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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOOD and AGRICULTURE

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

Fonville Winans

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

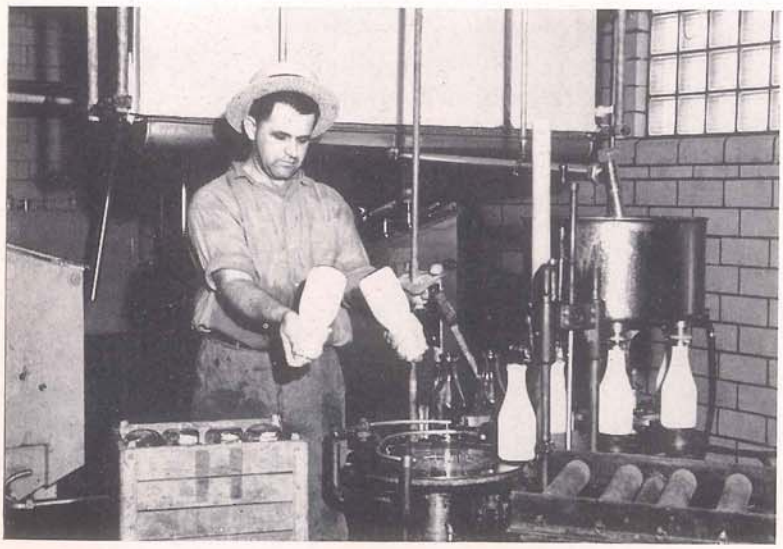
How is that possible?

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

SPOTLIGHT ON FOOD

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

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



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

Randon Picture Service

Ranaon Picture Service

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

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

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

New ideas of food preservation as well as food production

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

Eugene Delcroix

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

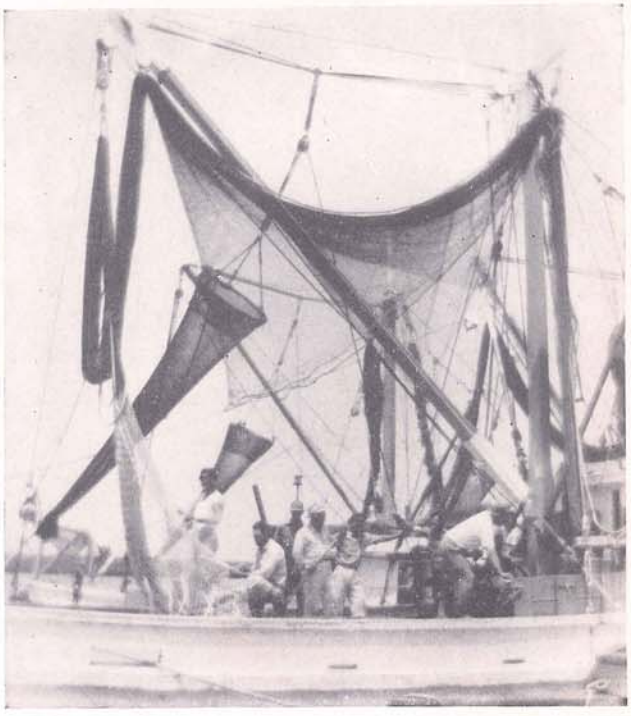
By no means, however, is the emphasis solely on seafood. Jefferson is dairy country — farming country — truck garden country — with a sizeable number of poultry and hog raisers.

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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



Eugene Delcroix

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eugene Delcroix

Cheniere Caminada

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

By Margaret Baker

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

Part One . . . The Storm

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

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

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

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

And ironically, they also died by the water.

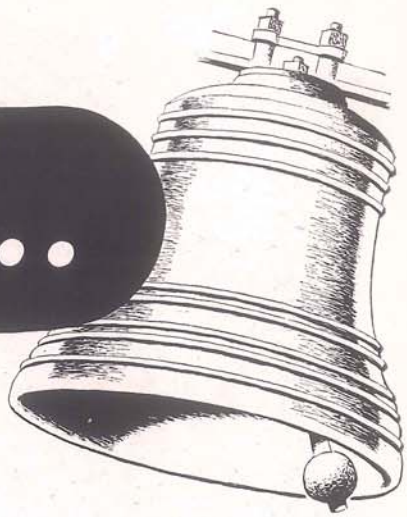
Sunday had dawned bright with no breeze rippling the surface of the Gulf. It was a day of rest. The fragile little homes, perched on high wooden stilts overlooking the water, echoed with the laughter and gaiety of family gatherings. The fishing boats, livelihood for most of the inhabitants, floated quietly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

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

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

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

Comes Back . . .



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

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

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

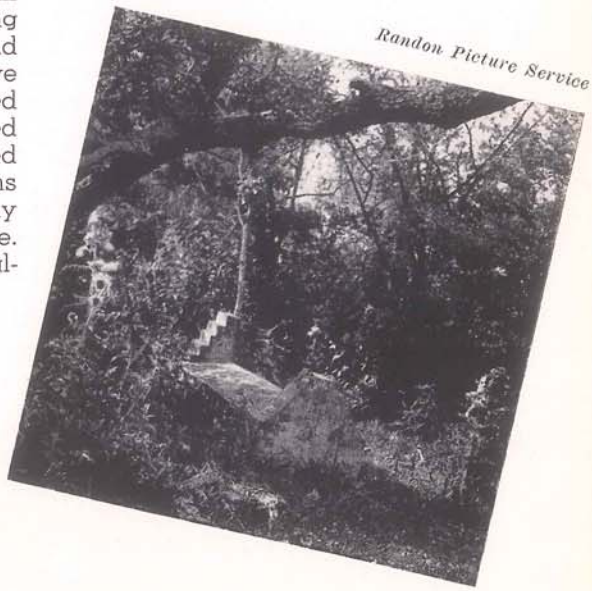
Suddenly, when the villagers had scarcely finished their evening meal, the full force of the storm broke over the Cheniere. Huge waves lashed the shore madly. The wind coming from the East and Southeast grew wilder. Then a great, thunderous roar of wind hurled watery death over the entire ridge. In a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

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

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

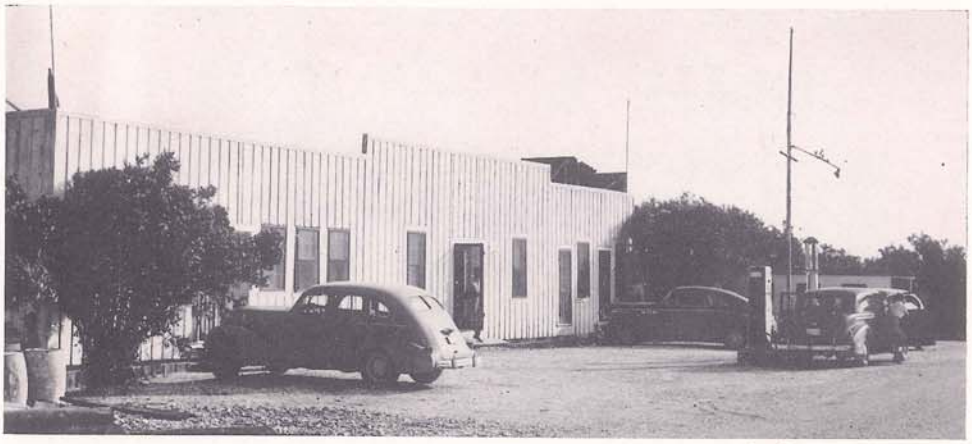
Then a lull came. As suddenly as the wind had risen, it fell and the survivors thought the storm was over. Those who were able set out through the inky blackness to look for wounded, suffering victims.

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



Randon Picture Service

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



Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

Loretta Kiefer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

Part Two... Caminada Comes Back

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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

Randon Picture Service

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

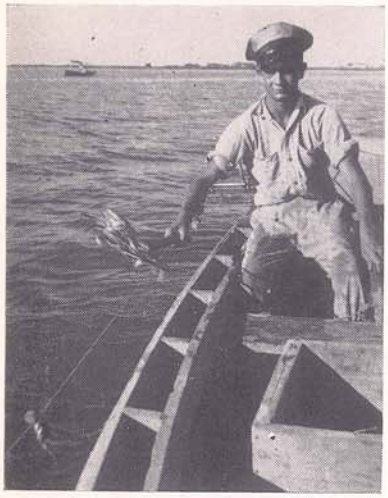
Levy Collins, Bob's brother, has built up a reputation far and wide for his very unusual business at Caminada—a terrapin farm which supplies this gourmet's delicacy all over the country. The story of Levy's original home at Leeville is one of Lafourche's tall but true tales. When the storm of 1915 hit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

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

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

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

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



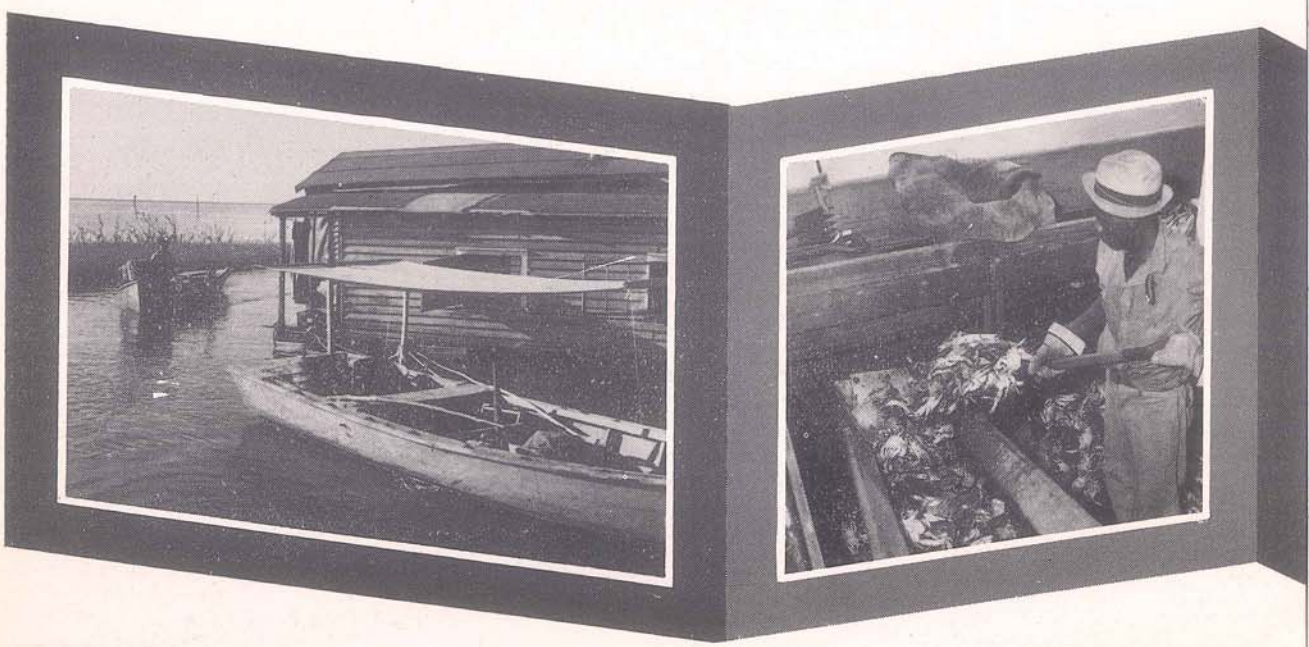
On these and the following pages is the complete photographic story of the delectable crab from the time fate overtakes it in the form of a fisherman until it is ready for the tables of America.

INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE CRAB

By Sue Thompson

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

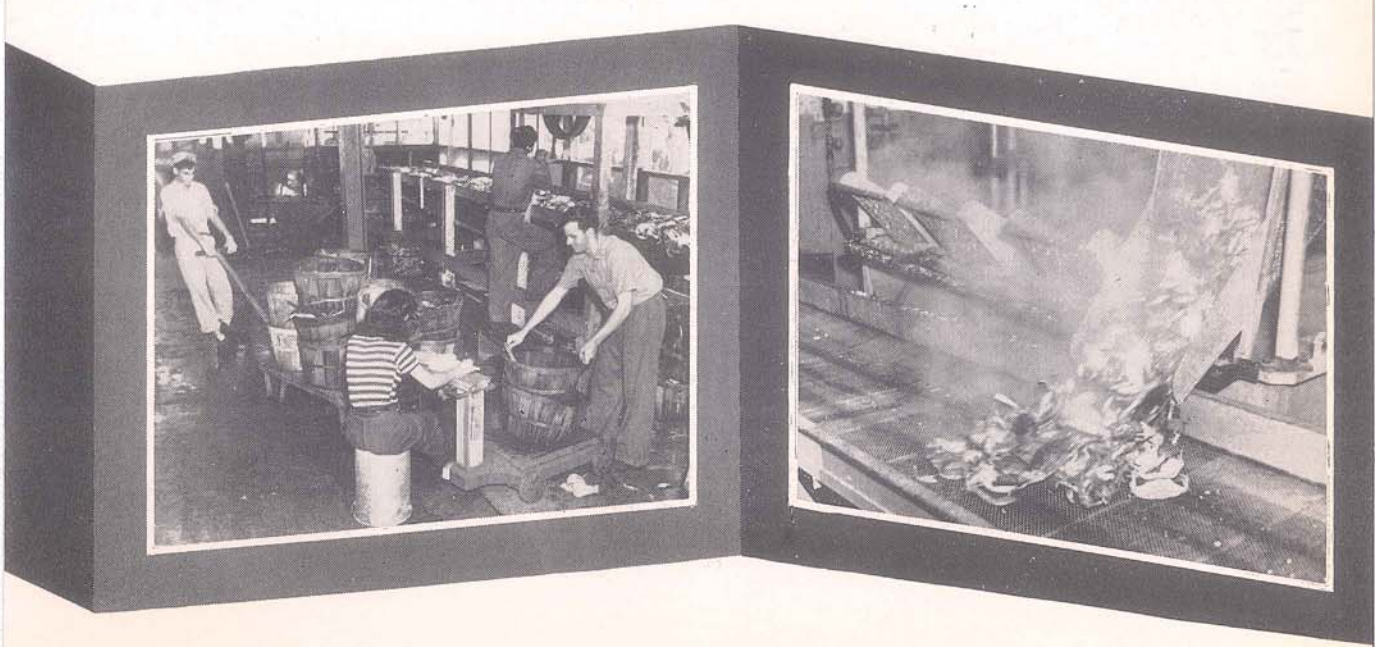
Ordinarily, the hand picking of the luscious meat from a crab shell is bound to leave many stray bits adhering to inaccessible corners, but these shells looked like Mr. or Mrs. Crab had moved out, bag and baggage, leaving no return address.

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

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

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

Photography By Fulcran Randon



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

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

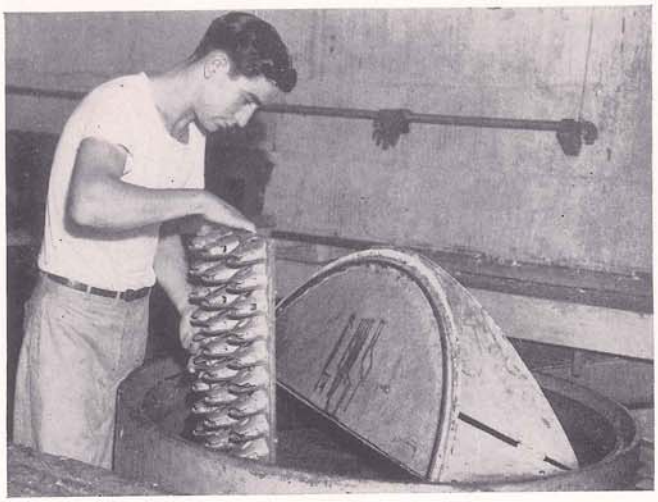
It is not a secret process, but it is a highly technical one and even if I were scientifically inclined (which I'm not) I still wouldn't be able to correctly follow it step by step. And, to tell the truth, I was not so much interested in how it was done as I was amazed and excited that it ***could***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

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

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

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

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



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

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

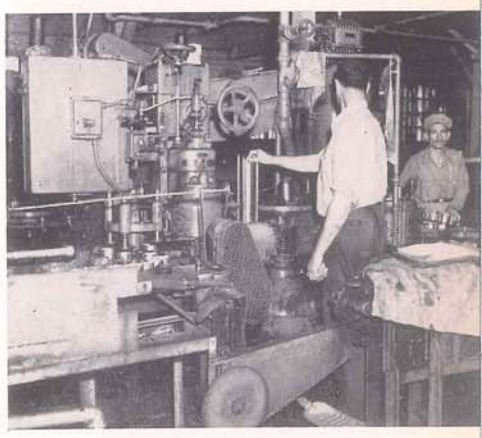
Blend the crabmeat, the whites of the eggs which have been finely chopped, the tomato catsup, minced parsley, French dressing, minced pickles, salt and paprika. Pack into cleaned crab shells and garnish with the yolks of the eggs pressed through a sieve, the capers, cut lemon and sprigs of parsley.

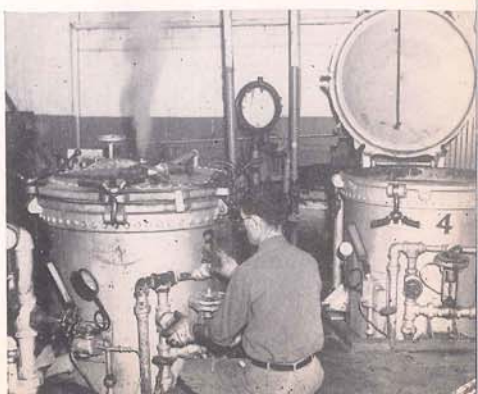
And for those who think of crabmeat and cream sauces at the same time, here is "Crabmeat au Gratin":

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

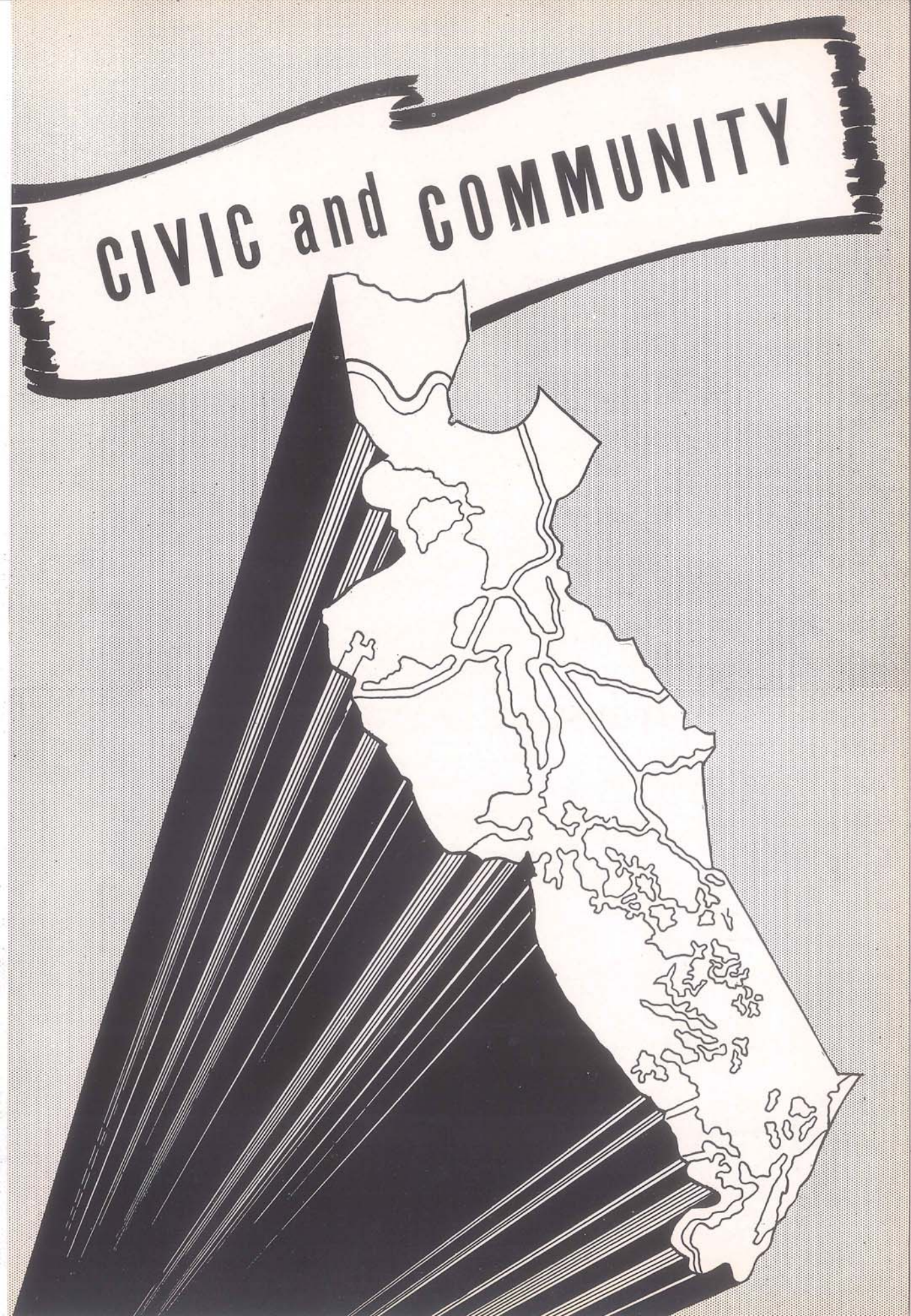
Add the crabmeat to the white sauce together with the seasonings, turn into individual ramekins (or crab shells) sprinkle the buttered crumbs and the grated cheese, mixed, over the top, and bake in a hot oven—375-400 degrees F.—ten to fifteen minutes. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon.

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





CIVIC and COMMUNITY



HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Barataria region of Jefferson is a section where

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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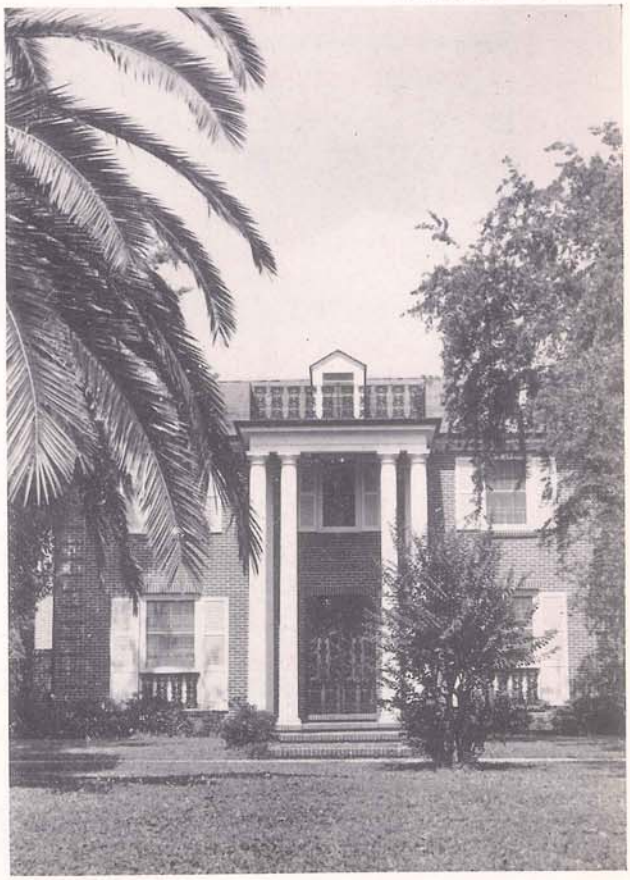


In the southern section of the Parish are authentic, rustic dwellings of early Americana. Weather-worn but serviceable, these simple homes nestle among the shadowy oaks or perch upon stilts overlooking the water. Many of these homes, small and unpretentious, have been lived in by generation after generation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

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

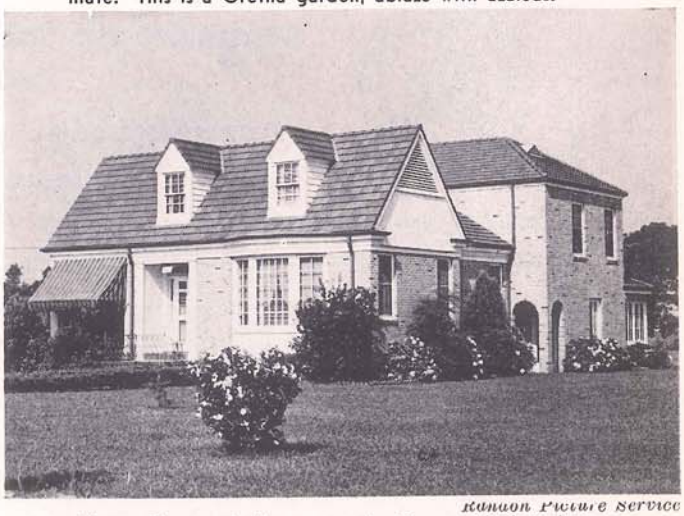
In the trapping regions of Jefferson Parish, you will find entire families migrating during the hunting season—making temporary quarters wherever the hunt leads them.

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

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

F. A. McDaniels

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



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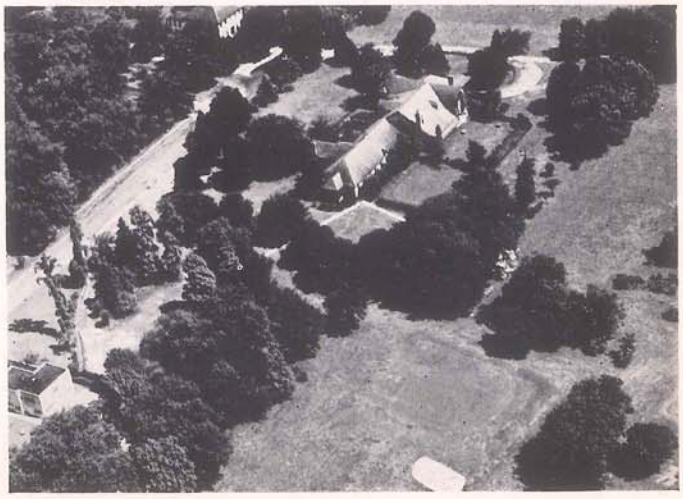
Above: Plenty of elbow room in Kenner which is being rapidly built up by new homes like this.

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



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JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY — MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

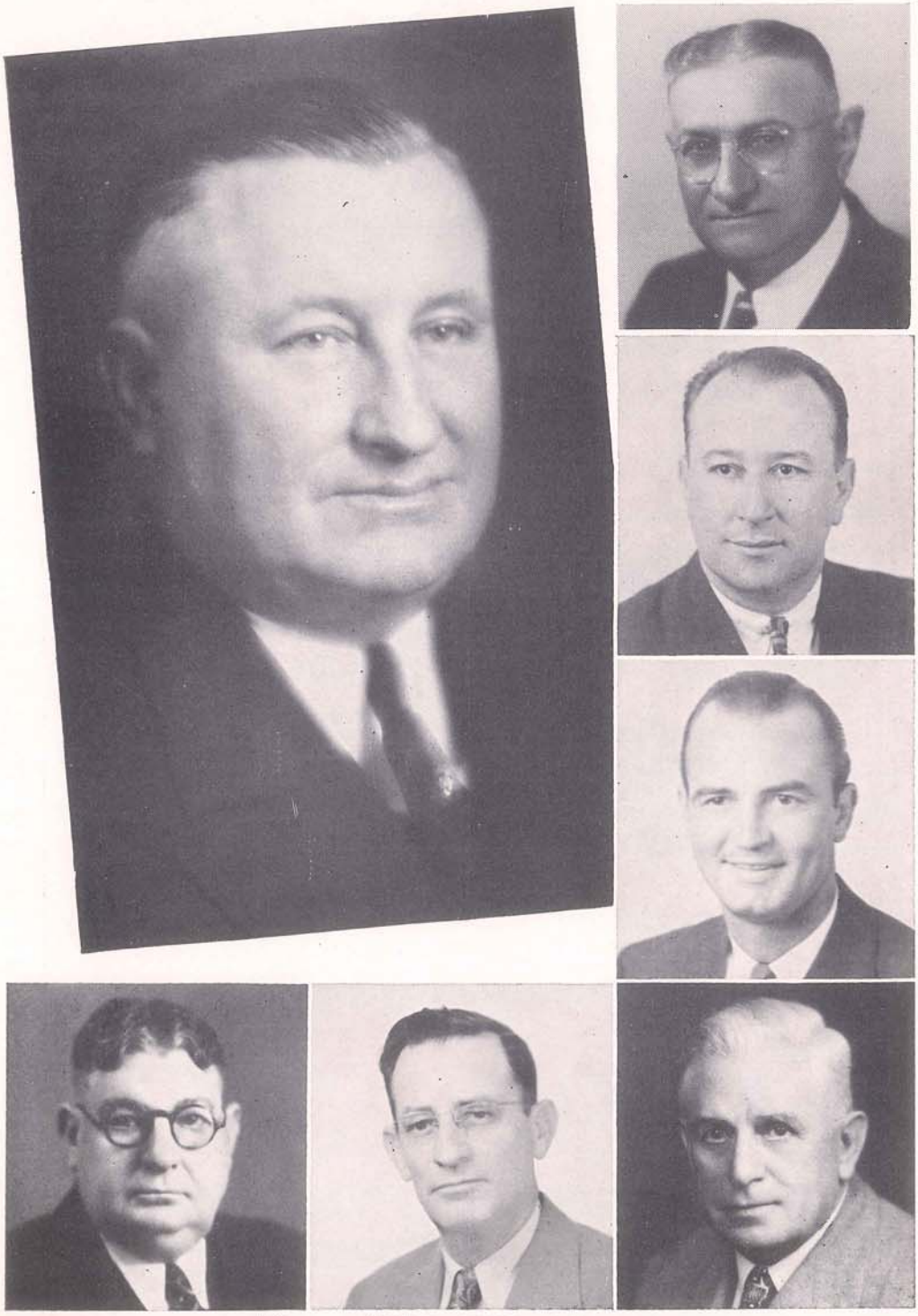
Seated, left to right: John H. Haas, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville); Clem Perrin, Ward 6, Lafitte; Wm. Hepting, Secretary; W. R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Parish Treasurer and Assistant Secretary; John J. Holtgreve, Ward 8, Metairie; B. P. Dauenhauer, Ward 3, Gretna; and Robert Ottermann, Ward 7, Southport.
Standing, left to right: Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Gretna; Alvin E. Hotard, Parish Engineer; G. Ashton Cox, Parish Printer; Edward M. Thomassie, President Pro-Tem., Ward 4, Marrero; D. H. Roussel, West Bank Road Superintendent; Frank J. Deemer, Auditor and Bookkeeper; Russell Le Doux, East Bank Road Superintendent; Ernest Riviere, Ward 8, Metairie; Roger Coulon, Ward 4, Harvey; Joseph Weimer, Inspector of Liquor Permits and Business Licenses; Sidney Pertuit, Ward 4, Westwego; Wilfred Berthelot, Ward 5, Waggaman; Jessie J. Breaux, Ward 3, Gretna; and Roy Duplechin, Ward 4, Marrero.

FEDERAL, STATE AND DISTRICT OFFICIALS

Hon. James H. Davis, Governor of the State of Louisiana

Reading from top to bottom: Hon. Allen J. Ellender, United States Senator from Louisiana; Hon. John H. Overton, United States Senator from Louisiana; Hon. J. Emile Verret, Lieutenant Governor, State of Louisiana; Hon. Paul H. Maloney, Member of Congress, Second Louisiana Congressional District; and Hon. Alvin T. Stumpf, Louisiana State Senator, Tenth Senatorial District.

PARISH OFFICIALS



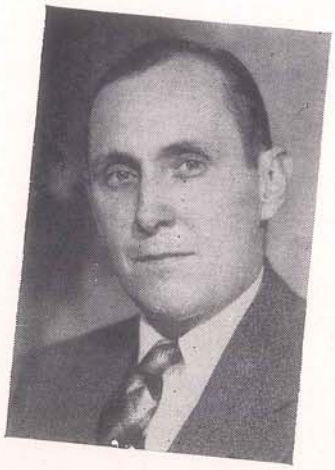
Hon. Frank J. Clancy, Sheriff

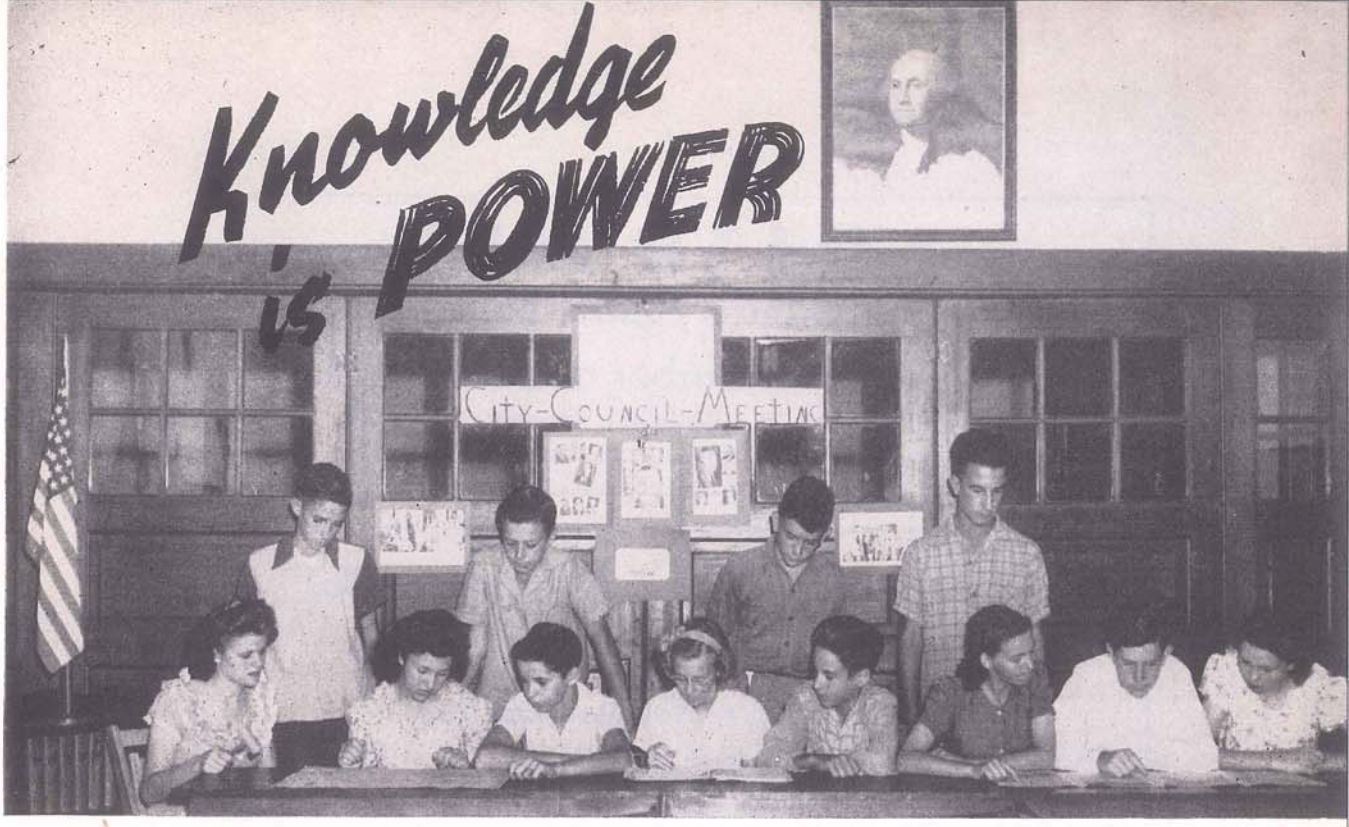
Reading from top to bottom: Hon. Vic A. Pitre, Clerk of Court; Hon. Vernon J. Wilty, Assessor; Hon. James E. Beeson, State Representative; Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Coroner; Hon. Edward M. Thomassie, President Pro-Tem., Police Jury; and Hon. Weaver R. Toledano, President, Police Jury.

COURT OFFICIALS

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

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





Random Picture Service

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

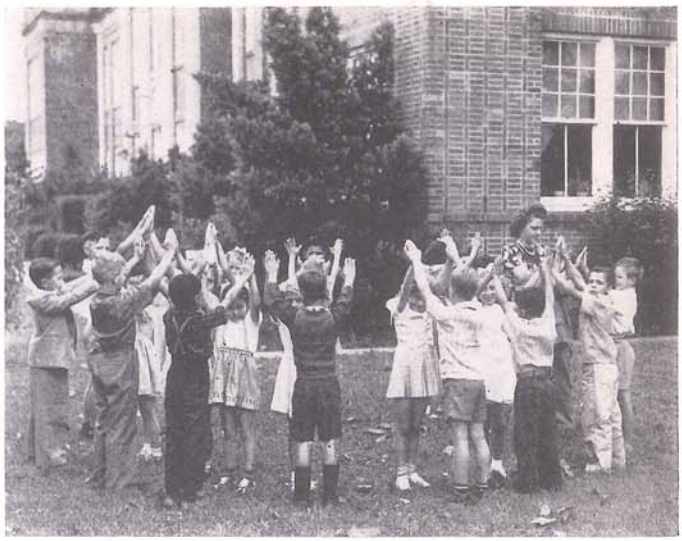
TODAY'S CHILDREN ARE TOMORROW'S LEADERS

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

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

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

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



Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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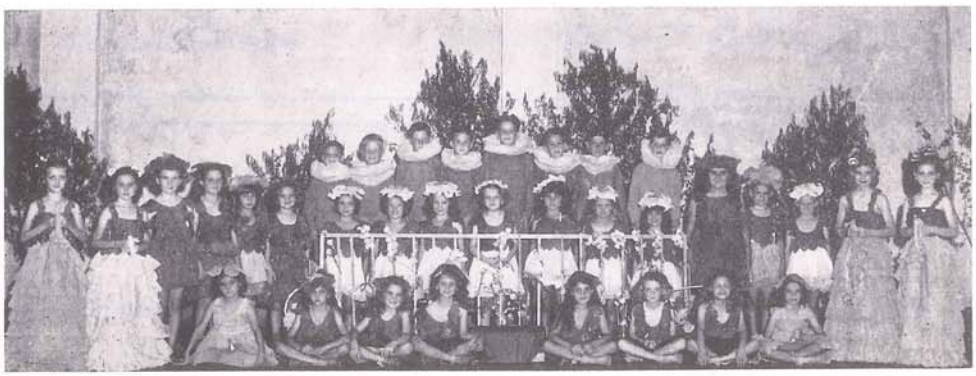
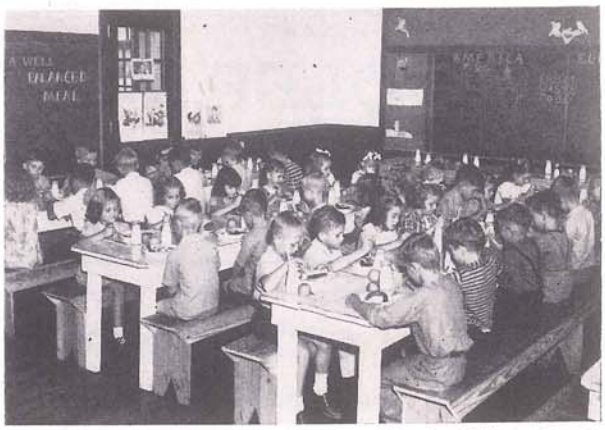


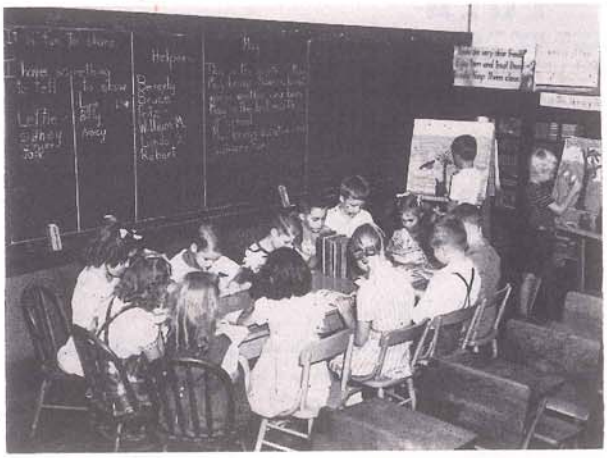
A group of first and second graders of Gretna Elementary School enjoying their lunch. Special effort is made to provide a happy atmosphere while the children are eating. A hot lunch and milk is served daily by an efficient staff of mothers. Well balanced meals are planned with emphasis on proper nutrition.



Randon Picture Service

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

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

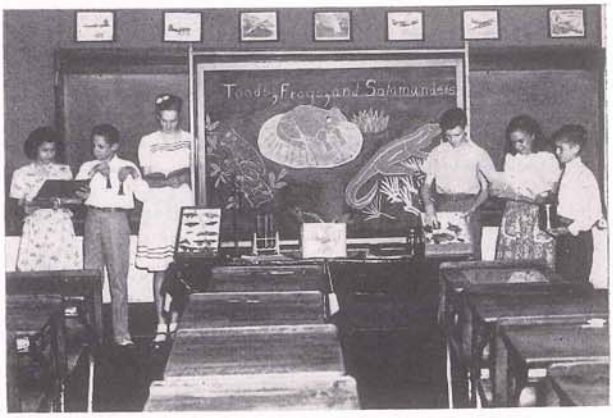


Randon Picture Service

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

Randon Picture Service

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

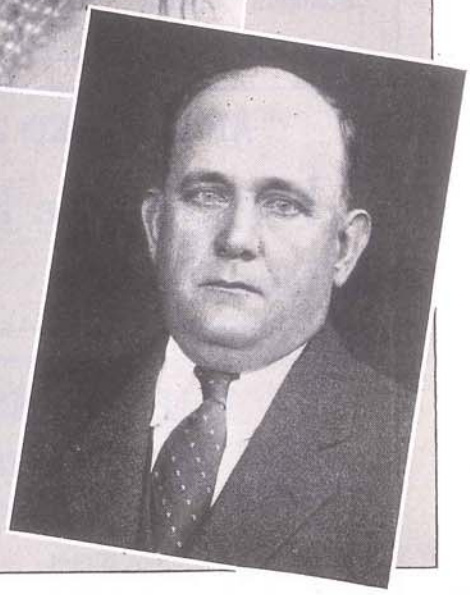


JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Mrs. Julia Reynaud, Office Secretary; Lem W. Higgins, Superintendent of Schools and Secretary-Treasurer; Mrs. A. C. Alexander, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Evett R. Schieffler, Ward 6, Lafitte; A. A. Hanson, Ward 4, Westwego; Abel Zerinque, Ward 5, Waggaman; Julius F. Hotard, Vice-President, Ward 2, Gretna; and Dave Dabria, Ward 4, Marrero.

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

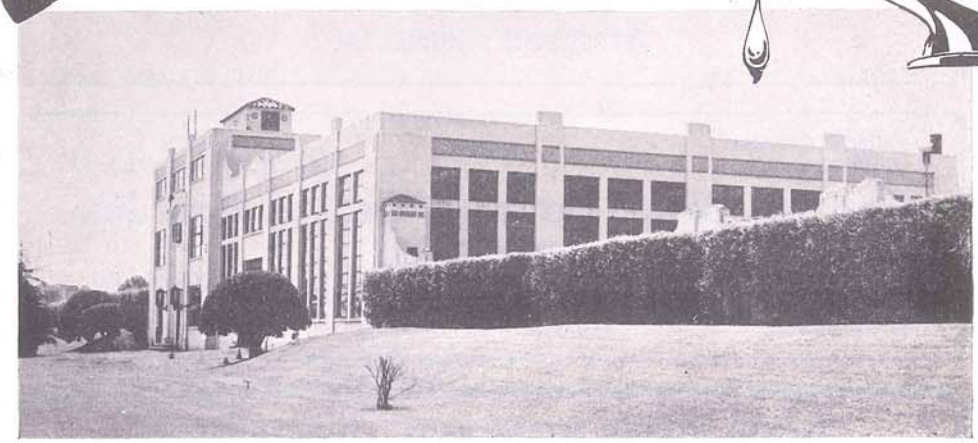
Randon Picture Service



SCHOOL BOARD OFFICIALS

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

Slave in a Spigot



Random Picture Service

By J. W. HODGSON, SR.

President and General Manager
EAST JEFFERSON WATER WORKS DISTRICT NUMBER ONE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

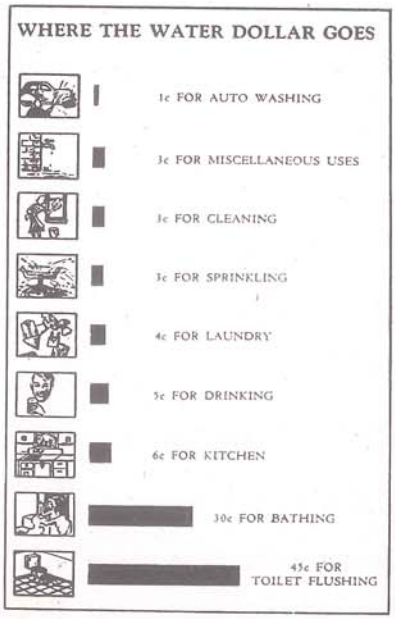
COMMISSIONERS OF EAST JEFFERSON WATERWORKS DISTRICT No. 1

Seated, left to right: Blaise Camel, Commissioner; Eugene J. Bender, Commissioner; Chas. A. Boutall, Vice-President; Paul D'Gerolamo, Commissioner and Purchasing Agent; and John W. Hodgson, President and General Manager. Standing, left to right: Oscar Gaudet, Plant Engineer; William Wolf, Maintenance Superintendent; E. George Lorio, Treasurer; John A. Meunier, Attorney; A. Balogna, Chemist; and Frank V. Draube, Secretary.

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

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

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



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

Randon Picture Service

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

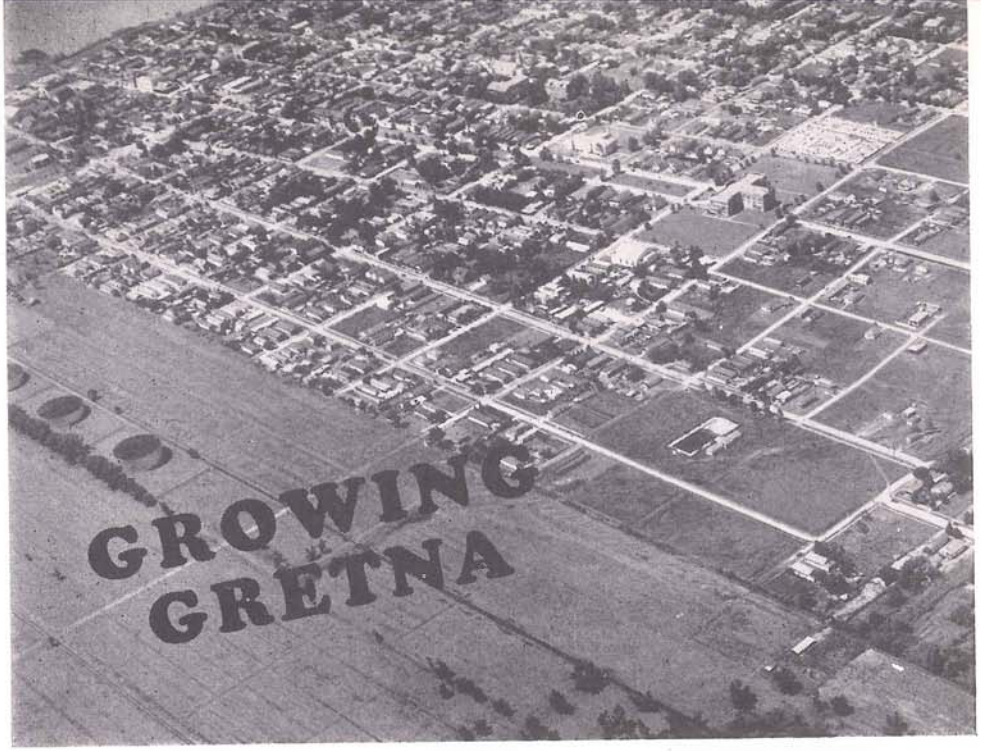
East Jefferson Waterworks District No. 1 operates entirely on income from the sale of water — no maintenance tax. With the exception of the city of New Orleans, we have the lowest water rate in the State of Louisiana.

Personnel and Information

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

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

The office of the East Jefferson Waterworks District Number One is located at Jefferson Highway and Arnoult Road with office hours: Monday through Friday, 8 A. M. to 4:30 P. M.; Saturday, 8 A. M. to 12:00 noon. Telephone: Office, CEdar 2000; Purchasing Department, CEdar 2751; Plant, CEdar 2539; Manager's office, CEdar 3637.



Randon Picture Service

THE CAPITAL OF JEFFERSON PARISH

By Dr. Charles F. Gelbke, Mayor

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

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

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

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

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

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

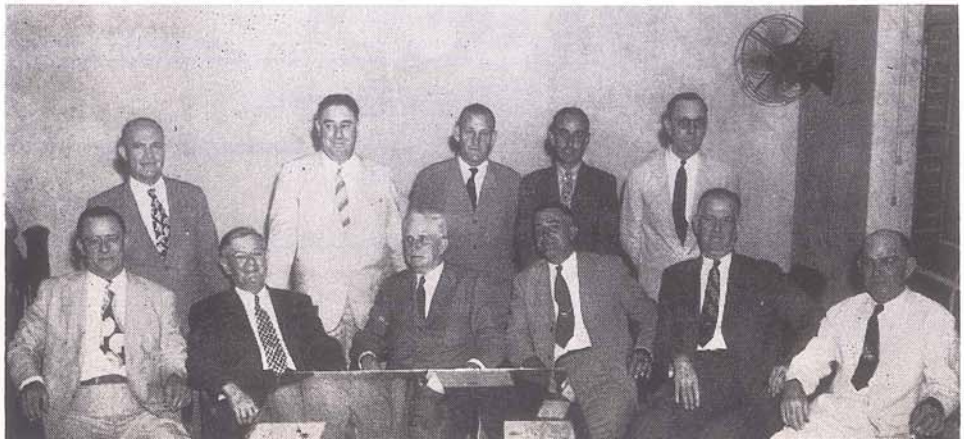
As a community, Gretna's citizens are representative of men and women all over the land. They are civic-minded, friendly people who take a keen interest in the development and welfare of their community. We have fine schools, good water, churches of all denominations, modern fire department, up-to-date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

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

OFFICIALS OF THE CITY OF GRETNA

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

Leon Trice Picture Service



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

Courtesy Moisant International Airport

KENNER TAKES TO THE AIR

By Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler, Mayor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

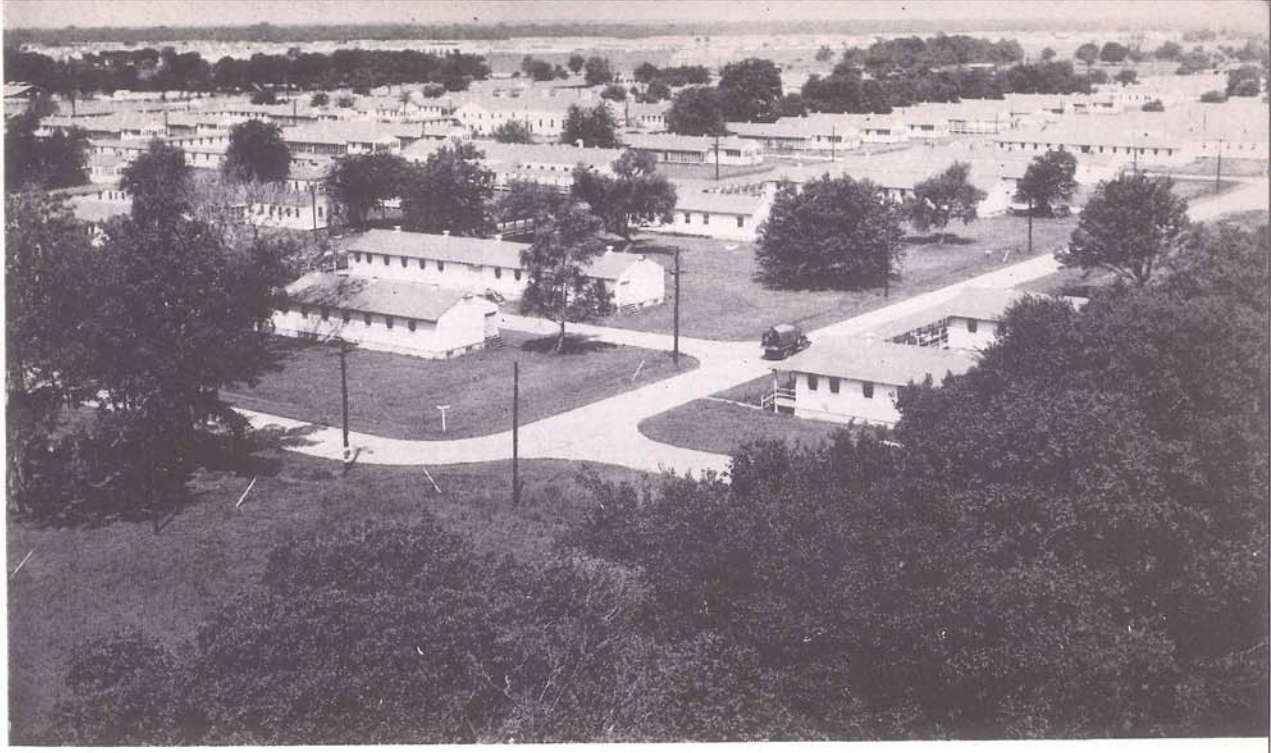
We're dedicating ourselves to sustaining and cherishing the ideals of the American way of life which we believe are typically expressed by the people who live and work in harmony for the postwar prosperity of our community.

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

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF KENNER

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

Randon Picture Service



Randon Picture Service

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

HARAHAN

VILLAGE WITH A FUTURE

By Frank H. Mayo, Mayor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OFFICIALS OF THE VILLAGE OF HARAHAN

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

Randon Picture Service

Randon Picture Service

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

WESTWEGO

By R. J. Duplantis, Mayor

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

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

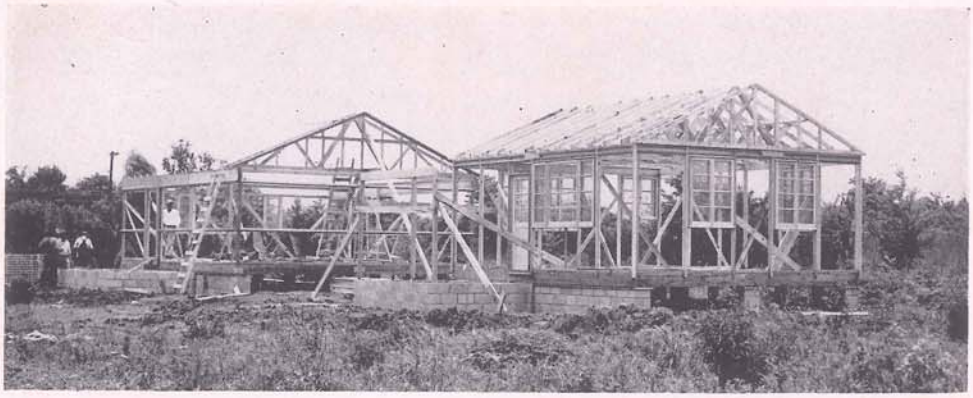
Close on the heels of the first settlers, came manufacturing companies and seafood packers. New business brought new jobs. And new jobs brought more and more people to Westwego.

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

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

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

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



Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

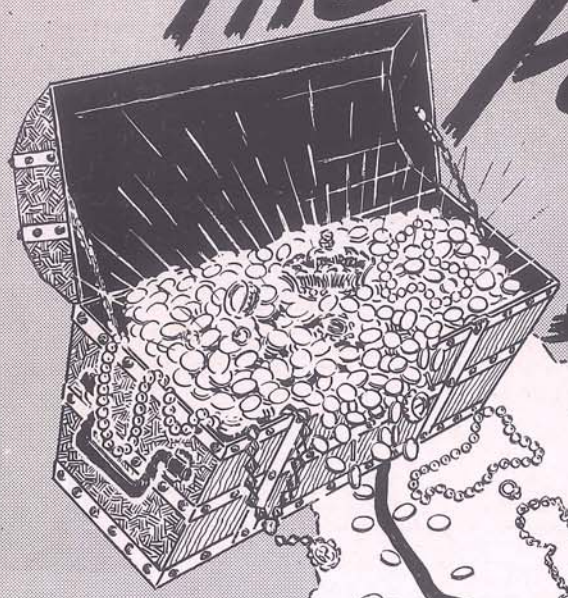
To those who would build a home—or establish a business, we say it's West We Go!

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF WESTWEGO

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

Randon Picture Service

The Parish of Buried Treasure



PLAQUEMINES

Narrated by

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

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

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

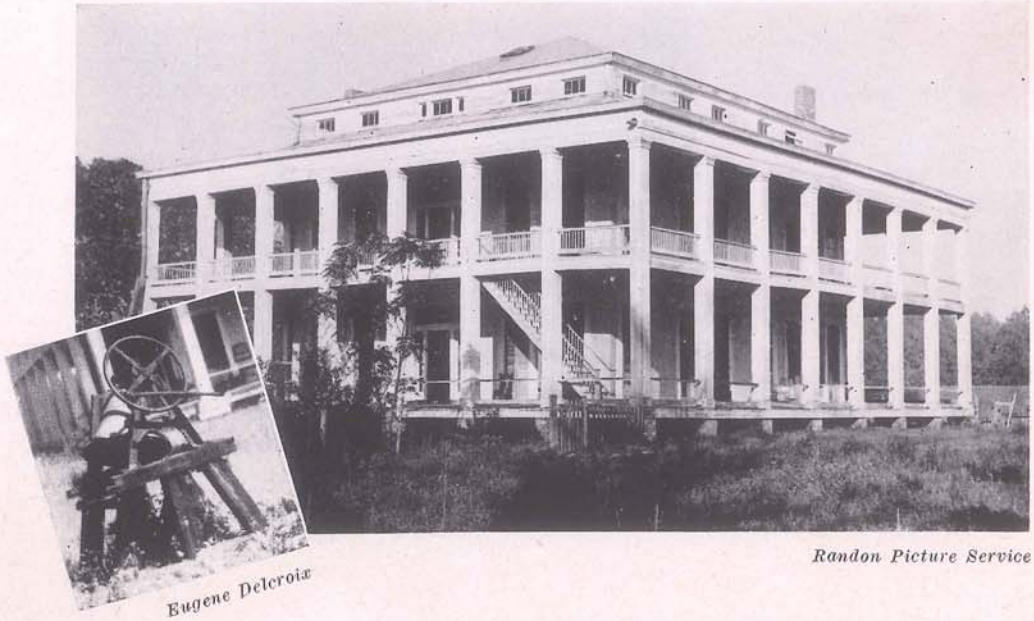
The last hundred miles of his race to the sea, that stretch of rich country on both sides of the river from just below New Orleans to the jetties in the Gulf, is known officially as Plaquemines Parish of Louisiana. But, it could very appropriately be called The Parish of Buried Treasure. Because—although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

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

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

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

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



Eugene Delcroix

Randon Picture Service

Randon Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

Random Picture Service

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

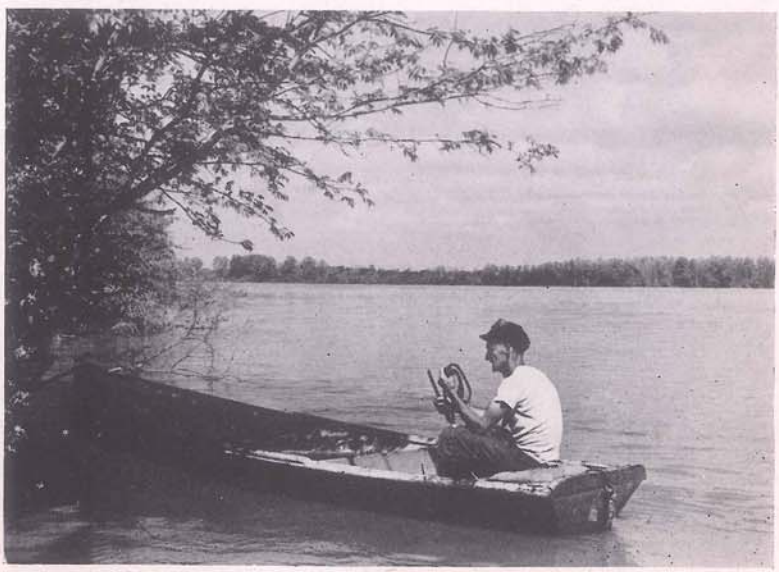
Below Venice, Plaquemines is not for the casual traveler. This is hunting ground — and trapping ground — and oil fields — and oyster beds — and shrimp territory — and Pilot Town, where the bar pilots, who guide the big ships in through the passes, turn them over to the river pilots who take them safely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

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

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

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

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



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

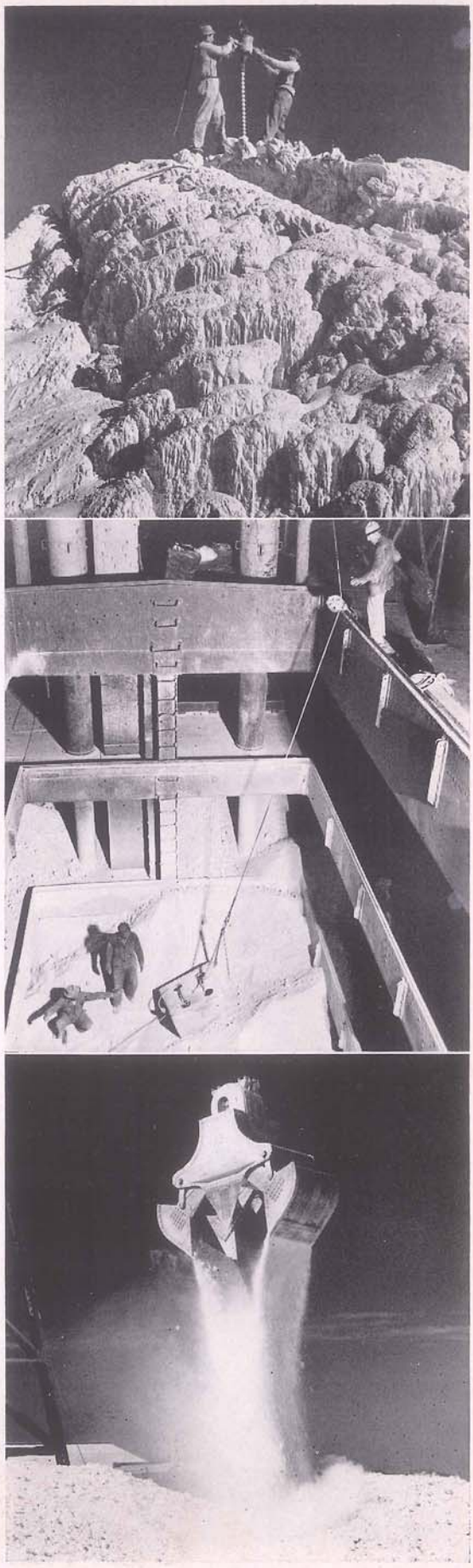
Here, also, at Belle Chasse, you will see the loading operation of one of the most unique ocean-going vessels in existence—the "S. S. Seatrain New Orleans."

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

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

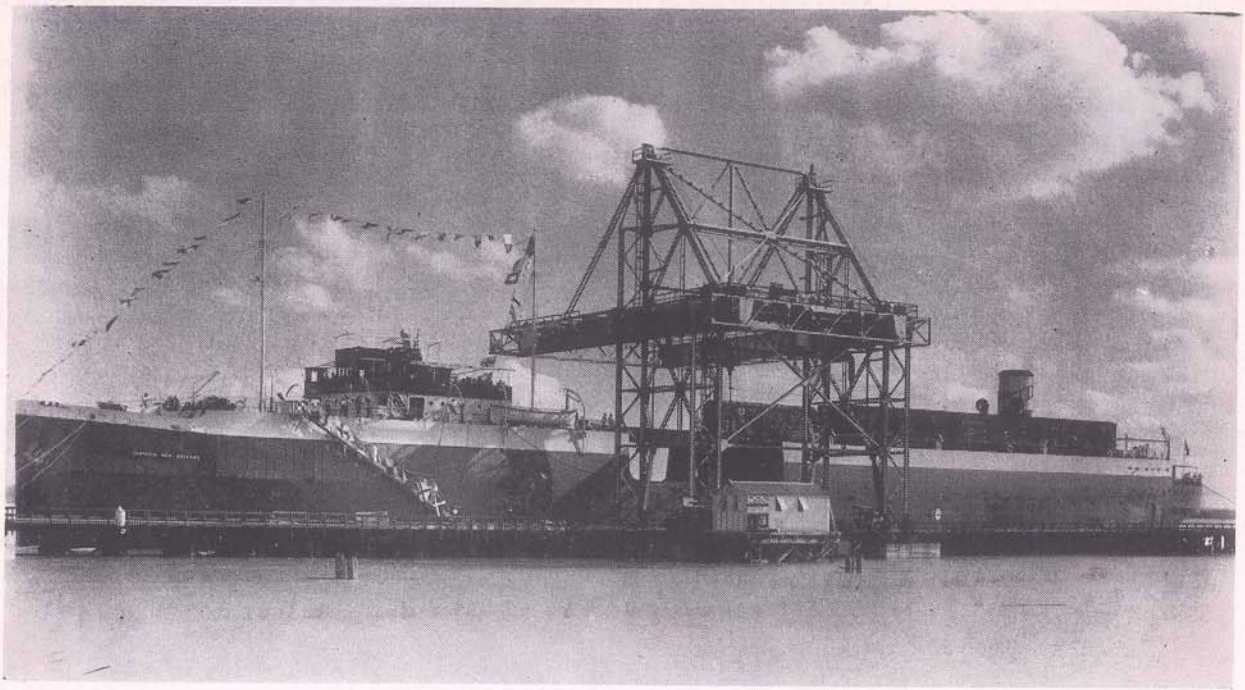
This seatrain system originated at Plaquemines Parish, although, as is obvious, its use has spread to other ports of the U. S. It is interesting to know that when the war started the Seatrains were the fastest freighters afloat—and, it is no longer secret information, that when taken over by the government,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

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



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

Courtesy Freeport Sulphur Company



Courtesy Seatrain, Inc.

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

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

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

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

PLAQUEMINES PARISH POLICE JURY—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

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

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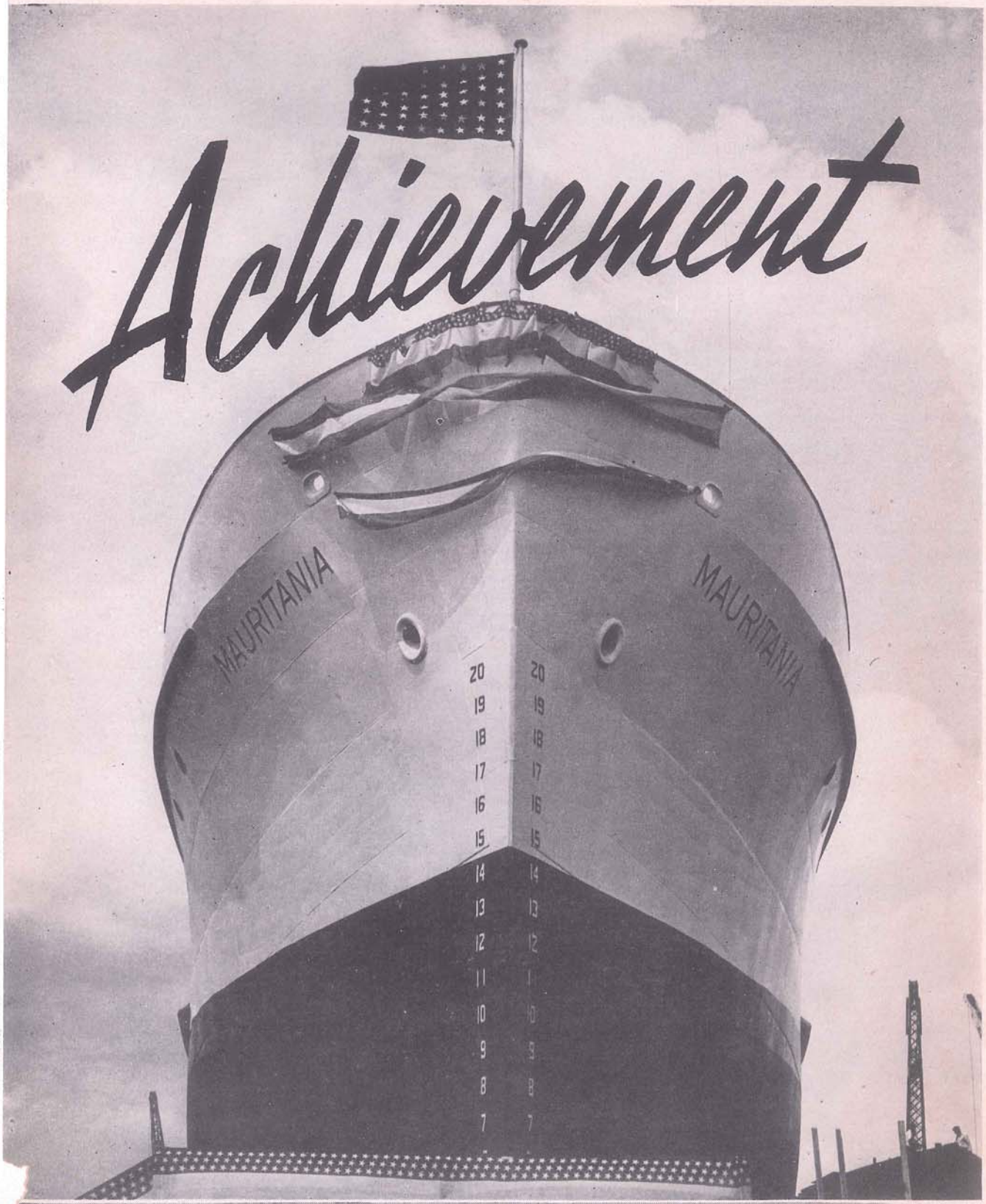

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