

3027 Magazine Street a brief history



interest to hear the new "jazz" music.

During the first decade in which New Orleans style jazz rose to national prominence, Brown seemed content to remain in the background. For much of the 1920s, he operated a music and novelty shop on Magazine Street while living in the quarters above the business. By the late 1930s, however, he re-entered the jazz world, taking regular gigs with the increasingly popular jazz bands in the French Quarter. As he aged, Brown even began hosting regular reunions of old-time jazz greats every year at Mardi Gras, garnering national press.

3027 Magazine Street was home to jazz trombonist Tom Brown during the 1920s. Brown played an important, albeit unheralded, role in spreading New Orleans style jazz to a national audience. The March 20, 1938 *Times-Picayune* featured a significant article the subject. Brown related the story of how the band he led in Chicago in 1915 became the first music to have the label "jazz" applied to it. The Chicago musicians' union tried to force the New Orleans band to leave the Windy City. When Brown and his bandmates refused, the union sent picketers to the club. The picketers carried signs that read something to the effect of "Don't Listen to Jazz Music," in an attempt to associate the out-of-town music with Chicago's slum areas and drive customers away. The word "jazz" has a number of accepted origins, one being short for "jism" or "jasm." The sexual connotations were supposed to drive Chicagoans away from the club but had the opposite effect - crowds showed up out of sheer



The Building

According to the records of building permits recorded by the City Surveyor, Otto F. Theisman took out a permit on June 20, 1884. The record shows that Theisman paid general contractor Henry Beusel \$3600 to build a "Double 2 sto[r]y Frame House" in the square bounded by Magazine, Camp, Seventh, and Eighth. Otto F. Theisman's building remains standing today at **3027 MAGAZINE STREET**.

Theisman purchased four adjoining lots and buildings on Magazine Street in 1874. In those days, New Orleanians still thought of this part of town as "the suburbs," a place where rural ways of life sat comfortably next to city conveniences. Municipal tax assessments show the varied activity along Magazine Street during Theisman's proprietorship. In 1884-85, for example, William G. Smith operated a bakery in old No. 835 (new 3029) Magazine. The assessment shows Smith paid tax on \$200 worth of "Horses, Mares, Geldings, Mules, Jacks, Jennies, all Neat Cattle, all Sheep, Hogs, and Goats." At the same time, Alex Mackay paid tax on a quantity of bank shares he held in his variety store at old No. 833 (new 3027) Magazine Street.

Research in local newspapers settled a lively neighborhood debate as to the past uses of the building. Stories circulated for years about chickens hanging in the window at some point in the past. R.V. Glas, a poultry service dealer, placed the "You'll Crow Too" and "More Eggs" advertisements, below right, to drum up business for his Magazine Street location [*Times-Picayune*, July 4 and May 9, 1920, respectively]. What would a poultry service store be without chickens hanging in the windows?

Since the 1940s, 3027 Magazine Street has been home to H. Rault Locksmiths.

MORE EGGS
That's what you want and what you get
If You Use
Vitality
FEEDS and METHODS
Milk Mashs, Chick and Scratch Feeds
Complete Stocks
R. V. GLAS
3027 Magazine St. Phone Uptown 2564

New L. & B. Delicatessen on Magazine Street Opens With Big Community Trade

It is not often that a new business, particularly a restaurant, a grocery or a delicatessen, starts right off with a good trade and is so busy during its first few days that the people running it hardly have time to even answer the telephone. But that is what has just happened up on Magazine street. The L. and B. Delicatessen, 3027 Magazine street, established last week by Mrs. E. N. Litloff and her daughter, Mrs. Henry C. Barrios, is such a place of industry that when you walk in you wouldn't believe it had been open only five or six days.

The new delicatessen opened on Wednesday of last week, a rainy day that was wet from one end of it to the other. And yet, with such a discouraging kind of a day before them, Mrs. Litloff and Mrs. Barrios opened the doors that morning at 6 o'clock, half expecting that they would sit and look at each other that first day in the business.

But the door had hardly opened when customers walked in. They had breakfast. The little delicatessen serves breakfast as well as luncheon. Well, that breakfast business started things off. Pretty soon neighbors and friends and others went in. And lunch time came on, and a number of plate lunches were served—that first day of the business and the rain falling down on Magazine street. And so the business was on its way.

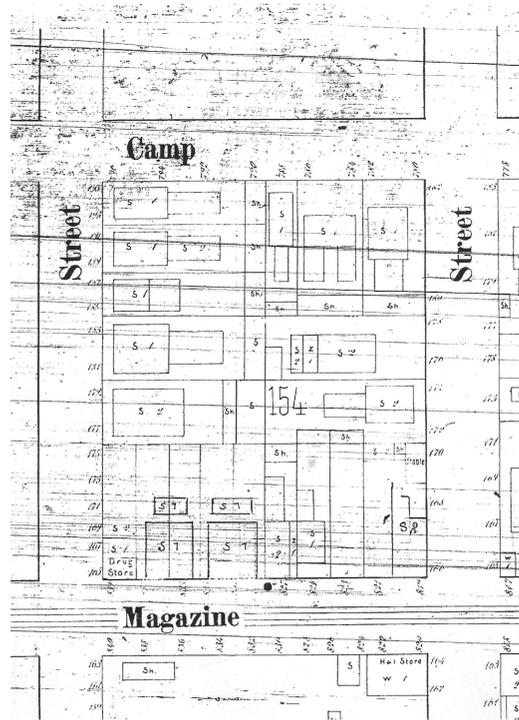
It was surprisingly good from the start. This week, if you go into the place, you will hardly recognize it for a new business. People coming and going. Some having breakfast there. Others buying salads or baked ham or pickles or olives for luncheon or dinner. Others eating luncheon there in the place. Or buying cigars and cigarettes, or ice cream and cold drinks.

And some people buy pastries at the new place and come back for more with the question: "Who made that cake you sold me this morning?" And the same question about the pies. And the same about the baked ham and the salads. And then the proverbial cat is let out of the bag, and Mrs. Litloff answers, "Why, we baked it. We make everything here. Why?"

And the pleased customer says, "Oh, I just wanted to know who it is who could make it that good." And Mrs. Barrios says with a little bow, "Thanks. We're glad we pleased you. Come again."

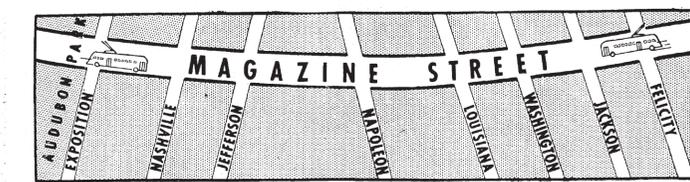
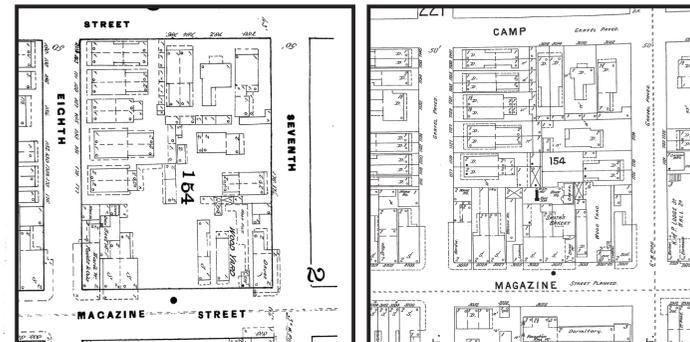
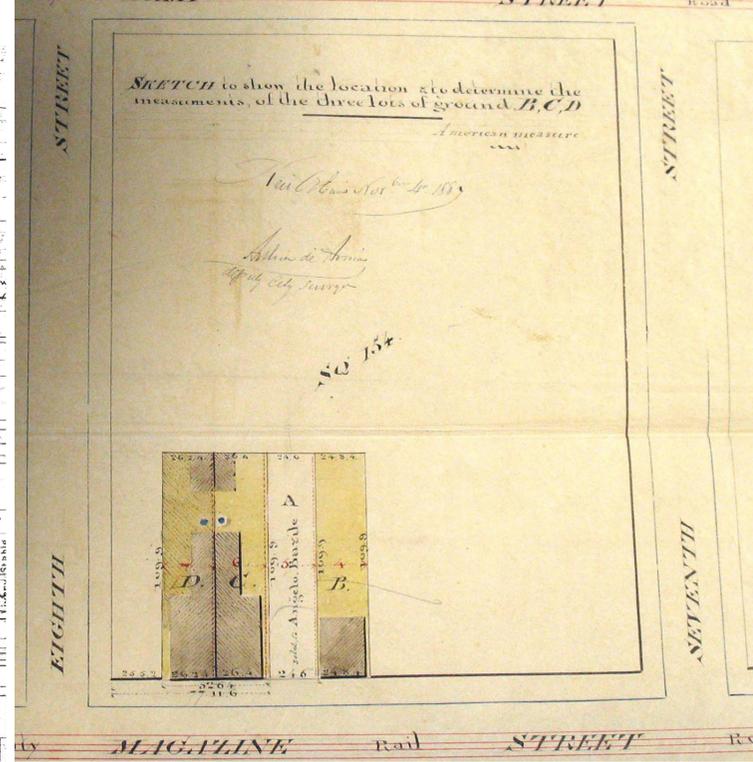
"I'll be here every day," says the pleased customer, leaving the place with another pie and a cake and a pound of salad for dinner.

So you see, that is the way one business started off on a rainy day. After this it won't be considered bad luck for anybody to start a business going and the rain pouring down.



Surveying Magazine Street

[Above] Survey by J.F. Braun, City Surveyor, 1874-1881. [Above right] Survey by Arthur de Armas, dated November 4, 1887 and attached to an act before Andrew Hero, Jr., Notary Public. Otto Theisman sold one of his four lots facing Magazine Street to Angelo Bazile. [Right] Sanborn Fire Insurance Company Map, 1885. [Far right] Sanborn Fire Insurance Company Map, 1896. By the late nineteenth century, much of the 3000 block of Magazine appeared as it does today. [Below right] A July 9, 1948 *Times-Picayune* advertisement publicizing the extent of Magazine Street's business offerings, among them H. Rault Locksmiths.



60 BLOCKS of FREE PARKING!

From Felicity to Audubon Park, you'll find there's always plenty of free parking space on Magazine and the side streets. You'll find Magazine street easy to reach by swift electric Trolley Coaches or in your own car. And you'll find a group of merchants who have the knowledge, the desire and the facilities to give you the courteous, dependable service you expect.

Timeline of Previous Owners	
DATES	OWNERS
1990-present	James Henry & Katherine Miller
1947-1990	Russell & Edna Lott Staub
1946-1947	Carl Elfenbaum & Russell Staub
1926-1946	Joseph Cannizzaro
1923-1926	Jacob Denny
1874-1923	Otto F. Theisman and Heirs
1853-1874	William Harrison Foster
-1853	Fayette Pierson

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CANNOT DIAGNOSE CASE

Physicians Puzzled by Malady That Kills Little Girl
Wilhelmina Evelyn Ortie is dead. Why? That is the question that is puzzling physicians. She was taken sick last December. Since then, her ailment has defied analysis at the hands of doctors and scientists. She faded like a delicate flower drooping on its stem. A little basket, covered with flowers, was borne down one of the aisles of Lafayette Cemetery No. 1 Thursday afternoon. It was an affecting funeral, and participated in by most of the pupils of McDonogh School No. 8, served as a fitting tribute to one of the brightest and most popular pupils of the school. Wilhelmina was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ortie, of 3027 Magazine street, and she had been but twelve years of life.

Wilhelmina was one of the most promising scholars in the school and before her illness had been advanced to the Eighth Grade. Handsome floral designs were sent by the Grand Fraternity, and Hickory Camp, Woodmen of the World, and wreaths and flowers were laid on the grave by friends. The pall-bearers were Wilhelmina's cousins, and schoolmates, Albert Ortie, Lucille Murtagh, Alton Ortie, Cecile Krumpleman, Charles Andre, Dorothy Anne Russell, Blakely, Alma Osborne, Mille Murtagh, Isabel Soliman, Stoneval Abrams and Leonie Ortie. Father Lambert, of the Church of Our Lady of Good Council, conducted the services at the church and the grave.

[Below] Lazar Schwartz operated a dry goods outlet from 3027 and 3029 Magazine in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century. The editors of the *New Orleans Mascot*, a popular and scathingly satirical weekly newspaper, singled out one of Schwartz's employees for ridicule. Unfortunately, other newspapers neither replicated nor acknowledged the *Mascot's* reports, leaving us with little clue as to the true nature of the scene [*The New Orleans Mascot*, April 25, 1891]. [Left] A mysterious malady struck young Wilhelmina Ortie in late 1914. By March 1915, the young girl was buried in Lafayette Cemetery No. 1 [*Times-Picayune*, March 15, 1921].

Ain't This Sheenie Party?
It is impossible to imagine the beauteous and classical features of the Sheenie who fills the role of foreman in Schwatz's Junk Store, on Magazine street. He must be seen to be properly appreciated, and—doubtless recognizing this fact—rings to the door of the Junk establishment whenever a girl passes down the street; if his bizarre appearance fails to attract their attention—by the way, it seldom fails, as it would stop a clock—he kindly blows the steam whistle in the shop, thus every girl has a chance to admire the hooknose, the greasy, black curly hair; the watermelon mouth and about half an acre of dirty shirt-front which combine to form this sweet scented specimen. Faugh! exclaimed a girl the other day when he had succeeded in drawing her notice, and we echo the exclamation of disgust.

One of the brightest little spots on Magazine street is the L. and B. Delicatessen at 3027 Magazine. The place was opened the week before Mardi Gras, and immediately jumped into popularity with people in that section of the city. As a matter of fact, people go farther than from the immediate vicinity of the L. and B. to buy at this little place that is growing so rapidly.

LEVY—On Friday, March 10, 1897, at 10:55 a. m., MORRIS LEVY, Sr., aged 89 years and 6 months, a native of Alsace, and a resident of this city for the past forty-four years. The friends and acquaintances of the family, and those of the L. Schwartz, Sam Levy, Mrs. S. Pickard families, and members of the Congregation Gates of Prayer, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place Monday, March 21, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m., from the residence of his son-in-law, L. Schwartz, No. 3027 Magazine street.