Milton - Adam Broussard, the Gallet Cemetery (so called, has a large investment in what used to be known as the Gallet Cemetery, located on the Vermilion River just south of here. Beneath simple slabs are buried his sons, parents and grandparents, brothers, aunts and uncles. Today, he walks among the graves with mixed emotions. He has a great deal of pride in the neat, tidy yard. He piled up the crucifix. He made the slabs and sidewalks. Then we built the sidewalks and put up the crucifix. He's bitter because the Cemetery Association was another man who needed a sign. Broussard asked him, "How would you like to see your graveyard cleaned up?" Broussard wanted one inscribed "Woodlawn Cemetery." He won, though, and a wire fence with cement base soon surrounded the neat tombs. Recently, however, the president and the rest of the association came to odds over the question of a sign. Broussard was president of a loose-knit cemetery association. Its members collected money and helped with the construction of the slabs and sidewalks. When Broussard wanted to put a fence around the yard and the other members disagreed, he won. Then Broussard wanted to put a fence around the yard and the other members disagreed. He won. Now 75, Broussard believes the cemetery will once again be taken over by the dense undergrowth along the river bank. He knows he's too old to stop it.

Eighteen years ago, though, he organized an effort which reestablished the cemetery. One All Saints Day, he was visiting the graves of his two young sons and became appalled at the condition of the cemetery.

A Jungle

"The grass and brush was so thick, you couldn't see the crosses," he says. "It was like a jungle." Tramping into the woods nearby was another man who had come to pay his respects to loved ones.

"How would you like to see this graveyard cleaned up?" Broussard asked him. "Very much," the man replied, "but who would do it?" "You and I and everybody else who as people buried here, that's who," he said. "Leave it to me."

Kicks Leaves

Now, when he returns he kicks at the leaves piled up beneath the fence and against the slabs.

"It's going back," he signs. "It's slowly going back to jungle and I'm not going to be here to stop it."

Cemetery Association

Broussard was, by then, president of a loose-knit cemetery association. Its members collected money and helped with the construction of the slabs and sidewalks. When Broussard wanted to put a fence around the yard and the other members disagreed, he won. Then Broussard wanted to put a fence around the yard and the other members disagreed. He won, though, and a wire fence with cement base soon surrounded the neat tombs. Recently, however, the president and the rest of the association came to odds on the question of a sign. Broussard asked him, beneath the fence and against the slabs.

Know People

Broussard did some stumping. He was, at that time, making and selling his own brand of cough medicine and he knew a lot of people. On the first Sunday of the following March he had assembled 30 men at the Gallet Cemetery (so called, according to Broussard, because a man named Gallet was the nearest resident when the spot first came into use as a cemetery). "When we came back the next Sunday, there was even more," he says. "We worked all summer, digging up trees, clearing and leveling the land. Then we built the sidewalks and put up the crucifix. I made the cross myself, out of cedar."