

JEFFERSON PARISH

Home of

- World Port—has river frontage on both banks of the Mississippi River. Fifty-five per cent of all goods manufactured in and shipped from the Port of New Orleans is manufactured on the west bank of the river in Jefferson Parish
- · Huey P. Long Bridge
- Terminus Intracoastal Canal
- Seven Trunk Line Railroads
- Super Paved Highways
- · Shipbuilding
- The only Celotex Plant in the Country
- The largest Sugar Cane Syrup plant in the Nation
- Molasses Center of the United States
- The Largest Cottonseed Products Plant in the Union
- The Largest Shrimp Canning Plant in the World

Home of

- Six Oil Fields—(101 Wells)— Lafitte, Barataria, Westwego, Lake Salvador, Bay de Chene and Delta Farms. At Lafitte (the Most Amazing Oil Field in the State), thirty consecutive deep wells were brought in by its producer, The Texas Company.
- \$3,000,000 Dairy Industry.
- · Extensive Truck Farming
- Large Seafood Operations
- Thousands of Rich Trapping Acres
- Outstanding Residential Section of the South
- Hope Haven, Jefferson Parish's Million-Dollar Boys' Town
- Grand Isle—the Best and Safest Surf Bathing in America
- e Sportsman's Paradise
- The Unique Beauty of the Pirate Haunts of the Romantic Figures of Jean Lafitte and his Men
- Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo
- · Annual Pirogue Race

"The Southern Eden"

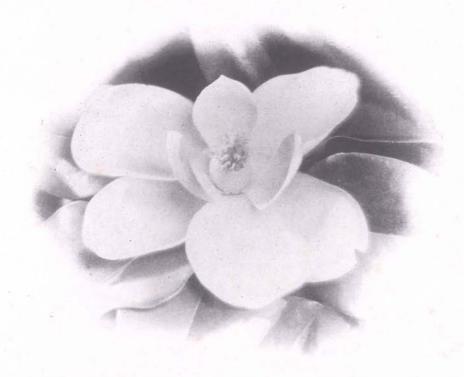
LEADING

Industrial and Manufacturing Center of the South

JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY

1942 JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

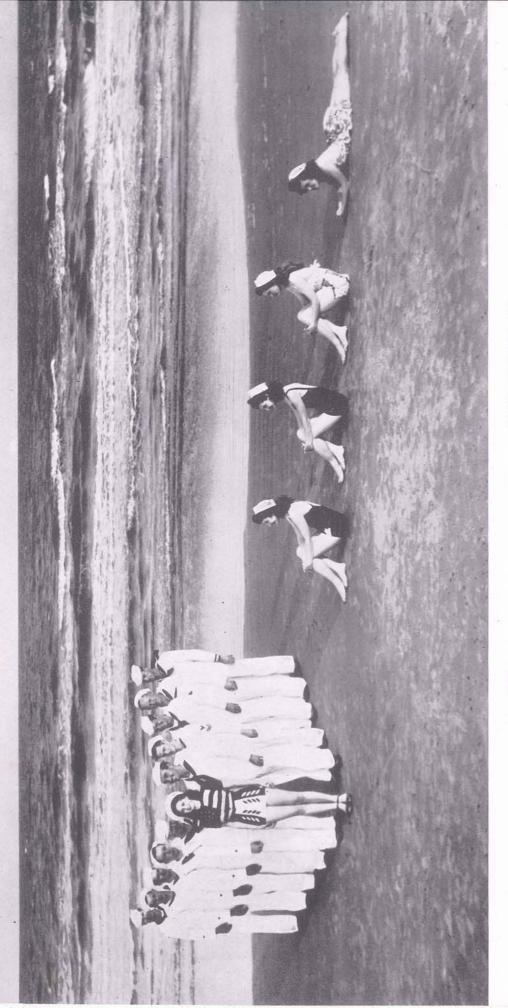
Dedicated simply
TO VICTORY



JUSTIN F. BORDENAVE Editor and Publisher WEAVER R. TOLEDANO President of the Police Jury

JOSEPH H. MONIES Business Manager H. D. CHAMBERLAIN Associate Editor

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VICTORY

Life must have its lighter moments—yet in these lighter moments we can keep in mind our ultimate goal—VICTORY. On the beach at Grand Isle coastguardsmen and Jefferson Parish bathing beauties form the V and . . . — of Victory, while oil on the bathers feet is a grim reality: oil, from sunken vessels, surging in on the booming surf.

Foreword

EFFERSON Parish has for the duration put aside all selfish striving. All well and good in the bountiful days of peace to compete for business and industry, to gather unto ourselves for our citizens the best of all things that come our way.

Now all that has been left behind us. We know that even our America can lose the war. But more than that we know that OUR AMERICA MUST WIN THIS WAR! Under the Axis there is no bounty and no peace and no striving. LITERALLY, THE WAY OF THE WORLD DE-PENDS ON THIS COUNTRY, a situation that has never before existed in all history, and a task so gigantic that it is almost beyond the comprehension of us the little people, who nevertheless know beyond any doubt that we are in a struggle in which no quarter will be given, and in which the race is to the swift. We are fighting for our lives, not for any ideology. We are fighting for our homes, not to make a "world safe for democracy". The man behind the man behind the gun is in the front lines today. If he does his job poorly, war will come to him and his loved ones as inevitably and as devastatingly as to any troops on the field of battle.

The people of Jefferson are willingly, nay eagerly, shouldering their part of the National burden. In these pages we have tried to show some of the things that we are doing, and hope to do, with the prayer that their accomplishment may speed, even a little, the attainment of OUR AMERICA'S VICTORY.

THE EDITOR.



JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY-MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Clem Perrin, Ward 6, Lafitte; Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Greina; Hirsh Meyer, Ward 4, Marrero; W. R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Eugene Haydel, Former Office Clerk, now in the air service of the United States; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Assistant Secretary and Parish Treasurer; Wm. Hepting, Secretary, and Albert J. Cantrelle, President Pro-Tem. Ward 4, Marrero.

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

STREAMLINED FOR WAR

W. R. TOLEDANO President, Jefferson Parish Police Jury

Jefferson Parish is streamlined for war. Put aside for the duration, to be picked up in a happier day, are the humdrum of routine business, the long lazy days on the beach, the week-ends of fishing for tarpon the "silver king," the easy happy way of life that marked the parish as one of the beauty spots of America the Golden. We of the parish are sure that these days will come again, but we are wasting no time in hoping. By our works we are helping to make sure that victory will surely and quickly come, and that all we hold dear will be preserved.

Those who have had the effrontery to say that America was soft should see our parish as a vivid example of what an aroused people can accomplish. No other part of our country offered a better way of life. We were and are progressive, but we have always tempered our desire to get ahead with a regard for the rights of others, and the belief that a community's first concern was for the happiness of its people. These principles still hold in Jefferson, but above all we have put the well-being of our country, and as a unit the parish is working for the nation. Parish shipyards are turning out equipment for the Maritime Commission; Parish industries are in a great measure filling war contracts for the army and navy; parish farmers have turned waste land into food-for-freedom farms; and the people, old and young are busy with war work or civilian defense.

All of this has put an added burden on the Jefferson Parish Police Jury. We are bearing all the costs of civilian defense. It is true that there is only one paid employee, an essential full-time secretary, but the equipment needed has all been provided by the Police Jury. This includes the observation towers scattered throughout the parish, and the telephone installed in each one. It includes supplies for emergency first aid stations, and many other details that contribute to the smooth system that we have developed for the protection of our citizens.

In co-operation with the State of Louisiana and the Federal government, the Police Jury has completely re-organized the parish's health department, and established a Health Unit. The Parish has guaranteed \$10,800 for the operation of this Unit, part of which cost will be borne by the School Board, which has contracted for certain services for the benefit of scholars in the public schools. The United States Government has provided funds for a \$22,500 building to be constructed in Gretna, and an \$8,500 building in Haraham. The sites for these buildings have been donated by the respective communities. After the organization of the Health Unit is complete, clinics will be operated in several sections of the parish that will be open to the public. The benefits expected from this new health department are unlimited. Dr. J. D. Martin is medical director.

Also in furtherance of health and nutrition, the Food Stamp Plan Committee was successful during the past year in securing the Food Stamp Plan for Jefferson Parish. This system, which takes the place of the old free distri-



Phospher Street, Metairie, recently paved. Property owners have been inspired by the improvement in the street to recondition their homes and grounds—compare this view with picture on opposite page.

bution of food to those who are eligible, not only helps the recipient but also allows the groceryman to sell his commodities at their regular retail price without having the competition of free distribution. Under the plan, those who hold food stamps purchase from a regular dealer, and have a wider choice than formerly, which contributes to the family health by providing a balanced diet. This plan costs the parish a monthly outlay of \$156, as well as approximately \$7,000, a lump sum which is on deposit with the State of Louisiana as part of a revolving fund for the stamps.

Another matter that has been brought to a head, and taken care of because of the war is the problem of high tidewater from the Gulf of Mexico backing up through the Intracoastal Canal.

Recently it has become a matter of military importance to keep the high tides out and the Work Projects Administration is endeavoring to control the floodwaters by raising the levee of the Intracoastal and Hero canals in a project sponsored by the Jefferson-Plaquemines Drainage District. The Jefferson Parish Police Jury is contributing \$8,000.00 towards this project.

An unusual feature of the project is that the 67,600 cypress pilings necessary to raise the levee over an 11-mile section of the canal are being handhewn from the thickly wooded banks of the waterway and floated into place through an intricate network of small canals dredged for the purpose.

The work is under way from a point just south of the Harvey locks on the west bank of the Mississippi river to the intersection of the Hero canal. Two rows of pilings are being driven about 20 feet apart and the section between the rows is filled with brush and dirt.

The preliminary work—clearing, dredging, cutting and trimming the timber—has been in progress for several months. WPA workers have dredged over 24,000 cubic yards of temporary canals to float the timber out of the woods. They already have cut approximately 20,000 pilings and these have been floated or hauled to central storage places.

Pile-driving operations have just begun but WPA crews are driving about 80 pilings a day. The three-mile Hero canal was similarly improved under

another project but the levee is being further strengthened and raised. This improvement, when completed, not only will hold back flood-water but should provide more adequate drainage, WPA engineers believe.

Work is going forward to provide drainage for the Lafitte area also. In conjunction with the State and the WPA the parish is planning to rebuild the back levees behind Lafitte, which have been eroded to the point where high tidewaters have been flooding the front lands. When these levees are restored, adequate pumping facilities will be provided so that drainage will be maintained in this section.

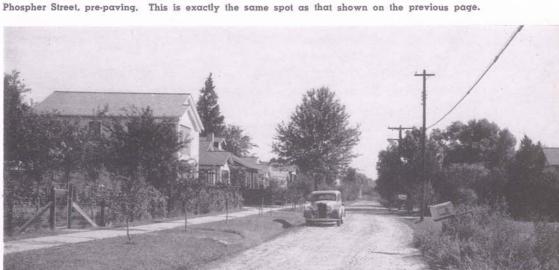
Another wartime measure that has been taken care of by the Police Jury is the setting up of a salvage board in line with the Government's program of waste elimination.

For the production of war needs, thirty sewing machines have been loaned to the Jefferson Parish Chapter of the American Red Cross.

In the meantime, our regular civilian duties have not been neglected. Street paving has continued to an extent where the Metairie section was third in street paving in the entire state during 1941, exceeded only by the cities of New Orleans and Lake Charles. Streets that have been completed since last year include Helois, Orion, Aurora, Phosphor and Codifer Avenues, each approximately a mile in length. In McDonoghville 6200 feet of sidewalk has been paved, on Porter, Milton and Romain streets, and an additional 6200 feet is awaiting approval from the Work Projects Administration. All paving has been sponsored by the Police Jury, and done by the WPA.

Building of homes and places of business has continued on a large scale. For the past few years, Jefferson Parish has seen a tremendous increase in such building, and the trend is still upward. The records show that home building during 1941 was practically double that of 1940, which had set a record, and it is expected that 1942 will outstrip all other years, to house war workers who are crowding the parish and New Orleans. Of course the availability of materials will be a determining factor.

Specifically, during the past year 370 homes and 21 business houses were built in the eighth ward, which includes Metairie. 249 homes and 6 business establishments went up in the seventh ward. 13 homes and 19 businesses in





More than sixty-seven thousand hand-hewn cypress pilings will be driven in double rank on this can'al project to hand-cuff Gulf tides and improve drainage.

ward nine, including Kenner. Fifty more homes were built in Gretna, 70 in Westwego, 456 in Harvey and Marrero, 23 in Barataria and Lafitte, 10 on Grand Isle, and 5 in Avondale and Waggaman. Truly a tremendous record, and conclusive evidence of the rate at which the parish is growing.

Always of interest to our people and the world at large, particularly at a time like this when the best minds of our time call this a "war for oil," is the condition of the oil industry in Jefferson Parish, which has also grown by leaps and bounds during the last few years. Therefore we will briefly summarize the reports given us by the major oil companies.

The Texas Company has 60 wells producing gas and oil in the Lafitte field, two in the Bay de Chene field, three in the Delta Farms field and eleven in the Lake Salvador field.

The California Company reports that there are now 22 producing wells in the Barataria field, fourteen of which are wholly owned and operated by that company. The other eight wells in this field are jointly owned and operated by the California Company and certain other operators, namely, Danciger Oil and Refineries, Inc.; Carter, Perrin & Brian; Reese Carter; and Gulf Refining Company.

There are presently three producing wells in the Westwego field, the operators being Reese Carter and Stanolind Oil & Gas Company.

Thus the parish has a total of 101 producing wells at the present time, and the daily combined allowable for June, 1942, was 15,483 barrels a day.

In conclusion, we point out that war has brought changes to the Parish of Jefferson, both material and spiritual. We are still the Parish of Progress, streamlined for war. And like the rest of America, when we roll up our sleeves to do a job, we do the most complete and efficient job that the world has ever known, and this job of winning a war will be no exception.

JEFFERSON'S FABULOUS HARBOR PLANS

THOMAS EWING DABNEY Metropolitan Press Feature Writer

Jefferson Parish has come of age, and is eager to do a man's job. The work on which today's Men of Jefferson pin their vision is of the reach and scope of yesterday's—such creators as the Destréhans, the Harveys, the Heros, etc., who changed their countryside from a wilderness approach to a pirate's depot into the increasing economic value now indicated by such figures as 50,000 population, \$31,000,000 property assessments and \$13,025,000 effective buying income a year. Energy, confidence and determination which difficulties stimulated to greater performance, have made Jefferson the dynamic factor it now is, with oil fields in ancient duck marshes, seafood and lumber and agricultural industries far exceeding the yield of former years, factories rising like cliffs on the river's bank, and a \$1,700,000 lock putting Jefferson on the greatest interior-waterways crossroads in the world, where world commerce comes to a focus on the intracoastal canal system which reaches from Texas . to New England, and the Mississippi river system which taps a vast-spreading production from Kansas City to Minneapolis to Chicago to Knoxville. The Men of Jefferson now propose to create a port.

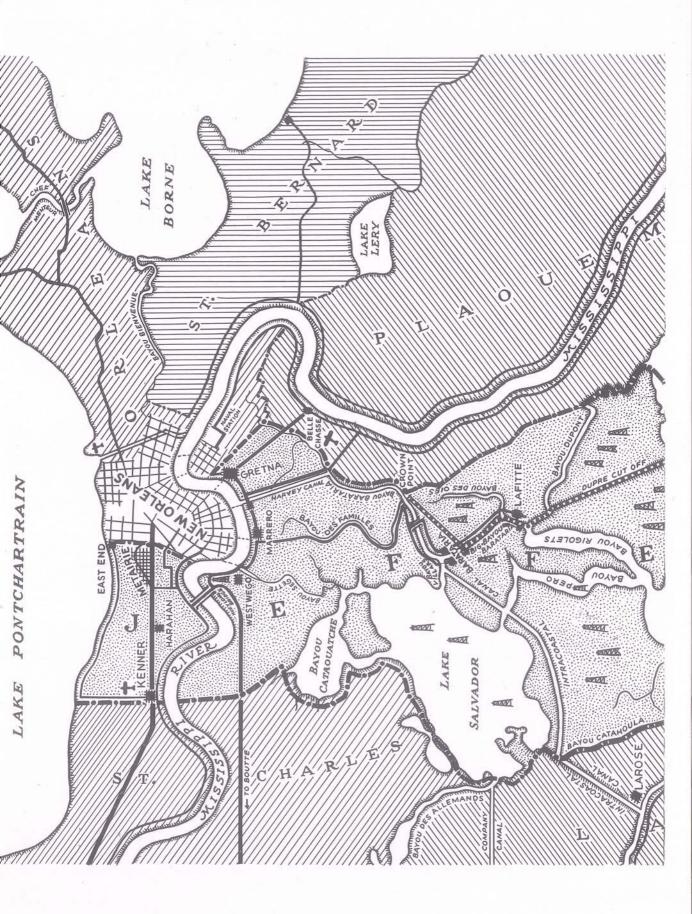
Introducing new factors in a world of steadily intensifying competition, that new and greater port, they say, contains as fabulous possibilities for this entire section of Louisiana as Eads' jetties, when they lifted the bar at the river's mouth and opened the Mississippi Valley to world-trade via New Orleans.

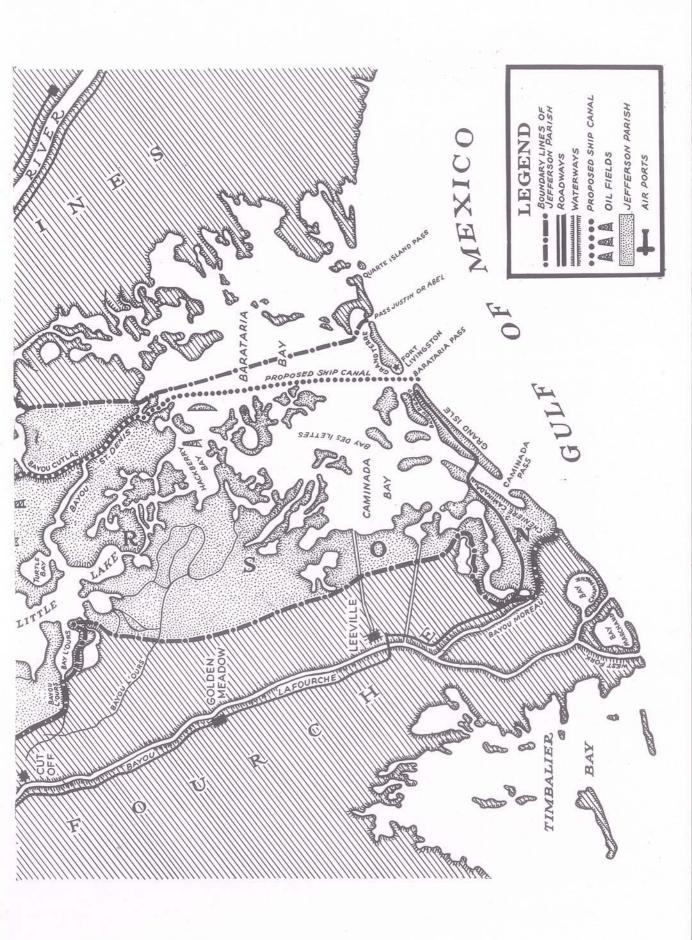
Jefferson's port proposal is to dredge a ship canal almost due south from Crown Point, on Bayou Barataria a few miles beyond Gretna, to Barataria Bay, and open a channel through Barataria Pass (between Grande Terre and Grand Islands, Lafitte's old domain) to the open sea.

That would more than halve the distance between the Gulf of Mexico and the distribution facilities of the New Orleans port area, of which Jefferson Parish has been an integral part since the Huey P. Long railroad-highway bridge made the east and west banks of the river one. Instead of 110 miles by twisting river current, there would be less than 50 miles of straight, still-water channel. Instead of a 20-foot variation in wharf heights, because of changing river stages, there would be economical, fixed-level facilities.

This is no new idea. Major Quinn of the United States engineering corps proposed such a development in 1894. He studied it from all angles—dredging costs, maintenance problems and transportation advantages—and he strongly urged that the work be undertaken. In 1917, the plan was revived. In 1935, parish authorities went to the front again with the proposal, and engaged the services of John H. Bernard, waterways engineer, to represent it in engineering details. Mr. Bernard pointed out that the need is greater now than in Major

The map of Jefferson Parish on the two following pages shows graphically how the proposed channel would shorten the distance between the Jefferson and New Orleans shipping area and the Gulf of Mexico. Of particular interest is the fact that the proposed route follows waterways throughout practically is whole length.





Quinn's time, because of the larger commercial and industrial demands, and because of the increasing competition to New Orleans from Texas ports to the west and Mississippi to the east. Now, Louisiana's Lake Charles on the one side and Alabama's Mobile on the other increase the economic pressure. State Senator Jules G. Fisher in 1938 introduced a bill into the Louisiana Legislature to effectuate the plan, but withdrew it when he could not muster enough votes to put it through.

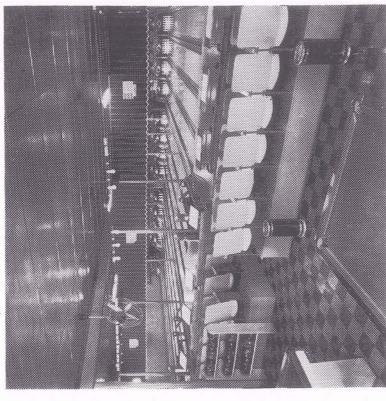
"It is a wonderful opportunity, it contains history-making possibilities, it would be of the utmost development value to this entire section," says Senator Fisher in this year of 1942.

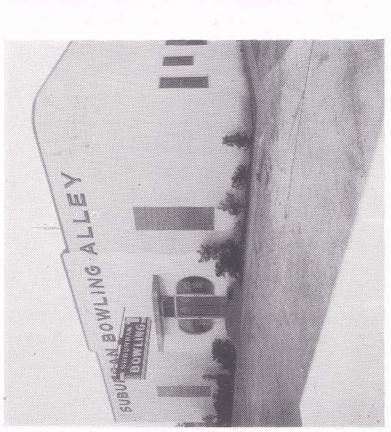
The fact that the Men of Jefferson are again returning to this project, after so many failures, proves their indestructible belief in its value and indestructible determination to keep driving until they put it through. They point out that every great achievement has had to buck just as determined opposition—Eads' jetties, for instance; the bridge across the Mississippi; flood control and spillways. These are now realities because men who believed did not accept the reversals of decades and generations.

Nature's harbors, with few exceptions, are makeshifts. Those which were ideal—relatively speaking—to the early users of the sea, became increasingly difficult and expensive as tonnage increased and trade demands changed. Their continuing value has been in proportion to the artificial works of man—dredging here, blasting there, filling in and building up somewhere else, and creating new and safer and shorter water approaches. In even the world's best ports today, the works of man are more important than the happen-so of nature.

The port of New Orleans is an example. When the city was founded two and a quarter centuries ago, the river site, protected from storms and the logical interchange point for the commerce of the Mississippi Valley through which the great stream was the only transportation means, was an answer to prayer. New Orleans was, in the current saying, a natural; its growth was fabulous from the time the development policies of the United States succeeded the colonial astringencies which ended with the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. Even then, there were difficulties and expenses connected with the steadily making bar at the river's mouth, and the steadily changing outlets of the Mississippi. From the early days, the engineers visualized a shorter, more economical approach-channel from tidewater, but the construction facilities of the time were not equal to the engineers' imagination. The changes which came with passing years forced the issue—larger ships could not cross the bar at all, railroads introduced a new factor in distribution, and New Orleans, as a port, would have disappeared if Eads had not brought the Mississippi under conisol in 1879, forcing the river to scour a channel where man, not nature, desired it.

From that day, New Orleans was a man-modified harbor, but the improvements were only makeshift; and it was not until 1918 that New Orleans was able to make an impressive approach to the ideal man-made harbor. In that year, it began the Industrial Canal, designed to be a fixed-level ship facility of indefinite expansion through virgin territory, by cheaply dredged laterals on which docks and manufacturing establishments and interchange depots could





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Is this river-front ship-loading operation to be duplicated in the future on the new waterway envisioned in Jefferson's fabulous harbor plan?

be built at a much lower cost—even had the frontage been available—than on the river, where the variation in water-level poses such expensive engineering problems. The \$20,000,000 Industrial Canal was only a part of the solution; the hope was then and still is, to dredge a channel through Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne to blue water, so that ships could steam to New Orleans by the shorter, cheaper man-made approach, instead of by the river, on which the flood-rush is heavier than it was under natural conditions, and the jetties of which must steadily be pushed further out to sea as the enormous volume of silt, always pouring down, fills in the ocean deeps.

That the Industrial Canal has never achieved the full economic return envisioned, is due to restrictive regulations to protect the \$30,000,000 invested in maritime facilities on the river-front of New Orleans, and to the fact that the direct channel to the sea has not yet been created.

Entirely man-made, save in the channel through Barataria Bay and Pass to the ocean, the proposed Jefferson Harbor represents the ideal in port-development, say the Men of Jefferson. The route lies through unoccupied marsh land, cheap to buy and cheap to dredge. The cost of cutting the intracoastal canal links through similar formations was five cents a cubic yard. Canals and bayous in this section maintain their depths without dredging, a fact that is not true of the river, in which, even at New Orleans, frequent dredging is necessary to maintain the necessary depth of water alongside certain wharves. There is no downpouring of silt to build bars in Barataria Bay and across Barataria Pass. Once the channel is established there, it will maintain itself with little help from man: for several generations, tidal flow kept the depth through the Pass at 80 feet and more. The material dredged out of the canal site would raise the ground-level on each side to the elevation of New Orleans. On this

When In METAIRIE

Louis E. Gruber

made land would be built the highways, the railroads, the facilities and the industries of the artificial port.

From the top of this harbor—Crown Point—the distance is only nine miles to Gretna; only a dozen miles to the Huey P. Long bridge, which connects the west bank of the present New Orleans harbor with the east bank. Ships could make the run from tidewater to Crown Point in about three hours. It takes about 12 hours to make the river passage to New Orleans, eight to run it down stream.

At the lower end of the development could be established oil, lumber, chemical, fish and express harbors; and perhaps a free-port zone—new factors in the economic development of this part of the state.

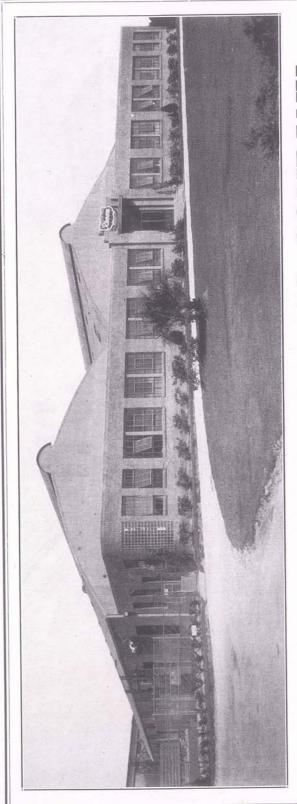
The Men of Jefferson say such a harbor would cut the costs of handling freight \$1 a ton. This is a large saving. It would meet the challenge of other ports—especially that of Houston, which, incidentally, is a man-made harbor, achieved over greater physical difficulties than are entailed by the Jefferson proposal, and not possessing such expansive possibilities.

So far, New Orleans interests have opposed such a development. The port facilities—a financial responsibility of the state—represent a large investment. Would not such a development junk these values? What about New Orleans if it lost the harbor business which, according to economists, accounts for 70 cents of every dollar in circulation there?

The questions, say the Men of Jefferson, were more formidable in former years than now. Until the bridge tied together both banks of the river, the east and west-sides were different worlds. The river was a great barrier to development—a barrier that operated both ways. Each side of the river lived its own life—the New Orleans side making great progress because of its transportation developments, the Jefferson side doing as well as it could with its fisheries,

Great merchant ships from all the seven seas may yet navigate Grand Pass (upper left), between Grand Isle (foreground) and Grande Terre.





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Ocean-going cargo vessels at dock-side will be the stock in trade of Jefferson's projected harbor system.

its peltries, its agriculture and its local industries. Now, engineering developments have changed the west-bank picture, just as the railroads, beginning with the 1850s, put value behind the "back lands," until then too far from transportation on the rivers—to move their products to market.

Mechanical power, steel rails, concrete highways and the Mississippi river bridge have opened a new era for the west side. You see the same degree of progress there that you see on the east side. The population of Jefferson parish increased 26 per cent during the past decade, the invested values increased in still larger proportion. Many oil fields have made that section a new world. Some of the principal industries of what its Association of Commerce correctly calls Greater New Orleans, are there—commercial-alcohol, cottonseed-oil, asbestos-roofing, fertilizer, building-board, petroleum-products manufactories, etc., etc. Algiers (now a part of New Orleans) has changed, in a short generation, from an economic rubbish heap into a center of metropolitan attitudes; Gretna, Jefferson's parish seat, once a bad part of the road, has achieved a population of 11,000; Westwego has grown to 5000. The west-bank development has not been at the expense of New Orleans, it has been to the advantage of New Orleans.

Regardless of parish lines, the east and west banks are one community, say the Men of Jefferson; regardless of municipal delimitations, this is all one port.

Future west-bank development will help New Orleans, as past development has done.

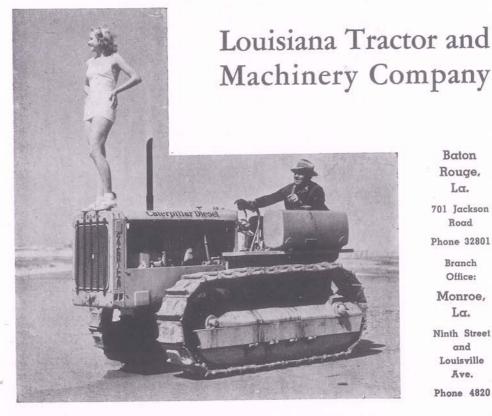
Every increment in foreign trade which the Harbor of Jefferson brings in, will erect a still Greater New Orleans, believe the Men of Jefferson. So far as the prosperity of the community is concerned, it does not make any difference—transportation facilities being what they are—where the physical port is. The Men of Jefferson point out that the Industrial Canal is about as far

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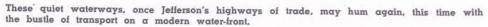


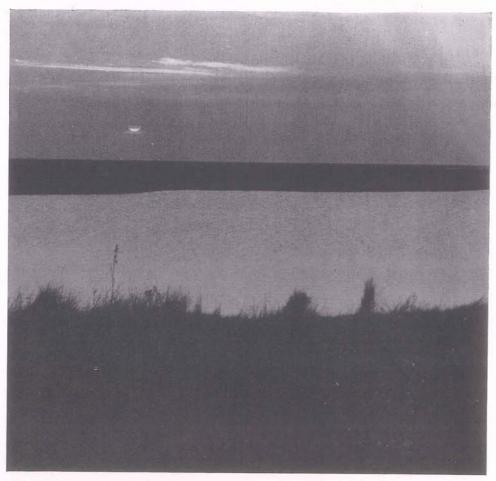
Baton Rouge, La. 701 Jackson Road Phone 32801 Branch Office: Monroe, La. Ninth Street and Louisville Phone 4820

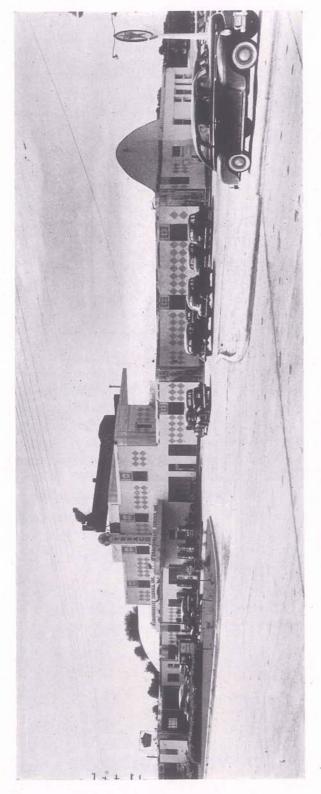
from Canal Street as Crown Point is, but no one would say that the Industrial Canal has hurt or could hurt the development of New Orleans. The public grain elevator and the cotton warehouse on the New Orleans riverfront are a day's journey (under former transportation conditions) from the port which Bienville envisioned, but they have helped, not hindered, the growth of the city.

Even if the investment on the river front were junked, after many years, by the superior Harbor of Jefferson, the city of New Orleans and the state of Louisiana would gain more than they lost, by reason of the new commerce, the new industry, the new pay rolls, the new investment values, the new sources of tax revenue—so say the Men of Jefferson. Throughout the industrial world, plant and equipment are junked when new methods and new facilities are developed, and the junking measures economic gain, not loss.

But why assume that the riverfront facilities would be rendered valueless? that the port of New Orleans, as we know it today, would be cut off from the







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A. O'SHAUGHNESSY President world? A lock—like that of the Industrial Canal—could connect the Harbor of Jefferson with the river, and the present facilities would be reached much easier and more economically via the 50-mile slack-water canal than via the 110-mile river-approach.

How would the undertaking be financed? The Men of Jefferson believe their parish is strong enough to float a bond issue for the purchase of a broad strip of this cheap marsh-land; to create, on it, the Harbor Area; and to undertake the necessary dredging and other work. As quick assets, the parish would have ready-made embankments to sell to the railroads and state highway departments, and valuable sites to sell to commercial and industrial interests. They believe the values that would be created would pay for the land and the essential physical improvements, and that the development to follow would create the most favorable physical and economic port facilities in the United States.

Against such advantages, and the new business they would attract, the Men of Jefferson say the five or ten or twenty million dollars of cost would be a cheap investment, and no threat at all to the peace of mind of tax-payers. Not only would the entire Jefferson-New Orleans area benefit, but the state as well, in more employment, larger use of natural resources, and a broader source of tax-revenue.

They expect opposition, do the Men of Jefferson, for every step into the future is taken over present protest. Only a World War could make the people of New Orleans think in terms of the millions for the Industrial Canal,—one of the results of which is a ship-building industry that promises to be durable. The second World War may bring the focusing of effort upon the long-matured Jefferson harbor-project. This crisis will not end with the peace, any more than the other one did; peace will bring increasing economic problems, and every speed-up and economy will be important to future prosperity.

The project will be undertaken, say the Men of Jefferson, because it must be undertaken—this development of new and better trade and manufacturing facilities, this making of two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, this creation of more 70-cent port dollars than we now have.

Jefferson Parish is become of age—able and determined to exploit its vast physical resources, with the wealth and the manpower and the vision which make large undertakings inevitable, regardless of their cost, regardless of opposition.

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BUILD FOR VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS AND SAMPS

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She's a one-man—pardon—a one-woman demolition squad, and those who have seen her work say she really cleans up the place. Attractive Melba Bergeron Mince of Kenner started blasting with dynamite as her husband's helper about a year and a half ago, more to be with him than with the thought of making this hazardous work a career. Since then she has qualified for a blasting license under the Explosives Act of 1941 and is rated an expert. Afraid? "Why?" she asks. "If it went off. I'd never know what happened."

WOMEN IN WAR

DOROTHY DIX

Did you read that story in the newspapers some weeks ago about the young soldier sending his mother a box of cookies such as she never made in her palmiest days? It appears that when he went to war he was set to wrestling with the pots and pans, instead of manipulating flying fortresses, and to help in building up the morale of the army that, as Napoleon said, travels on its belly, by giving it the sort of food that puts strength in a man's arms and scrappiness into his soul. And so he turned out a first-class cook who some day will be the joy and pride of his lucky wife.

And every day we hear about intrepid young girls who are ferrying convoys across the seas; who are helping to design airplanes; who are driving trucks and running ambulances in blackouts, who are boss riveters and we'ders and longshoremen, and who, without doubt, will some day bless some fortunate men by becoming their everloving wives.

This gives you as clear a picture as we can get in these confused times about what the world is going to be like when the war is over. Just what is going to happen to us is anybody's guess, but one thing is certain, and that is that the old order of life as we knew it, that was filled with laughter and fun and frolic, when nobody had automobile tires on their minds or counted their lumps of sugar, is gone, never to return again.

And, more particularly, the relationship of the sexes will be changed. Class lines will be abolished and instead of there being clinging-vine ladies and gallant gentlemen we will all just be human beings together, with the same faults and frailties and talents and virtues. The parasitic wife will be as much a lost species of fauna as the Dodo, and the head-of-the-house husband will have become a museum specimen. And woman's sacred sphere will be as much of a myth as the lost Atlantis.

Undoubtedly in this strange new world that we are about to enter every woman will have a trade and be self-supporting, and when a girl marries she will no more think of giving up her job than a man does. There will be two reasons for this. One is that many men will be killed and there will be a great shortage of labor and this will necessarily have to be filled by women.

Already people have ceased to talk about woman's work, for women are showing that they are just as adept at figuring out a blue print for a million dollar factory as they were at working out a pattern for a crocheted tidy. They have proven that they have the strength and stamina to stand hard labor and gruelling hours, and that in many lines of precision work their smaller hands and delicate touch make them ever more valuable than men. So it is the woman power after the war that we are going to have to depend on to a large extent to get things going again.

For another thing after the war there will be a great scarcity of men. France and England were almost Adamless Edens after the last war and, in a measure, we shall confront the same fate. There will be many widows for whom there will be no second husbands. Many spinsters who will never find

husbands at all. And these women must not only be self-supporting, they must find work so interesting and absorbing that it will fill their hearts and hands and minds so that they will not brood over the loved and lost, or what might have been.

Already the war has taken hundreds of thousands of women out of the overcrowded ranks of the saleswomen and the stenographers and the waitresses in restaurants and put them in factories where they are doing work they never dreamed that they could do, and earning salaries that seem fabulous to them, contrasted with their former meager pay. Housewives who had to wheedle every cent out of tightwad husbands and give an account of what they did with the quarter they gave them week before last are never going back to financial dependence.

There will be love and marriage, of course, and babies, for, as has been said, we have many civilizations but only one human nature, but marriage will be more of a business partnership than it has ever been before, and there will have to be some communal way of living and taking care of children devised. We don't like the idea of scrapping the vine-wreathed cottage of the bridal couple's dream and of not having Mom rock the baby to sleep, but there are a lot of other old customs that we cling to with tooth and toenail that have passed into the discard without wrecking domesticity.

There was a time when we said that numbers of families couldn't live in an apartment house without being in a perpetual fight, yet many of us do, and like it. We all remember how we wept over the thought of giving up the bread that Mother made with her own hands, but we find that the bakeries turn out a far better loaf. And we all know children who need nothing so much as to be taken away from silly mothers and turned over to a good child-specialist, with a strong right hand, to rear.

Their work is a grim business—their smiles are for victory. Girl workers in the ordnance plant of Rheem Manufacturing Company, Jefferson Highway.



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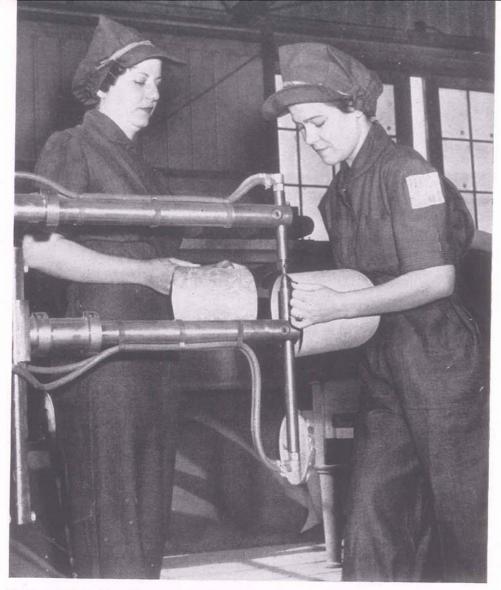
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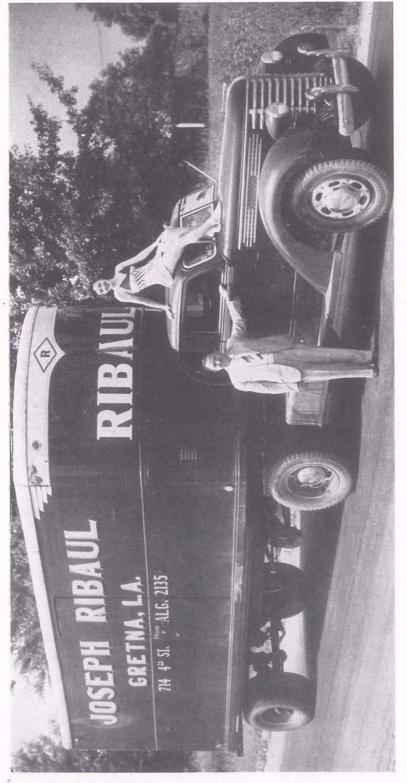




Women at work: Mary Mamola of Kenner (left), and Dorothy Becker of Marrero, during their training for war work in the NYA machine shop.

In the meantime many of the changes that the war will force upon us will prove blessings in disguise. It will turn many a spoiled Mother's darling from a weakling into a strong, disciplined man, and in that alone it will come near to paying the price of all it has cost us.

I get hundreds of thousands of letters a year from boys and girls who open their hearts to me and pour out their thoughts and aspirations, and as I have read these letters that were one continuous wail over the hardships of their lots in having to work and not being able to have all the luxuries that millionaires have; and had boys tell me that they did not intend to work as their fathers had and slave and save, but that they were going to have money while they were young and could enjoy it; and had girls tell me that it didn't pay to be good, and saw how low were their ideals, how lacking they were in the sturdy virtues of their forebears, I felt that the greatest danger this country faced was from its own youth.



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But the war has unbelievably changed the tone of these letters. After the first batch of cry-baby letters from the draftees was over a new spirit, something fine and brave and strong and manly, crept into the letters. The boys had found their souls. They were no longer thinking of petting parties and night clubs and being sorry for themselves because they had had to give up their jobs to go into service. They realized for the first time that there was something in the world bigger than their own personal pleasure, that there was a great principle at stake that was worth fighting for and dying for if need be. Many a lad who went into the war a weakling, or a Communist, or an Anarchist, or a potential gangster will come out a soldier and a gentleman and an honor to his country.

Another bit of the silver lining of the war cloud is that it is going to make all of us discover our homes, and this is going to be a particularly novel adventure to the young. For the past fifteen or twenty years our homes have been only an address to us, which some of us changed every year, the places we went to only to change our clothes and when we had nowhere else to go. When a girl had a date she came down when he honked his automobile at

Fighting men of a new generation pause a moment beneath Gretna's memorial arch to those who fell in World War No. 1 before entraining under selective service orders for duty with the army.





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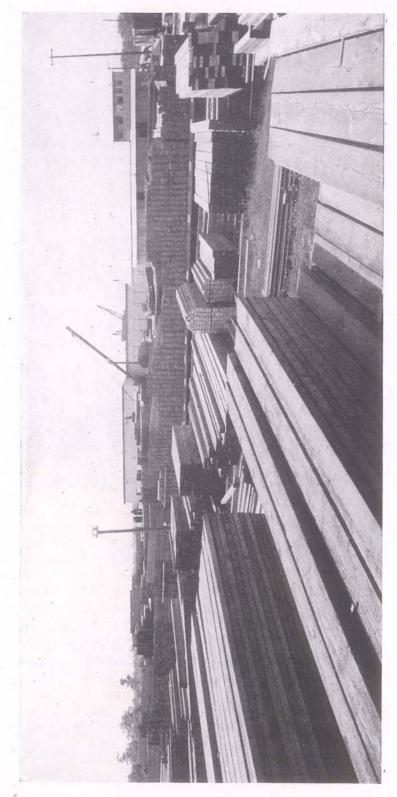
Morale picks up at a bountiful table. Coast Guardsmen from Algiers Naval Station are guests of parishioners of St. Joseph's Church of Gretna at luncheon in the Knights of Columbus hall, as part of the National Catholic Women's program for the entertainment of the armed forces.

the sidewalk, with her hat on, ready to go somewhere, anywhere, away from home.

Now, with no tires to ride on, trips to roadhouses and petting lames are out and Johnny and Susie will have to stay at home. And they will be perfectly surprised to find that an evening passed at home can be quite as pleasant as one at a night club, and that raiding the family ice box furnishes a tastier meal than they can get at a hotdog stand.

Furthermore, although the youngsters don't know it, home is the great incentive to matrimony. There were practically no old maids in the days when Arabella entertained her beaux in the old back parlor. There is nothing about a dance hall, with everyone tearing around to hot jazz music, that makes a lad think about settling down and getting married. Nor is any man moved to pop the question with a waiter hanging around listening to every word. But Arabella in her own home, across a little table spread for two, feeding him food she alleges she cooked with her own hands, makes even the most hardened bachelor think how nice and cozy it would be to have a little home of his own with Arabella in it. And before he knows it he ups and does it.

I do not minimize the horrors of war, and I pay grateful tribute to the men who have gone out to risk their lives defending the principles that we all hold dearer than life. To many it will bring death. To many others it will bring a sorrow worse than death. To all of us it will bring loss and privations and hardships. But, pray God, it will bring us, too, the strength to bear whatever comes with courage and without complaint, and that out of so much evil much good may come.



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"THE SPANIARD'S BEARD"

LYLE SAXON
Internationally Famous Author

(Two of Mr. Saxon's works are "Lafitte the Pirate" and "Fabulous New Orleans". The setting for "Lafitte the Pirate" is Jefferson Parish. Mr. Saxon is also editor of "The New Orleans City Guide" and "Louisiana, a Guide to the State" recently published books of the Louisiana Writers' Project, W. P. A.)

Visitors in Louisiana are always interested in the long grey-green streamers of moss depending from the trees along the highways. They nearly always ask questions, What is it? What makes it grow? Is it a parasite, and doesn't it kill the trees?

Some tourists exclaim before its beauty. Others are depressed by it, saying that it is funereal. Lafcadio Hearn, one of the greatest writers who

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GRETNA, LOUISIANA

has written of Louisiana, found the moss terrifying and wrote a most remarkable poem about it. The poem which is quoted here was published in the New Orleans Item in 1880:

"In goblin looms,
Depending from the many-elbowed arms,
Of gnarled oaks, thou weavest Druid charms
Under weird moons!

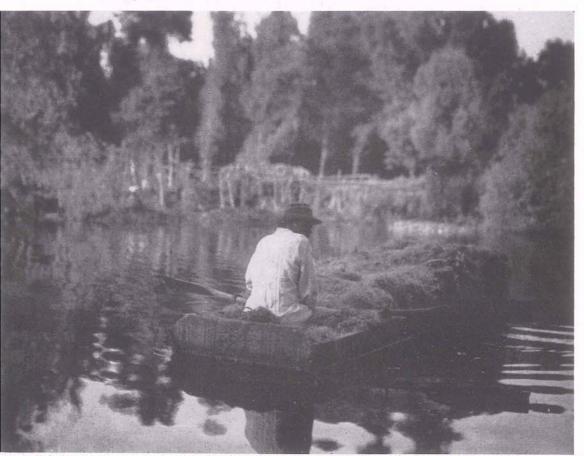
"Thy night-mare hug
Stifles the moaning of the dying pine;
The cedars know that strangler's cord of thine,
O vegetable Thug.

"Thy robes of rags
The mightiest monarchs of the woods must wear,
And wreathe their crowns with locks of thy grey hair
Like a witch hags.

"What ghostly foods
Sustain thy spectral sap, thy phantom breath?
Thou Succubus, thou eldritch Life-in-Death
Thou vampire of the woods?"

Mr. Hearn frequently carried on like that. His phrases are, to say the least, remarkable. You must admit that such lines as "O vegetable thug"

Lascadio Hearn called it a "vegetable thug" and "vampire of the woods," yet in his time as today, boat-loads of Spanish moss like this went to provide cushioned upholstery for the greater comfort of weary poets.



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This year machines must be built and men trained faster and in greater numbers than ever before. Next year's goals are even higher. More factories, arsenals, shipyards and training camps must be built. Hundreds of thousands of additional homes must be erected to house new workers in war industries. These production and training centers are the foundation of victory. In thousands of the buildings required, the products of The Celotex Corporation will be used just as they have been in thousands of wartime structures already built.

The Celotex Corporation is proud of the part its Marrero Plant and its workers are playing in the drive for victory.



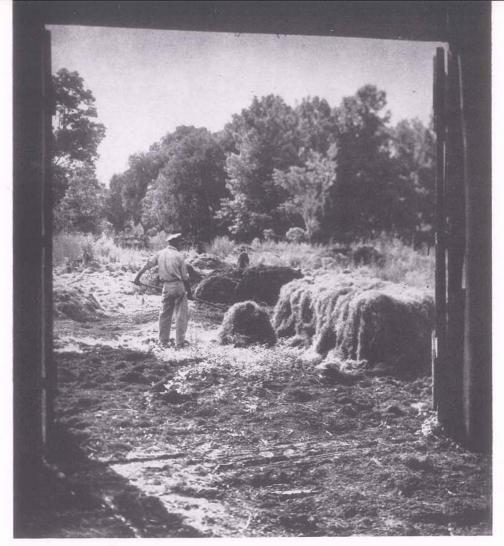
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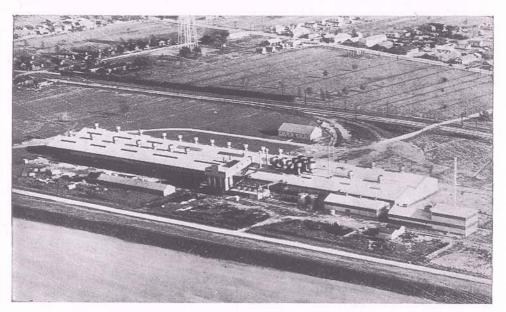
A man must fork his moss harvest after dampening it, in order to hasten the deterioration of its green vegetable sheath, yet prevent the rotting of the moss fiber inside. This fiber (black or rough moss) goes from picker to gin to market.

are pretty good. The fact that his scientific information concerning the moss was at fault has nothing to do with the sensational quality of the poem, as Mr. Stanley Arthur pointed out many years later in an article on moss published in the June 1929 issue of "Louisiana Conservation News." Oddly enough one of the scientific facts concerning moss is more startling to the layman than Mr. Hearn's poem: and that is the fact that the moss isn't a parasite at all, but an air plant and belongs to the pineapple family.

The clearest and most concise definition that I have been able to find is in the issue of "Southern Forestry Notes" for March, 1935, issued by the Southern Forest Experiment in New Orleans. Here it is:

"Spanish moss, which is so common throughout the far South, is technically not a moss but a bromeliad or a member of the pineapple family. It is known botanically as Tillandsia usenoides and has many popular names such as Florida moss, New Orleans moss, tree-beard, vegetable wool, etc. Spanish moss is commonly used for stuffings for mattresses, horse collars, automobile upholstery, and packing material. The seeds of bromeliads are produced in enormous

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AERIAL VIEW OF JOHNS-MANVILLE'S MARRERO, LOUISIANA PLANT.

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Johns-Manville built the Marrero plant in 1936 replacing a former plant at Gretna, La. About 350 men and women are regularly employed on a payroll that runs to more than \$400,000 a year, while approximately \$1,300,000 annually is put into circulation in the Marrero market to pay for raw materials, supplies, taxes, freight and payrolls.

Here in Marrero, as well as in the 16 other communities where the plants and mines of the 84-year-old company are located, Johns-Manville tries to contribute to the welfare of the parish and to perform its civic duties with a high sense of community responsibility.



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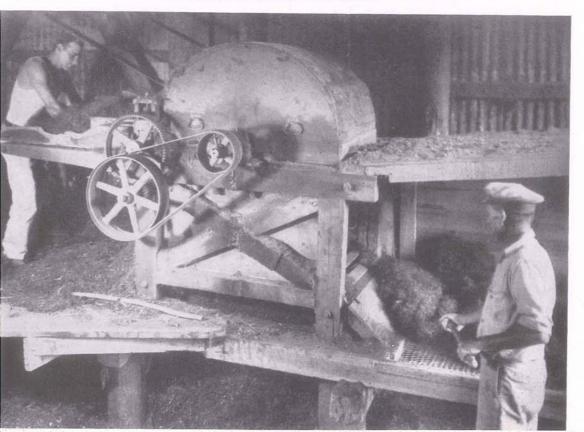
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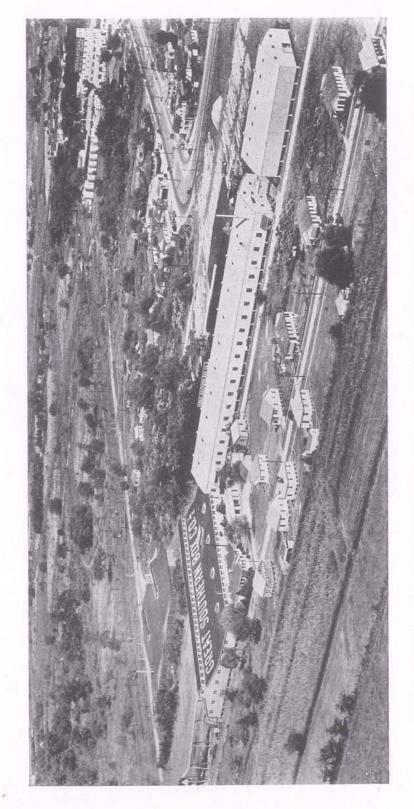
numbers and are scattered far and wide by the wind, for the seeds have attachments for floating in the air after the manner of milkweeds and dandelions. Spanish moss is found principally growing on cypress and the broad-leaved trees. However, on wet sites, it occurs on several species of pine and cedar. It is an epiphytic (epi-surface, phyte—plant) plant, relying upon its host solely for support, and this is evidenced by the fact that Spanish moss frequently occurs on telegraph wire and chicken wire fence, especially where shaded. Spanish moss, being a green plant, is not parasitic as commonly believed and, as far as is known, is harmless to its host tree."

In Jefferson Parish the highways are particularly beautiful. Curving roads pass through oak groves where the swaying streamers of moss are luminous in the sun.

Along the road are occasional fences covered with Spanish moss which has turned quite black in the process of sun-drying. Moss gathering forms one of the small but steady industries of this section. There is always a local demand for moss mattresses, and when cotton is high, manufacturers substitute moss for cotton in upholstering furniture and automobiles. During the World War, when cotton soared to almost unprecedented heights and moss in the seasoned state sold at 5c a pound (it is usually $2\frac{1}{2}$ c to 3c) one enterprising citizen of the parish, employing thirty-five pickers, cleared \$6,000 in three months. A skilled picker can gather from 800 to 1,000 pounds a day; barefooted, he scales the trees with the agility of a monkey, and dislodges the

Picked up by truck from points as far as 50 miles away, moss is cleaned of bark, leaves and other trash, and processed and baled, much in the same manner as cotton, in gins like this one which can handle about 300 pounds of moss an hour.





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Beauty rests a moment comfortably atop a bale of moss beneath the branches of a tree on which its grey festoons stir in the breeze.

moss with a long pole. Today it is estimated that the moss industry produces between \$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000 annually for pickers and gin operators.

Found throughout southern Louisiana, the moss has from earliest Colonial days been used for pillows and mattresses and woven into braids, for bridles, saddles, blankets, and horse collars.

Uncured Spanish moss is a gray and stringy growth of indefinite length, with a fine black fiber in the center surrounded by a vegetable coat. The moss is picked from trees, stacked in piles, and soaked in water or dampened periodically until the outer coating rots. The piles must be occasionally stirred to prevent spontaneous combustion. The moss is then spread out on fences and on clothes-lines to dry. When cured, the moss is black and resembles horsehair. It takes approximately 4½ pounds of green moss to produce one pound of the cured product. It is then ginned in much the same manner as cotton: the threads are separated; leaves, branches, and other foreign matter

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are extracted; and the residue packed in small bales and sold to manufacturers.

The height of the moss-picking season is from early November to April, when most of the trees on which Spanish moss grows are at least partially bare. Small dugouts called pirogues are used in the swamp areas to gather the moss and bring it to higher ground.

From the swamp regions of south Louisiana come two legends concerning the origin of Spanish moss, which the Spaniards called "Frenchmen's wig," and the French, "Spaniard's beard." One is that of an Indian mother and two children trapped by rising waters during a storm which was accompanied by sudden cold. Taking refuge in a large tree, the mother implored the moon to shine on them, lest they die. In the morning the sky had cleared and the trees were clothed in moss, giving warmth to the marooned group. "See, mother," cried the small son, "the moon heard us; see, she tore up the storm clouds and threw them down upon us, for there are none left in the sky!"

The second story is that of an Indian princess and the son of a chieftain, who were killed during their marriage ceremony by a hostile tribe. The young couple was buried beneath a gigantic oak tree. In accordance with custom, the bride's long black hair was cut and hung on a limb of the oak. A storm lashed the country that night but in the morning the hair was undisturbed. As years went on it began to grow grey, and spread from tree to tree.

The pictures which accompany this article tell the story of moss more clearly than any written word can tell it, for here you see the picturesque quality of the moss-picker's life against the beautiful background of Jefferson Parish. I can think of no pleasanter place for a leisurely tour by car or by boat. Winding bayous, with ever-rustling reeds, curve beside the curving roads, and the roads which run southward from New Orleans pass through many groves of moss-draped trees. In the swamplands the cypresses are swathed with the long, ever-moving curtains of gray, sometimes reflected eerily in the black swamp water.

Stopping one afternoon before a moss-picker's cottage I had an amusing conversation with a spry old woman who was spreading moss on a fence to dry.

"Mister," she said, "You don't know what foolish things people say about moss. Me, I can't help laughing. Not long ago a lady came driving by and stopped in the road and said to me that this country must have been terrible in the big flood. Me, I say I don't know nothin' about any flood lately around here, and then this fool lady say: "Well, if the water hasn't been all over everything how all that trash get up in the trees?"

Then she told of another woman who drove up one day and asked if the country was not dangerous because of the spiders which infested it. She had mistaken the trailing moss for gigantic spider webs!

"Me, I just sit by the road and laugh," the old woman concluded.

Besides the uses already mentioned Spanish moss has sold in great quantities lately as a mulch for the culture of azaleas. The azalea has lately become very popular throughout the South and especially in the vicinity of



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New Orleans as well as in the city proper. The soil in New Orleans is rich and black but azaleas need more acidity. Accordingly both commercial fertilizer and mulch are necessary for their culture. One firm in New Orleans has a so-called "secret process" by which the cured moss is transformed into a substance resembling peat-moss. This new product is said to be highly lucrative.

In an article by G. H. Lentz, special investigator for the Louisiana Division of Forestry, we find the following interesting comment:

"Aside from its aesthetic value the moss is of importance due to the role it plays as a harbinger of the cotton boll weevil, and in that it provides a merchantable product. The cotton planters would well be rid of the moss for here many of the weevils spend the winter, and cotton fields lying adjacent to moss-draped timber are more heavily infested with the weevil. In a study carried on in southern Louisiana by the Bureau of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it was found that 365 weevils, on an average, wintered in a ton of moss. As yet no means of combating the weevil in its winter stage has been developed, and it is next to impossible to eradicate the moss."

Cushioning this dainty chair of an older period in the courtyard of a New Orleans antique shop provides only one of many outlets for Jefferson's \$3,000,000 annual moss crop.



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Gretna, La.

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The moss crop in Louisiana is an important one and more moss is said to be ginned here than in any other state. The gin consists in principle of a toothed cylinder working against toothed concaves. The gins are usually constructed to order although there is at least one model manufactured in Louisiana. A good type is made of heavy steel, the teeth of which are carried on a drum revolving some 1200 times a minute. The gin combs and frees the moss of sticks, bark and other debris. The moss is shaken up with pitchforks or raked back and forth over a lattice-work floor to free it from the bark and trash, and then run through the gin again. For a finer grade it may be run through another gin in which the teeth are finer and in which it is combed thoroughly before baling.

In an article by John W. Rabb on file at the Department of Conservation, the author tells some of the uses of hair moss. "Its use," he writes, "is becoming more varied. It is not used as extensively in automobile cushions now as it formerly was for the reason that the hair mats cut out by machinery are found more expedient in the mass production methods employed in the manufacture of automobiles. Moss requires the deft touch of the upholsterer when used in cushions and upholstery. Moss is still used in some makes of automobiles, however, and is also used for stuffing mattresses, and for cushions in airplanes and railway cars, though its most important industrial use is in furniture manufacturing."

Moss from Jefferson Parish in the upholstery of airplanes. You might think of that the next time you find yourself flying from New Orleans to Washington.

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ISLAND INVENTORY

OLIN CHAMBERLAIN

The soul is gone from Grande Terre these fifty years. The passing of this island was not the dramatic and mysterious sinking into the sea of an Atlantis. On the contrary, Grande Terre is still shown by the maps to lie across the lower end of Barataria Bay, separating its calm waters from the more turbulent waves of the Gulf of Mexico. Its going was, in the material sense, a transitional and slow decline from a prosperous hey-day, through war, which scarred it only slightly, until the terrific hurricane which ravaged the Louisiana coast in 1893, leaving a trail of destruction and death that wiped out other communities and pointed the end of Grande Terre.

Since then the record is written by the faltering finger of anti-climax. Descendants of landholders under slavery's feudalism and their successors

JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT

Official Journal of the

PARISH

OF

JEFFERSON

SINCE 1898

Gretna, Louisiana

left the tiny island so impressively called Grande Terre in increasing numbers. Fields lay fallow for a while and then forest and swamp took back their own, acre by acre. New-growth timber nudged tottering quarters-cabin, smug overseer's house, quiet barn into common oblivion. Matted vines and tangled undergrowth blanketed ancient furrows.

Today blue water whispers an eternal requiem along the shore, beneath the slim spire of what was once a sugar mill's chimney. Vagrant winds explore the once-grim bastions of Fort Livingston whose gun-ports stare sightlessly across the pass. And it is a hundred and eleven years since the whole of Grande Terre was owned by one man.

One hundred and eleven years ago the Parish of Jefferson was six years old. It had been only twenty-eight years since the purchase of the vast Louisiana territory by the United States of America from a harassed Napoleon I, Emperor of France. Indeed, the American Republic itself was but lately entered into its fifty-sixth year. This was the year A. D. 1831, and Jean Baptiste Moussier, late owner of "a tract of land or Island, known under the name of Grande-Terre of Barataria, established and cultivated as a sugar plantation," had departed this life, intestate. His affiars and those of his widow, Madame Marie Elizabeth Cloe' Lezongar De Lasalle Moussier, bound to him by the law of the community of acquets and gains, were in the hands of Charles Derbigny, duly appointed administrator of the estate by order of Honorable Jean Murville Harang, "Parish Judge in and for the Parish of Jefferson and 'ex-officio' notary public."

The records of this estate, including the inventory made by Judge Harang in his ex-officio notarial capacity, still exist in the archives of the Parish of Jefferson. Behind their cold, legal phraseology is revealed a picture of Grande Terre as a veritable hive of activity. They show that the eminent Monsieur Moussier was a man of parts—a substantial citizen of prudence and thrift. The inference is also plain that the Moussiers maintained a town house in New Orleans, for it is recorded in Judge Harang's inventory that he, Judge Harang, "did repair to the plantation belonging to the community which existed" between the deceased husband and his widow, "at the request of Marie Elizabeth Cloe' Lezongar De Lasalle, widow of Jean Baptiste Moussier, residing in the city of New Orleans. . . ." The jurisdiction of Judge Harang's court of probates being limited to the Parish of Jefferson, any New Orleans property would appear in proper proceedings relating to the estate and brought in Orleans Parish.

The inventory records that Grande Terre, about seventy-five miles south, south-west from New Orleans, was a sugar plantation of about one hundred and thirty "arpens of cane, more or less, of which fifty-six arpens are of plant canes and the remainder rations." Thus the late Moussier had been about the planting of his crop and his seventy-four "arpens" of rations were second or third year canes. Aside from the cultivated acreage there were on the land a sugar house, draining house, steam engine, dwelling house, negro cabins and all the other buildings and improvements," as pointed out by the inventory, which, together with the land, the appraisers appointed by the court valued at \$38,000.

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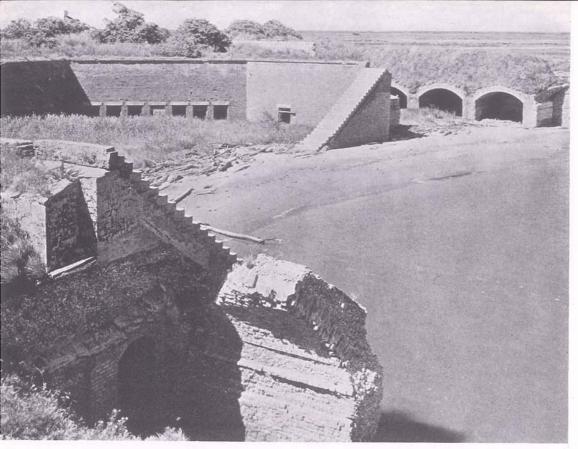
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Abandoned and alone, Fort Livingston's battered and breached walls never quite surrender to the inroads of wave and storm as the fort keeps spectral watch on the point of Grande Terre at the pass.

The matter of fact reporting of Judge Harang's inventory specifies simply a "dwelling house" on the plantation. Speculation as to what kind of dwelling house comes to the modern day reader's mind almost automatically. Was it the plantation "big" house? Did it stand in white-pillared magnificence part-hidden by stately oaks, beared with moss and marching beside a sweeping drive? Probably not.

The inventory proceeds with Grande Terre's human chattels, their ages, abilities, wounds and other infirmities and weaknesses, and their soundness and strength, too. Sixty-nine of them in all-man, woman and child, each to his task alloted. The slaves. Black, unless specified to be griff or mulatto. Griff: the Indian breed. Mulatto: bred of a renegade white. Sixty-nine in all, of them only Marie, "a creole of St. Domingo, aged about forty-five years, a cook, with her child named Juliette, aged nine, valued together at nine hundred dollars;" Belinda, "a griff, aged about forty years, a washer and house servant, with her two children, named Fanny, aged four years and Edmund, aged two years, both of them griffs, valued together at nine hundred dollars," and Christine, "aged about thirty years, a house servant and somewhat of a seamstress—infirm—valued at two hundred and fifty dollars," only these three are house negroes. Enough for an overseers' requirements, but by no means sufficient to care for the residence and attend the needs of the master and mistress and the children. The "dwelling house" can only be an overseer's house, after all. The affairs of Grande Terre were apparently directed

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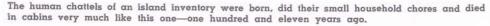
801 Metairie Road

CEdar 2020, 2021

by M. Moussier from his New Orleans menage, with only occasional visits necessary to inform him first hand of their progress.

There is pity and lustiness, some humor and a monetary exactness in the plain talk of the inventory's listing of the human property belonging to Grande Terre. Charles, a commandeur or straw boss, aged about thirty-five is a brick-layer, but "having been wounded in the belly," is valued at only five hundred dollars. Field hands range in value inversely according to age from seven hundred, at twenty-five, to four hundred and fifty dollars at forty-five years. Billy Sinton, aged thirty-three is "somewhat of an engineer" and is appraised at six hundred and fifty dollars. Carters, ploughmen and coopers almost invariably are valued at seven hundred dollars, unless they are extremely young. Volsey, a mulatoo, combines the quality of carter, ploughman and pilot, is only eighteen, and is the most valuable among his fellows. He is appraised at the sum of one thousand dollars.

Next to Volsey is listed Daniel, fifty-five years old and blind. What price blindness? Twenty-five dollars. You sorrow a little over Daniel, knowing that the lands, appurtenances, improvements and slaves of the late Jean Baptiste Moussier are destined to be sold on the auction block. Who will buy our Blind Daniel? You turn hastily to the proces verbal of the sale and find that Daniel was adjudicated to Gustave Moussier for his full appraised value. There is some comfort in the thought that Gustave Moussier may in truth be Stephen Gustave Moussier, the legitimate heir of said deceased, now absent from the State, and represented in the succession proceedings by "Armand





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Pitot, Esquire, of Counsel appointed by the court to represent the abstentee." The young master, you hope, has bought in his blind retainer.

A girl of eighteen, rather quaintly called Lucy Good, and her two children Christophe, aged two years, and Hetty, whose age is omitted, are valued together at six hundred and fifty dollars. Lucy is a field hand. Aggy, another field hand of "about forty-five," is "somewhat a run-away." She and her child of nine months whose name is Polly, are worth, together, four hundred dollars. Sally, a forty-year old field hand, is also "inclined of running away," and consequently appraised at only two hundred dollars. Two dark Atalantas with no golden apple to deter their men pursuers, nor bone to delay the dogs!

And so through the list of human chattels. Run-away, cripple, blind man, babe in arms and its mother together, field hand, carter, cooper, pilot and Orphan Joe, straw boss, somewhat an engineer, somewhat this, sometime that—but never, in truth, anything. Each is appraised in accordance with the law and they all are valued at \$21,905, only \$16,000 less than the land, the mill, the draining house, the dwelling house and the wondrous steam engine together with the cabins that house them.

His Honor has meticulously listed the stock and poultry. This is a dollar value which can be compared with our modern dollar. Fourteen American horses, valued at slightly under forty-three dollars apiece, total six hundred dollars. They must include Overseer Louis Wagner's mounts as well as work animals for the place. Four creole horses add up to ten dollars for the lot. Five mules are appraised at fifty dollars each. Two hundred and twenty-five head of horned cattle have an aggregate value of thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. That figures six dollars each. Three pair of oxen are appraised at only twenty dollars the pair; twenty-five sheep at two dollars each and all of the poultry for fifty dollars. The conclusion is inevitable that the dollar went a great deal further a hundred and eleven years ago.

Tools, utensils, farming equipment including the interesting item of "two plough moulds," horse carts, harness, an ox cart, extra wheels, blacksmith's and carpenter's tools and a lot of kitchen utensils are appraised for a total of five hundred and seven dollars. Two flat boats are worth three hundred and fifty dollars. A pirogue, at thirty dollars, reveals that these frail and tricky craft have maintained their market at steady for more than a century.

If you had any doubt left about the "dwelling house," dismiss it now, for the household furniture is inventoried for a total of one hundred and forty-one dollars and seventy-five cents. Think you Madame's dainty boudoir was furnished for this paltry sum? Of this total one hundred dollars is allocated to—a scale! Fifteen dollars more, the largest single item in this category, is the value of "fifty volumes of various works." What does it matter now that among the fifty there were books to delight the soul of a collector? A sideboard, called "old" a hundred years ago and valued at twenty-five cents. Ah well, let the antiquarians sigh in vain. "One lot earthen-ware and glassware" is truly valued at seven dollars. An item for ceramists today? Perhaps. Three old wooden chairs, fifty cents; one bed-stead, bed and bedding, seven dollars; one clock, five dollars; one pair fenders, one dollar and fifty

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Patient in labor and far more submissive to the yoke than Moussier's blacks who bowed under slavery's, a pair of oxen was valued at less than the cart they drew.

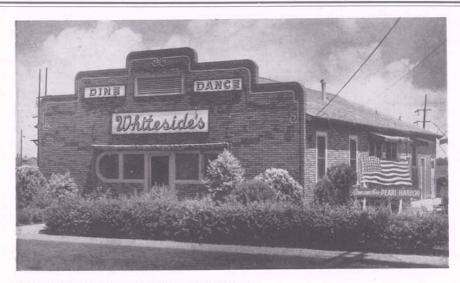
cents; one looking glass, fifty cents. And a strange and unfamiliar thing—a "Palan," at five dollars. What would you bid, Mesdames et Messieurs?

"And there being no other property to be inventoried I, the Judge and notary aforementioned, did make as the law requires, the following recapitulation" The grand total of that recapitulation is \$63,343.75.

Some six months later, on December 19th., 1831, His Honor Jean Murville Harang, in accordance with the law of the sovereign state of Louisiana made and provided in such cases did, upon the application of Charles Derbigny, administrator, and by virtue of an order of the Court of Probates in and for the Parish of Jefferson and after due publication, "expose at public auction, at the hour of twelve o'clock, M, at the courthouse of the Parish of Jefferson, for the purpose of selling to the highest and last bidder," the property composing the estate of Jean Baptiste Moussier, decedent.

His proces verbal of the sale discloses that the Island of Grande Terre—excepting twelve hundred land guards or superficial yards at a point near the pass—with all its buildings and equipment, cattle, horses, mules, utensils, house furniture, two flat boats and a pirogue, and "fifty-eight heads of slaves," were adjudicated to "the President, Directors and Company of the Consolidated Association of the Planters of Louisiana, for and in consideration of the sum of \$61,500."

The twelve hundred land guards were adjudicated to the Widow Moussier for \$1200. A slave girl, Mary, also went to the widow, for four hundred



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Telephones—Office: CEdar 1005—3845 2400 Jefferson Highway dollars. Eliza Moussier bought "Liza alias Nancy" and her child named Harrison, for \$500. Amelie Moussier bid in 12-year old Lucy for \$435. Marie Anne Celine Moussier bought Franky for \$260. Everything was sold.

There is a final document which forms a part of the record of the Succession of Moussier in Jefferson Parish. It tells the why's and wherefore's of the purchase of the plantation on Grande Terre by the Consolidated Association of the Planters of Louisiana, sometimes known also as the Association of Cultivators of Louisiana, Consolidated. This is an act before Felix de Armas, a notary public in New Orleans, written and passed in the year A. D. 1832. Stripped of its technical rustlings and rumblings it reveals, alas, that our solid citizen Moussier lived not much differently from a number of his confreres who labored, vicariously if you will, at the production of sugar.

He, like the others, faced the hazards of nature, the inroad of blight and borer and other handicaps—and not, it would seem, always successfully. For the consolidated association was indeed the holder of a mortgage on Grande Terre down to the last ax, hoe and spade wielded in the fields by the lowliest slave. Moussier, like many another sugar planter of those and later days, might well have told himself on his infrequent visits to Grande Terre:

"All this indeed is mine, by the grace of le bon Dieu and permission of the mortgage holders."

And when Death, to whom all mankind since the Beginning has been mortgaged, finally foreclosed on Moussier, the property he left behind went to his mundane creditors: the president, directors and company of the consolidated association. The act of compensation, as it was called, reveals that the association made a good investment, for when the mortgage account was balanced there remained the sum of \$2,033.34 due the Moussier estate. And, if the ghost of Moussier looked on at the passage of the act by Notary de Armas, he must have smiled a little, for the consolidated association, erstwhile mortgagee, did issue its notes of hand through Senor Manuel Andry, its president, four notes in all, one payable in one year, two, in two years, and the last one in three years, for the \$2,033.34. Not only that, but also the association now becomes the mortgagor, for the act recites: "Señor Manuel Andry in his above quality mortgaged especially the plantation and slaves above specified." To whom? To the estate of Jean Baptiste Moussier, of course.

Thus a new phase in the story of Grande Terre began. Its one-man ownership came to an end with the former owner's relict retaining, for a reason undisclosed in the record of his succession, the twelve hundred land guards on the pass. Perhaps Madame Moussier was then aware of plans of the United States government to fortify the island. Certainly, within only a few years after her acquisition Fort Livingston was built on the point overlooking the pass. Its complement of three hundred men and fifty-two guns surrendered to Louisiana forces just prior to the "secession" convention without a shot, as did Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the Mississippi river, and Fort Pike on the Rigolets.

Life of the Confederate garrison at Livingston, during their brief tenure, must have been a routine one. The fort wrote no bright page in the siege of New Orleans, since it was by-passed by Farragut and his naval forces and the

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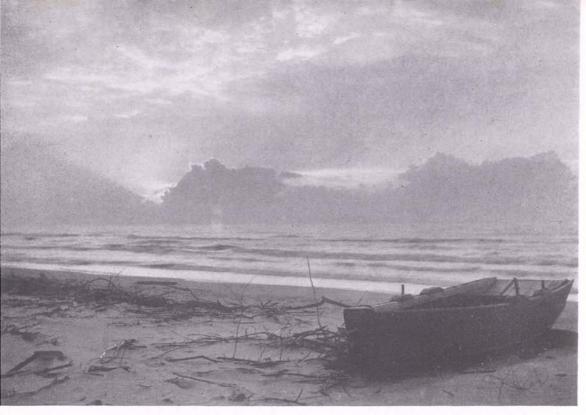
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The promise of tomorrow's sun counterpoints the solemn rhythm of blue water's whispered requiem along Grande Terre's lonely shore.

troops who moved to the attack from the west of the river as well. Supplied from New Orleans, Fort Livingston was doomed as a Confederate strong point following occupation of the city by the infamous Butler. It was finally abandoned entirely by the United States Army a few years after the close of the War between the States. Yesterday on Grande Terre, picnickers from Jefferson Parish and from New Orleans, too, spread their luncheon cloths at the foot of the tall chimney of the sugar house of Moussier, or idly wandered through the ruins of Fort Livingston.

Today there are no picnickers. Other and grimmer eyes survey these last two remnants of the glory, commercial and martial, of Grande Terre. The country is again at war and official orders bar Grande Terre's ancient precincts to all but those who have business there. Enemy submarines prowl the Gulf and take their toll of horror from the Allied merchant fleet. These merciless sea-wolves must be destroyed. Who knows but what the whole island of Grande Terre, its soul regained, may write the page of glory denied to lonely Livingston?

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS BUY VICTORY

Pictorial Section

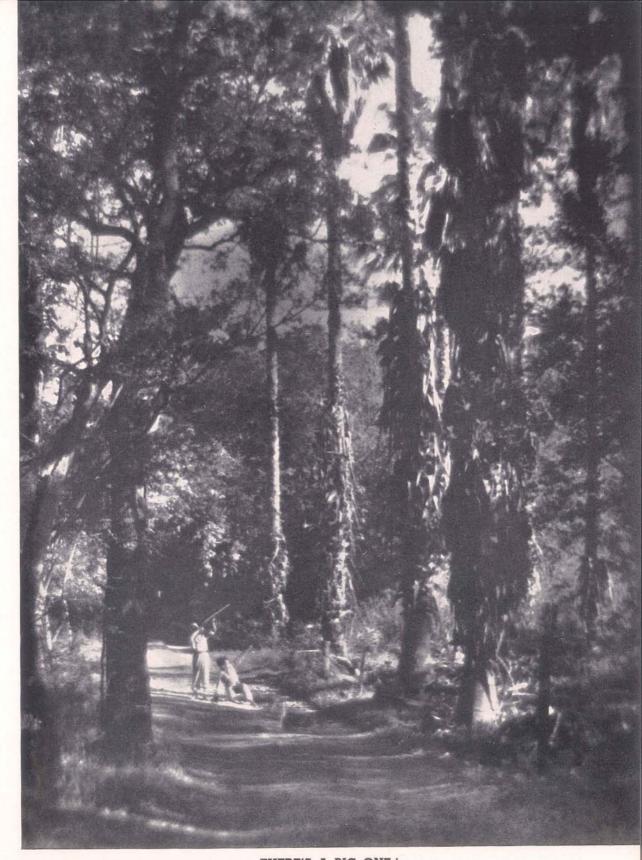
JEFFERSON lends itself graciously to the work of the camera man and artist in pursuit of beauty. On the following pages are presented some of the Parish's moods, a group of photographic art studies.

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



REFLECTIONS

Black swamp water, decorated with fallen flowers, repeats the lovely lines of the lowland trees.

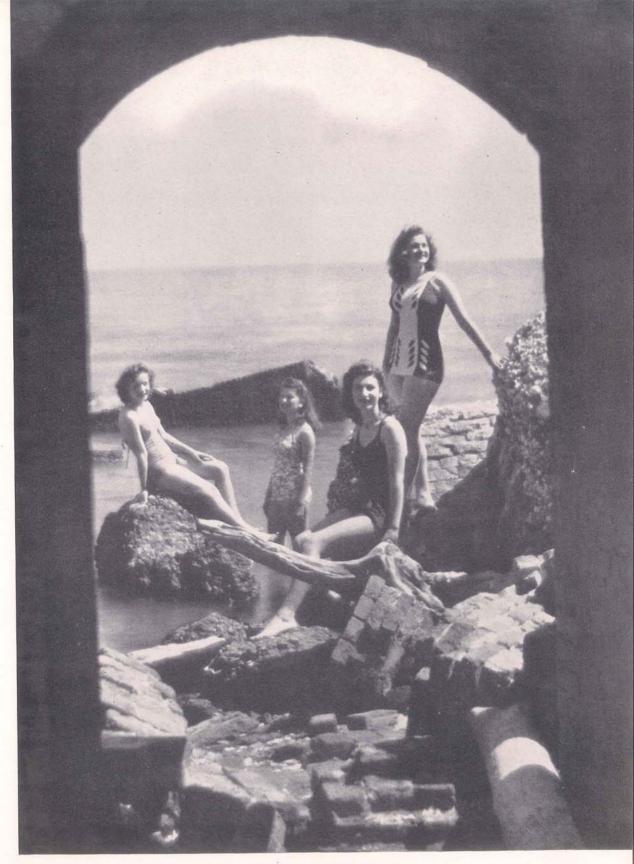


THERE'S A BIG ONE! Young Grand Isle huntsmen, dwarfed by the towering palms, spy α squirrel high overhead.



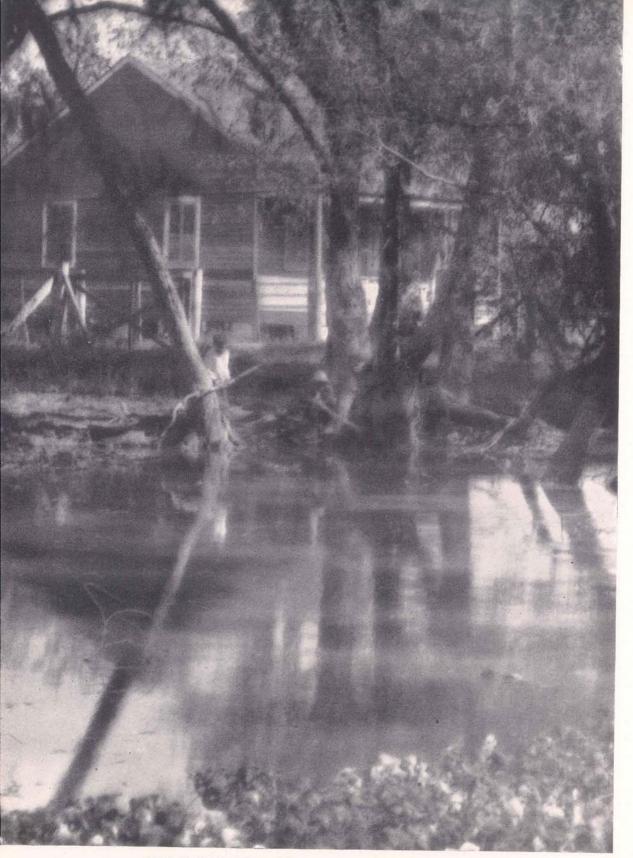
MOTHER'S ERRAND

Through a^c primitive lane, two Grand Isle children wend their way homeward from the country store.



GRAND ISLE LORELEI

Through an ancient sally port in the ruins of Fort Livingston may be seen Jefferson beauties sunning on the rocks at the edge of the Gulf of Mexico.



JUST A FEW STEPS TO THE OLD FISHING HOLE Among the willows two youngsters fish at their front door in a lily-lined stream in upper Jefferson.



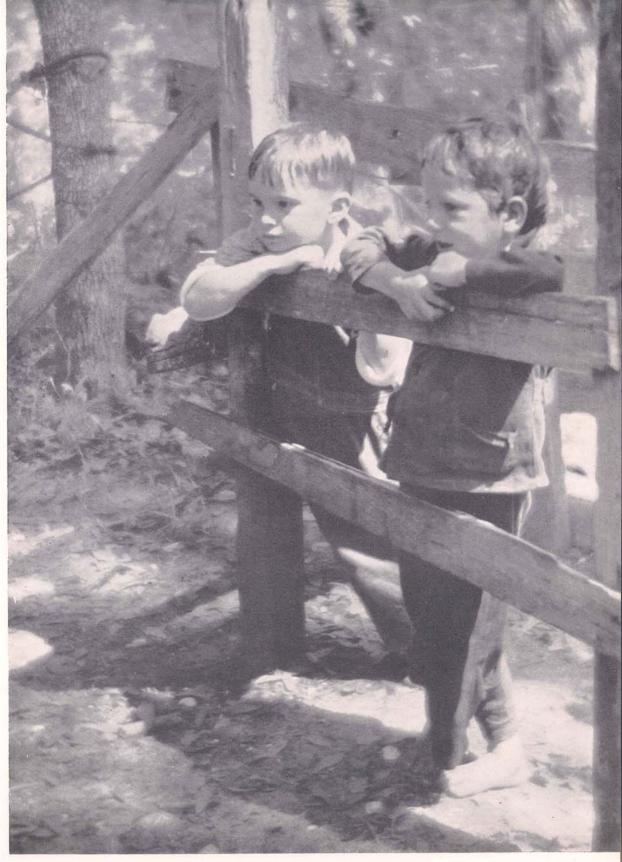
STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADOW

The sun shines brilliantly on the leaves and small boat, but cannot penetrate the mysterious depths of this southern jungle,



MOTHER'S DAY AT MADONNA MANOR

Little Paul Curtis brings the offering of all the orphans to Mother Philomene who holds kindly sway at Madonna Manor, part of Jefferson Parish's "Million Dollar Boys' Town",



THE CAT HAS THEIR TONGUE

Two Grand Isle urchins watch fascinated. One startling move, and they would be gone like the elves they resemble.

SHELTERING

Peace and the loving branches of the gracile willow hover over this quiet stream in Jefferson Parish.





A SECLUDED POOL

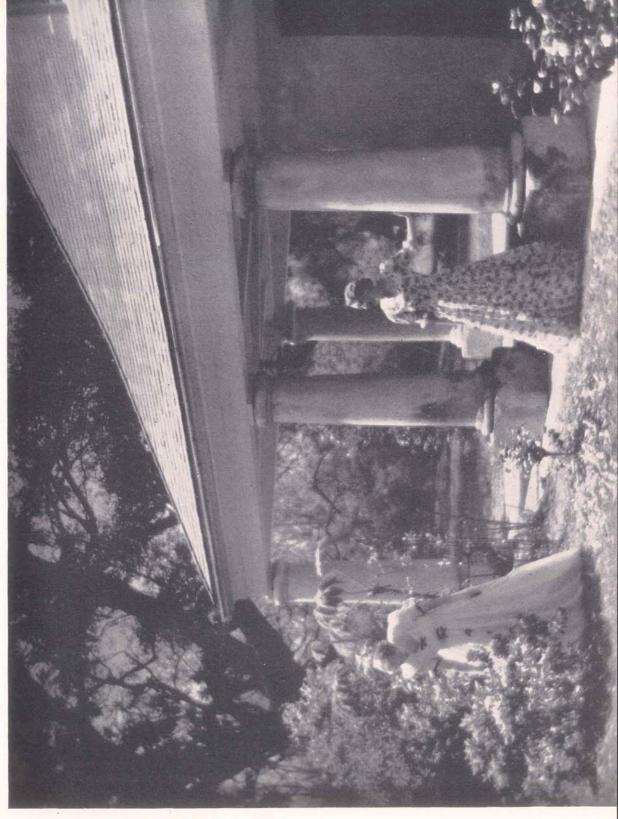
Ever - widening ripples
made by a striking trout
disturb the placid surface
of this hidden pond.

A granite staircase of old Fort Livingston, on Grand Terre, which once echoed the tread of Union and Confederate troops, rises into space after winds and waves have reduced the fort to a mass of broken masonry. STARWAY TO THE SUN



A CENTURY AGO

Thus must Elmwood have looked in its heyday. Built in the eighteenth century, the present home of the Durel Blacks in Jefferson was originally a fort, then became a plantation home. Today it is completely restored, and this charming picture was made when it was opened to visitors during the New Orleans Spring Fiesta.

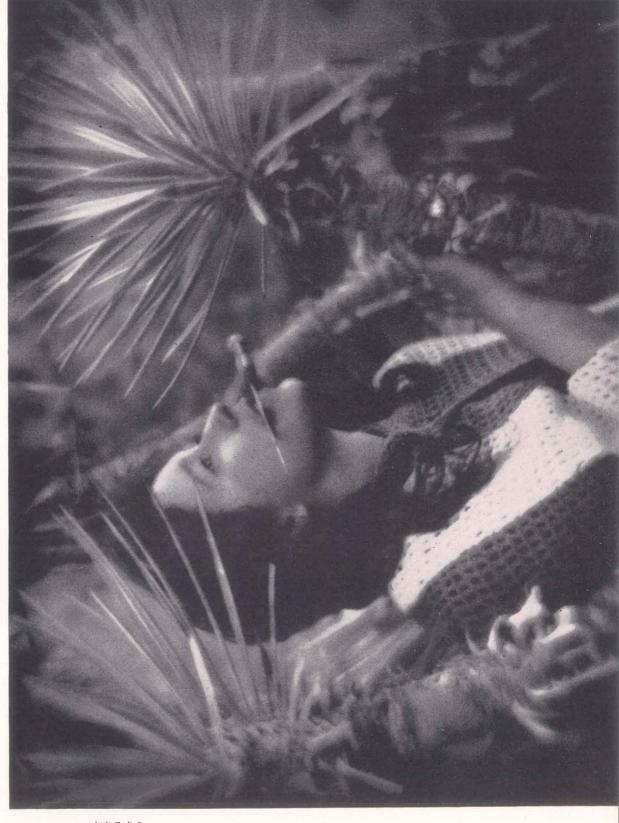


FOREBODING

Storm clouds gathering as the flaming sun sets behind stark cypresses create a sky-scape of impending evil.

SPANISH DAGGER

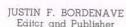
Among the Spanish daggers (yuccas) this descendant of the pirates dreams of the days when high adventure marked Grand Isle for its own.



GRAND ISLE!
Two children and their dog
wander through the tranquil stillness of this sunflecked lane on Grand Isle.









H. D. CHAMBERLAIN Associate Editor



JOSEPH H. MONIES Business Manager

THE JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

Published annually with the endorsement and support of the Police Jury of Jefferson Parish

This Book Manufactured in its entirety by Union Labor

THE AMERICAN PRINTING COMPANY, LIMITED



Engravings by CRESCENT CITY ENGRAVING CO.

Front Cover Plates by JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO. Color Photograph for Cover taken with Eastman's Kodakrome by EUGENE DELCROIX

INFORMATION

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

We invite all who are seeking a broader, better life and more and wider opportunities to make full use of Jefferson Parish's natural resources and spirit of friendly co-operation,

Weaver R. Toledano, President Police Jury Kenner, Louisiana KEnner 5451

Wm. Hepting, Secretary Police Jury, Courthouse Gretna, Louisiana ALgiers 2116

Justin F. Bordenave Kenner, Louisiana CEdar 1897 Kenner 2191

THE COVER

The cover picture is a natural color photograph of a Grand Isle fisherman's home viewed through stately palms and nestled under the arms of a protecting oak. This edition of the "Review" is dedicated to victory and it is significant to note that a V formed by the clouds in the picture is repeated by the trees in the background.



LOUISIANA STATE OFFICIALS

Upper left: Hon. Allen Ellender, United States Senator from Louisiana.
Upper right: Hon. John H. Overton, United States Senator from Louisiana.
Center: Hon. Sam Houston Jones, Governor of the State of Louisiana.
Lower left: Hon. T. Hale Boggs, Member of Congress, Second Louisiana Congressional District.
Lower right: Dr. Marc M. Mouton, Lieutenant Governor, State of Louisiana.

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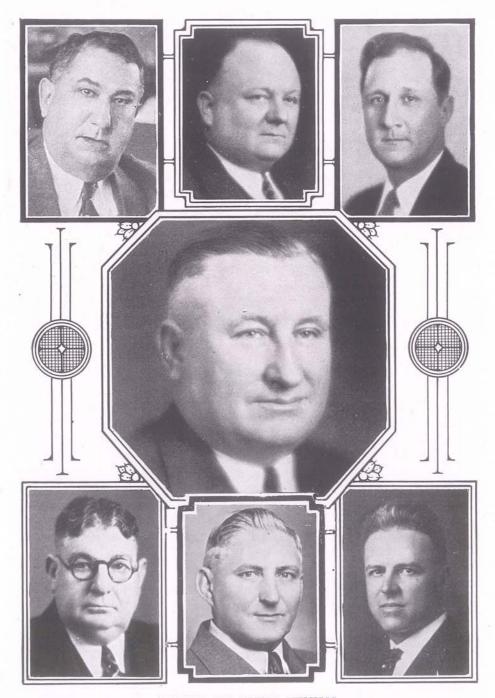


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TO PROTECT JEFFERSON PARISH

FRANK J. CLANCY Chairman Jefferson Parish Defense Council

The job of organizing the citizens of a parish like Jefferson for civilian defense presents problems that are unique in this field, and too much credit cannot be given to the workers who have co-operated so splendidly with the Defense Council. Great cities have their major headaches of congestion, and rural counties have to overcome the handicaps of distances, but here in Jefferson we have everything—congested industrial and residential areas, far flung distances in the rural districts, and just as lagniappe, we have two other factors to consider that others do not, first, the parish lies on two sides of the Mississippi River, and second, within the bounds of Jefferson is a large low-lying coastal area, a maze of waterways through swamps and floating prairie, where anything might happen, and the alert must be maintained at all times.

Jefferson has been divided into sixteen zones, each with its commander, and each zone works as a unit within itself, in co-ordination with the parish as a whole. This plan has taken care of the problems presented by the diversity of interests in the parish, and the size of the zones are largely dependent on the number of people to be taken care of therein. For instance the Barataria and Lafitte zones are larger in area than those of Gretna and McDonoghville.

Everything possible has been done for the protection of our citizens. Because of the sections into which the parish is divided, arrangements for emergency hospitalization have been made in five places; three on the Eastbank, and two on the Westbank. These centers will be capably staffed by members of the medical council, by volunteer nurses, and the emergency transportation service will become an ambulance corps if necessary. In addition, 24 first aid stations have been established throughout the parish.

To provide a complete blackout of the parish in case of air raids, all manner of difficulties had to be ironed out. With all home and commercial lighting eliminated, it was found that flares from the oil fields in the parish lit the surrounding terrain like daylight, and could be seen for miles on miles. This has been taken care of. With the flares doused, bridge and navigation lights, and rail signal lights marked definite military objects, and made, like a blazed trail, pathways into industrial and residential centers that could be followed from the air. In the event of a warning, arrangements have been made for these lights to be extinguished at once, so after a great deal of care and attention to an unlimited amount of detail, Jefferson Parish can be blacked-out completely. Of course all citizens have been acquainted with the necessary regulations governing homes and shops and factories, and they have co-operated fully. The difficulties have not been with our people, but with things like those mentioned above, which had to be taken care of. Even our air-raid warning signals are very efficient, and there has been no complaint as to their audibility.

On the home front, the parish is completely staffed with volunteer airraid wardens, firemen, and all the other workers that are needed in time of