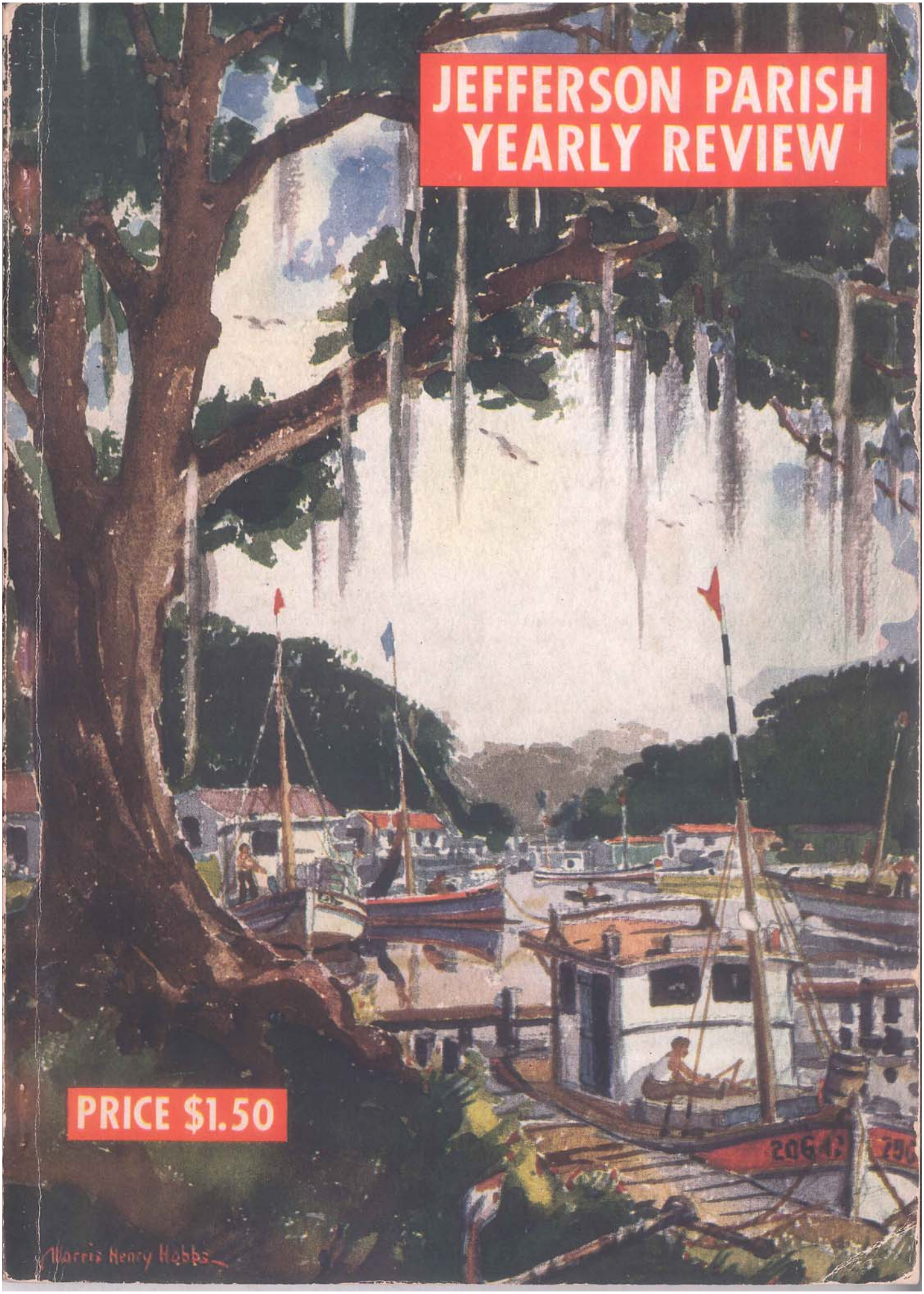
JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW



PRICE $1.50

This advertisement was run in the interest of attracting industry to New Orleans and Louisiana and appeared in *The Chicago Journal of Commerce, The New York Journal of Commerce, The Blue Book of Southern Progress and The Oil Journal.*

The New Industrial Outlook in New Orleans

New Civic Facilities to Stimulate Demand for New Orleans Products

International House promoting foreign trade

New Orleans is not just *talking* about prospects for the new era ahead. New Orleans is *doing* things. There's a new spirit of hustle in this city that now numbers 601,800 people. International House, a ten-story development of social and business contacts with overseas customers, is in full operation.

International Trade Mart will bring buyers together

The new International Trade Mart will dovetail its activities with nearby International House. The building has already been purchased and remodeling will soon start. Here buyers from abroad and from the Mississippi Valley may meet and display their products to mutual advantage.

Barge lines, ocean routes, railroads, air lines and highways provide most efficient transportation

All forms of transportation converge on New Orleans as a market in itself and also as a gateway to world markets. Long an important world port, New Orleans rose to tremendous importance in wartime transportation and intends to maintain its dominant position.

We'll make confidential location studies without charge or obligation

Write to

INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING AND UTILIZATION DEPARTMENT

NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE, Inc.
317 Baronne St. New Orleans 9, La.

NEW ORLEANS *Public Service*

SERVING NEW ORLEANS WITH ELECTRICITY, GAS AND TRANSPORTATION

OUR COVER

Our beautiful cover is an original watercolor painted especially for the Review by Morris Henry Hobbs, one of the country's outstanding artists and top-ranking etchers. Mr. Hobbs has faithfully captured the beauty of Bayou Barataria, one of Jefferson Parish's loveliest fishing settlements. Coming to New Orleans in 1938 on a visit, Mr. Hobbs remained, officially adopting Louisiana as his state. Since then his paintings and exquisite etchings of the Vieux Carre and Louisiana's swamps and bayous have become known from one end of the country to the other.

STAFF

Publisher.....Justin F. Bordenave

Managing Editor and Business Manager....Joseph H. Monies

Associate Editor.....Margaret Baker

Associate Editor and Art Director.....Sue Thompson

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.

JEFFERSON PARISH *Yearly Review*

Published annually with the endorsement and support of the Police Jury of Jefferson Parish.
Weaver R. Toledano, President

Kenner, La. 1946

F E A T U R E S

Frontispiece *by Eugene Delcroix* 2
A Dozen Years of Progress 3
Look to Jefferson, the Progressive Parish *by Weaver R. Toledano* 4

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY

Building for the Future 8
The Problem of a Tidewater Seaway *by T. G. Nicholson* 21
Messengers of the Americas 25
Alternate Connection of the Intracoastal Canal With the Mississippi to Relieve Harvey Lock *by Captain Harry G. Koch* 29
Alligator Hunting *by Martel McNeely* 33

RECREATION

The Perfect Playground 46
Formula for Fishing *by Ray M. Thompson* 51
Parish Masterpieces *Pictorial Section* 65
Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo *by Paul Kalman* 81
Pirogue Pacers *by Hugh M. Wilkinson* 85
Beauty at Grand Isle 91
Voodoo and the Gritney People *by Robert Tallant* 93

FOOD AND AGRICULTURE

Spotlight on Food 104
Cheniere Caminada Comes Back *by Margaret Baker* 110
Inside Information on the Crab *by Sue Thompson* 124

CIVIC AND COMMUNITY

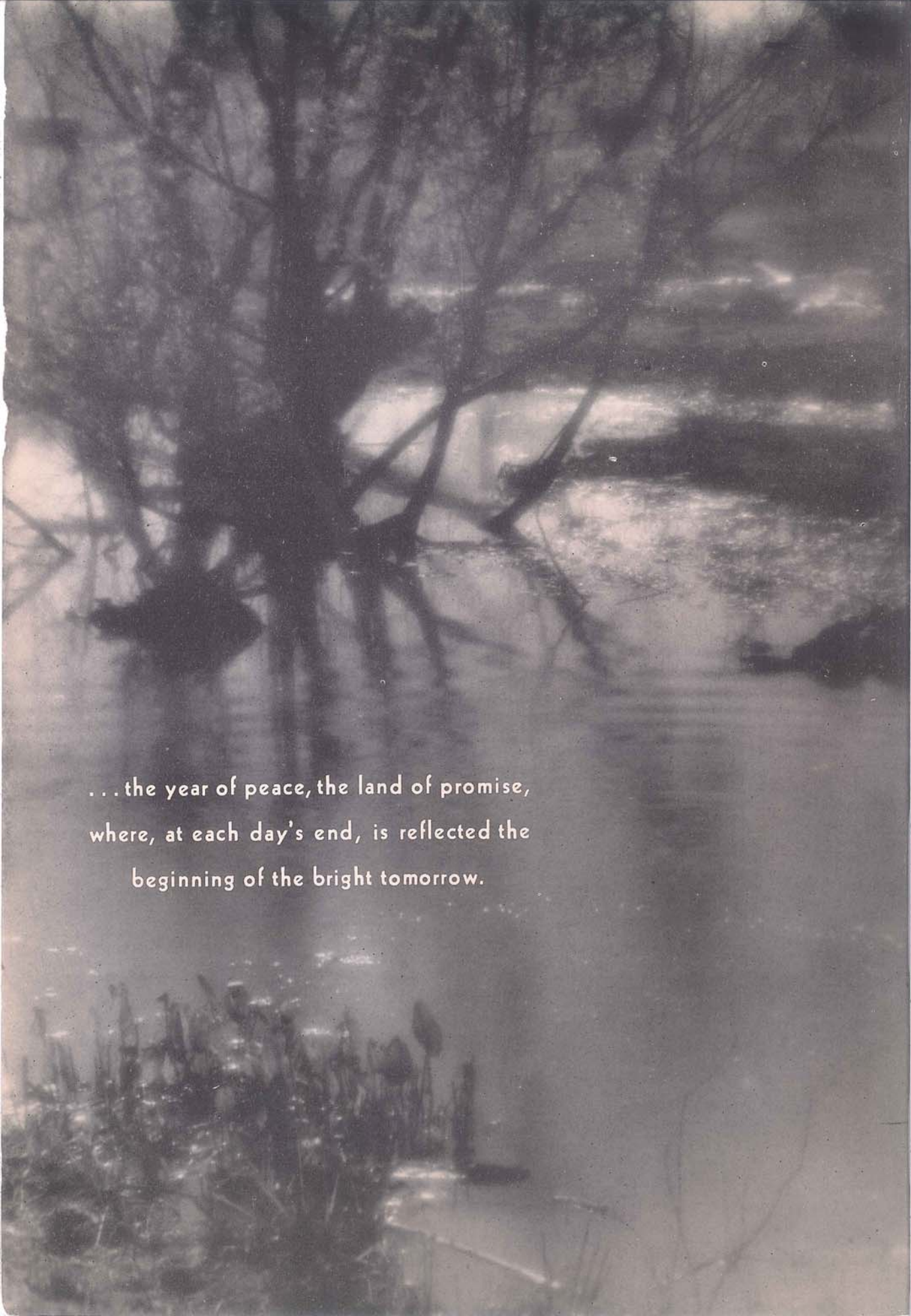
Home Is Where the Heart Is 132
Jefferson Parish Police Jury, Members and Officers 137
Federal, State and District Officials 139
Parish Officials 141
Court Officials 143
Knowledge Is Power *by L. W. Higgins* 145
Slave in a Spigot *by John W. Hodgson, Sr.* 157
Growing Gretna *by Dr. Charles F. Gelbke* 163
Kenner Takes to the Air *by Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler* 167
Harahan, Village With a Future *by Frank H. Mayo* 171
Westwego *by R. J. Duplantis* 175

Plaquemines, the Parish of Buried Treasure *by F. K. Cummins* 179

Index to Advertisers 190

This Book Manufactured in its Entirety by Union Labor

5



. . . the year of peace, the land of promise,
where, at each day's end, is reflected the
beginning of the bright tomorrow.

A DOZEN YEARS OF PROGRESS

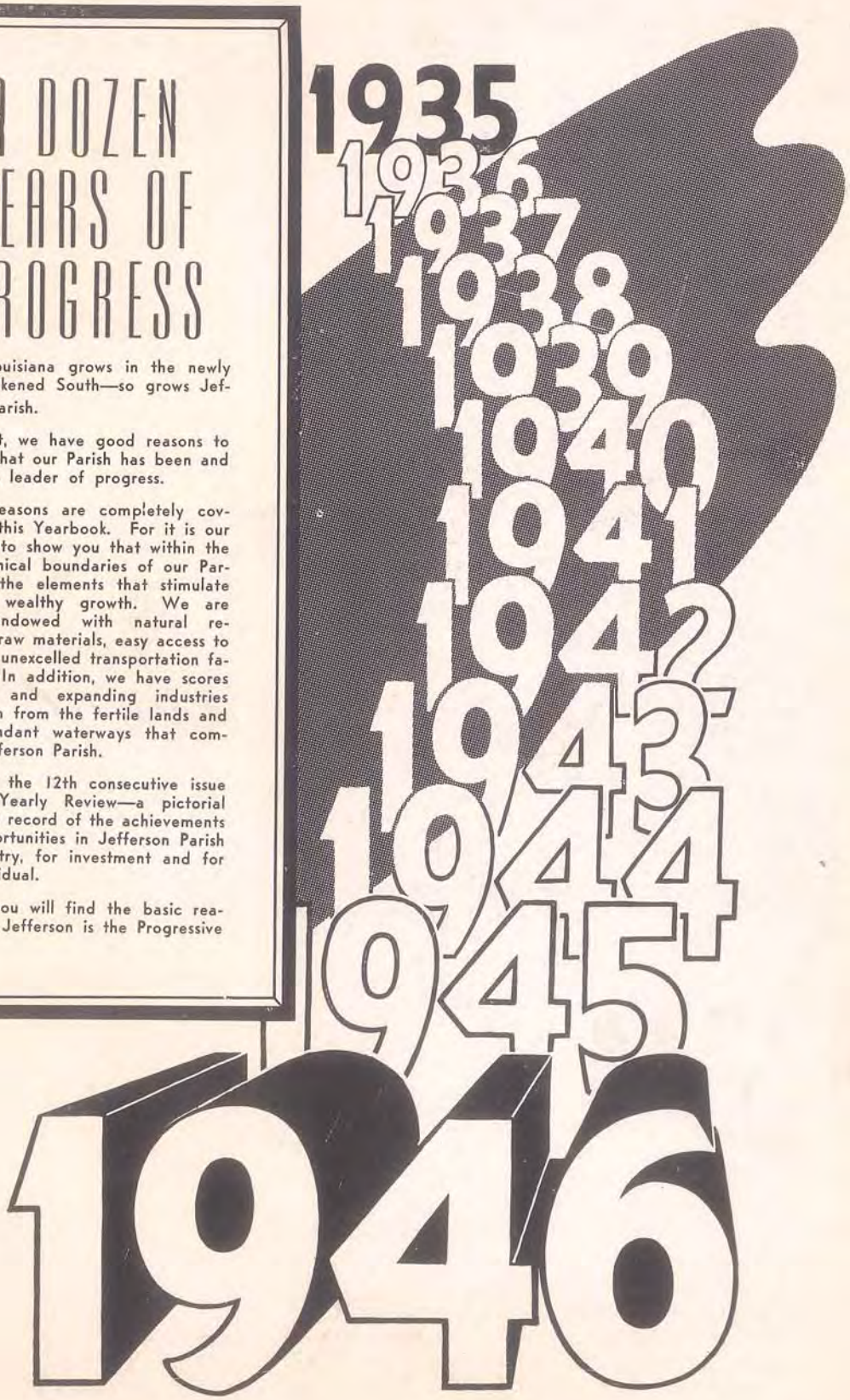
AS Louisiana grows in the newly awakened South—so grows Jefferson Parish.

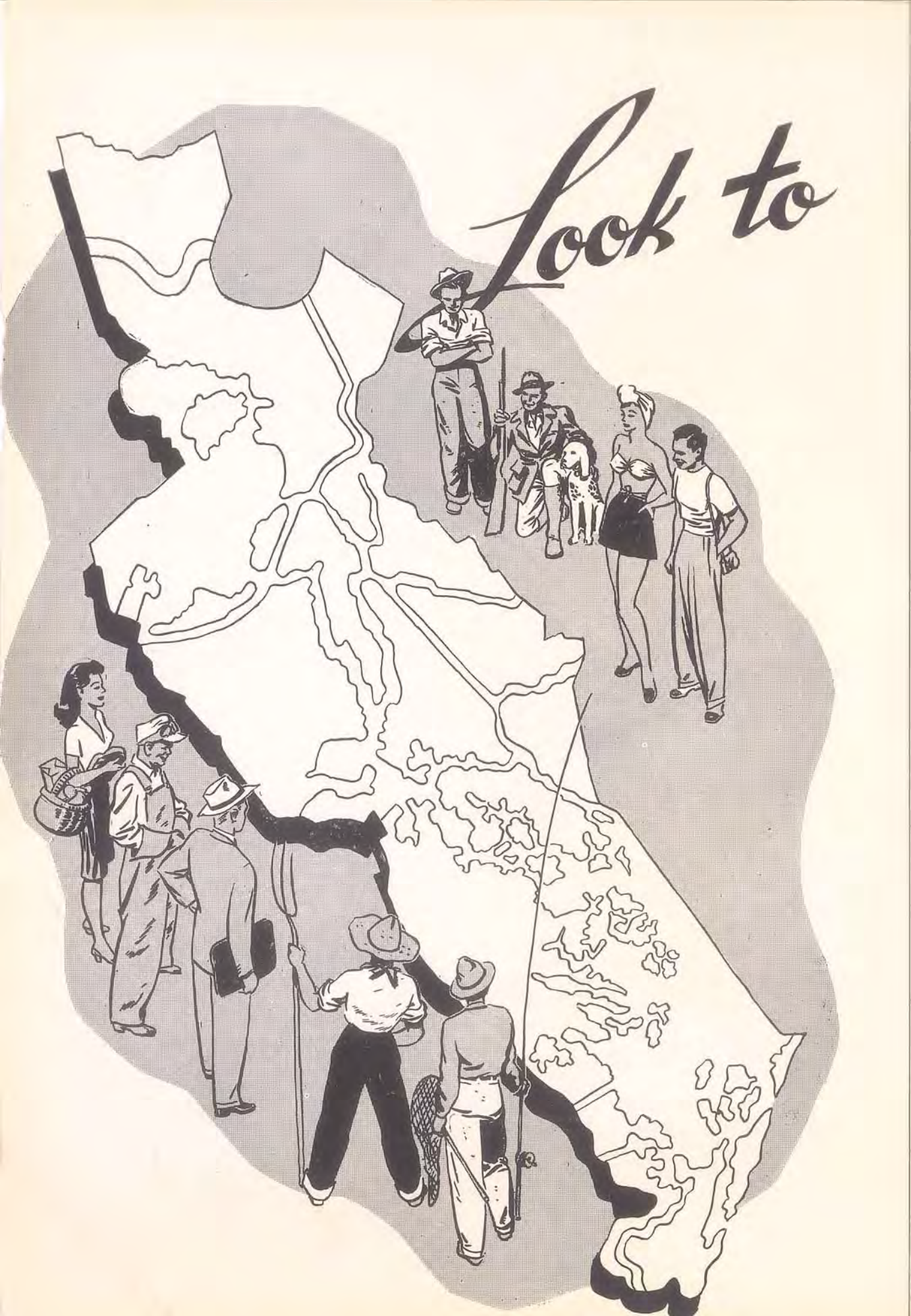
In fact, we have good reasons to believe that our Parish has been and is now a leader of progress.

Our reasons are completely covered in this Yearbook. For it is our purpose to show you that within the geographical boundaries of our Parish are the elements that stimulate healthy, wealthy growth. We are richly endowed with natural resources, raw materials, easy access to markets, unexcelled transportation facilities. In addition, we have scores of new and expanding industries that stem from the fertile lands and the abundant waterways that comprise Jefferson Parish.

This is the 12th consecutive issue of our Yearly Review—a pictorial and word record of the achievements and opportunities in Jefferson Parish for industry, for investment and for the individual.

Here you will find the basic reasons why Jefferson is the Progressive Parish.




Look to

JEFFERSON
THE *Progressive* PARISH

By Weaver R. Toledano, President, Jefferson Parish Police Jury

FOR MANY YEARS, Louisiana, like many Southern States, was associated primarily with the romantic and picturesque. But, although it adheres to a love for its glorious past, the South has squarely faced its present—and its future.

The slow-paced, melodic strains of "the land o' cotton" have become a swift symphony in modern industry. The beloved but dreamy Dixieland immortalized by Stephen Foster is (and rightly so) strictly the cherished memory of the sentimentalist. The realist of today hears, throughout the South, not the minor notes of a long-ago ballad, but the major hum of machinery—beating out a rhythmic pattern toward new frontiers in business and manufacture.

The South, emerging from its stigma of legendary lethargy, has suddenly become an articulate voice in the nation's post-war plans.

Gigantic factories of war mushroomed in the South during recent years—changing not only the South's exterior, but its inner thinking and working as well. Some say the South is groping for economic salvation. But almost everyone agrees the South is recognizing its need for diversified agriculture and industrialization. At any rate, with the aftermath of War and its reconversion problems, many prophets have sharpened their pencils and begun their analyses of the South and its potentialities.

However, here in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, we have no need for the prophets. Instead of analytical guesswork, we have a solid foundation for the future—built securely and firmly in years past. Industry is not new with us. In fact, Jefferson Parish is the MOST HIGHLY INDUSTRIALIZED SECTION of the South. Concentrated in an area just 60 miles long and flanking both sides of the Mississippi River, Jefferson Parish is one of the wealthiest, healthiest areas in Louisiana—or, for that matter, in the country. Looking at Jefferson Parish from any angle, you will see concrete and undisputed evidence of its faith in a prosperous future.

Any community can be likened to a human being. Subsisting by one food alone, a man cannot long remain vigorous and sound in body. Likewise, a community dependent entirely upon one productivity, cannot healthily grow to sound maturity. Jefferson Parish has long possessed the most essential advantage of all—and that advantage is DIVERSIFICATION.

Our Parish is like a many faceted gem—each side reflecting a sparkling vitality in all its varied endeavors. The activities within our boundaries cover an almost alphabetical listing of everything from agriculture to vacation spots. And—even more important—each of our enterprises is indestructibly woven into the fabric of a future that is more promising than ever before.

Industrially, Jefferson Parish boasted of sixty-one peacetime industrial concerns—some of which are still the largest of their kind in the world. Ours was not a growth or sudden expansion stimulated only by war activity that would throw us into ghost settle-

ments in the turbulent post-war days. Our factories and our people DID contribute a remarkable share of war production and fighting soldiers. But—with peace—we simply returned to our job of resuming peacetime production of an endless variety of processed and manufactured goods.

All the important factors of low-cost manufacturing are to be found in Jefferson Parish. We offer proximity to native raw materials, easy access to foreign raw materials, excellent transportation, natural resources and a climate that permits year 'round production. Louisiana tax laws are friendly to private enterprise.

And today—at our doorstep—are new and growing markets, both domestic and foreign. In addition, Jefferson Parish has been bountifully blessed. In our bays and bayous are the most delicious oysters, succulent shrimp, crabs and a wide variety of seafood. "Flying fish"—freshly iced and moved by plane to places far inland in a matter of hours, is stepping up our postwar prospects for an already vastly profitable fisheries industry.

From our farms come poultry, beef, hogs and dairy products. In our rich soil we grow an amazing variety of agricultural products. Our marshlands yield an annual wealth in muskrat and other fur-bearing animals. We are heavily endowed with natural resources—oil, gas and minerals—with salt and sulphur within easy reach.

Along with our diversified products that are raised, processed or manufactured within our boundaries, we have still another vital advantage—fast, efficient transportation to markets by every known method.

With the opening of the nation's largest airport—Moisant International at Kenner in Jefferson Parish, we offer ALL FOUR elements of efficient shipping—by railway, highway, waterway and airway.

Seven trunk line railroads, three national highways, the Intracoastal Canal, the Mississippi River and now, the country's largest airport, link the Jefferson Harbor to domestic and world markets.

Of this there can be no doubt. Attention is now focusing on a Greater New Orleans, handling exports and imports of the whole Mississippi Valley. And Jefferson Parish is a vital part of this great world port.

Back in 1941 B. A. (before atoms) Jefferson Parish had already launched its postwar plans. We were—and are—aggressively behind the proposed ship canal to the Gulf of Mexico, connecting the Great Port of New Orleans with the ocean traffic of the world by means of a safer, faster, straighter water route, constructed right down through Jefferson Parish to the Gulf by the shortest and most economical engineering straight line.

We forsee, also, a not-too-distant day when a four-lane highway to Grand Isle will speed commercial cargo from this seafood center and will open up the island's unexploited vacation attractions to post-war vacationers.

We have diligently advocated better roads and the construction of overpasses and bridges to facilitate funneling of commercial and passenger traffic.

Many of these proposals, such as the highway bridge across Bayou Barataria, are being transformed from visionary ideas to tangible results.

The Yearly Review, like Jefferson Parish itself, has grown by leaps and bounds. Our first issue, in 1935, contained little over 100 pages. This 1946 issue contains almost twice that number—an increase significant of the progress of the Parish which has, in the past few years, almost doubled its population. Since 1935, more than three drozen new industries have sprung up, joining the already imposing list of companies who are established in Jefferson—one of the most prosperous sections of the United States today.

For easier reference, we have this year divided the Review into four sections—presenting the Industrial, Agricultural, Recreational and Community life of Jefferson, Parish of Progress.

We invite you to read what Jefferson Parish has to offer you.

And we most heartily invite industry—or the individual—to come and share our great future!

BUSINESS and INDUSTRY

The "MAURITANIA"—first tuna clipper built outside of West Coast shipyards was launched June 6, 1946, at the Avondale Marine Ways, Inc., of Jefferson Parish. Keel for the vessel was laid March 19. Constructed in record time, the Mauritania is the first of three "cargo yachts" to be built by Avondale. The vessel will be used for fishing near the Galapagos Islands off the coast of Peru and can carry sufficient fuel for cruising range of 10,000 miles.

Hardy Williams

THAT SAGE QUOTATION, "these are the times that try men's souls" never had a more appropriate application than during the first months of the year 1946. Unrest and uncertainty on our homefront were major topics of discussion. Many a community emerged from the war, shaky and unsteady, balancing dangerously on the ledge between Reconversion and Economic Up-

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

heaval. The reason for this dilemma, of course, is self-evident. In the ensuing months after war, those industries which were strictly war-born faced a desperate struggle for survival or swift, sudden death.

Down 'round the crescent of Ole Man River, however, the men of Jefferson Parish gratefully welcomed the end of war and began to work out — not their post-war problems — but their post-war PLANS!

Some of our industries are the largest in the world — some might well be the smallest. But one and all, they present a picture of progress that is a challenge. Not a single company in Jefferson Parish was built and operated exclusively for war production. Although our factories easily converted to wartime goods, they quickly resumed their peacetime production of a parade of products that have brought steady, certain growth in this "Eden of the South."

We're lucky. Not in the sense that the wheel of fortune has spun in our favor, because it is by no mere chance that Jef-

Unexcelled transportation facilities have attracted scores of manufacturing firms to Jefferson Parish. Shipments can be made by rail, air, water and highways. This view shows the busy Avondale yards.

Randon Picture Service

New warehouse under construction—a part of the 1946 expansion program of The Celotex Corporation whose products are known throughout the world.

Randon Picture Service

ferson Parish became the industrial and manufacturing center of the South. It was a combination of persistence, perspiration and prolific product variety that ultimately established the enviable position we now have.

Let's take a brief look at our record. Years ago, Jefferson Parish was a beautiful stretch of land and water—noted chiefly as the haunt of romantic pirates of another generation. Even in those early days, men had discovered that Jefferson Parish possessed natural advantages of transportation. So they engaged in a thriving business of funneling goods up to and through the Mississippi River. The notorious Jean Lafitte and his pirates, however, would today stand aghast at the gigantic march of legitimate commerce and business which, we predict, will soon make Jefferson Parish the Harbor of Greater New Orleans.

It is quite understandable why our parish developed so rapidly and is even yet suffering "growing pains" with plenty of good sites, we might add, for additional factories and busi-

Below: Gold rush. Jefferson Parish is rich in "black gold." This Texas Company (Lafitte, La.) derrick is used for drilling deep wells.

Courtesy Times-Picayune

Serving

. . . SHIPPERS with a modern fleet of tugboats, tank barges and barges for general cargo on the Intra-Coastal Canal. Connecting line rates with barge line plying to Middle West and Ohio River points.

Offices located at:

HARVEY, LA.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
MONROE, LA.
CAMDEN, ARK.
HOUSTON, TEXAS
TEXAS CITY, TEXAS

RIVER TERMINALS *Corporation*

Right: Structure for new theatre, bowling alley and super market, located on the Jefferson Highway.

Randon Picture Service

Left: New warehouse of Mayronné Lumber and Supply Co., nearing completion.

ness concerns. With a strategic location close to natural resources and raw materials, plus unexcelled transportation, plus a temperate climate, the progress of Jefferson was steady and strong. By the early 1900's, both banks of the Mississippi River were thickly settled with industrial companies who brought a variety of enterprises. This diversification of products has been the best guarantee of security, through cycles of depression and prosperity.

A list of the companies here reads like the blue book of manufacturers. Many firms found it more advantageous to intercept raw materials at the port of entry rather than transport them to inland manufacturing centers. By the same token, other concerns found it more advantageous to manufacture and ship their finished products to domestic and foreign markets over the vast network of rail, air, water and highways in Jefferson Parish.

Briefly, our industrialists include top-bracket firms in almost every field of endeavor, whose products move over the 48 states and over the face of the earth. Here you will find such neighbors as:

ALLEN BOAT COMPANY of Harvey—builders of tugs and barges.
AMERICAN CREOSOTE WORKS, INC. of Southport—creosote treating of lumber.

Temporary administration building of the new Moisant International Airport at Kenner—the nation's largest.

Randon Picture Service

Right: Plant of the Clark Petroleum Refinery at Marrero.

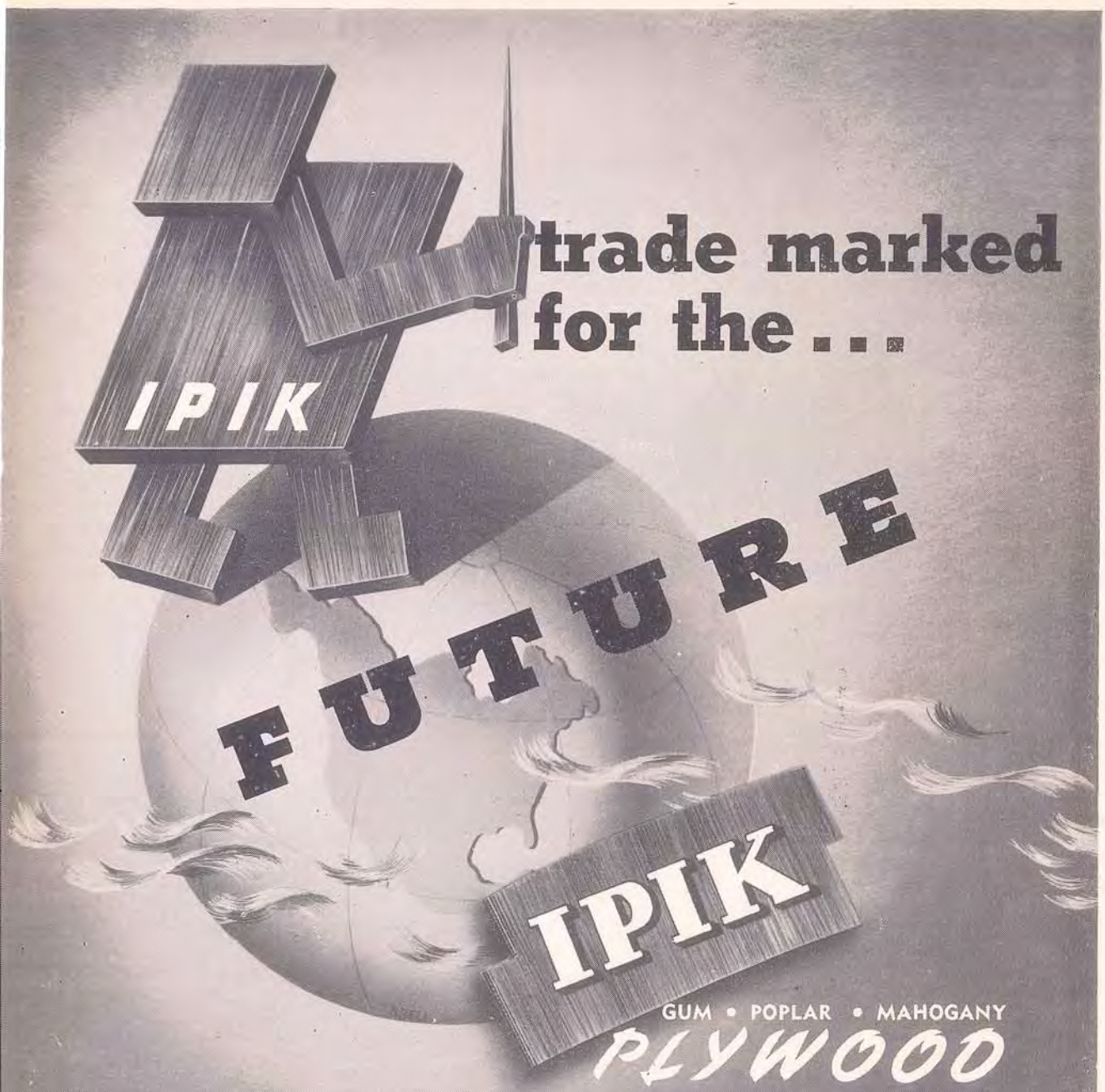
Left: Johns-Manville Products Corporation adds a new addition to their Jefferson Parish plant.

Randon Picture Service

ARMOUR FERTILIZER WORKS of Shrewsbury—manufacturers of commercial fertilizer.
AVONDALE MARINE WAYS, INC.—builders and designers of steel boats, tugs, barges.
The CELOTEX CORP. of Marrero—building products for homes, farms, industries.
CHICKASAW WOOD PRODUCTS CO.—manufacturers of shooks, staves, barrels.
COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORP.—producers of commercial alcohol and solvents.
CONCRETE PRODUCTS CO.—machine-made and poured concrete pipe.
CONTINENTAL CAN CO., INC.—producers of cans for packers throughout the South.
The DAVISON CHEMICAL CORPORATION—manufacturers of commercial fertilizers.
DOUGLAS PUBLIC SERVICE CORP.—facilities for handling all bulk liquid storage.
The FREIBERG MAHOGANY CO.—products are distributed over the U. S. and abroad.
GENERAL AMERICAN TANK STORAGE TERMINALS—plant equipped for barreling and handling petroleum products and special liquid commodities.
GREAT SOUTHERN BOX CO., INC.—manufacturers of corrugated and wood boxes.
GULF ATLANTIC WAREHOUSE CO.—compressors and warehousers of cotton.
HERCULES POWDER CO.—Paper Makers Chemical Department—job chemicals for the paper manufacturing industry and general industrial chemicals.
INTERNATIONAL LUBRICANT CORP.—manufacturers of greases for industrial and automotive uses.
IPIK PLYWOOD COMPANY—a time-honored trade mark in plywood products.
J & L STEEL BARREL CO.—makers of steel drums, etc.
JOHNS-MANVILLE PRODUCTS CORP.—whose products need no introduction throughout the country.
KIECKHEFER CONTAINER CO.—makers of corrugated boxes.
LOUISIANA BOX AND LUMBER CO.—specializing in wooden boxes, egg cases, vegetable crates, etc.
MANCUSO BARREL & BOX CO., INC.—tongue and groove barrels and boxes.
NORTH AMERICAN TRADING & IMPORT CO.—distributors of molasses.
PENICK & FORD, LTD., INC.—known throughout the world for "Bre'r Rabbit" molasses.
RHEEM MANUFACTURING CO.—fabricated metal products—barrels, pails, boilers, etc.

Below: Welcome to a new neighbor! The Stauffer Chemical Company, now operating in Jefferson Parish.

Randon Picture Service



IPIK TEGO BONDED PLYWOOD has left its mark . . . on the beaches of the South Pacific—the frozen wastes of Kiska and Attu —the blue Mediterranean shores of North Africa, Sicily and Italy . . . has proven its dependability, its stamina, its utility on the world's toughest proving ground . . . the invasion beach!

LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK—indelibly etched on bloodied sands and rocky shores the world over—when you plan a new boat . . . when you want tight-fitting, tight-closing, warp-proof plywood doors for your new home or office . . . when you want naturally beautiful plywood wall panels in your office or home. Yes, look for IPIK TEGO-BONDED PLYWOOD—your trade-marked guarantee of quality—the product of more than thirty years of experience in plywood manufacture.

IPIK PLYWOOD COMPANY

KENNER, LA.

RON SEVILLA DISTILLERIES, INC.—producers of rum.
SHIPPERS COMPRESS CO.—compressors and warehousers of cotton.
The SOUTHERN COTTON OIL CO.—refiners and processors of cottonseed oil.
SQUIRE DINGEE CO.—packers of mustard and pickles for U. S., Cuban markets.
STAUFFER CHEMICAL CO.—processing and bagging of sulphur.
SWIFT & COMPANY—refiners and processors of cottonseed oil and lard—manufacturers of commercial fertilizers.
TRANSPORTATION EQUIPMENT CO.—manufacturers of trailers, refrigerated vans, etc.
UNITED DISTILLERS OF AMERICA—producers of commercial alcohol, etc.
U. S. INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS, INC.—warehousers and distributors of molasses.
U. S. STEEL PRODUCTS CO.—subsidiary of U. S. Steel Corp.—fabricators of steel containers.

The above is only a partial list of famous firms in Jefferson Parish and does not even begin to cover the vast food concerns (see Food & Agriculture section), the more than half-dozen major oil companies, transportation companies, warehouses, etc. Space does not permit listing the many smaller firms all engaged in transforming the products of the Latin Americas, our own Louisiana, the South and Southwest into products in constant demand by the rest of the world.

It is no idle boast, that there are several imposing companies for practically every letter of the alphabet. Their products, too, are equally as representative. For example, take the letter "C". Under this heading we have chemicals, commercial alcohol, celotex, concrete, cresoting, cotton compressing, cottonseed products and cane syrup.

All of our companies have given to Jefferson Parish an ingredient even more valuable than the payrolls they provide—and that ingredient is a high sense of community responsibility. The progress of industrial firms has been reflected in the overall progress of the Parish.

The men who founded these gigantic industries were ingenious in finding and utilizing all the materials and facilities we possess—and have even made use of some materials which normally would have been thrown away! Bagasse, for instance, was a worthless waste from the cane plant. Then, in 1922, The Celotex Corporation pioneered in the manufacturing of insulating board from bagasse and built from it a world-wide business. Today, reconstruction abroad and in our own country will mean construction for many years to come—better times for Celotex—and for the people of Jefferson Parish.

Another waste product which was diverted to vast commercial use was "blackstrap"—the residue from refining molasses. Five commercial Parish distillers are now utilizing "blackstrap" in their profitable operations.

Long before oil was discovered in Jefferson, many companies had moved here, mainly because of the inland waterway connection with sea and rail.

Hardy Williams

Right: A flotilla of four 65-foot shrimp trawlers, built by Avondale Marine Ways, Inc., Avondale. Three of them, built for the Products Congelados, a fish packing firm of Gueymas, Mexico, left this area on June 16th. The fourth will be used in local waters. Four other trawlers of the same type are now under construction at Avondale.

The "Betty Jean" equipped with a quick-freezing unit, and a storing and freezing capacity of 60 tons will head, pack and quick-freeze the shrimp right on the fishing grounds.

SHRIMP BOUGHT AND SOLD

Any shrimper on the lakes or in the Gulf interested in selling their catch on the fishing grounds—contact us! The "Betty Jean" will act as mother ship for several other company owned trawlers as well as some privately owned.

Companies interested in buying our fresh frozen shrimp are invited to phone, wire or write.

LEWIS SEA FOODS

450 SALA AVE.
P. O. BOX 128

PHONE WA. 6405
WESTWEGO, LA.

G. C. LEWIS, MANAGER

Crabs ★ Shrimp ★ Turtles ★ Frogs

Interior of Lithographing Department of Rheem Mfg. Company, showing coating oven and press in right foreground and lithographing press and oven on left. Completed pails go on overhead conveyor for loading in box car or truck.

F. A. McDaniels

Today, Jefferson Parish not only contains major oil companies but is, itself, immensely wealthy in this native "black gold." Cane, cotton and lumber as well as fur and even the graceful moss that drapes our famous live-oaks have been processed to gigantic commercial uses by Jefferson Parish manufacturers. The waterways contribute far more than the abundant and famous fisheries industry. Boat building and repairing is also a major enterprise.

Some of the 61 large industries, to say nothing of the scores of smaller companies, are "old timers" in Jefferson Parish. Others have been established since the turn of this century. In just the past 12 years, more than *three dozen* new firms began operations in Jefferson Parish—a champion record for any industrial center. But perhaps the greatest and biggest expansion of all has come about in the past year.

To borrow a phrase from a current popular song, business "is bustin' out all over!"

Most historic development of the year was the opening of the new Moisant International Airport at Kenner. Moisant International is the largest in the United States—nearly twice as big as Washington and La Guardia fields combined. Major airlines, carrying passenger and commercial traffic, have been operating for many months through Moisant International which will welcome to this area the biggest flying ships the world has today and can build tomorrow.

Moisant International is built for expansion—to meet the increasing demands of aviation as fast as they occur. Widely publicized throughout the entire country, this new airport needs no introduction for its vital part in this area which lies adjacent to the great Air Hub of the Americas.

Signs of expansion are also visible on both sides of the Mississippi in Jefferson Parish. An unprecedented construction boom is under way. Businessmen, financiers, civic and political leaders lost no time in putting into effect their post-war plans, as soon as materials became available. As the pictures accompanying this article will testify, these plans are not "on paper" but

Left: first operation on pail line at Rheem Mfg. Co. Body of pail has already been lithographed. Right: Barrel body being flash welded. Rheem has enlarged and modernized their plant at a cost of over $150,000.

Courtesy Rheem Manufacturing Company

Depending on You...and Us

American families . . . FIFTEEN MILLION OF THEM . . . are counting on the workers and plants of this country for materials to build up and equip the homes they're planning.

Many of you folks in Jefferson Parish have a share in that job. It's our mutual responsibility and opportunity.

The Celotex Corporation is proud to have a part in the great building program that will make America a better place to live and work.

CELOTEX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILDING PRODUCTS

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION MARRERO, LA.

are concretely visible throughout our area. Many of the larger firms have already made additions or definitely propose expanding the operations of their existing plants. Among them are The Celotex Corporation, Ron Sevilla Distilleries, Inc., International Lubricant Corporation, The Southern Cotton Oil Company, Continental Can Company, Johns-Manville Products Corporation and Rheem Manufacturing Company.

Officials of Johns-Manville, whose Marrero plant already serves one fifth of the nation's homes, plans a new building for the manufacture of transite asbestos-cement pipes. This new product will be used extensively by municipal water and sewerage systems and for industrial purposes. Completion of the new plant will not only mean a payroll and personnel jump, but will also add another solid foundation in the future prosperity of Jefferson Parish.

Rheem Manufacturing Company, producers of steel drums, have enlarged and modernized their plant to provide the South with its most up-to-date and most flexible steel container decorating line. The improvements which cost in excess of $150,000 have provided the local plant of Rheem a department that will turn out decorated pails, drums and containers at a rate not dreamed of in pre-war days. Any decorated or trade-marked container can be turned out in great numbers at increased production speeds and improved qualities. Rheem has a continuous record of expansion. The present high speed, and high quality production lines are the outgrowth of plans of L. A. Reber, local plant manger who originated them in this area with The Southern Steel Barrel Company in 1935. The lithographing department was expanded again in 1938 when Rheem acquired the facilities of Southern Steel Barrel Company and again when the plant moved to its present location in Jefferson Parish. Two other plants in the same field as Rheem are also located in this area. They are J & L Steel Barrel Company of Gretna and U. S. Steel Products Company of Harahan.

The extensive building boom has not been confined entirely to expansion of present companies. New industries are being established throughout the Parish. New sawmill plants at Kenner, Ross' Plantation, Shrewsbury; a new plywood plant on the Harvey Canal; a new tractor plant on both the Jefferson and Airline Highways; a shrimp factory at Crown Point—General Seafood Company at Lafitte—these are but a few of the new operations. The Lea Construction Company is another of our new postwar industries—engaged in the processing, boxing and crating of large amounts of machinery, equipment and materials for shipment to Latin-American nations.

The utilities company lists a total of 130 new commercial installations during this past year—including new super markets, restaurants and the general smaller business concerns attendant to a growing, thriving community.

Better than written words, these construction and expansion signs seem to bear out our contention that Jefferson Parish has the requisite features which industry seeks. With all our concentration, however, there are yet available on both banks of the river and along the Intracoastal Canal, very attractive sites which can be secured at reasonable prices. Jefferson Parish has low tax assessments and, furthermore, offers ten-year tax exemption to all new industries and to new additions of existing companies.

Yesterday we said Jefferson was the most highly industrialized section of the South.

Tomorrow we prophesy that we will be able to say Jefferson Parish is one of America's most outstanding industrial centers!

The Problem of a TIDEWATER SEAWAY

By T. G. NICHOLSON

President, First National Bank of Jefferson Parish

FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, intelligent, forward-looking citizens of the Greater New Orleans Area, and navigators of ships using the Port of New Orleans, have been advocating the construction of a shorter, more direct, dependable and economical connection with the Gulf than the Mississippi River with its hazardous passes at the mouth.

The first resolution for a more direct and dependable ship channel to deep water was reportedly presented to Congress by the Police Jury of Jefferson Parish in 1852 when steam and sailing ships, then having a draft of 12 feet to 16 feet, were encountering great difficulty, particularly during flood stages of the Mississippi, in piloting their vessels safely through the passes at the mouth of the river. It is a definite fact that in 1852 a Board of Engineers reported on the application of a $75,000 appropriation by the River and Harbor Act of August 30, 1852, for opening a ship channel.

Since that date there have been many advocates for a tidewater ship channel for the Port of New Orleans and several routes have been suggested, the one most favored by the United States Engineer Corps being the "Barataria Route," which is generally identical with the Westwego Route now being advocated by the Mississippi Valley Seaway Canal Association, and described in our 1945 issue in an article entitled "The West and Best Seaway to the Gulf."

Tidewater ship channels and port developments at Houston, Beaumont, Lake Charles, Gulfport and Mobile are giving these ports growing advantages over the Port of New Orleans, which its strategic location alone, in these days of intense trade competition, cannot offset, and the Port is steadily losing ground to its competitive Gulf ports in spite of all the publicity by the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans that we have the most economical cargo handling facilities and the lowest per ton cost of all United States ports. We suggest an analysis of the total cargo handling cost per ton from the time of arrival of the export cargo at the Port, until it is loaded aboard ship and ready to sail, and in reverse direction from the time the ship commences the discharge of cargo at one of the Port's river wharves until it is loaded into cars or removed from the wharf by motor truck.

There is no doubt that the United States Army Transport Corps did an outstanding job at this Port during the War. It was well organized, used such modern freight handling equipment as the floor load capacity of the river front wharves would safely permit, and handled a record volume of cargo very efficiently. To substantiate the relative cost of cargo handling at the various Gulf ports, we suggest you ask the steamship companies, the railroads and the barge lines who use them as well as this Port. They will tell you that the Port of New Orleans is losing ground competitively and that fact can be proven conclusively by comparative statistics available from the War Department, U. S. Corps of Engineers, the steamship companies, the railroads, the U. S. Department of Commerce and other sources.

There are several reasons for this situation, of course, but the most important is that all of the competitive Gulf ports named are located on tidewater

instead of on a great river over 100 miles from deep water; where the water level fluctuates as much as 20 feet in a period of a few months; where constant dredging of silt after every major rise in the river is necessary to maintain sufficient depth at wharves to berth safely a deep sea-going vessel loaded to capacity; and where the floor load capacity of wharves is limited to an average of 350 pounds per square foot, instead of 1000 pounds per square foot or more as at competitive ports where there are adequate marginal track facilities and wharf warehouses of sufficient capacity to permit the discharge of an entire cargo of a modern vessel within the length of berth assigned and without necessity for moving the ship.

Shortly after being elected in 1940, Governor Sam H. Jones, appointed to the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans, Col. Lester F. Alexander, a successful engineer and contractor who has done considerable work along the lower river and in the passes for the U. S. Government Engineers, and is thoroughly familiar with the hazardous passes and the cost of maintaining navigable channels through them.

He also realized that the ill-conceived Industrial Canal Project, which was constructed in the early nineteen twenties connecting deep water in the Mississippi River with the shallow water of Lake Pontchartrain, even though Government operated and maintained, was still a "white elephant."

He apparently has given the matter a lot of thought, and being a capable engineer and business man, with an astute, civic-minded personality, with a flair for politics and publicity, concluded that the only way to pull the Industrial Canal "out of the red" was to sell the Government engineers and politicians the idea of constructing a 40 foot 600 ft. wide ship channel eastward from the Industrial Canal through the marshes and the shallow open waters of Lake Borgne and the Mississippi Sound to deep water in the Gulf off Chandeleur Island, located southeast of the Port of Gulfport, Mississippi, a distance of 73 miles.

It would seem that before expending the amount of taxpayers' money necessary to produce a tidewater ship channel, a thorough investigation should be made by the press, various organizations and well-meaning citizens of the Mississippi Valley who are espousing this so-called Inner Harbor Navigation Canal route to determine the necessity for the expenditure of public funds amounting to many millions of dollars for such an improvement. We might agree that the same applies equally to the advocates of the West Bank route, Westwego to Grand Isle, but for the fact that insofar as the average New Orleanian is concerned, and generally the New Orleans press, that route just happens to be "on the wrong side of the river."

We suggest to those seeking real, factual information on the proposed construction of a tidewater ship channel through the marshes east of New Orleans and the shallow waters of Lake Borgne and Mississippi Sound, that they investigate the Army Engineers statistical report on the annual cost of maintaining the Gulfport, Miss., ship channel, and read carefully Document 46, 71st Congress, Second Session, which covers the last comprehensive report made by United States Engineer Corps on the subject of a tidewater ship channel to serve the Port of New Orleans. We suggest also that they read carefully the Mississippi Valley Seaway Canal Association's "Report on a Proposed Tidewater Seaway Canal at New Orleans," published in 1944.

According to the latest information available from the offices of the Division Engineer of the Lower Mississippi Valley Division, Vicksburg, Miss., the report on the latest proposals for the location and construction of such a seaway should be completed by Major General R. W. Crawford, Division Engineer and President of the Mississippi River Commission, some time during August or September, 1946. We are confident that the Army Engineers will base their recommendations on economic and engineering facts, as they have always done, and not on political considerations and pressure.

MESSENGERS of the AMERICAS

Randon Picture Service

Receiving station of the Tropical Radio system, located near Harahan.

The Tropical Radio stations at Kenner and Harahan comprise the New Orleans unit of the Tropical Radio system, which involves twenty-two stations in the United States, Central America, Panama and the West Indies. The three stations of Tropical in the United States are at New Orleans, Miami and Boston—and they offer 24-hour service.

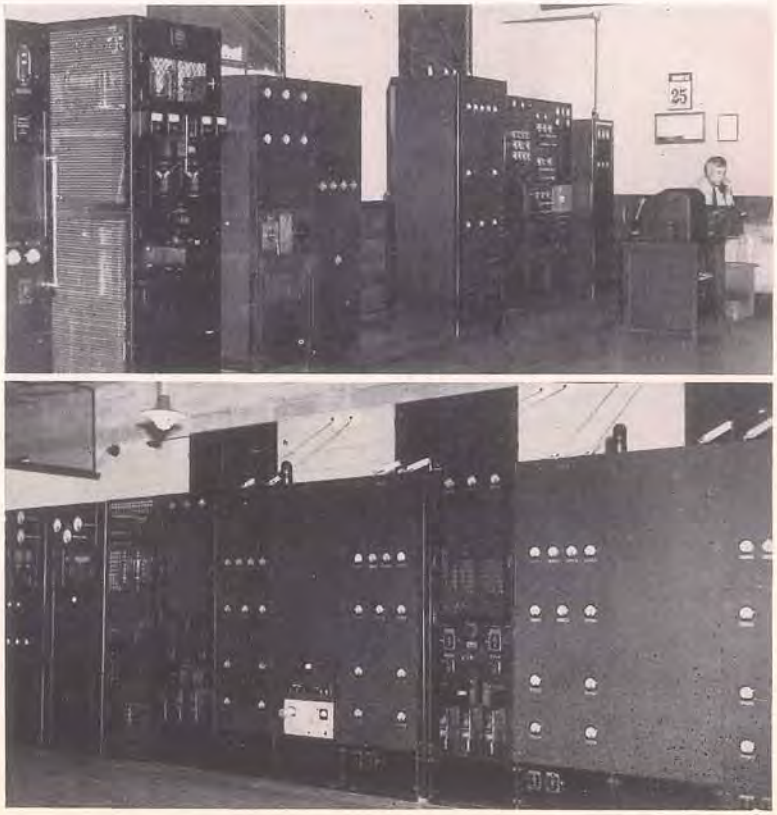
It is significant that the first station built in the United States was in New Orleans, in recognition of the outstanding position of that City in commercial exchanges between the United States and the countries of the Caribbean.

The history of the New Orleans Station goes back to 1907. In that year Tropical Radio's parent company, United Fruit, leased from the United Wireless Telegraph Company a station located on Marigny and Grant Streets. Its equipment consisted of one 2-KW spark transmitter, receiver, and one wood mast 216' high.

This was superseded by a new station which the Company built on Spain and Galvez Streets in 1908. Its equipment had expanded to a number of high- and low-power spark transmitters, receivers, and three steel masts. On April 18, 1913, the station was moved to Monroe and Orleans Streets, City Park; and this latter station was enhanced in 1927 by the addition of a remote-control receiving station at Shrewsbury, three miles to the west.

In 1939, new sites were selected for the New Orleans transmitting and receiving stations—at Kenner and Harahan — where the present stations are located. These new locations enable Tropical Radio to put into effective use all of the more modern techniques of transmitting and receiving.

Randon Picture Service



Intricate equipment lines the walls of transmitter at Kenner.

SMITTY'S

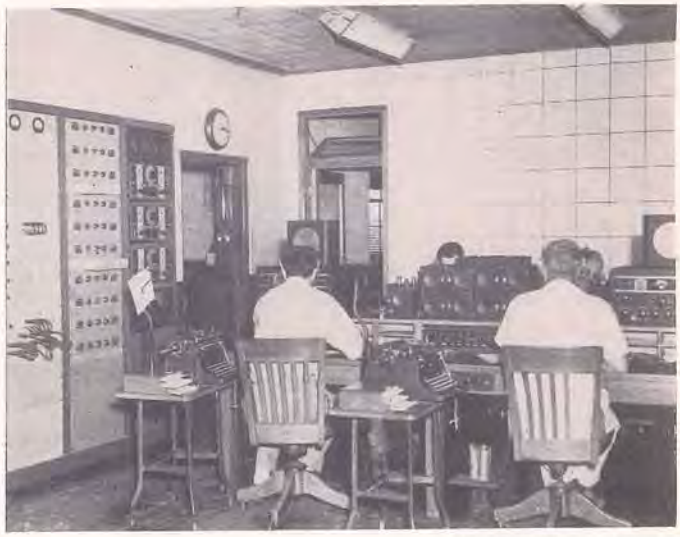
. . . AT THE BAR
Fine Wines and
Liquors

CASINO

. . . IN THE BOOTHS
Enjoy delicious
food in comfort.
Chicken and Sea-
foods a specialty

GRAND ISLE, LA.

A Good Place to
Eat and Dance



Busy as a beehive is this receiving room at Harahan, part of Tropical Radio's vast communication system.

Randon Picture Service

The importance and prestige of the New Orleans Station was recognized by our Government early in the war. The competent and experienced marine radio operators, whose record for intercepting distress calls of American merchantmen throughout the world has not been surpassed by any other United States station, were glad to enlist in the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve for the duration of the War; and they have been the recipients of the highest commendation from Rear Admiral Farley, Commandant, and Commodore E. M. Webster, Chief of Communications, for the high efficiency shown. The maritime transmitting facilities were simultaneously leased to the Coast Guard. Tropical continued to maintain its customary point-to-point circuits between New Orleans and the countries of the Caribbean. With the termination of the War and the lifting of restrictions on ship-shore communication, normal commercial service with ships was resumed on January 1st of this year.

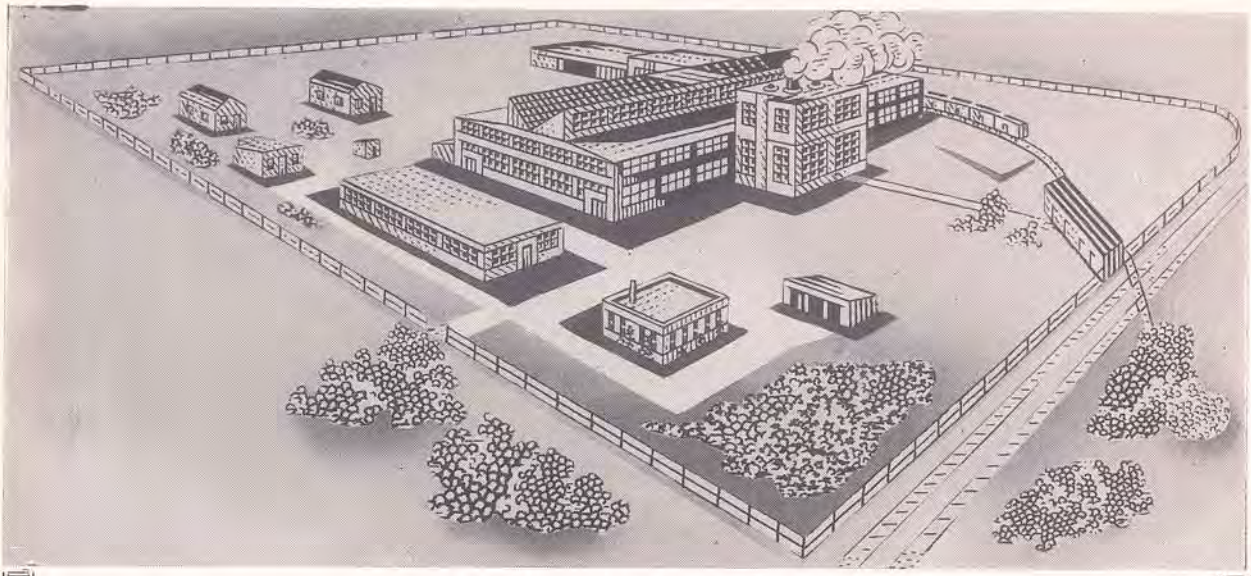
Tropical Radio's New Orleans Divisional activities are headed by Mr. E. L. Commagere, a veteran of thirty-seven years' experience in the radio field, and a native of New Orleans. His two right-hand officers are Leon Carrington at the remote-control station, Harahan, and Clarence Alvested, at the Kenner plant. These men direct the activities of a total of twenty-six operators, teletype operators and technicians.

It is significant that the other companies in the International Radio-Telecommunications Field have concentrated their activities in the City of New York. Tropical, because of its primary interest in the Caribbean Area and its recognition of New Orleans as the No. 1 Port serving that area, has concentrated at New Orleans since 1907; and the name "Tropical" is a by-word to the residents of New Orleans and vicinity who have occasion to communicate with all the countries of the Caribbean Area from Mexico to Panama, as well as Cuba, the Bahama Islands, Puerto Rico, and the other islands comprising the British and French West Indies.

The Company is now engaged in the final engineering phases of the most modern radio-teleprinter installations, with which it is planned to have Kenner and Harahan equipped by the Fall of 1946, and which will exemplify the last word in radio transmitting and receiving techniques. These installations will utilize many of the innovations making for speed, accuracy and secrecy, which were developed by our own military services during the late war.

Tropical Radio is proud of its accomplishments in New Orleans since 1907 and its part, through providing fast and reliable communication, in contributing to the outstanding and still continuing growth of the No. 1 Port of the United States in terms of exports and imports, in so far as the countries of the Caribbean are concerned.

Tropical recognizes the consistent aid it has received from the City of New Orleans and more particularly, since the sale of its City Park Station, from the authorities of Jefferson Parish, who have done everything possible to contribute toward the smooth operation of New Orleans' No. 1 radio-communications company.



VIEW OF OUR NEW MODERN FACTORY

TRANSPORTATION EQUIPMENT COMPANY

Factory & General Offices
Deckbar Ave. & I. C. R. R.
New Orleans (Southport),
Louisiana
CEdar 2994

P. O. Box 582
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Sales and Service Div'n.
1770 Tchoupitoulas St.
New Orleans, La.
CAnal 1484

Manufactures of

Robertson Trailers and Trailer Bodies
Flatbeds, Barrel, Stake, Oilfied and Pole Trailers
Special Van Bodies, including Refrigerated Vans

Distributors of

Trailmobile, Kingham and Dorsey Trailers;
Heil Tank and Dump Bodies; Anthony Dump Bodies
and Lift Gates; Trucktor Units and Featherides

Complete Stocks of

Braden Winches
Tulsa Winches
Timken Axles and Brakes
Standard Axles and Brakes
Heil Hoists
Anthony Hoists
Firestone Brake Linings
Midland Power Brakes
Midland Air Brakes
Westinghouse Air Brakes and Kits
Erie Wheels, Hubs, Drums and Rims
Dayton Wheels, Hubs, Drums and Rims
Fifth Wheels and Landing Gears
Auxiliary Safety Tanks for Trucks
Tyson Automotive Bearings
Coil Chain and Load Binders
Hydraulic Jacks
Flares and Flags
Fire Extinguishers
Clearance and Marker Lights
Directional Signals and Switches
Air Brake Hose and Connections
Parts, Accessories and Repairs for
all Makes of Trailers

Our stocks of the above are the most complete in the South.

Painting, Insulating and major repair jobs our specialty.

Visitors to our factory are welcome.

ALTERNATE CONNECTION OF THE INTRACOASTAL CANAL WITH THE MISSISSIPPI TO RELIEVE HARVEY CANAL

By Captain Harry G. Koch

President, Koch-Ellis Towing Co., Inc.

IN THE OPINION of the contract and common carrier barge operators who regularly operate on the Intracoastal Waterway east and west of New Orleans, as well as on the Mississippi River above and below New Orleans, the proposed alternate connection to relieve the Harvey Locks should not be located below Algiers entering the river from the west at a point opposite Mereaux, as recommended by the U. S. Army Engineers, but should be constructed northward from a point on the Intracoastal Waterway in the vicinity of Bayou Villars to a locked connection with the Mississippi River at Westwego.

Their principal reasons for recommending the Westwego location in opposition to the projected route south of Algiers were that an alternate connection on the Westwego route would (1) save towing distance and substantial operating costs on two-thirds to three-fourths of the barge tonnage moving to and from points in south Louisiana and Texas located on or adjacent to the Intracoastal Waterway, as an analysis of the traffic now actually moving will convince and has convinced every practical barge operator, even though the politicians and other theoretical barge operators and waterway advocates remain unconvinced.

(2) It will cost $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 less than the lower Algiers route, thereby saving the taxpayers that amount, which seems to have been lost sight of.

(3) The Westwego route will require one combination railroad and highway bridge, as compared with four and possibly five on the lower Algiers route. Ask any barge operator or insurance company about the high accident cost of operating through canals with numerous bridges.

(4) On the Westwego route the right-of-way is assured and available from the Jefferson Parish Police Jury, railroads and other landowners along the route, whereas along the lower Algiers route, the property owners generally object to construction of this barge canal through the heart of the Jefferson-Plaquemines Drainage District, which has recently been reclaimed at heavy expense to the taxpayers. West Bank taxpayers and citizens likewise object to the relocation of highways, construction of bridges and other adjustments which must be made incident to location along the Algiers route. To acquire most of the right-of-way for this barge canal along the lower Algiers route, it will be necessary for some state, parish or City of New Orleans agency to expropriate it, as the property owners involved are, with few exceptions opposed to construction below Algiers.

In addition to the support of the Westwego route by the barge operators, it is strongly supported by the South Louisiana Fishermen's Association, by a large majority of the 75,000 people in Westwego, Marrero, Harvey, Gretna and

AMERICAN LIBERTY OIL COMPANY

Store, Accumulate or Warehouse Your Bulk Liquids Here

Refiners, Handlers, Storers and Distributors of
Hiotane Ethyl Gasoline

•

JAMES J. KOHLMAN
LOUISIANA GENERAL MANAGER

Telephones: Avondale Terminal—WA. 6830; Office—MA. 1321

Jefferson is our "Home" Parish

Algiers, and members of the West Bank civic and other organizations, who are familiar with the merits of the two routes.

On January 25, 1946, a hearing was held by the U. S. Army Engineers on the proposal to change the route of the projected alternate connection to the Westwego location. The hearing was well attended and representatives of several towing companies, oil companies, fishermen, West Bank industries and civic leaders presented a strong case in favor of constructing the alternate connection along the Westwego route instead of below Algiers, as initially recommended by the Army Engineers. The only opposition was from the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans and from an unauthorized representative of the New Orleans Association of Commerce, who feared that if the alternate connection were authorized on the Westwego Route, (which is identical with the route of the proposed West Bank Seaway project, now in the hands of the Army Engineers for report and recommendations) a saving of $8,000,000 or more would accrue to the taxpayers through ability of the barge operators to use the proposed more direct and economical West Bank Seaway route for the alternate Intracoastal Waterway connection. It can be seen that this $8,000,000 expenditure, in addition to providing the alternate connection where it economically should be, will thereby correspondingly reduce the cost of the proposed West Bank Seaway—Westwego to Grand Isle.

The Division Engineer of the lower Mississippi Valley Division has recommended that the alternate connection be constructed along the lower Algiers route, primarily because it will relieve congestion in New Orleans Harbor between the entrance to the Harvey and Industrial Canals, respectively, based principally on war traffic conditions and his prediction of an expected increase in through barge traffic between south Louisiana and Texas and east Gulf ports. Also, the current Rivers and Harbors Bill carries an initial appropriation item of $1,800,000 for the construction of a lock on the lower Algiers route.

The proponents of the Westwego route still have the opportunity to appeal from the adverse recommendation of the Division Engineer to the Board of Enginers for Rivers and Harbors. It is to be hoped that the members of that impartial Board will give some weight to economic merit and listen to the recommendations of practical and experienced barge operators who are actually using the Intracoastal Waterway every day, and to informed citizens of West Bank communities who feel that they are entitled to equal recognition with the citizens of the East Bank of the river and with members of the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans, a state institution, all of whose Board members and officers are citizens and residents of the City of New Orleans.

Only when the final decision of the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors is rendered, will it be known definitely whether the lower Algiers route is designated, as the political aspect strongly indicates. Only then will it be known whether the right-of-way will be contributed by local West Bank interests, or whether this right-of-way will be secured through condemnation by State and City agencies from property owners and taxpayers opposed to the project and in favor of taking advantage of the opportunity to save the initial estimated expenditure of $8,000,000 for an alternate Intracoastal Waterway connection plus $120,000 per year estimated for maintenance and operation.

The general feeling of barge operators is that the proposed construction of the alternate connection along the lower Algiers route is absolutely unwarranted and that it will not be used except for traffic originating or terminating at Mereaux and points downstream therefrom destined to or terminating at south Louisiana and Texas points west of the river.

Another Source of Jefferson Parish Wealth

By Martel McNealy

ONE OF THE SUBTLE ELEMENTS of the untamed beauty of the Louisiana bayous, so richly loved by artists and writers, is the living fact that murderous alligators lie in wait for their prey along the banks and within the bayous. They also wait to be preyed upon by daring hunters.

Generally when distinguished persons visit this area, they make their acquaintance with the bayou country in Jefferson Parish where so many of the industrial plants of Greater New Orleans stand within a short distance of the wildest sub-tropical swamplands of North America. Many of them visit the bayou country as guests of Jefferson Parish officials. Jefferson certainly can boast of more than its normal share of the romance of the area, including famous pirates, renowned philanthropists, and scenery of the rarest charm.

Few people, however, having feasted their eyes on the beauty of the bayou scenery, can even imagine the swamplands surrounding these bayous as having any real monetary value. They will be surprised to learn that these lands produce far greater wealth, acre for acre, than does the best farming land in the United States.

Just a small part of a narrow strip along the southern shore of Louisiana pays the muskrat trappers more than $15,000,000 annually and the finished products run into many times as much. Many trappers pay a large per acre rental for the exclusive privilege of trapping on certain lands. The oil production in this south Louisiana swamp area runs into tens of millions of annual income and the proven petroleum resources run into billions. Then there is salt, oyster beds, shrimping, fisheries, and last, but by no means least interesting, is the alligator. The leather from his hide, when made into belts, luggage, wallets, purses, and even into shoes, brings many millions of dollars annually.

The men who hunt these beast of prey must be courageous. Even the conservative man who takes the safest methods that can be devised, must have

both courage and skill. Then in every large group of alligator hunters, you will find one or two who will, single-handed, attack and kill a ten foot alligator whose powerful jaws could and would, if given a chance, cut him into halves in the twinkle of an eye. The ten foot alligator has a tail that is more deadly in its sweep than is the stroke of a lion's paw. Usually going alone, but sometimes in twos, these men track down an alligator, surprise him, seize him in such a way that he can't open his mouth, and kill him with a hatchet.

Were it possible to stage this feat in a great stadium and give it plenty of advance publicity, it would draw a purse that would make the Dempsey-Tunney or the Louis-Conn fight purses look like chicken feed. But the men who do this death defying stunt are mostly from hardy Acadian French ancestry and do it purely for the thrill, plus the value of the hide — worth a good day's work. The courage and skill of the lion hunter or of the bull fighter is comparable to that of these daring alligator wrestlers of Louisiana and of Jefferson Parish.

Wilfred Berthelot, Jr., police juror from the fifth ward of Jefferson Parish, and a dealer in alligator hides, muskrat pelts and other products of the swamplands, is also something of an amateur alligator hunter himself. Recently he took the photographer, Fulcran F. Randon, Jr., and the writer out to show us how alligator hunting is really done down in Jefferson Parish.

Being first of all a family man and in addition a man of business, it is needless to say that Mr. Berthelot didn't demonstrate any alligator wrestling for us. That is a highly dangerous sport and should not be practiced by a man with a family and business responsibilities.

As explained to us by Mr. Berthelot, there are three principal methods of taking alligators. Probably the most popular method which brings in the greatest volume of these beasts, is that of rowing along the bayous at night with a flashlight especially built into the hunter's helmet, as illustrated in the picture of Mr. Berthelot below. The hunters generally go out after ten or eleven o'clock at night and stay out until morning. These are the hours when alligators are mostly on the move. As the hunter turns his head, the beam of light keeps in front of him and flashes along the banks. The eyes of many jungle beasts, rats, etc., reflect the hunter's light which makes them shine

---

Wilfred Berthelot, Jr., police juror from Jefferson Parish's fifth ward, in full regalia for a night of adventuresome alligator hunting in the Louisiana bayous.

Randon Picture Service

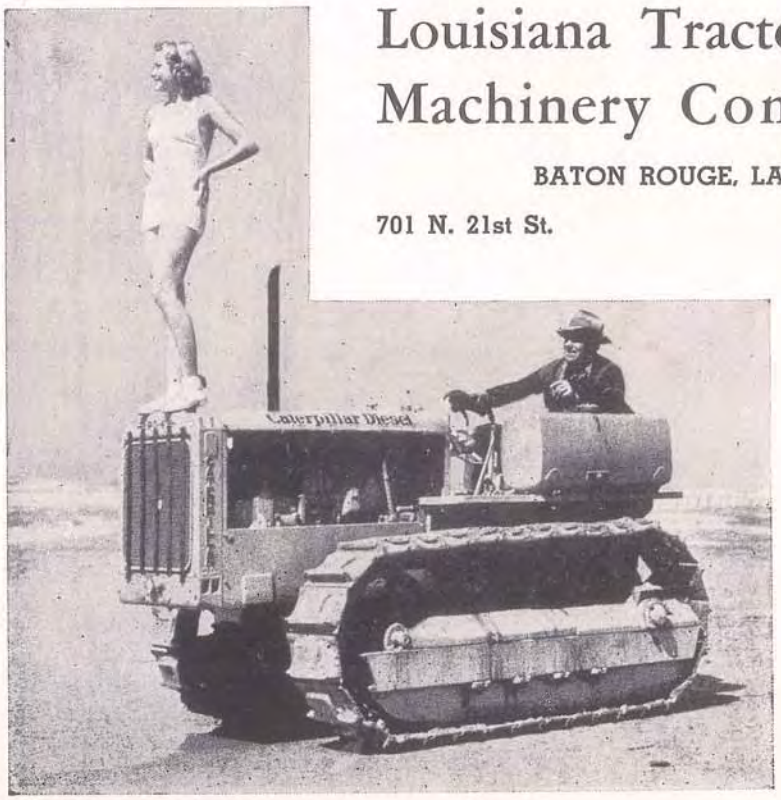
— DISTRIBUTORS —

CATERPILLAR DIESEL TRACTORS

DIESEL POWER UNITS

DIESEL MARINE ENGINES

ROAD MACHINERY



Louisiana Tractor and Machinery Company

BATON ROUGE, LA.

701 N. 21st St. Phone 32801

Branch Offices:

Monroe, La.

Shreveport, La.

Morgan City, La.

Randon Picture Service

Called from their underwater holes, this deadly trio of treacherous alligators float, half submerged, waiting for inevitable battle with the hunter.

like coals of fire. There are many ways for the hunter to recognize the alligator when he is familiar with the scene. When the hunter has an alligator spotted, he rows cautiously about until he can see its head then aims his rifle just behind the eyes and shoots. Before the struggling alligator can submerge, the hunter grabs and holds it until the alligator dies. Great skill and understanding is required for this job. The alligator has terrific power in closing its mouth — but very little power for opening it. Even without hindrance, it requires a second or so for an alligator to get its mouth open. If the mouth is already open, the hunter prods the 'gator with a stick until the mouth snaps shut. He then grabs the beast with one hand, which is all that is necessary to hold even the largest alligator's mouth shut, and with the other hand he binds it with a cord. If the beast isn't actually dying from the shot, the hunter hits it in the back of the head with his hatchet. All of this must be done quickly before the alligator recovers from being stunned by the shot and really begins to struggle. Otherwise, the alligator would kill the hunter with its tail.

Another method of successfully catching the larger alligators is to suspend a rope from the limb of a tree, from a pier, or from a stake driven deep into the mud, so that the end of the rope hangs just above the water. A hook is fastened to the end of the rope somewhat like a fish hook, but especially designed for alligators. A piece of fresh meat is put on the hook for bait. The alligator takes the hook above water much as a fish takes it under water. As the alligators do their feeding mostly at night, the trapper goes every morning to inspect his hooks. The big alligator is shot before being taken from the hook.

The third method is used only by the courageous soul who goes out in daylight and trails an alligator for a fight to the death. The more conservative hunter may employ it when out inspecting his hooks or for other reasons he may be out on the bayous or in the swamps in daylight. A muddy spot in the water may indicate an alligator to be in the hole beneath. The big alligator leaves quite a trail as it crawls through the swamp and the sporting hunter follows the trail to the hole. In either case, the alligator is called out with a grunt that leads the beast to believe other alligators are in the vicinity. Or, the hunter may prod it with a hook on a pole and get the alligator to bite. The conservative hunter shoots it, puts it in his boat and goes on about his business. The daring sportsman does the job with his hands and, in so doing, literally takes his own life in his hands. The alligator does not open its eyes or mouth the first second after coming out of the water. This gives the hunter

Eyes glistening, a baby alligator lies in the swamp grass along the bayou banks.

Mouth open for battle, this little 'gator is a ferocious baby. Too small for commercial use, he'll be taken home as a souvenir.

Randon Picture Service

his chance. In this brief moment the hunter leaps forward, grabs the animal by the jaws with one hand to keep the mouth shut and hits it in the back of the head with the hatchet in the other hand.

Sometimes, actually quite often, the blow so stuns the alligator that it can be killed without a struggle. But the alligator is a terrifically strong animal — sometimes revives quickly and rushes in to the attack. Then the skill and courage of the hunter is really put to the test. Mr. Berthelot told of one authentic case where two men fought with a very large alligator for more than an hour before they were finally able to kill it. The men had to know and anticipate what the alligator would do next, both to save their own lives, and to land the fatal blow.

Louisiana is the only state in which a sizeable amount of alligators still freely roam the wild, swampy waters of the bayous. And yet, though the Louisiana alligator skins are the standard of quality for making leather goods throughout the world, we supply less than ten percent of the alligator or crocodile skins used commercially in the United States.

The reasons given for the high quality of the Louisiana alligator leather is that there are no rocks or sand on the bottoms or along the banks of the Louisiana bayous. In other areas, the alligators have to crawl over rocks and sand which leave tiny scars and their skins become calloused and buttoned. Only in Louisiana does the skin remain perfectly smooth, pliable and finely grained to make the most exquisite in leather goods.

As a species of crocodile, the alligator dates back millions of years to the reptilian age. Fossils of his age-old ancestors have been found in far northern Canada along with those of the dinosaurs, but in fairly recent times, geologically speaking, the present species called Alligatoris Mississipiensis, parent species to the seven or eight American crocodiles, originated in the lower Mississippi Valley.

No accurate count of the alligators caught in Louisiana has been available in the past as the State's excise tax was only for skins going outside the State for processing. But with the new excise tax law, skins used commercially within the State will be taxed, and hence, counted. Even of the count we have been getting, according to Armand P. Daspit, director of furs and wild life for the Louisiana Conservation Commission, it has been impossible to get an accurate record of the taxed skins as to the Parish of their origin. The hunters are not stopped by Parish lines in their search for the saurian reptiles. Many hunters dislike disclosing the location where they have made a specially good catch lest it bring them too much competition for their own profit. It is the

JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT

Official Journal of the

PARISH

OF

JEFFERSON

SINCE 1896

Gretna, Louisiana

Leon Trice Picture Service

Here the alligator hides are shown in the "pickled" state before tanning.

dealers who pay the tax, and they say they are unable to report the location of alligator catches.

The local tanning and manufacturing of alligator skins into finished products is especially fitting to the specific artistic talent of South Louisiana people. Many service men, incapacitated for their former occupations and having an artistic talent are finding a happy solution to their problem by learning to make beautiful articles from alligator leather and the rapidly developing commercial expansion of this distinctly Louisiana industry is making a place for them. With other returning veterans becoming alligator hunters, we have the reason for the much larger catch of alligators this year—now estimated by men of the industry to reach between 25,000 and 30,000 and to bring the trappers alone more than a half million dollars.

The largest of the local manufacturers and the one who makes it a real business for the local area is Maxmilian Rinow, with offices in the Hibernia Bank Bldg., in New Orleans. Mr. Rinow uses the facilities of the C. E. Zimmerman tannery that was started by his father, Wenzel Zimmerman in 1865, laying the initial foundation for the alligator leather business in Louisiana.

It was Wenzel Zimmerman who first founded the alligator leather industry in the Western Hemisphere. He came to America in 1856, stopping first at Dubuque, Iowa, and then floating down the Mississippi River on a raft, he came to New Orleans. Having been born at Linz, Austria, and having learned his trade as a tanner in Budweiss, Bohemia, he was first employed by a local tanner, named Ulmeier, who had his tannery on Lesseps street. At the end of the War between the States, Wenzel started in business for himself with a capital of $60 at the spot where the Zimmerman plant now stands . . . just off Broad street on Toulouse.

Soon after the elder Zimmerman began business 81 years ago, someone brought him a few alligator skins and asked what he could do with them. Wenzel Zimmerman experimented for a while and then tanned the hides and sold them to Shattuck and Binger, dealers in skins in New York. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, wife of the then budding railroad king of the United States, bought the skins . . . and used them to cover a chair. She liked the beautiful chair so much that she asked for more Louisiana alligator skins. Soon the

Leon Trice Picture Service

Removing flesh from the pickled hide. **Inspecting the finished alligator skin.**

popularity of the beautiful Louisiana alligator leathers became known in London and Paris. Wenzel Zimmerman had founded a new industry.

Prior to that date, the daring Jefferson Parish alligator wrestlers did it solely for the sport and sometimes with a belief that alligators destroyed fish — although the gar, a predatory fish, was their favorite food. Now they could sell the hides and actually get some pay for the area's most thrilling sport.

But there were not so many wealthy people in those days who could buy the more expensive leathers—and the industry grew slowly. The local manufacturing got under way in very recent years and is just now beginning to find itself.

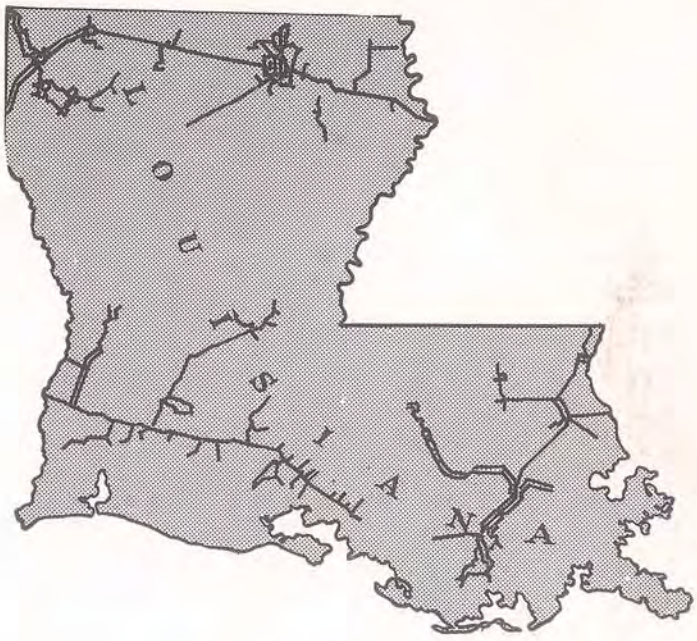
It only really became an industry when Mr. Rinow secured the services and cooperation of the Zimmerman tannery, into which plant he built his factory. He has brought to the industry some of the country's ablest designers and he is now promoting the training of wounded service men whose injuries prevent them from returning to their former occupations, into the designing and making of beautiful things from the finest grained and most beautiful leathers to be found anywhere in the world.

Being widely experienced in worldwide merchandise distribution, Mr. Rinow has developed the already healthy demand for Louisiana alligator leathers and is bringing to the area the work of making the finished products.

These photographs show two operations in the cutting and sewing of smooth, fine-grained alligator hides which will be made into luxurious leather goods.

Leon Trice Picture Service

PAYROLLS WORK FOR EVERYBODY...



UNITED GAS payrolls in Louisiana each year amount to several millions of dollars . . . these dollars go into circulation all over the state, helping to . . .

Create still MORE and LARGER payrolls — more jobs for more people . . .

Bring OTHER dollars into circulation, ultimately ringing cash registers, large and small . . .

Stimulate ALL business and make for better living for everyone!

UNITED GAS...SERVING THE *Gulf South*

RECREATION

Courtesy Louisiana Conservation Dept.

Paradise for the game hunter.

TO RESIDENTS AND VISITORS ALIKE, Jefferson Parish is a never-ending source of recreation. Here we take our play as we take our work—in earnest! True, we are the busiest, most highly concentrated industrial section of the South. Yet, paradoxically, we offer the most pleasurable facilities for recreation to be found anywhere.

Best of all, we don't need to make long preparations or excursions to find pleasures aplenty! Right in our own backyard is everything a person could desire in sports activities, natural beauty of scenery and leisure pastimes.

Visitors are constantly amazed at the startling contrasts in Jefferson Parish. Looking at our modern, progressive factories and our bustling towns, it is unbelievable that just a few minutes' drive will take you into pastoral scenes transplanted from old Acadia or from the Brittany coast.

THE PERFECT PLAYGROUND

Play-time "just comes naturally" to the resident of Jefferson Parish. So numerous are the forms of recreation that perhaps we ourselves do not realize how fortunate we are. With a day off, we can enjoy all kinds of outdoor activities that are close by and not expensive. Those people who must plan and wait for annual vacations to enjoy sports and recreation oftentimes distant from their homes, might well envy the residents of Jefferson Parish who can, in one day, enjoy leisure pastimes and still be back home in time for dinner!

E. L. Tilton, Jr.

We can enjoy all the usual sports—plus a variety of activities that are peculiar to this area alone. Practically the year 'round, because we have no extremes of weather, we can enjoy sailing, motor boating, golf, tennis, archery, trap and skeet

Mrs. Mary Cox, noted equestrienne, takes her mount over the hurdles at Eddy's Stock Farm on Airline Highway.

Eugene Delcroix

(Above) Lovely scenery, isn't it? These pretty water sprites enjoy sun fun and surf bathing at Grand Isle on the beautiful golden sands of the island's eight-mile beach.

(Below) This is the life! Warm sun, cool breezes and a day of fishing in bayou or Gulf waters.

shooting, horseback riding, fishing, hunting, swimming, with little more advance preparation than a desire to "get out and play."

Here, within our borders, we have the urban pleasures of social life. In Metairie, for example, we have America's most unusual golf course where some of the country's leading tournaments have been held.

In direct contrast we have, at the southernmost tip of Jefferson Parish, an island where the rolling surf and glorious sunsets will remind you of the South Seas.

This is Grand Isle — 100 years away from our modern world, but just a few hours by car. It is America's Riviera— still enchantingly p r i m i t i v e where peace and relaxation are yours for the taking. A good r o a d, airplane service, telephones and electricity have

Allen Gould

brought Grand Isle up to date. But otherwise, the island is little changed from those fabulous and picturesque days when swashbuckling pirates strode its beach. Neither the artist's brush nor the writer's pen can fully capture the breath-taking beauty of Grand Isle.

Needless to say, however, with travel now unlimited, visitors from all over the country are wending their way to this romantic and historic spot which we residents of Jefferson Parish have enjoyed for many years. The annual Tarpon Rodeo, boating, surf bathing, hunting and fishing are but a few of the many attractions of the island.

It is little wonder we take such pride in play. We can cruise out on the Gulf of Mexico for deep-sea fishing, chug along the bayous and bays in an oyster lugger past quaint fishing villages or just take a pole, a line and a can of worms to lazy the day away on shady banks of the bayous.

Eugene Delcroix

Without ever leaving our Parish, we can drift in a canoe or pirogue through the silent swamps, walk along the mighty Mississippi river levee—explore highways patterned by the shadows of moss-hung oaks that were old when America was young. Or we can lazily sit on the sand with the Gulf waters rolling in at our feet.

Need we say it? Jefferson Parish is a *good* place to visit—and a *better* place to live!

Allen Gould

(Above) Winding up in "reel" earnest for a cast off-shore.

(Left) Shady, live oaks—lush green grass—yes, it all adds up to a picnic for the whole family!

(Below) Gail Bordenave, youthful horsewoman, pictured at the Fair Grounds Race Track during Spring Fiesta.

E. L. Tilton, Jr.

The Southern Cotton Oil Company

★ ★ ★

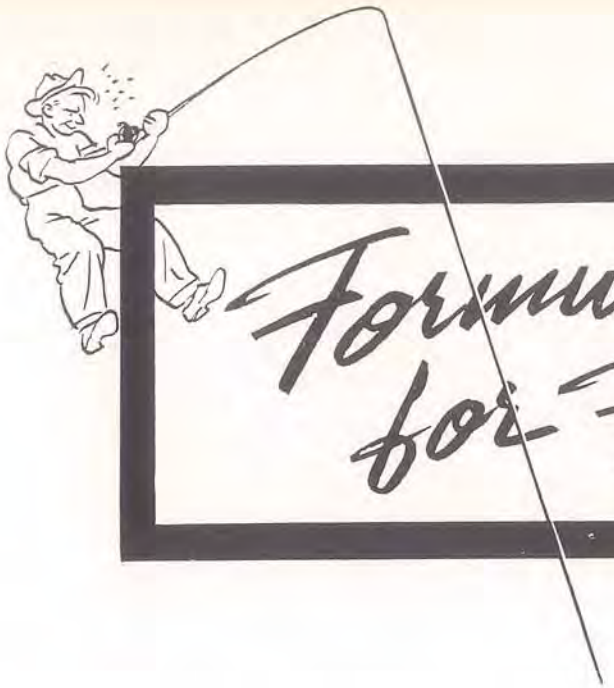
Manufacturers of

WESSON OIL

SNOWDRIFT SHORTENING

★ ★ ★

GRETNA, LOUISIANA



Formula for Fishing

By Ray M. Thompson

Publisher's Plug: The author of this article is well qualified to discuss the ancient art of angling. For more years than he will admit for publication, he has been among those inebriated on fishing trips from Canada to the Gulf and, as tropies of his prowess, his study walls are studded with muskies and bass and tarpon—clipped from "Hunting and Fishing." He is the champion bait loser of the entire Barataria region and has the reputation of having churned more water and pulled fewer fish than any other hook tosser on the Gulf Coast. It was this author-angler who immortalized that famous piscatorial phrase: "Pass me another sandwich!"

STATISTICS SHOW that more people go fishing than there are fishermen.

Ever notice that the invitation is always phrased "Let's go fishing!" Never—"Let's go catch some fish!" The reason is instinctive. Since man first learned that a hook and line and a day off represented more different kinds of complete and cheap enjoyment than any other human recreation, "catching fish" has been merely incidental and, as in my case, mostly accidental. "Going fishing" is the important thing—because it means so many different forms of fun to so many different types of people. Even the addicts, who carry their hooks in their hatbands, would soon become extremely bored if fishing meant only monotonously pulling big ones from the water hour after hour.

Take golf, for instance. There are only two things you can do—absorb a lot of forced exercise and swing a club at regular intervals, either professionally or pathetically. And hunting, for example. That means toting a heavy gun for long weary miles. There is no other out.

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many."
Izaak Walton

PHOTOGRAPHS By FULCRAN RANDON

GREAT SOUTHERN BOX COMPANY, INC.

Southport - - - - - - Louisiana

But fishing. Ah, fishing! It can mean catching up on your rest, lying for long pleasant hours completely relaxed with the cool breeze playing through your bare toes. It can mean getting quietly and comfortably plastered with convivial companions. It can mean playing poker, a picnic lunch, sun bathing, swimming, boat riding, getting away from the madding crowd, a week-end for your health, surcease from the heat, romance, and—if you insist—you can even catch fish.

For convenience I have arbitrarily divided those who go fishing into six general classifications. If you feel that you fit none of these categories, you can complain to the management.

1. THE PISCATOR, or The Catcher of Fish. Every fishing party must have at least one or two. He is the professional, the addict, the expert. He always knows just the correct flip of the wrist, the right bait and the exact spots where the fish are biting. However, if any of these should fail him, he is the master of the alibi and the logical explanation. He, on a fishing trip, corresponds to the chap in a poker game who is constantly harping "Deal! Deal!" The piscator is a necessary evil on a fishing trip, however, because without him the rest may not get any fish.

2. THE ICHTHYOPHAGIST, or the Eater of Fish. He or she is a lover of fish—fried, broiled or baked—but as soon as possible and as much as possible. The ichthyophagist never over-fishes but always over-eats. Becomes pleasantly uncomfortable after devouring five or six delicately browned speckled trout, but can always be persuaded, by the very power of appetite to help with the cleaning of the fish in order to expedite the eating thereof. Ichthyophagists are pleasant people to have on fishing trips—as they inflate the ego of the piscators and keep the rest of the party on their toes in order to obtain their legitimate share of the day's catch.

3. THE HEDONIST, or The Person Who Goes Along Just To Have Fun. Thank God for the hedonists. They crack jokes at the piscators and laugh when it rains and are always willing to open another bottle of beer for the grim faced Izaak Walton who will not leave his pole even though his tongue hangs out. They are the ones who adopt the most unorthodox methods of fishing and who invariably pull in at least one of the biggest trout of the day. Seemingly fish are so captivated with their happy-go-lucky good humor that they get careless. The hedonists never let the piscators take themselves too seriously, which meets with the approval of everyone on the trip.

4. THE SUN WORSHIPPER, or He Who Gets Burned. He (or she) would much prefer a tan to a tarpon. All day long, you will see the sunworshipper

---

Black Cajun coffee at 4 a. m.! To quote "without the moral support of which it is my firm conviction no man on earth could get up in the middle of the night and go fishing."

in various contortions so that all conventionally exposed sections of the torso may be evenly parboiled. And, at night, when the rest are re-fishing the day's catch, the redskin is sedulously applying oil to aggravated areas—but, like the others and for an entirely different reason, has enjoyed the day to its fullest.

5. THE ESCAPIST, or the Romanticist. Frankly, I think there are more of this type on every fishing trip than will admit to it. The escapist is the man or woman who leads an ordinarily dull or routine existence, but who basically loves adventure and the out-of-doors. Going fishing satisfies that soul hunger. The lugger becomes a pirate craft—the beach at sunrise becomes the coast of Tahiti—every leaping porpoise is Moby Dick—and the sea gulls bring back to mind forgotten phrases of "The Ancient Mariner." The wind in the face, the trawling for shrimp, the lap of the water, the vibration of the boat's engine, the sinking orange platter of the sun on the ride home from the fishing grounds—all are red meat for the imagination of the escapist who, vicariously, gets as much thrill from a week-end fishing trip as the adventurers of history on their voyages of discovery and conquest. Back to work, for the escapist, means back from a million miles away, a mental hunger satisfied.

6. THE T. B. M. AND THE B. K. M. (The Tired Business Man and the Bored Kitchen Mechanic) For both of these fishing—sans fish or cum fish—is rest and recreation. Both will work just as hard. The T. B. M. will apply himself to fishing as energetically as he does to his business. The B. K. M. will insist that she enjoys fishing because it gets her away from housework—and yet she spends all day preparing the lunch, serving it, frying the fish at the day's end and cleaning up the dishes. But both are rested and happy afterward. Both come home thoroughly relaxed and brag about their aching muscles the next day.

And now that I have typed the 135 million people of these United States into six definite classifications with impunity, and before you have a chance to argue with me, I present a favorite and famous New Orleans' formula for fishing—not copyrighted, registered, patented or even insured—but tried, proven and approved by generation after generation of anglers from these parts. And, since specific details are always more convincing than vague generalities, I offer this formula in the form of an actual fishing trip, with participants identified and their reactions recorded.

CASE HISTORY—Weekend of May 5, 1946, photographed by Fulcran Randon.

LOCALE: Since the days of Jean Lafitte, when only the fabulous loot of piracy could lure the islanders away from their beloved vocation of fishing, Grand Isle has been a paradise for piscators. Fronted by the Gulf of Mexico, in which lurks the fighting tarpon, or Grand Ecaille, and backed by the Bay of Barataria, in which swarm speckled and white trout, rat reds, sheepshead, channel mullet and croakers, this island has eternally attracted the fishermen of the world. And today, descendants of the pirates, with their shrimp and oyster luggers, act as gracious guides to the ardent anglers who are lucky enough to know that such a place exists only three hours from any downtown New Orleans' hotel.

PERSONNEL: On this weekend of May 5, 1946, ten people from various walks of life left their accustomed tasks in New Orleans to reduce the finny population of Grand Isle, or whatever their various purposes were (refer back to Fishing Classifications). They were: Morris Henry Hobbs, famous for his etchings, his watercolors and his sense of humor; his wife, Judy, a perfect foil for her versatile husband; their son, young Bill, 100% American Boy; C. Alden Baker, lately from Saipan and Tinian, in the state of reconversion to civilian status, and a Chesapeake Bay trained angler; his marital mate, Margaret, radio script writer by profession, housewife by compulsion; Fulcran Randon, gourmet and photographer, whose focusing is interfering with his fishing; his helpmeet, Mildred, whom Fulcran personally publicizes as

Randon flashlights the loading operations. Hobbs and Monies superintend the careful storing of the libations; Baker totes the food; and Hector, careful skipper that he is, helps the ladies aboard in that deceptive darkness, just before dawn. The author is back presumably locking up the cars, which could be an excuse to grab a few more seconds of shut-eye.

the best Creole cook in New Orleans; Joseph Monies, fisherman by his own admission and publisher of publicly favored books whose success are also sadly curtailing his piscatorial pastime; Sue Thompson, who runs an art store and, confidentially, went along for the sun and the food; and the author, who welcomes any excuse to get away from work.

The party left New Orleans by dribbles and degrees all afternoon Saturday, although it takes only three hours steady driving to reach the island. But

Dawn of May 5! Preceded by celestial footlights of brilliant oranges, reds and yellows, the curtain of the day goes up. To the muted orchestration of water melodiously slapping the boat as it moves out into the bay, Old Sol appears on the stage—his audience as thrilled as they were in the days of Tyre and Sidon. But this is the hour for fishing—and the onlookers reluctantly turn to their piscatorial preliminaries.

there was no need to hurry. H-hour for fishing was 3 a. m. Sunday morning. So they dillydallied, stopped for cokes, played the slot machines along the way, had a mid-afternoon snack, watched the gorgeous sunset as they crossed the bridge from Cheniere Caminada to Grand Isle (artists have been going slowly nuts for years trying to capture its blazing exit on canvas) and finally pulled into Hector Landry's Camp.

Hector is a professional fisherman—always was and always will be. So was his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather—back through the family without interruption, except for that period around 1810 when all the islanders neglected their seining for smuggling, eventually got involved

A few hundred yards from the lugger, a good natured (but quiet) competition goes on between the two skiffs. As each trout is pulled in, egos inflate or deflate—all according to whomever caught it.

It's none of your business who caught which. Here are some of the trout—the ones we laid out for dinner.

in piracy, and finally earned amnesty by helping Jackson shellac the British at the Battle of New Orleans.

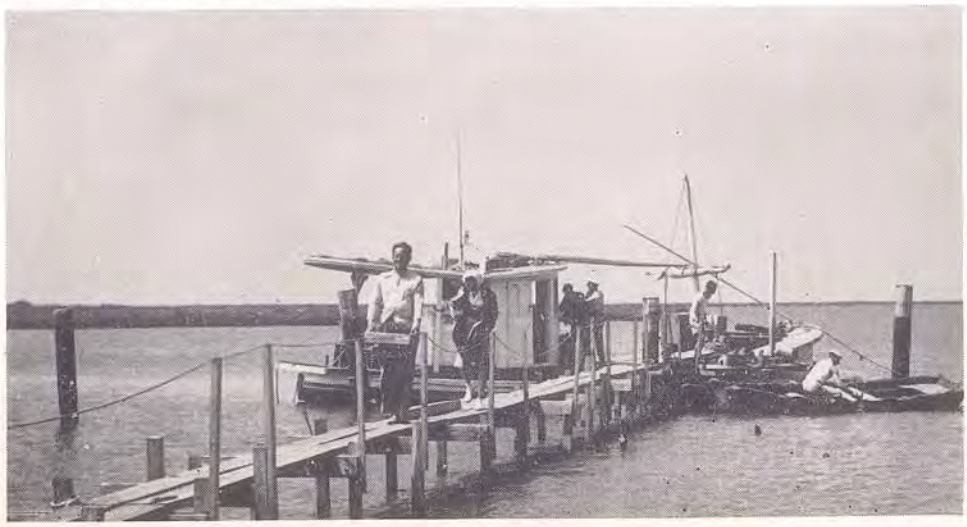
Hector Landry is tall, lean and in his thirties. From his fishing profits a few years ago he built a new home and turned the old one into a fishing camp for his growing clientele of city folks who keep him busy on Sundays and holidays—for Hector is not only an expert fisherman, he is a boon companion. The minute you step on Hector's boat, he becomes one of the gang. He is everywhere at once—seeing that the greenhorns don't fall overboard or get too friendly with a catfish, swapping stories with the old-timers, pointing out choice fishing spots, helping the women bait their hooks or pull in a trout, trawling for shrimp to be used as bait, and running the boat.

Hector's Camp is in the very heart of the island, back among the live-oaks and behind the screen of oleanders and lanes that seclude the healthy, happy everyday lives of the islanders from the casual glance of the motorists who careen along the beach road, scan the Gulf, and think they have seen Grand Isle.

It gets as black as the inside of an ink-well at night in Hector's Camp, after the lights are turned off. The breeze from the Gulf stirs the leaves of the hundreds of trees and nature's air conditioning system quietly and quickly puts you to sleep. Jaded nerves immediately lose their frayed edges, somnambulism simply can't exist and various and sundry snores soon blend with the soft and insistant lap of the surf only a few hundred yards away.

Saturday evening can be covered in one sentence. After a hearty dinner

The End of the Trip! Monies has never been known to resort to manual labor except on a fishing trip—but here he is heavy laden and smiling about it.



at the Island's favorite eatery, the party unanimously decided to turn in early. Any party that does otherwise on the eve of a Grand Isle fishing trip is simply—not a fishing party.

Randon accepted the nomination to turn off the alarm clock and wake the rest. Poor Randon! Either the responsibility lay lightly on his conscience, or the sweet sleep of Grand Isle was too powerful a soporific, or the alarm failed to ring, because, for the sake of honesty in this narrative, we must admit that it was not Randon—but a belligerent Grand Isle rooster—who waked the fishing party ONE HOUR LATE the next morning.

Out of their sacks came ten bleary eyed phantoms. Toes encountered invisible chairs, soft imprecations disturbed the inky darkness before dawn, torsos in various stages of dishabille felt their way to the kitchen table, mouths blindly found the rims of assorted cups of hot coffee (wisely prepared, ready for the fire, the night before) and then—by the strange alchemy of black coffee—conversation started. The day had officially begun.

I offer here an interlude—a soliloquy on Cajun coffee, in which a spoon placed erect often remains so. The coffee that brings the dead to life, that starts ambition again surging at your vitals, the brew without which it is my sincere conviction no man on earth could get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and go fishing.

"Who's got the food? Grab that case of coke! Don't forget the beer! Hurry up! It'll soon be light! A buck I catch the first trout! Come on, Hector's waiting at the dock! Gimme a cigarette, will you, I can't find mine!" With such repartee is a fishing party launched.

Starters droned, cars skidded through the black tunnel that was the lane, speeded down the beach road to the end of the island—and there, men who wouldn't pick up a shoebox back in town if they could hire it done, labored like stevedores carrying the precious freight of a fishing party on board.

Hector calmly checked everything before he made ready to cast off. Randon took a shot of the loading operations. Joe paced the deck impatiently, the fever of fishing already upon him. Baker lit his pipe, preparatory to a day pleasing to his soul. Hobbs cast an appraising eye on young Bill, who was everywhere at once. The women distributed themselves comfortably around the boat. And, just as the lugger felt its way into the Bay, the sun popped over the horizon, as much as to say "Wait for me, Baby!"

In about fifteen or twenty minutes (you lose a sense of time on the water) Hector anchored the boat at an oyster reef. The old fort of Grand Terre was off to our right—and—the trout were right below us. (Note: most of them stayed there.)

At this point, on any fishing trip, the sheep automatically separate themselves from the goats. The tried and true fisherman prefers to fish from a skiff or pirogue. The inexperienced or indifferent fisherman usually is satisfied to fish over the side of the lugger. Again statistics prove that the skiff system gets more fish. The noise of people moving on the lugger scares the trout away. Not all of them, of course. It seems that some fish, like some humans, are just dumber than the rest.

As the sun rose, shirts came off. The useless doodads of civilization were flung into the cabin. The sunworshippers spread out. The piscators hunched over in the familiar pose of the most beloved pastime of mankind. Atom bombs, labor strikes, taxation, inflation and tomorrow's problems were as remote as the Moon or Mars.

Did we catch fish? But definitely!

When we started back for Grand Isle late in the afternoon, after having visited several favorite spots of Hector's, and as we lay in assorted positions all over the boat, tired, hungry and happy, it suddenly occurred to me that a successful fishing trip has three separate sets of thrills.

First, there's the planning, the preparing and the fun the night before—the card game, the bull session, the bantering and the gradual shedding of

Mrs. Hobbs officiates . . . while the rest of the ladies sit on the front steps and smack their lips in unladylike anticipation.

worries and business problems and the relaxing of taut nerves. (Note: I have never yet known a fisherman with stomach ulcers).

Second, there's the fishing itself—with all the pleasant by-products of a day in the sun, with the sea breeze in your nostrils and a powerful appetite mounting and mounting (in spite of several lunches during the day).

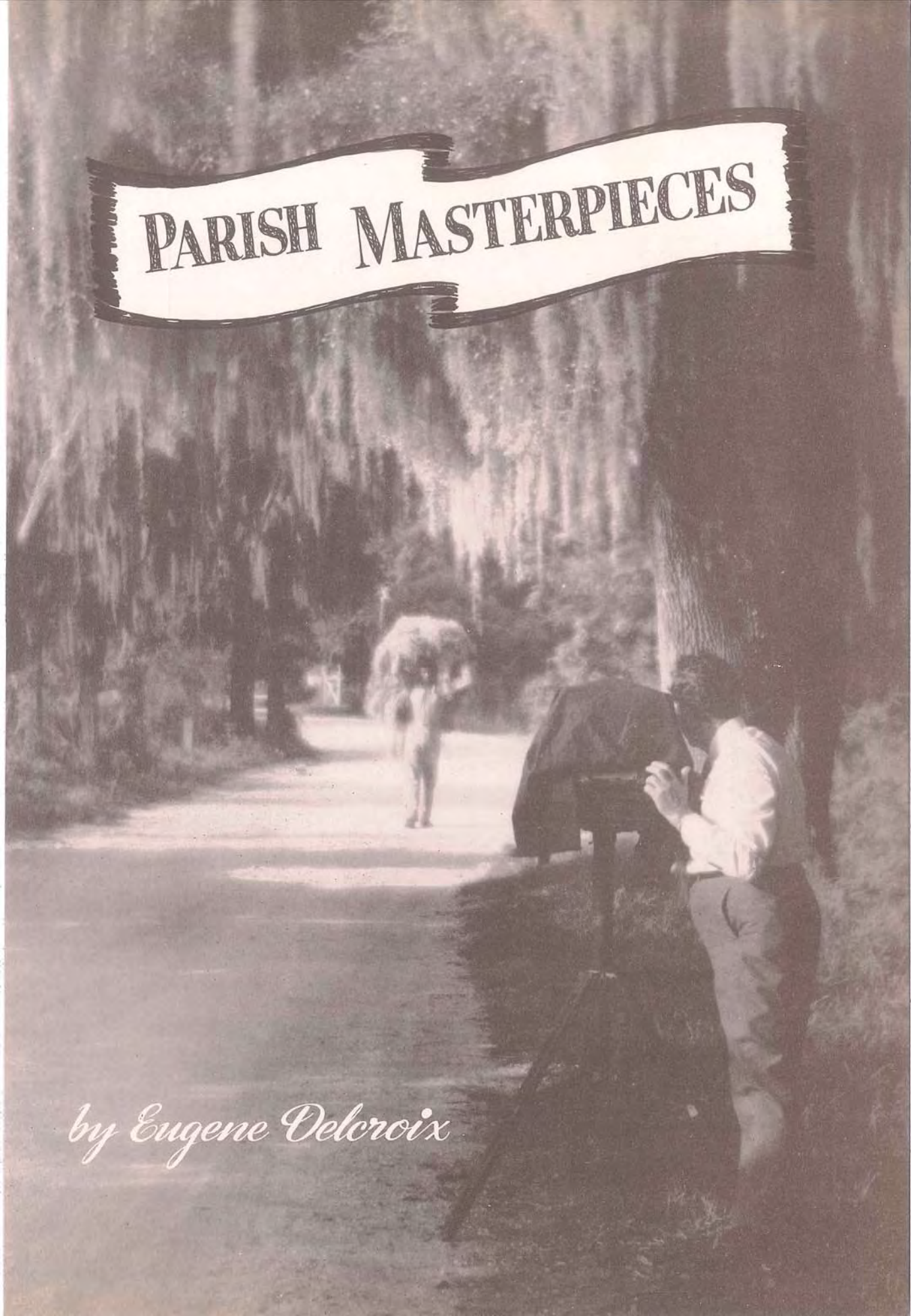
And then Thrill Number Three—the sitting down to the festive board with a platter of crisply browned trout in front of you, trout you caught yourself, trout that tastes better (and digests better) than a $3.50 dinner at any swank restaurant in town.

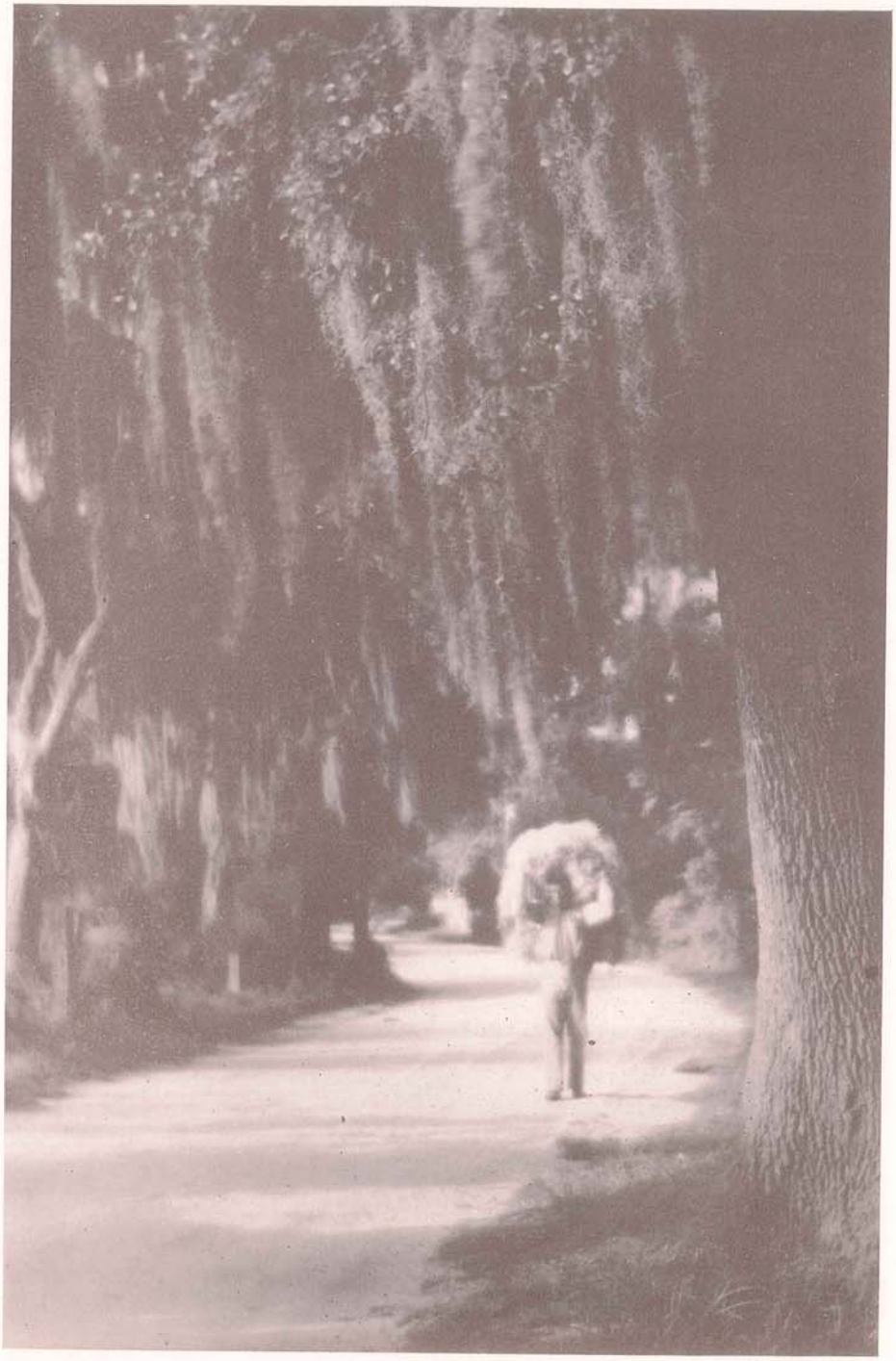
And the amazing thing about this particular formula for fishing (Grand Isle variety) is that, for a party of around ten, the cost for the whole wonderful weekend, including everything (except your slot machine losses) will run not more than $10 per person.

So—which would you rather do—or go fishing?

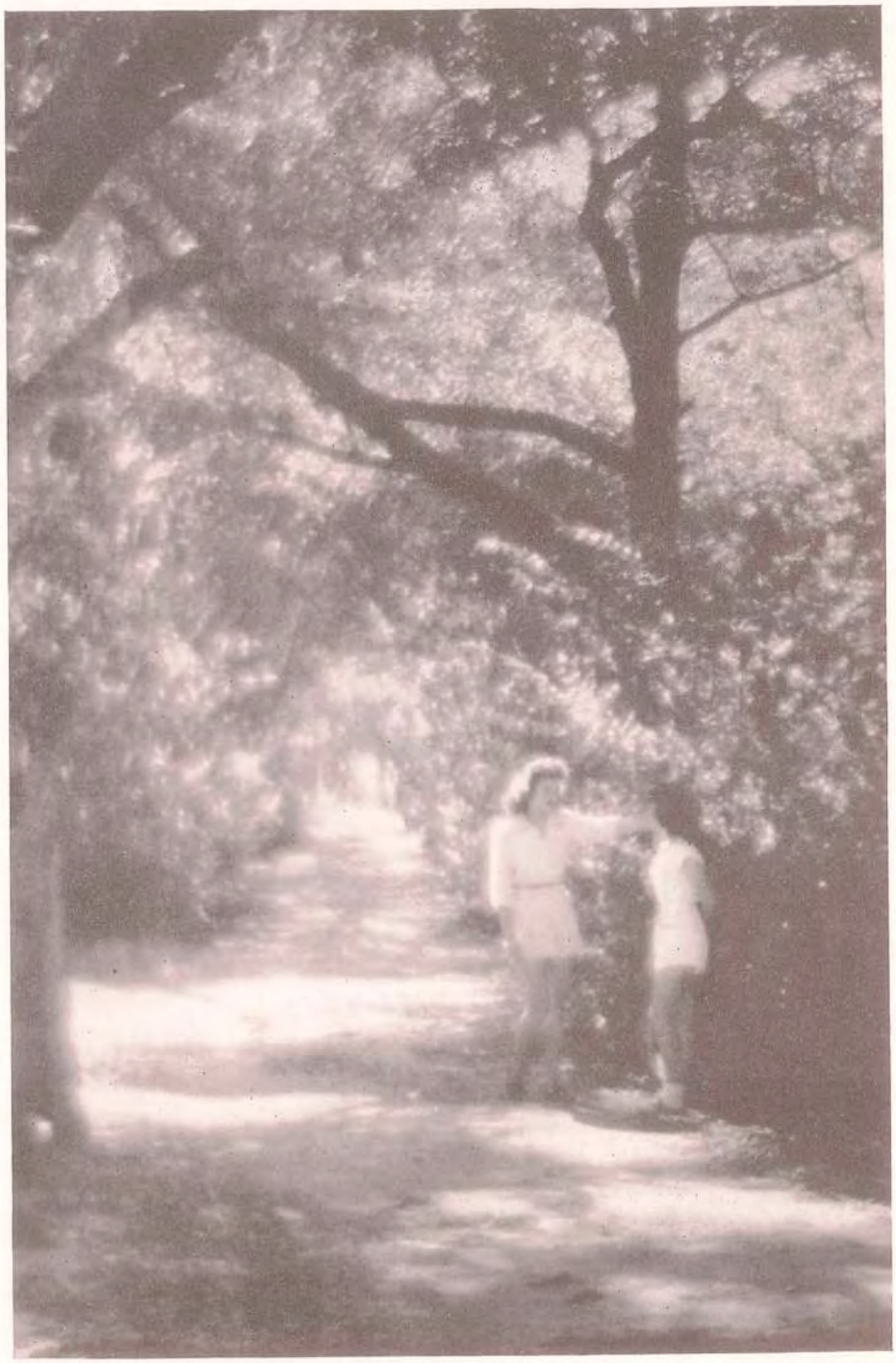
End of a Perfect Day

If there is any doubt in your mind as to the delectability of freshly caught, fried trout, just take a look at this festive board. They wouldn't even stop long enough to pose—a la Hollywood. To hell with the camera! Pass another trout!


PARISH MASTERPIECES
by Eugene Delcroix

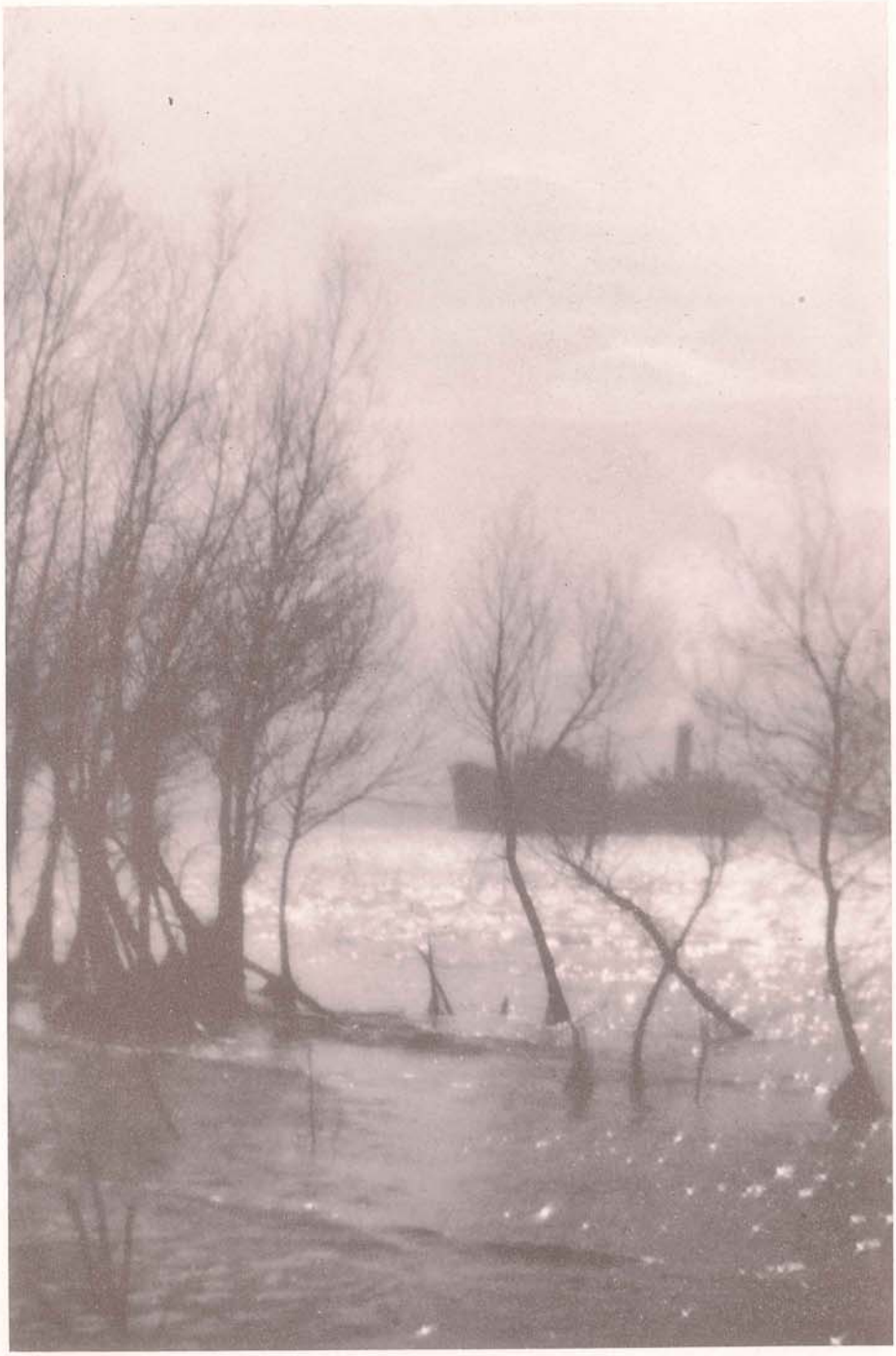


Moss Picker



Enchanted Lane

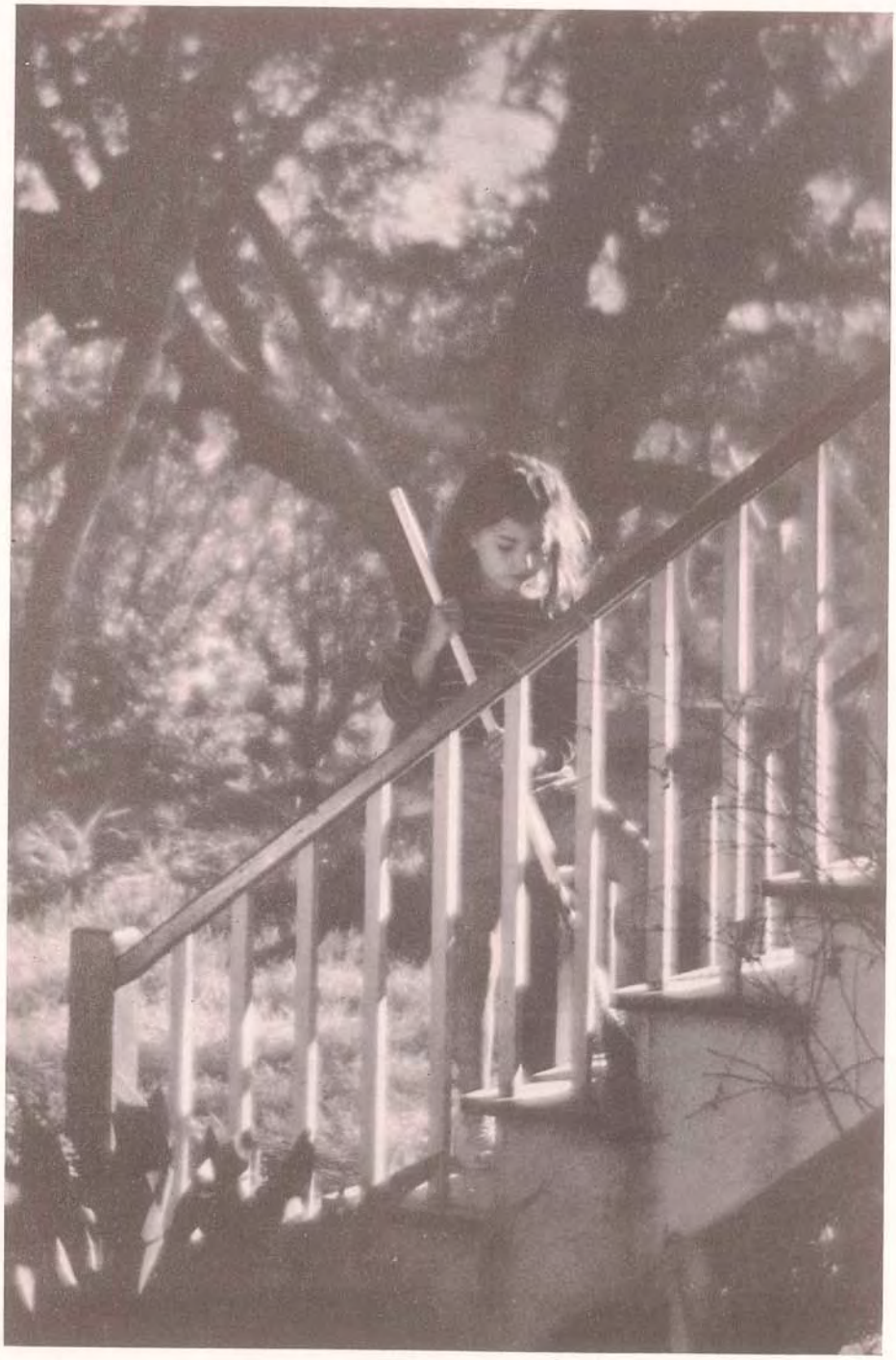
Morning Mist



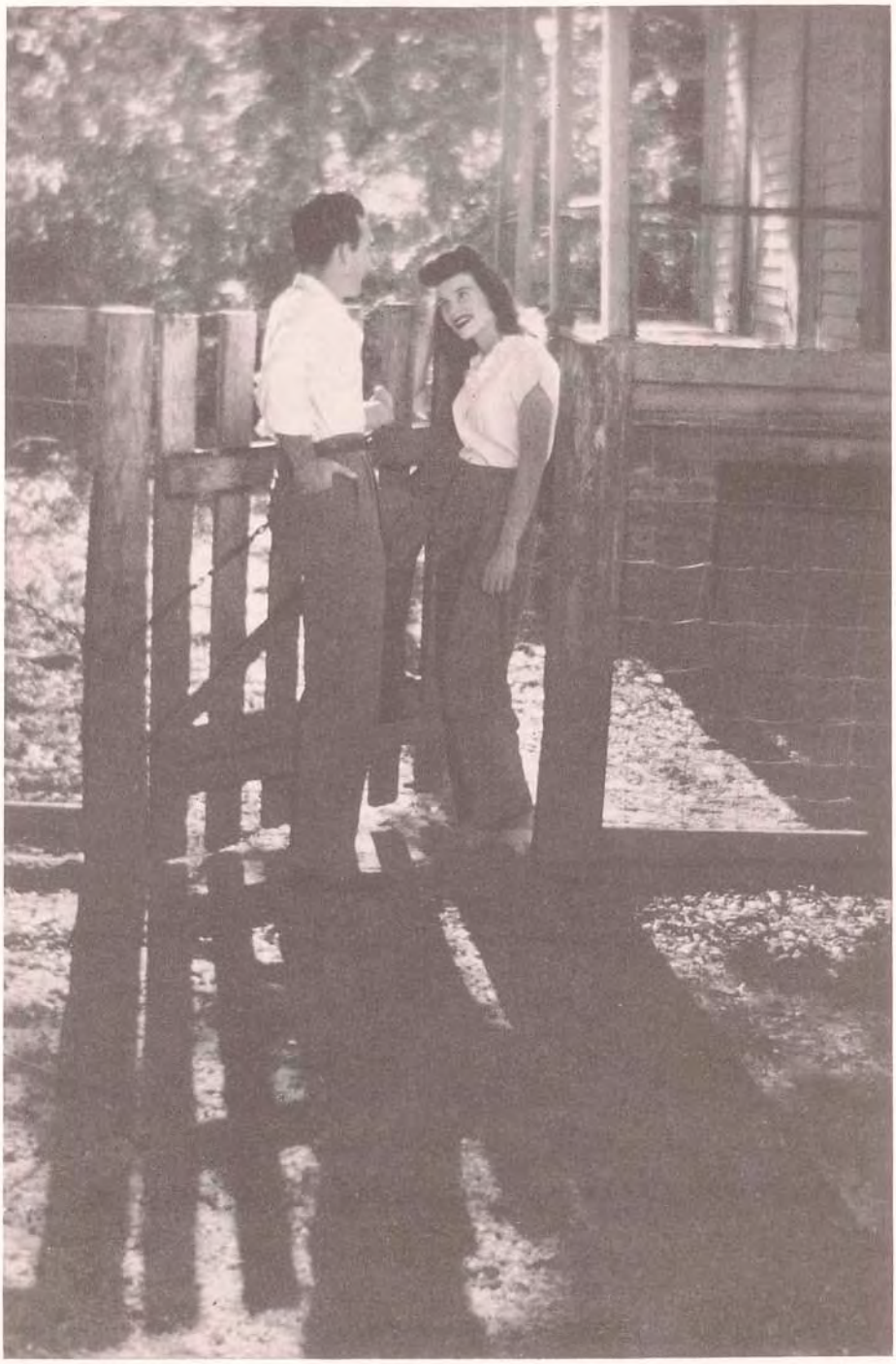
Silhouette in Silver

Canopy Over the Cove

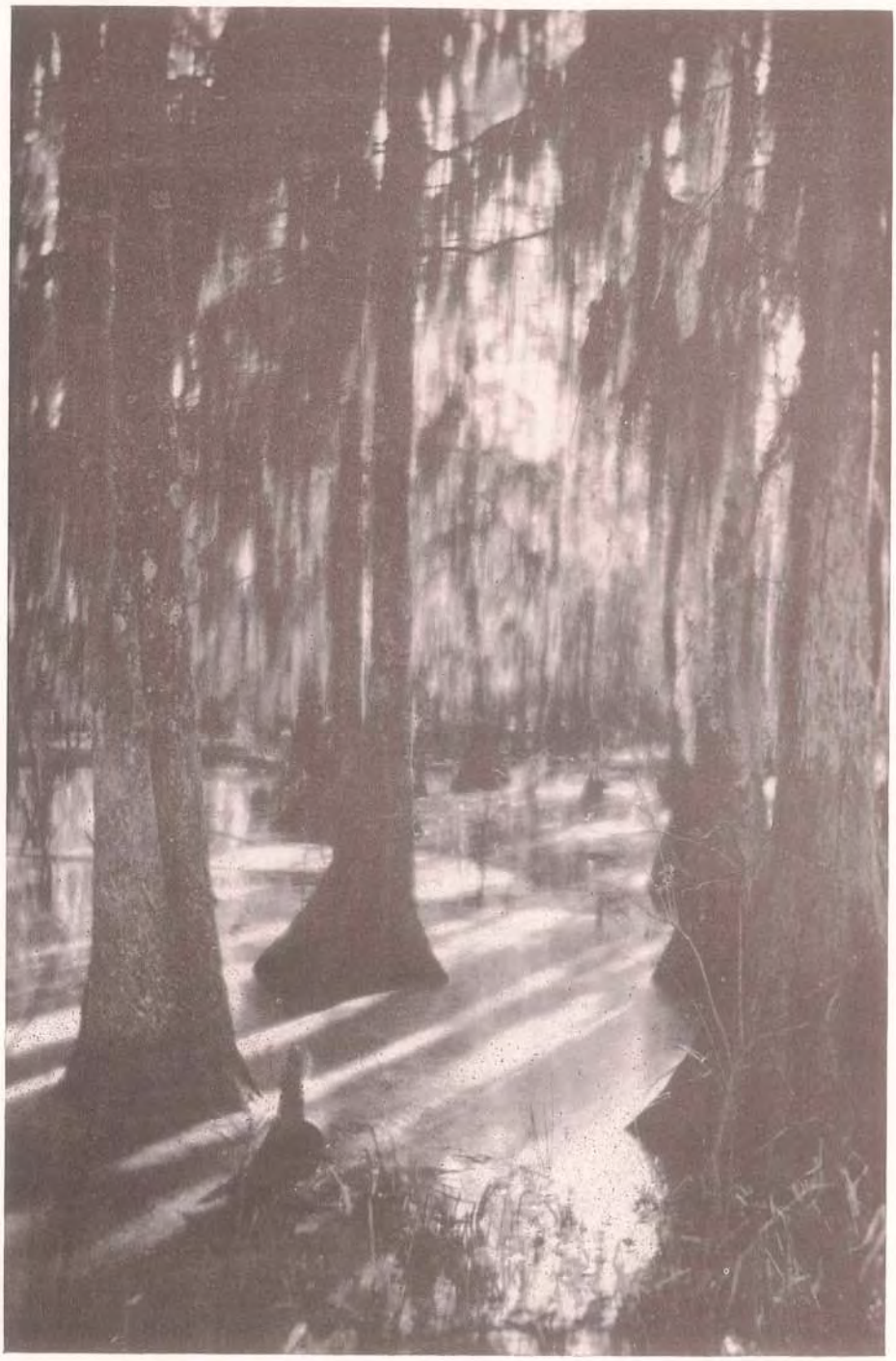
A Boy's Paradise



Mother's Helper



Day Dreams

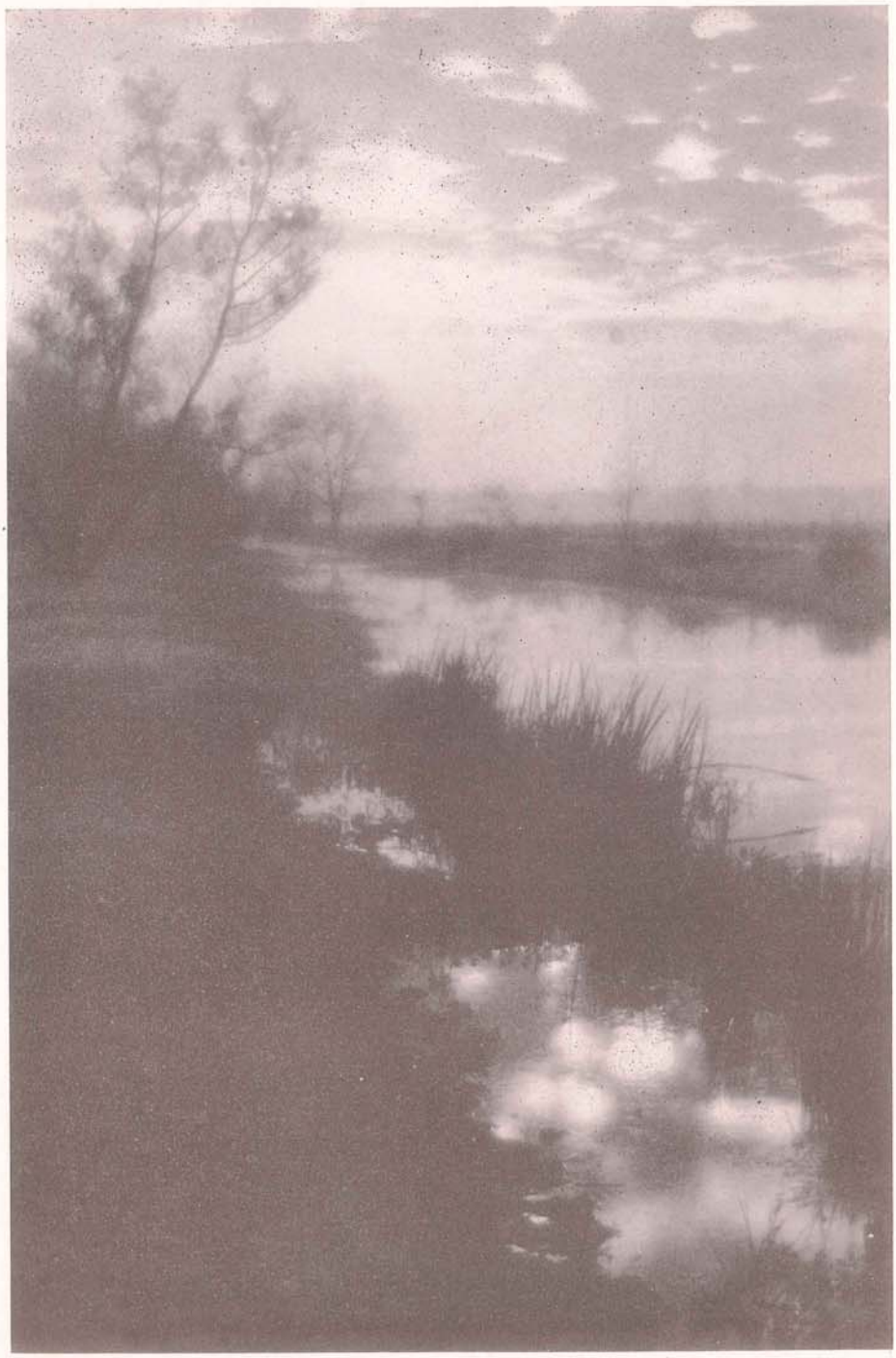


Swamp Seclusion

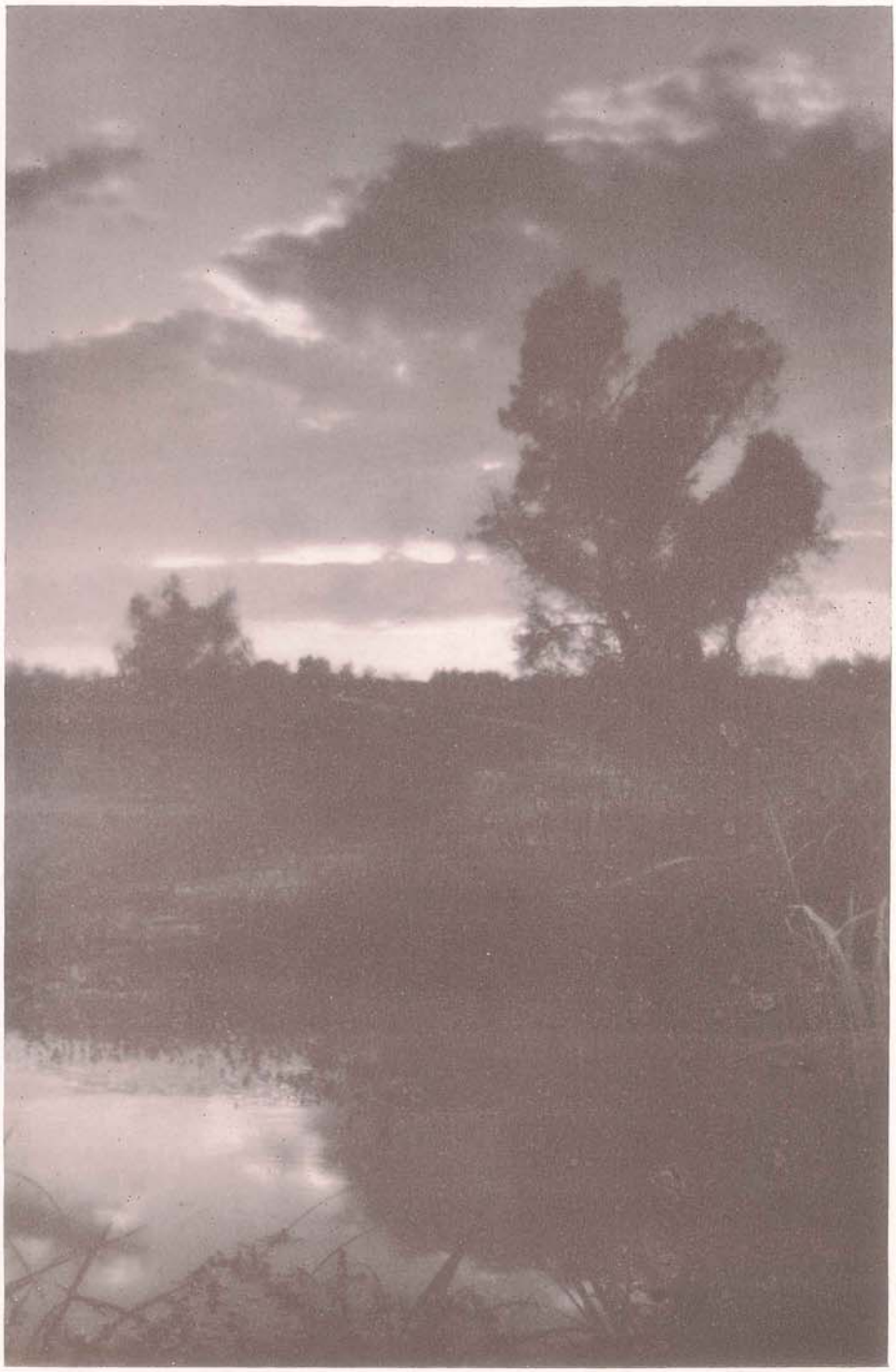
Bathed in Beauty

Bayou Blooms

Patterns in Plumes



Sunrise Soliloquy



Twilight Tapestry

GRAND ISLE TARPON RODEO

By Paul Kalman

Sports Writer, New Orleans Item

Courtesy New Orleans Item.

PICTURE, IF YOU CAN, a pint-sized boat bobbing on a sea of molten sapphire. The scene is peaceful, broken only by the sputter of the boat's motor and the scream of the gulls, swinging in fantastic patterns overhead.

Suddenly, a high whine screams out from the cockpit of the boat, and fifty yards astern the blue water turns to a foamy white and a great silver shaft slides out majestically into the sunlight.

You're tied to the tail end of a jumping express train, brother. You've hooked one of those famous Grand Isle tarpon, the jumping jack of the southern seas. The line cuts through the water with incredible speed. Your mechanical drag is screwed down full on but you can't stop him.

What's that you say? "He's pulling hard!" Man, that's a masterpiece of understatement.

Right there on the end of that 24 thread linen line of yours, mister fisherman, is one of the grandest, sportingest fish that ever sprouted a set of fins. He's game to the last ligament of his sporting backbone. He'll fight you from start to finish, and he won't ask for mercy. He'll run out with your line for scores of yards, and then he'll suddenly reverse his strategy and in a flash, will charge at your boat. He'll sound in the briny deep for a hundred yards, and then make an astounding run to the surface where he'll throw himself clear and shake like a bulldog.

That's the Tarpon, the silver king, the Sabalo, the Grande Ecaille.

People who have fished for them willingly admit that there is nothing on the face of the earth to match the showmanship of the mighty tarpon. The giant-sized herring is not a particularly edible fish, but he makes up for that in his fight. Often attaining a weight in excess of 175 pounds, the tarpon is covered from stem to stern with gigantic silver scales, twice as large as an old-fashioned silver dollar. His silver sides blend into a bronze-gold on the back and into an ivory white on the belly. His mouth and jaws are powerfully set in a massive head, almost solid bone and gristle—designed for a life of tough, rabid living. His eyes are a vivid yellow with the pupils a raven black. Tarpon hooked at night present a wierd picture as their eyes turn pink.

Grand Isle, that southernmost tip of Jefferson Parish, is the haven of countless fishermen who drive the 110 miles from New Orleans every summer to fish for the mighty tarpon. Here, in the outpost of that famed character, Jean Lafitte, the fishermen find enormous schools of tarpon, ready, willing, and able to strike at almost any lure that is trolled their way.

Here, too, is the site of the famous Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo, the granddaddy of the four annual tarpon contests held every year in peacetime Louisiana.

This year, the Grand Isle rodeo was revived after a wartime lapse of four years. Conceived in the minds of Hugh Wilkinson and Commodore John Donovan during the summer of 1928, the royal sport of fishing for the silver king has grown in size and popularity until it now is looked upon as the outstanding event in the calendar of the South Louisiana sport fisherman.

Grand Isle is a natural place for the tarpon to visit. He makes himself known off the Isle in the early part of May, but does not reach real abundance until the hot days of July and August.

Early in August, a flotilla of pleasure fishing boats makes its way to the Gulf resort, sailing in formation down Bayou Barataria through Barataria Bay and finally to Grand Isle.

As millions of gallons of brackish water pour into the open stretches of the Gulf through Barataria Pass and Pass Caminada, a natural line of demarkation of "rip tide" is evident along a jagged line that extends as much as fifty miles to sea. This rip is similar to that at Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River, and along it congregates the flotsam and jetsam of the bayou country. All this trash attracts the shrimp and small fish—the mullet and grunt and shiners which, in turn, attract the tarpon.

According to customary procedure, tarpon fishermen troll the outer edge of the rip, keeping in the green water no more than 15 yards from the darker water of the bay. Lures vary from the popular Record spoons and feather dusters which have been used for many years on the Isle, to the newest invention—the detachable hook tarpon plug. Fishermen found out at an early date that the tarpon, in his acrobatic gyrations, was able to dislodge a hook that was fixed rigidly to a lure, simply by taking advantage of the added weight afforded by the spoon. It was then discovered that if the lure was so constructed that the hook could be dislodged immediately upon the strike with the lure being cast aside to be picked up later, the chances for landing the tarpon were greatly enhanced.

There were two radical departures in this year's Grand Isle Rodeo, namely, the incorporation of the Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo Club with a state charter, and the broadening of the rodeo to include competition in classes of fish other than tarpon. Thus, fishermen who like to try for lemonfish, jacks, bonito, dolphin and mackerel all were allowed to compete for prizes in their various divisions.

John Donovan was unanimously chosen to head the new corporation as its president. James McMahon was named vice-president; Frank Von Der Haar, second vice-president; Oscar Turlington, secretary and Gus Jacquet, treasurer.

Charter members of the club are P. J. McMahon, Fornest Milliet, Walter A. Muller, Sam B. Caston, J. W. Whitmire, Oscar Turlington, Val Flanagan, Joseph Cermak, Tony diMarco, Felix Tranchina, Alfred Danziger, Paul Kalman, J. H. Bonck, Urban C. Wilkinson, Hugh M. Wilkinson, John C. Donovan, Arthur Van Pelt, Frank Von Der Haar, Mel Washburn, Stanley Reyes, Lewis Maniscalco, Alex Dana, Howard Summerville, L. J. Elmer, W. A. Coker, Bob Lawton, P. A. Davis and John D. Lambert.

The battle with a tarpon is one of the finest of outdoor sports but no matter what kind of fishing you're after, you're just about certain to find it in the waters of Jefferson Parish. The inland fresh and brackish waters abound with fish and along the coastlines of the parish, salt water game fishing is without compare. Those who seek the waters of the open Gulf will find it neither difficult nor unduly expensive to charter a lugger for the day, right at Grand Isle.

As a pleasure, pastime, or commercial business, fishing in Jefferson Parish offers wide opportunity. Ask any Parish fisherman and he'll tell you, "If it swims, Brother, we have it!"

Below: Scores of pleasure fishing craft assemble for the exciting annual Tarpon Rodeo at Grand Isle.
Courtesy New Orleans Item

Leon Trice Picture Service

Lining up for the big race. Pictured are some of the 29 contestants in the 1946 race. Famous father-son team is Adam Billiot, third from left, who was former title-holder and his father. Etienne, extreme right, who built Adam's pirogue.

PIROGUE PACERS

By Hugh M. Wilkinson

General Chairman Bayou Barataria Pirogue Race

NORTHERN WOODSMEN can shoot their canoes through rapid streams; or, standing upright, can expertly balance themselves on a spinning log as it floats downstream.

But there is no more thrilling aquatic accomplishment than paddling a piroque. If you're a novice and would rather not get dunked in the water, better stay out of a pirogue, because it's as tricky a craft as you ever put a foot in.

The pirogue is the Southern version of the canoe—brought to Louisiana originally by the Acadians. Strictly a one-man boat, the pirogue is splinter thin—hand hewn or burned from a cypress log—and just wide enough to accomodate one's derriere.

Skimming over the water at the hands of an expert, the slender pirogue is a thing of beauty and grace. But for one who is not bred to the bayou, it's a cantankerous shell of wood that will capsize almost at the flick of a fingernail.

The people of the bayou, however, can pole or paddle a pirogue through marsh, bayou or as the saying goes, "on a heavy dew," with a nonchalance that is amazing. For generations the skill of the pirogue paddlers was overlooked.

Banks of Bayou Barataria jammed with spectators who witnessed the first post-war Pirogue Race.
Leon Trice Picture Service

Then—in 1936—pirogue racing became a national sport—an annual event that attracts visitors from all over the United States.

Along came the War and the pirogue competition was discontinued.

Then, on Sunday, May 19th, 1946, revival of the annual pirogue championship race on Bayou Barataria was greeted by thousands of sports-hungry spectators who lined the banks of the historic waterway from Kammer Landing, where the contest started, to its finish at beautiful, oak-shaded, moss-hung Fleming Park. Flag-decked boats—every kind from speedy cruisers to shrimp luggers—jammed the waters for a better view of the exciting event.

Interest in the competition, from the time the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association, Inc., announced it would be revived this year, chiefly centered in the expected battle for supremacy between Herbert Creppel, current champion, and Adam Billiot, former title-holder whom he had dethroned in 1941. This interest was intensified by the fact that Creppel, a paratrooper in General Patton's Third Army, had been badly wounded by shrapnel in the Battle of Bastogne, and it was feared his injured leg would handicap his defense of his championship.

At the crack of the starter's pistol, Creppel, his injured leg resting on a pile of moss in the bottom of his pirogue, and Adam Billiot, winner of four of these races, lunged into the lead—their boats coming abreast as these skilled paddlers matched stroke for stroke in what was truly a contest of endurance. Not far behind them, Paul Ybarzabal, 21-year old entrant from Bayou Signette, doggedly held third place, trying desperately to close the gap to the leaders.

Thus the race went for three miles, the trio measuring fast and powerful paddle strokes; and it was not until the final mile of the race that Billiot finally lost the pace, and dropped gradually astern of Creppel, finishing 30 seconds after him at Fleming Park. Ybarzabal was only 23 seconds behind Billiot. It was undoubtedly the most thrilling contest the Pirogue Racing Association had ever staged in the ten years of its activity on Bayou Barataria.

From the time the 1946 race began until its conclusion, a short-wave broadcast from yachts on the bayou through amplifiers to the tremendous crowd at Fleming Park kept the waiting spectators apprised of the thrilling battle between Creppel, Billiot and Ybarzabal, and such was the excitement at the end that the three pirogues came down the home stretch amid a great roar of human voices, sirens, boat whistles, auto horns and the explosion of aerial bombs. It was a scene long to be remembered. The short-wave broadcast, an innovation in this year's race and a great factor in its success, was made possible through the cooperation of H. C. Schexnaildre and R. D. Chamberlain of the Southeastern Radio Company, the owners of the yachts "Urchin," "Shadow" and "Princess Pat," the Coast Guard, and the sound truck system of the Jackson Brewing Company. Henry Dupre of radio station WWL announced the progress of the race and Billy Elliott of radio station WNOE announced its finish.

Creppel paddled the four miles in 35 minutes and 3 seconds—according to the stop-watch of Rev. O. L. Abell, S. J., who has been official time-keeper of this event since 1936. After the first three men, already named, 26 other contestants finished in the following order: Herbert Ester, Albert Trosclair, Ursin J. Creppel, Emile Dufrene, Andrew Abadie, Mack Verdin, Dan Melford, Gilbert Reine, Emile Darda, Alex Creppel, Herbert Billiot, C. W. Miller, Lucien Soulet, Antoine Dufrene, Henry Fernandez, Wallace Guthrie, Ernest Mamolo, Etienne Billiot, Leno Constransios, Gustave Virrett, R. J. Rutley, Johnny Creppel, Horace Badeau, John P. Munch, Jr., George Verdun and Bennett Gisclair. All of the 29 men who entered the race finished, and each of them was awarded money or merchandise prizes varying in value according to his position at the termination of the race.

By his victory, Creppel gained a second win on the beautiful Charles H. Ellis trophy, which he also received in 1941. Billiot won this trophy in 1940. It must be won three times to be permanently possessed. Creppel also won $200 donated by the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association and Billiot won

Leon Trice Picture Service

The Winners! Herbert Creppel, first prize winner flanked on the left by Adam Billiot, second prize winner and Paul Ybarzabal, third prize winner, on the right.

Leon Trice Picture Service

Smiling Herbert Creppel receives for the second time the beautiful Charles H. Ellis trophy, which must be won three times to be permanently possessed.

$100 donated by The California Company. Ybarzabal received $50 donated by the Standard Oil Company. Many merchants of Jefferson Parish and New Orleans generously gave merchandise prizes in the race.

The event was attended by an estimated 15,000 spectators. The Fleming family hospitably permitted the use of their park in the picturesque curve of Bayou Barataria at the junction with Bayou Villars and thousands of automobiles lined the highway in the vicinity, under regulation of an efficient squad of State Police. The Lafitte Yacht Club and a detail of Coast Guardsmen, under Commodore Walter Muller, assisted in maintaining order on the bayou.

Rev. Maurice Gubler, the parish priest, pronounced an invocation before the race and addressed the contestants on good sportsmanship. Ladies' guild of his church conducted refreshment stands at both ends of the race.

This year's observance of this colorful event, dedicated to maintaining the tradition of the cypress-hewn pirogue as Louisiana's most typical native craft, unquestionably attracted greater national attention to the Barataria region of Jefferson Parish than any previous event in its history. Half a dozen coast-to-coast Columbia Broadcasting System programs were based on the pirogue championship in addition to many local broadcasts. The event was written up in many national monthly and weekly magazines; it was photographed by Hollywood news-reel movie cameramen; and widely publicized in the national press. Shortly after the event, Creppel was honor guest at the Brown Derby Club luncheon of the New Orleans Athletic Club, where moving pictures of the race, taken by the publicity department of the Standard Oil Company, were exhibited.

Frank A. Von Der Haar is this year's president of the Louisiana Piroque Racing Association, Inc., and other officers, directors and committeemen of the organization include: Harry Bonck, Beverly Brown, A. Miles Coe, William A. Coker, P. A. Davis, John C. Donovan, Anthony DiMarco, Henry Dupre, R. Lee Eddy, Robert A. Elliott, Felix Favalora, Douglas R. Fleming, James Gordon, Gus Jaquet, Clarence A. Kammer, Ben F. Kelly, John D. Lambert, Mike Mailhes, Charles Maniscalco, Fornest Milliet, Fred W. Oser, P. J. Rinderle, Howard Summerville, Felix J. Tranchina, Mel Washburn, James Whitmore and Urban C. Wilkinson.

Other states may have their traditional local events, but we don't believe any of them outshine the color and natural setting of the pirogue competition in this beautiful bayou of Jefferson Parish.

Avenue Restaurant & Bar

132 Huey P. Long Ave. Gretna, Louisiana

J. F. CHIMENTO, Owner SAM DOMINO, Manager OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY

REESE E. CARTER KENNETH A. MEREDITH

LYNN OIL COMPANY

329 Whitney Building

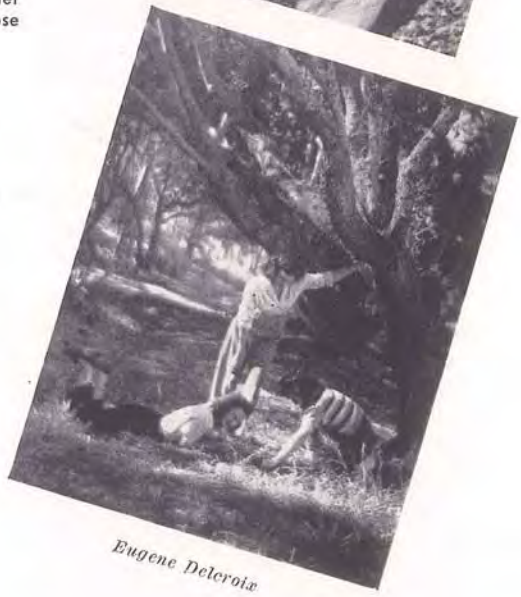
NEW ORLEANS LOUISIANA

Beauty at Grand Isle

Allen Gould

Upper right: Sitting pretty is Betty Barker of Metairie, professional model who demonstrated her ability to climb limbs as well as gracefully pose them.

Eugene Delcroix

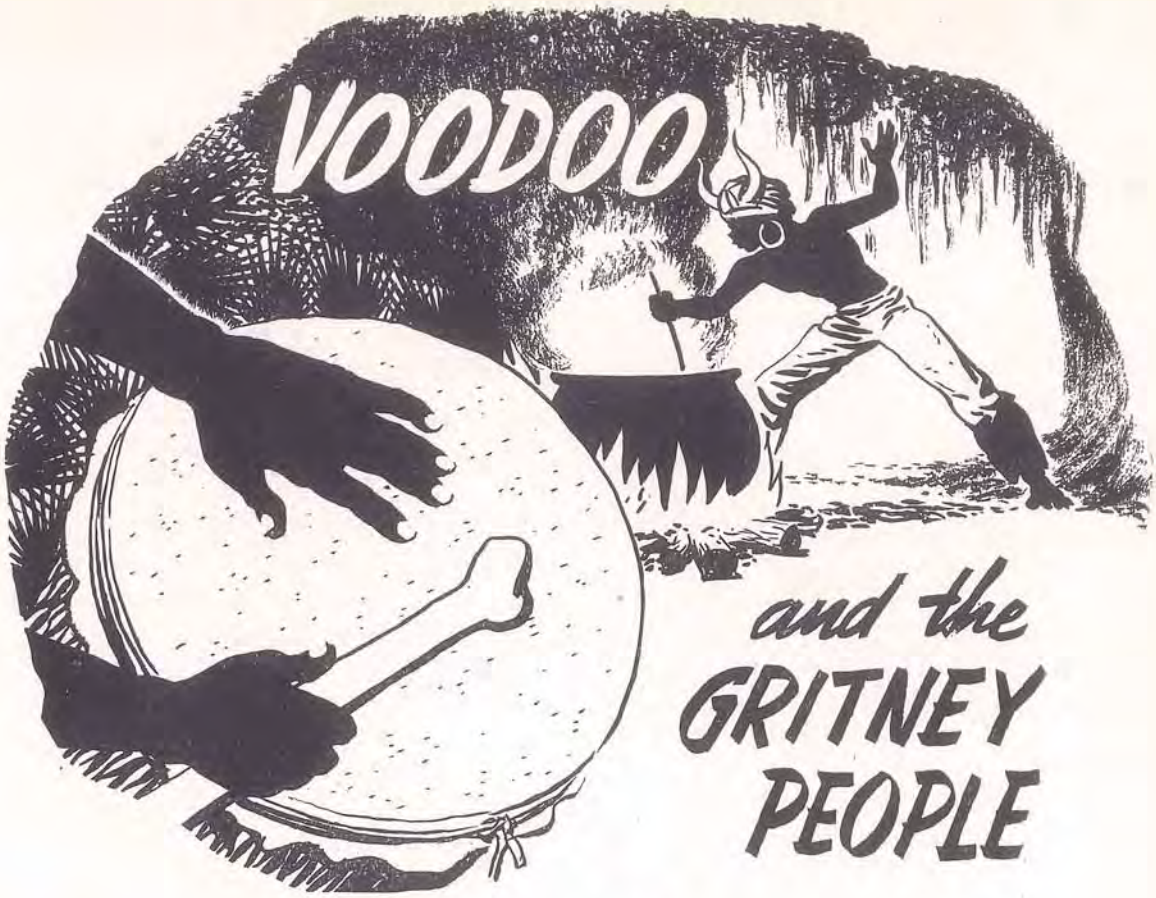


Eugene Delcroix

Left: Plenty of room for fun in the beautiful wooded lanes of Grand Isle. This trio of acrobats are, left to right, Fay McAllister, Ruth Guidry and Barbara (Bobbe) Havard.

Eugene Delcroix

Recipe for relaxing! Exploring the gnarled and venerable oaks or just lyin' in the warm sunshine with cool Gulf breezes blowing inland, Fay, Ruth and Bobbe demonstrate how to enjoy life . . . at Grand Isle.



By Robert Tallant

Author of "Voodoo In New Orleans"

Illustrated by Tilden Landry

ONE WINTER MORNING not very long ago a Gretna Negress living in the vicinity of Sixth and Lafayette streets stood in her front yard weeping. Her emotions were expressed so loudly that the neighbors gathered in no time at all, and even her husband, Andrew Johnson, came out of the house, still rubbing sleep from his eyes, and swearing lustily about women who couldn't go off to work in the morning without disturbing a man's rest.

Everybody wanted to know, "What's the matter, Miss Dora?", but Dora could only point between sobs to the flowerbed that edged her gallery.

Then everybody saw it, and everybody began to shiver, and from more than the chilly morning air. In Dora Johnson's neat flowerbed was a small black hearse, made out of cardboard, and behind the hearse were three rows of matches, shoved head downward into the earth. The matches were the headstones of graves. The hearse meant a funeral. It was the worst *gris-gris* an enemy could put on you.

Andrew Johnson was braver than the rest. He picked up the hearse and broke it open. Inside was a small, black, pasteboard coffin. Inside the coffin was a pinch of snuff, three matches and a dried wild flower. Around the stem of the flower was a scrap of paper with a name written upon it: DORA JOHNSON.

That very afternoon Dora took to her bed, and the news spread among Gretna Negroes (they call their town "Gritney") that she was dying a hoodoo death. Andrew, scoffing at this, fetched a white doctor. The doctor, even more

A Cordial Invitation to Visit Our Parish

From the

ST. BERNARD PARISH POLICE JURY

Parish Seat, Chalmette

President Police Jury	Thomas W. Serpas, Arabi
Parish Treasurer	Philip C. Rowley, Arabi
Secretary	D. S. Harris, Arabi

JURY MEMBERS

Ward 1—Mrs. Rosa Roy Cortes	Arabi
Ward 2—T. W. Serpas	Arabi
Ward 3—Valentine Riess	Chalmette
Ward 4—Charles Mumphrey	Meraux
Ward 5—Celestine Melerine	Violet
Ward 6—Harry Serpas	St. Bernard
Ward 7—Anthony Molero	St. Bernard
Regular Meeting Date	First Tuesday in Each Month

Sheriff	C. F. Rowley, Arabi
Clerk of Court	Anthony B. Nunez, Violet
District Attorney	Leander H. Perez, Dalcour
Assistant Attorney	Bruce Nunez, Arabi
District Judge	Albert Estopinal, Jr., Poydras
Assessor	Paul Trebucq, Arabi
Coroner	L. H. Ducros, St. Bernard
President School Board	Irvin J. G. Janssen, Arabi
Superintendent Schools	L. G. Gauthier, Arabi
Parish Engineer	Collins Chalaire, St. Bernard
State Senator	L. H. Folse, Arabi
Representative	J. Claude Meraux, Meraux

skeptical, said it was "nerves," and prescribed rest and a certain nasty-tasting "nerve tonic." But the Gritney people came to visit and shook their heads, and said it "ain't gonna do no good, 'cause you can't fight that kind of hoodoo." It didn't do any good. Dora lay there for two weeks, moaning and groaning and getting thinner every day. Then Dora died. Right after her funeral Andrew left Gretna, and was never seen again.

It is said that sometimes Voodoo drums still beat in the night in the depths of the swamps behind Gretna, McDonoghville and Marrero. This is more than doubtful. We can be fairly certain that the fires were extinguished forever and the cauldrons ceased to boil some time shortly after the turn of this century. No longer do nude dancers whirl and leap in worship of the snake god. No longer are there the sacrifices of goats and black cats, and the drinking of warm blood beneath the moon. And most of the drinking of rum is probably done in juke joints, soloons or in a friend's kitchen. Today Voodoo means the use of *gris-gris*, the placing and removing of curses, and the general practice of homeopathic magic, black in color, and usually by people inclined to have that shade of skin. What rites and ceremonies exist are conducted in the homes of practitioners, or in churches and temples with names designed to conceal their true character.

Voodoo came to American with the first Negro slaves imported from the West Indies to New Orleans, and Voodoo, having crossed a sea, had no difficulty spanning the Mississippi River. In proportion to the population it has

always been as strong and as powerful on the west bank of the river as it was —and is—in New Orleans. As a matter of fact the plantations of the west bank probably afforded the cult more opportunity for growth and for existence than the more thickly settled and more easily policed city on the other side. You can be sure that Mr. McDonogh, the Messrs. Destrehan and other planters of the section had their Voodoo problems.

In the middle of the nineteenth century there was a certain Doctor Jenkins, who had been a pupil of Marie Laveau, the famed New Orleans Voodoo queen, and who apparently decided that since the Laveaus had one side of the river he might just as well have the other. Like nearly all the practitioners of the period, a free man of color, Doctor Jenkins dressed well, possessed a prosperous air, and carried about with him an impressive collection of dried toads, little white bones, cat's eyes, bat wings, conjure balls of black wax stuck with pins, and feathers, roots, powders, oils and wangas of gun powder and red pepper. Doctor Jenkins found a shack well hidden from the eyes of white people, sent out notice through the slaves' grapevine that a new and powerful hoodoo doctor was in the vicinity, and awaited his clients.

Although forbidden to meet for such purposes by their masters, Negroes frequently gathered in those days for their oldtime rites. There was still the unspeakable cauldron, the sacrifices, the imbibing of quantities of tafia, the wild and hysterical dances with their orgiastic finales, and entreaties to *Li Grand Zombi*. The slaves now came to Doctor Jenkins, who sold them, for whatever they could offer in money or in trade, *gris-gris* for good and evil—for love and illness and for life and death, and, too often for their good, for destructive use against their masters. Now the Whites began to find "plants" beneath their houses—sometimes an ox tongue, split and filled with gun powder, pepper and pins, and surrounded by small wooden crosses, sometimes the more conventional black coffin. Wax conjure balls and pecans crisscrossed with feathers were found inside pillows. A tiny, evil doll of wax would be turned up inside the parlor piano or in a drawer in Madame's boudoir.

Perhaps the Whites were not frightened of Voodoo. What they feared was more tangible—slave insurrection, or at least trouble and brooding discontent instigated and abetted by the new witch doctor in the neighborhood. One night a posse was formed and it set out to eliminate Doctor Jenkins. But the grapevine travelled more swiftly than horses and when they reached the shack the Voodoo was gone, taking with him most of his nauseous paraphernalia and two likely brown females from a plantation not far away. The posse burned the shack, and next day the slave owners sent out fresh orders against Voodoo meetings. No more was heard of Doctor Jenkins for a time, but later came the most curious part of the story. For years after that a practitioner calling himself by the same name appeared from time to time on the west bank of the river, and as recently as seven years ago there was a Dr. Jenkins operating in the usual profession in Marrero. Whether there were one, two, or a half dozen "Doctor Jenkins" is very difficult to say. It would not be hard for many Voodoos to believe that a bona fide hoodoo man could remain in business for a century or so.

Among Gretna Negroes Voodoo often takes the disguise of spiritualism and kindred sects, as it does in New Orleans and neighboring communities. Joseph Butler, colored, recommended a spiritualist leader known as Mother Reba.

"Mother Reba can do anything," he said. "My wife was hoodooed, and the medical doctors couldn't do her no good, so I took her to Mother Reba. She give her some stuff and say some prayers, and ground puppies come out of

my wife's chest. They was no bigger than your fnigernail and they had heads like dawgs."

For protection against evil *gris-gris* Mother Reba recommends two Voodoo saints, Black Hawk and St. Magnolia. Black Hawk, also known in New Orleans, is the spirit of an Indian chief. He has long wavy black hair that reaches to the ground and in it he wears three feathers, a red one, a white one and a yellow one. His robe is pale blue, and he is always accompanied by a big black dog.

"Him and the dog jest flies over the river," Mother Reba explained, "from New Orleans to Gretna and lots of other towns. Black Hawk can do good and bad work both, and he's the youngest hoodoo saint there is. But he's good, and people pays out more money for his work than any saint I ever had in my church. They comes here and tells me they is found something on their doorstep or in their yard, and I always says 'Go to Black Hawk. Tell him, not me. He'll fix you up.' All they needs then is the key. I gives 'em the key for love offerin' and Black Hawk does his work. I tells my people they ain't gotta fear no hoodoo as long as they got me and Black Hawk around."

But St. Magnolia seems to belong entirely to the west bank. St. Magnolia was a Gritney woman, according to Mother Reba. She was light brown and pretty and gifted with strange powers. When she chose to she could make all the dishes on a table jump up in the air and go flying out the window. She could make the furniture dance and the windows in your house shoot up and down before your eyes. Besides these p o l t e g e i s t accomplishments she could freeze a bad man in his tracks wtih a single look and take bad *gris-gris* off anyone suffering from hoodoo with a touch of her hand. She never did evil work, but only good, for, says Mother Reba, she was a true saint. She was, incidentally, a member of Mother Reba's church, who died of influenza in 1932.

To petition St. Magnolia you burn a blue candle if you want prosperity, a pink one if you want to win the love of another person, and a coal black one if you want your enemies destroyed. There is even a special prayer to St. Magnolia, to be used when you light the black candle. You kneel before it and say, "When the wicked of my enemies and my foes come upon me to eat up my flesh make them stumble and fall. Oh St. Magnolia, give me power over my enemies. Make them become my door mat."

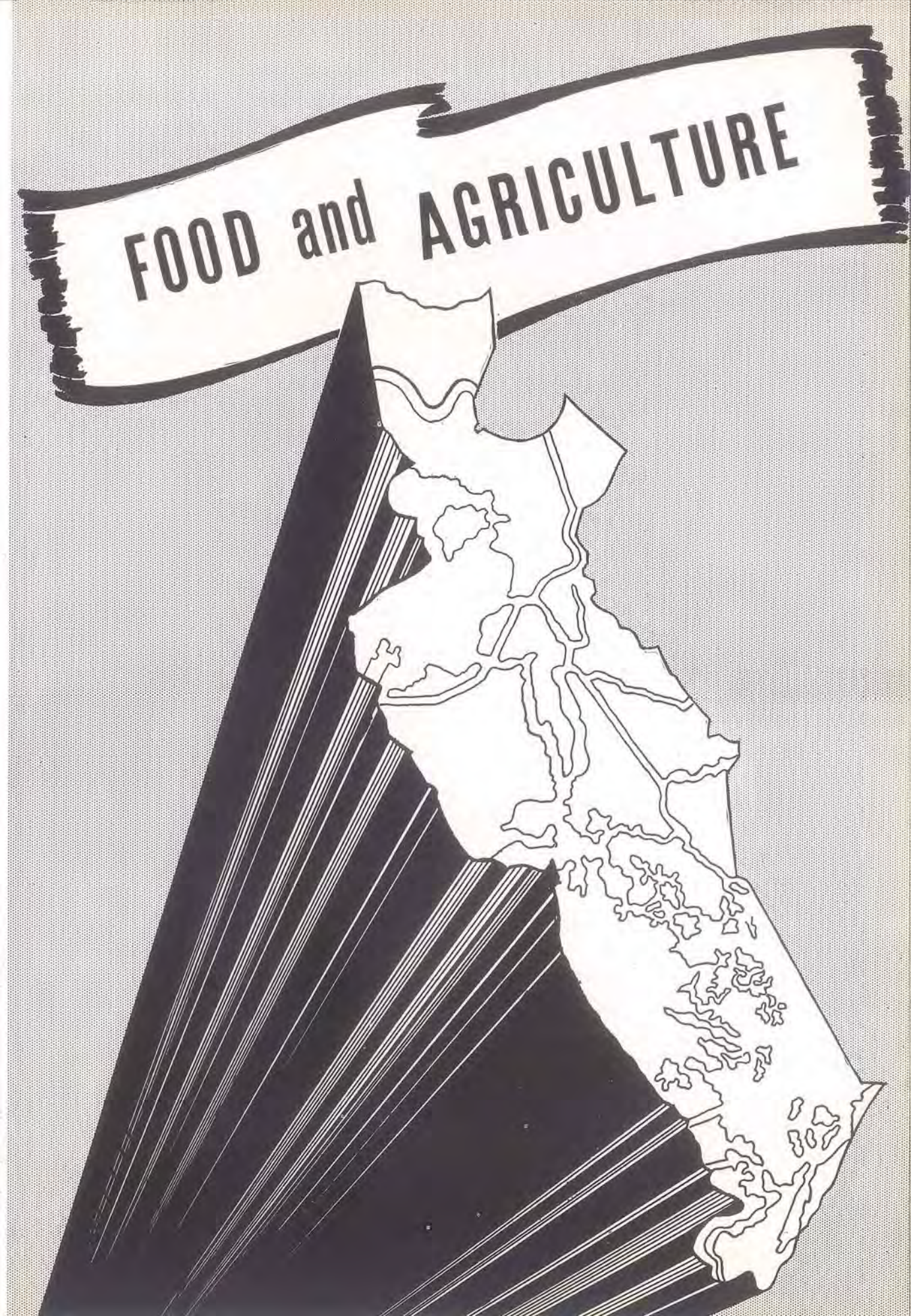
Mother Reba says she likes St. Magnolia because she is "so sweet and a real Gritney woman."

Gritney people use all the *gris-gris* now in vogue among Voodoos elsewhere. At least one small shop and probably some drug stores sell love powders, lucky incense, lucky charms, John the Conqueror roots, anger powder, war powder, moving powder and drawing powder, to mention only a few items, candles of all kinds, shapes and sizes, lucky bags and seals, pictures of saints that are used for Voodoo purposes, and the various and many books of instruction in the art of black magic, such as the use of incense, the burning of candles and the art of winning at gambling or in love.

Gamblers, always superstitious, carry lodestones and John the Conqueror roots into the gambling houses, unaware of the ancient character and virtues attributed to the lodestones, or that the gnarled roots are as old as Africa and once had a more evil significance than today, one being that they are the devil's fingers to twist and crush the heart of anyone opposing the ambitions of their possessor.

And there are even those of the faithful—or the frightened—who insist that on certain nights, such as St. John's Eve, the twenty-first of June, the old gods are awakened from their senile sleep, and that if you go out to where the woods begin and listen very hard you can still hear the steady beat of the mule's thighbone on the crude drums and the faint, hideous cries of the Voodoo dancers.

FOOD and AGRICULTURE



The oyster reefs near Grand Isle at the southern tip of Jefferson Parish are among the best in the State. Louisiana oysters may not be the biggest, but they are unquestionably the finest in flavor. Bedding the oysters — a familiar sight in Jefferson Parish, leading producer of this succulent seafood.

Fonville Winans

THE ENTIRE WORLD TODAY is casting an apprehensive eye on that one word most important to survival — FOOD. Here, in Jefferson Parish — where only 2.9% of the land is available for farming purposes, we have already become famous for the quality and the quantity of our food production.

How is that possible?

For one thing, we have variety. Seafood, poultry products, dairy products,

SPOTLIGHT ON FOOD

cattle and sheep raising, truck farming, cane products, cottonseed oil products — they're all part of the fabulous food picture in Jefferson Parish.

We should logically begin with seafood because Louisiana's wildlife and fisheries industry brings in an annual revenue that puts it on a par with our other leading crops — cane, cotton, rice and sweet potatoes. Louisiana is No. 1 oyster producer — and among the best oyster reefs in the State are those near Grand Isle at the southern end of Jefferson Parish. Jefferson, also, is Louisiana's leading parish in production of shrimp. According to competent observers, seafood is subject to tremendous development. Our present production, stepped up during the war, does not even begin to meet the ever-increasing demand of its potential markets, in shrimp, crabs and oysters.

Filling and capping the bottles — final process of the many, modern dairies which supply local markets with fresh creamery products. This picture was taken at Gambino's Creamery, Marrero. There are more than 125 dairy farms in Jefferson Parish.

Randon Picture Service

Kanaon Picture Service

Off the belt line come bottles of the famous Bre'r Rabbit Cane Syrup—one of the many products of Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.

The coastal waters of Jefferson Parish are dotted with the boats of hundreds of fishermen, native to this region for many years, who bring their catch to the canners, packers and drying platforms. These fishermen are now able to improve their equipment, virtually unobtainable during the war. Ship-to-shore radio as well as the return of regular weather forecasts banned by war is a boon to these men who fish for profit. New, revolutionary methods of handling shrimp have been inaugurated such as the new type shrimp boat which can handle and quick freeze a catch right on the spot. Some even predict that scientific aids in finding fishing locations will take the guesswork out of shrimping and turn it from a gamble into an exact science.

Be that as it may, the fishermen—one and all—are looking to an increasing market for shrimp—those tasty crustaceans which have been so aptly called "pink nuggets of gold."

New ideas of food preservation as well as food production

Paradoxical parish! Sheep graze at Fleming's Plantation at Barataria. Despite heavily industrialized areas, Jefferson Parish also boasts of many livestock farms on its rich pasture land.

Eugene Delcroix

Right: Pickin' the patch! Here Joseph Bartolo harvests his garden crop of snap beans.

Randon Picture Service

are going into effect. An outstanding example of this is the freezing and shipping of foods by air freight. Demands by inland cities such as Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Atlanta, New York, Detroit and Cleveland for the identical quality of "Gulf-fresh" seafoods offered in the famous restaurants of Louisiana have resulted in more than one airline inaugurating a special commodity rate which has met with popular approval from consumers, dealers and restaurant operators.

First among the many choices of appetizing seafood that are a habitat of Gulf coast waters is jumbo shrimp, a Jefferson Parish product. This delicacy, so commonplace here but a luxury elsewhere, was first to move over the airlines. Cleaned, veined and boiled before taking to the air, they may be packed in half the space normally required by the raw product.

Wholesalers and retailers, however, do not believe that frozen foods will ever entirely replace canned or dried seafoods. The dried shrimp, produced here in quantity, have a large market in the Orient. And canned shrimp will always reach the housewife in smaller communities where frozen foods are not available.

Among the new progressive merchandisers of Louisiana seafood specialties is the Bordelon Food Products Company, Inc., Metairie, now preparing shrimp creole and shrimp remoulade for shipment to mid-western cities and yes . . . even to Florida!

New seafood companies are being established in the Barataria region. Seafood centers such as Grand Isle and Cheniere Caminada are bustling with expanding operations. Canneries such as Lewis Sea Foods and Cutcher Canning Company of Westwego and scores of others face a future that is unmistakably bright with the prospect of a growing post-war market.

The Southern Shell Fish Company of Harvey, already the largest seafood packers in the world, have launched another branch to their production — the canning of vegetables grown in Jefferson Parish.

By no means, however, is the emphasis solely on seafood. Jefferson is dairy country — farming country — truck garden country — with a sizeable number of poultry and hog raisers.

Our truck gardens supply fresh produce to local and national markets the year 'round. There are approximately 150 truck farms in the Parish, growing just about every kind of vegetable there is — and grow-

Right: First step in canning snap beans at Southern Shell Fish Company, Inc., who are now packing vegetables as well as tasty seafood.

Randon Picture Service

Right: A deep sea shrimp trawler — the type used for trawling in the Gulf and open sea. These are the boats which bring in those famous "jumbo" shrimp.

Eugene Delcroix

ing MORE of it! The land is double, even triple-cropped. As soon as one crop is harvested, another is planted and the land is in use the full 12 months of the year. Though we are smallest with regard to area of arable farm land, Jefferson Parish can boast of the biggest variety — and top quality and quantity. The enterprising produce growers put the rich soil of Jefferson Parish to full use.

Cattle farms supply dairy and beef products to the nearby cities. And Jefferson poultrymen supply a considerable portion of the area's chickens and a large amount of eggs. Other sections of the Parish, swampy or too low to be drained, are also put to good use. These lands yield a wealth in frogs, furs and moss.

That is the remarkable story of food production in our parish. But, it is only HALF of the story.

In addition to the fishermen and the farmers, we have factories — gigantic plants where native products are processed and packed and which have established Jefferson as a nationally-known food center.

Besides the seafood and vegetable canners, we have tremendous factories established and built from two of Louisiana's own native crops — cotton and cane.

Two of these factories — Penick & Ford, Ltd., and The Southern Cotton Oil Company are the largest of their kind in the world. Penick & Ford is probably better identified the world-over by its brand name — the famous "Bre'r Rabbit" molasses. Products of this company reach both domestic and foreign markets. The Southern Cotton Oil Company grew out of an idea for processing cotton seeds, developed by Dr. David Wesson. Their products now include not only cooking oil, shortening and salad oil but also a variety of famous food products.

Other well-known food producers of this area include Squire Dingee Co. of Southport, and Swift and Company. During the early part of this century, Swift and Company established its plant in Jefferson Parish where they manufacture shortening, cooking oil, salad oil and other products for domestic and export use.

Another veteran in the food industry is the Continental Can Company, who established their plant in Jefferson Parish during 1932 and have been expanding ever since, producing cans for various packers and serving the entire South.

Added to these "old timers" in the parish is an imposing list of newcomers — new companies who are affiliated with the great food industry of our Parish.

Together, the fishermen, farmers, businessmen, dairymen, poultrymen and factory workers are all pitching in to make Jefferson an even greater food center of the South.

Eugene Delcroix

Cheniere Caminada

In calm and in storm, the fisherfolk at Cheniere Caminada had watched the skies and water—and had never learned fear. But in one single night of terror, the Cheniere was swept from existence with death spewed wherever the eye could see.

By Margaret Baker

This is the intimate and tragic story of the Great Hurricane of 1893. It is the story, too, of a courage and faith that gave new life, new work and above all, new hope to Cheniere Caminada.

Part One . . . The Storm

THERE WAS DEATH IN THE SKY. Swift, sudden death that was to make Sunday, October 1, 1893 an unforgettable night of horror.

Along the Gulf coast from Barataria to Mobile and even far up the Mississippi, death rode the wind.

You have heard the story of the Great Hurricane? Mon ami, there are a thousand stories of the storm and none is more terrible than the destruction of Cheniere Caminada — a busy, fishing settlement of almost 1500 people who felt the worst of the fury.

The community was a mixture of many nationalities but the people had one thing in common. They lived close to the water. They took their living from the water.

And ironically, they also died by the water.

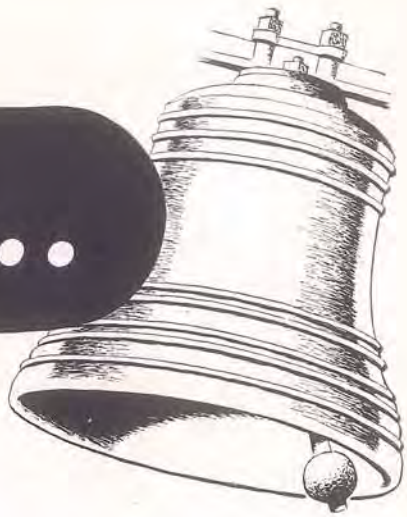
Sunday had dawned bright with no breeze rippling the surface of the Gulf. It was a day of rest. The fragile little homes, perched on high wooden stilts overlooking the water, echoed with the laughter and gaiety of family gatherings. The fishing boats, livelihood for most of the inhabitants, floated quietly within a stone's throw of the houses. Nets were hung to dry.

But as the day waned, the sky grew dark and brooding. Birds, flying landward with the stiffening breeze, sent forth frightened cries. The murmuring of the moss-draped trees grew louder and louder. Over the marshes, the shadows grew black. There was no mistake — a storm was brewing.

Yet there was no panic. In calm and in storm, the fisherfolk had seen the skies and they had learned no fear. They knew the vagaries of nature and they knew they had always weathered the lashing storms of the Gulf. There were squalls, yes, but the water was their friend. Each day the tide rolled in and rolled out again, marking their peaceful hours of work and sleep with the comforting precision of a clock.

But there was something unusual about this day, the fisherfolk told them-

Comes Back . . .



"All night long, the clapper of the church bell swung back and forth—back and forth—as if tolling the knell of death in mournful, piercing rhythm."

It is said that the bell mysteriously disappeared from Leeville where it was taken by survivors of the storm. Many years later, the bell was returned to Grand Isle and now hangs in Our Lady of the Isle Church where it peacefully peals out the call to worship.

selves. The sultry and uncommon stillness . . . followed by the strong wind . . . yes, there was trouble coming.

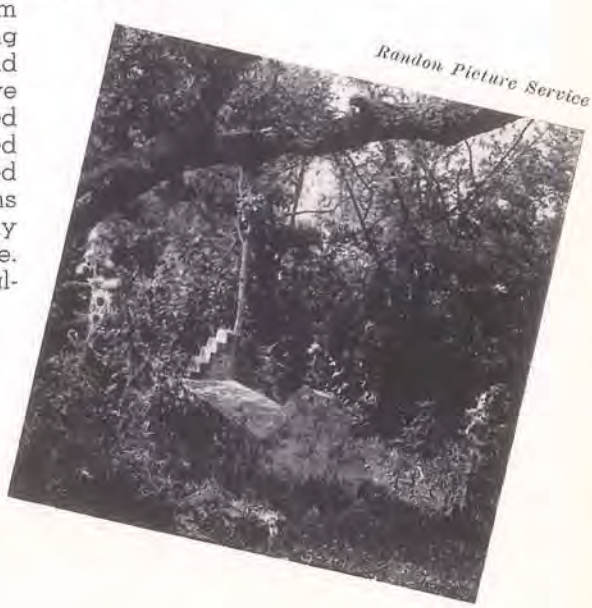
Suddenly, when the villagers had scarcely finished their evening meal, the full force of the storm broke over the Cheniere. Huge waves lashed the shore madly. The wind coming from the East and Southeast grew wilder. Then a great, thunderous roar of wind hurled watery death over the entire ridge. In a matter of minutes, the water covering the Cheniere was four to six feet deep.

There was no time to flee and nowhere to go for safety. Desperately some families had rushed to the upper stories of the houses but even that chance was lost. The wind and waves shook their frail little homes and they crumbled and splintered with the furious pounding. Survivors tell how the houses, swept from the foundations, floated crazily like egg shells on the churning waters.

Nothing was spared by the torrent. Boats were snatched from the grasp of men who fought for safety. Children were torn from their mother's arms. The trees snapped like reeds . . . the survivors held fast to the few sturdy oaks that withstood the hurricane. Above the roar of the storm could be heard the cries and screams of unfortunate victims.

Then a lull came. As suddenly as the wind had risen, it fell and the survivors thought the storm was over. Those who were able set out through the inky blackness to look for wounded, suffering victims.

Then, without warning, a second storm hit with terrific force—this time coming from the opposite direction. The first wind had carried across inland a great wave of water. Now the wind suddenly changed and from the West and Northwest lashed back across the Cheniere. What remained of homes, boats and other possessions was swept out to sea along with many of the survivors of the first tidal wave. Living and dead alike, bodies were swal-



Random Picture Service

Not even the graves were spared from the ghoulish waters. Living and dead alike were swept along in its torrential path. Tombs were uprooted and demolished. Along the Cheniere are present-day markers, like this, of storm victims. But for scores of others, there can be no markers—just a vast expanse of water that swallowed everything in its wake.

Randon Picture Service

The busy general store and filling station at Cheniere Caminada, operated by the energetic Clarence J. Frazier. Less than 10 years ago, Frazier started his business on the ridge that "rose from the dead."

lowed up by the ghoulish water. Even the tombs of the cemetery were demolished. Bricks, debris and timbers were hurled through the air as if they were feathers and straw.

Mangled beyond recognition, many of the victims were dashed to death against trees; others were swept to the trackless marshes or out to sea where their bodies were never found. The wild wind, whipping through the church belfry, struck piercing notes of terror for the islanders. All night long, the clapper of the bell swung back and forth — back and forth — as if tolling the knell of death in mournful, loud rhythm. Finally the bell crashed to earth and rang no more.

When the storm subsided, the blackness of night covered the awful sight. Only the pitiful, anguished cries of children and the agonized groans of the wounded rose above the stillness.

In the first dim rays of daybreak, the able-bodied started out in search of the suffering wounded and those mercifully stilled by death. The rescuers had no medicines; they could only stand by helplessly and watch the torture of

Part of Frazier's fishing fleet which now numbers eleven. Deep-sea luggers may be hired for private fishing parties in Barataria Bay and the Gulf.

Loretta Kiefer

the wounded. The great tidal wave, as if in shame for its own deed, had spread a thick mantle of seaweed over the wrecks of boats and houses, the bodies of animals and the ghastly corpses of men, women and children.

Even the storm itself was no more of a nightmare than the days following until help arrived. Only one boat remained in serviceable order and in it Captain Terrebonne and a boatmate from the Cheniere set out for New Orleans for help. On Wednesday, the boat from the Cheniere limped into New Orleans and the dreadful story of the hurricane damage brought an immediate and generous response. However, it was not until later in the week that a mercy ship, loaded with food, medicines and clothing, could reach the sufferers.

Meanwhile, back at the Cheniere, was a living death. The salt waves had carried to sea every mouthful of food and every drop of fresh water. All their worldly possessions, their homes and their boats were gone. Six hundred human beings, with no means of communication and no access to their water highway, lay stunned and helpless. On Monday, the dazed survivors, worn out by their long and terrible fight for life, found and buried the bodies. Then, exhausted, they threw themselves on the sands to wait for help they hardly dared expect. Some of them, bruised and battered, lay with their tongues swollen and bleeding from thirst. Within sound of the surf, they heard the maddening splash of water upon the beach, but knew they dared not drink it. These people had no wells, no springs and their only water supply — the cisterns of rain water — had been blown down by the wind. To add horror upon horror, many of the survivors became crazed with thirst and lost their senses.

Finally a lugger, which had gone to New Orleans before the storm to get ice, returned to the Cheniere. This ice was the salvation of the people who had escaped death. Quickly the ice was melted and portioned out to the thirst-tormented survivors.

At Cheniere Caminada, the center of the storm, there were an estimated 822 dead or missing—more than half of its total population.

For weeks afterward, bodies of the storm victims continued to be found. From that background of death, came stories of heroism and bravery and of terror. The body of a woman was found hanging by a tress of her long hair, tangled in a tree where she had sought safety. Her eyes wide open, a look of unspeakable fright had been frozen by the chill of death that she knew was inevitable.

More than a month after the storm, a raft was sighted far off land. When a searching party approached the raft, they saw the full horror of the scene.

Among the first dwellings on Cheniere Caminada was this small house built by Bob Collins who hauled the timbers and supplies by truck. The house still stands—close to the Grand Isle Seafood Company, owned by Collins.

Randon Picture Service

In a desperate struggle for her own life and that of her unborn baby, a young woman had gathered a few planks of wreckage that floated by, and had made a crude raft. Evidently the great wave had washed the raft far out to sea. By her side lay the dead baby. Floating helplessly over the vast water atop the crude raft, the woman had brought life into the world—only to endure the agony of death by starvation for herself and her newborn baby.

There was hardly a family not touched by the tragedy. Little children wandered aimlessly—crying out for their lost or dead parents. Mothers and fathers, dazed and haggard, sought in vain for bodies of their children. At last, when all the dead were buried and there was no hope for the missing, the pitiful survivors abandoned the Cheniere to its desolation.

Part Two... Caminada Comes Back

After the 1893 storm, those who had survived moved from the Cheniere and began the task of rebuilding their lives. Most of them went to Westwego, Harvey, Leeville and Cut Off. A few settled at Morgan City and Thibodaux.

However, some of the islanders eventually returned to the Cheniere. But the ill-fated Cheniere was struck the second time in 1915 by another storm of hurricane fury—and the work of reconstruction was again blown away in a terrific wind.

Lashed by two storms, the Cheniere now was barren and deserted. Nothing remained except the wreckage of lives and homes. Only an occasional shrimp boat and a shack or two that had somehow survived the storm lay sagging and bedraggled, far from its original moorings. The Cheniere seemed doomed to be a ghost settlement. In fact, this paragraph appears in a reference book of Louisiana:

> *"Prior to the hurricane of 1893, there was a thriving settlement at Cheniere Caminada, but damage by the storm was so great that the village has never been rebuilt."*

Property on the Cheniere became worthless and, in most cases, was sold for taxes. No one believed the Cheniere would come back—that is, no one except a handful of men who had the vision to see a thriving community rebuilt along Cheniere Caminada.

Today, that vision is coming true. With faith and foresight and hard work, the people on Cheniere Caminada are making that vision come true. The ridge echoes with the laughter of children and with the hum of industry. Fishing boats chug in and out of the Bay, hurrying to supply the ever-increasing market for shrimp, crabs and oysters. Everywhere the Cheniere bustles with activity. By day there is the welcome sound of construction. The islanders are building—building for the future. At evening, the many houses of the new Cheniere twinkle like stars along the waterfront.

Men of fortitude have gone back to the Cheniere and have brought their wives and families. They're an industrious group—these people, and they know that it is economically sound to use Cheniere Caminada as the base of operations for their prosperous fishing business. Like the trappers, the fishermen's life requires long hours of work. It is only natural that a fisherman likes to spend his all too few leisure hours in his home, with his family. And so, the wives have returned with their hard-working husbands—and have helped to make the many homes that now dot the ridge of Caminada. These women have endured hardships in rebuilding their community and they deserve a great deal of credit for their pioneering, courageous spirit. Once again, families are getting a firm foothold here—and this time a foothold that they believe will become deep-rooted in a prosperous future.

The confidence of the islanders is well-founded, because the menace of the hurricane has been checked. It is now conceded that great loss of life, such as occurred in 1893, would be unnecessary today. In a large part, the huge devastation was due to lack of adequate communication or warning to this then-isolated community. Moreover, back in 1893, the people had only one means of escape—and that was by water.

But today, the fisherman out in the Gulf can tune in his radio and get accurate, regular weather forecasts. In his home, he is informed, by radio, of impending storms and where they will center and which direction they will follow.

Electrical disturbances far away can be picked up by delicate mechanical instruments so that the nature of the storms can be identified. New develop-

Randon Picture Service

At the time this picture was taken, the new concrete drying platform of the fast-growing Grand Isle Sea Food Company had just been completed. The undulating surface is deliberately planned for faster drying and draining. One hundred and sixty-five feet square, the platform is flanked by 20 new brick-veneer dwellings to house cannery and platform workers. From Caminada, shrimp are shipped all over the country.

ments, such as the static direction finder which can locate storm areas within a 2,000 mile radius, have greatly improved the accuracy of weather warning. No longer do the people at Cheniere Caminada depend on watching the skies for signs. They are forewarned by quick communication with ample time to make preparations for safety.

Nor is there any reason to believe that this sandy strip is a hurricane belt. Actually, the storm of 1893 was much publicized because of the great loss of life that could have been lessened if there had been proper warning and preparation. Tornadoes and hurricanes have been as frequent and ferocious in other parts of the country—but, because of more substantially built homes and easier communication, the loss of life and property did not equal that of the Cheniere.

The people of Caminada know that a tropical outburst cannot catch them unawares or unprotected now. In these days of radio, telephone and even amphibious planes, they are equipped to meet hurricanes as never before. (See "Halted! The Hurricane Menace" by Harnett Kane which appeared in the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review of 1944).

Little more than a dozen years ago, the road connecting Cheniere Caminada to New Orleans was completed—and thus another handicap was overcome. That handicap, of course, was communication. The faster roadway replaced the slow, winding waterway which had been their only avenue of travel—or escape.

The road was still under construction when several men of fortitude began moving back to Cheniere Caminada, bringing with them a resolute plan

and determination to rebuild and settle on the beautiful but abandoned ridge.

Many of those who have returned to the Cheniere are members of native Caminada families. Vic Pitre, for instance, was born on the Cheniere. His father was a fisherman—his brother operated a general store. The Pitres, like hundreds of other families, were torn asunder by the hurricane. Vic lost two sisters in the storm and himself escaped by clinging to a tree which miraculously held fast in the sandy ground. Vic was a youngster and the fury of the storm was fresh in his memory when he moved to Westwego. There he helped in his brother's store and later owned and operated his own store. Eventually, Vic left the mercantile business and was elected Mayor of Westwego. He is now Clerk of the District Court for Jefferson Parish and his friends remember well the time Vic decided to return to the Cheniere.

It was in 1934—before the road was built—that Vic Pitre, without hesitation, bought a sizeable piece of property and went to the Cheniere. He immediately tackled the job of building the very first summer camp. It was a back-breaking job, because all the supplies and lumber had to be carried on his shoulders from the boat to the site of his camp. Juan Velance, fisherman, was the only person on the Cheniere when Vic first anchored his boat alongside the site where he would build his camp.

Today, Vic's "Green Cottage By The Sea" is a cool, restful haven for relaxation—a comfortable summer camp that continually restores Vic's original belief that it would be the first of many such camps.

Another earlier pioneer who returned to Caminada was Bob Collins, genial owner of the Grand Isle Seafood Company. By truck, Bob hauled the materials for a small dwelling. Slowly and steadily he built up a business that meant opportunity and prosperity for this fishing center. Today, the Grand Isle Sea Food Company is shipping shrimp all over the country to a growing market. The shrimp is brought in fresh from the boats and is "worked" here in three ways: (1) the cool 'n peel system which means that the shrimp is boiled, peeled and iced—ready for use— and shipped all over the country.

"Green Cottage By The Sea" built by Vic Pitre whose summer camp was first on the Cheniere. Overlooking the water in a setting of natural beauty, this camp is one of many which are being built at Caminada in a "fisherman's paradise."

Randon Picture Service

Grand Isle Seafood Company overlooks this 300-foot wide "water ditch." It is said that the channel originally was a mere track along which a trapper woman by the name of Matune poled her pirogue. Nature itself deepened and widened the narrow pass which even today is still called the "track of Matune."

Randon Picture Service

(2) drying, which is done on huge platforms. The Orient is the biggest market for dried shrimp; (3) green shrimp, which is simply raw shrimp, iced and rushed to market.

Levy Collins, Bob's brother, has built up a reputation far and wide for his very unusual business at Caminada—a terrapin farm which supplies this gourmet's delicacy all over the country. The story of Levy's original home at Leeville is one of Lafourche's tall but true tales. When the storm of 1915 hit the Gulf area, Levy Collins' home was torn loose from its foundation at Leeville and disappeared. It floated for 9 miles and when Levy discovered where it had stopped in Golden Meadow, he simply bought the land on which it settled and moved in.

Everybody on Cheniere Caminada knows Clarence J. Frazier, another of the first men who pioneered. In 1937, Frazier went down to the Cheniere with a Model A Ford truck—and arrived with an empty gas tank and not a penny in his pocket. In fact, the truck was the sum total of Frazier's worldly goods. However, he borrowed $5 from Raymond Terrebonne and bought gas. Frazier had a plan. With the tank full of gas, he went to Golden Meadow and got ice, promising to pay for it later. He then hurried back to Cheniere Caminada, borrowed a small skiff and paddled out over the water in search of fishing boats. His luck still holding, Frazier transferred the catch of the fishermen to his skiff, iced the shrimp, loaded it into his truck and rushed to New Orleans as fast as his Model A would travel. There he sold his catch—and on the way back, he stopped at Golden Meadow and paid for the ice. Once a week, every Thursday, Frazier carried the fishermen's catch in his Model A truck and sold it at the French Market in New Orleans. From that small beginning, Frazier got together enough capital by the following year to buy his second boat. Today, he owns eleven boats for both pleasure and commercial fishing. In addition, Frazier has a shrimp and crab factory and operates the general store and filling station. Here, arrangements may be made for hiring deep-sea luggers equipped for fishing parties.

Many others followed in the footsteps of these pioneers. They are building homes, summer camps, making additions to their present buildings— and working for the future.

So, once again the people at Cheniere Caminada are getting their livelihood from the abundant waters that surround them. The demand for seafood, especially shrimp, is greater than it ever has been before. A bigger market, modern freezing and canning methods, plus faster delivery (by air in many cases) all add up to a come-back for fishing centers like Cheniere Caminada.

The spectre of this once ghostlike area has been banished. Caminada has literally "risen from the dead." It has come back to life—and has come back to stay!

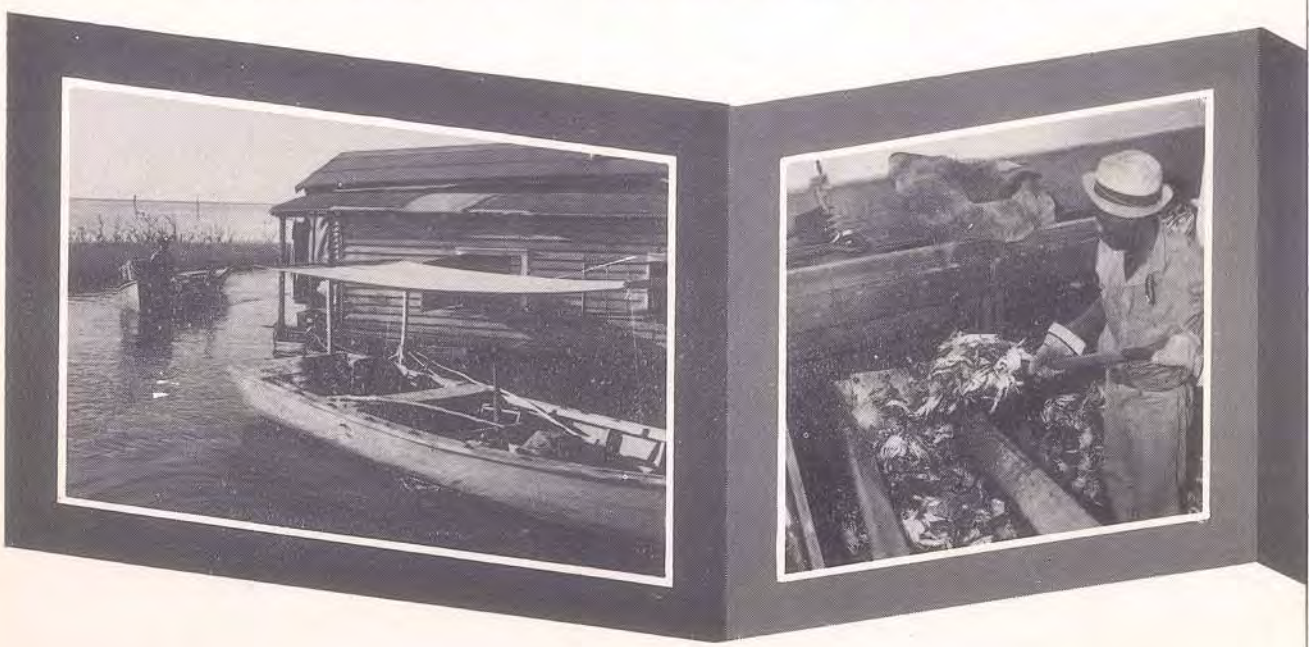
On these and the following pages is the complete photographic story of the delectable crab from the time fate overtakes it in the form of a fisherman until it is ready for the tables of America.

INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE CRAB

By Sue Thompson

A FEW WEEKS AGO, while on the prowl for additional proof to add to our already bulging notebook that Jefferson is a progressive parish (that's our theme for this issue of the REVIEW) we made a routine check of The Southern Shell Fish Company.

This crustacean cannery, as you may already know, is the largest seafood packing plant in the world, where something new is being developed with casual but consistent continuity—so we figured we'd pick up a couple of pertinent paragraphs on some current innovation and bow out with the usual



reporter's nonchalance regarding anything short of a triple murder or a Bikini by-line.

And then I saw an empty crab shell. Correction please! I mean a neat but sizeable pile of empty crab shells.

Canning crabmeat for shipment all over the country is one of Southern's activities. Independent fishermen catch these crabs on long, cleverly contrived lines, with baits interspersed every few feet. To gather in their day's catch they pull alongside the floating lines, pull up each bait as they come to it, and, much like a marine tennis player, "bat" the unsuspecting crab from line to boat. The live crabs are then brought by boat or truck to the receiving platform at Harvey. Here they are checked and weighed in and paid for by the live pound in spot cash.

From here on the crabs embark on what is an assembly line process — boiled, picked and canned with swift efficiency as our picture story accompanying this article shows.

Many times in the past I have watched the long lines of pickers laboriously removing the sweet, delicious meat from the shells, my mouth watering as they piled up the little mounds of tasty, white meat. And because I've watched this process so often I thought I knew what crab shells looked like after the pickers had removed all of the crabmeat they could.

So, although I'm not an authority on the dissection of a crab, even my amateur eye could see there was something extremely unusual about that stack of empty crab shells I was looking at. They were clean as a whistle — as though they had been simonized and polished inside. And therein lies this story!

Ordinarily, the hand picking of the luscious meat from a crab shell is bound to leave many stray bits adhering to inaccessible corners, but these shells looked like Mr. or Mrs. Crab had moved out, bag and baggage, leaving no return address.

I looked around, bewildered and curious, and met the amused grin of a foreman. "What goes on?" I inquired and this is what I learned.

A new crab picking process exists at Southern Shell Fish—a process that is as far ahead of the ancient hand picking method as the atom bomb is more efficient than the bow and arrow.

Even an expert hand operator, using the familiar pick and gouge method,

Photography By Fulcran Randon

can pick no more than two or three pounds of crabmeat an hour. Add to this the fact that should the operator be inexperienced or careless, often as high as 25% of the edible crabmeat is discarded with the shell — no mean amount of waste when figured over a year's time!

But — by this new, unusual method now being used by Southern Shell Fish, which handles 168 crabs in 30 seconds, an average of a thousand pounds of crabs per hour is being turned out — and what is most astounding, 99% to 100% of the meat is removed from every shell.

It is not a secret process, but it is a highly technical one and even if I were scientifically inclined (which I'm not) I still wouldn't be able to correctly follow it step by step. And, to tell the truth, I was not so much interested in how it was done as I was amazed and excited that it ***could*** be done and ***was being done*** at Southern Shell Fish.

Crabmeat is a delicacy with which, unfortunately, too many homes in America are still unfamiliar. Crabmeat cocktails! Crabmeat salads! And — ah, that luscious tidbit — stuffed crab!

I came home — thinking how tough this new process is going to be on the crab population — but how wonderful for the consumer — and decided in my enthusiasm to pass on to the crabmeat connoisseurs who may read this article, a very special Stuffed Crab recipe from Guadeloupe in the French West Indies:

6 to 8 empty hard crab shells
1 small clove garlic, crushed
1 tablespoonful chives or shallots, chopped
2 tablespoonsful butter, melted
½ cup fine bread crumbs
1½ tablespoonsful lean bacon, minced fine
1 cup milk, fresh or evaporated
1 hot pepper or 4 dashes tobasco
Salt to taste
2 tablespoonsful strained lime juice
Soft bread, several slices
3 dashes Angostura bitters
1 Can of Crabmeat.

Figure 2 parts crabmeat to one of soft bread. Moisten latter with milk and bitters mixed. Fry out garlic, shallots and pepper, with bacon. Mix everything thoroughly, stuff shells which have previously been rubbed inside with olive oil. Cover with fine crumbs, dot with butter or olive oil, brown in oven around 375° Fahrenheit. Seasoning is always to taste, of course, but should be peppery.

A variation on the stuffed crab theme which is equally good and can be served cold is "Crabs Ravigote":

2 cupfuls flaked crabmeat
2 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoonful tomato catsup
1 tablespoonful minced parsely
2 tablespoonfuls French dressing
2 tablespoonfuls minced pickles
½ teaspoonful salt
Generous pinch of paprika
Few capers
Strips of pimiento

Blend the crabmeat, the whites of the eggs which have been finely chopped, the tomato catsup, minced parsley, French dressing, minced pickles, salt and paprika. Pack into cleaned crab shells and garnish with the yolks of the eggs pressed through a sieve, the capers, cut lemon and sprigs of parsley.

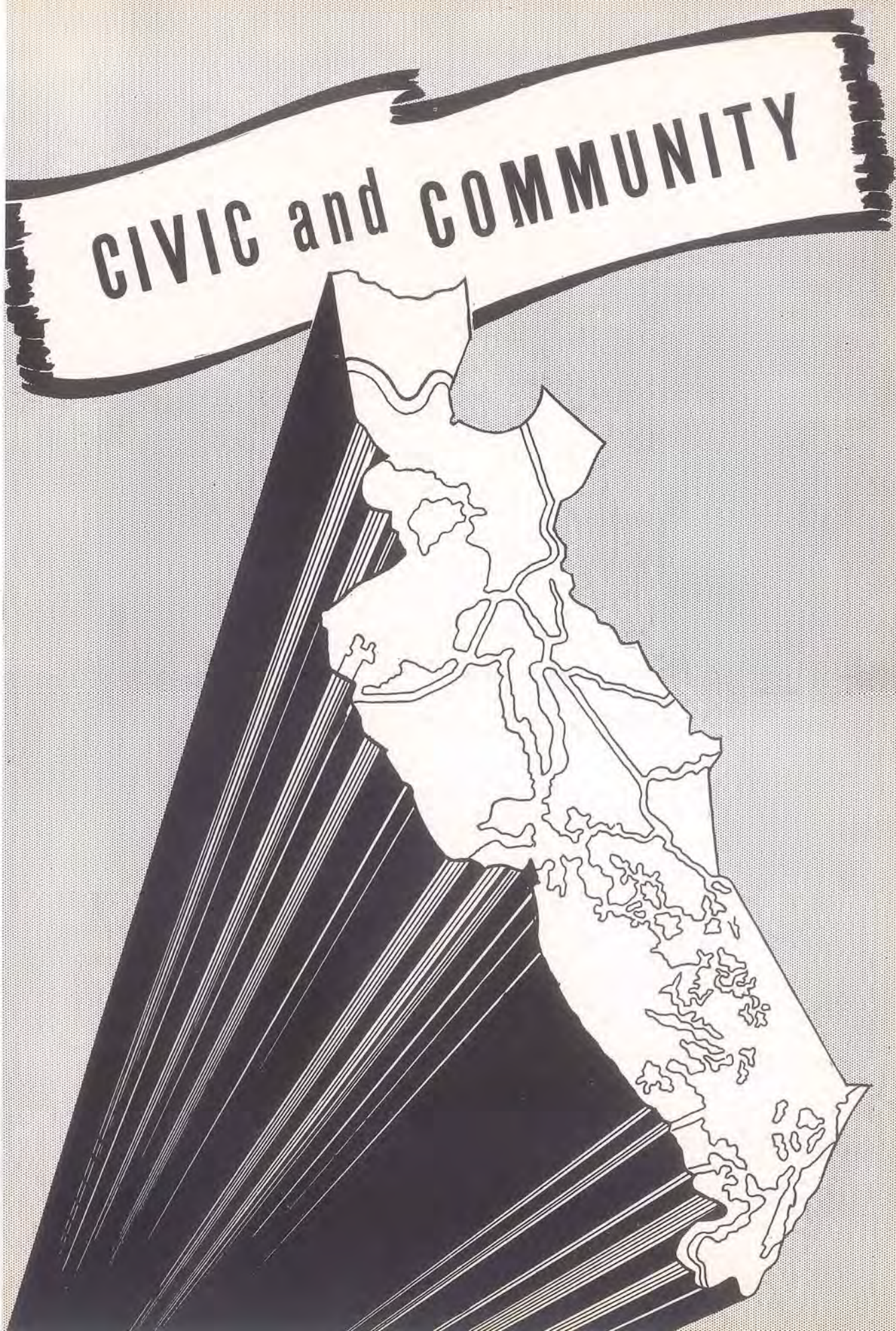
And for those who think of crabmeat and cream sauces at the same time, here is "Crabmeat au Gratin":

2 cupfuls crabmeat
1 cupful white sauce
½ teaspoonful salt
Generous dash of paprika
2 tablespoonfuls buttered breadcrumbs
2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese.

Add the crabmeat to the white sauce together with the seasonings, turn into individual ramekins (or crab shells) sprinkle the buttered crumbs and the grated cheese, mixed, over the top, and bake in a hot oven—375-400 degrees F.—ten to fifteen minutes. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon.

You can see what that trip did to me. It made me hungry for crabmeat and made me realize, gratefully, that in Jefferson Parish has evolved a new method of getting more crabmeat to more people like me and you with less effort and in less time.

CIVIC and COMMUNITY



HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

A FAMILY DOES NOT LIVE within four walls; but lives in the entire neighborhood. Therefore home, in the true sense of the word, is the entire community.

Perhaps nowhere else in the country could you find the piquant blend of life that exists here in Jefferson Parish . . . a land of unusual contrast, where fisherman, trapper, hunter, farmer, business man and laborer harmoniously live and work—each to his own way of life.

Because of the vastly different occupations within our borders, we have strikingly different ways of life—and homes.

On the East Bank of the Mississippi are beautiful suburban residential sections. At Harahan and Kenner, unhampered by city congestion, families have found ample room to build homes and to raise gardens, vegetable and floral—for both pleasure and profit. Here have grown comfortable communities with schools, churches and shopping centers. Another of our showplaces is Metairie. The Metairie Club Gardens, a residential park surrounded by the Metairie Golf Course, is a restricted section of magnificent mansions on beautifully landscaped grounds. And along the levee are carefully restored and preserved plantation homes of the steamboat days.

Facing these sections from the West Bank of the Mississippi are industrial centers around which have grown busy towns like Gretna, Harvey, Marrero, Westwego and Avondale, from whose manufactured products Jefferson Parish has become known to the entire country.

Penetrating deeper in this West Bank of our parish is still another world, long haunted by artists, authors and architects for its beauty and lore. The late and beloved author, Lyle Saxon, wrote this vivid description years ago in an early issue of the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review:

"The Barataria region of Jefferson is a section where

Randon Picture Service

Nearing completion is the spacious new home of Henry Raziano at Kenner—typical of the modern homes along the East Bank of Jefferson Parish.

Randon Picture Service

Country home within a few minutes of downtown New Orleans. This rambling ranch type house is located on La Barre Road in Metairie.

many unusual and interesting customs persist. A primitive and unspoiled land, which the pirates and Indians knew. A strange and beautiful country—a land threaded by countless slow-moving streams—a land of water and waving marsh grass. Here men live close to the earth, or to the sea—and earn their daily bread as their ancestors did—by fishing and trapping."

Yes, these are three distinct sections. Yet a strong common link holds them together—one with the other. It is neither highway nor waterway. It is rather a link far more intangible, but enduring. Here, all classes of people from the wealthiest to the most humble take an enviable pride in their homes—their own way of life.

Any home in Jefferson Parish might well be called the typically American home—of both the past and the future.

Stately columns grace the home of Mel Ott, manager of the N. Y. Giants. Located in Farnham Place, Metairie, one of the beautiful suburban sections of Jefferson Parish.

Randon Picture Service

In the southern section of the Parish are authentic, rustic dwellings of early Americana. Weather-worn but serviceable, these simple homes nestle among the shadowy oaks or perch upon stilts overlooking the water. Many of these homes, small and unpretentious, have been lived in by generation after generation of fisher folk.

The people of the Grand Isle region will proudly point out such historic landmarks as "Nez Coupe's" house and will tell you where to find the original site of Jean Lafitte's home and those of other buccaneers. Legend and lore have survived as tenaciously as the venerable oaks and the everlastingly beautiful waters of bayous, bays and the Gulf.

In the trapping regions of Jefferson Parish, you will find entire families migrating during the hunting season—making temporary quarters wherever the hunt leads them.

Lazyin' along the levee, you will find stately plantation manors, gloriously reminiscent of fabulous fortunes. Surrounded by lovely grounds ablaze with the vivid colors of tropical flowers, these majestic homes are gems of our American heritage — in the all too-swift passing parade.

In the upper reaches of the parish is still another world — with outstanding examples of modern architecture in the homes of Metairie, Kenner, Harahan and other suburban sections. But whether we park a fine motor car in an ultra-modern garage or beach a native pirogue within sight of a bayou house, it is home to all of us. Because, after all, home is where the heart is—and we wouldn't trade it for another—unless it were in Jefferson Parish.

F. A. McDaniels

Beautiful gardens are prolific in our semi-tropical climate. This is a Gretna garden, ablaze with azaleas.

Randon Picture Service

Above: Plenty of elbow room in Kenner which is being rapidly built up by new homes like this.

Below: Bird's-eye view of the beautiful Metairie Country Club.

Randon Picture Service

Randon Picture Service

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.

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

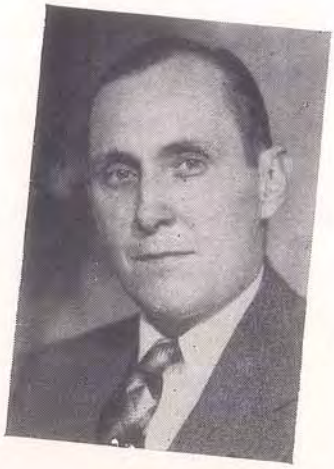
Hon. Frank J. Clancy, Sheriff

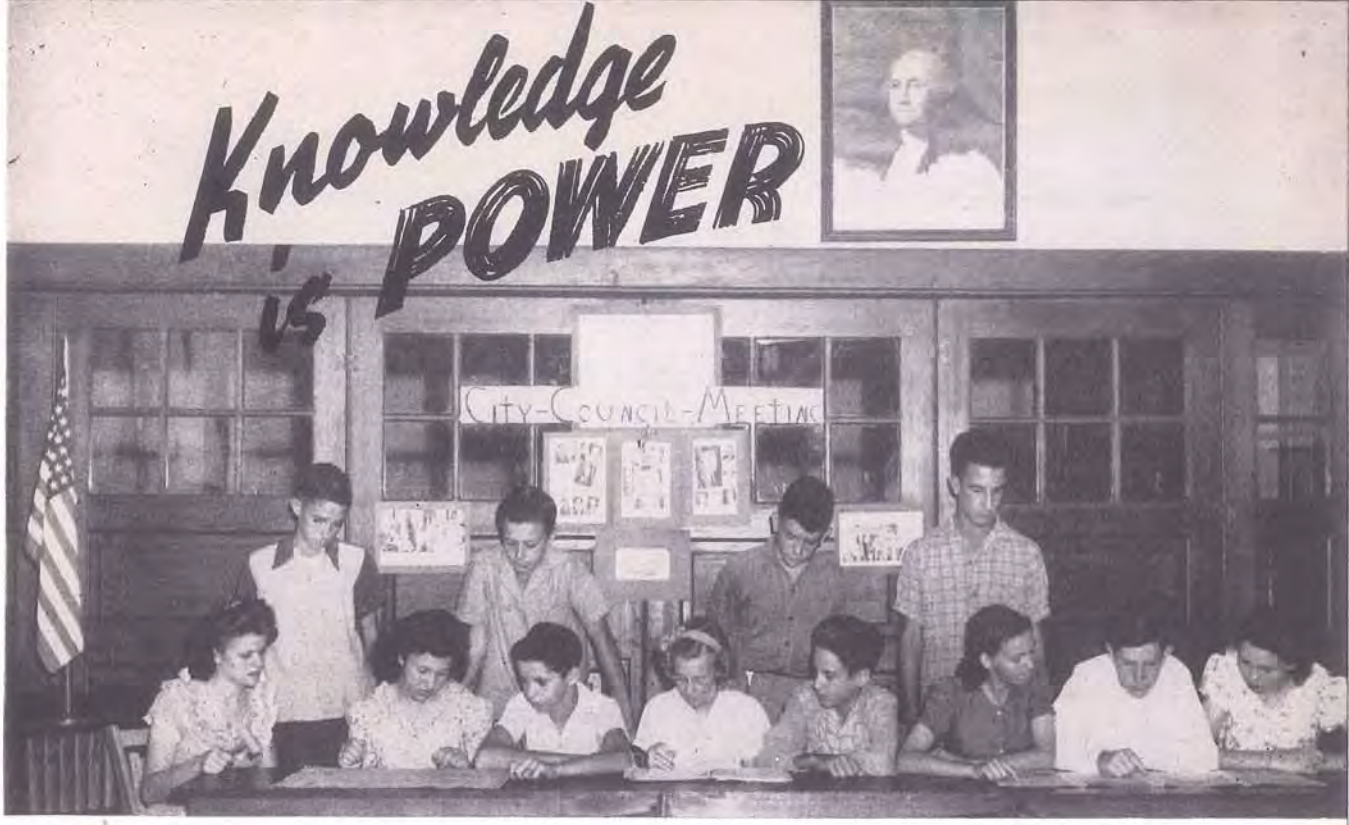
Reading from top to bottom: Hon. Vic A. Pitre, Clerk of Court; Hon. Vernon J. Wilty, Assessor; Hon. James E. Beeson, State Representative; Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Coroner; Hon. Edward M. Thomassie, President Pro-Tem., Police Jury; and Hon. Weaver R. Toledano, President, Police Jury.

COURT OFFICIALS

Top row, 24th Judicial District Court officials, left to right: Hon. L. Robert Rivarde, Judge; Hon. John E. Fleury, District Attorney; and Hon. Leo W. McCune, Judge.

Below left to right: Hon E. Howard McCaleb, of Jefferson Parish, Judge of the Court of Appeals; Hon. Frank H. Langridge and Hon. L. Julian Samuel, Assistant District Attorneys, 24th Judicial District Court.





Random Picture Service

A group of boys and girls at the Homedale School, organizing a youth city council. This experience enables students to solve problems which center around the way people live, the law and sound government of a community. The pupils are close to civic problems. In some instances, they are most affected by the new provisions for community betterment. In the promotion of civic unity, the forces which must be considered have their counterparts in the student life of any school. This city Mayor and Council includes many persons of creative ability who some day in the future will contribute adequate background for leading community groups.

TODAY'S CHILDREN ARE TOMORROW'S LEADERS

By L. W. Higgins, BA., M. A.
Superintendent Jefferson Parish Schools

THE PHILOSOPHY of public education has been in a state of flux since the early part of the twentieth century. The educational leaders of our nation have been groping toward a concept of the whole child rather than toward a concept of the subject matter curriculum per se. The advent of the second war caused a period of regression in the field of educational philosophy. Subject matter content reassumed a leading role in the format of the curriculum. The expediency of the situation demanded a "stuffing" as it were of basic facts indigent to the winning of the war. Many of the subjects such as art, English literature, music, etc., were minimized or entirely forgotten in the haste to stress mathematics and the physical sciences.

The school health program must be of such character as to make it possible for each student to meet the need to be physically fit to achieve success, to have a growing sense of security and to develop a consistent social outlook on life.

The development of optimum health should be seen by teachers as a continuous process. This is a group of second graders during their outdoor play period under the teacher's supervision—a part of the daily program at Kenner High School.

Randon Picture Service

Now, however, the war has been successfully completed. Our soldiers and sailors have returned to their homes and have exchanged their rifles for the plough share. After all, ours is a citizens' army. Our men and women are peace-loving folk. They fight only to end aggression, not to precipitate it. Therefore, our educational philosophy should be so planned and executed as to perpetuate this peace.

The primary function of the public schools of Jefferson Parish as envisaged by the Board of Education is to engender in each and every pupil a spirit of cooperation and fraternization. Subject-matter data are forgotten in the passing of time. Rare is the individual who remembers his fifth grade geography lesson ten or fifteen years later. But if he has learned in school the principles of goodfellowship and co-operativeness with his neighbor, they will be with him always, even to the end of time.

In the postwar years to come, it shall be the unswerving policy of the Jefferson Parish School Board to so shape its curriculum that the whole child be initiated into and graduated from a program of cooperation and good neighborliness. In this way, we shall have good citizens and productive citizens, and our nation will continue to be the finest in the world.

Randon Picture Service

All movements toward a new curriculum must be responsive to changing conditions and new demands which indicate the necessity of extending the periods of time when schools are serving individual social needs. At Westwego High, a broad program of recreation is being developed for boys as well as girls in needle work. It is our responsibility as educators to develop these pioneering efforts as we seek better ways to foster a democratic living.

Schools everywhere should work together to see that students have free opportunity to display their own dramatic ability. The nature of the stage is fundamentally that of other forms of literature. It furnishes (imaginary) experiences beyond the limits of a single life. It interprets those experiences.

Dramatics hold an important place in the curriculum today. Through this medium, the children take on a sense of responsibility, arrest timidity and develop assurance and poise.

This is a scene from "Just Women" enacted by a group of senior girls from the Gretna High School.

Randon Picture Service

What are the media by which the Jefferson School system achieves its philosophy? Directly under the Parish Superintendent are the following administrative personnel: Mr. Walter Schneckenberger, Director of Safety and Physical Education; Mr. Paul Solis, Supervisor of Instruction; Miss Ruth Pitre, Assistant Supervisor of Instruction; Messrs Frank Ehret and Loyd Clancy Visiting Teachers; and a splendidly equipped corps of principals and teachers. There is a total of thirty-six schools in the Parish of Jefferson. Six of these are

Randon Picture Service

One of the interesting and valuable features of the school program is the time devoted to dramatics. The children have fun and experience which stimulates the desire for acting. This gives them an opportunity for free spontaneous behavior. These two photos show a group of first graders at the Westwego Elementary School portraying the "Wedding of the Flowers."

Randon Picture Service

A group of first and second graders of Gretna Elementary School enjoying their lunch. Special effort is made to provide a happy atmosphere while the children are eating. A hot lunch and milk is served daily by an efficient staff of mothers. Well balanced meals are planned with emphasis on proper nutrition.

Randon Picture Service

white high schools, twenty of them, elementary ones. The Negroes have not been neglected educationally. There are two high schools and eight elementary ones in the parish.

The Jefferson Parish School Board takes this opportunity to invite most cordially its many friends and well wishers to visit the schools. The Board welcomes constructive criticism. Public Education is the result of a democratic process of government. Responsibility rests equally upon the shoulders of all of the citizens.

Randon Picture Service

Every child is a potential artist and under encouraging supervision, the individual child's creativeness and talent is stimulated and appreciated. Left, a group of first graders at Metairie High School is making use of the full activity period by painting and drawing.

Randon Picture Service

The emphasis in science teaching and general education is on problem solving. Young people participate in the identification and solution by scientific and democratic procedures. This group of young scientists from McDonogh 26th School are studying reptiles. The narrow conceptions of science as organized knowledge and as directed manipulations in specialized laboratories have been drastically revised. Today the children make science interesting by injecting every-day living into the curriculum.

JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: 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; A. A. Hanson, Ward 4, Westwego; Abel Zerinque, Ward 5, Waggaman; Julius F. Hotard, Vice-President, Ward 2, Gretna; and Dave Dabria, Ward 4, Marrero.

Standing, left to right: G. P. Arnoult, Ward 7, Labarre Heights; Walter Schneckenburger, Athletic Director; John Calzada, Ward 3, Harvey; Alphonse Marmillion, Ward 4, Harvey; W. Richard White, Ward 3, Gretna; Loney J. Autin, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville); John C. Bruning, Ward 8, East End; Louis E. Breaux, Ward 8, Metairie; and Jacob D. Giardina, Ward 4, Marrero.

Randon Picture Service

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICIALS

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

Slave in a Spigot

Random Picture Service

By J. W. HODGSON, SR.

President and General Manager
EAST JEFFERSON WATER WORKS DISTRICT NUMBER ONE

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A SERVANT at your beck and call twenty-four hours every day in the year?

Well, just take a look in your kitchen or bathroom — and there's your servant — virtually a slave to your every requirement. We mean, of course, the common water spigot in your home, office or factory. A twist of the wrist — and out from the spigot comes all the water you want for cleaning, for bathing, for laundering — for a thousand and one household and industrial uses.

Nothing is more essential to comfortable every day living than water — yet most of us take it for granted. From the time we get up in the morning and make the morning coffee, we depend on water to help us with dozens of daily tasks.

The average person, though he may not realize it, uses approximately SEVENTY GALLONS of water every day! Those are government statistics and they add up to a consumption by the *average individual* of well over 2,000 gallons of water a month. Multiply that average by the total population in our area and you will arrive at a water consumption figure that is almost astronomical!

Aside from sanitation and commercial uses, however, the most important job of the common water spigot is to provide pure, safe water for cooking and for drinking. Although it might be uncomfortable, we could get along without washing our clothes or sprinkling the lawn — but a community cannot exist without adequate and plentiful access to pure drinking water.

That is why nothing is left to chance in the purification of water for your community. It is a complicated and skilled business, done according to rigid standards by experts trained for their specialized jobs.

Visitors, of course, are welcome at our plant to see first-hand the many operations that are involved in making a plentiful supply of pure water that

Randon Picture Service

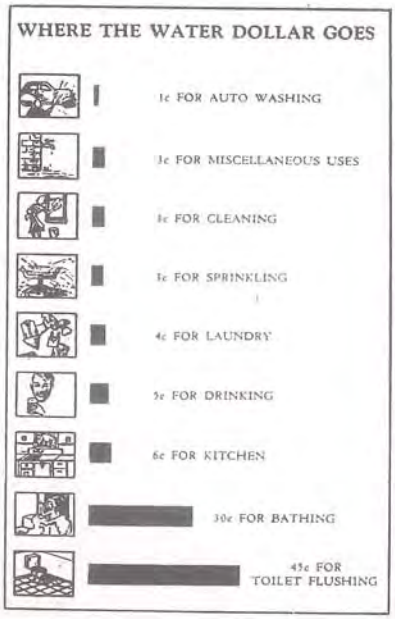
COMMISSIONERS OF EAST JEFFERSON WATERWORKS DISTRICT No. 1

Seated, left to right: Blaise Camel, Commissioner; Eugene J. Bender, 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: Oscar Gaudet, Plant Engineer; William Wolf, Maintenance Superintendent; E. George Lorio, Treasurer; John A. Meunier, Attorney; A. Balogna, Chemist; and Frank V. Draube, Secretary.

flows from every spigot in your home, office or factory.

From the huge intake pumphouse, water from the Mississippi River is first delivered into "grit chambers" where the sediment and sludge settles to the bottom. Next the water goes to gigantic mixing chambers where the actual treatment of the water begins. Tests are made to determine the amount and kind of chemicals to be added. The most commonly used are hydrated lime and sugar sulphate of iron, which is thoroughly mixed with the water . Then, the water passes along to settling basins where more impurities are removed. The water is then ready for its final process — filtration — to free it from all remaining impurities.

The community is further protected from possible contamination by the use of chlorine, applied before the water leaves the plant, in sufficient quantity to insure complete sterilization.



Standing at one of the new filters installed this past year, an expert workman inspects a sample of the purified water to see that it meets rigid standards. Nothing is left to chance in the processing of safe water for the community.

Randon Picture Service

From start to finish! This view shows point where Mississippi River water is pumped through the intake house. In the distance is the huge water tower where the processed, purified water is stored, ready for use. Between these two points, the water undergoes many complicated operations that deliver pure, safe water for 99% of District Number 1.

Randon Picture Service

In addition to providing pure water for domestic use, our waterworks plant also protects against fire in all buildings and industrial factories throughout the area served.

In number of years, the waterworks plant on the Jefferson Highway is an infant industry in Jefferson Parish. But with the rapid expansion in our district, we have kept pace with progress.

At the beginning of our service, back in 1932, we had a total of 173 customers.

Today, at this writing, we have 7,078 customers. We are serving new industries, new homes, Camp Plauche and the new Moisant International Airport. We now have applications on file for servicing three new subdivisions, comprising 500 homes.

It is logical that these signs of expansion and constant increase may bring questions to your mind. Does the increase cause our system to become overloaded? Does it affect the purity of the water? The answer is definitely and positively no.

During the past year, for example, two new filters have been put into operation, and the 4 existing filters have been rebuilt, so that we can now pump four million gallons of water per day. The addition of these new filters has meant an increase of almost a million gallons to our daily capacity. Since January of this year, we have added ten miles of new pipeline. A maze of underground water pipes, approximately 179 miles long, carries pure water to 99% of the entire District No. 1 area.

We are built for the future — and we welcome expansion.

East Jefferson Waterworks District No. 1 operates entirely on income from the sale of water — no maintenance tax. With the exception of the city of New Orleans, we have the lowest water rate in the State of Louisiana.

Personnel and Information

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

The Board of Commissioners are: J. W. Hodgson, Sr., President; C. A. Boutall, Vice-President; B. Camel, Chairman of the Fiance 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 12:00 noon. Telephone: Office, CEdar 2000; Purchasing Department, CEdar 2751; Plant, CEdar 2539; Manager's office, CEdar 3637.

Randon Picture Service

THE CAPITAL OF JEFFERSON PARISH

By Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Mayor

DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM NEW ORLEANS lies the busy, hard-working city of Gretna—seat of government of Jefferson Parish.

It was only a few years ago that Gretna was a tiny town without paved side-walks, paved streets, adequate water supply, fire protection, street lights, garbage and sewage disposal systems. Today, Gretna has matured into a thriving, modern city of over 15,000 people, has obtained all these improvements and is determined and confident that Gretna has not "stopped growing."

Connected with New Orleans by ferries, Gretna is served by the Texas & Pacific, the Southern Pacific and Missouri-Pacific Lines and is traversed by the New Orleans & Lower Coast Lines. Concrete highways connect the city with all parts of the state. The Intracoastal Canal is almost at our doorstep and extensive river frontage provides dockside shipping facilities.

Gretna is the key city of a close-knit group of towns that comprise the West Bank of the Parish on the curve of the Mississippi.

Officials of Gretna are shown here after inspecting the modern, new garbage collection truck—a recent addition in Gretna's postwar improvement plans. *Randon Picture Service*

Random Picture Service

Indicative of civic improvements is the installation of 82 parking meters in the business section of Gretna. Put into service on May 27th, the meters operate at the rate of one cent for twelve minutes parking time. A nickle is the largest amount that can be dropped into the meter at one time. Chief of Police Beauregard Miller is shown here with Officer Henry Kleinpeter demonstrating use of the new parking convenience—another forward step for Gretna.

Because it is the government center, Gretna has been a leader in many civic improvements that not only affect its own prosperity but the welfare of the entire Parish. Here the police jury of Jefferson formulates and supports the progressive plans of our aggressive, industrial Parish. Assisting in this work is our capable Board of Aldermen.

Gretna has one of the lowest crime records in the entire country, and Chief of Police Miller and his associates are to be commended for helping to establish this record. In these times of juvenile delinquency, crime waves and other postwar community disturbances, Gretna can well be proud of its enviable record.

As a community, Gretna's citizens are representative of men and women all over the land. They are civic-minded, friendly people who take a keen interest in the development and welfare of their community. We have fine schools, good water, churches of all denominations, modern fire department, up-to-date sewage system and, most important, the whole-hearted cooperation of leaders and citizens towards making Jefferson a parish to be proud of.

Is Gretna growing? You bet it is! A total of five new fire proof buildings in the downtown area is tangible proof that business is steadily increasing in our city. Three of the buildings have already been completed . . . and, as this book goes to press, the other two buildings are nearing completion. The five buildings represent a cost of $200,000 for the construction alone.

OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF GRETNA

Seated, left to right: Eugene Gehring, Alderman; Frank Bessler, Alderman; Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Mayor; John Ray, Alderman; Henry F. Bender, Alderman; and Charles A. Huber, Alderman. Standing, left to right: Andrew H. Thalheim, Attorney; Beauregard Miller, Town Marshal; Marcel J. Bourgeois, Superintendent of Waterworks and Tax Collector; Alvin E. Hotard, Engineer; and Julius F. Hotard, Clerk.

Leon Trice Picture Service

Moisant International Airport located in Jefferson Parish near Kenner. The field is so laid out that three times the present number of runways (four) can be built without acquiring more land.

Courtesy Moisant International Airport

KENNER TAKES TO THE AIR

By Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler, Mayor

IF YOU'VE WATCHED the steady stream of cargo and passenger planes making their precision take-offs at Moisant International Airport, you'll agree with us that "things are looking up" in Kenner!

We refer, of course, to our new addition in Kenner—the five million dollar airport, largest in the country and which was formally opened this past year.

Just 11.5 miles from the heart of New Orleans, Moisant International Airport is hitting its stride and is prepared to speed the greatest volume of commerce and travel ever to fly between the Americas and throughout the world.

The site for the Airport was chosen because it is remarkably free from fog—thus permitting year 'round all weather flying. Covering 1360 acres, Moisant International Airport can handle the largest commercial airliners . . . has four 150-foot wide concrete runways, one 7,000 feet long and three 5,000 feet long. Early this Spring, the major airlines transferred all operations from New Orleans Airport to Moisant International.

Yes, that was the big news in Kenner! But, not all of our expansion has been entirely skyward. Kenner's progressive citizens definitely have their feet on the ground! The fertile soil of this area yields two other things for

which we are famous—our beautiful flowers and our farm produce. The temperate climate here permits all-year farming. Thus, Kenner can grow and ship fresh produce to northern markets, which because of the cold weather, cannot produce in early spring, winter and late fall.

As for homes—Kenner is an ideal residential area—a community that has grown and is still growing. At this writing, The Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company is embarking on a $75,000 expansion program in Kenner. The company plans to run 27 new trunk lines from Kenner to New Orleans which will enable them to install 41 new telephones in Kenner immediately. In addition, 44 additional rural phones will be installed.

That is just one example of how Kenner is constantly progressing. We're starting our post-war plans—and we're glad to see many of our service veterans back home. This past May, Kenner unveiled its War Memorial at Williams Blvd., and Airline Highway in memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice. The men from the Kenner area who lost their lives in the war will hold a permanent place of honor in our memory.

We're dedicating ourselves to sustaining and cherishing the ideals of the American way of life which we believe are typically expressed by the people who live and work in harmony for the postwar prosperity of our community.

Kenner has an interesting, historical background that dates before the War Between the States. Cane and cannons were once the main industries. Cannon balls were manufactured in this area in those early days—and cane flourished abundantly on two of the largest plantations—owned by the Kenner brothers. The plantations were broken up into lots and sold to settlers but the name Kenner was retained.

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF KENNER

Seated, left to right: Victor Carona, Marshal; Philomene Paasch, Secretary-Treasurer; Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler, Mayor; Marie Caronia, 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.

Random Picture Service

Random Picture Service

Solution to housing shortage is conversion of part of Camp Plauche barracks. At least 610 housing units can be offered to help offset the growing need for dwellings in the New Orleans area. As this book goes to press, work has begun to convert the barracks (seen in background) and proposal has been made to use the base hospital (in foreground) for civilian purposes.

HARAHAN

VILLAGE WITH A FUTURE

By Frank H. Mayo, Mayor

FOR THE INDIVIDUAL who likes the conveniences of a city, plus the quiet peacefulness of country life, Harahan is an ideal residential area.

Harahan offers plenty of room for comfortable living with ample ground for fertile gardening. Here, too, children can enjoy healthful outdoor activities without having to play in crowded, conjested and dangerous streets. That is why so many families have moved—and are moving—to suburban Harahan where life is more pleasant and living cost is appreciably less.

Our nearness to New Orleans is an added inducement to build homes here, and we welcome the new residents to our fast-growing village. Progress always means expansion—and we believe that Harahan will accomodate an ever-increasing number of ideal suburban homes.

During this past year, Harahan has lost a lot of its neighbors and we're glad of it! Much as we liked our neighbors—the thousands and thousands of servicemen and women who were at Camp Plauche, we are thankful that the War is over and they have been able to rejoin their families and return to peaceful pursuits. We miss these neighbors but we know that we share their joy in leaving the military confinements of Camp Plauche, which had been a staging area from which so many of our young American boys and girls were shipped to serve and fight overseas.

Although Harahan is justly proud of its fine residential section, we are equally proud of the many profitable industries that are located here. The fertile farmland is suitable for truck gardening, dairying, stock and poultry raising and commercial raising of flowers.

Within easy access to markets, Harahan is located just six miles above New Orleans on the East Bank of the Mississippi.

We'd like to add, also, that in the wooded area just back of and beyond Harahan is truly a sportsmen's paradise.

So . . . we invite you to come hunt . . . fish . . . and live with us!

OFFICIALS OF THE VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

Left to right: Charles A. O'Neill, Alderman; Francis K. Bourg, Alderman; John Contrado, Marshal and Chief of Volunteer Fire Department; Frank H. Mayo, Mayor; Ernest Baron, Alderman; Mrs. Anna Kielmann, Tax Collector; and L. Julian Samuel, Attorney.

Random Picture Service

Randon Picture Service

Mayor Duplantis (left) congratulates C. N. Olivier, Division Manager of Louisiana Power & Light Company upon inauguration of the new "City Belt" bus line, provided for the upper limits of the town and in the rear section.

WESTWEGO

By R. J. Duplantis, Mayor

MANY PEOPLE CAN REMEMBER when Westwego was nothing but a small village, made up mostly of the survivors from the Cheniere Caminada hurricane (see story in this issue). In 1893, the storm refugees settled in Westwego and founded "the fastest-growing little town" on the West Bank of the Mississippi.

To the best of our knowledge, Westwego is the only town whose name spells out a complete sentence—West We Go. And the growth of our town has certainly proved that Westwego is rightly named.

Close on the heels of the first settlers, came manufacturing companies and seafood packers. New business brought new jobs. And new jobs brought more and more people to Westwego.

The past dozen years have been prosperous for Westwego and our post-war potentialities are equally as good.

Already our town is a seafood center with 5 nationally known shippers: Cutcher Canning Company, Robinson Canning Company, Ed Martin Seafood Company, Lewis Sea Foods and W. M. Hudson. The by-products of seafood plants are processed and converted into much needed fish meal for poultry and cattle by the Westwego Feed Meal Mills. Small craft of commercial fishermen can easily reach market at the Westwego terminal of the Company's Canal where the canneries are located.

From Bayou Pero and Lake Salvador come the finest soft shell crabs in the world. From Barataria Bay, the waters at the lower end of the Parish, and the Gulf of Mexico, comes the famous Louisiana shrimp.

During the war, the demand for unrationed seafood hit an all-time high. Predictions are that markets for seafood will steadily increase because people all over the country have cultivated a taste for the succulent shrimp and crabmeat from our district.

Randon Picture Service

Here is the framework of two of more than 350 homes now under construction in Westwego. Next to these two, two others will be built—all four to serve as models from which prospective customers will be able to choose. Veterans will be given first preference.

At Westwego, also, are the yards of the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal Railroad, which were put to greater use when the lines of the two railroads routed their traffic across the Huey P. Long bridge over the Mississippi River to their New Orleans terminals.

Completing the industrial picture of our busy town are General American Tank Storage Terminals, Sinclair Refining Company's bulk plant and North American Trading & Import Company. We have four distillers of commercial alcohol—U. S. Industrial Chemical Corporation, Commercial Solvents, Inc., Ron Sevilla Distilleries, Inc., and Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company of Louisiana.

So, it is plain to see that Westwego is not a war-inflated town. True, we did give our share of workers and fighting men, but our industrial boom did not depend on war-inflated manufacturing. Our factories were here before the war and are solidly established. Our progress, although it was stimulated by war work, will continue steadily and healthily now that peace has come. The very nature and diversification of our industries proves it.

Our postwar plans are realities. Right now, Westwego is humming with new construction. Over 350 new homes are to be built. Here in Westwego, we believe that there's no place like home!

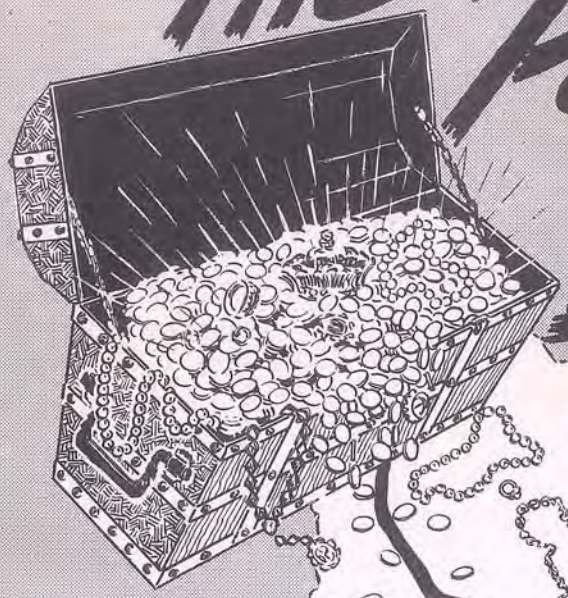
To those who would build a home—or establish a business, we say it's West We Go!

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF WESTWEGO

Seated, left to right: Roy C. Keller, Alderman; Clarence A. La Bauve, Alderman; R. J. Duplantis, Mayor; T. A. Adams, Alderman; Louis Marcomb, Alderman; and Henry B. Trepagnier, Alderman. Standing, left to right: Caesar Baril, Treasurer; Edwin J. Pierce, Secretary and Tax Collector; Frank H. Langridge, Attorney; and Jacob Gregory, Town Marshal.

Randon Picture Service

The Parish of Buried Treasure



PLAQUEMINES

Narrated by

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

A MILLION YEARS AGO, more or less (we can't be specific because it all happened a long time before Julius Caesar decreed that a year was 365¼ days) Ol' Man Mississippi started operations on the biggest land steal in history. For countless centuries this roaring rascal sent his flood waters on ruthless forays, filching rich top soil from what are now over a dozen states of the Union. Then he rushed madly and gleefully with it, nobody to stop him, from Lake Itasca in what is now Minnesota to his lair in the Gulf of Mexico.

There, just before he entered the sea, he dropped his plunder, piling it up like a miser, until it covered the ocean's floor. Time and again he, himself, had to force new channels through his own booty, and, finally, his accumulated loot reached such proportions that it formed the rich delta land of what is now Louisiana.

The last hundred miles of his race to the sea, that stretch of rich country on both sides of the river from just below New Orleans to the jetties in the Gulf, is known officially as Plaquemines Parish of Louisiana. But, it could very appropriately be called The Parish of Buried Treasure. Because—although hunting for concealed loot along outlaw trails is an old familiar story, never have so many new caches of hidden wealth been unearthed at different times in the same spot as on this particular portion of the famous get-away route of Ol' Man River.

The first settlers knew they had discovered the "green gold" of lush crops as soon as they lifted a fistful of the Mississippi silt and felt its rich fertility between their fingers. They planted sugar cane and rice. Plantations flourished and Plaquemines prospered. There was a time when this one parish was the leading producer of these two great Southern staples. Finally, however, the centralization of the sugar refining plants eliminated the individual mills and cane plantations of Plaquemines—and, as the levees grew higher and the cost of sluicing water to the rice fields increased, this industry also moved to another part of the state, but, for years, the planters of Plaquemines dug very gently below the surface of their rich earth and accrued wealth, without yet even tapping the other unknown riches that lay still hidden beneath their feet.

Ol' Man River must have chuckled as he flowed past, year after year, wondering how long it would be before they discovered all that he had concealed here.

Early also came the discovery of the "golden" oranges of Plaquemines—the mandarins, kumquats, navels, Louisiana Sweets, tangerines and Valencias. Digging a little deeper into their rich soil, the Plaquemines pioneers found that here could be grown the sweetest and juiciest oranges in the United States. This is now the only parish in Louisiana where orange growing is an industry—a million dollar a year industry.

All that remains of the Judah P. Benjamin plantation home "Belle Chasse." After lying neglected for years, it is being restored and preserved by the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial Association, so that those who visit the parish in the future may still view this grand old plantation home of the glorious past.

Eugene Delcroix

Randon Picture Service

Randon Picture Service

There may be farms larger in other parts of the nation—but none with soil more fertile than the rich, black earth of Plaquemines.

Almost two centuries passed before the people of Plaquemines were aware that their delicious oranges, their bountiful farm products and abundant vegetables were only the preliminaries to greater prosperity.

In 1930 headlines hit the nation's newspapers. "Black Gold" had been discovered in Plaquemines—that precious product of our modern world, so necessary to everything that floats, flies, rolls or moves. Today there are 13 oil fields in the parish, and this particular buried treasure is being wrested from Ol' Man River's hiding place to the flow of approximately 13½ million barrels a year.

Again in 1933 Plaquemines hit the front pages. This time a "yellow gold" was discovered more precious than the kind that is measured in carats. Ol' Man River had buried this cache deep and secure, but science learned how to melt it and lure it to the earth's surface. And, this labor and effort were worth every weary hour—for this hidden treasure was sulphur, which, in some form or other enters into the production or composition of practically every article of commerce we use. There are only two places in America where this precious mineral can be secured—Texas and the Parish of Plaquemines.

Because of these two sensational discoveries within three years of each other, the eyes of the whole country began to turn toward this formerly ignored last hundred miles of the Mississippi's mad run to the Gulf. Questions were asked, and even people in far off Maine and Oregon learned that, down here in this Louisiana parish, fishermen were dipping into the lakes and bays and were bringing up oysters of an unusually delicious flavor, made possible by the union of the Gulf's saltwater and the river's fresh water—today a million dollar a year industry; that this now famous parish was in the center of a fur bearing territory which annually exceeds the production of Canada and Alaska combined; that here was a Hunter's Paradise—including the government supervised Delta Migratory Waterfowl Refuge and the Pass a Loutre Shooting Grounds where are 66,000 acres of government controlled wilderness in which wild duck abound and where the privilege of hunting is every American's privilege for a small license fee.

Then came World War II, and Plaquemines oil and sulphur and seafood were poured into the war chest—and people who had planned to visit this Parish of Buried Treasure were compelled to postpone their trip—but now, with the planes and the trains running and the roads open, visitors who are again pouring into New Orleans to see the "most interesting city in America"

Random Picture Service

The police jury is in session today inside the Court House here at Point a la Hache—and, walking toward the camera is the oldest resident in the parish, Henry Treadaway of Potash, Louisiana. He is 87 and remembers how he walked 20 miles on his eighteenth birthday to vote for Jimmie Wilkinson.

---

are also inquiring as to how they can visit that mysterious hundred miles below New Orleans—that parish called Plaquemines.

Here is a guide. The trip can be made by automobile down one side of the river and back on the other—in one day. And here's what you will see—much of which you will want to stop and examine more closely.

Turn to the right on Rampart Street off Canal in New Orleans and keep on going until Rampart becomes St. Claude, on through the outskirts of the city, past historic Chalmette Battlefield and into Plaquemines Parish. Plaquemines, incidentally, means "persimmon." The parish was so named because the Jesuit Fathers, when they settled here in the first days of the French colonization, discovered that the protected west side of the river in this lower river country was ideal for the growing of citrus fruits which they had brought with them from overseas.

Rapidly you roll past Caernarvon, where you'll encounter the first of the canals and oyster packing plants which later on will become familiar sights. Then Braithwaite . . . and then English Turn.

Peculiar name isn't it? Well, here took place that simple little incident in history which lost to England the great empire east and west of the Mississippi later called Louisiana and presented it, by a queer freak of fortune, to France.

Bienville, systematically exploring the Mississippi in the year 1699, was paddling downstream in a pirogue with several companions, and without warning met at this turn in the river an English gunboat moving upstream on a similar mission. By quick thinking and sheer nerve, Bienville made the English Captain believe that a powerful French naval force was lying just around the bend, and that he and his companions were merely an advance party. Rather than engage with a supposedly superior force, the English vessel turned around and sailed away from an empire. Hence, the name "English Turn."

Early the next year, in case the English might again become curious, Bienville built a fort just a little below this point at the site of the village now called Phoenix—making this Plaquemines town the location of the first white settlement in Louisiana. You will probably want to stop at Phoenix and visit the oyster packing plant of Lopez and Sons. It's right along the side of the road—and here you'll see how oysters are shucked, cleaned and canned.

If you miss this plant, you'll find another just before you pull into Point a la Hache. This plant is also right alongside the road—the oyster packing establishment of E. W. Gravolet. You'll spot it by the canal that dead-ends diagonally with the highway. By means of these canals, with which the parish is honeycombed, the fishermen in their own boats (sturdy independent Dalmatians, Slavonians, descendants of the original French and Spanish and many other European stocks) bring their catches from the bays and lakes. From Plaquemines Parish approximately 200,000 barrels of the famous tasty Louisiana oysters—salt flavored by the Gulf and fattened by the fresh waters of the river—are shipped to the tables of America every year. Much of it leaves in cans, for there are ten oyster packing plants in this prolific parish.

They pick oranges as late as July in Plaquemines Parish. These are Valencias, the last to ripen. The pictures were taken at the Chalona Brothers grove between Buras and Triumph, where 20,000 trees start producing Satsumas in late October, then Creole sweets, navels and mandarins in December, tangerines in January, and Valencias from February to July.

Randon Picture Service

Point a la Hache (Point of the Axe) is the seat of government of the Parish. Here a wise police jury, financed by the revenue from severance taxes on the buried treasure of the parish, is modernizing, improving and building for the better living and better earning of its citizens. The first dramatic proof of this is the Free Ferry on which the people of Plaquemines and you, too, can cross the Mississippi at this point—for the road on the New Orleans side of the river ends here and picks up again on the other side. This is the only Free Ferry on the Mississippi River —parish built and parish maintained. The ferry boat itself—its immaculate engine, its clean deck, its smooth operation—is a symbol of parish efficiency.

Before 1936 the oystermen and fishermen of Plaquemines were handicapped by lock tolls when bringing in their catch. But in that year the parish bought the locks and now the fishing boats ply their trade toll free. This one phase of parish administration alone has meant a savings of $100,000 a year to its fishermen citizens.

The parish has built navigation canals to the oyster beds—has hard surfaced its roads—has built school houses and auditoriums — donates thousands of dollars yearly to augment the pay of its school teachers so that the highest standard of educational training can be given its children—has reclaimed since 1939 over fifteen thousand acres of marshland and has constructed over 60 miles of drainage canals and back levees.

This parish, spending freely for improvements but not wasting a dollar of its tax revenue from its buried treasure, now has a financial cushion

Randon Picture Service

Louisiana oysters—ready for the cans—at the Gravolet packing plant at Point a la Hache. They have been shucked, cleaned and put through the salt brine—and will next appear in somebody's oyster stew somewhere in the U. S.

of several hundred thousand dollars in War Bonds. And Plaquemines, in the last ten years, has reduced its tax rate over 60% and claims the lowest tax rate in the state.

As soon as you cross the river at Point a la Hache, you enter the 40-mile Orange Belt. And, your first introduction is to Magnolia Plantation, the largest in the parish, where 40,000 trees start bearing in October. Now owned by the Vacarro estate, this was once the home of Louisiana's famous and fabulous governor, Henry Clay Warmoth, who had a 60-mile private railroad built for his wife from Buras to New Orleans, because she disliked boats and found traveling by horse drawn carriage too, too tiresome.

If you happen to visit this parish between October and February when

Shucking those tasty Louisiana oysters. Few people realize that these shuckers can—and do—earn as high as $8.00 a day at this work.

Randon Picture Service

the oranges are ripe, your eyes will hardly have become accustomed to the golden color of Magnolia plantation and the groves beyond, until they are dazzled by a brilliant yellow reflected in the sun.

Then you will know you are at Port Sulphur, the neat, clean, little town that has sprung up around the Freeport Sulphur Company, whose mine is located ten miles back in the marshland at Lake Washington. From the river here to the plant at Grand Ecaille runs both a canal and a ten-inch pipeline.

Through this pipeline is pumped the water from the Mississippi which, scalding hot, is forced deep into the core of the earth, where it melts the sulphur. Then, in liquid form, the yellow mineral is pumped to the surface—dried—and shipped on barges and railroad cars to the industrial centers of the nation.

Few people in the U. S. have ever heard of the town of Port Sulphur—and yet the nation uses the mineral it produces at the rate of 30 pounds per year for every man, woman and child in the U. S.

Leaving this interesting town of sulphur, still going downriver, you next hit a scene of recent great construction activity. With the cooperation of the State, Plaquemines has just completed the rebuilding of its Free Locks at Empire. Construction also, of a $900,000 canal from this parish town to the Gulf of Mexico has been approved by the U. S. Army Engineers. This canal will save 35 miles per round trip for the fishermen of Empire and nearby Buras.

Below Empire are the towns of Buras, Triumph and Venice where orange growing and shrimp and oyster fishing (and muskrat trapping in the winter) occupy most of the population. These are independent people in Plaquemines. They own their own boats and work out their own destinies. Even during the depths of the depression these families of foreign-born, hard working folk never found it necessary to appeal to relief.

In these three towns a by-product of the orange industry is discovered . . . the making of Louisiana's famous Orange Wine. The same distinctive juiciness and sweet flavor, which combine to trade-mark the Louisiana orange, also give

---

Long and faithful these old Free Locks at Venice have served the fishermen of Plaquemines. They are now being replaced by new, modern locks—and when this story was written and this picture taken the engineers had just pumped the water from the excavation (see the pipes in the right foreground) and were preparing to pour the concrete. And, by the time you read this the new locks will be in operation.

Randon Picture Service

The only Free Ferry in the United States operated by a parish. Crossing the river at Point a la Hache, making a round trip every hour, it eliminated a hundred mile trip by road through New Orleans to the person who wanted to get on the other side. It cost $120,000 to build in 1940 and is maintained by an annual parish appropriation.

Randon Picture Service

the wine its delicious taste and its powerful 18 to 20 percent by volume punch. You can visit Plaquemines' two wine distilleries, one at Buras and one at Triumph, and taste for yourself.

Below Venice, Plaquemines is not for the casual traveler. This is hunting ground — and trapping ground — and oil fields — and oyster beds — and shrimp territory — and Pilot Town, where the bar pilots, who guide the big ships in through the passes, turn them over to the river pilots who take them safely up through the 100 miles of twisting Mississippi to New Orleans.

On your way back, you will notice some things you missed on the way down. For instance, if the time of year is right, you will see acres of beautiful white lilies. These are the famous Plaquemines "Creole Lilies," the bulbs of which are sold to the florists up north, representing a $2,000,000 market which Japan lost at the beginning of the war. Plaquemines was the first American community to step in and turn this long held Japanese monopoly into a new home industry — another example of the alertness of this parish.

When you come again to the Free Ferry, do not re-cross the river to Point a la Hache, but continue now up the west side of the river—past Diamond, Myrtle Grove, Alliance and Jesuit Bend. Here you will see fields of rich black earth — the fertile silt stolen by Ol' Man River centuries ago — from which Plaquemines truck farmers are raising the high quality vegetables which bring top market prices. And, all along this river road, you will see plenty of cattle — for this is a territory of small, but prosperous farms.

Before you reach New Orleans you will pass through the town of Belle Chasse. Here, off the main road a few blocks, is the famous old Judah P. Benjamin plantation home "Belle Chasse" from which the town was named and which, appropriate to its position at the gateway of a sportsman's paradise, means "fine hunting." This stately and historic old home is now being restored

This is English Turn — today — that historic spot in the Mississippi where Bienville bluffed his way into the possession of an empire. A fisherman sits quietly mending a length of rope, unaware that on this spot, nearly 250 years ago, Louisiana was born.

Randon Picture Service

and preserved as a fitting memorial to its owner—the Jewish statesman who was the Confederacy's Secretary of State and one of the great men of the ante-bellum South.

Here, also, at Belle Chasse, you will see the loading operation of one of the most unique ocean-going vessels in existence—the "S. S. Seatrain New Orleans."

The Seatrain is exactly what its name implies. Its four decks have a capacity of 100 freight cars (box cars, gondolas, tank cars, flat cars, cattle cars or refrigerator cars) picked up bodily from the tracks at its terminal at Belle Chasse and transported intact to a similar terminal at Havana, Cuba.

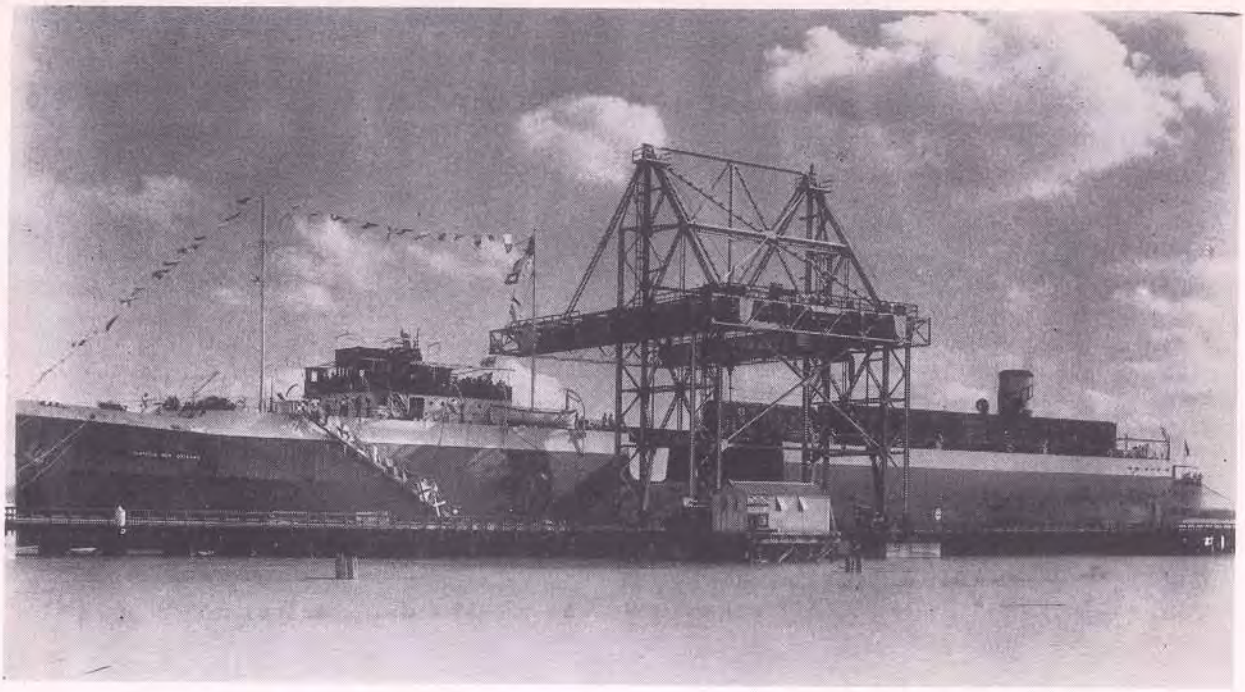
By this method cars of merchandise of any kind, consigned to Cuba from any point in the U. S., can be delivered right at their destination in Havana, just as though there was a track laid across the ocean. The savings in time and handling costs are tremendous.

This seatrain system originated at Plaquemines Parish, although, as is obvious, its use has spread to other ports of the U. S. It is interesting to know that when the war started the Seatrains were the fastest freighters afloat—and, it is no longer secret information, that when taken over by the government, their ability to handle huge cargoes and their speed on the water were greatly instrumental in the saving of Midway.

You have now made a quick visit to Plaquemines Parish, and while you did not have time to assimilate every feature thoroughly, you have

Sulphur — the element without which no plant, animal or human could live. Here are three scenes showing how it is stored and transported. At the top, drilling a section of a mountainous stock pile . . . and below two loading scenes of the Yellow Magic itself. The world needs it! Plaquemines supplies it!

Courtesy Freeport Sulphur Company



Courtesy Seatrain, Inc.

Loading the "S.S. Seatrain New Orleans" at Belle Chasse. Note the enormous crane that handles box cars like crates of oranges.

covered the only parish in Louisiana where both sulphur and oil are found, two of the most vital elements in our world of today; the only parish in Louisiana where oranges are grown and the only place in the U. S. where they grow so sweet and juicy; the parish of not more than 15,000 people which accounts for over one fourth of the furs supplied by this great Delta trapping land which annually produces more pelts than the great north country; and the parish that sets in the center of the great Gulf shrimp and oyster industry.

Through Plaquemines Parish the vessels of the world, coming to New Orleans, enter the United States. It is the first and last glimpse which thousands see of their beloved America. And, it is a fitting parish to fill that role — for here American independence and American initiative, blended from the blood of a dozen different countries, have built a community where every man is master of his own home and acres, but where the community cooperates for the betterment of all.

Yes, this is the Parish of Buried Treasure — but the people of Plaquemines possessed the backbone to dig for it.

PLAQUEMINES PARISH POLICE JURY—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Eugene de Armas, Ward 5; B. J. Perez, Ward 7; Frank K. Cummins, President, Ward 6; Leander H. Perez, District Attorney and Legal Advisor; Mrs. Edna Lafrance, Assistant Secretary; Louis Hingle, Secretary; Adam Ansardi, Ward 3; Vincent Jaspriza, Ward 10; Noah Pritchett, Ward 9; and Dominick Palazzo, Ward 1. Standing, left to right: Joseph Antonio, Ward 2; Emil Martin, Jr., Ward 8; Joseph Jurjevich, Ward 4; and J. Emmett Williams, Parish Auditor.

Randon Picture Service

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

A

Abdo's Drug Store ... 170
Airline Lumber & Supply Co. ... 128
Algiers Music Co. ... 174
Allen Boat Co. ... 170
American Beverage Co., Inc. ... 152
American Creosote Works, Inc. ... 118
American Heating & Plumbing Co. ... 128
American Liberty Oil Co ... 30
American Printing Co., Ltd., The ... 62
Andre's Service Station ... 176
Auto Painting & Repairing Co., Inc. ... 138
Avenue Restaurant & Bar ... 90
Avondale Marine Ways, Inc. ... 192

B

Badalamenti, Louis J. ... 108
Barataria Tavern ... 102
Beekman's ... 136
Bell Distributing Co. ... 42
Beverly Country Club ... 56
Billionaire Cafe ... 98
Bishop-Edell Machine Works, Inc. ... 158
Black, Charles, Gravel & Sand Co., Inc. ... 158
Blue Horseshoe Tourist Court ... 114
Blue Light Inn ... 114
Blue Plate Foods, Inc. ... 152
Borden-Aicklen Auto Supply Co., Inc. ... 148
Boudreaux, Capt. T. ... 148
Boudreaux, Willie ... 162
Boulevard Garage & Beer Parlor ... 162
Boulevard Hardware Store ... 152
Breaux, Jessie J. ... 150
Bridge Circle Inn ... 162
Brook Tarpaulin Co. ... 146
Brooklyn Land Co. ... 164
Brown's Restaurant and Cafe ... 162
Brunies' Restaurant ... 160
Bruning, Chester ... 170

C

Carey & Helwick ... 156
Carter, Perrin & Brian ... 134
Cat and Fiddle ... 170
Cedar Electric ... 101
Celotex Corp., The ... 18
Central Equipment Co. ... 86
Clem's Place ... 142
Clerc Lumber Co., Inc. ... 144
Codifer, Inc. ... 168
Collins, J. C., Agent ... 144
Colonial Hotel Courts ... 64
Commercial Solvents Corp. ... 178
Concrete Products Co. ... 120
Continental Can Co., Inc. ... 172
Coulon, Roger ... 150
Crane Clothing Co., Inc. ... 164
Crescent Typewriter Exchange, Inc. ... 172
Cutcher Canning Co. ... 176

D

Davis-Wood Lumber Co., Inc. ... 172
Davison Chemical Corp., The ... 126
DeBardeleben Coal Corp. ... 176
De Weese Pharmacies ... 163
Ditta, Carlo ... 178
Dixie Tourist Court ... 140
Douglas Public Service Corp. ... 114
Dunham-Pugh Company, Inc. ... 22
Duplechin's, Roy, Grocery ... 158
Durham's Feed Store & Hatchery ... 166

E

Eighth Ward Democratic Club of Jefferson Parish ... 150
Ellzey Stores ... 162
Estelle Store and Bar ... 176

F

Fairbanks, Morse & Co. ... 174
Feitel's, Ed E., General Department Store ... 152
Firestone Stores ... 176
First National Bank of Jefferson Parish, The ... 122
Fisher Oil Distributing Co. ... 98
Fisher's Store ... 164
Fitzgerald's Lake House ... 160
Fleming Canal Store ... 168
Foray's Restaurant ... 166
Foundation Plan, Inc. ... 166
Franklin Printing Co., Inc. ... 142
Freeport Sulphur Co. ... 112
Freiberg Mahogany Co., The ... 134
Frey, L. A., & Sons, Inc. ... 160
Frolic Pavilion ... 178

G

Garden of Memories ... 170
Garsaud's (retail) ... 138
Garsaud's (wholesale) ... 172
Gauthier's, Sidney, Grocery ... 168
Gendron's, Leon, Grocery, Cafe and Barber Shop ... 174
General American Tank Storage Terminals ... 102
General Outdoor Adv. Co. ... 120
Gennaro's ... 158
Godchaux Sugars, Inc. ... 128
Godchaux's ... 166
Goldstein-Trusales ... 178
Gonzales Motors, Inc. ... 92
Grand Isle Chamber of Commerce ... 146
Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., The ... 118
Great Southern Box Co., Inc. ... 52
Gretna Hardware Co. ... 162
Gretna Jewelry Co. ... 106
Gretna Sheet Metal Works ... 168
Grover's Place ... 160
Gruber, Louis E. ... 38
Guenther, Leo S. ... 130
Gulf Fur Co. ... 158
Gulf Refining Co., The ... 96

H

Hansell, F. F., & Bro., Ltd. ... 156
Harahan Service Station ... 160
Harvey Canal Land & Improvement Co. ... 118
Harvey Canal Shipyard & Machine Shop ... 94
Harvey Lumber & Supply Co., Inc. ... 24
Harvey Mud Co. ... 168
Heebe's Bakery ... 122
Henry's Rotisserie ... 168
Hercules Powder Co., Paper Makers Chemical Department ... 108
Hero Lands, Inc. ... 189
Hill, H. G., Stores, Inc. ... 20
Holmes, D. H., Co., Ltd. ... 108
Hotard, Alvin E. ... 158
Humble Oil & Refining Co. ... 170
Hyatt, A. W., Stationery Mfg. Co., Ltd. ... 142

I

International Lubricant Corp. ... 136
Interstate Electric Co. ... 142
Intracoastal Terminal ... 162
Ipik Plywood Company ... 14

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

J

J & L Steel Barrel Co. 156
Jahncke Service, Inc. 120
Jefferson Bottling Co., The 130
Jefferson Democrat 40
Jesclard, Charles E. 101
Johns-Manville Products Corp. 64

K

Kammer, C. A., Mercantile Co. 172
Kennington, A. S., Distributor 112
Keyhole, The 176
Klause's, E., New Beer Garden 154
Klotz Cracker Factory, Ltd. 148
Kraak's, Henry, Nursery 154

L

Lacour, Lurry D. 170
Lawyers Title Insurance Corp. 156
Leitz-Eagan Funeral Home, Inc. 144
Leson Chevrolet 116
Lewis Sea Foods 16
Litolff & Leitz, Inc. 152
Little Forest Club 160
Louisiana Power and Light Co. Back Cover
Louisiana Tractor & Machinery Co. 36
Louisiana Transit Co. 48
Lynn Oil Company 90

M

Maison Blanche Carrollton 138
Mancuso Barrel & Box Co., Inc. 162
Marine Paint & Varnish Co., Inc. 126
Marrero Land & Improvement Assn., Ltd. 92
Martin's Hotel Court 32
Matthews, Geo. B., & Sons, Inc. 178
Mayronne Lumber & Supply Co., Inc. 136
McWilliams Dredging Co. 170
Melling Cement Block Works 172
Metairie Hardware & Paint Store 154
Metairie Ridge Nursery Co., Ltd. 164
Metry Cafe & Bar 176
Met'ry Tourist Court 164
Meyer's Specialty Shop 172
Midway Inn 170
Montaldo Insurance Agency 84
Mothe Burial Benefit Life Insurance Co., Inc., The 126
Muller Furniture Mfg. Co., Ltd. 166

N

National Corp. Service, Inc., of La. 128
Neeb's Hardware Store 172
Nelson's Roof Terrace 178
New Orleans Brewers Association 100
New Orleans Metropolitan Area 82
New Orleans Public Service, Inc. Inside Front
Nook, The 166
Norwood Farms 116

O

O'Donnell Brothers, Inc. 178
Oleander Hotel 164
Original Bruning's Restaurant 150
Orleans Materials & Equipment Co. 146
O'Shaughnessy Service, Inc. Inside Back
Ozone Co., Inc. 152

P

Paletou, J. Wallace, Inc. 144
Pat's Club 144
Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc. 116
Perrin, Clem 150
Pines Tourist Court 32
Plaza Club, The 84
Pontchartrain Lumber Co., Inc. 134

R

Rantz Ice Factory 176
Rathborne, Joseph, Land Co., Inc. 130
Rathborne Lumber & Supply Co., Inc. 96
Rheem Manufacturing Co. 12
Ribaul, Joseph, Transfer 34
Rimbolt, Jules 38
River Terminals Corp. 10
Rose Room, The 174
Roussel's Circle Service Station 172
Roussel's Day & Nite Service 168
Rowan, Peter P., Co., Ltd. 154
Roy, A. K., Inc. 126
Royal Theatre 150

S

St. Bernard Parish Police Jury 94
Samuel Bros. 176
Schayer-Badinger, Inc. 156
Sears, Roebuck and Co. 140
Security Building & Loan Assn. 106
Shippers Compress Warehouse 178
Smith, Ed, Stencil Works 160
Smitty's Cabs 164
Smitty's Casino Bar & Restaurant 26
Soulé College 170
Southern Cotton Oil Co., The 50
Southern Shell Fish Co., Inc. 143
Southern States Equipment Co. 122
Spahr, Chas. E., Distributor 88
Stauffer, Eshleman & Co., Ltd. 166
Steger's Department Store 174
Stratton-Baldwin Co., Inc. 140
Stumpf, Archie C., Druggist 174
Stumpf's, John, Son 54
Suburban Bowling Alley 146
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc. 146
Swanson, Frank 138
Swift & Co. 120

T

Terminal Mud & Chemical Co. 60
Texas Co., The 58
Thomas, A. G. 140
Tichenor, Dr. G. H., Antiseptic Co. 176
Tip Top Pavilion 160
Tony's Rendezvous 148
Transportation Equipment Company 28
Trico Coffee Co., Inc. 174
Tropical Radio Telegraph Co. 142
Tucker's Club 100
Tucker's Tavern 122

U

U. S. Industrial Chemicals, Inc. 130
United Cash Grocery—Algiers Branch 178
United Distillers of America, Inc. 82
United Gas Pipe Line Co. 44
United States Steel Products Co. 154

V

Von Der Haar, Frank A. 166

W

WWL Development Co., Inc. 164
We-Go-Inn 88
Weiner's Furniture Co. 172
West Bank Motors 86
West-Side Funeral Homes 174
West Side Oil Co., Distributor 98
Western Union Telegraph Co. 174
Whitney National Bank 136
Williams, W. Horace, Co., Inc. 156
Wilson Variety Stores 154
Wisser's Cafe & Delicatessen 174
Woodward, Wight & Co., Ltd. 134
Wyman, Henry J. 178

STEEL

AVONDALE MARINE WAYS, INC.

TELEPHONE: OFFICE AND PLANT, WALNUT 8970

RIVER FRONT, NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT, WESTWEGO, LOUISIANA

O'SHAUGHNESSY SERVICE, INC.

AIRLINE HIGHWAY at 17th STREET CANAL

BOWLING

40 Air Conditioned Alleys
Special Individual Instruction to all Beginners.
1 pm. to 4 pm.

SPORTING GOODS STORE

Bowling Equipment Golf Equipment
Soft Ball Equipment
Fishing Equipment
Tennis Equipment, Etc.

SERVICE STATION

TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
Firestone Tires, Tubes, Etc.
Washing Greasing Tire Repairs

8 POCKET BILLARD TABLES
BRUNSWICK

BUFFET SERVICE
SANDWICHES, BEER, ETC.

Phones: CEdar 3400 - 3401 - 3402

TWO OTHER SERVICE STATIONS

Jefferson Highway at Lake
CEdar 3313

•

Jefferson Highway at Brooklyn
CEdar 1760

Facing a Brighter Future in Jefferson Parish

Every forecast says "Jefferson will be prosperous." Both industry and agriculture will grow — and Cheap Electricity will be a partner of both.

On Jefferson Parish farms, modern electric helpers will save time and increase profits—will provide new sources of income. And Cheap Electricity will enable Jefferson's industries to turn out better products at lower costs.

Your enterprises and ours are all parts of the American system of doing business. And because this company is managed by Louisiana businessmen who know your needs, we can work closely with you for progress.

We're proud of our record of service—and of our ability, in these times, to bring you Cheap Electricity at the lowest price in history. It's the "bargain of the century."

LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

"Helping Build Louisiana"