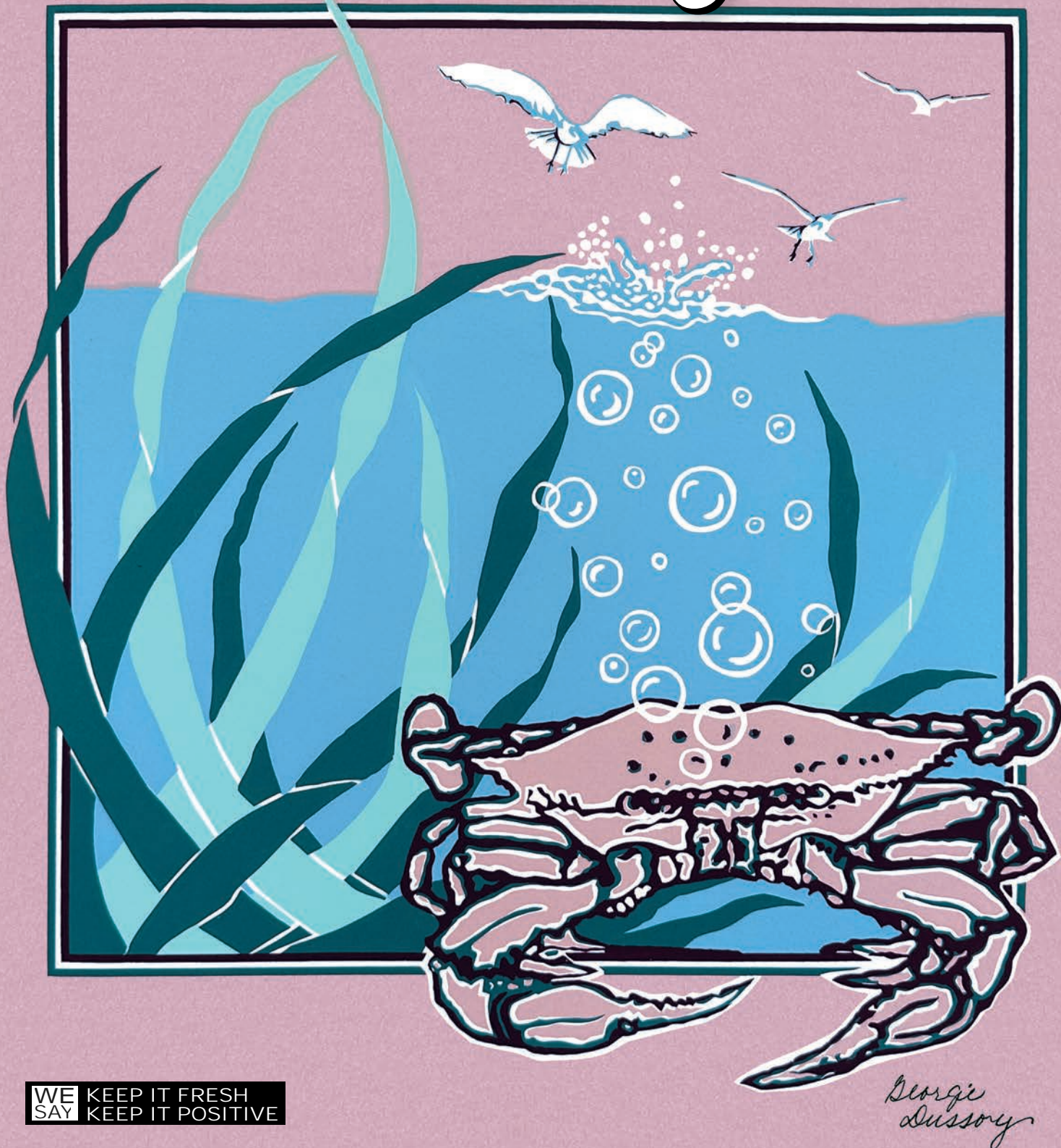


THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF SLIDELL

Slidell magazine

Vol. 152 June 2023

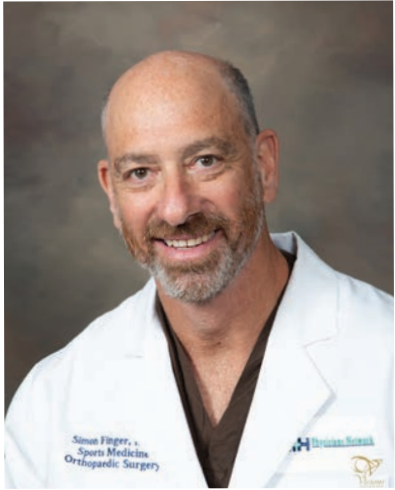


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A photograph of a physical therapist, a man in a grey t-shirt and black shorts, kneeling and assisting an elderly male patient. The patient is wearing a blue t-shirt and black shorts and is standing on a white step. The therapist is adjusting a brace on the patient's knee. The background shows a bright, modern clinical or gym setting with large windows and exercise equipment.

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COVER: 1992 LACOMBE CRAB FESTIVAL POSTER

ARTIST: GEORGIE DUSSOUY



Lacombe resident Georgie Dussouy received a BA degree from LSUNO in 1971 with a major in Fine Arts. Upon graduation, she worked as a graphic artist for a prominent New Orleans advertising studio. She has created watercolor renderings for St. Tammany Parish and Tangipahoa

Parish Home Builders Associations, as well as creating multiple posters for the St. Tammany Parish Fair Association and Bayou Lacombe Crab Festival. Her numerous exhibit awards include a prestigious purchase award by the St. Tammany Parish Commission on Cultural Affairs and the Grumbacher Award for Excellence. In 1991, she began studying the classical style of the Grand Masters with mentor Larry Casso, founder of the Baton Rouge Fine Arts Academy.

Georgie says, "A passion for drawing and painting has been a part of my makeup since I was a small child. My choice of subject matter is what makes me happy. Planned or unplanned, it's an opportunity to embrace, to turn something unexpected into a memory or a memory into a celebration. I hope when someone views my work they smile with joy."

Georgie presently works in both watercolors and acrylics. She plans to continue her love of art and enjoy the fellowship and positive environment associated with her artist friends for years to come.

This is the first time Georgie's artwork has appeared in *Slidell Magazine* and we look forward to more!

Georgie Dussouy is available for commissions. She can be reached via email: sassygeorge@bellsouth.net.

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Slidell magazine

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Editor's Letter

Kendra Maness, Editor / Publisher

Election season has officially begun! We are less than six months out from our regional and state elections. The advertisements have started, the debates are scheduled, and the campaign platforms have been honed and polished to perfection. I can practically hear the collective groan from all of you as I type this. However, in keeping with our magazine motto, "Keep It Fresh, Keep It Positive," let's explore a different perspective as we begin this election season...

One of the good things about campaign season is that we will learn a whole bunch about the topics that affect our region. We'll even learn about some issues that we weren't aware of previously. We will get data, statistics, action plans, and solutions in easy-to-understand sound bites from the candidates. Historically, internet searches on topics regarding insurance, healthcare, the environment, and crime are higher during election season than any other time in the year, due to fact-checking by voters. As the election draws closer, we tend to seek more knowledge about the issues that affect us. This makes us better voters; and, hopefully, makes for better elected officials.

We will also learn a whole lot more about the candidates that are running for office. Good or bad, we will learn about their job experience, their personal lives, and their vision for our community.

Speaking of personal lives... Every election season, I vow to myself that I will remember that each candidate is a real PERSON, who deserves the same respect as any of my neighbors. These candidates will be judged on their every action, nit-picked on every word, and have their personal lives scrutinized and microscopically examined. They must show incredible strength at a time where their privacy (and their pocketbooks) are at their most vulnerable. Egad. I know I couldn't handle it. Let's try to imagine ourselves in their shoes and have some empathy.

Many of these candidates will lose friends and create enemies, unintentionally, because of their bid for public office. The current volatile climate of American politics makes this almost unavoidable. I don't know of any other job where the hiring process is as daunting.

I know there is a lot of cynicism when it comes to American politics; I have a healthy dose of it myself. But I truly believe, particularly on our local and state levels, that many of these neighbors that we call "politicians" go into office with good hearts and altruistic intentions.

Like I said, it's a different perspective for this political season. Just remember, we're Southerners. We're known for our hospitality and our good manners. Y'all be sweet.

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Extraordinary Slidell Neighbors



A biography by Charlotte Collins

Suzanne Mayfield Krieger

*"A dream doesn't become reality through magic;
it takes sweat, determination and hard work."*

Colin Powell

It was a surprisingly cool morning when I arrived at Mayfair, the home of Suzanne Mayfield Krieger and Dr. Bill Krieger. I drove through rows of foxgloves and hostas, all in bloom. The annual Spring Garden Tours and Luncheon had just been held here, and the timing was perfect. Above the front door, a starburst of natural limbs was adorned with whimsical flora and fauna, a favorite photo spot for the garden group.

As I stood out front, childhood memories of this house flooded back. I grew up just down Old Spanish Trail in a restored home that my mother, Pomeroy Lowry, discovered. Mayfair definitely had a similar historical vibe. I felt at home before I even entered, and was now curious about the history of this home's past. To my surprise, I was to learn that my childhood home was built by Suzanne's grandfather, Charles Nunez.

Suzanne and Meme, her Yorkie-poo, greeted me and led me to the dining room tables that were still decorated from the recent luncheon. There were elaborate, tall arrangements on each of the half dozen tables. My attention finally gravitated to the two huge pastel

family portraits which were obviously from a vintage era. I was told that the story of Mayfair's name really begins with these portraits. Suzanne related, "This house was built in 1912 by my grandfather, Henry H. Mayfield, for my grandmother, Adele Gazin Mayfield." Pointing to an 1857 pastel portrait of a young woman with beautiful red hair that looked so much like Suzanne, she informed me that this was her great-great-grandmother.

Lamenting, my host added, "I don't know her name, but I'm working on our ancestry to find out." She pointed out her great-great-great-grandparents and great-grandmother in a group portrait dated 1855. "I was told that my ancestors traveled from the Mayfair section of London, England in the early 1800's. After a long sea voyage, they eventually traveled in a covered wagon until they were stopped by the expanse of Lake Pontchartrain, and settled in New Orleans."

She reminisced, "From my very earliest memory as a child, these works of art were always hanging in the hall upstairs. I loved them, but didn't know a lot about

the paintings until I visited a museum in Lafayette in 1971. That is where I saw a portrait in the same style with the same little bouquet of flowers you see these women holding. I looked closely and found this same signature. That's where I learned about J. Lion, a black portrait artist from the French Quarter during the 1850s. I remember going with my dad when he took our pastels to New Orleans to have them restored. He was advised not to take them out of frame or they would crumble, so fortunately they have not been retouched. You can't imagine how thrilled I was to find out more about the artist so many years later."

As we moved into the kitchen, Bill offered to make me a cappuccino with frothed milk. He suggested Suzanne give me a tour of the gardens and he would bring one out for each of us. Well, who could refuse that? Our journey took us through a labyrinth of rose, camellia, fruit and herb gardens. As we circled back by way of the raised bed herb gardens, she pointed out that they were strategically placed near the outdoor grill, making cooking with fresh herbs a

breeze. She gave me a brochure with a map of the gardens, and I found that the plan and garden gates were patterned after Hidcote Gardens in England. She discovered the gardens while she was trying to research her roots, and determined to pay homage to those gardens when she returned to Mayfair.

We settled in with our warm beverages, and I was looking forward to learn why the Mayfields moved from New Orleans to Slidell. One thing Suzanne did know was that her grandfather, Henry, worked for Salmen Brick and Lumber Company as the foreman that fired all of the bricks, including the ones used to build this house. She even has a couple of bricks where he wrote his name on them. They are referred to as "Salmen Tans." The story passed down for generations is that he was given three conditions upon which Adele would move away from the big city. She wanted plumbing, electricity, and phone communication with her friends. So, he sold a herd of cattle, and proceeded to provide everything his wife would need to make her happy in the country. Henry cut the timber down on this property and had it milled to complete the structure, which he named Mayfair.

Over the years, Suzanne gathered stories from her older cousins, Adele and Henry L. Mayfield, Jr. "My father, Nick Mayfield, and uncle, Henry L. Mayfield, Sr. would go out on horseback from here to where Military Road is now to round up the cows and their calves to brand them. He had a stove where he would bake a big sweet potato, and brew a cup of really thick, dark coffee for the ride through the woods."

This confirms the stories so many of my interviewees have told us about cows running free all over Slidell.

The name Henry Mayfield may sound familiar to you. The new elementary school on Hwy. 190 is named after her uncle Henry L. Mayfield, Sr., who was the Assistant Superintendent for St. Tammany Parish School Board (STPSB). He began his career as a teacher at Waldheim Elementary in Covington.



Mayfair circa 1912 and in 2012, with the bottom floor added

His philosophy was that every single child could learn, and was passionate about education. Suzanne related that he always brought her and her brother books and worksheets. So both Henrys had an impact on the young Suzanne. We will hear more about STPSB from Suzanne later in this story.

Henry Sr. passed away in the rose garden between Mayfair and "the little house." After her husband passed, Adele (Grannie) continued living at Mayfair, and her daughter, known now as Aunt Ruby, looked after her. One of Suzanne's fondest recollections was walking on the little gravel drive from the "little house" to the main house. When asked about her earliest influences, she smiled and immediately related how much she loved to visit Grannie and Aunt Ruby. She learned to sew, to bake, and to entertain. She still has the Singer sewing machine in the attic. Suzanne beamed, "I made a white organza apron for my mother for Mother's Day and I learned

to cross stitch on the pocket. Our first aprons were made from flour sacks and they were beautiful!"

Grannie and Aunt Ruby probably had no idea what passion they were passing on to little Suzie. But I was about to learn, and so too, are you!

Her love for sewing became a career in fashion design. But that was not all she learned from her earliest teachers. She also loved preparing for the ladies' Priscilla Club meeting at Mayfair. They would bake cakes for days beforehand, especially pound cakes, which Suzanne still serves at her luncheons today. The gardens were spruced up, and floral arrangements flooded the indoors with the sweet scents of roses and magnolias. Flash forward to today's Mayfair luncheons, and you will recognize the influences from these two fine ladies.

Adele passed away in 1963 and Aunt Ruby could no longer live by herself. The little house was too small for all of them. So, Suzanne's father had the original house elevated in order to accommodate the extended family.

Her memories of growing up in the marsh on Old Spanish Trail paralleled my own. We had no air conditioning, and depended on screened windows and ceiling fans to survive the mosquitoes. I vividly recalled my dad using a hand held fogger to spray insecticide all around the exterior of the house on those days after a storm when the mosquitoes got as thick as a cloud. There were times I wasn't allowed to play outside because they literally coated my arms and legs. But Nick Mayfield went a step further, using a hand pumped sprayer, called



This 1855 portrait from J. Lion shows Suzanne's great-great-great grandparents and her great-grandmother (left)

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a flit gun, to spray inside the bedrooms with Gulf Spray. Suzanne laughed spontaneously, "Oh my gosh, I remember you couldn't breathe when he sprayed that stuff. But we finally got air conditioning five years later, thankfully!"

While growing up at Mayfair, Suzanne attended Slidell Grammar School, Slidell Junior High, Salmen High, and graduated in 1971 from Slidell High. Her favorite past times were window shopping at Neuhauser's Department Store and buying fabric and patterns from Halpern's Fabrics to sew her own clothes.

In those days, everyone dressed up to go to Canal Street in the big city, shopping at Godchaux, Gus Meyer's, Kreeger's, D.H. Holmes, and Maison Blanche. The huge, floor-to-ceiling windows had mechanized decorations and holiday music was piped outside to lure the children. Each major department store tried to outdo the others. I was a Tom-boy, so the decorations and the soda fountain were my favorite parts. For Suzanne, it was all about the newest fashion designs.

Suzanne's first job was working in her family business, Mayfield's Office Supply, next to Bank of Slidell, and down from Langston's Drug Store, on Front Street. Luckily, it was only blocks away from Halpern's and Neuhauser's. Eventually, she asked Mr. Neuhauser for a job wrapping gifts so she could buy her own clothes.

While working for Fritz Neuhauser, the various "rag peddlers" (traveling clothes salesmen) would pull the racks out of their Lincolns and Cadillacs and bring them in to display for Fritz to make selections. He slowly drew Suzanne in, asking her opinions on teen fashion. Gaining confidence in her capabilities, she started advising customers on coordinating outfits in both the men's and lady's side. Fritz promoted her to a sales position in the Junior's Department. Now the "rag peddlers" were coming to Suzanne. Raising two fingers in the air, she explained, "I always bought two blouses for every pair of pants or skirt, so people could expand their outfits. I now had money to buy my own clothes, and I wore the newest fashions so my friends all came to see my collections at the store."

During the summers, Suzanne traveled to Covington, Hammond, and Amite selling 3M gift wrapping paper, scotch tape, and ribbon to retail stores. Just before she left for LSU, the rep from 3M recommended Suzanne to Harby Kreeger for a position at his store in Bon Marche Mall in Baton Rouge. This job paid for her apartment and helped support her through college.

"So that's how that it all started. I went to USL my freshman year, but transferred to LSU because they had a great fashion merchandising curriculum, including a fashion industry tour in New York. Harby Kreeger from his family's department store in New Orleans arranged tours for the students with Vogue and Butterick patterns, fabric houses, sportswear manufacturers, and couture designers."

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After graduation, Suzanne sent out 150 job inquiry letters to all the contacts she had made in New York. She was rejected by all of them. She explained, "Nobody had women as traveling sales representatives in 1975."

Suzanne went back to Fritz Neuhauser, asking for his help. She needed his market book for the rag peddlers that showed their lines at the Fontainebleau Hotel in New Orleans. This time she wrote to each of them and got five answers back, all inviting her to interview. "The first four interviews laughed at me, saying, 'A woman can't do this. You might get mugged or raped. You can't even pick up all these clothes.'"

Suzanne explained that a rag peddler has to drive alone with all their merchandise to visit all the clothing specialty shops in little towns across several states.

But Suzanne had her sights set and her mind made up. The fifth interview produced results. George Wirshup, who worked for a company with lines named Ellanee and Jackson Square Sportswear, gave her a chance.

She was assigned the Baton Rouge and Lake Charles areas. The deal was that she had to open 30 accounts in the first month or be fired. He taught her how to go into a town and scope out all the clothing stores and look for the lines that required good credit. Instead of failing, as expected, she opened 33 accounts in one month and got a raise. She admitted, "I bought a baby blue Cadillac El Dorado. My advantage turned out to be that I was able to wear my samples into the store. The men couldn't do that!" She laughed, admitting it was a good time in her life.

"After five years, bigger companies were calling me because they were hearing about this young woman from down in Louisiana doing a man's job. I ended up with 350 stores across Louisiana and Mississippi!"

Ten years later, as the small retail clothing industry declined, Suzanne had the opportunity to buy "The Gift Shoppe" in Slidell. She joined the Chamber, serving on their board as well as the Education Committee, and attended all of the school board meetings. She rose to the position of President for the Slidell Chamber but making a difference for education remained her focus. When frustrated parents asked Suzanne to run for the school board, she agreed to give it her all.

In the early 90's, then-Governor Buddy Roemer cut the budget for STPSB by \$3.2 million. The Governor refused to meet with the President of the School Board Association, so Suzanne decided she had to pour her efforts into the cause. She got the appointment and got the 3.2 million dollars reinstated.

The next challenge was to make a difference on a broader level. She ran for State Representative, District 76, which included parts of Slidell and the Military Road area. This race



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1.) The 1857 portrait of Suzanne's great-great-grandmother by artist J. Lion. 2.) Suzanne and her beloved Aunt Ruby in 1954. 3.) Suzanne became President of the Slidell Chamber in 1987. 4) Mayfair withstood Katrina, but the damage was extensive.

pinned her against 20 year incumbent, Ed Scogin. She described, "I knocked on the doors of houses in the entire district and won the seat in 1991. My strategy was to take my "top 12" list of requests from my constituents to then-Governor Edwin Edwards. He picked up the phone in front of me and made calls, netting my community 11 of the 12 on the list, including the Fremaux Interchange!"

As a legislator, she had such a productive first term that she wanted to do more. Rather than run for legislator for a second term, she seized the opportunity to campaign for the open seat of Lieutenant Governor. She made it to the runoffs, but was defeated by Kathleen Blanco (who later became Governor).

Her entire focus shifted after Hurricane Katrina. She revealed, "I was here for every hurricane, our family never left for Betsy, Camille, or any storms afterward. We never felt our lives were really in

danger back then and never flooded. But then Katrina hit and, after the eye passed, I experienced the force of the tidal surge which ripped our doors off and almost swept my daughter Adele out while she was rescuing our pets. Then our renters from the little house ran over with their greyhound in their arms. They barely made it through the chest high water. The water was so strong it raised my car up almost level with the second floor. We couldn't open the doors against the force of the water to let them in. So we sent them to the kitchen windows on the opposite side of the house. They were painted shut and hadn't been opened in years, but sheer will won out. Bill was able to raise the windows and pull the couple and their dog into safety. After the eye passed, the storm surge came in so fast. It was grey and it kept coming and coming, getting higher and higher."

Well that explained why everything was coated with a grey film once the waters receded. But to look at Suzanne's gardens today, you would have no idea that all the trees, shrubs, grass, everything was destroyed.

She continued, "I don't think anyone could have imagined the destruction and force of this storm without experiencing it. This experience challenged me to use all the skills that I had acquired in the leadership positions to go on to a new challenge. My goal was now to provide a comprehensive hurricane protection system for all of St. Tammany Parish."

Then one day well after the storm, Suzanne saw levees that looked like wings being built on either side of I-10 between Old Spanish Trail and Lakeshore Estates.

"I realized that, when we had another hurricane with a serious tidal surge, many of us would be outside of those



1.) The driveway leading to Mayfair sets the stage for the beauty of the grounds. 2.) A small sample of the hundreds of opulent antiques throughout Suzanne's home. 3.) The statue and rose garden at Mayfair.

Krieger throws hat in ring

Announces candidacy for lieutenant governor

By JULIE VEZINOT
American Press Staff Writer

APR. 24, 1995

House Executive Committee
Besides her legislative career, Krieger is

ing laid on the risk of things that are impor-
tant, like marriage, and want to be sure



1.-3) Campaign coverage and promotion for Suzanne's term as State Representative for District 76 in 1972 and her bid for Lt. Governor in 1985. 4) As Chairman of the St. Tammany Levee Drainage Conservation District, Suzanne is still an active public speaker.

new levees. So I started asking a lot of questions, and I couldn't get any answers. I started going to meetings at the Towers building, Koop Drive, anywhere officials were meeting. Then I met the Eden Isles folks, and they had been trying many years since Katrina to get flood protection."

"One morning, I received a phone call from Tom Thompson, a leader in flood protection efforts for Eden Isles, and a retired engineer. He asked me if I would be interested in putting my hat in the ring for a seat on the St. Tammany Parish Levee Board."

Of course she said YES! First, she had to get appointed by Governor John Bell Edwards. Fast forward to today, and she is Chairman of the St. Tammany Levee Drainage Conservation District. Things started falling into place.

It took a lot of hard work and many partnerships were developed between

the Governor's office, Coastal Protection Restoration Authority (CPRA), our St. Tammany Legislative Delegation, St. Tammany Parish government, and Congressional Delegation leadership in Washington, DC. On a recent trip to Washington DC, there were ten teams from these groups who engaged with 71 congressmen in three days. These partnerships have developed a \$4.4 billion federal project with the US Army Corps of Engineers and hundreds of millions of state and local funding. These funds are committed to comprehensive flood risk reduction efforts in St. Tammany Parish.

Standing up and raising her arms, she exclaimed, "This was an unbelievable moment for our Levee Board!" In 2024, the Water Resources Development Act (WRDA), the funding bill for flood risk reduction, will be sent to Congress for funding. By then, it will be six years in the making.

She didn't always win, nor did she expect to always succeed. But who would have ever thought that this spunky young redhead from the marshes of Slidell would be trying to solve our worst nightmare? Instead of worrying at night, like many of us do, she gets up and asks herself, "What can I do about it?" Fortunately for us, Suzanne has always taken action. Through decades of civic involvement, Suzanne has impacted our community in ways that are still being realized throughout St. Tammany Parish.

Suzanne's mission to keep our parish's flooding and drainage at the forefront of legislative priorities is unlocking funding - and hope. Perhaps you can lend a voice and help keep this conversation going on any level you can. Just like the ripples in a pond, our chorus of voices can bring about change.



1.) The entrance of Mayfair gives visitors a hint at the magnificence behind the door. 2) Suzanne's recent trip to Washington DC to help secure funding for flood risk reduction in St. Tammany Parish. 3.) The Krieger family: Adele, Bill, Suzanne, and Robyn.



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4

5

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May 18 thru July 29, 2023

11

Slidell Summer
Celebration

OLDE TOWNE SLIDELL - 10 AM

12



Teen Art Workshop
Robert Blvd. Branch
2:30 PM

13

Slidell Council Meeting > 6:30 - 7:30 PM

14

FLAG DAY

Food for Seniors Distribution Day
St Luke's
1 - 3 PM

15

RIBBON CUTTING
Hot Work
Covington > 11:30 AM

16

JUNETEENTH
FREEDOM DAY

17

CARS & COFFEE
Pizza Platoon - 9 AM

Camellia City Farmer's Market
Every Saturday 8 AM - Noon

18

25



JURASSIC JUNGLE
The Great Dino Rescue - 7 PM

19



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20

EAST ST TAMMANY
BUSINESS SUMMIT - 8:30 AM

BINGO! Every Tues & Thurs - 3 PM
Slidell Lions Club - 356 Cleveland Ave.



21

LEGISLATIVE WRAP UP
LUNCHEON
Slidell Auditorium > 11:30 AM

LOBBY LOUNGE
Patrick Sampson - 7 PM

22

Business After Hours
CenterWell
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23

JURASSIC JUNGLE: THE GREAT DINO RESCUE
Friday @ 7 PM, and Saturday @ 11 AM, 3 PM & 7 PM

24

\$7 PANCAKE BREAKFAST
SLIDELL LION'S CLUB - 8 AM

Krewe of Titans TUBING
LA River Adventures - 9 AM

SHOWCASE
COMIC CON - 10 AM

26

SHOWCASE
COMIC CON - 10 AM

27

Slidell Council Meeting > 6:30 - 7:30 PM

28

DISNEY'S FINDING NEMO JR.
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29

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Fleur De Lis Law & Title Co.
Mandeville > 11:30 AM

31

3-WHEEL SHOWDOWN > Slidell Fritchie Park > 9 AM
Y.A.T.S. DISNEY'S CAMP ROCK THE MUSICAL > Slidell Little Theatre > 7 PM

1

SLIDELL
HERITAGE FESTIVAL
Music • Food • Fireworks
HERITAGE PARK • 4 - 11 PM

2

1 JUNE
PRIDE MONTH

2

NATIONAL
DONUT
DAY

3

Camellia City Farmer's Market
Every Saturday 8 AM - Noon

Krewe of Titans CRAWFISH & GOLF
Royal Golf Club - 1 PM

4

5

B2B NETWORKING
Slidell Chamber
Begins @ 8:30 AM

RIBBON CUTTING
Sol Spa
Slidell > 11:30 AM

6

Drag Fabulosity: A Night of DRAG
Cutting Edge Theater > 8 PM

7

Lacombe Market
Lacombe Family Pharmacy - 10 AM
Olde Towne Slidell Art Market
Green Oaks Apothecary - 12 PM

8

RIBBON CUTTING
Covington Trace ER & Hospital
Mandeville > 11:30 AM

9

Slidell Summer Celebration
OLDE TOWNE SLIDELL
10 AM

10

CARS & COFFEE
Pizza Platoon - 9 AM

11

RIBBON CUTTING
Hot Work
Covington > 11:30 AM

12

JUNETEENTH
FREEDOM DAY

13

Camellia City Farmer's Market
Every Saturday 8 AM - Noon

14

JURASSIC JUNGLE: THE GREAT DINO RESCUE
Friday @ 7 PM, and Saturday @ 11 AM, 3 PM & 7 PM

15

\$7 PANCAKE BREAKFAST
SLIDELL LION'S CLUB - 8 AM

16

Krewe of Titans TUBING
LA River Adventures - 9 AM

17

SHOWCASE
COMIC CON - 10 AM

18

Y.A.T.S. DISNEY'S FINDING NEMO JR. > Slidell Little Theatre > 7 PM
FINLEY WATKINS > Cutting Edge Theater > 8 PM

19

SLIDELL
HERITAGE FESTIVAL
Music • Food • Fireworks
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20

3-WHEEL SHOWDOWN > Slidell Fritchie Park > 9 AM
Y.A.T.S. DISNEY'S CAMP ROCK THE MUSICAL > Slidell Little Theatre > 7 PM

21



The Storyteller

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LEAVING HOME

I was just sixteen years old, but I knew it was unusual. We passed him on our way to town that Saturday morning. He was walking down the road with a suitcase in each hand. Dad said that it looked like Billy Wayne was leaving and not coming back.

I asked him how he was so certain and he said, "No man packs two suitcases, never, unless something is wrong. A man will pack one and scatter the rest of his belongings in the back of his truck, the back seat of his car, or just leave them behind; but men don't pack two suitcases. Women do, but not men."

I didn't know Billy Wayne very well. He was twenty-one years old. That was a good bit of age difference between us at the time.



Later that day, when we got to town, we heard about the bank robbery. A few days after that, the sheriff came by asking questions because others had seen Billy Wayne leaving that day. Dad told the sheriff it never crossed his mind that Billy Wayne would be involved. He didn't fit the description anyway. The sheriff agreed.

Like I said, Billy Wayne was older than I was but, from what I remember, he was a good guy and was well liked. He seemed to participate in everything - football, baseball, and I remember he must have been in the band. At night, we could hear him playing his trumpet. Sometimes he would play Taps late at night.

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He was intelligent and worked hard at everything he did. He went to junior college and made good grades but, for some reason, didn't continue his education. For the last year, he just worked odd jobs.

Billy Wayne was over six feet tall and had handsome, rugged features. To add to his rugged appearance, when he was about eight years old, he got kicked by a pony. It left the undeniable image of a horse's hoof on the side of his jaw. He was probably the most recognizable young man in the county because of this scar.

He had become a little strange in the eyes of a few, especially in the last year or two. He got drafted but did not show up for his induction. He really did not try to run away; he just made a point not to be around when they came looking for him. He didn't hide the fact that he did not show up, either. He just said he didn't feel like it was his time to go to Vietnam. Not now anyway.

Most of the people back home never bought into the Vietnam War. I suppose they had poured too much emotion in WWII and Korea. It didn't help any when the military sent Joe Klein's body home. Joe's father insisted on having the coffin opened and nothing was in it but some magazines and trash. The military never did explain that.

I think the sympathy was with Billy Wayne. If the authorities showed up to look for him, someone would tip him off and he would disappear for a week or two.

His parents did not mention him or seem to look for him, so this caused some to think they knew where he was. If they did, however, they never told. Speculation had him in Canada.

It is my opinion that there was a larger crowd at his mother's funeral than normal. People came just to see if Billy Wayne would show up. It had been ten years. I know that is why I went; but I didn't see him there and others said they did not see him either.

Two years later, the same thing happened at his dad's funeral. No Billy Wayne. After this, and with the passing of the older crowd, the bank robbery and Billy Wayne were basically forgotten.

A few years ago, Brenda and I were at the La Jolla Torrey Pines Hilton in California for a business meeting. Several other industries were using parts of the facility at the same time. We would mix with those groups in the bar between meetings or in the evening prior to going to dinner.

I first heard him, the voice, the accent. It was southern with a rapid cadence, and then emphasizing points with slow, drawn-out words. I did not remember what he sounded like,

but it reminded me of his father. I listened and I watched. Yes, it could be him, but it had been over forty years. I moved closer.

Not as obvious now, but visible, was the scar on his jaw. I was certain it was him. As he turned toward me, I could read the name tag, B.W. Tarver. He wasn't hiding anything. It was him.

I waited until he moved to the bar to pay his tab, away from all the others.

"Billy Wayne?" I said while his back was to me, realizing that if he did not answer, I could just pretend I was mistaken in his identity.

He did not turn, but I saw him glance in the mirror behind the bar. He could watch me without facing me.

"It has been a long time since I have been called that. Are you someone I knew from home, or are you someone who chased me for dodging the draft?"

"Yes, from back home. I am Lewis's son, lived down the road from you when I was a kid."

"Then you must be Johnny?"

"Yes, but most people call me John, and I assume you are now B.W.?"

"I found out when I first came to California that if you want to be dubbed a redneck, have a double name. Initials are ok, but no Freddie Joe, Sammy Ray or, in my case, Billy Wayne."

He turned toward me, offered me his hand and, as we shook hands, he asked me if I was in a hurry. I told him no, when the fact was I was late for dinner already. We moved to a table just out of the main bar.

I did not have to say anything. He volunteered, "So, I guess you wonder about me, the mystery man that disappeared all those years ago. Is that correct?"

"You sure were the topic of conversation for a year or two back in the sixties."

"Well, let me set you at ease. I did not rob the bank."

"I never really thought you did, and I don't think anyone else did. It was just that you disappeared the day after it was robbed."

I noticed that he was dressed expensively. Not pretentiously, just that he wore a pleated, tailored shirt, had on designer shoes, and a Rolex. Not the Rolex with all the diamonds, but a Rolex anyway.

"I finally reported for duty, or you may say, I joined the Army. I joined under the name B.W."

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"I had been in country about six months when I got wounded. Shot in the leg. They thought I would lose the leg so they sent me home to rehab at Walter Reed. One day, a couple of military officers show up and give me the Purple Heart. That was an award for getting wounded.

"Three days later, two officers show up to arrest me as Billy Wayne for dodging the draft. I just handed them the Purple Heart and they left. They never returned it and I never used the name Billy Wayne again."

"Since you had nothing to hide, why didn't you come back home?"

"Oh, I did. I missed Mom's funeral but I was there for Dad's."

"I didn't see you."

"No one did. You see, I remained in the reserves after Vietnam. In fact, I put in thirty years total. I went to OCS when I returned from Vietnam and I retired as a Lieutenant Colonel.

"Anyway, Dad had been a WWII veteran and wanted a military funeral. He always loved those, especially the gun firing and the playing of Taps. Bugle players were becoming rare and I had some clout with the reserves. I was the one in the woods at the edge of the cemetery and I played Taps. Dressed in full military uniform, the few glimpses they got of me, they never suspected who I was."

"But why did you remain a mystery? You were not wanted for draft evasion and you had nothing to do with the bank robbery?"

"I said I did not rob the bank, I did not say I didn't have anything to do with it."

I motioned for Brenda to come over and told her to make my apologies for not going to dinner with our group. Just tell them something had come up.

"Back to the bank robbery," I redirected the conversation.

"Well, you remember the large culvert that ran under the highway just where the road to our houses intersected the highway?"

"Yes, I played there as a kid."

"I did too, we all did. Well, just about dark, I was walking toward the road and I heard an argument coming from a car parked beside the highway. I hid in the trees. I am not sure if there were two or three men in the car, but finally one jumped out and climbed down into the culvert. He then got back in the car and sped away.

As soon as their car went over the hill, I went into the culvert and there I found the sack of money. Over \$20,000.”

“So, you took the money and left?”

“Yep. I had planned to go to Canada, but the first bus out was a Trailways headed west and I ended up in California. I figured the serial numbers were marked on at least some of the money, so I hid it in the desert just out of Palm Springs. I then joined the Army.

“When I got back from the Army, I did not even go and look for the money for over a year. If the truth be known, and it had not worked out like it did, I would not have risked spending any of it.

“Golf courses were being built everywhere in the late 60’s, lots of them. I met a man who sold golf course equipment and got a job selling for him. He got killed in a snow skiing accident just about the time the business took off. His wife wanted to know if I wanted to buy the company and we agreed on \$15,000. I paid cash.

“Actually, Johnny, I am not bragging but I have done well, real well. This convention is a meeting of the International Golf Course Equipment Managers Association. I am the largest exhibitor here.”

“You don’t feel that you are taking a chance on telling me this?”

“No, not at all. You see, about ten years ago, I had my attorney contact the FBI. Not giving any names, he floated the idea by them that his client would return all the money plus interest. You can imagine it was a tidy sum by then.

“They were to mark the case closed and agree to never search for or prosecute anyone for the robbery or the possession of the money. It worked.”

B.W. asked a few questions about people back home, most of whom were dead. We exchanged phone numbers and email addresses and agreed to keep in touch. He said he wants to come to New Orleans sometime and maybe drive up home, but I don’t think he will.

Before you ask, his real name was not Billy Wayne Tarver. He is still secretive in a lot of ways.



John S. Case
June 2023

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RED, WINE & BLUE 7/5/23 6:30pm

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BRUSHES & BUBBLES 8/2/23 6:30pm

Embrace the artist within while enjoying scrumptious food and lots of bubbly. Oh yeah, this one is going to be fun.

A TASTE OF ITALY 9/6/23 6:30pm

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MAKING CENTS OF YOUR MONEY

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by: Mike Rich, CFP® | Pontchartrain Investment Management

RUIN YOUR RETIREMENT! THREE EASY STEP TO FINANCIAL DISASTER

If you're like most people, the thought of kicking back in retirement and enjoying the fruits of your years of labor is high on your list of dreams. However, believe it or not, lots of people are dead-set on turning that dream into a nightmare, and they're doing it in three easy steps.

Number one, they are financially disorganized. All the pieces and parts of their financial lives – investments, insurance, loans, retirement and bank accounts, you name it – are scattered about and being handled by different people. No one is in charge, and the parts aren't working together efficiently, if at all.



Everything in your life that has a dollar sign in front of it – car insurance, 401(k), mortgage, your paycheck – falls into one of four categories: Protection, Assets, Liabilities, and Cash Flow. I call them your four financial domains. When I begin work with a client, I start by organizing my client's financial information so we know where everything is. Then, we make sure that the domains are in balance so they're working together efficiently.

Second, a lot of people underestimate the true cost of living. They might consider things like inflation and taxes, but they hardly ever think about planned



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obsolescence, upgraded lifestyles, new technology, and all the other money drains in life that can affect them. For example, when I work with clients on projecting their retirement cash flow, we take into account unplanned events and we build a strategy to meet them when the unexpected happens.

Finally, many people planning for retirement continue to adhere to the myriad myths that plague us, such as “just max out your 401(k) and you’ll be fine”, “buy term insurance and invest the difference”, “rate of return is more important than rate of saving”, and other myths. For example, most investors know that a 401(k) plan can be a great retirement planning tool because it defers taxes until retirement. But, could tax deferral actually cause problems later? Consider this: it’s very possible that someone could be in a higher tax bracket in retirement (do you think there might be a chance that tax rates will increase in the future?), which means that money might go into

the 401(k) at a lower tax bracket, but gets taxed at a higher rate later when the money is distributed. Bummer! So, I look for balance in how retirement savings are taxed so my clients can optimize the use of their money.

Taken together, these three steps – financial disorganization, underestimating the true cost of living, and believing in financial myths – are likely to ruin retirement for a lot of people. However, if you’d rather not be one of them and want to learn how to enjoy your golden years, call me for a complimentary appointment.

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Southern Girl

..... M E E T S

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Story and photos by Donna Bush



One of the most spectacular astronomical phenomena in the world is the Aurora Borealis, Mother Nature's fabulous light show in the sky. Not many of us in the deep south are fortunate enough to witness such an event.

One day, as I worked in my office, an incredible photo of Alaskan aurora came across my screen. I called out to my husband and showed him the amazing image. I've always wanted to see the aurora. It's time. Knowing how much he hates cold weather, I offered to go without him. To my surprise and delight, he wanted to join me.

In March, we found ourselves in the frigid, frozen north of Alaska. On our first night, we ventured over 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle only to find layers of cloud cover blocking the aurora from view. Driving back to the lodge, the stars peaked out between the drifting haziness of the dark sky. We parked on the side of

the road and waited. By this time, it was after midnight, feeling like 3am to our Louisiana bodies, and we were craving sleep. But, like kids waiting for Santa to show up on Christmas Eve, we were wide awake as Lady Aurora began to dance across the sky with her partner, the Milky Way.

I don't know how far we walked across the bridge over the frozen Koyukuk River. I just know that my head ping-ponged between watching where I stepped so as not to fall, and the dazzling night sky. I literally stood in one place turning in circles in complete astonishment at the scene unfolding above us. Synchronized with the click of shutters were the *oohs* and *awes* of amazement. The pattern of dancing colorful lights was like the yellow brick road guiding us to the Wizard of Oz.

As the ballet slowly began to fade, we climbed in the van, visualizing sleep in our near future as we headed to

the lodge. I stumbled into the room with my cold, numbing fingers tightly clenching my camera gear, when I heard a yell, "Corona overhead!" No, not the beer! It's a term for a specific aurora display. Suddenly, I wasn't sleepy at all. I grabbed a fresh camera battery, bundled up, and headed outside.

Only a small number of our group ventured out for the latest show. But it was oh so well worth it. The kaleidoscope of colors produced patterns of angels that changed into birds, flowing into ethereal beings. At times, it appeared that the Heavens above had opened a stunning staircase down to us mere mortals.

As I began to morph into a popsicle, I decided it was time to call it a night... albeit, a very late night. I bid goodnight to the remaining two photographers and traipsed back to our room. Too wired to sleep, Eric and I chatted excitedly about the amazing experiences and



how lucky we were. Suddenly we realized breakfast was in 4 short hours! "Sweet dreams Lady Aurora, until tomorrow!"

The Aurora Borealis, also known as Northern Lights, is Mother Nature's way of painting the sky in glorious colors of turning and swaying illuminations designed to dazzle anyone in her presence.

Although best seen at night, the lights are actually caused by the sun. The sun sends a constant streaming solar wind, but it also creates solar storms. One such storm, called a coronal mass ejection, or "corona", releases a large amount of charged particles traveling through space at high speeds. Energy from the storm interacts with the Earth's magnetic field, quickly drawn towards the poles at extremely high rates of speed. That's when the particles interact with gases in our atmosphere that produce the colorful, dancing lights in the sky. Oxygen produces green and red lights, where nitrogen causes blue and purple. Some of the forms often seen are luminous curtains, arcs, bands, and patches. Aurora takes place throughout the year but is only visible when it is dark.

Aurora Borealis has a counterpart at the south pole known as Aurora Australis or Southern Lights. Aurora Australis can be viewed in southern Australia, New Zealand, Ushuaia, and Antarctica.

Lady Aurora's partner for tonight's dance, the Milky Way, is a hazy cloud of stars in the night sky that is often overlooked by the naked eye. Made up of billions of stars, ancient peoples thought it looked like spilled milk, hence the name.

We were so bundled we could barely move. As Louisianans, one of our big challenges was dressing warmly enough for the Arctic. But, with awesome Alaskan friends, local sporting goods stores, and online shopping, we were set. We purchased heated gloves, heated socks for both of us and a heated vest for me. Our friends wrangled a North Slope Oilfield Worker jacket and a fur-lined hood for Eric; ski pants, mukluks and a kuspuk for me. If you didn't see my red hair and fair skin, I could easily pass for an indigenous Alaskan, since both mukluks and kuspuks are native clothing. Mukluks are soft, pliable, incredibly warm boots. They are much easier to walk in than bunny boots. You can think of a kuspuk as the original hoodie. The native word is loosely translated as "cloth over parka" and made of gut skin or animal hide, keeping the wearer toasty warm and dry. The one I borrowed was made by an





elder of a Wales Alaska village. At times, I felt like we were renditions of Nanook of the North and a Pillsbury dough-girl! Our visit to see the aurora was part of a group photography workshop consisting of 7 participants and our trip leader. Our friend, Cathy, and the leader were the only Alaskan residents. The remaining group members were scattered across the U.S. from Washington to Pennsylvania and us in between.

After a few hours' sleep, we ventured out to photograph scenics, always looking for the perfect venue for our night shots. An amazing area filled with snow-covered black spruce trees, drooping under the massive weight of their burdens, beckoned us to leave the warmth of our cozy, heated van and stroll amongst their winter wonderlands. For us southerners, it is hard to comprehend the weight of light, fluffy snowflakes bending a tree to its knees. To my left, I envisioned an abominable snowman with Shrek in the distance. To my right, was R2D2 struggling to move through the deep snow. Nearby was a couple caught up in a frosty embrace. Foot-long icicles hanging from their tired branches hinted of warmer temperatures. Alas, that would not be today. The bitter cold winds of the blustery day gave us a windchill below zero, encouraging us to photograph quickly. As we wandered in different directions, each photographer inspired by their own imagination, it was impossible to overlook the crisp, sharp sound as our boots crunched on the snow-packed frozen ground. It wasn't late but the clouds dancing over the face of the sun produced a light, streaky sky that hinted of more freezing precip in the future. There was nothing but sparkling white on the ground as the wind sculpted patterns before us. Nearby was a snow angel made by some brave young soul. Aww, to be young enough to want to lay in deep, cold snow and flail your arms and legs!

On our second day, with lunch, dinner, and lots of extra warm clothes packed, we headed out to drive far, far north in search of photogenic locations to hopefully shoot the Aurora after the sun set. We climbed ever higher as we approached the highest year-round pass in Alaska at 4800 feet of elevation. Avalanche warning signs dotted the sides of the road as blowing snow whirled about like a Texas dust devil.

Photographing in the extreme cold of single digits and lower brings a whole other set of challenges. The darkness required no flashlights, only red-lighted headlamps to avoid interrupting our night vision. Cable releases or timers were best to trip the shutter to avoid vibration. A sturdy tripod was

a must. But, let me tell you, those icy temps took a toll on my gear as well as my body. My camera release bit the dust. Changing batteries didn't help. My tripod legs wouldn't lock. I pulled on my gloves, looked up at the dark night sky, then turned back to find my camera and lens face-planted in the snow thanks to tripod legs that gave way.

Stopping for a hearty dinner at a promising pullout, the wind was howling like a pack of wolves with the trees groaning in harmony. I, along with a few others, chose to eat inside to avoid the gusty, finger-numbing conditions. Did I mention that winter temps in this area range from 0 to -40°? This particular night dipped to -5° with a windchill of -25° to -35°! Even the flames of the firepit couldn't entice me outside the warm van. Two or three braved it, but soon headed back inside for much desired solace. A little dispirited, we began our southward trek to our lodge. Lady A peaked her head out from behind the clouds and gave us a tease, which we obligingly shot. Off and on, she tormented us with a little color here and a little light there.

But then, she smiled and graced us with such an amazing display, we stopped on the side of the highway and clicked away. This was another magical, goose-bump rendering moment of awe. The greens, oranges, and reds plié, relevé and pirouetted to her own magical beat. We swayed with her in a sultry dance of love and infatuation. There was no denying the sumptuous affection we felt as she would dip down and plant a kiss on the mountains rising above us.

A repeat of the previous night, provocative dancing greens, reds and purples sparkled above us to astound us and make us forget about sleep once again. There were even fewer of us die-hards tonight. But I was right there, not wanting to miss a single second of the incredible performance.

Another night of less than 4 hours of sleep, I began to wonder how full-time aurora photographers do this. For one thing, I doubt that they are out shooting much during daylight hours.

We have one last full night in Alaska before returning to the deep south where no aurora will be seen. This last night has a fantastic aurora forecast, but we aren't in the far north. We are back in Anchorage and will need to scout for an area with enough darkness; minus ambient light and vehicle traffic.

After 3 sleep-deprived nights and an eight-hour drive back, we were ready for a long night's rest but too energized to give up on our last opportunity. Southward we headed, picking a crowded pullout along Turnigan Arm. The performance

was astounding and the scenery stunning. A luminescent, champagne-colored moon shimmering on the quiet water added to the mystique of the evening as it seemed to beckon the twisting, twirling lights to kiss the stillness of the inlet.

Tiring of the constant in and out of vehicles from the parking area with glaring headlights marring our photos, we chose to look for a better location by heading further south towards Portage Glacier and the Whittier Tunnel. The Tunnel was closed for the evening and traffic was light. The snow-covered mountains in the foreground added to the beauty of the aurora as she painted a curtain of light edging closer to gently touch the tree-lined peak. The curtain began to move and dance across the sky as if a light breeze were blowing across the night. As the romance began to build, I lost all thought of foreground and scenery, aiming my camera directly overhead to capture the magnificent, undulating merger of yellows, oranges, greens, and reds waltzing through the darkness. My imagination ran wild with the metaphors I could find in the twisting, turning intoxicating expose.

The lights began to dwindle around 2:30 am. Exhausted and sad, we decided to make a slow trek back towards Anchorage while eagerly watching the sky along the way for a perfect location for another show.

Looking skyward, I noticed Lady Aurora begin her gentle, graceful blending of hues, with a dash of intensity. As the dancers began a crescendo of merging, intermingling colors, we searched in earnest for a safe pullout, with none to be found. Finally, we braved stopping on the side of the highway, unable to bear the thought of not capturing this moment of delight.



Quickly setting up cameras and tripods, our tolerant husbands kept one eye on the sky and one on the traffic, flagging vehicles away from us as we manipulated time and space to capture the mystical, otherworldly dance flowing in synchronicity overhead. Yellows, greens, and reds came vividly alive in a tango of movement, giving me goosebumps in the chill of the dark night. As the dance began to slow to a soft, airy sway and the colors began to fade to fainter, dimmer versions of the original, a smile lighted my lips, as I whispered a soft, but emphatic "Thank You!" to God above. I have finally lived my dream to see the beauty of the aurora and completed my rite of passage.

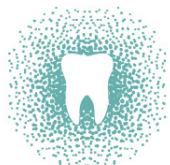


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Minimally Invasive Treatment for the Enlarged Prostate with UroLift®

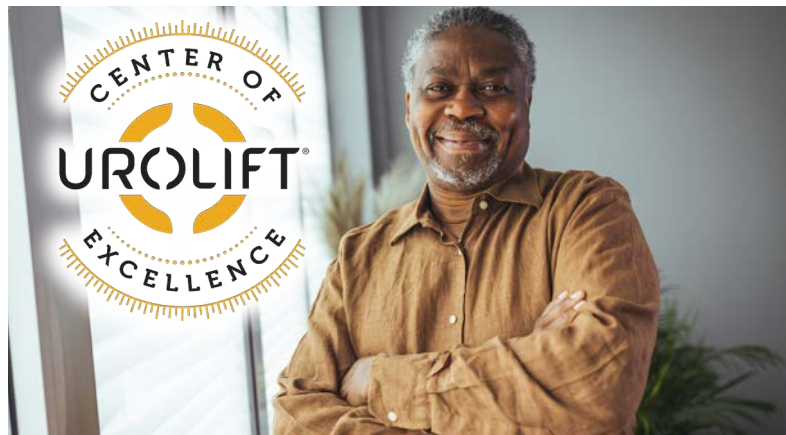
As prostates enlarge with aging, their growth can lead to bothersome urinary symptoms. Symptoms, such as difficulty passing urine, weakening or stopping and starting of urinary stream, and waking up at night multiple times to urinate, are very common as a result of prostatic enlargement, and can affect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

Benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH), or enlarged prostate, affects over 40 million men in the United States including up to 10% of men in their 40s, and greater than 70% 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.

Medication is often the first-line therapy for enlarged prostate, but relief can be inadequate and temporary. Side effects of medication can include sexual dysfunction, dizziness and headaches, prompting many patients to quit using the drugs. Others discontinue use for inefficacy. For these patients, the classic alternative is surgery that cuts, heats or removes prostate tissue to open the blocked urethra. While such options can be very effective in relieving symptoms, they can also leave patients with permanent side effects such as urinary incontinence, erectile dysfunction and retrograde ejaculation.

The FDA-cleared UroLift® System is a proven, minimally invasive technology for treating lower urinary tract symptoms due to BPH. The UroLift® permanent implants, delivered during an outpatient procedure, relieve prostate obstruction and open the urethra directly without cutting, heating or removing prostate tissue, allowing fast relief, quick return to regular activity, no bothersome sexual side effects and improvement in quality of life.

Differentiating symptoms of enlarged prostates from other urologic conditions is often complex, and a variety of in-office testing 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. Now there is a treatment option to fit your lifestyle. Find out if UroLift® is right for you.



Dr. Pinsky earned his medical degree from Tulane University School of Medicine. He then went on to complete his Urology Residency at Tulane with a focus on Endourology and Minimally Invasive Urology.

Dr. Pinsky has been practicing at the Ochsner Specialty Health Center in Slidell since 2016. He was the first in the area to perform robotic urologic procedures and continues to bring innovative procedures to his practice in Slidell for management of many other urologic conditions.

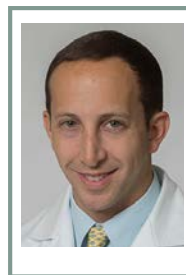
He has been designated as a UroLift Center of Excellence for the 5th consecutive year having now treated over 500 patients with great outcomes. The designation recognizes that Dr. Pinsky has achieved a high level of training and experience with the UroLift® System and demonstrated a commitment to exemplary care for men suffering from BPH symptoms.

In addition to BPH, other special interests include robotic surgery for prostate and kidney cancer and obstructed kidneys, management of kidney stones, evaluation of blood in the urine and urologic malignancies, elevated PSA and vasectomies.

Michael R. Pinsky, MD

Ochsner Medical Center – North Shore
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Concussion and Cognition

STANFORD A. OWEN, M.D.

Many people suffer concussion, which is a brain injury or brain “bruise” that occurs when the brain “jiggles” or “sloshes” rapidly within the skull from an injury. The injury may be direct, like your head striking the windshield in an automobile accident; or indirect, like the sudden jerk that occurs when your seatbelt tightens in an accident occurring at a high rate of speed (over 20 mph). It can also occur when a brain “protected” by a helmet suddenly stops on impact, causing the brain to slosh up against the skull.

A bruise on the brain is very similar to any bruise you receive on the arms or legs from trauma. The difference is it interrupts vital nerve circuits connecting various brain regions. The bruise will heal over days and weeks but the nerve cell interruption may last for weeks, months, or even years. In addition, the injury can set up an immune response that further injures the brain, called “traumatic encephalopathy”, made famous in the movie *Concussion* with Will Smith and Alec Baldwin. Will Smith should have won the Academy Award for his role!

The primary areas of the brain to be injured in concussions are the frontal lobes, which are involved in focus, tasking, and organization, or so-called “Executive Function”. This is an acquired cause of Attention Deficit Disorder. The other area often damaged is the temporal lobe, where emotions are processed. Often, these patients suffer depression, rage, and inability to control their emotions. An example of this tragedy was Aaron Hernandez, a famous NFL football player who murdered his best friend before eventually taking his own life. His autopsy revealed severe traumatic encephalopathy.

It is vital to protect the brain after a concussion, as subsequent concussions multiply the injury and markedly increase risk for severe brain dysfunction.

So, what are the most common causes of concussion? You might be surprised! In order of frequency, they are:

- Bicycle falls
- Falls at home (usually elderly)
- Skateboarding
- Soccer
- Football

Most of these occur due to lack of helmet protection.

Treatment is difficult. Avoiding inflammatory foods such as sugary drinks, starches (wheat, corn, rice, potatoes) mixed with animal fats (pork, beef, dairy) can help. Exercise reduces oxidative stress and aids healing if done cautiously. Vitamins that reduce oxidative stress such as fish oil, turmeric, and methionine may help. The most effective medicinal therapy is probably hyperbaric oxygen. This is expensive and health insurance rarely pays for treatment. Automobile insurance may cover select cases in motor vehicle accidents. My office manager suffered a severe brain trauma and had miraculous improvement after hyperbaric oxygen.

The brain is a delicate organ. It requires protection. Nature gave us a good skull to protect us but humans did not evolve to crash our heads together in sport, or achieve high speeds as seen in auto accidents.

If you know someone involved in concussions that experience changes in mood, behavior, and concentration at work or in academic performance, it may be the result of brain injury and should be examined in detail.



Stanford A. Owen, M.D. is Certified by the American Board of Internal Medicine, the American Board of Physician Nutrition Specialists, and the Neuroscience Education Institute as a Master Psychopharmacologist. He is certified in Hyperbaric Oxygen and a Fellow in the Obesity Society.

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COOL, FUNNY, BIZARRE, OR INTERESTING THINGS I LEARNED THIS MONTH

Story by Suzie Hunt



IN THE WORLD...

Meat Honey

Ah summertime. Nothing says summer like the buzzing of bees, flitting through flowerbeds and dodging children running through the clover. Here in Louisiana, we have sweet little honeybees, buzzing their way from flower to flower, collecting nectar and pollen and making farmers and tea drinkers very happy. From our neighbors to the south who gave us the ballpoint pen (great idea) and nutria (not so helpful), comes another phenomenon...vulture bees and "meat honey."

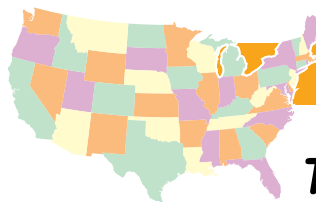
"*Trigona Hypogaea*", or as nicknamed, Vulture Bees, are a stingless bee, less than an inch long and reddish-brown in color. They are found mainly in South America; however, swarms have been noted as far north as Mexico. First identified as a specific species of bee in 1758, vulture bees' carnivore diet was not discovered until 1982 by entomologist Davi Roubik.

According to Beeswiki.com, instead of trolling for pretty flowers, these garbage men of the insect world search out carrion. The bees have five large teeth on each mandible that they use to chew at carcasses. After feasting, they return to the hive and do some internal processing (we don't want to get real in depth here, in case you just had lunch). The bees then produce a substance similar to royal jelly, or what has been dubbed "meat honey." According to researchers in the know, this special honey is high in protein and has a smokey flavor. (I guess someone had to try it for scientific reasons. Personally, that's a big Nope.)

It is believed these bees evolved over time and changed their food focus when they moved to places where flowering plants and nectar were not readably available.

A definite case of adapt and overcome.

In case you think "meat honey" might be the key to the next big diet craze, think again. "Meat honey" is only good for feeding other vulture bees and is said to be toxic to humans.



IN THE U.S...

The Dotted Line?



This is a case of something that is not as it seems to the naked eye. When was the last time you wrote a check? (I know it sounds crazy, but some people still actually use paper to transfer funds.) Before checks go the way of the dinosaur, here's something to scope out the next time you write or receive one.

When you sign your name on the line in the bottom right corner, what exactly are you putting your 'John Hancock' on? Unbeknownst to most people, that signature 'line' is actually made up of super tiny words using micro-security print. You may have noticed a tiny 'MP' printed at the end of the line. The super teeny letters that constitute that 'line' are there to thwart counterfeit thieves. The micro-print letters are so very itty-bitsy, they blur when photocopied.

Next time you have a check in hand, know that the signature 'line' is really the letters spelling out "authorized signature" over and over again. So, go ahead. Get that magnifying glass out of the junk drawer and take a look for yourself. You know you want to.



IN LOUISIANA...

It's All Perspective

Want to impress your friends? Tell them you're going mountain climbing for the weekend and then head north to Bienville Parish to climb Mt. Driskill, Louisiana's highest point.

At 535 feet above sea level, Mt. Driskill looms over the landscape in the northern part of the state. In comparison, it tops the height of the Louisiana State Capital by a measly 85 feet.

Until the 1970s, "mountains" were designated by the U. S. Board of Geographic Names as landforms at least 1,000 feet above the surrounding area. Lucky for our state, that qualification is no longer in place.

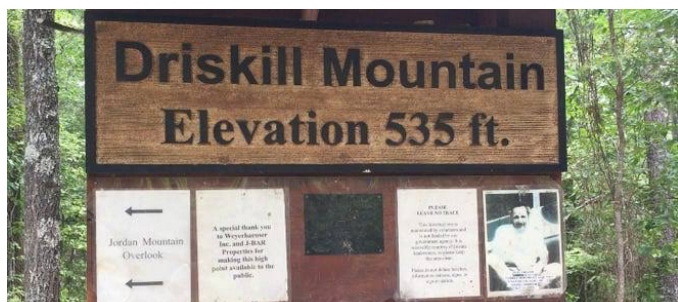
How does our "mountain" compare to other states and their respective highest points? According to summitpost.com, Mt. Driskill is the Third Lowest – Highest Point for any state. Florida's and Delaware's highest peaks are shorter. The winner in this competition goes to Denali (formerly known as Mount McKinley) in Alaska at 20,310 ft above sea level. If you need a visual for comparison, one would have to stack 38 Mt. Driskills, one on top of the next, to overshadow Alaska's highest peak.

Mt. Driskill is found 5.3 miles southeast of Bryceland. It is a beautifully forested area and there is a trail to reach a prominent pile of rocks marking the peak. There's even better news for hikers. The topographical prominence, or the lowest point surrounding a peak, is actually at 225 above sea level. Doing the math, you can climb a mountain for less than 310 feet in elevation! Time to get those hiking boots on.

▶▶▶ A Side Note From the Top of the Mountain◀◀◀

In 1939, a relatively unknown singer and his country band performed to an audience on the top of Mt. Driskill. The band's lead singer shared a new song he'd written to the small audience gathered for the evening in the lovely location.

The singer? Jimmy Davis. The song? You many have guessed. It was "You Are My Sunshine". Jimmy would go on to become the 47th governor of Louisiana and "You Are My Sunshine" was named the Louisiana State Song in 1977.



IN SLIDELL...

Centered

The center of our solar system is that big, bright orb in the sky that bakes us in the summertime. Our sun is 93 million miles away from Earth and is approximately 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. (Once you get past the first thousand degrees, does it really matter?)

The geographic center of the entire United States is approximately 20 miles north of Belle Fourche, South Dakota. Looking at a map, you'd think it should be a lot lower. The reason it is so far north is because you have to account for Alaska and Hawaii.

Without including the last two states to join the union, the center of the forty-eight contiguous states is 2.6 miles northwest of the center of Lebanon, Kansas and approximately twelve miles south of the Kansas-Nebraska border. In case you'd care to look, there are official markers in the ground in both places.

The next obvious question is, "Where is the center of Slidell?" Well, it depends on who you ask.

If you are out of town and plug in "Slidell" into your car's navigational system, it will take you to a point on Bouscaren Street, near the front of the new St. Tammany Fire Protection District #1 fire station.

According to Blaine Clancy, P.E., Slidell City Engineer, that's not quite the right spot.

"Those maps might not consider the city limits and include the unincorporated areas of Slidell. Or they are just trying to get drivers close to City Hall. Not sure," said Blaine.

Per our City Engineer, the geographical center of Slidell is -89.781, 30.287. Where is this you may ask? Well, your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to find the Center of Slidell and take a selfie at that point. There is a definite structure within a few feet of the spot. Do you accept this challenge? If so, post your picture on Facebook in front of the location, holding this edition of *Slidell Magazine*.

**Be sure to tag
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so we'll see it!**
The first FOUR
pictures will
be shown
on the Out
Takes page
of our July
edition!



"Your Estate Matters" Legal-ease

By Ronda M. Gabb, NP, JD, RFC



What's a **USUFRUCT**?

(No, it's NOT a cuss word!)

If you have lived in Louisiana long enough, you surely have heard of the word "usufruct". And when uttered, you do not need to wash one's mouth out with soap, it truly is a real legal word. And now we will learn how to pronounce it properly... it comes from two words of Latin origin 1) *USUS*, meaning the "use" and enjoyment of the asset, and 2) *FRUCTUS*, meaning the "fruits" (like rent, income, or interest) of the asset. When you put these two words together, *USU-FRUCT*...you have usufruct! (Please say it with a hard "R"!)

The most common usufruct occurs when someone dies intestate. "Intestate" simply means that the decedent died without leaving behind a valid Last Will and Testament. If Bill and Mary have been married for many years and all their assets were acquired during their marriage, they are classified as community property assets. If Bill dies intestate, all of Bill's community property assets will go equally to all of his children and Mary will enjoy a "usufruct" over all of those assets, regardless as to whether Mary was the mother of Bill's children or not. This usufruct will last for Mary's lifetime or until she remarries, whichever first occurs. Yes, this means that the intestate usufruct of a surviving spouse ends when they remarry. Bill's children will inherit the "naked ownership" (legally called the *abusus*) until Mary's usufruct terminates, at which point the children will then become the full and complete owners of those assets. One of my favorite legal sentences is this:

"Naked ownership will always ripen to become full ownership upon the termination of the usufruct." (Yes, I'm a proud nerd)

In more rare circumstances, we see an intestate usufruct come into existence when the decedent dies without children, and without community property, and leaves behind parents and siblings. In this case, the "naked ownership" of the decedent's separate property would divest to his siblings, per stirpes (in equal shares only if all were full-blooded siblings), subject to a lifetime usufruct shared equally in favor of the decedent's parents.

Notice that the usufructuary (the legal name of the person enjoying the usufruct) does not have the power to sell the assets subject to the usufruct. If the usufruct is over the family home (of which Mary still owns her community half) and Mary wishes to sell, she must obtain the permission of all of Bill's children (not just a majority), who are the naked owners. If Bill had no children, nor community property, and Bill's siblings were the "naked owners" then they would need the permission of Bill's parents, and sometimes that's NOT the parent of the naked owner...what if Bill had half-siblings!?

Just remember though, all of the above assumes Bill died without a valid Will. With a properly drafted Will, Bill could grant to Mary, as usufructuary, the power to sell the assets without needing the children's (naked owners) permission. This "power to dispose of the non-consumables"

(also referred to as a "super" usufruct) may apply to real estate, stocks, and any other type of asset. Bill could also guarantee that Mary's usufruct would last for her lifetime, regardless of remarriage, and state that Mary would not need to post any bond as the usufructuary.

In most cases, Bill wants Mary to have full use and control of his assets during her lifetime, yet when Mary dies, Bill wants his assets to go to his children (or maybe his siblings if he had no children or community property). If Mary has spent Bill's assets, then Mary's estate would owe the value of those assets back to Bill's naked owners (children or siblings) upon her death. This protects Bill's naked owners so that, upon the death of Mary, no matter what Mary's new Last Will may say (e.g. all to her new husband, or her own children, or to a charity), Bill's naked owners (children/siblings) will be "made whole" upon Mary's death.

Also note that having a usufruct over one's primary residence still qualifies for the Louisiana Homestead Exemption and the Senior Freeze. With proper planning, using the unique Louisiana concept of usufruct in estate planning can be very safe, convenient, and easy.

Use this **QR Code** to LISTEN to my companion PODCAST on Spotify. Or find it on my GABB SPEAKS or GABB MORRISON LLC Facebook pages.



See other articles and issues of interest!

Ronda M. Gabb and Ronald "Chip" W. Morrison Jr. are both Board Certified Estate Planning and Administration Specialists, certified by the Louisiana Board of Legal Specialization. Chip and Ronda combined have devoted over 40 years of practice solely to estate planning, and are Members of the American Academy of Estate Planning Attorneys, National Academy of Elder Law Attorneys, and the Governor's Elder Law Task Force. Ronda is also a Registered Financial Consultant. While Chip and Ronda both reside on the Northshore, Gabb Morrison LLP has offices in Covington and Metairie.



The Village Church - Lutheran Stage
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PRESENTS...



by John Patrick

Fed up with the demands of her acting career, the famous Myra Marlow leases a house in a tiny Southern town. Her dealings with her nosy neighbors brings on uproarious doings that will keep you laughing right up to the end.

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Slidell History

Brought to you by the City of Slidell Museum



Dr. Polk



Doctor Joseph F. Polk moved to Slidell in 1898 and faithfully served the Slidell community until his passing in 1958. Joseph Polk was born 75 miles north of Slidell in Columbia, Mississippi on May 22, 1875. In 1894, he married Marganie Langston from his hometown. Joseph attended the University of Tennessee to study medicine, while Marganie would go on to become a schoolteacher. Marganie taught regular school and Sunday school classes. Soon after moving to Slidell, she established one of Slidell's first private schools located near the corner of Front Street & Fremaux Avenue.

Dr. Polk took the Hippocratic Oath in 1900, two years after moving to Slidell. In 1901, he and his wife built their home on First Street. It was one of the grandest homes in Slidell for many years and the site of many social events. This home served as Dr. Polk's office before he acquired a building on Cousin Street, just one block south. The house still stands today and has been beautifully restored by its current residents.

Also in 1901, Dr. Polk established one of the first real drug stores in Slidell. In the beginning, Dr. Polk would ride on horseback to visit patients, carrying medicine and supplies in an old saddlebag. Years later, as roads improved, he used a horse and buggy. During World War I, Dr. Polk enlisted in the Army Medical Corps. When he returned to Slidell after the war, he continued calling on patients using a Model T Ford.

The Polk's were active church members and Dr. Polk served as a Senior Deacon. They both served on the Building



The Slidell Museum is located at 2020 First Street in Olde Towne. Hours are Tues & Wed: 12-4pm, Friday: 10am-4pm, Sat: 10am-2pm. Admission is free. For more information, please call (985) 646-4380.



Committees of the original First Baptist Church in Slidell, the grammar school, and the high school. In 1909, Dr. Polk led the drive seeking accreditation of Slidell's high school.

In 1950, on the 50th Anniversary of his Hippocratic Oath, Dr. Polk was initiated into the Louisiana State Medical Society's "Fifty Year Doctor's Club." The Medical Society President, E.H. Lawson, presented the award to Dr. Polk for his valiant and valuable service to the public and the profession. Slidell's Mayor Homer Fritchie proclaimed May 24, 1950 to be Dr. Polk Day. The celebration was marked with food, music, and a long parade of Slidell citizens; adults, teenagers, children, and babies that Dr. Polk had delivered over the years.

Dr. Polk continued to make house calls until his death. On March 22, 1958, he died in front of his home, behind the wheel of his car, with the keys in the ignition.

Dr. Polk is buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Slidell.

"Any hour of the night or day, he was never too tired to get away, to come and relieve his folk of their pain."

[Story by Gregory Scott, Slidell Museum]

This story and many more can be found on the Slidell Museum's online map which highlights some of Slidell's most interesting historical places and people. The website features more than 30 items of interest, and new information is continually being added.

Visit www.myslidell.com

or use the QR code here:



Photo by William Blackwell



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No outside food or drinks, ice chests, tents or large umbrellas will be permitted



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SlidellHeritageFest.com

OUT TAKES

May was a busy month in Slidell. Here are a few of the moments Slidell Magazine enjoyed!



1.) Victoria Paz welcomes the directors of the Picayune and Hancock chambers, along with St. Tammany Chamber Chairman David Landy to Silver Slipper's Cinco de Mayo annual party. 2.) Pretty in pink! Slidell Magazine's Krista Gregory celebrated the big 4-0 with an awesome photo shoot. 3.) The 2023 graduating class of Leadership Northshore wrap up their year at Some Enchanted Evening in Heritage Park



1.) Volunteers from Slidell Ladies for Liberty pack Slidell Magazines into every care package sent to our overseas troops. 2.) Rain couldn't stop these Magnolia Forest neighbors from their Cinco de Mayo block party! 3.) Kendra volunteers at Duckworth Park for Keep Slidell Beautiful. 4.) Police Chief Randy Fandal (back) with Fire Chief Chris Kaufmann and hundreds of others gather at Heritage Park for the National Day of Prayer.



1.) Slidell Magazine cover artist, Matt Litchlitter, created the logo for LA Veteran's Fest and is presented onstage by Damon Singleton, WDSU Meteorologist. 2.) The Friends of Slidell Police Foundation hosted their second amazing golf tournament. 3.) LA Rep. Bob Owen meets Neuty, Louisiana's most famous nutria, at the LA State Capital. 4.) Kendra with Susan and Tommy Williams at Vets Fest. Thank you for your service Tommy!



Bob's Goals as Senator

- **Surge Protection**
 - Lower Home & Auto Insurance Rates
- **Coastal Restoration**
 - Save the Louisiana we love!
- **Safety - Lock Up Dangerous Criminals**
 - Decrease Traffic Jams
 - School Crossing Safety
- **Schools**
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 - Restore T.O.P.S. Program
 - Promote Technical Colleges

Vote Bob Owen

OCTOBER 14, 2023

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