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ne conservative Democrat named Victor Hugo-whom Johnson referred to as "Little Mayor"—the decided to tour the flooded areas. His motorcade is a bridge spursing the Industrial Canal, in the cast-Sabborbo f about what had happened and how he was getting box inside, and they ain't gonna take it from mr. Nebos the conversation ended, Marshall said, "God bless gonna lock me out of my home." ry School, on St. Claude Avenue, which was being shelter. "Most of the people inside and outside of the section, should not people reside and install on ment Negro," the diary reads. "At first, they did not set it was actually the President," Johnson entered the shelter in man-total dark-southern were one of considerable to load the way is your President?" Johnson an amount of. "I have to fury describes the shelt-rith people calling out for es vosces of all ages. nd material devinaction rian Edward F. Ham, publi Count Waterfood Beesked Joh le Maye revival of New Orleans. "Please know," Johnson hat my thoughts and prayers are with you and the s of Louisiana citizens who have suffered to bravily." In suce to be many times as high and the physical he said. "Everything else we tood failed." Five hundred of lar some extensive and enduring. And yet to see the different mughly thirty generat—did not initially report

with no savings, with no resources, meant to leave forever, to a desolate corner in the Ninth Ward, I sat on a carb with old woman who had been refusing rescue for more than work. She wore a soilof bounderss. She was very old a

bers by--and this is a random sampling--the New Orlea Police, New Orleans SWAT trans, the New York City Poli Department, the Socramento Fire Department, the Greenbe le and Fisheries, the 82 llow Tohirts, Scientolo tologists pitched a to

was holding court in front of Harrah's Marki G like so many consultants before him, could do linle about to poverty and corruption in New Orleans. He died a couple

iew Orksans a work after the fixed, to see the rain, the crims. "Either they went home to take care of their fan shocked much as Johnson was forty years ago. New lies, went missing, or, God forbid, worse," Compass hims WRITINGS FROM THE REW YORKER pi River or Luke Pornchartrain, you saw a painted the flooding. The join, like everything else, women't function a door reading. "Still here. Cooking a pot of dog and he was keeping nearly two hundred prisoners—loose mainly--in a makeshift lockup in the local Annuk statis at. "I am steeping unade with a big dog, an ugly two shengam and a claw hammer." By the time that the city resembled a war note with to enemy, it Rits had reflooded parts of the city, there was "Right nam," be said. "New Orleans may be the sing

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Another, test to a branch of the Whitney Nation

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