



GOOD HORSES, STUPID PLAYER, BAD PARENTS AND MORE

By Kerry Schmidt

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I am not into horse racing. Only been to the track 2 times – 20 plus years ago at Santa Anita, and once went to the OTB locally. Only because they had cheap beer.

I live out in the sticks, Folsom, LA. But there are a number of thoroughbred horse farms there.

And several of them are very big time. By that, I mean millions of dollars.

They say that being in the horse racing business is “just throwing money away.”

Don’t really know, but I do know that horse racing at the top costs many, many millions of dollars.

There are auctions yearly, and I read about how some A-Rab Sheik spent nearly \$100 million on just 3 horses!

That means that horse s..t is worth a lot of money. I say this because an old friend of mine, Cajun Red, owned a couple of horses until age became a factor, but he left a large pile of poop, and I will have spent yesterday “shoveling s..t,” as the saying goes. For my wife’s garden.

Anyway, I only mention the huge amounts of money because last week’s Kentucky Derby winner, Mine That Bird, did certainly not fit in with the rich racers.

Originally, he was bought for \$9,300! Hell, the above poop of these horses is worth more than that.

Most of the horses that race at this level, well, they are either flown in on private planes or in trailers that equal Hilton Hotel Suites, and stabled in nicer quarters than many people.

Not Mine That Bird. His trainer, Bernie (Chip) Woolley Jr. hitched an old horse trailer to his old pick up and drove all the way from New Mexico.

With a broken right leg, thus forcing him to drive with his left. He broke it riding his “Big Dog Chopper” motorcycle. You won’t hear many other trainers/owners doing that.

With all the money moguls folks there decked out in fancy duds, and the wives sporting very large, ugly, but very expensive hats.

Woolley and half owner Ray Allen were there in blue jeans and black cowboy hats.

These two are a story. They met 25 years ago in a bar in Raton, New Mexico, called “Annie Get Your Gun.” Allen got into a fight in the bar against 5 other cowboys, so Woolley joined in to make it fair.

Thus started a friendship that led to winning the ultimate horse race.

The odds against their “cheap” gelding were 50-1. But he had a great jockey, a Cajun named Calvin Borel, who had won this race two years ago, and, as most all agreed, “He put on one of the greatest rides ever.”

He was dead last until the last quarter.

But then Borel did something that most said could not be done.

He caught up with the pack, then worked the horse to the rail, and somehow “He seemed to make that horse skinnier,” said Cajun jockey Kent Desormeaux, who won last year’s Derby.

Mine That Bird literally shot by all 18 horses in just 21 seconds, and won going away by 6 ½ lengths.

Everyone loves the underdog, and this certainly turned out to be a fairy tale.

Thus, I’m sure his poop likely costs more than the \$9,300.

Final Derby note. Last week I mentioned how a coupe of years ago when singing “Old Kentucky Home,” the line “this summer the DARKIES are gay” was clearly heard. Not this year. As it was being sung, a scrolling line at the bottom of the TV screen read out each verse, and in capital letters, it said, “This summer, the PEOPLE are gay.”



Ah, shoot. Why take away some good old controversy. You ruined Jesse Jackson's week-long trip to Kentucky! TV cameras and all.

Well, unfortunately, I have to mention steroids. Again!

Another big name, Manny Ramirez, Dodgers left fielder, was suspended for 50 games for "violating the drug" rules.

Now the part I love is the drug that nailed him. He took HCG (human chorionic gonadotropin), whatever the hell that is. This drug is "a woman's fertility drug!" Go figure.

Anyway, it can lessen the side effects, which can include, among other things, shrunken testicles. Thus, I guess the "GONAD" part of "...otropin."

Next to A-Rod, Manny is arguably the biggest name in the steroid game.

He was loved in L.A. I mentioned last week how the Dodgers named a section of seats in left field, "MANNY WOOD."

I guess the WOOD now stands for Will Openly Order Drugs.

Hell, why don't they just suspend the season for 50 games, because just about everyone uses something.

Or better yet, let them use it. Who cares?! The fans who rail how bad it is are lying jack-offs.

Until A-Rod comes back, maybe they can hang out together.

Unfortunately, we will have to hear more about his crap for the next forever, especially since a book is coming out on A-Rod saying he took steroids for many years, even perhaps in high school.

Enough horse and steroid s..t!

On to some good stuff. Like parents of kids virtually ruining their lives by vicariously living through them.

Scott Silva. His wife is Mari, but Scott is the guiding (forcing?) light behind Jan, his now 7-year old tennis playing son.

Daddy Scott, being the great father he is, decided to quit his job, sell everything they had and moved from Sacramento, CA, to the Paris suburbs so Jan could be tutored by Patrick Mouratoglou, who owns a top private tennis academy. Mourantoglou, after seeing Jan at 5, said he would put Jan in his academy for free, as "he shows great potential." He also, gave the Silva's free housing and financial support.

This past March, the Silva family, including Jan and their two other children, moved back to Sacramento, to "sort out our personal lives," and, here is the good part, "to pursue OUR tennis dreams."

Scott and Mari are "separated," and contemplating divorce. But as daddy said, "I have absolutely no doubt about Jan and what he'll be able to do in tennis. He's special." And again, the good part, "...he's our future!!" Scott is looking for work, and Mourantogleau is helping them with the finances, again.

His academy has 3 children rated in the top 10 in the world, and Scott credits Mourantogleau for "the best teaching a kid could ever get."

Jan has been in many newspapers and even on NBC's Today Show.

Scott says, "This is what he lives for." (Wait, don't you mean it is what YOU live for?)

Jan is currently working with a good coach in Sacramento, but Scott wants him back in Paris. It does not say why he has not returned.

Mourantogleau says he would welcome Jan back, but added he needs a longer term commitment. Then he added, "If Jan doesn't develop like we want, he won't be funded anymore."

Scott insists Jan will be back there "very soon." He says "Jan's whole life is for tennis. It is what he (we?) live for. And the final kicker, "If he lives up to his potential, and I am sure he will, he



OFF THE WALL SPORTS

will be very wealthy young man at a very early age.” But of course, the money means nothing to daddy.

Side note: Scott says Jan is adapting well, but “he remains prone to meltdowns and tantrums in competition.” Geeze, I wonder why that is?!

Unfortunately, I have seen far too many Jan cases.

And some parents take it to the “dangerous” level.

Dr. Lylle Micheli specializes in children’s “sports injuries,” and he set up a clinic 35 years ago just to deal with these injuries.

“Yes,” he said, “kids can, and do get injured. But,” he added, “three quarters of the problems we treat are injuries that are caused by over-training and over use in their sports. Their young bodies can’t handle it anymore.”

It is the parents, whose vicarious desires push the kids to, and over the limit.

Dr. Micheli says “I have treated tennis elbow in kids only 6-years old and shoulder injures in little leaguers at just 8.”

And he says “of course, these injuries are easily preventable. The parents simply need to give them time to rest.

He points out that it is not the children’s fault. Their parents, “the great enablers, lug their runaway sports ambitions for their children, and the over use injuries will occur.”

Dr. Scott Moughon, an orthopedic surgeon, recalls an anxious mother who came to him with her daughter having “pain in her shoulder.”

The mother, before anything else, said her daughter was rapidly climbing the state junior tennis rankings. To meet (her) goal, she had two weeks to reach No. 5.

He discovered a stress fracture in the shoulder, and told her mother that with her rapid growth, she needed “to take a break from tennis of up to 6 months.”

The mother’s reaction? “She flew into a screaming, stomping rage, berating the doctor for being overly cautious, and insisted her daughter did not need any time off.”

He added, “Sadly, I’ve seen many cases like this. The parent(s) just do not want to face reality.”

Many other doctors tell the same story. A father brought in his 10-year old little league “super star,” with a swollen ankle. An X-ray clearly showed a small fracture. Dad refused to believe it and said he would just “wrap it himself,” and stormed out.

I could go on forever. As I said, I have personally witnessed way too many cases of where the parents just refuse to believe their “exceptional” child could get injured.

At “best”, it simply revolves into the injury worsening, and the child just has to stop. But then the berating by the parent, dad AND mom, often turns the child into a basket case.

Many a child with a real chance to be exceptional is ruined by the parents’ vicarious needs.

And, it still continues to occur, way to often, today!

The only real “academy” we need is one wherein we can lock up these idiot parents.

It is way too early to begin to cry about the damned BS BCS system, but Congress has entered the picture. They have threatened to force a playoff system. One bill up for a vote would not allow the winning title game to be called “National Champions.”

Last quick college football note. The coaches association has discussed the idea of changing the format for ranking the teams. Especially before the season starts. One coach actually came up with the obvious answer. “Wait a couple of weeks before we start the rankings.! Geeze. A coach with brains.

The other “answer” was typical: “Just not disclose who voted for what teams. Yep, that’s surely the chicken-shit way out!

More in a few months.

Some light-hearted trivia.



OFF THE WALL SPORTS

A player on an English soccer club received a yellow card for (breaking wind, AKA. Farting), during a penalty kick.

Peyton Manning, asked about No. 1 pick, QB Matthew Stafford starting this year for the Lions, replied, "I'm waiting for somebody to break that NFL rookie record for INT's I set back in '98." How many times have you heard of a player charged with felony drug possession. Well, Yankees' pitcher, Joba Chamberlain did not do that, but his mother did! She was arrested for trying to sell a gram of meth to an undercover cop.

Ah, mom, not again!

The tarped roof on the Dallas Cowboys' practice field was destroyed. Had it not been for a paralyzing injury to special teams coach Joe DeCamills, it would have been really cool!

I mean, what better team to have stuff happen to?! Too bad Jerry Jones was not inside.

MLB. Yankees. As of Friday, they are 13-15 and next to last in the East. The lowly Toronto Canucks are atop the division.

Remember Hank Steinbuch. Said Joe Torre did not deserve to coach the Yankees two years ago. So, he takes the talent-less Dodgers to the playoffs and the Yankees miss them for the first time in 13 seasons.

Now, the Dodgers, sans Manny, have the best record in baseball.

Yep, the new Yankee manager is a whiz!

Hey, can anyone explain to me what the hell Tweeting is? Players, coaches, even announcers are tweeting/twitting at all times. I still don't know what happened to Face Books, or Blogging or whatever. What's next, piddling. That's where you pee on your phone and it tells you if you have failed a drug test.

Good TV weekend for sports. MLB, college baseball and softball, NBA semi-finals, golf, et al. Is the NHL playing anymore?

But be sure you follow THE BEST sports tournament.

Championship tournament! Big money to win. Trash-talkers going crazy. State of the art arena.

What you ask? It is the U.S. Chess Championships!! Tune in to uschesschamps.com and don't miss a single minute!! Can't frickin wait!!

Me, I'd rather watch the NBA fighting matches. Good stuff. Hell of a block Derek Fisher of the Lakers drilled on that Houston dude.

Oh! Don't know if this is sports, but...My pal Barak Osama and his buds passed another little "pork" bill. Shelled out \$357,000 to study the drinking habits of Argentinean gay men!! Have no idea what they are looking for.

Perhaps this should be a "poke" bill. Hopefully, it will "AIDS" their study of whatever.

Me? I'm taking my single malt and, well, after a few drams, I won't care what the hell I'm doing!