

The Genie

*To inspire interest in family history through education, preservation and service.
We're in the family business.*



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

ARK-LA-TEX GENEALOGICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

P. O. BOX 4463
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THE GENIE

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ARK-LA-TEX GENEALOGICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

P.O. Box 4463

Shreveport, Louisiana 71134-0463

The Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association is a Section 501 (c) 3 non-profit organization incorporated in the State of Louisiana.

The purpose of this organization is:

- To collect, preserve and make available genealogical documents and records
- To encourage an interest in genealogy and to sponsor educational programs for its development
- To promote the Shreveport/Bossier City area as having significant resources for genealogical and historical research
- To compile and publish a quarterly publication, *The Genie*, composed of records of genealogical and historical importance, helpful research information, and ancestral queries.



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

The membership year is from January 1 through December 31 and dues are \$20.00 annually for individual or same household family memberships. Dues for those members joining in the last half of the year (July 1 - December 31) are \$10.00. Membership renewals are due by January 31 at the "whole year" annual rate. Payment may be made online through PayPal, by regular mail, or at regular meetings. Refer to our website: altgenealogy.com/join.htm for details.

Statement of Publication: *The Genie* is published on a quarterly basis and distributed electronically as a pdf document to members and subscribing institutions that have provided an email address. The Association also participates in an exchange agreement with other organizations that publish similar genealogical publications. Those publications that are received are donated to the Broadmoor Branch Genealogy Department of the Shreve Memorial Library.

We welcome family history and genealogy research articles and records, especially those that are likely to be of an interest to others. Some examples are family pedigree charts, cemetery surveys/records, family and community histories, and transcribed courthouse records. We also accept articles describing a genealogical "brick wall," as well as queries. All submitted material should be typed or very plainly written and sent to our mailing address above or emailed to our editor at thegenie.editor@gmail.com. Please note that *The Genie* cannot be responsible for errors or inaccuracies, but will hasten to publish correction.

Copyright Laws: All who submit material from other sources should be aware of copyright restrictions. When articles are obtained from another source, permission should be obtained from the author, compiler, or owner of the material being submitted and a statement to that effect provided. Also, we encourage use of source citations when applicable.

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President's Message

Contributed by Glenda Bernard

What a first half of the year!! The Randle T. Moore Center's temporary closing, our printer's unavailability, and the website at *RootsWeb* being down are just a few obstacles we've encountered, but WOW, our challenges seem to have been resolved without too much difficulty, thanks to many who helped at just the right time. We would like to thank Sandy McCormick, John Samuel, Jim Johnson, Elaine Johnson, Cedar Grove-Line Avenue Library, and Shreveport Parks and Recreation for helping us along the way. Hopefully, we will be "home" in the Moore Center very soon. Our expectations are great!

April 2018 brought a follow-up to our March encouragement by Sally Hamer to "write, write, write" our family stories. Our speaker in April, Linda Swain Bethea, author of books and also a blogger, noted in her message to us, "if you can talk, you can write." She encouraged listeners to write at will, to save the data, and when there are enough stories, to string them together into a book "like a string of pearls." Her encouragement included beginning with a blog and then working toward building information for a book. If you would like to follow her, Linda's blog is <http://www.nutsrok.wordpress.com>

We were treated to a nice change of pace in May 2018 with the Education Committee's presenting a panel discussion on their favorite tips and strategies which have helped them with their research over the years. Sonja Webb, chairman of the committee, discussed ways to better research on Ancestry.com and Google.com, in addition to her success using research logs. Jim Johnson discussed the importance of county and state boundary changes, the variations in the spelling of names, and the great value of using military records. Peggy LaCour shared the need for us to begin "spring cleaning" of files and computer organization, along with overcoming procrastination. Our Horn Book presentations for April and May consisted of the popular genealogy lecturer and lawyer, Judy Russell, who explained various legal terms in probate records. These videos and their handouts were well received. All were great, useful pieces of information for our ongoing "digging for ancestors."

Margaret Dupree explained an overview of the Family Tree Maker software at our June 2018 meeting. She detailed the history of the computer and how she came to use this genealogy software. She demonstrated numerous shortcuts within the software for researchers. Peggy LaCour shed light on a subject which is new to some. Her "GedMatch: What? Why? How? Then What?" presentation was filled with data which those DNA-tested folks enjoyed. If you would like to know more, search here: <http://www.gedmatch.com> .

Several of our ongoing projects keep us "on our toes." We are continuing to try to reach out to regional libraries which could use a little help in setting up a genealogy program for their

libraries. Also, Sarah White (zeagler606@aol.com) has offered to coordinate with those who are seeking a little assistance in getting started in genealogy (or with those who have questions about a particular aspect of their research) with members who have volunteered to help with an hour or two of one-on-oneness.

We are working with Broadmoor Library to sponsor a mini-seminar for the afternoon of June 23, 2018. Sally Hamer will be our featured speaker for this two-lecture series, "Keeping the Family Footprints Alive." In addition to our summer schedule, we are making strides in preparing for our August seminar with professional genealogist, Philip Adderley. What a great highlight to the end of the summer with our annual August event! Phil is in the process of traveling throughout the South, especially in the North and South Carolina area, in pursuit of genealogical treasures for one of his clients. We know that by August, he will be primed to share some of his adventures with us. This is an exceptional occasion where we come to learn, as well as to greet and meet friends from August seminars of years gone by. We will be meeting with Barnes and Noble very soon to order an array of genealogy-related books for our attendees to swoon over and purchase during the seminar coffee breaks.

Our new website, <http://www.altgenealogy.com>, provides scores of research tools for Ark-La-Tex research, offers a working calendar so that everyone can know who and what are on the docket, and makes it possible for easy payment of dues or fees for special events. It is invaluable!

As you can tell, we are relentless in our efforts to make available genealogical resources for members and our community at large. Thank you, members, for your intensely uninterrupted support!



Lloyd deWitt Bockstruck, R. I. P
Contributed by Jim Johnson



Lloyd deWitt Bockstruck died May 27, 2018, in Dallas, Texas. He was a prolific author, genealogy scholar, librarian, educator, and lecturer. Some of us remember Mr. Bockstruck when he was the head of the genealogy department at the Dallas Public Library, while others may have attended one of the many seminars/conferences across the country where he was the featured speaker. We were fortunate to have had Mr. Bockstruck as our guest speaker at two of our annual seminars some years back. Read his obituary at

http://www.eastgatefuneralhome.com/memsol.cgi?user_id=2110168

Periodical Exchange Review

Contributed by Reed Mathews

The Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association currently exchanges periodical publications with dozens of historical and genealogical organizations across the country. These exchange publications are donated to the Genealogical Department at the Shreve Memorial Library. It is the purpose of this column to make readers aware of these wonderful resources for the family historian by giving brief descriptions of the publications and their content.

The Treesearcher. Now in its 60th year of publication, *The Treesearcher* is the quarterly publication of the Kansas Genealogical Society, which is headquartered in Dodge City. The Number 1 issue of 2018 has 32 numbered pages that include a table of contents and an every-name index. It is staple-bound with a card-stock cover. Two black and white photographs as illustrations accompany one article. Most of the information is well documented.

Two articles in this issue contribute information that is of a general historical nature. “Deadly Virus: The Influenza Epidemic of 1918,” which was gleaned from a government website, commemorates the centennial of the scourge that affected 20% of the world’s population and virtually every family who lived at that time. If you seek the grave of any U.S. president, you might consult Mary Lou Warren’s compilation, “Presidential Burial Sites,” which locates the resting place of every president who has died to date.

Biographies of two of Dodge City’s mayors are presented in this edition of *The Treesearcher*, as well as information on their families. Alfred Benton Reeves was a lawyer and an author. During Reeves’ tenure as mayor, a sewerage system was developed and curfews for the children established, but perhaps the most remembered legislation was the prohibition of the manufacture and sales of alcohol in 1907. Dale R. Northern served four terms as mayor of Dodge in the 1980s and early 1990s. His work to establish parks, to improve law enforcement and fire fighting, to develop centers for the youth and the seniors, and above all, to promote the community earned him the title “Mr. Dodge City.”

“Wyatt Earp: A Kansas Legend,” adapted from the Wikipedia article on Earp, details the famous law man’s life. Contemporary accounts of the 1881 gunfight at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone are widely divergent. Some accuse Wyatt Earp, his brothers, and Doc Holliday of being little better than the “bad men” they pursued. Earp lived long after the famous shoot out. Restlessly following silver booms and gold rushes, he made a fortune building saloons and developing mining interests in California, Nevada, Idaho, and Alaska. He also at times raced horses in San Diego and San Francisco. Ever dashing and fit, Earp retired late in life to Los Angeles.

Although known for his reticence, Earp suffered from the recriminations that followed him through his life. He defended his actions in Tombstone emphasizing that “with the deaths of the McLowerys, the Clantons, Stillwell, Florentino Cruz, Curly Bill, and the rest, organized, politically-protected crime in Cochise County ceased.” He befriended movie makers and journalists in order to tell his story. Before his death in 1929, only one brief depiction of Earp appeared in a movie. In 1931, Stuart Lake’s flattering, “highly-fictionalized” biography *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshall* became a best seller. This characterization cemented Earp’s reputation as an American hero and did much to create a new mystique of the frontier west. Many movies

and a television series appeared in the next three decades which idolized Wyatt Earp and added to the myth.

Scholars have handily debunked the idealized version of Wyatt Earp's life. He was an inveterate gambler. In 1872, he operated a brothel in Pella, Iowa, and in 1874, another in Wichita, Kansas. The feud between the Earps and the Clantons in Tombstone seems to have been as much a squabble over the division of booty as it was true law enforcement. He had other faults, but the image of Earp as a vicious criminal who hid behind a badge and who has been glorified merely because he won the fight is something of a stereotype, as well.

A plaque in Dodge City honors Wyatt Earp. The legend reads that he "established law and order" there in the 1870s and "did the same thing for other cities." These statements are also true. Wyatt Earp was bigger than the stereotypes. By all accounts the man was absolutely fearless. He was an opportunist who clearly crossed lines, but he fought the lawless on behalf of those who could not or would not. More than a century hence, he remains a fascinating figure who defies easy categorization.

The *Treesearcher* is a fine publication. The Kansas Genealogical Society is doing wonderful work to make these materials available to researchers.

Tracks and Traces. The Union County (Arkansas) Genealogical Society publishes *Tracks and Traces* twice a year from El Dorado. The Winter 2017 issue contains 16 numbered pages and includes a table of contents but no index. It is staple-bound with a card-stock cover. There were no illustrations in this edition.

Of general interest to lovers of Union County history is Annie Laurie Spencer's "Early Towns of Union County." Several of the towns were formed as mill towns or railroad towns. New London was an early seat of government for the eastern part of the county. The town of Magnolia was formed by 1850 around an early "gin manufacturing industry." A second unusual industry was begun in Magnolia when oil that seeped from the ground was collected and refined for "axle grease, oils for medicines, and kerosene." As is the case with many of the early settlements, there is nothing left of Magnolia today.

Many of the articles in this issue of *Tracks and Traces* offer personal recollections. In "Guitarist Tommy Tomlinson," Dr. Ken Bridges recalls the 36-year rockabilly career of Tomlinson. Among many accomplishments, Tomlinson played for Shreveport's Louisiana Hayride and backed up Johnny Horton on his 1959 hit, "The Battle of New Orleans." Harell Ferguson tells the story of the search for the lost grave of his grandfather, Alex Earle Harvey, in "Don't Ever Give Up." After more than 60 years and his mother's death, Ferguson identified the cemetery through funeral home records, found the cemetery in Saline County, and located the one unmarked grave that had the green glass insulators his mother had left as a girl.

Janice McIntyre's article, "Local Veterans Awarded Quilts of Valor for their Service," reprinted from **El Dorado News-Times**, reports that The Freedom Quilters of El Dorado awarded quilts to veterans, George Crosley and George Washington Nunley, in June of 2017. The Freedom quilters of El Dorado, organized in 2014, "have presented 39 quilts to veterans in Union County."

Articles that feature more genealogical material are “Hudson Family Photos,” “Neely-Wherry Bible,” “Records of Rhodes Chapel Church,” “Mollie May (Thomas) Nash,” and “Walton-Norsworthy Family Records.”

Tracks and Traces is full of information for family researchers and lovers of history. The members of the Union County Genealogical Society and the editorial staff of *Tracks and Traces* should be proud of their good work.



38th Annual Gathright-McClung Family Reunion at Lake Claiborne

Contributed by Mary English Wynn



Venita, Angi and Mary with Family History Book

purchase. This book contains years of research, family photos, stories, and history going back hundreds of years.

Two beautiful quilts were also on display. One was a family signature quilt that was made as a wedding gift for Robert Doy Gathright and Sarah Alice Fountain who married in 1947. Every one enjoyed looking at the names and figuring out who they were and what relation they were to each of us. The other was a butterfly quilt made by Mary Gathright Hall to be auctioned off at the Haynesville Butterfly Festival in September.

The Gathright and McClung families have been in the Claiborne Parish area since the mid 1800s and became one large family when four children of Robert Milton Gathright, a Primitive Baptist preacher, married into the McClung family. The descendants of these four unions gather each year and celebrate the lives of their ancestors.

If you are a descendant of the Gathrights or McClungs (or both), you are welcome to join us for the next reunion to be held in June of 2019. And if you would like to purchase a copy of the family history book, please contact Mary Wynn. (marybew@hotmail.com)

“Four Churches of Walkerville”

by: Ken Dailey
ALTGA member since 2014

The Second Great Awakening of the early 19th century saw the reexamination of Protestant beliefs and doctrines and marked a religious transformation in society in America.

Methodist circuit riders and local Baptist preachers made enormous gains and to a lesser extent, the Presbyterians gained members, particularly with the **Cumberland Presbyterian Church** in sparsely settled areas. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church split from the Presbyterians in the USA in 1810, largely because of the Cumberland theology that all could be “born again in Christ,” in conflict with the Presbyterian tenant of salvation only for God’s “elect,” sometimes referred to as “predestination.”

The Original New Prospect Church: (1867 - ca. 1890)

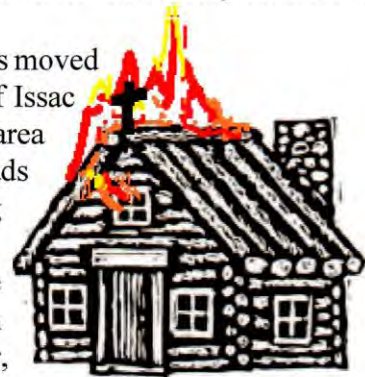
It was in this environment that a camp meeting converged near the midpoint on the road from Camden, AR to Shreveport, LA. The collection of pioneer homes was in an area where several wagon roads converged in a place known as “Shady Grove.” With the Civil War a recent memory, congregationalists constructed a church of virgin logs on a rise of land about two miles southeast of present day Walkerville, Arkansas (See #1 on map). The church was called “New Prospect.”

Rev. Hugh Blair McMahan (1804 -1880), the writer’s great-great-great grandfather, was a leader in building the first church and was the pastor there for many years. He further held the distinction of being the first Cumberland Presbyterian minister in Louisiana. Rev. McMahan’s descendants still live in the community and are members of the modern Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Other charter members were the McCollums, McRaes (of kinship to Arkansas Governor, Thomas C. McRae), and the Greens.

The first New Prospect Church burned about 1890. Its location was moved one mile south to a convergence of wagon roads near the home of Issac Newton McCollum, whose family was early settlers. A spring in the area provided adequate water for horses and mules. Several homesteads were located there along with tenant families and sharecropping families.

Further proof of the first log church came around 1900, when the writer’s grandfather, W.F. “Billy” Dailey, bought the land on which the burned church had sat. Billy, a school teacher and a farmer, plowed around an area strewn with brick which contained “a few markers.” The area was likely the cemetery associated with the first church. Billy’s youngest child, the late Vernon O. Dailey, also remembered the area that was off limits to the plow in respect for those who might be interred there. Billy’s grandchildren told ghost stories to their younger siblings about the existence of the graveyard. Today, no visible trace exists of the cemetery and only a general recollection of its location is known. There are unsubstantiated stories that Rev. Hugh Blair McMahan’s first wife, Elizabeth Hood, who bore him eleven children, may be buried in the cemetery (McMahan had five more children with his second wife, Martha Ann Cochran, who is buried beside him in Mt. Pisgah Methodist Cemetery southwest of Emerson, AR).

The land where the original New Prospect Church stood is still owned today by members of the Dailey family.



“Hog-eye” New Prospect Church: (ca. 1890 -1921)

Singing school at “Hog-Eye” church, ca. 1914. The youngster with the red star above his head is the writer’s father, Alton B. Dailey.

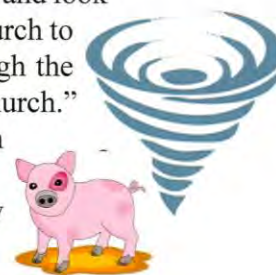
By reported accounts, the new (second) New Prospect Church was built with framed lumber, probably milled at the W.D. Green sawmill, then located about four miles away in the Plainfield, Arkansas community. The church was located on the west side of present day Columbia Co. Road #2E near its intersection with Columbia Co. Road #81 (see #2 on the map). In May of 1895, this second church building was completely demolished by a tornado. In a very short time, a larger church (now the third building) was constructed on the same site and served as a worship center until 1921.

Corrie P. (Dailey) Moore passed away in

2006 at the age of 102 and provided much of the oral history contained in this article. She recalled to the writer, “When I was a kid, we would sit in church in the summertime and look through the cracks in the floor. The local hogs liked to crawl under the church to wallow in the cool dirt. We could see their eyes looking up at us through the cracks.” Thereafter the church was affectionately known as “Hog-Eye Church.”

The Rev. Thomas H. Moore preached in Hog-Eye Church, and Sam McCollum taught singing school.

The congregation now found itself needing a larger, more centrally located meeting place.

New Prospect Church at Walkerville: (1921 - 1948)

The developing community of Walkerville (formerly Shady Grove) became the next site for the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The village was renamed around 1910 after Dr. John Calvin Walker, in honor of his civic and humanitarian efforts. Walkerville is bisected by Arkansas Hwy. #19S at its present day intersections of Columbia Co. Rd. #3 and #80. It lies thirteen miles south of Magnolia, the county seat. Short-line timber railroads were working the area, and it had a modern school. The village had a cannery, a chair factory, two gas stations, general stores, a telephone switchboard, barber shop, automotive garage, and a lodge hall.

The new church, now at Walkerville (see #3 on map), was built in the Methodist style (two separate front entry doors) and was painted white. Members donated timber and hauled it to the sawmill.

The new church was located to the rear and just west of a two-story general store owned by Gladney Wynn and on property donated by Dr. J.C. Walker. A Masonic lodge met on the second floor. The two story building still stands and is under the care of the Walker family.



The store / lodge hall of Walkerville as it appears today. New Prospect Church was located directly behind the building.

At the age of fourteen, in 1945, the writer's sister, Joyce (Dailey) Smith was among four young women baptized during revival at New Prospect's third location. She recalls quilt pallets placed on the floor in the summertime for young children to rest during all-day meetings. The pews were slat-type wooden affairs not built for comfort. Dinner (lunch) was often served on the grounds.

Walkerville's prosperity peaked around 1930. The Great Depression took its toll, and after WWII many people left rural areas. Residents began to shop in Magnolia. The Walkerville school consolidated with Emerson Schools in 1948, and the village's remaining general store closed in 1970. The church, however, remained a focal point for the heart of the community.

Rev. Ciscero Kennedy pastored the third church off and on for 30 years. Kennedy's nephew, Rev. Dale Gentry, saw the need for a better building and led the push for a new church in 1948. The demolition of the fourth house of worship in its third location occurred simultaneously with the opening of the fifth building in a fourth location.

Walkerville (formerly New Prospect) Church: (1948 - present)

New Prospect moved about 100 yards west up the hill to property granted by the McMahan family of Walkerville (see #4 on map). It had parking for modern automobiles and was constructed of brick tile – a popular handmade cinder block of its day. The church had a raised area for the pulpit and later an adjoining small Sunday School room and two larger Sunday School rooms adjacent to the front entrance.

The late Rev. Larry D. Dailey, the writer's brother, was ordained in the new church in 1958, along with his schoolmate, the late Rev. Rowe Gene McMahan. Rev. Dailey told of the construction phase of the new church, "Finis Moore, an elder in the church and husband of Corrie P. (Dailey) Moore, was an expert carpenter. I watched him look at a gap in the flooring being installed. He walked to the sawhorse, cut a length of flooring with a handsaw and placed it into the gap – all without measuring anything. The piece fit perfectly."



Fellowship, circa 1960's / Walkerville C.P. Church

Original appearance of Walkerville C.P. Church about 1962

The church's official name was changed from New Prospect to Walkerville Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1955.

About 1956 a manse (pastors' residence) was built east of the church and a deep water well was drilled. The first occupant of the manse was the family of Rev. Warren G. Stolhand. The aging manse was replaced in 2011 by a new residential building. In the 1980's, the church added a brick veneer, an adjoining fellowship hall, a kitchen, indoor restrooms, and a steeple.



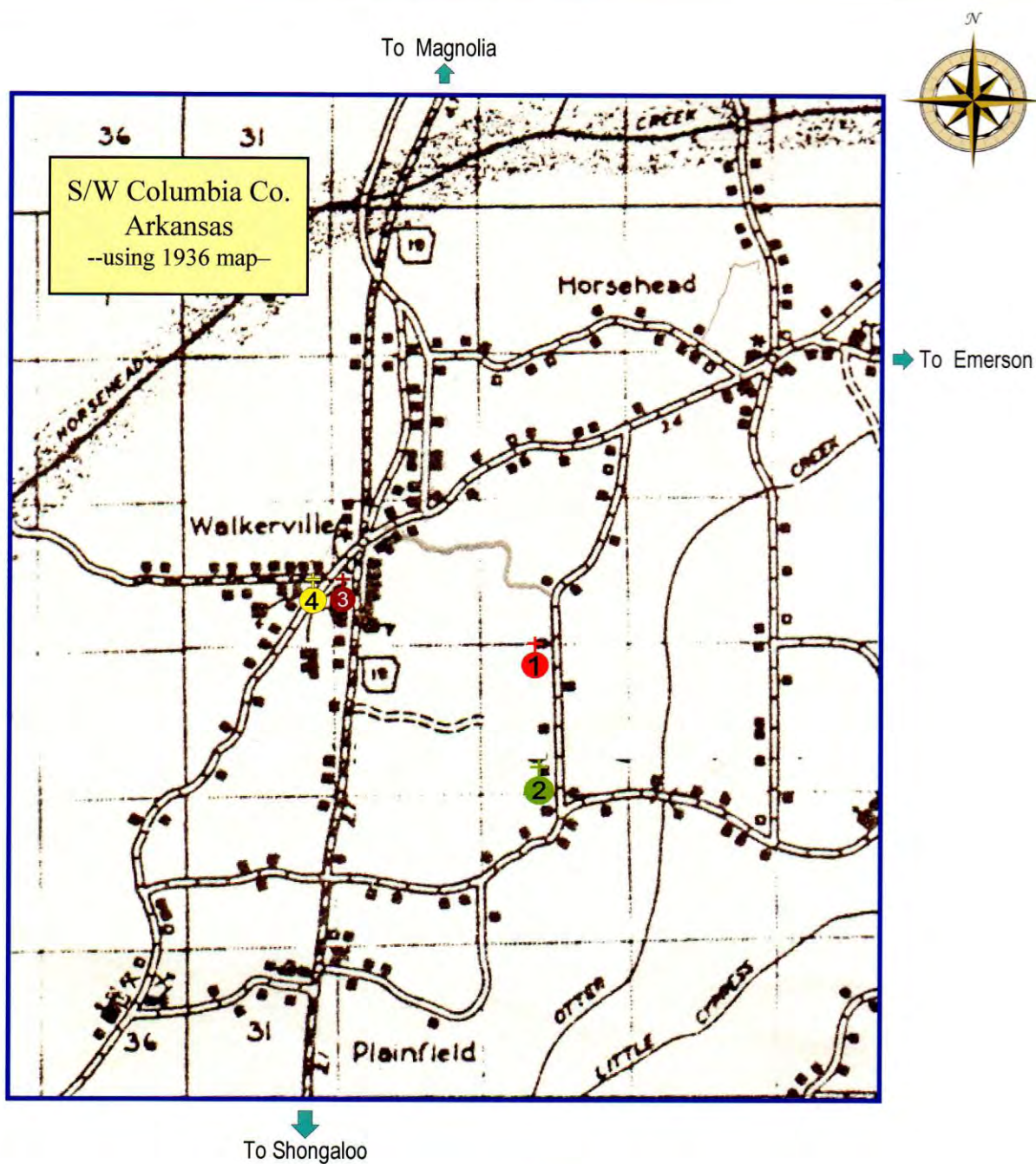
Today's congregation is modest in number, as seems to be the fate of many small rural churches in the south.

The beauty and pastoral setting of today's church is obvious from the adjacent photo.

As the church continues to cherish its historical past, we hope it realizes a bright future.

Ken Dailey is an unofficial historian for the Dailey & Beckham families in Arkansas and Louisiana. He serves as Pres. of the Mt. Pisgah Cem. Assn. and Trustee of the Stewart-Walkerville Cem. Assn. He welcomes any corrections or additions to this research. Contact: ksdailey@outlook.com

Location Map of each Church of Walkerville, AR 1867 to Present



1

New Prospect: original log church (1867- ca. 1890)

2

New Prospect: "hog-eye" church (ca. 1890 - 1921)

3

New Prospect: relocated to Walkerville (1921-1948)

4

Walkerville: formerly New Prospect (1948 - present)

Highlighting Our Members

Contributed by Johnnie Covington

Member **Suzanne Stimits** is originally from San Antonio but lived in the Blanchard, LA area for 40 years. She retired after teaching 25 years at Northwood High School. Now she lives in a senior community called Willow Lake in Bossier City. Suzanne loves to travel and is in the DAR. She likes flowers and gardening and is a member of the herb society. Suzanne is interested in learning more about the names Lindsey, Mayo, Woodward, Raney/Rainey, Stimits, and Laws. She has a daughter who is a nurse and a son who is a chiropractor.



Member **Edwina Wise** is a proud Texan. She is a B.O.I.—Born On the Island---Galveston. She likes old movies, photography, shopping garage sales, antique jewelry, volunteering at the Little Theatre, and history. Edwina has made a life-study of Texas history. She retired after teaching 30 years—mostly Early Childhood and Special Education. Her first teaching assignment was teaching female prisoners at Huntsville, Texas. Edwina has two grown children and a granddaughter who is graduating from Byrd this year. Edwina would like to learn more about her mother's family, the Mericles (Maricles), who came from Baden-Baden, Germany. One of her relatives, Burrell Maricle, was born in 1843 and enlisted into the 6th Louisiana Cavalry when he was 16 or 17. He lived until 1949 when he was almost 106 years old and was buried in Rapides Parish. Edwina's paternal family, the Burrows, are from Nacogdoches County and are buried in the Old North Church Cemetery, the oldest active Missionary Baptist Church in Texas, at Millard's Crossing. Other family names that she would like to learn more about are Richardson and Williams.



Member **June Scholes** retired from AT&T after 27 years. Now she has time to travel and volunteer. June is the Treasurer for ALTGA, delivers Meals on Wheels, volunteers for her church, and does tax preparation for AARP. She is the mother of three grown children and has nine grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. In 2010, June took a two- week cruise to Alaska and saw many beautiful sights including the tops of glaciers, groups of whales, and the city of Fairbanks. She said she needed two sets of clothes because it was very cold in June while ashore and warm while aboard. June is looking forward to two weddings she'll be attending---one in August in Texas and one in Connecticut in October. Names that June is interested in learning more about are Landry, McElroy, Medine, and Brunette, which was originally spelled "Brunet" and pronounced [Brew nay.]



New members **Marilyn and Vernon Varnell** are retired but stay busy volunteering at The Strand, Little Theater, Shreveport Symphony, the Opera, AARP, and many others. They enjoy gardening, going to garage sales, antiquing, and traveling. They just returned from a tour bus trip to Churchill Downs in Louisville and Opryland in Nashville as well as the Ark Encounter, a Christian theme park in Kentucky with a life-sized reconstruction of Noah's Ark.

Marilyn and Vernon met at a CYO dance in Plaquemines, Louisiana, when she was thirteen, and he was fifteen. They were sweethearts for years but went their separate ways and married other people. Marilyn had two children, and Vernon had three when they reunited in 1984. Now there are ten grandchildren.

Marilyn is interested in learning more about her maiden name, Shaheen, a very common name in Lebanon. She is also interested in the names Waggoner and Gwaltney. Marilyn's father owned a small grocery store in White Castle, Louisiana, and she sometimes played in the shadow of the big house at Nottoway Plantation. Marilyn fondly remembers riding in the truck with her father as he went from farm to farm buying things like eggs, peppers, tomatoes, and other local produce which he would sell in the store.

Vernon's father owned a bakery, so Vernon and his four older brothers helped in the bakery. The hours were long; they started work at 4 A.M. The older brothers would work in the bakery a few hours and then go to other jobs. Vernon learned from his father and later owned and ran the bakery himself. He would like to know more about the name Varnell and his mother's maiden name, Dupican.

Marilyn earned her masters plus thirty from LSU Baton Rouge in elementary education and retired after 41 years as an educator. She specialized in elementary special education and parent education.



McMahan's Second Lady

by: Ken Dailey, great-grandson
ALTGA Member since 2014

Walter Scott McMahan (04-25-1856 / 03-06-1950) was a country "horse and buggy" doctor. He practiced in and around the Columbia Co., Arkansas community of Walkerville in the 1800's and well into the 20th century. He had admitting privileges at the Magnolia General Hospital and his portrait as a young man hangs on the wall of the new Magnolia Regional Medical Center among other physicians who practiced there over the years.

Dr. McMahan was the second born of civil war veteran Matthew Pleasant McMahan and Mary Magdalene "Laney" Teutsch, who



Courtesy of Magnolia Regional Medical Center
circa 1885

was of German descent. In addition to an older brother, Leonidas Zwilling McMahan, he had a younger brother, Jefferson Davis "J.D." McMahan and a sister, Francis "Fannie" McMahan Short, and a half sister, Mary D. "Mollie" Yelvington Maloch. Each of his sisters lived to be more than 100 and Walter Scott, himself, lived to the age of 93.

Walter Scott McMahan married Permelia "Melie" Sophia Green (01-11-1860 / 05-14-1938) of the Plainfield community on March 5, 1879 and they had ten children, seven of whom lived to adulthood.



Walter Scott & Permelia, circa 1935

Walter Scott apparently became acquainted with the widow of Sterling Cicero Burns of Shongaloo in Webster Parish, LA. Sterling was the same age as Walter Scott, and had died in 1936. Sterling and his Arkansas-born wife, **Elvira Clementine Sandlin** (03-06-1860 / 04-20-1946), like Walter Scott and Permelia, was married in the first half of 1879. The Burns had eight children, six of whom lived to adulthood.

On the 5th day of July 1939, now widowed Walter Scott and Elvira made application for a marriage license in the Columbia Co. Clerk's office. He was 82 and she was 79. For some reason, the marriage did not take place. The application was marked "canceled" on August 4, 1939 by County Clerk A.P. Walker.

On the 19th day of April 1940, Walter and Elvira again applied for a marriage license and apparently solemnized the Rites of Matrimony within the required 30 day

expiration period. However, the Certificate of Marriage was never returned to the Clerk's office and no record has been found of anyone who may have performed the ceremony or could attest to the actual date of the nuptials.

It is likely the marriage ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace instead of a minister, since it is widely reported that Walter Scott was an avowed atheist, stemming from his bitterness over the loss of three sons in infancy and childhood (family oral history, however, relates that Walter Scott recanted his disbelief on his deathbed and accepted the dictates of Christianity).



Walter Scott McMahan, circa 1947

Few of Walter Scott McMahan's descendants are aware that he ever had a second wife. As a child, I recall seeing a snapshot of Elvira and Walter together on the front porch of their home near Walkerville. She was a tall lady and wore a long black dress. The photo may no longer exist.

Despite sifting through numerous census records, obituaries, social media, web sites, and a few phone calls, the search for 3rd or 4th generation descendants of Elvira was unproductive. I had hoped to learn more information and perhaps even turn up an old photograph. The searches were exacerbated, in part, because male descendants either were childless or had only female children, making the family surname even harder to follow.

The 1940 U.S. Census shows Walter and Elvira living in Mississippi Township (west of Emerson, AR) and that one of Walter's daughters, Claudia Hicker [Hicks], was living with them at the time. Census records and the questionable order in which the households were enumerated, are of limited usefulness in determining the exact location of Walter's household during either of his marriages. There have surfaced two first-hand accounts of the actual place of residence of Walter, within Mississippi Township, during the first half of the 20th century. That discussion is conducted on page three of this essay as a separate topic. Also, see the included map for reference.



Elvira preceded Walter Scott in death in 1946. She lived in Houston, TX for one year prior to her death. Her Texas death certificate indicates that she was "married" at the time of her death, but no documentation has been found to indicate that Walter Scott accompanied her to Texas during her last year. The family member listed as "Informant" on the death certificate is "Mrs. Janie Eades," believed to be Elvira's youngest child, Nancy Janie [Jennie] Burns [Eads] Eades of Houston, wife of Raye Eades. Elvira is interred alongside her first husband in IOOF Lufkin [Oddfellows] Cemetery in Lufkin (Angelino Co.), Texas.

Walter Scott McMahan lived almost four years after Elvira, surviving both his wives until 1950. He resided in Arkansas and attended family reunions in the late 1940's. He is interred next to his first wife in Mt. Pisgah Cemetery near Emerson (Columbia Co.), Arkansas. Also buried there is his grandfather, Hugh Blair McMahan, the first Cumberland Presbyterian minister to preach in Louisiana.

I never knew my paternal or maternal grandfathers. Each died many years before I was born. Under those circumstances, it is statistically improbable that any one of my great-grandparents would have survived until my birth. I was almost three when Walter Scott died, and I have scant memory of him beyond family stories and a handful of faded snapshots.

But it brings a smile to know that I once had a living "Grandpa."



WHERE DID WALTER SCOTT McMAHEN AND HIS FAMILY LIVE?

The late **Ruth (Bradley) Dailey** described walking to the home of Dr. W.S. McMahan during the depression years to obtain medicine for a family member. She walked from her home near her husband's parents (modern Columbia Co. Rd. 2E) to a dirt road off of modern AR Hwy. 98 which ran south from the Hepzibah Baptist Church. Today there is a still visible, but dim, "timber" road which runs south from Hwy. 98 just across from the church. Some old maps (see below) still show the road complete with a few structures along its route.

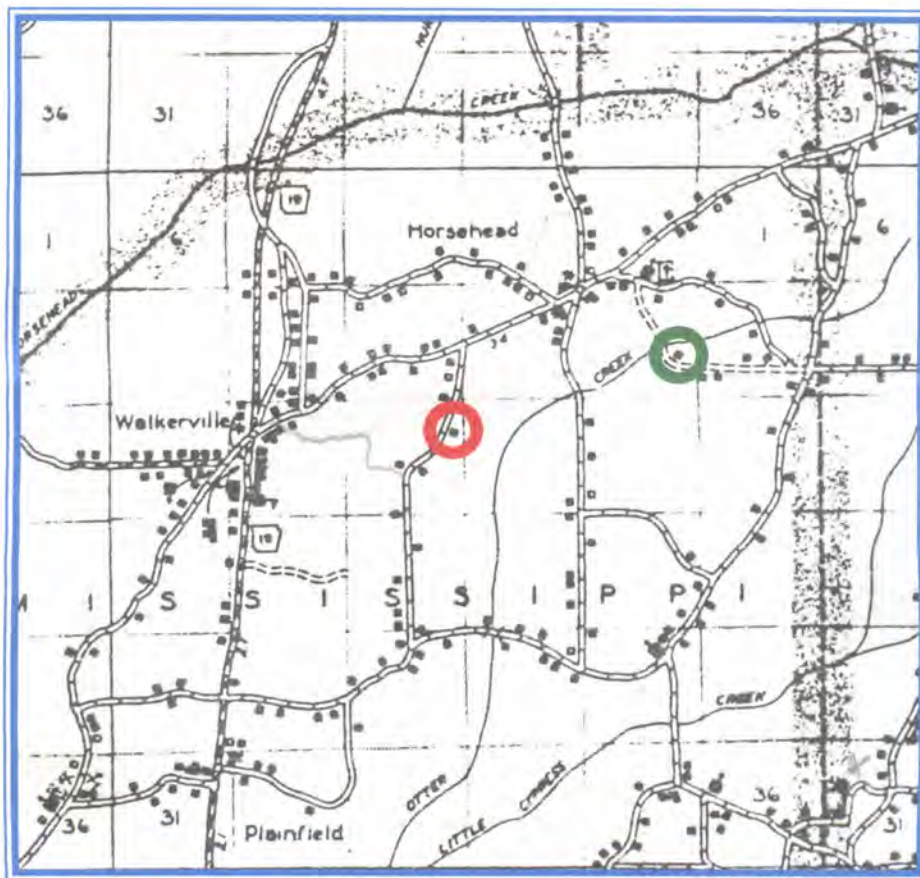
B. Joyce (Dailey) Smith, the oldest surviving great-grandchild of Walter Scott and Permelia Green, recalls going to the home of Dr. McMahan with her father, Alton Dailey, where she drank well water from the novelty of a gourd dipper. Presumably, this occurred after 1940 when she was 11 or 12. The Doctor and his second wife (Elvira Sandlin Burns-McMahan) stood on the porch of their house on the east side of present-day Columbia Co. Road 80, about ¼ mile east of its intersection with today's Columbia Co. Road 2E. A short dirt road led from Rd. 80 to the house.

Original patent deeds show that in 1860, Jonathon [W.] Sandlin obtained approximately 80 acres adjacent to the right-of-way of Rd. 80. It is the same location as described by Joyce Smith. Jonathon, A.K.A. "Jon," died prior to 1870. He was Elvira's father. Elvira was the sixth child of seven born to Jonathan and Elizabeth Evans.

The land may have been inherited by Elvira or was at least being occupied by her and Walter during the second marriage of each. It may be assumed that Walter Scott was living in Elvira's home on her land.

In a final note, the 1900 U.S. Census seems to place Walter Scott and his first wife, Permelia, along with their firstborn child, Mittie Idella (my grandmother), south of the Dailey homelace, on a now-abandoned wagon road which ran between present-day Rd. 2E and the western end of Rd. 80. That house was later home to one of Walter's younger daughters, Ora Lee, her husband, Charlie Dailey and their nine children. The coordinates of that homelace are recorded.

1936 map of Walkerville area showing each occupiable structure



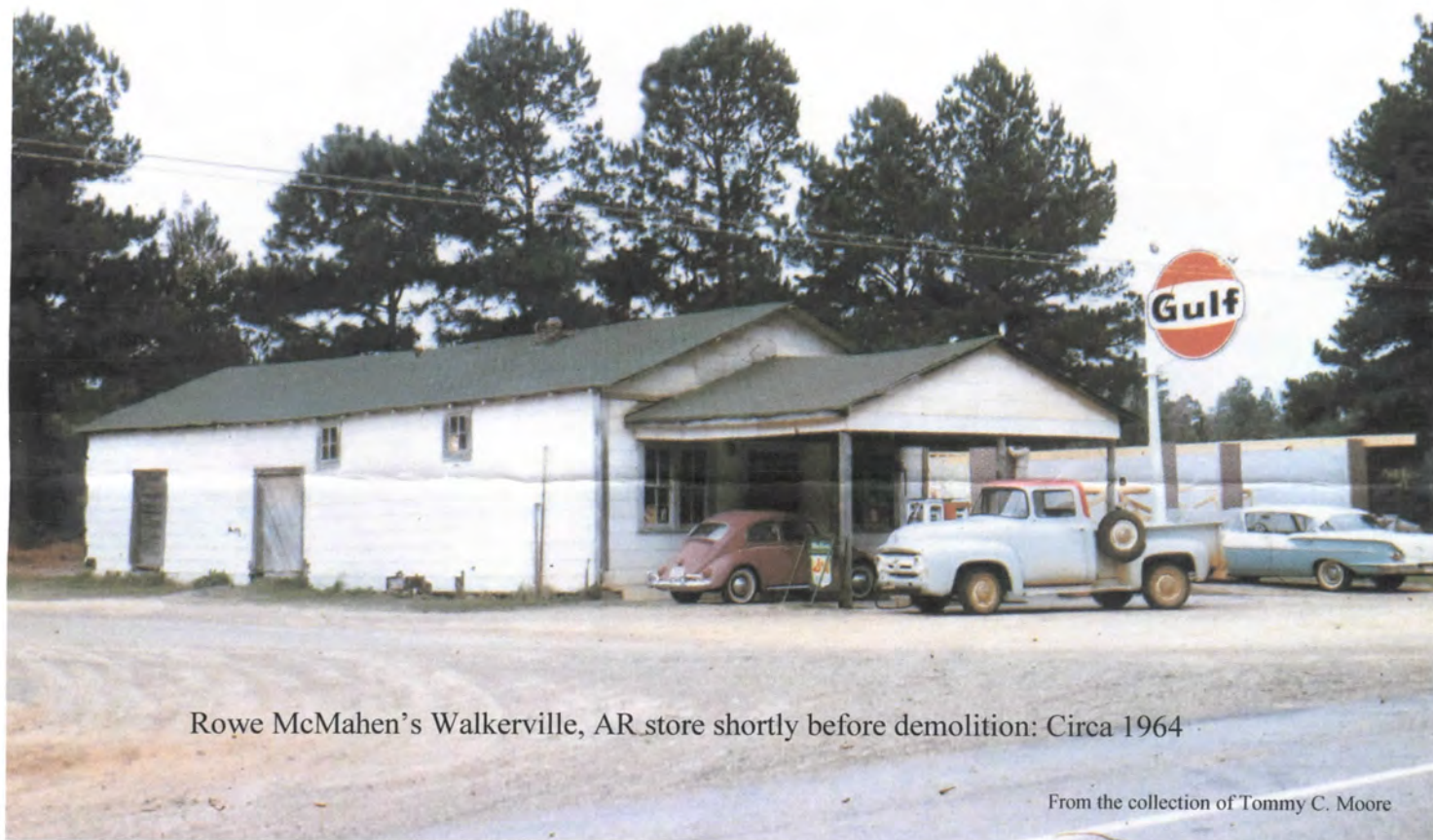
To Emerson →



- Possible residence of Walter & Permelia prior to her death in 1938 as recalled by Ruth (Bradley) Dailey



- Likely residence of Walter & Elvira after 1940 as recalled by B. Joyce (Dailey) Smith



Rowe McMahan's Walkerville, AR store shortly before demolition: Circa 1964

From the collection of Tommy C. Moore



Rowe McMahan's Walkerville, AR store shortly before demolition: Circa 1964

From the collection of Tommy C. Moore

Ruth Remembers

Old Fashioned Voting Machine

Contributed by Ruth Roberts Frank Berlin



RUTH REMEMBERS

OLD FASHIONED VOTING MACHINE

©2016 by Ruth Roberts Frank Berlin



John Benjamin Vaughan

My grandfather, John Benjamin Vaughan, was an election commissioner for getting the voting “boxes” from the Caddo Parish Court House to the voting site, for presiding over the voting, the counting of the ballots, and for returning the “boxes” to the Parish Court House when the votes had been counted and certified in Greenwood, Louisiana.

Pa took his commissioner of voting responsibilities very seriously. Before he started for Shreveport and the Court House to pick up the “boxes,” Pa carefully removed his pistol from its

many wrappings, placed a gun holster about his waist, tied a long leather string from the holster around his leg, and then parked his antique gun in the holster.

His side arm was a work of art! I have always believed the gun was originally a dueling pistol because of its appearance. The barrel was long for a pistol. At the back of the barrel, it sloped into a handle of some gold-colored stone or mineral. It did not have a long grip. In a large hand, the grip would have been small. I loved seeing that weapon. Voting time was about the only opportunity Pa provided his grandchildren, and the world, to see the imposing pre-Civil War relic.

Mother drove Pa to Shreveport, Louisiana, the day before the election so he could pick up the voting “boxes” and have them in Greenwood for the next day.

The term, “box,” has always amused me. The items were really cans! They were cans about as big around, but not as tall, as those that transported fresh milk from a cow barn to the milk bottling company. The top of a can had a hinged and locked lid on it. Across the top of the lid was a slit where you deposited your completed ballot.

Pa, with Mother driving, brought the “boxes” to Greenwood and into our home. Pa slept with the vote containers right beside his bed where his pistol was right beside his pillow. All of this was so important, Daddy locked the doors of the house before we went to bed! The only times I recall the doors being locked at our

house were when those “boxes” were on the premises. I am certain my father and grandfather did not sleep well those nights.

On the day of the election, Pa was up very, very early. The “boxes” were taken to the polling site—a store building beside the United States Post Office. All day, Pa walked about inside the building wearing his side arm. He dutifully presided over the voting place.

To receive a ballot, you had to be registered to vote. We did not have driver’s licenses at that time, so I don’t know how a person identified himself. But, once identified, and given a ballot, the voter entered the “voting booth” and voted “his conscience.”

At that time, an individual made an “x” with a pencil beside the name of the person or proposition receiving the vote. When he had completed his ballot, he placed the ballot in the slot in the top of the voting “box.”

At the end of the voting day, when the polls were closed, the most interesting part of voting occurred. My grandfather removed the key from his pocket, unlocked the “boxes,” and opened the lid. The contents were to be removed one ballot at a time. The counting of the ballots was to begin. Best yet, observers could stand around and watch and listen to the counting of the votes.

Vernon Rich played an important role in the vote counting. He stood at one end of a long table with the “boxes” in front of him. Down the table were several other individuals who had “tally” sheets before them. The names on the ballot were listed on the tally sheets in the same order as on the ballot. Vernon would reach into a “box,” remove a ballot, begin reading slowly and in a strong voice, the name of the proposition or person who received a vote. He read aloud every name or proposition on the ballot which had an “x” beside it.

When Vernon read a name, the people at the table made a tally mark: |, beside the name or proposition on their tally sheet. When a person or proposition received four tally marks, the tally sheet looked like this: ||||. When a fifth vote was received, a line was to be drawn across the four tallies, TTTT; and someone would call out, “Tally.” At that time every one was expected to have a tally of five votes for the person or item. If not, ballots were read and tallied again. It could be a long, long drawn-out procedure.

While all the tallying was taking place, Pa continued to guard the ballots. When the tallying was completed, the scores certified, the ballots returned to the “boxes,” and the “boxes” locked, my mother and grandfather drove to Shreveport with the “boxes” to report the results of the voting in Greenwood.

The way voting is handled today is a far cry from those good old days!

VETERANS HELPING VETERANS RESTORES MILITARY HEADSTONES

Contributed by Isabelle Woods

“Mildred Lachney remembers as a youngster many years ago when her sharecropper father would load the family up in a horse-drawn wagon, and they would all go out to tend to the Oakley Cemetery where many of her kinfolk were buried.

“She remembers climbing aboard the horse-drawn wagon before sunrise and pulling up to the cemetery entrance and spending hours under the hot summer sun trimming up the grass, pulling the weeds and making sure the headstones were free of dirt, grime, and mildew.

“For a young girl, it was quite a chore. But her father made sure that every member of the family understood this was a means of showing reverence and respect for their forebears.

“As Lachney reflects on those scenes many decades later, she senses that things certainly have change. These days, people don’t seem to have the time or inclination to properly tend to the gravesites of those who came before them.

“Many of the 40 cemeteries in her native Franklin Parish area remain untended and overgrown with shrubs, thick grass, ant piles and brush.

“Lachney feels it’s a shame that these gravesites have gone forgotten by the current generation; but it’s particularly problematic when the gravesites contain the remains of military veteran.

“Veterans have a special place in her heart. Her late husband, Gus, was a World War II Navy veteran who served in defense of the country and is interred in Oakley Cemetery.

“Last spring, she and her friend, Dustin Farris—a post-Vietnam military veteran with deep family ties to the armed forces—decided to do something about it. They launched an initiative called *Veterans Helping Veterans Cemetery Restoration Project* to identify and repair the broken, sunken and misplaced headstones of deceased military personnel.

“Farris soon became the point person on the project while Mildred tended to the documentation, photography and coordination. Together the two have spent months trudging through cemeteries looking primarily for the markers of World War I veterans, but finding markers going all the way back to the Spanish-American War.

“They found official United States military markers in all manner of disrepair; some of them sunk so low that just the very top protruded from the ground. Some were tilted, some were chipped and cracked and caked with mud and dirt.

“Typically, the marble and granite headstones were re-set atop a stable bed of fresh concrete and cleaned and restored close to their original brilliant white.

“Farris said that with over 70 headstones repaired, the work has been often tedious coordinating with property owners, securing access, gathering supplies, recruiting volunteers and even dealing with wild critters roaming around the countryside.

“There tends to be a lot of bureaucratic red tape to fight through when you try to go on to these properties and work through the proper channels,” she said. “Then there are all the snakes. We don’t do snakes. When we see snakes, we tend to go the other way in a real hurry.

“As leader of the project, Farris has a soldier’s sense of zeal and determination to accomplish the mission, doggedly tracking down background and genealogical information on the service personnel whose gravesites are damaged or untended. She has accumulated piles of folders full of information on individual servicemen, which she donates to the local library for historic purposes.

“She reckons she has spent thousands out of her own pocket and untold hours toward reaching the goal.

“Along the way, the two have received assistance and support from many members of the



Pastor Cedric Rollins

community, including Franklin Parish High School JROTC unit and Pastor Cedric Rollins, the founder of Abundant Life Evangelistic Ministry. "According to Rollins, it was an easy decision to get involved after being approached by Farris and Lachney. His father, Walter Shaw, served with the U. S. Army in Vietnam.

I had the equipment they needed and I thought it was great what they were doing," Rollins said. "I just thought I'd step in and help them accomplish their goal."

"It didn't take long for NELPCO (Northeast Louisiana Power Cooperative at Winnsboro, Louisiana) to climb aboard. Farris produced a mission statement and work plan to the cooperative's Operation Round Up board, and the board responded with a \$1,000 line of credit at local merchants for building and construction supplies."



Left to right: NELPCO General Manager Jeff Churchwell, Mildred Lachney, Dustin Farris, NELPCO Representative Anna Martin

"We were more than eager to help out any way we could," said NELPCO General Manager Jeff Churchwell. "This seemed like such a worthwhile project devoted to the memory of the sacrifices made on our behalf by so many brave and courageous soldiers. We applaud the efforts of Mildred and Dustin and they are truly dedicated to seeing this through. We're glad we had the opportunity to be involved."

"Lachney said the project has been difficult at times, but she sees it as

more of a labor of love. The duo still have a few cemeteries in their sights, including Berry Hill, Union Valley and Mount Zion.

"The people who fought for our freedom, including my husband, didn't boast or brag about their heroic efforts, but they deserve our honor and respect," she said. "It's been hard and it takes a lot of hard work and sweat, but I've had a ball doing this. Some people may not think this is important, but this is a part of our American history that becoming forgotten and we need to do what we can to help preserve it."

Source: "Veterans Helping Veterans restores military headstone," *Louisiana Country*, September 2017 issue, Page 7, Columns 1, Publisher, The Association of Louisiana Electric Coops, Inc., Baton Rouge, Louisiana; contact: General Manager, Post Office Box 1577, Winnsboro, Louisiana 71295-1577.

Photographic Credit: Photograph of Cover of *Louisiana Country* from September 2017 issue of NELPCO News, website: www.nelpco.coop. Photographic inserts cropped from photographs in this issue of *Louisiana Country*.



Clockwise from above: NELPCO General Manager Jeff Churchwell visits with Mildred Lachney and Dustin Farris at a local cemetery; the headstone of WWI veteran Vern Funderburk after it was restored; one of the many military headstones in the area that have sunk into the ground; local volunteer Pastor Cedric Rollins.



The Tricycle

Contributed by Sonja Webb

We visited the old family home place of Vera and James Webb a few years ago. The old place in Belmont, Louisiana, was the place of many fond memories for Jerry. He wanted to walk



around the place one last time before the house was moved. The house had been sold and was being moved to a new location. As we walked around the place, Jerry talked about his Mamaw and Pappaw. He remembered the smells of her biscuits and cornbread baking and the pot of peas cooking on the stove. His Mammaw was a wonderful cook who could make the best chicken and dumplings (and the occasional tasty squirrel and dumplings.) Mamaw's pies and cakes always made the

house smell so good. Every year Pappaw had a garden filled with tomatoes, corn, peas, and okra. A meal in the country at the grandparents' home was a belly-satisfying event. As good a cook as Mamaw was, she was an even better caring and loving grandmother to her first grandson. She spoiled him, and Pappaw doted on him. Everyone knew that going to their home meant being loved, comforted, spoiled, and well fed.

As we walked around the place, nostalgia kicked into full gear. Everything we looked at brought back warm memories. Nostalgia is a comforting feeling. We all yearn at times for the unconditional love and hugs of a grandmother and the embrace and wisdom of a grandfather. Good memories flowed back into Jerry's mind as we continued our exploration into yesteryear.

As we walked around a corner of the house, I spotted a rusty tricycle. I asked if this had been his tricycle. No. See, Mamaw and Pappaw had more than a wonderful farm in Belmont. They had a little girl. The shiny tricycle belonged to Linda. That little girl was Aunt Linda Charlotte. Linda is only five years older than her nephew.

Whenever Jerry went to the country, he didn't **just** visit with his loving grandparents; he also played with his aunt.

As the first grandchild, he was special. Mamaw would tell Linda to let him have the tricycle first to ride around the yard. There were times when Aunt Linda would puff up with indignation over having to give up her tricycle to that grandson. After all, it was hers. In time the nephew and the aunt became fast friends, more like brother



and sister. Most of the time, they played well together; however, the tricycle did on occasion cause friction. Today as senior adults, they are best friends and talk on the phone frequently.

James and Vera Webb are gone. Their house is gone. The forest has begun to reclaim the land. But the memories are still with us. If there is a family home place still in your family, go visit now. Embrace the memories. Record the stories. Take pictures. Share. There may be a tricycle with a story.



Adderley Family Reunion in Bermuda

Contributed by Jim Johnson

Philip Adderley of Shreveport is a professional genealogist, consultant, and lecturer. He recently returned from Bermuda where he was instrumental in planning and organizing an international family reunion. His in-depth research and knowledge of the Adderley ancestors provided a history lesson for those attending. Phil reports that the reunion "was a great experience. Just the meshing of all the cultures in the family from different countries and backgrounds was exciting." Media coverage of this event was provided by Bermuda's *Royal Gazette*. Click here to read.

<http://www.royalgazette.com/lifestyle/article/20180530/family-return-to-their-roots#>

Our Association is excited to have Mr. Adderley as our featured speaker for the August 11 seminar. See next page.



Ark-La-Tex Genealogical Association will host a seminar and book fair in Shreveport on August 11, 2018, featuring Philip Adderley, a professional genealogist and lecturer. Mr. Adderley is a dual national British and American citizen whose specialties include land and courthouse records of 19th-20th century Louisiana, federal land records, and British colonial records of 17th-19th century Bermuda.

Lecture topics are:

- **From 'Baby' Genealogist to Older (Wiser?) Genealogist: Key Tips & Tricks Along the Way**
- **Five Basic Strategies for Research in the South:**
- **"___ward Ho!" Basics: Finding & Tracking Early American Settlers pre-1850:**
- **"___ward Ho!" Case Examples: Finding & Tracking Early American Settlers pre-1850**

Note: A description of each lecture is listed on the website and the back side of the flyer.

Location: Broadmoor United Methodist Church (Pearce Hall), 3715 Youree Drive, Shreveport

Hours: 9:00am - 3:30pm

Barnes & Noble will be on site with a special selection of genealogy and history books.

Registration is now open! Seminar fee is \$40 and includes lunch if pre-registered. Numerous door prizes will be given away. Click [here](#) for a printable seminar flyer/registration form or for online registration and PayPal instructions. Email Jim Johnson at jjohnson747@suddenlink.net for additional information.



“Uncle Blue”

By Albert R. Dennis, III



As I have become more engrossed in genealogical research, I pause to reflect upon one particular member of my family. My uncle, Leon “Blue” McCray (1926-2009), was the third of nine children (five boys and four girls) born to Moses McCray, Sr. and Samella Vernon in Hammond, Louisiana. The story goes that his nickname came from a family member, who upon seeing him right after his birth, said “that baby looks blue;” the nickname stuck, but he grew into a handsome light brown man.

Uncle Blue had a profound and positive impact on the lives of his three sons, his nieces and nephews, and other neighborhood kids (or chaps, as he called all kids). He had a unique way of getting our attention, a mixture of volume and some choice words, if you know what I mean. Uncle Blue taught us by example; he was a hard worker, disciplinarian, mentor, coach, and fishing guide. I will never forget the fishing and crabbing trips that he would take us on. He would get us all excited with his tales of how the fish would be

biting, once telling us that the fishing was going to be so good that we would have to “hide behind a tree to bait our hooks.” And we seriously believed every word!

My appreciation for Uncle Blue only grew as I got older. After serving in the U. S. Navy (1944-1946), he enrolled in Grambling College, studying photography and tailoring. Also while at Grambling, he would meet and marry Ms. Elizabeth Miles (1926-2006) before returning to Hammond to start their family. In addition to his full time jobs at Hammond Wholesale and Southeastern Louisiana College, he was also an entrepreneur, a photographer, and a winemaker (some of the best strawberry wine in South Louisiana is what I was told because I was too young to drink wine, legally). Uncle Blue was the owner/player-coach of the Hammond Berries semi-pro baseball team. As the owner, he did everything, including building the ballpark, cutting the grass, lining the field, and cleaning up after games. Uncle Blue even designed and distributed the promotional posters for their games. I and some of the other neighborhood boys would serve as ball boys earning a quarter for every ball that we retrieved. This opportunity resulted in some very lively jostling among the boys going after those errant balls. I can visualize the cigar box that served as his cash box for admissions and the concession stand where fans could buy the best hot dogs in town, peanuts, cold Barq’s soft drinks, and Jax or Falstaff beer. That ballpark would be very lively on Sunday afternoons; it was a favored gathering place after church.

Late in his life, Uncle Blue would often reminisce about this period in his life. I think that was because during that time he was doing something that he really loved to do.

We miss Uncle Blue sorely, but we are always able to recall those fond memories of him with ease. His work ethic and entrepreneurial spirit inspired several of us “chaps” who came into his sphere. Several of us have become entrepreneurs, coaches, teachers/mentors, and other professionals. Uncle Blue will always be with us and we thank God for his life.

The Journey Begins

Contributed by Lisa Nelson

I am a fairly new member, and I joined ALTGA because I wanted to learn more about how to go about researching our family's genealogy.

I attended the May 2018 meeting, where I had a nice conversation with author Linda Swain Bethea about how she got started. She told me that a good way to start is by blogging. So, I set up a Wordpress account and wrote my very first blog! I was not sure exactly where to start with this whole genealogy thing, and blogging has turned out to be a perfect way to begin because I can just do a little bit at a time, and it's not so overwhelming!

I hope to compile our family genealogy with family stories passed down from earlier generations. There will be some discrepancies with dates, I'm sure, but that is just the nature of researching one's family history.

I started with my grandfather, Philip Eiler, and it is still a work in progress. Here's the link: lisamaynelson.wordpress.com

I am also working on my grandmother's story, and I hope to go through our whole family tree this way, and once complete, I'd like to publish it in a book. There are companies out there, like Blog2Print, that will publish all of your blogs in book format. The cool thing about the blogs is that I can include lots of photographs and documents with each one.

I can't tell you how excited I am that I have started on this project that I've thought so much about for the past few years. I just didn't know where to begin! And I'm so appreciative of the Ark-La-Tex Genealogy group for steering me in the right direction! I have enjoyed the meetings and getting to meet some of the members, and the emails are full of helpful information.

So, thanks for joining me as the journey is just beginning!

Elsie Marie Staubach



My grandmother was born September 29, 1907, in Brooklyn, New York.

She often told us about her father, who was a cook and had a hot temper. He would get fired frequently, and the family always knew when they saw him bringing his knife set home from work that they would have to tighten their belts.

As a young woman, Elsie got a clerical job that paid \$12 per week. When her paycheck was distributed for the first time, the clerk asked her how much she had asked for. Since she had originally told them she would work for \$17 per week, that is what she told him. So she was surprised to receive \$17 per week after that! (I cannot even tell you how many times I heard that story from her over the years!)

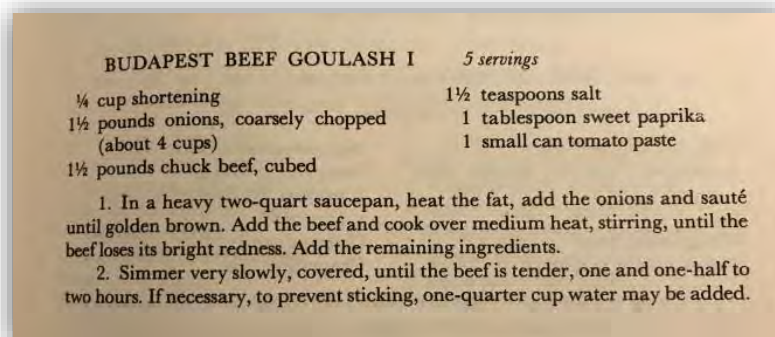
She learned shorthand and worked at the Federal Courthouse for She learned shorthand and worked at the Federal Courthouse for several years. I don't think too many people know shorthand anymore!

She and Philip Eiler were married on July 3, 1928. They eloped because her parents didn't approve of him. They had two children, Henry Philip Eiler (born May 2, 1929), and Linda Marie Eiler (born August 30, 1939).



Elsie with baby Linda.

Elsie was an accomplished cook and seamstress. She was famous for her authentic Hungarian Goulash, lemon meringue pies, and chocolate eclairs. She enjoyed making sugar cookies at Christmastime and having the grandchildren over to decorate them. Side note: many of her recipes can be found in The New York Times Cookbook, 1961.



She also made *spaetzels* to go with her Hungarian Goulash. These were made by combining one cup of flour with 1/4 cup milk and two eggs (combine wet ingredients first then add to flour). Then slice pieces off into a boiling pot of water. When the *spaetzels* rise to the top of the water, they are done. She scooped them out with a slotted spoon and let the water drain off a bit before serving them.

I think this must be an old recipe from the days when people didn't have access to good cuts of meat and fresh vegetables. The word goulash dates back to the 9th century to stews eaten by Hungarian shepherds.

As a child, this was real comfort food for us. But as an adult living in Texas and now Louisiana, it is extremely bland. To make this recipe for our palates today, my brother and I add a lot of vegetables and lots of spices to give it a real kick.

Elise and Philip followed our family to Los Angeles, Maryland, and Dallas. We had a very special bond with our grandparents. In Dallas, they lived at 909 North Cottonwood Street in Richardson. Elsie never learned to drive, since she grew up riding the subway in New York City, so Philip drove her when she needed to go somewhere. Elsie and Philip celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with family at a special dinner at Reunion Tower in downtown Dallas.

After Philip passed away, I drove her to garage sales so she could purchase paperback books. She really enjoyed our Saturday morning outings and always came home with some books – usually costing about five cents each. Some of her favorite books were those by Agatha Christie and James Michener. She loved to watch “All in the Family” at maximum volume on the TV. She insisted that she could hear just fine and didn’t need her hearing aid (!). I remember she was unhappy when people started using the word *gay* to mean a homosexual person. She loved that word and used it frequently. (When my brother and I were teenagers, we would fall down laughing when she said something was *gay* – meaning lovely or beautiful.)

Since her family lived through the Great Depression, she was very frugal. One of her favorite expressions was, “A fool and his money are soon parted.” She would wash, dry, and carefully store aluminum foil pieces for re-use. (She called it “tin foil.”)

I lived with her for several years until she got too weak to live at home and was admitted (briefly) to a nursing home. She died March 29, 1988, in Dallas, Texas, of congestive heart failure.



Elsie & Philip Eiler, Easter 1962



Elsie and Philip Eiler at their daughter's wedding, 1960

Her mother was Elisa Marie Tiedemann, born June 21, 1879, in Grossenmorden, Germany. She died in Laurelton, New York, on April 21, 1954.

Her father was Gotthardt Joseph Staubach, born January 26, 1875, in Herbstein, Germany. They were married on December 1, 1901, and he died in Laurelton, New York, October 29, 1946.



Elisa and Gotthardt celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary in 1901, and our family still has this commemorative plate, which reads “the silver couple” in German.

Her maternal grandfather was Jurgen (Joseph) Diedrich Tiedemann, born in 1856, married in 1878, and died in 1936. He married Marie Elise Bardenhagen. She was born in 1856 and died in 1933.

Her paternal grandfather was Christopher Staubach, who was born in Herbstein, Germany, and died in 1917, during World War I. He was married to Louisa, who died in 1882.

Her paternal great-grandfather was named Eberhard Staubach, and, he married Agatha Schneider.



Elsie Eiler's maternal grandparents, the Tiedemanns

Philip Ludwig Jacob Eiler

Contributed by Lisa Nelson

My grandfather was born September 21, 1901, in Torzsa, Hungary, to a family we don't know much about. Most of the buildings that housed the records of his ancestors were obliterated by the bombings of two World Wars. The town of Torzsa is now known as Savino Selo (in Serbia) and is located about 175 miles south of Budapest.

On May 23, 1903, Philip traveled from Antwerp on the S.S. Kroonland with his mother and father, arriving at the Port of New York on June 1st. They had \$29 in their possession. Philip was listed as "Fulop Eiler" and the family as "non-immigrant aliens."

On October 18, 1904, the family traveled again, this time on the S.S. Carpathia from Liverpool to Ellis Island and NYC. They were going to the home of Heinrich Eiler in NYC. (The Carpathia, you may recall, is the same ship that rescued the Titanic survivors several years later.)

On September 11, 1909, "Fulop" traveled with his mother, father, and four-year-old sister "Hana," who is listed as being U.S. born. They traveled from Rotterdam to NY on the S.S. Nieuw Amsterdam. Also in 1909, he filed a petition for naturalization to the U.S.

Philip went to school in NYC not knowing the English language very well; his teacher told his father that he was not doing well in school, so he got a lot of beatings from his father because of it.

The 1915 census shows the family living at 424 East 83rd Street and their ages were: Henry (38), Katie (34), Philip (12), Helen (9), Mary (4), and Martha (2). His sisters were all born in the U.S.

On October 22, 1917, Philip's young sister Martha died from acute lobar pneumonia with endocarditis as a contributing factor (according to the death certificate). According to our family stories, she died in his arms due to Spanish Influenza. She had been born January 11, 1913, and was just under five years old. There is a discrepancy here in that the Spanish Influenza outbreak was not until 1918-19.

On Martha's death certificate, their home was listed as 290 Hamburg Avenue in Brooklyn and was described as a 'tenement.' The tenements on Hamburg Avenue in Bushwick (northeast Brooklyn) were originally heavily German and were home to breweries and mansions owned by the brew masters. Some of the streets were named for German cities, but when the U.S. entered WWI, the Germans were looked upon less favorably, and some of the street names were changed. Hamburg Avenue became Wilson Avenue, honoring Woodrow Wilson, but some of the original street signs are still intact, having been chiseled into the side of buildings.

When Philip was young, his passion was cycling. One time when he was playing with a bike, he had it turned upside down and was spinning the wheel. He put his right index finger into the spinning spokes, and that is how he lost the top half of his right index finger!

Philip competed at the Olympic trials, but his bicycle got a flat tire, and he didn't have enough money to buy a new tire, so he was unable to complete the course.



Philip competed in cycling events even though he and his family had very little money. He competed at the New York Velodrome and won many awards. The Velodrome was located on 225th Street near the Harlem River, roughly where a Target store sits today. It was “essentially a huge wooden saucer with steep banks designed to send racers flying past one another in a dizzy blur of spokes, sweat, and pain. Gaining speed, riders would clash in violent collisions often slicking the track with their own blood.” Competitive cycling was a very popular sport, and the newspapers printed all of the racing results. Unfortunately, the velodrome burned to the ground in August of 1930. Philip continued to be interested in cycling throughout his adult life.



New York Velodrome medal



*Amateur Bicycle League
New York State Championship 1923 medal.*



Philip Eiler, standing, top left.

The 1925 New York State census shows the family living at 59 Cedar Street with Philip and his father having the occupations of ‘knitter.’

The 1930 census lists his occupation as ‘knitter at knitting mill,’ and the 1940 census shows his occupation as ‘salesman,’ with the highest grade completed in school as eighth grade.

Philip married Elsie Marie Staubach in Brooklyn on July 3, 1928. They had two children, Harry Philip Eiler (born May 2, 1929), and Linda Marie Eiler (born August 30, 1939).

He was an amazing grandfather to me but was also an alcoholic, and he had problems functioning as a father to his two children. He lived in New York City for many years and worked on the Long Island Railroad for over 50 years. He also drove taxi cabs to make extra money.

Philip and Elsie lived in Queens (New York City) until their daughter Linda was married. They soon followed her to Los Angeles, then to Columbia, Maryland, and finally, to Dallas, Texas.

They were very close to the grandchildren, Lisa and Bob May. Philip was known as Grandpa, and he was very active – even mowing his own yard into his 80s. He enjoyed watching the “fights” on TV – boxing matches, especially those at Madison Square Garden. They spent many holidays with us, enjoying having us over for wonderful meals and decorating Christmas cookies. Grandpa always fell asleep in his big chair and snored very loudly. One of his favorite songs was “Memories” from the Broadway play *Cats*.

One of my fondest memories of my grandfather was riding the tea cups ride with him at Disney Land as a young girl. Since we lived in Los Angeles, we would visit there frequently with our family. He and my grandmother were always with us during holidays and our birthdays.

He died from lung cancer in Dallas, Texas, on December 17, 1983, after having smoked four packs of non-filtered Camel cigarettes for about 40 years. His heart attack in the 1970s prompted him to quit smoking at that time.

His mother was Katherine (Katarine) Keiper, born February 29, 1881, in Austria-Hungary, married December 28, 1899, and died June 21, 1975.

His father was Henry (Henrik or Heinrich) Eiler, born August 12, 1876, in Torzsa, Austria-Hungary, and died October 26, 1956. (Naturalization records list his date of birth as August 16, 1877.) The 1940 census shows that the highest grade he completed was sixth grade, and his occupation was “french worker” in the dry cleaning industry. Their home was listed as 62-06 Eightieth Street. Both parents are buried at Linden Hill Methodist Cemetery in Ridgewood, New York.

His grandfather, also named Henry Eiler, was born in August of 1855; he married Katherine Shaller in April, 1875. He died in September of 1927.

His great-grandfather, Samuel Eiler, was born in February 1819, married in August 1845, and died in July 1897.

His great-great-grandfather, also named Samuel Eiler, married Katherine Krug in 1815. His great-great-great grandfather, named Henry Eiler, moved from Germany to Southern Hungary (Torzsa) in 1772.