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Vol. 48, No. 8

East Ascension Sportsman's League Publication

August 2019

Guest Speaker Murphy Painter

Senator Eddie Lambert has served as the State Senator for District 18 since January 2016. Senate District 18 is comprised of parts of east Ascension, east St. James, and southern Livingston parishes.

Before his time in the Louisiana Senate, Senator Lambert served 12 years as the State Representative for District 59. While serving as State representative, Lambert served as vice-chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, and he served on the committees for Ways & Means, Transportation, Highways and Public Works, Municipal, Parochial & Cultural Affairs, and Natural Resources & Environment.

Lambert also served as Chairman for the Committee on Appropriation subcommittee on Education and was a member of the Business Development and Litigation subcommittees. He also served on the Joint



and Select Committees for Homeland Security as well as the Joint Committee for Capital outlay.

Senator Lambert currently serves as Vice-Chairman on the Senate Natural Resources Committee and sits on the Environmental Quality, Insurance, and Revenue & Fiscal Affairs Committees. He also serves at the Vice-Chairman of the

Select Committee for Homeland Security and Emergency Preparedness.

Lambert often sponsors and handles legislation on behalf of Louisiana Department of Wild-life and Fisheries. He is an advocate for Coastal Restoration, Mississippi River diversions and the Atchafalaya Basin program.

Senator Lambert is dedicated to the preservation and protection of our State's natural re-sources.

August President's Report

Happy summer everyone. Hope all of you are getting your money's worth of this weather. It's hard to get anything out doors' done between the hot days and the rainy evenings. It's possible but you have to have a plan B sometimes.

Last month I talked about going fishing or crabbing for the fourth of July. I was able to do both. On the fourth, Bettye and I went crabbing down in the marsh. We caught 88 crabs. It was enough for a crab boil that following Friday.

Saturday, we went to Petite Amite and Blind River and tried our luck at some fishing. It was nice weather. The water was good with a slight current. The fish didn't think it was a good day to eat though. That's alright, I found some nice shady trees to tie up to and was fishing for catfish on the bottom.

Bettye was wearing out the baby bream next to the tree. We ended up with three bream and four catfish. Just enough for supper. That has been the extent of my outdoor life. Hope you're getting out.

At the end of July, for the Kids Fishing Rodeo, the weather stayed on its usual track. The rain did stay away from Twin Lakes for a few days prior to the event. The grounds crew was able to get the area around the lakes groomed to perfection. That morning the weather was nice and cool for July.

Naturally I opened my mouth and told everyone there that as president, I was in charge of the weather. It was almost too good to be true. Then, right as we were about to wrap things up, it began to pour down rain. As everyone rushed to get things packed up and tried to put the remaining toys and equipment back in the trailer, we were getting soaked. By the time we got things ready to go, the rain quit. I guess I shouldn't take credit for the weather anymore.

As I said in my letter last month, all the people who help put this event together came through as always. From the cooks, who started cooking before day light, the ladies who regis-tered the kids that morning and the guys who weighed and recorded the results. There are too many people to even name. I don't even know some of their names.

The point is, the people who do what they do, makes it all fall together flawlessly. This is the same kind of cooperation that I wish we had in everything we, as an organization, could have in everything we do. EASL is having a hard time now finding the help we need just to han-dle running the club.

We need people on the board and in the officer

department that are willing to take a little of their time each month to perform the tasks that are needed to keep EASL going for the future. This club has been around too long and has accomplished too much to have it fade away due to lack of interest.

The burden of running this organization and performing the necessary tasks that are important to the mission of our organization cannot be placed on just a few people. Better said, one person, namely Jodie Singer.

Our treasurer and everything else we needed for many, many years. She took it upon herself to do everything no one would do, and we let her. I feel that we all let her down, and it pains me to know that on my watch this could have been allowed to happen. She is resigning from her office and has opened my eyes to the fact that we need to look at ourselves and fol-low her example of dedication and service to this great cause.

She will be missed greatly, but I hope a lesson comes of this for us all. This is the wake- up call that has been coming for years. Her action is probably the best way Jodie could help us help ourselves. She did what she had to do. Now it's up to us.

Please think about the future of EASL. I don't mean to sound negative or like the end is here, but if we all do a little bit together, just like the Kid's Rodeo, we won't over burden good hard-working people with the whole load of keeping things going for all us and our kids and their kids.

Please join us at our monthly meetings and share your thoughts on the future of our club. Become involved. Share any ideas you have with the board. If we're doing anything wrong, let us know about it. Next year will be the 60-year anniversary of the Kid's Rodeo. I want the same kind of enthusiasm present for all EASL activities. I know we can do this.

Please help in any way you can. I didn't mean for this letter to take this path, and I am sorry that things have to be the way they are but think about it. Thanks for your time. See you at the meeting. Join us for a good meal and the fellowship of our brothers and sisters in EASL.

Michael Lambert

The EASL Meeting

Held every 3rd Monday of the month at

The Gonzales Fire Department

724 Orice Roth Road, Gonzales, LA 70737

Monday, August 19, 2019 at 7:00 p.m.

Meal sponsored by:

Cpdy Braud at Braud's Barbershop

The East Ascension Sportsman

P.O. Box 446 • Gonzales, LA 70707

Published Monthly by The East Ascension Sportsman League (EASL)

Subscription Rates:

\$20 per year including EASL membership

Advertising Monthly Rates:

\$10.00 for 1/8 Page; \$20.00 for 1/4 Page;
\$40.00 for 1/2 Page; \$80.00 for Full Page

Newspaper Staff:

Editor: Brennen Normand, brennennormand@yahoo.com
Manager & Advertising Sales: Warren Singer
Contributing Writers: Goosie Guice, Jim Hebert, Jay Huner, Jodie Singer, David Miles, Lyle Johnson & Torrey Hayden

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Silhouette Match Calendar

The dates have been set for the championship matches in Louisiana this year - so mark your calendars for the following - (contact Dustin Flint, 225-719-1112, or Jerry Tureau, 225-803-2773, for Silhouette and Rifle competition info):

The Louisiana Highpower Silhouette State Championship in Zwolle is October 19-20, 2019; and The Drue Wands Memorial Louisiana Lever Action Silhouette Championship in Gonzales is December 7-8, 2019.

EASL Monthly Silhouette Match is the 4th Saturday; check with Jerry or Dustin.

EASL Wild Game Recipe BLACKENED ALLIGATOR STEAKS



Prep Time: 1 Hour

Yields: 4 Servings

Comment:

The tail is the most tender part of the alligator. The meat is delicious and resembles that of a filet of fish. It takes seasoning beautifully and is a healthy alternative to red meat.

INGREDIENTS:

4 alligator steaks, from tail (about 6 ounces each)
3 tbsps melted butter
1 tsp salt
1 tbsps paprika
1 tsp ground cumin
1 tsp cayenne pepper

1/2 tsp cracked
black pepper
1/2 tsp white pepper
1/2 tsp dried thyme
1/2 tsp dried oregano
1/2 tsp dried chives
1 tsp garlic powder

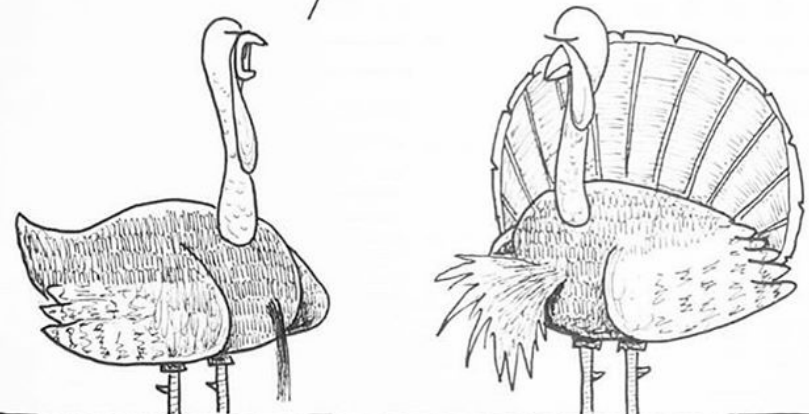
METHOD:

Brush steaks with butter. In a small bowl combine all remaining ingredients and mix. Dip both sides of each steak into the seasoning mix. Place a dry, cast-iron skillet over high-heat for 5-7 minutes. Place steaks in pan and sear for 2 minutes. Turn, brush with butter and cook for 2 minutes more.



Sportsman Comic Corner

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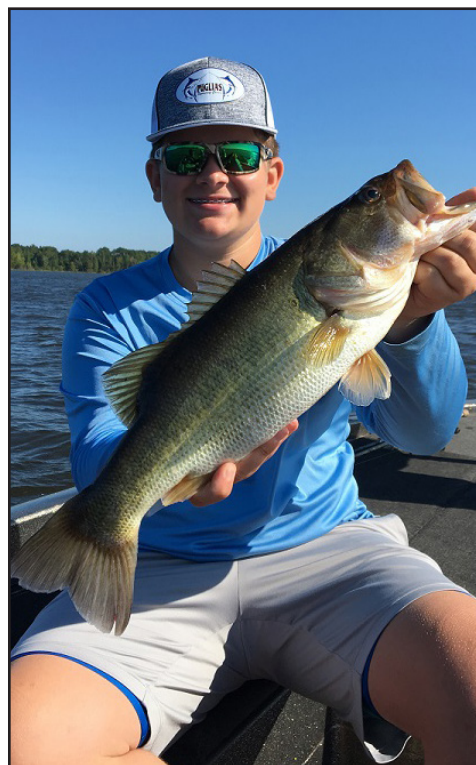
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This is 14-year-old future EASL Member Cole Legnon, son of EASL Member Buddy Legnon. Cole caught this 4.29 lb. Bass on Toledo Bend with a Cajun Crawler in 25 feet of water.

EASL Big Fish Contest Contacts

Deadline for entry is 7 days after month end

To report weight for Big Bass
call Jim Hebert at 225-717-6037.

To report weight for Big
Speckled Trout
call Warren Singer at 225-715-1707;
email: warren@icscla.com.

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WHITE-WINGED DOVES IN LOUISIANA

Jay V. Huner, Louisiana Ecrevisse, Boyce, LA

I grew up in the Baton Rouge area in the 1950s and '60s. I hunted doves – Mourning Doves. I read about Texans hunting white-winged doves along the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Back then, much of the area was being cleared for huge vegetable and fruit farms. There was much



White-Winged Dove

as each bird has a fully feathered wing for identification purposes.

Birders are now reporting White-winged Doves as far north as New York and eastward to the Atlantic Ocean. So, the species is clearly healthy and thriving.

Don't know what a white-winged Dove looks like? Well,

when the birds are resting, there is a very conspicuous white edge along the wing. When the birds fly, broad white wing patches are clearly seen on both wings. These doves are larger than mourning doves, have much more stocky bodies, and the long tail is squared off, not pointed.

White-winged doves seem to be attracted to urban and suburban areas where they regularly nest. Their nests are made up of twigs and sticks and not only look rickety but are very poorly constructed. That's why it's not uncommon to find nestlings on the ground after a wind storm.

All doves – and pigeons – basically eat fruit and grain. That's why some unscrupulous hunters will "plant corn" and forget to cover it a couple of weeks before dove season opens! This is, of course, illegal and every September dove season brings reports of ruined hunts when game agents arrest people hunting over baited fields!

Doves feed their nestlings, at least initially, with crop "milk". The crop secretes a whitish, protein and fat rich fluid that the parents feed to their nestlings.

White-winged Doves are vocal. If there are any around where you live, you'll here the coo-ing calls that sound a bit like hoo, hoo, hoo-hoo hoo hoo. A drawn-out hoo-a call is used to let other doves know there is a predator nearby. But, you need to be careful because sometimes Eurasian-Collared Doves can sound a bit like a White-winged Doves.

Fast forward to around 1990 when I started birding intensively in southwest Louisiana. Much to my surprise, I was regularly finding White-winged Doves in Cameron and Calcasieu parish-es. Turns out that rather than declining in lower Texas, white-wings populations increased dramatically through time and moved northward and eastward along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

In fact, today, Louisiana hunters can harvest a combined limit of 15 doves made up of both Mourning and White-winged doves.

Eurasian Collared-Doves can be hunted only during the regular state dove seasons but there is no limit as long



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EASL BASS CLUB NEWS

By: Jim Hebert

"ROD SAYLOR AND MICHA MIRE WIN OUT OF THE DITCH" "Record long streak ends for Dirk & Brandt"

Rod Saylor and Micha Mire stopped their boat in the Bayou Sherman area and immediately found fish chasing shad. When they found that it was gar fish, they moved to the point and started catching bass on wacky worms, but they were small.

Saylor switched to a crank bait, and that set the pattern for the rest of the day. They culled two limits during the day and caught them on deep lay downs and well heads on a crank bait.

Meanwhile, Dirk and Brandt struggled for the first time this year resulting in a limit for them that weighed in at 5.40 pounds.

Their streak was a record as they won or placed in six straight tournaments. Our Club has never seen that until this year so congratulations to them on that record performance.

We met as usual at the Gonzales Fire Station to enjoy a meal prepared by Warren Hebert. He fixed white beans & sausage with rice, stewed potatoes, French bread, drinks and cookies for dessert. Thank you for providing the meal Warren.

Meanwhile George and Mike signed up boats to fish, but we needed to discuss possible Hurricane Barry coming ashore right on top of us the Saturday we would be fishing. Our rules say that the Board can cancel or postpone a tournament if the weather could possibly harm our members. We all discussed the situation and voted to postpone our Tournament from the July 13 to July 20.

After that, others signed up to fish for a total of 13 boats fishing our event. Mike took votes for location and once again, the "Ditch" won out. We then voted for a weigh in time and with a tie vote. Mike split the difference and the weigh in was scheduled for 2:00 p.m. After a short clean-up, we left hoping that the



EABC 1 - 1st Place, Rod Saylor & Micha Mire

Hurricane would not be as bad as predicted.

On Saturday, July 20, we all arrived at the "Ditch" to find it almost filled with trucks and trailers already. We managed to launch everyone and parked in every nook that we could find. We got out of the "Ditch" to join the group just in time to hear Murray calling the boat numbers.

Terry and I took off toward the Lake Verret area looking for that early morning bite, but it was non-existent for us. We spent a good hour looking for it before leaving for plan B. When we got to our next spot, it was already



EABC 2 - Big Bass winner Jason Beck 2.81 lbs.



EABC 3 - Left to right, Jase Barksdale & Bubba Rossi, Mike & Corey Guitreau, Micha Mire & Rod Saylor

occupied by Corey and Mike, so we just moved on. We would learn later that Mike and Corey would place second from that location. Tournament fishing is all about "decisions".

Terry and I did manage to catch our limit all on plastics while everyone else reported catch-ing fish on crank baits and top waters. We fished that as well but just couldn't catch them where we were. Our limit of 6.40 pounds would eventually end up as a fourth place finish – out of the money.

Everyone got back to the landing, loaded the boats and prepared them for the trip home. Murray weighed everyone's fish. He

and P.J. then announced the winners. It was a very close fin-ish for the top three.

Saylor and Mire won the tournament with five fish that weighed 8.81 pounds. Mike and Corey Guitreau took second place with a limit of fish weighing in at 8.72 pounds. Bubba Rossi and Jase Barksdale were third with a limit that weighed in at 8.16 pounds. Big bass winner was Jason Beck with his Bass that weighed 2.81 pounds.

Congratulations to the winners of the July Tournament. Our next event is August 10. For more information on the EASL Bass Club, visit www.easlonline.org.

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ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Outdoor Corner with Lyle Johnson

On the road again... On the road again... I love fishing with my friends, and I can't wait to fish along the road again. I hear the melody of that extremely popular Willie Nelson song as I'm on my way to Grand Isle to meet up with my co-host on Ascension Outdoors TV and brother-in-law, Goosie Guice.

We're on a Guice family trip to the coast as some are coming from Nebraska and North Carolina for a short reunion, some fishing and of course some good eating. Some of the time has been utilized to catch some crabs for boiling and the rest for fishing trying to stock up for the fish fry on Friday night.

The patriarch of the family, Sonny Guice, brought his boat for the out-of-towners to fish in, but Goosie and I will take all those left over to forage along the roadside for our catch. These tandem methods usually work out to have plenty of fillets available for the fish fry.

The boat will head to the public launch at Fourchon and work their way towards East Timbalier Island. We'll do the shrimp shuffle, trying to catch some live bait before all the bait shops sell out on the "before daylight run."

After the comedy of errors in securing bait, the next priority is to secure a spot to fish. The three bridges on La 1 between Fourchon



Goosie drum; Goosie with one of the really big black drum caught on the bridge. Photo provided

and Grand Isle are a great place to catch fish, but they are high in demand as well, so you have to beat the crowd in order to find a fishable spot.

It's the end of the summer rush to the coast and the Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo happened the weekend before. The kids are going back to school and all the vacations have been taken so the island was not as crowded as usual. But that didn't mean that the "Road Warriors" would not be out in force.

I left Ascension parish early on Friday morning to meet up with Goosie, his daughter Kaitlyn and her boyfriend Josh as they had claimed a spot on one of the three bridges on La 1 just outside of Grand Isle.

Part of my mission was to stop at Moran's Marina to pick up some live shrimp to add to the hundred or so they had already bought before daylight. It was about 8:00 a.m., and I was armed with shrimp. My anticipation level was up there pretty good when I got to the bridge where the gang was waiting.

There was one flounder and one spec already in the box as the bite was a little slow. The bridges can be a great spot to catch fish but it's not random. Just like fishing out of a boat, you have to play the tide.

At daybreak, the tide was coming in and an incoming tide is good to fish. You have to stay with it as about an hour before the tide stops and the hour it starts to fall is usually when it happens. It worked out pretty well for us and the family fish fry.

One downside when using live shrimp is the by catch. You have to wade through plenty of hardhead and gafftop catfish, pinfish and lots of other bait stealing critters that you never see but eventually you catch something for the box.

When we got back to Ricky's Motel at the cleaning shed we laid out seven beautiful specs, three nice flounder, a croaker, a sheepshead and a white trout. The crew in the boat had a little better fortune and they had over twenty specs to take care of with



Flounder 1 & 2; An oddity for sure; our brother-in-law Gerry Nelson caught this flounder on the bridge that had two dark sides. The only white is on the gill plates.

Photos by Lyle Johnson

the fillet knives.

The fishing is fun, but the real deal was the fish fry on the patio. Deborah and I fried about six or seven pounds of filleted speckled trout, french fries and hush puppies for 12 of us to enjoy. After a great meal, Goosie broke out his guitar for me, him and our niece, Natalie Peterson, to play and sing for some great entertainment. Nothing quite like family.

Road warriors are my heroes. It takes lots of time, effort and patience just hanging in there along with not always catching fish. They were out in force last weekend. On our way back home Saturday, there were at least a hundred adults and kids fishing along the roadside.

Now for a dose of reality. In four days the Louisiana Department of Wildlife & Fisheries took part in search and recovery of

three boating fatalities. Enforcement agents are investigating a double fatal boating incident that claimed the life of two people in Morehouse Parish.

The bodies of Margaret Davis, 70, and Michael Davis, 55, both of Monroe, were recovered from the Bartholomew Cutoff shortly after the 12-foot vessel they were in capsized around 1:30 p.m. on July 28.

According to the lone survivor, he and both the Davis' were in a vessel fishing in Bartholomew Cutoff when one of them stood up causing the vessel to tip and eject the three of them in to the water. The survivor was able to make it to the bank with the aid of a floating cooler that was also ejected into the water and contact first responders.

The LDWF will be the lead investigative agency for this boating incident. None of the occupants in the boat were wearing a personal flotation device at the time of the incident.

Four days later, search and rescue crews recovered the body of a missing boater in Terrebonne Parish this morning, Aug. 1. The body of Roy Lebouef, 69, of Montegut, was recovered around 6:30 a.m. in the vicinity of where he fell overboard from his vessel the day before.

The LDWF, Terrebonne Parish Sheriff's Office and the U.S. Coast Guard were notified around 1 p.m. on July 31 about an unmanned 16-foot vessel in Bayou Terrebonne just south of Bush Canal. The search crews responded immediately to the area to look for Lebouef.

It is unknown at this time how Lebouef fell overboard. His body was found without a personal flotation device. The real tragedy was that none of the three victims had life jackets on. Something to think about.

So until next time, remember to keep the slack out and set the hook hard, please be safe in the outdoors and may God truly bless you!!

Sportsman's Calendar

- | | |
|---------|--|
| Aug. 19 | Board Meeting, 6pm |
| Aug. 19 | EASL Regular Meeting, 7pm (3rd Monday) |
| Aug. 24 | Silhouette Match (4th Saturday) |
| Oct. 5 | EASL Squirrel Rodeo |

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LET'S TALK ABOUT IT

by **Goosie Guice**

MY CAT AND ME

It was four or five days before Christmas, and I was going to my hunting camp to make a few deer hunts before the holiday and family outings of the season set in. I decided to make a quick pass by my father's house for a short visit before hitting the road.

While sitting at the counter inside, Mrs. Pat – my dad's girlfriend at the time – walked in and told me that there was a cat meowing under the hood of my truck. I headed to the truck. When I raised the hood, I found a beautiful white and orange kitten who was shaking vigorously and seemingly scared to death.

After leaving my dad's, I stopped by my house and gave the young cat and ten dollars to my wife. I told her to go and buy some poster paper to put up a sign in the yard saying, "Free Christmas Kitten!" Given the time of the year and the beauty of the young animal, he would for sure not take long to find a forever home.

After returning home a few days later, I asked the question, "Did someone get the cat?"

My wife's reply was, "Yes, that someone is me. We're going to keep the cat!"

By the way, I never got my ten dollars back. The new animal did not mix very well with the other pets at our house in those days. He would spend night time in the bedroom with me, and I would play games with him by moving my hand under the cover letting him pounce on it.

After some time, his pouncing became very vicious, and his bites would penetrate through some pretty thick blankets. He kind of took to me. After some time, he was known by the household as "dad's cat" – even though they named him Sage.

One day, he decided to leave for some reason, probably because of the pressure from the other pets. For three years, his whereabouts were unknown and almost to the date of his first finding three years before, he knocked on the door one night.

I saw from the bedroom as my wife tried to talk him into coming inside. She told me that she thought it was him, but he would not come in the house. The next night, he knocked on the screen door again and this

time he entered the house. He was fully grown, healthy, and wild as hell. Pictures of the past sure enough proved that it was my cat.

It took a while, but after some time, he began to settle in. One thing about his re-turn was the fact that he'd become a very efficient hunter. He constantly put a hurting on the rat population in the nearby pastures, thickets and ditches. In most cases, he will eat all but the teeth and tail of those creatures.

With all the good of a cat's rodent killing, also comes some bad to the other creatures that you may want around. He began to catch and eat squirrels. I used to give him squirrel tails to play with as a kitten, but he can get his own now. I once scolded him about the squirrel killing, but then realized that I've killed hundreds of squirrels more than that cat ever will.

One day last summer I saw him laying out back and went out to see what was up. There lay a small wren that I'd been seeing around the house on the ground beside him, still intact, but dead. When I asked him, "Why did you do that?"

He kind of looked up at me to say, "I don't know."

He didn't really look too proud of that one. For a moment, I thought back to my younger days when I'd shot and ate many of those small birds myself.

While sitting at a fire roasting hot dogs one night this past spring, I noticed him climbing a tree in the neighbor's yard. A couple of days later, I confirmed what he was after when I found a flying squirrel tail on my carport. Shortly after that incident, I saw him sitting by a thicket on the lot next to me quite regularly.

A couple of days later as I was heading for work before daylight, I heard a squealing sound while walking to my vehicle. I walked back towards the racket, hoping he'd killed another rat. Not this time. It was a little baby rabbit.

I tried to get it from him, but he wouldn't let me. Then I noticed on the ground nearby, there was another little bunny lying there motionless. When I picked the poor little thing up, he somehow came back to life and sat up in my hand. Not knowing what else to do, I put him back in the weed patch and took off to work.

Not long ago, while having a conversation with my ole' man, he asked, "How's your cat doing?"

I replied, "Killing and eating."

My dad replied with, "Sounds like someone else I know."

I said, "Yea, I know." In my own defense of my actions, I then uttered out, "Well, at least I hunt only in the daylight and have seasons and limits to abide by, and in some instances, sex restrictions." Other than that, to be totally honest with you all, there isn't much of a difference between me and that damn cat...

Until next time
You are what you are,
James "Goosie" Guice

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JOE L. HERRING DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD

In recognition of exceptional leadership and devoted service to the East Ascension Sportsman's League, Barney Callahan is the recipient of the 2019 Joe L. Herring Distinguished Service Award.

Callahan said he isn't sure when he became a member, but he thinks it was about 1995-1996. His friends Dane Bourgeois, Terry Melancon, and Keith Saucier got him involved. Almost from the time he signed up he was on the board. He was vice president when then president Terry Melancon passed away, and Callahan moved up to president.

Callahan has been the man to go to when it comes to finding guest speakers for our meetings. He is very much in the know when it comes to people who, like himself, have inter-ests in things like coastal erosion, habitat loss and environmental ecology. These are all things that he is very passionate about.

Callahan has also served as president of Louisiana Wildlife Federation for four years, where he got to do more for conservation. In the LWF, it was possible to side with larger or-ganizations with money to help with projects that they could not have done alone.

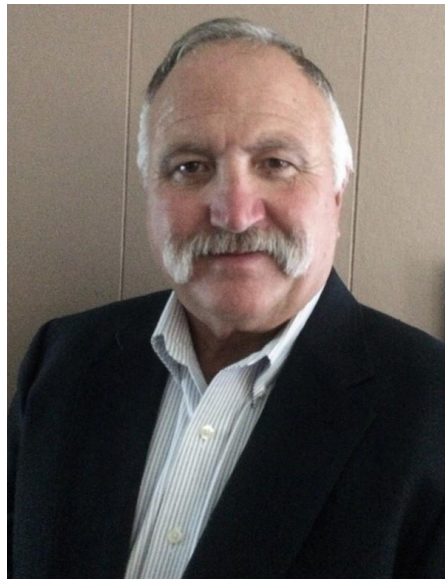
The LWF made plans but didn't have the funds for some of these major projects. During the BP oil spill, money was available, so they were able to submit their plan. It was put into action sooner. Barney and the LWF were able to convince lawmakers and landowners, to make a lot of changes that affected our states, land, waters and wildlife.

Callahan was born in Houma, where he grew up around a lot of his family in the Du-Large area. There Callahan and his family made a living raising cattle and trapping furs. He en-joyed hunting and fishing in south Louisiana from the time he was a small child. Callahan re-members the first deer he and his father killed together, as he was sitting on his dad's shoul-ders.

While in high school, he could drive and became interested in duck hunting. It was more fun because there were more ducks than deer in Houma.

Callahan didn't only hunt. He even played in a family band. The music is something that goes with family, food and fun in south Louisiana. Later, he returned to deer hunting and was the president of the DuLarge club for several years. He hunted with his family and is still a member there.

He moved to Gonzales for work with Shell Pipeline and became a member of the McElroy Hunting Club and has been president of this club for 20 years. Callahan married to his wife Donna and



Barney Callahan

moved to Thibodaux, but he still worked in the area until retirement in 2015.

Since retiring, he has not let up one bit. He is still very interested in conservation and is willing to help any time someone calls on him. As a matter of fact, while conducting this inter-view, he received several calls from different conservation groups in need of his help.

Interviewing Callahan was hard. He likes to talk about a lot of stuff, but one thing he doesn't talk much about is himself. I asked him questions about his past accomplishments, and it was hard for him to come up with answers. He does not look back at the things he has ac-complished so much as he looks forward to things he has left to do.

I did get this one story from him, and he said it was one of the things that made him most proud.

Several months ago, we had a young lady as a speaker for the monthly meeting named Ashley Ferguson. She spoke to us about her organization called, "Dose of the Coast".

This organization takes terminally and seriously ill people fishing. Ashley called Barney and asked for his help. An Ascension Parish resident, with the lung disease COPD, wanted to go fishing. He needed an oxygen tank and was not keen on getting aboard a boat. Barney contact-ed a friend of his here in the area and arranged for them to fish at a private pond.

The man was asked what he would like to catch, and he said he would be happy with about twelve fish, which he then proceeded to catch. This man had the best time and Callahan said that was the highlight of his year.

Callahan would like to thank everyone for nominating him and for giving him the oppor-tunity to do what he can for EASL. As I sat with Barney and listened to the little tidbits of in-formation that he shared, I was reminded of the man for whom this award was named, Mr. Joe L. Herring.

This man could take a few facts like the color of your eyes are your favorite food and write a whole book about someone. I wish he were writing this instead of me.

In closing, I just want to say that I am sure that Callahan has not come to the end of his years and years of service to EASL and others but is only just beginning. Thank you, Barney, from all of us for everything you've done and for whatever lies ahead.

As Americans, we are free to do anything, and as many choose to do nothing, you take that freedom to limits. We are lucky to know you and call you our friend. Congratulations from all and thanks.

By: Michael Lambert

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS Code Brown

by Torrey Hayden



Recently our Krewe embarked on an adventure to the Chandeleur Islands. This was an awesome trip with nice stringers of redfish and trout being caught. We left out of Biloxi on a Mothership named, "Diversion" for a three-day trip.

During the day we would board small, two-man boats to fish, then have our meals, relax and sleep on the mothership. They fed us really well.

On day two, I saw one of our small boats head to the beach, and James got out and started walking up and down the beach as if he were looking for something. To communicate we had walkie talkies because cell phones do not work thirty miles offshore. We did our best to simulate the way people officially communicate with walkie talkies.

Each small boat had "Diversion" followed by a number written on it so that we could let the deckhands know which boat ours was when we got ready to go fishing. To inquire about why James was walking on the beach the conversation went something like this.

"Die-Version 2 this is Die-Version 6 come back."

"Go ahead Die-Version 6."

"Why is James walking on the beach looking for sea shells while the fish are biting – over."

"That's a neg-a-tory on the sea shell hunt Die-Version 6, James has a Level Four, Full Blown, Code Brown, Emergency Situation in progress."

Experienced hunters and fishermen know at some point a "Code Brown" will have the be dealt with. Delicate digestive systems are put through the wringer on forays into the outdoors. We eat and drink stuff we should not, a lot more of it and at different times of the day.

Our system is accustomed to a decent breakfast at home around 7:00 a.m. Go to work have a coffee break around 10:00 a.m. then go to the little room with the short white seats enclosed by stalls. Then we have a sensible lunch and dinner.

On a fishing trip, the day starts with whatever greasy offering that is available at the gas station or bait shop at 4:00 am. Then the greasy offering is bounced around in a belly for a few hours during the boat ride. Then we eat sammiches, snacks and drink things not normally consumed. When we get back to camp each person eats as much for supper as he would normally consume in a week of suppers.

A code brown has an alarm similar to a tornado siren. Just prior to a "Code Brown" attack the un-lucky



Chad was the first to be struck by and coined the phrase Code Brown

sportsman will hear something emanating from his belly that sounds like a lion roaring on the Serengeti Plains of Africa. That is when all options must be sorted out immediately. Time is valuable at this point as the victim has been "struck".

If the boat is close to shore such as James was, all aboard the boat will want to get the victim ashore as quickly as possible to address the situation. If the boat is off-shore there are two options, repurpose a bait bucket or swim.

Because of the amount of food eaten on this trip there were several "Code Brown" occurrences. On day two, Dave our cook, showed he had a warped sense of humor. The menu for lunch that day was chili dogs and smothered cabbage.

For breakfast that morning we had biscuits, sausage gravy, fried eggs and sliced fresh tomatoes. For dinner the previous evening we had inch thick prime rib, baked potatoes, and peach/blueberry cobbler. Needless to say, those who had not had a

movement by this time were pressured up.

The chili dog and cabbage meal provided a catalyst for Keith who is Len's Buddy from high school and was fishing with us for the first time. Keith heard the roar of the jungle coming from his belly. He knew he had been "struck" and bailed over the side of the boat.

He was going to try the water delivery method because he was an offshore fisherman. After several minutes with no results he told Len he had one in the pipeline but could not deliver without anes-thesia. He grabbed a beer, chugged it, waded ashore then successfully delivered on dry land.

We had a Code Brown epidemic outbreak on our hands after that lunch. Buddha and Todd went with the water Delivery method. Chad, Keith and James helped fertilize the beach for future coastal restoration planting projects. The rest of us managed to make it back to the Mothership to take care of business using a little white seat with all the amenities.

If you are hunting and can't make it back to camp, that area of the woods will be un-huntable for a while. I had a friend experience a Code Brown attack while in a tree stand. It looked as if a ptero-dactyl had been roosting in the tree above.

Not sure how he pulled that off without falling out of the tree or why, but he did it. Possibly he cramped up



Die Version 6 with a nice red

and could not climb down in time. His hunting socks never made it back to camp and that stand was not used the rest of the season.

Last month I was informed the article "Embrace the Challenge" offended or upset some of those that read it. If so, I apologize. My stories are for entertainment and not meant to upset anyone. I probably should attend a sensitivity course because nothing really offends me.

Also, I don't realize something I say, write or do may offend others. I need to learn how to be of-fended because it seems almost everyone now a days is getting offended by something and I am missing out on the trend. I hope the "Code Brown" article subject matter was more tasteful and refined for our more delicate and sensitive readers.

It's A Fact!

The white perch is a schooling fish in the sunfish family typically found in shallow water, State Symbols USA said. The males dig a nest in the sand or gravel and lure their mate. The nests of eggs are common in the Mississippi River system in the spring.