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deployment. No person I met during the time that we gave out food was disgruntled or disrespectful in any way, shape, or form. In my opinion, the media blew the looting situation out of proportion because these people exemplified the term "Southern Hospitality."

At the PODS on average, we served 2,000 people a day. From 8am to 6pm cars were constantly coming back and forth non-stop. This was no easy task, especially in 105 degree plus weather, but it was worth it. Some people brought us a variety of things to eat: cookies, cake, candy, and even Dominos pizza. After the power came back on, the people who resided near the school returned, and they even fixed us gumbo.

One day, we did end up going into New Orleans. Many of the other soldiers in my platoon described it as "Hell on Earth" and said, "CNN does this no justice to what it really looks and smells like here." From what I saw, there was no electricity, no water, trash everywhere, trees uprooted, and more. Buildings were abandoned, and the dilapidated houses seemed as if they were taken out of war-torn Europe after World War II. From a distance we could see New Orleans every day from the Huey P. Long Bridge. There was no skyline whatsoever, just pitch darkness. The only thing that was semi-visible was the remains of the Superdome, which was a sight of disbelief for not only football fans, but for everyone.

Our orders were for thirty days, meaning we would return a couple days before the end of September. But all of that changed when Katrina's little sister became an imminent threat. Hurricane Rita was one of the largest hurricanes in history. Originally supposed to hit Mexico and Texas, Rita made a turn for the Louisiana/Texas border. With that, we learned that our orders were being extended and that we wouldn't be home at the end of the month.

After finding out that we were getting extended for a longer period of time my morale went down, and I was irate and in disarray. I didn't want to talk to anybody and I thought that this would completely disrupt the fall

semester for me. I didn't know how I should have felt because I felt that I was being robbed of the rest of my education, and being the first one in my family to go to college, my education means a lot to me. I called my grandmother to see what she thought of the situation. She said, "Baby, you have a right to be mad because it isn't fair, but you are doing God's work and it's going to pay off in the long run." After that talk with her and my mom, I felt a little less angry, and I understood that some of these people that are my age don't have a chance to go back to school because their university is gone. Afterwards, I tried to stay focused on the mission and keep my head up.

After Hurricane Rita hit, the battalion decided that since Western Louisiana got hit

worse than the New Orleans metropolitan area, we should go there to help out, so we made our way to Lafayette, LA. On the way, we saw a lot of sites, such as flooded highways, streets underwater, and even alligators. When we finally got there, we were stationed at Lafayette Mall, which I thought was really cool, until I found out that there wasn't any air conditioning. The heat index before Rita came was about 92 degrees; afterwards it averaged around 97 degrees, and not being able to shower for days on end didn't make it any better.

While in Lafayette, we mostly did food distribution because, as we found out when we got there, there wasn't really much damage done in Lafayette.

There was more damage done in Lake Charles, LA, than anywhere. The last day I was there I met a woman and her husband, and I asked them how much ice they needed. The lady responded, "As much as you can spare because we don't have electricity." She then began to cry, and told us that she and her husband were returning to Lake Charles come hell or high water... literally! We then began to laugh and before she left, I and another Mont Alto student, Rich Harper, took a photo with them both. That determination made me feel that I was really accomplishing something. Later, in the day to my surprise, I was called back to the battalion area. I didn't know why, but it was the most outrageous news I had heard since I left Mont Alto. The shocking news was that I was going back to Mont Alto.

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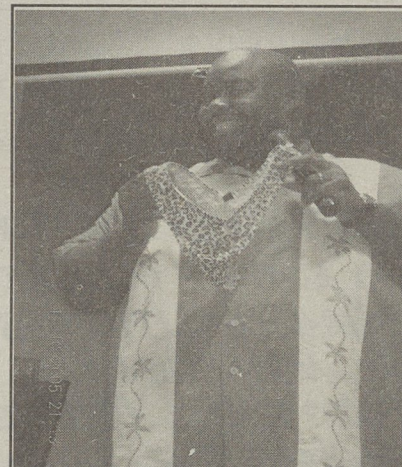
Review LOL Tuesday: Comedian Tiny Glover

Nolan Fontaine

On Tuesday, October 11, LOL Tuesday lived up to its true name. Wiestling Student Center was in an uproar for comedian Tiny Glover, the comedian that appeared here at Mont Alto. "I thought that he was funny. I was cracking up the whole time!" stated Mahasa Taylor, a freshman residing at Mont Alto Hall. Tiny's act consisted of his own experience of his job, his family, and life in general. "My acts are taken from my own life experiences. That way I know that my audience is getting nothing but original pieces and nothing but 100 percent of me and only me" states the jovial comedian himself. "I thought that he was awesome. He was so hilarious" says Maritza

Henriquez, a freshman also residing at Mont Alto Hall.

Glover was born and



Tiny holds up a pair of "thong" underwear as he talks about life with his family

resided in upstate New York. Growing up, his influences included some of the great comics of our time, like Richard Pryor and others.

After thirteen years of comedy, he is still going strong. One other thing that was very unique about Tiny Glover as a comedian is that he did not use any profanity in his act whatsoever. Being the son of a preacher, he tries very hard to steer clear of irreligious words and phrases that may offend anyone. Luke Oyler stated, "It was a great performance..." The cosmopolitan Tiny will be heading for the University of Alaska next for another grand revue later this month to entertain the students of the Northern state, bringing with him his cool and comical character. All in all, Mont Alto has "huge" fans of Tiny Glover and as the saying goes, "the bigger they are, the harder we fall... in laughter."