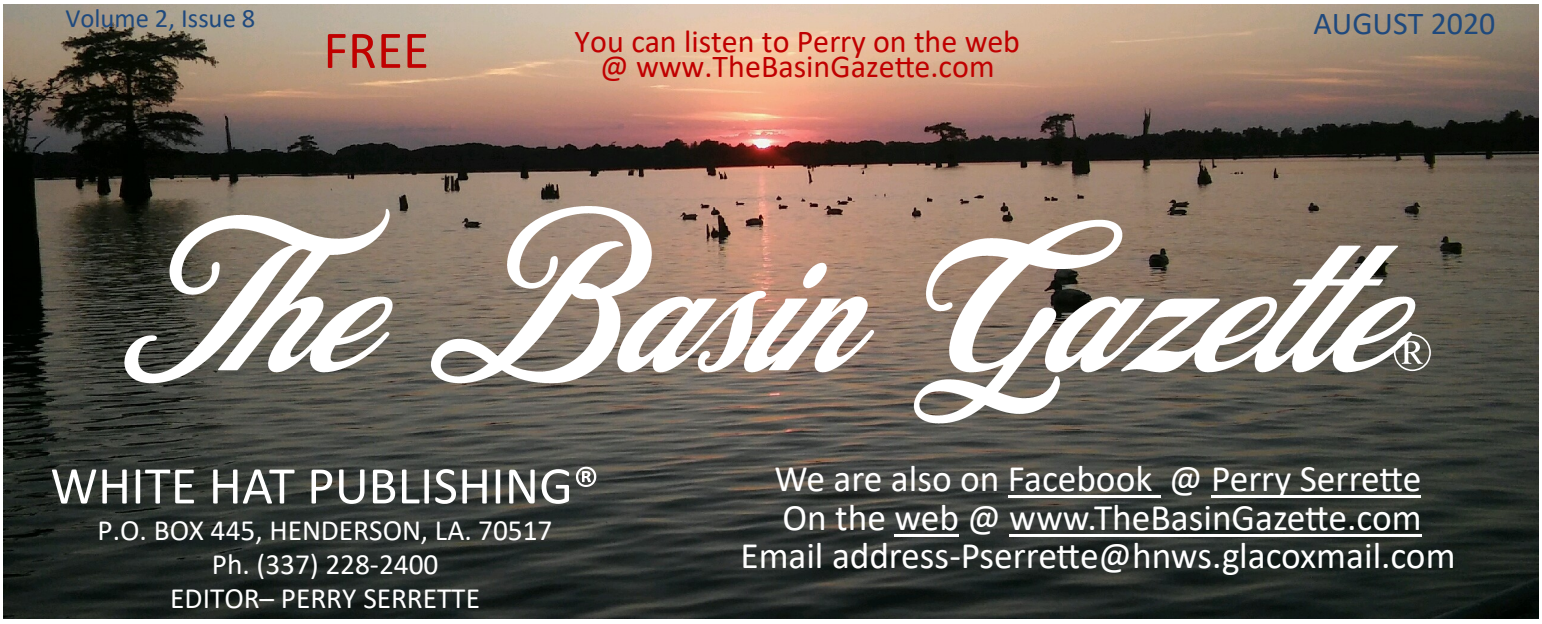
Volume 2, Issue 8

FREE

You can listen to Perry on the web
@ www.TheBasinGazette.com

AUGUST 2020



The Basin Gazette®

WHITE HAT PUBLISHING®
P.O. BOX 445, HENDERSON, LA. 70517
Ph. (337) 228-2400
EDITOR– PERRY SERRETTE

We are also on Facebook @ Perry Serrette
On the web @ www.TheBasinGazette.com
Email address-Pserrette@hnws.glacoxmail.com

Lords of the Basin

Continued from the July issue.

1934 = 1959

Of the many of us who were part of the post World War II "baby-boom", it is just now that we know that the village of Atchafalaya once existed. Many of the city dwellers claimed that it was wiped out during the 1927 flood, and all the legends and stories stopped at that point, but its history continued.

In 1934, Tom Bernard and Charlie Mackenzie finalized the legalities involved with Tom Martin's assets at Atchafalaya. By 1950, Bernard owned almost 90%" of all the land that was once called Atchafalaya.

By 1937, Henry Guidry decided to open a saloon-type dancehall west of the newly constructed larger levee at an area known at that time as, "New Henderson", and it was the first time that "Henderson" appeared geographically, in any text"

In 1934, Beatrice Champagne Landry, became a school teacher: at "Chaf". Miss Nursey Hebert from Breaux Bridge also taught.

In the late 1930's, "Pep" Richard was noted as the Railway Express Agent for the Southern Pacific Line.

From 1935 to 1937, pilot channels and dredging operations took place in many areas of the basin to remedy the constant flooding which existed mostly in the northern section. This active movement sustained Atchafalaya's businesses for a while longer, but when the operations ended, New Henderson's population was growing on a weekly basis.

People who were fishing in the basin for a living could base their work from this locale instead of Atchafalaya. Restaurants from Breaux Bridge and Lafayette had an easier access to fish and other seafoods such as crawfish, which was gaining popularity.

New Henderson had roads and automobiles plus a limited railroad service. The possibilities of a true city was on the threshold of imagination and they chose to take advantage of it.

After the outbreak of World War II, New Henderson's name began to surface in circulating newspapers such as the "Teche News" and "L'Echo du Teche". Many of the young men at Atchafalaya as well as New Henderson were serving their country, and the remainder of the population participated in scrap iron drives, etc. , to help the war effort.

World War II and the Korean War slowed the movement considerably and the former fishermen became hunting and fishing guides for a livelihood, keeping a place in the record books for themselves. Mulate Guidry was the first to catch bass by casting for them. From 1952 to 1959, with game warden Gilbert Durand officiating, Guidry caught over 35,000 bass, not counting the small ones thrown back.

Shortly after the Korean War, businesses relating to the fish industry established themselves at Henderson. Outboard motor repairs, fish cleaning facilities, etc., became a carbon copy of Atchafalaya's beginning, except this time, they were protected by a huge levee and had access to a growing ACADIANA.

By 1951, Mulate Guidry had overtaken Henry's dancehall. He had worked there for a number of years and decided that Breaux Bridge would be a better location" He then had it moved to its present location in 1952"

During the course of events, Tom Martin "went broke" in Fort Worth and moved back to the vicinity of Atchafalaya where he set up another fish business on a side bayou location. Soon thereafter, he died.

To be continued next month.



Put your ad here
Just call (337) 228-2400

A Marine Did This !

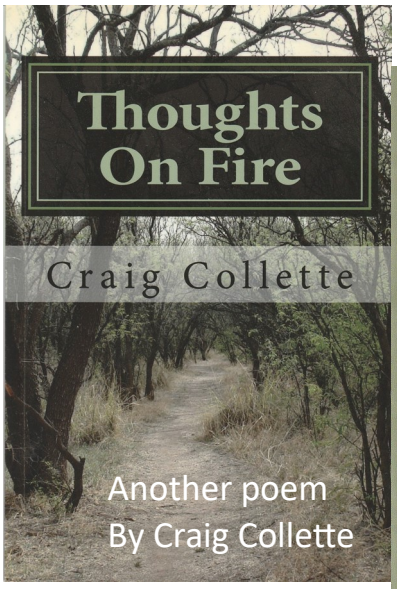
Our family would like to give a shout out to Sgt Benjamin Reinoldt 2nd LAR from Camp Lejeune North Carolina for getting into 18 inches of water to hook up my mothers car and pull it out. Thank You! Please help make this go viral. A Marine in full uniform did this. Let's show him the respect he deserves.



From Facebook



ATCHAFALAYA SWAMP BASIN: SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE 1908. THIS WAS LOCATED AT WHAT IS NOW I-10 BUTTE LA ROSE EXIT, 66 YEARS BEFORE I-10 WAS COMPLETED. (From Facebook)



You can buy Craig's book by Calling (337) 308-1498

The Wine Of Evermore

Come,
With the sweet wine of life
While we still have breath,
And still have eyes
To behold life's beauty.
For who knows that tomorrow
Our cups may be wrenched
From our feeble hands,
And darkness on our eyes descends,
Our breath fleeting like the wind.
And those among us
Who have to Christ fled in life
Will to Him flee in death,
Our feeble hands restored,
Grasping again our joyful cups,
Now filled with heavens' wine,
That we may enjoy its glories
Evermore.



THE SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM CONSISTS OF WELL-TRAINED PROFESSIONALS; BOTH CHAMPIONS AND ANIMALS. IF YOU NEED HELP FINDING SOMEONE, THE TEAM CAN HELP, AT NO COST TO YOU! WE SERVE OUR COMMUNITY .....

Ask Boudreaux

Hey Boudreaux!!! Thibodeaux been snake bit by a poisonous Moccasin!!!

Please help!!

Boudreaux

Well it's kinda late but– That happened to a friend of mine.

Depends on where he got bit. My friend got bit on the butt.

After the Doctor told me what to do, I had to go give my friend the bad news.

The Doctor told me to cut two X's where the bite was and suck the poison out and spit.

By the time you read my answer, I would suggest you go bring Thibodeaux some flowers.

Sue Cook

This comment is from someone that attended Trump's rally:

“Here is how a corrupt convention center management team kills attendance at a Trump Rally. I was there and saw most of it first hand, followed by others tonight that never got past the temperature screeners.
1. BOK Center holds at least 19,000. The area outside the convention center set up by the Secret Service and Tulsa PD had a U-shaped squeeze shoot to funnel the crowd down to an area about. 50 feet wide and 600 feet long with an outdoor stage adjacent to the BOK entrance.Trump was supposed to be able to speak to the overflow group from this stage.
2. Entry to the “Secure Area” NOT the BOK center was about 5 blocks away where you had to pass “screeners” who took your temperature, made you put on a face mask and gave you a green band to proceed to Secret Service Security.
3. If the temperature screeners left their post- the entire entry to the BOK Trump rally was shut down.
4. And that is EXACTLY what happened today about an hour after we got through security.
5. The BOK center just before the doors opened had blocked off every other seat in the arena so the arena could only hold about 9500 people.
6. After continued back and forth with the trump campaign, something happened to allow more people in (in groups of just 100 at a time). We had to wait about 30 minutes each time for them to let just 100 of us trickle into the building. I am not talking about their security- we had already passed through metal detectors and everything. You could actually run into the building each time they would let just 100 of us in at a time, but that was just wrong and corrupt on BOK management’s part. They removed the stickers/rule on every other seat - that is true, but only after they shut down all entry to the “event location”.
7. I looked over at the screening area and told my wife- something fishy is gong on- 2 hours before the rally - the screeners have left. I told her- no one can get to the stage/overflow area or the BOK center with the “temperature screeners” gone. It is like the people that collect tickets say- I am done we are leaving.
8. They left their posts and from what I am learning- thousands could not get in to the first checkpoint because the temperature screeners had to put green wrist band on you to gain access to the Secret Service security checkpoint. No green band— no entry to the security check point.
9. I think the BOK management told the screeners - we have reached the capacity for what we are letting into the BOK center, so shut down- do not allow the other Trump supporters to get a temperature check and no more green wrist bands. Do not issue green wrist bands so they can get into the holding area to see the stage for the outdoor Trump Rally.
10. It was all a setup to make it look like the crowds did not show up. The crowds DID show up and after 5pm,- 2 hours before the event- no one was there to let them get to security.
11. With only about 3/4 of the building full, and no overflow crowd-then. CNN boasts that the rally was a flop. The only thing that was a flop was BOK temperature screeners turned away thousands of attendees that never got to be near the rally.
This is pure political corruption at it’s finest. I was there- the super high energy crowd was there. they need to fire the BOK manager that oversaw this disaster. President Trump- we as the crowed tried, but with corrupt BOK management your crowd was downsized. We need a re-do without a crooked BOK building manager. On top of all that, even Uber was not accepting payments for any rides to the downtown area for the event. I hope this backfires on all the crooks.” (From Facebook)

Musician of the Month



JAMIE BERGERON

From their humble beginnings in 2000, JAMIE BERGERON & the kickin' cajuns *have become one of south Louisiana's most popular musical acts, having been awarded the Times of Acadiana's Best Cajun Band an incredible 15 years in a row.*



In 2003, he released his 2nd CD, SQUEEZEVILLE *, and the song* "Shake It Shake It Baby" *quickly established his own unique & recognizable sound.*

The band has continued to create a catalog of music, releasing 5 more CDs and appear regularly at festivals and music venues all across the country.

Beyond performing, Jamie is a huge music fan and he's had success covering songs ranging from 80s MTV star, Timmy T's "One More Try" *to Van Morrison's* "Someone Like You *"; Even his remake of* "The Cajun Rap Song" *has become a crowd favorite.*

Although with good times and the accolades, have come hardships and harsh reality. In 2008 his family home was completely destroyed in a devastating fire, leaving him with nothing but the clothes on his back.

Then in 2016 he was diagnosed with colon cancer. Throughout treatments and surgeries he still managed to keep the band performing and in January 2018 was given a clean bill of health…

He's since increased his touring schedule and is making plans for a Holiday album. He's had an internet cooking show ***(Jamie Bergeron's Rockin' Housepar-ty)*** *and is the owner of* RCA Cajun Seasoning and Hot Sauce & Jamie Bergeron's Cajun Products, Including Cajun Jerky, Quail Eggs and Chow Chow *Which are in Big DEMAND the world over!!*

He is also co-owner of



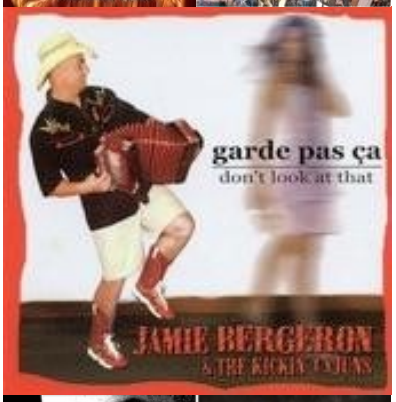
Cajun Can Cleaners here in south Louisiana... And until recently: When not on stage, he could be found saving lives!!! Since the age of 16, Jamie was a loyal Acadian Ambulance Services Paramedic *for almost 30 years.*

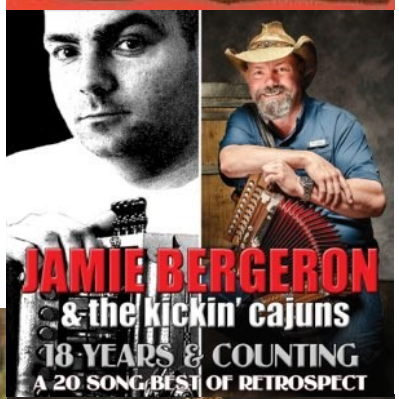


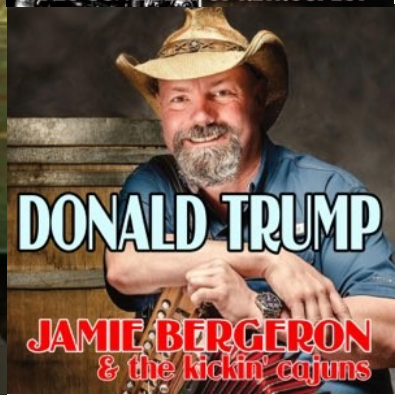
His love and respect of life and humankind, shows thru in all of his accomplishments…

Entertainer
Singer-Songwriter
Producer
Accordionist
Internet Cooking Show Host
Entrepreneur
Life-Saver









Jamie Bergeron & the Kickin' Cajuns



Jamie Bergeron



Gary Usie



Chris Breaux



Jason Bergeron

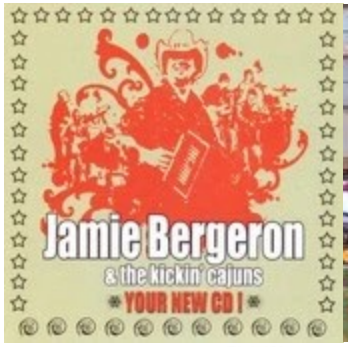


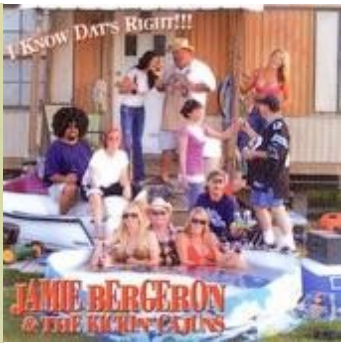
Kaleb Stutes



Mike McKaan

More Products from Jamie















All CD's and Products can be obtained on Jamie's website @ = Jamiebergeron.com





John Guy writes: "What God did at Pearl Harbor that day is interesting and I never knew this little bit of history".



Tour boats ferry people out to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii every thirty minutes. We just missed a ferry and had to wait thirty minutes. I went into a small gift shop to kill time.

In the gift shop, I purchased a small book entitled, "Reflections on Pearl Harbor" by Admiral Chester Nimitz.

Sunday, December 7th, 1941— Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington, DC. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone.

He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet. Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat--you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war.

On Christmas Day, 1941, Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters everywhere you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?"

Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice. Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make, or God was taking care of America. Which do you think it was?"

Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?

Nimitz explained:

Mistake number one: The Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk--we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two: When the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America. And I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

Mistake number three: Every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply.

That's why I say the Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could make or, God was taking care of America.

I've never forgotten what I read in that little book. It is still an inspiration as I reflect upon it. In jest, I might suggest that because Admiral Nimitz was a Texan, born and raised in Fredericksburg, Texas -- he was a born optimist.

But any way you look at it -- Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeatism.

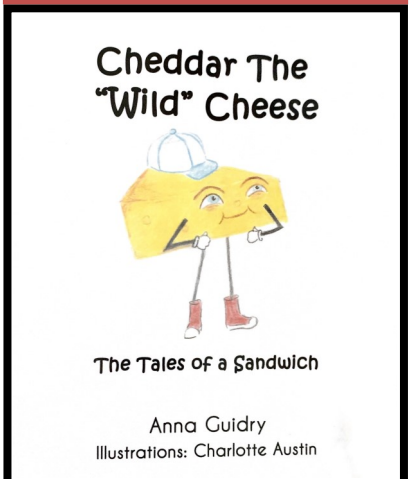
President Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job. We desperately needed a leader that could see silver lining in the midst of the clouds of dejection, despair and defeat.

There is a reason that our national motto is, IN GOD WE TRUST.

Why have we forgotten?

PRAY FOR OUR COUNTRY! IN GOD WE TRUST."

New Book
By Anna Guidry



Anna's book can be had At Aamzon.com, Barnes and Nobles.com, Ingram Spark.com or by calling (337) 280-4252

Hell in Vietnam

This is not my story, It is a very good story about going thru HELL IN VIETNAM PLEASE READ. I hope you will take time to read this hero's story, maybe you will quit feeling sorry for yourself while in "prison" at home.

"My Cobra came down spinning and burning. We crashed and exploded a moment later. Tim and I just got out. He died later that day. I had a badly broken back, burns on the back of my neck, a piece of shell fragment sticking out of my ankle, and superficial wounds on my head and face. I was in the midst of many hundreds of attacking enemy soldiers, but was able to evade my foes for three days before being captured.

I was interrogated for a couple of days; treated pretty brutally. I was a physical mess. My back was broken. My ankle wound had filled my boot with blood that was now dried solid. I'd had no control over my bowels or bladder and had soiled myself badly. And I'd had several leaches cling to my body, all of which I'd pulled off, except for one which unknowingly was half way into my left nostril. My captors got a laugh from that.

I was questioned, beaten, threatened, and had my arms tied behind my back with the ropes increasingly tightened during interrogation, until finally both my shoulders dislocated as my elbows were pulled tightly together against my broken spine. Finally, the interrogations ceased, and I was marched for three days to a jungle prison camp that, by my estimation, must have been just across the border in northern Cambodia. I was given my boots back, but no laces and no socks. After three days of walking, my feet were like raw hamburger by the time I limped, in much pain, up to the entrance to my first prison.

Angelle's Healthcare Consulting
"Quality Consulting Specializing in Medicare & Billing"
Angelic Angelle Le Blanc, RN, BSN, NFA
Consultant
112 N Main St.
Breaux Bridge, LA 70517
Phone: 337-288-1273
Fax: 337-414-6154
angelleshealthcare@cox.net

Writing Coach/Tutoring & Editing Services



12th Grade, College, Businesses
NO MATH !!!!
Essays, Dissertations, Theses
Newsletters, Handbooks, Policies
Reasonable rates: 337-434-6161

Inside the walls were many bamboo cages that housed the prisoner population. There were South Vietnamese military, there were indigenous mountain people referred to as Montagnards who had allied with U.S. special forces, and there were two Americans, myself and another helicopter pilot captured a month earlier. At least a couple hundred prisoners altogether. Conditions in this camp were deplorable. We lived like animals. We were kept in cages, most of which were not tall enough to stand up in. That wasn't necessary anyway, because they kept our feet in wooden stocks. With my broken back, I could not lie back; so I slept sitting up. And every night rats scurried through the cages and nibbled on my ankle wounds, and I couldn't move my feet in the stocks, and couldn't keep them away, and I hate rats to this day.

The only time we got out of these cages was for a daily toilet call at the camp latrine. The time never seemed to be the same on any given day, and if a prisoner's internal schedule could not wait for the appointed time (many suffered dysentery) then he went all over himself in the cage. When they did let us out, it was a walk to the "facility" in one corner of the camp. On my first visit, I discovered that the latrine was a couple of holes in the ground that you squatted over to relieve yourself. Problem was that many of the sicker prisoners were not able to hold themselves until getting all the way to the holes, and left their waste in piles all around that area. Some of

Continued on page eight

Hell in Vietnam continued from page seven

the very sickest prisoners, near death, were placed in hammocks right next to the latrine, and they would either lay there and soil themselves, time after time, or roll out of their hammock, if they could, and take a couple of steps and go there on the ground. The result was a substantial accumulation of human waste all around the holes that were the latrine. Those able to control themselves were forced to walk through that waste field and squat over the holes. On return to our cages, we had no way to clean ourselves.

PAT'S
PAT'S FISHERMANS WHARF REST.
HARVEY HUVAL
Operation Manager
(337) 228-7512 FAX (337) 228-7623
www.patsfishermanswharf.com
HENDERSON, LA.

Food was a problem. Our diet was almost exclusively rice. We'd get one grapefruit sized ball mid-morning, and another mid-afternoon. Occasionally, we'd get the treat of a tuberous root called manioc. My weight went from around 190 pounds to something around 120 in just a few weeks. The South Vietnamese next to me in my cage had a severe chest wound that had been bandaged long ago, but I never saw the dressing changed, and the hole in his chest wall was never repaired. He was young and strong, but I'm certain he did not survive. We lived like animals, and under these filthy, starvation conditions, without medical care, it seemed that someone died almost every day. The bodies would be carried out and buried on a hillside just outside the camp.

On July 2, 1972, I was taken outside my cage and lined up with a group of prisoners. There were about 25 South Vietnamese and one other American. I would soon learn that one of our group was a pilot who had been shot down the same day I had, in an A-1 Skyraider at Polei Klang. His name was Lieutenant Xanh. I would never forget his name. Never.

We were addressed by the Communist camp commander and told that we were going to travel to a new camp, a better camp, a place where we'd get better food and medical care; where we'd get mail and packages from home. He said the trip could take as long as eleven days, and that we should try hard to make it. I set out barefoot with all of us tied loosely to one another. After a few days, we'd no longer be tied because we all struggled to just keep moving forward. I was weak from malnutrition, sick with untold disease, and suffering from wounds that were infected and worsening with the aggravation of the journey.

GATEWAY CAFE
(337) 228-GATE
(4283)
Owner
Roxanne Theriot
1350 Henderson Hwy.
Henderson, LA 70517

I soon began to become plagued by more leaches, on top of everything else. Lieutenant Xanh was there suffering the same conditions, fighting his own personal demons, that every step of the way, threatened to destroy your physical ability, or derail your mental willingness to continue. Dying is easy. Just relax, give up and peacefully surrender, and you will die. Many did. They died in that first jungle prison camp, and they died along the trail. Some would complete a day's journey and then lie down to die. Others collapsed on the trail and could not contin-

CA Guitars®
"Vintage Tone by Design."™
Emile "Buddy" Duchamp, Jr.
Director of Manufacturing
Post Office Box 3100
Lafayette, LA 70502
ejd@caguitars.com
(337) 291-2642 or (337) 257-4541

Continued on page nine

Hell in Vietnam continued from page eight

ue. The group would be marched ahead, a rifle shot or shots heard, and the pitiful suffering prisoner was not seen again. We lost at least half a dozen of our small band of 27 captives, and by the time the journey was over, Wayne Finch, the other American in our group, would be dead as well.



The trip turned out to be not an eleven day hike to a new camp in the same vicinity as the one we'd departed. It turned out to be a journey lasting over a three months, taking us several hundred miles all the way up the Ho Chi Minh Trail into North Vietnam and then on to the capital city of Hanoi. It was a nightmare, a horrid soul wrenching nightmare. Every step, every day wracked my body with pain. My infections became worse; disease settled in me. I was near death. My leg swelled at least double in size, darkened in color, filled with puss. It swelled so much, long cracks formed in the skin and puss and bloody stinky fluid oozed from the cracks. I drug my leg like a pendulous sodden club, and its every movement lashed my whole being with the most searing pain; pain that kept my face contorted and a cry shrieking within every corner of my consciousness; pain that was burning a blackened scar deep into the center of my very being.

My bloody dysentery worsened, and I got three different kinds of malaria and several intestinal parasites. And I hovered near death as I tried to reach the end of each horrible day's journey of eight to ten awful, grueling miles. Each morning I'd begin a personal battle to stand and loudly moan or scream to myself through clenched teeth and pressed lips, as blood ran into my leg and brought a surge of new pain as gravity pulled blood and bodily fluids down into the carcass of leg and pressure grew against decaying flesh and failing vessels. And there was Lieutenant Xanh, suffering badly himself, but always encouraging me, always helping as he could. He was always concerned about me, and did all he could to help me remain positive, to be hopeful. As bad as things got, I never gave up hope, not even the day I would have died had it not been for Xanh. I mustered all my will each day just to wake, stand, and take a step. Then I fought hard for the remainder of the day to just keep going, to keep moving along the trail. I could barely walk, but somehow I continued, and survived each day, to open my eyes in the morning to the gift of one more dawn.

On the worst day of my life, I fought so very hard. I faltered. I dug deeper. I staggered on. I faltered again, and I struggled more, and I reached deeper yet, and I prayed for more strength. And I collapsed, and I got up and moved along; and I collapsed again, and again; and I fought, fought with all I had in my body, my heart, and my soul. And I collapsed, and I could not get up. I could not will myself up. I was at the end of my life. And the enemy came; the guard looked down on me. He ordered me up. He yelled at me. I could not. It was done.

Phoebe's
Hair Salon
Phoebe Sovey Cell (337) 298-5016
Kyrsten Comeaux Cell (337) 207-2510
221 Mills Ave.
Breaux Bridge,La.

And then there was Xanh. Looking worried; bending toward me. The guard yelling to discourage his effort. He persisted in moving to help me. The guard yelled louder. Xanh's face was set with determination, and in spite of whatever threats the guard was screaming, Xanh pulled me up onto his frail, weak back, pulled my arms around

Continued on page 10

Hell in Vietnam continued from page nine

his neck and clasped my wrists together, and pulled me along with my feet dragging on the ground behind him. Xanh drug me along all the rest of that day. Occasionally, he was briefly relieved by another prisoner, but it was Xanh who carried the burden that day. It was Xanh who lifted me from death, at great risk to his own life, and carried me, and cared for me, until we completed that long day's journey.

The next morning, I went through the normal agonizing ritual of waking up, and standing, and dragging my leg through those first determined steps. It was more of a struggle than ever before. I mustered the will, and I went on. At the edge of the encampment was a broad log that spanned the rapids of a river. I started across, tried to balance. Pain awful, very weak, equilibrium gone. No sense of balance, worthless leg is throwing me off; begin to slip off the side of the log, then falling onto the rocks in the rushing water below. Xanh and Wayne moved back off the log and came to my rescue. They pulled me from the river and onto the bank. They pleaded for the group to remain at this camp until I was able to travel again. They were ordered away. They would not leave me. They were drug away and forced across the log bridge at gunpoint. And they were marched away with the rest of our prisoner group. I never saw Xanh again.

As far as my fellow prisoners knew, I was left at that camp to die, as others had been. But for some reason, the Communists decided to give me penicillin injections for several days. I began to show some improvement. After a time, I was able to stand, and as soon as I was able to walk again, I was put back on the trail, this time traveling with groups of North Vietnamese soldiers moving north, and accompanied by my own personal guard. It continued to be an agonizing trip, but the worst was behind me. I even found the opportunity to escape once when I got one turn ahead of my guard on the jungle trail. But he quickly tracked me down, and once he decided not to shoot me in his rage, he recaptured me, and the journey continued. Eventually, I joined with another group of South Vietnamese prisoners as we entered North Vietnam, and ultimately reached Hanoi. There I went into North Vietnam's prison system, and ended up at the infamous Hanoi Hilton from where I was released at the end of the war.

I inquired about Lieutenant Xanh after I returned to the United States. I could not find any information. I asked Vietnamese military students attending U.S. Army courses. No one could find any information. After the fall of South Vietnam in 1975, I intensified my search. No information. After several years, I was reunited with one former member of my first group of South Vietnamese prisoners, Tang van Pham, and also one from the second, Ke Nghiem. They sought information for me. First nothing, and then word that Xanh had been re-imprisoned after the fall of Saigon, and then the conclusion that he'd probably died after years of imprisonment. But I still hoped to find some information about what had happened to Xanh and maybe a little about him and his family." William S. Reeder, Jr., Colonel, U.S. Army (retired)

Bayou Belle
Just north of the I-10 exit
Henderson, La.
(337) 667-6579
The Casino Is Open
From 2:pm to 11:pm
TEMPORARILY! Y'ALL BE SAFE
The Restaurant will open soon
The Truck stop, C Store, and Gas Pumps are still Open.
Y'all get out the house & come enjoy

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

2nd Justin Morris
Susan Mouton
Cathy Guidry Caillier
Billy Lawerence

3rd Skyler Richard
Trenton Latiolais
Lisa B. Sonnier
Justin Broussard
Cooper LeGrand

4th Graig "DRAGON" Melancon
Jim LaGrange
Jordan Robicheaux
Robert Reed
Kathy Thibodeaux

5th Marvin Serrette
Willy Kornmeyer
Nancy Guidroz
Rileigh Hebert
Shane Richard
Jerod Preston (Heaven)
Susan Mistric Griffin (Heaven)
Eryn Girouard
Sage Wiltz
Abby Tolliver
Hali Louviere
Angie Guidroz

6th Perry Serrette
Malinda Robicheaux
Russell Louviere

7th Kevin Lajaunie
Christine Latiolais
Ryan Tauzin
Aubrei Serrette
Julie Laviolette
Autumn Raymond

8th Deidre' Donovan

9th Brenda Morreaux

10th Dale Boutin

11th Kayce Charles
Doralis & Michael LeJeune
(Anniversary—25 yrs)

12th Guy Dupuis
Curtis & Gloria LaGrange
(Anniversary -53 yrs)

14th Dylan Usie
Gregory Guidroz Jr.
Mckenzie Scott
Kamden Quebedeaux
Doralis LeJeune

15th A'meric Latiolais
James (Dirty) Dirk Angelle
(Heaven)
Nole Melancon
Donna Bergeron
Ty Dugas
Tori Romero
Emma Romero

16th Kathy Usie
Mark Hebert
Lori Melancon
Destinee Hayes

17th Reynold Serrette
Karla Huval
Gloria Parker (Heaven)

18th Errol Courville
Anita Rose Courville

19th Ben Hebert
Clint J. Robin
Tessie Knott
Jodi Taylor
Gregory Guidroz Sr.
Eugene Faucheaux

20th Mr. "G"
Megiel Savoy
Barbara Schexnider
Ricky Quebedeaux

21st Alberta Caillier

22nd Carter Jude Dupuis
Bryant Thomassee
Kerney Briscoe
David & Delores Dupuis
(Anniversary—50 yrs.)

23rd Harold Bergeron
Catherine Poche'
Peggy Amy Huval (Heaven)
Lynne Jenkins
Betty Wallace

24th Carleen Melancon
Agnes Huval
Keli Foret
Koby Berthelot
Ronald Mouton

25th Eddie Mapp
Sosthene Amy
Vicky Gosvenor
Lailor Guidroz

26th Rod Richard

27th Samantha JO Pulizzano
T Don Poirier
Wilbert ???

28th Janiaue Johnson
Shelton Faucheaux
Nova Grace Broussard
(Big #1)

29th Dolores LaGrange
JoAnna Romero
Holden Allemond
Maurine Catherine Jean Britten
Donnie Laviolette
Max Dupuis

30th Kenzie Dugas
Kasey Roy
Jared Stelly
Leslie Dupuis
Kirby Dupuis

31st Tina Guidry
Clint Robicheaux
Robert Olivier
Zack Huval