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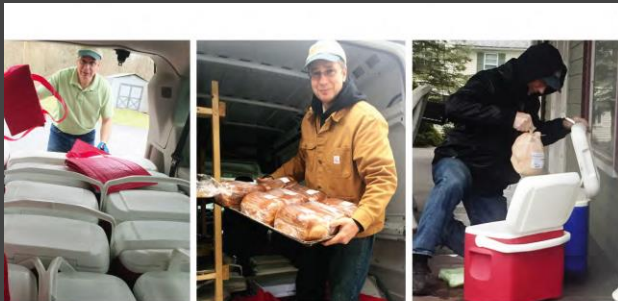


41st Annual Awards Presentation

Public Issues

Public Issues – Award of Merit

Mountain Home – Land of Milk and Honey



Land of Milk and Honey

David and Marla Nowacski Shorten the Supply Chain to the Farm Next Door

By David O'Reilly

Once upon a time less anxious than today—when the viruses worrying most Americans were merely on computers—David Nowacski sold his interest in the investment firm he'd run for seventeen years, then found himself at a crossroads.

"I'd worked in corporate all my life," he would later recall, "and for the first time I didn't have to put on a suit and tie." Yet he was already restless.

He and his wife, Marla, poured themselves coffee and strolled out to the deck behind their Columbia Crossroads home in Bradford County. It was the first of April, a time of new life and beginnings.

To the left of their eighty-eight acres was his parents' retired veal farm, where he'd grown up before heading off to Penn State. Down the road was their church, where he taught Bible classes. Beyond that was Marla's parents' farm, and before them the eleven-acre lake where their three kids swam and fished for bass and catfish. He'd carved it out of thicket and swamp with a bulldozer.

"What are we going to do now?" he wondered aloud to his wife. Best friends since fifth grade, both were forty-eight.

"Well," Marla replied, "We have to eat."

David thought about that, started to nod, then broke into a smile. He does that a lot. "Yeah," he said. "We know how to make food. Let's make food!"

Seven years later, almost to the day, the odometer on his red

Dodge Caravan is turning 112,797 miles as David, gripping the steering wheel with blue nitrile gloves, creeps up a winding road somewhere between Willsboro and Mansfield.

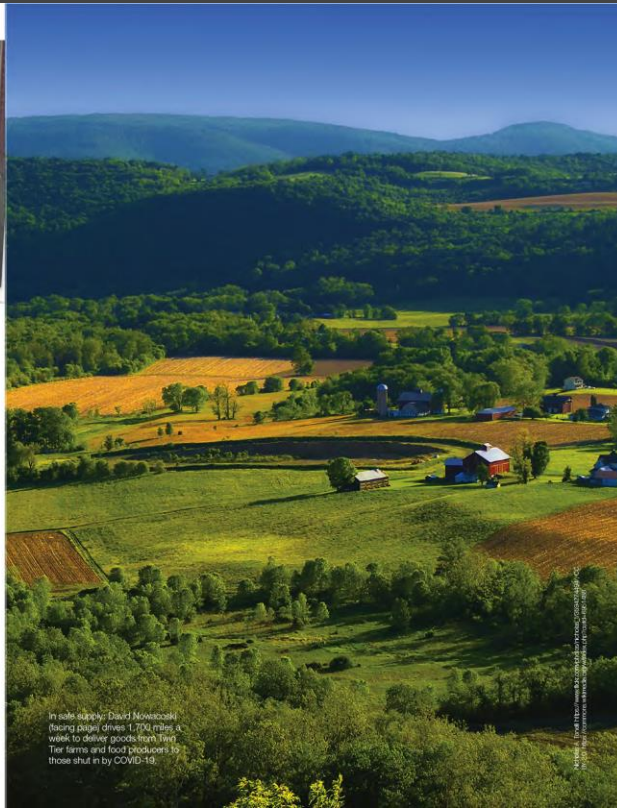
It's early April, three weeks since the corona virus scare has shuttered schools, restaurants, and workplaces across Pennsylvania and New York. His tired van is filled this Saturday morning with thirty-three red Igloo coolers, each wearing a name tag, and filled with the bounty of fifty-five farms and food producers from across thirteen Twin Tier counties.

Inside, bumping with him over these roads, are frozen bags of free-range chickens, cartons of organic eggs, glass jugs of organic milk, homemade shortbread cookies, organic sauerkraut, zoviol, pork shoulders, grass-fed beef steaks, whole-grain waffle mix, maple syrup, lentils, beans, kale, mushrooms, cheese curds, salamis, wild-caught Alaskan salmon, chocolate Easter eggs, and, yes, locally made hand sanitizers for these troubled times.

"I know there's opportunity in chaos," David remarks to a visitor from *Mountain Home* along for today's delivery run. It's the ninth and last run of the week. "But we got hit so hard again this week. We've sold out all our eggs—300 dozen—all our milk and cream, and most of our breads gone."

Home deliveries across 1,700 miles of rural roads every week is not what David and Marla bargained for when they resolved in 2013 to "make food." Nevertheless, they got up at

See *Honey* on page 1



In tight supply, David Nowacski's (second page) drives 1,700 miles a week to deliver goods from Twin Tier farms and food producers to those shut in by COVID-19.

Public Issues – Award of Merit

Texas Highways – Let Freedom Ring



LET FREEDOM RING

Juneteenth celebrations around the world mark the day enslaved Texans were finally notified of their freedom 155 years ago

BY MICHAEL HURD

of Texas at Austin, and had become a sports writer at the *Austin American-Statesman* and *USA Today*. Twenty-five years later, when I started my role as director of Prairie View A&M University's Texas Institute for the Preservation of History and Culture in 2015, I was tasked with digitally documenting 500 years of black history in Texas. As a kid, I celebrated Juneteenth in Prairie View, and now I'm privileged to research, write, and display exhibits about the event in that same town.

Along the way, I educated myself about black history, picking up bits and pieces from stories in Afrocentric publications, like *Jet* and *Ebony* magazines. In the late 1980s, I began research for my first book, *Black College Football, 1892-1992*, a history of football programs at historically black colleges. Part of my research focused on how those schools, such as Prairie View A&M, were founded throughout the South after emancipation.

When my interest in sports history collided with my interest in black history, I was excited to discover intriguing tales about Juneteenth, and everything that came before and after.

THE ROOTS OF JUNETEENTH were planted by the proclamation, a tactical military instrument intended to economically thwart the Confederate States Army and restore the Union. President Abraham Lincoln reasoned that freeing slaves in the rebellious states would collapse the Confederacy's cotton-based economy by taking away its labor force. He issued a preliminary proclamation in September 1862 warning the rebels to cease fighting and rejoin the Union or else he would free their slaves on January 1, 1863, which he did by signing the proclamation. In response, the Confederates stood fast.

The proclamation applied specifically to secessionist states. The enslaved people were officially notified of their freedom by Union soldiers in areas increasingly under the Union's control. That left Texas slaves unaffected because the state never had the large Union army presence necessary to enforce the proclamation, which made Texas a safe haven to practice



Opening Spread: Emancipation Day Celebration Band in Austin, 1950. From left: carriage decorated for Emancipation Day, Corpus Christi, 1912; the 2019 Juneteenth parade in San Antonio featured participants dressed as Buffalo Soldiers.

slavery. Slave owners in other Southern states seized the opportunity to move the enslaved to Texas, where they were less likely to be freed by Union soldiers. "It looked like everybody in the world was going to Texas," recalled one formerly enslaved man in historian Leon Litwack's book *Been in the Storm So Long: The Aftermath of Slavery*.

THE CIVIL WAR ENDED in April 1865, and two months later Union Gen. Gordon

Granger and about 2,000 troops arrived in Galveston to establish the provisional Department of Texas, where their major task was spreading the word to the 250,000 Texas slaves that they were free.

On June 19, 1865, General Order No. 3 was issued. "The people of Texas are informed that, in accordance with a proclamation from the Executive of the United States, all slaves are free." As Galveston native and historian Sharon Battiste Gillins describes in her 2018 essay "The Day

Public Issues - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife – Bruin Challenges

BRUIN CHALLENGES

Wyoming has invested significant money and resources to recover grizzly bears. Despite meeting two different population goals, the federal government still holds management authority, leaving the state and grizzly bears at a loss.

By the Wyoming Game and Fish Department



Wyoming hopes to take over management of grizzly bears and believes the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem population is fully recovered. (Photo by Anne Bergquist)

Wyoming Wildlife | 15

bears using their deer and elk license," Thompson said. During that same time livestock producers protecting their herds battled bears, while wildlife managers worked to keep aggressive bears at bay. Those efforts ran counter to Yellowstone National Park where public feeding of park bears still was allowed.

"Feeding and viewing bears was creating a dangerous mix," Thompson said. "Bears were food-conditioned in the area and there were human injuries. When the park outlawed feeding bears and closed garbage dumps, populations dropped as problem bears were dealt with."

Unfed bears became increasingly aggressive and populations dwindled to just over 130 animals in the 1970s, setting the conditions for the first listing for the grizzly bear.

THE LISTING AND THE COURTS

The low population and ever-reducing range prompted the federal government to place grizzly bears on the Endangered Species List as "threatened" for the first time in 1975. With that, the USFWS assumed, and has maintained for the majority of four decades, management authority over the GYE grizzlies. Long-term monitoring and research efforts on grizzly bears in the GYE are coordinated within



By some modern estimates, more than 1,000 grizzlies live in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem. (Photo by Dawn Wilson)

the Interagency Grizzly Bear Study Team (IGBST), formed in 1973. The group is federally directed and consists of representatives from the U.S. Geological Survey, National Park Service, USFWS, U.S. Forest Service, Eastern Shoshone and Northern Arapaho Tribal Fish and Game Department and the states of

COUNTING GRIZZLIES

Population estimation is an important part of wildlife conservation and is particularly important for species on the Threatened and Endangered Species List. Population abundance is one of many metrics used to determine if a species stays on or comes off the list. Grizzly bears in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem are one of the most studied populations in the world thanks largely to the formation of the Interagency Grizzly Bear Study Team, which began its research in 1973, and continues today with data spanning nearly 50 years.

Due to the secretive nature of grizzly bears, early efforts were focused on the development of population monitoring techniques that did not require visually counting bears. Thus, finding a segment of the population that could be uniquely identified became the goal. Researchers realized observing and counting females with cubs of the year was a good indicator

because they could be reliably noticed on the landscape and represent the reproduction of the species. The numbers of these females could then be extrapolated to an overall population estimate.

The method, used as part of the Grizzly Bear Recovery Plan in 1993, is still used today. To ensure the same bears are not counted twice, a rule set is established for how females with cubs are counted. The rule set is conservative, erring on the side of not overcounting. If multiple females are sighted, they are only counted as different females when there is strong evidence to support it.

As biologists continue to gather information and monitor the population, the methodology has been refined. The development of a statistical formula known as the Chao2 estimator has allowed scientists to estimate the number of females not observed. This method estimates more than 700 bears are in the GYE.



Aerial grizzly counting north of Dubois. Taking to the air is a common practice in estimating grizzly bear populations in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem. (Photo by David Thompson/IGBST)

With improvements to statistical methods and monitoring technology, this estimator will likely be refined in the future to reflect the current population of grizzlies in the GYE more accurately. Some estimates place the population at more than 1,000.

— Rebekah Fitzgerald, WFGD

Public Issues - Silver

Arizona Highways – At the End of Their Ropes



Cliff Littell helps Merlin Rapp, a fellow member of the Arizona Mountaineering Club, back up to Mather Point during the 2020 Grand Canyon Over-the-Rim Cleanup. Rapp is tying a bag of trash retrieved from the ledges below the overlook, while Littell is untying a bag of coins Rapp collected.

AT THE END OF THEIR ROPES

Children's toys, cameras, cellphones, sunglasses... even trash cans and traffic cones are dropped or tossed into the Grand Canyon. There's a lot of rubbish below the rim, but there would be a lot more if it weren't for the Arizona Mountaineering Club, which conducts an annual cleanup. Unfortunately, no matter how much stuff these dedicated volunteers take out, they'll never get to all of it.

BY NOAH AUSTIN | PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BURCHAM

“SEE SOMETHING SHINY down there. Or maybe it's a rock... It's round, and I think it's purple, but I have my sunglasses on, so I'm not sure about the color... It's about a foot to the left of your left foot. Does that make sense?” This is what it sounds like to clean up the mess left by 6 million people.

It's a sunny morning in late September, and Deborah Roether is standing near Bright Angel Lodge on the South Rim of Grand Canyon National Park. She's shouting directions to David Sampson, who's 30 feet below her, on a rope anchored to the base of a well-worn observation scope

on the rim. Sampson is picking his way, a few inches at a time, along a small, crumbly ledge of Kaibab Limestone. He's hunting for trash — some of it blown off the rim, some of it inadvertently dropped, some of it intentionally thrown. But it doesn't really matter how it got into the Canyon. There's only one way to get it out.

That's where the Arizona Mountaineering Club, an all-volunteer group dedicated to rock climbing education and land advocacy, comes in. Founded in the 1960s, the club has been organizing the annual Grand Canyon Over-the-Rim Cleanup for three decades. Every year, members of

the group spend a day and a half hanging from ropes to pull man-made items out of Arizona's best-known natural wonder. It's a tough job — especially in 2020, with COVID-19 throwing a wrench into park operations and the event's logistics — but it has to be done if those 6 million annual visitors are going to see the Canyon at its best.

“Ninety percent of [park visitors] don't go below the rim,” says Roether, who's been with the AMC since 2014. “To have their experience be a rim experience, and to have that experience involve trash that doesn't belong there, is painful to me. It actually hurts when I see that.”

EARLY IN ITS HISTORY, the AMC was often tasked with rescuing members who lost their ropes or otherwise got stuck while climbing Camelback Mountain and other peaks in the Phoenix area. Today, though, its mission is to provide educational opportunities, climbing experiences and stewardship of the places where people love to climb. “When you have an organization that's as old as this, one of your biggest challenges is respecting the past, living in the present and planning for the future,” says John Furniss, a past president of the club who organizes the Grand Canyon event.

Public Issues - Gold

Oklahoma Today – Hell Came to Tulsa

HELL CAME TO TULSA

NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO, TULSA SAW THE OUTBREAK OF ONE OF THE WORST INCIDENTS OF RACIST VIOLENCE IN AMERICAN HISTORY. TOO LONG UNTOLD IN OKLAHOMA HISTORY CLASSROOMS AND TEXTS, THE STORY FINALLY IS SEEING THE LIGHT OF DAY.

BY QURAYSH ALI LANSANA | RESEARCH BY BRACKEN KLAR

If I could stand in the midst of the dead bodies
Of those brave black men who fell in the Tulsa riot and
massacre,
As martyrs to the greatest cause it has ever been human
privilege to espouse,
I would lift my eyes in adoration and gratitude
To the great God of the universe who gave use their being
And my voice to their fellowman throughout this broad
land,
And on behalf of a grateful race pay homage to their
blessed memory.
By way of eulogy it may well be said, that
Because of them, the hope of our race looms brighter
And the world has been made some better,
Not because they lived in it, but because they died as
they did,
True martyrs to a sacred cause!
Fighting against overwhelming odds, and without hope
of surviving the conflict,
These men gave their all that a great principle might
triumph.
Tis better to fight, and die if need be,
Than to live, if to live means to compromise manhood
And to sacrifice the sacred things that life is made of.

FROM "EULOGY TO THE TULSA MARTYRS" BY A.J. SMITHERMAN

Chimneys, bed frames, and the shells of burned-out buildings were among the few things left standing throughout the neighborhood known as Black Wall Street following the 1921 Tulsa Race Massacre.



Historic Feature
35,000 or Less

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less – Merit

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors – A Year in the Life of a Lighthouse

A Year in the Life of a Lighthouse

BY RONALD JOSEPH



Betty Brown, seen here at age 89, and her husband "Dude" staffed the Pond Island Lighthouse in 1953 as twenty-two year olds.

BETTY BROWN was distraught. Her husband, Pond Island Lighthouse keeper Alton "Dude" Brown, had rowed a mile to Phippsburg to purchase groceries and collect mail—tasks he tackled every third week. He had departed in sunshine but before he returned, a thick fogbank engulfed the lighthouse and much of coastal Maine. Located at the mouth of the Kennebec River, Pond Island Lighthouse was built in 1821 to mark the river's west entrance. Saguin Island Lighthouse, two miles farther out to sea, had been built in 1796.

On that late summer day in 1953, Betty, then 22, stood inside Pond Island's fog bell shed struggling to recall Dude's step-by-step instructions for operating the bell, which would help guide him home. The two-ton bell, housed under the shed, functioned like a grandfather clock hand-winding a wheeled mechanism housed in the shed activated a

descending weight, which released a heavy spring triggering a sledgehammer to strike the bell.

"Dude was rowing back to the island in fog as thick as pea soup," recalled Brown, 66 years later. "But until I could get the fog bell striker to cooperate, he and ship captains would be courting trouble."

"Dude was rowing back to the island in fog as thick as pea soup," recalled Brown, 66 years later.

Her fears were well founded. Long before General Benedict Arnold and 1,100 Revolutionary War soldiers ascended the Kennebec River in September 1775, Native Americans struggled to navigate powerful currents colliding at

the mouth. A thick fog could fatally complicate the situation. During the War of 1812, soldiers were stationed on Pond Island and nearby Fort Popham to prevent the British from entering this major waterway. After the war, Pond Island became a transfer station for passengers traveling by steamship to Augusta, Bucksport, and Bangor.

David Spinney, the island's fourth lighthouse keeper in 1849, witnessed the capsizing of the *Hanover*, a Maine merchant ship returning to Bath following a three-year voyage to Spain and ports elsewhere. During the final leg of its homeward journey, the ship struck a bar in stormy seas and sank near Pond Island, losing all 24 crewmen. A dog, the ship's lone survivor, swam ashore. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote about the *Hanover* in *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, published in 1861: "The story of this wreck of a home-bound ship just enter-



Photo courtesy Pond Island Lighthouse Museum

The two-ton bell functioned like a grandfather clock. Hand-winding a wheeled mechanism inside the shed activated a descending weight, releasing a heavy spring, triggering a sledgehammer to strike the bell.



Pond Island Lighthouse was located at the mouth of the Kennebec River, about a mile from the mainland. Lighthouse keepers rowed ashore every three weeks to collect mail and acquire provisions in Phippsburg.

ing the harbor is yet told in many a family on this coast." For nearly a hundred years, a copy of the book was kept in the Pond Island Lighthouse.

Aware of that tragedy, Betty's concern for her husband bordered on outright panic. "I did everything I could think of to start that dark bell," she remembered, "but it refused to work. And wouldn't you know, as soon as I ran to the lighthouse to attend to my crying six-week-old baby Michael, the bell miraculously began clanging." Dude had rowed past the island, but reoriented the 16-foot dory after hearing the bell. Approaching the island, he was guided to the slipway on the west-facing shore by the sound of crashing breakers on

suturing wounds to treating illnesses."

Contrary to its name, 10-acre Pond Island is pond-less. Covered with shrubs, rocky outcrops, and sloping sparse fields, "the island," wrote lighthouse keeper Spinney, "lists to the starboard like a hobbled ship." Its lack of fresh water prompted Samuel Rogers—lighthouse keeper in 1823—to petition the government to dig a well or install a cistern. "I am the keeper of the Light House on Pond Island," he wrote to the federal Lighthouse Establishment Department. "I suffer great inconvenience on account of having no means to obtain fresh water but by transporting it from the mainland. It is usual, I am told, to have a well or Cistern on the Islands where Light Houses are placed." The government authorized construction of a cistern.

"The cistern was in the cellar," recalled Brown. "It collected water from the roof of the keeper's house. We were judicious with its use, the cistern being our sole source of water for drinking, cooking, bathing, and washing clothes." An old hand pump in the slate kitchen sink drew the water up from the cellar. Their domestic water was heated in a cast iron pot on a large wood-burning cookstove retrofitted to burn coal. "Once a month," she added, "the cistern had to be drained and disinfected on account of gulls and other sea birds defecating on the roof. We timed the task with a wet weather event to allow the cistern to quickly refill."

The two-story keeper's house was heated by a coal-burning furnace. Twice a year, a Coast Guard boat delivered 100 or so large bags of coal for storage in the basement. The house had no electricity or indoor plumbing. "Our outhouse was 20 steps from the back door," she said with a laugh. "Ten if you had to hurry." Kerosene lamps brightened rooms sufficiently to read books. "Imagine my thrill discovering a gasoline-powered washing machine—it made washing a dozen diapers a much easier daily chore," she recalled.

For posterity, Betty kept a copy of Dude's job description: "Lighthouse keepers must keep alert, keep watch, keep clean, keep calm, keep accounts, keep house, keep track of time, and

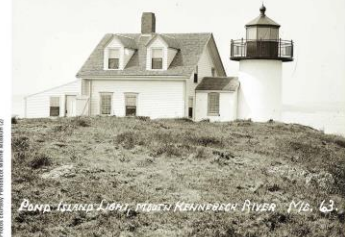


Photo courtesy Pond Island Lighthouse Museum

Winter storms often sent spray from crashing waves onto the leaky second-story windows of the Pond Island keeper's house. From November until April, Betty Brown kept a map and pad in her upstairs bedroom.

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Saltscapes – A Vital Community Connection



BY SHELLEY CAMERON-McCARRON

One of Atlantic Canada's quintessential old general stores that has been serving the local community for nearly 150 years is found along a winding road in picturesque, rural Inverness County, Cape Breton. It's a two-story white wooden structure that's a fixture in the little community of Brook Village, located halfway between the villages of Mahon and Whycomagh, at the junction of Route 252 and Hays River Road.

Pull open the door to Brook Village Grocery (BVG) and you will see hand-made—and slightly crooked—wooden shelves lining the walls, and barnboard-clad fridges taking up the centre of the main room. A top shelf display space is filled with curries from an antique wooden sock stretcher in an old bottle capper. Wander around and you will find Brook Village Grocery carries everything from animal feed and rubber boots to Asian food staples and Italian character.

You may soon find yourself leaving with a fine selection of Gun's Hill Artisan Cheese, gourmet salt from France, candy

carefully chosen from mason jars, and most likely, a spring in your step—happy for the experience of it all.

Karen Allen, owner and general manager of BVG, describes the pastoral scene. "There is a small sheep farm next door, and across the road sits a Catholic church. In the middle of the village on a grassy patch of land sits the glebe house and the flagpole. Just across the bridge is the parish hall, home to the liveliest summer square dances in the county. Trees and fields surround the village, and two brooks run through, one to the right of Brook Village Grocery, and one between the church and the parish hall."

STEP BACK IN TIME

"Many customers who come into BVG for the first time comment that it's like stepping back in time. This store has been in operation for 140 years, changing ownership multiple times, but never closing in all those years," says Allen.

The ceiling is covered in the original copper tiles, painted white long ago, she says. An old oil stove, where for years

neighbours have warmed their hands on cold mornings, sits in the middle of the room, and up at the back is where you find the automotive care products section housed in an old double fridge, and an assortment of hardware and household necessities.

"We boast the best selection of fine cheese on the island and prioritize stocking local products whenever possible," Allen says. "Shelves are stocked with an eclectic assortment of products, organic tahini sits beside Compliments brand strawberry jam, and Avon canned peas sit beside Speersville red lentils. We also have one of the few hummers on the island, with an assortment of fine cigars and pipe tobacos.

"Everyone's surprised by how many different items we carry in such a small space."

COMMUNITY SIGNIFICANCE

BVG is one of a select number of small, old-style general stores scattered across Atlantic Canada, places of cultural and community significance that have in many cases stood for generations, where owners know customers by name—and likely their kids' names, too.

Brook Village is a tight-knit community and many families run accounts—and have for years. Allen says, "I can think of a handful of customers whose families have been coming to this store for three generations. In the summertime, all the local kids come in for frozen and ice cream cones or are sent to pick up milk or eggs for their parents. The store truly is a community hub."

"That's part of the allure. Beyond its rustic, rural charm, the bustling store is a place for interaction, where people stop to catch up with one another.

It's gotten new fans, too. "Maybe it's a millennial thing, but it seems like in the last five or 10 years, people have been really drawn to the old ways of life, to history and authenticity. It also seems to go hand-in-hand with the buy-local movement," Allen says.

Allen admits owning a rural general store was never something she envisioned for herself, yet she found herself doing just that in Brook Village. "I like how it is really diverse. I like to have a variety of tasks. It's a creative outlet in a lot of ways, arranging and making things look nice, decorating and building on that rustic charm."

With small business ownership, you're always problem solving, she says, and it can be stressful—including working with a century-old septic system—but there's also the feel of satisfaction you get when you successfully solve a problem.

WHERE EVERYONE GATHERS

Located on Main Street in Havelock, NB, Charlie's General Store, a two-story building with cedar shingles on front, has been part of the town since 1963, when Charlie and Margorie Ryder opened their doors. They later sold the business to their son Peter and his wife Trina.



After it was closed for several years, Dana and Shelley Hicks purchased Charlie's General Store in Havelock, NB, and kept its original name.

After being closed for three years, Charlie's was purchased by Dana and Shelley Hicks, locals to the community who wanted to keep the original name and feel of the store.

"While Charlie's was closed, Dana and Shelley felt that there should be a store in Havelock. It was needed. For the past 14 years, Dana has been a business partner with T&D Excavating and thought this would be something new and fun to work at as well," says Melanie Wilson, who manages the store.

Ever since Charlie's reopened on November 2, 2019 with a free BBQ, hayrides and colouring contact for the kids, Wilson says a common comment from customers was that the town had died a bit when Charlie's closed. "They had really missed it and felt that Havelock had a new life to it since the doors were opened again.

"Everyone who comes to Havelock knows about Charlie's. It's where people have come for years to gather and see someone you haven't seen in ages," she says. "We have a little bit of everything. As the saying goes, 'If Charlie's doesn't have it, you don't really need it.'"

"What they have is everything from groceries to hardware, tools and greeting cards to kitchenware and toilet seals. "We have such a range of items. I carry many items from locals as well, which include homemade pickles and jams to earrings and even homemade wooden cans. The favourite area of the store is definitely the candy shelf."

Wilson says people often stop in just to look and see what's new. Plus, they're drawn by the charm that comes from the friendly, warm staff and customers. "You may come here for just a carton of milk and stay for an hour talking to someone either inside or outside on our cedar bench."

The bench was something they made sure to include prior to reopening. "You could not drive by or stop in without seeing people gathered there. People would often meet and just chat about anything and everything for hours at a time," Wilson says. The new bench is a sure fit for the new look on such a large part of the Havelock community. Charlie's has been one of the integral parts of keeping people connected and providing for our community and we're blessed to do so."



Above: The bakers at Fussy Judy's Kitchens, part of Small Point General Store. Right: Wanda Crocker passes the keys (COVID-style) to new owner Jimmy Johnson, last April.



ery selling bread and other goodies (their lobster rolls fly out the door in summer), and a full line of groceries. They've also offered hot meals made by wife Tammy, fresh sandwiches and salads including a homemade potato salad they couldn't keep on the shelves.

"My motto is that we're a small but mighty store."

A COMMUNITY ANCHOR

What's the appeal of an old-fashion general store?

"I think it's an anchor. You have something in your community that's been there, that's stood the test of time," says Gallant. "You can have that chat and feel good about yourself and you feel like it's part of the community and part of you. I feel tons of pride running it, and I think the community feels tons of pride that they have it."

While some people may believe small general stores can't compete, Gallant doesn't see it that way at all. He says they have a lot to offer. "We've weathered the storms, we found our grooves, our niches. We're able to maintain ourselves. A lot of people are surprised by what we have to offer."

At his store, he says they are always trying to upgrade. "We're not a super modern place, but we don't pretend to be. People are always a little surprised what they find around the next turn. They'll say 'that wasn't there yesterday.' We're always adding something a little extra."

PASSING THE TORCH

At the Small Point General Store in Small Point, Conception Bay North in Newfoundland and Labrador, you might be looking for a tank of gas, rubber boots, a plaid shirt, a puzzle, an electric pot hauler for your lobster gear, something for your iPhone, olive oil, some groceries. "We've got it. We really have a bit of everything," says longtime and now former proprietor Wanda Crocker, who sold the business to Jimmy and Heather Johnson in the spring of 2020.

"If the store doesn't have it, Jimmy will get it," says Crocker, a former social worker from St. John's, who used to spend her

weekends in the area until one Sunday years back she knew she just couldn't keep leaving anymore.

The Small Point General Store is about an hour and a half drive from St. John's, and about 30 minutes to Carboneau, the area's main town. It's located between two beaches and has a summertime/weekend kind of feel, Crocker says.

"Because it's a small, small, people come in and have a chat, and then say, 'oh gee, I never knew you had bingo blotters.' It's that kind of store, which becomes really a focal point of the community," she continues.

"You still find that kind of small general store that's going to have everything for you. It's a beautiful thing; really part of the community."

The sale of Small Point was an exercise in serendipity. Jimmy went to the shop one Sunday morning to get bread, and Wanda had just put the For Sale sign up in the window. He told her right then and there that he and Heather wanted it. Wanda was determined to sell to someone in the community, and Heather says, "Jimmy really wanted to do this, so we did it. Jimmy loves being there." She adds, "We plan on renovating the store section by section." The community was thrilled to have a young couple from the community taking over, she says. "We made the best decision ever."

They also work within the community, hosting fundraisers, selling tickets, helping out where they can, and hosting an annual thank-you day with a band and food in the parking lot.

"Tourists and people from away are blown away. They're amazed by how many things are stocked up in here, and in the middle of that you have a bakery pumping out the smell of homemade bread."

The baking is legendary—Crocker, who comes in regularly, says they have people line up for it, and she's seen a suitcase full of molasses raisin bread packed up and ready to be taken to the mainland.

So popular are the store's tea biscuits that their bakery has made over 90,000 in the last five years and CBC came to do a segment on them. 🍪

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife – Opening the Borders for Justice

OPENING THE BORDERS FOR JUSTICE

Celebrating its 120th year, the Lacey Act continues to bring poachers to justice even after they leave the state where a crime was committed

By Christina Schmidt

Wyoming's second state game warden, D.C. Nowlin, received some news on Dec. 1, 1906, he likely never expected. More than 1,000 miles away, two Wyoming residents, who had for years illegally plundered the elk herds of northwest Wyoming, sat in a jail cell in southern California. Nowlin and

his handful of deputy wardens had long tried to bring these two men to justice for their destructive, poaching exploits. Now, thanks to a federal law that had passed six years earlier, William Binkley and Charles Purdy would return to Wyoming to stand trial for their crimes.



A photograph of two game wardens discussing tusk hunting appeared in the 1907 Annual Report of the State Game Warden. (1907 photo)

GAME WARDENS DISCUSSING TUSK-HUNTING CASES AT FOCATELLO, IDAHO

First of its kind

For years, Iowa Rep. John F. Lacey wrote and revised legislation to end the trafficking of poached wildlife. His efforts paid off when on April 30, 1900, the lawyer and Union Army veteran spoke on the United States Congressional House floor. He urged his colleagues to vote in favor of his twice-revised bill "Enlarging the Powers of the Department of Agriculture."

Nicknamed the Bird Bill of 1900 for its intent to end the illegal trade in birds, it is now known as the Lacey Act and is recognized as our country's first federal wildlife protection law.

The bill had three areas of focus:

- Allow the federal government to prohibit importation of damaging, non-native species.
- Allow the government to reintroduce species for restoration where needed.
- Create, for the first time, a law making it a federal crime to traffic poached wildlife across state lines.

It was this third objective that would have a big impact in Wyoming just a few years after the bill's enactment, opening the door for runaway elk poachers to be charged in federal court.

Prior to the Lacey Act, when a poacher committed a crime in one state then crossed into another, local game wardens had no recourse to pursue them because their law enforcement authority ended, as it does today, at the state line.

"Game wardens of the various states have long desired some legislation of this kind by which they can stop the nefarious traffic in birds and game killed in defiance of their state laws," Lacey said to the Congressional House.

But state-rights advocates were concerned about federal overreach. Indiana Rep. J.M. Robinson questioned Lacey on this point, suggesting a new federal law would conflict with state jurisdiction.

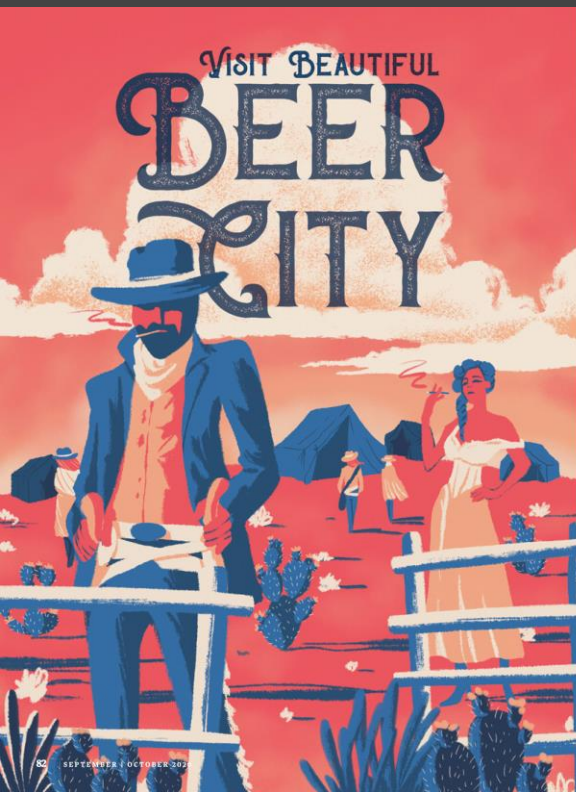
"The authority of the National Government begins where the State authority ends," Lacey responded, giving the example of animals killed illegally in Indiana then shipped out of state.

"When they are thus transported, ... the local game wardens, endeavoring to protect the birds of your State, find themselves powerless. ... Then the national law comes in ... and in



Feathers were commonly used in fashion in the late 1800s and early 1900s. This created a high demand for wild feathers that decimated some bird populations. This inspired John Lacey to write legislation that made it a federal crime to transport illegally obtained animal parts across state lines. (Adobe Stock Photos)

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Silver Oklahoma Today – Anarchy in the I.T.



ANARCHY IN THE I.T.

DURING THE WILD AND WOOLY DAYS BEFORE OKLAHOMA STATEHOOD, ONE PANHANDLE TOWN GAINED NOTORITY AS THE MOST LAWLESS PLACE ON THE PLAINS. WELCOME TO BEER CITY.

BY BRIAN TED JONES

IN AUGUST 1888, two newspapers reported on the unfortunate death of a twenty-eight-year-old painter named Charley Meyers—or Charles Myers, or maybe Charles Meyer; the name is spelled three ways across the two accounts.

The *Indian Chief* of Vinita related the story: Meyers was standing in a saloon near the saloonkeeper, George Shoemaker, who was handling a revolver carelessly. The gun discharged, and the ball struck Meyers in the arm before entering his stomach. He died within fifteen minutes.

The *Wichita Eagle* of Wichita, Kansas, had reported the same story two days earlier, adding a few personal details: Meyers was considered a harmless man, and it was said he had two children living with relatives in Colorado. Both papers noted the place where Meyers died was a town called Beer City on the Neutral Strip. The *Eagle* went so far as to claim Meyers lived there.

Except Beer City wasn't actually a town, per se. There never was a Beer City post office, a Beer City church, nor a Beer City school. The area was cattle country, but there were no cattle pens in Beer City. The Beer City townsite was never platted. And when the merchants of Beer City pitched their community to prospective settlers in newspaper advertisements, their chief selling point was the town's lack of any civic code

The pre-statehood Panhandle community known as Beer City was a haven for frontier lawlessness, advertising itself as a place with "absolutely no law."

whatsoever. They bragged about Beer City being "the only town of its kind in the civilized world where there is absolutely no law."

Witnesses claimed the shooting of Charley Meyers was accidental, absolving George Shoemaker of any intentional killing. But in a place like Beer City, would it have mattered?



TO UNDERSTAND BEER CITY and its brief spell of anarchy, one must begin on May 4, 1493, when Pope Alexander VI granted the Spanish crown "all islands and mainlands found and to be found, discovered and to be discovered" on an area of the planet corresponding roughly to the northern half of the Western Hemisphere. This included the rectangle of land measuring about 5,700 square miles that today makes up the Oklahoma Panhandle's three counties of Cimarron, Texas, and Beaver.

Spain claimed undisputed title to the land until the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, which placed the border between the United States and the Spanish empire into serious doubt. In 1819, though, the Adams-Onís Treaty resolved the issue by setting the boundary at the 100th meridian, where the line between Harper and Beaver counties—the Panhandle's eastern boundary—runs today.

President John Quincy Adams signed the treaty confirming Spanish control over the area on February 22, 1819. But on August 24, 1821, Spain would lose the Panhandle to Mexico in the Mexican War of Independence.



Even after the area now known as the Oklahoma Panhandle became part of the United States in 1845, land-use issues kept the area mired in legal confusion. In 1886, Interior Secretary L.O.C. Lamar declared the area to be public domain and subject to squatters' rights.

Then in 1836, Mexico lost the land to Texas in the Texan War of Independence. For 38 years, the Panhandle had belonged to Spain, but in less than seventeen, the area passed from Spain to Mexico, then from Mexico to the Republic of Texas.

The United States annexed Texas in 1845, bringing the Panhandle under U.S. authority for the first time. But the Missouri Compromise of 1820 prohibited Texas from keeping both the Panhandle and the institution of slavery, since the Compromise prohibited slavery north of the very latitude line which now forms the area's southern border.

In 1850, to solve this problem, Texas ceded an enormous chunk of land to

the federal government, including the future Oklahoma Panhandle. Most of the ceded land quickly became organized into the Kansas and Nebraska territories in 1854, in part to speed up construction of the Transcontinental Railroad. The Panhandle would probably have become a part of Kansas, except the 1836 Treaty of New Echota between the U.S. and the Cherokee Nation had guaranteed the Cherokees "a perpetual outlet west" with "free and unobstructed use" as far west as "the sovereignty of the United States and their right of soil extend."

To protect this Cherokee Outlet, the tribe successfully objected to the federal government placing the Kansas border too far south. After drawing the

territorial lines for Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas, Congress left intact and unclaimed the zone of land due west of the Outlet. For the first time in almost four centuries of Western history, the Panhandle became a distinct place with a formal name: the Public Land Strip or Public Land.

From 1850 until 1890, the Strip was not entirely ungoverned. The influence of the Cherokees could be felt in the grazing fees early Panhandle cattlemen paid the tribe to feed their livestock on its abundant grasses, and the U.S. Postal Service even erroneously called the area "the Neutral Strip of Indian Territory." This prompted an inquiry by a Strip resident to the U.S. General Land Office in 1885. The Office ruled the

Strip wasn't part of Indian Territory at all, and a Supreme Court opinion in the same year held the Cherokee Nation possessed no rights to the Strip. The developments immediately opened the area for settlement by squatters, in a space where no government—state, territorial, or municipal—prevailed.

The final step toward the creation of Beer City came in 1888, when the Santa Fe Railway extended its line southwest from Liberal, Kansas, to the town of Tyrone, in what's now Texas County. In Tyrone, big, sturdy corrals were constructed, and the cattle market blossomed, while cowboys and cattlemen sought liquid recreation in their long drives to market and long haggling over livestock prices. But

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Gold

Adirondack Life – Gone But Not Forgotten

Fifty years after Douglas Legg disappeared in the Newcomb woods, the search continues

By Bret Yager

Gone But Not Forgotten

Search continues



Volunteers hike through swampy Adirondack, part of the rough and varied terrain near Newcomb Lake where Douglas Legg, a then grade schooler, disappeared. The photo shows the rugged terrain near Newcomb Lake where Douglas Legg, a then grade schooler, disappeared. The photo shows the rugged terrain near Newcomb Lake where Douglas Legg, a then grade schooler, disappeared.

NOTICE MISSING PERSON



DOUGLAS LEGG

Age - 9 years
Height - 4 ft. 6 in.
Coloring - Blonde hair, blue-gray eyes
Weight - 76 lbs.

Wearing white shirt with blue horizontal stripes, navy blue shorts, black high-top sneakers.

Last seen on July 10, 1971, hiking in the Adirondack Mountains.

If found or seen, please contact parents - No questions asked.

MAY and WILLIAM LEGG

CALL COLLECT 1-315-635-7622

THE LEADS HAVE ALL ENDED THE SAME—evaporating like smoke against a landscape that holds the promise of beauty and the threat of violent indifference for those who cross its threshold.

Douglas Legg would be 58 years old this year. He might have had children and, by now, grandchildren. His face, peering mischievously from old photographs, promises to save life. His eyes have a knowing cast that makes you think he could find his way out of just about anything he encountered. Instead, 50 years ago on July 10, Legg disappeared from a remote, rugged trail on the Santanoni Estate near Newcomb. No trace of him has ever been found.

Legg was eight years old—a month shy of nine. A budding outdoorsman on a brief visit to the family-owned compound, he had followed his uncle on a hike around the property but was sent back to camp to put on long pants. Somewhere along the half-mile stretch between his uncle and camp, something went wrong. Legg was believed to have been spotted briefly on a nearby ridge by a brother and a cousin. If this is true, it was the last anyone would see of him.

The ensuing search was the largest in New York State history. By the time the day's hot temperatures swung to a 30s-range chill on the night of July 12, an army of multi-agency personnel and hundreds of volunteers had poured into the southwest corner of the High Peaks, calling the boy's name. Drawn by media reports, university students and tourists joined in the search. People who had only read Legg's name gave up vacation time to head to Santanoni. Media accounts from the time estimated the volunteer force at 1,000 souls.

Gary Carter, a former rescue squad leader in Newcomb, was the first person into the woods looking for the boy. He stayed late into the first night, took leave from mining work and ultimately put in a total of 40 days guiding troopers, psychiatrists and people who didn't understand the land but wanted to help. When he could break from the groups, he went back to the ground on his own so he could concentrate, in some places crawling on hands and knees, sniffing for tracks, draining and searching a heavier swamp and following bloodhounds through the peaks.

"I have five children ... and I just know what I would feel if he had been one of my own," said Carter, who now lives in Corvallis.

In the unfolding days, the rotors of search helicopters fogged the air, and military aircraft equipped with new heat-detecting technology made runs over the wild stretches extending from Santanoni. Douglas Legg's family chartered a plane to fetch an elite mountain rescue team from Sierra Madre, California. These "mountain men" were daunted by the morass of bogs and choking brush, so different from what they were used to, and went away empty-handed.

"The country was rough," Carter remembered. "There were places Douglas couldn't even have gotten through." Long past the day when Legg might have been recovered from the woods alive, searchers dragged lake bottoms and combed swamps and finally confronted by unbending reality, they gave up. The search ended in its official capacity a month after it started.

The disappearance of Douglas Legg left a pall over Newcomb and surrounding communities. In many ways, the state at large found itself unable to shake the loss of someone

so young. Discussion boards remain scrawled with firsthand accounts of the search, memories of the roar of the planes and wide-ranging speculation about ways that Legg may have met his end, and ways the search should have been better organized and less chaotic. Legg's relatives, the wealthy Melvin family from Syracuse, sold Santanoni to the state immediately after his disappearance. Considered one of the grandest of the surviving Adirondack Great Camps, Santanoni was built at the turn of the 20th century by Robert and Anna Proyn and acquired by the Melvins in 1951. Today the camp is managed by the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation and open to all.

THE PUBLIC INTEREST, wide-ranging effort, and ultimate failure of the monumental search led to a preeminent role for the New York State Forest Rangers in all ensuing search-and-rescue efforts. The analysis of what didn't work in the fragmented operation helped establish improved methods for the future. Due in part to Legg and to advances in technology, rescue operators today are better equipped and organized to help a person missing in the woods.

None of this made the loss easier to digest for those directly involved, nor for the millions of people following the media reports from a distance. Bart Bartholomew, from Fulton, had closely followed the case and was so upset with the outcome that, in August 1971, he formed the Oswego County Pioneer Search-and-Rescue team, a group that has since located scores of the lost in the Adirondacks. Jim Faraglia wrote a 2016 book, *Pioneers: The Story of Oswego County's Search and Rescue Team*, in which he devoted a chapter to the formative effect of the Legg case.

The Newcomb Historical Museum's archives include newspaper clippings, missing person posters, official correspondence, and notes on search timelines and donations to fund the search for Douglas Legg.



The search was the largest in New York State history. Media accounts estimated the volunteer force at 1,000 souls

Accompanied by volunteers from their search party, state police officers, including Sgt. John J. Sullivan, led the search for Douglas Legg through the woods near Newcomb Lake.

Historic Feature
35,000 or More

Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – Grounds for Remembrance

DESTINATIONS
Historic Fairview Cemetery

DETAILS
DETAILS

LOCATION

YEAR
1881
OLDEST KNOWN BURIAL

GRAVES
12,000
ESTIMATED

BUFFALO SOLDIERS
13
MANY UNMARKED

GOVERNORS
1
EDMUND G. ROSS

Grounds for Remembrance

In the heart of Albuquerque, a neglected graveyard tells stories of wealth, power, tragedy, and anonymity.
By Kate Nelson

FRANCISCO PEREA WAS SEATED in Ford's Theatre that night, and he heard the bang of the bullet that killed his friend President Abraham Lincoln. Born in the village of Los Padillas, south of Albuquerque's core, Perea prospered from his trade network along the Santa Fe Trail before winning election as a territorial delegate to Congress in 1863. When he died, in 1913, his body joined those of other prominent citizens in the city's first community cemetery.

Today, a soldierly lineup of poplars and evergreens divides that resting place from the more recent green and orderly burials at Fairview Memorial Park, seven blocks south of the University of New Mexico. Tilted logs amid the row of trees block a one-time driving entrance, requiring a couple of shimmy steps to enter Fairview's far smaller and long-neglected original portion.

At 17 and a half acres, Historic Fairview Cemetery likely holds as many tumbleweeds as it does grave-sites—an estimated 12,000, half of them unmarked. Scrabbles of desert scrub creep up among tilted headstones and eroded markers. But for the occasional clutch of faded plastic flowers and small flags marking military graves, its color scheme fades into tones of gray and sand.

American flags mark the graves of soldiers whose collective stories are etched with the soil. War and hunt through the Korean War.

Top, from left: Visitors leave flowers. A boulder at the McCormick and Simms graves. **Bottom, from facing page:** Woodmen of the World markers, made for members of a fraternal life insurance company. Desert life rises from a grave. A toy car decorates a grave. Lizzie Stauffer's scroll-like slab.

Your favorite color can be autumn. **[TRUE]**

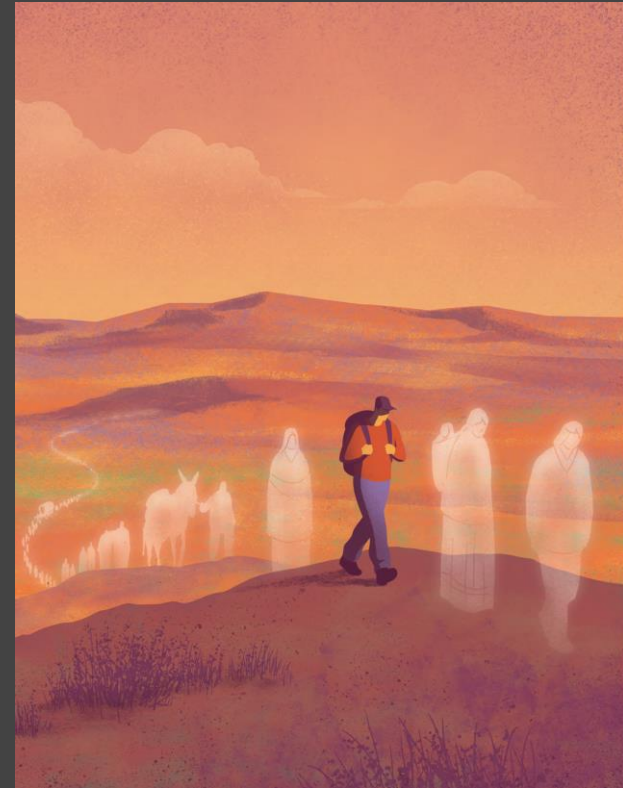
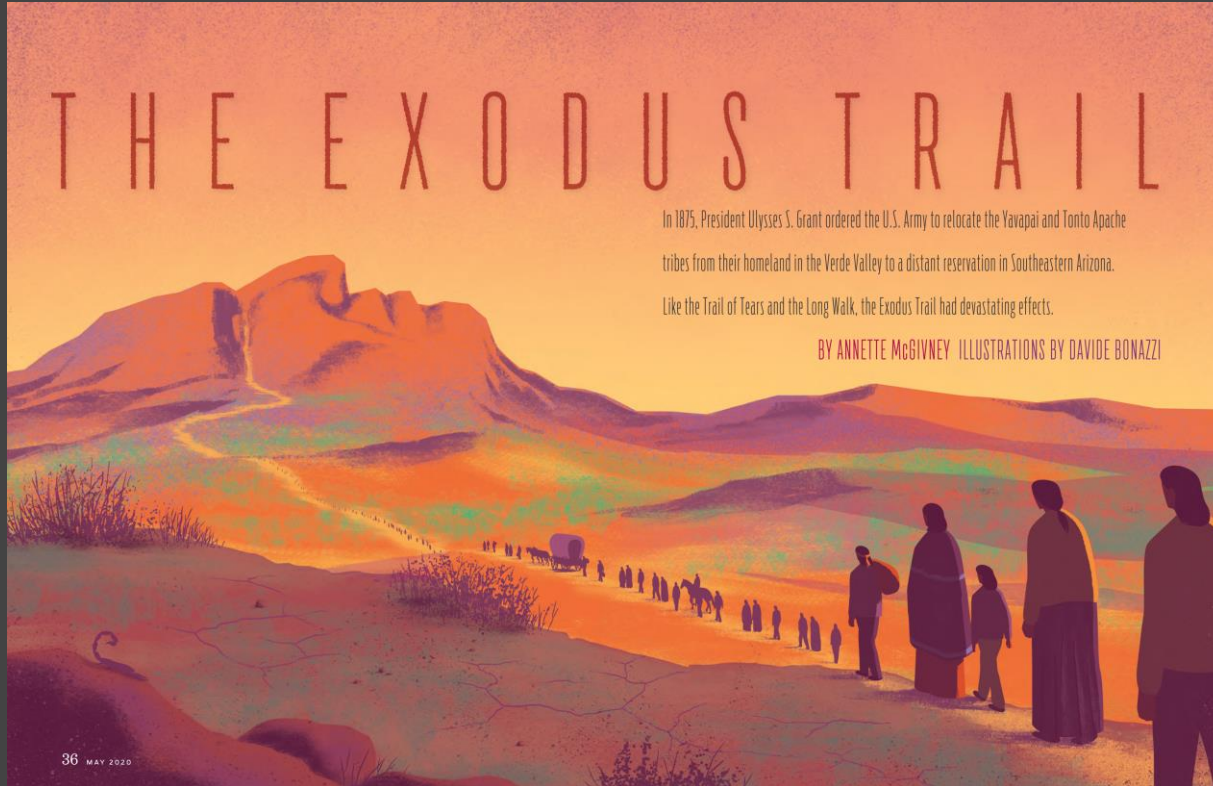
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Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways – The Exodus Trail



Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Gold

Texas Highways – Flipping the Script

FLIPPING THE SCRIPT

WHAT DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT BONNIE AND CLYDE AND THEIR LEGACY IN DALLAS?

THE SCRIPT

BY SARAH HEPOLA

46 texashighways.com

Photo: Associated Press



EVERY

Pilot Point is known for high school football and cabinet making. "It's like the capital of cabinets in North Texas," the mayor told me. That a movie as fabled as *Bonnie and Clyde* was partly filmed here, that stars as iconic as Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway walked these avenues—well, it was an event so singular that children got the day off from school to gather in the town square and watch the filming, much like we were doing a half-century later. Never mind that the movie was so grim and blood-spattered it ushered in a new era of cinematic violence. All that took a back seat to the glittering notion that once upon a time, Hollywood chose Pilot Point.

fall since 2010, the good people of Pilot Point gather in their town square to watch a robbery. As teens slump on bleachers and tap their smartphones, adults slide their cameras into shooting position for the big event. It's time for the reenactment of a getaway scene from the 1967 movie *Bonnie and Clyde*, filmed right here.

"Scene" might be a stretch for what's about to happen. Actors in period costumes dart out the front door of Farmers and Merchants Bank and hustle into a V-8 Ford that squeals around the corner as cops give chase. It's 30 seconds of action at most. More than 200 people flank the street across from the bank for the culmination of the 2019 *Bonnie & Clyde* Days festival. On this blue-sky October day, they are blissfully unaware that such a feel-good community gathering will itself turn outlast less than six months later, with the pandemic squashing this year's event.

I'm a city girl who grew up in Dallas with her eyes on bigger-better towns, but I spent that afternoon charmed by the easy camaraderie of Pilot Point, population 3,865. I marveled at the soapbox derby and pie-eating contest, details of small-town life I'd only seen in movies. The mythmaking power of the silver screen was and is at the heart of the festival. The posters made clear this was not a celebration of two real-life handits who left a trail of 13 dead, but rather "The day Hollywood came to town."

OPENING SPREAD: Bonnie and Clyde circa 1932. FROM LEFT: Bonnie and Clyde hamming in front of the camera, in 1933, turned them into media sensations. At the 2019 *Bonnie & Clyde* Days festival, actors recreate a bank robbery scene from the 1967 movie filmed in Pilot Point.

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OCTOBER 2019 47

Nature & Environment
35,000 or Less

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors – Leeches, Snappers, Spiders, and Snakes Oh My!

Leeches, Snappers, Spiders, and Snakes

Demystifying
frightening water
creatures

BY RONALD JOSEPH

OH MY!

To experience all the beauty and adventure Maine has to offer necessarily requires spending a lot of time in or near water. To fully engage with this landscape—swimming, fishing, boating, or simply exploring the state's rugged coastline with its many offshore islands or one of the hundreds of ponds, lakes, and river—means getting wet.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to live or spend time on a Maine lake or pond are familiar with the summer joys of diving off a dock into cool water or whiling away an afternoon wetting a line for trout or watching loons from the vantage of a kayak. But along with these pleasures come some of the creepier aspects of our freshwater gems, aspects which may still lurk on the dark edges of our childhood memories. I'm thinking of leeches, snapping turtles, dock spiders, and water snakes. I've harbored such fears myself. But as a biologist, I'm here to tell you they aren't as bad as your imagination may have made them out to be.

Leeches

As a youngster, I carried a salt shaker in my lunch bucket on swim outings to the Belgrade Lakes. I endeared myself to many screaming girls by sprinkling salt on the leeches stuck to their legs, arms, and other body parts. I've since learned that removing leeches with salt causes them to regurgitate stomach contents into the open wounds they've made in your flesh. Now leech experts recommend gently prying the parasites free or sliding a thin card under their biting parts.

Maine is home to a variety of leeches. Most species feed on worms, snails, insect larvae, and other small aquatic animals, but a few species, if given the opportunity, will also feed on human blood. The best-known leech found in Maine is the common and widespread *Macrobdella decora*, the North American medicinal leech. It's a fascinating, slimy, four-inch blood sucker with a beautiful bright-orange underside and an olive upper surface highlighted by a row of central orange spots. These leeches are a marvel of evolution, sporting five pairs of eyes, three sets of jaws with very fine teeth, and saliva that contains anesthetic and anticoagulant properties. I've removed many leeches from my lower body, including several that were engorged to the size of link sausages.

Leeches are typically found in shallow, protected waters, concealed among aquatic plants or under stones, logs, and other debris. They are attracted to water disturbance around docks and swimming areas. Leeches are most active on hot summer days. In winter, they burrow in mud just below the frost line.

The name "medicinal leech" originates from practitioners of early medicine who employed leeches for bloodletting and alleged "blood cleansing." Its anticoagulant was once extracted for use in dialysis. Today, leeches are listed by the Food and Drug Administration as an approved medical tool to drain excess blood from injured tissue, to aid blood flow to damaged tissues, and to help with the healing of surgically reattached toes and fingers.

Another positive: Unlike ticks, Maine leeches do not transmit diseases. Combined with an occasional leech is the price of admission for swimming in Maine's many beautiful ponds and lakes.



Photo by Thomas J. Chattergoat

Maine is home to a variety of leeches, including the common and colorful *Macrobdella decora*. North American medicinal leech. Unlike deer ticks, leeches are harmless to humans.



Photo by David J. Joseph

Female snapping turtles leave fresh water in June to excavate nests in sandy soils.

Snapping Turtles

These creatures are living dinosaurs, unchanged over the past 60 million to 100 million years. They are prominent residents of many water bodies. One May day, with spare time after stacking four cords of firewood, I built a sandbox at my home on the shores of Shirley Pond near Moosehead Lake. Elsie

Phillips, my widowed elderly neighbor, eyed me suspiciously, knowing that I lived alone. "Elsie," I said, "the sandbox will hopefully attract a few gravid snapping turtles." A nature lover, she asked if it would work. "We'll know in a few weeks," I replied. In early June, she phoned me at my wildlife biologist office in Greenville. "I couldn't wait until you got home," she said excitedly, "there's a snapping turtle digging a nest in the sandbox." Weeks later, we watched tiny hatchlings walk unsteadily into the pond. Before Elsie died in 1999 at age 94, we joked that snapping turtles were the catalyst for our friendship.

Today, two decades after Elsie's death, each sighting of a nesting snapper reminds me of her. The ancient creatures are largely inconspicuous on Maine ponds, occasionally popping their heads above water to breathe before slipping under the surface. Females are commonly



Photo by David J. Joseph

Rescuing snappers is best done by grabbing the tail, holding the animal at arm's length with the plastron (underside shell) facing one's body. To avoid injury, do not hold it by its shell or with its carapace (upper shell) facing you.

seen in June when they cross roads in search of ideal nest sites—sunny, sandy shoulders of roadways near water bodies. Excavating nest cavities with clawed hind feet, they deposit 20 to 40 spherical, leathery white eggs. Studies indicate that more than half their nests are destroyed by scavenging raccoons, skunks, foxes, coyotes, bears, and ravens. Hatchlings emerge following an incubation period of about two weeks. Ambient temperature determines the length of incubation and, interestingly, the sex of the hatchlings. Warm temperatures during early embryo development favor females; cooler temperatures translate to mostly male hatchlings. Eggs near the warmer top of the nest are more likely to produce

females, whereas cooler eggs at the bottom of the pile are more likely to hatch males. While it is uncommon, some snapping turtle eggs laid in cold June occasionally overwinter and hatch the following year.

Although large—formidable males can live to be 50 or more years old and weigh upward of 60 pounds—snapping turtles are shy and do not pose a threat to swimmers. However, both males and females are aggressive when molested. As their name implies, snapping turtles can deliver powerful, painful bites. They're opportunistic omnivores, feeding on succulents, crayfish, suckers, yellow perch, hornpout, and many other organisms. Ducklings are a favorite food item. It's

not uncommon to observe a brood of 10 ducklings reduced to a mere few during a two-week span. As a rule, though, snappers are harmless if unprovoked by people and dogs.

Tips on handling snapping turtles: Good Samaritans are injured each year while rescuing snapping turtles that are crossing heavily trafficked roadways. To avoid injury, don't pick up snappers by the carapace (upper shell). Instead, grab the tail, holding the turtle out at arm's length, with the plastron (underside shell) facing your body. Snappers have very long necks, long and sharp claws, and powerful jaws, so holding one so it faces away from you greatly reduces the odds of being bitten or clawed.

MUDPUPPY Maine's largest salamander



The leathery red webbing around the mudpuppy's head are external gills.

They don't bite or sting, but this invasive species appears to be expanding its range and multiplying in Maine lakes, which makes them monsters in the eyes of state wildlife biologists. We're talking about the very large salamanders commonly known as mudpuppies.

Entirely aquatic, with external gills, four legs and a long tail, mudpuppies typically are a foot long, but can grow to be as long as 16 inches, according to state wildlife biologist Phillip DeMaynadier.

Although mudpuppies are native to many freshwater bodies in the Eastern United States, they were introduced

accidentally to Maine in 1939 by a Colby College professor who was doing research. The creatures were in a cage in a tributary of Great Pond and escaped when the cage was damaged during a storm, DeMaynadier said. Current research indicates they may have spread since then to 14 bodies of water in Central Maine. Wildlife biologists have heard from fishermen who contend mudpuppies interfere with gear and may be competing with game fish for resources. Since 2017, the state of Maine has had a research project underway to assess the ecological effects of the big salamanders, as well as their range, DeMaynadier said. The study includes trapping the amphibians and analyzing the contents of their stomachs. Preliminary results indicate the mudpuppies' diet includes crayfish, mayflies and dragonflies, amphipods, snails, mussels, worms, fish, and plant matter.

While most of the expanded range seems to include connected bodies of water, some mudpuppies have been found in completely unconnected watersheds, leading to speculation that they may have been transported by fishermen using them as bait, or carried by birds such as eagles and ospreys.

"We don't know yet how much ecosystem damage they are doing," he said. "We do know that they don't belong and in most cases when something doesn't belong there is a cascading effect on other native fauna."

DeMaynadier urged any fishermen who catch a mudpuppy either to put them back where they were caught or to kill them. "But don't take it home and don't move it from one water body to another." —Polly Salmonist

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less – Silver

Saltscapes — We're the problem

We're the problem

When wildlife brushes up against human activity, it usually ends poorly for the animal. This dedicated duo of wildlife rehabilitators works to rewrite that ending (part 1 of a 2-part series)

BY DEBORAH CARR



Singled by the 2013 Canaport gas flare incident, these dead Canadian warblers are just three of thousands that died in that incident.

The phone call from Canaport LNG came in at 10pm on September 14, 2013. Flocks of birds had flown into a gas flare the night before, the caller said. Can you help? Barry Rothfuss, Executive Director of Atlantic Wildlife Institute (AWI), a wildlife rehabilitation facility in Cookeville, TN, lunged up the phone and kicked into high gear, initiating protocols he'd developed over decades of emergency response. By 2pm, he and a team of well-trained responders had arrived at the Saint John, NB facility overlooking the Bay of Fundy.

The scene was horrific. Thousands of dead and dying songbirds covered an area the size of two football fields. Some were flapping about unable to fly; others still tumbled from the sky. A feeding frenzy of gulls plucked up the helpless fallen. Traumatized workers were unsure what to do.

"In an event like this, your mind focuses on the task at hand," recalls Barry. "You don't have time to reflect on emotions, or the animals suffering. Your job is to remediate and respond as best you can."

He quickly established a triage process for the victims. Some were charred beyond recognition; some were singed; others appeared stunned, but unharmed. Volunteers transported the dead to the New Brunswick Museum for document-

ing and preserving; the living to Barry's wife, Pam Novak, at the AWI facility several hours away.

"They were dying in my hands," she says. Any birds surviving the transport had to be euthanized due to the severity of their injuries. Not a single bird survived. Necropsies showed most died instantly from contact with the flame, gas in their lungs or impact from the fall.

"This was one of the worst large scale disasters we've seen," says Pam. "Not something I want to see again. It was a perfect storm—large flare, low cloud, key migration route. Everyone felt bad. The workers were breaking down in tears. No-one fathomed this could happen."

They documented the deaths of more than 7,500 birds—warblers, ovenbirds, chickadees, nuthatches, vireos, American redstarts—but Barry estimates the true loss to be more than 10,000. This is the heartbreaking part of their work.

AWI is the only facility in Atlantic Canada licensed for emergency response to large scale wildlife disaster. "If we'll not been able to respond, government response would have taken days and by that time, the birds would have been gone," says Barry.

Their records proved invaluable for the ensuing lawsuit,

Making something new out of something old: fencing from a former tennis court becomes a goose pen at the Atlantic Wildlife Institute in Cookeville, TN.



during which Canaport LNG, jointly owned by Repsol and Irving Oil, pled guilty to charges under the Migratory Birds Convention Act and the Species at Risk Act. The company was fined \$750,000.

"The main good thing is that it started communications between us, industry and government to ensure this doesn't happen again," says Barry. "Regulations now require that industry monitor migration routes and timing of activities. At least we've made changes."

And that is his main goal. Barry began his career as an architectural engineer in New York State. But, after becoming politically involved with evaluating a waste energy plant in his community, he realized how the operation impacted and displaced small avian and reptile species.

"Monitoring the indigenous wildlife population was a good indicator of how burning garbage for energy would also affect the human population," he says. "These individual animals were telling us a story about what was going on in the environment. They tell us what's going wrong."

At the time, his findings led to tougher legislation on emissions and disposal of toxic waste. But it also led him to found a wildlife rehabilitation and emergency response organization.

Meanwhile, Pam was also becoming acutely aware of the impacts humans were having on wildlife habitats. Working as

an architectural designer and space planner in New York, she noticed how urban sprawl and road building occurred with a total disregard of nature's functions.

"I wondered why we didn't take wildlife into consideration during the planning stages," she said. Her concerns led her to volunteer with Barry's organization. The match was meant to be.

Together, Pam and Barry threw their energies into the work, learning as they went. They sometimes witnessed up to 2,000 oil and toxic spills a year in the New York Harbor area. It soon became evident they were simply applying band-aids to a chronic illness.

"We wanted to become more proactive," says Pam. "We had two young children at the time, and wanted an opportunity for them to grow up in open areas."

In 1995, they moved to Canada and purchased a 120-acre property with fields, mixed forest, ponds and wetlands outside Sackville, NB.



Pam Novak and Barry Rothfuss at a recent juvenile eagle release from the AWI.



Above: Bear cubs being bottle-fed; below: Gus, the AWI resident porcupine.

"We create constant obstacles for animals to get around," says Pam. "One of my biggest issues is the fragmentation of habitats. As humans take over more of the planet, we don't consider the habitats we're destroying and animals we're displacing."

Then there's the intentional damage. In two particularly disturbing incidents in late 2019, first at the Moncton Coliseum and then later at Champlain Place in Dieppe, she was called to pick up dead and dying gulls in the parking lots. Witnesses at the coliseum observed a Sierra pickup truck deliberately plough into a flock of 31 resting gulls. In Dieppe, the death count was six.

"We had to peel them off the ground," says Pam. "The deliberate decision to cause harm is hard for her to understand. 'The birds were no doubt just huddled together for warmth.' They also get ducks, crows and geese shot with BB guns. 'You can look at the 3 ryes and count the pellets,' she says. 'Our impact on other creatures shows such a disconnect. We're part of a very large system that we have to take seriously for our own health and safety. We don't take the time to try to understand the scenario. We are all collectively responsible.'"

While the aim is rehabilitation and release, over the years, several characters have remained as part of AWI's workforce. Gus the Porcupine is one of these.

"We tried to release him, but he just kept coming back," says Barry. "He's just a big happy porcupine. So he's been trained as a greeter. He helps de-stress the new arrivals. That's his job." Old Lady, a resident eagle, gives flying and social behaviour lessons to juveniles in the aviary, while Blue and Charlie Chaplain, bears with genetic deformities preventing their release, served as elders to young cubs for years, teaching them how to be "proper bears."

"Females do the nurturing, but males define the social order," explains Barry. "Once the cubs reach a certain age, then the older males help set the pecking order." But despite their work, the root causes of harm have not lessened. They still get too many orphaned bear cubs and fox kits.

"We, as a society, need to recognize we're the nuisance, constantly infringing on the land of others," Pam wrote in a recent Facebook post. "The only solution is learning to adapt and co-exist with our natural environment and showing respect for those we're displacing."

COVID-19, a zoonotic that virus researchers believe passed from animals to humans in an Asian wildlife market, made us painfully aware of how human interference has upset the balance of nature. Important habitats once accommodating a diversity of species have been decimated or repurposed for human interests, putting animals in competition with each other and in closer proximity to people. Global human travel means communicable diseases spread quickly.

"We must look at our planet as an all-encompassing organism. If you affect one piece, it will affect it all," says Barry. "COVID-19 is the tip of the iceberg. We're going to see more of this as we go down the path of population growth and infiltration on our environment."

AWI's work places them on the front lines of zoonotic disease detection, able to pinpoint local outbreaks that might affect public health. Using the expertise of their partner veterinary clinics, every animal coming into their care is tested and the results documented. They submit data to the Canadian Wildlife Health Co-operative, a network for wildlife research, and to provincial researchers to track trends.

"In the past few years, we've seen significant occurrences in a higher capacity and more virulent manner," says Barry. "Rabies is spreading again. Last year we had West Nile in commercial areas along Northumberland Strait; *Aspergillus* infection (a fungus that impacts respiratory systems) in seabirds; Avian flu in crows along the Saint John River Valley."

"If we're not on top of this—if you're not monitoring indigenous wildlife populations like we do here—then you become reactive instead of proactive." Consistent education underscores all they do.

"We believe that wildlife stewardship is best done as a holistic and systematic manner, addressing root causes and not just symptoms," says Barry. "It's the work we do to change the existing conditions that makes the difference."

To this end, Pam effectively uses Facebook to share the stories of the animals, and they partner with community leaders to host youth camps, wilderness and survival training, medical plant and wild edibles workshops, and Terrasong, a musical performance program for youth that combines musical theatre with environmental action. This fall they introduced a nature school for 7-14 year olds—all in an effort to provide opportunities for others to interact with nature and learn to be better stewards of our environment.

"Without comprehension of how we must care for and share our environment," says Barry, "we're taking animals out of a bad situation and throwing them into a worse one."



Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Gold

Oklahoma Today – Creature Features

CREATURE FEATURES

By GORDON GRICE

Illustrations by DANIELLE MANIGUET

TIME TO CELEBRATE
ALL THE WEIRD,
WONDERFUL, AND
OCCASIONALLY
HORRIFYING AMONG
OKLAHOMA'S
RESIDENT FAUNA.

GET THERE

- Visit the Prairie Dog Town four miles west of the Wichita Mountains Visitors Center on State Highway 49.
- **Wichita Mountains Visitors Center**
- 20539 State Highway 115 in Cache
- (580) 429-3222
- [fws.gov/refuge/Wichita_Mountains](https://www.fws.gov/refuge/Wichita_Mountains)

BLACK-TAILED PRAIRIE DOGS

PRAIRIE DOGS MAY HAVE created Oklahoma's first civilization, building towns that covered dozens of acres long before humans arrived. Each town consists of holes in the ground surrounded by heaps of dug-out dirt with sentries standing watch while others forage. At the first sign of danger—the shadow of a hawk, the sight of a coyote—the sentry sounds an alarm in the form of short, sharp barks. Every citizen runs for a hole. Those holes lead to tunnels that contain not only the prairie dog community but occasionally some uneasy denmates like owls and rattlesnakes.

Prairie dog towns are smaller these days. People have hunted the little mammals for sport or exterminated them as pests. It's long been believed that their holes are a hazard to livestock—despite the fact that scientists have had trouble finding hard evidence of that supposed danger. Around the turn of the twentieth century, bubonic plague invaded North America, sickening the residents of human cities—as well as the denizens of prairie dog towns. The disease lingers in prairie dog populations today, occasionally wiping out an entire town. Its presence is one reason not to handle prairie dogs. Also, they bite.

Troubles like these have dropped the country's prairie dog population to five percent of its estimated historic total. Nonetheless, the International Union for Conservation of Nature lists the rodents as a species of least concern.

But it's not just towns that make a civilization. Scientists have found that prairie dogs have a complex language. Those warning barks? They aren't just invitations to panic; they contain entire packets of information. For example, the dogs don't just warn each other about a human approaching but, for example, a tall human in an orange shirt moving very quickly.

Maybe the strangest aspect of prairie dog language is that they appear to use it in mourning. Observers have seen prairie dogs making a distinctive call at companions killed on the road. One observer described an adult trying to retrieve the body of her offspring from the asphalt. And in another incident, seven or eight adults gathered noisily around the body of a companion, seemingly risking their own lives to speak a few words over the dead.

So it's worth getting to know these complex, misunderstood little creatures.



(*Cynomys Ludomicianus*)

OklahomaToday.com 73

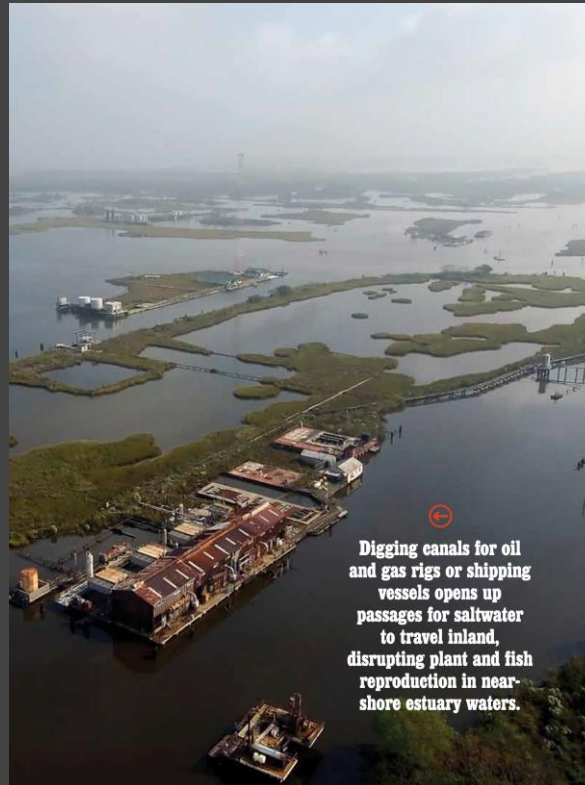
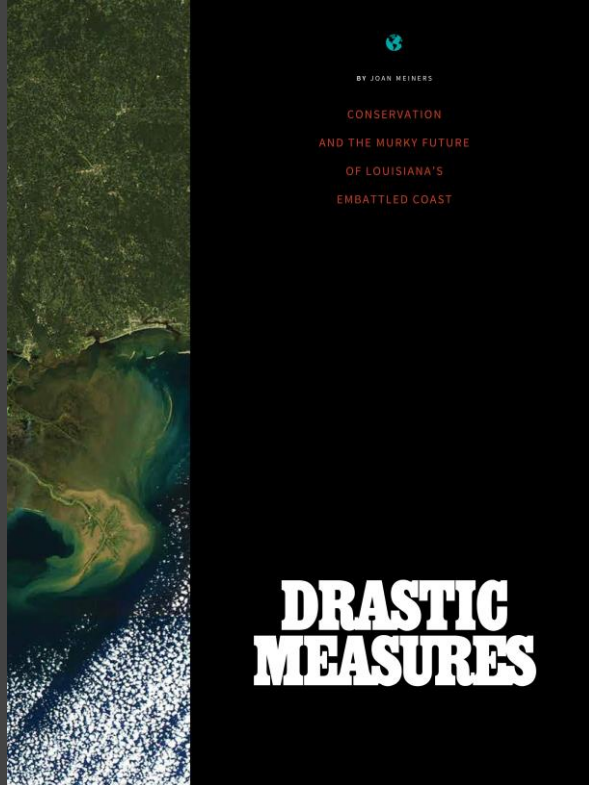


(*Sylvilagus floridanus*)

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Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Gold

Louisiana Life – Drastic Measures



Nature & Environment
35,000 or More

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways – This Land Is Your Land

THIS

LAND

IS

YOUR

LAND



PRIVATE LAND COMPRISES THE MAJORITY OF TEXAS. NOW, TWO ONLINE PLATFORMS OFFER THE CHANCE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH NATURAL BEAUTY PREVIOUSLY INACCESSIBLE TO THE PUBLIC.

BY CLAYTON MAXWELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM MCCARTHY JR.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
THE STRUNKS' DOG BIRDIE
STICKS HER HEAD OUT DURING
A DRIVE AROUND THE RANCH.
AN IRON SIGN WELCOMES
VISITORS. SARAH (LEFT) AND
ABBEY (RIGHT) HANG OUT
AT THEIR HIDEAWAY RIVER
RANCH. HAMMOCKS HANG IN
FRONT OF THE GUEST HOUSE.



hair-raising low-water crossings, shoot an aoudad across a canyon at 300 yards, and catch and clean a 21-inch smallmouth bass. Now in their late 20s, they understand how fortunate they were to roam these 15,000 acres throughout their childhood. And they would like to share it in the most respectful, responsible way.

"I realize that my childhood experience is not the norm," Sarah says. "Unfortunately, such places are disappearing, and in order to preserve these treasures for future generations, we must share them with others. Sharing our place allows people to find a connection with the outdoors and hopefully want to keep them around." The Hudspeth, which can sleep 10 guests,

where parks are particularly in demand during the pandemic—land sharing is a welcome new trend and one conservationists hope will also help preserve the land.

clean water into their palms and taste the tang of water lilies and the earthiness of moss. Today, they help run the ranch in West Texas where the waters of the Devils River—arguably the most pristine in Texas—first emerge.

During my overnight at the Hudspeth, I witness how the Strunk sisters have been shaped by their access to the remote land that's been in their family since 1905. They can easily maneuver a Suburban over

As kids, Sarah and Abbey Strunk slipped the waters that bubbled from the limestone creekbed on their family's Hudspeth River Ranch. They would scoop clear,

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways – Ho, Ho, Ho ... Green Giants

Writer Tyler Williams stands near a 43-foot tall saguaro, with a trunk circumference of 7 feet, east of the Phoenix area. This was the largest saguaro Williams and photographer Bill Hatcher found during their search.



HO, HO, HO... GREEN GIANTS

No one knows for sure where the world's biggest saguaro is hiding, but there was a giant near Cave Creek that was said to have been more than 70 feet tall. It blew over in 1986. Another nearby giant grew to 46 feet before succumbing to the effects of a wildfire. There are other giants out there, and our writer and photographer went looking for them.

BY TYLER WILLIAMS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL HATCHER

STOPPING IN THE MEAGER SHADE of a palo verde, we looked at our picture of the great saguaro, trying to match the plant's distinctive skyline with the ridges above. If we found that skyline, we could find the cactus, but all we saw was an array of strangely shaped volcanic formations, a jumble of puzzle pieces. All of them rose above forests of saguaros. This wasn't going to be easy. We'd been waiting five months to resume our quest for the world's biggest saguaro cactus. Now, afternoon temperatures were finally below 100 degrees, so here we were, looking at a description written more than a decade ago. It claimed: "You

Williams searches for a champion saguaro in the lower elevations of the Matatzul Mountains, northeast of Phoenix



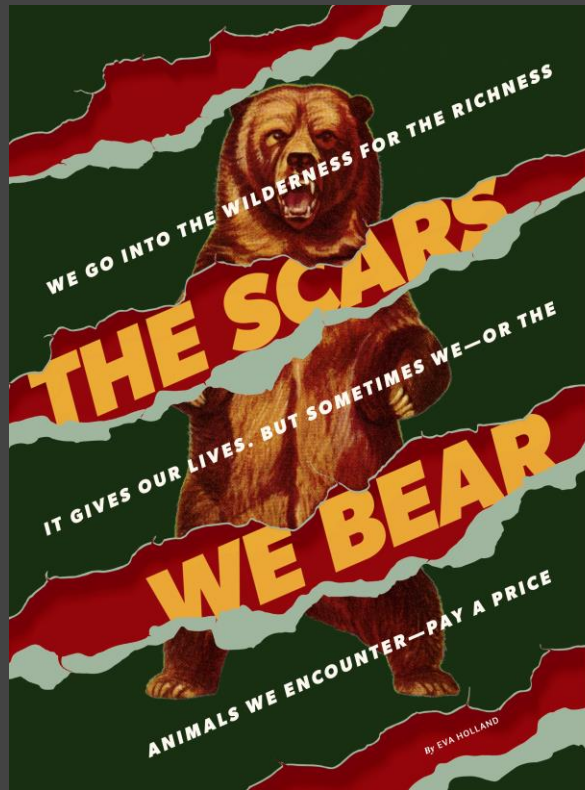
Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Bloom Town



Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Gold

Cottage Life – The Scars We Bear



Lying on her back at the side of the trail, she could see the extra-large canister of bear spray. It was strapped to the side of her backpack, which somehow had come off in the chaos and had landed a few feet away. She made a hazy plan, somewhere between thought and instinct: she would grab the spray, find her feet, and leap onto the back of the grizzly bear that had her son pinned down, then spray it in the face. But when she crawled towards the can, the bear turned on her.

There are details that Mya Helena Myllykoski remembers vividly from that day. She has visuals and sounds and tactile memories, she tells me: details like the feel of the bear's fur on her skin, the sight of the individuals trying as it moved. She can remember her train of thought in those moments after she hit the ground. But she doesn't remember how the bear smelled—not even when they were nose to nose, his breath in her mouth. When she shares that detail—that she felt a grizzly bear's hot breath on her face—I feel something unexpected creeping up inside me, a little green shroud alongside the larger growth of fear and fascination as I listen to her story: envy, irritation, against all logic or instinct for survival, I envy that experience, just a little. When she tells me that she regrets not having a memory of that smell, I understand what she means. I want to know what the bear smelled like too.

We craved vivid and authentic encounters with the wilderness. That's in part, is why we go out there, why we leave the city behind for an afternoon or a weekend, or more. We want to see the stars turn overhead and hear loons, owls, and coyotes; we want to watch the mist burn off a river's surface, or a thunderstorm roll across a lake. We want to smell crushed spruce needles and wet, decomposing logs and that sweet dirt scent when the mushrooms begin to pop up.

Wilderness can feed us. It can fill our lives up with rich sensory memories. But we take risks in going there, and bring risk with us for the animals that live there too. Sometimes we pay a price for our curiosity and our desires—but more often, they pay the price instead.

It was a smoky summer Saturday when Mya, 35, and her son, Alex, 24, drove out of Calgary towards Kananaskis, Alta. August 25, 2018. They chose the trail they did, French Creek, because it was lower down—the snake flowing over the Rockies from the wildfires in British Columbia was worse the higher you climbed. They parked Mya's SUV at the trailhead and set out down the trail in the early afternoon. In the first few minutes, they talked as they walked. But then Mya paused to inspect a pile of bear scat, poking it with a stick to check its freshness. Her son said she was being gross, and the comment stung a little. They fell silent as they moved on.

The trail was an old road, two rutted tracks on a slight rise above dense willows and brushy growth, and the pair walked one in each rut, side-by-side. They didn't see the grizzly until he surfaced from the brush and stood on the trail in front of them. He was just two, maybe three metres away, staring them down. The bear, still on all fours, was tall enough to look Mya in the eye. He huffed and gave a short growl. Then he charged. Alex was on her right. She tried to grasp his arm as the bear crashed into them, but they fell in opposite directions, each to one side of the trail, like bowling pins, and she couldn't reach him. Mya wound up on her back in the brush, her feet lying

higher than her head because of the way the ground sloped away from the trail. The seconds passing seemed to stretch out as she landed and realized that the bear had turned his attention to Alex—he could hear her son sweating, dropping loud f-bombs, which let her know, because they were not screams of pain or mortal terror, that their situation was dangerous, deeply dangerous, but not yet critical. Briefly, in that calm bubble of thought that can appear in a crisis, she considered screaming out loud herself, to try to call for help. But the idea felt strange.

That's when Mya went for her backpack with the spray, the sound attracting the bear's attention, and he charged at her. He knuckled her onto her back again, pinning her chest with huge, heavy paws. The can of spray was in her hand somehow now, her fingers tangled in the plastic loop below the trigger guard, and she regretted that she hadn't practised removing the safety recently. She put her hands up as the bear's jaws came down towards her face. Then the canister exploded between them. It took her a moment to understand that the bear, snapping at her face, had bitten right into the can instead.

The bear backed away, looking—in Mya's word—"insulted." She couldn't breathe properly, though she didn't yet feel the searing pain of the high-potency spray that covered her face. The bear moved away into the brush, and she got to her feet. Alex was standing now too, bloody, still swearing. "Fuckin' A!" he said, riding high on adrenaline. "That was amazing!"

A deep, pained grunt from the brush let them know the bear was still close by. Quickly, feeling that continued threat, they emptied all their water onto Mya's face, hoping to clear the spray. They only succeeded in spreading it around. Her skin burned now, and it hurt to breathe, and she could hardly see.

They gathered their things from the ground and retreated down the trail, Alex leading his mother along. He was still jubilant, punching the air.

In the parking lot, they flagged down an arriving vehicle, hoping to get more water to keep flushing the spray from Mya's face. The family inside—a middle-aged couple, an older woman, and a boy, maybe 12 or 13 years old—offered their water, but they didn't seem to fully grasp what had happened, or what it meant. Alex stood there, bleeding and bloodied, his face lacerated, and, incredibly, the family asked if they would be safe enough to continue as planned with their own hike. "The man looked at us and says, do you think we'll be okay in a group?" Mya recalls. "At which point I thought, 'You're kidding me. Really?' And they did. They went and parked and got out. Alex and I looked at each other and said, they don't get it." Mya and Alex had injuries to attend to; they couldn't worry about the family. They got into their own car and left. Alex drove.

Delayed by construction on the way to the Camrose hospital, they flagged down a worker and reported the attack, asking him to relay the news so they could go directly to the hospital. Once there, Mya was sent off to shower—her dousing in bear spray was making it hard for anyone who was near her to breathe—and Alex's wounds were bandaged. They had been incredibly lucky: Alex's earlobe and nose were torn badly, his neck was scraped raw, and his arms had been bitten, but not deeply. Mya's hand had been wounded by the same bite that landed on the spray canister. Alex's earlobe had to be reattached, and he would need reconstructive surgery on his torn septum, that bit of tissue that separates the nostrils—he was transferred from Camrose to Foothills Medical Centre in Calgary for the repair—but otherwise, their wounds were superficial.

And it wasn't just their physical wounds that seemed miraculously minor. They seemed emotionally unaltered too. On the evening after the attack, Mya returned home to an empty house: her husband and her younger son were out of town. Alex was still in the hospital. She lay down in bed, facing her bedroom door, and for a moment she imagined the bear coming in through the doorway.

The moment passed, and she fell asleep. When I asked her if, after that moment, she ever experienced any lumbago or nightmares, she answered: "Nope. None." (Alex was similarly unaffected.)

She went hiking with her younger son a few days later because she wanted to make sure she got back out there. In deference to her husband's concerns—learning about the attack after it was all over, he was in some ways more shaken than she was—she chose a heavily travelled trail. She admits that she did feel her own wariness as they walked, at one point, a large, burned-black tree root made her look twice, thinking she saw a bear. But she says that feeling of skittishness faded soon enough.



Travel Feature

Travel Feature - Bronze

Arizona Highways—A Trip to Remember

GLEN CANYON: A TRIP TO REMEMBER

Story and Photographs by Willis Peterson

EDITOR'S NOTE: In May 1953, Willis Peterson had his first piece published in *Arizona Highways*—as a freelance contributor. Two months later, his bosses at the *Arizona Republic*, where he worked as a photographer, sent him north for a story about Glen Canyon. The paper, however, never used any of his photographs. Sixty-six years later, Mr. Peterson sent me a letter: "I have about 750 35 Kodak frames taken that I took of Glen Canyon before the dam was built," he said. "I would like to donate them to *Arizona Highways*." Like a gnat gnawing the salmon run, I jumped at the chance. Figuring it would make an interesting portfolio, I got photographs. A few months later, though, I received a manuscript to go with the slides he'd sent. It was a beautiful, do-anything writer's story (one presumed he'd composed in 1953). But it was new. A fresh piece written from memory, along with the field notes he'd kept from his trip. This about that for a second. This is a story written a few months ago by a man who would have turned 91 on August 2. Use Editor's Letter page 2, making it read only the editor's contributor in the history of *Arizona Highways*. But also the largest named writer in the history of the magazine. Almost seven decades after Editor Raymond Carlson introduced Mr. Peterson to our readers, it's my distinct pleasure to do the same, to a new generation of readers. What you're about to read is something very special. Enjoy.

I'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR ONLY A MONTH AND A HALF when the *Arizona Republic* decides to send me down the Colorado River to cover Senator Barry Goldwater's annual YMCA Boys Club River Adventure through Glen Canyon. It's July 12, 1953, but news editors have been mulling over the merits of stalling the Y trip for some time. There's an ongoing outsize controversy about whether to build a huge dam on that stretch of the Colorado. What the senator has to say about it, and what he thinks, will make a great story.

Ordinarily, I'd jump at the chance for a two-week trip that runs the length of Glen Canyon. But being just married? No. No way. Roberta and I are just getting to know each other and settling into our small, converted-garage apartment on Alameda Road in Central Phoenix.

For Roberta, this summer is her chance at freedom. She's just earned her primary teaching degree, and she's a new bride. It seems like bliss for both of us. But now, I must go. To be sent down the river. Literally.

I'm processing all of that when, at the last minute, like a story of execution, Senator Goldwater says he cannot make the trip. He has new commitments in Washington. My trip is up on hold. However, Ray Day, the YMCA's director of special events, is heavily promoting the trip, and the newspaper's editors decide that pictures of the canyon could have value later, should the Republic take sides regarding construction of the proposed dam—to be built

YMCA members enjoy the placid water of the upper Colorado River in Glen Canyon in July 1953.



within three years. So, I remain, as one of the boat leaders. We'll meet at Hite, Utah, for the 14-mile Glen Canyon float trip to Lees Ferry, Arizona.

PARTING IS DIFFICULT. For both of us. A new husband, a new wife... what could be worse? Roberta is sad, putting on a good face while driving me to the Phoenix Y. "Yes, I know you are a newspaperman," she says, "and you will have assignments I won't like, but you must do what you have to do."

One of the YMCA officials takes me to Prescott. There, I meet up with 17 wildly new-beaten guys, sleepless from a night of frolic and pillow-tossing. Early in the morning, a beleaguered truck rolls up to our group. It's loaded with three live-man rafts, one 30-man raft, 30 cars, 24 bedrolls, personal baggage, and enough canned and dried food for two weeks, plus odds and ends. All of which makes the truck's load a right fit. I meet Lew Griffith of the Phoenix Y. Somewhat taciturn, he's the leader of the group. And he's not fond of the press. The jovial Harold Stapley, of the Sun Ship Y, is his assistant, and Jim Devine is the all-around fiend. Dr. Barber, whose mantra is "Good humor is good medicine," arrives late and hauls down with Harold in the back of the truck, among the boys. Lew, Jim, and I ride in the cab. An all-day effort puts us near Hanksville, Utah, for the night.

The next morning, splitting off from the main highway, our road has good intention but soon turns into a rock-scurry, rutted track, which turns into a streambed. The truck goes as we slog through a narrow, one-track-wide dellie known as Water Pocket Fold. One of the back dials goes flat.

We crawl to a wider spot for repair, where we find a gas truck stranded with a bent tire rod. We help to straighten it, only to find a disabled oil truck farther on. I count the number of times we cross the river 60 in the next 30 miles. After driving hundreds of miles from Prescott, we finally arrive at Hite, Utah, and begin unloading our gear.

In the distance is Hite Ferry, a rustic affair assembled from wooden planks and iron girders. It looks as though at any minute, the entire contraption might take a dive to the bottom of the Colorado. Power is either a Model T engine or a small donkey engine. The captain sits in an ancient, outsize car sedan while operating the cables.

After inflating the rafts, Jim discovers that the 30-man boat has a slow leak. It's an inauspicious beginning.

"Oh, Lordy, help us in this mess," Jim assesses the new problem from under his steel combat helmet, which he wears continually. The boys like him—he's sort of a good-natured uncle. He pulls out a tire-patching kit. Applied, it seems to help. The awful hissing sound stops. I tap powers, we lash old logs to the underside of the raft for floats. This works well. Ropes are attached through loops along the raft's sides for safety. We cautiously reload the boat. And off we go on our big adventure, making about 11 miles before supper, which is prepared in our camp on a lonely sandbar. Nighttime creeps up on us. The stars are brilliant. Lightning shows in the northern sky. You so tired, I can scarcely get organized before I'm asleep.

In the morning, it's depressing to see that



above, left: The time, which included a handful of adults and 17 young men, was transported to and from the Colorado River in a flatbed truck loaded with rafts, cars, bedrolls and personal baggage.

above: After firing a hole in the largest raft and reinforcing it with logs, the flatbed finally set sail. Picking about 13 miles the first day away by the second day, the boys had named all of the boats, one of which was christened Photo Man in honor of Willis Peterson.

the big boat has sunk down. The patch is not foolproof. Two larger logs bring firmness to the underside of the vessel. One is anchored with ropes beneath the prow, another beneath the stern. The raft seems to ride better. But Lew decides to reduce its weight. Each of our small crafts must now take on an extra member.

Thus, each boat complement will be six people, six bedrolls and more canned goods taken from the supply raft. The change leaves Lew and Jim to take on the raft's problems and manage them the best they can. The large raft is virtually an empty hull.

The boys decide to christen it The Devilfish. My boat becomes Photo Man. Harold's is called Harold Express. The last is Bill Nichols, for William Nichols, a YMCA member and teacher from Chula Vista, California—the only other adult on the trip.

YESTERDAY'S PROBLEMS seem to be over. Harold takes command of the day's food preparation, flips 126 pancakes, fries potatoes, and mixes punch and hot chocolate. Very filling. Choosing is a good pick-me-up drink, munching or night. Lunch consists of our extra

pancakes as a bread substitute, wrapped around meatballs, stew or a scoop of turkey a la king. For water, there are springs along the way. If not, river water, but we must let it settle in a container overnight with purifying pills.

After 10 hours, the boats are tied together while Lew stands in his raft and reads passages from John Wesley Powell's journal, describing the difficulties of the major epic journey, and of the Hites building a stone cabin in the wilderness, where they tried to create a living from the land.

Later in the day, one of our group spots a hominid skinned by cottonwood trees. All row to shore to take pictures and explore the ruins of a hand-scrabble living. Late afternoon, it's time to find a dry sandbar, because evening comes on quickly. The canyon's vertical walls shut out light like roll-down blinds. More lightning stabs at banks of storm clouds, but it's clear overhead.

In the morning, we can bask from our anchorage and greet the river for another day. I think about the enormity of what we are doing, letting the river take command. It's now the width of half a football field, and placid. As

Travel Feature - Silver

Adirondack Life – A Great Big Adventure



years, almost since the day my wife told I pictured father-daughter backcountry wanted to give Oaklee the gift of excitement not just to soak in the scenic beauty jet against ancient mountains or to entertain terms. I also wanted her to feel the sat comes with accessing remote places id then relying on yourself to meet basic th to be challenged, in other words, but ousage future trips. The Chain Lakes apparently—intimate enough to paddle their ut remote enough to make even a small 2.

I'M, BY THE TIME WE LAUNCHED OUR so we focused on reaching our campsite On the recommendation of a local guide, in the largest lake in favor of a more isonen't allowed on lakeside campsites," said

Photograph of the father-daughter duo by Peter Koch



Travel Feature - Gold

Texas Highways – Lights, Camera, Corsicana

LIGHTS,
CAMERA,

CORSICANA

The small Texas town that defies easy stereotypes
has captured Hollywood's attention

BY SARAH HEPOLA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN FITZGERALD



OPENING SPREAD

The lights and
sirens of Corsicana
CLOCKWISE FROM
LEFT: A museum
honoring the local
hockey legend, Chief
of Police Robert
Johnson moonlights
as a filmmaker
Carlynn McCon
renovated the
Corsicana Dairy



avenues of Corsicana, I noticed how easy it was to socially distance, as though staying 6 feet apart was not a public health measure but a way of being.

Until recently, Corsicana had been known for one thing: fruitcake. Collin Street Bakery is home to the indomitable dessert and improbably the setting of a made-in-Hollywood baked good scandal featuring an unassuming accountant who embezzled millions. A movie about the crime, starring Will Ferrell, was in development, although its current status is unknown. The city's reputation leveled up in early 2020, when a Netflix reality series called *Cheer* tumbled into the zeitgeist. The compulsively watchable six-episode show—it came to town independently of Johnson's efforts—took viewers through a nail-biting season with the top-ranked Navarro College cheerleaders, whose injuries and feuds of daring show how cheerleading has evolved from sideline spectacle to rigorous competition. With its gravity-defying basket tosses and hard-luck tales of kids vying for greatness, *Cheer* was like Cirque du Soleil meets *Our Town*. The show was a surprise hit, garnering three Emmy wins and turning its hard-driving but maternal head coach, beloved Corsicanan Monica Aldama, into an overnight sensation who walked her way to 10th place on *Dancing with the Stars* while continuing to coach her famous squad.

Surprises have long been part of Corsicana's history. Aman drilling for water struck oil in 1894, turning a land of cotton fields into the first oil boomtown west of the Mississippi. The railroads had arrived in 1871, making for a bustling turn-of-the-century marketplace where enterprise and characters collided. A boy named Lyman T. Davis dragged his wagon past the saloons to sell bowls of chili for 5 cents, a business that became Wolf Brand Chili. An oil field worker featured

Art and Culture Feature

Art and Culture Feature - Merit

Arizona Highways – The Fruits of Her Labor



Sylvia Watchman helped her family tend to peach trees when she was a child. Now, she's helping to reintroduce the trees to the Navajo Nation's Canyon de Chelly via the Peach Tree Project.

THE FRUITS OF HER LABOR

When Sylvia Watchman was a child, she helped her family tend to the peach trees they planted in Canyon de Chelly. "Sometimes we'd sit in the sun and eat the peaches," she says. "Sometimes they were a snack. Sometimes they were a whole meal." Today, with support from the Peach Tree Project, Watchman and other Navajos are working to restore this heritage crop to the canyon. But drought, expense and invasive species are making things difficult.

BY KELLY VAUGHN | PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIEN McROBERTS

SYLVIA WATCHMAN'S JEEP BOUNCES LIKE A BUG THROUGH CANYON DE CHELLY, the nail-polish-red Rubicon plowing through sand and between sandstone walls, its tires chewing through the terrain like teeth.

It's early September, and the peaches are ripening. So, we go to find them in tiny groves, to explore a new generation of ancient fruit thriving in an unexpected place. "When I was growing up," Watchman says, "we would play in the ruins, even though we weren't supposed to. We always found peach pits, and my grandmother would say that they had been there for ages."

Agriculture — though not specifically peach cultivation — has long been dominant in the canyon, beginning with the Basketmakers and Ancestral Puebloans, who grew fields of corn and squash. The Hopis nurtured them, too. The Navajos nurture them still. And when Watchman was a child, she helped her family tend to the peach trees they planted.

"We would talk to Mother Earth and Father Sky and bless the peach seeds with corn pollen," she says. "Sometimes we'd sit in the sun and eat the peaches. Sometimes they were a snack. Sometimes they were a whole meal."



Art and Culture Feature - Merit

Oklahoma Today – Feminine Mystique



Indians & Cowgirls

FEMININE Mystique

DEMONSTRATING STRENGTH,
COURAGE, BEAUTY, AND RESILIENCE
IN THEIR OWN UNIQUE STYLES,
EIGHT ARTISTS EXPRESS WHAT IT IS
TO BE AN INDIGENOUS WOMAN.

BY MEGAN ROSSMAN

J. NiCole Hatfield | From vibrant hues and deep shadows to subjects and themes that include warriors, athletes, and family, the work of Enid Comanche and Kiowa artist J. NiCole Hatfield embodies the strength of Native people. Using media such as murals, canvas, and T-shirts, Hatfield melds traditional tribal values with modern style. Her work has been sold and exhibited in Arkansas, New Mexico, New York, and throughout Oklahoma. jnicolehatfield.com

Warrior Women Series - Kiowa, acrylic on canvas

Traci Rabbit | Pryor artist Traci Rabbit creates acrylic paintings that pay homage to Native American women. "I want to remind them the creator only made one of them, and that is their power, and to be resilient in spite of what this ever-changing world throws at them," she says. Rabbit, daughter of well-known artist Bill Rabbit,

grew up attending art shows all over the country. After graduating from Northeastern State University with a business administration degree, she now pursues her artistic passions full time. billandtracirabbit.com

Oklahoma Beauty, acrylic on canvas



Art and Culture Feature - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – Maisel's Legacy

Art

Historic Murals

Maisel's Legacy

For 80 years a storefront on old Route 66 has sheltered murals by a who's who of Native American artists.

By Gwyneth Doland

A BLUE-SKINNED APACHE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT dancer in ruffled yellow pants hops on his moccasined foot. He brandishes two painted swords at his counterpart, a black-and-white-skinned dancer paused mid-stride. The Mountain Spirit's traditional job is to usher Apache girls through a puberty ceremony. But these two figures stand sentry in the entryway to the former Maisel's Indian Trading Post, high above the windows of its elaborate Art Deco facade. For nearly 80 years, they greeted the thousands of shoppers who ducked into the famed emporium of Native American art, on Route 66 in downtown Albuquerque.

CONTENT ID >

From top: A young Harrison Begay focused on his Navajo loom's Yétschah dancers in one of the Maisel murals; San Ildefonso Pueblo painter Awa Tishah depicted com. dancers.



ART Historic Murals

Since the store closed last year, the spirit dancers have been off duty, as have the antelope hunters, rain birds, butterfly maidens, and deer dancers who stand three and a half feet tall in 17 murals that top the building's double windows and the interior of its deep entry. The scenes of Native American life were painted in 1939, mostly by Pueblo, Apache, and Navajo artists who were art students at the time but went on to great renown.

Today the building stands vacant, its entrance secured with a folding metal security gate, but passersby can still see the two long panels of Pueblo and Navajo dancers outside the gate, on what is now Central Avenue.

It was the exposed dancers who occupied Diane Schaller's mind in late May when a small group of rioters took to the downtown streets after a Black Lives Matter protest, setting fires and spraying graffiti across the storefronts. Seeing the smashed plate glass windows of the 94-year-old Pueblo Deco-

style Kimo Theatre nearby shocked Schaller into action.

"We realized someone could come along with a spray can and ruin the murals," she says. So she and the group she leads, Historic Albuquerque, quickly moved to document and assess the murals—just in case. Sooty from decades of exposure and a long-ago fire, the frescoes need restoration, Schaller says. The building's new owner agrees.

To have all these murals on one building, by this group of artists, it's like having a baseball autographed by the 1927 Yankees," says curator Tony Chavarria.

"The building is a landmark, one of those properties that anybody who loves Albuquerque would be proud to own, but the murals are the most important thing," says local auto-group managing part-

ner Carlos Garcia, who bought the property from Skip Maisel when the longtime art dealer retired and closed the store in 2019. Pablita Velarde, Pop Chalee, Harrison Begay, and Ben Quintana were among the 10 students and alumni chosen for the mural project, representing a mix of Puebloan,

Diné, and Apache heritage. Today their works are held in major museums and sought by collectors.

"To have all of these murals on one building, by this group of artists, it's like having a baseball autographed by the 1927 Yankees," says Tony Chavarria, curator of ethnology at the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture, in Santa Fe. "That was the golden era of Native artists working in murals."

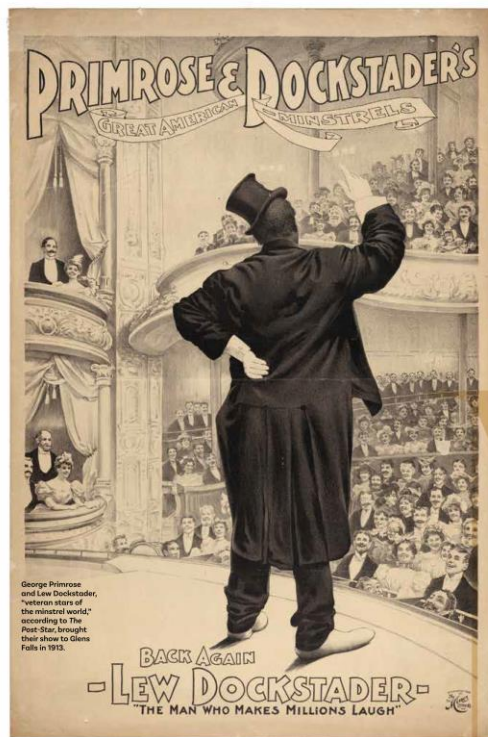
It was valuable experience and exposure for some of the youngest artists. Chavarria says, including 16-year-old Popowi Da, who went on to collaborate with his mother, San Ildefonso Pueblo potter Maria Martinez. His painting on her pots brought new attention to her works and contributed to a profitable family business that lasted decades.

And yet many people have no idea these early murals exist. "They're really important, but they're not well documented," says Paul R. Secord, a retired geologist and amateur historian who first saw the paintings 50 years ago as a student at the University of New Mexico, and in 2018 produced a full-color paperback, *The Maisel's Murals, 1939: Native American Art of the American Southwest*.



Art and Culture Feature - Silver

Adirondack Life – Adirondack Blackface



George Primrose and Lew Dockstader, "veteran stars of the minstrel world," according to *The Post-Star* brought their show to Glens Falls in 1913.

Photo from the Library of Congress

CAUTION:
This article
quotes historical
sources that
used offensive
language.

Adirondack Blackface

IN THE NORTH COUNTRY, MINSTREL SHOWS WERE POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT INTO THE 1960s. HISTORIAN AMY GODINE REVEALS THEIR PROMINENCE THROUGHOUT THE REGION

MAYBE YOU RECALL THE NEWS ABOUT A racist blackface cartoon on the cover of a *SUNY-Plattsburgh* student newspaper in 2015. Or the *SUNY-Potsdam* students who filled themselves coveting to rap music in black facial masks. Unsettling incidents, followed swiftly by hurt and fury, apologies and solemn editorials. The proof of blackface's unacceptability may be the lashing rage that greets it. Minus a few idiots, people do seem to get that this thing is just messed up.

What is much less understood is Adirondack blackface when it was the opposite of unacceptable. When it was absolutely everywhere. Not just in the bigger cities around the region, but in towns as small as Port Henry, Clintonville or Long Lake. And everybody did it. Schoolkids and women's clubs, fraternal orders, firemen. Not, as college students do it now, for the thrill of messing with a stern taboo, but for comfort and community and love of a tradition whose essential racism went unheeded and entirely unchallenged.

But first, to the theft (or as the parlance has it now, the appropriation) that launched a thousand blackface revues. In the 1820s in Manhattan, a white actor, Thomas Dartmouth Rice, made a study of a brilliant dancer, a black man, a stable hand. The man, never identified, was disabled, but the moves he made, both lurchy and elastic, syncopated, spry, turned his bad leg into an asset. And such a catchy chorus! "Weel about and turn ja so.

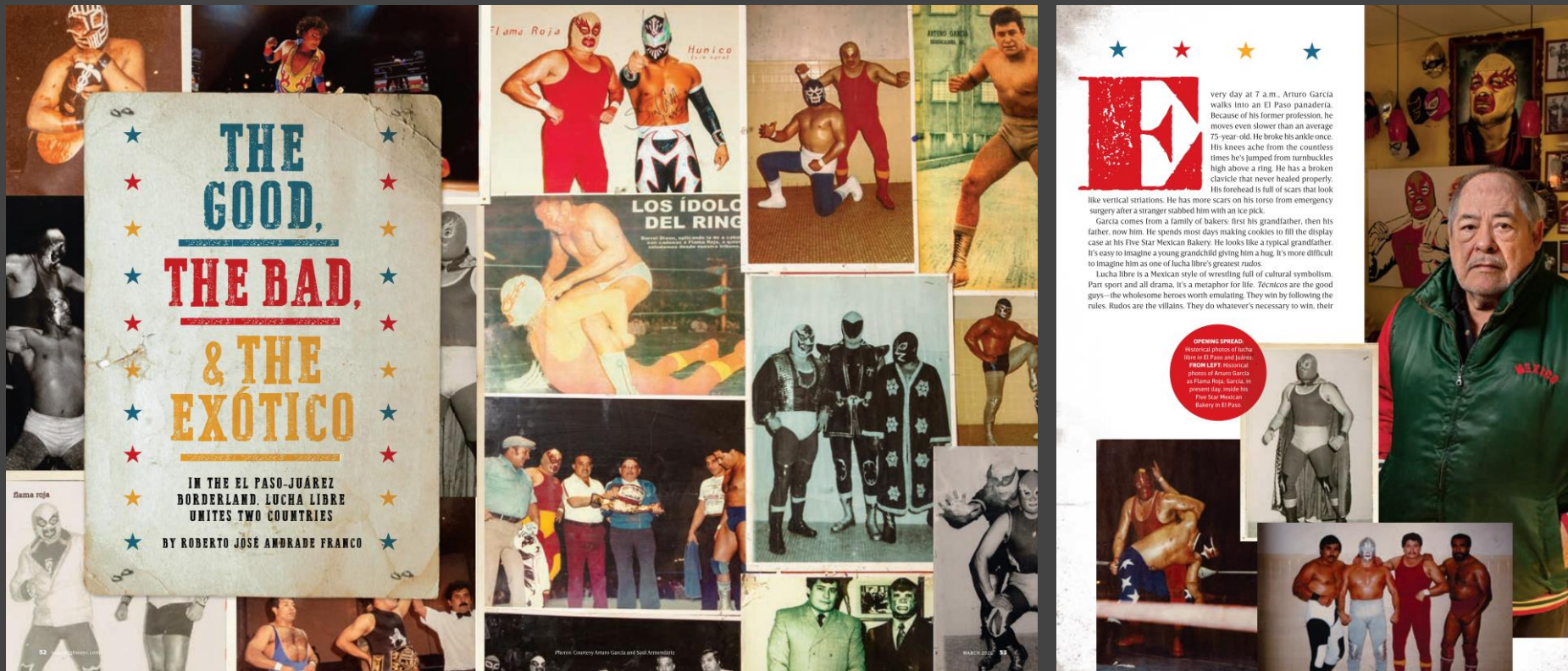
Bb'ry time I weel about I jump Jim Crow." With an eye and ear for novelty, Rice memorized the dance and song, and took it to the stage.

How big a deal was this? In two decades, Jim Crow dance, song and style—what became known as a minstrel show—had whirled itself into the nation's leading form of popular performance. Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and New Orleans would each declare itself its birthplace. By 1864, a blackface troupe, the Ethiopian Serenaders, was performing for President John Tyler in the White House. Pop critic Greil Marcus has called Thomas Dartmouth Rice, or "Daddy" Rice as the world knew him, the Diva of his age, a polymath who wrote and acted all his skits, and developed characters both reliable and nuanced.

For good or ill, Rice's mimetic and dramatic gifts would not distinguish his successors. As early as the 1840s, minstrel routines began to stifle. Black characters grew less rounded—still comedic but crudely stereotyped and ready-made to mock. Formulae drove the skits; corny jokes were culled from newspapers. Minstrelsy, its sheet music, costumes, makeup and hand-me-down palaver, was commodified. This went for black minstrel shows and white alike, both well-steeped in their routines when they finally ventured from the fringes of the Adirondacks to the harder-to-reach interior, riding in on new rail spurs, setting up in village opera houses and town halls.

Continued on page 80

Texas Highways – The Good, the Bad, and the Exotico



Recreation Feature

Recreation Feature - Merit

Arizona Highways – In for a Bumpy Ride

IN FOR A BUMPY RIDE

Although mountain biking comes with some legitimate prerequisites — an initial outlay of money, a prohibitive amount of equipment and the stamina to keep up — we sent our writer, who had no biking experience whatsoever, out on the trail anyway. Turns out, she fell only three times, but she did have “many, many ungraceful stops.”

BY LUELS KNORR | PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIO ZICKI



Ally Petricomanga, a retired professional mountain biker and current employee of Absolut Bikes, explores the Baty Bell Trail as the sun sets behind Cathedral Rock.

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Jan Clark leads her daughter, Emma, and husband, Rob, past saguaro on a trail at Scottsdale's McDowell Sonoran Preserve.

den full of like-minded cyclists.

Even though I'm here for just a short time, I can see the depth of Sedona's mountain biking culture. Glinisky says it's because the area's cyclists share a respect for the trails and the outdoors. As a collective, they seem to have their eye on the future, working to build and maintain the trails they frequent.

"Most places generate money from recreation permit use or wood cutting or some other natural resource, but our trails are our resource," says James Godwin, who works for the U.S. Forest Service and also picks up shifts at Over the Edge. Every day, these cyclists watch the way the sun bounces off the rusty rocks at sunset, and they want to make sure every person who visits can do the same. But the mountain biking community



is bound not only by values it's also bound by the outdoors as gospel. Acting as missionaries, they're trying to articulate how much love they have for the mountain, the bike and the intersection of the two — tripping over their own words, trying to convince others to try it, trying to convert.

This isn't unique to Sedona's mountain biking culture and community. My first time on a mountain bike was at Scottsdale's McDowell Sonoran Preserve, where I experienced the same affection toward the sport. Amy Regan, my guide, knew everyone out on the trail.

Through that experience, I met Tim Racette and Dominick Marino, two avid cyclists who live in the Phoenix area. They glow when they talk about the sport and how, because of Arizona's climate, they can ride every day of the year. Marino says the "excitement per kilojoule" is high with mountain biking.

When I ask riders about favorite trails in Sedona, I get similar answers over

and over again: Hilline, Mescal, High on the Hog. But Raney has a more obscure choice: He likes Ridgeway, because it's awkward. "You're in a constant stress state," he says. "It's a series of split-second decisions."

For those who ride, the sport creeps into every part of their lives. They work at the bike shop. They're friends with other cyclists. They go out to ride most weekdays after work. Every weekend, their bikes visit the technical terrain. Some have retired here in Sedona and wake up every day asking themselves where they'll ride that day. Some do volunteer patrol or advocacy. Others work four jobs, trying to make ends meet, just to live in a place that has beautiful views and hundreds of trails within riding distance.

I ask Cam Rose, a mechanic at Absolut Bikes, why he keeps coming back to mountain biking. He doesn't hesitate: "I don't keep coming back to it. I just never leave it." **HR**

HOW TO EXPLORE ARIZONA ON A BIKE

Start at the local bike shop.

Your local shop can rent you equipment, relay information about trail access and point you in the right direction, no matter if you've never ridden a bike, are a pro or fall somewhere in between.

Join a free ride. Bike shops all over the state host free rides open to anyone who wants to join.

Go with a friend. Make the barrier to entry less cumbersome by getting on the trail with a local. Mountain bikers are dying to share their passion, and they might even have a bike you can borrow.

Pack enough water and snacks. Take more water than you think you'll need. And you certainly don't want to be without snacks.

Head to the trail with a guide.

If you're not from the area or are new to the sport, hire a guide for a few hours. On-trail, hands-on learning tailored to you can be what makes, or breaks whether you'll want to go mountain biking again.

Leave your ego at the trailhead.

You might fall off the bike. You might be the last one to the top. You'll see the same view when you get there.

Recreation Feature - Bronze

Texas Highways – Such Great Heights



AN INDOOR ENTHUSIAST PUSHES HERSELF BEYOND HER LIMITS—
AND FINDS UNEXPECTED REWARDS—AT HUECO TANKS STATE PARK

By Sarah Hepola Photographs by Sean Fitzgerald

THE BOULDER LOOKED SO MUCH SMALLER BEFORE I WAS CLINGING TO ITS SIDE.

My fingers grappled against the rock as I tried not to panic. Was I 10 feet off the ground? Fifteen? A few nights ago, I'd gone to a climbing gym, a bustling warehouse where kids in cargo shorts scaled the wall using polyurethane grips that looked like gummy candies, and I'd scrambled to the top on my first try. But out here in the wilds of Hueco Tanks, there were no polyurethane grips. There was no path painted in the elementary colors of white, yellow, or red. There was just this confounding slab of syenite rock, and I was supposed to climb it. Why was that again? My heart hammered as I tippy-toed onto a thin wedge, but I lost my footing, my shoes sliding down the sheer face of the boulder as my hands clutched furiously at holds in the rock known as jugs. I tried to hoist myself up again, but gravity is a hell of a competitor. "I'm falling," I said, lamely stating the obvious, and then I did the thing I've struggled against for much of my life: I let go.

I'd come to the Chihuahuan Desert that spreads across West Texas and down to the Sierra Madres for a self-styled outdoor wellness retreat of sorts. I spend most days holed up with my laptop, nothing moving aside from my fingers. The diminished perimeter of my life astonished me, technology enabled me to work from anywhere, which somehow translated into going nowhere. The only marathon I knew was the Netflix kind. I needed to push out from the snug harbor of my one-click, on-demand lifestyle and get into action.

On my first morning at an El Paso Airbnb, I woke before dawn, made



I liked the scrappy democracy of a human
scaling the earth, woman versus nature.



Recreation Feature - Silver

Cottage Life – The Hundred-Year Pitch



Recreation Feature - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Sand Blast

SAND BLAST

America's newest national park has a lot to love, from windswept slopes of gypsum sand promotion could affect its groundbreaking research and how you can make the most

to one-of-a-kind critters. We get inside how White Sands National Park's recent of a day hiking, sledding, photographing, or picnicking in this magical destination.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER

ADDITIONAL STORIES BY DIANA ALBA SOULAR AND MARIA MANUELA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIRA HOWARD

Illustrations by
JAMESON SIMPSON

Made up of gypsum sand, the dunes move constantly, making every return visit feel like a brand-new experience.

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BY DUSK, THE WHITE SANDS NATIONAL PARK DUNE FIELD seems marked by a strange kind of hieroglyphics—footprints and long vertical lines of people scrambling up and then sliding down the steepest faces. The surreal, sinuous curves of white in this otherworldly place elicit an immediate sense of amazement and prompt a carnival-like atmosphere.

People of all ages climb onto sleds—a mission so endorsed by the park that the saucers are for sale in the gift shop and recommended on several wayfinding signs. Other visitors rest on camp chairs under beach umbrellas. Laughter, jubilant calls, and delighted squeals carry across the sand. As I walk the gypsum ridges in late August, a barefoot man strolls along the crest of one, playing an accordion. Its opened case lies by his

car, near a pair of kicked-off cowboy boots. He plays and sings while walking across a dune, a photographer crouching near him, capturing the scene. The sun moves toward the mountains rimming the Tularosa Basin, a jagged blue line on the horizon. A breeze picks up. The temperature drops.

The texture of the sand changes over the sides of a single dune—deep and soft in places and wind-firmed to a walkable crust in others, the surface scalloped in the way that waves often ripple undersea sand. As the sun sets, these dunes reveal how many shades can hide in a single color: pink-white, lavender-white, blue-white, gray-white, brown-white. People wandering

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General Feature
35,000 or Less

General Feature 35 or Less - Merit

Delaware Beach Life – Getting Lost

GETTING LOST

BY BILL NEWCOTT | ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB WATERS

A day of deliberate wrong turns makes everything right

For the seasoned traveler, there's nothing better than getting lost. If you never get lost, you never discover anything.

Alas, getting lost isn't as easy as it sounds — particularly if you're determined to get lost in the place where you live. There are street signs everywhere. Familiar landmarks keep popping up. And you have to resist the urgent temptation to switch on your GPS, "just to see."

Despite the challenges, I was determined to get lost in coastal Delaware for a whole day; to explore unfamiliar back roads; to meet people who didn't know anybody I knew. And so one recent morning I kissed my wife farewell, hopped into my car, and set out to get utterly disoriented.

Of course, even getting lost requires ground rules. I decided on a specific starting

point and a final destination, to reduce the chances of just driving around in circles all day. Point A would be the Fenwick Island Lighthouse, hand up against the Delaware/Maryland border. Point Z would be Cape Henlopen, site of the Fenwick light's long-lost sister, the beacon that fell from its sand dune pulpit in 1926.

As for my random route, from Fenwick I would improvise a wide westward loop around the area's inland waterways.

Most importantly, I brought up the GPS function on my iPhone and swiped it away. Gone. No familiar voice telling me where to turn. No scrolling dashboard map.

I sniled smugly.

"This is how Daniel Boone must have felt," I thought, sipping hazelnut coffee from my travel mug.



"It's not as easy to get lost as you might think," says writer Bill Newcott — especially when area landmarks like Joyce's Reliable in Dagsboro keep popping up. Happily, it's still possible to discover the delights of disorientation.



I start at the lighthouse

I am standing at the foot of the whitewashed Fenwick Island light, craning to see the black lantern room, eight stories above.

Actually, I'm standing in Maryland. The Delaware state line, inches north of the sidewalk, is defined by a low white monument, placed here on April 16, 1781. The Maryland side of the monument bears the familiar diamond-and-cross design of the Calvert family coat of arms.

The Penn family crest on the Delaware side recalls when the state was still part of Pennsylvania. Happily, in 1776 nascent Delawareans simultaneously declared their independence from both King George III and Pennsylvania — lest they someday refer to submarine sandwiches as hoagies and say things like "Yinz go'n to the Steelers game, yah?"

This monument tells me exactly where I am. That will not do.

There's only one route west out of Fenwick Island: Lighthouse Road, also called Route 54. I cross the bridge over The Ditch, a canal that separates Little Assawoman Bay from her sister, Big Assawoman Bay.

I live up near Lewes, where a favorite parlor

game is to come up with creative profane names for the developers who'll tear down a forest, evict all the animals and rechristen the place "The Preserve." We tend to think enviously of less-developed Fenwick and its environs, but my neighbors would be shocked at the amount of building going on down here. Everywhere I look, communities are springing up; field after field of "stick-built" homes (a term that makes me imagine Little Pig construction crews).

Nevertheless, I've never been along this stretch of road before. I'm not quite lost yet, but I'm at least exploring the unknown.

I try to get lost

Not far up the road, even at 35 mph, I am aware of eyes watching me. I glance to the left and stare back at the faces peering from the windows of Sound United Methodist Church.

It's a century-old building in the style of so many country churches around here, but Sound Church has one distinctive feature: an array of gloriously colorful stained-glass windows, each combining the Old World art of colored glass with a decidedly folk-art-inspired design. Angels cavort, Jesus extends his hands over the faithful. The colors are bold, the figures flat, like subjects of a Grandma Moses painting.

I'm barely five miles out of Fenwick and already my wanderings are rewarding me.

WATCH Ride along with writer Bill Newcott as he gets lost roaming around coastal Delaware, where he discovers that his journey is actually full of "right" turns: delawarebeachlife.com/videos

General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life – Homeward Bound

Homeward Bound

SOLDIERS AND
VETERANS FIND
PEACE IN THE
ADIRONDACKS

BY BRIAN CASTNER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JAMIE WEST MCGIVER

WE LAUNCHED THE LONG WAR canoes on the St. Regis River, at the put-in just above the low dam in Keese Mill. The river is quiet here and the color of iced tea and we had it all to ourselves as early summer bugs—both physical and metaphorical, blackflies and the on-going pandemic—kept crowds at bay. Yes, I wore my mask, as much as I could.

Our destination was the marina at the south end of Upper St. Regis Lake. A short five-mile paddle, with fine views of the mountain and famous Great Camps along the shores. There were about a dozen of us, mostly military veterans of Iraq and Afghanistan and the late Cold War. For the outing, some had traveled from Tupper Lake and Malone, and some from New York City and Maine, and though members of the group had jumped out of planes and driven tanks and sailed enormous blue-water ships, it was clear from the start that few had spent much time in a canoe.

Brian MacDonnell, owner of MAC's Canoe Livery, based in Lake Clear, provided the boats. Brian is a serious canoeist, the long-time organizer of the annual three-day "90-Miler" race, but our outing was a much less intense affair. Brian and Jack Farvo, another guide, steered the boats between lily pads and past palatial summer homes clad in patriotic bunting as their crews of military veterans paddled with various levels of enthusiasm. "Whenever there's two boats in the water, there's a race," Brian had said, but the paddlers only occasionally obliged. Sometimes they sang cadence like they were back at boot camp, sometimes they drifted lazily into the head wind.

For once, there was no competition. The point was not to win. The point was to breathe, and find just a little peace.

The organizer of our trip was Valerie Ainsworth, the executive director of Homeward Bound, a veterans' support nonprofit. Valerie has long graying blonde hair and

dermess had cured them.

As I sat in that canoe, bobbing on the lake, I looked around and saw not a few other veterans who hoped the wilderness worked on more than tuberculosis.

I WANT TO MAKE THIS VERY CLEAR UP FRONT: I'm not the kind of veteran who goes to veterans' retreats. Nothing wrong with them, of course, they just aren't for me. True, I had some struggles when I came home from Iraq years ago and I did therapy at the VA. I knew there were retreats available for people with post-traumatic stress, but I figured they were meant for someone else, and anyway, I don't like sharing with strangers in a circle.

I was curious about Homeward Bound, though, because of how it fits into the history of going to the mountains in search of healing. From Spain's Camino de Santiago to the Kora routes in Tibet, pilgrims have long sought spiritual renewal by traversing hills and valleys. In the French Alps, tourists flocked to thermal pools in Chamonix long before there were ski resorts. And in the Adirondacks, of course, Dr. Trudeau's insight led to a whole industry, the sick coming north to sit in "curing" chairs outside "curing" cottages, patients bunched up on a porch to take in the cold lake air. Homeward Bound was the brainchild of Garry Trudeau: political cartoonist, long-time veteran supporter and great grandson of the rabbit experimenter. Different cures for different times.

For there are other stories, war stories, that reveal the balm of wilderness.

One involves Earl Shaffer, who grew up near the ribbed mountains of central Pennsylvania. He loved to hike, especially with his best friend, Wish Winemiller, and the two made plans for the many long trips they would take together.

In early 1941, the whole country seemed to whisper rumors of war, and Shaffer got sick of waiting to be drafted and enlisted in the Army. He was in training, learning to install radar systems, when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Winemiller joined the Marine Corps, and the two young men served throughout the South Pacific. On February 19, 1945, Sergeant Winemiller landed on Iwo Jima with the first wave of the 25th Marines and died there on the beach. Shaffer survived his service and went home.

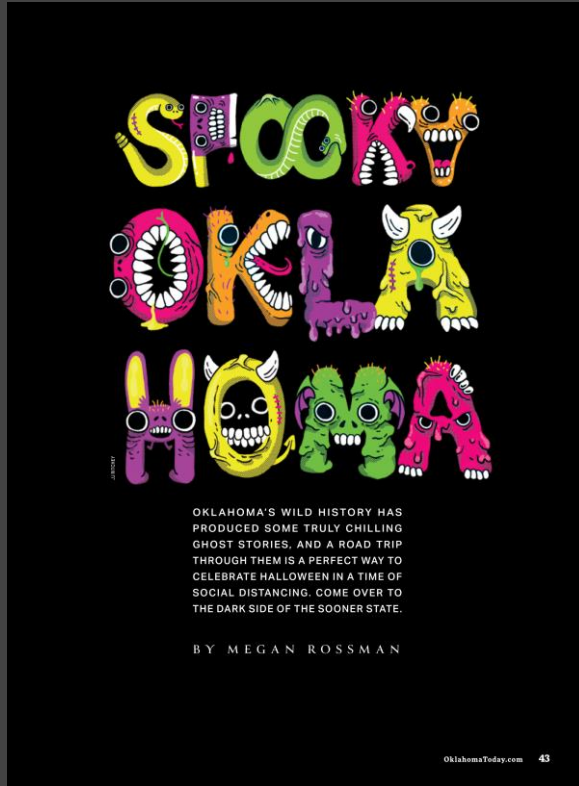
Back in Pennsylvania, Shaffer didn't know what to do with himself. He thought about his buddy Walt and how Walt died and he didn't, and he remembered all the trips they wanted to take together. So in 1948, Shaffer went down to Georgia and put on his old Army pack and started to hike north. He hiked more than 2,000 miles before he was done. He said that he "wanted to walk the war out of his system."

Shaffer became the first person to record an end-to-end hike of the Appalachian Trail.

HOMeward Bound BEGAN AS A GRASSROOTS INITIATIVE in Saranac Lake in 2009. "To promote the wilderness as a place of healing for soldiers and veterans suffering from PTSD [Post Traumatic Stress Disorder]," according to Valerie. What that meant, in practical terms, has expanded over time. Valerie is clear that Homeward Bound doesn't directly provide clinical therapy or other mental health interventions. But it does offer a range of other services, including free transportation to medical appointments, peer-to-peer crisis outreach, and case management to connect veterans to government services. All of this, plus

General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today – Spooky Oklahoma



General Feature 35 or Less - Silver

KANSAS! Magazine – Explorers and Innovators



In a 2013 speech to the San Gabriel Water Valley Forum, Erin Brockovich said that while growing up in the Sunflower State, her mother and father taught her "the greatest gifts we have are our family, our health and the right to clean water and good land," a prescient sentiment that has shaped this Kansas native's high-profile career.

Like many explorers, Brockovich was driven by a curious, restless nature. She briefly attended Kansas State University before earning a fashion degree from Wade College in Dallas, Texas, and relocating to Southern California. There, she was a Kmart management trainee, an electrical engineering student and a beauty pageant winner.

Her watershed moment as an activist arrived when she was working as a file clerk and learned that a gas and electric company had contaminated the public

water supply of Hickley, California, with a carcinogen. Her fight to protect families led to a \$333 million public settlement and inspired the 2000 film *Erin Brockovich*, which received five Oscar nominations, including a Best Actress win for the actor who portrayed Brockovich, Julia Roberts.

Rather than retire on the \$2.5 million she was rewarded for the case, Brockovich used the money to launch years of environmental activism. She fielded requests for assistance in ground water contamination complaints in every state and several foreign countries, sought to hold corporations responsible for fracking-induced earthquakes in Oklahoma, and represented women whose health may have been compromised by a birth control device.

The *New York Times* best-selling author and former talk show host can currently be seen on Netflix in *The Devil We Know: The Chemistry of a Cover-up*, a 2019 documentary focused on a West Virginia community afflicted by the production of a chemical used to create Teflon. In August 2020, she published *Superman's Not Coming: Our National Water Crisis and What WE THE PEOPLE Can Do About It* with grassroots success stories and practical advice for community action.

Explorers are often thought of as people who go into uncharted territory—and that is exactly what Brockovich has done and continues to do. Not only as a file clerk who was unafraid to cast herself into the legal sphere, but as a savvy and meticulous researcher who plumbs the depths of documents. In a 2002 *New York Times Magazine* article, Brockovich discussed her approach. "Imagine getting hundreds of these boxes. You come to the 40th box, what does your attitude become? Forget it. There's nothing here," Brockovich says. "Well, I go through it paper by paper. You will see me in my office, on the floor, all the files around me, and I won't talk to you. I won't take phone calls."

Committed to discovering hidden truths and dangers in order to protect communities, Brockovich's work embodies the state motto, "to the stars through difficulty" and has inspired others to believe that perhaps they, too, are well-equipped to weather challenges in unfamiliar and sometimes hostile terrain.

—Kim Groominger

ILLUSTRATION: Stephanie Cope

General Feature 35 or Less - Gold

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors – The Strange Tale of Outer Baldonia

The Strange Tale of Outer Baldonia

A fisherman and his island micro-nation

BY WENDY ARUNDEL



CONFLICTS between the United States and Russia take up many headlines these days, mostly involving big-time global disputes. But back in the 1950s, a small island off the coast of Canada had a brief moment in international news reports thanks to a Washington, D.C., businessman with a sense of humor and a deep love of sport fishing.

He was my grandfather, Russell M. Arundel. It all began when he was fishing in 1948 off a rugged four-acre island in Nova Scotia. He took stock of the place: rocky shore, mewing gulls, a few hardy sheep, untamed beach grass, and a location smack dab in the middle of the greatest tuna hole he had ever known, and he bought the tiny dot at the outer edge of the Tusket Islands for \$750 U.S. currency.

Perhaps his initial intent was to use the island for a small fishing camp. But back in Washington, D.C., glass of whiskey in hand, he hatched something more elaborate. His first order of business was to change its name from

Outer Bald Tusket to The Principality of Outer Baldonia. His ensuing antics, involving regal titles and a "war" against Russia made him a minor-league legend at the height of the Cold War.

After declaring himself the Prince of Princes, Arundel lorded over a population of legitimate and wanna-be fishermen. He built a one-room stone cottage from beach rocks on the island, but spent only one uncomfortable night there, blaming the mosquitoes and relentless cold wind.

His actions even made it into a 1967 *Sports Illustrated* article. Titled *Outer Baldonia Struggles For Its Fishy Place as a Somewhat Emergent Nation* and written by Nancy C. Coe, the article played on Arundel's dry humor in creating a principality and his version of a fisherman's utopia. Arundel's Declaration of Independence was a classic example.

"Fishermen are a race alone," he wrote, adding that fishermen in his principality "are endowed with the fol-

Among the first family members ever to disembark on her grandfather Russell Arundel's tiny island nation, the author, Wendy Arundel, ploughs through tall grass once mowed by sheep to reach the island's lone cottage. She thought the seagull perched on the chimney might be her grandfather reincarnated.

Photo by Jeff Kestner/Outlines



Russell Arundel spent only one night on the island, which he considered inhospitably cold and windy. The southernmost in the Tusket Island chain, it is located eight nautical miles off the Nova Scotia coast.

lowing inalienable rights: The right of freedom from question, nagging, shaming, interruption, women, taxes, politics, war, monologues, cant, and inhibitions. The right to applause, vanity, flattery, praise, and self-inflation. The right to swear, lie, drink, gamble, and silence. The right to be noisy, boisterous, quiet, pensive, expansive, and hilarious. The right to sleep all day and stay up all night."

Arundel died in 1978. You'd think, considering the family connection, that

my siblings, cousins, and I might have had more than an inkling of our "royal heritage." But to us, Outer Baldonia's Prince of Princes was just "CayCay," the other grandfatherly half to "Khaki," or Marjorie, as his wife was known to the broader world. We knew CayCay to be quiet and watchful. He smoked a pipe, owned a dachshund named Elmer, and we weren't to interrupt when he was watching Walter Cronkite. We loved him because, without fail, Cracker Jacks mag-

ically appeared from his back pocket when we grandchildren were around. His daughter, my Aunt Jocelyn, said she, my father, and my grandmother were with him on his first visit to Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, for a tuna fishing tournament. "We were awakened at 4 a.m. and hustled to the docks to board one of the region's classic tuna fishing boats, and then, as the sun rose, to ride the massive swells of the powerful tides, while a wiry watchful boat captain



The 30 foot by 20 foot stone building that Russell Arundel had built using beach stone has started to fall down. The author (Arundel's granddaughter Wendy Arundel) found the remnants of an "X" inlaid above the lichen-covered stones of the fireplace.

General Feature
35,000 or More

General Feature 35 or More - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Salvage Operation



A member of the Tucson Cactus and Succulent Society's Cactus Rescue Crew works to remove a large cactus from a Tucson site slated for development.

SALVAGE OPERATION

Although we don't have shipwrecks in the Sonoran Desert, we do have bulldozers, which have been scraping away large swaths of land to make way for new homes, roads and sewer lines. Among the casualties of the bulldozer are saguaros and other native plants. There's hope, though, thanks to a group of volunteers who stand ready to swoop in and save what they can.

BY ANNETTE MCGIVNEY • PHOTOGRAPHS BY EIRINI PAJAK

THEY'RE READY TO DEPLOY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, and they never know when the next call will come. But these good Samaritans will drop everything for a rescue, because they're committed to saving as many lives as possible. They grab their fluorescent safety vests and head into the desert, often in triple-digit heat. There, they team up with others who are just as devoted to the same mission. They also carry heavy leather welding gloves. And shovels.

Since 1999, the nonprofit Tucson Cactus and Succulent Society (TCSS) has run a volunteer salvage program that gets out in front of bulldozers to save saguaros and other native plants facing certain death. As a fast-growing metropolitan area, Tucson has experienced record development over the past two decades, and large swaths of desert have been bladed to make way for new

rely on the Cactus Rescue Crew, the group is also vital to Pima County's native plant salvage program. In 2001, the county began implementing its Sonoran Desert Conservation Plan, which seeks to balance environmental protection with economic growth. A large part of the program revolves around preserving native plants and encouraging their use for landscaping, especially in public works projects.

"We had a mandate to use native plants for landscaping roadways, but 20 years ago, you couldn't buy a creosote bush or cholla anywhere," says Jessie Byrd, manager of Pima County's Native Plant Nursery. "Native desert plants weren't in style back then."

In an effort to alleviate its dearth of landscaping options, Pima County established its own nursery, with the goal of growing native plants from seed. But cactuses mature slowly, often growing an inch or less a year. So the county also started a salvage program to save mature native plants from construction projects on public land. But who was going to do all this dirty work? The TCSS came to the rescue.

"I only have three employees," says Byrd, who has managed the nursery for the past seven years and is also a longtime Cactus Rescue Crew volunteer. "There is no way I could do it all without the help of the cactus club."

The crew jumps into action when it gets a call from Byrd. Most salvage projects are for road widening and sewer line construction. And, as with private development, there's rarely much notice before the bulldozers roll.

For most of 2008, Byrd and several Cactus Rescue Crew volunteers worked almost every Friday on the Kolb Road widening project in northeast Tucson. But then time ran out. "The bulldozers were about to come," Byrd says. "So, we got the entire crew out there and we sucked up the cactus as fast as we could. When we don't have much notice, it is awesome to know there are all these people on standby to help."

Plants that are salvaged as part of the county's program go to the Native Plant Nursery, where Byrd and her staff place them in the shade and help them recover from the trauma of being dug up. The county doesn't sell the plants, but uses them for landscaping at public sites or replants them in their original location once a project is completed. And plants that are too big, or old, or special for replanting along a roadside are given a "forever home" at the county's 7-acre Pima Prickly Park. Otherwise, Byrd says, most salvaged plants do well after spending a few months or years at the nursery.

"One of the reasons we are so successful is that cactus is very easy to transplant," she says. "Right after they are dug up, we leave them sitting in the shade with roots exposed, so any wounds can heal. Then we put them in a pot until they are replanted someplace like a school or library or roadside."

The Desert Botanical Garden in Phoenix also does cactus salvage for road construction and other projects. In the sum-

mer of 2008, the garden's staff scientists went to great lengths — and depths — to save the rare Arizona hedgehog cactuses that were in the path of a new bridge being built over Pinto Creek on U.S. Route 60 between Globe and Superior. The plant is on the federal endangered species list and endemic to only Arizona's Pinal and Gila counties.

"We had to rapel down more than 100 feet into the canyon to get to the plants," says Steve Blackwell, the garden's conservation collections manager. "We swaddled them like a baby in burlap and then hoisted them up in a box or carried them on our backs. They were spiky as heck."

The team rescued 22 hedgehogs that now are planted on the garden's grounds. Blackwell anticipates the cactuses will be returned when the bridge project is complete. "This cactus



From left, the Cactus Rescue Crew's Edie Campbell, Alan Cook, Joseph Framma, Douglas Rowell and Robert Ellis look over barrel cactuses as they're loaded into a truck. The group has rescued more than 104,000 desert plants.

species is really special to our state," he says. "It was already threatened by mines in the area, so we wanted to do what we could to mitigate impacts from the bridge." And he adds that an Arizona hedgehog that has adapted to grow in Pinto Creek Canyon is different from the same plant growing atop a ridge in another location — and preserving that genetic diversity is critical to saving the species.

The month after the visit to Rocking K Ranch, the TCSS holds a public sale to unload the plants from the rescue. More than 300 barrels and 300 hedgehogs are on sale, with the hope that they'll soon return to Tucson's native plant ecosystem. And the Cactus Rescue Crew is ready for the next call.

"I am so proud that we have been able to keep all these plants alive," Wiedhopf says. "I want my grandchildren's grandchildren to be able to enjoy cactus as much as I do." ■■

For more information about the Tucson Cactus and Succulent Society and the Cactus Rescue Crew, call 520-256-3447 or visit tucsoncactus.org.

General Feature 35 or More - Bronze

Down East – Port in a Storm

PORT IN A STORM

THE LITTLE CITY OF EASTPORT TRIED FOR YEARS TO LURE MEGA CRUISE SHIPS TO ITS DOCKS. THEN, AMID A GLOBAL PANDEMIC, IT GOT ONE, ALONG WITH A SKELETON CREW OF CORONAVIRUS EXILES.

BY JAIT COFFIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYAN DAVID BROWN

Passenger amenities on Oceania Cruises' Riviera include a casino, afternoon tea accompanied by string quartet, and croquet courts.

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON in late July, 12-year-old Zachary Wallace stood on a float beneath the Eastport pier, fishing for mackerel. To one side of him, lobsterboats bobbed at their moorings, backdropped by the low buildings of Water Street's downtown strip. To the other, the profile of the cruise ship Riviera rose 16 decks high and stretched nearly 800 feet long, a gleaming barrier between the bay and the wide expanse of blue water beyond.

The fishing, Zachary said, was okay — a few pollock, no mackerel. Nothing like the day a few weeks back when Riviera had left for 24 hours to distill potable water from seawater in the channel. He'd filled a 5-gallon bucket with fish. "It was drop 'em and catch 'em," he said, pointing to a piling above him. "Right off that corner."

"We've got trash bags full of them in the freezer back home," Kristen Wallace, Zachary's mother, said.

crew members' temperatures and oxygen levels twice a day throughout the quarantine protocol and detected no additional cases.

The matter of Riviera's broader impacts on town life were less easily addressed. Structurally, the pier — which had collapsed in 2014 and been rebuilt in 2017 — could easily accommodate a ship of its size. And running in "hotel mode" — using just one generator — the ship would produce little in the way of fumes. The pier, however, normally served as a public fishing spot and de facto community center during the summer, with families loading up coolers and fishing poles and passing entire days chatting with friends while jigging for mackerel. With the ship berthed, most of the pier would be off-limits, and the pandemic had already taken so much away from the town's Little League games to its annual Pirate Festival. "It's a morale thing," is how Eastport native and local plumber Bub Andrews put it. "What are the locals gonna do?"

"People were always asking me for answers to these questions," French told me, when I visited him in the small, white-shingled Quoddy Tide building overlooking the waterfront. "But I didn't know any more than what I wrote." When Riviera finally arrived in Eastport, on June 14, the view from the office's east-facing windows was eclipsed almost entirely by the hulking white hull.

While Zachary Wallace fished from floats off the pier, men in white hard hats and blue maintenance suits and a man and woman in crisp white uniforms, all wearing masks, stood on the decks above, gazing across the Eastport waterfront. They waved at another family fishing below. "You want me to throw you up a fish?" the father yelled, holding up a pollock. The crew members politely declined.

"They're really quite friendly," Kristen Wallace said. Riviera arrived with a reduced crew of 131 fully staffed, it's 800, and neither Kristen nor her brother believed they posed any dangers of COVID-19 transmission. Their primary question, shared by many in Eastport, had become why the crew members, many hailing from countries across Southeast Asia, Latin America, and Europe, hadn't debarked, despite having gone through quarantine. "We just keep thinking they must be incredibly bored up there," Kristen said.

Later that afternoon, I met with Chris Gardner in the lobby of the port authority's building. A former police officer, a youth-sports coach, a county commissioner, and a father of two, Gardner possesses a stubbornly optimistic disposition and a penchant for high-flown talk. He told me that, once the pandemic started, "every other community in the state of Maine said, 'All right, we have to do with less.' Our community, we had the opportunity to say, 'All right, we have to do something else.'"

Gardner was in charge of managing Riviera's presence at the pier, coordinating with an in-house shipping agency, customs detachment, and stevedoring services, plus the Coast Guard. But after a while, Gardner, like others around town, had started to worry about what he called the "humanitarian crisis" of having crew members stuck on board. "I guarantee you that the cleanest spot in the state of Maine," he said, pointing out the window, "is at the head of that gangway."

Oceania could have worked with health and customs officials to try to get Riviera's crew home on chartered flights (an expensive option for a cruise line already absorbing losses) or commercial flights

(although international flights had been restricted, most notably to the European Union). Gardner worried that, instead, Riviera would eventually set sail for Europe, where getting the crew off the ship would be easier — and where the cruise industry was gearing up to operate again. A departure, he said, would be costly to Eastport. Docking and service fees were bringing in about \$50,000 a month — a "windfall," Gardner called it — at a time when revenue from shipping activity was down 40 percent.

Neither Gardner nor anyone else I talked with in Eastport knew exactly why, in the meantime, crew couldn't disembark. "There are more people from out of state passing through the Kennebec toll booth in an hour," Gardner said. Others described the situation with a range of pejoratives — "sinful," "shameful," and most commonly, "inhumane," often blaming an ambiguous "they."

But "they" turned out simply to be the cruise line. Keeping crew members on board had always been part of the plan for bringing the ship to Eastport, according to Oceania's public relations team and Maine CDC. The possibility of someone debarking and then bringing the virus back onto the ship wasn't worth the risk, from the company's

Riviera is in another league, with a passenger capacity equal to Eastport's entire population ... the kind of ship that passes Eastport by.

Zachary Rhodes and his son, Corby, fishing at the pier, off the summer in Eastport.



General Feature 35 or More - Silver

Texas Highways – Pick-Me-Up

PICK- ME- UP

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PICKUP TRUCK
TEXANS' VEHICLE OF CHOICE FOR
GENERATIONS

BY SARAH HEPOLA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN FITZGERALD



I'm barreling down Interstate 35 in Dallas, in a Chevy Silverado, and I can't stop noticing how the cars yield to me. I never realized how small and squishable I was in my two-door sedan until I slid behind the wheel of a half-ton pickup. It was so mighty the tires rose past my hips and I had to hoist myself into the driver's side using a handlebar above the door, which felt a bit too much like scrambling up the side of a mountain. But once I was seated, my view was so vast I felt like I was commanding a great cavalry.

At the drive-thru, the woman actually clapped as I slid up to her window. "One of my girlfriends just got that truck," she told me, running her eyes along the Silverado like we might just punch a hole in the glass ceiling. "You are gonna

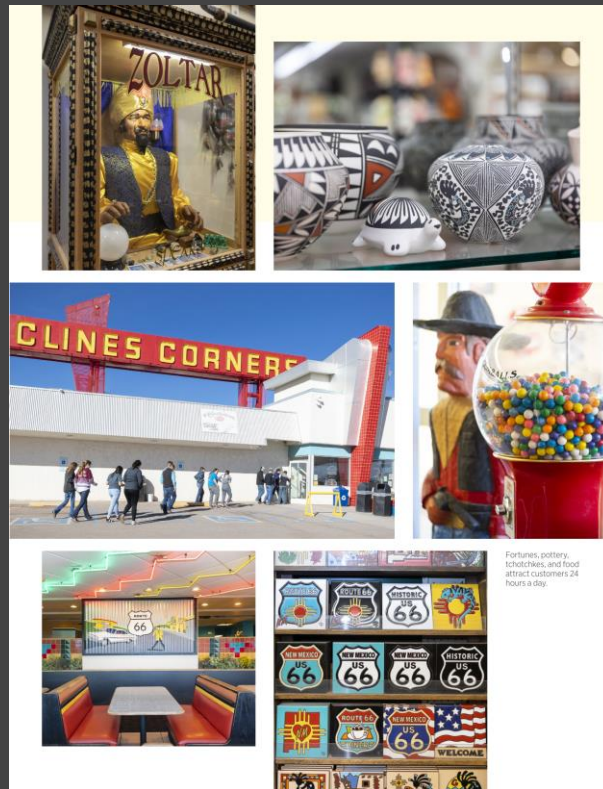
go everywhere," she told me, and I drove away feeling like I just might.

When I first heard about this "car culture" issue, I knew what I wanted to write: an ode to my Honda Accord, which I'd driven across the country a half-dozen times. For 20 years, I've only ever owned a Honda sedan—one after the other, like a woman who keeps marrying and divorcing the same man. I think of those cars as trusty, no-drama companions that have carried me across fearsome interstates and rambling backroads. And my editor liked the pitch, but he had one small adjustment: Could I write about pickup trucks instead?

But I'd never driven a truck. I started to respond, but then I realized that was the point. As luck would have it,

General Feature 35 or More - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Corner of the World



Profiles 35,000 or Less

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Merit

Oklahoma Today – Petticoat Terror of the Plains



Petticoat TERROR OF THE PLAINS

WHETHER SINNER OR SAINT, MONSTER OR MADONNA, BELLE STARR IS ONE OF THE MOST ENIGMATIC AND MISUNDERSTOOD FIGURES IN OKLAHOMA HISTORY.

BY KARLIE YBARRA | ILLUSTRATION BY ASHLEY DAWN

THERE WAS a time within the memory of men now living when this dread name struck terror to the hearts of the timid and caused brave men to buckle an extra holster about their loins," wrote Captain Kit Dalton in his 1914 book *Under the Black Flag*.

By the time that book was published, the woman Dalton was referring to, Myra Maybelle Shirley—better known as Belle Starr—had been dead for a quarter century. Her life was long over, but her legend still was gaining momentum. Borrowing her cachet for his own overblown biographical account, Dalton went on about the "Fearless Indian Outlaw."

A more accomplished musician never caused dumb ivory into melody; a more daring handit never hit the train nor cut a throat for the love of vengeful lust. A more winning smile never illuminated the face of a Madonna; a more cruel human never walked the deck of a pirate ship. She dispensed charities with lavish hand of true philanthropy and robbed with the strong arm of a Captain Kidd. No human ever risked life and liberty in more perilous ways for friendship's sake than did this phenomenally beautiful half savage, nor was the gate to a city of refuge ever opened wider for the distressed than were of the doors of her humble mountain home...

Almost every word was fiction, but Dalton was by no means alone in this sin. Just months after Starr departed her earthly vessel, New York writer Richard K. Fox published *Belle Starr: The Bandit Queen or the Female Jew James* and sold thousands of copies. Considering Starr's name was misspelled in the title, it's no surprise that the book is full of errors. Leagues of articles, books, and movies followed, many of which used *Belle* as a primary source.

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Belle Starr was famous for carrying a pair of revolvers. She was buried with one, though it was stolen by grave robbers. It eventually was recovered and now is on display at the Three Rivers Museum in Muskogee.

Starr is among the most recognized female figures in Western lore, but she might also be the least understood. So if she wasn't a hellcat on a horse galloping across the plains while firing two six-shooters at trailing U.S. Marshals, who was she? Perhaps the one thing Dalton and the others got right was that Starr was a fascinating set of contradictions.

"I've never seen so much rubbish written about someone in my life," says Michael Wallis, a Tulsa author whose *Belle Starr* biography is slated for release in summer 2021. "When I talk about the West, I say, 'Forget about the movies and the pulp books and all of that. Just know this: There were some white hats, and there were some black hats, but the majority were gray. Myra Belle Shirley's hat was gray—and a lighter gray than many other romanticized figures from the West.'"



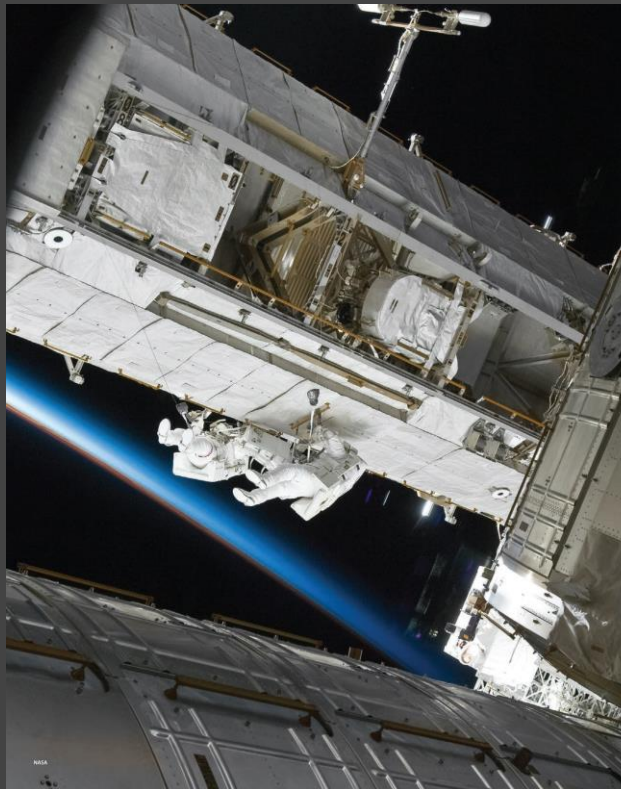
MYRA MAYBELLE SHIRLEY was born near Carthage, Missouri, on February 5, 1848, to Eliza—née Elizabeth Hatfield—the famously feuding Hatfields—and John. While John made a comfortable living as the proprietor of the Carthage Hotel, Eliza took care of the couple's five children. Myra and her siblings grew up with many advantages. She performed piano recitals to adoring audiences in the hotel lobby. John's extensive library offered the curious young woman a chance to explore philosophy and history. And at the



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Profiles 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Nebraska Life – Escaping Gravity



Escaping Gravity

Ashland astronaut Clayton Anderson climbed to new heights while reaching for the stars

BY ALAN J. BARTELS

Mankind has gazed with wonder toward the heavens since the sun set on his first day. Taking the giant leap to escape gravity has become reality for a select few adventurers willing to risk their lives to explore the final frontier. From Ashland, Clayton Anderson – Nebraska's first astronaut – blasted off to achieve his big dreams in outer space.



At left, Clayton Anderson and fellow astronaut Rick Mastracchio perform maintenance on the International Space Station during a spacewalk. Anderson lived in space for 167 days.

FORTY-ONE THOUSAND feet over the Gulf of Mexico is no place to experience turbulent skies. The 200-mph takeoff was smooth. The violent shaking of the aircraft after leveling off was cause for concern. Strapped into the backseat of a 25,000-horsepower T-38 training jet, Anderson – the fledgling astronaut candidate from Nebraska – heard the pilot report, “Clay, can you hear me?”

Hand signals helped communicate the problem – the radio was down. Rocking the jet capable of traveling 850 mph was Col. Andy Roberts’ attempt at getting the attention of NASA’s newest trainee. Anderson’s only task was to operate the radio. With the aircraft descending toward the tarmac, Anderson wondered what he’d done wrong.

One mistake could jeopardize his career. He thought all the connections were secure. He had double checked each one. After landing, Anderson heard the flight line leader ask Roberts, “What did he screw up?”

The equipment failure was no fault of Anderson. The radio was quickly swapped out and the jet rocketed back to its serial classroom more than 7 miles over the Earth.

“Do you want to break the sound bar-

dark side of the moon for the first time.

Anderson remembers being nearly panicked as Apollo 8 floated out of view and lost contact with Mission Control. The static seemed to last hours. In his book, *The Ordinary Spaceman*, Anderson recounts imagining that an unseen lunar volcano or space dragon had burned the craft to bits. Finally, from 240,000 miles away, Frank Borman’s voice broke radio silence, “Apollo 8, over.” Anderson breathed a sign of relief. With no idea how long it would take him to get there, the young Nebraskan with stars in his eyes set his sights on the heavens.

Anderson made no secret of his lofty goal. Science and music teachers at Ashland-Greenwood High School helped launch him toward success.

Alice Raikes, one of the toughest teachers he ever experienced, taught Anderson to love the scientific method. Bette Starnes, the school’s vocal music teacher, taught him to be better than he thought he could be. “Whether it was playing a challenging piece on the piano or singing a solo, just like Alice Raikes, she set standards and expectations,” Anderson said.

An appointment from congressman and former Nebraska governor Charles Thorne after high school graduation in 1977 set Anderson briefly on course to attend the U.S. Naval Academy in Maryland. Instead, he enrolled at Hastings College in Hastings to play football and study education and coaching like his hero, Cornhusker football coach Tom Osborne, who also attended Hastings College. Quickly feeling that coaching wasn’t going to work out, Anderson’s career path was up in the air.

“A week into classes this young freshman knocked on my office door unsure of what he should do. That was a Friday afternoon,” said physics and astronomy

At left, space shuttle Atlantis lifts off from Kennedy Space Center on June 8, 2007. The mission, Anderson’s first in space, installed a solar array on the International Space Station. Top right, Anderson, who attended Hastings College, showing school pride while orbiting Earth. At right, Lincoln as seen from the International Space Station, Memorial Stadium visible lower left.



ASTRONAUT CLAYTON ANDERSON 31

ASTRONAUT CLAYTON ANDERSON 33

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Silver

KANSAS! Magazine – ‘Part of the Legacy that Shapes Who We Are’

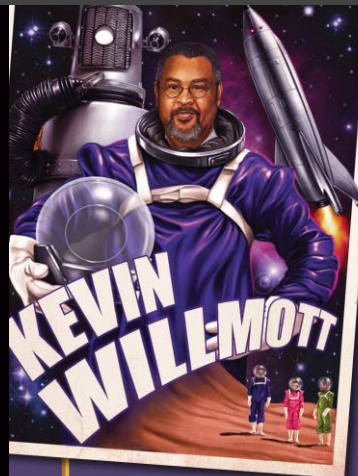
‘PART OF THE
LEGACY
THAT SHAPES WHO WE ARE’

Oscar-winning filmmaker Kevin Willmott talks about his life in Kansas, his approach to cinema and his commitment to fighting racism

Interview by Martinez Hillard

Photography by Carter Gaskins

Illustrations by Torren Thomas and Lana Grove



5 SIGNATURE ELEMENTS OF A KEVIN WILLMOTT FILM

Every filmmaker has a certain style and approach that carry over from one work to another. Here are some themes highlighted in many Kevin Willmott works.

3 A COMMENTARY ON RACE In America Willmott's films often critique race relations in the United States, beginning with his big breakthrough, *CSA: The Confederate States of America*, a 2004 exploration of what modern America might have looked like if the Confederate forces had won the Civil War (and a disturbing examination of how harmful antebellum images persist in real, modern American culture).

4 A NOD TO OLD INDUSTRIAL-STYLE FILM Willmott will often intentionally edit the look of a film to make it appear somewhat scratchy, old-style, as if it was produced in the 50s or during the time the events took place. This technique was used in portions of *CSA* as well as in his acclaimed 2018 film, *The BlackKlansman*.

5 HISTORY LESSONS Willmott scripts extreme situations and characters, but he almost always grounds his themes in actual incidents and people. Two recent works are prime examples: *The 24th*, a summer 2020 historical drama about an all-Black infantry division and a racially-fueled bloody confrontation between soldiers and police in 1917 Houston; and *Du 5 Bloods*, Willmott's 2019 Oscar-winning film co-written with Spike Lee and based on the idea of Black U.S. military veterans returning decades later to the battlefields they fought in during the Vietnam War.

—Fally Afari

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Gold

Adirondack Life — Rachel Finn



Rachel Finn

Reading the river with
a world-class angler

BY LUKE CYPHERS

Finn, a fly-fishing guide at Wilmington's Hungry Trout Fly Shop and "sport ambassador" for Patagonia, fishes a tributary of the Ausable River.

When Rachel Finn talks, you can't help but listen. Partly because of the surroundings. She's a fly-fishing guide at Wilmington's Hungry Trout Fly Shop, which means her stage is often the middle of a quietly babbling brook, her auditorium a cathedral of towering pines, hemlocks and maples. "I love it when the sun is out," Finn says, "because it filters through the leaves and it's beautiful."

Apparently, the fish don't mind. "I don't think talking scares them," she says. Maybe the hardy trout of the Ausable River watershed just like her material.

It's hard not to. Finn is funny as hell, with an intellectual yet earthy vocabulary. She tells an interviewer to tie wading boot laces "tight, but not concubine tight." When she lights up a cigar—the smoke helps keep bugs at bay—she offers: "I hope it doesn't offend you. But if it does, tough shit. Stand upwind."

Finn can talk about seemingly anything, and does so in a variety of theatrical voices, fitting because she's a passionate Broadway fan. "I'm the Elaine Stritch of fly-fishing," she says. She's also an athlete who grew up playing street hockey and soccer against boys in suburban Boston, and who later became a ski instructor at Whiteface. She's a world-class angler, with sponsorships from Scott Fly Rods, Nautilus Fly Reels and Patagonia, for which she serves as a company "sport ambassador." And she's an artist with an MFA from Yale, a past life in a Brooklyn loft, and the mental scars to prove it. "I tried the New York art scene," she says. "Nasty people."

For two decades she's been working out of her studio next to her Wilmington home, not only painting but creating collages and other tactile visual works, frequently inspired by the natural world, often with materials used for fly-fishing. "I'll use the patterning of stone fly wings as a jumping-off point," she says. "The patterns on their wings are as beautiful as the traceries at Chantrel's."

Finn is less eager to discuss her origin story. "I'm tired of the same old," and here she puts on a husky, dumb-guy voice. "How did you learn to fly-fish? Where are you from?"

Today, on a warm summer morning, en route to a tributary of the Ausable River in the eastern High Peaks, Finn wants to talk about climate change: how it's affecting not just the planet, but the way she makes her living, and the thing she's addicted to. "If there were a Betty

Ford Clinic for fly-fishing, I've said before I'd be the Elizabeth Taylor, but now I think I'm the Liza Minnelli."

She's never seen anything like the weather patterns of recent years. "Outrageous temperature spikes," she says. "And winter's the same way. Everything is extreme now. There's no middle."

When she first moved to the Adirondacks 28 years ago, nobody needed an air conditioner. "A hot day," and here she breaks into a loud North Country accent, "Whoa, that was a heatwave one!"—was like 85. It never used to hit 90. And I saw in the news yesterday we've had 14 days of 90 degrees so far. That's crazy."

More disturbing were the river readings this summer. "We had lethal temperatures," she says, voice rising.

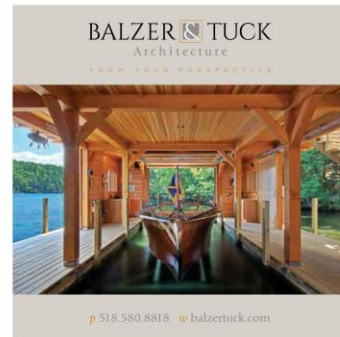
Trout are cold-water creatures, requiring temps in the low 60s or below to thrive. Finn won't fish for trout in water warmer than 70 degrees, because the stress of getting caught will kill them.

In June and July, the Ausable and its tributaries ran low, and the sun baked the exposed stones in the stream beds. "We had water temps above 80 degrees in the Ausable," she says. "The only reason we didn't have a massive fish kill was because we had some fast water left"—which meant there were enough places for the brook and brown trout to get enough oxygen to survive.

On this day, Finn is fishing a high-elevation stream that shall remain nameless. She's a guide, after all, and doesn't want to reveal trade secrets. Also, she's on private land. "Trespassing is part of fishing," she says, grinning. "I mean, I have permission. I got it 20 years ago. I'm sure they'll remember."

She dips a thermometer in the stream and finds a nice 63-degree temperature. Earlier in the summer, this usually reliable spot produced almost no fish, and she's worried. So she's doing some reconnaissance.

Fishing and art require observation, she says. "And I'm a good observer." She explains the rudiments of fishing "pocket water," finding the confluences of currents where fish can find food and cover from predators. "They don't want to work that hard," Finn says. "They're



GROCERY & CAFE

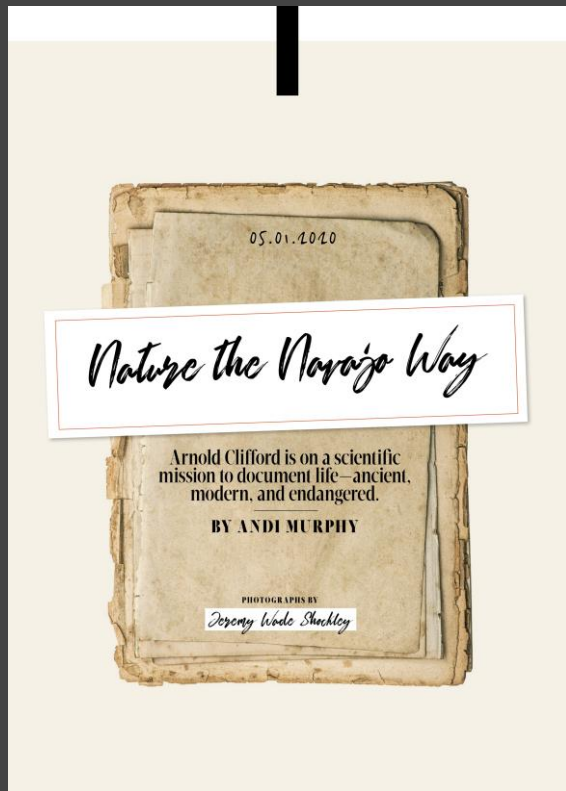
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New Mexico Magazine – Nature the Navajo Way



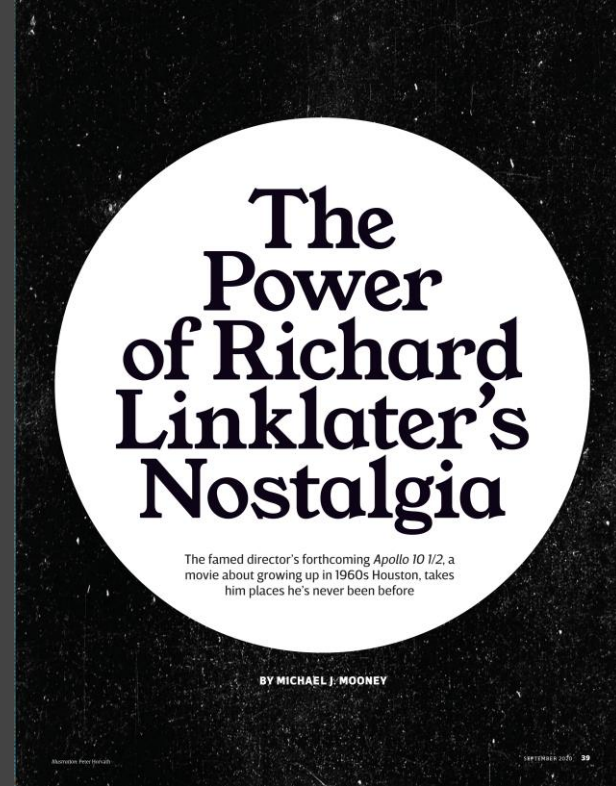
uncovered in and around these cabinets, then returns to the present and starts looking for another plant named after him.

"*Aliciella cliffordii*. Sometimes 'Clifford's Dine Star.' It's also called the 'beauty way smoke,'" he says, opening another manila folder. "I'm going to start adding the Navajo names to the folders, too." Its Dine name, he says, is *kachaji natoh*, and it's another rare plant that was previously "undiscovered" and undescribed, until Clifford got his hands on it in 2012. His tribe already knew it as a ceremonial plant, but it was overlooked by earlier botanists, who carried East Coast biases into a place with more layers of history and meaning than they could discern. "Everything goes back to *them* inventing things, discovering mathematics, astronomy, every aspect of life and science—they make it look as if they've 'invented' all of it," Clifford says.

Dine science, and that of other tribes, is never acknowledged in schools and universities, he says. Yet it tells us so much about the world. You won't find it in texts; it lives and breathes in storytelling and in ceremonies. "We have stories about every bit of it," Clifford says about the earth, plants, people, animals, and skies. "Very extensive stories. They're not just little tales."

HERE'S A STORY CLIFFORD has heard all his life. He comes, his family tells him, from seven or eight generations of Navajo ethnobotanists—people who study the traditional relationships between plants and local communities. In the fourth or fifth generation was Solan Alth Tsosil, a tall, thin man who was part of the first corps of Navajo Police. He was born at Fort Sumner during the Navajo imprisonment there, before 1868. When his people were released and began the 350-mile walk home, the boy fell ill. His family thought he had died. They placed him under a juniper tree by a broad-pal cactus and

Texas Highways – The Power of Richard Linklater’s Nostalgia



Profiles 35,000 or More - Gold

Arizona Highways – Meet the Master

MEET THE MASTER

Thomas Moran, Gunnar Widforss, Bruce Aiken, Ed Mell... some of the country's most renowned artists have offered their visual interpretations of the Arizona landscape. Among that elite group is Maynard Dixon, who is considered the master painter of the Southwest. The story of his life is pretty impressive, too.

BY KELLY VAUGHN

IT IS A SUMMER DAY in Columbus, Ohio, in 1999, and the woman stands with her arms clasped loosely in front of her. She wears a black long-sleeved shirt and khaki shorts. Her hair is bright blond and pulled back with a black butterfly clip. She is anxious, but not overly so. Her posture never varies.

In front of the woman stands Nan Chisholm, a New York-based art expert, and before her, on a big wooden easel, is an original Maynard Dixon oil painting titled *I Looked on My Valley and It Was Beautiful*. It shows a man in profile, looking out into a great gray landscape, his own clothes painted in muted tones to complement the rock on which he's sitting. He wears a brown hat. A gun is holstered at his hip. His boots are laced to mid-shin. The painting dates to San Francisco, circa 1912. It has been handed down over generations in the blond woman's husband's family.

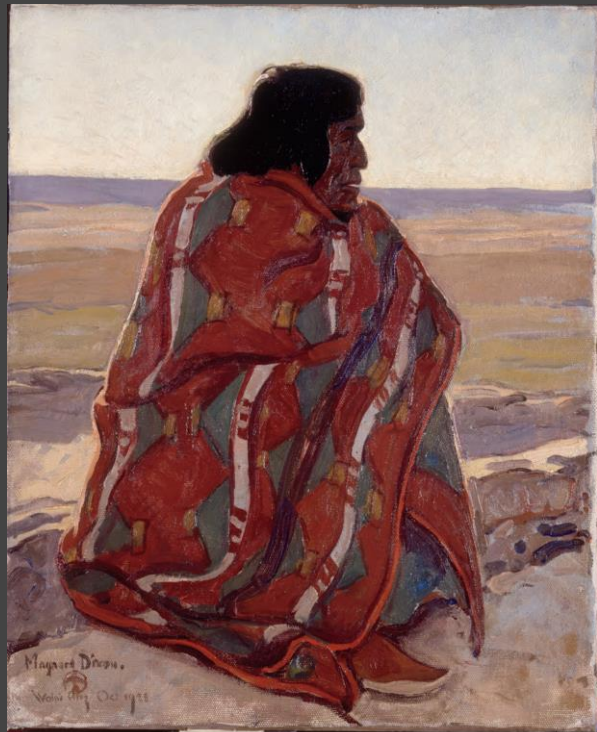
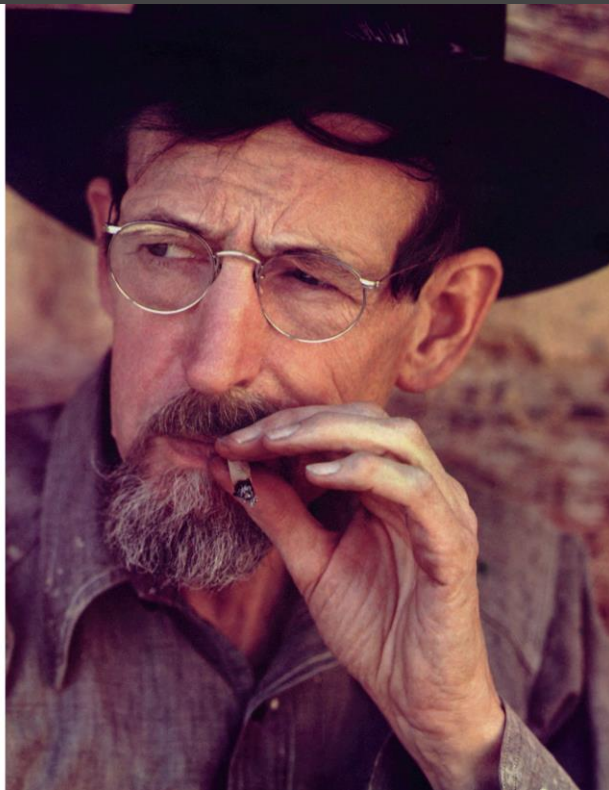
This segment of *Antiques Roadshow* is only two minutes and 15 seconds long, but there is a sense of a looming climax — that when Chisholm tells the blond woman how much this painting is worth, there will be awe, crying, whooping, jumping. Instead, the woman coolly says, "Well, isn't that something?"

Chisholm valued the Dixon between \$20,000 and \$30,000 if it were to go to auction. Upon reappraisal in 2013, it had grown in value — to somewhere between \$130,000 and \$250,000.

That is something. But it's no real surprise, either. Dixon was, after all, the consummate painter of the American West.

A portrait shows artist Maynard Dixon in Tucson in his later years. Dixon and his third wife, Edith Hamlin, split their time between Tucson and their summer home in Mount Carmel, Utah.

MARK SUBLETTE MEDICINE MAN GALLERY



Reader Service Article

Reader Service Article - Merit

Avenue – CONTAIN YOURSELF



CONTAIN YOURSELF

Growing flowers and vegetables in containers is as old as dirt, still, there are fresh ways to go about it. From how to be bolder and plant smarter, to the wonders of worm poop, here's how to get growing (in pots) this season.

Along with solving the ultimate question to life, the universe, and everything in his *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* book series (the answer is 42, of course), the late Douglas Adams asks readers to ponder another existential question: "Isn't it enough to see that a garden is beautiful without having to believe that there are fairies at the bottom of it, too?"

Heck yes! Who needs magic, when cultivating a container garden in Calgary — whether for tasty veggies or pretty flowers or some combination of both — is so easy? That's right, I said easy. Toss aside everything you've been told about the futility of our climate zone 4A growing (a fairly recent bump up from our previous 3B designation), and stay with me on this.

Container gardening is defined as, well, gardening in a container. While ceramic, clay, metal and plastic pots are most common, just about anything from an old bucket to an abandoned bathtub will do. As long as it's filled with soil and sports a drainage hole in the bottom, your circa-2013 Nike Air Foamposite sneaker qualifies as a garden container (certainly, there is no better use for that shoe). Either way, corralling your garden in pots is no longer perceived as a consolation prize for folks without yards; rather, container gardening and related products occupy an increasingly large territory in gardening centres as an elegant, practical and bountiful answer to maximizing both food production and ornamental drama on any scale.

By Jacqueline Moore
Illustrations by Lynn Scurfield

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FRUIT AND VEG OUT

Sometimes, an otherwise wayward edible just needs lovingly enforced boundaries. Strawberries have a reputation in Calgary for being disappointingly unproductive, but can thrive when contained. Balzer says that's because, when planted directly in the ground, strawberry plants "can kind of take off on you," running rampant ground cover and sending out energy-sucking shoots at a rate that prohibits berry production. Contained, however, they can grow exceptionally well in Calgary.

Last spring, Balzer tried something new with her berries, to delightful result. "I drilled holes every foot or so in a 10-foot length of eavestrough — just a regular rain gutter from the hardware store — filled it with soil and planted strawberry plants every six inches or so." She hung the gutter on small metal brackets screwed to her fence and, she says, "we had amazing strawberries until quite late in the season."

Balzer has also had delightful results with container-grown summer squash. "It was such an unexpected surprise," she says. "It grew down the side of the pot and spilled onto the sidewalk. The flowers were so pretty and the leaves were 30 centimetres wide and really exotic-looking."

Hearty herbs such as sage, thyme, mint and rosemary look great in a pot, which can be positioned for easy access from the kitchen. Balzer tucks herbs in with just about any mix of potted plants for pizzazz and practicality. One of her most dazzling recent discoveries was potted saffron. Commonly grown in Iran, Greece and India, saffron is derived from the flower of *crocus sativus*; it's essentially a pretty, purple, fall crocus. "By the end of August, pots start to look pretty horrible!" says Balzer. "You get yourself some saffron bulbs — they're not easy to find but some stores will have them — and crowd them into a pot and they'll bloom in the fall, providing nectar and pollen for late bees" (if not saffron threads to finesse your padia).



TOP 5 PRETTIEST POTTED PLANTS

All we really want out of our gardens is something gorgeous to town over, right?

Kath Smyth of the Calgary Horticultural Society shares her top-five stunners best grown in pots.



New Zealand Flax
(*Phoraria*)

"This is a big plant that doesn't grow well in a garden, but it's great for pots. I love it because of its rainbow colours. Plant around it with purple foliage, flowers with texture, pink flowers, maybe a trailer. It lends itself to all sorts of looks because it has a beautiful wide, strap-shaped blade."

King Tut Grass
(*Cyperus Papyrus*)

"Essentially a water plant, this one just kills me in the summer when the flowers suddenly pop out of the little umbrella-like heads. It's really and soft and has a lovely flow to it. I companion it with one of my favourite hanging plants."

Climbing Snapdragon
(*Asarina*)

"This one has a bell-shaped flower that looks similar to fuchsia, but it's a little different. It's a deep purple colour and it's just stunning in a pot, on its own, or with a few old-fashioned flowers like zinnias or asters."

Cup-and-Saucer Vine
(*Cobaea Scandens*)

"I have a privacy screen on my deck and this pink, purple and white flowering plant just scrambles all over it. I'll do it alone in a pot because I love how it climbs up the eight-foot trellis that leans on my screen. My dog Marigold thinks it's all just for her; she loves the shade."

African Daisies

"I'm a big fan of this daisy that opens and closes with the sun. It loves my sunny deck where I put it with English ivy. And I like to surprise people, so I'll add in herbs like sage, parsley, maybe basil, for their texture."

Reader Service Article - Merit

New Mexico Magazine – Powder Play



P O W D E R
P L A Y

This ski season may look different, but the slopes are just as inviting—and exciting. Get the most out of your wintry passion with expert advice on the perfect runs, no matter your skill level, base-camping from your car, games to play with the kids, outdoor alternatives, and more.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER

ADDITIONAL STORIES BY ASHLEY M. BIGGERS, DANIEL GIBSON, AND COURTNEY HOLDEN

With 86 runs over 600 acres, Ski Santa Fe has something to offer everyone, from beginner to expert.



Champagne powder rewards an adventurer at Ski Santa Fe.

At snowflakes had been falling over Ski Santa Fe for hours, speckling the pine trees and drifting to a boot-deep layer, before my first ski run in New Mexico. I dropped into a delightfully steep pitch that offered an open canvas of almost untacked powder. One turn floated into the next.

Months later, I copped that season by hiking up the ski areas weeks after chairlifts had stopped running, enjoying a picnic on a spot of sunbaked grass, then skiing down on a patchwork of remnant snow, often in trees so thick the branches intertwined. And smeared the edges of my skis, and I had to hike the last quarter mile—but somehow, that day felt no less remarkable than the first.

When I mention to George Brooks, the director of Ski New Mexico, an industry nonprofit, that some of my best ski days have been in some of the worst conditions, he chuckles. "I think we've all had those days, and that's why we keep coming back, trying to repeat those days, hoping lightning will strike twice," he says. "There's something magical about skiing."

As ski season unfolds during this unprecedented time, skiers have more questions than what's in the latest snow report. New Mexico's ski areas worked with the state—led by a governor who is an avid skier—to craft COVID-safe operating plans.

Small mountain communities like Angel Fire, Red River, and Rainbow depend on winter sports enthusiasts for a significant economic boost, with alpine skiing's statewide impact estimated at more than \$142.3 million. But ski areas also offer outdoor recreation's mental and physical health benefits, or "the respite of

often—hands included.

Limits on capacity will affect food service, retail shops, rentals, lift loading, lessons, and lift-ticket purchases. "Know before you go," says Adrienne Sala Isaac, communications director for the NSAA. "Do a little research. And have a little empathy this season, because we're all giving

the mountains," says Taos Ski Valley CEO David Norden.

"All of our ski areas in the state believe that," Brooks says. "And that, over profit, is going to be driving ski areas to operate this winter."

In addition, the National Ski Areas Association (NSAA) released Ski Well, Be Well, a guide to best practices for ski areas across the country that covers some familiar basics regarding face coverings, keeping distance, and cleaning



Know Your Snow
FOR AN INSIDE EDGE ON CARVING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

Powder (1)
"What dreams are made of when it comes to skiing," says Todd Walton, executive director

of Winter Wildlands Alliance. Freshly fallen snow—the lighter and drier, the better—with a "true fluff" factor that's terrible for snowballs but unbelievably fun and light to float on, turn after turn.

Crust (also chunder, chunder)
After skiers chop up powder, the sun, wind, and frigid nights take their toll. The snow freezes into chunks and drier, the better—with a "true fluff" factor that's terrible for snowballs but unbelievably fun and light to float on, turn after turn.

Packed
Once heavily trafficked by skiers or compressed by snowcats, the snow

packs into a firmer and more uniform surface. Artificial snow lies down in granular layers that are more packed from the start.

Crust (2)
"It's a skier's nemesis," says Julien Ross, New Mexico's OpenSnow forecaster. "It's deceiving." Whom that too

Grey Swaster in Oklahoma Cit



Offie's Juke Joint & Cafe
in Kingston

Editor's Note: Each of the restaurants in this story was open and operational as of press time, but due to the continuing COVID-19 pandemic, it is best to call ahead or check social media to ensure restaurants will be open when you plan to visit. Please visit safely and follow CDC health guidelines to protect yourself and others.

THE BEACH HOUSE in Bristol serves a small but well-curated selection of down-home goodness, including crispy fried mushrooms, decadent bacon cheese fries, and a pork chop so tender it should be on the front of a Hallmark card. But if the menu were Destiny's Child, the restaurant's beef would definitely be the Beyoncé of the group. It makes sense—the family behind the Beach House has been raising their own Lincolnton cows since 1928. They know what it takes to make great beef long before it hits the grill.

"We don't do much to it," says co-owner Cady Beach. "My philosophy is, if I'm going to

mother, father, sister, and brother-in-law—serve sirloins, rib eyes, hamburger steaks, an extremely popular chicken-fried steak, but customers might regret not getting the best option on the menu. At sixteen ounces, the Hungry Man Porthouse comes at you aggressively, dominating the plate like a meaty monster. But apply gentle pressure to the perfectly seared salt-and-pepper crust, and the knife slips through the tender meat effortlessly. One bite and it's clear that this succulent, delicious beast just wants to hug you from the inside all night long.

—Karlle Ybarra

House's building once hosted a beloved restaurant called Hamburger King. The private room in the back of the building became an impromptu nightclub whenever Bob Wills came by. Hoping to run into the legend of Western Swing touring musicians from all over the country would stop by Hamburger King whenever the wine is in town.

FROM THE MOMENT visitors walk through the door of Clinton's Route 66 Café at the

"We got a lot of travelers here today. We get Europeans coming in on the wazoo to enjoy Route 66."

Bruce takes the grill, while Judy takes care of everything else from running out food, greeting customers, taking orders, and



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newspapers, ancient antique items from his mom and dad's house, and trucker hats that he's accumulated over the years—including a take-one-leave-one barter exchange—fill the space along with the '80s music playing in the background. And though customers may leave with a new cap and Prince songs stuck in their head, what they'll really remember is the food.

"We serve standard barbecue that includes the basic staples, but we also have our specials,"

- 1110 South Central Avenue
- in Idabel
- (580) 376-1088
- phattabbssbbq.com

PRO TIP: Though Phat Tabb's doesn't open until 10:30, a line of finger-licking barbecue lovers starts to form outside no later than ten o'clock, and everything is sold out by early afternoon. The tender brisket and homemade sausages are always the first to go, so be sure to get there early for your place in line.

CLOSE YOUR EYES and remember the days of the spur of the moment road trip with friends, forgetting for a second that those days have been put on temporary hiatus. What's the one thing every road tripper loves saying? "Turn down this country road; I know a little out-of-the-way place with the most amazing food."

To prepare for the return of the road trip, aim for the Lake Tenoma area, where there's a corrugated tin shack tucked

head of the Red River just as the Oklahoma border. With an unforgettable meal – five staff, eye-catching decor (groups should plan to sit at one of the round tables in the bar, each surrounds a live fire that grows through the floor and to the ceiling), and unforgettable Cajun cuisine prepared by a true master.

Originally from Crossett, Arkansas, which is about 200 miles from the Louisiana state line, Yolanda Norris – known as the restaurant as “Boo” – first met owner Ollie Hall while they were employed at the peanut factory in Madill, where the

worked together for more than twenty years and where Yolanda's cooking was legend. When the factory closed in 2001, Ollie said to Boo, "I'm going to build you a restaurant."

He meant it literally—he built every square inch of the place with his own two hands.

"This is her restaurant," he says of his friend and business partner. "Just work here."

When he says this, Boo grins.

"I tell him if he steps out of line, I'm going to call corporate," she says wryly. "That means I'm going to call his wife."

Their easygoing friendship is infectious, and diners can

help but smile at the good vibes. But those vibes are more than magnified by the food. Visitors can't get enough of Cajun favorites like jambalaya, blackened catfish, and classic New Orleans hurricane cocktails. But it's when Boo starts getting creative in the kitchen that her talent really shines. The Gator Ball appetizer is four giant jalapeño peppers stuffed with Boudin, deep fried, and smothered in creamy, spicy Jambalaise and Cornmeal sauce. And the Cornmeal cake is a twist on the traditional cornmeal cake, a fan-favorite entrée in California's Sante Maria, to blackened catfish fillets layered with creamy crawfish sauce and served over a bed of rice. These coupled with blues on the radio, a screened-in back porch with windows that allow fresh breezes to blow through even in winter (heaters keep it comfy year-round), and the welcoming all-comers atmosphere, make this an out-of-the-way road trip stop not to be missed.

WHEN ANGEL B. HARDT opened namesake diner in 2006, he didn't need to look very far for inspiration.

From the slick pink car parked out front to the entryway, Angel's Diner customers to the past before they walk through the door. Equally anachronous are inspiring in the frigid atmosphere within. As Berry belts about "May on the stereo, a chorus hollers and here you are every staff member. Waiter or waitress race to take an order, they're so happy to help.



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Reader Service Article - Bronze

Adirondack Life – Sun-day Baking

Sun-day BAKING

Writer Paul Greenberg
warms up to solar cooking

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JAMIE WEST MCGIVER



The author at AuSable Acres, in Jay, tests a white flour chulih in a solar oven. When the oven's glass is sealed, ultraviolet light enters and radiant heat remains trapped inside. Shots on the baking oven (top right) allow you to aim the oven precisely at the sun.

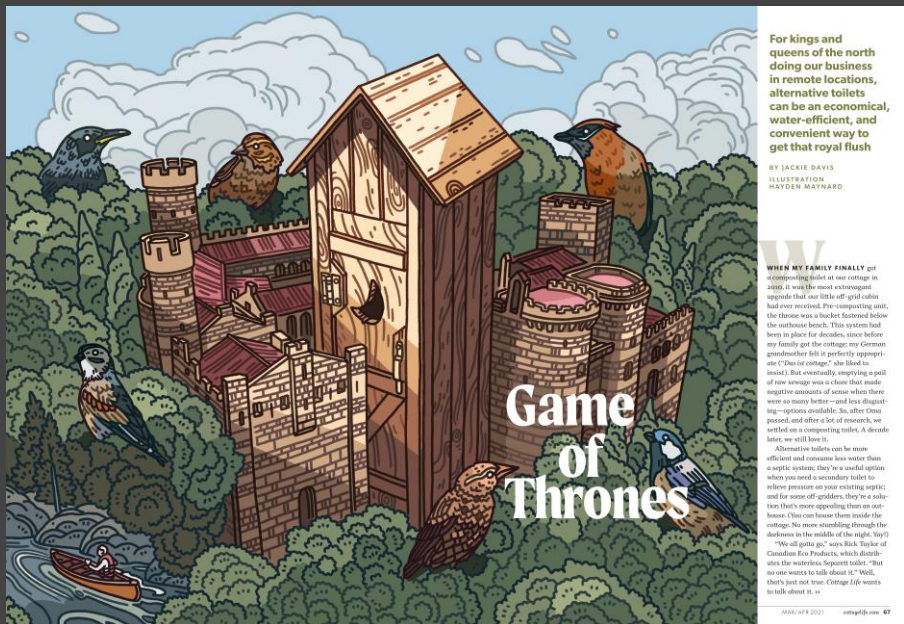
What is the absolute lowest-carbon way to cook a piece of food? I'd been trying to reach a definitive conclusion about this question for a book I was writing about lifestyle and climate change. Online there was a heated debate about gas versus electric ranges. On the one hand, electric conducts heat from a stove-top much more effectively into the food you're trying to cook, something like twice as efficiently as natural gas. On the other hand, if you're a baker, filling up an oven with heat that must surround your food on all sides can be done more effectively with gas. On still another hand, gas is leaky and methane-based and on its way down the pipeline to your stove it often escapes and creates a greenhouse problem since methane is 30 to 50 times more potent at trapping heat in the atmosphere than CO₂. On a fourth hand, until we switch the national energy grid over to renewables, a lot of the energy we use when we choose electric is going to come from coal, which is way worse than everything. Finally all of these hands had tied me up in a knot.

And that's when I found out about solar ovens.



Reader Service Article - Bronze

Cottage Life – Game of Thrones



For kings and queens of the north doing our business in remote locations, alternative toilets can be an economical, water-efficient, and convenient way to get that royal flush

BY JACKIE DAVIS
ILLUSTRATION
NATHAN MAYNARD

WHEN MY FAMILY FINALLY got a composting toilet at our cottage in April, it was the most extravagant upgrade that our little off-grid cabin had ever received. Pre-composting units, like those we had featured before the outdoor bench. This system had been in place for decades, since before my family got the cottage; my German grandmother felt it perfectly appropriate. "Oh for cottage," she liked to insist. But eventually, emptying a pail of raw sewage was a chore that made negative amounts of sense when there were so many better—and less disgusting—options available. So, after Chris passed, and after a lot of research, we settled on a composting toilet. A decade later, we still love it.

Alternative toilets can be more efficient and consume less water than a septic system, they're a useful option when you need a secondary toilet to relieve pressure on your existing septic; and for some off-gridgers, they're a solution that's more appealing than an outhouse. (You can house them inside the cottage. No more wandering through the darkness in the middle of the night, yay!) "We all gotta go," says Rick Taylor of Composting Eco Products, which distributes the waterless Separett toilet. "But as our water is so tight, it's about 100 gallons that just not true. Cottage life wants to talk about it."

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What's the breakdown?

Getting an alternative toilet, "is like getting a new pet," says Rob Davis of EcoEthic, which sells the electric MulToa composting toilet and the EcoJohn TinyJohn incinerating toilet. Choose wisely; you don't want to end up with a ball python when you really should've picked a goldfish.

A Composting toilets

WASTE GOES IN, COMPOST COMES OUT. Everybody uses composting toilets to house this by combining together waste, air, moisture, and warmth. The simplest version is the self-contained unit, where waste drops down into a chamber below. That's where the magic happens. "They're a one-piece system," says Erin Lynch of Sun-Mar. "Everything can be done right there where the toilet is." Some toilets are waterless; others are low-water flush units. Some models require a small amount of power—through electricity, battery, or solar—to run a heating element to evaporate liquid or a fan to vent odors. Other toilets simply use a long vent stack, outhouse-style. Most units have some way to mix or "stir" the compost (to help break it down) via a hand crank or motor. Most also require the periodic addition of some kind of bulking agent (such as mulch, peat moss, or coconut fiber) to help absorb liquid and encourage the composting process by

boosting the carbon content of the mixture. Compost needs a specific ratio of carbon to nitrogen; human waste alone has too much nitrogen. If you're looking for a multi-toilet set-up, "central" composting systems feature a separate, larger chamber—located in the basement, say—connected to one or more flushes, and may use a small amount of water or vacuum suction to flush. This is a good option when a cottage only has the space for a grey-water system to handle the water from sinks and showers or wants multiple toilets but doesn't have room for a large drainfield, says Luis Gonçalves, the owner of GrandDance Water/Water Service in West Kelowna, B.C. Price-wise, the most basic of toilets are—no surprise—the least expensive of the composting toilets: Sun-Mar's self-contained units range from about \$1,200 to \$3,000, while more elaborate, higher-capacity units can cost three times as much.

B

Urine-diverting (or separating) toilets

RAW SEWAGE SMELLS. But, separating urine from solid waste tanks down as scent because, unless the two are combined, there's no stinky ammonia, hydrogen sulphide, or methane. The bowls of these toilets are designed to send liquid into one chamber and solids into another. To do this successfully and direct urine into the drain hole at the front of the bowl, manufacturers often recommend that men sit down to pee. "But if you can be relied upon to aim for the forward section of the bowl, you can stand," says Richard Brunt, the owner of Composting Toilets Canada in Victoria, which distributes both Separett and Nature's Head urine-diverting units. "I stand, personally." Manufacturers still label these units composting toilets, but "what comes out of urine-diverting toilets is not compost," says EcoEthic's Rob Davis. You're getting urine, and something that's compostable, straddling the line between straight poop and "usable" compost. And it's up to you to deal with this unrefined business. If you have an outhouse, or a toilet connected to a septic system, put it in there, says Rick Taylor. But what if you don't? Manuals have lots of kinds of suggestions including treating it like a dirty diaper and throwing it in the garbage; burning it; and tossing it on your regular compost heap.



But, if you call your municipality, and ask them if you can do any of these things, they'll probably say no. "You need to call your municipality and ask them what you can do," says Brunt. "You might need a waste management system." A common set-up: use a simple leaching bed for the liquid, and compost the solids via a system dedicated to handling human waste. "You need a proper compost bin," says Brunt. "Don't use a garbage can, don't use a wheelie bin. Some people dump out and do this—it'll just result in a stinky mess. But with a tumbling composter or compost bin, which you can buy for about \$500, it'll result in fertilizer for your trees and flowers. The one giant bonus of urine-diverting toilets? They're typically low price tag—you're doing most of the composting work, not the toilet. Sun-Mar's com, for example, (see "New Kids on the Block," below) retails for about \$600."

New kids on the block

Here are some of the latest in alternative toilets



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Reader Service Article - Silver

Down East – Welcome to the Wild Wild World of Maine Real Estate

Welcome to the WILD WILD WORLD of MAINE REAL ESTATE

By Jesse Ellison, Jennifer Van Allen, and Brian Kevin
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KELSEY GRASS

It's a jungle out there.

JUST ASK LIZA WATTS. She'd always figured she'd move back to her native Maine one day, but living in her Brooklyn apartment with her 7-year-old son, with a good job in tech and a neighborhood she liked, she was in no rush. Then COVID hit, and she wanted to be someone she felt safe.

So she looked at South Portland, but she was out of house after house. She shifted her focus to Harpswell's Bailey Island, where she's vacationed since childhood and members of her family have long owned cottages. Travel restrictions kept her from touring properties, so her broker sent detailed video walkthroughs. After five months of looking, she bought a three-bedroom bungalow — with a home office for working remotely — for \$350,000, having never stepped foot in it.

Closing was "such a relief," Watts says. "I knew I wouldn't have to worry about close quarters, how I was getting to work, or whether it was safe for my son to go outside."

Watts is part of a wave of home buyers who've set their sights on Maine in the last year. Even before COVID, the state's real estate market had hit historic highs, buoyed by low interest rates, but as the pandemic rolled the nation and remote work became the status quo, sales volumes — and home prices — in Maine have soared to gobsome new heights. Houses are being snapped up twice as fast as just a couple of years ago, real estate agents say, some within 24 hours of being listed. Cash offers of \$100,000 to \$150,000 over asking

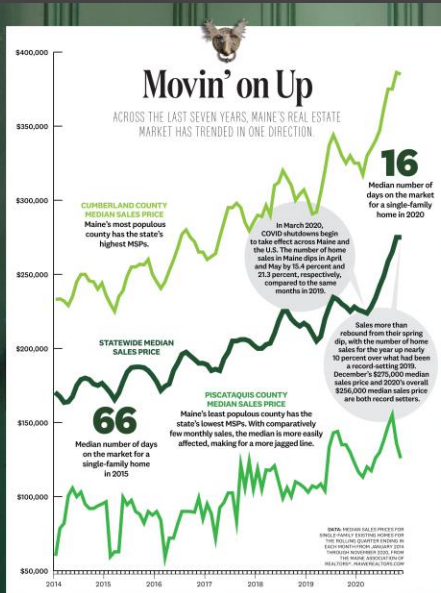


price aren't unheard of. The suddenness and intensity of the boom has left agents and homeowners from Portland to Bangor to Presque Isle beet and bemused over what's new for the genus market — and for the communities.

"It's a bit wild," says Dava Davis, founder of Portside Real Estate Group, a folio-based agency with five offices across southern Maine. She mentions a four-bedroom in Westbrook, listed last August for \$850,000 — more than three times the city's 2019 median home price. It drew 16 offers and sold in October for \$1 million, an eye-popping new record for the former mill town.

The number of out-of-state buyers rose from 25 percent in 2017 to 33 percent last year. (Many of the remaining two-thirds, Davis says, are Mainers taking advantage of a robust market to downsize or finding homes that better suit COVID realities like remote work and schooling.) How will famous wary Mainers take to the surge in newcomers? How might a state with stagnant population growth and the country's highest median age benefit from it? And how will the market fare as a vaccine brings a return to version of normalcy?

"There are still way too many uncertainties to understand how it's going to play out," says Dr. Charles Colgan, professor emeritus of public policy and planning at the University of Southern Maine. On the following pages, a look at how it's playing out now — and at what would-be buyers and sellers might expect from the hottest sector in Vacationland. —J.A.



MAINE REAL ESTATE ARITHMETIC

A few price comparisons from across the state (in terms tailor-made for Mainers)



= about the cost of three 2021 Subaru Foresters



= about the cost of three Limestone Capes and a signed Tom Brady Super Bowl jersey purchased at auction



= about the cost of two Deer Isle farmhouses and an original Andrew Wyeth India-ink drawing purchased at auction



= about the cost of a Portland waterfront condominium, a brand-new 38-foot Calsonik boat, and enough heating oil to heat the average Maine home for 7% winters... or your new Federal mansion for maybe two or three

MAINE IS STILL A (COMPARATIVE) BARGAIN

Is it any wonder urban exiles from elsewhere in the Northeast are looking to Maine? Never mind the quality of life (which is, of course, unbeatable). Even as the state's home prices soar, Maine remains by far the region's most affordable state. For a snapshot, compare the median sales prices from last November, the most recent month's data available for all states when this magazine went to press.

Household	\$400,000
The Northeast	\$200,000
New Hampshire	\$200,000
Maine state	\$200,000
Connecticut	\$200,000
Vermont	\$200,000
Maine	\$200,000

Reader Service Article Silver

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors The State of Aquaculture

SPECIAL REPORT

As demand for seafood grows and wild stocks decline, sustainable aquaculture is starting to look like the future, both along the Maine coast and inland where fish are being raised in indoor pens. Our report includes additional content online at maineboats.com.

The State of Aquaculture

Maine offers a new frontier for fish farming

BY NANCY HARMON JENKINS

STORMY, chilly, turbulent, the 36,000 square miles of gray-green ocean known as the Gulf of Maine swirls an astonishing variety of life. Sucking in the Labrador current and swirling in a counter-clockwise from the eastern coast of Nova Scotia down around to the inner shores of Cape Cod, it bulges inland and peninsulas, deep bays and shallow ledges with nutrient-rich waters. Abundant through the early 19th century and later Europeans to until along this coast, established

fishing villages and seaports, many of which exist to this day. But today that abundance is diminished.

As demand for seafood grows and wild stocks continue to decline, sustainable practical aquaculture is starting to look like the future, both along the Maine coast and inland where fish are being raised in indoor pens.

A historic salmon decline decades ago, and other farmed species from cod to halibut to northern shrimp and Atlantic are increasingly hard to find. Oysters were

fished practically to extinction to furnish the Japanese market, wild clams and mussels are in reduced supply, and oysters and scallops are tightly regulated. One after the other, fisheries are collapsing. While lobsters have been a success story, that fishery too has faced challenges—in the 2010 season, lobster landings were down more than 15 percent from 2010.

Inevitably, overfishing is targeted as a cause of the depletion, but decades of regulation and controls have done little to improve the situation. Today, ocean researchers recognize something fishermen have suspected all along: overfishing is only one piece of the puzzle. Gulf species have been directly impacted by climate change, which has brought rapidly warming waters and increased acidification to the Gulf of Maine. For complex reasons, the gulf is warming faster than almost any other body of water in the world. Warmer temperatures drive away cold-loving species like northern shrimp. At the same time, rising acidity threatens shellfish and the

phosketon at the very bottom of the oceanic food chain. Eventually, if slowly, even lobsters, now in historic abundance, may come away empty in search of colder waters. "It may be in four years, it may take forty, but it will happen," said Josh Canover, a lobster fisherman who also raises Marshall Cove Mushrooms in Bangor.

What this means for the future of Maine fisheries is increasingly clear. Listen to Peter Miller, another lobster fisherman and a nascent scallop farmer: "I've been fishing for going on 43 years," Miller told me one gray November morning as we watched a rain-soaked fog sock in over Tenants Harbor. "When I started, I could take my boat any time and go catch something and make change. I was fishing in the summer and fall, scallops in the fall and winter, shrimp in the winter, groundfish in the spring. You could just go around and round the season and get by—you had something to do. And all of that, whether through overfishing or government regulation or whatever, has been pretty much taken away."

Photo: Steve Stock/istockphoto

Canadian-based Cooke Aquaculture is the only company still raising salmon in Maine in pens, like these off Black Island, near Freeville. Salmon farming has come a long way in the last decade from the years when aquaculture companies were targeted for oyster of antibiotics and overfished pens. Cooke has about 25 active aquaculture leases in the state, according to DMR.

As he spoke he looked up, the mildness in his tone belying the heat of his argument. I detected in his words: "It's kind of a really messed up system," he said.

Miller still fishes his string of traps, still keeps an eye on his family's what in this small part, but he has joined forces with a cohort of like-minded folks to form the Maine Aquaculture Coop, with the aim of farming sea scallops on Penobscot Bay sites from Stonington to Spruce Head. It has been an uphill struggle. Raising scallops, unlike oysters, mussels or salmon, is not something with a model ready to hand; the scallop farmers had to go to Japan for information. Miller's not sure he can make scallop farming his own future, but, he added, "I want to develop something stronger, guys can do something fishing communities can do, to keep the money here. If I got a scallop farm up and running, I could have next year-round, as long as they pass the toxicity test. Then," he smiled, "I might just give up lobstering. They definitely seem to be moving fast."

"FARMED FISH? I never eat farmed fish!" I've heard that statement more times than I can count, and not just from misinformed consumers but also from restaurant chefs and chefs who are up and down the coast of Maine. The fact is more than 50 percent of all the seafood we consume comes from aquaculture, and that is a true in this country as in Europe or Asia. It might be scary thinking from an environmentally destructive farm in Indonesia or salmon raised in the clear cold waters of Colombia. But according to Maine's strict environmental protocols, but more than half the farmed seafood consumed around the world is farmed.

See: You never eat farmed fish? I would argue it's possible you don't eat any other kind.

Another statistic, possibly even more startling: More than 90 percent of the seafood consumed in the United States is imported, and a lot of it comes from U.S. waters that are shipped to Asia for processing. Alaskan pollock goes to Asia to be turned into surimi, the fish served in cheap sushi restaurants. Farmed fish we sent to Asia and re-exported as frozen

Maine's aquaculture industry has become increasingly diversified over the last decade. Products include scallops, mussels, oysters, kelp, salmon, and fish grown in tanks. Our special report on aquaculture contains more full-length stories online at: <http://maineboats.com/harbors/reports/aquaculture>



Scallops

Scallop farming is less advanced than other forms of aquaculture in Maine, but it shows a promising future. This is both because scallops are a perennial favorite at the seafood counter, and because the wild scallop harvest, although currently healthy, is tightly monitored in order to protect the fishery.



Mussels

Once people in Maine's intertidal zones, blue mussels have been decimated in recent years by oyster dracks and invasive green crabs. Nowadays, it's only because of shellfish farmers that plump, succulent Maine mussels are still available on restaurant menus and in home kitchens.



Oysters

If Maine aquaculture has a show-stopper, a celebrity, a star performer, it's the oyster. Pale, craggy bristles from Maine are pleasingly plump, with taste, more satisfying means than almost anywhere else, and a balance of sweet and briny flavors that aficionados cherish.



Salmon

Maine salmon farming today is a very different enterprise from what it was in its contentious early years. Credit for this improved outlook goes jointly to the Maine Department of Marine Resources and Cooke Aquaculture, working together to develop stringent protocols for a safe, sustainable, and economically viable salmon industry. Maine farmed salmon is marketed by Cooke under its True North label.



Kelp

Maine farm farmers are increasingly focusing on the possibilities offered by seaweed, especially kelp: sugar kelp, winged kelp, and bow-tie kelp. Kelp has a multitude of medicinal and cosmetic uses. In addition, Maine chefs are exploring its culinary possibilities offering add-on to soups, salads, and salads.



Land-Based Systems

The latest hot trend in Maine aquaculture is the Recirculating Aquaculture System, best exemplified in Wilson Farm. This is a flourishing land-based fish farm in northern Caribou, owned by the Anacostia Band of Micmacs, where some 40,000 fish, native Maine trout grow to maturity for demanding consumers in Maine and elsewhere. This is just one of several RAS projects under development from Belfast to Joseph.



Roasted Maine Salmon Packets

This recipe makes just one serving, but is infinitely expandable. INGREDIENTS (FOR EACH PACKET):

- 1/2 medium potato, sliced
- 1 Tbsp. extra-virgin olive oil
- One 5-oz. portion of Maine farmed salmon
- 1 scallop sliced diagonally in half-inch slices
- 1 thick slice of tomato, sliced
- 3 or 4 thin slices of red or yellow sweet pepper
- About a 1/2 cup mixed fresh herbs
- 1 Tsp. fresh lemon juice
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

- Bring a small pot of water to a boil and boil the potato dice until just tender, then drain.
- Pull out a square of heavy-duty aluminum foil large enough to make a loose packet around the fish and the vegetables. Spread about half the oil on the foil sheet and set the fish in the middle.
- Fill the sliced potato, scallops, tomato, and peppers on the fish.
- Sprinkle with the herbs, remaining oil, and lemon juice, adding salt and pepper. Pull up the sides of the foil and seal to make a loose but tightly sealed packet.
- You can do all of this about a time and refrigerate until you're ready to cook but it's a good idea to allow time to bring the packets back to room temperature before cooking.
- Heat the ovens to 425 degrees. Set the packets on a cookie sheet and roast for about 15 minutes, or until fish and vegetables are cooked all the way through. Serve immediately in the packets, breaking each one open at the bottom to release the remarkable fragrance.

Find more recipes using mussels, kelp, trout, and oysters online at <http://maineboats.com/harbors/reports/aquaculture>.

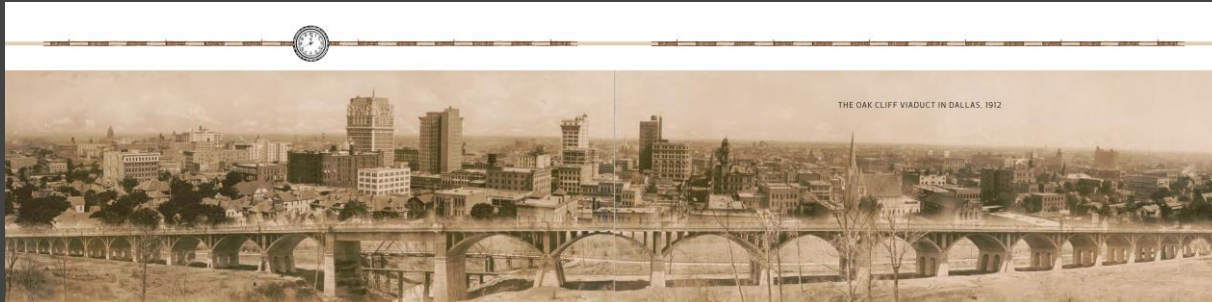
fillets or fish fingers. Shrimp, baby eels from Maine, go to China to be grown to maturity, then to Japan to be processed into sushi that are shipped back here to garnish a sushi platter. Next time you wrap your chopsticks around a tasty piece of sushi (kabayaki) and wonder where it came from—in probably started off in Maine.

With the U.S. market for seafood growing exponentially and wild fisheries under increasing pressure, aquaculture, well-regulated and sustainably practiced, offers a solution. Either supplementing lobsters or replacing them, fish farming of one sort or another is starting to look like the future for many waterfront communities in Maine—even deep inland in Caribou where the Anacostia Band of Micmacs, a tribal community, is raising farmed, pink, succulent trout for high-end restaurants. Today, Maine aquaculture covers a broad spectrum of shellfish (oysters, mussels, and scallops), finfish (salmon, trout, and sea bass), and seaweeds in the industry, kingly or yellowtail, eels, and even seaweed (often called sea vegetables). The markets are developing, with support from institutions and individuals alike. It's clear that aquaculture has an important role to play in the state's economic future.

Production in Maine is healthy, growing by 2.2 percent annually, a figure that's been consistent over the last two decades, including throughout the 2008 economic downturn. According to Sebastian Belle, director of the Maine Aquaculture Association, there currently are 125 active sea farms in the state, plus more than 700 pending Limited Purpose Aquaculture applications. An LP allows applicants to lease from the state 400 square feet of acre for one calendar year to encourage experimentation. And let anyone worry that ocean leases are taking over the Maine coastline. Belle said, "The total put together amounts to less than a sizable Anacostia potato farm. Peter Piro, until recently the director of the Island Institute's Aquaculture Business Development Program, backs that up: "Look," he said, "if you could put all the shellfish sites and all the seaweed sites together and down the coast, they'd fit into Backland harbor."

Reader Service Article - Gold

Texas Highways – Time Travel Through Texas



THE OAK CLIFF VIADUCT IN DALLAS, 1912

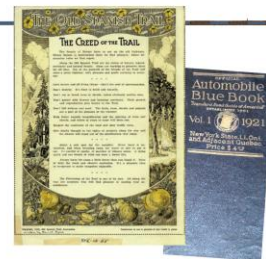
TIME TRAVEL THROUGH TEXAS

HISTORICAL GUIDES PAVED THE WAY FOR EPIC TRAVEL ADVENTURES

As the old literary adage put it: *The past is a foreign country.* While international travel may be currently out of reach, vintage tourism guides can take you back in time to explore a Texas both familiar and exotic. Travel guides first appeared in the early 1910s, when roads were little more than rutted wagon trails and motor vehicles were a rare but expanding convenience. Various publishers put their spins on the format over the years, from early turn-by-turn manuals all the way up to today's GPS-based mobile apps.

Guidebooks have a peculiar shelf life—practical at first, then nearly worthless once they become repositories of outdated listings. As decades pass, a stage of permanent interest emerges, this time as a historical document, or in some cases even literature. Award-winning Kansas-based travel writer Rolf Potts notes that up-to-the-minute travel guides allow for entertaining armchair journeys, but older guides bring a different dimension. “They add the component of retrospective, so that they can become a palpable kind of vicarious time travel to these places,” he says.

Here we look back at three eras of Texas road guides, from the 1920s to the dawn of the golden age of highway travel following World War II, to the tail end of the Jim Crow era, when the *Green Book* revealed “the good old days” weren’t so idyllic for all Texas travelers. Each of these Texas guides is foreign in some ways and recognizable in others. Society may shift, and whole buildings and entire towns may come and go, but the Texas landscape is eternal.



1920s GUIDES

BY JOHN LUMPKIN

Drivers making their way across West Texas a century ago couldn't rely on the high-speed convenience of Interstate 10. The *Official Automobile Blue Book* makes that clear: “Many of the cattle gates are of the swinging type,” the 1923 edition advises, “and by putting the car in low gear and striking the gate with just sufficient force to cause it to swing, passage can be negotiated without leaving the car.”

Automobile travel swelled in the 1920s after Henry Ford invented the Model T and made cars affordable. This emancipated middle-class Americans from railroads, created a new culture of tourism, and inspired a genre of guides. Before highway numbering systems were broadly implemented, the guides of the 1920s offered detailed written instructions for navigating a hodgepodge of wagon-trail trails, dirt or gravel rural roads, and wheel- and spoke networks of urban streets.

Consider the *Blue Book*'s incremental directions from Fort Worth to Abilene through downtown Weatherford: “Jog right and left half way around court house, keeping ahead at bank on far side.” That's what travelers on US 180 encounter today to circumvent the imposing Parker County Courthouse, which has been around since 1886.

The *Blue Book* was just one of many guides. *Bradley's Tourist Guide of Texas* featured a foldout map. Pocket-size *Casson's Green Guides* included Texas among the Western states it featured in separate editions. Other guides focused on newly defined highways, sometimes called “named roadways.” One of Texas' most prominent was the Old Spanish Trail, which roughly followed today's I-10 across Texas as part of a route from Florida to California.

“The Old Spanish Trail guide was great because it was advertising,” says Leslie Wollenden of the Texas Historical Commission. “It was supposed to be travel for fun and not just traveling on how to get from Point A to Point B.”

The guide described such a stop between Comfort and Kerrville: “You have seen odd looking armadillo baskets on sale. See these queer animals alive at the world's only armadillo farm.” Or consider what awaits much farther west at Balmorhea: “Good fishing at the reservoir, bathing there and at the springs.” Texans today recognize the guide's reference to Balmorhea State Park's swimming hole, but they might not remember the Apelt Armadillo Farm, which raised armadillos and made baskets from their shells. Though the farm closed in 1971, the Armadillo Farm General Store and Museum in Comfort honors its memory.

Year-year guides also carried useful information about tourist camps. Towns established campgrounds to attract travelers and the dollars they spent on food, gas, and repairs. Pitching a tent at a tourist camp was cheaper and more convenient than hotels, which were typically built near railroad depots.

In the North Texas town of Decatur, the *Whistle Stop Cafe* is a legacy of the Meridian Highway, which ran by its front door on what is now Business US 287. Plotted from existing roads in the 1910s, the Meridian entered Texas near Wichita

VINTAGE OLD SPANISH TRAIL
BILLBOARDS IN WEST TEXAS



Hed & Dek

Hed & Dek - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Beadle Mania

Beadle Mania

IT'S BEEN MORE THAN 60 YEARS SINCE AL BEADLE WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER, BUT THERE'S A 21ST CENTURY OBSESSION WITH THE ARCHITECT, AS A NEW GENERATION OF BUYERS ARE SCRAMBLING TO SCOOP UP AND PRESERVE HIS MIDCENTURY MODERN HOMES. AND IT'S NOT JUST BEADLE'S WORK. HOMES BY RALPH HAVER ARE IN HIGH DEMAND, TOO. BY CHELS KNORR

White Gates, an Al Beadle-designed residence on the south slope of Phoenix's Camelback Mountain, is shown in 1958. One of Beadle's most frequently photographed works, this house features a "floating rectangular" design. RHP ARCHITECTS THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC



Hed & Dek - Silver

Texas Highways – We All Live in Uncertain



FISHING IS A WAY
of life on Caddo Lake,
where bigmouth
bass and crappie are
popular catches.

We All Live in Uncertain

The handshake is alive and well in this East Texas town

By Sarah Hepola

Think of Caddo as a maze of lakes within lakes," says John Winn, proprietor of Caddo Outback Tours, as the two of us settle into a small Go-Devil boat roped to a dock in Uncertain, on the border of northern Louisiana. For two decades, Winn has given tours of this lake, named for the Caddo tribe who settled in the area in the late 18th century, and he's had to retrieve a number of people lost in the labyrinth of bayous, ponds, and narrow channels. "Boy, are they glad to see me," he says, tugging his gray beard. I ask what could get them. "Nothing," he says. But floating in the unknown spooks a person. Around 60 species of reptiles live in the swamp, and the night grows noisy with the screech and swoosh. Gators lurk in these waters. They won't attack, but when the light of the boat shines on them, their marbled eyes turn red, like taillights rising from the swamp.

The name is what drew me to Uncertain. It sounds like a thick novel, or one of those creepy noir films from the Coen brothers, but in the months since COVID-19 began dismantling the life we once knew, it has become a global condition. What will become of us? Who should we be? We are all living in Uncertain now. Of course, the 2018 census placed the town's population a bit lower, at 59.

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It was a few days before Memorial Day, as Texas continued to creak open its doors after weeks of sheltering in place, and I was looking to escape but not flee caution. I'd visited Uncertain years ago, and I fell in love with a landscape that was peaceful and otherworldly, with many purported Bigfoot sightings in the area. I remember how I walked under the canopy of tall, thin cypress trees, gesturing as I told them my troubles, and while the trees were indifferent, they were also a bit kind. Spanish moss draping from the trees waited in the breeze. In French Polynesia, they call Spanish moss "grandpa's beard," but to me the stuff looked like Ophelia's hair, or the gauzy fabrics Stevie Nicks wore in her "Gypsy" phase. The trees were witchy like that—haunted maidens who never give away their secrets. Nobody knows for certain how Uncertain got its name, which seems exactly right.

On a late Thursday morning, I sling my beat-up green suitcase into the trunk of my car and head east from my home in Dallas.

Hed & Dek - Gold

Cottage Life – A Well-Executed Cover-Up

A WELL-EXECUTED COVER-UP

If something (or everything) needs painting at your cottage this summer, read this before you pick up a brush. You don't want to do it all over again next year, do you?

By MARTIN ZIBAUER Photography BRADLEY REINHARDT

It's time to paint the cottage, inside or out, and you should know that there've been a few changes in the paint can, and not just that 2017's Millennial Pink has come and (almost) gone. From the dominance of water-based paints to reduced volatile chemicals and no more lead at all, understanding more about paint and how it works can help your paint job look better for longer.

All paint has four basic ingredients: solvent, pigment, binder, and additives. The solvent, or vehicle, is what evaporates as the paint cures. These days, about 95 per cent of the house paint sold is latex, using water as its solvent. Even many alkyd paints, the formerly stinky ones we used to call 'oil', have been reformulated as "hybrid" paints that use water as the main solvent, which reduces the odour and means that you can clean brushes with water (check the label first).

Pigment gives paint colour. Most of the pigment, already in the can before it's stirred and shaken, is titanium dioxide, a common mineral. TiO_2 also adds opacity to paint, which helps you hide that feature wall you painted in the 2000s to cover the rag-rolled wall from the '90s.

To make an opaque, bright white, titanium dioxide particles reflect light best if they're about 200 nanometres in diameter, roughly half the wavelength of visible light. The particles also have to be distributed evenly, since clumped particles won't reflect light or hide previous coats. A paint with too much TiO_2 , pigment also doesn't work—crowded particles start to cancel out their own reflective properties. Luckily, we have coatings chemists and materials scientists to figure this stuff out.

The binder is the glue that gives the paint film structure and adhesion, through a process called polymerization. Small molecules—monomers—hook up with each other as the paint cures, forming a tough network of solid polymers. Most latex paints use blends of monomers, usually acrylic, vinyl, or polyvinyl acetate. Acrylic performs best but is expensive, so paint brands using 100 per cent acrylic latex tout it on the label.

Finally, there's a miscellaneous category of ingredients called "additives." Some additives give the paint special powers, such as scrubability or mildew resistance; others reduce drips and sags when you lay down a thick coat; still others keep the paint stable in the can. But every paint formula requires some tradeoff. No single paint can do everything well. >>

THE SCIENCE

Essay

Essay - Bronze

Adirondack Life – My Adirondack Life

My A D I R O N D A C K Life

HOW CAN THE PARK BECOME
MORE DIVERSE AND WELCOMING TO
PEOPLE OF ALL BACKGROUNDS?
HERE'S WHAT GROWING UP BLACK
IN THE NORTH COUNTRY TAUGHT ME



AN ESSAY BY DR. ALICE PADON GREEN

July • August 2020 ADIRONDACK LIFE 47



existence in America of a color line drawn by whites, who generally deny its existence though it prevents them from seeing African-Americans as fully human Americans. This, in turn, affects how blacks see themselves. This racial dilemma, or "veil," as Du Bois called it, cannot be ignored as we develop strategies to attain the goals of diversity, equity and inclusion.

One Adirondack resident recently wrote, in a letter to the *Adirondack Explorer*, "The outdoors is truly the great equalizer of all people and does not discriminate based on the color of one's skin. It thrives on the character of those who choose to explore, enjoy, respect and protect it." No, the outdoors does not discriminate based on skin color, but some people who choose to recreate in it do. Just ask Aaron Mair, the African-American former head of the national Sierra Club, how he felt when rafters called him a racial epithet while he was being photographed at Schoon River for an article in this magazine several years ago. Ask the black summer camp counselors about the racist insults and bigoted comments hurled at them at the Ticonderoga Walmart and a Lake George restaurant one year. I wonder how much things have really changed since my childhood in the Adirondacks.

Due in large measure to the Civil Rights movement, the black psyche has changed since my childhood. We are no longer willing to allow whites to define us. We are much more psychologically and politically prepared to assert ourselves in the face of oppression. The Black Lives Matter movement opposing police

brutality and racial injustice poignantly bears this out. These concerns were uppermost in my mind in 2014, when I attended the symposium titled "Toward a More Diverse Adirondack" held at the Adirondack Interpretive Center at the SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry in Newcomb. The well-attended gathering included residents, educators, activists, writers, students and community leaders. The broadly representative group allowed for serious discussions and strong presentations. Yet I left feeling disappointed that they had not defined the nature of the diversity in mind, failed to address the issue of inclusion and its significance, and never spoke of valuing black lives, racial equity, or their reasons for seeking diversity in the first place. Some expressed concern that the state would, in the future, fail to provide needed funds and services to maintain the beauty and livability of the area unless there was a more diverse population involved in the life of the Adirondack Park—a self-serving motivation, whether or not it's grounded in truth.

To my pleasant surprise, the symposium gave rise to the Adirondack Diversity Initiative, which received enough funding in 2019 to hire a full-time director, Nicole Hyton-Patterson.

In February, Ms. Hyton-Patterson and I had the opportunity to talk about her vision for promoting diversity, equity and inclusion in the Adirondacks. Her experience, commitment, sensitivity and expertise suggest that the Adirondack community *Continued on page 99*



LEFT TO RIGHT: Green, far left, and her sisters before prom in Witherbee; as none of their white classmates would accompany them, their dates were black airman from the Plattsburgh Air Force Base. Green dropped when teachers asked her to identify her family's country of origin.

Essay - Silver

Arizona Highways – Breathing Space



Essay - Gold

Texas Highways – The Desert Reclaims Everything



OPEN ROAD | ESSAY

The Desert Reclaims Everything

A son of El Paso returns home a year after the tragedy

By Roberto José Andrade Franco

O

On the night of the first anniversary of the El Paso massacre, thousands of vehicles formed a line under the full yellow moon. Some drivers wore face masks and waited for more than an hour to enter Ascarate Park. As they slowly entered the park, whose southern border runs parallel to the Río Grande and the rust-colored border wall demarcating the United States from Mexico, they drove past reminders of that beautiful sunny morning last Aug. 3, that turned dark in an instant.

Past the projected sign shining on a building that proclaimed, “*Junios recordamos. Junios sanamos.*” Together we remember. Together we heal. Past the volunteers shining their flashlights across the asphalt to direct traffic.

Past the construction site on a triangle-shaped median that will become the Healing Garden memorial, where victims’ names will be embossed on a curved wall anchored by waterfalls. Past an “El Paso Strong” sign made of plywood that rests on a large rock. Past all that, deeper into Ascarate, some drivers dimmed their lights.

In the darkness, what seemed like thousands of luminarias glowed, lighting the way around the park. There were 23 floral sculptures placed along that same path. At the center of the park, 23 spotlights aimed toward the night sky. In the darkness, Ascarate Lake’s calm waters reflected some of the lights.

The night felt heavy from the accumulation of the entire day, along with the weight of the past several days and months and year. It all still felt unbelievable. That a killer with the coldest soul drove hundreds of miles to target Mexicans. That 23 innocent lives ended for no other reason than they just lived here. Hard to believe that in the darkness, we were trying to find light.

That’s the paradox of this place, El Paso, the city that’s in the westernmost part of Texas but also feels separate from it. A place where on the night of the first anniversary of the massacre, driving at 5 mph beside a human-made lake where ducks swim—in the desert—I grieved alongside masked strangers with familiar faces. Strangers who, even if we mourned with a distance between us, understood what united us.

I’ve always loved this place. It’s home. Even if I’ve tried to run away from it.

I was 17 years old the first time I left the El Paso–Juárez borderland.

It was a few months after graduating high school and a few weeks after I walked out of a job training to sell knives door to door, which felt like a scam. I walked home, in the middle of the beautiful El Paso desert, trying

Covid-related Story

Covid-related Story - Merit

The Bermudian – Minister on a Mission: Controlling COVID

MINISTER ON A MISSION



THE HON. KIM WILSON ON COVID-19 AND WHAT IT IS LIKE LEADING A COUNTRY THROUGH A DEADLY PANDEMIC AS MINISTER OF HEALTH. AND WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

When did you first hear about COVID-19 and when did you realise how serious it was going to become?

I recall hearing about it in the press in late January, early February, and then quite quickly we realised this was starting to travel the world and that Bermuda, because of the international travel destination that we are, was likely to feel the effects.

On realising this was a global pandemic that would impact Bermuda, what was your immediate reaction and what model did the government follow?

There was no rule book. When I was pregnant there were all these guides and parenting books that were useful, but there's no rule book with respect to COVID-19. The model the government used was to move swiftly to isolate the virus by closing the borders

CONTROLLING COVID

BY ANNABEL COOPER

as quickly as we did; to utilise communication strategy to make sure everyone applied the mitigations—physical distancing, wearing a face mask and so forth; and ramping up our testing capabilities so we were able to test for COVID-19.

What was the bar set at when designing the action plan?

Because we recognised it was a pandemic and couldn't be eliminated, we had to take drastic steps to contain the spread and flatten the curve. We wanted to make sure we could minimise the impact. We didn't want to have our health-care system overburdened by the pandemic.

Did you think people would comply with government regulations and guidance or did you think you would have a battle on your hands?

Initially, probably for a minute, I thought we might have a battle, but because of social media and mass media which showed the seriousness of COVID-19 that assisted in communicating the

message about the need for physical distancing, because people were seeing what was happening worldwide. We've had a really high level of compliance. Unfortunately, social media is also a challenge. We noticed a lot of people having false information about COVID-19 from reading inaccurate information on social media, which is why we kept trying to enforce the message that for accurate information please go to the government and Ministry of Health websites.

As we speak, there are only a few imported cases of COVID-19 in Bermuda. Do you think we are over the worst of this pandemic?

No, not at all. There is no vaccine and there is no cure and so the best that we can do is to continue the messaging with respect to the mitigations. That's our new normal—wearing face masks and physical distancing and hand hygiene is just going to be part and parcel of our everyday life. We're not expecting a vaccine for at least a year, which is hopeful.

Looking back on the last five months, was there a time when you were truly scared or lost confidence?

I wouldn't say I lost confidence, but there were moments when I was worried and felt scared. The beginning stages of our testing regime when we were short of testing supplies and there was a worldwide shortage of elements of PPE (personal protective equipment), so we were all fighting to gather the same items, then we'd get an embargo from the United States and they would say "No, we're not shipping it overseas." There were some times that were very scary trying to acquire some of our testing supplies and needs.

When the deaths started occurring that obviously caused fear in my heart and just concern for families that were going to have to experience the loss of a loved one to something that's so public.

How did your family feel about the situation?

The Sunday afternoon when the Cabinet had met in an emergency session, and that was the decision to go ahead and close the borders, I came back to the office and I was working, but in back of my mind I'm thinking "I've got to get my kids home."

One is in boarding school and one is at university. As the mother, that's my role, I'm the one that tries to manage the travel arrangements, so I'm sitting here working and I'm thinking "Kim, you've got to stop, you need to just call Air Canada."

As a minister I hate to be the one always bringing the bad news—reminding people to wear their mask and physically distance. I sound like a broken record, but all the evidence supports that those simple behaviours help minimise the spread of COVID.

What surprised you the most over the last five months?

By the time we entered into the shelter-in-place phase, I was pleasantly surprised at the level of compliance, recognising that that was a very challenging time for many families and households, to be balancing work as well as childcare all under one roof.

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same time recognising if I don't get my children home in two days it's going to be problematic so I had to put the phone down and make some reservations, and it's probably the quickest two reservations I ever made. I had to call my daughter and say, "You're coming home tomorrow. Don't pack, just grab your stuff." I have a tremendous support system with respect to my husband and he kept the house organised and ticking while I was at the ministry working 16–18 hour days.

from that. If persons aren't able to feed their family that has ramifications from a health perspective. Looking at all those in totality, as well as recognising the spread of COVID, I think that striking the balance with respect to opening the borders was a tough call. Implementing and recognising that we had such a robust testing regime to identify and isolate any potential persons that have COVID helped to mitigate, in my mind, the opening of the borders.

"WE AS A COUNTRY HAVE DONE REALLY WELL. WE HAVE PULLED TOGETHER. WE'VE HAD SOME HICCUPS AND WE RECOGNISE THAT, BUT OVERALL, WE'VE BEEN WELL-SUITED AS A COUNTRY TO MEET THE DEMANDS INsofar AS ABIDING BY THE PUBLIC HEALTH GUIDELINES."

We understand that we have to open our borders to survive, but do you worry that everyone's hard work will be for nothing when people start arriving in large numbers?

It is a really tough balance because I recognise that our economic survival depends on us having tourists and international travel. We would have to open the borders at some point. Another aspect of public health is poverty and what stems

Are you proud of how you and the rest of the Premier's team handled the pandemic?

Yes, I am. I think under the Premier's leadership we've made some very tough decisions and have acted very quickly, based largely on the scientific evidence that we had at our disposal, which kept evolving. We did what we had to do and we have got to the point of having sporadic cases within this five month period of time.

Covid-related Story - Bronze

Arizona Wildlife Views – Conservation is Essential

CONSERVATION IS ESSENTIAL

Wildlife conservation has looked different in 2020 — social distancing, face coverings and small groups working in the field have become the norm — but it hasn't stopped. That's because conservation is essential.

As Arizona, along with the rest of the world, looked at how to proceed as safely as possible in response to Covid-19, wildlife biologists proved and got creative. While plans changed, the Arizona Game and Fish Department's mission to conserve and protect wildlife did not.

The team at Arizona Game and Fish continued to work statewide and

on numerous projects impacting the state's bio-plus species. These photos provide a glimpse into this year, and they showcase the diversity of the roles at AZGFD and the people who are dedicated to ensuring Arizona's wildlife is around for future generations to enjoy.



Biologists spent many early mornings surveying the population of cactus longspine iguanas in southern Arizona. While the project was originally planned to include surveys of the oak historic range in Mexico, the team pivoted in response to Covid-19 and worked with fellow AZGFD staff and partner organizations to survey historic nest sites and their adjacent areas in Arizona.

Throughout March, April and May, there were about six meetings of fieldwork that paid off in a big way. The department located six unique territories. In recent years, there were as little as six nesting territories on the watch list. Read more about iguana-ovis and the population survey on page 14.



The Mexican wolf recovery effort got a green light when biologists from the Arizona Game and Fish Department, New Mexico Department of Game and Fish, and Mexican Wolf Species Survival Plan, with logistical support from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, worked to cross foster 20 genetically diverse wolf pups from captive facilities across the U.S. into litter of wild wolf pups. Over a six-week period in April and May, 12 pups were fostered into four packs in eastern Arizona and eight were fostered into three packs in western New Mexico. Wildlife technician Emily Schaff, pack tag and wildlife biologist Conner Feller contribute to this conservation effort.



Acoustic detectors were installed to monitor for lesser long-nosed bats following the species' removal from the federal list of endangered (but threatened) wildlife in 2019. The project is funded by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and acoustic monitoring will determine when the bats arrive and depart at several maternity and post-maternity roosts across Arizona. Wildlife specialist Bradley Hillhouse was part of the team that moved this initiative forward.

Working at the Sonoran pronghorn captive breeding pen involves a combination of animal husbandry and general maintenance. "We currently have about 100 animals inside our pen that need to eat and drink," says Noah Kettler, who supervises the Sonoran pronghorn program in Ajo. The animals at the pen, which is located at the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge, are fed daily twice and given to supplement their diet. Daily observations of the pronghorns are done most mornings from a nearby hill to monitor their health.



Conservation education was arguably more important than ever, as Arizonians headed out in unprecedented numbers to explore trails and the outdoors. AZGFD reminded the public that 17 of Arizona's more than 100 species are endangered or vulnerable if one is encountered. Amy Burnett was interviewed for a new story about rattlesnake maintenance and safety to help spread these important messages.



JULY/AUGUST 2020 • ARIZONA WILDLIFE VIEWS 15



The riparian bird survey crew practiced social distancing during field training. The department hired bird tour guides who were not of work due to the Covid-19 pandemic. "It's a shame they can't get out doing their normal line of work, but we are lucky to have them to help with this year's project," says permits biologist Cheryle Keadar Smith.



Watercraft patrols continued at Lakes throughout Arizona. Wildlife managers Debra Caven (above) and Drew Hensley (below) patrolled Roosevelt Lake, which saw an increase in visitors.



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AZGFD completed its sixth year of south-western speckled rattlesnake mark-recapture surveys in early May in the Tonto-Alpine Mountains of Yuma County. Mark-recapture involves capturing as many snakes as possible and permanently marking individuals over several years. "By conducting these surveys, we are able to learn about the age structure and calculate population size, survivorship and mortality of the snakes in this population," says Kathy Grimes-Palmer, senior research biologist. "We measure, weigh, determine the sex, photograph, permanently tag and mark the rattle of each individual captured to allow us to learn more about the population and how to manage the species."



The annual survey of Broad-winged sparrows took place in mid-May along Broad Creek in the Irving area. Jeff Swenson, interstate wildlife program manager, joined biologist Janet Coonin National Forest and the Arizona Department of Environmental Quality on their one-day survey to conduct a macroinvertebrate and water quality survey of the creek. They dove separately, maintained a six-foot distance from each other, and caught and released a native black-necked stilts pergamene during the survey.

Due to Covid-19 restrictions, the Heritage Sanctuary Zoo in Prescott had to take volunteer assistance and cut it off to one-third. To help the zoo during these difficult times, AZGFD personnel from the Kingman region assisted zoo staff with care of the animals. Wildlife manager Bruce Baker's work included cleaning up after pronghorns and feeding lemmings.



Aspenic wildlife specialist Andy Viles marked speckled deer and downy woodpeckers into Penitentiary Canyon. While there, it was observed that last year's fish not only survived, but also successfully spawned.



Bill Hensley, regional assistant for Kingman, and his son, Brian, installed a water sensor on the Cantanada Wash water catchment. Read more about how sensors are used on water catchments on page 12.



Wildlife managers Nick Thompson and Seth Thompson completed repairs at the Little Black Wildlife water catchment.



Aspenic specialist Gregg Coonin installed fish structures at Yarn Lake near Prescott.

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Covid-related Story - Silver

Acadiana Profile – Grit + Glory

ACADIANA'S RESTAURANTS AND BARS FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL AMID UNCERTAINTY

LUNA BAR AND GRILL CHIEF AND OWNER DAVE

Evans was on top of the world on Jan. 24, 2020. He attended the Louisiana Travel Association's annual meeting at Cypress Bayou Casino Hotel in Chalmette. Being an event-enthusiast, Evans was poised to receive a Lunar Award as Honoree of the Year for his Lake Charles emery success. This accolade was the culmination of three decades of work for the inventive chef. Evans, the unofficial father of Lake Charles "soul" cuisine — a fusion of Cajun and Creole culinary traditions with inspiration from California, the Gulf Coast and Louisiana — was feeling good about his kitchen and business prowess.

The rising of the association's recognition was perfect. Evans had just pulled the proverbial trigger on a new Luna Bar and Grill location in Lafayette's downtown area, a marketing plan

for the restaurant's opening was being prepared with Evans' award as a key piece of selling the Luna story.

At the same time, world health experts and leaders were slowly addressing an unseen pathogen whose symptoms were strange and unpredictable outcomes ranged from no symptoms to sudden death. In early March, Louisiana Governor John Bel Edwards held a meeting with cabinet officials and other leaders which eventually led to the creation of the COVID-19 Task Force.

On March 16, 2020, Governor Edwards signed a proclamation aimed at slowing the growing health threat COVID-19 was becoming. To date, in Louisiana, the contagious respiratory illness has killed thousands and infected tens of thousands.

Evans along with other restaurant and bar owners around the state were caught off guard by COVID-19's impacts on their customer base, supply chain and frozen frozen lines. Safety measures taken by Louisiana's government to protect the public while managing stress to hospital infrastructure intensified the negative economic impact by the food and beverage industry.

"I had a short-hand victory," Evans said. "The tourism award was an awesome feat for the family and restaurant staff. Still, then we had the rug ripped out from under us."

Medical officials on the state and national level have had a simple message about COVID-19 in order for people to protect themselves and others: wearing masks, wearing a face covering and social distancing are imperative. Restaurant

BY
ERIC CORNER
PHOTO BY
ROMERO & ROMERO



Star Power

Prior to opening Luna Bar and Grill in Lake Charles, Chef Dave Evans had a career. He was one of the nation's leading food critics, and he had a long list of awards and accolades. He was a frequent guest on national television, and he had a reputation for being a tough critic. He was also a successful businessman, and he had a net worth of over \$10 million.

GRIT | GLORY



Grand Pheasant

COVID-19 early on in Abbeville, SHUCK'S in Abbeville has a bread pudding that is made a customer from the top of every loaf and some dishes menu. The restaurant's menu says it best. "Grilled pork homemade bread pudding topped with hot white chocolate custard sauce. Red rum and plenty of it."

and bar owners have tried to pivot away from pre-COVID-19 operations and habits during the pandemic. Some are adjusting and thriving, while others are closing, filing for bankruptcy or filing lawsuits.

Bloomberg reported to July that as a result of COVID-19 so many as 10,000 of the nation's roughly 60,000 restaurants will likely shut down this year." In August, Louisiana Restaurant Association estimated one in four restaurants in Louisiana will close due to the economic impact of the pandemic.

Basically, COVID-19 has forced the state's food and beverage industry, which already operates on slim profit margins, to figure out how to provide service daily, pay bills, ensure safety for employees and customers and contend with government regulations that some believe are

beneficial while others interpret as draconian. Gov. Edwards' first proclamation in the spring limited gathering to no more than 10 people, closed casinos, bars and movie theaters and forced restaurants to suspend dine-in options in favor of the use of drive-through and delivery. Evans complied with all of the state's orders but eventually closed Luna's Lake Charles restaurant temporarily after a number of staff members tested positive for COVID-19 as a result of attending off-premise social gatherings. He also delayed the opening of Luna in Lafayette, the Lake Charles restaurant's profit margin was split in half due to controlled seating regulations inside Luna's, but Evans admits, "we are blessed with the business we do have now. When I look at the books, we have fantastic Fridays and Saturdays and customers are normally buying food from the time we open."

Almost two hours south and located on the Vermilion River in Abbeville, SHUCK'S Restaurant has remained open throughout the pandemic. During the ordeal, owners David Bernard and Bert Burt's customer base has grown and they solidified a decision to move forward with the construction of a new restaurant in Lake Charles near the city's retail, hotel, and casino complex near Interstate 10.

Bernard and Burt made two firming, operational decisions when the pandemic erupted. "First, we would not limit the menu at all," Bernard said. "We would serve the full menu but just eat back on the amount of food and ingredients we ordered. Our second major decision was to begin running special and complimentary homemade bread pudding with hot white chocolate custard sauce."

The decision is a SHUCK'S fan favorite. SHUCK'S customers have been able to access the restaurant's drive-through and outdoor service, along with outside dining options with an important quantity — no masks.

"But and I said since we have fine and local customers and good friends who are coming to support us during the pandemic, let's have a musician play outside," Bernard said. "Our first performer brought in a lot of people and the parking lot was full."

Louisiana state troopers and representatives from the state for marsh and the Abbeville fire chief have worked closely with Bernard and Burt to mitigate safety issues during the pandemic. Bernard and Burt utilized a recommendation from state officials to hire private security in order to assist customers to observe face coverings, temperatures and social distancing guidelines.

"They [troops and marshals] seemed to be very helpful and we didn't see them as a threat," Bernard said. "About three years ago, hotel owner Ty Boudoin and his wife Sheri Boudoin bought the Quarter Tavern in New Iberia. As with any venture, they knew some difficulties would follow, but COVID-19 and state government actions have created a maddening situation for them and other bar owners.

"We are lucky. I have another business, but with my bar just sitting (it is closed), I'm losing \$4,000 a month. I just can't turn the building off. I don't want to have to pay on that money to get the business back on when this passes."

Boudoin said he is concerned about customers' safety and that his business is designed to minimize the chance for the virus to spread. The

WE ARE LUCKY. I HAVE ANOTHER BUSINESS, BUT WITH MY BAR JUST SITTING (IT IS CLOSED), I'M LOSING \$4,000 A MONTH.

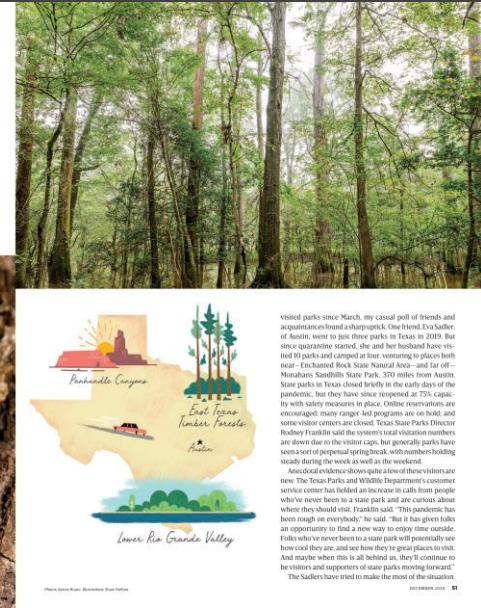
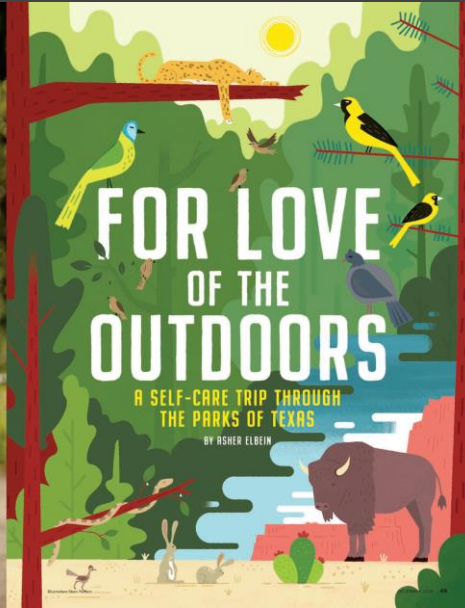
TY BOUDOIN, OWNER QUARTER TAVERN IN NEW IBERIA



QUARTER TAVERN

Covid-related Story - Gold

Texas Highways – For Love of the Outdoors



Covid-related Story - Gold

albemarle Magazine – One Sketch a Day: A Pen and Pencil Account of the Pandemic

ONE SKETCH A DAY A Visual Diary

Select works of artist Michael Fitts capturing the first months of COVID-19.

When COVID-19 reached Virginia in mid-March, Charlottesville artist Michael Fitts was 68 days into the year's One Sketch A Day journal. Primarily an oil painter, Fitts began the One Sketch A Day two years ago as a counterpoint to his finely detailed, time-invested paintings on panels made from found metal. Each sketch is approximately 5 1/2x5 inches and drawn in graphite, pen, and colored pencils. The topics rendered are broad but are most often informed by events of the day, typically leaning toward the humorous but always a visual diary of one man's interest.

In March, the tone of these sketches immediately began to reflect the developing fear that COVID-19 cast across the nation. Fitts says, "The coronavirus-focused sketches or cartoons are most likely a coping mechanism for me. It was a way to use humor to disarm something unknown and deadly."

Fitts regularly shares his art on Facebook.



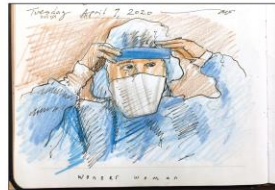
Sunday, March 8, 2020 "Severe" - The first of the Covid sketches



Friday, March 13, 2020



Saturday, March 14, 2020



Monday, April 7, 2020



Monday, April 13, 2020



Tuesday, April 14, 2020



Thursday, April 16, 2020



Sunday, April 26, 2020



Monday, April 27, 2020



Thursday, April 30, 2020

Column

Column - Merit

Delaware Beach Life – Treasure Hunting

Treasure Hunting • Exploring coastal Delaware

A State of Bee-ing

Local beekeepers wax enthusiastic about their beloved hobby

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL NEWCOTT



Tending to his backyard hive in Ocean View, Chris Dominic hunts for the queen in the churning, buzzing throng. The Airtronics chair is for evening reveries.

"You're dressed like a bear."

I am at this moment being addressed by a man wearing a thick, white, long-sleeved fabric top, his face obscured by the netting in a piece of headgear that resembles a CDC containment outfit. In the yard just beyond him, I catch sight of a cloud of bees darting around a wooden hive, tiny rebel X-wing fighters harassing a Death Star. Their buzzing sounds like the whine of a thousand distant drones.

I glance down at my clothing. I'm wearing dark jeans and a black windbreaker.

"Bees hate it when you wear black," he clarifies. "They think you're a bear."

"Well, should I take this off?" I ask.

"I would," he says. "Bees hate bears. They'll go right for your eyes. To blind you."

Now I am tearing off my windbreaker like it's on fire. Of course, underneath I'm wearing a long-sleeved black T-shirt. I now look like a slightly smaller bear.

But my host, Chris Dominic, doesn't panic. He's been raising bees here behind his house in Ocean View for four years, and he knows what to do. He hands me a white protective top similar to his. As I pull it on I'm impressed by its weight and thickness. Two cords tie it closed to prevent bees from crawling up underneath. Finally, I am issued a pair of rubber gloves.

Treasure Hunting • Exploring coastal Delaware

Zoltar's Good Fortune

The boardwalk attraction has proved its creator's knack for turning a buck

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL NEWCOTT



Rehoboth Beach's boardwalk had the bad fortune of being shut down by COVID-19 — but Zoltar sees luckier days ahead.

"I see you over dere!"

The booming, vaguely Eastern European voice stops me as I'm walking past Zelky's Beach Arcade Central on the Rehoboth Beach boardwalk.

I'm startled. Is someone talking to me? It's the end of the summer season. The boardwalk is crowded, and the source of that voice is obscured behind the late-season crowd.

"Yes, you!" I turn my head toward Zelky's, glow from inside with strobing colored lights from its banks of video games.

"Come on over," the voice commands, "and let Zoltar be sharing with you your fortune!"

Of course. It's Zoltar.

Like everyone else who lives around here, I've been accosted by the turbaned mechanical fortuneteller in the glass case countless times. Yet

there's something about that voice — the cranked up bass, the push-it-to-11 volume. Every time Zoltar calls to me, I have to at least glance in his direction.

Also like almost everyone else who lives here, I'm way too cool to actually stop and put actual cash into Zoltar's money slot. It's way more "local" to stand by nonchalantly and witness the tourists as they donate their hard-earned vacation funds to the swam's cause.

"Your small payment will reap great benefits if you listen to these words of wisdom from the all-knowing Zoltar!" the Gypsy advises three giggling girls who have taken the bait.

"The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm."

Creases of puzzlement flicker across their faces.

Column - Bronze

Cottage Life - Editor's Note

Editor's Note



Each spring, we look forward to welcoming our fans at the Cottage Life Show across Canada. For obvious reasons, we were unable to do so this year. We're so sorry to miss meeting with you, but we hope to see you at the fall show in October. Until then, keep in touch! It's more important than ever.

Share your cottage stories with us on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter, and email me at mikelly@cottagelife.com.

A healthy fear

As I write this, I'm at home with my family, waiting out covid-19. Amidst this uncertainty, I'm scared. And thinking about the times in my life when my fears were the greatest.

One moment that stands out is the summer of 1995, when a massive cluster of thunderstorms passed through Ontario overnight, leaving a trail of wrecked buildings and frightened cottagers. I was working as a camp counsellor near Shabbot Lake, Ont., spending blissful days teaching kids how to kayak. It was so hot the day before the storm, we were sweating just standing still. Given that I was away from the news and weather reports, my only concern that night as I tucked in was how I'd fall asleep on my sunna-like top bunk.

Shortly before midnight, just as I was finally drifting off, I heard thunder in the distance and thought, Oh, goody, my favourite summer sound. I'd always loved the safe feeling I'd get inside, hearing the rain pelt the roof while a storm raged above. In those moments, I felt a bit like we humans had conquered nature, so easily able to access her best gifts while avoiding her most fearful tantrums.

Well, until that night in '95. As the thunder got louder, it became clear that this wasn't the kind of storm to enjoy. It was the kind to take shelter from. In a simple plywood cabin perched on cinder blocks, the only shelter available was the bottom bunk. Which was where my fellow counsellor—a Spanish girl, Ana, who had never experienced a Canadian summer thunderstorm—lay, freaking out. Just as I scurried below, I heard a massive crack and saw (and felt, really) a massive flash of light—what I imagine a nuclear blast would be like. My hands still on the ladder, shards of wood fell onto my shoulders and into my hair, and I smelled something burning. Instead of jumping into the bottom bunk, Ana and I, and the other two counsellors in the cabin, ran next door, where

we clutched each other for hours until the storms passed. Ana recited a series of Spanish Hail Marys the whole time.

At daybreak, we finally emerged to survey the wreckage. As I suspected, a nearby pine had been struck through its centre by lightning, carving the trunk into spears. One came through the roof of our cabin about a metre above my pillow, thankfully on such an angle that it missed my bunk and split the floor.

That night remains the scariest of my life. I think, and the moment I discovered a great truth: respect nature, no matter what. And it's the fear I felt then that I still feel now when I hear a distant rumble of thunder, when I see a mouse in the woods, or even when I'm on a hike, keeping an eye out for poison ivy. Nature is often brilliant, Michelle, but not necessarily your friend. Be careful. (For more thoughts on crossing paths with wildlife, read Eve Holland's gripping feature, "The Scars We Bear," p. 84, about a Kanamasski, Alta., bear attack.)

We are all being extra careful right now. And we are all scared. And we are all learning another great truth: fear is good. It keeps us safe by keeping us aware. And in these times of uncertainty and confusion, it's a feeling we should embrace.

I'm thinking a lot about the gorgeous summer days on the lake that bring me peace. I hope within these pages, where we've taken space to celebrate the many iconic pleasures of cottage living, you'll find some of that peace too.

Michelle
@mikeetheduck

PHOTO: JANE LAMBERTSON

Editor's Note



Strange days indeed

There are so many myths about cottagers. The biggest one? They are "cityrats," people who come from the city and think they own the place. The kind who might double-park their massive SUV (music blaring) in the middle of main street on a summer Saturday, holding up traffic.

There are also a lot of myths about the "locals" too—that they're unsophisticated and less sophisticated than city folks. In the 25 years I've worked at Cottage Life, I've met hundreds of cottagers, from all over Canada. Sure, some I've not cared for, mostly those who don't respect the lake environment and the people who come with it. But the vast majority of cottagers I've met are not like that. Although they've had advantages in their lives, they aren't one per center. They've planned carefully to afford their dream of cottage ownership. Of course, many others have inherited their places or gained access to them through the generosity of family, but they too seem to deeply value their good fortune.

I've met hundreds of locals as well. In fact, I'm related to many of them: my large Irish family is scattered across several small hamlets in Eastern Ontario. They make their living in various ways, through farming or teaching or in the Armed Forces. While their livelihoods don't rely directly on cottagers, they recognize the important role that cottagers play in rural communities. And they are certainly not unsophisticated or simple, nowhere close.

While the urban-rural divide in Canada is a real thing (sadly), I sense an understanding between the two populations, in the cottage community at least. Cottagers recognize that full-timers enable the lake life they love. Locals do it all, really: run the grocery stores, launch the boats, ready the waterlines, check the roofs in winter, and fill gas tanks in summer. They settle property line disputes, advocate for regional environmental policy, and remove errant fish hooks from little cottager fingers. These locals see that cottagers provide an important engine for their rural economy, infusing enough money in the short summer months to sustain residents through the off-season. While there are occasional fissures in this co-dependent relationship, by and large it's one built on mutual respect.

Enter covid-19. All spring, we've heard from cottagers and locals alike, enraged about what the other is doing. (For proof, check out p. 25 for a sampling of comments pulled from recent social media posts and reader letters.) As many Canadians began working from home, some cottagers moved north with the thought that the lake would be a safer place for them and their healthy families to isolate. Some bring food and supplies from the city and never go into town, and some don't. Others heeded the advice of government officials and public health experts and stayed away. Both camps of cottagers pointed fingers at each other.

Things don't appear to be any more harmonious on the locals "side" either. Some still welcome the cottagers, concerned about the financial consequences of missing even part of the busy season. Others worry cottagers will overwhelm limited hospital and food resources and traded bars with their rural neighbours for suggesting the economy was more important than their health.

No matter what you did or where you lived, you were doing it wrong, according to someone.

I believe strongly in public debate, especially now when our action or inaction means life or death. I don't regard hollow, can't-we-all-just-get-along platitudes well; crisis calls for solutions, not niceties. But finger-pointing never got anybody anywhere. The covid crisis is revealing many of our society's inequities, and the debate around cottaging through the pandemic has exposed a few for cottage communities in particular.

So, how about we have a real and important debate about fair taxation, something that cottager groups such as FOCA (Federation of Ontario Cottagers' Associations) have been urging for years, decades, even? A good chunk of the frustration that unwanted cottagers feel right now is rooted in the idea that they pay more than their share. Consider that perhaps there's truth to this point of view, then work from there.

Cottagers, on the other hand, can put some time into thinking about the rural health care system. It faces real and unique challenges right now, with more on the horizon as additional cottagers retreat to the lake for retirement. How can we help share up the system?

Of course, I'm a magazine editor, not a policy wonk, and these issues are complex for even the most experienced officials. But I love the lake. I've seen, over and over, the many ways that cottagers and locals are connected and how working together to solve our problems almost always leads to magic (for a few specific examples, check out "Better Together," p. 68). Yes, we can all get along, for what it's worth.

We still don't know what the summer of 2020 will bring for cottage country. I hope and pray that it brings good health for all, though I know for some that won't be true. I also hope very much that we will be able to sit on the dock before the dog days are upon us again. We are in a storm right now, but there must be sun after the rain, right? And it's up to us all to find the silver linings.

Michelle
mikelly@cottagelife.com

PHOTO: JANE LAMBERTSON

Column - Silver

Adirondack Life – Short Carries

Short Carries



Seeing Clearly

An urban vs. rural reality check

BY ANNIE STOLTIE

Ten o'clock on a Friday night we rode the escalator up, out of Pennsylvania Station in New York City. We'd made the two and a half-hour drive from our home in the Adirondacks to the Amtrak station outside of Albany, then another two-plus hours into Manhattan. We'd hurried from our train, packs on our backs, my daughter clutching my arm as we wove through the crush of people, many of them hockey fans in their team's jerseys, amped up after a game in Madison Square Garden. This trip was part of an early birthday celebration—Big Apple-style—for my nine-year-old. We were on our way to a friend's apartment, our weekend base camp for excursions around the city.

On the escalator, just as the chaos of 34th Street came into view, the man standing in front of us leaned over and threw up. We moved past him and jumped over his puddle,

onto the sidewalk. "Welcome to New York," I said to my daughter as I pulled her, horrified, away from the station.

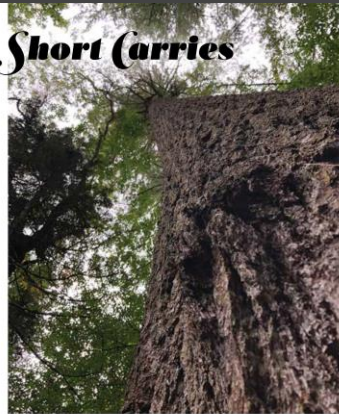
That weekend we brunchted, saw a show, counted the dogs in Central Park, shopped, gawked and walked—and walked some more. It was an incredible getaway. We took it all in—the city's aromas, its honking horns and sirens. We explored Hudson Yards, where, when I lived in the city more than 20 years ago, it was anything but what it is now—New York's newest luxury neighborhood. There, we climbed The Vessel, an Escher-esque beehive sculpture with stairs that circle into the sky, overlooking the Hudson River.

The next morning on the train home, I read in the newspaper that a teenager had jumped to his death from the top of The Vessel. He'd done it just after we'd left the sculpture the day before. I did not tell my daughter.

What I did tell her, as the questions

UNIVERSITY OF THE ADIRONDACKS

Short Carries



Looking Up

On the hunt for New York's tallest tree

BY ANNIE STOLTIE

It's Erik Danielson's 30th birthday. He strides purposefully, pack on his back, along a shoulder of Route 3 near Ampersand Mountain. He's doing one of the things that makes him happiest. Six other people trail behind him as cars and trucks blow past. After a glance at his GPS, Danielson leads the group into the woods, punching into what feels wild and untouched after the slog along the highway.

Today Danielson will measure what he and his crew believe to be New York State's tallest tree. He estimates the trip to and from the giant to be a five-hour bushwhack through the Saranac Lakes Wild Forest. He came here a few years ago to measure the same white pine he'll measure today.

Danielson, who lives in Fredonia, is an ecologist with the Western New York Land Conservancy. He, like Howard Stoner, who now follows along, climbing over downed limbs and tucking beneath branches, is a member of the Native Tree Society. The organization was founded to celebrate trees and forests. Seventy-eight-year-old Stoner started measuring trees at age 50 because, he says, "I didn't know oaks from maples." So he got involved, incorporating his skills as a professional mathematician.

In 2017 he measured the state's previous record-breaker—a 163.9-foot pine near today's destination.

Stoner brought four of his Hoel Pond neighbors on this trek. Also along are Rob Leverett and his teenage son, Devin. (Rob's father, Bob, is a founding member of the Native Tree Society.) Rob originally discovered this white pine while scouting the area. Now, he and his son ricochet through old-growth stands, Rob a tree paparazzo, snapping photographs of sugar maples, hemlocks, red spruce and yellow birch. The Leveretts sometimes disappear into the forest, Rob's voice breaking the silence with a, "The spruce guys are gonna jump up and down!" and the occasional, "Whoa!" or "Holy crap!" or "It's a mammoth!"

Hanging out with tree people is humbling. They know their stuff. But they don't shame the uninitiated. They educate. Black cherry bark looks like burnt potato chips, explains Danielson, as he points to a trunk. And when it comes to trees, says Rob, height doesn't always correlate with age. He believes there are 1,000-year-old northern white cedars on a sideburn of Whiteface Mountain—stunted and twisted, "like a bonsai." Also part of the group today is a retired park naturalist, one of Stoner's neighbors. He points out what looks like a dusty disco ball hanging from a branch—a bald-faced hornet nest, he says, the perfect piñata after the hive's abandoned it. He identifies a deadly destroying angel mushroom, its smooth, pale form poking from pine needles, and later, an old man of the woods mushroom—the fungus equivalent of an elderly troll.

The group follows the contour of a glacial esker, a prehistoric snake that winds along the earth. This topographic feature, with Google Earth imaging that revealed huge tree crowns, is what caught Rob's attention. He says there are likely hundreds of sites like this across the Adirondacks.

Danielson leads the group over a bog speared with tamaracks—a protective moat around the sandy-island island where the monster swails.

And there it is. The tree is too tall and standing too

UNIVERSITY OF THE ADIRONDACKS

Column - Gold

Arizona Highways – Editor's Letter

editor's
LETTER

— IN MEMORIAM —

WILLIS "PETE" PETERSON

1923 – 2020

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THIS WAY. The narrative was scripted differently. Like *Baby*, or any episode of *Lassie*, I'd imagined a storybook ending. One with Pete holding this issue in his hands. Seeing his byline again, after so many decades since his last — and almost 70 years since his first. But Pete passed away just a few weeks before this issue went to press.

I was starting at a Colorado River road along the Arizona Trail when I got the news. "Hello Robert," his daughter, Cynthia, said. "I wanted to let you know that we lost Dad last night. I was able to be with him at the end." People will try to tell me that the road was Pete. That he was there to say goodbye. But I think it was just a road. Still, the stare-down was symbolic. Pete found his way into this magazine by staring at wildlife for hours at a time. And then making remarkable photographs of the animals he'd studied. "His images have a naturalist's interpretation combined with poetic artistry," former Editor Joe Stacey said.

Pete was a gifted writer, too. He learned from his mother, who taught him how to apply literary styles and techniques to produce what's known as creative nonfiction. His words and photographs are among the many professional triumphs of a humble man. He was most proud, however, of his 67-year marriage to Roberta and the love of his children.

By any measure, Willis "Pete" Peterson had a wonderful life. We've been privileged to showcase his work in *Arizona Highways* since 1993. And I was honored to call him my friend.

THERE'S A STACK OF LETTERS ON MY DESK — the *Letters to the Editor*. Reading them is something I savor, like the fleeting moments when one of my 9-year-old daughters asks to hold my hand. About a year and a half ago, I was looking through the pile when I noticed a name: Willis Peterson. That's interesting, I thought. That guy has the same name as one of our old timers ... it couldn't possibly be the same Willis Peterson.

The letter referenced a story we'd done on the Colorado River. And then with the same name wrote: "I have many pictures of the river, before the dam was built. I have a lot of stories, too. *Arizona Highways* has been a part of my life since 1992, when Raymond Carlson wrote a short note saying, 'These are the best wildlife pictures I've ever seen.' It would be super to have someone from the magazine drop by and take a look at my scrapbooks."

It was the same Willis Peterson.

I wrote back to Pete that afternoon. I was eager to meet him. And see his scrapbooks. I couldn't believe that one of the legends



was living just down the street. Like so many photographers, Pete's legacy began with a box camera, a birthday gift in 1937. He was 14. Later, after studying photography at Phoenix College and Arizona State College (now ASU), Pete was offered a job as staff photographer for *The Arizona Republic*. His first story for us, as a freelance, was published in May 1993. "Willis Peterson spent most of his vacation

for two summers photographing the beaver at work, at play and in repose," Mr. Carlson wrote. "We are grateful for his vivid portrait of our furry mountain friend."

Our editor emeritus was a Willis Peterson devotee, and so were editors and curators across the country. *National Geographic*, *Audubon*, *Reader's Digest*, the *American Museum of Natural History* ... the list of those he impressed is long. And all of those accomplishments are meticulously cataloged in several oversized scrapbooks that are kept on a coffee table in his midcentury living room.

He would show them to me with the enthusiasm of a pirate captain showing his sailing masters a map to the lost treasure. Pete — he insisted I call him *Pete* — could talk for hours about his impressive portfolio and his many adventures. A favorite subject was a river trip down the Colorado in 1953. Last August, he graciously donated his images from that trip to this magazine. He also wrote a manuscript to accompany them.

We talked about the story one day in his living room. Like a kid who'd found a Hank Aaron rookie card, he told me about finding a metaphor. "Remember the part in the story where the boys are climbing the rock?" he asked. "The metaphor came to me in the middle of the night." Then he shared the sentence: "They start climbing and scotching, as though they're turbo-charged caterpillars in the craziest race you have ever seen." Creative nonfiction.

In one of his last letters to me, Pete alluded to the elephant in his living room. Until then, it never occurred to me that he wouldn't be around to see his story in print — he seemed so strong and determined. The realization made my heart sink. Now, my heart is broken.

"I've overlooked the fact that the second day of August is my birthday," he wrote. "If I live that long, I'll be 97. What a ride I've had."

Indeed you have, my friend.

Happy birthday, Pete. May you rest in peace.

— ROBERT STEVE, EDITOR
Follow me on Instagram: @arizmahighways

editor's
LETTER

There was nothing there. Just a hand-scribbled note on a paper plate. "Trees," it said, followed by an unfamiliar street address. There was no inflatable Santa towering over the entryway. No wood smoke in the air. Worse, there weren't any trees. Just a paper plate and an empty lot. It was like going over the river and through the woods, only to find out that Grandma was gone and no one had bothered to tell you. "I guess they've moved again," I said to my girls, as I turned the car around and turned on a Christmas song by Taylor Swift. Turns out, the mysterious note led to a local nursery, not a new address for Tim Mitchell's Christmas Trees. My 9-year-old twins were shattered. We'd always gone to Tim's on the first Friday night in December. We'd go when it was dark, when we'd need a sweater. And maybe a beanie. It wasn't wintry,



Tim Mitchell's Christmas Trees, Seventh Avenue and Osborn Road, Phoenix, circa 1995

but the arid landscape would be disguised by the darkness and the cool air, unwinding conspirators in the illusion that we were at a Dickensian tree lot in Cornhill instead of a lot in the Sonoran Desert.

Tim Mitchell's legacy began in 1980, when he set up shop at Central and Van Buren. Like Frisbees and Hula-Hoops, his downtown Phoenix tree lot took off. Although people lined up for his noble fir, it was the allure of the affable family that kept them coming back. For seven decades. And as the line of enthusiasts grew, so did the number of lots. For a while, in the 1990s, the Mitchells had as many as 22, including my favorite at 32nd Street and Camelback. Although Mr. Mitchell passed away in 1992, his family continued on. Until last year. "It was a wonderful life for my family," Jayne Mitchell says. "As a kid, I'd split my time between Arizona and Oregon, where we grew our trees. And I got to meet so many incredible people. We had third and fourth generations of families coming to us."

Sadly, after almost 70 years, all of Tim Mitchell's tree lots

are gone. It's another hole in my daughters' world. As parents, we desperately want to protect our children from disappointment and prolong their innocence. But kids are getting used to disappointment. The coronavirus has derailed their childhood and robbed them along the way. In the spring, my girls lost out on three months of third grade. They lost the daily lull in the lunchroom and the liberation of the playground. And they lost the lifelines to their best friends and their heroes — Ms. Meyer and Ms. Seeger. Then, over the summer, they lost out on Camp Tamakwa, the quintessential summer camp in Canada's Algonquin Provincial Park. Like almost everything around them, it was canceled. Now, this month, their long-awaited trip to upstate New York, where they were hoping for a white Christmas, has been scrapped, as well.

I would like to think that my girls will handle the latest disappointment like the *Wise in Who-ville* — *Fah who forget!* *Dah who don't!* Welcome Christmas, come this way! — but they're just kids, and no matter how much perspective I offer, it'll be another setback in a year that's already had so many. To them, the coronavirus is like Scott Farkus, the yellow-eyed bully who larks around every corner. Someday, though, they'll look back and realize how fortunate they were. Despite the disappointments, they won't have to look across the table at an empty seat this holiday season. That's not the case for the families of more than 200,000 Americans and a million men and women around the world.

The numbers are staggering. And the loss of life is set against a backdrop of escalating civil unrest, record unemployment, and catastrophic wildfires, including fires in Arizona that ravaged the Santa Catalina Mountains near Tucson and the Four Peaks Wilderness east of Phoenix — when the snow level drops to 4,000 feet, I can see the frosting on the Four Peaks from my front yard.

It's been a bad year, but we have to believe that 2021 will be better. A good place to begin is with benevolence. I tell my daughters there are two ways to be: You either care about the people you don't know. Or you don't. It's pretty simple. And they're taught to be kind, too. "One rule. Two words. Be kind." Not everyone who will read this magazine believes in Christmas, and even fewer care about Christmas trees, but I hope the tranquility of what you'll see inside helps evoke the spirit of Christmas. That feeling of lightheartedness, love and good cheer. Of peace on Earth, human righteousness and decency. The mission in life is not merely to survive. Maya Angelou said, "But to thrive, and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor and some style." Those things aren't the province of any one religion or ideology. They're things we can all strive for in the coming year.

Meanwhile, whether you celebrate Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa or just a few days at home alone with your children, happy holidays, and thank you for spending another year with *Arizona Highways*.

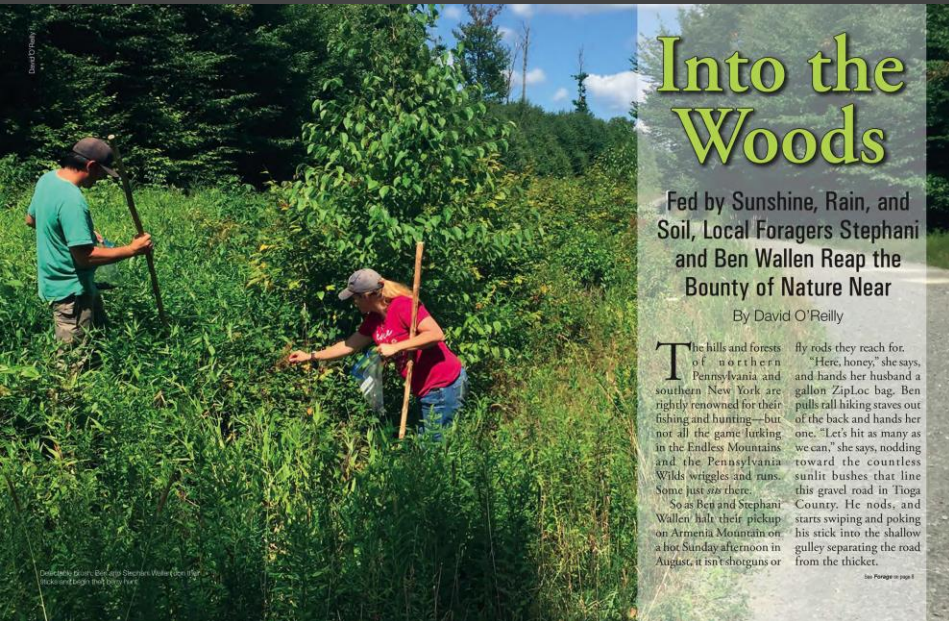
— ROBERT STEVE, EDITOR
Follow me on Instagram: @arizmahighways

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF JAYNE MITCHELL

Writer of the Year 35 or Less

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Merit

Mountain Home – David O'Reilly



Into the Woods

Fed by Sunshine, Rain, and Soil, Local Foragers Stephani and Ben Wallen Reap the Bounty of Nature Near

By David O'Reilly

The hills and forests of northern Pennsylvania and southern New York are rightly renowned for their fishing and hunting—but not all the game lurking in the Endless Mountains and the Pennsylvania Wilds dwells in trees. Some just sit there.

So as Ben and Stephani Wallen halt their pickup on Armenia Mountain on a hot Sunday afternoon in August, it isn't hognuts or

fly rods they reach for. "Here, honey," she says, and hands her husband a gallon ZipLoc bag. Ben pulls tall hiking staves out of the back and hands her one. "Let's hit as many as we can," she says, nodding toward the countless sunlit bushes that line this gravel road in Tioga County. He nods, and starts swiping and poking his stick into the shallow gully separating the road from the thicket.

See Page 1 on page 1



The Last Reporter

The Elmira Star-Gazette's Jeff Murray Makes a Last Stand at the First Gannett Newspaper

By David O'Reilly

As he makes the coffee and feeds his hunting dogs Malibu, R.J., and

Pen in hand, he flips on the TV, sipping between Elmira's two local stations for word of overnight fires, crimes, or car crashes. Then he pops open his laptop and

if nothing's going on, he kisses his wife, Carol, goodbye and drives ten minutes to his newsroom, housed since 2013 in a one-story building on E. Church Street across from Elmira City Hall. Enthusiased across the

officer's glass-pane windows are the words STAR-GAZETTE. Since 1907, that's been the name for news in this bi-state city.

In recent days in sprawling newsroom in the old Baldwin Street headquarters over

the door and steps inside around 8:15, it is

he who flips the lights on each day to bring

the paper to life.

He's the sole news reporter left at

Elmira's only daily newspaper.

"It's the everything guy," he says with a

modest smile as he sweeps a hand around

the modern blue-and-gray newsroom.

Twenty-eight empty desks gaze back.

Once humming with reporters, editors,

photographers, and advertising salespeople,

the room is empty—save for the short, gray-

haired "everything guy" in the rumpled red

sweater.

This month marks Jeff's twenty-fifth

anniversary with the Star-Gazette, the very

first newspaper in the giant Gannett chain.

And nowadays it's up to him to cover this

city of 36,000 people while keeping an

eye on the rest of Chemung County—and

planning how he tends one.

"Yeah," he admits. "It's kinda lonely."

His editors are in Binghamton and

communicate with him via instant-offer texts.

The pages are laid out at Gannett facilities

in New Jersey or Arizona, and the paper is

printed in Rochester. "But I'm a gregarious,

friendly guy," he says. "I'm used to working

in a newsroom with a couple of dozen

people, with lots of noise and activity going

on." Gone are the parties on election nights

and the holiday parties, the friendships. "I do

miss that," he admits.

Tender the Star-Gazette has a daily print

circulation of little more than 6,000, down

from 17,000 a decade ago and 32,000 in

1997. Sunday circulation has tumbled,

nowhere near 45,000 to 9,500. With

so many people getting news, opinions, and

entertainment for free online, plummeting

readership has squeezed nearly every daily

and weekly newspaper in the nation—

sometimes fatally.

More than 2,000 newspapers have

shuttered their doors since 2004 as

the car dealerships, department stores,

supermarkets, and jewelry shops whose

advertising sustained them for more than

a century began following readers to the

Internet. There they can reach targeted

audiences, mostly through Google search

or Facebook, the "dumbly" that dominates

online advertising. For nearly a century

newspapers in the "golden age" of print

journalism—Star-Gazette included—

enjoyed a local monopoly, charged

handsomely to advertise in their pages, and

made millions of their owners.

Also, those began profit margins of 20

and 30 percent are what paid for the army

of reporters who profiled the now football

coach at your kid's high school, or covered

the community theater's production of *Cap and*

Jack, described last night's shelling at a

gas station, sat through a crushingly

difficult two-night council meeting to explain

the latest tax hike, and grilled your county

executive on why the new water treatment

plant was a million dollars over budget. All

in one day.

"When I started in March, 1995, the

total staff [at the Star-Gazette] was about

250," Jeff recalls. "The office was in Baldwin

See Page 1 on page 8

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life – Luke Cyphers

FOR THE RECORD

A Ranger Problem

Doing more with less—again

BY LUKE CYPHERS

As the first half of 2020 has shown, New York State Forest Rangers are blessed, and burdened, with a wide-ranging portfolio. In February and early March, rangers managed an influx of winter hikers on popular High Peaks trails, including one March weekend where cars on the Adirondack Loj Road were parked bumper to bumper. "I've never seen our trailheads so busy in winter," says Scott van Laer, a ranger based in the High Peaks who also serves as a union representative.

During the same time period, rangers performed difficult backcountry searches, calling in a State Police helicopter to aid in a successful effort to find a missing woman near Mount Marcy, and performing an overnight operation to rescue a pair of hikers, one who died of hypothermia, in the Dix Range.

Meanwhile, numerous rangers assigned to the Adirondacks were busy aiding New York's coronavirus response downstate, with several becoming infected themselves. "They're dealing with COVID-19," says Michael Barrett, execu-

utive director of the Adirondack Mountain Club, "because they're familiar with the state's incident command system, and many municipalities are not."

Yet in the midst of this frenzied activity, taking place during what's supposed to be their slow season, rank-and-file rangers received a familiar message from the state: Help is not on the way.

The novel coronavirus saw to that. At the beginning of the year, van Laer says the Police Benevolent Association of New York State, which represents the forest rangers, had been asking the legislature for 40 additional ranger positions. The union has argued for years that the jump in recreational use on public lands, especially the recent influx of 10 to 12 million visitors per year to the Adirondacks, has spread the ranger force dangerously thin.

Coming into 2020, it looked like they might finally net an increase in staff, says Assemblyman Dan Stec, a Repub-

Over more than a century, the duties of forest rangers, originally woodsmen hired to fight fires in the Forest Preserve, have evolved. Today they're responsible for more than ever.



Photographs of Luke Cyphers by Luke Cyphers. The photo in the center of the page is by Luke Cyphers. The photo on the left is by Luke Cyphers. The photo on the right is by Luke Cyphers.



NORTH COUNTRY

Real Estate Rush

In these times, an Adirondack property is more appealing than ever

BY LUKE CYPHERS

In June, New York Senator Kirsten Gillibrand put her Albany-area home on the market, and her press office confirmed she was looking to relocate in the Lake Placid-Saranac Lake area. Gillibrand is a professional politician, so it's her job to know which way the wind blows. And this summer, it's blowing north, with gale force.

For months now, real-estate agents across the Adirondack Park have been deluged with home buyers from cities in central and western New York, from the New York City area, and from points farther south. The summer sales surge is expected to more than offset the spring's forced business shutdown due to the pandemic, and turn what had been a hot 2019 housing market into a 2020 inferno. Everyone agrees that COVID-19 was the accelerator.

What's selling?

"Everything," says Dawn Timm, owner of Timm Associates Sotheby's International Realty, whose region includes Blue Mountain Lake, Long Lake and Old Forge. "From multi-million-dollar houses to \$10,000 lots, and everything in between. I think people want a place to escape to."

The surge is rippling across the park, says Michael Coughlin, the association executive for the Clinton County Board of Realtors. "Realtors are so busy they don't really have time to understand who their clients are."

July sales figures for Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Hamilton and Warren counties showed pending sales spiked to 292 units, up 83.6 percent over July 2019, with prices on closed sales increasing 25 percent from the year before.

Nobody is sure yet how many of the new buyers are purchasing second homes or primary residences, or if any of the second-home purchasers are open to settling in the park permanently.

What the salespeople do know is there's a land rush, and clients are ready to buy. Right now.

Last year, Coughlin says, properties were selling fairly quickly—drawing offers 30 to 45 days after listing. "Now, if you put it up Friday, by Monday you'll have multiple offers."

Buyers frequently pay in cash. What's remarkable is the market is devoid of one reliable source of purchasers: Canadians, who've been barred from crossing the border since March.

Jodi Gunther, president of the Northern Adirondack Board of Realtors, says the bidding frenzy extends into the park's priciest houses, which in normal times "tended to sit for a couple of years."

No longer. Even before her employer, Berkshire Hathaway/Adirondack Premier Properties, responded from the government-mandated shutdown in May, she says, "Our office sold four or five properties in excess of two million dollars, just on the basis of FaceTime videos and the virtual tours that our websites were posting."

Camp Woodmere on Upper St. Regis Lake drew 14 bidders to an early August



Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Oklahoma Today – Greg Elwell



Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Delaware Beach Life – Bill Newcott

Treasure Hunting • Exploring coastal Delaware

The Telescope in the Cemetery

251 years ago, the sun shone on Lewes as astronomical history was made

By BILL NEWCOTT | PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLYN NEWCOTT



A quarter of a millennium and one year later, the author re-enacts Lewes's shining moment in astronomical history at Bethel Methodist Cemetery.

It is 2 p.m. on June 3 and people are looking at me. Or, rather, they are looking at my reflecting telescope, set on its tripod just beyond the low brick wall of Bethel Methodist Cemetery along Savannah Road in Lewes.

No one stops to ask me what I'm doing with this primarily nocturnal instrument, surrounded by headstones and pointed directly at the sun. I wish someone would, because it's a fascinating story.

At least I think so.

The fact is, I'm engaged in a re-enactment of sorts: At this precise location, at this precise second, on this exact date 251 years ago, a team of astronomers dispatched to Lewes by none other than Benjamin Franklin himself observed the small black disk of the planet Venus traverse the face of the sun.

In so doing — in concert with astronomers taking similar measurements at that moment from locales around the globe —

they helped define the size of the solar system to a level of precision that rivals the most exacting modern calculations.

And, dear reader, if that does not get your juices flowing, I'd suggest you flip right now to the restaurant guide in the back of this issue. Because we're about to wander, stargazing, into the realm of monumental historical nerdiness — and the personal passion of a modern Rehoboth Beach resident whose obsession with stars, time and historical instruments enabled me to stand confidently on the spot where 18th century scientific history was made.

It was on May 26, 1769, that three gentlemen arrived in Lewes by boat from Philadelphia. Owen Biddle was a prominent Philadelphia clock maker; Joel Bailey was an experienced surveyor who had helped define the Mason-Dixon Line; Richard Thomas — no known relation to the actor who played John Boy on "The Waltons" — was a prominent Philadelphia surveyor. We can only

ROLL-UP RETREATS

By BILL NEWCOTT | PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAROLYN WATSON



When is a garage not a garage? When it's a curated personal passion.

"Let's go visit my motorcycle," says my brother-in-law Paul Yeager, rising from a comfy chair in his living room.

I jump to my feet excitedly, because Paul Yeager's garage, attached to his house just off Mimos Conway Road near Lewes, is one of my favorite places in coastal Delaware.

Even before Yeager opens the door, I can hear music filtering from beyond it — a 24-hour symphony of sound specially selected to serenade the countless motorcycle-and-classic-car ephemera that

line the shelves, walls, floor and, yes, ceiling of his positively posh two-car garage.

On the far wall hangs a shrine to Steve McQueen — including a poster of the star preparing to make that iconic cycle jump in "The Great Escape." The steering wheel of a Triumph is mounted nearby. The industrial-grade metal cabinets above the uber-organized workbench are peppered with photos of vintage cars.

"I have a talent," he tells me, "for taking a wall and covering it with stuff."

"It's my little home away from home ... in my home," says Paul Yeager, whose garage provides plush quarters for his pampered Ural motorcycle.

Writer of the Year 35 or More

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Kelly Vaughn



THE FRUITS OF HER LABOR

When Sylvia Watchman was a child, she helped her family tend to the peach trees they planted in Canyon de Chelly. "Sometimes we'd sit in the sun and eat the peaches," she says. "Sometimes they were a snack. Sometimes they were a whole meal." Today, with support from the Peach Tree Project, Watchman and other Navajos are working to restore this heritage crop to the canyon. But drought, expense and invasive species are making things difficult.

BY KELLY VAUGHN | PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIEN McROBERTS

SYLVIA WATCHMAN'S JEEP BOUNCES LIKE A HOG THROUGH CANYON DE CHELLY, the red-pinkish-red sandstone walls, its tires churning through the terrain like wheels. It's early September, and the peaches are ripening. So, we go to find them in tiny groves, to explore a new generation of ancient fruit thriving in an unexpected place. "When I was growing up," Watchman says, "we would play in the ruins, even though we weren't supposed to. We always found peach pits, and my grandmother would say that they had been there for ages."

Agriculture — though not specifically peach cultivation — has long been dominant in the canyon, beginning with the basketmakers and Ancestral Puebloans, who grew fields of corn and squash. The Navajo nurtured them, too. The Navajo nurture them still. And when Watchman was a child, she helped her family tend to the peach trees they planted.

"We would talk to Mother Earth and Father Sky and bless the peach seeds with corn pollen," she says. "Sometimes we'd sit in the sun and eat the peaches. Sometimes they were a snack. Sometimes they were a whole meal."

FOCUSED ON THE WEST

Jay Dusard says he's not a cowboy, but he's had a lifetime love affair with the West — and with the cowboys, cowgirls and ranchers who inhabit the landscape. Those people would become the subjects of his critically acclaimed portraits, many of which are featured in *The North American Cowboy: A Portrait*, a book made possible by a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation.

BY KELLY VAUGHN

JAY DUSARD will settle for the chile relleno, he supposes. The enchiladas he's loved for years are no longer on the menu at the Gadsden Hotel's lobby restaurant.

The hotel, it seems, is a little bit different now. The border town of Douglas is different, too. So many things are. And that's OK with Dusard, so long as he has his horses and his memories. And his photographs. And some Mexican food from time to time.

Dusard wears his lawn-colored felt hat when we meet in the hotel lobby. It is a Tuesday, mid-December, and the leaves cling to the trees outside as though they're not quite ready for desert winter. Inside, the halls are decked for Christmas.

"Isn't it just beautiful?" Dusard asks.

It is.

A former architect who became one of the country's foremost Western photographers, Dusard has long explored this region of the state, appreciated the angles of its mountains, the lines and spaces of its grasslands, the sometimes hardened and sometimes softened faces of its people.

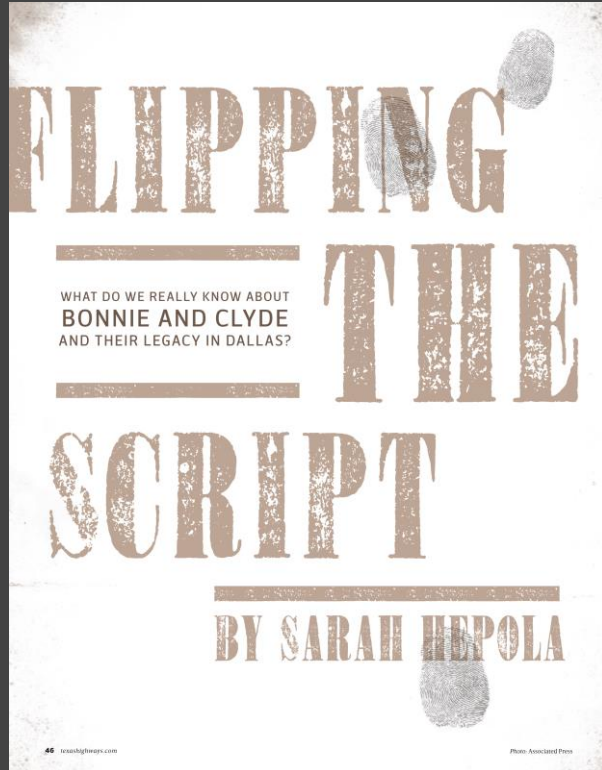
Jay Dusard, shown on his property in Douglas, has spent a lifetime using his unique approach to portrait photography — one that never misses artificial lighting or reflectors.

Steve Butler



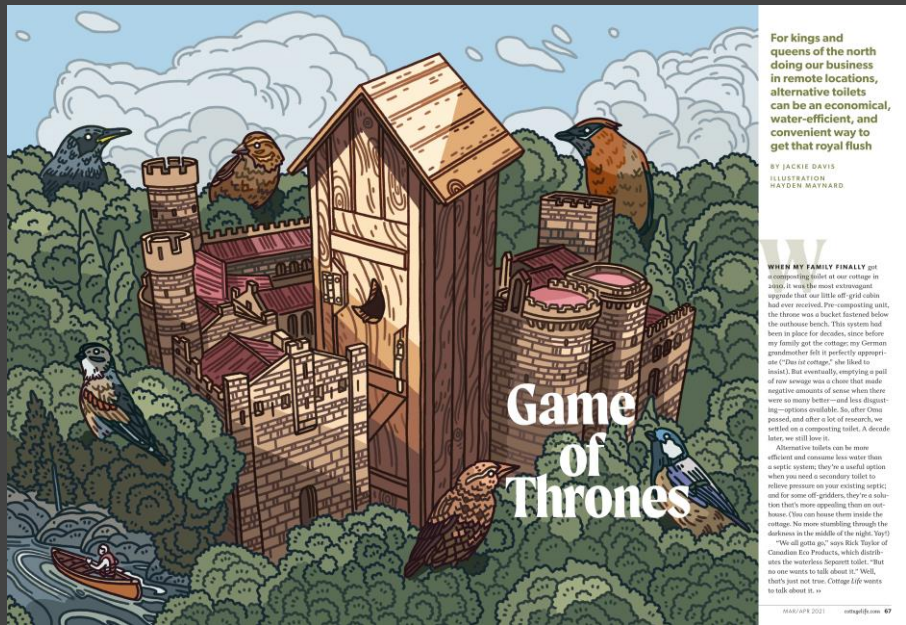
Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways – Sarah Hepola



Writer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

Cottage Life – Jackie Davis



For kings and queens of the north doing our business in remote locations, alternative toilets can be an economical, water-efficient, and convenient way to get that royal flush

BY JACKIE DAVIS
ILLUSTRATION
MAYNARD

WHEN MY FAMILY FINALLY got a composting toilet at our cottage in 1992, it was the most extravagant upgrade that our little off-grid cabin had ever received. Pre-composting units, the theme was a bucket fastened below the outdoor bench. This system had been in place for decades, since before my family got the cottage: my German grandmother felt it perfectly appropriate ("This is cottage," she liked to insist). But eventually, emptying a pail of our sewage was a chore that made negative amounts of sense when there were so many better—and less disgusting—options available. In other words, and after a lot of research, we settled on a composting toilet. A decade later, we still love it.

Alternative toilets can be more efficient and consume less water than a septic system; they're a useful option when you need an secondary toilet to relieve pressure on your existing septic; and for some off-gridders, they're a solution that's just more appealing than an outhouse. (You can house them inside the cottage. No more standing through the darkness in the middle of the night. Yay!) "We all gotta go," says Rick Taylor of Canadian Eco Products, which distributes the waterless Scepter toilet. "But no one wants to talk about it." Well, that's just not true. Cottage life wants to talk about it, so

ASKED & ANSWERED

We get the same questions to Cottage Q&A year after year. How the info has changed nearly three decades later! Or...maybe not

By JACKIE DAVIS

1

Most likely to cause false alarm

Q When it's windy, we see what looks like soap suds or foam at the water's edge. Is this actual soap? Do we have to worry about the water?

A In March 1992, we discovered: The foam is most likely a result of decomposing organic matter: algae, plants, leaves, stumps, branches, and so on. Soap suds, green, red, brown, or even white—have become a problem on lakes all over the world.

Blue-green algae is a cyanobacteria, never naturally in any type of water. But they only cause trouble if thanks to high amounts of nitrogen and phosphorus, they multiply quickly and form into large masses. These blooms deplete the water of oxygen, kill aquatic life, and make the water unsafe for swimming and drinking (let's just say you eat your dog).

If your lake is still blown free, that's a win! What can you do to keep it that way? This lesson is difficult to maintain your septic properly (see No. 6), and use phosphorus-free detergents or cleaners. Never, ever use soap in the lake. It'll add phosphorus, break nitrogen, and get actual soap suds into your water.

chances of one blossoming on your lake in 2023? Low. Today? Much more likely. In the last 30 years, blooms—they can appear blue, green, red, brown, or even white—have become a problem on lakes all over the world.

Blue-green algae is a cyanobacteria, never naturally in any type of water. But they only cause trouble if thanks to high amounts of nitrogen and phosphorus, they multiply quickly and form into large masses. These blooms deplete the water of oxygen, kill aquatic life, and make the water unsafe for swimming and drinking (let's just say you eat your dog).

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2 Reekiest, part A

Q My dog was sprayed by a skunk. We used lemon juice to clean him up, but it did nothing and the place still stinks. Can you suggest another solution?

A In July/Aug 2006, we said: Tomato juice is for drinking, not de-skunking. It's a myth that it makes an effective remedy. What does work? This tried-and-true recipe:

- 4 eggs
- 2½ hydrogen peroxide
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp liquid hand soap

Mix the formula in an open container. Use immediately.

What's the story today?

"The hydrogen peroxide, baking soda, and soap mixture is still a good method," says Jerry Dragna, a neighborhood "skunk expert." "One tip as soon as possible after the dog gets sprayed." The mixture will neutralize the sulfur compounds and neutralize the stink odor. So why does the tomato juice myth persist? "Tomato juice produces a strong odor," says Dragna. "The reason people use it is because the stink is suffering from 'olfactory fatigue.'" Tomato juice (now used) temporarily overwhelms the stink smell itself. "But when you go outside to get a breath of fresh air and come back in, all you smell is a skunk!"

By the way, we've been asked about this question, but Dragna—as a frequent answer—who has advice for anyone who gets hit by a skunk themselves. "I would never recommend this for dogs, but my wife, Chew, uses diluted bleach on me," he says. "I can tell what kind of mood she's in by how diluted the bleach is."

3 TURN OUT, A LOT OF YOUR QUESTIONS HAVE MORE OR LESS THE SAME ANSWERS

Now you can answer your own Q&A! Fill in the blanks.

Q My neighbours are _____

A [pick one: playing loud music/using blowup toys in the lake/trespassing/leaving their exterior lights on all night/venting their cottage to noisy neighbors]. How do I get them to stop?

Q Talk to them. They may not realize that what they're doing is _____

A [pick one: upsetting you/bothering the environment/breaking a law]. And involving a lawyer or higher officer right off the bat will just make things acrimonious.

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3

Reekiest, part B

Q This season, the odors seem to be high. Any suggestions for reducing the odor?

A In June 1998, we discovered: Making ventilation in the outdoors is always going to be more effective than trying to mask the smell with some kind of product. Install two or six wide-vent pipes, one in each corner over the pit, with one pipe each six to ten feet from the other. (The seven lengths will encourage air to go down one pipe and come out the other.) Make sure the pipes are tall enough to clear the roof of the pit. Add several openings in the walls, and seal up any cracks you want the steady air to seal out the noise that you're unpleasant for it instead of accumulating inside.

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Writer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Kate Nelson



Single Photo

Single Photo - Bronze

Texas Highways – A Golden Moment



Single Photo - Silver

Oklahoma Today – Light Show



Single Photo - Gold

Arizona Highways – Navajo Dancer

I photography

Q&A: Mylo Fowler

PHOTO EDITOR JEFF KIDA

JK: I first saw this photo on your Instagram feed (@navajomylo). How did this shot come together?

MP: I was leading a workshop up in the Page area, where I'm from, and we were breaking down shutter speed and situations where using shutter priority mode with a digital camera would be very effective. This was a good example of a situation where a person could experiment. While using a tripod, I slowed down the shutter speed for some shots and had the dancer move around, creating a blur. I then used a higher shutter speed to get a really crisp, clean image, which is what you see here.

JK: Did you have this image in mind ahead of time?

MP: I did, especially because of the size of that alcove. If you don't include a subject to give an idea of the scale, the viewer doesn't know how big it might be. It's sort of the opposite of a photo I made of an "arch" that's about the size of your hand, but in photos, it looks huge. So I wanted a subject that would help the viewer understand the size of the landscape.

JK: As a Navajo photographer, what does this image mean to you?

MP: Most of my images are based around Navajo heritage and culture — the things I learned growing up. I was a dancer when I was a kid — I stopped grass dancing and hoop dancing around third grade — so I've always wanted to photograph a dancer. More than that, though, from the day we're born, we connect with the land and become one with the land. This image reminds me of a mother's womb, and I put this dancer there to reflect the

idea of being in nature and being nurtured by it.

JK: Having grown up on the Navajo Nation, what are some of your favorite places to shoot in Navajoland?

MP: People ask me that all the time, and it's hard to choose a favorite, but Monument Valley is definitely in the top three. It's nice to lead workshops there with people who sort of know what they're doing, so I can sit down in the dirt, play my flute and enjoy the quiet and how immense that place is. It's so different from having neighbors on the other side of the fence.

PHOTO WORKSHOP



Navajoland and People September 2-6, Navajo Nation

This workshop focuses on the beauty, culture, traditions and landscape of the Navajo Nation, with stops at Canyon de Chelly and the Navajo Nation Fair in Window Rock. It's led by acclaimed Navajo photographer LeRoy Delisle.

Information: 888-790-7D42 or ahps.org

To learn more about photography, visit arizonahighways.com/photography.



A Navajo dancer is dwarfed by a sandstone alcove near Page in Northern Arizona.

Photo Series 35 or Less

Photo Series 35 or Less - Bronze

Saltscapes – Dramatic hues of a watershed

Dramatic hues of a watershed

Autumn along Nova Scotia's Mersey River

BY SCOTT LESLIE

It is quiet along the Mersey River. The raucous chorus of woodland birds, insects and amphibians has faded. Nature's annual time of renewal is all but complete.

It is autumn and only a gentle breeze through the trees and the whisper of the swollen river flowing through shoreline grasses can be heard. And it has been the last for ages. The granite-stained Mersey winds like a ribbon of dark tea southwest through a vivid autumn blaze of maples, birches, oaks and aspens.

Beginning at Sandy Bottom Lake near Antigonish Bay, the Mersey River flows south for 100 kilometres, crossing most of southeastern Nova Scotia before meeting the salt of the Atlantic at Liverpool. With the largest watershed of any Nova Scotia river, it drains more than 1,000 square kilometres of forest, bogs, barrens, wetlands, streams and lakes. A diversity of wildlife calls it home, including the endangered hairy woodpecker and Canada warbler. Imperilled bladdersnake turtles and threatened ribbons make this their home. The area boasts the greatest diversity of reptiles and amphibians in all of Atlantic Canada.

Atlantic Coastal Plain Flora, a group of uncommon moisture-loving plants, many of whose species are found nowhere else in the country, grow in damp areas throughout the Mersey watershed.

On a map, the river's path can be hard to trace as it meanders and cuts many lakes and tributaries. Because of this varied waterscape the Mersey



Right: Delicate bark peels from a white birch in the Mersey watershed. Below: Reflections of a swamp-like October day and brilliant floodplain meadows in a perfect autumn day.



The swollen Mersey River cascades through a small rapids after a heavy late autumn rain.

offers a diverse paddling experience for canoeists, as well as many interesting points of entry into the watershed for those on foot. For millennia the river was used by the Mi'kmaq as a route between the Bay of Fundy to the north and the Atlantic to the south.

About midway along its course, the Mersey passes through Kejimikojik National Park where it tumbles over the spectacular Mill Falls before entering, then exiting Kejimikojik Lake. On leaving the park it runs rapids into Lake Broadview, at one time mainland Nova Scotia's largest natural lake until it was dammed in 1909 to create an even bigger hydro reservoir. Below Broadview, six hydro dams disrupt the river's flow and its aquatic life before it reaches the Atlantic Ocean.

Autumn is one of the best times to enjoy the river and its environs. Marked trails at Four Mile Sluiceway near Highway 48 (just north of the park) and in Kejimikojik follow some of the Mersey's most beautiful sections. Red Maple floodplains—which can temporarily become shallow lakes during fall when the river spills its banks—are ablaze with the ancient trees



An American beech shows off its remarkable upper leaves of autumn. The declining species is found in other places throughout the Mersey River watershed.

Left: The Mersey River passes into Kejimikojik Lake before exiting again on its journey south towards the Atlantic Ocean.



"For millennia, the river was used by the Mi'kmaq as a route between the Bay of Fundy to the north and the Atlantic to the south"

Top right: This hat lying on top of the waterfalls is one of the waterfalls species found in the Mersey watershed, one of the highest rapids diversity in Atlantic Canada.

Left: Broadview Park, such as the colorful landscape of the floodplains, is one of the best places to enjoy the river.

Photo Series 35 or Less – Silver

Adirondack Life – Wild Traditions

Wild TRADITIONS

Family, friends and love
of the land—inside three
Adirondack hunting camps

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CARRIE MARIE BURR



34 ADIRONDACK LIFE AT HOME IN THE ADIRONDACKS 2022

AT HOME IN THE ADIRONDACKS 2022 ADIRONDACK LIFE 35



34 ADIRONDACK LIFE AT HOME IN THE ADIRONDACKS 2022



TWITCHELL CREEK CLUB

EST. 1936

My grandfather Dewey built the original log camp back in the 1930s using draft horses to skid the logs. It was a half mile from the railroad tracks and two-and-a-half miles from Big Moose Station. Supplies were packed in on a three-wheel railroad cart. During deer season my grandfather guided politicians who would take the train from Albany. It would stay just after the Twitchell Creek trestle and let them off. He did that until the late 1950s, when he sold the camp to a group of guys from Inlet, though my family stayed involved.

My brothers and I grew up in Inlet and heard hundreds of stories about the hunting parties, trout games and other incidents at camp. As kids we helped take care of the place and about two decades ago I became an official member. Today there are 20 camp members. We have about 1,000 acres that we lease. We maintain the camp and take pride in it. It takes a lot of work to do what we do.

Many hunting camps are dying out and members are older, but my children are grown up and a part of it, and I'd like to see it keep going as long as it can. It's more of a family camp now and gets used more out of deer season than in it. Members snowmobile, cross-country ski, or go up in summer to hike and fish and ATV. At 28, my daughter had never been trout fishing. We went fishing at our pond on the Inlet and she reeled in a 14-inch brook trout. I told her, "If you ever want to go deer hunting..."

There are just a couple of rules at camp. What happens at camp stays at camp. And you're never lost until the next day—we aren't looking for you at night. When we hunt you have to work to get lost since we're bordered between the railroad and Stillwater Road. Of course, you might have a heck of a walk. —Greg Radd



FACING PAGE: Twitchell Creek camp scenes and hunting club members. PAGE: BOTTOM RIGHT: Greg Radd, whose grandfather Dewey built the camp more than 80 years ago. Dewey ran the Red Wolf grouse season late of fall to Presley & Perkins in Inlet. PAGES 28-31: Greg and Tami Radd, Mike Bartolotti, Rick Horner, Maggie Inhise and John Bartolotti.



AT HOME IN THE ADIRONDACKS 2022 ADIRONDACK LIFE 37

Photo Series 35 or Less - Gold

albemarle Magazine – 30 Ways to Know a Place

30 WAYS TO KNOW A PLACE

A Photographic Essay

In a thirty day personal photographic essay photographer Bill Mauzy captures life-affirming images of his Piedmont woodland home during the early days of COVID-19

April 1, 2020.

Entry one, 30 Ways To Know A Place.

The governor said stay at home, the Coronavirus is among us. In recent days I've noticed more than a few complaints in my social media feeds—I need to stop reading those. All the while, I'm thinking, what an incredible opportunity to hit the pause button, catch up on the to-do list, read some of those books languishing on my shelves. Sleep in. Do a better job of loving one another. Get to know my forty-year-old.

Yet fear and anxiety creep in. What will the coming days bring? How about my photo projects underway? How will we teach our little one what she needs to learn? What about our jobs? Will we have enough to eat? Will we get sick? Will someone we know die? What if it starts to feel like a chapter from a Cormac McCarthy novel around here, are we ready for that? How fortunate will I be if we emerge from this maddening time with the answers we want to each of those questions. We'll hold on to hope and see what each new day brings.

"Listen privately, silently to the voices that rise up from the pages of books and from your own heart. Be still and listen to the voices that belong to the streambanks and the trees and the open fields. There are songs and sayings that belong to this place. Be which it speaks for itself and no other. Found your hope, then, on the ground under your feet. Your hope of Heaven, let it rest on the ground. Underfoot. Be lightened by the light that falls freely upon it after the darkness of the night. And the darkness of our ignorance and madness."

—an excerpt of Sabbath, VI by Wendell Berry



Day one



Day two



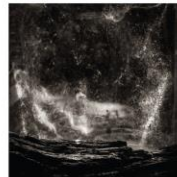
Day three



Day four



Day five



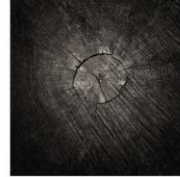
Day six



Day seven



Day eight



Day nine



Day ten



Day eleven



Day twelve



Day thirteen



Day fourteen



Day fifteen



Day sixteen



Day seventeen



Day eighteen



Day nineteen

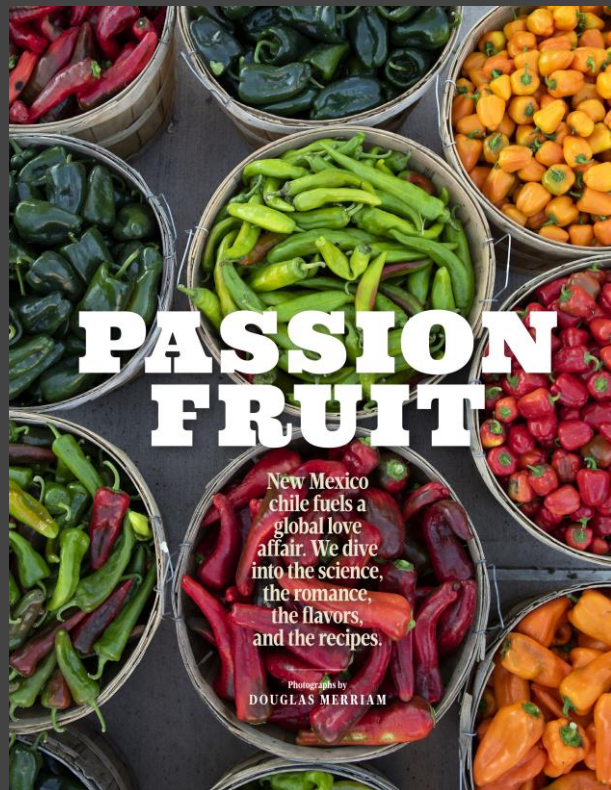


Day twenty

Photo Series 35 or More

Photo Series 35 or More - Merit

New Mexico Magazine – Passion Fruit



New Mexico chile fuels a global love affair. We dive into the science, the romance, the flavors, and the recipes.

Photographs by
DOUGLAS MERRIAM

The harvest pours forth in southern New Mexico. Facing page: A sample of varieties grown at the Chile Pepper Institute, in Las Cruces.



"The Big Jim chile has enough heat to make it pleasurable while not being so hot you have to inhale," Jimmy Lytle says. "You can actually enjoy the flavor, with just a good punch."

"The aji chile has such a unique flavor profile that Mexicans say they don't taste right," he says. "But a Peruvian or Bolivian says, 'That's my chile.'"

Big Jim lovers wanted their chile back. But how do you replicate a lost flavor? Bosland started by scoring some of the 1975 seeds from a cold storage facility at Colorado State University. In the first year, he grew a new crop to replace the borrowed seeds and enough for himself the following year.

He asked local farmers to walk the field that second year, tasting the chiles and flagging the ones that reminded them of home.

He harvested seeds from the most popular ones and grew those. Then he did it again; and again, each time deepening the flavor. "It was a 10-year process," he says.

Besides the flavor, the plant architecture had to change to fit farms—and it had to have a uniform heat."

How hot? Well, they could have chosen mild, medium, or hot from those variable heat seeds. The institute had already bred a reliable mild

with the NuMex Joe E. Parker, an Anaheim-style chile, and a strong medium with the similarly reengineered NuMex Heritage 6-4, a New Mexico-style pod. For Big Jim, Bosland and the growers chose hot.

By 2013, NuMex Heritage Big Jim seeds were ready.

Jimmy Lytle, son of the namesake, and his wife, Jo, stand by the legacy version and grow it today. "We're smitten about it," Jo says. "We have the foundation seed." Their children now oversee the chile fields and the family's Hatch Chile Express store, selling frozen and powdered chile, salsas, sauces,



Lytle and his wife, Jo, stand by the legacy version and grow it today. "We're smitten about it," Jo says. "We have the foundation seed." Their children now oversee the chile fields and the family's Hatch Chile Express store, selling frozen and powdered chile, salsas, sauces,

and ristras (hatchchile express.com).

"The Big Jim chile has enough heat to make it pleasurable while not being so hot you have to inhale," Jimmy Lytle says. "You can actually enjoy the flavor, with just a good punch."

He likes to stud his rellenos with ham and cheese, but notes that a loyal customer

in Maine opts for lobster. "Doesn't that sound delicious?" Jo says.

After all of his work tinkering with chile flavors, Bosland hopes that consumers go beyond asking about a chile's heat level and factor in flavor as well. "We want people to ask for varieties—just like you do with apples," he says. "Different varieties have different

flavors. Know what flavors you like and ask for that." Just make sure it's from Hatch, Jo says. What makes that chile a national favorite? "Well, other than the good soil, the living water from the Rio Grande, and the hot days and cool nights, I guess the best answer is that God smiled on us. And for that we are always grateful."

Photo Series 35 or More - Bronze

Down East – The Parable of the Sower

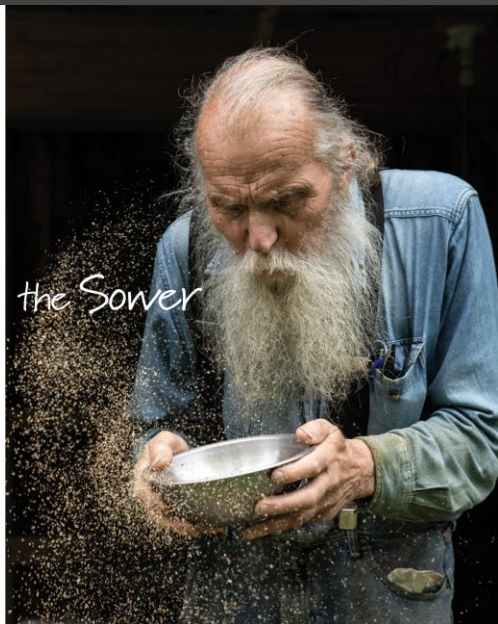
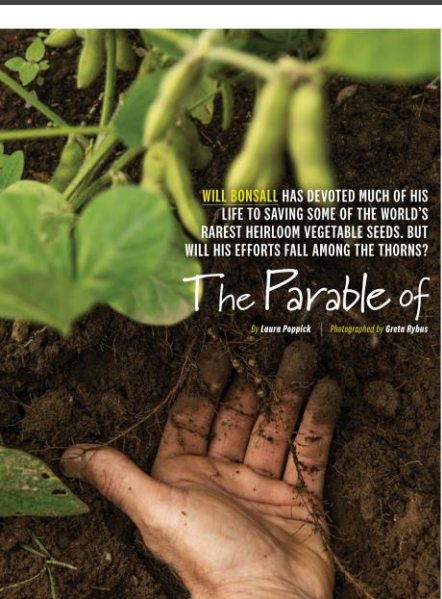


Photo Series 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways – The Evolution of Landscape Photography

THE EVOLUTION OF LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY

A Portfolio Edited by Jeff Kida

Azizona Highways has come a long way in 95 years, but so has the landscape photography that's been displayed on the magazine's pages since 1925. Even that progression that our photo editor, Jeff Kida, aimed to illustrate with this portfolio.

"It was a relative evolution," Kida says. "We started as an engineering magazine reporting on road conditions; however, from the beginning, photographers were thinking about aesthetics, but they were limited. Their equipment was big and cumbersome, their film and lenses were slow, and everything had to be shot from a sturdy tripod."

As Arizona highways evolved into a consumer magazine with a focus on getting people to visit the state's most beautiful places, the landscape shots it featured evolved, too. Improving technology played a role, Kida says, "but the driving force was the creative spark within individual photographers. They studied each other and paid attention to what their peers were doing." Raymond Carver, who served as editor from 1958 to the early 1980s, was instrumental in encouraging that creativity, Kida adds.

For this portfolio, Kida paged through the more than 1,800 issues in the magazine's history. From tens of thousands of photos, he selected those to illustrate where we've been and where we are today. "It became like piecing together a puzzle," he says. "I tried to make sense out of a 95-year timeline, and to distinguish the technological and artistic changes we saw along the way."

The result is Kida's look at 95 years of photographic history. We hope you enjoy it.

—Naah Austin

September 2015

Adam Schuler

"This shot is a combination of art and technology, which makes it a good place to start this look at our photographic evolution," says Photo Editor Jeff Kida. "Modern technology made it possible to capture a moment in time at the Grand Canyon, which is being illuminated by moonlight. The landscape itself is the subject, lighting, and camera is coming through the clouds. Modern digital cameras and sensors allowed Schuler to capture this in a single exposure at a very high ISO. But his creative vision made this shot happen, and the captured is beautiful."



arizonahighways.com 29



January 1927

Photographer unknown

Trees form a canopy over the Tucson-Rogers Highway. "Early photographs in Arizona Highways were intended to document roads and road conditions," Kida says. "That was the mission, but even in the early days, we are seeing where looking at things in a different way—in ways that didn't just show the roads. They often were looking for aesthetic value as well."



July 1929

Photographer unknown

"Along with road conditions, the magazine soon began talking about destinations—things people could see and places they could go," Kida says. "This rocky creek scene in Hualapai Canyon is an example of that. Our early photographers found beauty in these places. This also demonstrates the power of black and white photography. We didn't have color photos in the early years, but black and white allows form and texture to become prominent."

30 APRIL 2020

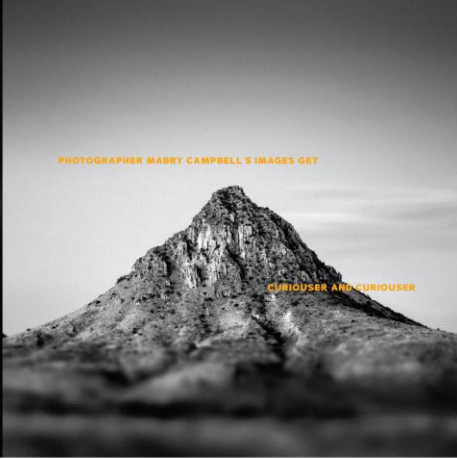
arizonahighways.com 31

Photo Series 35 or More - Gold

Texas Highways – Texas in Wonderland



LYONDELLBASELL TOWER IN DOWNTOWN HOUSTON



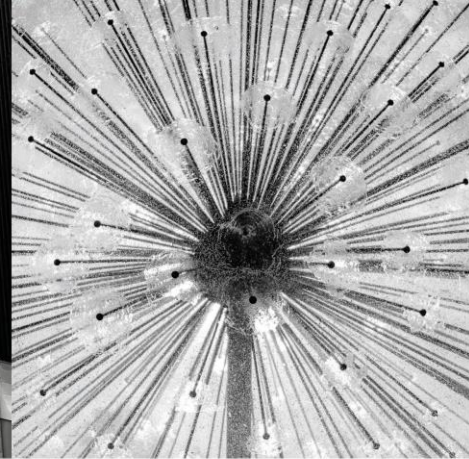
PHOTOGRAPHER MABRY CAMPBELL'S IMAGES GET

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

MITRE PEAK NEAR FORT DAVIS



THE TWO TOWERS OF PENZOIL PLACE IN DOWNTOWN HOUSTON



GUS WORTHAM MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN IN BUFFALO BAYOU PARK IN HOUSTON

Portrait Photo

Portrait Photo - Silver

Texas Highways – Rolling with the Wheel



Portrait Photo - Gold

Arizona Highways – Greg Wildman



Q&A: Joel Grimes

JEFF KIDA, PHOTO EDITOR

JK: How did this photo come together?

JG: I've done a lot of portrait photography in my career, but usually it's with a single subject. This time, I had the idea of photographing a cowboy — in this case, Greg Wildman — with a horse. I always tell people that the technical part of photography is the easy part. The challenge is putting everything together in preparation for the shoot. I spent two weeks scouting, securing the horse and dealing with other logistics.

JK: What are some of the challenges?

JG: Horses often don't like to stand still. You get a horse in the position you want, and then it wants to move again. It's a constant dance of trying to get the horse and the cowboy in the right spots. I would have Greg walk the horse in a 40-foot loop and come back to their spots, and then I would make a few photos before the horse got restless again. I also used a strobe with a medium softbox, which can sometimes startle a horse.

JK: Tell me more about your use of strobes.

JG: It's just part of my comfort zone. By directing light at the subject's face, I'm able to control the quality of the light and also knock down the background. With only natural light, the background would be

much brighter. This way, I'm able to draw the viewer's attention to right where I want it. Arizona generally has very harsh sunlight, and my job is to work around that harshness and build a little drama, much like a landscape photographer looks for dramatic light or weather when composing a photograph.

JK: Is this a single exposure?

JG: It is, but I wanted a little more texture to the sky, so I added some wispy clouds later. It's so subtle that it barely shows, but I think it adds a lot to the photo.

JK: What do you like about this particular shot?

JG: I made some shots of Greg when he was facing the camera, and they looked a little staged. When he and the horse both looked away, Greg's jawline and the hardness of his face stood out, and I knew that was the shot. Because of my use of strobes, my work is contrived, in a way, but you wait for that moment when it doesn't look contrived — the subject relaxes, or they turn or lean a certain way. This was the one. I printed this one and hung it above my fireplace, and if a photographer does that with their own work, you know they must like it a lot.



PHOTO WORKSHOP

Kofa Mountains

January 29-31, Western Arizona

Jagged peaks, native palms, steep canyons and desert bighorn sheep are among the subjects of this workshop at one of Arizona's most distinctive mountain ranges.

It's led by frequent *Arizona Highways* contributor Laurence Parent.

Information: 888-790-7042 or ahps.org

To learn more about photography, visit arizonahighways.com/photography.

Portrait Series

Portrait Series – Merit

Adirondack Life – Hunting with Helena

Hunting

BY JOE CONNELLY

with

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YVONNE ALBINOWSKI

Helena

Meet North Creek's teenage falconer

HELENA WILLIAMS STEPS OFF THE SCHOOL BUS AND CLIMBS THE long driveway to the house at the top. Basketball season has started and most of her classmates are already at the gym, but basketball is not Helena's sport, nor is it hockey or soccer or track. Helena is a hunter, and her teammate is a hawk. She grabs her satchel and puts it on the table and checks through the equipment inside: leather hood, leather jess, bells and snaffle, and the short, finely knotted ropes, called jesses, that will hold the hawk to her when she needs. Helena adds the food she defrosted last night—the baby chicks that Valkyrie loves—and then she londs the bag over her shoulder, slides the thick leather glove over her left hand, and heads outside.

Around a corner from her house, across the lawn and into the woods, sits another smaller house, called a mew, where Valkyrie lives. This was built by her grandfather two years before, when Helena first applied for her apprentice falconer's license. The law requires every falconer to be at least 14 years old, to pass a 100-question written test, and have their mews inspected by the Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC). At 16, Helena is one of the youngest apprentices in the state.

The hawk sits on her perch at the back of the house, her eyes searching the woods beyond. She shows no movement as Helena enters, but when the glove opens beneath her, she steps keenly to it, head arching, talons squeezing. Helena places her on the scale in the front room—1,100 grams, the perfect flying weight. The rules of falconry date back 4,000 years, and Helena's sponsor has trained her in the old ways of the sport, to know one's hawk like oneself, learn her hunger and fears, but even the guardians of the old ways use a digital scale. Just a few grams left or right of her flying weight could mean the difference between a bird that's ready to hunt and one that won't come out of the tree.

With her free hand Helena reaches into her bag and pulls out the crested leather hood and uses her teeth to help fasten it tight over V's eyes. (Helena's hawk is named Valkyrie, but everyone calls her V.) Immediately the hawk's wings fold silently behind her, as if asleep. Under the light of day, V can see a mouse in the grass 100 feet below, but without night vision she's vulnerable in the dark. Her best defense against predators is to remain perfectly still, which she does as Helena places her onto the perch in the back of her mom's Acadia. Helena does not yet have a driver's license. She sits in the passenger seat as her mom drives them to the open fields beneath the power lines, the best hunting grounds around. Every owner of a falconer's license must also hold a valid hunting license,

Falconer Helena Williams with Valkyrie, a red-tailed hawk.

Portrait Series - Merit

Oklahoma Today – The Revivalists



THE REVIVALISTS

Black Wall Street isn't just history—it's now. Meet the entrepreneurs who make today's Greenwood a cultural touchstone for Tulsa.

By KASHEA MCCOWAN

Photography by SHANE BEVEL

All the Wright Moves

RICCO WRIGHT HAS CREATED AN ALL-PURPOSE SPACE FOR CELEBRATING GREENWOOD.

An educator, philosopher, activist, writer, and poet, Ricco Wright is the body and soul of Black Wall Street. From hosting soirées of two hundred and fifty people or more in his home to launching the Black Wall Street Gallery in 2018, Wright creates an atmosphere that nurtures the spirit of community and conversation. "Imagine yourself going to a really dope place, and they just so happen to have art on the wall—that's how I'm envisioning Black Wall Street Gallery," he says. Growing up in Tulsa, Wright felt confined. He'd had enough of conforming to other people's opinions about his life. He left for New York in 2004 to attend Columbia University on a Bill Gates academic scholarship and, immersed in a city with many different cultures and backgrounds, he felt a desire to build a legacy for his own community. He returned to Oklahoma in 2014 and taught mathematics at Langston University for two years before relocating to Tulsa in 2017.

"I could have done all of this in New York, but I am not from New York," Wright says. "I am from Oklahoma—specifically Tulsa. And I wanted to give back for that purpose. I want to build a legacy for my own people; and I refer to Oklahomans as 'my own people'."

Like those who established Greenwood in 1906, Wright exemplifies the spirit of entrepreneurship. Incorporating literature, music, poetry, film, and art, Black Wall Street Gallery is an eclectic as its creator. He provides more than just a place to look at art—this is an atmosphere where filmmakers, writers, musicians, comedians, artists, and poets gather to one creative space. Wright's exhibitions provide healing for the community—such as Shannon Nicole's *Blackstone*, which highlights prominent black Oklahoma pioneers of the twentieth century, and the *Local Legends* Showcase that injects truth into humor. This May, Black Wall Street Gallery will host an opening reception for a new exhibit by Eddie K Allen, who also will give an artist talk at the gallery May 19. On May 12, Oklahoma writer Rilla Askew will speak about her book *Fire in Beulah*.

Whether his gallery provides conciliatory conversation or healing laughter, Wright is at the forefront of helping mend the wounds of a community through dialogue and art while building new launching pads for the area's thriving entrepreneurial spirit.

BLACK WALL STREET GALLERY

• 10 North Greenwood Avenue in Tulsa
• 918.986.2135
• bwsgallery.com

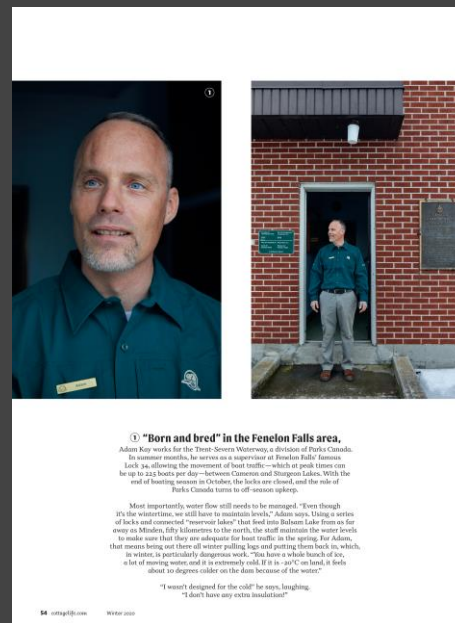
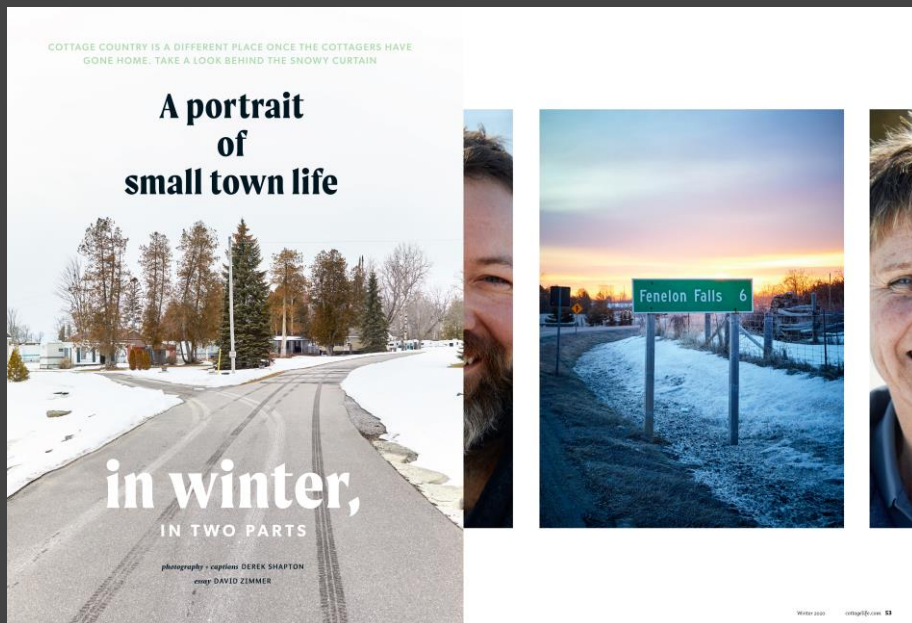
In March 2020, Ricco Wright's Black Wall Street Gallery hosted the exhibit *Black Oklahomans* by Shannon Nicole. Many of the watercolorists in the exhibit first appeared in the January/February 2019 issue of *Oklahoma Today*.



Trey Thaxton sells clothing from his 19and21.com gift shop at Silhouette Sneakers & Art in Greenwood.

Portrait Series - Bronze

Cottage Life – A Portrait of Small Town Life



Portrait Series - Silver

Texas Highways – Work, Eat, Dance, Repeat

BY JOE NICK PATOSKI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE SHAFER

WORK EAT DANCE REPEAT

IN TEXAS' GOLDEN TRIANGLE, CAJUN CULTURE FLOURISHES

JUDE MOREAU,
A CAJUN
ACCORDIONIST
FROM GROVES



you'll find boudin balls alongside hot dogs at the concession stand of a high school football game—and gumbo on the menu of a Mexican restaurant.

Larry Judice, 71, is a third-generation Texan Cajun whose father and grandfather operated groceries and meat markets in the Golden Triangle. In 1978, he opened Larry's French Market, a grocery and deli in Groves, just outside of Port Arthur, serving lunch plates to refinery workers.

"By trade I was a butcher, and we sold lots of seafood," says Judice, now retired. "We were one of the first to sell crawfish live. We started getting rid of shuffles and putting more tables in. Then we put in a dance floor. It just boomed after that."

Larry's evolved into a full-blown entertainment venue with an all-you-can-eat

Cajun seafood buffet and live bands on weekends. In many respects, Larry's functions like a community center. "There are so many Cajuns that live around here," Judice says. "We love the music, the food, friendship. Family getting together to have a fun do-do—a dance—having a good time."

Stewart Gordon, manager of Larry's French Market, insists there's a method to his bon temps madness. "They eat till they're stuffed, then they dance it off."

Indeed, music is perhaps the strongest cultural bond uniting Cajuns in the Golden Triangle, attracting the community for dances and parties.

"I've had this music in my heart since I was a little kid," says Jude Moreau, a Groves bandleader who spent summers as a kid at the family farm near Opelousas, Louisiana,



where he experienced rural Cajun life firsthand. Moreau learned to dance and play accordion after being immersed in Cajun music at the old Boudin Club, an influential but now-defunct Cajun institution on the outskirts of Port Arthur.

"I don't know how to explain this—we're huggin' OK!" Moreau says, reflecting on Cajun music's infectious groove. "We love to be up close and personal. So even when we're dancing a two step, we're close to each other. The we're huggin' is the same way when we dance the waltz. What we play makes you want to dance—it moves

you, it draws you in." Moreau has played stages in Texas and beyond with Ed Proffard, a Creole accordionist from Beaumont. In a workshop behind his home, Proffard repairs, tunes, and builds Cajun accordions from scratch—a craft he learned from Moreau. Passing on his work on a single-row button accordion, Proffard speaks the dynamic between Cajuns and Creoles, i.e., Cajuns with African, Caribbean, and/or American Indian ancestry.

Creoles play zydeco music, accordion-driven dance music infused with rhythm

WE LOVE THE MUSIC.
**THE FOOD,
FRIENDSHIP,
FAMILY GETTING TOGETHER
TO HAVE A
Fais DO-DO**

and blues and hip-hop elements, which is very different from contemporary Cajun music. But when Proffard, a Creole, and Moreau, a Cajun, play old-style music together, they're "married," Proffard says. "Cajuns and Creoles are wedded together," he says. "You can listen to somebody born in the early 1900s, and he likes Creole or Cajun or hearse, the sound of the accordion is very similar. As the years progressed, Cajun style became more festive, more none-y, and the Creole style remained simple and pure. That's it. That's the only way to explain it."

While Moreau and Proffard are in their 60s, younger Cajuns from the Golden Triangle are continuing the musical tradition. Donovan Bousquet, a gregarious 19-year-old from Beaumont, is among those up-and-comers in the accordeons for the band Cajun Strong.

Bousquet works at Big Trouble's Boudin & Cracklins food truck in Port Arthur, where he sometimes heads meals, hour jams outside the shack. His playing precedes him. "Given men have started me asking for accordion tab sheets. If I could write it out for them, or send them a video," Bousquet says with a tinge of incredulity. "I try to help as much as I can because this is something you don't want to die."

With Cajuns residing in southeast Texas for more than a century, their culture is intertwined with the Golden Triangle

JANUARY 2016 31

Portrait Series - Gold

Arizona Highways – I Just Want to Go Home

I Just Want To Go Home!

The story of the San Juan Southern Paiute Tribe is unique: It's the only federally recognized tribe in Arizona without its own land. The tribe used to have a place of its own, but now that land is part of the Navajo Nation. In 2000, the Paiutes signed a treaty with the Navajos that would grant the Paiutes 5,400 acres, but that agreement has yet to be ratified by Congress.

BY MORGAN SJÖGREN • PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ZICKL

"WE WERE A SECRET," tears gather in Candelora Lehi's eyes as she places her hands on her desk for support. "We just want people to know we've always been here. That we're here." Candelora is the vice president of the San Juan Southern Paiute Tribe. As we sit in the tribe's office in Tuba City, the name Lehi, inscribed on Candelora's placard, catches my eye. The name is carved, along with petroglyphs of horses, in the canyons on the flanks of Navajo Mountain. I ask her about it as I pull up a photo on my phone. "That was my grandfather's brother Joseph," she says. Names and places can carry the weight of a nation, but in the American melting pot, their significance can go unnoticed. However, it was a name that brought me here. On hills across the Colorado Plateau, I began seeing "Circle Whiskers, San Juan Paiute" carved into sandstone canyon walls, and more than once it was accompanied by Joseph Lehi's name. Countless other Indians across the decades have breathed past these names without notice, or perhaps glanced at them and marched on.

Yet my curiosity has pushed me off the trail, to Tuba City, to learn the history of a tiny tribe I've heard almost nothing about. I quickly learn that, like these Paiute names carved in stone, the modern history of the San Juan Southern Paiute Tribe is hiding in plain sight.



Many American Indians have been removed from traditional San Juan Southern Paiute land in northeastern Arizona, and divided among the tribe's unique district of Pacific.



Candelora Lehi (left) is vice president of the San Juan Southern Paiute Tribe. Here, she's pictured with her daughter Hesperia John, a fellow member of the tribe's council, and Hesperia's daughters Freya (center) and Lydia.

Photographer of the Year
35 or Less

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Arizona Wildlife Views – George Andrejko



Make a Mark for

Wildlife

Story by Lee Allen
Photographs by George Andrejko

If this case, "X" does mark the spot where treasure is buried — if the "X" is in the form of a checkmark on your tax return that is designated for state wildlife. Make a Mark for Wildlife is a voluntary program that allows taxpayers to support wildlife by checking the Arizona Wildlife Fund box on state tax returns.

The option has been around since 1982 when Arizona joined 40 other states in allowing taxpayers to make a voluntary and tax deductible contribution to worthwhile causes when filing state tax returns. Since that time, those donated dollars have had a cumulative effect in supporting the Arizona Game and Fish Department's work to conserve and protect wildlife, one of the state's most valuable natural resources.



STORY BY ELAINE PITTMAN | PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE ANDREJKO

CONSERVATION IN ACTION

16 ARIZONA WILDLIFE VIEWS • MAY/JUNE 2020

MAY/JUNE 2020 • ARIZONA WILDLIFE VIEWS 17

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Oklahoma Today – Shane Bevel



Photographer of the Year
35 or More

Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

Texas Highways – Tom McCarthy Jr.

SIGHTSEER | BRENHAM

Knock, Knock

During a 2018 trip to Brenham, photographer Tom McCarthy Jr. wanted to capture the "antiquing vibe" of the town. He found what he sought with the color, shapes, and textures along an exterior wall of Today and Yesterday Antiques. "Brenham has those classic aspects, like the historic buildings and traditional town square layout around the art deco Washington County Courthouse," he says, "but there are also pops of color from the antiques stores and many art murals." McCarthy, who is based in Austin, says his travels around the state are always revealing. "With each town I visit, I feel like I have a better understanding of the people and places in Texas."



Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

Arizona Highways – Jack Dykinga



FLIGHT PATTERNS

The abstract nature of blackbird murmurations. A PORTFOLIO BY JACK DYKINGA ■ TEXT BY RUTH RUDNER

■ In pre-dawn light, yellow-headed blackbirds take flight in Tucson. "They're rising from the unfilled of places, a gravel pit along the Santa Cruz river drainage," photographer Jack Dykinga says. "Their cries become a cacophony as they prepare to take off. Then, on a mass to confuse waiting hawks, they break across the sky to feed in the agricultural fields of Marana, north of Tucson."



May 2010
Jack Dykinga

"Jack shot this photo from a very low angle on the Little Colorado River, so the color of the water really dominates," Kida says. "He used the sunlit rocks in the background to form a juxtaposition between warm and cool tones, and he stepped the viewer through the scene using the stones in the river. It all adds up to a very effective image."

Illustration

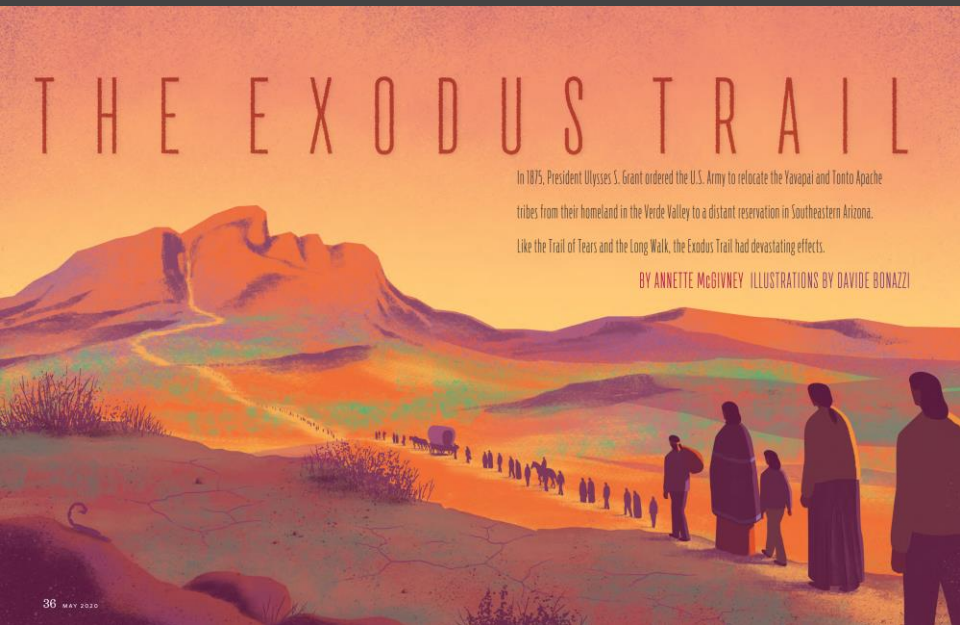
Illustration - Bronze

Texas Highways – The State Fair of Texas



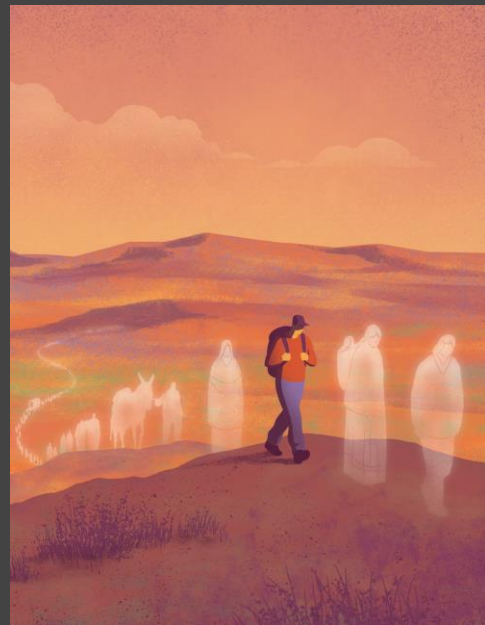
Illustration - Silver

Arizona Highways – The Exodus Trail



In 1875, President Ulysses S. Grant ordered the U.S. Army to relocate the Yavapai and Tonto Apache tribes from their homeland in the Verde Valley to a distant reservation in Southeastern Arizona. Like the Trail of Tears and the Long Walk, the Exodus Trail had devastating effects.

BY ANNETTE McGIVNEY ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVIDE BONAZZI



10 miles per day to cover a 200-mile route. Lewis got blisters on his feet, and his tennis shoes were always covered in cactus spines. Many days, it snowed or rained, and the hikers often woke up to discover frost on their tents. On even different occasions when the group was hiking on U.S. Forest Service land, ranchers accused them of trespassing on private property. And once, they had to hide from two men who were harassing them and attempting to shoot them on ATN. When the hikers reached Theodore Roosevelt Lake, which they crossed by boat, members of the Fort McDowell Yavapai Nation came and sang prayer songs to ensure a safe remainder of the journey.

After 18 days of walking, Lewis and his crew made it to Old San Carlos, west to the often-dry Gila River. "I thought about how this land would have looked to my people when they first arrived," Lewis says. "In the Verde Valley, it is lush with trees to be under. But San Carlos is dry and sparse. And our people were forced to lose their life 27 years."

An entire generation born on San Carlos land had no direct memory of their true home in the Verde Valley.

But the desire to go back to Shi Keeyaa never waned.

A N ENTIRE GENERATION PASSED below the Yavapai and Tonto Apaches were allowed to leave the San Carlos Reservation. Many of the tribal members who came from the Verde died of old age, influenza or other diseases. And an entire generation born on San Carlos land had no direct memory of their true home in the Verde Valley. But the desire to go back to Shi Keeyaa never waned.

"From 1875 through the early 1900s, we were constantly asking about going home," says Maurice Connolly, a Yavapai-Apache tribal member who holds a doctorate in history and teaches Native American studies at Drexel College. "I have read the Bureau of Indian Affairs records from San Carlos. The petitions to return started immediately and continued year after year. Every Indian agent and officer who was there reported groups of my people asking, 'When can we go home?'"

In the turn of the 20th century, the Apache Wars were over and the federal government was no longer interested in hauling the large concentration of American Indians held against their will at San Carlos. Around 1902, Yavapai and Tonto Apache tribal members discovered they could simply wander off the reservation without repercussions. They trickled out in family groups and slowly made

their way back toward the Verde Valley, often working at mines and dam construction projects along the way. But when the people arrived in their traditional homeland, European-American immigrants had taken over their previous dwelling sites and springs. "We lived as squatters in camps around the mines," Connolly says. "We could not get back our ancestral lands."

In 1983, the federal government purchased 18 acres at the old Army barracks at Camp Verde to give the Yavapai and Tonto Apache a place to live. And in 1994, under the auspices of the Indian Reorganization Act, the Yavapai-Apache Nation was created — along with federally recognized tribal land in Middle Verde and Camp Verde. Today, the Yavapai-Apache Nation's land encompasses more than 2,000 acres in five communities — Camp Verde, Middle Verde, Clarkdale, Rimrock and Tlaul — and the tribe has grown to more than 2,000 members.

The Yavapai-Apache Nation saw its economic conditions improve when its CHL Casino Casino opened in 1995. Gaming revenues have allowed the Yavapai and Tonto Apaches to become self-sufficient again, supporting programs for the elderly and youth, along with a cultural center that teaches members traditional practices, such as basket weaving, and lessons in the Yavapai and Apache languages.

A towering bronze statue sits at the entrance to the center. It depicts the elderly man who carried his wife in a basket under the moon to San Carlos. And every year, at the end of February, the Yavapai-Apache Nation celebrates Focdaa Hareya Day, which commemorates the tribes' return to its homeland from San Carlos. But the trauma of the marches, and of the violence that preceded the exile, lingers for many tribal members.

"The results of historical trauma affect the lifespan of our people," says Randall, the Apache culture director. "It is sad that the elderly are all gone. They should be around right now in their 80s and 90s, but alcoholism killed them off."

However, Randall points to the statue as a symbol of the people's resiliency and capacity to rise above trauma. "We can survive hardship and pain and still have the heart and desire to live and love someone enough to carry them home," he says.

When Lewis killed the Exoduster Trail, he says, he learned a lot about resilience — not only of his ancestors, but also in himself. The trek made him more connected to the land and determined to educate fellow tribal members about their traditional culture and connection to their home.

In a memoir, Lewis periodically recalls a journal he kept during the trek. One of his favorite entries was recorded at Theodore Roosevelt Lake, when he was camped next to a pond that was bustling with ducks. He wrote: "Definition of strength: Having the power of physical and emotional strength to overcome within yourself what seems unbearable." [PHOTO](#)

Illustration - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Voices in the Dark



The spring cattle roundup was over. Junie was anxious to get home to see his mom before it got dark.

The brilliant yellow sun behind the majestic Cabezon Peak was slowly disappearing. While Grandpa hitched his horses to the wagon, Junie and his dad loaded the camping gear, bedding, clothing, and what little food was left, and they departed the campsite.

Junie was riding El Prieto, and his dad was on Moro.

About two miles from the house, the father paused.

"Let's take a shortcut by El Aguaje. Moro's really thirsty," he said. The horses' slurping at the water hole lulled the father to sleep. His head slumped to his chest as he sat on his horse.

Junie then heard a rumbling noise in the dusk. He looked toward the bluff near El Aguaje, and what did he see? A white ghost on a black horse!

Unable to contain himself, he bawled at his father, a short distance away, "Apá, Apá!"

"What? What?" the father

said in a daze as he sat up.

"Look! A white ghost, a white ghost!"

"Oh," he uttered calmly.

"That's the Lady of Good

“

"Will we ever see the ghost's face, Apá?"



A WHITE GHOST AT EL AGUAJE

Hope. She comes here now and then from El Cerro de la Buena Esperanza, which you can see in the distance."

"But why can't you see her face?"

"Ah, your grandpa Lolo told me when I was a boy that a mother and her baby daughter drowned in this watering hole a long time ago. The infant never saw her mother's face. So what you see is the mother's ghost. She keeps coming here hoping to see her daughter's spirit. The day that happens,

the mother-ghost will uncover her face for the daughter to see it."

"Apá, do you think that will ever happen?"

"Probably. You see, white symbolizes hope. That's why the mother-ghost is wearing that long white veil."

"Will we ever see the ghost's face, Apá?"

"Probably not. Ghosts never show their face to humans. That's part of their mystery. Okay, let's go. Your mom's waiting for us."

Art Direction of a Single Story

35 or Less

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Merit

KANSAS! Magazine – ‘Part of the Legacy that Shapes Who We Are’

‘PART OF THE
LEGACY
THAT SHAPES WHO WE ARE’

Oscar-winning filmmaker Kevin Willmott talks about his life in Kansas, his approach to cinema and his commitment to fighting racism

Interview by Martinez Hillard

Photography by Carter Gaskins

Illustrations by Torren Thomas and Lana Grove



5 SIGNATURE ELEMENTS OF A KEVIN WILLMOTT FILM

Every filmmaker has a certain style and approach that carry over from one work to another. Here are some themes highlighted in many Kevin Willmott works.

3 A COMMENTARY ON RACE In America Willmott's films often critique race relations in the United States, beginning with his big breakthrough, *CSA: The Confederate States of America*, a 2004 exploration of what modern America might have looked like if the Confederate forces had won the Civil War (and a disturbing examination of how harmful antebellum images persist in real, modern American culture).

4 A NOD TO OLD INDUSTRIAL-STYLE FILM Willmott will often intentionally edit the look of a film to make it appear somewhat scratchy, old-style, as if it was produced in the 50s or during the time the events took place. This technique was used in portions of *CSA* as well as in his acclaimed 2018 film, *The BlackKlansman*.

1 FAMILIAR FRIENDS Willmott often works with a group of regular collaborators such as Spike Lee, Trai Byers, Byron Myrick, and Laura Kirk.

2 ABSURD AND THE TRAGIC Willmott's stories often combine the absurd with the tragic, blurring the lines between history and parody and challenging audiences to question the sense and often outrageousness of reality. *CSA*, for example, shows a story of President Abraham Lincoln trying to escape victorious Southern troops by wearing blackface. That's based on the real-life incident of Confederate President Jefferson Davis dressing as a woman to hide from Union soldiers after the South fell—and challenges audiences to compare the actual treatment of Jefferson Davis to what might have happened to a defeated President Lincoln. *BlackKlansman* follows the same pattern, juxtaposing the absurd reality of a Black man joining the KKK with traumatic photos of lynchings; the movie ends with the real and tragic events of the Charlottesville protests where anti-racist activist Heather Heyer was deliberately run over by a White nationalist in his car. The film opened on the anniversary of the protests and was dedicated to Heyer.

5 HISTORY LESSONS Willmott scripts extreme situations and characters, but he almost always grounds his themes in actual incidents and people. Two recent works are prime examples: *The 24th*, a summer 2020 historical drama about an all-Black infantry division and a racially-fueled bloody confrontation between soldiers and police in 1917 Houston; and *Da 5 Bloods*, Willmott's 2019 Oscar-winning film co-written with Spike Lee and based on the idea of Black U.S. military veterans returning decades later to the battlefields they fought in during the Vietnam War.

—Fally Afari

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Merit

The Bermudian – 2021 Bermuda Building and Interior Design Awards

WINNER

Residential Building Design

SOUTHSIDE

BY BENEVIDES ARCHITECTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NHIURI BASHIR

Southside is deceiving. Sandwiched between a road and the water, you imagine it to be narrow and somewhat noisy, but from the minute you enter the property you are blown away by the breathtaking views, serene silence, environmental empathy and exceptional proportions of this large five-bedroom family home.

On walking into Southside, you are greeted by a large, bright, spacious, main room, which is an open-plan kitchen, dining room and sitting room; however, you could be forgiven for not, initially, noticing any of these essential constituents. This is because straight ahead of you is a panoramic view of Harrington Sound, beyond through huge, custom-made sliding doors, leading seamlessly out onto the back patio and horizon swimming pool.

A particularly striking feature of this 4,700-square-foot property are the huge windows and doors which are square, wooden and painted in high-gloss black. This is a unique design for Bermuda, and architect Georgia Benevides says she got her inspiration for them from trips to California. "I see that in California and I've always wanted to use it here," she says. "The owner had also been to Santa Barbara, which was how the paint came together on this design." She liked the look of the steel windows," explains Benevides. "In California they are mainly steel, so I suggested that used wood which is more conducive to our climate."

Other nods to this style include the high ceilings and exposed beams, and Benevides says she spent "a lot of time getting the proportion right, where the tray took off. I did a lot of drawings to make sure the square windows were exactly right." The attention to detail throughout the whole house, especially in the main room, is exceptional. A traditional Bermudian stepped chimney above the fireplace in the living room and a mirrored above the range in the kitchen, opposite. This Bermudian charm bookends the room, anchoring the large space.

Coastal Cool

Architect, Georgia Benevides effortlessly blends California chic with traditional Bermudian design in a stunning new build overlooking Harrington Sound



The tray ceilings are rounded at the corners, adding an elegance to the area and the air-conditioning is hidden under the floor. "The way I was doing the ceiling, I didn't want to see the air-conditioning, so I added the task in four feet either side, so I could run the duct work underneath and the vents are in the floor," she explains. "I did a cool space under most of the house. Everywhere except the kids' rooms."

The owners have four children and they each have their own room in the "kids' wing," which is designed over two floors at the west end of the house. The parents' is ground floor only at the other end. Doors into the eastern wing take you through a compact office and on into the master suite. The office is a dramatic contrast to the main room. Although it has the matching floor-to-ceiling Santa Barbara-style window overlooking the water at one end and a more traditional window at the other, the room is painted in an unusually striking grey lacquer. After the openness of the rest of the house, it has a cozy feel to it. But there's also a lot of natural light, enhanced by eye-catching and strategically placed light fixtures, which draw your attention to the beautiful items sitting on the shelves.

The master bedroom is light and bright, with doors leading out onto the garden,



and the closet system is a fashion-lover's dream and includes custom cubbies for displaying shoes. At the other end of the house, on the water side of the kitchen, is a step down to a den, again with exceptional views, which leads up and down to the basement and the four children's rooms. "What's interesting about the children's wing, and why the house is so successful from the outside, is because most of the house is just one story but the children's wing is split level, but not higher than the main part of the house," says Benevides. "There is also a natural slope on the hillside. That's why I did the split story. That keeps the outline the same as the mainline for the great main room." Upstairs, they wanted to share a bathroom so it has been cleverly designed in a "jack and jill" type style, which can be easily divided into two separate bathrooms should they change their minds later in life.

On the other side of the kitchen area, a small corridor leads to an inviting and boldly coloured bar area, and then on into the laundry room, which includes floor-to-ceiling glass-fronted storage cupboards. A "hubbie door" to the outside means it doubles up as a mudroom. Around the outside of the building, Benevides brought in a lot of traditional elements including buttresses

"to bring old Bermuda in." The galley, however, are deliberately simple in design to keep the style more contemporary, but all have elliptical windows, which the subjects loved for their simplicity and elegance.

"My most important thing from the exterior was getting all the proportions of the different roof lines to complement each other," says Benevides. "Also, with the right number of gables, not overshadowing the house." On the roof are a number of solar panels, which fuel the entire house during daylight hours, including the swimming pool. "To maintain the elegance of the roof-top, however, they are cleverly hidden away from sight on the flatter part of the roof which is over the back porch."

A six-foot high wall projects sculpture from the roof and is layered, with a planter in front which is home to an attractive line of native showplants. "The goal was to make sure the wall blocked the road, when you're in the house, you just see the golf course and it's amazing how much of a sound buffer that wall is," says Benevides. The entry port is also unique in that it has its own traditional looking, but oversized, shutters to protect the front door, which, because of the large square, predominantly glass, design is hard to cover up in a storm.

The owner and architect went to great

efforts to give the place location and overall ambience made for considerable challenges when designing Southside but the owner had a vision and commitment to his property.

about the office is a dramatic contrast to the main room. While it has the same large windows looking out over Harrington Sound, the room is painted in an unusually striking grey lacquer.

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today – The Oklahoma Gift Guide

THE OKLAHOMA
Gift Guide
SHOW UP SANTA AND SUPPORT LOCAL BUSINESSES WITHOUT EVER LEAVING THE HOUSE WITH THIS ONLINE GIFT GUIDE.
ONLINE!
BY KARLIE YARRA | PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORI DUCKWORTH



MoonHawk ART
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Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life – Adventure Tales

ADVENTURE TALES

ADIRONDACK
STORIES OF
SCRAPES
AND RUN-INS

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE ADIRONDACK CENTER FOR WRITING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM FROESE



HUNTING WITH COY-WOLVES

BY SAM SERVADIO

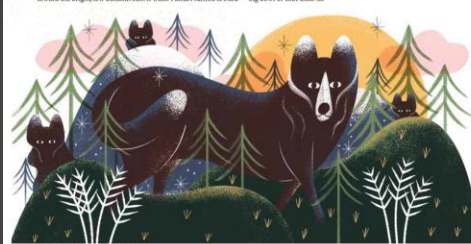
In November 2007, I headed deep into the McKeen Mountain Wilderness, using the last few hours of daylight to hunt. I'd hiked in these woods before, during the same month, only to find myself in knee-deep snow. But today it was in the mid-40s and I didn't need gloves or a hat. As I left the cabin my wife reminded me that she was making chili for dinner and not to be late. Since I was headed west, the sun appeared bright for the time of day that I really didn't know the time because I had gotten out of the habit of wearing my old mechanical dirty watch. Since I almost always had my cell phone, I used it as my timepiece. But since there was no cell service at camp, I left the damn thing in my Jeep's glove holder. Without an artificial means of determining sunset I was lulled into complacency as I kept poking along toward the bright, low autumn sun. It wasn't until I turned toward

camp that I realized how late it was and how dark it had become. So I walked north until I cut the state line that delineated a trail toward camp. As the sun dropped into the horizon, the night became cemetery-still. I only had about a half mile to go when they found me.

I heard a howl that made my hair stand up. It was close and I knew its purpose to call the pack together. When heard from the comfort of your cabin it is a pleasant sound, but if you're alone in their woods, it's eerie. After a brief silence the long howl was followed by a series of shorter yips on each side of me. At this point I realized these were locating calls and the coy-wolves were hot on my trail. My pace increased to match my heart rate.

I knew these were eastern coy-wolves—what most North Country folks call coydogs. They are a breed about 30 percent larger and heavier than their western cousins. Some people mistake them for wolves, but there are no longer wolves in the Adirondacks. I guessed the coy-wolves tracking me were not a pack, but rather a family group. This was reassuring, because at least Mom and Dad were doing something fun with the kids.

As I neared camp, they closed in. Even when they weren't howling, I could hear them thrashing through the dense forest. Occasionally, in the moonlight, I'd catch a glimpse of a hind one darting alongside me. They were becoming more vocal and I detected excitement in their howls and yips. Since I could also hear the howls, I reasoned that I was almost to the cabin. I wanted my wife to hear this one spectacle of Adirondack music, so I continued my stealthy pace until I stepped on a stick that snapped and all around me was silence. The snarl was over and I was alone in the woods again. At least I could see the amber glow of the camp's oil lamp. I couldn't wait to dig into a big bowl of that chili. ▲



THE LEGEND OF PINPIN

BY CHRISTIN LIBERTY

I choose to believe it was him. The rest of the details are foggy, but what I remember clearly is his backpack pulling away from us down the trail. Between the ages of 12 and 17 I spent my summers working my way to becoming an Adirondack 400r. My mother had done it before me and joined me for many of the hikes, including my last, Whiteface. At the summit she presented me with my own 400r T-shirt. She'd refused to let me wear them, insisting I had to earn it before I could put one on.

Not counting Cascade, which I suspect every able-bodied kid has climbed, my first hikes were on a sixth-grade camping trip, where a few experienced premen hikers and I chose to climb Cathedral, Armstrong and Lower Wolfjaw. The day was overcast, and we could barely see three feet in front of our faces, never mind a view from the top. Still, I decided I was going to be a hiker. As I sat and fished for worms, a protection and attention-seeking child, "You're down, 42 to go!" between my notes and summer hiking programs I overlooked my way through the High Peaks last every summer. Those group hikes with other kids were where I learned about the legend of Alvin Chevette and Pinpin. Chevette was known for climbing all 46 High Peaks every year, sometimes finishing all of them in days. He could be recognized by his snow-covered gear and the stuffed rabbit, Pinpin, attached to his backpack.

He seemed like a myth, but I had proof, handwritten, chase of his existence. I was one of the last generations to hike in the age of customers' mental tales uttered to one at the summit of trailside peaks, containing a bear and water-worried notebook and rabbit pencil for taken to write their name and the date, a record of their summit. Forty-Six

CONQUERING AZURE MOUNTAIN

BY TIM BASHAW

Min's topless Jeep rattled down the Blue Mountain Road in slow motion. He and I learned the densely forested trail for any sign that the direction our grand-mother had given us were based in reality. Well, it's been over a year since my grandfather and I climbed it. He had recalled an hour earlier, at our camp on Lake Ontario, that I wasn't to remember that once you reach the bathtub, you put over. That's where you'll find the trail to the top of Azure.

My brother was older and perhaps had more trust in Grandpa. As the youngest, sibling and I were both of the family's practical jokes. I was more skeptical. We're looking for a bathtub in the woods?

Nevertheless, I was excited home from college for a long fall weekend in 1987,

tion. It has the quality of a dream, not a memory, but I know it happened. I was in my youth hiking group and walking along a ridge between mountains. A man belted an odd melody, "You're me!" and passed us, moving at a rapid clip. We were experienced hikers and moved aside without question. We watched a small stuffed bunny parade ahead of us. We explored into forest hollows, wondering if it really was him. We couldn't be sure, though we discussed coming back to the last summit to prove if his name was written in the canister notebook. We finished the hike with a sense of satisfaction, a second achievement subsided.

Now I live in New York City. It took a long time to figure out the right combination of words to Google, but I eventually landed on a hiking forum conversation from 2005. And a user posting as Pinpin. Another thread had stories just like mine. The sound of heavy footsteps, a passing blue, a stuffed bunny starting back at them as Chevette disappears down the trail. Some even post photos. They don't look familiar. The hiker looks like young, the bunny too big. I wish I hadn't looked. In my memory he was a man of the woods, stooped and wiry, long beard like Rip Van Winkle. But Alvin Chevette is real. I hope he and Pinpin are well. ▲

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Gold

Acadiana Profile – Let's Taco Bout It



Art Direction of a Single Story
35 or More

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Merit
Down East – 100 Books Every Lover of Maine Should Read



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DON'T NEED to be an Irish major to appreciate *in Place*: Maine Writers and Artists Series, Mill Town, the North Country, by Dr. John A. Conforti—but it isn't hurt if you're well-read. Conforti's approachable lit-crit examines how a dozen of Maine's finest writers "explored the experience of living in far-flung settings." In the way, the University of Northern Iowa professor of English raises a solid question: What I try to do in the

The Country of the Painted Pine
by Sarah Cole Jewett

"It's the work that was first considered the Great Maine Novel," Conradi says, "and in some quarters, it still is, particularly among scholars of American literature." Jewett's collection of linked stories focuses on the imaginary fishing village of Dunnet Landing, where the narrator, a Bostonian, flees in search of solitude

traces the fortunes of a single family across four generations on the Down East coast, from the peak of the age of sail to the dawn of the tourism economy. The novel, Conforti says, stands out for its sheer scope. "It's the story of 100 years of upheaval," he says. "Chase was the first Maine writer to offer a significant critique of what outsiders were doing to the Maine coast."

in a fictional Maine mill town, to the author's winning a Pulitzer-winning *Oliver* Klotzberg. But the Burgess boys, he says, is a worthwhile effort. "It's an ambitious work, and it acknowledges some diversity in Maine," Conforti says. "Strout spent time studying the Somali community, getting to know some of the Somali people. They invited her into their homes. She would go and park her car at a school and see if the Somalis and the

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Infant's Boy. *Barbara Cooney*
1990, p. 41

An Island Rescued. *Grila*
Langston Hughes (1981), p. 48

Islands in Space. *Philip*
Gooding (1985), p. 50

W. *Stephen King* (1988), p. 60

Kashubian An Historic Account.
John Hoff (1944), p. 44

Leave Her to Heaven. *Ivan*
Allen Williams (1944), p. 65

Harry's Book, Shogun Publishing
1993, p. 80

Miss Rumphelsden, Borealis
Company, 1995, p. 80

The Meat, Shogun King (1995)
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My World Is an Inland,
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Naughty Nights, Shogun King
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Night Train to Milwaukee,
Naughty Nights and
Love Club (1995), p. 70

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(1995), p. 80

Smoked **Jeff** *Barbara Proulx*
(2006), p. 48

Sightings **Police** *Publication*
(1991), p. 30

The Sign of the Beaver *Elizabeth George*
(1985), p. 38

Sliver **Crucifix** *Henry (Hank)*
(1981), p. 37

Spencer **Ham** *Patricia*
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When We Were the Kennedys, Monica Wronski (2006), p. 70

Where the Deer Were, Kate Saravali (2004), p. 80

The Wildest Country, J. Patrick Hubbs (2005), p. 88

Within Plain Sight, Bruce Robert Carter (2005), p. 88

The Women in the Woods, John Connolly (2005), p. 89

When We Were the Kennedys, Monica Wronski (2006), p. 70

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HIDDEN PLACES
A NOVEL
Joseph A. Conforti

before slowly becoming enmeshed in the community. Conforti raises questions about whether the book really holds together as a novel (Jewett wrote the chapters as standalone stories in the 1890s, and her original collection was posthumously rearranged and augmented with unpublished material), but the play of the *Pointed Firs* introduces a theme common to a lot of memorable Maine writing: the relationship between outsiders and insiders. "My argument in the book," Conforti says, "is that Jewett, who spent six months a year in Boston and was part of the literary intelligentsia, was kind of a literary anthropologist, a go-between for

Moore's second novel was a spectacular best-seller in 1945, earning the Maine native comparisons to Faulkner along with a big-budget Hollywood adaptation. Another tale of a coastal community in transition, *Spoonbaited* is rich with complex, often funny characters and a gripping island community's discovery by summer people. "One of Moore's significant achievements," Conforti says, "is that she gives you this close-up of an entitled businessman from Baltimore trying buy up one of the islands, and is selling this thing of a representative rich person from outside who has no comprehension

Empire Falls
by Richard Russo
"Long and involved and certainly an ambitious book," Conforti says of Russo's Pulitzer winner, published in 2001. A tragicomedy about blue-collar interior Maine, *Empire Falls* falls a world away from Sarah Orne Jewett, but as with *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, the reader comes to understand the place by understanding its people. Scarcely a

The Painted City
by Graham McMillan

A 1961 chronicle of a Franco-American family and its Teyocalli patriarch that "Confronts the reader with the best thing we have in depicting some of the interior of the franc community in a real city."

Come Spring
by Jon Lewis Williams

Published in 1940, an epic, fictionalized account of the founding of the town of Union. Clocks in at 800 pages and reads like Steinbeck Lite.

Brick's Ark
by Vanessa Wood

The poignant tale of a strike in a paper town, told from multiple perspectives. "Dedicated, humane."

Dressenrichter, Stephen King (2001), p. 69



outsiders — tourists, summer people, those who were discovering Maine — and the country people she knew.”

Silas Crockett
by **Wesley Allen Chase**

A sweeping historical epic, Chase's 1935 novel

The Burgess Boys
by Elizabeth Strout

citizen of the titular fading factory town is denied his or her own plot arc in a novel that Conforti calls "an arduous act of literary jugglery."

and gracefully written," Conforti writes.

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Bronze

Arizona Highways – There's Gold in Them Thar Hills



THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

It's that time of year again, when we work to shatter the misconception that Arizona doesn't have any seasons, including autumn. It's not true, of course. Our fall color is beautiful. And the state's palette goes beyond the earth tones of burnt sienna and brown to a profusion of red, yellow, orange and gold.

A PORTFOLIO EDITED BY JEFF KIDA

28 OCTOBER 2020

SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS

DISCUSS: K. DEFFEL
High noon, sunlight streams through a break in the clouds and illuminates aspens and evergreens along Lookout Meadow. A scenic overlook and wildlife watching destination on the west side of the Pinal. The view from San Francisco Peaks, just northeast of the meadow.

PEAK COLOR: Late September through October
DRIVE TIPS: From downtown Flagstaff, go north on U.S. Route 89 for 16 miles to Forest Road 102, which runs from the turnoff for Sunset Canyon and the Pinal National Recreation Area. Turn left onto FR 102 and follow the signs for Lookout Meadow. Completed 40 mph speed limit. Such as you, for or truck, is recommended.

INFO/WEATHER: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or <https://www.azdhs.gov>



INNER BASIN

TOM BEAN

Tightly packed aspens display their autumn hues along the Inner Basin Trail near the San Francisco Peaks. This easy trail, which runs for 3.8 miles round trip, traverses the interior of the rugged Pinal Mountains that now form Arizona's highest mountain range.

PEAK COLOR: Late September through October

DRIVE TIPS: The Inner Basin Trailhead is at Lookout Meadow Campground. (see directions at left)

INFO/WEATHER: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or <https://www.azdhs.gov>

29 OCTOBER 2020

[azhighways.com](https://www.azhighways.com) 29

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Bronze

Cottage Life – We've Gone to the Birds

The best lesson from the pandemic? All you need to be a birder is patience, curiosity, and an appreciation for nature. (Floppy hat and khaki vest optional)

BY COTTAGE LIFE STAFF AND CONTRIBUTORS

WE'VE GONE TO THE BIRDS



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WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE BIRD?

BY JULIA ZARANKIN



NORTHERN FLICKER



AMERICAN WOODCOCK

I HAVE THIS QUESTION and yet I ask it of everybody I know. My own list shifts constantly—it depends on the season, and it changes to accommodate native and my current favorite bird. I also tend to my first sightings, and those still tip my list when contemplating favorites.

If I could get a bird stuck in my body, it would be the American woodcock, the largest North American shorebird, which hangs out mostly in damp ground in the woods, perfectly camouflaged with its surroundings. To me, the bird looks like an accident of nature, its eyes grotesquely close together, perched high up on its head, giving it almost 360-degrees of vision for detecting predators, and a long, ultra-sensitive bill for probing the ground for worms that it cannot see. Slowly, then it segues, incoherently putting, this is a bird with attitude. And yet the American woodcock is also one of the more curious Den Juans in the avian world: in early spring, at dusk, the bird engages in an aerial mating dance that creates among the more peculiar things I've ever seen.

The aerial display of the woodcock is so odd that some birding clubs host outings just to bear witness to the bird's eccentric pre-mating performance. It begins with a nasal peep,

repeated more times than strictly necessary. Ornithology says Dr. Frank Chapman calls that peep "the first notes of his love song." And if a nasal note weren't enough to get a girl going, what follows is nothing short of spectacular. The peppy, sticky woodcock hurls himself high into the ether "on whistling wings," according to a series of wide circles, as if he'd suddenly developed the agility of a nymph. Then he plummet to the ground with a yelp—and does the eccentric foot all over again. These peeps and aerial dances work like a charm in the spring: the American woodcock mates morning and night without fail for eight straight weeks. What female wouldn't be seduced by such a show? After witnessing the sticky bird's transformation into an aerial gymnast, even I could be convinced to mate with a woodcock.

But transformative magic aside, I stillish the woodcock's demeanor. He's so very much his own bird.

IF I COULD GIVE AN AWARD TO MY FAVORITE, least-decorated bird, it would be the northern flicker, in honor of the cacophonous plumage he flaunts. Who ever said that polka-dots and dark stripes and red blazes and flashy yellow wing and tail feathers and a jet-black handlebar mustache don't all belong on the same bird?

I used to stand birding in nurseries and not the flicker. I remember walking into clothing shops crisscrossed with anxiety, staring at sweaters without a clue as to what suited me. I remember approaching salespeople in desperation, begging they would tell me what to buy, what would look good on me. My mother and sister both knew how to dress, but not every time I put on an outfit together, it didn't look quite right. Something was off. I tried shopping with both my mom and my sister and ended up coming home with clothes that I wouldn't wear. The saleswomen weren't bright enough, and the waitlines were too high, the shoes uncomfortable, the shoulders too broad. I couldn't even imagine what was wrong. It just didn't feel like me.

The day I saw the northern flicker sporting his hair attire with perfect confidence, I decided that if he could do it, I could too. I had always tried to buy clothes that made me look like everyone else; what would happen if I just bought things that made me me?

I also fell for the northern flicker when I learned that Roger Tory Peterson, the most famous twentieth-century birder, the one who popularized the modern, portable field guide, counted it as his favorite bird. If Peterson regarded the sublime in this regular North American breeder, I don't mind me. The fact that loving the northern flicker put me in Peterson's illustrious company, however tangentially, made me love him all the more. >>

YOU CAN SEE (MORE) CLEARLY NOW

Springing for a pair of binoculars? A major function of B&Z is assist to manage for the gimmer. It gives a wide field of view, which essentially means the binoculars make it easier to spot a bird in motion. Image quality matters: you want a pair of binoculars where the image appears sharp, clear, and with true colour rendition. Make sure your binoculars perform well even in low light, because you'll likely be looking in shade, at dawn, and at dusk. Test the binoculars in the store, by looking at colourful subjects in darker conditions. Finally, eye relief is important. You want adjustable eyepieces to accommodate glasses → p. 2.

FOUR PICKS UNDER \$500

\$105

Collector Outback Bx42

\$290

Vortex Crossfire Bx42

\$490

Nikon Monarch 5 Bx42

\$395

Vortex Diamondback Bx42

Prices approximate

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MAY/APR 2021 cottagelife.com 61

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Powder Play



This ski season may look different, but the slopes are just as inviting—and exciting. Get the most out of your wintry passion with expert advice on the perfect runs, no matter your skill level, base-camping from your car, games to play with the kids, outdoor alternatives, and more.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER

ADDITIONAL STORIES BY ASHLEY M. BIGGERS, DANIEL GIBSON, AND COURTNEY HOLDEN

With 66 runs over 660 acres, Ski Santa Fe has something to offer everyone, from beginner to expert.



Champagne powder rewards an adventurer at Ski Santa Fe.

At snowflakes had been falling over Ski Santa Fe for hours, speckling the pine trees and drifting to a boot-deep layer, before my first ski run in New Mexico. I dropped into a delightfully steep pitch that offered an open canvas of almost untracked powder. One turn flowed into the next.

Months later, I capped that season by hiking up the ski area weeks after chairlifts had stopped running, enjoying a picnic on a spot of sunbaked grass, then skiing down on a patchwork of remnant snow, often in trees so thick the branches intertwined. Mud smeared the edges of my skis, and I had to hike the last quarter mile—but somehow, that day felt no less remarkable than the first.

When I mention to George Brooks, the director of Ski New Mexico, an industry nonprofit, that some of my best ski days have been in some of the worst conditions, he chuckles. "I think we've all had those days, and that's why we keep coming back, trying to repeat those days, hoping lightning will strike twice," he says. "There's something magical about skiing."

As ski season unfolds during this unprecedented time, skiers have more questions than what's in the latest snow report. New Mexico's ski areas worked with the state—led by a governor who is an avid skier—to craft COVID-safe operating plans.

Small mountain communities like Angel Fire, Red River, and Ruidoso depend on winter sports enthusiasts for a significant economic boost, with alpine skiing's statewide impact estimated at more than \$142.5 million. But ski areas also offer outdoor recreation's mental and physical health benefits, or "the respite of

often—hands included. Limits on capacity will affect food service, retail shops, rentals, lift loading, lessons, and lift ticket purchases. "Know before you go," says Adrienne Sala Isaac, communications director for the NSAA. "Do a little research. And have a little empathy this season, because we're all going



Know Your Snow
FOR AN INSIDE EDGE ON CARVING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

Powder (1)
"When dreams are made of when it comes to skiing," says Todd Walton, executive director

of Winter Wildlands Alliance. Freshly fallen snow—the lighter and drier the better—with a "fluffy" factor that's terrible for snowballs but undeniably fun and light to float on, turn after turn.

Crust (also chunder, chunder)
After skiers chop up powder, the sun,

wind, and frigid nights take their toll. The snow freezes into chunks and lumps amid some partly soft snow that can make for difficult, more technical skiing.

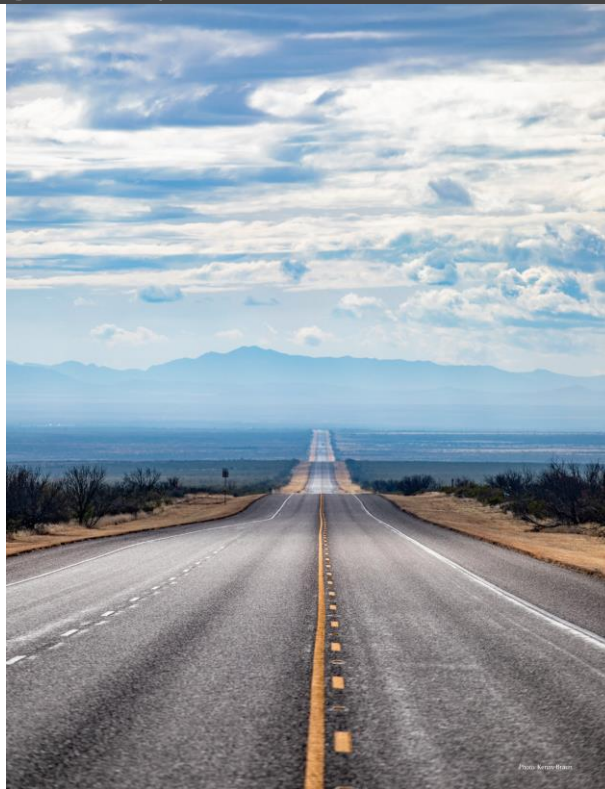
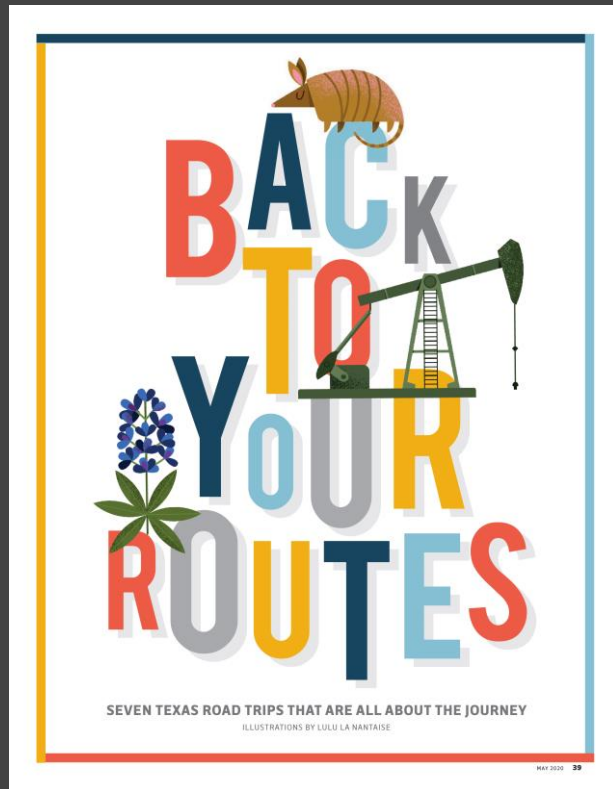
Packed
Once heavily trafficked by skiers or compressed by snowcats, the snow

picks into a firmer and more uniform surface. Artificial snow lies down in granular layers that are more packed from the start.

Crust (2)
"Every skier's nemesis," says Julien Rossi, New Mexico's OpenSnow forum czar. "It's decaying." Whorls that look

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Gold

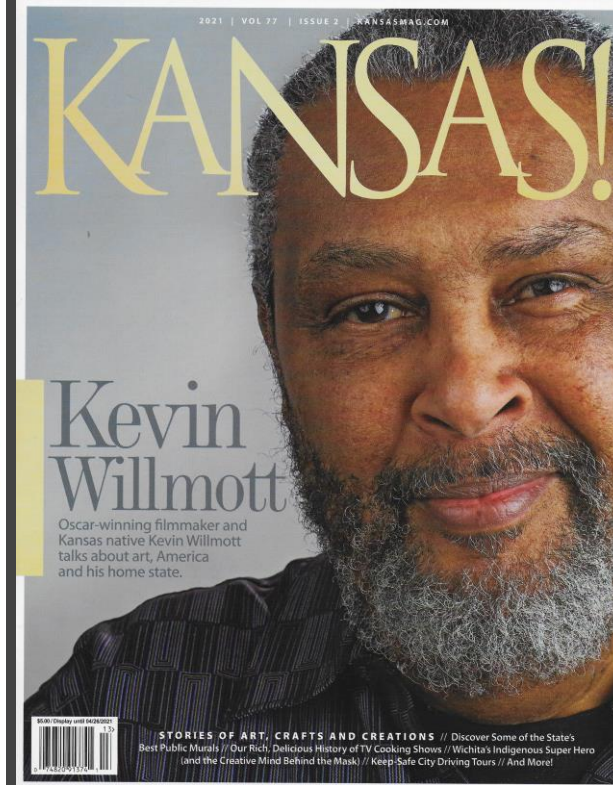
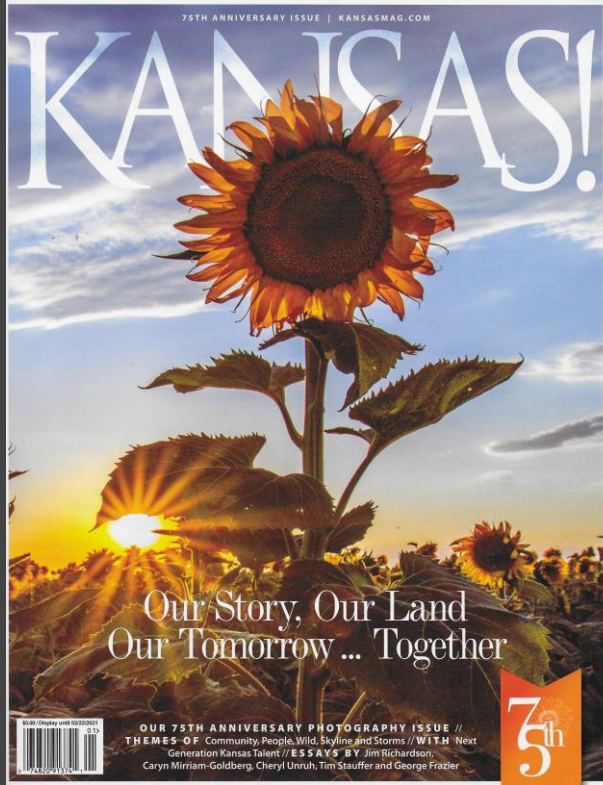
Texas Highways – Back to Your Routes



Overall Art Direction
35 or Less

Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Merit

KANSAS! Magazine – Shelly Bryant



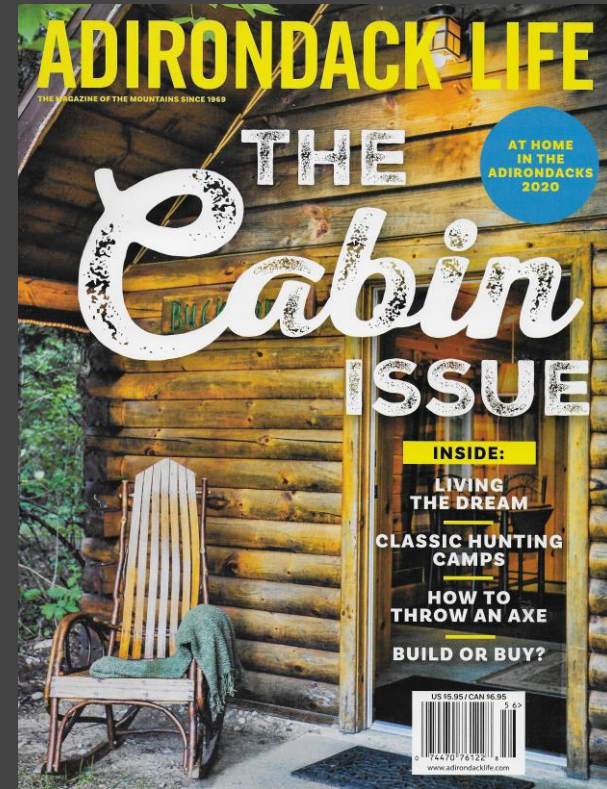
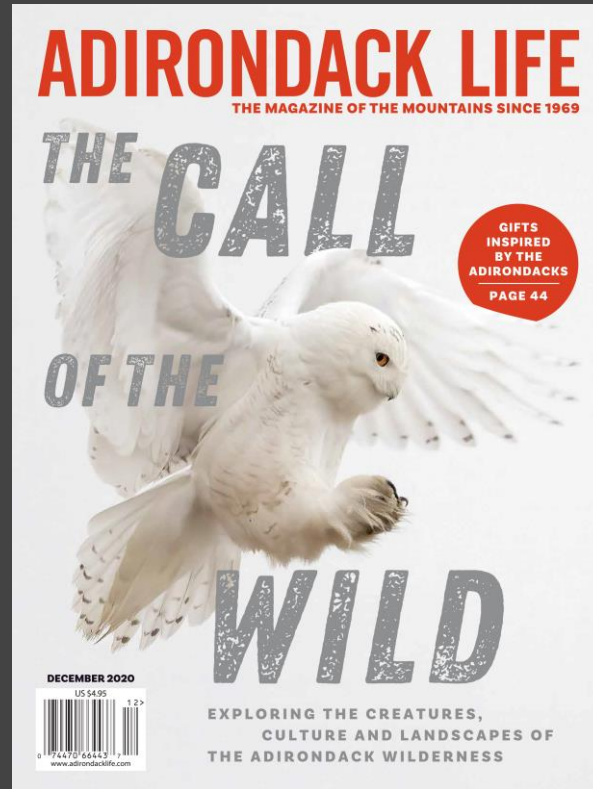
Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Bronze

Acadiana Profile – Sarah George



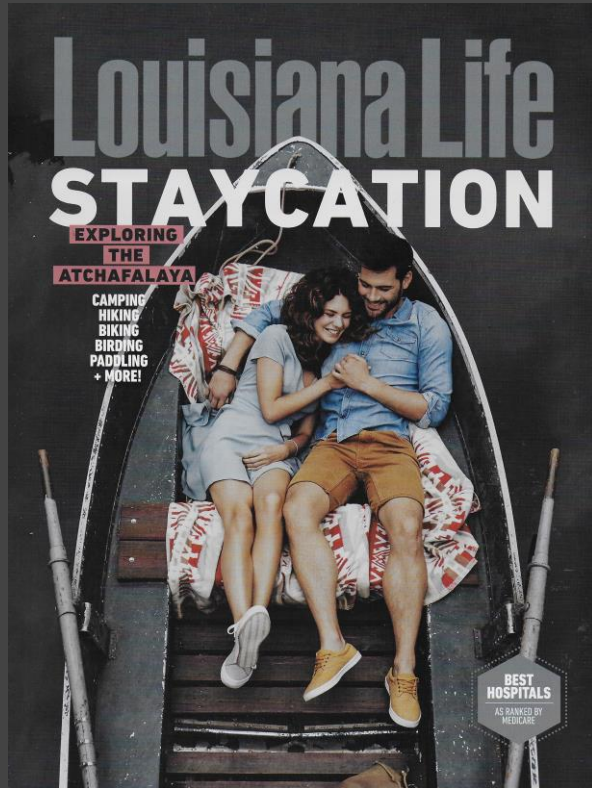
Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life – Mark Mahorsky



Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Gold

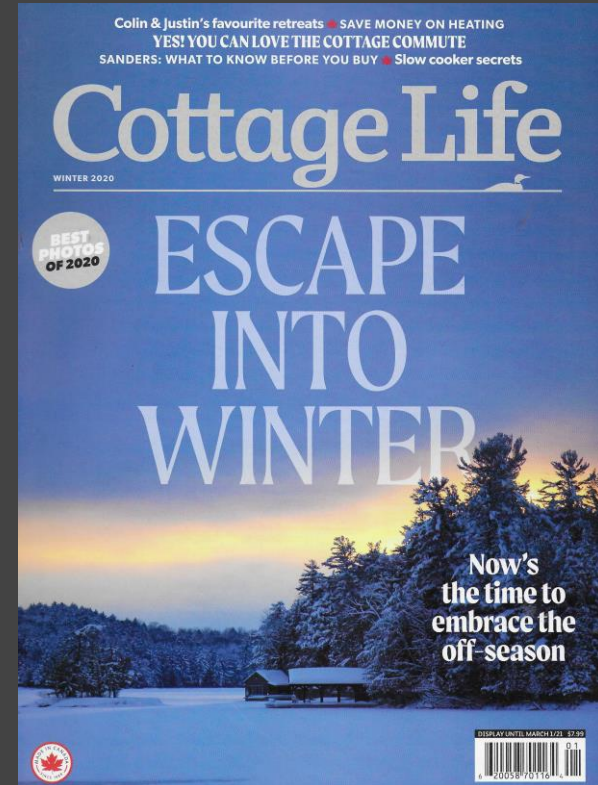
Louisiana Life – Sarah George



Overall Art Direction
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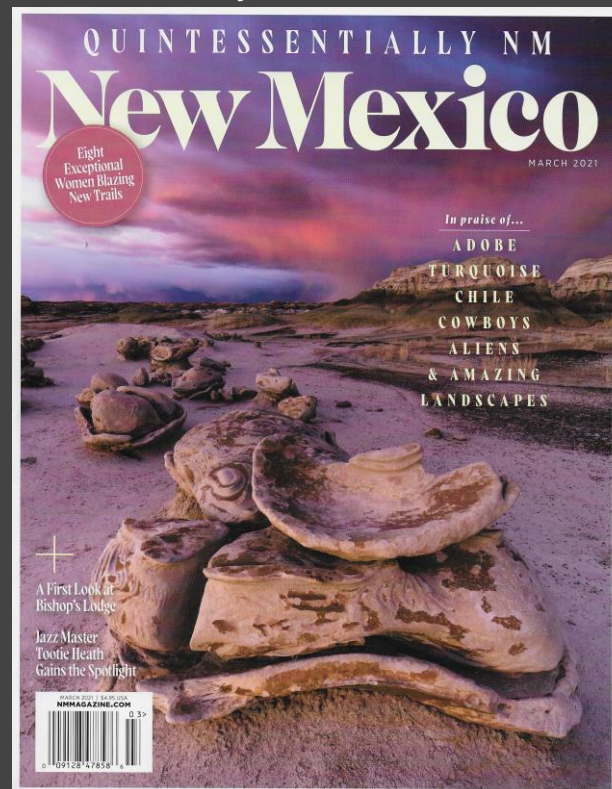
Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Bronze

Cottage Life – Bradley Reinhardt



Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – John McCauley



Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Gold

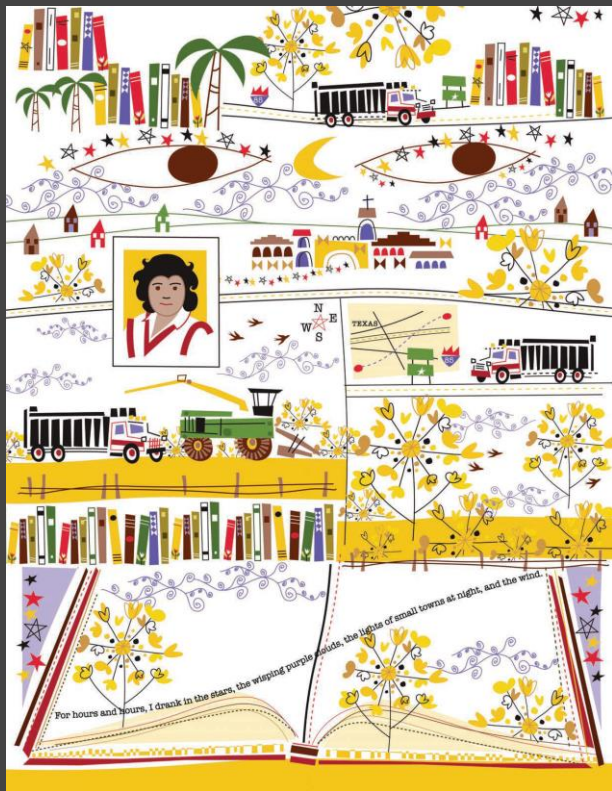
Texas Highways – Mark Mahorsky



Department

Department - Merit

Texas Highways – Open Road



OPEN ROAD | ESSAY

A Place Before Words

What a childhood on the road taught a daughter of migrant truck drivers

By Irene Lara Silva

I learned how to read a map before I ever learned how to read a book. In one of my first memories, I am 4 or 5, kneeling on a chair, trying to see without getting in anyone's way. The Rand McNally map is spread over the dining room table. My father is standing with a thin black marker in his hand as his booming voice explains the route we'll be taking. With infinite care, he traces the spidery red lines and thicker blue lines on the map from our home in the Rio Grande Valley town of Edinburg to the Panhandle. There is no background noise, no TV or radio noise, no fidgeting on my part or my siblings'. This is done with the seriousness and care of ritual. There can be no mistakes, and there is no time to waste. The contractor called—he's ready to start harvesting, and my father's trucks are expected in the fields, ready to work, in 36 hours.

Illustration: Andrea Cuhé

This is 1979 or 1980. My parents are truck drivers who cyclically follow the harvest seasons of various fruits, vegetables, and grains throughout Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. My parents don't drive the 18-wheelers most people associate with truck driving. Instead, they drive box trucks with only 10 wheels and truck beds that are modified according to the needs of each crop. My parents, born in different parts of South Texas in the late 1930s, attended only the first couple years of elementary school. They were predominantly Spanish speakers but with so little formal education, they were unable to read or write in either English or Spanish. Because of this, when my father read a map and laid out the route, he spoke in a language of numbers and directions.

From memory, he could recite the entire chain of interstate highways, county roads, farm-to-market roads, and state highways from Edinburg to anywhere—Mathis, where we worked harvesting sorghum; Bay City for rice; Hereford for sugar beets and silage; cottonseed in Turkey; more silage in Dimmitt and Geymon, Oklahoma, and Portales, New Mexico; and then back to South Texas for sweet onions and watermelon. I learned parts of the chains before I went to kindergarten. Edinburg to Mathis was 281 to 359. Edinburg to Dimmitt was 281 to 359 (because of course we were going to stop on the way and visit my father's parents in Mathis) to 37 to 10 to 83 to 153 to 84 to 385.

We always set out in a convoy—at first three trucks, later almost always four. My father, my mother, one of my siblings, and sometimes a hired driver, or *chofer*. The *choferes* became common after my older siblings left home. They came looking for work, and over time some of them became family friends. Once the farmer and the contractor had decided it was time to start harvesting, the contractor would call the truck drivers and we would set out. For the weeks or months that we lived in different towns, we resided in everything from labor barracks to rented motel rooms, apartments, or houses. From September to May each year, my siblings and I would enroll in at least three different schools. My parents worked long hours, sometimes from 6 a.m. till

SEPTEMBER 2020 17

Department - Bronze

Oklahoma Today – The Market

ON THE MAP

THE MARKET

Mask Force

There are plenty of chills and thrills at Good Mischief in Tulsa.

PHOTOS BY LORI DUCKWORTH

Though much of the inventory is secondhand, Good Mischief's frightening selection is first-rate. The Tulsa store specializes in the strange and unusual, including vintage magazines, pumpkin polls, animal bones, and a large variety of Halloween masks. Good Mischief is open Friday and Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday 12 to 5 p.m.

GOOD MISCHIEF

► 4612 East Eleventh Street in Tulsa
► 918.857-4035
► facebook.com/goodmischief



Wolfman, \$30



Strong man, \$10



Alien, \$30



Die cut Halloween owl, \$7-\$25



Devil, display only



Halloween witch, \$30



Die cut Halloween black cat, \$7-\$25

Department - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Destinations

DESTINATIONS / **Organ Mountains–Desert Peaks**

DETAILS, DETAILS

LOCATION



A petroglyph panel in the Organ Mountains–Desert Peaks National Monument.

28 New Mexico / JUNE 2020

Photography by WAYNE SUGGS

POPULATION	ELEVATION	TOWN OF MOHA	GRAN HILLS STATEWIDE
4,521	7,172	3	200
PEOPLE	FEET	PLAZAS	EARLY 1900s



Grinding It Out

The Mera Valley once boasted seven wheat mills within seven miles. The three that remain (plus one wool mill) have history on their side.

By Molly Boyle

ammagazine.com / APRIL 2021 27


Department - Gold

Cottage Life - Waterfront

Waterfront

Items in this section may come nonchalant, miscreant, disbeliever, and in rare cases, dizziness.

We got games! Two whole pages of 'em. See p. 20.



21 Why our editor-in-chief is the jigsaw puzzle champion of the world. (She made us say that.)


23 Golly, Nancy Drew! You and your titan hair have entertained readers for 90 years.

25 Snack breakdown: what you should buy at the gas station. It's not the nachos.

Aug/Sept 2020 cottagelife.com 13

Waterfront

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



Read our exclusive interview with the king of cottage country (p. 20-21)

21 The all-icorn edition of Reporter! The latest on bats, beavers, and beer. Oh my.

22 What will the 90 pages of Bill 12 mean for cottagers? We summed them up for you.

26 If you're thinking of buying a foam cooler...don't. Buy anything else instead.

May 2020 cottagelife.com 13

Waterfront

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



that's wild!

Cabin owners are warning red...all bring vibrant colors to the Northern landscape.

21 We just had to know: can you light strike anywhere matches literally anywhere?

22 Forget cooking an entire Thanksgiving dinner! Serve only snack food instead.

24 Why the B.C. wolf cull was the wrong way to save Canada's dwindling caribou.

October 2020 cottagelife.com 13

Food Feature

Food Feature - Merit

Louisiana Life – Daybreak

By Stanley Dry Photo and Styling by Eugenia Uhl

For most of us, weekday breakfast is a **rushed** affair where time is of the essence and convenience rules. Weekends and vacation days give us the opportunity to **relax** and cook our favorite dishes. These recipes are for those times when we have the leisure to indulge. They are not quick to prepare, but neither are they difficult, and some of them can be prepped ahead of time.

Daybreak



Food Feature - Bronze

Cottage Life—One Tart to Rule Them All

one tart

to rule them all

BOUGHT FROM YOUR LOCAL GAS STATION
OR MADE FROM YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPE,
THE BUTTER TART IS THE MOST
ROYAL OF COTTAGE TREATS

By EMMA WAVERMAN Photography LIAM MOGAN

THE BUTTER TART IS NOT JUST ANY DESSERT.

Within its fragile pastry shell, it holds a country's memories of long weekends, country bakeries, recipes handed down through generations, and an eternal debate over raisins.

Though they are made from pantry staples, the alchemy of a butter tart's ingredients makes for something all its own. And their simplicity means you'll usually have what you need on hand to whip up a dozen for a crowd at the cottage. Plus, they freeze well (some say they taste even better frozen, especially when you're sitting dockside).

Why do butter tarts and the cottage seem so inseparable? For one, it's the memory of eating cooling tarts on the deck in the midday sun, followed by a dive into the lake to wash off all the sticky residue.

Whatever your own experience, we know that the butter tart is tied to many Canadians' memories of idyllic cottage dinners or snuggling on a sofa tucked out the screen door. People become lifelong devotees to the tart, playing up their loyalty to the local bakery in town or their mother's version. Let's take a deep dive into the (surprisingly controversial) story of this sweet "a little cottage treat."

Controversy #1: A NATIONAL DESSERT?

Does butter tart deserve its status as the bread and butter of Canadian cuisine? It's a national dessert, but some chefs, older age and geography, disagree.

But there's one thing everyone agrees on: Butter tarts have stuck to the heart of the thing that is Canadian. It's not just a food, it's a feeling. It's a feeling that says, "I'm Canadian."

There, so they're nationally revered, but are they a Canadian icon? Some of the best Canadian food writers have been ignorant of our beloved tart—its roots in classic Canadian cuisine, we find them ignore more reasons to point the tart to Canadian roots.

Controversy #2: TOURS, TRAILS & TENSION

Across the country, there are no less than 15 festivals, trails, and tours that celebrate the not-so-humble butter tart. It seems every small bakery, especially rural Ontario, sells them—some offering ribbons and awards from trade-offs and festivals. The largest in Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival, which has been running since 2010 in Midland. More than 1,500 people come for one butter-tart-filled day in June every year.

Canada's first tart dedicated to these treats began in 2010 when bakers and businesses in Wellington County, Ont., created a self-guided route. Five years later, the Kawartha Northumberland tourism board started a butter tart tour through the Kawartha Lakes District, Northumberland County, and Peterborough, Ont. The Wellington tart was not created and sent a note-and-visit letter to the new tour. Things calmed down after the two sides met over butter tarts (yes, really) and decided to coexist. The Wellington tour returned as the Butter Tarts and Buggies tour, while the Kawartha tart is still going strong with more than 50 stops.

Controversy #3: THE PERFECT BUTTER TART

Raisins or no raisins? Our passion over the addition of dried fruit has elevated this debate to the national level. Perhaps it's what keeps a country together: love toicker over something so small and so sweet.

And yes, no raisins. While some (including us) feel that raisins take the tart into picnic territory, others prefer a little raisin.

Other add-ins: Famously sensitive to spices, saffron, and nutmeg, things have started to reflect the diverse tastes that are becoming what we call Canada's exciting modern cuisine. For creative bakers the tart is a canvas to experiment with flavors such as cardamom, vanilla, ginger, and even miso. Some tarts definitively push the classic recipe—there are some filled with chocolate or with taste like pudding. Bacon is becoming a popular add-in, for non-purists, borders the case for eating butter tarts at breakfast.

Why are we? Do you like them so go go go? You'll need a warm after or from morning or a one-handed in cottage (tuff)! Just find your favourite, make sure you'll just have to keep testing them all out.

WHERE DID IT ALL BEGIN?

1860-1877 The files rise—the young women who travelled from France to marry immigrants—arrived in New France. They soon combine their knowledge of pastry with the ingredients on hand and, according to the Canadian Encyclopedia at least, created butter tarts.

1880-1910 Settlers from the "border counties" in Ontario send a note-and-visit letter to the new tour.

1910-1920 Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival is born, selling out of 10,000 tarts by 11 a.m.

1920-1930 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1930-1940 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1940-1950 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1950-1960 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1960-1970 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1970-1980 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1980-1990 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

1990-2000 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2000-2010 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2010-2020 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2020-2030 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2030-2040 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2040-2050 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2050-2060 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2060-2070 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2070-2080 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2080-2090 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2090-2100 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

Oh not! Competition?

2011 The trail in Wellington County sends a note-and-visit letter to the new tour.

2012 Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival is born, selling out of 10,000 tarts by 11 a.m.

2013 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2014 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2015 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2016 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2017 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2018 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2019 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2020 Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival is born, selling out of 10,000 tarts by 11 a.m.

2021 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2022 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2023 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2024 Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival is born, selling out of 10,000 tarts by 11 a.m.

2025 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2026 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2027 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2028 Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival is born, selling out of 10,000 tarts by 11 a.m.

2029 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2030 Quebec county launches County's tarts, in four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2031 Back on the scene: Wellington County responds to tour as four favours: butter, buns, and raisins, sugar, and (optional) lemon.

2032 Ontario's Best Butter Tart Festival is born, selling out of 10,000 tarts by 11 a.m.

tips for pastry

1. Use a large bowl, roll together flour and salt. Cut in butter and shortening until mixture resembles coarse bread crumbs.

2. Combine water and vinegar in another bowl. Sprinkle liquid over dry mixture. With your fingers, work in liquid and gather dough into a ball and divide into two equal pieces. Wrap in plastic, and let chill in fridge for 30 minutes.

3. Lightly flour work surface and roll out dough to 1/8-inch thick. Use a rock smooth brush, smoothing top to smooth all the dough.

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PERFECT FLAKY PASTRY

1 cup all-purpose flour

1/2 cup butter, chilled

1/4 cup shortening, chilled

1/4 cup very cold water

1/4 cup vinegar or lemon juice

1. In a large bowl, roll together flour and salt. Cut in butter and shortening until mixture resembles coarse bread crumbs.

2. Combine water and vinegar in another bowl. Sprinkle liquid over dry mixture. With your fingers, work in liquid and gather dough into a ball and divide into two equal pieces. Wrap in plastic, and let chill in fridge for 30 minutes.

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tips for filling

1. Use a large bowl, roll together flour and salt. Cut in butter and shortening until mixture resembles coarse bread crumbs.

2. Combine water and vinegar in another bowl. Sprinkle liquid over dry mixture. With your fingers, work in liquid and gather dough into a ball and divide into two equal pieces. Wrap in plastic, and let chill in fridge for 30 minutes.

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THE RECIPE

Here's the family recipe from my mother, the food writer and author of many cookbooks Lucy Waverman. It's as classic as it gets.

1. Use a large bowl, roll together flour and salt. Cut in butter and shortening until mixture resembles coarse bread crumbs.

2. Combine water and vinegar in another bowl. Sprinkle liquid over dry mixture. With your fingers, work in liquid and gather dough into a ball and divide into two equal pieces. Wrap in plastic, and let chill in fridge for 30 minutes.

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and filling

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tips for filling

Food Feature - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Passion Fruit

PASSION FRUIT

New Mexico chile fuels a global love affair. We dive into the science, the romance, the flavors, and the recipes.

Photographs by
DOUGLAS MERRIAM

Clockwise: Paul Bosland in the Chile Pepper Institute's teaching garden, where he breeds new varieties from regional chile peppers to make delicious ornaments.

"We are a chile ambassador to the world," says Rolando Flores Galarza, dean of NMU's College of Agricultural, Consumer, and Environmental Sciences. "And our work isn't done."

Flores Galarza says, "Demand has the largest chile-processing facility in the world." That jar of kimchi in the fridge just might contain New Mexico chile from a field in Hatch.

Brands like Mrs. Renfro's and Old El Paso are regular customers, and Biald Chili is but one of the Las Cruces-based processors that supplies them. The Biald family has worked with NMU since 1951 and today operates three dehydrating plants.

"The institute is always listening on how they can improve varieties, what the growers need, what the industry is looking for," says Chris Biald, one of the family partners. "They would come up with different versions, we would produce them and see how they worked, then go back and say, 'It's great for consistency, but it doesn't peel well,' and they'd try again."



When Paul Bosland proposed starting an institute, a wall of skepticism appeared. "People wondered if chile was a fad," Bosland says. "One person said, 'It's nothing but a damned condiment.'"

He moved forward, became its director, and grew into the king of capsaicin in part through his successful breeding of new varieties (more than 20

since 1988) and a talent for promoting New Mexico chile as star chefs turned spice into an epicurean craze. In 1999, he won an Ig Nobel Prize from *Annals of Improbable Research* magazine for breeding NuMex Primavera, a jalapeño with all of the flavor and none of the heat—something salsa makers had requested, to replace the less

flavorful bell peppers they were adding to their products. The first drew comical jabs from those who thought the whole point of a jalapeño was its heat, but Bosland happily accepted the award. "It was good publicity," he says. "I figured most people don't even know New Mexico is a state."

He went on to pioneer chiles with great flavor and heat, but dry; that way, the stems are

Ristras of red chiles provide a unique aesthetic in New Mexico. Strung into bunches (ristras is Spanish for "string"), they hang from rounded archways and covered porches throughout the state. Originally, this was an easy way to dry and thereby preserve a bounty of chiles so the fruit could be pickled and added to the stew pot the rest of the year. These days, ristras might include dried flowers and bulbs of garlic or be sprayed with lacquer to ornament a home for years. (Don't try to eat those ones.)

FOR THE RISTRA
Fresh red chile (about a bushel)
Cotton string
Twine
Scissors

FOR THE HAT
Corn husks
A fork
A bowl of water

Make the ristra
1. Prep materials for the hat—the little puff at the top of the ristra. Place three to four corn husks in water. Let them soak while you make the rest of your ristra.
2. For a two-foot ristra, you will

need about five feet of twine. Measure and cut.
3. Fold twine in half and make a knot where the two ends now meet.
4. Hang twine from a nail or hook at the knotted end, so the loop is at the bottom.
5. Cut three to four strands of cotton string, about 2½ feet long apiece.
6. Create a slipknot at the end of one of your pieces of cotton string; don't tighten it yet.
7. Place three chiles into the slipknot, with the stems' hooks facing out to hold on to the string. Tighten the slipknot.
8. Wrap the string around the stems three times.
9. Secure the chiles with a half hitch knot. (Make a loop around the string, then pull the end of it through the loop. Tighten.)
10. Move about two to three inches up the string.
11. Repeat the process until

your cotton string is full. Move to the next cotton string. Repeat steps 5–10.

12. When all the strings are filled, you can wrap your ristra. Take one of the strings of chile. Beginning with the bottom bunch of three chiles, place one chile on one side of the hanging twine loop, and two on the other, so the bunch straddles the loop as an anchor.

13. Wrap the stems of the next bunch of chiles around the twine, somewhat like braiding them over it. Then push that bunch down until it meets the first one. Continue this until all of your cotton strings of chile are wrapped around the twine, leaving a few inches between the final chile and the knot at the top. This is where you will tie the hat.

Make the hat

1. To make the hat, start by removing the corn husks from the water.
2. Place them on a cutting board.
3. Run the tines of a fork over them, separating the husk into thin strips.
4. Cut a small (about 3 inches) piece of cotton string.
5. Bunch the corn-husk strips around the twine, like a little broom.
6. Tie a string around the bunch and attach to the twine.

Hang the ristra in a sunny spot with good air flow for several days or weeks until it's fully dried. You can leave it outside or bring it indoors—recommended if using the chiles for cooking. Snip them off by their stems, working from the top down.



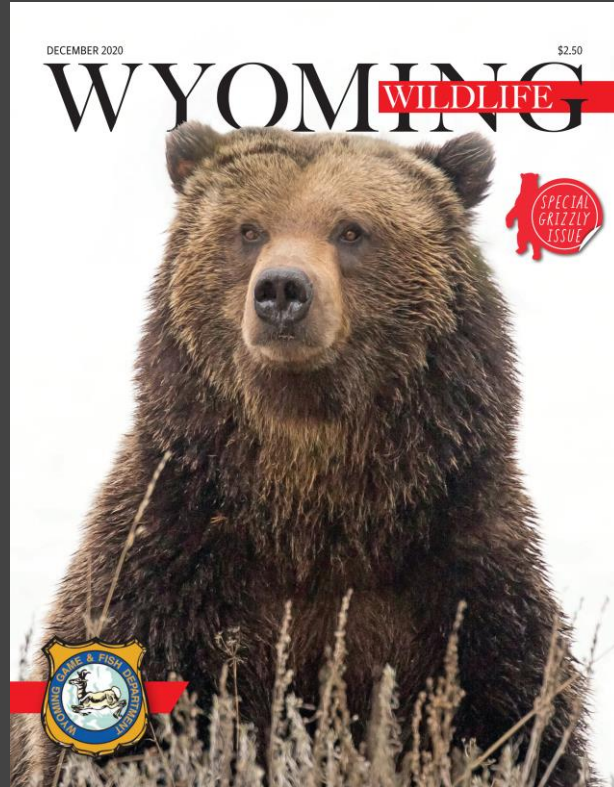
Ristra DIY

The ristra is iconic decor, but it's also a pantry on a string. By Maria Manella

Special Focus

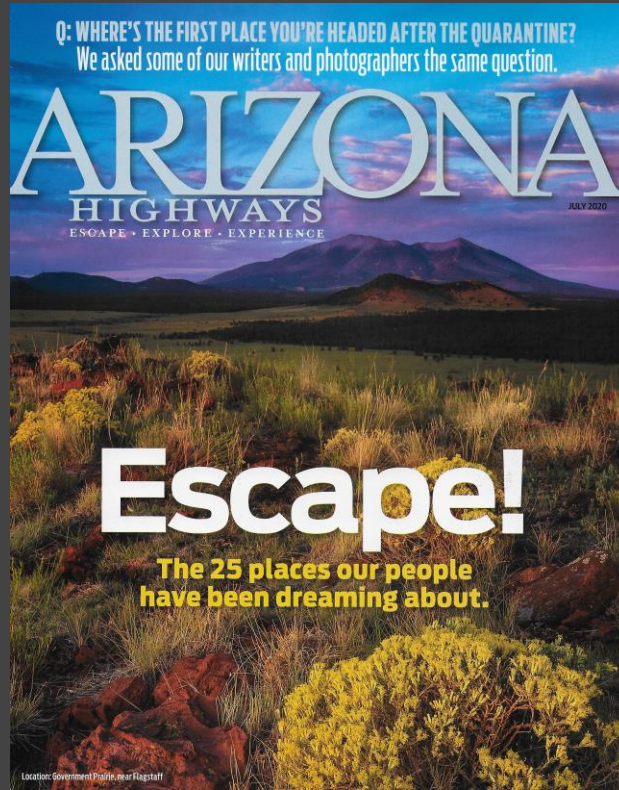
Special Focus - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife – Special Grizzly Issue



Special Focus - Silver

Arizona Highways – The Great Escapes



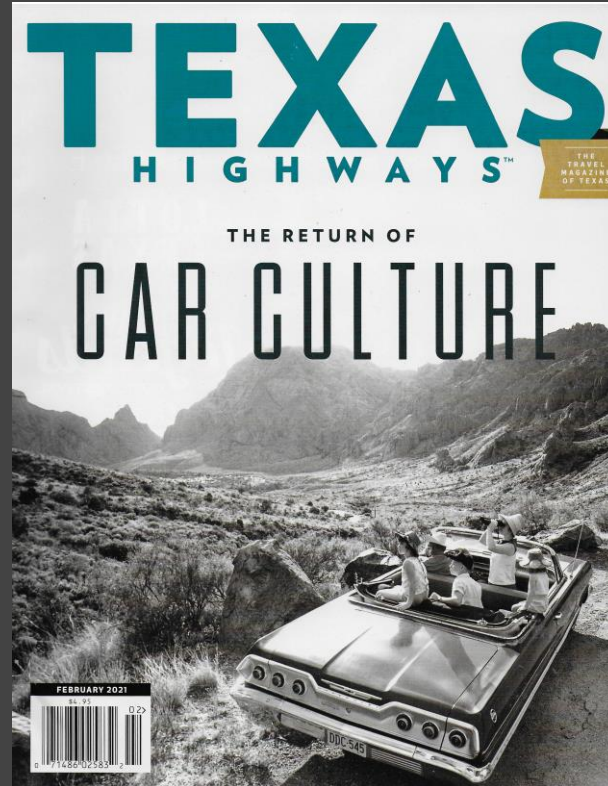
Special Focus - Silver

KANSAS! Magazine – 75th Anniversary Photo Issue



Special Focus - Gold

Texas Highways – The Return of Car Culture



Travel Package

Travel Package - Bronze

Arizona Highways The Great Escapes



The Great Escapes

THESE ARE THE PLACES OUR PEOPLE
HAVE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT.

Edited by Robert Stone

Changing course at Arizona Highway isn't easily done. So much of our photography is seasonal, meaning it has to be shot a year in advance. And our writers are usually given eight to 10 months to compose a story. A lot of planning goes into production of our membership. That's why making changes is so difficult — more like turning an aircraft carrier than performing a triple ar. Sometimes, though, there's no other way. Tra wash out, roads close, restaurants go out of business. When those things happen, it's a big story, here or there. When a pandemic hit everything can change.

By the time Arizona's stay-at-home executive order went into effect on March 3, most of it words and photographs for our July issue were already in the queue, awaiting their turn to be the Arizona Story. The decision to suspend the entire issue meant we had to pull off a tri-axel, something we couldn't have done with our remarkable writers and photographers, we turned around their assignments in a word or two. Even photographer Bill Hatcher reached out, despite his circumstances.

"When I got the request," he wrote, "I was the Australian Outback trying to figure out how to get out of that desert and back to my town. Tucson. Our plane tickets had been canceled, state borders were closing and we were in an old camper van with 100,000 kilometers on it odometer — still four days from Sydney. I'm sure your deadline is long past, but my answer would have been Salt River Canyon."

We asked Bill, and all the others, about the first place in Arizona they planned to visit all the lockdowns. That was in April. In the near time, some of their great escapes — the place they've been dreaming about — may have responded. And some might still be closed. Right now, we just don't know, so please call ahead before you make any plans to hit the road, especially to places like the Navajo Nation, which press time is under extreme lockdown. Be so smart and be respectful.

— R.S.

The East Fork of the Black River winds through an evergreen-lined meadow in the White Mountains of eastern Arizona. To learn more about photographer Joel Hatcher's love of this place, turn page 28.
JOEL HATCHER

arizonahighways.com

The Great Escapes

BLUE CANYON

By MATT JAFFE, CALABASAS, CALIFORNIA

When I was being told to live in the moment, but lately I haven't had an opportunity to do much of anything else. Actions that not so long ago were reflexive and unconscious have, by necessity, become deliberate and measured — every touch of a door handle or press of an ATM keypad the subject of an instantaneous risk analysis.

The present is fragile, while tomorrow seems even more unknowable than when a win person somewhere articulated, "It's difficult to make predictions, especially about the future." With the world feeling so small and this moment we're all living in so stifling, I'm craving landscapes and sky and something ancient. I'm dreaming of Blue Canyon.

A branch of Moenkops Wash on Hopi Tribe land northeast of Tuba City, Blue Canyon is such a distinctive landscape that it inspired what amounted to a flight of poetry in the otherwise earthbound prose of a 1907 U.S. Geological Survey document titled *Geology of the Navajo Country*.

"In Blue Canyon," it reads, "the delicacy of coloring and intensity of carving in the Miocene formation combine to produce a landscape not exceeded in beauty by any other scenic feature of the Plateau provinces." That's no small tribute, considering that "Plateau province" refers to the Colorado Plateau region, which encompasses the lines of the Grand Canyons, Monument Valley and Canyon de Chelly.

Blue Canyon is a much more intimate place. There, sculpted by erosion, are turrets and towers, hoodoos and arches. Some are topped with dark, craggy stone, as if they've been dipped in paint. Others are banded or crumpled with a creamy white. There isn't much blue in Blue Canyon.

Balanced rock over blue desert sculpture or plumb the pedestals of stone, while a few outcroppings have well-defined, tapering domes that resemble the spire of a toy top. Many formations appear to be melting, as if they're dissolving back into the earth. This is where Hopi meets Dali.

Until about four years ago, I didn't know Blue Canyon existed. We were up on the Hopi mesa and heard that a traditional Karima dance was underway on First Mesa. We drove over from Tuba City, on Second Mesa, then climbed a ladder to a rooftop for the best view of the plaza. The rhythm and movement

and color were positively hypnotic until the dancers suddenly took a break and everyone began dispersing. We were conspicuous as outsiders, and while we waited our turn to grab back the ladder, a guy in mirror sunglasses asked, "Born in Blue Canyon?" "No, never born."

"How long you been here?" I told him we were leaving soon. Stepping onto the ladder, he said, "Next time, you should go." That night, when I loaded up pictures of Blue Canyon, I understood why.

In good times, it's easy to remain complacent and put things off for another day — under the assumption that the days will, in fact, keep coming. But all this living in the moment means I'm a lot less complacent about my tomorrows than I was a couple of months ago. When the time comes — when it's safe again to travel, when I won't add to the health risks for the residents of the mesa — I want to see Blue Canyon for myself. To be reminded that "now" is only a moment, but some places last forever.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Visiting Blue Canyon requires an authorized tour guide.



CHEVELON CANYON

By CLAUDE CURRAN, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Where's the first place you're going to go when you get out of quarantine?
Chevelon Canyon, for the solitude and serenity of the canyon's thermal creek. The healthy beauty of this canyon is life-affirming.

Why is this place special to you?
I was taking a different type of photograph on the Mogollon Rim. Reflections in still water are a favorite subject of mine, and I was excited to find beautiful, colorful reflections in the waters of Chevelon Canyon.

Do you remember experiencing it for the first time?
I was alone on the Mogollon Rim, and the water made me want to fall, but I was so close to the edge that I couldn't find a meaningful composition that would show the desert state. I quit work with large pools of water for full reflections, was what was looking for a day's study of the landscape.

particular to Chevelon Canyon. I arrived at the railroad, and there was time. And I fell into the water, and the reflection was perfect. The beauty of the canyon walls, with their colors and textures, for me was a beautiful, full-colored canyon and even saw another human being. That was a special gift.

As a photographer, what makes this place a great place to make a photograph?
Chevelon Canyon is one of the most beautiful, long stretches of still water and striking rock walls. After the photographer the opportunity to photograph a desert scene, with water, with a human being in the middle, right at the best location.

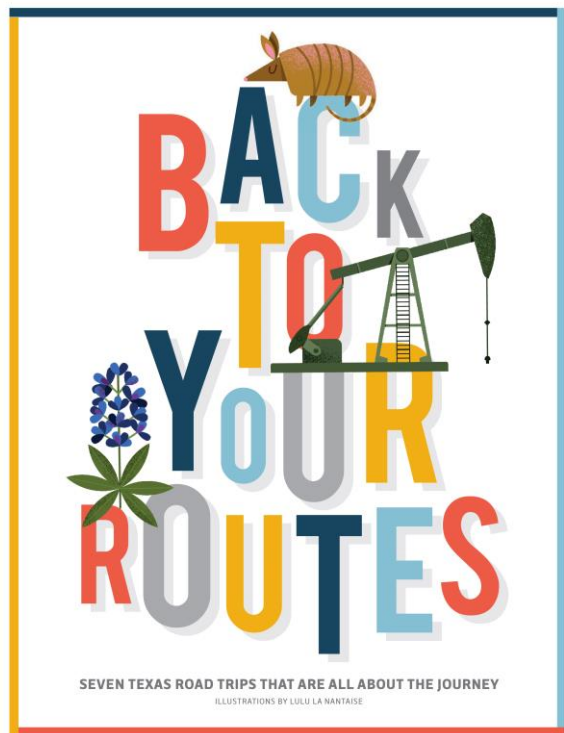
Tell us about the image you're sharing with us.
I love reflection, particularly Rorschach-type reflections.

Strained hoodoos and hoodoo craggy in the desert. GEORGE STOCKING

arizonahighways.com 15

Travel Package - Silver

Texas Highways – Back to Your Routes



BACK TO YOUR ROUTES

SEVEN TEXAS ROAD TRIPS THAT ARE ALL ABOUT THE JOURNEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LULU LA NANTASSE



MUNDY'S GAP TRAIL IN EL PASO



Miles: 281
Timeline: 4 days
Lodging: The renovated 1920s Hotel El Capitan in Van Horn has 50 rooms (12 with private balconies), a dining room, and a bar. Rates range from \$109 to \$175 a night.

THE EL PASO LOOP

Standing on Mundy's Gap—the namesake of Mundy's Gap Trail in Franklin Mountains State Park—feels like catching a ride on a runaway train. From a perch high above El Paso with a bird's-eye panorama of the surrounding Chihuahuan Desert, the vantage creates the sensation of vertigo, as if the body is moving forward and everything seems to hurtle into the horizon. The perch also reveals where you're headed next—Hueco Tanks State Park and Historic Site, visible from about 42 miles away.

Along the drive on State Highway 62 from El Paso to Hueco Tanks, urban sprawl recedes into a rural hodgepodge of independent businesses, body shops, and tageterias. Eventually, all of it falls away as the foothills of the Hueco Mountains rise and nature takes over. On this route, you won't see much of anything that looks like civilization again until you reach Van Horn, 140 miles away.

Hueco Tanks State Park is a favorite among rock climbers. Part of the park's allure is its geology, a remnant dome created by hot magma that cooled beneath the earth's surface millions of years ago. Erosion exposed it, allowing water and wind to sculpt shelves,



FRIOLE RANCH IN GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK



MURAL IN MALAKOFF



LEFTY PRIZZELL COUNTRY MUSEUM IN CORNICANA

The trip starts about 30 miles north-east of Waco with breakfast at The Original Burrito Barn in Hubbard. Don't homemade tortillas make everything they're wrapped around taste great? A three-item breakfast burrito for \$3.99 is all the fuel you'll need to make it to Stanley's Famous Pit Bar-B-Q, 100 miles away in Tyler. Not just known for cec, Stanley's also serves the delicious Musher Chucker sandwich, featuring chicken, egg, candied bacon, and guacamole.

Yeah, you can get your kicks on Route 66, but it is tons of fun. You'll drive through six counties—McLennan, Hill, Navarro, Henderson, Smith, and Gregg—and explore such towns as Malakoff. "The Gateway to Cedar Creek Lake," 9 miles west of Athens. The lake, a boating and fishing paradise with 120 miles of shoreline, is about 17 miles north of Malakoff. Detour to other colorfully named bungs like Log Cabin and Gun Barrel City that also hug the lakeshore. For live country music on the weekends and great chicken-fried steak, cross the lake from Gun Barrel City to Seven Points to get to Vernon's Lakeside restaurant.

Exploring isn't boring on a route that seemingly has more junk stores and antiques shops than gas stations. For the coolest high-school mascot T-shirts, pop into the Salvation Army in Corsicana for a Tigers top. Corsicana is worth at least an hour of exploration, especially if you've got fish and it's a hot day, since Lester Park Pool charges just \$3 for admission. While the ryles burn up energy, the adults can explore the adjacent Pioneer Village, which includes the Lefty Prizzell Country Museum. The music legend was born just outside of town, and his museum features a bronze statue of his likeness and his old suits and boots.

A couple of warnings about driving SH 31. First, coming west in late afternoon the sun will shine right in your eyes, which is only good if you're working on a James Franco impression. Second, don't take it in a rainstorm. I did that two years ago and have never been happier to see 1-35 in my life! It took several hours for the color to return to my knuckles.

But in good weather, I'll take any excuse to drive this highway my way.

—MICHAEL CORCORAN

Travel Package - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Sand Blast

SAND BLAST

America's newest national park has a lot to love, from windswept slopes of gypsum sand promotion could affect its groundbreaking research and how you can make the most

to one-of-a-kind critters. We get inside how White Sands National Park's recent of a day hiking, sledding, photographing, or picnicking in this magical destination.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER

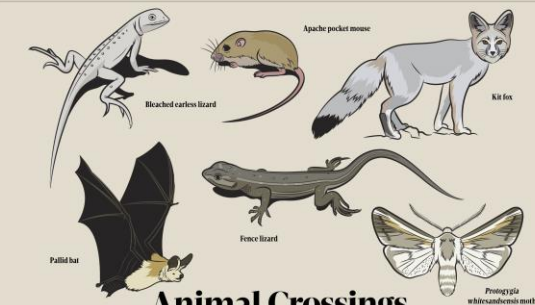
ADDITIONAL STORIES BY DIANA ALBA SOULAR AND MARIA MANUELA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIRA HOWARD

Illustrations by
JAMESON SIMPSON



Made up of gypsum sand, the dunes move constantly, making every return visit feel like a brand-new experience.



Animal Crossings

SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT THESE CRITTERS THAT HAVE ADAPTED TO LIFE IN THE DUNES.

BY ELIZABETH MILLER

The dunes themselves are only about 10,000 years old, just a blink of an evolutionary eye, which makes the number of species adapted to this landscape astonishing. Take lizards. Of the 20 species that live in the Chihuahuan Desert, three of them evolved at White Sands, becoming whiter to remain cool and as camouflage from predators.

"Not only are they adorable and totally cool to look at," says Erica Bree Rosenblum, an associate professor of environmental science at the University of California at Berkeley who studies lizards at White Sands, "but from a biological standpoint, they're really, really interesting for learning how evolution works and how quickly animals can adapt when conditions change."

Bleached carless lizard
Found in the interdunal areas, the bleached carless lizard

is the whitest of the three species living in the dunes and identifiable by the black spots on either side of its head. "They're the most camouflaged," says Rosenblum. "You have to almost see them by movement, because otherwise it's too hard to look for them."

Fence lizard
Often perched on yucca stalks, this white variety of lizard with black stripes and blue accents uses its coloration to hold its territory against other males or to entice females. "They have these really bright blue bellies they use to communicate with one another," says Rosenblum. "So sometimes you see them doing little push-ups."

Kit fox
The largest animal in the dune field, the kit fox weighs only about five pounds. Often found in the shrublands and the dunes, kit foxes tend to

be a little lighter in color and have adapted better to White Sands than their canid relative the coyote. "They're able to live on a much smaller prey base, so can live in places where the coyotes cannot," says Gary Roemer, a mammal researcher with New Mexico State University.

Pallid bat
About four inches long, with large ears, these sand-colored bats often roost at the park's visitor center. "Unlike many bat species that catch flying insects, pallid bats fly low and seek to catch insects moving along the ground," says Jeremy Lane, New Mexico Department of Game and Fish's public information officer.

Apache pocket mouse
This tiny mouse lives out its entire life without ever needing a drink of water, instead absorbing it from the Indian rice grass seeds it eats, which

it packs into its mouth "pockets." Although it's nocturnal, the pocket mouse has white fur (surprise: It helps to be white even at night on the dunes). "The funny thing about all the white species: They're not albino," says David Bustos, resource program manager with the park. "They keep the pigment."

Pronghorn
whitesandensis moth
Found in the southeast corner of the park, the largest of the dunes' endemic moth species is 1.5 inches across, is dark in color, and—unique among moths—flies only in winter. "I hypothesize the darker-colored wings allow the moth to absorb solar energy during the short winter days, thereby allowing it to fly into the very cool evenings," says Eric Mettler, a moth collector and researcher who has found them even after the temperature falls below freezing.

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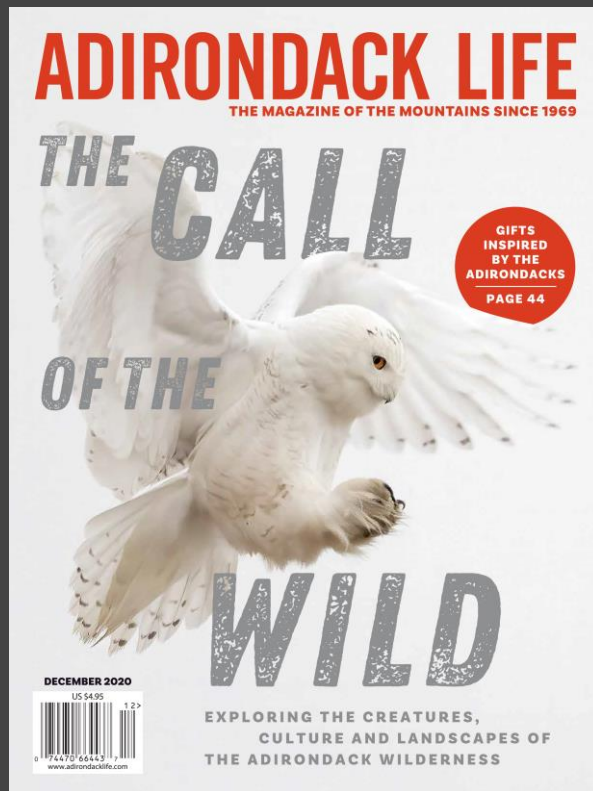
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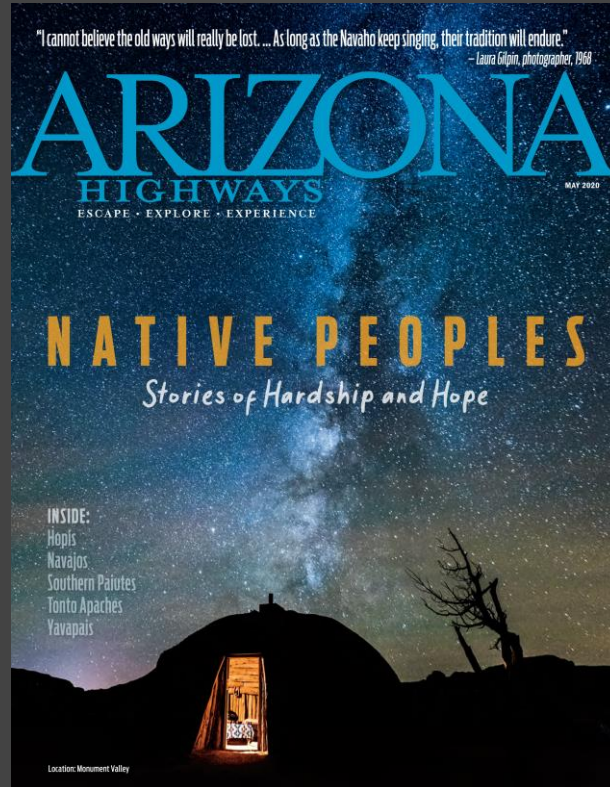
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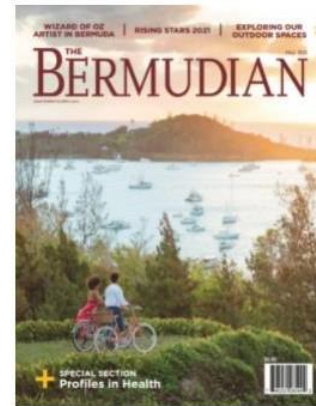
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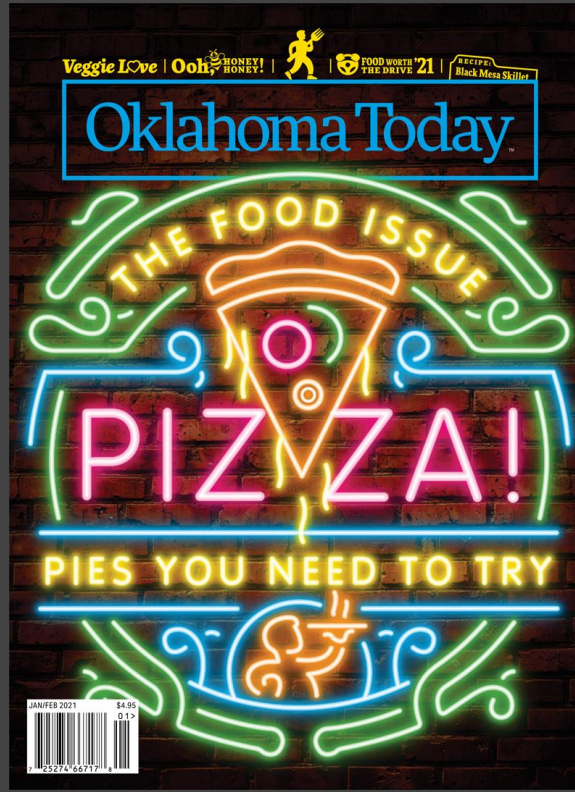
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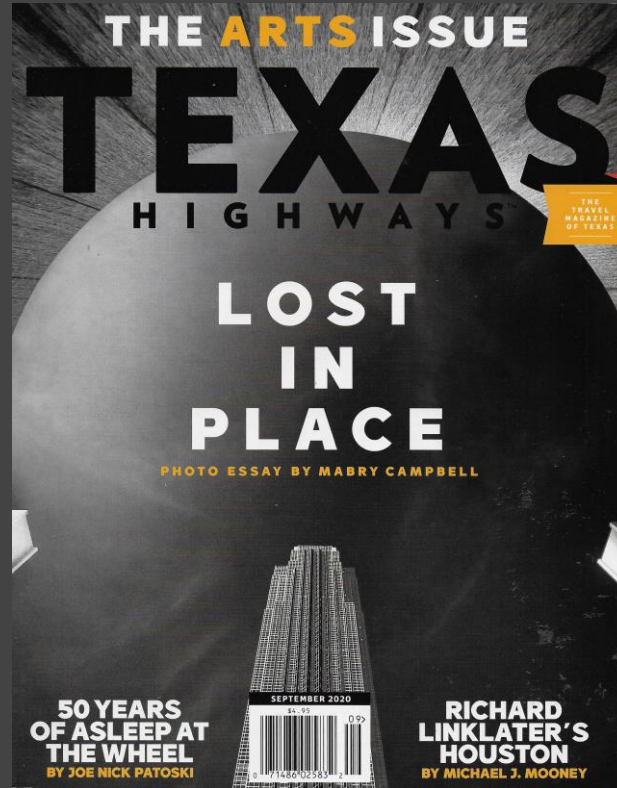
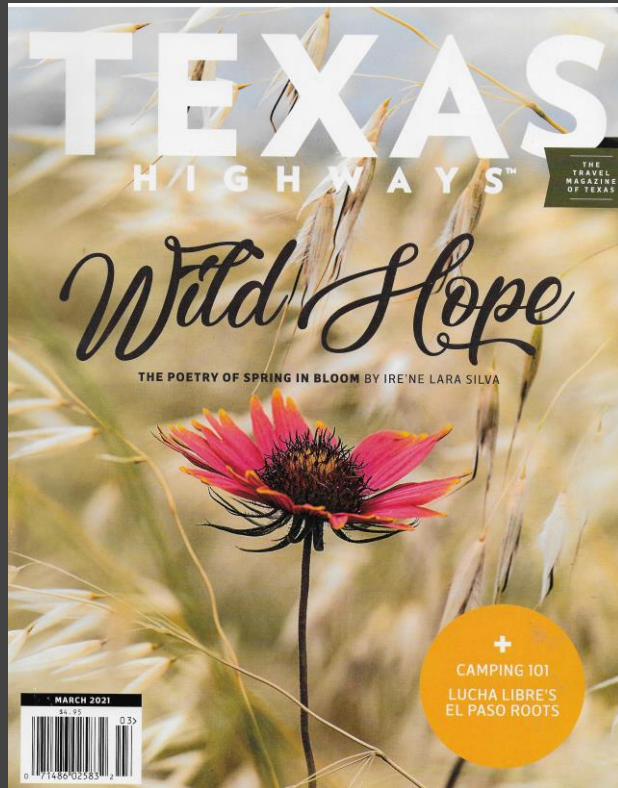
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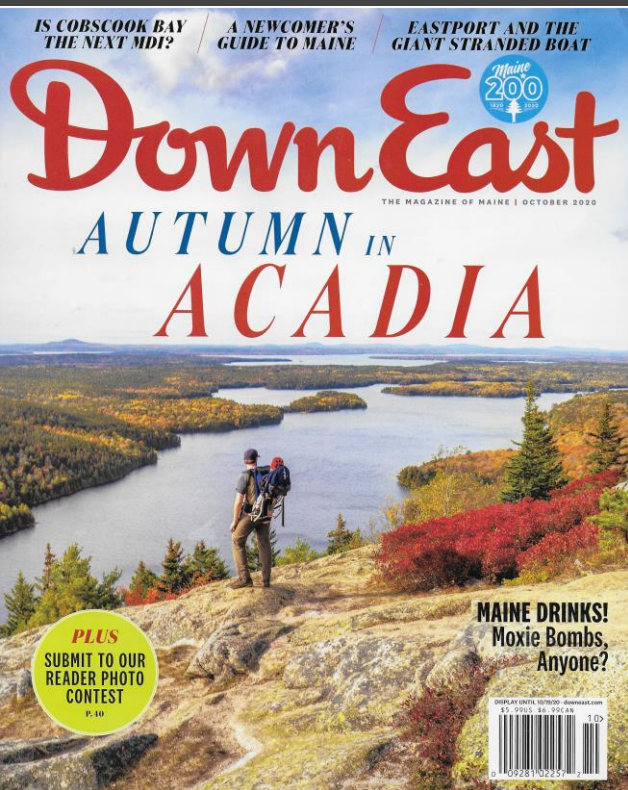
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