
JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY
REVIEW
1954

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TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

JEFFERSON PARISH YEARLY REVIEW

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Kenner, Louisiana 1954

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

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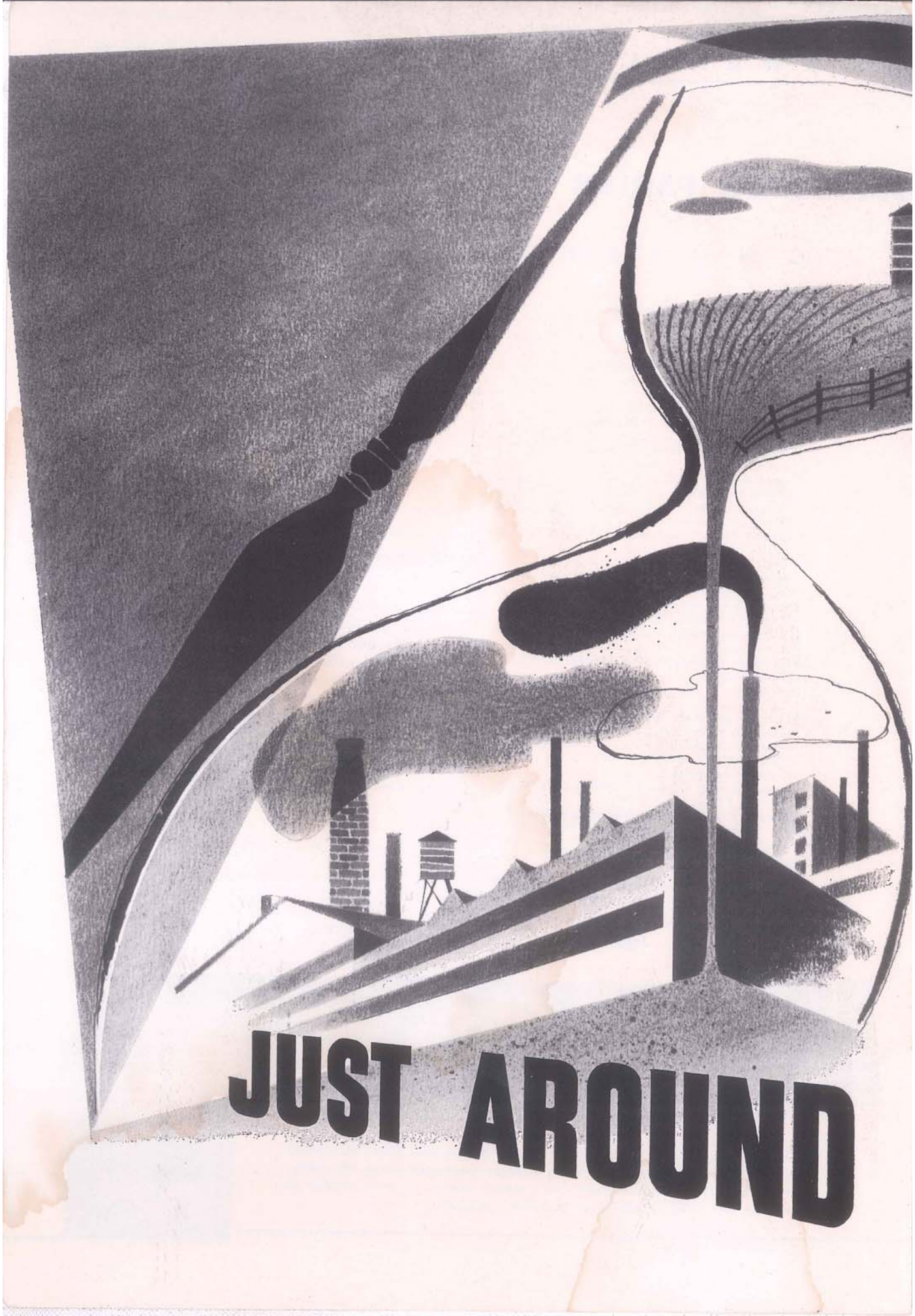
It has been our privilege to record for posterity the step by step progress of Jefferson Parish in our annual editions of the REVIEW for the last twenty years. The accumulated issues of those two decades—preserved in public libraries, schools and the possession of business executives—contain the running story of the most exciting period in the history of Jefferson, during which it emerged from an agricultural parish to the fastest growing and most concentrated industrial section in the South.

TWENTIETH YEAR

1954

OUR COVER: The Past and the Present meet in the beautiful Water Wonderland of Jefferson Parish. Man's oldest means of bayou transportation—the still popular and still practical pirogue—greets man's newest method of safely probing its mysteries and swiftly patrolling its mazes—the helicopter.


JUST AROUND

THE CORNER OF TIME

By JOHN J. HOLTGREVE
President
Jefferson Parish Police Jury

PROLOGUE

Jefferson Parish, like all of Louisiana, was in the beginning a tiny bit of silt deposited by the turbulent waters of the Mississippi on their eternal race to the sea.

For scientists tell us that our part of the United States, at one time, was all Gulf of Mexico up as far as what is now Port Gibson in the state of Mississippi . . . and that Ol' Man River, ceaselessly for centuries, brought down the filched top soil of the North American continent, two to four million tons every twenty-four hours, and patiently placed it layer upon layer, farther and farther southward, until the Deep Delta finally rose out of the water and became land, ready for flora and fauna — and man.

Sometime during this colossal construction job the Glacial Age occurred, when mountains of ice swept down from the frozen North as far south as Illinois, changed the contour of the whole continent, and finally receded, leaving behind such permanent reminders of its visit as Niagara Falls.

Much later, just when and whence nobody knows, came the Indians who, in their time, traveled the waters and occasionally built their villages in primeval Jefferson. How many centuries the red men reigned supreme, lonely lords of all they surveyed in this lush, semi-liquid, lovely land is still a matter of scientific conjecture.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER OF TIME

Jefferson Parish, with its quick growing alluvial soil, the richest in the world, and its sub-tropical climate — with not more than 5 days during the so-called winter dropping to 32 degrees —was once dotted with dairy farms which supplied urban New Orleans.

Actually, although over twenty centuries old, the recorded history of Jefferson began with the exploring parties of LaSalle and the brothers LeMoyne less than three centuries ago.

However . . . in this presentation of Jefferson's past on the pages to follow . . . we are going to take you back around the corner of time only a little over fifty years. Because practically everything that happened previously was essentially a part of the New Orleans story. Jefferson Parish, until the late 1880's, with its villages and farmers and fisherfolk, had been content in its role as the sophisticated city's country cousin. It supplied New Orleans with most of its food and, as far as the rest of the nation was concerned, was merely its outskirts.

But, while the Twentieth Century awaited its cue in the wings, Jefferson Parish began slowly to flex its muscles and look for new fields of endeavor. And before the turn of the century Jefferson Parish had discovered and decided that it was industrially inclined and endowed—not agricultural.

Today, only an average man's lifetime later, the Parish of Jefferson shares national prominence with the city of New Orleans. One is the No. 2 Port of the Nation and the other is recognized as The Most Concentrated Industrial Area in the Deep South. Each now has its individual identity. But more than ever each is indispensable to the other.

This then to follow is the story of that Fifty Year March of Progress of the Parish of Jefferson: the resources and resourcefulness that made it possible, the individuals and the industries that backed their faith with their finances and the events that enlivened this exciting era.

We know that you will find this particular chapter of Jefferson's past informative. We earnestly hope you will also find it interesting.

* * * *

Jefferson, as a parish, was officially created in 1825 and named in honor of the then living third President of the United States. And, at first, contained not only its present area on both sides of the river but all of what is now New Orleans above Felicity Street.

Around that time, it must be remembered, this uptown area was being created from a series of plantations along the river. As the population of New Orleans gradually increased below them these plantations became known as Faubourgs (or suburbs) usually named after their owners. And as the population pressure exploded farther and farther upriver parts were gradually sold off to be turned into city lots for home owners.

The Faubourg of the Ursuline Nuns, close to town, had been the first portion of the newly created Jefferson Parish to be subdivided. The next was the Faubourg Lafayette, named in honor of the

beloved French Hero of the Revolution, who had made such an impression on New Orleans during his visit the year Jefferson was formed into a parish. And this was followed by the Faubourg of the Livaudais Plantation, next in line upriver, which, when sold off to wealthy Americans, started the impressive New Orleans residential section today known as the Garden District. All three of these Faubourgs were incorporated as the City of Lafayette in 1833.

Above Lafayette was the Borough of Freeport which later became the City of Jefferson. And when New Orleans (which was and is also the Parish of Orleans) formally annexed Lafayette in 1852 and Jefferson in 1870 the parish found its East Bank considerably shorter.

The third and most important town formed from these original upper New Orleans plantations and Faubourgs was Carrollton, which comprised the land of the historic McCarty plantation and is the only section of this early part of Jefferson Parish which is still referred to today by its former name.

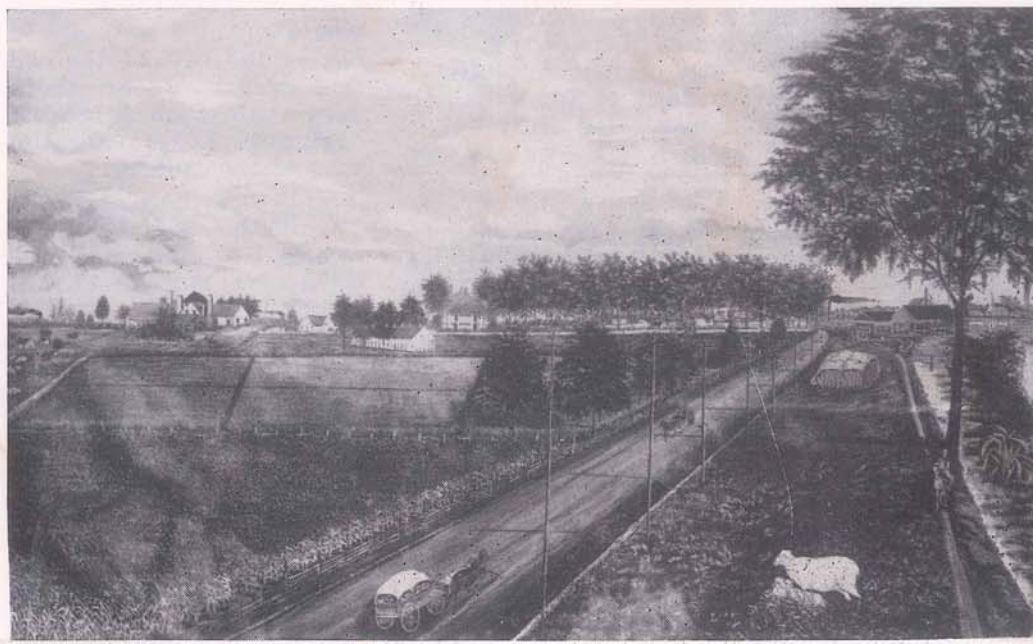
Carrollton also grew to the population point where it, too, just had to be annexed by New Orleans. It was, however, the last of these early Jefferson Parish cities to be absorbed. Altogether, during its first fifty years of existence, the parish lost over half of its original East Bank — everything straight on through from Felicity Street in New Orleans to what is now Monticello Street, the dividing line between New Orleans and Jefferson Parish. The rest of Jefferson's East Bank (28,000 acres) was saved by the bell when a survey was run and accepted by New Orleans, setting the present boundaries. Since then its borders have remained intact and it has done its own growing and expanding within its own 426 square miles of area on both sides of the river.

Today, the only remaining relic of those early years of boundary adjustment is present day McDonogh #23 Grammar School in New Orleans, which was the Court House of Jefferson when Carrollton was absorbed in 1874. When that occurred the governing headquarters of both banks of Jefferson was moved to the West Bank where it has remained ever since.

Theoretically Jefferson Parish spent its first years from 1825 to 1874 gradually separating itself from the influence and the infiltration of New Orleans and establishing an identity of its own.

The next twenty-two years, however —those overlapping the crucial Reconstruction or Carpetbagger Period of the entire South—were also chaotic and confused because the parish police jurors were appointed from the State Capitol. This naturally handicapped the progress of the parish because, while it now had a separate identity it did not yet have a separate individuality. It was to a great extent remotely controlled. And, it was not until 1896 that Jeffer-

This is a reproduction of the painting (now in the possession of the Louisiana State Museum) of historic Tchoupitoulas Plantation—established in 1808 by Joseph Soniat du Fossat, who built in 1820 the mansion shown in the center background. The picture portrays the levee and the cultivated fields of sugar cane and other crops. A steamboat is shown rounding the bend where the sugar mill and slave quarters are situated. The plantation's strange Indian name "Chop-a-too-la" was that of a small tribe related to the Choctaws, living on a bayou above New Orleans. The old plantation home and part of the ground now constitute the present Colonial Country Club at Harahan. Painted by G. Edwards in 1887.



son Parish, having eventually attained boundary freedom, finally attained political freedom. In that year Parish government returned to the election of its own jurors instead of having them appointed by the Governor . . . and it is often said that this was the year the modern Jefferson began.

Politically that is undoubtedly true. But industrially the modern Jefferson had its beginning nearly ten years earlier.

* * * *

We can practically pinpoint the beginning of the busy, booming manufacturing Jefferson we know today. It was on April 17, 1887.

On that afternoon of that particular day the Police Jury, assembled in regular routine session at William Tell Hall in Gretna, listened to Police Juror R. J. Perkins submit the following resolution:

> "Whereas we are informed that there are capitalists seeking to locate sites for various manufacturies and considering that the Parish of Jefferson offers desirable locations, and that it is in the interests of our parish to have such manufacturies in our midst, be it Resolved, that it is the sense of this JURY to offer every inducement and encouragement within its province to such enterprises and manufacturies whenever located within our jurisdiction, and solicit visits to our parish by all such capitalists before locating elsewhere."

To which the members of the jury nodded their heads in agreement. Then they seconded it, adopted it—and placed officially in the minutes, without fanfare, the most far reaching resolution in the history of Jefferson Parish . . . the resolution that recorded almost the moment of the birth of Industrial Jefferson in the minds of its people.

The realization of that resolution—the present day ratio of approximately two industrial plants for every one of its sixty miles in length—we are celebrating this year.

* * * *

From this pioneer 1887 pronouncement we now know that Industrial Jefferson was no accident, no "Topsy" that just grew. From this invitation to industry prepared and passed by those now forgotten jurors on that Spring afternoon we know now that our parish was preparing to take its place in the Industrial Age at least thirteen years before it arrived around the turn of the century. For that foresight we salute them!

Nowhere on the horizon from Maine to Louisiana was there any indication of the thousands of factories that would within the next generation create cities out of crossroads and cow pastures. It was not until the turn of the century that horsepower began to displace the horse. Not yet had American mechanical ingenuity developed into that American industrial genius which was, after 1900, to present the world with a new and confusing theory of economics—prosperity based on mass production.

Jefferson, in April, 1887, was a sea of green from one end to the other — sugar and rice plantations, truck and dairy farms. There were less than a half dozen factories of any size in the whole parish (Quong Sun, John Stumpf's, Union Oil Company, Chickasaw Cooperage Company [originally], the Louisiana Box and Lumber Company). It was 98% agricultural and always had been. (Today the exact reverse—only 2% of Jefferson's area is now available for farming.) And those jurors, who voted in favor of an industrial future, were mainly men of the soil—planters, farmers, fishermen and small business men.

But it stood poised and alert between two eras—its feet in one and its eyes on the other—waiting and watching the convulsive changes that were taking place elsewhere in the country—ready to grasp its opportunities when they appeared.

You know, it is hard to realize, sitting here in the midst of our present day production line plenty, just how rural and primitive was not only Jefferson but the whole nation in the '80's and '90's. To appreciate the modern Jefferson it is necessary to understand what was happening not only in our parish, but in the rest of the country during that period of transition between the Jury's resolution in 1887 and the sturdy beginnings of its realization around the turn of the century.

This was the age of the small town . . . of the self contained community centered around the blacksmith shop, the general store and the bank. Even in 1900 the only city in the South over 100,000 was New Orleans.

Roads everywhere were still dirt—too often mud. All the hard surfaced roads in the United States, if laid end to end, would not have stretched from New York to Boston. When the century

TWO ERAS COLLIDE

This once proud plantation home of the wealthy sugar planter, Camille Zeringue, was built around 1840 and named "Seven Oaks." Still standing on railroad property near Westwego, it is hemmed in by busy rails and squat oil tanks which obviously object to this historic impediment to progress. Nevertheless, it stubbornly resists both neglect and indifference, and hauntingly reminds passing traffic of the almost forgotten antebellum days of plantation beauty and aristocracy in Jefferson Parish.

broke there were only 10 miles of concrete pavement in the whole nation. Our only transportation pride were the railroads which, by 1900, had completed about 200,000 miles of track and were well into their job of reducing the breadth of the continent from six weeks to six days.

There were rumors filtering in from Europe about some new fangled "horseless carriage" but nobody put much faith in it. Even as late as 1899 the Literary Digest, one of the nation's most reliable magazines, published this dictum: "The ordinary 'horseless carriage' is a luxury for the wealthy; and although its price will probably fall in the future, it will never, of course, come into as common use as the bicycle." Yes, the horse and the mule were firmly entrenched in the economics and affection of the nation. Nothing could ever replace them for local transportation. The livery stable and the hitching post were here to stay. Just to give you an idea, there was, on the statute books of Jefferson an ordinance making it unlawful for a train to pass through any village faster than six miles an hour, so as not to endanger the lives of animals or humans who might be using the track at the time. And, another ordinance of the period, which indicates that the various clusters of farmers and planters on the West Bank were beginning to realize their responsibilities as communities, was the ordinance in force as late as 1890 forbidding any person or persons to bathe or swim in the nude in the Mississippi in front of any village or habitation after 5 a.m. and before 10 p.m.

As late as 1900, when the old century reluctantly relinquished the spotlight to the new impatient Twentieth, which came roaring in hell for leather with an entirely new way of life, there was no such thing as radio. That was twenty years away. Or movies—they were just aborning. Or airplanes—they were to come on stage at Kitty Hawk in 1903. There was no income tax, no mention in polite society of women smoking, no sundaes, no crossword puzzles. Morticians were still undertakers, rural free delivery had just made a feeble beginning and parcel post was still 13 years away. Croquet had not yet given way to golf. The sporting page and the comic strip had not yet appeared. In 1900 a small town visitor to a city hotel wrote home: "The bathroom here is so nice I can hardly wait for Saturday night."

Steel frames for buildings were just coming in. Dr. Walter Reed and his associates had just proved that yellow fever, the terror of the tropics, is caused by the mosquito. Buffalo Bill was in his prime and Bob Fitzsimmons had just defeated Gentleman Jim Corbett in 1897 for the heavyweight championship of the world. We had, as a nation, just gone on the gold standard and the tide of immigration pouring into America had just earned us a new title of "The Melting Pot."

The New Orleans Item carried a news note in 1900 that praised the new lightweight skirts "which can be gathered

We are proud to have participated in the Jefferson Parish industrial expansion for more than a quarter century.

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The Celotex Corporation
Marrero, Louisiana

up in the hands and kept clear of muddy streets." Eggs were 14c a dozen and hotels advertised $1.00 a day with horse sheds for country shoppers. In many cities there were bitter fights about street cars because many people feared they would frighten the horses.

In 1900 the first American designed gasoline operated truck had just been made and sold, and in this same year the first American automobile to be constructed in commercial quantities—the Olds—was to sell 400 cars by 1901. But there were in the whole U.S. only 8,000 motor vehicles and most of them were electric.

Today petroleum supplies over 62% of the nation's energy requirements. But in 1901, when the famous Texas Spindletop gusher astounded the world, it is said that "Bet-A-Million" Gates, the financial backer of Lucas who brought in Spindletop, wryly remarked: "What are we going to do with all that oil—feed it to the Longhorns?" At that moment in history the daily demand of millions of purring motors was still a dream. Spindletop oil sold on contract from 3 to 10 cents per barrel.

This—briefly then—was the background of the country in general at that dramatic turn of the century when we were just dropping the handmade to take up the machine made. Now we'll try to paint in the parish picture at this same period . . . when Jefferson started on its fifty year march toward its present prestige as the Most Concentrated Industrial Area in the Deep South . . . just about the time when Sheriff L. H. Marrero bought the first factory produced automobile in the parish and Denis Kennedy, a mechanic of the Louisiana Cypress Lumber Company at Harvey (forerunner of the present day Joseph Rathborne Land and Lumber Company and which came to Jefferson in 1889) made his own by installing a gasoline engine in a buggy.

* * * *

Let's start with Gretna (called "Gritney" by the colored folks) which is not only the oldest town in Jefferson but has been the parish seat of government continuously since 1884.

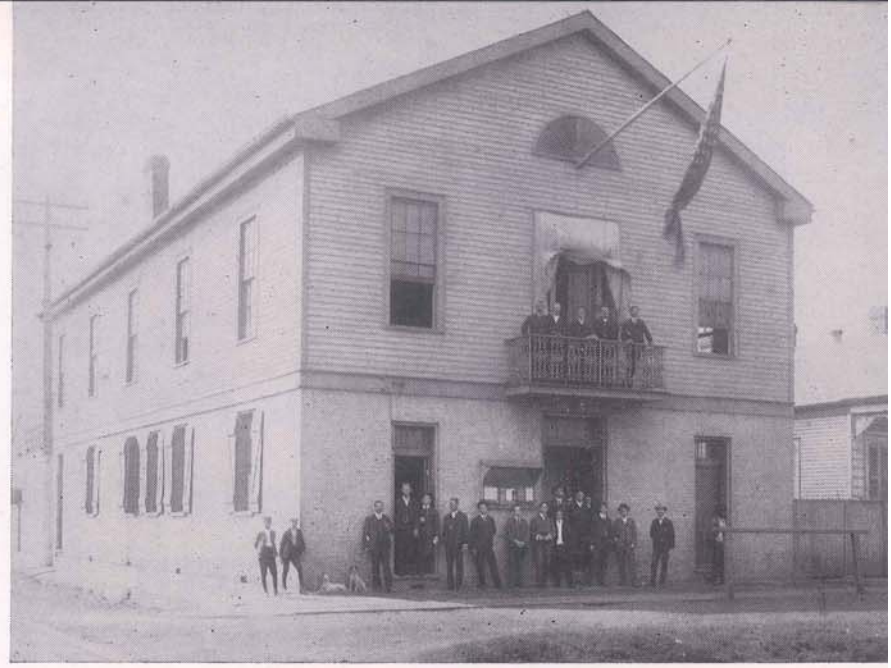
To get the complicated history of Gretna straightened out up to the turn of the century, it is necessary to go back, for a moment, to around 1720 when New Orleans began, and when Jean Baptiste d'Estrehan was given a land grant across the river in what is now Jefferson Parish.

Confederate Army Colonel Louis H. Marrero, his previous holdings lost because of his active participation in the War, settled in Jefferson Parish after peace was declared to start life anew . . . opened a general store in the village of "Amesville' later renamed "Marrero" in his honor . . . was Sheriff of Jefferson Parish from 1896 to 1920 . . . and during his entire postwar career was actively associated with the political and business life of the growing parish.

On the plantation formed out of this land grant d'Estrehan dug his Famous Drainage Ditch, the forerunner of the present day Harvey Canal. Not willing to use valuable slave labor, d'Estrehan hired many of the German immigrants who had been stranded in the Colony of Louisiana when John Law's dream of empire burst like a bubble—and to pay them for their labor he permitted them to live on and cultivate small plots of land on his property.

The land awarded these German workmen became known as the Village of Mechanics, or Mechanickham. About a hundred years later the grandson of the orginal d'Estrehan (piqued because a jury of his peers had fined him $10,000 for instructing his slave whipper to flog a fellow townsman, guilty merely of borrowing a canoe without permission) washed his hands completely of the responsibility of the community and turned it over to the Parish of Jefferson.

This Mechanickham, over the years, became also known as Gretna (from the famous marrying town of Gretna Green across the English border in Scotland) because there was, in the village, a very cooperative justice-of-the-peace who would splice eager couples at any time of the day or night, Sundays and holidays included.



Historic William Tell Hall (now Knights of Columbus Home) in Gretna became the Courthouse and seat of government of Jefferson Parish in 1884, replacing the previous headquarters at Harvey's Castle. It was purchased and selected at the time for greater safety of records, better protection against fire and closer proximity to the central point of greatest population.

So, at the turn of the century, Gretna (or Mechanickham) was a parish governed community with Harvey (the area around the canal) immediately above it and McDonoghville extending below it to the Orleans parish line at Algiers. The City of Gretna (formed from these two adjoining villages of Mechanickham and McDonoghville) was not incorporated by legislative act until 1916. It had previously been incorporated as a town by a Governor's Proclamation in 1913.

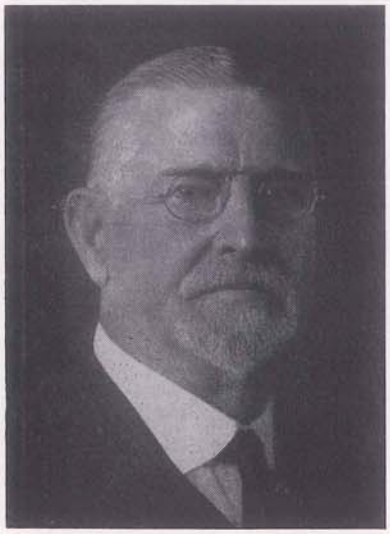
McDonoghville, like Mechanickham, had originally been a plantation. It was owned by John McDonogh who, around about the time Nicholas Destrehan turned over his village of Mechanickham to the parish, came across the river from a successful business career in New Orleans to live on his lonely bachelor holdings in Jefferson Parish. This was the much maligned philanthropist who, in his will, left his entire fortune for the building of schools in New Orleans, Baltimore and Jefferson Parish. He was undoubtedly the richest man and largest property owner of Louisiana in his day.

From his Jefferson plantation went vegetables to the New Orleans French Market that netted a daily profit, even in those times, of $80 to $100. He permitted his Negro slaves to work out their freedom, and because of this the community which grew up around the plantation was often called "Freetown." It was also, around the late '80's and '90's, referred to as "Gouldsborough" (from the railroad magnate Jay Gould) as well as "McDonoghville" which was its official name, and the one under which it was incorporated with Mechanickham to form the present City of Gretna.

The old site of McDonoghville is marked today by the McDonoghville Cemetery set aside by the founder for his slaves and in which he was the first white man to be buried. This historic cemetery was turned over to the parish in 1892. A sexton was put in charge to salvage it from weeds and roaming cattle, and the precedent of allowing both white and colored to be buried here, a fence separating the two sections, has been observed ever since. John McDonogh's body was later removed to the family vault at Baltimore but the cemetery remains—Jefferson's monument to one of its most colorful pioneers and one of its most famous men.

So we see, that around the turn of the century, the two contiguous villages of Mechanickham and McDonoghville, which evolved from the two adjoining Destrehan and McDonoghville plantations, were beginning to blend into the one community later called Gretna. And as the Cemetery marks the original McDonoghville, the present day Memorial Arch and Courthouse of Jefferson stand on the original Destrehan tract that became Mechanickham.

The people of Gretna around 1900 were mostly German and Irish—descendants of Destrehan's indomitable ditch diggers who, with wooden shovels under a boiling sun, had dug his canal from the river five miles back to Little Bayou Barataria—and the children of rugged sons of the Emerald Isle who had migrated to America during the famine in Ireland in the 1840's and had helped build the railroads of America, of which five pioneer trunk lines whistle west out of Jefferson. Old timers



Louis H. Marrero, Founder. President from 1904 until his death in 1921.

1904-1954

OUR FIFTIETH YEAR

Son, Leo A. Marrero, President from 1921 until his death in 1950.

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Great grandson 10-year-old Louis H. Marrero, IV, the fourth generation of Marreros to grow with Jefferson.

claim that there was then as much German as English spoken in Gretna.

The roads were dirt, of course—too often mud — and the sidewalks were either plank or simply worn paths between the buildings and the road. Boots were standard equipment. But Gretna, being the largest community, was better off as far as the pedestrian was concerned, than the rest of the parish. One of the reasons advanced for moving Police Jury headquarters from Harvey's Castle had been that it was almost inaccessible in rainy weather to visitors on foot with business — especially if they happened to be women.

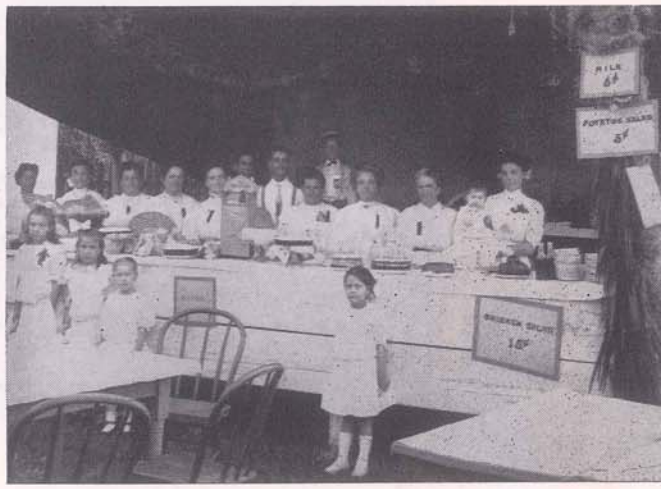
However, as the century opened in 1900, several public roads had just been conditioned with pyrites cinders from the fertilizer plant—and in 1901 Front, or First Street, was opened up as a continuous road through Gretna and McDonoghville.

The prevailing means of transportation through town and town to town were horseback, wagon or tallyho. There was, of course, the horse-drawn trolley from the Algiers Ferry to the Lavoisier Street Ferry in Gretna. It had no turntable. The horses were simply unhitched from one end, put on the other, and the return trip started. By water the ferries dominated the river crossings and steamboats carried freight and passengers into the Barataria Country and on down to Grand Isle. And the railroads and the steamboats united Gretna with the rest of the U.S.

But somehow or other the good folks of Gretna and its neighboring communities did not think their transportation methods were crude or limited. The churches were constantly giving fairs and socials at Pecan Grove; the three Fire Companies (David Crockett Fire Company No. 1, Gould Fire Company No. 2 and Mechanics Hook and Ladder Fire Company) were perpetually petitioning the Police Jury for a special license to sell beverages at dances held in their respective halls by various and sundry organizations; the sportsmen's groups—like the "Fearless Gun and Rod Club" and the "Wooloomooloo Gun and Rod Club" were forever throwing parties; and the colored people at their "Come Clean" and "Big Easy" Dance Halls at East Green and West Green never missed a Saturday Night Session. We, with our televisions and radios and fast cars have a lot of nerve pitying those days and those people. We have problems and gadgets. They had problems and fun.

Speaking of problems, Gretna had two big ones: FLOOD AND FIRE!

With three miles of river in front and an equal number of miles of swamps immediately behind flood scares and flood scenes were as inevitable in those opening years of the new century as death and taxes. Gone today—but very vital then—were the 8 foot protection levees completely encircling the town. In 1891 during the Ames Crevasse the water, creeping in behind from the swamps, overflowed these protection levees. In 1903 there is an entry in the Police Jury Minutes which reads: "Water from Hymelia Crevasse rapidly approaching Gretna and McDonoghville in rear—requiring attention to closing gaps in protection levee and securing draining machine for river side of protection levee (which siphoned water which had got inside back over top of levee)." There is no further record of the flood so the measures taken must have been adequate. And in the serious Hymelia Crevasse of 1912 the record is positive that the protection levees held.



An old photograph of a Church Social at popular Pecan Grove in Harvey, still in existence around the turn of the century. They're hard to make out—but the signs read: Milk 5 cents (imagine!) and Potato Salad 5 cents and Chicken Salad only 15 cents. Those were the happy days!

FIRE, however, was a more serious menace than floods. High water came regularly and seasonably but only from one source—and Mother Nature was, at least, open and above board about her deluges.

But Gretna for years had not only been menaced by the dozens of every

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day fire hazards that threaten a community in which every building is combustible, she had been dogged and plagued by clever and callous human firebugs who used to periodically boast "They'll roll tonight!" And sure enough somewhere in town that night a blaze would break out, the call would go in, and out would roll one or all of Gretna's three Volunteer Fire Companies. Sometimes they would lick the fire. Sometimes they would arrive too late.

The Police Jury offered a reward of $500 as far back as 1871 for any person caught and convicted of arson. It was again revived in 1886. But the "caught and convicted" phrasing was the weak point.

It must be remembered that Jefferson Parish, which around the last part of the century was known as "The Free State of Jefferson" was only a few years removed from the wild days of the Reconstruction Era. Gretna, its capital, was itself just emerging into town status. It had neither the facilities, the finances, the experience, the manpower, the community cooperation nor the centralized authority to trace down arsonists and make a conviction stick. It was not the fault of anybody. Towns have to mature in judgement and jurisdiction and grow up as well as men. And right about that time Gretna was not yet a law abiding, law respecting adult community.

So acts of arson went on for years until in 1894 a firebug by the name of Fry engaged in giving somebody a hot-time-Saturday-night was caught "flagrant delicto" and was forthwith lynched by an irate citizenry who were getting good and tired of having their property destroyed. It was an extreme expedient. It was righting a wrong with another wrong. But it put a serious crimp in the enthusiasm of the amateur arsonists of Gretna and before long the fire hazards had dropped to the normal number caused by natural causes and human carelessness.

And this is the time to pay our respects to the fire laddies who patiently and persistently have fought Gretna's red enemy, by whatever means caused, since July 1, 1841.

On that historic day 27 Gretna citizens stood helplessly watching a building burn because they had no firefighting equipment of any kind. Then and there was formed a bucket brigade that three years later owned a hand pumper and grew into the David Crockett Fire

The home of David Crockett Fire Company No. 1 in Gretna which boasts that it's the only volunteer fire company in the nation that owns all its own equipment, its fire engines and its fire house, plus sundry fire fighting gadgets.

Company No. 1, the oldest still active unit of volunteer fire fighters in the United States. And, as famous as its shining record of fire fighting continuously for a hundred and thirteen years, is the David Crockett Fire Company No. 1 dress uniform for parades and functions—the Wellington boots of the British army of 1776, the black trousers, the flannel shirt of fire engine red, the flowing white tie, trim white gloves and rakish white fire helmet and the wide white belt with the brass lettering —the proud uniform of a proud outfit. Rueben B. Hock, Sr., of Gretna, just recently retired with honors, having been its Fire Chief continuously for fifty years.

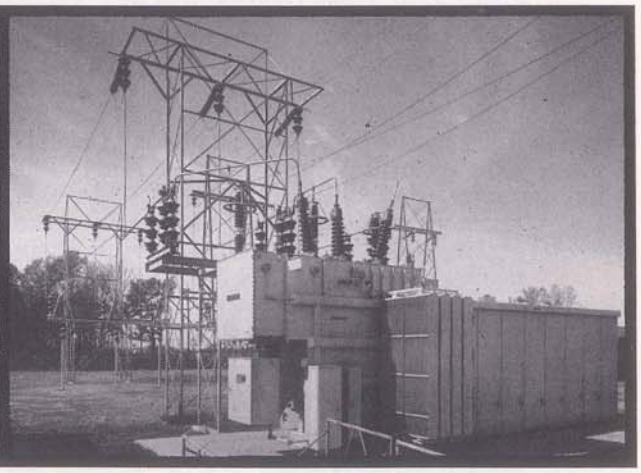
In 1884 the parish of Jefferson donated a plot of ground in Gretna to Mechanics Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 to be used for a Fire Engine House and Hall and no other purpose without encumbrances. By 1890 there was also the Gould Fire Company No. 2. And in the 1890's water mains were laid in 2 streets of Gretna through which flowed, for fire fighting purposes, water donated by the Union Oil Company from its water tower. Previously there had been only fire wells.

So, when the turn of the century came along, Gretna was not only win-

(Continued to Page 81)

Electric Power is making things hum in Jefferson Parish

Ninemile Point
Steam-Electric Generating Station

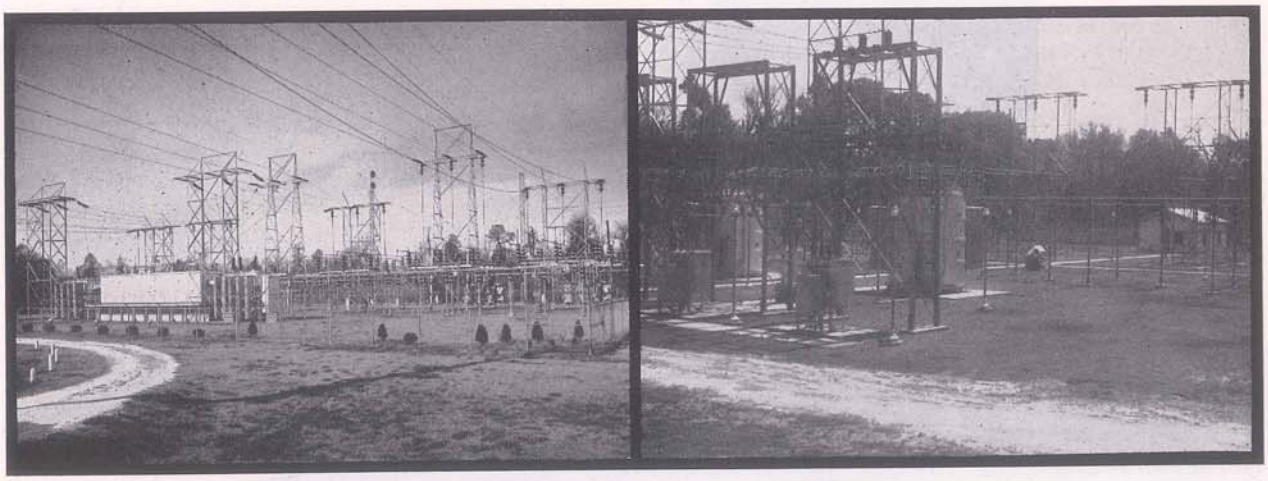


Labarre Road Substation

LOUISIANA POWER & LIGHT

● You can hear a busy humming sound as you go by our Ninemile Point steam - electric generating station and substations located in Jefferson Parish . . . and that humming sound spells progress, not only for the industries we serve, but for the Parish as a whole.

We at Louisiana Power & Light Company are proud to play a vital part in this industrial progress. For when industry makes things hum, industry needs POWER — cheap, dependable power and plenty of it. That's why we have been constantly expanding our facilities in Jefferson Parish to take care of the growing requirements of industry for more and more power. And you can be sure that as Jefferson Parish continues to grow there will be an ample and dependable supply of electricity available to serve it.

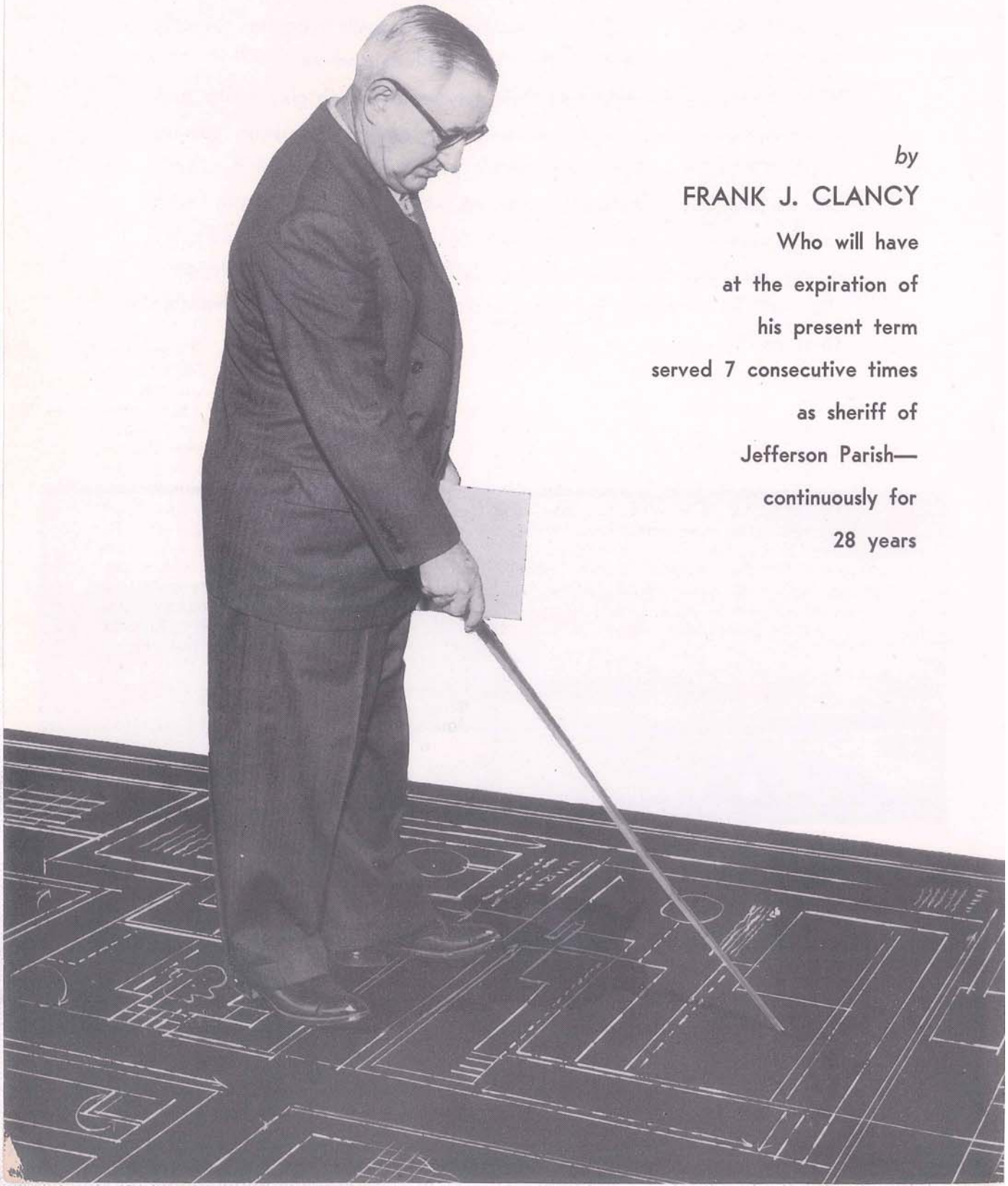


Snake Farm Substation

Westwego Substation

COMPANY *"Helping Build Louisiana"*

BLUEPRINTING



by

FRANK J. CLANCY

Who will have
at the expiration of
his present term
served 7 consecutive times
as sheriff of
Jefferson Parish—
continuously for
28 years

Tomorrow

In the preceding article of this 20th Anniversary Issue of the REVIEW, we have endeavored to give you a rapid and readable resume of the amazing progress of Jefferson Parish since the turn of the century.

During that little over fifty-year period it has grown from a sprawling group of villages . . . whose only early claim to fame was that they were just above or just across the river from New Orleans . . . to the MOST CONCENTRATED INDUSTRIAL AREA IN THE DEEP SOUTH—solid miles of factories and warehouses, boats and barges, railroad yards and shipyards, and the sinewy tendons of commerce binding it with the North and West by rail and by road, by air and by water.

Coordinating these busy, bristling communities of TODAY, most of them now cities and no longer villages, is the governing body of the Parish—the POLICE JURY. It is both the prerogative and the responsibility of the JURY'S 17 members (selected and elected by the citizens of the parish) and the Boards under their jurisdiction, not only to meet the problems of the present during their tenure of office, but to plan far into the future.

Many of the accomplishments and achievements of this fast growing parish recorded in the pages you have just perused were once the dreams of our predecessors, which we have helped translate into realities. Motivated by the same spirit of public service, we know that the long range projects upon which we are now working will be ably carried through by OUR successors.

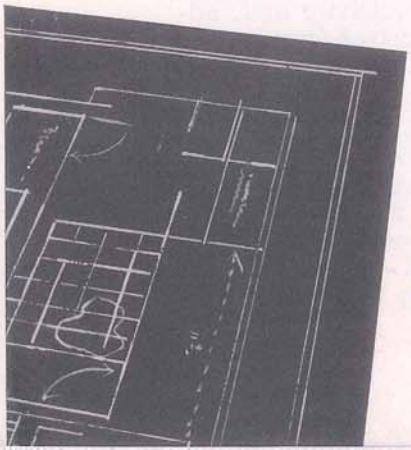
So . . . now that you have peered backward around the corner of time into YESTERDAY, we invite you to look forward over our shoulders at the Jefferson Parish we are planning for TOMORROW.

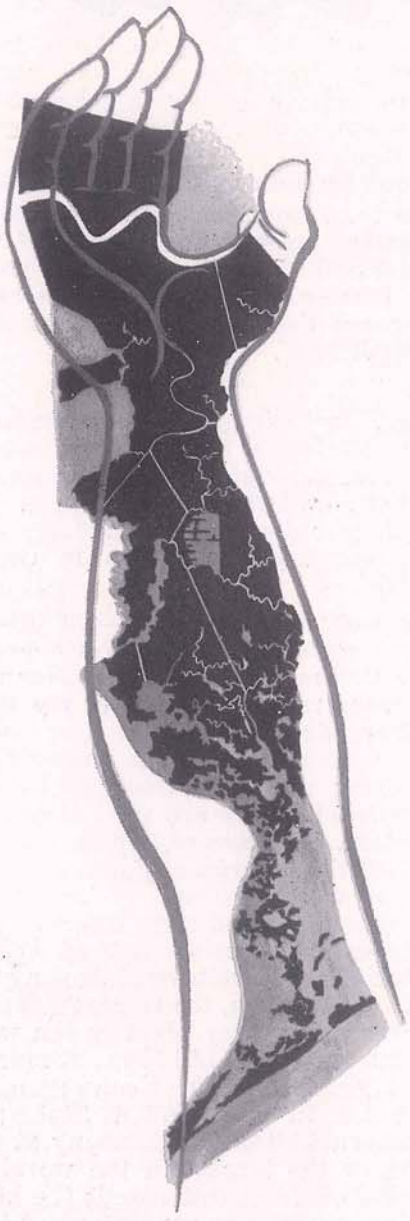
* * *

The Parish of Jefferson reaches up from the Gulf of Mexico for sixty miles, like a strong right arm, supporting the Port of New Orleans in its cupped palm, the fingers disappearing in Lake Pontchartrain and the thumb in Orleans Parish.

It not only looks like—IT IS—the strong right arm of the World Port of New Orleans. In its 426 square miles is concentrated over half of the industrial activity of the entire New Orleans area, including six of the largest manufacturing plants of their kind in the world. These six are the Celotex Corporation, at Marrero, which has built a gigantic American industry on the former waste product of sugar cane, called bagasse, and from which it manufactures an imposing list of building materials; the Freiberg Mahogany Company at Harahan, the largest mahogany lumber and veneer plant in the world; Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., at Marrero, the biggest cannery of cane syrup and molasses in the United States; the Southern Cotton Oil Company at Gretna, now the largest in the world processing oil from cottonseed; the largest shrimp and oyster canning plant in existence—The Southern Shell Fish Company at Harvey—sending out to the far corners of the earth the delicious seafood of Southern Louisiana and its Gulf Coast; and, at Southport, one of the largest plants in the nation for the creosote treating of lumber, covering 30 acres of ground—the American Creosote Works, Inc.

The river banks of Jefferson Parish on both sides of the Mississippi provide the greater proportion of the waterfront of this recognized No. 2 Seaport of the nation.





Our artist has outlined Jefferson Parish to show its amazing resemblance to a right arm—the strong right arm of the port of New Orleans—muscled with industries, pulsing with the arteries of air, rail, water and road transportation and with the efficient fingers of its facilities supporting the commerce of the No. 2 Port of the Nation.

Every method of transportation known to modern man connects Jefferson Parish with the markets of the world. Five great trunk line railroads (The Texas and Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Illinois Central, the Missouri Pacific and the Kansas City Southern) make it accessible to every metropolis and hamlet in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Where Jefferson's Harvey Canal enters the Mississippi River (which is approximately 2200 feet wide at this point) is the crossroad of the nation's gigantic 15,000 mile inland waterways system linking the productive heart of America with the seven seas. Highway 90 (once the historic Old Spanish Trail) which is the short cut across the Deep South from Florida to California and one of the heaviest traveled highways in the United States, runs through Jefferson. And from Jefferson's Moisant International Airport the most remote spot on the face of the earth is only hours away.

Jefferson's combination of waterways, permitting the economical influx of bulk raw materials both from the interior of our own country and foreign lands, attracts more and more modern industries, whose finished products can also be economically moved to their logical markets from Jefferson by water, by rail, by air and by road. PLUS —its triple resources of natural gas, oil and plenty of water for industrial uses —its all year round mild and healthful climate—its present population of 145,-000 people providing a reliable pool of home owning and trained labor—its tax exemption to new industries and new expansions of industries already established—its proximity to Latin America and the entire world via the Port of New Orleans—and the aggressive spirit of its citizens whose tax money has been invested in the constant improvement of their Parish.

All these things — combined — have helped make Jefferson Parish, as we know it today, one of the most prosperous parishes of Louisiana and, admittedly, one of the fastest growing industrial areas in the NEW SOUTH.

BUT—we are proud to say—THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. Its leaders —backed by its property owners, its business men and its voters—have blueprinted a Program For The Future which, over the next ten years, we have faith will be completed—portion by portion, step by step,—as the parish adds

people and industries and automatically adds to its income for its financing.

Let us look at the East Bank, for a moment, where Highway 90 runs through East Jefferson and turns left over the Huey P. Long Bridge just east of Harahan; where is located the City of Kenner with Moisant International Airport within its boundaries; where lies Metairie, the most beautiful residential area of Greater New Orleans; and the yet undeveloped Jefferson Parish shoreline of Lake Pontchartrain.

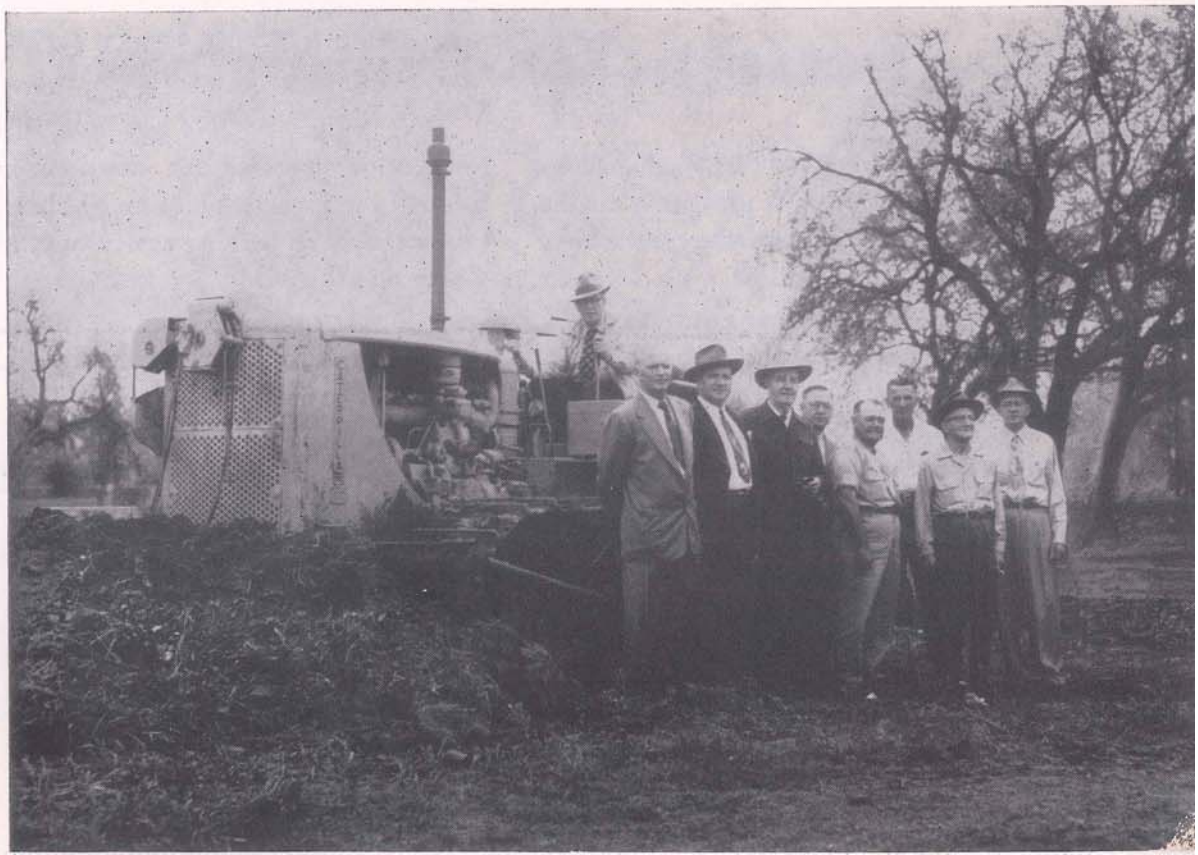
The Blueprint of Tomorrow's East Bank shows a beautiful paved Lake Shore Drive and back of it modern subdivisions — comparable to the already existing Lake Vista section — so that from the New Orleans Airport to the Jefferson-St. Charles parish line there will be an unbroken continuation of beautiful residential streets, in that 10° cooler in summer Lake Shore temperature that Metairie boasts, and just far enough from the business districts to make going home a pleasure and going to work a convenience.

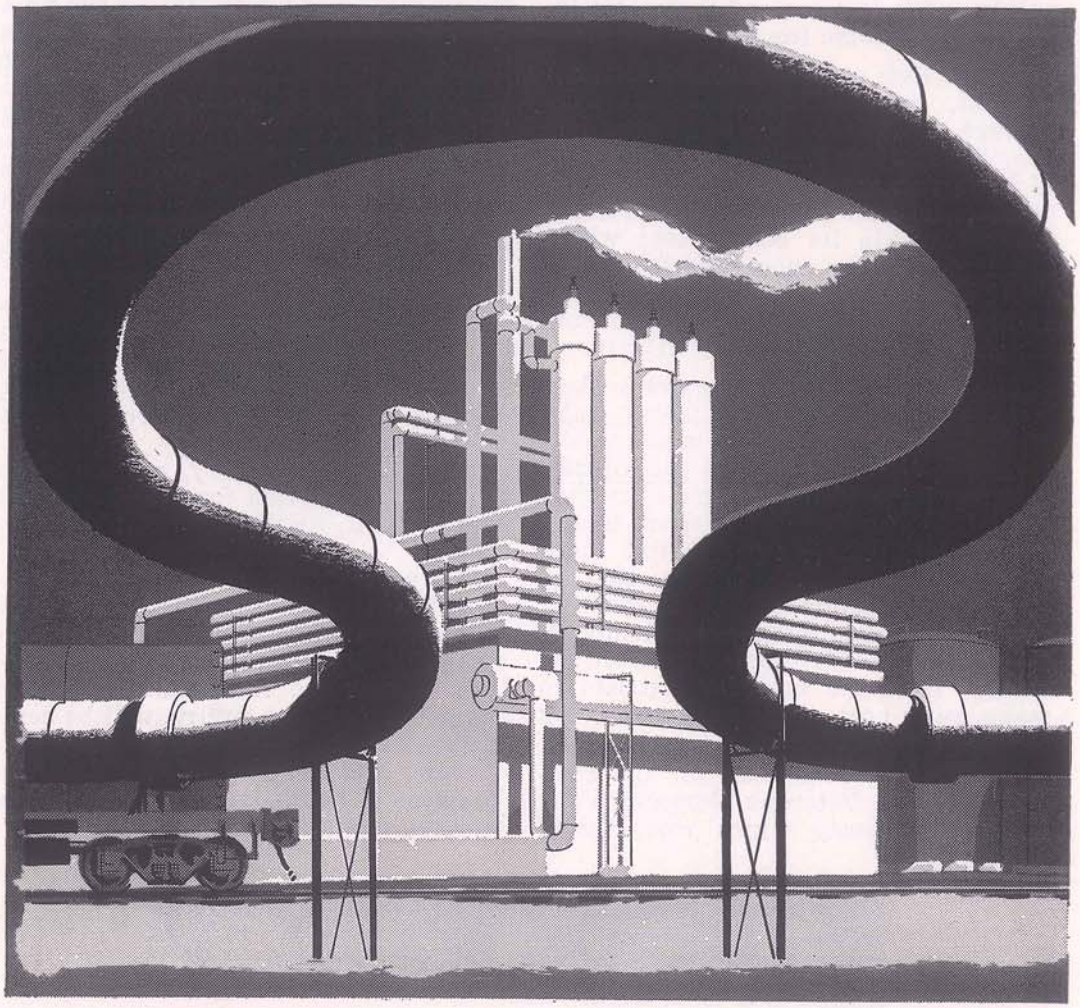
Tomorrow's Plans call for the completion of the Veterans Memorial Four Lane Expressway which was started February 18 and which will, on the East Bank of the river, speed traffic from New Orleans to St. Charles Parish; for the completion also, of a bisecting highway connecting the Huey P. Long Bridge with the proposed Lake Pontchartrain Causeway, that will cut in half the trip time from the West Bank to the piney woods around Covington, Louisiana; and for the building of north and south bisecting roads from the Airline Highway to the Lake Front. As the parish residential areas expand and the population increases, the expediting and the releasing of the traffic pressure on main arteries become more and more necessary.

Holding high priority, of course, in the Parish Program for the East Bank are WATER, SEWAGE AND DRAINAGE.

Our present program for the extending of watermains (with the free fire protection that goes with it) will continue and undoubtedly gain in momentum so that the entire East Bank, in the not too distant future, will be completely serviced — and the availability of water and fire protection will always be ahead of population increase and the building of new homes.

John J. Holtgreve, President of the Police Jury of Jefferson Parish, on the bulldozer—in the ceremony of breaking the ground on February 18 for the Veterans Memorial Four Lane Highway which will, in the very near future, relieve the traffic pressure on the East Bank from New Orleans through Jefferson Parish to St. Charles Parish.





Pattern for Expansion

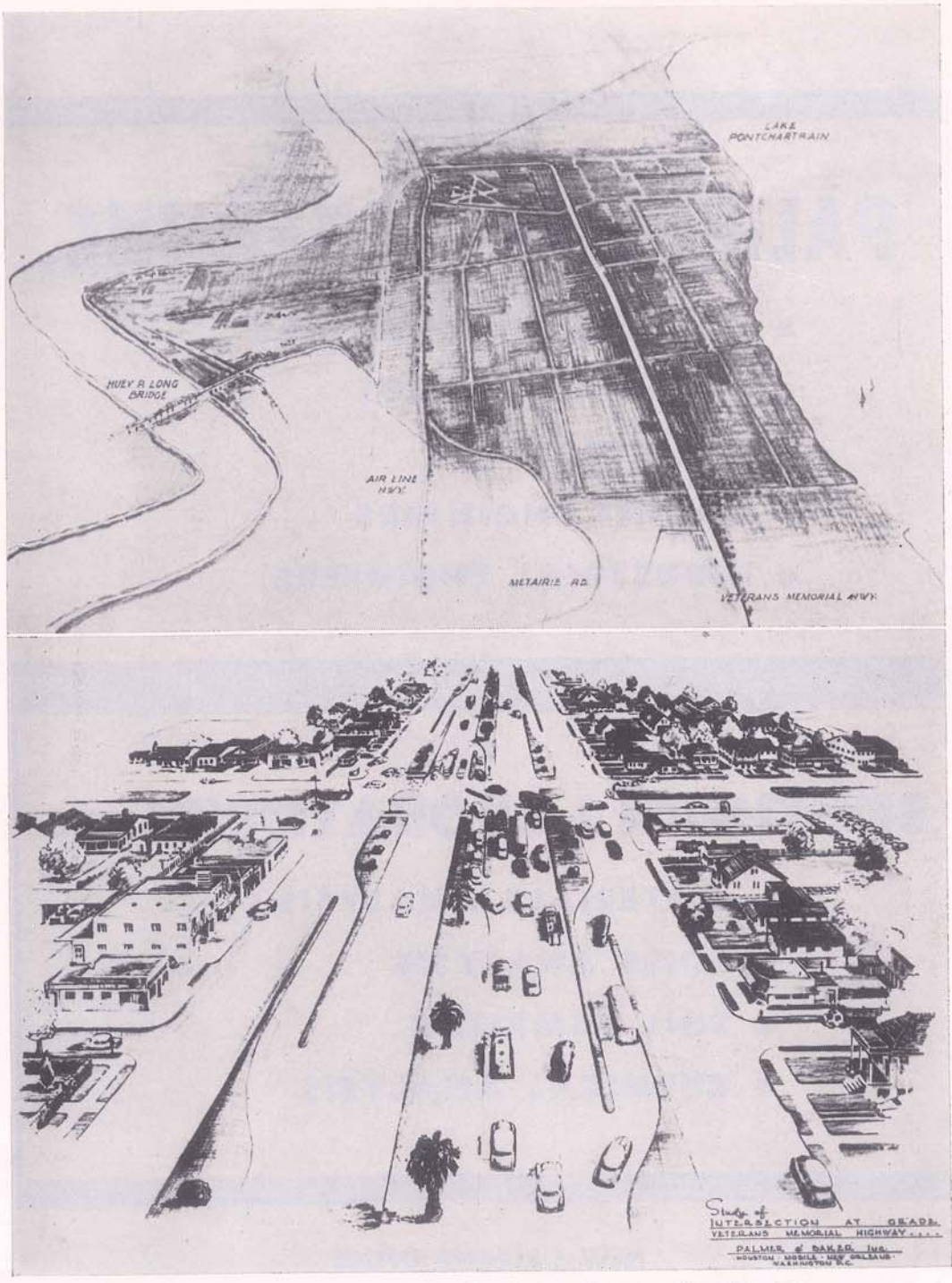
Industrial development is bringing a new era of expansion and prosperity to the communities throughout the greater New Orleans area.

This rapid growth is a tribute to the resources of the area, its strategic location and the favorable business climate where industries and communities can progress hand in hand, stimulating and encouraging individual opportunities for better living.

American Cyanamid Company, with its new Fortier Plant located in the Parish of Jefferson is proud to play a part in this development through the production of many chemicals essential in serving agriculture, industry and the public.

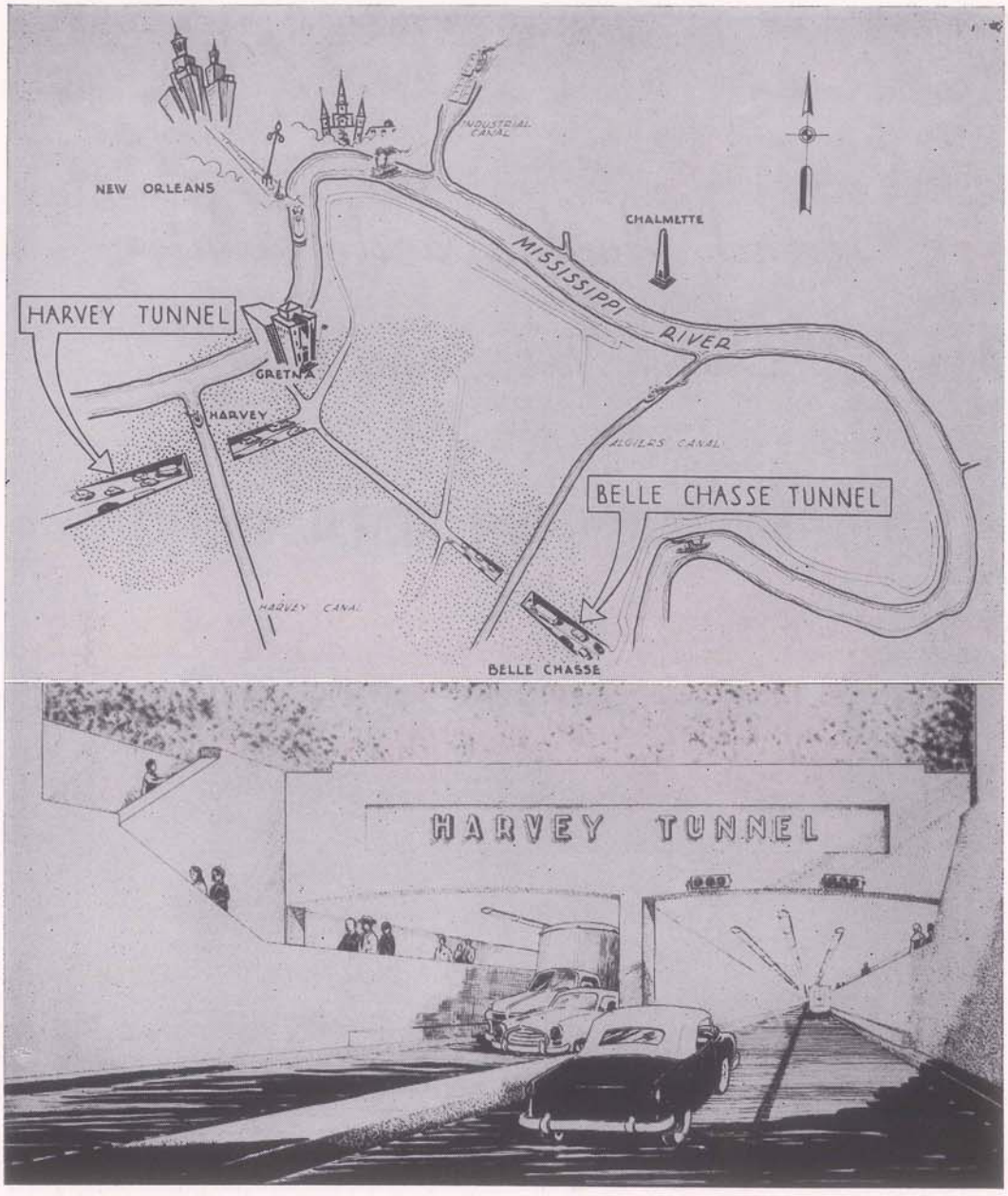
AMERICAN Cyanamid COMPANY

NEW ORLEANS, LA.



The artist's map and sketch of the already started Veterans Memorial Highway as it will appear when completed. This $4,000,000 super highway will have two 3-lane expressways (shown in the center area of the lower sketch) with service roads on either side. Designed and supervised by Palmer and Baker, Inc., it will start at the Orleans Parish line and extend the full width of Jefferson Parish, approximately midway between the Airline Highway and Lake Pontchartrain, connecting with the Airline Highway beyond Moisant Airport.

Already, on the East Bank, this "water for everyone" program is well underway. From 1950 to 1954 the voters of Jefferson Parish approved two separate bond issues of 5 million dollars each. This money was used as required: four million dollars, then another million of the first bond issue, and then two and a half million dollars of the second bond issue. The last 2½ million is being spent now on new construction. The East Jefferson Waterworks has been rated, by the insurance companies who bought the bonds, as one of the

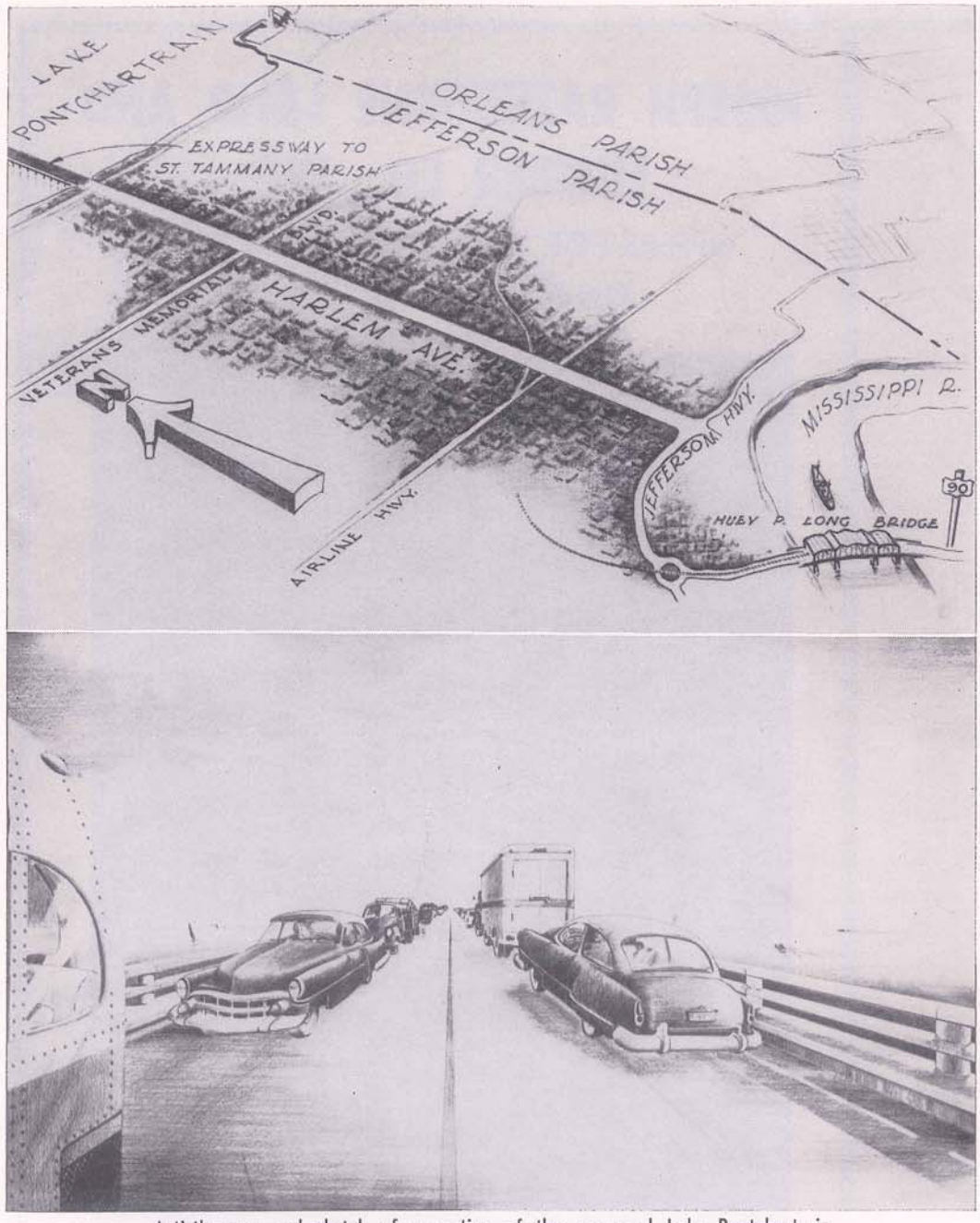


Artist's map and sketch of the Harvey Tunnel section of the future West Bank Four-Lane Expressway. The drawing shows the Tunnel approach (at bottom) and (at top) shows its strategic elimination of the bottleneck of bridge traffic, often occurring when boats and barges are passing through the Harvey Canal to and from the locks.

most efficiently operated in the United States. But the work must go on. The East Bank is not yet completely serviced—and it is growing every day.

Hand in glove with the program for extending water service are the plans for also furnishing sewage to the entire East Bank of Jefferson—and for a series of grade separations—and for the eventual lining and covering of existing drainage canals.

We believe that one of the most popular portions of our Program of the Future for East Jefferson will be the proposed ELIMINATION OF GRADE CROSSINGS, with underpasses and overpasses. This requires not only the support of the people of the parish but the cooperation of the railroads and all industries and property owners whose holdings such improvements will affect.

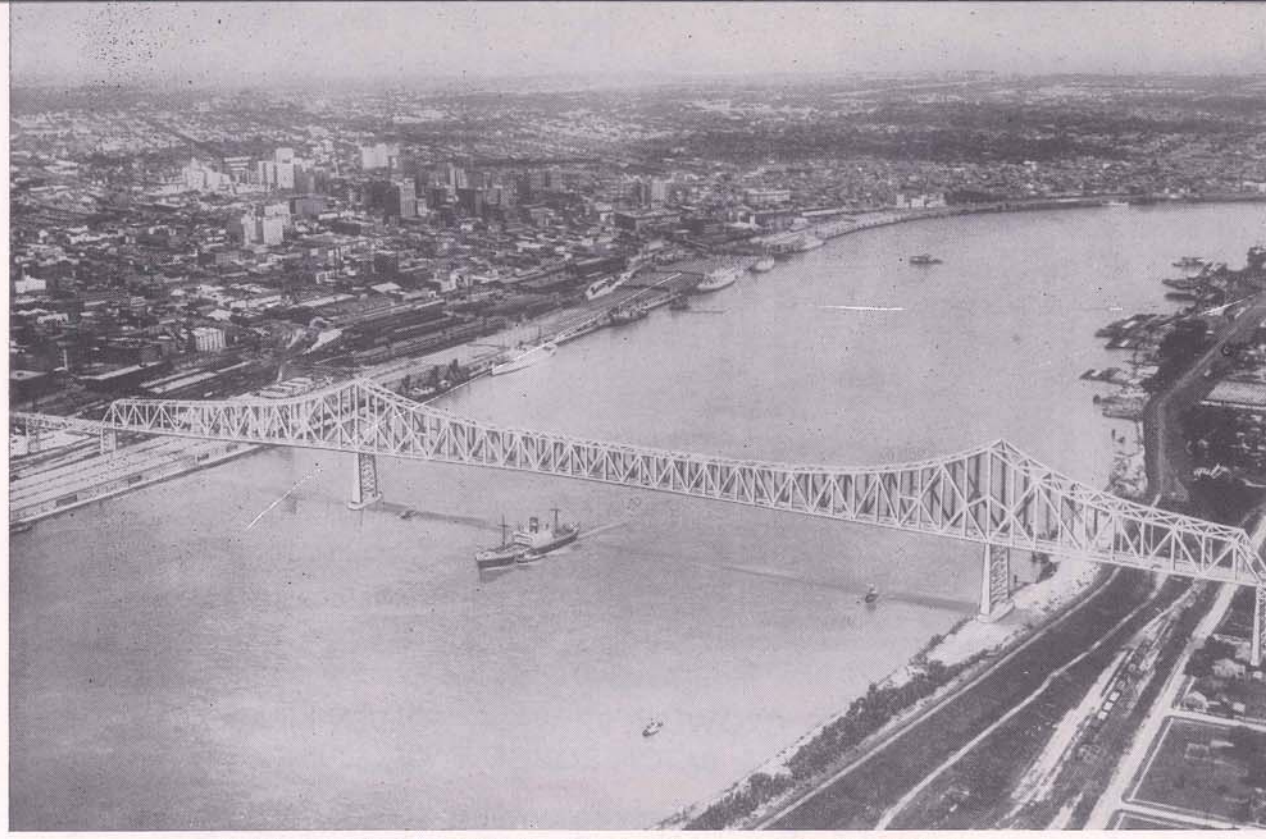


Artist's map and sketch of a section of the proposed Lake Pontchartrain Causeway, which shows that the bridge over Lake Pontchartrain will be wide enough to proceed in the event of a breakdown on either of the two vehicular lanes. Surveys for the Lake Pontchartrain Bridge are now under way by Palmer and Baker, Inc., Consulting Engineers and Naval Architects. The firm has offices in New Orleans, Mobile, Houston and Washington, D. C.

We know it will take time, money, patience and the best brains that our efforts can employ — but there is not a resident of the parish or a person who travels its roads who does not sincerely believe, with us, that the elimination of present railroad and highway bottlenecks will not only save valuable time— but maybe your life or mine.

And now let's spread out the Blueprint of Tomorrow and see what is planned for the larger, more industrial West Bank of Jefferson Parish!

Oh, yes, the completion of the Proposed West Bank 4 Lane Expressway, with the tunnel under the Harvey Canal. This vitally necessary new broad highway will funnel fast through traffic around the congested industrial area of the West Bank. It will meet Highway



On Monday, March 16, 1954, the Army issued the permit for the erection of the Mississippi River Bridge as visualized by the above drawing prepared by Modjeski and Masters, Consulting Engineers. The plans call for the construction of a cantilever span 1575.33 feet long, with a 1400 foot long clear width for navigation, and a height 150 feet above high water. One of the piers will be in the river 555 feet from the East Bank. The Bridge will cost an estimated $54,081,000. The river is some 2000 feet wide at the proposed point of construction.

90 traffic at the Huey P. Long Bridge, and will skirt around the communities of the West Bank to meet traffic moving across the river from New Orleans on the future Bridge Across the Mississippi. Up until the time this bridge is completed it may be necessary to establish FERRY SERVICE free to pedestrians and with cost per car and truck pro-rated against more frequent crossings and closely figured cost of operation.

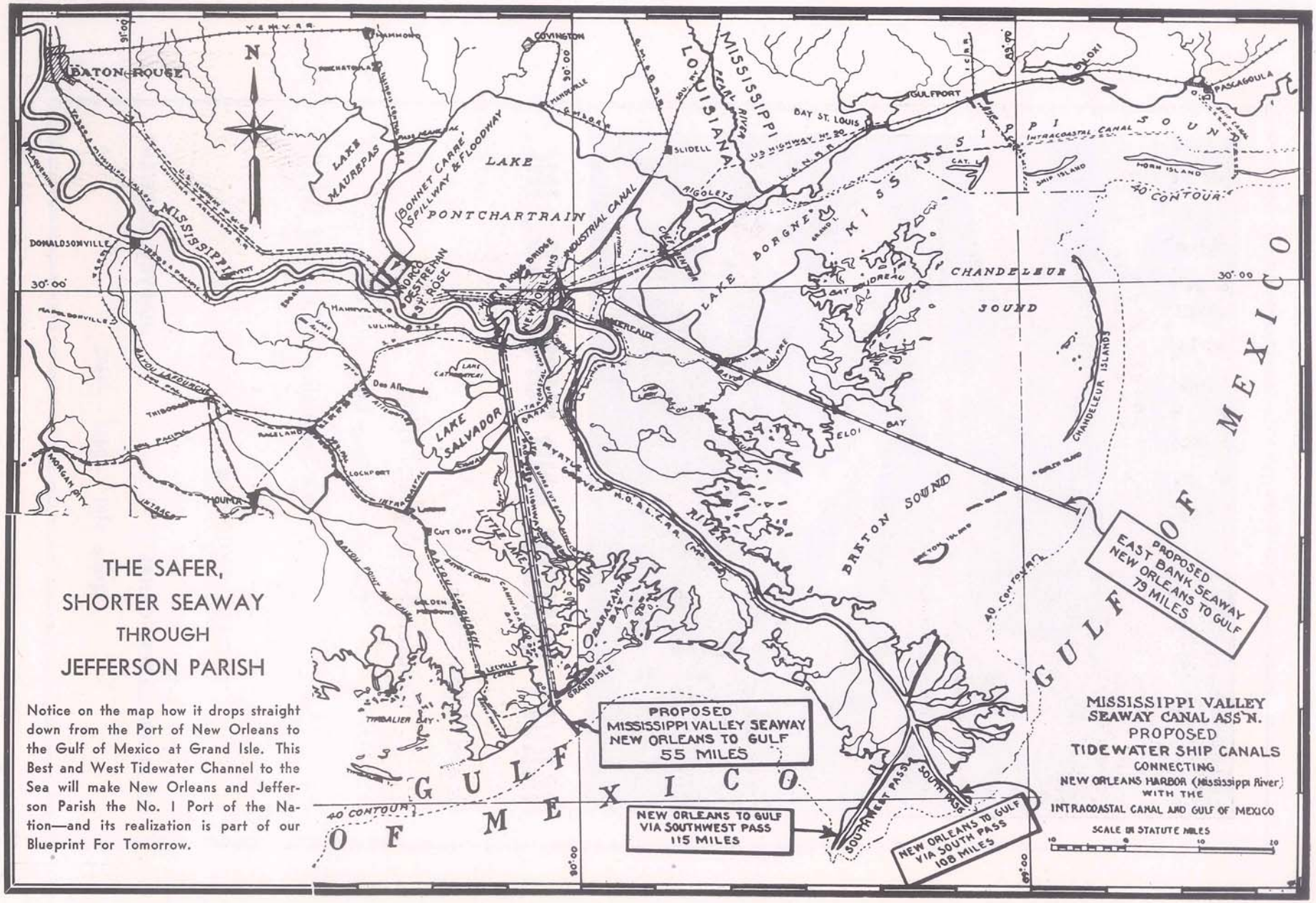
Somewhere in this ten year period, even this new 4 Lane Expressway will not be adequate to the intra-parish traffic that Jefferson's rapid growth is producing. On our Blueprint For Tomorrow is another supporting and parallel highway from parish line to the Huey P. Long Bridge on the busy West Bank.

Drainage to the West Bank of Jefferson is what irrigatiotn is to the West part of the United States. Vital! Absolutely indispensable! The land is there — valuable, usable, industrially ideal land. But it must be freed and kept free of water. So, high up on the Program are our plans for West Bank Drainage that will steadily and gradually open up available acreage for new industries and new development.

Closely allied to that part of the program is the extension of sewage to all the heavily populated areas of the West Bank—and the piping of water and gas to the Lafitte and Barataria area.

JEFFERSON PARISH NOW PROPOSES A PARISH FINANCED, PARISH CONSTRUCTED TIDE-WATER CHANNEL TO THE SEA.

The best brains of the nation admit unreservedly that the Port of New Orleans has the greatest outlook for the future of any seaport in the United States. It is the natural railroad and water gateway to the great and growing Mississippi Valley, in which is concentrated half of our production and half of our population.


THE SAFER,
SHORTER SEAWAY
THROUGH
JEFFERSON PARISH
Notice on the map how it drops straight down from the Port of New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico at Grand Isle. This Best and West Tidewater Channel to the Sea will make New Orleans and Jefferson Parish the No. 1 Port of the Nation—and its realization is part of our Blueprint For Tomorrow.
BATON ROUGE
N
LAKE MAUREPAS
BONNET CARRE SPILLWAY & FLOODWAY
LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN
COVINGTON
SLIDELL
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
BAY ST. LOUIS
GULFPORT
BILOXI
PASCAGOULA
MISSISSIPPI INTRACOASTAL CANAL
SOUND
SHIP ISLAND
HORN ISLAND
40 CONTOUR
MISSISSIPPI SOUND
DONALDSONVILLE
MISSISSIPPI
MORGAN CITY
HOUMA
LAKE SALVADOR
LAKE BORGNE
CHANDELEUR SOUND
CHANDELEUR ISLANDS
BRETON SOUND
RIGOLETS
INDUSTRIAL CANAL
NEW ORLEANS
MORCO
DESTREHAN
ST. ROSE
GRAND ISLE
BARATARIA BAY
TERREBONNE BAY
TIMBALIER BAY
GULF OF MEXICO
PROPOSED
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SEAWAY
NEW ORLEANS TO GULF
55 MILES
PROPOSED
EAST BANK SEAWAY
NEW ORLEANS TO GULF
79 MILES
NEW ORLEANS TO GULF
VIA SOUTHWEST PASS
115 MILES
NEW ORLEANS TO GULF
VIA SOUTH PASS
108 MILES
SOUTHWEST PASS
SOUTH PASS
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
SEAWAY CANAL ASS'N.
PROPOSED
TIDEWATER SHIP CANALS
CONNECTING
NEW ORLEANS HARBOR (Mississippi River)
WITH THE
INTRACOASTAL CANAL AND GULF OF MEXICO
SCALE IN STATUTE MILES
0
5
10
20

The new East Bank "Jefferson Central Fire Station" located on the Jefferson Highway near Shrewsbury Road.

John J. Holtgreve, President of the Police Jury, turns over the gavel to Mrs. Hazel Howell, Chairman of Activities for the Week of the West Bank Business and Professional Women's Club of Gretna, as they take over the duties and responsibilities of the governing body of Jefferson Parish for a day—during the 26th Annual Observance of National Business Women's Week, October 11 to 16, 1953. The national Membership totals 160,000 women.
Seated: Mrs. Julia Reynaud and Mrs. Howell, Acting President. Standing, from left to right: Miss Louise Tilley, Mrs. Ruth Molaison, Mr. Holtgreve, Mrs. Elizabeth Delger, Miss Mary Lou Urso, Mrs. Veronica D. McCune, Mrs. Faye Sherman, Miss Ida May McCormick, Miss May Fleury, Mrs. Helen Calzada and Mrs. Gwen Johansen.

The best brains of the nation also admit unreservedly that the only thing delaying a tremendous surge in port volume right now — immediately — is the long recognized handicap of the hundred miles of the Mississippi River below New Orleans and the hazard of its mouth during fogs and bad weather.

For many years Jefferson Parish — where the transportation, manufacturing and warehousing facilities of the whole New Orleans area are centering —has held the key to this problem. It is the long proposed SHIP CANAL through industrial Jefferson, beginning at Westwego and dropping due South to deep water off Grand Isle—55 to 60 miles shorter than the present river route and 31 miles shorter and faster than any other seaway route ever considered. And since 1929 it has been approved by the U. S. Engineers who, in the exact wording of the concluding sentence of their report state: "All things considered, the Barataria route seems more advantageous than any other canal route considered."

Its need has been long recognized. In

JEFFERSON PARISH HEALTH UNIT

Shown here are a typical mother, child and Public Health Nurse Doris Trahan at the opening of the Well Baby Clinic at the Westwego Clinic of the Jefferson Parish Health Unit. The Jefferson Parish Health Unit (Dr. L. R. B. Centanni, Director and Dr. John M. Bruce, Acting Director) looks after the health and welfare of Jefferson Parish citizens and their children in connection with the food, water and milk they drink; the supervision of sewage disposal; immunization from diseases; rabies; tuberculosis; venereal diseases; growth and development of well babies; school children's health and teeth; crippled children; expectant mothers; nutrition; health education and the compilation of vital statistics. IT SERVES YOU in practically every public activity that can affect YOUR HEALTH.

fact, its necessity becomes more urgent every passing year. The route itself has never had an opponent whose reasoning was not biased. However, it has never received government financial support because of the conflicting claims of the now active proponents of the St. Lawrence Seaway and those other states of the Union who cannot or will not see that they will be greatly benefited.

Thoroughly convinced that it would profit Jefferson to invest in its construction we are including in our Blueprint of Tomorrow the plan for Jefferson to build this SHORT CUT TO THE SEA as soon as the details of financing and constructing can be worked out and brought before the voters of the parish.

It would be a 40 foot, 600 foot wide channel direct to deep water which would not be affected by fog or rough weather and would accommodate the largest cargo and passenger vessels afloat, reducing distance, time and shipping costs.

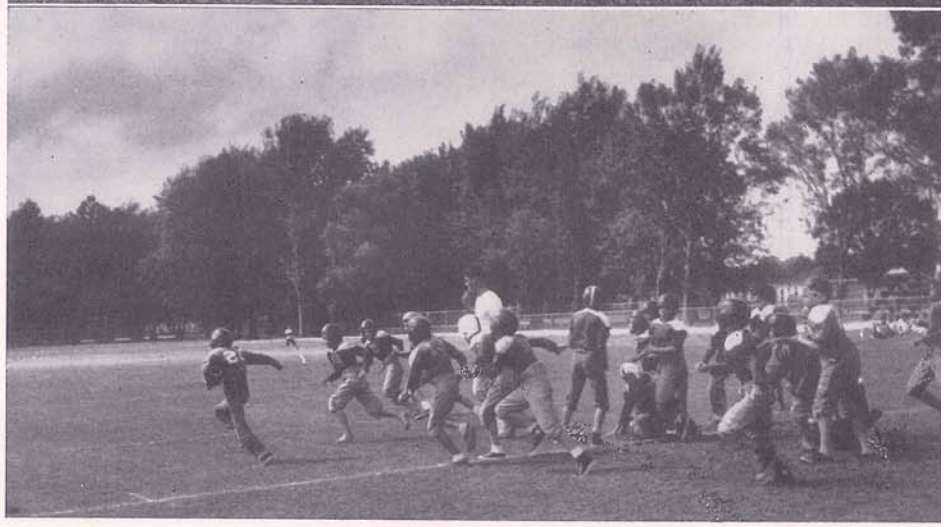
On both banks of this 50 mile long ship channel would expand the present industrial Jefferson, and around Jefferson Parish would flow and flourish the greatest seaport of the South. And from the dirt excavated could and would be built substantial heavy industrial plant sites and a base for a paralleling automobile road to Grand Isle that would make the Island's beautiful beach one of the most popular year round resorts in America.

And from the tax revenue of new industries, new businesses on the banks of the canal, new towns that would blossom out at points along the way, new homes, new people and the expanding port business would come the income to liquidate our pledge to the future.

The JEFFERSON PARISH HOUSING AUTHORITY — already beyond blue print stage in Tomorrow's Program—is a project to provide low rent houses for both the white and colored families that are pouring into Jefferson's busy communities. The sensational growth of Jefferson Parish automatically gives a program like this top priority.

Municipal Bonds Exclusively

These scenes at Metairie Playground symbolize the constant priority that its future citizens have in all overall plans of Jefferson Parish. Children grow up and become the leaders—and the wives of leaders—of parish affairs a few years hence . . .



. . . Therefore it is vitally necessary that the health and happiness, the physical and mental education, and the sense of fair play blended with the sense of duty and responsibility of our children be given all the ground space in which to develop, and all the equipment for growing up proud of their parish and prepared to take on its affairs, that we, now holding the reins, can supply.

Last but not least in the Program for the Future is the new Commission Council for Jefferson Parish which goes into office June 1, 1956. The decision by the people to change our loyal and hardworking government by Police Jury (comprising 17 members at present) to the smaller 5-man Commission Council came after long planning—as the only solution to the mounting problems resulting from the terrific population increase of the parish.

It must be remembered that between 1940 and 1950 (only ten years) Jefferson Parish more than doubled its population—an increase of 103% to be exact. This sensational growth demanded the creation of so many new boards and agencies for the administering of parish affairs that the Polic Jury (composed of men who were paid per diem and expected to give only part of their time to the parish affairs) was burdened with the overall responsibility of many overlapping authorities. And everyone concerned realized that these problems of population demanded a streamlining of government for continued efficiency and economy.

Under the new Commission Council form of government (composed of salaried men who will serve full time) all overlapping agencies and authorities will be eliminated and the control of all parish boards and functions (with the exception of the School Board) will be centered in the 5-man Council who will be elected by the people every four years.

The Commission Council President will be elected at large. Then there will be two commissioners elected from the West Bank and two from the East Bank.

And so . . . through the economies effected by the Commission Council, through a proposed parish wide sales tax equalizing the present New Orleans sales tax, and through increased revenue coming in from new and expanded business coming steadily to the Parish, Jefferson and its leaders will put into reality as rapidly as possible its BLUE PRINT OF TOMORROW.

By ALICE SEDDON HOBBS

Louisiana State President, National League of American Pen Women

The dining car was crowded and I was placed at one of the single tables with an elderly man. Casually, we discussed our destinations. Not surprisingly, on that train, it was New Orleans for both of us—home for me, a first visit for him.

"That perhaps is not exactly accurate," he said, "I am going to a place called METAIRIE. I guess that's outside New Orleans, isn't it?"

It was a new angle to me. Outside, indeed!

"Metairie is indeed an entity politically, but, socially, it constitutes a significant part of New Orleans. The people who live in Metairie contribute much that is New Orleans. It has long been established as a community of beautiful homes and is about a fifteen minute drive from the business center of the city; that is, from the office buildings and large department stores to the circle drive which opens into Metairie proper."

"Fifteen minutes? At home, we think nothing of a forty-five minute drive to our offices."

"One reason for such quick transportation is that a connecting boulevard, Canal Street, is one of the widest in the country."

"It is a small suburb, then?"

"Not so small. Metairie has its own shopping district that extends over two miles, and its area includes some 3240 acres."

"You know it well. I wonder if you know my hosts, the Armstrongs?"

"On Papworth?"

"Papworth Avenue, that's it."

"Your visit will surely be a pleasant one. They have lived in Metairie many years, and their friends will want to entertain for you."

"I have to admit I know them only slightly. Met them on the west coast several years ago and we have enjoyed keeping in touch."

"You will find they personify the spirit of gracious hospitality for which the city is famous. To them, it is a civic responsibility.

"Mrs. Armstrong is of Spanish ancestry and their home is an example of the best adaptation of Spanish architecture. Coupled with the authenticity is a luxury of comfort even including underfloor furnace heating in addition to the traditional fireplaces which are used during our short winters. In the long summers, of course, everyone lives out-of-doors as much as possible. Many homes are now air conditioned.

"I have spent many pleasant hours in the woodland garden at Casa Manana. Sunday Morning Breakfasts. Small wrought iron tables and benches, a barbecue fireplace, good food and good company. I remember on one occasion one of the group improvising on a violin while the redbirds and mockers sang overhead."

Strolling through the Garden at Casa Manana (upper left), the visitor will stop often to notice some unusual arrangement or decoration, a weird root growth, a war trophy or old kitchen utensil transformed into charming plant holders.

The Living Room of Casa Manana (lower left) where the guest needs no entertaining—just the leisure to examine and enjoy the books, paintings, prints, hand blocked draperies—the exquisite work of artists and craftsmen.

Just above is the Master Bedroom of Casa Manana—which, for all its look of yesteryear, is up-to-date with ample clothes closets, individual bath, hardwood floors, underfloor furnace, a telephone extension and an electrical sewing machine.

The listener's face began to take on the polite glaze of disbelief.

"I suppose that sounds fantastic. It is not at all uncommon. The cardinals and mocking birds stay here the year round. Sunflower seed attracts the cardinals and they become very tame. Mocking birds are quite fearless."

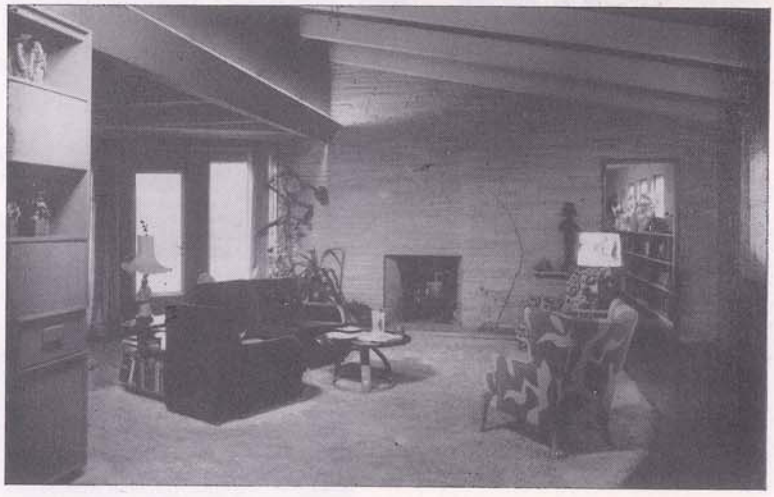
"But what about flies? And mosquitos?"

"We rarely have flies. And mosquitos like the dusk. In many gardens, the furniture is sprayed before guests arrive if there are mosquitos. The Armstrongs have a loge, screened and cool, shaded by tall pin oaks and the Japanese wisteria that twists its strands above gnarled trunks. The house is completely surrounded by trees. Stepping stones lead from the loge past a pool set into a wall colorful with tiles brought from Havana and beside which is an old oil jar which came, a hundred years ago or more, from the Isle of Martinique."

"Do you know, I don't think they ever mentioned their garden and it must be well worth seeing."

"That's understandable. While it is unique, everyone who has any space at all has a garden. Plants respond quickly in the humidity of the climate. You will find in Metairie that while annuals, perennials and bulbs are used in small gardens or in small spaces, flowering shrubs are used for large areas. Azaleas make large masses of pinks, white and deep rose, and some have a spicy fragrance. The gardenia, or its cousin, the cape jasmine, grows rapidly and gives a profusion of bloom. Sweet olive, which has a more delicate fragrance, is a slow grower and the blossom insignificant. But all this about the garden. It isn't very hospitable to leave you on the threshold so long. When you arrive at the outer entrance, look for the bell which was a familiar sound on a plantation Mrs. Armstrong knew as a child. You will enter first through wrought iron gates into the loge. At the left, the heavy carved cypress door opens into the living room. The austerity of the high pitched ceiling with hand hewn beams, the wrought iron guards at the windows and iron accents in lamp standards and wall sconces is offset by rich

Opposite is the Dining Room of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Bergman. The depth of the partial partition on the left indicates the location of floor-to-ceiling cupboards in the living room similar to those shown in the background of the dining area, each with a sliding door.



And opposite is the Bergman Living Room which you enter from the Dining Room above. Large areas and design kept simple give this room an open spaciousness, even when crowded with guests.

color in furnishings and highlighted by splashes of aquamarine in glass and pottery. Always, there are flowers and greens, a large bowl on the grand piano, a single blossom in a miniature tray and, in a hand painted much glorified foot bath, generous sprays of magnolia or pittosporum. This is evergreen, has decorative growth, and is fragrant in bloom.

"Throughout the house, there is an integrity of selection. If, since the beginning of their home-making, they acquired any discordant possessions, they have been weeded out. From Spain, Havana and South America have come many pieces, and when craftsmanship is well and lovingly executed, the years tend to enrich rather than to deteriorate. The four-poster bed and its accompanying accouchement bed of another day and custom, the armoire which took the place of a clothes closet, the dressing table, two hundred years old—you see, don't you, what an interesting time you may have just being introduced to all this?"

"I am beginning to be glad I came," he said, laughing.

"Of equal interest will be the homes that have been designed and furnished in a modern interpretation of the requirements of an alert, enterprising and ever expanding southland.

"The Bergmans' house, on Iona Street, newly built, embodies functionalism. Air conditioning is an aid in the architecture and the wide windowed walls give air and light. Slanting ceilings with painted beams add height to the rooms, accentuated by the indirect, cove lighting I believe it is called. Sliding doors are efficient space savers. The gray exterior with a Chinese red door gives the keynote of the interior where lamps, furniture, and hangings are oriental in motif. The use of plants counteracts the severity of line. The chimney facade of Plum Or-

(Continued on Page 47)

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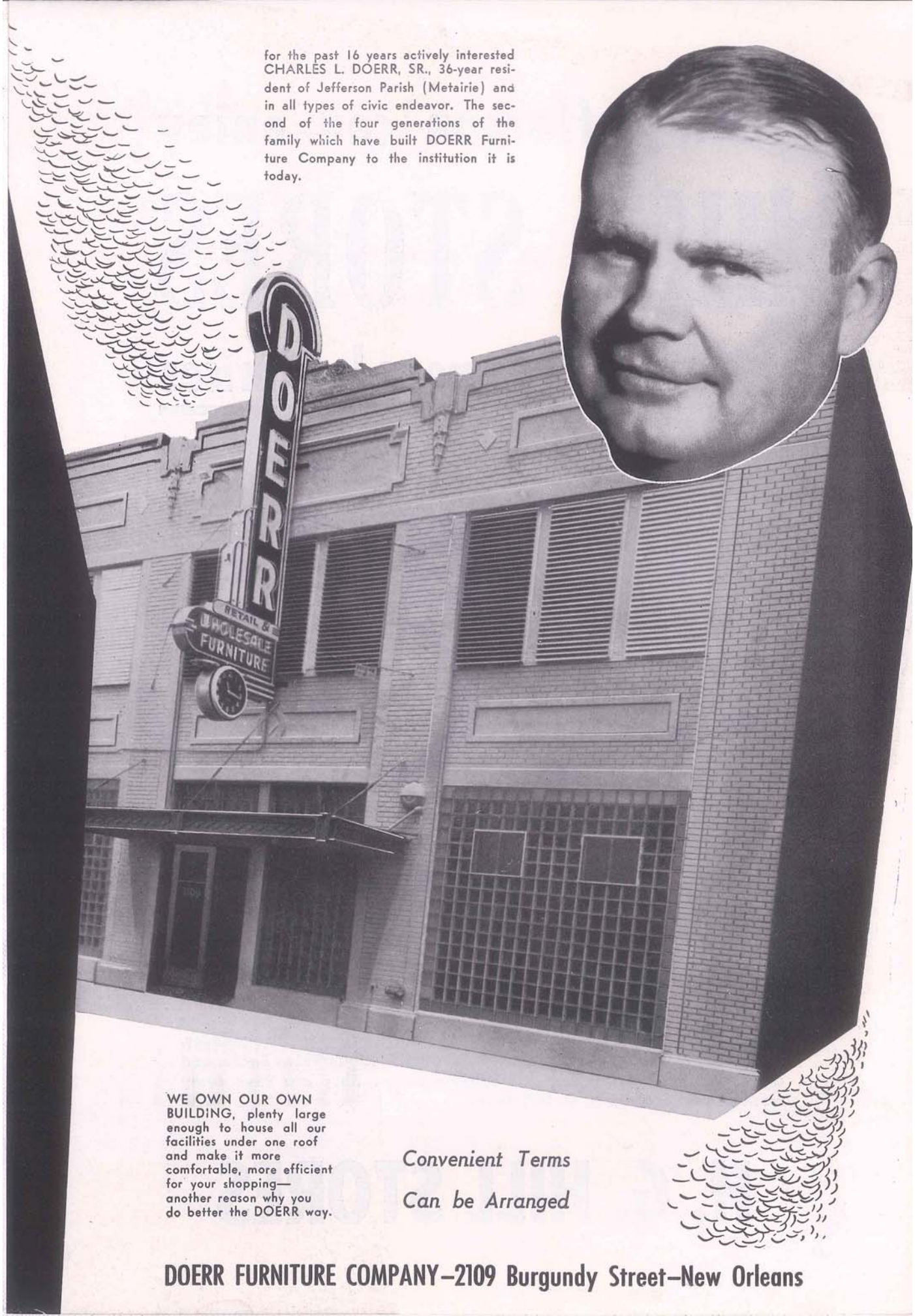

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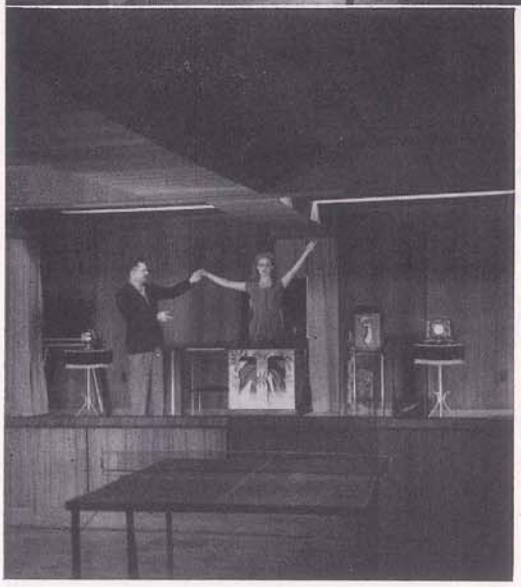


The Den of Dr. and Mrs. Adrian Zang Johnson (pictured above) has been planned for the amusement and entertainment of both the sick and the well—for quiet visual observation or vigorous active participation.

●

This Jack-in-the-box is a "Jackette" in a bright red costume—and the performance of this act of legerdemain in the Johnson Den is well planned to startle the very young and thoroughly entertain the adult spectators.

(Continued from Page 43)

chard Stone in the living room has no projecting mantel and is flanked on one side by a plant bed in which tall ficus panderata, wide arching bromeliads and climbing philodendron break line and add color. This is balanced on the other side by a low shelf which holds a piece of black statuary. The green of the leaves is repeated in the upholstery of the sectional chairs and there are yellow butterfly chairs to provide color accents, a half-sized one for the small boy of the house.

"The layout is so planned that every room faces the garden in which there are blossoming shrubs and plants. In the fall and winter, pyracantha espaliered against the redwood fence makes red berries. Poinsettia and hibiscus supply Christmas red. Later, there are white calla lilies, Peace roses, iris, painted daisies and spikes of snake grass and elephant ear for foliage. As the guest is drawn to the garden or to the fireplace, the dining room is revealed, half hidden by a wall cabinet and shadow box arrangement for china and books, and, behind the sliding doors, storage space. The lines of the black-topped drop leaf table with blond maple base are simple as background for flowers, Chinese lamps, wine cups, rice bowls and ladles. The terrazzo floors are partially carpeted in a circular sweep that ties dining room and living room. A long low wall of bookshelves makes their library accessible. Much thought has been given to accomplish comfortable living, easy housekeeping and beautiful simplicity.

"Another pattern of living has been worked out by Dr. Adrian Z. Johnson and his wife. In order for him to be available for call and still participate in the activities of the community, their friends and the friends of their four children, they have a hobby auditorium. This is a large building connected to their home at 418 Metairie Road, in which there is a stage for presenting performances of the art of magic for young and old, pageants or puppet shows for the children. There is a pool table, ping pong, a radio, television, juke box and plenty of room for dancing, a bar, barbecue pit, an aquarium of tropical fish, several cages of Javanese, African and South American finches and parakeets, the white doves used by the magician of the family, and Jocko, the 45-year old parrot who distinguishes himself by riding untied on the handlebars of his mistress's bicycle.

"New Orleans is known everywhere for her love of play. There is another friend in Metairie whose home exemplifies this tradition. Ample in every way for this couple, since the building

This is the "Den" in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ortté. The painting in the background is a glimpse of the country retreat where the Orttés enjoy the quiet of woods, the lure of the elusive trout or just a stroll in the rambling garden.

of homes is in itself one of the man's hobbies, and it probably incorporates as many as possible of his work-saving ideas, their home is planned to gather their friends around them comfortably. The upper floor has a large game room, or what for convenience is called a den, an understatement certainly because there is room for twenty to twenty-five people to lounge around the fireplace, or, weather permitting, sun bathe out on the sun deck, play billiards, dance to juke box records or find refreshment at a small bar. A walk-in air conditioned closet is provided for fishing tackle and gear, games, extra chairs, house decorations for holidays, carnival costumes, things for once-a-year use. Visitors from other parts of the country are usually not prepared, and most households collect through the year oddments that can quickly be transformed into a costume.

"The ceiling of this room is natural wood in domino squares of selected grains. No plaster is used. In the bedrooms, weltex is painted in pastel colors for walls and ceilings. The game room is panelled in ponderosa pine. A rustic accent is a juniper trunk estimated to be 2000 years old which has been made into a floor lamp.

"On the ground floor, terrazzo throughout, there is the patio playroom. It has a swimming pool and diving board, a barbeque pit, and, in this room, as many as 400 guests have been entertained. At other times, it shelters their cars.

"Interesting developments have evolved from this home-building hobby. The red brick house of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ortté, 118 Wm. David Parkway West, stands out architecturally in its setting, and two wings are joined by a wide central chimney. Inside, the chimney houses a guest closet on one side of the entranceway and the fireplace on the other.

"I wonder if on your visit south, you might be considering Metairie as a home at some time?"

"You aren't a realtor?" he asked warily.

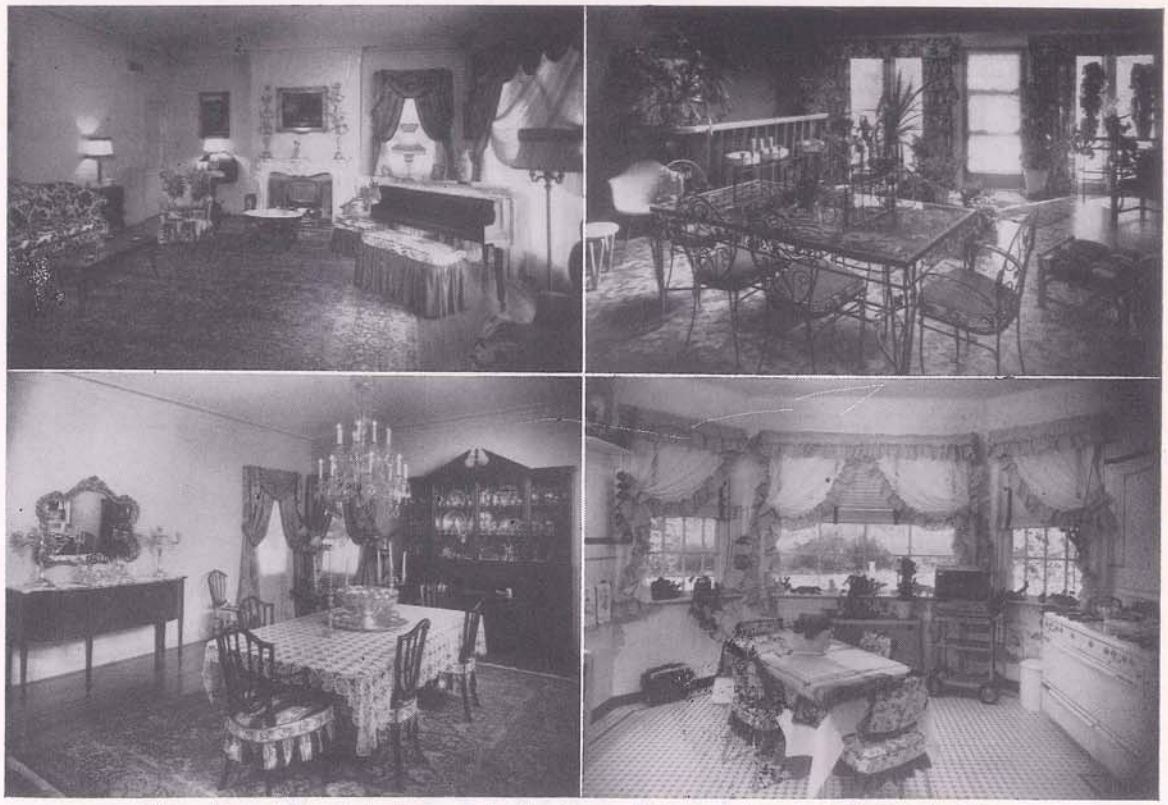
"No, but if I were, I am sure I'd like to work in Metairie."

"My children are grown and the youngest just married. She and her husband will live in the old home, but I have to admit that when I think of the slushy snow and slippery ice-covered roads up north, the idea of moving down seems very pleasant."

"Not only pleasant, sensible. There can be no question that even if your work is equally demanding down here, you do maintain with less effort a sense of leisure between times."

"It seems to me I used to have that kind of leisure, but in the work-hard-play-hard years, it became old-fashioned."

"I think we return to old fashions just as we do in clothes. I believe we have in homes. I can remember when a family always had a parlor. The shutters were kept tightly closed, the dark green shades were drawn and the doors locked to keep out young fry. In this room were kept all the best things. Sometimes on cleaning day, I was permitted to enter. There was the old organ that wheezed out a hymn when laboriously pumped, there were forbidding family portraits, James Whitcomb Riley in a tight little frame, a straight-backed sofa, a few stiff chairs and all the curios of that day.



These four pictures introduce you to the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Smith—the living Room and Patio Living Room (at the top) and the Dining Room and Kitchen below. In spite of the demands and attractions such a complex household must present, it is amazing to note that the busy Smiths still have the time and lively interest to develop a beautiful garden likewise in Covington, Louisiana.

"And now, after so many years—well, quite a few—the parlor is coming back. It is not bottled up as it used to be, but it is kept spotlessly clean, meticulously arranged and a high degree of perfection maintained. The one I think of has floors the color of taffy with a wide border inlaid in mahogany, pecan, maple and oak. The rug inside this border is a deep, cushiony oriental of fresh clear colors. The window draperies are heavy brocade. A grand piano, a couple of barrel-type upholstered chairs, high backed sofa, years and years of needlepoint, and a grandfather clock. The white marble fireplace seems to have a burning log and the old-time parlor never knew this trick. There is a concealed revolving wheel that produces flickering shadows electrically. No ashes to shovel and carry out. The French, Italian and Irish paintings might easily have been in the parlor, and the fragile, black lace fan, too, in its gilded frame, well over 100 years old. After its lifetime of taking part in romances, its attendance at the much beloved opera house lost in a fire in 1919 and still mourned, the balls famous then as they are now, it now is carefully protected by glass. A bisque figurine on the mantel plays a golden harp whose fine strings still span its keyboard. The harpist wears a panniered gown with deep and beribboned porcelain lace ruffles, and her long slender hands hover poised to play. I think she has won hearts in this generation as well as in one past. Wedgwood, Viennese glass, Sevres, Meissner and Lemoges in a lighted cabinet shows the interest of a collector in the house. This room opens into the formal dining room lighted by a crystal chandelier. The hand cut crystal, and you will see a great deal of it, is the industry of small villages in Europe. During the last war, these small factories were taken over and the work was not permitted. I hope now they have returned to the enterprise their families have carried on for generations. These rooms are used on occasions of dignity, the entertainment of celebrities perhaps. At the L. P. Smith's, 5 Mulberry Drive, every day living and visiting is now in an informal patio living room. Planned for easy housecleaning, the floor is tiled, walls painted brick and the ceiling natural wood with crossbeams. One wall is glazed to allow not only plenty of light but a view of the garden. They have garden-type furniture, wrought iron and bamboo, a pool banked with plants supplied and varied from a conservatory in the garden, a small bar, aquarium and bird cages.

JEFFERSON DEMOCRAT

Official Journal of the

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SINCE 1896

Gretna, Louisiana

Above is the Reception Hall of the Jerome Tujague home and opposite are two views of its Garden Room, where transverse drapes close the windows at night so family and friends may settle comfortably for a television session.

"Speaking of bird cages, they have one that came out of French humor and ingenuity. This is a miniature cage, gilded, and holds a miniature feathered but electrically controlled creature who whistles, cocks his head and twitches his tail feathers so realistically the parakeets whose cage is close by, huddle together and squint questioningly at this imposter and occasionally protest.

"There is television, radio and a small electric organ. The room is air conditioned for year round use. It is next to the kitchen with a convenient serving window, and there is access to it from the garden.

"Kitchens, too, have come back into a place of distinction after having been diminished all the way to a Pullman kitchen or cupboard. This kitchen contains all the electrical conveniences that housekeepers nowadays must have and a few more. It has even an electric portable barbecue, no larger than a good-sized bird cage, as delicate as that, and made of aluminum. In addition to an adequate number of cupboards at a height for easy use, there is a walk-in pantry (and didn't we use to have those, too?). A windowed bay spans one whole wall of the room, and the curtains complete a picture with red-checked gingham ruffles draped in wide scallops. This kitchen might well be the heart of the house as it used to be in the days of the open hearth, iron kettles and pewter ware.

"Over on Woodvine, the Tujague children, ten and twelve, have a home that is guaranteed, surely, to keep them there, as well as, probably, all the neighbors' children. They have an out-door swimming pool, and in the summer months, it is a popular place for young and not so young."

"But isn't there a lake and a beach?"

"Yes, but a home pool is nicer and more easily supervised. From what is called a garden room, grown-ups can sit comfortably and at a glance take in all the activities in the pool and garden, as well as enjoy a long vista of the golf course just beyond. The garden room is so called not only because the view seems to include all outdoors, but the placing of plants and a pool in the room itself make it a garden. Monstera deliciosa, Chinese evergreen, small palms, philodendron, prickly pear cactus and the always popular fig leaf rubber plant

Opposite is the Music Room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walther Jr. Glazed doors separate the Music Room from activities in other parts of the house, and the musician may work undisturbed without any feeling of being closed in. The room is large, the ceiling high and the acoustics and lighting excellent.

Opposite is the Library in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Viguerie, where it is not unusual to see and hear happy children fly in and out, banging doors perhaps . . .

. . . or running up and down the stairs or sliding down the banister shown here. But the house remains unruffled, like a wisely tolerant parent.

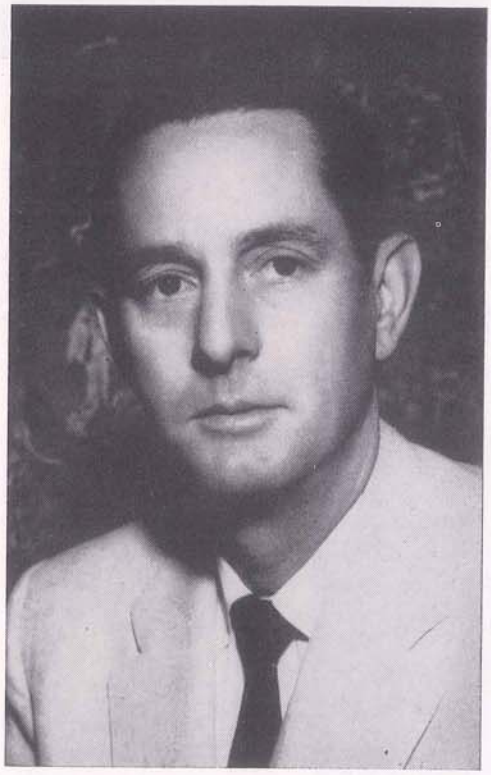
are showy and good decorators. This room is accessible two steps down from the entrance hall which houses the stairwell and opens into the dining room and the music room. If you like music, you will notice how important a part it takes in the homes you will visit."

"All the visitors I have ever talked to have told me of the wonderful food—rarely anything about music."

"Perhaps that is because music—music made in the home, that is—is a more personal thing. Habit decrees that we eat three times a day, fairly regularly, and so must our guests. But their hunger for music is probably less obvious. And I hope you will have a visit to the Walther's, 404 Northline, to enjoy their music room. High ceiling,

(Continued on Page 59)

The Privilege



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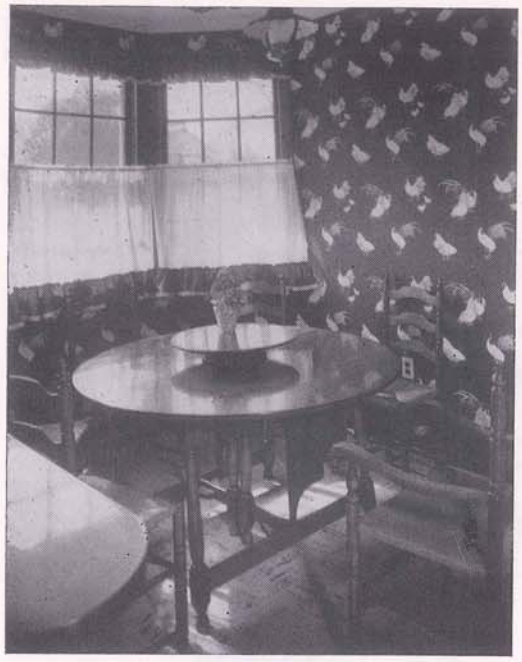

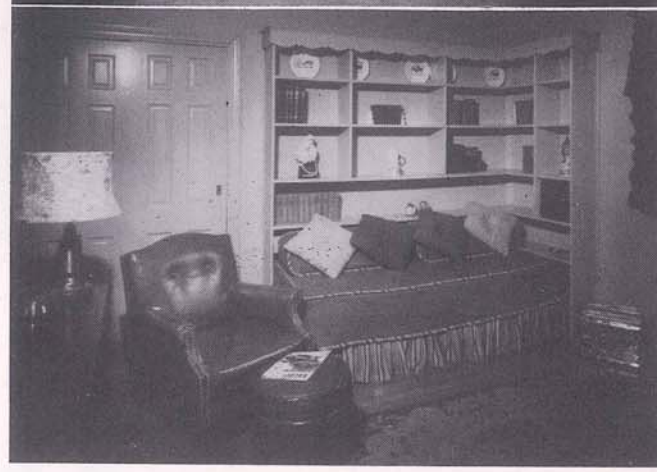

These three views show the Living Room, Den and Dining Room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee Mason . . . an interesting example of limited space so utilized that the dignity and spaciousness of a larger, formal house are achieved.

(Continued from Page 55)

floor-to-ceiling windows easily covered by traverse drapes, indirect wall lighting and a ceiling spotlight for the Wurlitzer organ. Restraint in the furnishings, two or three armchairs, a semi-circular divan, Chinese lamps and a round coffee table, the top, black glass and the base, teakwood, perhaps. Colors are subdued and there is a complete absence of distraction.

"It looks as if our waiter is doing the cooking as well as the serving, and you will be starved as well as weary of how people live in Metairie."

"On the contrary, I have been so absorbed in the pictures you are making I haven't realized the delay. Here he is but I hope you will go on. I find myself liking the place immensely from the glimpses you have given me. But are they all grandiose? Are there no small and unpretentious homes?"

"Of course there are. Metairie has grown so fast, there are many more new and small homes than old, but I have been thinking of them in representative patterns. The small homes have distinction, too.

"And I do think of one that houses four children, and I almost envy the children. It seems to me the home has been planned for their development, not casually as many parents do, but studiedly. In the home of the Vigueries on Vincent, the architectural design is good, the furniture is sturdy, fine but not too fragile. In the combined library and music room with its Acrosonic piano, dark green walls are lightened by fluorescent tubes concealed in the ceiling molding and plenty of lamps. There is good color contrast in the furnishings and very few breakable ornaments, with the outstanding exception in the apothecary jar filled with candies wrapped in bright colored cellophane. It stands on an occasional table where small hands can reach in.

"In the living room, space is enhanced by the over-mantel mirror and an open platform to the hall stairway and main entrance. You may be sure the children and their friends gather around the large fireplace on chilly days.

"There is plenty of enclosed garden space to play out-of-doors. And with every thought for providing a good background for a growing family, the house still wears a serenity that makes the neighbors want to come in and share it. All houses are not like that. I knew one as a twelve-year-old and almost every day I made an excuse to visit. It was a large family and they

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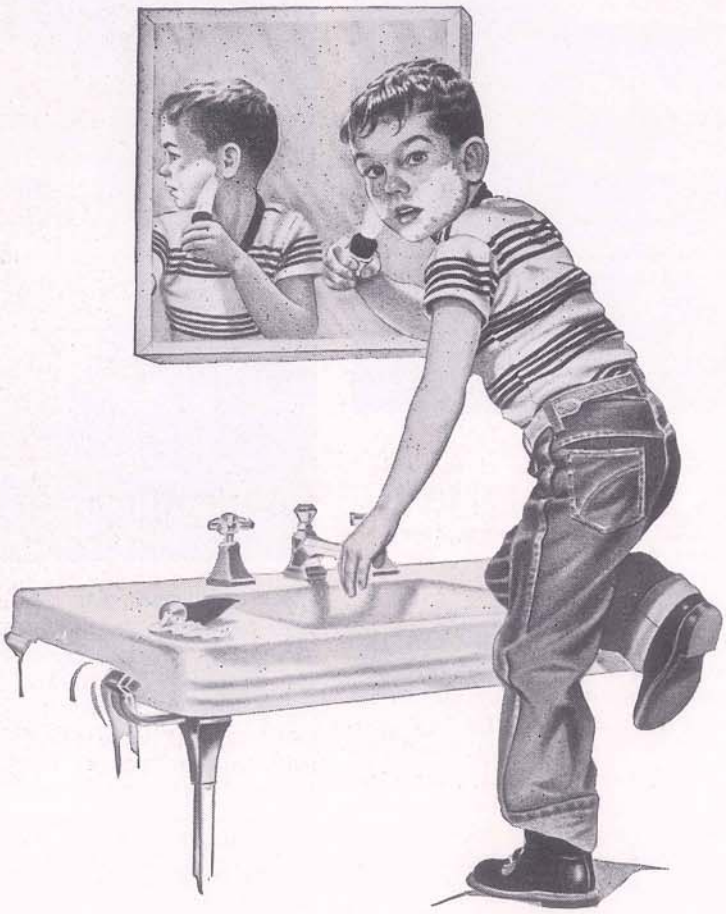

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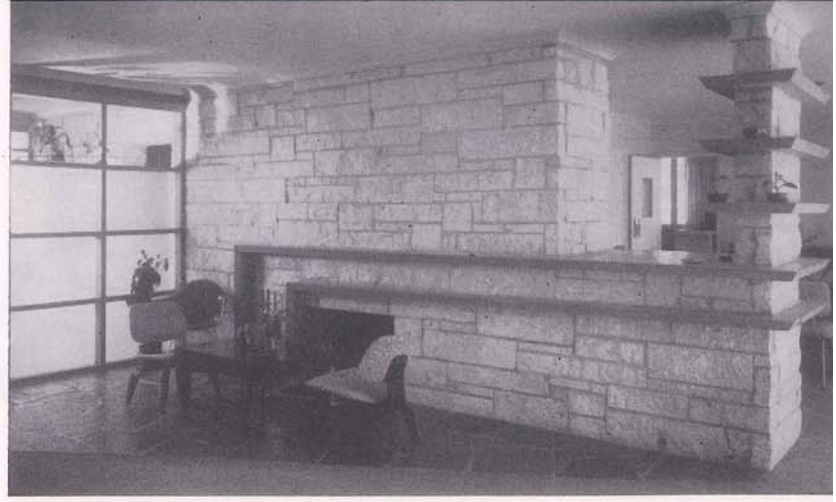
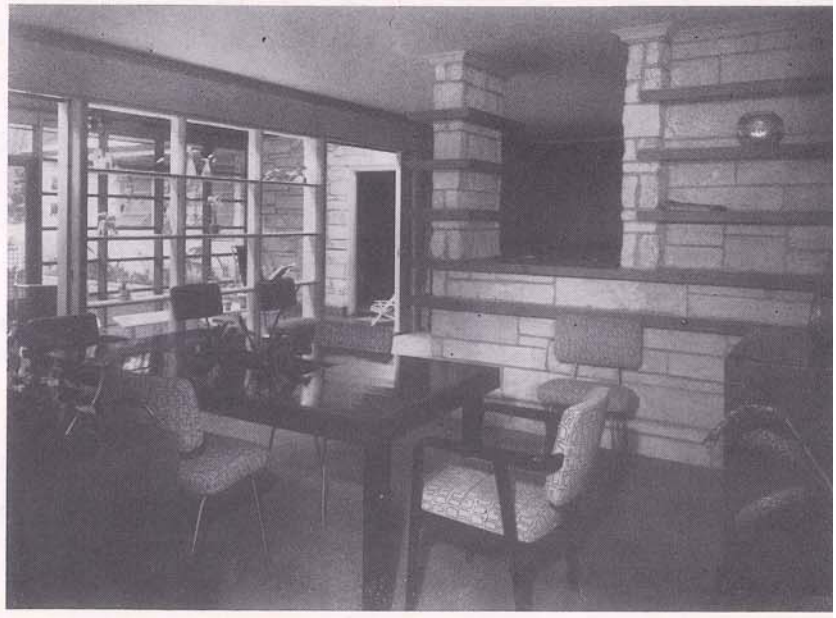


Two views are here presented of the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Davis, expressing architectural and design ideas entirely different from any of the other homes visited . . .



. . . and wherein we would have you notice the modern and functional utilization of horizontal lines throughout — in windows, stone, wood bands and the furniture itself.

didn't seem to pay much attention to me, and I still regard it as one of the high points. There was a piano where I could play my one-and-two-and-three-and exercises or I could sit quietly and worshipfully while one of the family played, or I could forget time completely at the top of the three-story house in a cupola that was filled with books, everything that was discarded as it was outgrown or failed of interest. The belle of the house, and I suppose a large family always has one, had beautiful clothes, most of which she made herself. Quite often, she took time to dress up just for me to see, a lovely new evening gown or a costume for a ball. I wonder now at the patience and kindness of each one of the family. There seemed to be plenty of time for it."

"Now, you know there is just as much time today as there ever was!"

"Perhaps so," I admitted, "but it gets filled up so fast!"

"I have always heard that down south folks are 'leisurely.' "

"I have to pass that one by. Except that I do know a woman in the country who raises chickens. Every time we stop for eggs, she apologizes for her house. It looks as if they had just moved in and hadn't unpacked or put things in place. And she always says, 'You know, I was just starting to clean house when I heard your car.' I think maybe she has achieved some leisure but even she doesn't talk about it.

"You asked about smaller homes, and I have just thought of one I like on Pelham Drive in Metairie, which belongs to the Henry Lee Masons. Not small as a whole, but the rooms are small in scale. It's a pleasant house. The dignity of the fireplace and its painted wood mantel dominates the living room and the furniture is arranged close to it to counteract the formality of the room.

And now — Kathy and her ballerina in her bedroom in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Lagasse, say "Good Night" and "Goodbye" for all of us — and we hope you have enjoyed your trip "Inside Metairie."

It is difficult to conduct quiet conversation from the opposite ends of a long room. Across the small hallway from the living room is the den.

"Here, as throughout the house, the design of doors, woodwork and moldings are good in proportion and workmanship. This is a man's room though the young members of the family probably enjoy the comfortable couch and soft pillows. But it's a good place for a couple of men to smoke and compare notes while their wives have coffee in the living room. Incidentally, it is a different coffee down here, and almost any hour of the day is coffee time. If you stop in for only a few moments, you are sure to be offered a small black.

"The kitchen and the adjoining dining room bay have the cheer and charm those rooms are traditionally supposed to have but often lack. There are half curtains with dark green ruffles at the windows and white chickens dot the forest green wallpaper that is good background for the maple gateleg table and ladderback chairs. In their house, any one of the family of five can find a place to get off with a buddy or by himself and be out of the stream of traffic which five people and a maid naturally make.

"And there is a home that is being remodeled by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Lagasse, 601 Metairie Lawn Drive. It has wonderful possibilities, inside and out. It's fun for them and interesting to watch each room emerge. The utility room like Cinderella has come out of dark drudgery into a gleaming pine panelled work-that-is-play room. Kathy, a young lady of five, will charm you and be your guide. She will show you her dolls and toys in an upstairs room that has been arranged with all the feminity a small girl will enjoy and remember.

"Another example of good modern is the S. G. Davis house on Woodvine. The floor plan is built around the central chimney. I think of it as the house the chimney built. Do try to see it."

We had finished our breakfast, and as we prepared to leave the dining car and separate, he said, "You have been very good to give me this preview, and I don't know your name."

"That is quite unimportant," I assured him, "because, after all, I shall be seeing you — INSIDE METAIRIE."

Land of Treasure

Once there was
a time, long before
you were born
and long before
I was born,
when Indians
lived and hunted
and were happy
in these
very woods . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE DELCROIX

Then
white men
came,
looking for
treasure, and
found it.
It's better
than finding
gold in a cave
to find
a land
fabulously rich
in fish
and game . . .

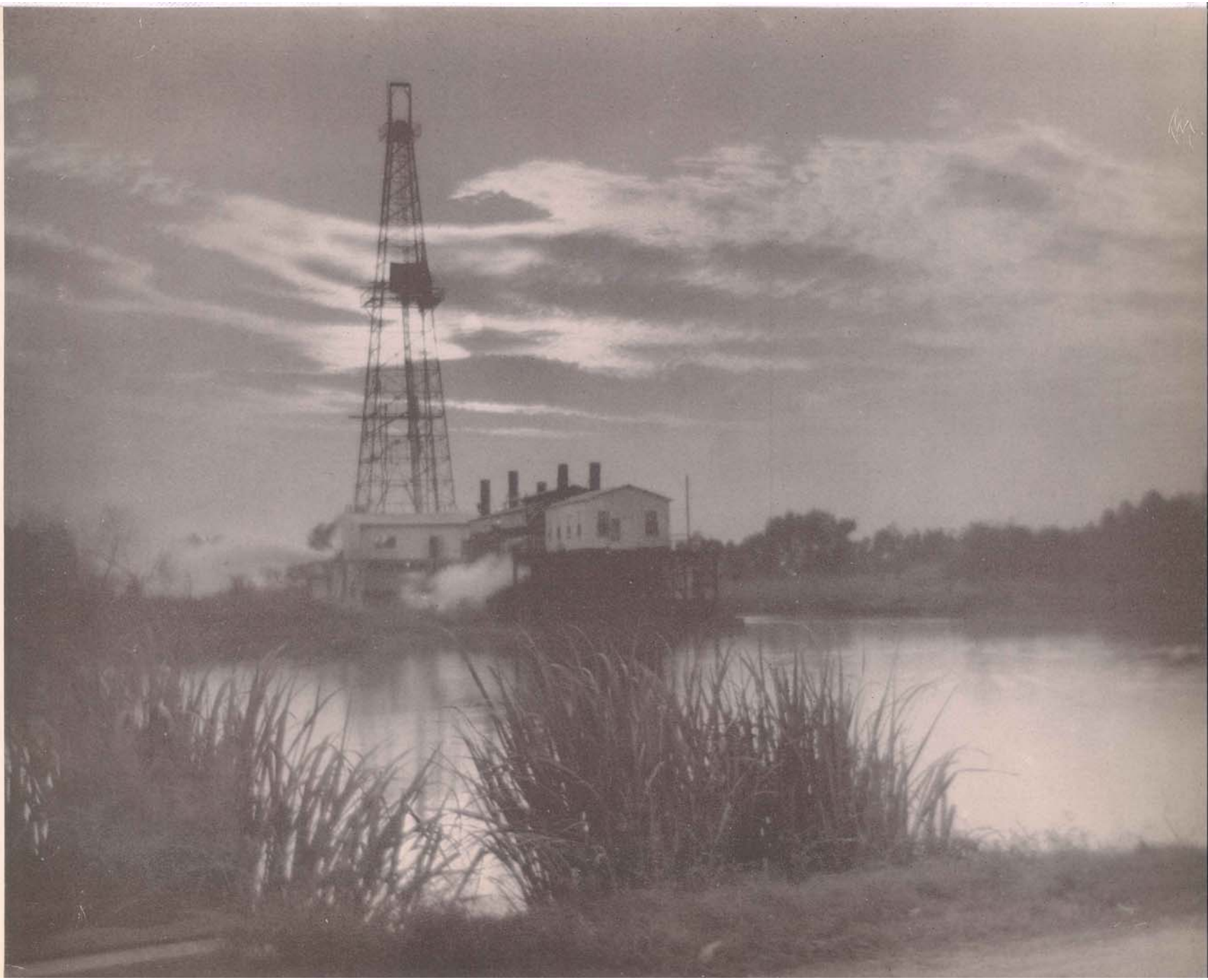
A land
whose meadows
and fields
are a great
green garden,
where everything
grows eagerly.
And it's
better than
having jewels
fall out
of the sky . . .

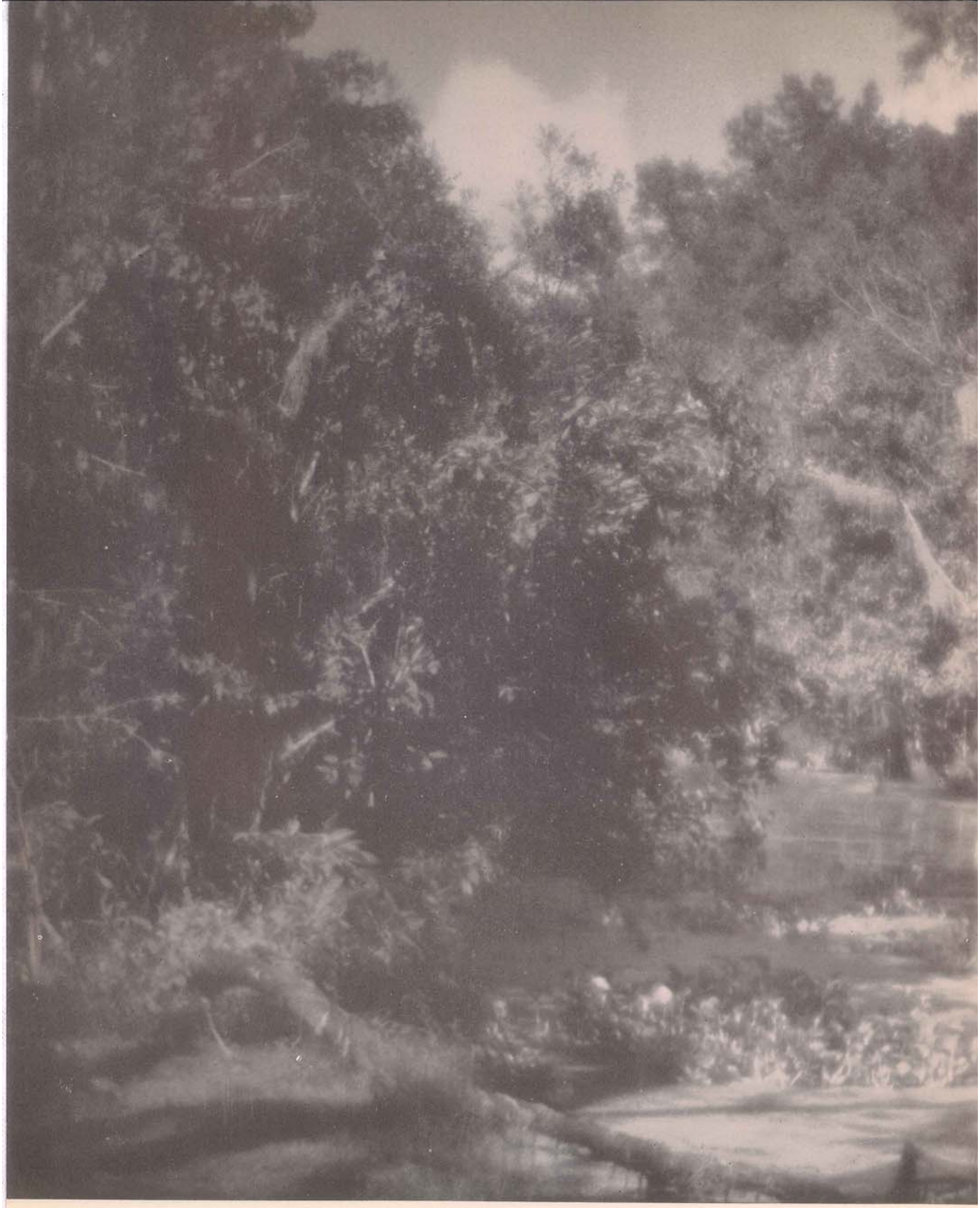
To find
a land where
spring comes
so soon after
Christmas,
and there are
no months
when you can't
go on a
picnic
or sit
in the sun . . .

A land
where you only
see snow
on postcards,
where the
outdoors
wears its
green
even when
the year
wears the name
of winter . . .

But there was
gold too.
Men found
white gold
in the rich
harvests
brought in
by shrimp fleets
searching
the bays and
the broad Gulf . . .

And black
gold too,
under
the land,
under the
marshes,
under the sea
itself—
treasure
beyond the
wildest dreams
of the
first settlers.



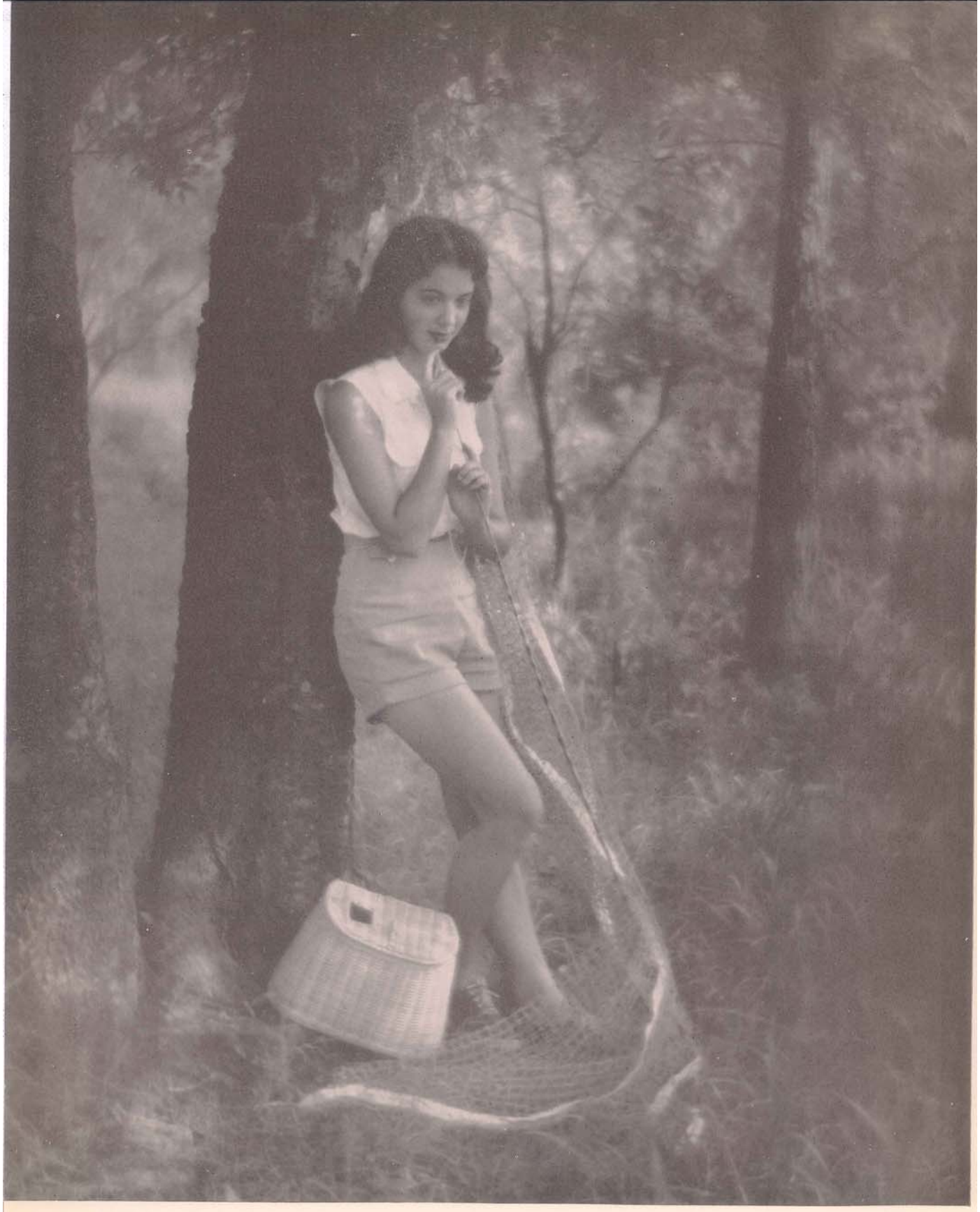


Where man finds wealth, changes must come; and

Jefferson wears the changing garb of healthy growth.

But quiet corners of this land remain untouched, and

always will; and it may be that the pleasant peace
of such a spot as this, at rest in a hurried world,
is as great a treasure as men may search for.



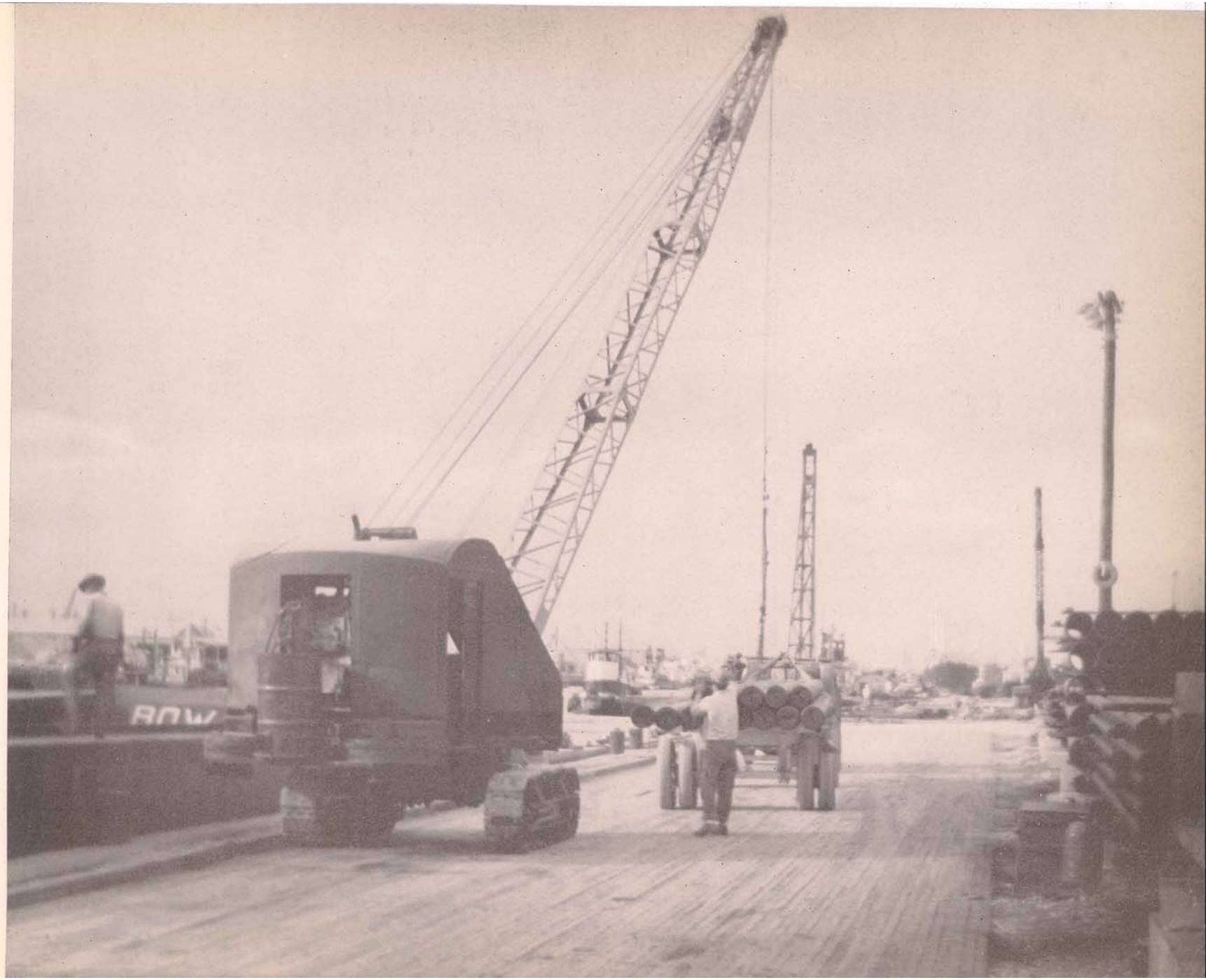
This is a land to dream in, and there's always
time for it—and wherever you look, whether you're
old or young, you'll find beauty to help you . . .

Quiet waters, a smiling sun, and boats that are
never out of season—these are treasures too,
the kind that keep you young at heart . . .

In a flowering land so rich in natural treasure,
you could say that trees grow on money—which is
a nicer arrangement than the other way around . . .

And it's a land of lovely homes and gardens; small and large, homes with the unmistakable look of being loved by those who live in them . . .

A busy land now, one of the nation's great industrial centers, Jefferson has come a long way from the day of the Indian hunting in a beautiful wilderness . . .



But the
beauty is still
here in full
measure,
and the
serenity of
untouched nature,
precious among
the many
treasures
Jefferson
invites
you to enjoy.

The lights
of Jefferson's
growing industry
touch the
ageless river
with the
pure gold
of confidence
in the better,
more hopeful
world
we all must
help to build.

(Continued from Page 15)
ning its war against water but was well organized, for its size and finances, to fight its fires.

Into this growing town, the capital of that progressive Louisiana parish that in 1887 boldly invited industry to grow along with it, came in 1890 what is today the oldest and largest producer of cottonseed products in the United States —The Southern Cotton Oil Company. And it established in Gretna because of the town's combined river and rail advantages.

All cotton is divided into two basic products: the fibre and the seed. The seed itself returned to the South nearly 5 billion dollars in 25 years, of which the Southern Cotton Oil Company handled at least 20%—receiving the cotton seed by boat and shipping out the cotton seed oil to foreign markets also by boat for nearly ten years. Then in 1899 Dr. Wesson discovered the exclusive process of shooting steam through the cottonseed oil under vacuum, deodorizing it and making it appetizingly acceptable as a cooking and salad oil. This turned the flow from foreign markets to American food products. From that moment on Southern Cotton Oil pioneered its way to the American dining table via Gretna, becoming since the turn of the century what is today the principal subsidiary of the Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Company, Incorporated—with a sales value of products in 1953 of approximately twenty million dollars.

In addition to Southern Cotton Oil there was in Gretna—at 1900—its oldest industry, that of John Stumpf, who established an insecticide business in 1876 that is still being carried on by his son, State Senator Alvin T. Stumpf; its next oldest industry, the Union Oil Company, no longer in existence; the Chickasaw Cooperage Company (which was forced out of business by the advent of steel containers); the New Orleans Acid and Fertilizer which later became the Davison Chemical; an unusual business called the Cochrane Warehouse, which stored and sold iguana droppings to farmers for fertilizer; and Morgan's Freight Wharf which later became the Southern Pacific.

And that is a picture — roughly sketched in—of Gretna at the turn of the century — the small, progressive, pugnacious capital of an awakened, ambitious parish.

* * * *

Up river from Gretna is Harvey—the site of the original Destrehan Ditch, which has evolved into today's busy, booming Harvey Canal and Locks.

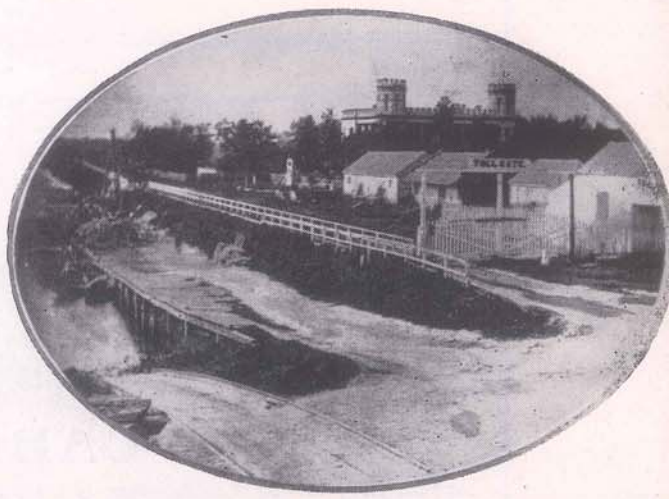
This was a too often familiar scene in Gretna around the turn of the century, when periodic breaks in the levee would permit Ol' Man River to come visiting right up to the front door.

This town was first called "Cosmopolite City" by one of the early Destrehans and was later renamed "Harvey" by Captain Joseph Harvey, who constructed the intricate mechanism for transferring boats over the levee that preceded the river locks.

Today Harvey is the Crossroads of the Nation's Inland Waterways System. Today it is the Little Houston of Louisiana with its canal banks on both sides lined with more than one hundred businesses allied to the oil industry.

But in 1900 there were no locks yet. They were coming (the first locks opened in 1909 with a turn bridge)— but as the century began Harvey, like Gretna, was still on the threshold of its future.

In 1889 Joseph Rathborne had come to Harvey (maybe he heard of the Jury's invitation of 1887) and estab-



The fabulous Harvey Castle stands out against the skyline in the background. In the foreground is the track of the mule drawn mechanism that hauled boats up over the river bank into the Harvey Canal and vice versa around the late 1800's.

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An aerial view of present day Harvey Canal, showing the Locks at the Mississippi River and the concentration of industries along the Canal bank. The double-gated locks are 425 feet long, 75 feet wide and the sill clearance at low water stage is 12 feet. Only ten minutes are required in an average locking. It is interesting to note that tonnage carried on the Mississippi River System, including the Gulf Intracoastal Canal, exceeded 158,000,000 tons in 1953, according to the best conservative estimates.

lished its first major industry, The Louisiana Cypress Lumber Company. For 38 years the cypress giants of Jefferson, Lafourche, St. John the Baptist and St. James Parishes were fed to this Harvey Mill. And for 38 years this mill cut day and night on two ten-hour shifts, averaging 40,000 board feet a shift.

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

From this Harvey mill went the fine lumber for the durable cypress hulls of which Gulf boat owners are so proud. From this mill originated the cypress to build the thousands of water cisterns, so necessary to rural and small town dwellers in Louisiana. From all parts of the U.S. came orders for the famous Louisiana red cypress—wherever wood must wage perpetual warfare with water, weather and the soil.

For nearly half a century this mill was in continuous operation until the cypress supply around Harvey was almost exhausted. Then it ceased operations but from it emerged Harvey's Joseph Rathborne Land and Lumber Company of today.

The Louisiana Cypress Lumber Company was, of course, in full operation in 1900. But between Gretna and its plant limits there was practically nothing except farm land—for truck produce and dairy cattle. There was no highway as now (that didn't come until about 1912). All traffic used the river road between the railroad tracks and the levee. There were probably not more than 2 houses back of the tracks, no railroad station, no church (all churchgoers went to Gretna) and the 2-room school was located in the middle of a pasture.

There was a Fireman's Hall, but no fire protection. All local emergencies were handled by the fire-fighting equipment of the Louisiana Cypress Lumber Company.

From 1874 (when the Police Jury transferred its headquarters from Carrollton in New Orleans) to 1884 (when it moved to Wm. Tell Hall in Gretna) Harvey had been the Parish seat of government. And the famous and historic Harvey Castle, which stood until 1924 where the Canal Locks enter the Mississippi River today, was the Courthouse during those years. In 1900 it was still the most imposing edifice on the Harvey skyline.

Thursday was the big day in Harvey then—when hundreds of people would go fishing along the canal for Friday's non-meat menu. And the oyster and shrimp boats from the Grand Isle and Lafourche area would dock for the big Friday market on the west side of the canal between the river and the railroad tracks—sometimes as many as 200 of them.

Both the pole fishermen and the boats paid The Harvey Canal Land and Improvement Company for the privilege: 10 cents a person for fishing and

This picture was taken around 1915 showing Marrero as it was then at the foot of the Napoleon Avenue Ferry landing. The two story building on the corner was the original office of The Texas Company.

dockage fees according to the size of the boat.

The Louisiana Avenue to Harvey Ferry was operating in 1900 but Harvey's first electric trolley line came later.

There was a brick yard run by one of the Harveys and the average number of combination grocery and bar establishments typical of the period. But there was one large store that deserves mentioning, because of its connection with the present. That was the Harvey Mercantile Company which was later (around 1909) bought by the Harvey Trading Company of which a young man by the name of Ed Feitel was Secretary and General Manager. Later Mr. Feitel bought out the Harvey Trading Company himself, is still doing business in Harvey (Ed Feitel's General Department Store and Self Service Food Store) and enjoys the unique distinction of being the oldest active storekeeper in Louisiana.

On Harvey's Canal, around the turn of the century, a Jefferson banker by the name of Charles Greiner began playing around with a new industry—the canning of shrimp. It is Harvey history that around 1915 he began and later sold the very successful enterprise known today as the Southern Shell Fish Company to Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Company, Inc., who continued this same business at Harvey and are today the largest canners of shrimp in the world.

And so—this is a brief flashback on Harvey—about all we have room for—but it is enough to show that prosperity was just around the corner in that unassuming year of 1900.

* * * *

From Harvey's Canal to Westwego—through what is Marrero today—there were large sugar plantations around 1900.

There was the Bell Plantation, owned by L. H. Marrero, on the site of which Penick and Ford, Continental Can and Mayronne Lumber and Supply Company now stand. There was the Fazende Plantation now occupied in part by The Texas Company, Petco Corporation, and Douglas Public Service Corporation. And the huge Ames Plantation, owned by the Bostonian, Frank M. Ames, the present site of Johns-Manville, The Celotex Corporation, and General Chemical Division of Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation. At Ames Plantation had occurred the serious crevasse in 1891 which flooded the whole West Bank.

They had their own wharfs, did most of their traveling by water and were practically, with their plantation stores, self sufficient communities. But already, in 1900, the centralization of sugar refineries was beginning to write "finis" to their era and already industries were scrutinizing their long and lovely river front locations.

We will pause only long enough—at these plantations on the way to Westwego—to philosophize. Strange are the workings of destiny: two of Jefferson's world's largest plants in this area—Celotex and Penick and Ford—today have their factories located on the very grounds that once grew the plant that provides the raw materials for their products.

* * * *

The story of Westwego around the century's turning must—to make sense—be traced back to about 1882 when a man by the name of R. R. Barrow built what has always been known as Company Canal one mile back into the swamps to connect with Bayou Signette. It was a toll canal that made it easier for fishing boats to bring their shrimp, oysters, crabs and fish from Barataria Bay straight up Bayou Signette, into this Company Canal, through its locks and across and down river to the French Market.

Known as Salaville in those days this little community along Company Canal was a trading center for the fishermen.

There were two ways of disposing of their catch in those days. One was to sail straight up to Salaville (took a day and a half if they were lucky)—push pole or row if the wind was down—and

The two pictures on this page show the comparison of ditch digging equipment of the past with that of the present. The machine opposite was used around the turn of the century (photographed while working in the rear of Marrero). Notice the cumbersome wooden arms and how it straddled its work.

dispose of the catch to Dunbar at the French Market, who bought their cargo at his own price. The toll fee at the locks was based on the size of the boat and usually ran around $2.00 per boat. To be towed down and across the river by a steamboat ran another $1.50 to New Orleans and $1.50 back to Company Canal. They would receive around $2 a barrel for oysters (40 dozen to the barrel) and about $4 to $5 per barrel (210 lbs.) for shrimp. What was left after expenses went for provisions at the Company Canal stores, for a little libation and for a new net—who knows?

The other way was to stay at the fishing grounds—load their catch on the iceboat which made regular trips down to Barataria Bay and wait for its return to get their money. This was the procedure followed by those fishermen who owned only skiffs and often by the owners of larger boats.

And so Salaville went along until the disastrous hurricane of 1893 hit Cheniere Caminada and wiped out about 800 of its 1800 people—all fishermen or members of their families who had frequently sailed into Company Canal to buy and sell and gossip. Three hundred houses were either blown down or washed away. Only about 3 families stayed at the once thickly populated fishing community on Caminada Bay that now was a windswept water soaked desolation.

The hungry, homeless, almost hopeless survivors sought sanctuary among friends and relatives at Leeville, Cut Off, Salaville, Harvey, Gretna and throughout Jefferson and Lafourche Parishes.

Pablo Sala, from whom Salaville was named, furnished a plot of ground for the use of the Cheniere Caminada survivors and gave land for a cemetery. And gradually those fishermen established new homes along Company Canal, got new starts—and by 1900 had increased substantially its permanent population.

While this picture shows a modern steel dragline clearing one of the main canals in the Fourth Jefferson Drainage District on the East Bank. Work of this nature goes on all the time in a never ending battle with the weeds, grass and lilies which grow so profusely in this sub-tropical climate.

This fishermen's village continued to be known as Salaville until quite a few years after the turn of the century. But by degrees the name Westwego became more common and was finally used altogether . . . and its origin is very logical.

The loading docks on the West Side of the river were at Gretna and up at Salaville. The other two were on the East Side of the river at Chalmette and Southport. So, when the longshoremen were assembled in the afternoon to be told where they were to go the next morning they would pass the word along—if it were at the wharf at Salaville—"West We Go!" By repetition Salaville became "Westwego." And all that is left today to remind people that Pablo Sala once existed and gave his name to his town is Sala Avenue, the main street.

Westwego's first industry was its grain elevator now, of course, gone. The Kentucky Distillery was probably its second, sold to the U.S. Industrial Alcohol which later leased to Commercial Solvents Corporation for storage. But in 1900 Westwego was not yet industrial, although its locks and wharf were important river connections. In passing, we note that in this crucial year of 1900 the Westwego Texas and Pacific wharf —loaded with cotton—was accidentally but completely burned.

Before leaving Westwego we want to tell you the prologue of the story of the Cheniere Caminada survivors who came to Salaville—pardon please—Westwego.

The bell of their church (cast, as the story goes from 700 pounds of silver including the crested family plate of the pastor) had been lovingly and carefully brought to Westwego and placed in the belfry of the church there. Later when a new church was built that would have its own new bell, the Cheniere Caminada survivors who had settled in Lafourche parish decided it was time they had possession of their beloved bell and made definite plans to come and get it. But the Westwego survivors with the help of Sheriff Marrero effected a midnight rescue by mule team and buried it in the graveyard. Years later, after the controversy had died down, the bell was removed from its hiding place and given to Our Lady of the Isle Catholic Church at Grand Isle, as the most deserving recipient. On Grand Isle, in that same 1893 storm, 21 lives also had been lost and 50 houses all or partially destroyed.

* * * *

Below the sparsely populated area of the West Bank of Jefferson from Gretna to Westwego and the little rice raising community of Waggaman a little beyond (circa 1900) there lay the beautiful Barataria Country—a paradise for hunters, trappers and fishermen, then as now.

The belfry of Our Lady of the Isle Catholic Church at Grand Isle, in which now solemnly chimes the bell that survived the storm at Cheniere Caminada in 1893.

A road existed as early as 1895 to the village of Barataria, about 15 miles below Marrero, over which the first automobile dared not venture until 1915, the riders reporting a particularly bumpy journey. Much later, in 1923, a road was built to Lafitte, 5 miles further down the bayou. But beyond this 20 mile road limit the Barataria Country was, is and always will be (until the proposed Ship Canal is built to Grand Isle) a land of liquid labyrinths accessible only to boats.

Remember the song "Red Sails In the Sunset"? That could have been written about the Barataria Country around the turn of the century: the shrimp and oyster fleets in season moving slowly

A filling line at Southern Cotton Oil Company at Gretna, one of the oldest industries in Jefferson Parish and the largest of its kind in the United States.

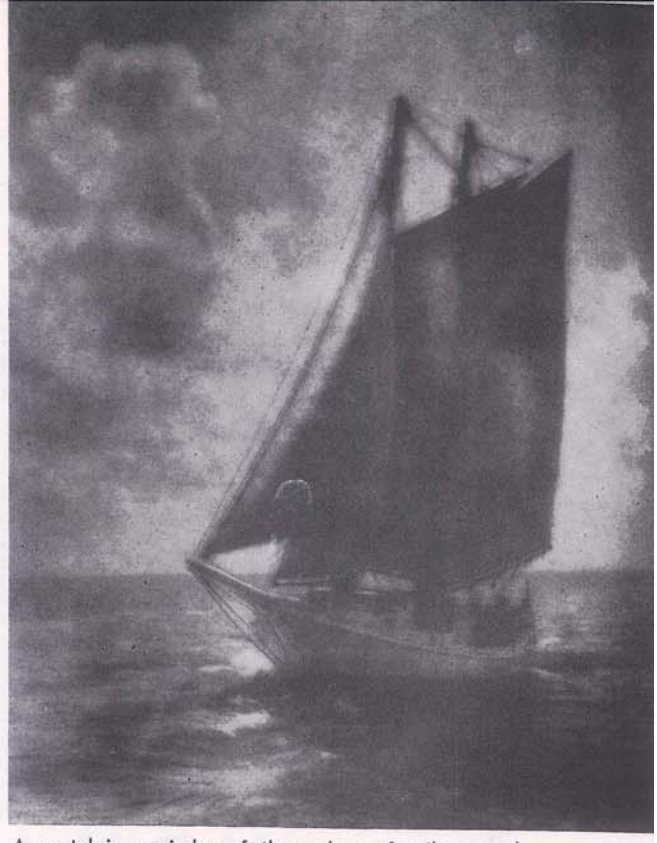
through the bays and bayous—their orange and red sails a dramatic contrast to the vivid green of the lush water wilderness through which they silently glided—wending their way from the fishing grounds at Cheniere Caminada and Grand Isle to the markets at Westwego and Harvey and across the river to the French Market in New Orleans. And it was not until after 1912 that power replaced sail on the fishing boats and the first "put-putts" of motors stampeded the alligators and frightened the herons who had long considered the silent swamp their exclusive domain.

This was great for hunting and fishing, this Barataria Country beyond city limits—almost beyond civilization limits in those days. You could catch perch —not merely by the dozen—but until you got tired hauling them in. So many deer you could take six, seven in a day. Two men would kill 30 alligators from dark to dawn—and mink and coons and wild cats, too, not too far from the houses.

There's a bit of hunting history the old timers like to tell: how when they came in from a deer hunt beyond the end of Harvey Canal (which was often) they would blow the horn when they arrived within hearing distance from Gretna—and how the local Anheuser-Busch beer distributor would hear it, would load a quarter keg of cold beer on a wheelbarrow and rush to refresh them at the Club House.

The village of Barataria on Bayou Barataria, the widest of the bayous on the over a hundred mile water trip to the Gulf of Mexico, was a sort of a way station in 1900. For years the steamers (one of which was the famous "Chicago") from St. Louis Street Wharf in New Orleans had been making regular trips through Company Canal, carrying freight and passengers through to Grand Isle, boasting bands of musicians and fine chefs, and stopping always at the Berthoud Plantation where Fleming's Canal Store is today and at the Miliken and Farrell Plantations (just about a mile below Fisher's Store.)

The plantation era was dying out around 1900 but the steamers were still making the trips to Grand Isle and were still stopping at the village. For by this time the fishermen coming up from Barataria Bay, the trappers from the swamps and marshes, and the visitors to the trading community that had sprung up around the plantations, had made it into a permanent "port of call"



A nostalgic reminder of those days of sails around the turn of the century before the gasoline engine and long before the diesel—when Jefferson Parish shrimpers and oyster fishermen spread their colored canvas before the wind between the Gulf of Mexico and their home ports in Jefferson.

in the middle of this water wilderness. It still is.

The story of the village of Barataria closely parallels that of two families—the Perrins and the Fishers. Manuel Perrin, as history tells us, had been one of the Pirate Lafitte's trusted lieutenants around 1810 when the Baratarians used these bayous to smuggle their contraband from Grand Isle to New Orleans. After the pirate days were over—after Lafitte and all his Baratarians had been pardoned by a grateful government for their bravery at the Battle of New Orleans, Manuel Perrin had returned to his beloved bayou, resumed his original occupation of fishing and started the Perrin clan. The better part of a century later Alfred Perrin opened the first store in the village of Barataria (now Lafitte) and there have been Perrins mixed up in its destiny ever since.

The first Fisher with whom our story is concerned was Max J. Fisher, an enterprising merchant in Gretna during the last half of the century. Early in his career he had started the practice of loading merchandise in a skiff and regularly rowing the long gruelling distance to the bayou country, trading his wares for the trappers' furs.

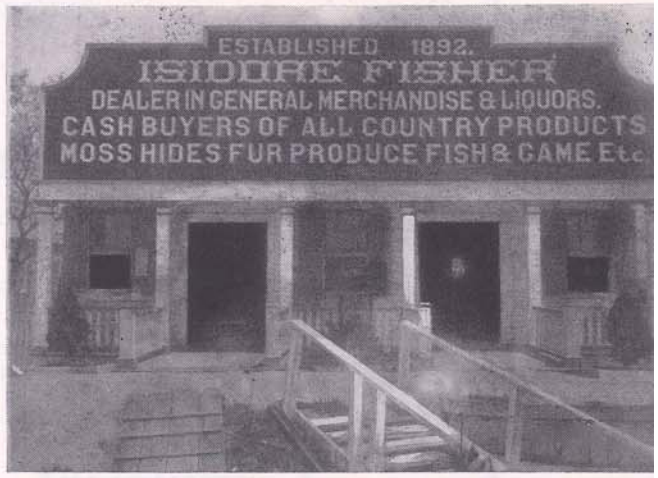
In so doing he became interested in the Chinese and Filipinos, at Manila Village way down on Barataria Bay who for years had been drying shrimp in the sun on their long wooden platforms over the water for export to China. Quong Sun, the oldest shrimp drying concern in the world and still in business today, had been operating at Manila Village since 1873. Before long Max Fisher had also established a shrimp drying platform at Manila Village and had organized The Fisher Packing Company for the exporting of his dried shrimp and the wholesaling of his furs. And by the century's end his two sons Isidore and Jules (the latter of whom became State Senator) were active in the business.

When the violent storm of 1906 destroyed many of the installations at Manila Village the Fisher enterprises were moved to the village of Barataria and from then on the social activities centered around the Fisher Store.

The school house was about 3 doors from the Fisher store and when the priest visited his flock in Barataria every three or four months he was usually given quarters with the Fisher household. On Saturday nights there was dancing at this combination grocery, bar and drug store—one side for whites and one side for colored. At Christmas there were aluminum pans of free eggnog on the counter for visiting fishermen and trappers who shot off fireworks to celebrate—or, if they couldn't get hold of any fireworks, would fire their guns in the air. The bench in front of Fisher's store—like the pot-bellied stove in small New England towns—was the forum for all discussions, serious and facetious. And Fisher's store was always crowded the week before trapping season opened, when down the bayou would come flat boats loaded with wood, furniture, children and dogs comin' in for the winter.

In the store, besides hardware, drugs and fishing supplies, the groceries were mostly staples. Eggs were 10c a dozen. You couldn't sell them. Everybody had hens. And fresh meat only came down from New Orleans twice a week. But why worry? Everybody ate high on wild ducks and geese and venison.

It was a primitive life—but pleasant —not too many problems. The plantation era had gone and the Barataria Country was again being slowly taken over by the water wilderness. And so Barataria village continued until around 1912 when Drainage District No. 3 was created, a levee built and the land freed of water back to the 40 arpent line. Some northern visitors acting as The Louisiana Meadows Company bought up the land around the South end of the village of Barataria, renamed it "Lafitte" and sold lots and farm plots to settlers who came in to grow truck produce and farm products. There was built a big hotel called the "Lamco" to which guests were escorted by hacks from the steamers. And the boom lasted five or six years until Drainage District No. 3 went out of business. Once more the water wilderness crept back in to claim its own and the village returned to its fisherman-trapper status but retained its new name of "Lafitte." And did not change again much through the years until oil came to Louisiana—but that's another story. We'll get to that later.



The famous Fisher Store at the village of Barataria (long before the community became known at "Lafitte"). This store for many years after the turn of the century was the trading and talking center of the Barataria Country—where you would sooner or later meet every bayou dweller.

* * * *

The Gulf of Mexico tip of Jefferson Parish lies about 3 hours by road from New Orleans today. Around the turn of the century the trip by boat to Cheniere Caminada, Grand Terre and Grand Isle took about a day and a half (weather willing) down through either the bayous and bays of the Barataria Country or down the Mississippi River.

Cheniere Caminada, freely translated, means "A clump of oaks at the end of the trail." Early maps show the one time existence of a Fort Blanc and there long remained traces of a trail known as "Chemin du Fort Blanc." Up until

Turning over the shrimp on a drying platform at Cheniere Caminada. Heads and hulls were removed in the old days after shrimp was thoroughly sun dried, by treading them off with the feet wrapped in burlap —called "Dancing the Shrimp." Today the process is performed by mechanical hoppers.

the storm of 1893 the fishing families of Cheniere Caminada formed the heaviest populated area on Louisiana's Gulf Coast—but at the turn of the century only a few families stubbornly remained. Even to this day (population around 200 now) it has not begun to reach the concentration of nearly 2000 people it boasted over a half century ago.

Grand Terre had first appeared in history around 1810 as the Pirate Lafitte's stronghold and headquarters, where heavy ships' guns commanded Barataria Pass and where were built the warehouses and barracoons for the loot of pillaged ships and captured slaves.

Later it became a sugar plantation. And in 1834, taking a leaf from Lafitte's book, it was formally purchased from Etienne de Gruy by the State of Louisiana and part of it ceded to the U.S. Government as a fort site . . . with the provision that it reverted to the State if the fort fell into decay or was rendered useless for seven years. This, of course, happened. Fort Livingston was not garrisoned after the Civil War and in the storm of 1893 was consider-

Still standing in the middle of the island as photographed, this was the home of "Nez Coupe," one of Lafitte's outstanding corsairs and later one of Grand Isle's leading citizens following the days of piracy. In the background can be seen the historic Postoffice Oak—in a hole of which the pirates often secreted messages for one another.

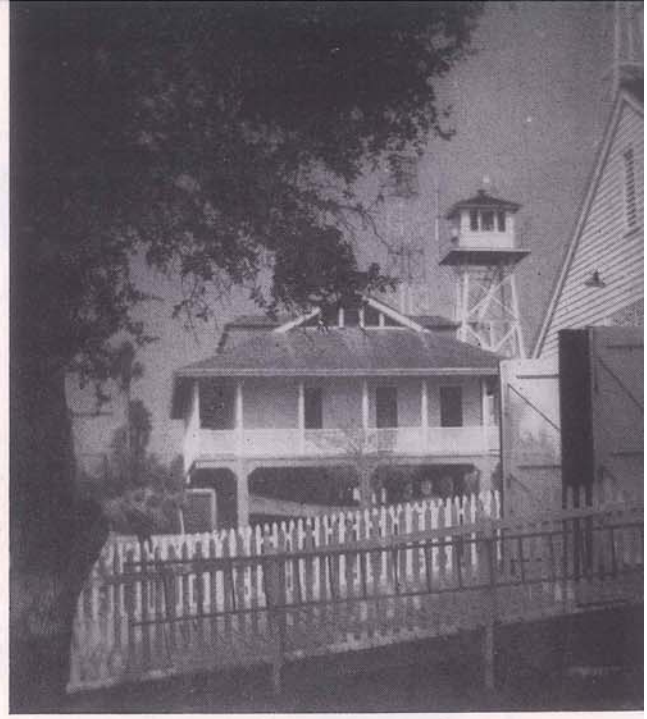
ably damaged. Later, in the storm of 1915 its ramparts were shattered, leaving only the shell of its former might which greets the rare visitor today.

Around 1895 Grand Terre was purchased by James Wilkinson and others and has remained private property ever since.

But Grand Isle, Jefferson's Jewel of the Gulf, has a romantic history that has suffered little from nature's angry violence. Protected by a double line of giant oaks right down through its center, like a backbone, the village of Grand Isle suffered very little from the Big Storm of 1893. The sturdy trees broke the fury of the wind and sheltered the homes. They had been planted, so say the old timers of Grand Isle, by the son of "Nez Coupe," the fighting lieutenant of Jean Lafitte, who returned to Grand Isle after his hectic career in piracy to settle down to farming and fishing, or vice versa.

Grand Isle, at the century's change, with its 8 miles of sandy beach, its oaks and oleanders and palms and ocean breeze, was a favorite vacation resort for New Orleanians. The steamers would anchor in Bayou Rigaud and high wheel carts would drive out and bring in the passengers to the sumptuous hosteleries the Island then boasted.

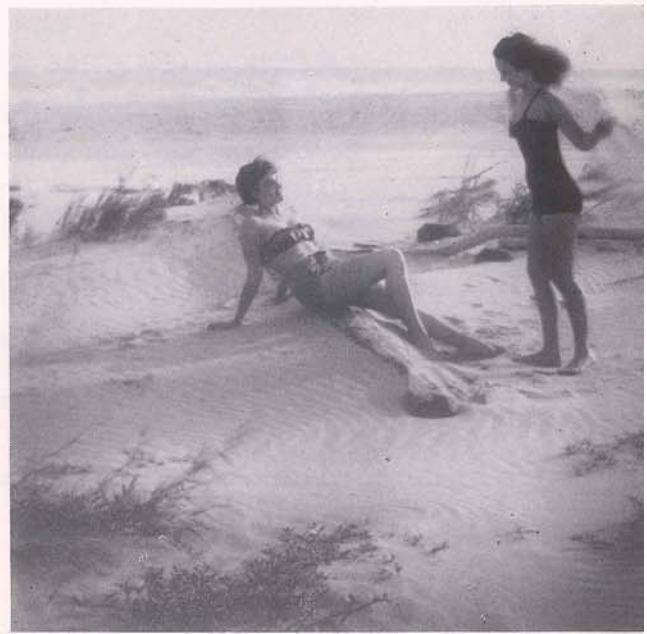
But it was also gaining a nation wide reputation as a source for sensational and sizable crops of vegetables. The people still remember "King John" Ludwig who, after the scare of 1893, reorganized the Island's agricultural methods. He developed high, oversize hills for the vegetables—with deep furrows between—drainage ditches connecting the truck farms, a protection levee on the back bay side to keep out saltwater and the use of shrimp dust as fertilizer. As an example of what he and the Islanders accomplished, a Grand Isle grown cauliflower so large it filled the top of a regular sized flour barrel, grown by Islander Miss T. Mercedes Adam (who is today the Guardian Angel of Grand Isle), won the Gold Medal at the Pan American Pacific International Exposition in 1915. By 1931 John Ludwig was shipping to northern markets 35 to 50 thousand bushels of big crisp cucumbers every season. He had also the largest terrapin farm in the world and his diamond back delicacies were the delight of gourmets in the fashionable restaurants of New York and the East . . . until the Prohibition Era put an end to the sumptuous terrapin dinners served with vintage wines.



Grand Isle's Coast Guard Station from which many a rescue has been made in the Gulf of Mexico. During World War II Grand Isle's Coast guardsmen patrolled the beach with dogs trained on the Island.

In 1901, a Dr. Theodore Englebach, given no hope by his colleagues, had gone to Grand Isle in his middle years, picking it as a peaceful place to die. The days passed, and the months and the years—and he remained, in the healing balm of its sun and sea air, to live to the ripe old age of 78. As did Dr. Engelbach, succeeding generations of visitors have discovered that Grand Isle is one of the healthiest spots in the United States.

Grand Isle's beautiful beach of Golden Sand —8 miles long and Jefferson's popular salt water vacation land—is protected by outlying sand bars which eliminates undertow, making it one of the safest bathing beaches in the nation.



Presenting the new building of the Kenner Branch Library at 1903 Airline Highway, with Mrs. Beatrice Hidalgo, Branch Librarian, discussing a book he has just taken out with borrower Milton Dougall. This is the newest branch of seven now located in Jefferson Parish in addition to three Bookmobiles—which altogether circulated 364,791 books last year, which was a 25% increase over 1952. Jefferson Parish is proud of its efficient and widely used Public Library system that serves a population of 145,000 people at a per capita maintenance basis of $1.32. Last year 24,383 Jefferson Parish residents borrowed books.

In 1907 Engineer James William Tyler Stephens—firmly convinced that a road must, and could be built to this Island Shangri-La through the water wilderness — personally tramped a 16 mile trip through the salt marshes to prove his point and laid out a route. The road to Grand Isle today, built in 1934, is the result of his vision.

Grand Isle, of all Jefferson's communities, has changed the least since 1900. The descendants of the buccaneers still have their homes under the trees and still hang their nets to dry. The lanes of oleander still exist and the patriarch oaks still stand guard. The island is still a favorite resort of fishermen and sun worshippers.

But we prophesy the next fifty years will see a fantastic change. Grand Isle, surrounded by salt domes, is the apex of the continental shelf and great fault line, and rests on the exact center of the greatest oil pool on earth.

Already the offshore rigs are the symbols of change. And when the Ship Channel to Grand Isle's deep water is finally constructed the romantic lanes of Grand Isle will be trampled by the overwhelming and hurrying feet of thousands on business bent.

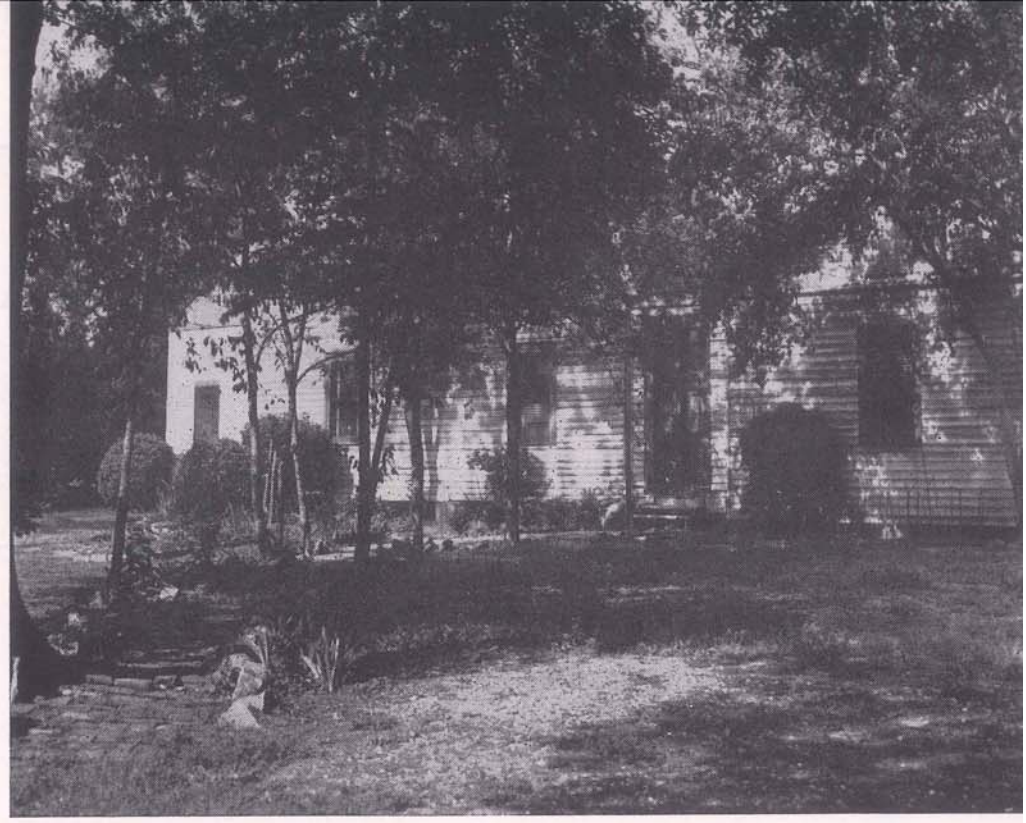
* * * *

On Jefferson's East Bank, in what is today the community of Metairie (the most fashionable residential section of Greater New Orleans and the largest unincorporated area in the South [population 35,000 people] enjoying all the benefits of a municipality) there were, in 1900, only about 150 white people and 4 or 5 Negroes. It was all truck and dairy farms, with scattered groves of pecan, quince and orange trees. Metairie means "Little Farm."

What is now Metairie Road was once the bank of a navigable bayou—originally called Indian Bayou or Bayou Savage and later Metairie Bayou. All that is left of it, now completely filled up, is the lagoon in Metairie Cemetery which, as this is being written is also being filled up to make a right of way for the new road. By overflowing its banks during high water period it built up the land on both sides and formed the famous Metairie Ridge, several feet higher than the normal residential areas of New Orleans. Naturally it evolved into a home section—with its higher ground and 10% lower temperature in the heat of summer.

It is interesting to record the families that pioneered modern Metairie and who, around 1900, were working their farms—taking their lettuce, cabbage, shallots, onions, beans and cucumbers and dairy products to the French and Treme Markets, a little chore that often involved five to six hours of gruelling labor getting the wagons through the mud roads.

From the 17th Street Drainage Canal



This is the oldest home still standing in Metairie, built 119 years ago by Nicholas John Betz, who came from Germany, and who had three sons, Valentine, Peter and John. Originally the house faced Metairie Bayou but today it fronts on Rosa Avenue. And it is still the Betz home, being occupied today by the great grandchildren of its first owner.

to Shrewsbury Road on the north side of the bayou was first Dan Eastman. And incidentally the Eastman home was probably the oldest in the section. This dairy farm later became known as Eastman Park, rented out for picnics. Then after the Eastman place were the farms of Ernest Paul Rivere, John Masset, Peter Betz, Henry DeLimon (who owned a couple of thousand orange trees), John Betz, John Palmisano, Alfred Bonnabel, Charles Persigo, Charles Rolling, John Bertucci, Frank Fagot's Store (where Bonnabel Boulevard and Metairie Road are now and which boasted the only telephone), Fred Root and Adolph Stouder.

On the river side of the bayou were Andrew Fredericks, John Vincent, Valentine Betz, Adolph Ricks, the Chinese families occuping the Peters Tract (later the Codham Tract), Dan Newsham, Charles Root, the Marshall Place, and the Babin Place (at LaBarre Road) where there was a bridge over the gulley, and the Schultz couple, a pair of opera singers who loved to practice out of doors late at night.

Above Shrewsbury, of course, was the continuation of the plantations. The trip from any of the farms to the blacksmith shop at LaBarre Road was a good day's trip.

The school house in 1900 was at what is now Livingston Place and had one teacher for all grades up to the sixth. There were no churches, but the Italian Church from Ursuline and Chartres streets in New Orleans sent the Sisters each Sunday to teach the children catechism. They were met at the Metairie Cemetery each week by a different family who escorted them in a wagon to the Metairie School where classes were held. It was at the same simple schoolhouse that all local dances and sociables were held.

Metairie's slow beginnings of change did not occur until around 1913 when the streetcar line was extended from 17th Street Canal to Shrewsbury through Metairie. Five years later the first real estate developments began with the Metairie Nursery Subdivision on Papworth land. The Metairie Golf Club was hewn out of a cypress swamp in 1923 and is today one of the finest in the nation, each hole a replica of another hole on some world famous course in the world, including the Cradle of Golf, St. Andrews in Scotland.

But the farms in 1900 were the land from which beautiful modern Metairie slowly and steadily evolved.

* * * *

Jefferson's East End, known as "Bucktown" even in the Police Jury Minutes around 1900, was great hunting, fishing and trapping territory. It is logical it received its name because of the many bucks killed in the vicinity.

It was basically a fishermen's village and a favorite picnic spot on the Lake.

Brunings Restaurant had been opened as early as 1859 to cater to the picnickers that came out regularly over the Old Shell Road in buggies, tallyhos, barouches and wagons. That is—from Easter Sunday to Labor Day. Since there were no lake shore levees at the time the road was usually flooded out between September and April.

J. C. Bruning (who is still the Political Father of East End, which is the eastern tip of Jefferson Parish but west of the West End of New Orleans) was the owner and operator of the Famous White Squadron around 1900. This was a fleet of 42 sleek white fishing boats for hire—16 and 18 foot skiffs which he rented for 50c a day for fishing expeditions a mile or two out in the Lake.

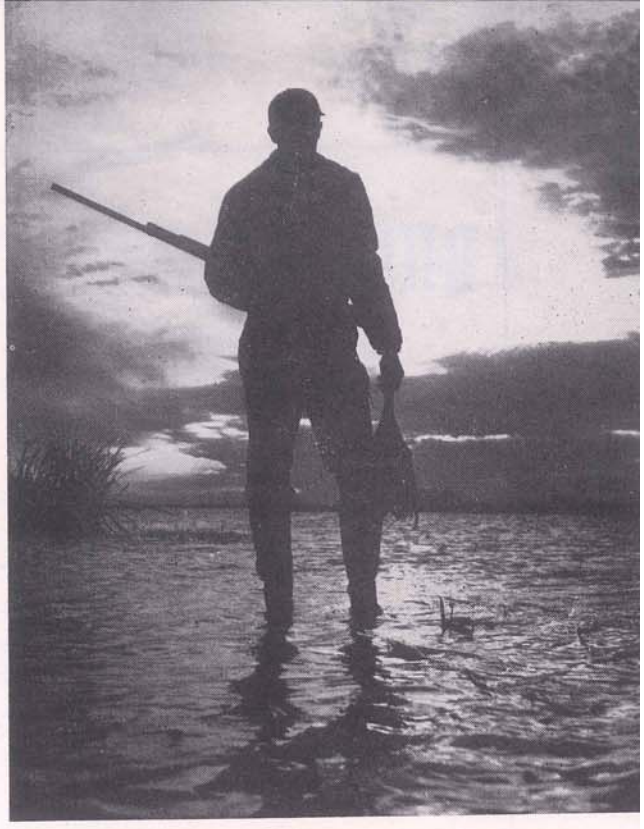
East End always took the brunt of the storms. It was under water, often as high as 6 feet, in the blows of 1856, 1893, 1915 and 1947. It was half burned out in 1910 and rebuilt immediately. But it has always been a self reliant, self sufficient community of hardy fishermen and shrimpers and trappers, boat builders and boat men, who normally were able to handle their own problems and punish their own malefactors. East End's first and only jail was not built until 1917 and was abandoned in 1945.

East End had a one room school in 1900, a general merchandising store run by a widow and, of course, a few places of libation and entertainment of which the largest was Bruning's Restaurant, which moved to its present location in 1886. Besides the people who came to picnic, to talk and enjoy seafood the Carrollton Railroad used to bring passengers to the steamer "Virginia" which plied back and forth to Mobile.

* * * *

East Jefferson's Southport area, through which shoots the Old Spanish Trail as Jefferson Highway, was all dairies and truck farms up to the plantation area that is now Harahan about 1900.

Besides the farms and the Illinois Central Wharf at Southport, where horses, mules and cotton were common commodities, there existed in the Southport area Flory's famous Cockpit located opposite Joe Hyland's, which was probably Jefferson's first gambling house of any size. Flory's seated 150 to 200 excited spectators at a session and was in the habit of setting out a hundred or more fighting cocks between



Jefferson Parish: A Bird Lover's and Hunter's Paradise—Port of Call for the birds of America and their first stopping place on the mainland of the U.S.; here have been seen 77% of all the birds known on the American continent; haunt of the Blue Goose, Black Duck, Common Tern, Green Winged Teal, Baldpate (one of the fastest fliers in the duck family), Pintail, Quail, Heron, Poule de Eau (American Coot), and that rarest of birds "The Whooping Crane"; stamping ground for cottontail and swamp rabbit, deer, fox squirrels, mink, otter, gray fox, opossum (Rat de Bois-Rat of the Woods), and even the armadillo.

fights to sun themselves in full view of the public highway, a custom which aroused more local indignation and official reprisal than the bouts themselves. The fighting was not resented—but the flaunting of it in the face of people not fans of cockfighting was considered unlawful.

The abandoned breastworks of Camp Parapet, thrown up during the War Between the States near the levee, were in this vicinity about 2 miles upriver from where the American Creosote Works, which began operations in 1901, is today. The hole from which the earth was dug to make the breastworks, called "The Pit," was filled in to make Harlem Avenue.

There was no church in Southport. The closest place of worship and school in the parish were both in Shrewsbury, around where Shrewsbury Road now runs. People went to Carrollton in New Orleans for their purchases and, at that time, used the river road. Southport was definitely "out in the country."

* * * *

Believe it or not this is ICE—photographed on the bank of the Mississippi opposite Williams Street in Kenner in February 1899. Notice the Ferry Boat (skiff type) broken up in the lower right hand corner.

The original land of the present day City of Harahan at the turn of the century was a demonstration farm owned by Southern University, sitting in the midst of plantations. On this farm were raised prize livestock and experimental crops. The Illinois Central Yards and Round House stood opposite. These had been built in 1894 to facilitate repair work at the New Orleans terminal point.

From 1900 to 1914 no specific change in this arrangement took place. It was not until 1914, when the Harahan Land Company, in which were some Illinois Central officials, purchased the demonstration farm from the University, that the community was started. Lots were sold in this new residential tract named "Harahan" in honor of W. J. Harahan, then President of the Illinois Central. The first buyers were employees of the Illinois Central and Southern Pacific Railroads.

In 1915, Harahan had 4 qualified voters: E. B. Anthony, Robert Prados, a Mr. Stoltz and Frank W. Mayo. When Harahan was incorporated as a village in 1920 it had a population of 1500 people and nearly 200 registered voters. Frank W. Mayo became its first mayor and his son, Frank H. Mayo, is today its third and present mayor.

Harahan is a modern city conceived and born in this century. To go back further we would have to delve into the records of its neighboring plantations, of which the most historical is the Tchoupitoulas Plantation.

This is a word which in the original Choctaw is generally conceded to mean "those who live by the river." From 200 acres of this old Tchoupitoulas Plantation which became the property of Chevalier Joseph Soniat Dufossat, in 1820, were laid out the golf links of Harahan's present day Colonial Country Club. And from the beautiful ante-bellum mansion of the family was created the Club House. The original Mrs. Soniat had been the sister of the wife of Louisiana's first Governor — William Charles Cole Claiborne.

* * * *

Kenner — the town that was incorporated as far back as 1855—lost its charter in 1886 due to political machinations, and did not get it back again until Governor Luther Hall granted its return in 1913—is the last Jefferson community on our list. And here is its picture around the turn of the century.

Kenner was originally the land of old plantations fronting on the river. Later when the railroads came these rich tracts were sold off, were turned into truck farms, and the locality became a vegetable growing and packing center.

Before the War Between the States and afterwards sugar cane was the chief crop. But economic conditions caused by Reconstruction caused the larger planters to divide and sell their huge tracts. Two of the largest in this area were owned by the Kenner Brothers and it was their selling of their land that caused the growing community of farmers to be known as "Kenner." Previous to that it had been known as "Cannes Brules" or "Burnt Cane."

The first farmers were Irish and Germans but after the Cotton Exposition in 1884 many Italian families settled here and it was through their increase in numbers that the truck farming became of such importance.

Actually the town was nothing but a series of truck farms from the river to the woods and from Harahan to the St. Charles Parish line. Because of their convenient railroad sidings and because their vegetables were better packed, Kenner farmers commanded better prices in the North—shipping sometimes as high as 60 refrigerated cars a day.

Today's September Feast of St. Rosalie—celebrated in Kenner, and in which 40,000 people have been known to participate, the paraders marching in stockings and even bare feet—stems from those pioneer vegetable producing days.

An epidemic which was killing off their mules and horses around 1903 caused the devout Italians to pray to St. Rosalie for help. She intervened. The epidemic was halted—and ever since the Feast of St. Rosalie has been an annual affair, even though the thousands who watch it have not the slightest idea why or when it started.

Kenner's Volunteer Fire Department goes back to the days before the War Between the States. Although there was only one well available the pumper stood by the school house. When the fire bell rang it was agreed that the first mule team that arrived got $5.00 and the job of hauling the pumper to the fire. Later this volunteer outfit used the waterworks tower, which Kenner boasts was the first in the parish.

Kenner also claims the first electrical light plant in the parish later bought by The Louisiana Power and Light Company.

Three of Kenner's streets, over the years, have been sacrificed to the building of stronger and higher levees—Front Street, First Street and Second Street. The first levee was built by wheelbarrows and Irishmen. The second by scoops and mules. The third by dragline.

People went to New Orleans by the river road and it was not until 1915 that the famous OK Trolley Line (Orleans-Kenner) ran from where Loew's State Theatre now stands on Canal Street in New Orleans to the St. Charles Parish line. Its route and roadbed are now Jefferson Highway.

Hanson City, originally a subdivision named after the man who promoted it, was always a part of Kenner.

Sawmills were also a part of Kenner's early history. The Sutherland Innis Company (a pioneer sawmill) became Southwestern Box and Lumber (about (1904)—then Humble and Judd and then J. P. Morgan's Louisiana Box Company. The Anchor Sawmill is today Ipik Plywood Company.

Even today industrially inclined Kenner—the Air Center of Greater New Orleans—still loves the feel and smell of land, a statement with which Sheriff Clancy, a native Kenner son, will agree. Back of Kenner is his 1940 acre beef ranch and experimental farm.

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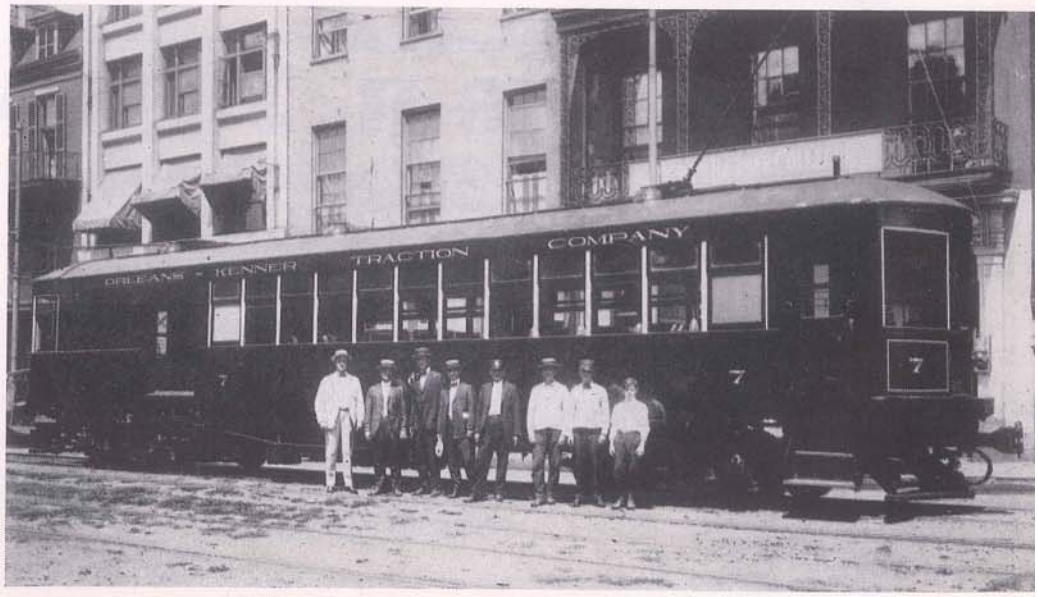
And so, in a few pages we have tried to cover a subject that actually demands a book—the panoramic picture of our parish around the climactic turn of the



This is one of the combination passenger and freight carrying cars of the famous Orleans-Kenner Streetcar Line that ran 16 miles and in its few years of operation opened up Jefferson's East Bank. Starting at Canal and Rampart in New Orleans, its principal stops were West Carrollton, La Barre, Shrewsbury, Jefferson Terrace, Orleans Parkway, Harahan and Kenner.

The Harvey Plant Food Division of Swift and Company, established in Jefferson Parish in 1911, has grown here from a small beginning to one of the largest in the country—manufacturing Red Steer Plant Food, Vigoro, Sulphuric Acid and superphosphate. The plant expanded once in 1918 and again in 1942. Also in Harvey, established the same year, is the Swift and Company Refinery manufacturing salad and cooking oils. Last year a plant manufacturing adhesives was put into operation.

century. We hope that in the brief space allotted we have been able to give you a mental image of this young giant of Jefferson in 1900—a husky farmer parish, inexperienced in industry as yet, but with all the mighty muscles of its resources flexed and ready.

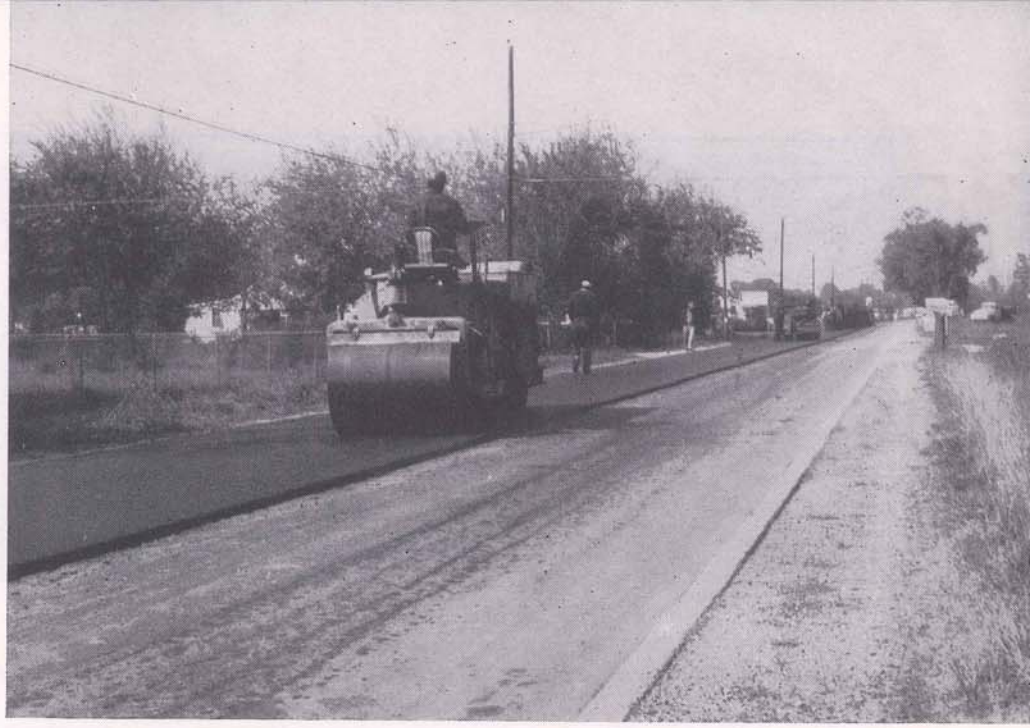
"Time Marches On!" During the next fifty-four years so many dramatic things happened that we will not be able to show the surge forward of each of these individual sections and towns of the parish—BUT—we will give you a parishwide summary of the outstanding developments that have kept the path cleared ahead of progress, and made it possible for Jefferson to move steadily toward its present position as one of the most concentrated industrial areas in the Deep South.

When Jefferson Parish stepped into the Twentieth Century its industrial assets were its strategic location on the Mississippi across from and above the city of New Orleans, its miles and miles of commanding industrial sites on the river front, the facilities of four great railway systems and its attitude of cooperation with interested industries.

Its liabilities were that so much of its land back of and beyond its communities was semi-liquid, that its roads were primitive and few, and that it had, as yet, no communication between the east and west banks except by ferry.

Drainage, of course, was of paramount importance, and as early as 1913, drainage districts on both sides of the river were created, financed and put into operation. To give you an idea of what this one development started to accomplish (for drainage projects require several years to fully reclaim the land) there were, up to 1913, only 8,000 acres of Jefferson's East Bank total of 28,000 acres available for homesites, industry and agriculture. It is hard to believe that approximately two-thirds of the valuable property of Jefferson's East Bank today was useless land not too many years ago. And it is still harder to believe that the land freed of water has been even greater on the West Bank.

There is an old axiom that where there are roads there is progress, because progress depends on movement, on mobility—and all movement means roads. In Jefferson in 1907 Engineer James Stephens paced off the road through the water wilderness that over 25 years later opened up Grand Isle and the Gulf of Mexico to Jefferson's landlubbers. In 1909 the Parish embarked on its first road building program—with an $80,000 appropriation to be amortized over 10 years, a huge sum in those early days. And in 1910 the Police Jury agreed to match dollar for dollar a fund set up by the property owners of Metairie for improving Metairie Road, which in those days was either a dust



Somewhere in the parish road building, road repairing and road surfacing are always going on. This shows the recent placing of the asphalt top on the Jefferson Highway between Harahan and Kenner — long completed before you read this.

bowl or a mudhole. These were the early beginnings of good roads in Jefferson—a development that gained impetus as the parish expanded and could economically afford new roads for newer expansion.

In 1913 a Hundred Thousand Dollar Bond Issue was approved to construct, improve and maintain the public roads from Orleans Parish and through Metairie Ridge to Shrewsbury, with $75,000 added later to continue the road building and improvement to the St. Charles Parish line.

It is also significant that in the year of 1915 the O.K. (Orleans-Kenner) car line, which picked up passengers right about where Loew's Theatre on Canal and Rampart Streets in New Orleans is today and carried them to Kenner and points enroute—or vice versa—began operations. This new electric car line and the new improved public road (it was the river road then, one side of the present Jefferson Highway following the old roadbed of the OK car line, which discontinued operations in 1930) opened up the country district of Jefferson's East Bank and started the cavalcade of homeowners in the direction of Kenner . . . and created the accessibility which permitted the community of Harahan to be carved out of remote farmland.

In 1924, proud of their expanding parish, the voters of Jefferson approved a $500,000 Bond Issue to continue the roadbuilding on the East Bank, and on Road District No. 2 (Gretna to St. Charles Parish Line) and Road District No. 3 (the south side of Bayou Barataria). Of all this hectic activity, we pick just one outstanding detail—the $50,000 of this money (later $22,000 from the General Fund), which was spent on a roadfill from Shrewsbury to Kenner. In 1928 that section was taken over by the Louisiana Highway Department, and the parish was reimbursed the $22,000 for work already done, and this particular section became a unit of the now famous Airline Highway which connects New Orleans with Baton Rouge, which was completed around 1939 and replaced the historic but hard-to-travel River Road.

Today in Jefferson we are embarking upon huge four-lane expressways with overpasses and underpasses to take care of increasingly heavy traffic. Not too far back in the memory of any adult resident of the parish can be remembered those early years when a shell road was an improvement and a hard top was an innovation. But roads—the stubborn steady persistence of the parish to keep on building roads as rapidly as the finances could be secured from the voters—have greatly helped (if you will let us pun) "to pave the way" for Jefferson's rapid industrial progress.

We honestly believe that of the many forward steps made by the Parish of Jefferson during the first twenty years of the 20th century (in which period we fought and won a war; the city of Gret-

na and the cities of Westwego and Harahan were incorporated; the charter of Kenner was returned; the Police Jury moved to the new Courthouse from Wm. Tell Hall; and the office of County Agent was established) the ones that had the greatest influence on its industrial growth were its programs of DRAINAGE AND GOOD ROADS.

In 1921 the Police Jury of Jefferson secured, for the benefit of its fishermen, the now famous Dupre Cut. The story is this: Fishermen coming in from Grand Isle and the Barataria Country too frequently lost their entire catch because their boats would stick in the mud on the flats of Bayou Rigolets during low water. This was a serious economic hazard to an important population group of the parish—whose livelihood depended on getting to market without delay.

Congressman H. Garland Dupre, to correct this situation, sponsored a bill in Congress to build a cut off canal between Bayou Dupont and Bayou Cutler, a distance of about 9 miles; which would guarantee year round navigation to the fishermen from deep water to deep water. The bill was approved and the Police Jury committed itself to spend from available funds for the purchase of a 400-foot right-of-way, without calling on the voters for additional tax money. In 1924 the right-of-way was turned over to the U.S. Government which accepted the use of the right-of-way but did not take title.

The Dupre Cut was built, named in honor of the Congressman who fathered it, and solved the desperate problem of the fishermen. But this is not the end of the story.

About ten years later the first oil well in Jefferson Parish was successfully drilled within the area of this Dupre Cut right-of-way and today the oil royalties to Jefferson Parish run around $135,000 a year—money that is re-invested in the development of the parish.

In 1925 there was started by Father Wynhoven—out of a shack and a shed and a silo in an abandoned field—the Jefferson Parish counterpart of Father Flannagan's Boys' Town.

With nothing but these rickety buildings on a donated piece of ground, Father Wynhoven took his dream of a healthy outdoor, unfenced home for orphans to Catholics, to Jews and to Protestants alike. The response was phenomenal. Money poured in from

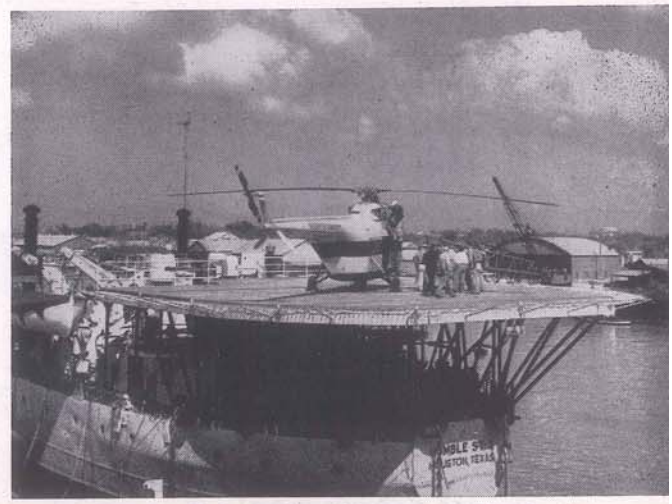
THE OLDEST STILL LIVES

Reconstructed "Elmwood"—the oldest and best preserved of Jefferson's historic plantation homes: Built in the early 1700's, its thick walls still retaining the gun slots for repelling possible Indian attack; situated above New Orleans near the Huey P. Long Bridge on Jefferson's East Bank, a few yards from the river; a proud dwelling that often was host to Governor Claiborne and Louisiana's leading Creoles a century and a half ago.

everywhere, over 80% of it from non-Catholics—from people with faith in boys and in Father Wynhoven.

Today the late Right Reverend Monsignor Peter M. H. Wyonhoven's dream is a million dollar reality on Barataria Boulevard, the road to Lafitte. Hope Haven, on one side of the road, for older boys. Madonna Manor on the other side for younger boys and girls. And St. Joseph's Deaf Mute Institute added in 1940.

In 1926, its eye always on the future, Jefferson Parish leaders backed the idea of a bridge across the Mississippi River from overgrown New Orleans to



Flight Deck of Humble Oil Company ST-3 showing a helicopter (the plane that has conquered the swampland) about to transport a group of officials to one of Jefferson's Humble Operations.

Near Nine Mile Point above New Orleans the huge Huey P. Long Railway and Highway Bridge, with both approaches in Jefferson Parish, carries the Old Spanish Trail into Texas and unites the East and West Banks of the Mississippi—the only bridge spanning the Mississippi below Baton Rouge. Built in the Middle Thirties it has been one of the great factors in the rapid industrial progress of Jefferson Parish.

growing Gretna opposite New Orleans. Years ahead of the vision of others—because right now that idea seems about to be realized.

1927 was a flood year, though not in Jefferson, but it was also the year the Louisiana Power and Light Company brought modern electrical service to the parish and the year the first Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo was organized.

In 1929 the East Jefferson Waterworks charter was granted (which is today building furiously to keep up with East Jefferson's new residents) . . . and in 1930 the figures showed that Jefferson Parish had doubled its population since 1920, while the records proved that it had very efficiently absorbed the increase, many of them employees of new industries.

The 1930's in the annals of the nation will always be known as "The Depression." The term, somehow, doesn't seem to fit Jefferson, because in that so called depressing decade Jefferson dedicated the Harvey Locks link of the Intracoastal Canal, oil came to Jefferson via Lafitte Oil Field and the Huey P. Long Bridge, with both ends in Jefferson Parish, united by land the long separated East and West Banks. Let's take each of these exciting events in order.

The Harvey Canal (originally the Destrehan Ditch dug in the 1730's with wooden shovels) is undoubtedly the West Bank's oldest historic landmark. It was there nearly a hundred years before the parish was officially created and has remained intact to play a vital part in its modern destiny.

As early as 1902 simple locks for the use of the fishermen and produce boats had been installed between the Canal and the Mississippi to replace the primitive inclined plane arrangement that previously pulled boats over the low levee. But it was not until the early Thirties that Jefferson realized what a tremendous asset it possessed in this historic stretch of man made waterway. Because of its existence and its strategic location it was selected and purchased by the U. S. Government to be the Mississippi River link in the new Louisiana-Texas section of the Intracoastal Waterway System that today stretches from Harvey to the Mexican border. To make this project and purchase possible the Police Jury of Jefferson spent $30,000 to purchase land for rights of way and cut-offs through the parish.

New locks were installed in 1933 at a cost of $1,700,000 that can handle a towboat and five barges at a single locking and which reduced the transfer time from 6 hours to twenty minutes. And in 1934, the new locks and intracoastal link were dedicated and formally accepted by the government officials.

It seemed as though Destiny had been lurking in the bayous, just waiting until this inland waterway system was complete clear from Texas through the Barataria Country of Jefferson—because just one year later the first oil well in Jefferson was brought in by The Texas Company—Lafitte No. 1 opening the deepest oil producing field in the Gulf Coast Region. Discovered near the right-of-way of Dupre Cut, owned by Jefferson Parish, this first well (to be followed by a fabulous producing field) began flowing on May 30, 1935 with an initial production of 1000 barrels a day.

Today the Barataria Country is dotted with oil wells and the Harvey Canal is the liquid highway for the oil barges, for oil field machinery going deep into the bayous to the oil fields . . . and both banks of the Harvey Canal are lined with over a hundred concerns doing business with the oil fields.

And then in the middle thirties was constructed, by the State of Louisiana in cooperation with the New Orleans Public Belt Railroad serving New Orleans and Jefferson, the mighty and magnificent $14,000,000 Huey P. Long Bridge. The keystone uniting the East and West Bank had at last been fitted into place. Jefferson was finally one complete parish, united now by rail, by road and by water with the Port of New Orleans.

And let us not forget, also, that it was during these Depression Years of the Thirties that the alert Jefferson Parish Police Jury, with the aid of WPA, constructed sidewalks, gutter bottoms and curbs in most of the heavily populated communities at no cost to the property owners . . . and paved streets with subsurface drainage at a cost of only 25% to the property owners, the government defraying the other 75%.

It was during this period also that the Police Jury instituted its policy of granting scholarships to state colleges to eligible Jefferson high school students . . . a policy that has granted as many as 36 such scholarships a year.

Jefferson Parish, it is to be remembered with pride, established almost simultaneously with New Orleans the first public school in Louisiana, back in 1842. All through its hectic history it had always spent within the limits of its finances every possible available dollar for the education of its future citizens. Its young people and its educational standards have always held top priority.

And, in these later years, when new industries called upon intelligent personnel for the handling of jobs that required a sound basic education and an aptitude to learn, the high quality of schooling available over the years in Jefferson greatly assisted its rapid industrial growth.

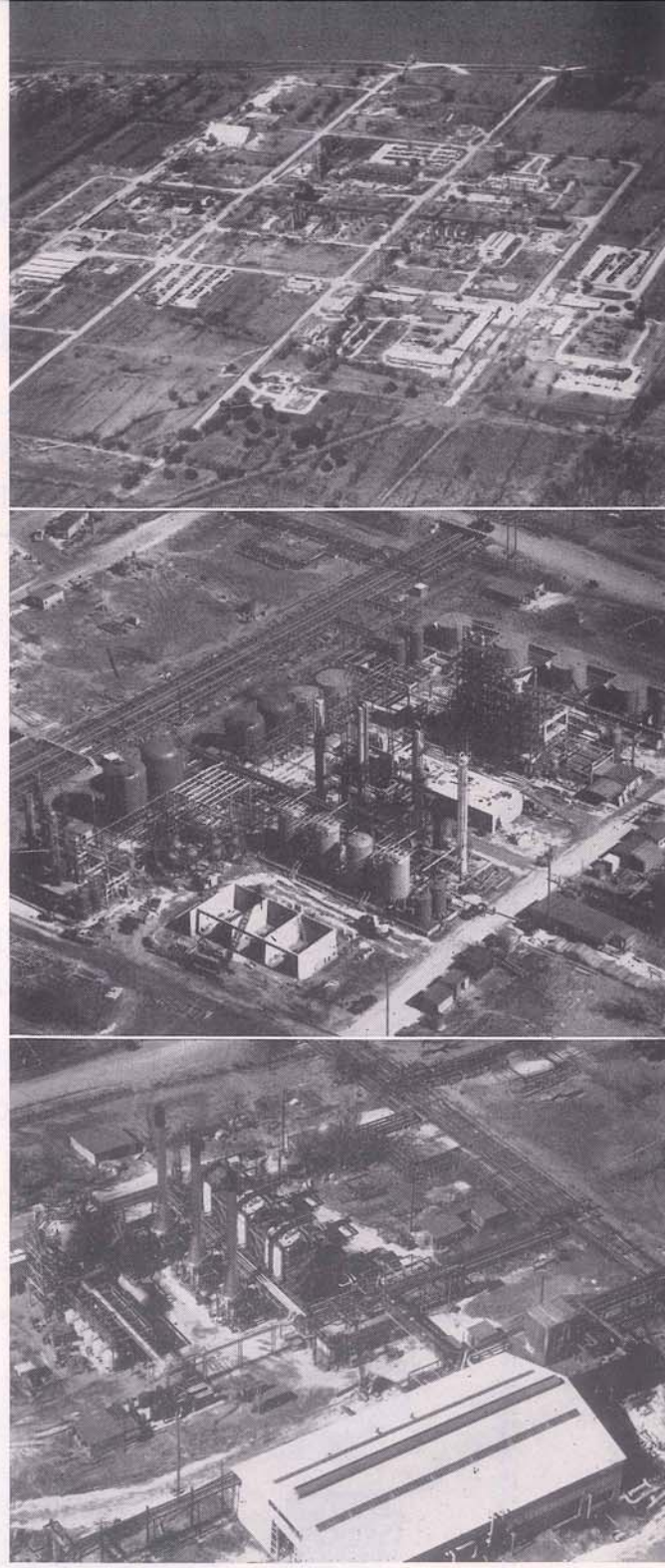
The Nineteen Forties we all remember very well . . . with half of them devoted to waging and winning World War II . . . with Jefferson Parish and its industries working on war orders. But the year 1945 was a red letter year, not only because it marked the beginning of peace again, but because to Jefferson came Moisant International Airport, one of the busiest and largest airports in the world today.

In December of 1953 this mammoth derrick barge (featured on the back cover of this issue of the Review) was completed and commissioned at Avondale Marine Ways and marked another outstanding achievement in the short but successful history of this Jefferson Parish industry. From a modest beginning in 1938 Avondale Marine Ways, Inc., has developed into a multi-million dollar institution with international recognition in maritime circles. In addition to its main ship building plant, Avondale established in the immediate post war period its now famous "Quick Repair Plant" with modern drydocks and complete ship repair facilities as well as one of the most modern propeller shops in the nation. In 1951 it opened its Service Foundry and in 1953 announced the construction of AVONCRAFT, a large capacity plant for the manufacture of Porcelain Enamel Architectural Products, adjacent to the ship building plant at Avondale. This plant, now open, represents an investment of well over a half million dollars and will be one of the most modern of its kind in the world. Avoncraft opens a new field in the mass production of durable porcelain enamel products for architectural construction.

With the arrival of MOISANT the Parish of Jefferson was now able to serve the nation by all the methods of transportation known to man: by water, by rail, by road and now BY AIR.

And so we arrive almost at the present. No longer is Jefferson persecuted by floods. The higher levees built and maintained by the federal government and the pumps of the efficient drainage districts have added to Jefferson's high ground thousands of acres of additional dry ground.

About 2 year ago the American Cyanamid Company announced it new 50 million dollar nitrogen chemicals plant to be built in Jefferson Parish and to occupy 650 acres of land. Great progress has been made in a short time and we show you here at top—the aerial view of the entire plant with the administration area at right; in the middle, one of the process units nearing completion; and at the bottom, the utilities area, comprising boiler plant, boiler water treatment and compression building.



The Harvey plant of Pipe Line Service Corporation, established in Jefferson Parish in 1944 as the most advantageous location for its purpose in Louisiana . . . a firm that coats and wraps steel pipe for protection against corrosion when underground, serving the oil and gas fields.

No longer is Jefferson an agricultural parish of wide open spaces. Its contiguous communities on the West Bank form one long river bank Main Street and back of them are new subdivisions for the newcomers coming with the new industries. And its East Bank is gradually moving back on land freed of water to the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, a movement made possible by the erection of the Lake Shore Levee in 1948.

In 1900 Jefferson had possibilities. Today it has advantages. And when you ask homecomers why they have settled here or ask industries why they have established here they will tell you they came because of the natural assets: water, gas, oil, transportation and climate; because of the fair property assessment; because of the facilities of air, rail, water and highway travel; and because of the friendly, cooperative spirit that pervades the parish from the officials on down to the neighbor in the same block.

And who are the industries that have responded to the invitation first voiced by that long forgotten Policy Jury back in 1887? Well, it is our pleasure and our privilege to end this peek around the corner of time with several pages of aerial photographs which, when grouped together, present the panorama of present day industrial Jefferson Parish—dramatically showing you why it is now known as the most concentrated industrial area in the South.

The only way we can compress the present day INDUSTRIAL JEFFERSON STORY into a comprehensive form, that is interesting to our readers, is by the series of aerial photographs on this and the next six pages — which come down river first on the West Side and then the East Side of the Mississippi. By this method we avoid dull figures and long columns of alphabetical listings.

We start you out just above the Huey P. Long Bridge at Avondale. In the center of the picture and on the river bank are the shipyard of Avondale Marine Ways and Avoncraft, Inc. To the upper right hand corner are the tanks of the American Liberty Marketing Company, the largest handlers of fish oil, vegetable oils and alcohols in the world. In the background are the huge yards of Texas and Pacific, Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific.

From top to bottom we have in order the Port of Westwego; Sinclair Refining Company; Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company of Louisiana; North American Trading and Import Company; General Gas Company; Tide Water Associated Oil Company; the wharves of Texas and Pacific and Missouri Pacific Railroads; and the Aluminum Ore Tipple of the Texas and Pacific-Missouri Pacific Terminal Railroad of New Orleans.