



Extending thru the city is Canal Street, long and wide;  
On its upper stretch sky scrapers line each side.  
On St. Charles and Prytania are beautiful gardens and homes,  
The fragrance of sweet olive and magnolia in the air roams.  
In the old French Quarter of the city, the Hispano-Moresque style  
Shows traces of Spanish conquerors, who held it for awhile.  
On Esplanade Avenue, with its tropical plants and flowers,  
Is the Arch-Episcopal Palace, Creole homes and garden bowers.

Among stately plantations and mansions, westward the Trail winds,  
Here the two largest game preserves in the world one finds.  
Thru an ancient civilization, with agricultural industry around,  
Into Lake Charles, where the charm of the Old South is found.  
Orange, on the Sabine River, a shipbuilding center grows;  
This turbulent thread of water, as in centuries past, still flows  
Between Louisiana and Texas, marking the boundary of Spanish  
claims.  
Over the Sabine in Louisiana, is the beginning of French names.

To Beaumont, an oil port, Houston's rival below;  
Houston, commercial metropolis, guarding the Gulf of Mexico.  
Across Texas—an empire—in dreams from Spanish times,  
To San Antonio, the opening to Mexico and southern climes.  
The greatest military center in the United States today;  
Central to Pacific and Gulf movements, or a Mexican gateway.  
Historic and romantic, commercially great.  
A side trip to Galveston; its harbor to New York a mate.