Cajun hospitality, plenty of good eating and lots of colorful confusion give Breaux Bridge, Louisiana the undisputed title of "Crawfish Capital of the World" . . .

CRAWFISH

In the spirit of Mardi Gras, the Crawfish Festival attracts much spontaneous enthusiasm such as a traditional Cajun dance known as the fais-do-do.

HISTORIC BAYOU TECHE, where Union gunboats plied during the Civil War, winds its way through the heart of Southwest Louisiana's Cajun country centered around Lafayette. About six miles northeast of Lafayette it skirts the town of Breaux Bridge, a community of some 3,500 people, some of whom are Pan American employees.

On the first weekend in May, this normally quiet town casts off its cloak of anonymity to become "Breaux Bridge — Crawfish Capital of the World." Before a throng estimated at nearly 30 times its own population, Breaux Bridge unleashes a potpourri of colorful events designed to make the lobsterlike crawfish one of Louisiana's great tourist, as well as epicurean, attractions.

Many of the visitors are Pan Am employees who work in office areas in Lafayette, in the nearby Anse La Butte and Charenton fields and in the South Thornwell and South Jennings natural gasoline plants.

While crawfish are no rival for petroleum in the state's economy, the popular "mudbugs" have nonetheless become an important local product. Ideal rainfall and waterways have prompted some Louisianians to start crawfish "farms" or "ranches." This year's crop will probably net the state somewhere between $4 and $5 million. Hopes are high among South Louisianians that future sales will reach $20 to $25 million.

No one knows for sure just how many of the tasty crustaceans reach out-of-state markets. But one thing is certain: a good many of them go into broiling pots at the annual Breaux Bridge Crawfish Festival. Gourmards and newcomers alike purchase thousands of steaming bags of the creatures and eat them on the spot, often washing them down with plenty of cold beer.

When shelled, the crawfish tail closely . . . continued on page 19
IN SOUTHERN WYOMING'S vast Wind River Indian Reservation is quiet but historic Fort Washakie, once a frontier army post located about 35 miles west of our area office at Riverton.

The town and its colorful history are not unfamiliar to Pan Am employees, who almost daily drive by en route to operations at places like Lander, Winkelman Dome and Beaver Creek.

Today little remains but memories of the once imposing fort built to protect white settlers passing through the Wind River Valley, as well as those who stopped to make their homes there. The fort also served as the Indian Agency, and even today the Shoshone Indian Agency has its headquarters in the town.

Many a Pan American lease involves the Shoshone and neighboring Arapaho Indians, and the names of many wells in the area reflect tribal ownership.

The original fort was made up of crude, temporary buildings surrounded by a stockade fence with blockhouses at the angles. It was garrisoned by two troops (66 enlisted men constituted a troop) of the Tenth Cavalry, in addition to several commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

The fort came into being when the Federal government negotiated a treaty with Chief Washakie, the wise and respected leader of the Shoshones. Signed at Fort Bridger 100 years ago, the treaty established the Shoshones on the Wind River Reservation.

The fort was originally built at the present site of Lander, Wyoming, 15 miles southeast, in June, 1869. It was called Camp Auger.

Shortly thereafter, the site was changed to its present location. The name became Fort Washakie, in honor of the Shoshone chief who had become known as both a friend of the white man and an outspoken leader among Indians of many tribes in the quest for peace in the late 1800s.

It was the persuasive Washakie who "buried the tomahawk" with the Northern Arapahoe, hereditary enemies of the Shoshones. For the past 90 years, the two tribes have lived in peace, side by side, on the same reservation.

With the welfare of the American Indian as his cause, Washakie also played a part in negotiating peaceful settlements between the government and other Indian tribes. His tactics varied according to the situation at hand. Historians say that when he was in his seventies, he took seven Sioux scalps in combat.

Washakie died in 1900. At his funeral, his body was placed upon an artillery caisson and carried to the fort's cemetery. He was buried with military honors.

No other chief was ever appointed by the tribe after Washakie's death. The Shoshones believe that he is with them to this day "because his spirit lives on."

Not far from where Washakie is buried is the grave of Sacajawea, another Shoshone who can be found in history books. As a young Indian girl, Sacajawea was a guide and interpreter for the Lewis and Clark expedition—the first United States expedition overland to the Pacific early in the nineteenth century. She died more than three-quarters of a century later and is buried in a cemetery high on a hilltop in the shadows of the Wind River range of the Wyoming Rockies.

Today the serenity of the little valley town of Fort Washakie reflects the memory of the great Shoshone Indian chief for whom the fort and the town were named.

END
A “thoroughbred” racing champion from one of South Louisiana's crawfish farms plods along as Dick Lang, Lafayette area administrative supervisor, his wife, Beverly, and daughter, Linda, shout encouragement. A capacity crowd jammed the bullpen area (below) to see the unusual races.
CRAWFISH FESTIVAL

...continued

resembles a small cocktail shrimp. In taste, it combines the texture of shrimp with the richness of lobster and crabmeat, and it can be prepared in a variety of ways. Visitors who tire of eating crawfish in the shell can sample crawfish salads, pies, turnovers, gumbo, omelets and jambalaya. Two local favorites are bisque, a soup dish featuring whole, stuffed crawfish; and étouffé, a preparation of crawfish tails, together with tomato sauce and rice.

Crawfish eaters provide one of the festival's most exciting experiences. A dozen or more contestants stage a two-hour contest to determine the "Crawfish Eating Champion of the World." In an atmosphere of tension that Breaux Bridgers say is rivaled only by the start of the Indianapolis "500" auto race and the Kentucky Derby, each contestant is spurred to the limit of his capacity by cheering supporters. This year's winner shelled and devoured 22 pounds of crawfish... yet he fell short of the record 33 pounds established a year earlier.

An unbelievable array of parades, crawfish cooking bees, peeling contests and other events keep the hardy going far into the night and early morning. In the background, keeping things moving, is the ever-present, syncopated cadence of countless Cajun bands. Presiding over it all is the queen, Miss Crawfish, and her court. Festivities usually conclude just in time for local street cleaners to tidy things up for the next day.

One mudbug who ends up mounted rather than eaten is the Grand Champion, selected in the finals of the crawfish races. Here the "thoroughbreds" are released from a starting gate in the center of a ringed circle. The first crawfish to reach the outer ring in each heat is the winner. A number of heats are run before the champion is hoisted into the winner's circle, amid cries of joy from some spectators and charges from others that the winner "had been tampered with."

Few regional festivals in America equal the flavor and vitality of the Crawfish Festival. The solemn mass beneath moss-laden oaks along the banks of the Teche; the street dances, called Fais-do-do,* to the accompaniment of French accordions; and the ever-present, ingratiating friendliness of the Cajun hosts all linger in the minds of the visitors long after the festival is over.

Next year Breaux Bridge will again pay homage to its beloved mudbug. And once more the waters of Bayou Teche will echo the sounds of Cajun music and the laughter of happy people.

END

*Fais-do-do is Louisiana French for "go to sleep." The term is used to describe dancing parties in southern Louisiana (usually held on Saturday night), probably because small children who attend the dances are expected to "go to sleep" during the festivities.
Part of the charm and the lure of the Crawfish Festival is the town of Breaux Bridge itself. One of its most interesting landmarks is this elegant home, near the festival area.
STANDARD OIL (INDIANA) Foundation recently awarded four-year National Merit College Scholarships to seven sons and daughters of Pan Am employees.

Four Tulsa winners, shown here with John W. Phenice, Pan Am's vice president, production, are, from left: Eric Nelson, son of Robert L. Nelson, exploration systems manager; Pamela Nation, daughter of William R. Nation, petroleum engineer; Frances Jenneman, daughter of Vincent F. Jennemann, computer analyst; and David Lafferty, son of John V. Lafferty, general accountant.

The other winners were John Arnold, LaPlace, Louisiana, son of John B. Arnold, geophysical observer; Edward Hillsman, Columbus, Ohio, son of John M. Hillsman, chemical engineer; and Timothy McKeever, Anchorage, Alaska, son of John H. McKeever, sr. geologist.

The scholarships are awarded yearly to sons and daughters of employees of Indiana Standard and its subsidiaries on the basis of competitive examination. Over the last 15 years, the Foundation has given over $12 million in aid to education.

ROBERT C. GUNNESS, president of Indiana Standard, was the featured speaker recently at Junior Achievement of Tulsa's second annual "Futures Unlimited" banquet.

Right, Gunness congratulates Mike Clauch, president of a Pan Am-counseled company, who was selected President of the Year, and Cathie McElvon, president of a company counseled by our affiliate Service Pipe Line, who was awarded Speaker of the Year. Both will take part in national competition during the National Junior Achievement Conference at Indiana University in August.

In his speech to the over 1,000 teenagers and business leaders, Gunness said, "The real challenge is not to sit in, but to build up." He said youth should study and have a decent regard for the nation's institutions before they attempt to reshape them.

"None of man's institutions is by any means perfect," he said, "and one of your jobs will be to improve those you inherit; but I would hope that you will go about the job in responsible fashion."

Gunness told the youngsters that their generation is where the action is going to be, and challenged them to assume the role of leadership in solving the problems man creates along with his progress.