# BLOW-HARDS and HURRICANES

By Jan Sebastian

*Author interviews George Minnick at home built in 1898 which has weathered 1909 and 1915 storms.*

---

Not many years before the outbreak of the War Between the States, an eleven-year-old boy ran away from the cruelty of the foster parents to whom his widowed mother had entrusted him. Through haphazard and scanty one-room schooling in Pennsylvania, he had learned reading and writing and enough geography to know where he wanted to go; and somehow he made his way down-river to New Orleans. Watching the river waifs swiping and begging oysters off the luggers from Barataria, his hunger prompted him also to beg a few from a skipper. The lugger captain readily acquiesced but was surprised to see a boy on those wharves who, first of all, did not know a fresh oyster from a spoiled one, and secondly, had no idea about opening the shell. So it was that a Grand Isle oyster fisherman questioned a little runaway from Pennsylvania and consented to give him a home until a letter could be posted to his mother and a reply could be received. Though his mother's consent was reluctant, John Minnick stayed on with his island benefactor, and, except for the years he served in the Confederate Army, and a brief return to Pennsylvania, most of the balance of his life was spent on Grand Isle.

A self-educated man, he served as his children's first teacher, the result being that his daughter, Miss Anna, now in her sixties, and his sons, George, now seventy-three, and Adam, seventy-seven, all born on Grand Isle, are educated well beyond their opportunities; they have given me information about the island's history which I feel is authentic and probably not to be had from any other source.

Miss Anna devoted no little time to relating the story of the storm of '93 to me, and never have I encountered a more formidable memory.

Now that the hurricane of 1893 has been mentioned, we may as well state our purpose — that is, to refute unfair, in fact *untrue,* publicity about storm hazards on Grand Isle and to show that ours is as safe a place as any on the entire Gulf Coast.

For a little isle, less than nine miles in length, Grand Isle certainly gets around, especially in storm years. Even before 1893, as far back as 1856, when Isle Derniere was devastated, Grand Isle was destined to suffer in succeeding years from a case of mistaken identity. In 1891, the Reverend McAllister wrote a poetic, though hardly scientific, account of the passing of Last Island.

In 1889, Lafcadio Hearn's famous *Chita* made the catastrophe its theme. That there has been no little confusion as to the location and identities of Isle Derniere and Grand Isle by persons reading or hearing of these fascinating and terrifying tales is obvious to me through personal experience. More than one well-meaning friend advised me to read *Chita* and profit thereby before moving bag and baggage to Grand Isle in March 1946. Happily, there *are* maps which do establish proper geographical locations and help to ease a newcomer's mind.

No one could have had less information about weather conditions along the South Louisiana coast than I, when first we Sebastians took up residence with the Gulf of Mexico for our front l a w n. Furthermore, it must be admitted, albeit reluctantly, that there are some few islanders who love to spin a good yarn. And with each telling of a storm, wind velocities are apt to increase, tides rise higher and so forth, till you cringe from an electric fan or a dripping faucet. As for the scary stories one encounters on the isle or off, the general misconception that Cheniere Caminada, Grand Terre, and Grand Isle were one and the same in the fall of '93 didn't lessen my anxiety at each routine rain squall. Many were the nights I lay awake with no little trepidation as a fresh squall wind imparted to sleeping in our little house trailer exactly the same sensation as one experiences in an upper berth of a moving Pullman. Thanks to information since acquired, my colossal ignorance by this time has been reduced sufficiently that a wind

*Dr. I. M. Cline talks about weather amid rare glass in his shop on St. Peters Street in New Orleans.*

*Grand Isle pastor discusses his Parishioners' storm problems with the author.*

forecast as "moderate to fresh" is no longer suspected of having cyclonic possibilities. The only worry attached to a black and ominous-looking squall cloud these days is whether there's time to beat the rain and get the clothes off the line.

But Grand Isle *did not* experience the tragedy of '93 as it struck the Cheniere, despite repeated newspaper and other references to the contrary. In part, here is the story as Miss Anna and Mr. George told it to me.

Anna Minnick was ten years old on September 12, 1893. She remembers that on September 30, which was windy with both sunshine and drizzling rain, she and the other children were in bed early in the evening, because of a tiring day picking persimmons. At sundown, there was no water on Grand Isle, but by eleven p. m. a tidal wave had lashed across the isle, and the "eye," or calm center, of the hurricane was passing over. So quickly did the water rise that her father, John, deeply engrossed in his reading, did not realize that his home and family were in danger until an older brother came home to help move the children and m'mere to what was thought to be a safer house.

For more than two hours, I listened to Miss Anna's frightening, yet unem-

*Island home near bay, said to antedate 1893 storm.*

broidered account of that night: how three families huddled together in an attic; how the house washed off its foundation and was rammed into an oak tree so hard that a large limb penetrated the shingle roof and held the top of the house for the duration of the storm, while the rest of the house rocked back and forth with the motion of a pendulum; how for light they had only a piece of holy candle left from a recent confirmation; how, during the calm, her father made his way back to their home for dry clothing and found amidst the water and shattered dishes a lamp still lighted where it had been left on the mantel; and finally how her father told them, when the wind and waves roared with greater fury than before, to pray for the people on Cheniere Caminada, where the terrain was lower and where there were no trees.

There are various accounts of the loss of life on Cheniere Caminada, and the numbers vary by as much as several hundred. Dr. Isaac Monroe Cline, New Orleans' famous and beneficent meteorologist, in writing his memoirs, *Storms, Floods and Sunshine*, gives a total of two thousand lives lost for the entire coastal area of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. We all know that any statistics used by Dr. Cline are as accurate as can be ascertained. As the Cheniere led the list of known dead, the point I want to make is this: that Grand Isle, separated from the Cheniere only by Caminada Pass, approximately one-half mile in width, benefited by the natural protection of trees on the isle, by a terrain higher than the surrounding area, and an area of open marshland just behind the island. Because of those natural advantages only one life was lost in the village of Grand Isle.

According to Miss Anna, Mr. George, and other old-timers, Marguerita Eglé was drowned while her lame and elderly husband, Jacques Eglé, attempted to take her from their cabin on Fifi Island ("Fifi" was Jacques' nickname) to the safety of the Marquez home. Jacques managed to row across Bayou Rigaud to Grand Isle; unable to continue, he tried to lash his wife to a tree, but Marguerita was too aged and ill to grasp the tree. She was washed away; Jacques was later rescued by the Marquez skiff. The Minnicks also stated that at the western, unprotected end of Grand Isle, beyond the wooded area and near Cheniere Caminada, eighteen negroes were drowned when a camp in which they had gathered was destroyed. To me, this is the true and correct story as it concerns Grand Isle in 1893, so don't believe everything you read in the papers.

Because of Dr. Cline's contributions to the science of weather forecasting, it is unlikely that any tropical hurricane will ever again find an American community as unprepared as was the Cheniere in '93. Seven years later, in the Galveston disaster of 1900, Dr. Cline proved that danger to life in a hurricane lies principally in the storm tides. His encyclopedia of hurricane information was published in 1926, more than

*The day after the storm Henry Bartelemy talks to Editor Joseph Monies about beach homes under his care.*

30 years after the Cheniere storm. In that book, he tabulated and chartered every observation made in a tropical cyclone (commonly called hurricane) that moved in on the Gulf and south Atlantic coasts during a period of twenty-five years. He points out that in a cyclone traveling in nearly a straight line, or curving towards the left, the wind velocities fall off sharply after the passage of the calm center. (This was experienced on Friday, September 19, 1947, in downtown New Orleans.) However, in a cyclone curving sharply towards the right, the area traversed by the calm center is brought into the right-hand, rear quadrant of the cyclone where the highest winds are experienced a few hours after the lowest barometer has been recorded. Dr. Cline explained that, in all likelihood, this was the case in 1893, since Miss Anna and others relate that there was a period of calm but that the Cheniere suffered most because of the renewed intensity of the latter part of the storm.

*Tropical Cyclones* goes on to say that the wind velocities in the left-half of the cyclone are considerably less than those of the right-hand half. Certainly this theorem was proved last September when Grand Isle experienced offshore winds of considerably less than hurricane velocity and *no dangerous conditions* either from wind or water.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the passing of Isle Derniere, with records of just three storms affecting Grand Isle — those of 1893, 1909, and 1915 — and there has been NO LOSS OF LIFE since the drowning of Marguerita Eglé.

In September of 1909, 353 lives were lost in Terrebonne Parish — about 15 miles west of Grand Isle — and property damage amounted to $6,400,000. Although we have no record of the extent of property damage at Grand Isle, water rose on the isle to a depth of 5.5 feet above mean low tide, while farther inland up Bayou Lafourche where the water backed up against various kinds of obstructions it rose as high as ten feet. THERE WAS NO LOSS OF LIFE AT GRAND ISLE.

Burrwood, Louisiana, at the mouth of the Mississippi, withstood the severest blow during the hurricane of 1915 when a 140-miles-per-hour wind was regis-

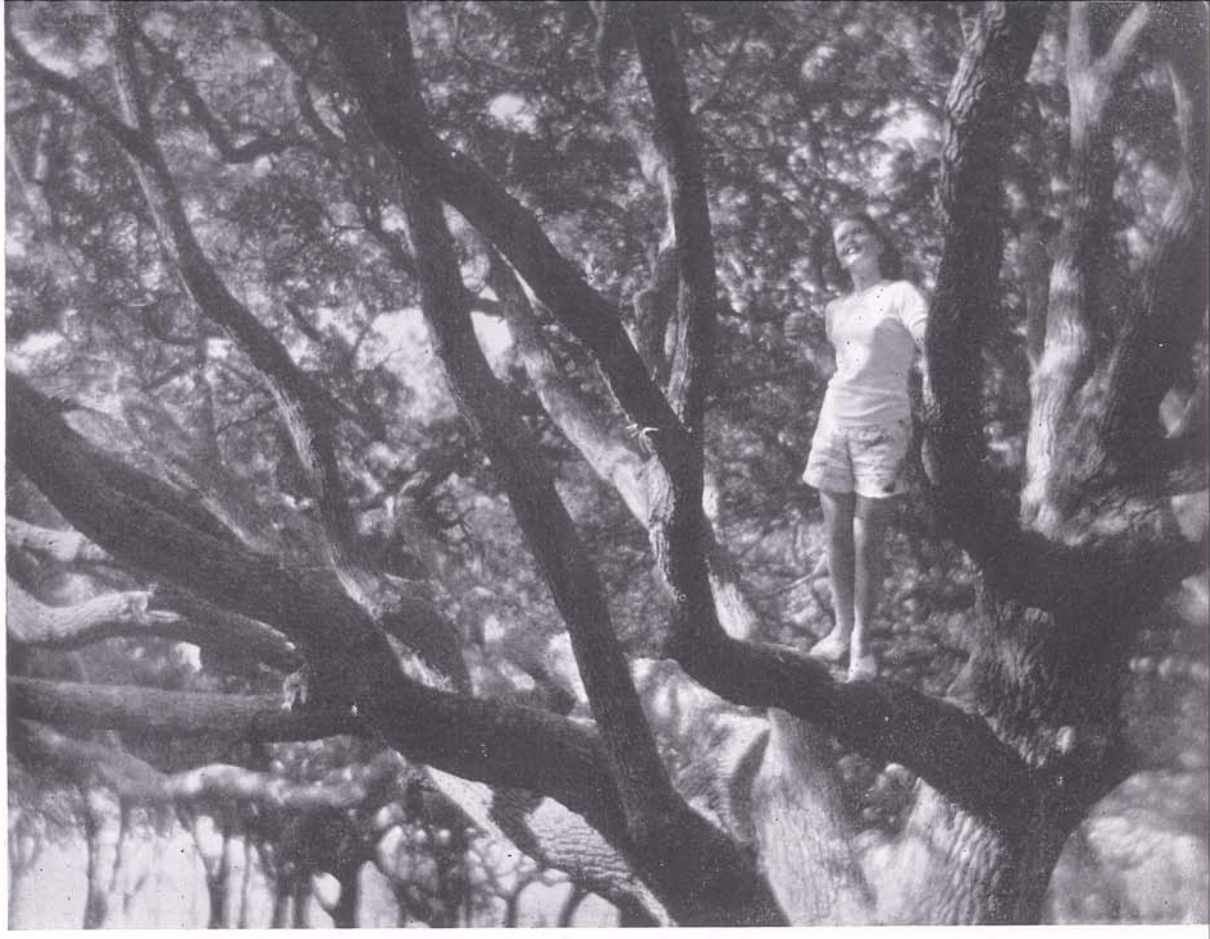
*Grand Isle gardens like this could not flourish in soil salted by storm tides.*

*Handsome and typical is the beach home of Dr. Guy A. Caldwell on Grand Isle.*

---

tered for a period of five minutes, and winds of over one hundred miles per hour continued for two hours. Burrwood, like Grand Isle, was aided in its stand against the storm tide by the open area behind it which prevented a piling up of water against trees, buildings, or levees. Dr. Cline records a storm tide of thirteen feet in Lake Pontchartrain and the New Orleans area and states that "nearly every building in New Orleans was damaged to a greater or lesser extent." Due to the magnificent work of the New Orleans weather office under his guidance, however, the entire loss of life was only 275, in spite of the 1915 hurricane's being as severe as we are likely to encounter.

Grand Isle recorded a storm tide of nine feet in 1915; that is, nine feet less



*Live oak at the Anchorage, Grand Isle. Beautiful trees protect homes from winds.*

the height of the island above sea level. Several islanders have estimated the depth of the water at from four to seven feet. The late Mrs. A. Crosby of Grand Isle told me that she sat on a bed in the house belonging to the father of Andrew Adam (Grand Isle tavern owner) and watched the water rise so high that everyone was about to go to the attic; then the wind abated. Mr. George Minnick spent the day in his skiff retrieving four cords of freshly-cut firewood as it floated in the yard and managed to save it all by stacking it on the gallery. He said that he snared a number of household articles in the same way and his greatest loss was a setting duck.

The weather service was responsible for the moving of many persons out of the bays and lowlands in the surrounding area, and, while we know there was considerable property loss on Grand Isle, THERE WERE NO DEATHS.

In summarizing the above information, we cannot help placing Grand Isle in a position of relative safety as compared with New Orleans, southeastern Louisiana, and the Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida coasts. The storm season this past year harassed Florida to the extent of five hurricanes and $200,000,000 damage.

Having recently read in what might well be considered a highly authoritative source that there is a tendency for tropical cyclones to pass to the east of the Mississippi River and knowing that Grand Isle was in a favored spot in 1915 and particularly in 1947, I am sorely tempted to point to our position west of the delta as a protection in itself. However, Dr. Cline, with his usual passion for dissemination of indisputably accurate data, especially where the weather as it affects the public safety is concerned, says "No." Hurricanes move into areas of low pressure, and no one can predict such movement prior to the actual development of the cyclone. But he did suggest that I stress Grand Isle's natural protection resulting from the open terrain behind it, which extends inland for a radius of from twenty to forty miles.

In view of the facts given here, it seems to me it takes a heap of nerve and even more of misinformation for any resident of the Gulf Coast to point to Grand Isle as an area which hurricanes have deliberately singled out and

*One of world's safest bathing beaches.*

rendered unsafe. Though our opinions may be cut on the bias, those of us who know how far Grand Isle outshines neighboring resorts can overlook a few "sour grapes" from coastwise property interests who no doubt covet our eight miles of beach and island beauty, but misrepresentations about the weather make us highly indignant. On the day following the hurricane which swept over New Orleans last September, we read a newspaper statement to the effect that 700 persons drowned on Grand Isle in 1893. We were amused at, but in complete accord with, our neighbor, an island businessman, who most vehemently declared, "We oughta sue 'em!" There are sins of omission as well as of commission in such publicity, the natural inference being that poor little Grand Isle surely must be completely wiped out *this* time. No later attention was given to the fact that we had no hurricane. The blow that did us harm was the blow to business. In October, when both the fishing and the weather were perfect, things were "deader'n a doornail" because of the impression that we too must be digging out from under.

On the night of September 19 and the morning of September 20, 1947, while hurricane winds were ripping across New Orleans and flood waters were pouring in on the Mississippi coast, here is what was going on at Grand Isle: Like the rest of the coast, Grand Isle buttoned up tight to withstand the full fury of the approaching hurricane. Incidentally, this was the first instance necessitating warning and preparation by the Coast Guard since the erection of the station on the Isle in 1919. Chief Boatswain's Mate Teller with his complement of eight men sent all visitors off the island, helped secure boats, and around midnight advised the local residents to take refuge in the Coast Guard Station. Some 300 people spent the night there, but many preferred to remain at home. Mr. George Minnick insists that he knew from the direction and velocity of the wind and from the sound of the surf that he had nothing to fear, so he slept soundly in the house erected by his family in 1898.

Father Gilbert, of Our Lady of the Isle Church, at that time a newcomer himself, was not sufficiently alarmed to leave the comfort of his bed, except that he looked in on some of his parishioners around five a. m. Friday, he conducted Mass, even though the Coast Guard anemometer registered highest wind of fifty-two miles per hour at eight o'clock.

Some of the young people spent the evening in the night spots. Miss Edna Crosby, for example, danced until the wee, small hours and got home just in time to accompany her parents to the Coast Guard Station around three a. m.

As the wind slackened on Friday, it veered from north to west, then southwest, south, and finally southeast, thus blowing strong from the Gulf. The surf was then quite rough, causing sufficient erosion to warrant some speculation by owners of beach property as to some effective means of preventing this cutting action of the tide. In one place, on the eastern end of the island, jetties had been constructed on the beach front, and proved extremely effective as a means of holding the sand. It appears that normal tides during the summer had slowly built up the adjacent beach, and without question the jetties prevented erosion during the high tide following the hurricane. Another advantage is that while most of

*New paving will cut mishaps like this.*

the unprotected sections of the beach lost its natural protective barrier of driftwood, the jetties served as a trap to ensnare the finest logs as the southwest wind carried them eastward along the island front.

This frontal erosion is mentioned here because it is causing concern to those who have recently erected beach homes. Further, the REVIEW is eager to present helpful information. The facts are reassuring, and mere speculation as to possible future trouble certainly offers no solution to any problem. Mr. Ben Farquhar, well-known in this vicinity for having engineered the bridge which spans Caminada Pass, has personally surveyed Grand Isle from end to end. He has an old map, "The Bougeral Plan," dated 1841, which he believes he has tied in to present locations on the isle to the "satisfaction of any person of reasonable mind" in spite of its lacking certain important notations. The result shown is that, in an area near the east end of Grand Isle, erosion has approximated 300 feet in 107 years. More than one long-time resident insists that for a time the tide cuts in, then for a time builds back, with a balancing effect that means little change over a period of time. There may be a cutting tide next year, maybe not for several years. At any rate, building the above-mentioned jetties is one effective answer. This loss of front footage and damage to front fences is the one and only problem which the '47 hurricane dealt to Grand Isle. Henry Bartelemy, caretaker for eleven beach homes, reports no repairs necessary to any of the buildings.

Yes, Marguerita Eglé was drowned in '93, but that was over fifty years ago. Has no one heard that now we have Dr. Cline's studies of hurricanes, the modernized services of the weather office, telephones, the U. S. Coast Guard, hurricane - withstanding construction methods, fast boats, airplanes, and highways? Grand Isle came through in 1893, 1909, and 1915 with few or none of these benefits, and should she at some time be subjected to the full fury of the right-front quadrant of a tropical cyclone, we think she will weather it in much better shape than our neighbors to the west in 1909 and those to the east in 1915 and 1947. For one thing, stagnant, poisonous water will not stand on Grand Isle as it did in New Orleans and Metairie, because ours is a natural drainage system.

Dr. Cline gives advice on two counts in the building of beach homes. First, build high enough for the waters of the severest storm tide to pass under the structure, and second, build around pilings which extend not just to floor level but to the eaves. He cites the instance of a wireless station belonging to the United Fruit Company, so constructed, which was pounded by winds of one hundred miles per hour or more for several hours. That was in 1915 when the one-hundred-and-forty-mile wind blew for five minutes and when, of course, there were gusts exceeding the continuous velocity.

Now then, assuming that you believe my story of cyclones, you may now relax and take a quick look at what the isle can offer you. After all, there's a purpose behind all this!

*M'sieu Terrebonne tells a fish story; Grand Isle waters offer fine fishing all through the year.*

*Typical day's catch, cobia and mackerel, taken by (left to right) Captain Murphy Crosby, Hal Mayer, and Paul Crosby.*

*Driftwood and other decorations on Grand Isle beach.*

---

The theme of the REVIEW is "expanding to new frontiers," and while pioneering and pleasure resorts don't ordinarily go hand in hand, Grand Isle has been a frontier with a frontier's hardships. Among them being not only exaggerations about the big wind but also the inferior roadway from Golden Meadow on. You may recall that in last year's issue I had a good deal to say about that road, and (whatever expression of dubious nature friend husband is hiding behind that newspaper) the REVIEW and I do hereby claim some credit. Perhaps we didn't actually exert any influence, but, pardner, let's see you smile when you say so. Anyhow, a concrete highway *has* been laid between Golden Meadow and Leeville. Further, contracts have been let to hard-surface the highway all the way to Bayou Rigaud at the far end of Grand Isle, and these contracts will be completed in about four months' time.

Thus, one phase of our pioneering is ending. The trip by auto will be pleasant and comfortable—for the storm-wary, speedy. Gladly do we forego the rigors of pioneer travel to ride in ease as do our contemporaries; eagerly do we look forward to developing further our resort facilities. Even with the old road, in the last two years the isle has grown apace, but with the new road that will seem a snail's pace.

And that brings us to the frontier I have adopted for my own, namely, lengthening the resort season. Grand Isle is a wonderful place to come to in the summertime, when the beach offers so much enjoyment, and, of course, when the kids are out of school. But it's a shame to go home the day after Labor Day and stay until nearly June. In October, November, December, and again in March, April, and May, we experience some of the most beautiful weather one can imagine. Then, too, there is a serenity about the isle that gets lost in the hubbub of summer. The days are cool, but the sun is warm; accommodations are uncrowded, and as a result, service can be given which is in keeping with the helpful, friendly, and unhurried nature of the islanders. Being less rushed, the business people who know and love to relate the isle's colorful history can stop to pass the time of day with our visitors. Photography and idle exploration of the lanes are ideal pastimes, while, as in summer, there is still the lure of the beach and fishing *par excellence*. Fall and winter on Grand Isle offer sport and variety to fishermen that isn't found just *anywhere*. Besides, the weather cooperates for a good ten months out of the year.

All this, as we keep telling you, makes Grand Isle THE resort of the Gulf Coast, unique in its attraction and accessible to all. So, the next time you are regaled with wild tales of storms, bear in mind that, scientific or not, at least so far as we are concerned, hurricanes *do* seem to be accompanied by a lot of hot air!

---

*The bridge over Caminada Pass at sunset in mid-summer.*

A TRIBUTE TO

# Dudley Grenier

One of Louisiana's "first citizens," J. V. L. (Dudley) Grenier of Thibodaux, retires to his magnificient home in Lafourche Parish between jobs thrust upon him by the emergencies of the state and of the nation.

Dudley Grenier first "retired" to Oak Terrace Plantation in 1942, but World War II saw him called back into service at the request of Washington's bigwigs. His long years of activity in the construction business had given him the vital "know-how" that was needed. The nation was at war, and camps were needed, in a hurry.

Dudley Grenier went back to work.

He retired again after his job was done, but not for very long.

Recently, he was appointed by Governor Davis to be director of the state Department of Highways, and although he was reluctant to leave the well-deserved peace and comfort of his beautiful plantation, he accepted.

In the few short months of his active leadership of the Highway Department, he placed under contract millions of dollars worth of new highway improvement projects.

Notable among these was the recently contracted Grand Isle road, State Route 620.

This long anticipated link that connects Louisiana's only Gulf vacation ground to the rest of the state now definitely will be paved. Three separate projects, totalling about a million dollars, are under contract.

*J. V. L. (Dudley) Grenier*

Much of the road is in Lafourche Parish, but Grand Isle itself lies wholly in Jefferson Parish.

Dudley Grenier was happy to get the road under way. He has always considered it a necessarv and desirable project, and one that would serve the people of the entire state, as well as open this important area to commercial and industrial development.

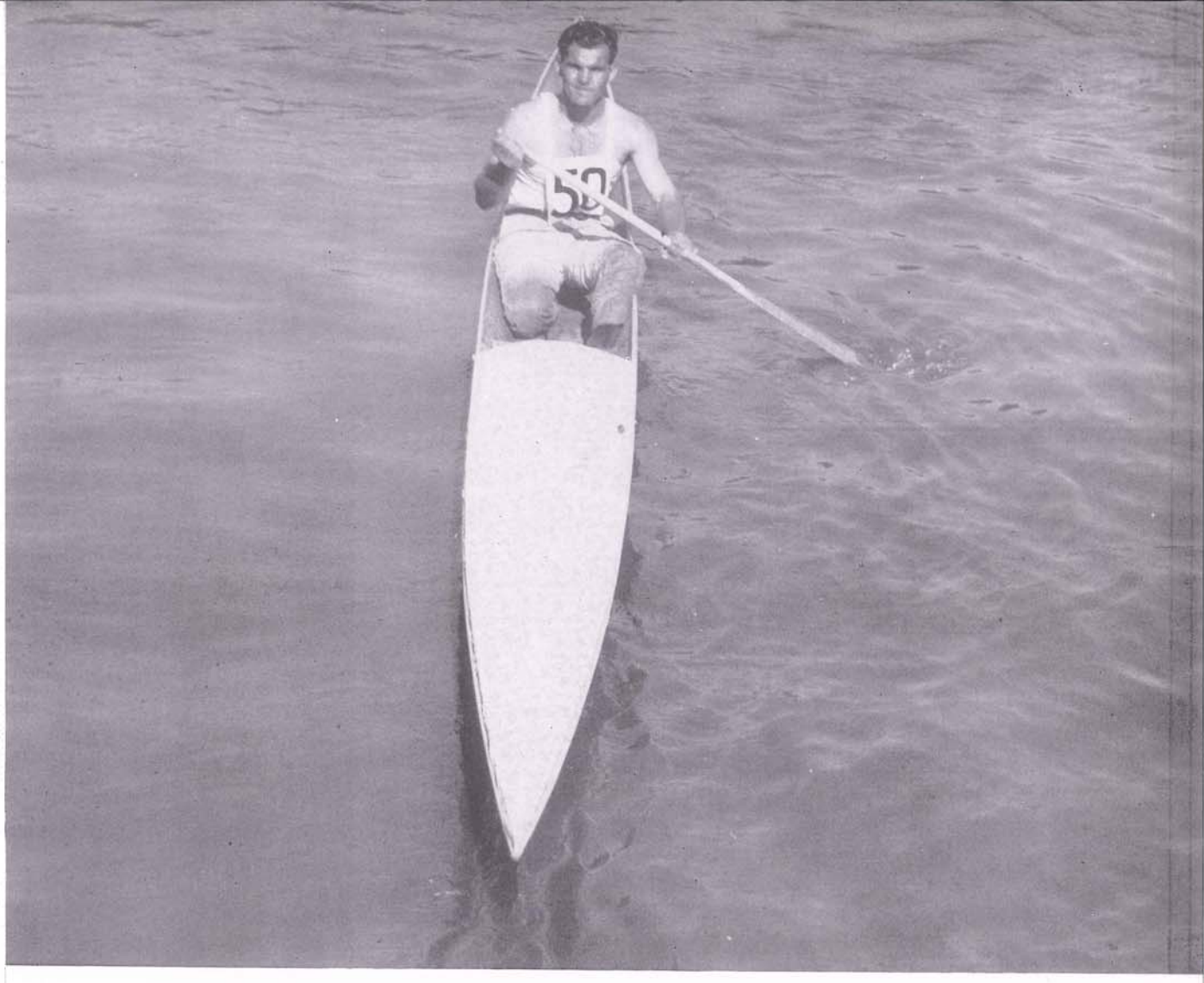
Now his work is finished again. He has "retired" again to Oak Terrace Plantation with his wife, the former Rita LaGarde of Thibodaux, where he occupies himself with his sugar plantation.

His hobbies are raising prize flowers and fishing.

There he intends to remain, sitting on his spacious front porch, drinking strong coffee with his friends and thinking back over his long, eventful and full life.

. . . . unless, of course, some governmental agency drafts him into harness again . . . .

*Oak Terrace*



WITH THE GRIM DETERMINATION *that makes champions showing in his face, 1948 winner Paul L. Ybarzabal carefully balances the craft he pushed to victory.*

*Pushing back a sports frontier:*

# PIROGUE RACING

By Arthur Charbonnet

Under the moss-draped oaks of Fleming's Park on Bayou Barataria, this spring more than twenty thousand enthusiastic spectators witnessed as thrilling a scene as ever warmed the hearts of sports-loving people.

For amid the rousing cheers of thousands who had come to see him paddle again to victory, Adam Billiot, smiling veteran of nine pirogue races and six-times champion, was called up to the brightly decorated stand and awarded a special prize of one hundred dollars—even though he did not enter this year's contest.

No, because of illness, smiling Adam Billiot did not race, and may not ever race again. This tribute in recognition of his great sportsmanship in the past is typical of the spirit attending every phase of the famous annual pirogue race on Bayou Barataria, deep in the land where once the romantic pirate Jean Lafitte held sway.

Initiated only a few short years ago, in the spring of 1936, to decide the

"champion pirogue paddler of the world," the pirogue race has grown in popularity and size until now it excites interest throughout the nation. And because it is the only one of its kind anywhere, to Jefferson Parish belongs the unique distinction of opening up a new sports frontier. This fine sporting contest utilizes the same type of native Indian craft with which early settlers of Louisiana pushed back the southern frontier to carve a civilization out of the New World wilderness.

Now each spring newsmen and cameramen from local as well as national services join the eager crowds that throng the picnic grounds at Fleming Park, where the race ends.

This year, on Sunday, May 23rd, while the banks of the bayou teemed with excited enthusiasts, and the horns and whistles of the hundreds of boats on the water tooted and screamed out a thrilling welcome, the dark horse of the past two years pushed his needle-narrow dugout first over the finish line. Upsetting the long tug-of-war between Adam Billiot and Herbert Creppel, the two veteran champions of the bayou classic, Paul L. Ybarzabal, 23, crossed the line 32 minutes and 42 seconds after the starting gun.

Why this excitement, why all this fuss? The stranger might ask. After all, the little boats only make eight miles an hour, that's not fast. Not fast, *hein bougre?*

Man, when you're doing that with your muscles, it's almost flying.

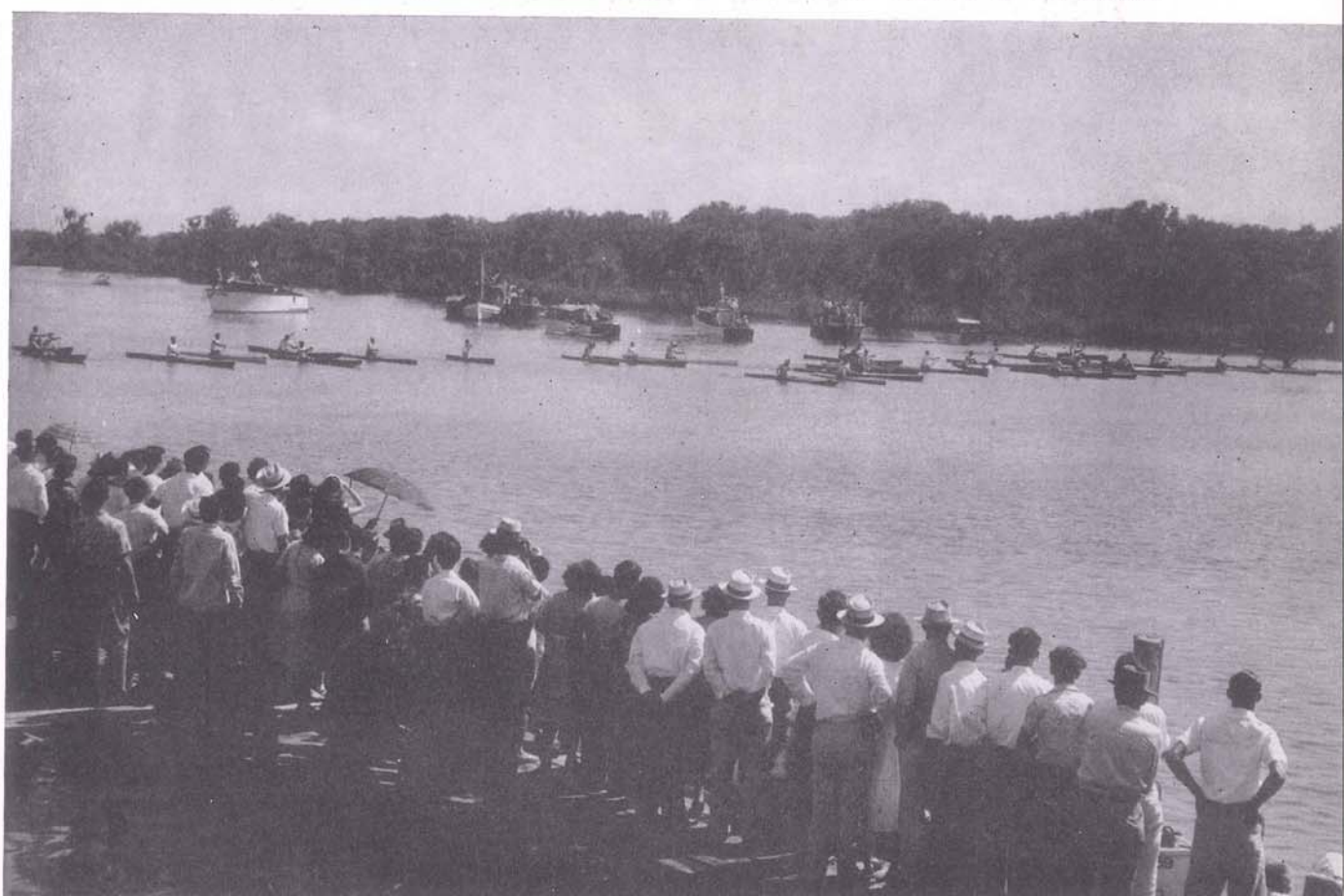
Tell you something else. These are not simply "boats." These are pirogues, *racing* pirogues—slim, hand-hewn coracles peculiar to the marshy swamplands of lower Louisiana—and just to *sit* in one of them takes great skill.

Much tippier than the work pirogue —itself a tricky craft—the racing pirogue is a hand-tooled work of art. From eighteen to twenty feet long and about twenty-five inches wide, the swift shells used in the Barataria race have only one or two inches of freeboard and ship water at a weighty thought.

They are carved out of solid cypress logs and their beautiful lines and almost paper-thinness reveals the work of adz artists with inspired hands.

But the art does not cease with the building of the pirogue. It must have a

WITH PADDLES POISED, *the eager entrants in this only contest of its kind in the world await the signal that will send the light crafts swiftly up the bayou.*



AT THE FINISH, *the racers are strung out and exhausted from the grueling strain of paddling against wind and current.*

---

good man on the paddle, with the poetry of the misty *terre tremblant* in his soul and work-hardened muscles in his shoulders to urge it masterfully up the bayou and across the finish line. A man must *understand* pirogues to handle them properly, and it helps to be born on or near a bayou and paddle around in one for the first sixteen or seventeen years of life. By that time if he has acquired an almost phenomenal sense of balance along with his swelling muscles, he should be fairly eligible to enter the contest.

It is something like this: On a sunny afternoon in May you gently lower your cypress cockleshell into the warm water of Bayou Barataria in front of Kammer's Store. You place yourself in the middle of it and line up with almost fifty other tanned and experienced sons of the bayou. Your ashen paddle is poised in your hard hands and you tensely await the starter's gun.

Then in a flash you're off! Your paddle digs deep into the water and you pull it to you and past you with great strokes, and your pirogue leaps ahead like a live thing—and there's 4.7 miles of water stretching out between you and the finish line. For more than half an hour your paddle flashes in the sunlight. You sweat and your back and arms ache and still the end lies far ahead. You work every trick you've learned in years of paddling to get every bit of speed out of your pirogue and yourself. Like a musician fingering a violin you give your paddle just the proper flick as you lift it from the water, to keep you on the straight course you've set.

All around you the other surging boats have slowly thinned out and you gradually realize that there is no one in front of you. You are leading the

field, and the pace is killing. Your feather-light shell weighs a ton and the paddle burns your hands. Boats of all kinds, work and pleasure boats, loom up before you and you are dimly aware of the colorful mass of people on the bayou banks and suddenly horns and whistles fill the air and the happy cries of all the people — and you are the *champion pirogue paddler of the world.*

That, my friend, is something. You're King of the Bayou and have possession of the much-prized Charles H. Ellis trophy for a year. Also you've just won yourself two hundred dollars.

The 1948 competition marks pirogue racing's ninth active year. In popularity it has achieved the dimensions of a national sport—and it is truly a sport. There is no swift horse or powerful engine to be merely guided, no big billowing sails to carry you to victory. It is a contest among men—the men who carve the boats and the men who paddle them—and the race is to the skillful and the strong.

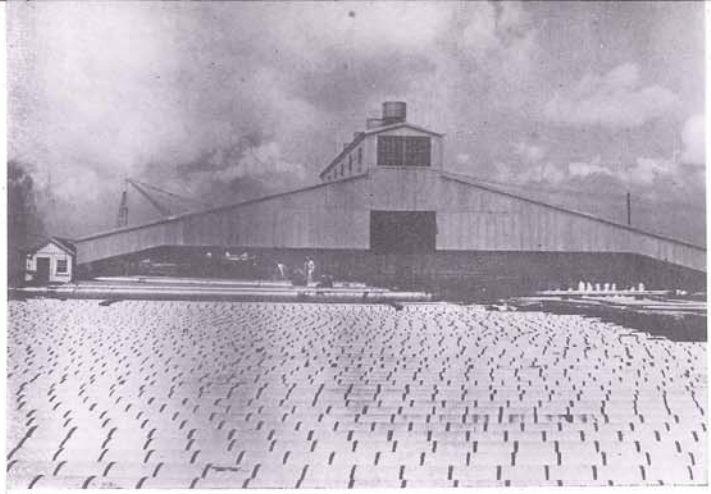
Paul Ybarzabal, this year's winner, adds his name to the great champions of past races, Adam Billiot, who has won six previous matches, and Herbert Creppel, who has paddled the course in the fastest time—30 minutes and 10 seconds.

In this year's contest, Creppel, who won in 1941 and 1946, came in third, and second place was taken by Gilbert Reime, 17, nephew of Adam Billiot, who coached him. Besides the prizes of $200 for first place, $100, $50 and $25 for second, third and fourth, there is a prize for everyone crossing the finish line. It might be anything from a house jack to a case of beer or a thousand pounds of ice—but if you cross the line, you get a prize. The Louisiana Annual Pirogue Race is the most sporting event in the world, and is typical of the people participating in and sponsoring it.

So, whatever else you do, don't miss the race next year. Bring blankets and a picnic basket and stretch out under the trees on the banks of the bayou and cheer for the champion. It might be Paul again, it might be Herbert, it might be—who?

---

PAUL YBARZABAL *being awarded first prize by Hugh M. Wilkinson, General Chairman of the Louisiana Pirogue Racing Association.*



PLANT *of Pipe Line Service Corporation on Harvey Canal. Gas pipe in foreground has been covered.*

By

G. B. Waterstraat

Assistant to the President of

PIPE LINE SERVICE CORPORATION

# *Why Locate in Jefferson Parish?*

The Pipe Line Service Corporation, one of the new industries in Jefferson Parish, has pioneered in mechanically cleaning, coating and wrapping steel pipe, as a protection from the effects of corrosion when the pipe is laid underground for the transmission of oil or gas.

This company was asked why it located its plant on the Harvey Canal—Intracoastal Waterway. Why? The answer was simple: because this site in Jefferson Parish was found to have many advantages and was therefore a desirable location.

That answer, of course, does not tell the whole story. The first thought of industry is to locate close to the source of supply or close to its customers. In this case the thought was to establish a plant near customers and also near rail and waterway transportation for economical movement of pipe from the tube mills to the plant, and delivery of coated and wrapped pipe to the customer by truck, rail or barge, as desired.

Frequently pipe can be shipped only by barge, as this is the only means of transportation to the wells in the bayous and in the Gulf.

Also important was the advisability of locating near the center of Louisiana's great yield of oil and gas requiring corrosion-proof pipe to transport the state's "black gold" to refineries and markets.

But why locate in Jefferson Parish? The answer again is, because of many advantages to be found here; the available land in small or large tracts or parcels, the supply of labor in nearby towns, the termini of nine railroads in or near Jefferson Parish, waterway transportation on the Mississippi River and the Intracoastal Waterway — the longest combination of natural and man-made canals in the world. These are the

CLEARING STUMPS *from plant site to push back another industrial frontier in booming Jefferson Parish.*

material advantages learned from investigation.

The advantages include, too, the super salesmen eager to entice industry to Jefferson Parish. Among them is the friendly and cooperative attitude of parish officials, the Southern Pacific and Missouri Pacific Railroads, the Louisiana Power and Light Company, the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the Louisiana State Highway Department in the maintenance of roads. These super salesmen typify southern hospitality at its best. A prospect or new industry feels immediately at home. Then there is the financial inducement of ad valorem tax exemption for new industrial plants, and future additions thereto, offered by the state and the parish.

And so as the Pipe Line Service Corporation pushed back a frontier in mechanically cleaning, coating and wrapping steel pipe, it again pushed back a frontier by acquiring a plant site of 18 acres on the east bank of the Harvey Canal, five miles from the locks at the Mississippi River and Highway 90.

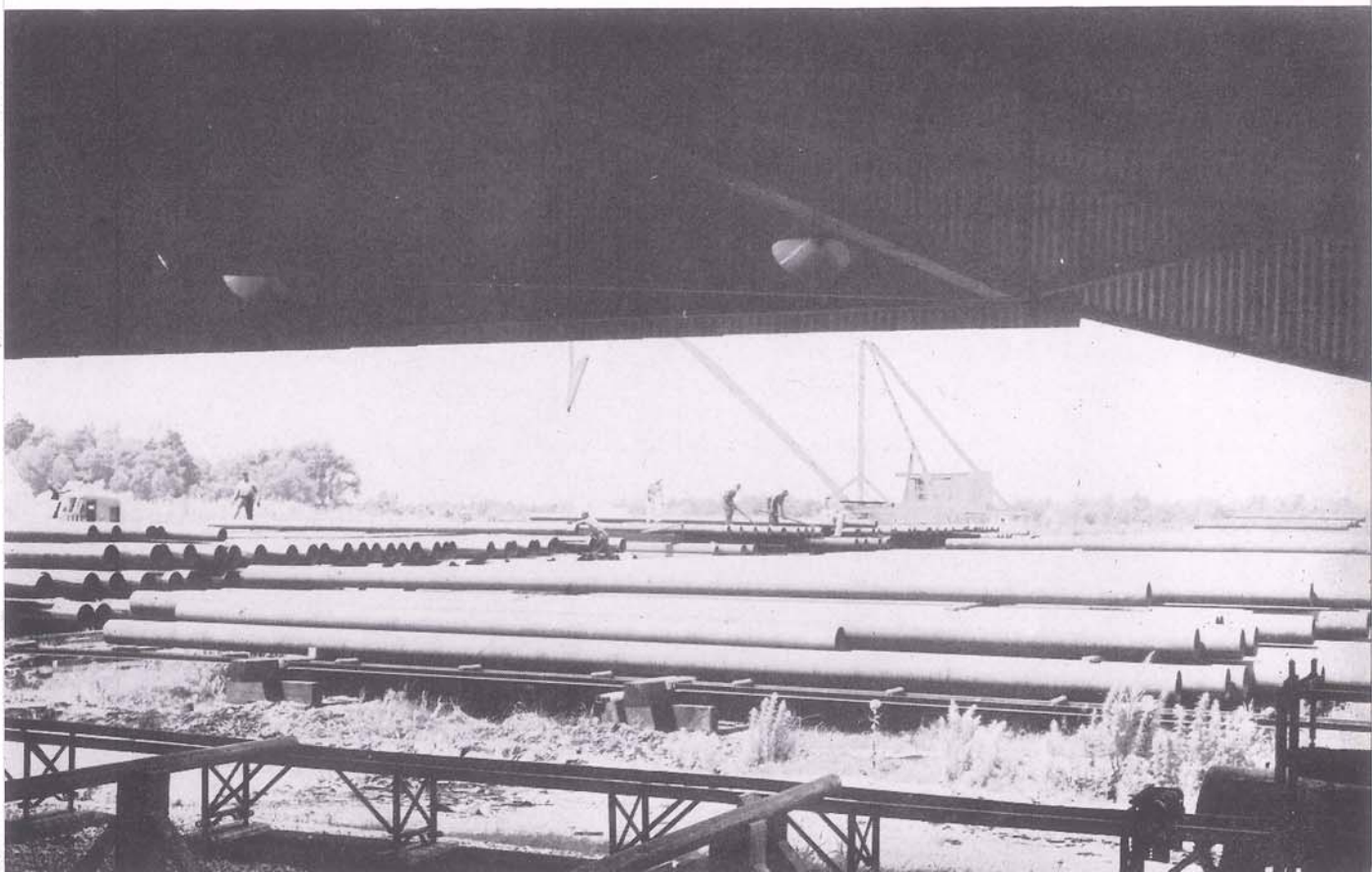
---

HUGE, MODERN *plant stands where wilderness was. View from interior, showing crane moving pipe sections.*

RAILROAD *construction crew tamping ballast for tracks leading to new pipe covering plant.*

---

The word "site" is used advisedly. The dictionary defines the word "site" as "a plot of ground set apart for some specific use." Centuries ago this one was probably set apart to accumulate—with the aid of the Mississippi River—yankee soil called silt. Following centuries of evolution brought trees of various kinds, grasses, weeds, and other vegetation found in swamplands. A redeeming feature today are the gigantic pumps of the Jefferson-Plaquemines Drainage District, which have created dry land. Yet, the site was accessible only by a narrow shell road and there



were no telephone lines, power lines or railroad.

Through the aid of the super salesmen, Peters Road was concreted and extended to the plant site, the Southern Pacific extended its tracks, and power and telephone lines were installed. With coordinated effort, three and a half miles of desirable land were opened for industrial development along the Harvey Canal.

The Harvey Canal is an integrant part or beginning of the western half of the great Intracoastal Waterway. Beginning at the locks at the Mississippi River, the canal extends five and a half miles to Bayou Barataria, the next link in the waterway chain. The section at present extends almost to Brownsville, Texas.

As the importance of the Harvey Canal as the inspiration of this great project is little known, so is the fact that in the course of a few years fifty-five industries have located on the first two miles of the banks of the canal. This is probably the most concentrated industrial section of Louisiana.

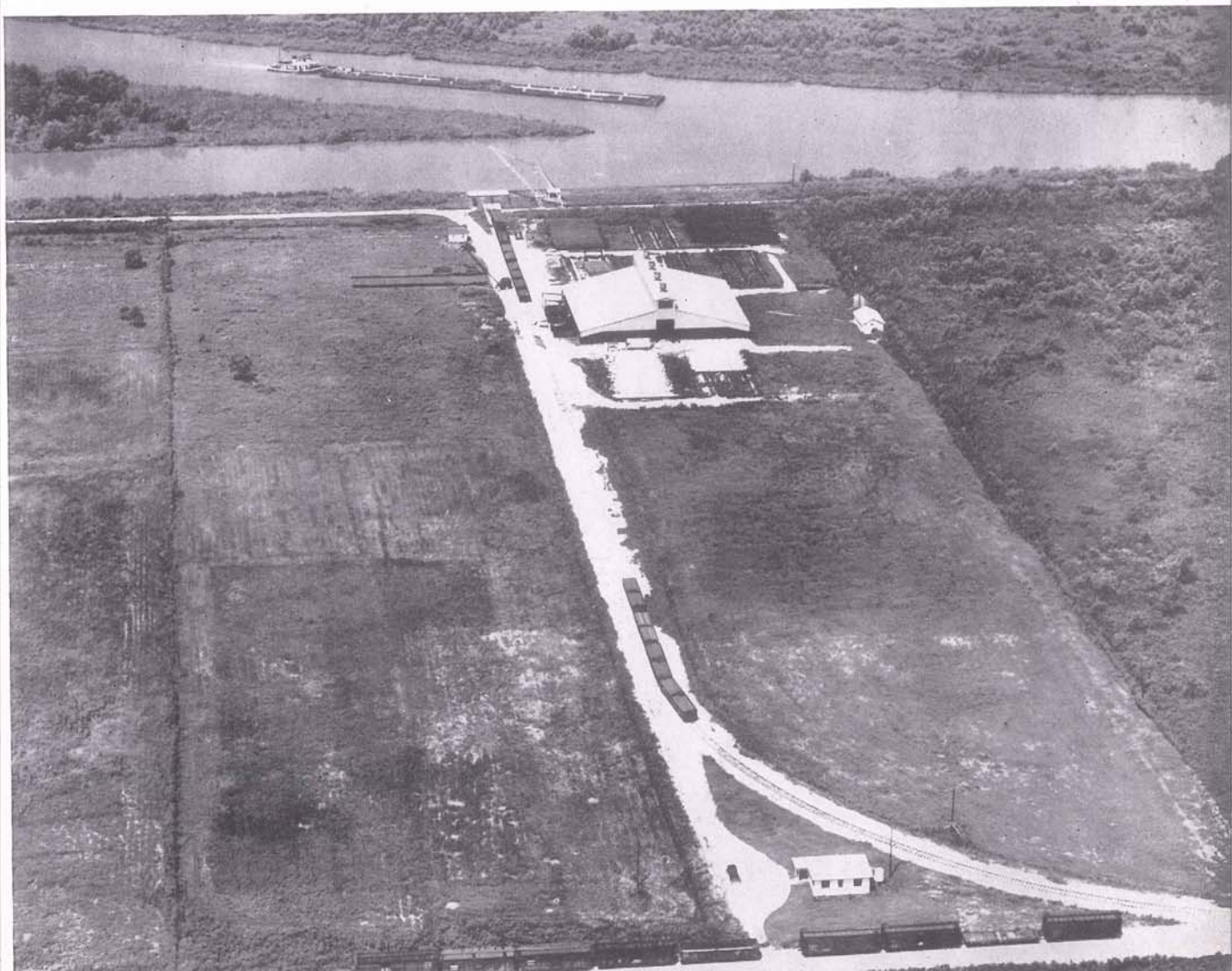
Something unusual about the leaders of these industries is the fellowship they display. If one has a problem to solve he takes it up with his next door neighbor. Maybe the neighbor is a competitor, that makes no difference. When a new industry prospect arrives in the parish, if parish officials do not get to him first with an invitatiton to lunch and an extended hand of welcome, the Industrial Club of Harvey Canal will.

Where is this Harvey and Harvey Canal? Just across the Mississippi River, by ferry, from New Orleans' uptown residential district, or two miles by bus from the heart of New Orleans.

Let's go back to the title "Why Locate in Jefferson Parish," and change it to read "*Why not* Locate in Jefferson Parish?"

---

AIR VIEW *of the plant layout. Harvey Canal intesects with Intracoastal Waterway at this point.*



*JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE JURY—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS*

*Seated, left to right: John H. Haas, Ward 1, Gretna (McDonoghville); Miss Dolores Vegas, Clerk; Leon Nunez, Ward 6, Lafitte; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Parish Treasurer; Weaver R. Toledano, President, Ward 9, Kenner; Terrance J. Adams, President Pro-Tem., Ward 4, Westwego; Frank J. Deemer, Secretary; Miss Bernice Lopez, Assistant Secretary; and Roy Duplechin, Ward 4, Marrero.*

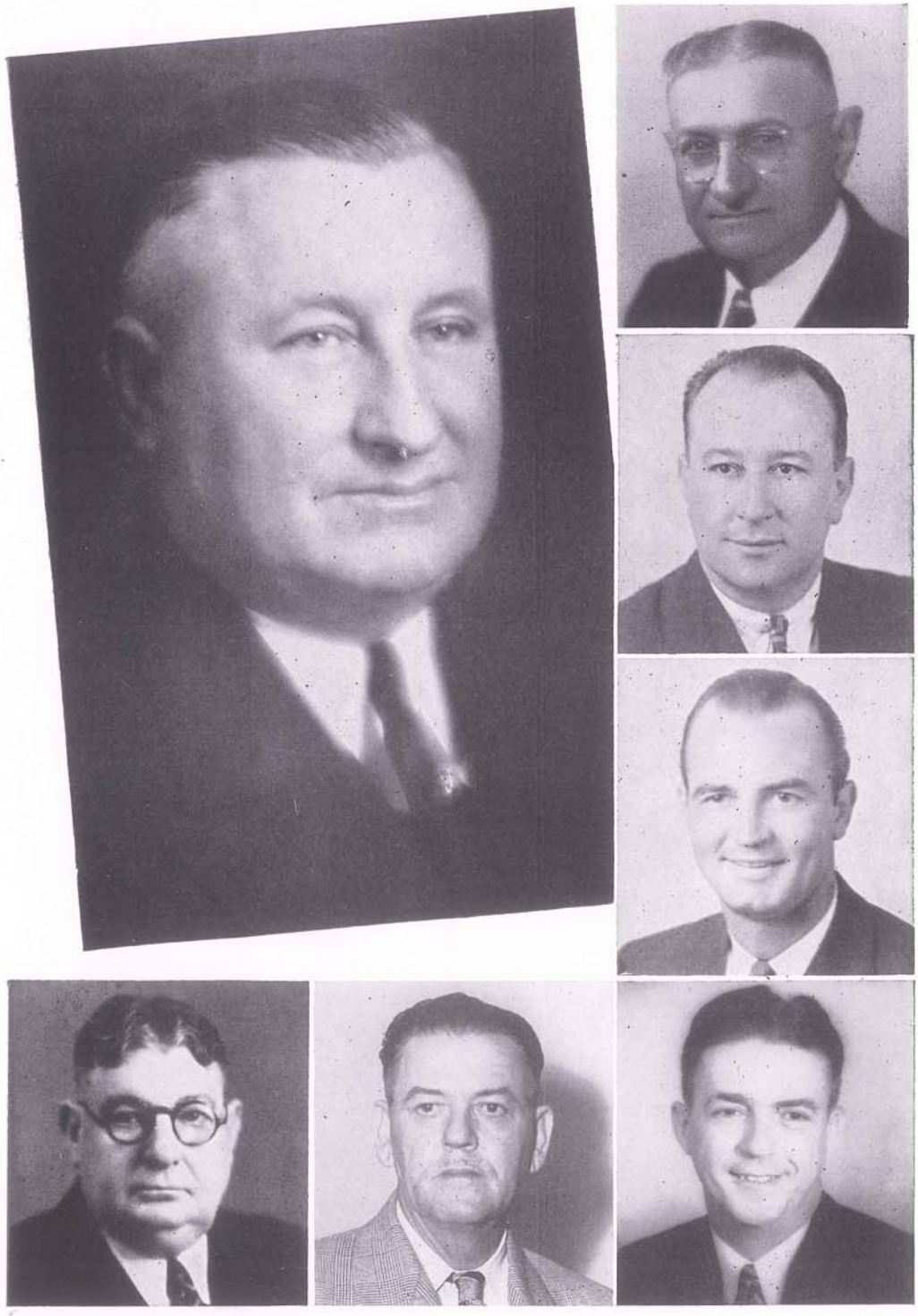
*Standing, left to right: Jessie J. Breaux, Ward 3, Gretna; B. P. Dauenhauer, Ward 3, Gretna; Alvin E. Hotard, Parish Engineer; John J. Holtgreve, Ward 8, Metairie; G. Ashton Cox, Parish Printer; Roger Coulon, Ward 4, Harvey; Wm. E. Strehle, Ward 2, Gretna; Leonce Thomassie, West Bank Road Superintendent; Ernest Riviere, Ward 8, Metairie; Russell Le Doux, East Bank Road Superintendent; Wilfred Berthelot, Ward 5, Waggaman; Marion R. Tucker, Ward 7, Suburban Acres; and John W. Falcon, Ward 4, Marrero.*

# FEDERAL, STATE AND DISTRICT OFFICIALS

*Hon. Earl K. Long, Governor of the State of Louisiana*

*Reading from top to bottom: Hon. William C. Feazel, United States Senator from Louisiana; Hon. Allen J. Ellender, United States Senator from Louisiana; Hon. William J. Dodd, 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. Kermit Brau, Coroner; Hon. Terrance J. Adams, President Pro-Tem., 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.*

FIRST GRADERS *at Harvey School have fun with pupil direction and pupil participation; exercise and supervised activity play an important part in Jefferson school children's days.*

*Jefferson Schools Build Citizens for*

# TOMORROW'S FRONTIERS

L. W. Higgins, B. A., M. A.,
Superintendent of Schools

Another year, replete with variegated endeavour, has coursed to its fiscal close. Breath taking indeed are the manifold events which we have witnessed in the past 365 days. Yet the crumbling of democratic outposts in Western Europe, and the insidious spread of the dread specter of totalitarianism serve but one purpose in so far as the philosophy of public education in our glorious nation is concerned in general, and for the youth of Jefferson Parish in particular—that is, an ever increasing zeal on our part to 'Let them see'.

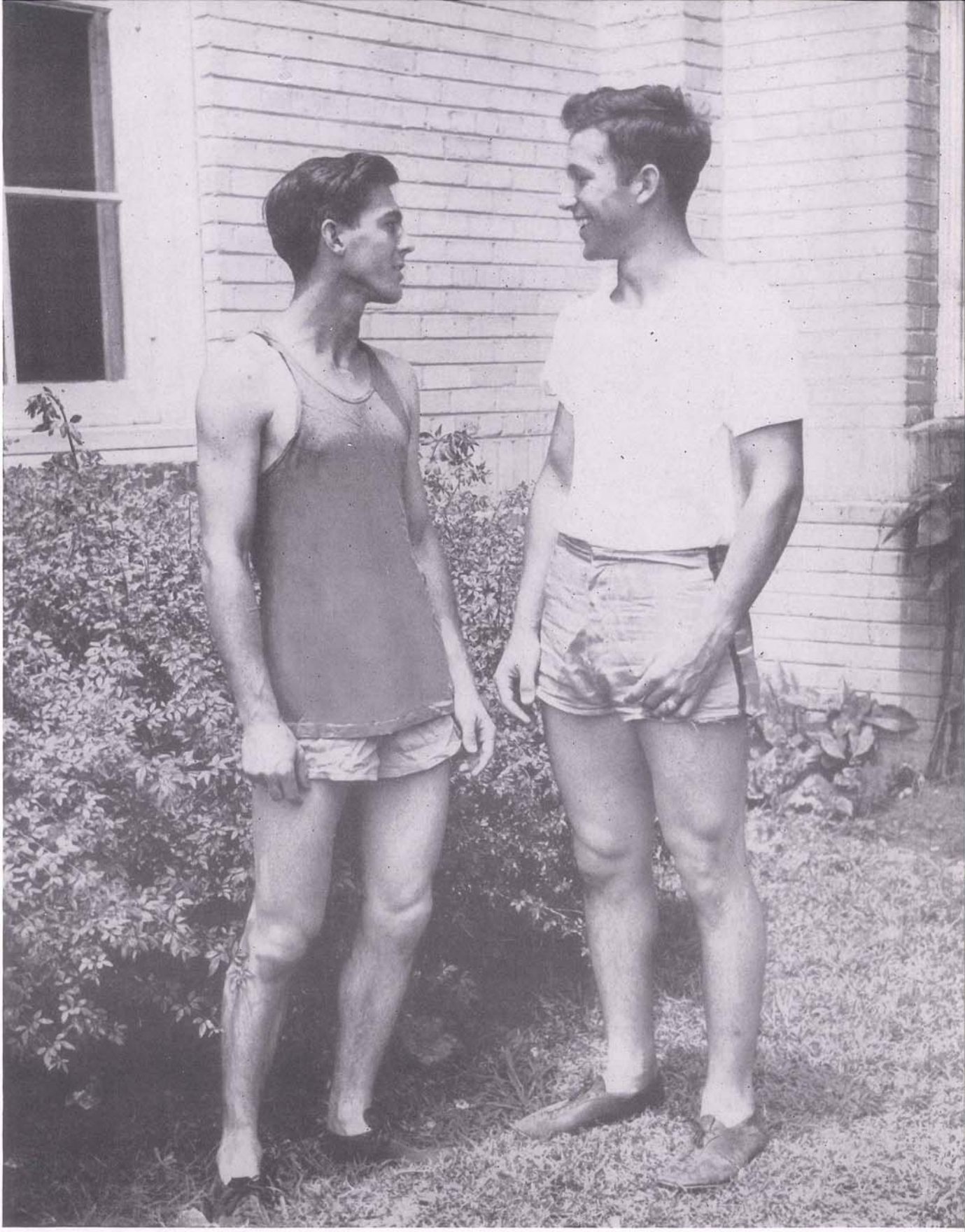
We sincerely believe that our youth must and shall be given the opportunity to evaluate and comprehend the basic truths of life. It is our concerted opinion that only through a thorough exposé of the factors of government as enunciated by any group of men who live as one, will our youth be fitted to take proper place in our adult world. It is

DOMESTIC SCIENCE *is a popular course at Westwego High School. Lois Zeringue sews a fine seam, part of a well-rounded course in the household arts.*

to this end, then, that we build our curriculum.

At the present writing, the Jefferson Parish School System consists of six white high schools, 20 white elementary, two negro high and eight negro elementary ones. These plants are located in strategic parts of the parish so as to satisfy as concretely as possible the needs of our citizens. It is our strong desire for the schools to serve not only the stereotyped call of formal education, but to represent the backbone of social and community activity of the adult group as well. We cheerfully invite the citizenry to make use of what, in the last essence, is properly theirs. For too long has the view that education is a preparation for life rather than life itself been prevalent. Every moment is life as well as a preparation for it.

The program of studies promulgated in Jefferson Parish is as broad and



TRACK MEET *stars are Arthur Bourgeois, left, national broad jump champion, and Jim Billion, right, state champion in the shot put, both from Westwego High.*

DRAMATICS *are an important activity in elementary and high schools, giving students assurance and confidence. This costumed group is at Lafitte School.*

INDIAN STUDY *at Barataria Boulevard School. Children make textbooks "come to life" by building models and making their own costumes.*

COOKING *and meal planning form a phase of training offered in Westwego High's domestic science classes; Mary Ann Hebert takes an assignment out of the oven.*

VOLLEY BALL *champion team of Kenner High School. Front row, left to right: Lucy Fertitta, Katie Jones, Manuella Bonura, Josie Ceravolo, Mary Ann Blye, Lucille Zito. Back row, left to right: Mary Ann Picolo, Patricia Pittman, Gloridean Lorino, Evelyn Sanchez, Margaret Buchler (coach), Lana Weimer (mascot).*

BASKETBALL *championship team of Jefferson Parish high schools—Kenner High School. Front row, left to right: B. Dupepe (manager), A. Smith, M. LeBlanc, A. Bertilino, R. Courtny, E. Lagasse (manager). Back row, left to right: A. Maggiore, B. Jacobs, A. Bonura, A. Cristina, J. Yenni (coach).*

WESTWEGO *High School students Joan Theriot, left, and Iola Orgeron, right, display results of their training in the school's domestic science department.*

OIL PAINTING *on glass is part of creative training at Fisher School at Barataria.*

wide as our resources permit. We consider the aptitudes and ambitions of the comprehensive group, and style the curriculum to meet the individual needs. Our program is functional and fluid. It is dynamic rather than static. This is the prime reason for the survey which we are initiating in our school system. This contemplated investigation will weigh and assess our activity. We will prune or agglutinate as the current need requires. Every new invention, physical or otherwise, presents a new and intriguing challenge to the school administrator. However, in order to avoid the error of shortsightedness on any one's part, the type of survey we plan is a panacea. Proper emphasis is to be placed upon vocational and industrial courses. Yet we shall not neglect the so called formal education. A well-rounded, thinking, responsible citizen is the product we fervently hope to produce.

The highly technical age in which we live demands a well adjusted individual. There is no room for the introvert or his antithesis. The drifting citizen has no place in our highly synthesized world. Indeed, he constitutes a real menace since he plays into the hands of the scheemer and the dictator. The solution for the vast majority of ills is contentment and achievement. We invite our friends and supporters to aid us in accomplishing these goals.

SOCIAL SCIENCE *lesson on China is all in the day's work for fourth graders at Barataria.*

*JEFFERSON PARISH SCHOOL BOARD—MEMBERS AND OFFICERS*

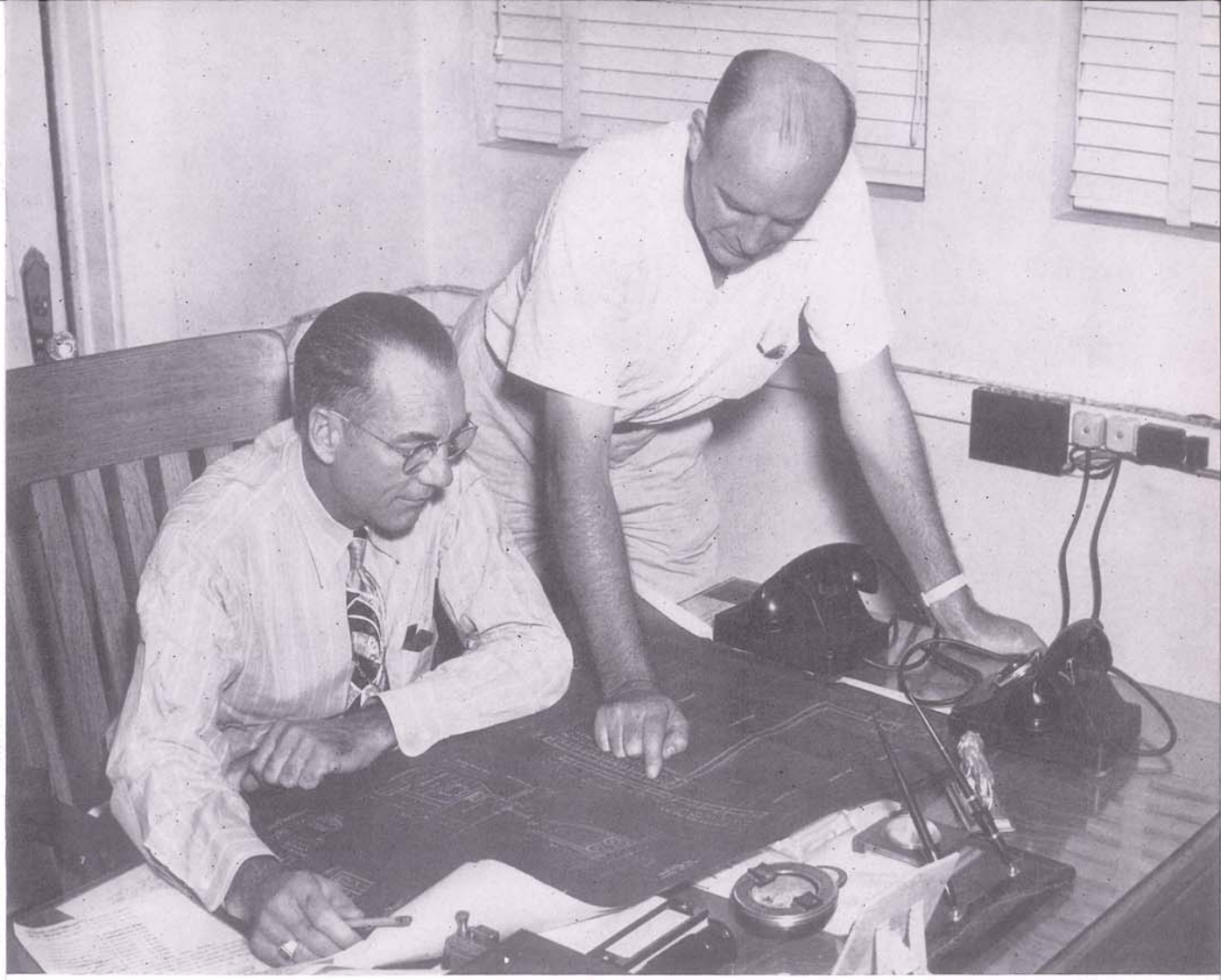
*Seated, left to right: Jacob D. Giardina, Ward 4, Marrero; Miss Ruth Pitre, Assistant Elementary Supervisor; Lem W. Higgins, Superintendent of Schools; Mrs. A. C. Alexander, President, Ward 9, Kenner; A. A. Hanson, Ward 4, Westwego; Mrs. Julia Reynaud, Office Secretary; Abel Zerinque, Ward 5, Waggaman; 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, Marrero; 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.*



PLANT EXPANSION *plans are discussed by S. V. Applewhite, Engineer (standing), and J. W. Hodgson, Sr., President and General Manager. Facilities must be substantially increased to meet the needs of rapidly developing new residential areas.*

# *The* FAUCET FRONTIER

By J. W. Hodgson, Sr.

President and General Manager

East Jefferson Waterworks District Number One

We had a good deal of dry weather around here this year. Out beyond the ends of the water mains, it was tough; and even those of us who only read about drought hardships in the papers were reminded forcefully that to those who do not have it in their homes, there can be no greater luxury than a free-flowing, unfailing water faucet.

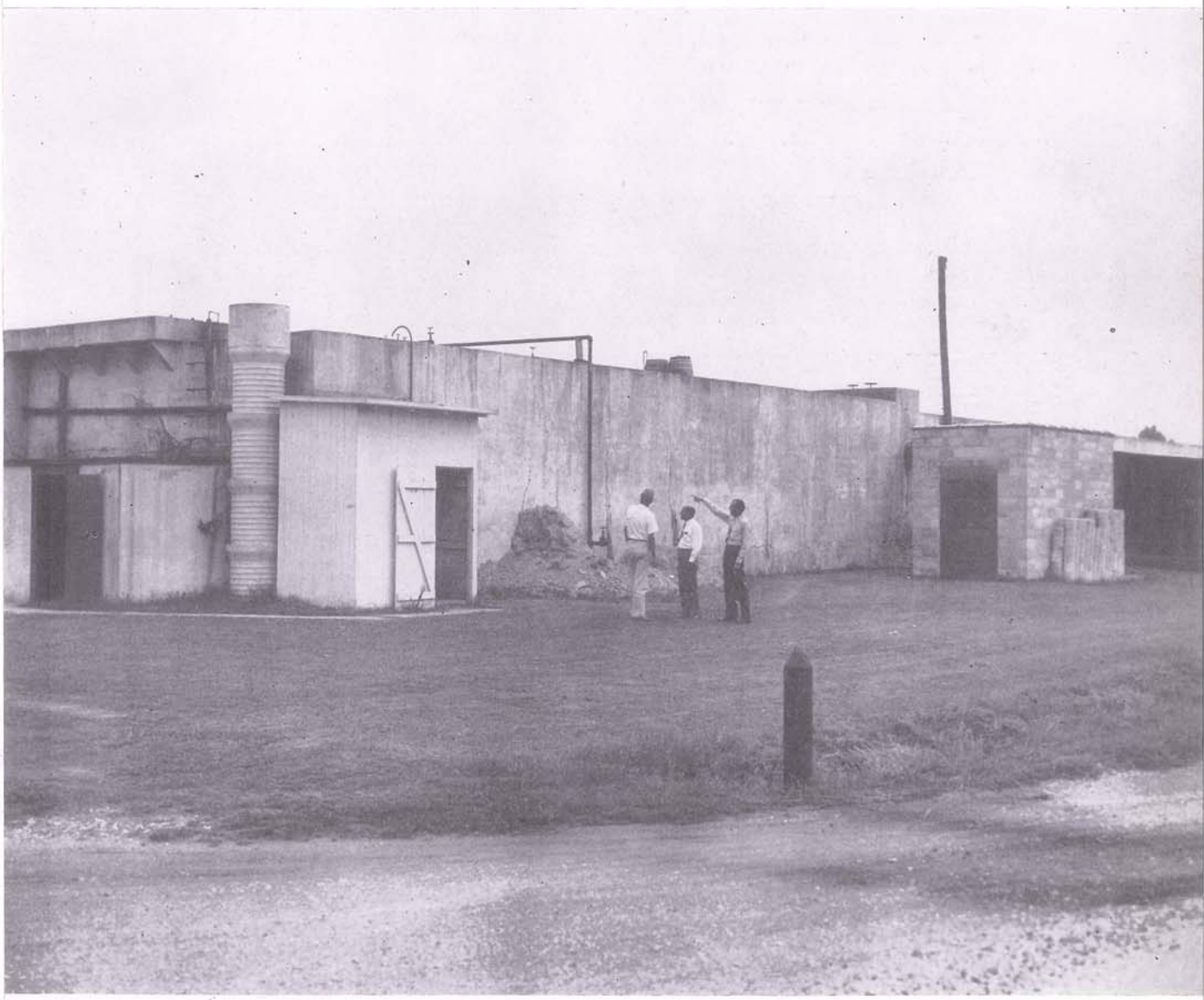
If one must draw a line on the map marking the division between urban and rural areas, where should the line

be drawn—where the pavement ends? Where the electric power lines end? No; the real edge of town life is at the end of the water main.

This fluid frontier is moving steadily outward in East Jefferson, as our mains are extended to keep pace with the rapid development of new residential sections. The East Jefferson Waterworks serves District One, which includes everything between the Orleans and St. Charles Parish lines, and between the Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain. In this area in 1932 we piped water into 173 homes; in 1947, 8,000 homes were being served; today, 10,000 homes—and we expect the total to reach 11,000 by the end of the year.

24 hours a day, these homes have pure, fresh water at their instant command. The average consumer uses 70 gallons a day. To be certain that he gets it, plus enough for fire-fighting and other emergency demands, this is what we have to do:

We pump water out of the Mississippi River, 4,500,000 gallons every day. It goes into grit chambers and great quantities of silt and sediment are settled out of it. Then in enormous mixing chambers it is tested to find out what chemical treatment is needed, and



PLANNING ON THE SPOT. *Standing upon the site of a proposed new grit chamber, Mr. Hodgson shows S. V. Applewhite and Paul D'Gerolamo where the new will join the old.*

*COMMISSIONERS, DEPARTMENT HEADS AND OFFICIALS OF EAST JEFFERSON WATERWORKS DISTRICT NUMBER ONE*

*Seated, left to right: Commissioners—Blaise Camel; E. J. Bender; Charles A. Boutall, Vice-President; Paul D'Gerolamo, Assistant Manager and Purchasing Agent; and John W. Hodgson, President and General Manager. Standing, left to right: Department Heads and Officials—William Wolf, Outside Superintendent; O. Gaudet, Plant Engineer; E. George Lorio, Treasurer; and Frank V. Draube, Secretary.*

actual purification starts. Then it is moved into settling basins, and finally it is filtered and treated with chlorine.

The Louisiana State Board of Health tests our water twice a week, and every day our own chemists test water from a different school area.

Though costs of labor and equipment have climbed steadily, East Jefferson residents pay no more for water than they did in 1932—a lower rate than any other place in the state except the city of New Orleans.

Due to the great increase in demand for water during the past year the East Jefferson Waterworks finds itself operating at full capacity and steps are now being taken to float a bond issue to raise funds to increase the plant's capacity and to install larger mains.

This year we have added 5 more miles of pipe, reaching 98% of our residential area. 90% of District One has fire hydrants now, and as rapidly as possible these percentages are being increased, for the urban frontier in East Jefferson is being pushed back with vigor and vision; and with it, abreast or a little ahead, you will find the faucet frontier—serving the needs, protecting the homes, and guarding the health of the people who are building our tomorrows.

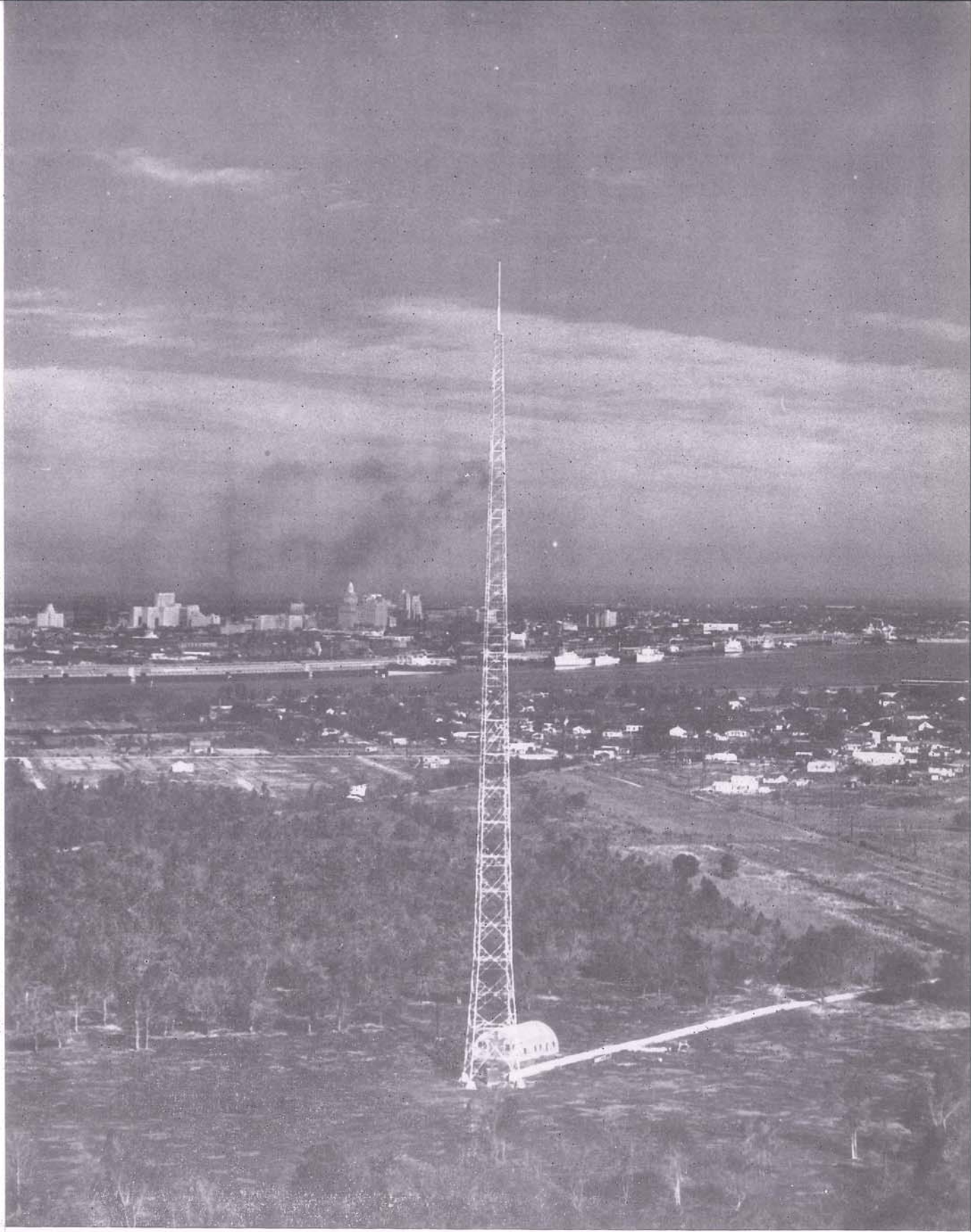
# *New Metropolitan Frontier:*

# GRETNA

By Dr. Charles F. Gelbke
Mayor of the City of Gretna

As the plan to build a new bridge across the Mississippi River at New Orleans draws nearer fulfilment, one of its primary economic effects can be more than predicted; you can, with your own eyes, see it already at work.

The opening of this new traffic frontier, coupled with the completion of the proposed new four-lane highway back of Gretna, will make Jefferson's Parish Seat the "Brooklyn of the South" in full truth; and the beginning of this new municipal era will not find Gretna unprepared. Gretna is preparing for it NOW. Not with plans and proposals alone, but with busy bulldozers and con-



TALL TOWER *of WTPS, reaching 607 feet into the sky, is the highest structure in the deep South. It is designed for both FM and television transmission.*

*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.*

crete mixers; the satisfying sound of the pick and the hammer and the bricklayer's trowel are heard in our streets as Gretna gets ready for the large-scale civic and commercial expansion that will inevitably come when the bridge moves Gretna into New Orleans' heavy-traffic area.

Everywhere around us are the active beginnings of the greater Gretna. The old Brooklyn Pasture below the Fifth Street highway is being turned into a modern residential section, closing in the former gap between McDonoghville and Gretna proper; and meanwhile the primary indices of city life—pavement, electric and gas service, water mains, sewerage, are being extended farther back from the river, pushing inexorably into what was wilderness not very many years ago.

The 607-foot WTPS FM and television tower erected here last year, the tallest structure in the deep south, is a fine physical symbol of the day-after-tomorrow spirit of this virile community.

This is the banking and business center for the West Bank, the most intensely industrialized section in the south, where more than 60% of the port's industrial output is produced. The new Mississippi River bridge will open the door on an unobstructed flow of commerce between this area and the City of New Orleans.

And at the door, ready with the hand of greeting and the hand of help, stands Greater Gretna—ready for its destiny.

AVENUE D *in Westwego sparkles with bright new homes.*

# WESTWEGO IS WAITING

## —and GROWING while it waits!

By R. J. Duplantis
Mayor of Westwego

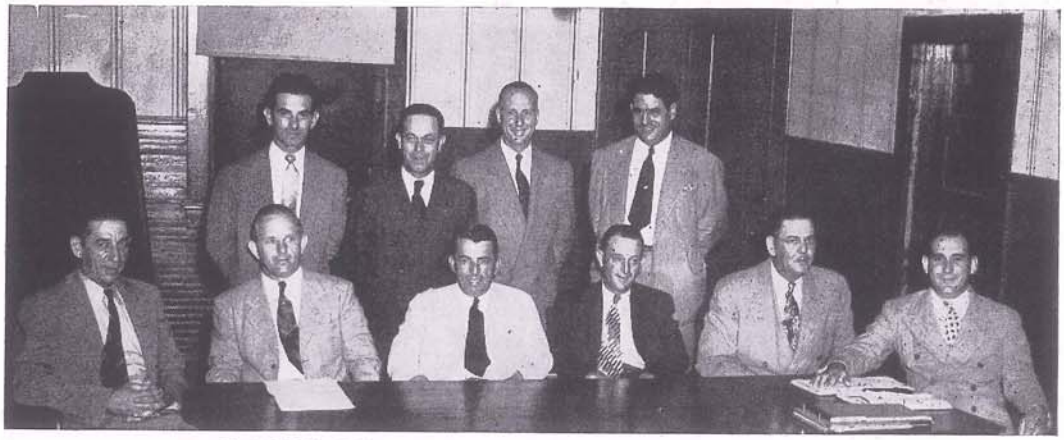
It takes no soothsayer to predict that a big and busy future is on the way to Westwego. At its left side door stands solidly established and rapidly expanding heavy industry; at its right side door is the rich flow of traffic pouring across the great Huey P. Long Bridge; at its front door, more than a half-dozen large concerns loading and unloading ocean and river vessels; and its back door is open for the seaway and barge canal still in the blueprint stage.

Through its center will come the new four-lane superhighway to be built from the overpass on U. S. 90 to the Naval Station at Algiers.

All of these factors presage an accelerating community development over the years to come, and Westwego's leaders are ready for it. This is by tradition a town of aggressive builders; our founders were survivors of the disastrous hurricane and tidal wave that wiped out Cheniere Caminada fifty-five years ago. Undismayed, they settled here on the Mississippi and began to build anew. You can't beat that kind of spirit, and it's still here—so it is not surprising that Westwego is not sitting still and waiting for tomorrow's good fortune; we are actively building and planning for it.

Our seafood industry has been vastly expanded during the past year, and we have built and are still building homes to take care of new population as our highly industrialized area increases its productive capacity. Westwego's truck farming and dairying activities have shown healthy growth during the year, and their climb is certain to continue.

Westwego proved at its beginning that adversity could not keep its people down—and today they stand with feet firmly planted, ready to face just as intrepidly the approaching problems of a new era of prosperity; ready and waiting, and building while they wait.



*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.*

CROSSROADS *of air, highway and rail traffic. Moisant International Airport is at upper right, Airline Highway and three trunk-line railroads cut through center of picture. New housing development at lower right is Moisant Place.*

# KENNER IS COMING

By Dr. Joseph S. Kopfler

Mayor of Kenner

In the pleasant and progressive town of Kenner you can not only see a new era of prosperity developing before your eyes—you can hear it. Music to the ears of those who have long believed in and worked for the future of Kenner is the hum of air traffic over Moisant International Airport, one of the world's largest commercial air terminals and now one of the busiest, with more than a hundred regularly scheduled airline flights daily.

ENTHUSIASTIC *young horsewoman seen daily on Kenner's beautiful bridle paths is Miss Gail Bordenave.*

Kenner stands at the aerial front door of New Orleans' metropolitan area. Moisant has added hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of construction and equipment since its formal opening, and has much more to add before it may be regarded as completed. Meanwhile Kenner grows with it, building new housing units at an unprecedented rate.

Industrially, too, Kenner is sprouting in all directions. Outstanding instances are the Airline Lumber & Supply Co., who already had the largest lumber drying kilns of their type in the South, and have in the past year added three more and are now building a huge loading rack; and the large new cold storage plant being built by Emile Deshautreaux, one of Kenner's leading citizens.

Kenner continues to produce some of the finest commercial crops of chrysanthemums in the South, and local activities in cattle, truck farming and dairying are expanding apace.

The favorable prevailing weather conditions and convenient location that made this community an ideal site for an airport make it also a choice spot for the suburban home-builder, and the natural upriver trend of the residential expansion of Greater New Orleans is moving out along the Airline Highway in our direction. Today Kenner offers a happy blend of the conveniences of city life and the delights of a country home.

Residentially, commercially, and industrially, the people of Kenner have had a busy year pushing back their frontiers—and all indications are that they will push them farther and faster in the year ahead.

*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.*

HANDSOME HOME *typical of the new, growing Harahan.*

# HARAHAN IS HURRYING

By Frank H. Mayo
Mayor of Harahan

Many and various have been the changes and evolutions that have come to Harahan this year, but most of all you are conscious that our tempo has been stepped up; on every side, things are moving faster than ever in our history.

New and attractive residential sections are in the midst of rapid development, the shopping center is humming,

and on the industrial frontier there is growth and multiplication.

Among recent additions to the community are the plants of the Kieckhefer Container Company, moved here from New Orleans; the W. A. Ransom Lumber Company, moved from Woodville, Mississippi; the Mays Yard of the Illinois Central Railroad, with 21 tracks, each accommodating 100 freight cars; the big Robert Todd housing project; and the new Foundation Hospital.

These, together with the already established U. S. Steel Products Company plant, manufacturing steel containers, and the Freiberg Mahogany Company, largest manufacturer of mahogany lumber and veneers in the world, have speeded up community activity and brought new population in substantial numbers.

With plenty of desirable homesites, on some of the highest ground in the area, Harahan looks forward to increasing residential development. Meanwhile we are working with state and parish officials to secure a connecting road between the Airline Highway and Harahan's business section, a project to which Governor Earl K. Long has pledged his support.

Harahan invites you to come and enjoy the beauty of its quiet shaded streets, its handsome homes, its fine 18-hole Colonial Country Club golf course, its fertile truck farms, nurseries and grazing lands. Come for an hour or for a lifetime—we wait to welcome you.

*OFFICIALS OF THE VILLAGE OF HARAHAN*

*Left to right: Harold Buchler, Attorney; Francis K. Bourg, Alderman; Ernest Baron, Alderman; Frank H. Mayo, Mayor; Mrs. Mary S. Kielman, Tax Collector; Charles A. O'Neill, Alderman; and John Contrado, Marshal and Chief of Volunteer Fire Department.*

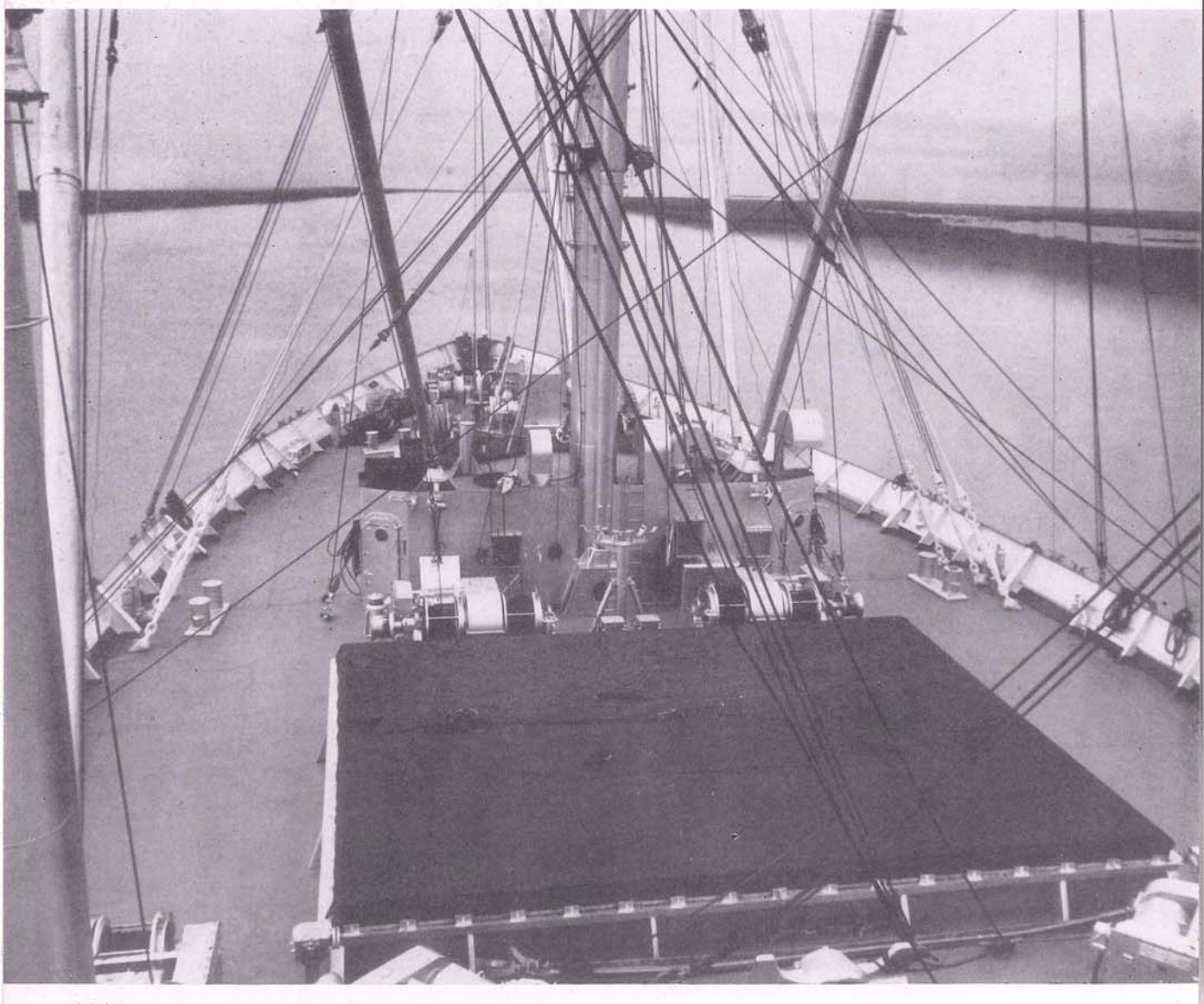
Now you have seen, in words and in pictures, the story of Jefferson Parish in 1948. The publishers hope you have found it both instructive and enjoyable.

Next year, in celebration of our fifteenth year of publication, we will present *the biggest and finest issue in the history of the Jefferson Parish Yearly Review.*

# This is

# PLAQUEMINES PARISH

By Leander H. Perez, District Attorney, Plaquemines and St. Bernard Parishes



LAND OF MODERN PIONEERS

THE S. S. *Del Norte* stuck her graceful prow into the silt laden waters of the Mississippi River, fresh from breasting the heaving swells of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico.

Her passengers were below decks arranging suitcases and trunks, making ready to meet the Customs men when the ship docked some hours later.

As the *Del Norte* beat her way upstream toward New Orleans, few took time to glance ashore and wonder if people live beyond the levees, what sort of people they are and what they do for a living.

From the river, all you can see is the levees and perhaps the sparse tops of some trees, oil derricks, an occasional church.

But beyond is some of the world's most fertile and productive farm land that raises such wonderful produce as oranges that are "out of this world," lemons so large they are difficult to market, and the sweetest tangerines you have ever tasted.

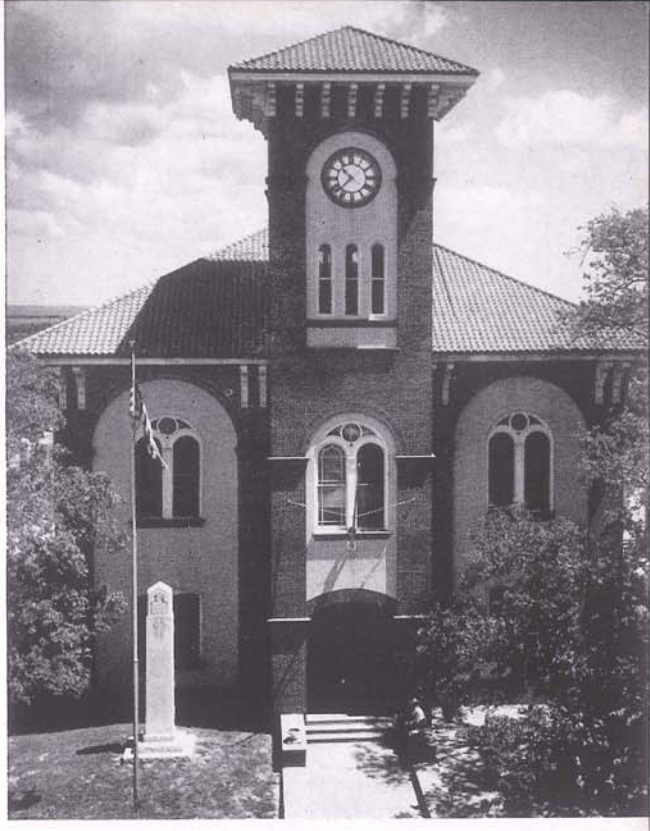
This is Plaquemines Parish . . . the Southern Gateway to the North American Continent . . . where 17,000,000 barrels of oil and 800,000 long tons of sulphur will be produced this year, and the soil is among the richest in the world.

Old Captain James B. Eads of the U. S. Army Engineers knew what he was doing when he constructed the Eads jetties at South Pass of the Mississippi River in 1879. Even then, New Orleans was destined to be a great port both in peace and war, and the Army assigned Captain Eads to lick the problem of keeping open the mouth of the Mississippi where it flows into the Gulf of Mexico.

Captain Eads solved the problem of channel depth at the river's mouth and opened the harbor at New Orleans to world commerce.

It is reasonably certain that the good captain did not recognize that he was contributing to the development of Plaquemines Parish when he completed his work, but that is exactly what he did.

New Orleans, had it not grown to its present size and prominence, might never have made the demands it has on Plaquemines Parish for her products. And the fertile, alluvial soil might still be mostly untilled.



*Courthouse at Pointe a la Hache.*

---

Venice . . . Triumph . . . Buras . . . Pointe-a-la-Hache . . . Dalcour . . . Port Sulphur . . . Belle Chasse, all communities in Plaquemines Parish, might never have expanded to produce so many products needed by so many men and nations.

From the marshes and cultivable lands of Plaquemines Parish come an amazing variety of natural and agricultural resources—oil, gas, sulphur, lime, salt, shell, citrus fruits, truck vegetables, furs, oysters, shrimp, fish, and lily bulbs.

The pace of development which has been set in Plaquemines Parish within the past few years is a thrilling affirmation that America still has frontiers to conquer and pioneers who are determined to conquer them.

For instance, oil was not discovered in the parish until 1930. Today, fourteen fields in Plaquemines produce nearly one and a half *million* barrels a *month.*

It was as late as 1933 when the Freeport Sulphur Company began operations at Port Sulphur by opening the now famous Grand Ecaille mine. This company invested $6,000,000 in making the town a modern community for sulphur workers. In 1934 Plaquemines

*One of the two places in the United States where sulphur is mined.*

sulphur production was 153,695 long tons, and in 1947 it was 800,080 long tons.

And the end is not near, for the Freeport Sulphur Company has announced that it plans to continue expansion. Demands for sulphur are ever increasing and Plaquemines Parish is one of the two places in the United States where this vital product can be obtained. The other sulphur producer is the state of Texas.

As this is written the Plaquemines Police Jury is reclaiming nearly 25 acres of land by the hydraulic fill method, as a gift to the Parish School Board. This land is adjacent to the upper boundary of Port Sulphur and is destined to be the site of a new high school, auditorium and playground, complete with modern facilities. The Freeport Sulphur Company is contributing $50,000 to this project. The Plaquemines Parish Police Jury is underwriting the balance.

That the Plaquemines Parish citrus industry has made strides can be seen by a comparison of the figures for 1941 and 1946. In 1941, the parish citrus belt produced 191,000 boxes of fruit which brought growers an income of $240,000. In 1946 the groves yielded 360,000 boxes of fruit, bringing an income of $970,000. This is all the more interesting when it is remembered that Plaquemines Parish citrus has been established by scientific tests, conducted by one of the nation's leading universities, as the best fruit grown anywhere in the world.

In this connection, laurels are due the progressive Plaquemines Parish Orange Festival Association which has already held two annual Orange Festivals at

Buras. The original purpose of this organization was to advertise and publicize the citrus produced in Plaquemines Parish.

They have done that job well. Both festivals received national publicity and thousands upon thousands of people who had not known Louisiana had a citrus growing industry have had their curiosity pricked. With a little more pressure and another festival or two they'll start asking for Louisiana oranges at their favorite markets.

Almost more important than the festivals, however, is the four-point marketing program adopted late in 1947 by the Orange Festival Association. This example of splendid cooperation among growers requires fruit to be put in new containers, a maturity test to avoid preripe fruit from going to market, labeling of each container which gives grower's name, address and size of the fruit and a rigid inspection of each box by state and federal authorities.

People who enjoy eating the best oranges can look forward to even better quality and appearance, as well as increased production, from the Plaquemines Parish citrus industry.

Just what is responsible for this very wonderful alluvial soil?

For centuries and centuries the Mississippi has been carrying in its waters the rich top soil from the great mid-continent area and depositing it . . . a little here and a little there . . . as it rolled along, but carrying most of it to its mouth and into the Gulf. The Gulf did not want it and with each wave pushed it back. This battle of the

*Some of the world's most fertile and productive farmland.*

mighty Mississippi and the turbulent Gulf, which had been going on long before our present civilization began, resulted in the birth of Plaquemines Parish. Then for hundreds of years more, before the levees were built, the annual rampaging of the river overflowed this young land of Plaquemines Parish and spread the sandy loam soil it carried down from the upper valley layer by layer—year by year—and the land grew. Then the levees were built. Now it was up to man to continue to build Plaquemines Parish. Since 1880, the men of Plaquemines have added 28 square miles to the land area and plans have already been made to add more.

That is one of the principal reasons why Louisiana oranges, for instance, can lay claim to their unusual size, sweetness, high juice and greater mineral content. The same type of orange trees are grown and bear in other sections of the country, but the fruit is not comparable to the Plaquemines Parish product.

Another potentially big cash crop, now grown in Plaquemines Parish on a limited scale, is that of Easter lily bulbs. Before the war Japan virtually had a corner on the world market with its Easter lily bulbs. The Japanese exported 20,000,000 bulbs annually to the United States alone.

The bulbs are valuable to florists for they may be made to bloom on a given date by a method known as "forcing."

County Agent Murphy W. McEachern of Plaquemines Parish, who is in a position to know, says that Plaquemines can easily become one of the world's leading Easter lily bulb producers if farmers will only take the bulbs seriously.

*Gloria Landry, Queen of Orange Festival.*

*Winning citrus fruit exhibit at festival.*

McEachern estimates that Plaquemines' income from lily bulbs could go as high as $1,000,000 per year.

Progress in this direction has been retarded, McEachern says, because the Plaquemines lily bulb crop had the misfortune to be attacked by disease, particularly black scale, in the years between 1932 and 1948. Until four years ago there was no known control of the disease.

In 1944, scientists working at Louisiana State University discovered a method of chemical control of the disease which attacks the outer scale of the bulbs. McEachern is now engaged in spreading the word of this discovery in an effort to persuade more farmers to put more land into production of Easter lily bulbs.

It is somewhat ironical, however, that the ugly lily bulbs are more valuable than the lovely flowers they produce. The bulbs which are set out in September and harvested in May and June are not taken from the ground until after they have bloomed and the beautiful lilies have died. Until some way is found

*Parish school buses and the children who ride them—free.*

to pack, cool and ship the lilies themselves economically, farmers will just have to let the flowers die and concentrate on producing the bulbs.

McEachern, theorizing on the possibilities offered by growing lily bulbs in Plaquemines Parish, explains that bulbs are usually planted 500 to the row with about 65 rows to the acre. Multiplying this out, he figures 32,500 bulbs to the acre. Today commercial bulbs are selling as high as 20 cents apiece. This would mean a gross income of $6500 per acre to the lily bulb grower.

And the really remarkable point about all this is that Plaquemines Parish lily bulbs are ready for harvest and marketing at the end of 3 years. Other states, principally Florida, yield lily bulbs only after 5 years.

The future destinies of Plauemines Parish are, of course, in the hands of her people. But the guiding body of government in the Parish is the Plaquemines Police Jury.

Their vision and planning have given Plaquemines concrete benefits. To understand just how far-reaching their vision and planning is, it is only necessary to look at one example.

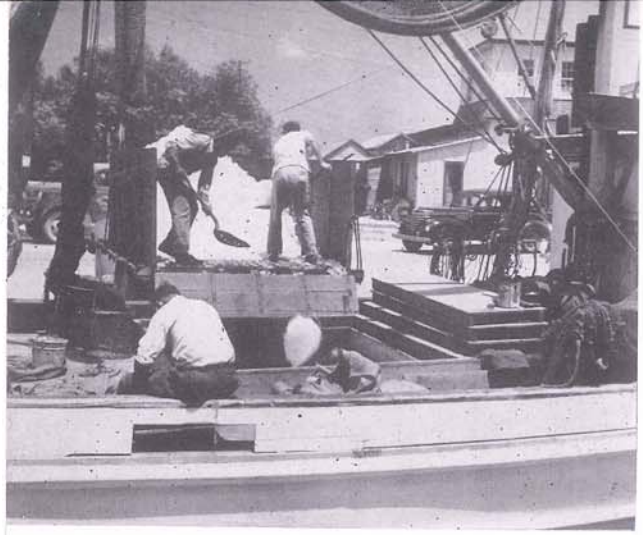
As a result of numerous complaints by Plaquemines shrimp and oyster fishermen that the state conservation laws designed to conserve shrimp and oysters in restricted inside tidewaters east of the Mississippi were not being properly enforced, the Police Jury purchased and now operates a Parish Patrol boat, the *Manta,* to do its own enforcing of these laws.

The boat is considered a most economical investment by the Parish Police Jury. It is 70 feet long, of wooden construction, is sturdy and most seaworthy. The *Manta* is bringing great benefits to the shrimp and oyster fishermen of the Parish.

By law enacted in 1946, only resident Louisiana fishermen are permitted to fish the waters east of the Mississippi from Point Chicot in St. Bernard Parish to the South Pass of the river. This law was passed because there were insufficient shrimp and oysters to supply the Louisiana boats and the fishing boats from other states without depleting these natural resources.

Since the Parish boat has been in continuous patrol service, Plaquemines fishermen report that violations in the

*The Manta, Parish patrol boat which enforces laws to conserve shrimp and oysters. It is 70 feet long, and was purchased by the Police Jury.*



*Icing shrimp boat at Buras.*

*New concrete near Myrtle Grove.*

*The Jump, where levee ends.*

*New locks on river at Empire.*

restricted fishing waters have been reduced to the barest minimum and that the supply of shrimp and oysters for local and state fishing boats has increased as reflected by their overall catches.

As in other Parishes in Louisiana, the residents of Plaquemines pay taxes. And a look at the Plaquemines Parish tax structure, and how the monies are spent, is highly revealing.

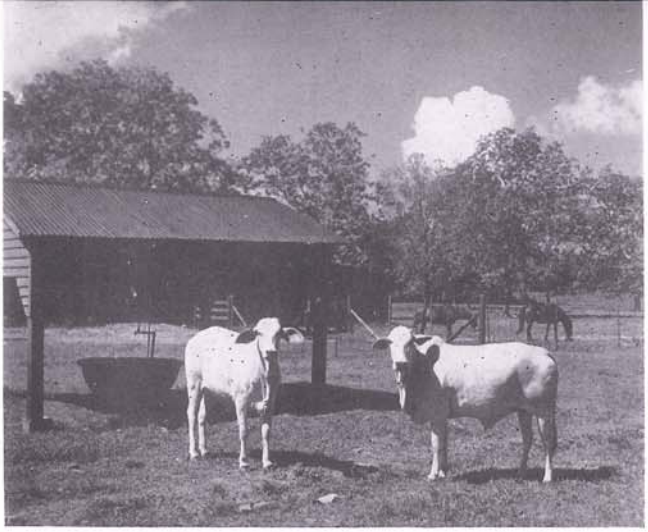
First of all, Plaquemines Parish has no sales tax, which in these days of taxes on just about everything, is a neat trick if you can do it.

Tax monies of Plaquemines Parish are derived from its constitutional 4-mill Parish property tax, its 3-mill School tax, a 3-mill Parish bond liquidation tax, and its $200,000 annual allocation of state mineral severance taxes.

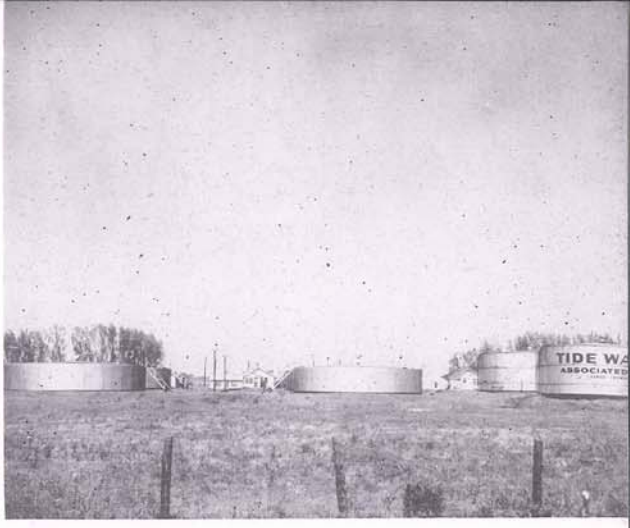
Generally speaking, this money is used for many things—for Parish road construction and maintenance, drainage and tidewater protection levees, for improvement of farm lands, and school improvements. Since 1939, over 60 miles of drainage canals and an efficient system of back levees have reclaimed nearly fifteen thousand acres of marshland.

Parish revenues are spent to build short-cut navigation canals to aid fishermen, for the building and maintenance of several free boat ways for hundreds of locally owned fishing boats, and for the construction of playgrounds, gymnasiums and auditoriums adjacent to Parish high schools.

In addition, funds are set aside for the purchase of new school buses for donation to the School Board and a



*Brahma heifers at St. Clair.*




*Oil storage tanks at Venice.*

grant of Parish Police Jury funds to supplement School Board funds for payment of increased school teachers' salaries.

Plaquemines Parish taxes differ from those of other parishes in that assumption by the Police Jury of the bonded debt of taxing districts situated wholly within the Parish has reduced the overall total property tax rate.

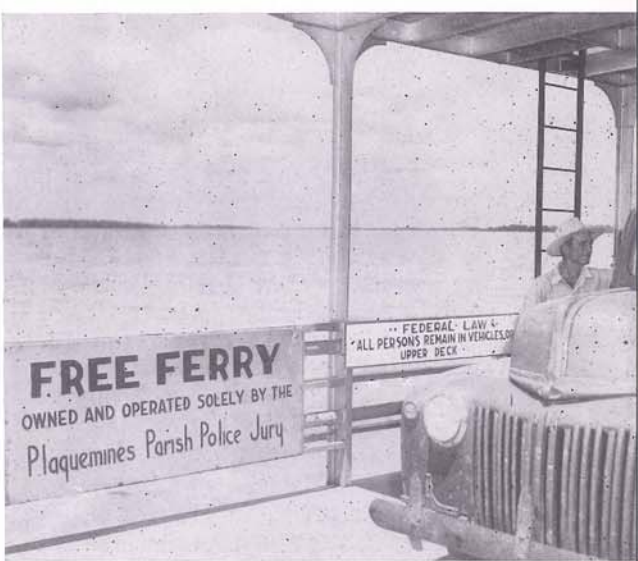
The liquidation of the bonded debt with a 3-mill Parish tax, instead of a multiplication of 5 and 10-mill bond tax rate, has brought down the rate (including the State's 5¾ mill tax) from 35¾ mills in 1933 to 18½ mills in the largest part of the Parish. This is a reduction of approximately 50%.

On the debit side of the Plaquemines Parish ledger, however, is this sore fact. About 34 miles of the west-side state highway between Venice and Belle Chasse remains unpaved.

During the early months of World War II, the Navy Department sponsored the paving of this highway all the way to its Venice terminus.

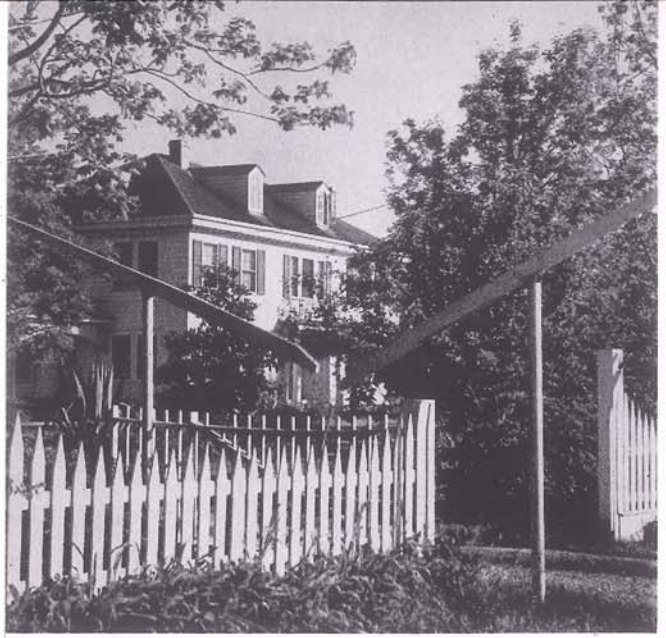
Pledges from four Federal bureaus, including the Federal Road Bureau, the Department of Public Works, and others, were secured in the amount of $1,335,000. The Parish itself pledged $250,000 to the State Highway Department to complete the paving of the west-side highway as a war emergency project, and had every right to expect that the project would be completed in 1942.

Political differences and the do-nothing policy of the state administration were the reason for the state's failure to put this improvement into effect with the available funds.




*Not "Fare, please;" just "Bon jour!"*

*Free ferry at Pointe a la Hache.*



*Beautiful home at Belle Chasse.*

---

After the war the Parish again was eager and willing to cooperate with the state in seeing the job done, and the Police Jury matched the State Highway Department dollar for dollar when it contributed $250,000 to pave 10½ miles of highway from West Pointe-a-la-Hache to Myrtle Grove. This was a Federal aid project with the United States Government coming in with $500,000.

The people of Plaquemines Parish feel that the Earl Long administration, which took office in May of this year, will look more sympathetically upon Plaquemines Parish and highway construction generally, and that the job will get done at last.

Undoubtedly, the highway problem on the West Bank of the Mississippi has somewhat retarded expansion and development of the lower end of the Parish and has cost farmers, fishermen and business generally many thousands of dollars annually in wear and tear on trucks and cars. This cost in turn must be added to the cost of getting the products to market and results in higher prices to the ultimate consumer.

The cattle industry is substantial in Plaquemines. Thousands of heads are grown annually at little cost because of the lush green grass which grows the year 'round, making it possible to graze cattle through the winter months.

Some of the future plans of the Police Jury for the Parish include the hydraulic fill of 1,000 square feet of land at Port Sulphur already mentioned. On this spot will be constructed a large, modern high school, auditorium and athletic field for children of the 8th and 9th Wards of the Parish.

The Jury further plans 15 miles of drainage structures for the improvement of farm lands both east and west of the river. This would make additional drained farm land available for the big money crops of oranges, Easter lily bulbs and vegetables. This latter is important when it is remembered that many of Plaquemines' 644,480 acres have been transformed into highly productive land by drainage.

Plaquemines Parish is proud of its many "bests." And the Parish has a standing, open invitation to the visitor to take advantage of its famous resources. The Parish claims its Pass a l'Outre shooting grounds to be the best in the world. It is a 66,000-acre sportsman's paradise. Across the Pass is the Delta Migratory Waterfowl Refuge, an area of 45,000 acres closed to hunting activity, but which promises that there will continue to be good shooting in Plaquemines Parish as the game preserve protects thousands of ducks and geese for breeding for future hunting seasons.

That the people of Plaquemines Parish feel a great satisfaction in living in this bounteous section may best be illustrated by their gesture of contributing 40 head of cattle to help feed the people of Orleans, France. The cattle were shipped earlier this year along with many other donations on the "Ship of Friendship" which carried an entire shipload of supplies to help the unfortunate residents of this famous old French city.

A further satisfaction comes from the fact that there's more of everything and a whole lot that hasn't even been touched.

For instance, salt domes show huge deposits. A daily output of millions of feet of natural gas awaits piping to be used to power industrial machinery. Lime-bearing shell reefs offshore have unlimited production possibilities and many thousands of acres of marshland will eventually be reclaimed so that the rich citrus groves may spread.

Since the war there has been a steady influx of sportsmen, indicating that the hunting and fishing of the Parish have an unlimited future. Industries which need the resources Plaquemines offers are making almost daily inquiries and studying the possibilities of the Parish.

It is small wonder, then, that the person who lives in Plaquemines Parish feels a little like a pioneer as he peers into the future and realizes the wealth and work that are ahead. In fact, he *is* a pioneer.

No pioneer in history ever lived on richer land. No early pioneer ever had the high standard of living, the good government and conveniences of Plaquemines. The Parish has the lowest tax rate in the state, and money in the bank. Schools are housed in modern buildings which are thoroughly equipped at Parish expense. And what pioneer ever had the use of a free ferry like the modern one that operates, thanks to the Police Jury, at Pointe-a-la-Hache?

All these advantages were not realized as a result of plain luck. They came about because the people of Plaquemines Parish had the foresight, thoughtfully and democratically, to choose their present public administrators and representatives.

The cosmopolitan citizens of Plaquemines — French, Spanish, Dalmatians, Slavonians — can well be proud of their local government. Parish funds have always been used to perform the greatest good for the greatest number of people.

A shrewd observer has rightly said, "In no other spot does man face the future with the same confidence. Plaquemines Parish is smiled upon by God's benevolence in nature. It but awaits man's hand for the reaping."

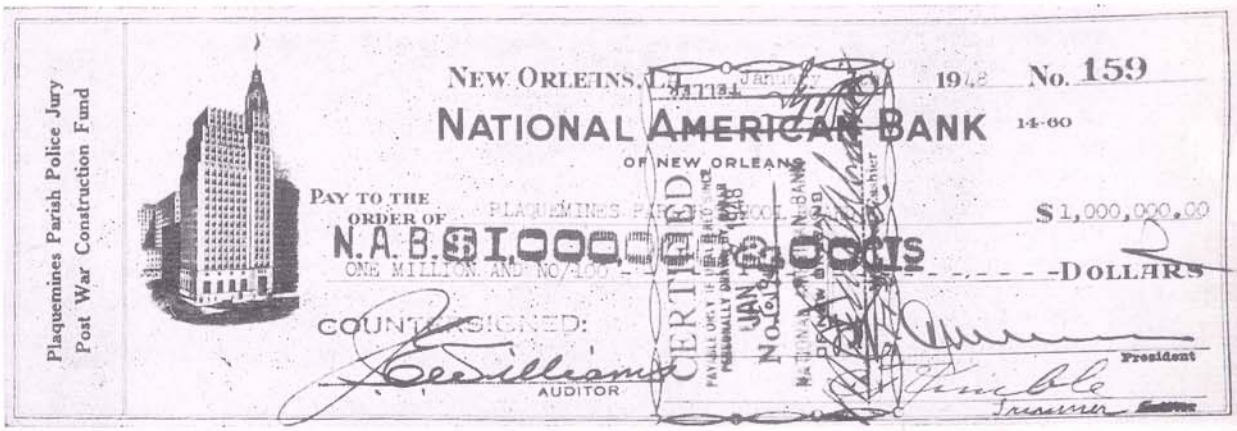
Yes, the "richest 100 miles of land in the nation" is a land of modern pioneers.

The reaping is going on.

Plaquemines Parish is just getting started.

You're invited.


*Architect's drawing of proposed new school at Port Sulphur.*




*Police Jury's check for new school facilities to be built at Port Sulphur, Buras and Bertrandville.*

A LAND OF LOVELINESS *is Jefferson Parish . . . Eugene Delcroix has included in this fine camera study three of the most photogenic of the attractions that make Jefferson a photographers' paradise: a Grand Isle lane, Louise "Sis" Perrin of Harvey, and Gloria Wynne of Harahan.*

# PHOTOGRAPHY

*Since its beginning fourteen years ago, the Review has taken pride—and infinite pains—in the embellishment of its pages with the finest photographs obtainable. Not only have our readers told us that the pictures add immeasurably to their enjoyment of the book, but we are like a man just back from a fishing trip to Grand Isle—we have such a good story to tell that we can hardly expect people to believe us without pictorial evidence.*

*So the Review's publishers have consistently retained the services of top-flight cameramen to help tell the story of Jefferson. You will note particularly, in this and earlier issues, the fine work of Eugene Delcroix, who is nationally known for the unique quality and charm of his prints. We have seen him wait for hours to get just the right effect of sunlight; we have known him to travel a hundred miles to re-shoot a picture that did not quite satisfy him — and we think you will agree that the results he gets are worth all the trouble. Another outstanding lens artist whose work is featured this year is Fulcran Randon, one of New Orleans' younger photographers and one of the most successful.*

*Most of the Review's photographs are made for us on assignment by men of this caliber. But for those subjects which for one reason or another cannot be photographed at the time, the editors conduct exhaustive searches until they find what is needed.*

*Pushing back a frontier of its own, the Review this year has used more and larger pictures in its pages than ever before. We think you will like it that way . . . and so that you may know more about each picture, here is a complete page-by-page listing of our photographers and picture sources:*

COVER—EUGENE DELCROIX
2—EUGENE DELCROIX
4—AIR PHOTOS & ADV., INC.
5, 6, 7—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
9—COURTESY THE CELOTEX CORP.
11—COURTESY THE ITEM CO.
12—COURTESY HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY
13—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
15—COURTESY HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY
17—DAVIS AERIAL PHOTO SERVICE OF HOUMA, LA.
19, 21, 23—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
24, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 — RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
36, 37, 41, 43—AIR PHOTOS & ADV., INC.
45—COURTESY U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS
49—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
51, 53—AIR PHOTOS & ADV., INC.
55, 57, 59, 61—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
63—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE—COURTESY CHAS. J. DERBES, JR.
65 THROUGH 80—EUGENE DELCROIX
81—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
83—COURTESY JEFFERSON PARISH CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS
85—COURTESY JEFFERSON PARISH CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS—AIR PHOTOS & ADV. INC.
87—COURTESY JEFFERSON PARISH CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS
89—COURTESY JEFFERSON PARISH CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
91, 93, 95, 97,—RICHARD LAUER
99—EUGENE DELCROIX
101—EUGENE DELCROIX—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113—EUGENE DELCROIX
115, 117, 119, 121—RICHARD LAUER
123, 125, 127—COURTESY PIPE LINE SERVICE CORP.
129—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
157, 159, 161—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
163—DAVIS AERIAL PHOTO SERVICE OF HOUMA, LA. COURTESY LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT CO.
165—COURTESY WTPS RADIO STATION
167—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
169, 171—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
173—COURTESY CHAS. J. DERBES, JR.
175—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
177, 179—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
182—ROY STEVENS
183—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
184—COURTESY FREEPORT SULPHUR CO.
185—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
186—PROFESSIONAL PICTURE SERVICE
187—COURTESY SENDKER PRINTING CO.
188—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE EXCEPT CENTER COURTESY SENDKER PRINTING CO.
189, 190—RANDON PICTURE SERVICE
191—COURTESY SENDKER PRINTING CO.
192—EUGENE DELCROIX

# INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

# INDEX TO ADVERTISERS


# 2 BIG YARDS

## IN JEFFERSON PARISH

AVONDALE is fully equipped to build and repair marine equipment of all sizes and types. Our facilities, both at the Main Plant at Avondale, La., and the Harvey Plant at Harvey, La. (as shown in above view) include Propeller Work, Welding, Sandblasting, Drydocking (up to 2000 tons at the Harvey Plant). Call AVONDALE today for any, or all types of Marine Repairs or Construction.

STEEL

## AVONDALE MARINE WAYS, INC.

RIVER FRONT, NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT
TELEPHONES: WALNUT 8970 -- CHESTNUT 5853

MAIN PLANT: AVONDALE, LA.
QUICK REPAIR PLANT --- HARVEY, LA.

MAILING ADDRESS: WESTWEGO, LOUISIANA

# O'Shaughnessy Service, Inc.

AIRLINE HIGHWAY at 17th STREET CANAL

PHONES:

CEdar 3400
CEdar 3401
CEdar 3402

- **BOWLING**
  40 Air Conditioned Alleys. Special Indivdual Instruction to all Beginners.
- **SPORTING GOODS STORE**
  Bowling Equipment. Golf Equipment. Soft Ball Equipment. Fishing Equipment. Tennis Equipment, Etc.
- **SERVICE STATION**
  TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS. Firestone Tires, Tubes, Etc. Washing. Greasing. Tire Repairs.

*8 POCKET*
*BILLIARD TABLES*
*BRUNSWICK*

*BUFFET SERVICE*
*SANDWICHES*
*BEER, ETC.*

## Three Other Service Stations

JEFFERSON HIGHWAY AT LAKE
TEmple 4242

●

JEFFERSON HIGHWAY AT BROOKLYN
TEmple 4011

●

AIRLINE HIGHWAY AT WILLIAMS
Kenner 3911

# THIS ADVERTISEMENT Is Helping Sell Louisiana to All the Nation

•

*One of a series by*
**LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY**
*and associated companies in the MIDDLE SOUTH*

•

We are telling this impressive story of progress and development to approximately 6,000,000 READERS OF

- TIME MAGAZINE
- BUSINESS WEEK
- NEWSWEEK
- U. S. NEWS
- NEW YORK TIMES (Sunday)
- NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE (Sunday)
- CHICAGO TRIBUNE (Sunday)

**LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY**
*"Helping Build Louisiana"*

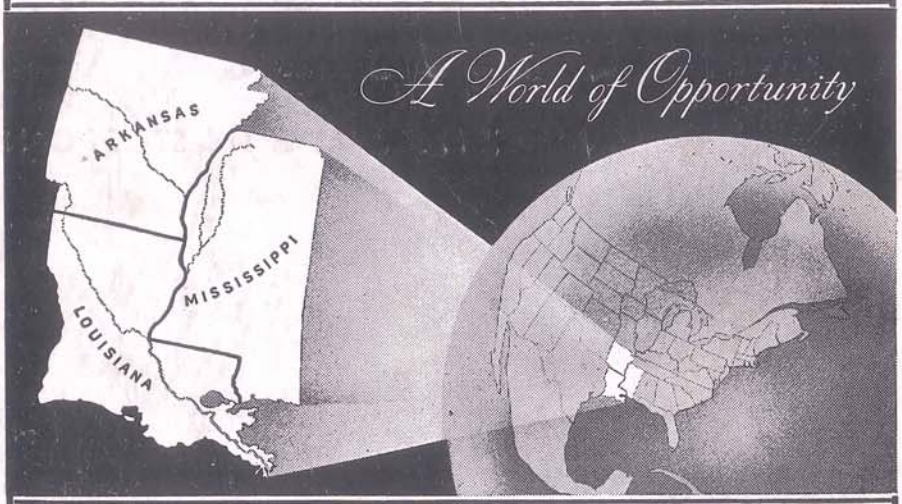
Write for your copy of

**"LOUISIANA-- *The State of Abundance"***

This profusely illustrated book suggests many attractive opportunities for new and expanding industries. Address

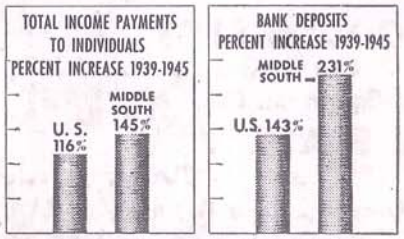
**LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY**
New Orleans 14, La.

# TRUTHS YOUR GEOGRAPHY NEVER TOLD ABOUT THE MIDDLE SOUTH




## It's Almost a New Land!

The nation has moved forward at amazing speed the past few years. The Middle South (Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi) has progressed even faster. That goes for added industries, agricultural advancement, and general trade. These two charts show graphically that prosperity here has increased faster than the nation's as a whole:




## Geography Never Talked "Good Times"

Endless waterways, temperate climate, wide open spaces, make this area a sportsman's paradise the year 'round. It's a good place to live with friendly neighbors. Population is 97% native-born—intelligent, adaptable, loyal workers.

## It Has the Power to be Great

The four electric service companies (listed below) are good examples of our American system at work for all the people. They are closely integrated and interconnected to insure a constant supply of low-cost, dependable electricity. They provide the power for profitable industry and commerce, progressive farming and better living in the areas they serve.

## Your Geography Didn't Talk "Tung Nuts"

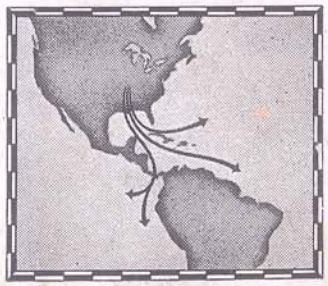
Tung nuts, valuable to the paint and allied industries, are just one of the new crops in the Middle South. Livestock has new importance. Familiar crops—rice, sugar cane, sweet potatoes—have new chemurgic value that means more profits for growers. This table gives you an idea of the resource wealth in the Middle South:

| | |
|---|---|
| 36% of U. S. Barite | 54% of U. S. Rice |
| 93% of U. S. Bauxite | 10% of U. S. Salt |
| 27% of U. S. Cotton | 74% of U. S. Sugar Cane |
| 10% of U. S. Petroleum | 21% of U. S. Sulphur |
| 12% of U. S. Natural Gas | 11% of U. S. Lumber |

70% of U. S. Tung Nuts

## Gateway

*to the world from richest valley on earth*



*For further information, write any of these electric service companies:*

ARKANSAS POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
*Pine Bluff, Ark.*
LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
*New Orleans 14, La.*
MISSISSIPPI POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
*Jackson, Miss.*
NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE INC.
*New Orleans 9, La.*