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VOLUME 40

FIRST QUARTER 2006

NUMBER 1

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**ARK-LA-TEX GENEALOGICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.**

P.O. BOX 4463  
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA 71134-0463

# THE GENIE

VOLUME 40

FIRST QUARTER 2006

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ARK-LA-TEX GENEALOGICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

Post Office Box 4463

Shreveport, Louisiana 71134-0463

The *Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association, Inc.* is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political, educational organization dedicated solely to the cause of genealogy. This organization is governed by these purposes:

To collect, preserve, and make available genealogical materials, documents, and records; to encourage an interest in genealogy and to sponsor educational programs for its development; to promote and publicize the City of Shreveport, Louisiana, as a major genealogical research center for genealogists and historians; to cooperate with and assist all other genealogical, historical, and patriotic societies in the furtherance of these purposes; to compile and publish a quarterly composed of records and data related to the science of genealogy.

The *Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association, Inc.* meets on the second Saturday of each month from 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. at the Randle T. Moore Senior Citizen Center, 3101 Fairfield Avenue, Shreveport, LA.

Dues for membership from January 1 through December 31 of each year in the *Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association, Inc.* are \$20.00 for an Individual Membership and \$25.00 for an additional family member, same household, and one quarterly per household.

All members receive four issues of The GENIE, which is published quarterly.

The *Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association, Inc.* will publicize a book of genealogical interest in The GENIE when submitted by the publisher or an author. These books are then donated to the Shreve Memorial Library, Broadmoor Branch Genealogy Department, 1212 Captain Shreve Drive, Shreveport, Louisiana 71105, where they are made available to the public. The Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association, Inc. periodically donates other genealogical material to this library.

The *Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association, Inc.* welcomes queries, which are published free in The GENIE. A query must be no more than seventy (70) words, either typewritten or legibly handwritten.

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**Visit our website :** <http://www.rootsweb.com/~laaltga/>

# Statement of Publication

*The Genie* is published quarterly with issues in March, June, September and December. Each member receives four issues for each year of membership. All material published in *The Genie* is compiled and contributed by the members. Members and nonmembers of the Ark-La-Tex Genealogy Association may contribute material for publication in *The Genie* (bible records, cemetery listings, diaries, wills, etc.). Such contributions are appreciated and encouraged. Send material for publication to *The Genie* at the Association's mailing address. Material will be used at the discretion of the Editorial Review Board as space permits. We reserve the right to edit and/or condense material as needed. Submission deadlines are the last week before the first day of the month of quarterly publication.

The Association exchanges periodicals with other genealogical and historical organizations publishing data of general interest. These periodicals are then donated to the Broadmoor Branch Genealogy Section of the Shreve Memorial Library. We regret that we cannot exchange with limited family organizations. However, send samples of your publications for review. Since many publications possess information of value concerning families contain therein.

When Cemetery Records are submitted, include the name of the contributor, the copier, date copied and cemetery locations (such as road name or number, community, etc.) and also the Section, Township, and Range, if known. When Bible Records are submitted, give date and publisher of the Bible (if known), date copied, name of the contributor, name of present owner and the original owner.

Queries are free and encouraged. Please submit them typed or very plainly written. Space is limited. Please be brief and concise, using no more than 70 words per query. The editor reserves the right to edit or reject queries not suitable for publication.

*The Genie* cannot be responsible for errors or inaccuracies, but will hasten to publish corrections. Please read the material carefully and advise the Association in writing of corrections.

This publication is indexed in the Periodical Source Index published by the Allen County Public Library Foundation, Ft. Wayne, IN.

## Copyright Laws

All who submit material from any source should be aware of copyright restrictions. When applicable, permission to use published material must be in writing and should be included when manuscript is submitted. Source and date of information used should be indicated.

# The President's Message

What a beautiful sight it is this morning as I try to finish this new message to you. I know, it's been some cold and stormy times lately but still the brilliant white dogwood and full blooms of the three mayhaw trees in my backyard are ablaze. So it is springtime and that's what it's all about.

Next month, just a few days more, and we will be conducting the *TOTAL IMMERSION GENEALOGY* course at the Broadmoor Branch Library. Some of you received the folder at the last meeting and noted that 9:30 AM till 5:00 PM on **April 29th** is the time and place.

I really want to encourage everyone that reads this to make plans and TELL us that you will attend. This is a "hands on" experience. I remember someone once said something like this.

*Tell me and I'll hear you  
Show me and I'll understand  
Walk with me and I'll learn how*

This is the philosophy behind all the work and planning for this event. The staff at the library has enthusiastically joined in. Even real experts can learn new things. Old folks, new folks, everybody come and we'll learn how to and have a lot of fun.

P.S. Remember also that our very able Editor is preparing an index copy of all the Genies to help in your research.

Sincerely,

Ray Owens

# Once Upon A Time

By Michael Leonard; 14 years old

December 29, 2004

*Note: This is about the life and story of a boy who has truly been blessed. A story that will teach and share the history of the Leonard family.*

You know when I first was told that I had to write an Autobiography and then learn about my family history, I really did not look forward to it. I went to visit my Grandma on one of my Christmas breaks and started talking to her about our family and the history behind it and suddenly I found myself becoming interested. I had no idea of the traditions and the family values that much have past my Mom and Dad. It was really something I had not spent much time thinking about. Like most situations in life once you get started and focused on the task they become fun and interesting.

In 1868, Albert Pike Stuart married Johana Cottingham, daughter of Ecal Cottingham. They were married in Columbia, Louisiana. They had 12 children. Albert and Johana were my Great-Great-Grandparents. Albert was born in 1844 and Johana was born in 1850.

My Great-Great-Grandpa Albert had a wholesale feed and produce business that supported his family. At that time his store also included the town Post office. The Post office was put in his store to help enhance the sale of his feed and produce. He also owned the entire block of property in which his store was located and rented out the other buildings to other merchants. In 1860 at the age of 16 my Great-Great-Grandfather joined the Confederate Army in which he fought for the South through the entire Civil war. Once the war was over he helped put together a group of citizens named the "Knights of the White Camelia". This group helped to defend against the outlaw uprisings that were now being seen in this territory. This man was known for his ability to lead people and was seen to be a great father and role model. His Uncle was Jim Bowie who met his fate at the Alamo was known to be a great soldier himself. Jim Bowie is the person who designed and made a knife that was used throughout the Civil War called the Bowie Knife. It was the first of its kind and was known for its durability. The knife handle was made out of deer antlers.

*[The "bowie knife" differed from other knives by having a heavier handle usually made of horn, more curve on the blade, and a balance so fine that it could be thrown the greatest distance with deadly accuracy. It was prized as an "all-around" knife; good for skinning, eating, hammering, and other purposes necessary to survival on the frontier.]*

My Great Grandparents Henry Alien Valentine and Mary Nila Stuart were married in 1895. They had 5 children 2 boys and 3 girls. Luther one of the boys fought in WW I. It seems like a lot of my ancestors fought in many different wars. Luther so I am told was a man of great integrity. He taught school and later became a Principal. He was killed a train/car collision. His wife Mattie Eola Valentine was left to raise 7 children on her own. My Grandmother tells me stories of how tough times were for their family after his death. The 2 oldest sons had to quit school and start working to help support the family. The oldest son soon joined the Army where he was a pilot and served in WWII. The youngest

son, Stuart stayed around the house and helped out on the farm. Grandma tells me about times when he would go out to the hen house to gather eggs and because he was so short he could not see into the nests on the top ledge. Once he put his hand up to gather the eggs and was bitten by a chicken snake.

My Grandma was raised in Natchitoches, Louisiana. She was the youngest of the 7 children. I love to hear her stories about when they were growing up. She tells me about how much fun they had. They would go out and cut down their own Christmas trees. They were so poor that could not afford lights or any ornaments to put on it. They would only get 1 present each for Christmas. I remember her telling me about this doll she got one year that had different sets of clothes to dress her up. That was her favorite Christmas. She left home at the age of 18 and married a man by the name of Frank William Leonard Jr.

I never had a chance to know my Grandfather for he passed away at the age of 42. He also served our country in the Navy. He played football at Louisiana Tech and graduated with an Engineering degree. I still hear stories about how funny he was and how he loved to play jokes. Once he called his friend who lived across the street and asked him to come over to help him with something. Before his friend had gotten there my Grandpa had climbed the fence in the front yard and was waiting for him. When his friend got under the fence walking towards their house he jumped out of the fence landing right on him and scared him to death.

My Grandparents had 3 children. Mike, Mary, and Mark. I was named after my Uncle Mike. He lives in Shreveport, Louisiana where he is a dentist. He played football at LSU and played for 3 years. He comes to visit me in Idaho. He is really cool. He takes me snowboarding, to the water park in Boise, and watches me race my motorcycle. He just remarried not long ago and asked me to be his best man. I took that as a real honor. My Aunt Mary lives in Dallas Texas. She has 2 children that are both still in High School. Morgan, her daughter will be leaving for college next year and she will be attending the University of Oklahoma. Matthew, her son is a junior in High School. He is on their baseball team and wants to go to college on a baseball scholarship. I love hearing my Aunt tell Matthew stories but most of them are not appropriate to write down in my book. He would kill me.

My Dad lives here in Idaho with me. We both moved here from Shreveport about 6 years ago. He works at the Solo Cup Company here in Twin Falls. He played football in college at Northwestern State. He likes to do fun things with me also. He is my mechanic when I race. He likes to go skiing and snowboarding with me. Both of us like to go out to Dierkes Lake and swim and jump off the cliffs. My Dad met my mother in Shreveport. A mutual friend introduced them to each other. My mother is really cool also. I love to eat her cooking. She is a great cook. She likes to take me shopping and go to the movies. My mother currently lives in Miami, Florida, but has recently bought some property here in the Twin Falls area so we can spend more time together. My mother takes me to the skate park in Florida when I visit. Here home there has a swimming pool.

*I Make My Entrance*

I have this saying I use and it goes like "You only get 1 time to make a first impression". Here I am in Shreveport, Louisiana watching a room full of people in these funny little outfits running around and making strange noises. There is a man standing right next to my bed who has this look on his face like he has just seen a monster or something who is crying and smiling at the same time. I later found out that he was my Dad. Here is this lady that is holding me who looks like a tornado has just hit her. She is crying also and I later found out that this was my Mother. There is another man in there with these tools and had this serious look on his face which later turned out to be my Doctor. Other ladies are running around in these funny little outfits. Think about it, this is the first thing that most kids see when they are born. What a nightmare! Here I have been all nice and warm for the last 9 months inside this small apartment and all of a sudden, Bam, out I come and these are the first things I am introduced to. Give me a break. It makes you want to go back to that little apartment again and try to figure out and interpret what just happened.



On November 5th of 1991, at 2 in the afternoon I was given the name of Michael William Leonard. I was born in Shreveport, Louisiana at Willis Knighton Hospital. My mother is the one responsible for this name. The Michael comes from my Uncle and the William was after my Grandpa, who I did not have the pleasure of knowing. My mother had found out that my Uncle Mike and his wife could not have children and she thought that naming me after him would be an honor and privilege to them. That's the kind of person my Mom is. She is always trying to make people happy. She also knew my Dad pretty well and thought that one Mark Leonard in this world was enough. We did not need to create another one. I am the third child from my Mother and the first for my Dad. My brother who is the oldest is named Jonathan and

my sister's name is Leslie. I like the name given to me because my Uncle is pretty cool. A nickname that I had growing up was Michael "Mess" Leonard. I think my parents thought that I was a mess in the terms of what I could get into and situations I would get myself involved in. I did not like to take naps or do anything where I had to sit still for a long period of time. I was on the move all the time. The only thing that kept me still when I was little was a Sesame Street Movie that my parents would put in the VCR and play for me.

At the age of 9 months I took my first step. After that it was all over. I was into everything. My Mom tells me that I am fast because of all the chasing she had to do to run me down. The first words that I spoke were Dada. My Mother tells me that she use to get mad at me when I would say Dada. She felt like she had the tough part of the job with carrying and delivering me and the first words I should have said were Mama. We still laugh at that

one. Somewhere between the ages of 2-3 my parents bought me a big wheel monster truck that ran on batteries. That was my favorite toy ever. My Dad found a way to wire in 2 batteries that made my truck go twice as fast. I drove the tires off of it. Trucks, cars, and balls were also some other types of toys I played with. Anything that had wheels or motors was attractive to me. I was not a kid who liked to be inside or sit still.

### Chapter 3

#### *The Early Years*

In the early years of my life up to the age of 5 I lived in Shreveport, Louisiana. The first school that I attended was named Shreve Island Elementary. It was a year round school. This was the only school in Shreveport that had a year round program. That kind of school was ok but you did not get much of a summer break. It was hard for me because my Mom and Dad divorced when I was 4 and I also had a condition known as ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder). I still see spend time with both of them. They are really good friends. My favorite sport was Soccer. I am still playing it now. My Dad has coached several of the teams I have played on. I also like Basketball. When I was 4 years old my Mom and Dad bought a Honda 50 three wheeler. I had so much fun on it. My Dad used to cut trails with the lawn mower and make a track for me to ride on when he mowed the yard. I would ride for hours and never get tired. I think this is where I first got the motivation to start racing. I can remember doing donuts and going mud riding on it. My Dad would have to use the car wash to clean the three-wheeler and me after mud riding. One time after I had been mud riding the mud dried on me and I could not walk. I felt like I had a full body cast on.

When I was 6 my Dad and I moved to Idaho. It was during the middle of Second grade. I first attended Sawtooth Elementary. I will never forget the moment when I walked into my new class. It was scary. My first teacher there was Mrs. Graham. She was so nice. You know being the new kid sometimes is a little frightening, but it did not take long for me to make new friends. At the beginning of 3rd grade I was told that I had to change schools and attend Morningside due to over crowding and at the time we were not living in the Sawtooth School District. This was like starting all over again. I had to make new friends and start all over. My teachers name was Mrs. Barren. She was my favorite teacher at Morningside. She really reached out and helped me to understand my schoolwork. I would go to school early and help her get ready for class. She was also very willing to stay after school with me to help me with any extra work that I had. My Dad signed me up for swimming lessons in the Spring of 3rd grade. He thought I needed them even though I already knew how to swim. In Louisiana I grew up on a lake and swimming came natural for me.

In the 4th grade my teachers name was Mrs. Boyd. By the 4th grade I was starting to get adjusted to Morningside. My grades were good and I was starting to feel like I fit in. I had made some friends and feeling pretty good about things. I started skate boarding in the 4th grade. The skate park was fairly new and it was fun to go up there and skate. I got my first motorcycle in 4th grade. It was a Honda XR 70. My Dad would take me across the canyon and ride just about every weekend. We would spend the whole day over there riding.

In 5th grade my teachers name was Mrs. Bulcher. One nice thing I remember about her is that she took her entire class out to her Dad's farm at the end of year and had a party. Her Dad had all this farm equipment and irrigation pumps that were used back in the old days. He showed us how they worked and operated. Christmas of my 5th grade year is when I got my first racing motorcycle. I was coming home from school one day and when my Dad opened up the garage there it was. I looked at it 3 times before I figured out what was going on. It was a Kawasaki 85. Man, was that thing fast. I started going out to a racetrack in Kimberly and learning how to ride motocross.

The 6th grade was not a fun year for me. I had multiple teachers for the first part of the year and then the school decided to just have 1 teacher for each class. Nobody seemed to be happy about anything. My grades went down and I was working harder than I ever had. Out of all my elementary years 6th grade was my least favorite.

My favorite subjects in school were Science and recess. I have liked science because it allows me to do experiments and things with my hands. I like to build things and work with tools. I shouldn't have to tell you why I liked recess. That was my time to get out and play. We always had a game of something going on.

#### Chapter 4

#### *All About Me*

At the present time I am 5'4" with a husky muscular build, brown eyes, and brown hair that I sometimes highlight blond. I am the family clown; I joke, talk, and play tricks on my older brother and sister. Also, my mom and dad have, raised me to have manners by saying M'am and Sir to adults. Dad says "It will take you far in life." One day it really did because at Morningside Elementary I opened the door and helped a man carry into the office some boxes and he wrote a letter to my dad. It made me feel grown up.

At thirteen I have a lot of friends. Anthony Vest lives across the street from me so we hang out after school, shoot hoops, ride bikes, go bowling, and sleepover one another's home. His family is like my second home. Some other school friends are Nemanja Miljevic, Brian Sucher, Patrick Knerler, Louis Lopez, and Scott Parma. With these guys I skateboard, hang out at the mall and play soccer. Another kid from the neighborhood is Andrew. He is only ten. I am like a big brother to him. He can ride a skateboard real good.

Since I race motocross I have my racing buddies, Trace Tupper, Wyatt Anderson, Taylor, and Michael Mudd. We practice together a lot. My favorite times are when we go out of town for the races. We stay in campers for the whole weekend and ride our bikes all day long.

The main reasons all these guys are my friends are because we can all laugh together, talk, and do stuff for each other. I can depend on all of these guys if I ever needed anything. I listen to them and they know I would "watch their back." Dirt biking is the main thing in my life right now. I really hope to be professional one day. My favorite

professional racer is James Bubba Stewart #259. He lives in Florida. James Bubba is the fastest in the world in 125 and 250 F class. I really look up to him because he is good to his family and fans.

My Dad is also one of my best friends. I really look up to him. He is awesome. My Dad is funny, strong, kind, and smart. He is always there for me. His best advice is God first, family second, and works third. I hope to one day be a man like him.

I am happiest when my family is together. My Dad and I live in Idaho, my Mom Florida, my brother Louisiana, and my sister and niece Jade are in Colorado. With my family being in four different states it is very special when we are all together. Our best times are spent laughing, joking, and eating.

## Chapter 5

### *Special Times*

In the sixth grade my Dad picked me up from school one day and we went home as usual. When Dad opened the garage there it was a Kawasaki X85 dirt bike. I could not believe my eyes. I blinked several times to make sure I was not dreaming. My Dad said, "What's wrong boy, it's for you." I just stared at the Kawasaki green bike and thought about how it would feel going 60 mph around the track. My parents have always surprised me with four wheelers and other boy toys but this was truly the best surprise my Dad had ever given me.

The best gifts I have given have been to help families that are less fortunate than my family. Every year we get a family from our church and help make their Christmas. My parents always tell me that it's better to give than to receive. Giving to the needy really makes my heart happy.

Since my parents are divorced I alternate holidays between them. When I'm with my dad we go to Louisiana to see Granny G and Grandpa Bud. We eat ham, turkey, chicken potpie, potatoes, and homemade chocolate cake. After Christmas all the neighbors on the block shoot a lot of fireworks. On the holidays I'm with my mom we go see my brother Jonathan, and sister Leslie, and niece Jade and get together with that side of my family. It seems that holidays are for eating and visiting family and friends.

The same is true for vacations. When I'm with my Dad we go camping up in the Sawtooth Mountains. My dog Leslie goes with us and we also take the four wheeler and dirt bikes. We cook out on the camp fire my Dad makes and listen to stories from him about "One Eye the Bear." One of my best vacations with my Mom was Spring Break 2002. I went with my mom, brother, and sister to Reno, Nevada to visit my uncle Bobby. We went to Circus-Circus and watched the trapeze acts and played games. After that we went to Lake Tahoe and went on ski lifts. On the way to Carson City where we saw an old time gun fight, I got carsick. Other times with my Mom I go to Florida since that's where she lives. I've been to Disney World, the beaches, zoos, Monkey Village, the everglades on airboats, and hang gliding at Ft. Lauderdale beach.



This is my favorite truck that I got for Christmas one year.

My brother and sister and I

One of my first memories of being hurt was when I was three and my Dad and I were swimming in a hot tub. I was running to jump to my Dad when I felt something. I looked down and the stem of a wine glass had gone through my foot. My Dad rushed me to the hospital where they removed the glass and put stitches in my foot. When we got back in my Dad's car there were bloody towels on the floor. I really remember the blood. My parents had to carry me for ten days because I couldn't walk.

This past winter I meet another Grandpa that I did not know I had. He is my Mom's step dad. But, I still call him Grandpa Dale. He stayed at my house in Buhl, Id. I really enjoyed being with him everyday and learning about the old days. He had a hard life. He has cancer now so my Mom and I were helping to take care of him. I learned to be patient with people from him.

## Chapter 6

### *The Future*

When I grow up I would like to live on an island. It would be my own island. I would have lots of parties and have all my friends live with me. I want to be a professional dirt biker when I grow up. On my island I would have a couple of dirt bike tracks. I would ride all day long with my friends. We would wake up early and go to bed late riding all day long. In my spare time I would hang out with my family. We would go on vacations and take cruises. We would also do lots of shopping and go to the movies. I like to spend time around the ocean surfing, swimming and fishing. On my island I would have Jet Skis in which I could ride along the surf and jump waves.

The biggest problem I think we are facing in the world today is world peace. The war in Iraq is costing a lot of money and lives. People are dying every day because we can not seem to find a compromise that makes everyone happy. I believe in freedom and think everyone should have it but this war is a difficult problem to understand and deal with. Another big problem is pollution. I think everybody should have electric cars. I also do not like it when I see people throw trash out on the ground.

The biggest problem I have is that my parents are divorced. When I see other kids with their parents together it makes me sad because I don't have that. I do not get to see my Mom everyday. I live with my Dad. My Mom is remarried and now lives in Florida. I wish my parents were still together. It would make things easier for me.

Have you visited  
The Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association Web Site *Lately?*  
<http://www.rootsweb.com/~laaltga/>

## **Welcome New Members**

*We want to welcome to our membership the following:*

**Glenda Bernard**, 2911 Chardonnay Circle, Shreveport, LA 71106-8418  
Searching for Efferson, Hutchinson, Brister and Smiley

**Madge Causey**, 208 W. K-Jon Rd., Grand Cane, La 71032-5212  
Searching for Landry, Brunet, Medine and McElroy

**Matty Faye Faulkner**, P O Box 6924, San Pedro, CA 90734-6924  
Searching for Pipkin, Faulkner, Hall and Brown

**Catherine Fowler**, 111 Larkin St., Benton, LA 71006-8902  
Searching for Maddox, Ward, Vanhorn and Fowler

**Erica Hubbard**, 4720 Cedar Ave, 1R, Philadelphia, PA 19143-2048  
Searching for Cade, Bradford, Taylor and Gatterson

**June L. Scholes**, 9404 Castlebrook Dr., Shreveport, LA 71129-4808  
Searching for Landry, Scholes and Brunet

## **Researching Claiborne Parish and the surrounding area?**

Pamela Suggs, Director of the Claiborne Parish Library at Homer, Louisiana, advises they have recently completed the acquisition of the following Claiborne Parish newspapers on microfilm. They have also acquired a new microfilm reader and printer to accommodate those researching the papers.

*This newspaper collection includes:*

Haynesville News (Jan. 1924 - Dec. 1978)

The Guardian Journal (June 1890 - 1977)

LA Weekly Journal (Jan. 1886 - 1890) (this paper became The Guardian Journal in 1890)

These newspapers contain lots of local genealogical and historical information pertaining to Claiborne Parish and the immediate surrounding Louisiana parishes and Arkansas counties. This collection will be maintained at the main library, 909 Edgewood Drive, Homer, Louisiana 71040. For additional information, contact the library at 318-927-3845 or visit the library's website: [www.youseemore.com/claiborne/](http://www.youseemore.com/claiborne/)

## *The Great New Madrid, Missouri, Earthquake*

From: The Arkansas Family Historian, Vol. 41, No. 4, December 2003, page 169.  
Submitted by Bill Utterback" <billco@arn.net> [Reprinted with permission.]

Once before, I posted a small amount of material on the great earthquake > which was centered around New Madrid, Missouri on 16 December 1811. Today, I am sending along a much longer account, written in response to an inquiry from Lorenzo Dow for a description of what occurred from a resident of the area at the time. Since this earthquake was felt as far east as New England, it has been estimated that it would probably fall into the range of a 12 on the Richter scale. It was an enormous set of shocks, which caused the Mississippi River to run backwards for a short time, created crevices which were, in some cases, a quarter-mile wide, created Reelfoot Lake in 'western Tennessee, and destroyed almost every man made structure for 150 miles. While no one was yet residing in the JP region at this time (it was still part of the Chickasaw Indian Nation hunting grounds), there can be little question that the event reshaped some of the area. Lakes and ponds were formed, and the banks of the Mississippi River were altered. Had the area been inhabited at the time of this quake, there would have been a high death toll from its effects, as there was in MO. People living in central and eastern KY were jolted awake by the quake, which caused small buildings to collapse and breakable items to be lost.

The quake was estimated to be a 5 on the Richter scale as far away as Charleston, SC, and a 4 in northern Florida. It was an event the likes of which the area has not seen since.

New Madrid, Territory of Missouri, March 22, 1816

Dear Sir, hi compliance with your request, I will now give you a history, as full in detail as the limits of the letter will permit, of the late awful visitation of Providence in this place and vicinity. On the 16th of December, 1811, about two , o'clock, A.M., we were visited by a violent shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a very awful noise resembling loud but distant thunder, but more hoarse and vibrating, which was followed in a few minutes by the complete saturation of the atmosphere, with sulphurous vapor, causing total darkness. The screams of the affrighted inhabitants running to and fro, not knowing where to go, or what to do - the cries of the fowls and beasts of every species - the cracking of trees falling, and the roaring of the Mississippi - the current of which was retrograde for a few minutes, owing as is supposed, to an irruption in its bed - formed a scene truly horrible.

From that time until about sunrise, a number of lighter shocks occurred; at which time one still more violent than the first took place, with the same accompaniments as the first, and the terror which had been excited in everyone, and indeed in all animal nature, was now, if possible doubled. The inhabitants fled in every direction to the country, supposing (if it can be admitted that their minds can be exercised at all) that there was less danger at a distance from, than near to the river. In one person, a female, the alarm was so great that she fainted, and could not be recovered. There were several shocks of a day, but lighter than those already mentioned until the 23d of January, 1812, when one occurred as violent as the

severest of the former ones, accompanied by the same phenomena as the former. From this time until the 4th of February the earth was in continual agitation, visibly waving as a gentle sea. On that day there was another shock, nearly as hard as the proceeding ones. Next day four such, and on the 7th about 4 o'clock A.M., a concussion took place so much more violent than those that had proceeded it, that it was dominated the hard shock.

The awful darkness of the atmosphere, which was formerly saturated with sulphurous vapor, and the violence of the tempestuous thundering noise that accompanied it, together with all of the other phenomena mentioned as attending the former ones, formed a scene, the description of which would require the most sublimely fanciful imagination.

At first the Mississippi seemed to recede from its banks, and its waters gathering up like a mountain, leaving for the moment many boats, which were here on their way to New Orleans, on bare sand, in which time the poor sailors made their escape from them. It then rising fifteen to twenty feet perpendicularly, and expanding, as it were, at the same moment, the banks were overflowed with the retrograde current, rapid as a torrent - the boats which before had been left on the sand were now torn from their moorings, and suddenly driven up a little creek, at the mouth of which they laid, to the distance in some instances, of nearly a quarter of a mile. The river falling immediately, as rapid as it had risen, receded in its banks again with such violence, that it took with it whole groves of young cotton-wood trees, which ledged its borders. They were broken off with such regularity, in some instances, that person who had not witnessed the fact, would be difficultly persuaded, that it has not been the work of art. A great many fish were left on the banks, being unable to, keep pace with the water. The river was literally covered with the wrecks of boats, and 'tis said that one was wrecked in which there was a lady and six children, all of whom were lost. In all the hard shocks mentioned, the earth was horribly torn to pieces - the surface of hundreds of acres, was, from time to time, covered over, in various depths, by the sand which issued from the fissures, which were made in great numbers all over this country, some of which closed up immediately after they had vomited forth their sand and water, which it must be remarked, was the matter generally thrown up. In some places, however, there was a substance somewhat resembling coal, or impure stone coal, thrown up with the sand. It is impossible to say what the depths of the fissures or irregular breaks were; we have reason to believe that some of them are very deep. The site of this town was evidently settled down at least fifteen feet, and not more than a half a mile below the town there does not appear to be any alteration on the bank of the river, but back from the river a small distance, the numerous large ponds or lakes, as they are called, which covered a great part of the country were nearly dried up. The beds of some of them are elevated above their former banks several feet, producing an alteration of ten, fifteen to twenty feet, from their original state. : And lately it has been discovered that a lake was formed on the opposite side of the Mississippi, in the Indian country, upwards of one hundred miles in length, and from one to six miles in width, of the depth of ten to fifty feet. It has communication with the river at both ends, and it is conjectured that it will not be many years before the principal part, if not the whole of the Mississippi, will pass that way. We were constrained by the fear of our houses falling to live twelve or eighteen months, after the first shocks, in little light camps made of boards; but we gradually became callous, and returned to our houses again. Most of those who fled from the country in the time of the hard shocks have since returned home. We have, since the commencement in 1811, and still continue to feel, slight shocks occasionally. It is seldom indeed that we are more than a week without feeling one, and sometimes three or four in a day. There were two this winter past much harder than

we had felt them for two years before; but since then they appear to be lighter than they have ever been, and we begin to hope that ere long they will entirely cease.

I have now, sir, finished my promised description of the earthquake - imperfect it is true, but just as it occurred to my memory; many of, and most of the truly awful scenes, having occurred three or four years ago. They of course are not related with that precision which would entitle it to the character of a full and accurate picture. But such as it is, it is given with pleasure - in the full confidence that it is given to a friend.

And now, sir, wishing you all good, I must bid you adieu.

Your humble servant,  
Eliza Bryan

There is one circumstance which I think worthy of remark. This country was formerly subject to very hard thunder; but for more than twelve months before the commencement of the earthquake there was none at all, and but very little since, a great part of which resembles subterraneous thunder. The shocks still continue, but are growing lighter, and less frequent.

E.B.

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## Veterans Affairs Online Gravesite Locator

The burial locations of more than 5 million veterans for whom the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) has provided grave markers are now available on the Internet, as well as the information inscribed on the markers. This site is designed to help veterans families, former comrades-in-arms and others find the graves of those veterans.

When the gravesite locator was first set up it carried some 3 million records on veterans buried in VA national cemeteries since the Civil War, and in state veterans cemeteries and Arlington National Cemetery since 1999. The VA has recently added nearly 2 million records for veterans buried primarily in private cemeteries to its database.

The Honorable R. James Nicholson, Secretary of Veterans Affairs said that "The expansion of this innovative program continues VA's commitment to using Internet technology to fulfill the important mission of memorializing our nation's veterans. By adding records to our online database, VA also helps families research their genealogy and ensure that future generations of Americans will be able to honor these veterans for their service."

The information comes from applications made for these veterans' headstones or markers. The VA adds approximately 1,000 new records to the database each day. Last year the VA furnished nearly 369,000 inscribed headstones and markers for veterans' graves worldwide. If the veterans family did not request a headstone or marker then they will not be in the database

Internet users only need to provide the last name of the deceased veteran or dependent. Typically, the information available includes name, birth and death dates, rank, branch of service and the address and phone number of the cemetery.

<http://gravelocator.cem.va.gov>

# Recording Oral Biographies

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Contact:

Mark Kohls

Phone: 920-434-6930

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E-Mail: [Service@DocumentHistory.com](mailto:Service@DocumentHistory.com)

Additional Information: [www.DocumentHistory.Com](http://www.DocumentHistory.Com)

## Life Story Recording Modernizes Oral Biographies

GREEN BAY - Have you ever thought...

- I wish my grandparents had written down the stories of their lives
- I'd like to write my own life story but I don't know how to begin

If you are like 99 out of 100 of us, you have not written down your life stories. Yet 99 out of 100 of us would be elated to find a book or recording about the lives of our parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents. At family gatherings we are too busy catching up with our relatives to spend any time writing down the family stories that we have heard over the years. The result is that memories are lost and children grow up distanced from the genesis of their family, some not having any idea of their parents and grandparents' sacrifices and personal histories.

Creating your biography and recording your family's stories just became much easier and more affordable with Life Story Recording™, a new service from Document History LLC. You select questions that you want asked during your personal interview and then call a toll free phone number to an easy to use automated interview system which asks one question at a time and records your answers. The result is a set of CDs or DVDs that you can give as gifts to your children and grandchildren.

Life Story Recording also makes a meaningful gift to parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, and friends who create their own oral biographies. It becomes a gift that gives right back to you and to the generations to follow. For more information visit [www.LifeStoryRecording.Com](http://www.LifeStoryRecording.Com) or call 866-255-1642.

(Short version)

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When They Ring Those Golden Bells  
*The story of Harry Emmett Simmons*  
(1911-1977)



Harry Emmett Simmons (1944)

Memories of my grandfather, Harry Emmett Simmons, or "Poppy," as we called him, come to me most often in the summertime. Shoveling dirt in my flowerbed one late summer afternoon, my thoughts flashed back almost thirty years ago to Poppy's vegetable garden just west of Shreveport, Louisiana. Rows and rows of corn and beans were planted up a gently sloping hill. The corn towered over me, as I remember it, but my brothers and I had our own assignment, the green beans. We would reach into the bushes to find those beans and fill up the old ice cream buckets. I'd wipe the sweat from my face and push my bangs back beneath the brim of that old straw hat Grandma had insisted I wear. I saw before me what seemed to be a never-ending row of bushes. Determined to reach the top of the "hill," I bent to my work, my fingers pushing back the leaves and bugs to find the long green prizes. The planting of the corn and beans I understood perfectly, we would have some for dinner and they would be delicious. But the hot peppers - the tomatoes? Why would Poppy and Grandma want to plant so many? Oh, how time brings understanding! And at suppertime, it seemed as if Poppy would always say, "I wouldn't eat any of that pie if I was you. It ain't no good," and he'd laugh that hearty laugh of his as he helped himself to a big piece. My mama said he often told her how the secret of making a good pie was in "just the right amount of shortening," though she couldn't remember seeing him ever make a pie.

Harry Simmons was a stone-cutter. He used to wake up early every morning to a home-cooked breakfast and a lunch packed in a tin lunch box. He'd be dressed in some old dark work clothes that Grandma had pressed, and head off to work in his green Ford pickup truck, down their twisting dirt and rock driveway until he was out of sight. He had learned his trade from his father, who had learned it from his father before him.

He was the third of four boys born to his parents, Samuel Dury and Lillie Milburn Simmons. His parents had been neighbors in Palestine, Texas before they married in 1904. Their first two sons, Samuel Dury Jr. and Milburn Ray were born in Palestine, but Harry was born in the east Texas town of Jacksonville on the 30<sup>th</sup> of October in 1911, named after an Uncle Harry. His younger brother, Dean Philip, was *born after the family* had moved to Ardmore, Oklahoma in 1920. It seems the trade of stone-cutting caused

the Simmons family to move around from town to town. As Grandma expressed to me not long ago, "you just had to go where the work was." And they did. Rumor has it the Simmons family was in Llano for a spell, as well as Round Rock, and Longview, and Harry's grandfather, the first stonecutter in our family, had been in Stephenville, Texas long enough to have his picture taken as a young man. A cousin of Harry's remembers him as a "quiet" and "very polite" young man. Of the "Ardmore days" she recalls that they would walk to church "every Sunday come rain or come shine" and that "there was never any question that Sunday morning and evening were to be spent in Church." This was always true in my grandfather's life.

Though Harry's brother, Milburn Simmons, stayed in Ardmore and worked as an inventor, the rest of the Simmons family had moved to Shreveport by 1930. While attending a Baptist Young People's Union (BYPU) function at Queensborough Baptist Church on Judson Street, Harry met his bride, Ruth Lee Stuart. After a courtship of two years, Ruth and Harry were married at 3159 Darien Street in Shreveport, the house where my Grandma was born. Grandma's sister, Sarah, had decorated the staircase beautifully with vines and flowers, and their mother had brought out her large "fancy" punch bowl for the occasion. It was supposed to be a small quiet wedding, but Sarah had invited quite a few of their mutual friends to attend, as another surprise for her sister. C.W. Culp, then the pastor of Queensborough Baptist Church came to the house to perform the ceremony.



Harry and Ruth Simmons (1931)

The first few years of their marriage were spent in a small one-room apartment in the Queensborough area, and in 1936, their first child, a boy, was born. The stone-cutting trade that Harry had learned as a young man stood him in good stead during the years of the Depression. Though sometimes he worked more than one job to make some extra money, my father remembers that his Daddy didn't have any difficulty finding work.

My father was born in 1940 after the young Simmons family had moved to Oklahoma City, presumably to find work, but it wasn't long before they were back in Shreveport. Here they lived on McCutcheon Street, on a place with two and a half acres, a Shetland pony, a Jersey cow, and some chickens. Some of my father's earliest memories were in that house where he recalls the "feel of the wood floor under his feet" and his "teddy bear with one eye missing."

In the spring of 1944, Harry E. Simmons got a draft notice, but pre-empted it by enlisting in the Navy. He was thirty-two years old when he was inducted into the service. He was sent to boot camp, thought to have been in San Diego, California. In a picture taken of over 100 men at this camp, it is surprisingly easy to pick my grandfather out of the group because he had the biggest smile of them all. He was very photogenic and always smiled happily in pictures. He is remembered by others for his quick smile and warm laugh. After boot camp, he was sent to Naval Training School (Electrical) in St. Louis, Missouri. During that summer of 1944, his wife and two young boys went to St. Louis to be with him. There they lived in an apartment, a shed-like building on top of a roof which was in an industrial area. This building was surrounded by a brick wall which formed a sort of "railing" around the roof. My father remembers playing tag while running around the stairs of that building, and riding on the trolley car to go to the famous St. Louis Zoo.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> of September of that year, Harry E. Simmons received the rating of Electrician's Mate, 3<sup>rd</sup> class and was sent to war on a destroyer escort, the USS LOVELACE of the 7<sup>th</sup> fleet in the Pacific. His wife and children went back to her parents' home on Darien Street in Shreveport to await his return. The USS LOVELACE was given the job of escorting a tanker all around the ocean. Though he saw battleships and cruisers, he mostly saw open sea. His ship arrived the 25<sup>th</sup> of October in the Leyte Gulf just as a major naval battle was shaping up some 60 miles away. Harry related a couple of incidents that occurred during the time that he served. One incident he remembered probably happened while his ship was en route to the Kossol Straits. The LOVELACE was protecting the 7<sup>th</sup> Fleet replenishment units when the screen was attacked by suicide planes. The convoy fought through, and on the 21<sup>st</sup> of November the LOVELACE was credited with an assist in downing an enemy bomber attacking its Hollandia-bound convoy. What Harry remembers was that the crew of the LOVELACE was all on the fantail of the ship watching a movie when an airplane flew overhead. It was being shot at by other ships. This may very well have been the same enemy bomber, and the only Japanese plane that my grandfather ever remembered seeing.



USS LOVELACE – 1943

His wife soon received notice that Harry was advanced in rank to Radarman, third class. This meant that about four out of every twelve hours he was on duty watching the radar. When they went to "Battle Stations," however, he was a "k-gun operator" since he was not the "head" radar operator. Battle Stations were always at dawn. After a period of refresher antisubmarine training off Sansappoor, New Guinea, the destroyer escort joined TF 78 en route to the Philippines.

Besides being a radarman and a K-gun operator, Harry also served as a mail clerk for the ship on at least one occasion. On this occasion, my grandfather told about being sent ashore on a certain island in a motor launch. After they were on shore, he

rode in a jeep to the center of the island. On the way he noticed that there was nothing in sight but rows and rows of earth-moving equipment. When they got to the middle of the island, there was a little shack where he picked up the mail and took it back. He was really impressed by the amount of earth-moving equipment on that one island in the middle of the Pacific. It was his impression that the "plan" was to put that earth-moving equipment ashore on Japan and just "shove everything on Japan across to the other side into the sea and completely wipe it out." He often wondered if anyone ever picked up that earth-moving equipment after the war was over.

He was the oldest man on the ship, other than the Captain. For this reason, all of the other boys who were mostly in their late teens and early twenties, nicknamed him "Pop." Perhaps that is why he insisted that we (his grandchildren) call him "Poppy" rather than "Grandpa." Another one of Poppy's duties was to serve as Chaplain of the ship. He had some devotional books and a song book which were issued to him for that purpose. The USS LOVELACE was not big enough to have an officer as a chaplain, or to have anyone employed specifically for that purpose, so the Captain of the ship just picked my grandfather. It was likely that he was picked for extra duties such as mail clerk and chaplain because he was already a deacon in his church as well as an older and more stable character.

LOVELACE continued to operate primarily as an intra-Philippine escort vessel. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of September of 1945, she went to the assistance of COULTER, an attack transport loaded with liberated U.S. war prisoners, after that ship had hit a drifting mine. After seeing the troopship safely back to Buckner Bay, LOVELACE returned to the Philippines. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of October 1945, the ship departed Subic Bay for the United States in company with the ships of Escort Division 37.

Harry Simmons received an honorable discharge on the 12<sup>th</sup> day of December 1945 after serving exactly one year, eight months, and one day. He also received the Asiatic Pacific Ribbon, the Philippine Liberation Ribbon, and the Victory Ribbon.

After the war was over my grandfather returned to his wife and family. They bought land west of Shreveport and built a stone house there which my father and his brother helped to build. They had twenty acres, room to raise a family, and they did a wonderful job in my opinion. Poppy would often call for his boys, Harry and David, as "Hay-Day, or Day-Hay" whichever he happened to think of first. My father remembers that he never heard his father curse in his life, and when he wished to think about something before he answered a question, he'd say, "I need to study about that." My father and his brother were provided with ample educational opportunities even around the home, through a set of Junior Classics, World Books, The World's Greatest Events, and a set of Bible Story Books. My father remembers playing a game with his brother using the World Books in which they would find a section that had a lot of pictures, such as the section on animals, Indians, or types of dress, and they would take turns picking out their favorite items. If Harry Jr would pick out the Roman toga, perhaps my dad would pick the Byzantine outfit.

My grandparents always attended church faithfully and brought up my father to have good values and a sense of integrity. Poppy sang bass in the choir at church, but my memory of his voice leads me to describe him as a "warm baritone." He never missed a chance to ask his favorite "daughter-in-law" to play one of his favorite hymns on the organ. I can still hear him singing.

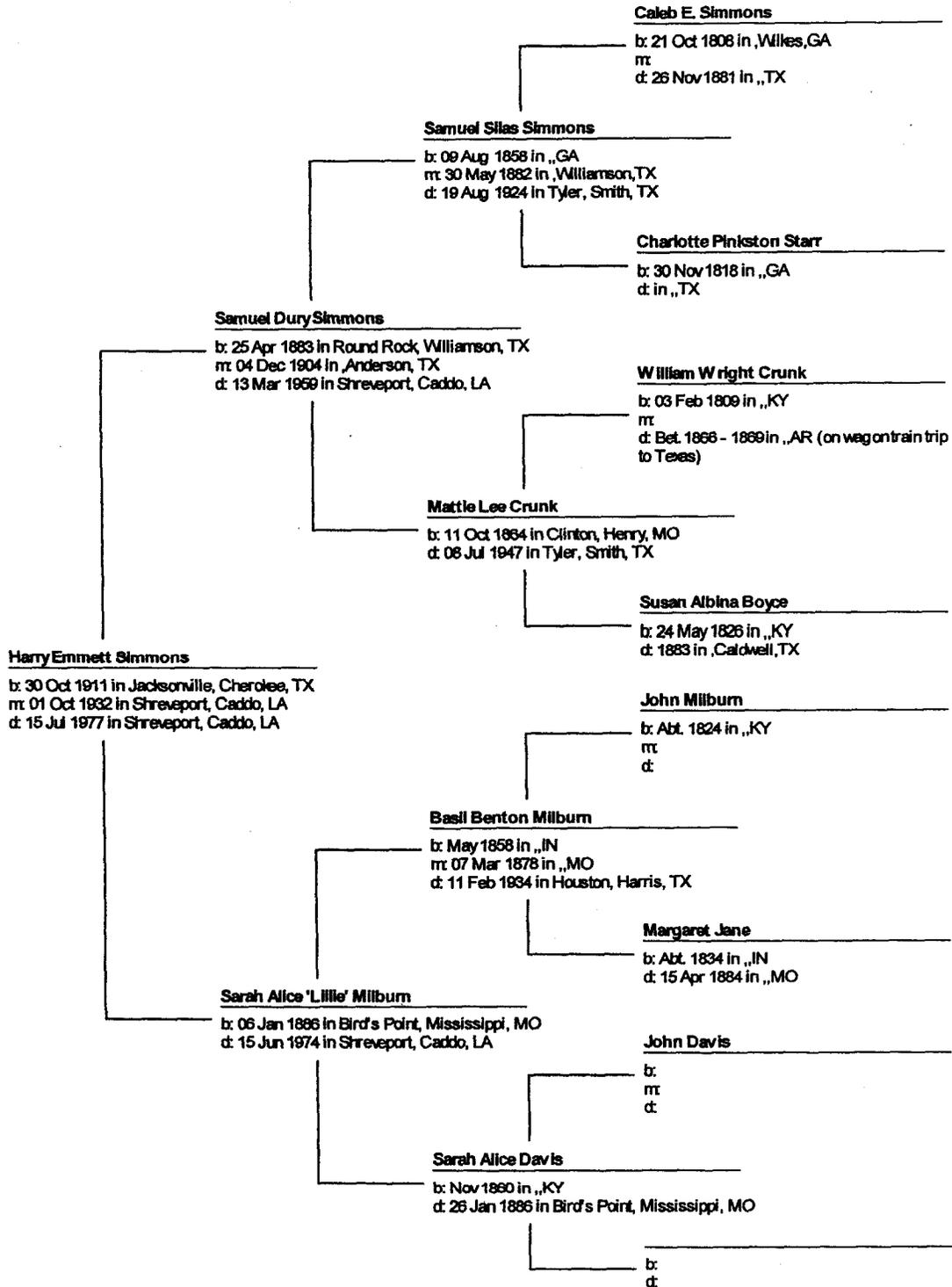
*don't you hear the bells now ringing?  
Don't you hear the angels singing?  
'tis the glory, Hallelujah jubilee  
In that far off sweet forever,  
Just beyond the shining river  
When they ring the golden bells for you and me*

*By: Anne Simmons Wise  
October 1999*

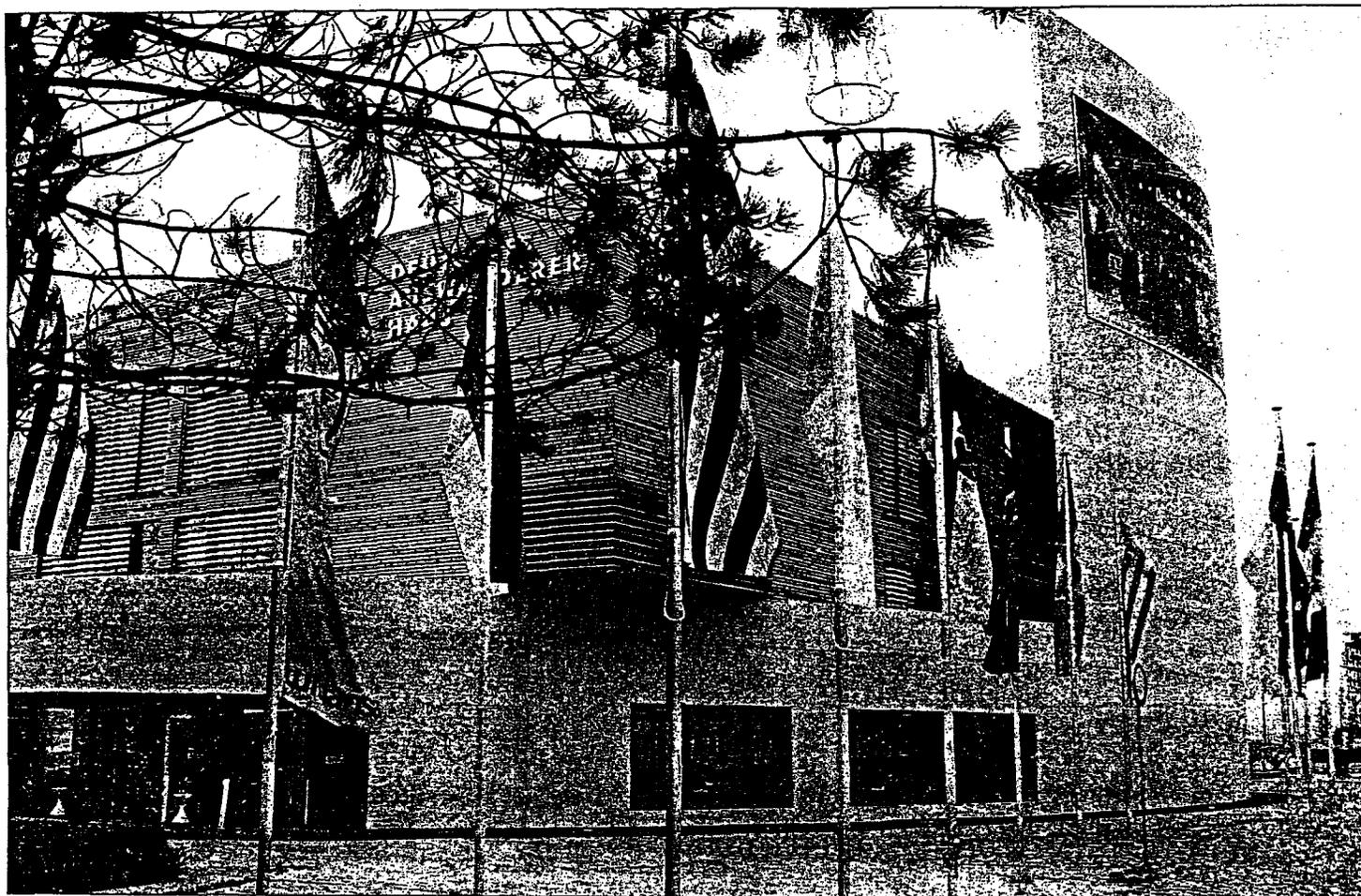
*Sources:*

- (1) Interview with David Rae Simmons*
- (2) Interview with Ruth Stuart Simmons*
- (3) Interview with Judith Lytle Simmons*
- (4) Interview with Lita Cele Simmons Morris*
- (5) Marriage record of Samuel Dury Simmons and Lillie Milburn*
- (6) Marriage record of Harry Emmett Simmons and Ruth Lee Stuart*
- (7) Military records of Harry Emmett Simmons*
- (8) 1900 US Census record of Palestine, Anderson, TX*
- (9) 1920 US Census record of Ardmore, Carter, OK*
- (10) 1930 US Census record of Shreveport, Caddo, LA*
- (11) The Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships (1969) Vol. 4, p. 151*

# Standard Pedigree Tree



Notes:



## DEUTSCHES AUSWANDERERHAUS IN BREMERHAVEN

By Lin Cornelius Strong

Compiled by Herman Weiland

Bremerhaven, Germany was the central emigration port from Germany for several years. The Deutsches Auswandererhaus (German Emigrant House) concentrates on the research of the emigration movement from Germany.

The author, Lin Strong, visited this Center/Museum and tells of her observations and how the sights and sounds take you back in time to relive what a German emigrant went through to make the voyage to a new land.

Upon entering the Center, and purchasing your ticket, you are given a Boarding Pass in the language of your choice. This Boarding Pass is important as you place it near the telephone headsets, located throughout the Center, that describe emigration experiences. The information is then relayed to you in the language you have selected.

The wall with the entrance door was modern with graffiti-noting the present time. We walked immediately into the past into a room where passengers waited until they could go out to the harbor. It is real step back in time with rough wood boards and benches, a story displayed on a video screen-and little else.

The next door led us onto the wharf with water in the channel where the boat is located. It was dimly lit with at least 30 life size figures dressed in 1860-1880 vintage clothing all waiting to board the ship. There were entire families, small children and babies along with their chests of belongings standing on the wharf with low voiced background tapes of children and adults murmuring and babies crying. I could picture my relatives leaving Bremen in the 1860's-it was that real. It is a sight that will remain in my memory for many years to come.

You then enter Galerie der 7 Millionnen lined with small drawers, each containing information about emigrants who left the port. Each small, thin drawer contains one record covered with plexiglass. There are telephone headsets placed around the area and when you place your card on them, the story on an emigrant is relayed. The problem is, if you in any type of group, there is only one telephone headset for each story. You miss a lot if you don't hear each of the stories.

You then climb up the stairway and enter the ship for the voyage. At the top there is a display of the chests, suitcases along with additional display boards with information. The next rooms are split into three categories: 1850-1890 era, 1890-1910 era and after 1920's.

I don't think there are words enough to explain how primitive the living conditions were for the first group of emigrants. The recordings told the story of up to 100 people staying in a room about 12' x 12' with highly unsanitary conditions, beds full of people-some who did not even know each other. Food that all became spoiled and rancid. There were poultry in small cages beneath the floor boards covered with wire netting. Sunday was a special day with barley soup-the fleas floated to the top and were easily sloughed off. Rough wood bed frames two or more high were on one side of the room-and with life sized models sitting or laying in them, it was eerily real. The living conditions improved by the year and by the last display room, the conditions were actually roomy compared to conditions known by the earliest emigrants.

The museum takes you through Ellis Island and landing in New York.

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Ostfriesen Genealogical Society of America

accompany your emigrant:

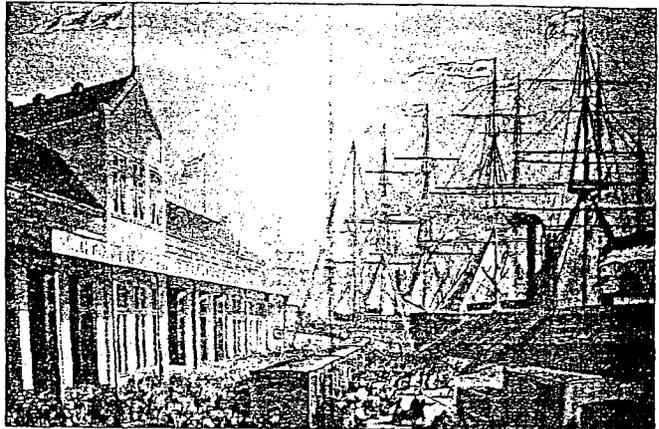


**Hsiene Maeckel**  
 \* 01/11/1850 † 1937  
 Emigration:  
 1852 from Bremen to New York

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Aktivitäten und Informationen abrufen  
 Retrieve and call up information

**BOARDING  
 PASS**



## *Weimar Library Fire*

The Anna Amalia Library in Weimar, Germany was devastated on the night of September 2, 2004 by a fire, caused by faulty wiring. This Library is designated a world Heritage Site for its huge collection of 18th century and later historical materials.

Weimar's entire Faust collection was destroyed. A Luther bible was saved, but some 30,000 books and manuscripts, 35 paintings, and a large music collection were lost. Concerned citizens formed a "fire-brigade" line and rescued about 50,000 books. Still, at least 62,000 ancient books and documents were water-damaged, developed mold, and have been sent to Leipzig for preservation efforts. It is expected to cost 20 million Euros and require 10 years of work.

*From the Immigrant Genealogical Society Newsletter, No. 250, January 2005, page 3.*

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## *Everton's Genealogical Helper*

Silence followed the May/June '04 issue, and then news that Everton's Genealogical Helper (renamed the Family History Magazine) was ceasing publication. But Surprise!! A Nov/Dec '04 issue arrived! A number of diehard genealogists simply could not see the Genealogical Helper die. They discussed, analyzed, planned and will continue the old Helper's proud tradition-updated, more helpful.

The library of the Helper was donated to the Logan County (UT) Public Library. They will continue to hold those 80,000 plus books, folders, microfiche, newsletters, journals and maps. Soon much of that material will be digitized for posting on the internet. • Old columns will reappear, but updated and made more useful. Subscribers are invited to submit suggestions, articles, tidbits of news and advertisements for upcoming issues. The subscription price and the cost of ads are both being reduced. Go to: [www.Everton.com](http://www.Everton.com) for details.

*From Immigrant Genealogical Society Newsletter, No. 250 January 2005, page 1.*

**DON'T FORGET --  
Time to pay your dues for 2006!**

# Fullilove Neighborhood Cemetery

Submitted by Willie R. Griffin

Note: The following information was taken from the LSUS Archives – Noel Memorial Library, Shreveport, LA. Collection Number 583, Binder 1-2: Fullilove Family History, compiled by Mrs. Melba Fullilove Maino. This Binder contained the Fullilove Cemetery, Four Farks, LA; Directions to the Cemetery; Gravesite Diagram; photographs; Obits; and Grave Marker Photographs, etc.  
[Mrs. Melba Fullilove Maino, died on Monday, January 9, 2006. *Obit: The Times, Thursday, January 12, 2006*]

The following is an inventory of burials at the *Fullilove Cemetery* recorded by Mr. Gayle Bridges McFarland. A Diagram with Numbers showing locations of grave sites were also compiled by Mr. McFarland. The Diagram Numbers are not on the monuments. They are listed on a paper diagram with this collection, to help locate grave sites.

This plot of land for the cemetery was donated by Mr. James G. Fullilove, November 27, 1891, to the citizens of what was then known as the Fullilove Neighborhood, to be exclusively use for the Neighborhood Cemetery. The Fullilove Cemetery in located in Ward 6, Section Three (3) Township Fourteen (14) Range Sixteen (16), Caddo Parish, LA.

The Cemetery is on the private property of Mr. McFarland and his mother, Mrs. Bridges. Those family members who may wish to visit, you need to contact Mr. Gayle Bridges McFarland, 9607 Firetower Road, Keithville, LA 71047, (Home 933-8135 and Work 673-7265).



Fullilove Neighborhood Cemetery

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
1	Le Moyne, Felix	Born: Jun 20, 1915 Died: Jun 18, 1937	Son of Felix & Elizabeth Le Moyne <u>Reared &amp; Loved as a Son</u> By James Hill & Eoline Fullilove <i>[Marble Cover over Grave]</i> Inscribed: Could Love have saved Thou hadst not died.
2	<i>Double Headstone</i> Fullilove, James Hill  Fullilove, Eoline Schuler	Born: Aug 1, 1876 Died: Nov 16, 1948 Born: Jun 8, 1878 Died: Dec 10, 1960	Married, Jun 12, 1901 Blessed are the Pure In Heart, for They Shall see GOD. Foot Stones: JHF and ESF
3	<i>Double Headstone</i> Fullilove, James Greer  Fullilove, Tabitha Holmes	Born: Nov 24, 1809 Died: Jan 31, 1897 Born: Jun 6, 1811 Died: Oct 24, 1890	Married, Jan 3, 1832 Dead Which Die In the LORD.
4	Fullilove, Henry F.	Born: Jun 27, 1815 Died: Feb 25, 1885	In Memory of (Foot Stone)
5	Fullilove, Matiloa A.	Born: Sep 18, 1836 Died: May 10, 1873	In Memory of

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
6	Infant of H. F. & M. A. Fullilove	Born: N/R Died: N/R	Budded on Earth to Bloom in HEAVEN
7	Rupert, Tabitha	Born: Jan 10, 1856 Died: Jul 9, 1884	Wife of R. N. Scarborough (Foot Stone)
8	Scarbough, R. M.	Born: Jan 23, 1856 Died: Dec 15, 1916	Woodmen of The World Memorial (Foot Stone)
9	Dowdell, Silas A.	Born: Apr 24, 1824 Died: Jan 27, 1877	Stone Broken (Foot Stone)
10	Dowdell, Catherine Rebecca	Born: Jan 2, 1855 Died: Mar 20, 1897	She Hath Done What She Could (Foot Stone)
11	Dowdell, Sallie Jimmie	Born: Jun 11, 1898 Died: Aug 21, 1898	(Foot Marker)
12	Dowdell, Felicitas Fullilove	Born: Aug 25, 1872 Died: Dec 3, 1900	
13	<i>Double Headstone</i> Maino, George McCaughlin  Maino, Melba Fullilove  Maino, John Holmes	Born: Nov 12, 1947 Died: Dec 18, 1965 Born: Nov 7, 1916 Died: Jan 9, 2006 Born: Oct 14, 1950 Died: May 23, 1951	The LORD is My SHEPHERD   Maino Son

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
14	Maino, George Croman	Born: Aug 21, 1913 Died: Aug 28, 1975	Lt. Col. - U.S. Army - World War II - Korea
15	<i>Double Headstone</i> Fullilove, James Hill  Fullilove, Sallie Mat Dowdell	Born: Jan 3, 1848 Died: Dec 8, 1926 Born: Nov 28, 1851 Died: Dec 16, 1929	Married: Jan 18, 1870 Blessed are the Pure In Heart For They shall see God, (Mat. 5:8).
16	Fullilove, Mary Elizabeth	Born: Jun 25, 1874 Died: Jun 24, 1891	Note: This Stone fell over and is buried
17	Fullilove, Minter Pope	Born: Jan 10, 1885 Died: Sep 21, 1889	Son of J. H. & S. M. Fullilove A Joy and Pride. (Footstone)
18	Fullilove, Burwell Holmes	Born: Aug 5, 1881 Died: Aug 29, 1881	Son of J. H. & S. M. Fullilove God took him, eve son could mar or sorrow Bright (Footstone)
19	Fullilove, Thomas Green	Born: Sep 1, 1872 Died: Aug 31, 1873	Son of J. H. & Sallie Fullilove Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of God. (Footstone)
20	Fullilove, Susan Tabitha  Fullilove, Preston Green	Born: Mar 23, 1861 Died: Mar 30, 1861 Born: Feb 23, 1862 Died: Oct 21, 1863	Daughter of T. P. & E. J. Fullilove  Son of T. P. & E. J. Fullilove Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven
<i>Thomas Pope Fullilove and His Wife Elizabeth Jane Sanford Fullilove, also on Headstone.</i>			

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
21	Fullilove, Mary Hill	Born: Jun 11, 1874 Died: Aug 27, 1874	Daughter of T. P. & E. J. Fullilove "These Angels Do Always Behold the Face of the Father"
22	Fullilove, Elizabeth Jane Sanford	Born: Nov 15, 1838 Died: Mar 15, 1925	"Owe No Man Anything, except to Love Him." Note: Wife of Thomas Pope Fullilove
23	Burrus, Rev. John C.	Born: Oct 7, 1787 Died: Sep 4, 1863	Sacred To the Memory of (Footstone)
24	No Grave		Note: Marker might be Buried.
25	Doke, Frederic Long  Doke, Sallie George Fullilove	Born: May 23, 1873 Died: Aug 13, 1927 Born: Feb 21, 1872 Died: Mar 20, 1953	Psalms 21:4 and John 10:28  Beloved Wife of Frederic Long Doke "Until we know even as we are Known; Good-Night.
26	Fullilove, W. H.	Born: Dec 23, 1847 Died: Apr 28, 1901	A light from our household is gone, a voice we loved is stilled, a place is vacant in our hearts, That can never be filled.
27	Fullilove, John Tatum	Born: Nov 18, 1811 Died: Mar 12, 1900	Born in Oglethorpe Co., GA Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace.
28	Fullilove, S. A.	Born: Dec 14, 1830 Died: Aug 4, 1899	Wife of J. T. Fullilove Though our loss is great
29	Fullilove, Mrs. Almeda C.	Born: Nov 24, 1818 Died: Apr 2, 1876	In Memory of In the 58th year of her age.

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
30	Fullilove, Sarah Lucy	Born: Jan 4, 1845 Died: Sep 3, 1854	Daughter of J. T. & A. C. Fullilove "Rest, rest thou Lovely one Rest, For thou hast gone to thy reward, High up in happy Heaven blest, Forever with the LORD."
31	Fullilove, Mary J.	Born: Aug 7, 1850 Died: Jun 12, 1852	Daughter of J. T. & A. C. Fullilove
32	Infant	Born: Aug 1, 1854 Died: Aug 1, 1854	Infant Son of J. T. & A. C. Fullilove
33	Fullilove, Reginal H.	Born: Aug 15, 1855 Died: May 19, 1857	
34	N/R		
35	N/R		
36	Scott, Josiah B.	Born: Dec 3, 1806 Died: Oct 20, 1856	Here Lies the Mortal Remains of... Who was born...and departed this life in Christian hope...
37	Scott, Nancy H.	Born: Jan 11, 1814 Died: Apr 16, 1853	Sacred to the Memory of... Consort of... and died in Christian Triumph... She was a devoted wife, a fond mother and a humble Christian. She rest in Jesus.
38	Holmes, Martha Elizabeth Scott	Born: Mar 30, 1831 Died: Jun 6, 1852	Here Rest the Remains of... Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb, Take this now treasure to thy trust and give these sacred relics room, To seek a slumber.

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
39	Holmes, Willie	Born: Nov 27, 1817 Died: Sep 15, 1853	Sacred to the Memory of... Life's duty done as sinks the clay, Light from it's Load The spirit flies, while Heaven and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies."
40	Holmes, Martha E. T.	Born: Nov 22, 1851 Died: Jan 30, 1855	Sacred to the Memory of... Only child of Willy & Elizabeth Holmes This Lovely bud so young and fair, called hence by early doom, Just come to show how sweet a flower In Paradise would bloom.
41	Wells, Mary Joseph	Born: Sep 18, 1855 Died: Jun 9, 1857	Sacred to the Memory of my little daughter... Snatched in its dawn, how swift the moments fly, Here the fond hopes of a grieved mother...
42	N/R		
43	Wells, Joseph	Born: May 16, 1828 Died: Jun 29, 1855	Sacred to the Memory of... Died in Christian Hope...aged 27 years. Friends in Jesus, why those tears, O'er my dull and lifeless clay? Could you see my present bliss, Tears of Joy would pass away would you wish my joy to cease. Bringing me dawn void from the skies, Rather soar with strong desires, after me to heaven arise.
44	Wells, James	Born: AD 1796 Died: Aug 14, 1857	...Aged 61 years

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
45	Wells, Jane Davis	Born: Mar 1802 Died: Sep 30, 1885	...Wife of James Wells
46	Wells, J. B.	Born: Jun 1, 1825 Died: May 30, 1879	
47	Burgess, Fred Doke	Born: Oct 1, 1904 Died: Jul 1, 1928	Sacred to the Memory of... Second son of Caroline Fullilove & Walter Burgess
48	Burgess, Mark Modiel  Burgess, Walter  Burgess, Caroline Fullilove	Born: Oct 2, 1902 Died: Oct 1, 1943  Born: Jul 6, 1866 Died: Oct 30, 1956 Born: Oct 25, 1878 Died: May 1, 1959	(On Back of Stone) In Memory of our Son... Enlisted U.S. Naval Reserve - L.S.T. 448. Ship sunk off Coast of Isle Vella-La Vella Pacific Ocean Buried with his shipmates, In U.S. Cemetery, Finschhafen, New Guineas. Later brought home with comrades, for reburial, at U.S. Cemetery, Ft. Scott, Kansas, May 10, 1948. Killed in Action, In the Performance of his duty For the Honor of His Country.
49	Wylie, Elia	Born: Sep 29, 1812 Died: Jul 31, 1854	
50	Wylie, Easter	Born: Sep 11, 1777 Died: Jun 15, 1857	...Aged 79 yrs. 9 mo. 4 ds.

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
51	Wylie, Mary E.	Born: May 3, 1846 Died: Jan 31, 1863	
52	N/R		
53	N/R		
54	N/R		
55	Hall, Dwight S.  Hall, Bessie F.	Born: Mar 7, 1869 Died: Jun 17, 1870  Born: Sep 8, 1871 Died: Sep 26, 1873	Son of Sidney E. & Mary F. Hall  Gayle's Note... Infant...Daughter of S. E. & M. F. Hall
56	Scott, Nancy E.	Born: Aug 13, 1860 Died: May 17, 1861	...Daughter of James F. & Mary L. Scott
57	Scott, John W.	Born: Dec 4, 1836 Died: Sep 24, 1858	
58	Sample, T. C.	Born: Sep 16, 1823 Died: Aug 4, 1862	Sacred to the Memory of... Note: Married to Mary T. Scott; after his death, Mary T. Scott Sample married W. A. Wright.
59	Wright, Mary T.	Born: Apr 24, 1839 Died: Sep 15, 1874	...Wife of Wm. A. Wright ...the first watch of the morning she fell asleep-a woman dead to this world, and Angel born in Paradise.
60	Wright, Willie Green	Born: Sep 5, 1871 Died: Aug 23, 1877	...Son of Wm. A. & Mary T. Wright Dear Little Willie,

Location	Name	Dates	Inscriptions/Notes
61	Sample, Jr., Henry H.	Born: 1869 Died: 1932	Whose Armor was His Honest thought and simple truth His utmost skill.
62	<i>Our Father and Mother</i> Sample, Henry H.  Sample, Susie T. Scott	Born: Sept 1874 Died: N/R Born: May 18, 1843 Died: Aug 22, 1907	...Aged 32 Years ...His Wife..."Our Precious Mama" Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast. There by His LOVE O'er Shaded Sweetly my son shall rest.



## EXCHANGE PERIODICAL REVIEW

Compiled by Constance Whatley

Many of the periodicals we receive, in exchange for "The Genie" provides up-to-date ideas on how to solve your research challenges. Always search the periodical published in your geographical interest area, but don't overlook other periodicals that may include articles of general interest to the researcher or about families that have migrated. These periodicals are located at the Broadmoor Branch Library, Shreveport, Genealogy Section.

Rabbit Tracks, Volume 23, Number 4, Winter, 2005; published by Conejos Valley Genealogical Association, Thousand Oaks, California has a book review on page 98 that may be of interest to persons researching the African American Heritage. Lt Colonel Manning has written a book entitled: Defense of Liberty: African Americans in the Revolutionary War.

The Louisiana Genealogical Register, Volume LII, No. 4, December 2005 published by The Louisiana Genealogical and Historical Society has two items of interest.

- (1) Early Slave Conveyances from the Florida Parishes on pages 344-351.
- (2) Madison Parish Marriages of Free Persons of Color, 1860-1880, pages 373-376.

Searchers & Researchers, Volume XXVIII, Issue 4, Winter 2005 published by Ellis County Genealogical Society, Texas reprinted an article from Family Tree Magazine Entitled: Be an Organization Wizard. It has suggested helps for paper/computer methods.

Family Findings, Volume XIXVIII. No. 1, 2006 published by The Mid-West Tennessee Genealogical Society, Jackson, Tennessee has two helpful articles for the genealogist.

- (1) The use of city directories in genealogical research. Also listed are extant city directories at Tennessee State Library and Archives.
- (2) Pages 18-20 contain an article entitled: Webliography; This article lists ten websites which are mainstays for research.

*IMPRINTS*, published by the *Genealogical Society of Broward County, Florida*, Volume 24, No. 2, page 23, gives a web site that is helpful if you do not know the county name of the city where your ancestors resided. This website will give you the current name for a specific city of interest, of course county borders changed over time. Check your *HANDYBOOK* to see when counties/parishes were formed as well as the parent county. If a marriage or death record cannot be found in the county where your ancestors resided, it may be in a surrounding county/parish so know the names of the surrounding counties/parishes. [Http://resources.rootsweb.com/cgi-bin/townco.cgi](http://resources.rootsweb.com/cgi-bin/townco.cgi).

*Carroll County Genealogical Quarterly*, Volume XXVI, No. 4, Winter 2005, page 127, lists a Carroll County 1890 Tax Digest, Freedmen, page 141, Villa Rica District. Dr. Eugene Sneary, now deceased, abstracted the 1890 Carroll County Tax Digest when that society attempted to reconstruct the missing!890 census. The list will be continued in the next quarterly.

*Natchez Trace Traveler*, Volume 17, No. 3 & 4, Aug-Nov 2003 published by the Natchez Trace Genealogical Society, Florence, Alabama records on pages 92-95 an 1866 census of colored people. NOTE: This is an old issue. We do not exchange with this group, so if you have an interest in this organization the address is: P.O. Box 420, Florence, Alabama 35631-0420.

*Newton County Roots*, Volume XVII, No. 4, Dec 2005 published by Genealogy Friends of the Library, Neosho, Missouri has an article by Karen Scott listing diseases/ailments - definitions and synonyms for Genealogist on pages 14-20.

Tennessee Ancestors, Volume 21, No. 2, August 2005, published by East Tennessee Historical Society on pages 80-84 is an article by George K. Schweitzer, PH.D. ScD, titled Net Notes: Researching Civil War Ancestors. Also on pages 91-116 is an interesting Article: East Tennessee's Blue-Grey Reunion. It contains a list of veterans who registered for the reunion.

Tree Talk - Kinsearching - Volume 31, Issue 1, Fall 2005, published by *Cherokee County Genealogical Society*, Jacksonville, TX reports that their publication is now on line. The home page is [HTTP://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~kinsearchin](http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~kinsearchin).

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### ***St. Louis, MO—Gateway to Naturalizations***

St. Louis, the most common launchpad for 19th-century pioneers headed west, presented the last opportunity for many immigrants to become US citizens before hitting the trail. Until a few years ago, the naturalization cards they left behind were scattered among the city's courthouses and federal offices.

The St. Louis Genealogical Society (StLGS) and the Missouri Secretary of State's office announced last year that the society had completed an index to the cards. That index, called the St. Louis Naturalization Index Cards 1816-1906, is now available on the Internet at: <http://www.stlgs.org>

The index covers 93,000 naturalizations made in St. Louis city courts between 1816 and 1906 when the federal government took over the citizenship process. It contains the names of individuals naturalized, the date, country of origin, which court, and the court volume and page number for the official entry in the naturalization record books. Those books are on microfilm at the St. Louis Circuit Court Archives, the Missouri State Archives, the St. Louis County Library and the St. Louis Public Library.

#### ***Contributed by MCGS member, Maycel Plautz***

[I entered my mother's maiden surname, Husmann, from Minnesota because I had become aware that there were Husmanns in the St. Louis area. I got a list of seven Husmann naturalizations in addition to two Husmans. Five of them were naturalized before 1868 when the first Husmann (Hans) in our line emigrated to Winona County, Minnesota and settled on a farm in "New Hartford. D. Norman, Editor]

*From the Milwaukee County Genealogical Society REPORTER, Vol. 36, No. 4, November 2005, p.108*

# The Quakers

During the Seventeenth Century England was a bubbling caldron of religious controversy. Public interest in religious matters was intense. Disillusioned by the laxity among the clergy of the Church of England and frightened by the Puritan doctrine, more and more of the common people were turning to new religious sects.

George Fox, born in 1624, by the time he was eleven years old began to be preoccupied by religious matters and was appalled at the gap between precepts and daily practices.

After some debate his parents decided to apprentice him to a shoemaker, who also kept sheep and cattle. He loved the long hours of solitude tending sheep with only his Bible for company. By the time he was nineteen his thoughts turned more and more to religion. He became increasingly dissatisfied with him-self, his way of life, and the behavior of those around him. He left home and for the next four years, he traveled throughout England talking to preachers, and meeting with various religious sects, without finding spiritual relief. After he had remained alone for four years, wandering throughout the country, fasting, and reading his Bible, he achieved a spiritual breakthrough, which he recorded in his journal:

*"When all my hopes in them (ministers he had consulted) and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could tell what to do, then, oh then, I heard a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," and when I heard it my heart did leap for joy."*

This was the first of many religious experiences he would have, and from those experiences he based his faith that the Divine Spirit could speak directly to man, not limiting to those of Christian principles, but to pagans, Muslims and Jews.

George Fox for the next five years wandered, disputing with ministers and magistrates while making some converts from other sects. They became known as the Children of Light. In northern England on top of Mount Pendle Hill in 1652 he saw a vision of "large groups of people to be gathered," he then began to make converts in the hundreds. These early convert, young men and women full of vigor and enthusiasm were of all classes of society and all levels of education. That year the Society of Friends came into existence. The converts from this center of strength went out two by two to take the message of "Truth" to the rest of England, Scotland and Ireland. They did not intend to form a new sect.

They firmly believed they represented the return of true primitive Christianity and that the principle they had uncovered would be accepted everywhere and transform the world. The Society with its belief, that of God in everyone, early gave women a prominent place and their role would not be lesser than men.

The doctrines of the Inner Light were by Seventeenth Century standard beliefs that led to radical conclusions. Insisting upon equality of persons before God they tried to dispense with social hierarchy. They wore plain clothes, refused to take oaths of allegiance or for testimony; refused payment of church tithes; used plain language with all people, even to address aristocrats or the king; refused to doff their hats before their rulers as a sign of respect; and quite early they took a definite stand against war and refused to be members of military units.

The Puritan English misunderstood these doctrines as being secretly Catholic, and there were frequent arrests, imprisonments, public whippings, and other forms of punishment. Then in 1689, under Charles II, the Act of Toleration was finally passed. Thus permitting them to follow the doctrines of the Society.

George Fox was imprisoned eight times. Once when the officials were in the process of charging him he said, "You ought to tremble before the word of God." "You are the Quaker, not I," the judge is reported as saying. From that experience the word Quaker became the name commonly used when referring to the members of the Society.

The first Quakers to come to America was in 1656 when two women arrived in Boston. The Puritans were thrown into a panic. The women were searched for signs of witchcraft and were put on a ship bound for a Quaker Colony in Barbados. Soon a ship carrying more Quakers arrived. They were thrown into jail, their belongings were searched, and the master of the ship who brought them was compelled to take them back to England. Massachusetts passed a law against any master of a ship bringing a Quaker into the colony would be fined. The Quakers then came to other colonies. Rhode Island and Maryland, famous for religious tolerance, the Quakers were mistrusted. Slowly in small numbers they settled in Virginia and North Carolina.

The idea came to George Fox there should be somewhere in the New World where persecuted Quakers could establish homes. In 1674 two Quakers purchased West Jersey. Legal struggles developed resulting in bankruptcy. William Penn, a young well educated aristocratic Quaker, and two other Quakers were the creditors and they became the proprietors of West Jersey. A few years later East Jersey was turned over to twelve proprietors and William Penn was one.

Quaker settlements in the area were rapid and by 1681 there were fourteen hundred in the new province. The owners published how they proposed to govern—religious liberty, an assembly elected by the people, and trial by jury.

William Penn developed a grand ambition to procure his own Colony. To cancel a debt of £16,000 owned to his father, King Charles II agreed to grant Penn 45,000 square miles west of the Delaware River as the colony of Pennsylvania ("Penn's Woods"). Later the Duke of York assigned to Penn settlements on the lower Delaware River (the future colony and state of Delaware).

Penn in 1681 sent his cousin to take charge of government and to lay out the city Penn named Philadelphia ("City of Brotherly Love").

Penn in 1682 set sail for his new colony aboard the ship *Welcome*. He landed in New Castle in October and then went to the site of the City of Philadelphia. For a time he was busy making friends with the Indians and establishing a free colony, that would not only be a haven for the Quakers, but would also welcome those of other religions and nationalities.

He not only established social justice and government, he also sold land to enhance his fortune. He had to return to England and was gone for nine years. His sons were in charge in those years and the colony prospered. Settlers from many European countries arrived by the hundreds.

Little did they realize in 1682 that ninety-four years later in that "City of Brotherly Love" men in a meeting would declare independence from England. When we pause to analyze what happened to the Quakers. They became citizens of the United States and have served in many capacities.

During the American Revolution Nathanael Greene, left his Quaker religion and served as one of Washington's most capable generals. Two Quakers have served as Presidents of the United States—Herbert Hoover and Richard Nixon. (The latter also served as Commander of U.S. Naval Reserve.) A Quaker woman, Susan B. Anthony, we women owe a debt of gratitude for her role as a woman suffrage leader.

Reprinted with permission from the National Society Colonial Dames XVII Century, "*Seventeenth Century Review*", Volume 47, Number 1, 2005, p.8.  
Ms. Mary Frances Porter, Editor

**DRIVING ON THE RIGHT** comes from an old colonial custom that was particularly favored by the Pennsylvania wagon drivers, who preferred to handle their teams on the left. It is said that there was better visibility when vehicles were kept to the right, a custom that persisted even after automobiles came into use.

[Reprinted from Kinfolks, published by the Southwest Louisiana Genealogical Society, Lake Charles, LA, Vol. 29, Number 4, Dec. 2005]

# Louisiana Genealogical and Historical Society Seminar

**SATURDAY, 29 APRIL 2006**

**9 AM – 4 PM**

**HOLIDAY INN SOUTH**

**9940 AIRLINE HWY, BATON ROUGE 70816**

**(AIRLINE AT I-12)**

**Robert de Berardinis, Houston Genealogist & 13th-Generation Louisianian.**

• *Early French Louisiana*

**Dr. John Doucet, Nicholls State University & Center for Acadiana Genetics.**

• *Genetic Genealogy in Louisiana*

**Dr. Terry L. Jones, University of Louisiana at Monroe.**

• *The Louisiana Tigers in the Civil War*

**Dr. Wilbur Meneray, Special Collections, Tulane University Library, New Orleans.**

• *The Irish in New Orleans*

Members registering before *April 1st* — \$30. Non-members & members registering *after* April 1st — \$35. The meeting and seminar include coffee breaks and free parking.

On-site registration is 7:45–8:45AM. The annual business meeting will be held 8:45–9:00AM.

The cost of registration does *not* include lunch! Holiday Inn offers a large buffet and numerous other restaurants are available nearby. Book vendors also will be present during the day.

A block of rooms has been reserved at a special conference rate of \$74 per night. For reservations, please contact Holiday Inn directly (*before April 8th*) at 1-800-HOLIDAY (or 225-924-7021, Mon-Fri, 8AM – 5PM).

Send registration to: LGHS, PO Box 82060, Baton Rouge, LA 70884-2060.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP + 4 \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ FAX \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

**LAWSON CEMETERY**  
**LEVEE ROAD AND HIGHWAY 165 SOUTH**  
**BASTROP, MOREHOUSE PARISH, LOUISIANA**  
**By Isabelle Woods**

Established in 1895, this cemetery contains burials of both African-American and Caucasian decedents. The Lawson Cemetery is an abandoned cemetery. It is obvious to any visitor that this cemetery has not had any periodic maintenance performed thereon for some time. This property and the cemetery were later sold to the Alexander Lawson C. M. E. Church, which had an African-American congregation. According to one of its oldest members, Mr. George Scott, the Alexander Lawson C. M. E. Church relocated in 1945 to 2229 West Madison Avenue, Bastrop, Louisiana. "Mrs. (Susan) Holley found the cornerstone of the old church building and gave it to the present church in 1994."<sup>i</sup>

The Lawson Cemetery is located within this heavily wooded area overgrown with trees and shrubbery. This Cemetery was brought to my attention by my stepdaughter, Faye A. Harden. She learned of this abandoned cemetery from a neighbor who was a hunter, who was aware of our interest in reading cemeteries.

A burial of special note at this cemetery located in the Point Pleasant community of Morehouse Parish is that of Abraham Scriber, a White pioneer. He settled in the area now known as Morehouse Parish before the parish was established in 1844. "Abraham Scriber bought the John McBride land grant consisting of 3,000 acres in 1818 (then Ouachita Parish). After his death his widow, Lydia, married John T. Faulk who bought the Scriber estate and sold half of it to Benjamin Scriber." A large obelisk without dates of birth and/or death but simply engraved, "To the memory of Abraham Scriber," marks his gravesite.<sup>ii</sup>

This cemetery is located between Bayou Bartholomew and Levee Road. Travel south on the New Monroe Road (Highway 165 South) about 4.7 (four and seven-tenths) miles from the Morehouse Courthouse, Bastrop, Louisiana. Turn right at Levee Road and travel one-tenth of a mile to the wooded area on your right that begins at the rear of a cotton field under cultivation. The boundary of this cemetery ends at Bayou Bartholomew.

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<sup>i</sup> Rebecca De Armond-Huskey, *Bartholomew's Song: A Bayou History*, Bowie, Maryland: Heritage Books, Inc., ©2001, page 143.

<sup>ii</sup> *Ibid*, page 143.

## LAWSON CEMETERY, BASTROP, MOREHOUSE PARISH, LA

By Isabelle Woods

ID	SURNAME	FIRST	MIDDLE	DOB	DEATH	COMMENTS	
1	Doaty	Luebertha			1914	1942	Age 28
2	Johnson	Fannie	E.				Daughter
3	Sylvester	Sarah					Mother
4	Moore	Goldman				20 Oct 1918	Louisiana Pvt 805 Pioneer Inf.
5	Boykin	Sam			1859	13 Nov 1912	Affiliated with G.U.O.
6	Irving	Sam			06 Nov 1897	06 May 1925	
7	Johnson	Martha			05 Feb 1880	--- Nov 1896	
8	(Van)	Victoria		(Mrs.)		10 Mar 1904	Age 44; Wife of Andrew Van
9	Foster	Henry				12 Dec 1931	Louisiana Pvt 161 Depot Brig
10	Bowman	Phil				27 May 1954	Louisiana Pvt 1CL 318 Serv Bn QMC
11	Jackson	Sylvester					Name inscribed on a metal plate on front gate of iron fence
12	Brown	Collins				03 Nov 1914	70 Yrs
13	(Harris)	Emile			23 Feb 1889	16 Jun 1915	Son of William & Mary Harris
14	Smith	Katie	M.				Wife of Rev. G. W. Smith
15	Gain	Carl	R.		1927	1938	Age 11
16	Gray	Edward			13 Apr 1848	09 Mar 1917	
17	Scriber	Abraham					
18	Robinson	Sister	M. C.	Rev.	1889	1940	Age 51
19	Crowder	Harry			17 Jul 1901	26 Nov 1921	Age 20; Son of C. C. Crowder
20	Gray	L.	G.	Prof.		02 Apr 1940	
21	Scott	Arthur					No headstone. Source: George Scott on 4 Sep 2004
22	Scott	Lillie	Smith				No headstone. Source: George Scott on 4 Sep 2004
23	Scott	Horace					No headstone. Source: George Scott on 4 Sep 2004
24	Robertson	General					No headstone. Source: George Scott on 4 Sep 2004

**The Pessimist sees difficulty in every opportunity,  
The Optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty.**

*Winston Churchill*

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## FRIENDSHIP BAPTIST CHURCH

By Dale Jennings

Interest in an old African American church was kindled recently by the discovery of a fragment of that church's past. In late December 2005, a cyclist found a large piece of the Friendship Baptist Church cornerstone along Old Brownlee Road just north of Bossier City. The road follows the long curve of Benoist Bayou from the new North Bossier Recreation Park to that road's junction with Wemple Road and beyond. The cornerstone was discovered here across the road from the pecan grove that had been the site of Ray P. Oden's Rosedale Plantation home and headquarters complex. The find was reported to KTBS TV News, which was first to cover the story. This top half of the finely finished concrete cornerstone was taken by KTBS's Jim Roberts and the writer from the site to the Bossier Parish Library Historical Center for evaluation. KTBS News soon learned that the church had long ago moved its charter across the Red River to Shreveport. It is now the Greater Friendship Baptist Church on Roberts Street in the Mooretown neighborhood.

The church was notified and its pastor, Charles Pipkins, and associate minister, George Reliford, came to accept the stone and express the gratitude of the congregation. The transfer was covered by the *Shreveport Times* and *Bossier Press Tribune*. The writer accompanied the newsmen and pastors back to the discovery site. After a brief search, half of the lower part of the cornerstone was found, as well as a deep depression in the ground where the larger top half had lain concealed for some time. The top piece had apparently been lifted from the ground and placed nearer to the roadway that it might be found.

The Friendship church's story is told in part by its cornerstone inscription: "Friendship Baptist Church - Vanceville - Organized AD July 23, 1899." Although in the Vanceville neighborhood, the location is about one mile southeast of the little community center of Vanceville, which then existed at the junction of the Vanceville and Benton Roads. The church's location has changed more than once, but the cornerstone fragments were found not far from its original site, between the pecan orchard and the Old Brownlee Road-Wemple Road corner.

Bossier Parish courthouse records show that Irving Stokes sold one half acre of ground from his property to the church for \$25 on August 3, 1900, and that it was accepted by Deacon Moses Frazier on that date. Stokes had bought the 190-acre tract of fertile bottom land along Benoist Bayou for \$4,500 in 1896. The church lot fronted 35 yards on the east side of the bayou and extended back 70 yards. Today it would be located at the south side of the Old Brownlee Road-Wemple Road corner at what had been the northwest corner of the Stokes tract.

The church's history tells that the organizing founders included the late Reverend Charles Simms, Deacon Joe Ivory, Sister S. W. Stokes and others (Sister Sarah Stokes was Mrs. Irving S. Stokes). Reverend E. S. Stills was elected the church's first pastor. In 1905 the church was paid for in full. Also, that the church's first cornerstone was laid in 1913 by the Mt. Leborne F & M Lodge. The bottom fragment of the newly found cornerstone contains the Masonic emblem and

incomplete information about the lodge. According to church history, the Friendship Baptist church building burned in 1930, and services were then held in the school building. Ironically, the school house also soon burned and the congregation was invited to worship with the Magnolia Baptist Church (in Vanceville). The cornerstone chronicles that the church was "Remodeled 1933." This would not have been at the original site. The church had apparently abandoned its property on Old Brownlee Road. Mr. Ray Oden, Sr., bought the Stokes land in 1928, and in 1931 bought the church lot at sheriff's sale. This was the beginning of his Rosedale Plantation, which would grow to about 2,000 acres.

The Friendship cornerstone lists the leadership of the church. Deacons were A. W. Cooper, D. V. Johnson, W. T. Moore, Joe Shaw, Pat Moore, C. Dickerson and T. Taylor. Reverend O. Bendaw was pastor and A. W. Cooper, clerk. Reverend Bendaw's term preceded that of Reverend Dorsey, which began in 1938. The church history tells that Reverend Buster Dorsey and eight loyal members rebuilt the Friendship Baptist Church. The date has been forgotten, but Pastor Dorsey's term was 1938-1945. A current deacon, Charlie Dickerson, whose name appears on the stone, recalls that a big old red barn was torn down and moved to the location that would thereafter be remembered as the Bossier Parish church site. Also, that men came in after their shifts at the sawmill to help on the church building. The church's new location was on Rosedale Plantation on the other end of Wemple Road, just east of Airline Drive - about a half mile from its original site. Mr. Ray Oden, Jr., recently said that his father had given permission for its construction and had donated matching funds of those raised by the membership. He remembered that when he returned from the war in 1945 the church was thriving, with a large active congregation. Mr. Oden said the church had been at that location - on the south side of Wemple Road approximately opposite the present entrance to Rosedale Place subdivision - for as long as he could remember. He thought most of the members had worked on the family plantation.

Ann Middleton, director of the Bossier Parish Library Historical Center, interviewed several current members of the Greater Friendship Baptist Church who had previously attended the church at its Bossier location. They were Deacon Charlie Dickerson, Eddie and Laura Shaw, daughters-in-law of Deacon Joe Shaw, who is also on the stone, and current Deacon Robert Stevenson. None could remember any but the Wemple Road church location. They had fond memories of fellowship at the old church. They said that the building also served as a one-room school under the parish school system during weekdays. Most had attended there and recalled that it had two teachers, one for grades one through four, and the other for grades five through seven. In order to advance further, students had to have relatives or someone else to stay with in Bossier City or Benton.

Increased mechanization on the farms during the 1950's and 1960's caused a migration of families to urban areas for other employment. Mr. Stevenson, the youngest of those interviewed, said that he was born in 1940 and attended his first three years there before the school played out and he transferred to Benton. The church would also decline to a point that it was no longer functional. Many of the African American country churches reestablished in Benton, Bossier City and Shreveport. Nearby Willow Chute Baptist Church moved to the Cooper Road community in Shreveport and the Magnolia Church moved its charter to Shreveport's Lakeside neighborhood. The church's history indicates that Reverend D. H. King successfully led the





**The Alford Family**  
**A Brief Genealogical History**  
*Submitted by Willie R. Griffin*

*Note: The following letter written to Mr. John Ardis Manry is part of the "John Ardis Manry Collection", [Box 215]. A Biographical Sketch of Mr. Manry may be found as part of his collection. This excellent collection is housed at the LSUS Archives and Special Collections – Noel Memorial Library, Shreveport, LA.*

June 5, 1973

Mr. Ardis Manry  
Plane Dealing, La.

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed very much the Matlock Ceremony the other Sunday, but apologize for leaving early and not telling you personally of this fact.

Enclosed please find brief genealogical history of the Alford Family. If you publish a book of Bossier please contact me, as I have more detailed information of history of my family. However, am embarrassed by George Alford name and lack many details of family history and would appreciate any information you may run across on them.

All Edwards, McDades, Hickmans, Dickersons, Alfords were a clan in Montgomery and Sumpter Co., Ala. Before coming to Bossier. Later, the Hudsons, Hillmans, ect. became members of the clan after arriving in Bossier about 1846-47.

The Hillmans (now of Webster Parish) furnished 5 brothers to CSA (Confederate States of America). 3 killed, but joined in Mississippi.

My mother was granddaughter of Thomas Dixon Connell, pioneer of Fillmore, La. Coming there about 1839(?), and gave 3 acres of Fillmore Cemetery in 1843. "Tim", John Tinsley Connell, was killed in Battle of Chickamauga, youngest son of Thomas Dixon Connell. This clan consisted of Forts, Connells, Raines, Bledsoes, Hickmans, etc. Any information on them will also be very much appreciated.

If you can furnish details of how I can transfer to Dick Taylor unit, Sons of CSA, I will do so. Joined Hattiesburg, Miss. Unit years ago.

Am very much interested in moving of Confederate State to new courthouse. Would buying small plot from Mrs. Burt be feasible?

Any information on these people and Bryans, Burns, etc, families of this area and old roads, settlements, etc, I can help you with, please feel free to call upon me.

I want you to know I greatly appreciate your efforts to bring the glorious history of Bossier to the public. Regrettably, too many are not sufficiently interested.

Thanking you for your consideration in this matter, I am *Yours very truly*,  
D. E. Alford, Jr.

Brief Genealogical History

**James W. Alford**

Born – Georgia, Dec. 9, 1809, Hancock Co.

Died – Bellevue, La., June 6, 1857

Married – Sumpter Co., Ala., by Rev. Mr. Davis, 15 Dec. 1833 to:

**Isabel Ellis Miller**

Daughter of Phyllis & William E. Miller

Born – 23 Feb. 1814

Died – Bellevue, Between 1860-1866(?)

Their Children are as follows:

**Henry Montgomery Alford**

Born – Ala., Sept. 17, 1834

Died – Bellevue, Nov. 4, 1855

**Amgrade Miller Alford**

Born – Sumpter Co., Ala., Feb. 23, 1837

*Capt., CSA, La. Cavalry*

Died – Bellevue, April 14, 1866

Married – Lou E. Boon [*1 son – I. E. (Edger) Alford*]

**Marcus Laban Alford**

Born – Sumpter Co., Ala., June 12, 1839

Died – Sumpter Co., Ala., Feb. 11, 1843

**Carns Bolin Alford**

Born – Sumpter Co., Ala., Nov. 21, 1842

*Sergeant, CSA, Vance Guards*

Died – Bellevue, Aug. 8, 1866

Married – Carrie B. (?), Date (?) (Braden)

[1 daughter, Carrie B., died Oct. 17, 1868, age 2 years.]

Widow remarried Capt. Buy Broadwater, San Antonio, Texas.

**John Francis Alford**

Born – Sumpter Co., Ala., March 7, 1845

*Lieut., CSA, La. Cavalry*

Died – Haughton, La.

Married – Anna Bella McDade, by Rev. Mr. Willis, Sept. 15 1870

Annie Bell McDade – Born 1856; Died 1935

Annie Belle was daughter of Neal Franklin McDade & P. Sarah Elizabeth Edwards; whose mother was Eliza Ann Miller, daughter of W. E. & Phillis Miller. Eliza Ann Miller was sister of James W. Alford's wife Isabel Ellis.

**Caladonia Alford**

Born – Miss., Sept. 15, 1847

Died – Haughton, La., Sept. 28, 1911

Married – James Alford Edwards

*Sgt. Major, CSA, Vance Guards (No Children).*

**Ambrosia Alford**

Born – Bellevue, La., Oct 15, 1850

Died – Bellevue, La., Sept. 26, 1861

**Isabel Ellis Alford (Mittie)**

Born – Bellevue, Dec. 9, 1853

Married – John Kennedy, Abilene, Texas.

Death – (?)

**James W. Alford**

Born – Bellevue, La., April 25, 1857

Died – Bellevue, La., Nov. 13, 1864

**William Scoggins Edwards**

Married – Eliza Ann Miller [*Daughter of William E. & Phyllis Miller*]

**Alexander Jackson McDade**

Married – MaryAnn Miller, Ala., Dec.13, 1839 [*Daughter of William E. & Phyllis Miller*]

**James German McDade**

Married – Nancy Miller, Sumpter Co., Ala. [*Daughter of William E. & Phyllis Miller*]

**James W. Alford**

Married – Isabelle E. Miller, Dec. 15, 1833 [*Daughter of William E. & Phyllis Miller*]

**A. J. McDade, J. G. McDade and Neal Franklin McDade** are all half brothers, sons of William McDade of Mt. Meigs, Montgomery Co., Ala.

**Daniel Turner McDade** [CSA, Pvt., Bossier Guards.]

Married – A Dickerson, granddaughter of William E. & Phyllis Miller, Sumpter Co., Ala. (*He was half brother of above McDades.*)

**Neal Franklin McDade** [CSA vet., Joined at Baton Rouge, La.

(*He was half brother of above McDades.*)

**A. A. Abney**

Married 1<sup>st</sup> – A McDade sister of the above McDades

Married 2<sup>nd</sup> – Another sister of the above McDades

Buried – *Camp Zion Cemetery, Haughton*

## A Computer Poem for Those Over 40

*Reprinted from Union Echoes (Ohio Genealogical Society)*

Submitted by Constance Whatley

A computer was something on TV  
From a Science fiction show of note  
A window you hated to clean  
And ram was a cousin of a goat.

Meg was the name of my girlfriend.  
A gig was a job for the nights.  
Now they all mean different things.  
And that mega bytes.

An application was for employment.  
A program was a TV show.  
A cursor used profanity.  
A keyboard was a piano.

Memory was something you lost with age.  
A CD was a bank account.  
And if you had a three-inch floppy,  
You hoped nobody found out.

Compress was something you did to the garbage  
Not something you did to a file.  
And if you unzipped anything in public  
You'd be in jail for a while.

Log on was adding wood to a fire.  
Hard drive was a long load on the road.  
A mouse pad was where a mouse lived.  
And backup happened to your commode.

Cut, you did with a pocket knife.  
Paste you did with glue.  
Web was a spider's home.  
And a virus was the flu.

I guess I'll stick to my pad and paper,  
And the memory in my head.  
Nobody's killed in a computer crash.  
But when it happens, they wish they were dead.

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