Volume 3, Issue 1

FREE

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

JANUARY 2021

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.5
On the web @ www.TheBasinGazette.com
Email address=Pserrette@hnws.glacoxmail.com

Those of us who are old enough to remember her will appreciate this story. She was funny and tough as nails. Great story for those who know of Martha Raye.



It was well recognized that Martha Raye endured less comfort and more danger than any other Vietnam entertainer. Don't let the sun go down without reading this about Martha Raye. The most unforgivable oversight of TV is that her shows were not taped. I was unaware of her credentials or where she is buried. Somehow I just can't see Brittany Spears, Paris Hilton, or Jessica Simpson doing what this woman (and the other USO women, including Ann Margaret & Joey Heatherton) did for our troops in past wars. Most of the old time entertainers were made of a lot sterner stuff than today's crop of activists bland whiners.

The following is from an Army Aviator who takes a trip down memory lane: "It was just before Thanksgiving '67 and we were ferrying dead and wounded from a large GRF west of Pleiku. We had run out of body bags by noon, so the Hook (CH-47 CHINOOK) was pretty rough in the back. All of a sudden, we heard a 'take-charge' woman's voice in the rear. There was the singer and actress, Martha Raye, with a SF (Special Forces) beret and jungle fatigues, with subdued markings, helping the wounded into the Chinook, and carrying the dead aboard.

'Maggie' had been visiting her SF 'heroes' out 'west'. We took off, short of fuel, and headed to the USAF hospital pad at Pleiku. As we all started unloading our sad pax's, a 'Smart Mouth' USAF Captain said to Martha.... "Ms Ray, with all these dead and wounded to process, there would not be time for your show!"

Continued on page two

Martha Raye Continued from page one

To all of our surprise, she pulled on her right collar and said ....."Captain, see this eagle? I am a full 'Bird' in the US Army Reserve, and on this is a 'Caduceus' which means I am a Nurse, with a surgical specialty....now, take me to your wounded!" He said, "Yes ma'am.... follow me."

Several times at the Army Field Hospital in Pleiku, she would 'cover' a surgical shift, giving a nurse a well-deserved break. Martha is the only woman buried in the SF (Special Forces) cemetery at Ft Bragg.

Hand Salute! A great lady..

I did not know this about Martha Ray....

thought you might like.

Marine Sgt. Michael Strank

of Conemaugh, PA., reported killed in action on Iwo Jima, was identified on April 8, 1945 as one of the marines shown raising the stars and stripes on Mount Suribachi in Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal's historic picture. Before Iwo Jima, Strank, an immigrant from Czechoslovakia, served with the Marine Raiders in the Battle of Bougainville.

#ww2uncovered #worldwar2 #ww2 #WWII #WorldWarII #ww2history #worldwartwo #greatestgeneration #WWIIVet #wwiihistory #worldwartwo #lestweforget2020 #lestweforget #ww2veteran #usmcvet #worldwar2veteran #rememberanceday #VeteransDay #veterans #usmc #semperfi

Original description and photo sourced from www.usmc.mil

Bayou Belle

Just north of the I-10 exit

Henderson, La.

(337) 667-6579

The Casino Is Open

From 9:am to Midnight

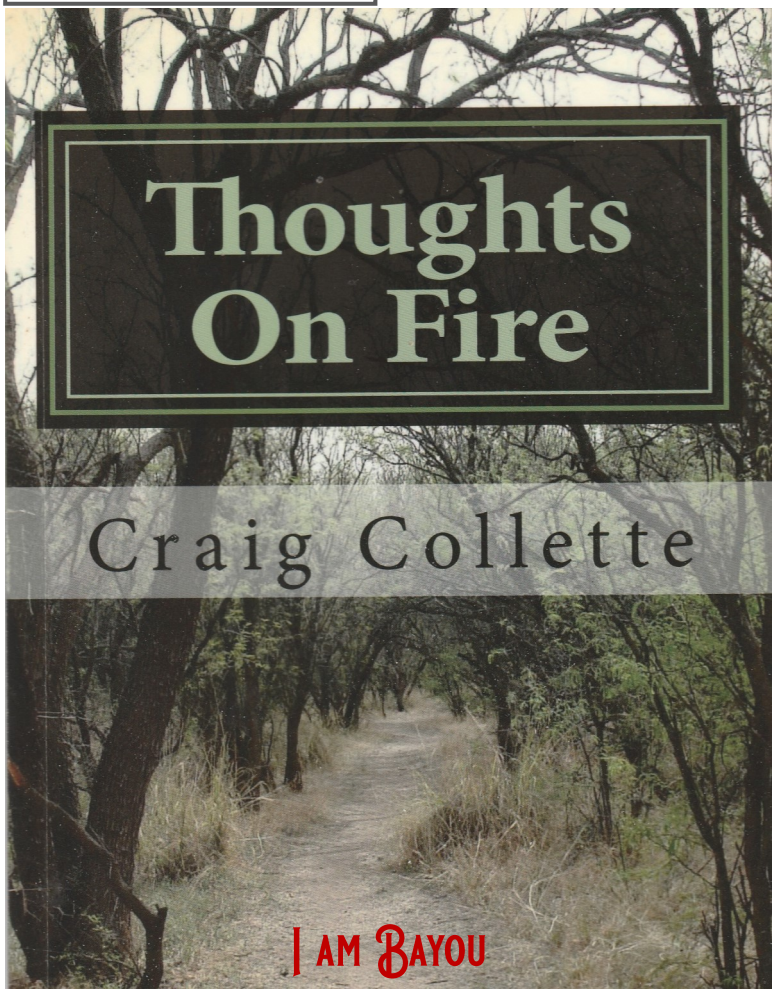
TEMPORARILY! Y'ALL BE SAFE

The Restaurant will open soon

The Truck stop, C Store, and Gas Pumps are still Open.

Y'all get out the house & come enjoy





I am bayou,
I've been in Louisiana
A long, long time.
I'm not sure how old I am,
But I was here the last time
That the mighty Mississippi changed course,
I'm known by. many different names:
Teche, Vermillion, D'arbonne.
Manchac, Nez-Picque, Chene,
I was a friend to the Indians,
Their mystical and moss draped highway.
The Cajuns knew me romantically,
Evangeline herself did ply my waters
In search of her long lost love, Gabriel.
Many dug outs, pirogues,
Skiffs and boats of all kinds
Have plied my waters as well,
My wet fingers stretching all across the bayou state.
Countless battles have been fought on my waves and banks
As I wind strategically through
Swamps and prairies and towns and bottoms,
My own muddy bottom a watery grave for too many.
I feed off rivers and lakes
From the Gulf of Mexico to Spring Hill,
From Bogalousa to Lockport.
Fish too numerous to name call me home,
As do people from around the world,
Living in lavish mansions
And on simple houseboats.
I'm friendly when the fish are biting
The source of a nice day out,
But treacherous and deadly
When my flood waters rise,
The horror of a drowning
Of a flooded home.
I've been spoken to
In many different languages:
French, Italian, German,
English, Spanish,
Not to mention a host of Indian tongues.
I remember steamboats.
I remember cypress log jams.
I remember Plantations and slaves,
Cotton gins and sugar cane mills.
My memory is rich and deep.
I treasure who I am:
I am bayou,
I've been in Louisiana
A long, long time.



In My Opinion

We have been in "Lock Down" pretty much the whole month of December. I've often wondered why it's OK to go to Wal Mart but not to bars or to Church. Why is it OK to go to a Liquor Store but not celebrate Thanksgiving?

Does anyone realize these Mandates are not Laws? Did you know that a Governor cannot make a law? Only the State Legislature can make laws for the State.

I don't think they can enforce those Mandates. Oh, they can pull your license to operate, but you can fight that in court and win. The problem is it will probably cost as much as you're loosing as to pay a Lawyer.

Maybe if enough people would get together to fight this, we could stop this madness. These Mandates seem to be happening only in Democrat run States. Or to Republican run States caving in to threats (or bribes).

One thing for sure is that a lot of Businesses have shut down. Some may not be able to come back up. The big conglomerates don't seem to be having a problem. It's the Mom & Pop stores that have the real problem.

Has anyone noticed that All of these people making and enforcing the Mandates are still getting their paychecks? All the while the people who lost their jobs have to try to survive with the (CRUMBS) Congress throws to them.

None of this makes sense. I can only hope All this fraud comes out! This is the longest election I've seen in my lifetime. Using Covid-19 for all this fraud is a disgrace! I'm a registered Independent but the Dems have the nerve to call President Trump a Dictator? Please!!!



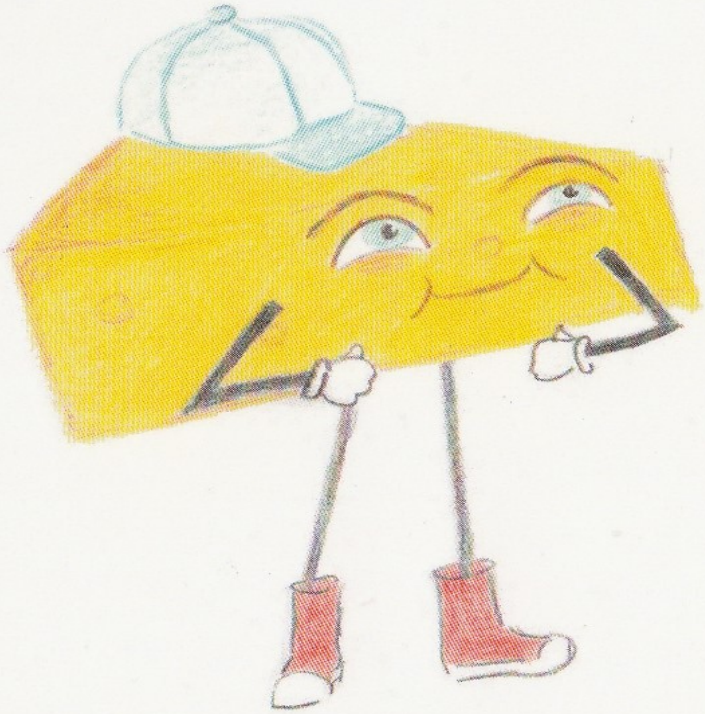
Musician of the Month

Clint Robin

Since I was six years old I started playing music. I played in my first official band when I was 11. I played the Crawfish festival for the first time at T-Mays bar. My mom and dad would bring me to the River Club in Butte la Rose to sit in with Dunice Theriot and his band. I was so small they had to sit me down on a chair because the guitar was to heavy for me to hold up. After that I kept playing through the years. I did the bar scene, got drunk while playing, made a fool of my self a few times. In the eighties I had my own band called Swamp Land Country band. We would play 3 to 4 nights a week just like all the bands playing the area are now. We also played the festivals. I've done it all. Now I want to do it the right way .Write my Music and play in the right Venues. I left the Bars and stopped playing the Honky Tonks because there is no future in it. Thank God I stopped the Madness. I put my faith in the Lord that he will lead me in the right direction. I love Country and Cajun music and that's what I'm gonna do. I also write Christian music for my beautiful wife to sing. Thank you for all your support my friends. God bless you all.

Cheddar The "Wild" Cheese

The Tales of a Sandwich



Anna Guidry

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

1482 Henderson Hwy., Henderson, La.
Ph. (337) 356-2479

Intense HOT RODS

Buisness hours mon - Thursday 7-4 Friday 7-12 paint n body automotive collision specialist insurance jobs welcomed



OUT OF HELL !!!!!

This photo, taken in January 1944, in New Britain, Papua New Guinea, shows PFC George C. Miller (U.S. Marine Corps) returning from 19 days of fierce fighting. This true American hero came from Jersey City, New Jersey.



Nov. 13th, 1942. On This Day In The U.S. Navy All five Sullivan brothers are lost when the USS Juneau (CL 52) is destroyed during the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal:



Joe, Frank, Al, Matt & George

Continued on page 18



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 .....

Writing Coach/Tutoring & Editing Services



12th Grade, College, Businesses

NO MATH !!!!

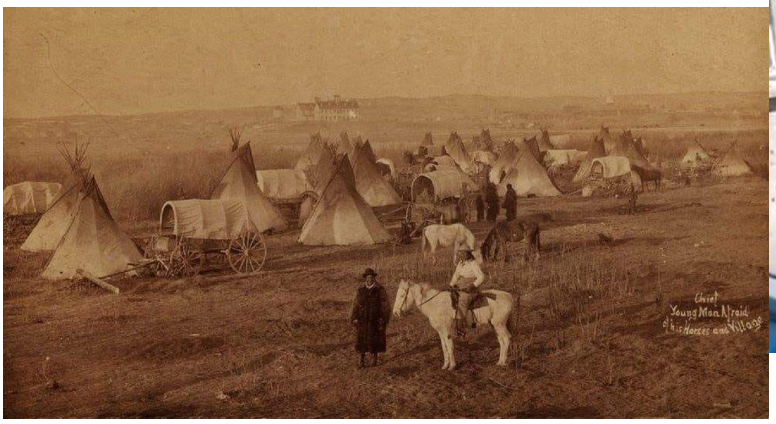
Essays, Dissertations, Theses

Newsletters, Handbooks, Policies

Reasonable rates: 337-434-6161

Indian Heroes & Great Chieftains

"At the age of sixteen Crazy Horse joined a war party against the Gros Ventres. He was well in front of the charge, and at once established his bravery by following closely one of the foremost Sioux warriors, by the name of Hump, drawing the enemy's fire and circling around their advance guard. Suddenly Hump's horse was shot from under him, and there was a rush of warriors to kill or capture him while down. But amidst a shower of arrows the youth leaped from his pony, helped his friend into his own saddle, sprang up behind him, and carried him off to safety, although pursued by the enemy.



Thus he associated himself in his maiden battle with the wizard of Indian warfare, and Hump, who was then at the height of his own career, pronounced Crazy Horse the coming warrior of the Teton Sioux. ... Crazy Horse loved Hump, that peerless warrior, and the two became close friends, in spite of the difference in age. Men called them "the grizzly and his cub." Again and again the pair saved the day for the Sioux in a skirmish with some neighboring tribe. But one day they undertook a losing battle against the Snakes. The Sioux were in full retreat and were fast being overwhelmed by superior numbers. The old warrior fell in a last desperate charge; but Crazy Horse and his younger brother, though dismounted, killed two of the enemy and thus made good their retreat."

Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa)



One of the Last Tuskegee Airman Pilots is 100 Years Old



Recently, in the Detroit area, one of the last remaining pilots of the famed Tuskegee Airman of WWII, celebrated his 100th birthday. His name is Lt. Matthew Corbin. This is a great video about one of those special men of the Greatest Generation who was not only a war hero in WWII, but a man of un-

Continued on page 10





Christmas has now Passed

It is now the new year.

Let us celebrate what we have and not what we don't have.

We would like to wish everyone a Happy New Year.

May 2021 be the year of your dreams.

Celebrate Family & Friends !



2020 has been a rough year for most people. Never give up your dreams !





My name's Wayne, a member of one of the local Indian tribes in my home state of Montana and I have an interesting story to tell you. For years, the experts told me that the story of who I was and how my ancestors got here, the story that has been passed down for a millennia by my people was wrong.

They insisted my ancestors came across a land bridge from Siberia and settled here in what is now the United States. My people told a different story. We were always here. There was no land bridge. I wondered, "Who was right?" I mean, these were experts we're talking about. Stories could very easily become distorted or rewritten over time to suit the needs of the people telling them. Could that have happened here?

My brother, Charlie, and I wanted answers. We wanted to know the truth. We couldn't stand not knowing who we are for sure. We tried tracing our ancestry using conventional methods but couldn't make it past a few generations. There just wasn't much documentation available.

We then decided to get our DNA tested by one of the biggest and most prestigious companies in the world. The results were less than thrilling. It didn't tell us anything we didn't already know.

We hit a dead end and we were stuck. We didn't know what to do or where to go. It seemed like we weren't going to get the information we were looking for. We spent over $10,000 dollars of our hard earned money with nothing to show for it.

Then, my brother Charlie died from heart failure. He never got to find out the truth. My family and I were so upset from losing him that I gave up looking for answers. I just couldn't do it anymore. Then, something happened that changed everything. A breakthrough from something Charlie and I did right before he died that completely changed my life forever.

My story is really personal and at times painful. I didn't think I was going to be able to tell it. Then I thought of Charlie and how he never got to see the answers he wanted. That's when I knew I had to share it. So no one else has to go through that. I want to tell everyone what the big name DNA companies don't want you to know so you don't have to waste all of the time, money, and energy on things that won't bring you answers like I did. That's why I made a video telling my story and what I was able to learn.

Click the link to watch my video and see how the story unfolds:https://cri.link/3ngDx0A

Phoebe's Hair Salon

Phoebe Sovey Cell (337) 298-5016
Kyrsten Comeaux Cell (337) 207-2510

221 Mills Ave.
Breaux Bridge,La.

PUT YOUR AD HERE
JUST CALL (337)228-2400

Tuskegee Airmen Continued from page seven

compromising courage, like his fellow Black WWII veterans, on his return home to a still segregated America after the war. What he and his fellow Tuskegee Airmen, and fellow Black veterans gave in service to the nation in the struggle against the tyranny of Nazism is incalculable and is worthy of nothing less than this nation's highest respect and honor.

Lt. Corbin was one of those who were still alive to receive the nation's highest civilian medal, the Congressional Gold Medal from President Obama during his presidency. Though there are still a goodly number of Tuskegee Airman alive who served as mechanics and support personnel for the Tuskegee pilots, Corbin is one of only 8 of those pilots still alive today.

Source: **YouTube/Detroit RedTail**
WWII veteran and former Tuskegee Airman Lt. Matthew Corbin celebrated 100 years.



During the war between 1943 and 1945, Tuskegee Airman and Red Tail pilot, Lt. Corbin, proved his fighter pilot prowess against German fighter pilots in the air over Germany on many occasions. Two other Tuskegee Airman pilot brothers were in attendance at this celebration. One of them was mentioned for having shot down 3 German FW-109s single-handedly in one day.

Source: Wikimedia Commons
Tuskegee Airmen – Circa May 1942 to Aug 1943 Location unknown, likely Southern Italy or North Africa.

The other Red Tail pilot that was there was shot down over Germany and spent the last nine months of the war as a prisoner in a German POW camp. These men were the most respected and requested escort pilots for the bomber crews that flew the most difficult missions over German held territories during the last two years of the war. They were the best of the best.

Source: U.S. Air Force
Advanced instruction turned student pilots into fighter pilots at Tuskegee Army Airfield, Ala.



This video was made on the occasion of Corbin's 100th birthday. You will hear much more about who he was and what he did as a Tuskegee Airman and what these brave, selfless men faced on their return home to America after the war.

The Veterans Site sends its hardy congratulations to Lt. Matthew Corbin on the occasion of his 100th birthday. We send our appreciation and our everlasting thanks to him for his courageous service to the nation and for being a model to us all. Honor, Respect and Thanks to you. "Spit Fire" Tuskegee Airman.

A SALUTE TO THE TUSKEGEE AIRMEN!

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

1st Robyn Theriot
Bryan Petitjean
Jason Reeves
Jeanyfer Castille
2nd Brenda Louviere
June Francis Domengeaux
Randy Dugas
3rd "POPPA" Keith Arsement
Diana Serett Davis
Claude Comeaux
Kim Savoie
Caleb George
Jarod Begnaud
Audrey Serrette
Tiny Duplechien
Chris Tauzin
Darrell Broussard
4th Judy Plutchak
Christopher Reed
Janice Castille
Kathy Gondron
5th Cory Wayne Jenkins
6th Claudette Domingue Holder
Peggy Palombo Cresswood
Sandra Berryhill Hagen
Jane Nichole "Collette" Heels
Damian Michael Blanchard
7th Joe Darby
Julia Babineaux
Tony Hebert
Steve Bernard
Judy LeGrand
Jonathan Castille
8th Reiley Trahan
Richard Thibodeaux
Theresa Mamie Castania Guidry
Annette Melancon
Mary Lemarie
Nico Domengeaux
Mitzi Ann LeBlanc
Jean-Pierre Dupuis
9th Lisa Romero
Keith Broussard
Trevor Bergeron
Raynee Rene' Montet
10th Parrish Hicks
11th Melissa Angelle
Tori Robin
12th Resa Hollier
Ravon Blanchard
13th Emilean Theriot
Alexa Marie Foster
14th Sally Angelle
Chantell Villagomez
Vern Lagneaux
Genevieve Schexnayder
Gus Maraist
15th Sheila Broussard
Jack Lane
Daisy Serrette
16th Lillian Castille
Bill Leary
Mary Landry
Dale Duplechien
Mary Knott Landry
Barbara Malone Chisholm
Luke Thibodeaux
Pamela Lasseigne Cormier
17th Janice Castille
Cooper Patin
18th Joann Patin
Stephanie Schexnayder
Tony Theriot
Chalisse Joanne Huval
Colton Miller
Lorema Guilbeau Guillot
19th Scott Serrette
Kaila Gracey
20th Alice Locorriere
Clint Degeyter
Tommy Bennett
Aileen Kidder
Elton Latiolais
Joni Duplechien
23rd Carolyn Frederick
Cole Borel
24th Sharra Hagen
Jesse Reeves
Zachary Hagen
Taylen Salvaggio
25th Ally Broussard
Lisa Stelly
Ally Broussard
Lindsey Huval
26th Jaelyn Lormand
27th Yola Lasseigne
Lonny Melancon
28th Kenneth Mouton
Boake Sandroz
29th Lucy Allemond Trahan
Beth Brown
30th Louis Devillier
Shawne Huval Taylor
31st Peggy Hebert
Kole Theriot
Ardem Robin
Jan Alleman
Nell Olivier Guidry



The Native American Sargent York you've never heard of.



Joseph Oklahombi (Choctaw) was the most decorated soldier from Oklahoma during WW1. His amazing exploits surpass even Sgt. York's even while being almost exactly the same, and a few days apart from each other.

At 23 years old he ran behind an enemy machine gun installation that was mowing down his comrades. As an expert hunter he was able to run across a series of barbed wire baracades and he pinned down over 250 German soldiers. After killing 79, the remaining 171 gave up.

His citation for the Croix de Guerre reads:

Under a violent barrage, [Pvt. Oklahombi] dashed to the attack of an enemy position, covering about 210 yards through barbed-wire entanglements. He rushed on machine-gun nests, capturing 171 prisoners. He stormed a strongly held position containing more than 50 machine guns, and a number of trench mortars. Turned the captured guns on the enemy, and held the position for four days, in spite of a constant barrage of large projectiles and of gas shells. Crossed no man's land many times to get information concerning the enemy, and to assist his wounded comrades.

http://www.choctawnation.com/.../code.../joseph-oklahombi/

http://www.worldwar1.com/dbc/j_oklah.htm

The Story of Rain in the Face

The noted Sioux warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, whose name once carried terror to every part of the frontier, died at his home on the Standing Rock reserve in North Dakota on September 15, 1905.

About two months before his death I went to see him for the last time, where he lay upon the bed of sickness from which he never rose again, and drew from him his life-history.

It had been my experience that you cannot induce an Indian to tell a story, or even his own name, by asking him directly.

"Friend," I said, "even if a man is on a hot trail, he stops for a smoke! In the good old days, before the charge there was a smoke. At home, by the fireside, when the old men were asked to tell their brave deeds, again the pipe was passed. So come, let us smoke now to the memory of the old days!"

Continued on page 13

Rain in the Face
Continued from page 12

He took of my tobacco and filled his long pipe, and we smoked. Then I told an old mirthful story to get him in the humor of relating his own history.

The old man lay upon an iron bedstead, covered by a red blanket, in a corner of the little log cabin. He was all alone that day; only an old dog lay silent and watchful at his master's feet. Finally he looked up and said with a pleasant smile:



"True, friend; it is the old custom to retrace one's trail before leaving it forever! I know that I am at the door of the spirit home. "I was born near the forks of the Cheyenne River, about seventy years ago. My father was not a chief; my grandfather was not a chief, but a good hunter and a feast-maker.

On my mother's side I had some noted ancestors, but they left me no chieftainship. I had to work for my reputation. "When I was a boy, I loved to fight," he continued. "In all our boyish games I had the name of being hard to handle, and I took much pride in the fact. "I was about ten years old when we encountered a band of Cheyennes.

They were on friendly terms with us, but we boys always indulged in sham fights on such occasions, and this time I got in an honest fight with a Cheyenne boy older than I.

I got the best of the boy, but he hit me hard in the face several times, and my face was all spattered with blood and streaked where the paint had been washed away.

The Sioux boys whooped and yelled: "His enemy is down, and his face is spattered as if with rain! Rain-in-the-Face! His name shall be Rain-in-the-Face!"

"Afterwards, when I was a young man, we went on a warpath against the Gros Ventres. We stole some of their horses, but were overtaken and had to abandon the horses and fight for our lives. I had wished my face to represent the sun when partly covered with darkness, so I painted it half black, half red.

We fought all day in the rain, and my face was partly washed and streaked with red and black: so again I was christened Rain-in-the-Face. We considered it an honorable name.

"I had been on many warpaths, but was not especially successful until about the time the Sioux began to fight with the white man. One of the most daring attacks that we ever made was at Fort Totten, North Dakota, in the summer of 1866.

"Hohay, the Assiniboine captive of Sitting Bull, was the leader in this raid. Wapaypay, the Fearless Bear, who was afterward hanged at Yankton, was the bravest man among us.

He dared Hohay to make the charge. Hohay accepted the challenge, and in turn dared the other to ride with him through the agency and right under the walls of the fort, which was well garrisoned and strong.

"Wapaypay and I in those days called each other 'brother-friend.' It was a life-and-death vow. What one does the other must do; and that meant that I

Continued on page 14

Rain in the Face
Continued from page 13

must be in the forefront of the charge, and if he is killed, I must fight until I die also!

"I prepared for death. I painted as usual like an eclipse of the sun, half black and half red." His eyes gleamed and his face lighted up remarkably as he talked, pushing his black hair back from his forehead with a nervous gesture. "Now the signal for the charge was given! I started even with Wapaypay, but his horse was faster than mine, so he left me a little behind as we neared the fort.

This was bad for me, for by that time the soldiers had somewhat recovered from the surprise and were aiming better. "Their big gun talked very loud, but my Wapaypay was leading on, leaning forward on his fleet pony like a flying squirrel on a smooth log! He held his rawhide shield on the right side, a little to the front, and so did I.

Our warwhoop was like the coyotes singing in the evening, when they smell blood! "The soldiers' guns talked fast, but few were hurt. Their big gun was like a toothless old dog, who only makes himself hotter the more noise he makes," he remarked with some humor. "How much harm we did I do not know, but we made things lively for a time; and the white men acted as people do when a swarm of angry bees get into camp. We made a successful retreat, but some of the reservation Indians followed us yelling, until Hohay told them that he did not wish to fight with the captives of the white man, for there would be no honor in that. There was blood running down my leg, and I found that both my horse and I were slightly wounded.

"Some two years later we attacked a fort west of the Black Hills [Fort Phil Kearny, Wyoming]. It was there we killed one hundred soldiers.

" [The military reports say eighty men, under the command of Captain Fetterman—not one left alive to tell the tale!] "Nearly every band of the Sioux nation was represented in that fight—Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Big Foot, and all our great chiefs were there. Of course such men as I were then comparatively unknown. However, there were many noted young warriors, among them Sword, the younger Young-Man-Afraid, American Horse [afterward chief], Crow King, and others.

"This was the plan decided upon after many councils. The main war party lay in ambush, and a few of the bravest young men were appointed to attack the woodchoppers who were cutting logs to complete the building of the fort. We were told not to kill these men, but to chase them into the fort and retreat slowly, defying the white men; and if the soldiers should follow, we were to lead them into the ambush.

A&A Construction and Renovations LLC

RESIDENTIAL
Insured

- Roofing (Metal/Shingles)
- Painting
- Drywall
- Carpentry
- Fences (Chain Link/Wood)
- Flooring (Laminate)
- Pressure Washing
- Decks

Like and Follow us on Facebook

Angel Torres
Cell: 337-348-2719
Office: 337-442-7335
AArenovations77@gmail.com

They took our bait exactly as we had hoped! It was a matter of a very few minutes, for every soldier lay dead in a shorter time than it takes to annihilate a small herd of buffalo. "This attack was hastened because most of the Sioux on the Missouri River and eastward had begun to talk of suing for peace. But even this did not stop the peace movement.

The very next year a treaty was signed at Fort Rice, Dakota Territory, by nearly all the Sioux chiefs, in which it was agreed on the part of the Great Father in Washington that all the country north of the Republican River in Nebraska, including the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains, was to be always Sioux country, and no white man should intrude upon it without our permission.

Continued on page 15

Rain in the Face
Continued from page 14

Even with this agreement Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were not satisfied, and they would not sign. "Up to this time I had fought in some important battles, but had achieved no great deed. I was ambitious to make a name for myself. I joined war parties against the Crows, Mandans, Gros Ventres, and Pawnees, and gained some little distinction. "It was when the white men found the yellow metal in our country, and came in great numbers, driving away our game, that we took up arms against them for the last time. I must say here that the chiefs who were loudest for war were among the first to submit and accept reservation life. Spotted Tail was a great warrior, yet he was one of the first to yield, because he was promised by the Chief Soldiers that they would make him chief of all the Sioux. Ugh! he would have



stayed with Sitting Bull to the last had it not been for his ambition.

"About this time we young warriors began to watch the trails of the white men into the Black Hills, and when we saw a wagon coming we would hide at the crossing and kill them all without much trouble. We did this to discourage the whites from coming into our country without our permission. It was the duty of our Great Father at Washington, by the agreement of 1868, to keep his white children away.

"During the troublesome time after this treaty, which no one seemed to respect, either white or Indian [but the whites broke it first], I was like many other young men—much on the warpath, but with little honor. I had not yet become noted for any great deed. Finally, Wapaypay and I waylaid and killed a white soldier on his way from the fort to his home in the east. "There were a few Indians who were liars, and never on the warpath, playing 'good Indian' with the Indian agents and the war chiefs at the forts. Some of this faithless set betrayed me, and told more than I ever did.

I was seized and taken to the fort near Bismarck, North Dakota [Fort Abraham Lincoln], by a brother [Tom Custer] of the Long-Haired War Chief, and imprisoned there. These same lying Indians, who were selling their services as scouts to the white man, told me that I was to be shot to death, or else hanged upon a tree. I answered that I was not afraid to die.

"However, there was an old soldier who used to bring my food and stand guard over me—he was a white man, it is true, but he had an Indian heart! He came to me one day and unfastened the iron chain and ball with which they had locked my leg, saying by signs and what little Sioux he could muster: "'Go, friend! take the chain and ball with you. I shall shoot, but the voice of the gun will lie. "When he had made me understand, you may guess that I ran my best!

I was almost over the bank when he fired his piece at me several times, but I had already gained cover and was safe. I have never told this before, and would not, lest it should do him an injury, but he was an old man then, and I am sure he must be dead long since. That old soldier taught me that some of the white people have hearts," he added, quite seriously. "I went back to Standing Rock in the night, and I had to hide for several days in the woods, where food was brought to me by my relatives.

The Indian police were ordered to retake me, and they pretended to hunt for me, but really they did not, for if they had found me I would have died with one or two of them, and they knew it! In a few days I departed with several others, and we rejoined the

Continued on page 16

Rain in the Face
Continued from page 15

hostile camp on the Powder River and made some trouble for the men who were building the great iron track north of us [Northern Pacific].

"In the spring the hostile Sioux got together again upon the Tongue River. It was one of the greatest camps of the Sioux that I ever saw. There were some Northern Cheyennes with us, under Two Moon, and a few Santee Sioux, renegades from Canada, under Inkpaduta, who had killed white people in Iowa long before. We had decided to fight the white soldiers until no warrior should be left."

At this point Rain-in-the-Face took up his tobacco pouch and began again to fill his pipe. "Of course the younger warriors were delighted with the prospect of a great fight! Our scouts had discovered piles of oats for horses and other supplies near the Missouri River. They had been brought by the white man's fire-boats. Presently they reported a great army about a day's travel to the south, with Shoshone and Crow scouts. "There was excitement among the people, and a great council was held. Many spoke. I was asked the condition of those Indians who had gone upon the reservation, and I told them truly that they were nothing more than prisoners.

It was decided to go out and meet Three Stars [General Crook] at a safe distance from our camp. "We met him on the Little Rosebud. I believe that if we had waited and allowed him to make the attack, he would have fared no better than Custer.

He was too strongly fortified where he was, and I think, too, that he was saved partly by his Indian allies, for the scouts discovered us first and fought us first, thus giving him time to make his preparations. I think he was more wise than brave! After we had left that neighborhood he might have pushed on and connected with the Long-Haired Chief. That would have saved Custer and perhaps won the day. "When we crossed from Tongue River to the Little Big Horn, on account of the scarcity of game, we did not anticipate any more trouble.

Our runners had discovered that Crook had retraced his trail to Goose Creek, and we did not suppose that the white men would care to follow us farther into the rough country. "Suddenly the Long-Haired Chief appeared with his men! It was a surprise." "What part of the camp were you in when the soldiers attacked the lower end? "I asked."

I had been invited to a feast at one of the young men's lodges. There was a certain warrior who was making preparations to go against the Crows, and I had decided to go also," he said. "While I was eating my meat we heard the war cry! We all rushed out, and saw a warrior riding at top speed from the lower



camp, giving the warning as he came. Then we heard the reports of the soldiers' guns, which sounded differently from the guns fired by our people in battle. "I ran to my teepee and seized my gun, a bow, and a quiver full of arrows.

I already had my stone war club, for you know we usually carry those by way of ornament. Just as I was about to set out to meet Reno, a body of soldiers appeared nearly opposite us, at the edge of a long line of cliffs across the river. "All of us who were mounted and ready immediately started down the stream toward the ford. There were Ogallalas, Minneconjous, Cheyennes, and some Unkpapas, and those around me seemed to be nearly all very young

Continued on page 17

Rain in the Face
Continued from page 16

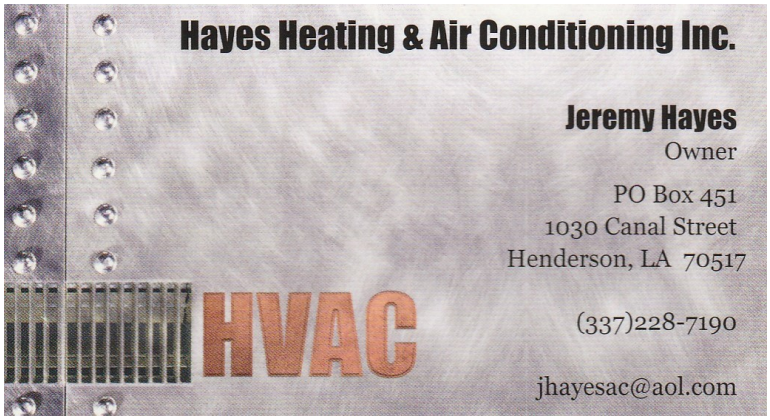
men. "'Behold, there is among us a young woman!' I shouted.

'Let no young man hide behind her garment!' I knew that would make those young men brave. "The woman was Tashenamani, or Moving Robe, whose brother had just been killed in the fight with Three Stars. Holding her brother's war staff over her head, and leaning forward upon her charger, she looked as pretty as a bird. Always when there is a woman in the charge, it causes the warriors to vie with one another in displaying their valor," he added.

"The foremost warriors had almost surrounded the white men, and more were continually crossing the stream. The soldiers had dismounted, and were firing into the camp from the top of the cliff."

"My friend, was Sitting Bull in this fight?" I inquired. "I did not see him there, but I learned afterward that he was among those who met Reno, and that was three or four of the white man's miles from Custer's position.

Later he joined the attack upon Custer, but was not among the foremost. "When the troops were surrounded on two sides, with the river on the third, the order came to charge! There were many very young men, some of whom had only a war staff or a stone war club in hand, who plunged into the column, knocking the men over and stampeding their horses.



"The soldiers had mounted and started back, but when the onset came they dismounted again and separated into several divisions, facing different ways.

They fired as fast as they could load their guns, while we used chiefly arrows and war clubs. There seemed to be two distinct movements among the Indians.

One body moved continually in a circle, while the other rode directly into and through the troops. "Presently some of the soldiers remounted and fled along the ridge toward Reno's position; but they were followed by our warriors, like hundreds of blackbirds after a hawk. A larger body remained together at the upper end of a little ravine, and fought bravely until they were cut to pieces.

I had always thought that white men were cowards, but I had a great respect for them after this day. "It is generally said that a young man with nothing but a war staff in his hand broke through the column and knocked down the leader very early in the fight. We supposed him to be the leader, because he stood up in full view, swinging his big knife [sword] over his head, and talking loud. Some one unknown afterwards shot the chief, and he was probably killed also; for if not, he would have told of the deed, and called others to witness it. So it is that no one knows who killed the Long-Haired Chief [General Custer].

"After the first rush was over, coups were counted as usual on the bodies of the slain. You know four coups [or blows] can be counted on the body of an enemy, and whoever counts the first one [touches it for the first time] is entitled to the 'first feather. "There was an Indian here called Appearing Elk, who died a short time ago. He was slightly wounded in the charge. He had some of the weapons of the Long-Haired Chief, and the Indians used to say jokingly after we came upon the reservation that Appearing Elk must have killed the Chief, because he had his sword!

However, the scramble for plunder did not begin until all were dead. I do not think he killed Custer, and if

Continued on page 18

Rain in the Face
Continued from page 17

he had, the time to claim the honor was immediately after the fight. "Many lies have been told of me. Some say that I killed the Chief, and others that I cut out the heart of his brother [Tom Custer], because he had caused me to be imprisoned.

Why, in that fight the excitement was so great that we scarcely recognized our nearest friends! Everything was done like lightning. After the battle we young men were chasing horses all over the prairie, while the old men and women plundered the bodies; and if any mutilating was done, it was by the old men.

DOMENGEAUX WRIGHT ROY & EDWARDS LLC
www.wrightroy.com
jimmyd@wrightroy.com
JAMES H. DOMENGEAUX
Attorney at Law
556 Jefferson Street
P.O. Box 3668
Lafayette, LA 70502-3668
(337) 233-3033
1-800-357-6186
Fax (337) 232-8213

"I have lived peaceably ever since we came upon the reservation. No one can say that Rain-in-the-Face has broken the rules of the Great Father. I fought for my people and my country. When we were conquered I remained silent, as a warrior should. Rain-in-the-Face was killed when he put down his weapons before the Great Father. His spirit was gone then; only his poor body lived on, but now it is almost ready to lie down for the last time.

Ho, hechetu! [It is well.]"

This story of Rain in the Face is featured in the book entitled Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains by Charles A. Eastman which was published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston in 1918.

"THE APRON STRINGS"

THE THIRD DEGREE IN MASONRY,
BINDS TOGETHER EVERYTHING,
WE HAVE THE PERFECT EMBLEM,
WHEN THEY TIED THE APRON STRINGS.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL BADGE OF HONOR,
WITH A STRONG SENSE OF PRIDE,
YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH THE WORLD,
WHEN THE APRON STRINGS WERE TIED.

WE ARE TAUGHT MASONIC VALUES,
AND SELDOM DONE IN HASTE,
THERE'S A FEELING OF ACCOMPLISHMENT,
WITH THE APRON ABOUT OUR WAIST.

BEFORE THE LODGE IS TILED,
OR THE TRIANGLE IS ALL LIT,
YOU WILL SEE ALL YOUR BROTHERS,
MAKING SURE THEIR APRONS FIT.

EVEN OUTSIDE THE LODGE,
YOUR APRON BECOMES A RING,
AND ALL YOUR FRATERNAL BROTHER.
CAN SEE YOUR APRON STRINGS.

WHEN I DON MY JEWELED FEZ,
IT'S AN EMBLEM OF ESTEEM,
IT REPRESENTS MY LEATHER APRON,
AND THE TASSEL, MY APRON STRINGS.

I MAY GARNER MANY RICHES,
AND OWN THE FINEST THINGS,
BUT I WILL NEVER BE MORE AFFLUENT,
THAN, WHEN I TIED THE APRON STRINGS.

Ben Steen copyright November 30, 2003. Please keep my name with "The Apron Strings"

Sullivan Brothers Continued from page six



History

The Sullivans enlisted in the US Navy on January 3, 1942, with the stipulation that they serve together. The Navy had a policy of separating siblings, but this was not strictly enforced. George and Frank had served in the Navy before, but their brothers had not. All five were assigned to the light cruiser USS *Juneau*.

Juneau participated in a number of naval engagements during the months-long Guadalcanal Campaign beginning in August 1942. Early in the morning of November 13, 1942, during the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, *Juneau* was struck by a Japanese torpedo and forced to withdraw. Later that day, as it was leaving the Solomon Islands' area for the Allied rear-area base at Espiritu Santo with other surviving US warships from battle, the *Juneau* was struck again, this time by a torpedo from the Japanese submarine *I-26*. The torpedo likely hit the thinly armored light cruiser at or near the ammunition magazines and the ship exploded and quickly sank.

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

Captain Gilbert C. Hoover, commanding officer of the light cruiser USS *Helena*, and the senior officer present afloat (SOPA) of the battle-damaged US task force, was skeptical that anyone had survived the sinking of *Juneau* and believed it would be reckless to look for survivors, thereby exposing his wounded ships to a still-lurking Japanese submarine. Therefore, he ordered his ships to continue on towards Espiritu Santo. *Helena* signaled a nearby US B-17 bomber on patrol to notify Allied headquarters to send aircraft or ships to search for survivors.

Hayes Heating & Air Conditioning Inc.
Jeremy Hayes
Owner
PO Box 451
1030 Canal Street
Henderson, LA 70517
(337)228-7190
jhayesac@aol.com
HVAC

But in fact, approximately 100 of *Juneau*'s crew had survived the torpedo attack and the sinking of their ship and were left in the water. The B-17 bomber

Continued on page 20

Sullivan Brothers Continued from page 19

crew, under orders not to break radio silence, did not pass the message about searching for survivors to their headquarters until they had landed several hours later. The crew's report of the location of possible survivors was mixed in with other pending paperwork actions and went unnoticed for several days. It was not until days later that headquarters staff realized that a search had never been mounted and belatedly ordered aircraft to begin searching the area. In the meantime, *Juneau*'s survivors, many of whom were seriously wounded, were exposed to the elements, hunger, thirst, and repeated shark attacks.



Eight days after the sinking, ten survivors were found by a PBY Catalina search aircraft and retrieved from the water. The survivors reported that Frank, Joe and Matt died instantly, Al drowned the next day, and George survived for four or five days,[1] before suffering from delirium as a result of hypernatremia (though some sources describe him being "driven insane with grief" at the loss of his brothers); he went over the side of the raft he occupied. He was never seen or heard from again.

Security required that the Navy not reveal the loss of *Juneau* or the other ships so as not to provide information to the enemy. Letters from the Sullivan sons stopped arriving at the home and the parents grew worried, which prompted Alleta Sullivan to write to the Bureau of Naval Personnel in January 1943, citing rumors that survivors of the task force claimed that all five brothers were killed in action.[2]

This letter was answered by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on January 13, 1943, who acknowledged that the Sullivans were missing in action, but by then the parents were already informed of their fate, having learned of their deaths on January 12.[2] That morning, the boys' father, Tom, was preparing for work when three men in uniform – a lieutenant commander, a doctor and a chief petty officer – approached his door. "I have some news for you about your boys," the naval officer said. "Which one?" asked Tom. "I'm sorry," the officer replied. "All five."[3]



The brothers left a sister, Genevieve (1917–1975). Al was survived by his wife Katherine Mary and son Jimmy. Joe left a fiancée named Margaret Jaros, while Matt left behind a fiancée named Beatrice Imperato.[1] The "Fighting Sullivan Brothers" became national heroes. President Roosevelt sent a letter of condolence to their parents. Pope Pius XII sent a silver religious medal and rosary with his message of regret. The Iowa Senate and House adopted a formal resolution of tribute to the Sullivan brothers.

Tom and Alleta Sullivan made speaking appearances at war plants and shipyards on behalf of the war effort.[4] Later, Alleta participated in the launching of a destroyer USS *The Sullivans*, named after her sons.[5]

On Saturday, March 17, 2018 the wreckage of the USS *Juneau* was discovered by Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen off the coast of the Solomon Islands.[6]

THE END