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

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

EPILOGUE

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

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

WOMEN WAR WORKERS ... BY THE MILLIONS

By RAY M. THOMPSON

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

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

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

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

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

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

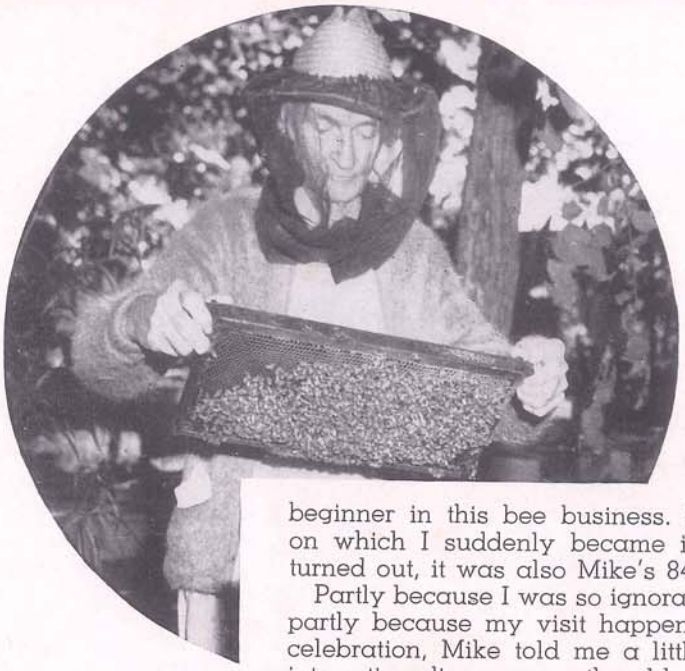
The article also said that, for this reason—plus the fact that the wax produced along with honey is in great demand for sealing shells for our big guns against moisture—high priorities are given to beekeepers for materials needed to carry on their work.

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

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

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

I soon discovered that Mike Stevenson is no



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

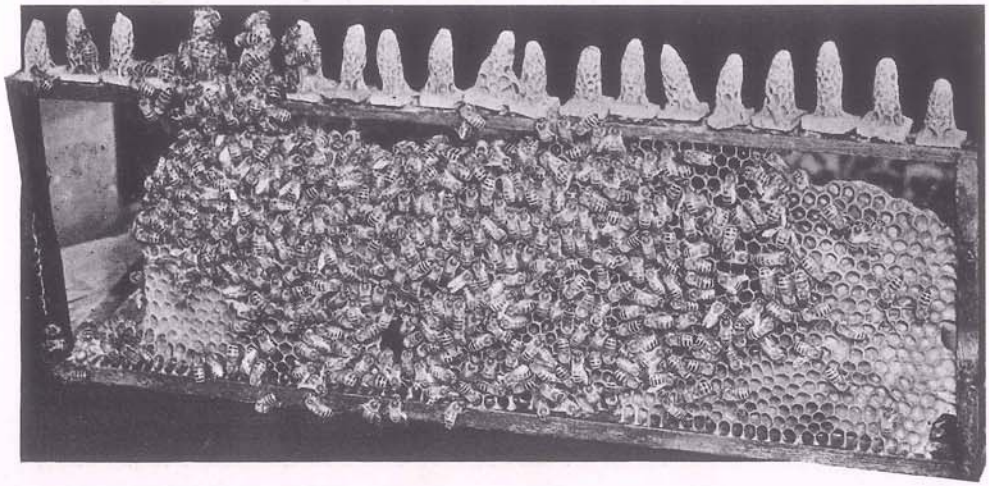
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson do not give their bees time to store up honey. They keep them busy raising queens and furiously building more worker cells to replace the constantly depleted supply of honey.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

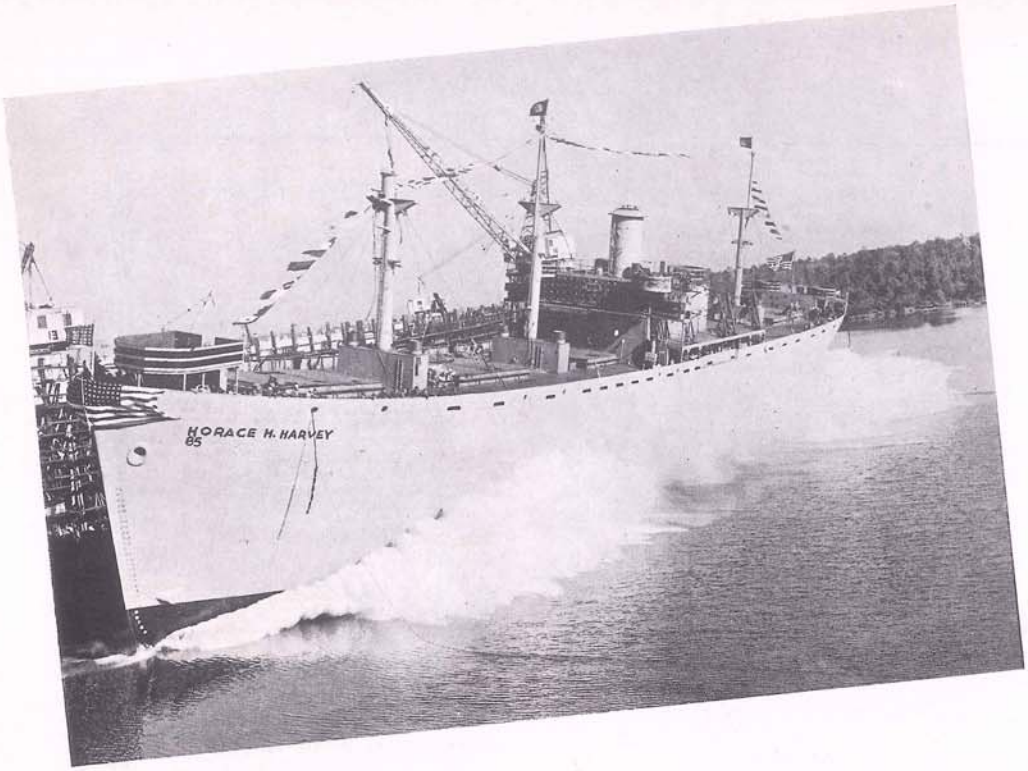
ADDENDUM

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

—*The Author.*

RAY M. THOMPSON

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



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

DITCH OF DESTINY

By TILDEN LANDRY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TILDEN LANDRY

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

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

THE GULF
Intracoastal Waterway

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

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

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

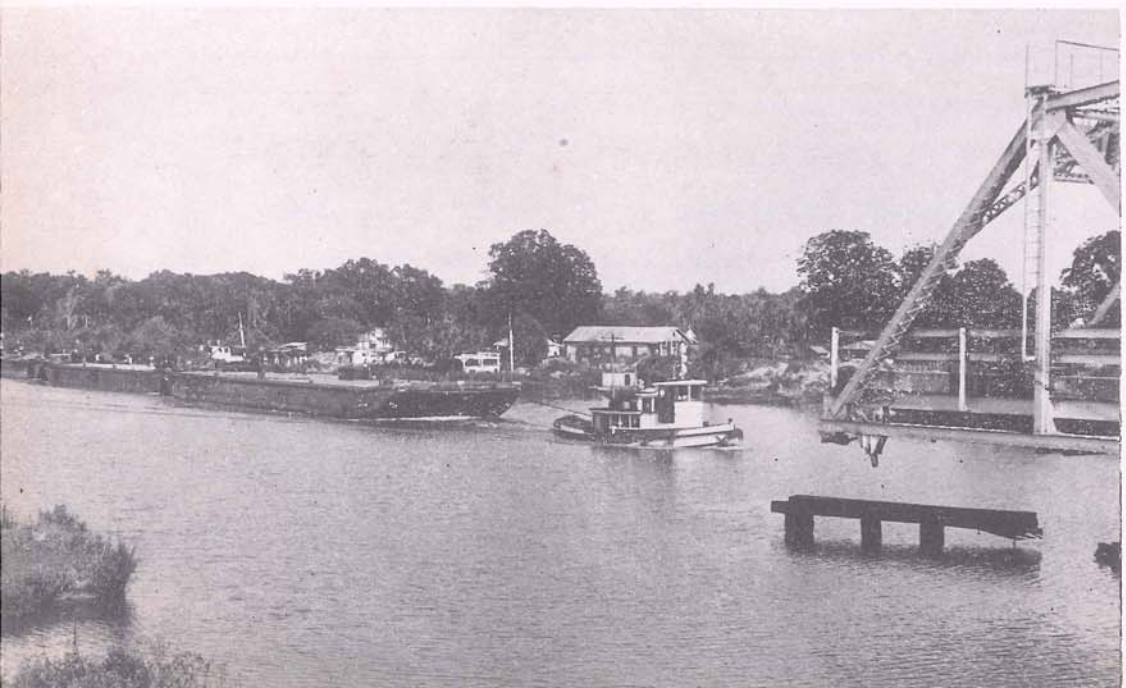
The 9- by 100-foot project was adopted by the River and Harbors Acts of March 3, 1925; January 21, 1927; August 26, 1937; and June 20, 1938.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. B. SMITH

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

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

By E. S. PENNEBAKER

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

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

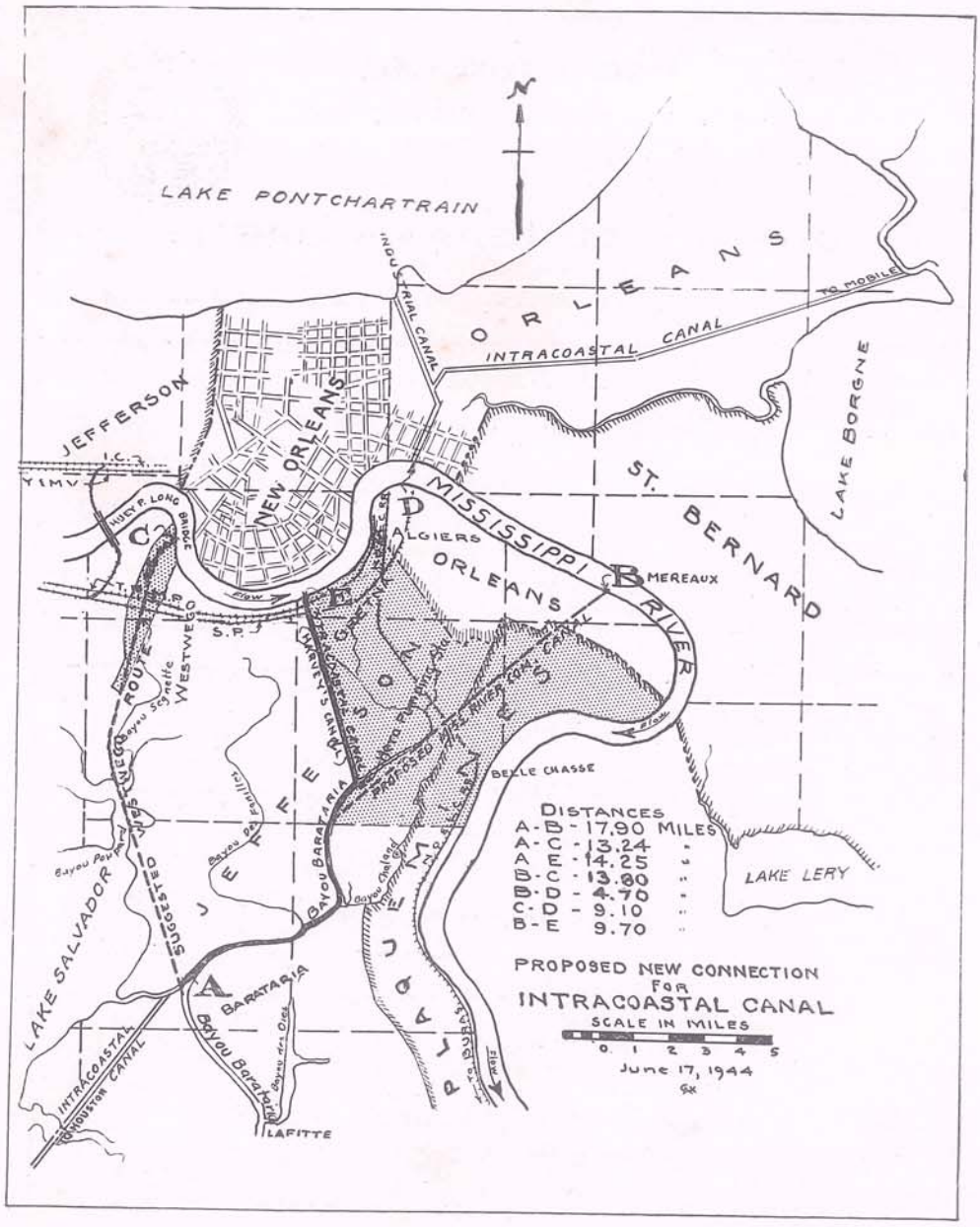
As in the case of the ship channel (discussed in another part of this issue) there are two routes proposed—both of which are clearly marked on the accompanying map. One would extend from a point on the west bank of the river opposite Mereaux, Louisiana, 4.7 miles below the entrance to the Industrial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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now let's summarize.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

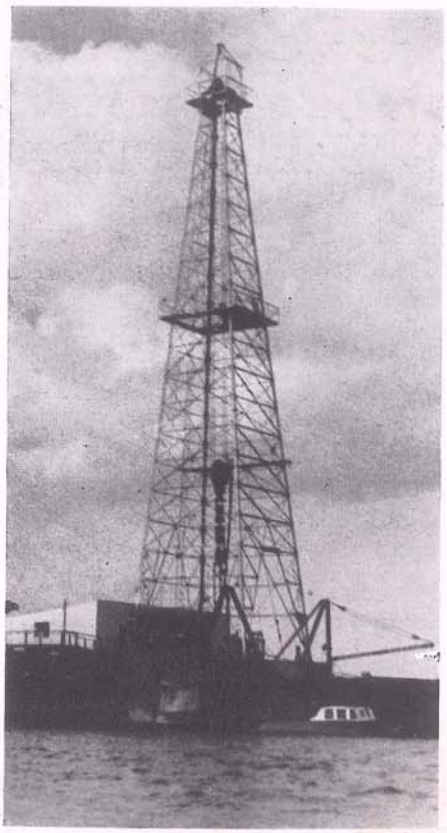
4. The location along the Westwego route is much better located for industrial development adjacent than along the Mereaux route. It is adjacent to the Huey P. Long Bridge, the principal railroad yards of the Texas Pacific-Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific Lines on the West Bank, the principal through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

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

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

E. S. PENNEBAKER

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



OIL

By H. B. BLANTON

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

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

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

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

HOW OIL IS FOUND

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

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

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

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

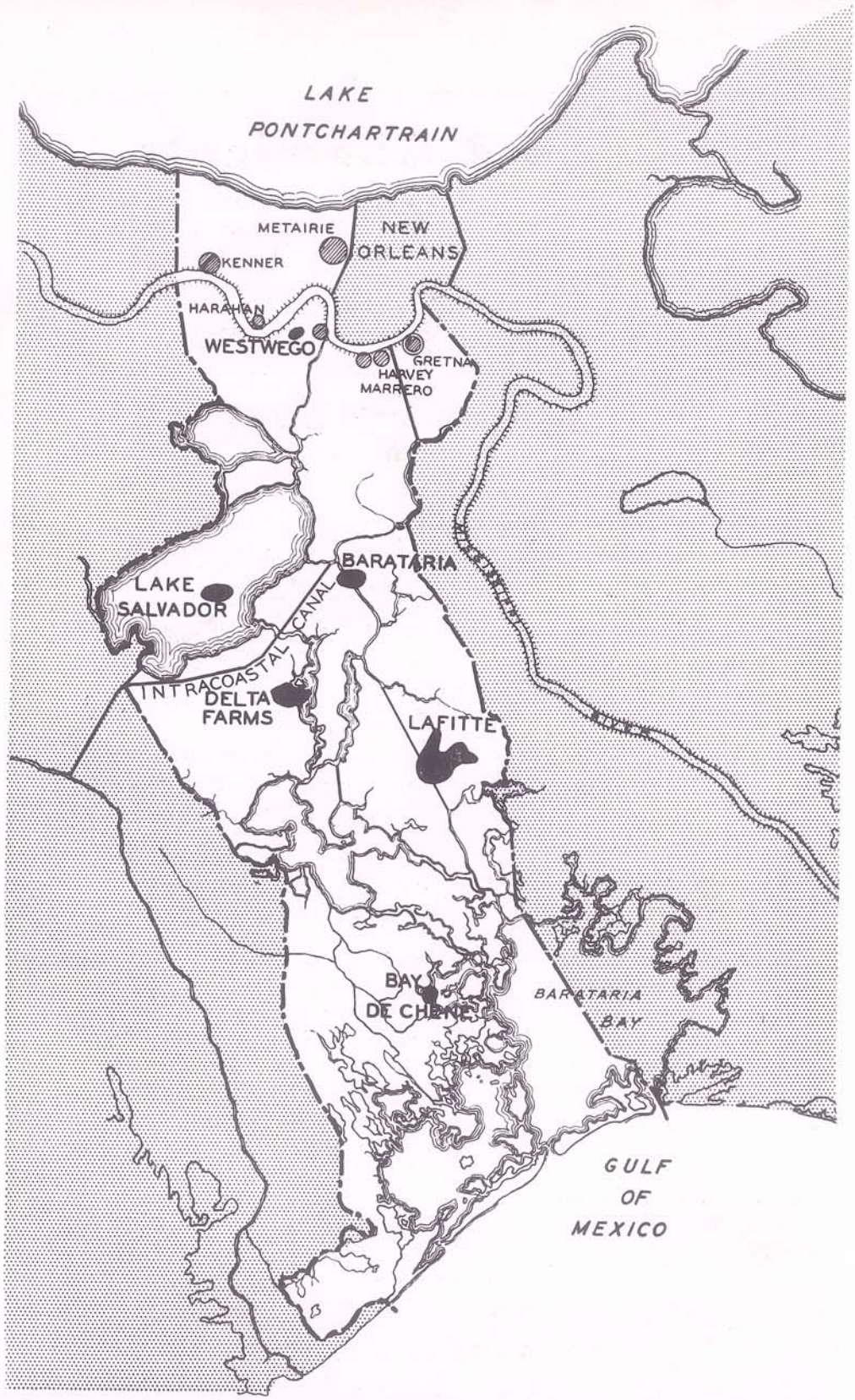
COST

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

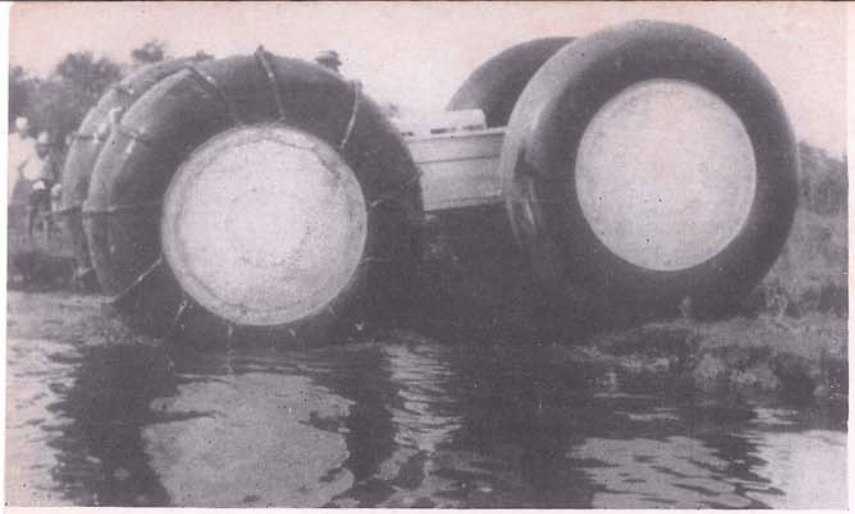
DEEPEST WELL

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

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



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



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

FIELDS OF JEFFERSON PARISH

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

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

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

PRODUCTION SUMMARY

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. B. BLANTON

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

THREE WISE MEN

(Continued from Page 64)

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

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

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

James William Tyler Stephens was the engineer with vision.

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

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

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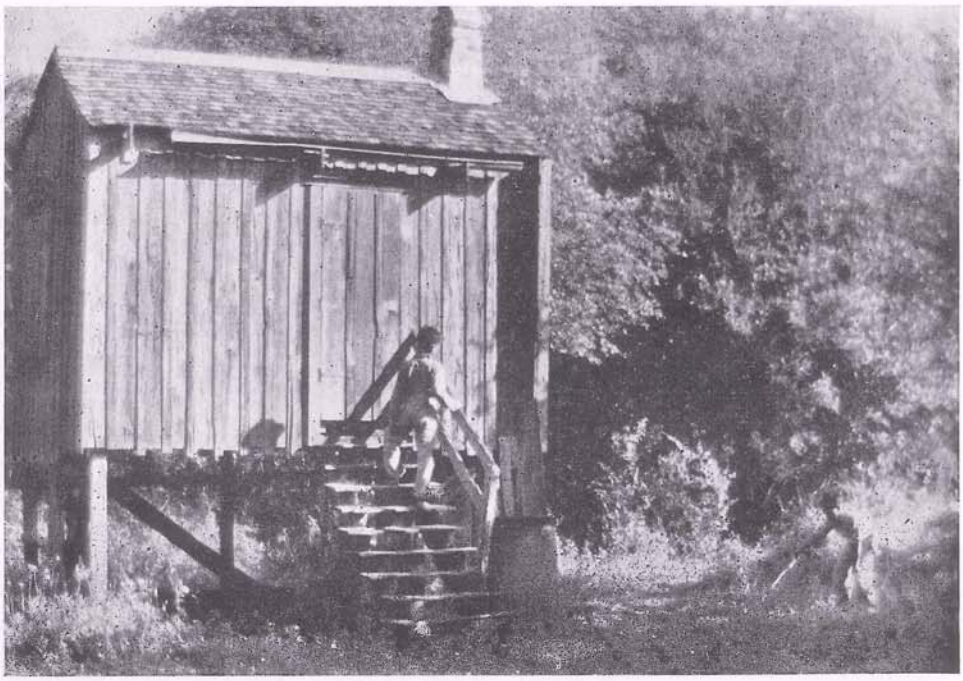
"Some folks long for the busy throng and noise as they hurry by—and all others want is somewhere to go where the sun's in the clear blue sky." To the latter we recommend a visit to the home of one of Grand Isle's fishermen, where there's no electric light, no modern plumbing and no evening paper—but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



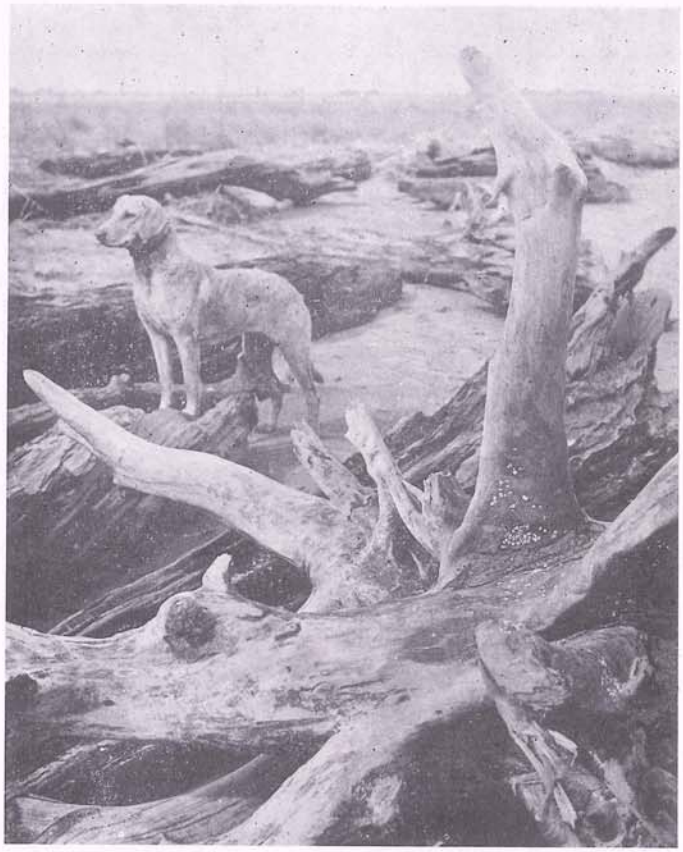
DRIFTWOOD

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on Page 152)

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

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

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

Grand Isle Glamour

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

THREE WISE MEN

(Continued from Page 150)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SUE THOMPSON

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

Administering Angel

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

WAR AND POST WAR PUBLIC EDUCATION IN JEFFERSON PARISH

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

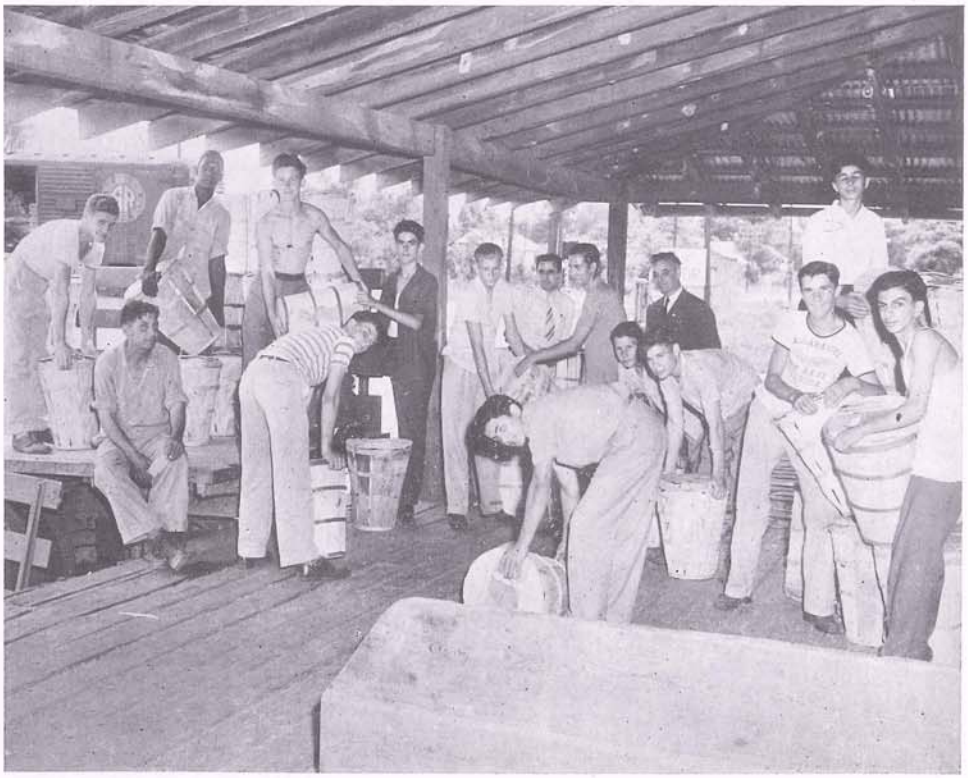
TODAY, the dominant thought in the mind of everyone is the successful termination of the war. All of us are certain of the final outcome. There is no idea of anything but Victory. No matter what lies ahead, the Allied Nations will emerge triumphant.

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

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

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

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



JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

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

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

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

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

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICIALS

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

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

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

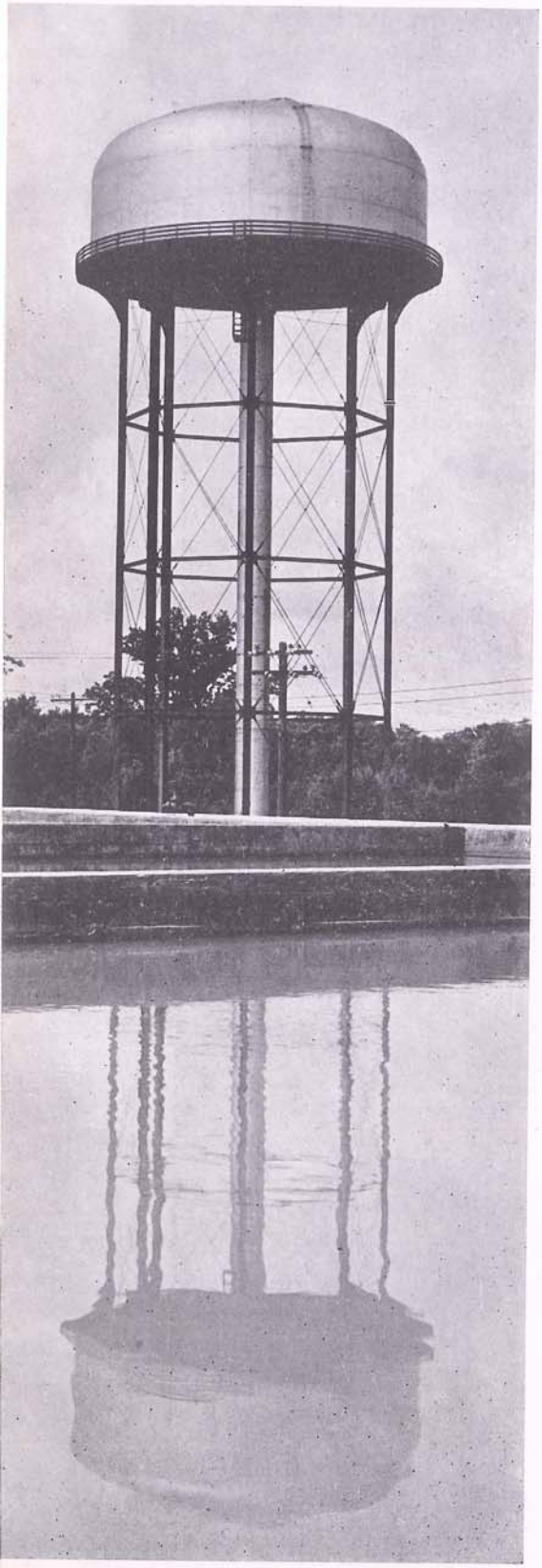
subjects in our schools. The instructors were already qualified to teach whatever was required of them.

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

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

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

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



INTERVIEW WITH A FAUCET

By J. W. HODGSON

President and General Manager
East Jefferson Waterworks
District Number One

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

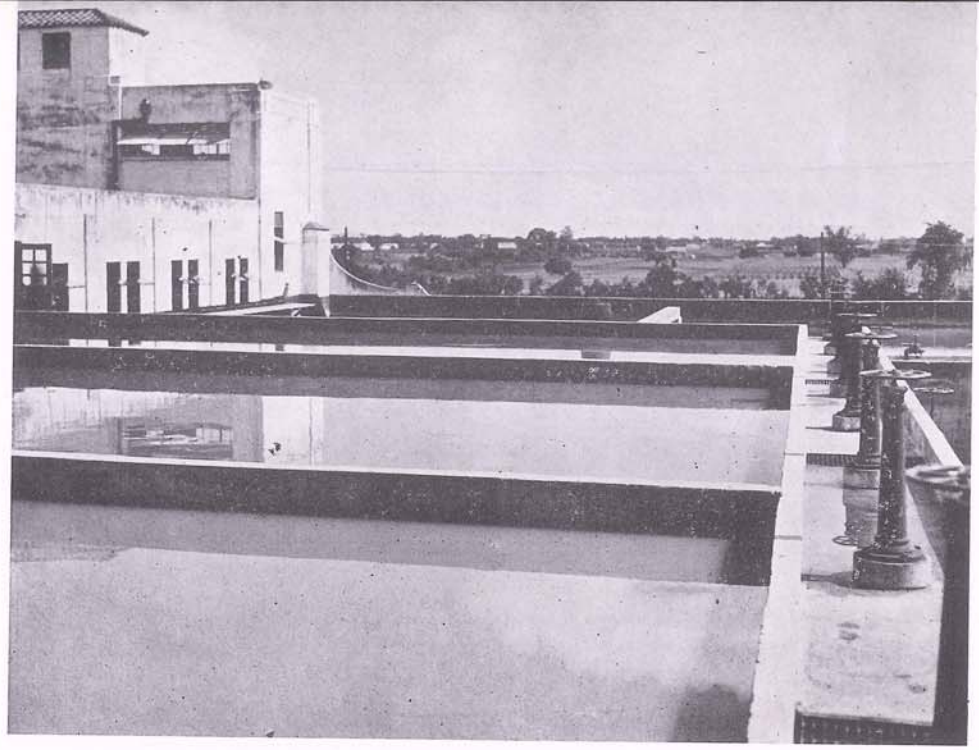
"Say, Boss," it said, "I've wanted to ask you something for a long time. Go ahead—keep on washing. I don't mind. You see, I've been wondering if people really know what an important job we water workers are doing? You know—guys like you and I and all the other thousands of faucets and pipes."

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

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

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

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



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

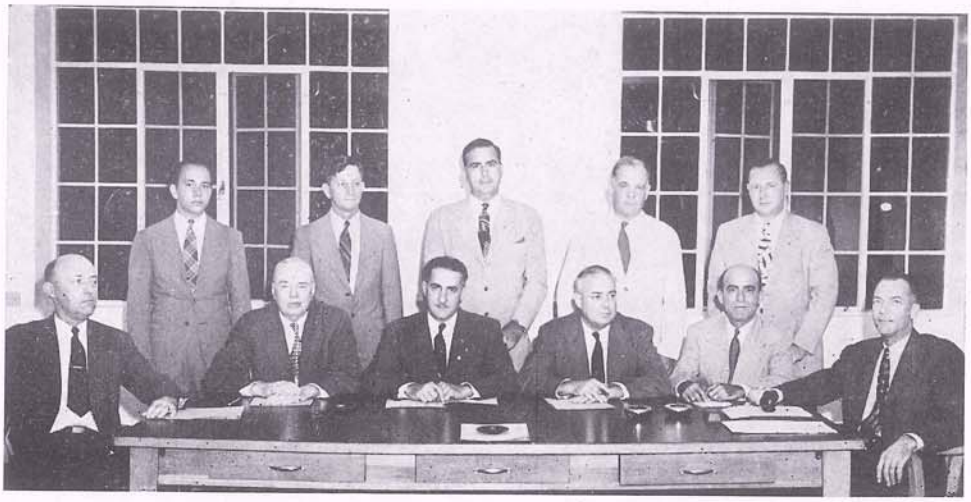
tested by the Louisiana State Board of Health twice a week and that our own chemists test samples from a different school area every day."

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

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

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

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



COMMISSIONERS OF EAST JEFFERSON WATERWORKS DISTRICT No. 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Personnel and Information

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

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

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

CITY OF GRETNA

By DR. CHARLES F. GELBKE, MAYOR

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

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

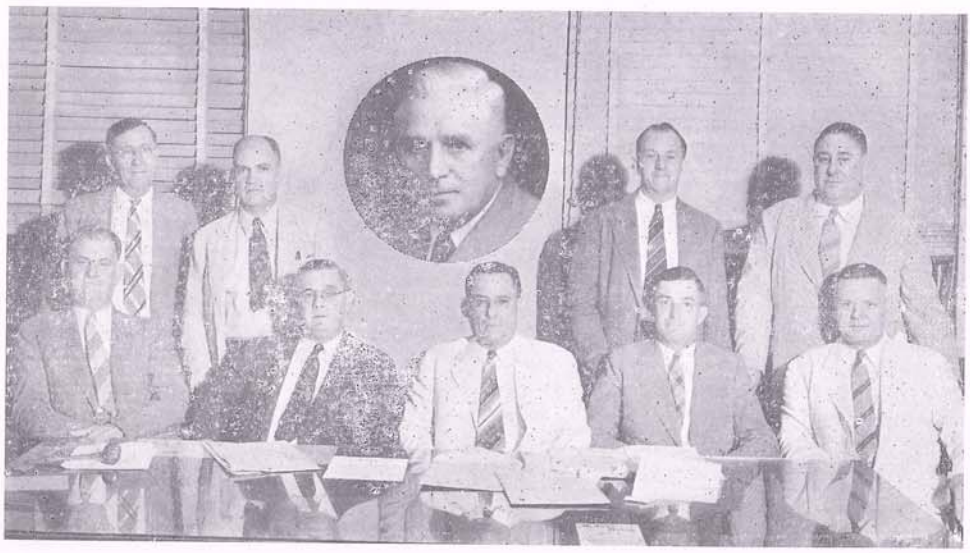
Gretna had its origin in the early part of the eighteenth century when John Batiste Destrehan, aristocratic landowner, traded plots of land on his immense plantation for the labor of the hard working immigrants of the German Coast. They widened his irrigation ditch to make it navigable (see article on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

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

OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF GRETNA

Inset: Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Mayor

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOWN OF KENNER

By DR. JOSEPH S. KOPFLER, MAYOR

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

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

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

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

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

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF KENNER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOWN OF WESTWEGO

By MORRIS ROSENSTOCK, Mayor

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

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

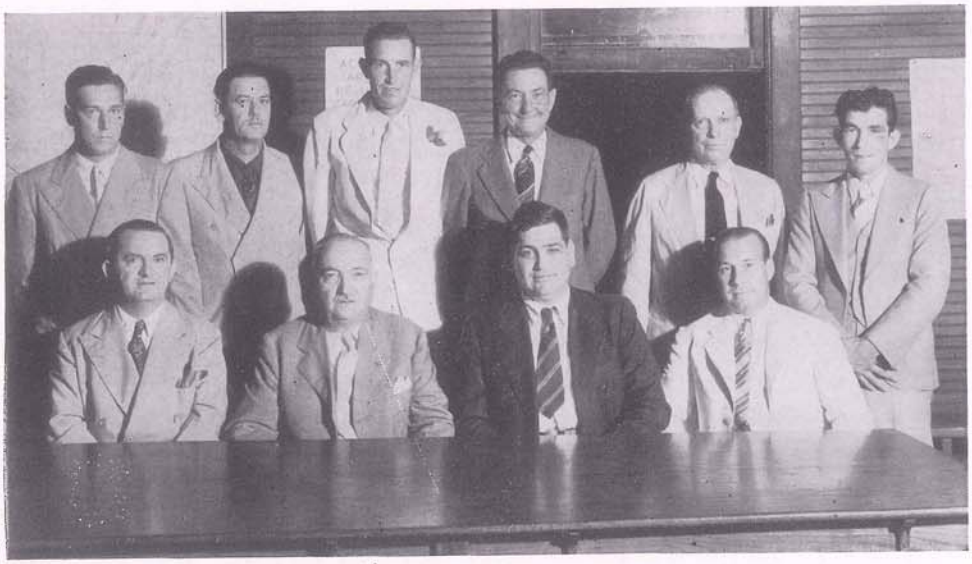
Westwego is also an industrial town. The Jefferson Parish west river bank is like the rope in a tug-of-war—each town grabbing a good hold, and, pulling industrial business to the Parish. In this cooperative tug-of-war Westwego keeps steady pull, its factories and its workers contributing greatly to the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

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

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

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF WESTWEGO

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



VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

By FRANK H. MAYO, Mayor

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

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

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

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

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

OFFICIALS OF THE VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

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

JEFFERSON PARISH MOBILE RED CROSS CANTEEN

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

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

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

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

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

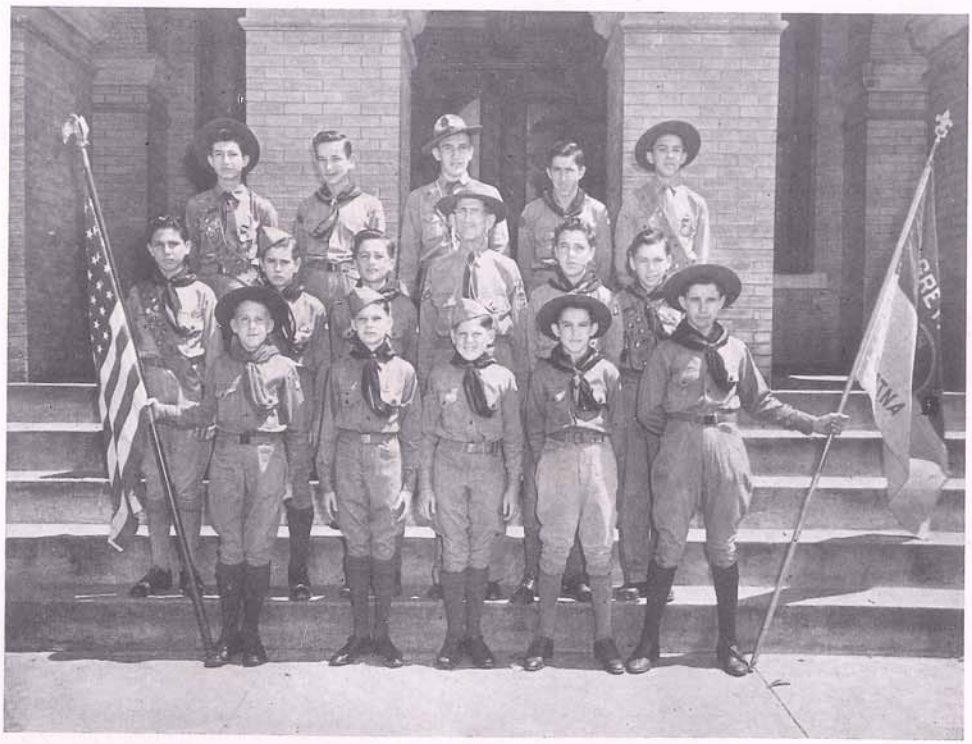
JEFFERSON PARISH is proud of its Boy Scout record. In the parish are 18 troops and six cub packs, with a membership of 528 scouts and 232 cubs—a total of 760 boys.

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

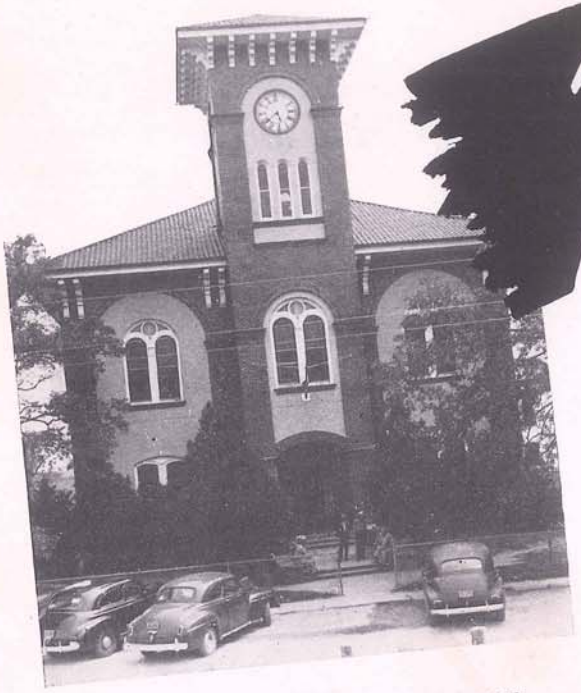
District Committee on East Bank (Keystone)—Erroll E. Buckner, chairman; William B. Nourse, vice-chairman; D. C. Tupper, R. E. Jeunesse, John A. Lipps, Sr., M. H. Couret, C. D. Frankel, Sidney Brown, P. J. Naquin, Jr., E. F. Livaudais, Rev. W. Hewson, J. V. Pyka, Walter Wenius, R C. Steib, Captain O.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

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

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



Plaquemines Parish



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

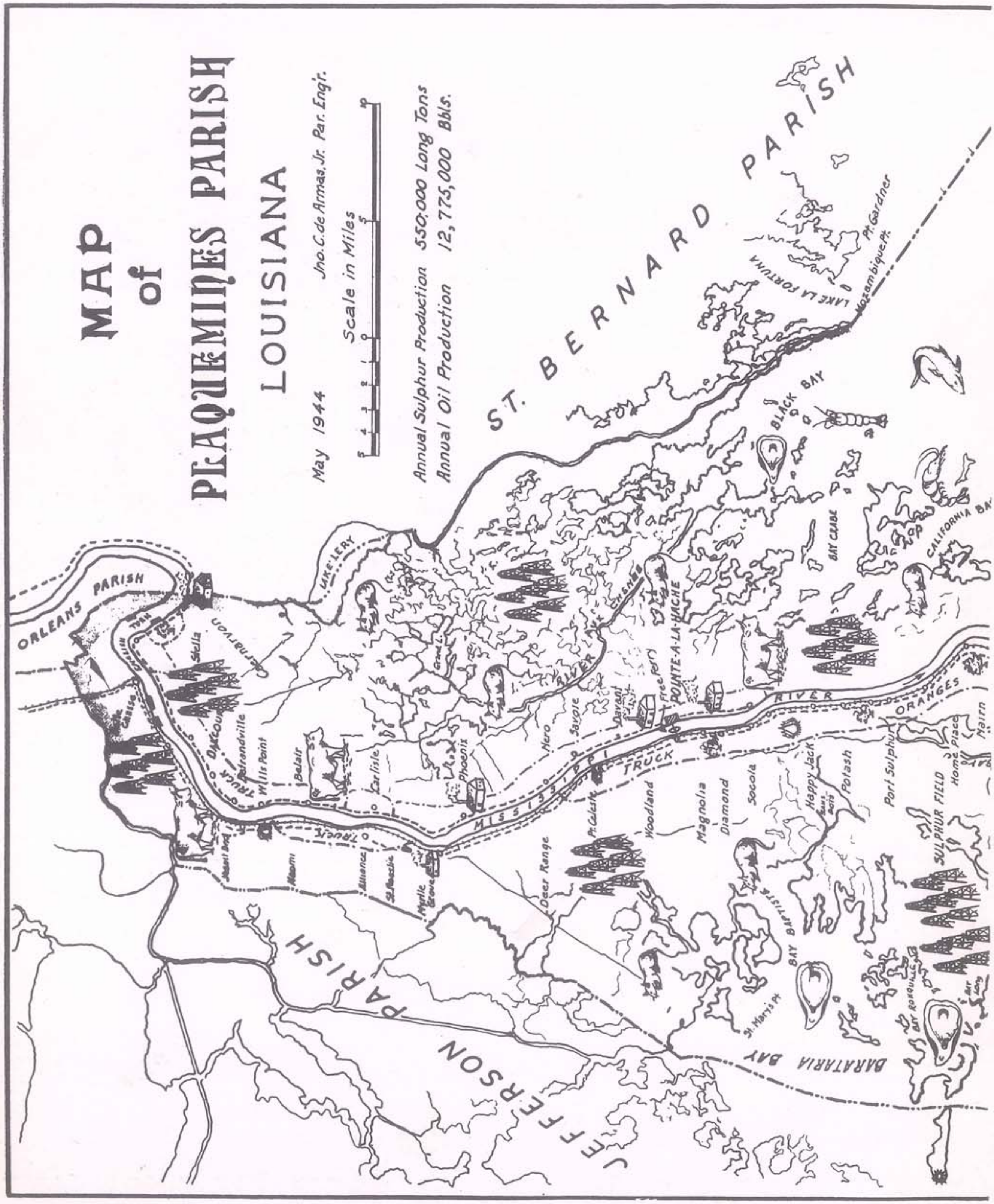
There is a very popular by-product of the orange industry—the making of orange wine, a potent 18-to-20-percent-by-volume beverage for which Plaquemines Parish, around Buras and Triumph, is now famous. For as long as anybody can remember, the people in the parish have been making their orange wine from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

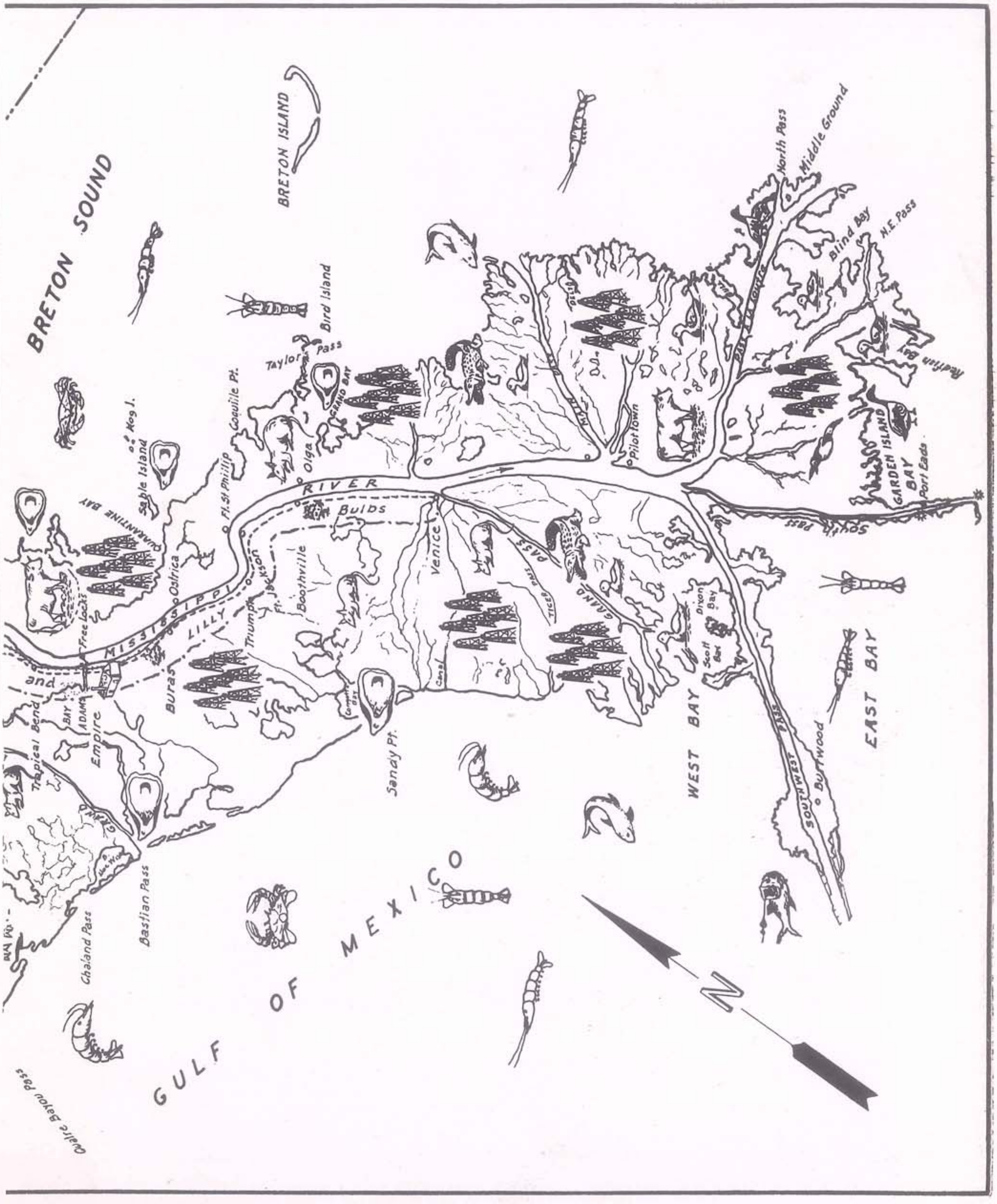
Also, let us not overlook a couple other incidentals of the citrus industry; Plaquemines lemons, a little larger and juicier than ordinary lemons; and the marmalade from kumquats.

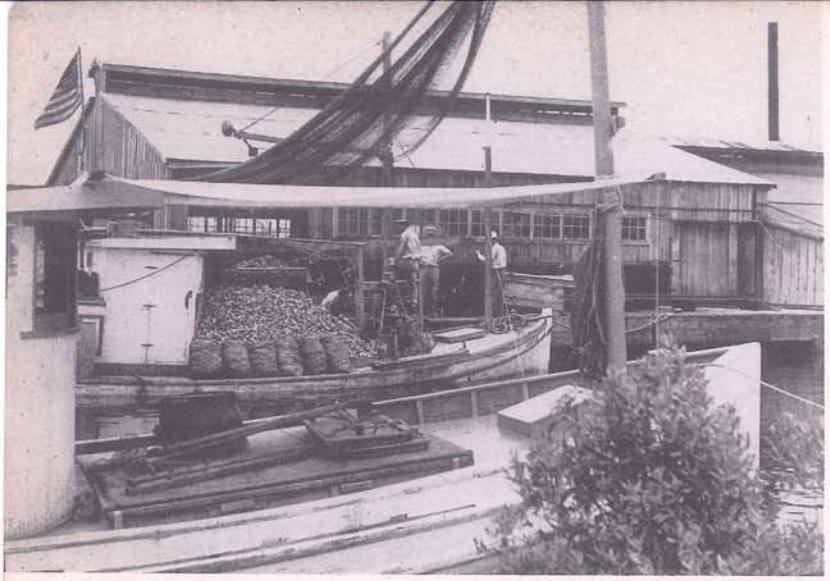
The citrus fruit industry and truck farming—the latter belt running from Braithwaite to below Pointe a la Hache on both sides of the river—have replaced the former glories of the cane and rice fields. The sugar centralization

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

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


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


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

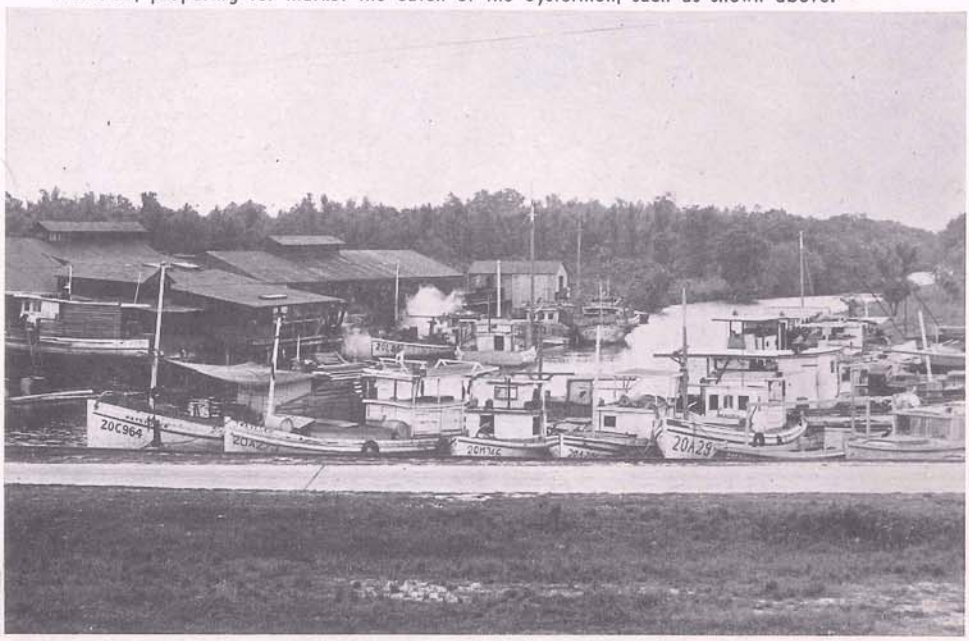


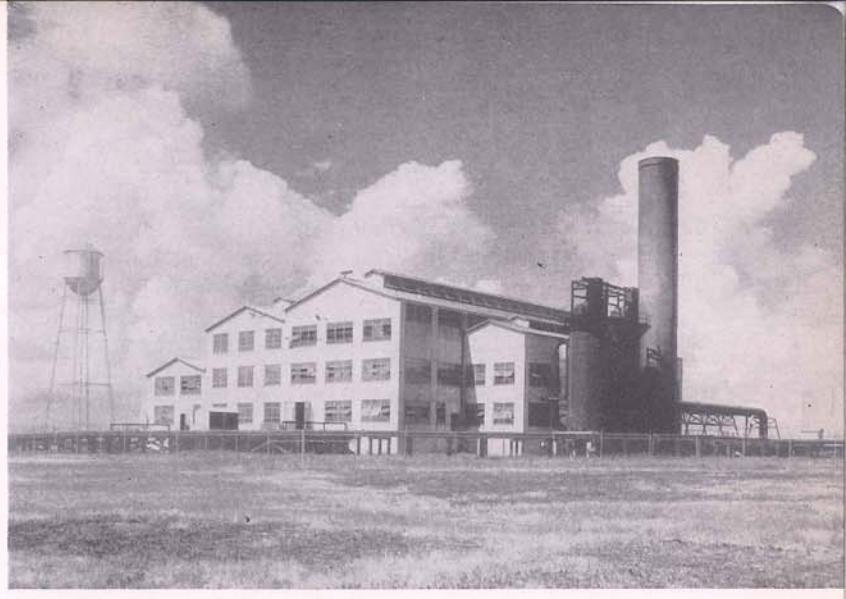
If you will look at the map you will see where the oystermen of Plaquemines first plant and later harvest the succulent bivalves that amounted to 260,000 barrels in 1943—with boats like this and with loads like this. Oyster boats in Plaquemines Parish are as plentiful as Fords in Detroit.

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

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

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





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

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

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

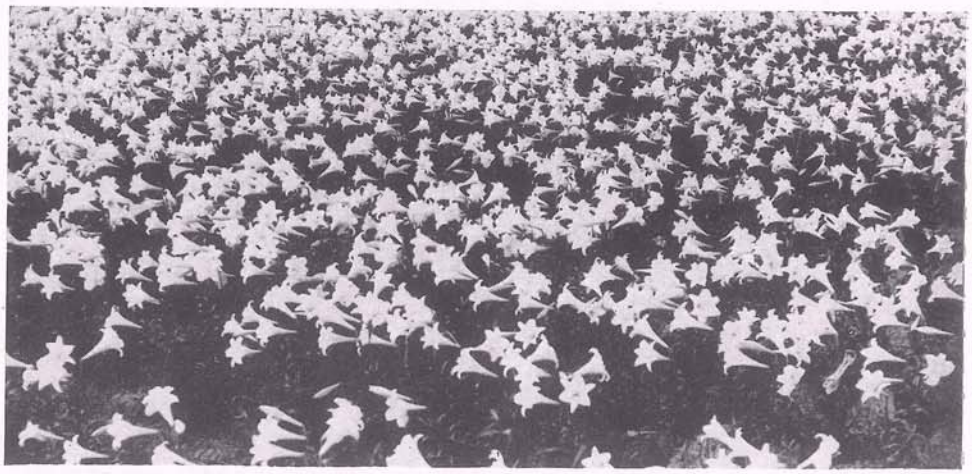
Without a doubt, the discovery of sulphur in Plaquemines Parish was the greatest single factor in its "Come Back"—but, although a big factor, was only one of several.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

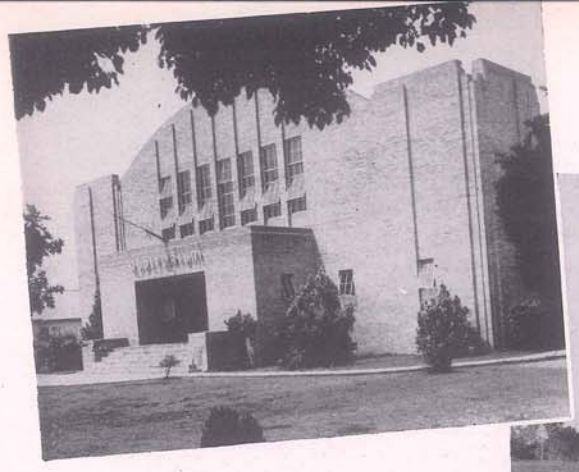
To encourage this young industry the Parish will give one bushel of bulbs to anyone in the parish interested in raising these Creole Lilies. In two years they pay back two bushels from their crop. The plan is thus self-perpetuating.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PARISH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

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

By OLIDEE C. DUFRESNE

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

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

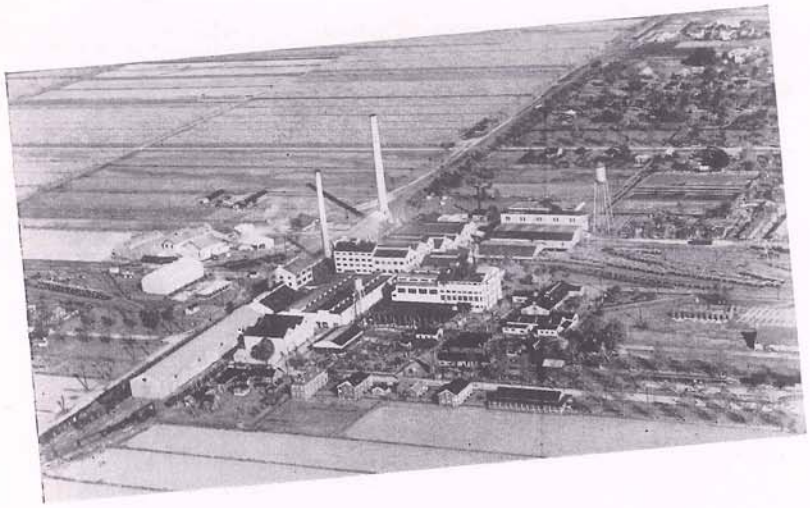
This is the parish that can proudly prove that 90% of its white families (and 50% of its colored) own their own homes. This is the parish whose inhabitants are descendants of those thrifty German sons of the soil, who established the second permanent settlement in Louisiana, and the industrious French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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

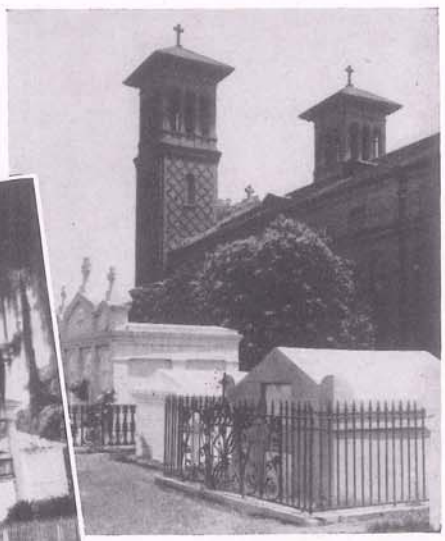
But, in spite of these setbacks, important developments were taking place in this parish in its No. 1 industry—sugar refining. Under the leadership of Leon Godchaux, St. John Parish pioneered the centralization of sugar manufacturing.

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

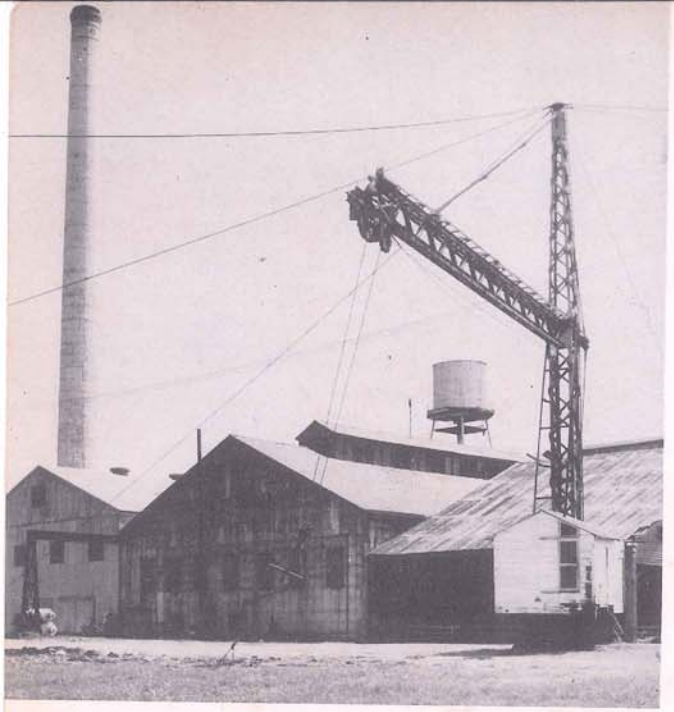
After the initial successful experiment at the Godchaux plant in Reserve, this system was universally adopted throughout the cane producing belt.

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

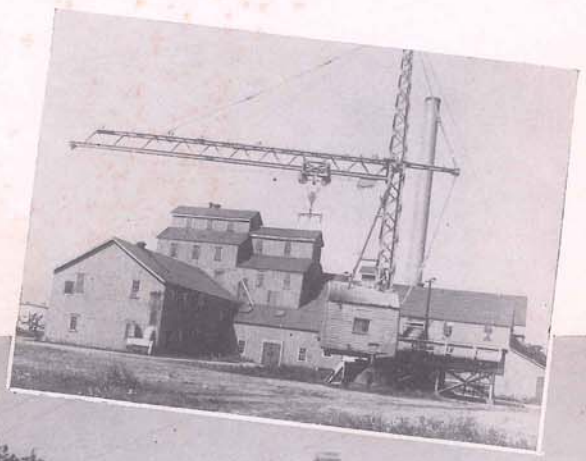
The most predominant and promising point about this parish is that its future is just beginning. Its cane production will support another refinery. Its truck farming possibilities will support another central shipping point on the West side of the river. Its strategic position, alongside river, highway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

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

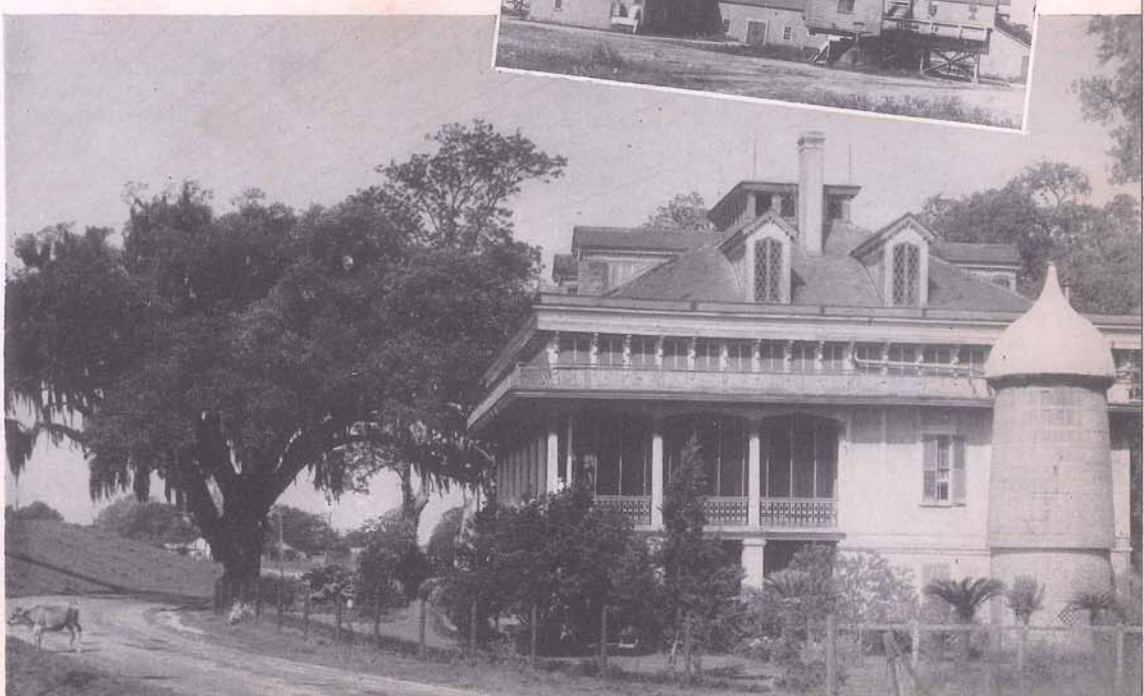
St. John the Baptist Parish is not only prosperous—it is a nice place to live. Extending for 35 miles on both sides of the Mississippi and following the picturesque levee are neat homes, well kept yards and tidy villages.

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

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



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



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

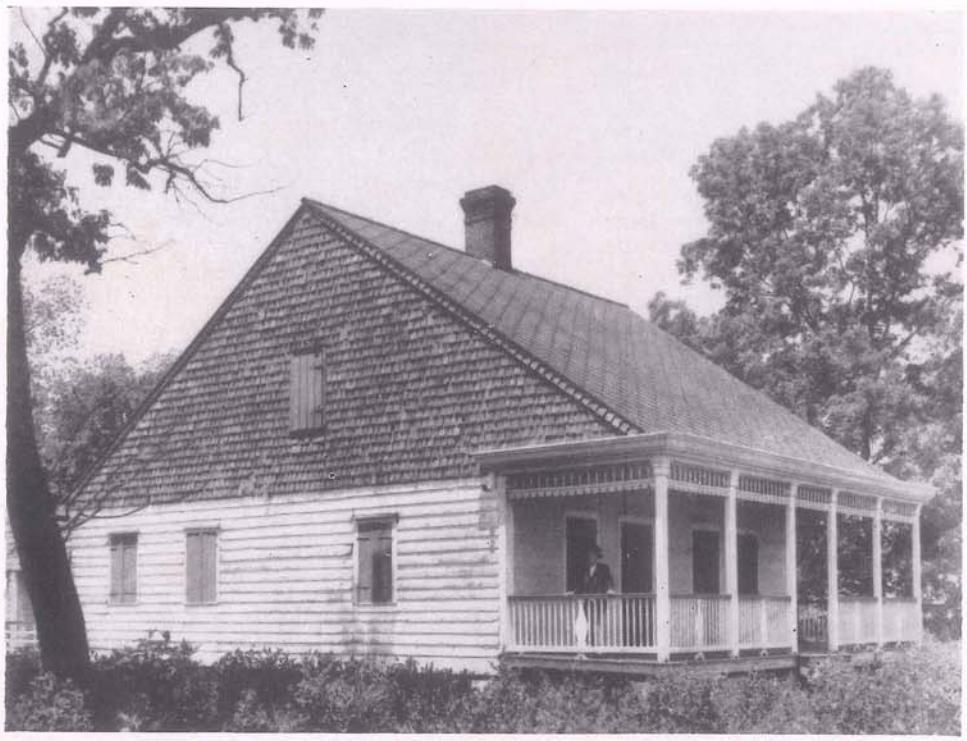
Edgard was originally known as St. John. But, when a man by the name of Edgard Perret established a postoffice there, the people began to call it "Edgard's Postoffice" and later, just "Edgard." At Edgard is the sugar factory of Caire and Graugnard on the Columbia Plantation. In Edgard is located, what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

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

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

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

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



OFFICIALS OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST PARISH

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUSTIN F. BORDENAVE
Publisher

JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

KENNER, LOUISIANA

JOSEPH H. MONIES
Managing Editor

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

Weaver R. Toledano, President

STAFF

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

OUR COVER

Kodachrome by Eugene Delcroix

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

This Book Manufactured in its Entirety by Union Labor

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

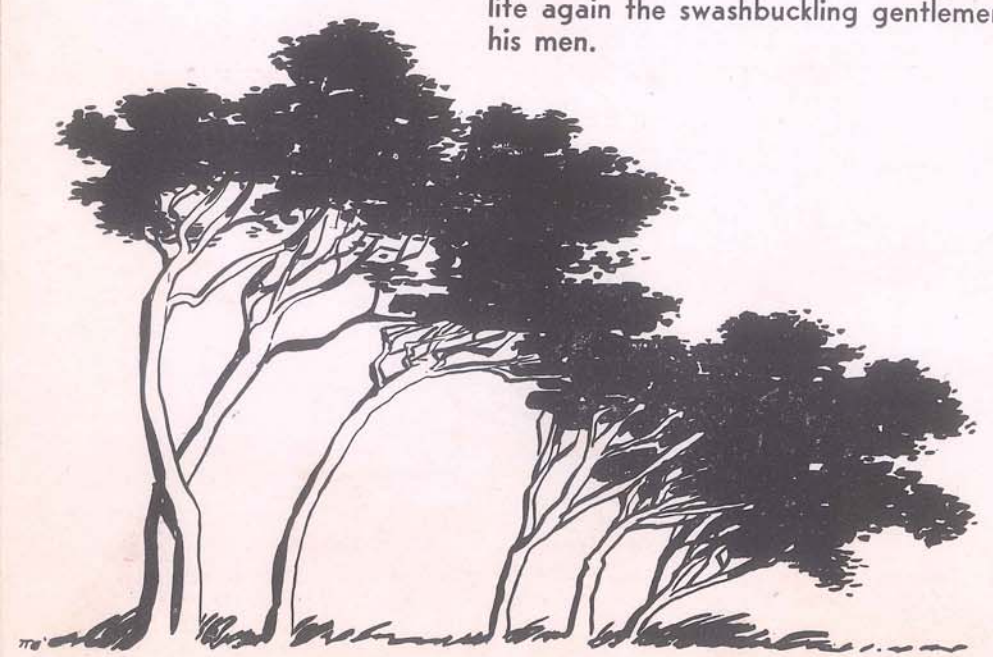
The Land of Lafitte the Pirate

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

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

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

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



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

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

Drawings
BY TILDEN LANDRY
Photographs
BY EUGENE DELCROIX

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

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

FOREWORD BY LYLE SAXON
WRITTEN BY RAY M. THOMPSON

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

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

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Three Essential Services for War and Peace

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Natural Gas for Fuel
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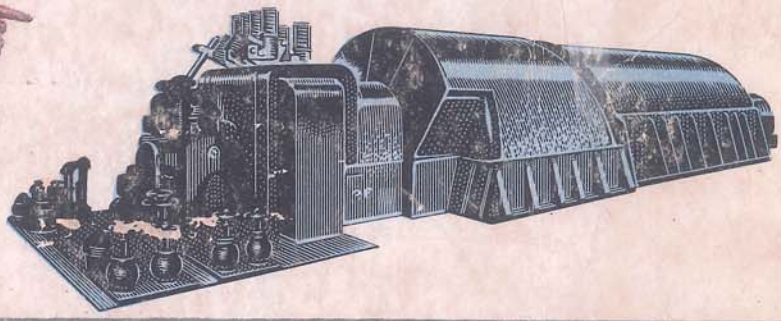
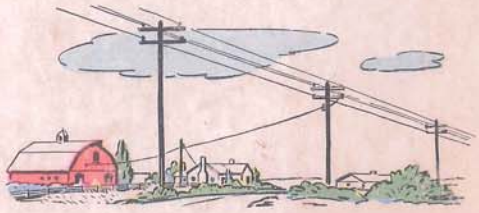
NEW ORLEANS *Public Service*

"More Power For Victory"



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

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



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

LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

"Helping Build Louisiana"