

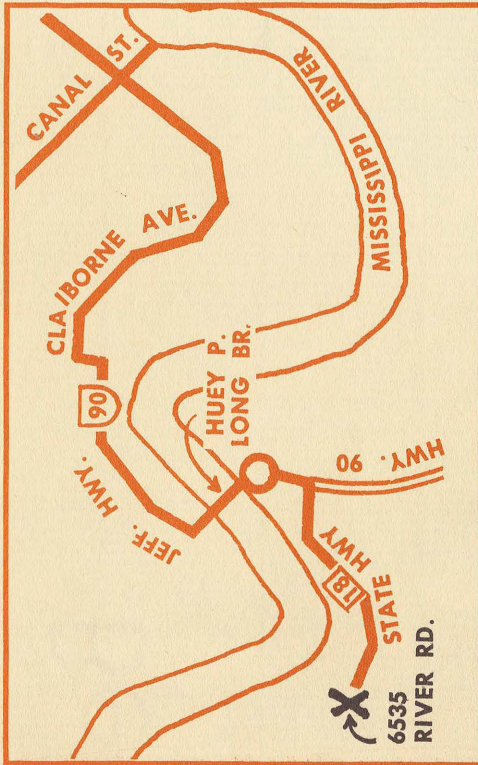
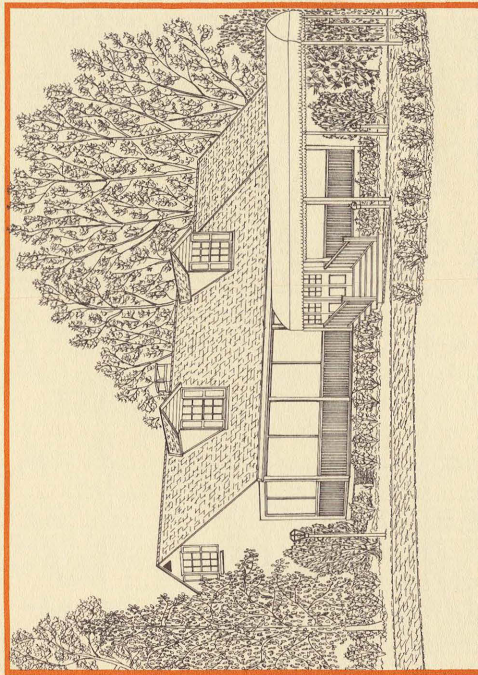
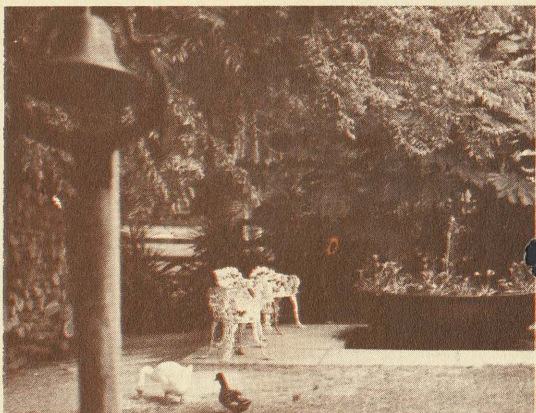
Welcome to Tchoupitoulas

... a fascinating mixture of creole New Orleans history, a colorful river setting, outstanding and distinctive cuisine with the gracious personal service of another era. Tchoupitoulas Plantation Restaurant is the picture of leisurely country dining ... only a few miles from the daily pace of the city ... where extraordinary food and drinks are a specialty, and real hospitality...a tradition.

Private Parties and Group Functions

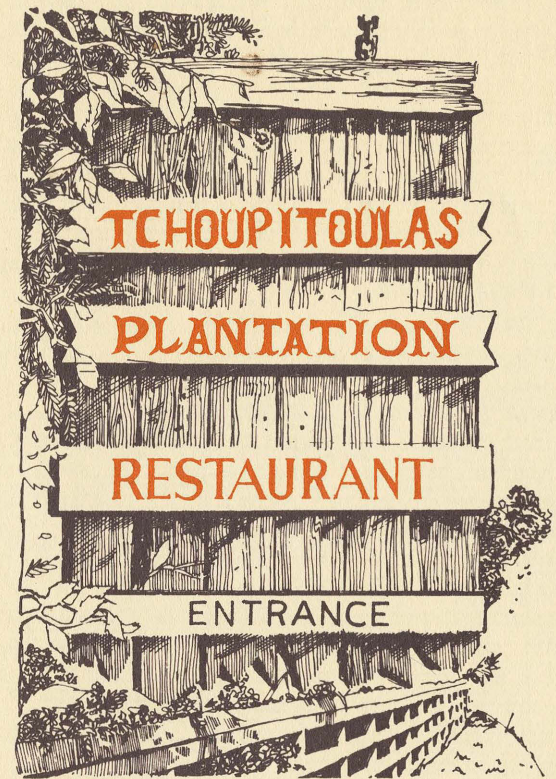
Tchoupitoulas offers a unique setting for private luncheons and dinners, affording a variety of picturesque rooms and a lovely covered patio — complemented by a menu to your personal specifications, with careful attention to every detail.

Special convention group luncheon or dinner arrangements are available, including transportation to and from the downtown hotels.



Tchoupitoulas Plantation Restaurant • Great dining in New Orleans

*Restaurants
Tchoupitoulas
Plantation*



*Sign of
Great Dining
in New Orleans*

6535 River Road — West Bank
Phone 776-1277 for Reservations

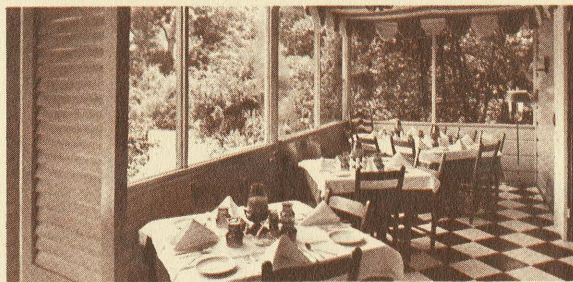
Open Daily — 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Saturdays from 5 p.m. Closed Mondays

A visit to Tchoupitoulas Plantation is more than an experience in fine dining, it is an excursion into the Louisiana past, with all the trimmings. A short drive from the city, over the Huey Long Bridge, only four miles upriver on the westbank River Road—a gravel drive past brakes of cane and moss-hung oaks invites you into a beautiful 12-acre slice of New Orleans history. The estate houses a restaurant now, but two hundred years ago, the land belonged to Sieur Delille Dupard, an eccentric Frenchman who used swamp voodoo and spectral night visitations to frighten money from his debtors.

The Dupard name gradually slipped away as the daughters married, and it was the marriage of granddaughter Marie Camille Arnaud that ushered in the most glamorous years of the plantation's history. In 1818 she married a young Virginian named George Augustus Waggaman who rose rapidly in the ranks of society and later served in the U. S. Senate. Avondale Plantation (as Tchoupitoulas was then called) became a social mecca for lovers of elegance, and the manor house, which Waggaman built in 1840, was a constant site of gracious entertaining. Unfortunately, Waggaman's skill with pistols was something less than his legislative ability, and the Avondale festivities were cut abruptly short when he died from a dueling wound. Under the widow Waggaman, however, the plantation remained prosperous and colorful.

The modern history is sketchy, but no less colorful, and the last tenant of the Tchoupitoulas Plantation was as astute a businesswoman as widow Waggaman, although her commerce was a bit more basic, replacing sugar with hospitable women.

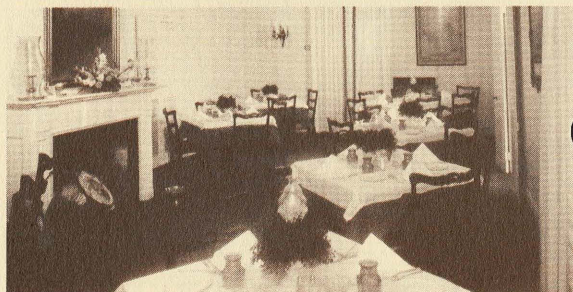
These winding shreds of the past are all here today, and you feel their influence as you wander around the grounds of Tchoupitoulas. Brilliant blue-green and snow-white peacocks roam under the bending branches of the gnarled live oaks, and you find yourself seeing it all—the madames in their clinging silks and old Dupard springing white-faced from the grey shroud of the Spanish moss, terrorizing his debtors in the dead of night. The breeze sweeps from the river over the levee and through the pines of the front lawn, fanning the flickering orange of the entrance-torch flames. And in the midst of all sits the manor house, the Tchoupitoulas Plantation, and you realize it must have looked something like this, in those days long ago, when George and Marie Waggaman laughed with their friends and dined on many-coursed meals, and argued the politics of the day.



It is good to think of these things as you sit on the glassed-in porch and slowly sip your Irish coffee. There have been changes since the days of Waggaman and Dupard and the others. The manor house became a restaurant in 1964, and the process of refurbishing produced a mixture of old and new, in which the house's legends still cling. An old iron bell rests on the post beside the back entrance, and picturesque antiques are scattered throughout the house itself. But the most colorful bastion of the Tchoupitoulas heritage is the collection of nude paintings that decorate one the dining areas. The paintings came with the house, and were said to be portraits of ladies formerly in residence.

The historical charm of the plantation has been preserved, but it is not the sole selling point. The focus of Tchoupitoulas is on the food, and it is superb. The dining emphasis is on the gracious rather than the formal, and the result is an air of relaxation and simplicity as the basis of elegant cuisine.

The menu reflects this philosophy. Rather than the elaborately catalogued fare offered by many restaurants, Tchoupitoulas features a simple, handwritten menu, with a dozen entrees and a few accompanying side dishes and choice of dessert. The entrees reflect the span of taste from beef to fowl to fish, and whether you're a gourmet, a gourmand, or simply a hungry man, you will find what you want—crabmeat a la plantation, glazed duck, roast pheasant or a thick rare filet.



The secret of the Tchoupitoulas success is that each item is considered a specialty. Every dish is a whole-hearted recommendation of the house, and for the customer this can only spell pleasure. A typical meal would begin with a cocktail or two (or one maybe if you order a mint julep, or a Southern Belle—a wild concoction of rum, gin, brandy and passion fruit), accompanied by complimentary hors d'oeuvres of meatballs in barbecue sauce and cheese squares spiced with jalapeno pepper. Next, a cup of gumbo or Oysters Tchoupitoulas—a most unusual dish thought by many to be the best specialty served. Then, a bottle of good wine, and an entree of perhaps Veal Cordon Bleu, with the side dishes of the house—including Bananas Tchoupitoulas, a unique creation of banana slices served in a hot golden sauce of spirits, spices, and other assorted ingredients. At this point you may opt for a cup of hot coffee and a loosening of the belt. But more likely you'll be tempted by a dessert, or their very special after-dinner drink, the Yellow Rolls Royce—or both.



The insistence on specialty carries through the fine dining and beyond. The service is excellent, and you'll appreciate touches like the coffee pot left on your table. The Irish coffee is prepared elaborately at tableside, with the waiter blazing the whiskey in the glass before he adds the steaming hot coffee and whipped cream. And perhaps the most gratifying feature of all to the customer, the waiters are always present but never hesitant, and the diner can relax, enjoy his food, and set his own pace. When you have all this, and snow white peacocks, and the ghost of Papa Dupard, it's hard to ask for anything more.