

To Sonny Toledano
From
Grand Pa Biggs

1937

Jefferson Parish

Yearly Review

(Official Publication of the Police Jury)



DEDICATION

There is something hopeful about a Parish where exists reasonable expectation of completing what you commence. When programs are announced with trumpets then never heard of more, when promises are broken, something deep within us is hurt. We need to see at least a few things become full circle: it helps us to believe that those larger circles, the ends and beginnings of which are hidden from us, will find their completion too. Jefferson Parish finishes what it begins. That is the policy we have always held and we will continue to adhere to it in the future.



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Grand Isle—"The Island of Perennial Sunshine and Romance"

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Within fifty miles of New Orleans, in the neighboring parish of Jefferson, lies Grand Isle, a narrow strip of land eight miles in length and with an average width of less than a mile between the rolling breakers of the Gulf of Mexico and the placid waters of Bayou Rigaud.

Easily accessible by either automobile or boat, this island possesses such a multitude of charms that it draws to its hospitable shores thousands of visitors, who having once viewed its unique beauty and limitless possibilities for pleasure, return again and again.

Through its waving grasses and beautiful oaks gently sigh the balm-laden trade-winds, and on its golden sands the warm, blue-green surf weaves itself into patterns of indescribable lacy beauty, while a kindly sun gently gilds the whole, so that all blend into a symphony of green and gold and blue and fleecy-white cloud.

The island lures the sportsman with the glorious music of the singing line. There's the breathless moment of the tarpon's leap, when





Where the three bayous meet. Big Bayou Barataria, left; Little Bayou Barataria, right; Bayou Villars just around the ferry. To go to Grand Isle you go through Big Bayou Barataria.

that mighty silver giant flings his challenge to brawn and skill; the less violent thrill of the small boat in the placid Bay; and the toothsome goodness of the catch slowly browning in the skillet.

To those who love aquatics, the island is a mecca. Placid Bayou Rigaud forms a calm, safe anchorage for the scores of pleasure boats which throng to the island. There is no better bathing in America than on Grand Isle. The temperature of the water in winter approximates that of the Atlantic Coast resorts in July. Nowhere is there a safer surf, for its undulating, firm-packed sands slope gently far out into the Gulf. The presence of three sand bars eliminates all danger of undertow. The smooth sandy bottom is completely free of shells and stones, and eight miles of perfect beach precludes any possibility of overcrowding.

The safety of Grand Isle can best be shown by pointing to the fact that no known loss of life has ever occurred on Grand Isle as the result of storms, despite an impression which is widely held due to carelessly circulated reports of destructive storms many years ago along the coast west of Grand Isle at points not so well protected. Grand Isle's elevation and great quantities of oaks and other trees insure it against losses suffered by other more exposed and less favored coasts.

To the lover of historic lore, the island teems with interest, the records going back to the ancient days of the French and Spanish occupations. The buccaneering Henry Morgan, later to become Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, knew Grand Isle as a haven in his years of

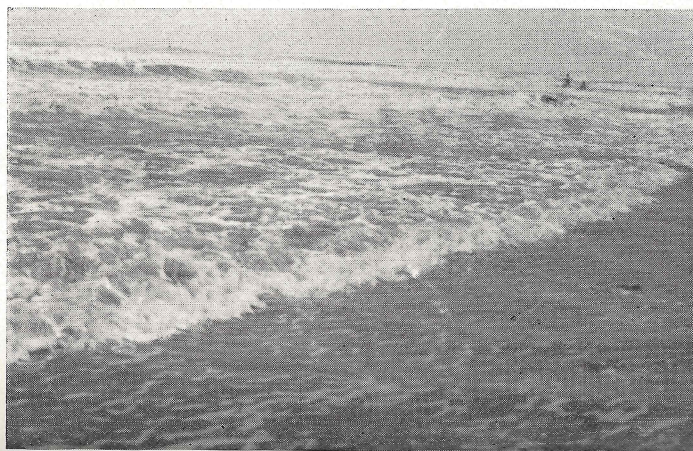
roving. Here the dashing, swashbuckling Jean Lafitte, King of Smugglers, ruled his pirate band, with his faithful Dominique You and Nez Coupe. Cecil B. de Mille is now producing a feature motion picture with the romance of Lafitte and his men as the central theme. It will be styled "The Buccaneer".

To this day, many of the hearty, bronzed natives live in the very cabins their forefathers occupied in those turbulent days of over a century ago. The slender pirogues pulled up out of the water before the cabins, the nets and seines drying in the sun, the oyster tongs standing against the walls, all are emblems of the trade by which generations of these folk have lived.

Flowers bloom here all the year round, and the air is sweet with the exotic odor of the moonflowers and the more delicate fragrance of the brilliant oleanders,—pink, rose, red, white and peach,—which line the lanes of the island. Here, too, are moss-hung avenues of oak and cedar, the colorful crepe myrtle and vivid scarlet of hibiscus, the stately palm, the jagged mass of Spanish bayonet, the delicate tracery of fern and wild orchid.

Grand Isle indeed holds many attractions—a walk along the moon-silvered beach, the breakers, laden with incandescent bubbles, lapping at your feet—the warm-hearted, picturesque natives with their quaint patois—the boats setting out to fish in the cool freshness of a turquoise and flame sunrise—the inland bays begemmed with lush green islets—a breathless plunge into tangy, salty surf—gay dances with orchestra of guitar, accordion and triangle—the atmosphere of complete and carefree informality—all these weave a never to be forgotten spell.

But any effort to transfer the charm of this unique island to paper must prove futile. You must see for yourself all the pictorial charms, feel for yourself the bracing zest of clean, salt air and experience the delight of this carefree existence. You, too, will fall victim to the lure of Grand Isle.



The green and gold surf at Grand Isle, where the breakers roll in from the far-off West Indies.