

THE COUNTRY SONG, THE FBI, AND THE SECRET SERVICE

I remember a few things from nearly a half century ago. Some of the details are still vivid in my mind because, at the time, I had this feeling that I might have been used as cannon



fodder. It is defined as soldiers regarded merely as material to be expended in war. One example: “Soldiers ended up serving as cannon fodder in the Vietnam War.” I had that feeling, one summer day. I was working the day Shift in Trigg County, Kentucky. The Kentucky State Police Dispatcher, in Mayfield, Post One, called me on my police radio. The dispatcher said: “413 (my badge number), you are to meet several FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation) agents, at the intersection of highway 68/80 and the first Ken Lake State Park road entrance, in Aurora. I acknowledged the call, and I drove across the bridge at Lake Barkley. I then drove past the site of the former town of Golden Pond, in the Land Between the Lakes. I then drove across bridge at Kentucky Lake. The town of Aurora begins as soon as I crossed that bridge.

I observed several cars at the intersection of highway 68/80. I thought that the FBI vehicles might be involved in a traffic accident. I pulled in behind the cars and got out of my Trooper car. I walked over to talk to the FBI agents. The senior FBI special agent said to me: “Trooper, you are to execute a search warrant at this house.” He pointed down the road. He said: “You are to follow me. I will pull into the driveway first. After we stop, you are to get out and walk up to the front door. Knock on the front door, and identify yourself as a Kentucky State Trooper. Let, who ever opens the door, read the search warrant. We will take it from there.” I did not care for the way the FBI special agent was talking down to me. He did not tell me if the people in the house were armed or if he expected a gun fight. A man opened the door, and, as he was reading the search warrant, the FBI agents came around me, and walked into the house. I waited until the FBI special agent came outside to talk to me. He told me that the individuals in the house were drug dealers. He should have told me that, before I knocked on their front door. The FBI confiscated the house, everything in the house, and all of the vehicles on the property. He thanked me for my assistance, and said that I could leave.

The reason that I mentioned cannon fodder, at the start of this story, is because the FBI special agent in charge, did not brief me as to the nature of the search warrant. He did not tell me how many individuals were in the house. He did not tell me why they needed a Trooper to execute a simple search warrant? I had my doubts about the professionalism of those three FBI agents. I’m hopeful that the new head of the FBI, Kash Patel will clean up the rot in that bureau.

In 1979, I was assigned to a security detail. I drove to the Galt House Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky. I was assigned to provide additional security to the Secret Service. Vice President Walter Mondale was scheduled to give a speech at the Galt House Convention Center. The entire top floor, of the Galt House Hotel was reserved for Vice President Mondale, his staff, his special guests, and the Secret Service. I was given a chair on the

top floor fire escape staircase. My job was to prevent, any unauthorized person, from coming up the stairway, to the top floor. It was a boring assignment, until about 2:00 AM. One of the Secret Service agents opened an exterior fire door on the top floor. For some unknown reason, the hotel could not turn off the fire alarm. It took the Louisville Fire Department four hours to turn off the fire alarm. The secret Service agent who was making regular checks, where I was sitting, sheepishly, told me that he was the one who opened that door. He said that Vice President Mondale was not upset. I was glad when the alarm was turned off. It was giving me a headache. And I wonder why no one had checked that door before the Vice President went to bed.

After spending careers in state law enforcement, and in the military, I was really concerned about the direction that our country was taking. I truly believe that Jesus Christ spared the life of a presidential candidate by a split second. In the senate hearings, the nominated FBI Director, Kash Patel, had his fiancé, Alexis Wilkins, sit behind him. Alexis Wilkins lives in Nashville, Tennessee. She is a graduate of Belmont University, a Christian college, in Nashville. She is a talented singer and a song writer. She wrote the song, "Country Back." These are some of her lyrics: "Back when old-school was main stream, radio was clean. People read their news in ink, steel guitar was on everything. Folks lined up to hear Strait sing, write this down, "Long Live The King." Drop a needle down a Vinyl, windows down, just drivin' for miles. It feels like it's been awhile. When the American dream was a Cadillac, and the red white and blue showed in how you acted. Things you've got, you worked for. You didn't think twice 'bout not lockin' your door, when people did the right thing when no one was around. They looked at each other and found common ground. From the music to the flag, I ain't living in the past. I'm just sayin' I want my country back. We flew on glory down on Main, everybody knows your first name. Friday nights, lights, football game, these days just don't feel the same. Sunday mornin' spent in church, taking things for what their worth. Say your prayers, let Him know, send one up for the ones not coming home, the ones not coming home...When people were proud of the USA, American proud, American made. Fiddles and steel played on FM. Man, I just want that again.. . Well, I want my country back.. .". My oldest granddaughter, Mrs. Andrea Jansen, is about the same age as Alexis. It's nice to hear a song, written by a young person, that expresses how I feel.

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