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Okay, I'm Southern . . . I can't help it. I speak Southernese, I cook Southern, I talk Southern, I can even claim Jefferson Davis as a family member. I've lived my entire life in Southeast Texas, just less than 20 miles from Louisiana and just about that far from the Gulf of Mexico. I'm Southern. And I'm proud of it!

Why does that feel like an introduction at a 12 Step program? 'Hi, my name is Jeanie and I'm Southern.'

Bein' Southern, I know a little about swamps and Cajun food, but none of that knowledge prepared me for Galliano, Louisiana. I even had to Mapquest it to find it. Never heard of it? Take a minute and Mapquest it for yourself. Go on . . . I'll wait.

As soon as I got the flyer for South Louisiana's First Annual Swamp Stomp, put on by the Boneyard Kreepers Car Club, I knew I'd be there. These guys are totally out of control and I loved it!

I visited their MySpace page and watched the videos of them burnin' out and drag racin' on little two-lane back roads. What I didn't realize was that those little back roads they were racin' on were the main roads of Galliano.

Don't get me wrong, I'm from a small town and I like it, but I don't guess I'd ever been THAT far down in the bayous. And anyway, the best part of a road trip is goin' places you've never been and eatin' stuff you can't identify? Like Grillades? (Oh god, I hope it was pork!)

At any rate, we arrived at the show location in the early afternoon and what do you think we found? Jimbo was under his rod changin' the fuel pump. Hey, you do what you got to do to keep it on the road and that's all good, but he wasn't the only one with automotive issues. We learned that Augie had already changed the transmission in his '65 VW . . . on the parkin' lot. Not only did he change it, he had to salvage the replacement from a cow pasture... a muddy cow pasture. What are the chances of blowin' the transmission in your Bug and Dennis, a.k.a. 'Crabman', knowin' a guy with a couple of VW transmissions stored in an old bus . . . in the middle of a pasture. You just can't make this stuff up. And by the way, the shot transmission didn't go to waste. It was used for a stop for the gate.

After a while there were 3 ratrods doin' donuts on the parkin' lot, all at the same time. The air was filled with smoke, 'Crabman', Augie and Bruno all rippin' up the tires . . . and so the First Annual Swamp Stomp had begun.

Saturday mornin' started like a gunshot and so did the fun. I'm tellin' ya, these people really know how to have a good time. All mornin' the cars, trucks and motorcycles poured in, over 260 at days end.

The local Shriners took care of keepin' us all fed and I don't know about everyone else but I tried a little of everything including fresh benieghts, grillades, kettle corn and cracklin's!

The event venue included a concrete lot in front, a large hall and lots of empty fields out back, including an old baseball field. And at 1pm that baseball field became a 'donut pit'! Dirt, mud and grass flyin' every direction you can imagine. And then there was the grass road drag strip. Oh, what fun!

The afternoon wound down with everyone gatherin' in the hall for the awards. Even a special award to Augie for re-buildin' on location. Saturday night included a concert by the Psycho DeVilles, from

Atlanta, and a little Burlesque too.

But if you didn't go back on Sunday, you missed a burnout contest on the parkin' lot. Well, I don't really know if it was a contest, but some of the guys still had tires and that just wouldn't do. So, they burned 'em up!

I don't have the date for next year, but rest assured . . . I'll be there!

Jeanie

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