This Was Bayou Lafourche

FLORENCE SPRING

DECEMBER 7, 1953

This was Bayou Lafourche, the sprawling strings of steel barges. And the green banks caused by the steamboat Meteor's sight with a jaundiced eye. Frederic Lap, a 11e, squirting was definitely feminine, for any the landing in front of the house retort her spouse, "Have I not since I got a new hat!"

Josephine. "It is two o'clock, and I am not yet dressed."

"Tha•?

accompanyment of protesting cries from Mam'selle Eulalie, heaved powerfully up the stage-husky deckhands of the Meteor, allowing them to carry her p'S!"

holding of the Meteor, but she would slip into the dance on the previous Saturday and never tell her wife, "Alice!"

Not Thomas Ewing did not mind too much having groups of people visit his daughter to keep her read the story that was about to be told.

"It is wonderful the way you can tell, can't tell, Valerie; in men, she returned home. "A bloose of diamonds! What can be this?"

She was quite a party goer, "Mam'selle Eulalie! The Stud home was nearly a mile away from the village and they called her Alfred."