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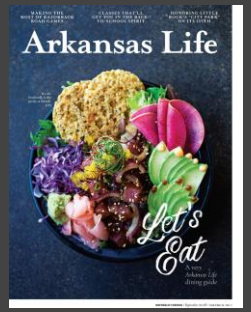
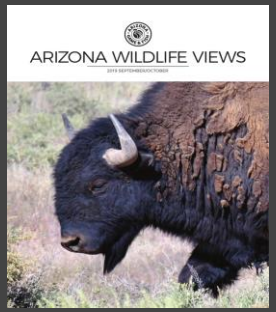

Arkansas Life
Let's Eat


ADIRONDACK LIFE
CELEBRATING THE ADIRONDACK STYLE
AT HOME IN THE Adirondacks 2018
Plus
HOW TO MAKE HARD CIDER
RESCUING BELOVED LANDMARKS
FINDING A FAMILY CAMP


ARIZONA WILDLIFE VIEWS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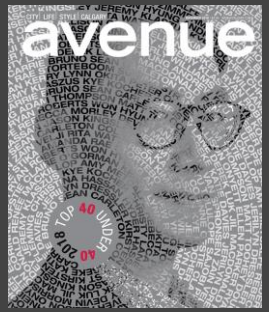
ARIZONA
HIGHWAYS
INDIGENOUS ARIZONA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THE BERMUDIAN
Best of Bermuda Awards 2018


BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE
The COAST
TOFINO
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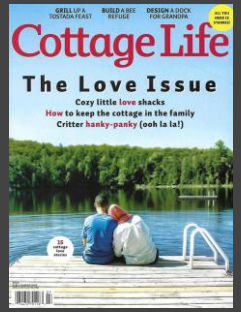
SEA WOLVES
WEST COAST TRAIL


Cottage Life
The Love Issue
Cozy little love shacks
How to keep the cottage in the family
Critter hanky-panky (ooh la la!)

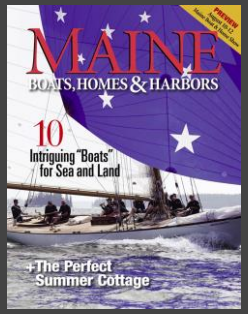

DELAWARE
Beach Life
On Your Mark, Get Set — Go!
The Bonds Forged in Fire
Exploring Burton Island


life is better
Downhome
BOLOGNA Made Beautiful
Capelin season is here!
8 Tasty Tomato Recipes
High-Tech Harp Seals
Blushing Explained

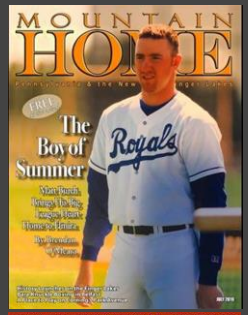

THE ARTS ISSUE
Down East
Art Road Trips! 3 Weekend Itineraries
Joni Mitchell Did What In Damariscotta?
Barbara Bush, 1925-2018

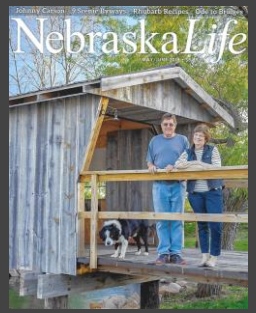

KANSAS!
READERS' CHOICE 2018
weekend getaways


Louisiana Life
TAKE FLIGHT
THE BIRD LOVERS TRAVEL GUIDE TO THE PELICAN STATE


MAINE
BOATS, HOMES & HARBORS
10 Intriguing "Boats" for Sea and Land
+The Perfect Summer Cottage


MISSISSIPPI
floating the Fall sky
Spooky fun in Laurel
Shark tagging in the Gulf
Eat like a Local in the Delta


MOUNTAIN HOME
The Boy of Summer
Royals


Nebraska Life


PRO TIPS FOR INDIAN MARKET
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At Home With History
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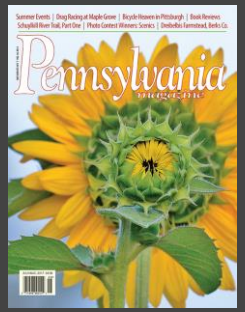
LA LUZ POTTERY
The Best Bike Park in the Southwest
NATIVE KITCHENS, MODERN MEALS


Oklahoma Today


Pennsylvania magazine


SALTSCAPES
canada's east coast magazine
Living with BLACK BEARS
Downright amazing!
Sailing into history
No chimney needed


COUNTRY MUSIC THROUGH KEN BURNS' LENS
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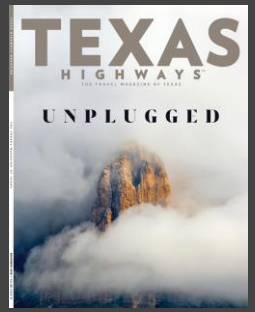
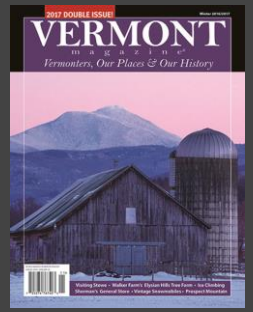
Love the Smokies?
Seventy Sweet Years
Susi Gott Seguret's Child of the Woods
Georgia's Gold Rush | Horace Kephart's Legacy
Farm and Fun at the N.C. Mountain State Fair


TEXAS HIGHWAYS
UNPLUGGED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magazine
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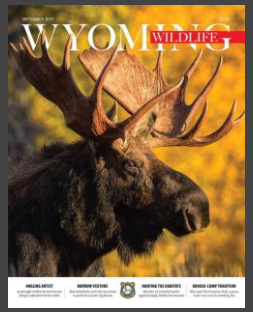
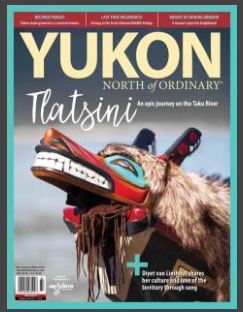

WYOMING
WILDLIFE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Public Issues

Public Issues - Bronze

Texas Highways - Travel with Purpose

Public Issues - Silver

Mountain Home - The Piano Man's War

The Piano Man's War

Pete Sides and Other Rebels Fight Lyme Disease and the Medical Establishment

By Alison Fromme

When Pete Sides left his house to walk his dog on a crisp fall day in 2015, everything seemed normal at first. But he only made it about fifty yards down the road before he realized something was terribly wrong. Numbness overcame his left foot. He struggled to walk, and he knew he had to turn around. When he reached his driveway, he fell to his knees. He crawled to the house and told his wife, Carol, "We're going to the hospital."

What was going on? Just days earlier, he had played several rounds of golf. All his life, he'd been active. Working eighty-hour weeks at Robert M. Sides, the family music business in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Spending time with his kids and grandkids. Flying airplanes, racing cars at Watkins Glen. He rarely had aches and pains, and almost never took aspirin.

Now, he thought he might die.

At the hospital, Pete required a wheelchair. Doctors first thought a bone spur in his foot might be the culprit, but that was quickly ruled out. As he waited for answers, the numbness spread up his left leg and down his right. His legs felt weirdly wet, even when he knew they were dry.

Then, a key piece of Pete's health history rose to the surface. Months earlier, in April, he had found a tick embedded in his skin, in an awkward spot on the back of his arm. He knew ticks. He had pulled them off his dog, and he understood the risk. This tick was fat, engorged with blood, and deep in his skin, with only its back end visible. It had clearly been lodged there for a while, probably long enough for the tick to transmit the Lyme disease bacteria. At the time, he went to his regular doctor, who prescribed two days of antibiotics as a precaution. And that was that.

Or maybe not. The hospital doctor, with knowledge of Pete's tick, ordered another Lyme disease test. It came back positive.

Pete soon learned he was one among many in his community. "Everybody knows somebody with Lyme," he says.

Many local people, to their surprise, find their doctors and hospitals don't seem to have an answer for this complicated and elusive disease, and, with other sufferers regionally and nationwide, seek solutions with pioneering doctors operating outside the medical establishment.

The Scope of the Problem

The number of recorded Lyme diseases cases is rapidly rising in Pennsylvania. In 2012, just over four thousand cases in the state were reported to the Centers for Disease Control. In 2016, the number totaled almost nine thousand. The state's Lyme Disease Task Force estimates that as many as 70,000 Pennsylvania residents

See *Lyme* on page 8

Tiny terror: the deer tick (*Ixodes scapularis*) is a carrier of Lyme disease.

Adult deer tag (Ixodes scapularis) Scott Bauer / CC0 1.0

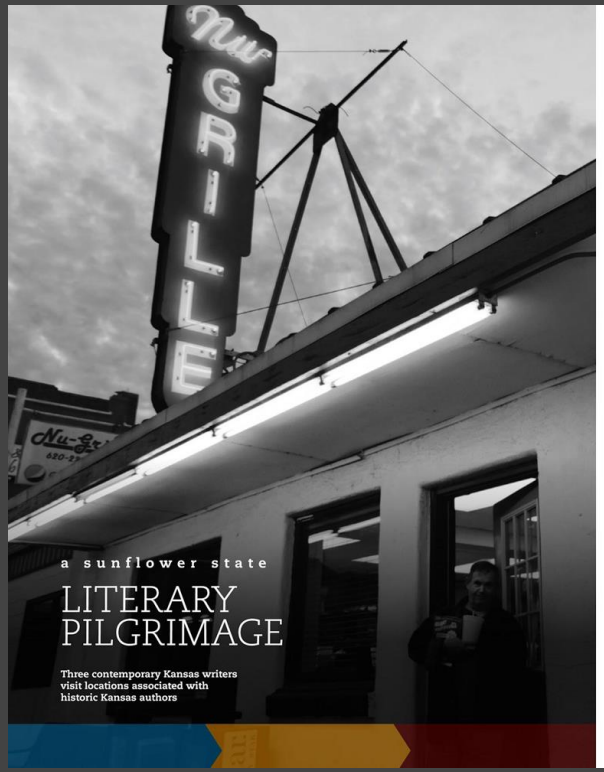
Public Issues - Gold

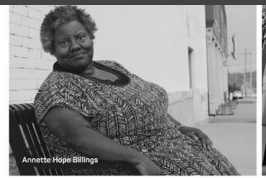
Adirondack Life - There Goes the Neighborhood

Historic Feature
35,000 or Less

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Award of Merit

Kansas! - A Sunflower State Literary Pilgrimage





During a recent visit to Fort Scott, Kansas, I learned the multi-talented, award-winning Kansan whom I thought was named Gordon Parks was actually named Gordon Roger Alexander Buchanan Parks. It seems fitting that a man of many talents would have many names, and nothing but an impressive name suited such an impressive person. (And speaking of impressive, I smile to think that his mother—who had already named his *14* older siblings—still had such a stock of names left.)

Parks was born into that large family in Fort Scott in 1912. Given the era, I wonder if his mother gave him extra names to offset the things she knew the world would attempt to deny him. He was a black boy born less than five decades after the Civil War. One biographer wrote that Parks "faced aggressive discrimination as a child," which seems to be a polite way of saying "as a black child he feared for his well-being every minute of every day."

It was Parks' photography for *Life* magazine I recall first learning about in school. I later discovered he was also a writer, composer, poet, photojournalist, film director, producer, and screenwriter. The 1969 film, *The Learning Tree* (based on his 1963 semi-autobiographical novel), remains a favorite. Parks wrote, directed, and produced the film, which was shot in Fort Scott. Equally memorable was the debut of his 1971 film, *Shaft*. It was released my freshman year of high school. Seeing the movie was a non-negotiable prerequisite for being considered cool in my circle. Both *The Learning Tree* and *Shaft* bolstered my determination to be a writer.

My recent trip to Fort Scott was my first visit, and I wondered how experiencing Parks' hometown would affect me as a fellow writer and Kansan. I was not disappointed. My first stop was the Gordon Parks Museum, and it should be on every Kansan's "must see" list. I left the museum richer just for having been there and having listened to everything the expert curator had to say about Parks. The museum itself does an excellent job of presenting both the breadth and depth of his life, and much of what is displayed speaks to Parks' commitment to documenting racism and poverty. It was clear his fame never diminished his passion for social justice. The museum experience reminded me of the power of arts and artists to effect change. There is no shortage of poems about the pretty aspects of life, but the presentation of Parks' life affirmed my desire to write about the hard truths—those truths that remind us social justice is not just desirable, but mandatory.

After leaving the museum, I drove through parts of Fort Scott, including neighborhoods, Main Street, historic Fort Scott and, finally, the cemetery that holds Parks' grave. I found his headstone, distinct but not monumental. A person unfamiliar with Parks wouldn't know an important person was buried there.

I left Fort Scott feeling more deeply connected and committed to writing. I reveled in knowing the people, the air and the buildings were not unlike what Gordon Parks knew. Certainly there were different people and buildings that had come after him, but my sense was the feel of the town that Parks had described and conveyed in his work had not changed.

I loved that Parks was a self-taught artist who did not allow difficult circumstances to stifle him. He was fearless in his willingness to head toward new horizons. In his words, "There's another horizon out there, one more horizon that you have to make for yourself and let other people discover it, and someone else will take it further on, you know."

Leaving Fort Scott on an unusually warm winter day, I felt hopeful as I headed toward my next horizon.

~Annette Hope Billings

ANNETTE HOPE BILLINGS is an award-winning writer and actress who has called Topeka home since early childhood. Prior to becoming a full-time writer in 2015, she was a registered nurse for decades. She considers writing a way to continue to care for Kansans.

GORDON PARKS MUSEUM
2108 S Horton St, Fort Scott Community College
Fort Scott | (800) 874-3722

Iconic photographs, personal artifacts and exhibits in this museum focus on the life and work of this internationally known, self-taught photographer, filmmaker, author and composer. The museum hosts a Gordon Parks Celebration each fall.

GORDON PARKS GRAVESITE
914 215th St, Evergreen Cemetery
Fort Scott | (620) 223-2879

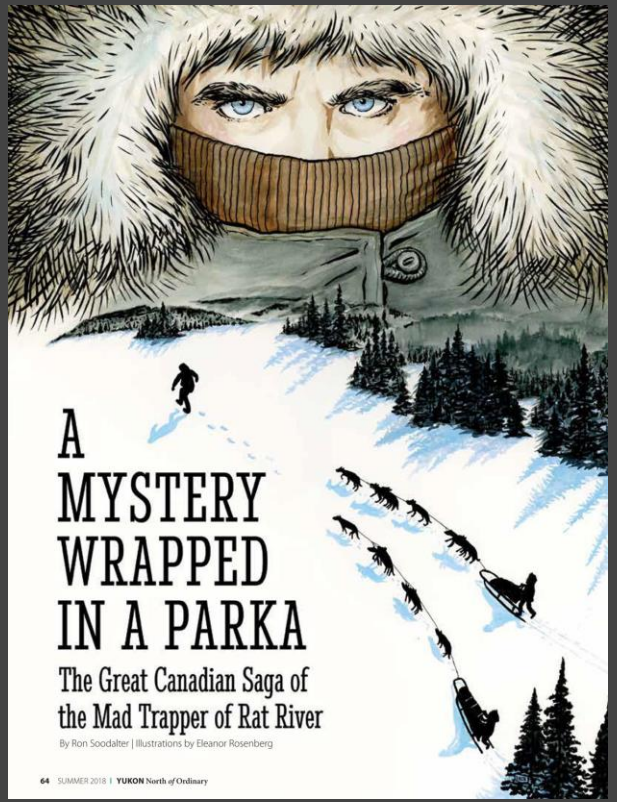
A formerly segregated cemetery that held the graves of Parks' parents, Evergreen was revitalized in part because of communication between Parks and the city's then-mayor before Parks died in 2004. A monument with a poem by Parks was added in 2007.

Two Essential Gordon Parks Destinations in Fort Scott

PHOTOGRAPHS Gayle Moore

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Yukon, North of Ordinary - A Mystery Wrapped in a Parka



Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life - The Tree Army

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Gold

Oklahoma Today - Of Snow Made Red With Blood

OF SNOW

MADE RED WITH BLOOD

ON A FRIGID MORNING IN NOVEMBER 1868, A GROUP OF SOLDIERS LED BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER BRUTALLY ATTACKED THE VILLAGE OF CHEYENNE PEACE CHIEF BLACK KETTLE BY THE BANK OF THE WASHITA RIVER IN WESTERN OKLAHOMA. THIS TRAGEDY, ITS GROUND NOW MARKED AS A NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE, CONTINUES TO ECHO 150 YEARS LATER.

BY JIM LOGAN

SHORTLY PAST MIDNIGHT on the morning of November 27, 1868, Lieutenant Colonel George Custer and his lead scout crawled through snow to the crest of a ridge overlooking the Washita River valley in what now is Roger Mills County. A half-mile below them was a herd of animals Custer thought to be bison. His Osage scout said they were horses. A tinkling pony bell confirmed the latter. The suspected village of the Cheyenne combatants they'd been tracking lay across the river, hidden by darkness and trees. As the two prepared to return to their fellow soldiers, the telltale sound of a baby's cry pierced the night air.

THE EVENTS LEADING to this moment had simmered for a quarter century. Since 1841, more than 300,000 white settlers had encroached onto lands that once had been the home of the Cheyenne, destroying grasslands, timber, and bison and often resulting in violent conflict. Cheyenne land straddled the Great Plains, including emigration routes to Oregon and California, and when the discovery of gold in present-day Colorado brought more whites, the fighting intensified. The massacre of at least 150 peaceful Cheyenne and Arapaho at Sand Creek, Colorado, worsened matters.

The Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867 assigned the Cheyenne lands between the Arkansas and Cimarron Rivers in present-day Oklahoma—an area one-sixth the size of that allocated to them sixteen years earlier—along with clothing, stipends for food and supplies, and access to prime hunting areas in southern Kansas, so long as they remained peaceful. Among those signing was Black Kettle, a committed peace advocate, whose band had been decimated at Sand Creek.

"[The Cheyenne] had no idea what they are giving up," wrote Captain Albert Barnitz in his diary soon after. "The treaty all amounts to nothing, and we will certainly have another war sooner or later."

The accord failed to settle conflicts in northern Kansas, where the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers attacked white villages in retaliation for a violent encounter with a white posse.

In this painting by James E. Taylor, the Seventh Cavalry, led by George Armstrong Custer, attacks a Cheyenne village.

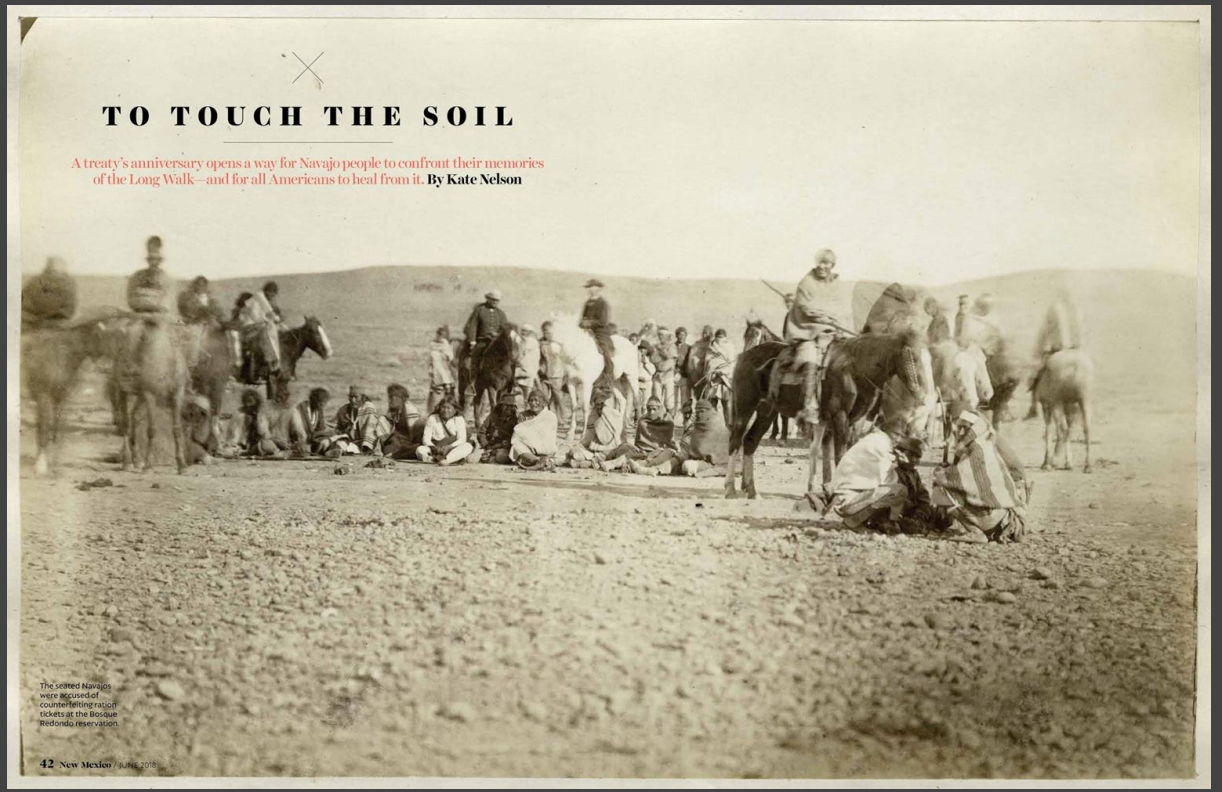
Historic Feature
35,000 or More

Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways - Hoofbeats of History

Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - To Touch the Soil



TO TOUCH THE SOIL

A treaty's anniversary opens a way for Navajo people to confront their memories of the Long Walk—and for all Americans to heal from it. By Kate Nelson

The seated Navajos were accused of counterfeiting ration tickets at the Bosque Redondo reservation.

Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Gold

Arizona Highways - A Totally Different Ballgame

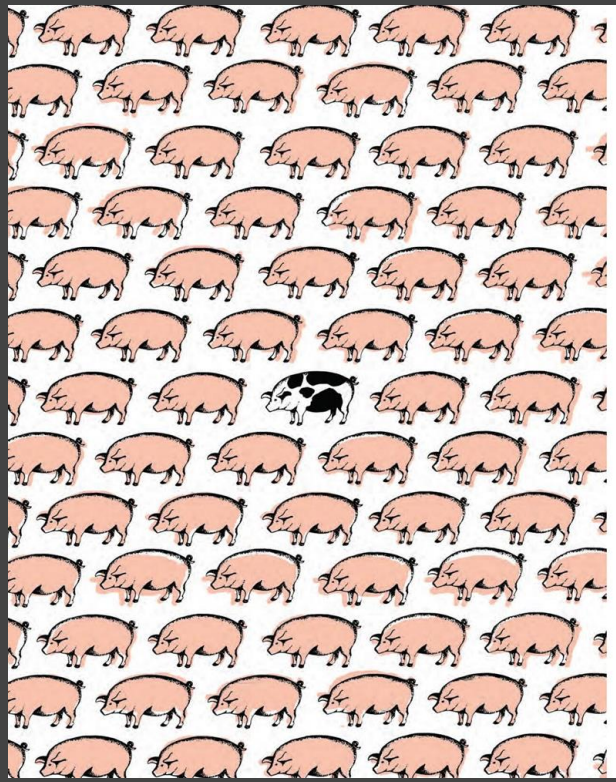
Nature & Environment
35,000 or Less

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Delaware Beach Life - March of the Horseshoe Crab

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Arkansas Life - This Little Piggy Went to Market



THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET

A VIEW OF HOG FARMING'S CHANGING LANDSCAPE—FROM SOMEONE WHO'S STOOD ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE

By Johnny Carrol Sain | Photography by Liz Chrisman

THIS ARTICLE WAS PRODUCED IN COLLABORATION WITH THE FOOD & ENVIRONMENT REPORTING NETWORK, A NON-PROFIT NEWS ORGANIZATION.

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Silver

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Last True Wilderness

LAST TRUE WILDERNESS

Experiencing the ecological and cultural richness of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge

Story and photos by Steve Hossack

There is much I'll remember. The cooing of sandhill cranes from across the tundra. A polar bear sauntering down the beach, like a minivan on four legs. Paddling for days on the lagoons without seeing a single mosquito, then listening to them hatch all at once while walking across the muskeg. A young caribou running at me from over 250 metres and stopping only a few metres away. Seals swimming around our canoe as we paddled through the azure waters of an ice floe. Scores of ducks overhead making a whopping sound like little fighter jets without any engines. Filming on the beach well after midnight and still feeling a sunburn setting in.

However, more than any other memory from my trip to the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, I'll always remember sitting against a piece of driftwood with my eyes closed and fingers in the sand, feeling the ice calving and thundering into the ocean from more than a kilometre away.

A RACE AGAINST TIME

There is an 8-million-hectare parcel of land on Alaska's North Slope known as the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR). It's been a protected wildlife refuge in some form since 1960, and because of the language used in the bill that created it, the potential to extract fossil fuels has been left ambiguous and to be determined. Today, ANWR is facing a threat unlike any it has experienced in the last 40 years.

A portion known as the "1002 area" refers to a 600,000-hectare section of the coastal plain considered an important wildlife habitat and rich in oil and gas. In 1980, President Jimmy Carter signed the *Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act*, which left the area open to potential drilling. The U.S. Geological Survey assessment suggests it may hold between four and 11 billion barrels of oil.

The act also designated approximately 12 million hectares of ANWR as protected wilderness, roughly 40 percent of the region. This area seems relatively safe from development—at least for now. In December 2017, a tax bill passed by U.S. Congress put exploration and potential drilling back on the table in the 1002 area.

ANWR is home to hundreds of animal species, including polar and grizzly bears, fish, seals, whales, foxes, and muskox. It also serves as a safe haven for seasonal migrators like caribou and waterfowl.

Many people associate the region with barren ground caribou, a member of the deer family that undertakes the longest migration of any land mammal on Earth to calve on the coastal plains of Alaska. But what is often overlooked is that millions of birds, from six continents, also make their way north to rear offspring in the long hours of Arctic summer light.

The region is pocked by crystal-clear freshwater ponds and blanketed under an elaborate mosaic of flora. Grass, fescue, moss, lichen, willow, and wildflowers colour the sweeping landscapes. At any moment, one can hear or see dozens of different species, giving proof of its reputation as America's Serengeti.

During the summer, the southern Beaufort Sea teems with seals and fish; on a clear day one can see down fathoms into the blue water. To the south, the mountains in the Brooks Range stand as indomitable figures, exacerbated by an otherwise flat expanse. The summer sun doesn't come close to touching the horizon; what photographers refer to as the "golden hour" often lasts all night.

While there is only one community inside ANWR (the village of Kaktovik on the shores of the Arctic Ocean), the refuge plays a vital role in the culture and health of the Inupiat that call the region home, as well as the Gwich'in populations in northeastern Alaska, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon. The calving grounds are a sacred place for these groups, and the impacts of oil and gas will undoubtedly have a transboundary effect.

Although serious development may still be years off, the potential looms like a dark cloud on the horizon of Alaska's North Slope. It has become a race against time for Indigenous and conservation groups to lobby government bodies in one final stand, pleading and demanding for the sacred lands to be protected.

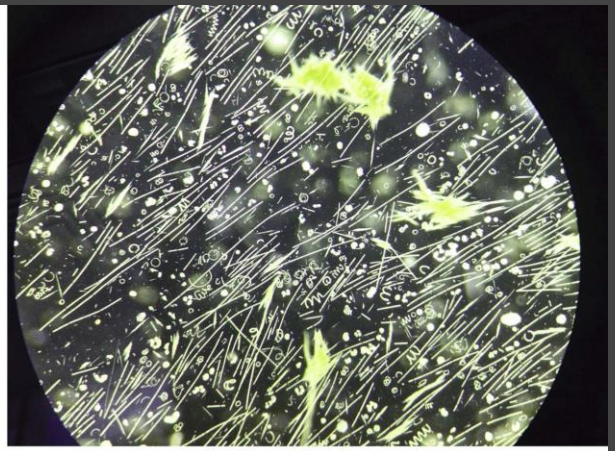
BEYOND THE ICE

This summer, I travelled north to experience ANWR myself. Our trip was part of a larger effort to raise awareness about the threat to the region's pristine wilderness.

Weather made the journey tough. It rained frequently. When it wasn't raining,

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Gold

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - The Hunt for Red Tides



Harmful blooms can occur in the ocean as well as lakes and ponds. Shown here is a cyanobacteria bloom from Sabattus Pond in central Maine. The clumpy one, called *Aphanizomenon*, is toxic.

Photo by Nicholas Record

THE HUNT FOR RED TIDES

The biology of toxic algal blooms

BY NICHOLAS R. RECORD

MOST KINDERGARTNERS will tell you that the ocean is blue. But seasoned mariners have often marveled at the ocean's many other colors. From the burnt green of Samuel Coleridge's "witch's oil" water to the "white squalls" of Herman Melville, to Homer's "wine-dark sea," each color tells a different story.

What story does it tell, then, when the sea is red?

You might have heard of "red tides." This is a colloquial term for what scientists call "harmful algal blooms" or sometimes just "harmful blooms." Many of them do paint the surface of the ocean a distinct color, ranging from orange to brown, or even golden. In 1770, in one of the earliest recordings of a red tide, Captain James Cook wrote: "The Sea in many places is here cover'd with a kind of a brown scum, such as sailors generally call spawn; upon our first seeing it, it alarm'd us, thinking we were among shoals, but we found the same depth of water where it was as in other places."

Cook was describing the type of algal bloom that has become the focus of research and resource management around the world. Some stain the sea to such an extent that they are visible from outer space, while others leave no visible trace at all.

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Gold

Wyoming Wildlife - Migration to the Mainstream

Joe Riis, here in the Absaroka Mountains, often uses motion-activated cameras to document migrations, showcasing up-close, wide-angle views of animals on the move, without disturbing them. Riis has dedicated a decade of fieldwork to the Yellowstone Migrations project.

CONNECTING THE DOTS

Photographer Joe Riis' body of work includes recording the migrations of pronghorn, elk and mule deer. His photographs showcase the challenges these species face, such as barbed-wire fences and deep snowpacks, when migrating hundreds of miles twice a year.

PIONEER IN WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BRINGS

MIGRATION TO THE MAINSTREAM

Story by Kelsey Dayton

Photographs by Joe Riis

Time in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem could be measured in migrations. The movement of elk, deer and pronghorn mark the transition from fall to winter and winter to spring. Their arduous journeys across raging rivers and 10,000-foot mountains define an ecosystem.

Some of Joe Riis' favorite images from these places — a pronghorn with a leg stuck in a fence, or an elk with calves panting up a mountainside, or a group of pronghorn crossing the Green River with one animal in the foreground — show the essence of these migrations. It is slow and deliberate. It's about survival, finding food and raising young. And it's incredibly hard and awe-inspiring.

That, said the Cody-based photographer, is what he hopes people see when they look at his images.

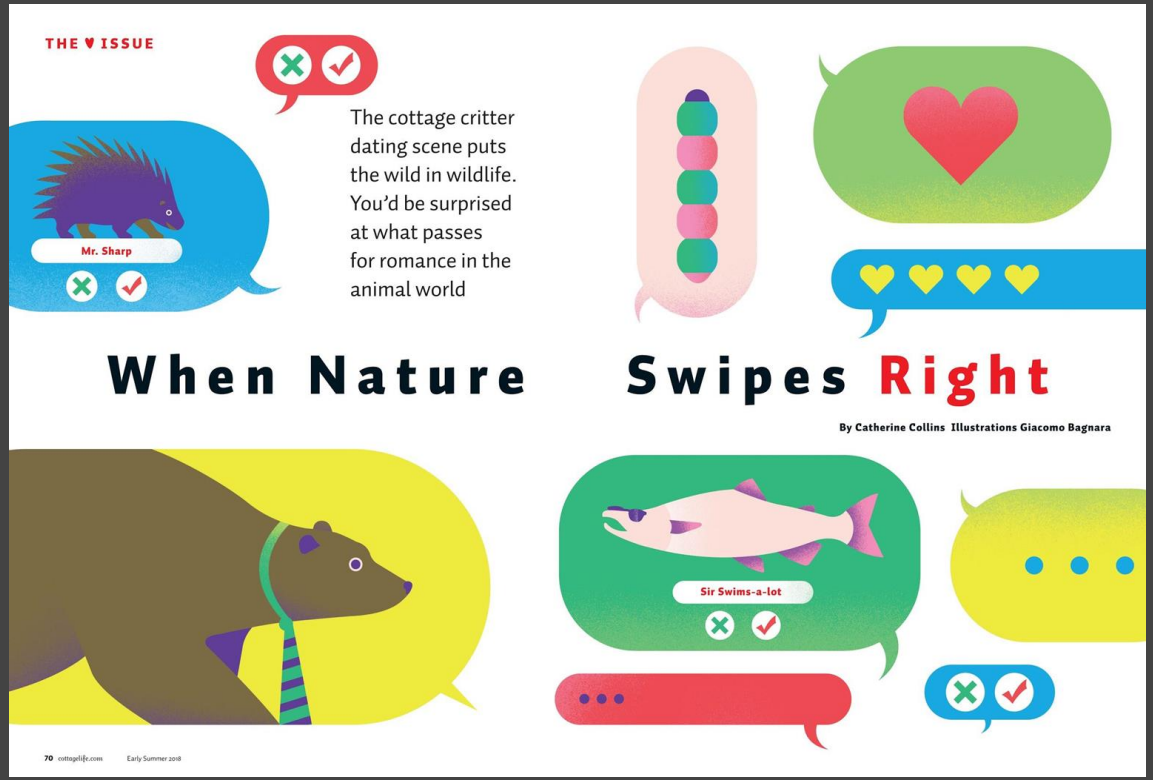
A National Geographic Photography Fellow and also a photography fellow at the Wyoming Migration Initiative, Riis has spent the last decade creating

Elk ford the Shoshone River during the regular migration to their summer and winter ranges.

Nature & Environment
35,000 or More

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Bronze

Cottage Life - When Nature Swipes Right



Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Silver

Texas Highways - A Return to the River

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Gold

Arizona Highways - In Search of Ancient Agaves

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Gold

New Mexico Magazine - The Four-Legged Dude

(CANIS LATRANS)

The Four-Legged Dude

Loved and (sometimes) loathed, the coyote might as well be our official state animal. Maybe the nation's, too.

BY DAN FLORES

ILLUSTRATION BY
MICHAEL BYERS

Travel Feature

Travel Feature - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Down to the River

Travel Feature - Bronze

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - New. Found. Land.

In splendid isolation, Squish Studio, one of several provided by Fogo Island Arts for its artists-in-residence program, looks out across ice-packed Labrador Sea.

62

Land.

An epic two-week land cruise across one mighty island

BY NANCY HARMON JENKINS

All photos courtesy Nancy Harmon Jenkins

I HAD MADE PLANS to go up to Newfoundland over and over and canceled them so many times that it became a joke among my friends. "Oh, I suppose any day now you're off to NewfoundLAND," they would say, giving it the preferred Canadian pronunciation. Well, she who laughs last, ha-ha, gets there in the end. Just before the summer solstice last year, I finally winged my way up to Deer Lake in the western part of the island, picked up a rental car and two friends who had also flown in, and headed up Route 430, the only road north.

We were bound for the Viking settlement, L'Anse aux Meadows (Lancie Meadows, we learned to say), six hours away at the top of the peninsula, looking out across the Labrador Sea. Rain sheeted across the coastal highway, windy gusts rocked our little rental car, and then the sun burst through scudding clouds and lit the wave tops. Newfoundland is the origin of "If you don't like the weather, just wait a bit." It's a land of rocky barrens and shallow soils; scrub forests of conifers, bent and twisted against the wind; of muskeg, peat bogs and marshy ponds; low dunelands to the northwest, tumbled rocks and precipitous cliffs to the southeast, and vast unpopulated stretches of moor in between; spectacular vistas; and moose everywhere.

Roy Dwyer, fisherman, poet, folklorist, a designated Fogo Island Community Host, holds dried salt cod prepared in the old tradition at the Dwyer premises in the village of Tilting.

Icebergs ahead

The ice began to accumulate as we moved north and approached the Strait of Belle Isle, which separates Newfoundland from Labrador—huge blocks of pack ice that shifted like giant, alabaster-blue playing cards on the water's surface. On the horizon we spotted the first icebergs—not the giants of picture postcards, more like what Newfoundlanders call "growlers" or, even smaller, "bergy bits." Still, in June, with the pack ice an ominous presence, I can't stop thinking about those Vikings setting sail in their open boats across the Labrador Sea. L'Anse aux Meadows is the only archeologically verified Norse site in North America; here the small group of adventurers, sailing west from Greenland, spent a few seasons around the year 1,000 CE, setting up thatched shelters, smelting bog iron to craft nails and tools, fishing, hunting game, repairing ships and gear, and exploring south, possibly even as far as present-day New Brunswick. To set the historical context, that was around the time the Normans invaded England, 400 years before Columbus set sail.

Just as L'Anse aux Meadows was the start of European settlement in North America, it was also the start of our two-week land cruise across this great island. From there, we turned south and then east to Twillingate and Fogo Island, then south again to Cape St. Mary's where millions of seabirds congregate on Bird Rock, and finally to St.

Travel Feature - Silver

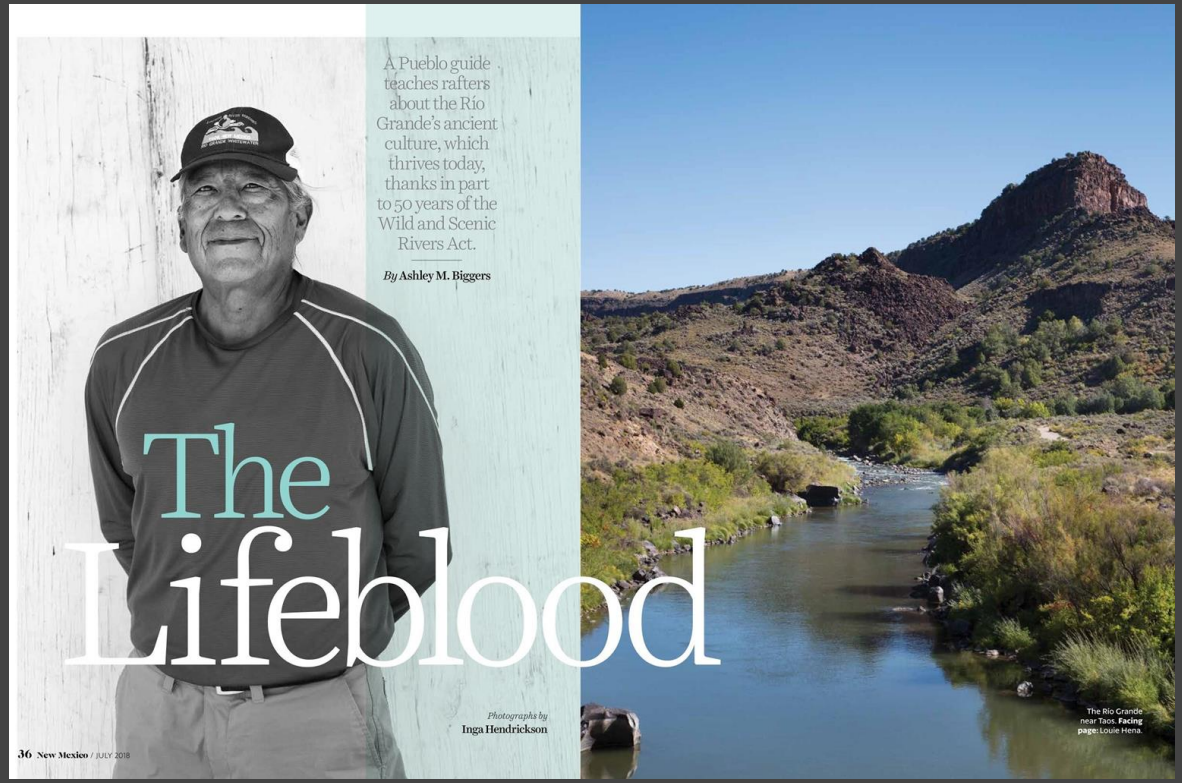
Arizona Highways - The Ultimate Arizona Road Trip

Travel Feature - Gold

Texas Highways - The Devil Made Me Do It

Travel Feature - Gold

New Mexico Magazine - The Lifeblood



Art and Culture Feature

Art and Culture Feature - Merit

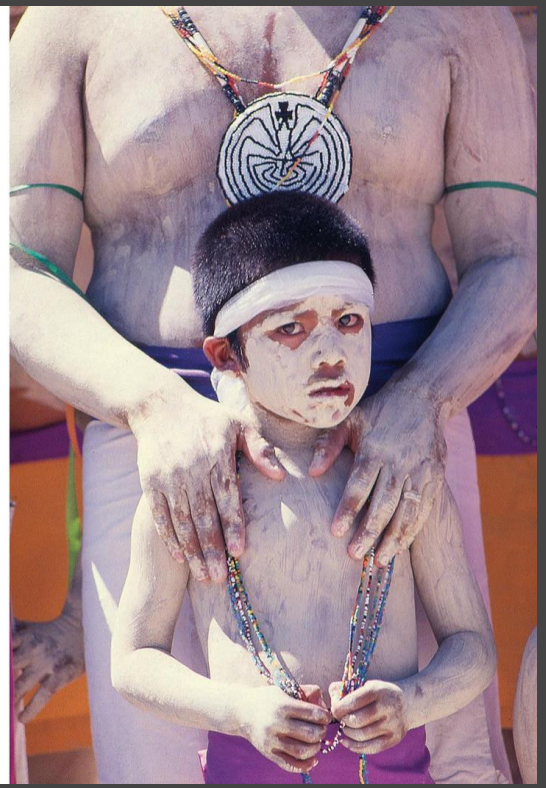
Arizona Highways - Indigenous Arizona

INDIGENOUS ARIZONA

The history of the state's 22 tribes is as deep as the Grand Canyon and as expansive as the view from the top of Humphreys Peak. It's a story that's often been overlooked, but now, Native scholars and activists are making sure Arizona's indigenous cultures get the attention they deserve.

BY ANNETTE McGIVNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE ARIZONA HIGHWAYS ARCHIVES



Art and Culture Feature - Merit

Texas Highways - Silver & Blues

Art and Culture Feature - Merit

Adirondack Life - Just Beyond the River

JUST BEYOND THE RIVER

THE PAST FLOWS THROUGH THE WORK OF DAESHA DEVON HARRIS

BY AMY GODINE

THE ARTIST

Daesha Devón Harris doesn't wait around for inspiration. She looks for it; she brings it home. She takes it from memories of family picnics at Moreau Lake and Fish Creek near Saratoga Springs, where she grew up. From black folktales, slave narratives, poems of the Harlem Renaissance, and the story of Timbucto, an antebellum black settlement in North Elba she discovered in an exhibition at the John Brown farm. These influences inform her sense of mission as lushly as springs refresh a stream, and you can see them pulsing in her art as well, especially in her recent solo exhibition, Just Beyond the River: A Folktale, in the Courthouse Gallery at the Lake George Arts Project.

It's not what Harris knows, however, but what she doesn't know that seems to bring the most delight. Harris's attraction to stories of loss and disruption from black America is more than keen, it's compelled. In the Lake George show, for instance, several ethereally tinted photo-dyed silk hangings feature young people in water, moving, running, turning fast. Who are they? We see bodies and bare feet stamping up white clouds of sand, but no heads, no faces. They're cropped out. The subject here is energy and action, but it's all in hiding, undercover. Water is a refuge. Are they escaping? Are they fugitives? The thought is no great stretch in the context of this show; the 16-some mixed-media portraits on the gallery walls show black Americans no more than one or two generations out of slavery. And like the running figures on the banners, they are youthful (mostly), and unnamed.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF DAESHA DEVÓN HARRIS

Art and Culture Feature - Bronze

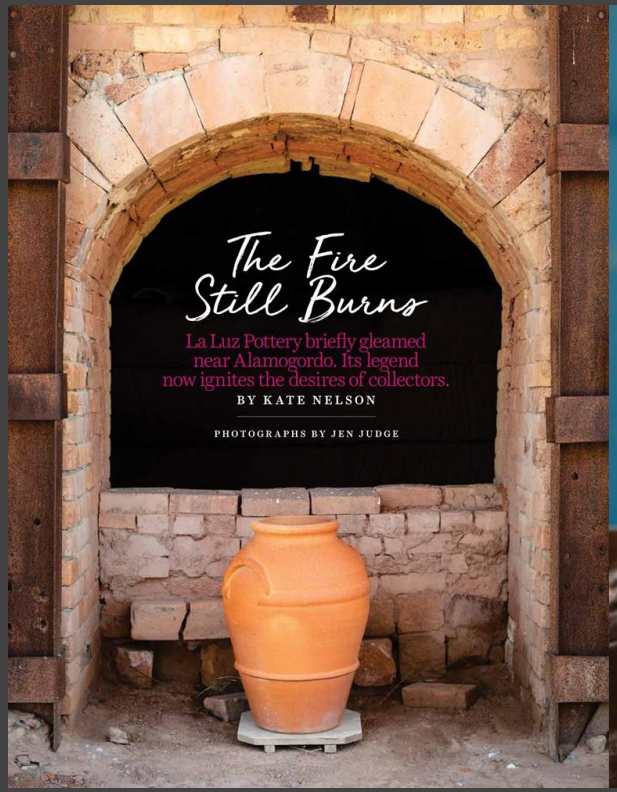
Oklahoma Today - Paper Trail

Art and Culture Feature - Silver

Louisiana Life - Celebrate New Orleans

Art and Culture Feature - Gold

New Mexico Magazine - The Fire Still Burns



General Feature
35,000 or Less

General Feature 35 or Less - Merit

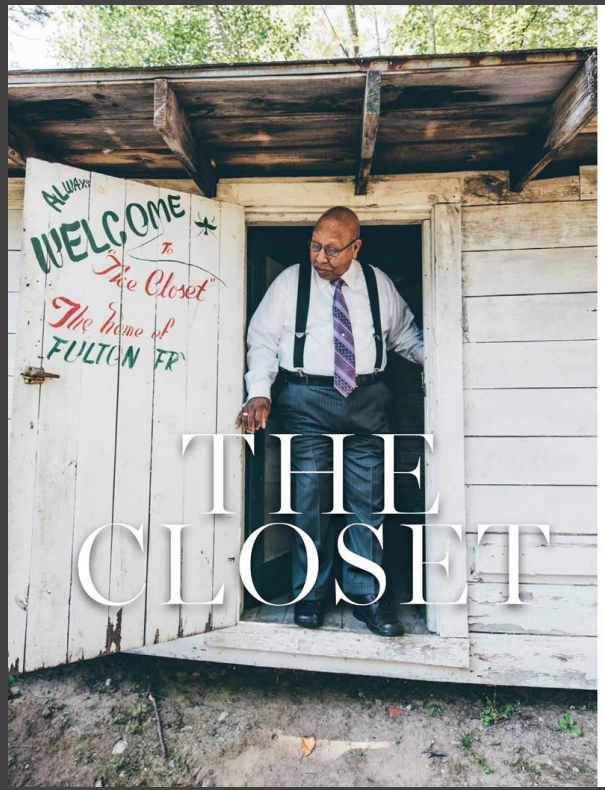
Acadiana Profile - La Chasse au Canard

General Feature 35 or Less - Merit

Oklahoma Today - Folk Medicine

General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life - The Closet



THE CLOSET

In 1957 Fulton Fryar arrived at Schroon Lake's Seagle Music Colony with a dream. He found that even in the Adirondacks he couldn't escape segregation

WHEN SOUTHERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS WERE SEGREGATED, Clinton, North Carolina, educated its black high schoolers at Sampson High. Sampson is closed now. But in 1957, when Fulton Fryar went there, its hard-pushing music department enjoyed an epic reputation. The school choir had performed for President Truman in the White House. It sang for the New Farmers of America national convention. Choir practice seemed perpetual—Fryar, 78, recalls needing to show up "365 days a year." When he wasn't singing, he was practicing his alto sax for the dance band, his clarinet for the concert band, and his trumpet for the marching band. He helmed a jazz combo, too.

But voice was the great love. Fulton Fryar had a tenor that could make you sit straight up in your chair. All the Fryars loved their music. Fryar's father, Reverend Willy Roosevelt Fryar, a circuit rider with five churches on his watch, was steeped in the shaped-note tradition of black southern gospel, a musical notation system with roots in rural New England. Fulton Fryar's teacher was so proud of his prize student he brought him to Rotary. Fryar dazzled the white worthies of his town with spirituals, light pop, a little Harry Belafonte. Rotary recommended him to a wealthy lady with an ear for rising local talent, and she set him up with an audition with opera buff John Seagle. That fall Seagle was in Raleigh, mentoring North Carolina's Opera Guild. On sabbatical from Trinity College in Texas, he listened closely to this untrained prospect. In 1915, his father, Oscar Seagle, had opened a teaching colony for aspiring opera singers in the Adirondack hamlet of Schroon Lake. On Oscar's death in 1945, John Seagle and his wife, Helen, took charge of this small colony. Said Seagle to Fulton Fryar's friends and boosters, If you can raise the money to get this young man to the Adirondacks, we'll take it from there.

BY AMY GODINE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARRIE MARIE BURR

General Feature 35 or Less - Silver

Louisiana Life - Woman's Work

BEST CHEFS

Female chefs are running the kitchens and changing culinary culture in a host of Louisiana's top restaurants

BY JYL BENSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMERO AND ROMERO

Welcome to *Louisiana Life*'s celebration of take charge women who are running restaurant kitchens in an industry long dominated by men. For the third consecutive year, writer Jyl Benson leads us on an exploration of Louisiana's culinary heritage and the people moving it forward, while at the same time preserving and revealing the treasures of the state's past.

What individuals and different cultures cook and eat tells a story. We asked women in the business of food who are at the top of their game what they cook and to share their stories and experiences fighting to the top of the line in the kitchen.

Not surprisingly, the one thing many of the women we've profiled have in common is zero tolerance for the harassment and condescension that has, until recent months, often been considered the norm in the industry. The culinary world, especially in New Orleans, was shaken at the end of 2017, when *The Times-Picayune* and *NOLA.com* published its eight-month investigation into celebrity chef, restaurateur and cookbook author John Besh who was at the center of sexual discrimination and retaliation complaints filed with the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission by former female employees of Besh Restaurant Group.

Like most industries, as the women in this feature have made their marks, some have had to fight back and stand up for themselves, while others have experienced no harassment at all in their careers.

One of the other things they have in common is that each of these women employs their gifts to utilize Louisiana's bountiful agricultural harvest to sustain, enlighten, educate, dazzle and inspire us.

The recipes they shared are as diverse and vibrant as the women and they, along with their female counterparts across Louisiana and the nation, are changing the face and the culture of their industry.

WOMAN'S WORK

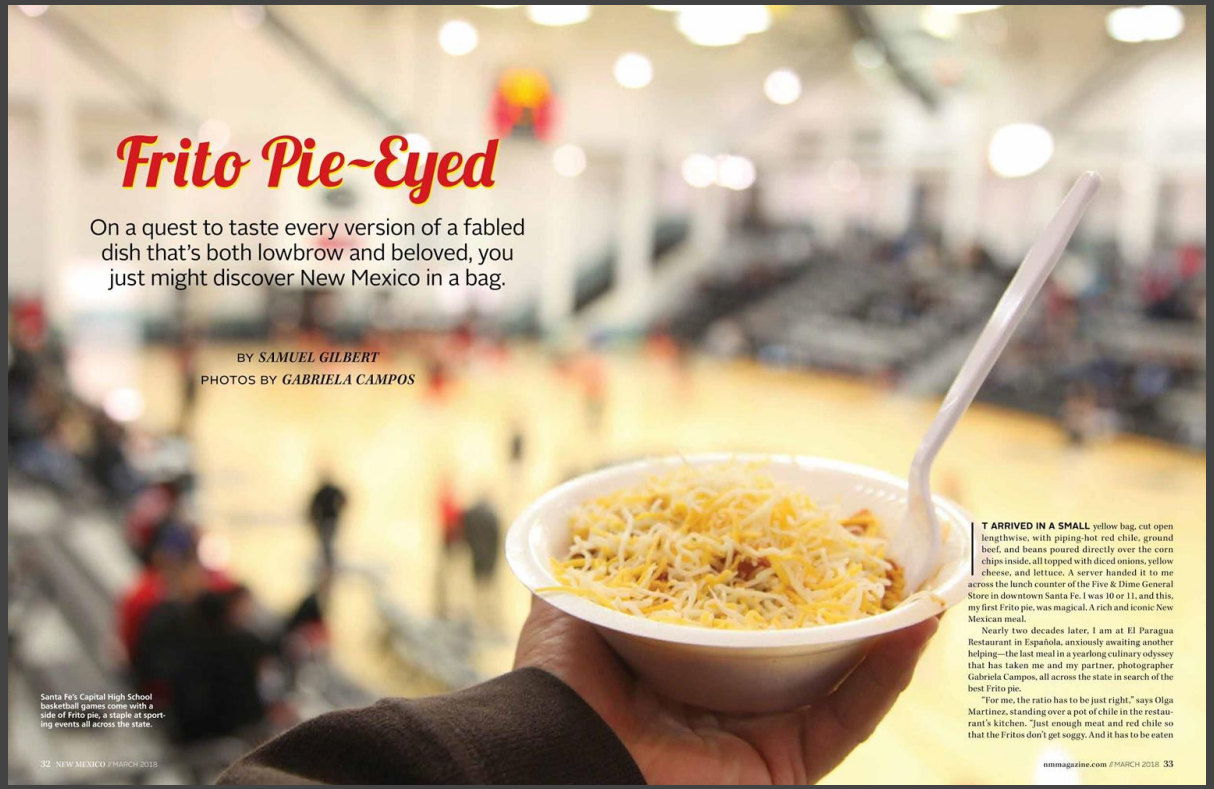
General Feature 35 or Less - Gold

Delaware Beach Life - Into the Sunsets

General Feature
35,000 or More

General Feature 35 or More - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine - Frito Pie-Eyed



Frito Pie-Eyed

On a quest to taste every version of a fabled dish that's both lowbrow and beloved, you just might discover New Mexico in a bag.

BY *SAMUEL GILBERT*

PHOTOS BY *GABRIELA CAMPOS*

Santa Fe's Capital High School basketball games come with a side of Frito pie, a staple at sporting events all across the state.

I T ARRIVED IN A SMALL yellow bag, cut open lengthwise, with piping-hot red chile, ground beef, and beans poured directly over the corn chips inside, all topped with diced onions, yellow cheese, and lettuce. A server handed it to me across the lunch counter of the Five & Dime General Store in downtown Santa Fe. I was 10 or 11, and this, my first Frito pie, was magical. A rich and iconic New Mexican meal.

Nearly two decades later, I am at El Paragua Restaurant in Española, anxiously awaiting another helping—the last meal in a yearlong culinary odyssey that has taken me and my partner, photographer Gabriela Campos, all across the state in search of the best Frito pie.

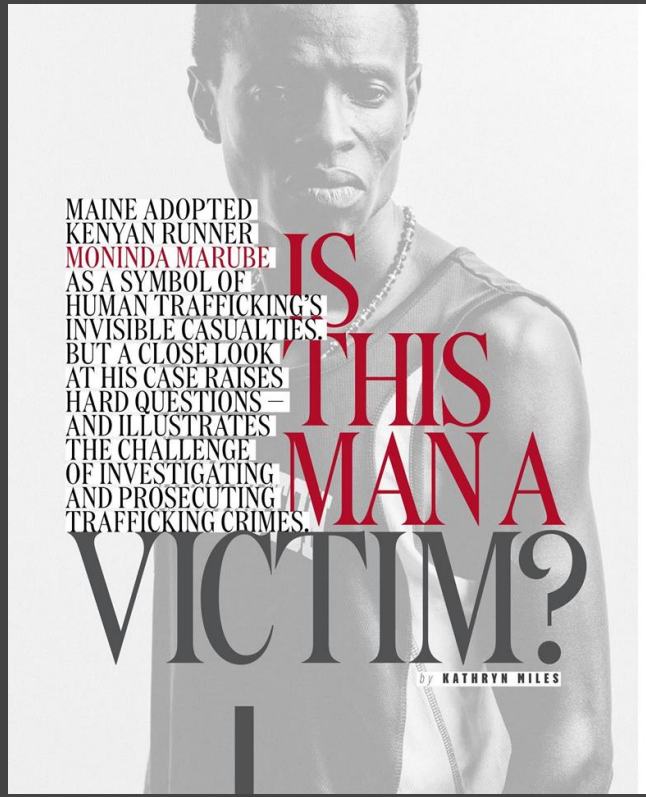
"For me, the ratio has to be just right," says Olga Martinez, standing over a pot of chile in the restaurant's kitchen. "Just enough meat and red chile so that the Fritos don't get soggy. And it has to be eaten

General Feature 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - A Walk in the Park

General Feature 35 or More - Gold

Down East - Is This Man a Victim?

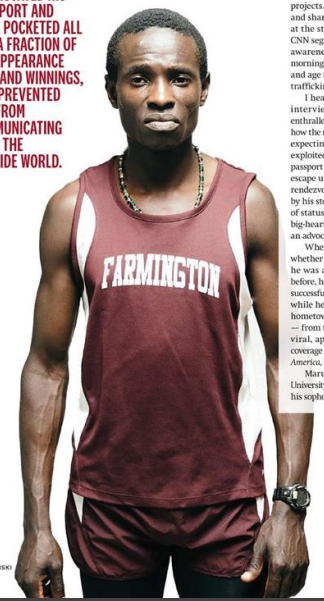


MAINE ADOPTED KENYAN RUNNER MONINDA MARUBE AS A SYMBOL OF HUMAN TRAFFICKING'S INVISIBLE CASUALTIES. BUT A CLOSE LOOK AT HIS CASE RAISES HARD QUESTIONS — AND ILLUSTRATES THE CHALLENGE OF INVESTIGATING AND PROSECUTING TRAFFICKING CRIMES.

IS THIS MAN A VICTIM?

by KATHRYN MILES

HE STAYED IN THE HOUSE NINE MONTHS, DURING WHICH TIME, HE SAYS, THE MANAGER CONFISCATED HIS PASSPORT AND VISA, POCKETED ALL BUT A FRACTION OF HIS APPEARANCE FEES AND WINNINGS, AND PREVENTED HIM FROM COMMUNICATING WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



TRISTAN SPINSKI

MONINDA MARUBE'S FAME came to him unexpectedly. Which isn't to say the competitive runner wasn't seeking stardom. On the contrary, he came to the U.S. from his native Kenya dreaming of high-profile victories and lucrative sponsorships from companies like Nike. Instead, Marube has acquired a celebrity he never anticipated — as the face of human-trafficking survivors in Maine and nationwide.

In that capacity, he has stood on the steps of the U.S. Capitol alongside Maine senator Susan Collins, who praised him as "a person of remarkable courage and commitment." He's been the subject of newspaper, magazine, and radio stories and multiple documentary projects. He's spoken at conferences and workshops and shared billing with Maine governor Paul LePage at the state's Summit on Human Trafficking. On a CNN segment covering Marube's 2015 attempt at an awareness-raising cross-country run, the network's morning anchor declared, "You can't believe in this day and age that that's happening — slavery and human trafficking. But, you know, he is living proof that it is."

I heard about Marube from a filmmaker who'd interviewed him for a documentary. I listened, enthralled, as the documentarian retold Marube's story: how the runner had traveled to Coon Rapids, Minnesota, expecting to train with an expert manager, only to be exploited in unimaginable ways. How, even with his passport confiscated by his trafficker, he'd managed to escape under cloak of darkness, thanks to a dramatic rendezvous. How Border Patrol officers were so taken by his story that they let him go, despite his being out of status. How he found his way to Maine, thanks to big-hearted patrons, where he reinvented himself as an advocate and activist.

When I contacted Marube last summer and asked whether I could interview him for a magazine profile, he was arguably at the height of his fame. Weeks before, he had reported to his local newspaper that he'd successfully outrun two black bears that had given chase while he was on a dawn training run in his adopted hometown of Auburn. The story of Marube's escapes — from the bears and from his trafficker — had gone viral, appearing in outlets around the globe, with coverage of one or both from the BBC, NPR, *Good Morning America*, *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, and others.

Marube invited me to meet him on campus at the University of Maine at Farmington, where he was starting his sophomore year. He seemed eager to share his story.

Profiles 35,000 or Less

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Merit

The Bermudian - Right time. Right place. Right attitude.

Right time.
Right place.
Right attitude.

Emily Nagel returned to Bermuda this summer after achieving her dream of sailing in the Volvo Ocean Race—and became a role model for young women in the process.

WRITTEN BY W. C. STEVENSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BLAKE/ VOLVO OCEAN RACE

Held every three years, the Volvo Ocean Race is a grueling test of sailing prowess that Bermudian Emily Nagel (pictured right) was thrilled to take part in this past year.

www.thebermudian.com

It's shortly after five o'clock

on a Wednesday in July. The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club is busy with men and women hauling sails and cases of Heineken along the docks, getting their boats ready for the weekly beer can regatta. I've been invited on board *Lix*, an eight meter J/80 owned by my uncle and a consortium of other sailor dads.

Wednesday night races aboard *Lix* are normally a guy thing—a chance for the good ol' boys to drink beers, chat breeze and yell "starboard!" like they used to. Over the years I've filled in from time-to-time as chief beer tactician or when they need some ballast in heavy winds, but today I'm actually needed. The usual sailor dad suspects are all off the island. The lone remainder, Hal Kempe, is in charge. Instead of another day out with the boys, we're sailing with the girls today: local Volvo Ocean Race competitor Emily Nagel and her #1 fan, Amelie Kempe—Hal's 11-year-old daughter.

If you hadn't heard, Nagel competed in this year's Volvo Ocean Race aboard the Dutch team AkzoNobel. The 24-year-old is the first Bermudian to participate in the 45,000-mile race across the world, known as the "Everest of sailing" due to the grueling conditions teams face. But more broadly, and perhaps more importantly, Nagel is part of an inaugural class of women to compete this year in sailing's most prestigious open-water race. For the 13th edition, teams that wanted to seriously compete had to have at least one woman on board. The change wasn't without controversy, of course, but more on that later.

JOURNEY TO THE TOP

Nagel had only graduated from the University of Southampton in 2016. She'd fallen in love with sailing around the age of ten, when, like most young sailors, she was thrown into an Opti. She progressed through to Lasers just two years later, but it wasn't until she went to boarding school in the UK, where she began sailing RS Fevas, that her love for racing really set it.

"I'd raced pretty much straight away as soon as I got into Optis, but it was when I got into the Feva when suddenly I started to do a lot better and started to enjoy myself a lot more," she said. Her performances didn't go unnoticed, and at 15-years-old she was selected for the UK National Team. By the time that college came around, Nagel knew she wanted to continue sailing—the question was what degree she'd pursue.

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life - A Dairy Tale

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife - A tree of tales

A tree of tales

Not far from Oxbow Bend on the Snake River there's a tall pine that might look like all the others. But this one marks the spot an 89-year-old Wyoming hunter has waited on elk for more than 50 seasons, as life and wilderness change around him.

By Christine Peterson

Blas Medina and his wife Elanor sit at Blas' tree for a hunt in 2004. Behind them stands their grandson Kristopher Holmes. Holmes is now a spawning coordinator at Game and Fish and Blas still hunts at the same tree in the picture.
Photo courtesy of the Medina family

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Silver

Oklahoma Today - Rocket Woman

Indians and Cowboys

ROCKET WOMAN

Her story was untold for a generation, but now, **MARY GOLDA ROSS**, *the first female Native American aerospace engineer and a* **SPACE AGE PIONEER**, *is emerging as a hero for Indigenous women in science.*

BY **GRAHAM LEE BREWER** | *PORTRAIT BY* **ARIGON STARR**

IN THE LATE 1980s, Evelyn Ross McMillan bought a tape recorder so she could start recording the conversations she had with her Aunt Gold. The pair's birthdays were nine days apart in July, and every summer, Evelyn made the trip from the family's home state of Oklahoma to celebrate with her aunt in Los Altos, California, where she lived near Stanford University. The two would drive down the sunny streets in Gold's roomy red sedan—which she always insisted on driving herself—and talk. Evelyn wanted to record everything her aunt said. Gold was getting older, true, but it was more than that. Evelyn knew what she had in Mary Golda Ross, even if the rest of the world didn't.

But that tape recorder, thanks in part to the humbling arc of history and to Ross' quiet nature, would turn out to be insufficient.

That's because in the 1940s, Ross became the only female engineer working for Lockheed Martin, eventually helping to found its Skunk Works, a top secret group of engineers who developed aircraft during World War II and spacecraft during the Space Race. She would be the only Native American in the room for decades to come.

Kickapoo, Creek, Cherokee, and Seneca artist and McLoud native Arigon Starr created this portrait of Cherokee scientist Mary Golda Ross for *Oklahoma Today*.

MARY GOLDA ROSS was a Cherokee, a matriarchal tribe with a tradition of wise, empowered women. But she held another trait long admired by her people: persistence. Those who knew her knew this great-great-granddaughter of Chief John Ross wasn't motivated by the satisfaction of proving anyone wrong but by love of her work. And there was a lot of work to do. With a world war, Cold War, and then a race to the moon all happening during her career, the stakes were high. For her, a humble focus on the work was the only logical path forward.

"She was six feet tall but very quiet and unassuming," says Evelyn. "She did not demand anything. She just went in and did it in her very quiet way."

Evelyn eventually did buy a microphone, hoping she could coax her aunt to open up about those secret days at Lockheed. Evelyn wanted to save and document the many talks they shared. But despite her niece's best efforts, Ross and her quiet humility won the day, and her work still is largely shrouded in mystery.

"My family knew she was an engineer, but that's all we knew," Evelyn says. "My dad died before anyone knew what she did."

That silence both belies and personifies Ross' influential work at Lockheed Martin.

"She underestimated how important she was," says Norbert Hill, former executive director of the American Indian Science and Engineering Society.

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Gold

Arkansas Life - Double Exposure

DOUBLE Exposure

At first glance, it seems there's a rift between Tim Hursley's professional and personal work. For nearly four decades, the renowned architectural photographer has developed a portfolio of clients with names like Warhol, Gehry and Safdie, while his personal work, in contrast, has taken him into brothels and funeral homes. But spend time with him, and you understand it's all the same

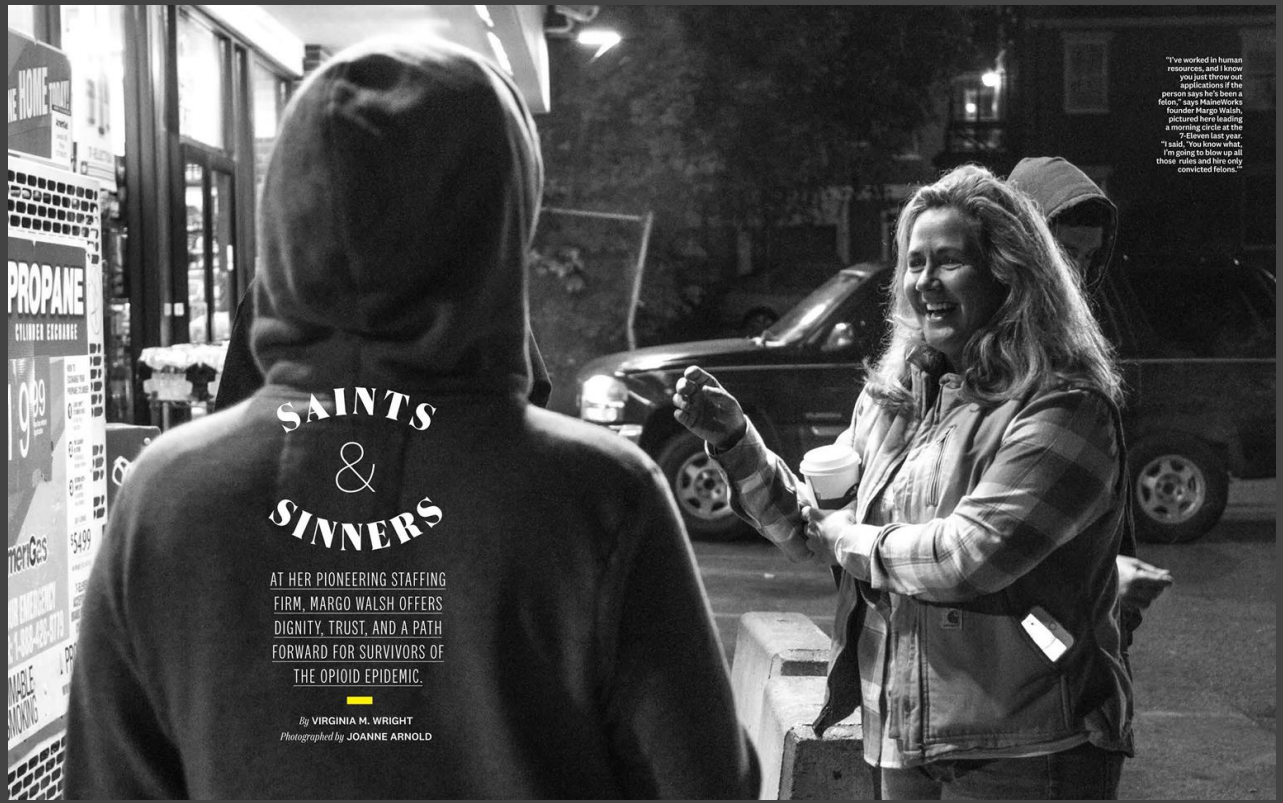
BY JORDAN P. HICKEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIM HURSLEY AND PORTRAIT BY JOHN DAVID PITTMAN

Profiles 35,000 or More

Profiles 35,000 or More - Bronze

Down East - Saints & Sinners



Profiles 35,000 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways - Just Sounds Nasty (It's Not Though)

Just Sounds Nasty (It's Not, Though)

Ray Wylie Hubbard revisits the "farm" that inspired his famous song

Story by **Joe Nick Patoski**

ANY GOOD SONGWRITER KNOWS WHEN the muse strikes, write it down. For Ray Wylie Hubbard, it was maybe the 10,000th time he was driving southbound on Interstate 35 from New Braunfels toward San Antonio, passing Exit 182 at Engel Road and the so-big-you-can't-miss-it sign that screamed "SNAKE FARM" in red and black letters. The words, meant to entice drivers to stop at the long-running roadside attraction, conjured the image of a farm full of snakes, and Hubbard physically shuddered.

"Actually, I went 'Ugggggghhhhhh,'" he says, recalling the moment. Then inspiration struck. He thought to himself, "Just sounds nasty." Why?

A farm full of snakes didn't tempt singer-songwriter **Ray Wylie Hubbard**—until his muse struck.

"Because it's a reptile house, not a cathedral," he rationalized. "Yeah, pretty much is."

His mind started racing. "Then it came to me: It's a love song. It's about a man who doesn't like snakes, but he loves the woman who works at the Snake Farm," says Hubbard, a resident of Wimberley, where all four poisonous snakes found in Texas also reside.

"That's true love," he said. "So I thought, 'What kind of woman would work at the Snake Farm?' She'd dance like Little Egypt. She'd drink malt liquor. Have a tattoo of a python, probably eating a mouse. One of them would have a sailor hat that said Snake Farm." As the song developed, he named her Ramona. "How come she works there? It's got its charm.

"It's a love song. It's about a man who doesn't like snakes, but he loves the woman who works at the Snake Farm."

Nothing to do in the winter because the snakes are hibernating. And every once in a while, a kid gets bit.

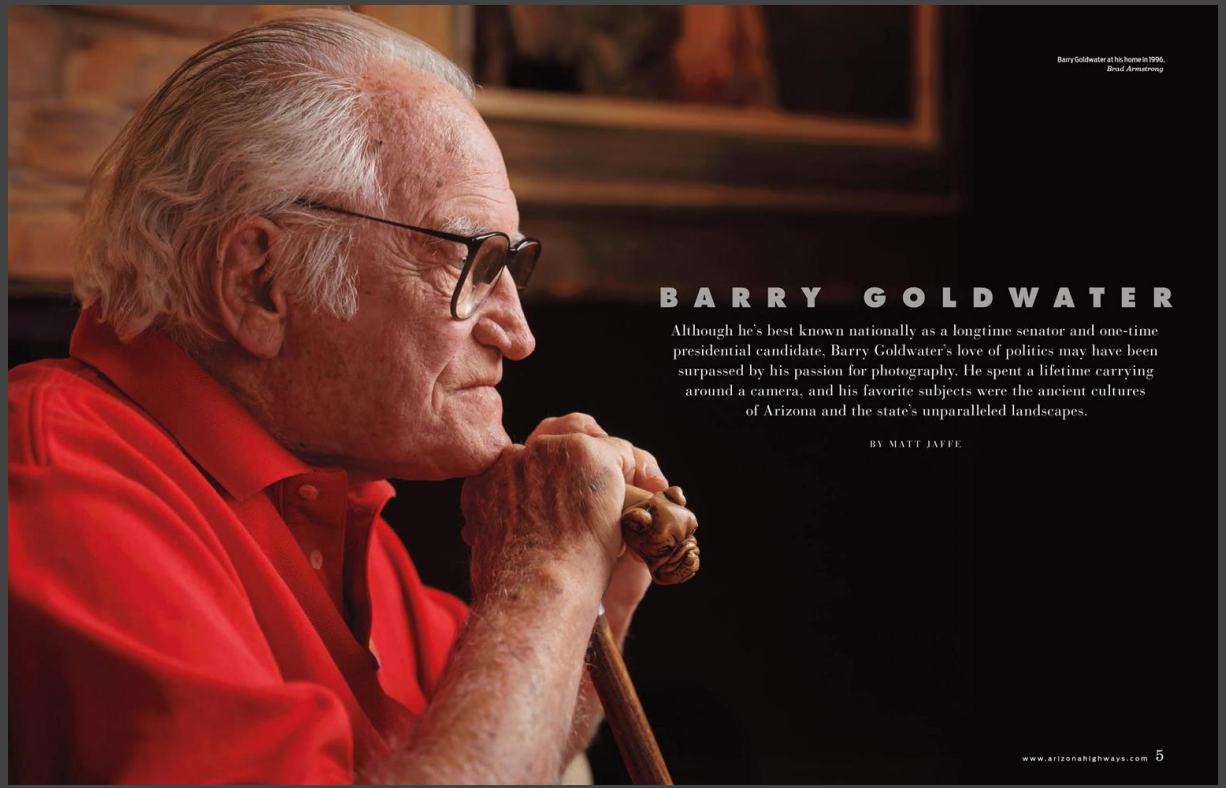
"How do I end it?" Hubbard mused. "If he really loved her, and she said come on down here, he would go."

"It all fell into place. I came home and wrote it down in about 15 minutes." He dreamed up a snaky blues groove for the words and had himself a song.

That initial guttural response driving down I-35 turned out to be the hook to one of the hookiest songs Hubbard has ever written, and the punch line to the singalong chant "snake farm." He recorded the song and released it on the album of the same name in 2006, and it has been part of his repertoire ever since—much like another song he wrote back in the 1970s, "Up Against the Wall Redneck Mother."

Profiles 35,000 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - Barry Goldwater



Profiles 35,000 or More - Gold

Cottage Life - That Which Does Not Burn

Reader Service Article

Reader Service Article - Merit

Downhome - Your May 2-4 Guide

explore

Your

MAY 2-4 GUIDE

"It's the 24th of May and we likes to get away..."

It's not just a Buddy Wasisname and The Other Fellers song, it's a proud part of the culture in Newfoundland and Labrador. This year, we've put together a guide to help you make the most of your May 24th weekend. Whether your plans include a road trip, a hike in the woods or a boat ride out the bay, you'll find handy tips on what to pack – plus the latest and greatest outdoor gear, tips for better barbecuing and a tongue-in-cheek quiz to help you determine whether or not you're "fit for May 2-4" to begin with. For delicious campfire recipes, turn to page 105. However you plan to mark the first long weekend of summer, please celebrate responsibly.

Must-Have May 2-4 Gear

WaterLily

St. John's-based company Seaformatics is making big waves with this small gadget. Featured on the Discovery Channel and already shipped to outdoors enthusiasts around the world, WaterLily can charge your cellphone using two things this province has a lot of: wind and water. The portable micro turbine works by using water or wind to power USB-compatible devices (cellphones, tablets etc.). Hang from a tree to harness the wind, or submerge in moving water to harness the waves. WaterLily sells for US$199 at waterlilyturbine.com. (Use coupon code DOWNHOME10 for 10% off.)

Juniper BBQ Scraper

Last summer, as reports surfaced of barbecue scraper bristles becoming embedded in food and swallowed, one Newfoundland and Labrador family came up with a solution. Made of 100 per cent local juniper (tamarack), the bristle-free Juniper BBQ Scraper offers a safe, natural way to clean barbecue grills. They come in packs of three for $69.99 (or packs of five for $99.99) at juniperbbqscraper.com. They're also sold at several retail locations, including Coleman's island-wide.

WG Grill Kit

This lightweight, compact – yet durable – grill is perfect for outdoor cooking. Easily reconfigured to three different heights, it's ideal for cooking over large or small campfires, or charcoal. The stainless steel grill comes with a carrying case, firestarter tool, cleaning tool and drying cloth. It sells for US$109 at www.wolfandgrizzly.com.

Reader Service Article - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Food Worth the Drive

For the fifth year running, we've rounded up some of the best road trip-worthy dishes all over the state. And this year, it's all about the sugar rush.

Photography by **LORI DUCKWORTH**

Illustrations by **JJ RITCHEY**

Alva

HOLDER DRUG

Off the picturesque main square in Alva sits **Holder Drug**, a longtime hub of community activity. In addition to a pharmacy, the shop contains snacks, gifts, and a fantastic retro lunch counter. But those with a sweet tooth have a singular reason to visit this family-owned business started in 1952 by Jim Holder: the Jack & Jill Sundae.

The sundae dish is filled with chocolate ice cream and covered in marshmallow topping. Like magic, the marshmallow pulls back together after every bite, ensuring the next spoonful will contain that same satisfying combination.

Jim died in 2017, but his children Todd and Sally are keeping the tradition alive. They worked at the lunch counter in their younger days before becoming the manager and gift department buyer, respectively.—**GREG ELWELL**

WHEN AND WHERE: *Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Saturday, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; and Sunday, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. 513 Barnes Avenue, (580) 327-3332 or holderdrug.com.*

DID YOU KNOW: *In 2017, Alva native Lance McDaniel filmed part of his short film trilogy Weeving Wheat—which incorporated virtual reality—inside Holder Drug.*

Ardmore

SCOUT FRESH FOODS & CAFÉ

Scout Fresh Foods & Café in Ardmore started the way so many wonderful things do: as an act of pure chutzpah. A few years ago, owner Audrey Edelen and manager Lindsey Stroud were working together in an office building in downtown Ardmore.

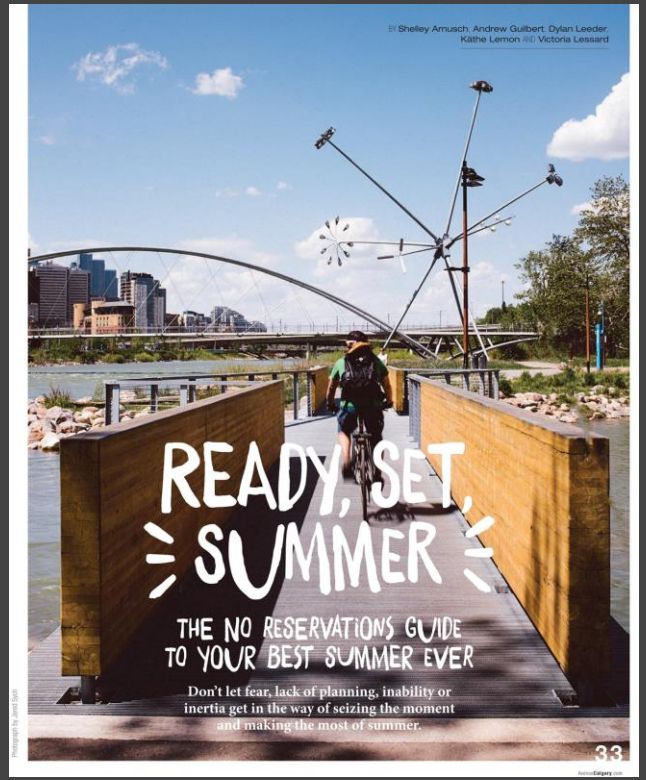
"We'd always talk about what we'd want to see in Ardmore in terms of a

Reader Service Article - Bronze

Texas Highways - 93 Days of Summer

Reader Service Article - Silver

Avenue magazine - Ready, Set, Summer



BY Shelley Amusch, Andrew Guilbert, Dylan Leeder, Käthe Lemon AND Victoria Lessard

READY, SET, SUMMER

THE NO RESERVATIONS GUIDE TO YOUR BEST SUMMER EVER

Don't let fear, lack of planning, inability or inertia get in the way of seizing the moment and making the most of summer.

33

GET ADVENTUROUS

It's time to get over yourself, stop making excuses and do something that scares you.

Mount Norquay's via ferrata

Most of us have one thing we've always thought about doing but have held off on *actually* doing for any number of reasons, though one huge reason is more than likely because the thought of actually going through with it scares off the proverbial pants. But many experts would argue that's precisely why you *should* do it. Aside from getting the feeling of being a total badass while you're out there dangling off a cliff or what have you, research has shown that taking physical risks has positive psychological effects. Engaging in adventure activities increases overall self-confidence and bolsters our ability to deal with the unforeseen situations we encounter in the course of an otherwise unremarkable day. It turns out that getting in touch with your inner extreme athlete is good for your constitution.

There are so many adventures to be had round these parts that trying to choose the right one to start with can induce anxiety in itself.

If you're not sure where to start, how about getting high (not *that* kind of high). Fear of heights is one of the most common phobias and, as such, nothing gets the adrenaline pumping like getting a bird's-eye view, such as the one from the via ferrata adventures at Mount Norquay ski resort, just up from the town of Banff.

Norquay debuted via ferrata — a style of guided alpine climbing that uses secured hand-holds, ropes and suspension bridges — in 2014. Last summer the resort added two new routes to the program, building upon the 2.5-hour adventure and the four-hour adventure with five- and six-hour tours.

Via ferrata adventures at Norquay start with a ride up the sightseeing chair lift to a staging area near the Cliffhouse Bistro, the historic eatery perched at just below 7,000 feet. (It's a popular gathering spot for post-via ferrata celebration beverages and the six-hour tour includes a packed lunch and Cliffhouse apres.) Those who are *really* nervous about heights (like almost didn't ride the chair lift nervous) can opt for the 2.5-hour Explorer tour, which includes walking across a suspension bridge but doesn't go to the summit, unlike the four-hour Ridgewalker route. The five- and six-hour routes are slightly more technically challenging, and, by virtue of their length, more physically demanding.

All tours are led by Association of Canadian Mountain Guides-certified guides, whose skill set includes getting Calgary-based day trippers to release their white-knuckled grip on the suspension bridge ropes and take that crucial first step. —S.A.

For more information on via ferrata at Norquay visit banffnorquay.com

34 avenue

Reader Service Article - Gold

Cottage Life - One Heck of a Deck

This is Marshall Black, a mastermind carpenter and the new star of the Cottage Life channel's *Lake Docks & Decks*

THAT'S ONE HECK OF A DECK

By Martin Zibauer Photography Liam Mogan

And **this** is the best deck he's ever built—a sturdy cedar work of art, full of clever design tricks for enjoying outdoor space. Climb inside the mind of a deck genius

Hed & Dek

Hed & Dek - Merit

Acadiana Profile - Boil Advisory

Hed & Dek - Bronze

Texas Highways - Hamming It Up in Flatonia

Hamming it up in Flatonia

Spanish ibérico pork finds footing in Texas

story by **Clayton Maxwell**

TEXAS AND SPAIN HAVE JOINED FORCES IN an unexpected, four-legged way. For the first time since explorer Hernando de Soto did so back in 1539, the finest of Spanish ham, *jamón ibérico de bellota*, has been imported to the United States in its original form—as a pig. One hundred and fifty purebred black Iberian pigs, to be exact, which boarded a KLM flight in Spain for their new homes in Flatonia in 2013. Manuel Murga and Sergio Marsal, the Spanish porcine visionaries who founded Acornseekers brand pork, hatched this bold plan: they knew there was a better way for Americans to enjoy Spain's most revered cured ham than smuggling it in their suitcases.

Murga shows me a map of live oaks across the state. "This is why we came to Texas," he says.

Once flown over the Atlantic, there were no guarantees that the pigs would pass quarantine, but their knuckle-biting venture has paid off. Turns out, Iberian pigs love Texas. The original 150 pigs of the Acornseekers brand, which Murga and Marsal call "the pioneers," have multiplied to a herd of 2,000. These American-born pigs are now entitled to their green cards, Murga jokes.

And Texas loves those pigs right back. Their meat is in such demand that, in a trial sale at a Houston H-E-B last summer, the pork sold out within a week. Good things unfold, apparently, when pigs fly.

I visit Murga at the Acornseekers office, a trailer plopped down on an oak-dotted farm off a back road between Smithville and Flatonia. Marsal, the marketing and business half of the Acornseekers partnership, is not in town. While Murga makes espresso, I gush to him about my love of cured Spanish ham. I tell him how, when I lived in Madrid, I regularly asked for samples of the high-end *jamón de bellota* (literally, ham of acorns) at the *Museo de Jamón* (the Ham Museum, which is actually a shop) just to watch the bare-armed butcher shave the cured crimson slivers from the violin-shaped hind leg. He'd then hand them to me over the counter on a thin sheet of white paper, like a sacred offering, and I'd let the smoky goodness melt on my tongue. Spanish nirvana.

This is nothing new to Murga. He's heard these tales countless times from Americans who've traveled to Spain. Then he hears the inevitable question that follows: "Why is it so hard to find in the United States?"

Manuel Murga brought Spanish pork to Texas.

Photo © Will van Overbeek

Hed & Dek - Silver

Louisiana Life - Woman's Work

BEST CHEFS

Female chefs are running the kitchens and changing culinary culture in a host of Louisiana's top restaurants

BY JYL BENSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMERO AND ROMERO

Welcome to *Louisiana Life*'s celebration of take charge women who are running restaurant kitchens in an industry long dominated by men. For the third consecutive year, writer Jyl Benson leads us on an exploration of Louisiana's culinary heritage and the people moving it forward, while at the same time preserving and revealing the treasures of the state's past.

What individuals and different cultures cook and eat tells a story. We asked women in the business of food who are at the top of their game what they cook and to share their stories and experiences fighting to the top of the line in the kitchen.

Not surprisingly, the one thing many of the women we've profiled have in common is zero tolerance for the harassment and condescension that has, until recent months, often been considered the norm in the industry. The culinary world, especially in New Orleans, was shaken at the end of 2017, when *The Times-Picayune* and *NOLA.com* published its eight-month investigation into celebrity chef, restaurateur and cookbook author John Besh who was at the center of sexual discrimination and retaliation complaints filed with the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission by former female employees of Besh Restaurant Group.

Like most industries, as the women in this feature have made their marks, some have had to fight back and stand up for themselves, while others have experienced no harassment at all in their careers.

One of the other things they have in common is that each of these women employs their gifts to utilize Louisiana's bountiful agricultural harvest to sustain, enlighten, educate, dazzle and inspire us.

The recipes they shared are as diverse and vibrant as the women and they, along with their female counterparts across Louisiana and the nation, are changing the face and the culture of their industry.

WOMAN'S WORK

Hed & Dek - Silver

Arizona Highways - He Can Take Care of Himself Just Fine

Hed & Dek - Gold

Cottage Life - Have Road, Will Gravel

have *road,* will *gravel*

Sooner or later, your cottage road will have one of these 8 problems. Do some work now to keep it in shape and smooth out your ride

by MARTIN ZIBAUER
illustrations AXEL PFAENDER

Essay

Essay - Merit

Oklahoma Today - Stay Gold

Stay Gold

BY **QURAYSH ALI LANSANA** | ART BY **AARON WHISNER**

A VISIT FROM THE ACCLAIMED AUTHOR OF *THE OUTSIDERS* AND *RUMBLE FISH* CHANGED A WRITER'S LIFE FOREVER AND SENT HIM ON A PATH TO DISCOVER HIS OWN CULTURAL AND ARTISTIC IDENTITY.

I WAS SITTING IN my seventh grade reading class at Enid's Longfellow Junior High School on a fall morning in 1975 when the principal made a school-wide announcement: "The following students—who are doing exceptional work in reading class—should report to the library immediately after this announcement for a surprise reward." He began reading the list of names. I heard my best friend's name: Russell Hutchison. Then, I heard mine.

Russ and I met on a basketball court at the Armory in third grade. He attended Garfield Elementary, which then was a white school next door to Longfellow. I attended Roosevelt at the time, but two years later, in 1974, it was closed due to desegregation. I was transferred to Garfield, and Russ and I recognized one another as soon as I stepped into Kay Everly's classroom. She was a joyous woman and a fine teacher who retained her fascination with learning, and she fed my passion for reading and writing. She even laughed when Russ and I created a chalk dust cloud at the back of the room. (Then she changed our seat assignments.)

In Russ, I found a fellow lover of words, music, sports, and laughter. We were so immersed in one another's lives and cultures that he attempted to make me like The Beach Boys—that trick never worked—and I convinced him to sport an Afro to junior prom. We came from working class families and were more "Greaser" than "Soc." We were like brothers until his death in 2001.

So on this day in seventh grade, Russ and I left our reading classroom to wander the long hallways toward the library, curious about who or what lurked on the other side of those doors. Food? A party? Cheerleaders?

I HAVE WORKED AS a literary teaching artist for more than twenty-five years, largely in the Chicago Public Schools. I presented the first teacher professional development session for the city's flagship arts education organization, Chicago Arts Partnerships in Education, in the early 1990s. I have taught in almost every setting imaginable, from prisons to private schools to rural North Carolina districts where I doubled the melanin content for miles. In October 2017, I walked into Irma C. Ruiz Elementary in Chicago's vibrant Pilsen community, a predominately Mexican and Latinx neighborhood. I was there to lead students in the creative writing portion of a peacemaking and community residency that also included visual art. After climbing three flights of stairs, I opened the door to Cynthia Holzmann's seventh-grade classroom and felt instantly welcome. Holzmann is among the finest teachers and humans I've known, and her students were engaged and open.

The pulse of any group of people, particularly a classroom of young people, can be assessed via their energy and the contents of the room. I scan every classroom I enter. Holzmann had a long wall filled with books spilling from the shelves. I looked above the chalkboard to find photocopies of book covers and author photos. The very last photocopy, to the right and just above her desk, moved me deeply and led me to a long buried—but profoundly impactful—memory.

Essay - Bronze

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - The Joy and Heartache of Maine Farm Life in the 1960s

Florian Yeaton, the author's maternal grandfather, farmed with teams of horses from 1904 until his death in 1972. His partnership with horses was based on mutual trust, caring, and understanding. Yeaton distrusted machinery.

(Opposite page) Photos by Ron Joseph (This page) Courtesy the author/Nance Family Photo

The Joy and Heartache of Maine Farm Life in the 1960s

BY RONALD JOSEPH

THE DUSTY SHOEBOX I brought down from my attic held black-and-white family photographs from the 1960s. Here was one of my Grandpa's workhorses. Here was the beloved 1946 one-and-a-half-ton Dodge hay truck. And here was my grandmother, a teetotaler, looking annoyed while hiding Grandpa's beer bottle behind her back, out of view.

Here was a shot of my 8-year-old twin brother Don, right after he had asked our grandfather, "Why can't secrets be kept on farms?" Before Grandpa could answer, Don had blurted

A farm boy's first love: a 1946 Dodge.

the punchline, "Because potatoes have eyes and corn stalks have ears!" I recall Grandpa laughing heartily, just as he had many times before at the stale joke.

Most of the pictures were shot by my mother on the Mercer, Maine, dairy farm of my maternal grandparents, Florian and Lucille Yeaton. Cousins, aunts, and uncles gathered there to harvest hay for draft horses and 18 Jersey cows, the maximum number Grandpa could milk by hand. We boys hauled pails of hand-pumped well water to hay workers; the girls helped prepare meals and deliver grandmother's hand-churned butter to an ice box in a self-service stand at the end of the driveway. The bright yellow butter, stamped with a carved wooden bluebird, won numerous blue ribbons at the Skowhegan State Fair.

My oldest cousin Dickey, owner of a commercial hay-harvesting business, mowed, raked, and baled Grandpa's hay from dawn until dusk. I became smitten with Dickey's 1946 Dodge truck. By 1966, age 14, I drove it regularly, my legs barely reaching the floorboards. "Stick with the first two gears," Dickey instructed. "This isn't the Indy 500."

"She's a big-hearted, forgiving truck," he added reverently. That summer my infatuation with the Dodge morphed into love. Six years my senior, she patiently tolerated my gear grinding, tentativeness, and inexperience.

My first week behind the wheel, Dickey took control of the loaded hay truck as it approached the barnyard. One afternoon he said, "Drive her into the barn." Once inside, I turned off the engine, set the parking brake, and hopped onto the barn floor, feeling like I'd taken a giant step toward adulthood.

Uncle Ernold, unloading hay, sensed my youthful restlessness, and cautioned, "Don't be in a hurry to grow up." Years later I learned that World War II had abruptly ended his youth. Captured by the Nazis in 1944, Ernold was a living skeleton by war's end, having survived one-and-a-half years in Stalag Luft IV, a prisoner of war camp in Poland. After the war, he refused to eat turnips for the rest of his life.

One August, Grandpa sat next to me in the cab after twisting a knee stepping into a woodchuck hole. "It has an 84-horse power engine," I said, shifting gears. He was unmoved. "Think of it this way," I added. "There are 42 teams of your workhorses under the hood." He grudgingly complimented the truck, "She's built like a brick outhouse"—high praise from a 71-year-old who had never lived in a home with a flush toilet and indoor plumbing. (When Grandpa died in 1972, a few days after the farmhouse was equipped with a flush toilet and washbasin, mother wept as she joked, "Indoor plumbing must have killed him.")

Grandpa couldn't understand why farmers discarded beasts of burden for machinery. "Lame horses and oxen," he said, "only need rest, not expensive replacement parts." Machinery sold by "city slickers" meant debt; and mounting farm debt, he believed, had caused his brother Ben to commit suicide by attaching a hose to an idling tractor's exhaust pipe and snaking it into his truck's cab. Ben had gambled the previous spring by planting potatoes on 200 acres of leased land: in early September, a few weeks before harvest, blight destroyed his cash crop.

In the wake of Ben's death, a salesman stopped at the farm to pitch a McCormick Farmall tractor. Although illiterate, Grandpa read his intentions a mile away. "Damn tractors!" he barked at the man. "Exhaust from a horse might make a man's eyes water, but it sure as hell won't kill him."

The author's grandparents, Florian and Lucille Yeaton. His teetotaler grandmother is hiding his grandfather's beer bottle behind her back.

I loved driving machinery, especially tractors and hay trucks, while working summers for my cousin Dickey. I spent my $1.25 per hour wages on two-tone wingtip shoes, corduroy slacks, and snazzy button-down shirts. Each Saturday afternoon, I hitchhiked to Smithfield with a duffel bag of clean clothes, bathed with Ivory soap in North Pond, and dressed in Mr. Perkin's filling station's rest room. From there, I walked to the Fairview Grange, purchased a baked bean supper for 50 cents, then scooted next door to the Sunbeam Roller Rink, a wholesome teenage hangout. Those were heady days: I had money, dapper clothes, beans and pie in my belly, and a hunger to meet cute girls.

Most teenage boys carried photographs of girlfriends. Not me. My billfold held a black-and-white picture of the 1946 Dodge truck, which I showed to girls, regaling them with tales of my driving feats, including squeezing a loaded hay truck through narrow sliding barn doors. With a little luck, a pigtailed girl would smack her gum, grab my hand, and pull me onto the maple floor. Luckier still, a loud jukebox would play "96 Tears" and "Cherish." The rink floor, though, is where my luck ended: I was an inept skater, unable to maneuver as well on eight wheels as I could on four on a hayfield.

All those memories were formed many decades ago, but each has become more precious with age. The Yeaton farm, sold in 2003, had been in the family since 1790. My grandparents, parents, aunts, and uncles have all died, many years ago now. Dickey—sturdy as an oak in one photo—lives today in a nursing home. The Dodge—with her magnificently curved fenders, flathead six-cylinder engine, and beefy bumpers—was sold to a scrap metal dealer. Grandpa's last team of workhorses was sold to a Connecticut glue and horsehair blanket factory. Grammy, a proud, stoic Yankee, cried the day the old, arthritic horses were hauled away. They were the farm's heart and soul.

I stuffed the photos back in the box and found solace in Bob Dylan's song "Forever Young." The poetic lyrics were tonic, transporting me to an August 1961 evening on the farm, years before the farmhouse was wired for electricity. My twin and I are sitting in wicker chairs on the porch next to our silent grandparents. The sound of a cowbell comes softly from the barn. The air is heavy with the sweet scent of newmown hay. Grammy finishes darning Grandpa's wool socks. Dusk yields to darkness. The stillness is interrupted by chirping crickets and clucks of a rogue chicken, announcing the laying of an egg in a nearby rosebush. Grandpa lights a kerosene lantern, tucks the hen under his arm, hands the warm egg to Grammy, and in a halo of light carries the hen to the henhouse. The creaky screen door opens, and Grammy walks us to our bedroom holding a lit candle, and saying, "Goodnight my young'uns. Sweet dreams." ★

Writer Ronald Joseph is a retired Maine wildlife biologist. He lives in central Maine.

Essay - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Found(ation)

Essay - Silver

Down East - Paul and Me

▼ VIEWPOINT

Paul and Me

AS MAINE'S FAMOUSLY STRIDENT AND ARCHCONSERVATIVE GOVERNOR PREPARES TO LEAVE OFFICE, ONE LEFT-LEANING WRITER REFLECTS ON THE PAUL LEPAGE SOCIAL DOCTRINE — AND ON SOME UNCOMFORTABLE COMMON GROUND.

BY BON CURRIE

A few years ago, after having not worked a regular job for over a decade, I took a gig with a soup kitchen on the midcoast, prepping meals and retrieving donations five mornings a week. Before I started writing books for a living, I had worked principally in restaurants, but I'd be damned if I was going back to serving overpriced food to overfed people. Instead, I deliberately went as far to the other end of the food-service spectrum as possible.

My first day on the job, when I opened the doors for lunch, I immediately recognized the people waiting outside. I knew the hunched shoulders, the hitched gaits that result when old injuries aren't properly rehabbed. I knew the frayed jeans, the T-shirts celebrating championships for teams that haven't won anything in a decade, the canes and the walkers and the scuffed, busted shoes. I knew, most of all, the looks of resigned patience in the eyes of those waiting to eat, the default expression of people who have long ago quit expecting their lot to improve.

I should have felt good about working there. I was feeding the poor, after all. I was a good guy, living my liberal values in a tangible and meaningful way, rather than just endlessly discussing in the abstract our obligation to help the less fortunate.

But things weren't that simple. Because while I was, in a strict sense, doing what people think of as "good work," I was also, from day one, making all manner of assumptions and judgments about our clients, beginning with my tendency to see them as part of a whole, a monolith of poverty emblematic of everything I had hated and longed to escape as a child.

WE BOTH GREW UP AS THE SAME KIND OF OUTSIDERS.

A decade ago, when we both lived in Waterville, Paul LePage and I sometimes found ourselves occupying the same space. This was usually a local pub where I liked to watch Red Sox games and he liked to hold forth after city council meetings. Paul was the mayor of Waterville then and had already developed a reputation as a gruff, no-nonsense truth teller — a posture that would serve him well during his first gubernatorial campaign and that continues, it seems, to appeal to some 40 percent of Mainers who tell pollsters they approve of our outgoing governor's job performance.

I never spoke with Paul then, and I'm still not much for the beer-and-a-barbecue charm he supposedly exudes when he's not likening the IRS to the Gestapo or sputtering about immigrants bringing the "ziki fly" to American shores. I have little patience for the kind of person who praises "authoritarian power," then claims you're a "moron" for not understanding that he meant "authoritative." In general, I try to avoid direct contact with what passes for "populism" among LePage's most fervent supporters — what seems to me the simple belief that saying crude things at high volume is tantamount to being right.

And yet, I feel inextricably connected to Paul. Not because he was my mayor, and not because we spent so much time in the same town before he ascended to the Blaine

ORIGINAL PHOTO TAKEN BY MATTHEW GRAVER

Essay - Gold

Adirondack Life - Four Peaks

FOUR PEAKS

REMEMBERING MY FAVORITE PLACE ON EARTH—*and* MY LONG AND COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP WITH ITS OWNER

by MARK OBBIE

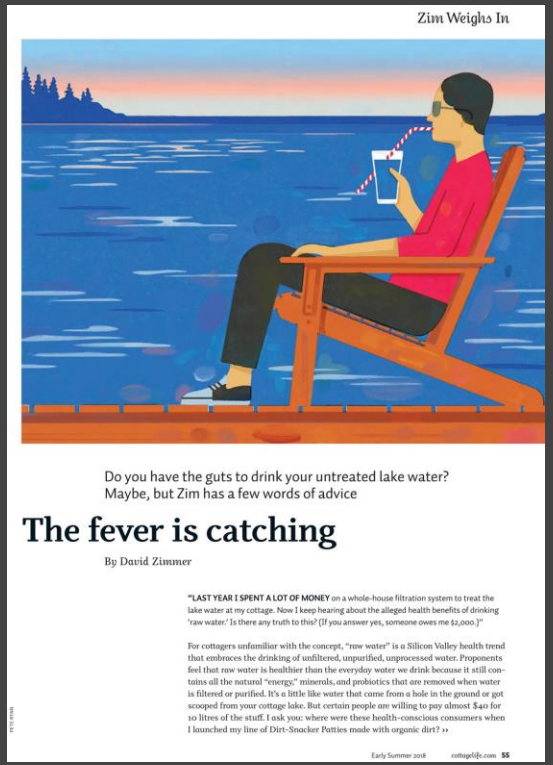
IN THE FIRST FIVE YEARS

after moving my family back to my native New York after a long out-of-state exile, I wandered the Adirondacks searching in vain for the perfect vacation rental. Perhaps my criteria were unrealistic—stunning natural beauty and absolute solitude on a budget, anyone?—but, for whatever reason, nothing I found seemed to deserve a second visit. When I discovered a place with backwoods cabins lacking running water and electricity, I almost didn't give it another look. My wife and our two teens had never been keen on my backpacking exploits. Could pretty views compensate for a week of latrines and cowboy showers?

Column

Column - Merit

Cottage Life - Zim Weighs In



Zim Weighs In

Do you have the guts to drink your untreated lake water? Maybe, but Zim has a few words of advice

The fever is catching

By David Zimmer

"LAST YEAR I SPENT A LOT OF MONEY on a whole-house filtration system to treat the lake water at my cottage. Now I keep hearing about the alleged health benefits of drinking 'raw water.' Is there any truth to this? (If you answer yes, someone owes me $2,000.)"

For cottagers unfamiliar with the concept, "raw water" is a Silicon Valley health trend that embraces the drinking of unfiltered, unpurified, unprocessed water. Proponents feel that raw water is healthier than the everyday water we drink because it still contains all the natural "energy," minerals, and probiotics that are removed when water is filtered or purified. It's a little like water that came from a hole in the ground or got scooped from your cottage lake. But certain people are willing to pay almost $40 for 10 litres of the stuff. I ask you: where were these health-conscious consumers when I launched my line of Dirt-Snacker Patties made with organic dirt? ››

PETE RYAN

Zim Weighs In

The cottage biffy built for two: genius solution or disgusting mistake? Zim tells the hole story

It's a double standard

By David Zimmer

"WE HAVE A TWO-SEATER OUTHOUSE. Legend has it that my grandpa built it when he was drunk. I don't get it. Were there — or are there — benefits to a multi-seat outhouse?"

This type of query just begs for another clever rhetorical question, like "Is the Pope Catholic?" or "Does the Prime Minister enjoy a costume party?" Of course there are benefits to a multi-hole privy, beginning with the obvious rewards for having any type of outhouse at a cottage, no matter how many parking spots it has on the bench. Even if you don't use it much, an outhouse is a gold-plated asset, requiring neither electricity nor running water to function flawlessly, and never needing to be drained or winterized. Even the most basic biffy can take pressure off an overtaxed septic when it is assaulted by a family reunion or, joy of joys, a fairy-tale cottage wedding. Is your water pump on the fritz? The backhouse has your back. Want to come up for a quick winter weekend? The kybo might be cold, but it's always open for business.

At my cottage, given the choice between a perfectly functioning indoor composting toilet or an outdoor outhouse, I always take the outhouse option, if only for the better view. So I guess you could say I am a biffy booster. But before we address the

HEIDI BRYDEN

Column - Merit

Texas Highways - Editor's Note

EDITOR'S NOTE

Early Blooms

A field of bluebonnets blankets the corner of Country Road 310 and FM 362, about 10 miles southeast of Navasota.

ON AN OVERCAST SPRING morning five years ago, with our 1-month-old baby in tow, my husband and I headed out on a singular mission. My mom was in town for the weekend, and we were determined to get that perfect "child among the bluebonnets" picture that was my daughter's Texas birthright. It being late March, we didn't expect to have much trouble finding a bountiful patch of blooms. We struck out at the Houston Arboretum and Nature Center—its bluebonnets wouldn't come in until a little later in the spring, one of the volunteers explained.

Faced with a darkening sky threatening to pour down its wrath on us at any moment and an increasingly hungry newborn on the verge of a meltdown, we knew we needed to act fast. So we settled on a small patch of bluebonnets near the entrance to Memorial Park. As it started to sprinkle, we managed to get a shot (curious? see texashighways.com) that now hangs in a place of honor in our home—our cherubic daughter, red-faced and wailing, as I hold her, laughing, because what else can you do when perfectly laid plans go awry?

To provide our readers with a smoother spring photo experience, we've included a list of four "guaranteed photo op spots" in our feature, "Wildflower Wanderlust," starting on Page 44. While we can't promise that your children or grandchildren will cooperate, we can assure you that these sites will overflow with the best of the season's bounty.

We're also excited to bring you our annual Wildflower Issue a month earlier than usual, so you can head out on your desired road trip at the season's first bloom. According to the Lady Bird Johnson Wildflower Center in Austin, early spring plants should start to flower by the end of February or early March. Now, whether you'll be met with clear skies is another matter altogether.

Emily R Stone

EMILY ROBERTS STONE, *Executive Editor*

Photo © Theresa DiMenno

EDITOR'S NOTE

Sunrise over Cove Harbor, just south of Rockport, in Paradise Key.

A Hopeful Horizon

OUR ANNUAL COASTAL Issue is different than the one we had in mind when we began planning it last summer. The impact of Hurricane Harvey on coastal communities was so severe it left many people uncertain about the coming tourism season. In many of these small towns, tourism is the primary industry and vital to their recovery. We quickly realized one way we could help: spreading the word that beloved destinations like Port Aransas and Rockport-Fulton are ready for visitors.

I had the opportunity to spend a few days in Rockport last month, and though definitely frayed at the seams, the charming fishing town's appeal seems to have been augmented by its recent struggle. Rockport locals have a saying: "You're only a visitor once." It's a tongue-in-cheek reference to how many first-time visitors return next as residents or vacation-home owners.

But it also speaks to the feeling you get, even on your first visit, that you're among friends. We often have an idealized image of small towns that doesn't quite live up to reality, but Rockport makes you want to believe.

It's the kind of place where the owner of the B&B you're staying at also sits on the local education foundation board and heads the burgeoning cultural arts district: where someone you met at dinner the night before—who has been living in a trailer for the past eight months waiting for an insurance adjustment on her destroyed home—enthusiastically offers to drive you and your kids around town on her golf cart if you come out for a family vacation because "the kids will just love it." where most every person who walks into the locally owned restaurant you're eating lunch at is greeted by name and asked how the repairs on her home are going or what the latest news is on his wife's new business venture.

Whether this kind of close-knit community always existed in Rockport or was amplified by the shared experience of tragedy, it makes for a travel experience that delivers on a deeper level than mere entertainment and relaxation. In turn, we've put together a special report that tells the story of the coast's comeback from Harvey, one we hope inspires you to contribute to the recovery in your own way—on the beach, in the surf, or tableside with an ocean view. Every little bit helps.

Emily R Stone

EMILY ROBERTS STONE, *Executive Editor*

Photo © Dave Shafer

Column - Bronze

Arizona Highways - Editor's Letter

editor's LETTER

Someday, somewhere down the road, my young daughters are going to ask me about *Arizona Highways*. One of their questions will be about best memories and proudest moments. I won't have to think about the answer. I already know the answer. "The best part about being editor of *Arizona Highways*," I will tell them, "was Jerry Jacka — working with him, getting to know him and, most importantly, calling him my friend."

I lost my friend last December. I knew it was coming.

"I'm going downhill pretty fast," he told me, just before Thanksgiving. There was sadness in his voice, and brave resignation, but that's not why he called. He'd gotten wind that we were planning a special issue based on his extensive portfolio. "You must be pretty desperate for content down there," he said with humility. And then he laughed — his laugh had the resonance of Santa's "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I guess that's what helped me hold it together. That laugh.

We weren't desperate, of course. The decision to do this issue was made without deliberation. The merit is in our archive. We talk a lot about our Mount Rushmore, and who might be on it. There's never consensus, but one of the four spots always goes to Jerry Jacka, whose work has been appearing in *Arizona Highways* for parts of seven decades.

The first photo we ever published was in July 1958. It was a shot of the Painted Desert, which he'd made on his honeymoon with Lois, his wonderful wife of 64 years. "I look at it now and it was a terrible picture," he'd say. He also called it "god-awful." It wasn't, but in his opinion, it paled in comparison to the shot he'd staged as a kid of a rattlesnake on a cow skull. "I thought *Arizona Highways* would never be able to refuse something like that."

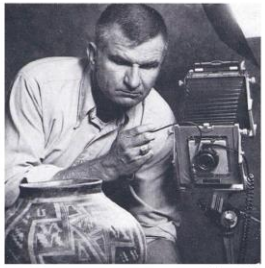
There was another shot he liked, too. "I thought this was so clever," he said. "I laid a couple of beer bottles in the sand and had the snake crawling around them. My title of the picture was *Snakebite Medicine*. I took both of them down to *Highways*, and even though I was just a high school student, [Editor] Ray Carlson was very kind."

And so was Jerry.

One of the first things people will tell you about Jerry Jacka is that he was a gentleman — Marshal Dillon with a Hasselblad. And then they will tell you that he was a storyteller. The best storyteller. I had the privilege of spending time with Jerry and Lois at their ranch on the Mogollon Rim. We'd sit for hours on the big leather couch in their beautiful home, surrounded by the collected artifacts of their life together. The stories were usually prompted by a random question. "Can you tell me about Jackie Onassis?"

"Oh, that was a great trip," he'd say. "Stewart Udall set it up. We were doing a book on Coronado's route through Arizona. Jackie loved photography, loved writing, and she was an editor for Doubleday. ... She was so down to earth."

The ellipsis in that sentence, the one above, represents the rest of the story, probably a thousand words or more. Even if you asked Jerry about scrambled eggs or paper towel, he could go on for an hour. It was wonderful to hear him talk. And best of all, his laugh was woven into every story, and every story was told in tandem with Lois.



Self-portrait, 1974

Although she wasn't with him on every photo shoot, she was there for most of them, which made his stories even better. While he'd hold court, she'd sit back quietly, waiting for her cue.

Jerry: "In the spring of 1973, we hiked down to White House Ruin ..."

Lois: "That was later, 1974."

She was subtle, and always respectful, but the writer in her was compelled to keep the record straight. Her memory is like a bear trap, but his was impressive, too. Every time I left the ranch, I'd go home and start fact-checking. *Huh*, I'd think. *He was right. That shot of the agave really was on the back cover of February 1963.*

He remembered things as if they'd happened yesterday, and he could talk to anyone, even drop-ins he'd just met. I learned that last fall.

I'd been in the White Mountains with my friend Ali Goldwater. We started talking about Jerry, and she asked if we could stop by and meet him. She was hoping to hear some stories about her grandfather, and she did. Turns out, it was Barry Goldwater who introduced Jerry to Navajoland. Jerry told the story, beautifully, but then

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY JACKA

editor's LETTER

"Skirts up, zippers down." That's one of the first things you learn on the river. Most of what you need to know is spelled out at orientation, the night before. But where to pee, that's something you learn when the time comes. Women go upstream, men go downstream, modesty goes out the window. At first you think you'll never get used to it. After a few times, though, it's just part of the routine. Everything about rafting the Colorado is routine. It's a sequence of repeated actions, whether it's standing downstream, shooting the rapids, setting up camp or sleeping under the stars.

A year ago this month, I made my first trip down the river. It was a long time coming — I'd been to the Grand Canyon 126 times before I finally strapped on a life jacket. The only ratio worse than mine was that of the legendary photographer Josef Muench. He'd been to the Canyon more than 150 times before his first river trip. I used to take some comfort in that shared futility. Until a few weeks ago, when his son, David, told me that his father was afraid of water. *A legitimate excuse*, I thought. *Dang. So much for solidarity.*

In April 1965, we published a story about Mr. Muench's trip. The photos were his, of course. He also got the byline, which came with a parenthetical note: "By Josef Muench (as told to Joyce Rockwood Muench)." The words are unmistakably hers — Mrs. Muench is among the best writers we've ever featured — but he took the notes, and together they captured the essence of running the river at a time when commercial rafting was still in its infancy.

This month, we're rerunning the piece. Although it's more than 50 years old, it's still so good. And, in many ways, the experience is still the same. The red Hakatai, the tall tales about the old boatmen, the thrill of running Lava Falls ... none of that has changed. The need for an enthusiastic guide is the same, too. It's the difference between a good trip and the trip of a lifetime. Mr. Muench had Georgie White, a colorful pioneer who was described by *Life* magazine as a "new kind of iron-nerve mermaid." My guides were Somer Morris and Fred Thevenin. They're colorful, too. And second to none.

On paper, Freddie is Somer's boss — he owns Arizona Raft Adventures with his wife, Alexandra. On this trip, however, Somer was in charge. She was tasked with getting 13 of us from Lees Ferry to Diamond Creek, and maybe changing our lives along the way. I knew only a few of the crew before we launched, but you bond quickly on the river, and before you know it, you're body-surfing the rapids of the Little Colorado with an intrepid 75-year-old named Sheila — we hit the choppy water like a two-man bobsled team. She was amazing, and so was her husband, Allen. Curious and kind, he was one of my downstream mates, along with Sam, David, Gary, Steve, Rich and Brett. Upstream with Sheila were Ann, Martha, Patrice and Susan Schroeder.

Susan is the CEO of the Grand Canyon Association, which was hosting our trip. As the official nonprofit partner of Grand Canyon National Park, GCA does all kinds of important work, including a project that helps Native Americans reconnect with the Canyon. One place where that occurs is Deer Creek, a narrow side canyon that's culturally significant and sacred to the Southern Paiutes. We hit Deer Creek on Day 5. Most people will tell you it's one of the best stops on the river. I think it's the best. You'll see why inside.

Our camp that night was just above Doris Rapid. By the time we pulled in — after so many days on the river — we'd mastered the routine of setting up camp, which begins the instant the raft hits the beach. The first thing that happens is a footrace to claim the best campsites. It's a polite free-for-all. Then it's back to the boat, where an assembly line is formed and almost everything on board gets shifted to the sand — dry bags, sleeping bags, cots, camp chairs, propane tanks, water tanks, grills, coolers and the groover (Google it). It's just enough work to justify happy hour, which is kept in a burlap sack that gets dragged behind the raft in the 42-degree water. Cold is a commodity on the river.

As you might expect, the Guinness segues into dinner, which is something I'll never quite understand. Somehow, every night, Somer, who looks like a 20-year-old version of the young girl in *Jurassic Park*, and Freddie, who's a combination of Woody Harrelson, Jeff Bridges and Andy Rooney's eyebrows, would roll out a feast. Somewhere in the bottom of that raft, I guess, was a Whole Foods. I don't eat that well in the fifth-largest city in America. The only thing in camp that's better than mealtime is bedtime. After the sensory wallop of floating all day through a billion years of geology (see this month's portfolio), eating like an emperor and knocking back a beer or two, the denouement is sleeping under the stars.

Below the rim, the Big Dipper drops in like a spaceship over an Iowa cornfield. And there's no sound but the sound of the water. It's hard to stay awake, but every night I'd try, because I didn't want the day to end. I don't think I ever made it more than 20 minutes, but what a place to crash. Like standing downstream with a bunch of strangers, it's a routine you can get used to.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

Follow me on Instagram: @arizonahighways

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL MARKOW

Column - Silver

Adirondack Life - Short Carries

SHORT CARRIES

TIME OF THE TICK

Co-existing with the Adirondacks' most dangerous predator

BY ANNIE STOLTIE

LATE LAST FALL I was sick in bed, so feverish my skin hurt. It wasn't influenza, my doctor had assured me, but another respiratory virus that, with time, would run its course. I have two young kids; for several days my husband assumed all childcare responsibilities, which included some kind of daily adventure. During my sickest, I heard my phone ping. I reached for it on the bedside table and studied the photograph my husband had texted me: my kids in smiles and with walking sticks and driftwood trophies they must have found along the Ausable River. I recognized the swampy meadow and the mountain silhouette—they were downriver from the Jay covered bridge, likely following herd paths marched flat by local deer.

I felt a wave of worry.

Ticks.

And then I recognized my sadness that a time had come when seeing the beauty of my children or the magnificence of an Adirondack backdrop was overshadowed by the consequences of a bite from a speck-sized parasite.

BLACKLEGGED TICKS are arachnids that feed on warm-blooded animals. These blind, multi-legged creatures rely on smell, hitching a ride—not jumping or flying—on prey. They're bloodsuckers. Unlike mosquitoes that grab a quick meal, ticks take their

In the nymph stage a blacklegged or deer tick (*Ixodes scapularis*) is the size of a poppy seed. Nymphs—the most potent carriers of Lyme disease—are active from May through mid-July. Adults are most active in fall.

JAY MEADOW PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR. TICK PHOTOGRAPH FROM ISTOCK

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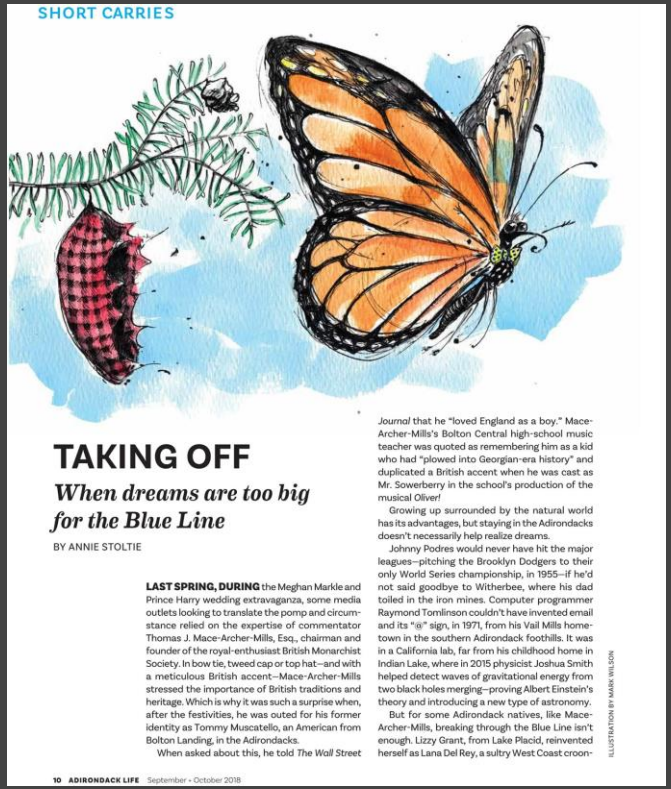


SHORT CARRIES

TAKING OFF

When dreams are too big for the Blue Line

BY ANNIE STOLTIE

LAST SPRING, DURING the Meghan Markle and Prince Harry wedding extravaganza, some media outlets looking to translate the pomp and circumstance relied on the expertise of commentator Thomas J. Mace-Archer-Mills, Esq., chairman and founder of the royal-enthusiast British Monarchist Society. In bow tie, tweed cap or top hat—and with a meticulous British accent—Mace-Archer-Mills stressed the importance of British traditions and heritage. Which is why it was such a surprise when, after the festivities, he was outed for his former identity as Tommy Muscatello, an American from Bolton Landing, in the Adirondacks.

When asked about this, he told *The Wall Street Journal* that he "loved England as a boy." Mace-Archer-Mills's Bolton Central high-school music teacher was quoted as remembering him as a kid who had "plowed into Georgian-era history" and duplicated a British accent when he was cast as Mr. Sowerberry in the school's production of the musical *Oliver!*

Growing up surrounded by the natural world has its advantages, but staying in the Adirondacks doesn't necessarily help realize dreams.

Johnny Podres would never have hit the major leagues—pitching the Brooklyn Dodgers to their only World Series championship, in 1955—if he'd not said goodbye to Witherbee, where his dad toiled in the iron mines. Computer programmer Raymond Tomlinson couldn't have invented email and its "@" sign, in 1971, from his Vail Mills hometown in the southern Adirondack foothills. It was in a California lab, far from his childhood home in Indian Lake, where in 2015 physicist Joshua Smith helped detect waves of gravitational energy from two black holes merging—proving Albert Einstein's theory and introducing a new type of astronomy.

But for some Adirondack natives, like Mace-Archer-Mills, breaking through the Blue Line isn't enough. Lizzy Grant, from Lake Placid, reinvented herself as Lana Del Rey, a sultry West Coast croon-

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK WILSON

10 ADIRONDACK LIFE September • October 2018

Column - Gold

Downhome - I Dare Say

Quitting smoking is hard to do.

Todd Young photo

I'm ashamed to admit it, but I smoked for 20 years. I spent more than half that time trying to quit. I tried cutting back, replacing it with patches and gum, quitting cold turkey – I even tried a self-help book and a meditation CD (a true measure of desperation for someone who dislikes self-help products as much as I do). Every time I would fail at quitting, but I'd gain insight into what to do next time.

I took note of where and how I failed, and what withdrawal felt like. I reminded myself that the anxiety and discomfort of wanting a cigarette I couldn't have wouldn't kill me, but that continuing to smoke eventually would. I read that your body's signal for nicotine is the same as for thirst – and it is! – and I drowned cravings with glasses of water. I learned that when I was tired I'd cave, so I took naps and went to bed earlier. I gave myself a pass on my diet while I was quitting; if it took a bag of potato chips or a chocolate bar to replace a cigarette today, my health would still be better for it. Most of all, what really did it was realizing there'll never be enough time on this earth with people I love and I was no longer willing to purposely shorten it.

It's been eight years since my last cigarette. I can't say I didn't miss it, even up until a couple years ago. But it can't compare to all the other wonderful things I've not missed because I quit.

Most smokers don't remember why they started, but everyone has a reason to stop. If you want to quit and need help, you should read our quit smoking feature (p. 62). If there's a will, there will be a way.

Thanks for reading,

Janice

Janice Stuckless, Editor-in-chief
Janice@downhomelife.com

You can't get by on your looks alone.

Todd Young photo

To be popular, to be successful, you have to have substance, you have to stand out. You have to offer something uniquely "you" to the world in order to turn heads. That's a truth whether you apply it to your personal relationships, your career goals or, in this case, tourism economics.

That Newfoundland and Labrador is beautiful, romantic, alluring, is not a concept we come by naturally, you know. Prior to, say, the '90s, this was a cold, brutal rock plunked down in the middle of the North Atlantic where people left to get a vacation from it. But savvy marketers, buoyed by flattering reviews from those who had visited the province out of curiosity or because they'd run out of places to see, saw an opportunity to change our narrative. They saw what was uniquely us that the world was missing.

Those visionary folks, in government and in private business, took our long history and repackaged it as rich; our poor weather was rebranded as dramatic; our isolation became the secret to being this ultimate getaway. Projecting that image over time drew more and more visitors who, after experiencing the places and people for themselves, often went away raving about their visit, promising to return and bring others with them to witness this wonderful place. That positive buzz nourished our fledgling tourism industry, as operators got behind this magical vision and brought it to life.

In this issue we congratulate 10 tourism ventures that reached deep into their resource pool and surfaced with ingenious projects that changed the visitor experience landscape in Newfoundland and Labrador (page 74). They are not the only ones doing it, but they deserve to be held aloft as examples of how to dream bigger, reach higher and deliver more.

This is indeed a beautiful place, but it is so much more than that.

Thanks for reading,

Janice

Janice Stuckless, Editor-in-chief
Janice@downhomelife.com

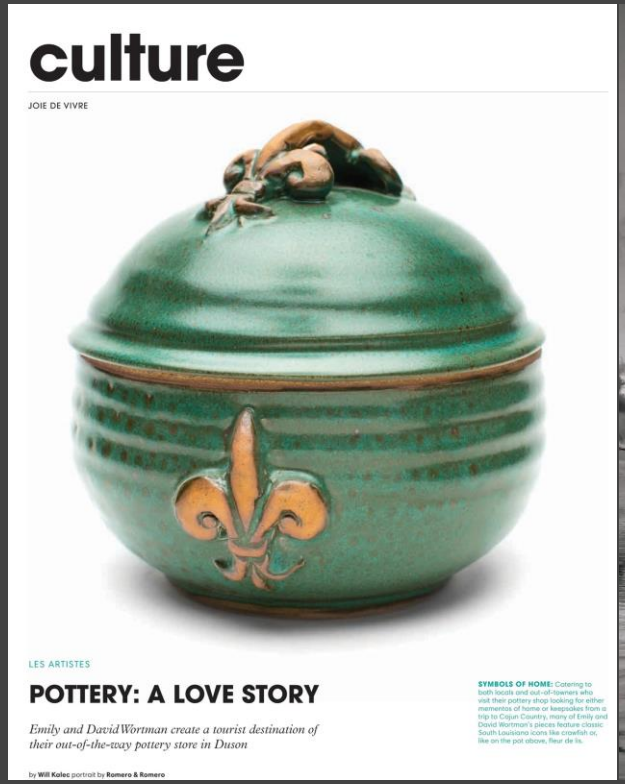
Writer of the Year 35 or Less

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Leighann Chalykoff

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Acadiana Profile - Will Kalec



culture

JOIE DE VIVRE

LES ARTISTES

POTTERY: A LOVE STORY

Emily and David Wortman create a tourist destination of their out-of-the-way pottery store in Duson

SYMBOLS OF HOME: Catering to both locals and out-of-towners who visit their pottery shop looking for either mementos of home or keepsakes from a trip to Cajun Country, many of Emily and David Wortman's pieces feature classic South Louisiana icons like crawfish or, like on the pot above, fleur de lis.

by **Will Kalec** portrait by **Romero & Romero**

HERE'S THE CATCH

Steeped in history and tradition, commercial fishing is a long-standing pillar of south Louisiana's economy which is currently under siege as global trade continues to affect the bottom line of local fishermen

BY WILLIAM KALEC

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Arkansas Life - Seth Eli Barlow

T

CORK DORK

DRINKING IN THE DECADES

We're popping the cork on our favorite (liquid) time machine

BY SETH ELI BARLOW

IT WAS the oldest thing I'd ever tasted—barely 2 ounces of a 1927 vintage port wine. It was just a month shy of its 90th birthday when I had it, and in those interceding years it had changed from the red, ripe and harrowing wine of its youth to something softer, more demure. Where once had been wild strawberry and dark chocolate, there were now stewed plums and cooked hazelnuts. But more than the simple flavors on my palate, what struck me most was the single, indescribable flavor of time. It's both a flavor and a feeling, the tangible perception of age through taste, as though every single one of the wine's 90 years had laid the thinnest dusting of character across my tongue.

1927 was an exciting year. Charles Lindbergh had just completed the world's first solo transatlantic flight, and *The Jazz Singer*, the first movie to feature synchronized dialogue, was playing in sold-out theaters

Harbor a taste for port wine? Personally, we're all a-boat it.

DECEMBER 2018 60 Arkansas Life

TABLE

A GATHERING OF GOOD TASTE

85 FIRST TASTE

90 CORK DORK

FIRST TASTE

A TASTE OF TAE

Giving grandma a run for her money

BY SETH ELI BARLOW
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARSHIA KHAN

Why yes, that *is* a piece of Arkansas-shaped cornbread crowning TAE's deconstructed hot tamale.

AUGUST 2018 85 Arkansas Life

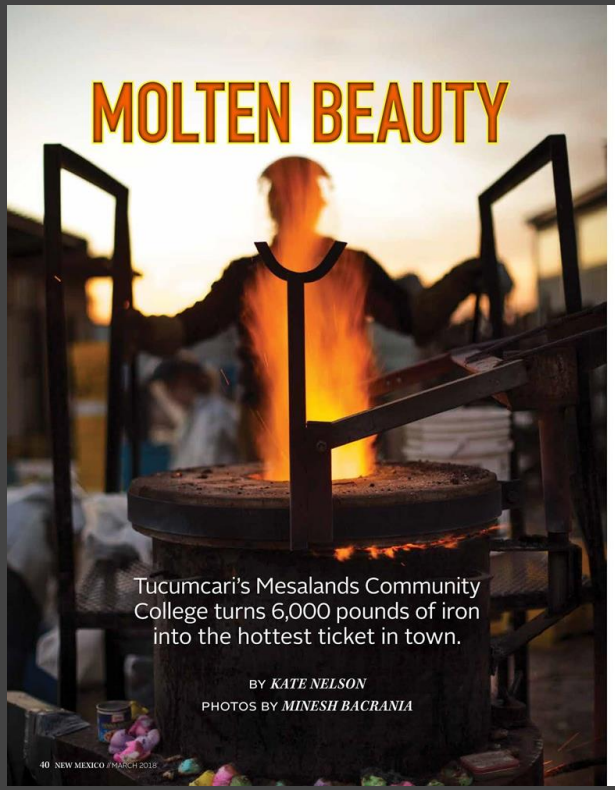
Writer of the Year 35 or More

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

Arizona Highways - Kelly Vaughn

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Kate Nelson



THREE KETTLE-LIKE furnaces chug and hiss, hungry for their first loads of busted-up iron. Ceremonial marshmallow Peeps tied to helium balloons float toward the sky. Students, artists, and onlookers stand briefly in a waft of let's-be-safe-out-there sage smoke. D'Jean Jawrunner has one last chance to bark out warnings and directions before a river of 2,800-degree molten metal turns this Tucumcari gathering into an annual circus.

"I don't care if you're big or short or whatever—if you need help with something, say it out loud," says Jawrunner, who is, it must be noted, kind of short and somewhat loud. "Don't be quiet and don't wait until the last minute. We can handle anything—if we can hear it."

Huddled in the aluminum building that houses the foundry at Mesalands Community College, she points to the master chief of ovens, the two pour captains (she's one), the shell team, the furnace team, and the water teams—people who will ferry bottles of water to everyone about to manage the high-temp transformation of heavy metal into swords, statues, and tiles. "You may not feel hot," Jawrunner says, "but if they look at your face and shove a bottle of water in it? Drink it."

Just then, furnace master David Lobdell lopes in. "I need a mold!" he shouts. Joel Kiser, Jawrunner's fellow fine-arts faculty member and the foundry's overseer, says in his laconic drawl, "Guys, let's get to your stations."

At 2:28 p.m. on a sunny March day on the eastern plains of New Mexico, the 19th annual Big Pour blasts off. The tide of liquid neon won't stop until well after sunset. From local high schoolers to inexperienced hobbyists, veteran artists, and a few visiting art professors, this gang of about 70 people will lay hands on more than 6,000 pounds of iron, along with buckets of coal-based coke to fuel the low-tech cupola furnaces that help make this one of the largest academic foundries in the world. You can come to watch. You can enroll in a weeklong class and earn some cast-iron cred. You can pay $20 to carve a relief image into a sand block to create a super-heavy souvenir tile. The whole shebang is one of New Mexico's best-kept secrets, but as its 20th anniversary nears, Mesalands president Thomas Newsom says, it's time to start shouting: "This is our Super Bowl of art."

Faculty member Joel Kiser chips away the plug on a furnace marked by sacrificial marshmallow Peeps. *Facing page:* A furnace shoots flames into the sky.

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

Texas Highways - Clayton Maxwell

Single Photo

Single Photo - Merit

Wyoming Wildlife - Staying vigil

OPENING SHOT

Staying vigil

Photo: by Sandy Sisti

Gear: Taken with a Canon EOS 5D Mark III, Canon 600mm f4 IS USM lens using a Gitzo tripod and Wimberley head

Settings: 1/1600, f6.3, ISO 1000, @600mm

While visiting Grand Teton National Park, a friend alerted me to the presence of a red fox den.

We arrived at the den the following morning when all was quiet. The adult foxes were out hunting, but we'd occasionally see a tiny kit peer out from the den, expectantly waiting for its parents. We set up our equipment at a respectable distance and waited for the adult foxes to return.

After a few hours, we spotted the male and female fox as they approached. The kits saw them too, and all five ran toward the pair, greeting them excitedly. After a few minutes, the male fox disappeared, but the vixen stayed close. She seemed to enjoy playing with her kits, letting them bite her tail and climb on her as she gently nipped at them.

Finally the vixen nursed her hungry brood. When she was finished, the vixen collapsed in an exhausted heap in front of the den, with her kits still running around playfully. As she was resting, the smallest kit walked over and nuzzled her, licking her muzzle as a request for food. The vixen opened her eyes for a moment and acknowledged her kit with a delicate love bite. Then she went to sleep. After a while, the tired kits returned to their den with the vixen resting just outside the entrance, keeping vigil. I always enjoy photographing wildlife, but when you're able to observe and capture the dynamics between family members, it's truly a humbling experience.

—*Sandy Sisti*

Single Photo - Merit

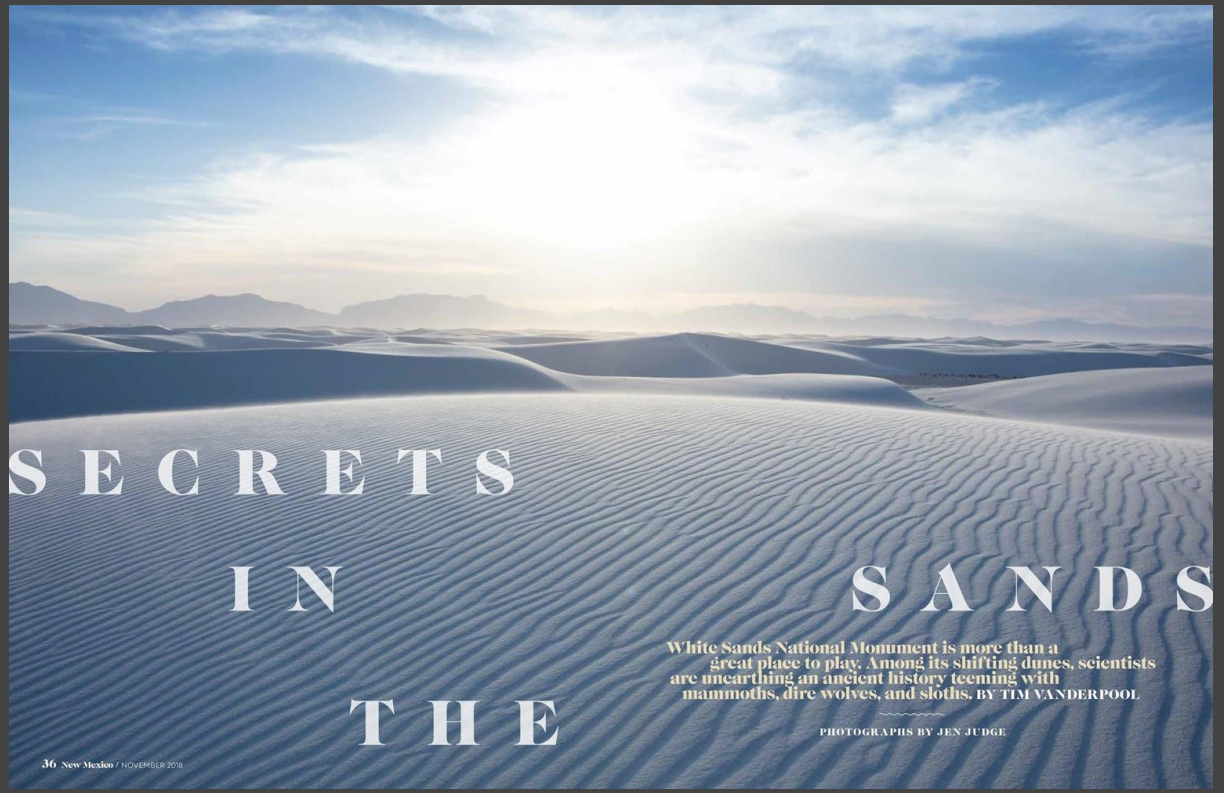
Kansas! - Winter 2018 Gallery

Single Photo - Bronze

Arizona Highways - A River So Long

Single Photo - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - White Sands



Single Photo - Gold

Oklahoma Today - Tallgrass Prairie Preserve

Photo Series 35 or Less

Photo Series 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Wild at Heart

Photo Series 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life - Cast and Crew

JUSTIN MICHAU'S

LOVE FOR THE MOUNTAINS STARTED EARLY. HE GREW UP IN SOUTH CAROLINA, TAKING FAMILY VACATIONS TO THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. WHEN HIS WIFE'S FAMILY INTRODUCED HIM TO THE ADIRONDACKS, HE SAYS, "MY MIND WAS BLOWN—I WAS HOOKED." NOW HE MAKES THE TRIP FROM THE ROCHESTER AREA AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE.

LAST JULY, MICHAU AND TWO BUDDIES SET UP BASE CAMP ALONG THE EAST BRANCH OF THE SACANDAGA RIVER BETWEEN WELLS AND BAKERS MILLS FOR A FOUR-DAY FLY-FISHING TOUR OF ADIRONDACK WATERWAYS.

BESIDES THE SACANDAGA, THEY HIT MILL CREEK, IN JOHNSBURG; THE BOREAS RIVER, IN NORTH HUDSON; AND TROUT BROOK, IN OLMSTEDVILLE. ON THE FINAL DAY, THE CREW MADE A LAST-MINUTE CHANGE OF PLANS. THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO PACK UP EARLY AND HEAD HOME, MICHAU SAYS, "BUT THE MORE WE TALKED ABOUT FISHING THE AUSABLE RIVER, THE MORE WE COULDN'T LEAVE IT BEHIND."

Justin Michau's group fished its way up the Boreas River, entering near Blue Ridge Road in North Hudson and hiking to wilder spots a half-mile or so upstream. Pages 50-51: Mill Creek in Wevertown was a highlight of the trip. "We loved the intimacy of Mill Creek with its narrow sections and pocket water," Michau says.

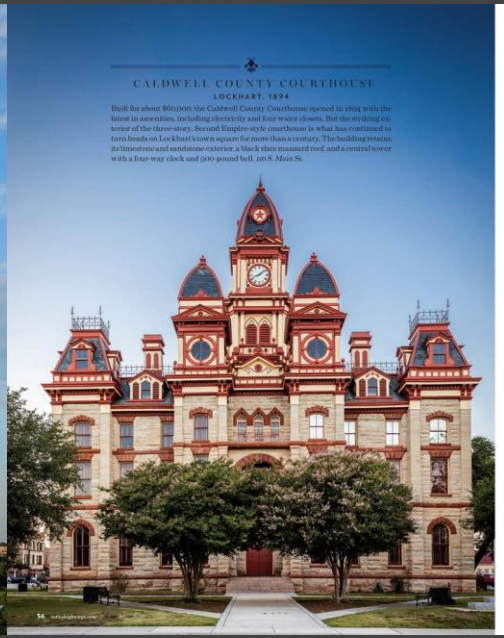
Photo Series 35 or Less - Gold

Acadiana Profile - La Chasse au Canard

Photo Series 35 or More

Photo Series 35 or More - Merit

Texas Highways - County Cornerstones



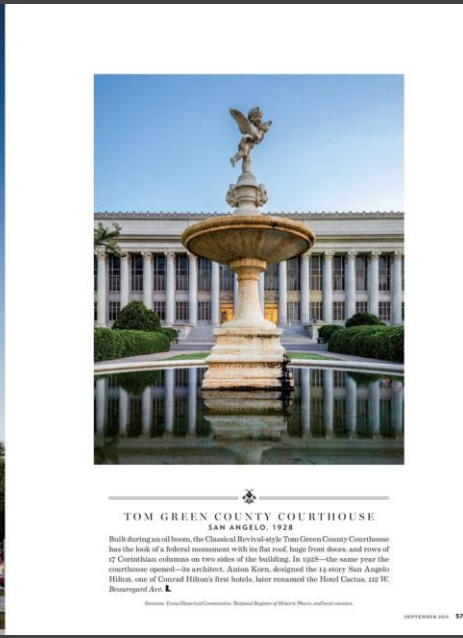


Photo Series 35 or More - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine - Secrets in the Sands

Clockwise from left: The beauty—and science—of sand dunes and native plants engage biotechnician Patrick Martinez.

I'm careening among huge sand dunes,

and hanging on for dear life. Not that Patrick Martinez, a polite and gracious biotechnician, has suddenly gone loco behind the wheel of his Polaris ATV. It's just that White Sands National Monument, where he works, seems to bring out another side to everything.

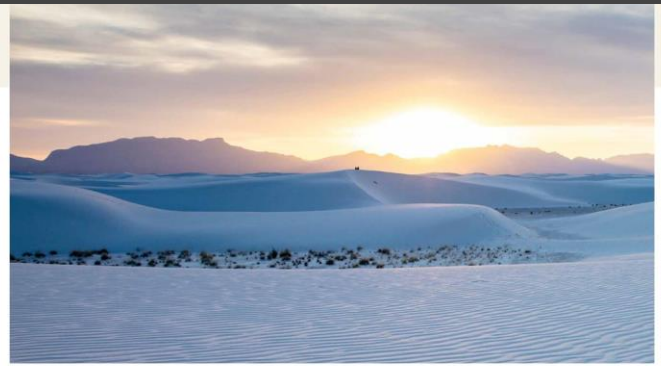
Normally dark lizards get a curious hankering to turn pale. Typically squat yuccas gloat atop 30-foot stalks—until the sand shifts below and they topple over. During summer storms, fairy shrimp, dormant for decades, spring to life in impromptu lakes. Out on the flats, prehistoric camel tracks drift like hallucinations into the shimmering distance.

If you thought White Sands was just an inland beach, think again. True, thousands of folks visit the monument near Alamogordo each year to romp among the drifts, camp beneath a Cyclops moon, or sneak a peek at celebs such as model Kendall Jenner doing photo shoots. But the open-air laboratory is full of scientific surprises that seem to reveal themselves with every shifting dune.

Like this one: Archaeologists recently discovered footprints left by fearless—and undoubtedly hungry—prehistoric humans as they hunted an eight-foot-tall, razor-clawed, and very cantankerous sloth. These breakthroughs about what's called the "White Sands trackway," vividly recounted through ranger guided tours and a new visitor-center exhibit, show that this ivory sea has always teemed with scrappy life.

Today, my exuberant crew is only adding to the legend. As Martinez bounces up and down the hills, biologist David Bustos, his co-worker, can barely stifle a grin in the seat next to me. Who can blame him? Few places on earth are more eternally eccentric. We stop and Bustos snags his sunglasses against the crystalline glare. "People just see dunes," he says. "But even 10 years ago, we didn't know that we possibly have one of the largest concentrations of Ice Age megafauna footprints in America. It's very dynamic, and all of this stuff is changing the way people think about the past."

At roughly 275 square miles, White Sands ranks as the world's largest gypsum dune field, extending beyond the monument's boundaries. Topographical maps are a waste of time here. Young dunes can ramble almost 40 feet in a single year and soar 60 feet above the desert floor. Crazier still, the whole white desert is held together by water. To make this point, we stop alongside a gray metal tube poking out of the ground.



Clockwise from above: White Sands offers photographers a glorious range of panoramas and detail shots.

sites they'd left behind from 500 BC to AD 1450. The Jornada "was a culture that developed right in place from the archaic people of an earlier period," Eidenbach says. "They were hunting populations, Paleo Indian people who were adapted to the Chihuahuan Desert."

But as the environment changed and grasslands withered, the Jornada Mogollon were forced to change as well. "Instead of hunting big game, like mammoths, American camels, early horses, and ground sloths," he says, "they started to explore mountains. At some point, around 4,000 years ago, they obtained corn from Mexico and started to grow it as a supplementary crop. Then, as their population grew, they had to intensify their agriculture. So they developed villages along major arroyos, used dry-land irrigation, and started developing pottery—brown ware, red on brown—along with various polychromes."

They also left behind an abundance of rock art—intriguing images of people, animals, and symbols still visible at the Three Rivers Petroglyph Site, 20 miles north of Tularosa—a perfect spot to ponder this vanished culture.

All of which begs the question: Where did they go? Eidenbach sighs and sips his coffee; among archaeologists, this is the million-dollar question. "Well," he says, "I think as the climate changed in the 14th and 15th centuries, that's when the Great Plains became full of bison. Hunting is a lot easier than farming. I think these people largely migrated eastward and went buffalo hunting."

By comparison, today's visitors to White Sands National Monument—established by Herbert Hoover in 1933—have a cakewalk, especially if they choose to go in cooler-weather months. (Take the warm-weather warnings about adequate hydration and a shady hat seriously.) The ADA-accessible Interdune Boardwalk stretches a few feet above the sand and is dotted by excellent tutorials on plants, animals, and the old labeled's restless nature. The Dune Life Nature Trail moves the tale forward, traversing what's called an "ecotone," or the meeting place between desert scrub and gypsum dunes.

There you might see the "tail trail" of the Cowles prairie lizard that disappears in a flurry of sand, and the crescent indentations of an Apache pocket mouse, scurrying to the nearest sumac bush. You could spot the fierce splay of a roadrunner's feet, or paw prints from a lonely coyote climbing some wind-scalloped slope. All of these clues are delicate, soon to be swallowed by shifting sands.

Back at the Polaris, Bustos describes the entire dune field as a living organism, which aids in its preservation and keeps it from being loved to death by visitors. "The dunes move so fast that any impact upon them is minimal," he says.

As the sun gets higher, he glances at the surrounding white slopes and gets philosophical. "You know, this has been a place of life for humans and animals for thousands and thousands of years, and we're just starting to understand how diverse it is," he says. "It's such a strange, complex place. It seems very simple until you start inspecting it a little bit and then it's like *Holy cow*. It's too much."

Martinez looks around and nods in agreement. Then he fires up the Polaris. We climb aboard and roar off into this mischievous sea of white. ■

Tim Vanderpool *is a Tucson based freelancer who drifts into New Mexico wherever the wind blows.*

Into the Great White Open

Now in its 85th year, **White Sands National Monument** (nps.gov/whsa) sits in southern New Mexico between Alamogordo and Las Cruces, either of which offers plenty of lodging and eating options.

The monument is open daily except Christmas. Call ahead or check its Facebook page; it closes for tests at the nearby White Sands Missile Range. Gates open at 7 a.m.; visitors must leave by nightfall (6 p.m., November 4–December 24). Admission is $5 a person, free for ages 15 and under. Primitive campsite permits are an extra $3 a person, $1.50 for ages 15 and under.

You can drive up to 16 miles in a loop to view the dunes. Feel free to hike, sled, or ride a bike on them as well. Dogs on leashes, horses, and other pack animals are welcome, too.

On November 1 and 4, tag along on guided sunset strolls. Tours of Lake Lucero are on November 3 and 24 and December 29.

The visitor center has information about the region's geology, biology, and more, along with snacks and drinks.

Photo Series 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - A Totally Different Ballgame

THE PAST IS A FUNNY THING. It doesn't just show up. You have to look for it. And when you find it, you have to make a choice — help to keep it alive, or let it fade.

In the Southeastern Arizona city of Bisbee, you'll find the past at an old ballfield, unknown to most and forgotten by many. The paint peels from its clubhouses' adobe walls, a casualty of too many ballplayers kicking dirt off too many cleats. Its grandstand steps are steep, worn and creaky enough to trigger horror-movie flashbacks. Its lower levels become wading pools when the monsoon brings a summer downpour to this old mining town. But Warren Ballpark, at 109, looks good for its age — like the old baseball glove a shortstop can't bear to replace. And every April, the past comes alive on its hallowed grounds.

Here, though, there are no gloves allowed.

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IN 1971, A YOUNG STRINGER for the *Tucson Daily Citizen* visited Bisbee for the first time, to cover a high-school game. And when Mike Anderson went back to the Old Pueblo that night, his heart stayed at Warren Ballpark.

"It blew me away," he says. "It's frozen in time. Even back in 1971, that was pretty evident. I fell in love with it."

Anderson later learned that Warren predates even Wrigley Field and Fenway Park, the two oldest stadiums in Major League Baseball. Built in 1909 by a subsidiary of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Co., it initially featured a wooden grandstand and a dirt field. The simple setting had a simple purpose: to give Bisbee's miners a place to play

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Pat Kelly, a Tombstone Vigilantes re-enactor who serves as the Copper City Classic's umpire, dusts off home plate. BJ Myers of the Phoenix Senators takes a swing. A member of the Colorado All-Stars holds the vintage-style ball used in the tournament.

and watch games in between shifts carving copper ore out of the Mule Mountains. The first teams to compete there were sponsored by local businesses and civic organizations, and they took on teams from El Paso, Tucson and other cities.

Before long, though, Warren Ballpark became a cathedral of the game. Jim Thorpe, Christy Mathewson and other legends visited in 1913, when the New York Giants and Chicago White Sox played at Warren on what's now known as the Grand World Tour. Buck Weaver and other White Sox players banned from baseball in the Black Sox scandal joined "outlaw league" teams that played in Bisbee in the 1920s. And in 1937, after a Works Progress Administration project replaced the original wooden grandstand with an adobe structure, the White Sox faced their crosstown rivals, the Cubs, in an April exhibition. By Anderson's count, 17 members of the National Baseball Hall of Fame have taken the field at Warren.

Minor-league teams played there, too, and several players from those teams went on to the majors. One of them, Clarence Maddern, played for the Bisbee Bees before making it to the big leagues with the Cubs in 1946. He's the only Bisbee native to become a major leaguer.

"People can't fathom that this little mining town, at the far end of the state, was in the same league as Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque, El Paso and Juarez," Anderson says. "It gives you a sense of the prominent role baseball played for towns like this."

In 1988, Anderson and his wife, Judy, moved to Bisbee — which, not long after his first visit, had traded copper mining for antiques shops, restaurants and B&Bs. In past lives, Anderson was a newspaper editor, a social studies teacher and a Pima County Sheriff's Department employee. He's retired now, and at age 64, he walks gingerly and sighs with relief as he settles onto a bench in one of the ballpark's clubhouses. There's no shame in saying both he and Bisbee are showing their age.

"This is a mining town without a mine," he says. "There's no major employer here to provide blue-collar jobs. This town struggles to survive. We rely on tourism. The service industry. Government jobs."

Warren Ballpark is showing its age, too, but most visitors to Bisbee wouldn't know that. It's near the town's southeast corner, far removed from the Copper Queen Hotel and the Lavender Pit. If tourists find themselves on this side of Bisbee, it's probably because they've taken a wrong turn. And until recently, some passers-by didn't even know Warren Ballpark was a ballpark. Its exterior — gray and white adobe, with high, shallow windows and a gently sloped roof — evokes an old fairground. Or, less charitably, the county jail.

Since the 1940s, the ballpark, now owned by the Bisbee Unified School District, has mostly been used for Bisbee High School athletics. And beyond its electric lights and a few other modern-day improvements, it looks as austere as it did in its early days. Its grandstand holds several hundred, tops, and its grass seems torn between color schemes of "somewhat green" and "mostly yellow." There's no W.R. Mason sign on the weathered outfield wall. No hot dog races on the Jumbotron between innings. No Jumbotron, either — just a simple scoreboard in left field. The focus is the game.

Anderson's focus is the ballpark, and he's become its advocate and biggest fan. He authored a book, *Warren Ballpark: Images of Sports*, and in 2008, he and Judy founded Friends of Warren Ballpark, which aims to raise money to do what the school district can't.

"The district has been a good steward of this park," he says. "If they didn't own it, it would have been torn down and turned into apartments, or offices, or anything other than a ballpark. But the district doesn't have the money for upgrades or restoration. That's where we come in."

It happens that Anderson has a passion for a particular vintage of baseball — one that's nearly a half-century

older than this old park. Every April, his group hosts, and Judy manages, the Copper City Classic, an exhibition tournament of baseball played by 1860 rules. Been working on a wicked slider? Sorry: You'll be pitching underhand, and slow. Excited to show off your new Rawlings? Too bad: Gloves are mostly verboten. And if your specialty is dropping a bloop single in front of the left fielder, forget it — if it's caught on a bounce, you're still out. That's ideal for fielders at Warren, where the hard outfield yields plenty of high bounces.

Anderson loves this version of the game because it honors the players of yesteryear, but also because it means a guy his age can keep taking his swings. "This allows people who would seriously hurt themselves playing regular baseball to come out and play," he says. "It's like Samuel Johnson said about a dog walking on two legs: It's not that you can do it well, but that you can do it at all."

On Anderson's team, the Bisbee Black Sox, players range in age from 13 to 70. They include an FBI agent, a National Park Service police officer, a psychotherapist, a welder and a middle-school student. A local seamstress makes their vintage uniforms — white button-up jerseys, trimmed in black and adorned with a black "B" — in the style of the Federal League, which operated in the 1910s. The Black Sox and other vintage teams, mostly from Tucson and the Phoenix area, play in the Arizona Territories Vintage Base Ball League, one of many such leagues around the country. The April tournament at Warren concludes the league's season.

"Most of the games we play are on city recreational fields," Anderson says. "Here, we're playing on history." That's a draw, of course, but a little star power doesn't hurt. So, before the 2017 tourney, Anderson enlisted the help of a ballplayer with a little history of his own.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SECOND PITCH of the bottom of the 12th was a sinker, low and inside. Carlton Fisk got all of it, sent it careening into the Boston night. He bounced out of the box and waved his hands, frantically urging the ball to stay fair. It clanged off the left-field foul pole, and Fen-

way Park erupted.

Even if you didn't watch Game 6 of the 1975 World Series, it's likely that you've seen the Boston Red Sox catcher's iconic moment. It's equally likely you don't remember the tall, lanky right-hander who threw that pitch. Partly because Pat Darcy's Cincinnati Reds won Game 7, and the Series, the following night. And partly because shoulder problems ended Darcy's brief big-league career the following season.

But Darcy thinks about Game 6 a lot. Not just about Fisk, but also about the first batter he faced when he entered the game in the bottom of the 10th. "Dwight

LEFT: Joe Grace (left) of the Bisbee Black Sox and a sliding Bisbee Bees player have a close encounter at third base.
ABOVE: A member of the Colorado All-Stars chases down a grounder.

Evans hit a ball right back to me, and it went off my glove and toward foul territory," he says. "I got to it and threw it to Tony Perez at first, and hit him right in the glove. Joe Morgan was running past me and said, 'You just made a great play in the World Series.' I remember thinking, *Did that really happen?*"

Darcy's time in the majors was short, and he was on the wrong end of a historic play, but *he won a World Series*. He played for Sparky Anderson, and with Pete Rose and Johnny Bench. And when he was done with baseball, he came back to Tucson, where he'd grown up, and found success in commercial real estate.

He's stayed involved with the game, coaching at the Reds' fantasy camp and joining his Big Red Machine teammates for reunions in Cincinnati. And he's been an advocate for the game in Tucson: In 1992, he led the push for the expansion Colorado Rockies to play their spring training games there after the Cleveland Indians left town. It was a no-brainer for Darcy, who remembers riding his bike to Indians games as a kid. He knows what baseball can do for a community.

"It brings people together," he says. "Young people get to go to games and see different teams. You get to see the players up close, talk to them, get autographs. And it really helps the economy, too."

The Rockies did come to Tucson, staying for nearly two decades. The White Sox and Arizona Diamondbacks were there, too, but now, all 15 Cactus League teams are in the Phoenix area, and spring training games are played in relative luxury. "When I was with the Reds, we were in Tampa for spring training," Darcy says. "Our lockers in the clubhouse were chicken wire, and after practice or a game, you got a cup of soup. It's a little different now."

Darcy is a little different, too, but even at age 67 and with gray hair, he's still a tall, lanky right-hander. He looks like a ballplayer. So when Darcy takes the mound at Warren Ballpark, it feels like he's exactly where he should be.

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ROBERT SCHON DOESN'T really look like a ballplayer. He looks like a fan. And that's why Warren Ballpark is where he belongs, too.

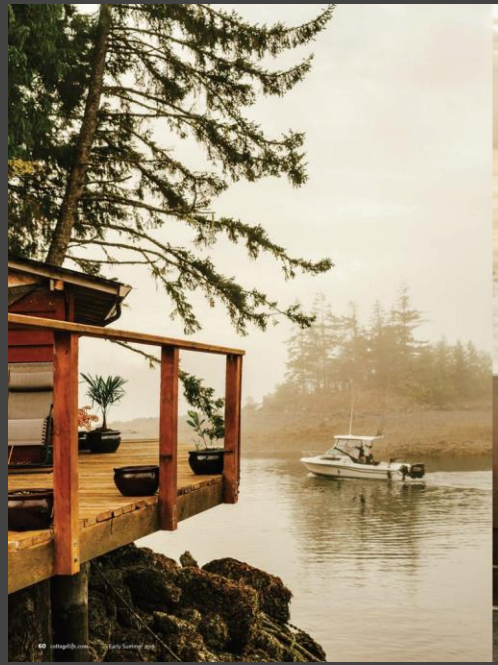
Schon is an archaeologist and an associate professor of anthropology at the University of Arizona. Most of his research focuses on the ancient Mediterranean, but Schon also comes from a family of baseball fans. He was one of the few tourists who've stumbled upon the ballpark, and he was intrigued by the stories Warren had yet to share. We know a lot about the baseball greats who took the field there, but very little about the people who watched them play. People like him.

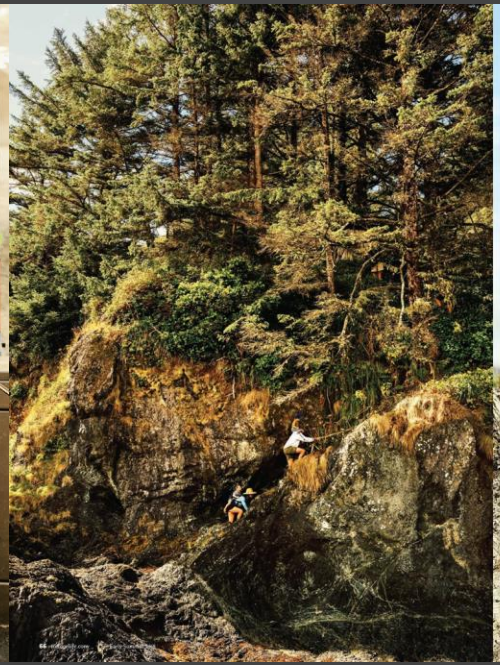
"Archaeology can tell us things that history can't — that the written record doesn't provide," he says. "It gives us aspects of people's lives that are more mundane, but still very meaningful. What they did. How they spent their time. We have this myth of the Wild West, and of places like Bisbee, where all everybody did was drink and gamble and shoot each other. But there were families here as well, not just rough-and-tumble folks."

Schon leads archaeological digs at the park by Bisbee High School and Cochise College students. They're looking for artifacts in places where spectators might have gathered, after a hard week in Bisbee's mines, to enjoy a ballgame with their families. That includes the foul lines in the infield, where grandstands once stood, and the outfield, where people would park and watch the action from their cars. "By looking at these artifacts, we can get an idea of what the fan experience was like," Schon says.

Photo Series 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life - The Unhotel in Paradise





Portrait Photo

Portrait Photo - Bronze

Louisiana Life - Powerful Hospitality

GREAT LOUISIANA CHEF

POWERFUL HOSPITALITY

Manny Augello of Bread & Circus Provisions in Lafayette recognized by the James Beard Foundation

BY *Ashley McLellan*
PHOTOS BY *Romero & Romero*

"I am exceptionally lucky to be surrounded by a talented, passionate, and enthusiastic staff at B&CP whose commitment to redefining dining and elevating the expectations of hospitality are highly infectious. I look forward to continue to grow our B&CP family. Continue to learn with them and implement our knowledge to further refine our brand."

SINCE THE BRICK AND MORTAR OPENING in 2014, Chef Manny Augello at Bread & Circus Provisions has brought a distinctive cultural mash-up of classic and cutting-edge cuisine importing a dash of Italian, a smidge of the Far East and a helping local down home cooking to Lafayette diners.

For Augello, the self-professed "Ambassador of Neapolitan pizza. High-priest of salumi," working in the restaurant industry has long been a family tradition.

"Cooking, farming, restauranteering and exposure to everything in between… gave me an appreciation for hospitality's power," says Augello. "The biggest influence in my culinary journey was my childhood spent in Sicily, where the simplistic approach to ingredients in both ancient and modern recipes remains paramount to the culture's food ways."

Augello's passion is reflected in his menu, which has an emphasis on the freshest of ingredients.

"I have always noticed the resemblance that Cajun tradition has to my own culture," he said. "Seasonal availability, simplicity and a deep sense of respect for the ingredient are principles which create the fundamentals for the enjoyment of food and company."

The James Beard Foundation took note of Augello, recognizing him in March with a 2018 semi-finalist nod for Best Chef: South.

"As a chef, I find satisfaction in providing an experience to our guest that fills their need for nourishment and entertainment," he said. "I'm grateful to be surrounded by a community supportive of my culture where I can practice my craft. This recognition lets us know that all the difficulty, long hours, and hard work that go into operating our restaurant comes from a desire to want to be better at our profession." ■

Portrait Photo - Silver

Arizona Highways - Keeping it Real

Portrait Photo - Gold

Texas Highways - Silver & Blues

Portrait Series

Portrait Series - Bronze

Arizona Highways - First Chair

First Chair

GWENDENA LEE-GATEWOOD ISN'T ALONE. WHEN ELECTED IN APRIL TO BE THE WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE TRIBE'S FIRST CHAIRWOMAN, SHE JOINED AN INCREASING NUMBER OF WOMEN TO ACHIEVE THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF TRIBAL LEADERSHIP. OF ARIZONA'S 22 TRIBAL LEADERS, 32 PERCENT ARE WOMEN.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZICKL

As the first chairwoman of the White Mountain Apache Tribe, Gwendena Lee-Gatewood oversees the tribe's more than 2,500 square miles of Eastern Arizona. That territory includes Kinishba Ruins, a Mogollon pueblo that dates to around 1300.

want to know whom to talk to about getting a gate in the fence behind their home, or they need money for the bus. Each time, Lee-Gatewood listens patiently, hands out her business card, says to email her with the details. She will see what she can do.

"When I'm home, I've got dishes to do, I've got clothes to wash, a floor to sweep, house to mop," she says. "My job at home doesn't end just because I have this job. I'm doing that, too."

Up at 5 a.m., as on most mornings, Lee-Gatewood began her official duties on this day at 7, meeting with the recently hired principal of McNary Elementary School. "She's been having some challenges, and she wanted my assistance," Lee-Gatewood explains. She told the principal to listen to her constituents and follow school policy.

"No matter what you do, you're not going to please everybody," she said. "Do what you can to work with them, and they'll realize sooner or later that your heart's in the right place."

Lee-Gatewood grew up in Show Low. Her father, who had a second-grade education, worked in a lumber mill there. Though they lived in town, the family spoke Apache at home and remained close to relatives on tribal land. And even after her parents had been baptized, they took their children to Sunrise Ceremonies and other events.

"Because that's how they grew up," Lee-Gatewood says. "My mother would use that opportunity to tell us, 'This is why they're doing that. This is why they're doing this.' And the dos and don'ts of proper etiquette as it relates to our culture."

The youngest of 11 children sharing a three-bedroom house, Lee-Gatewood slept on the floor. "You had to prove yourself, because siblings are going to give you a hard time," she says with a laugh. "Growing up in that environment, and going to school with a majority of white children — some of them would pick on me for the color of my skin, and call me names, and try to bully me at recess — it kind of thickened my skin."

Pulling out several pieces of foam core from the back seat of a rented SUV, she says, "These are some pictures I had for my inauguration." In a grainy black-and-white photo, a young girl with long braids and ill-fitting pants clutches a stuffed Sylvester the Cat.

"This is me when I was 8 or 9 years old," she says. "I use this to talk to children at the tribe. I'll say, 'Look, this was me. I didn't have the best of clothes. All I had was a bike and this toy. The kids at school would pull on my braids. But look at where I'm at now. Don't let your circumstances dictate your future. Use it to motivate you.'"

Lee-Gatewood married and had her first child while still in college, ultimately raising three kids as a single parent before remarrying in 2016. "There were times where I had [to work] two or three jobs just to pay the bills," she says.

After graduating from Northern Arizona University with a degree in

Portrait Series - Silver

Texas Highways - Silver & Blues

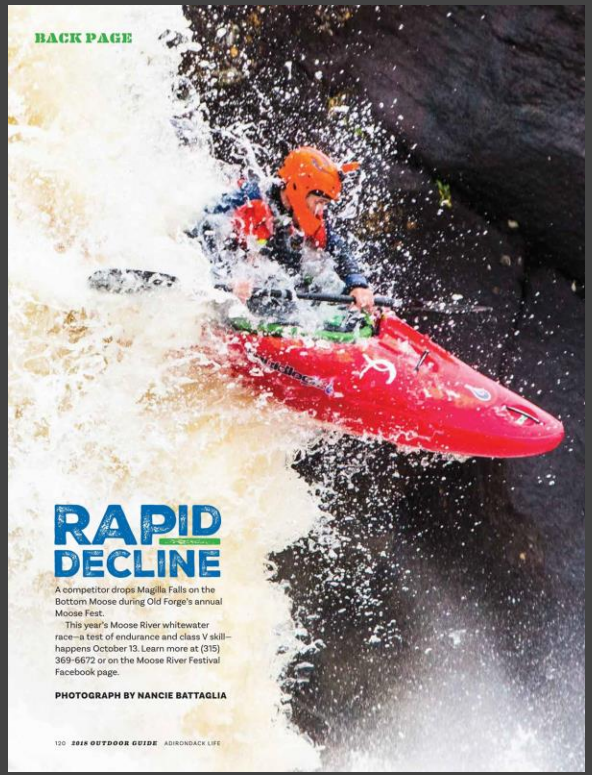
Portrait Series - Gold

Oklahoma Today - The Collections

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Merit

Adirondack Life - Nancie Battaglia



Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Lori Duckworth

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Acadiana Profile - Denny Culbert

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Arkansas Life - Arshia Khan

Senate Bill 519

MLK Gets His Day

OR

The Passion of Kelly Duda

On April 16, 1985, then-Gov. Bill Clinton signed House Bill 132, which declared that both Martin Luther King Jr. Day and Robert E. Lee Day would be celebrated on the third Monday in January. This past year, more than three decades later, Gov. Asa Hutchinson signed Senate Bill 519, separating the two. To say that many people played a part in getting the state to that place, both publicly and behind the curtain, would be to grossly understate the point.

This is the story of one of them.

BY JORDAN P. HICKEY
PORTRAIT BY ARSHIA KHAN

PRIME TIME

When it comes to steak, it's rare to medium rare to find someone who doesn't have strong opinions. About sourcing. About searing. About saucing. About salting. More often than not, though, those beefs are just a matter of personal taste. Consider the 12 pages that follow a guide to settling them. Deliciously.

By *Arkansas Life* staff | Photography by Arshia Khan

Photographer of the Year
35 or More

Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

Arizona Highways - Joel Hazelton

Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

Texas Highways - Kenny Braun

NOTHING BEATS THE HEAT LIKE A PLUNGE INTO YOUR NEAREST SWIMMING HOLE

When Mother Nature doles up a summer afternoon so hot you need oven mitts to handle the steering wheel of your car, smart Texans head to the nearest swimming hole.

There, beneath the lacy umbrella of a towering cypress or oak, you kick off your shoes, scramble up a tree trunk, reach for a rope as thick as your arm, and launch yourself high over a spring-fed lake or river. For a second or two you hover in mid-air, anticipating a moment you've been craving since the sun rose that morning. And then you feel it—the shock of hot to cold and dry to wet.

We love the free-as-a-breeze feeling that comes when you take a flying leap off a rope swing. That's why we've scouted the state to find some of the best, the ones hung from gnarled old branches over cool green water, where you can while away an afternoon swinging and splashing, watching your friends channel their inner monkeys, and lounging on a towel as the water dries from your skin.

That's Texas, and that's why we love summers here.

Before you don your swim trunks, though, take note. Rope swings appear and disappear like smoke from a backyard barbecue pit, and what's there now may be gone tomorrow, or possibly relocated just down the river.

Our advice? Respect private property rights. Make sure any swing is safe before you take the plunge. Hold on tight—then make it a flight to remember!

STORY BY PAM LEBLANC

Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life - Kamil Bialous

Illustration

Illustration - Merit

Oklahoma Today - A Ghost in Oklahoma

BY BENJAMIN MYERS

A Ghost in Oklahoma

JOHN BERRYMAN WAS KNOWN AS ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN POETS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, AND HE SPENT MUCH OF HIS CHILDHOOD IN OKLAHOMA. IN THIS ESSAY, A FORMER STATE POET LAUREATE GOES IN SEARCH OF THE ENIGMATIC, TORTURED WRITER'S LEGACY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HEIDI JO MANN

WHEN I WAS young, my parents sometimes took me Oklahoma ghost hunting, loading my sisters and me into the car to visit some reputedly haunted location. I remember vividly our trip to a hanging tree in the Cimarron Valley, its broad reach of branches still bowed by the weight of the dead. My parents were writers, and they were hunting ghost stories more than actual ghosts. Still, the hobby must have rubbed off on me, because I find myself hunting my own Oklahoma spirit: the ghost of the great American poet John Berryman.

Berryman's 1969 two-volume opus *The Dream Songs* was a compilation of 1964's *77 Dream Songs* and 1968's *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*. In it, Henry, the persona adopted by the poet, stands at his father's grave, where "the marker slants, flowerless" and admits, "often, often before / I've made this awful pilgrimage."

The poems in *The Dream Songs* trace Berryman's obsession with his father's death, so the pilgrimage in question may be metaphorical. Nevertheless, it makes me wonder if Berryman ever did return to visit his father's grave, where the body lies, as "Dream Song #143" says, "stashed in Oklahoma." While his poems rarely mention Oklahoma, in what reference Berryman makes to the state, it's clear he associates it with his lost father.

In 1969, poet Adrienne Rich wrote, "The English (American) language, who knows entirely what it is? Maybe two men in this decade: Bob Dylan, John Berryman." Heidi Jo Mann illustrated Berryman for *Oklahoma Today* using charcoal, cigarette ash, and coffee.

Speaking in third person, he describes his younger self as "wishing he could, sir, die," an expression of childhood passion which seems whimsical when contrasted with the pronounced death wish that runs through many other poems in the volume. In "Dream Song #167," he comically contrasts the poor postal service in his current city with "the town in Okie-land when I was young— / three and four deliveries a day!" In "Dream Song #241," he recalls watching his father march with his National Guard unit on a rainy hillside, which he describes as "a fraction of sun & guns / way 'way ago," a kind of boy's paradise. In all three poems, Oklahoma is the unrecoverable golden world before the fall. Yet I find no mention of a return to the state of his birth. Perhaps he thought it impossible to come back.

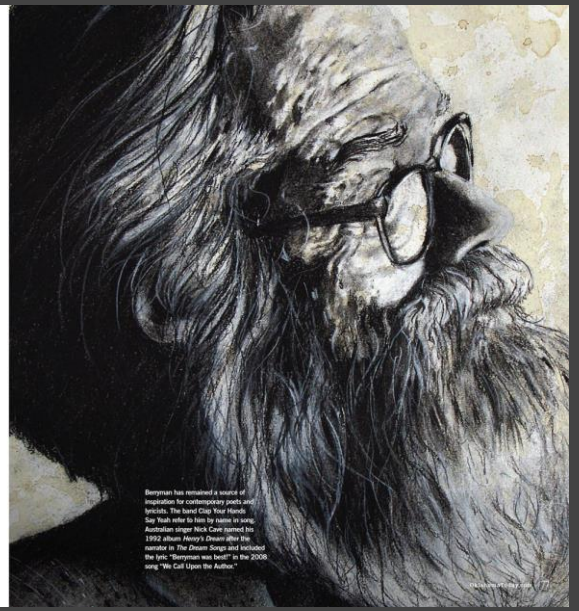
WANTING TO SEE Berryman's Oklahoma, I decide to drive to Anadarko. The land heading into town on U.S. Highway 62 from Chickasha is typical Oklahoma—rolling but still wide open under domed blue sky. Round bales and pump jacks are scattered across the yellowed fields along the highway, an occasional silo reaching upwards. There is smoke in the distance, perhaps from a controlled burn. I feel hopeful about encountering a ghost.

Mariani's 1990 biography *Dream Song: The Life of John Berryman* gives the family's address, and on the appropriate block, I find a few houses, all on the wrong side of the street. The entire block on the Smiths' side is occupied by the Caddo Baptist Association and a crisis pregnancy center. Berryman's childhood home is gone. The surrounding neighborhood, however, is as I pictured it. Many original houses remain, some of which may have belonged to Berryman's childhood playmates. I wonder which house might be the one little John skated in front of hoping to catch sight of young Charlotte. I wonder which one might have belonged to the Callahan family, whose son F.J. Berryman remembered as being one of the first people he knew to die—a death which he appears to recount in "Dream Song #129," which took place by a cottonwood tree and made the boy permanently a "part of Henry's history."

Crossing the four-lane that cuts the block short, I spot a large, low-limbed sycamore suitable for climbing. "Once in a sycamore I was glad / all at the top, and I sang." It is a very small, very uncertain victory, but I gladly take it.

I've come to Anadarko looking for a ghost, and I feel like that ghost has remained just outside my grasp, like Berryman's elusive and disorienting poems. But I understand *The Dream Songs* better for having been here, if only in that I can more perfectly picture the sidewalks, the trees, the setting of his earliest memories. On the way out of town, I stop at a renovated soda fountain and sandwich shop on old Main Street just a few blocks from Berryman's neighborhood. Reading the history of the building, I see that it began in 1901 as Dinkler's Drug. It is easy to imagine young Berryman sent here to pick up prescriptions for his high-strung mother. It is easy to imagine him stopping in for a soda with Charlotte or F.J. I have no evidence that he did so, but I enjoy imagining a young man—before his father's suicide, before his own alcoholism—taking a moment of simple enjoyment here.

If Berryman's ghost haunts anywhere, one would expect to find him around the bridge in Minneapolis from which, following his father's example, he jumped to his death in 1972. But I wonder if his spirit also returns to the wind-swept plains of Anadarko. Does John Berryman haunt Oklahoma as Oklahoma seemed to haunt him? All I can say is that his spirit haunts me and eludes me. It keeps me reading. It keeps me hunting.



Berryman has remained a source of inspiration for contemporary poets and lyricists. The band Crap Your Hands Say Yeah refer to him by name in song. Australian singer Nick Cave named his 1992 album *Henry's Dream* after the narrator in *The Dream Songs* and included the lyric "Berryman was best!" in the 2008 song "We Call Upon the Author."

Illustration - Bronze

Acadiana Profile - Sense of Place

lettres d'amour

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Cheré Dastugue Coen is a freelance food and travel writer who makes her home in Lafayette. She writes Louisiana romances and mysteries under the pen name of Cherie Claire.

SENSE OF PLACE

A New Orleans writer finds her literary soul in Cajun Country

by **Cheré Dastugue Coen** illustration by **Christina Brown**

My entrée into writing novels began with an embarrassing idea. I imagined that being a newspaper journalist, I could whip out popular paperbacks as fast as breaking news. To make matters worse, my first historical romance was set along the Chisholm Trail, a place this Louisiana native knew nothing about — not to mention never visited; I got the idea from watching the "Lonesome Dove" miniseries on TV.

Needless to say, I soon learned that writing genre fiction requires great skill and knowledge. That first novel remains in a dark closet, never to see the light of day.

After my literary disaster, the universe took pity on my soul and one night I had an incredible dream about a young Cajun entrepreneur falling for an American socialite in 19th century Franklin, Louisiana, along with a fiddle-playing cousin and a host of colorful characters. I had grown up in New Orleans, but been lured toward Acadiana and its culture and traditions ever since my sister attended USL (now the University of Louisiana at Lafayette) and routinely invited me over to Lafayette for theater, Cajun food and collegiate parties. Even when I worked at *The Advocate* newspaper in Baton Rouge, I would volunteer for every story assignment west of Port Allen.

So, once that dream brought me fresh inspiration, I jumped on the idea, creating the fictional story behind "Jolie Blonde," a song known as the Cajun national anthem. I sold that book to an editor whose own background included Acadian history (her grandparents were from Prince Edward Island) and she loved the Louisiana flavor and history. The name had to be changed (no French for romance titles), my name changed (no accents for romance authors) and a hunk was assigned to model for the cover. Regardless, "A Cajun Dream" started my novel-writing career and every book I've written since has included Louisiana locations, characters and history, most of them set in Acadiana. Even my non-fiction books celebrate Cajun Country, from Lafayette ghost stories to indigenous cuisine.

As if my writing opened the door for my relocation, I ended up in Lafayette, a place I've lovingly called home for the past 14 years. I'm now an active participant in a culture I spent years researching and visiting. My Yat accent comes out on occasion, I add tomatoes to my cuisine and after years of genealogy research I have yet to find one ounce of Cajun blood. But, I've adopted Acadiana as my home and it has embraced me in return.

What makes my life, hence my writing, unique is the authenticity of South Louisiana culture. It's not simply a dish, a style of music or a story we tell. Our culture breathes through joyful dance, the pleasure of dining with family and friends, of genuine kindness and hospitality. I continually give Acadiana stories, but Acadiana has given me its soul. ■

Illustration - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - The Four-Legged Dude

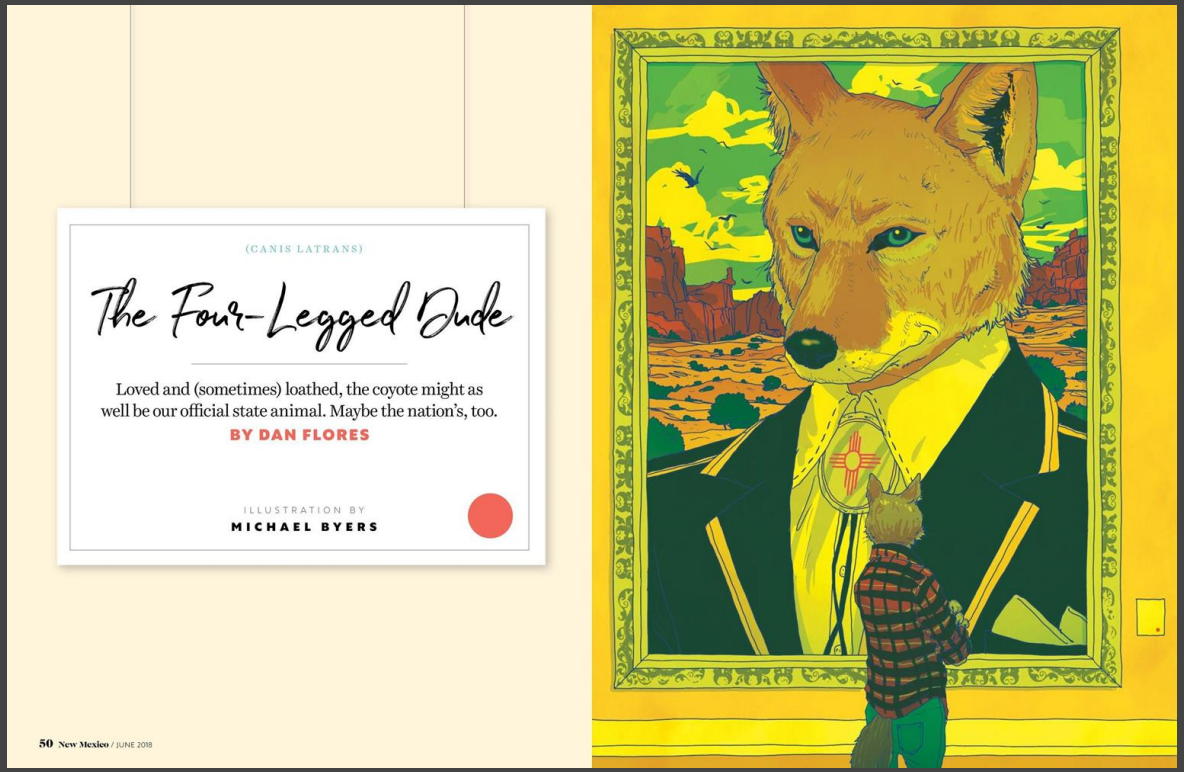


Illustration - Gold

Texas Highways - 93 Days of Summer

EAT YOUR WAY THROUGH THE BARBECUE CAPITAL OF TEXAS

Lockhart is home to three of Texas' most legendary barbecue joints: **Kreuz Market** (go for the sausage, stay for the smoky pork chops), **Black's BBQ** (dinosaur beef rib, anyone?), and **Smitty's Market** (lines form for a taste of its shoulder clod, brisket, hot links, and pork ribs). Why not try all three in a day? *lockhartchamber.com/page/bbqcapitaloftexas*

TRY A PIÑA PREPARADA

Piñas preparadas satisfy your inner child, but you might think twice about serving one to a kid. The South Texas specialties feature a hollowed-out pineapple filled with a variety of fruits, gummy bears, sour worms, and other candies, all sprinkled with a dusting of chili-lime powder, then filled with Topo Chico or malt liquor. Its brazen ingredients and liberal use of sugar make for a summer temptation that's worth the indulgence. Try one in Laredo at **La Laguna** or **Picca Dilly's**.

FILL UP AT A FOOD HALL

Following a trend in cities like Atlanta and Seattle, food halls are popping up across Texas. These convivial food courts feature several vendors in a large, shared space serving varied cuisines—like a mess hall but with more pizzazz (and a bar). **The Bottling Department** at The Pearl in San Antonio features burgers by Fletcher's and doughnuts by Maybelle's; **Fareground** in Austin dishes out tacos by Dai Due and pretzels from Easy Tiger; **Conservatory** in Houston serves up poke and pizza ("European-style" Finn Hall is set to open later this year); and **The Market** in Dallas has everything from seafood to macarons. *bottlingdept.com; fareground austin.com; conservatoryhtx.com; dallasfarmersmarket.org/the-market*

IMBIBE IN THE HILL COUNTRY

Brew buffs will find much to love at award-winning Hill Country breweries like **Real Ale Brewing Co.** in Blanco, **Twisted X Brewing** in Dripping Springs, **Pecan Street Brewing** in Johnson City, and **Seguin Brewing** Company in Seguin. The **Hill Country Craft Beer Trail** offers five different shuttles for a safe and fun way to experience it all. *hillcountrycraftbeertrail.com*

DRINK A DR PEPPER FLOAT

As you tour the **Dr Pepper Museum** in Waco and delve into the history of this homegrown Texas soda, you might find yourself salivating. Lucky for you, the museum's **Frosty's Soda Shop** serves everything from chili dogs to ice cream sundaes. But nothing beats an old-fashioned float, made with hand-pumped Dr Pepper and a scoop of Blue Bell vanilla ice cream. *drpeppermuseum.com*

PICK YOUR OWN TEXAS FRUIT

Summer in Texas means farm-fresh fruits will be ripe for the picking. Since 1982, Texans have been picking their own blueberries at **Blueberry Hill Farms** in Edom. At **Sweet Berry Farms** in Marble Falls, blackberries should be ready for harvest in May, while peaches and nectarines at **Sweet Eats Fruit Farm** in Granger ripen late May through August. *blueberryhillfarms.com; sweetberryfarm.com; sweeteats.com*

Blueberry Hill Farm's Blueberry Streusel Muffins
Yield: one dozen

Muffins:
1/3 cup sugar
1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 egg, beaten
2 1/3 cups all-purpose flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla extract
1 1/2 cups fresh or frozen blueberries

In a mixing bowl, cream together sugar and butter. Add egg; mix well. Combine flour, baking powder, and salt; add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Stir in vanilla. Fold in blueberries. Fill 12 greased or paper-lined muffin cups two-thirds full.

Streusel:
1/2 cup sugar
1/3 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
1/4 cup butter or margarine

In a small bowl, combine sugar, flour, and cinnamon; cut in butter until crumbly, then sprinkle mixture over muffins. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until browned; test with toothpick.

Photos: Will van Overbeek (top); © Getty Images/iStockphoto

the Menil Collection, Rothko Chapel, and the Houston Center for Photography. "I like to call Zone 1 a 'lower your blood pressure' atmosphere," Farr says. "It's very calm and peaceful: you'll see families picnicking, people taking wedding photos, and dogs chasing Frisbees." *houmuse.org*

COOL OFF WITH THE GRANDEST OF HISTORIES

The Bullock Texas State History Museum's permanent exhibits—the 17th-century *La Belle* ship and the original Goddess of Liberty statue, for example—are always worth a visit. But the museum introduces new opportunities for learning this summer with special exhibitions *Rodeo!* and *Comanche Motion*. When you get your fill of history, the giant, dark, and chilly IMAX theater is a worthy respite. *thestoryoftexas.com*

LEARN HOW TO SWING DANCE AT GRUENE HALL

Grab your dancing shoes and head to Texas' oldest continually operating dance hall, which this summer hosts

Two Ton Tuesdays June 5-Aug. 14. Before the country music starts (courtesy of San Antonio band Two Tons of Steel), the venue offers one-hour swing-dancing lessons so you can brush up on your boot-scootin' skills. *gruenehall.com*

NAMASTE WITH GOATS

If you're looking for a tough workout, this class isn't for you. But if you need an Instagram-worthy moment and a good laugh, goat yoga definitely delivers. Several studios—among them **GOGA Goat Yoga in Austin, Goat Yoga Houston, Texas Hill Country Goats & Yoga, and Goat Yoga Richardson**—have joined the trend of adding goats into yoga classes because of the animal's anxiety-reducing effect. As class members practice sun salutations, baby goats are free to climb on top of people, chase each other, and even nap on the mats. *goga.yoga; goatyogahouston.com; nulvgoatmilk products.com/goat-yoga; goatyogarichardson.com*

TOWER OVER TEXAS

Enjoy the view from the top of these city towers. At **Dallas' Reunion Tower**, a 470-foot observation deck with telescopes and high-definition zoom cameras provides panoramic views. In San Antonio, check out the city from the 750-foot observation deck and the revolving **Chart House Restaurant at Tower of the Americas**. Travel 34 floors in the glass elevator of the Hyatt Regency Houston to get to **Spindletop**, a revolving restaurant that shows off the glittering metropolis. *reuniontower.com; towerofthe americas.com; houston.regency.hyatt.com*

FIND ZEN IN AN ART MUSEUM

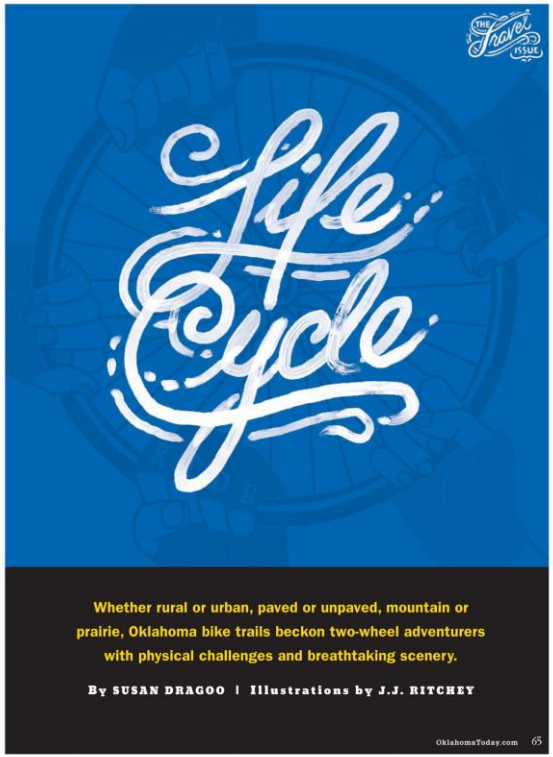
Stay cool in crow pose at a museum yoga class. At the **Blanton Museum of Art** in Austin, **Longview Museum of Fine Arts**, **San Angelo Museum of Fine Arts**, and the **Amon Carter Museum of American Art** in Fort Worth, mix stretching with creative inspiration and contemplation. After class, you're invited to enjoy the art. **L**

Photos: © Erich Schlegel; Michael Amador

Art Direction of a Single Story
35 or Less

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Merit

Oklahoma Today - Life Cycle

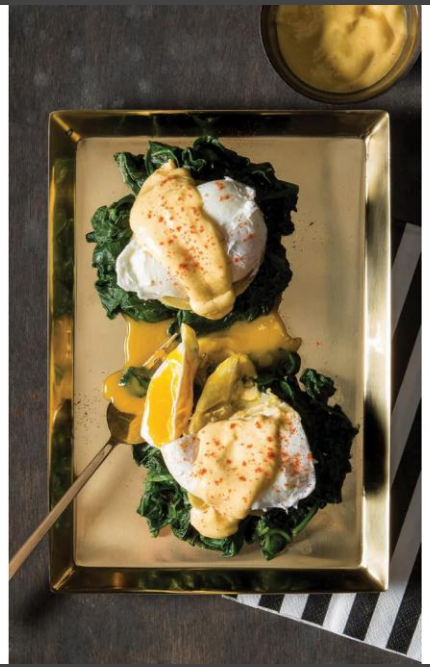


Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life - Path Finders

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Silver

Louisiana Life - Crescent City Classics



Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Best Poor Boys

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Merit

Cottage Life - Skip the House, Buy the Cottage

"Want to buy an island, hahaha?" That's what Shantel Clark recalls her father-in-law saying when he texted her and her husband, Ian. Ian had grown up cottaging on an island about 30 minutes from Honey Harbour in Ontario's Georgian Bay. Now, the family that owned the one-acre island next to them was selling.

The text arrived as they were on the way to a family wedding, only a few months after Shantel and Ian's own wedding. The couple had been thinking about starting to hunt for a house in Toronto, but weren't very excited about the task. "I knew that whatever we could afford in the city would be something we'd be settling for" is how Shantel puts it. She and Ian figured the best they would do in Toronto would be to get a small starter home or condo, which they would then aim to buy up from before eventually—at some distant date in the future—ending up with a house that would be their "forever home." And that made anticipating that first property purchase seem more like a grind than a joy. Still, they weren't thinking of other options until Ian's father got the email that flipped their property priorities. "Ian's dad was joking," she says, "but we were like, maybe yes."

Even with a recent market softening, the average price of a detached house in Toronto is still more than $1 million, and in Vancouver, at almost $3 million, owning a house is beyond the reach of many millennials. "Home ownership has become unattainable in the Lower Mainland of B.C. for a number of years, even for people with very good

By Kim Pittaway
Photography Derek Shapton

asked us for a 50 per cent down payment." Their realtor quickly connected them to a mortgage broker in cottage country, and they ended up getting a mortgage with 15 per cent down.

That kind of last-minute scramble isn't uncommon, especially if communication between the lender and borrower hasn't been crystal clear, says Michelle Drover, the vice-president for Atlantic Canada of Verico Premiere Mortgage Centre in Halifax, N.S. "Mortgage rules have changed a lot in the last couple of years, and there are more factors than ever that can affect what you can get, and what interest rate you'll pay," says Drover. There are essentially two levels of mortgage classification: Type A properties, which could be cottage or residential properties, and which have central heating and year-round road access; and Type B properties, which may or may not have central heating and may only have seasonal road access. With a Type A property, you can get a 95 per cent mortgage with a five per cent down payment; Type B properties may be financed up to 90 per cent with as little as 10 per cent down payment. But other factors can come into play in determining the required down payment and your interest rate: a prime location and good future marketability could net you a better interest rate, while needing cottage rental income to help make ends meet could boost your rate. "The lender needs to truly understand what the client is looking to do to give them the best mortgage product," says Drover. "You want to do it in advance and be absolutely clear."

And the property has to be insurable, which can be more complicated if you don't already have a city home insured (though having tenants' or condo insurance might make it easier). "If it's your only property, we face limitations on the companies that will insure it," says Nancy Sharma, a branch manager of the insurance brokerage BrokerLink. Since companies typically bundle vacation property insurance as an add-on to primary property coverage, you could end up paying a higher rate and have a higher deductible. And if your property is three-season rather than four, both your rate and your deductible could be higher still "because the risk is higher as it could be months without you visiting the property, and a loss could go unnoticed for a longer period of time," says Sharma. For the Clarks, dealing with a broker in cottage country who understood the ins and outs of island properties was helpful, especially since the property has no fireplace or woodstove, so didn't require a WETT (Wood Energy Technology Transfer) certificate.

While traditional financing and insurance come together for the Clarks, things didn't fall as neatly into place for Keith Shiner, whose hunt for his dream cottage didn't go quite as he'd hoped. "I knew from the time I was 14 or 15 that I would own a cottage before I owned a house," he says. "I grew up going to my grandparents' cottage at Lake of Bays, and I just knew that's what I wanted."

In his late 20s, Shiner started looking for a fixer-upper on good lakefront within three hours of Toronto, aiming to qualify for a mortgage of around $110,000. "I quickly found out that my budget didn't align with my desires," he says. Then he noticed lots being sold around Mitskwahi Lake in Haliburton. It was 1999, and the initial development opened up 50 lots, with municipally maintained roads. "The first time I drove in, the roads were still being built. I hiked across the lots, and as I looked at the orange stakes, through the trees to the water, I could envision the cottage. It was just beautiful: a quiet, clean lake surrounded by forest."

The lot he wanted was three acres on a point, 420 feet of shoreline. The price? $75,000 including tax. Shiner thought it would be an excellent investment—but he couldn't convince the local bank manager of that. Rather than pay a higher interest rate (around 13 per cent), to pay the deposit Shiner got some quick cash with his credit card and then a line of credit (at four per cent), with his father co-signing. Shiner had the land, but a cottage was still a dream. "My initial investments were a shed, an outhouse,

Quiet or close to the action?

Bargain Near the City
3-bedroom, 768 sq. ft. cabin 35 minutes from Saskatoon on Blackstrap Lake, Sask., in resort village. $134,900

Water-Access Getaway
2-bedroom, 1,000 sq. ft. cabin in Rainy Lake, Ont.; woodstove, southern exposure, sandy beach, boathouse. $150,000

Shady & Private
3-bedroom, 1,200 sq. ft. Viceroy in Grand Bend, Ont.; secluded but near sandy beach and nightlife. $320,000

Is a cottage-first strategy for you?

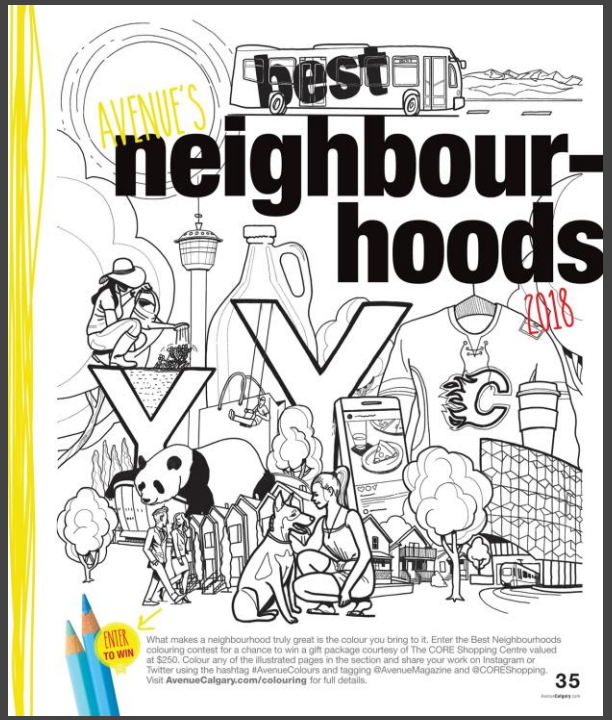
As with any real estate buy, be realistic about the total costs of your cottage purchase, and watch out for what Laurie Stephenson, a financial planner with Starboard Wealth Planners in Halifax, calls "city mouse surprises": "Especially on first properties, people underestimate the costs of keeping the property together, and in the country, where you may have a septic system or a well, it can be a whole new, very expensive world," she says. Renting the cottage can help with costs—but also comes with the work of advertising, management, and cleaning, plus higher insurance fees.

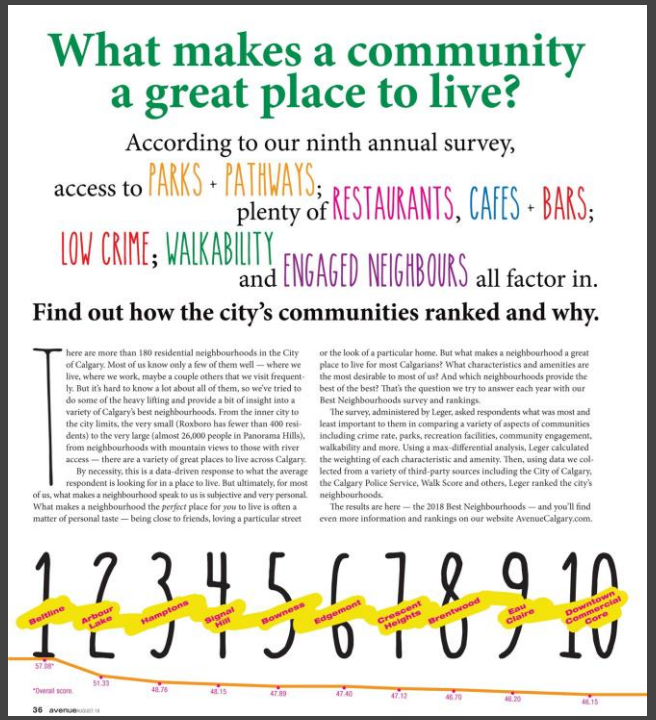
Plan for the worst, says Stephenson, or for the not-quite-best. That means making sure you could still carry the property even with a one or two per cent interest rate hike. If you lost your job or had a health crisis, could you move to the cottage full-time to cut costs? How fast could you sell if you had to get out? "Buy less than what you can afford, so that if your circumstances change for the worse, you don't have to sell at a fire-sale price," she says. And don't believe anyone who says your cottage property is guaranteed to go up in value. "I had a client whose agent told her she was guaranteed a 15 per cent annual return based on past price increases—but no one can guarantee that," she says.

If it's your only property and you commute there regularly, you could claim your cabin as your principal residence (to avoid capital gains taxes when you do decide to sell)—but consult an accountant to be sure you don't run afoul of Canada Revenue Agency rules. —K.P.

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Bronze

Avenue magazine - Best Neighbourhoods





Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - Arizona Ghost Towns

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Home Made


Made in New Mexico

HOME MADE

AN INNOVATIVE ARTIST, A BESPOKE TILE COMPANY, AND A GLASSBLOWER HIGHLIGHT THE MANY MAKERS OF NEW MEXICO.

Clockwise: Syzygy Tile, Ira Lujan's glasswork, Thomas Vigil's studio.

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Made in New Mexico

Makers have always been the foundation of New Mexico culture, from the great builders of Chaco Canyon to the designers of interactive neon sea urchins at Meow Wolf. The fabric of our culture is sewn, one stitch at a time, by the boot makers, weavers, silversmiths, and potters who dream, design, and create here. The urge to make beautiful things is in our veins.

MAKER

Ira Lujan

WORKING GLASS HERO **BY ASHLEY M. BIGGERS**

Ira Lujan takes inspiration from cultures all across Native America, but what he yields from molten sand is decidedly Southwestern: an abstract silhouette of a buffalo, a woman's head with Hopi hair whorls, a Pueblo pot. Lujan, who is of Taos and Ohkay Owingeh Pueblo heritage, puts his own twist on each piece of blown glass.

He sandblasts the geometric designs of Cochiti and Acoma onto the shiny surface of a glass pot, then tops it with a stopper shaped like a white-tailed deer. He reimagines the iconic antler chandelier, a ranch-house staple, by crafting individual antlers with tapering forks, creamy striated stems, and knobby bases. (Check out a magnificent one in the lobby of Albuquerque's Hotel Chaco; Lujan's work is also sold there, in Gallery Chaco.) The creations are fragile yet substantial—"like stop-motion," Lujan says of his liquid-to-solid medium.

His ancestors may have reached for clay, but his chosen technique is equally ancient—glass vessels have been found in the foundations of Old Jerusalem and Roman Empire outposts. Those vessels told stories about their makers' lives, and Lujan says he likewise uses glass to carry his peoples' traditions forward. "We've never written our history," he says. "We tell it orally. I'm continuing that through art."

He found his path while living in Oregon, the glassblowing mecca of the Pacific Northwest, where he became enthralled with the process and teamwork of the "hot shop"—what glassblowers call their workshops. He was inspired by classes with prominent Tlingit artist Preston Singletary at the renowned Pilchuck Glass Studio, in Washington. Back in Taos, Lujan took art classes and apprenticed with Tony Jojola, of Isleta Pueblo, a glass master and a pioneer in the material among Native artists. The two built a close working relationship: Jojola joins Lujan in the younger artist's Cuyamungue hot shop a few times a year. Jojola nudged him to evolve from making traditional glass forms, like bowls and vases, to more challenging, abstract forms imbued with Native roots.

A 2007 Santa Fe Indian Market fellowship allowed Lujan to build the shop, and that shift galvanized his career. He's since helped to create a hot shop at Santa Fe's Institute of American Indian Arts, where he plans to guide students on their own journeys—through glassblowing as well as life.

"Everything has to be just right to work—the temperature, the timing," he says. "You can't be upset if it fails, because you're learning something from that. Glass teaches me. It's my discipline, my therapy, my job, and my life."

Albuquerque-based freelance writer **Ashley M. Biggers** *has been an art-glass aficionado since attending University of Puget Sound, Dale Chihuly's alma mater.*

Photographs by **MINESH BACRANIA**

42 New Mexico / SEPTEMBER 2018

Lujan with three of the "totems," towers of individual glass pieces, he created for Indian Market.

Ira Lujan shows his work at Lyn A. Fox Fine Pueblo Pottery September 21–22, (foxpueblopottery.com). He also teaches workshops at Prairie Dog Glass at Jackalope (find them on Facebook).

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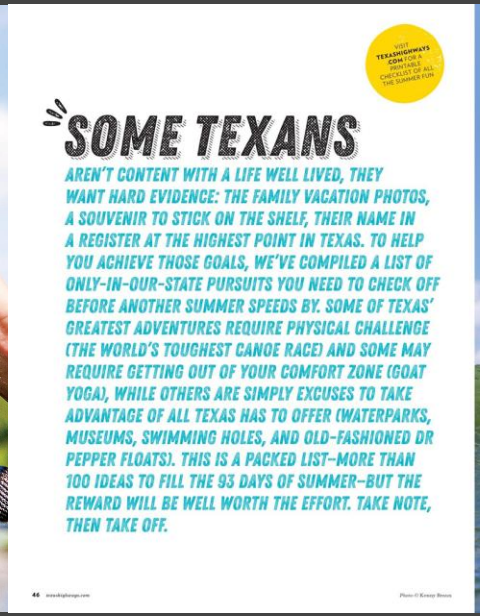
Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Gold

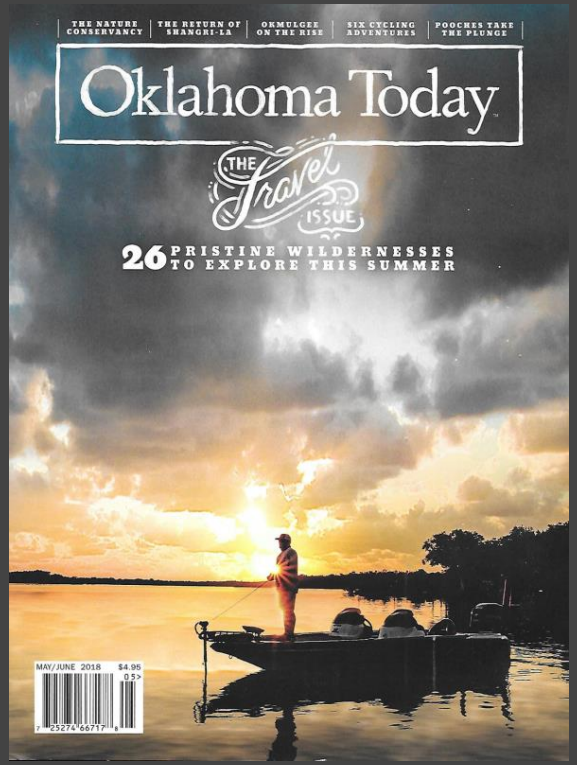
Texas Highways - 93 Days of Summer



Overall Art Direction
35 or Less

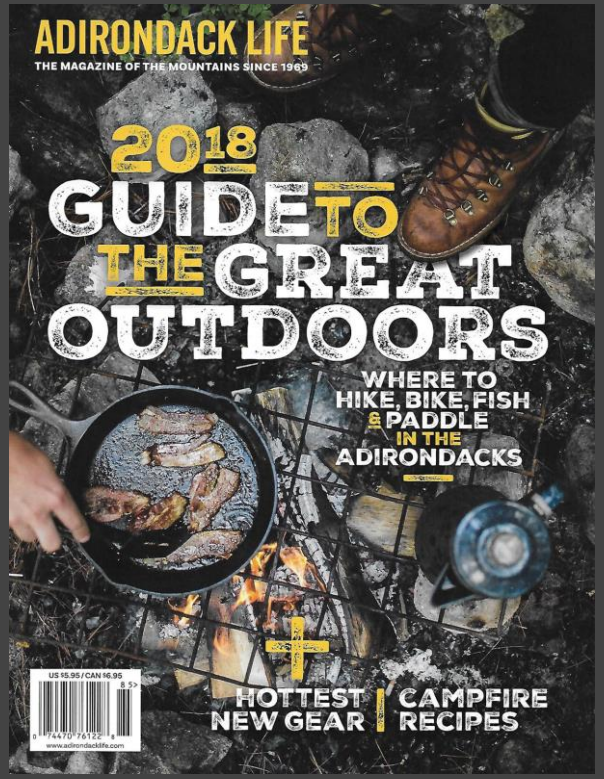
Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Bronze

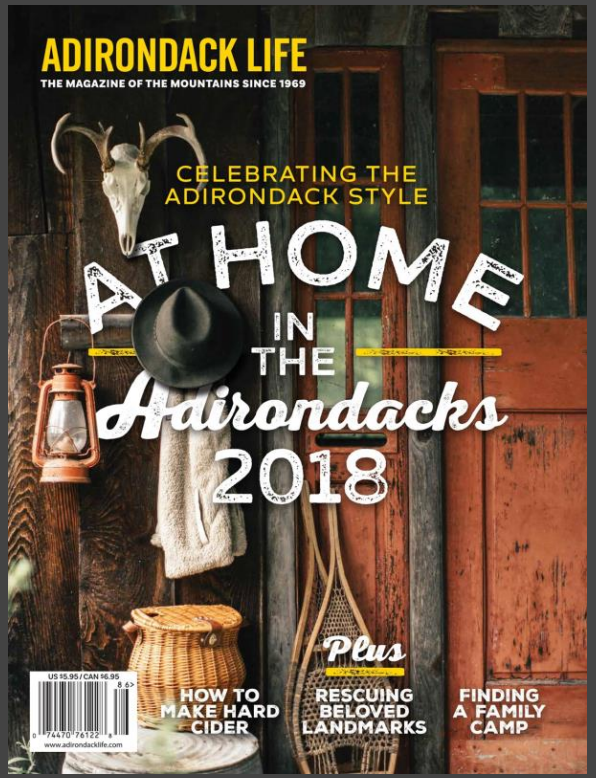
Oklahoma Today



Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life





Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Gold

Acadiana Profile

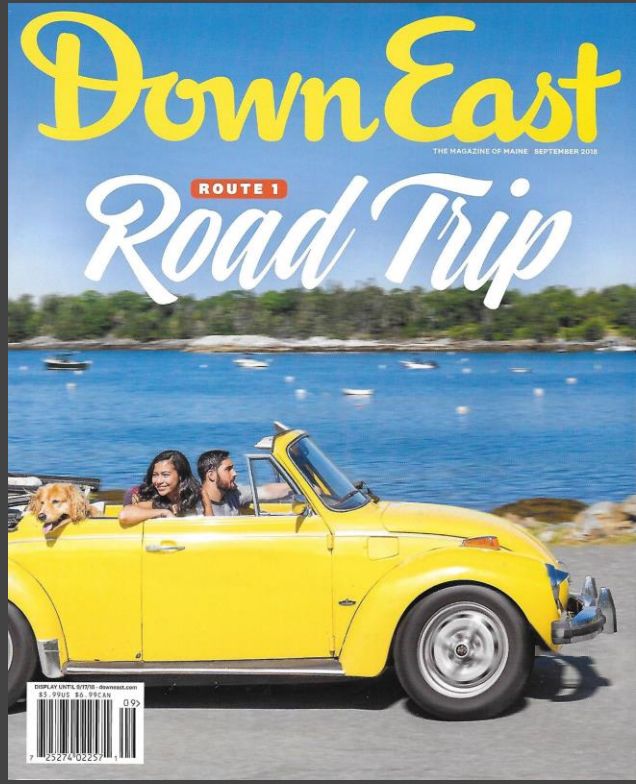
Overall Art Direction
35 or More

Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Merit

New Mexico Magazine

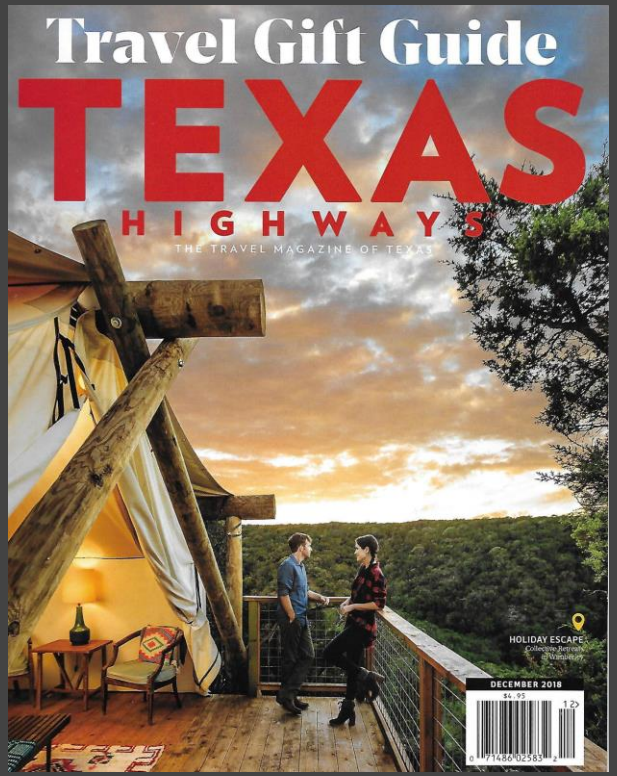
Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Bronze

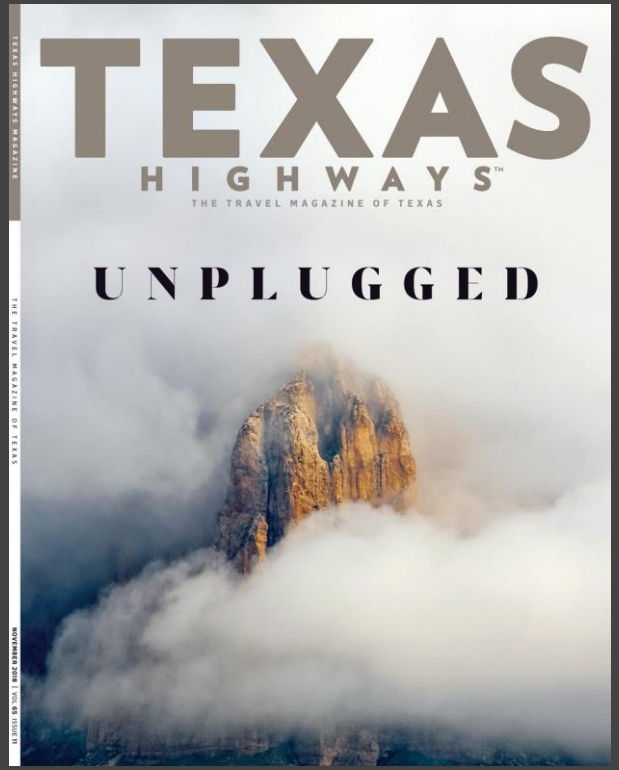
Down East



Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Silver

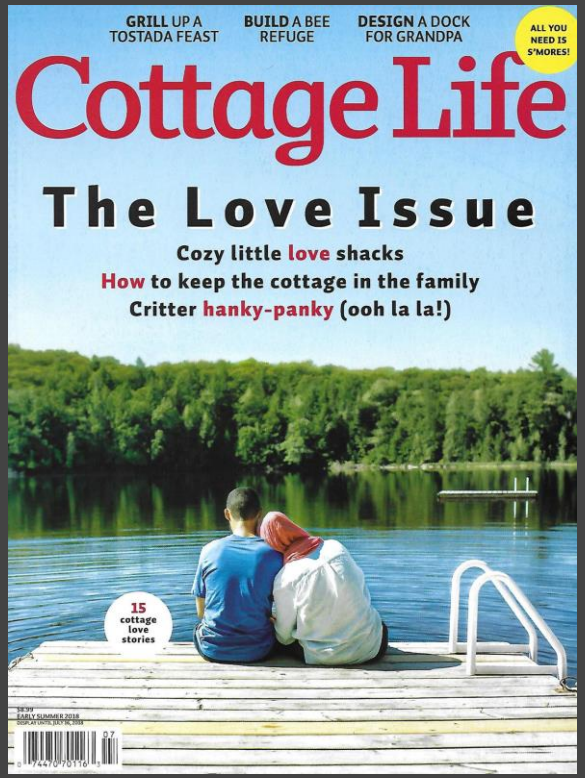
Texas Highways





Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life



Department

Department - Bronze

Louisiana Life - Great Louisiana Chef

GREAT LOUISIANA CHEF

SERIOUS SUCCESS

New Orleans Chef Kristen Essig of Coquette opens second restaurant and works for change in the industry

BY Ashley McLellan
PHOTOS BY Romero & Romero

"Service is the most important aspect of my job. Food can be delicious, but if you've not offering it to a guest with love, it just doesn't taste as good."

NEW ORLEANS WASN'T ORIGINALLY on Chef Kristen Essig's career map — until she bumped into a very familiar face while enrolled in culinary school.

"I had the amazing opportunity to work with Chef Emeril Lagasse at an event in 1997," says Essig. "Chef Emeril was very kind to me and offered me a job that night to work with him on a 'small' TV show he was working on."

While the offer to move to the Big Apple did not pan out, it would later transform into a move to the Big Easy.

"When I declined he gave me his cell phone number and told me 'When you're done with school and want a job call me'," says Essig. "I did just that and in 1999 I moved from Charleston to New Orleans to begin my first job at Emeril's Restaurant."

With plans for a new restaurant, as well as building on the success of her tight-knit team at Coquette, where she is chef and co-owner, Essig has much to look forward to in 2018.

"My partner, Michael Soltrfio, and I have a big year coming up," she says. "We are opening a second restaurant, Thalia, in the Lower Garden District. We're thrilled to create a place for our friends and neighbors in the neighborhood in which we live. I am most excited about continuing to work with some of the finest people and talent in the city. We have an extremely dedicated and talented team of people that work with us at Coquette. There is no limit to what they can do." ●

LOUISIANA CRABMEAT AND ENGLISH PEA SALAD WITH MINT BUTTERMILK DRESSING

If you can't get your hands on crabmeat, this salad is just as delicious with lightly poached shrimp or poached and chilled mussels.

- 1 pound jumbo lump Louisiana crabmeat, delicately picked
- 1 tablespoon chopped Tarragon
- 1 cup English peas, blanched in salted water
- 4 green onions, chopped
- 1 cup mayonnaise (or aioli)
- ¼ cup buttermilk
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon stone ground mustard
- 2 tablespoon capers, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
- 2 tablespoon chopped mint
- salt and freshly ground black pepper

1. Combine the blanched English peas with the crabmeat, tarragon and salt and pepper.

2. In a blender combine the remaining ingredients, puree until smooth. Toss the English peas and crab with this dressing.

3. Chill for at least 2 hours and serve cold. Delicious served inside half of an avocado, or on creole tomato slices. Also delicious, straight out of the bowl.

YIELDS: 8-10 SERVINGS

GREAT LOUISIANA CHEF

LOCALLY INSPIRED

Chef Jeff Hansell looks close to home for his creative menu at Oxlot 9 in Covington

BY ASHLEY MCLELLAN
PORTRAIT BY ROMERO & ROMERO

CHEF JEFF HANSELL IS A GULF COAST native who has made Louisiana his home as chef of Oxlot 9 in the historic Southern Hotel in Covington. His bag full of culinary tricks of the trade, stem from journeying across the United States honing his chef's knife and learning skills from top restaurants in Colorado, Alabama and New Orleans.

"Each stop has brought something to learn," he said. "Birmingham has a wealth of great chefs and restaurants along with a large farming community. My time in Aspen, Colorado was the first time I felt out of my element. New ingredients, cooking methods, culture. It taught me to think outside my box of just cooking in the South."

Opened in 2014, Oxlot 9 quickly gained attention both in Louisiana and on a national level, as Hansell was soon named Best New Chef, Gulf Coast by *Food & Wine* magazine that same year. Hansell gains inspiration from the people and fresh ingredients in and around Covington and south Louisiana, and attributes that, in part, to the innovation found in his restaurant.

"I would have never guessed we would have landed here, but am so grateful we have.," he said. "We have the access to all the local seafood and game of south Louisiana and a huge farming community. I think the ever-changing availability of fresh seafood and produce is what definitely influences our menu the most."

Cooking and creating in the kitchen with the freshest of ingredients has been a lifelong love affair Hansell continues with his wife and business partner Amy at the Southern Hotel.

"It's a culmination of many influences," he said. "At a young age I remember a lot of our gatherings and celebrations being centered around food. Also, Amy, who is always challenging and creating by my side; the past, present, and future staff at each restaurant, who are always pushing as hard as we are; the patrons, that sing our praises. It was complete fate that we drove past the Southern Hotel in its first stages of renovations. We were hunting for a spot to finally open a restaurant of our own and fell in love in the property." ●

"IF I'M NOT COOKING I'M USUALLY A FAN OF HAVING SOMEONE COOK FOR ME. MY WIFE AND I LOVE DINING OUT AND DISCOVERING NEW GEMS. I'M ALWAYS A SUCKER FOR RAW OYSTERS AND A GOOD POUTINE."

To get the recipe for Chef Hansell's Harrissa and Black Rice Salad, visit louisianalife.com

CRAB CAKES WITH ROASTED CORN CREAM, HARISSA, AND BLACK RICE SALAD

CRAB CAKES Pick **1 pound jumbo lump crab meat** to ensure there are no shells and reserve in cooler. Lightly saute **½ cup diced red onion, ¼ cup diced celery, ¼ cup diced poblano pepper**, and **3 cloves minced garlic** until soft. Reserve and set aside to cool. Combine crabmeat, sauteed vegetables and **¼ loaf of diced, toasted French bread, 1 egg** plus **1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon heavy cream, 2 tablespoons mayo, 1 teaspoon creole mustard, 1 teaspoon horseradish, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon Crystal Hot Sauce** and **juice of half a lemon**. Salt to taste.

Lightly fold mixture to incorporate. Try not to overmix so that crab meat stays intact. Let mixture sit for about 30 minutes in refrigerator to marinate and for bread to soak up liquid.

Split into 6 ounce portions and sear on both sides. Finish in 350 degree oven for 5 minutes to finish cooking through.

CORN CREAM Sweat **2 shallots (diced)** and **6 cloves garlic** in **¼ stick of unsalted butter** in a medium sauce pot until soft. Add **5 ears of shucked corn**, and on medium heat cook until mixture starts to caramelize, about 7-8 minutes. Add **1 quart cream** and simmer for about 10 minutes. Salt to taste. Pour mixture into blender and blend on high until mixture is smooth. Add **3 tablespoons verjus (found in gourmet grocery stores or online)** and blend to incorporate. Taste and season with **1 teaspoon salt** and **½ teaspoon white pepper**. Serve hot.

Department - Silver

Texas Highways - Plates

EAT

A Light in the Storm

Camaraderie and comfort food at Rockport's seafood standout GLOW

story by **Michael Corcoran**

WHEN EVACUEES KAREY AND DAVID SWARTwout returned to Rockport in the aftermath of Hurricane Harvey, they assumed their old boathouse-turned-restaurant would be part of the devastation they'd been watching on TV. Driving down Broadway for the first time post-Harvey was "very disorienting," Karey said, "because so many landmarks and buildings were just gone." She took a deep breath when the car reached the 1800 block and then exhaled in relief when, at the end of the long driveway, she saw a magnificent GLOW: Their little seafood restaurant was still standing. The costly wall reinforcement materials required to pass code before opening in 2011 turned out to be well worth the red tape. The restaurant was back in business as soon as power was restored a couple of weeks later.

"It was important for us that we reopen as quickly as possible for the community," said Karey, GLOW's owner-chef and a 10-year Rockport resident. "We had incredible survivor's guilt, but we were fortunate enough to have a choice—either move on or keep going. So we chose to just keep 'swimming, swimming, swimming,' as my sons say."

By the start of 2018, about one-third of the businesses in Rockport had reopened, and GLOW had become more than a place for creative shrimp and steak dishes and refreshing intoxicants like the Big Tree, a blend of vodka, cucumber, lime, and mint. The charming white wooden box with the high ceiling brought a sense of comfort to residents, who shared their stories and felt like everything was going to come together again like the shrimp, crab, and oysters in GLOW's famous Rockport chowder.

"This has always been a gathering spot, a place to make memories," Karey said of the 32-seat eatery, designed to be intimate but also social, like a European bistro. The tables are so close, conversations spill over and friendships develop. If you'd like a little room and a nice view of Little Bay, there are six well-spaced picnic tables outside, in addition to patio seating.

"It was important for us to reopen as quickly as possible."

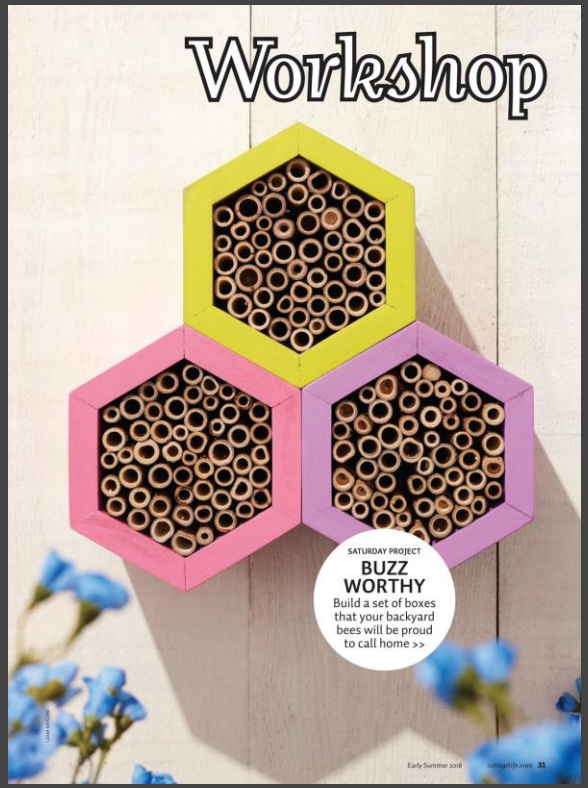
Karey Swartwout—with husband, David, and daughter, Olivia—wants GLOW's diners to feel "welcome and cared for."

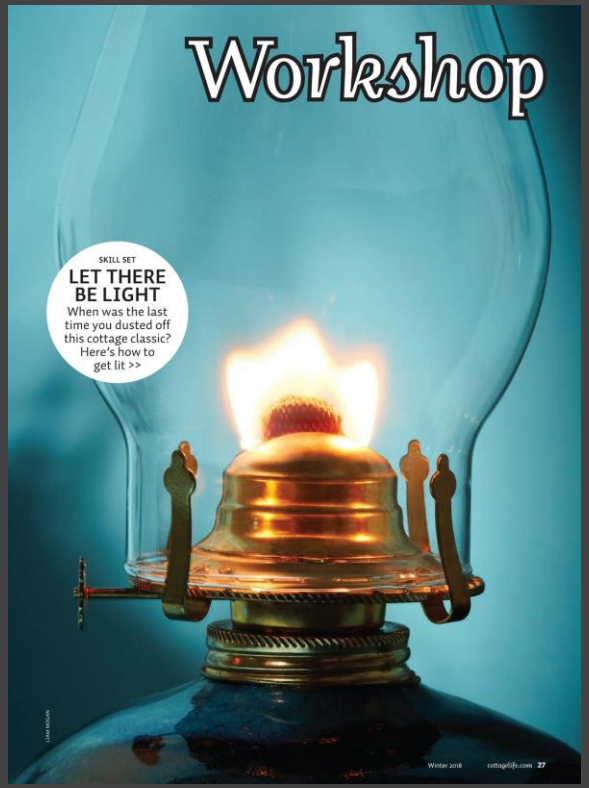
Photo: © Dave Shafer

JUNE 2018 27

Department - Gold

Cottage Life - Workshop





Department - Gold

New Mexico Magazine - Tasting

Food Feature

Food Feature - Merit

Acadiana Profile - Boil Advisory

Food Feature - Merit

Oklahoma Today - Pho the Love

The FOOD ISSUE

Pho the Love

FORGED IN STRIFE, OKLAHOMA'S VIETNAMESE COMMUNITY NOW IS A THRIVING CENTER OF CULTURE AND COMMERCE, AND ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO LEARN ABOUT IT IS BY DIVING INTO ITS RICH CULINARY TRADITIONS.

BY ROBERT REID | PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID JOSHUA JENNINGS

LUNCH LOOKS LIKE Christmas. Green cilantro and lemongrass float in a bright red, chili-spiced broth filled with chunky slices of fatty beef and palm-sized bits of congealed pig's blood that's been brewed in a home-made stock for ten hours.

Really, it is yummy.

An *Oklahoma Today* colleague has joined me for this meal, and I ask him if he'd like to try some. He gamely takes it with his green plastic chopsticks and bites off a piece. His eyes light up.

"This is my new favorite place," he says.

You may have tried pho—beef noodle soup—which is served in most Vietnamese restaurants around the country and certainly around northwest Oklahoma City's Asian District. But the central Vietnamese dish, *Bún bò Huế*, before us today is a lesser-known concoction. It packs much more heat than pho. Be prepared to sweat.

***Bún bò Huế*, available at Vietnamese restaurants like Pho Cuong in Oklahoma City, is a spicier alternative to typical Vietnamese pho.**

Food Feature - Merit

New Mexico Magazine - Greatest of the Grate

Food Feature - Bronze

Arkansas Life - Is this the best wine ever produced in Arkansas?

Is this the best wine ever produced in Arkansas?

Unfortunately, you'll probably never know

By Seth Eli Barlow ❄ Photography by Arshia Khan

Food Feature - Silver

Louisiana Life - Crescent City Classics

Food Feature - Gold

Texas Highways - An Immovable Feast

AN IMMOVABLE FEAST

HOUSTON'S CULINARY COMMUNITY CAME TOGETHER IN A BIG WAY AFTER HARVEY, AND NOW MAY BE THE BEST TIME EVER TO VISIT THE GLOBAL FOOD MECCA

STORY BY MAI PHAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC W. POHL

A

Ask Houstonians what they love about their city, and they're bound to bring up its first-rate dining scene. Houston's culinary offerings have been strong for a while but never more so than in recent years, with high-profile restaurants capturing attention on a national stage and the number of eateries in the Houston metro area swelling to a record of more than 12,000 featuring cuisines from about 75 countries.

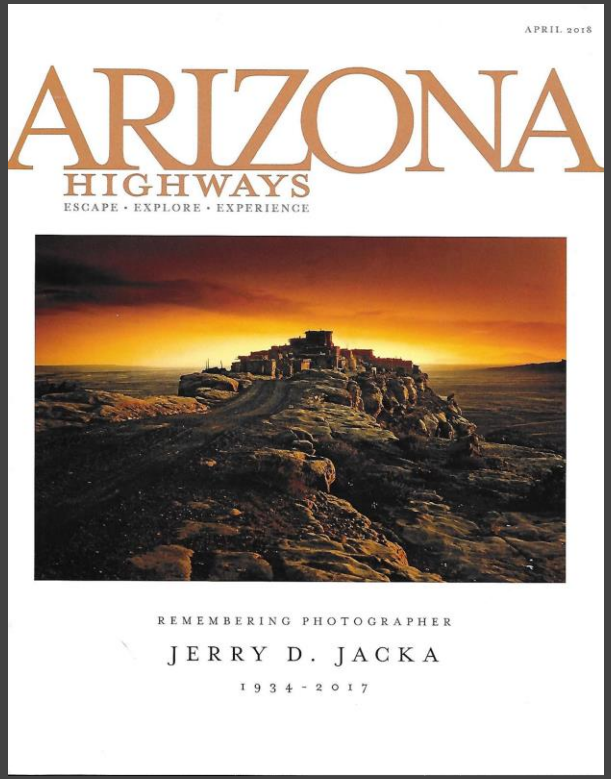
However, the Houston foodie scene's proudest achievement may lie in the heart and grit of its close-knit chef community. In the wake of Hurricane Harvey, restaurateurs banded together, feeding thousands displaced by the floods.

Like so many individuals affected by Harvey, the city's restaurants struggled in the aftermath of one of the most costly natural disasters in U.S. history. This is the story of how four Houston-area restaurants weathered the storm.

Special Focus

Special Focus - Merit

Arizona Highways - Remembering Photographer Jerry D. Jacka

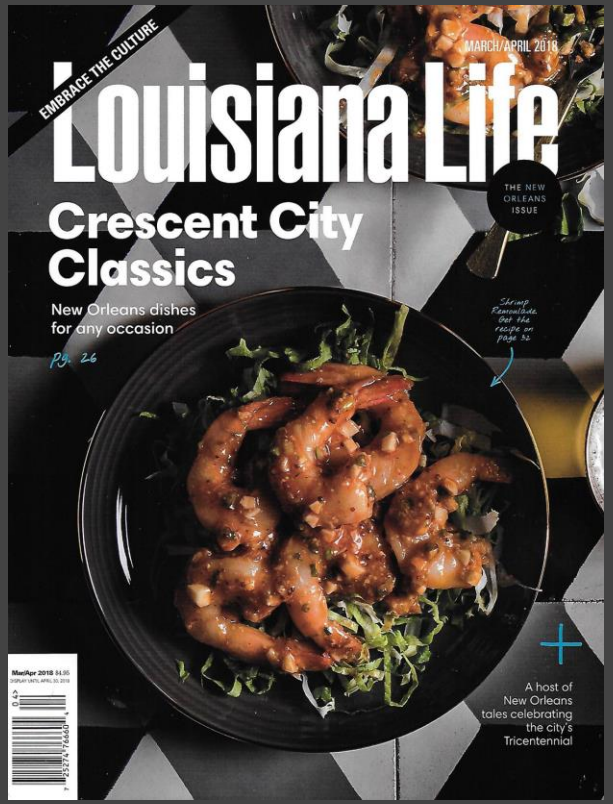


Special Focus - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Indians & Cowboys

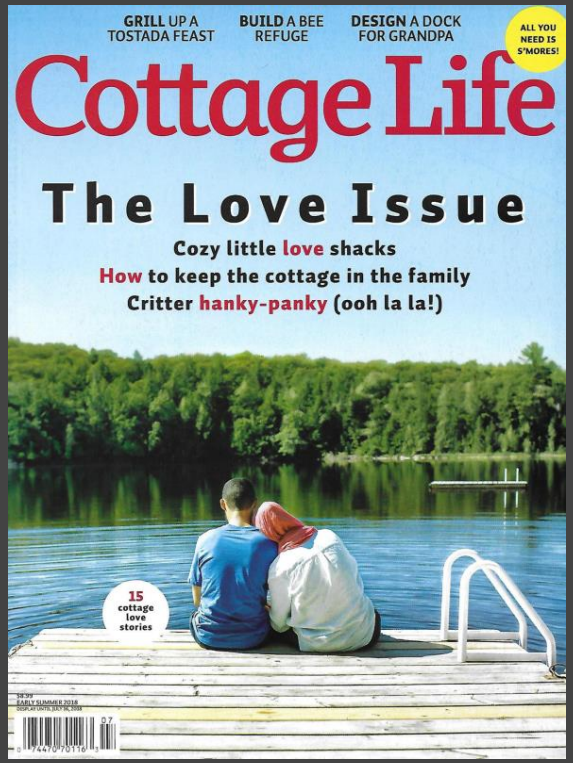
Special Focus - Bronze

Louisiana Life - New Orleans Issue



Special Focus - Silver

Cottage Life - The Love Issue



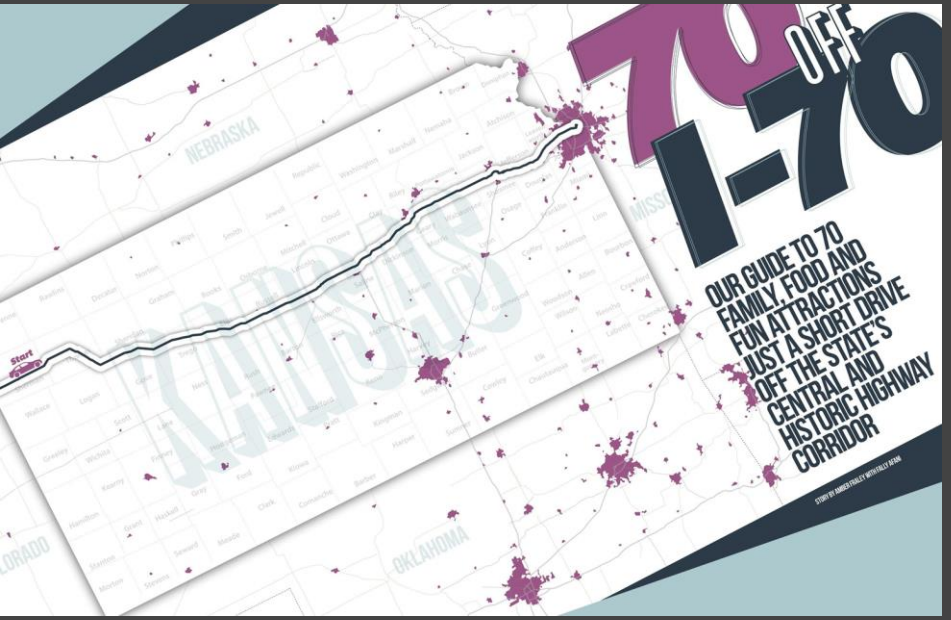
Special Focus - Gold

Texas Highways - Coastal Comeback

Travel Package

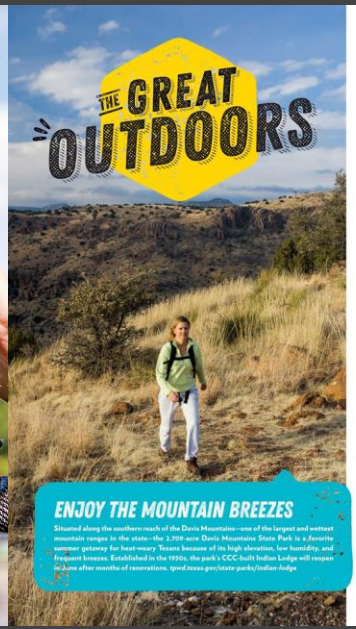
Travel Package - Bronze

Kansas! - 70 Off of I-70



Travel Package - Silver

Texas Highways - 93 Days of Summer



HOP ABOARD THE IVORY BILL

Experience East Texas' Neches River on one of the *Ivory Bill*'s weekly guided tours of the **Big Thicket National Preserve.** The covered pontoon boat explores the diverse flora and fauna of the thicket's swamps and forests, an outing that's typically 10 degrees cooler than hiking the bottomlands on foot. *nechesriveradventures.org*

CLIMB TO THE TOP OF TEXAS

Hiking **Guadalupe Mountains National Park** is a nice reminder that Texas isn't as flat as some people think. Six peaks in the park top 8,000 feet, including El Capitan, the most famous sight you'll see when entering the park driving north from Van Horn. Nearby Guadalupe Peak is the highest point in Texas at 8,751 feet. Test your legs on the Guadalupe Peak Trail, an 8.4-mile round trip. *nps.gov/guma*

DON'T FORGET TO WRITE

Don't let the kids have all the fun this summer. Relive the glorious days of sloppy joes, bunk beds, and campfires with a stay at **Camp No Counselors.** Part of a nationwide chain, the Texas version of this adult camp takes place in Hunt, along the scenic Guadalupe River. Just like grade-school camp, activities include archery, arts and crafts, dodgeball, a slip 'n' slide, and a talent show—but with grown-up twists like a Bloody Mary bar at breakfast. "Camp No Counselors was created to give adults a chance to step away from their lives at work and home, and get in touch with the fun of being kids again, along with the fun parts of being an adult," says Dave Kushner, vice president of community engagement. Who knows? You might find a pen pal or develop a lifelong friendship with your bunkmates. Upcoming sessions run May 10-13, and Oct. 5-8 and 11-14. *campnocounselors.com*

GLIDE IN WEST TEXAS

See Marfa's breathtaking desert landscape from a whole new perspective by hopping on one of **Marfa Gliders**' aircrafts. Make an appointment online to ride shotgun and enjoy the view while a certified pilot takes the wheel. *flygliders.com*

TAKE YOUR FITNESS TO NEW HEIGHTS

Not for the faint of heart, the **Davis Mountains Fitness and Training Camp** whips amateur athletes into shape over the course of a week in August. Every summer, about 100 fitness enthusiasts gather at **Prude Ranch** to partake in a wide range of daily activities, like early-morning yoga classes, 20- to 85-mile cycling trips, runs, and hikes of various levels of difficulty. Lest you think it's all a grueling, sweat-soaked affair, fun outings like viewing the Marfa Lights and swimming in San Solomon Springs at Balmorhea State Park are also on the schedule. *fitnesscamp.org*

VISIT AN LCRA PARK

Established in Depression-era Texas, the Lower Colorado River Authority operates 41 parks encompassing more than 11,000 acres—from the **Cedar Point Recreation Area** along the north shore of **Lake Buchanan** to the isolated beaches of **Matagorda Bay Nature Park**, which offers guided horseback riding, beachcombing, and birding. The legendary **Highland Lakes**—Inks, Buchanan, LBJ, Marble Falls, Travis, and Austin—sparkle in the Central Texas summer sun. The biggest of the collection, Lake Buchanan, offers nice pebble beaches on its western shore, perfectly primed for swimming, water skiing, canoeing, and windsurfing. *lcra.org*

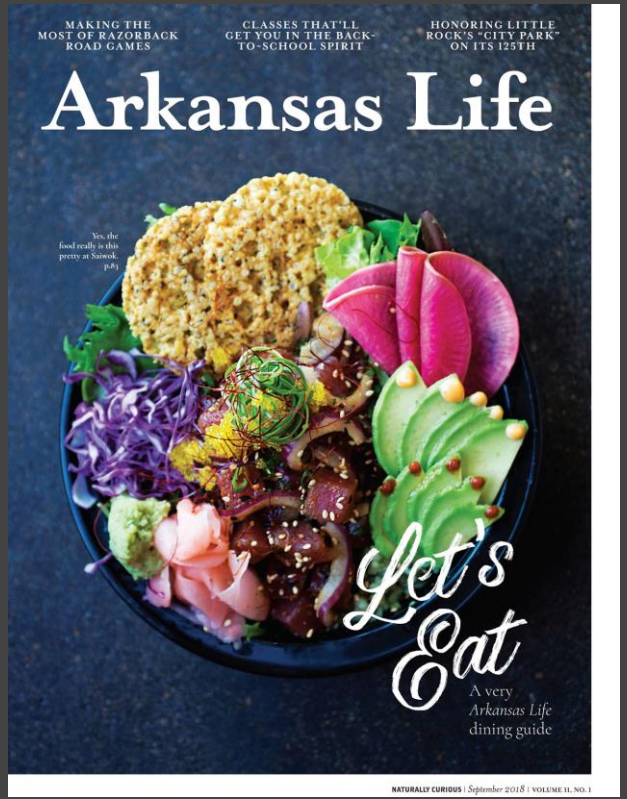
Travel Package - Gold

Down East - Route 1 Road Trip

Cover 35 or Less

Cover 35 or Less - Merit

Arkansas Life - Let's Eat



Cover 35 or Less - Merit

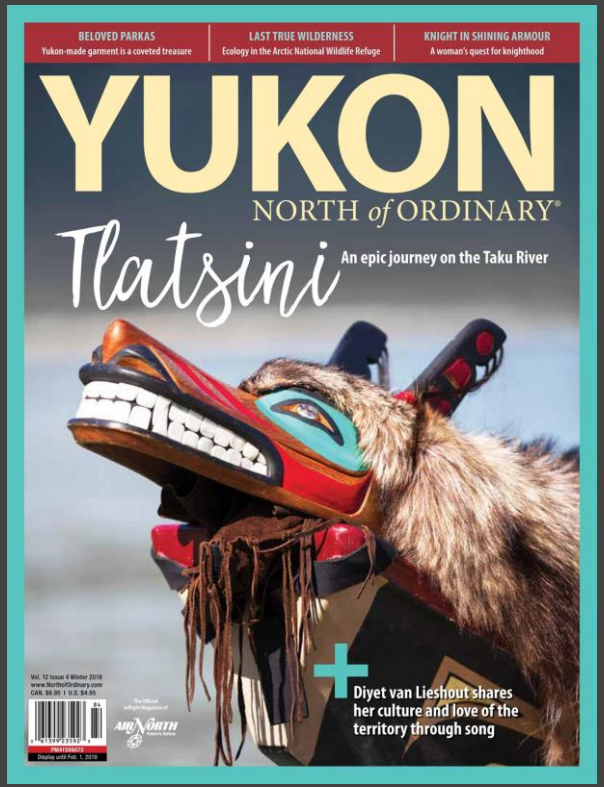
Oklahoma Today - Folk Medicine

Cover 35 or Less - Bronze

Acadiana Profile - On the Hunt

Cover 35 or Less - Silver

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Winter 2018

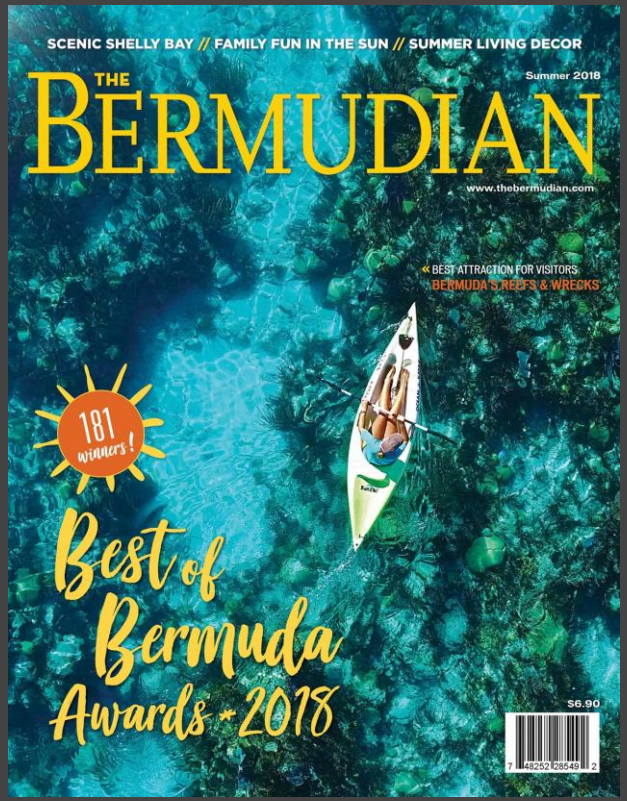


Cover 35 or Less - Silver

Delaware Beach Life - August 2018

Cover 35 or Less - Gold

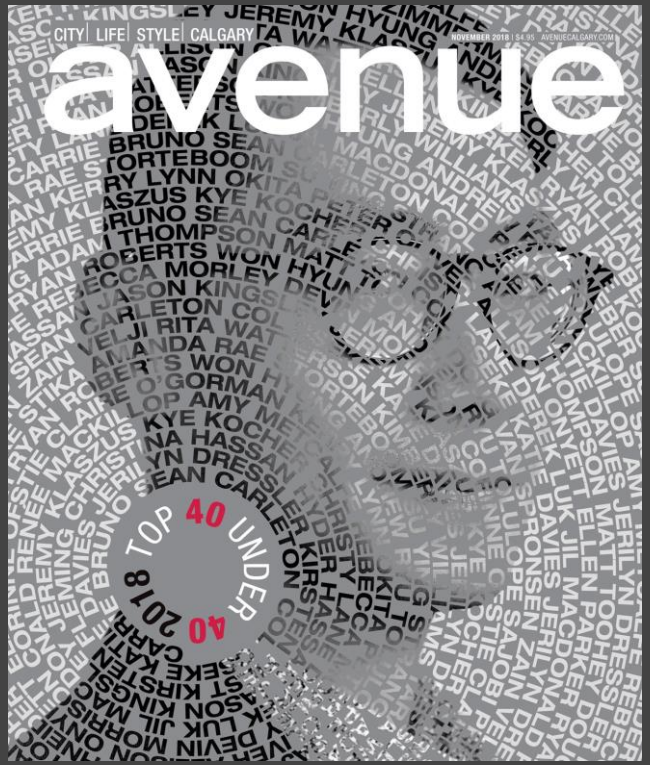
The Bermudian - Summer 2018



Cover 35 or More

Cover 35 or More - Merit

Avenue magazine - Top 40 Under 40



Cover 35 or More - Bronze

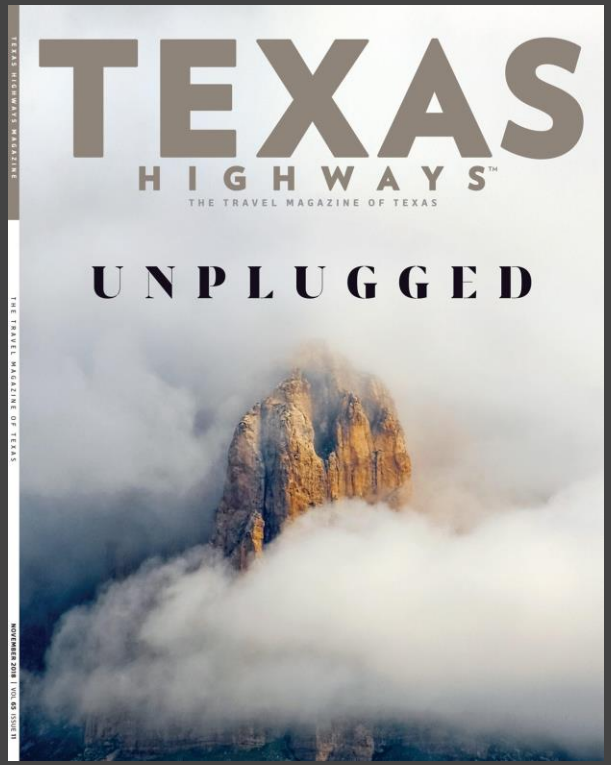
Arizona Highways - Explore Arizona's Deserts

Cover 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Makers

Cover 35 or More - Gold

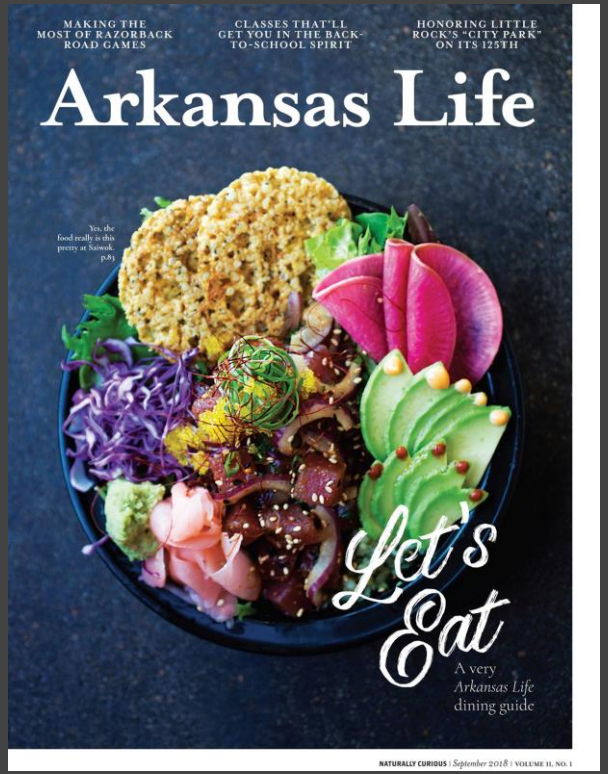
Texas Highways - Unplugged

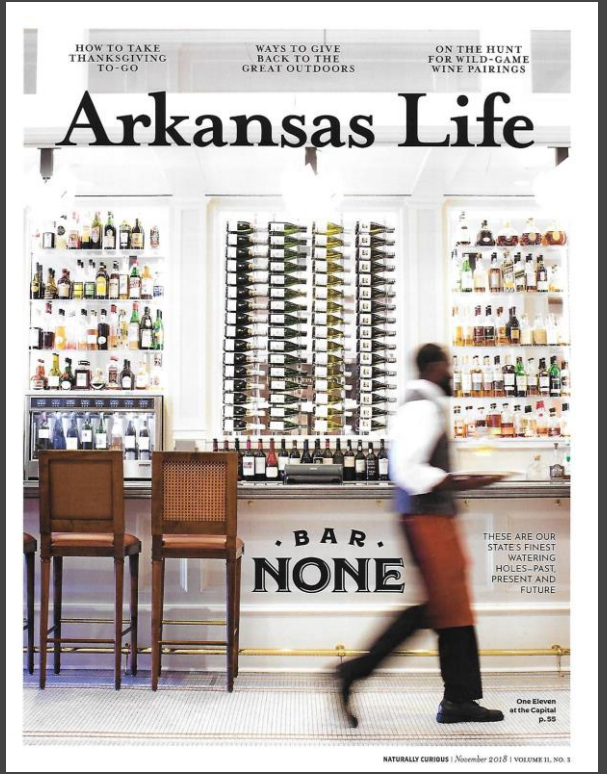


Magazine of the Year 35 or Less

Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

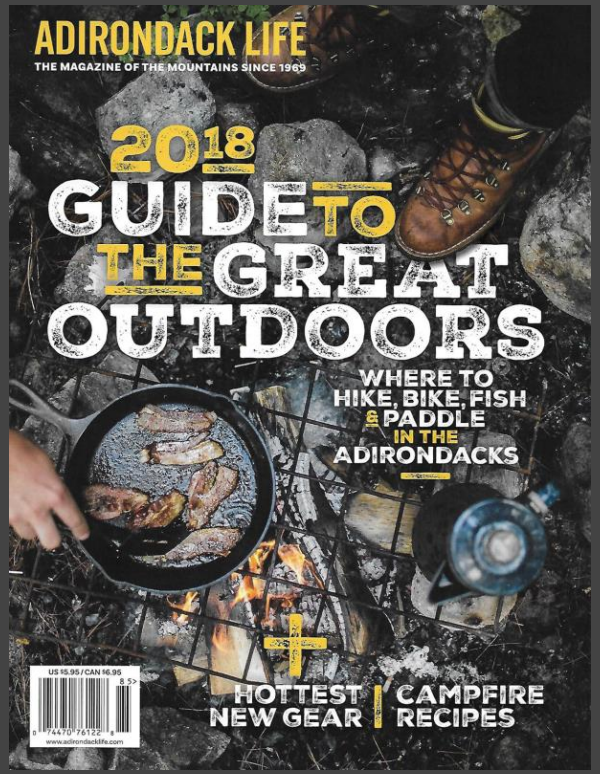
Arkansas Life

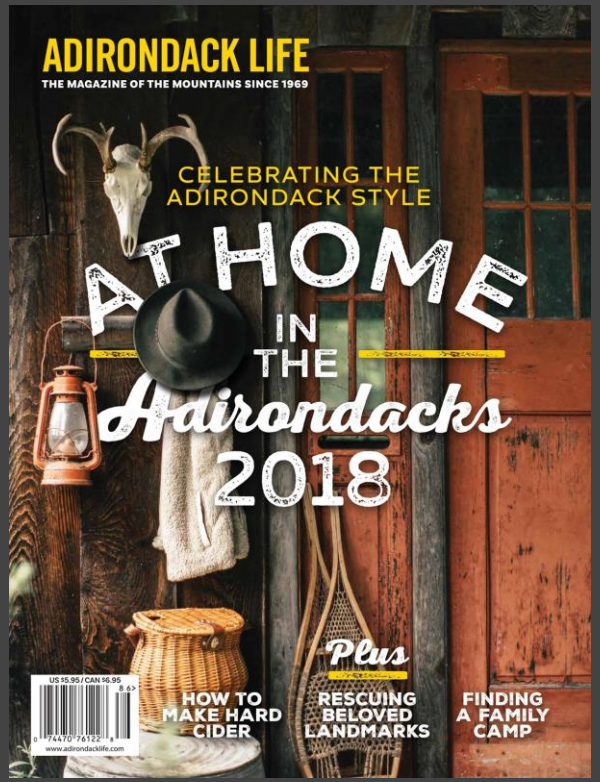




Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

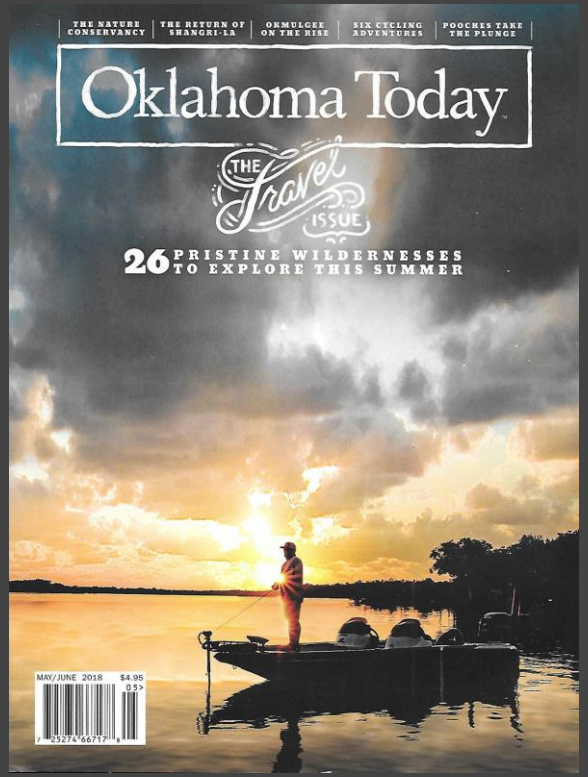
Adirondack Life





Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

Oklahoma Today

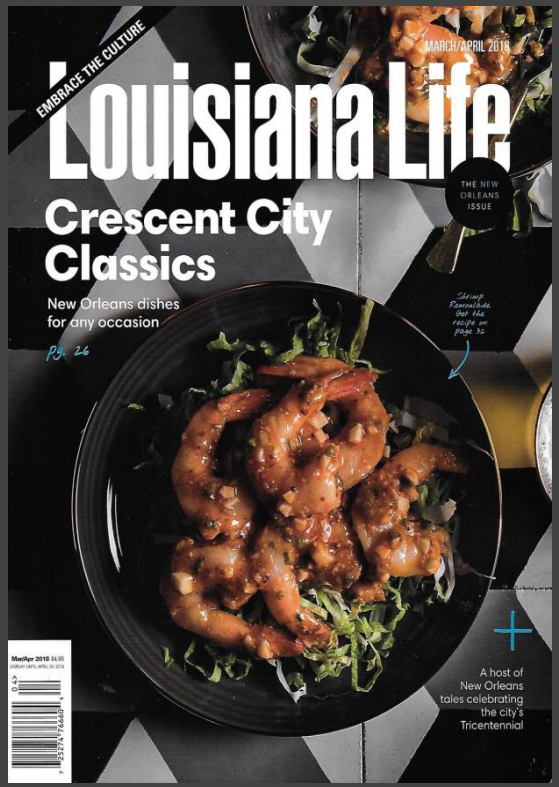


Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Winner

Acadiana Profile

Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Winner

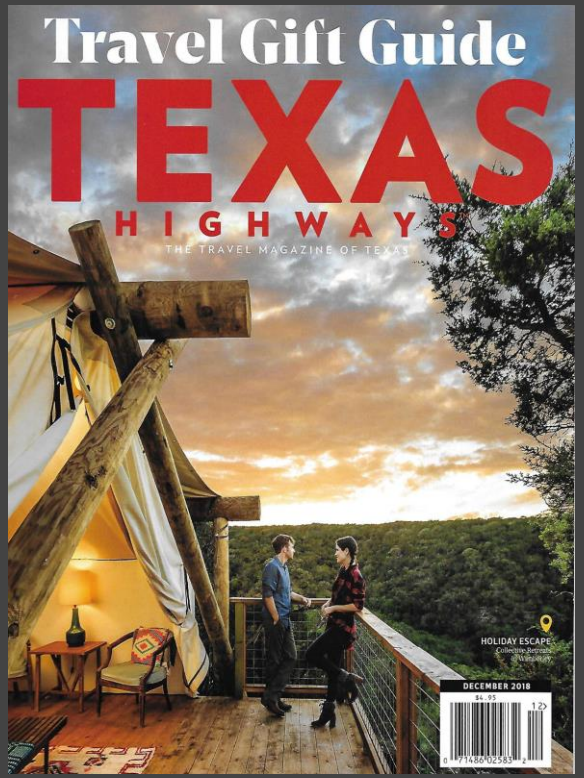
Louisiana Life

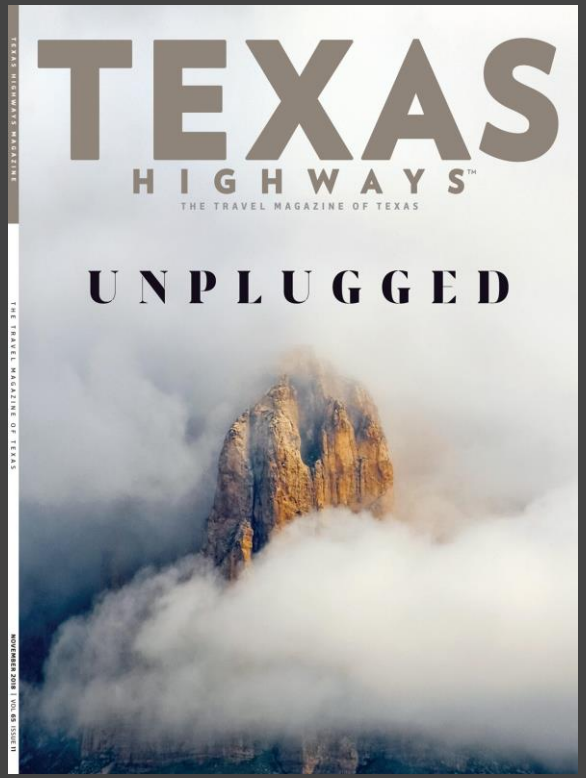


Magazine of the Year
35 or More

Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Finalist

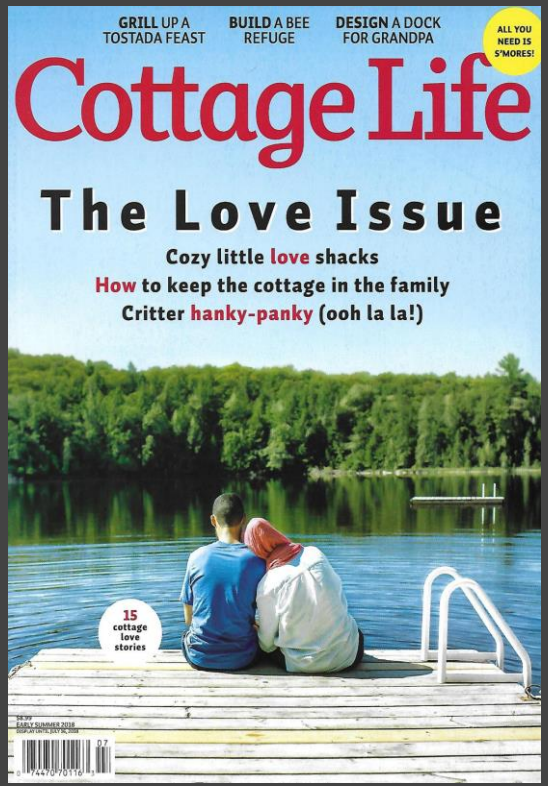
Texas Highways





Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Winner

Cottage Life



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