Randon slipped and skidded and maneuvered to get pictures of the action. I tried to memorize every motion and was fascinated at the nonchalant smoothness with which the whole operation was handled. It looked so damned easy—but I couldn't let go of the rope I was clutching, while Captain Guidry and his crew stepped around as calmly and surefootedly as if the ALAMO were not rolling and pitching.

All over the deck the net disgorges its bewildering contents—a pile of squirming, slithering, marine life of all sizes, shapes and colors. And now, after the net has been lowered again, the hard work of the day begins. All those hundreds of fish, crabs, sting rays, squid, bloaters, and dozens of varieties of strange sea creatures which only a biologist could identify, must be separated from the shrimp.

No mechanical or scientific genius, since shrimping began in Europe centuries ago, has ever been able to devise any other method for doing this job—except the joint-cramping, back-breaking work of getting down on deck and hand parting the whole netload, sweeping through the scuppers the discarded gelatinous mess of mud and squirming sea life, and tossing one by one into metal bushel baskets the King of the Cocktail—at about 2 cents a toss.

Then follows the cleaning up process. The washing of the shrimp, the washing of the deck, and the icing down of the catch in the hold—a layer of ice and then a layer of shrimp and then another layer of ice.

All day long, if the shrimp are running, this routine is repeated. And sometimes, if the run is exceptionally heavy, the boats keep trawling into the night. But, normally, a little after sundown finds them back at dock—tired and weary and ready for their bunks at an hour when you and I are about preparing to go out for the evening.

Sometimes after each trip, sometimes after several trips the shrimp are unloaded from the hold by Cheramie's men, weighed, and transported by truck to the shrimp packing plants. And days, weeks or months later, a half dozen of the shrimp such as Randon and I helped sort on that exciting January 7, will smugly appear at a dinner party in Chicago or Boston or Duluth—and some lady will daintily pick up the Cocktail King on the special fork provided for the purpose—munch his distinctive goodness—exclaim how delicious the shrimp are this season—and not have the slightest idea that such likable fellows exist as Captain Guidry, Cherol and Emil.

This should be the end of the story. Normally it would be. Normally we would have watched the sun go down as the ALAMO glided home through the Pass into the sanctuary of Bayou Rigaud for the night—and a little later we would have shaken hands with our three new friends and Randon and I would have headed back for New Orleans to work on our negatives and notes.

But—Fate seemed to feel that day that we should thoroughly understand that this business of shrimping is not only profitable, but also very exciting and dangerous. The grinning angel that pulls the strings on the daily lives of people, wanted us to realize that it was all not

**These two pictures show the frozen shrimp being shoveled from the hold of the ALAMO and being loaded, after the baskets are weighed, on the packing plant truck. On the basis of the weight at the dock, the ALAMO is paid the prevailing market price for its catch. Most of the work of transferring the shrimp from the ALAMO to the trucks is done by the packing plant men.**

$500 a month. Part of it is storms and accidents and—fog like we ran into when we started home.

Fog so thick that if we could have cut it up in chunks we could have sold them for cement blocks. Fog that enveloped the ALAMO like a sheet thrown over a running man's head. Fog that obliterated sky, lights and the hulls of the other trawlers we knew were also groping their way toward the Pass that separates Grand Isle and the island of Grand Terre and allows boats to slip from the violence of the Gulf into the calm of Barataria Bay.

This Pass is deep—but narrow. In this fog it would be so easy to miss it by 100 feet and run aground and be smashed by the surf—so, Captain Guidry decided to anchor outside and wait until the fog lifted.

Cherol merely grinned and whipped up a supper of fried fish—some of the speckled trout we had picked out of the net a few hours before—prefaced with some delicious soup and supplemented by strong, hot fog-defying coffee.

And then with the boat steadily rolling at anchor, made sleepy by the good food and our day's hard labors, we gratefully accepted the crew's offer to share their bedclothes and bunks with us—and went snoringly to sleep. All except Captain Guidry who was up at periodic intervals checking on the fog and on his boat. Once, we sleepily heard him summon Cherol and Emil. The anchor had slipped. But fog or no fog, we passengers slept the whole night through and woke up the next morning with the smell of Cherol's coffee in our nostrils.

The fog was still with us. We could see the hulls of other boats blurred around us. But slowly and carefully with the aid of daylight we again began to pick our way. There were now several other trawlers grouped around, all hunting the Pass. Finally, one of the boats up ahead signalled that they had located it—and we all fell in line.

It looked so easy. Why couldn't we have done that the night before? But as Grand Terre loomed on our right and Grand Isle's surf came into view on our left we saw one of the boats which HAD TRIED IT (the DLV) grounded on the beach—and later, when we docked, we learned that No. 36 of the General Seafood's 40 Fathom fleet had smashed up off Grand Terre. Fortunately, the crew had been taken off by another boat.

It was about 10 AM when we set our feet on solid ground again—although by this time we felt like veteran shrimpers and seamen from a long line of sea-faring people. Nevertheless, Cherol still watched me with a grin as I picked my way from boat deck to boat deck to dry land.

**To give you an idea of the many and varied forms of marine life that come up in the net, here are just a few of the more unique and colorful specimens which Randon and I salvaged from one net load so we could make this picture. Shown here are bonnet head shark, blue crab, common sea shrimp (or white shrimp) Spanish mackerel, batfish, king shrimp, stone crab, starfish, flounder, sea robin, channel bass, calico crab, moonfish, the lookdown fish, porcupine fish and spade fish.**

This is the Harvey Canal, showing the new and increasing industrial and oil field supply development on its banks, and the locks that connect it with the Mississippi River.

On both sides of the canal (upper right hand) is the town of Harvey, behind which, on the right, we wish to call your attention to the groups of low-rent houses for Harvey workers mentioned in the story.

*Editor's Introduction*—On Easter Sunday, the New Orleans Times-Picayune announced, with admirably restrained pride, that Louisiana had nosed out Oklahoma as the nation's third largest oil producer, with Texas and California still holding first and second place, respectively.

In 1945, the Sooner State had led Louisiana by 7,500,000 barrels. BUT—in 1946—the Pelican State not only overcame this handicap but exceeded Oklahoma's production by more than 8 million barrels.

No town in Louisiana was more delighted—and less surprised—than Harvey on the West Bank of the Mississippi River in Jefferson Parish, located on both sides of the Harvey Canal Locks right where the western section of the Intracoastal Canal system makes its terminus with New Orleans.

For the last thirteen years this little but aggressive town has been preparing for its destined role as the oil well supply center of the state. And so well has it done its job that it can already be called "The Houston of Louisiana."

In previous issues of the REVIEW, we have told you many amazing stories of this community of Harvey and its historic Canal: back to within a few years of the founding of New Orleans, when the site of this town was the huge d'Estrehan plantation; when Jean Baptiste d'Estrehan de Tour, in 1724, dug the original ditch with slave labor to drain his extensive holdings; back in 1737 when it was enlarged to a full sized canal, and the German settlers who laboriously widened and deepened it with wooden shovels received as pay, plots of land in what is now Gretna; back when the Harvey blood merged with the d'Estrehan and Captain Joseph Harvey changed the name of the community from "Cosmopolite City" to Harvey; back through the annals of the Harveys until Joseph's son, Horace Hale Harvey, saw his dream realized, in 1888, when the government finally approved the Gulf Intracoastal Canal which today extends from Florida to Texas and of which the Harvey Canal became a part.

It was in that important year of 1888 that another family came to Harvey—the Rathbornes—and, it is from data furnished by J. C. Rathborne, present head and third generation of that family, that this story has been prepared.

The following account of exciting, energetic Harvey—the town that always has seemed to be just a little ahead of each period of change—begins, therefore, in 1888 when the Rathborne family came here to settle, and brings you up to the present moment, with special emphasis on the last thirteen years when "Harvey's" oil era began.

# HARVEY

## *The Houston of Louisiana*

### *By RAY M. THOMPSON*

THERE are a few left who can remember 1888. It was an election year and filled with problems. Benjamin Harrison was campaigning against President Cleveland amid rumors of an impending European war. To make matters worse President Cleveland's wife created a national furor, by appearing in public without a bustle. There was the old familiar chant of exorbitant taxes and the financial world was worried about the health of Jay Gould.

But down in Louisiana, especially in Harvey, there was jubilation over the news that Congress had finally authorized the construction of the inland waterway along the Gulf Coast, five feet deep and forty feet wide.

Up in Chicago, a lumber yard owner by the name of Joseph Rathborne read this same bit of news—perhaps not with jubilation, but definitely with great interest and pleasure. It was the deciding factor in a move he had been turning over in his mind for some time. He would leave Chicago, settle in Louisiana at this town of Harvey, where a part of this proposed canal already connected with the Mississippi, and start a cypress logging and lumber business.

Joseph was one of five sons of a well-to-do family in Ireland. The Rathbornes were land owners and the operators of a flour mill, all of which offered a secure future but not much excitement. Joseph became discontented and decided, in the early 70's, to visit the United States. His excuse was a distant cousin in Chicago. But his real reason was to test his wings. He was then only 25, a young man very restless and ambitious.

He arrived at the Windy City with only $40 in his pocket, but was not the least disconcerted when the cousinly welcome was far from warm. This gave him justi-

**This is Refuge Plantation, the Rathborne family home, facing the Mississippi River at Harvey, Louisiana.**

Air View on Page 6, in "Lucky Thirteen" article, was taken on Sunday, May 4th, 1947.

fication to hunt a job, so down the streets he strolled, whistling happily. Finally he saw a sign "man wanted" on the fence of a lumberyard, and the owner, so proclaimed another sign, was named Kelly. This indeed was the luck of the Irish. Buttoning his coat to conceal his pumping heart he applied with all his blarney and charm. Sure, and Kelly gave him a job piling lumber, and that night he wrote home that he was staying in America.

Eighteen years later he had worked himself up to the ownership of the yard, for Kelly, his first and only employer, was dead. But Joseph was still comparatively young—only 43—still restless and still ambitious.

It was about this time that he became interested in cypress, the "wood everlasting." He learned that the demand for it was increasing and that it brought a high price because of its resistance to weather and water. He also learned that there were tremendous stands of it in the swamps of Louisiana—thousands of great trees hundreds of years old, often 130 feet high and six feet in diameter—and that cypress timberland in Louisiana could be secured easily. So, when he read of the proposed inland waterway and the Harvey Canal that already existed, connecting this cypress swamp land with the Mississippi River, he realized that many of his problems of logging and marketing were solved. The Rathborne family very shortly afterward, moved bag and baggage to Harvey, Louisiana.

Harvey, in 1888, beyond the banks of the canal and the levee of the river, was uninhabited swamp. The Louisiana Cypress Lumber Company, established by Joseph Rathborne one year later, and occupying the same site as the Rathborne Land Company and Lumber Yard today, was Harvey's first major industry.

For 38 years the cypress giants of Jefferson, Lafourche, St. John the Baptist and St. James parishes were fed to the Harvey Mill. And for 38 years this mill cut day and night on two ten-hour shifts, averaging 40,000 board feet a shift.

Crews went into the swamps and deadened the trees. Six months later these trees were felled and logged to the mill. High water was used when there was high water, but mostly canals were dug to the operation and stern-wheelers pulled out huge tows, running 2500 cypress logs to the tow, from distances as great as 80 miles from the mill.

From this Harvey Mill went the fine lumber for the durable cypress hulls of which Gulf boat owners are so proud. From this mill originated the cypress to build the thousands of water tanks, so necessary to rural and small town dwellers in Louisiana. From all parts of the U. S. came orders for this famous Louisi-

**Symbolic of Harvey's growing claim to the title "The Houston of Louisiana" is this oil field supply warehouse and office, one of the many that line both sides of Harvey Canal and the highway at Harvey.**

and red cypress lumber for shingles, well-curbing, posts, poles, crossties, shipbuilding and interior and exterior trim of buildings—wherever wood must wage perpetual warfare with water, weather and the soil.

But, by 1923, when Joseph Rathborne died at the patriarchal age of 78, the cypress logging operation around Harvey was almost exhausted. And three years later the Louisiana Cypress Mill at Harvey closed after nearly half a century of continuous operation, although the Rathbornes continued logging and cutting operations at their Ponchatoula mill which had been opened in 1919.

After 1926, the town of Harvey went through a period of transition. The ten years following were the overlapping of one era with another. As the song of the saws receded in the cypress swamps, a new sound gradually grew louder—the clank of oil derricks. And, when J. C. Rathborne, the grandson of Joseph, returned to Louisiana in 1938 from a career of banking and business up East to take charge of the Rathborne affairs, two events had recently occurred that could mean great things for Harvey if it were alert enough and quick enough to grasp its main chance: one was that the oil drilling crews were coming into Louisiana in increasing numbers, and the other that the Harvey Canal had just been completed as part of the new wider and deeper 9' x 100' Intracoastal Canal. Put these two together—the Canal and Oil! The combination spelled Opportunity for Harvey sitting astride this new barge-size waterway that linked the oil fields of Louisiana with Texas and New Orleans and the world!

The community proved to be wide awake and alert. As soon as the Harvey link of the Intracoastal Canal was finished and dedicated, aggressive Harvey business men, headed by C. O. Hooper of Intracoastal Terminal Company, early in 1936 plunged into what has been their driving obsession for the last eleven years—to help Harvey fulfill its destiny as the oil field supply center of Louisiana.

**The warehousing and servicing of supplies for the Louisiana oil fields is a rapidly growing business in Harvey. Here is shown the efficient manner in which time and labor saving equipment is used to handle such material at the Rathborne Lumber and Supply Company at Harvey.**

Emissaries from Harvey went to Texas and urged the oil well supply people to establish warehouses along the Canal. Jobbers and concerns allied to the oil industry were presented with the facts and the future possibilities of Harvey's strategic location. In the meantime, on land made available by the Harvey estate along the canal, a road from the main highway and railway switching facilities were built to give incentive to the invited concerns.

The first new firm to come was Charles Perrin with a trucking operation; second was A. G. Thomas, clam shells and barges for sale or rent; third was the Oil Well Supply Company, a subsidiary of the U. S. Steel; fourth was the American Iron and Machine Works; fifth, the National Supply Company; and sixth, Halliburton; and on and on.

In 1940 the Rathbornes opened a planing mill and oil field supply yard on the original site of the cypress mill. By 1942, along a strip of the Harvey Canal not more than a mile and a half long, twenty-nine new firms had bought property and located.

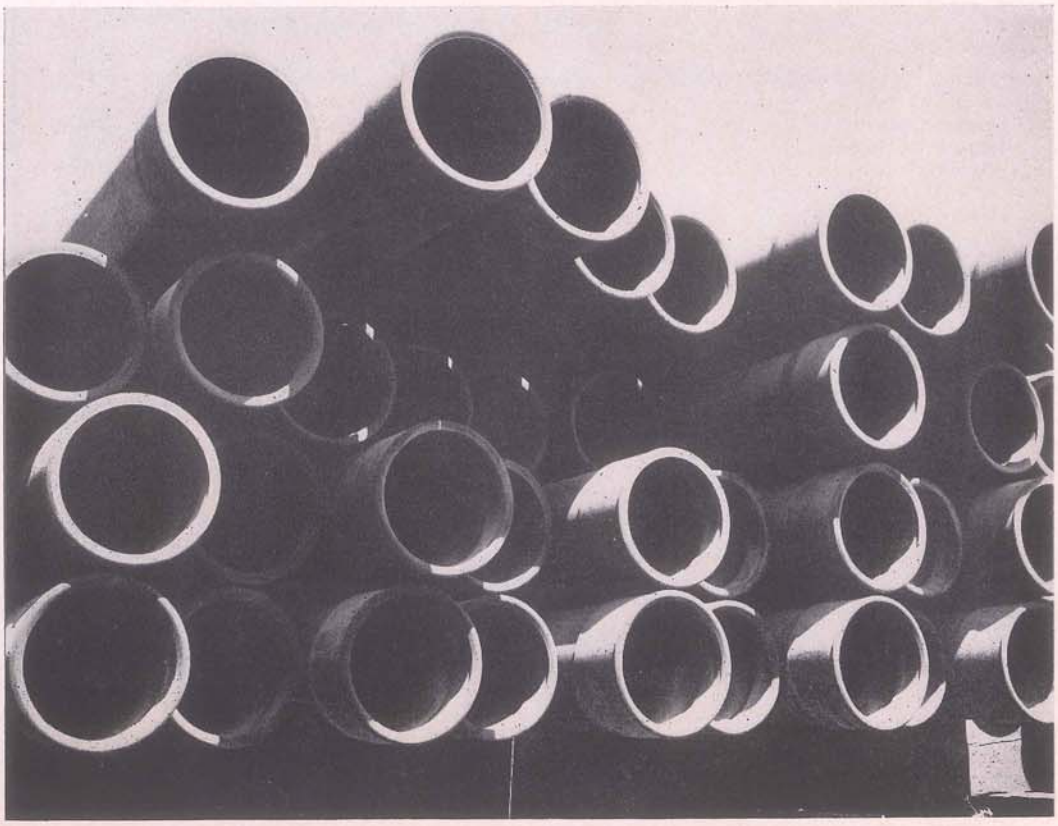
During the tough years of the war many of Harveys hardest workers, including Major Rathborne, were required overseas to help finish another job. But when they returned with peace, these men plunged again into their interrupted plan of putting Harvey on the oil business map—and the last two years reveals an amazing record of achievement.

Today—there are 49 concerns with either plants, warehouses or stockyards at Harvey (the list follows this article). And, after his return from overseas, Major Rathborne opened a new phase of Harvey's development — preparing the town to house and serve its industries and their workers. Harvey now has its own modern, community shopping center, including a new postoffice, grouped in and around the new Rathborne Building in which, alert to the health of the community, are already located a doctor, a dentist and an x-ray unit.

One group of fifty low-rent 4, 5 and 6 room homes for the employees of the concerns located at Harvey has already been built and occupied—and another unit of 50 houses will soon be constructed.

Trade names familiar to the oil industry thickly dot both sides of the Harvey Canal for nearly two miles. Boats and barges line the banks. Trucks roll all day long along the roads bordering the Canal and crossing it. Automobiles form a con-

**Six different stockyards of oil well pipe such as this are located on the Harvey Canal —a definite indication that here is centering the oil well supply industry of Louisiana.**



## ST. BERNARD'S OFFERINGS

WILL LEAD YOU TO AN INVESTOR'S PARADISE

INDUSTRIAL SITES — FARM LANDS — HOME SITES

| | |
|---|---|
| President Police Jury | Thomas W. Serpas, Arabi |
| Parish Treasurer | Philip C. Rowley, Arabi |
| Secretary | D. S. Harris, Arabi |

JURY MEMBERS

| | |
|---|---|
| Ward 1—Mrs. Rosa Roy Cortes | Arabi |
| Ward 2—T. W. Serpas | Arabi |
| Ward 3—Valentine Riess | Chalmette |
| Ward 4—Charles Mumphrey | Meraux |
| Ward 5—Celestine Melerine | Violet |
| Ward 6—Sidney Torris | St. Bernard |
| Ward 7—Anthony Molero | St. Bernard |
| Regular Meeting Date | First Tuesday in Each Month |

| | |
|---|---|
| Sheriff | C. F. Rowley, Arabi |
| Clerk of Court | Anthony B. Nunez, Violet |
| District Attorney | Leander H. Perez, Dalcour |
| Assistant Attorney | Bruce Nunez, Arabi |
| District Judge | Albert Estopinal, Jr., Poydras |
| Assessor | Paul Trebucq, Arabi |
| Coroner | Dr. Felix Planche, Arabi |
| President School Board | Irvin J. G. Janssen, Arabi |
| Superintendent Schools | L. G. Gauthier, Arabi |
| State Senator | L. H. Folse, Arabi |
| Representative | J. Claude Mereaux, Mereaux |

stant semi-circle around the community center.

Harvey has all the growing pains of a boom town. But, it is not a boom that will burst. Harvey's future has been planned not around a temporary surge of activity but around the solid, growing oil industry, around the liquid transportation arteries of river and canal that are indispensable to it, and around the expanding industrial life of Greater New Orleans that is moving inexorably westward toward Jefferson Parish of which the Harvey Canal is the pulsing heart.

### *Firms Now Located on Harvey Canal*

Hughes and Gay—Oil field service.

Majors Tool Company—Oil field service.

Hunt Tool Company—Oil field equipment, repairing service.

Bethlehem Supply Company—Oil field equipment and supplies.

Jones & Laughlin Supply Company—Oil field equipment.

Jack De Fee—Oil well supplies.

Young-Elkins Machine & Supply Company—Oil field equipment, repairing.

The National Supply Company—Oil well supplies.

Baker Oil Tools, Inc.—Oil well supplies.

Houston Oil Field Materials Co., Inc.—Oil well supplies and service.

Rathborne Lumber & Supply Co., Inc.—Oil well supplies and building materials.

Joseph Rathborne Land Company, Inc.—Industrial and home sites on and near Canal.

Halliburton Oil Well Cementing Company—Oil well service.

Halliburton Oil Well Cementing Company Marine Department—Bulk cement plant.

Humble Oil & Refining Company—Oil producers.

Terminal Mud & Chemical Company—Oil well drilling mud and chemicals.

Harvey Mud Company—Oil well drilling mud.

Wilson Supply Company—Oil well supplies and services.

Coastal Engineering Corporation—Oil well supplies.

The California Company—Oil producers.

Noble Drilling Company—Oil drilling contractor.

Tide Water Associated Oil Company—Oil producers.

C. P. Boston—General contractor.

Ike Haggard Machine Works—Repairing machinery and reconstructing pipe.

Jim Tatum Trucking Service—General trucking service.

Tom Hicks Transfer Company—General trucking service.

Hake Galvanizing Works—General galvanizing.

River Terminals Corporation — Barge line operator.

A. G. Thomas—Towing, barging, dredging, derricks and clam shells.

Harvey Lumber & Supply Company, Inc.—Oil field supplies and building materials.

Gulf Refining Company—Oil producers.

Harry Allsman—General marine contractor.

Intracoastal Terminal — Warehousing and storing of oil well pipe and other supplies.

Pipe Line Service Corporation—Doping and wrapping of oil well pipe.

Loraco Oil Company, Inc.—Distributor, The California Company products.

Oil Well Supply Company—Oil well supplies.

Standard Supply & Hardware Company, Inc.—Oil well supplies.

A. S. Kennington—Distributor, The Texas Company products.

Mayronne Lumber & Supply Co., Inc.—Oil well drilling mud distributor.

The Texas Company—Oil producers.

J. Ray McDermott & Company, Inc.—Oil drilling contractor and general heavy marine contractor.

Southern Shell Fish Company—Canners of shrimp, crabmeat, oysters and vegetables.

Charles E. Spahr—Distributor of Pan-Am Petroleum products.

West Side Oil Company—Distributor of Standard Oil Company of N. J. products.

Wilkinson Veneer Company—Manufacturers of veneer lumber.

Thomas H. Mullen—Distributor, Gulf Refining Company products.

Avondale Marine Ways, Inc.—Builders and repairers of steel boats and barges.

Harvey Canal Shipyard & Machine Shop—General rebuilding of every type of watercraft.

Freeport Sulphur Company—Pipe storage yard.

# GREAT AND COURAGEOUS PLANNING continued from page 53

sissippi river, and other bridges in the future will strengthen that connection. Economically speaking, the west-bank seaway would be as much a part of New Orleans as the cotton warehouse; every dollar of its payroll would ring up new sales on the cash register of New Orleans.

New Orleans missed its chance with the Industrial Canal. Its lack of foresight a quarter of a century ago raised up a large and increasing port competition. If it misses the boat now, I do not believe there will be another chance.

The engineers' recognition that this port has outgrown the Mississippi river, that it needs a seaway to do the foreign-trade job for the Valley, opens new history; just as the federal government recognition of its duty to keep the mouth of the river open, in 1836, did; just as the federal government recognition of its responsibility for flood-control of the Mississippi river a few years ago did. Now it is up to New Orleans.

Will it recognize the economic importance of Jefferson, or will it insist on building a more expensive seaway in a less advantageous location?

From an engineering standpoint, this port has won the seaway battle. United States engineers know the seaway is necessary; federal responsibility for its construction has been invoked. But the decision will lie in the appropriations committee of the House of Representatives, which is the authority to provide the funds for the development.

Will the Mississippi Valley shippers, will their representatives in Congress feel themselves justified in building a seaway on the east side when they could build a better, a more advantageous one on the west side, for $55,000,000 less?

Shortsighted interests may insist on the east-bank construction, even as they insisted on the Closed Door a quarter of a century ago; but if they do, they will paralyze the development of the port, as they did then, for that $55,000,000 differential, to say nothing of the other advantages in favor of the west side, is going to weigh heavily with the men who will decide how the people's money should be spent. Insistent political influence can only hope to close the road to the objective, which is a seaway.

**Here—back of Grand Isle—will be the Gulf Terminus of the proposed west side short cut to the Sea. Through the naturally deep pass between Cheniere Caminada and Grand Isle will the largest ships of the world enter the shorter and danger-free tidewater canal that will guide them in all types of weather to the Port of New Orleans—by this route a little over 50 miles from the Gulf.**

The now out-dated Alvin Callender Airport at Belle Chasse (also outside the city of New Orleans) is, however, very valuable to the increased air traffic of New Orleans—functioning as a field for cargo and private planes.

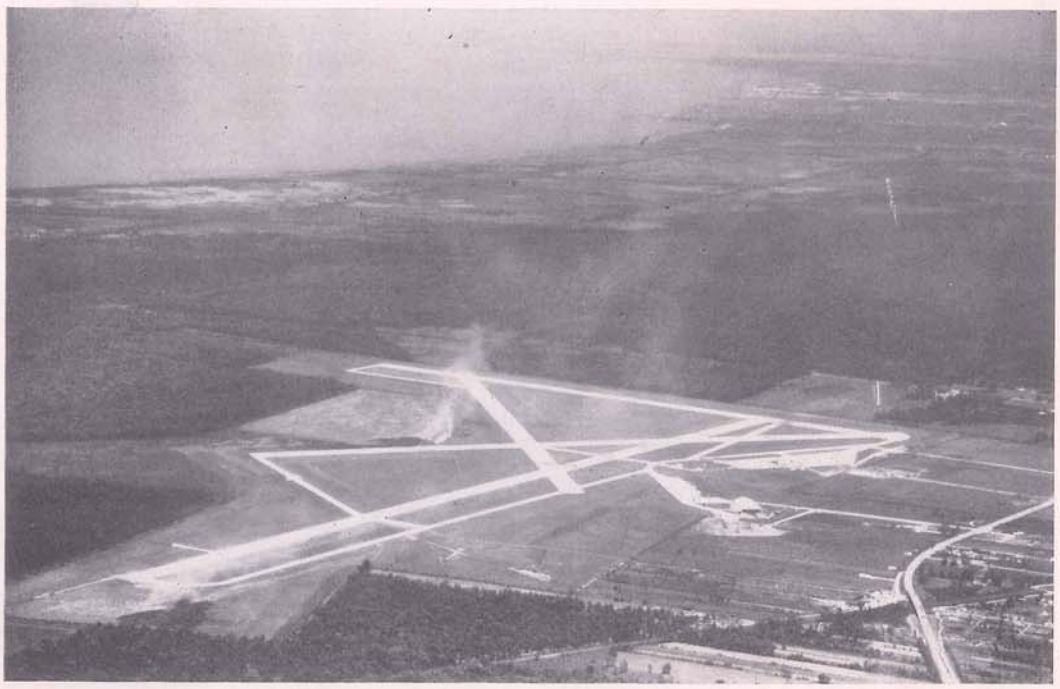
New Orleans today stands face to face with opportunity. A hundred years ago New Orleans and St. Louis were the fastest growing cities in the United States. New Orleans can again be the fastest-growing city, the fastest-growing port.

Europe, whose business built New York, is dormant, economically speaking; no one can say when it will again become active. Latin America is coming alive — it is coming alive faster every day. New Orleans can be the great world-port of the future for Latin America.

New Orleans, if it develops its port possibilities with the west-side seaway, need not fear the St. Lawrence Waterway. With the economies and freedom of operation of the seaway, New Orleans can expect from the St. Lawrence Waterway, not loss of business, but increased business, for that will come from the development of cheap and abundant power, which will create new industrial achievement and the corresponding commercial movement.

New Orleans cannot afford to make a mistake now. The west-side seaway is the door to opportunity.

New Orleans, in its postwar bid for world travel and trade, promoted and constructed Moisant International Airport in Jefferson Parish—the largest commercial airport now in operation in the U. S. To consolidate its position as a World Port, it must do for the ships of the sea what it has done for the ships of the air—give them the economic advantages of the Short Cut To The Sea so they can trade with us and through us profitably.



# The ROAD AHEAD

## By Jan Sebastian

PROSPERITY, for one thing, is just around the bayou where the paving ends at Golden Meadow, but the going's rough, and like the rest of us Prosperity too is impatient with the shell-topped anachronism that is the road to Grand Isle.

While those familiar signs of progress, "Men at Work" and "Road Under Construction," already appear as far down as Leeville, indicating that black-topping is under way to that point, the unpaved surface of State Highway 620 extends another sixteen miles down to Grand Isle . . . proceeding horizontally, that is . . . but for accuracy, one must add the up-and-down motion which indisputedly is far in excess of the forward, or "between-bumps" distance.

Second nature to the Islanders and the business men from up the bayou who make the round trip daily is that singular and efficient method of handling an automobile over the present roadway in a manner which not only allows for greater speed, but also seems to iron out a lot of the bumps. For the newcomer, however, the difficulty with which he navigates that road is second only to his struggle in first encountering an unopened oyster. Those driving to Grand Isle for the first time, unschooled in our peculiar road-covering technique and too lately removed from city streets and smooth interurban highways, (to put it roughly) really take a beating. By the time these same individuals have bounced back to Golden Meadow, they are resolved (1) never to drive over *that* road again, or (2) to take immediate steps to get the highway hard-surfaced.

Naturally, Resolution 1 is out, because just about everyone comes back to Grand Isle; and, for a good many years, the automobile will be their transportation medium. That it may be a happy medium and to carry out Resolution 2, there is a movement now going strong known as "The Grand Isle Booster's Club." Long before this is in print, a representative committee will have had audience with the Governor. It may well be that the success of the Booster's Club in getting action NOW will be such that this, dear reader, you will never see. Sweat and toil notwithstanding, gladly will I trade this scrap of paper for a glimpse of hard-surfacing equipment somewhere *this* side of Leeville.

It would be hard to believe that this improvement will be delayed another season. Relatively, I'm a stranger in these parts and not at all versed in parish administration; but regardless of where the initiating authority lies, the benefit from the hard-surfaced highway to Grand Isle will revert generously to all of the neighboring parishes. Oddly, Grand Isle is in Jefferson Parish, while the road in question lies almost entirely in Lafourche Parish. This bit of road-building gerrymandering, I am told, resulted from the concerted efforts of Lafourche businessmen to get the road routed through Golden Meadow. By the same token, obviously, Lafourche has as large a stake in its improvement on to Grand Isle.

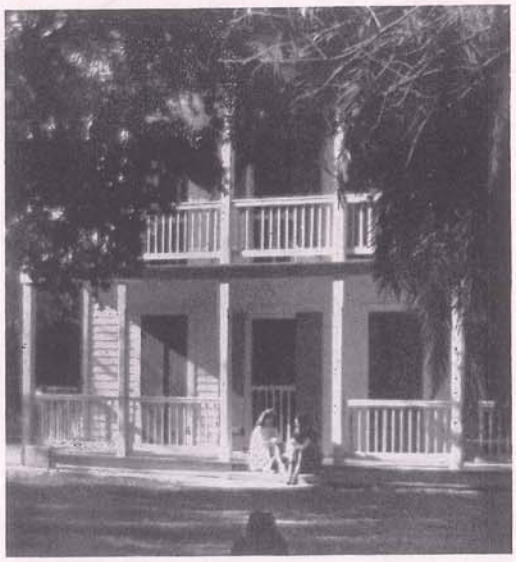
But there can be no controversy over, or isolation of, responsibility. Grand Isle is a parish melting pot. The many, many

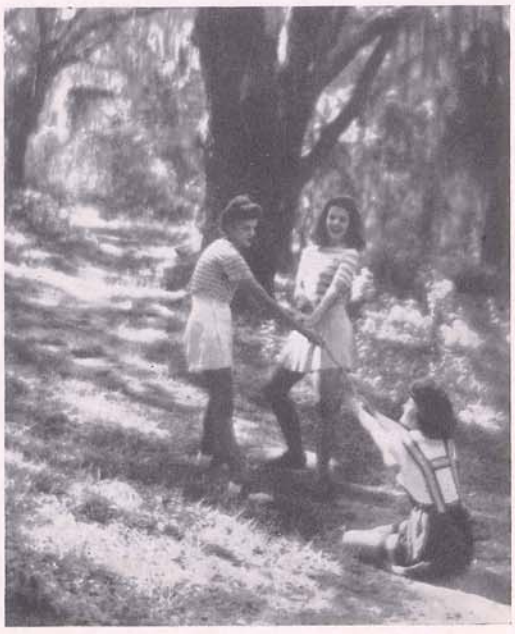
new businesses and summer homes shooting up the length and breadth of the Isle are owned by individuals representing all the towns and parishes for miles around. Growth of the island henceforth will affect Jefferson in revenue from taxation, traffic through Lafourche will mean increased business to all the business men along the famous Bayou main street, and the wealth which will be divided among so many persons from so many parishes will return in good measure to the home parishes as investment capital. Nor will this gain be confined to any small group or individual. Grand Isle has been sub-divided into lots which have been selling so rapidly that improvement now is an immediate interest to permanent residents and non-resident property owners alike. Hence, cooperation among us all will necessarily govern the Isle's well-being. The first thing on the agenda is blacktopping the road!

To understand fully what prosperity will be enjoyed by Grand Isle with the advent of the new road, one should know of the past year's growth IN SPITE of the present road. In December of 1945, having flown down for a morning of unexcelled winter fishing, I remember that my first impression was of an out-of-the-way and somewhat desolate place. A drive on the beach road the full eight and a half miles from tip to tip revealed only a handful of business places and camps, and being a stranger, I knew nothing of that part of the community hidden back in the lanes of oleanders and live oaks.

Three months later, having decided to move to the Isle to cater to sport fishermen (surely ye Editor will not object to giving a fisherman his "plug"), my husband and I loaded all goods, wares, and chattels into our temporary, as yet, trailer home and pulled the whole kaboodle from New Orleans. For company on our first jaunt over the notorious road from Golden Meadow on, we had influenza, darkness, hard rains, cattle ruminating in the center of the road, and, of course, our overloaded trailer on war-weary tires . . . thirty miles of slow torture and regret. Still, it's an ill road that brings nobody good, and to have gone back over that stretch under the circumstances would have required sterner stuff than that of which I'm made. So it happened that we have spent an exciting and gratifying year

Above: is a typical Grand Isle fisherman's home, while below is the architectural interloper which production line civilization always brings to these paradises off-the-beaten path.





Voila! The sun-tanned limbs of youthful island visitors for shape. But the moss draped limbs of the Island's own patriarch oaks for shade!

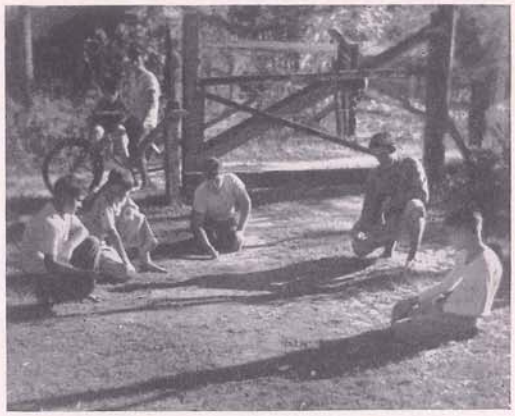
Right: Boys on Grand Isle are the same as in Grand Rapids, Michigan—except that their playground is closer to God's lap.

watching a transformation that is fantastic. Even yet, disbelief assails me when I wander into a lane or drive down Cheniere Caminada way to find any number of structures started and mighty nigh finished since the last visit.

Supporting Grand Isle from now on will be her usual fishing activity with recent additions of a shrimp shed and deep freeze, the oil exploration and drilling involving more than a dozen major organizations, and the surf bathing, fishing, sun, and fun which make the ideal resort. In addition to the scores of homes now under way, this amazing growth which still we witness includes hotels, apartments, tourist courts, moving picture theatres, ice cream parlor, restaurants, grocery stores, drugstore, barber and beauty shop, boat ways, et cetera, and the further extensive development of the fishing and oil industries. If all this doesn't make an up-to-date highway imperative, hereinafter, I will eat all my oysters *in* the shell.

For those of you who prefer to be less visionary or to view our need in a negative sort of way, let me repeat in small part what it costs the business people from the various parishes to operate over the present road. Outstanding among us roughriders, at least in hours of service, is O'neil Foret, who contracted with Uncle to bring in the daily mail. Replying to my direct question, he showed an average maintenance cost of three dollars per day attributable directly to wear and tear from the unpaved road. It costs him considerably more to operate from Golden Meadow to Grand Isle six times a week than it does to operate a second truck the longer distance from Raceland to Golden Meadow thirteen times per week. Listed among his repairs for this past winter are three radiators and two axles. His garageman keeps a front and rear axle in reserve for him at all times and never greets him with an ordinary "Hello," but rather with, "How many?"

Another pioneer to whom we owe an orchid is Bryan Dumez, owner of the Grand Isle Bus Line, out of Houma, in Terrebonne Parish. He insists that his costs would be decreased easily by one-third on a hard-surfaced highway all the



Below: One of the most dramatic moments to the first-time visitor is to catch that first, unexpected dramatic glimpse of Grand Isle sunshine filtered through the trees.

Below: Indispensable on Grand Isle is this cypress water department which each householder installs and maintains for drinking water, bath water and fire protection—plus a little extra for a shower for those who go in for that sort of frivolity.

This is a Grand Isle grand smile—the kind that spreads to the heart after a day on the sand, in the surf and under the sun.

way to the Isle, even though the unpaved portion comprises less than thirty percent of the miles his busses travel. It was with characteristic optimism that he put a second bus into service.

One businessman showed me bills to back up an unbelievable operating cost for one car over the period of a year; another shouted his answer to my usual question, "What's the road costing you?", over the noise of his truck's engine having just jolted loose the starter so that he couldn't turn off the motor and then start it again. Among the essentials coming in every day by truck are the mail, milk, bread, gasoline, ice, and supplies of all kinds. The answers from all the men who use the road daily and the merchants at both ends of the line who make the drive several times each week are always the same, some just a little more so than others. As for the radiator of my own car, I am sure it would function more efficiently as a rice colander.

But, as Mr. Dumez says, "What're you going to do? I want folks to ride my busses and enjoy Grand Isle, and then I feel guilty for giving them such a shaking!" Admittedly, I, myself, am over a barrel. Like many another businessman here, friend husband looks hopefully to a greater number of visitors over a greater portion of the year, and what does friend wife do but appear in print bemoaning the condition of the highway? However, following Mr. O'Malley's advice, we are taking the "long view," though we realize full well that relying on the mere wave of a fairy Godfather's cigar will hardly suffice in our present dilemma.

Tired? Yes, you get that way after a day on Grand Isle—but it's the healthy, hungry weariness that comes from working hard at playing.

## JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY — MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Clem Perrin, Ward 6, Lafitte; Jessie J. Breaux, Ward 3, Gretna; Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Gretna; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Parish Treasurer and Assistant Secretary; Weaver R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Bernice Lopez, Assistant Secretary; Frank J. Deemer, Secretary; Edward M. Thomassie, President Pro-Tem., Ward 4, Marrero; and Robert Ottermann, Ward 7, Southport.

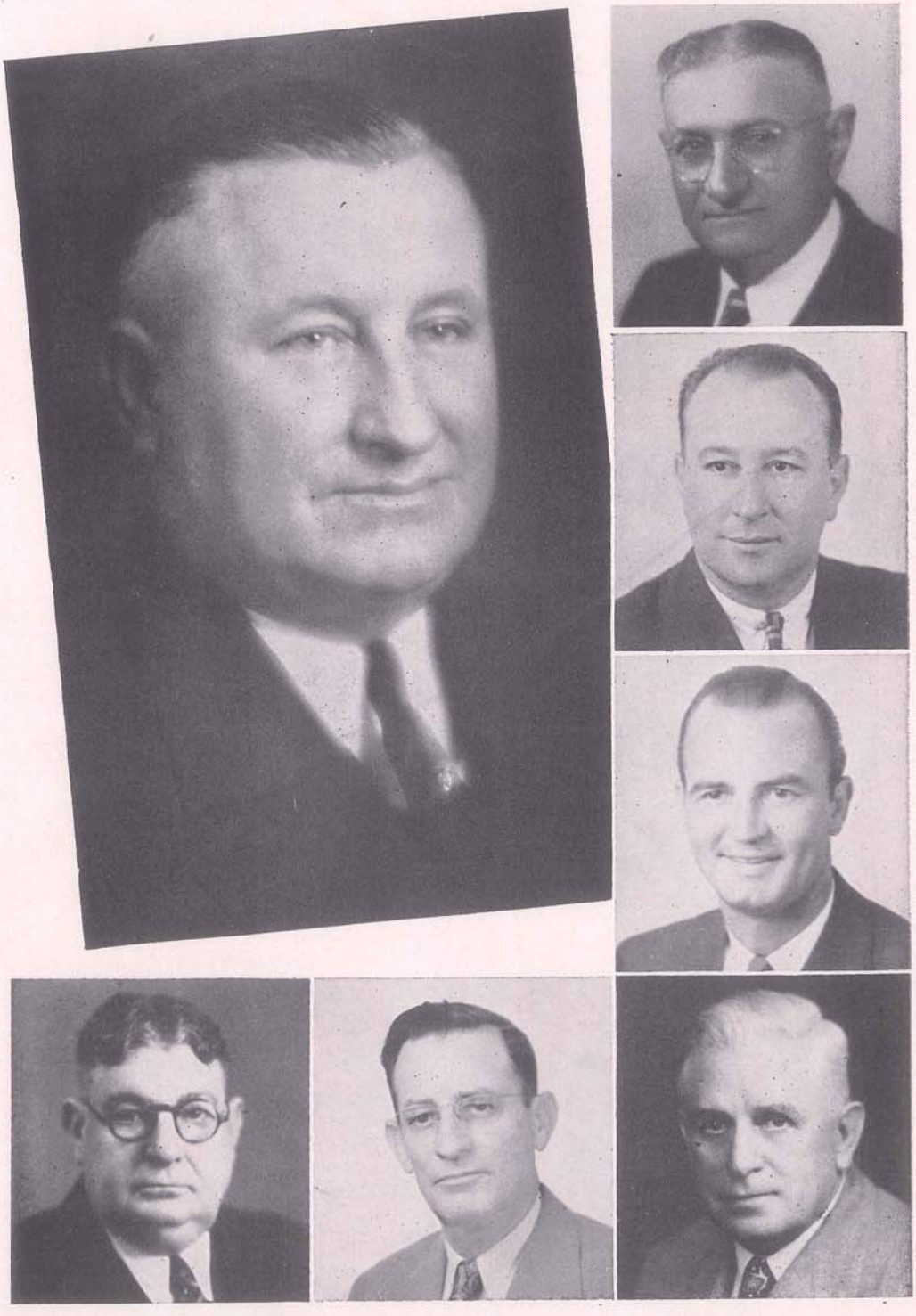
Standing, left to right: John H. Haas, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville); Roger Coulon, Ward 4, Harvey; B. P. Dauenhauer, Ward 3, Gretna; Leonce Thomassie, West Bank Road Superintendent; Alvin E. Hotard, Parish Engineer; Russell Le Doux, East Bank Road Superintendent; Ernest Riviere, Ward 8, Metairie; G. Ashton Cox, Parish Printer; John J. Holtgreve, Ward 8, Metairie; George T. Geiger, County Agent; Wilfred Berthelot, Ward 5, Waggaman; Sidny Pertuit, Ward 4, Westwego; 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. Nat B. Knight, Jr., Chairman, Louisiana Public Service Commission; Hon. Alvin T. Stumpf, Louisiana State Senator, Tenth Senatorial District; and Hon. T. Hale Boggs, Member of Congress, Second Louisiana Congressional District.

# PARISH OFFICIALS



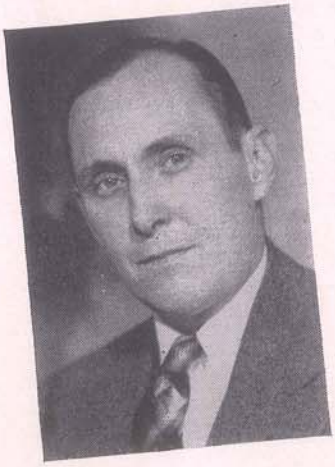
Hon. Frank J. Clancy, Sheriff

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-Temp., Police Jury; and Hon. Weaver R. Toledano, President, Police Jury.

## COURT OFFICIALS

Top center: Hon. E. Howard McCaleb, of Jefferson Parish, Associate Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court; top left: Hon. L. Robert Rivarde; and top right: Hon. Leo W. McCune, Judges of the 24th Judicial District Court.

Bottom center: Hon. John E. Fleury, District Attorney: bottom left: Hon. Frank Langridge; and bottom right: Hon. L. Julian Samuel, Assistant District Attorneys, 24th Judicial District Court.



# MEMO ON METAIRIE

## *To the editor of the Review:*

Don't go to press without this information on Metairie! It's sensational! Do you know that in 1940—just seven short years ago—we had a population of only a little over ten thousand people? Today there are 26,000 live-wire residents—nearly three times as many as in 1940 and still pouring in—all determined to make Metairie a model modern community for homeowners and solid citizens.

Politically, we're the 8th Ward of Jefferson Parish. Geographically, we're the largest unincorporated area in the South enjoying all the benefits of a municipality. Being proponents of the Good Neighbor Policy we permit New Orleans to point to us with pride as its beautiful residential suburb where it is 10 degrees cooler in summer. But actually we consider New Orleans the business suburb of our beautiful and rapidly growing residential community.

Here is the 1947 report of improvements!

Last October a 90-ton capacity incinerator was started on the Airline Highway, just on the edge of Metairie. It will be finished by the middle of the year and will be able to handle the refuse of the 7th, 8th and 9th wards—up until the point where their combined population exceeds 100,000 people. That's what you call building for the future.

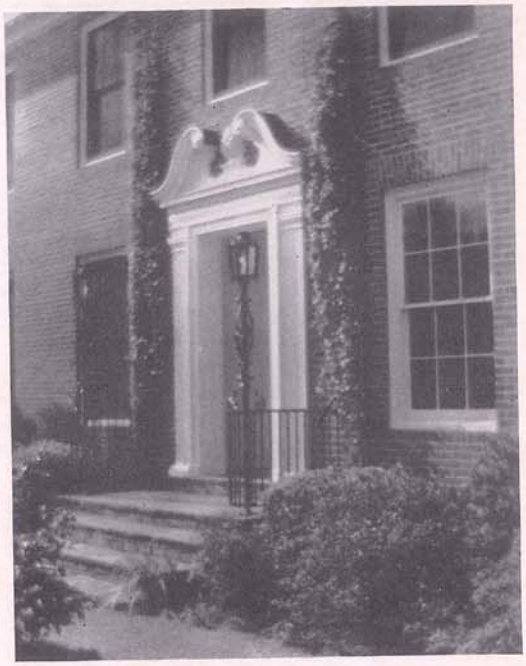
Right now—with our own money raised by popular subscription, we are building three new athletic fields for our school

children—one for football, one for baseball, and one for soft ball, the last electrically lighted for night games. Back of this civic project were the five clubs—Lions, Kiwanis, Metairie Business Men's Association, American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars—assisted by the Parent Teachers Association.

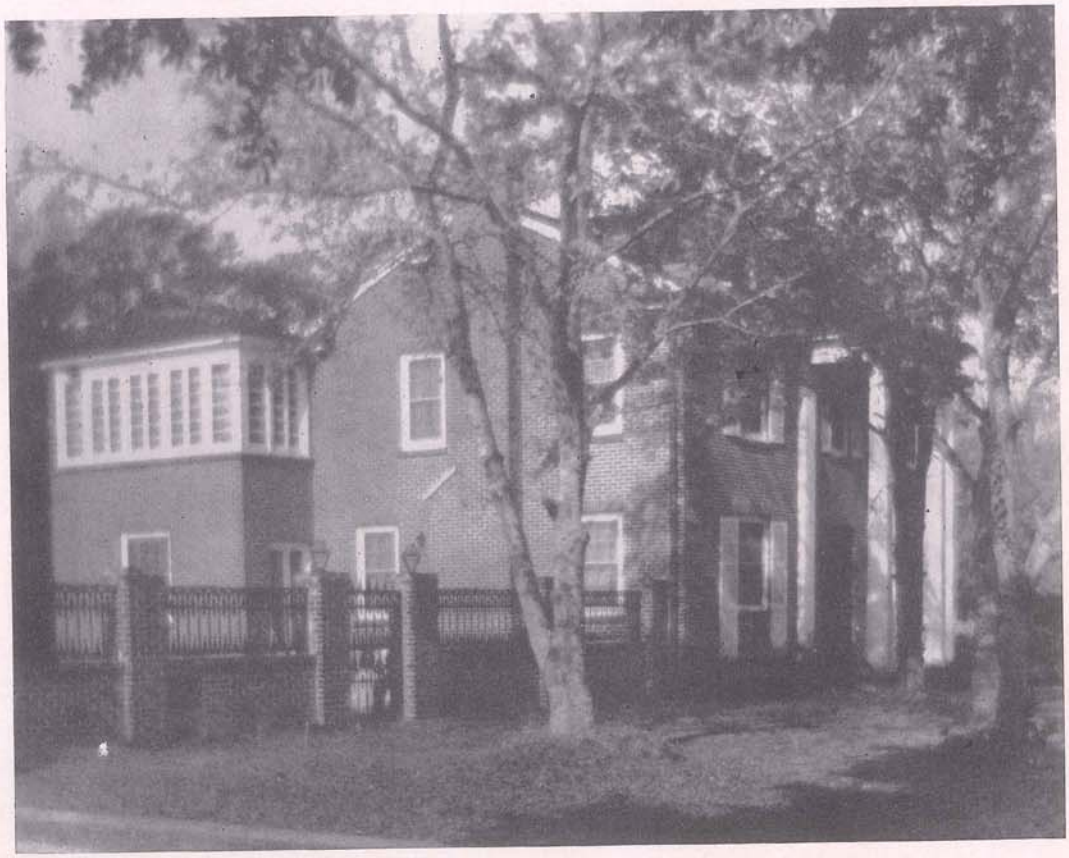
These playing fields have a unique subsurface drainage of pipes channeled through gravel to take off the surface water, so efficiently arranged that any of the fields will be dry enough for games one-half hour after a heavy rain.

For the "kids who have grown up" the Metairie Country Club is adding improvements this year to the extent of nearly two hundred thousand dollars—doubling the accommodations of the Club House and building a swimming pool. These improvements to this already beautiful Golf Club will be completed this year.

This year Metairie organized and opened its own bank—financed by local people and local capital—to serve the East Bank of Jefferson.



The leit motiv of Metairie homes today is the comfortable, conservative, economical and attractive taste that reflects the solidity of a sound community. Above, an example of one of the welcoming doorways that bespeak gracious hospitality. Below is the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Schexnayder.



Later this year the Borden Company plans to begin construction of its new $292,000 ice cream and milk products plant on the Airline Highway—with a huge drive-in store for the convenience of all the communities around Metairie.

On May 30th we dedicated, under the sponsorship of the Lions Club, our Metairie Monument to the fighting men and women of World War II.

And, as a preliminary step toward the public library which is one of Metairie's planned projects, the women of the Munholland Methodist Church have opened a Community Library in the church building.

As we sit here, checking the average rate of daily sewer connections made on new houses, the figures show that we will have added over 700 new homes to our community of homes by the end of 1947.

It seems only yesterday, although it was actually 1940, when we were so enthused about the completion of our new and novel disposal plant that would convert the sewage of our entire community into clear pure water and dry fertilizer with no odor and with no structure unsightly to the eye.

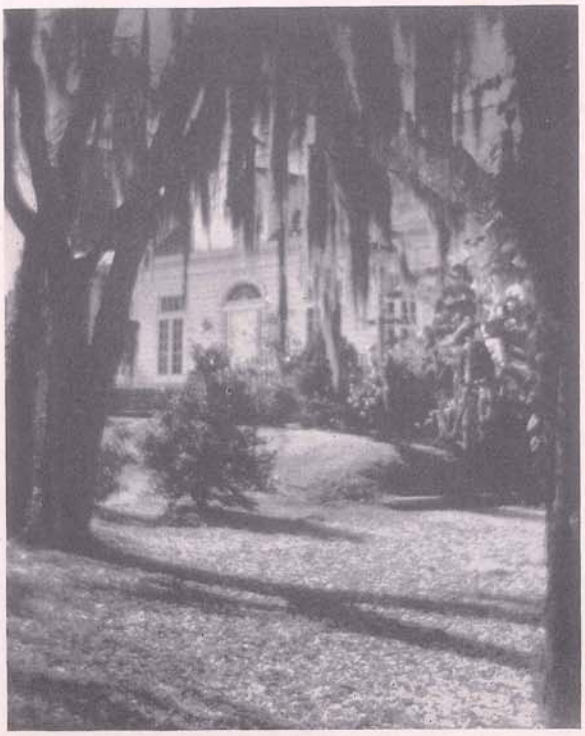
That was the beginning of our pride as a residential community. We really began building homes, not just houses—real homes for raising families and living out a lifetime.

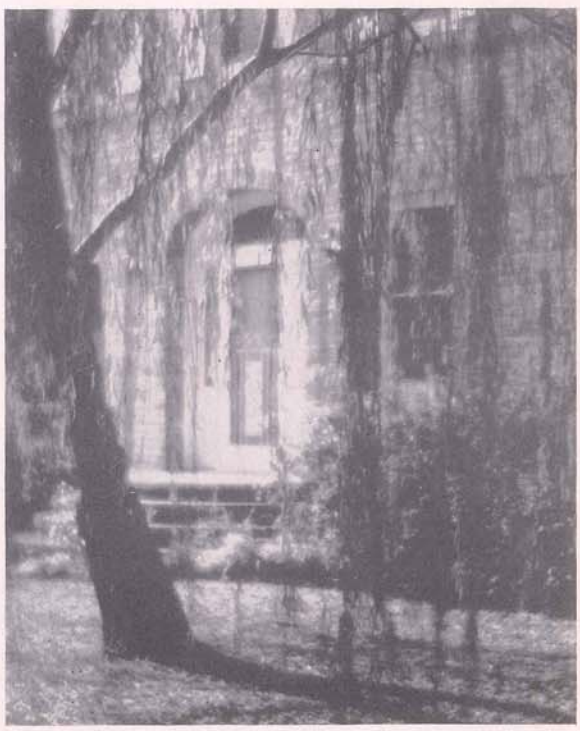
So naturally we were not content to construct each man his own castle. We began pooling our energies and our money and constantly kept improving our streets, our schools, our community and our natural civic beauty, with which the ridge of Metairie was originally abundantly endowed by nature.

Supported by a parish which is as proud of its East Bank rival to New Orleans' finest residential areas as we are of our community, Metairie is content—but will never be satisfied. For next year we have more improvements in mind which we will report to you then.

***John J. Holtgreve and Ernest Riviere***
***Members of Police Jury from***
***Eighth Ward***

Metairie actually means "small farm." Here in this suburban town are plenty of the trees and lawns and foliage that so definitely mark the difference between the city cliff dwellers and the people with a bit of heaven to roof their contentment and a bit of sod leading to their happy front door.






Good health rules, good food and a pleasant atmosphere are important factors in maintaining good school standards. Monthly health inspections are a very definite means of counteracting and checking the spread of serious and infectious diseases. This is the health room at Gretna No. 2 School. With the able assistance of public health nurses the schools work in conjunction with the parish health unit to inaugurate an enriched health program. Miss Bruno, nurse, and Mrs. Elaine Charles, principal, are here checking their willing students.

# AN OVERVIEW OF THE JEFFERSON PARISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

*By L. W. Higgins, BA., M. A.*

*Superintendent Jefferson Parish Schools*

THE public schools of our parish are about to bring to fruition the sowings of another year. The seniors in the various high schools, and the eighth graders in the elementary schools, are in high spirits as they are near to completing a milestone in their careers. The other members of the student bodies in the "Hallowed Halls of Learning" are in equally high spirits as they too feel that their school lives are shortened by one year.

The Jefferson Parish School Board, whose responsibility it is to see that those under its charge are properly educated, looks with an indulgent eye upon such high spirits. With no show of undue pride, the Board feels that it has met and conquered the challenge flung to it by the consequences of the peace.

Our soldiers, sailors and marines have now returned to their respective homes, and have exchanged their weapons of war for weapons of peace. Thoughts are exclusively turned to production. The sole aim of the American citizen now is to help build those things which will make for better living in a world of peace.

What should be the position of public education in this new and fascinating world of peace? The Jefferson Parish School Board has never deviated from its pronounced policy. The primary function of education so far as the public schools of this parish are concerned, shall be to engender in each and every pupil a spirit of cooperation and fraternization.

Subject-matter data are forgotten in the passing of time. Rare indeed, is the indi-

No school program is complete without a home economics department. This cooking class at Westwego High School (the future home makers of Jefferson Parish) is preparing tasty sandwiches for a tea.

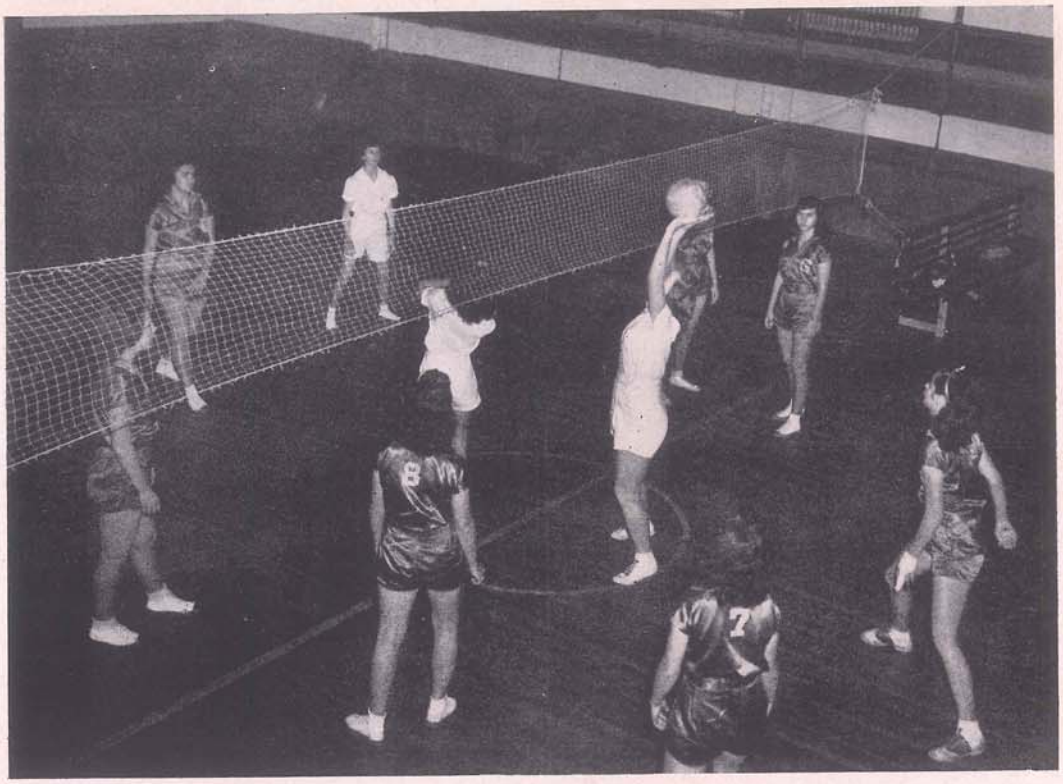
vidual who remembers his fifth grade geography ten or fifteen years later. However, if he has learned in school the principles of goodfellowship and cooperativeness with his neighbor, they will be with him always, even to the end of time.

Social activity is very important at Jefferson High School. The students enjoy their noon hour in dancing, which is fun for them, promotes a good socialized attitude, and uses up their leisure time.

No modern day curriculum is complete without business and commercial courses. These boys and girls of Gretna High School are advanced students in typing. After completing a course of this kind, pupils are accepted in the business world as efficient workers. Commerce classes have become particularly popular with students who are not planning on going to college.

Thus, in the years to come, even as it has been in the years gone by, it shall be the unswerving policy of the Jefferson Parish School Board to plan its curriculum so that the whole child shall be initiated into and graduated from a program of co-operation and good neighborliness. That is to say, the Board is of the opinion that the subject matter data must be supplemented and embroidered with other factors, the factors of cooperation and good neighborliness. In this way, we shall have good, productive citizens, and our nation will continue to be the finest in the world.

Visual aids have become increasingly popular in school curriculum. This group of boys, at Marrero High School, who are library club members acting as operators, are fitting a film reel on the projector. These films are shown throughout all the schools in correlation with many of their subjects. Seeing the actual thing has proven highly beneficial in retention and exploration. Usually the objectives are set up first, then the film is shown. Even the first graders have an opportunity to study reading in this way.



Competitive athletic sports and organized team games are given an important place in the curriculum. The gymnasium where the activities are carefully adjusted to the age of the children becomes a laboratory of action which stimulates thinking, initiative, cooperation and competition with an emphasis on social organization. The photo shows the parish champions of volley ball from Gretna High.

Physical training for school children is properly a part of the general program of education. Game playing, especially of the traditional kind, takes high rank. Basket ball is not only invigorating, healthy exercise but instills a sense of fair play and cooperation in the players. This picture shows the tiny coach of Kenner High School, Mrs. Margaret Buchler, with her team.

The queen (Dolores Hotard) of Westwego High School and her court stand before her audience subjects. She reigns just as regally as the queens of European courts did in ages past.

Mardi Gras is celebrated just as seriously and as pompously in the Jefferson Schools as in New Orleans. Each school chooses a king and queen who preside for one gala night. This is a fete that is looked forward to by the entire student body and people in the community. Here, his Majesty of Marrero High (Clayton Taravella) and his Queen (Dottie Robichaux) lead the Grand March at the 7th Annual Ball at Marrero High School whose theme was "Operatic Fantasies."

By what media does the Jefferson Parish School System promulgate its philosophy? Directly under the Parish Superintendent are the following administrative and instructional 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 white high schools, twenty of them, elementary ones. The Negroes have not been neglected edu-

This is a group of "Negro Mammies" and "Old Black Joes" who staged a dance typical of the old South for the court of the king and queen of Westwego High School.

Good books are a child's best friends. The first grade at Jefferson Elementary is proving this by making good use of their time. It is a happy situation when a child realizes he can read. Every day of his life every child reaches for some new experience.

Life for him should consist not in attempting tasks which will be easy at higher stages of development but in living each stage fully and richly. When the child is fully ready, reading is an experience which brings joy and satisfaction and opens entire new worlds to him.

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cationally. There are two high schools and eight elementary ones in the parish.

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

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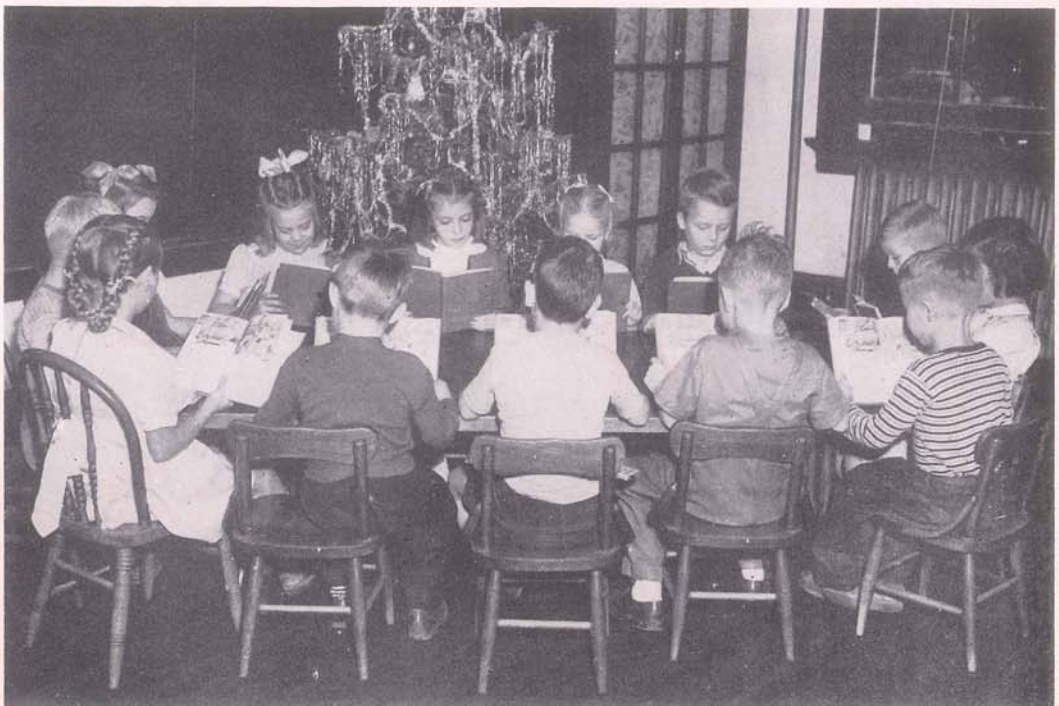
The Junior Red Cross chapters have done outstanding work. Here, a group of young workers at Harahan School are making stocking dolls for the little ones of devastated countries. It was a happy experience for the students and created a bit of Christmas cheer for other, less fortunate children.



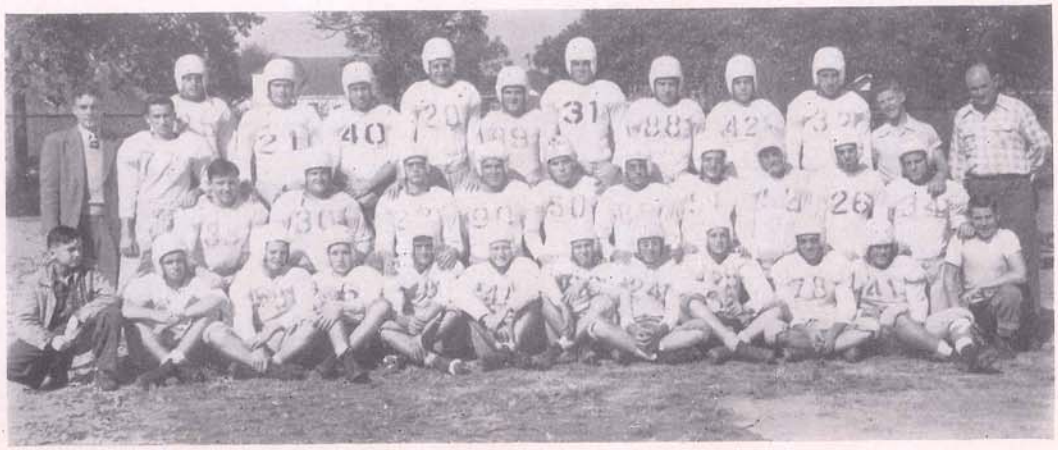
Above: Rhythm and expression are encouraged and become part of the daily program in the primary grades. These first graders at Ames School are happily and enthusiastically engaged in the recital of "Little Jack Horner."


Right: Studying about cotton way down deep in Dixie is second nature to Southerners. This boy and girl from the Waggaman School are examining cotton in the raw. This project was one of the units in social studies. Even the children's attire is in keeping with the cotton project unit.

Below: Metairie High football team, 1946 Riverside Champions. First row: Bobby Oswald, mgr., Bob Martin, Wilson Campeau, Terry Crawford, F. C. Dalferes, Tom Davenport, Ray Odendahl, John Stafford, Pete Simonson, Vincent Zanca, Pete Marks and Bob Lowe, assistant mgr.

Second Row; Coach H. Ashley Schexnaildre, E. F. Ramirez, Garland Jones, Preston Marks, O'Neil Becnel, Ronnie Kent, Hugh McConaughey, Warren Gant, John Donnelly, C. J. Comeaux, Don Lawrence, Riley Jones, and H. D. McConaughey, trainer.

Back Row; Tommy Thompson, Henri Billon, Jim Billon, co-captain, Jim McConaughey, co-captain, Louis Marks, Lew Owens, Ray Beydler, Arthur Simonson, Clarence Underhill and Willie Williams, assistant mgr.



## JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: Jacob D. Giardina, Ward 4, Marrero; Miss Ruth Pitre, Assistant Elementary Supervisor; Lem W. Higgins, Superintendent of Schools; Mrs. A. C. Alexander, President, Ward 9, Kenner; A. A. Hanson, Ward 4, Westwego; Mrs. Julia Reynaud, Office Secretary; Abel Zerinque, Ward 5, Waggaman; and Bert W. Clarke, Ward 8, Metairie. Standing, left to right: Louis E. Breaux, Ward 8, Metairie; Julius F. Hotard, Vice-President, Ward 2, Gretna; Arthur F. O'Neill, Ward 7, Jefferson Highway; Paul J. Solis, Elementary Supervisor; August F. Guidry, Ward 4, Harvey; Dave Dabria, Ward 4, Marrero; and Loney J. Autin, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville).

Inset, left to right: W. Richard White, Ward 3, Gretna; Evett R. Schieffler, Ward 6, Lafitte; and John Calzada, Ward 3, Harvey.

## 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.

Adam Billiot receiving the Charles H. Ellis Trophy from the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association's President, Mel Washburn, while the Association's General Chairman, Hugh Wilkinson, and members of the committee look on.

# "LADIE-EES AND GENTLEMEN — THE CHAM-PEE-ROGUER OF THE WORLD!"

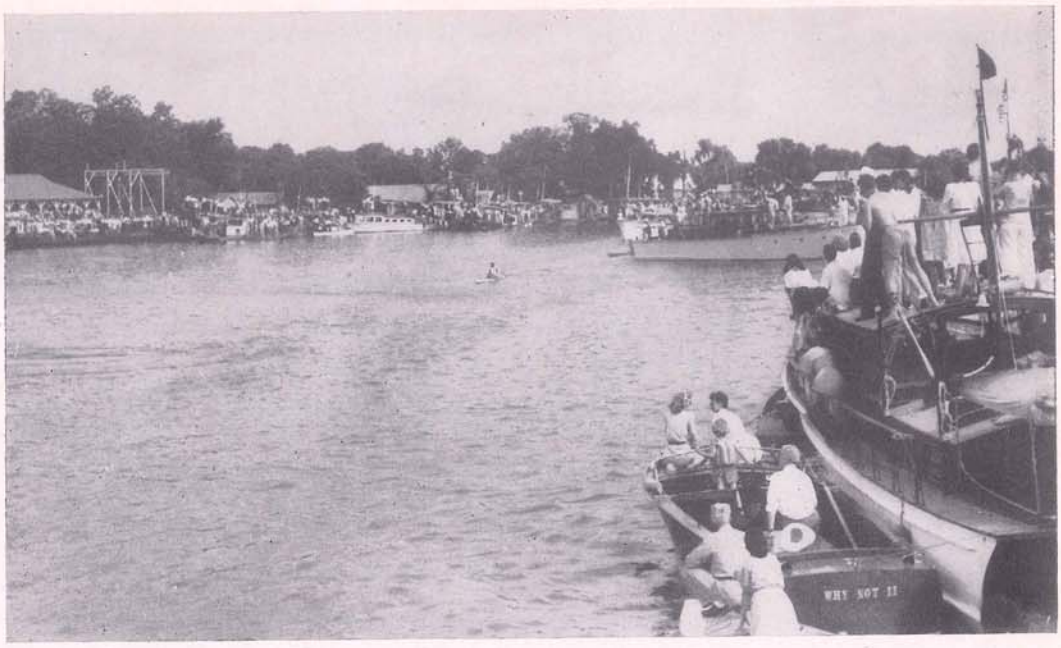
INTRODUCING 28-year-old Adam Billiot who, on the 18th of May, was officially crowned the 1947 Pirogue Champion of the World — and that includes Brooklyn, the occupied countries, both political parties and even those Eskimos with their one-holer kayaks, if they want to make something out of it.

Against a bayou field of 47 contestants —all of whom learned how to grip a paddle before they did a spoon—Adam pushed his pirogue over the 4.7 mile course and across the finish line in 31½ minutes, with his closest rival three lengths behind.

This was the eighth running of this famous Bayou Classic — and the sixth time Adam has won it. Wearing the crown could become quite monotonous to him, if it were not for the annoying existence of Herbert Creppel, who just can't be convinced Adam is top paddle man. It was Herbert who was only three lengths behind him this year — and it was Herbert who made him take second place the two previous meets.

Pirogue racing — as a new national sport — was introduced to the world in 1936 in Jefferson Parish and has, in eight annual championship races (in spite of the fact that interest was broken by the war) grown to a Spring event of national importance.

At first the Baratarians themselves and some interested New Orleanians were the only spectators. And then, as the story of this unique race in pirate-land got out over the country, visitors from every state in the nation were counted on the bayou banks each racing day in May. And now — camera men from the news reels, writers and photographers from press services and magazines, and water sport fans from everywhere are enthusiastically



The finish line and the finish! Notice Adam Billiot pulling into the last few hundred feet, with Herbert Creppel right behind him, just coming past the stern of that boat. Notice how the bayou banks are lined and all available boats filled with eager waiting spectators.

building this bayou holiday into a national sporting event. There were 15,000 people lining the banks of the bayou on May 18th this year.

The pirogue is a streamlined version of the canoe — narrower, longer, faster and ten times as tippy. You can make love in a canoe (mais oui!) but in a pirogue it's dangerous to even turn one eye toward a trim pair of ankles on the bayou bank, unless you are in a bathing suit, or bayou born.

The pirogue has been the boat of the bayous for centuries. In pirogues, larger of course than the racing type, the pirates of Jean Lafitte slipped so silently and swiftly through the maze of bayous which fan out from the course of the race, that smuggling continued to be a profitable business for ten long years.

Picturesque and beautiful is the official course where the championship race is held each year. It is Bayou Barataria, one of Jean Lafitte's most traveled liquid highways about twenty miles below New Orleans. And the racers themselves, bayou born and bred, are the same hardy trapper-fishermen stock from which Jean Lafitte recruited his Baratarians over a century ago.

The race is as thrilling as any race on the water can possibly be, especially to someone who knows how easy it is to upset, and how hard it is to cover a mile in seven minutes in a boat that must feel like a peapod glued to the seat of your pants. The racing possibilities in the tricky pirogue were first realized by a group of New Orleans and Jefferson Parish sportsmen and fishermen in 1936 — and from

Here he is—Paul Ybarzabal—the dark horse—crossing the finish line third, as Urban Wilkinson drops the flag. This is the second year he has crowded Adam and Herbert, and, by the smile on his face, we think he's figuring on letting them follow him in next year.

their enthusiasm grew the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association, and the first official race in 1936 — which Adam won.

He was only seventeen years old at the time and won with the slow time of 48 minutes and 7 seconds. The next year he cut it down to 35 minutes and 9 seconds, winning again. In 1938 (which is recorded as a false start and not official), 1939 and 1940 he continued to win. But, in 1940, there was a lad by the name of Herbert Creppel, who pushed him hard for second place.

And, in 1941, this Creppel lad burned the course up, establishing a world record of 30 minutes and 10 seconds. Adam had to be satisfied with second money that year.

Then, as you remember, most everybody went to war. The Annual Pirogue Race was discontinued for the duration. But when, in 1946, the first postwar meet was held, it was Herbert Creppel again, ex-paratrooper with a wounded leg, who streaked across the line ahead of Adam.

But this year the Old Champ came back! However, both Adam and Herbert are eyeing the lad who was third last year and again this year. He's almost a "foreigner" — this Paul Ybarzabal — because he lives nearly 5 miles from Bayou Barataria. (Incidentally, this race is open to anyone, anywhere). Paul is the bayou "dark horse."

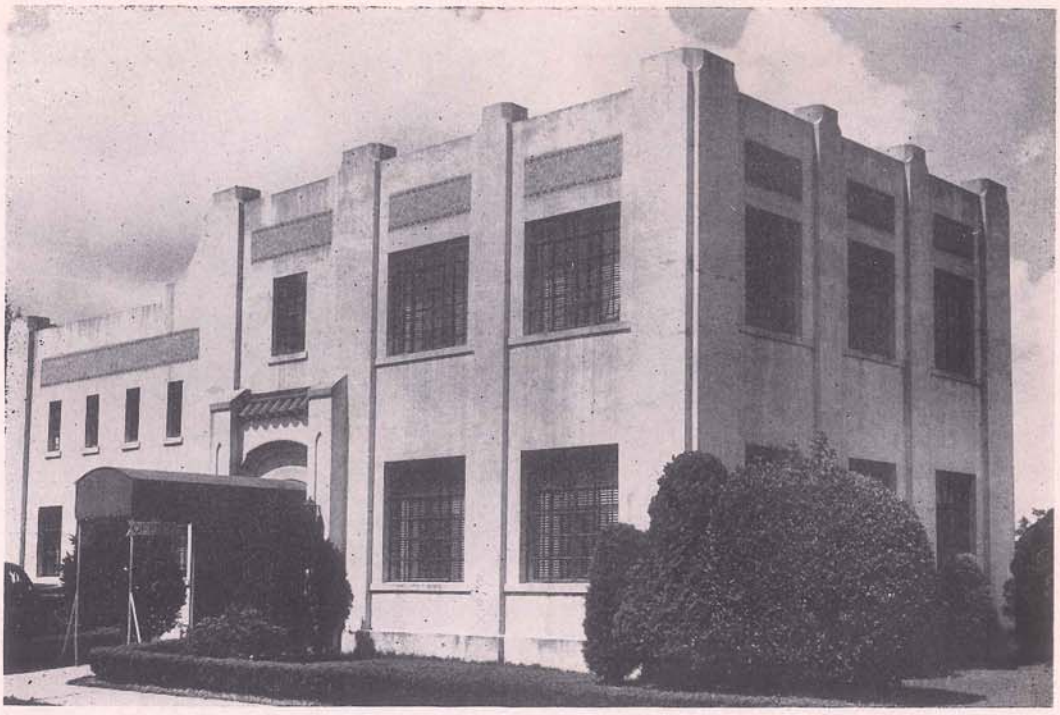
Uneasy lies the head that now wears the crown of King of Bayouland. More contestants enter each year. Day after day the boys of the bayous practice for that one day in May. The purses are growing larger. More fans are hollering louder for their favorites and the interest is spreading far, far beyond the bayous.

Oh, well, Adam Billiot already has hung up in his cabin one of the Charles H. Ellis Trophies, which you have to win three times to keep permanently. And both he and Herbert Creppel have two knots tied in the second.

It may be that after next year, when one or the other has won it, they will then permit one of the other lads to take over the championship job. Am I kidding! If either of them wins next year, it is simply because they are a lot better and faster than about fifty other pirogue pushers. Each year it gets tougher. More contestants and more experience.

As they say at the end of the soap operas on the radio: "Will Adam retain his crown next year? Will Herbert win again? Or will some unknown slip across the finish line to the applause of thousands? See next year's Annual Pirogue Race on Bayou Barataria — some Sunday in May. Watch the papers — or, if you are out of town, write the Review for definite date."

**Here are the two greatest pirogue racers of the world. To the left is Adam Billiot, who has won six times and to the right is Herbert Creppel, who has won twice. Adam has won the most but Herbert has set the fastest time. This picture will also show you how slim and light are the racing pirogues, and how, contrary to a canoe, the paddler sits almost in the middle.**



# WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE


## *By J. W. Hodgson, Sr.*

**President and General Manager**

**East Jefferson Waterworks District Number One**


WE sell water. Bath water, hydrant water, drinking water, and fire-water—pardon me, I mean water to put out fires.

That is all we do sell—pure water, millions of gallons a year. Our total income is derived only and entirely from the *aqua pura* we furnish the residents of District One, which is bounded by the Orleans and St. Charles parish lines, and by the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain.

But, in spite of the fact that we have no by-products, no side-line sources of revenue, we sell it cheaper, with the exception of the city of New Orleans, than any other waterworks district in Louisiana.

This is not just a temporary or recent boast. We are in our fifteenth year of business. We've gone through a depression, a war, postwar inflation and now we are in a period of something or other which neither the politicians nor economists have been able to classify—yet our

water rate to our customers in the face of steadily rising costs of material and labor has never increased a penny since the day we started operations in 1932.

But that doesn't mean we are in a rut—satisfied merely to maintain the lowest water rate. If there is any rut in our business, it is the new ditch we're digging every day for a new water main. Last year we added ten more miles of pipelines, giving us a grand total at the end of 1946 of 189 miles throughout the District—carrying pure water to 99% of our total populated area. And, in spite of the rapid advance of new home sub-divisions, 85% of the District is now protected with fire hydrants.

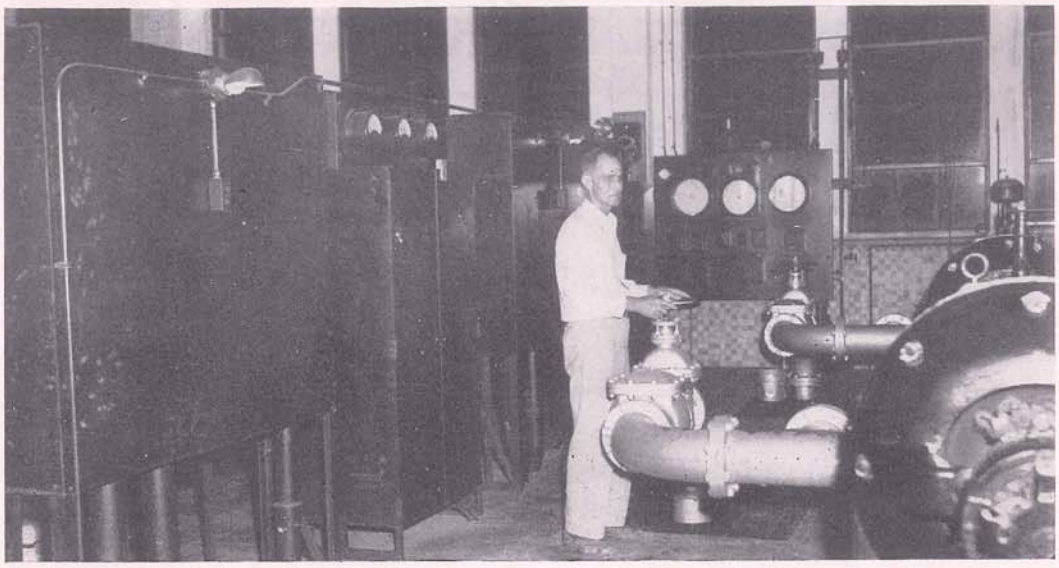
We admit that the other 15% should be given fire protection. But under present conditions it is not possible, what with the scarcity of pipe and the shortage of money needed to supply this service. The waterworks is, however, working with a group of citizens from the district to try and overcome this condition.

Last year we added more new customers—about a thousand—than any other year in our existence. And, at the rate the applications of new homes and new businesses are pouring in, 1947 will top its predecessor by a huge margin. At the beginning of this year, we were giving service 24 hours a day to 8,000 customers including the Moisant International Airport. In 1932 we started with a total of 173.

Watching our P's and Q's at East Jefferson Waterworks is more than just an old trite saying. The letters actually have a meaning. Our job is to see that PURE water is supplied to every PERSON in our District who needs it—QUICKLY, and in sufficient QUANTITY to satisfy not only every normal but every emergency requirement. The average individual uses about 70 gallons of water a day, of which 5% is used for drinking, 30% for bathing, 45% for toilet flushing, 4% for laundry—and so on, with even one percent for car washing figured in. But whether it is used for the baby's bottle or to water the lawn, every drop of water that flows through the mains of East Jefferson Waterworks is scientifically purified for human consumption.

When the water from the Mississippi River is put through our huge intake pump house, it is first delivered to the grit chambers where the heavy silt and sediment settle to the bottom. Then the water, much clearer now, passes into the gigantic mixing chambers where the actual purification begins. Tests are made to determine the kind and quantity of chemicals to be used, and these are added as needed. Next it moves to the

**Figuring its liquid assets (no watered stock), and how many gallons per customer, per day, per—well, anyway this is the general office where the paperwork is done. Over in the corner is J. W. Hodgson, Sr., dictating a letter asking for quick action on some material needed for serving the new customers that apply for meters daily.**



"Night and Day" could be the theme song for the East Jefferson Waterworks. For, as this scene late at night in the pump room plainly shows—"the flow must go on!"

settling basins where more impurities are removed. And finally it reaches its last stage of purification—filtration.

This, however, is not the last safeguard. To further protect our users and to insure complete sterilization, the water is treated with chlorine yet before it leaves the plant.

Twice a week, water from District No. 1 is tested by the Louisiana State Board of Health. And once every day the chemists of East Jefferson Waterworks test water samples from a different school area. The health of the community is our responsibility. And yet, turning the spigot is so easy—and drinking the water that emerges with perfect confidence is taken so much for granted, that nobody realizes the perfectly coordinated scientific plan that gives the people of District One this pure product without which they could not possibly exist—as much as they want as often as they want it.

That is why we invite visitors to Jefferson Parish—customers of East Jefferson Waterworks—and anybody interested, to go through our up-to-date modern plant, capable of pumping four million gallons of water a day and maintaining a pressure of 60 pounds per square inch throughout the 189 miles of pipelines.

As the East Bank of Jefferson builds up with more and more new homes and new business enterprises, the valuable fire protection afforded by the pressure and hydrants of the East Jefferson Waterworks and the splendid teamwork of our volunteer fire departments become more and more important to our community. Last year only four houses burned in the areas serviced by East Jefferson fire hydrants.

So, as you see, we are minding our P's and Q's—giving you Purity and Protection, both in Quality and Quantity.

# The Great White Way of Gretna

By DR. CHARLES F. GELBKE, Mayor

NEW YORK has its Broadway. New Orleans has its Canal Street. And the West Side of the River has its Quadrangle at Gretna—that busy, brightly lit front entrance to Jefferson Parish, with the Jackson Avenue Ferry Landing at one end and the Seat of Government at the other.

Not too many years ago, well within the memory of many of its citizens, Gretna was a sprawling, lusty river town with no sewerage system, no street lights, no waterworks, and few civic advantages. But today it is a well lighted community with paved sidewalks, paved main streets, well kept side streets, a modern waterworks, up-to-date sewage system, an incinerator and every municipal advantage it is possible for a progressive city its size to possess. Along its Great White Way alone Gretna business men are spending this year, in new buildings and modernization, nearly $300,000.

Growing Gretna's Great White Way—the Broadway of Jefferson Parish—otherwise known as Huey P. Long Avenue. This is the lower side from the woods to the river, taken just as the lights went on at twilight. When you see Gretna lit up at night, it is an indication that the industrial west side of the river is most certainly not "hiding its light under a bushel."

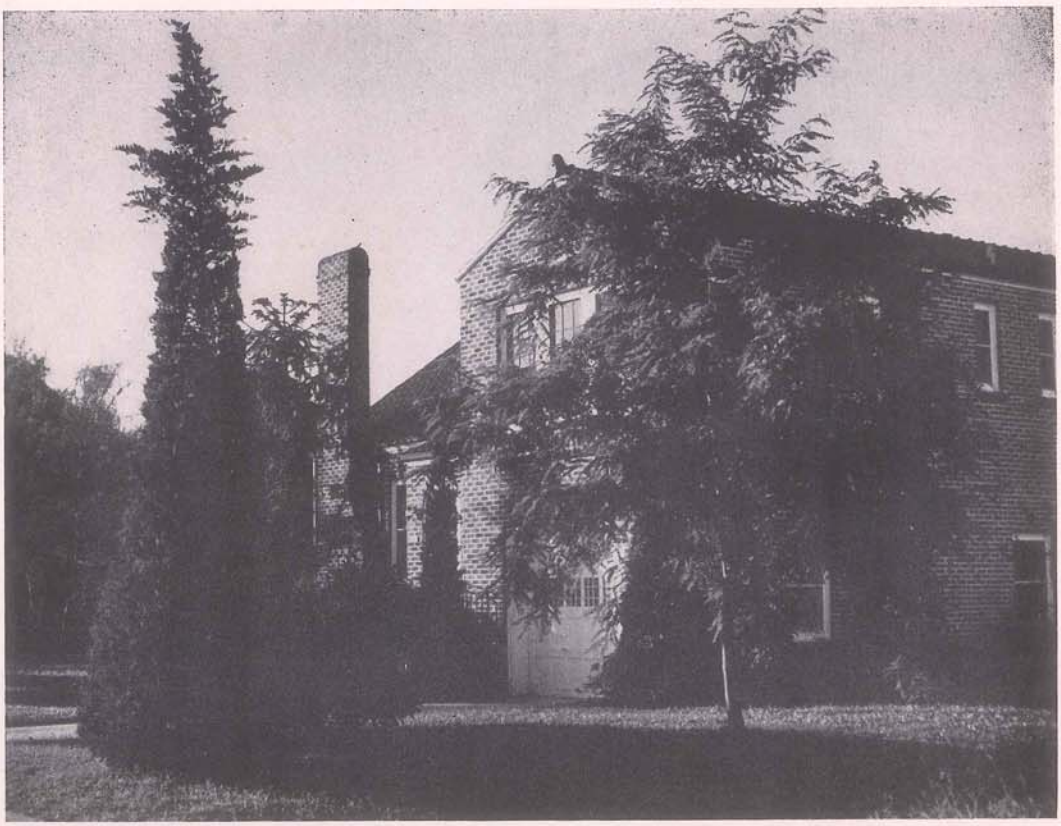
As the Capital of Jefferson Parish, as the banking and business center for the industrialized West Bank, as the West Approach to one of the two main ferries that connect New Orleans with nearly 60% of its industrial output that is shipped out of the port, Gretna is growing by leaps and bounds.

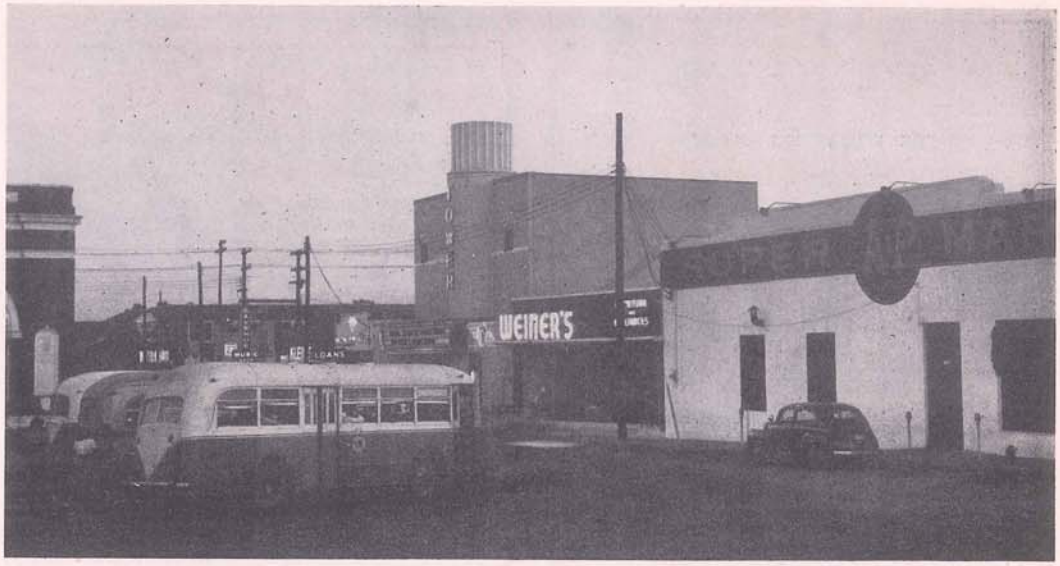
Since we reported to you last, along this Great White Way that gleams at night like a miniature Broadway, the First National Bank has almost doubled its frontage; two new furniture stores have introduced themselves to the eager home owners that are gravitating to the Parish, encouraged by increased industrial expansion; a new electric appliance store, a new drug store, a new jewelry store, a new music store and a new variety store have also opened their doors and spread their wares before the prosperous workers who are finding in Jefferson Parish steady and reliable employment. And, a two-story building, with an auto supply store on the ground floor and offices upstairs, has added its solid dignity to the long line of business concerns that flank and adjoin Gretna's Quadrangle.

The City of Gretna has come a long way since it officially received that title in 1913. Once it was "that tough town across the river." But today Gretna has one of the lowest crime and juvenile delinquency records in the country. It has matured and has squarely met its responsibilities as the key city and law enforcing center of Louisiana's most industrialized parish.

New Orleans is expanding westward and Gretna realizes that every day its responsibilities—and opportunities—are growing greater. New people and new

**The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lyons on Gretna's most beautiful street—Amelia Avenue. The healthy combination of home building and city building, of home ownership and city pride are making Gretna one of the fastest and most substantial growing communities in Louisiana.**






Another view of the business heart of Jefferson Parish—the upper side of Huey P. Long Avenue in Gretna looking from the river to the woods. Growing Gretna has expanded so rapidly that many friends of the town who have been away for a while "won't recognize the old streets when they come back."

industries will call upon this community to furnish the advantages of metropolitan living and working conditions. When the Highway Department constructs the proposed bridge across the Mississippi either at Algiers or lower Gretna, and when the planned 4-lane highway is completed in the rear of Gretna, this community will become overnight the Brooklyn of the South—as New Orleans is the New York of the South.

Most cities are content to build for present needs—but Gretna is laying brick and hammering nails and furiously expanding its facilities so that it will be ready for the tomorrow of the bridge and the highway—the tomorrow that will be today before we know it.

## 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.

# KENNER EXPANDS
## BOTH HORIZONTALLY AND VERTICALLY

*By Joseph S. Kopfler, Mayor*

KENNER, as all the world now knows, is the home of the Moisant International Airport, recognized as the largest commercial airport in operation in the United States.

And, recently, the Air Navigation Traffic Control Unit of the Air Transport Association of America reported that Moisant International is the only municipal airport in the country whose present instrumental landing system is adjudged "excellent."

Kenner was originally chosen as the site for New Orleans' great international airport because of its exceptional freedom from fog throughout the year. To this natural advantage the east-west main runway of Moisant International has been equipped with instrument landing systems since last August. And, by next October, plans will be completed to install still further low ceiling landing aids so that 90 percent of present flight cancellations will be eliminated. When these are in operation planes will be able to land at Kenner at the extremely low ceiling of 200 feet. These improvements will give Moisant International another title—"The nation's finest all-weather landing field."

As science keeps adding new technical advantages to Moisant's facilities, and the airlines keep adding new flights to the world air traffic of this airport, Kenner, although proud of its expansion skyward, has not neglected its mundane developments.

Famous for its flowers, its farm products, and its suburban beauty, this little town next to the big city, right on the fast Airline Highway that connects New Orleans with the State Capital, has become a favorite

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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.**

# WHAT'S HAPPENING IN HARAHAN?

*By Frank H. Mayo, Mayor*

A MAN from upstate, who had not been around these parts for over a year, drove in at one of our gas pumps recently, took off his hat, scratched his head, and asked with a puzzled tone, "Where did the village of Harahan go?"

No wonder he was confused. Harahan in the last twelve months has outgrown its short pants. It's a village fast maturing into a town.

Those broader shoulders are new homes and those longer legs and arms are new industries.

Since we reported to you a year ago in the 1946 issue of the REVIEW, 43 new homes have been completed and 30 are still under construction. And John Turnbull, the realtor, has purchased a large tract of Harahan land and will build 200 more before this time next year.

Why all this home construction in Harahan? There are three reasons. First, be-

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.

# WHAT'S HAPPENING IN HARAHAN continued from page 177

cause new industries have come and are still coming to Harahan, and their employees want their own homes. Second, because life is pleasant in suburban Harahan. And third, because living costs are appreciably lower.

One of those new industries we referred to is the Mays Yard of the Illinois Central Railroad, back of the Robert Todd Housing Project. It was completed the last part of 1946, a network of 21 tracks, each of which will hold 100 freight cars. This yard, serving Greater New Orleans, will be used for repairs and the storing, handling and classifying of freight. There are 25 men in the roundhouse crew, 140 under the yardmaster, and 60 in the repair department. And many of them now live in Harahan.

Just recently completed is the Kieckhefer Container Company and newly arrived is the W. A. Ransome Lumber Company, which came here from Memphis and Natchez to establish in Harahan the first hardwood lumber mill in many years.

Not industrial, but definitely an asset to our community is the still new Foundation Hospital located at former Camp Plauche.

And growing every day are the established veteran industries of Harahan—the United States Steel Products Company and the Freiberg Mahogany Company.

To serve the increased traffic that is flowing to and from busy Harahan we hope that the state of Louisiana will have appropriated by the time this magazine reaches your hands a sum of $10,000 to complete the road connecting Jefferson Highway with the Airline Highway at the heart of the business section.

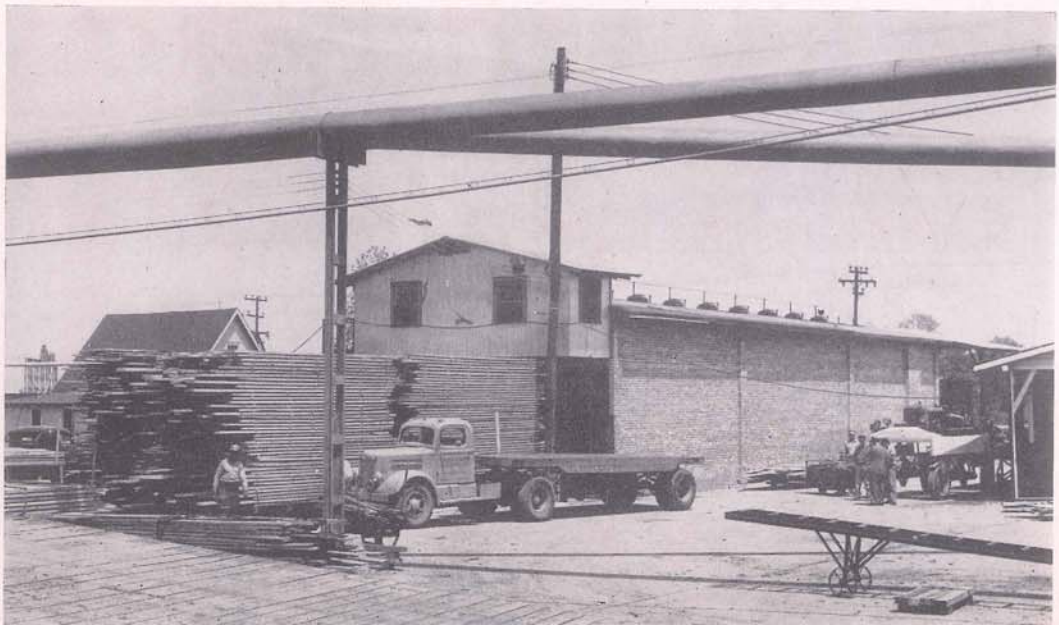
And that—up to this moment—is what is happening in husky, growing Harahan.

# KENNER EXPANDS continued from page 175

residential area. The records show that forty individual owners have built new residences in Kenner during the year. It is just far out enough to have the country charm—but is closely connected with the city by speedy arteries of transportation. It is a fair estimate that the end of the year 1947 will see 300 new homes in Kenner. As this is being written, one realtor alone is constructing a block of thirty houses.

New industry also is feeling the lure of Kenner. The Little Giant Cement Products Company has completed the construction of new buildings ready to begin operations, and by the time you read this will undoubtedly have received the new machinery they are now waiting for. Also, the Airline Lumber and Supply Company has established here, within the last few months, the largest lumber drying kiln of its type in the South. (See cut below).

Greater New Orleans is definitely expanding up river and westward. Kenner is directly in the path of this progress. Keenly aware that its airport, although only two years old, has already made the town an important dot on the map of the world, this community is not content to rest on its air laurels—but is also developing its residential and business facilities so that it will be ready to take advantage of the opportunitis heading its way—not only by air, but by land.



# WESTWEGO WELCOMES IT'S NEW INDUSTRIES

## *By R. J. Duplantis, Mayor*

FIFTY-FOUR years ago the town of Westwego was founded by the survivors of the hurricane and tidal wave that had wiped out their community of Cheniere Caminada on the Gulf of Mexico.

These were hardy fishermen—courageous men and women of the sea who stoically accepted disaster and started anew—here on the West Bank of the Mississippi. Naturally, they brought with them their love of the water and their skill in fishing—with the result that, still today, Westwego is the seafood center of the Parish of Jefferson.

Five nationally known shrimp canning plants are located here, one of which, the Ed Martin Sea Food Company, has just completed a 300,000 pound quick-freezing plant, with a freezing capacity to 30 degrees below zero. And, Westwego boats and fishermen ply the lakes and bayous of the Barataria country for the finest soft shell crabs in the world, as well as Louisiana's famous hard shell crabs, shrimp and oysters.

But, as industry has moved westward toward Jefferson Parish from over-crowded New Orleans in the last decade, the town of Westwego has found itself becoming an industrial town as well as a seafood community. Time clocks, instead of fishing weather, began to regulate more and more lives. Factory employees became more plentiful than fishermen. Workers came to Westwego and built homes because it was so close to the largest plant of its kind in the world—The Celotex Corporation.

Today—as we view the community—we see it stoutly holding its seafood business while expanding itself to absorb the new industry that is crying for space, up and down the West Bank of the Mississippi.

The year's record is proof of this healthy situation, and the arrival of Westwego's new plant for building prefabricated houses—called Gould Industries—as well as the new industry, called Products Research Service, Inc. This company has developed synthetic resin protective coatings for practically every known need of industry today, as well as an engineering service for working out special formulas for new and specific problems constantly arising.

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### OFFICIALS OF THE TOWN OF WESTWEGO

Seated, left to right: Louis Marcomb, Alderman; Roy C. Keller, Alderman; Henry B. Trepagnier, Alderman; Clarence A. La Bauve, Alderman; T. A. Adams, Alderman; and R .J. Duplantis, Mayor. Standing, left to right: Nestor L. Currault, Jr., Attorney; Jacob Gregory, Town Marshal; Caesar Baril, Treasurer; and Sam De Mattio, Assistant Town Marshal.

Edwin J. Pierce, Secretary and Tax Collector was ill when photograph was taken.


For one hundred miles below New Orleans the Mississippi River wends and winds its way to the Gulf of Mexico. Seemingly aware that it is fast approaching the end of its tumultuous journey, the great stream for centuries has deposited here in reckless profusion the richest silt of half the United States. A delta land, more fertile than the fabled Valley of the Nile, has spread for over 600,000 acres beyond its banks. This is Plaquemines Parish.

# Guided by F. K. Cummins

PRESIDENT, POLICE JURY OF
PLAQUEMINES PARISH

Here was written Louisiana's first page of history. Here are found the nation's sweetest oranges and tastiest oysters. Here are mighty reservoirs of the world's two most indispensable elements—sulphur and oil. Here is where the big ships of the world enter. And here is the sportsman's paradise of which fishermen and hunters dream.

THIS is where Louisiana began—not only the state itself, but that vast territory of Louisiana which once extended westward to the Rockies and northward to the Great Lakes.

For thirty-six years after LaSalle planted the standard of France at the mouth of the Mississippi River, the white man seemingly ignored this part of the New World. Then suddenly, one day in 1718, a warship full of Englishmen, and a pirogue containing a few Frenchmen, became very interested at the same time. Both were exploring. Both intended to take over for their respective Kings.

But Bienville, in the pirogue, actually miles away from his base on the Gulf Coast, was a faster thinker than Captain Bar of the English vessel. So, when they met in mid-stream, the Frenchman smooth-talked the Englishman into believing that he was merely the scouting party for a very strong French force stationed farther upstream. Convinced and cautious, the English ship turned around—and this spot, just a few miles from the Plaquemines Parish line below New Orleans, has gone down in history as English Turn. There is a little village by that name that identifies the location today.

A few miles farther downstream is another little town called Phoenix, where the French promptly built and garrisoned a fort—just in case the English should discover they had been duped and return. Phoenix marks the site of that fort and, therefore, the site of the first white settlement in Louisiana.

That was over two centuries ago. Since then, this great delta land now known as the Parish of Plaquemines, has become "the richest hundred miles in the na-

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**This year on January 12, Plaquemines Parish held at Buras its 1947 Orange Festival, a celebration crammed with contests, games, a spectacular air show by U. S. Navy planes and a big ball and coronation of the Orange Queen, Miss Gloria Cvitanovich. Shown here, surrounded by Plaquemines golden harvest, are Mary Ann Garma and Gloria Landry, who later served as maids of honor to Her Majesty. This photograph was taken in the grove of H. A. Schoenberger at Buras.**

**Way down in Plaquemines Parish years ago was a 66,000 acre Sportsman's Paradise—privately owned by a wealthy Chicagoan, named Joseph Leiter. His Chateau Canard (Duck Castle), built in the middle of this huge water wilderness near the mouth of the Mississippi, where the flights of blue geese, wild duck and snipe often darkened the sun, and where deer abounded, was the most famous hunting lodge in the nation. So luxurious were the accommodations tendered by Leiter to his guests that it is said even the duck blinds were heated. Finally this fabulous Hunters' Heaven—known as Pass-a-Loutre—was purchased by the government and was made available to every nimrod in the land, for a small daily license fee. During the war it was closed for security reasons—but it is happy hunting ground again—and here is shown the Pass-a-Loutre public hunting club where several hundred rod-and-gun men had reservations last year for the entire season.**

tion"—a part of Louisiana seldom visited by tourists, but known to every scientist, industrialist and economist in the country.

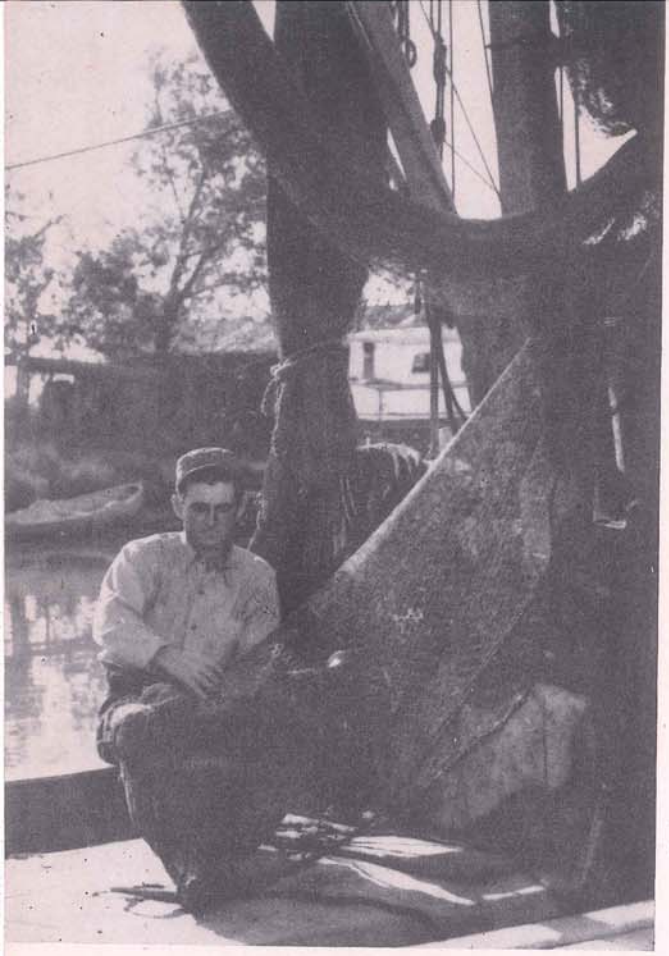
Three products alone—and these are by no means the only ones, merely the first mentioned—have gained world recognition for this Parish of Profusion. They are OIL, SULPHUR and SEAFOOD.

There are only two places in the United States where sulphur can be secured—in Texas and in this Parish of Plaquemines. Without sulphur we could not exist. Directly or indirectly it enters into the manufacture or composition of practically every item we use. Prepared foods contain it. Druggists make medicine of it. Agriculture is dependent upon it. Industry needs it. Plants, animals and humans can't live without it. Lacking sulphur there would be no automobiles to ride in—no airplanes to fly in—no newspapers to read—no movies to see—no telephones to use.

That gives you a vague idea of why the great Grand Ecaille sulphur mine, developed in the middle of Plaquemines Parish in 1933 and now the second largest in the world, is so important to this country of ours, whose needs for such a vital product as sulphur are growing by leaps and bounds.

Then there's OIL—d i s c o v e r e d in Plaquemines in 1930—that commodity, second only to sulphur, upon which depends everything that floats, flies, rolls or moves. Ranging the length and breadth of the parish—from California Company's field near Belle Chasse at the upper end to the Texas Company's Garden Island Bay field near the southern tip—Plaquemines' thirteen oil fields now produce over a million barrels a month, a mighty contribution to the lubricating and fuel needs of the nation, and making it Louisiana's leading parish in oil output.

Plaquemines does not profess to produce, pack and ship the MOST oysters in the world (although around 200,000 barrels annually is a lot of crustaceans) but the Plaquemines fishermen proudly lay claim to the BEST . . . a point which is never disputed by anyone who has



**As we stood watching this Plaquemines fisherman sitting on the deck of his own trawler tied up on the Cazezu Canal near Buras, mending a net and minding his own business, his face swarthy from the combination of sun and a Latin heritage, we realized we were looking at a typical independent inhabitant of this parish. He and the thousands of others who comprise the bulk of the census of this rich river-land, may not be Emily Posted or hep to the Book-of-the-Month Club, but they will continue to wrest a comfortable living from the waters and soil of their parish long after the students of psychology and philosophy have become public charges.**

ever tasted and compared the delicious Plaquemines-cultivated Louisiana oyster, flavored by the salt water of the Gulf and fattened by the nutriment packed freshets of the Mississippi.

Ten oyster and shrimp packing plants dot the parish. Parish constructed canals criss-cross it for the convenience of the Plaquemines fishermen who ply their personally owned boats between the numberless bays and the plants where their catches are prepared for market. Hardy, healthy, hospitable people these independent, self-sufficient folk who trawl for shrimp when they're running, gather oysters when they're not, and trap in winter.

They are Dalmatians, Slavonians, French, Spanish—descendants of these and other stalwart European stocks who came here when the nation was young, stayed, survived, prospered and played their little publicized part in every war we've ever fought—people whose wants are simple, whose lives are primitive compared to our civilized standards of cities, but who have never lined up for relief and have never asked for anything more than an even break from either man or nature. There is a striking similarity between these outdoors-men of Plaquemines and the famous "coureurs de bois" of Canada.

Yes, deep in the earth and deep in the waters of this parish are mighty reservoirs of sulphur, oil and seafood. Those three assets alone would justify its claim "as the richest hundred miles in the nation." But they are only the beginning.

Don't forget the rich alluvial soil—the black loam of thirty-one states which finally comes to Plaquemines in the form of Mississippi River silt—and which, deposited for centuries layer on layer, has raised the banks of the mighty river above the surrounding marshes and bays and along this narrow river shed has created the Garden Spot of Louisiana.

Recently a book was written by Henry Hazlitt Kopman and published by E. P. Dutton and Company. It is called "Wild Acres" and is the story of the Gulf Coast Country. Listen to what Kopman says of Plaquemines: "Even its climate is different, being perceptibly milder in winter, since the exposure is more nearly towards the Gulf . . . Its extreme fertility and the mellowing influence of the warm, humid coast atmosphere have enabled its inhabitants to turn it into a kind of horticultural bower, screened in orange groves and decorative shrubs, quilted with market gardens and lily beds . . . There are probably few localities or communities as highly developed agriculturally or horticulturally and at the same time as cut off as these Plaquemines parish lands . . . No small fraction of the earth is unproductive of vegetation and a low canopy of verdue spreads wherever human occupation will allow."

Let's start with Plaquemines oranges which, if there were more of them, would have the plentiful and publicized Florida and California varieties backed off the boards. In juiciness and in sweetness the oranges of Plaquemines cannot be surpassed.

Plaquemines Parish is the oldest and best orange growing section in the United States, started by the Jesuit Fathers over 200 years ago. It is the home of the Mandarin in the U. S. Here are grown the too few, but famous Louisiana Sweets, and kumquats, navals, tangerines and Valencias, ripening in about the order named. Last year there were about 360,000 boxes shipped from Plaquemines to the northern states and Canada. But unfortunately the few that Plaquemines can grow are only a drop in the nation's orange squeezer—even though one plantation (Magnolia) has 35,000 trees.

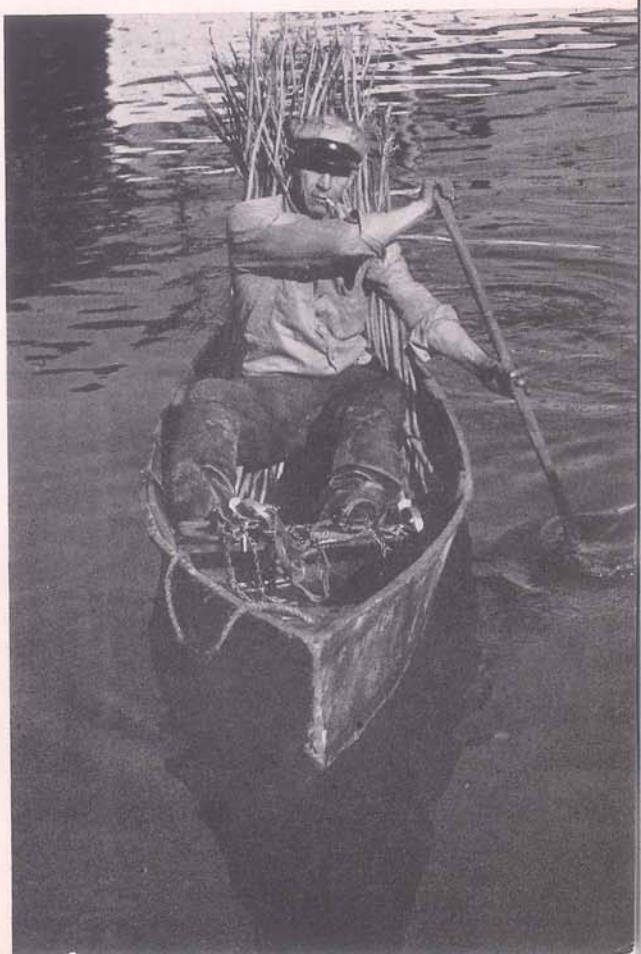
Professor H. E. Van Deman, formerly of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and a noted fruit authority says, "Only one who has eaten the varieties of the orange grown in Plaquemines knows what a really delicious orange is." Plaquemines makes the same claim for its oranges as for its oysters—"not the most, but the finest."

A popular by-product of the million dollar orange industry of Plaquemines is the tasty and deliciously deceptive orange wine, produced in two distilleries in the parish and which packs an 18%-by-volume wallop. Unfortunately, not enough of it can be produced either to have its piquant flavor become famous much beyond the confines of the parish. But, since time immemorial it has been the home beverage, the Saturday night Champagne of these fishermen and farmers who have taken the juice of the sweetest oranges in Christendom and distilled therefrom a golden nectar.

The famous forty-mile Orange Belt of Plaquemines extends below Point a la Hache. You are in it as soon as you cross the Free Ferry on your way downriver from New Orleans. But above Point a la Hache, from about Braithwaite on both sides of the river, is the Plaquemines Truck Garden Belt which lives up to its reputation of "more fertile than the fabled Valley of the Nile."

Once this strip of Delta below New Orleans was dotted with sugar and rice plantations. In both of these products, the Empire Parish, as it was called then, led the nation. But gradually as centralized sugar refining made these downriver plantation sugar mills unprofitable, and as the higher levees made it too expensive to sluice water to the rice fields, these products reached their peak and passed on to other areas. But up from this r i c h fertility that was practically untouched, rows of cabbages, like green buttons on a black dress, soon began to appear. T r u c k gardens gradually replaced the plantations. And vegetables instead of cane and rice maintained the two century old agricultural prestige and prosperity of this prolific parish.

There is a story that needs re-telling at this point, the story of the "Providence Corps." In the declining years of the rice era, the rice planters of Plaquemines used to sow rice in the limitless wild marshes at



**Here he is—a typical Plaquemines Parish muskrat trapper, heading out to visit his traps, a chore he must do every day by law during the season. In the summertime he will fish for oysters and shrimp. He is healthy, happy and never hungry and wouldn't trade you his life in the bayous and bays of his beloved parish for all your city conveniences even if you threw in a bonus.**

Health and education work hand-in-hand in Plaquemines. This is FREE LUNCH time at the Buras School where both the bodies and brains of 600 future citizens are fed the right kind of food. Here are shown children of the 4th and 6th Grade, with their teachers, Mrs. Lee Book and Mrs. Oliver Kirby. Note the milk and the well-filled plates. The children bring their own meals to the tables and carry back their dirty dishes to the kitchen.

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You can have your pushcarts and your self-service stores! Plaquemines likes its General Store where you can get everything from a plug of tobacco to nylon hose—plus a little bit of friendly conversation and a wee bit of the local news. This is the interior of the Pelican Mercantile Company at Buras—showing the drygoods section which is just across from the grocery department.

the river's mouth. The danger of loss in those public rice fields was tremendous, but when a crop could be harvested the profit was also tremendous. However, so many crops were lost to the winds and waters that the practice died out—but not until the free food of innumerable damaged crops had attracted millions of migratory birds. Partially as a result of the "Providence Crops" the area of Plaquemines near the mouth of the Mississippi became the greatest natural bird refuge in America.

And this, of course, leads up to another Plaquemines parish resource—its thousands of acres of fishing and hunting and trapping grounds. Sportsmen, according to Nation's Business, spend twenty-five million dollars a year hunting and fishing in Louisiana—and more and more of them, since the war, are discovering the Sportsman's Paradise of Plaquemines below Venice, where the road ends. From here on to Pilot Town (where the bar pilots turn the big incoming ships over to the river pilots) on to Port Eads, where the engineers guard the river's entrance is a water wilderness filled with the feathered, finny and four-footed game that make the sportsman's pulses pound.

And let it not be overlooked that Louisiana is the greatest fur producing area in the nation—of which Plaquemines Parish alone is responsible for approximately one fourth.

But, before leaving Plaquemines Parish, we must inspect its last but no means the most insignificant of its products—its well-provided-for people.

Plaquemines Parish proclaims on a billboard to the world, as you enter it, that "taxes have been reduced 50% in 7 years." That is true—because the increasing severance taxes secured from the removal of its natural resources permit the reduction of personal and property taxes on its citizens.

It says "At Point a la Hache is the only Free River Ferry in the U. S." That is also true. This parish financed and parish

maintained diesel ferry, which began operation in 1940, opens to traffic the lower river region which, before that year was practically cut off from the rest of the world.

And the sign says, too—"best public school system, auditoriums, athletic fields and safe school busses"—which is by no means an overstatement. Plaquemines thoroughly realizes that the prosperity, peace and happiness of its people lie in the education and health of its youth.

Visit one of its schools—the Buras High School, for instance, and ask for Mr. Coker, its principal. Let him take you down to noonday lunch. Eat with one of the lower grades. You'll be amazed at the variety and vitamins served in the free lunches to the school children—paid for, dollar for dollar, by Federal and State or Parish funds.

Visit its four High Schools, its auditoriums and athletic fields— dotting this parish of only approximately 15,000 people. Observe how the parish itself appropriates extra money annually so that well paid school teachers can be hired for Plaquemines future citizens.

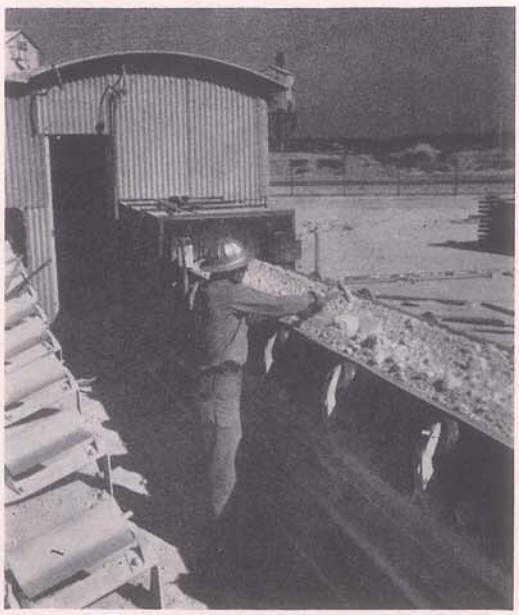
**About 35% of the population of Plaquemines Parish is colored. Here is shown the Dominque School for colored children at Point a la Hache, presenting the first and second grade.**

This is a parish of constant improvement. More navigation and irrigation canals are being built for its fishermen. The new Empire Locks are approaching completion. A steady road black-topping and concrete program is being pushed. New industries are discovering the re-

**Meet the Buras Wildcats—the Plaquemines Parish 1946 Football Champions—definitely a pain in the neck to their opponents. Under the guidance of Coach Glass and the leadership of Captain Steve Zuvich and Co-captain Dickie Buras they thoroughly lived up to their fighting name.**


**Captain Elfay J. Falgout of the Point a la Hache Free Ferry smiles goodbye as he pulls away from the landing promptly on the hour. He will leave the other side promptly on the half hour—and he does that all day long until 11 p.m. Incidentally, he was the first man hired on the Free Ferry in 1940. Before that it used to cost 25c and 40c to get a car across the Mississippi at Plaquemines Parish seat—and 50c for a truck. This Free Ferry cost $120,000 to build but it saved a hundred miles by road for anybody who wanted to get on the other side.**

**A scene at the loading plant of the Freeport Sulphur Company at Port Sulphur where Plaquemines "yellow magic"—the mineral that has been shaping the history of the world for 40 centuries — is moved from the mine to market. Here is shown the conveyor belt that carries the sulphur from water to rail. The workman is breaking up the lumps as they travel past him.**



sources and resourcefulness of Plaquemines, the latest being the Belle Chasse unit of The Niagara Sprayer and Chemical Company.

And, Congress has approved for Plaquemines Parish the new 80 feet wide by ten feet deep canal from the river locks in Doullut's Canal at Empire to the Gulf of Mexico below Bay Bastian. It will cost approximately $900,000 for the initial construction and $25,000 annual maintenance. Plaquemines Parish will cooperate with the government by providing free rights of way for this direct-to-the-Gulf deep water channel, which will save many hours per trip for the thousands of fishing boats engaged in shrimp trawling or oyster fishing both east and west of the river.

Since the time when the Jesuit Fathers first realized the future possibilities of this rich delta country and started the citrus groves from which the parish derives its name (Plaquemines means "persimmon") this region has supplied the world above it with cane, rice, vegetables, seafood, sulphur, oil, fur and "good hunting" for two centuries.

And, as you enter Plaquemines and examine its future possibilities, you will see that merely the surface "of the richest hundred miles in the nation" has yet been scratched.

## APPENDIX

When you enter Plaquemines Parish on the east side of the Mississippi River, you will pass through these communities:

CAERNARVON: a little over 16 miles below New Orleans, where begin to appear the first of the many oyster packing plants and canals of the parish. It was here, in 1927, that the U. S. Army Engineers dynamited the artificial crevasse that saved New Orleans from flood.

Just before you reach the next town of BRAITHWAITE, there is a 32-acre WPA built recreation park with picnic grounds, a bathing beach, tennis courts, ball diamond and dance pavilion.

Below ENGLISH TURN, which we have already told you about, is the century old brick and cypress plantation house from which the town STELLA was named—and below that, towering beyond the levee is an old smokestack marking the village of BELAIR and all that is left of the once famous Belair Plantation, where John Dymond developed many improvements in the refining of sugar.

PHOENIX is the site of Fort Iberville, Louisiana's first fortification and white settlement, the location of which was not re-discovered here until 1930.

POINT A LA HACHE (point of the axe) about 50 miles below New Orleans marks the point in the highway where the Free Ferry transfers traffic to the West Side of the river. It is the capital of the parish and is the southernmost settlement of any consequence on the east bank of the Mississippi, although the road does extend a few miles farther to BOHEMIA, a typical trapping and fishing town.

When you enter Plaquemines Parish on the west side of the river, your first community is BELLE CHASSE, named after the man who commanded the French troops at the time of the Louisiana transfer. Here also is located BELLE CHASSE, the historic plantation home of Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy. The house has been restored and is being maintained by the Judah P. Benjamin Association. Belle Chasse also means "fine hunting," a fitting name for this town that stands at the threshold of this parish where small game abounds.

Next is JESUIT BEND, where it is believed the Jesuit Fathers first settled on coming to Louisiana and where they first discovered the amazing adaptability of this delta land to citrus fruits.

MYRTLE GROVE was the site of a famous sugar cane plantation and mill owned by the Wilkinson family which, as late as 1921, when it was closed after the death of its owner, had a grinding capacity of ten million pounds of sugar a year. Just beyond Myrtle Grove is the road

**Tractors are a common sight in progressive Plaquemines. Here are those cabbage like green buttons on a black coat, we mention in the story. This is the 240 acre Belair Plantation, just below New Orleans as you enter the parish of Plaquemines, owned by Angelo and John Emile Luke.**

leading to the excellent hunting and fishing grounds of LAKE HERMITAGE.

WEST POINT A LA HACHE is, as its name implies, the settlement on the west side of the river where the Free Ferry loads and unloads.

Just below is MAGNOLIA (the official name of the postoffice is LAWRENCE)

**Picking the nation's sweetest oranges at Buras. The picker has just climbed down from the tree and is emptying his sack. From here the oranges will go to the washing and grading platform where a clever mechanism sorts all the oranges of certain sizes into separate bins. On this basis they are sold to the buyers.**

where the Orange Belt begins and where is located historic Magnolia Plantation, the house of which was built around 1795. It was once owned by the colorful Louisiana Governor, Henry Clay Warmoth, who built a railroad from Buras to New Orleans for his wife, simply because she disliked steamboats and found the trip to New Orleans by horse-and-carriage too tiresome.

PORT SULPHUR is the neat town on the Mississippi that has grown up around the sulphur industry, that connects the activities of the mine ten miles back in the marsh with the shipping facilities located here, and that houses many of the officials and employees.

At EMPIRE are the canal and toll-free locks which are such a boon to the picturesque oyster fishermen of Plaquemines. Both canal and locks were purchased by the parish in 1936 and made free to the fishermen, saving them a neat $100,000 a year.

BURAS and TRIUMPH are the center of the orange packing and shipping activities of the parish, as well as ranking high as fishing communities.

Around Buras and Triumph there are approximately 90,000 bearing citrus trees from 25 to 30 years old, and at least three or four times that many four years or less. An orange tree usually begins bearing after the fifth year and an 8-year old orchard is a profitable return. Back in 1893 practically all the orange groves in Plaquemines were destroyed by the great storm of that year. The industry has made a wonderful come-back since then.

The people in these two communities who are not employed by the citrus industry usually are the fishermen owners of their own boats—the rugged Dalmatians, French, Slavonian, Spanish and other European and Asiatic stocks that make these two towns a miniature racial melting pot.

Below Triumph are the points on the river marking the historic forts of Jackson and St. Philip. Below these is BOOTHVILLE, the picturesque settlement of fishermen, trappers and oystermen that O'Donnell used as his locale in his best selling novel "Green Margins."

At the end of the highway is the fishing community of VENICE, the last town on the west side of Plaquemines Parish accessible by road.

Beyond is a hunter's paradise, the place where the big ships come in and the end of Louisiana . . .

. . . and the end of our story.

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.

# PHOTOGRAPHY

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**DAVIS AERIAL PHOTO SERVICE OF HOUMA, LA.**

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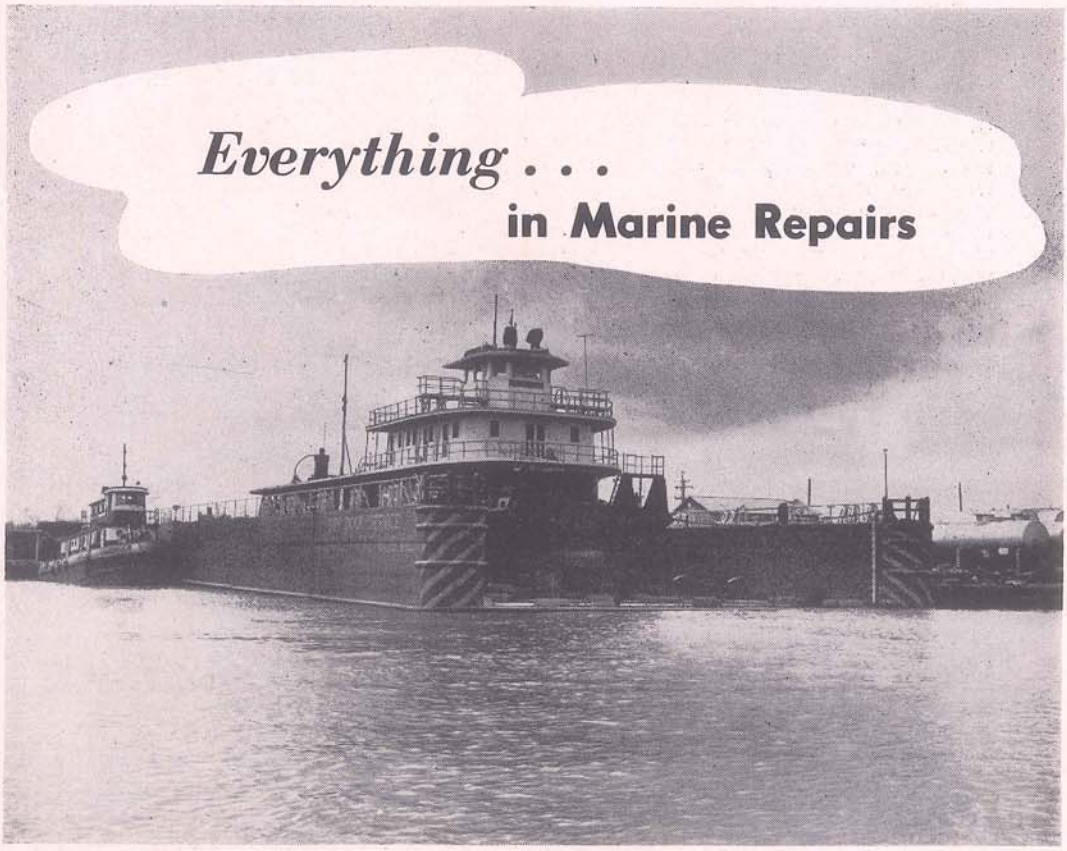


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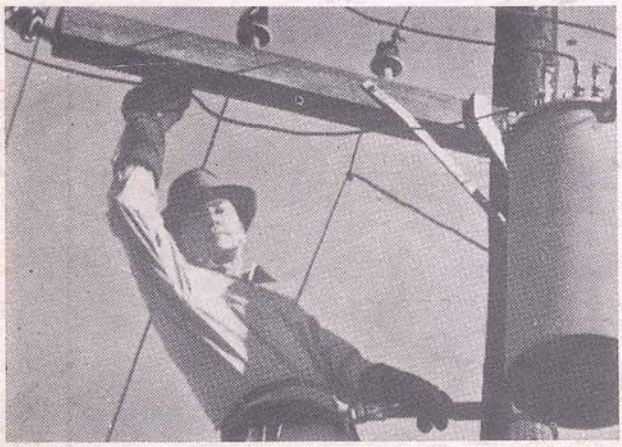

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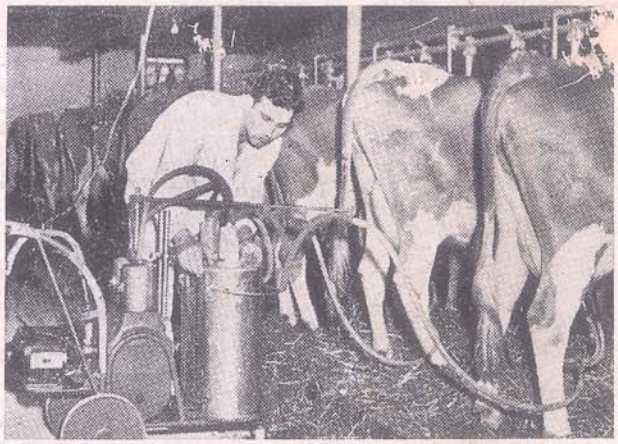

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