queen emerges.

You have heard that each hive has only one queen. That is true—but, not because only one is hatched. It is because only one survives. The first to emerge from her queen cell punctures and kills the cells of those other queens slightly delayed in their entrance.

Escorted by the bees she flies out in the sunshine for her brief mating with one of the drones—the successful suitor, who dies immediately. Then she returns to the hive where her duty from that time until her death is to lay eggs—three to five thousand per day during peak season. She mates only once. She lives about a year and a half in the South, sometimes three years in the North.

Contrary to popular opinion the queen bee, in spite of her royal title, does not rule the hive. She is controlled, as is everything in the bee colony, by the workers, who are the undeveloped females.

These workers build the cones, and, by the cones they build, are controlled the sex of the bees hatched from the eggs deposited by the queen. The eggs which she deposits in the worker cells always produce workers. The eggs deposited in the drone cells always produce drones.

The workers furnish drone cells and permit the raising of drones for one purpose only—that brief mating with the queen—and only one, or at most several of the drones, participate in that marital act. The rest are useless, stingless, winged nonentities that fly about in the sun and die as soon as the workers have decided their usefulness is over.

All the worker cones and drone cones are fed with honey and bee bread by the mature workers. And, as long as they are fed in this manner by the mature workers, only workers or drones will emerge. But, with a few worker cells, the workers take special pains. They set these off by themselves and feed them with a special secretion called royal jelly. This royal jelly turns a worker egg into a queen egg and a queen is born.

Thus you can see how, by the care of a few cells and the feeding of a special sustenance, the workers can raise queens at will.

Now, we come to the simple explanation of how Stevenson and other bee keepers make a business out of these fundamental principles of bee life.

Stevenson raises a particularly popular species of bee, known as the Golden Italian. It is a gentle bee, greatly in demand. Stevenson ships these pleasant bees—a whole colony and a queen in one shipment—on order to any part of the world. A colony and queen will average about 10 pounds and there are about 3,500 bees to the pound. An average colony of Golden Italians will produce about 450 pounds of honey a season. With honey now about 12c

Mike Stevenson and his helper are preparing a shipment of bees. The workers are shaken off the comb into the funnel and into the specially screened box which rests on the scales. Bees are sold by the pound.

a pound wholesale, you can figure for yourself what one colony, or hive, will produce for the owner.

Stevenson starts out by depriving a hive of their queen and, at the same time, furnishing them with queen cells already started with the larvae 18 to 24 hours old and the royal jelly. Desperate to secure a queen quickly the worker bees feed these queen cells. But, when the first queen emerges and before she can kill the rest, the Stevensons remove her. And, as each queen hatches in turn, she, too, is removed. One is left with the worker bees, as their queen. Each of the others are shipped, along with boxes of workers to other beekeepers who are in the business of raising honey.

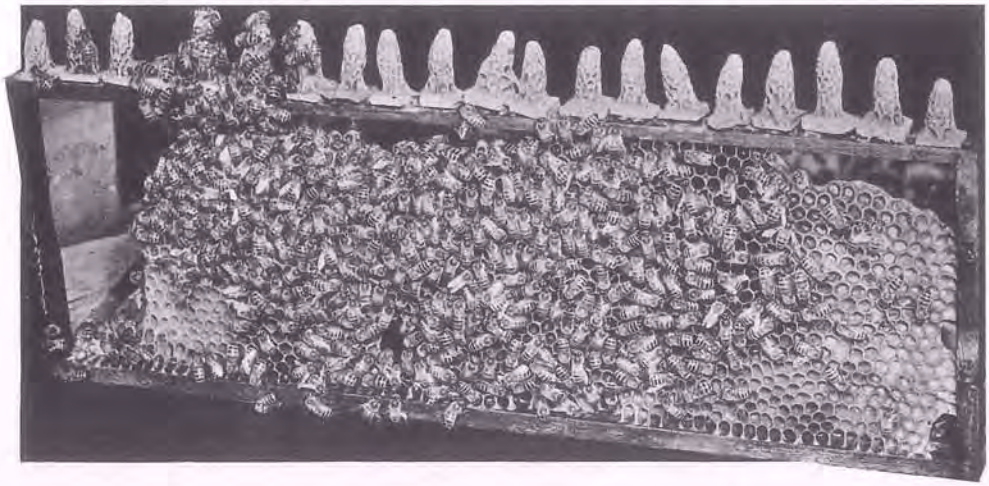
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson do not give their bees time to store up honey. They keep them busy raising queens and furiously building more worker cells to replace the constantly depleted supply of honey.

At times when the weather is too rainy and the Stevenson bees cannot find enough nectar for their immediate needs, they are fed, like children, with sugar and water. And, when they are shipped, along with them goes a 50-50 solution of sugar and water to keep them alive and healthy until they reach their destination.

I came away from Stevenson's apiary—where he is creating winged Wacs by the millions, realizing that the phrase "Busy as a bee" was no idle comment.

Right in our own back yard in Jefferson Parish is a business that is older than war—the raising of those Amazons of the Air, that seem, by their tuneful buzzing to be idling in the sun but which are actually working every second of their brief existence.

Each of these cells which you see projecting from the top of this frame is a Queen cell. One Queen, of course, will remain in the hive. The rest, in commercial bee raising, are removed and shipped. If left to the bees themselves, all but one would be destroyed.



Here are shown Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson with a tiny box containing the Queen and her traveling food. This will be attached to the shipment of workers which Mr. Stevenson has prepared, shown on page 114. When they arrive the Queen and the workers will be put together in the new hive and a new colony will have started.

The workers are very solicitous for their Queen. She is constantly surrounded by attendants that, apparently, anticipate her every need. She will average two to three thousand eggs daily, two to three times her own weight every 24 hours. The nurse bees that surround her feed her with regurgitated food regularly. Nowhere has motherhood become so highly specialized. She neither digests her own food, cares for her own person, nor nurses her own offspring. During the summer months, the Queen moves constantly from cell to cell depositing eggs. Although she may live for three years, she never leaves the hive except on her mating flight or to accompany a swarm.

When flowers are plentiful, a worker bee will wear itself out in about six weeks to produce, during its entire lifetime, a single teaspoonful of honey. It produces honey to feed other worker cells so that new workers may be produced to make more honey or new queens may be hatched to produce more workers. The drones are incidental, but not accidental.

The next time I feel sorry for myself I'm going out to Stevenson's and feel sorry for the bees. All work and no play—that's the life of a bee—even a queen bee.

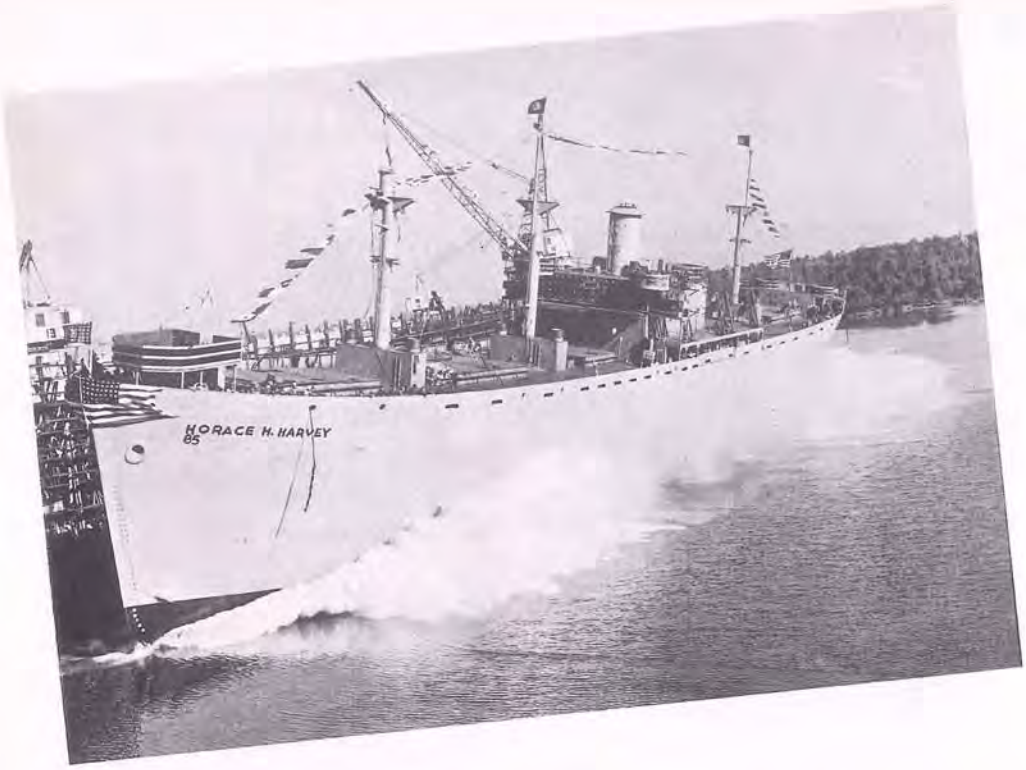
ADDENDUM

I have just learned that these winged Wacs are serving with the Chinese Army to carry messages through Japanese lines. Clever people these Chinese! They have taken advantage of the homing instinct of the worker bee to return to its hive. Up to a distance of three miles it will fly back unerringly. Retreating Chinese troops, leaving a sector, take some worker bees with them. When they wish to send a message back to that sector they administer a small shot of ether to one of the bees and then attach a small capsule with linen thread around its body. When the bee awakens it heads straight for home and there isn't a Jap sniper, sentry or whole division can stop it. They can't even see it!

—The Author.

RAY M. THOMPSON

The author of the preceding article is already known to readers of this publication. He is the author of the recently released "The Land of Lafitte the Pirate," now in its second printing, and a contributor to many publications. Formerly an advertising agency executive, he has devoted the last several years exclusively to writing. At present Mr. Thompson is at work on a forthcoming book on the French Quarter of New Orleans which will be released next spring by the publishers of the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review.



The launching of the "Horace H. Harvey," named for one of Louisiana's most outstanding figures.

DITCH OF DESTINY

By TILDEN LANDRY

WHAT'S the adjective you most naturally associate with "wilderness?" Trackless, of course—and a minute's reflection reveals this as no mere literary cliche. As soon as man begins making paths through a wilderness, he stops calling it a wilderness. From the beginning, always there have been a few men who have moved many miles and many years *ahead* of advancing civilization, pushing back wilderness frontiers by the simple American expedient of making tracks where none were before.

Such a man was Captain Horace Hale Harvey. South and west from his ancestral home (the present town of Harvey) stretched a wilderness of bayou, swamp, and delta jungle. Not a land to invite the building of land-trails . . . but Captain Harvey had inherited a canal.

His ancestor, Jean Baptiste d'Estrehan des Tours, had had it dug in the 1720's to drain his plantation lands. Later, seeing its possibilities as a convenient means of carrying wood in from the swamps, he contracted with the German settlers of Mechanickham (now Gretna), to enlarge it in return for small farm lands. They set to work with wooden shovels and toiled for three and a half years. In 1741 the new canal was completed; extending over five miles from the Mississippi river to Little Bayou Barataria.

So there was born a new transportation route. Through the years its traffic steadily increased in volume and variety. About 1860 the "submarine railroad" was built, so that boats could be moved from canal to river and from river to canal. Rails ran from beneath the surface of the river, up over the levee, and down into the bed of the canal. Boats were lashed to a sort of drydock-on-wheels, pulled over the embankment by mule-power, and set afloat on the other side.

Captain Horace Hale Harvey, known as the Father of the Intracoastal Canal and affectionately called "Little Father of the Baratarias."

Mrs. Ernest Roger, Jr., daughter of Captain Harvey, as she appeared on the day she christened with pride and affection the Liberty ship HORACE H. HARVEY, "a monument with steam up" to her father's vision and determination.

With the building of the locks in 1880, making the canal readily accessible to the teeming traffic of the Mississippi, the one-time drainage ditch had become a major artery of trade for this region. Captain Horace Harvey stood upon its bank and looked thoughtfully far beyond the horizon.

Along the myriad rivers and bayous of South Louisiana were thousands of good folk who dwelt in a wet wilderness. On the most inaccessible chenieres, in the most remote trapping settlements, deep in the darkest swamps, you could find many hundreds who called Horace Harvey their friend. Friend and benefactor, for wherever storm or flood or other misfortune struck among the bayou people, it was proverbial that Captain Harvey would not be far behind, bringing assistance and relief to the suffering.

These people needed a means of shipping their raw products into the Port of New Orleans, and of receiving supplies and manufactured articles from New Orleans and from the numerous factories in Jefferson Parish. Captain Harvey visualized an inland waterway from Harvey to a point deep in the state of Texas. "For thirty years," he wrote, "I dreamed and planned. . . ." It was modest understatement; this indefatigable gentleman was no armchair dreamer and planner. His visions were translated into action, energetically and at once. Those thirty years were full and busy years of endless battles with the many obstructions that stood in the way. The national capital came to know and respect the man who spoke so earnestly of a protected inland waterway that was to stretch one day from Boston to the Rio Grande.

Horace Hale Harvey died in 1938 at the age of 78. He had lived to see his dream become a reality. The Intracoastal Canal as it exists today and as it will be expanded in the future, we owe to the vision and energy of the man who stood on the bank of his great, great grandfather's canal and saw what lay beyond the horizon. Financed by a $16,000,000 United States Government appropriation, aided by the $30,000, 300-ft. right-of-way furnished free of charge by the Jefferson Parish Police Jury, the canal carried a rich and colorful caravan of commerce when Captain Harvey last looked upon his

creation. Shrimp fleets, towboats and barges bound for Texas, pleasure craft speeding to Gulf fishing grounds, oil barges from westward fields, golden-heaped sulphur barges from the Southwest, gleaming white cargoes of shell . . . there may well have been a deep and satisfying glow in his heart as he gazed.

Deep and satisfying, too, is the pride with which Louisiana honors the memory of far-seeing Captain Harvey. On November 12, 1943, a trim new Liberty ship slid down the ways of the Delta Shipbuilding Co., in New Orleans. Proudly on its bows it carried the name of Horace Hale Harvey. This, I think, is the kind of memorial Captain Horace himself would have approved. A monument with steam up, and a job to do beyond the horizon.

Editor's Note: The entire Intracoastal Canal, of which the "Ditch of Destiny" is now an important segment, is the subject of the article immediately following this one. That unbroken protected inland waterway, of which Captain Harvey dreamed would one day stretch from Boston to Texas, is not far off. The American people will not soon forget how the squat barges and tough little tugs on man-made coastwise streams transported oil safely when sea-going tankers were held helpless in their harbors by sub packs. The future prosperity and safety of the nation are inextricably bound up with its great system of inland waterways, potentially the finest in the world.

TILDEN LANDRY

Author of the "Ditch of Destiny" is a native of Louisiana and knows the section of which he writes from years of affectionate study of its people and its past. Mr. Landry is equally facile in both the field of writing and illustrating. He is the illustrator of Harnett T. Kane's "Bayous of Louisiana" and Ray Thompson's "The Land of Lafitte The Pirate." Mr. Landry is now associated with the Fitzgerald Advertising Agency of New Orleans.

The title of this picture could very easily be "Beauty and the Beach." Not entirely do we mean the focal points of feminine pulchritude seemingly unworried over the flat tire (they know they'll get help)—but also the soft slap of the surf on golden sand, the blended blue and crimson memory of another glorious sunset and the gathering quiet and peace of another star crested night on Grand Isle.

THE GULF
Intracoastal Waterway

BY W. B. SMITH
U. S. Army Engineer, New Orleans District

THE Gulf Intracoastal Waterway extends from Carabelle, Florida, to Corpus Christi, Texas. This article covers the portion in Louisiana constructed or being constructed by the Corps of Engineers under direction of the District Engineer, New Orleans District.

The original projects were adopted by the River and Harbor Acts of August 11, 1888; March 2, 1907; March 3, 1909; June 25, 1910; March 2, 1919; February 27, 1911; July 25, 1912; August 8, 1917; July 18, 1918; and September 22, 1922.

The 9- by 100-foot project was adopted by the River and Harbors Acts of March 3, 1925; January 21, 1927; August 26, 1937; and June 20, 1938.

The acts prior to March 3, 1925, and January 21, 1927, authorized, generally, projects five feet deep and 40 feet wide. The original route contemplated entering the Mississippi River through Bayou Lafourche at Donaldsonville, Louisiana.

Thus, it may be seen that an inland waterway along this part of the Gulf Coast has been under consideration since 1888. Even at that time the military value of an inland route was fully realized.

The original routes for the sake of economy utilized natural waterways which in many instances consisted of large bodies of open water such as Lake Pontchartrain, Lake Salvador, Grand Lake, White Lake and Vermilion Bay. It was soon realized that in order to provide a safe all-weather route suitable for small boats and heavily loaded tows, it would be necessary to avoid large open bodies of water. It was also realized that it was not practicable to maintain a channel through these lakes which usually had soft bottoms. The small

Shown here are a string of empty steel oil barges on their return trip west, just about to pass through Wagner's Bridge on Little Bayou Barataria, a link of the Intracoastal Canal. Note the tiny tug, one of the busy ants of the waterways.

One of the cut-offs recently completed on the Intracoastal Canal to eliminate sharp, time-wasting curves. Shown in the foreground is the Harvey Canal. To the left is the abrupt turn where it intersects with Little Bayou Barataria. Into the background runs the cut-off that will straighten the route at this point.

5- by 40-foot channel was not adequate for economical water transportation and was not utilized to any great extent, except possibly for local traffic.

Under the Acts of March 3, 1925 and January 21, 1927, active work was started on the 9- by 100-foot project. These acts, as well as ones on the previous project, provided for furnishing the necessary rights of way and spoil disposal areas by local interests without cost to the United States. The securing of rights of way across the State and examination of titles to the deeds was not a small undertaking. This task was performed by the police juries of the various parishes traversed by the waterway and by local persons who were interested in water transportation.

Work was performed under contract, except two sections where dredging was performed with Government plant, due to complications in disposal of materials, etc. Dredging was commenced in April, 1929, and completed in January, 1934. The work consisted of dredging a little over 50,000,000 cubic yards by contract. In addition, 1,200,000 cubic yards were dredged by Government plant on the Plaquemine-Morgan City section.

Two navigation locks and two railroad bridges were built on the Harvey route. The highway bridges were built by the State without reimbursement. Harvey Lock is located at the entrance to the Mississippi River at Harvey, Jefferson Parish. Vermilion Lock is near the town of Abbeville in Vermilion Parish, and was built to prevent the intrusion of salt water into the rice irrigation section. Both locks are of modern type, electrically operated.

The 9- by 100-foot waterway had not been completed very long before the demands of navigation required its enlargement. Resolutions by the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, House of Representatives, adopted June 8, 1938, and Committee on Commerce, United States Senate, adopted July 5, 1938, requested review of reports on the Louisiana-Texas Intracoastal Waterway with a view to determining whether any modification of the existing project was advisable at this time.

The report of the Board of Engineers and the Chief of Engineers was favorable for the enlargement of the Waterway from a 9- by 100-foot section to a 12- by 125-foot section. Thus, within a period of only a few years commerce developed on this waterway to such an extent as to justify its enlargement. At the present rate of increase it is probable that further enlargement will be necessary.

The enlargement of the waterway to the 12- by 125-foot section was authorized as a War Measure by Congress and the necessary funds were provided. Most of the work was done by leased plant in order to expedite its completion, as by this procedure it was possible to commence immediately after receipt of authorization. Otherwise, it would have been necessary to make surveys, prepare specifications, advertise, etc. Work was commenced

A Suction Dredge of this type was used recently to widen the Little Bayou Barataria link of the Intracoastal Canal. The photograph shows how the spoil is deposited beyond the Canal's bank.

on the section from the Mississippi River to the Calcasieu River in December, 1942, and was completed May 15, 1944. During the latter stages of the work when time permitted the preparation of specifications, some of the excavation was done under negotiated unit price contracts.

In making the enlargement a number of cutoffs and easing of bends were made. This required additional right of way to be provided by local interests without cost to the United States. The additional right of way was obtained by donations and purchases with funds provided by the police juries of the parishes through which the changes in alignment were made and by navigation interests using the waterway.

The old route of the 9- by 100-foot waterway east of the Mississippi River passed through Lake Pontchartrain and the Industrial Canal Lock. This lock was operated by the Dock Board. Under the authority for enlargement a change in route was made by a land cut taking off from the Industrial Canal just beyond the lock and extending by a land cut to Lake Borgne near the mouth of the Rigolets. This change in route was of tremendous advantage to navigation, as it not only shortened the route, but avoided rough water in Lake Pontchartrain and the passage through several bridges. Effective April 1, 1944, the Industrial Canal Lock with appurtenances was taken over for operation and control under the jurisdiction of the War Department, Corps of Engineers. The lock and bridge will be toll free and operated on a 24-hour per day basis.

As many as 14 dredges were employed simultaneously on the work of enlargement. The bulk of the work was done by hydraulic dredges, but some bucket-type dredges were used where local conditions, such as limited spoil disposal areas, made it advantageous or necessary. It is estimated that over 55,000,000 cubic yards of excavation were required to enlarge the canal to 12- by 125-feet.

The Intracoastal Canal has been of tremendous value to the property owners as a forerunner of commercial development along its banks and to vast improvement of drainage conditions. Commercial development has been especially active in Jefferson Parish in the vicinity of Harvey Lock.

W. B. SMITH

W. B. Smith, C. E., U. S. Army Engineers, New Orleans District, who gives us this resume of the Intracoastal Canal, has been connected with the U. S. Government for 37 years. He graduated from L.S.U. in 1906, became connected with the New Orleans office in 1928 and is now Engineer in charge of Inspection Division. Mr. Smith made the first surveys for the Intracoastal Canal.

TWO ALTERNATE CONNECTIONS *Of Present Intracoastal Canal* WITH MISSISSIPPI RIVER

By E. S. PENNEBAKER

This article should be read in connection with the two articles preceding—the first of which traces the historical background of the Harvey Canal, which is the last link between the Mississippi River and the Intracoastal Waterway to the Southwest. The second brings the reader up to date in the engineering development of the Intracoastal Canal—and this article discusses the next logical step which the irrevocable law of progress dictates. It is our suggestion that the reader study the map on page 132 before starting this article, so that he or she may mentally follow the routes discussed.

A RECENT report from Washington states that a Senate Committee has approved the postwar construction of an alternate lock and channel connecting the Intracoastal Canal with the Mississippi River at a point below New Orleans, based on a recommendation of Brigadier General Max C. Tyler, President, Mississippi River Commission, after studying reports of surveys and estimates by army engineers assigned to investigate the best route.

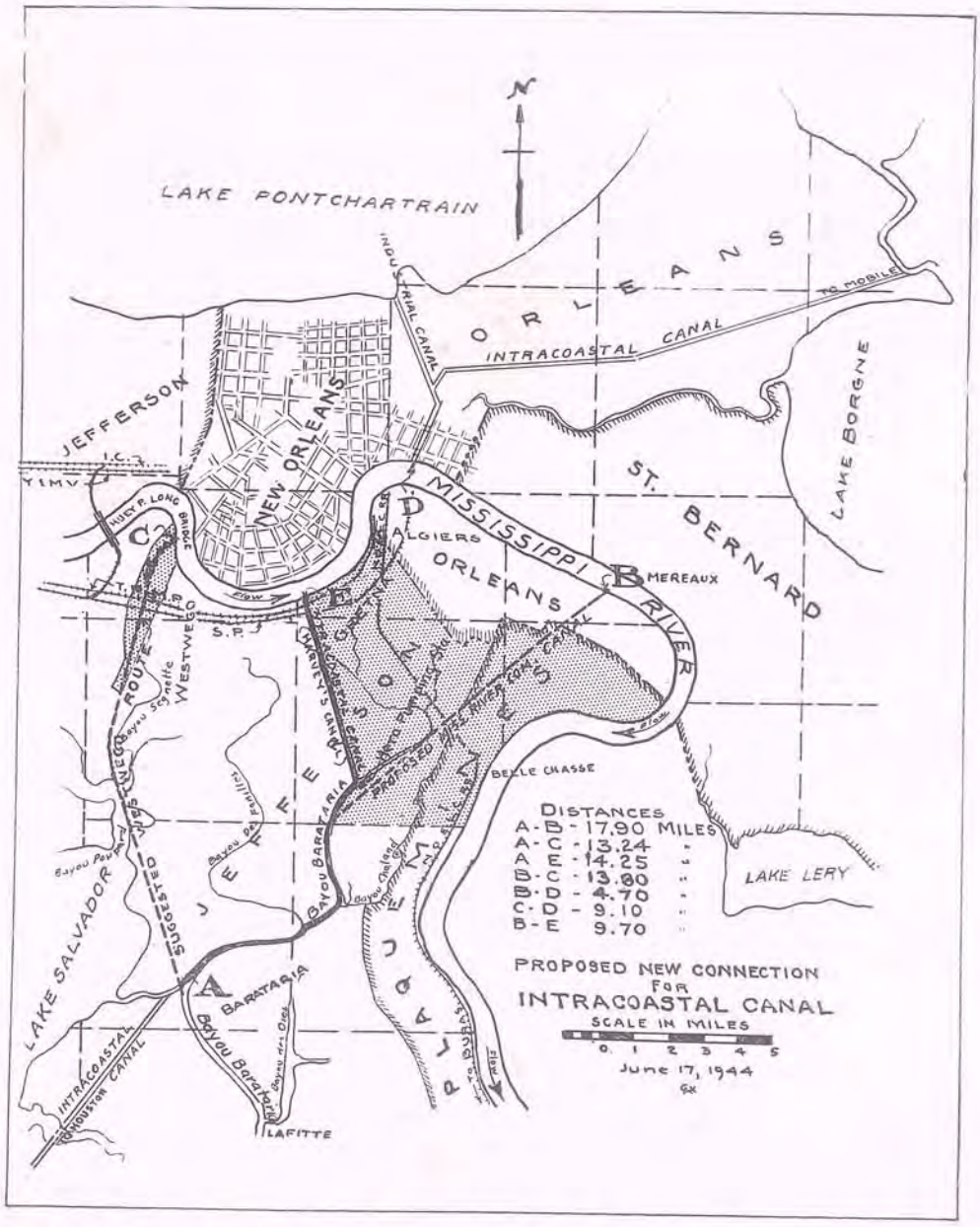
As in the case of the ship channel (discussed in another part of this issue) there are two routes proposed—both of which are clearly marked on the accompanying map. One would extend from a point on the west bank of the river opposite Mereaux, Louisiana, 4.7 miles below the entrance to the Industrial Canal, cutting southwesterly nine miles through the Jefferson-Plaquemines Drainage District, crossing the Gretna-Buras Highway (La. 31) and the New Orleans and Lower Coast Railroad, and connecting with the existing Intracoastal Canal about six miles below the Harvey Canal lock.

Its length is nine miles and the cost, as set up by the army engineers, is $8,000,000. The construction of the project is to be contingent upon the furnishing of the right-of-way for the new channel by local interests.

The other route, known as the Westwego route, would extend from a point on the Mississippi River, just upstream from the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal's oil wharf above the westerly corporate limits of Wetwego, running thence southwardly about 13.24 miles to a connection with existing Intracoastal Canal near Bayou Villars, east of Lake Salvador, at a point about nine miles west of the lower end of the Harvey Canal. This route is approved by the Police Jury and many influential citizens of Jefferson Parish and West Bank industrial and commercial interests are urging construction along this route.

The primary purpose of the construction of an alternate channel and lock, wherever it is located, is to relieve congestion at the Harvey lock, which is now handling a record barge traffic, taxing its capacity and encountering some serious delays; also, to provide an alternate waterway in the event it becomes necessary to close the Harvey lock for repairs. Furthermore, its construction is contingent on the ability of its proponents to secure a right-of-way without cost to the government. On the basis of these primary objectives and this definite stipulation, let's look at the two routes comparatively.

If the Mereaux link were constructed, it is obvious that in order to avoid moving through east-west traffic against the Mississippi current, westbound through barge traffic would be routed through the Industrial Canal locks downstream to the entrance to the proposed Mereaux link, thence west to and through the Intracoastal Canal. Eastward through barge traffic from points



on the Intracoastal Canal and western Gulf of Mexico, west of the river, would undoubtedly continue to move through Harvey locks, thence down river to the entrance to the Industrial Canal on the east bank.

The bulk of the traffic moving now on the Intracoastal Canal waterway through Harvey locks is not through east-west traffic moving between Gulf points east and west of New Orleans, but traffic moving between points served by the Intracoastal Canal waterway south and west of New Orleans and points in the Port of New Orleans above the entrance to the Industrial Canal near Chalmette or points on the Mississippi River and its tributaries above New Orleans. At present the principal traffic moving through Harvey locks consists of barges handling crude oil and oil well supplies and machinery enroute to or from the marsh wells in southern Louisiana and Texas.

In such a situation, construction of an alternate connecting canal along the route of the Mereaux link is not the best answer, as it will benefit only the

smaller volume of through east-west traffic at the expense of or without substantial benefit to the greater volume of traffic moving from the Intracoastal waterway into the Mississippi and tributaries above New Orleans and corresponding traffic moving in reverse direction. Again, if the proposed Mereaux link advocated by the Mississippi River Commission is authorized and constructed, it can handle economically only the westbound through tonnage plus the volume of crude oil moving to the Sun Oil Company tank storage terminal at Mereaux, La., and the returning empties. There will be no economic advantage in handling the major portion of the remainder of the canal traffic via this proposed Mereaux link, because of the increased towing distances and navigation hazards in traversing the most congested river traffic area of the Port of New Orleans. Further, this proposed Mereaux link cuts through the heart of the Jefferson-Plaquemines Drainage District, where it is improbable that right-of-way will be donated for a canal, and where much higher prices will undoubtedly be demanded for the right-of-way, which the Government insists be furnished by local interests, because of its comparatively recent reclamation in this drainage district set-up.

Now let's look at the proposed Westwego route. It will enable the diversion from the Harvey locks of practically all traffic moving between points on the Intracoastal waterway in South Louisiana and Texas and points on the Mississippi River and tributaries above New Orleans at a very substantial saving in distance and towing expense generally. It will leave the Harvey Canal free to handle the smaller volume of east-west through traffic between Gulf points east and west of New Orleans and such portion of the crude oil and sulphur traffic, both loaded and empty, as might find it advantageous and economical to continue to use the Harvey route. The loaded barge traffic particularly moving to up-river points will save considerable mileage of pushing tows against the river current as compared with either the existing Harvey Canal route or the Mereaux link.

During high river stages, only the best and biggest tugs can make three miles an hour with tows upstream, and many small tugs cannot even handle an ordinary tow against the flood current.

The proposed Westwego route would emerge just above the west bank Westwego wharf development of the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal Railroad of New Orleans, almost directly opposite the headquarters of the First New Orleans District, U. S. Army Engineers, located on the east bank at foot of Prytania Street, and about two miles below the Huey P. Long Bridge in the upper portion of New Orleans harbor. Industrial locations along its banks would be readily accessible by Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal and Southern Pacific Railroad tracks and by paved highways to the thriving West Bank Industrial District, to the Huey P. Long Bridge, to the extensive yards of the railroad companies located at Westwego and Avondale and to interchange connections adjacent to the east bridge approach in Jefferson Parish with all of the trunk line railroads serving New Orleans, plus the New Orleans Public Belt Railroad, which serves the Dock Board's East Bank public wharves.

Now let's summarize.

The proposed Mereaux link has two advantages over the Westwego route.

1. It is somewhat shorter and more direct for westbound through intracoastal traffic moving from points east to points west of New Orleans on the Intracoastal waterway. Its construction and use will take this traffic out of the most congested river traffic area of New Orleans Harbor, between the Industrial Canal and entrance to the Harvey Canal, opposite Louisiana Avenue. This traffic, however, is but a small portion of the total volume of barge traffic now moving over the Intracoastal waterway west of New Orleans.

2. The railroad and highway traffic crossing this route is less than that which will be encountered on the Westwego route, and there will be somewhat less delay to railroad and highway traffic than via the Westwego route, assuming barge line traffic being given right-of-way as is now the case at Harvey.

In comparison, the Westwego route will have the following very valuable advantages:

1. It will shorten the distance for loaded crude oil and sulphur tows moving from the marsh area south of New Orleans or from points on the Intracoastal Canal in South Louisiana and Texas to refineries and tank storage terminals located between Harvey Canal and points on the Mississippi River upstream. Likewise, it will shorten the distance for barge traffic moving between points on the Mississippi River and its tributaries and points in southern Louisiana and Texas served by the Intracoastal Canal. This is the major portion of the aggregate barge traffic of the inland waterway carriers.

2. It will remove this large volume of traffic from the hazard of the congested river traffic area upstream from the entrance to Harvey Canal.

3. The problem of securing the right-of-way necessary for this canal is much simplified as compared with that of the Mereaux route through the Jefferson-Plaquemines Drainage District.

4. The location along the Westwego route is much better located for industrial development adjacent than along the Mereaux route. It is adjacent to the Huey P. Long Bridge, the principal railroad yards of the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific Lines on the West Bank, the principal through paved highways (Highway 90 and connecting highways accessible via the Huey P. Long Bridge) also adjacent to the Westwego export wharves of the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal Railroad of New Orleans and to many important industrial plants now operating in the Westwego area. Fire protection is more readily available and there is ample water, natural gas, fuel oil and electric power lines closely accessible. Through the Terminal, Southern Pacific Lines and New Orleans Public Belt Railroad, excellent road haul and switching service is available, not only via these railroads, but via all of the trunk line railroads serving New Orleans, with which these lines have connections on the east bank of the river.

5. The Westwego route and the area on the West Bank adjacent to it extending south from its proposed river connection is adjacent to West Bank communities and directly opposite residential areas in New Orleans, Southport, Shrewsbury, Harahan, Metairie and Bridgedale, which will provide ample labor for future industrial development that may be expected along its banks. It is superior to the Mereaux route also in this respect.

Committees have been appointed to contact General Tyler and our Congressional representatives with the hope of having early surveys made of this alternate route entering the river at Westwego. The people of Jefferson Parish and of the Port of New Orleans generally should support this project and endeavor to secure its consummation as promptly as possible after the war.

E. S. PENNEBAKER

The author of this comparative analysis of two proposed canal routes has been the Manager of the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal Railroad of New Orleans since 1932. Prior to that he was Assistant Engineer for the Texas Pacific and Resident Engineer for the Missouri Pacific at the Memphis Terminal. His practical experience since 1916 and his B. S. and C. E. degrees from the University of Illinois before that, all have fitted him to ably discuss this question that involves both engineering and economics.

OIL

By H. B. BLANTON

TODAY, with the world engaged in a total war, OIL has become one of the world's paramount necessities. Not only is it being used as a source of liquid fuel and lubricants, but our great chemical industry has developed the process of making rubber, now being manufactured here in the State of Louisiana and used by our Army Transport; high test gasoline that is necessary to fly our planes, and many other products too numerous to mention.

The State of Louisiana ranks third in the Nation's oil producing states . . . exceeded only by Texas and California. For the year 1943, Louisiana produced nearly 8.5 per cent of all domestic crude oil brought to the surface, a total of approximately 125,780,000 barrels. Jefferson Parish, with six producing fields, is now one of the five leading producing parishes, having produced during 1943 approximately 7,976,000 barrels.

The task of finding oil has taken its place close to the top of this country's leading essential industries.

From the leasing of a block of land to the final completion of a well is a tedious and expensive operation, and the oil companies, who are occupied in exploring for new reserves so vital to our country's future needs, require a large and well-organized group of geologists, geophysicists, land men (who lease the land), lawyers, surveyors, draftsmen, accountants, clerks and the all-important production engineers, all being experts in their profession. Several oil companies now have located in New Orleans, with many of their employees living in Metairie and Harvey. New Orleans, being the largest city in the Gulf Coast region and served by an excellent transportation system, is the natural center for oil exploration and development operations in the coastal section of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama.

HOW OIL IS FOUND

Commercial oil and gas deposits occur in porous rocks, usually in the higher parts of folds or wrinkles far under the surface of the earth called "anticlines" and "domes." Water is usually found in the same stratum as the oil but in the lower part of the fold. It is, therefore, the job of a geologist to find these wrinkles, "anticlines" and "domes." The development of geophysical methods has furnished the geologist with instruments to aid him in finding these configurations. Enthusiasm for and the success of these instruments has led to widespread use of two main ones—the gravity meter and reflection seismograph.

A gravity meter is readily portable and can be read quickly and used principally for reconaissance work over large areas. It is an instrument that measures the force of gravity. This force is usually affected by sub-surface variations. The harder and more compact the rock, the greater the density and gravity pull. If hard compact rocks come near the surface the increased gravity pull may indicate their presence and possibly an anticline. On the other hand, salt domes are lighter in specific gravity than the surrounding rocks and lessened gravity pull may indicate the presence of such a dome.

The reflection seismograph measures the time of certain reflecting strata by means of sound waves artificially introduced by exploding dynamite and from such measurements, knowing the velocity of the waves, the attitudes and configuration of subsurface rock strata are computed. For an example, hard rocks reflect a wave in much the same manner as a ball thrown against a wall will bounce back again. Therefore, knowing the time of travel of the wave down to the rock and back again to surface, the depth of the rock can be calculated.

Great care must be exercised in such work as exact calculations are difficult and the instruments very sensitive, also expensive. Carefully trained men must be employed, usually a crew of fourteen men comprise a gravity meter party and fifteen to thirty men a reflection seismograph party, depending on the surface conditions. In the swamps and marshes of Lower Gulf Coast Louisiana, work is carried on by boat, or equipment pulled through the marshes by buggies.

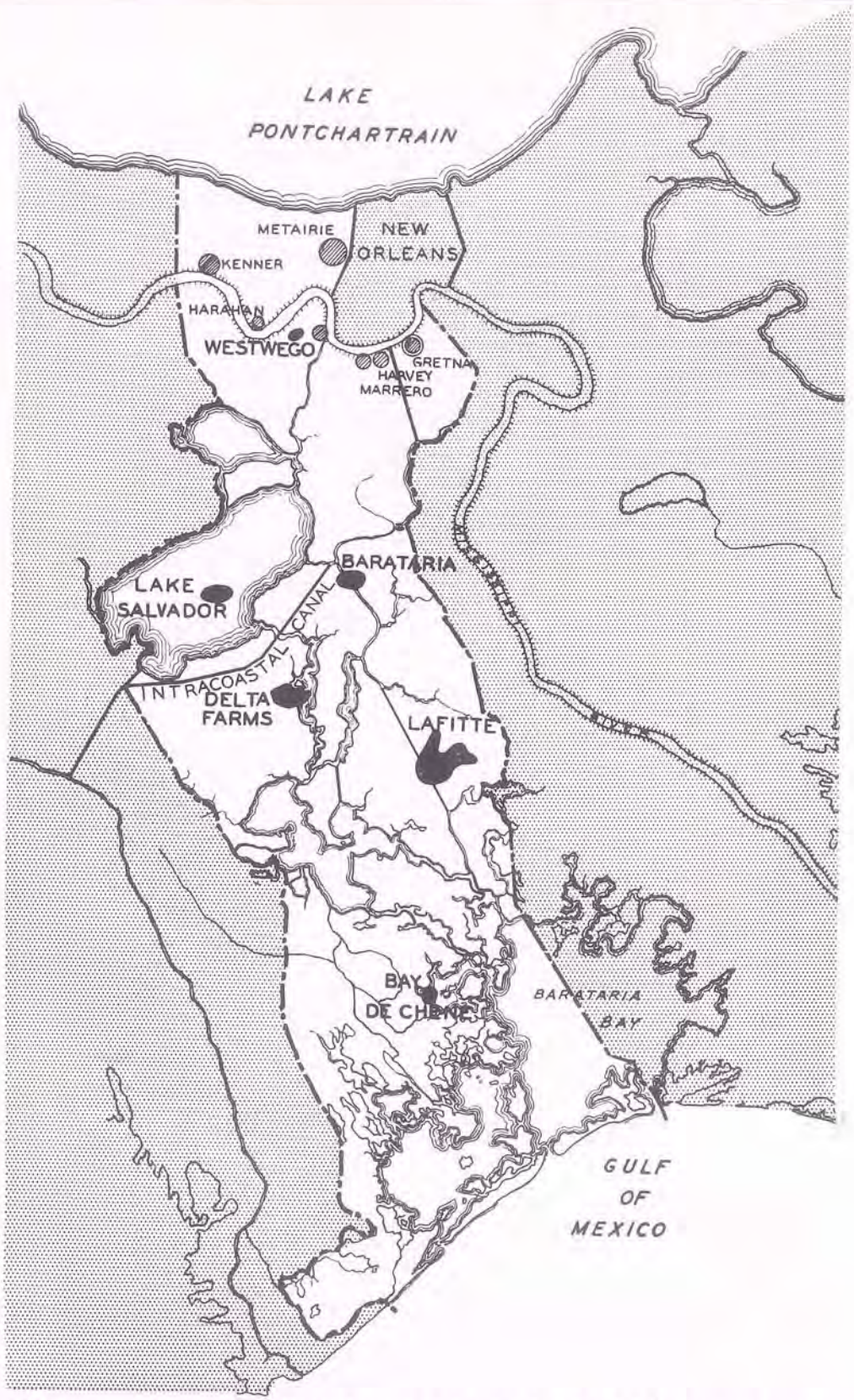
COST

On January 1, 1944, in Gulf Coast Louisiana, for example, there were 27 reflection seismograph crews operating at an approximate cost of $270,000 per month. An oil company's average total expenditure often exceeds $500,000 to locate and test a prospect, including the leasing of the land, surveying with gravity meter and seismograph, examining titles, drawing maps and drilling of the first well or wells, more often known as "wildcats." The first well is more often a dry hole rather than a producer. In 1943, 53 "wildcat" wells were drilled in Gulf Coast Louisiana—30 were dry; one a gas well, and 22 were producers.

DEEPEST WELL

The deepest well—not a wildcat, however, because it was drilled in what is known as the De Large Field some forty miles, more or less, west of Jefferson Parish in Terrebonne Parish, but a new pay horizon for South Louisiana and credited as being the deepest producing well in the world—was established by the Union Producing Company in the drilling of the No. 1 Fitzpatrick-Vizard. The well was drilled to a total depth of 13,563 feet and plugged back to 13,502 feet, where it flowed 325 barrels of distillate plus 9,944,000 cubic feet of gas daily through a 16/64 inch choke.

This is a common sight in the oil country of Jefferson Parish: the plank road over the soft, marshy ground which permits heavy equipment to reach the well; and the finished well at the end of the plank road, after the drilling rig has gone. The unit as pictured here is known, in the language of the oil men, as a "Christmas Tree."



This map comprehensively shows the location and relative size of all the oil fields now being worked in Jefferson Parish. It is the editor's suggestion that this map be referred to frequently while reading Mr. Blanton's article.

The famous Marsh Buggy of the Louisiana Oil Fields, without which the geophysicists, land men and drilling crews might never have conquered the water wilderness of lower Louisiana, where flowing black gold hides far below the deceptive covering of marsh grass and alluvial soil.

FIELDS OF JEFFERSON PARISH

Oil was first discovered in Jefferson Parish in May, 1935, near the town of Lafitte. Credit for the Lafitte Field discovery goes to The Texas Company, who assembled a block of leases in 1934 and in the same year found what is presumably a deep-seated "dome" with reflection seismograph and brought in the first well in May, 1935. This discovery well flowed 1,110 barrels of oil from a depth of 9,550 feet. This field has now 61 producing wells, having produced a total of approximately 35,720,000 barrels of oil as of January, 1944; and in 1943, the field produced approximately 4,714,000 barrels.

Five years elapsed before Jefferson Parish had its second discovery, the Barataria Field . . . some eleven miles north of the Lafitte Field on the banks of Bayou Barataria. The California Company brought in this discovery in September, 1939, in drilling their No. 1 Adam-Ruttley, which was drilled to a total depth of 12,222 feet and plugged back and produced from 8,205 feet. This field now has 21 producing wells and, as of January 1, 1944, produced a total of some 3,634,000 barrels. By the end of December, 1943, the field was producing at the rate of 97,629 barrels of oil monthly.

After the Barataria discovery, 1940 was a "boom" year for Jefferson Parish . . . development and exploration became steady, two new fields were brought in—Delta Farms and Lake Salvadore. This stimulated more interest in the Delta regions of Gulf Coast Louisiana and in 1941 The Texas Company moved its division office from Shreveport to New Orleans and The California Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil Company of California, moved its general offices to New Orleans. The same year two more discoveries were credited to Jefferson Parish—Bay de Chene and Westwego.

PRODUCTION SUMMARY

	*Total No. Wells Producing	*Monthly Production in bbls.	**Total Production (thousands of bbls.) 1943	Cumulative
Lafitte	61	417,000	4,714	35,720
Barataria	21	97,629	1,123	3,634
Delta Farms	26	136,006	881	1,379
Lake Salvadore	22	76,182	1,015	2,393
Westwego	4	9,689	118	257
Bay de Chene	1	5,658	125	163
	135	742,164	7,976	43,546

*State Oil & Gas Statistical Reports (Dec. 1943)
**Oil and Gas Journal—Vol. 42, No. 12

This is the bayou home of the oil men—a houseboat and supply barge —that moves with them into the intricate maze of marshland and waterways where science and persistence have conquered Nature's camouflage of its hidden stores of oil.

Following the Texas Company's and The California Company's move, the Humble Oil and Refining Company increased their forces to a district office. The Schlumberger Well Surveying Corporation, Arkansas Fuel Oil Company, Pure Oil Company and William Helis also have established offices in New Orleans, and the Gulf Refining Company, Production Division, is located at Harvey.

Following all these companies, many supply companies moved to Harvey to serve them. They located at Harvey because the Intracoastal Canal joins there with the Mississippi River. These waterways serve as a barge route for oil field equipment and supplies. At present these supply companies have a stock of supplies averaging $50,000 each which, no doubt, will be increased after the war emergency. Some of these companies are: National Supply Company, Bethlehem Supply Company, J and L (Frick Reed), Houston Oil Field Material Co., Baker Oil Tool, Inc., Oil Well Supply, Halliburton Oil Well Cementing, Wilson Supply, Standard Supply and Hardware Company, Hunt Tool Co., American Iron Works, Harvey Mud Co., Terminal Mud & Chemical Co., and Harvey Lumber and Supply.

In conclusion, it is well to remember the words of Mr. William R. Boyd, Jr., President, American Petroleum Institute; also Chairman, Petroleum Industry War Council. "This is an all-out war for the petroleum industry as well as for the nation. The cost in lives and health and wealth has been heavy by every test, and will be even heavier as we come to the grim and desperate climax of the war. Yet every oil man realizes, as every citizen and every government should, that since this is an oil war in which oil must ever be the fuel for freedom's flame, oil, too, must pay the price of victory which the vanquished will lose for lack of oil."

H. B. BLANTON

The author of this informative article—H. B. Blanton—having worked in the production end of the oil business for the last twenty years, can be said to know his subject "from the ground up." In 1927 he was a geological draftsman in the oil fields of West Texas. In 1931 he was a geological scout, obtaining information on drilling wells in the mid-continent area. He is now in the scouting department of a major oil company, compiling statistics and information on oil wells in fields in most of the states east of the Rocky Mountains.

THREE WISE MEN

(Continued from Page 64)

He well knew the life giving qualities of the salt and sea air and he envisioned Grand Isle as a future health resort where tired minds and worn bodies could be healed. He too contributed a great and lasting good to the island, even though he did not live long enough to see his dream fulfilled.

Was it any wonder the islanders loved "Doc" Engelbach? Was it any wonder that they treated him with the respect due a diety?

He gave his life to Grand Isle—and thought the bargain a good one. Had not the island given *him* life?

James William Tyler Stephens was the engineer with vision.

He too appeared on the horizon of Grand Isle at the turn of the century. Colonel Stephens was one of the engineers caught in the collapse of the first Hudson river tunnel. His recovery was none too rapid and in 1894 his superiors felt a change of climate would be beneficial so he was sent to New Orleans as an engineer on the sewage system which was then being installed. Not long after his arrival in New Orleans he expressed a desire to go swimming. He was taken to Lake Pontchartrain. But that was not what he wanted. He wished to swim in surf . . . so someone, it may even have been John Ludwig, suggested he go to Grand Isle. He did, and from the first moment he set foot on the island he fell in love with it. In later years he said, "It was the surf that sold me."

At any rate, from the time of that first trip to Grand Isle, the island and its future became an obsession with Colonel Stephens. When his work was completed in New Orleans he did not return to New York. Instead, he adopted

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"Some folks long for the busy throng and noise as they hurry by—and all others want is somewhere to go where the sun's in the clear blue sky." To the latter we recommend a visit to the home of one of Grand Isle's fishermen, where there's no electric light, no modern plumbing and no evening paper—but where there's fish biting at dawn and high sun and siesta at noon and a lullaby from the Gulf at night that rests jaded nerves.

DRIFTWOOD

Here, vividly portrayed, is the way the Gulf of Mexico and Ol' Man River (especially following a period of high water) piles up driftwood on the beach at Grand Isle.

This driftwood is thriftily used by the islanders for fuel, for fences and other purposes.

The natives of Grand Isle have a unique system of salvage rights. Since the driftwood is indiscriminately tossed onto the beach, any islander who wishes a particular piece of driftwood merely cuts his initials in it, thereby identifying it as his until such time as he removes it from the beach.

For many decades the islanders have meticulously observed this custom and no islander would even contemplate removing a piece of driftwood that was already initialed.

Louisiana, and particularly Grand Isle, as his home. By 1905 he was almost a permanent resident of Grand Isle, spending less and less time in New Orleans. Finally, he and his sister, Kate M. Stephens, who had accompanied him south, gave up their lovely home in New Orleans and established their permanent residence on Grand Isle. This of course, was before the era of paved highways, when the only access to Grand Isle was by boat.

However, Colonel Stephens was positive that a road could be built through the "trembling prairies" to Grand Isle. People said he was crazy. It was impossible to build a road—there was not enough solid ground anywhere upon which to lay a roadbed. But Stephens was just as positive a road *could* be laid. He pointed out that the name "Cheniere Caminada," which can freely be translated to mean "the clump of oaks at the end of a day's journey, or trail," might easily indicate there had been an early overland route. Early maps showed Fort Blanc on Cheniere Caminada and since there were still traces of a former road known as "Chemin du Fort Blanc" this was further indication of an overland route.

People scoffed at the idea, so to prove his conviction he set out on foot in 1907, accompanied by a crew of men, to walk from New Orleans to Grand Isle. His survey and report proved the terrain to be fairly solid ground. On the basis of this survey the New Orleans and Seashore Airline Railway Company made plans to build a railroad to Grand Isle.

But once more "Dame Rumor" maliciously put a curse on the sleeping princess. An incorrect newspaper story to the effect that Grand Isle had been destroyed by a tidal wave brought all plans for a railway to the island to a full stop. By the time the story was corrected and people discovered that Grand

Isle had not been destroyed it was too late. The island had not been damaged—but the plans for a railroad were. And on the heels of this damaging rumor came the depression of 1910.

However, Colonel Stephens was a forceful and determined man. He believed in Grand Isle. Year after year he kept plugging for an overland route to Grand Isle. His efforts were rewarded in 1931 when the State of Louisiana decided to build a highway. Colonel Stephens was then 72 and had lived to see the fulfillment of part of the island's destiny. He was employed by the State to direct the building of this highway. When final arrangements were made and the plans for the road were assured, Colonel Stephens said, "This country has always been an obsession with me since the day years ago when I started out on foot to explore it. And now that my road is being built I'm watching every foot of it!"

And he did. He watched over its construction like a mother hen. His years of untiring effort had finally borne fruit . . . and he was right on the spot to see that nothing happened to deter the building of the road and the bridge from Cheniere Caminada to Grand Isle which is the final link in the highway.

Make no mistake about the stature of Colonel Stephens. He was no mere engineer of mediocre qualities. His name was known both in America and Europe and he could have been a far more prominent figure on both continents had he so chosen. He chose however, to merge his life and destiny with that of Grand Isle — to further in every way possible the future of his beloved island.

He was an artist of some note. His canvasses, many of them depicting the beauty of Grand Isle, still hang in museums throughout the country. Prior to

(Continued on Page 152)

This picturesque old road leads to Rigaud Point which at one time was the location of the formidable brick home of Francois Rigaud, and Grand Isle's oldest cemetery. Of the settlement which originally marked Rigaud Point, all that now remains are scattered bricks and a few crumbling graves which have managed to resist the ravages of time.

During the time of Lafitte this portion of the island was much higher ground and the home of Francois Rigaud was often visited by Jean Lafitte, whose own residence, "Maison Rouge," was located directly across Barataria Pass on Grand Terre.

The islanders still tell of how little Marie, Rigaud's daughter, was sent for by Lafitte, to decide by the turn of a card, a heated argument over the disposition of pirate loot. The card Marie turned over won for Lafitte and as a token he gave her a gold doubloon worth twenty dollars.

Grand Isle Glamour

Fences that divide but do not separate, lanes for tramping but not for traffic—all of Grand Isle is an invitation to linger and loiter and fall slowly and permanently in love with every inch of its infinite variety. The two explorers at the upper left are Sue Sandras and Shirley Melling of Gretna. Had they only stopped to ask, the Grand Isle children at the upper right would have been glad to be their expert guides, for the entire eight miles of this island paradise is their daily playground. At the bottom are Sue and Shirley again, joined by Beverly Gomes of Westwego. They have just discovered "Fairyland"—a beautiful woodland haven nestling right in the heart of the island. That's enough of a conquest for any group of explorers for one day. They'll probably spend the afternoon there.

THREE WISE MEN

(Continued from Page 150)

his arrival in America he was a famous operatic baritone with a large following in Europe. He was considered an authority on floriculture.

Unquestionably Colonel Stephens was a man of many talents and versatility. Singer, painter, engineer, floriculturist, scientist, a student of books and a lover of music. He was a man of great stature . . . both physically and mentally. And his name is revered as much today by the islanders as it was in the days when his 6-foot, wiry, straight-as-an-arrow frame was a familiar sight on Grand Isle.

At the age of 73 Colonel Stephens walked 15 miles a day and was still as energetic and active as a youngster. An indefatigable worker he slept only on an average of four hours a day, cramming the other 20 hours with his many and varied interests.

He was an Englishman but his chiseled chin, his white, clipped moustache, his stately bearing, gave him the appearance of a Roman Senator. Those who knew him, remember first his deep, rumbling laughter—and those who knew him will talk to you endlessly and affectionately about his great good humor, his kindness, his character and the roomy heart which beat within a manly chest.

That Colonel Stephens devoted his life and directed all of his efforts to fulfilling the destiny of Grand Isle cannot be questioned. He was a man among men.

These three men, let us call them the three wise men, saw the star of destiny that hangs above Grand Isle . . . saw the vision of her future . . . and devoted their lives to the furtherance of that future.

One saw its commercial qualities, one saw its playground and vacation possibilities and one saw it as a health resort. All three were right—and, providing no further obstacles are thrown in the way, at the conclusion of this world wide war, the Prince of Progress will awaken the sleeping beauty from her long slumber and Grand Isle will come into her own as a Royal Princess, decked in the courtly gowns that truly befit her.

Geologists will tell you that Grand Isle is surrounded by salt domes . . . that it is the apex of the continental shelf and the great fault line, which means that this sleeping beauty's throne rests on the exact center of the greatest oil pool on earth . . . and that someday drilling equipment will be perfected that can tap this treasure trove of black gold.

SUE THOMPSON

Sue Thompson, author of "Three Wise Men," is a popular contributor to newspaper syndicates and magazines. She supplements her writing with forays into art, magazine editorial work and advertising, as well as keeping house and doing research work for the forthcoming French Quarter book on which she and her husband are collaborating. In her spare time (?) she supervised the art treatment and layout of this year's issue of the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review.

Administering Angel

For ten years Miss T. Mercedes Adam, affectionately called "Judge Adam" by the people of Grand Isle, has been fulfilling the duties of justice of the peace and notary public to this close-knit community of about 700 people. It was Judge L. Robert Rivarde, with whom Miss Adam is shown conferring in the lower photograph, who first termed her the "administering" angel of Grand Isle because of the skillful blending of her administration duties with "those beyond the call of duty." In the photograph above Miss Adam is shown discussing problems with Clarence E. Thomassie, chairman of the West Bank Ration Board of Jefferson Parish, and Frank Pfankuchen, chief clerk of the West Bank Draft Board. It is not at all unusual for Miss Adam to make two and three trips a week from Grand Isle to Gretna to straighten out the various problems and difficulties of the islanders.

WAR AND POST WAR PUBLIC EDUCATION IN JEFFERSON PARISH

By L. W. HIGGINS, B.A., M.A.
Superintendent of Schools, Jefferson Parish

TODAY, the dominant thought in the mind of everyone is the successful termination of the war. All of us are certain of the final outcome. There is no idea of anything but Victory. No matter what lies ahead, the Allied Nations will emerge triumphant.

But—the average citizen has little conception of the months of training and preparation the successful waging of war has demanded from the trained personnel of this nation of ours. While we are inclined to criticize some of the governmental agencies, who are handling the rationing of our supplies, we all know what a tremendous task theirs has been.

In a like fashion, when the public schools of the country were asked to do their part in preparing the student for his proper place in the armed forces, they responded eagerly and efficiently. The Jefferson Parish School Board disclaims no undue modesty when it states that it has fulfilled its share of the bargain.

The policy of the Jefferson Parish School Board has always been that of endorsing a broad cultural, yet practical curriculum. In order to adequately

Under the direction of Principal S. J. Barbre (in dark suit) the boys of Kenner High School this spring stepped into the labor shortage breach and helped get badly needed food to the nation's markets. They are shown here at the vegetable loading platform of V. D'Gerolamo & Bros. Co., Kenner. The negro lad is an employee of the company.

JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Miss Ruth Pitre, Elementary Supervisor; Alphonse Marmillion, Ward 4, Harvey; Mrs. Julia Reynaud, Office Secretary; Lem W. Higgins, Superintendent of Schools and Secretary-Treasurer; Mrs. A. C. Alexander, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Evett R. Schieffler, Ward 6, Lafitte; and A. A. Hanson, Ward 4, Westwego.
Standing, left to right: J. B. Geiger, Jr., Ward 3, Gretna; Brownlee J. McMahon, Formerly Office Clerk, now in the armed service; John Calzada, Ward 3, Harvey; G. P. Arnoult, Ward 7, Labarre Heights; William Hughes, Ward 4, Marrero; Louis E. Breaux, Ward 8, Metairie; Julius F. Hotard, Vice-President, Ward 2, Gretna; Abel Zerinque, Ward 5, Waggaman; Walter Schneckenburger, Athletic Director; John C. Bruning, Ward 8, East End; and Dave Dabria, Ward 4, Marrero.
Member from Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville), Loney J. Autin, is on leave of absence serving in the United States armed forces.

Sound bodies are as important as trained minds in the Jefferson Parish School curriculum. Here is an outdoor class in body building at Westwego High. These girls will graduate cum laude in physical education.

prepare its students for the world in which they would have to earn a livelihood, the Board felt that an enriched, vibrant and all inclusive course of study should be maintained in every school. The staff of administrators and teachers was composed of individuals of broad vision and wide training. Thus, when new courses were added to the curriculum as a result of the war-time activities initiated by the military authorities, there was no difficulty in instituting these

Also in the curriculum of Westwego High are the grace and poise developed by group dancing. These happy 'teen agers are practicing the square dance. Off the record, several of them are excellent in the faster tempo of jitterbugging.

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICIALS

Upper left: Lem W. Higgins, Superintendent of Schools. Upper right: Mrs. A. C. Alexander, President. Center: Hon. Julius F. Hotard, Vice-President. Lower left: Hon. J. B. Geiger, Jr., Member of the Executive Committee. Lower right: Hon. Louis E. Breaux, Member of the Executive Committee.

This is the Domestic Science Class in Metairie High—showing the excellent facilities that are provided these young women for learning how to become efficient and thrifty housewives.

At the top is the modern kitchen where they learn everything from omelettes to hors d' oeuves. No need for any of these future brides to serve biscuits that their war wise husbands may mistake for hand grenades. And, below, is the hostess training camp, where the proper place for the fork is taught along with the antidote for the "faux pas."

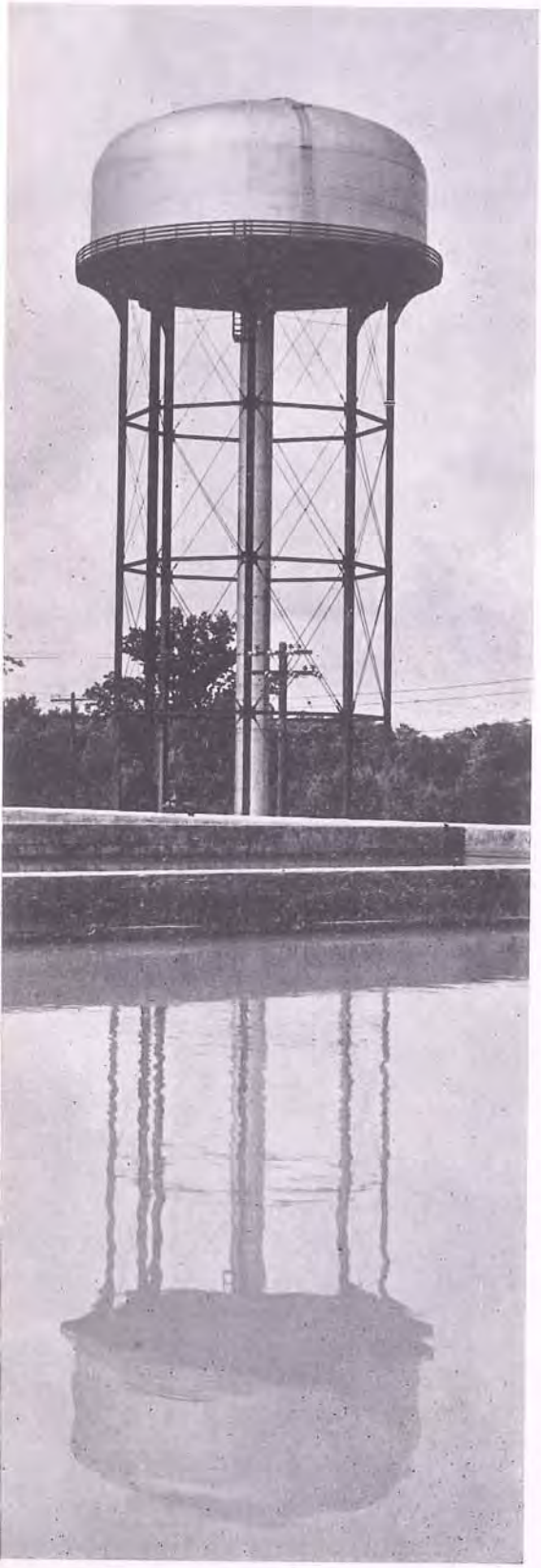
subjects in our schools. The instructors were already qualified to teach whatever was required of them.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Board dropped any of the peace time subjects from its program. The long range policy of functional education was not discarded as obsolete. However, some subjects were given a little less stress and in place of these, was added the war time subject-matter.

Many of our recent graduates are making splendid records in all branches of the armed forces. Some of them have visited their schools and have complimented the principal and faculty on the excellent training which they have received while in school. The Jefferson Parish School Board takes pride in such statements as these, as they are indicative of the success of the efforts it has made in the amelioration of the school curriculum.

The Jefferson Parish School Board also takes this medium of cordially inviting its many friends and well wishers to visit the schools of the parish. The board welcomes constructive criticism. This is one way of learning the ideas of the people concerning educational technique and philosophy. It is only by close cooperation between the educational authorities and the residents of the parish that the best opportunities will be made available for our children.

The Jefferson Parish School Board is even now making preparation for its postwar curriculum. Its policy is inclined not only to the present, but also to the future.



INTERVIEW WITH A FAUCET

By J. W. HODGSON

President and General Manager
East Jefferson Waterworks
District Number One

LAST night I had a dream—a peculiar dream. It seemed that I had come home from the office, and was turning on the water in the bathroom to wash, when the faucet began talking to me.

"Say, Boss," it said, "I've wanted to ask you something for a long time. Go ahead—keep on washing. I don't mind. You see, I've been wondering if people really know what an important job we water workers are doing? You know—guys like you and I and all the other thousands of faucets and pipes."

By this time I had recovered from my shock. Of course, it's easy to recover in a dream. I replied, "Why yes, Bud, I think our customers realize that there's a big, modern water plant here in East Jefferson, capable of delivering 3,200,000 gallons every twenty-four hours and maintaining a pressure of 55 to 60 pounds per square inch."

"I'm not so sure," spurted back the faucet. "They twist a faucet's head dozens of times a day and never give a thought to the 179 miles of pipelines that are backing it up in our district. There's over 6,000 customers twisting faucets like me all day and all night long and always getting plenty of pure, healthy water."

I laughed. "Perhaps they don't know all the technical data," I said soothingly, "but I think they are aware that our water is

This is one of the land marks of East Jefferson Parish. The reflection of the waterworks tower on the water of the filtering plant is a reflection of this quiet, efficient department that keeps the East Bank supplied with water—plentiful and pure.

This is a view of the settling basins of the East Jefferson Waterworks. Every drop of Mississippi River that goes through its mains is scientifically treated. We seldom think of our water plant as a constant guardian of our health but this is a function as important as the more familiar task of keeping millions of gallons coming steadily through the pipes.

tested by the Louisiana State Board of Health twice a week and that our own chemists test samples from a different school area every day."

"Well, maybe," grudgingly grunted the faucet, "but I bet they haven't got the slightest idea we've just laid 18,000 feet of 8-inch water main along the Airline Highway from Transcontinental Drive to Kenner for the property owners. Bet they don't know this extension of the water mains is more fire protection for Kenner."

"That's because," I explained, "we had only four important fires last year. Our volunteer fire departments are so efficient in our district they get there almost before the alarm sounds. Those are the boys who realize the completeness of our coverage—even if the other people don't. But, why should you get all frothed up over this?"

"I know I'm just a faucet, Boss, but I'm the one who gets cussed if anything should go wrong. 'Course nothing ever goes wrong, so I get bored and

The interior of the East Jefferson Waterworks is a maze of valves and pumps and pipes—as immaculately clean as the model housewife's kitchen—as expertly handled as the controls of a bomber.

COMMISSIONERS OF EAST JEFFERSON WATERWORKS DISTRICT No. 1

Seated, left to right: E. George Lorio, Treasurer; Eugene J. Bender, Commissioner; Blaise Camel, Commissioner; Chas. A. Boutall, Vice-President; Paul D'Gerolamo, Commissioner and Purchasing Agent; and John W. Hodgson, President and General Manager.

Standing, left to right: A. Bologna, Chemist; Oscar Gaudet, Plant Engineer; M. R. Tucker, Maintenance Superintendent; Leo. W. McCune, Attorney; and Frank V. Draube, Secretary.

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start thinking about the people we're serving and worryin' whether they appreciate what a complex system it takes to get a gallon of water through my throat."

"Take it easy, Bud, or you'll bust a washer," I said as I laid down the soap. "Our people are fine people. They know we're operating a water system that furnishes pure water and fire protection to 99% of the populated section of the 'East Bank' of Jefferson Parish—and, that we are operating entirely on income from the sale of water—no maintenance tax."

"Is that a fact, Boss?" dribbled the faucet as I turned him off.

"That's right," I concluded, as I gave him a last affectionate turn, "and not only that, but our water rates are the lowest in the State of Louisiana, outside the City of New Orleans."

I woke up. I must have had my report for the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review on my mind. But, somehow, I seemed to have covered everything I wanted to say in the dream.

Personnel and Information

J. W. Hodgson, President and General Manager; C. A. Boutall, Vice-President; P. D'Gerolamo, Purchasing Agent and Assistant Manager; M. R. Tucker, Outside Maintenance Superintendent; Frank V. Draube, Secretary; E. Geo. Lorio, Treasurer.

The Board of Commissioners are: J. W. Hodgson, President; C. A. Boutall, Vice-President; B. Camel, Chairman of the Finance Committee; P. D'Gerolamo, E. J. Bender.

The office of the East Jefferson Waterworks District Number One is located at Jefferson Highway and Arnoult Road with office hours: Monday through Friday, 8 A. M. to 4:30 P. M.; Saturday, 8 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. Telephone: Office, CEdar 2000; Purchasing Department, CEdar 2751; Plant, CEdar 2539; Manager's office, CEdar 3637.

CITY OF GRETNA

By DR. CHARLES F. GELBKE, MAYOR

GRETNA, the seat of government of Jefferson Parish, has lead a red-headed history. It has grown up, from the tough kid across the river, to an orderly, mature town—hard working and determined to make an industrial name for itself.

The city sprawls along the West Bank of the Mississippi, directly across from New Orleans, and is a maze of numerous industrial plants, dock side shipping terminals and railroad sidings.

Gretna had its origin in the early part of the eighteenth century when John Batiste Destrehan, aristocratic landowner, traded plots of land on his immense plantation for the labor of the hard working immigrants of the German Coast. They widened his irrigation ditch to make it navigable (see article on "Ditch of Destiny") in return for little farms of their own. Later their cluster of farms on the ground they had earned by the sweat of their brow became known as Mechanickham.

The courthouse and the Memorial Arch (dedicated in 1923 to the "Jefferson Dead of All Wars") now stand on part of that original tract. Destrehan granted the villagers perpetual rights to the river-front, a municipal privilege from which Gretna profits materially today. Nearly a hundred years later, his grandson, Nicholas Noel Destrehan, enraged by the ingratitude of the townspeople, who caused him to be fined $10,000 for having his slave-whipper flog a townsman who had dared to use his canoe without permission, washed his hands of the village, transferring ownership to Jefferson Parish.

OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF GRETNA

Inset: Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Mayor

Seated, left to right: Henry F. Bender, Mayor Pro-Tem; Frank Bessler, Alderman; Eugene Gehring, Alderman; John Ray, Alderman; and John T. Gegenheimer, Alderman.
Standing, left to right: J. E. Gehring, Municipal Democratic Committeeman; Andrew H. Thalheim, Attorney; Andrew Kraus, Treasurer; and Beauregard Miller, Town Marshal.

A few years later another wealthy landowner, John McDonogh, established another village a mile or so east of Mechanickham and called it McDonoghville.

In his early life John McDonogh was a pleasure-loving person. Shrewd in financial affairs, he accumulated a fortune in ten years. But, two unhappy love affairs changed him to an eccentric bachelor. Abandoning his gay life in New Orleans, he moved across the river and lived a secluded life until his death, when he left his entire fortune to the free schools of Baltimore, New Orleans and Jefferson Parish.

Among the earlier citizens of Mechanickham was a justice of the peace who not only issued marriage licenses and performed marriage ceremonies by day, but cheerfully accommodated elopers, largely from New Orleans, at any hour of the night. As the years passed Mechanickham became known as Gretna, caused, it is said, by the activities of that justice of the peace coinciding so closely with the activities of famous Gretna Green in Scotland, near the English border, for centuries a haven for runaway lovers.

The two towns of Mechanickham, which had become known as Gretna, and McDonoghville were incorporated as one, in 1913. The name Gretna was retained for the combined community.

In Gretna is the David Crockett Fire Company Station No. 1, the oldest active volunteer fire company still in existence in the country. This unit was instrumental, in 1906, in forming the Louisiana State Firemen's Association.

In Gretna is the McDonoghville Cemetery where, contrary to Southern custom, the bodies of Protestants and Catholics are indiscriminately buried. This cemetery was originally set aside by John McDonogh for his negro slaves. He himself was the first white man buried there and for ten years his grave remained undisturbed, faithfully cared for by his former slaves, many of whom he had set free. After his body was removed to Baltimore, in 1860, both white

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We have said in this article that Gretna is an industrial town, a working town, an ambitious town and a town where factories and tracks and commercial establishments predominate. In order that we may not leave you with the wrong impression we add that Gretna is also a home loving and home building town. Here is a Gretna home in Gretna's well kept residential district.

and colored were indiscriminately buried here. Today whites and negroes are separated by a fence.

In 1913 the City of Gretna, just having officially received that title, was one of the largest settlements in Louisiana from the standpoint of population. But—it was just a crude country collection of buildings. The streets were bad—the sidewalks worse. There was no sewage system—no street lights—no waterworks.

But, today, it is a well lighted community with paved sidewalks, paved main streets, well kept side streets, a modern waterworks, an incinerator and every municipal convenience that it is possible for a city its size to have.

In Gretna—we believe—is the largest percentage of free thinking citizens of any city its size in America.

Gretna is the political, industrial and transportation keystone of the strong arch of towns that comprise Jefferson Parish and curve around the river. It is the leader of a close knit community of towns and villages, that, altogether, are forming a Brooklyn to the New York of the South.

Gretna, because it is the largest town in the parish and the seat of government, has spearheaded the many civic improvements that not only affect its own prosperity but the welfare of the aggressive Parish of Jefferson.

Georgia Alford demonstrates how to enjoy life at Grand Isle. Here she is resting after an hour's sport in the surf. You can walk a good city block out there in the water before it is over your head. You'll come out deliciously tired, feeling like a million dollars, and then, like Georgia, you'll want to rest and watch the play of the clouds and the pelicans.

TOWN OF KENNER

By DR. JOSEPH S. KOPFLER, MAYOR

LATE this year, Kenner, located on Jefferson's East Bank, will step into national prominence as the new bearer of the title "Air Hub of the Americas," for it will be in the town of Kenner that the future air traffic of New Orleans will converge.

Kenner's Moisant Airport is larger than 99% of any of the other airports in the United States. It is now twice the size of Callender and four times as large as the New Orleans Airport, and can be increased whenever necessary. Its site contains 1,010 acres with hundreds of acres of adjacent undeveloped land for future expansion.

Moisant Airport was named after John B. Moisant, one of the famous pioneer American pilots, whose plane fatally crashed in 1910 within a mile and a half of the present site.

The location of Moisant Airport was selected after careful study by the New Orleans aviation division, the engineers of the Airport section of the CAA, and the U. S. Engineers. It was found to have more of the essential requirements for a major terminal than any spot near New Orleans. A marked absence of ground fog permits year-round all-weather flying.

Moisant Airport is 11.5 miles from the heart of downtown New Orleans and is accessible by the multi-laned Airline Highway. As this is being written its four 5,000-foot long, 150-foot wide concrete runways (capable of being extended to 11,000 feet to handle every development of aviation) are usable by

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF KENNER

Seated, left to right: Victor Carona, Marshal; Philomene Paasch, Secretary-Treasurer; Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler, Mayor; Marie Neidhardt, Tax Collector; and S. Bonura, Night Officer. Standing, left to right: Leo Gautreaux, Alderman; Frank Perrone, Alderman; William Mancuso, Alderman; Joseph Centanni, Alderman; and Joseph D'Gerolamo, Alderman.

any plane now in existence. The entire airport will be ready late this year for scheduled flights.

New Orleans is served by five scheduled airlines, connecting with every part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central and South America: Eastern Airlines, Chicago and Southern, National Airlines, Pan American Airways and Delta Airlines. Moisant Airport will give New Orleans pre-eminence in the field of aviation and anticipates every possible expansion in air travel a quarter of a century or more away.

The proposed Moisant Airport administration building will be of colonial architecture and the latest word in modern design and facilities. On driving in from the Airline Highway visitors will enter a circular plaza, flanked on each side by gardens and parking space for 2,000 vehicles.

On each wing will be located such facilities as coffee shops, book stores, the customs and immigration offices, passenger concourses, ticket offices, kitchen and dining hall, ladies' and gentlemen's lounges.

Kenner is the center of the produce packing of the parish and here, also, is concentrated a flourishing chrysanthemum and floral section.

In Kenner, each year, is celebrated the Feast of St. Rosalie, a festival in September which, during peace time, creates widespread interest in its parade.

Kenner and chrysanthemums are synonymous. In Kenner they seem to enjoy coming out big and beautiful and abundant. Many families raise them for sale, enjoying their beauty as much as the profit derived from them. This is Mildred Cangelosi with an armful of garden gold just picked from her Mother's bushes. As you can guess, many of Kenner's "Mums" never reach market.

TOWN OF WESTWEGO

By MORRIS ROSENSTOCK, Mayor

WESTWEGO ("West We Go") acquired its name during the gold rush period around 1849, because it was the point of departure for those ambitious adventurers heading West from New Orleans. It remained a very small village until 1893 when many of the survivors of the hurricane and tidal wave that desolated Cheniere Caminada (see article in this issue "HALTED: The Hurricane Menace") settled here and started its growth and prosperity. So many of them being fishermen, it was perfectly logical that Westwego should become the seafood marketing center of Jefferson Parish.

There are five seafood shippers in Westwego—handling, of course, mostly crabs and shrimp. Many a crustacean cocktail in the country's exclusive restaurants can trace its origin to Lake Salvador, Bayou Pero and Bayou Barataria, with a brief stop-over at Westwego for traveling clothes.

Westwego is also an industrial town. The Jefferson Parish west river bank is like the rope in a tug-of-war—each town grabbing a good hold, and, pulling industrial business to the Parish. In this cooperative tug-of-war Westwego keeps steady pull, its factories and its workers contributing greatly to the growth and prosperity of the West Bank.

The postwar prospects of Westwego are bright. The country has learned, during this war, to like seafood and appreciate it. Its unrationed frequency on the American table has created a demand that will need to be cultivated by wide awake postwar sea food packers and shippers—and we have just the boys that can do it.

We will lose no industries. We have gained many new skilled workers. East we go and north we go and south we go—that's the slogan of industrial Westwego!

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF WESTWEGO

Seated, left to right: Ed. Martin, Alderman; Morris Rosenstock, Mayor; Charles Taylor, Town Marshal; and Sidney Pertuit, Alderman. Standing, left to right: Clement Klause, Alderman; T. A. Adams, Alderman; E. E. Dawson, Alderman; Eugene Wildblood, Municipal Democratic Committeeman; William Stehle, Municipal Democratic Committeeman; and Hendrick Bourgeois, Municipal Democratic Committeeman.

VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

By FRANK H. MAYO, Mayor

YES, we still have our big army camp right next door. Only they don't call it Camp Harahan any more. It has been officially renamed Camp Plauche.

We are still backing up all the boys, of which these in our midst keep us constantly reminded. We may be too old to be at the front, but we're not too old to be on the job.

We'll be glad when the war's over, but we're not slowing down at Harahan until it is. We're a little proud that our plane and PT boat mahogany and steel drums are found on every fighting front.

Normally, we're a farming and dairying community. We like peace so well we're fighting hard to help bring it back again. We want to get to our hunting and fishing—and, stranger, we've got a lot of woods and streams right in our backyard. We want to get back to the real American way of working hard so we can have time to enjoy our recreations. And, because we want all this bad enough to keep plugging at our portion of the war production until we can relax with a clear conscience, we think we are a representative American village—a sort of miniature model of Americanism in action.

That's our story this year—and we'll stick with it.

OFFICIALS OF THE VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

Seated, left to right: L. Julian Samuel, Attorney; Frank H. Mayo, Mayor; and Mrs. Anna Kielmann, Tax Collector. Standing, left to right: Philip Boudreaux, Alderman; John Contrado, Marshal and Chief of Volunteer Fire Department, and Joseph Crochet, Alderman. Inset: Ernest Barron, Alderman, is on leave of absence serving in the United States Army.

JEFFERSON PARISH MOBILE RED CROSS CANTEEN

ON MARCH 18, 1944, in recognition of the outstanding work of the Jefferson Red Cross, the officers of the 4th WAC Training Center of Fort Devens, Massachusetts, presented to Jefferson Parish this Mobile Red Cross Canteen—making Jefferson Parish the only locality in Louisiana, outside of New Orleans, to possess this type of portable equipment.

Designed primarily to function in time of public disaster and to transport medical personnel and supplies to the scene of any emergency within the parish, this unit has already proven invaluable in local blood donor campaigns.

Every eight weeks the West Bank Lions and Metairie Lions sponsor a Mobile Blood Bank Unit in Gretna and Metairie, alternating between the two towns. On all occasions since its presentation this Mobile Red Cross Canteen has accompanied the Blood Donor Unit.

All Red Cross workers of the Jefferson Parish Mobile Canteen are volunteers. It is directed by Mrs. Thelma Gray, chairman of the Canteen Unit, directly under the supervision of Volunteer Special Services of which Mrs. Jack J. H. Kessels is chairman. Alvin T. Stumpf is active chairman, Jefferson Parish Chapter, American Red Cross.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

JEFFERSON PARISH is proud of its Boy Scout record. In the parish are 18 troops and six cub packs, with a membership of 528 scouts and 232 cubs—a total of 760 boys.

Their activities are supervised by these citizen committees who give unselfishly of their time and interest:

District Committee on East Bank (Keystone)—Erroll E. Buckner, chairman; William B. Nourse, vice-chairman; D. C. Tupper, R. E. Jeunesse, John A. Lipps, Sr., M. H. Couret, C. D. Frankel, Sidney Brown, P. J. Naquin, Jr., E. F. Livaudais, Rev. W. Hewson, J. V. Pyka, Walter Wenius, R C. Steib, Captain O. W. Hughes, G. C. Lewis, Ellis Fausch, Adam M. Schotts, J. D. Gerolomo, D. Groome, Connor Lazenby, S. S. Lewis, A. B. Lindauer and the Rev. Carl Took.

District Committee on West Bank (Cherokee)—W. R. White, chairman; the Rev. Armand Kerlec, Walter Ory, Lance Bourgeois, Edwin Pierce, L. S. Hopkins, J. J. Breaux, L. A. Bernardi, L. C. Scholl, I. M. Meyer, J. B. Geiger, W. R. White, B. P. Dauenhauer, Murphy Blanchard, C. A. Carbo, E. B. Fisher, Charles Levy, O. H. Crowe, Preston Comeaux, Paul Cassagne, Cyrus Bergeron, Joseph Cheramie, Rev. B. Hammerstein, Rev. S. J. Gubler, Rev. A. Koenig, Robert Burns, Alvin T. Stumpf, Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Dr. B. Sachs, Alvin Gehring and Thomas Birdwell.

Pictured here is the pioneer troop of the parish—Troop No. 64—sponsored by the Veterans' Memorial Association of Gretna. Scoutmaster of this troop is Reuben B. Hock. Assistant Scoutmaster is A. J. Rousselle.

Plaquemines Parish

This is the story of the amazing "Come Back" of Plaquemines Parish which, in 1930, possessed a glorious past but an exceedingly dismal future. At that time—less than fifteen years ago—it had lost its cane and rice production, its citrus industry was in the doldrums and its only remaining claim to fame was the fact that it was the famous last hundred miles flanking the Mississippi, considered by the rest of the country as a Sportsman's Paradise. But today — Hitler would trade Goering and Himmler and a half dozen assorted generals for its sulphur alone; Ickes is as proud as a first papa over its oil; people in Canada know Buras and its oranges who never heard of Baton Rouge; New Orleans eats and enjoys its vegetables; Japan lost a world market to its lilies; and—well, read the story.

By F. K. CUMMINS, PRESIDENT
Police Jury of Plaquemines Parish

PLAQUEMINES is the patriarch of all Louisiana parishes. Its existence actually started on that historic day in 1699 when Bienville, exploring the Mississippi in a tiny pirogue with a few men, met and bluffed an English ship on a similar mission. He persuaded the captain that his party was merely a small detachment of a strong force further upstream. The English turned around at what is now known as "English Turn" and Louisiana was saved for the French and for a subsequent colorful career.

Iberville, placed on his guard by the presence of English explorers in the vicinity, immediately started the erection of a fort on the Mississippi to protect French interests and left Bienville, in January 1700, with fifteen men to garrison it. This was actually the first white settlement in Louisiana and the beginning of Plaquemines Parish—near what is Phoenix today.

The word Plaquemines is derived from the French and means "persimmon." From this name, given to the section by the first French settlers, it is evident that citrus fruits were known early in the history of the parish. Tracing this down, we learn that they were brought to Louisiana by the Jesuit Fathers who, it is believed, first settled in Plaquemines Parish at the place now called Jesuit Bend.

These Good Fathers taught horticulture and agriculture and all the known sciences of the day, along with the tenets of the Church. It was they who, somewhere around 1750, passed the citrus seeds along to the John Law settlers, who made the pleasant discovery that this lower river country and climate were ideal for oranges, lemons and persimmons.

Creole Sweets were the first oranges of Plaquemines, planted direct from the seeds as the Fathers had taught. There was no hurry. Planters could wait for the trees to grow because there was no large market. It was not until refrigerated cars and modern packing methods were introduced that the citrus industry of Plaquemines became an important shipping industry.

In the old days, the fruit buyers from New Orleans would purchase the crops off the trees, load them "en masse" in luggers and take them to New

Orleans where they were sold on the markets. One of the famous fruit luggers of that picturesque era—the Vaccaro owned "City of New Orleans"—is still valiantly earning a living in the oyster trade.

Practically all the citrus groves were destroyed in the great storm of 1893. The planters then went to Florida for new varieties to replace their ruined trees. Following this, planting from buds replaced planting from seeds. Gradually over the years market demands for the "Louisiana Sweet" developed more scientific methods. The old system of the luggers was, step by step, improved by the use of barrels, boxes, grading, coloring, labeling and all the other packing advancements that permit citrus fruits to be safely shipped thousands of miles.

In the early 1930's the Police Jury came to the aid of the citrus growers and furnished the equipment for spraying groves. The Police Jury now spends about $15,000 a year to maintain 5 sprayers and 2 dusters for the use of the growers.

But this assistance has paid great dividends, because today, the famous orange belt of Plaquemines, extending for 40 miles from Magnolia to Venice, represents an annual crop valued at a million dollars. The season starts around October 15 with Satsumas, which are so popular in Canada, and ends about April 15 with Mandarins, kumquats, navals, Louisiana Sweets, tangerines and Valencias, ripening in about the order named.

The largest orange grove in Plaquemines is Magnolia Grove with 35,000 trees. This was the famous home of the picaresque Governor Henry Clay Warmoth. It was here Spencer, as a guest of the Governor, wrote his scholarly chemical books on sugar cane and refining. It was here the Grand Isle Railroad was built, the famous 60-mile private line from Buras to New Orleans, constructed because the Governor's wife disliked steamboats and found horse-and-buggy traveling too tiresome. Today Magnolia Grove is owned by the estate of Joseph Vaccaro, New Orleans steamship operator.

There is a very popular by-product of the orange industry—the making of orange wine, a potent 18-to-20-percent-by-volume beverage for which Plaquemines Parish, around Buras and Triumph, is now famous. For as long as anybody can remember, the people in the parish have been making their orange wine from the ripe windfalls and fruit not shipped—strictly for their own consumption. But, in the last few years, the government has legally licensed two wineries. Together they have about 20,000 gallons of "Orange juice with a punch" ready about July.

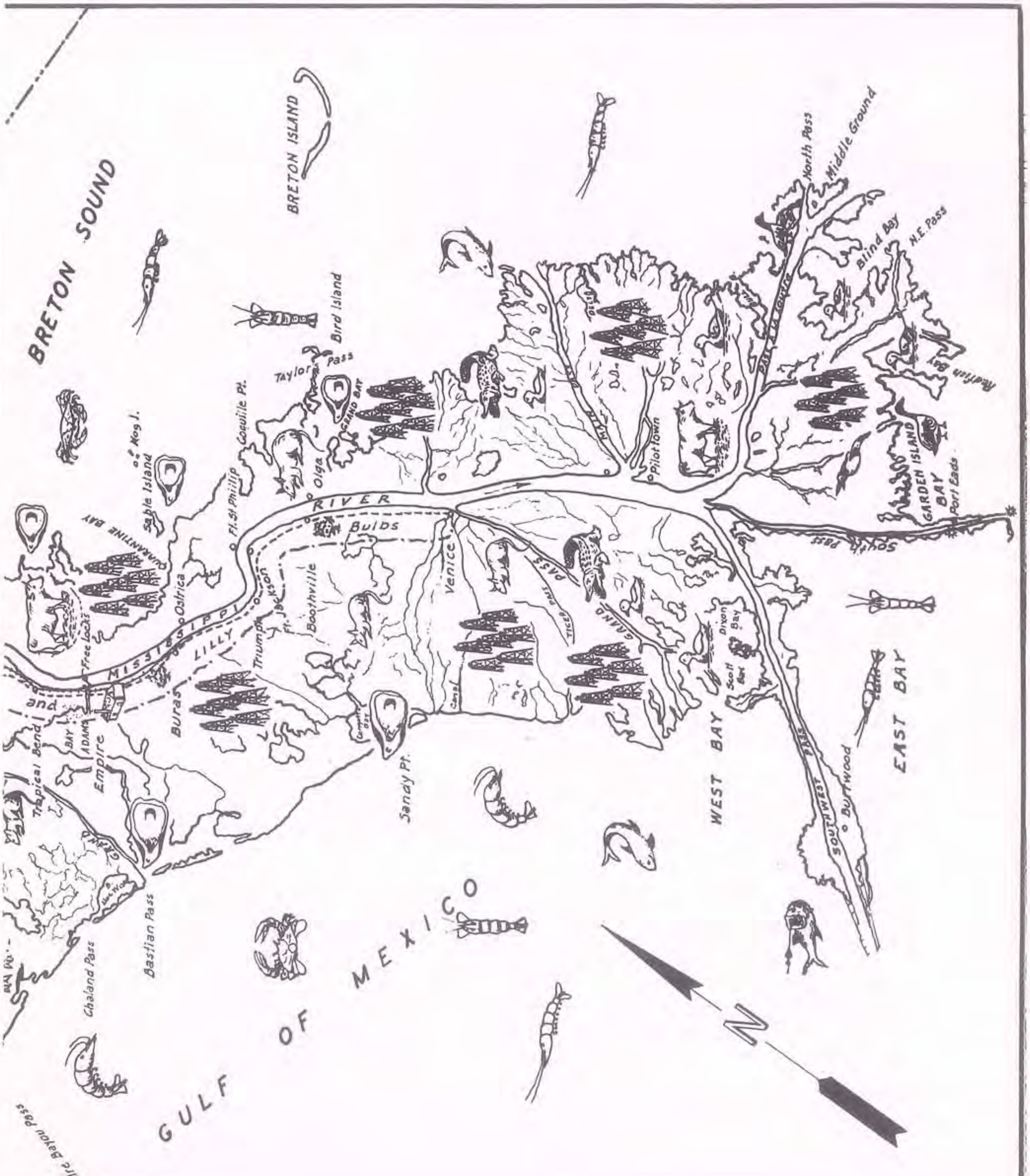
Also, let us not overlook a couple other incidentals of the citrus industry; Plaquemines lemons, a little larger and juicier than ordinary lemons; and the marmalade from kumquats.

The citrus fruit industry and truck farming—the latter belt running from Braithwaite to below Pointe a la Hache on both sides of the river—have replaced the former glories of the cane and rice fields. The sugar centralization

It takes about 14 bushels of oranges to make one of these barrels of delicious orange wine—but only about 5% of Plaquemines' orange crop goes into wine.

This is Magnolia Grove. When the oranges are ripe it is a sea of gold as far as the eye can reach.


MAP
of
PLAQUEMINES PARISH
LOUISIANA
May 1944
Jno. C. de Armas, Jr. Par. Engr.
Scale in Miles
Annual Sulphur Production 550,000 Long Tons
Annual Oil Production 12,775,000 Bbls.
ST. BERNARD PARISH
ORLEANS PARISH
JEFFERSON PARISH
LAKE LERY
LAKE LA FORTUNA
BLACK BAY
BAY CRABE
CALIFORNIA BAY
BARATARIA BAY
BAY BAPTISTE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
RIVER AUX CHENES
POINTE-A-LA-HACHE
SULPHUR FIELD
ORANGES
TRUCK
Pt. Gardner
Mozambique Pt.
Carnarvon
Belair
Carlisle
Phoenix
Hero
Savoie
Davant
Free Ferry
Pt. Celeste
Woodland
Magnolia
Diamond
Socola
Happy Jack
Potash
Port Sulphur
Home Place
Nairn
Deer Range
Myrtle Grove
Naomi
Wills Point
St. Marys Pt.


BRETON SOUND
BRETON ISLAND
Bird Island
Taylor Pass
GRAND BAY
Coquille Pt.
Hog I.
Sable Island
QUARANTINE BAY
Ft. St. Phillip
Olga
Ostrica
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
Free Locks
Buras
Triumph
Ft. Jackson
Boothville
Venice
Empire
Tropical Bend
Bastian Pass
Chaland Pass
Sandy Pt.
GULF OF MEXICO
Pilottown
North Pass
Middle Ground
Blind Bay
N.E. Pass
GARDEN ISLAND BAY
Port Eads
South Pass
Dixon Bay
Scott Bay
WEST BAY
EAST BAY
SOUTHWEST PASS
Burrwood
N

If you will look at the map you will see where the oystermen of Plaquemines first plant and later harvest the succulent bivalves that amounted to 260,000 barrels in 1943—with boats like this and with loads like this. Oyster boats in Plaquemines Parish are as plentiful as Fords in Detroit.

plants, by the very nature of progress, slowly eliminated the individual sugar mills and cane plantations of Plaquemines and the levees prevented sluices and the cost and effort of getting water to the fields increased. The last of the rice era were the "Providence Crops" at the river's mouth, where the danger of losing them was great, but where the yield, when a crop was harvested, was also great and the effort expended small. However, so many crops were lost to the winds and waters that the practice died out. But not until innumerable damaged crops had attracted migratory birds by the millions and this area, where the rice lost to the planters was welcome food to the tired traveling birds, became the greatest natural bird refuge in the country.

In the early part of this fifteen year "Come Back" period to which we referred, right when the citrus industry was becoming a decided asset and no longer a liability to the parish or its planters—in 1933, to be exact—the Freeport Sulphur began mining sulphur at Grand Ecaille (Lake Washington). They had spent $4,000,000 determining whether it was commercially possible. Then they

This is the oyster packing plant of F. K. Devitt on the Caernarvon Canal. In Plaquemines Parish there are three oyster plants on the east side of the Mississippi and seven on the west side, preparing for market the catch of the oystermen, such as shown above.

This is the Grand Ecaille power plant — which provides the steam, hot water, compressed air and power for sulphur mining in Plaquemines Parish. In this war Plaquemines' Freeport Sulphur has met the full demands placed upon it at no increase above pre-war base prices.

built, right in the middle of the marshland, a solid foundation for their pumping operations. It took 35,000 pilings, ranging from 40 to 75 feet long, to construct the foundation. They built a ten mile, ten-inch pipe line from the river to the plant at Grand Ecaille, with a reservoir at the plant itself capable of holding 6,000,000 gallons reserve. They built a ten mile canal from the river to the plant and began the town of Port Sulphur on the river itself. Then they started to work producing and shipping the miracle chemical of science.

Of every $100 spent on the War Program, an estimated $97 goes for expenditures on products using sulphur in some stage of their manufacture. Everything that rolls, floats or flies is dependent on "the stone that burns"—that magic element which, since 1933, has been coming from the depths of Plaquemines Parish at the rate of 550,000 long tons a year.

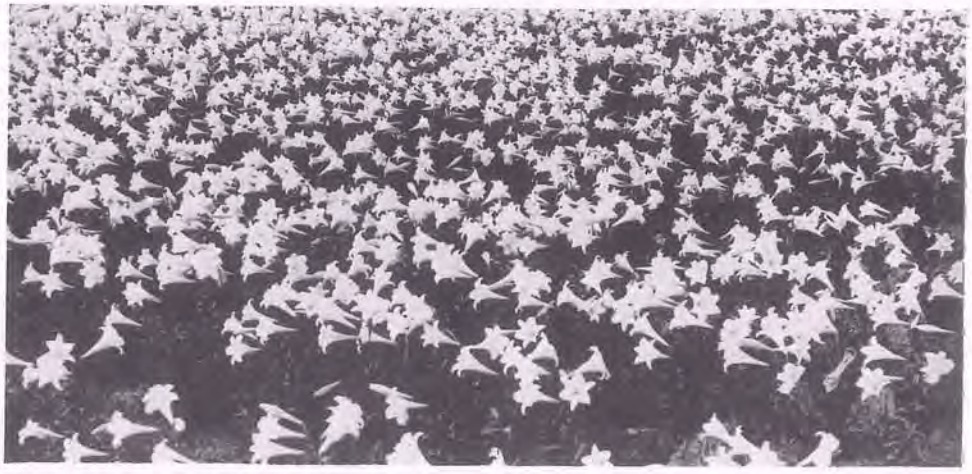
Without a doubt, the discovery of sulphur in Plaquemines Parish was the greatest single factor in its "Come Back"—but, although a big factor, was only one of several.

Sulphur for Victory! A Mississippi River barge is loaded at the Freeport Sulphur Company dock at Port Sulphur and will soon be on its way to carry this magic chemical to some war plant where it will lose its identity in the manufacture of some vitally needed product.

Another was OIL—that flowing black gold, without which our modern world could not function a single second. The first well in Plaquemines was discovered at Lake Washington in 1930. Since then the score has increased to thirteen fields and the annual yield has now reached the production figure of 13,000,000 barrels for the motors of America.

Look at the map and see how the derricks dot the entire area of this parish, which only a little over a decade ago was considered merely a Hunters' Paradise.

The marvelous thing about this saga of success is that nothing has been lost to gain the sulphur and oil of Plaquemines. The muskrats still abound. Of the entire fur valuation of $5,500,000 for the state, Plaquemines Parish alone is responsible for $1,500,000—over one quarter.



The Creole Lilies of Plaquemines Parish in bloom. They are raised, however, not for their beauty, but for their bulbs, the marketing of which is one of the youngest and fastest growing industries of the parish.

This is still a Hunters' Paradise. In Plaquemines Parish, above Pass a Loutre, is the government supervised Delta Migratory Waterfowl Refuge. Here also is the Pass a Loutre Shooting Grounds—a 66,000 acre Sportsman's Heaven which, in peace time, is open to the public for hunting, daily fees being charged. Here abound the blue goose, wild duck, snipe, deer—game and fish galore.

This ground was purchased by the government from the Delta Duck Club of New Orleans and the estate of Joseph Leiter of Chicago, whose Chateau Canard (Duck Castle) was the most famous shooting lodge in the country. So luxurious were the accommodations for Leiter's former hunting guests that even the duck blinds were heated.

There can be no value placed on the pleasure that future American sportsmen will secure from this part of Plaquemines. It is priceless, precious and a part of America of which there is no duplicate and for which, unless it were prudently protected and preserved as it is, there could be found no satisfactory substitute.

Quietly going about their business in Plaquemines Parish are the oystermen and shrimpers whose combined efforts represent a million dollar a year industry. Theirs is a dawn to dusk round of labor. Bringing in the seed oysters from the reefs, planting them and later gathering the crop is hard, but remunerative work. Mostly they are Slavonians, Dalmations, descendants of the original French and Spanish. They are good citizens, devout Catholics and lovers of good boats.

Previous to this fifteen year period which we constantly mention, these oyster and shrimp fishermen of Plaquemines were burdened by heavy lock tolls at Empire and Ostrica. Since 1936, through the efforts of the Police Jury and the cooperation of the Conservation Department the Parish owns these

locks and they are now toll free to fishermen and boat owners. This has meant a savings of about $100,000 a year to the oyster and shrimp producers alone and has given a great impetus to the seafood industry of Plaquemines. The parish has spent over $90,000 constructing canals for the oystermen, for both navigation and to bring fresh water to their oyster beds. In 1943 there were 260,000 barrels of oysters alone shipped from the parish.

Follow the map again and you will see from where in Plaquemines come the delicious oysters which the river water fattens and to which the Gulf gives that delicious taste. To prepare these oysters for market there are ten packing plants in the parish.

And now for the recountal of a very unique industry—the Creole Lilies (or Easter lilies) of Plaquemines. On the alluvial strip of the West Bank of the

This is the famous Plaquemines Parish Free Ferry, an immaculately kept Diesel powered boat capable of carrying 20 passenger cars at one loading. It operates from 6 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. every day in the year.

parish this industry, introduced within this fifteen year period and the only place in the United States where these lilies are grown commercially, now represents a business worth many thousands a year.

To encourage this young industry the Parish will give one bushel of bulbs to anyone in the parish interested in raising these Creole Lilies. In two years they pay back two bushels from their crop. The plan is thus self-perpetuating.

Japan once used to ship millions of lilies into this country. That market has now fallen to the growers in Plaquemines who claim the "Creole" will last from four to five days longer than the former Japanese variety. The lilies in bloom are beautiful, but the business is the raising of the bulbs. One grower alone, last year raised on one acre a crop worth $1,500—he and his family. It is an industry just in its infancy—and one which anyone can enter without capital and very little ground.

In our detailed review of the citrus industry and our brief mention of truck farming, we failed to mention that agriculture alone, not considering the citrus crop, amounts to several hundred thousands of dollars a year in this parish of about 13,500 people of which 65% are white and 35% colored. Throughout the parish the raising of beef cattle adds still more to the aggregate prosperity of the parish.

At Pointe a la Hache is the largest manufacturer of cedar wardrobes in the U. S., a firm that was the fifth largest purchaser of cedar lumber in the world before the war.

In this fifteen year "Come Back" period there have been outstanding parish accomplishments. First and foremost is the Free Ferry at Pointe a la Hache, the only free ferry in the United States operated by a parish. It was opened in July, 1940, and, in the calendar year of 1943, transported across the

Left, the modern auditorium of Buras, capable of holding 3,000 people. Below, the Buras stadium. The lamps of learning and public welfare are held high in Plaquemines.

river 25,967 passenger cars and 8,253 trucks. Passengers in the cars and trucks were 88,360 and foot passengers totaled 24,965.

This ferry leaves on the hour from the West side and on the half hour from the East side. It cost the Parish approximately $120,000 to build and requires an annual appropriation for upkeep, but it has eliminated a hundred mile trip by road through New Orleans to the person who wanted to get on the other side. This has materially helped the prosperity of the parish.

The School System is another distinct accomplishment. Besides the grade schools there are high schools at Braithwaite, Buras, Belle Chasse and Port Sulphur. The first three are supplemented with auditoriums and also with stadiums, which are equipped with lights for night events. All are modern buildings thoroughly equipped at parish expense. In 1943 the Police Jury gave $20,000 to increase parish teacher's pay in order to raise the standard of teaching.

Since 1939, sixty miles of drainage canals and an efficient system of back levees have reclaimed ten to fifteen thousand acres of marshland in the parish.

Many of the assets which Plaquemines Parish can now list came as a result of the inexorable March of Progress. Fortunately the parish was in the path of oil and sulphur. But many of the assets and accomplishments came about because the people of the parish and their political advisers were able to pull themselves out of depression doldrums by clear thinking and unselfish perseverance.

In 1933, through the efforts of District Attorney, "Judge" Leander H. Perez, the Police Jury was authorized to assume payment of the entire bonded indebtedness of the School Board, Levee Districts and Road Districts, and in consideration thereof the Police Jury succeeded to and became vested with the rights, revenues and resources of such districts with respect to the bonded debts assumed.

As a result the Police Jury was able to use parish public funds where they would do the most good for the greatest majority at the right time.

Plaquemines Parish has reduced its tax rate over 60% since that time and now enjoys the lowest tax rate in the state.

When submarine sinkings were mounting to an apalling toll in the Gulf, it was decided that the 26 mile dirt road strip below Pointe a la Hache on the West side of the river must be paved in order that burned or wounded men might be rushed to hospitals or military material be rushed the other way. The Parish's share of the fund was $250,000. It was raised—was never used—and is now in War Bonds, a safe cushion for postwar emergencies or developments.

From Belle Chasse, which means "Fine Hunting" down to Venice which is the end of the road, and on to Pilottown, where the big ships get their first glimpse and their last look at Louisiana, Plaquemines Parish offers to the interested onlooker, visitor or prospective dweller, a history that is full of adventure and action, and a financial statement that tells very clearly—as I have tried to do in this summary—that Plaquemines now not only has a glorious past and a prosperous present—but a bright and shining future.

THE PARISH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

This is the famous "German Coast" of early Louisiana history, incorporated as a parish by territorial legislation in 1807. It is the most agriculturally alert section in the state, having increased, since 1930, the productivity of its land under cultivation by 50%. Its parish seat is Edgard, but its largest town is Reserve, claimed to be the wealthiest community between New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

By OLIDEE C. DUFRESNE

President, Police Jury, Parish of St. John the Baptist

PEACEFULLY and prosperously straddling the Mississippi River—beginning about 30 miles above New Orleans at a spot on the Bonnet Carre bend near Lucy and Laplace, and extending on up to Mt. Airy and Wallace—is the 149,000 acre Parish of St. John the Baptist.

This is the parish that can proudly prove that 90% of its white families (and 50% of its colored) own their own homes. This is the parish whose inhabitants are descendants of those thrifty German sons of the soil, who established the second permanent settlement in Louisiana, and the industrious French Acadian farmers who joined them nearly half a century later.

Over two hundred years ago the people of St. John began laying the foundation for permanent possession of the Fourth Freedom—the freedom from want. While the adventurers, soldiers and courtiers, who came with Bienville, searched in vain for the wealth that John Law had promised could be picked from the ground like pebbles, these "German Coast" colonists decided to make their living the hard way—by working for it.

They cleared the land and produced crops. They fought the floods and stubbornly held their homes against the Natchez Indians. While the men were at work in the fields, the women kept watch from trees armed with their flintlocks, and warned of the approach of unfriendly redskins by gunshot.

We learn, from the records of those early days, how the St. John farmers made regular trips down river from their dangerous outposts to the securely walled settlement of New Orleans with boatloads of sorely needed produce. Timely provisions from St. John saved the city from famine, not once, but several times.

Today, St. John still feeds New Orleans. Twenty-five hundred acres of the parish are devoted to truck farming. Here, to the tune of three crops a year, are raised shallot, cabbage, collard, broccoli, turnips, spinach, beets, carrots, es-

An aerial view of the Reserve plant of Godchaux Sugars, Inc., one of the largest producers and refiners of sugar cane in the United States. One of the most dramatic sights to which the visitor can be treated in a sugar refining plant is the "strike" when, with a hiss of escaping steam, a curling ribbon of molasses crystals rolls down from the vacuum pans into a vat where rotary blades stir the thick syrup, now ready for crystallization. Through the bottom of the tank the syrup is drawn in regulated amounts into whirling centrifugals—to emerge as granulated sugar, ready to be bagged and shipped.

carole, sweet potatoes, egg plant, mustard, squash, swiss chard, tomatoes and cauliflower. And, although New Orleans is the largest single market for its vegetables, the famous St. John shallot and cabbage are shipped in all directions over rail and truck facilities centered in Laplace.

Truck farming is, however, not the most important agricultural pursuit in the parish. Of the 50,000 acres under cultivation, only one in twenty is used to raise vegetables for market. Cane, rice, corn and Irish potatoes are the major products—in just about the order named.

Cane and rice are the profit crops—the rice being sold mostly F. O. B. field and the cane delivered to sugar refineries, both within the parish and beyond. St. John has three large sugar plants of its own. One of them, the Godchaux Sugar Refinery at Reserve, is one of the largest in the world, with a daily capacity of 2,000,000 pounds. But, St. John's ten thousand acres of cane production is more than all three of these plants can handle. As a result, part of the cane is shipped to refineries in other parishes.

Corn and Irish potatoes are the subsistence crops. Most of the corn is used to feed the live stock and chickens. And, a good many bushels of their potatoes, along with the garden vegetables, are used to supply their own tables.

The agricultural history of St. John the Baptist Parish is a tribute to the intelligence and initiative of its people. When they landed in Louisiana over two centuries ago, with a few pigs, chickens, cows and crude farm implements, they found—not a Paradise of Plenty—but a wilderness that had to be tamed before it would yield its treasures. The ground was fertile but it had to be cleared. The river was a path to market in front of their door, but it had to be constantly restrained from swallowing those original puny farms that hugged its banks.

When indigo was introduced as a marketable crop in Louisiana, about seven years after they had broken ground, these colonists worked desperately against the constant menace of flood to expand their acres for its cultivation. Their dogged determination won out and in a surprisingly short time they were making more than a bare living from the soil. They became successful farmers.

In the 1790's, two things happened almost simultaneously to the grand children of the original settlers. Indigo worms and the appearance of a better quality of indigo in South America forced them to drop this crop suddenly.

But, the de Bore process of refining sugar, developed about the same time, offered a substitute so superior and adaptable to St. John soil that the planters forgot their indigo "blues" and concentrated on cane.

Then came the period when the farmers combined to build a levee about three feet high all along the river bank; imported slaves to clear more land and to cut the cane they raised on the increased acreage; built sugarhouses to refine the cane they cut and used the wood they secured from the land they had cleared as fuel in their mills.

Cane became a greater crop than indigo had ever been, and when the War Between the States broke out St. John Parish was covered with prosperous cane producing and sugar refining plantations.

Like everybody else, the men of St. John left their homes and land in 1861 and went to war. And, like everybody else, they suffered greatly from the four years of strife. But, the Reconstruction Days hit them harder than war. Greatly outnumbered by the blacks, St. John the Baptist Parish was the last in the state to get out from under the carpetbagger rule. It was 1896 before they succeeded in electing a white sheriff.

But, in spite of these setbacks, important developments were taking place in this parish in its No. 1 industry—sugar refining. Under the leadership of Leon Godchaux, St. John Parish pioneered the centralization of sugar manufacturing.

Godchaux persuaded the planters in the parish that the cane could be refined more economically and more scientifically if, instead of many little mills, all the cane of all the planters were refined in one centralized plant.

After the initial successful experiment at the Godchaux plant in Reserve, this system was universally adopted throughout the cane producing belt.

After World War I the temper of the St. John people was again tested. The rise of land values, a deflated currency and the sudden appearance of the

The beautiful colonial home of Evergreen Plantation at Wallace. Surrounded by its aged oaks and stately magnolias this plantation home is a vivid reminder of the glory that was the antebellum South. Notice the graceful curve of the stairway leading to the upper verandah.

St. John the Baptist Church at Edgard which was built in 1918 when the 100-year-old wooden church was consumed by fire. In one day the people of the parish raised $90,000 in cash to build this beautiful edifice.

A view of the Columbia Sugar Factory. High up, in every sugar plant, the carrier dumps its load of cane down a shining chute where the teeth of hungry knives chop the stalks into sections. On all sides are whirring wheels, sliding pistons and turning gears with the sweet smell of crushed cane and boiling juice permeating the air.

mosaic disease on their Creole cane once more created a crisis in the prosperity of the parish.

But, by this time, the resourceful planters of St. John were used to fighting their way out of difficulties. They tried new varieties of cane, which possessed greater resistance, and found them successful. They listened to the scientific advice of the government experimental stations and they accepted guidance from the research findings of Louisiana State University.

In 1934 when the A. A. A. came to the aid of farmers, they again listened and profited by everything they were told.

Today, A. L. Brou, Parish Administrative Officer of the A. A. A., states that since 1930 the farmers and planters of St. John has increased the productivity of ground under cultivation by 50%.

Between the cane rows they plant potatoes. With the corn they grow soy beans and cow peas. Every acre is made to yield its maximum, and its vitality is returned to it by proper fertilization and the balance of crops.

These facts, traced back through two centuries, make it very easy to understand why there is such a high percentage of home ownership in this self reliant parish of approximately 17,000 people of which 55% are white— and, of which 25% of its colored population are independent farmers on their own land.

Back beyond the cultivated area that lines both banks of the river, extends another asset of the parish next in importance to its cane and rice—its swamp and timberland—from Lake Maurepas and Pontchartrain on the north to Lake Des Allemands on the south. Here there are muskrat, mink and coon trapping where as high as $3,000 can be earned by a trapper during the season. In Lake Des Allemands there is profitable skiff seining for Buffalo Fish. And, this area is studded with valuable timber such as cypress, oak, gum, elm, ash and hickory. Throughout the parish are seen huge representatives of the majestic oaks of Louisiana, with their hoary beards of beautiful (and profitable) Spanish Moss.

Oil and gas were discovered five years ago at Laplace. These, therefore, can be considered the most recent assets of a parish that is growing constantly more valuable to those who live in it.

In 1932, on the Godchaux Belle Pointe Plantation, which is incidentally, one of the finest dairies in Louisiana, was developed a new by-product of sugar cane. Basically, it is dehydrated bagasse, and its original purpose was its use as a stock feed. Gradually, so many uses for it were discovered that it was given the trade name SERVALL. Today it is produced, packaged and shipped from St. John the Baptist Parish to practically every state in the Union and the Dominion of Canada—as poultry and animal litter, a fine and coarse horticultural product for soil mixtures and plant mulches, a low-density pitch for use in explosives, and in a finely ground form for use in feed mixing.

The most predominant and promising point about this parish is that its future is just beginning. Its cane production will support another refinery. Its truck farming possibilities will support another central shipping point on the West side of the river. Its strategic position, alongside river, highway and rail transportation make its future marketing problems a minor factor.

St. John is served by the Illinois Central, Yazoo and Mississippi Valley, Louisiana and Arkansas railroads on the the East side of the river and the Texas and Pacific and Missouri Pacific on the West. Its state roads are paved and black topped and its parish roads gravelled. It is completely electrified and has natural gas on the East bank. Parish officials are now working to secure the same service for the West Bank.

St. John the Baptist Parish is not only prosperous—it is a nice place to live. Extending for 35 miles on both sides of the Mississippi and following the picturesque levee are neat homes, well kept yards and tidy villages.

For its children it boasts a fully accredited, well developed primary and high school system with modern buildings, gymnasiums, free and safe school busses and an able staff of instructors.

Its first town was Lucy, founded by the Germans in 1721. It was originally known as "Karlstein" from its founder, the leader of the German colonists, Karl Friedrich D'Arensbourg, who came to Louisiana with a baton representing a solid gold apple, presented to him by Charles II. It was later named Lucy, after the sweetheart of the first postmaster. The first parish seat was Lucy, but, in 1848, the parish government was moved to Edgard.

The San Francisco Sugar Factory and the San Francisco plantation home at Lions. This home was built in 1850—and, at one time in its colorful history, a formal garden led to the river (just beyond the levee at the left), where peacocks proudly strutted and screamed on the terrace. Its exterior, today considered a bit rococco, was. in the hey-day of this plantation, very high sty'e. In the foreground can be seen the water tower which was the plantation's only source of water.

At Bonnet Carre, near Lucy, was born Dr. Rudolph Matas, now practicing in New Orleans and internationally famous for his vascular surgery.

Edgard was originally known as St. John. But, when a man by the name of Edgard Perret established a postoffice there, the people began to call it "Edgard's Postoffice" and later, just "Edgard." At Edgard is the sugar factory of Caire and Graugnard on the Columbia Plantation. In Edgard is located, what is considered one of the most beautiful country churches in the United States. It is the Church of St. John the Baptist, the first church in the parish and originally built in 1772. It was swept away by a flood in 1821, but was immediately rebuilt. For nearly 100 years this wooden church again served the catholics of the community until 1918, when it was consumed by fire. In the church records of the parish is this memorable entry—that, following the fire, the people, in one day, donated $90,000 in cash to build a new beautiful brick temple of worship.

Wallace, founded in 1766, was the spot where the French Acadians joined the Germans and established their first homes. This town was named after Congressman Wallace, who, in 1885, secured its first postoffice.

The town of Laplace was named after the original Laplace Plantation, on which site it stands. Laplace was the scene of the famous Bonnet Carre Crevasse in 1872, which lasted 11 years and cut straight across to Lake Pontchartrain.

Reserve probably has the most interesting history of all. It was the original Boudousquie Plantation at which Leon Godchaux, when he was a peddler selling his wares from plantation to plantation, was rudely treated. He swore that someday he would own it. Later, as fate ordained, when Leon Godchaux was a successful merchant, this plantation was put up at auction. He bought it,

This was the first seat of government of St. John the Baptist Parish—the original court house at Lucy. The cypress shingles you see were put on there in 1808, believe it or not. The man standing on the porch, its present owner, is 87-year-old Fernand Reynaud, a former member of the Police Jury for 30 years.

OFFICIALS OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST PARISH

Seated, left to right, members of the Police Jury: Paul H. Stebbins, Ward 6, Garyville; Antoine S. Songy, Ward 5, Reserve; Edmond H. Alexandre, Ward 4, Laplace; Olidee C. Dufresne, President, Ward 3, Wallace; Ruffin Le Roux, Ward 2, Edgard; and Dr. Marc Cognevich, Ward 1, Edgard. Standing, front row, left to right: Marguerite Fabre, Health Nurse; Dr. Julius R. Fernandez, State Representative; Percy D. Hebert, Sheriff; Harry R. Martin, Clerk of Court; Lester J. Millet, Assessor; and H. D'Aquin Bourgeois, Secretary, Police Jury. Standing, back row, left to right: R. J. Landry, County Agent; Wallace Lassaigne, Parish Printer; and T. J. Nagel, Register of Voters.

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as he had planned, and named it Reserve, because, as he said, he had "reserved" it for himself for years. Here, Leon Godchaux started in the sugar business and here today is the huge Godchaux Sugar Refinery, a monument to his memory and efforts.

The San Francisco Plantation at Lions which was also named after its first postmaster, has a very romantic history. It was visited at one time by Louis Philippe, who later became King of France. When he left, the owners of the plantation threw the table service of gold and silver in the Mississippi River so that no mortal of lesser social order might ever use it. The San Francisco Sugar Factory is located at Lions.

Mt. Airy, originally the location of the LeBourgeoise Plantation, was so named by its owner who had gone to college at Mt. Airy, North Carolina, and who wished to perpetuate those happy days in his memory.

Garyville was named in honor of an absent director of the Lyon Lumber Company at their first meeting. This mill, until a few years ago, was the largest cypress sawmill in the world. This, in itself, tells something of the past wealth in timber of St. John the Baptist Parish.

The newcomer, making his first contact with St. John the Baptist Parish and its people, is amazed by two things: the colorful history of these quiet, industrious folk who fought floods, the wilderness and Indians, without help from anyone, to establish their 35 miles of homeland along the Father of Waters; and, also, the security which these people have earned by their toil and perseverance.

JUSTIN F. BORDENAVE
Publisher

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JOSEPH H. MONIES
Managing Editor

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The publishers of the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review will be glad, at any time, to furnish information to anyone interested in Jefferson Parish industrial opportunities. The establishment of new industries is encouraged in every way possible by the Police Jury and citizens of the parish. More detailed data will be furnished on its extremely low transportation costs, easy access to raw materials, excellent facilities for distribution and ten year tax exemption. To homeseekers, visitors or those just interested in the history or future of this prolific parish, the publishers offer the facilities of this publication. Your request for information or assistance will receive prompt and courteous response.

OUR COVER

Kodachrome by Eugene Delcroix

May we introduce you to Mrs. Leodas Besson? This sweet old grandmere is, to us, the living symbol of the peace and serenity of Grand Isle. She is, in fact, its oldest native born woman. In her eyes is the contented light of a long and happy life of service. As she sits here in the morning sun she is fondly remembering the laughter of her children as they grew up, the jubilant shouts of the men after a good catch, the sweet smell of the oleanders after rain.

This Book Manufactured in its Entirety by Union Labor

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

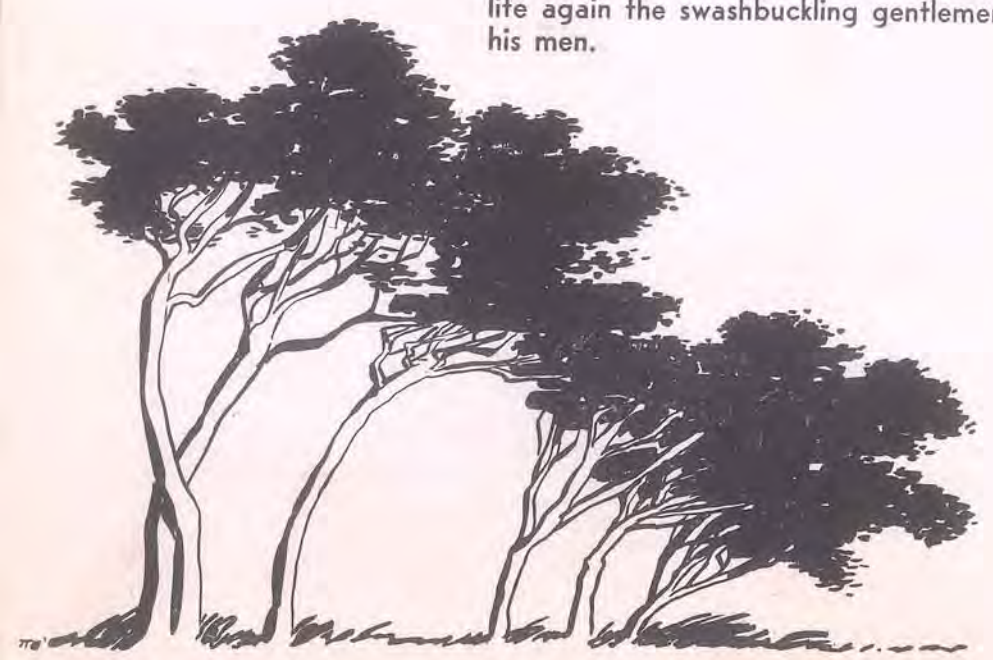
The Land of Lafitte the Pirate

Have you secured your copy of "The Land of Lafitte the Pirate" — the new book published by Jefferson Parish Yearly Review only a few months ago and already in its second printing?

This is one volume every resident of Louisiana and every lover of its beauty and history should possess. It is the famous and fascinating story of Jean Lafitte and his Barataria pirates, lavishly illustrated by over fifty full pages of drawings and photographs. No longer do you have to imagine what he and his men looked like, where they lived and looted and how they could possibly elude the authorities so cleverly and successfully for ten long years.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF LAFITTE'S DOMAIN—DRAMATIC DRAWINGS OF HIS DYNAMIC CAREER

That mysterious maze of bayous that still confuses—beautiful Grand Isle that was once a pirates' lair—grim Grand Terre and tricky Barataria Pass—the homes, the habits and the hectic lives of the people of that day—all are faithfully presented by careful camera studies or drawings that bring to life again the swashbuckling gentlemen pirate and his men.



Above and at the right are miniature reproductions of a few of the full page drawings from "The Land of Lafitte The Pirate."

The Jefferson Parish Yearly Review is now preparing its second book, again combining pictures and text to bring back to life the famous French Quarter of New Orleans. Use the coupon below if you wish to be notified on publication date, scheduled for next Spring.

Drawings
BY TILDEN LANDRY
Photographs
BY EUGENE DELCROIX

Tilden Landry, already well known for his illustrations in Hartnett Kane's "Bayous of Louisiana," knows this beautiful bayou country like the back of his hand. His drawings are true interpretations of Louisiana's most colorful character, Jean Lafitte, and the land where he lived.

Eugene Delcroix is famous in Louisiana for his bayou and swamp camera studies. He spent many years collecting the priceless photographs that appear in this book.

FOREWORD BY LYLE SAXON
WRITTEN BY RAY M. THOMPSON

Much of the story, during those turbulent times when Louisiana was struggling to establish herself as an American territory, is shrouded in mystery and legend. Fact and fancy are apt to fade into fiction in telling the story of Lafitte. But Thompson has, through painstaking research, stripped away as much as possible of the legend surrounding Lafitte and has presented an authentic tale which the pictures so forcefully support.

Lyle Saxon, the recognized authority on Lafitte, has lent his approval and approbation to the findings of Thompson and the fine interpretations of Landry and Delcroix.

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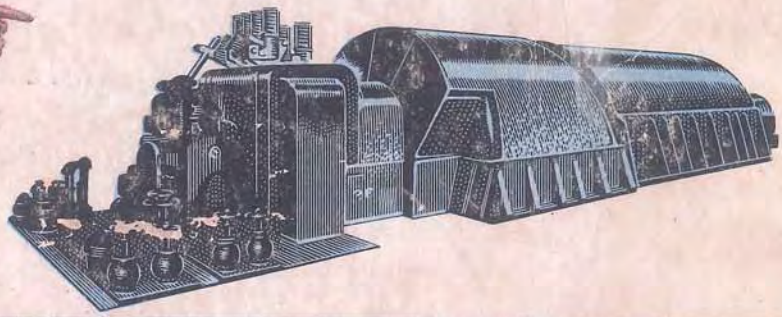
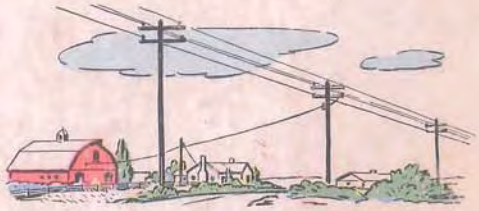
"More Power For Victory"



This new generating unit has just been installed to do a war job. Actually its installation was planned before Pearl Harbor.

When this war is won, we're looking for big things in Louisiana—real progress for farms and industries. They will grow mighty fast, and the Sterlington plant will then help to provide for their needs.



As soon as materials are again available, Louisiana Power & Light Company will build hundreds of miles of electric power lines to rural areas so that the mighty power of this new generating unit, with all of its benefits, can be made available to more farms.

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