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The picture to the left is me, in my summer dress and rain boots, standing in my very wet back yard.

I took the picture just a few days before we went to print on this magazine.

I had planned on writing my Editor's Letter about all of the rain we've had this past month and the funny trials and tribulations that I've encountered with a flooding yard, seven large dogs, and one very haughty goat. (Ever seen a goat swim? It's not pretty.)

As I sat to write this, I glanced again at the picture. Then it hit me. I'm a weirdo.

Oh my God, I am the neighborhood weirdo. I can't believe it. There's the proof of it, right here ON THIS PAGE - a picture of me wearing A DRESS AND RAIN BOOTS, as I evacuate my SEVEN dogs and my GOAT from my backyard. I never realized this before! Why didn't any of my friends tell me this?



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Cover: "Scogin Station" by William Blackwell

Looking back, we all had a neighborhood weirdo when we were growing up. Whether they were eclectic or just plain creepy, we all whispered stories about them and avoided their house come trick-or-treat time.

In my neighborhood, it was Miss Lynn. She would prune her garden and wash her car in the middle of the night. I remember my brother staying awake to watch her out the window. At the time, I was too young to realize that: #1.) My brother was not an insomniac - he was a teenager and Miss Lynn was beautiful. #2.) Miss Lynn worked all day and couldn't do these chores during regular hours and #3.) She was a whole lot smarter than weird because it's hotter than hell in the summer sun.

I live in a residential neighborhood, outside of city limits. (Farm animals are really frowned upon inside city limits, as you can imagine.) Mine is the last house on a dead end street, with a few dozen acres of woods behind me. The kids from the surrounding areas all come to the end of the street to walk and 4-wheel through the paths cut from years of childhood exploration. Let me tell you - if you think that walking your dog is a great way to get to know your neighbors, try walking a goat on a leash. It definitely sparks conversation.

So, I guess being the weird lady in the neighborhood comes with some responsibility. I get the chance to talk to my neighbors and answer their questions about goats. And maybe even change their mind about me.

I'm OK with that.

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COVER ARTIST



WILLIAM BLACKWELL

William Blackwell is a native of Slidell. He started studying photography several years ago as a hobby, and it has evolved into a slow, but steadily growing, profession.

"Achieving great photography is my hope and passion. It's what consumes me for hours each and every day," William says. He currently does stock photography and works in several genres, including landscapes, architecture, lifestyle and event photography.

The photo featured on our cover is of Scogin Station located in Heritage Park and ranks as one of William's personal favorites. The structure itself is meant as a historical nod to Slidell's first train station and sits only a few yards away from where the original "Slidell Station" once stood. "A number of years ago, before photography became an interest to me, I had begun researching about Slidell's early beginnings and found it to be a fascinating topic. Through my research, I gained an understanding and appreciation of Slidell's history, especially that old train depot. Once I began studying photography, it seemed to me that some of those wonderful buildings in Olde Towne should be photographed to capture and preserve their memory, beauty, and antiquity for future generations. So that has become an ongoing project of mine. We do take those structures for granted, forgetting that they will not always be there."

We are BIG fans of William's photography and you will be too! See his Slidell shots and more on his facebook page:

FieldofViewPhotography

JULY 2017



by Chanotte Lowry Collins

Dr. Maria "Margo" Quiñones Guilott aka: Ammy

"A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." ~ Henry Adams

When I was teaching for St. Tammany Parish School System (SPTSS), our Extraordinarily Fascinating Ordinary Person (EFOP) was known for advocating programs to help turn around even the hard to reach students. She began as an amazing teacher, then became a well-respected Supervisor and now is a learning system coach who has worked with teachers at all levels in the last ten years.

In Margo Guilott's own words, "I asked myself, 'What makes me happy?' As a teacher of children or as a teacher of teachers, I am happy when students see meaning and purpose for what they are learning. If they can transfer what they are learning to new and different contexts in school or in life, I am happy."

But nationally and internationally, Margo is known as the educators' educator, or the principals' coach. As she explained, "I learned that I could indirectly reach even more students by coaching the teachers, principals, and administrators who directly touch students' lives. Finally, I multiplied the impact by designing processes that can help students anywhere."

So what path did this now-retired educator take to realizing her own legacy for

education? It began in Colombia, South America, where Margo Quiñones was born and raised. Her parents were Puerto Rican, so she was a U.S. citizen. While in Colombia, she met and married another American, Phil Guilott, who was the brother of her best friend, Carol Guilott. His parents and her parents became best friends. "It was love at first sight. We knew each other one week before he proposed, and now we've been married 51 wonderful years."

"We came to the States to finish college and when we decided to build our house, my parents decided to retire in the U.S. and built an apartment attached to our house." With that, Margo walked me through the rambling house, and I saw the solid, carved Colombian wood furniture that withstood all that Hurricane Katrina brought to us here in Slidell. "The new, American furniture didn't fare well in the floodwaters, so we lost all of those. Luckily, I had heard Nash Roberts





As Assistant Principal at Pearl River High School

advise us to use ice chests to pack valuables if we did nothing else before we evacuated. My most treasured items were my photos of family and friends, so I tucked those in the chests." Laughing, she motioned to the myriad of photos throughout the rooms, "As predicted, the chests floated, so here they all are!"

Once they moved to the U.S., Margo focused on getting her own education and launching her career. Her goal after earning her Ph.D. from Tulane was to teach Spanish on the college level. She knew this would require long hours and dedication, and was excited about the challenge. But it hardly measures up, as she would soon discover, to the challenge of teaching at-risk junior high and high school students.

Lucky for our community, their good friends, Steve and Darnell Ferris, lived in Slidell. They enticed the Guilotts over to look at many homes. On one of their visits, Margo accompanied Darnell to feed a friend's dog, and Margo found her home as soon as she stepped inside. The problem was, the house was not for sale. However, at nine o'clock that evening, Darnell called to say the couple just told them they were getting a divorce and needed to sell the house.

That one event brought the Guilotts to our town. But the next event brought Margo's talents to shine on us. Darnell knew she wanted Margo fully involved here, so she arranged a meeting with Dick Clanton, the personnel director of St. Tammany Parish School System (STPSS). He had two openings, and none in Spanish. The only openings available were teaching kindergarten or second grade. In 1971, Margo opted to begin her teaching career with the second grade.

Those first months at Brock Elementary were definitely challenging for our EFOP, who had been teaching young adults. She found a niche teaching Reading and Language Arts. Having spent my early years at Brock, I was thrilled when Margo noted some of my favorite mentors. "Mr. and Mrs. Plauche, Lil Watson, and Sedis Burton took me under their wings, as I learned to design curriculum and my own teaching methods for these active little ones. I was much more successful thanks to their coaching. It was more impactful than they could have realized. I knew I wanted to do the same for others as I developed in my career."

From there, she went on to teach in the Reading Lab at St. Tammany Jr. High. Margo loved the challenges junior high students presented. As a former student teacher evaluator, I can tell you that junior high students require a very special sort of teacher. The hormones and indifference to school is palpable in a junior high classroom.

Margo met those challenges naturally. This is when she fully realized the need to understand the baggage each individual student carried with them. She had to learn how to uncover passions even the student didn't know they had. In the seventies, teachers had the freedom to customize curriculum around the students' needs.



Then she opened a reading lab at Pearl River High School (PRHS). Now Margo had to design new curriculum, teaching methods, and learn the challenges of high school students. She also gained the opportunity to teach English and Spanish, and Margo found her "career home." It was here that she saw the need to coach students that were behind, but had made it this far in their education. Her goal was to see them graduate, regardless of their learning or behavioral difficulties.

Meanwhile, Margo was still giving her full attention to her duties at PRHS. She thrived so well at that level that she eventually became Assistant Principal. "The administrative position pulled me away from the classroom, but I was able to make changes for the students on a broader level. I was still involved with the students, but was better able to see the big picture."

Mr. Matulich, her Principal, recognized Margo's administrative strengths through all of her efforts. He encouraged her to apply for supervisor. As you might imagine, she got the position. Margo remembers that transition vividly. "It was really sad to lose the students and teachers at PRHS. Now I no longer had a group of students of my own. Soon I realized that I was able to advocate for them indirectly, and actually influence their options more. But I can tell you that was a hard transition. I still miss that daily interaction."

When she became a supervisor of instruction, Margo's eyes lit up as she talked about watching the students turn a corner. "We had a program called "PM School." If a student was suspended, they stayed in school and had to attend school in the evening as well. Teachers for the PM School were hand picked. Thanks to their passion towards students, the program really worked as an effective deterrent.



Now Margo was energized by her memory of the successful programs in which she had a chance to participate. "We started a Youth Education Success (YES) program for junior high. The magic was that at-risk students spent all day with one teacher." This was an alternative to the practice of switching classes each period. "Again, these teachers were hand selected for their ability to work with students. Boni Johnson was one of these teachers. We designed models for helping change kids' mindsets from thinking of themselves as losers, to being winners. I told Boni she should write a book on the processes involved for other YES teachers, and here it is!" Margo grew more serious as she started showing me textbooks, binders, self-bound books and other research material.

She brightened again as she thought of another successful model. "We also started Operation Jumpstart for expelled students. The intention was to continue their education and re-engage them into school. This program was all about saving kids from taking the wrong road."

Yet another program was the Focus Program in high school. They selected 24 students and two teachers at the high school level. Margo explained, "Of course the teacher is the key. They had to be as passionate about the students as they were about their subject. All 24 students were enrolled in the two teachers' classrooms and for one period a day, they met with one teacher at a group of 12 to resolve issues, learn study skills, and get necessary support from a caring teacher. It was highly successful."

But her efforts didn't stop there. She was also chair of the Slidell-Panama Sister Cities and sponsored an international youth group, Slidell International Youth Association that earned several awards from Reader's Digest for Best Youth Program in Sister Cities for a city our size. She helped develop a Twin School Program with Panama to promote international awareness and good will.

Then there was the School to Career program. This program partnered high school students with local businesses. The intent was for students to transfer skills and concepts they are learning in school to the application of this knowledge in a corresponding business usage. Laughing, Margo recalled, "When we were designing our school to career programs, we knew we were doing the right thing. But when my son Andre asked me why we didn't have this program when he was in high school, I got complete validation. It was so popular with students that after Katrina, students sought me out and begged me not to let their program be stopped."

Margo's administrative voice was strong, as was her creative vision in designing curriculum. "When Gayle Sloan became Superintendent, I became her Assistant Superintendent. I enjoyed each new venture. Things were going well for STPSS, and we were earning accolades as a school system with innovative programs that succeeded in helping students. Then Katrina hit. Now, like most of us, I measure time by pre-Katrina

I looked around the renovated kitchen we were in, and saw the many porcelain paintings her mother created. Phil had managed to bring back their home, with all the memories of the people they loved. "He allowed me to focus on my profession, because he knew how difficult it was to bring the school system back."

In 2010, things came to a screeching halt when Margo had a really bad break in her leg. She would be on bed rest and physical therapy before and after her surgery. As she tells the story, "I was sitting there minding my own business when your sister, Brenda Case, called me. She said she needed help on a committee that was comprised largely of business leaders. She wanted an educator's viewpoint. I said sure, started my research for them, and the rest is history. The Slidell Economic Development (SEDA) Alliance was established in 2010. Brenda and I really became partners, and I loved working with her because she was what I call 'a possibility thinker,' not poking holes in ideas. The SEDA group was terrific because they all cared deeply about our city and worked to promote it whenever possible."

"I think it was because of my efforts with our Schoolto-Career program in St. Tammany Parish that I was selected to serve with the Louisiana Workforce Commission. I was the only K-12th grade educator on that committee for ten years, spanning both Governors Foster's and Blanco's terms. We also had one college professor, and the rest were mostly businessmen and women. Bobby Jindal's mother was on the team, as a Department of Labor representative. She helped create a scorecard for the Department of Labor. My dream was for our students to have a 'passport' from high school with credits to transfer to post-secondary schools. Thankfully, that dream is now a reality. Locally, I'm so proud of Will Wainwright for making the Southeastern Louisiana University (SLU) and Northshore Technical Community College (NTCC) partnership happen. We were able to offer students credit towards their career paths because of our great partnership with the technical college system, now NTCC."

As part of that effort, Slidell High was the first to start "Academies" and other schools followed soon after. Margo smiled and looked upward, "Joe Buccaran was a visionary and was the first to see the need for this. I was Joe's supervisor at the time, and am really proud of his insights. Sandy James became the first Academy Director, and created the first internship with Slidell Memorial Hospital. We had no guidebook, so she designed the internship program. By the way, Joe later became Principal of the Year, and Sandy became Louisiana Teacher of the Year," Margo stated emphatically.

Her team started a CNA Academy, then an EMT, Teaching, Business, Culinary Arts, Environmental, Engineering and





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other Academies. From there, the career opportunities blossomed. Margo nodded as she shared, "This program is the one that has withstood all of the changes in education. My granddaughter was able to intern at a school to experience teaching. It turns out she didn't want to follow that career path but learned life lessons along the way. The Academy helped her realize teaching was not her calling before she spent four years in college in the wrong major. She was also able to earn units she could transfer to ULL. Another student at Northshore High School had started in the CNA Academy and switched to teaching. Those are both success stories for me. Students learned what they thought they might like to do for a career, and what they didn't like after all."

The program was all about kids making the right decisions for their careers. A student in the CNA Program could work right next to one who wanted to be a physician because they were both in the Health Academy. "That's America presenting its finest opportunity. These students really understood the impact of education for their futures. Because they were able to apply what they learned in school, they saw reason and purpose. But it took a partnership of parents, school and community. In fact, Sean Burkes, my son-in-law, was one of our first mentors."

Compare that to the students who see school as busy work, tests, and homework. It's amazing what we started right here in St. Tammany Parish, and I should add, at no extra cost to tax payers or students and their families. Let's hear it for our educators!

At some point, Ron Styron, the Associate Dean of the College of Education and Psychology at USM, called her. He said he



Margo and Phil with the whole family, in Paris



Margo in Istanbul, making a presentation at the Hisar School

had an opening in his faculty, and wanted her to apply. As you might imagine, Margo was so deep into one of her projects that she simply said she would have to call him back. That was it. No questions asked. Dr. Styron told his wife that Margo just blew his call off. But again, as you would imagine, she did come up for air and gave it some thought.

Margo retired from the STPSS in 2007, and started as a faculty member at USM. In her words, "I was ready for something different." I hope that gave my readers a chuckle, because this amazing educator took on a new project all her life. At USM, she would help create an online Master's program. "It was innovative, exciting, and I got to teach from home much of the time."

She credits her success to her mentors. "All my life, I have been fortunate to work with really great people. The process I have been working on through these years

has really taken off. I traveled to Canada to coach Principal Leslie Owens, and I convinced her to try 'Collegial Learning Walks.' She was resistant at first, but became a real advocate for the process. The process is focused on 'learning about learning.' By listening to students at all levels, instructors see how the design of the task is critical to engage students in the process of learning." Margo believes that there is no better way to detect if learning is really happening than to talk to students and hear from them what they are learning, not what they are doing. It also helps us as educators learn how to facilitate the teaching process in successful and innovative ways.

"Leslie convinced me to write a book for Principals. I named it *A Value Added Decision*. Gaylynn Parker and I co-authored the book. Leslie and I developed an online 'International Principals' Center.' I have



Margo & Phil with their children celebrating their 50th Anniversary



Working with teachers in Guayaquil, Ecuador

realized the impact of collaboration. It's much more powerful than working individually."

Margo translated the process into Spanish, and has used it in Puerto Rico and Ecuador. This coming October, she will go to Guayaquil, Ecuador as a visiting professor to teach a class in design for curriculum and instruction. It will be a hybrid course with an on-line component. Pensively, Margo predicted, "Looking forward, I truly believe most classes will be hybrid, with much of the curriculum online. I love being a coach, because I get to see others blossom."

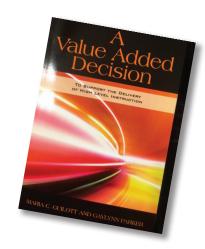
In addition to maintaining a challenging intellect, Margo has experienced other cultures through her coaching travels. She has been to Ireland, Madrid, Turkey, Honduras, Chile, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Honduras, Canada and Panama, and the places I mentioned previously. As she so aptly put it, "Traveling is enlightening but also humbling. America has the right ingredients to help anyone succeed. This country is the best in the world, regardless of our current issues."

Now, let's bring all this home again. Margo has two children and six grandchildren that

are her pride and joy. Her parents lived with them for 30 years and helped raise the kids and grandkids. Her daughter, Nicole, and her daughter-in-law, Jessy, are teachers. Margo's parents' apartment has now become the grandchildren's home away from home. She has a special box, (Ammy Remembers Box) she made for each grandchild, with all of their accomplishments and mementos in a binder she created for them. They have their own study and library, full of family photos. The poster on the wall reads "Wee the People." Of course, there are books and creative material for them to use sprinkled throughout. "They know they are special. My family is the reason I was able to accomplish so much. I have over 3,500 photos in my iPhone so I can carry them wherever I go."

You may ask where the nickname "Ammy" came in. When Margo became a grandmother, she wanted to be Grammy, but Caitie, the oldest granddaughter, couldn't pronounce it. So now, Margo proudly goes by Ammy.

In closing, I asked Margo if she had any future goals, as if there are things she has yet to accomplish. "I want to travel with



Phil to Australia and walk the continent. I've always wanted to go there. If I could effect change on the Federal level, I would allow the states to make decisions about education. If I could effect change on the state level, I would restore local school board authority. I would allow teachers to teach instead of preparing our youth for standardized testing. I wouldn't use education as a hammer to kill creativity."

Now that, to me, makes sense. St. Tammany Parish can be proud of what Margo and our educators have offered for education of the future.



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CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR (CO)

There was not much in James' early life that he did not have. If there was one thing that bothered him, it was not having grandparents. Other kids would go to their grandparents' home for Thanksgiving or Christmas, but not James. He felt like he was missing something. He asked his father Tom about his grandparents only to have the subject changed. James soon knew this was something his dad did not want to talk about.

He knew a little more about his mother's family, but not much. He knew they were killed in the war. An errant bombing mission on their small town in Italy had taken their lives in WWII. The war was something else Tom did not talk about.

Tom had practiced medicine in the most prestigious hospital in New Orleans. As



an adult, James followed the profession of his father. Some years ago, he had moved to Houston and had affiliated with the well-known M.D. Anderson Hospital. In the following years, his mother had passed away and his dad retired. After selling the family home, Tom had moved to a small, but nice, place on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain.

In some ways, Tom was a strange person, a secretive man. He volunteered at the local hospital, and liked to work in the gift shop best of all. Few, if any, knew he had been a prominent surgeon at one time. He did not talk about it. It was like when he quit practicing medicine - he quit. He had other secrets. Secrets about his parents and secrets about World War II. Things that would naturally intrigue a boy about his father.

James had seen his father's health decline, especially in the past couple of years. This, and curiosity, caused him to make a point of



coming to visit as often as he could. Some of the time, he would fly to New Orleans and rent a car, but most of the time he drove. He liked the familiarity of his own car, rather than the rental. His dad also liked satellite radio and the forties music channel which was not available on the rentals.

Entertaining Tom was harder to do now. He was not as mobile as he had been only last year. Nonetheless, he looked forward to James's monthly weekend trips and the outings they shared together.

A trip home almost always consisted of a trip to his mother, E. J.'s, grave. This was followed by lunch at Galatoire's Restaurant. If they could go on Friday, that was even better, as Friday lunch at Galatoire's is a New Orleans tradition.

Some days they would go to the race track, and James had even bought New Orleans Saints tickets. They cost a bundle, especially considering that they never went to more than three games in a season. Coming home had become a routine, and even though it was a time-consuming sacrifice for James, it did not happen often enough for Tom.

Each visit, James could tell that his dad was becoming more talkative, more reflective, as if he had things to tell and little time to tell them. He talked about E.J. She was his war bride. Esta Jacono was an Italian girl he met shortly after the war. It did not matter that she was the only girl he had ever dated, or that she came from a totally diverse cultural background, he could not have made a better choice. James had never heard a cross word between them in his entire life.

On each visit, Tom shared more and more personal things with his son. He gave more detail about the accidental bombing of E.J.'s parent's village. He emphasized it was not his group that did it, but he had heard about it, and knew the men involved grieved over the loss of innocent civilian lives. This is something his dad would not have shared twenty years, or even five years, prior. Then, last month when James was loading the car to go back to Houston, without being prompted, Tom initiated the conversation.

"Son, I am not getting any younger, and I regret not telling you about your grandparents. The longer I kept the secret, the more I hated to tell. The more I was ashamed of them, and ashamed of myself. We were both to blame."

"Next time you come to visit, we will take a drive, not far, just over into Mississippi. I was raised in Mississippi, Son."

James had not even known that.

Not believing what he had just heard, James answered, "You bet, Dad."

The two left Slidell early Saturday morning, and soon they were on I-10 driving east. James tuned the radio to the forties music channel and raised the volume. The tinny sound of an original Bennie Goodman recording drowned out the road noise, and Tom smiled.

Before long, Tom said, "I know there is a DeLisle exit somewhere. Take it. Son, I don't know for sure how to get there. The last time I was there was in 1957, and the interstate did not exist then. These super highways sure changed the landscape. I think our property was north of this interstate, but I can't be sure. Let's try that first."

In a few minutes, James exited as instructed at the DeLisle exit. In about a quarter mile, Tom said, "I think you turn here. No, this doesn't look right. Son, I am just not sure.

"This road used to go straight ahead, we want to be farther to the east."

"Dad, let us find a road that crosses the interstate and work our way back down. Did the road have a name?"

"Like I said, the last time I was here was 1957. If it had a name then, I don't remember, but it did not have a name when I lived there.

"Stop! I recognize that."

At the intersection of the blacktop road and a gravel road, almost covered in vines and timber, were four concrete pillars.

"That was the foundation for a steam engine that ran a sawmill. The mill had long been gone when I was a boy. But that's it, turn here. This is the right road.

"It is about a mile down here, slow down."

James did as Tom requested.

Suddenly a home place on the left came into sight. "That is where Roger Heard lived. He was about my age. We were friends and enlisted together. I only saw him once after the war. I guess he is dead and gone by now."

"Dad, I don't know about that. The name on the mailbox says 'R. Heard."

"Probably his son or grandson. Now our house is just about 100 yards ahead on the right.

"I told you, I haven't been back since 1957. That is when your grandparents were killed. I came back for the funeral and we buried them behind the house."

By this time, the car approached a driveway that Tom said led to the house. It was grown over with pine timber fifty feet high.

"Dad, we will have to walk from here, I can't even see the house."

"You won't see the house. It burned, that is how they were killed. Burned up in the house. It was always a mystery to me; but at that time, I had not seen or talked to them since 1945."

James picked the least restrictive route down the abandoned driveway, dodging briars and underbrush. He pushed back the underbrush to assist his father.

"Those piers were the foundation of our house. The rusty tin, that was the roof."

For a few minutes, nothing was said.

"Not much left, is there Son?"

"No, Dad, not much.

"Dad, who owns this property now?"

"I do. I was the only heir and I have paid the taxes on it all these years. Besides, they are buried just back there. Of course, it will be yours at my death. Don't give it away. These sixty acres could be valuable, with that Dupont plant and Diamondhead nearby. Don't forget gambling. That is Mississippi's golden goose."

Tom moved on toward the rear of the house. There was a cluster of oleander that appeared to be growing wild in the distance.

"Over in that oleander is where their graves are. E.J. insisted that we plant something of a flowering type. Oleanders were her favorite. I think they were real popular in Italy. I would not let her plant them in our yard. Poison, you know. Kill you dead as a hammer."

James picked his way through the thick underbrush toward the oleander, leading his father by the hand. In a moment, he stood over the final resting place of his grandparents. People that he had known nothing about just hours prior. People he would, however, know a lot more about before the day was through.

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Tom reached down and pulled a clump of grass from the edge of his mother's headstone. Neither he nor James heard the footsteps of someone approaching until he was directly behind them.

They were both startled. Smiles came over both Tom and the stranger's faces at the same time.

"Roger, darn if it isn't you!"

"Tom, last time I saw you was at the funeral back in, what was it, '57 or '58?"

Tom pointed to the headstone, "May of 1957.

"Have you lived here since the war, Roger?" Tom asked.

"Mostly. I moved to Hattiesburg for about three years and worked at the Hercules plant, but I didn't like it. Moved there in 1960, came back in '63."

James moved toward the car to let the two old friends talk.

In a few minutes, the two men emerged from the thick undergrowth and started toward the car where James was

"Son, let's drive down to Roger's house. He says he has something to give me."

In a few minutes, Roger came out of his house and handed Tom a shoe box. He motioned for Tom to step away from the car. They spoke in low tones and James did not hear the conversation.

Tom returned to the car with Roger following, and lifted the cover of the box. Inside were several letters.

"You see, Tom, your father asked me, in fact he paid me, to check the mailbox each day. In those days, all the mailboxes were at the beginning of the road by the old sawmill. If your mother had written a letter to you, I was to remove it from the box. I did, and I saved them. I always wondered what was in those letters. It was kind of a game with me, to see if I had the discipline not to open them. I never did, as you can see.

"I knew there was some type of riff between y'all, and I guessed the letters had something to do with that."

James expected his dad to immediately start opening the letters. To his surprise, he didn't. Instead, he placed them on the floor of the car as if the sun would spoil them, much as you would a doggie bag from a good restaurant.

"Dad, since we are over this way, why don't we have a late lunch at Mary Mahoney's?"

That was Tom's version of Galatoire's on the Mississippi

"Sounds good, Son." Those were the last words Tom said during the thirty-minute drive to the restaurant.

Inside, they were seated next to a large panel of windows. It was private, due to the late hour for lunch and it being too early for dinner.

Without any introduction and without hesitating, Tom said, "Ok, Son, this is what happened..."

"My dad was a religious nut. Today you would call him an extremist. He would not let my mother cut her hair, or wear the least bit of makeup. She wore a veil when she went to church, and did not go out in public much at all. She was an educated woman too, at least for that day and time. She had an associate degree from Pearl River Junior College. I don't know why she put up with him.

"All Dad brought to the relationship was 300 acres of land that his family had bought making whiskey. I understand they were the best moonshiners between Kiln and Bay St. Louis. Of course, when Dad got religion, he quit making whiskey, and over the years, to survive, he sold off all the land except the 60 acres that you saw today.

"One time, Mr. Heard's dairy barn caught fire. It was a Saturday afternoon. Sunday, the cows had to be milked. There was no barn, of course, so the neighbors came from miles around to erect a temporary shelter. Not Dad. He would not work on Sunday. Some accused him of being lazy, but that was not true. He just believed the Bible said you should not work on Sunday, and if the Bible said it, that was it.

"He must have prayed a dozen times a day and sometimes before meals, the prayers would last fifteen minutes. Now, he was not a hypocrite, he believed what he believed.

"The war broke out. I was 17. I registered for the service, but knew I would not get called up until I was 18. Dad told me that I had to register CO."

"What is CO, Dad?"

"That means you are a Conscientious Objector. You object, usually from a religious standpoint, to the war and killing people."

"Were you?"

"I was not allowed to, or at least I didn't, think for myself when it came to religious matters. Dad told me to register CO, and I did.

"Six months later, after my eighteenth birthday, I received a notice to report to Camp Shelby, near Hattiesburg, for induction. Roger had to go too, and his father drove us. There was a separate line for the COs. I noticed it moved much slower than the other line where the regular inductees were standing. Finally, I was called into a private room for questioning.

"I did not know a lieutenant from a private back then, but now I know I was interviewed by a lieutenant. He had a file on me. He told me he could see that I was intelligent from my high school records. He then asked me if I were to be in the war, what I would like to do.

"I had watched the planes from the Pensacola Air Station and a few from the new Keesler Air Force Base fly low over our house. I had imagined soaring like a bird in one of those planes. It just came out, without thinking. I told him I would want to be a pilot.





"He then asked me how I knew I wanted to be a CO. I told him the Bible said, 'Thou Shalt not Kill.'

"He opened my file to another page and said, 'Son, your high school records indicate you were in several pretty nasty fights when you were in school. You put one kid in the hospital and got suspended for two weeks. What does the Bible tell you about that?'

"I didn't have an answer, but finally I said, 'I know, Sir. It was not Christian.'

"The lieutenant then said, 'James, I bet if the truth be known, you are not a CO. You are just repeating what your family told you to say. You are a man now, James. You must have your own mind. The Japs and the Krauts are heathens. They are subhuman animals, devils in men's clothing. They have to be destroyed just as God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. You like airplanes, is that right?'

"I told him, 'Yes Sir.'

"The lieutenant continued, 'What if I told you that it appears you have the intelligence to be a pilot? Do you have problems with your vision, equilibrium or other physical problems?'

"I immediately answered, 'No Sir.'

"The officer continued, 'I think I can get you into pilot training. What do you say about that?'

"I probably thought about it less than a minute and answered, 'I think I would like that Sir.'

"With that, the officer handed me my CO request, and I tore it up. It is the first time I ever remember disobeying by father. I was somehow proud of myself.

"We were allowed to go back home for a week, and I did not tell my family what I had done. They would not know until after the war.

"I was successful, and became the first seat on a B-21. I dropped lots of bombs. That translates to the fact that I killed lots of people.

"After the war, I assumed my parents had gotten caught up in the patriotism most Americans felt. They had not.

"The day I came home, I did not bother to remove the wings from my uniform and, surprising to me, my dad recognized I was a pilot. "His first words were, 'Son, did you kill anyone?'

'Dad, I dropped a lot of bombs. I hope I was a better pilot than to have always missed.'

"I thought he would have been proud, but I was wrong. His next words were, 'You must leave, Son. You must leave now, and don't ever come back.'

"My entire visit with them lasted less than ten minutes. Those were the last words he ever said to me. Mother tried to intervene, and he told her that a woman's place was to obey her husband.

"I went to school on the GI bill and worked three jobs in undergrad school and two in Med school. The first summer, my job was to help rebuild some electrical infrastructure in Italy. Going overseas paid well. That is where I met your mother and we got married six weeks later.

"I was so busy I did not dwell on my relationship with my parents. By the time I got through undergrad and Med School, eight years had passed. My being in the war for three years had changed my views on things as compared to theirs anyway. Months



turned into years and I did not contact them and they did not contact me. The next thing I know is when Roger called me and told me about the fire."

They left Mary Mahoney's and, as soon as they got into the car, Tom reached for the shoe box. He opened it and picked up the packet of what James would later find was twelve letters. They were bound with a rubber band in the order they were mailed. The first was dated December 20, 1946.

"These are in my mother's handwriting," he said, as he glanced at the writing on each letter.

He then read aloud:

Son, your father says you cannot come home, but it is Christmas and I miss you so much. New Year's Eve, at noon, I will walk down to the old sawmill foundation and meet you there. Don't write back, I cannot receive mail from you. Just come. I will be there.

The next few he did not read aloud. He did indicate they were similar.

He skipped to near the back of the bundle to July 1956 and read:

Your father is more set in his ways now than ever. He is unbearable and his health is not good. Some days he does not get out of bed. Maybe you could come and see him. Roger tells me you are a doctor. Maybe he will let you treat him.

"My dad did not believe in doctors, either." April 1957

Son, you have not attempted to see me. I am your mother. I deserve better than that from you. I am as much a victim of your father as you are. With his overbearing ways and his bad health, life is not worth living. I have a way to take care of that. I will do it, too. It won't be long, if I don't hear from you.

Tom thought a minute. "It makes more sense now," he said, almost under his breath.

James was determined to know the rest of the story. "Dad, what makes more sense?"

"The way they died. I was always puzzled at how they both burned in a house fire.

You see, the fire was the next month after that last letter. Do you remember Roger calling me aside back at his house? Well, he said he heard two pops, like gunshots, shortly before they noticed the smoke from the house. The coroner ignored it, thought it was just something exploding because of the fire. The coroner was not a doctor, or even a law officer in those days.

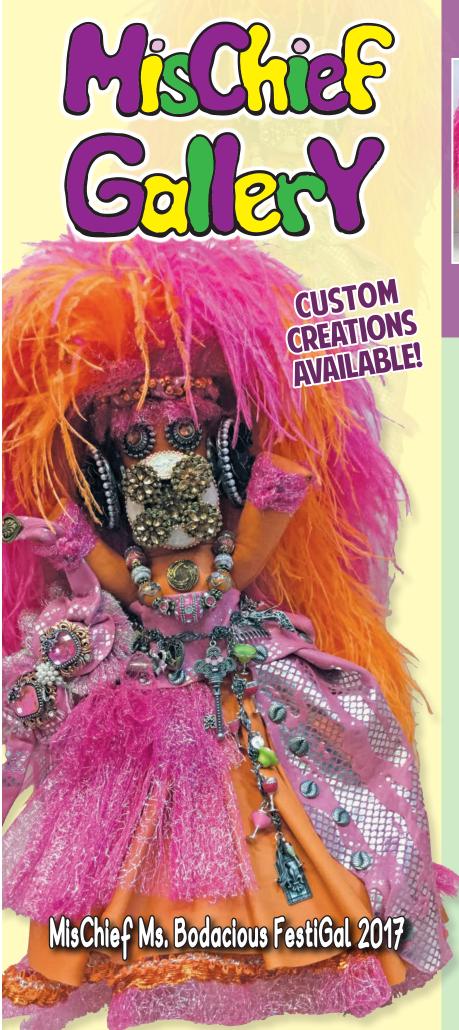
"Mother did what she said she was going to do in that last letter."

Tom did not say another word until I-10 turned south toward New Orleans. James noticed the unusual silence. He saw a tremble in his father's hand as he reached to turn the radio off.

In a breaking voice, he said, "Son, if I had only known. Let's just be quiet for a while." And they were.







"MisChief Ms. Bodacious FestiGal 2017"







MisChief Ms. Bodacious FestiGal 2017 is a custom creation created for FestiGals Bras With A Cause.

Louisiana Artist

CONNIE BORN



Artist Connie Born's whimsical creations represent the richly diverse and fascinating culture that is alive in Louisiana. Custom made creations are available for any occasion or event. New additions to Born's Krewe of MisChief are created every day in the Gallery and Studio in the Marketplace at 1808 Front Street in Slidell. Visit the Gallery to see the new creations currently in process and to start your collection today!

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Management of Enlarged Prostates

As prostates enlarge with aging, their growth can lead to bothersome urinary symptoms. Symptoms, such as difficulty passing urine, weakening or stopping and starting of urinary stream, and waking up at night multiple times to urinate, are very common as a result of prostatic enlargement and can affect quality of life.

Benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH), or enlarged prostate, affects up to 10% of men in their 40s, and 70% or more of men over 70. Many men have been told they have an enlarged prostate but are not sure of what it means, and what might happen as a result.

Multiple medications and procedures are available to help manage bothersome urinary symptoms related to enlarged prostates. The first step is to see a urologist, who will take a detailed history, asking about many of the symptoms listed above and more, as well as perform a thorough exam, including a rectal exam, to estimate prostate size and make sure there are no abnormalities.

First-line therapy for symptoms related to BPH, or enlarged prostate, is often an alpha blocker (tamsulosin, for example) a medication to help the flow of urine get out of the bladder. In some cases, a second medication such as finasteride or dutasteride can be added to help shrink the prostate.

Patients who do not respond to medical management have many minimally invasive surgical or procedural options as well. The gold standard is a transurethral resection of the prostate (TURP), performed with a camera to unblock the urinary channel and resect the obstructing prostate tissue from within the urinary channel or urethra. This, and other surgical options, are not only for men who have failed medical management, but also men who have complications of BPH such as urinary retention (the inability to pass urine), bladder stones and kidney damage resulting from the inability to empty the bladder.

Differentiating symptoms of enlarged prostates from other urologic conditions is often complex, and a variety of in-office testing and diagnostic procedures can help your urologist diagnose and manage your BPH in efforts to control your urinary symptoms.



It is important for men with any bothersome urinary symptoms to know they are not alone, as BPH affects a significant portion of men as noted above, so consult with your physician or make an appointment for urologic evaluation.

Michael R. Pinsky, MD

Dr. Pinsky completed his medical training and Urology residency at Tulane, and currently practices at Ochsner Medical Center Northshore Specialty Clinic in Slidell at 1850 Gause Boulevard, Suite 101. In addition to BPH, other clinical interests include robotic surgery for prostate and kidney cancer and obstructed kidneys, management of kidney stones, evaluation of blood in the urine, vasectomies, men's health issues and erectile dysfunction.

HealthTalk makes available the diverse group of healthcare experts at SMH and Ochsner to bring the community enthusiasm, knowledge and care that extends beyond the physical walls of the hospitals. The free presentations vary in length from 20 - 60 minutes. To arrange a speaker for your next meeting, just call SMH Community Outreach at (985) 280-8529 three to four weeks before your event.









Bar graphs, living to 103, and other fun stuff.



The little girl you see here is Allison, one of my three adorable granddaughters. She is seven years old, and is a real sweetie. Allison will be in the second grade next year. Ever since she began school, she has shown a liking and talent for mathematics. Just recently, my daughter Betsy told me that, while Allison was doing her homework one night, she said, "Wow. Bar graphs are so much fun!"

Bar graphs...fun...spoken by a seven-year old. Really?

It appears – at least for now – that mathematics might not be a challenge for Allison. That's good, because Allison and lots of other little girls and boys are destined to face some other challenges when they grow up, namely, financial ones, and the bar graphs for these issues are not looking pretty. Here's why:

According to the authors of *The 100 Year Life: Living and Working in an Age of Longevity*¹, the median life expectancy for someone born in 2007 is 103 years. That's the median, which means that half of these people will live longer than 103, and half will not. Allison was born in 2010, so her life expectancy is a tad longer. The financial, societal, and work implications for her, the other kids born in 2010, and, in fact, our children and grandchildren are profound. If you'd like to learn more about this, go to www.100yearlife.com and study those bar graphs.

Frankly, one doesn't need a bunch of graphs to see that preparing for a decent financial future for kids like Allison is going to be a challenge. Not only will she and her friends have to prepare themselves for a highly-competitive job market, they will also have to save and invest as much money as they can, not depend on public or private pensions, and plan for a possibly long, long life that might end up in a nursing home or other long term care facility. They have a lot on their plates. When she's old enough to understand all of this, here is what I'll be telling Allison to do so she can prepare:

1) INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE THROUGH EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

Allison announced to us recently that she wants to be a surgeon. A couple of years ago, she was determined to be a mermaid, so I'm not going to place any bets yet on where she might land career-wise. However, her ability to earn a living will likely be her biggest and most important asset. Any casual reading these days about the future of work points to more automation, robots, and service-industry jobs. Plus, Allison and her cohorts will probably be working way beyond what we consider today to be traditional retirement age. My reading about this tells me that many of the "good jobs" of the future will go to those who not only have advanced degrees, but who keep their skills honed for jobs that might not even exist yet. Sorry, Allison, but mermaids need not apply. Get as much education as you can, and keep on learning.



2) SAVE AND INVEST AS MUCH MONEY AS YOU CAN.

And start as early as you can. I do not want to open a can of worms right now, so I'm not going into detail, but public pension plans in the United States - and the rest of the world - are in deep trouble, and the Social Security program is no exception. Furthermore, by some estimates, the personal savings shortfall in the U.S. alone as of 2015 is \$28 trillion. By 2050, the gap is expected to be \$137 trillion.2 The magnitude of the retirement income challenge facing the U.S. and the rest of the world is breathtaking. Because of their life expectancies, my guess is that a lot of kids who are Allison's age now will likely work well into their 70s. Let's assume Allison is one of them. That means she has a great gift: at least 63 years to save and invest her money. If her parents start an investment plan right now, and if Allison keeps it going when she gets that job as a surgeon (or mermaid, if that's what she really wants), here's what might happen. Let's say Allison and her parents invest \$200 per month. They get a stock market return of 6% (not guaranteed, of course, but it's a reasonable figure to use for a market return over a long period of time). The end result could be more than \$1.69 million.3 Even when Allison is in her 70s, that will be a lot of money. It won't happen overnight, Allison will have to be consistent with

her monthly investing, and she'll have to ignore the financial media types who are salivating right now because they have 63 years to prey on her investing emotions and get her to do dumb things with her money. Don't listen to them, Allison.

3) UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WILL LIKELY BE LIVING LONGER AND MIGHT HAVE TO PAY SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU WHEN ARE OLD.

As I write this, my mother-in-law has been in assisted living care for more than three years. The cost of her care to date is something north of \$125,000. In March of this year, she used up her long term care insurance benefit, so now she's paying out-of-pocket at a rate of \$5,000 per month, which doesn't include her Medicare and supplemental insurance premiums. She's 90 years old and recently suffered a set-back in health, but, given her iron constitution and family history, she could live for several more years. The annual cost of her care is pretty sobering, but she is just one of many old folks who are paying the same or even more. For sure, Allison is a long way from the nursing home, but for her and her generation, the cost of long term care is likely to be in the stratosphere. Paying for it is not something Allison will want to leave to chance (or to the federal government). Happily, Allison has already gotten a start on this. She has a permanent life insurance policy that has a special feature. If she needs long term care when she's old, she can use some of the cash value and death benefit in her policy to pay for it (assuming, of course, that she still has the policy). If you would like to learn more about Allison's strategy, call me.⁴

Allison might think that talking about these things is not nearly as much fun as doing bar graphs for her math homework, but, when she's old enough to have this conversation with me, I hope she understands that this is important stuff. Because of their potential longevity, our children and grandchildren will likely face formidable financial challenges. The sooner you can help them get a start – even with a \$50 per month investment account – the better off they are likely to be.

Call me if you are ready to give your kids a hand.

http://www.100yearlife.com

2https://www.mercer.com/content/dam/mercer/attachments/global/g 20017-wef-white-paper-we-will-live-to-100.pdf

*This is a hypothetical example and is not representative of any specific situation. Your results will vary. The hypothetical rate of return used does not reflect the deduction of fees and charges inherent to investing. Investing involves risk, including loss of principal.

Benefits are based on the claims paying ability of the insurance company. Securities and Advisory Services offered through LPL Financial, a

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The City of Slidell presents the 2017-2018 Cultural Season Calendar



Slidell Movie Nights Summer 2017

July 8, 22 & Aug. 5, 12, 2017 • 8:30 PM • Heritage Park • Free Admission Grab your lawn chairs and gather your family and friends and enjoy family-friendly movies under the stars.

White Linen and Lagniappe

Saturday, Aug. 19, 2017 • 6-10 PM • Olde Towne Slidell • Free Admission An evening of shopping, dining, live music and lagniappe in Olde Towne. Presented by Slidell Antique Association, Olde Towne Association, Carey Street Coalition, Olde Towne Slidell Main Street and the City of Slidell.

9/11 Patriot Day Ceremony and Concert

Sept.11, 2017 • 6 - 8 PM • Slidell Municipal Auditorium • Free Admission The City of Slidell remembers the first responders and military heroes. Followed by a concert with the Northshore Community Orchestra.

Bayou Jam Fall 2017 Concert Series

Sundays, 5:30 - 7:30 PM • Heritage Park • Free Admission
October 1 - Michael Baptiste & Real Soul • October 15 - Flip Side
October 29 - Halloween Bash with Vince Vance and the Valiants
Christmas Under the Stars

Dec. 1-2 & 8-9, 2017 • 6 - 9 РМ • Griffith Park • Free Admission

This magical holiday celebration features visits thousands of twinkling lights, festive holiday decorations, visits with Santa and Mrs. Claus, the Parade of Trees and life-size Christmas Village.

Slidell Movie Nights at "Slidell's Bayou Christmas"

Saturday, Dec. 16, 2017 • 7 PM • Heritage Park • Free Admission • No ice coolers

Holiday Concert with the Northshore Community Orchestra

Thursday, Dec. 21, 2017 • 7 PM • Slidell Auditorium • Free Admission



Arts Evening Cultural Festival

Saturday, April 14, 2018 • 4 - 9 PM • Olde Towne • Free Admission
Come enjoy an evening celebrating art, live music, fine and casual dining and antique and boutique shopping in Olde Towne Slidell.

Bayou Jam Spring 2018 Concert Series

Sundays, 5:30 - 7:30 PM • Heritage Park • Free Admission

April 22- Big Al and the Heavyweights • May 20 - Castaways Band

Some Enchanted Evening with the

Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra

Sunday, May 6, 2018 • 6 PM • Heritage Park • Free Admission

Join us for our annual twilight concert in Heritage Park. In the event of rain, the concert will move to the Slidell Municipal Auditorium.

Slidell Movie Nights Summer 2018

June 2, 16 & July 14, 28 • 8:30 PM • Heritage Park • Free Admission



Slidell Cultural Center at City Hall Exhibits

Located at 2055 Second Street in Olde Towne Slidell. Free admission. Gallery hours: Wednesdays & Fridays, 12-4 PM. Thursdays, 12-6 PM.

The Olde Towne Arts Center presents "4 Corners"

June 30 - Aug. 4, 2017 • Opening Reception: Friday, June 30, 5-7 PM Featuring artists Corinne "Coco" Capdepon, Keith Dellsperger, John Fridge and Candace Page.

Slidell Art League presents "Artists of the Year"

Aug. 19 - Sept. 22, 2017 • Opening Reception: Sat., Aug. 19, 6-9 PM

Women's Caucus for Art Louisiana exhibition Oct. 6 - 27, 2017 • Opening Reception: Friday, Oct. 6, 7-9 PM

Mixed Media 2017 Juried Exhibition

Nov. 3 - Dec. 16, 2017 • Opening Reception: Friday, Nov. 3, 7-9 PM This eclectic exhibit features artwork created using two or more media.

Salad Days 2018 Juried Exhibition of Student Art

Jan. 19 - Feb. 23, 2018 • Opening Reception: Friday, Jan. 19, 7-9 РМ A juried exhibition featuring the works of St. Tammany's student artists.

The Works of Randy Carmichael

March 2 - 29, 2018 • Opening Reception: Friday, March 2, 7 - 9 PM From the Vaults of the New Orleans Museum of Art

April 14 - May 19, 2018 • Opening Reception: Saturday, April 14, 4-9 PM

Another exquisite exhibit from the vaults of the New Orleans Museum of Art. Opens during Arts Evening.

Slidell Photo Club Exhibition

May 25 - June 22, 2018 • Opening Reception: Friday, May 25, 7- 9 РМ



"Soda Shop" by Keith Dellsperger



Sponsorships for the upcoming 2017-2018 Cultural Season are now available. For more information please call Alex Carollo, Director of Cultural & Public Affairs, at (985) 646-4375. Thank you to our 2016–2017 Cultural Season Sponsors for an amazing Cultural Season! Renaissance, \$5,000:















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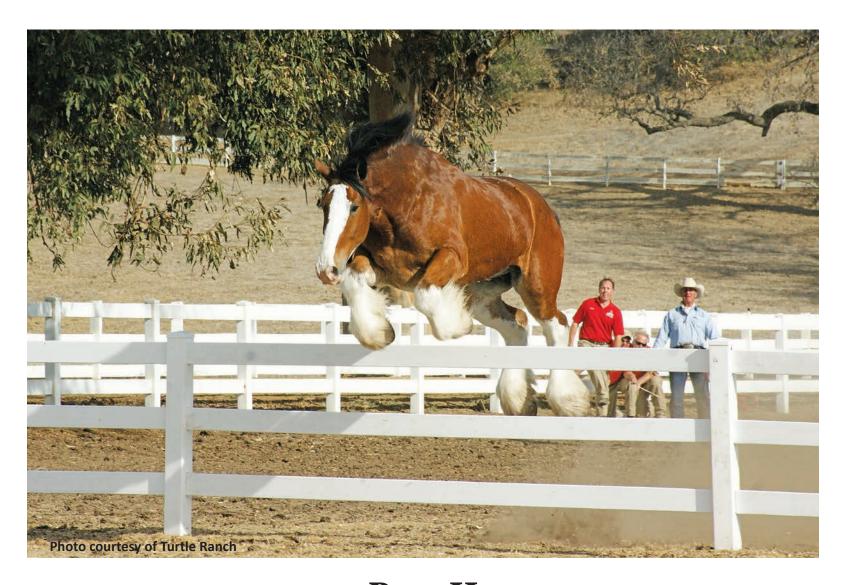








Budweiser CLYDESDALES



Part II Graduation from Kindergarten

Story and Photos by Donna Bush

In the Budweiser Clydesdale Part 1 story from the June edition of Slidell Magazine, I told you about the Budweiser Clydesdale's visit here for Mardi Gras and my visit to Anheuser-Busch's Breeding Farm, Warm Springs Ranch in Boonville, MO. Warm Springs Ranch is known as the Budweiser Clydesdale kindergarten. On graduation day, the chosen 6-month old Clydesdales are loaded on a trailer and moved from Boonville, two hours away to Grant's Farm in St. Louis, Missouri. This is a big step in the career of these young males. They leave Mom and head to the big city, where they will hear planes, trains, sirens, horns, screaming children and have all sorts of exposure to other noises that will help prepare them for life on the road as a Budweiser Clydesdale.

Amy Trout is manager of Grant's Farm, the "prep school" for Clydesdales. She graduated from North Dakota State with a degree in Animal Science and began her career as a high school teacher in Virginia. When she was at her wit's end with high school students, she applied for a job with Anheuser-Busch, finding that the Clydesdales were a much better fit. She traveled for 8 years with the Clydesdale hitches, before her promotion to her current position.

Amy and her team have the Clydesdales that show potential to become hitch horses from 6 months of age until they are about to turn 4 while they are in "that awkward, growthy, teenage, gangly, pimple phase." Even though these are large animals, it takes them a long time to physically and mentally mature.

Grant's Farm - Clydesdale Prep School

What kind of classes do Clydesdales attend in "prep school?" Their rigorous curriculum includes bathing, haltering, clipping, grooming, washing their feathers (long white hair on their legs), braiding their manes and tails, standing for shots, going through the gate, loading on and off a trailer, and pooping while walking. Yes! Even pooping is on the schedule! Plus each horse receives regular report cards to document their progress!



As I mentioned in last month's issue, Warm Springs Ranch began some of the basic handling, working with their feet and bathing. At Grant's Farm, the team of four trainers picks up the pace on the schooling. The horses are graded from 1-5 in each of their "classes." A horse graded as 1 is a complete brat and a 5 is a perfect Budweiser Clydesdale. Classes start as soon as they arrive but not every class is taught every day. Each horse is worked with daily in some capacity, with lots of continuous work over a long period of time. There is much repetition.

As a yearling, one of the big scary tasks is loading on and off the trailer. Remember, the trailer is "bad" because it took them away from Mom. Amy says, "We practice loading on and off, over and over, until it's no big deal." Also, handling, bathing, cleaning and grooming are crucial to their success. The first major event in a yearling's life is their castration. "If a horse won't allow you to touch him, then there is no way you are going to clean him after surgery when he weighs 1000+ pounds."

Just like people, each horse is an individual and not all progress at the same pace. The trainers realize the unique needs of each horse and give them extra attention as required. "At two years old, we should be able to walk into the pasture and have them run up to us, as if to say 'Pick Me, Pick me! I don't know what we are going to do but I'm down with it!"



Measurements, weight, and feed are tracked in a journal kept per horse along with their body condition score, which is similar to a human's body mass index (fat/muscle ratio). In fact, a PowerPoint slide is available online to all of the Clydesdale locations for tracking of each and every horse. The slide includes their report card, pictures, physical information, growth charts, facts, figures and progress. For instance, if John Soto, Supervisor of Warm Springs Breeding Farm, wants to see how a particular gelding from a specific stallion and mare has graded out at Grant's, this information is available at his fingertips, providing valuable insight for the next breeding cycle.

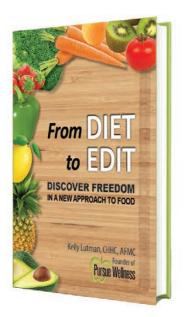
Not every horse is cut out to be a hitch horse. This doesn't mean he is a bad horse; he just has a different disposition, or maybe he won't meet the height requirement of 18 hands. Take for instance Pedro and Preston, the "dynamic duo" as Amy calls them. Both are from the same sire and their mothers are sisters. Pretty dang closely related! Preston completed the full hitch training program, but "he would rather ride on the wagon than pull it." He's a perfect meet-n-greet horse at Grant's Farm. "He's pleasant, laid back, great for interacting with guests. Perfect for our private tours where guests groom a horse. He's ideal." Pedro, on the other hand, didn't make the hitch because he was only17.2 hands. Instead, he

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starred in the "Lost Dog" commercial with the wolf threatening the puppy. He was also one of the four horses that visited China for four months in 2014 for the Year of the Horse celebration. Conversely, not every hitch horse makes a perfect meet-n-greet horse. It's up to the training teams to recognize each horse's precise potential.

Some horses are chosen specifically to be in commercials. They are often taught undesirable hitch traits, such as rearing, jumping fences, etc. These won't be used on a hitch but there is still a need for them at one of the locations.

I watched Michelle work 3-year old Jay in the round pen. At his age, he's becoming accustomed to having a bit in his mouth, a bridle, a harness, the girth tightened under his belly and learning voice commands. With the blinders on, he can't see Michelle so his ears are constantly turning to listen for her next command. He's learning to change directions. By this time, he's already mastered loading on and off the trailer, haircuts, bathing, grooming, etc. He's really picking up his feet and prancing with the Budweiser Clydesdale look. Jay is already rated a 5 and will graduate in the next 6 months.

Clydesdale Finishing School

After graduation from Grant's Farm, the chosen geldings will move to Merrimack, New Hampshire, aka, "finishing school" and the close watch of Mark Boese. Mark grew up using draft horses on a cattle ranch and started with the Anheuser-Busch breeding program when it was located in southern California, where he worked with John Soto for 13 years. After traveling part-time with the West Coast hitch, and a nine-year hiatus, he rejoined the team when the hitch training and breaking program moved to Merrimack, New Hampshire about five years ago.

Mark and his team receive 7-10 three-year olds each year and begin their training for the next step in the progression to becoming a Budweiser Clydesdale. There is a lot involved at "finishing school" for a Clydesdale. Mark and his team of four try to prep the horses for every occurrence that could happen on the road. Horses, in general, are a skittish bunch and Clydesdales are no different.

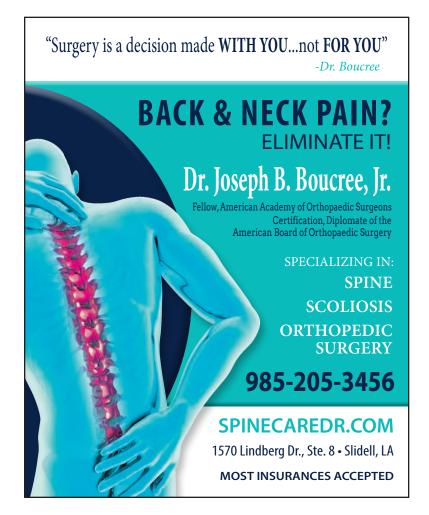
First on their training agenda is to get them more used to having a bit in their mouth. They may have had one at Grant's Farm, but Merrimack will step that up. The pace is also picked up with grooming and even standing with a harness on. If it's a rainy day and they can't do any work with the wagon, the horses will take turns coming in to the barn and standing while being groomed – brushed and vacuumed, and having a harness on with a bit in their mouth. Every small step adds to the big process of becoming a Budweiser

Clydesdale – helping them adapt to standing for a few hours wearing that heavy harness, not fidgeting but ready to perform when asked.

It's a slow but steady process. After tolerating the bit and harness, they are hooked to a wagon as a 2-up. This means only two horses in the hitch - a new horse paired with a seasoned horse. Enter Victor, a retired hitch horse, who helps guide the youngster, keeping him calm and collected. I think it is an ingenious idea to pair an older, experienced horse with a younger one that doesn't quite know what to expect. The younger will react off of the temperament of the older and follow his lead. Per Mark, the same occurs when loading on the 18-wheeler trailers. "If the senior loads confidently, like 'no big deal,' then the younger will follow his lead."

Next up, the pair will swap places numerous times. If JD was on the left this ride, then he will be on the right next ride. Time and time again, they will pull the small, rubber-tired wagon down the street, through the brewery tour and Biergarten parking lot. Each time, they will encounter something a little different - the lawnmowers, the cones on the street, maybe a motorcycle or an 18-wheeler. Each of these can easily spook a horse. For instance, during my visit to Merrimack, I witnessed the pair spooked by the unexpected presence of the Budweiser Clydesdale 18-wheeler trailers in the parking lot. But, with Mark and the team's gentle care, the horses are gradually guided through each of the scary scenarios. The 2-up will spend time in an enclosed round pen, learning their names and Mark's voice. He teaches them maneuvers such as backing up and turning in close guarters. They learn to pull the wagon up a small hill and down the small hill. Going up, all of the weight is against their front shoulders, but going down, the weight is pushing against their hindquarters and not something they are naturally comfortable with. It takes time to teach them to adapt to this. After this, they will progress to a larger wagon and to a 4-up, 6-up and 8-up, constantly switching positions. They have to get used to having a horse behind, in front, and beside them. All horses are trained to pull in each position both left and right. Their final placement on the hitch is determined by size, personality and need. Much like Grant's Farm, there is a white board where the training is tracked and all information shared online with Warm Springs and Grant's Farm. When there are no more scary reactions the horse is ready to move to the hitch.

"Horses are like people. Some are smarter than others. Some catch on right away. Some take a little longer. Once they learn to trust you, you're good to go!" Mark's analogy was perfect. "It's like teaching a teenager to make his bed every day. They are not





History of Grant's Farm

Grant's Farm obtained its name from Ulysses S. Grant. When Ulysses married Julia Dent in 1848, her father gave them 80 acres of property on the northern boundary of his White Haven estate. Grant began farming fruit and vegetable crops on this acreage after his resignation from the US Army in 1854. The following year he began construction on a small home, called Hardscrabble, that now resides on Grant's Farm, after withstanding several moves. This small home is one of only two structures still standing in the U.S. that was built and lived in by a United States President. Mr. August Busch, Sr. purchased part of the original White Haven estate in 1903 and purchased Grant's home in 1907, relocating it to his property.

Shortly after purchasing the property, the Busch family began construction on the Busch Family Estate and the Bauernhof Stable, modeled after traditional fortress farmsteads of Medieval Germany. There was a dairy barn, garage, horse stables and carriage park with five apartments for servants and farm staff, plus a private clubhouse for the Busch family. All of this occurred many years before the Clydesdales were gifted to their father in 1933.

After the gift, Mr. Busch discovered it was difficult to locate Clydesdales and was adamant about promoting and conserving the Clydesdale breed. Grant's Farm became open to the public for breeding services. Anyone having a mare that met the qualifications could bring her to the farm and have her impregnated by one of the stallions.

With Mr. Busch's love of wildlife, it seemed only natural that he established a wildlife park on the property, which includes ponds, streams, a polo field and of course, equestrian jumps. As you drive through the gates to the wildlife park, take note of the large bronze stag statues with real antlers made from those shed throughout the park. Also note the fence, built as a tribute to President Grant and all Civil War veterans, constructed of approximately three thousand salvaged Civil War rifle barrels, some complete with sights! The wildlife park houses elephants, elk, deer, buffalo, yak, longhorn steers, red dear, zebra, ostrich, parakeets and more. Home to over 100 different species, the park maintains a working relationship with other animal parks and zoos to keep genetics fresh and cut down on in-breeding. Admission to the park, tram ride and animal shows are free. There is a nominal parking charge and fee for animal feedings and animal rides. For more information visit the website at www.grantsfarm.com.









going to want to do it, but after awhile, if they know they have to do it every day, they're gonna' do it. You'll have some that will argue with you every day about why do they have to make it. And others that will just make it because they know they are going to have to. Those horses that you have to tell to make their bed every day are not the most enjoyable to work with. If you have 10 horses that are like the teenager that is going to argue every day, your day gets long and your hair gets short."

Not only does Mark train the horses: he also trains the hitch drivers. He doesn't like to use the term, but they do have a four-month "crash" course intensive for drivers. "It's challenging to drive a broke (fully trained) 8-up hitch. It's even more challenging to drive one that's not guite broke!" The driver starts his/her training with a team of knobby-tired bicycles that pull a golf cart. Reins are connected to the handlebars just like they would be connected to the bridle of each horse. This allows the driver to become accustomed to the weight of the lines and learn some finesse of team steering without injuring a horse. A driver must always be thinking and looking ahead to anticipate anything that might spook one of the horses. In fact, hitch drivers often preview their route the day before a performance in order to be prepared for any unique obstacles. The other handlers play an integral part in driving the team. They can see and react on the ground as well as relay commands to a certain horse from the driver. As you might imagine, in a noisy Mardi Gras parade, it may be difficult for the horse to hear every command directed at him. The handler aids with this by getting the specific horse's attention.

The Clydesdales Commercials - Behind the Scenes

"Brotherhood"- 2013: Showcased the enduring bond between a horse and its trainer.

Tommie Turvey, master horse trainer, has worked in both live action and film, training horses, riders, and actors. He was hired to train horses for "Brotherhood" due to his expertise with the liberty (no restraint) technique when the usual trainer was unavailable. Tommie trained the chosen horses at Warm Springs for a week before trailering them to Los Angeles for 2 more weeks of preparation prior to filming the LA portion of the commercial. If you remember in the commercial, we start out with a three day old foal, Hope, then several scenes with an 8-month old – untying his lead, nudging his trainer, then loading onto the Budweiser trailer. The final scene shows a hitch horse that runs to its trainer. The commercial required several different aged horses with numerous unique tasks. As Tommie explained, he always needs multiple horses with similar markings to shoot a commercial. "You never know which horse will learn the trick and perform it flawlessly." Tommie worked with four 8-month olds and four 4-year old horses. Each 8-month old was taught to lay down in the stall, which became quite cramped with 2 cameramen, an actor, a









vet, and Tommie. Understanding that lighting and requirements change, Tommie worked with the horses to teach them to lay down right side up and left side up. Then he taught them to untie themselves. He utilized different techniques with each to see what worked quicker and more efficiently. Of the four 8-month olds, Punky was the most consistent with all of the different tricks.

Next he moved to the 4-year olds. Again, he trained four different horses to run down Wiltshire Boulevard in LA, getting them used to a camera car alongside. He custom manufactured rubber shoes for the horses that gave them great traction, lowered the noise level and prevented injury. "Clydesdales don't typically canter much, but if he slips then he won't canter for sure." He worked with Bill, the Hero horse, teaching him to run to him by starting small and training him to stop by holding up handheld whips and body language.

Tommie not only trains the horses, he trains the actors too. He taught Don Jeanes, who portrayed the Midwest trainer in the commercial, to use whips and body language to direct the horse to perform as needed. When ready to film, Don drops the whips out of sight and the scene is shot flawlessly.

Robin Wiltshire, Master Animal Trainer, shooting Clydesdale Super Bowl Commercials

"Football"-1996: Portrays a football game between teams of Clydesdales ending with a last second field goal.

Australian-born Robin Wiltshire has been training Budweiser Clydesdales for commercials since 1995 when he trained 20+ horses to play football for the 1996 Super Bowl commercial, "Football." Robin started with baby steps, teaching each team of horses to line up on a mark. As their confidence grew, additional elements were added - two horses were taught to rear up on their hind legs, then Clydesdale Lenny, was trained to place his foot on the football. A block of wood was a stand-in for the football until they were ready to shoot, because Lenny had already flattened 3 footballs!





"Respect"- 2002: Moving 911 tribute filmed in New York City's Battery Park and aired only once for the Super Bowl after the attack.

For "Respect," Robin trained each horse to curtsy separately without a harness, gradually working up to pairs of horses and eventually with the 130-pound harness, which added an extra level of challenge.

"Circus"- 2009: Shares the romance of Jake, a Budweiser Clydesdale, and Daisy, a circus horse. The circus leaves town with Daisy. Jake jumps fences to find his true love at the next town, where they simultaneously leap through a banner and run away together.

"Circus" was one of Robin's more difficult. "Training the Clydesdale and the mare to jump through the banner at

liberty (no restraint) was challenging." But again, baby steps, teaching each horse to come to a mark and to walk through a see-through shade screen, then a solid screen and eventually to jump through the banner.

"Donkey"- 2007: The story of a donkey who has always dreamed of being a Budweiser Clydesdale. He practices the Clydesdale walk and even tries hair extensions on his lower legs!

"Donkey" starred not just the Budweiser Clydesdales but Sicilian burros, Lucille and Beatrice, from Annie Busch's home, next door to Grant's Farm.

Robin's focus is intently Clydesdales while training for a commercial. He lives on site where they are stabled, feeding them and mucking their stalls. He wants them to be completely ingrained with his voice and no distractions. It's a technique that obviously works and pays off time after time. Sometimes a clicker or a whistle is used in addition to Robin's voice commands. "I watch their eyes and when they lick their lips, I know they've got it. They are pleased that they pleased you." He utilizes the liberty technique (without restraint), rewarding a job well done with accolades of "Good Boy!" and apple or grain treats.

"Puppy Love"- 2014: The story of a puppy determined to be with his best friend, a Budweiser Clydesdale, and the Clydesdale's determination to keep his puppy buddy.







In "Puppy Love," Robin worked with a pair of Clydesdales at Thousand Oaks teaching them to jump fences on a Grand Prix field. He had them jumping a series of 6-7 fences in a row and making turns. Unbelievable! Just like an English riding course, but with Clydesdales that weigh almost 1 ton each!

"One of the reasons the Budweiser Clydesdale commercials are so successful is the lack of computerized graphics." Real animals trained by a stellar trainer.

An Incredible Journey

My journey with the Budweiser Clydesdales began several months ago with a video clip of some of my favorite Clydesdale Super Bowl commercials. It quickly blossomed into a two-part story and loads of Clydesdale interactions. I met Clay Harper, owner of Honey Island Clydesdales in Pearl River, attended the grand arrival of the Budweiser Clydesdales at the NOPD Stables, and met the New Hampshire hitch horses, handlers and Barley, their Dalmatian. From there, I photographed the Clydesdales at the Krewe of Olympia Mardi Gras parade in Covington and wanted more!

I guess I'm like a dog with a bone. I couldn't stop there. With the help of Chris Wiegert, Assistant Supervisor of the New Hampshire hitch, I reached out to Warm Springs Ranch Breeding Farm and Grant's Farm Training Facility, where the horses train for three years. Budweiser's Ad Agency, Weber Shandwick, assisted with private tours, interviews and logistics.

My visit to Warm Springs was by far the highlight of this story. Seeing fourmonth old foals, being surrounded by two-year olds wanting to be petted and meeting 2013 Super Bowl commercial star Clydesdale, Hope and her baby, Halie, put me over the top! I continued to follow the Clydesdales with a trip to Grant's Farm, where I met several Hero Horses and learned all about the second phase of a Budweiser Clydesdale's schooling.

I thought I would stop there; finish off the story with a phone interview with Mark Boese, Supervisor at Merrimack, New Hampshire about the final phase of Clydesdale training. But, I couldn't. I called Mark and asked if an onsite visit could be arranged. "Sure! Just contact my boss, Dave Hennen, Herd Manager of Clydesdale Operations." Next thing you know, I'm flying to Merrimack to meet Mark and personally deliver copies of the June issue with the star Budweiser Clydesdales on the cover. I finally got to ride in a wagon pulled by two Clydes in training. Thank you JD, Hansi and Mark!

I thought surely this is enough! But, wait! What about how the Clydesdales are trained for all of the amazing tricks they pull off in each of our favorite Super Bowl commercials? I finished up with phone interviews with the fabulous animal trainers who make the stunts and tricks look so easy.

It's been a wonderful, enjoyable journey with a common theme - all three locations and managers work together for the best end results. Seeing the hitch on the road with their experienced handlers is a treat for everyone. They make it look so easy and seamless. Now I understand all that has happened to produce such finely trained and orchestrated performers. I hope you, too, will appreciate all of the hard work next time you see the Budweiser Clydesdales.

THANK YOU

I could not have written this story without the assistance of so many people, who were willing to share their knowledge and their time with me. Many thanks to those who helped make this story a reality:

Jennifer Kelley – LA Hospitality Foundation
Dave Waguespack – NOPD Mounted Division
Dave Thomas – Supervisor NH Hitch
Chris Wiegert – Asst. Supervisor NH Hitch
Burton Westbrook – NH Hitch Handler
Rachel Yann, Weber Shandwick
Tom Gavin, Weber Shandwick
John Soto – Supervisor Warm Springs
Amy Trout – Supervisor Grant's Farm
Mark Boese – Supervisor Merrimack, NH
Dave Hennen – Clydesdale Operations
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company
Tommie Turvey – Horse Trainer

Robin and Kate Wiltshire - Animal Trainers

Turtle Ranch, 1995 to Present



Award-winning outdoors photographer & writer, Donna Bush, worked for months to bring this story to our *Slidell Magazine* readers. She traveled across the country and gained unprecedented access to the Budweiser Clydesdale trainers and breeders. We are honored to showcase her two-part story about her adventures with these beloved symbols of American entrepreneurship.



Greatest Hits

There are many parallels between a good sports competitor and a good writer. They express themselves, show the world what they can accomplish, and practice, practice until the work they put out is top-shelf, championshipworthy effort. Thank goodness I am just an ok writer! That "good writer" stuff sounds exhausting. Like, panting after typing for 5 hours straight exhausting. Yikes. I am not a glutton for punishment. There is one other parallel between all sports competitors and writers, and that is to know when to step down or try something new. My fair readers, this will be my last Jockularity article. And no, I am not Brett Favre-ing you, this is truly my last one. For those who have followed me faithfully for these five years (five years?!?! I swear I was just sweating over my first article, or putting the finishing touches on the article on curling!), I cannot say enough how much I appreciate how long you have read my rants, my ramblings, and my indulgences. It has truly been an honor to be able to put my words into such a noteworthy publication and see my thoughts published for our entire beautiful city to see. And what would a final article be without a fantastic "looking back" feature? I know, I spoil my readers too much. But you all deserve it. So, without further ado, let's take a look at some of my favorite articles over the years. Let us walk down Jockularity-memory lane together. We have been through so much!

BEST OF 2012



Baseball (June 2012)

Probably one of my absolute favorite articles I have ever written was the article on baseball. "To Be the King of Diamonds", as I titled it. After my first article, which has since been my lowest standard of writing I will ever allow to leave my computer, I needed something special. Something distinctly

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local. And something fun! The baseball article really was a joy to research and to write. For me, baseball itself has really become a joy to watch - IN PERSON. I still can't get into it on the television. Snoozefest. But in person, you get the feel of the ball park, the low-key atmosphere that spikes at the right moments, and the chance to go buy a dog without missing the action. I can still smell the delicious food that hits you in the face as the ball park spreads before you in its glorious splendor. It was the first time I really stopped to appreciate that baseball is not about adrenaline and "GO GO GO!", it's about the quiet, determined competition that allows for great family fun. That really changed me as a sports writer.

2012 HONORABLE MENTION



Curling (October 2012)

Seriously, this was a blast to write and to bring to everyone's attention. Not to mention it was a fanfavorite Jockularity from the feedback I received. Nowhere else have I found such a funny looking sport, with such unique names for its equipment, that was seriously called "chess on ice." If only I could have a team brush a path in front of me as I walk. In all seriousness, what makes curling appealing to me is the strategy, the thought process, of where to place the stone. Because, after all of the fuss over getting the stone to its resting spot is over, you have to consider that the other team is doing the same thing to bump your stone out of the way. So much to plan, to consider. And it's never discussed seriously, never given much thought outside of the Winter Olympics. And I think, especially in the hot summer months, that curling would be a great way to pass the time and avoid the dreadfully scorching Louisiana heat. I will never forget this sport, considered the "Miss Overlooked" in a world of sports beauty pageants, and I am still rooting for her.

BEST OF 2013



Louisiana Sports Hall of Fame (August 2013)

Wow. What an article. The new Louisiana Sports Hall of Fame Museum opened in 2013 and is a beautiful piece of architecture that houses some of the most iconic historic Louisiana sports artifacts. Everyone from Pete Maravich and Terry Bradshaw to Sue Gunter and Skip Bertman, from baseball, basketball, and football jerseys from different players to news clippings and trophies from days gone by. Louisiana's sports history is so rich that it is so hard to write just a paragraph now, to have written just an article about it back in 2013, because you could fill books about Louisiana's impact on sports, and sports' impact on Louisiana. The two go hand in hand, and this museum is such a gorgeous monument to store these treasures of Louisiana. I urge you, implore you, to go if you haven't gone yet. It's a bit of a drive to Nachitoches, but it is so worth it!

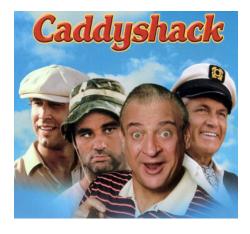
2013 HONORABLE MENTION



New Saints Resolutions (January 2013)

Ah, the New Saints Resolutions, a snapshot in time of how, with me as the owner of the New Orleans Saints. I would turn the team around. We had just gotten over the bounty mess, had issues about Sean Payton's contract, and the team had just gotten over a pretty messy season. I would have implemented some sweeping changes, such as petition the NFL to change the number of players on the field, give celebrities a chance to play pre-game scrimmages in the Super Dome, and I even gave some input on how the Pelicans mascot should look (I'm still waiting for a Pelican-Dinoasaur hybrid to terrify the other team. Who wouldn't get behind that?!?). We were all ready to move on from the 2012 season with open arms. Sean Payton was suspended, as were some players and coaches, and the NFL was levying sanctions against the Saints left and right. We needed something different. And, while today's Saints haven't been head turners lately, I believe that my changes would really have shaken things up. Something to consider, Tom...I'm still available!

BEST OF 2014



Sports Movies (November 2014)

I have to say, this was some of the most fun research I have ever done for an article. The Sports Movies article had so much gut-wrenching, laughterinducing, head-scratching, and fist-waving action than I thought possible in sports movies. Fun movies like the Sandlot and Cool Runnings helped make the movies like Rudy and We Are Marshall easier to watch. Those movies give such an insight into how players feel when faced with cultural changes, tragic circumstances, or just what a sport like baseball can do to help a group of friends grow in their boyhood. Now, Caddyshack...just wasn't my most favorite sports movie. Yeah, yeah, I know it's such a "classic", and the cast is incredible when you go back and look at it. But really, did anyone care that it was about Golf? And just what was the point of the movie anyway? In all seriousness, sports movies are so much more than I gave them credit for, and they offer great insight into the nature of human beings, more so than most other types of movies. Being able to get all of your feedback and hear from friends and family about what movies to include was a great time, and watching them was homework I will never forget.

2014 HONORABLE MENTION

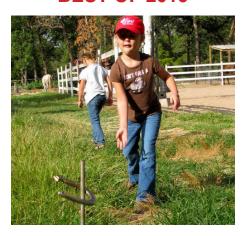


The 12th Man (January 2014)

As any fan who has been to a home game for the Saints or LSU will tell you, the crowd is truly the 12th man on the field. The history of the term is very interesting, and I encourage you to read into it, but the impact it has on games, even today, is incredible. The Saints have been the beneficiaries of a 12th man, but LSU thrives on it in Tiger Stadium at a whole other level. The sound can be deafening, causing opposing quarterbacks to have to call timeouts or risk miscommunication, not to mention rev up the Tigers into a frenzy on the field. While

many remember the Earthquake game fondly, where the seismograph nearby on LSU campus picked up a reading due to the intensity of the LSU fans in Tiger Stadium, I have a different one. I remember feeling that my yelling, my stomping, my cheering affected the game. That I was part of the action on the field. The Tigers were behind the whole game, until the #1 team at the time just lost their game. With renewed excitement at a chance of stealing the top spot in the nation, the Tigers rallied with the help of the fans and shut down the Gators from derailing their road to the championship. Never before have I felt so carried by a game, so emotionally and physically connected on the field. I was the 12th man. And it felt really freakin' good.

BEST OF 2015



Spring Sports (April 2015)

What better way to spend your spring time, in the two beautiful days that Louisiana weather affords you, than to play some fun, competitive spring games! The best part about games you can play with friends and family is that you have the chance to spice up the rules or be laid back about them. Flag football gets a bit more interesting when the loser has to clean the crawfish pot. And sports like cornhole, horseshoes, Bocce, and ladder golf are intriguing but classic lawn games. They harken back to times before cell phones, computers, and even TV. Which sounds much more appealing than you may think it does, trust me. They are the perfect accompaniment to a barbecue or crawfish boil, something to pass the time and have some fun. Writing about sports that we can incorporate into our lives reminds me that sports are never out of reach for anyone. We watch it on TV, but we can also play the sport ourselves in our back yards or in the park. It's something that, even though you may not ever be talented enough to play professionally, you will always be able to play and have fun.

2015 HONORABLE MENTION



Presidentiall Sports (May 2015)

You never truly think about public figures, much less our past presidents, as anything other than politicians. Typically. You don't see them as doing something so normal as participating in sports. What wouldn't you give to play a game of bowling with Nixon, play against Eisenhower on the football field, or go on a hunt with Teddy Roosevelt? These men, these titans of America, are, were, regular men, with regular lives. They just also happened to leave a mark on the landscape of America. I remember feeling pleasantly surprised at what I found when I looked into the leaders of our nation and their relation to sports. I do believe that Eisenhower's sports history is a bit more...hardcore? in that he injured his knee twice between playing four different sports, before deciding to keep going and do gymnastics and fencing. I mean, what? Why? Why even do that to yourself? Dude, just chill. I know you have a "fierceness" that served us well in World War II and beyond, but I think I would just, you know, play a fierce game of chess or something. Seriously.

BEST OF 2016



Golf (August 2016)

Gold was the one sport, before this article, that I just didn't get. Much like baseball, it was an experience that went beyond being just a sport to play. I was clueless, until I stepped into the golf cart with Joe DiGiovanni. Then my whole perspective on the sport changed. I had some...learning moments, like the fact that you don't have to take the scorecard with you to the hole... or that finding a ball in the grass is MUCH harder than it sounds. You think, hey, a white ball against green grass, no sweat right? WRONG. So wrong. But one of the special things about golf is that you play in the middle of nature. There are animals, ponds, grass, and trees all around you. Yeah, most of those are also obstacles to your goal, but they add to the experience. The sport is a lot more rigorous than I thought, making you work for your drink back at the club afterwards. It is the best "workfun" that I think any person can truly have in a sport. And, I believe, having company you truly enjoy having a conversation with helps a lot. What a great way to spend an Independence Day!

2016 HONORABLE MENTION



The Kentucky Derby (May 2016)

This was something I was waiting to write about for a while. It was something I know was a big part of Louisiana sports history, but that I wasn't knowledgeable about. At all. "The Most Exciting Two Minutes in Sports" truly lives up to its name. Being the first leg in the American Triple Crown, it is easily one of the most recognizable horse races. The Fair Grounds is our own historical tie to American horseracing history, having survived darn near every natural and manmade disaster that has happened since its opening in 1852. Horse racing has a rich history, a complicated points system, and some... interesting...horse names. And, for those of you who have read Jockularity in the past, I love me some crazy sports names. This sport does not disappoint. "Mine that Bird"...I mean, really. But, there is a reason for the madness, and in the grand scheme of things, it makes horse racing more interesting. I am just glad I am Corey, and not WhatAGreatDinner.

Well, my Jockularitans, the curtain draws to a close. I have enjoyed writing this month after month and I hope some of you out there have truly enjoyed reading it. When I first started writing this, Jockularity was a play on the term Jocularity, which means "given to jesting: habitually jolly or jocund." While my topics have not always been light, I hope I have brought a bit of humor into how you see sports and the very versatile sports world in its entirety. It has been a writing goal of mine to make this article every bit as great as I thought it could be, and I believe in my heart that I have accomplished that. Along the way, I hope I have raised awareness into worthy sports and sports events, given insight on why the different aspects of sports occur the way they do, and shown just how wonderful our Louisiana sports world is. I will always cherish this space, this sports writing world, and I hope I motivate some of you to embark on your own questioning of sports. I want to take a moment and say that none of this would have been possible for me, nor would I have been half as successful in writing it, if not for my awesome editor Kendra, the support of my family and friends, particularly my wife, Amy, for being my monthly sounding board and for reading every single article before it was even an article, and you - my readers. You are what kept me up at night and what made me smile while writing each month. And if you have truly read my articles, and know me, you know that the conclusion is always the hardest part. I just never know when to end. But I will say this. Thank you. Thank you for reading. And thank you for inspiring me, always.

Truly and Jockularly Yours,

Corey Hoque

Emerging Young Professionals

School Supply Drive

Bringing together the talents and insights of Emerging Young Professionals, ages 21-40, in the East St. Tammany region is what EYP is all about. EYP is simply a network of young professionals: a dynamic and diverse group of peers with a passion for making a difference, a willingness to learn, the desire to build important relationships, and the energy to get involved in the community.

Each month, the EYP's meet for an educational luncheon with informative speakers or an after-hours social in a casual networking atmosphere!

EYP projects include school supply drives, collecting supplies for Slidell Ladies for Liberty, Relay for Life, Habitat for Humanity Builds & much more!

EYP represents current and future leaders of our business community doing great things TODAY!

EYP's annual back to school supply drive for local East St. Tammany public schools has had great success. Over the years, they have collected and donated thousands of dollars in school supplies. Last year, the EYPs were able to expand their donation and help our neighboring Livingston Parish with supplies for their affected students. This year, the EYPs would like to honor 3 teachers, ages 21-40, for their annual back to school project. There will be one teacher selected from each of the following categories: grades K-5, grades 6-8, and grades 9-12. Applications will open on July 10, 2017, with a submission deadline of August 25, 2017.

Please email kristi@estchamber.com or stop in at 1808 Front St, Slidell to get your application. If you would like to donate supplies or monetary donations to support our teachers, please call 985-643-5678.

















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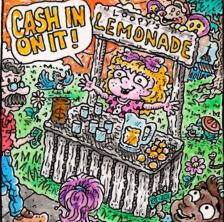












"Your Estate Matters"

By Ronda M. Gabb, NP, JD, RFC



THE LOUISIANA NOTARY PUBLIC

n the other 49 states, which are all common law, the main purpose of a Notary Public is to be an "official witness to a signature" by authenticating signatures for fraud deterrence. Rarely is any testing necessary to become a common law notary and the cost is usually minimal. Other states' notary commissions expire, usually somewhere between three to five years.

What does a Louisiana Notary Public do?

The Notary Public in Louisiana, the only civil law jurisdiction, is completely different from any other state. In addition to the powers of "authenticating signatures," the Louisiana Notary is also authorized to make Testaments (Wills), Acts of Donation, Deed Transfers, Matrimonial Contracts, Powers of Attorney, Limited Emancipations, Partitions, Affidavits of Small Succession, and so much more. And, most importantly, the Louisiana Notarial Commission is for life!

Naturally, to have such broad authority, stringent testing is involved. Twice a year, on the first Saturday of June and December, the Louisiana Notarial Examination is offered. The pass rate for a "first-time" examinee is extremely low. As you can imagine, the test is very difficult, and with good reason, since only attorneys can perform these duties in other states.

How can you become a Notary?

Go to the Louisiana Secretary of State's (SOS) website at **sos.la.gov** and follow the "Notary & Certifications" links. There is plenty of information on the application process and what to expect on the examination. My advice is to purchase the 2017 Louisiana SOS Official Study Guide and read it, cover-to-cover.





Ronda M. Gabb is a Board Certified Estate Planning and Administration Specialist certified by the Louisiana Board of Legal Specialization. She is a member of the American Academy of Estate Planning Attorneys, National Academy of Elder Law Attorneys and the Governor's Elder Law Task Force.



It is a fantastic book on Notarial law and I use it often in my own law practice. If you enjoy it, then you may be ready to become a lifetime Louisiana Notary Public, and the book is necessary for taking the exam anyway.

Although no formal classroom instruction is required, most examinees find that a good notarial preparatory course is helpful. I have been teaching a Notary Exam Preparation Course for the last 20 years (from 2006-2016 through Southeastern Louisiana University) with consistently high pass results. My next class begins on Tuesday, August 22nd to prepare students to sit for the Examination on Saturday, December 2nd. Please contact my office if you are interested in registering as my class is limited to only fifteen students.

NOTARY EXAM PREPARATION COURSE

TUESDAY EVENINGS

August 22 – November 28, 6:30 to 9:00 p.m. Ronda M. Gabb & Associates, LLC 40 Louis Prima Drive, Covington, LA

TUITION:

\$695.00 (\$720.00 for credit card payments)

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Saturday, December 2, 2017

STUDENTS MUST PURCHASE:

2017 Official Study Guide, Fundamentals of Louisiana Notarial Law and Practice on Louisiana Secretary of State's website

Call 985-892-0942

or email reception@rondamgabb.com for the registration form.

Seating is limited to the first 15 paid students.



Crimi-Monny Manny

"CALLING ALL BAD MOMS!"

"Mom, would you like an M&M?"
"NO!! I WOULD LIKE Y'ALL TO
LEAVE ME ALONE SO I CAN
START WRITING THIS DAMN
ARTICLE!"

That was the last thing I said to my child before sitting down at this computer. Days before that, I had talked to them about the Bible verse, "Love is patient, love is kind..."

Oops.

Granted, we have been stuck in the house for two rainy days, my husband is out of town, and I have reached my breaking point, AGAIN. That's the reason I went and got the M&M's in the first place, to make up for the other unkind, impatient things I had said while trapped in the house.

So much for that.

Wanting to be the mom that I envision in my head just sets me up for failure, I think. It gives me something to work towards, but, in the meantime, I just sound crazy to them.

I've shared a lot of these "Bad Mom" moments over the years because I know I'm not alone in them. It is very therapeutic to be real about my faults, to openly communicate them, hoping that someone else will do the same. It works within my tight circle of friends, because there is trust.

But, what if I found some moms that aren't so close to me, maybe even some that we might consider "near perfect," just to find out they suck equally as bad as the rest of us?

Well, pop some popcorn, take a break from beating yourself up, and hear some other crappy mom moments from women other than me, most of them right here in our own backyard...

"I stayed out way too late, celebrating a friend's wedding. I was drunker than drunk. I don't even remember how I got in bed, or who got me there. My two children woke up before me. I just remember the pain in my

eyeballs that morning as my oldest flicked the bedroom light on and my youngest shoved a granola bar in my mouth. They were little, but knew Mommy didn't feel good, and so, they wanted to help. It WAS nice to have breakfast in bed for once."

"I was in the Walmart parking lot, loading groceries into the car, when I hear my 3-year-old say, "Mommy! I'm going awaaaaaaaay!" I turned to see him helplessly rolling down the parking lot in the buggy as a car was backing up. The guy hit his brakes in just enough time to stop the buggy with the side of his car."

"Telling my son for two days that the game he got last month was his birthday present. I forgot to order the new one. Thank God for Amazon prime."

"My son was in pre-K, and they nap... on Monday you are



supposed to send a blanket for the week. Monday morning, I dug the dirty one out of the bag, cussed for a moment, smelled it, and decided there was NO WAY to pass it off as laundered. I told him to grab a favorite throw blanket from the basket of blankets in the living room and put it in his bag. Off to school we go! That afternoon, I get a note stapled to his bag (yes, the outside of his bag), saying that the blanket isn't appropriate. My face is both confused and horrified. I open the bag and there is Daryl Dixon, from the Walking Dead, with his crossbow! My son said it was his favorite cuz it's so soft!"

"I was half asleep, bringing my son to football practice, when I stopped at the gas station to get cigarettes for Grandma, a drink, and some gas. I paid for everything, and left. Got halfway down the street and realized I forgot to get the gas, and my son. I left him at the pump where he was still standing, waiting

for me to back up so he could pump the gas!"

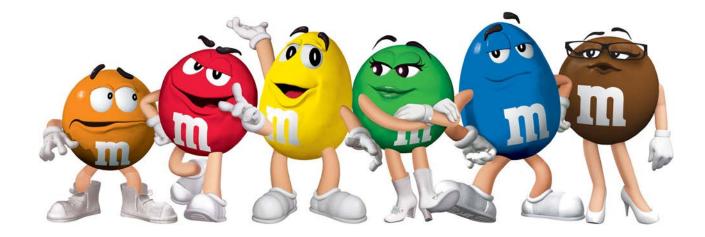
"My Mommy win moment:
Me: What time do you have to be at the school tomorrow for your performance?
Daughter: 5:45, because I perform with the band first, then the chorus.
Me: Wait, what? You play in the band? What instrument do you play?
Daughter: (Looking at me and shaking her head in disbelief)
Mom, seriously? Do you even pay attention to my extracurricular activities?"

"I left my son in the Piggly Wiggly when he was 7. I was pregnant with my other son. Thank God, we lived behind the store. I knew I forgot something."

"Many years ago, our boys practiced basketball at several different gyms. Since they rode the bus from school to our office, I was always running out in between my scheduled work to drop them here or there. As I dropped them off at two different locations, I saw kids everywhere, in all stages of practice. When I returned an hour or so later, one son was outside crying away (he was about five). I had dropped him at the WRONG gym! I never left without my calendar again!"

"You mean the one when I called my son an "ass"? His cousin, whom had never heard me talk to my son like that, is still traumatized! In my defense, I did ask him to get me the directions to where his track meet was being held, and he was too embarrassed to tell his teacher that he didn't know where the stadium was."





"I was in school for an education degree and had previously taken a child psychology class where I learned about the stages of depth perception in infants. Well, I tested it with my own child. I was recording him while on my bed, when he was at the early stages of crawling, and well, he had mastered it... right off my bed onto the floor. No depth perception whatsoever! I didn't catch him, stop him... nothing... until he hit the floor head first! At that moment, I was just testing what I had learned in school. Did he have depth perception? Obviously not. He was OK, but I don't know if I was for allowing him to do it! Isn't that what we do when they get older, too? I know it isn't the same, by far... but he learned not to go to the edge anymore. I felt horrible for it (and for recording it)."

"There is always the time I forgot my niece at the roller rink when I left my son's birthday party. I had gotten all the way home, on the other side of town, and still didn't realize it until I got a phone call. Guess I should have counted heads!"

"My husband and I had a much-needed passionate moment after our 2-year-old was in bed asleep. We didn't care about getting up and locking the bedroom door at that time. At some point, our child woke up and crawled up on the foot of our bed. To this day, I don't know what he saw, but it obviously wasn't very interesting to him. By the time we noticed, he was sound asleep."

"When my son (out of high school now) wants me to cook, I give him a step to do, like, start the water for the pasta. I keep telling him I will be there soon, then give him another step until he has made the whole meal. I just sit on the couch enjoying my rum punch."

"We were getting out of the hotel elevator onto the lobby floor, when I realized my two-year-old wasn't next to me. He was still standing in the elevator, paralyzed by fear, as the doors shut way too quickly for me to reach him. I instinctively jumped in the elevator next to it while my husband stayed with our other child, then realized, maybe that wasn't so smart. There were at least 20 floors. I found him 15 minutes or so later (seemed like an eternity), by going up the stairs to every floor and looking down every hallway until I found him. He was on the 12th floor, sitting and crying. I just sat there and cried with him."

Thank you to all the Moms who shared these, the ones that aren't quite ready to, and for those of you that never will. We each have our own parenting standards, morals, and values, BUT, being honest with ourselves when we totally miss the mark is what makes us GOOD MOMS.

Step out of your shadows of failure for a while and be empowered in knowing that every parent around you says or does things that they aren't very proud of. It shouldn't give us an excuse to keep creating more shadows, it just comforts us when we do. And WE WILL create them. Again and again.

My Mom once told me, "We do the best we can where we are in life."

Ten years ago, when we were moving from Alabama to Louisiana, I was having lots of bad Mommy moments. Our kids were 5, 2 and 3 months old, my husband was in surgery recovery, I had to move and make small repairs on the whole house while trying to care for them. In the middle of this hard week, our family cat got hit by a car and died. (I think this has been mentioned before.) The kids and I were living in a hotel while everything came together. Brian got out of the hospital mid-week and was laid up in the hotel bed. also needing me to care for him. I cried every day that week as

situations kept building on top of one another. My frustrations came out as angry words and the kids saw an ugly side of me that I had never even seen in myself before, as a Mom. It scared me because I realized that, one, I'm not super woman, and two, when times got even harder in the future, I might not be able to handle them as June Cleavery as I wanted to.

So, I called my Mom for advice again. This is what she told me in an email right after we talked...

"It's not going to bother the kids the way your life is right now: staying in a motel; traveling back and forth to your house with one or more kids in tow; fast food every night; you going to the store without them; their house in the midst of changes, etc. The way you are handling it is what counts. The two-year-old being able to run up and down the motel hall with his

new truck, your oldest learning a tender lesson on life and death, and the baby learning that Mommy may leave a lot but she always comes back. All of these things are making sweet memories for them and feelings that will stay with them forever. I think you are doing great. I love you."

As I was down on myself for all the bad moments, she reminded me of the parts I was doing right. And there were a lot more than I had even realized. I can look back now and see that I did pretty awesome in the given situation. But it's the same with all of us. We see the worst in ourselves. Kids. on the other hand, see us and our situations differently than we do, and they are very forgiving. They focus more on that love... the small steps we take out of the shadows, in-between the chaos, to let them know they DO matter. And who

made me realize that, back then, and again, just now... ANOTHER "Bad Mom".

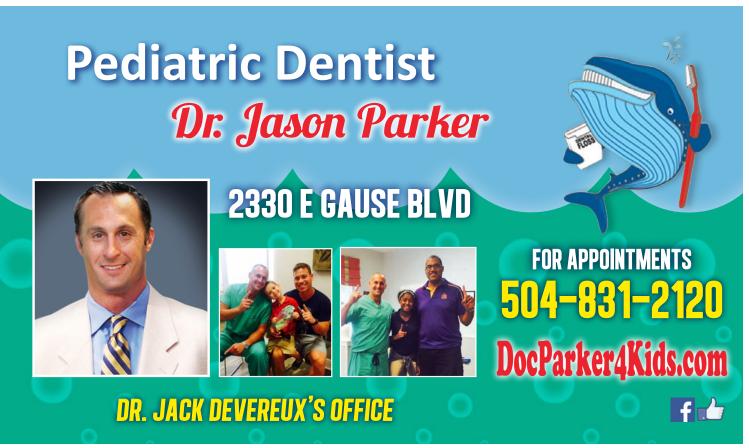
Let's be there for one another, not tear each other down to see who can appear to be the best.

We are all doing the best we can. Where we are.

I'm gonna go get my M&M now.









Medical Marijuana

It's been quite a while since I've seen a case of marijuana toxicosis in a dog, and even longer since I studied it in veterinary school. Nonetheless, it's been on my mind lately, as dialogue about this substance is evolving—from "illegal and toxic" to potentially beneficial for a variety of medical conditions.

A 2012 study reported a four-fold increase in the number of dogs treated for marijuana intoxication following the legalization of medical marijuana in Colorado. So brushing up on my familiarity with the diagnosis and treatment of canine pot exposure seemed like a good idea, even in a state like Louisiana, where it's still illegal on the local, state and federal levels.

But how best to address a client whose dog has been diagnosed with cancer, and who asks if Fido would benefit from medical marijuana? Here's what you need to know about cannabis and its potential (veterinary) medical use.

Humans have been acquainted with Cannabis for a long time. Findings in archeological sites suggest that cannabis has been used—even cultivated—for over 10,000 years. Hemp and marijuana are two different subspecies of the plant Cannabis sativa L, and they contain more than 480 unique compounds, 85 of which are physiologically active cannabinoids. Basically, these are the drugs in Cannabis. The two primary cannabinoid compounds are cannabidiol (CBD), and delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). Hemp contains primarily CBD, which is not psychoactive, but does seem to have

antianxiety, antipsychotic, antispasmodic and antibacterial properties. Marijuana contains higher levels of THC, which is psychoactive, with euphoretic ("high"-producing), analgesic, anti-inflammatory, anti-vomiting, antioxidant, and anti-itch properties. The effects of cannabinoids on humans have been summarized as "relax, eat, sleep, forget and protect."

So, potentially, what could cannabis be used to treat medically? In people, cannabinoids' effects are being studied on the following conditions.

Cancer. Malignant tissues seem to have higher numbers of cannabis receptors than non-malignant tissues, and binding those receptors may trigger cancer cell damage or death. Despite this finding, however, CANNABIS IS NOT A CURE FOR CANCER!



Nausea and vomiting. Some synthetic (man-made) cannabinoids are approved for use in treating nausea and vomiting in patients receiving chemotherapy, in cases where conventional drugs have not been effective.

Pain. Cannabinoids can be effective in the control of both acute and chronic pain by modulating signals in the central and peripheral nervous systems. The analgesic properties of CBD, from hemp, may be primarily due to anti-inflammatory effects.

Inappetence (poor appetite). The "munchies" are clearly produced by THC, and may also, to a lesser extent, be modulated by CBD. This effect has been mainly studied in human patients receiving chemotherapy, and in rats.

Inflammatory bowel disease. THC and CBD may both produce potential benefits in the gut. CBD has significant anti-inflammatory and antispasmodic effects, and THC may help reduce some intestinal symptoms, along with its anti-vomiting, analgesic, and appetite-stimulant effects.

Others. Proposed clinical uses for cannabis include treatment of anorexia nervosa, epilepsy /seizure disorders, anxiety, diabetes, glaucoma, and infection with methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus (MRSA) and other bacteria.

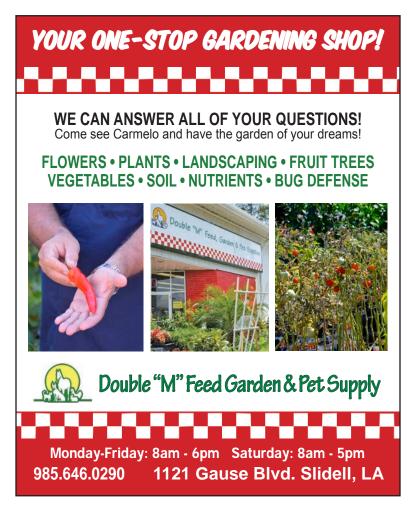
It's important to note that, to my knowledge as I am writing this, essentially no scientific studies have been done on the effects of cannabis on dogs. The potential uses and effects mentioned above refer to humans only. On the subject of the effects of cannabis in pets and its potential medical use, all evidence is currently anecdotal, and the jury is still out. Way, way out.

Cannabis is currently a DEA Schedule 1 Controlled Drug, meaning that the US Federal Government recognizes no legitimate medicinal use, and considers it to have a high potential for abuse. There is currently federal legislation pending in Congress to reclassify it. It should be noted that VETERINARIANS IN ALL 50 STATES ARE CURRENTLY PROHIBITED FROM PRESCRIBING MEDICAL MARIJUANA. So don't ask. But pet owners are allowed to administer legal cannabis products to their animals. Products containing CBD, obtained from industrial hemp plants, rather than medical marijuana, are available legally.

The take-home message: although veterinarians cannot recommend or prescribe medical marijuana, they can assist clients in a couple of ways.

- 1) They can advise on, and when necessary, diagnosis and treat marijuana toxicity, as dogs have a higher number of brain receptors for cannabinoids, potentially making them more sensitive to cannabis than their owners are. And as hard as it is to believe, there may be 1 or 2 people out there with personal marijuana stashes for their dogs to accidentally stumble across.
- 2) Some vets may be willing to discuss legal cannabis options, for cases in which high CBD (legal hemp) products may be appropriate, or at least worth trying.

As always, ask your vet before administering any medicine or supplement, be it prescription or OTC, to your pet.





OUT TAIRS

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RESTAURANT



Slidell Magazine was EVERYWHERE this month! Here are Just a few of our adventures!



A sneak peek: Slidell Magazine's Storyteller, John Case, reads his latest story to his grandson, Henry



WHAT A BARGAIN! Lemonade, 25¢ Carly Gates, daughter of Slidell Magazine writer Leslie Gates (Crimi-Mommly Insane) sets up shop in her neighborhood



Our friend, Laura Borchert, is pictured on a digital billboard in Times Square, New York as she rides 300 miles in the Creat Cycle Challenge to raise money to fight children's cancer. So far, 40,000 riders have raised almost 3.7 million dollars!



WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!
Our award-winning photographer & writer,
Donna Bush, in New Hampshire, taking a ride with
two Budweiser Clydesdales in training



Everyone had a great time at Slidell Magazine's Business After Hours at the Chamber Martketplace. I-r: Julie & Paul Wood, Dawn Rivera, Audrey Baker, Kim Bergeron, Slidell Mag Editor Kendra Maness, Lee Kriel and Steve Usner



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