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# Public Issues



# Public Issues — Award of Merit

## Adirondack Life — Kate Smith Today

FOR THE RECORD

### Kate Smith Today

Racism? Runaway political correctness?  
The controversy over Lake Placid's beloved superstar

BY LUKE CYPHERS

**C**opper Holmes has a cold. Yet the virus hasn't prevented the 17-year-old from showing up at 7:15 a.m. to sing for the Lake Placid Rotary Club, and to be honored with the club's Kate Smith scholarship, a 1,000-dollar award given annually to Lake Placid High School's most deserving music student.

Before the assembled Rotarians, Holmes belts and croons his way through a song from the musical *Bring It On*, a light-hearted ditty called "Enjoy the Trip."

Holmes, like his audience, appears to do just that. And for a few minutes, the club members can forget that their award's namesake, the late singer Kate Smith—pioneering radio superstar, Medal of Freedom winner, perennial Adirondack summer resident—has recently been on her

**Camp Sunrise on Lake Placid was the longtime retreat of singer Kate Smith. Lake Placid's Rotary Club is among several local organizations and businesses confronted with an ethical dilemma.**



Camp Sunrise and Rotary photo: photographs by Luke Cyphers; Kate Smith (top) photograph from CNY Images

own sort of trip. A bad one.

In March, Smith's reputation was as healthy as the air in Lake Placid, where she retreated every year for nearly four decades to reinvigorate herself. By the end of April, her legacy had come down with pneumonia.

That's when the New York Yankees ditched the playing of Smith's signature song, "God Bless America," during the seventh inning of home games. That's also when the Philadelphia Flyers, for whom Smith served as a good-luck charm during the 1970s, summarily removed her statue from the front of their arena.

The sports teams "canceled" Smith, in the parlance of our times, because of the racist lyrics of two songs she recorded in the early 1930s, "Pickaninny Heaven" and "That's Why Darkies Were Born."

Both recordings had been sitting on YouTube for years, unnoticed, though "That's Why Darkies Were Born" was so popular in its day that Groucho Marx used the title as a punchline in the movie *Duck Soup*.

To 21st-century ears, there's nothing funny about either song. The language is offensive, and particularly in "Pickaninny Heaven," the images are blatantly, condescendingly racist. Less remarked on, though just as troubling, was a 1939 print ad for Calumet baking powder that featured Smith in a comic strip that involved a "mammy doll."

The broad modern public was unaware of any of this until the Yankees pulled the plug on Smith's version of "God Bless America," which the team had played regularly at home games since 9/11.

A social-media and talk-radio cultural skirmish erupted, with disavowals of racist lyrics, and, for many, disavowals of Smith herself as a racist, followed by counterattacks from those railing against runaway political correctness.

It put a lot of institutions in Lake Placid in a difficult spot.

The village named an avenue after Kate Smith. She's in the Lake Placid Hall of Fame in the Olympic Center. A plaque commemorates her at St. Agnes Church, where she converted to Catholicism in

# Public Issues - Bronze

## Mountain Home – The Basket Babies



Searching: Catherine Shinaberry stands in front of the stone that marks the resting place of her great aunt, Marion Rexford, who died in a coal-tunnel fire in 1918.

## The Basket Babies

In Gaines, Catherine Shinaberry and MU Professor Lee Stocks solve a 100-year-old family mystery, and find a tragic piece of world history.

By Carrie Hagen

Stories echo through the hollows. Rustling leaves sound like whippers, and waterfalls call wanderers off the trodden trails. The land rewards listeners with signs and questions that only a local storyteller can answer. Legends and family histories both have deep roots in the mountains...

Catherine Rexford Shinaberry has spent most of her life trying to extrapolate a story from a parcel of land that her family has owned for generations. Now sixty-five and living in Maryland, Catherine grew up wandering around a one-acre hilltop cemetery along Route 6 near Gaines. One side of the graveyard—once called Furman Cemetery, now known as the Brookside Cemetery—is filled with grave markers, crosses, and flowerbeds. The other is largely empty. At a young age, Catherine learned why her father, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother had kept this side cleared over the years: to honor the memory of “the basket babies.” As the story went, during the influenza epidemic of 1918, Catherine’s great-grandparents had let indigent laborers bury their babies—infant victims of the virus—on the family property. Unable to afford coffins or gravestones, the grieving families had put their little ones to rest in baskets made at the Gaines Basket Factory.

“We always kept the land sacred,” Catherine says today, “because we had no way of knowing exactly where they were.” Paul Rexford, Catherine’s father, did have an idea of where. He kept a vigilant eye on a small depression in the cleared side of the land. He suspected that the sunken area indicated a shallow trench where the baskets had been buried next to one another. Catherine remembers her father repeatedly telling mourners and visitors that the side of the cemetery without grave markers was not a parking lot.

“Dad didn’t want them parking on top of these children,” Catherine remembers. “We kept it sacred’ became a bug in my ear.”

When her father died five years ago, Catherine decided to honor his memory by doing what she could to confirm the location of the babies. The discovery questions were many.

Had babies really been buried on the Rexford’s property during the pandemic? If so, how many? Would she be able to identify any of the children’s names nearly 100 years after their mass burial? Could she find out exactly where their bodies rested? How could she do this without having the land disturbed, something her father had instilled in her never to do?

Catherine knew that the story of the babies was more than a local legend. Well-versed in family history, she had tangible evidence of the 1918 influenza pandemic in the cemetery: her great-aunt Marion Rexford, for example, had died of the virus as a child in 1918, and Marion’s gravestone figured prominently in the Rexford family section of the lot.

Marion Rexford was one of approximately 67,000 Pennsylvanians who died of “Spanish Flu,” as the outbreak became labeled. Even though experts now say the Spanish Flu was an H1N1 virus of avian origin, they still don’t know what made this particular strain of influenza so deadly that it killed more than 50 million people worldwide.

In November 2017, John Barry summarized in the *Smithsonian* what doctors do know. Simply put, the virus attacked immune systems that could not recognize its rapid mutation. The influenza strain “infected cells in the upper respiratory tract, transmitting easily, but also deep in the lungs, damaging tissues and

leading to viral and bacterial pneumonias.” Surprisingly, the outbreak targeted young adults (ages 12-20) more than any other group.

According to James Higgins in the Spring 2013 issue of *Pennsylvania Legacies*, the virus was deadliest between September 1, 1918 and March 31, 1919. At least 675,000 Americans numbered in the death toll, with Pennsylvania taking the hardest hit.

“No other state had as many deaths or as high a mortality rate,” writes Higgins. Theories vary on exactly how what became known as the Spanish Flu began. Some say it started in the port cities of England, transmitted by Chinese laborers. Others believe the virus began in France in 1916, or in Vietnam in 1917. Numerous historians have pointed to Camp Funston, Kansas, as military records reflect the quick escalation of a debilitating flu that soon reached Army camps on the East Coast before traveling overseas. As hubs for soldiers returning home from World War I, central Kansas and Philadelphia saw some of America’s highest mortality rates.

There was another reason that Philadelphia lost so many—approximately 16,000—to influenza, and it had something to do with the virus’s nickname. Countries at war censored the press during wartime. In America, the Sedition Act threatened twenty years in prison to anyone who openly criticized the military or the government. So when Philadelphia planned to host an elaborate Liberty Loans Drive to finance the war, and reporters filed stories warning people to stay away from the crowds, editors didn’t print them. They feared that the articles, in linking the military to the outbreak, would read as forbidden criticism of the government.

On September 28, 1918, approximately 200,000 people cheered the war effort in a

# Public Issues - Silver

## Texas Highways - The Stars at Night



# Public Issues - Gold

## Cottage Life – Breaking the colour code

Legacy



Going to the cottage is the quintessential summer experience for Canadians. Isn't it?

### Breaking the colour code

By Elamin Abdelmehmoud

Do you remember the first time you stepped foot in a cottage? I do. It was just a few weeks after the first time I heard what a cottage even was. I was 19. I wasn't born in Canada—I moved here from Sudan when I was 12 years old. I didn't speak English, and I spent the majority of my adolescence trying to understand what life here entailed.

So when a friend invited me and a few others to her family cottage in Ontario's Thousand Islands one summer, my first question wasn't, "What weekend were you thinking?" It was more like, "Uh...sure...What's that?"

I may have struggled with the concept that was explained to me—apparently, some Canadians have a whole second property that is dedicated almost entirely to just relaxing—but nothing could prepare me for the reality: my friend's cottage was

Photo: iStockphoto.com

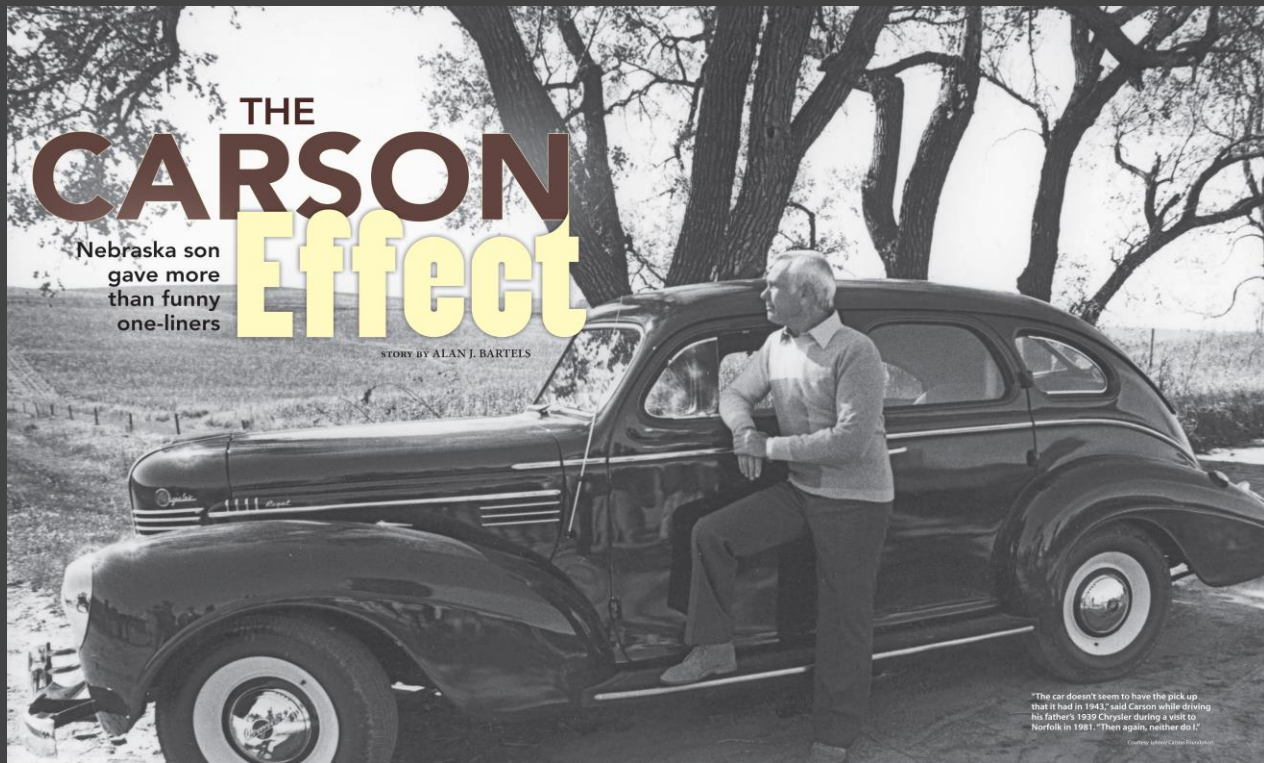
May/June 2019 cottagelife.com 47

Historic Feature  
35,000 or Less



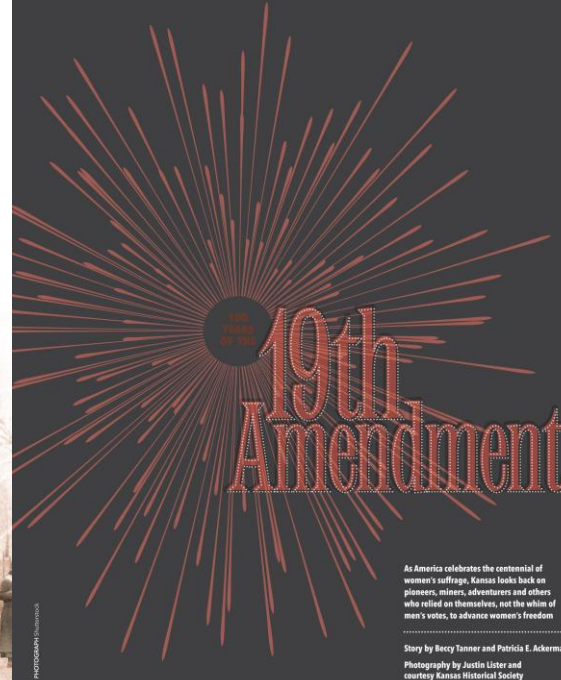
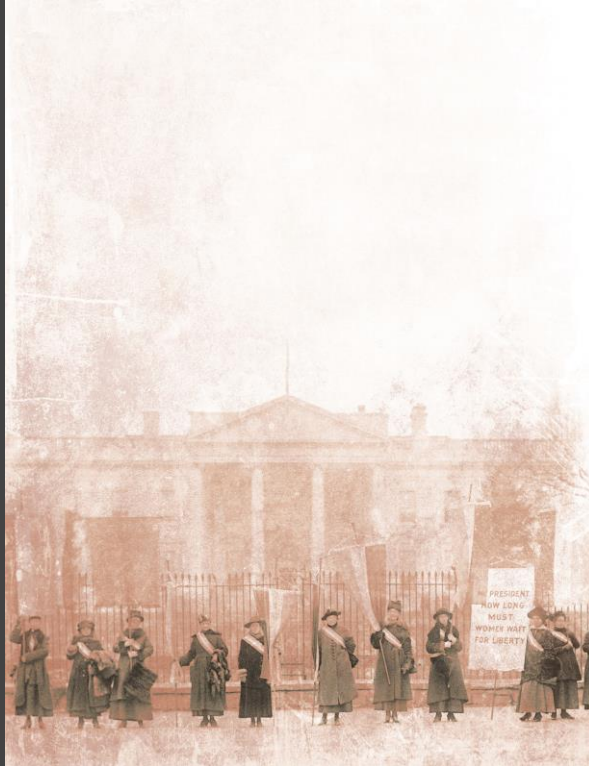
# Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

## Nebraska Life – The Carson Effect



# Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Silver

## Kansas! – 100 Years of the 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment



# Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Gold

## Oklahoma Today – City on a Hill

25  
WITH A NEW PLEAS

# CITY ON A HILL

APRIL 19, 1995, IS A DAY THAT LIVES IN INFAMY ACROSS THE NATION BUT ESPECIALLY IN OKLAHOMA. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER, BOMBING VICTIMS AND CITY LEADERS LOOK BACK AT THE HISTORY OF THAT DAY AND REFLECT ON HOW OKLAHOMA CITY HAS CHANGED IN A QUARTER CENTURY.

By SAM ANDERSON

**D**RICHARD WILLIAMS STILL plays tennis. This may not be the kind of thing that inspires a breaking news headline these days, but maybe it should, because it is in its way miraculous. Williams is seventy-four years old, and he still plays tennis so regularly and thinks about it so often that when I asked recently how life was treating him, the first thing he said, with deep satisfaction, was, "Good tennis weather today."

First responders were among the first to make a visual record of the Oklahoma City bombing. Thousands of their images reside in the archives of the Oklahoma City National Memorial & Museum. Here, members of the Oklahoma City Fire Department run toward the Murrah Building.

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Historic Feature  
35,000 or More

# Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Bronze

## Downhome – Little Girl Lost



### Little Girl Lost

The incredible story of Lucy Maude Harris

By Kim Ploughman

*Beating the odds in life typically takes incredible courage and resilience. While some overcome great challenges over time, others survive horrendous ordeals that would take out ordinary souls.*

*The latter was the case with Lucy Maude Harris of New Melbourne, Trinity Bay, NL. One spring day, circumstances quickly went horribly wrong, imperiling her life. The experience would forever change her physically, while vaulting her name and face into the international spotlight.*

#### The fateful day

Lucy Maude was a normal 10-year-old in outpost Newfoundland until March 26, 1936, the day she and her little sister went on a trout adventure after school. The weather wore a typical spring coat – cloudy with light fog. Snow still covered the cold terrain.

Along the path, the siblings came upon a runoff from a brook, which Lucy was able to leap over; but smaller eight-year-old-Marjorie held back. Lucy encouraged her younger sister to head home and said she would catch up with her there.

At home, her fisherman father, Alexander, and mother Amelia assumed Lucy Maude had stopped over at an aunt's house; but when she didn't show for supper, a heavy worry engulfed the household. By the light of lanterns, the family knocked on doors and scoured the small outpost, while alerting all that their Lucy Maude was missing.

#### The long search and rescue

Early next day, a team of men assembled and began to search far and wide for the young girl, who had already spent one night alone in the cold wilderness. The team retraced the path the sisters traversed the previous day, but the men returned home without any sign of Lucy Maude.

The family would spend another night in prayers and worry – but hope. Day two of the search began at daybreak with the church bells ringing. News of the lost little girl had beamed out along the shoreline and men from nearby outposts arrived by boats, horse and cart, even on foot. (Some had walked up to eight kilometres to join the search.) Fears rose as the weather worsened, with rain and snow whipped up by high winds.

The days passed and the buoyancy of hope of finding the young lass alive deflated. March bowed out to make way for April. Dread hung over the close-knit village of New Melbourne. Many questioned how it was possible now to find her alive; but still, they faithfully combed the woods day after day. Above all, her parents never gave up hope.

On day 12, the family got their miracle. Word reached the harbour that Lucy Maude had been found, alive and conscious, by Jack Johnson and Lucy's uncle, Ches Harris. The men crafted a stretcher from their sheepskin coats and carried the weakened Lucy Maude home. From there, she was taken to the Old Perlican Hospital.

**Left: Lucy Maude Harris recuperates in hospital after a harrowing misadventure.** Courtesy: Sharon Flynn

# Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Silver

## Arizona Highways – The Early Photographers



### THE EARLY PHOTOGRAPHERS

*Arizona Highways* has been around since 1925, but it didn't make much noise until it started showcasing the work of Esther Henderson and Josef Muench. They were the earliest of the early photographers, and they launched an era that ran through the mid-1950s, when David Muench, Josef's son, set the bar for all who followed.

BY ROBERT STIEVE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EARLY PHOTOGRAPHERS



LEFT: Bob Bradshaw, pictured in front of his Sedona photo shop in the 1950s, was among the early contributors who turned *Arizona Highways* into a showcase for photography. Courtesy of the Bradshaw Family  
ABOVE: Snow blankets Red Rock Crossing beneath Sedona's Cathedral Rock in a Bradshaw photo.

# Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways – Nevertheless, Caddo Lake Persisted

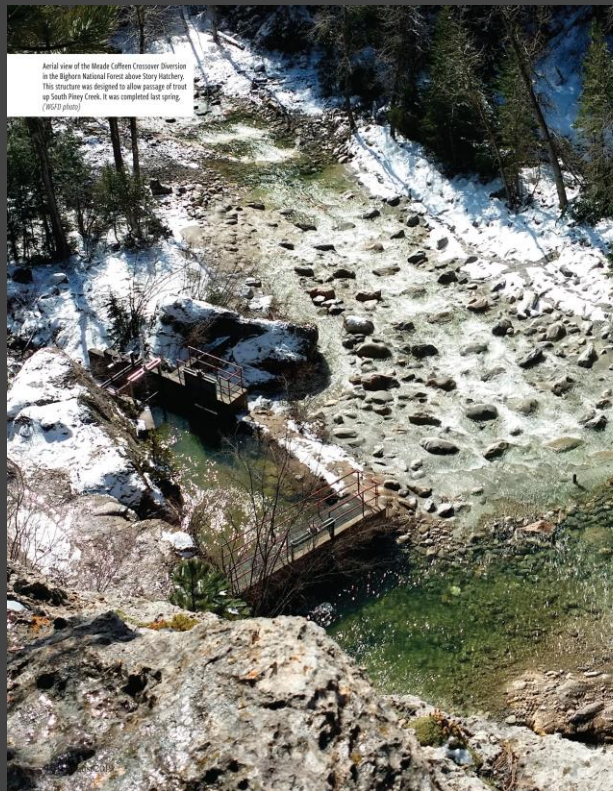


Nature & Environment  
35,000 or Less



# Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Bronze

## Wyoming Wildlife – Just Keep Swimming



Aerial view of the Shwede Coffer Crossover Diversion in the Big Horn National Forest above Story Ranch. This structure was designed to allow passage of trout up South Piney Creek. It was completed last spring, (2012 photo).

### JUST KEEP SWIMMING

TEN YEARS AGO, THE WYOMING GAME AND FISH DEPARTMENT FORMALIZED A PROGRAM TO IMPROVE THE ABILITY OF FISH TO MOVE WITHOUT BEING BLOCKED ALONG THE WAY.

By Nick Scribner and Christina Schmidt

**P**eople don't always associate catfish with long-distance journeys, but one channel catfish traveled an impressive 415 miles from northeast Wyoming to the Yellowstone River near Billings, Montana. Caught by an angler in mid-April 2011, the catfish was originally tagged by the Wyoming Game and Fish Department on June 27, 2007, below Kendrick Dam, located on Clear Creek in Sheridan County. It's the longest documented fish movement in the history of fish tagging in Wyoming.

Due to the absence of dams and sudden high flows triggered by thunderstorms, the Powder River drainage has registered other interesting fish travels. In June 2006, a channel catfish was tagged in Wyoming's Powder River near the mouth of Crazy Woman Creek. Five days later it was recaptured 25 miles upstream. Two shovelnose sturgeon tagged in Crazy Woman Creek in June 1984 were also recovered in Montana's Yellowstone River, one a month later near Rosebud and the other near Glendive.

These movements show that given the opportunity to move freely in river systems, fish will go long distances. Only three years after the Montana catfish was tagged, a new structure at Kendrick Dam was completed that now allows other fish to potentially begin their travels farther up Clear Creek.

Since the Kendrick Dam was constructed on lower Clear Creek in 1913, fish had been blocked from

traveling upstream. Completed by the Kendrick Carle Company—a large ranching business owned by John B. Kendrick, a state senator from Sheridan County who would become Wyoming's ninth governor just one year later—the 135-foot long dam allowed an adjoining irrigation canal to carry much-needed water several miles to Kendrick's thirsty crops and cattle. However, its creation ended the ability of the creek's fish to access water above the dam. For almost a century, the dam was the endpoint of travel for any fish attempting to move upstream from the lower reaches of Clear Creek, the largest tributary of the 430-mile Powder River, which is considered the last major undammed prairie stream in the country.

But in April 2010, a fish passage project was completed by the Wyoming Game and Fish Department in cooperation with the current landowner, Pee Gee Ranch. Using a natural bend in the creek, a rock-lined bypass channel was dug below the dam, connecting to the other side. This 800-foot trench now allows fish, like the far-traveling catfish, to access 36 additional upstream miles of Clear Creek.

"Fish species can be lost over time if passage is cut off," said Game and Fish Sheridan Region Fisheries Supervisor Paul Mavrakakis. "If a species is blocked from suitable spawning areas, the species may cease to exist in that particular stream. Clear Creek above Kendrick Dam is a good example of a species assemblage that was not nearly as diverse as it was before

# Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Bronze

## Adirondack Life – A Blue Lining



### A Blue Lining

Activist and *The End of Nature* author Bill McKibben on the Adirondacks' next 50 years

Bill McKibben at Chapel Pond in the town of Keene, 1989.

It is, of course, difficult to predict the future. But since I have a half-decent track record, let me offer an Adirondack forecast for the next 50 years, secure in the knowledge I won't be around to see how I'm wrong. Thirty years ago this autumn, from my house in Johannesburg, I wrote the first book for a general audience—*The End of Nature*—about what we then called the greenhouse effect. At the time it was mostly a series of warnings: if we didn't do as the scientists advised and cut back on our use of coal and gas and oil, the temperature would begin to steadily and sharply rise, and with that all manner of trouble would ensue. We didn't do as the scientists advised—indeed, as a planet, we speeded even more CO<sub>2</sub> into the atmosphere. And now that series of warnings has turned into a series of bulletins, updates from an endless series of fronts in what

increasingly resembles a global war: fire turns a city called Paradise into hell inside of half an hour; Greenland melts at a record rate; the Great Barrier Reef loses half its coral to hot water in just a few years.

This will only increase. So far we've raised the planet's temperature about two degrees Fahrenheit, but we're on a course—even if every nation kept all the promises they made in the Paris climate accords—to raise it six or seven degrees. The increase in damage won't be linear—it will be exponential. The United Nations predicts somewhere between 200 million and a billion climate refugees in the course of the century.

So what does that mean for this remarkable corner of the planet?

The first thing to say is: we won't escape damage in the Adirondacks. We can already see substantial change, even in the early phases of global warming. Winters on average are getting shorter—besides thermometers, one way you can

tell is the spread of disease-bearing ticks across our area. I'd argue that in certain ways the psychological experience of wandering the woods and clearings of the Blue Line has already changed in powerful ways. I know people who stay indoors because they're terrified of Lyme. And when it rains now, it tends to seriously pour—the kind of storms that drop more than two inches of rain in a day has gone up 75 percent in the Northeast, because warm air holds more water vapor than cold. It's going to be soggy and winter is going to resemble mud season, and the birch and beech and maple that give us our autumn glory may well give way to drab oak and hickory. Ugh, in a word.

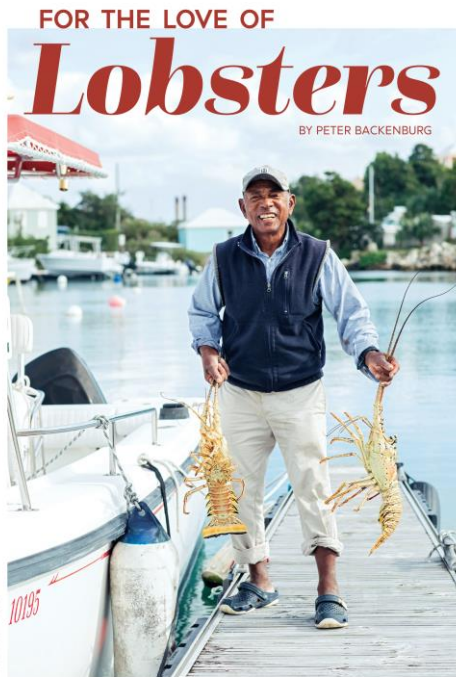
But the second thing to say is: everything is relative. Compared with much of the rest of the world, the Adirondacks is poised to do—well, less bad. Partly that's location: being farther north, all things considered, is better on a warming planet. As the Arctic Ocean continues to melt, we may even see the occasional winter (like last year), because it seems to be causing the jet stream to get stuck, and if one happens to be on the right side, cold air can come plunging south. And partly it's because of the genius of the men and women who protected so much of the Adirondacks over the last century. Bigness is the best defense on a fast-warming world: most of the planet, facing flood, would do anything for giant, intact wildernesses to soak up the torrents. And most of the world, facing sporadic drought and fire, would give its eye teeth for a woods so deep and intact that it offers at least some natural resistance to wild blaze.

Which means that I think the Adirondacks will become relatively more attractive. It has (relatively) secure access to water and (relatively) robust defense against some of the worst effects of heating. On a fast-heating world, those are remarkable assets. Or look at it another way: for the last century people from the Northeast, the Adirondacks included, have been relocating to Florida. Anyone want to make bet how long that trend is going to hold? (If so, I have some prime Miami Beach

Photograph by Ansel Adams

# Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Silver

## The Bermudian – For the Love of Lobsters



FOR THE LOVE OF

## Lobsters

BY PETER BACKENBURG



**H**ow can a creature that abounds in the seas to our south, and even more so in Australasia and Southern Africa, somehow feel unique to Bermuda? How can the same creature, that is not even born here, become a highly prized local delicacy?

This is the singularly unusual status of Bermuda's spiny lobsters, an immigrant species that has become a local icon, providing income, adventure and culinary delight upon our shores.

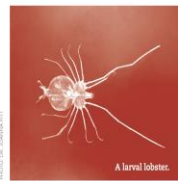
### They Come Across the Ocean

There are two types of spiny lobster in Bermuda, the Caribbean spiny lobster (*Palaeomonetes pugio*) and the smaller spotted spiny lobster, or Galapagos chub (*Decapoda pubescens*). The spiny is widely spread, found from Brazil, through the Caribbean and along the US east coast to North Carolina. The Galapagos chub inhabits only the western Atlantic and its range does not extend as far south. For both, Bermuda represents their northernmost territory.

Each summer, throughout this east range, heavily fattened lobster eggs (which hatch in about a million eggs) are released from under their mother's tails. Floating up into the ocean currents and beginning a new northward, or larger journey that ends either in some other creature's belly or on the rocks and coral walls along regional coasts.

This means that most, if not all, of the lobsters on Bermuda's reef arrived from somewhere else and most, if not all, the eggs released locally in north, most likely ending up as fish food (though some may get incorporated in the North Atlantic gyre). So, effectively, Bermuda represents the end of the migratory line for spiny lobsters.

It is possible that the larvae come in on the Galapagos seaweed, but whether that is because this leaf in the seaweed is empty carried by the same currents is not clear to scientists.



A larval lobster.

### Conserving Nature's Bounty

There are two ways to legally catch lobsters in Bermuda, either throw a trap or yourself over the side of a boat. With conservation in mind, both ways are closely regulated.

In 1980, Bermuda made an important decision to ban the use of fish poisons in lobster fishing. The ban was to protect fish stocks, but it had the knock-on effect of making life for existing lobster fishers.

Until the ban, both spiny and Galapagos lobsters were caught by the fish poisons. Subsequent to the ban, the government combined lobster research and monitoring in a new type of post that limited bycatch, and restrictions on the number of traps set inshore from September to December.

"When the commercial fishery for lobsters reopened in 1990, it was decided that the maximum number of traps allowed should be approximately 300," says a Department of Government and Natural Resources (DENR) spokesperson.

There are only eight licensed Quincey Island fishermen and their boats show similar fluctuations. Last season, 12,532 Quincey chubs were caught at a CPUE of 2.3, while 2014-15 saw 10,058 at a CPUE of 2.96.

"Although initially there were 20 lobster traps in 1990, the number of traps peaked at 20 with 11 traps each allowed," says a DENR spokesperson. "Last season there were 26 active licensed lobster fishermen with 12 traps each. While there appears to be a general downward trend in the number of lobster traps, the number of traps allowed each season fluctuates as an indication of the fluctuating conditions and fishing practices from year to year."

"The total lobster population apparently reached a large influx of recruits in the late 2000s, leading to high catches, particularly in 2009, between 2009-10 and 2012-13," explains the DENR spokesperson. "Currently, most fishermen and a dearth of fishermen from 2014 to 2016 may be impacted by the low catch rates and survival, and this is a contributing factor to the poor catches of the last few years."

Bermuda's spiny lobster fishery is the "most closely managed in the region" with traps collected by the government and then allocated to licensed commercial fishermen as a reward for conservation efforts. "The catch is regulated by commercial fishers and not by the government," says a DENR spokesperson. "The catch is regulated by commercial fishers and not by the government," says a DENR spokesperson.



### Lobster for a Living

Given the conservation restrictions, the commercial lobster fishery does not make up a significant portion of the total Bermuda fishery but does represent a welcome, and hard-earned, winter income for those with a licence.

Interestingly, lobster has not always been a sought-after catch, with fishermen John Barnes pointing out in a 2015 article for The Bermudian that back in the '50s and early '60s, lobsters were largely regarded as fish bait.

A lobster-driven appetite for local seafood has changed that and today local lobster has obtained close to celebrity status, with prices in restaurants often in the range of \$15 per pound.

"Tourists do see that as part of the Bermuda experience and seek it out," says Chris Garland, general manager for Harbour Side Holdings Ltd. "That said, because of its season, it is a shoulder month product for local demand-driven sales over the winter months."

The local lobster trade is supplemented with imported from spiny lobster tails, which is, as we know, the most sought-after part of the lobster. But while the imported product has a more stable supply and price, fresh local lobster is still regarded by many as a true worthy of the price.



### Catch It for Yourself

For those who don't want to pay restaurant prices, lobsters can be found at roadside stalls, or there is the do-it-yourself option. A recreational lobster license costs \$100 and entitles the holder to lobster (spiny or Galapagos) per day. The recreational fishing season is the same as the commercial season.

Until 2017 there was no cap on the number of recreational lobster licenses, but according to the DENR, lobster is a highly sought-after product and is now capped at 100 per day. The effect of the average number of licenses issued annually over the previous 10 to 15 seasons. The cap is still in place, although, at the time of writing, the number for 2019-20 has yet to be set.

The DENR's 2018-19 report showed that 350 licenses were issued, 130 for lobsters. The average catch for those who submitted their reports was 8.5, with 65 being the maximum reported by one owner.

**Unlike other regions, scuba gear and spear guns cannot be used in Bermuda. Instead divers hold their breath and snare the lobsters with a wire noose on the end of a flexible pole.**

The report also indicates an increase in the year when the water is warmer and usually calmer, with approximately 26 percent of the reported catch taken in September. Activity decreased in the winter months, driven by a smaller group of dedicated enthusiasts.

There are also rules to catching lobsters by hand. Unlike other regions, scuba gear and spear guns cannot be used in Bermuda. Instead divers hold their breath and snare the lobsters with a wire noose on the end of a flexible pole. This method just might be worth the wait and is certainly a source of pride for local divers.

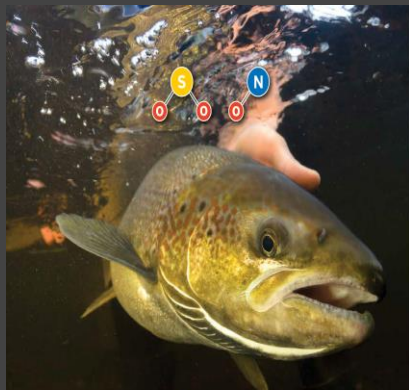
Arthur Crockett, the owner of a part of a local lobster business, says, "You are basically working around the reef, doing clean looking for lobsters, which are sometimes brought up to get your whole body in. They are so rare you coming up to have to try and catch and while the process is not easy, the lobster is so good it is worth it." The key to the lobster is to give it.





# Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Gold

## Saltscapes – A toxic legacy



### A toxic legacy

Why is Nova Scotia the only place on earth not recovering from acid rain?

By Jim Gourlay

**W** don't hear much about it anymore. As these things go, it's a rare success story. The air pollution and toxic deposition phenomenon that became known colloquially as acid rain has, for the most part, been mitigated in both Europe and North America.

Compare that to the Amazon rain forest, where, or global warming where the lack of effective measures is more than a little troubling.

In fact, the inevitable online conspiracy theorists and far right shenanigans have called the acid rain issue a hoax propagated by "left wing" and those dangerous "environmentalists".

It has even been touted as the precursor to the more recent "global warming fraud".

But acid rain was (and is) more extent still by very real.

So what exactly is acid rain? Acid rain was mainly caused by emissions of sulphur dioxide from coal-fired power stations, and nitrogen oxides from various sources. These gases combined with water in the atmosphere to form sulphuric and nitric acids which were deposited in precipitation as acid rain. Studies suggested acid rain damaged trees, polluted streams, lakes and rivers and damaged buildings.

Acid rain was very effectively addressed in the 1980s and 90s by switching from coal to gas and installing scrubbers to clean up power stations and factory emissions. Catalytic converters on cars reduced nitrogen oxide emissions. The US Clean Air Act Amendments were passed in 1990 resulting in strong water quality improvements in Canada.

Emissions of sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides are now under control in Europe and North America generally, but emissions from shipping still cause acid rain in coastal areas. Worsening acidity in the world's oceans is of major concern. Acid rain persists in China, which is responsible for half of all coal burned on Earth.

Much damage was done and not all of it has been corrected. Fresh water ecosystems in southern Norway, for instance, have never fully recovered, although that country has spent huge sums annually liming watersheds to neutralize toxic acidity levels. In years to come Norway will still have lakes that are too acid to accommodate viable populations of trout or other fish species.

In New England and Ontario, though, ecosystems have largely recovered naturally as toxic emissions were reduced.

But only a single jurisdiction remains at risk in a reality that is actually continuing to worsen in some areas—Nova Scotia is the only place on the planet where acidity is not universally improving in concert with major cuts in acidic emissions. The reason is chemically complex and has only fairly recently become well understood.

Let's go back to the beginning.

In the 1980s and '90s, North American scientists confirmed that rain was times more acidic than normal over herring lakes, rivers and high elevation forests. The pollution was linked to fossil fuel plants in the Ohio Valley for the most part and to local emissions mainly from power plants and automobiles. Prevailing winds moved and deposited the acidic materials to the north-east.

In Europe, a very similar phenomenon was discovered with heavy emissions emanating in the coal-burning UK and the industrial Ruhr Valley in Germany and moving northeast with prevailing winds into Scandinavia.

But that was only the broad public awakening as media, very soon government, legislation began to shoot from the mouths. Those who are a little long in the tooth may recall the front page photographs of a huge "Stop Acid Rain" sign behind a visiting President Ronald Reagan. (Unlike the

current company of the White House, Mr. Reagan actually listened and took effective action).

But increasing acidity in air pollution is far from recent and actually appears to have manifested first along with the industrial revolution. In only as 1871 it was a British chemist, Robert Angus Smith, who coined the term acid rain. Smith had monitored chemical readings of rain in Britain and Germany for two decades and found high levels of sulfuric acid which he correctly attributed to the burning of coal. Even though intensive research is relatively recent, long term trends have been assessed by examining tree rings from vulnerable areas and determining that tree growth began to slow during the Industrial revolution, until quite recently, and has shown recovery since clean air regulations were implemented.

Due to acidification, 20 Norwegian Atlantic salmon stocks are affected. It is estimated that 1,000 lakes in Sweden were acidified to the extent that no fish could survive. In the two undermost counties of Norway the Atlantic salmon species has been eradicated—just like Nova Scotia where the combined effects of acid rain and low marine survival are causing the ongoing demise of all but a small number of the Atlantic salmon river systems. Due to the high acidity of the Norwegian rivers, production of salmon was heavily affected as early as 1900. We don't know if that was the case here.

Recently, Scandinavian scientists produced evidence that precipitation was becoming more acidic and theorized that, based on trajectories of air masses, acid rain came from emissions from coal-burning plants in the UK and Europe.

Acid rain is caused by sulphur dioxide emissions from coal-fired power stations.



SALTSCAPES.COM AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 2015 37

Only very recently, in the face of increasing public concern and outcry, has the federal government seemed to respond to the steadily worsening crisis facing diminishing Atlantic Salmon stocks for a whole slew of reasons (dams, clearcutting, agricultural runoff, pesticide residue, open net salmon "farming", changes in the marine environment—and acidity). In 2017, the federal government announced the \$75 million Coastal Restoration Fund to help rehabilitate vulnerable



Below: A salmon smolt. Acid rain is responsible for the deaths of countless juvenile salmon in our rivers.



"Without mitigation treatment, usually watershed liming, current trends in aluminum levels are projected to worsen"



In addition to the lime doser, limestone is delivered by air four times daily to the West River drainage watershed at a rate of 10 tonnes per hectare. Liming forested areas by helicopter was pioneered in Scandinavia where liming is financed by the national governments. The Canadian government has shown zero interest in investing in mass watershed liming to preserve fresh water resources.

Bottom left: Flyke nets being used to catch smolt in the unlimed Little River tributary to compare data with the limed West River. Left: The St. Mary's River system.

coastlines and protect marine life and ecosystems. Many multi-year projects have been funded, including those relating to fresh water fish species.

Although late in the day, this five-year, \$1.5 billion plan is the largest such investment ever made in Canada to protect marine and fresh water resources.

For instance, the St. Mary's River Association and the Nova Scotia Salmon Association have been jointly awarded up to \$1.8 million over three years to restore watersheds and coastal habitats in Eastern Nova Scotia from funding available under the new plan. The financial assistance for the St. Mary's River Association will specifically address acidification in key salmon habitat and ongoing habitat restoration work on the West Branch of the St. Mary's River.

But there is general agreement that the only real long-term hope for Nova Scotia's acidified rivers is the type, and extent, of liming conducted in Scandinavia for decades now. That eventually still remains unlikely.

(Note: In the 1970s, Editor in Chief Jim Gourlay was one of the first Canadian journalists to explore the acid rain phenomenon and its impact on fresh water ecology.)

Nature & Environment  
35,000 or More

# Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Bronze

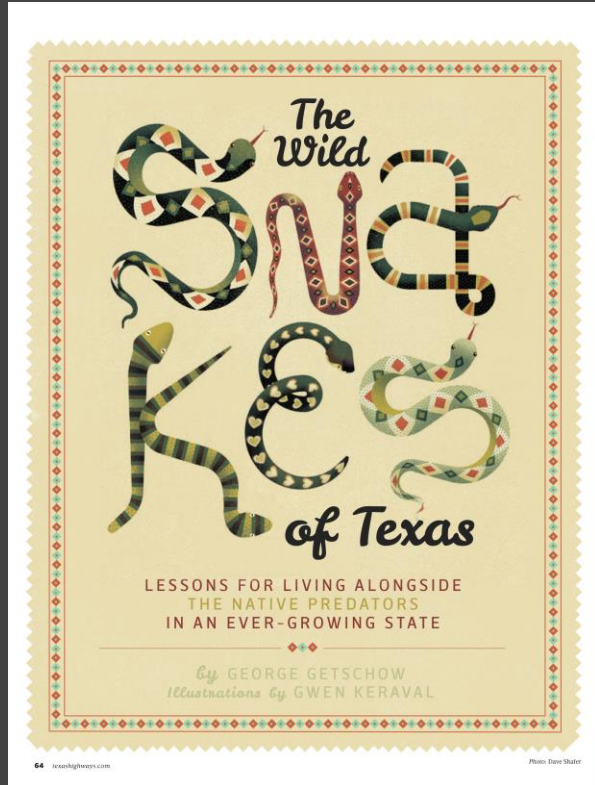
## Cottage Life – Waiting for a Queen to Fly



# Travel Feature

# Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Silver

## Texas Highways – The Wild Snakes of Texas





# Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Gold

## Arizona Highways – Hanging on for Dear Life



### HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE

Mount Graham red squirrels are rare. A subspecies of the American red squirrel, they were stranded atop the Pinaleno Mountains some 12,000 years ago, when the last ice age retreated. Their existence has always been tenuous, but in 2017, it got even worse when the Frye Fire decimated their habitat. Now, after eons of surviving in a rare coniferous forest 10,000 feet above the desert floor, the Mount Graham red squirrel is on the brink of extinction.

BY ANNETTE MCGIVNEY  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EIRINI PAJAK

W

HEN TIM SNOW, an Arizona Game and Fish Department terrestrial wildlife biologist, drove to the top of Mount Graham in September 2017, he was expecting devastation. But the scene was far worse than he had anticipated. Two months earlier, the 48,000-acre Frye Fire had ravaged the tallest summit in Southeastern Arizona, replacing an ancient boreal forest with barren slopes punctuated by black toothpicks. From an ecological standpoint, it was an apocalypse.

"We all cried," Snow says of his reaction and that of the scientists who had joined him on the trip. They wept not only for the forest, but also for the endangered

A Mount Graham red squirrel  
clings to a tree trunk atop  
the summit's namesake  
Eastern Arizona peak.  
After a devastating 2017  
wildfire, the species faces an  
uncertain future.

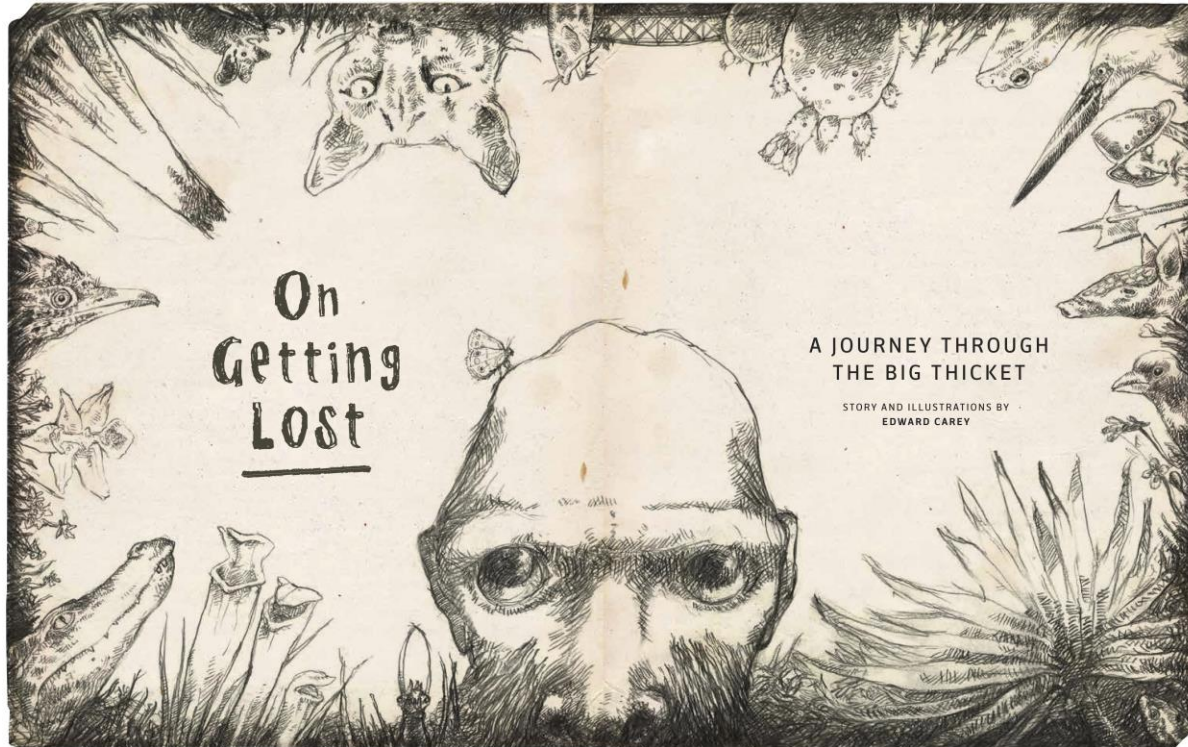
# Travel Feature - Bronze

## Arizona Highways – No Exit Route



# Travel Feature - Silver

## Texas Highways – On Getting Lost





# Travel Feature - Gold

## Adirondack Life – Island Getaway



# Art and Culture Feature

# The Bermudian – A Walk on the Railway Trail



Elizabeth Jones walks us down the revitalized and reconnected stretch of the railway trail from Flatts to Bailey's Bay, bringing to life the landmarks, flora, fauna and history along the way.

**F**or most people living in Bermuda today, the name *Times* Bay conjures up the tall, cylindrical incinerator on Palmetto Road and the waste disposal facility. Essential though it is for disposing of much of our garbage, it does not seem the most auspicious place to start our walk. And yet across the road is where Mike and I pick up the railway trail and begin the scenic route across land and water all the way to Bailey's Bay. We should remember "*Times*" goes back hundreds of years before the incinerator opened in October 1994 as it was the name of a seventeenth-century family. By the eighteenth century, many Tynes had become well-known shipbuilders. In 1807 one Nathaniel Tynes was quoted as being "one of the most celebrated shipbuilders to His Majesty in the island."

Next to the linozerator is an old Bermuda house, now called Times Bay House, which was built in the eighteenth century but had nothing to do with the Times family. It has significance for Mike since he spent the first four years of his life there with his grandparents and mother. Used as housing for the military, it was called Bleak House in those days, though his British Army family had no idea sadness was attached to it when they first moved in. In 1793 Mary Robinson, second wife of the house's builder and owner, Benjamin Cox, died mysteriously. According to the Bermuda National Trust's *Devonshire*, it was thought she had drunk poisoned coffee although there was also a theory she had died of small pox, thanks to an inoculation that went wrong. Fast forward to 1941, during the Second World War,



▲ Tynes Bay House, formerly called Bleak House

when Margaret Stapleton, a censor, left Bleak House and was later found raped and murdered near the railway line. Decades after that, in 1972, Bleak House was the residence of Police Commissioner Duckett who was murdered on the premises. No wonder the house has been renamed. Today, it houses the Child Development Project.

We are actually embarking on the trail just before what was originally a halt in Devonshire on Barkers Hill. Mike's sister, Alison Shewell, remembers it clearly because the railway ran across the paddock at the end of Bleak House's garden and she took the train to Bermuda High School for Girls and back every day. Devonshire Halt, east of the house, was her nearest station. "I can remember occasions when the driver failed to stop at Devonshire Halt, a request stop. The conductor could only communicate with the driver by whistle, and we would see the train travelling at its usual speed while the conductor leaned out, waving his arm and blowing his whistle, trying to catch the driver's attention." As she says, the walk she would then have to take to Prospect Station from Bleak House was quite a whod.

The trail does not hug the shoreline on this stretch; instead it runs parallel to North Shore Road, allowing us a mixture of views. At the start we have the illusion of being in the heart of the country since palmetto stands, cherry trees, fiddlewood and agave



▲ The bridge overlooking Ocean View Golf Course and the North Shore

hedge us in, preventing any view of the ocean at all, let alone of the buildings behind the hedge on our right as we walk our way east.

A paradox occurs to me. When the Bermuda Railway Hamilton line to St. George's opened in 1932, it instantly gave easy access to areas in Bermuda that many locals may not have seen before; their transportation was restricted to bicycle, shank's pony and, for the rich, horse and buggy. It also meant attractions were within easy reach. But the trail left in the wake of the railway's demise often gives us a rural retreat from the bustle and stress of

They remind me that horses were not at all pleased by the coming of the railway. They would rear and run away at the sound of the engine, as Alison well remembers. "There was a horse in Prospect which regularly bolted as soon as the train entered the station just below the Military Hospital."

Ahead of us is the first bridge of our walk, one which we usually go under rather than over when we drive up Barkers Hill. On either side of us is the government owned Ocean View Golf Course. Once upon a time when it was open to private members only,

*What is it that is so satisfying about walking over a bridge? I still feel the same satisfaction I felt as a child knowing that the bridge connects me to a geographical point that would otherwise be impossible for me to reach.*

modern day living, as well as an opportunity to eschew motorized travel for a while. Today, morning glory vines (or bellblaths as they are commonly called by older Bermudians) sprawl over bushes and small trees. We can hear that distinctive sound of wings like the brushing sound of a snare drum. Sure enough, a mourning dove flies past us before making for the trees. Chickens, scuttling across the trail and disappearing into the shrubbery, add to the rural atmosphere as do occasional dumps of horse manure.

visitors carrying their golf club bags would get off at the station to see the station sign "Golf and Country Club." We stop on the bridge to admire the expanse of ocean as the north shore comes into view and to see Bakers Hill from a higher perspective. Continuing the trail, we see more stands of agave. One leaf stretches out onto the road. Somebody has braved the serrated edges and carved the name "ISABELLA." Was it the same person who carved on another, "Rip Buller"? Whoever it was, let's hope it's a prank.



▲ A rock cut in the trail before Jennings Land bridge

Suddenly the trail breaks into farmland, Penhurst Park. We cannot see North Shore Road that bisects it but can look across the fallow fields to the ocean. Soon we experience the diversity of this part of the trail as we enter a built-up area. For tourists, sometimes the trail allows them a peek into people's backyards and therefore an opportunity to see how Bermudians "really live." They can also look down to the sea over a medley of pastel coloured houses with traditional Bermuda stepped roofs. We see a lone figure working on the wall of a new building already half up, in contrast to an old, ruined

Further on, we are back in the country again as we approach Store Hill which connects North Shore Road to Middle Road and which, in the days of the railway, accessed a wireless station. Today, it marks one of the bridges constructed in 2015 by the Friends of the Bermuda Railway Trails to improve the trail's connections ([www.thebermudians.com/home-a-garden/nature/building-bridges-connecting-the-community/](http://www.thebermudians.com/home-a-garden/nature/building-bridges-connecting-the-community/) January 8, 2019). We can now follow the train, as it were, before its entry into the cutting. What is it that is so satisfying about walking over a bridge? I still feel the same satisfaction I felt as a child knowing that the bridge connects me to a geographical point that would otherwise be impossible for me to reach.



▲ Jennings Land bridge, with Gibbets Island and the inlet in the background to the left.

Figuratively, a bridge is an image of transition from one stage of life to the next, with anthropologists would call liminality. There's also the feeling of being high up, a sensation the Bermuda train travellers experienced on much of their journey, especially when crossing the ocean. Sandra Rouja remembers the thrill of travelling from St. George's to Hamilton every day in order to attend Mount St. Agnes Academy. The journey with its beautiful ocean views always seemed to her far too short.

Ahead in the cutting, the faces of rock bare in some places, allowing us to see their slanting grain, covered in others with overhanging shrubbery and long tree roots dangling to the floor. At last, the reach the two bridges we have been eagerly anticipating, the ones the Friends erected just a few months ago in the late summer of 2018. The first takes us to Jennings Land while the second changes direction, taking us over North Shore Road to the southern shore of Flatt's Inlet, to what was once Flatts Station, where people would disembark to explore Flatts village. On the way we have a wonderful view of the inlet and of Gibbet Island, a beautiful part of Bermuda because the water around it is particularly clear and iridescent. Gibbet evokes special memories for us since it is here that as a child Mike learned to swim and snorkel. Some thirty years later, our four-year-old

son followed his example and soon the two of them spent many a holiday snorkelling around the island.

But, as its name suggests, Gibber has a sinister history for it is also here that people were hanged, their bodies displayed as a deterrent to others. In 1681 Indian John, a slave, was convicted of attempting to murder his "owner" and his wife by setting fire to their house, Orange Grove on Flatts Hill. He was hanged, drawn and quartered here, parts of his body being displayed on Somerset Bridge and at other landmarks. In 1853, a man named Captain John McNeil of Glasgow murdered, with a hatchet, He was hanged from a very high pole on Gibber Island and his body was said to have hung there for days before he died. For a long time "Quang's Pole" was a landmark. "Quang's today no trace of the pole is left, but other historical vestiges to be visible in the water ahead of us: the pylons left from the old railway bridge that traversed Flatts's Inlet to what was Aquarium Station. Recollecting the Friends' work for the good of humanity, we saw a policeman behind the counterpane who will be able to walk the trail to Bailey's Bay with hardly an interruption.

In the meantime, a chapter in Carveth Wells's *Bermuda in Three Colors*, published in 1935, describes the railway journey from



# Art and Culture Feature - Bronze

## Adirondack Life – Ben & Helen

### → BEN & HELEN



Dolly/Molly Phone, 25 x 14 inches



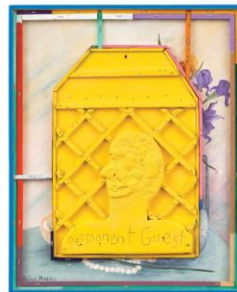
Blue Bird, 73 x 40 inches



This is the Siberian Husky, 73 x 40 inches



I am not a Rabbit, 73 x 40 inches



Permanent Guest, 21 x 17 inches

### → The →

whitewashed walls in Ben Gocker's Tupper Lake studio are hung with large wooden boards, each almost entirely covered in small sticks and scrap wood pieces. The sticks, painted with bright pastels and bold matte primaries, have been assembled into intricate and dreamy word-search-game mosaics. There are subtly formed rivers and movements of color dancing behind jumbled letters, somehow calming despite the immediate chaos of the puzzle itself. The words "Flamings" and "Dianthus" pop from a work in progress. The piece borrows the terms from a puzzle titled "Think Pink" that Gocker found in a children's book.

Outside, falling snow blankets the residential street of modest homes tucked just behind the village center. This is the first time in Gocker's life he has had a studio of his own. It is allowing him the space and flexibility to experiment with scale, to make bigger and more complex work.

The snow and the whitewash of the studio walls heighten the feeling of brightness and warmth that come through Gocker's attention to detail and play. Gocker explains that this new series of work is inspired by word-search games found in those "ephemeral [drugstore] puzzle books that seem like nothing, easy to overlook." His love of words predates his MFA in poet-

ry from the University of Iowa Writers Workshop. On mornings off from his afternoon gig at the Goff-Nelson Memorial Library, in downtown Tupper Lake, he is preparing for an upcoming show at PPOW Gallery, in New York City.

Ben Gocker's studio was built by the original owner of his Tupper Lake residence, the late Helen Macro, a dressmaker and painter. Ben and his wife, Ivy, the library director at Adirondack Experience, in Blue Mountain Lake, moved into Helen's house and studio two years ago. They wanted to leave New York City and buy a home in a quiet upstate town where they could start a family and Ben could find the space he needed for his art. They were initially dismayed at the lack of affordable options that fit their vision. And then came Helen's house. Despite being a fixer-upper, it was exactly the space they had dreamed of—a small family home with room for Ben to work, thanks to renovations Macro had made for her fabric business and dress shop.

Helen Macro, born Helen Wood, grew up outside of Malone. She married George Macro, an Italian immigrant who first came to Tupper Lake with a road-building crew in 1940. Helen operated Macro's Design Studio from the basement of their home for over 25 years. After

From the Library Window, 94 x 61 inches



# Art and Culture Feature - Silver

## Acadiana Profile – Best of Cracklins





# Art and Culture Feature - Gold

## Arizona Highways – These Generations of Weaving

### Díí haa'anoochinígíí da'atł'ó

[THESE GENERATIONS OF WEAVING]

AN ESSAY BY DANIELLE GELLER



WHEN I GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE, my mother gave me a blanket, a blanket she had promised me for years. It was my grandmother's, she said. The blanket was forest green, with patterned bands of orange, yellow and red. The blanket was a Pendleton. I found the blue and gold tag sewn into its corner later that night. Pendleton blankets are prized objects in indigenous communities: They are used in ceremonies and celebrations; are given to commemorate important events; are draped over our couches and folded at the feet of our beds. But as someone who had grown up so far from home, I didn't understand the significance of my mother's gift. When my mother first told me about the blanket, I thought I would be receiving a piece woven by my own grandmother — a handmade, heartfelt thing. I couldn't help but feel a sense of loss.

That night, I sat in front of my computer and read that Pendleton blankets were first popularized in the early 1900s by an English-born textile designer who mixed and matched the patterns of Native American tribes with European and Middle Eastern designs. I read about Pendleton's modern jacquard loom, which produced detail and colors that could not be achieved using traditional weaving methods. And I read about how many Navajo weavers could not afford to keep their own, labor-intensive blankets, so they sold their work and bought Pendletons to use in their homes instead.

Volumes have been written about the history of Navajo weaving. Including in past issues of *Arizona Highways*. In 1974, an entire edition was dedicated to Navajo and Hopi weavers. In an article about the past three centuries of Navajo weaving, archaeologist and museum curator Joe Ben Wheat claimed: "The Navajo weaver and the Navajo loom survive unchanged in the midst of civilization whose mechanical ingenuity is unparalleled in history. The Navajo accepts television, instant coffee, automobiles, and Italian silk suits — but — his loom will not change in the least detail." Joe Ben Wheat makes me laugh a little.

In our stories, the Holy People taught Spider Man how to make the first loom. The top and bottom beams were made of sky and earth; the tension rods that held the warp were made of sun rays. Traditionally,

Velma Craig demonstrates weaving at the Heard Museum in Phoenix. Craig Smith

# Art and Culture Feature - Gold

## Texas Highways – Welcome to the Taco Capital of Texas

**A**RMANDO VERA'S STOIC FACE lights up with a smile when customers mention how far they've traveled to eat at his restaurant. Vera's Backyard Bar-B-Que. Patrons make sojourns from Dallas, Austin, and even El Paso to order pounds of his barbacoa de cabeza de res a la terna en paño—beef-head barbacoa slow-cooked over mesquite in an in-ground pit that's 7 feet long and lined by bricks. The restaurant was established by his father in 1955 on Southmost Boulevard in Brownsville. Vera is tall and blocky with a mustache that has yet to sprout gray hairs. He's an imposing figure—even when he's sitting at a table, readers perched on the bridge of his nose beneath the brim of his mesh ball cap, reviewing receipts. He'll scan the dining room filled with out-of-towners fixated to get barbacoa to go sitting gleefully over clumped threads of smoke-kissed meat. And they know the best way to eat barbacoa is in a taco, wrapped in an aromatic corn tortilla and sprinkled with chopped white onion and cilantro and a splash of red or green salsa.

Vera's is reason enough to travel to this corner of Brownsville locals call "La Southmost." The actual name of the nearly 4-mile road near the Rio Grande is Southmost Boulevard. Here, dozens of Mexican restaurants, tortillerias, and taquerias are wedged between grocery stores, dental offices, ice cream shops, churches,



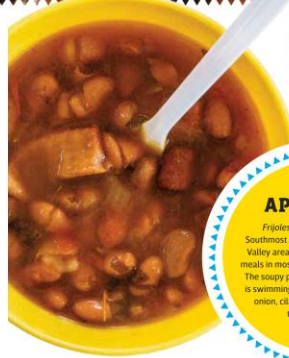
Barbacoa from Vera's Backyard Bar-B-Que.

and a hodgepodge of other businesses. It's where you'll find some of the best tacos in the state of Texas. "It's a source of pride for us," Vera says.

I don't make this claim lightly. I started writing about tacos professionally 10 years ago. First at the Dallas Observer, and then for my own website, thetacotrail.com. In the last two years, I have traveled to 38 cities across the country in the process of writing my book, *American Tacos: A History of the Taco Trail North of the Border* (out in early 2020 by The University of Texas Press). From my experience, no single geographical area in the Lone Star State has tacos as uniformly excellent as La Southmost—and that includes Oak Cliff in Dallas, Airline Drive in Houston, the East Side of Austin, and South Jackson Road in Pharr.

The tacos you'll find on Southmost come in three varieties: breakfast tacos, fried tacos, and beef tacos. Trying them all is essential. Breakfast tacos go by the name *tortillas de harina* because of the 10-inch flour tortillas they're served in. They're typically filled with ingredients as familiar as chorizo and eggs, or as regionally specific as weenies (sliced Vienna sausages) or hot dogs and eggs. Fried tacos, like *tacos dorados* (deep-fried folded corn tortillas) and *flautas* (rolled and fried), are also popular—some are drowned in salsa, earning the moniker *ahogados*. Most prevalent are the leaf preparations like *barbacoa*, *break* (thinly sliced), *tajita*, and *molepitos* (sweet breads). They're generally smaller in size and served in orders of three to six—closer to what most Americans would recognize as "street tacos."

So start your fast. You're going to need as much room and time as possible to get a true taste of Southmost. These seven taquerias—vetted from many days of repeat visits—are great places to start your grand tour of this South Texas taco haven.



### The APPETIZER

Frioles charros are indicative of Southmost and the greater Rio Grande valley area. They are served ahead of meals in most taquerias and restaurants. The soupy pinto bean-based appetizer is swimming with soft shards of bacon, onion, cilantro, and whatever else the cook throws in.

# Recreation Feature



# Recreation Feature - Merit

## Louisiana Life – Best Hunting in the State

### Best Hunting

IN THE STATE

Food, sport and tradition define hunting in the Sportsman's Paradise

BY  
CHRIS  
HOLMES

Hunting is inextricably woven into the wild fabric of Louisiana's heritage and culture. A harsh land when first settled, hunting was a necessity of subsistence as well as commerce. The wide diversity of habitat and abundance of game and birds provided a seemingly endless bounty of food for the table. With scant regulations in place and a voracious commercial demand for meat and hides, over-hunting sent many species into a major decline. However, with modernization of farming and food production practices came regulated hunting and concerted conservation programs that restored native species to sustainable levels. The abundance and variety of Louisiana's birds and game, combined with world-class fishing make the state a true sportsman's paradise.



#### TURKEY REBUILDING SUCCESS

April kicks off the most challenging game season has to hunt. The wild turkey has issues that are second to none and successfully taking a mounted bird is a great hunting accomplishment. Although there are no huntable populations across coastal Louisiana, prime turkey hunting areas are within a couple hours drive.

Due to low populations in the 1930s, most of our parents and grandparents did not regularly enjoy hunting turkeys. Therefore, it was not a tradition that many in Louisiana had passed down to them like deer and duck hunting. Wild turkeys truly are a hunter/conservation success story. Unregulated hunting practices and subsistence hunting nearly eliminated the birds from the state in the early 1900s. Combined with heavy deforestation of prime habitat areas, the future for Louisiana's wild turkey was bleak. Peak estimates of up to one million birds in the 1930s was reduced to a mere 1,400 by the mid 1940s.

However, due to aggressive fire trapping and reforestation programs across the state, the wild turkey has made an amazing comeback in most areas of the state that have suitable habitat. Many areas now have an annual, well-regulated turkey hunting season. The National Wild Turkey Federation estimates Louisiana's current wild turkey population at 50,000 birds.

#### 2020 LOUISIANA HUNTING SEASONS: TURKEY

AREA A: APRIL 1 - MAY 15  
AREA B: APRIL 1 - MAY 15  
AREA C: APRIL 1 - MAY 15  
YOUTH AND PHYSICALLY CHALLENGED: APRIL 1 - MAY 15

# Recreation Feature - Bronze

## Adirondack Life – Routes Revival



# Routes

First climbed by Fritz Wiessner in 1938, the Wiessner Route on Upper Washbowl Cliff remains a popular and challenging climb with High Peaks views.

# Revival

### CLIMBING IN THE FATHOMED OF A LEGEND

**B**ack in the day when people listened to music on iPods, I stood at the base of Chapel Pond Slab and spun the click wheel to *Kind of Blue*. Although a novice climber, I had it in mind to free-solo a route called *Empress*—that is, climb it without a rope—and I thought the modal jazz of Miles Davis would help keep me calm. A classic album for a classic climb.

By modern standards, *Empress* is an easy climb, but a fall in the wrong place could end badly. Fortunately, I made it to the top without incident, despite inadvertently turning off the iPod while shimmying up a crack on the fifth pitch. I had more trouble on the descent after I lost the path and ended up down-climbing a series of vegetated ledges.

Since that summer's day in 2010, I have soloed *Empress* more than 40 times. In part, I keep returning because it's a great route, one of only five of its grade in the Adirondack Park awarded the maximum five stars in the guidebook *Adirondack Rock*. *Empress* is rated 5.5 on the Yosemite Decimal System scale, which ranges from 5.0 (easiest) to 5.15 (hardest). Generally, a harder climb is

BY PHIL BROWN



### FROM K2 TO KEENE VALLEY

On July 19, 1939, Fritz Wiessner came close to attaining one of the greatest feats in mountaineering history. He stood just 750 feet below the summit of K2, the second-highest mountain in the world, with nothing but easy climbing ahead. At the time, no 8,000-meter peak had ever been climbed.

Yet it was late in the day, and his sherpa, Pasang Lhamo, refused to continue. Pasang believed evil spirits lurked on the summit at night. "No, Sahib, tomorrow," he insisted.

Wiessner gave in, thinking they would easily reach the summit on the next attempt. He and Pasang spent a day at their previous campsite (Camp IX) and the next day descended to the next-highest campsite (Camp VIII), where another member of the expedition, Dudley Wolfe, was waiting.

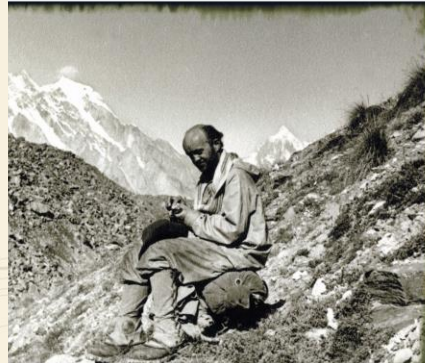
They intended to prepare for another summit bid, but other expedition members had failed to bring up supplies. Over two horrific days, Wiessner and Pasang continued to descend the mountain, finding each campsite deserted and the sleeping bags gone. At Camp II, they found two empty tents. Exhausted, they crept into one tent and wrapped the other around them for warmth. The next day they struggled into base camp, barely able to stand up.

Evidently, those in base camp believed Wiessner, Wolfe and Pasang had perished in an avalanche. In the days that followed, three sherpas climbed back up the mountain to rescue Wolfe, who had stayed behind. Neither they nor Wolfe were seen again. In 2002, Wolfe's bones were found on a glacier at K2's base.

Soon after Wiessner's K2 expedition, the American Alpine Club wrote a report that largely blamed Wiessner for the disaster. In response, Wiessner quit the club. The club's president was John Case, who summited Keene Valley Lake Wiessner. Case was one of the early rock climbers in the Adirondacks.

In his memoir, *And Gladly Guide: Reflections on a Life in the Mountains*, Jim Goodwin tells of a chance meeting of Fritz Wiessner and Case in the Adirondacks in the 1960s on Indian Head near Lower Ausable Lake. Both men were leading others up the same climbing route, and they argued over how to do it. Wiessner favored a belack maneuver; Case favored stemming. In the end, each climbed it his own way. Afterward, Goodwin invited Wiessner and Case back to his cottage for a beer—"during which time Fritz and John further warmed to each other, relating accounts of their past climbs."

A few years later, Wiessner not only rejoined the American Alpine Club, but the club made him an honorary member. His near-ascent of K2, reaching 27,500 feet, leading the whole way, was far ahead of his time. The first 8,000-meter peak (Annapurna) would not be climbed until 1950. Everest was not climbed until 1953. K2 fell the following year—15 years after Wiessner's attempt. Today many regard Wiessner as the greatest alpinist of the 20th century.





# Recreation Feature - Silver

## Acadiana Profile – Best Bars

### BEST BARS

Something about summer makes us thirsty — wonder why that is? It's the perfect time to spotlight the exquisite watering holes throughout Acadiana, everything from beer taprooms and live music venues to ethnic experiences and high-end restaurants where signature cocktails are served. ¶ Here are our picks for the best bars in Acadiana, but we're only scratching the surface. Like its world-famous cuisine, South Louisiana has a lot to offer those who are parched. This list will get you started.

BY CHERIE COEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH VIDRINE



#### BEST BOURBON BARS

### SOCIAL SOUTHERN TABLE & BAR

**L**ining the walls at Social Southern in Lafayette are custom-made cabinets full of select bourbons, part of the more than 150 bottles the restaurant and bar has on hand.

And it keeps growing, said Brian Thom, wine director and assistant manager.

"Every time they build us a cabinet, we fill it up in days," he said.

It's why the *Bourbon Review* has chosen Social Southern as one of the nation's top bourbon bars five years running.

"It's a cool thing, something we're really proud of," Thom said.

In fact, the hip restaurant and bar has so many bourbons, it instituted what it calls the "Social Outback." Thom takes five to six bourbons off the shelf, mixes them together inside a 10-liter oak barrel, then waits about five to seven weeks to serve the result.

"The first one was created as a way to move some bottles that had been sitting there forever," Thom explained. "It's been fun to provide a product you can't get anywhere else and to move a product."

Social Southern is now on its fifth Outback, serving up its shots for \$14 a piece. In the past, many have had themes such

as Rocky Mountain for mountain-based distilleries or Canadian for Canadian whiskeys.

"It's a fun way for us to play around and it's something our customers ask for," Thom said.

Social reuses oak barrels that have been dropped off by distilleries and used once or twice in the restaurant to barrel age bourbons for their Manhattans, Sazarcas and old fashioned. Once the barrels have run their course for cocktails, the kitchen uses them to barrel aged items such as honey, vinegar and hot sauce.

Above all, it's the wide selection of bourbons that draw in customers. Social is one of the few establishments to carry the select brand of Pappy Van Winkle and the Buffalo Trace Antique Collection. It also serves three select brands in whiskey cocktails.

"We try to showcase them in our cocktails or let them shine alone," Thom said.

Social Southern has happy hour from 3 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. Tuesday through Friday. Happy hour also means half-priced fried green tomatoes and flatbread and on Wednesdays it's \$6 old fashioned all day.

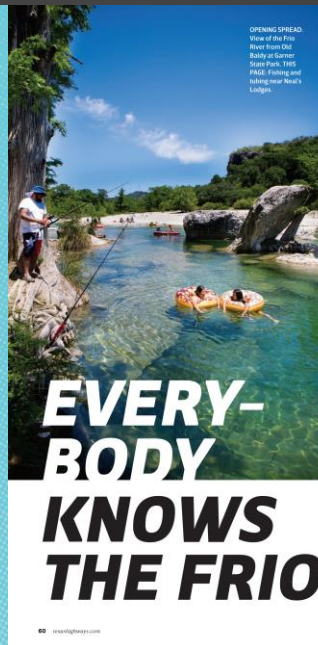
#### RUNNER UP

► Folks enjoy Cincinlare Southern Bistro in Thibodaux for its distinctive and versatile menu that utilizes Louisiana produce and products, but the restaurant also features signature bourbon cocktails such as the traditional old fashioned, one of owner Chef Michael Dalmau's favorites. Sample his classic cocktails or be adventurous with one of the restaurant's revolving drinks, such as the Summer Trail made with bourbon, Carpano Antica vermouth, strawberry-infused Aperol, Rabarbaro and muddled strawberry.

3901 Johnston St.  
Lafayette  
337-456-3274  
socialsouthern.com

# Recreation Feature - Gold

## Texas Highways – Frio 101



OPENING SPREAD:  
View of the Frio  
River from Old  
Ready to Garner  
State Park, 1965  
Hill. Fishing and  
tubing near Neal's  
Lodges.

That's the assumption most recreation-located Texans make from the get-go. If you love Texas outdoors, how could you not know the Frio?

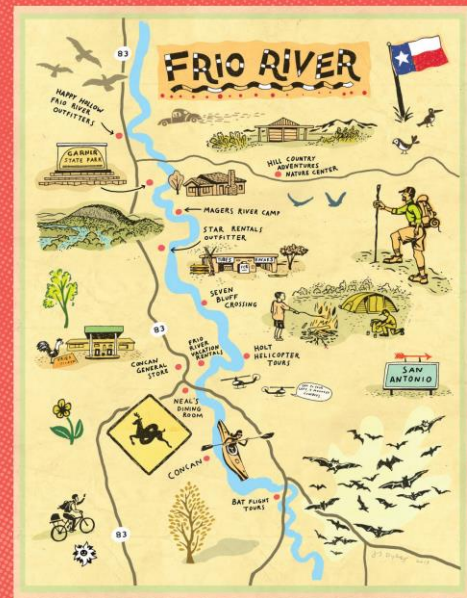
Well, maybe you're one of the millions of newcomers who just go to Texas. Or perhaps you've lived in Texas your entire life and, unlike all those people whose families have been vacationing on the Frio for generations, you have no clue what or where they are talking about. Never stepped foot in Garner State Park? Think Concan is in Mexico? Well, pull up a chair and score closer.

This Frio 101 is for you.

The first two things to know are: It's the water, and it's everything else. The Hill Country sports the prettiest landscapes in Texas—no brag, just fact—and the south-western corner of the Hill Country has the best eye candy: clear, clean, swift-running creeks and rivers silting between dramatic rises, valley bottoms crisscrossed with seeps and springs and hollows, and vast grasslands, giant oak forests, juniper thickets, and stands of towering cypresses. The scenery is spectacular no matter where you look. But the consensus is that the Frio is the true Hill Country classic.

Frio Canyon is the most majestic and dramatic of all the Hill Country valleys—a rough, semi-pastoral setting that could easily pass for Germany, Switzerland, or France. In fact, one moniker for the area is "the Swiss Alps of Texas." The Frio River is the canyon centerpiece, shaded by towering limestone bluffs and some of the most dramatic hills in the region. The river earns its name—Spanish for cold—raining shallow and startlingly transparent over a limestone and gravel bed, pocked with deep pools and charged by springs that keep the water temperature refreshingly cool even in mid-July.

Pearl Beer used the short prong of the north fork of the Frio as its ideal image in the San Antonio brewery's "From the Country of 1890 Springs" advertising campaign in the 1950s and '60s, and Neal's Lodges in Concan was recognized in this magazine more than 40 years ago for having "the best little swimming hole in Texas."





General Feature  
35,000 or Less

# General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

## Louisiana Life — Classically Louisiana

### CHEF DAMIEN R.L. "CHAPEAUX" CHAPMAN

CHEF/OWNER  
ORLANDEAUX'S



#### SHREVEPORT STUFFED SHRIMP

Stuffed shrimp are exceedingly popular in Shreveport, particularly within the city's African American community on the city's west side. They look like corn dogs and are beloved as they, as to be featured the stars in color photographs adorning the walls of some of the places that serve them. The hefty shrimp hand food originated at the

long-gone Freeman and Harris Café, established in 1921 in the 1000 block of Texas Avenue. At the time, the cafe was one of a small number of places where black and white people could dine together. Averaging about four inches in length, Shreveport-style stuffed shrimp are typically served three to an order. They start as U-10 to 15-count

shrimp that are peeled, deveined, butterflied, stuffed with a spicy crabmeat dressing, and fried in a golden crisp. They are typically served with tartar sauce. In June, Shreveport launched the first annual Shreveport Stuffed Shrimp Festival.

**B**orn into Shreveport culinary royalty, Damien "Chapeaux" Chapman obtained a degree in Mechanical Engineering from Southern University's A&M College in Baton Rouge before accepting a job with Halliburton as a field engineer. Chapman's restaurant pedigree dates back to Freeman and Harris Café, established in 1921 in Shreveport. At the time the black-owned cafe was one of a small handful where black and white people could dine together.

Following the deaths of co-owners Scrap Chapman and Pete Harris (Chapman's great uncle) his grandfather, Willie Chapman, opened Pete Harris Café. Pete Harris Café closed in 2006 and Orlandeaux's, son of Willie Chapman and Damien's father, opened Brother's Seafood. The business was later renamed Orlandeaux's Café.

"Orlandeaux's Café is the direct lineage of Freeman & Harris Café," says Damien Chapman, 30. "We are the legacy of the oldest continuously-operating African American restaurant in the United States."

He started working the family restaurant bussing tables when he was 14.

"As expected, I did everything — hosting, serving tables, washing dishes, cooking. But after working like a slave and missing what I thought were very important parts of my life — prom and parties with my friends, I made up my mind that I was going to be on the first train smoking out of here."

I left on a marching band scholarship to SXU and never looked back.

"Yeah right! Every holiday, every spring break, every summer, I was home working the café. Slaving like I never left."

"After visiting home for a fishing weekend with my Papa and younger brothers, I received the most devastating phone call: My father had passed from a very sudden heart attack. Initially my family was against me leaving my career to run the café because they have all watched our family members die in the business from stress and anguish. But they saw my unwavering passion to ensure that the family's legacy didn't die so they were all behind me."

"My plan is just to simply continue this rich legacy that was set out before me 98 years ago. I feel a very strong presence of my father, grandfather, and great grandfather. They all cooked from the soul, and when I feel their spirits around me I know that they live and cook through me."

**ORLANDEAUX'S CAFE**  
6916 Markhouse Dr.  
Shreveport  
(318) 635-1641  
orlandeauxs.com

“ORLANDEAUX'S CAFE IS THE DIRECT LINEAGE OF FREEMAN & HARRIS CAFE. WE ARE THE LEGACY OF THE OLDEST CONTINUOUSLY-OPERATING AFRICAN AMERICAN RESTAURANT IN THE UNITED STATES!”



# General Feature 35 or Less - Silver

## Adirondack Life – Saved by a Miracle



### Saved by a Miracle



Looking back—40 years later—  
at the good, the bad and the ugly  
of the 1980 Lake Placid Olympics

by Luke Cyphers  
photographs by Nance Battaglia  
\*unless otherwise noted

# General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

## Saltscapes – Iron men and all that



*(Editor's note: Most potentially dangerous professions have seen significant improvements in safety in recent decades—but not so much commercial fishing, which continues to have the highest fatality rate of any employment sector in the country. There is, on average, just about one death every month in Canadian waters. Being a deckhand is estimated to be 14 times more deadly than being a police officer. The following first-hand story illustrates just a single incident.)*

### Iron men and all that ...

Next time you enjoy a plate of fish and chips, give some thought to how it got there

by Bill Coultas

**My eyes blinked open. Still, everything was black.**

There was something different: I could feel it. That's often the case on a ship. The engine is like a heartbeat: always there but not noticed until it beats differently—or stops.

I closed my eyes again. Yes, something was different. The engine was revving up. The ship listed a bit. My inner ear compensated for the new equilibrium. A porcelain cup rattled and then noisily slid across the plastic surface of the nearby table. Instinctively I raised my body and put out my hand to catch the black mug in the black cabin; but the mug had stayed on the table's surface. My head fell back on the pillow. I searched for my reading light switch. Flick, flick, flick. No light. I searched for the bulb. When I touched it the light pulsed. I tightened the bulb in place.

My watch said 3:23 am.

52 SALTSCAPES.COM DECEMBER 2016 / JANUARY 2017

SALTSCAPES.COM DECEMBER 2016 / JANUARY 2017 53



# General Feature 35 or Less - Gold

## Kansas! – After the Flames



General Feature  
35,000 or More

# General Feature 35 or More - Bronze

## Cottage Life – Ready, Set, Let go!





# General Feature 35 or More - Silver

## Texas Highways – Stuff.





# General Feature 35 or More - Gold

## Arizona Highways – The Unsettling Story of Ken Patrick



### THE UNSETTLING STORY OF

## KEN PATRICK

IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN TO THE NORTH RIM, YOU MAY HAVE SEEN SIGNS FOR THE KEN PATRICK TRAIL, WHICH WINDS FOR 10 MILES THROUGH AN ALPINE FOREST ALONG THE EDGE OF THE GRAND CANYON. THERE'S A REASON THE TRAIL WAS NAMED FOR HIM. IT'S A STORY WE'VE NEVER TOLD BEFORE. UNTIL NOW.

BY ROBERT STIEVE



**T**omie Lee hasn't had to write to the parole board for about four years. But she'll do it again, if she has to. "He could probably apply for another parole hearing at any time," she says. "If that happens, we'll do our best to keep him in prison." Her voice is calm. Matter-of-fact. Resigned.

The prison she refers to, the place where Tomie Lee would like to see Veronza Flowers locked up forever, is the United States Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia. Built in 1902, it's the same prison that once held Al Capone and Whitey Bulger.

And it's 1,800 miles from the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, where Tomie's husband, Kenneth C. Patrick, was buried in 1973, just a few feet from where the legendary Emory Kolb would be buried three years later.

**THE KEN PATRICK TRAIL** winds for 10 miles through an alpine forest on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon — from the North Kaibab Trailhead to Point Imperial, it's Mother Nature's corridor. "In a landscape overwhelmed by the grandeur of a canyon, it's easy to overlook a trail that transects the heart of the forest rim," says Amy Martin, a former backcountry ranger at the park who now works as a documentary photographer. "Unlike many trails at Grand Canyon, with crowds and exposed terrain, I've found solitude on the Ken Patrick, looking over my shoulder through the ponderosas and New Mexico locusts, feeling that the only other footsteps on the trail were those of the soft-footed mountain lion."

Where the forest pulls back its curtain, hikers get an unobstructed view of Mount Hayden, one of the most photographed landmarks in the park and the superlative for technical rock climbers there. Beyond Mount Hayden, the panorama includes the Little Colorado River Gorge and the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff. As memorials go, it's hard to imagine a more impressive tribute than a remote trail that traces one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World. Especially if you lived your life as Ken Patrick, a man enameled with the wholesome idiosyncrasies of a park ranger.

"He loved the Grand Canyon more than any place on Earth," says Tomie, whose name is pronounced like the rock opera. "To him, it was the most wonderful place in the world. No matter where we went, no matter what we did, he just loved his



**Left:** Early in his career, Ken Patrick (foreground) worked as a dude wrangler at the Grand Canyon. "He was very charismatic, and he could really 'sell a story,'" says Tomie Lee. **His opinion:** Above: Music was a passion for Ken Patrick, who taught himself how to play guitar while living on the North Rim.

Profiles 35,000 or Less

# Profiles 35,000 or Less - Bronze

## Acadiana Profile – Keep on Truckin’

CULTURE / LES PERSONNES

### Keep on Truckin’

Brett and Amanda Stutes continue rolling out the culinary creativity — whether on wheels or at their brick and mortar storefront

BY WILL KALCE  
PORTRAIT BY ROMERO & ROMERO

**→** LITTLE DO LAKE CHARLES LUNCHERS know the reason there's sauce on the side of your face and napkins pinned under your thighs to keep them from blowing away in the wind is because a loving mother underestimated the spoken capabilities of her toddler.

Rewind back to the winter of 2015. Brett and Amanda Stutes are riding around town with their middle child, Fletcher, in the back seat. Amanda can't remember where they were going, and honestly, it's not important. The point is, for years, Brett, a born entrepreneur who had pretty much gotten into a routine doing construction, always talked about opening a taco-only restaurant — the concept being his "baby" as Amanda tells it.

So, perhaps looking for a sign, (or more likely, a surefire way to get what he wanted) Brett rolled the dice and shifted all of his tortilla-wrapped dreams upon the unsuspecting tongue of his 18-month-old son.

"If Fletcher can say taco, we're opening this restaurant," Brett bargained with Amanda.

For whatever reason, Amanda went along with the deal.

"Fletcher can you say 'taco'?" Brett asked, putting the toddler on the spot.

Without hesitation, Fletcher blurted out, "Taco!"

"In hindsight, it was probably bad agreement on my part," Amanda reflects. "Because Fletcher was always very smart and well spoken, even at that age. I was like, 'You little stinker.'"

Founded on Fletcher's clutch performance, The Sloppy Taco in all its incarnations — at first a festival booth, then an about-town mobile food truck, and ultimately as a cool, funky storefront on Kirkman Street — has evolved into one of Southwest Louisiana's most differently delicious culinary go-tos. Featuring an ever-changing menu, The Sloppy Taco offers a comforting mix of traditional Mexican dishes like chicken tacos



and more adventurous creations such as an Oyster Taco and an Asian-Fusion taco complete with wasabi and soy sauce. Whatever is ordered, the overflowing, heavily-sauced and seasoned filling assures the restaurant lives up to its name.

"Brett and I, we both need creative outlets," Amanda says. "And for us, this does

that. When we first rolled out, the public was pumped. 'Heck yeah, finally a food truck in Lake Charles.' Running a food truck, and being the first mobile food truck in Lake Charles, it was long and interesting journey, because there were no guidelines. There was no plan to follow or road that someone else had already been down. We had to take that

# Profiles 35,000 or Less - Silver

## Delaware Beach Life – They Put the ‘Craft’ in Watercraft





# Profiles 35,000 or Less - Gold

## Adirondack Life - Kindervolk



AT THIS LINCOLN POND CAMP,  
IT'S ALL ABOUT FAMILY—  
AND EVERYONE'S FAMILY

BY LISA BRAMEN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
NANCIE BATTAGLIA

Kindervolk

Profiles 35,000 or More

# Profiles 35,000 or More – Bronze

## Down East – Every Lobster Must Get Stoned



Cannabis helped lobster-shack owner Charlotte Gill cope with anxiety and depression. Might it help her lobsters too?

### By Will Grunewald

# Every Lobster Must Get Stoned

Photography by Michael D. Wilson

Is your lobster looking a little glazed over? Does it suddenly seem tired all the time? Is its favorite movie *The Big Lebowski*? Then it might have come from Charlotte's Legendary Lobster Pound, where owner **Charlotte Gill** has been experimenting with ways to help her crustaceans feel no pain. Her favorite method? Getting them high.

**O**N CHARLOTTE GILL'S FIRST DAY of first grade at Pemetic Elementary, in Southwest Harbor, Mrs. Dodge instructed the students to place hands over hearts for the Pledge of Allegiance. But Gill, who had just moved to Maine, wasn't used to the r-dropping accent. She heard *hand over hat*, and though she wasn't wearing a hat, she raised her right hand and held it flat above her head. Her new classmates burst out laughing. "That's sort of how school went for me," Gill says. "I was a bit of a fish out of water."

The summer after second grade, she decided to make some money. She sold drawings to neighbors for a dime apiece and picked raspberries behind her family's home on Clark Point Road to sell at the Claremont Hotel. "Every week, I'd add up my earnings, go across the street to the pier, and buy as many

lobsters and crabs as I could," she recalls. "Then, I'd very proudly walk them down to the end of the pier — the lobstermen standing there watching probably thought this was pretty amusing — and I'd drop them back into the harbor."

Now, some 40 years later, Gill owns Charlotte's Legendary Lobster Pound. In 2011, she took over a dilapidated former ice cream stand, a few miles beyond downtown Southwest Harbor, on the way to Acadia National Park's Seawall Campground. As a kid, she used to go there for scoops and to play in the adjacent field. Once she started selling lobster rolls there — regular size and foot-long — she decked out the midcentury shack in a jumble of red and white and stocked it with hula-hoops, squirt guns, and wiffle-ball equipment, plus stick horses and real pet goats. The yoga mats stacked out back are for picnicking or for yoga. "I tell people that if you could view this place from

# Profiles 35,000 or More - Silver

## Arizona Highways – Esther Henderson & Chuck Abbott

### ESTHER HENDERSON & CHUCK ABBOTT

BY MATT JAFFE

**T**HIS IS THE STORY OF THE DANCER AND THE COWBOY — a romance for the ages, set against the widescreen splendor of an untamed Arizona.

In a word, photographer Esther Henderson was plucky — good at pretty much anything she set out to do. But no single word could capture the character of her husband, Chuck Abbott, a man who spent his first 48 years seeking opportunity, from Hawaii to war-torn Europe, before finally finding the love of his life one day in Tucson.

They would go on to become the first couple of Arizona photography, traveling for weeks at a time on rugged, rutted roads, from stands of aspens in the San Francisco Peaks to expanses of sand dunes in the desert along the Colorado River. They were forever in search of that ephemeral moment when light could transform land into art.

“We took everything, every season, under every lighting condition, every direction, north, south, east and west,” Esther said.

In the parlance of romantic comedies, theirs was a “meet-cute,” that moment when a couple-to-be first encounter each other in an implausible or amusing manner. Not that Esther was in a laughing mood when Chuck first came calling.

She stood just 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Weighed barely a nickel over 100 pounds. But Esther could be plenty tough. And she wasn't at all pleased when Tucson businessman Roy Drachman hired Abbott, an outsider from Palm Springs, to photograph for the Tucson Sunshine Climate Club, a booster organization.

Drachman had insisted to Esther that any work related to the club needed to be done locally. Now he had imported a photographer from California, of all places. “She called on me and raised the devil about

month: “To Miss Esther Henderson of Tucson are we again indebted for our Christmas covers.” Editor Raymond Carlson wrote in the December 1942 issue of *Arizona Highways*. “It was she, you will remember, who supplied the color study from which our cover of Christmas, 1939, was made... San Xavier Mission. The subject of our cover this month is [the] San Francisco Peaks.”

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** Esther Henderson once joked that after meeting her future husband, Chuck Abbott, she decided that “it might be pretty nice to have a man carry the equipment and drive the car.”



“My wife once said to me that photography consisted of fifty percent Providence, fifty percent good equipment, fifty percent leg work and two percent brains.

I replied that you could only have one hundred percent in a whole. ‘That’s what I mean,’ she said. ‘It takes more than the most to get a good picture.’”

— CHUCK ABBOTT



# Profiles 35,000 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways – The Fate of Flight 1380



# Reader Service Article

# Reader Service Article - Bronze

## Adirondack Life – Open All Night



**D**eep woods in the Adirondacks, where nature rules, the experience is immersive, authentic and out of our ordinary realm. We crave this solitude, the trees and peaks that surround us, the elements—rain, sunshine, snow—that dictate just how our adventure will unfold. Still, an overnight or even a brief respite, maybe a snack or a nap, in one of our park's signature three-sided log structures somehow completes the experience. Call it lean-to love.

And there are lots to love: New York State Department of Environmental Conservation maintains nearly 250 lean-tos in the Adirondack Park.

So-called open camps date back to the first Native American hunters and gatherers responding to the challenging Adirondack climate. Shelters made of branches and bark could be erected quickly or made well enough to stand for several seasons. Key to comfort was an open front, where the campfire gave heat and light; by the 1800s, guides and woodsmen were crafting more permanent slanted-roof shanties from hemlock, spruce, fir and cedar logs. Tents and tarps, though portable, were less desirable for camping; they were claustrophobic, often dark, frequently damp. Beyond the backcountry, push lean-tos became fixtures at Great Camps, where thick beds of balsam boughs and bespoke hearths lulled the roughing-it gentry into gentle slumber.

The first few public lean-tos were built in the 1920s on what is now the Northville-Placid Trail. In the 1930s, as part of its mission to encourage outdoor recreation, the state Conservation Department went on a building spree, creating lean-tos along more hiking trails and waterways, with Civilian Conservation Corps members wielding the axes and swinging the hammers. Many lean-to sites were chosen then, with generations of replacements arising from the same stone corners. In the 1970s, dictated by the State Land Master Plan, high-elevation lean-tos were removed as well as some too close to water's edge.

Lean-to love lives on. You can help support these iconic structures through Adirondack Mountain Club's Adopt-a-Lean-to program ([www.adk.org](http://www.adk.org)), where volunteers visit their shelters for cleaning and repairs, or the Adirondack 46ers' Lean2Rescue (on Facebook), which raises money and finds help to rehab lean-tos.

# Reader Service Article - Silver

## Cottage Life – An outside job

in

In 2000, two psychologists conducted a field experiment in an upscale grocery store in Menlo Park, Cal. Over two Saturdays, they displayed Wilkin & Sons (Purveyors to Her Majesty the Queen) jams for shoppers to sample and buy. Every hour, the selection switched up from six jams to 24 jams and back again. Think about that: 24 jams of jam, all different. If you timed your shopping right, you'd see so many more exotic fruit jams, more new flavour combinations, more jams that would make thoughtful thank-you gifts for your cat sitter. With so many choices, the ideal jam purchase would surely be on that table.

But, what the experiment showed is that you're actually less likely to buy when you have so many options, and you'll feel less satisfied with your shopping experience.

Choosing siding for your cottage, whether it's for a new building or to replace old siding, can be as overwhelming as buying jam in Menlo Park. There's more than a lot of choice, there's what psychologists call "overchoice." There are different materials—wood, vinyl, composites, and others—all formed and finished in different profiles, textures, and colours. Some seem to be one thing, but are in fact another: fibre-cement panels that look like cedar shakes, cedar shakes that install like tongue and grooves, composites that look like stone.

Modern siding isn't intended to create a completely watertight, airtight skin around your building. Each overlapping piece of siding sheds water onto the piece below. But if a little moisture does get behind the siding—when the wind drives the rain sideways, for example—tiny gaps between pieces allow moisture to drain and evaporate. That's why it's

### KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

#### CAULKING

Always use the specific type of caulking the manufacturer recommends, and buy the best—which is often the most expensive—says home inspector Marc Thibodeau. "Spending three times as much on caulking is better than caulking three times as often." Then follow the siding installation instructions, and add inspecting and recaulking your siding to your maintenance checklist.

#### CLEANING

Thibodeau advises against using a pressure washer to clean your siding. There are so many gaps in any siding, you'll force water behind the surface.

"All you need is a good brush and some mildewcide soap." If you work on a cool, overcast day you'll have time to hose everything off before the cleaning solution dries.

#### REFINISHING

On south- and west-facing walls, where the UV is harshest and seasonal movement is greatest, you'll first see signs of aging in wood

siding's finish. Sand or scrape first to remove loose material, then clean the surface as above. Use a high-quality, fade-resistant finish; it will save you work in the long run. Before their backyard wedding in 2011, home inspector Tara Godwin and her fiancé retained most of their wood siding, except for a couple of walls the guests wouldn't see. "It just wasn't a priority then," she says, laughing. "After we finally got around to it last year, you could not tell the difference between what we stained then and what we did eight years ago. There are some very good products now."

#### TRIMMING

Even though people want a cottage to feel integrated in nature, says Godwin, "the best way to extend any siding's life is to keep vegetation away from it." Cutting back the forest, just a little, prevents damage from moving branches, helps damp areas dry out, and discourages pest infiltration. "And you'll have better fire resistance," she says.

Pricing listed is approximate and will vary with region, quantity, and retailer, and does not include accessories and installation.

## four more options

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR UNIQUE COTTAGE SIDING, TRY THESE MATERIALS

### 1 POLYPROPYLENE CLADDING

A cousin of vinyl, using a different plastic and a different process (it's molded, not extruded) for much crisper, deeper detailing. More impact-resistant and more expensive too. Stacked Stone by Tondo (\$180-\$19.20 per sq. ft.)

### 2 INSULATED VINYL

Stiff foam backing on vinyl siding adds rigidity and impact resistance, plus a modest insulation boost of R-2 to R-2.5. On its own, that's not enough to winterize a place. Ruk-mend Ultra by Rayven (\$4.30 per sq. ft.)

### 3 SHOU SUGI BAN

Centuries ago, the Japanese began carefully charring the surface of wood to make it water-, insect-, and fire-resistant. Crafting the silky black surface takes great skill; don't let just any blowtorch-waving contractor near your cedar siding. Kind Cedar-Dark Char by South Pury Lumber (\$72.00 per sq. ft.)

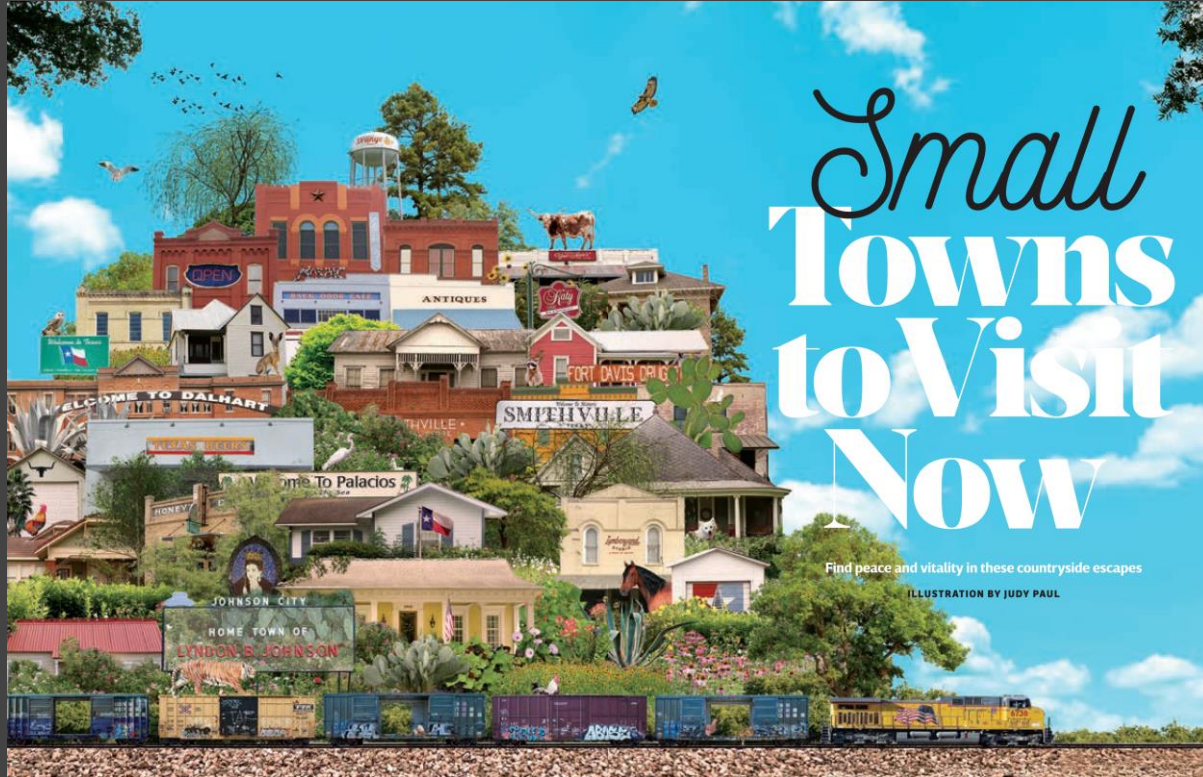
### 4 METAL

Low-maintenance and 100-year-old, aluminum siding is still around, though its tendency to dent and chalk has reduced its popularity. Steel siding—in panels similar to steel roofing or in shingle-like pieces—is very durable, but you'll probably need a pro to install it. Hias Frank Gehry retired yet? Seamless Steel by Ply Gem (\$4.55-\$4.85 per sq. ft.)



# Reader Service Article - Gold

## Texas Highways – Small Towns to Visit



Hed & Dek

# Hed & Dek - Silver

## Texas Highways – Hairy, Very; Capture a little Bigfoot in Jefferson

DRIVE | SOUVENIR

### Hairy, Very

Capture a little Bigfoot  
in Jefferson

By Clayton Maxwell

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**“I**f there were a Sasquatch in Texas, he’d be here,” says Angie, a tour guide at Johnson’s Ranch Marina in Upton, as she steers a mud boat through the cypress-draped misty waters of Caddo Lake. “But there are some great hunters around here, so he’d probably end up mounted on somebody’s wall.”

The lore around Sasquatch in these parts of East Texas is so compelling that for some, the furry, hulking creature also known as Bigfoot is as good as real. At the Shady Glade Cafe in nearby Karnack, a popular greasy spoon with a boat dock on the edge of Caddo Lake, diners can dig into a 16-ounce bacon-topped Sasquatch Burger on a jalapeño bun with fries for \$13.99 while admiring Sasquatch decor, like a sign that cautions: “Please don’t feed the Sasquatch.”

There have been so many reports of Sasquatch sightings in this region that Carey Heaster Jr., a past mayor of Jefferson, located about 18 miles northwest of Caddo Lake, proclaimed the city the Bigfoot Capital of Texas. Jefferson deserves the title: It hosts the Texas Bigfoot Conference, an event the Texas Bigfoot Research Center sponsors, bringing together more than 300 true believers to compare theories and sightings. Just across the street from the Jefferson Convention and Visitors Bureau, a 5-foot Bigfoot sculpture with menacing red eyes stands guard at the entrance to the Port Jefferson History and Nature Center’s 1.1-mile walking trail along Big Cypress Bayou. Keep your eyes out on the trail: There are reportedly a couple of real Bigfoots hidden among the thickets.

Last summer, I stopped by the convention and visitors bureau, where I purchased a mini-Sasquatch to have and to hold for \$5. “I can’t say Bigfoot’s real,” says Danielle Egenmann of the visitors bureau. “But a lot of people do come to the conference with records of their sightings. Who’s to say? I keep an open mind.” As a sign at the Shady Glade Cafe implores: Don’t Stop Believing. ■

# Hed & Dek - Gold

## Arizona Highways – Great Balls of Fire

### GREAT BALLS of FIRE

Considered by many to be "the mother of all peppers," chiltepinas are the only chiles native to Arizona. They grow wild; they look like miniature, red Christmas tree ornaments; and, man, are they ever hot.



**C**HILTEPIN PEPPERS are tiny things. Almost cute. They're invariably described as "pea-sized," but they appear even smaller than that. Shining in the sun on a December afternoon and brightening their shrubs with pixels of red, the chiltepinas resemble minuscule Christmas tree ornaments.

I'm examining the ripe chiles on a chiltepin bush at the conservation center for Native Seeds/SEARCH, the Tucson-based organization dedicated to preserving stocks of seeds from indigenous Sonoran Desert plants. Kevin Dahl — a Native Seeds board member until recently, and the organization's executive director before that — has brought me here on a meandering tour around Tucson to better acquaint me with what many people call "the mother of all peppers." The chiltepin is the only chile native to Arizona, and Dahl says it's considered the closest wild relative to domesticated chiles.

To truly know the chiltepin, you have to eat one fresh, straight off the plant. But considering these chiles' fiery reputation, I hesitate before taking the first bite. Diminutive though they may be, chiltepinas inspire respect bordering on rever-

ence for their smoky flavor and fiery kick.

In my younger and less vulnerable years, I was an adherent to the philosophy that it's not a real meal unless you break out in a sweat. My father served in India, China and Burma during World War II,

and returned with a penchant for hot foods. As the first wave of Thai and Indian restaurants came to our Chicago neighborhood in the 1970s, he introduced the family to the sublime pleasures of dishes prepared with Thai and Kashmiri chile peppers. There was no higher praise around the table than the assessment: "It's really, really hot. But good."

Over the years, just as my vertical leap lost the fundamental element of verticality itself, my tolerance for extremely hot foods has also gradually dwindled. I've become the anti-Anthony Bourdain: increasingly timid around unfamiliar, spicy dishes.

But last year, while studying a map of Southern Arizona, I noticed a location called the Wild Chile Botanical Area in the Tumacacori Highlands, near Nogales. Growing as far south as Central America and northern South America, chiltepinas reach the northern limit of their natural range in the U.S.

BY MATT JAFFE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STEEN



Mexico borderlands; in fact, Arizona is the farthest north that wild chiles are found anywhere in the world. Twenty years ago, Native Seeds/SEARCH worked with the U.S. Forest Service to establish the botanical area as a genetic reserve to protect, among other things, the largest concentration of chiltepin plants in the United States.

Before discovering the wild chile area, I'd never heard of chiltepinas by name, but in retrospect, I had seen them many times. They're the little dried or pickled chiles you see in jars at some of Southern Arizona's traditional Mexican restaurants. Chiltepinas become ubiquitous once you cross the border into Sonora, and some studies suggest that people in Mexico have eaten chiltepinas for nearly 10,000 years.

There's an oft-quoted bit of Tarahumara tribal lore that says, "The man who does not eat chile is immediately suspected of being a sootweaver." I'm more saucier than sootweaver, and my curiosity finally gets the best of me. The chile puts up the slightest resistance as I pluck it from the plant. Then I take a nibble, biting the chiltepin in half and exposing a cross section that reveals the seeds that harbor so much of the heat.

Dahl will have none of it. "You're cheating," he says.

Prompted by his taunt, I tackle the rest of the chiltepin. How do you describe "hot"? What's the opposite of "numb"? The chiltepin's burn immediately spreads through my mouth,

intensifying as it goes. The ripe fruit is much hotter than its dried form, and just as I'm starting to wonder when peak chiltepin will be reached, the sensation starts to mellow. Even so, a noticeable heat lingers, from my lips all the way down to the roots of my teeth.

For a few minutes, as my nose runs, I feel like I'm glowing from within. That bite of chiltepin is a concentrated blast of the Sonoran Desert itself: what the sun, the earth, just enough water and some hungry birds can produce.

**B**ACK IN 1912, a pharmacologist named Wilbur Scoville took it upon himself to quantify the intensity of capsaicin, the chemical compound that gives chiles their heat. Working for a pharmaceutical company, Scoville was interested in salves, not salsa, and wanted to calculate the proper concentration of capsaicin for a topical painkiller his company produced. He developed the Scoville Organoleptic Test, a process that measures the intensity of chiles by ranking them in Scoville heat units, or SHU.

Coming in at a scorching 2 million or more SHU, the Carolina reaper, a cultivar, is currently ranked as the world's hottest pepper, although an ongoing chile arms race to develop even more scorching peppers perpetually threatens to topple it from the throne. Meanwhile, there's a whole subgenre of YouTube



Essay

# Essay - Bronze

## Adirondack Life – Rebel Love



### REBEL LOVE

*A Friends Lake tragedy brings out the kindness of strangers*

BY KRISTIN VAN OGTRUP

**SOMETIMES WHEN WE HAVE** nothing else to argue about, my husband, three sons and I debate which of our dogs has been the smartest. Over the past 15 years we have owned four: all Labrador retrievers released as puppies from Guiding Eyes for the Blind, made available for adoption as pets when, at eight weeks of age, they failed to demonstrate the exact mix of measurable traits needed to succeed as service dogs. When the members of my family debate which of our four would-be guide dogs was the smartest—well, Rebel's name just never comes up.

A longtime Lab owner once told me that there is an expression: you train a black Lab with a newspaper, a yellow Lab with a stick, and a chocolate

Lab with a brick. Whoever came up with that never met Rebel, a dimwitted black pup with shining, depthless eyes—alien eyes, my sons called them, because they came of age in an iPhone world and Rebel's eyes did bear a funny resemblance to those of the alien emoji. We brought Rebel home four days before Christmas in 2015 and found that what he lacked in brains, he made up for in heart, or at least in the narcissistic belief that there was nothing a person could ever want more than to have him plop down on your lap, your knees, your feet. His general willingness, his malleability, was something we both marveled at and pitied. You could sit in a chair and pull him onto your lap, with his back against your thighs, and he'd remain belly up, perfectly still. You could take hold of his front legs and pull him around and around the kitchen island, his back legs splayed like he was a spatchcocked chicken. You could put medicinal eyedrops in his eyes or antibiotic ointment on his chin or give him a brisk shampoo in the cold water of the backyard hose and he would

just stand there, making occasional eye contact, waiting for it to be over. Oh, Rebel. If character is fate, then he stayed in character until the end. He never became a service dog, but he ultimately did provide a service, just not the one anybody expected. In his dopeyness, in his trust, and in his mysterious demise, he confirmed that the Labrador retriever's worldview—strangers are simply friends you haven't met yet—can spread to other species too. And that in every tragedy, large or small, there are moments of remarkable grace.

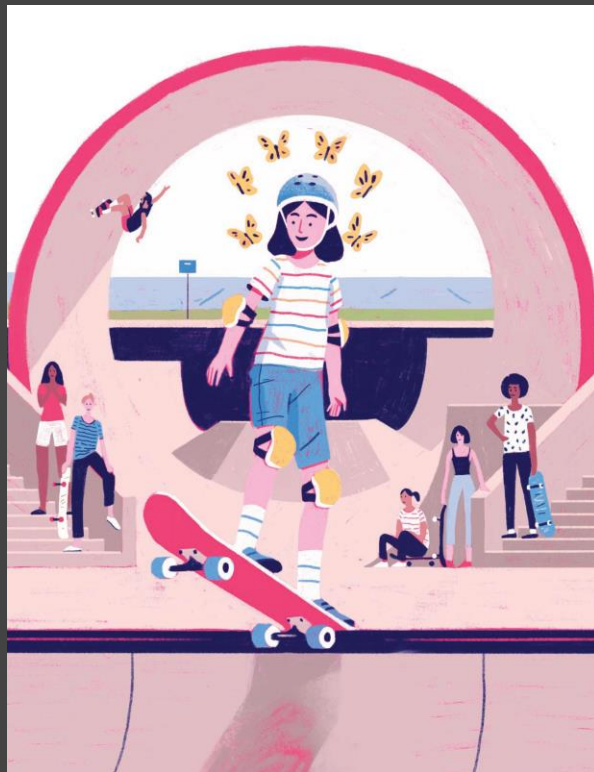
**OUR HOUSE ON FRIENDS LAKE** sits high on a steep slope and, on most holidays, is crammed full of people and dogs. During Christmas of 2016, there were 15 of us in the little house. My family of five, my sister's family of four, our two parents, and a dog quarter: Rebel, our older Lab Iggy, and my sister's two golden retrievers. December 31 was a gray Saturday, and our group was scattered; some were skiing at Gore Mountain, some were running errands, some were on the lake, where the younger kids had made a small hockey rink. They were smacking the puck around when my husband headed out with Iggy and Rebel for a walk. The lake—an imperfect 440-acre oval—was dotted with cross-country skiers; ice fishermen huddled on stools; and larger packs of skaters, some with impressively big rinks. And dogs, on and off leash. Dogs everywhere, because in the Adirondacks, of course, everyone has a dog.

I had gone with my eldest son to Price Chopper in Warrensburg to buy cheese for fondue and wine for New Year's Eve and black-eyed peas for Hoppin' John, which I planned to make later that day—our annual tradition, to ensure that we would have good luck in the coming year. As I stood in the canned food aisle, searching for black-eyed peas, my husband called. "Will you come home as soon as you can?" he asked, an edge in his voice. "I can't find Rebel."

ILLUSTRATION BY KRISTINA IVANOGROP

# Essay - Silver

## Texas Highways – Have Board, Will Travel



OPEN ROAD | ESSAY

### Have Board, Will Travel

Dropping in at the largest public skate park in the country

By Bret Anthony Johnston

The drive from Austin to Houston is marked by undulant pastures, vibrant swaths of wildflowers, and if you know where to look, a scattering of public skate parks. Pierce Park in Taylor is a surreal moonscape not unlike a cement-covered golf course. In Rockdale, the skate park features a fiber-glass disc, like a giant blue tea saucer, rumored to have been salvaged from a defunct wave pool in San Marcos. Brenham is home to Freeman's Park, a set of converted tennis courts anchored by prefabricated ramps and rails. The proliferation of these parks—let alone that they were built with public funds—shows how drastically the Lone Star State's relationship with skateboarding has changed in the last couple of decades. But the biggest change, and I do mean biggest, is near Spring, south of the Woodlands off Interstate 45. There resides the North Houston Skate Park, a \$6.5 million behemoth that reigns as the largest public skate park in the country. That's where I'm heading. In many ways, I've been on this road for over 30 years, since I was 14 and just learning to skate.

Illustration: Ryan Johnson

I WAS BORN AND RAISED IN SOUTH TEXAS. I grew up catching snakes, eating Whataburger, and listening to Waylon, Willie, and the boys. I had not snuck into a matinee of *Back to the Future*, there's a mighty fine chance I would have grown up to be a large-animal veterinarian. But seeing Marty McFly hold onto a Jeep's bumper while riding his skateboard awoke a profound and unprecedented longing, the inchoate sense that my life was about to open up. Upon leaving the theater, I sold my bicycle to a neighbor kid and used the money to buy my first skateboard. Riding behind cars—technically called “skitching” “skate” “hitching”—was less thrilling than I'd imagined, but the simple feeling of four urethane wheels rolling under my feet was liberating. From my first ride, I couldn't get enough. When I'm skating, the world and all of its trendy distractions, digital diversions, and petty complications fall away. There's a Zen-like liberation that comes with the intense focus that skating requires, a disconnecting that can feel, forgive me, wholly transcendent. Skateboarding is neither sport nor art. It's a path, a perspective, and a practice—a habit of being.

But in the 1980s, it wasn't exactly super cool being a skater in Texas. Bead. Any thinking person would opt for a glassy case of halitosis. Who despised me most—teachers or cheerleaders, security guards or business owners, jocks or kickers—depended on the day. I still listened to Willie and Waylon, but I was also getting into punk, hip-hop, and hardcore, genres that weren't in heavy rotation on Corpus Christi's few radio stations. I wore baseball caps backward and clothes five sizes too big. My skate buddies and I stole plywood (often campaign billboards) to build janky ramps, and we

NOVEMBER 2019 13

# Essay - Gold

## Arizona Highways – Prayers for Snow





Column

# Column - Merit

## Louisiana Life – From the Editor

FROM THE EDITOR



*P.S. Be sure to check out stories with the Earth icon at the top left of the page. Each of these pieces is about the conservation and preservation of Louisiana's natural and manmade resources and important places.*

### 'LAKE CHARLES,' THE SONG

BY ERROL LABORDE

**I AM WILLING TO ACCEPT THAT THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS IN LIFE THAT I DON'T KNOW.** What bothers me however, is the things that I don't know, but everyone else seems to know. As I stood near the front door of a French Quarter art gallery recently, I feared that I was experiencing one of those occasions.

Because there was an opening of a new exhibit the gallery owners tried to make the moment more festive by serving wine and providing a guitar duet. The music of the two, Carmela Rappazzo and Mark Carroll, was bluesy country. I liked their sound but there was one song in particular that just stopped me cold. It was both beautiful and melancholy. Through the crowd noise I thought I heard key words such as, Lake Charles, Lafayette, Baton Rouge and Lake Ponchartrain.

Here was that dreaded "probably everyone knows this but me" moment. What is the name of that song, I asked the duo, "Lake Charles" Carmela responded. And who recorded it? "Lucinda Williams." The song was released in 1998. That might have been the year when I was working undercover in Azerbaijan spying on the Russians, or, it might have been when I did a year-long spacewalk for NASA. I don't remember which, but somehow I missed the song which was released as part of an album called "Car Wheels on A Gravel Road." Last November, Williams embarked upon a 20th anniversary tour to celebrate the album's release. Williams was born in Lake Charles but has travelled many roads, gravely and otherwise. She is often described as having a gravelly voice, which puts some punctuation to the melancholy of her songs. In a sense her music is her gravel road.

"Lake Charles," the song, is about a former boyfriend of hers, Clyde Woodward, who died long after they had split but who still had an emotional tug. He was from Texas but always wanted to claim Lake Charles as his special place. (According to one story, because of a fondness for crawfish.)

There is more to love in Lake Charles than just what comes from ponds. On a nice day the lakefront can be a delightful place as the sun sets over the Sabine river. On football nights the crowd ways as the McNeese State band plays a marching version of its fight song, and the Cajun anthem, "Jole Blonde." Natchez Creole walk spind south into Cameron parish on the way to the crashing waves of the gulf. Lake Charles has its character, but it has also has a mixed identity. It is too east to be Texas and too west to be Cajun country. It is a place where pirates once hid and where cultures blend. It also gave the world Lucinda Williams, one of country music's most soulful song writers, and the memories of Clyde.

At the edge of town is the Calcasieu River Bridge, which is best known for the artistic pirate pistols that are part of the grid work on the bridge's siding. It was from there that Woodward's ashes were dispersed.

*Now your soul is in Lake Charles  
No matter what they say  
Did an angel whisper in your ear  
And told you close and take away your fear*

Our cover story is about a highway, not a gravelly road but one that once linked New Orleans to Winnipeg Canada. Roads are a great source of metaphors about longing and discovering. They can also figure into matters of the heart creating a sentiment that is often best expressed through a song.

*Errol Laborde*

FROM THE EDITOR

### HOME OF THE HAYRIDE

BY ERROL LABORDE

**STANDING ON THE STAGE AT SHREVEPORT'S LEGENDARY MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM,** Winmon Hall, a musician and tour guide with a passion for the city's music legacy, points to a spot on the floor, right up from in the center. The auditorium is empty this afternoon, but the imagination quickly fills the seats as though it is Saturday night of yesteryear as radio station KWKH staged its weekly "Louisiana Hayride" broadcast.

Hall fills in the rest by playing a soundtrack from October 16, 1954, when the announcer introduces a young man from Mississippi named Elvis Presley. After assuring the crowd that he was proud to be there Presley launches into a song called "That's Alright Momma." And then — from that very spot on the stage — the world changes. Really. Because the concert is being broadcast, microphones were set up throughout the audience section. The sound technician quickly noticed that something different was happening. Teenagers, who had been dragged along by their parents to hear a country music show, suddenly seem possessed.

Turning the sound pods the technician integrates screaming, unlike anything ever heard into the song. Through the woods and hills of northeastern Louisiana and into Arkansas and east Texas the airwaves are raucous, as though sending a message that a king is born. Only two years earlier, also in October, young Hank Williams stood on that same spot. Nobody reached hearts (whether they were, "Cheating" or "Cold, Cold") better than him. In Louisiana his hit, "Jambalaya" was as hot as a crawfish pie. On that October night it was announced that Williams had just been given a contract (thought modest) to regularly appear on the "Hayride." It might have been a long and blissful life together except that Williams' life ended on Jan. 1, 1953. He was found in the backseat of a car in West Virginia, possibly the victim of a painkiller overdose.

Hall argues that Shreveport has such a rich music legacy that it should have a Music museum. Being the birthplace of the early blues singer known as "Leadbelly" justifies some enshrinement. (Shreveport and neighboring Bossier City on the other side of the Red River qualified for our list in this issue of the state's desirable places to retire. Certainly, a lazy day on the Red River with the latest listening device tuned to the songs from the city's legacy could cure the blues.)

Having been completed in 1929, the old auditorium is now a spry 90 years old. It has lost some of its Art Deco good looks and still houses travelling road shows. Like any respectable old building it is also haunted by ghost stories though neither Hall nor a regular staffer who joined us claim to have ever seen an apparition there. (Although—there is a window that seems to keep reopening after being shut.) Maybe it is the spirits from the past hoping for a matinee.

*Errol Laborde*

# Column - Bronze

## Arizona Highways - Editor's Letter

editor's  
LETTER



the same place on this magazine's masthead, many decades of continental drift have made my world very different from his. I suppose some things are better in the 21st century, most of them because of Steve Jobs, but the stature of the position has changed. In the 1950s, being the editor of *Arizona Highways* carried the respect of a nobleman. And the queue of visitors was impressive. Like the line outside Sinatra's dressing room.

"Raymond and his wife, Helen, were one of the most beautiful and charming couples in Phoenix," said Gary Avey, a former editor. "They knew how to party, and their circle of friends included the best-known and most talented people in the country."

If you happened to see our June issue, you know about Raymond Carlson's friendship with Ted DeGrazia, the famous artist from Tucson. Ansel Adams was another good friend. And so was Frank Lloyd Wright. Their friendship is my connection. Sitting in Mr. Carlson's chair, and rifling through old papers, I get to see another side of the architect. Glimpses of benevolence that contradict the persona of arrogance. Like the time he designed a home for one of his closest friends.

"I'd heard that my wife and I had just bought a plot of land," Mr. Carlson said. "He asked if there was anything he could do to help, and I told him that I couldn't afford his fee. He sat there tapping his cane, and then he smiled. 'I have two prices,' he said. 'I either charge a hell of a lot. Or I charge nothing.'"

The benefits of being a nobleman.

By the time it was finished, "the Carlson House cost \$15,000," Frank Lloyd Wright wrote in 1950, "including the architect's fee of 10 percent. It is so finely built I am giving half my fee to the builder as a reward of merit. The rest of the fee goes to Raymond himself to help furnish his artistic little gem of a house."

And so he did.

Among the most interesting features of what's now known as the "Raymond Carlson House" is the dumbwaiter the Carlsons used to move their parrots up and down the house's three stories. "As a kid, I spent an entire summer entrusted to teach their parrots (Polly and Gonzales) to talk," Gary Avey said. "By September, I had a few good bite scars and developed a fondness for crackers. The birds, however, remained mute."

Or so he thought.

Mixed in with the old papers is a story by Ben Raeburn, who published the complete works of Frank Lloyd Wright. As the story goes, Mr. Wright asked Gene Masselink, his longtime secretary, to drive him into Phoenix for a late appointment. After dinner, Mr. Wright said, "Let's drop in on the Carlsons." When they got to the house, it was dark inside, except for a night

light upstair in the bedroom.

The front door was unlocked, so the two men walked in and went to the living room. "Let's not disturb them," the architect whispered. And then he started looking around. "This room doesn't look right," he said, as he took off his coat. First he moved a chair. Then a table and some lamps. He wasn't done, though. He even moved the piano. About the only thing he didn't touch was the birdcage, because the parrots seemed to be asleep.

"Mrs. Carlson told me that upon hearing strange noises down in the living room, she woke Raymond, who promptly turned over and went back to sleep," Mr. Raeburn said. "She then stole quietly to the top of the stairs. Because her hair was in curlers, she didn't want to be seen, even by burglars. As she peered down, she noticed, to her great delight, that Frank Lloyd Wright was



A perspective of the Raymond Carlson House, designed in 1950. Pencil and colored pencil on tracing paper, 32 x 36 inches. Copyright © 1999 Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, Scottsdale, AZ. All rights reserved. The Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation Archives (The Museum of Modern Art | Avery Architectural & Fine Arts Library, Columbia University, New York)

in her living room, rearranging the furniture." When he was finished, Mr. Wright took a look at his handiwork and said, "I guess we've done it. Gene. Let's go home." As they were headed to the door, they heard a voice say, "Good night." In response, Mr. Wright took off his hat, bowed gallantly and said, "Good night, Mrs. Carlson." Later he learned that the voice wasn't hers — it came from one of the parrots.

The next day, a delivery truck pulled up in front of the Carlsons' home. Turns out, Mr. Wright wasn't quite finished. In the truck was a "magnificently beautiful rug" for the Carlsons' living room.

The benefits of being a nobleman.

ROBERT STEVE, EDITOR

Follow me on Instagram: @arizonahighways

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL MARROW

editor's  
LETTER

We're not supposed to say goodbye, because goodbye, in the words of J.M. Barrie, means going away, and going away means forgetting. That won't happen with us, though. To forget Barb would be like forgetting the sound of children laughing. Or the smell of fresh-baked bread. Or how to breathe. We'll never forget, but we're not ready to say goodbye yet, either. It came on too soon.

In the masthead, Barbara Glynn Denney is listed as our creative director. And she is — for one more issue. But she's also our dear mother, our fulcrum and our favorite subject. She's the atomic nucleus of the editorial department. And we swirl around her like electrons. We even eat lunch outside her office door. At a long, narrow table of Perennials called *Le Rêve d'Art*. Barb named it. At some point before I showed up, I don't know if she's fluent in French, or if she even speaks the language, but she drops in a few French phrases every now and then. And she definitely knows the difference between a Chateau LaFite Rothschild and Two-Buck Chuck. I suppose I should have asked her about her love for the language of love. I've had plenty of time. This is our 151st issue together — we've been making music longer than *The Beatles*. There wouldn't have been any collaboration at all, however. If it weren't for Barb.

When I was being considered for the role of editor, our publisher at the time thought it would be a good idea to get the endorsement of the magazine's creative director. So Barb and I met for breakfast at Park Central Mall in Phoenix, at a place called The Good Egg. It was a blind date. To test our chemistry, I don't remember too much about the conversation. There was small talk, which got even smaller when she told me about her mission — it was pushing 200,000 miles. We must have talked about editorial philosophy, too, but I can't be sure. More than anything, I remember being drawn to her. And thinking: She seems so normal. I've never worked with a designer who won't be a *hardcore nonconformist*. I wonder if she's any good.

The answer came quickly. Barb is the best. The very best. And *Arizona Highways* has been the beneficiary of her tremendous talent for a long time. Her dynamic name first appeared in the magazine as "deputy art director" in June 1986. She says she didn't work on that issue. Or the next one. But in August 1986, she designed the front cover and the cover story, a piece about rafting the Grand Canyon. It's a beautiful layout with a dozen images, clean lines, nice type treatment and just enough white space. Her debut was impressive. Like Eva Marie Saint in *On the Waterfront*.

After making her mark in that August issue, there were hundreds of covers and layouts, several redesigns, and a minivan full of national magazine awards. What's more, her tenure in the art department is second only to that of the legendary George Avey.

As a percentage, I've had the privilege of partnering with Barb on more than half of her 285 issues. And that's when an collaborative director relationship is. It's a partnership. Or maybe it's more like a marriage, where,



over time, you learn to finish each other's sentences. Barb and I have that. She's masterful at extracting the abstract thoughts from the right side of my brain and turning them into magazines. I've been blessed. And spoiled. I worry about life without her, even though I know we'll be in good hands — great hands — when Keith Whitney assumes the throne in March.

Nevertheless, what does a magazine look like without its atomic nucleus? My French forebears used to say that it's the destiny of glass to break. I think it's true of hearts, too. This sad goodbye is evidence. There are broken pieces scattered all around the editorial department. And beyond.

In *The God Bird*, one of my favorite books is a boy, R.M. Ballantyne wrote: "To part is the lot of all mankind. The world is a scene of constant leave-taking, and the hands that grasp in cordial greeting today, are doomed ere long to unite for the last time, when the quivering lips pronounce the word 'farewell.'"

It came on too soon, but I guess it's time.

Adieu, Madame Glynn Denney. Nous t'aimons.

ROBERT STEVE, EDITOR  
Follow me on Instagram: @arizonahighways

ILLUSTRATION BY HEATHER BAILEY

# Column - Silver

## Delaware Beach Life – Treasure Hunting

Exploring coastal Delaware • Treasure Hunting

### Hi Definition

Coastal residents are quick to greet passersby, but the ways we wave say something about us

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY BILL NEWCOTT



Encountering a friendly pedestrian offering a traditional "Delawarean" wave, the polite motorist responds with a 10-Finger Palm Wave.

**A**t first I was a little weirded out. I'd just moved to Delaware — so how did just about everyone here seem to know me?

It didn't matter if I was walking in my new neighborhood, bicycling along the back roads, or even sitting at intersections in my car. Just about every person I encountered ... waved.

I waved back, of course, half expecting the interaction to continue. But no — those folks went on about their business. Sometimes I'd notice them waving to the person behind me, too.

Eventually I just started calling this phenomenon The Delaware Wave. I've lived, in order of appearance, in New York City, northern New Jersey, Los Angeles, Palm Beach, Fla., Washing-

ton, D.C., and Bethesda, Md. Never in any of those places did I find myself being greeted with such jaunty enthusiasm by complete strangers.

I haven't been able to find any academic or historic explanation for it, but I have a theory that has to do with the unique social dynamic of coastal Delaware. Until very recently — and by that I mean just a few decades ago — the area south of Dover was sparsely populated by farmers, the merchants who served them, and the folks who ran the seasonal beach destinations.

In those days, everyone really did know everyone else, and to refrain from waving hello when the fellow from the next farm passed by wasn't just bad form, it could lead to resentment (Why didn't Abner wave to me?), gossip-mongering (Abner must have something to hide), or worse (Abner must die). >

Exploring coastal Delaware • Treasure Hunting

### Making Waves

Nobody knows how wind and ocean water work in tandem, but researchers at a Cape Henlopen lab are trying to figure it out

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL NEWCOTT



Studying the interaction between wind and sea, University of Delaware researcher Fabrice Veron is unraveling the mysteries of hurricanes at his Cape Henlopen lab.

**T**here is nothing more irresistible to me than a sign that reads, in effect, "Keep Out." Without fail — you just know it — there is something absolutely fascinating going on beyond that sign. Even better, there's also probably someone hellbent on keeping you from finding out what that something is.

Much of my career has been spent trying to get past "Keep Out" signs, so you can imagine my delight one recent day in Cape Henlopen State Park when I spotted a large gray building, right

near the fishing pier, with a startling array of signs bearing some of the most fantastic cautions I've ever read: "WARNING! DO NOT ENTER IF THE SIGN IS FLASHING. EXPERIMENT IN PROGRESS."

"VISIBLE AND/OR INVISIBLE LASER RADIATION — AVOID EYE OR SKIN EXPOSURE TO DIRECT OR SCATTERED RADIATION."

So many exclamation marks! This, I told myself, I've got to see.

A far more prosaic sign stands a few feet from the thrillingly ominous ones, identifying the building as something called the Air-Sea Interaction



# Column - Gold

## Texas Highways – Editor's Note

### EDITOR'S NOTE



Enchanted Rock State Natural Area in the Hill Country is one of five Dark Sky Parks in Texas, and one of 54 in the U.S.

### Turn Off the Lights

When my family and I moved to the Dripping Springs area three years ago, I remember noticing a few times that we'd left a light on outside—only to realize that the moon really was that bright in the clear sky. After growing up in the suburbs and living in Houston for years, I'd never imagined I'd be able to see the Milky Way from my back patio. It's one of the best parts of living in a rural area and more than makes up for not being able to get pizza delivered to your house or the spotty Wi-Fi. And though there are times when I wish for a few street lights to illuminate my drive home at night, I appreciate that my young children's most common bedtime stalling tactic is to ask to go look at the stars.

The Hill Country night skies really are something to behold. When people come to visit, it's our favorite thing to show off, even more than the local barbecue and wine trails. Constellations like the Little Dipper, too dim to be seen in the bright lights

of the big cities, are easily discernable. Looking up at the dazzling night is a welcome moment of calm in our overly busy lives.

And when we travel beyond our own backyard to more remote destinations in West or South Texas, the sheer number of bright stars can overwhelm and disorient. In a good way.

**Looking up at the dazzling night is a welcome moment of calm in our overly busy lives.**

Starry skies are a special part of traveling in Texas that I hope is preserved for my children's children and beyond. In our cover feature (Page 34), Marfa-based writer Rachel Monroe delves into the campaign to protect this singular Texas resource. Dark-sky initiatives should be important to every Texan who has proudly clapped four times before shouting, "deep in the heart of Texas."

*Emily R. Stone*

EMILY ROBERTS STONE  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

### EDITOR'S NOTE

### Texas' Gift to the Nation

Seventy-five years ago this summer, the country was gripped by news of the Allied invasion of Nazi-occupied Europe. But even at the height of the conflict, the commander-in-chief could not resist turning his attention, at least for a few minutes, to West Texas. On June 6, 1944, President Roosevelt met with a Texas delegation to discuss the future of what would become Big Bend National Park. Six days later, he signed legislation establishing it, capping a decades-long effort to preserve a state and national treasure.

"It's pretty profound that during the D-Day invasion, when the world's on fire and no one knew what the outcome would be, there were forward-thinking people who knew we would need special places like this once we were through those difficult times," says Tom Vandenberg, the park's chief of interpretation.

In the early 1930s, Texas Ranger and state Rep. Everett Townsend spearheaded efforts to have the land set aside as some kind of park. First called Texas Canyons State Park and renamed Big Bend State Park, almost all of the private land that now makes up the national park was purchased by the state for \$1.5 million in 1942 and gifted to the federal government in late

**"It's pretty profound that during the D-Day invasion, there were forward-thinking people who knew we would need special places like this."**

#### TEXASHIGHWAYS.COM

Visit our all-new website for the latest travel news, statewide event listings, and curated destination guides.

1943. Texans' adoration for the beautifully desolate landscape hasn't faded over the generations. "I've worked in a lot of national parks and the majority of visitors aren't typically from within state, but 70 percent of our visitors are from Texas," Vandenberg explains. "Texans love this place, and many have been here 15 times or more."

New exhibits at the visitors center and interpretative displays debut in May in honor of the milestone anniversary. As a bonus, Vandenberg says the significant rainfall last autumn could make for a particularly glorious wildflower season. Whether it's your first trip or your 15th, don't miss the chance to celebrate Texas' grandest gift.

*Emily R. Stone*

EMILY ROBERTS STONE  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR



The Mesa de Anguila trail, recommended for experienced backpackers, offers exceptional views of Big Bend National Park, which celebrates its 75th anniversary this year.

Writer of the Year 35 or Less

# Nebraska Life – Alan J. Bartels



*The Legend of Hawkeye*  
OLD CARS,  
OLD MONEY  
AND AN  
ENDURING  
MYSTERY  
by Nikl Kourafsky

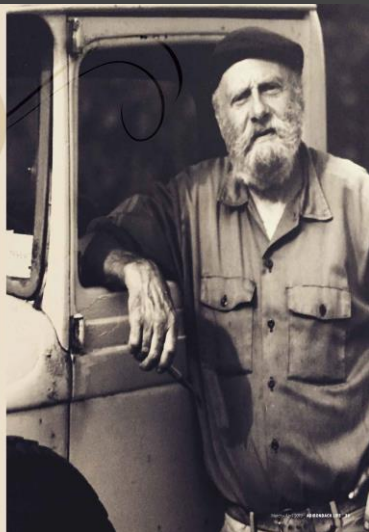


Photo: © Getty Images

**At the time of his death, in 2016, Hawkinson had stashed more than 40 vehicles on his property—a 50-acre spread he referred to as his ranch.**

**CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT:** This 1926 Packard 643; Regis Ebert, one of John Hammond's "everyday-rides," the 1932 American LaFrance fire truck; went back to its original garage—the Saranac Lake Fire Department—after his death. A 1933 REO Speedster formerly owned by Lane Pine kept camp on Gravel Pond; Hammond's homebuilt car, in Saranac Lake. He favored cars and trucks from the late 1920s and early '30s, anything, like, he said, was "junk."

**FACTS AND FICS:** Portrayed by Jon Chodak.





# Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

## Delaware Beach Life – Bill Newcott



Writer of the Year 35 or More

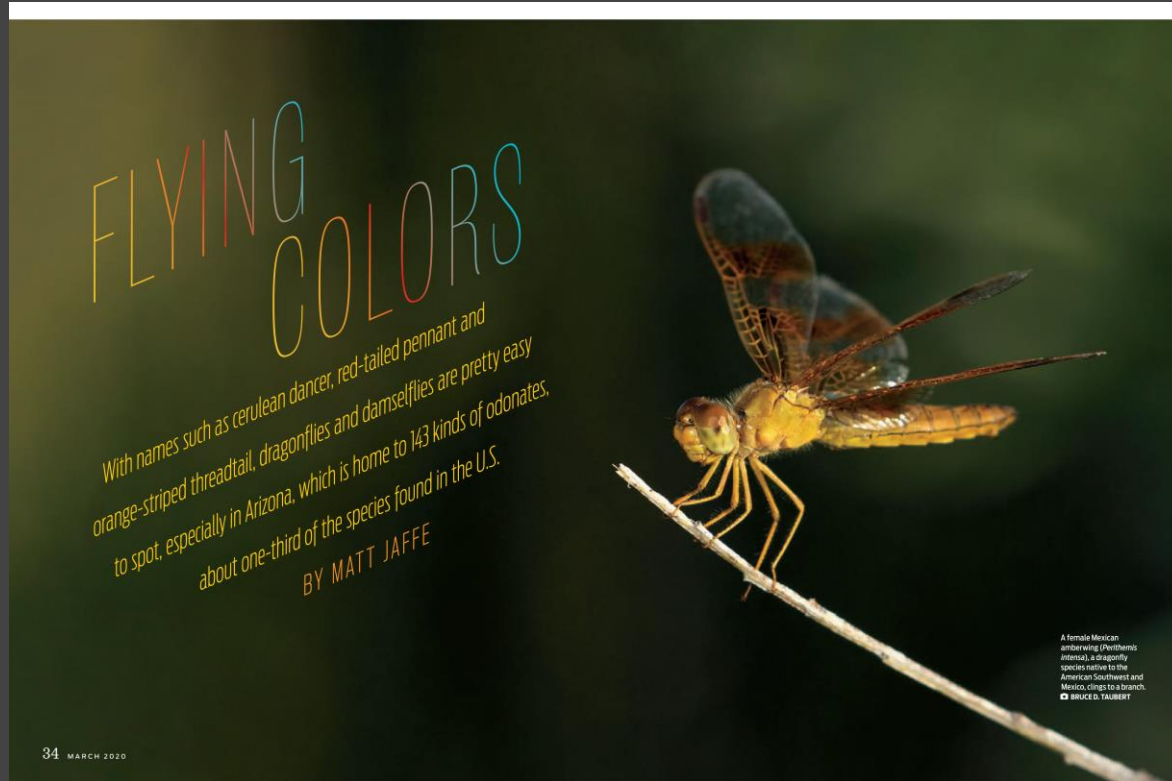
# Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

## Cottage Life – Martin Zibauer



# Writer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

## Arizona Highways – Matt Jaffe



### FLYING COLORS

With names such as cerulean dancer, red-tailed pennant and orange-striped threadtail, dragonflies and damselflies are pretty easy to spot, especially in Arizona, which is home to 143 kinds of odonates, about one-third of the species found in the U.S.

BY MATT JAFFE



# Writer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways - Clayton Maxwell



Single Photo

# Single Photo - Merit

## Mountain Home – Sleepy Screecher

### BACK OF THE MOUNTAIN



### Sleepy Screecher

By Sarah Wagaman

**T**his owl—we call him Mr. Who Who, we presume he is wise, and we think he is a red-phase eastern screech owl—is not troubled by human guests. He took up residence in this old tree near the house, and seems content to rest here until it's time for his next meal. His beautiful cyan-colored eyes are the only part of him that doesn't provide camouflage.

# Single Photo - Bronze

## Texas Highways – Stardust to Starlight





# Single Photo - Silver

## Cottage Life – Hang on to your toque



### How an ice cave gets made

Ice caves, such as this one near Pemberton, B.C., are actually abandoned water channels. Surface meltwater finds its way through a glacier and to the bed, where it flows together, according to Gwynn Flowers, a glaciologist with the department of earth sciences at Simon Fraser University. "The heat generated by friction in the flowing water is enough to melt the ice around it and form these channels," she says. "If the ice is thin, as it is near the edge of a glacier, the channels remain open even after the water flow stops, and air circulates within, further melting the ice." — [The Ice Cave](#)

# Single Photo - Gold

Kansas! – A Rodeo that has a Reputation



Photo Series 35 or Less

# Photo Series 35 or Less – Bronze

## Adirondack Life – Camp Sweet Camp

# CAMP

THE MAGIC OF ADIRONDACK GETAWAYS

# SWEET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARRIE MARIE BURR

# CAMP



The Richards family's dog, Rufus, on Sweet Camp, where he and his family have been for over 100 years.



### THE BIG HOUSE

SINCE 1949

**S**eventy years ago, four girls—two sisters and their best friends—left Queens, New York, for a trip to Uncle Charlie's house in Friends Lake. Late at night and late, they ended up at the Cox family's house. Those girls almost didn't make it to Uncle Charlie's down the road. The Coxes had welcomed the young ladies like family for a week entertaining them and treating them around the lake.

The girls and the Coxes stayed in touch. So in 1960, when the Coxes could no longer keep their Friends Lake property—which included another house by the lake (several barns and a grand old home that had been a stop on the Underground Railroad) were added later—the parents of the sisters who had found each other in Friends Lake bought the place.

Under the Schwalbachs, the spirit of the Big House never left. Here, their family could

escape the heat of the city to a house surrounded by pines and cool water. My mom, Gloria, was one of those sisters who first felt this place's magic in 1949. Eventually, she was bringing her children to Friends Lake.

The day that school was out for summer, my four sisters and I were loaded into the family car for the trip up the New York State Thruway and Route 9. We stayed until the day after Labor Day, when we crissed all the way home.

The place continues to hold our hearts and memories—it's always been there for us. Swimming, water-skiing, fishing, horseback riding and, in winter, skiing at Gore. Lifelong friendships, marriages, babies. One of those babies used the house to study—successfully—for the New York State Bar Exam. We think the house had something to do with it.

The girls, in turn, knew that the Big House needed them. In 2013 renovations began to restore the house to its original glory, to ensure it'll be there to welcome future generations just as it had all those years ago when four young women made that fateful trip from Queens.

—Carol Timpane





# Photo Series 35 or Less - Silver

## Louisiana Life – Classically Louisiana

“BRINGING AN ELDERLY FROM HOME AND BEING TO ADAPT THEM TO THE NEW WORLD OF THE CAFE.”



### LOUISE RICHARD

CHEF/OWNER  
CAFE RESTAURANT

**W**ith no formal training, yet armed with a passion for cooking and hospitality learned from her mother, Louise Richard opened Cafe Jefferson in 2004 on the grounds of Big Top World Gardens, which she and her husband had purchased the year before.

At first the restaurant served only salads and sandwiches for lunch.

"I brought my recipes from home and began to adapt them to the size needed for the cafe," Richard said. She says her mother's spirit is at the base of the menu at Cafe Jefferson and the dining inspiration from the beauty of the area's fresh seafood, poultry and game.

Her restaurant, which is situated in a grove of ancient live oaks, offers a breathtaking view of the gardens and Lake Poplar from a glass-paned porch. It is a fitting backdrop for delectable, old-fashioned dishes like seafood cream bisque crowded with local crawfish, jambu lump crab, and lump Gulf shrimp crawfish. Cardinals new with fresh mushrooms and the Cagoune bar rich, blue-velvet crawfish soufflé and a rich creamy crabmeat au gratin served hot and bubbling straight from under the broiler. Richard's chicken sauce preparation is made the old school way with a full 1/2 cup quarter minced onion and down in a sauce of tomatoes and minced bell peppers enhanced with rose and basil.

**CAFE JEFFERSON**  
10101 Big Top Center Road  
Metairie, LA  
(504) 885-8525  
openmondaycafe.com

Richard, 47, was her mother's greatest confidante in the kitchen come when she is inundated with orders, breakfast, and without a moment to stop. Handle the acknowledgment her culinary skill as the cornerstone in her success has been quick to attribute her business to her team.

"My strength is in the artful preparation of delicious food, financial management, the most demanding role of any business. I have in my dear friend and confidante, Chuck Broadhead, who has the complete love and respect of all our staff. I have always believed that the effective management of any business depends on the collection of the strengths and skills of staff."

Photo by [unreadable]



### CRABMEAT AU GRATIN

Another dish with French roots, this decadent lump or crabmeat bisque topped with a breadcrumb crust is a dish that has been added to the menu.

This dish is then topped with either more cheese or a blend of cheese and breadcrumb crumbs.

The terms, "au gratin" or "gratin" refers to any dish prepared this way from baked in a shallow, enameled metal or metal grill dish, which increases surface area thereby creating a thicker crusty portion after the dish makes a pass under the broiler before serving.

LOUISE RICHARD, CHEF

### RUSSELL DAVIS

CHEF/CO-OWNER  
ELIZA RESTAURANT



### PANED FISH WITH SAUCE BEURREAISE

Breaded and fried fish is about as common as a penny, but the Louisiana pan-fried breaded fillet (pan-fried) is a specialty.

Simply means a pan sautéed dish—usually shrimp or fish, served with a sauce. Often a dredge in egg wash and flour or breadcrumb is employed to add a crisp crust to the fish.

But a classic French sauce, Beurreaise is made with a reduction of butter, using large quantities of egg yolks and butter. It pairs well with simple preparations of meat, fish, eggs and vegetables.

**R**ussell and Sally Davis both began their careers at Commander's Palace Restaurant in New Orleans. She was its event planning, he is operations. When a co-worker set them up on their first date they discovered shared passions for food, hospitality and the entrepreneur's drive to create something special of their own.

Russell, a native of Newton, Massachusetts with a degree in marketing from the University of Denver, opened Salumeri Grill in the Broadmoor area of New Orleans in 2004, making the long-distance move from the

business side of the operation into the kitchen. In 2016, Sally joined Russell, long since her husband, in opening Eliza in Sally's hometown of Baton Rouge. They named the bright, airy, contemporary Creole restaurant for their 10-year-old daughter.

The menu at Eliza spans generations to cover classics like crabmeat salad mignon, pan-fried Gulf fish with lump crabmeat and sauce Beurreaise, a fried soft-shell crab with pecan Montevideo sauce, as well as a grilled shrimp hatch n't pout-bay, and sautéed rana tartare.

"I fell in love with food and cooking in my grandmother's kitchen as a young girl and my mother is my greatest inspiration," Russell says. "After college I spent some time in Europe then moved to New Orleans to be a part of the food scene. It's a good life for me. My family started me in my choosing the restaurant industry with guestlist openings. They knew of the long hours and high follow-up time, like anyone who wants to be successful in a field. I put in the long hours. But that has never deterred me from starting a family. I have four great kids or finding a work-life balance. I just don't sleep as much."

Now 35, Russell says he is most connected to his craft when teaching and working with others.

"Seeing a young cook develop or perfect a technique keeps me engaged with my craft and helps me to learn, as well."

He and Sally are planning another restaurant "the new Eliza," where they will continue to prepare the nurturing professional culture they have created at Eliza.

"They're excited at Eliza."

"It doesn't mean our goal of putting our great food. We're very hard to create a good culture behind the scenes and believe it's just as important as what guests see in the dining room. It affects the whole experience."

“WE TRY VERY HARD TO CREATE A GOOD CULTURE BEHIND THE SCENES AND BELIEVE IT’S JUST AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT GUESTS SEE IN THE DINING ROOM. IT AFFECTS THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE.”



**ELIZA RESTAURANT & BAR**  
10101 Big Top Center Road  
Metairie, LA  
(504) 885-8525  
elizarestaurant.com

# Photo Series 35 or Less - Gold

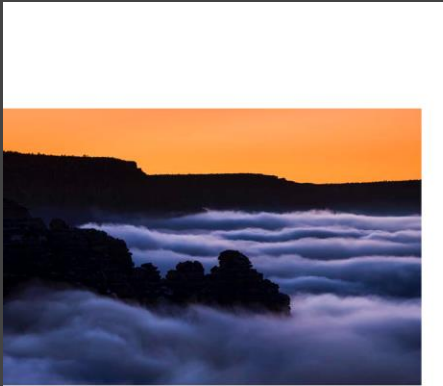
## Oklahoma Today – What Remains



Photo Series 35 or More

# Photo Series 35 or More - Bronze

## Arizona Highways – Not Just Any Old Place



"TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL BE MORE DISAPPOINTED  
BY THE THINGS YOU DIDN'T DO THAN BY THE ONES YOU DID DO."

— MARK TWAIN

ABOVE: A weather phenomenon known as an inversion fills the Canyon with puffy clouds. An inversion occurs when cold air below the rim traps the heat of warmer air. Below: Bluebonnet  
Forest. A full moon and the Milky Way light the night sky above Angels, Watchman and the North Rim. The arch  
is visible on the way to Cape Royal. The southernmost North Rim overlook. Below: Bluebonnet

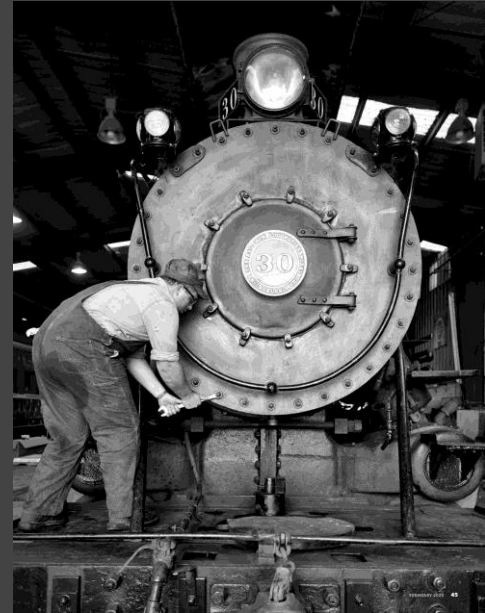
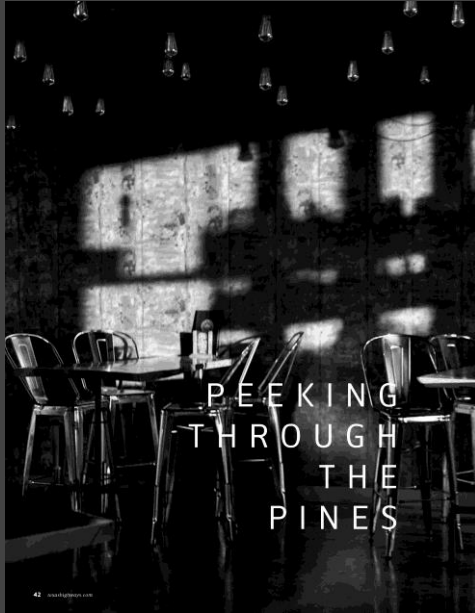


Look for the  
southernmost  
of the canyon's  
arches and  
the Watchman  
on the North Rim.  
Below: Bluebonnet  
Forest. A full moon  
and the Milky Way  
light the night sky  
above Angels, Watchman  
and the North Rim.



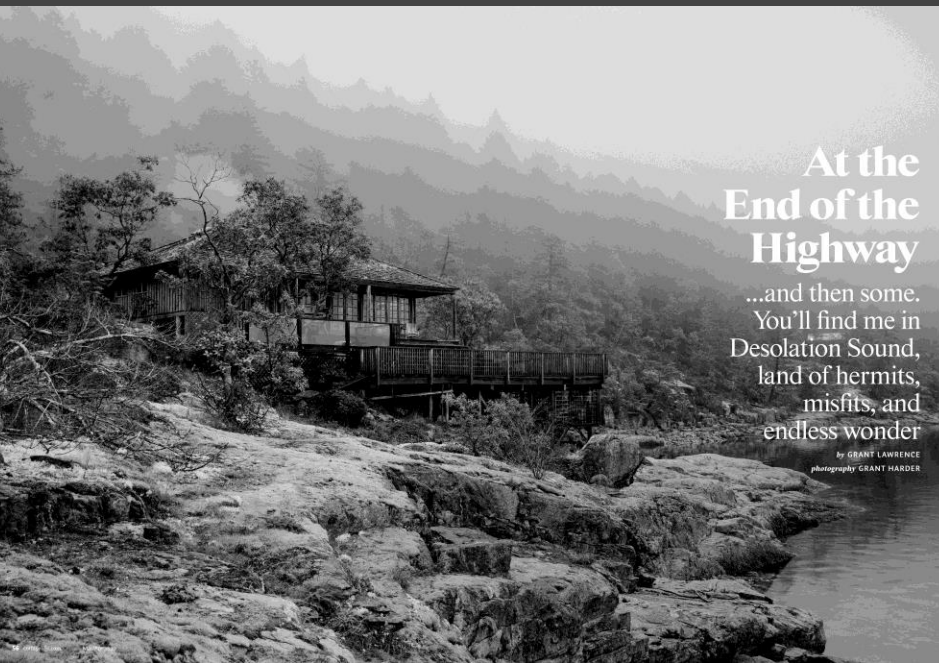
# Photo Series 35 or More - Silver

## Texas Highways – Peeking Through the Pines



# Photo Series 35 or More - Gold

## Cottage Life – At the End of the Highway



# Portrait Photo

# Portrait Photo - Merit

## Albemarle Magazine – Albemarle County Fair

### ALBEMARLE COUNTY FAIR DAYS

The Fairgrounds at James Monroe's Highland  
July 25-27, 2019

In the early 1890s, the first agricultural fairs gave rural families an opportunity to celebrate their harvests and to see first-hand the latest in agricultural techniques, state-of-the-art equipment, innovative crops, and showcase livestock breeds. The fairs also gave businessmen in the area of agricultural or horticultural products an opportunity to present, display, and demonstrate the latest machinery and equipment on the market.

Over the course of the nineteenth century, fairs began to incorporate a wide range of educational, recreational, competitive, and social activities into their programs. Agricultural fairs celebrated human progress, science, education, and the agrarian ideal. Today, fairgoers continue to celebrate agricultural achievements and enjoy exhibitions, food, entertainment, competitions, and well-known concert performances.

The Albemarle County Fair features tents bustling with local vendors and live music, all set against the picturesque backdrop of Central Virginia's farmlands at James Monroe's Highland. Celebrating country life, the fair will feature local products, agriculture and livestock, art, food, and entertainment.

The Albemarle County Fair began in 1982 when a group of volunteers made a financial investment by loaning money to launch the first fair. It is the continued support of community leaders, patrons, and businesses that make the fair successful year after year.

The fair has something for everyone, including agriculture, livestock, a corn maze, craft exhibits, games, and live music. The fair provides a variety of experiences. The Albemarle County Fair Board of Directors, James Monroe's Highland, organizers, volunteers, and *albemarle* Magazine are delighted to welcome you to a fair that perfectly represents the county's rural heritage, agricultural history, and natural beauty.

To continue an agricultural tradition that brings the entire community together, the fair aims to provide the region with events that entertain, educate, showcase, and celebrate the unique human, natural, community, and agricultural resources of the Greater Charlottesville area. *a*

For a complete schedule of events, information, entertainment, and volunteer opportunities, please visit  
[www.albemarlecountyfair.com](http://www.albemarlecountyfair.com)

\*Please note: all events, times, & dates subject to change





# Portrait Photo - Merit

## Saltscapes – Hiking With Armed Lookouts - in Canada

### HIKING WITH ARMED LOOKOUTS—IN CANADA

*Labrador's Inuit bear guards double  
as cultural ambassadors*

STORY BY CAROL PATTERSON

With a deep connection to their  
land, our minds are soft-spoken,  
powerful ambassadors for Labrador

Guard Abia Zappa watches over the old  
Hebron mission site (and restoration  
project) in northern Labrador.

I watched a speedboat tie up to the gangway, bobbing in the dark blue waters of Torngat Mountains National Park. Several men in camouflage waved at our expedition leader. A red Parks Canada chair was perched atop several backpacks and rifle cases stacked on the boat deck.

I was draped over the damp rail of an expedition cruise ship (One Ocean Expedition's *Akademik Ioffe*). Copper-coloured mountains ringed the deep frigid water of Saglék fjord; scree slopes echoing back the quiet hum of our marine engine.

I'd made it to Labrador and the highest peaks east of the Canadian Rockies, but it would be the people, not scenery, that would make the biggest impression in this unique and illuminating tourism experience.

Perhaps only in Canada's north is a person happy and relieved to hike while someone with a rifle stands guard. In northern Labrador these armed observers are Inuit guards tasked with preventing close encounters between tourists and bears.

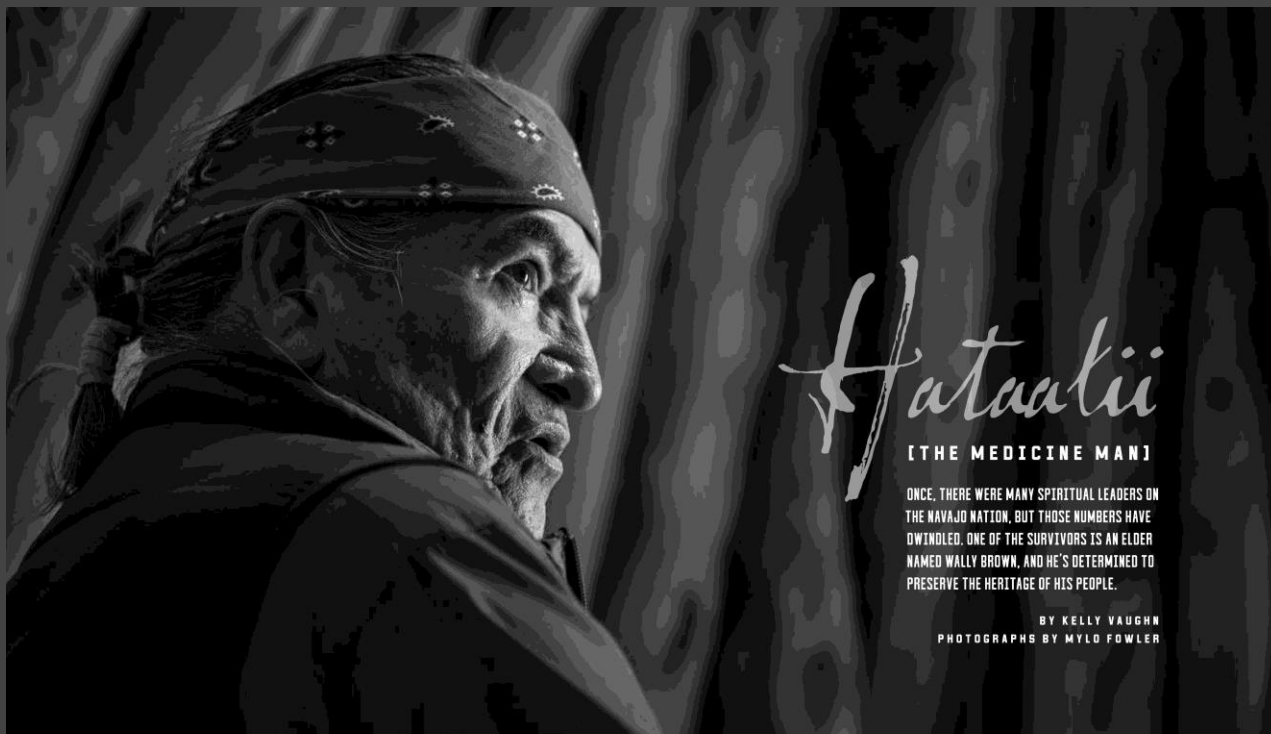
Labrador's Torngat Mountains National Park is Canada's only national park owned, managed and operated by Inuit, and that rare place where you might spot both polar and black bears in one day. To keep it from being your final day, Parks Canada recommends hiring a bear guard.

Insurance companies may appreciate that bear guards reduce customer risk, but for the few hundred people who journey to Labrador's remote east coast, the bear guards are more than safeguards against bear mauling; they may be the only Inuit they meet. With a deep connection to their land, our minds are soft-spoken, powerful ambassadors for Labrador. Hearing them talking over the radio in Inuktitut provided me a glimpse into a culture thousands of years old.

I'd awoken that morning to reports a polar bear had been spotted off the port

# Portrait Photo - Bronze

## Arizona Highways – The Medicine Man



*Hataalii*

[THE MEDICINE MAN]

ONCE, THERE WERE MANY SPIRITUAL LEADERS ON THE NAVAJO NATION, BUT THOSE NUMBERS HAVE DWINDLED. ONE OF THE SURVIVORS IS AN ELDER NAMED WALLY BROWN, AND HE'S DETERMINED TO PRESERVE THE HERITAGE OF HIS PEOPLE.

BY KELLY VAUGHN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYLO FOWLER

# Portrait Photo - Silver

Kansas! – Creating the Next Generation of Beekeepers



# Portrait Photo - Gold

## Texas Highways – Long Live Willie





# Portrait Series

# Portrait Series - Bronze

## Texas Highways – All About That Bass



# Portrait Series - Silver

## Louisiana Life – Louisianans of the Year

**T**hirty-seven-year-old New Iberia community activist **Phanat Xanamane** was born in a Thailand refugee camp. His family was fleeing poverty and political persecution in their native Laos after the Vietnam War. After Catholic Charities helped them resettle in New Iberia, they quickly made Cajun country their home. It's a home and a community Xanamane tirelessly works to improve with his work on the Iberia Community Garden and his non-profit Evasion Da Berry ("the Berry" is a nickname for New Iberia).

Xanamane first learned a love of gardening from his family. Four years ago, he received grants to develop the Iberia Community Garden. Over the ensuing years, he helped plant a thriving garden that provides fresh produce to residents and gives them an opportunity to learn about urban farming as well as meet and socialize with their neighbors. For every hour a person volunteers, they get a pound of fresh vegetables. "It's a total win-win for everybody," Xanamane said. "It's hard work, but it's a lot of fun."

Xanamane expanded his community gardening efforts to the A.B. Simon Homes, a public housing development, and other vacant lots in the city. He also opened Du Berry Fresh Market, which provides fresh produce and job training for residents.

Xanamane's efforts have not been limited to gardening, either. Evasion Da Berry worked to put Christmas art and decorations on New Iberia's Main Street during the holiday season. They also started the Brown Sugar Music Festival, which honors the tradition of the Brown Sugar Festivals of the 1950s and 60s.

When Xanamane moved back to New Iberia after earning a master's degree in science in architecture and urban design at Columbia University in New York City in 2005, he decided he was going to devote his 30s to serving his hometown. Now that his 30s are almost over, Xanamane is confident others will step up to take his place when he is gone. He hopes to spend more time with his family in Glenora, but is not yet sure what adventures he will pursue in his 40s, but he is certain of one thing: "Wherever I am, I'll be gardening," Xanamane said.



**GARDENING IS JUST ONE WAY PHANAT XANAMANE BUILDS COMMUNITY IN HIS ADOPTED HOME OF NEW IBERIA.**



"It's hard work, but it's a lot of fun." — PHANAT XANAMANE, COMMUNITY ACTIVIST



"Kids need to see they can be whatever they want to be and that they will work with people who may not look like them." — DR. K. RENEE HORTON, NASA ENGINEER

**D**r. **K. Renee Horton**'s love affair with space, the stars, and the universe began when she was 9 years old and her father gave her a telescope. Her dream was to become an astronaut. After graduating high school at the age of 16, she took an Air Force ROTC physical. During the physical, Horton learned a shocking truth: she was hearing impaired. Her dreams of the Air Force and a career as an astronaut were

crushed. But Dr. Horton looked for ways to continue pursuing what she loved. Now, she is a quality engineer at NASA's Michoud facility in New Orleans East, where she helps make sure the rockets are safe. The 47-year-old Horton has had an impressive career, which has also seen her work as the lead metals/weld engineer for NASA and serve as the 2nd woman president of the National Society of Black Physicists. She has also published a collec-

**DR. K. RENEE HORTON HAS NOT LET A HEARING IMPAIRMENT STOP HER CAREER AS AN ENGINEER FOR NASA.**



tion of poetry and multiple series of books (Dr. H Explores the Universe, Dr. H and Her Friends, among others). She hopes to make science accessible to children, show African-American kids they can succeed in scientific fields, and teach children about diversity.

"Kids need to see they can be whatever they want to be and that they will work with people who may not look like them," Dr. Horton said.

Dr. Horton has three children: Eric, a chef; Malik, a warehouse worker; and Denise, a nursing student. She also has a hearing-impaired nephew who she mentors. "I always tell him the world is still his," Dr. Horton said. "It's just that maybe he'll have to do things a little differently...it's okay to be different."

In her professional career, Dr. Horton is proud of getting the Vertical Assembly Center online for NASA. It is the largest circumferential welding machine in the world.

When asked what advice she would give to aspiring scientists who are hearing impaired or have other disabilities, she said they should continue to pursue their dreams on their schedule and not succumb to negativity.

"It's about what you want for yourself," Dr. Horton said. "The intersection between your talent and your passion is where you'll find your happiness."



families, other educators, and businesses in the area.

Everyday in the class project-based and has real-world applications. His class has built their own functioning arcade game cabinets, among other cool gadgets. He also shows his students films like WarGames and Hidden Figures so the kids can see how people use science and engineering in different careers.

In his 8th year of teaching, the 30-year-old Kiper likes to extend the student learning experience past the doors of Elm Grove Middle School. In the zombie apocalypse lab,

**2018 LOUISIANA TEACHER OF THE YEAR SPENCER KIPER EXPOSES HIS STUDENTS TO REAL-WORLD APPLICATIONS OF STEM.**

Kiper's students travel to Centenary College. There, they must investigate a zombie virus epidemic and discover which Centenary College biology student is "patient zero" (the source of the epidemic).

Kiper's collaboration with Centenary College does not end with the zombie lab. His students also ask the Centenary students about what to expect in college. The middle schoolers are also taken step by step through the university admissions process so they will have a better idea of what applying to college entails.

Even when Kiper is on his summer vacation, he is still tirelessly working to improve his teaching and educate other teachers about the value of STEM education. During most summers, he travels to Huntsville, Alabama for two months to work at the U.S. Space and Rocket Center to help teachers around the country build STEM programs at their schools. But it's all part of the fun for Kiper.

"I seriously have the best job in the world," Kiper said.

If teachers want students to think outside of the box, then teachers need to think outside of the box as well. That's why 2018 Louisiana Teacher of the Year **Spencer Kiper** of Elm Grove Middle School in Bossier Parish exposes his STEM (science, technology, engineering and math) to film, festival, college campuses, and zombie apocalypse exercises.

At first, Kiper did not plan on teaching STEM. He studied English education in

college and first taught English and math remediation at Elm Grove. But shortly after he started at Elm Grove, he helped build the STEM program from the ground up. It has gone from a single class to an entire program teaching over 100 kids a year. It has been a big hit.

"You know you're doing something right when you get so much community support," Kiper said.

The support comes from Kiper's willingness to forge relationships with his students, their



"You know you're doing something right when you get so much community support." — SPENCER KIPER, TEACHER OF THE YEAR



# Portrait Series - Gold

## Kansas! - The Return of a World Dreamed





Photographer of the Year  
35 or Less

# Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

## Arizona Wildlife Views – George Andrejko



# Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

## Oklahoma Today – Lori Duckworth



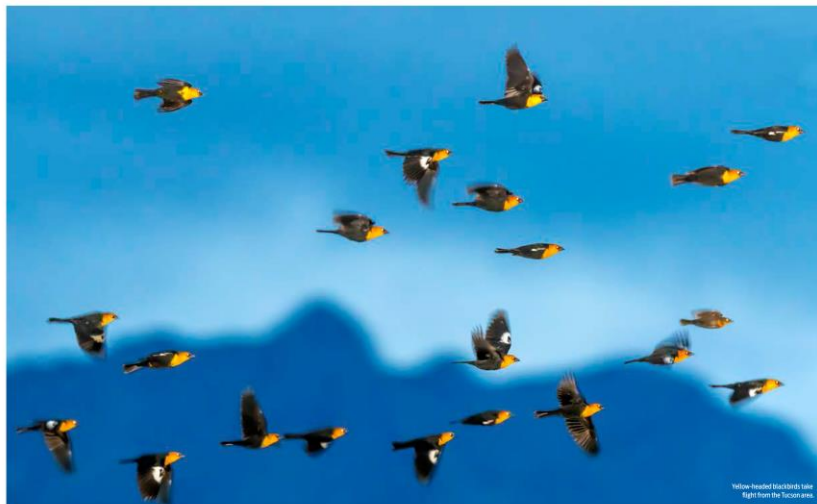
Photographer of the Year  
35 or More



# Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

## Arizona Highways – Jack Dykinga

photography



Yellow-headed blackbirds take flight from the Tucson area.

**Q&A:**  
**Jack Dykinga**  
PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

**JK:** How did this shot come together?  
**JD:** I photographed these yellow-headed blackbirds in the Tucson area. I had heard they were "erupting" from this one area, and taking off in a steady two-minute stream, every morning. One of my rules of thumb is that you never get the shot the first time — you have to learn about your subject. I went out there for several mornings and tried different techniques to

capture them. When you're shooting for a magazine or a newspaper, as I have in my career, you're telling a story, so it's good to have a deep mix of imagery that reflects different approaches and meanings.  
**JK:** Tell me about the camera settings and equipment you used.  
**JD:** I shot this using a Nikon D850 and a 600 mm lens, and I used a relatively

slow shutter speed, for a lens of this focal length, to shoot motion. I decided to use a Nikon strobe with a flash extender called a Better Beamer. Birds do a lot of their movement in low light during the early morning hours, so I used the strobe light to freeze their action while panning the camera at the same time. On some of my

shots, I chose not to use the strobe and blurred the birds' flight, but this time, I wanted to try something a little different to get a really crisp, brightly colored shot.

**JK:** One of the things I like about this photograph is the contrast between the cool blue background and the

birds' yellow heads. Was that something you did intentionally?  
**JD:** Yes. Basically, I'm slightly underexposing the overall image, then letting the strobe brighten up the targets, giving me that effect of a deep blue background. I shot this at an ISO of 2500, and at a high ISO like that, you tend to get a lot of noise, but by making a large image and then downsizing it, you can eliminate most of the noise.

**JK:** What draws you to photographing wildlife?  
**JD:** I like many subjects, it's ephemeral. This flock of blackbirds did not return the following year, because the farmers in that area changed their crops from corn to cotton. The birds had been feeding on the corn, so they didn't come back. I suspect a lot of them went to Wheeler Draw instead. It just goes to show that you have to make the most of whatever time you have to photograph a subject, since it might not come around again.

### PHOTO WORKSHOP



#### Cibola Falls and Salt River Canyon

October 10-11, Globe

Secluded waterfalls, hidden hoodoos and other rarely seen sights are on display at this workshop, which centers on one of Arizona's most dramatic canyons and most important waterways. It's led by frequent Arizona Highways contributor Shane McLennan. Information: 480-399-0304 or [www.azps.org](http://www.azps.org)

scenic  
DRIVE

**MARBLE VIEWPOINT** Just about every road on the Kaibab Plateau qualifies as a scenic drive, including this route, which leads to one of the most beautiful panoramas in Northern Arizona. BY NOAH AUSTIN



Have you ever put on a jacket for the first time in months and found a dollar in the pocket? Have you ever done that, then reached into the other pocket and found 20 dollars? If so, you're pretty lucky. And you also have some idea of what the drive to Marble Viewpoint, on the Kaibab Plateau, feels like. At the end of this gorgeous drive, you'll reach a nice view that you'll think is the destination. And then you'll go a little farther, and... wins.

But this 12-mile journey offers plenty of beauty before that — starting at DeHaven Park, one of several picturesque meadows along the North Rim Parkway

(State Route 67), which leads to the Grand Canyon's North Rim. From the highway, head east on Forest Road 60, which is near DeHaven Campground and Kaibab Lodge. After crossing a small bridge, the road turns to gravel as it climbs into a forest of tall ponderosa pines. The road is mostly in excellent condition, but a high-clearance vehicle is advisable for the rough patches. The same is true of Forest Road 60, onto which you'll turn right after 1.3 miles.

You'll start to see evidence of forest thinning — this road was used as a firebreak during the 2003 Fuller fire, which scorched a section of the Kaibab

National Forest and part of Grand Canyon National Park. Thankfully, the fire doesn't appear to have made it to FR 60, which runs south before turning east and skirting the park's northern boundary. At Mile 6.3, you'll pass through two grassy meadows ringed by aspens and ponderosa pines. They're good places to spot wild turkeys or mule deer, and if you stop for a picnic lunch, don't be surprised if a Sotter's jay tries to steal a bite.

As you head toward the end of an expansive view that includes Marble Canyon and distant Hesperus Mountain, Jack DeHaven, a former park ranger, says that the drive through DeHaven Park, where the drive begins, runs about

# Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways – Dave Shafer

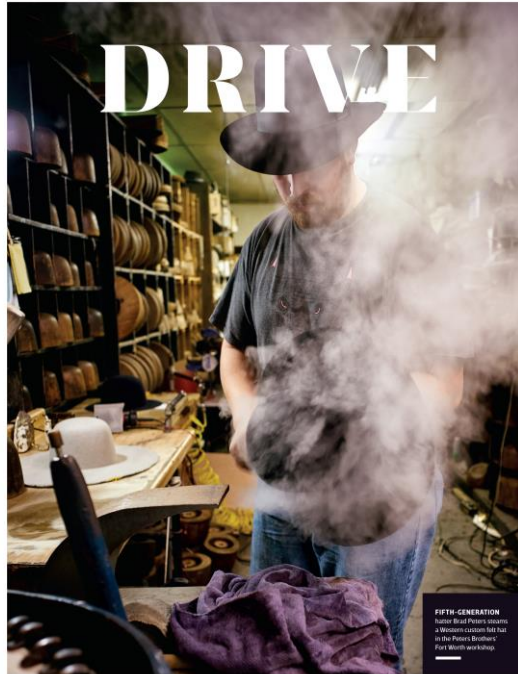


Photo: Dave Shafer

MARCH 2018 19



66 [www.horsehighways.com](http://www.horsehighways.com)

SEPTEMBER 2018 67

# Illustration

# Illustration - Bronze

## Arizona Highways – Wildflowers of the Sonoran Desert



**SEGO LILY**  
*Calochortus nuttallii*

The sego lily is found in some Western and Plains states in Arizona. It grows on dry meadows in pine forests and on hilltops, at elevations of 5,000 to 10,000 feet. It is easily identified by its cup-like flowers, which typically are creamy white or lavender and bloom from a 10- to 20-inch stalk from May to July. But the plant is perhaps best known for its edible, onion-like bulbs, which Native Americans taught Mormon settlers in present-day Utah to eat in times of scarcity. That history is the reason the sego lily is the state flower of Arizona, together with the north



Photos: 40 by 30 inches, 2019  
A. Sedona, at an elevation of 40 by 30 inches, 2019

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL BELL



38 MARCH 2020



**DESERT  
MARIPOSA LILY**  
*Calochortus albertii*

One of the most beautiful of the desert, the desert mariposa produces tubular orange flowers in spring from stems up to 18 inches long. These orange petals contrast with the white of desert cholla, whose blooms are known for their orange petals and yellowish centers. Both plant species are found in sandy or rocky desert areas, and both can be spotted in multiple Southwestern states. During the spring wildflower season, these flowers are among the desert's most conspicuous blooms.

After the Rain, Santa Catalina Mountains, at an elevation of 20 by 12 inches, 2019

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Our thanks to the staff and expert Desert Botanical Garden, in Phoenix, and Boyce Thompson Arboretum State Park, near Tucson, for verifying the accuracy of the plant descriptions. For more information about these organizations, visit [desertbotanicalgarden.org](http://desertbotanicalgarden.org).

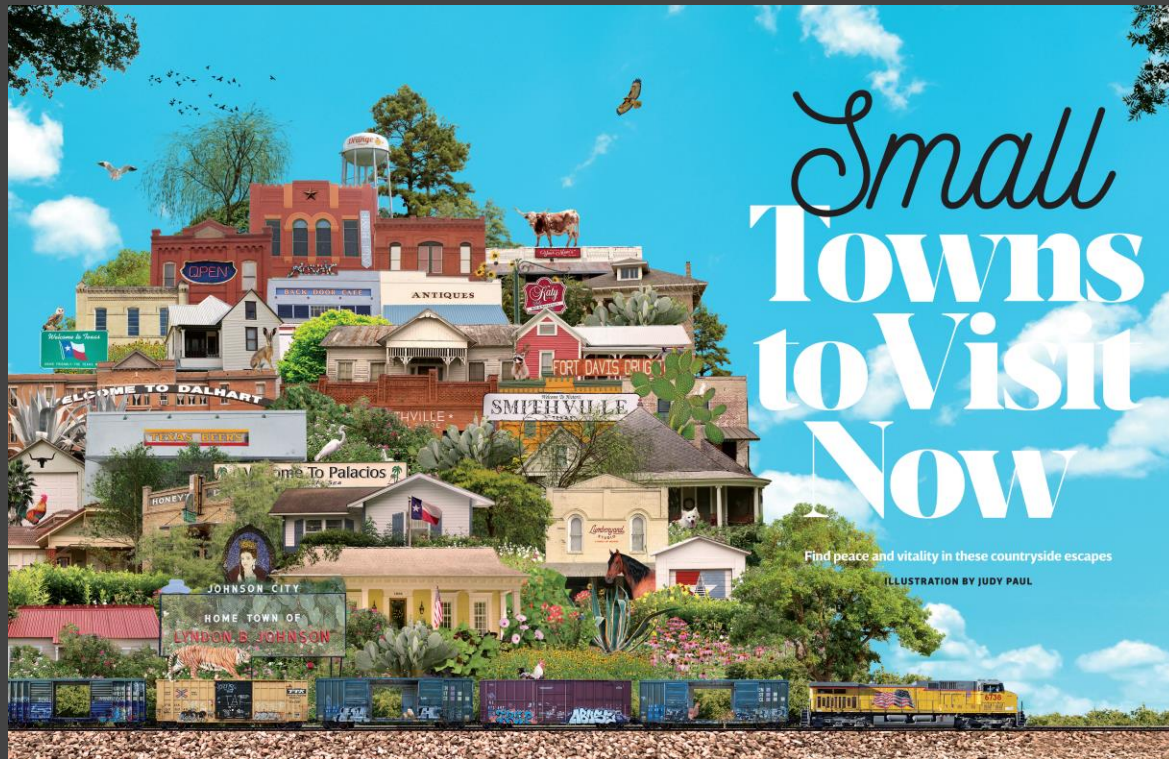
PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL BELL





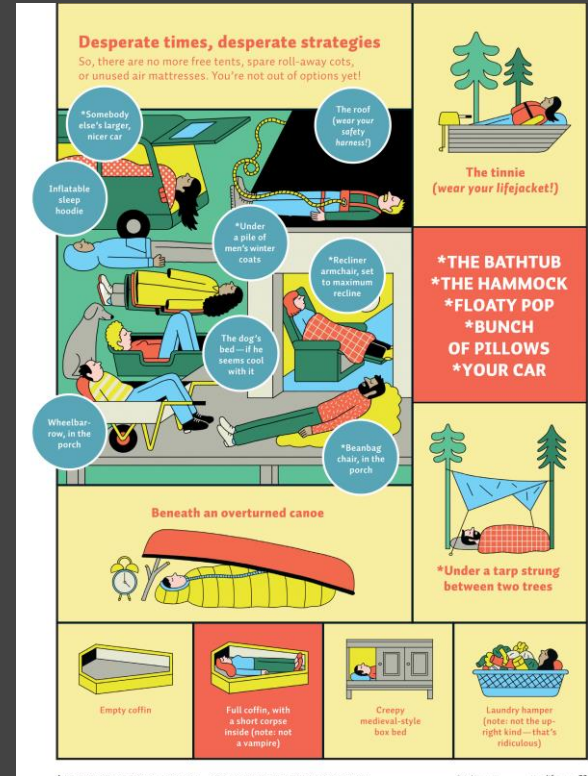
# Illustration - Silver

## Texas Highways – Small Towns to Visit Now



# Illustration - Gold

## Cottage Life – Read this and sleep...



# Art Direction of a Single Story

## 35 or Less

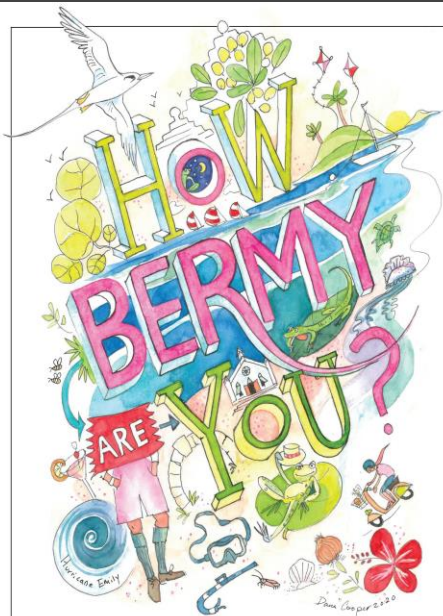


Coral Chimneys on Point Finger Road

the *Order of the Sons of the Most Holy Church*, was *not* a passing fancy and his "great credit." Like most neo-professionals, Ontario was determined to see not to his own, but to the good of the province. As a member of the Board of Commissioners for the Province of Ontario (which had by long ago become the Board of Control in 1912), formed the form of Ontario and Board of Architectural and Artistic Councils, he was determined to see that the province was not only a place of the landscape of Bermuda. In 1948, for instance, Ontario contributed to Bermuda's post-war housing effort by contributing to a book on architectural design published by the Historical Society of Bermuda, *The Architecture of Bermuda: the Arts and Crafts of the Colonists as they have developed during the Island's history*. In the same spirit, Ontario renewed his family home, Northcote, adding with the spirit of

[illegible]

*Dr Duncan McDowall is University Historian at Queen's University in Canada and writes frequently on Bermuda history and heritage. With thanks to the McGill University Archives*



Whether your people date back a few hundred years or you've just landed on the rock, the puzzles and quizzes that follow, will let you know how Bermudian you really are.

## Flora Finder

If you have lived here for even the shortest length of time, you will recognize the Bermuda flora below. But can you name them? One point for each correct answer.



This plant's root was used as an old-time St David's remedy for 'blood poison'. Directions were to "Cut the root of in tw; heat and apply to affected parts for several hours".



This succulent found in marsh and pond edges and roadsides is an invasive. It is mildly toxic causing tongue numbness and indigestion if eaten.



The fibrous leaves of Bermuda's only endemic palm were used by early Bermudians to brew "bibey", an alcohol drink. They also were used for thatching, hats, dish mats, fans and dolls. It is protected by



This large tree gets its name from the traditional use of its timber to make sound boards for musical instruments. It produces small white flowers, and orange berries and although it c



This native tree is rarely seen on the North Shore. It can grow up to 40-50 feet high and bears edible fruit which is sometimes used for making preserves.



This endemic shrub grows in sandy soil in coastal areas and is easy to spot along the South Shore when it is flowering. In 2016, it was added to the Red List of Threatened Species.



Known as the Temple Tree of India, this small tree is known for its fragrant flowers. It was launched as a fragrance for women from Bermuda Perfumery in 2001.



This plant is Bermuda's native cactus. It was historically used for defense, planting around fortifications. The edible fruit is to be good for you because the pectin, contained in

### Check it Off

So you call yourself a Bermudian? You can't claim the status if you haven't done the time. How many of these Bermuda bucket-list items have you done? One point for each check.

- Mix your own batch of rum punches
- Dig into mussels big as Cup Match
- Watch a sunrise on a South Shore beach
- Paper your own Bermuda City Guide
- Go line fishing off the rocks with bread as bait
- Make and bake a cassava pie for Christmas
- Play *Cross & Anchor* at a county cricket game
- Win big at the Ag Show
- Go around the island by boat
- Discover the African Diaspora Heritage Trail
- Pick upiques and eat them right off the tree
- Dance with the Gumbys on Boiling Day
- Jump off a snorkel at historic shipwreck
- Dive off the rocks at Admiralty House
- Eat a codfish cake in a hot coral cove
- Party at a raffish on the bales
- Travel from one end of the island to the other without stopping
- Tee off at one of the island's many golf courses
- Walk North Rock
- Discover at Bermuda's National Botanic and nature reserves

**Sports Fan!** Do you know you're Bermudian sports beyond cricket and football? One point for each correct answer. BY DON BURGESS

- [illegible]

## Who's That?

There have been hundreds of influential and ground-breaking political leaders in Bermuda's history. Here are 21 of our most notable. How many can you name?

One point for each correct answer.





# Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Bronze

## Acadiana Profile – Light Recipes

RECIPES BY STANLEY DRY PHOTOGRAPHY BY EUGENIA HUN

Come February, our New Year's resolution about eating healthier has begun to fade from memory, so now's a good time to reinforce our resolve. This month's recipes, created with an eye to limiting fat and calories, can help. They are both nutritious and delicious, none of them are difficult to execute, several of them feature fruits and vegetables and all of them will bring smiles around the dinner table.

### Light Recipes



Chicken thighs are a good source of protein, niacin, riboflavin, vitamins B12 and B6, as well as minerals and omega acids.

#### Thin Pork Chops with Dried Fruit

For this dish, use very thinly sliced boneless pork chops, sometimes labeled "breakfast pork chops." It takes about six of them to make a pound. They are lean and cook quickly.



**RECIPE**  
4 dried apricots  
1 cup freshly brewed strong black tea  
4 dried plums (prunes)  
1/2 cup golden raisins  
1 teaspoon red wine vinegar  
cayenne pepper to taste  
4 thin pork chops  
coarse salt and very freshly ground black pepper to taste

**STEP 1** Simmer apricots in tea, covered, until plumped, about 10 minutes. Uncover, add plums, raisins, vinegar and let the liquid in thick and syrupy.

**STEP 2** Preheat oven to 375 F and oil a nonstick baking dish large enough to hold chops in one layer. Cut away visible fat from pork chops, pat dry with paper towels, add to baking dish and season with salt and black pepper. Spoon fruit and syrup over chops and bake, until pork is cooked through, about 10 minutes.

**STEP 3** Serve over couscous or rice.

**SERVES 4**

#### NUTRITION FACTS



**PORK** is an excellent source of protein and minerals.



**DRIED FRUITS** are a good source of fiber, vitamins, minerals and antioxidants.



**SPICED BREAD** brings APRICOTS to life, and is the 18th century cologne of the fruit spread to California.

#### Sow in Love

Pork loves sweet and tart flavors. Pomegranate molasses (available in Middle Eastern stores) provides both.

#### Roasted Pork Loin Fillet with Pomegranate and Pomegranate Molasses

Spanish sailors took the pomegranate from the Moorish region, where it has long been cultivated to drink. It's the national companion to food.

**1** Pork loin fillet (about 1 1/2 pounds)  
**2** 1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil  
**3** 1/2 teaspoon coarse salt  
**4** 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper  
**5** 1/2 lemon  
**6** 1/2 tablespoon pomegranate molasses plus additional for garnish  
**7** 1/2 cup pomegranate seeds

**1** Rub pork with olive oil. Combine salt and pepper and rub into meat. Place loin in a plastic bag. Separate lemon juice into meat and add 1/2 tablespoon pomegranate molasses. Separate bag and rotate loin so that it is completely covered with the seasonings. Seal bag and marinate for a few hours or overnight in the refrigerator.

**2** Preheat oven to 375 F. Place pork loin in a shallow baking pan and roast, basting occasionally with marinade, until juices run clear when pierced, about 45 minutes. Let meat rest for 5 minutes before slicing. Garnish with pomegranate seeds.

**SERVES 4**



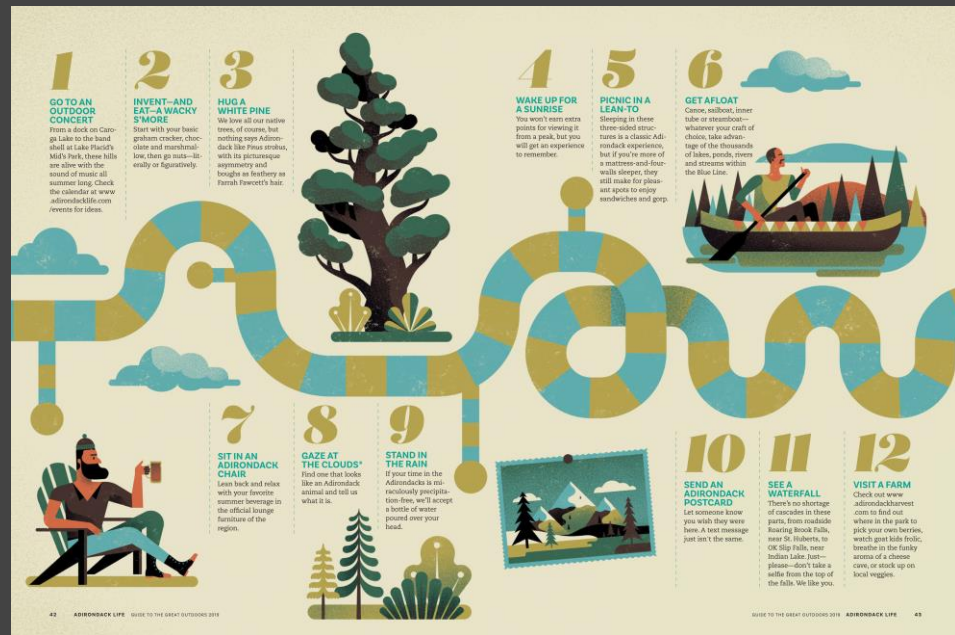
**POMEGRANATE** provides fiber, as well as a variety of vitamins and minerals.





# Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Gold

## Adirondack Life – The Great Adirondack Life Challenge

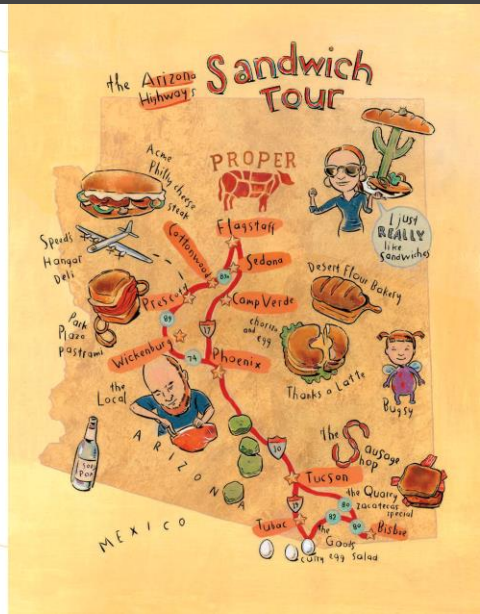


Art Direction of a Single Story  
35 or More



# Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Silver

## Arizona Highways – The Arizona Highways Sandwich Tour



# Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways – All About That Bass

BY JESSE SUBLETT

ALL  
ABOUT  
THAT  
BASS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUI SALGANS



KEEPING  
THE GROOVE  
WITH TEXAS  
BASSISTS

KEVIN SMITH



**I**N THE PAST 30 YEARS, AUSTIN musician Kevin Smith has toured and recorded with many disparate names, but the big daddy gig has to be playing bass with Willie Nelson and Family. Smith got the job after the death of Nelson's longtime bassist Bee Spears in 2003. Nelson couldn't have worried much about Smith's qualifications, which include stints with such acts as Highway 101, Jim Lauderdale, Dwight Yoakam, rockabilly legend Junior Dawson, and Smith's own rockabilly outfit, High Noon.

Smith moved to Austin from Colorado in 1984. "My first marriage broke up, and I ended up moving in with another bass player, Mark Rubin, of the bluegrass band The Bad Livers," he says. "We both had our own drummer, less like we were playing in, so there was a lot of bass reinforcement in the house."

Smith and Rubin also produced a how-to video on the "slap bass" technique that makes rockabilly music snap, crackle, and boom—without a drummer's help. "You're grabbing the string and pulling it away from the fingerboard," Smith says, "and letting it snap back to the fingerboard, so that makes a click. Also, you're letting your palm hit the fingerboard, which makes extra clicks."

Smith says Nelson turns his show by intuition and instinct, with no set list. "We always start with 'Whiskey River,'" Smith says. "You can sense the flow by the way he's running the set. I start on the electric bass, and at some point I'll switch to the upright."

And whether with Nelson or other Texan country-western bands, he says it all comes back to the signature 4/4 walking bass style, aka the Ray Price beat.

"It's all about keeping people dancing because that's what we do. Locking into a real good groove and letting people dance—that's my favorite thing."

2

#### SIGNATURE TRACKS

Check out Kevin Smith bass-slapping up a storm on "Bluesman Bridge" with High Noon on the album *Stronger Things* and growing on George Strait's "Summertime" on *Summertime Willie Nelson Sings Gospel*.

#### FAVORITE PLACES TO PLAY

Smith's favorite places to both perform and see bands are "the old, rural dance halls like Fischer Hall in Comal County, and Waterman Hall near Bastrop," he says. "The feeling of performing in rural dance halls is tough to find in other types of venues."

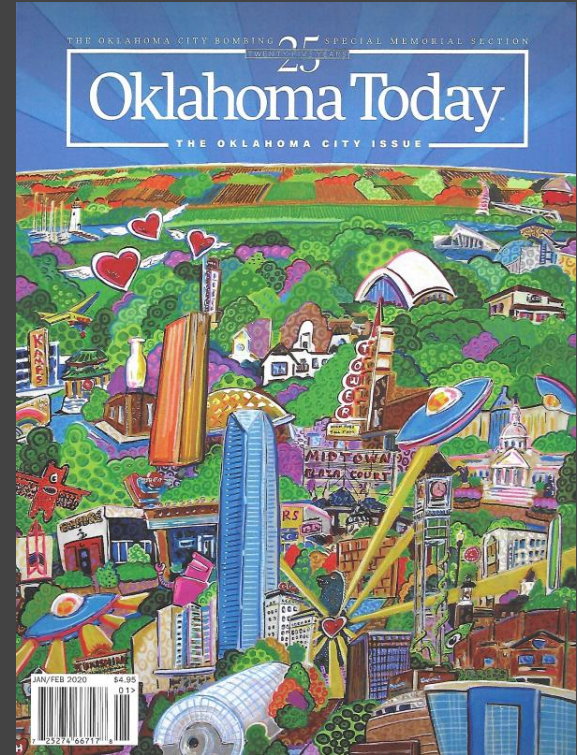


Overall Art Direction  
35 or Less



# Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Bronze

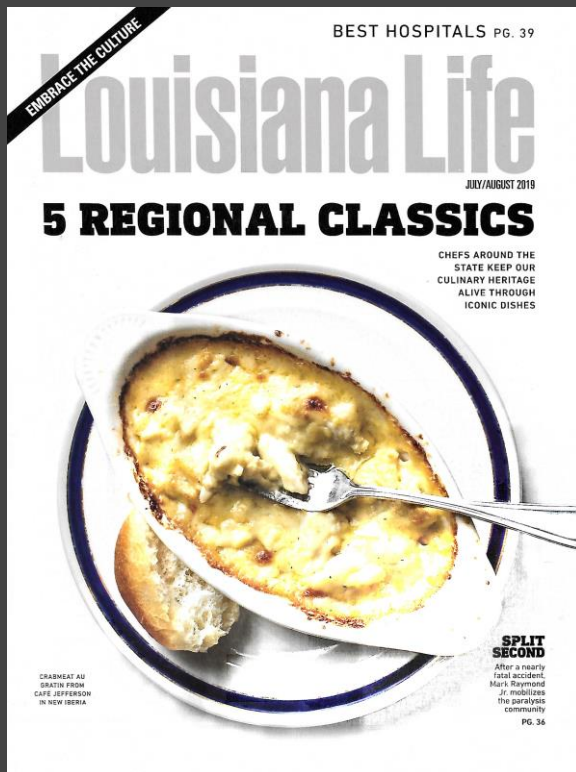
## Oklahoma Today





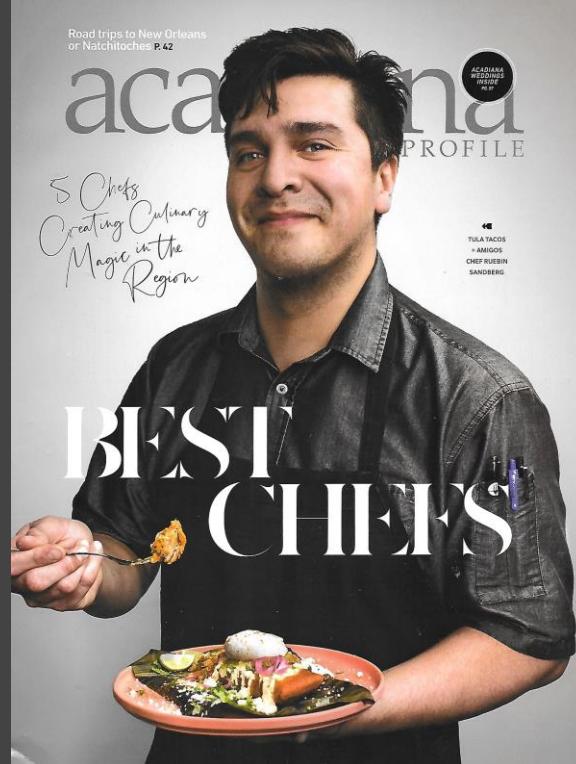
# Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Silver

## Louisiana Life



# Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Gold

## Acadiana Profile

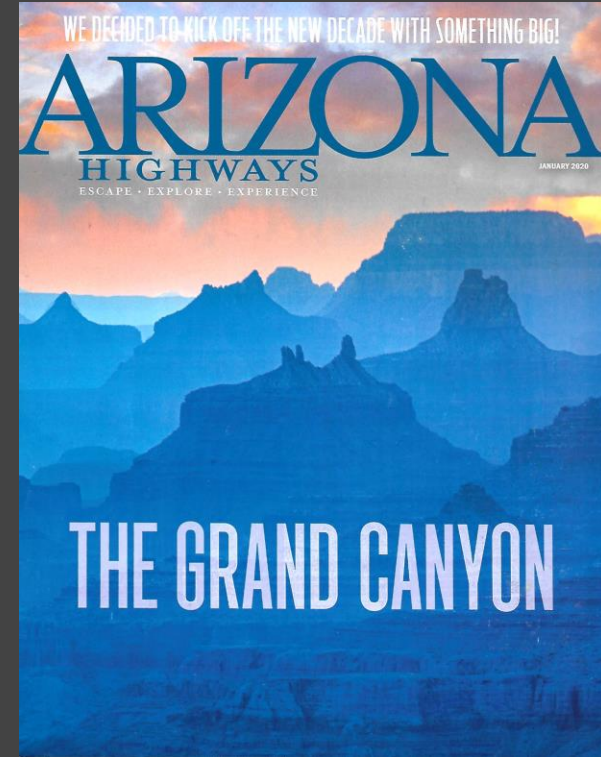
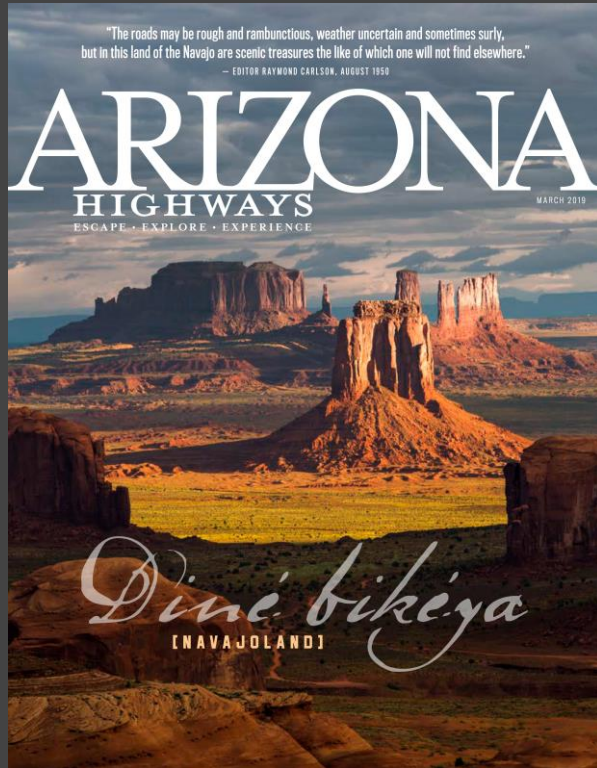


Overall Art Direction  
35 or More



# Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Silver

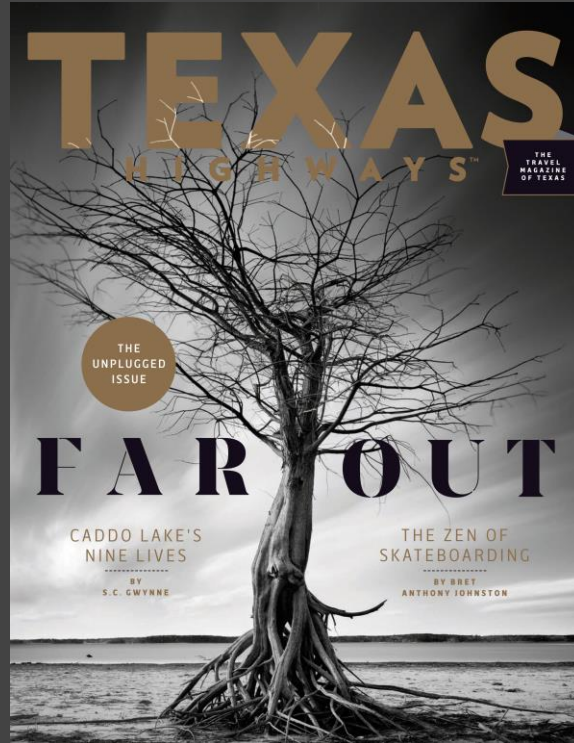
## Arizona Highways





# Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways



Department

# Department - Bronze

## Wyoming Wildlife – In the Field

IN THE FIELD

### Fish finders

Wyoming is first in West to use environmental DNA test to locate rare sturgeon chub in large rivers

By Sara Doherty

**C**OD — More animals have behind a trace of themselves that can be tracked. A needle-sharp hook in skin in the grass a mile deer leaves hoofprints along a game trail. But what does a fish leave behind? And how do you know if it's even there? The answer is a new test — specifically, if it's a rare minnow, it's a puzzle. Wyoming Game and Fish Department biologists are looking to solve by using environmental DNA to detect rare sturgeon chub.

If you spot your white fish in Wyoming, you might never see a sturgeon chub. Angler catch fish for them, and only a few turn up in surveys. Even fish biologists struggle to catch them — a process that takes many hours and many hands. The sturgeon chub adds to the challenge by residing in the bottom of the lower parts of rivers, too.

These elusive fish once occupied the Bighorn, North Platte and Powder river basins and were historically widespread throughout the Missouri and lower Mississippi River drainages from Minnesota to Louisiana. And now studying their presence in the Bighorn River is important to guide future management.

Wyoming designates this minnow, minnow as a Species of Greatest Conservation Need, which means their numbers are low and declining, and keeping them around is important for the diversity of Wyoming's wildlife. In 2016, sturgeon chub were petitioned for listing under the Endangered Species Act due to habitat changes but, this decision research could help keep them off the list and under state management.

"Our goal is to find out if and where we still have sturgeon chub in the Bighorn River," said Cody Skopinski, Fish Biologist Joe Skopinski. "Before beginning this

A handful of sturgeon chub they caught in a net at the river were released from the Bighorn River during a surveying trip in 2016. (Photo by Joe Skopinski/2016)



Bill Brinkley, Bill Hedges, Matt Skopinski and Adam Skopinski, Wyoming Game and Fish Department biologists and technicians, wade for sturgeon chub in the Powder River. They sampled directly above an eDNA collection site to learn if the fish are present. (Photo by Joe Skopinski/2016)

new study, the last time they were found was in 2001 when two individuals were captured near to each other. After that, we haven't seen them at all."

The test for environmental DNA — known as eDNA — works by sampling the water and testing for the presence of the sturgeon chub DNA marker. A marker is created by collecting tissue samples from the species and comparing that to the DNA found in the water. Skopinski and other members of the Cody fisheries crew collect water samples and send them to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife National Genetics Center for Wildlife and Fish Conservation at the Rocky Mountain Research Station in Montana, Montana.

"The lab has never used eDNA research techniques in a large river system setting before, so this is new," said Skopinski. "The method has been successful in small to medium river systems."

The Bighorn River study is in the middle of a third approach. The first was a pilot in 2016 to see if a DNA marker could be developed and its accuracy tested. In the summer of 2017, Game and Fish and the Genomics Lab developed the marker and tested it in the Powder River drainage. The marker was present, so



A sturgeon chub collected from the Bighorn River during a surveying trip in 2016. (Photo by Joe Skopinski/2016)

the project moved on to phase two: a rapid fish study in the Bighorn River to test the accuracy of detecting DNA downstream of fish.

For this test, sturgeon chub were collected from the Powder River and transported to the Bighorn River. Biologists took measurements of the fish and placed them in minnow traps anchored to the streambed where fish might live naturally. After 24 hours, eDNA samples were collected at the traps and then 50 meters, 100 meters, 250 meters, 500 meters and 1 kilometer downstream of

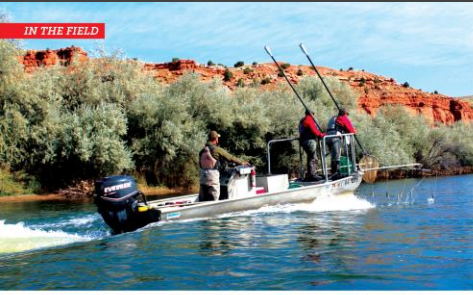
the rapid fish. The water only holds eDNA for 7-21 days, depending on the conditions. "We got our results back in the spring and they were promising," said Skopinski. "We know we can get positive detection readings from sturgeon chub, but we are continuing the study conservatively to see what we can find."

Cody biologists are currently in the third phase of the study on the Bighorn. To isolate eDNA viability, biologists also searched for the minnow by trawling the lower Bighorn in 2017, a fish sampling technique where a net is pulled through the water using a boat, sweeping along the bottom of the river. And, they found sturgeon chub. The discovery was used to validate eDNA. If the sampling of this section is shown to be representative of the population, biologists will expand the sampling throughout the whole 97-mile stretch.

If successful, eDNA methodology might not only help sturgeon chub in the future, but, could be another tool to help fish biologists study rare and small fish species in large river systems for years to come. Game and Fish funded the study through a state wildlife grant for \$42,032.50.

Wyoming Wildlife | 19

IN THE FIELD



Joe Skopinski, Wyoming Game and Fish Department fisheries biologist, steers a boat over a point to a stand, crew prepares to collect a section of the Bighorn River near Thompson. (2017 photo)

### October fish surveys monitor trout abundance in Bighorn River

Efforts to track trout populations help guide management decisions that benefit anglers and fish

By Tara Hodges

**O**n a crisp, mid-October morning, Wyoming Game and Fish Department crews surveyed 4-mile stretch of the Bighorn River near Thompson to monitor trout populations at the popular fishery. The task is part of an ongoing trout population monitoring effort conducted by Game and Fish.

These surveys, conducted annually in October, help fisheries managers estimate trout populations and make informed decisions about fish management.

"Routine monitoring and population surveys allow Game and Fish to keep a finger

on the pulse of wild and stocked trout populations," said Joe Skopinski, Game and Fish Cody region fisheries biologist.

The information gained from the monitoring efforts help fisheries managers make informed decisions that benefit anglers and fish.

On the Bighorn River, Skopinski and crews conduct population estimates using a mark-recapture method. Over multiple days, Game and Fish crews electrofish a stretch of the river from "Wedding of the Waters" to the English Street Bridge in Thompson. The boats used during the effort are equipped with electrical assets suspended from booms at the front. An electrical pulse,

which temporarily stuns the fish, is sent into the water causing the fish to float. Workers standing ready in the boats at the rear then net the fish.

Captured fish are weighed and measured, marked by clipping a small piece of fin and released. To determine trout abundance for a given year, the ratio of marked to unmarked fish is analyzed using a robust model which compares all fish captured over the multiple-day effort.

"Data collected through monitoring efforts sheds light not only on trends in population abundance, but also the overall condition of fish, species composition patterns and size-structure of the population, which

can give us an indication of recruitment of wild-spawned fish, year-to-year survival and fish growth," Skopinski said.

Biologists use multiple strategies to manage the fishery with a target objective of 1,000 fish greater than 12 inches per river mile. This includes requesting flushing flows to improve spawning habitat and stocking of hatchery-raised fish. Biologists mark stocked fish by removing the adhesive fin — ensuring marked fish can be distinguished from wild-spawned fish during monitoring efforts. Information gained during monitoring is used to detect changes in fish populations over time. Decipher why changes have occurred and ultimately help biologists determine if the population is meeting management objectives or target population size.

"We have collected data consistently on the Bighorn for many years, which helps to tell the story of the fishery," Skopinski said. "By a population change is generally complex and not always linked to a single factor with a simple solution."

A dramatic decline in the trout population was observed in 2017 when extreme high water conditions reduced winter survival and natural recruitment of fish over a three-year period. Continued monitoring, along with marking stocked fish, helped biologists understand the population's response during this recent decline.

"After 2017, survival of wild and stocked fish improved and growth rates were off the charts, demonstrating a rebound in the population," Skopinski said. "Although minimal management actions were taken, the continued rising effort allowed the story to be told, even when much of the cause of the decline was due to mother nature. Ultimately, this data helps us see the big picture and long-term trends in the fishery and consider management decisions that benefit fish populations and anglers."

— Joe Skopinski is the Game and Fish fisheries biologist responsible for the Bighorn River.

Members of the Game and Fish fisheries crew compare their results to report during trout monitoring efforts along the Bighorn River. A 12-inch trout is one of many that a hatchery manager stocked in a 2017 habitat and a hatchery manager stocked in 2017 habitat. (Photo by Joe Skopinski/2017)



Joe Skopinski, fisheries biologist, removes a trout from a net. After the Bighorn River trout survey, biologists mark stocked fish to determine their status and the size of the population. (2017 photo)



Wyoming Wildlife | 17



# Department - Silver

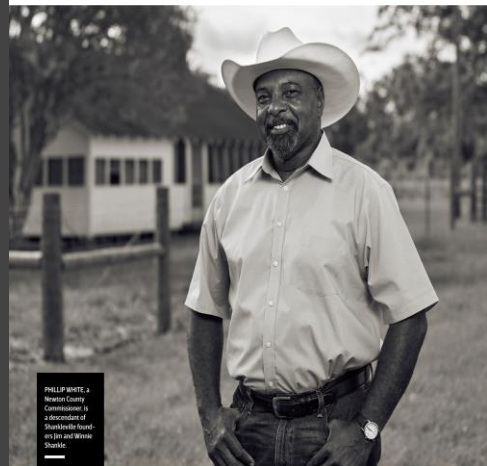
## Texas Highways – My Hometown

MY HOMETOWN | PHILLIP WHITE



### Shankleville

Phillip White shares the epic love story that created one of Texas' first freedom colonies  
By David Montgomery



PHILLIP WHITE is a Newton County Commissioner. He is a descendant of Shankleville founder Jim and Winnie Shankle.

Photo: Nathan Lohrman

It's easy to bypass Shankleville, an East Texas community with no business district or convenience store. But what it lacks in stature, Shankleville makes up for in heritage—a proud history that resident Phillip White calls an “enduring love story.” White traces his ancestry to the town's founders, Jim and Winnie Shankle, an African American couple originally from Mississippi. When Winnie was sold to a Texas slave owner in the mid-1800s, Jim escaped and fled after his swimming across the Mississippi River and traveling nearly 400 miles. The two reunited, and after emancipation, they settled this farming community of freed slaves. Today, Shankleville numbers no more than 100 people, but it got a burst of national attention last year when Michael Scott, the retired football star and TV personality, discovered his tie to the community in an episode of PBS’ “Finding Your Roots.” Sitting on the back porch of his family home, White, a Newton County commissioner, reflects on Jim and Winnie—his great-great-grandparents—and their legacy.

#### No River Wide Enough

“I almost runs chills over your body to think about what my great-great-grandfather actually went through, how he had to swim the Mississippi River. I couldn't even imagine that. And then having to travel by boat all the way over here. That's a lot of love.”

#### Freedom Colony

“This is one of the first slave colonies settled after emancipation. Jim Shankle was one of the first that settled back here to start a family. Having Shankle blood in me, I feel somewhat obligated to keep connected to the roots of the Shankle family. The Shankle family is one of the strongest bloodlines and well known to people in this area, especially anywhere in northern Newton County. Everyone here's related some way or another, either on the mother's or the father's side. I've got cousins all over the place.”

#### Independent Spirit

“My dad and mother, they had 11 of us. My dad's means of providing for the family was raising crops, and he and my mother both had strong determination to raise the children without any type of governmental support or anything like that. They raised anything, from peaches, green beans, peas, peanuts, and sugar cane—just about anything you could eat. I think there was very little

need for any grocery stores or anything. I remember when they used to take their corn to the mill and get cornmeal made of it. That's the sugar-cane mill out there—the shed is still there. We used to make sugar-cane syrup. As a child, I would haul sugar-cane down here. It's hard to find now. There's very few people who used with it anymore.”

#### Big Fish

“I would say there are roughly 20 houses in Shankleville. Kind of spread out. Shankleville is the nearest town, and there's a store there, about 2 miles from here. We have two major dams here: San Ralston Reservoir is about 10 minutes from here, and Toledo Bend Reservoir is about 25 minutes from here. They're great for bass, perch, and catfish.”

#### On the Porch

“I'm just a country boy on the front or back porch with a cup of coffee and watching God's creation—the wind blowing the leaves in the trees, the birds. You don't have your new door neighbor over here in five feet from your house. Hearing their music, music that you don't care about. If we stop talking, you can hear birds in the background. Hear quail. You sit around long enough and you listen, you can distinguish the different chirps of the birds. I.



### TOWN TRIVIA

POPULATION: 100

NUMBER OF STOPS: 0

YEAR FOUNDED: 1867

NEAREST CITY: Beaumont, 80 miles south

MAJOR EVENTS: The Texas Purple Ball, Sea Festival, Sea Saturday (in June; for details, visit [texaspurpleball.com](http://texaspurpleball.com))

MAP IT: The Addie L. and A.T. Odum Historical, a historic site, 264 County Road 340 in Bayville (the spring where Jim and Winnie Shankle rediscovered each other in the mid-18th century is a short walk from the historical site)

MY HOMETOWN | PATTIE PEDERSON



### Navasota

An old railroad town rich in history and blues music develops as a cultural hub  
By Heather Brand



RORY SKAGEN © 2011

PATTIE PEDERSON celebrates her hometown, where a peaceful rural idyll meets a blues scene.

Navasota has long stirred history buff's imagination. It was, after all, the area where historians believe French explorer Sieur de La Salle was murdered in 1687. Then, as a 19th-century railroad on the Navasota River, the town bustled with both commerce and unsavory characters with little regard for the law. Legendary lawman Frank Hamer helped bring order in the early 1900s, and according to local history, his buggy driver was none other than Mance Lipscomb, who would become one of Texas' most influential blues musicians. Lipscomb grew up among sharecroppers who picked cotton by day and blues guitar by night, sowing a creative legacy that underpins Navasota's burgeoning reputation for arts and culture. As proprietor of The Gallery Downtown, Pattie Pederson has played a key role in Navasota's cultural rebirth with her eclectic venue's showcase of local artists and live music. Ever since she and her husband, Mike Pederson—a fifth-generation Navasotan—opened The Gallery Downtown in 2007, the building has been abuzz with activity, attracting locals and out-of-towners alike.

#### Law and Order

“At the turn of the century, this was a lawless town. People were being shot in the streets. Frank Hamer was a Texas Ranger who became city marshal and cleaned it up. Netflix recently made a movie about him called The Highwaymen. It was a big deal for the City of Navasota because he is our hero. There's a statue of him by the artist Russell Cushman at City Hall.”

#### Musical Roots

“Navasota is known as the Blues Capital of Texas because it was home to Mance Lipscomb. But there were many other blues musicians in this part of East Texas, like Lightnin' Hopkins and Blind Lemon Jefferson, and they all played together. This year, one of the local musicians, blues guitarist Tobie Posner, of Tobie and the Troubadours, started a new event, the Navasota Blues Review. It takes place in August in the Junction Dance Hall, an old honky-tonk.”

#### Architectural Charm

“The houses along East Washington Avenue are reminiscent of several different time periods. You've got old Southern mansions with big columns, hundred-year-old bays, and beautiful wrought-iron fencing. You have brick ranch houses with big porches in the yards. And then you'll see Eastlake Victorians with

#### Train Town

“The Union Pacific line runs right through downtown. Railroad Street was a central hub of commerce. Old photographs show thousands of people lined up waiting for the train to see the latest goods and to find out what was going on in the world. The railroads brought wealth to Navasota. This was a farming community, and many families came here specifically for the economic advantages because they could easily ship goods to the Houston Ship Channel via train. Today, some people complain about the train because of the horn, but this town would be what it is without it.”

#### Main Attractions

“In the past few years there's been a revitalization of the main street [Washington Avenue downtown]. There's Classic Rock Coffee Co., which is music-themed and has a mural of musicians along its side. There's the Mudly Water Bookstore and also the Navasota Theatre Alliance, which does performances year-round. We've got tons of antique stores. And P. Pettit Dry Goods Co. has been in business in the same location for over 100 years. I.



### TOWN TRIVIA

POPULATION: 7,715

NUMBER OF STOPS: 5

YEAR FOUNDED: 1854

NEAREST CITY: College Station, 25 miles northwest

MAJOR EVENTS: Home for the Holidays, Dec. 14; Texas Birthday Bash, March 6-7

MAP IT: The Gallery Downtown, 101 E. Washington Ave., Suite B

12 | houstonmag.com

SEPTEMBER 2016 | 13

14 | houstonmag.com

Photo: Ryan Cook

SEPTEMBER 2016 | 15



# Department - Silver

## Arizona Highways - Journal



Department - Gold  
Cottage Life - Waterfront

# Waterfront

Items in this section may appear larger, smaller, tastier, and more heroic than they actually are.



Up in the air and  
on the job with Hydro  
One, Feb. 15, 2019.

- 20** Stop trying to make "windensation" happen! And other fake winter words.
- 21** Have mosquitoes met their match in this high-tech super-material? Suckers.
- 23** It's aviation history in the making: a B.C. float plane company is going electric.

# Waterfront

Items in this section may appear larger, smaller, cooler, funnier and more sarcastic than they actually are.



Only you can  
prevent zebra  
mussels. Oh, fine.  
Hilo will help too.

- 20** In Western Canada, the invasive species detectives are on the case! || **21** Mason jars, please go back to 1858 and preserve some peaches. || **23** "If it Ain't Broke, It Will Be" and other time-tested cottage aphorisms.

# Waterfront

Items in this section may appear larger, smaller, boozier, and more useful than they actually are.



**What NOT to forget when opening up p.20**

- 20 Four spring-fresh brews to take the edge off the lamest of cottage chores.
- 23 And the syrup shall flow like wine! Ontario gets a state-of-the-art sugar shack.
- 24 The original Swiss Army knife is cool. Ours is cooler. Patent pending.

Food Feature

# Food Feature - Merit

## Louisiana Life—Classically Louisiana

BY JYL RENDON WITH PORTRAITS BY BONNIE A. BONDRO



EXECUTIVE  
CHEF MICHAEL  
SHELTON'S  
GRILLADES AND  
BISTS FROM  
APOLLINE IN  
NEW ORLEANS

Chefs around the state  
keeping the culinary heritage alive  
through its iconic dishes

## CLASSICALLY LOUISIANA

**A**s a child of New Orleans, coming up in the '70s and '80s, I was accustomed to seeing the same things on restaurant menus again and again, as I dined out with my gastronomy-minded parents. Common were ground trout, poultry or fish, boudin, calançon and porcino or grains, cornbread bignons, whole fish stuffed with saffron dressing, long-simmered grillades of pork or round steak, stuffed oyster bouillottes, trout Mayague, chicken carpaccio, trout mousseline or amandine, Pompano en Papillote, shrimp or chicken Chateaufort, chicken boudin fennel, and chicken Rackham. While these old classics, most of which have roots in Louisiana's French heritage, have not disappeared they are by no means as prevalent as they once were. Explorations range from cost leadership to labor Cornish bignons and stuffed fish preparations to ground, sautéed dietary changes that exclude heavy meats and, often, breaded and fried preparations.

In our annual celebration of our culinary heritage, we visit a few of the Louisiana chefs who continue to explore our iconic fare.

**"I AM IN THE ELEMENT UNDER PRESSURE, WITH THREE MINUTES BEFORE SERVICE WITH A PREPARE TO GO. I HAVE TO GO. THE PRESSURES ARE GROWING. THAT'S WHY I LOVE COOKING. I LOVE COOKING."**



### MICHAEL SHELTON

EXECUTIVE CHEF  
APOLLINE



**M**ichael Shelton started cooking at age 18.

"My parents worked and both went back to school so I cooked for my family."

Now 39, as an adult's personal tragedy led Shelton to leave Jackson State University in Mississippi where he was pursuing a degree in marketing. This setback led to a revelation.

"I took a job as a Waiter House in my 20s." The experience triggered the memory of a task he had once mastered as a child: cooking breakfast for his brothers and sisters.

"This got my career going."

He moved on to become an assistant manager at Jimmy Mac's Café. It was then that he met Chef Joshua Williams of John Jacob & Son, who offered him his first kitchen restaurant role, which led to a job at one of the grill bars at 2 John in Boston City.

Shelton went on to work at Wines Country Bites and Belle France, both in Shreveport. He left northern Louisiana to accept a job in the kitchen at La Petite Grocery, then The Cadillac Room, and later Cooper Lapis, all in New Orleans, before becoming executive chef at Little Core Salon, then Sals.

He took over the kitchen at Apolline, a popular bistro on a lively stretch of Upper Magazine Street specializing in Southern contemporary cuisine.

"I am in my element under pressure," Shelton says. "These chefs began before service with a prep list a mile long and the conversations are growing. That pressure is my comfort zone. I love competing the challenge."

He is direct and unapologetic regarding his goals for the future.

"My goal is to be a great dad. I had my children prior to choosing this career so this has benefited those relationships. It fulfills me — a career field I genuinely love. So I have to be a solid chef to make my family situation run properly. That peace and fulfillment is key."

The Philadelphia native serves as a mentor with both Café Reconcile and Son of a Saint and plans to incorporate a devotion to service in others into his professional career in the future while continuing his personal advocacy work against abuse and toward promoting wellness in restaurant kitchens.

"All young cooks, male or female, always be ready to stand up and fight for themselves and their wellbeing. We do not owe this business our happiness. Fortunately, in this age of necessary ability resources exist to help you out. I recommend."

Grillades come as a helpful resource in bringing about change in professional kitchen culture."

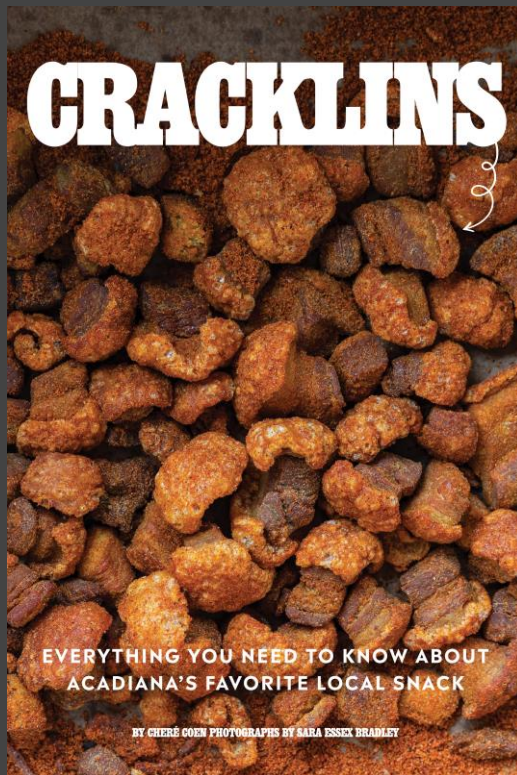
### GRILLADES

Though the word "grillade" is French for "grill," in Louisiana it refers to meat that is marinated in a sauce of vinegar, oil, and spices, then grilled over an open flame. The process is a traditional one, passed down from generation to generation. In the past, the grillades were used to feed the workers on the plantation. The technique was a staple of the day, even before the grill. Today, the grillades are a staple of the celebration of Louisiana's culinary heritage.



# Food Feature - Bronze

## Acadiana Profile - Cracklins



### THE MENU

WHILE MOST PEOPLE ARE ACCUSTOMED TO ENJOYING CRACKLINS AS A STANDALONE TREAT OR PERHAPS IN CORNBREAD, MORE AND MORE CHEFS ARE INCORPORATING IT INTO DISHES

#### A CRACKLINGS PRIMER

Many people confuse cracklings with pork rinds, a similar pork snack, so here are a few definitions to clarify terms

##### Pork Rind

When butchered pigs, the skin — known as pork rind — may be fried quickly in oil and eaten. These pork rinds are usually sold in bags and appear as light as popcorn.

**Cracklings/ Cracklins**  
If a piece of the animal meat is cooked in a pot of pork skin and then fried, it is considered cracklings. These are usually measured after being fried.

##### Fatback

The pork meat from the back of a pig.

**Chicharrones**  
A choice version of pork rinds that's popular in Mexico. In this case, the term refers to cracklings, usually consisting of fried pork belly.

**BARRET MARIJAL LEFT TIME TO OPEN** a restaurant with his partner, Kevin Rubin, an Acadiana native. Rubin's family owns Barret's Catering in the heart of town, so Rubin was no stranger to Cajun cuisine. Marijal, on the other hand, was in for an eye-opener. For one thing, he had never sampled cracklings before, but over time learned to love the crunchy pork snack. Which is why Barret's Little Big Cup restaurant serves up a crackling-crusted mac and cheese burger. The cheese patties are deep-fried with the crackling crust, then placed on top of a 100-percent beef, flame-grilled burger served with onion fries. The crackling connection is also offered as mac and cheese balls for appetizers.

"We wanted to put a mac and cheese burger on the menu but make it local," Marijal explained. "We had to make it

Cajun and not just any mac and cheese burger. And it took off." The crackling-crusted burger is not for the faint of heart, however. "It's definitely a sharing burger," Marijal said. On weekends, the Little Big Cup bars out a "Boucherie Branch," featuring dishes that contain a variety of pork items, including fresh cracklings. "Kevin wanted a boucherie branch and cracklings are such a local favorite," Marijal said. "We're in Acadiana and we're on the horns so we go all out." At the end of the spread — which includes a variety of dishes from crisco braised French toast to chicken and smoked sausage gumbo — is a basket of fried hog head cracklings, which delight locals and visitors alike. Marijal said, "People go crazy about the cracklings," he said. "It's like a cherry on top of the cake." Now, whenever the duo considers a new menu item, there's a missing link. "I say, 'Let's dare it with cracklings,'" Marijal said with a laugh.

#### DID YOU KNOW?

5 facts about crackling

1

This new Cajun no-cake due to its protein and fat content is high in fats and sodium. It's a good idea to eat cracklings in moderation.

2

For optimum, good and fat, some mix with pork rinds and in some, crackling lard. Sprinkle with cornmeal after cooked, then serve.

3

Acadiana's new Orleans Chef Donald Lee is a crackling and a lot of girth and pork meats but also used in the cornbread butter.

4

In England, the crackling is a similar dish to our pork rinds. However, cracklings, which are made from the skin and cooked only once.

5

Cracklings have the only sticking bones, because they are made from chicken, mutton or beef.

# Food Feature - Silver

## Oklahoma Today – Greg vs. Food

### Greg vs. Food

Photography by LORI DUCKWORTH



Oklahoma Today research editor Greg Elwell partook his lunch with four Oklahoma food challenges, including the Kentucky Fried Fry Challenge with three chicken-fried steaks, green beans, mashed potatoes, salad, biscuits, and cinnamon rolls.

If there are two things Americans love, it's food and competition. Restaurants all over the state welcome diners who hope to conquer some culinary Everest against a ticking clock, whether it's three chicken-fried steaks consumed in an hour, a six-pound pizza, or any other death-defying delicious dare. Oklahoma Today's Greg Elwell visited four central Oklahoma restaurants to try to conquer their challenges himself.

By GREG ELWELL

**T**HERE WERE a few years between when I learned competitive eating is a thing and when I figured out that it's not the thing for me. The first time I saw the Japanese competitive-eating champion Takuru Kobayashi pulling off hot dogs in rapid succession at the Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest on Coney Island, I thought I might have found my calling.

But it turns out I'm a glutton for everything but punishment. Eating until I feel a little sick is not healthy—it's normal. There's a fullness, a sense of purifying satisfaction that comes from overindulgence, that seems to give me permission to just exist without the need to actually do anything.

Eating until I feel like I'm going to die, on the other hand, holds no appeal

OklahomaToday.com 75



"I switched to the salad, which was a welcome relief from the pile of meat staring at me out of the corner of my eye."

for me. So it was with great hesitation that I accepted an assignment to take on Oklahoma's toughest food challenges. I thought maybe I could ridge my overindulgent streak into the realm of a champion. And, if not, at least I'd get to eat some really great food.

**I** STARTED AT KENDALL'S Restaurant in Noble. The challenge: Eat three chicken-fried steaks, gravy, salad and three cups of mashed potatoes and green beans, a biscuit, and two cinnamon rolls in one hour. For those who aren't insane or assigned to attempt food challenges by semi-salutic editors, the menu's normal chicken-fried steak dinner is big enough for most.

Co-owner Dee Danner shows off his restaurant's very grandiose show pictures of their granddads. The walls, covered in signed photos, movie posters, and classic rock albums, are a love letter to Oklahoma's impact on pop culture.

We the fact that two members of the Ventures are native Okies would've made a bigger impact if I hadn't been so concerned about signing out on the Kendall's Chicken Fry Challenge.

The humors in my stomach made me want to run, not walk, from the premises, but the smells wafting from the kitchen kept me firmly seated in the booth.

The medium green salad, liberally garnished with Dori house-made blue cheese dressing, looked appetizing. The plate with two big scoops of mashed potatoes hidden under a ladle-full of cream gravy and a soggy big pile of green beans seemed doable, at least. The plate with two cinnamon rolls seemed ominous, if only because Kendall's menu was left in my stomach, and it wasn't nearly enough.

I tried to focus, pulling back my plunger of anger and fried happiness, all sally and pepper and warm, but after downsizing another third of a chicken-fried steak, I knew I was done. Danner chuckled when he returned to find me lying prone in the booth. Soon, he

retuned with a Sydnorm container on which he'd written, "Queen's Best."

I accepted his score, but I was also quietly celebrating the fact that I would probably not be dying that day. You have to take your victories where you can.

**N**EXT STOP: PAPA Angelo's Pizzeria in Bethany. The challenge: Eat a six-pound pizza covered in three toppings—at least two of which must be meat—in forty-five minutes. Those with nothing to gastronomically prove but a name for good pizza find it's an excellent stop for a couple of lunch-hour slices.

Thoroughly hosted by the chicken-fried steak challenge, I went into Papa Angelo's Pizzeria with renewed optimism. Mostly just this: Don't choke on a couple of lunch-hour slices.

Papa Angelo serves a giant New York style slice with a crisp, chewy crust that is all-around perfect. Addie Ochoa, a friend of the restaurant's owners, tried and failed the Empire Challenge a year ago, but he was willing to put his stomach on the line again in solidarity.

Pizzas at Papa Angelo's range from a petite eight-inch Little Joe all the way to a massive twenty-inch Empire pie. That wide range of sizes, meats and dough is the heart of the Empire Challenge. The cooks load the pizza or so on a scale and pile it with three toppings of your choosing until the whole moneymony weighs six pounds. I opted for Italian sausage, Canadian bacon, and mushrooms. Each of the eight slices weighed three quarters of a pound, but it seemed much heavier when I pulled up my first slice and went to work.

The lunch crowd happily admired their opinions of what I was doing when these basket cases declared

OklahomaToday.com 77



# Food Feature - Gold

## Cottage Life – Fantastic Feasts and Where to Find Them

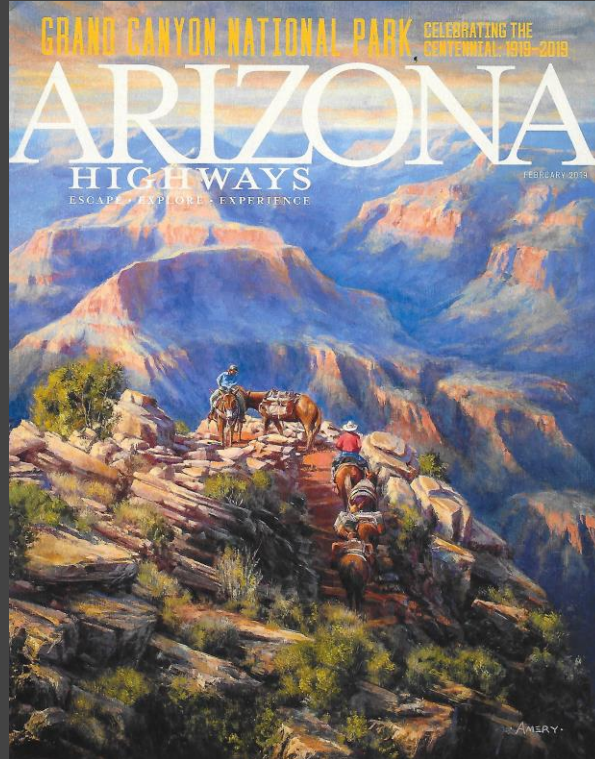


# Special Focus



# Special Focus - Merit

## Arizona Highways – Grand Canyon Centennial



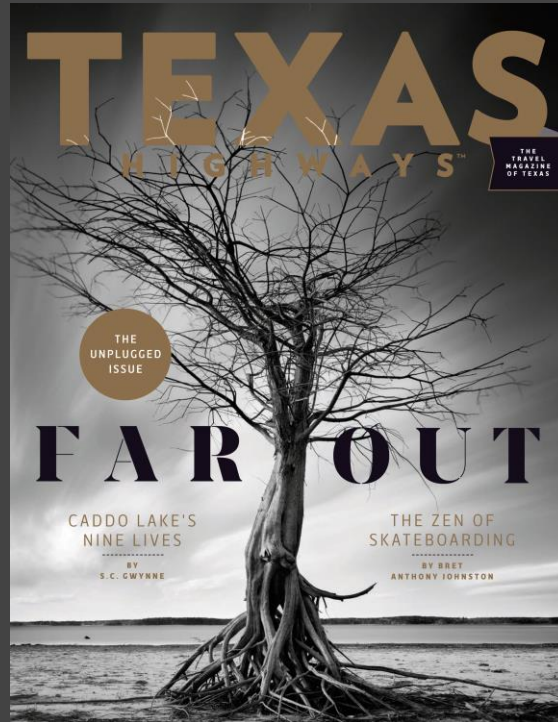
# Special Focus - Bronze

## Down East – The Maine Food Issue



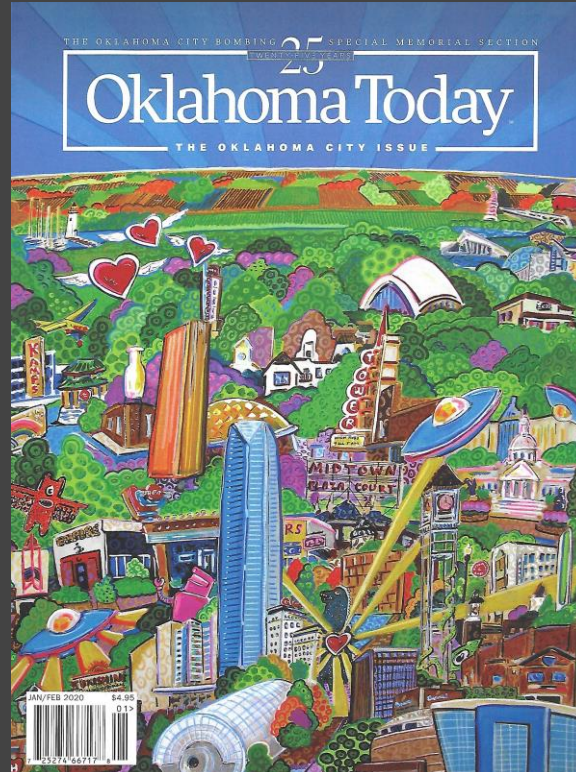
# Special Focus - Silver

## Texas Highways - Unplugged



# Special Focus - Gold

## Oklahoma Today – The Oklahoma City Issue





# Travel Package

# Travel Package - Silver

## Texas Highways – Big Bend



# Travel Package - Gold

## Down East – The Big Wet Summertime Southern Maine Beach Guide



## The Big Wet Summertime Southern Maine

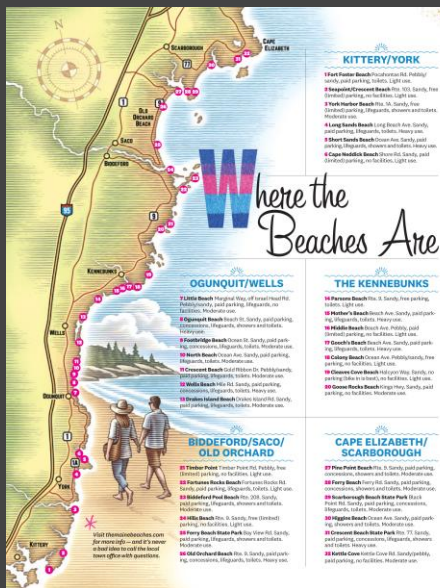


By Brian Kevin,  
M. Burns, and Jen Hazard

# Guide

**IF NOTHING SAYS "Maine"** to you quite like the mingled scents of salt water and sunscreen, the crisp tug of a wetsuit around your torso, or the damp slap of flip-flops on a wooden boardwalk, you are far from alone. For better or for worse, the state's beach-speckled southernmost 50 or so coastal miles are Maine for legions of summertime visitors. Some 40 percent of overnight guests — more than 8 million people — made a destination last year out

of the sunny, seaside stretch that tourism types simply call "The Maine Beaches." And who can blame them? Miles of surf and white sand, funky beach towns with a foot in yesteryear, pockets of unspoiled splendor (if you know where to look), and more oddball family attractions than you can shake a souvenir lobster-claw at. Maine's southern coast offers the American summer vacation at its beach-blanket best. Grab a towel and come with us.



**B** If you can only hit a few stretches of sand, make it these three.

*Best of the Coast*

Ogunquit Beach

Ogunquit's 3½-mile marquee attraction is the Platonic ideal of a New England beach, with sun as fine and soft as angels north of Daytona, beach grasses swaying on the dunes, and a vibrant (if sometimes crowded) scene on the sand. The southernmost section, known as Main Beach, has copious concessions and spots to rent everything from beach chairs to bodyboards, along with warm-water swimming waves where the Ogunquit River spills into the sea. Plus, there's room for more, including the crowded thicket and the crowded thicket at Fortledge and North Beaches — with their twin parking and access, they're technically extensions of Ogunquit Beach, and a beachcomber can spend lively afternoon weeks

Goose  
Rocks Beach

Although it still has plenty of beachgoers, Goose Beach, in Cape Hatteras, has a touch of wilderness. Partially enclosed by the Rachel Carson National Wildlife Refuge, it supports only a sliver of the tourism infrastructure that beachgoers expect out of neighboring banks, so you won't find shower guards, or many lifeguard stands. The white sand is crisscrossed with the tide pools. The beach consists of well-protected coves and the slope is grassy, making Goose Beach a favorite of families and young kids. 207-994-6666. [www.nwr.gov](http://www.nwr.gov)

Crescent Beach

### State Park

Top to  
Umbre



*LINES  
IN THE  
SAND*

### What not to do on the southern Maine seashore

» **Public:** **ALCOHOL** consumption is 11 statewide, including on beaches. Glass bottles are also a no-no, regardless where you're there.

► **SMOKING** Cigarette smoking is prohibited at state parks and by most town-run beaches during the summer. If not he-

me describes her  
SS or mandate  
ives, while others  
aside hours (often  
y) when four-  
ed friends are  
come. Don't believe

expect to carry out  
TRASH, where  
optacles are avail-  
able, don't fill them

the **CRASH** system a  
and visitors  
around it.

Admiring the  
red birds in

signed restricted areas, and fill in beach holes (so chicks can turn).

► Some beaches (Greeno Beach)

Long Sands among them) allow **PMS** (conditions vary, but town permits must. Don't leave on the beach or

▶ **PAVING** of  
requires a tri-  
the town offi-  
permit. Don't  
up without c-  
going online  
out local gov-



for a  
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ing or  
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on

Can I jump?

Cover 35 or Less



# Cover 35 or Less - Merit

## Acadiana Profile – Light Recipes



# Cover 35 or Less - Bronze

## Oklahoma Today – The Food Issue



# Cover 35 or Less - Silver

## Adirondack Life – Winter Tails



# Cover 35 or Less - Gold

## Louisiana Life – Good Hunting Cover

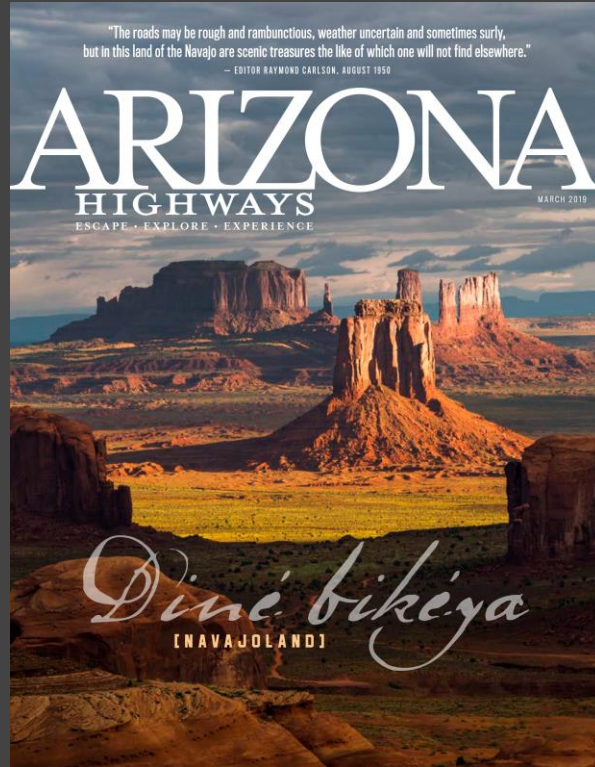




Cover 35 or More

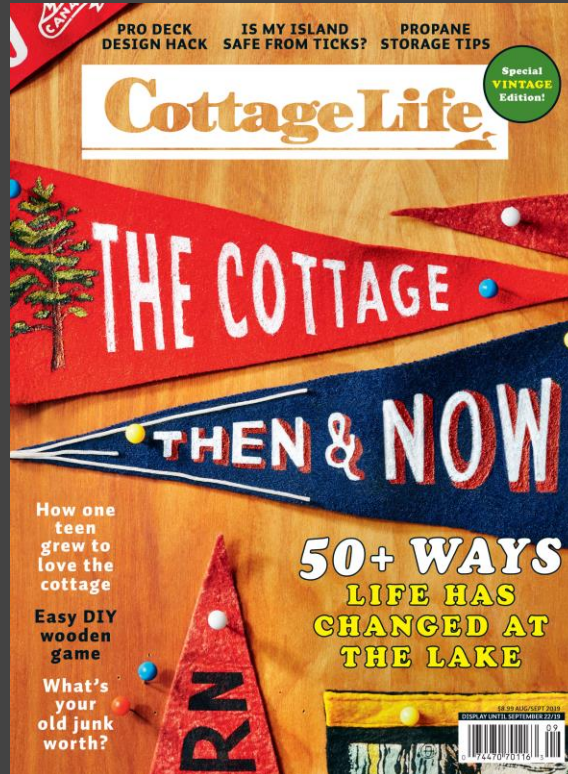
# Cover 35 or More - Bronze

## Arizona Highways - Navajoland



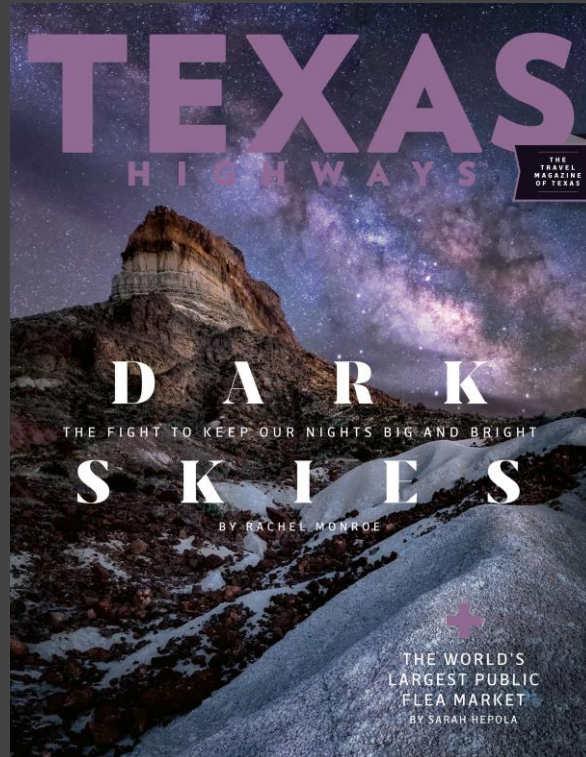
# Cover 35 or More - Silver

## Cottage Life – The Vintage Issue: The Cottage Then and Now



# Cover 35 or More - Gold

## Texas Highways – Dark Skies

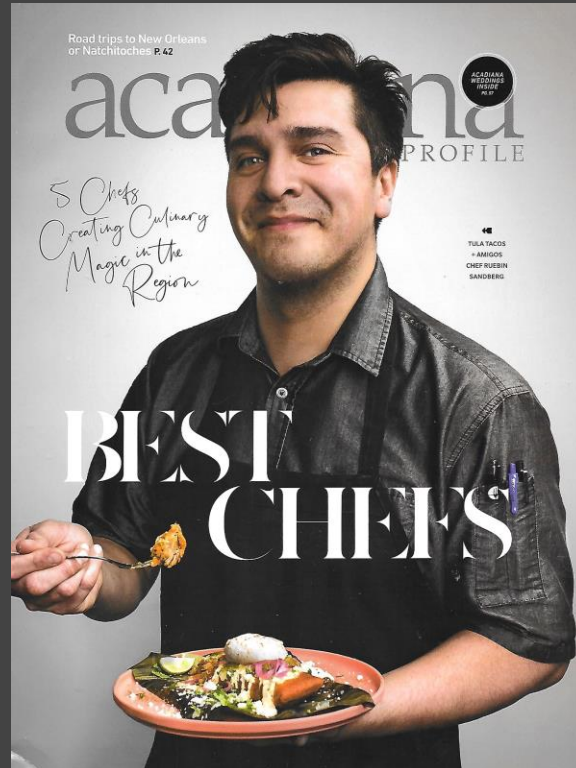




Magazine of the Year  
35 or Less

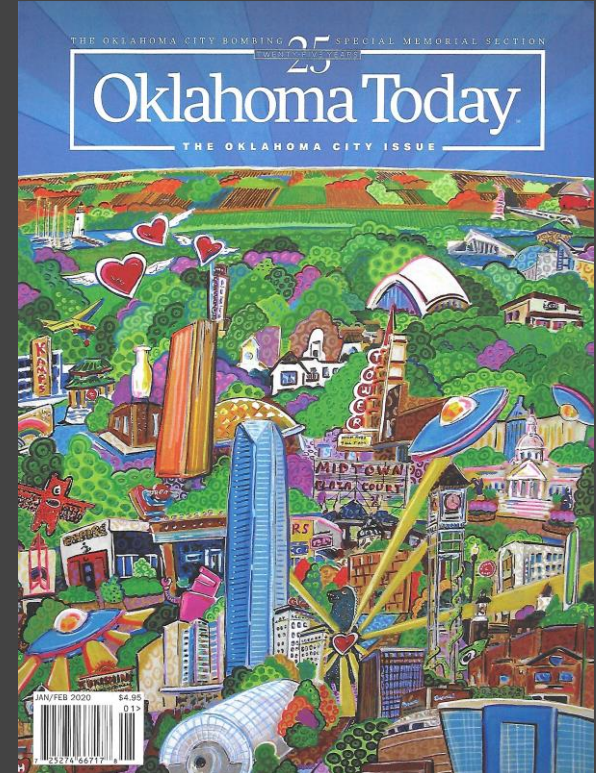
# Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

## Acadiana Profile



# Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Winner

## Oklahoma Today

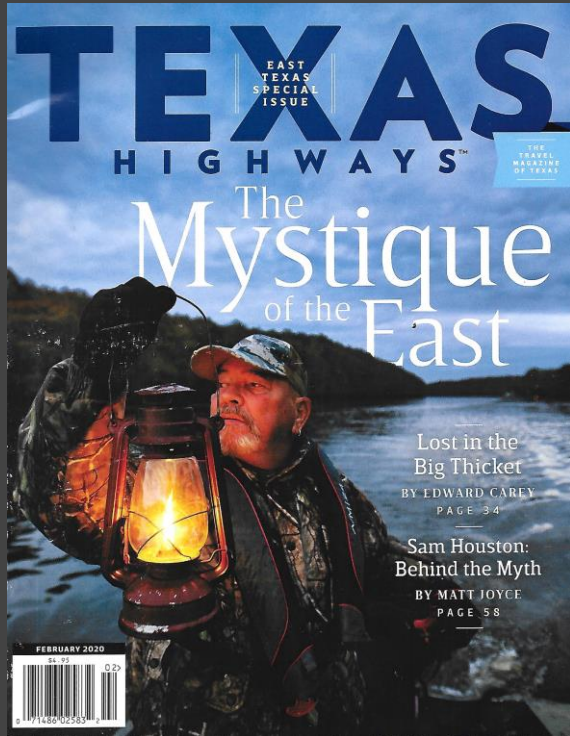


Magazine of the Year  
35 or More



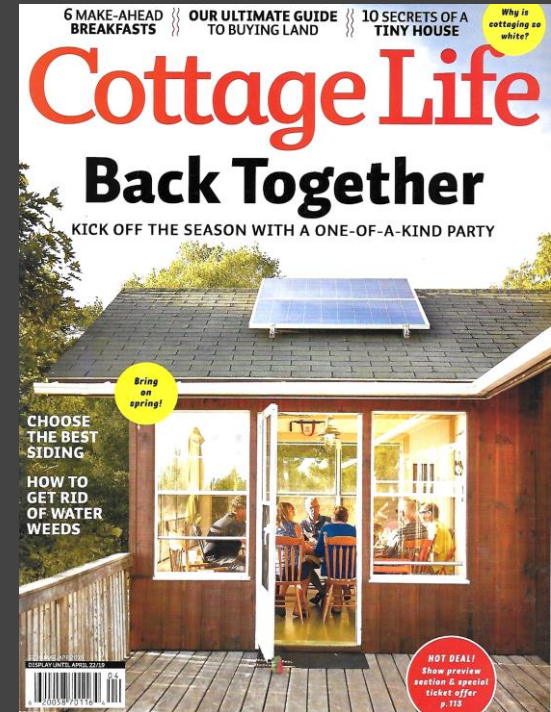
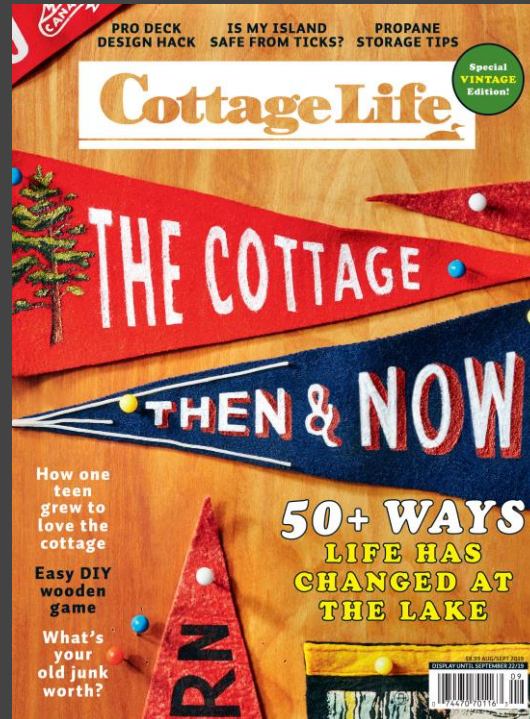
# Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Finalist

## Texas Highways



# Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Winner

## Cottage Life



Congratulations!



We will see you at the Andaz Hotel  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada  
October 15-19, 2021





