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collected and typed many of the initial letters which are now post

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<p><a href="#">Main Street</a> <a href="#">Community</a> <a href="#">Churches</a> <a href="#">News</a> <a href="#">Education</a> <a href="#">Reunions</a> <a href="#">Photo Gallery</a> <a href="#">Memories</a> <a href="#">Memorials</a> <a href="#">Donors</a> <a href="#">Sponsors</a> <a href="#">Subscribe</a> <a href="#">Updates</a> <a href="#">Anecdotes</a> <a href="#">Where Are They Now?</a> <a href="#">Unforgettable Personalities</a> <a href="#">Pelicans Websites</a></p> <p><a href="#">Contact Us</a></p>	<p>Published January 16, 2009</p> <p><i>Everybody knew him</i></p> <p><i>As a man of truth and good</i></p> <p><i>If he found you "in a bind"</i></p> <p><i>He'd help you if he could</i></p> <p><i>You'd want him as a friend</i></p> <p><i>Most anybody would</i></p> <p><i>That was Bill Albritton</i></p> <p><i>He knew right from wrong</i></p> <p><i>Honesty – hard work pays</i></p> <p><i>A man of times now past</i></p> <p><i>Called "The good old days"</i></p> <p><i>He could not be beat</i></p> <p><i>In not too many ways</i></p> <p><i>That was Bill Albritton</i></p> <p><i>He could tell 'bout livin'</i></p>

*Like not too many can  
He'd see just who you are  
If you're "a fake" – "a man"  
He lived a very simple life  
That always was his plan  
That was Bill Albritton*

*You wouldn't try to fool  
Or trick this gentle man  
You couldn't sell him short  
Or even think you can  
He'd see right through  
A no good cheater's plan  
That was Bill Albritton*

*Folks in Evergreen say  
Fishin' was his yearnin'  
You'd often find him in his boat  
Reel in hand a turnin'  
His desire to "wet a hook"  
Just kept on a burnin'  
That was Bill Albritton*

*When it came to catchin' fish*

*He just could not be beat*

*White perch – bass or bream*

*To watch him was a treat*

*He'd catch so many fish*

*He'd share with friends to eat*

*That was Bill Albritton*

*He had a way of livin'*

*A heart as good as gold*

*He loved his kids and Ruth*

*A tender soul I'm told*

*And one thing is for sure*

*He'd not be bought or sold*

*That was Bill Albritton*

*Every time you'd meet him*

*You'd know he made your day*

*You'd feel it deep within your soul*

*He'd make you feel that way*

*And when he had to leave*

*You'd wish that he could stay*



*That was Bill Albritton*

*Men that add a spark to life*

*Are very seldom found*

*He had – as the saying goes*

*"Both feet on the ground"*

*This world is just a better place*

*Because Bill was around*

*That was Bill Albritton*

*Yep – That was Bill Albritton*

*10/14/26 - 1/13/09*








*Dedicated to Bill Albritton*

by

Erik B. Nelson

[www.erikbraum.com](http://www.erikbraum.com)

**Pelican Footnote:** Erik B. Nelson, a close friend of Ed Dugas, became a regular visitor to Evergreen and, thus, a good friend of Bill and his family. In addition to writing the poem upon learning of Bill's passing, he also read it at the funeral service of Jan. 15, 2008.

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gain the most prominent view. Their eyes wide with amazement and in whispered unison, they exclaimed "It did bloom". Mama slipped back into the house with a satisfied smile on her face, leaving the grandchildren squealing in glee and picking the fruit of the gum tree.

As the years slowly passed, the good times spent at Dad and Mom's home on Silverleaf Drive was quickly coming to an end. They began to fear for their safety as nighttime brought disturbances and the sound of police sirens became commonplace. It caused sleepless nights for our parents; their peaceful existence was no longer. Real estate signs were popping up everywhere. Different companies displayed signs with eye catching logos and bright designs aimed at attracting the attention of each and every passerby. Driving down the street, one would see a multitude of different colors swaying in the breeze, like fairies dancing on the tidy lawns. Call me, call me, they seemed to say.

As a family, my brother, sisters and I united to help them sell their house and build another home where our aging parents would be able to spend their sunset years in peace and tranquility. The saddest part of Daddy and Mama moving was that it would be the end of the tree. The GUM TREE would bear no more.....

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**I REMEMBER THE GREATEST WOMAN THAT NEVER WAS**

Published November 10, 2008



*Ollie Marie Barbin Bordelon*

Ollie Marie Barbin Bordelon was the most memorable woman that never was.

Ollie never was voted Woman of the Year.

Ollie never was a novelist that topped the bestseller list.

Ollie never was involved in fighting for equal rights for women.

Ollie never was elected president of the PTA.

Ollie Bordelon will be remembered not for all the things she never was.....

Instead, she will be remembered for the impact she left on those around her; for all the things that as a person she was.....

My name is Maurine. I am Ollie Bordelon's daughter.

When I remember Mama, I think of these things:

I can remember Mama standing outside in the back yard with a hundred chickens flocking at her feet. Mama would have her apron folded up ever so slightly to hold the corn to feed the

hungry chickens. Her eyes were rapidly scanning the flock so she could select the plumpest one for our Sunday dinner.

I can remember Mama going to the large garden planted twenty feet from the side entrance of our kitchen door. There in neat little rows were tomatoes, cucumbers, bell peppers, squash, eggplants and butter beans. Three fig trees lined the north side of the ample garden. Every morning Mama would get up at dawn and go into the garden to pick vegetables for that day's meal.

I can remember Mama bending over a hot stove with large kettles of boiling vegetables or fig preserves, perspiration pouring down her face. Jar after jar was filled with precision. After the lids sealed, each was wiped and placed on the top of the cabinets, row after row, 72, 73, and 74. She would unselfishly prepare the preserves to give to neighbors, friends and family. Mama not only gave from her abundance, she gave from her needs. She was the "helping hand" for everyone, with a smile on her face, never complaining.

I can remember Mama working in the fields with her children right by her side, hoeing cotton or sweet potatoes. Noon was always our big meal of the day so Mama would prepare a full meal with rice and gravy, usually smothered chicken or round steak. Leaving the fields about 10:30 to go in and fix dinner for any hired hands and ourselves. After our meal, everyone would rest for the afternoon's work, however, Mama would spend her time mopping the kitchen floor or doing some other needed household chore.

I can remember Mama standing over the Speed Queen wringer type washer, lifting the wet heavy Levi blue jeans that we all wore to work in the cotton fields. I was a constant companion of my Mama, always by her side, holding those jeans, as she would pass them through the rollers. They would fall into the rinse water, which was prepared in a galvanized #2 tub filled with well water tinted with Mrs. Smith's bluing. In the heat of summer and the cold of winter, I spent hours in that outside washroom just listening, learning, and developing into the person I was to become. My character was being molded by a kind and caring mother.

Images like these are what form an indelible mark in your life to make you the person you are to become. You learn love, compassion, understanding and family unity. The first of these is love. Love begins the day you are born. When you are Ollie Bordelon's daughter you know that you are loved. She does not tell you a dozen times a day but you know it by the way she says your name. You know it by the way she strokes your hair as you sit at her feet. You know it by the way she softly hugs you when you kiss her goodnight. You know it by the twinkle in her eyes when she looks at you as you pass by her chair. You know...The seed is planted and you learn how to love.

Love develops compassion. Without love there is no compassion. You have to feel with your heart.

Compassion is so many things. Compassion is feeling a tear well up in your eyes when you see a small child reach down and pick up a whimpering puppy. Compassion is when you feel another person's hurt more than they do. Compassion is making a personal sacrifice to better the life of a friend. Compassion is taking time to go to funerals and weddings and baby showers even when you don't feel like it. Compassion is taking a Sunday afternoon to visit an old person in a nursing home. Compassion is cooking a hot meal to bring to a family during a crisis. Compassion is this and so much more.

Next, understanding and respect is the core of what makes relationships work. It is very difficult to form a solid relationship with another person without total commitment to nurture, to build trust and dignity, and to honor that individual. Two different personalities trying to meld together require the comprehension that it must be a give-give situation and that you value that person for who they are. Never judging but understanding that it is not if you are right or wrong but how a person feels that count. You must be non-confrontational and learn to express your feelings in a communicative manner.

Finally, we must analyze family ties, which are so important. People slip slowly through our lives like shadows in the night, disappearing with the dawn of a new day as we form vague remembrances. Then as years go by, we begin to form friendships with new acquaintances, and life goes on. However, family ties bind us together to form an inseparable bond that can never be broken. That linkage is what we pass on to our children and our children's children. As each generation passes, our heritage grows stronger, like a chain that is lengthening with each new addition. Ollie was the strongest link to ever be added. She was.....

Maurine Bordelon LaCour 11/10/08



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It was halfway between Evergreen and Goudeau. My parents operated a small grocery store which proved to be a temptation for children that loved sweets. Therefore, a fast and firm rule was set, only one treat a day. On school days, we were given a nickel to spend at school recess. One autumn morning Yam, Philip's nickname, not having his nickel yet, frantically started searching for Daddy. Mr. Mayhall, the school bus driver, was coming down the road, blowing the horn of his bus. He always greeted us each morning with a frown on his face. He said the Bordelon kids were the only pupils that came out of their house one at a time. Mr. Mayhall was always waiting for us. Consequently, he started blowing his horn as soon as he picked up Everett Hayes, which was a quarter of a mile from our home. Evergreen High School was five miles away therefore, our parents, like many parents in the community, did not bring their children to school if they missed the bus. It was the bus driver's duty to make sure the kids got to school since so many days were missed during the harvest season. Not finding Daddy, Yam decided to get his own nickel and ran to open the cash register in the store. Daddy had not opened the till for the day. Panicking, Yam ran back to the house and to the bedroom. He could hear the bus horn in the distance. Hurry....Hurry.. Quickly he rolled back the heavy moss mattress just enough to reveal Daddy's overstuffed wallet which held all the receipts from the previous day. Yam grabbed a bill from the wallet. He shoved it in his pocket, allowing the mattress to fall back into place and ran to catch the bus to go to school.</p></div> <div data-bbox="277 1123 1325 1535"><p>Evergreen High School. Our school was situated in the middle of town on several acres on land. At recess, the principal, Mr. A. J. Smith, allowed the entire school to go into town to buy treats from the 3 small grocery stores which lined the north/west side of the street. There was no red light in town. An occasional car would putter down the main street so the high school students took responsibility for the younger kids to ensure they would cross the street safely. That day as the recess bell rang, Yam joined the other first and second graders as the group of students went into town. Upon entering the store, Yam went to the counter, selected his bar of candy and handed Mr. Robert the \$5.00 bill he clutched in his tiny hand. Yam hungrily grabbed his candy and started to walk out of the store. Suddenly, Mr. Robert's voice boomed in the background "Wait a minute, son, here is your change." Yam's mouth dropped open when Mr. Robert handed him four bills and a handful of quarters and nickels. All he knew to do was to accept it.</p></div> <div data-bbox="277 1570 1325 1789"><p>As Yam made his way back to the school grounds, he thought aloud "Oh, my God! What am I going to do with all this money? I can't bring it home, Daddy will find out I took it." The only solution his little mind could conceive was just to give it away. Therefore, our young millionaire hurriedly and generously started handing out bills to all his friends. Now he is down to just coins. Earl Juneau, who was a friend and neighbor, graciously accepted 25 cents, the last of the newfound wealth, and quickly returned to the store to make his purchase.</p></div> <div data-bbox="277 1824 1325 1980"><p>As Earl entered Mr. Ford's store, the first thing to capture his attention was this enormous plastic container of "MOON PIES". They were a flat cookie about the size of a small saucer, very plain but pungently fragrant with spices of cinnamon and nutmeg. The sides of the cookie were scalloped and resembled a large smiling face, like the man in the moon, hence called moon pies. A sign draped over the top of the</p></div>	<div data-bbox="1341 216 1573 371"></div> <div data-bbox="1341 426 1573 581"></div> <div data-bbox="1341 636 1573 779"></div> <div data-bbox="1341 812 1573 968"></div> <div data-bbox="1341 1003 1573 1161"></div> <div data-bbox="1341 1197 1573 1373"></div> <div data-bbox="1341 1409 1573 1585"></div>



container showed the price of two for a penny. His choice was made. Earl proudly ordered the whole amount of his share of the money for moon pies. He laid his shiny quarter on the linoleum counter. To his utter amazement, Mr. Ford filled a huge brown paper sack with 50 moon cookies. Earl could not believe how much he got for his single coin. As Earl left the store, all the children seeing the abundance, started to beg Earl for a moon pie. "Moon, Moon, Gimme a Moon Pie". Earl doled out a few cookies, but his little mind quickly calculated the crowd was growing and his cookies were dwindling fast, so he started shaking his head "no". For once in his life he was going to have enough. The more they chanted "Gimme a moon pie, gimme a moon pie" the more Earl clutched his horde of cookies. It so impacted the kids that from that day forward Earl Juneau was known as "Moon" and still carries that name today even though this happened in 1947.

One of the other benefactors, Gene Bordelon, came from a large family of sixteen kids. With his dollar bill, he decided he should use it to pay his monthly lunch charge of eighty-five cents instead of squandering it away on frivolous treats. The teachers were responsible for collecting these monies on the first day of the month. He went to Mrs. Haydel and insisted on paying his lunch. Mrs. Haydel was a very stern second grade teacher and immediately became suspicious. Times were hard, and most families found it difficult to pay once a month and lunch monies were not due yet.

Upon repeated questioning, Gene finally admitted that Yam had given him the money. Mrs. Haydel called Mr. Smith, our principal, and the investigation began. The whole school was buzzing with excitement. Now to find out how much money was doled out. OOPS! Yam, you been caught. A quick call to our home revealed that our parents had no knowledge of Yam's little escapade. The money was quickly retrieved by the principal, at least all of it except for fifty cents, which included twenty-five cents worth of those delicious moon pies that Earl Juneau took home, Yam's nickel candy and four others that no one ever confessed to.






The moral of the story: If ever you get your hands caught in the cookie jar, make sure you pull out a Moon Pie.








Today October 6, 2008 my sisters, Joyce Bordelon Nelson, Carol Bordelon Cashio, Mona Jean Bordelon Gaspard, our brother, Philip Ray Bordelon and myself, Maurine Bordelon LaCour can sit for hours recounting these stories, laughing until we cry, remembering our lives when we attended the school we loved so much,

Our Evergreen High School.








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	Published September 4, 2008	
	Yes, I clearly remember Audrey, part of our roof came up and my father had to get out in the storm and nail it down. I remember the tiles flying off the church roof and watched Clay Wright's equipment shed blown down. We stayed in the house the entire time. One could walk outdoors, except for the danger from flying debris. We had no electricity for about three or four days, lots of trees down.	
	We were lucky in Avoyelles compared to the lower parishes as you well know.	
		
		
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*Ollie Marie Barbin Bordelon*