In the foreground is shown Gretna with New Orleans across the river. The indicated bridge site across the river marks about where the contacts would be made between Race street and McDonoghville. It will be noticed that they are close to congested areas—but NOT actually interfering with congested areas.

The Logical Location for the MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE

This is one case where it is wisest to cross our bridges before we come to them—in fact, before we build them.

Every far sighted person in New Orleans is agreed that we need another bridge across the Mississippi closer to the center of the metropolitan area than the Huey P. Long Bridge, now the only one below Baton Rouge connecting the east and west banks. The city, the adjoining parishes, the state, in fact every one doing business in or with this growing world port, which must straddle the Mississippi for several miles in order to have room to function and expand, are unanimous in their approval of a new structure. The only detail that needs to be settled is WHERE it shall be located.

As a result, two bridge sites are proposed—the second of which, for reasons which we shall outline, is preferred by Jefferson Parish.

One location—from Julia street across to Algiers—has received support based greatly on a survey which indicated that the heaviest cross-river traffic,

and therefore, the greatest need for a bridge, concentrates at that point. This is true now because of the heavy passenger flow (now using the Algiers Ferries) between the Algiers Naval Base and Todd-Johnson Dry Docks, Inc., and the city proper. This, obviously, will not continue after the War when only a skeleton force is maintained at Algiers Naval Base and when thousands of sailors and their visitors are no longer a traffic factor. And undoubtedly the ship repair business will revert to normal after the war.

Many industrial, civic and business interests favor the other site—the one indicated in the photographs at the top of page 113 and the bottom of this page—from Race street in New Orleans to McDonoghville on the west bank. This is the one which Jefferson Parish endorses. And, all of its proponents are confident that in the postwar period this bridge location will be as strategically placed for the main stream of traffic as the Julia street site, with several other advantages which the Julia street site does not possess.

While the main purpose of the bridge is to serve the traffic center of the whole area, nevertheless construction factors warn against placing it too close to the congested section.

The three way approaches to the bridge on the New Orleans side will necessitate the utilization of several city streets. Since the Race street area

This is the opposite view of the Race street-McDonoghville proposed bridge site, with New Orleans in the foreground and Algiers across the river. Here it is shown very graphically how the Race street end would be constructed in an open industrial area not heavily congested or built up.

is not as congested as the Julia street area, it is logical that the necessary ground can be adapted to the approaches with much less disturbance of present activities.

One of the most drastic objections to the Julia street site, when it was first suggested, was voiced by boat and ship owners operating on the Mississippi. A bridge at that location would be too close to the Algiers point of the river. Here the current, in high waters and storms, would tend to pull boats against the bridge foundations and structure and cause constant property damage. The operators much preferred the river at Race street where the boats could have a chance to straighten out in the river before approaching the bridge.

This hazard has been somewhat, but not completely, eliminated by the proposed design of the Julia street bridge which calls for a high level fixed steel span 3,000 feet long, supported on concrete piers with an arched span between of 1800 feet. This would mean that the maximum horizontal clearance for a vessel would be about 1750 feet.

The Julia street structure calls for a height of 150 feet above high water at the highest point of the bridge. The Dock Board recommends a height of 170 feet, to handle all postwar shipping. And, since it costs about $100,000 for every additional foot, it is logical that the difference should be discussed and studied by experts before the final decision is made.

The Julia street site will serve Algiers but will not serve Jefferson and Plaquemines parishes as thoroughly. The Race street site will just as advantageously serve Algiers but will give better service to the combined interests of the West Bank.

We believe that a bridge such as the one proposed, like all public structures, should be erected where it will best serve the best interests of the most people. McDonoghville, which would be the west bank approach to this bridge, is, all factors considered, the most logical spot for the traffic, the industries and the farmers on the west side of the river. The New Orleans approach to this same bridge, would, from the standpoint of traffic concentration and logical location, also best serve all interests of traffic and trade on the east bank.

This is not a controversial article, **nor meant to be. It is an article that suggests further discussion. All of us want a bridge. Most of us want the bridge that is best for all concerned. The U. S. Engineers are willing to listen to all arguments for or against either site and we suggest to any reader of this magazine, if they have a reason for supporting the Race street location, that they make their arguments known either by letter to the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review or to the U. S. Engineers themselves.**

In Memoriam

Right Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven, P. A.

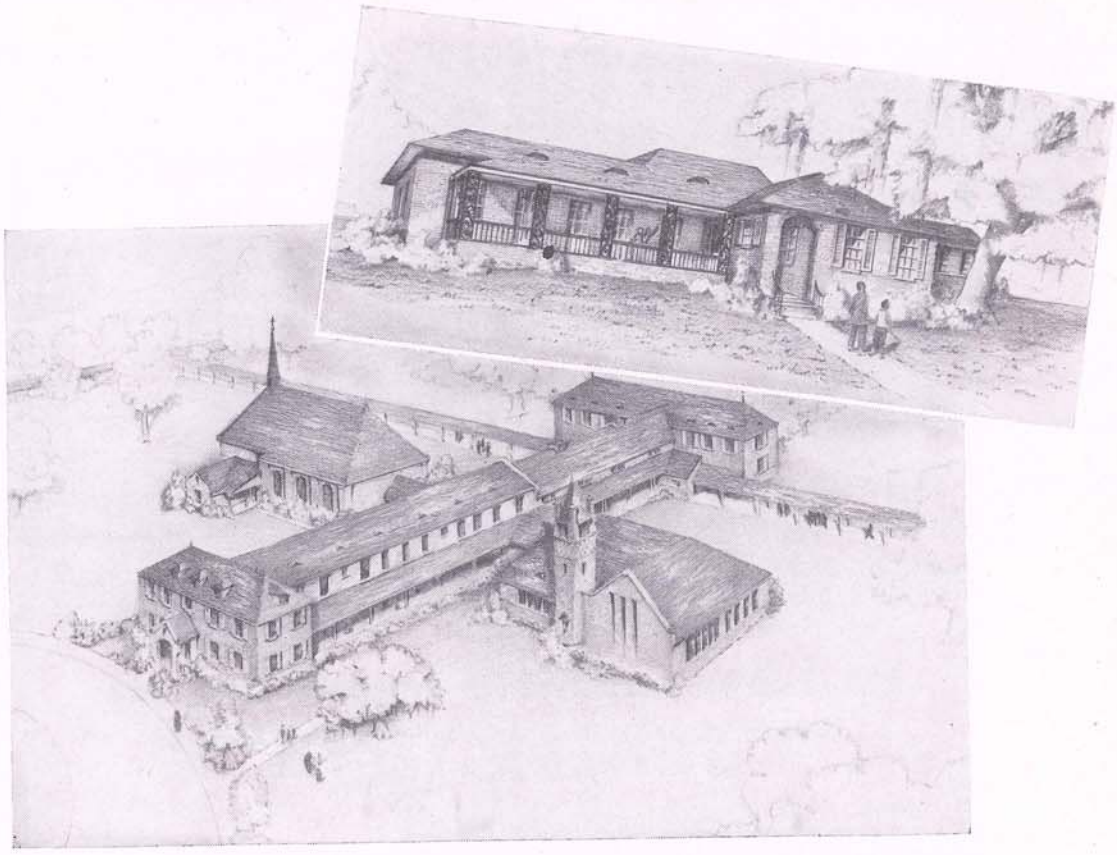
Love has passed this way and love is eternal!

The memory-path left by a person who has loved another person or a town or a section of the country-side is bedecked with the flowers, with the visible proofs of that love! Monsignor Peter M. H. Wynhoven, "Father Wynhoven," or the "Padre" to thousands, loved the people and the towns and the country-side of Jefferson Parish. On every side can be found evidence of his great love. Echoing and re-echoing in the hearts of thousands of citizens of Jefferson are words of comfort and affection, of encouragement and confidence spoken by their friend, Father Wynhoven, during moments when they really needed a friend. Many a home along the highways and by-roads of Jefferson whose walls ring with the happy voices of children are there because the "Padre" taught the mother and father of that home the true meaning of love, and the joys of a christian family. Adequate schools in many communities of Jefferson Parish fulfill the needs of the families who are there today because of the bright picture of the future painted by the missionary pastor from St. Joseph's a generation ago! Those mission chapels and temporary altars in private homes used by Father Wynhoven in ministering to the spiritual needs of his people, and reached often only after many hours of fatiguing travel by horse and pirogue and on foot, have now given place to five substantial parish churches and four mission chapels, neat and inviting, along the flowering edge of the Bayous, with the mother church in Gretna, rebuilt and enhanced, still towering in the heaven's blue above the levee.

Because he loved Jefferson so much, Father Wynhoven brought the little ones, neglected and abandoned by the world but loved by him, to the home he had provided for them at Hope Haven, Madonna Manor and St. Joseph Institute for the Deaf along Barataria Road. There on this spot in Jefferson dearest to his heart, among the boys and girls whose champion he was, before the Statue of Him whose challenge of love he had so generously accepted, and facing the reflected image of the beautiful home of His Eucharistic King, he rests and waits for the angel's trumpet whose clarion notes will end earthly memorials of love and announce its immortal reality.

Ere that hour chimes and those angelic notes ring out, the last dream of love of the Padre will take form in his beloved Jefferson! Nestling in one of the gracious curves of historic Barataria, a home for boys in trouble will arise, a protectory where young lads can be trained and taught and made useful citizens. The name of this final monument to the love of Monsignor Wynhoven will be San Salvador—Holy Redeemer—for whom his great heart always beat in rapturous love, a love which touched and cheered and blessed all whom he passed along life's highway.

Very Rev. Msgr. H. Joseph Jacobi



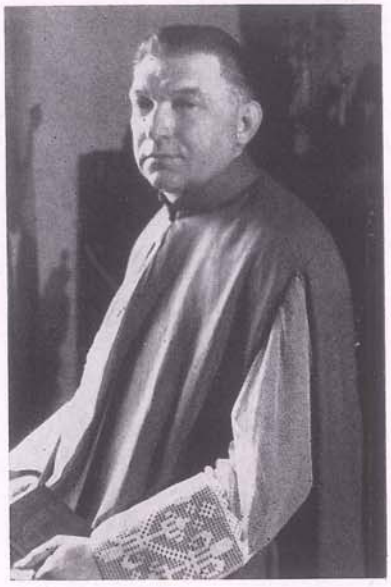
SAN SALVADOR PROTECTIVE INSTITUTE

By Roger Baudier, K.S.G.

AS SOON as the current war ends and restrictions are removed from building material, work will commence on a great Catholic youth plant on the Barataria Road, 11 miles below Marrero. When completed, this institution will represent one of the foremost of its kind in the South, and one of the most carefully and scientifically planned homes for its specific purposes in the whole country. The contemplated and already planned institution is the San Salvador Protective Institute.

It is intended as a home for delinquent youths and boys with tendencies to go astray, but in no sense will it be a reform or corrective institution. San Salvador has been conceived and planned as a place of redemption, a place of rebuilding and a place of salvation, as the very name fittingly indicates. San Salvador, from the Spanish, means "Holy Redeemer" or "Holy Savior." That designation given to the home explains the whole concept of the work proposed to be undertaken there—not the incarceration of delinquents for more punitive ends, but the salvaging and redeeming of delinquent boys, so that they may be sent out into society as self-reliant, dependable and useful citizens.

Thus for the second time within a quarter of a century, Jefferson Parish has been selected by the Catholic Church for the establishment of important and unique plants for the handling and direction and education of youth, because of its convenient location, accessibility, health conditions, conveniences and climate. The other great youth center already established, in Jefferson Parish, is the already famous group of magnificent buildings, popularly known as Hope Haven, which include not only the Hope Haven school, but also Madonna Manor, St. Joseph Institute for the Deaf and that gem of architecture, St. John Bosco Chapel, all of which have been appropriately referred to as "Jefferson Parish's Million Dollar Boys' Town."



Above: Architect's rendering of one portion of the San Salvador Protective Institute as it will appear when completed.
Right: The late Father Peter Wynhoven who devoted his life to helping the underprivileged, the neglected . . . whose vision brought San Salvador into the realm of possibility just as he had already brought into being the renowned Hope Haven and Madonna Manor.

However, the Hope Haven plant was established for an entirely different purpose than the contemplated San Salvador Protective Institute. The former is a home and school for orphans, with the emphasis on home as we think of our own individual homes, and the elimination, as far as possible, of any atmosphere of the institution of the old days. Hope Haven gives a home to boys who are bereft of parents who could make a home for them, and it seeks to train them to become self-supporting men when they go out into the world.

Although the San Salvador Protective Institute has been planned for a different purpose, it is nevertheless the outcome of the same ideas and concepts and convictions of the great priest who dreamed of both of them, the greatest friend of youth that the Deep South has known—the late Right Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven.

San Salvador exists only in the form of an architect's plans and in the means that generous citizens have placed at the disposal of Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, S. T. D., Archbishop of New Orleans, to carry out these plans, during the recent Youth Progress Program campaign, still it was dreamed of and planned many years ago, more than three decades ago, when Hope Haven, too, was dreamed and planned. It all came about when Monsignor Wynhoven, as a young priest then, worked in the old section of New Orleans, and came into constant contact with the derelicts of society, tramps and floaters, who came to beg. He arranged for these unfortunates, temporary quarters, St. Vincent's Hotel, and sought to bring them back to the status of useful, working, self-reliant citizens. However, these kindly efforts for fellow men in most cases proved futile. Monsignor Wynhoven reached the stern realization that these men had been wrongly bent from childhood, and that the cure lay not in the difficult struggle of straightening these warped men after they had reached maturity, already wrecked, but to forestall men from ever getting into that state, by making proper provision for them when young—in short, to start them off in life on the right track. This conviction became unshakeable, when his innumerable contacts disclosed that most of them had had no home life and no guidance.

His first task was to establish a home that would be home—a real home, not an institution with regimentation, fenced in, and marking the homeless, simply because they already had a handicap of lacking parental care and guidance. He wanted a home where those young boys would be taught

trades and then sent into the world equipped to earn a living and make something of themselves. With the help of generous friends and the public, he brought to realization the now famous Hope Haven.

Monsignor Wynhoven's conviction too, was that once a boy left the right path, it was folly merely to punish him or lock him up, because his contacts with those floaters in his early priestly life had shown him conclusively that in many instances this had started them off as rebels against society, bitter and frustrated, whereas a little encouragement and guidance would have set them straight again. All that many of them had wanted was just a chance, an opportunity to make good and start off life again, but this had been denied them.

Hope Haven had become a reality, and the home was alive with happy, satisfied boys, but Monsignor knew that it would be tragic to introduce among that group of lads any youths who had fallen away. It would be an injustice to both of the groups, because each had to be handled in their own special way. They represented two, separate and distinct problems.

And thus San Salvador was conceived, out of these experiences, contacts and study. Those wayward boys had to have a place of their own, a place where their problems could be solved by sympathetic and understanding individuals, and above all by the inculcating of religion and moral principles. That moral foundation, he knew, was indispensable for the building of character and indispensable to give these boys the right attitude towards their fellowmen when they took up their place in society. In addition, Monsignor Wynhoven was convinced that it was necessary to educate them fully and to train such boys in some trade, so that they would be able to earn an honest livelihood. That was his idea of redeeming these boys, spiritually and morally. But he wanted them also to have cheerful, uplifting surroundings and proper recreation, plenty of athletics and facilities for play. He wanted them also to have proper medical attention, pathological and psychological, so that whatever physical or mental failings might exist to cause waywardness would be eliminated.

Several years ago, he felt that the time had come to put this plan into execution. He called in Jack J. H. Kessels, K. S. G., Gretna architect, well known in Jefferson Parish, and a member of the architectural firm of Diboll, Kessels and Associates, and laid before him the ideas that he had for the handling of wayward boys and his vision for a group of buildings suitable to form a center for this work.

With characteristic energy, thoroughness and ability, Mr. Kessels plunged into this work and collaborated constantly with Monsignor Wynhoven in drawing up plans. Many studies were made, preliminary plans drafted and various types of buildings considered, every detail being studied solely from the standpoint of suitability for the purpose in mind.

Below: Architectural front elevation of Gymnasium and Auditorium Building as it will appear when completed.

His Excellency Archbishop Francis J. Rummel, whose enthusiastic interest and approval will bring the San Salvador Protective Institute to rapid fulfillment.

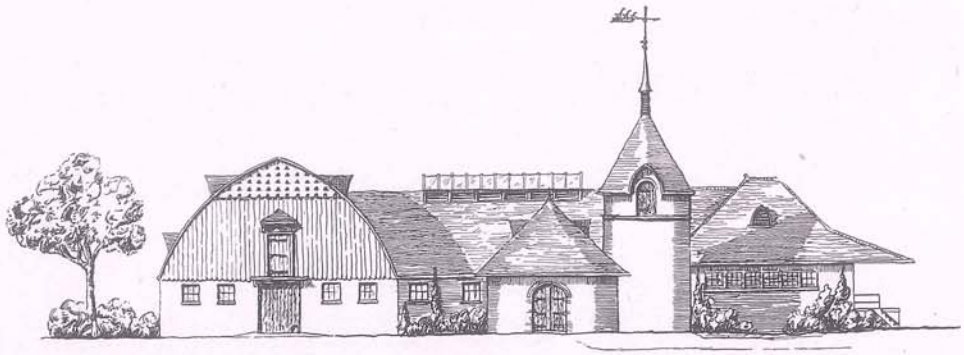
Typical cottage which will be one of four such projects at San Salvador.

From all of this, Mr. Kessels evolved a unique set of buildings admirably adapted not only to the locale and background, but above all to the purpose of the institute. A central group of buildings was planned in cruciform, containing the administration building, chapel, school classrooms, infirmary and service building. Instead of the customary long dormitories, four separate cottages were planned to serve as homes for age groups. This tends to eliminate the institutional idea, and provides the home atmosphere. Another structure planned is a trades school where the boys can be trained in any one of a number of trades or crafts, and another is a modern dairy. Finally, a spacious gymnasium-auditorium is included in the ensemble of buildings, thus providing the boys with ample facilities for gatherings, indoor athletics, theatricals, movies and indoor recreation during inclement weather. All of these buildings will be connected by arcades to permit ready intercommunication in any weather.

San Salvador's projected Chapel, Administration Building and School Building.

Mr. Kessels has done a remarkable piece of work in the designing of the buildings to adapt them to the natural setting of huge oaks, which will be retained, and to make them conform with the history and tradition of the state and parish. The group of buildings will be, beyond doubt, a magnificent addition to Jefferson Parish and the plant will be a model of its kind, truly an architectural and sociological show place for Jefferson.

The site selected to establish the institution is a 500-acre plot along the Barataria Road, less than a dozen miles from the river. Monsignor Wynhoven had acquired this property for the Archdiocese of New Orleans years ago, and originally it was intended to erect Hope Haven at that point, but the present site was later decided upon. The location of the new protectorate is ideal,



The model and modern Dairy which will be a part of San Salvador.

for it places the school far enough away from the large metropolitan area as to remove the lure and distractions of the big city, yet close enough to be within easy reach in cases of necessity, and for the visits of physicians and other professional men from the city. The wide grounds will provide an abundance of space for play, and eliminates crowding of buildings, points which Monsignor Wynhoven always insisted upon.

When it came to the designation of a name for the new school, Monsignor Wynhoven revealed again his strong convictions about the handling of boys. He sternly ruled out any names that smacked of a corrective or punitive institution, because this was completely against his whole idea of the institution as a place to redeem boys and give them a chance in life. He wanted the boys to feel that this was their home and their school. So he turned his thoughts to the Savior of men, Who came in His love and mercy to save all men, especially the sinner, and to give all men a chance in life. That was the spirit that Monsignor wanted to prevail in this school, so he called it San Salvador Protective Institute—Protective, because he wanted the boy protected in his future life, through what he would be given in this school.

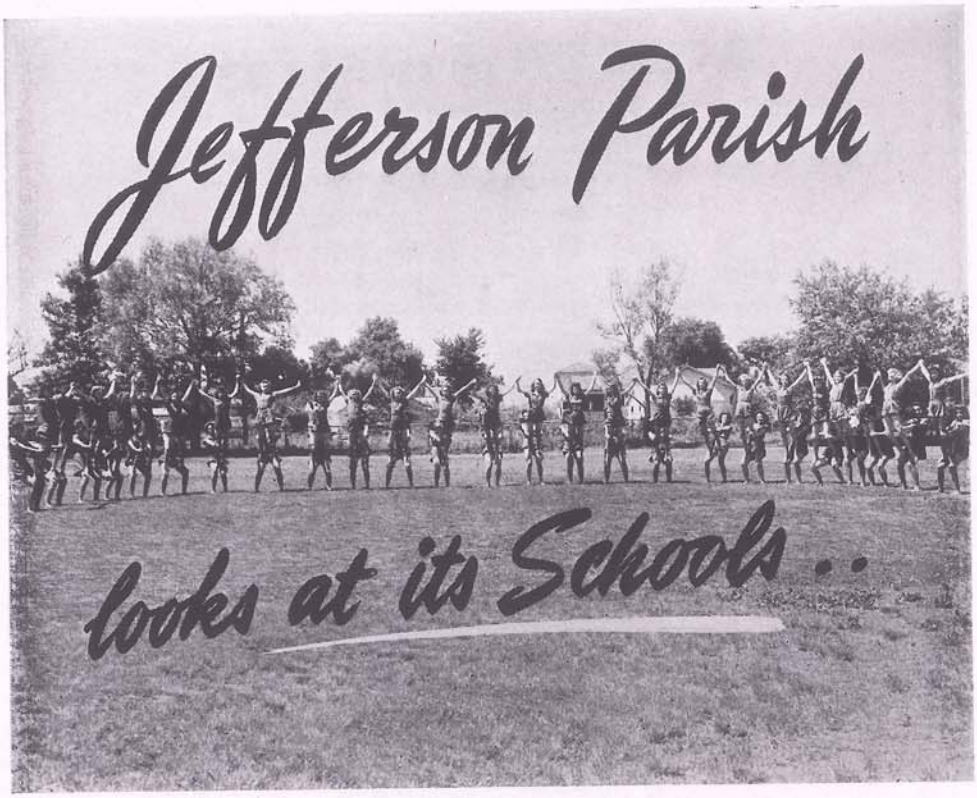
Monsignor Wynhoven laid his plans before His Excellency, Archbishop Rummel, and the latter, always keenly alive to the needs and the welfare of young America, enthusiastically approved the project and gave it the whole weight of his authority, influence and aid. At the same time, a number of other projects for youth had been proposed, and educational facilities had to be increased. His Excellency, Monsignor Wynhoven and other Catholic leaders decided to combine all of them into one program for the advantage of youth, lay it before the public and ask its support. The success of the Youth Progress Program campaign, and the astounding response that it received from the public of this section are too recent to require a review here.

Of the funds pledged and collected during this drive, $300,000 was allocated to start the San Salvador Institute. Other gifts and contributions as memorials are expected, particularly in the erection of individual buildings or equipping them as fitting memorials to deceased persons. San Salvador instantly won wide public approval and support, because it fills a definite need, but above all, because of its conception and its method of handling wayward boys, that is, its plan to redeem boys and make them useful citizens.

Since the untimely demise of Monsignor Wynhoven, His Excellency, Archbishop Rummel, has taken up the task of pushing San Salvador to its beautiful realization, just as conceived by its founder. So it will not be long, after the current war has ended, to see another magnificent center for the benefit of youth rearing its walls on the ground of Jefferson Parish, giving that section a unique position in Louisiana and in the South, as having two of the greatest youth plants in the South within its borders.

ROGER BAUDIER, K.S.G.

Roger Baudier, K.S.G., author of the article on San Salvador Protective Institute, is the editor of Catholic Action of South, official organ of the Catholic diocese in Louisiana and Mississippi. He is the author of "The Catholic Church in Louisiana," the first complete history of the Church in the state, and the author of a number of historic monographs, booklets and articles, besides several other volumes, including the artistic work, "The Eighth National Eucharistic Congress." He is an authority not only on Church history in Louisiana, but also on Creole customs, provincialisms and ways of life. In recognition for his contributions to Catholic history and to the Church, and for his Catholic editorial work, Pope Pius XI in September, 1943, conferred upon him the rank of Knight of the Papal Order of St. Gregory the Great.



By L. W. Higgins, B.A., M.A., Superintendent

WITH the European war successfully completed and the Japanese one nearing its end, the occasion is most opportune for the schools of Jefferson Parish to take inventory. This is a measure preparatory to the postwar curriculum which will carry with it many changes.

There are a total of thirty-six school buildings in the Parish of Jefferson. Six of these are white high schools, twenty of them white elementary ones.

Every child must live in an environment where he can learn how to express himself freely in many and varied media. Expression is the only means by which any child can come to know who he really is or what kind of a personality he is developing. This photograph shows a group of first and second graders dramatizing one of their stories they enjoyed reading.

Beside the enrichment of the school program plans are formulated for extra activities. These activities are carried on during a period set aside for purposeful group activity outside of the established program of studies.

This particular activity is in Junior Red Cross work which is endorsed by all the schools. Children in this group are the Junior Red Cross Counselors from the Marrero elementary department. The children are filling educational gift boxes for children in Europe, one of the first Junior Red Cross projects in the field of educational rehabilitation.

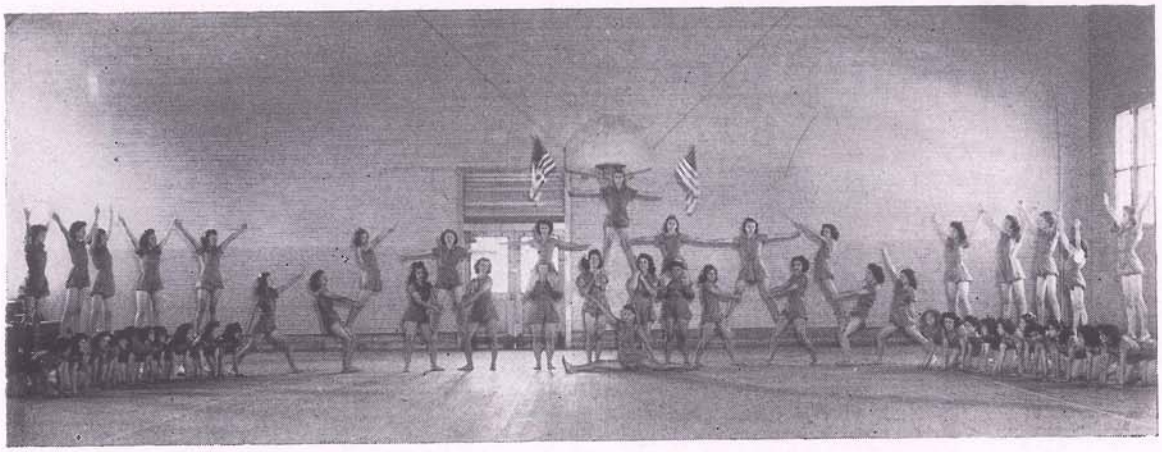
The negroes have not been neglected educationally. There are two high schools and eight elementary ones in the parish.

The enrollment figures are as follows: White high schools, 2,100; White elementary schools, 5,500; Negro high schools, 180; Negro elementary schools, 1,200. This makes a total of 8,980 students presently enrolled in the public schools of our parish.

Our responsibility is grave. Yet is it likewise crystal clear. Our duty is to so guide the educables of Jefferson Parish that they will become useful citizens both to the nation and to the state of Louisiana.

With no undue modesty, the Jefferson Parish School Board feels that it is successfully accomplishing these duties. The policy of the Board has always been that of endorsing a broad, cultural yet practical curriculum. In order to adequately prepare its students for the world in which they will have to earn a livelihood, the Board feels that an enriched, vibrant and all inclusive course of study should be maintained in every school. The staff of administrators and teachers are composed of individuals of broad vision and wide training.

War conditions call no moratorium upon the laws of human growth. Genuine reading competence is peculiarly related to the child's expanding social experience, the broadening of his interests, his growing mastery of language and generally wholesome attitude toward home and school. This group of third graders are enjoying books from their own library table.

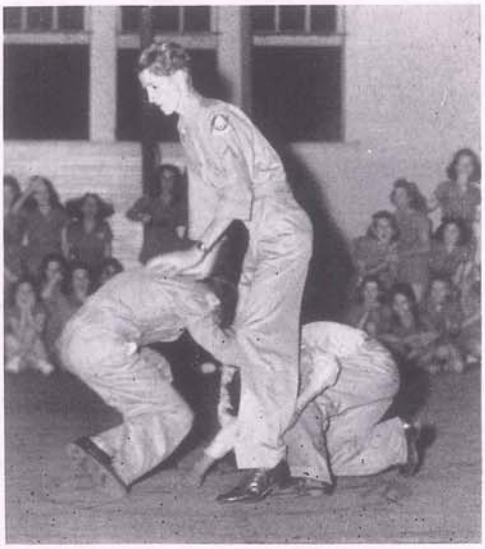


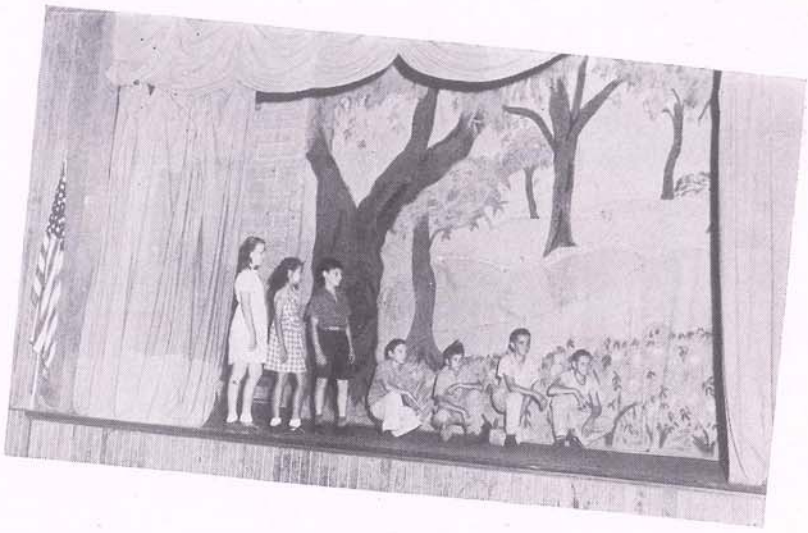
As a culmination of their session's work in physical education, the Westwego High School pupils present yearly a demonstration which includes all phases of the physical fitness program for both boys and girls. This is a photograph of the final pyramid class as part of their contribution to the demonstration.

The "human arch" or "flying angel" is a favorite pyramidal formation. This is a close-up of the tumbling class formation shown at beginning of this article.

The Kenner Softball team was acclaimed champions, after having played four league games and a play-off with Jefferson to determine the championship. They were awarded a trophy donated by Senator Alvin T. Stumpf. Most of the players were members of the Volleyball team which won the Championship in December, '44. Standing, last row, left to right: Mattia Pepitone; Ruth Brock, Captain; Olive Joyce Courtney. Second row: Margaret Maloney, Coach; S. J. Barbre, Principal; Anna Rose Fertitta; Sarah Ceravola; Joyce Dupuy. Third row: Bernice Mumphrey; Audrey Ziegler; Ronald Warner, Manager. Fourth row: Lita Faye LeBlanc; Marie Mamola; Doris Mae Pourciau. Shirley Carter, absent from picture.

An exciting game used by the boys' squads is "Human Croquet" in which the larger boys are used as wickets while the smaller boys substitute for balls. Here two opponents meet at the center "wicket."





Surrounded by an abundance of natural resources, invention and material goods some people have not yet developed the social intelligence to use these materials and human resources for the better living of everyone. Art is a shorthand term to designate the inner psychological quality of the life of a child. Every child can feel the thrill of creativeness in this picture. The youngsters used two hundred abandoned flour sacks for this background and curtain. The ingenuity and artistic temperament shown here are to be commended.

The policy of the Jefferson Parish School Board is to promote happy feelings among the teachers who serve it. This is the only way to obtain the best endeavors from them.

The Jefferson Parish School Board takes this opportunity to cordially invite 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 that the residents of the parish are able to secure the best opportunities for their children.

The curriculum of the schools of Jefferson Parish is constantly being revised. This is the only sensible procedure to assume if the needs of the students are to be met.

The Girl Reserve Club of Jefferson High School was formed 18 years ago by Mrs. Robert J. Saddler and Miss Marion Dudley. There are sixteen girls in the Jefferson club: Aline Baddo, Helen Hicks, Katie Jones, Margie Livingston, Coleen Mire, Margaret O'Malley, Peggy Ripp, Alberta Stephens, Merle Stenhouse, Sara Lee Stilley, Doris Twilbeck and Vivian Vicknair. Officers are: President, Evalyn Schermann; Vice-president, Barbara Bailey; Secretary, Barbara Long; Treasurer, Loice Lewis; Inter-club council representative, Betty Zeringue.

Science is an active, dynamic field, constantly demanding willingness to make new observations, to repeat experiments, to consider new facts and to challenge earlier conclusions. These children of the sixth grade are truly scientists and have the opportunity to develop their ideas by experiment, excursion and consultation. They will be better citizens for having been taught to plan, to evaluate, to draw conclusions and make suggestions for better future planning.

JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Miss Ruth Pitre, Elementary Supervisor; 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; Dave Dabria, Ward 4, Marrero; and A. A. Hanson, Ward 4, Westwego.
Standing, left to right: J. D. Giardina, Ward 4, Marrero; G. P. Arnoult, Ward 7, Labarre Heights; Louis E. Breaux, Ward 8, Metairie; John Calzada, Ward 3, Harvey; W. Richard White, Ward 3, Gretna; Alphonse Marmillion, Ward 4, Harvey; Julius F. Hotard, Vice-President, Ward 2, Gretna; Walter Schneckenburger, Athletic Director; Abel Zeringue, Ward 5, Waggaman; and John C. Bruning, Ward 8, East End.

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICIALS

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

MAGNOLIA SCHOOL

Where the maladjustments of physically or mentally handicapped children are patiently corrected

By GEORGE SOULE

The Magnolia School, located at 100 Central Avenue, Jefferson Parish, in a setting of beautiful Magnolia trees, and overlooking the great Mississippi River, is destined to become one of the outstanding schools of its kind in the United States. Jefferson Parish can be justly proud of the accomplishments of Magnolia School.

The present school is the outgrowth of a small class started in 1931 by Mrs. Louise Simon Davis and held in a private home. In 1935 Dr. Charles J. Bloom became interested in the fine work Mrs. Davis was doing and also interested a group of other prominent New Orleans business and professional men in the excellent work of the class. These men immediately saw the need for this type of school and recommended the purchase of more suitable and commodious quarters. Many locations were considered, and the present site, with its antebellum plantation home and nine acres of magnificent Magnolias, Cedars, Hackberries, and Live Oaks, which make a very picturesque setting, was selected.

The Magnolia School was then organized as a non-profit corporation and with the counsel and financial support of these men, the school grew and prospered until it has outgrown its present quarters.

Plans are now being made for the second expansion of the school, and we solicit the support (financial and otherwise) of all of the good citizens of New Orleans and Jefferson Parish, so that Magnolia School can continue the good work it started ten years ago.

AIM--- The aim of Magnolia School is to develop a comprehensive plan for the training and instruction of all types of handicapped children—those with poor vision, speech defects, the hard of hearing, the undernourished, the retarded, the neurotics, and all forms of physical and mental handicaps. The purpose of the school is to give occupation and happiness to children who, because of their handicaps, are deprived of the usual school life. The training and environment given to the pupils of Magnolia School assure them the happiness that is the right of every child. In their own particular group, they find joy and satisfaction, and no longer labor under a feeling of inferiority.

EDUCATION---Scientific individual and class instruction is conducted by specially trained and experienced teachers. A psychologist plans the work of each child, which is based on results of scientific testing. The course includes subjects such as music, handicraft, occupational therapy, correct habit formation, sense training, elementary farming, manual arts, and classes for corrective speech.

The children are divided into groups in which they can adjust themselves happily. The Magnolia School will accept for scientific training children who are not adjusted because of emotional or personality problems. Children will not be accepted whose mental retardation is so serious that they cannot be helped. The right to decline admission of any pupil is retained by the school.

The boarding department maintains an atmosphere of home life. Here the training of the child is continued so that he may adjust himself happily to group living. The dormitories are under the supervision of reliable supervisors.

Visitors are always welcome to observe the pupils at work or play, and to visit the various departments of this beautiful school.

Mr. Peter Derrickson is the superintendent of Magnolia School and lives on the premises. He is a graduate of New Jersey State Teachers' College, B. E.; post-graduate courses, Temple University; extension courses, Rutgers College; twenty-five years' experience as a teacher, supervisor, and director of public education; five years in boys and youth's group activities; and who pioneered in the coordination of recreation for servicemen in New Orleans and, since its inception, associated with the U. S. O. as director of a unit in New Orleans.

Miss Marjorie Walters, graduate of L. S. U., with B.A. and M.A. degrees is Director of Training. Mrs. Peter Derrickson, wife of the superintendent, is house mother and head supervisor.

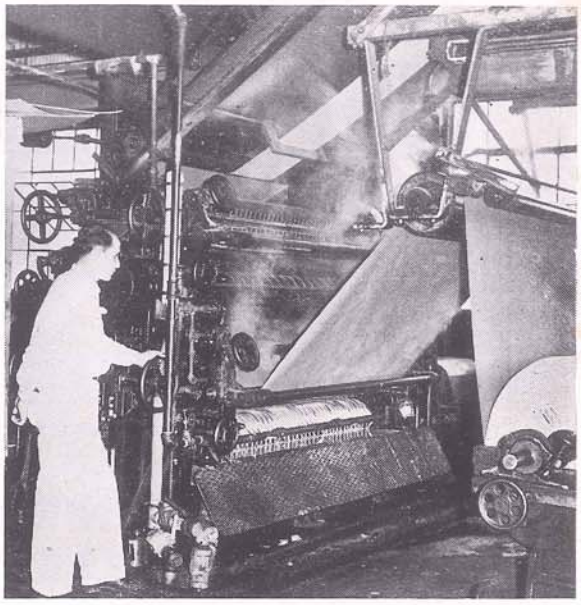
NOTE: Believing that Magnolia School is fulfilling a long-felt need in making normal, happy and healthy citizens out of underprivileged, handicapped or maladjusted children, the editors and publishers of the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review urge that citizens liberally support this institution in every way possible.

GEORGE SOULÉ

George Soule, President of Magnolia School, is the grandson of George Soule, founder of Soule Commercial College. A direct descendant of a long line of educational leaders, Mr. Soule is ably carrying on the heritage and tradition of the Soule family. He is secretary and manager of Soule College and throughout his business career has taken an enthusiastic interest in both civic and educational affairs of the community. He is past president of the New Orleans Gyro Club, the New Orleans Chapter of the National Office Management Association, the Co-operative Club, and of the New Orleans Community Chest and has taken an active part in all of the War Loan Bond drives. He is a director of Louisiana's largest savings and loan association and serves as a director of other organizations.

POWER IS PROGRESS *and* *Progress is Power!*

By William Oakley Turner



One utilization of electricity is in this machine for manufacturing corrugated fiber board in continuous lengths at the Great Southern Box Company. Steam from natural gas fired boilers is used for cooking the glue that is automatically applied to this paper and for controlling the proper moisture content in the fiber board in preparation for the laminating process.

ON the basis of the 1940 U. S. Census reports, there are still as many as 246,000 rural homes in Louisiana that are not served by electricity. But—THIS DOES NOT INCLUDE JEFFERSON PARISH.

By the time this magazine rolls off the press so you can read it, the entire Barataria region, even to the end of the beach on Grand Isle, will be wired for current. Jefferson has juice from one end to the other and across.

It's too bad old Rip Van Winkle lived away up in New York State so long ago—because if Rip had taken his little nap in Jefferson Parish about 1927 and had not awakened until now, what a transformation he would behold! This was the year the Louisiana Power & Light Company, the only distributor of electricity in the parish, brought modern electric service to the parish. And it was true here, as it is always true where the kilowatt goes to work in a community, that the growth of Jefferson took an immediate surge forward.

Let's look at the record in 1940—only fifteen years later and just five years ago, the period of the last census, and the period of last normalcy just before the war. By then there were 284 prosperous farms in Jefferson, with an average size of 40.8 acres and with an average value in land and buildings of $6,991.

In 1940, our 55 Jefferson manufacturing plants were employing more than 4,500 wage earners and turned out products valued at $43,296,000. At that time there were 113 service establishments in the parish, from beauty shops to dental laboratories—all the cumulative result of the stimulation of cheap available electric current.

And, in that period increased usage reduced the rate per kilowatt hour until today electricity in Jefferson costs only one-third of what it did fifteen years ago.

Electricity went to work for better living. Home economists demonstrated how to use this slave in a socket for creating better balanced meals, more tempting dishes, and the canning and storing of home grown foods. County agents taught the farmers the efficient use of electric tools. In the homes sprang up like mushrooms new electric refrigerators, electric ranges, electric irons, electric servants which housewives led around at the end of a cord.

Electric pumps went to work raising livestock and poultry. Electric motors labored while Jefferson Parish men sat down and figured more jobs for them to do. Electric brooders began to mother baby chicks. Electric machines were

At the Norwood Dairy in Marrero, an electric automatic bottle washer protects the health of its thousands of customers—only one of the many ways in which a modern dairy farm utilizes cheap efficient, instantaneous electric current.

Electricity is the modern Godmother of baby chicks, nursing them through precarious peephood, stimulating their growth into broilers or layers and, incidentally, transforming the raising of poultry into a profitable big business.

Another ingenious adaptation of electric energy—the filling machine in operation at International Lubricant Corporation. These containers are filled with grease to the exact weight through electric driven pumps. The motor in background drives a line shaft which powers several grease mixing agitators.

A 3-day training school on canning, conducted by Louisiana Extension Division for Home Service Departments of Louisiana Power and Light Company and New Orleans Public Service.

put on the payroll at a few cents an hour doing manual chores in the dairies and were given the responsibility of protecting the purity of the milk.

Infant industries grew husky and healthy. Time for leisure came to the farmer and his wife. Energy—electric energy—surged through the parish and produced prosperity for all its people.

Then came the war and—electricity was not rationed. Few of us realize that until it is brought to our attention.

Here are some figures that will amaze you. In 1935 only two per cent of Louisiana's farms were electrified. Today, according to the Edison Electric Institute, approximately one-fourth of all the farms in the state have been electrified. Yet back in 1940, here in Jefferson Parish, only 85 of 327 rural farm dwellings did not have electricity. This means that way back in 1940, 77% of the farms in Jefferson were electrified and 84.5% were within one-quarter mile of a distribution line and could, therefore, have gotten electric service if desired. This was the third highest in percentage of electrified farms in the state in 1940.

Preliminary surveys show that Jefferson Parish farmers and rural dwellers are already planning to install deep-freeze units, walk-in coolers, and many other time and labor-saving devices after the war.

Jefferson and electricity are partners, and each knows the possibilities in the other. Jefferson, the most highly industrialized section in the state, is also one of the most completely electrified. This is a parish that knows very well that power is progress—and progress is power!

WILLIAM OAKLEY TURNER

W. O. Turner, author of the foregoing article is President and General Manager of the Louisiana Power & Light Company, with whom he has been connected since its very beginning in 1927. Mr. Turner first served as Chief Engineer, later as a Director and Vice-President in Charge of Operations. He has served as President and General Manager since January 20, 1939.

Although Mr. Turner was born in Lonoke, Arkansas, he is an enthusiastic Louisianian. He believes in Louisiana and its future and works constantly to help develop our state's agricultural and industrial resources.

The West...and Best Seaway (Continued from page 33)

below Algiers, 13.8 miles of which would be in the Mississippi River, through the congested traffic in New Orleans Harbor. On traffic moving to points above Harvey, the saving would exceed 10.3 miles, of which over 5.5 miles would be in the river. Between points on the Intracoastal Waterway and entrance to the Industrial Canal the distance is slightly less via the Westwego route. In view of the fact that the major portion of the traffic moves to points upstream from Harvey, the saving in towing distances mentioned above is important. Of greater importance, however, is the fact that with the connection at a point below Algiers, all eastbound tonnage using such lock would have to be pushed against the Mississippi river current for distances varying from 5 miles on traffic for Industrial Canal to 14 miles on traffic for points above Westwego. During high river stages, only the most powerful tugs can make three miles per hour with tows upstream, and many small tugs cannot even handle an ordinary tow against the river in flood.

The Westwego location would also permit the bulk of the traffic moving through Harvey Canal to by-pass the congested port area of New Orleans and the hazardous stretch of the river approaching and rounding Algiers Point.

In view of these facts, the alternate connection should enter the river in the vicinity of Westwego. *In this connection, it is now proposed to build a Seaway Canal, having a 600 ft. bottom width and 40 ft. depth, which will extend from Westwego to the Gulf near Grand Isle, a distance of 52 miles.* Duplicate locks, 80 ft. wide by 800 ft. long, with 40 ft. depth over sills will be constructed at the river entrance at Westwego. The route as shown on the map is straight except for slight curves at each end. At the Gulf entrance jetties or breakwaters will be constructed to the 20 ft. contour, the channel continuing thence tangent approximately 3 miles to the present 40 ft. contour and protected by channel lights. The canal will be adequately lighted throughout its length. The estimated cost is $36,000,000, with estimated annual maintenance and operation $400,000.

Advantages of Proposed Seaway Canal: The proposed Seaway Canal will be constructed almost wholly through stable material with practically no open water, and therefore will require a minimum of maintenance dredging. There are practically no improvements on the land necessary for right of way and it can be acquired at minimum cost. The fact that 48 of the 52 miles will be straight will facilitate and expedite ship navigation. Adequate width and depth should permit ships to proceed at speeds comparable to those maintained in the river.

The river entrance at Westwego, on the slack water side of the river, will be easily navigated. This entrance, on the concave bank away from the channel current and above the upper limits of the back water eddy, should require a minimum of dredging.

The absence of current, together with a straight channel entrance into the Gulf, will eliminate the difficulties and hazards now encountered at the Passes. As there will be no silt laden current to form bars and shoals, maintenance and improvement work will be negligible compared with that required at the passes. This will also permit the loading of ships to a definite draft without regard to unpredictable and changing conditions at the Gulf entrance. The atmospheric condition resulting from the cooler waters of the Mississippi river striking the warmer waters of the Gulf, which is largely responsible for the dense fogs which hinder navigation at the mouth of the river, will not exist at the Seaway entrance.

One of the principal advantages of the proposed Seaway Canal is the reduction in both sailing time and distance as compared with the river route via the passes or any other seaway route. Distances via the principal ship routes are indicated on next page:

TO WESTWEGO, DISTANCE IN LAND MILES

	In Ocean		In River or Seaway Canal		Total	
	Miles	%	Miles	%	Miles	%
FROM TIP OF FLORIDA (Dry Tortugas)						
Via South Pass	512	81	117	19	629	100
Via Southwest Pass	521	80	124	20	645	100
Via Seaway	562	91	54	9	616	100
Via Alexander Seaway	551	87	84	13	635	100
FROM GALVESTON						
Via South Pass	349	75	117	25	466	100
Via Southwest Pass	329	73	124	27	453	100
Via Seaway	304	85	54	15	358	100
Via Alexander Seaway	420	83	84	17	504	100
FROM YUCATAN CHANNEL						
Via South Pass	562	83	117	17	679	100
Via Southwest Pass	566	82	124	18	690	100
Via Seaway	599	92	54	8	653	100
Via Alexander Seaway	630	88	84	12	714	100

When it is considered that the best going for an ocean vessel is in the open sea, the above tabulation clearly demonstrates the advantage of the Seaway Canal. For all ships docking within the harbor limits of New Orleans the Seaway Canal provides the shortest route to the Atlantic and Pacific Seaboards and to all foreign ports. The greatest saving in time will accrue to ships using the Yucatan Channel and those plying between west Gulf ports and New Orleans.

Annual Savings: Taking all factors into consideration, it is conservative to estimate a reduction of between three and four hours in average sailing time after deducting an hour for passage through the locks. For the five-year period 1936-1940 an average of 6,350 ocean-going ships used the passes, of which approximately 33% moved to points upstream from Westwego. It is logical to assume that the major portion of all New Orleans and Baton Rouge ocean-going ships will use the Seaway Canal. Figuring a saving of 3 hours per trip would produce a saving to ship operators in excess of $450,000 per year, excluding overhead, interest, depreciation and overhaul. If only half of the ships, or approximately 3,000, use the canal, the saving would still be considerable, exceeding $270,000 per year, excluding overhead, interest, depreciation and overhaul and to be conservative, this latter figure has been used.

The use of the Seaway Canal would make it possible for a ship operator to determine definitely in advance the arrival time of his ship at the dock in New Orleans. Under present conditions longshoremen or stevedore gangs, and in some instances, ship repair gangs, must be ordered out and reserved in advance, and when ships arrive late, waiting time must frequently be paid for. In some instances, demurrage accrues on cargo awaiting shipment on wharves because of ship's failure to arrive on schedule, and where late arrival makes it impossible for a ship to fulfill its contractual commitment as to guaranteed loading of cargo by a certain date claims for non-fulfillment of contract must be paid. It is conservatively estimated that the annual cost to stevedoring contractors and ship operators from these causes will approximate $100,000 per year.

A direct channel 40 ft. deep to the Gulf would no doubt attract additional shipping and would benefit all Gulf ports in that larger ships would be enabled to partly load at other Gulf ports and complete their cargoes at New Orleans. Certain Atlantic and Pacific ports have depths of 40 ft. but no such depths exist at any Gulf port.

There will be other intangible benefits to ship operators and owners which cannot be definitely evaluated, but which would result from the construction of a direct channel. There should be a lessening of insurance rates; turn

around time should be cut; and the delays, hazards and uncertainties of navigation through the passes will be eliminated.

General Benefits: Because of the advantages of tidewater navigation, plus excellent railroad connections, and with all utilities such as water, gas, oil and electricity at hand, the frontage along the Seaway should be attractive for industries; particularly large ones, seeking locations in the South. Material excavated from the Seaway will provide for filling a considerable amount of lowland for such industrial sites.

The Canal would also furnish low cost transportation facilities to large sulphur deposits and oil and gas fields in the area to be traversed, also to companies handling oyster and clam shells adjacent to Barataria Bay.

As a part of the project it is proposed that the State construct on the spoil bank on the east side of the Canal a modern, four-lane public highway connecting New Orleans with the Gulf at Grand Isle.

A quarantine and passenger baggage customs station could be established at Grand Isle and passengers on incoming and outgoing ships handled to and from New Orleans via bus over the proposed highway. This would not only facilitate passenger arrivals and departures, but would also save ship time, as an inbound ship could proceed immediately after discharging its passengers into the quarantine dock and not wait for the inspection of passengers or baggage to be completed. At present vessels are held at the Algiers quarantine station while inspections are made on shipboard. Ship mail would be speeded up in the same manner.

The west bank fishing fleet centers in the vicinity of Grand Isle and Barataria Bay, and at present boats must haul their catch to New Orleans West Bank points through a chain of connecting inlets, bayous, lakes and canals. Construction of a highway made possible by the spoil bank of the Canal will permit the handling of the catch by refrigerated truck service, releasing at least 200 boat days weekly for fishing, adding over $150,000 net annually to the value of the catch, after deducting the cost of trucking.

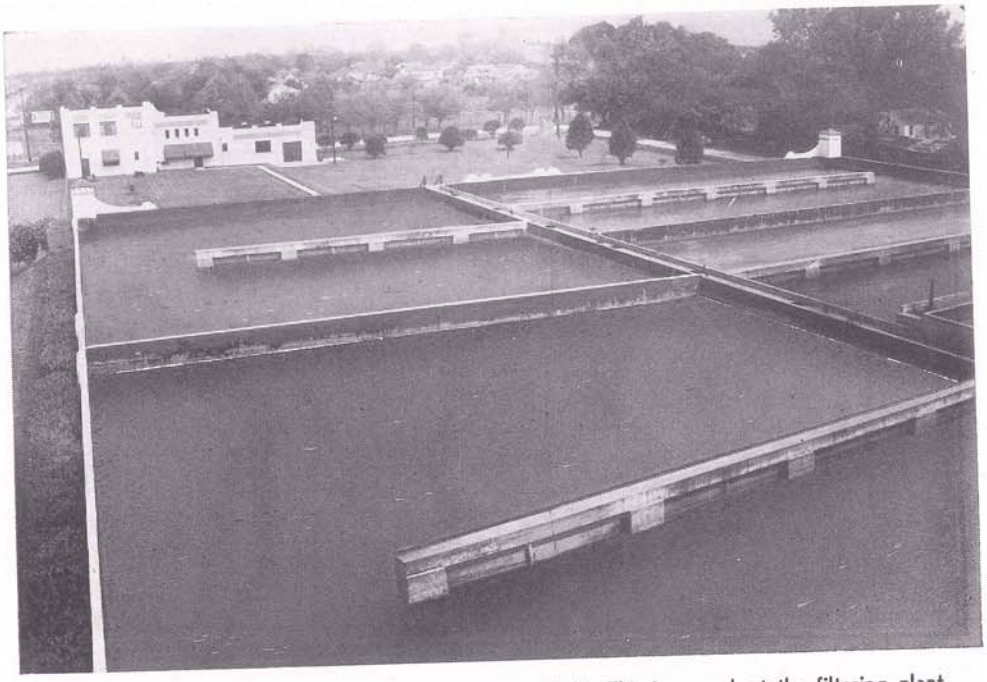
The Seaway Canal will materially enhance adjacent land values, particularly in that section between the Intracoastal Waterway and the Mississippi river, also in the vicinity of Grand Isle.

Recent developments in radar, which will be available for commercial use in the postwar period, will make possible the safe operation of vessels in the densest fog through the 48-mile tangent of the Seaway Canal approaching New Orleans harbor, thereby avoiding many costly delays now encountered on the river approach. The use of radar in river navigation will be largely vitiated by the tortuous river channel, as it is most effective in a long, straight channel such as the Seaway Canal will provide.

Construction of the proposed Seaway Canal and highway would furnish substantial employment during the postwar period and be in the interest of national security and the stabilization of employment.

ARTHUR A. GRANT

Arthur A. Grant, author of the comprehensive report on the proposed Seaway channel to the Gulf of Mexico through Jefferson Parish, has been a marine surveyor and consulting engineer in New Orleans for nearly a quarter of a century. Prior to 1923 he was vice-president and manager of Sinclair Oil Company at New Orleans, La., and general manager of Jahncke Dry Dock & Shipbuilding Company of New Orleans. Mr. Grant is the possessor of a Bachelor of Science and Master of Engineering degree from Cooper Union of New York.



Water, water everywhere—and all of it fit to drink! This is a peek at the filtering plant of the East Jefferson Waterworks where Mississippi River water is purified and propelled through underground pipelines under high pressure into the homes of 6,700 East Jefferson families.

UNDERGROUND GUARDIAN

By J. W. HODGSON, SR.,
President and General Manager
East Jefferson Waterworks
District Number One

Sometime today 6,700 families in East Jefferson will turn on a faucet somewhere in their house for a drink of water. Without the slightest lack of confidence they will feed it to sick members of their family, to little babies—and will consume gallons themselves in this hot weather.

They are drinking Mississippi River water. They know it and yet they hesitate not a second. They know it's been made healthy—or rather, they just don't think about it, which is in itself the greatest tribute that can be paid to the efficiency of the East Jefferson Waterworks.

For, not only is the unseen maze of pipeline that lies under East Jefferson a means of conducting all the water you need whenever you need it and wherever you need it, it is also an underground guardian of your health. It carries pure water from the giant filters of the Waterworks into 99% of

the populated area of District No. 1. Nor is the working of the filters left to chance. This water is tested twice a week by the Louisiana State Board of Health and, in the school season, chemists test samples from a different school area every day. The first and primary function of the Waterworks is not merely to deliver an adequate supply of water—but to deliver absolutely pure water.

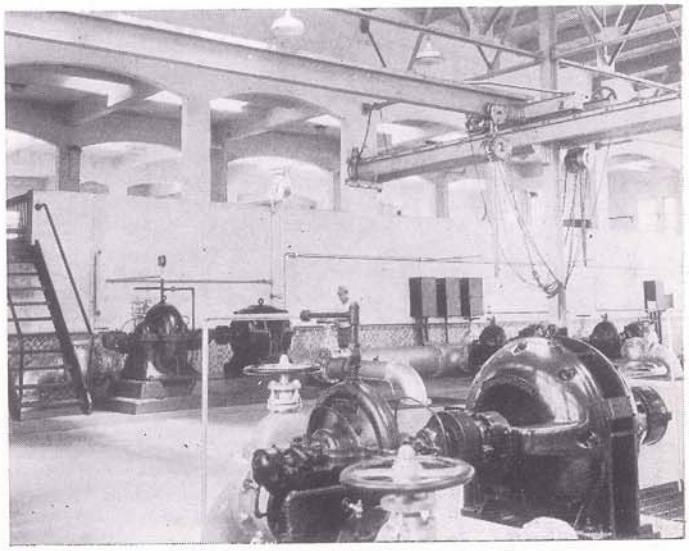
It is interesting to know just how the river water is cleaned and purified for your use. Here is the story. The water, of course, is first pumped from the Mississippi and its first stage of purification is its trip through the "grit house". Here much of the suspended sediment, the loot from a dozen states, settles out.

Then the water goes to the mixing chambers where it really gets laundered. Hydrated lime and sugar sulphate of iron are fed from mechanical dry feed machines. These two chemicals force the remaining suspended matter and impurities to settle as the water passes through the coagulating basins. Then the water enters the filters where it is filtered at a slow rate and finally delivered to the clear water reservoirs. It is then ready to be pumped into the mains after the necessary chlorine has been added. The chlorine is added to insure pure water.

Did I say 6,700 families? That's right. Last year at this time it was a little over 6,000 families. At the end of the year it was 6,400 families. We are adding nearly 60 homes a month to our list of customers.

Will this cause our system to become overloaded? Will the purity of the water be affected? Absolutely not. By October two more giant filters will be in operation, purifying 300 more gallons a minute or approximately 500,000 more gallons a day.

And, this same guardian of your health is also a guardian of your safety —a constant, powerful protection against fire to this same 99% of the populated area. Just to give you an idea of the safety factor that is always ready



These are the pumps that produce the pressure that pushes pure water into every populated square foot of this east side of the parish. Notice how immaculately clean is every inch of this engine room. Few people realize, as they daily drink the water that is always on tap and costs so little, that it is so simple to secure because a very complicated system operates constantly on clock-like precision.

Precision instruments, automatic controls, expert engineers, the most modern equipment, trained personnel and fool-proof methods are all found dove-tailing with each other in the plant of the East Jefferson Waterworks. Again we call your attention to the neatness of this plant. Its very appearance spells efficiency.

to go to the aid of our marvelously efficient volunteer fire departments, the East Jefferson underground fire fighter can maintain a water pressure of 55 to 60 pounds per square inch and deliver 3,200,000 gallons of water every 24 hours.

The next time you turn on the faucet just remember that this common household gadget from which pure water so common and so reliable that you never even consider what would happen if you didn't have it, just remember that the faucet is merely your end of a perfectly coordinated system that involves 179 miles of underground, concealed pipe—huge, complicated filters—great, powerful pumps—constant vigilance of health authorities—and all for the lowest water rate in the State of Louisiana, with the exception of the City of New Orleans.

This year the East Jefferson Waterworks will serve the new Moisant International Airport. As fast as the area develops the Waterworks is prepared to serve it. And we are proud to state that our operation, and our constantly added improvements are financed completely from our income from the sale of water only. We are aided by no maintenance tax.

Personnel and Information

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

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

GRETNA

The Capital of Jefferson Parish

By Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Mayor

Gretna-- where the progressive police jury of Jefferson has been formulating the aggressive postwar plans you will read about in this issue! Gretna—the industrial keystone in the strong arch of alert and growing towns that comprise the west bank of the Parish on the curve of the Mississippi.

On January 20th of this year Gretna was paid a signal tribute by having named and launched in its honor, at the Richmond, California, shipyard of The Permanente Metals Corporation, the ship "S. S. Gretna Victory."

OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF GRETNA

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

In the dedication ceremonies, this was said: "It is appropriate that this ship, built out of the spirit of America, should be named for a typical American community—Gretna, Louisiana—whose 15,000 citizens are representative of men and women all over the land. They have sent their loved ones to the battle fronts, they have given time and money and effort to further the Allied cause, they have worked to produce the food and needed materials for their country at war. It is their kind that make America the stalwart threat to Axis warlords.

"In the colorful history of Gretna can be found the progressive, pioneering spirit which is responsible for the growth of our country and its power today."

Sponsor of the "S. S. Gretna Victory" and representative of our city was Mrs. Mary F. Bozzelle, a member of one of the oldest families in Gretna and mother of the largest number of children in the service of our country. Seven sons and one daughter—all either fighting or working in war industry—and the father, veteran of World War I, working with the U. S. Army Engineers!

This year, as peace looms closer we are proud of our war record and our ability to earn this acclaim of the nation by having built in our honor this Victory Ship.

These photographs were taken at Richmond, California, during the elaborate ceremonies which signally honored the city of Gretna with the launching of the "S. S. Gretna Victory." Mrs. Mary F. Bozzelle, the wife of a World War I veteran and mother of seven sons and one daughter, all either fighting or working in war industry, was chosen to represent Gretna as sponsor at the launching. Below, Mrs. Bozzelle is photographed just before she launched the "S. S. Gretna Victory." At right can be seen the prow of this proud Victory Ship which will carry the name of our city over the waves to many lands. ..As sponsor, Mrs. Bozzelle was presented with a magnificent white leather portfolio of photographs covering the entire ceremony, by the Permanente Metals Corporation who built the "S. S. Gretna Victory."

KENNER

THE HOME OF THE LARGEST AIRPORT IN THE UNITED STATES

By Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler, Mayor

SOMETIME during the middle of this summer (after this issue goes to press unfortunately, which prevents us showing pictures of the opening) New Orleans will present to the world its new airport—MOISANT INTERNATIONAL—located at Kenner in Jefferson Parish, just off the Airline Highway.

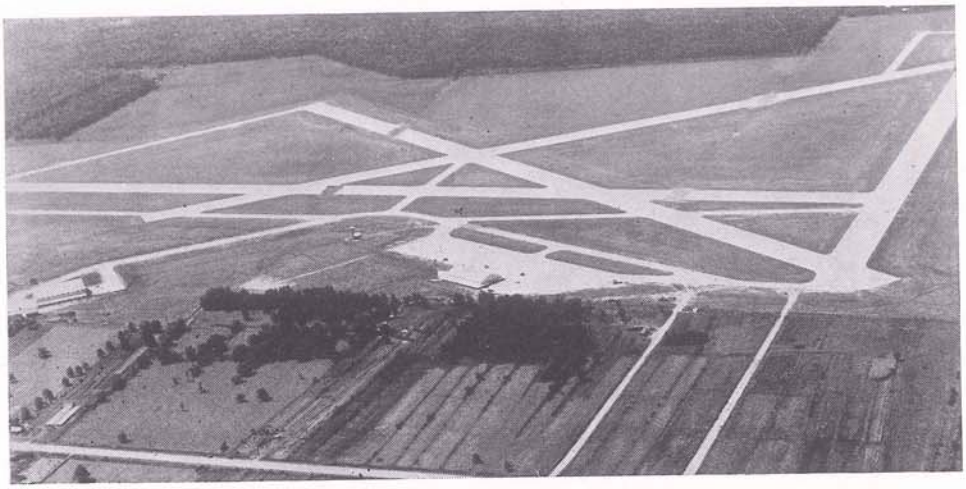
This is the largest in the country—nearly twice the size of the Washington or La Guardia airports—1160 acres of flying field facilities that will capably support New Orleans' aggressive bid for postwar world air travel and trade.

Because of the "international" scope of New Orleans' future air traffic, and because New Orleans is the location of "International House," the only institution of its kind in the United States financed and organized to welcome visitors from other countries, both city and aviation officials, with the support of civic clubs, recently authorized the change of name to "MOISANT INTERNATIONAL" and, as such will it be introduced to the world, when opened.

Seven airlines will operate out of Moisant International: Pan American World Airways, Chicago and Southern Airlines, Delta Air Lines, Eastern Airlines, Mid-Continent Airlines, National Airlines and Aerovias De Guatemala.

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF KENNER

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



As it looks to a plane coming in for a landing at Moisant International Airport. Notice the long runways, capable of handling the largest planes in existence today—and those yet to be built.

The other two fields, New Orleans and Callendar will handle private planes and non-scheduled flights.

The east and west runway of Moisant International has been extended to 7,000 feet for instrument landing. When the field opens this summer there will be a temporary Administration Building, which has been so constructed that later, when the permanent Administration Building is built, the partitions in this temporary structure can be knocked out, providing an additional hangar.

In addition to the Administration Building will be Hangar and Control Tower Buildings and Transmitter and Receiver Buildings. None of the temporary structures have been constructed on the original site for permanent buildings.

All runways, with the exception of the one mentioned above, are now 5,000 feet. All can be extended to 11,000 feet.

This location at Kenner, just 11.5 miles from the heart of downtown New Orleans on a fast multi-landed highway, was chosen because of a marked absence of ground fog—thus permitting year-round all weather flying.

In 1934, when New Orleans Airport was built, it was one of the finest in America. Since then aviation has advanced with the strides of a Paul Bunyan and two new airports, Callendar and Moisant International have been added to the city's air assets.

Moisant International, when opened shortly, will be able to handle anything and everything that air traffic can fly our way—and is set up to anticipate any possible future expansion in aviation a good quarter of a century ahead.

Kenner, as the home of Moisant International Airport, is now the Air Capitol of the South. The fast highways which place Kenner so close to New Orleans and which are one of the assets of the new airport, have made Kenner, in the past, a favorite residential area. Here suburbanites and farmers live in close harmony and with all the modern conveniences.

Just in case the airport might overshadow everything else we want to remind you that Kenner—before flying became the talked of commodity—was (and still is) famous for its florists and its farm produce.

VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

By Frank H. Mayo, Mayor

Just about a mile above the Huey P. Long Bridge, on the East Bank of the Mississippi between Kenner and Shrewsbury, is the village of Harahan . . . a solid, conservative American small town, thoroughly representative of the little communities that form the back bone of our nation.

It is a friendly town of home owners, farmers and dairymen, which has faithfully supplied farm produce and vital milk to the inflated population of the New Orleans area; has sent mahogany processed by its workers to the fighting fronts in planes and PT boats; has furnished steel drums by the tens of thousands to the many theatres of war; and has worked hard and in harmony to help win the war so that other American boys can return home to hundreds of similar communities all over the nation.

Harahan, too, has its postwar project. It is on the Illinois Central and hopes to bring back to the village the railroad repair shops of this line.

Harahan would also like to extend its personal invitation to those who may visit New Orleans after the war—to come to Harahan and let the boys take you fishing and hunting in the sportsmen's paradise that is just back of and beyond Harahan.

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 Baron, Alderman, is on leave of absence serving in the United States Army.

WESTWEGO

By R. J. Duplantis, Mayor

Westwego, besides being a strong link in the chain of industrial towns that form Jefferson Parish and line the West Bank, is also growing fast as a seafood center.

There are five nationally known seafood shippers in Westwego, handling mostly crabs and shrimp. From Bayou Pero and Lake Salvador come the finest soft shell crabs in the world. From Barataria Bay, Caminada Bay and the waters in the lower end of the parish come the fine and famous Louisiana shrimp. Westwego brands of crabmeat and frozen shrimp are known all over the country and, taking advantage of the great demand for unrationed seafood during the war, this community is building up a taste for its products that is guaranteeing a permanent postwar seafood industry.

Indicative of the aggressive talents of this livewire, little town . . .

. . . This year, to facilitate the activities of the seafood canners that line the Company Canal and the boats that use it, this Westwego waterway was dredged deeper up to its termination at the highway. This was accomplished through the cooperation of the Police Jury officials, the officials of Westwego, the owners of the canal and the concerns operating on the Canal. A tremendous increase in activity on this Company Canal, a direct result of the increased demand for the seafood shipped from Westwego, made it necessary for this connecting link with the bayous and bays to be deepened for greater traffic.

Westwego has given to the war its full quota of both workers and fighters. It has contributed its blood and bought its bonds—and yet Westwego is not a war inflated town. It is a community with a postwar prosperity promise that is directly traceable to its solid industries that serve the country in both war and peace.

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF WESTWEGO

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

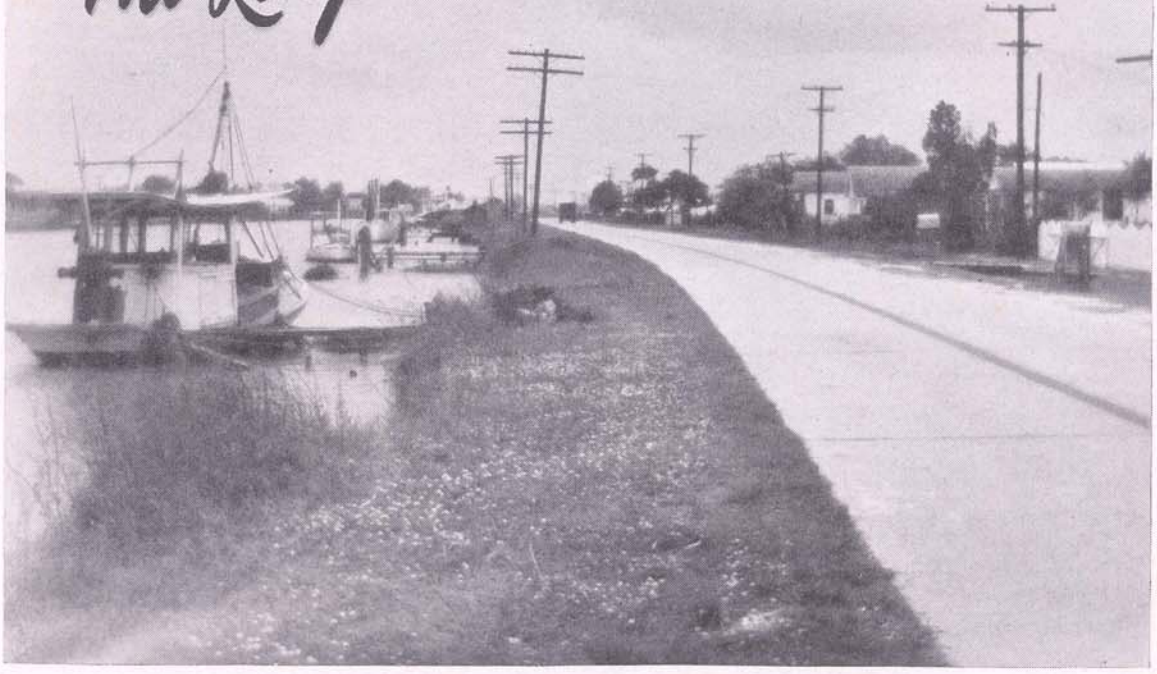
Shore Lines

Above: Two Jefferson Parish beauties are caught by the cameraman through a frame of Yucca, or Spanish Dagger. Standing, Marva Scioneaux of Gretna. Seated, Marie Chauvin of Westwego. Left: Marva Scioneaux stops in Rigaud's Lane to pose against a clump of Vetiver which grows wild on Grand Isle and whose roots are used in making rare perfumes.

Above: Maria Chauvin (on log) and Marva Scioneaux romp on the golden sands of Grand Isle. Below: Jeannette Morlas of Marrero (standing) explains a picture she has drawn in the sand to Muriel Tassin of Westwego.

Above: The bracing salt sea air and cool, refreshing waters of the Gulf put Marva Scioneaux in the mood for exercise.

The Longest Street in the World



By L. A. Borne, President

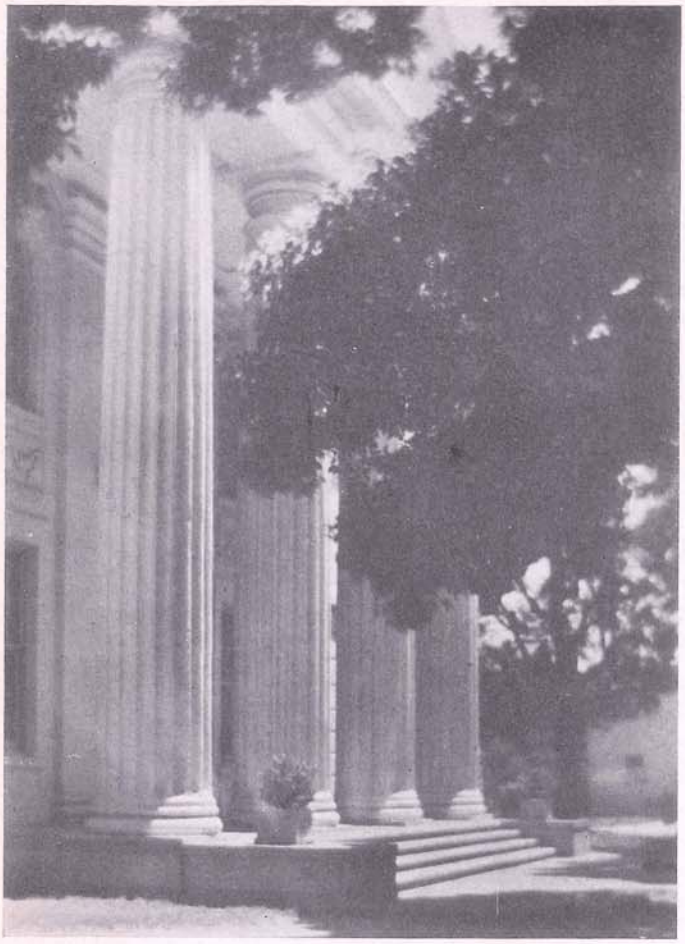
Police Jury of Lafourche Parish

This is the biography of our bayou and the parish whose destiny it controls. They share in common the name Lafourche, and, since each is an inseparable part of the other, we refer to both when we talk of either one. This story has been written for the stranger within our gates who, amazed at the infinite variety in this Parish of Plenty, naturally wants to know "how" and "why." We are going to try to describe, within the limitations of a few thousand words, what it took Ol' Man River and Father Time many thousands of years to prepare for our occupancy—and yours, when you, too, feel the lure of Lafourche.

Foreword: It has been not too long ago, measured by the life of the world and not yours or mine, when the Gulf of Mexico reached up as far as Port Gibson, just below Vicksburg. Around that point was the mouth of the Mississippi. There was no Lafourche. In fact, there was no Louisiana.

But the Mississippi was a busy river, bringing great mouthfuls of the fertile soil of what later became thirty states and part of Canada, spitting it relentlessly and unceasingly into the depths of the Gulf until it had a great expanse of soggy sediment built up that slowly attained the level of the sea and finally conquered it.

Through this alluvial plain of its own making the Mississippi kept inching its mouth farther and farther South. It threw the soft mud recklessly on both



On the banks of picturesque Bayou Lafourche, thirteen miles west of the Mississippi River and eighty miles north of the Gulf of Mexico is Thibodaux, the capital city of the parish—and in its center is this beautiful white pillared Court House, the seat of government of Lafourche. Here, the elected representatives of The Longest Street In The World are formulating their postwar plans for this Parish of Progress.

Those postwar plans include four new steel bridges, black topping of the road on the east bank of the bayou and the one from Golden Meadow to Grand Isle, water and gas all over the parish and a hospital and clinic at Thibodaux. See details in appendix.

sides of it in flood times. In a hurry to reach the sea and deposit its loot it forced several channels through its own silt. It so happened that sometime during those thousands of years, Bayou Lafourche was one of such restless channels, just as South Pass and Southwest Pass are today. And, Bayou Lafourche, like its impatient parent, when it heard the call of the blue water only a few miles ahead, split into two channels to get there faster. That is why it is called Lafourche—"The Fork."

As the Mississippi moved farther South and then East, it abandoned Bayou Lafourche as a main exit and left it to convert into rich fertile lowland the soil stolen from millions of square miles of the continent. Bayou Lafourche became a tributary and settled down into the job of consolidating the fertile acres its Robin Hood Father had capriciously but carefully carried for thousands of miles to build his beloved Southland.

Then passed more thousands of years. The soggy sediment settled into itself. The spring floods distributed it and the summer suns packed it. Trees and vegetation went into its construction and were compressed into minerals and fecundity. Often today, in drilling for oil in this Lafourche country, cypress logs that have successfully resisted the amalgamating process of nature are uncovered a thousand feet deep in the ground, proving that Bayou Lafourche had been working long and patiently before man could safely plant his cane or build his home.

But, when the white men finally came—the discoverers, the conquerors and the settlers—the Spanish and the French first—Bayou Lafourche was ready with land richer than the fabled valley of the Nile. Today, along Bayou Lafourche is the most thickly populated rural section in the United States. And, because life and traffic follow its banks from one end of the parish to the other it is known as "the longest street in the world"—65 continuous miles

with dwellings and farms so close together that it is claimed you can toss a baseball from house to house along its entire length.

Let's make a mental map of Lafourche Parish before we attempt to explain its people, its products or its points of interest. It is a long narrow parish, with the bayou, which controls its shape, flowing through its whole length practically in the middle.

In the old days, the bayou itself was the only road, but today it is flanked by a fast, modern highway on one side and a gravel road on the other. The paved thoroughfare is anchored six miles above Thibodaux, the largest town and the parish seat, at the upper end, and at the Leeville oil field at the lower end.

On the way from New Orleans, following Route 90, you enter Lafourche Parish at Bayou des Allemands, and, about ten miles farther, at Raceland, you meet Bayou Lafourche and this highway mentioned above. From there, either to the right or the left, you are on the famous "longest street in the world." It is a combination water and land highway, part of which connects with the Intracoastal Canal, at Larose to the left, part of which is the Old Spanish Trail to the right, but all of which is the most concentrated example of nature's desire to be generous that it has been man's good fortune to discover.

Here, along this bayou and this highway, in an area less than one hundred miles long and never exceeding fifteen miles wide, is a section of the earth's surface so rich that Lafourche is famous for its mile after mile after mile of closely packed "acre and plenty" bayou edge farms . . . and huge, profitable plantations.

The Romance of Rienzi: A good place to start our story of Lafourche is in 1796, when Queen Maria Louise of Spain sent her architects to Bayou Lafourche to build Rienzi, the beautiful plantation home which still stands. It was to be her home in Louisiana—but why Lafourche? She had ordered it landscaped and decorated to her specifications—for what purpose?

Political, perhaps, was her motive. But sagacious was her choice of location. Up to that time, only the Acadians were here in any quantities,

Rienzi, in Thibodaux across the bayou, is one of the most romantic and historic homes in all Louisiana. Different in architecture and character from all its aged neighbors, it stands as one of the few surviving physical relics of the regime of the Spanish Governors.

At the left is the plant of Valentine Sugars, and above is a photomontage symbolizing the evolution through chemistry of molded plastics from bagasse to finished products. See story on page 201.

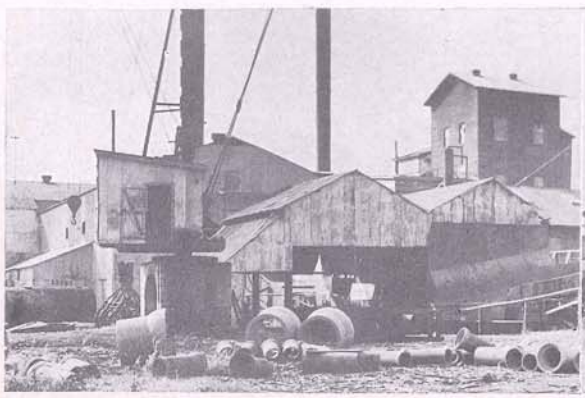
those French refugees from Canada and Normandy who had found sanctuary in Louisiana and Lafourche and were prospering with their little holdings. But great events were transpiring elsewhere in Louisiana, and Her Majesty seemed to be well advised.

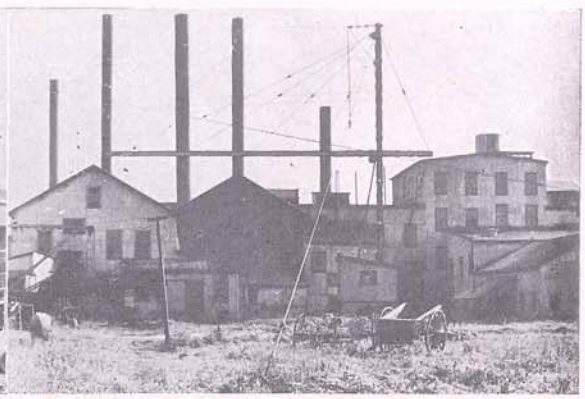
Only three years before, Eli Whitney had invented the sawtooth cotton gin. Only one year before, DeBore had discovered the secret of granulating sugar. Rienzi was the symbol of the effect of those events upon this lovely bayou.

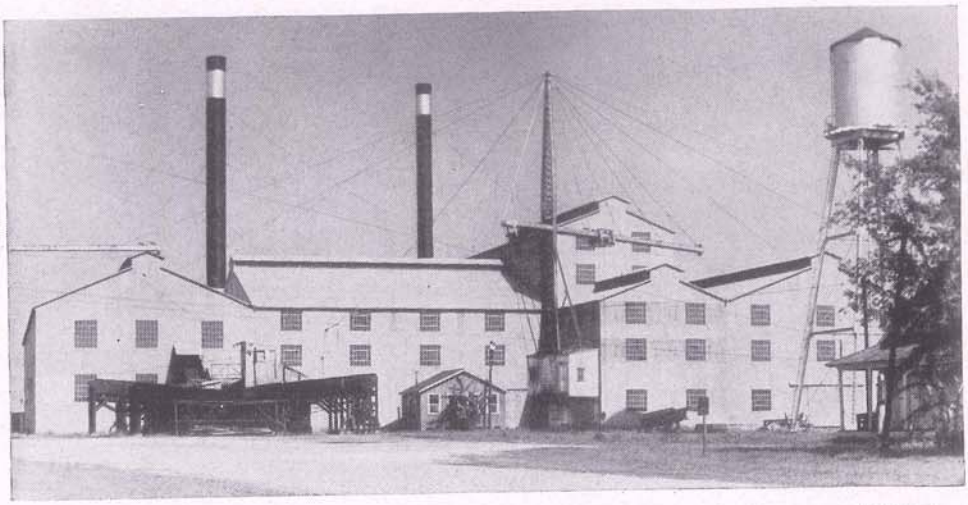
The growing of cotton and the planting of sugar cane had suddenly become big business in the South. The land along the Mississippi was already taken and owned, so the big plantation owners cast their eyes on the territory immediately adjacent to it—this rich soil of Bayou Lafourche—to expand their holdings. And, as they began to realize that this locality was ideal for the raising of cane the Sugar Bowl of Louisiana was discovered and Lafourche was, and still remains, its heart.

Today, as you visit Rienzi, now owned by Jean Baptist Levert, setting amid its 2,000 acres; as you are told that the first story of this beautiful house was

At the left below is the plant of Realty Operators, Inc., at Greenwood . . . and at the right is the plant of Caldwell Sugars, Inc., at Laurel Grove.



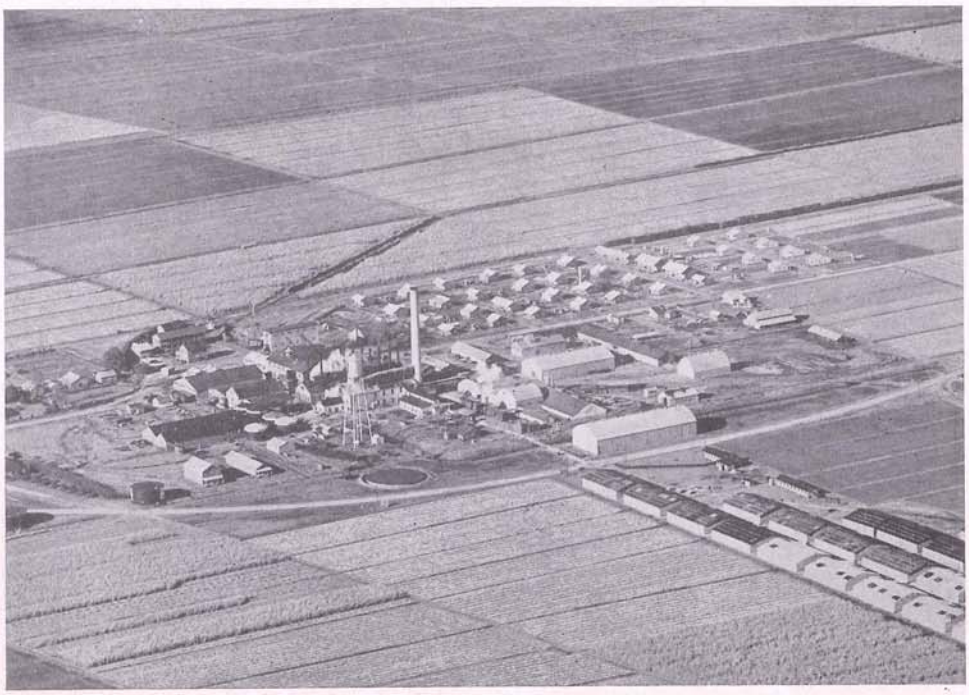




This is Lafourche Sugars on famous Leighton Plantation, the home of "Fighting Bishop" Leonidas Polk, who officiated at the St. John Episcopal Church on Jackson Avenue in Thibodaux before going to fight for his beloved South. Leighton's 2,000 acres are located about three miles above Thibodaux on the west bank of the bayou.

originally pillars twelve feet from the ground under which rolled the royal equipages of Governor Miro and Baron Carondelet; as you view the massive folding doors between the parlor and dining room, eighteen feet high and three inches thick; as you realize that Royalty ordered this built in the midst of a wilderness when proud New Orleans offered every luxury and comfort of the day, you will begin to see that even back in those primitive times Lafourche was worthy of respect. Not only the simple Acadians, who loved the land, but the astute nobility, who loved what the land would bring, had each in their different ways foreseen the great fertility and future of this simple bayou.

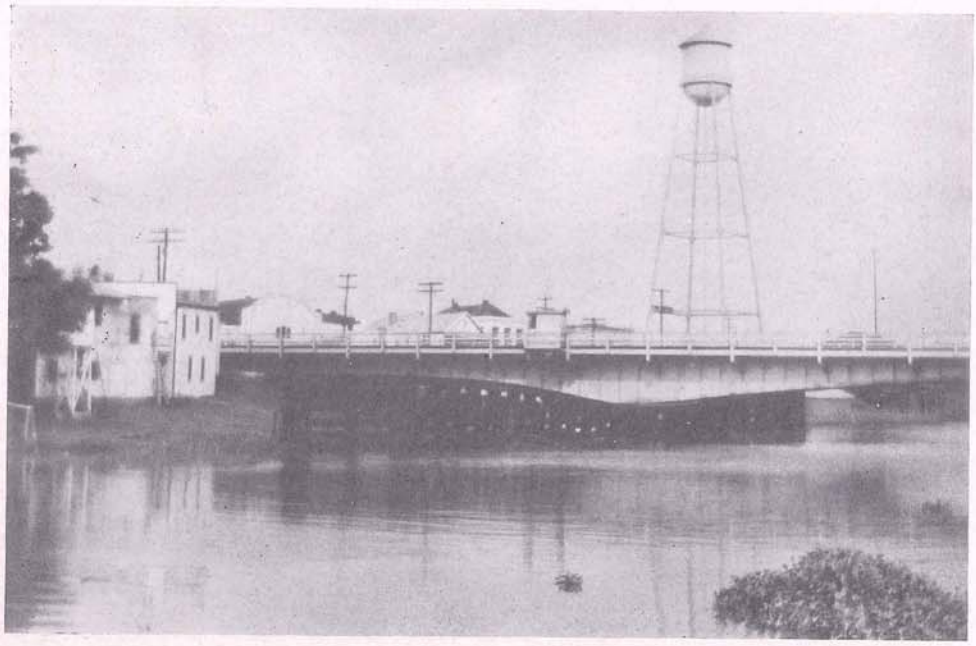
This is an aerial photo of Godchaux Sugars at Raceland, the crossroad of the parish. To the visitor and newcomer this view from above gives an impressive conception of the waving acres of cane that are the pride of Lafourche.



An aerial photo of the Georgia division of the South Coast Corporation at Mathews, which comprises over 15,000 acres of cane growing land and in the refinery of which can be produced 650,000 pounds of refined sugar per 24-hour day.

The old sugar plantations, as such, have disappeared. But on many of their sites are the internationally known present day sugar factories of Lafourche Parish: Caldwell Sugars, Inc., at Laurel Grove; Lafourche Sugars on famous Leighton Plantation, the home of Louisiana's "Fighting Bishop" Leonidas Polk; Godchaux Sugars, which you see at Raceland, as you enter the longest street in the world, if you are a visitor from the north; Realty Operators, Inc., at Greenwood; South Coast Corporation at Mathews; and Valentine Sugars at Valentine, six miles below Lockport.

Bayou Lafourche at Lockport. Notice the modern steel movable bridge that accommodates both land and water traffic.



This is an aerial view of Thibodaux, considered the neatest and prettiest little city in South Louisiana. You are heading toward Raceland out through the top of the picture and you have just come from Donaldsonville at the bottom.

More later about these modern sugar factories and the amazing things they are doing today. Sufficient right now to tell you that over 31,000 acres of sugar cane were planted and will be harvested this year in Lafourche Parish. Cane is still King!

For close to a half century there was the friendly clash of two economies in Lafourche. The large plantation owners, who wanted the holdings of the original Acadian settlers for their expanded operations, and who persuaded many of them to sell, tried to crowd from the coveted bayou edge the remain-

This is Raceland—and here, in this aerial view, you can see how thickly settled is the bayou bank for miles and miles and miles.

Here, at Lake Long, in back of Lockport, is, in addition to 11 oil producing wells, the largest individual gas field in the world. The photograph shows the office and warehouse of the Fohs Oil Co.

ing farmers who loved this land and would not leave it. During the Golden Age of the South, between 1800 and the War Between the States—the era of the steamboat, great plantations, slaves and good times—they lived together, both using the bayou as their common highway, both disagreeing with the other's mode of life, but both loving the South and especially Lafourche.

Speaking of steamboats, you would have fallen in love with "The Eagle," the puffer that negotiated Bayou Lafourche in those romantic days, serving both little bayou farmer and great planter. It was operated by a typical bayou man, who would await patiently, on his way to New Orleans at any point along the route, for delayed freight or a late passenger, but who rang the bell belligerently when it was time to start back from New Orleans. He wanted to get back home.

Time finally decided the land differences of Lafourche. The big planters, economically eliminated by the abolishment of slave labor, disappeared from the bayou and the little farmers came back into their own. They began raising cane alongside their big cane growing neighbor—and both sent their harvest to a centralized refinery.

Today, other crops vie with cane in Lafourche, all of which are the products of the many little farmers that line this bayou. Lafourche is the greatest Irish Potato growing parish in Louisiana. More corn is shipped from this parish than any other in Louisiana. And, it is fast becoming a center for shallots and beans.

From Golden Meadow to Leeville, shown here, are concentrated 297 producing oil wells. In the balance of the parish, located at various other points, are 133 more. Yes, Lafourche Parish is one of the top petroleum producers of Louisiana.

Oil is moving east from Texas. Lafourche has found itself in the path of inevitable progress and now points with pride to 430 towering derricks.

This is the entrance to Clovelly Farm. The area you are looking at is at least a foot and a half below the level of the bayou beyond. It was 2,500 acres of swamp until man's ingenuity and patience reclaimed it.

So, let us tell you a little about the Bayou Lafourche farmer as he is today—independent and self sufficient—wanting for nothing, because he can practically raise or catch anything he wants.

In Lafourche, if you buy property, you will want it to front on the bayou. This is elementary. This explains the thin strips of land of different ownership that butt up against each other, like the slices in a loaf of bread, for mile after mile up and down the bayou.

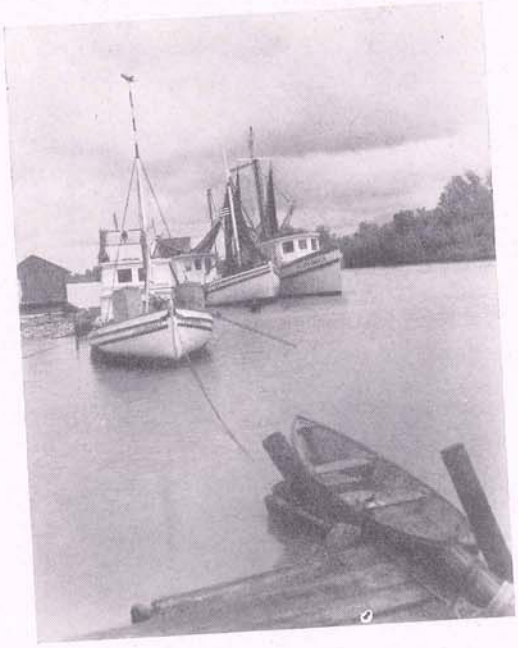
In other parts of the country, when property is divided or sold, it is portioned off into squares, or rectangles or even triangles. But in Lafourche, property along the bayou is always sliced at right angles to the bayou. No matter how little the piece of property that is sold or bequeathed, one edge must be bayou bank. This began way back in those pioneer days when the bayou was the only ingress and egress. Without a bayou outlet or inlet a property owner would have been helpless.

But, the same situation still holds true today because the road runs parallel with the bayou and if the property owner has access to the one he has access to the other. This is the explanation, then, for the closely packed properties of Lafourche and the statement that this is the heaviest populated rural district in the United States. Ninety per cent of the people of Lafourche Parish live on the bayou's bank.

Now that you know a little about the Lafourche farmer, who, nine times out of ten, lives on the bayou, who is the backbone of the parish and who

The Rolling Store! When you see it you know you are on The Longest Street In The World. This young lady is buying a pair of shoes. The store rolled right up to the steps—all she had to do was come out with her stamp. No waiting in line here. You simply go about your housework until the store comes rolling along.

This year Lafourche Parish took the lead in Louisiana in the growing of Creole Lily bulbs, a small but important industry which Japan has lost unconditionally to the South in this war. You are looking at four acres of these beauties on Clodilda Plantation belonging to Frank Barker. See story on page 205.



These are the boats of Bayou Lafourche. In the foreground is the pirogue, as indispensable to the bayou dweller as lipstick is to a lady . . . and, incidentally, the oldest inhabitant of the parish. It came with the Indian and glided out to meet the first white man just about in the same shape it is today. Beyond are the fishing craft—three sizes for two different purposes. The smaller pair are luggers that operate in the lakes, bays and shallow gulf water. The large lugger in the background will cruise out fifty miles in the Gulf of Mexico, pursuing the jumbo shrimp.

"An acre and plenty!" The bayou bank is famous for these neat, white homes of fishermen—or trappers—or farmers who, on their patches of ground and with their two hands and the help of their family earn a good living, set a little aside, educate their children, are happy and independent.

often is also fisherman, trapper, mechanic or even President of the Police Jury (and I mean me)—the next important thing is to make you acquainted with the main stops along this longest street in the world and tell you how its towns and communities came to be and how they fit into the life of the parish.

At the upper end is Thibodaux. There was a time, back in those pioneer days of Lafourche and Louisiana, when this particular settlement on the bayou was the only important town between New Orleans and the Teche country and between the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. It was the sole trading post in that whole area. And, it has never lost its leadership in Lafourche as the commercial center of the parish. It is the parish seat.

At the lower end is Leeville. It is not a town. It is a community of oil derricks. You can count nearly a hundred from the road. For this is one of Lafourche's oil fields, another generous gift of Nature, who was not satisfied to have bestowed already upon us the richest soil in Louisiana.

About fifteen miles below Thibodaux is Raceland. For all practical purposes Raceland is the midpoint of Lafourche Parish. For here is the only east and west, north and south crossroad on this longest street in the world. Here the New Orleans to Houston route intersects with Bayou Lafourche. To the left is the Gulf of Mexico and to the right is the Mississippi River at Donaldsonville, beyond Thibodaux. Around this important crossroad has developed a thriving little community. Here also is located Godchaux Sugars' Lafourche plant.

Below Raceland is the sugar cane community of Mathews, where is centered the Georgia division of The South Coast Corporation, which now has 4,661 acres of its own cane under cultivation in Lafourche.

A few miles farther is Lockport where Bayou Lafourche, until the present completion of the cutoff at Larose, became a link in the Intracoastal Canal. Lockport might be called the Capital of Lower Lafourche. It is an aggressive, business-minded town.

Then comes Valentine, where is located the plant and plantation of Valentine Sugars, and a few miles farther on is the community of Larose where the Intracoastal Canal crosses Bayou Lafourche. At Larose, not many months ago, they raised $2,800 in two days in voluntary contributions from the farmers and fishermen for a War Memorial. There have been many casualities in this Parish of Lafourche, and the people are both patriotic and proud of the record of their bayou folk on foreign shores.

Next is Cut Off, where a bridge across the bayou has centered a community, and finally Golden Meadow, where is concentrated the shrimp and oyster industry of lower Lafourche Parish.

Now, you begin to get a better picture of this parish. We started you out with sugar cane—but we ushered you along swiftly, because we didn't want you to impulsively come to the conclusion that Lafourche is simply a superior farming area. Now you know it is also rich in oil—a famous shrimp and oyster center—an important segment in the inland waterways system that saved the nation when the Axis subs had our sea going oil tankers bottled up in port—and . . . here is more that we haven't intimated until now . . .

. . . back of Lockport is the largest single gas field in the world (Lake Long) and back of the bayou, its whole length, are the swamplands, rich hunting ground for the trappers. Just to refresh your memory, Louisiana is the greatest fur producing state in the nation, its annual volume of pelts exceeding the combined catch of Alaska and Canada. And, of the 64 parishes in the state of Louisiana, Lafourche ranks third—with emphasis on the skin

Lafourche is a parish where youth is considered our greatest asset, where education and recreation are judged equally important. This is Foray's Dance Hall in Thibodaux, a popular rendezvous for Lafourche's future leading citizens.

of the marsh hare, or muskrat, or Fiber Zibethicus Mundae, if you happen to like Latin titles.

And finally, up around Thibodaux are important industries, one of which is helping to mechanize the cultivating and harvesting of sugar cane and which was instrumental in saving the 1944 crop when labor was unobtainable and the harvest wouldn't wait.

At the end of this story of Lafourche is an appendix of statistics—figures on all these things we are touching lightly now. But we don't want to bore or bother you with figures yet. We want you to appreciate Lafourche, to get a mental picture of it first. Then you will be ready to fit the figures into the story.

Before we forget it, we want to tell you something else intensely interesting about Lafourche. At Thibodaux, the land is 12 feet above the level of the bayou. At Lockport, it is only nine feet and at Golden Meadow it is only 2 feet. In spite of this seemingly dangerous flood margin, levees are no longer necessary along Lafourche because it was severed from the Mississippi at Donaldsonville in 1902. It has only the drainage of its own bayou land to carry to the sea. And so, Lafourche Parish is free of the spring inundations that would be its lot were it still joined with the tempestuous river.

So, realizing that all along the Bayou every piece of property is only a few feet above the water level, you will be intrigued by the fact that the largest individually owned farm in the parish is constantly a foot and a half below it.

This is Clovelly Farm, only a few hundred yards from the highway at Cut Off. It is completely diked on all four sides—a little Holland in Lafourche —2,500 acres reclaimed from the swampland and kept free from flood by three powerful pumps that can remove 164,000 gallons a minute and can control a seven inch rainfall without hurting the crops.

This farm is 30 years old and has been operated all those thirty years by Robert Morrison, who, at present is Vice-President of the Louisiana Irish Potato Association and a member of the National Industry Advisory Committee to the OPA and W. F. A. The farm is owned by the Scullys of Illinois.

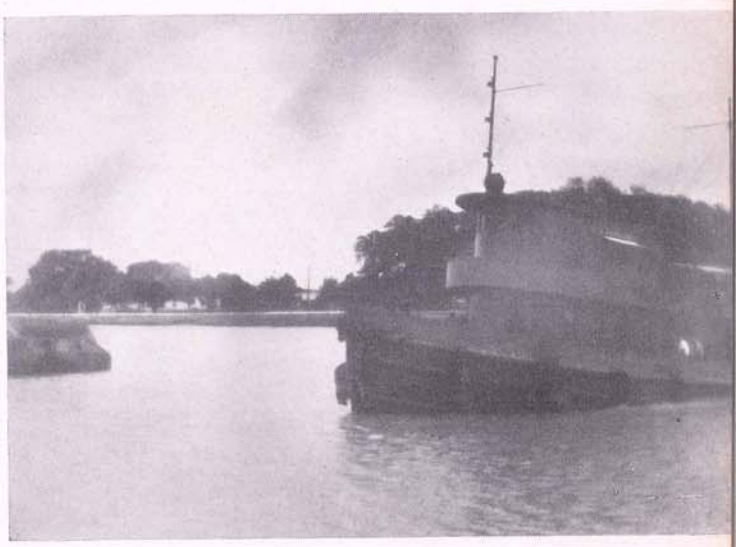
On this Clovelly Farm in 1944 was raised the only cotton in this part of Louisiana—five hundred acres of excellent weevil-free hundred dollar bale-

to-the-acre cotton. In this same year, Clovelly Farm produced 500 acres of corn with a 45 bushel-to-the-acre yield; 600 acres of sugar cane, 27 tons to the acre; 200 acres of Irish Potatoes and 200 acres of truck vegetables.

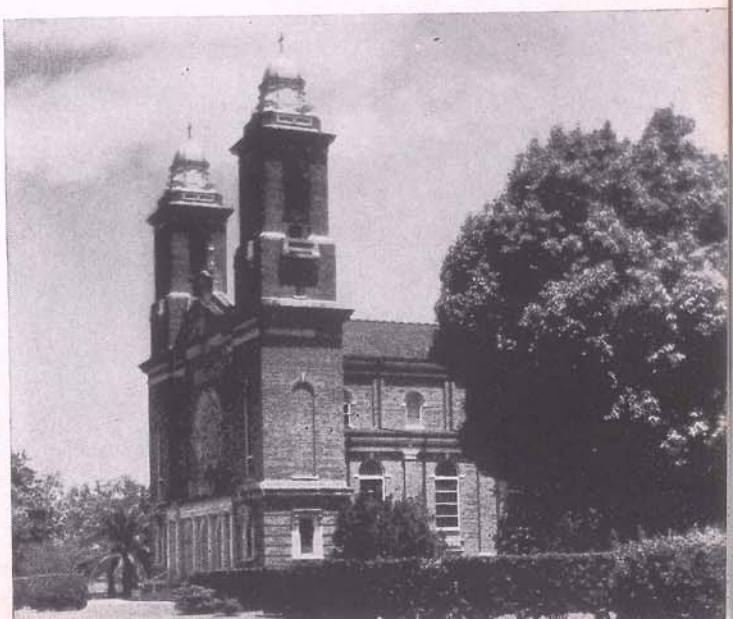
Clovelly Farm supports about fifty families and has a little community population of about 300 people. This farm ships 50 to 60 carloads of Irish Potatoes a year and sells 4,000 to 5,000 bags of seed potatoes to the rest of the industry, even as far away as Cuba and South America. Fifteen years ago, on Clovelly Farm, CP 2817 sugar cane, that helped save the industry when Louisiana cane was attacked by the mosaic disease, was developed from a plot of 30 feet to 30 acres in eighteen months.

That is farming on a large scale in Lafourche. You will want to visit Clovelly as well as the Frenchman on the other side of the bayou with his farm, one arpent front and forty arpents deep. Both are Lafourche.

And, just as much as the farmer is Lafourche—so is the fisherman, whom you will see in his boat anywhere along the bayou, but especially at Golden Meadow. Believe this or not, although Thibodaux is the largest town, one-third of the votes in the last parish election were cast from Ward 10, which is Golden Meadow. In this area is a great part of Lafourche's population and prosperity. Upper Lafourche belongs to the farmer—but in Lower Lafourche the fisherman is boss of the bayou.



This is one of the common sights of Lafourche—a tug and tow through the Intracoastal Canal at Larose. It was this Intracoastal Canal and tugs like this and low, squat oil barges which saved our country—which carried vital oil to the Eastern Coast when subs had our sea-going tankers effectively bottled up in the Gulf of Mexico. The world will never realize the important role the poorly publicized inland waterways played in this war for our very survival.



The Catholic Church at Thibodaux, considered the most expensive rural church in Louisiana, costing over a half million dollars in 1920. In Thibodaux there are four churches for white people and six for colored . . . and places of worship dot every community the length of the Bayou.

This is beautiful Acadia Plantation, located just outside Thibodaux. It was formerly owned by relatives of Francis Scott Key and later by the Bowie brothers, who left here to take part in the Texas battle for independence and one of whom invented the famous knife which bears his name.

Lafourche Parish is one of the oldest in Louisiana. It is rich in historic lore, but we have time to tell you about only a few of its famous sons who have written their names large in the records of the South. We will tell you merely about those whose homes still remain. You can still visit these places and, as you look about, can reconstruct in your mind the splendid heritage that has come down to us from previous generations of bayou men.

Not far from Thibodaux is Leighton Plantation, where is now located Lafourche Sugars. In 1944 a monument was erected to its former famous owner and master—Fighting Bishop Leonidas Polk who left the pulpit of St. John Episcopal Church on Jackson Avenue in Thibodaux to become first a Major General and then a Lieutenant General of the Confederate Army. He repulsed Grant at Belmont; commanded the 1st corps at Shiloh; conducted the retreat from Kentucky; joined Johnston in opposing Sherman's March to Atlanta; and was killed while reconnoitering on Pine Mountain.

Also, just a few miles north of Thibodaux is the home of beloved Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court. This has been converted into a Memorial.

Then there is Ridgefield, destroyed by fire a few years ago but rebuilt exactly as it was before. This little home, not much more than a cottage in its grove of live oaks, situated on 1,200 acres near Thibodaux, was the home of two of the most illustrious families in the annals of Louisiana. No true records reveal the beginnings of Ridgefield, but it was a landmark in 1834 when it passed into the possession of the hospitable and genteel Guion family.

To the Guion home came to court pretty Caroline Guion a young man who soon married her—Francis Tillou Nicholls, who later became a General in the Confederate Army, was twice Governor of Louisiana and finally Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court.

The story of Francis Nicholls is worth retelling. It is thrilling, dramatic, and will give you an idea of the type of public men begot by the bayou.

He was a West Point graduate, so, when the War Between the States broke out, he left his law practice and his new bride and organized a company of infantry of which he was elected Captain.

An indication of his high character was demonstrated early in his military career. His men had enlisted for only one year, but when the company

was taken to New Orleans to be formally mustered in, they were informed that they would have to serve for the duration. This created a spontaneous dissention among Nicholls' volunteers, and he overheard one of them remark that he, being a West Pointer, was merely planning to use their friendly cooperation as a stepping stone to his own glory and promotion!

Quietly he called his men together and told them that if they would accept the Army's terms of enlistment he would not only remain with them throughout the war but would accept no higher rank than his present captaincy. Appeased, the men accepted and they became a part of the Eighth Louisiana Regiment.

A short time afterward the regiment needed experienced officers and he was offered command but, true to his pledge to his men, he refused. It was only after they had voluntarily signed a paper unanimously urging him to accept that he agreed to take the Colonelcy of the regiment.

At the same engagement near Chancellorsville, where General Stonewall Jackson was wounded, a bullet shattered the elbow joint of Colonel Nicholl's left arm. In a futile attempt to save it, an operation was delayed a week. Too ill to be moved, he was left at a farmhouse when the brigade withdrew and in May of '62 he was captured by Union troops.

With one arm gone he was exchanged the following September. His regiment had been cited for conspicuous gallantry and when he returned to duty he was promoted to Brigadier General.

A second time he was wounded in action, when a piece of shell, passing through the body of his horse, severed his left foot. He lay for hours in the darkness and in the confusion of battle before his men found him. By some strange miracle his leg had not bled and this saved his life.

Thus deprived of both limbs on his left side, he was able to grimly repeat, in one of his letters years later, when he was named Chief Justice, a jest started by one of his friends—"that he was too one sided to be a judge."

Returning to law practice after the war, he steered clear of politics in the dark days of Reconstruction. Office holding was merely an empty ges-

Below, on the left, is an example of the intensive cultivation of Lafourche's fertile bayou banks. Notice that this man's garden runs right down to the water's edge. And, on the right, is a common sight in this Parish of Plenty—Irish potato digging. You see, we plant more of these tubers than any other parish in the state.

ture. So thoroughly were carpetbag policies entrenched that even the chief executive of the State could be only a figurehead. And, fighting Francis Nicholls was not the type of man to be anyone's' catspaw or the servant of any corrupt group, no matter how strong.

It was not until 1876 that he was induced to run for Governor. And the speech that put his name in nomination has come down as one of the shortest and most dramatic on record.

"Gentlemen," said his sponsor, "I wish to put into nomination all that is left of Francis Tillou Nicholls."

But all that was left of Nicholls carried the election by more than 8,000 votes, an imposing majority in those days. That, however, was not election. The Republican returning board brazenly declared his opponent the winner—and Nicholls had another fight on his hands. With his accustomed quietness, courage and determination—although the opposing forces were in possession of the State House—Governor-elect Nicholls had himself inaugurated at New Orleans. All over the state the people pledged support, his adherents occupid the police stations, the arsenal and the Cabildo, and the opposition, against this resolute show of force, backed down.

For the first time since the end of the War, a legitimate government of the people was in office in Louisiana and the reign of the carpetbaggers was broken by the boy from Bayou Lafourche whose stirring words the schoolchildren of Louisiana have often since read in their schoolbooks: "At no time and under no circumstances will I permit one of my hands to aid in degrading what the other was lost in seeking to uphold, the honor of my native State."

The last two years of Francis Nicholls' life were spent at Ridgefield amid the quiet and serenity of those same majestic oaks you see today.

The home of another Governor which Lafourche gave to Louisiana is at Thibodaux, the town named after him—Henry Schuyler Thibodaux. At 408 Jackson Avenue, also in Thibodaux, is the old home where Henry Clay was entertained by the people of Lafourche during his candidacy for President of the United States. And, in the old Thibodaux Catholic Cemetery are the graves of John Dalton Williams, the Irish poet; Dr. Pierre Rouanet, the French physician and scientist who discovered heart pulsation; and Governor Edward Douglas White, father of Chief Justice White.

From Bayou Lafourche have come a steady procession of public spirited men who, in both war and peace, have proved that Lafourche always was a community that is interested in and will faithfully contribute its share to the great nation of which it is a tiny but very vital part.

Yet, in spite of this historic evidence of active participation in our national destiny, the rest of the country knew little of Lafourche for nearly two centuries of Louisiana's existence.

Knowledge came with good roads about fifteen years ago. Not so much that the bayou folk could get out—but that people from other parts of the country could get in. Not so much that these French people could easily leave their beloved bayou bank by fast car—they don't want to leave—but so that other dwellers in other parts of the nation can visit them and see how happily and prosperously they live—and perhaps join them.

There was a time when Bayou Lafourche was a little world of its own. Travel was entirely aquatic. Alex Melancon of Larose, whose newspaper writings of the people of Lafourche have made thousands well acquainted

with these friendly French, says: "If we had to go to New Orleans in those days, before good roads, there were the weekly freight boats that brought drygoods and groceries to the bayou store.

"The crops and the seafood marked our seasons. It was late spring when the boats began loading sacks of potatoes for the old French Market. Green corn soup signaled that summer was at hand, and when the luggers with their triangular red sails appeared, loaded down with oysters just gaffed from the Gulf of Mexico, we knew fall was drawing near.

"All this while the sugar cane was sprouting in the fields; from the first thin showing of green among the stubble as soon as the Lenten winds began to blow, to the emerald of the fully grown cane. And there was always the excitement of the *roulaison* when the itinerant negro workers descended upon the plantations and farms to swing their knives and sing lustily in the fields." (Note: There is a strange attraction in cane cutting to the Lafourche negro. Even today, highly modern and up-to-date domestic colored servants leave their house jobs and head for the fields when cane cuttin' time comes along. Maybe its the rhythm of the swing—a sort of sugar samba.)

Continues Melancon: "We set our days by the melancholy steam whistles that called the workers to their jobs in the roaring sugar mills, and on Saturday nights, having made a payday, we never missed a chance for a sugar party. The girls would laugh and squeal at the sight of the bubbling juice where syrup was in the making, and if there was a little amorous dawdling in the dark, no one was really very censorious.

"The neighbors never were far away. Aloofness was not a characteristic of the people whose small farms ranged the length of Bayou Lafourche. We would call across the fence and someone was always within hearing of our voice.

"We thought no week was complete that did not find the entire family attending the Saturday night dance. And no matter how late it lasted, we managed to awake in time for early Mass on Sunday.

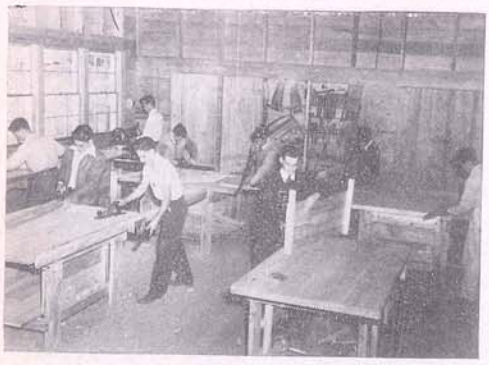
"We lived close to the church and could walk there, but there might be relations from Cut Off who drove their spring wagon to Larose the night before and came to spend the day with us. As we stood in front of the church waiting for the bell to ring we would watch the carriage of a family from a plantation drive up and disgorge its load of people.

"The carriages were most impressive in contrast to the buggies and carts that brought people from two and three miles away. Those who came from

This is White Plantation, the birthplace of one of Lafourche's great citizens — Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court. It is located five miles north of Thibodaux and is now a memorial.

Education in Lafourche

This is the picture story of what we are doing for our young people—and what they are doing for themselves—in Lafourche Parish. Reading clockwise and starting with the photograph at the top of the page and then jumping across to the next page, and on around, we present picture proof:



At the top—The Thibodaux High School Rifle Club, a member of the National Rifle Association.

Across the page—The Thibodaux High School Band.

Next right—The school bus that picks the children up and brings them back . . . one of 35 in the parish.

Next below—The 1944 Lafourche Football Champions—the team of Thibodaux High.

Next below—These lads of the Thibodaux High Vocational Agriculture Department show how to raise corn on the hoof.

Extreme right below—4H Club beef cattle demonstrated by Clayton Folse, Raceland; Freddie Delaune, Lockport; Samuel Pertuit, Raceland; Hazel Pitre, Cut Off; and Eugene Fontenot, Jr., Golden Meadow.

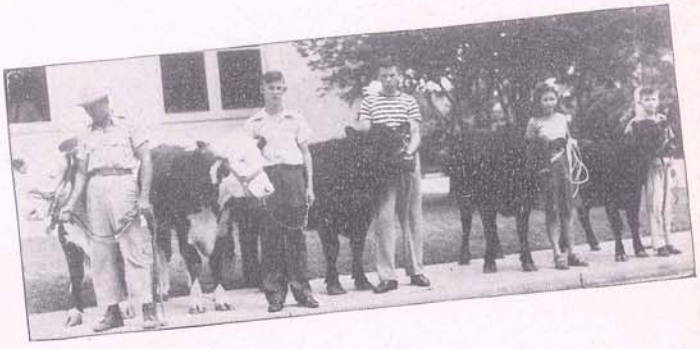
Next left—Commerce Department of Thibodaux High where 175 children are trained in commercial subjects.

Next left—Chemistry Class at Thibodaux High.

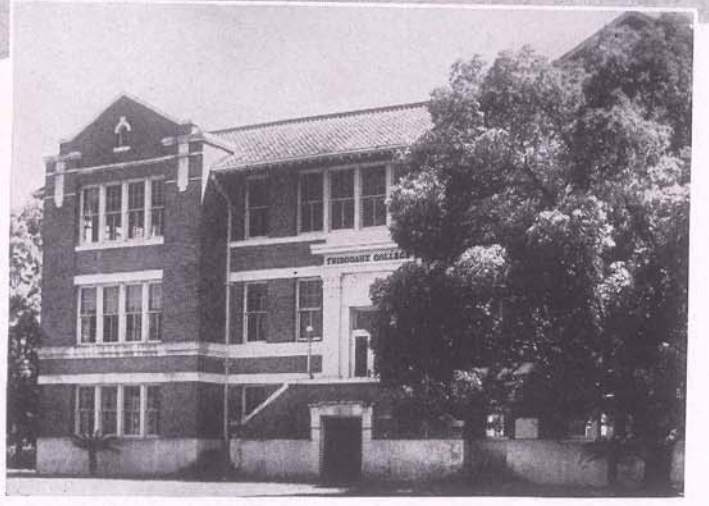
Next left above—An agricultural workshop group at Raceland.

Next above—A home economics class at Larose.

Next above—Thibodaux Elementary School —the first modern public school building constructed in Lafourche parish. Built in 1911 and still in excellent condition.



The High School at Golden Meadow. In 1916 there were two teachers in this town. Today there are 28 with an enrollment of 1,026.



This is Thibodaux Catholic College, with High School rating. Also in the parish is the Mount Carmel Convent at Thibodaux, with High School rating; the Holy Savior High School for boys and girls at Lockport; the St. Luke Negro Convent in Thibodaux for both boys and girls, with Junior High rating; and the C. M. Washington Training School for Negroes in Thibodaux.

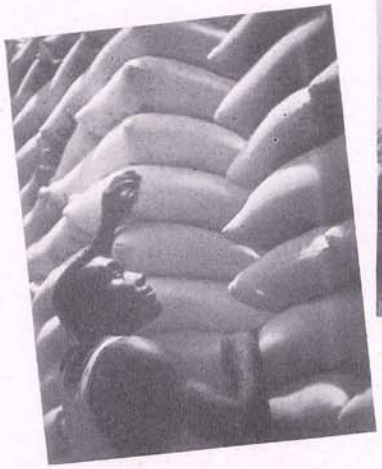
enormous distances were praised for the sacrifices they made to attend church."

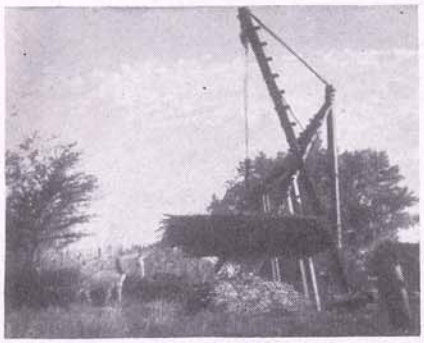
But—the good roads *did* come to Lafourche. The levee banks were packed down and a hard ribbon of progress was laid along the bayou edge the length of the parish and here is what happened: trucks replaced the steamboats that once swung their gangplanks to the bayou bank to deliver supplies to the stores. The backyard bake ovens disappeared and the baker's truck appeared in its stead. The little one room schools became large centralized buildings to which yellow school busses brought alert bayou boys and girls. Always a parish of bridges—mostly small hand drawn ferries of floating pontoons opened and closed by a cable wheel laboriously worked by hand—Lafourche now secured new bridges that operated mechanically.

Poverty was never a problem in this parish, but the new roads brought new prosperity to the entire length of Bayou Lafourche. A quicker, handier market brought more money into the pockets of the bayou dwellers—but, peculiarly, the outside world was more amazed at the richness of Lafourche than Lafourche was amazed at the wonders of the outside world.

The fishermen merely bought larger boats. The farmers bought automobiles. The people increased their standard of living but did not permit outside contact to destroy their community life, their love of their bayou homes, or their native shrewd ability to balance economy and contentment. Lafourche is one of the finest examples in the country of a community's ability to retain the best of the old and adopt the best of the new.

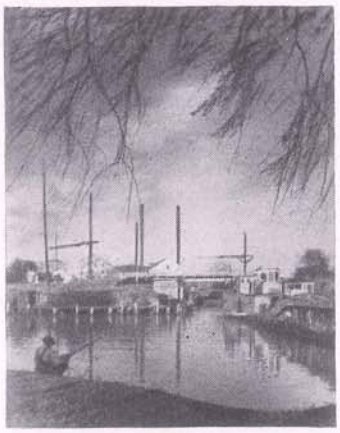
In came education, transportation, industry and business. But inviolate remained the closeknit family life, the neighborly spirit, the inherent honesty and the individual independence that are as much a part of the people of Lafourch as the bayou itself.

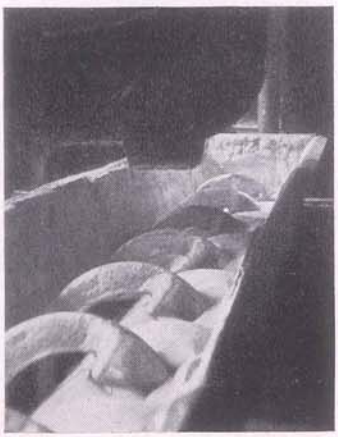




This is the Saga of Sugar

There is the beginning—winter's waving cane with the wild ducks winging Southward. There is the cane cutter at day's end and his philosophical spouse. There is the cane itself moving down the bayou to the hungry jaws of mighty machines that cannot taste the sweetness of its juice. There it is being unloaded at the mill. There it is after being pounded and pressed and purified and pushed through the painstaking processes of production—and there it is stacked high for delivery to people who have never crunched raw sugar cane in their teeth, who have never witnessed the rhythm of the cutting or followed the green fields of growing cane with fascinated gaze. And—finally—the end—the bagasse—the sweetness gone, but not its usefulness. Science still demands what our taste rejects.





This is typical of the comfortable, modern homes that the bayou dwellers are building today. Part of the postwar plans of Lafourche call for natural gas and plenty of water all over the parish. Electricity is, of course, everywhere. Even the bayou houseboats are wired for electric light. Comfortable independence is the watchword of The Longest Street In The World.

The whole story of the transformation of Lafourche from a secluded community that was chained to the boat landings of its own bayou to the most thickly populated rural district in the United States, connected by fast highway with the world sea and airport of New Orleans only an hour away, is contained in the account of the bayou general store.

There was a time when the folks on the bayou followed the storekeeper. Now the storekeeper follows them.

In the early colonization days, wherever a merchant set up his trading center on the banks of the bayou, that was where the homes congregated. Because, at the merchant's wharf the steamships stopped and the barges loaded. That was where business and activity gravitated.

There was quite a community at Leeville before the storm of 1909. But after the storm, one of the merchants moved up the bayou to a point which he considered sufficiently safe from future damage. The spot he selected is now Golden Meadow, but there was nothing there then except bayou bank. In 1915, the only remaining merchant in Leeville followed suit. The customers of both followed them—and that is why Golden Meadow is situated just where it is. The bayou folk moved closer to their trading center and a new fishing community was started.

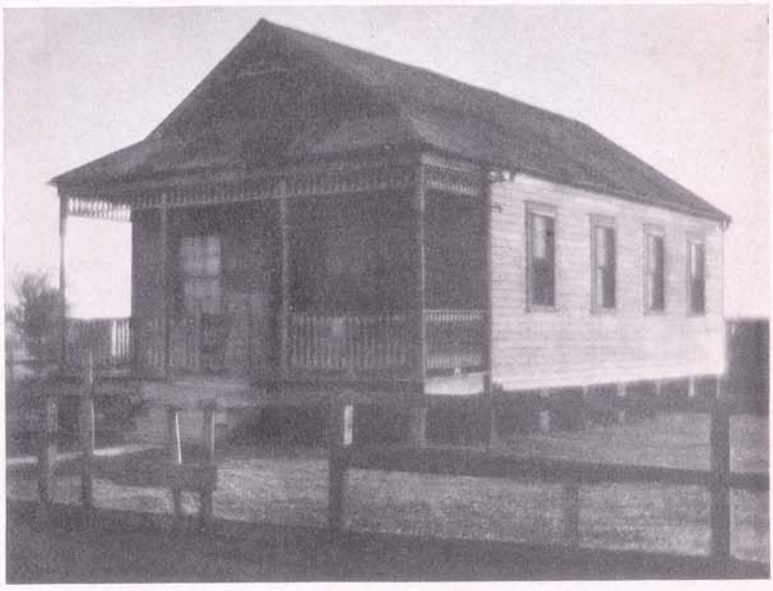
Today, however, with roads on both sides of the bayou, the mountain has found it advisable to go to Mohamet. The merchant now goes to his

In many parts of the parish, the new homes being built are reminiscent of the old plantation homes. We are proud of the dignity and beauty of our ante-bellum architecture and are trying to preserve the plantation heritage that was so much a part of Lafourche in that hectic half century between the Louisiana Purchase and the War between the States.

customers,. by means of what is one of the most distinctive features of Lafourche Parish—the Rolling Store.

There are at least a dozen and a half different rolling stores, operated by different merchants, which now serve Bayou Lafourche. They start out from the main store and make a trip that usually takes one day out and one day back. This trip is repeated three times a week.

These trucks, or rolling stores, contain a fair representation of everything the parent store handles—from beans to brassieres. Shoes are fitted, dresses tried on and the whole house equipped right at the side of the road. The "Rolling Store" driver knows who his customers are. He slows up in front, blows his horn. Out come the ladies of the house and barter begins. In the old days he used to carry back as much in the way of produce as he had carried out in merchandise, but in these days money itself is the common medium of exchange. It is not uncommon for a "Rolling Store" to do several hundred dollars in sales per day. It all depends on the season—if the crops are in or if the shrimp are running.



This is the old home of Levy Collins at Golden Meadow. How it happens to be here when it was originally built at Leeville is one of Lafourche's tall but true tales.

When the storm of 1915 hit the Gulf area, Levy Collins' home at Leeville (this one) was torn loose from its foundation and disappeared, riding the flood waters. It floated for 9 miles and when Levy discovered where it had stopped in Golden Meadow, he simply bought the land and settled there himself. So much easier than trying to take the house back to Leeville.

Do you remember, early in this story, that I said we would come back to "sugar" later and tell you the amazing things we are doing today in Lafourche with the products and by-products of cane? Well . . .

After the War Between the States, the sugar industry in Louisiana was paralyzed by the destruction of crops and by radical labor readjustments. But within ten years several large refineries were constructed, into the design of which went every modern improvement then known in the manufacture of sugar. Sugar, itself, in those struggling years of reconstruction was working itself out of the "luxury" into the "necessity" class, and, in the "Sugar Bowl" of Louisiana and Lafourche, the planters and refiners struggled along with it to make the raising and processing of sugar keep economic pace with the increasing demand and world competition.

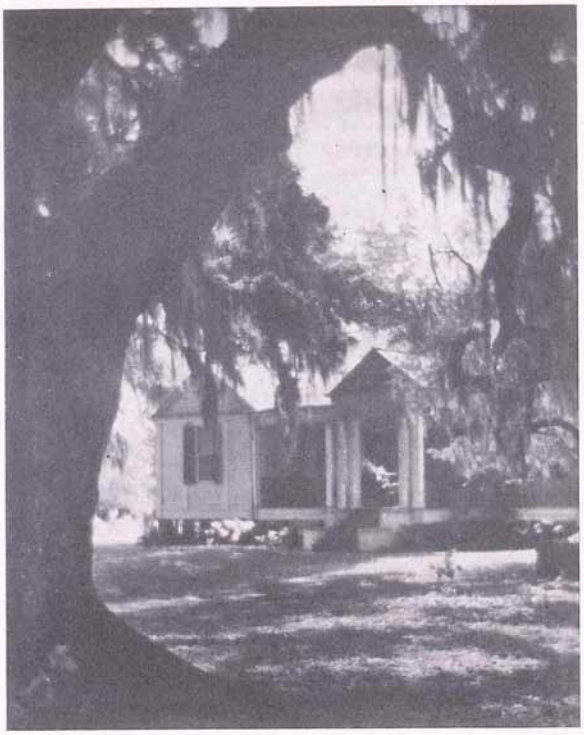
By the turn of the century, the sugar industry was again thriving and continued to do so until after World War I. Then suddenly cane yield declined to a low of six tons per acre, not enough to cover the cost of planting

This is one of the interesting sights along Bayou Lafourche to the stranger—this foot operated bridge at Cut Off. Comes a boat up or down the bayou, the bridge must be opened. So, up on this little platform climbs the bridge tender, pedals it patiently open and then pedals it patiently closed. He does more walking without getting anywhere than any inhabitant on The Longest Street In the World.

and harvesting. Discouraged planters began selling out. Some of the old timers said the climate was changing or the soil was exhausted. But the logically minded men discovered by scientific analysis that the Louisiana cane was succumbing to the dread mosaic disease and other crop parasites and pests. At the same time they learned that the Dutch in Java had, by continuous painstaking efforts over the years, developed varieties of sugar cane that were not only large in yield, high in sugar content, but would successfully resist this same mosaic disease which was ruining our crops. So, in the twenties, the tremendous job of converting Louisiana farmers and planters to the new varieties of P.O.J. cane from Java began. Slowly, steadily, but surely planters, brokers and bankers were convinced and came back with a new surge of vitality for the second time in a hundred years.

The ten years from 1935 to 1945 have been the most productive and profitable in the history of cane in Lafourche and Louisiana. From the low point of six tons per acre just after World War I, the Louisiana average for the last three years of World War II has been over 20 tons per acre. Sugar cane is King and the King still reigns. As these words are being written the AAA is urging Louisiana planters to put 10,000 more acres in the raising of sugar cane.

In Lafourche every phase of the evolution of sugar is represented, from the growing of the cane to the manufacture of the finished and finest granulated product. Also, in Lafourche at Thibodaux, is located the Thomson Machinery Company which has been a leader in the mechanization of the harvesting of cane. The Thomson cane harvester is self propelled, shaves the cane about an inch from the ground and cuts the tops, laying the cane across the rows for the mechanical loader to come later and pick up. A recent development in the Thomson harvester is the laying of three rows of cane in the first row cut, thus effecting a two-thirds reduction in the pick-up labor required.



This is the Francis T. Nicholls home described and discussed on page 190. Although destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt about five years ago following the same original plans. Its site and its history are interesting to every visitor who has heard of this man whom nothing could defeat and whose life is a symbol of the fighting spirit of the people of Lafourche.

The Louisiana sugar crop requires from 30,000 to 35,000 workers each harvest season. Because of an extreme labor shortage the 1944 crop would never have been brought in from the cane fields if it had not been for mechanical harvesters, about 350 of which took the place of 21,360 laborers. And, of these 350 cane harvesters over 200 were manufactured by the Thomson Machinery Company.

Yes, sugar supplies the body with about 100 calories of food value and energy for every tablespoonful consumed, and, each one of us consumes about 100 pounds a year. In fact the total national consumption of sugar is fourteen billion pounds. That's a lot of sugar. It's a huge industry, so huge that only about one-third of our national consumption is normally supplied from our own domestic production. In this great market Lafourche has an unlimited future.

Few people, outside the sugar raising areas, are familiar with the by-products of sugar cane. Few strangers to the sugar country even know what "bagasse" is—the pulp of the sugar cane after the juice has been squeezed out. Years ago this was burned as fuel in the sugar mills, but in recent years bagasse has become the base of many profitable by-products, among the most famous of which is Celotex, our Southern produced insulated building board.

From bagasse the Godchaux Sugars have developed a dehydrated bagasse product known as Servall, which is used as a 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 a finely ground form for use in feed mixing.

But probably the most recently developed and least known utilization of bagasse is a new molded plastic that is being made by Valentine Sugars of Lafourche in its Valite Division, which has been engaged for more than five years in the study of the utilization of the by-products of their sugar mill.

It all started several years ago when T. R. McElhinney of Iowa State College attacked the well known waste products of the American farm—corn-

cobs, stalks, straw and bagasse—to see if he could turn these waste materials into plastics.

Finally, he succeeded with bagasse. He produced experimentally a plastic that was hard without being brittle, was satisfactorily water resistant and had the luster of highly polished black marble.

Then he measured costs—the availability of bagasse with the cost of manufacture and the necessary price of the finished product. And, he discovered that he had a molding powder that could be produced at about half the cost of the cheapest molding powder on the market today.

The next step was the commercial development of what the laboratory had proved to be possible. So, McElhinney transferred his activities to the Valentine Sugars at Lafourche, a pilot plant was built and several synthetic resins from bagasse have been developed and proved commercially feasible and profitable.

One is a thermosetting or heat hardenable type. Examples of its use are molded bottle closures, radio cabinets, equipment housings, steering wheels, handles, etc.

Modified in a use for impregnants and binders this bagasse plastic is also furnished in alcohol solution for making laminated molded products with high strength such as safety helmets, paneling, prefabricated houses, heavy duty bearings, table and desk tops, unbreakable ashtrays, etc.

Another type that softens when heated and hardens when cool is also produced. This has been found particularly useful in the manufacture of phonograph records and has helped to relieve the drastic war time shortage of shellac.

The next time you hear your favorite song on what looks to you like an ordinary record, you may be listening to music on sugar cane—because this Lafourche Valite is producing records equal or superior to those ever made before the war by shellac.

Yes, Lafourche is "marching on" not only in the raising of sugar but in the development of its by-products.

When we get to talking about cane, we are not forgetting our great seafood industry—anymore than when a kid is bragging about his dad, he is forgetting his mother. As you move toward the Gulf of Mexico and have passed into the lower half of Lafourche, you notice an ever increasing number of boats—little boats, big boats, trawlers, oyster boats—until, when you get to Golden Meadow, you are right in the home city of the Lafourche seafood industry. Golden Meadow is only three

These are the girls of the Thibodaux High School Team who, at Baton Rouge, won the 1945 State Basketball Championship of Louisiana.

On the next page we brag a little about our school lunches in Lafourche Parish—well, take a look for yourself! And, if you are around our way at school lunch time, drop in at Thibodaux Elementary School where we took this picture.

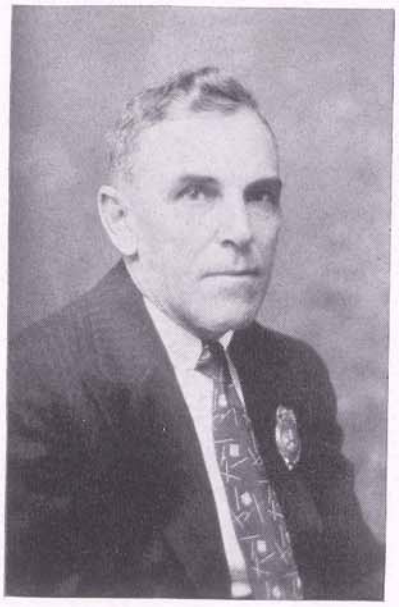
miles long but one end of it is lost in the Gulf of Mexico and the other end terminates on the dinner tables of far away Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Last year our Lafourche fishermen brought in over fifteen million pounds of shrimp and over eight million pounds of oysters. There is nothing more tasty than our Lafourche oysters, delicately seasoned with the salt brine of the Gulf and fattened in the rich delta silt of Ol' Man River. Nothing more desired in the seafood markets of the country than the shrimp brought from the bays, bayous, lakes and the Gulf itself by the more than six hundred fishing boats that operate from Bayou Lafourche.

Last year it took 46 million pounds of ice to keep and pack our Lafourche shrimp and oysters and ship them safely to market. Recently completed at Golden Meadow was the quick freezing plant of the Sommerville Ice Company, capable of quick freezing fifteen tons of shrimp per day, moving through a conveyor tunnel exposed to a 40° below zero blast. This is the only quick freezing unit of this modern type in Louisiana. The two closest are in Texas and on the Pacific Coast.

Fishermen and farmers are the backbone of Lafourche. Less than 20% of the people credited to us in the 1940 census, live in incorporated towns. We gained a 19% increase in population between 1930 and 1940 (over 40,000 today)—newcomers who have sifted in, through and among the independent, self sufficient, tax-paying, God-fearing, law abiding fishermen and farmers who are attracting their own kind to the rich soil and waters of Lafourche. Our towns are growing, but they are merely busy corners along this one, long 65-mile street that is populated by the most contented citizens in the country.

The existence and importance of "our longest street in the world" was even recognized way back in 1896 when Postmaster General Wilson was experimenting with Rural Free Delivery. One month after the first rural letter carrier service in the United States was established in West Virginia, a route was authorized on Bayou Lafourche, the first and only one in Louisiana and the Deep South.



Here he is—Etienne Bouterie—the first rural mail carrier in the state of Louisiana. He started on November 1, 1896, and didn't retire until 1934—thirty-eight years of continuous, faithful service. He is still living, still hale and hearty and still serving his parish as a member of the Police Jury.

Part of the answer of the solid, substantial community life and strength of Lafourche lies in its young people. As Harnett Kane says in his "Bayous of Louisiana"—"no Lafourche crop is more productive than that of children." Lafourche parents believe in large families and they also believe in education and opportunity for their sons and daughters. What it has done and is doing constantly for the generation always coming up is one of the proudest records of the parish.

The conveyance most frequently seen on this longest street in the world is one of the yellow school busses of Lafourche (there are 35 of them) meeting the children in the morning and bringing them home at night—and in season following the trappers on their trap lines almost to Grand Isle.

In Lafourche Parish is one of the finest school lunch programs in the United States, making it possible for every boy or girl, no matter creed, color or financial status to secure a wholesome, nutritious lunch for only 10c.

There are 38 schools in the parish, public and private, with an enrollment of approximately 8,000 pupils. With the assistance of federal aid under the supervision of the Food Distribution Administration the school system of Lafourche began serving these ten-cent type "A" luncheons in 1942. The actual cost of each lunch is 19c with milk and 17c without milk, of which the F. D. A. pays the additional 9 or 7 cents, whichever it happens to be.

The term "free lunch" does not exist. Obviously, no child is ever refused because of inability to pay. In fact, hundreds are fed free daily. But, in this parish, everybody is made to feel that he has a certain obligation in helping support the program. The children are asked to contribute the actual cost, if possible, but it is extended as a public educational service which must be paid for by either local tax funds, federal funds, contributions, the pennies of the children themselves or donations of homegrown food.

Here is a typical ten-cent school lunch menu:

> Beef stew, creamed potatoes, snap beans, prunes,
> peanut butter, fresh apple, bread and milk.

More than 50,000 quarts of vegetables are canned for the school lunch program each year at nine canning centers throughout the parish. The lunchrooms are inspected regularly by the sanitary inspector of the Lafourche Parish health unit and must meet all sanitary requirements. Every child washes his hands before going into the lunchroom at specially devised units that furnish cold water, soap and towels for 36 children per minute.

Six thousand of the 8,000 school children of Lafourche eat at these school lunchrooms. Children gain weight and keep healthy and, because they are

well fed with food they like, they enjoy school more. Principals, teachers, parent-teacher organizations and mothers' clubs assume responsibility for the operation of these lunchrooms.

In March of this year the Thibodaux high school girls won the state basketball championship, proving that physical education is receiving full support in the parish. Over 1,000 boys and girls are engaged in 4H Club work and are active, under competent Home Demonstration Agents and teacher leaders, in such vocational projects as sewing, poultry raising, beef and dairy cattle and pig raising, and home gardens.

In 1944 the bill was passed in the State legislature authorizing a Junior College, a branch of Louisiana State University, at Thibodaux. It will cost $375,000 and will occupy 110 acres of land already designated and will serve the 160,000 people of which Thibodaux is a central point.

Health is emphasized in Lafourche. Special attention is given to nutrition, the protection of teeth, eyes and ears, and the immediate correction of remedial defects. The Parish Health Unit, composed of a doctor and three nurses, assists in this program by giving physical examinations, innoculations, vaccinations, and furnishing reports to the parents.

The people of Lafourche can be proud that their school program and those in charge of it are constantly looking beyond the three R's to the additional advantages that can be given to children to help mold them into better future citizens with the ability to compete in a faster moving world.

The commerce departments in eight high schools train hundreds of boys and girls in bookkeeping, typing and shorthand. More extensive training is available in mathematics and science. Visual aids are being purchased in increasing quantities to assist the fundamentals of education.

And, reports from colleges show that the high school graduates from Lafourche have excellent foundations for college work. Reports from the School Board prove that our educational system, while thorough and modern and looking ahead, is on a sound operating basis.

Two new crops have been introduced in Lafourche during the last year and they, like everybody and everything that comes to this parish of plenty, have found it good and are prospering. They are Creole Lilies and Dallis Grass—and behind each is a very interesting story.

Before Japan stabbed us in the back at Pearl Harbor and, by so doing, committed national hari-kari, the Easter lily business of the world was practically a monopoly in the hands of Japanese growers. They shipped the bulbs to this country by the millions.

But, since the war, we have discovered that we can raise Creole Lilies or Easter Lilies, that are just as beautiful and more hardy than the Nippon variety. And that, in the delta country of Louisiana, they grow magnificently.

Plaquemines Parish was first in the field but this year Lafourche will pass them with 80 acres under cultivation.

The Dallis grass story involved a casual visit of County Agent Moreau to the Delta Securities farm at Raceland. Mr. Moreau and District Agent F. A. Swann were inspecting a field from which Mrs. J. A. Moody, the manager, told them they had just harvested a sixty pound to the acre crop of clover seed on less than 100 acres. They noticed a good deal of Dallis grass emerging from the pasture and when they asked what would be done with it the reply was, "We'll make hay." The manager of the farm and her operator, Johnnie Pertuit, were then approached on the subject of harvesting Dallis

L. A. Borne (left), Lafourche Parish farmer and President of the Police Jury, inspects his superphosphate treated clover pasture at Raceland with A. C. Moreau, Lafourche County Agent. Notice better growth on left where treated—and difference, on right, where not treated.

grass seed also. Not having much experience with this they demurred and Moreau spent many weeks persuading them to tackle this profitable crop and to try a new method of harvesting the seed in the field, sack it and then dry it on the floors in buildings. It worked and the first crop of seed sold for over $12,000. Since then a second cutting has been made on the same acreage and another 15,000 pounds of seed was harvested. This seed was sold for 35c per pound for uncleaned seed.

Dallis grass is a new profitable farm product of Lafourche and, although this last year was the first time Lafourche farmers had tackled it, there were 50,000 pounds of seed sold.

And now, before we leave Lafourche farming again, let's take a final look at the record. Over 31,000 acres of sugar cane planted and harvested . . . the largest acreage to Irish Potatoes of any parish in Louisiana . . . a good year for shallots . . . over 60,000 acres planted in corn and beans . . . the farmers improving their pastures, planting oats, clovers and grasses . . . about 15,000 head of cattle dipped and calfhood vaccination introduced . . . and poultry raising increasing.

We repeat, this is a wonderful parish—where the sun, the soil, the county agent and Mon Dieu himself all cooperate to make the farmer live the life of the French equivalent of Riley.

EPILOGUE: Lafourche—the bayou—the parish—the longest street in the world—is only an hour from New Orleans.

This is the diesel tug "Iowa" of the Barker Barge Line of Lockport. This one firm moves, with its equipment, a half million barrels of oil per month. Also, in Lafourche Parish, are the towing concerns of A. P. Breaux and Sons, Lockport, and Schwabe Towing Company of Larose.

To the postwar visitor to New Orleans and to Louisiana, we extend a warm invitation from the people "on our street" to come visit us; see our sugar plantations, our shrimp trawlers; our little farms and cozy homes; our schools, our Saturday night dances, our churches and our family circles.

Most of us know each other for miles up and down the bayou. Neighborliness comes easy. So, if you'll drink our French coffee with us and let us introduce you to our relatives and friends and let us brag a little about Lafourche, we promise to make you feel just as much at home on our street as on your own.

And, to the visitor who wants information—perhaps with the idea in mind of living in Lafourche, or bringing his business here or seeking employment or offering employment—we suggest an immediate contact with our Lafourche Chamber of Commerce, the mail address of which is 602 West Third St., Thibodaux, Louisiana.

The Lafourche Chamber of Commerce was organized in 1944, has 330 active Lafourche worker members, and has, today, three primary objectives:

1. To assist and promote the expansion and development of all present industrial activities and to encourage the favorable location of new manufacturing.
2. To foster and encourage the expansion and development of our commerce and trade.
3. And to assist in the forward progress of our educational program and to encourage any movement that may have as its objective the increase of wealth, health or happiness of our Lafourche people.

Addendum: As a closing word, our Police Jury, has endorsed the following Postwar Program of constructive improvements for making Lafourche still better for its own citizens, and you, if you come to live with us: Plans for natural gas and water all over the parish (Thibodaux already municipally owns its own gas, water and electric plant). Plans for constructing steel bridges across the Intracoastal Canal at Larose, Bayou Lafourche at Mathews, Bayou Lafourche at Valentine and Bayou Lafourche six miles below Thibodaux. Plans for black topping the road from Golden Meadow to Grand Isle and the road on the east side of the bayou from the upper parish line to Golden Meadow. Plans for a new road from Larose to Barataria, along the Intracoastal Canal. And, plans for a Hospital at Thibodaux to be operated by the parish and which will have a free clinic.

Appendix: Lafourche Parish covers a land area of 1,157 square miles concentrated in the most fertile part of the very fertile state of Louisiana. Its population in 1940, the last official census, was given as 38,615, of which about 10% are colored.

This is a pleasant parish in which to live. Its average maximum summer temperature is 81 degrees; its average minimum winter temperature is 59 degrees and its average maximum winter temperature is 68 degrees. The average yearly rainfall in Lafourche is 62 inches.

Cane, of course, is its greatest crop and Lafourche will plant at least 33,000 acres in 1946. It is, also, the greatest Irish potato producing parish in Louisiana, with 9,000 acres under cultivation in 1945. It is, in addition, one of the leading shallot producing parishes with 2,500 to 3,000 acres a year. Last but not least

Representing a trip to the trapline . . . a goodly catch of muskrat, all dried and ready for market. Lafourche is one of the four great fur bearing parishes of Louisiana.

Removing a muskrat from the trap. Later it will become a dried pelt, like the picture opposite, ready for its transformation into cash for the trapper and a coat for milady.

are the 40,000 Lafourche acres devoted to corn in the prairie section. Then come, in diminishing acreage; oats, onions, cabbage, turnips, sweet potatoes, and there are even about 100 trees of satsuma oranges under development in this parish.

Beef cattle raising and dairying are two other fast growing Lafourche industries, and, there are about 300,000 chickens now being raised in small flocks of from 100 to 150, in the parish.

DATA ON LAFOURCHE OIL FIELDS

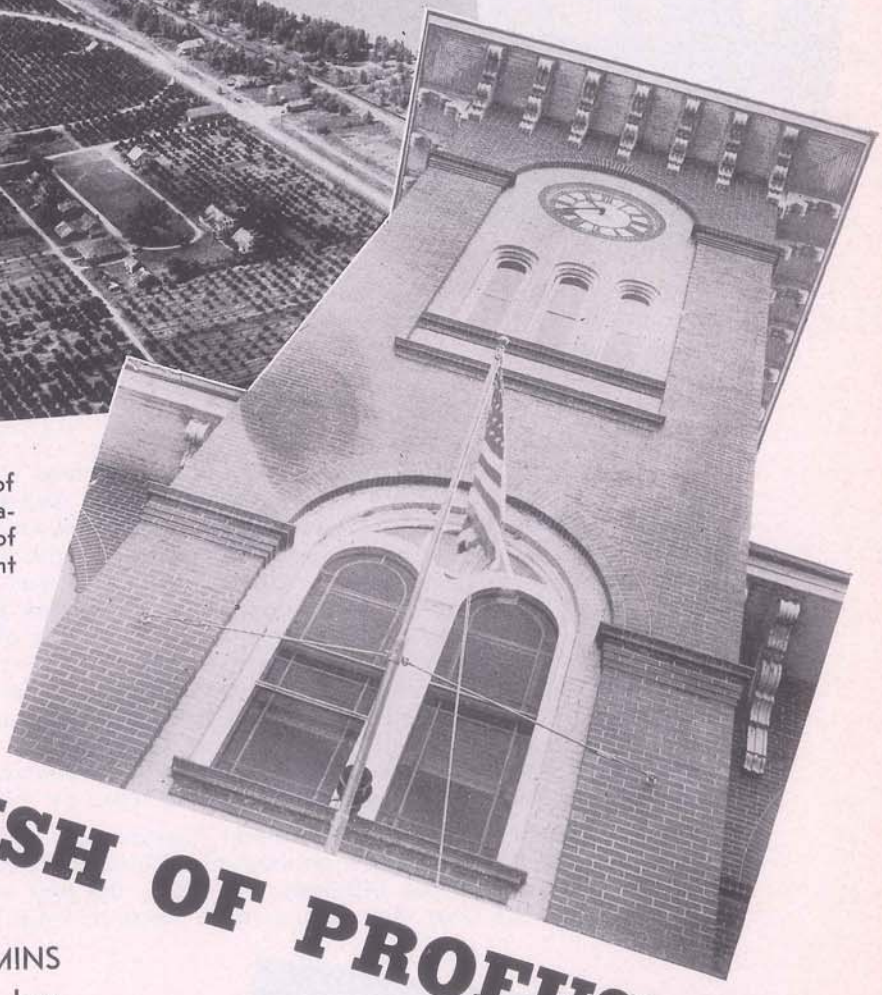
FIELD	OIL WELLS	BBLS. PER DAY	GAS WELLS
Bayou des Allemands	13	560	0
Bully Camp	4	800	0
Chacahoula	25	2621	0
Delta Farms	44	9590	1
Golden Meadow	199	8269	4
Lake Long	11	1276	7
Lafourche Crossing	0	0	6 M.D.*
Leeville	98	4568	3
Raceland	14	1483	0
Timbalier Bay	2	72	0
Valentine	20	850	0

SEAFOOD TONNAGE HANDLED THROUGH BAYOU LAFOURCHE IN ONE YEAR

Number of boats operating	617
Net Boat tonnage	5345
Tonnage of shrimp	7729
Tonnage of oysters	4125
Tonnage of ice	23000
Tonnage of fuel	9489

*M.D. denotes "meeting demand."

PLAQUEMINES



Above: An air view of part of Magnolia Plantation. Right: The tower of the Court House at Point a la Hache.

PARISH OF PROFUSION

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

Scientists say-- "Louisiana is the richest spot on the face of the globe in vital natural resources. The three basic chemicals, without which no nation today can either wage war or maintain a peacetime existence—sulphur, salt and petroleum—are found in this state in unlimited quantities."

And—of the sixty-four parishes in Louisiana—Plaquemines is the only one that supplies two of these vital three—sulphur and oil.

Just to give you an idea of the importance of this one little parish in the destiny of mankind today, consider, for a moment, the strategic value of these two elements which Plaquemines supplies in such profusion:

This is a view of the children's recreational facilities at Port Sulphur where many of the employees of Freeport Sulphur live in their cozy, neat white homes with well kept lawns.

Sulphur, without a doubt, is the world's busiest chemical. In some form or other, it enters into the manufacture or composition of practically every article of commerce we use. And, it is hardly fair to subordinate oil to second place, when we realize that everything that rolls, floats, flies or moves in our modern existence calls upon some derivative of petroleum for some phase of its operation.

Providence must have been planning Plaquemines a long time. Thousands of years ago it secreted huge reservoirs of oil and sulphur deep under the delta mud—and waited. Came a day in 1699, however, when Providence had to step in to prevent mere man from interfering with the ultimate destiny of this future parish. Downstream on that fateful day was paddling Bienville, systematically exploring the Mississippi, when he met an English ship bound upstream on a similar mission of exploration and flag planting. It doesn't seem possible that Bienville and a few followers alone in a tiny pirogue could have bluffed this English ship into believing that he and his party were merely the advance of a powerful French force beyond the bend upstream. But, with the help of Providence, the English captain decided that discretion was the better part of valor and turned around. That spot is known as "English Turn" today—and there is a little settlement located there by the same name.

This incident at English Turn made Plaquemines the pioneer parish of Louisiana. For the French, now on their guard against the English, established a fort at this point on the Mississippi in 1700—the first white occupation of Louisiana near the town that is known as Phoenix today.

A mountain of sulphur that has been lured from the core of the earth in liquid form by man's ingenuity. After the water has left it and after it has reverted to its dry crystalline form, it is shipped by barge and freight car to every part of the country for direct or indirect use with practically every product we use in daily life. A yellow mountain more precious to mankind than gold.

Plaquemines is a strange name to the outsider. It means "persimmon" freely translated and comes from the fact that the good Jesuit Fathers, early in those first days of French colonization, discovered that this protected west side of the lower river country and climate were ideal for the growing of the citrus fruits which they had brought with them from across the sea.

Today, Plaquemines Parish is the only parish in Louisiana where orange growing is an industry—an industry that has gone through a hectic up and down history, but which today furnishes to the North American continent a type of citrus fruit that is unexcelled.

Few people realize that the oranges of Plaquemines, by test, surpass all others in flavor and quantity of juice. Let Florida and California claim what they will, the fruit in our forty-mile belt, extending from Magnolia to Venice, leads in taste appeal. With but few exceptions, Plaquemines oranges have the thinnest rind, and a higher percentage of juices, solids and total sugars than any oranges from any other section of the country whatsoever. This was authenticated in 1939 by a comparative study made by the Louisiana State University of the quality of oranges from all parts of the U. S.

When the fruit was brought to Plaquemines in 1750 by the Jesuits, the oranges were planted direct from seed as the Good Fathers taught. There was no hurry. Planters could wait for the trees to grow because there were no large markets. It was not until refrigerated cars and modern packing methods were introduced that oranges could be shipped farther than New Orleans.

In 1893 came the great storm. Practically all the groves were destroyed. The planters then went to Florida for new varieties to replace their ruined trees. Plantings from buds replaced planting from seed and the famous "Louisiana Sweets" were developed in the rich soil of Plaquemines.

But recovery was slow. The state itself was poor around the turn of the century. The planters were unable to expand and scientifically treat their

Here—on this sign as you enter Plaquemines Parish from the New Orleans side—is a digested version of this whole article. It is a synopsis of the Parish of Profusion. Notice the "taxes reduced 50% in 7 years" argument for Plaquemines.

trees. It was not until the early 1930's when the parish officials came to their assistance with the equipment for spraying trees that the industry really began to come back.

In 1939 the first orange growers "cooperative" was formed with a nucleus of seventy small farmers. They centralized their spraying, polishing and packing. Contrasted with their efforts and size is the huge Magnolia Plantation of Plaquemines Parish, just below Point a la Hache on the west side of the river, where 40,000 trees are bearing each year. There is an aerial view of Magnolia Plantation at the very beginning of our story. This better than words indicates its size.

Right now experimentation work is being carried on at Magnolia Plantation by the Louisiana State University, and, the smaller farmers, in their cooperatives are paying off debts of depression days and buying war bonds. When the war broke out the annual orange crop of Plaquemines was valued around a million dollars, comprising mandarins, kumquats, navels, Louisiana Sweets, tangerines and Valencias—ripening in about the order named.

An interesting, and very delicious by-product of the Plaquemines orange industry is the tasty orange wine which utilizes about 5% of the annual crop. The same juice sweetness, which is the outstanding characteristic of the fruit itself, makes a potent 18-to-20 per cent by volume wine with a wallop which, although entirely unadvertised and unpromoted, is tremendously popular.

For as long as anybody in lower Louisiana can remember, the natives—immigrants from the Central European countries who brought their love of wine and their knowledge of its making with them—hardy peasant stocks who settled in Plaquemines Parish and formed little racial groups of fishermen and farmers—courageous, sturdy, independent folk who, even in the depths of the depression, were self supporting—made home-made orange wine from the windfalls and unshipped fruit.

Fishing boats are as much a part of the life of Plaquemines as taxies on Canal street in New Orleans. This is a view on the J. B. Fasterling Canal at Buras, one of the many parish waterways.

Bottling the delicious orange wine of Plaquemines at Lulich Brothers at Triumph, one of the two licensed wineries in the parish.

In the last few years the Government, expanding grape wine regulations to fit the orange wine requirements, have licensed its manufacture. Today two wine distilleries, with an annual capacity of 20,000 gallons of an excellent, medium dry product, are building a new industry in this parish. With the famous wines of Europe unavailable for years to come, the all-American vintage of Plaquemines Parish will have an opportunity to win friends.

In comparison with the total orange and total wine volume in the United States, these two related Louisiana industries are small in over-all national importance. But, we believe in Plaquemines Parish, that in addition to our tremendous sulphur and oil production (and the oysters and shrimp which we have not yet mentioned), it is intelligent planning to foster and encourage other smaller industries. The total of these, by their accumulative income and people engaged, will help solve the possible postwar problems of prosperity and employment.

Another graphic example of this encouragement of small industries is the development of the Easter lily bulb industry in Plaquemines Parish—and the method by which it was done.

Japan, before the war, shipped millions of Easter lily bulbs into this country, estimated at $2,000,000 annually. But, after Pearl Harbor, Plaquemines was the first parish to step into this lost market for Japan and make one for our own people.

How it was started is interesting and indicative of the cooperation given to the people of the parish by its local government. The parish officials have a standing offer of a bushel of bulbs free to anyone in the parish who will undertake to grow them. The only stipulation is that each person who takes advantage of this offer pay back from his crop two bushels in two years. The plan is self perpetuating.

Beautiful are the lilies themselves, but the growers of Plaquemines are not interested in the flowers. In fact, the blooms are snipped in the spring so the bulb will retain the full strength of the plant's nourishment. Sometimes the surface of the Mississippi is strewn with unwanted petals, their floral splendor sweeping unappreciated to the Gulf.

The business is the raising of the bulbs and the people of Plaquemines, in their yards and gardens, augment their income by shipping them in the summertime to Northern cities where they are kept in cold storage—32 to 40 degrees—through the winter. In early spring these Northern florists help the bulbs along with heat and stimulate them to bloom for Easter and Mother's Day. The Plaquemines lily growers claim that their "Creole Lilies" will last

four to five days longer than the former imported Japanese variety. This is an important industry which the Japs have lost—permanently.

A while ago we mentioned Magnolia Plantation, the largest orange grove in Louisiana. There is a story behind this historic spot which is also, in retrospect, the story of the whole parish.

At one time Plaquemines was a great cane and rice producing parish. But the centralization of the sugar factories gradually eliminated the individual sugar mills on the individual plantations of Plaquemines and concentrated the cane growing in those areas where the centralized mills were located. Also, the building of the river levees higher and higher affected the economi-

Referring back to the mountain of sulphur on a preceding page, here it is moving by barge up the Mississippi River to its appointed destiny with war production, and without which no war could be fought or won.

cal running of sluices to flood the rice fields and, as the cost of working the fields increased, the industry also moved to areas where there were no levee obstacles to overcome.

The last of the Plaquemines rice production was when the planters, to get away from the levees, had moved down to the very mouth of the river. Here, on public land, the planters scattered their seed and took their chances with the wind and waters and birds. Profits were large, when a crop survived, but losses, when they occurred, were complete and total. The business became too hazardous and was discontinued, but not before the "Providence Crops," as they were called, had attracted migratory birds by the millions and had made of this areas (because rice lost to the planters was welcome food to tired feathered travelers) the greatest natural bird sanctuary in the country.

Famous is the lower end of Plaquemines Parish for bird hunting. It is Shotgun Paradise. This vast area is now the government controlled Delta Migratory Waterfowl Refuge and the Pass a Loutre Shooting Grounds, whose 66,000 acres in peace times are open in season to the public for a moderate hunting fee. Many a hunter's heart has leaped almost out of the blind as the sky became dark above him with blue goose, wild duck and snipe. And not only birds but game galore and fish ad infinitum.

Magnolia Plantation was one of the great sugar plantations in those days when cane came first in Plaquemines. Grandeur and glorious living characterized its occupants and the region. Magnolia was the home of Louisiana's famous Governor Henry Clay Warmoth who built a railway sixty miles long

from New Orleans to Buras because his wife disliked both steamboats and horse-drawn carriages. At Magnolia were written the scholarly treatises of Spencer on sugar cane and refining.

Magnolia is now owned by the estate of Joseph Vaccaro, who made his fortune in fruit and whose lugger "City of New Orleans" used to buy the oranges on the trees from the planters and deliver them in bulk to the market at New Orleans. This famous boat is now earning its way in another Plaquemines industry—oysters—which it entered when the shipping and handling of oranges passed into the packaging and grading era.

It is difficult to put oranges ahead of oysters—or vice versa—in importance to Plaquemines. Both are about a million dollar a year industry.

The Auditorium at Braithwaite—one of the many tangible proofs of the parish's interest in the young people and their education and recreation. Here community life can center and develop healthily.

But perhaps the oystermen themselves are more colorful, more symbolic of the heritage of stout hearted people who have overcome many handicaps, since Bienville outsmarted the English captain, over two hundred years ago.

These people are descendants of the original French and Spanish, intermingled with Dalmatians, Slavonians and other European peoples who have settled in Plaquemines. They are a devout people—most of them good Catholics—and self sufficient. That phrase "self sufficient" seems to be a good slogan for Plaquemines—as this parish has, by its own efforts almost entirely, overcome completely the loss of its cane and rice and has replaced these products with citrus fruits, seafood and the working of the products beneath the earth's surface.

Even these oystermen and fishermen, with their catch waiting for them in the bays and lakes and bayous, were handicapped for years by heavy lock tolls at Ostrica and Empire. But they elected police jurymen who fought their battles and put the parish in a sound financial condition. In 1936, through the efforts of their officials and with the cooperation of the Conservation Department, Plaquemines Parish bought these locks and now our fishermen cruise toll free with their proudest possession—their boats.

This elimination of a burdensome toll has meant a savings of $100,000 a year to the oyster and shrimp producers. Since then the parish has spent $90,000 constructing canals for the oystermen—both to facilitate navigation and to bring fresh water to their oyster beds. The cultivation and harvesting of oysters is now an important Plaquemines industry, supporting ten oyster packing plants within the parish limits. In 1944, 181,680 barrels of oysters

The Free Ferry has just left Point a la Hache and is heading for the opposite bank of the river—a round trip it makes every hour, opening up the lower end of the parish to through traffic.

were shipped from Plaquemines—delicious Louisiana oysters, seasoned by the Gulf and fattened by the fresh waters of the parish lakes, bayous and the mighty Mississippi.

These same oystermen and same fishermen and same farmers are also, in many cases, fur trappers. For, let us not forget that Plaquemines is one of the four famous fur parishes of Louisiana which, combined, produce more pelts than Canada and Alaska together.

All this and--OIL AND SULPHUR, which we mentioned first and, by reason of their staggering importance, we must describe more in detail now.

In 1933 there came to Plaquemines Parish a brand new industry—the mining of a yellow mineral more valuable than gold—the simple, elemental chemical SULPHUR, which is one of the cheapest commodities in existence, selling for less than a cent a pound in a 99½% pure state, but without a doubt the most essential single commodity in industry today.

A great salt dome had been discovered at Grand Ecaille (Lake Washington) and the Freeport Sulphur had spent $4,000,000 to determine whether it could be profitably mined commercially. It was—and is. Today 99% of the entire national output of sulphur is concentrated on the Gulf Coast between the two states of Louisiana and Texas.

Until 1894, Sicily enjoyed a world monopoly on sulphur. We knew we had it. Our pioneer oil men had discovered it—but, until that year, no economical means had been perfected for removing it from the earth.

Herman Frasch originated the process by which America passed Sicily in a few years. He pumped hot water deep into the bowels of the earth where the sulphur deposits lay. The hot water melted the sulphur so it could be pumped to the surface in pipes.

Uncle Sam is now the big shot in sulphur. Today, to feed the industries of war, vast armadas of this precious yellow mineral move by rail and by

The California Oak Point Lubricant Additive Plant at Belle Chasse which produces an additive for lubricants which increases its resistance to oxidization and corrosion. Ninety percent of this plant's production is now going to the armed forces.

river and by Intracoastal Canal to the factories of the land. We started the war with a stock pile of three million tons and we mine in the whole industry about two million tons a year, of which 550,000 tons have been coming from the depths of Plaquemines Parish. We use over 30 pounds of sulphur per year for every man, woman and child in the United States.

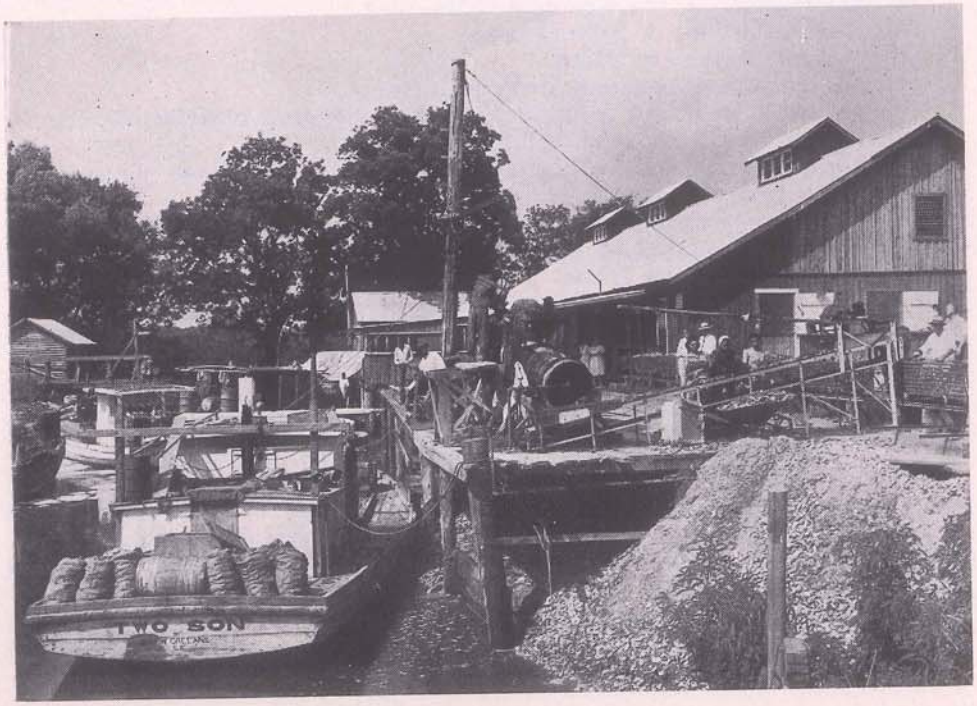
The Freeport Sulphur operation at Grand Ecaille is a tremendous and impressive engineering feat. A plant was built right in the middle of the marshlands, the foundation of which required 35,000 pilings ranging from 40 to 75 feet long. From the river to the plant was constructed a ten-mile, ten-inch pipe line—with a reservoir at the plant capable of holding a six million gallon reserve, should something interfere with the free flow of water through the line. From the river to the plant, also, was dug a ten-mile canal and a beautiful modern town was laid out on what formerly were farm lands. Deep within the depths of the parish is this industry which, paradoxically, affects everyone of us in the nation and the existence or operation of which very few people have the slightest knowledge.

Before SULPHUR, however, had come OIL in 1930—discovered in this same Lake Washington. Today the distinctive derricks of this vital industry dot the entire parish. There are thirteen fields in Plaquemines and the parish production has reached the annual total of nearly thirteen and one-half million barrels.

With the discovery of oil in 1930 and sulphur in 1933, it seems almost as if Providence had been saving Plaquemines Parish for our vital role in this world struggle for existence, which only Providence at that time could have foreseen. Our sulphur and our oil have proven to be powerful weapons in the fight to preserve freedom for all peoples.

Providence may also have recognized the sound, progressive qualities of our people. We have endeavored to make the best use of our opportunities—to make our parish a better place to live in not only for our own population of over 14,000 but for those who may come to work and live with us.

Showing the oyster operations of the Phoenix Packing company at Phoenix. Notice the conveyor that carries the oysters to the little cars that carry the bivalves into the plant.



In 1940 we opened the only Free Ferry on the Mississippi River in the United States—parish built and parish maintained. It links the east and west side of the river at Point a la Hache, the Parish seat, by regular hourly trips and has materially increased the accessibility and prosperity of our towns.

Our schools are our pride. We have high schools at Braithwaite, Buras, Belle Chasse and Port Sulphur. The first three of these are augmented with auditoriums and athletic fields lighted for night events. All are modern buildings equipped and maintained at parish expense. In 1943 and 1944 the Police Jury gave $20,000 to increase the pay of parish teachers in order to raise our standard of educational training.

Since 1939 we have reclaimed over fifteen thousand acres of parish marshland and have constructed over sixty miles of drainage canals and an efficient system of back levees.

Since 1933 the parish officials, through legislation, have possessed the right to use public funds where they would help the most people at the best time. The result of this good government has been the reduction of the parish tax rate over 60%.

The parish possesses a financial cushion of $250,000 in War Bonds. Our people are prosperous and none of our industries are the result of war's temporary requirements or employment inflation. Our oil, our sulphur, our citrus fruits, our farm products, our oysters, our shrimp, our furs, and our hunting and fishing are as much the requirements of a prosperous peace as they were of an expensive war.

Our postwar program is to promote healthily and constantly the activities of our people—from the simple problems of a boat owner to the complicated workings of our corporations.

In detail these postwar plans are as follows:

1. A Parish-State-Government paving project on Highway 31, from Belle Chasse to Venice on the west side of the river.
2. A Parish-State black top project on Highway 1, from English Turn to Bohemia, on the east side of the river.
3. A water system at Belle Chasse.
4. A water system at Buras.
5. An auditorium and park at Port Sulphur.
6. An auditorium and consolidated school between Braithwaite and Point a la Hache, east of the river.
7. Parish-wide navigation canals, back levees and drainage improvements and construction.
8. New levee construction in the Grand Prairie Levee District.
9. Excavation work and parish contribution toward the reconstruction of the Empire Locks.

We are not only a parish of profusion—for which we thank Providence—but we are a parish of progress—which is our way of taking advantage of the generosity of Providence.

The ocean going vessels of the world enter and leave the United States, via New Orleans, past Plaquemines' Pilottown, where masters of the river guide them up stream or through the Passes into the Gulf.

Plaquemines accompanies the Mississippi on its last hundred miles through the heart of the greatest nation in the world. In this last hundred miles, for thousands of years, the Father of Waters has been reluctantly relinquishing the rich fertility he has filched from the rest of the nation, knowing that he could not carry it with him into the Gulf.

No wonder Plaquemines is the parish of profusion. It is the concentrated best of the nation's finest soil, deposited layer upon layer, for as far back as man has historical record—and beyond.

The Munificent Miser (Continued from page 45)

gotten until one day, in 1890, the city fathers awakened to the fact that McDonogh's grave should really be a shrine. And it was then that a curious secret came to light.

To the end of their days, Fanny and Jim Thornton mourned their master with pathetic reverence. In 1887, at the age of 105, Fanny died. On her deathbed she evoked a promise from her son, Edward, that he would bury her in the tomb of her master. Edward, well aware of the risk he was taking, but true to his promise, opened the McDonogh tomb and buried Fanny there. McDonogh's remains of course, had long since been removed to the family tomb in Baltimore. The board of commissioners were nonplussed to learn that the grave contained the bones of Fanny, the negro servant. With a delicacy of feeling that is to be commended, they finally decided not to disturb the once devoted Fanny, who with her husband Jim, had been the only ones to recognize the greatness and goodness of McDonogh while he lived.

So they cast about for some other means of commemorating McDonogh. And thus it was that the monument was decided upon. Once the idea was made public, pennies, nickels and dimes from school children poured in so rapidly that on December 29, 1898, the 119th anniversary of John McDonogh's birth, the monument in Lafayette Square was unveiled. From that day to this, annual pilgrimages have been made, each May on "Founders' Day," by groups from each school to lay a floral token upon the monument. And that is why, in the tomb of one of Louisiana's greatest benefactors, no bones but those of Fanny, McDonogh's devoted servant, rest.

The most inexplicable and still mysterious episode relating to McDonogh is that of the $100,000 collected by Francis Pena seven years after McDonogh's death. Into the office of a distinguished attorney, in 1857 came Francis Pena, who presented him with a soiled and much thumbed note which read:

"$100,000. Four years after my death I hereby authorize and direct and will my executors to pay unto Francis Pena One Hundred Thousand Dollars.
John McDonogh"

The events following that day constituted one of Louisiana's most interesting legal cases, the details of which we cannot go into here. Suffice to say that a bitter legal battle ensued in which it was established that the note was in the handwriting of John McDonogh—and the small fortune was paid to Pena on the strength of the testimony of a then very ancient and intimate friend of John McDonogh, whom we have reason to believe must have been Rezin D. Shepherd. Why this much money was willed to Francis Pena—no one knows for certain. The most common conclusion arrived at was that Francis Pena was the illegitimate son of John McDonogh and Carmelite Pena of whom it was said McDonogh was enamored. That McDonogh educated Carmelite's two children was vouched for by Rezin D. Shepherd who acted for McDonogh in paying their tuitions. Edwin L. Jewell, writing of McDonogh in 1874 went so far as to say it was impossible to see Francis Pena and not know who his father was!

The other version was that McDonogh was much attracted by the grace and charm of Carmelite and for purely platonic and philanthropic motives decided to educate her two children. Exponents of this theory point out the phrase in McDonogh's will—"Had I children, which I have not . . . " It was not at all unusual, in those days, to legally recognize responsibility toward

illegitimate children so exponents of this version argue that McDonogh would have legally recognized the Pena children in his will had they been his. You may draw your own conclusions for the riddle has never been fully answered.

Whatever it was that motivated John McDonogh to devote his lifetime to making free education available we will never know. Within his heart may have been an unhealed wound from his disappointment at not winning Elizabeth Johnson for his wife and living, as he had desired to live, the normal, happy life of a married man with his family around him. It may have been partly that. Possibly the fact that Elizabeth had retired from the world to devote her life to religious pursuits may have influenced McDonogh to also withdraw from the world and devote his life to what he considered, and rightly so, a most worthy cause. Whatever the motivation, we will never know. But this we do know, that he was one of Louisiana's greatest benefactors and 'though he lived without honor in his own time, he is now one of the most honored of men and will continue to be revered so long as little children continue to go to school!

But we can't help wondering now, as we read the few true facts about him, how he had the fortitude to carry out his benificent purpose of philanthropy in the face of day in and day out, year in and year out ridicule. Truly he must have been one of the most pathetically lonely men who ever lived—and one of the most courageous. We can't help but wonder if there were not moments when John McDonogh sat alone at his desk and pondered whether mankind was worth it! Only a few lines in his will, wistfully written, give us a hint of the hurt he must have suffered while he lived. Bequeathing all his fortune to the two cities of New Orleans and Baltimore he wrote, "as a small favour, that the little children shall sometimes come and plant a few flowers above my grave." And one wishes that at least one child, during his lifetime had proffered John McDonogh the flower of a smile rather than the mocking jibe.

That he did not grow embittered is somehow miraculous . . . nor did he complain. In his will however, he wrote, "I feel bound to explain having seen and felt that my conduct, views and object in life were not understood by my fellow-men. I have much, very much to complain of the world, rich as well as poor; it has harassed me in a thousand different ways . . . they said of me 'He is rich, he is old, without wife or child, let us take from him what he has!' Infatuated men! They knew not that that was an attempt to take from themselves, for I have been labouring all my life, not for myself, but for them and their children."

SUE THOMPSON

Sue Thompson, who incidentally is Art Editor of the Review, started her writing career at an early age by composing absence excuses to her teachers that were masterpieces of imagination. In her brief career (she is in her thirties and looks like twenty) she has been editor, artist, advertising agency executive, free lance writer, and—oh, yes—she took time out to get married twelve years ago and devotes her spare time to her husband, with whom she is collaborating on their French Quarter Book. She has become so enthused with Louisiana lore that she has researched herself into quite an authority on who did what to whom and when in her adopted state.

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