

ON THE PERSHING WAY, 125 YEARS AGO

New Orleans Writer Makes Trip that Recalls Journey of 1795—But in 12 Hours Instead of 5 Months.

Designating the experience as "piquant with a dash of the primitive served up in a modern setting," Miss Doris Kent, has recently described for the New Orleans Times-Picayune, a trip from that city to New Iberia over the Pershing Way.

Four-fifths of the trip, she writes, was up-to-date as gravel roads, mighty drawbridges, a six-cylinder engine and thermos bottles could make it. The other fifth was lifted right out of 1795.

George W. Cable has a volume he calls "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." "The Adventures of Francoise and Suzanne" is the title of one of the most charming. It is the diary of Francoise, the pretty daughter of M. Pierre Bossier, a Louisiana planter, who, with her father and tomboy sister, Suzanne, made the identical trip from New Orleans to the Attakapas 125 years ago.

The Voyage of 1795 One sunny morning in 1795 Suzanne and Francoise boarded the flatboat in a tremor of excitement. The heavy barge was divided into four apartments, covered by an arching deck from which worked the immense sweeps that sent the boat forward.

The other two passengers had a dramatic history, although they were on their way to live quietly on a plantation near what is now Patterson, calling themselves simply Joseph and Alix Carpentier. Joseph is described by Francoise as a tall, quiet, almost timid young man of 26 or 27, but Madame Alix was an exquisite creature, scarcely larger than a child of 12, dainty, brilliant and a loyal friend.

She had been the beautiful Alix de Morenville, lady-in-waiting at the court of Marie Antoinette, and married at the age of 16 to her cousin, the magnificent ceremony being attended by the king and all the court.

The ceremony was performed by the mayor and the mob that had wished to tear Alix to pieces now wanted to carry her on their shoulders in triumph. The journey to England was accomplished, and eventually Joseph came with the announcement of his intended voyage to America.

You, Madame La Vicomtesse, may soon return to France when the revolution is over, and can find again your friends, your titles, your fortunes," said he.

But Alix drew out the marriage certificate which she had kept undestroyed, and confessed that her patriotic pride had long ago bowed to the dictates of her heart.

"I have guessed your secret," she said to him. "You seek to go because you love me; you fear you may forget the respect you fancy you owe. But after all, I am your wife, Joseph. I have the right to follow thee, and I am going with thee."



route today can have but the faintest idea of what they were in 1795.

"Great vines," says she, "hung down from lofty trees that shaded the banks and crossed one another a hundred ways to prevent the boat's passage as if the devil himself was mixed in it, and frankly I believe he had something to do with that cavern. And to make all complete, troops of hungry alligators clambered over the sides of the boat with jaws open to devour us. There was much outcry; I fled, Alix with me, Suzanne laughed. But our men were always ready for them with their guns."

The Same Trip in 1920 In 1920 the trip began with early coffee while the moon still hung low in the Western sky, and the east was just beginning to flush pink. Quickly the car is at the Walnut street ferry ramping in a long line that is waiting to go aboard, for it is Thanksgiving Day, and there is a football game in Baton Rouge. What would Francoise and Suzanne have thought of that line of gleaming monsters and of the mory through they carried in a flutter of Olive and Blue? On the other side they dash away blithely for the long run as if it were but a mile or two.

In Francoise's account entries show that it required six weeks to go from New Orleans to Lake Chicot. Over the smooth gravelled highway of 1920. Suddenly we were in the bayou country in earnest—Bayou des Allemands. Bayou Latourche banked with high levees, for it used to overflow at certain times of the year until a dam was built farther down. The levees are like hanging gardens, for every home along the way takes a pride in the tall embankment in front of the dwelling and makes it blossom with roses and jessamine, with rustic benches set in the shade of banana trees. In between the bayou winds like a chain of turquoise set in the bronze of autumn grass.

Hat Coffee au Lait By 10 o'clock we were in Thibodeaux, in time for mid-morning cafe au lait. Every third man on the streets could step straight into a Griffith picture in character for an old-time southern planter—white goatees, broad-brimmed felt hats and stately Creole manners are everywhere. And every fourth man came forward courteously to inquire if possibly we were on our way to Baton Rouge and had missed the route.

The dip into the days of Francoise and Suzanne began at Gibson, a tiny village sunning itself on the banks of Bayou Black. The Bayou L'Our's swamp road is impassable. The Pershing Highway skips for seventeen miles here on a section of country bordered by three parishes, Terrebonne, Assumption and St. Mary. All want the highway and all resent the other obtaining it, and so far no means of arbitration has been reached. All the Pershing Highway still is for seventeen miles the Old Spanish Trail. The thing to do is to board a flatboat and be towed to Ramos, where the good road begins again.

Snorting with offended dignity, the six-cylinder motor is eased onto the primitive barge. A fussy little gasoline launch takes charge of the situation. There is a wait while its pilot, Mr. Allen Thibodeaux, finishes his Thanksgiving dinner, for nobody hurries in this dreamy land, and we are off.

Country Untouched By Man The way leads through Bayou Black Bayou Chene and Bayou Boeuf, for the most part through a country as untouched by man's hand as in the days of the other flatboat trip. True, the waterways are cleared now of the logs and vines that Francoise spoke of, but since then has come another menace, the exquisite water hyacinths whose hair-like roots and fleshy leaves choke the passes and block the passage of boats. So thickly do the floating plants grow that a man can walk on a board laid upon them. At rare intervals the boat passed an isolated cabin clinging on the edge of the bayou with the wall of the forest at its back, and one lonely man would wave a greeting from underneath a swinging sign, "United States Hyacinth Boom."

These official hermits operate log barricades to hold back the floating plants from more frequented waterways, and conduct the government's battle with poison against the lovely menace. Trappers had agitated the plants in the waters of smaller bayous further upstream, and at one point all hands aboard had to arm themselves with boat hooks and push green sea aside while the little launch sputtered ahead with its propeller tangled in long tendrils like the hair of a drowned woman.

A Riot of Color The repressed melancholy of the Louisiana forest was augmented rather than changed by the brilliance of autumn foliage on the route. In the setting of gray hair and moss the leaves burned like jewels—the dull ruby and maroon of sweetgum and haw; the scarlet and gold of maple and hickory; rusty-oak and flaming sumach; feathery boughs of cypress

like ostrich plume fans of orange and brown; tones of pink and mauve and cardinal, pale tan and purple, all misted over with torrents of silver moss. Just before sunset the car climbed the bayou embankment at Ramos, paused for a triumphant moment, and shot away into the center of the "sugar bowl of America." One after another the great plantations unrolled in our path like a panorama of industry. In the midst of the dun-colored seas of cane a clump of great oaks would mark the plantation house white and stately, just beginning to bloom with soft lights. A twinkle of cheery firelight came, too from each one of the cabins in the quarter. A toy stream engine darted across a huge expanse of field with a train of cars loaded with cane. Mule teams rattled in to the barns, and the negroes were scattering homeward to their various cabins. Most of them sang on their way, and one played a guitar and lifted up a mellow voice in an old-fashioned hymn as he walked. Another shift had just gone on in the great sugar house from whose tall stacks the smoke never dies down from the opening to the close of the season. Mingled with the crisp frosty smell of the newly cut cane came the delicious odor of boiling syrup and sugar, sparkling and warm from the granulator.

At the End of the Trail "Fairview," "Shady-side," "Orange Grove," "Olivia" they follow in continuous order, meeting places of the gracious old life and the efficient new era. A great glowing moon like a emerald orange hangs itself in the eastern sky. Through the dusk the white road spins more and more rapidly under the flying wheels. Through Patterson where the Countess Alix made her home; through Garden City, Franklin, mellow and melancholy, unbelievably neat and trim; through Jeanerette, where a street fair with an illuminated Ferris wheel offers a different atmosphere. Lights in the distance. It is New Iberia, where Francoise and Suzanne spent a happy time among the patched and powdered ladies and gallants who had fled there from bloody Paris. They had been sleeping these many years and no longer do brilliant balls and duels set the town agog. But their names live on, and their courtly hospitality survives them. If we could not have the thrill of supper with ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette and a minuet with titled headdress, there was awaiting us real Louisiana Thanksgiving dinner and a fox-trot with their posterity.

TAKEN UP One pair medium sized mare mules by the undersigned. Been on my place nearly three months. One black, other one brown, black male branded on left shoulder about "SS." Owner is notified to come forward, establish ownership, pay costs and take said animals, otherwise they will be sold according to the police jury ordinance relative to stray animals.

PELIX THIERY, Jan 22 St Route 2, Opelousas, La.

THE BAPTIST HOSPITAL Alexandria, Louisiana Wishes for all the readers of this paper a big—1921 Should you get sick, write us for hospital rates. Our school of nursing is as good as the best. Yours sincerely, D. R. PEVOTO, Superintendent.

WANTED—Men or women to take orders among friends and neighbors for the genuine guaranteed hosiery, full line for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. We pay 75c an hour spare time, or \$36.00 a week for full time. Experience unnecessary. Write International Stocking Mills, Norristown, Pa. Jan 15 10t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION ESTATE OF ELLI EDWARDS No. 7123, Probate Docket, Sixteenth Judicial District Court, Parish of St. Landry, La.

Whereas, Paul Edwards, has applied to be appointed administrator of the above numbered and entitled estate, and Therefore, notice is hereby given to any and all interested parties to show cause, if any they can or have, in writing in this office within ten days of the first publication hereof, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

By order of said court dated, Jan 27, 1921. HENRY LASTRAPES, JR., Clerk of Court.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and restorative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

ANNOUNCING our first showing of SPRING MODEL HATS Commencing MONDAY, JAN. 31st, 1921 Continuing throughout the season. We will be delighted to greet you.

MRS. CORINE MILSTEAD N. Main Street, Opelousas First-class Veils

TRESPASS NOTICE The public is hereby warned that hunting and trespassing on Sackett and Rolla plantations is prohibited. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

MRS. M. S. BOAGNI, Jersey cow with young calf. Apply, Jan 15th L. L. DANIEL.

Misses Irama Mae and Rosalie Roos, Nathalie Haas and Elma Loeb and Messrs. Leonce and Nathan Roos, Nathalie Haas and Lena Loeb and Halphen, and Frank Dietlein attended a dance in Crowley last Wednesday night and had a "swell" time.

Misses Irama Mae and Rosalie Roos attended a dance in Lafayette on Friday night. They returned to Opelousas Saturday afternoon.

Misses Nathalie Haas and Lena Loeb left Wednesday for Crowley where they will spend some time as the guests of Miss Selma Loeb.

Miss Bee Crawford went to Lafayette Saturday.

Uncle Jim Baldrige of Barbree was in Opelousas Wednesday between trains.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Petetin of Grand Coteau visited Opelousas on last Wednesday.

Nick Lahaye of near Port Barre was a business visitor to Opelousas on Wednesday.

Attorney A. H. Gariand of Ville Platte was a professional visitor to Opelousas this week.

Todd Hinchliffe of Crowley motor-ed to Opelousas Tuesday to look over his rice interests in this section.

Mr. Fellerin of Sunset transacted business in Opelousas on last Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Reiger returned Saturday after spending their honeymoon in New Orleans and Donaldsonville. They will make their home with Mrs. W. D. Lewis.

Miss Mamie Anding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Anding, was operated on for tonsillitis at the Lafayette sanitarium. She is reported as rapidly recovering.

Miss Marie Megninley is making a great success with her "Beauty Shop" which she recently opened in Opelousas. Her shop is on Court Street and the equipment up to date. Miss Megninley will be pleased to meet her many friends.

Sheriff Thibodeau and Chief Deputy Stagg went to Alexandria Monday afternoon on official business.

John M. Hilliard, one of the well known farmers of the Upper Waxahatchee section, was a business visitor to Opelousas Tuesday and Wednesday.

Editor Lawrence Andrepont of the Crowley Progress was here Monday between trains.

F. L. Delahoussaye, manager of a drugstore at Pineville, La., passed through Opelousas Tuesday, enroute to New Orleans.

B. L. Terry of Memphis, Tenn., was a business visitor to Opelousas on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Steward Rozas of Eunice spent Sunday here as the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Adam Goth.

Mrs. Paul Cueno of Elizabeth, N. J., is visiting here as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Pierre Mistric.

A. B. Pickett of Shreveport is spending some time with his daughter, Mrs. Oswald Perkins.

D. Muller, connected with the Buick Motor Co., of Memphis, Tenn., attended to business here several days this week.

FOR SALE CHEAP 60 light Farm Electric Plant—In first class working order. Will sell on easy terms.

D. C. ROSE Plumber and Electrician PHONE 28 OPELOUSAS, LA.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) It stops the Cough and Headache and gets off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

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Get In The Game Belding oil corporation now has 100 acres with seven producing oil wells, and more to follow, in- CADDO The reliable, the unfailing oil field, the "Daddy of Them All" The Louisiana "Blue Sky" Commission has given us permission to sell a part of our stock for further development purposes and the extension of our properties. We contemplate a further large drilling program and a test in the deep sand. Read what the Shreveport Journal, Jan. 15, says: OLD CADDO FIELD, SHREVEPORT'S MEAL TICKET, LEADS ALL THE BELDING OIL CORPORATION HAS STAGED NUMEROUS "COME-BACKS" In the excitement and confusion attending the bringing in of new oil fields, the good old standbys are sometimes forgotten temporarily for instance, Shreveport's meal ticket, the daddy of them all—the Caddo field. An instance of the frequently recurring "come-back" in certain portions of the Caddo field is the rehabilitation of what is known as the "Sweetie" Bailey-Caldwell lease, in 20-22-15 and 22-22-15, in Caddo, by the Belding Oil Corporation, a group of 84 Shreveport bankers, wholesale and retail merchants and professional men, who last November, bought the 100 acres in the so-called Caddo "Strip," lying between Hosston and Vivian, on which is the original Bailey No. 1. This well opened up a new district in the Caddo field, and was drilled by Bill Rowe in 1912. It came in producing 2,200 barrels, and flowed for three years, diminishing gradually as the gas pressure decreased, and was practically abandoned when oil went to 35 cents. Bailey No. 2, close by, came in producing 1,200 barrels and flowed three years, with the same fate. Altogether, five wells were drilled at that time proving the section a profitable producing one. Later the lease was taken over by the Church, Burton & Pfeiffer Syndicate, which brought Bailey No. 1 back last October, producing 250 barrels. The Belding Oil Corporation was organized to widen in Gulf Bayou. Its roster of charter members contains the names of some of the most influential and prominent men in Shreveport. Instead of wildcatting, however, the directors of the corporation believed that more money could be made for the stockholders in the rehabilitation of abandoned territory in the Caddo field, which belief has been justified. Caddo has been one of the most consistent producing fields in the United States. The lure of newer and showier fields frequently has drawn seasoned oil men away from their properties in Caddo only to return later to the old meal ticket when they had dumped their winnings in another field. It was on this theory that the Belding Corporation took advantage of the opportunity to buy the Bailey-Caldwell lease with the intention of bringing it back to production. Four of the old wells on this property have been rehabilitated to good producing capacity; No. 1, making 250 barrels on the pump, and other others producing and coming back stronger every day. As soon as the corporation saw that Bailey No. 1 was coming back, it contracted for three new wells, which show every indication of becoming good producers. One is completed and producing, and the other two have been drilled in and are awaiting rigs. The prospects are that all three will be substantial producers. The Belding Corporation has reserved its "deep rights" in the Woolbine sand, and are contemplating drilling into it. There are other properties on the Caddo Strip that are capable of rehabilitation. A deep stratum of sand has been discovered close to the Strip at 2,200 feet. A well close to the Strip came in producing 15,000 barrels estimated, proving an abundance of deep oil in that locality. As many as twenty new derricks are up in the Strip now, and it is reported that one of the big companies has ordered sixty derricks built in it at once. Interest in the Strip has been revived, and oil men, motivated by experience, are more than ever convinced that Caddo is the "mother-lode," and that almost every part of it is susceptible to further exploration, and in many places, capable of profitable rehabilitation.

Shares now selling at par, \$100.00 per share AN ADVANCE IN PRICE OF STOCK WILL TAKE PLACE AS SOON AS FURTHER DEVELOPMENT BEGINS Get in touch with us. Get our literature telling what we have accomplished and what we could do with more capital. This is the biggest oil opportunity for those who can only afford to get in a company already established and making money from production now. Send your name and address to: Belding Oil Corporation Inc. 617 Edwards Street, Shreveport, La.