

TROLLS

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As Spring and Summer approach, more and more Sierrans will spend their weekends in canoes on the streams and bayous of Louisiana. As part of its policy of encouraging outdoor safety, the *Delta Sierran* urges all canoeists to be cautious in your dealings with a growing problem on Louisiana's waterways and bridges: trolls. Readers of children's stories are familiar with the rather crude troll who was hoodwinked by goats. Unfortunately, modern trolls are more sophisticated, devious, and slick. Canoeists should beware of a well dressed, French-speaking troll along Bayou Queue de Tortue in the vicinity of Crowley. This smooth-talking troll makes all sorts of promises, but generally rewards only his friends and business associates. He is occasionally accompanied by a mysterious Oriental troll from whom the Cajun troll obtains funds in exchange for promises of rice. Beware of this troll! He may challenge you to a game of Bourré, and, being a professional gambler, he may soon win the canoe, the paddles, and the cold beer from the gullible.

On the Tangipahoa River lives a particularly vile troll. Before coming to the area he worked for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers as a special economic advisor on the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway. He has served as Congressman John Breaux's environmental advisor, and he is also a manufacturer of Mirex, DDT, and draglines. His special accomplishments on the Tangipahoa include his advice to the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Department to issue a permit, against the weight of all the evidence, to build a private bridge, thereby making the strip-mining of gravel more efficient. If canoeists pass under any bridge controlled by this troll, he demands signatures on petitions to Congress asking for more stream channelization, permission to spray Mirex and DDT by airplane, and to open Jean Lafitte National Park to commercial and residential development.

Less political trolls are found on other streams and bridges. Some throw trash into the water and complain about all the hippies and weirdos from the cities destroying the pristine tranquillity of the countryside. Others, minds addled and tongues thick from booze, shoot at anything that moves while complaining about gun laws.

There is also the Super-Ecol troll. He can be found on various streams. He wears a bark loin cloth and eats only nuts and berries. Setting up barriers at access points to the wilderness, this troll gives a loud harangue to anyone trying to enter. He argues that the mere presence of human beings in any natural area pollutes it. He is against all forms of heat energy except solar. He passes out copies of his diatribe entitled "The Discovery of Fire: Man's First Mistake."

Watch out.

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