

The background of the cover is a painting by Morris Henry Hobbs. It depicts a harbor scene with several boats. In the foreground, a large, gnarled tree trunk is on the left. In the middle ground, there are several boats, including a white boat with a red cabin and a red flag. The background shows a town with buildings and more trees. The sky is blue with some clouds. The overall style is impressionistic.

JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

PRICE \$1.50

Morris Henry Hobbs

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

The New Industrial Outlook in New Orleans

New Civic Facilities to Stimulate Demand for New Orleans Products

International House promoting foreign trade

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

International Trade Mart will bring buyers together

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

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

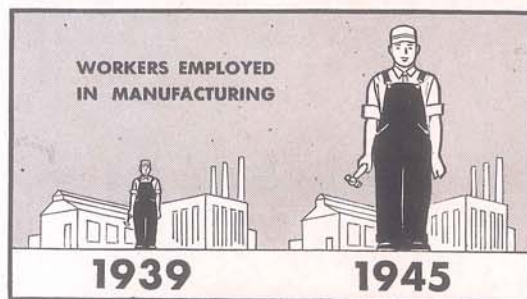
All forms of transportation converge on New Orleans as a market in itself and also as a gateway to world markets. Long an important world port, New Orleans rose to tremendous importance in wartime transportation and intends to maintain its dominant position.

We'll make confidential location studies without charge or obligation

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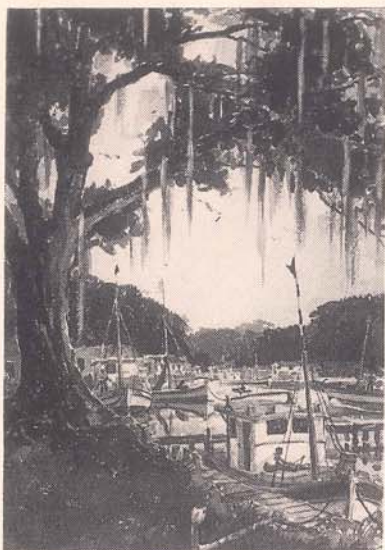
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING AND UTILIZATION
DEPARTMENT

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



NEW ORLEANS *Public Service*

SERVING NEW ORLEANS WITH ELECTRICITY, GAS AND TRANSPORTATION



OUR COVER

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

STAFF

Publisher.....Justin F. Bordenave
 Managing Editor and
 Business Manager.....Joseph H. Monies
 Associate Editor.....Margaret Baker
 Associate Editor and
 Art Director.....Sue Thompson

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

JEFFERSON PARISH *Yearly Review*

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

Weaver R. Toledano, President

Kenner, La.

1946

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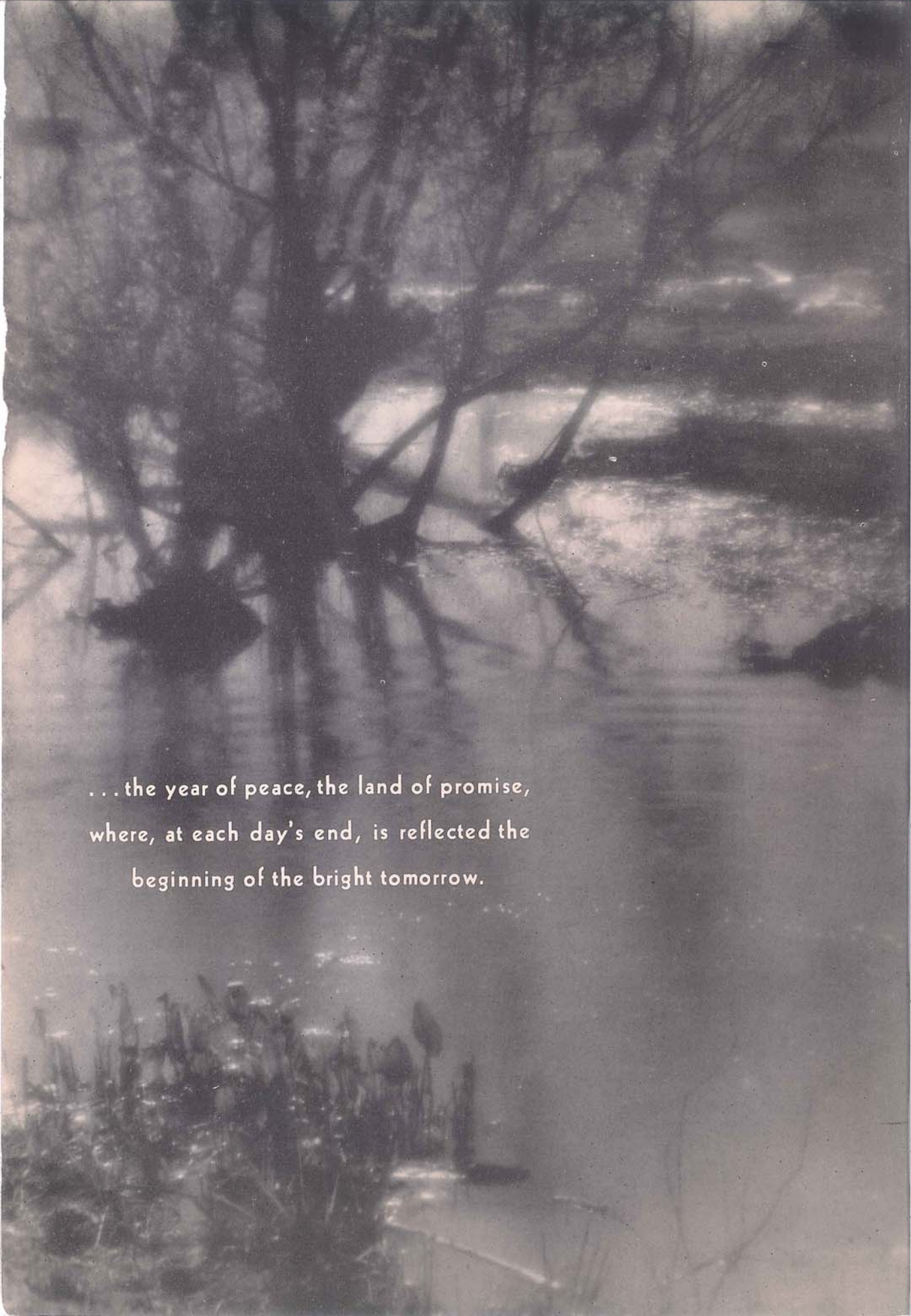
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This Book Manufactured in its Entirety by Union Labor



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 Printed in U. S. A.



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

A DOZEN YEARS OF PROGRESS

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

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

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

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

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

1935

1936

1937

1938

1939

1940

1941

1942

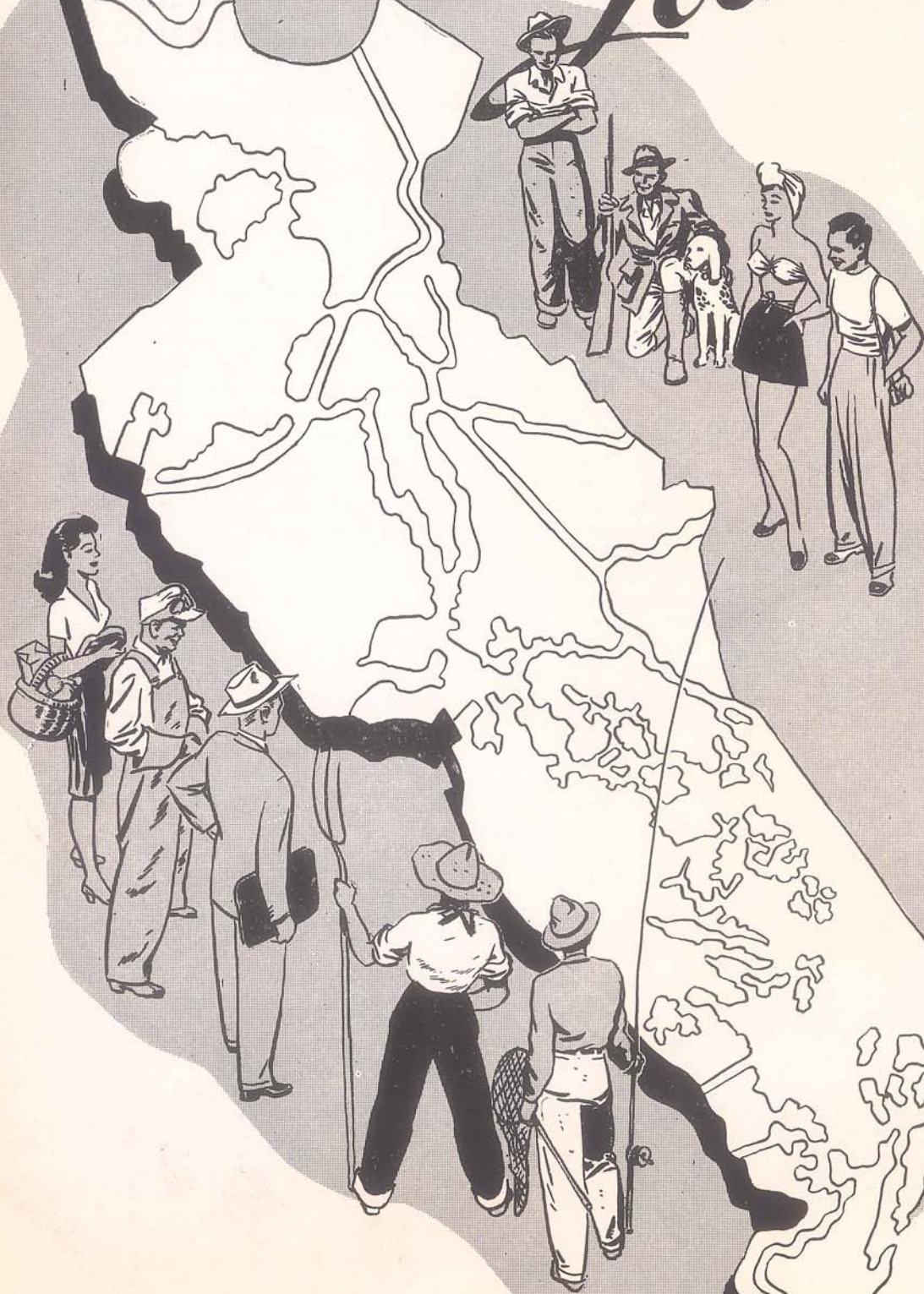
1943

1944

1945

1946

Look to



JEFFERSON

THE *Progressive* PARISH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUSINESS and INDUSTRY





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

Hardy Williams

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

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

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

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

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

products that have brought steady, certain growth in this "Eden of the South."

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



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

Randon Picture Service



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

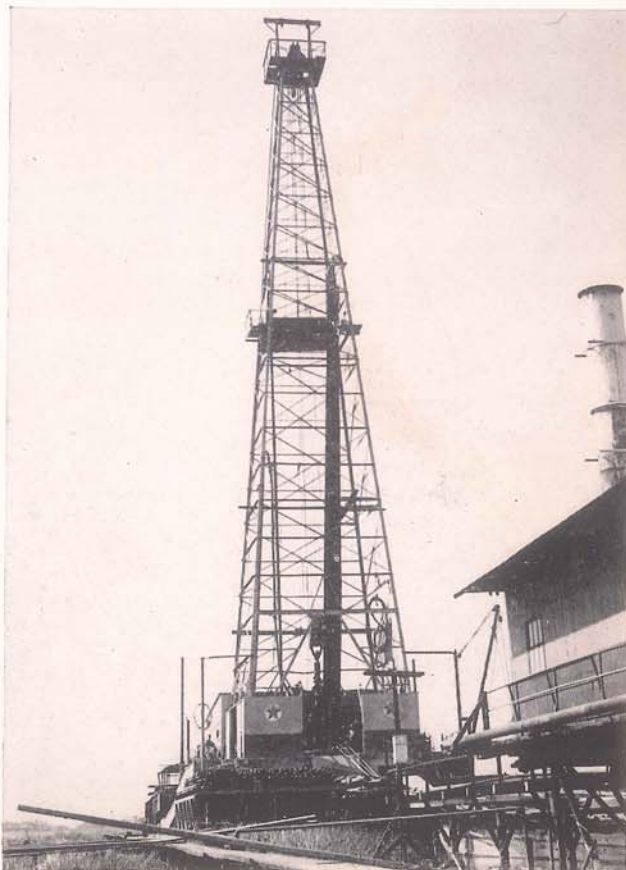
Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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



Courtesy Times-Picayune



Serving

Offices located at:
 HARVEY, LA.
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 MONROE, LA.
 CAMDEN, ARK.
 HOUSTON, TEXAS
 TEXAS CITY, TEXAS

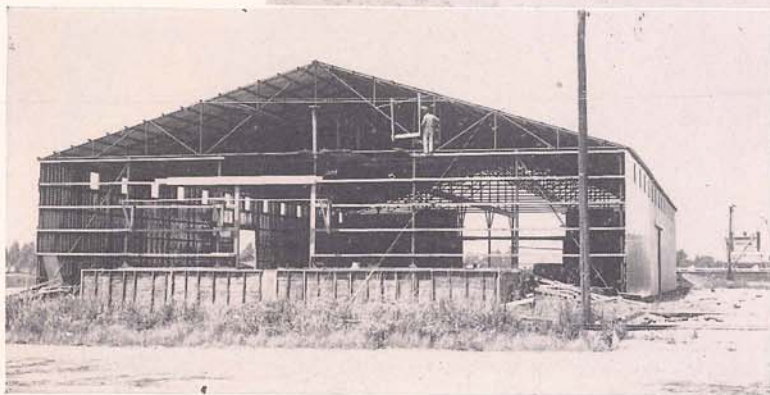
... SHIPPERS
 with a modern fleet of tugboats, tank barges and barges for general cargo on the Intra-Coastal Canal. Connecting line rates with barge line plying to Middle West and Ohio River points.

RIVER TERMINALS *Corporation*

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



Randon Picture Service



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

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

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

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

ALLEN BOAT COMPANY of Harvey—builders of tugs and barges.

AMERICAN CREOSOTE WORKS, INC. of Southport—creosote treating of lumber.

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



Randon Picture Service

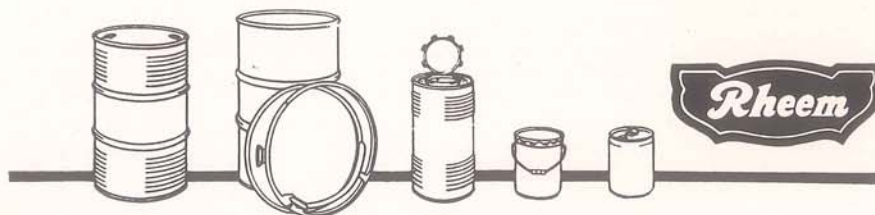
THE JEFFERSON PARISH HOME OF THE WORLD'S
LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF STEEL CONTAINERS



20 Years Experience Goes Into Our Steel Fabricated Products

- STEEL DRUMS
- LITHOGRAPHED PAILS
- SHIPPING CANS
- LITHOGRAPHED SIGNS

The Rheem Organization is also in the household appliance field with such items as water heaters using gas, electricity, oil or coal; automatic coal stokers for home, commerce and industry; range boilers and tanks as well as floor furnaces, wall heaters, ventilating fans and numerous other household appliances now in Rheem laboratories which will soon be on production lines.



RHEEM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

5001 JEFFERSON HIGHWAY

CEDAR 3100

Sales Offices

NEW YORK

• SAN FRANCISCO

• LOS ANGELES

Right: Plant of the Clark Petroleum Refinery at Marrero.

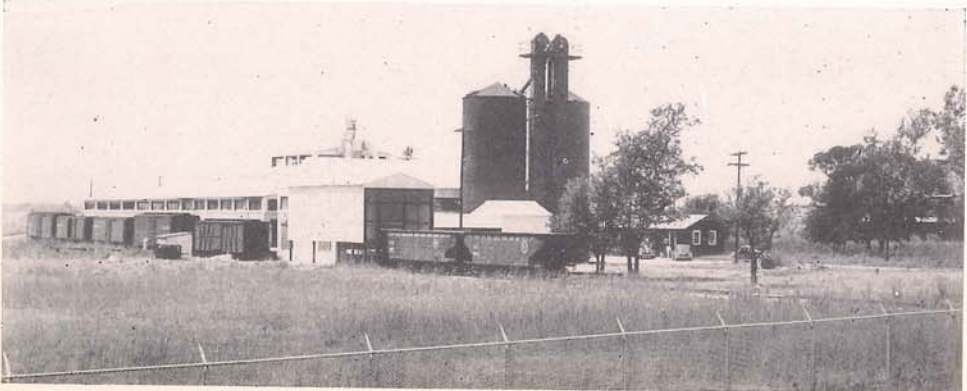


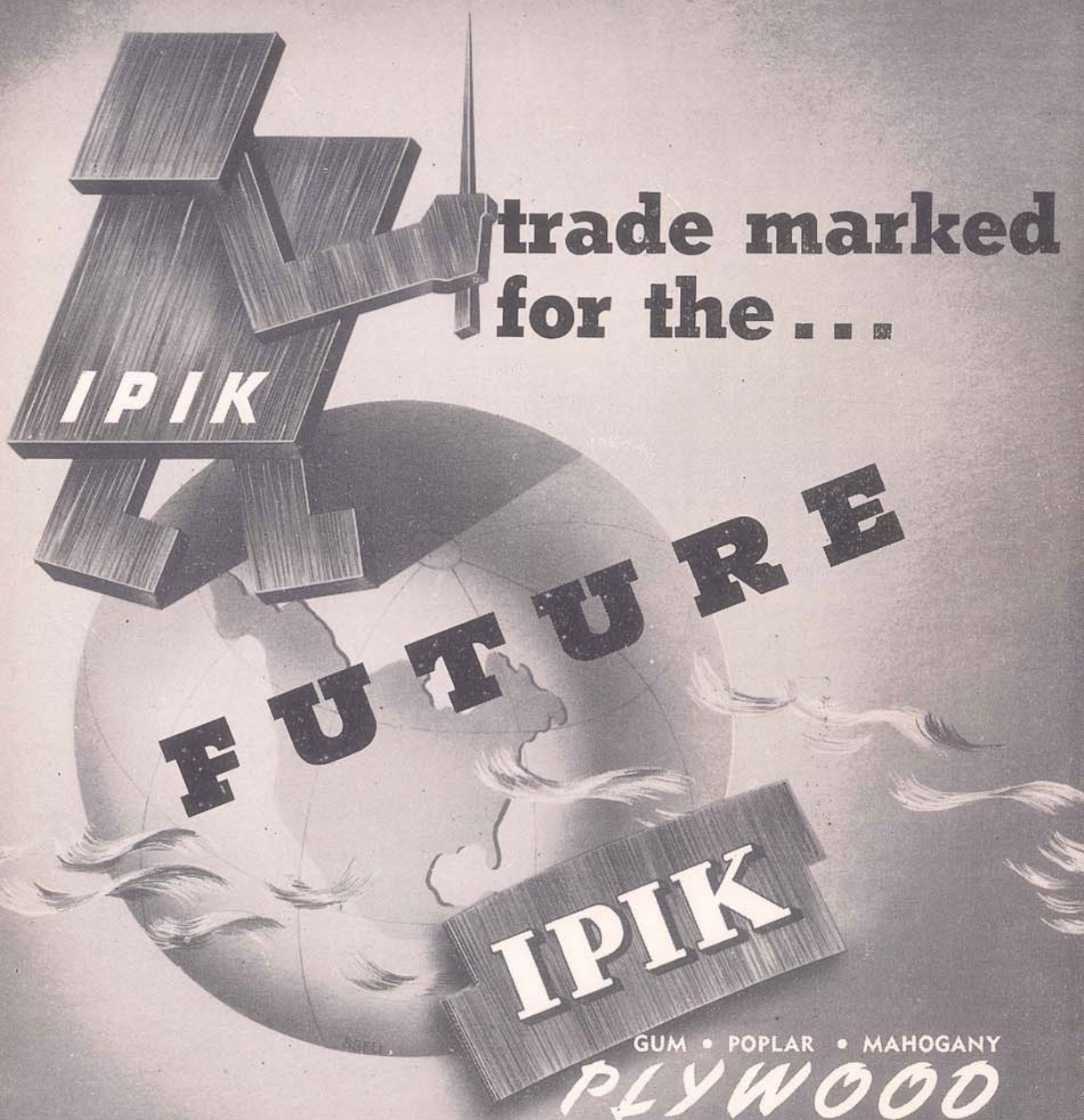
Left: Johns-Manville Products Corporation adds a new addition to their Jefferson Parish plant.

Randon Picture Service

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

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





trade marked
for the...

FUTURE

IPIK

GUM • POPLAR • MAHOGANY

PLYWOOD

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

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

IPIK PLYWOOD COMPANY

KENNER, LA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hardy Williams

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





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

SHRIMP BOUGHT AND SOLD

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

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

LEWIS SEA FOODS

450 SALA AVE.
P. O. BOX 128

PHONE WA. 6405
WESTWEGO, LA.

G. C. LEWIS, MANAGER

Crabs ★ *Shrimp* ★ *Turtles* ★ *Frogs*

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

Today, Jefferson Parish not only contains major oil companies but is, itself, immensely wealthy in this native "black gold." Cane, cotton and lumber as well as fur and even the

graceful moss that drapes our famous live-oaks have been processed to gigantic commercial uses by Jefferson Parish manufacturers. The waterways contribute far more than the abundant and famous fisheries industry. Boat building and repairing is also a major enterprise.

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

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

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

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

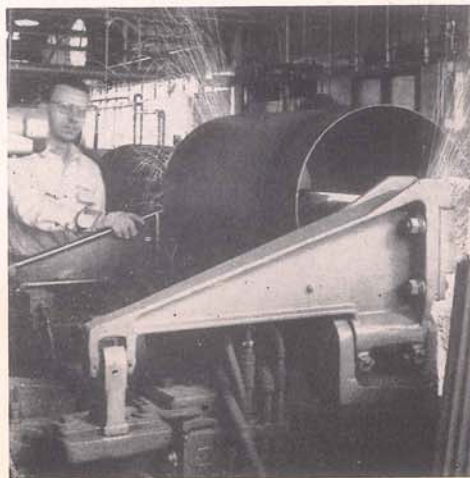
Signs of expansion are also visible on both sides of the Mississippi in Jefferson Parish. An unprecedented construction boom is under way. Businessmen, financiers, civic and political leaders lost no time in putting into effect their post-war plans, as soon as materials became available. As the pictures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

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

Courtesy Rheem Manufacturing Company



F. A. McDaniels





Depending on You...and Us

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

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

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



THE CELOTEX CORPORATION

MARRERO, LA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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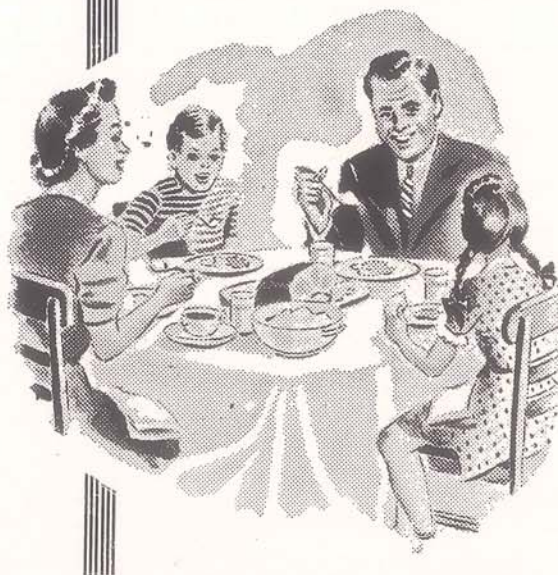
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The Problem of a **TIDEWATER SEAWAY**

By T. G. NICHOLSON

President, First National Bank of Jefferson Parish

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

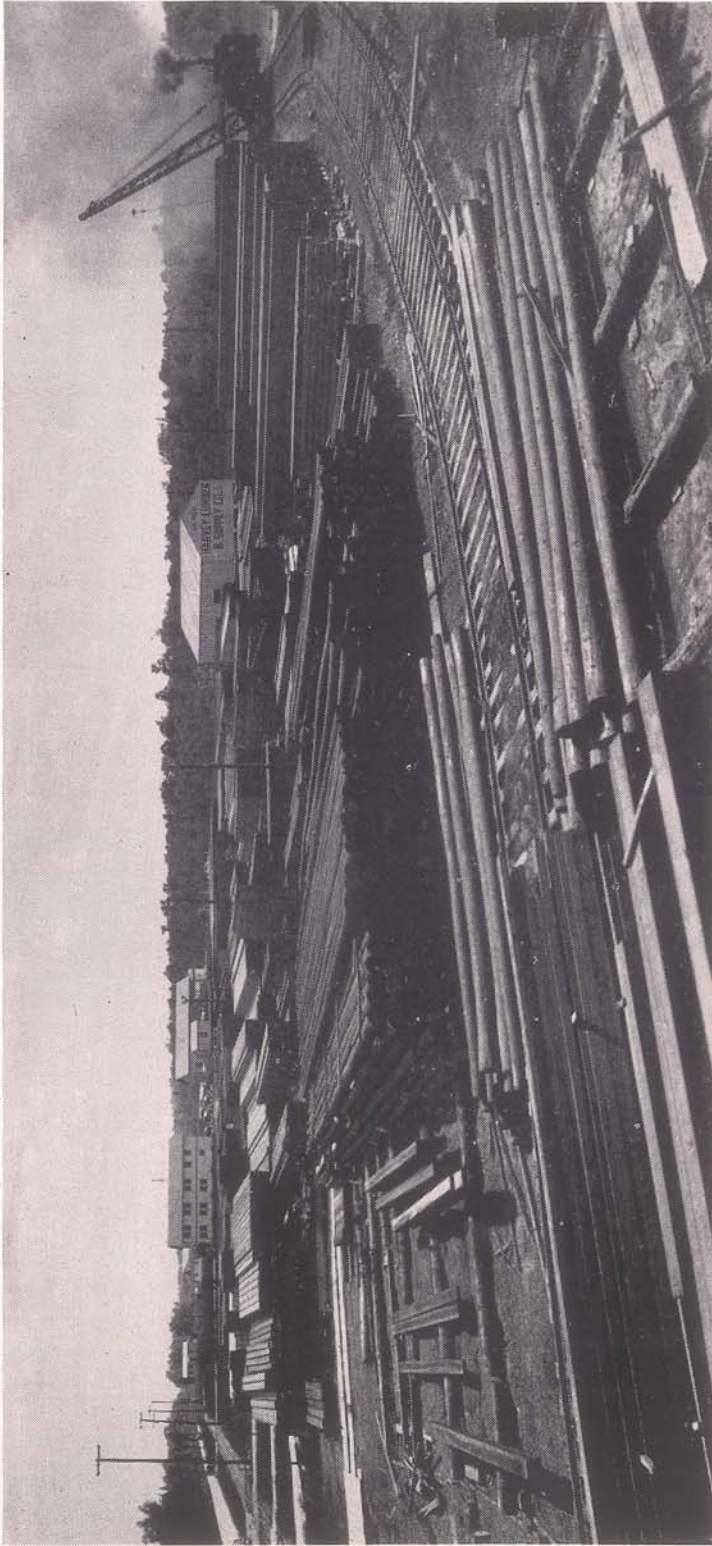
He also realized that the ill-conceived Industrial Canal Project, which was constructed in the early nineteen twenties connecting deep water in the Mississippi River with the shallow water of Lake Pontchartrain, even though Government operated and maintained, was still a "white elephant."

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

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

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

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



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

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

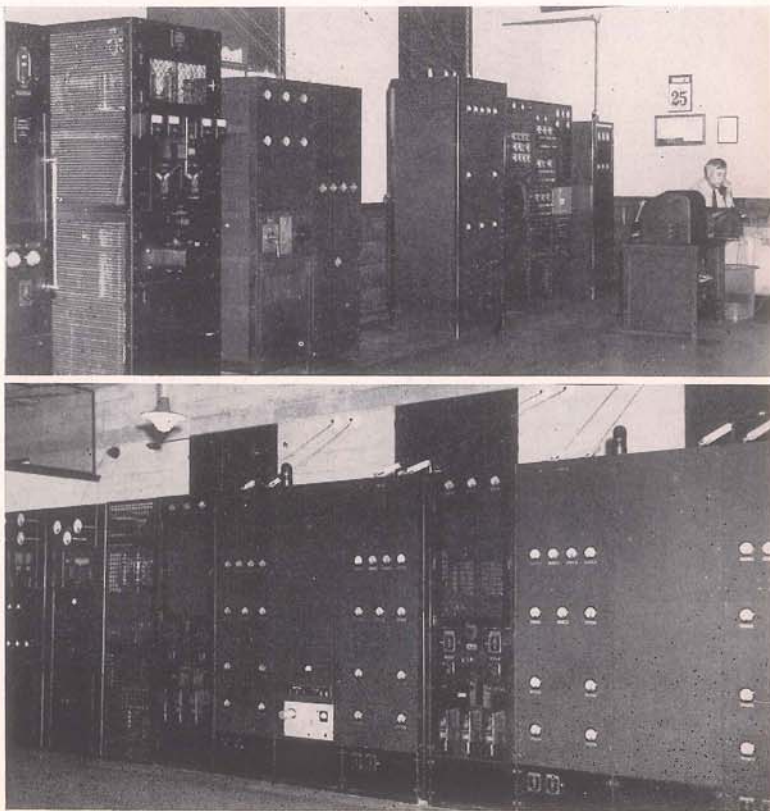
It is significant that the first station built in the United States was in New Orleans, in recognition of the outstanding position of that City in commercial exchanges between the United States and the countries of the Caribbean.

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

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

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

Intricate equipment lines the walls of transmitter at Kenner.



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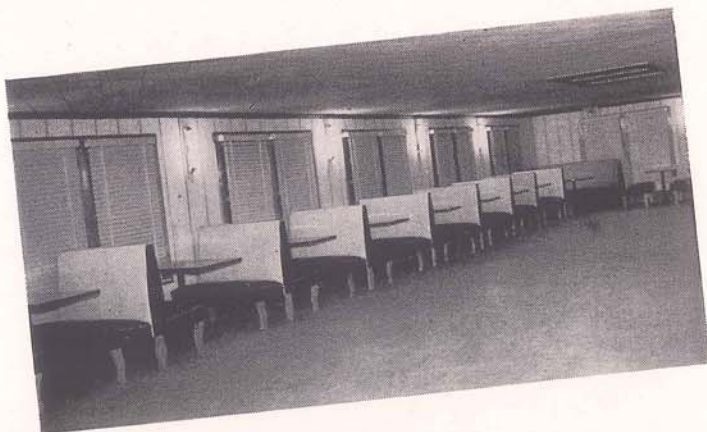
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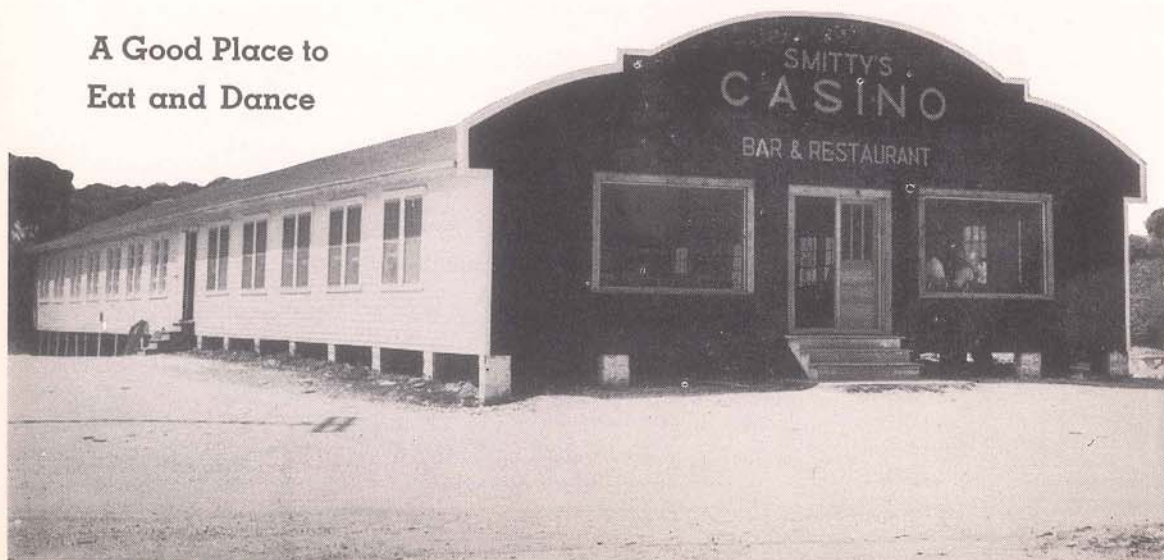
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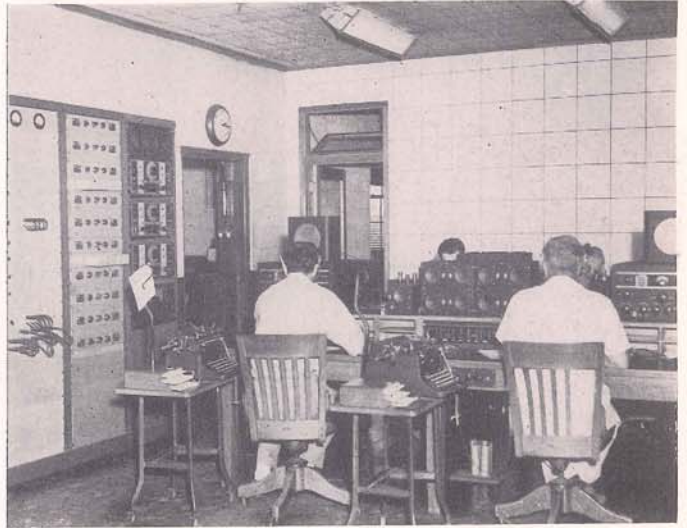


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Busy as a beehive is this receiving room at Harahan, part of Tropical Radio's vast communication system.



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

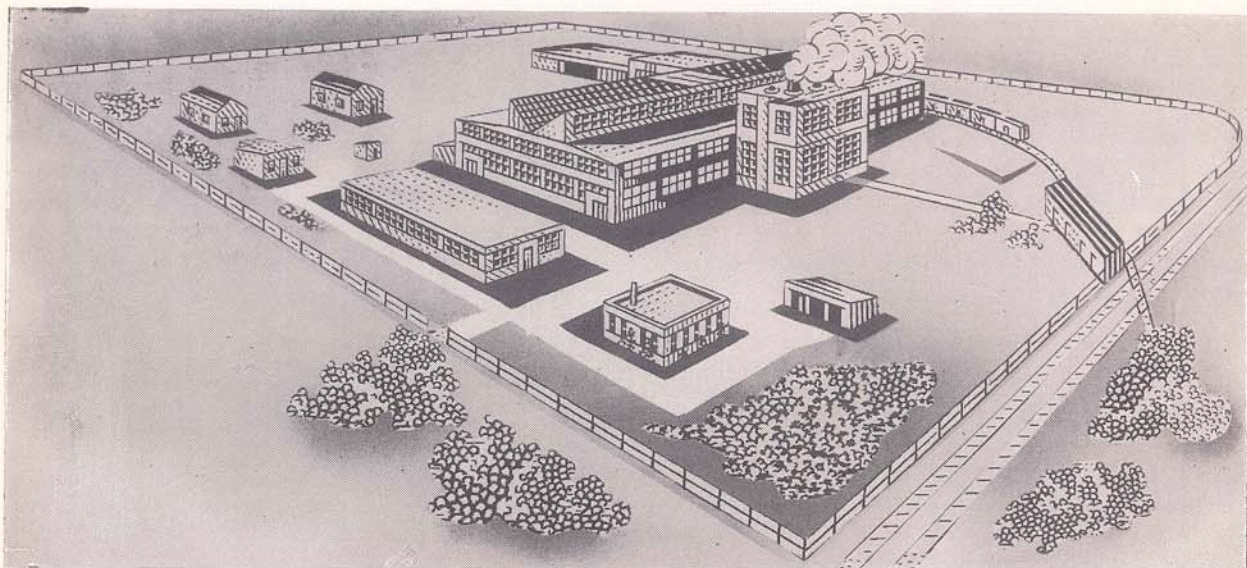
Tropical Radio's New Orleans Divisional activities are headed by Mr. E. L. Commagere, a veteran of thirty-seven years' experience in the radio field, and a native of New Orleans. His two right-hand officers are Leon Carrington at the remote-control station, Harahan, and Clarence Alvested, at the Kenner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

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

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

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

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



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

By Captain Harry G. Koch

President, Koch-Ellis Towing Co., Inc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Another Source of Jefferson Parish Wealth

By Martel McNealy

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

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

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

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

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

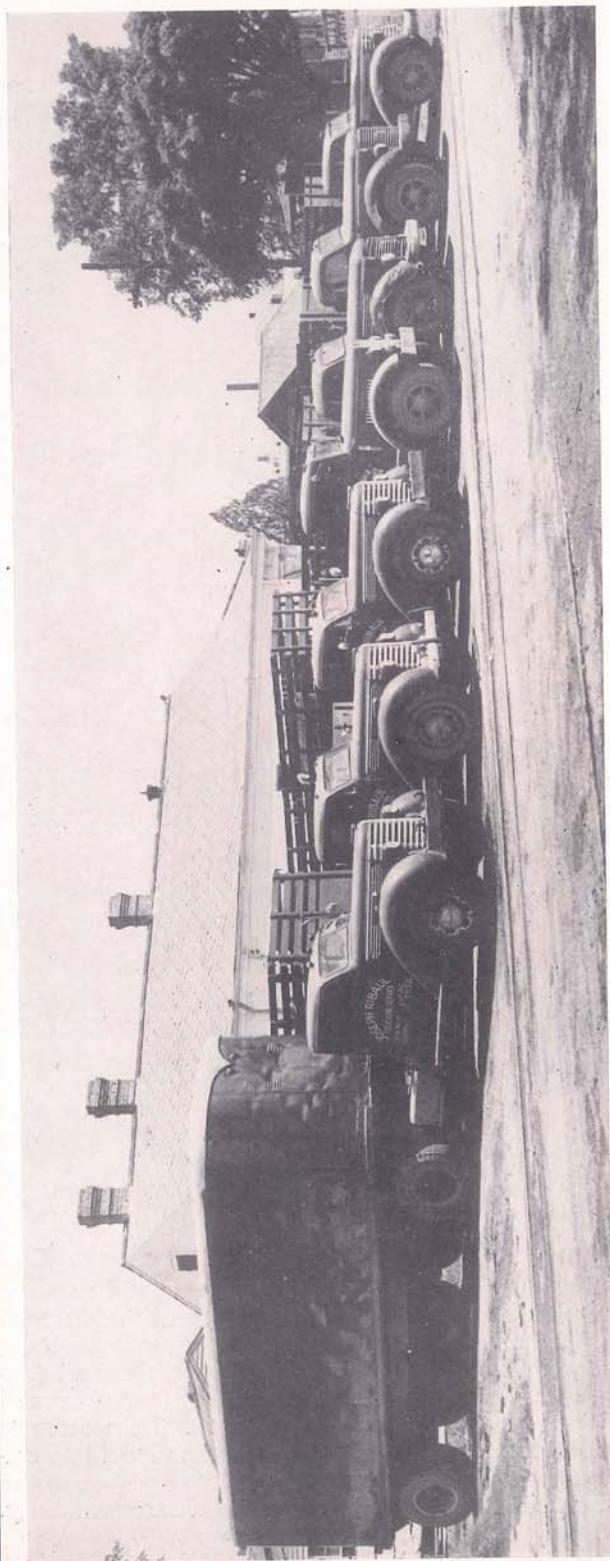


Photo of a portion of the Ribaul Fleet

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

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

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

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

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

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

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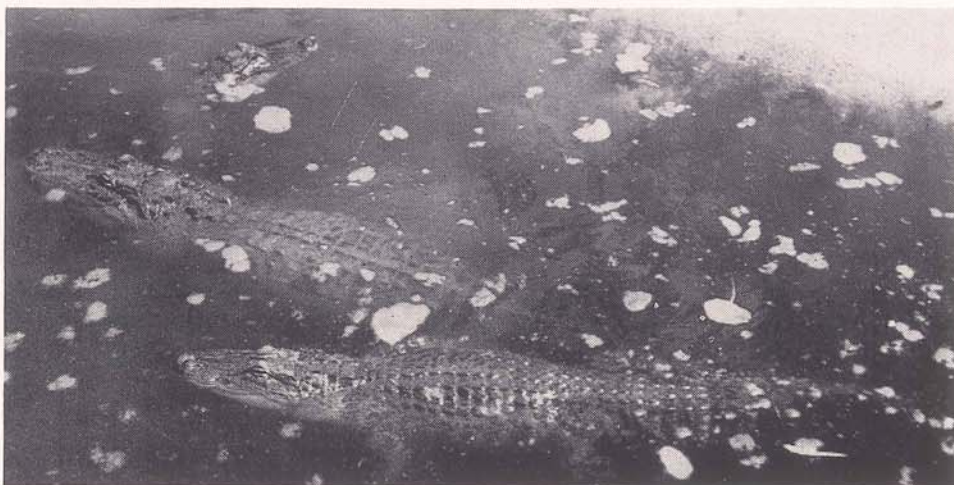


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Called from their underwater holes, this deadly trio of treacherous alligators float, half submerged, waiting for inevitable battle with the hunter.

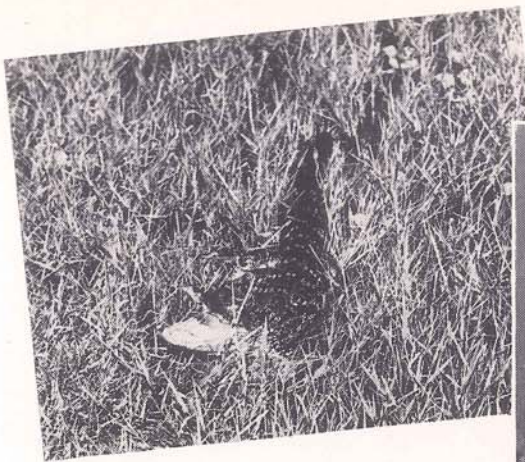
like coals of fire. There are many ways for the hunter to recognize the alligator when he is familiar with the scene. When the hunter has an alligator spotted, he rows cautiously about until he can see its head then aims his rifle just behind the eyes and shoots. Before the struggling alligator can submerge,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

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

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

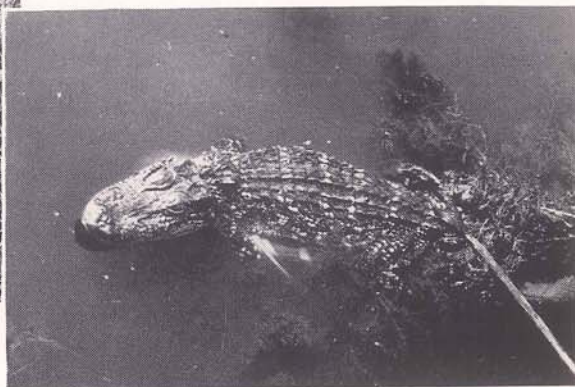
When In
M E T A I R I E

Visit
Louis E. Gruber
AND
Jules Rimbolt



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

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



Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT

Official Journal of the
PARISH
OF
JEFFERSON
SINCE 1896

Gretna, Louisiana



Leon Trice Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

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METAIRIE, L A.



Removing flesh from the pickled hide.



Leon Trice Picture Service

Inspecting the finished alligator skin.

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

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

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

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

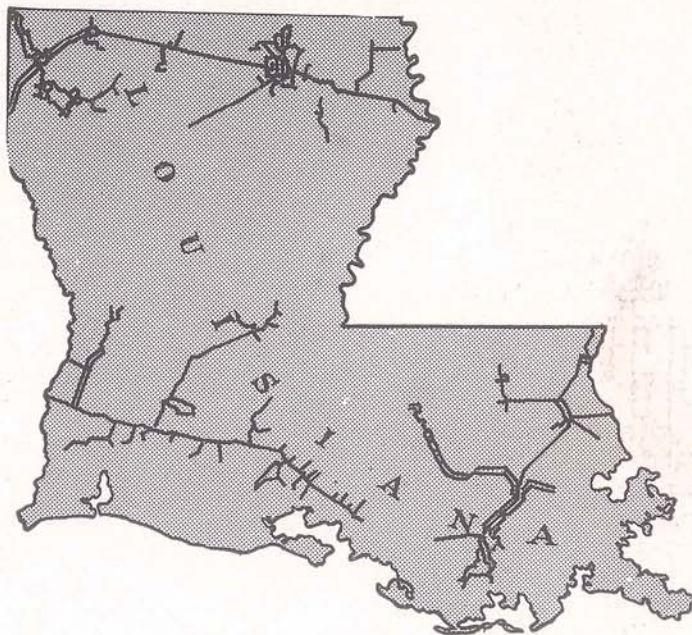
Being widely experienced in worldwide merchandise distribution, Mr. Rinow has developed the already healthy demand for Louisiana alligator leathers and is bringing to the area the work of making the finished products.

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



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RECREATION





Courtesy Louisiana Conservation Dept.

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

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

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

THE PERFECT PLAYGROUND

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

E. L. Tilton, Jr.



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

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



Eugene Delcroix

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

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

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

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

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

This is Grand Isle—100 years away from our modern world, but just a few hours by car. It is America's Riviera—still enchantingly primitive where peace and relaxation are yours for the taking. A good road, airplane service, telephones and electricity have



Allen Gould

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

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

It is little wonder we take such pride in play. We can cruise out on the Gulf of



Allen Gould

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

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

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

E. L. Tilton, Jr.



Eugene Delcroix

Mexico for deep-sea fishing, chug along the bayous and bays in an oyster lugger past quaint fishing villages or just take a pole, a line and a can of worms to lazy the day away on shady banks of the bayous.

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

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



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GRETN, LOUISIANA



Formula for Fishing

By Ray M. Thompson

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

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

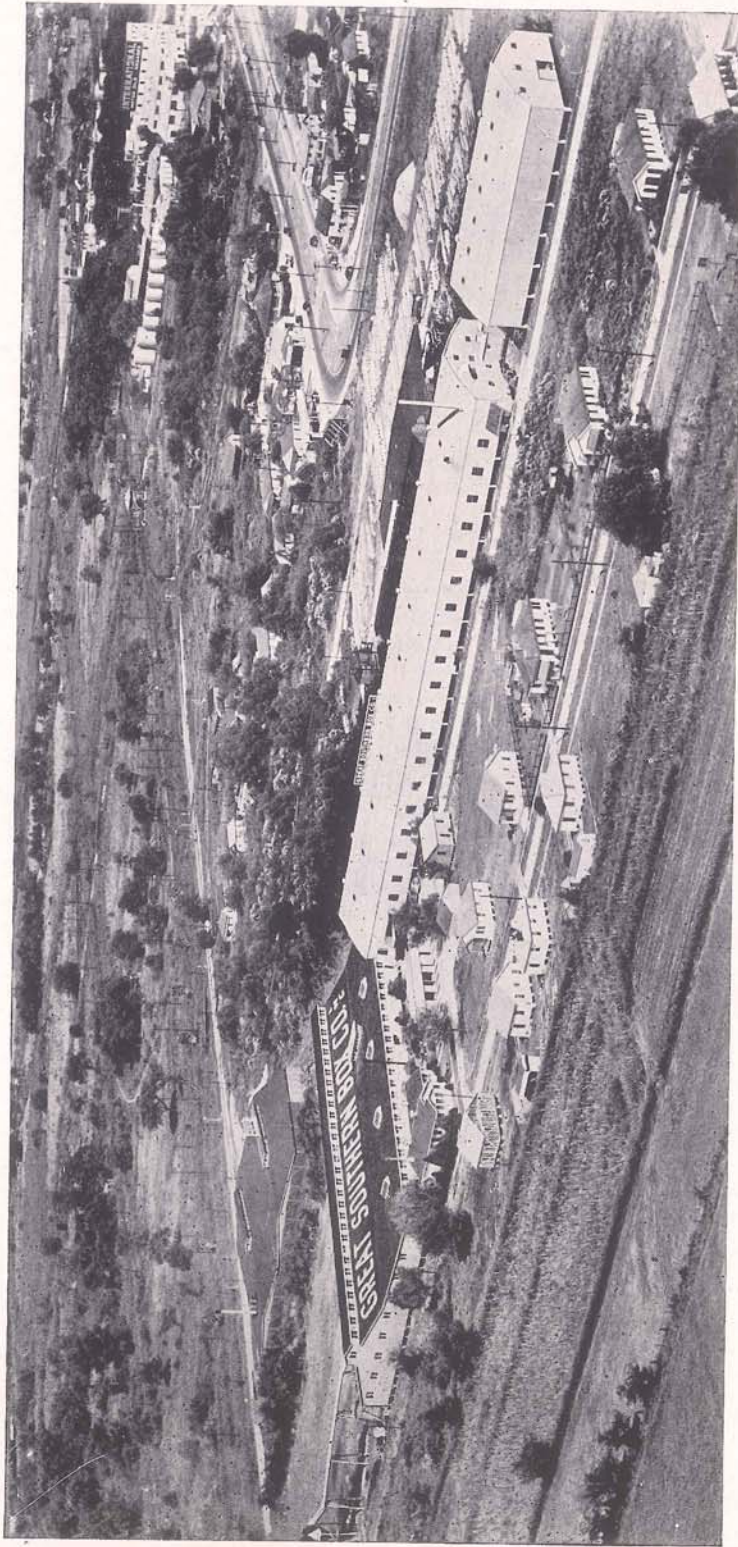
Ever notice that the invitation is always phrased "Let's go fishing!" Never—"Let's go catch some fish!" The reason is instinctive. Since man first learned that a hook and line and a day off represented more different kinds of complete and cheap enjoyment than any other human recreation, "catching fish"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

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHS By FULCRAN RANDON





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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

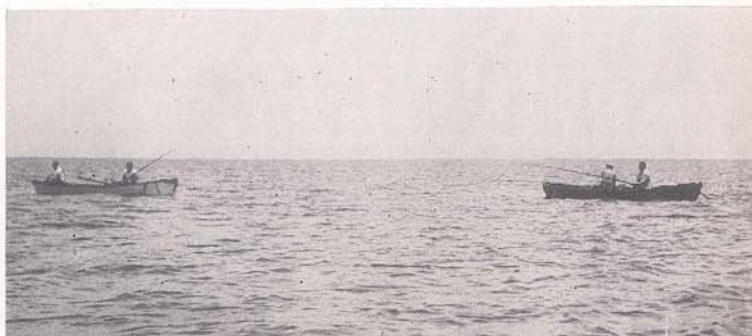


Dawn of May 5! Preceded by celestial footlights of brilliant oranges, reds and yellows, the curtain of the day goes up. To the muted orchestration of water melodiously slapping the boat as it moves out into the bay, Old Sol appears on the stage—his audience as thrilled as they were in the days of Tyre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

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

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

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



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

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

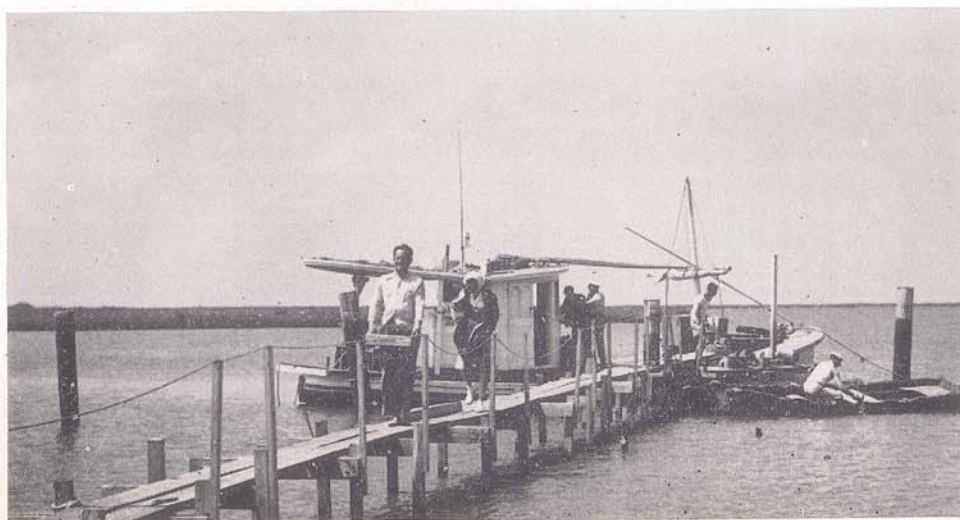
Hector Landry is tall, lean and in his thirties. From his fishing profits a few years ago he built a new home and turned the old one into a fishing camp for his growing clientele of city folks who keep him busy on Sundays and holidays—for Hector is not only an expert fisherman, he is a boon companion.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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Did we catch fish? But definitely!

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

*End of a
Perfect Day*



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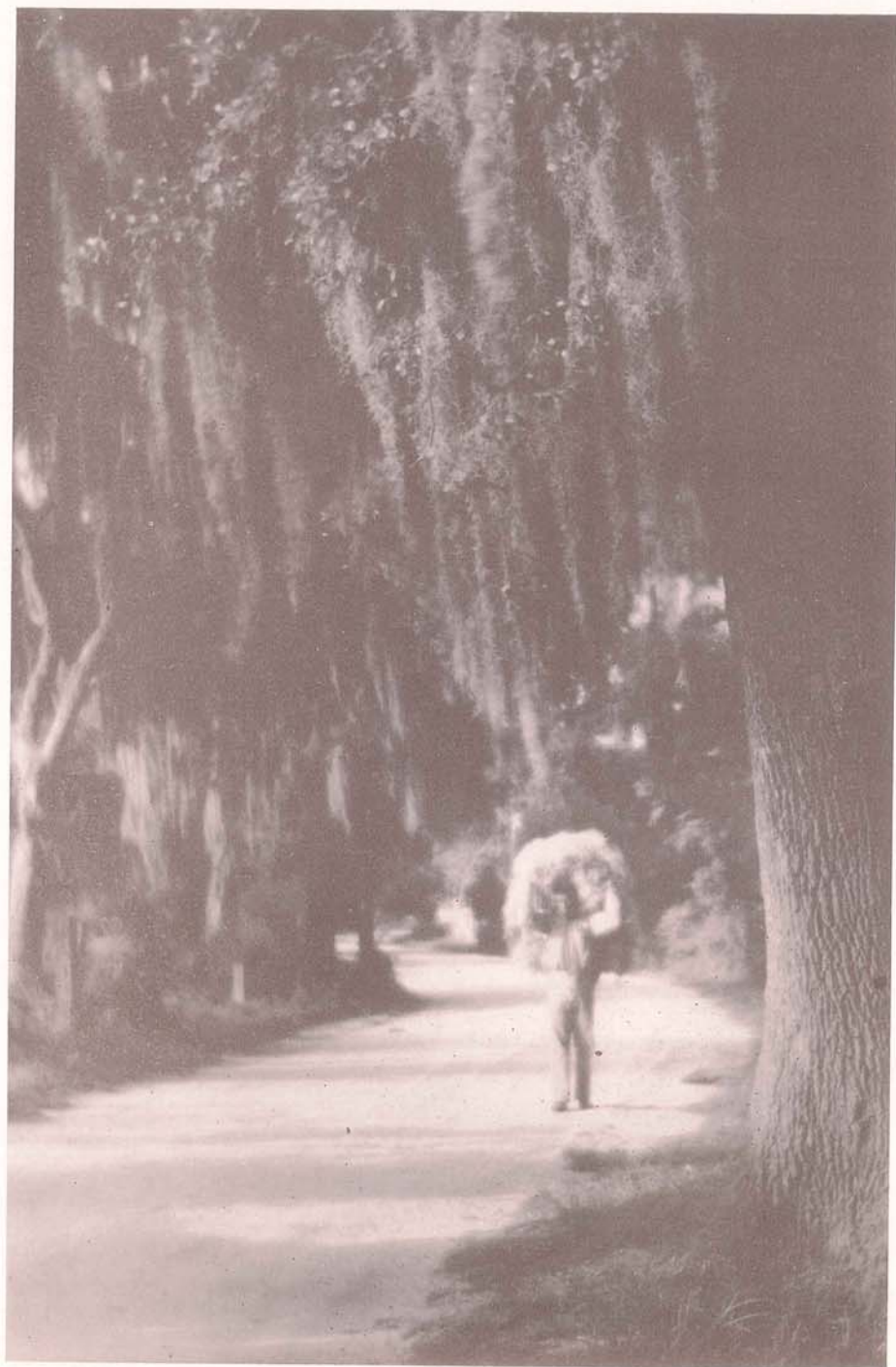
C. HENRITZY, Prop.

New Orleans 20, La.

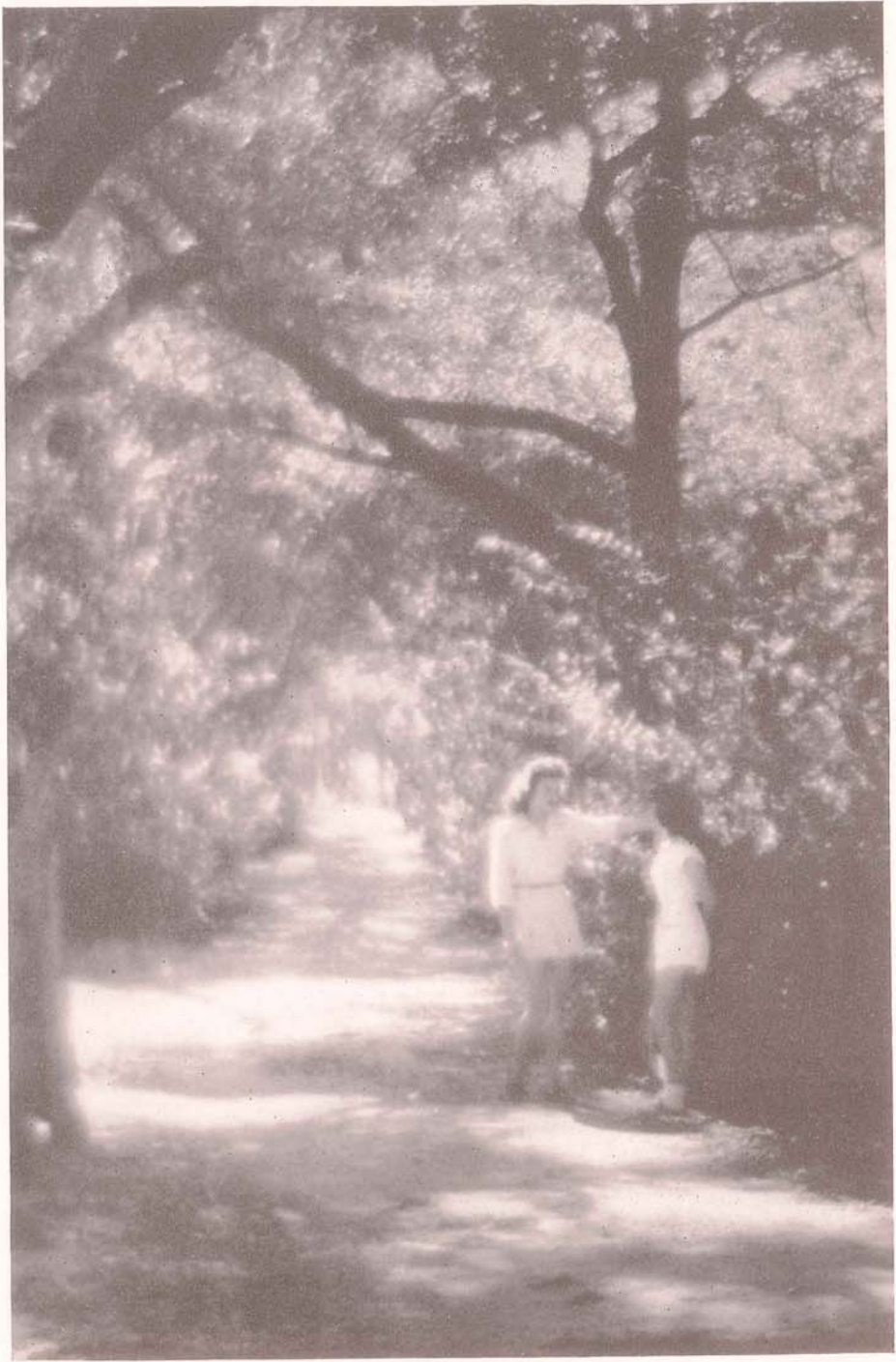
A sepia-toned photograph of a man with a camera on a tripod and a woman with a parasol on a tree-lined path. The man is in the foreground, right side, looking through the camera. The woman is in the background, center, walking away. The path is lined with trees, and the scene is captured in a vintage style.

PARISH MASTERPIECES

by Eugene Delcroix



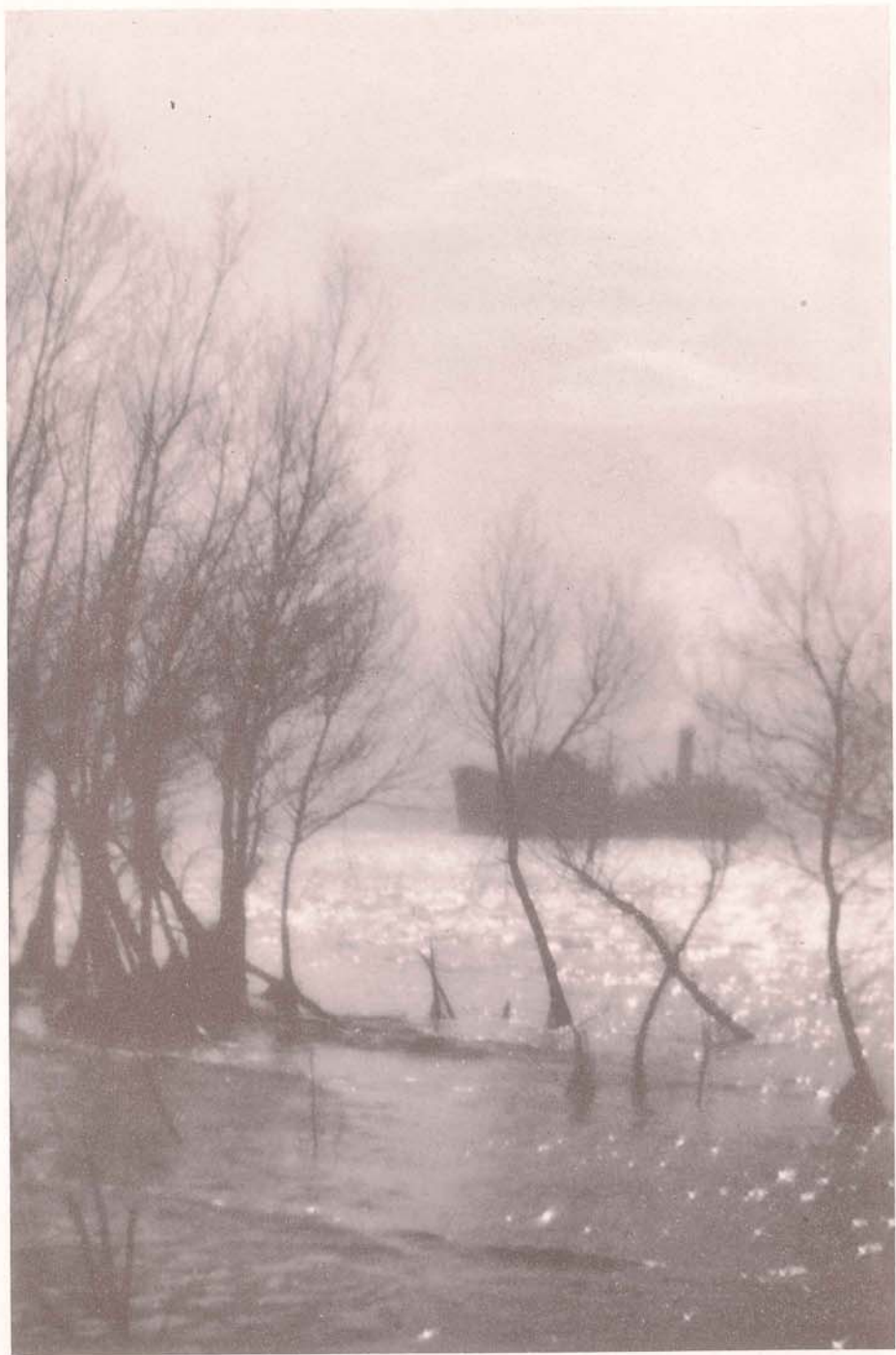
Moss Picker



Enchanted Lane



Morning Mist



Silhouette in Silver



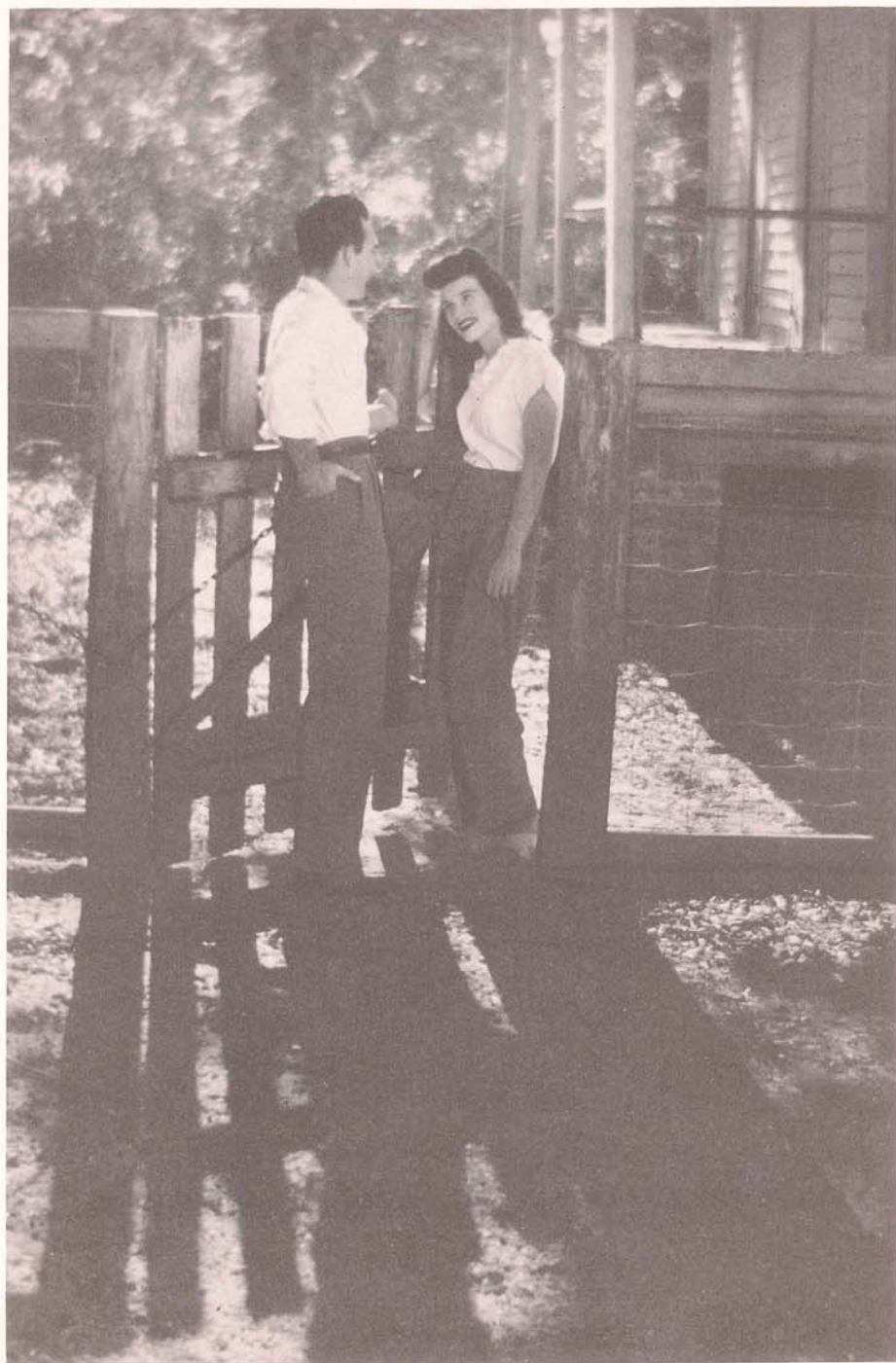
Canopy Over the Cove



A Boy's Paradise



Mother's Helper



Day Dreams



Swamp Seclusion



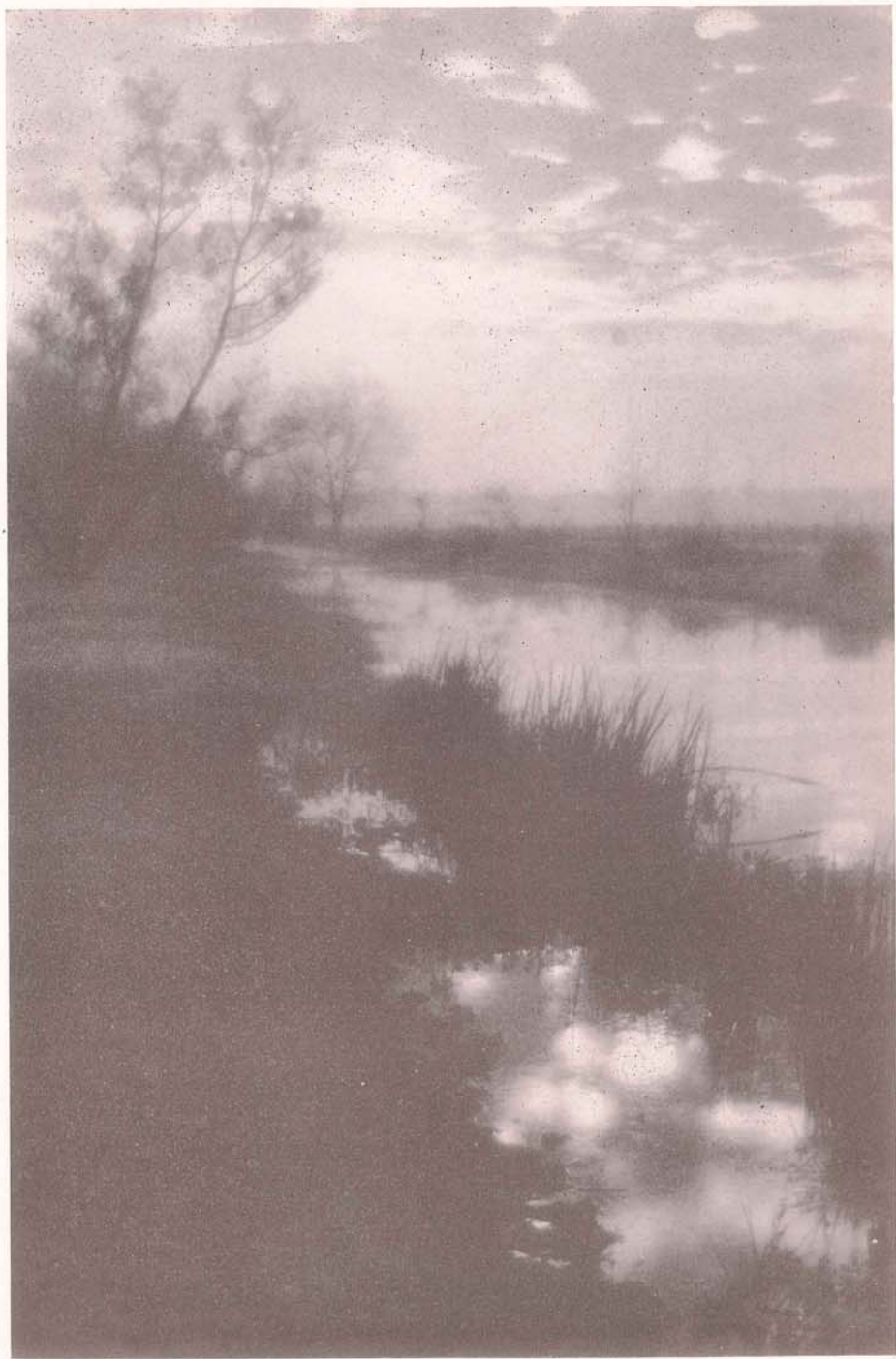
Bathed in Beauty



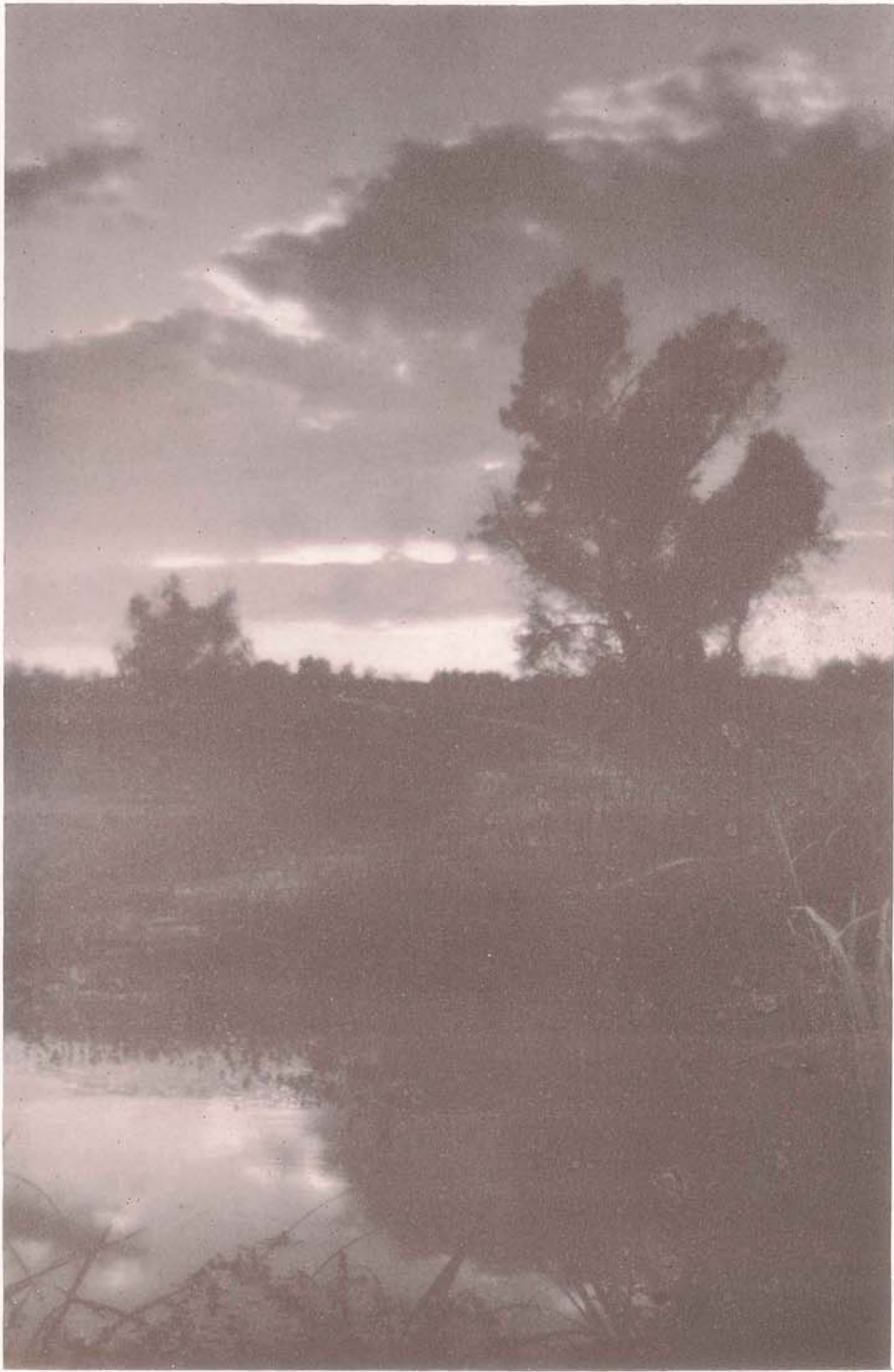
Bayou Blooms



Patterns in Plumes



Sunrise Soliloquy



Twilight Tapestry



GRAND ISLE TARPON RODEO

By Paul Kalman

Sports Writer, New Orleans Item



Courtesy New Orleans Item.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Courtesy New Orleans Item



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

PIROGUE PACERS

By Hugh M. Wilkinson

General Chairman Bayou Barataria Pirogue Race

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

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

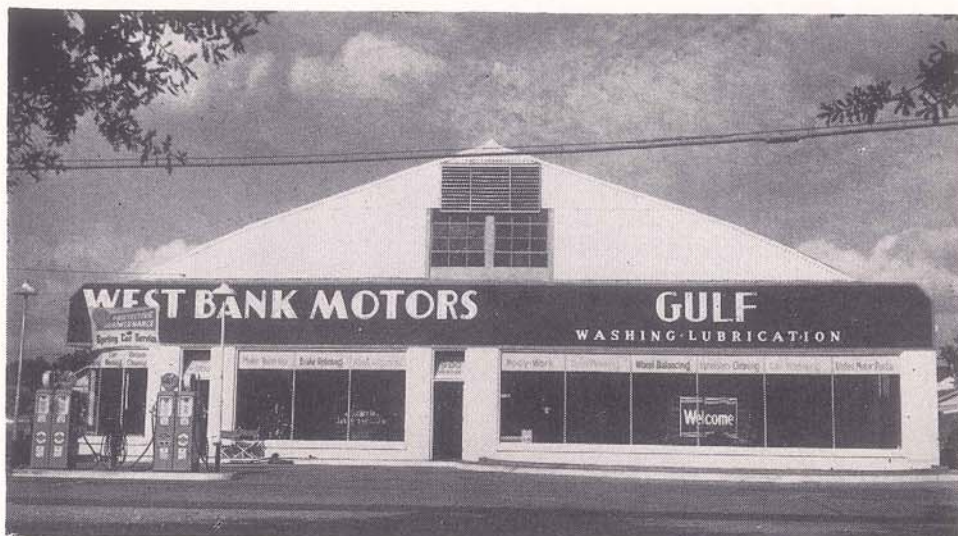
The pirogue is the Southern version of the canoe—brought to Louisiana originally by the Acadians. Strictly a one-man boat, the pirogue is splinter thin—hand hewn or burned from a cypress log—and just wide enough to accommodate one's derriere.

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

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

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





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LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA

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

Along came the War and the piroque competition was discontinued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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Leon Trice Picture Service

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



Leon Trice Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

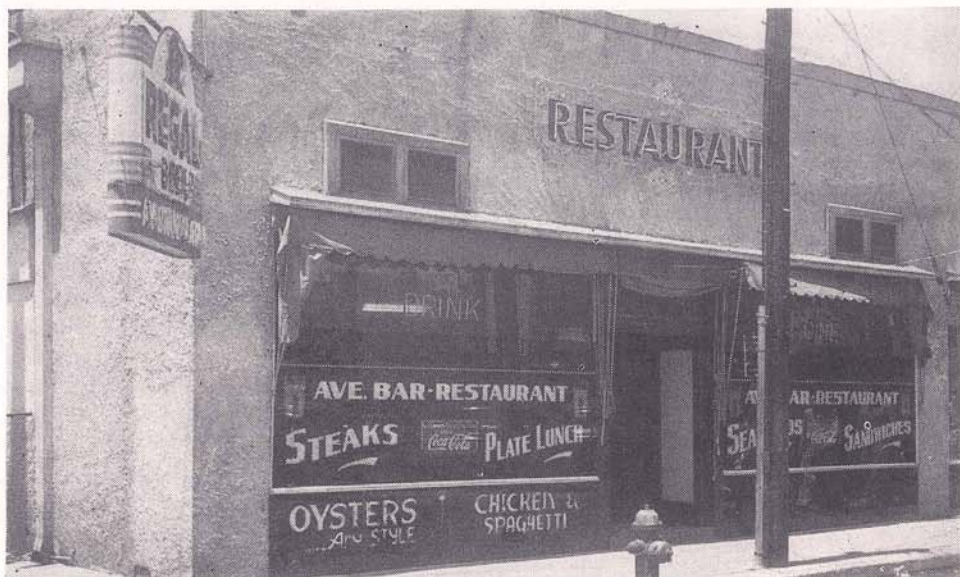
Frank A. Von Der Haar is this year's president of the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association, Inc., and other officers, directors and committeemen of the organization include: Harry Bonck, Beverly Brown, A. Miles Coe, William A. Coker, P. A. Davis, John C. Donovan, Anthony DiMarco, Henry Dupre, R. Lee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

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

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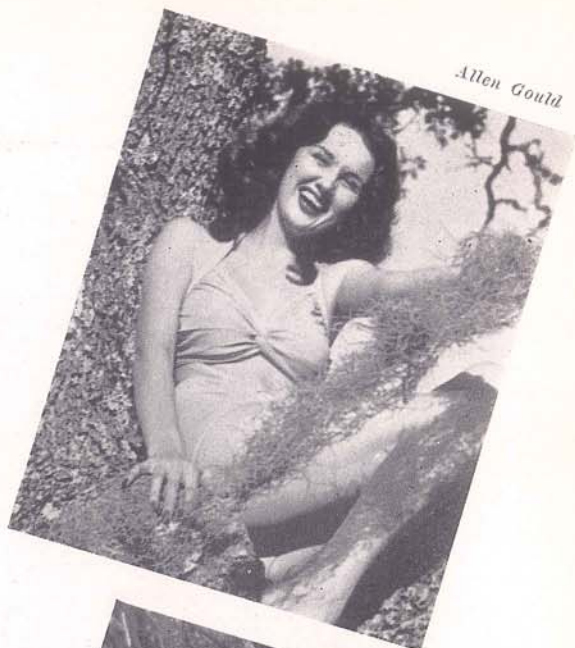
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LOUISIANA

Beauty at Grand Isle



Allen Gould

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

Eugene Delcroix



Eugene Delcroix

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



Eugene Delcroix

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

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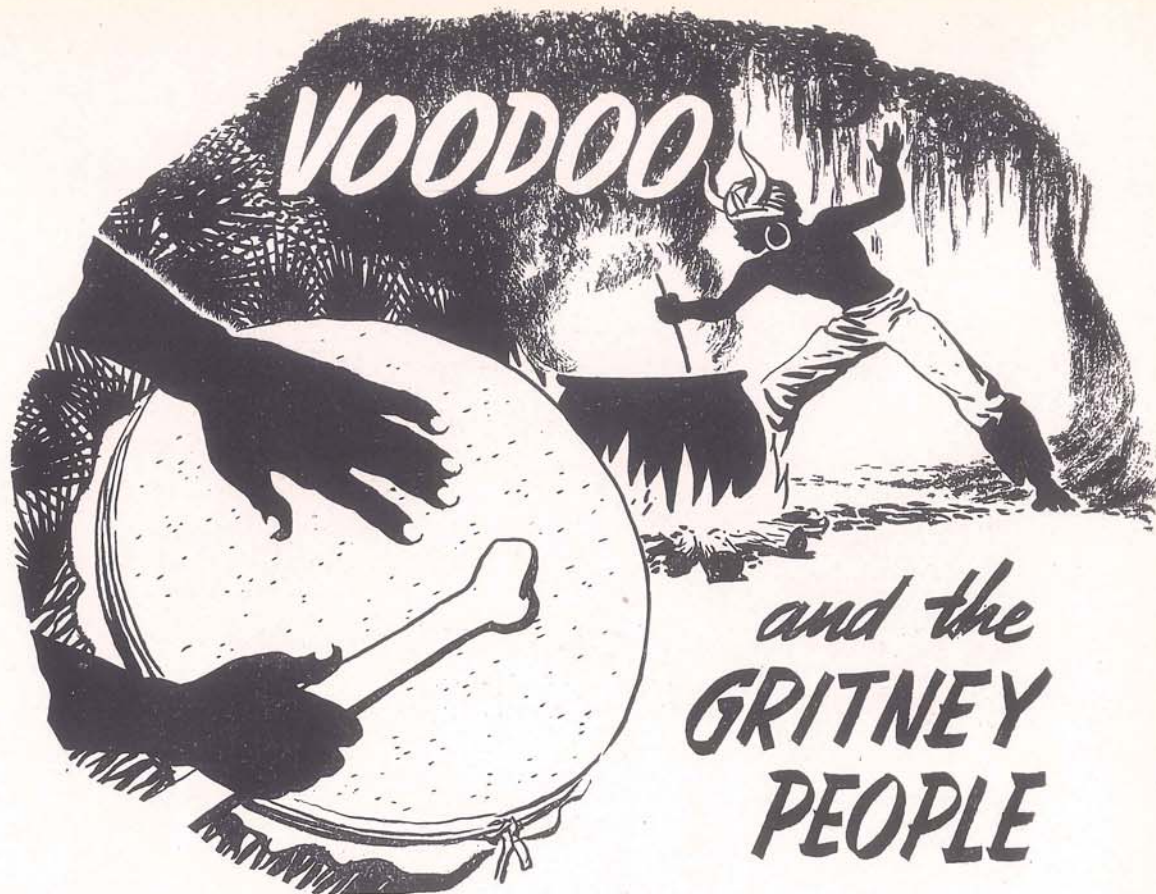
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Jefferson Parish



and the GRITNEY PEOPLE

By Robert Tallant

Author of "Voodoo In New Orleans"

Illustrated by Tilden Landry

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

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

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

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

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

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Ward 3—Valentine Riess	Chalmette
Ward 4—Charles Mumphy	Meraux
Ward 5—Celestine Melerine	Violet
Ward 6—Harry Serpas	St. Bernard
Ward 7—Anthony Molero	St. Bernard
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Clerk of Court	Anthony B. Nunez, Violet
District Attorney	Leander H. Perez, Dalcour
Assistant Attorney	Bruce Nunez, Arabi
District Judge	Albert Estopinal, Jr., Poydras
Assessor	Paul Trebuca, Arabi
Coroner	L. H. Ducros, St. Bernard
President School Board	Irvin J. G. Janssen, Arabi
Superintendent Schools	L. G. Gauthier, Arabi
Parish Engineer	Collins Chalaire, St. Bernard
State Senator	L. H. Folse, Arabi
Representative	J. Claude Meraux, Meraux



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

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

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



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