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Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

Dwayne Lee

On Jeopardy the other night, the final question was: "How many steps does the guard take during his walk across the Tomb of the Unknown?"

All three missed it.

Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

1. How many steps does the guard take during his walk across the Tomb of the Unknown and why?

21 steps. It alludes to the twenty-one gun salute, which is the highest honor given any military or foreign dignitary.

2. How long does he wait after his about face to begin his return walk and why?

21 seconds for the same reason as above.

3. Why are his gloves wet?

His gloves are moistened to prevent his losing his grip on the rifle.

4. Does he carry his rifle on the same shoulder all the time and if not, why not?

He carries the rifle on the shoulder away from the tomb. After his march across the path, he executes an about face and moves the rifle to the outside shoulder

5. How often are the guards changed?

Guards are changed every thirty minutes, twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year.

6. What are the physical traits of the guard limited to?

For a person to apply for guard duty at the tomb, he must be between 5' 10' and 6' 2' tall and his waist size cannot exceed 30". Other requirements of the Guard:

They must commit two years of life to guard the tomb, live in a barracks under the tomb.

After two years, the guard is given a wreath pin that is worn on their lapel signifying they served as guard of the tomb. There are only 400 presently worn.

The guard must obey these rules for the rest of their lives or give up the wreath pin.

The shoes are specially made with very thick soles to keep the heat and cold from their feet. There are metal heel plates that extend to the top of the shoe in order to make the loud click as they come to a halt.

There are no wrinkles, folds or lint on the uniform. Guards dress for duty in front of a full-length mirror.

All off duty time is spent studying the 175 notable people laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetery. A guard must memorize who they are and where they are interred.

Among the notables are: President Taft, Joe E. Lewis {the boxer} and Medal of

Continued on page two

Tomb of the Unknown continued from page one

Honor recipient Audie Murphy, {the most decorated soldier of WWII} of Hollywood fame.

Every guard spends five hours a day getting his uniforms ready for guard duty.

ETERNAL REST GRANT THEM O LORD, AND LET PERPETUAL LIGHT SHINE UPON THEM.

In 2003 as Hurricane Isabelle was approaching Washington , DC , our US Senate/House took two days off with anticipation of the storm. On the ABC evening news, it was reported that because of the dangers from the hurricane, the military members assigned the duty of guarding the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier were given permission to suspend the assignment. They respectfully declined the offer, 'No way, Sir!' Soaked to the skin, marching in the pelting rain of a tropical storm, they said that guarding the Tomb was not just an assignment, it was the highest honor that can be afforded to a serviceperson.
The tomb has been patrolled continuously, 24/7, since 1930. God Bless and Keep Them

I don't usually suggest that many emails be forwarded, but I'd be very proud if this one reached as many people as possible.
We can be very proud of our young men and women in the service no matter where they serve.
Duty - Honor - Country
IN GOD WE TRUST ——
with Herbert F Wieland.

Lords of the Basin

Continued from the August issue.

In 1956, following a flood of the basin, the United States Postal Service published a final article on Atchafalaya in a bulletin that was circulated nationwide:

POSTAL SERVICE NEWS
VOL. 2 NO. 6
June 1956

(The following is excerpted from a report of Postal Transportation Service District Superintendent Marcus M. McWaters. The contractor he speaks of is T. J. Serrett).

"My recent visit to the post office at Atchafalaya, Louisiana, furnished me with quite a novel experience.

I left with the contractor by truck from Breaux Bridge and proceeded to Cleon (Henderson)

which is actually the Texas Company's wharf, and from that point by the contractor's boat, a bateau familiar to the bayous of Louisiana, for a distance of some eight miles.

The bateau has a protecti-on called a "shoe" built over the propeller in order that it may run over logs, water hyacinths and debris encountered in these waters.

The Texas Company installed an elaborate system of huge cross ties chained together to form a barrier for the water hyacinths which constantly grow in the swamps of Louisiana.

This barrier is rather effective during the early months of the year after the cold weather has killed off most of the growth, but during the months of September and October, with the help of the winds, the plants completely pack the navigable water.

To overcome this obstacle the contractor has installed on the bow of his boat a novel device which he assures me is his own invention. This consists of a five-foot 4X4 bolted to the bow with a 3-foot extension in front of the boat. When the hyacinths become so thick as to be impassable, he drops this log into the water and using a bridle at the top continually jerks it back and forth until he is able to push his boat through the opening.

The eight miles, which normally take about one hour and 15 minutes to travel, sometimes require as much as five hours during September and October.

Upon arriving at the outer landing point, it is necessary to walk approximately 1 & 1/2 miles through the forest before arriving at the Atchafalaya Post Office. In the area of the post office, however, there is a sizeable clearing with a large bee raising industry, as well as a central point for fishermen and trappers living In this area.

It truly is one of the wonders of our country that a modern postal service extends to even the remote corners of the nation, where men live close to nature but still enjoy communications with all parts of the world. (END OF ARTICLE)

In view of how difficult it was to reach Atchafalaya, which at this point had a decreasing population, the United States Postal Service closed its post office there in 1959. The end of the village had come….

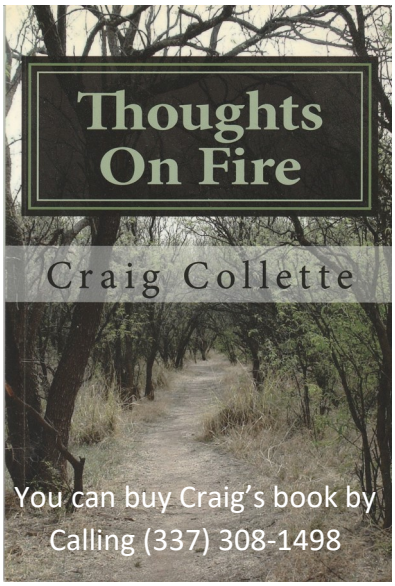
Continued on page three

Lords of the Basin

Continued from page two

And as they began to move the buildings away, the sparkle In their eyes had become orphan to the optimism of the past. Tom Bernard, one of the last to leave ' spent the duration of his retirement at Henderson. Gus and Virginia Bernard had removed to St' Martinville where they finished the remainder of their lives. Fernand Dupuis died in 1945, leaving his holdings to his son, Ferdie. Xavier Bijeaux removed to Plaquemine' leaving a few hundred bricks of his bakery ovens. Lowell T. Bernard had a chimney erected with them. The balance of the fishermen regrouped and found a home, which a former friend, Henry Guidry had founded. . . . . Henderson, Louisiana .

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Father Time And His Great Horn

I dreamed as I lay sleeping

That I saw Father Time.

He stood upon the rim of the void

Casting a pale, endless shadow.

His beard was long and gray,

As you might expect of one so old.

His eyes were peaceful and wise,

His countenance, solemn but dreadful.

As he stood silhouetted against the universe,

He raised a great horn to his lips

And blew out a piercing sound

Which was at once both beautiful and terrible.

As the sound slowly traveled,

Everything trembled in its wake,

The very foundations of the universe shook in awe.

The innumerable stars all paid homage.

After what seemed like forever,

A light could be seen racing through the cosmos.

Even as it came worlds dissolved into flames,

Darkness itself fled before it in haste.

And there stood Father Time with an outstretched arm,

In his well worn hand, a clear, unsealed jar.

Then came the light and the darkness and the flames,

Indeed, everything which ever was, and poured themselves into the jar.

Having resealed the jar containing all that ever was,

He now stood alone in the void.

No one knows how long, for no one even existed.

But there he stood, jar and horn in hand.

Then after a second or an eternity (no one knows),

He again blew his great horn and began to shake the jar,

As he did, lightning flashed and thunder peeled

Within the jar, and something strange began to happen:

Little by little the jar began to shrink,

Even as the lightning grew more and more intense.

Then he raised the jar high above his aged head

And blew out one final note on his great horn.

As soon as that final note sounded,

The jar shrank to nothing and exploded,

And out burst countless points of light

Scattering madly like leaves before a storm.

Each point of light, like shattered fragments of a rainbow,

Hastened to its appointed destination arid purpose:

Becoming new worlds, all life and all that would ever be,

Leaving Father Time and his great horn behind.

Still he stood alone, but now in the newness of it all:

New worlds remade from the dust and ashes of the old,

New life remade from the hopes and dreams of the old,

New light, new darkness, new flames to burn brighter than the old.

Then majestically he lay down and slept.

His work done, he sought to be undisturbed.

And as the mists of time clouded my mind,

I drifted out of my dreams, and he into his.

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Musician of the Month



Warren Storm

I don't usually put a personal touch on a musician's Bio but this man is very special to me. Warren and I have been friends for a very long time. I played the bass for Warren at Larry Braso's club in Abbeville, La. one night. Later Warren took my band's place At the Burbon Barrel in Laf. La. when we had the chance to back up Dixie Harrison (Chief Sitting Bull's granddaughter) at the La. State Fair Assn. Showcase at the Hilton in Laf., La. The rest of Warren's Bio was written by Meredith Ochs

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT...?

WarrenStorm

by Meredith Ochs

Devotees of southern Louisiana music love to heap superlatives on drummer/singer Warren Storm. In the small city of Abbeville, where he was raised, 150 miles west of New Orleans, a "Welcome" road sign reads "Home of Warren Storm, Swamp Pop Pioneer." He's been billed as "King of the Dance Halls" at the Ponderosa Stomp, a biennial New Orleans–based festival dedicated to artists who shaped American roots music. And on the cover of his new biography, *Taking the World, by Storm: A Conversation with Warren "Storm" Schexnider*, his designation is "The Godfather of Swamp Pop."

In the 1950s, Storm helped create swamp pop—a hybrid of Cajun, New Orleans R&B, blues, and early rock. The genre went without a name for nearly twenty years, but it had a recognizable sound centered around an irresistible beat that lured couples to the nearest dance floor, from Bobby Charles' buoyant mid-'50s classic "See You Later, Alligator" to Freddy Fender's recklessly romantic 1975 hit "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights" (written in 1959). "It's really Louisiana rock 'n' roll with a touch of rhythm and blues," Storm says. He's been playing it for more than seven decades, as a solo artist, studio musician, and member of numerous acts, including Cajun "supergroup" Lil' Band o' Gold.

A quick flip through the numerous photographs in *Taking the World, by Storm* reveals why you need to know Storm if you're not already familiar with him: he has influenced, played with, and hung out with a who's who of music icons. Storm's early work, both as a swamp-pop singer and as a session drummer behind some infamous bluesmen on the Excello Records label, had an impact on British Invasion bands and American artists. The Beatles' "Oh! Darling" was so redolent of the swamp-pop sound that Louisiana musicians thought it was written by one of their own. Led Zeppelin singer Robert Plant, who recorded and toured with Lil' Band o' Gold in the mid-aughts, bought Storm's 1958 hit "Prisoner's Song" on 45 rpm as a kid in England. Billy Gibbons, who grew up in Houston, went to see Storm play and sought him out backstage to say hello; the ZZ Top front man's mother had been a huge fan, too. When Creedence Clearwater Revival's John Fogerty traveled to Louisiana to record a version of Rockin' Sidney's "My Toot Toot" for the 1985 album *Centerfield*, Storm was behind the drumkit. Fogerty also sings on Storm's new album, which shares the book's title .

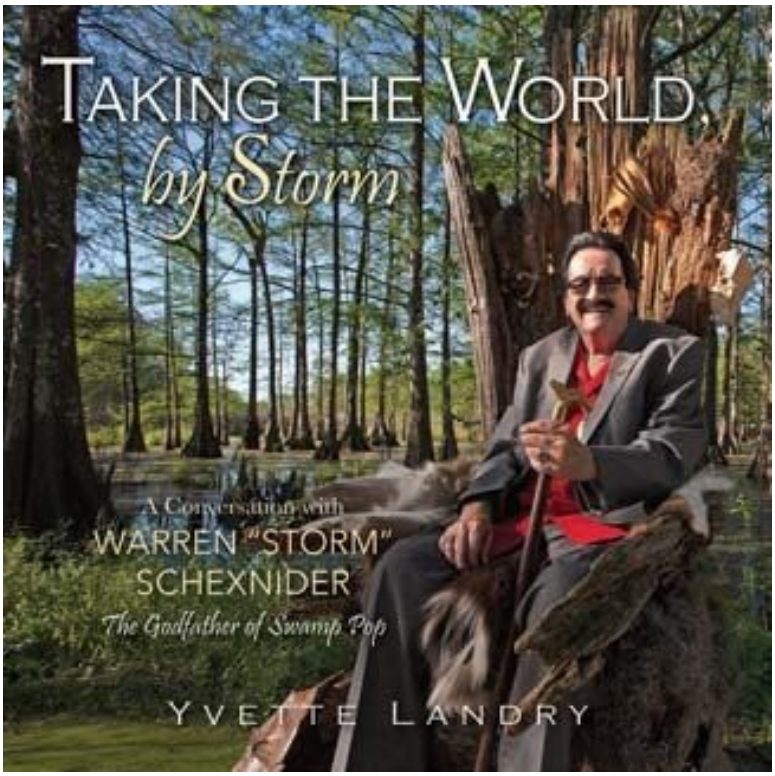
It's not just classic rockers who've been inspired by Storm's work, either; his influence is multigenerational. Lil' Band o' Gold drove swamp pop into the twenty

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

Musician of the Month continued from page four

-first century, touring the world and attracting fans such as British pop singer Lily Allen, who hired them to play at her 2011 wedding. And a new generation of admirers and musicians flocked to Storm's sets at the Ponderosa Stomp, where he performed his own songs and drummed as part of the "house band" behind Phil Philips (who sang the swamp-pop hit "Sea of Love") and others.

The book's cover, too, shows why Storm is a character worth getting to know. Rather than sitting on a drum throne, Storm appears on a throne carved (by singer Marc Broussard) from a bald cypress tree near the swampy environs where he has spent all of his eighty-two years, dressed in a grey suit and a vibrant scarlet shirt, his thick hair and chevron mustache still worn shoe-polish black. The smile on his face reflects pure joy of the music and laid-back culture of Louisiana that runs through his veins. He's not only an innovator but an emissary of this particular patch of Americana, unique to the region and often left out of the conversation on rock history.



Storm, who was born on February 18, 1937, grew up watching his dad play drums and learning the "hillbilly" music, as he calls it, that was popular locally. Simon (Schexnyder, as he's billed on the rare recording he made, or Schexnailder, as he's named in the book—"There's six ways of spelling it," according to Storm) was a sharecropper by day and multi-instrumentalist by night. While still in single digits, Warren started playing his dad's drums at home. One Saturday night when Simon was too sick to play his regular gig, Warren filled in, making his professional debut. He was eleven years old and so small, he jokes, that the crowd could barely see him over the 28″ kick drum.

Life wasn't easy for the aspiring musician. His first language was French, and he was held back a year in school. When he wasn't playing drums, he helped his family out by picking cotton, sweet potatoes, and cayenne peppers (one of the area's defining culinary flavors). The Schexniders' home didn't have electricity, so Warren's escape was listening to the Grand Ole Opry on a battery-operated radio. Hank Williams and George Jones became his vocal "teachers" as he studied their soulful delivery. Storm found jazz as well, idolizing the splashy drumming of Gene Krupa and the strength and speed of Buddy Rich, picking up licks he'd use for a lifetime. But it was Fats Domino and his drummers—legendary session man Earl Palmer and his renowned backbeat, and funky Charles "Hungry" Williams' heavy foot—that catalyzed his musical life.

Storm and other young musicians in the area began playing what would come to be known as swamp pop, spun from 6/8-time Cajun waltzes and ballads and percolating with the rhythmic punch of New Orleans R&B. The songs could be rooted in a wistful waltz or propelled by a jumpy Fats Domino–style piano triplet. While struggle and heartache fit the narrative of many traditional Cajun folk ballads, "Laissez les bons temps rouler" (or "Let the good times roll") is also a defining Cajun expression; it could be happy or sad, as long as it got folks dancing.

Borrowing his dad's drums, Storm found a steady stream of work with local bands thereafter, earning enough to buy his first kit when he was still in high school, a Slingerland ("because that's what Krupa

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Musician of the Month continued from page five

played," he says) and Ludwig and Rogers later on. He also changed his name. "Schexnider was too big to put on a 45 record!" he says. By age twenty-one, he landed a gig as a session player with J.D. "Jay" Miller, a songwriter and producer whose studios in Crowley, Louisiana, would later attract Fogerty, Paul Simon, and others seeking the sound of the region. As the house drummer, Storm recorded with "swamp blues" artists such as Lightnin' Slim, Lonesome Sundown, and Lazy Lester, absorbing their boggy rhythms, as well as zydeco legends Clifton Chenier and Rockin' Sidney.

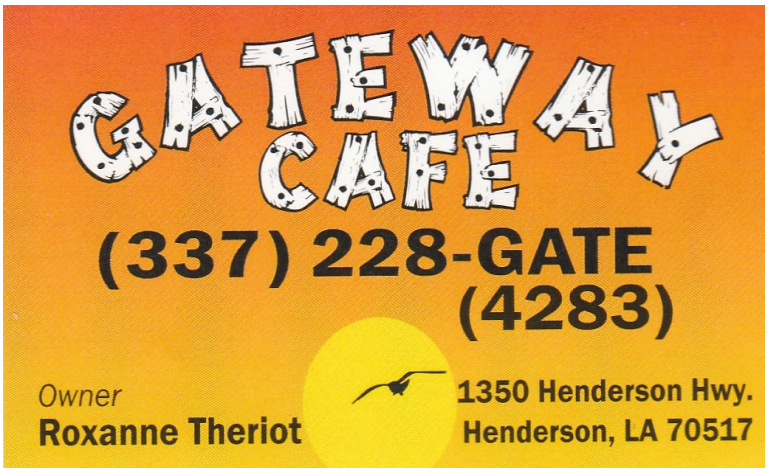
But Storm had a voice, too: a smooth, dimensional high tenor imbued with his Cajun heritage that added subtext to anything he sang. Miller, in fact, first hired him as a singer. He never wrote songs, but he landed his nascent genre in the *Billboard* Hot 100 chart the week of August 25, 1958, with a heavily Domino-influenced version of "Prisoner's Song." Elvis Presley liked Storm's take on this old chestnut so much that he played it on piano one night at Graceland—in front of Storm and a room full of guests—but when he sang, he changed the lyrics to an X-rated version. "Could you believe that!" Storm says with a laugh.

In the decades that followed, Storm was signed to several major labels and played in a succession of bands. He became known for putting his drumkit at the front of the stage and his eye-catching style of playing while singing. Tucking one stick under his arm until he needed it, he'd slash at the drums and cymbals with one hand, which left the other free to move the microphone around for dynamic purposes as he sang.

Storm recorded at studios across the South from Houston to Nashville, including Cosimo Matassa's legendary Cosimo Recording Studio in New Orleans' French Quarter, where he met and worked with some of his heroes, like Dr. John. He got to know Fats Domino well, and appreciated his sense of humor. During one of their first meetings, "I told him, 'I'm a big fan of yours,'" Storm says. "And Fats sang [his hit], 'Ain't that a shame'!"

In the 1970s, Storm signed with producer and one-time radio personality Huey "the Crazy Cajun" Meaux, whose artists stretched swamp pop's musical and geographic reach westward along the Gulf Coast to Beaumont, Texas, with Barbara Lynn's "You'll Lose a Good Thing," and to Houston with Freddy Fender's "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights." Storm and Fender became friends, and Storm played drums on his album *Swamp Gold* and other cuts.

After some time away from behind the kit, Storm joined forces with Lafayette-raised guitarist C.C. Adcock, Mamou Playboys accordionist Steve Riley, and other regionally well-known musicians to form Lil' Band o' Gold in 1998. Storm had to make a minor adjustment to his playing because of the band's relatively high volume; he reversed his sticks and hit the drums with the butt end, adding a pair of gloves to keep a firm grip on the tips.



The nine-piece ensemble toured across the United States and traversed the globe several times, as far as Australia and New Zealand, introducing a high-revved version of swamp pop to new fans, and reigniting love of the genre amongst old fans, including Robert Plant. When Plant joined the band to record a tribute to Fats Domino in 2007, he wanted to take a trip to Crowley to visit the places Storm had recorded nearly fifty years earlier. Plant drove out to Storm's apartment in Broussard to pick him up and met his family, posing for photos with his wife and granddaughters (they're in the book), before hitting the road. The two men talked about music and the region

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Musician of the Month continued from page six

all the way up to Crowley. “He was looking at the crawfish ponds, saw the traps—he wanted to know all about that,” Storm says.

Storm’s new album serves as both an audio companion piece to the book and a swamp-pop primer, with re-recordings of songs that were hits for him and his cohort, like “Mathilda” (Cookie and His Cupcakes), “Rainin’ in My Heart” (Slim Harpo), and “Prisoner’s Song,” alongside Fogerty’s “Long As I Can See the Light,” Fats Domino’s “Let the Four Winds Blow,” and others.

At 82, Storm’s vocals are astonishingly pliant, but he rarely feels up to the physical demands of playing a full kit and doesn’t keep much gear at home these days. “Just three snares and three cymbals,” he says, including one Dunnett snare with a golden finish by Luthier James Trussart given to him on his seventy-fifth birthday, when he was in Lil’ Band o’ Gold. One of his floor toms, signed by him, is in nearby Ville Platte, on display at the Louisiana Swamp Pop Museum. He still plays, though. If you happen to be passing through Breaux Bridge on the right Thursday of each month, you can catch him performing alongside Landry at Buck and Johnny’s restaurant—with a snare, a hi-hat, and a microphone.



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MAY 7, 1945 Okinawa. One of the most heartbreaking photos from the Second World War shows US Marine Colonel Francis Fenton (pictured kneeling) conducting the funeral of his son Private First Class Mike Fenton, near Shuri, Okinawa, May 1945. Father and son met once during the fighting when their paths crossed at a partially destroyed Okinawan farmhouse. After exchanging news the two family members returned to their work. They would never talk again. On May 7, 1945, while beating back a Japanese counterattack the younger Fenton, 19, was killed.

When his father received the bitter news, he traveled to the site of his son's death and knelt down to pray over the flag-draped body. Upon arising, Colonel Fenton stared at the bodies of other Marine dead and said: “Those poor souls. They didn't have their fathers here”.



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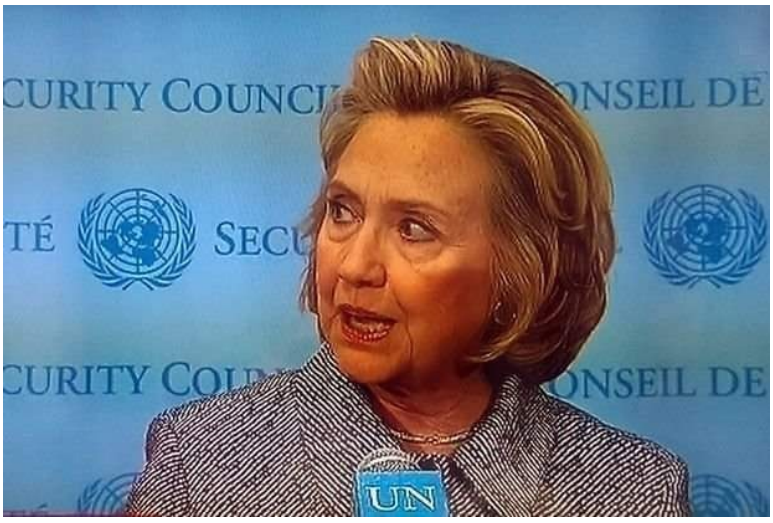
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Benghazi !



So here's the REAL story about BENGHAZI:

Ambassador Stevens was sent to Benghazi to secretly retrieve US made Stinger Missiles that the State Dept had supplied to Ansar al Sharia in Libya WITHOUT Congressional oversight or permission.

Sec State Hillary Clinton had brokered the Libya deal through Ambassador Stevens and a Private Arms Dealer named Marc Turi, but some of the shoulder fired Stinger Missiles ended up in Afghanistan where they were used against our own military. On July 25th, 2012, a US Chinook helicopter was downed by one of them. Not destroyed only because the idiot Taliban didn't arm the missile. The helicopter didn't explode, but it had to land and an ordnance team recovered the missile's serial number which led back to a cache of Stinger Missiles kept in Qatar by the CIA.



Obama and Hillary were in full panic mode, so Ambassador Stevens was sent to Benghazi to retrieve the rest of the Stinger Missiles. This was a "do-or-die" mission, which explains the Stand Down Orders given to multiple rescue teams during the siege of the US Embassy.

It was the State Dept, NOT the CIA, that supplied the Stinger Missiles to our sworn enemies because Gen. Petraeus at CIA would not approve supplying the deadly missiles due to their potential use against commercial aircraft. So then, Obama threw Gen.

Benghazi-Continued on page nine

Benghazi– Continued from page eight

Petraeus under the bus when he refused to testify in support of Obama's phony claim of a "spontaneous uprising caused by a YouTube video that insulted Muslims."

Obama and Hillary committed TREASON!

THIS is what the investigation is all about, WHY she had a Private Server, (in order to delete the digital evidence), and WHY Obama, two weeks after the attack, told the UN that the attack was the result of the YouTube video, even though everyone KNEW it was not.

Furthermore, the Taliban knew that the administration had aided and abetted the enemy WITHOUT Congressional oversight or permission, so they began pressuring (blackmailing) the Obama Administration to release five Taliban generals being held at Guantanamo.

Bowe Bergdahl was just a useful pawn used to cover the release of the Taliban generals. Everyone knew Bergdahl was a traitor but Obama used Bergdahl's exchange for the five Taliban generals to cover that Obama was being coerced by the Taliban about the unauthorized Stinger Missile deal.

So we had a traitor as POTUS that is not only corrupt, but compromised, as well and a Sec of State that is a serial liar, who perjured herself multiple times at the Congressional Hearings on Benghazi. Perhaps this is why no military aircraft were called upon for help in Benghazi: because the administration knew that our enemies had Stinger Missiles that, if used to down those planes, would likely be traced back to the CIA cache in Qatar and then to the State Dept's illegitimate arms deal in Libya.

Taken from a Facebook post. Forward this again and again and again until everyone reads the true story of Benghazi.

HTTPS://www.politico.com/search…

https://www.snopes.com/fact-check/chris-stevens/

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A lot of thoughts on Mother's Day! Naturally, we love our Mom's...remember… Some Moms lost their Daughters and Sons who died serving our Nation. Some Daughters and Sons lost their Moms who died ensuring our Freedom. Remember Senior Chief Shannon Kent, a mother of two, who died fighting for us… The card that can't be sent, the call that can't be made, the touch that can't be felt...in our prayers!





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Do you remember this?

It's the Red Light on the levee just south of Henderson, La. That is a state road. It's been there for over three years now. Now that our State is almost broke, it may be a very long time before the road gets repaired. If anyone would like to make a donation to help pay for the repair, contact your local State Representative. Maybe we won't have to wait another three years.

Ask Boudreaux

Hey, Boudreaux, I went fish In Henderson swamp, found a great fishing hole, marked the spot with an X on the side a my boat. I sold my boat. You think that new guy found my fishing hole?

Boudreaux

Well there is one way you can find out. Ask him to take you and your buddy (Boudreaux) fishing for old times sake. If he goes to the same spot, then you'll know. Now if it's that same boat that runs on Coors Light, you might want to bring a case. Just to make sure.



MEMORIAM" KILLED IN ACTION ON OKINAWA

- April 24, 1945 ----- ELLSWORTH THIBODEAUX ----- Son of Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Thibodeaux - "Immediately following his graduation from Breaux Bridge High School in 1942, Ellsworth volunteered for the Army in which he served 33 months. He had been overseas 28 months at the time of

Continued on page 12

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KILLED IN ACTION ON OKINAWA
Continued from page 11.

his death and was a grave registrar with the famed 28th Division. Previous to the engagement on Okinawa, Ellsworth took part in the battles of Kwajalein and Eniwitoc in the Marshall Islands. ----- For his part in the battle on Saipan, he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal with "V" Device and a promotion from PFC to SSG. ----- Volunteering to go for wounded men on the battlefield in the face of open fire, he saved the lives of many of his comrades. When his superiors fell in this battle, he led the men on; on one occasion he and his lieutenant killed 50 Japanese in the space of 2 hours. His picture was taken by the U.S. Treasury Department for a Bond mat. Before joining the Army, SSG Thibodeaux lived here with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. & Mrs. Harris Pellerin. His sister, Myrtle, was a Navy nurse and his brother, L.J. Thibodeaux was in the U.S. Navy. "We will remember him in our prayers."



A Texas Highway Patrol Officer was conducting speeding enforcement on Hwy 77, just south of Kingsville, TX.

The officer was using a handheld radar device to check speeding vehicles approaching the town of Kingsville and was suddenly surprised when the radar gun began reading 300 miles per hour and climbing.

The officer attempted to reset the radar gun, but it would not reset and then... It suddenly went dead.

Immediately a deafening roar over the Mesquite treetops on Hwy 77 revealed that the radar had in fact locked on to a USMC F/A-18 Hornet which was engaged in a low-flying exercise near it's Naval Air home base location in Kingsville.

Back at the Texas Highway Patrol Headquarters in Corpus Christi, the Patrol Captain fired off a complaint to the US Naval Base Commander in Kingsville for shutting down his officer's equipment. The reply came back in true USMC style:

"Thank you for your letter....
You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Hornet had detected the presence of, and subsequently locked on to, your hostile radar equipment and automatically sent a jamming signal back to it, which is why it shut down.
Furthermore, an Air-to-Ground missile aboard the fully-armed aircraft had also automatically locked on to your equipment's location.

Fortunately, the Marine Pilot flying the Hornet recognized the situation for what it was, quickly responded to the missile system alert status and was able to override the automated defense system before the missile was launched to destroy the hostile radar position on the side of Hwy 77, south of Kingsville.

The pilot suggests your officer covers his mouth when cursing since the video systems on these jets are extremely high-tech.

Sergeant Johnson, the officer holding the radar gun, should get his dentist to check his left rear molar. It appears the filling is loose. Also, the snap is broken on his holster."

Semper Fi !

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The King of Henderson Bass tournaments

wrapped up their 2020 season last weekend with a 2 day Classic. We thank all who participated this year, and we'd like to send a big "Congratulations " to Chester and Paul Begnaud for a most impressive victory with Brett & Nick and Layne & Mike right on your heels! Also, a special thank you to Craig Olivier with OCR - Oliviers Custom Rods, who puts on this tournament every year. We see your hard work and appreciate what you do.

1st Place- 26.18 lbs. Paul Begnaud & Chester Begnaud (Picture)

2nd Place- 25.98 lbs. Brett Bellard & Nick Simon

3rd Place- 25.61 lbs. Layne Sims & Mike Sims

Big Bass Saturday and Overall- 5.24 lbs. Paul Miller & Richard Richard

Big Bass Sunday- 4.92 lbs. Chris Torry & Eric Smith

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

1st Jean Paul Guidry
3rd Lance Guidry
4th Lillian Courville
Allie Marie Champagne
5th Lonnie Stoute
David Boudreaux
Sharron Johnson LaGrone
Norris Badon
6th Paul Meche
Cedric Broussard
Daniel Robert
Lundyn Kana
Bella Castillo
7th Caden "KK" Barousse
Andrea Orgeron
Adelle Guilbeau
8th Nancy Domengeaux
Kathy Roberts
Bryson Guidry
Seth Breaux
Rowdy Ables
9th Michelle Angelle
Madeline LeBlanc
Paula R. Steele
Katrina Collette
Hadley Humble
10th Mike "T-Pop" Latiolais
Joey Broussard
Brianna Malhorin
Das Kriegsschiff
Isabel Castile
Ladarrian
11th Micah Meche
Emma Latiolais
Lea Semere
Nita Guidry
Roxann Boudreaux Reilly
12th Tim Theriot
Dana Patin
Shari Roberts
Reid Breaux
13th Shelly Theriot Boudreaux
14th Randy Duplechan
Dana LeBlanc
Justin Penn
15th Sandra Thomassee
16th Jodi Broussard
Geri Roberts
Clinton Sedatol
Debbie Stipp Brunner
Kathy Roberts
18th Mike Mouton
Abby Robert
19th Bobby C. LeBlanc
Dylan Sedatol
Alayna Trahan
20th Tonya Berry
Jeramie Latiolais
Anna Faucheaux
Raven Robicheaux
Barbara Chapman Gary
21st Scotty Dupuis
Logan Sedatol
Brandy Aucoin
22nd Gary Goulas
Kimberly Lynn Serrette
23rd Randy "Oklahouma" Bay
Evan Angelle
Charli Robert
Janelle Marks
Vanessa Hulin
24th Capt. Dave Keggler
Tega Borel
Kisha Kana
25th Kathleen Savoy
26th Dolores Serrette
Justin Wardlow O'Brien
Neal Courville
Nicky Dauphine
27th Watson Cole Bradford
Theresa Darleen Knott
Clay Courville
Denetta Olivier
28th Isaiah Serrette
Dusty Barousse
Jim Scallan
Nina Broussard
Asher Borque
Jasper Devillier
29th Harriet Dugas
Beth Guidry
30th Eryahn Mouton
Ralph Angelle
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