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September 18, 2026

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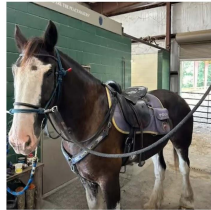
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Newsletter - Silver

Texas Highways – Behind the Issue

Texas
Highways™

BEHIND THE ISSUE



WILL VAN OVERBEEK/TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

Born on the Bayou

We've cooked up something special for y'all this month. From crawfish boils to the art car parade, the March issue of *Texas Highways* is dedicated to exploring the inimitable and indefinable Houston region.

Despite H-Town's stature as the fourth-largest city in the country—and the largest in Texas—its most defining characteristic may be that it doesn't really have one. Its pluralistic culture and urban sprawl make its identity impossible to sum up—and so much the better.

This issue was spearheaded by Features Editor Chris Hughes. Growing up in North Houston, he'd heard from outsiders about how ugly, flat, and monotonous the area was and spent most of his childhood dreaming of escape. But as he grew older and experienced other parts of the

Newsletter - Gold

New Mexico Magazine - Route 66 Centennial

44. Newsletter



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New Mexico
MAGAZINE

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Tales From the Road: History, Part 1

As the Route 66 Centennial approaches, we're taking a look back at the road's history. In 1926, the first paved road from Chicago to Los Angeles was completed. It was a 2,448-mile journey that took nearly a month to complete. The road was built by the federal government, but it was the private companies that made it possible. The road was built by the federal government, but it was the private companies that made it possible. The road was built by the federal government, but it was the private companies that made it possible.

Relix Tip

Relix Tip: When you're on the road, make sure you have a good map. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go.



Rolling Through Time on Route 66

Rolling Through Time on Route 66: A journey through the past and present of the most iconic road in America. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go.

Person to Meet

Person to Meet: A journey through the past and present of the most iconic road in America. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go.



Pit Stop

Pit Stop: A journey through the past and present of the most iconic road in America. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go.



Download the App

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Be Social

Be Social: A journey through the past and present of the most iconic road in America. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go. The road is long and winding, and you'll need a good map to get you where you want to go.



New Mexico
MAGAZINE

Podcast

Podcast - Merit

El Palacio – Encounter Culture

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Button Box
Dreams and
Repair-Shop Flair:
Mastering the Art
of Accordions

With Tony Tomei
and Antonio Maestas

SEASON 9 - EPISODE 5

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Latest episode

Button Box Dreams & Repair-Shop Flair: Mastering the Art of Accordions

Accordions are woven into New Mexico's soundscape—at fiestas, on plazas, and in the musical storytelling traditions that travel across generations. In this episode of Encounter Culture, host Emily Withnall talks with Tony Tomei and Antonio Maestas, a master-and-apprentice duo who completed the New Mexico Arts Folk Arts Apprenticeship Program in 2024, focusing on accordion restoration and traditional New Mexico tunings. Tony and Antonio fell in love with the accordion in different decades and play different styles. Tony first encountered the accordion as a child in the 1950s, growing up in an ethnically diverse community where... [Read More](#)



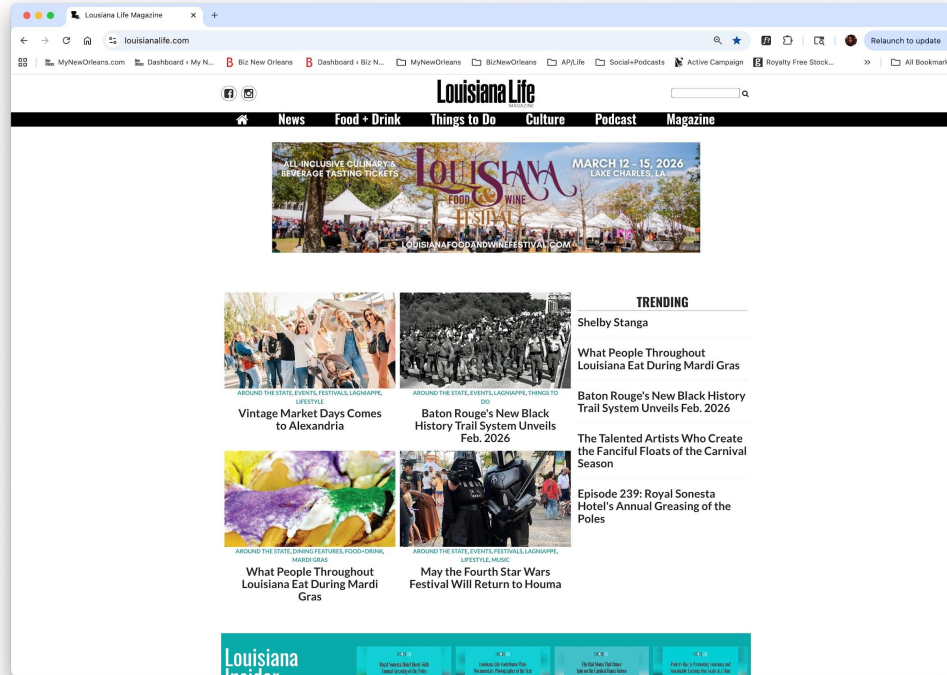
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Podcast - Bronze

Louisiana Life – Louisiana Insider



Podcast - Silver

The Yukon Magazine – Yukon Podcast



theyukonmagazine.com/podcast



SMOKE! LIFE AT THE FIRE TOWER—JANUARY 15, 2025

Spotting wildfires is serious business. Former "lookout" Trina Moyles visited the Dawson City fire tower and tells us about its veteran smoke-spotter, Markus Lench. Drawing from her own seven seasons stationed at a remote tower in northern Alberta, Trina shares the solitude, awe, and challenges of the role of a lookout in detecting and reporting wildfires in the Yukon and beyond.

Trina Moyles is the author of *Lookout—Love, Solitude, and Searching for Wildlife in the Boreal Forest*. She wrote about Markus and the Dawson Fire tower in the winter issue of The YUKON Magazine (formerly Yukon, *North of Ordinary*).

Season 11 | Winter | Episode 8



THE COOLEST HAIR ON EARTH—FEBRUARY 19, 2025

What does it take to have the coolest hair on Earth? A hair-freezing contest, for starters. But as Karen McCall quickly learns, it's not just about frigid temperatures—it takes patience, strategy, and maybe even a little discomfort. Armed with insider tips from two-time champion Nanase Takano, Karen and her friend Shannon head to the Eclipse Nordic Hot Springs, confident they can sculpt their way to victory and claim the world's coolest hair. But will their frozen-hair dreams hold strong—or thaw before the finish line?

Season 12 | Spring | Episode 3



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SLED DOG—MARCH 5, 2025

Tuxedo has black and white fur, blue eyes, and a sensitive side. His work is hard and is rewarded with belly rubs, massages, and warm soup. But a day in the life of Tuxedo and his fellow Alaskan Huskies at Sky High Wilderness Ranch is more nuanced than that. Veteran musher Jocelyne LeBlanc takes us behind the scenes from daybreak to trail time and beyond for insights into the lives of these lovable working dogs.

Season 12 | Spring | Episode 5

Podcast - Gold

Arizona Highways – Arizona Highways Podcast



Arizona Highways Podcast

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★ 4.8 (23) · PLACES & TRAVEL · UPDATED BIMONTHLY

Join Steve Goldstein and Arizona Highways Magazine's Editor-in-Chief Robert Stieve as they interview experts about exploring Arizona's natural beauty, and give listeners a behind-the-scenes look at the making [MORE](#)

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Episodes >

JAN 29

The Canyon Doc Who Saves Lives and Blazes Trails

In the newest episode of the Arizona Highways podcast, host Steve Goldstein and Arizona Highways editor Robert Stieve talk with Tom Myers, the South Rim doctor who saves lives, blazes trails and writes about death in the Grand Canyon.

40 min



12/20/2024

Photographing Our Winter Landscape

In the 12th episode of the Arizona Highways podcast, host Steve Goldstein and Arizona Highways editor Robert Stieve talk with photographer Suzanne Mathia about the excitement and challenges of photographing the Arizona landscape when the snow falls.

36 min



11/29/2024

"Shopping Local" with Matt's Big Breakfast

In the 11th episode of the Arizona Highways podcast, host Steve Goldstein and Arizona Highways editor Robert Stieve talk with Matt Pool of Matt's Big Breakfast about the importance of "shopping local" this holiday season and beyond. They also discuss the magazine's new coffee table book, which features the best photographs in the history of the magazine.

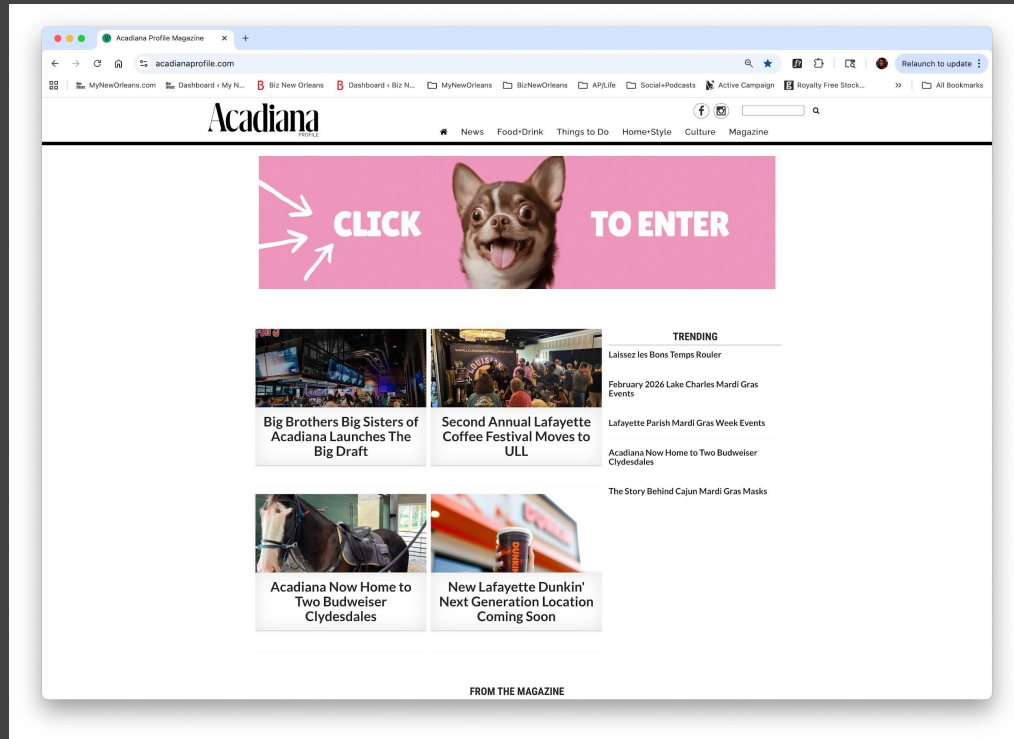
31 min



Website of the Year

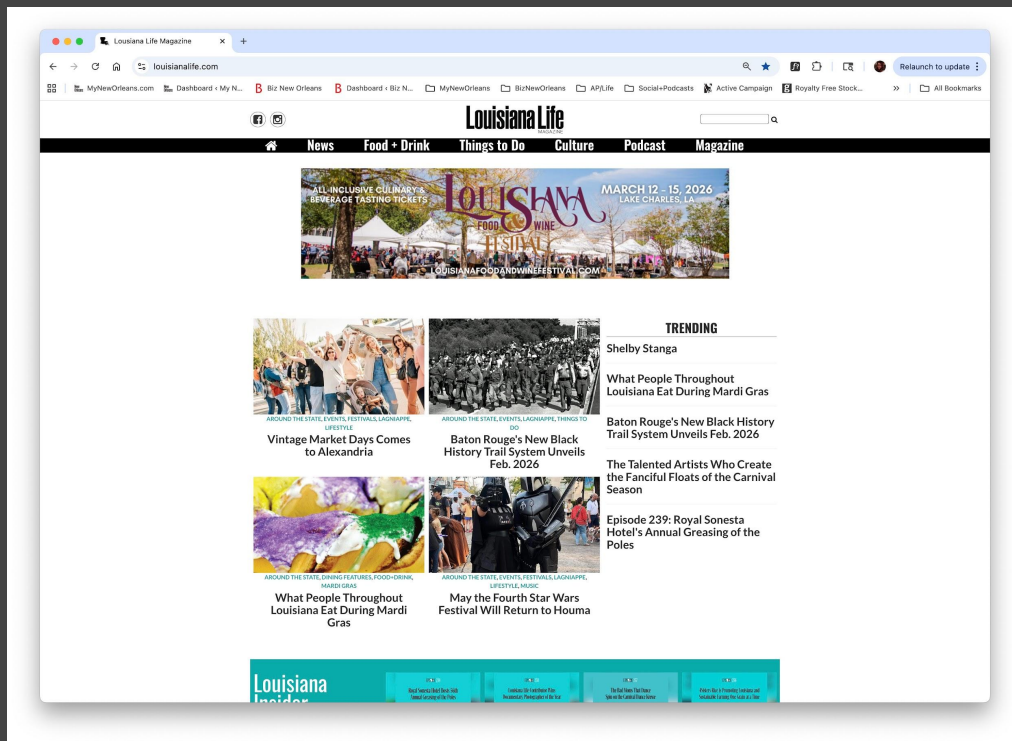
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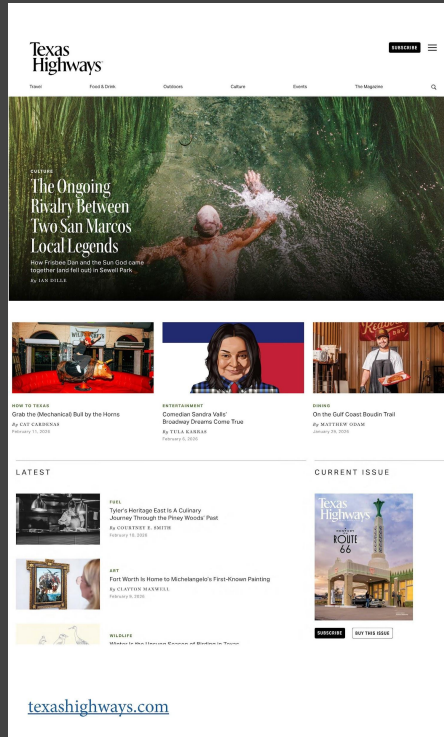
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Louisiana Life – louisianalife.com



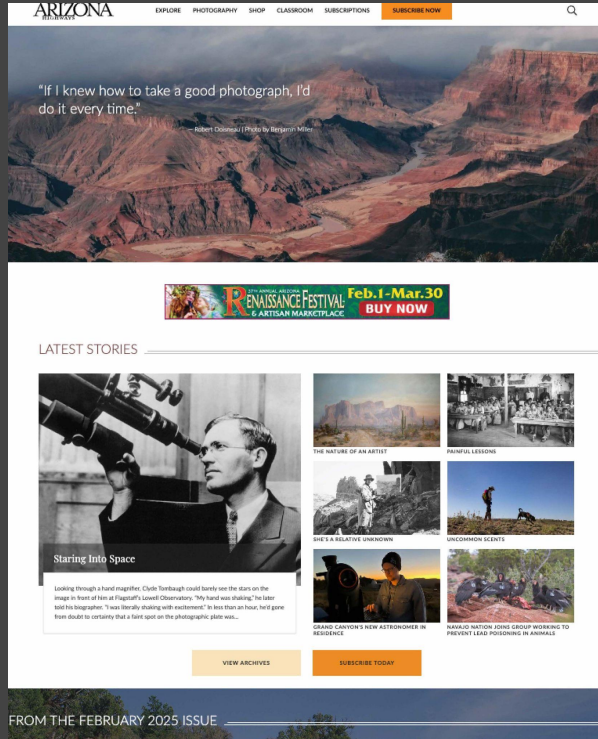
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Print Calendar

Print Calendar – Merit

Arizona Wildlife Views – 2026 Calendar



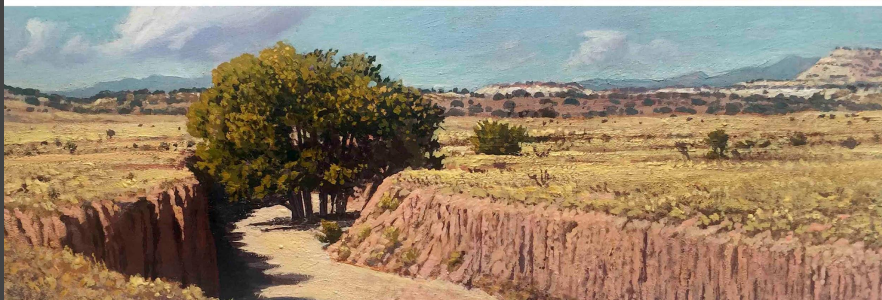
Print Calendar – Bronze

Arizona Highways – Classic Calendar 2025



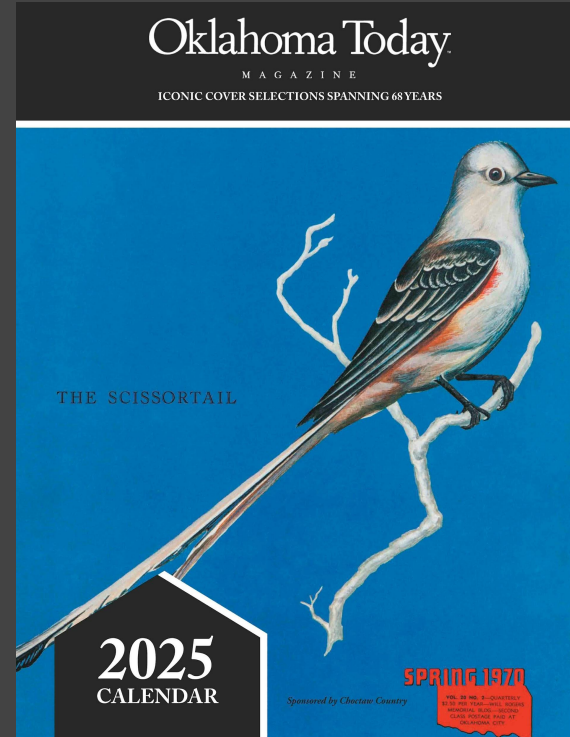
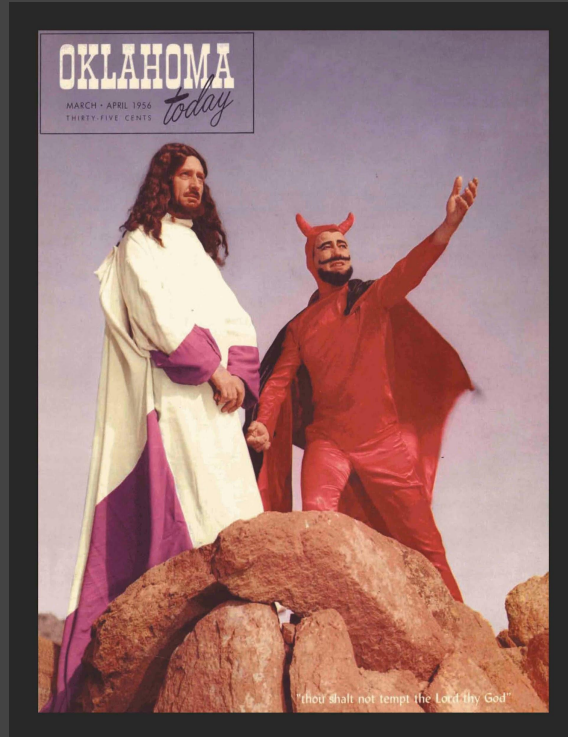
Print Calendar – Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – New Mexico Artist Calendar



Print Calendar – Silver

Oklahoma Today – Oklahoma Today Covers Calendar



Print Calendar – Gold

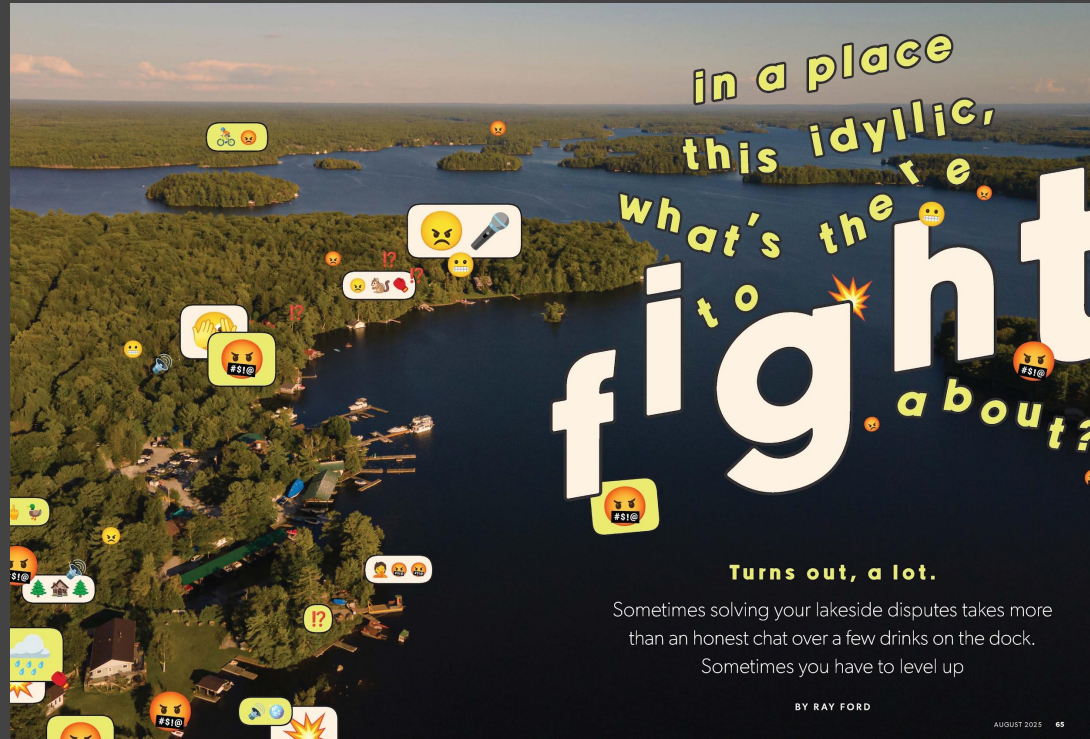
Louisiana Life – Culinary Calendar



Reader Service Article

Reader Service Article - Bronze

Cottage Life – The Big Fights



Reader Service Article - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife – Being Loved to Death

Being loved

Hooking injuries to fish and angling pressure is taking a toll on trout in the North Platte River

BY ROBERT GAGLIARDI

38 | August 2025

TO DEATH



Wyoming Wildlife | 39

Reader Service Article - Silver

Texas Highways – Spirited Away



Reader Service Article - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Flight of Fancy



Column

A. El Palacio

Column - Bronze

Oklahoma Today – Wild Notes

ORIGINALS

WILD NOTES

Washington Irving's Wild Ride

One of America's most beloved authors had quite the encounter in what would become Oklahoma.

BY GORDON GRICE

BY THE TIME he went on the wildest ride of his life, Washington Irving already had written about Ichabod Crane's flight from a horseman who carried his head on the pommel of his saddle. But that was only a story. The author had to go to Indian Territory to experience real terror on horseback.

In the fall of 1812, Irving was on his way home to New York after years of work in Europe. He and a few companions traveled with federal rangers sent to establish relations with Plains tribes in the Territory. They set out from a far-stretching post near present-day Salina then looped near the sites that would become Galtie and Norman. Near what's now Arcadia, the men wrangled wild ponies.

They reached open prairie near the Canadian River. Irving was delighted to see the "boundless and fertile" land. One of the men had hunted bison—which they called buffaloes—here before. He led his companions up a hill to look for some, and they immediately spotted "several black objects moving in the distance." There would be enough meat for the whole camp.

Irving admitted he was no great sportsman, but the size of this quarry was hard to resist. He chased a big bull. They startled deer and wolves from their hiding places. Irving knew he was risking his horse's legs in the ground broken up by ravines, rain-slick wallows, and prairie dog holes. But the most intimidating part was the bison himself, "a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror"



with "short black horns, curving out of a huge frontier of shaggy hair" and "eyes glowing like coals." Irving's horse panicked and tried to veer off.

Against this formidable prey, Irving had a pair of worn-out, primitive pistols. The gallop had knocked their priming loose. They both misfired.

The bison turned to attack. The horse, slowing the sense its rider lacked, went bounding away. Like Ichabod Crane, Irving hardly kept his seat. By the time he convinced the horse to renew the chase, it was hopeless. The sure-footed bison plunged down a ravine and got away.

Now, Irving realized the chase had brought him far from his friends. The prairie, so beautiful before, was now a landscape of fear. In the woods, you could hope to find a friendly face or a clear path just beyond the next tree. On the prairie, you knew you were lost.

He managed to follow his own tracks back, and soon, he found the

hunt wasn't done. He joined his companions in pursuit of other bison. Having swapped his pistols for a long gun, he finally managed to shoot down a bull. It lay panting. It seemed to suffer in proportion to its size. He finished it with another shot—a much harder shot to take, now that the chase was done and he could see the animal's pain. A companion carved out its tongue, big as a human forearm, and gave it to Irving as a temporary trophy. It would make good eating that night.

His story ends with a number of conflicting emotions. The hunt had thrilled him, yet it brought regret as well. No one in his time could predict the ecological chaos that would follow the mass slaughter of bison. But Irving knew bison had once ranged back east. And the Territory had once harbored grizzlies, now driven off. The land was changing. His triumph shamed him with its wantonness and waste. 🐾

ORIGINALS

WILD NOTES

Bear Witness

Human Okies share their home state with lots of fascinating critters, including black bears in some regions.

BY GORDON GRICE

PAST DUSK, MY eldest son set the garbage cans at the curb. He meant to go back into the house through the patio door. From between the blue bushes ahead of him a brisk black shadow emerged. It headed for the patio.

He'd seen black bears by day, though not in town. Often, there was a half-second of mistaking bear for dog. Not this time. He knew instantly what it was.

Another thing he knew instantly: He wouldn't be using that patio door. He went in through the front. The motion-detecting outdoor light, useless as always, took half a dozen flicks to wake up. It finally revealed the bear six feet from the door. His looks surprised him. He'd heard of juveniles foraging in towns; they haven't

learned people are dangerous. But this one looked mature—fat, formidable. Along its honey-colored nose sprouted black scales, maybe some sort of infection. It looked him in the eye.

Then, turning, it vanished into the dark. Finding a wild animal where you didn't expect it evokes wonder. Knowing a big, potentially dangerous one had visited my patio sprinkled some fear into the wonder. Things couldn't end well. The chance of the bear harming a human was remote, though it might hurt pets, break bird feeders, raid honeysuckle. Whether it came trouble or not, a bear in town is a bear in danger.

We heard neighborhood gossip about a bumper crop of bears. Or maybe it was only one ubiquitous bear. It happens every few years. I'd seen a juvenile as my family and I drove a country road. It galloped toward us with a clumsy-looking up-and-down gait. It looked as if it needed to mail an urgent letter. We slowed to a creep. A dozen feet away, the bear seemed to notice us for the first time. It stopped and studied us.

We pulled up beside the ditch where it stood. It looked at us as if we'd behaved badly. Its eyes were the color of forest bear.

More sightings poured in. My eldest found tracks at the golf course. On hiking excursions, my youngest son found two road-killed bears. In town, he saw one anking near a railroad depot. A friend of ours put on the brakes to avoid one crowding between the fire station and a convenience store. People spoke of pet food spilled and trash cans tipped over. My neighbor's dog was restless.

One morning, I looked out to see what birds might be at the feeders that hung from an eight-foot pole beside my patio. They weren't there—neither the feeders nor the pole. For a second, I wondered how the squirrels had managed this one. But the pole stretched on the ground, its feeders broken. The fifty-pound planter that held the pole was tipped over. The seed lay uncaten.

Maybe the bear came for the birdseed, but panicked when his efforts brought the whole contraption crashing down.

I saw no further sign. Soon, another carcass turned up on the highway. I felt more disappointment than relief.

And then I heard fresh stories of smashed bird feeders. Because, of course, there are other bears in the world, more wild things to wonder at. 🐾

ILLUSTRATION



Column - Silver

Adirondack Life – Short Carries

Short Carries



An Adirondack Legend

My mentor, Betsy Folwell

BY ANNIE STOLITE

CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: Betsy Folwell on Owl's Head, in 2003; Betsy with the author at Adirondack Life, in 2009; and in spring 2024 at an Adirondack Center for Writing event.

The woodcock mating dance, venison recipes, Great Camp china, reading winter skies, the history of the Adirondack Park Agency, balsam pillow-making, wolf genealogy, growing hops, skiing, birding, water science, blowdown aftermath, invasive species, antique boats. Was there anything in the park Betsy Folwell didn't know about or write about? Nope. She was an Adirondack legend.

My life changed when Betsy hired me at Adirondack Life 25 years ago. Though I'd grown up near the Adirondacks, I'd been at a mainstream women's magazine in New York City—the antithesis of Adirondack Life. Betsy's regional fluency was intimidating. And then there was this big and com-

plicated park. Her way of mentoring me was to send me out of the office at least once a week to hike mountains, explore towns, attend events, meet people and, basically, just get lost. The writing and editing part involved Betsy's patient direction, her suggestions to excavate deep beneath a subject's surface, and to uphold the editorial standard our readers expect. I wanted to get it right and make her proud. I still do.

In the early 2000s cartoonist Mark Wilson painted a birthday card for Betsy. He depicted her with her trademark graying hair, behind bars, dressed in an orange jumpsuit and scratching lines onto the wall. Above her were the words "Adirondack Life."

By then Betsy had been at the magazine since the late 1980s. For some jobs it's critical to separate your work from your identity. But at Adirondack Life, that's impossible, because to get to the heart of this place you have to live it. That's what Betsy did.



In her office in Jay's brick church, there was a sign on her wall that said, "If wishes were fishes." Atop a file cabinet an old dictionary the size of a beer cooler was usually open, a lifeline before the days of spellcheck and Google. And always, Betsy was there, tapping away on her keyboard, her focus unflinching. Whatever calamity crashed into her, she'd work through it—the cap, tap, tap from her office after she lost vision in both of her eyes and, after that, when she was diagnosed with cancer. Still she worked, and still, with her husband, Tom Warrington, she took on Herculean projects, such as moving their 1915 farmhouse in Blue Mountain Lake—actually hauling it to a higher spot—for a better view of their hamlet's iconic peak. Or most recently, working to restore the Tascorora, a 1900s-era passenger steamboat that chugged the waters of Blue, delivering vacationers to the grand hotels that once lined the lake.

Betsy retired in 2020, but we continued to connect about family, friends and the magazine. She consulted on stories and offered ideas, always dishing the park "scrutibent," as she called it. I'd send her my articles, usually struggling with an ending, and she was forever showing me the way, her suggestions more elegant and meaningful than anything I could come up with.

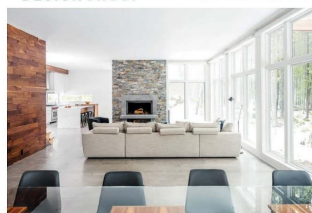
Betsy never stopped contributing to Adirondack Life. Even as sick as she was the last few months, she planned to write about the Tascorora, about a carpenter from Indian Lake who helped rebuild Notre Dame, and Raquette Lake—a summertime package detailing where to swim, hike and paddle.

At the end of December, a week before Betsy passed away, I got to hold her hand, hug her and tell her what she meant to me. The conversation drifted back to Adirondack Life. She reminded me to "bring the joy."

On that visit I looked through the window above Betsy's bed and hoped she could feel the warmth of the late-morning sun. That's when I noticed what was leaning against the window sill—the card Mark had made for her all those years ago, Adirondack Life. 🐾

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Arizona Highways – Editor's Letter

EDITOR'S LETTER

By Robert Stieve



"What does the color green smell like?" That's what the girl with the freckles asked me.

I was talking to a roomful of second-graders about wildlife in Arizona when she hit me with the question. I glanced over at the teacher, with a look of desperation: *I thought they'd ask me about couatimundis and ringtails.* She just smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

Like a walk-on freshman looking into the pool from a 10-meter platform, I stood there for a few seconds, afraid to move. "Ummm... that's a very good question," I finally said to the young Barbara Walters. "I think the color green smells like... I think it smells like fresh-mown grass."

There was no response from Ms. Walters, but one of her classmates raised his hand and started talking about his dad's John Deere lawn mower. He was proud, as if his father were the head groundskeeper at Augusta. Maybe that's something he'll remember when he's older. I can still remember my grandfather's riding mower. Not the brand, but I remember that it was yellow, and I remember the smell of cigar smoke mixed with fresh-mown grass. Especially the grass.

For me, that's the smell of green. It's also the smell of summer. Along with campfire smoke and chlorine and Coppertone and petunias and burnt marshmallows and alfalfa and black dirt in a vegetable garden. Those smells bring back memories.

As a boy, I lived for summer. It's in my DNA — my mother's French surname means "of the summer." And summer is when I learned how to water-ski and pop wheelies and flirt on the beach.

Even better, summer is when my family would hit the road to go camping. Like Hannibal's army crossing the Alps, we moved a lot of gear from one Northwoods lake to another. We didn't take the kitchen sink, but we did take the cast iron frying pans. That's another smell of summer: my father making bacon and

eggs in the old Griswold frying pans. "Summertime is always the best of what might be," our friend Chuck Bowden said.

And summertime is the time to hit the road. It's been that way in Arizona for at least a hundred years. In our second issue, we published our first editorial. It was focused on the swarm of locals who were fleeing to California for the summer.

"One of the most worthy movements launched by the civic and commercial organizations of Arizona is that of 'See Arizona First,'" the editorial from May 1925 begins. "Each year citizens of Arizona, whose scenery and climate is far superior to that of the Pacific coast, jour-

ney to California to spend the summer months and untold sums of money."

The untold sum was estimated to be \$2 million. And we were intent on getting some of it back.

"See Arizona First" and travel over Arizona's highways," the piece suggests. "The White Mountains are now open and accessible to the public. The Rice-Springerville highway is now in such condition that a trip by automobile through the heart of the mountains may be made without the least difficulty."

All who visit this section this summer will be delighted with the beauties of the mountains, the magnificent forests, the enticing trout streams and the invigorating air. Why not spend your summer vacation in Arizona? With all that Arizona has to offer, why should her sons and daughters desert \$2,000,000 along the beaches of our Sister State?"

The point is well taken, but even the most daggled aficionados have to admit the beaches next door are pretty spectacular. Llanitor in Point Reyes, Pfeiffer in Big Sur... we don't have beaches like that. We do, however, have an incredibly diverse landscape that ranges from arid deserts and canyons to forested

mountains and glaciated peaks. According to the U.S. Geological Survey, there are 52 Level III ecoregions in Arizona, including subalpine forests. That's where you'll want to be this summer. With an elevation of about 8,500 feet, the daytime highs in those forests are usually in the upper 70s. It's even cooler when the afternoon rain comes down.

People ask me about my favorite place in Arizona. I have a few, depending on the season. In the summer, there are two in particular, and I'll be at both of them this month.

Up first is the North Rim, where the subalpine forest is thick with Engelmann spruce, corkbark fir, blue spruce, white fir and aspens. A few weeks later, I'll be in the White Mountains, camping with my family in another subalpine forest.

Our camping gear is more sophisticated than it was in the 1960s, and the load is lighter, but the memories my daughters are making are similar to mine. And someday, maybe, they'll be triggered by the smell of something from this trip.

Although our sense of smell isn't utilized as much as hearing, touch, taste or sight, it's the sense most closely associated with memory. That's because our brain processes smell differently than the other four senses, and the brain's "smell center," known as the olfactory bulb, is directly connected to the hippocampus, which holds our memory. Literally, those two parts are tied together, and that connection can transform the smell of Old Spice into memories of a grandfather's medicine cabinet.

For my family, there won't be any campfire smoke this month. Not with the inevitable fire restrictions. But there will be the resinous scent of Engelmann spruce. And petrichor, that earthy fragrance that comes when rain falls on dry soil. I'll have my old Griswold, too, in case I'm allowed to use my camp stove. I hope so, because breakfast in the backcountry is one of the best smells of summer. It makes me think of my dad.

Follow me on Instagram: [@arizonahighways](#)



Hospital Flat Campground, Mount Graham, 1968.

Public Issues

Public Issues – Bronze

The Bermudian – How Does a Child Become a Killer?

HOW DOES A CHILD BECOME A KILLER?

THE UNCOMFORTABLE QUESTION BERMUDA MUST FINALLY FACE IN TACKLING THE ROOT OF GUN VIOLENCE

BY JONATHAN KENT



Shedding Light on the Roots of Island's Gang Violence

Two Men Dead in Daylight Court Street Shooting

Non-profit Calls Out at W...

Double Murder in Somerset

One Arrested and Three...

Jury Hears Gang Evidence as Murder Trial Continues

Shooting Victim Described as a Hard-working Mother

Ten Times in Deadly 2022 Attack



IN MAY, SHAQUAN WILLIAMS AND JASMINE SMITH WERE SHOT DEAD AT LEGENDS SPORTS BAR IN SANDYS. NAKAI ROBINSON AND NATRAE EVERSLEY WERE THE VICTIMS OF ANOTHER DOUBLE MURDER IN AUGUST. A MONTH LATER, JANAE MINORS WAS KILLED IN HER STORE ON COURT STREET.

What was the clear takeaway from the occupying of frustration from residents who spoke up at a jam-packed town hall meeting in October featuring the governor, police commissioner and Minister of National Security?

What is equally clear is that there is no easy solution to break the cycle of violence that has produced 63 fatal shootings since 2008. The discussion at St Paul AME Church's Centennial Hall focused heavily on security and law-enforcement issues — more police officers on the beat, greater coverage of CCTV cameras and convincing those in the know to be more forthcoming with information. While security plays a critical part in prevention, it is evident that violence does not exist in a vacuum. No lasting solution can be found without also addressing the social and economic environment in which the gang life appears attractive to alienated young men, who feel they do not belong in mainstream society.

Last year, the Ministry of National Security produced the National Violence Reduction Strategy, which met with overwhelming bipartisan support in the House of Assembly. The plan recognizes the need for both social and security measures, seeking to build an "empowered community" with "trust, opportunity and justice for all." This year, a series of particularly shocking and brazen shootings has sparked an urgency to move beyond well-meaning words and to act. In May, Shaquan Williams and Jasmine Smith were shot dead at Legends sports bar in Sandys. Nakai Robinson and Natrae Eversley were the victims of another double murder at the junction of Court Street and Dardanel Street in an August afternoon. A month later, Janae Minors, an entrepreneur and mother of two, was killed in her store on Court Street in another daylight shooting.

Urgent talks involving the government, Governor Andrew Mordaunt and Commissioner of Police Darin Simons led to a pledge of temporary British reinforcements for the strained Bermuda Police Service.

In an interview with *The Bermudian* in late September, Simons said: "When I joined the BPS 31 years ago, there were 400 police officers—today we have 379, 15 of whom are in training school. There has been a steady decline in numbers. We will be recruiting aggressively over the next couple of years—in Bermuda and, as necessary, from overseas." Adding about 40 new officers will allow the BPS to conduct a greater "surge response" in the aftermath of an incident—a flood of officers committed to the crime scene, and to conduct road checks and searches to suppress retaliation—and provide more resources for investigations and community policing.

Ahead of the few firearms incidents, Simons does not want residents to believe the island is "swash with guns." Through ballistics analysis of retrieved shell casings—the equivalent of gun fingerprints—the police have recognized 88 unique firearms involved in incidents since 2014. Of those, 40 have been recovered by police, leaving 48 of those guns at large. Police know that 31 guns have been used more than once and a weapon fired in one of the fatal shootings on Court Street this year had been used in 13 previous incidents. The data suggests guns are being

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Public Issues – Silver

El Palacio – Connecting Time, Place, and People



Public Issues – Gold

Adirondack Life – Addition and Subtraction



54 ADIRONDACK LIFE September • October 2005

Addition and Subtraction

Are mergers
the answer
to declining
enrollment and
resources in
Adirondack
schools?

by ADAM
FEDERMAN

photographs by
CARRIE
MARIE BURR

September • October 2005 ADIRONDACK LIFE 55

Public Issues – Gold

Arizona Highways – Home of the Clouds



Home and Garden

Home and Garden – Merit

Maine Home + Design – Rooted in Place



Home and Garden – Bronze

Adirondack Life – Growing Up Brandreth



GROWING UP BRANDRETH

Inside my family's
174-year-old legacy

by GINNY BRANDRETH
photographs by CARRIE MARIE BURR

34 ADIRONDACK LIFE Adirondack Homes & Camps 2025



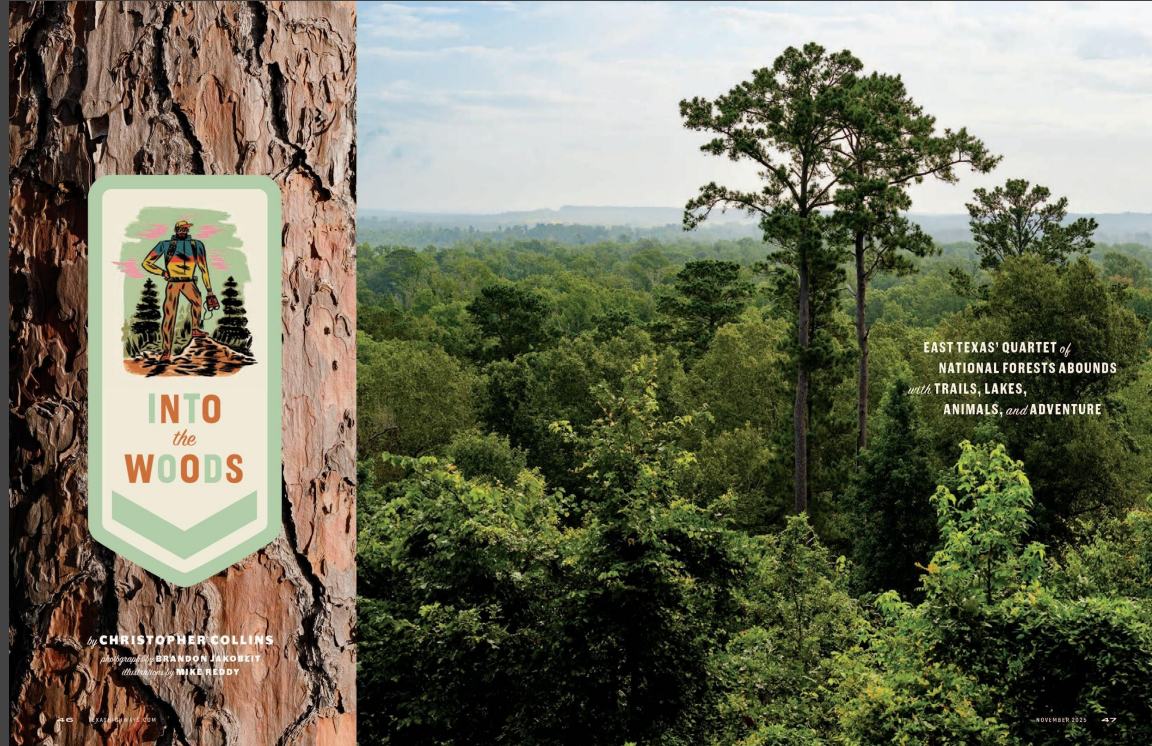
Adirondack Homes & Camps 2025 ADIRONDACK LIFE 35

Home and Garden – Silver Cottage Life – An Island of One's Own



Home and Garden – Gold

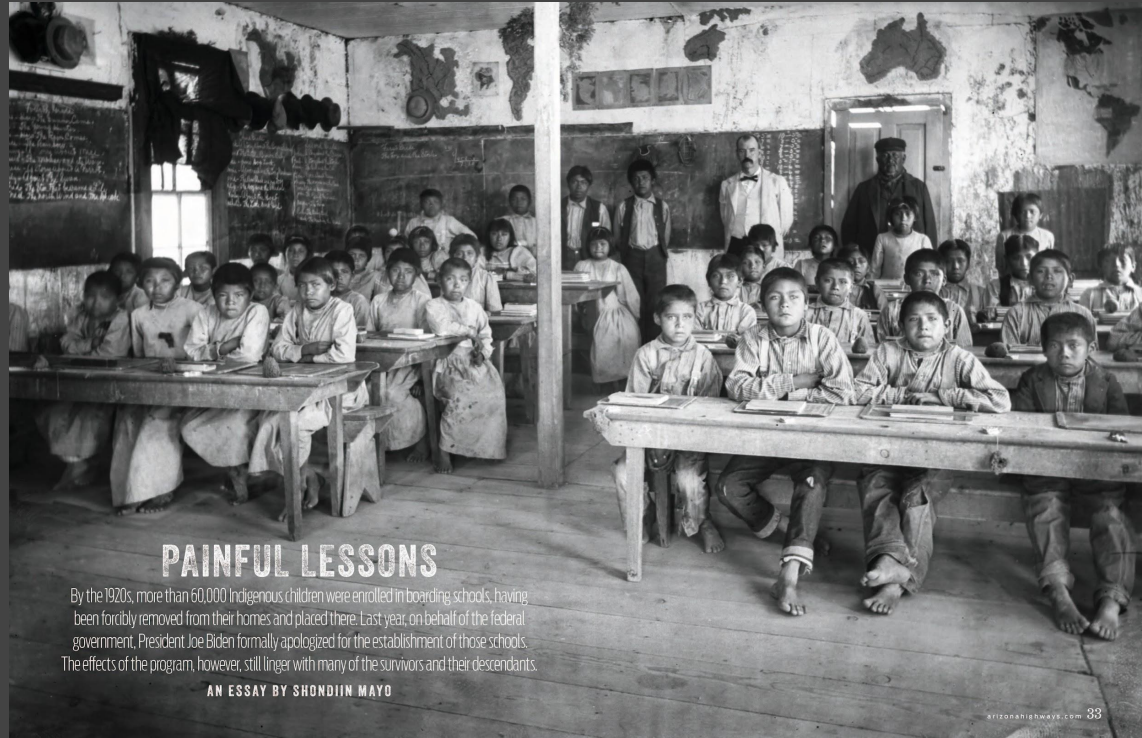
Texas Highways – Into the Woods



Essay

Essay - Merit

Arizona Highways – Painful Lessons



Essay - Bronze

Cottage Life – In a Big Country



Essay - Silver

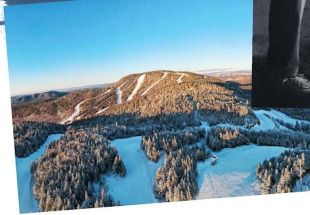
Adirondack Life – Learning How to Fall

LEARNING HOW TO FALL

BY JOE CONNELLY

*My first year
on ski patrol
at Gore Mountain*

FALL



FROM LEFT: Gore Mountain and the Stogies—Gon Towring, Mark “Blaze” Dip’Anderson, Geoff Merrett and Joe Connelly. Beam Dip plays a burning piano at a Gore Mud Party, 2001.

I’VE BEEN A SKI PATROLLER AT GORE MOUNTAIN, in North Creek, for more than 20 years, and in that time I’ve seen a lot of change, more trails, more lifts and more skiers, so much so that Gore now ranks as one of the biggest in the East and is a blast to ski. But no matter how much more Gore I get, it will never be as fun as my first year there, when I was a Stogie who couldn’t ski, and Beam Dip gave me a job on top of the world.

In the spring of 2001, I escaped New York City for a small town in the Adirondacks. I’d been a paramedic for 12 years in the city, and I wanted to get as far from those streets as I could. Moving to North Creek was like moving to Fiji. But on the morning of September 11, I watched the planes hit the World Trade Center. I got that familiar feeling in my chest, the way I used to after a terrible ambulance call, squeezed with dread. The next day I joined the Johnsburg Emergency Squad.

I soon discovered that to be a paramedic in Johnsburg means frequent calls to Gore. Every weekend we’d back our ambulance to the doors of Base First Aid and load them in. The nurse at the Base was Ellen Eager, a former RN from Brooklyn who terrified the local paramedics. She was an excellent nurse and protected her patients ferociously. I understood Ellen—I grew up with Brooklyn nurses. (Continued on page 48)

Essay - Gold

Texas Highways – Amarillo by Morning



AMARILLO BY MORNING

REVISITING AN ACT OF GENEROSITY
IN THE HIGH PLAINS

By EMILY GOGOLAK

M

MY FURST QUERENS as I drive on a backroad north of Amarillo. The dog, who has climbed into the passenger seat, looks up at me with big green eyes that someone once described as “extra-sentient.” He knows this isn’t good.

We aren’t supposed to be here, on this empty road. The day before, we had driven to Amarillo from Austin and stayed at the Big Texan Motel adjacent to the Big Texan Steak Ranch—kirsch lover’s paradise, low rates, only a \$20 pet fee. The property features a “horse hotel” situated around the corner from our room. I think that’s why the dog kept me up for hours with his pacing; he was communing with the horses. If I’d gotten adequate rest, I’d like to think I’d have taken Interstate 90 as planned, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. There would have been ample opportunities to refuel.

I’m not driving my own car. It’s in the shop. A friend in Austin lent me his silver Beetle, whose fuel gauge, I am just learning, does not function properly. Twenty minutes ago, we had a third of a tank.

Leaving the motel this morning, I wasn’t paying attention to the map on my phone. I let Siri guide me. Now we’re out here, swallowed up by the plains with no towns in sight, the needle on the gauge falling, cell signal nonexistent. I tell the dog, wearily, this might be a long day.

Just how I acquired a dog from a hunter in South Dakota upon moving to Texas from New York five years earlier is a story too long and dense with characters. The short of it: A man handed him to me at a motel in Sioux Falls, and I flew with him in my arms back to Austin, to an empty rental full of houses, where we started a new life together.

He has a white spot on the top of his head like a halo and a brighter orange patch over his left eye. His coat is speckled. The rest of him is speckled with white as though dusted with powdered sugar. I named him Lazdo. People often ask if I was after the *Cowboy* character Yester Lazdo (where I was when people ask if it was after the artist Lazdo Moholy-Nagy (a guess)). Neither. My father is Hungarian, and I always liked the name. Though mostly people call him Laz.

My favorite thing to do with this dog is to drive. Not city drives, but long ones where you start in one land-

scape and end up somewhere entirely different. For me, it is analogous to diving into the sea and swimming for a good while in open water before your return to shore, a conversation with one’s dog, a reminder of scale. In the glare of the sun as in the shadows of thunderclouds, when you’re far out on the road, life can feel like it is playing out in another dimension. It’s the anonymity and the isolation and the concurrent speed and stillness, and there’s something else I don’t yet know the word for. Whatever it is, I feel it most intensely while driving the highway and backroads of Texas, where the alchemy of so much out there and the frankness of strangers keep doors to the uncanny more ajar than in other places.

I suppose my penchant for long drives is inherited. One of my grandfathers was a geologist from Missouri whose work took him on highways alone across the Southwest. His favorite song was “King of the Road,” and his favorite road was US 84 through New Mexico. My other grandfather was a physician from Budapest, Hungary, who upon fleeing after a failed uprising

When you’re far out on the road, life can feel like it is playing out in another dimension.

found work in far Upstate New York. He was in awe of the vastness of his adopted country and, in 1963, took my grandmother and 6-year-old father on a road trip from near the Canadian border to Mexico City. He completed the whole drive in a suit and tie. Exquisite pictures from the destination survive, but I wonder about photos from the road, if they even took any. I wish I knew what my grandparents had made of Texas—they’d driven it north to south and back again. All my father remembers is getting sick and going to a hospital in Las Vegas.

Lazdo and I are still on the backroad as the needle on the fuel gauge enters the red zone. I am resigned to getting stuck on the side of the road. At least this place is visually compelling—the flat plains have given way to undulating ground with arroyos and red dirt that remind me of Arizona, where I’m from. But I must concentrate on not driving too fast so I can conserve gas. I see an intersection ahead—US



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Art and Culture Feature
34,999 Circulation or Less

Art & Culture 35 or less - Merit Mountain Home – The Lost Trail of Tiffany

THE LOST TRAIL OF TIFFANY

St. Paul's Episcopal's Stained Glass and Mosaics Were Designed by the Master, So Why Is It Such a Secret?

By David O'Reilly

A children's choir is rehearsing a Christmas pageant before empty pews as Ramon Segers strolls up the central aisle of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Wellsboro. Ramon, then the parish's acolyte, or altar server, pauses two-thirds of the way up the red carpet. This is the spot, he explains, where acolytes stand for part of each Sunday communion service, holding open the book of the gospels for the priest to read aloud.

"Now, see that window there?" he asks, and points out a slender vertical window of golden glass high above the white marble altar. "Some mornings the sun comes through that and also from these," and here he gestures to the large, multipaned windows high on the left and right walls, "and the light shines right onto the gospel."

Might this be a perception enhanced by spiritual devotion? Perhaps. But those luminous windows—like all of St. Paul's interior décor—are indeed worthy of marvel.

Completed in 1899 and seating three hundred and fifty, St. Paul's bears the wary nickname "Cathedral of the North" around the Diocese of Harrisburg, a poke at its improbable grandeur here in rural, upstate Pennsylvania. And yet this stately, Romanesque stone "cathedral" fronting the town green is special for another reason.

Its high marble altar and gilded altar screen, its chancel's mosaic floor, the marble pulpit, the marble baptismal font, that vibrant, multihued rose window at the rear of the nave, and its ten majestic stained glass windows were crafted by the workshops of the legendary Louis Comfort Tiffany. While you may know him for his brilliantly colored stained glass windows and lamps, Louis was also a master of jewelry, pottery, furniture, textile, and photography who radically transformed the world of decorative art and design in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made

Father Millard Cook stands in the pulpit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Wellsboro, which was designed by the studios of Louis Comfort Tiffany along with the altar, baptismal font, and mosaics throughout the sanctuary, making this one of the rare fully integrated Tiffany churches.

See Tiffany on page 10

Art & Culture 35 or less - Merit

The Yukon Magazine – More Than Skin Deep



MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

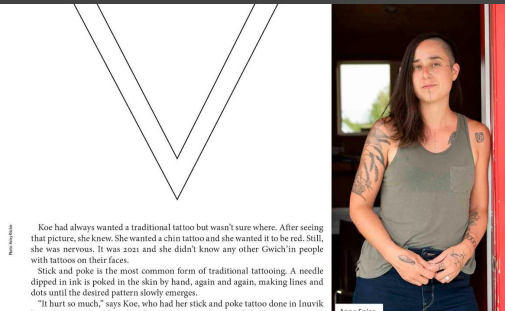
How and why traditional tattoos are coming back

By Genesee Keewil

Up near the Yukon and Northwest Territories border, not far from Fort MacPherson, a string of red hills rises above the low-lying black spruce. Ever since she was a little girl, out on the land with her grandparents, Bobbie-Koe Koe wondered about that rich red colour and its significance. Koe, a Teet'it Gwich'in river guide, artist, and land protector, was told the ochre soil was used as medicine. It wasn't until she learned it had also been used for tattooing that something shifted for her.

Koe started talking to elders and digging through history books, searching for any references to ancestral Gwich'in tattooing. "No one remembered or knew too much about it because when the missionaries came all our ways of doing things that were spiritual to us were considered wrong," she says.

In one image that Koe discovered through an ethnological museum archive in Germany, an Athapaskan chief from the Yukon and Lower Mackenzie rivers is shown with red tattooed lines below his cheeks and darker ochre lines running down his chin and along the bridge of his nose.



Koe had always wanted a traditional tattoo but wasn't sure where. After seeing that picture, she knew. She wanted a chin tattoo and she wanted it to be red. Still, she was nervous. It was 2021 and she didn't know any other Gwich'in people with tattoos on their faces.

Stick and poke is the most common form of traditional tattooing. A needle dipped in ink is poked in the skin by hand, again and again, making lines and dots until the desired pattern slowly emerges.

"It hurt so much," says Koe, who had her stick and poke tattoo done in Inuvik by visiting Montreal-based ink tattoo artist Areeana. A friend's three-year-old daughter watched and comforted Koe through the pain. "Now that little girl is seven and always drawing traditional tattoos on her arms," says Koe. "When she gets older she wants one, too."

Anne Spice, a Kwanlin Dün First Nation tattoo artist, first saw hand-poked tattoos while working with anarchist punk volunteers at a land defence encampment on Wet'suwet'en territory. Spice, who is a professor of anthropology at the University of Toronto, later came across the work of Seattle-based Tlingit tattooer Nahaan at an Indigenous tattoo exhibit in Vancouver. Spice reached out to Nahaan, hoping for a traditional stick and poke tattoo. Instead, Nahaan asked Spice if she'd be willing to try a different tattooing technique involving a scalpel.

"Traditionally it would have been a knife," says Spice. Ink is poured into thin cuts scalped in the skin that then slowly heal. "Painful things are necessary to bring about transformation," she says, though the scalpel technique wasn't actually that painful. It was another technique called skin stitching that Spice found really hurt. For this, a needle is passed in and out of the skin, pulling a short piece of ink-clipped thread. "It's amazing how much force it takes to push a needle through skin," says Spice, who had this done on her wrist. "It has to go to a certain depth—deep enough to get below the first layer of skin, but not so deep that it hits fat. Some women even get this done on their chins."

Like Koe, Spice had trouble finding information on traditional tattooing. That information isn't out there because it was actively suppressed. It's only recently that people have started trying to revitalize the practice and give it new life.

This spring, for the first time there will be a traditional tattoo gathering in Whitehorse. Spice, who has been practicing hand-poked tattooing for the past seven years, will be one of the featured artists, alongside Nahaan, Nika/pamux tattoo artist and skin marker Dion Kaszas, as well as an artist from Anchorage, Alaska, and possibly others.

Tattooing used to be done in the feast hall during a potlatch, says Spice, but it went underground when the government banned potlatches. Today, a new generation of tattoo artists are returning the practice to public spaces, where the community can see and hold it up. Until now, there hasn't been the opportunity to gather and ask if anyone has stories about tattooing—what people remember or what the practices have been. Because of that, Spice says gathering in this way can be transformative for a community.

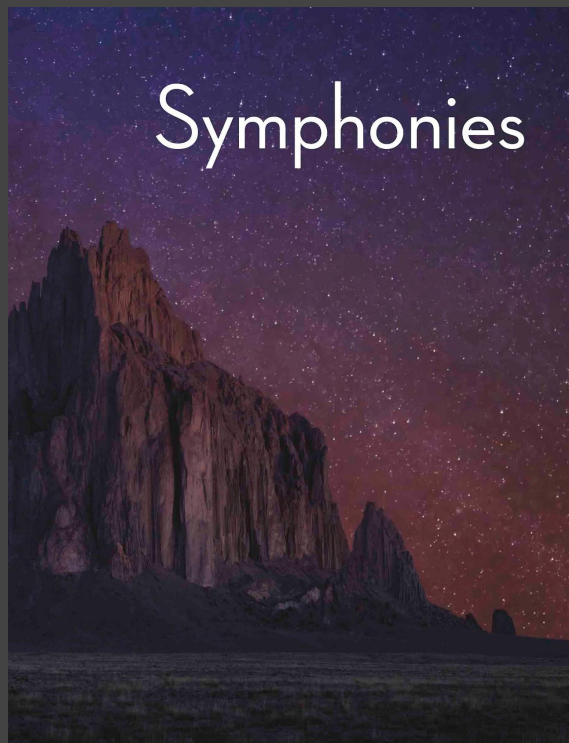
Traditional tattoos are symbolic markings. Chiefs had chin tattoos on their chests, women had them on their hands, and many had lines on their chins, cheeks, and temples. "Basically, everyone had tattoos," says Spice. Each one portrayed something individually significant.

When Koe's younger sister passed away, Koe couldn't sleep. She wasn't taking care of herself. Then she got a traditional tattoo on her hand, a rippling line signifying water. "Life revolves around water," Koe says. "When I'm guiding, I sleep by the water, and water keeps going even when we pass through hard things." As soon as she got that tattoo, Koe started sleeping again.

Spice wishes her first tattoo had been traditional, but she says tattoos reflect where you are in life. Now, she has traditional tattooed lines on her wrist representing land and the horizon. She has chin tattoos and she has tattooed her own temples. Dion also did large solid black patterns inspired by traditional basketry across Spice's back. It took two full days and was incredibly painful. When he finished, Spice burst into tears.

Art & Culture 35 or less - Bronze

El Palacio – Symphonies in the Skies



in the Skies

KNOWING OUR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE BY ROSEMARY DIAZ

Growing up in Santa Clara Pueblo, I listened to my grandmother tell the stories of our Tewa ancestors. From her I learned about how the Old Ones came from the north and built their homes in sandstone cliffs and atop high desert mesas of the Southwest; how they nurtured close relationships with the land and the animals and plants who also call it home; how they learned to read the weather and the seasons, hunt, and plant crops of beans, squash, and corn in a rainbow of sacred colors; how they shaped a rich legacy of language, song, and dance; and how they developed complex cosmocentric ceremonial and religious constructs that continue to define Tewa culture and belief today.

These stories, based on the knowledge acquired over many generations of Tewa history, taught me that the survival of the Pueblo people has always depended on our understanding of the cosmos. We live in accordance with the harmonies and rhythms of the natural world, including those that orchestrate themselves into symphonies in the skies.

Steven Yazze (Diné). *Throwing Stars Over Monsters (detail)*, 2023. Digital photograph. Courtesy of the artist.

"Throwing stars" refers to one version of a story I heard about coyote who became bored watching the other gods slowly placing the stars in the sky one at a time, so he picked up the bag of stars and threw it in the sky, creating the Milky Way we have today. One view of the story can be understood as a metaphor of chaos to beauty, or perhaps creativity and resourcefulness. I also see coyote's actions as a form of immediacy and speed of time towards the spectacular, a form of what technology can bring," says Yazze.

From my grandmother's stories I also learned that to know something of the skies and the stars, and constellations in them, is to know something of my own beginnings, and possibly my future.

Makowa: *The Worlds Above Us* at the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture (MIAC) opened in June and offers a similar opportunity to learn about our connection to the planets and stars, and our unique place in the vastness of the universe.

Within this vastness twinkle the eighty-eight constellations officially recognized by the International Astronomical Union, many of which are based on mythological traditions from ancient Greek and Middle Eastern civilizations. These include the formations we recognize as the zodiacal signs of the zodiac, and others that are known across different Indigenous communities as the Dog Stars (the Little Dipper), the Standing Still Star (the North Star), the Seven Sisters (the Pleiades), and the They Go With Someone in a Canoe Star (the Big Dipper) (a coded reference to the Big Dipper is in the American folksong, "The Drinking Gourd," which alludes to the asterism as a celestial guide used by escaped enslaved people on the Underground Railroad to find the North Star and travel to freedom). The Cherokee refer to the Milky Way as Gili Ulisvatsdany, meaning "where the dog ran," the Navajo call it Yikátidáah, or "that which awaits the dawn," and the Lakota know it as Wásoŋ Yáa, or "The Place of Spirits." And although many of us know and have observed these familiar constellations, among others, Makowa tells the stories of the stars in a new light.

Makowa was conceived and initiated just before the COVID-19 pandemic by MIAC's former Deputy Director

Art & Culture 35 or less - Silver Acadiana Profile – Trailblazers

MEET

THE



BY	CHÉRÉ COEN	LAURA MCKNIGHT	MELANIE WARNER SPENCER
TRAILBLAZERS SHARE THEIR CRAFT			
PHOTOGRAPHY BY	ROMERO • ROMERO		

MAKERS

Art & Culture 35 or less - Gold

Louisiana Life – Mardi Gras Magic



Historic Feature
34,999 Circulation or Less

Historic Feature 35 or Less - Bronze Saltscapes – Hockey's Immortal Challengers

CULTURE | HISTORY

Hockey's immortal challengers

Why three Atlantic Canadian towns' names are engraved on the Stanley Cup

BY TREVOR J. ADAMS

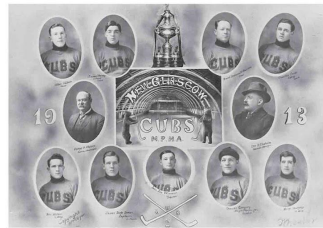


The Sydney Millionaires were the last Maritime team to challenge for the Stanley Cup, and have their name engraved on the trophy despite their defeat.

Examining the names on the Stanley Cup, one sees hockey's great cities — champions like Montreal, Detroit, Edmonton — but there are three names that don't seem to belong: Moncton, Sydney, and New Glasgow.

These towns have an unusual connection to hockey's greatest prize. In the early 1900s, before the NHL,

the hockey landscape was a patchwork of leagues, and the Stanley Cup didn't belong to any of them. Instead, it had trustees, who picked challengers to play for the trophy, usually at the end of the season, but sometimes mid- or even pre-season. Most teams came from big cities, but the trustees were surprisingly open-minded about giving small-town underdogs their shot.



There's no known surviving photo of that 1906 team, but this 1913 squad featured many of the same players. A prominent engraving on the bowl of the Stanley Cup marks New Glasgow's challenge for hockey's biggest prize.



Among them were the Cubs from New Glasgow, N.S., who challenged the Montreal Wanderers in December 1906. The Nova Scotian team, in flashy gold and blue sweaters, was stacked with local heroes like fearless goalie Frank Morrison and hard-charging centre John D. McDonald, while the Wanderers boasted future hall of famer Lester Patrick.

"Not much attention has been paid in Montreal to eastern hockey," sniffed the *Montreal Gazette*, adding that the infrequency of challengers "from that section of the country seems to indicate that the Maritimes players have not a great deal of confidence in their prowess."

The Wanderers did dominate the two-game, total-goal series, winning 10-3 and 7-2. Someone, presumably the trustees, decided to engrave the name of the defeated team on the trophy along with the winner. On the top of the Stanley Cup's bowl, just under the lip, you'll find "New Glasgow."

For decades before, the engravings only recorded winners. Happily, the brief practice of also noting defeated challengers happened as the East Coast's contenders emerged.

Next came the Moncton Victorias in 1912. The defending champions were the Quebec Bulldogs, monsters of the hockey world featuring (Bd) Joe Hall and (Phantom) Joe Malone, who set many scoring records that lasted decades and

one that still stands: seven goals in a single NHL game. Despite the daunting lineup, Quebec had a mediocre season, losing almost as many games as they'd won, so Moncton seemed to have a good chance. Until the puck dropped.

"[Malone] scored early and often, blowing by the Moncton defenders as if they were children," I wrote in my book *Long Shots: The Curious Story of the Four Maritime Teams That Played for*

"It was never the big business of hockey that had flourished in the Maritimes — it was the intangible spirit"

the Stanley Cup (D Nimbus Publishing).

The Phantom tallied five goals in the first game alone, as Quebec won 9-3 and 9-0.

By now, there was more consistency in how the Stanley Cup was engraved, so Moncton doesn't enjoy New Glasgow's prominent scroll, but it's there in neat block letters near the base of the bowl, just under "Quebec 1912-1913."

The next season saw the East Coast's final shot at the cup, as the Sydney

Small-town heroes

The idea of a small town like New Glasgow winning the Stanley Cup wasn't so far-fetched. Consider the Thistles from Kenora, previously known as "Rat Portage," in western Ontario near the Manitoba border. In 1907, they went to Montreal and astounded the hockey world, beating the defending champions in two games to win the cup. Kenora (population: 6,150 as of the 1911 census) is the smallest community to ever win it, and the Thistles had the shortest reign as champions, losing a challenge series less than two months later.

Historic Feature 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life – Treasure Island

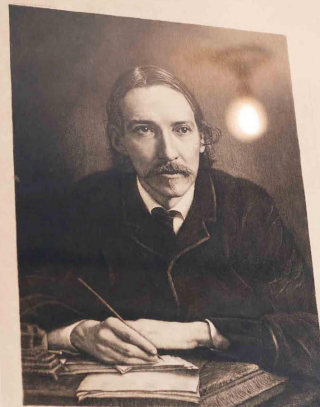
Treasure Island

The unexpected riches—and the family who saved them—at Saranac Lake's Robert Louis Stevenson Cottage

by TIM ROWLAND
photographs by YVONNE ALBINOWSKI

The ailing author spent the winter of 1887–88 under the care of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau. His modest lodging is now a museum.

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EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE the Beatles, the sickly Scottish author Robert Louis Stevenson arrived in New York City to a pulsating throng of adoring fans and, like John Lennon, pondered whether he might be more popular than Jesus.

This was far better treatment than he had received across the pond, where he'd been fleeced by publishers, and highbrow Europeans had wrinkled their noses at his newly released tale of Jekyll and Hyde. Stevenson was bound for the Rocky Mountains in hopes of reclaiming his health, but his fragile constitution was so rattled by the cacophonous city, it was feared he wouldn't make it that far. Instead, he was assigned to the care of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, of Saranac Lake, who was said to be working miracles on tuberculosis, then the world's leading cause of death.

In late 1887, Stevenson and his entourage stepped off the train in the heart of the Adirondacks and found a modest cottage for rent, owned by a family named Baker on a quiet country lane free from the crowds.

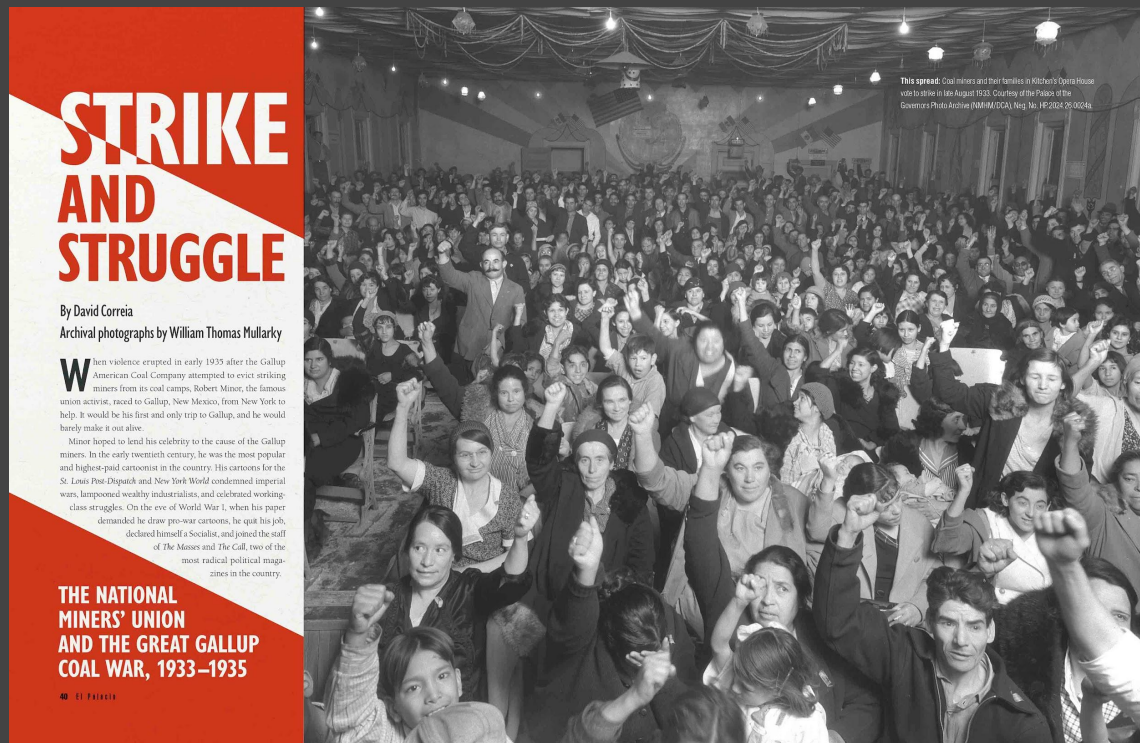
Or so he thought. Fame had beaten Stevenson to this remote outpost, and fans streamed to his door, so many that he could frequently be found, not on the cure porch, but hiding from his adoring throngs in a little room off the kitchen.

Today the cottage, now a museum, remains, but the crowds are gone. Stevenson of course is long gone too, except he's there in spirit, his memory kept alive by 74-year-old Mike Delahant, a salty live-in caretaker with a shock of white hair and a passing resemblance to

Adirondack Homes & Camps 2020 ADIRONDACK LIFE 49

Historic Feature 35 or Less - Gold

El Palacio – Strike and Struggle



Nature and Environment
Feature
34,999 Circulation or Less

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Merit

The Yukon Magazine – Unbridled: Living with the Feral Takhini River Horses



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

KANSAS! Magazine – Living on the Edge



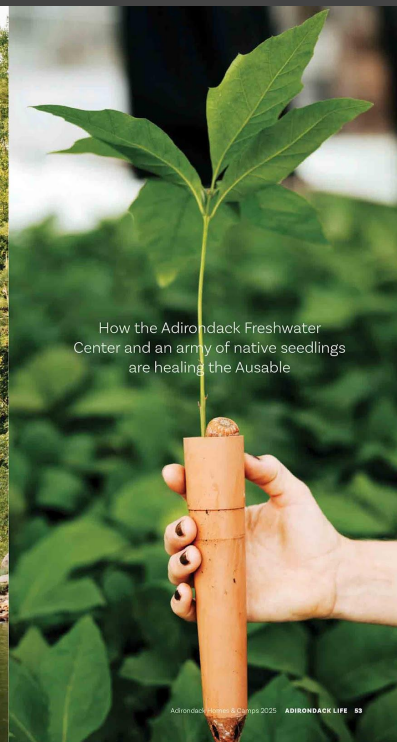
Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Silver

Acadiana Profile – Hoop Net Fishing



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Gold

Adirondack Life – The River Fixers



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Gold

Louisiana Life – Hiding in Plain Sight



General Feature
34,999 Circulation or Less

General Feature 35 or Less - Merit

Wyoming Wildlife – In Stone



IN STONE

Fossils from ancient Fossil Lake give insight into the wildlife in Wyoming 52 million years ago

By Tracie Binkerd
Photos courtesy of the National Park Service

Four places showcases fossils as well as the ancient Fossil Lake of the lower Shaw Formation near Kemmerer. The photograph shows several fossils of Cichlids (top), which is one of many species of fish that lived here. (Photo by National Park Service)



Small fish fossils found in Fossil Lake, Wyoming, are some of the earliest and most diverse found in the state. (Photo by National Park Service)

Some species of prehistoric fish have also been documented at Fossil Lake. A species of cichlid, a type of fish found in the Western Hemisphere, was once found in Wyoming. While no more species of cichlid have been found in Wyoming, the species of cichlid found in Wyoming is

The species of cichlid found in Wyoming is a cichlid, a type of fish found in the Western Hemisphere. The species of cichlid found in Wyoming is a cichlid, a type of fish found in the Western Hemisphere.

"Fossil Lake is the only place where fossil fish have been found in Wyoming," says one of the researchers. "Fossil Lake is the only place where fossil fish have been found in Wyoming."

Several fish with no living relatives are found in Fossil Lake. These include two species of "mystery fish" with no identifiable traits to be placed in an existing family. These fish are named after their own family, *Amphiprion*. It is believed these fish were common during the middle Eocene Epoch.

MORE THAN FISH

Although most fossils found in Fossil Lake are those of fish, other creatures have been preserved there. Although Wyoming is now known for its large mammals, the mammals found at Fossil Lake are generally small and diverse from those we see today.

More than 10 mammal species have been documented there. Although Wyoming is now known for its large mammals, the mammals found at Fossil Lake are generally small and diverse from those we see today.

Reptiles, too, were in Wyoming at the time. All of the other wildlife, but they hadn't yet evolved back then," says one of the researchers.

These species of cold-blooded reptiles are known from Fossil Lake — the same place where *Amphiprion* lived. The same place where *Amphiprion* lived. The same place where *Amphiprion* lived. The same place where *Amphiprion* lived.

"This was an ancient lake about the size of a small lake," says one of the researchers. "This was an ancient lake about the size of a small lake."

This species of fish has been found at the site, most of which have been documented elsewhere. The same place where *Amphiprion* lived. The same place where *Amphiprion* lived.

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Small fish fossils found in Fossil Lake, Wyoming, are some of the earliest and most diverse found in the state. (Photo by National Park Service)

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General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life – Where Herons Gather

WHERE HERONS GATHER

Sometimes
solitary
predators
like a little
togetherness

BY JAMES GORMAN

Great blue heron rookery
in Lewis, one of many in the
Adirondack Park.

W

WE USED TO SEE A GREAT BLUE HERON now and then around the stream that runs near our cabin. After Tropical Storm Irene hit the Northeast in 2011, the bird seemed to have decided there were better hunting grounds. No surprise. Not only did Irene wash away three houses downstream from us, it ravaged and re-made the streambed, silting up some fishing pools and eliminating others.

Then, the summer before last, we saw a heron again. And last summer we spotted one several times. I take it as a sign that the stream is recovering and the fish population growing. I don't really believe Nature cares about me one way or another, but great blue herons do feel like an extravagant gift to all bird lovers.

They can grow to four feet tall with as much as a seven-foot wingspan. They are predators as fierce as leopards, but you don't need to book a safari to see them. Every pond, marsh, river and lake shore is home to herons that you can watch stalk, stab and swallow fish, frogs and whatever else catches their attention. They will eat, or try to eat, amphibians, reptiles, small mammals and other birds as big as grebes, a duck-sized water bird. Chris Elphick, an ornithologist and conservation biologist at the University of Connecticut, said, "if they can grab it and get it in their mouth, they'll eat it."

The birds are usually solo hunters, but they gather in numbers in winter when California rice farmers flood their fields. Mice and rats flee the water, while blackbirds come to eat rice grains that float to the surface. "You just get this big convergence of blackbirds feeding on the grain and herons grabbing rats and grabbing



It took the full time to better today. The birds took some of the daylight of a hour as a heron rookery a few years ago. The birds are photos.

Herons offer a nice natural buffer for bird lovers, the chance to see some of the most beautiful birds in the world. In the spring, as they start to breed, herons gather in their rookeries and start their nests. It's a time when herons are at their best, and it's a time when herons are at their best. It's a time when herons are at their best, and it's a time when herons are at their best.

The most beautiful bird alive is still being caught and it's a time when herons are at their best. It's a time when herons are at their best, and it's a time when herons are at their best. It's a time when herons are at their best, and it's a time when herons are at their best.

There's a lot of herons in the world, and they're all different. Some are big, some are small, and some are just plain old. But they're all herons, and they're all beautiful. It's a time when herons are at their best, and it's a time when herons are at their best. It's a time when herons are at their best, and it's a time when herons are at their best.

James Gorman is a freelance writer and author of the book "The Heron" in the series of books about the heron. He is a heron lover and he is a heron lover. He is a heron lover and he is a heron lover. He is a heron lover and he is a heron lover.

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General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Mountain Home – Going Off Script

Going Off Script

Wellsboro's Hamilton-Gibson Productions Turns Actors into Spouses

By
Lilace Mellin Guignard



Where Is Love?

For Titus and Natalie Himmelberger (also pictured on p. 3 after getting married) and others, it was on the HG stage.

On July 16, 2023, the audience at Straughn Auditorium at Commonwealth University—Mansfield watched the end of Hamilton-Gibson Productions' summer musical, Mary Poppins, when George and Winifred Banks finally got a peaceful moment together. "I think you should come and dance with me," said Mr. Banks. As a waltz rose from the pit, Mrs. Banks gave him her hand and gazed lovingly into his eyes. Was it all an act? As they danced, applause erupted. Matt Huels and Julie Martin, who'd met at the first rehearsal, knew this was the end of their scripted marriage, but, unbeknownst to the other, neither wanted their show to close. Matt was determined to see if he could write a happy ending for them.

Who says romance is dead? It can be as easy as 1-2-3:

1. Audition for community theater.
2. Talk to the castmate who piques your interest.
3. Find the nerve to stay connected once the curtain comes down.

Many folks search for love online, and, when they do swipe right to choose a potential mate, they meet a stranger. It can take weeks before a new beau's true colors pop. "It used to be the way to meet people was you went to church or joined a bowling league," says Gabe Hakvaag, one of the directors at Hamilton-Gibson Productions in Wellsboro. "I tell people, 'Come to HG and audition for plays.'" In the past decade, seven couples have met through Hamilton-Gibson and gotten married.



Beats Online Dating
Titus and Natalie Himmelberger recreate the scene in *Oliver!* where Bill Sikes kills Nancy.

¹¹ Script continued from page 9

desert table had a painted decorative mirror calling for "A Spoonful of Sugar." Stop the wedding cake stood Mr. and Mrs. Banks, felled figures Julie's sister Amber made. They incorporated the waltz from the closing scene into their wedding dance. Neither of them sang, though the lyrics of Julie's solo "Being Mrs. Banks" must have been going through her head: *Being Mrs. Banks, being kissed by you, a man of dreams who made me feel that wishes could come true.*

As Long as He Needs Me

Not all HG matches have begun with a loving couple. The relationship between Titus and Natalie Himmelberger started with her killing him on stage. They met in the radio play *Dracula: A Symphony of Terror* over Halloween 2015. In a radio play, actors stand at microphones and use only their voices to act, often playing multiple characters just like the old-time radio shows. Titus was cast as young Dracula, and Natalie

(Halled) then played the young woman who drives a stake through his heart.

In the first end-though, Gabe, who was directing, says Titus, "was at his most seductive." Natalie made sure to sit near him. "Those blue eyes got me," she recalls, "but his voice was so creepy."

Titus didn't plan on auditioning. He'd been in a few HG shows in 2013-14, but work didn't leave time for evening rehearsals. He happened to be in town on a day when auditions were held and went on a whim.

Natalie grew up moving around in Kenya and Thailand with her brother because her father, Glen Halled, was doing missionary work. When he became pastor at First Presbyterian Church, she transferred to Mansfield University and moved to Wellsboro. She was in HG shows from 2009-12 before moving to Bangkok and then to St. Petersburg to teach at an international school. She'd just moved back to Wellsboro in late summer. After rehearsals started, she saw Titus at Wellsboro Bible Church. "I

really wanted to go say 'Hi,' but I couldn't remember his name," she says. "I couldn't say, 'Hey, Dracula!'"

"She was very standoffish to me," Titus recalls.

"I was convinced he wasn't single," Natalie says. "A single guy like this in Toga County? No way."

They didn't have conversations during rehearsals, but each one watched the other. So closely, in fact, that Titus saw a baby seat in her car and figured she was a single mom (she was babysitting). It wasn't till February 2016, when the *Dracula* cast reunited to film it, that the two started messaging a little. "Are you auditioning for *Once Upon a Wolf*?" "I will if you will."

During those rehearsals, Titus got up the nerve to ask if she wanted a ride home. He'd noticed she always walked. He didn't want to seem stale—after all, he was playing the Big Bad Wolf to her Little Red Riding Hood. "She said no," he says and shakes his head.

¹² See Script on page 10

¹³ See Script on page 12

General Feature 35 or Less - Silver

El Palacio – Art and Activism at Highlands University



Photographs from the *Voces del Pueblo* Exhibition

By Myrriah Gómez

If you are walking on the New Mexico Highlands University campus in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and you find yourself on the south side of Hippie Hill, and you know where to look, you can see the phrase “Viva la Raza” scratched into the sidewalk. You can see it best during golden hour, when the sun starts to set across the plains of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores de Las Vegas Grandes. And, if you stand outside of Professor Eric Romero’s office, you can see a poster for the first meeting of the National Caucus of Chicano Social Scientists in 1973, the organization that would later become the National Association for Chicana and Chicano Studies (NACCS).

As a twenty-year-old Chicanita, I sought out that history when I was a student at Highlands. I sought it out in classes like Chicano Literature with Professor Daniel Martínez and Poesia Chicana with Professor Lillian Gorman. When Highlands saw a mini resurgence of the Chicano activism of the 1970s during the early 2000s, the old timers told us about the murals activists had painted on campus during the Chicano Movement. But that story had been covered up as part of the larger whitewashing—both literal and figurative—of student activism at Highlands.

A new exhibition documents Chicano art and activism at NMHU in the 1970s. *Voces del Pueblo: Artists of the Levantamiento Chicano in New Mexico*, currently on view at the National Hispanic Cultural Center until February 8, 2026, documents the art and activism of six featured artists—Ignacio “Nacho” Jaramillo, Juanita J. Lealade, Francisco Leblanc, Noel Márquez, Roberto Márquez, and Adelia M. Medina—all of whom were students at NMHU in the 1970s. The exhibition was curated over

seven years by Dr. Ray Hernández-Durán and Dr. Irene Vásquez and contains 146 artworks by the six artists. Themes include community, family, queerness, land, home, and others. A focus of the exhibition is El Movimiento (the Chicano Movement).

In stark contrast to the colorful drawings, paintings, and tapestries created by her peers, Adelia M. Medina’s black and white photographs help narrate the underlying story that the artists tell about the Chicano Movement at Highlands. Her photography documents a multigenerational movement that occurred not only at the university but across the city. The roles that women and children played during the Movement have been overshadowed by the stories of the men, and Medina’s photos provide a window into the educational front of the Chicano Movement in New Mexico. Most interestingly, her work provides a snapshot of the little-known alternative school for Chicano youth in Montezuma, just five miles north of Las Vegas. At the center of El Movimiento in Las Vegas was the demand for educational equity at the K-12 and college levels and a culturally relevant curriculum to help students connect to their language, history, and cultural practices.

The Highlands Uprising

In 1970, upon the impending retirement of NMHU president John C. Donnelly, students and community members lobbied the Board of Regents to hire Dr. John A. Aragón, a New Mexican educator from the University of New Mexico. Instead, the Board selected Charles Graham, who had been



Las Vegas Police Department Protest, 1972. Silver gelatin print, 5 1/4 x 8". Private collection of David Montoya and Susan Seymour.

dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater.

After Graham accepted the initial offer, Chicanos began protesting. Students occupied the administration building at Highlands for eight days in May 1970. District attorney and president of the West Las Vegas school board, Donald A. Martínez, filed a lawsuit to stop the hiring of Graham. Ultimately, Graham did not take the position and later stated in an oral history interview that he declined because it was the “peak of the Chicano Militant Movement,” and that Chicano students at Highlands “never had a chance to do much there, except go and learn how to be teachers in a very traditional Anglo way.” Graham acknowledges that “the Board was wrong to appoint me, and I think they were almost deliberately ignoring some of the factors in this situation.”

The regents allowed the vice president under Donnelly to act as president until Dr. Frank Ángel was hired in 1972. Ángel was Las Vegas-born and the first Chicano to be hired as president at Highlands. In his speech at Ángel’s inauguration, U.S. Commissioner of Education S.P. Mafand Jr. noted: “Thus it seems to me, in a sense that I am sure President Ángel will understand, somewhat inaccurate to celebrate the fact that, 940 years later, one of our 1,400 senior educational institutions should be headed by an American of Mexican descent. Instead of saying, ‘Isn’t it wonderful?’, we should be asking, ‘What took us so long?’”

Ángel was the first Chicano president of any four-year university in the U.S. The *New York Times* wrote of his hiring: “He is widely regarded as a father figure, or patron saint, for Chicanos who have risen through the state’s colleges and

General Feature 35 or Less - Gold

The Yukon Magazine – Northern Cousins in a World of Silos



NORTHERN COUSINS IN A WORLD OF SILOS

Alaskans, Yukoners, and the past, present, and future of their relationship

By Keith Halliday

The Yukon-Alaska border exists in many parallel universes. Like the scenario where your truck is carrying more than your limit of Alaska Brewing's Hinky IPA and the border is a bright red line involving duties and lots of explaining.

Perhaps it's an alternate reality where you're an ambitious mining executive and it's the dividing line between two very different regulatory and tax regimes.

If you're hiking over the summit of the historically epic Chilkoot Trail, the border is merely a scenic place for a 360-degree photo. Until 2023, that is.

The Chilkoot border crossing, atop a mountain pass, is now closed, with neither government showing much enthusiasm to reopen. The Chilkoot Trail has become, depending on which side you're on, a 53-kilometre or 33-mile metaphor for the Alaska-Yukon relationship.

Two hundred years ago, it was a First Nation trading route. Who knows what Tlingit people traveling the trail in 1854 would have thought if they'd been told the British and Russian empires were cutting the trail in half with a new border defined in the Treaty of St. Petersburg.

The Russian and British diplomats who negotiated the 1854 border had maps that were mostly blank. The Russians first proposed the border go along the 139th meridian, which would have put the frontier right through the McCrege gas station near Whitehorse. The British haggled and the border ended up where it is today. The Yukon got what would become the Klondike goldfields and Alaska got more of the panhandle, including Inuvik and Ketchikan.

The border didn't matter much for another 70 years. Prospectors came and went, often staking claims on creeks whose nationality was anyone's guess. Taxes and customs duties were Outside concepts.



"WE NEED EACH OTHER IN THE NORTH"

Alaskans and Yukoners "need to build bridges not fences." She was one of the organizers behind the French and Englishmen Rally held at the border on July 1, which Wendy described as a "soft power" event bringing Alaskans and Yukoners together.

Skagway's neighbours far down the 1,900-foot coast also expressed support. In February, the mayor of Haines and Yukoners together in "outdoor solidarity of reality" and in March the town council passed a resolution offering Canadian overnighters.

But Skagway and Haines don't have the same relationship. Wendy would rather Alaskans agree and extend people that Haines isn't responsible for the Washington, D.C., fleet.

But Skagway and Haines are less than 100 percent of Alaska's population. Noted here, who's been in exchange and public the Northern Journal, described the Yukon-Alaska relationship as "soft power." What's right is that, in some ways, it's a soft power.

On the other side however, are tens of thousands of thousands of Chilkoot who get their lives back to life with the Yukon. It's not like in Anchorage. It's to Seattle or Haines for vacation, and work in the oil and gas industry, you might even think about the Yukon.

Chilkoot "don't have any particular reason to be committed to either the Yukon, and Haines, but there's no longer the vice." It's about the way the world works to continue the vice."

Profile

34,999 Circulation or Less

Profile 35 or Less - Bronze

Mountain Home – Gina Pfleegor's Warriors Wear Gowns

GINA PFLEEGOR'S WARRIORS WEAR GOWNS

With Her Daughter as Muse,
the Artist Stars at West End Gallery

By Karey Solomon

Consider *Plot Twist*, the first painting in Gina Pfleegor's online gallery of work: a young girl in a fancy gown sits at a table. Before her is a plain china plate holding a tiny crown. Frog legs hang from between the girl's pursed lips. The girl looks resolute, even slightly annoyed. Perhaps this is because the model, Gina's daughter, Emma, then fourteen, had to pose for some time in a fancy dress holding baby carrots (frog leg surrogates) in her mouth. Despite a trip to Starbucks, Emma's usual "payment" for modeling for her mother, Emma afterwards remarked dryly that she greatly prefers not having props in her mouth.

Five Warriors on page 8

Pop Go the Paintings

Gina Pfleegor's style of pop-surrealism—with daughter Emma as the model for her damsels—proves to be both popular and provocative.

Courtesy West End Gallery

Profiles 35 or Less - Silver

El Palacio – Pathway and Relationship



PATHWAY AND RELATIONSHIP

THE LIFELONG CREATIVE ENGAGEMENT
OF DR. GREG CAJETE

By Jamie Figueroa

Green, yellow, and red outline three edges of the canvas. The flat expanse of turquoise sky holds a small, distant sun. Red, orange, then yellow—circle inside of circle inside of circle—black thin spokes reaching from its circumference. Above the clouds, above the mountain, is a Divine presence, the largest and most colorful figure. Below, what is life-giving and life-sustaining—corn growing. Kokopellis play their flutes, and a howler monkey, creative protector and guide, smiles from the lower right-hand corner, as if more knowing than the human, who stands opposite in the lower left corner. Arms outstretched, the human reaches toward the Divine, a three-lobed hovering presence, feminine in suggestion and all-powerful. A spiral extends up through the top of the human's head as if an expression of the imagination, a coil of possibility, an antenna giving and picking up signals from the unseen, yet ever-present. From their mouth blooms a pattern of flowers, one simple line of four-petaled prayers aimed at the Divine. The final flower is painted on the Divine as if heard, received.

In *The Asking*, Dr. Greg Cajete's (Tewa/Santa Clara Pueblo) painting resembles what he calls "Nuevo Pueblo Mural Style." To my eyes, it is a meditation on sacred relationships present in the ceremony of creating. Cajete explains, "This figure is thinking a creative thought; is chanting, asking in a prayer form for guidance and for blessings as they begin their path on this journey."

To many, Cajete is known as a distinguished scholar, philosopher, and educator. Among significant Indigenous thinkers and writers with a legacy of impacting higher education and beyond, he stands alongside noteworthy contemporaries like Gerald Vizenor (Chippewa/White Earth) and Vine Deloria (Lakota/Standing Rock). Cajete's name is synonymous with Native Science, given his work in the field spanning more than fifty years. Considering his numerous accolades, fellowships, lectures, and presentations both nationally and internationally, an extensive archive of interviews, and his five books, his popularity makes sense. As a former New Mexico Humanities scholar and member of the New Mexico Arts Commission, having spent twenty-one



Left: Greg Cajete, *Buto/Dancer*. Acrylic painting, 36 x 40. Photograph by Isabel Miranda.

Above: Greg Cajete holds his painting *The Asking*, 2025. Photograph by Jamie Figueroa.

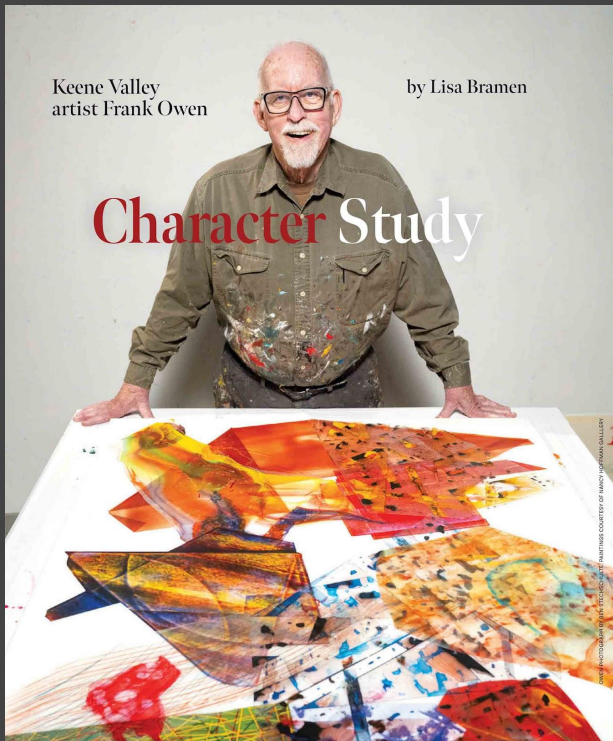
Profile 35 or Less - Gold

Adirondack Life – Character Study

Keene Valley
artist Frank Owen

by Lisa Bramen

Character Study



EVERY ADIRONDACK SMALL TOWN has its own cast of characters whose presence becomes as familiar as its landmarks, and just as entwined with its sense of place. For the better part of five decades, the affable Keene Valley artist Frank Owen has played a recurring role around town, with frequent appearances at the Ausable Inn, where you may find him chatting up hikers, contractors and anyone else who happens upon the only local watering hole.

Owen's face was even more familiar than usual last August, at the reception for his Keene Arts retrospective, where life-size cutouts of his bespectacled and goateed mug were handed out to guests. The masks were a nod to the show's tongue-in-cheek title, "Let's Be Frank."

And who wouldn't want to be Frank? The 86-year-old painter has pulled off the rare feat of succeeding as an artist while residing in a tiny mountain town hundreds of miles from the epicenter of the American art world. His artwork is in the collections of Yale University; the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington DC; and nearly two dozen other museums across the country. He spends most days in his studio, working on vibrant large-scale abstract paintings that, in the words of his New York City dealer, Nancy Hoffman, are "a visual equivalent of the pleasure principle."

As part of what might be the last generation to consider art a viable career path and a respectable profes-

FACING PAGE: Modernist artist Frank Owen in his Keene Valley studio. RIGHT: Owen's large-scale abstract paintings.



Chime (2014), 88" x 95"



Calipers of the King Fisher (1988), 80" x 69"



Calms: Students/Teachers (1997), 84" x 84"

Best Brand Innovation

Best Brand Innovation - Silver

Oklahoma Today – Oklahoma Today Video Podcast



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Avenue – Top 20 Under 20

avenue
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Avenue's Top 20 Under 20 Class of 2026, presented in partnership with YMCA Calgary, features the rising stars of Calgary's next generation. They include published authors, environmental scientists, sea cadets, police cadets, builders, researchers, award-winning athletes and more. Their accolades and accomplishments are downright inspiring and prove that the future of Calgary is bright.

WORDS BY ALEXSA HINDSE, ELLA MEMMOLA AND OLIVIA PICHÉ PHOTOS BY STEVE COLLINS

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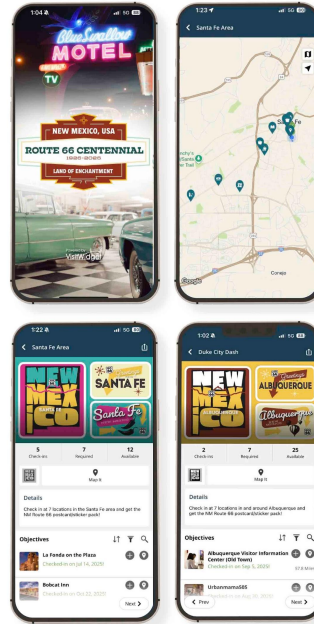
New Mexico Magazine – Route 66 Centennial



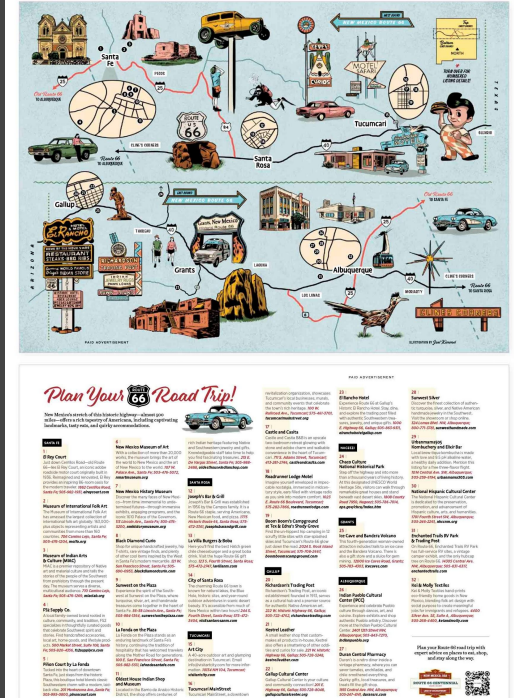
New Mexico 3

42. BEST BRAND INNOVATION

New Mexico Route 66 mapping app, sponsored by larger businesses while spotlighting small and local businesses along the route. Travelers can plan customized trips using city trails and themed itineraries, discover iconic and lesser-known stops, and engage through interactive check-ins, prize pickups, and Route 66 themed giveaways.



New Mexico 5



Travel Feature

Travel Feature - Bronze

Texas Highways – Architecture of Restlessness



Travel Feature - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Frontier Spirits

DESTINATIONS

Mogollón

DETAILS DETAILS

LOCATION



FOUNDED
1890
AD (CIRCA)

POPULATION
15
RESIDENTS

TUNNELS
600
MILES

BUSINESSES
5
OPERATING



Frontier Spirits

Rooted in a shadowy canyon on the western slope of the Gila Wilderness, the ghost town of Mogollón requires intention to visit—and true grit to stay, given its hair-raising past filled with floods, fires, and fights. Although all the gold and silver have likely been mined from these legendary mountains, treasures remain ... dead and alive.

By Molly Boyle

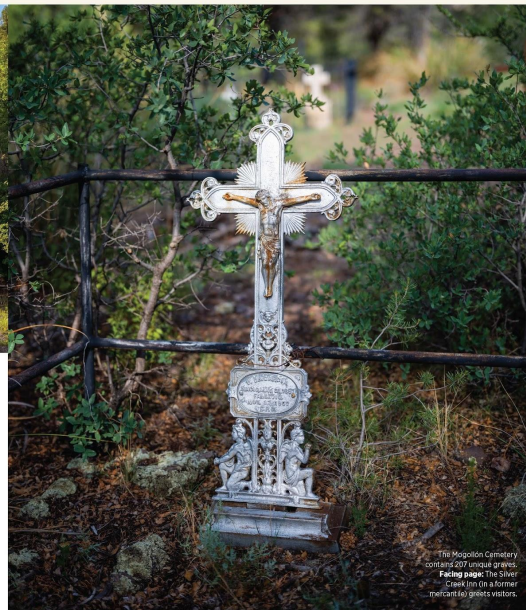
CRISTA TERRELL HAS A REQUEST. The proprietor of the Old Kelly Store does not want this story to begin with a description of the road to Mogollón, as so many tend to.

Instead, let's reflect on what a visiting mother said to her child one day this summer at Terrell's eclectic emporium in the stunningly well-preserved ghost town,

which is located about 75 miles northwest of Silver City.

The Old Kelly Store is filled with art, jewelry, and furniture made by more than a dozen artists, including Terrell; a selection of fine guns, polished rocks, knives, and locally made skin-care products; and an array of colorful T-shirts (those have to do with the road, so we'll skip there).

That morning, the kid walked up the wooden porch, peered in, then paused and asked his mom what they were doing there. Not at the store, he meant, but what were they doing in Mogollón, the strange old village at the bottom of Silver Creek Canyon that's populated by stately frontier-era storefronts and ramshackle miners' cabins.



The Mogollón Cemetery contains 207 unique graves. Facing page: The Silver Creek Inn (in a former mercantile) greets visitors.

Travel Feature - Gold

Arizona Highways – Arizona Unplugged



Like hiking without headphones, a scenic drive without the roar of an internal combustion engine makes for a more peaceful experience — with the windows down, you can actually hear the kee-eeee-arr of a red-tailed hawk. Electric vehicles offer that kind of solitude, but the logistics of navigating between charging stations in a state as big as ours can be tricky. To find out just how tricky, we sent our managing editor on a tour of Arizona's three national parks in a Ford Mustang Mach-E.

BY NOAH AUSTIN

A national park is not a playground," the late conservationist Michael Frome wrote. "It's a sanctuary for nature — and for humans who will accept nature on nature's own terms."

If we hold that to be true, aren't electric vehicles an ideal way to explore those sanctuaries? They don't pump carbon monoxide and other emissions into the atmosphere, and they're quiet — allowing visitors to enjoy the smells and sounds of nature without the intrusions of gasoline fumes and revving engines.

But Arizona is a big place. And for decades, inadequate infrastructure for charging electric cars has left many of our National Park Service sites, along with large swaths of the nation's sixth-largest state, out of reach for EVs. Use of these vehicles, though, is growing fast: As noted by the clean-energy advocacy group Climate Power, about 90,000 EVs were registered in Arizona in 2023, up from 66,000 just a year earlier. Now, the roadside infrastructure is catching up, with faster charging stations opening many destinations to these vehicles — and more such stations are planned along Arizona's highways in the years ahead.

So, how doable is a road trip around Arizona in an EV? To find out, I'm making a three-day, all-electric trek to the state's three national parks — Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest and Saguaro — and looking at the charging infrastructure along the way. What I'm about to learn is that preparation is essential to making an EV road trip in Arizona successful.

Frome had that topic covered, too: "The largest single reason for disappointing travel experiences is the failure to plan properly." It's also the reason you could end up sweating bullets about your EV's battery somewhere between Holbrook and Show Low. Not that I'd know anything about that.

Author Noah Austin navigates an electric vehicle through the Tweepes, a section of Petrified Forest National Park. While Arizona's other two national parks, Grand Canyon and Saguaro, have fast charging stations nearby, the Petrified Forest area poses challenges for EV road trippers.

PHOTO COURTESY

Food Feature

Food Feature – Merit

KANSAS! Magazine – A Cocktail Renaissance



Food Feature – Bronze

Oklahoma Today – Sandwich Quest



Who doesn't love a sandwich? This most perfect, most compact, most easily customizable of food items is universally beloved. But sandwiches are everywhere. So we sent writer and comedian Jeremy Martin of the comedy duo The Martin Dupress on a tour of the state to find some of the most unique, most satisfying, and most incredible sandwiches around.

BY JEREMY MARTIN

JOIN THE SANDWICH QUEST.

60 JANUARY | FEBRUARY 2025

OklahomaToday.com 61

Food Feature – Silver Acadiana Profile – Fork Yeah



A FULL-COURSE GUIDE TO THE REGION'S BEST EATS

BY
ERIC CORMIER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
COLLIN RICHEL



Famed food personality Julia Child once said, "People who love to eat are always the best people." ¶ In this annual Best of Dining feature, we focus on the people who love to cook for those who love to eat. ¶ We are showcasing kitchen creations from Lake Charles to Morgan City. ¶ Each of these dishes is prepared using fresh, high-quality ingredients by enthusiastic and talented cooks and bakers who are driven to serve their patrons delicious food. ¶ Under each course, three choices are provided. This was done because Louisiana has many wonderful dining establishments and menus. ¶ So which ones are best? ¶ You choose. ¶ To some, a five-course meal is a luxury from a bygone era. Use this feature for inspiration. ¶ Slow your roll, gather a few of your favorite people and hit the road. Regard it as a grand culinary adventure. ¶ No matter where you go, you will be around the best people. Guaranteed!

Food Feature – Silver Louisiana Life – Food Lovers Travel Guide

FOOD

LOVER'S

TRAVEL

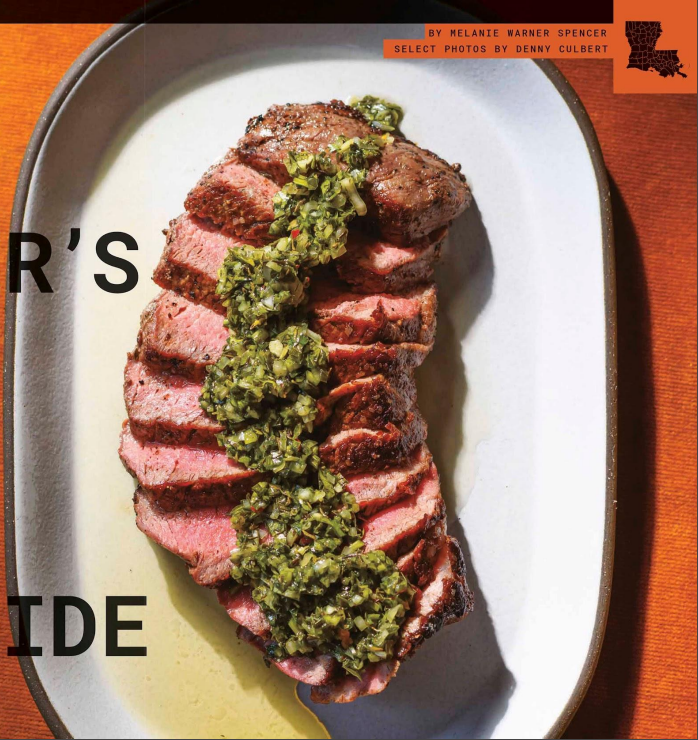
GUIDE

21 DISHES
WORTH THE
DRIVE

Of the many aspects of Louisiana culture that lure visitors to explore the state and compel Louisianians to come back home, our theory is that food is at the top of the list. Each region has its own specialties, and some dishes are statewide staples. But you don't have to be a Louisiana expert to drive far and wide to satisfy a craving. In this year's installment of our annual travel guide, we're exploring 21 dishes worth the drive. These are the tasty eats and treats that live rent free in this reporter's and some of the other staff's minds and compel us to traverse hours north, south, east and west to enjoy once more. We think you're gonna feel the same way, forks up 'til, it's time to depart on a food lover's adventure.

BY MELANIE WARNER SPENCER
SELECT PHOTOS BY DENNY CULBERT





Food Feature – Gold

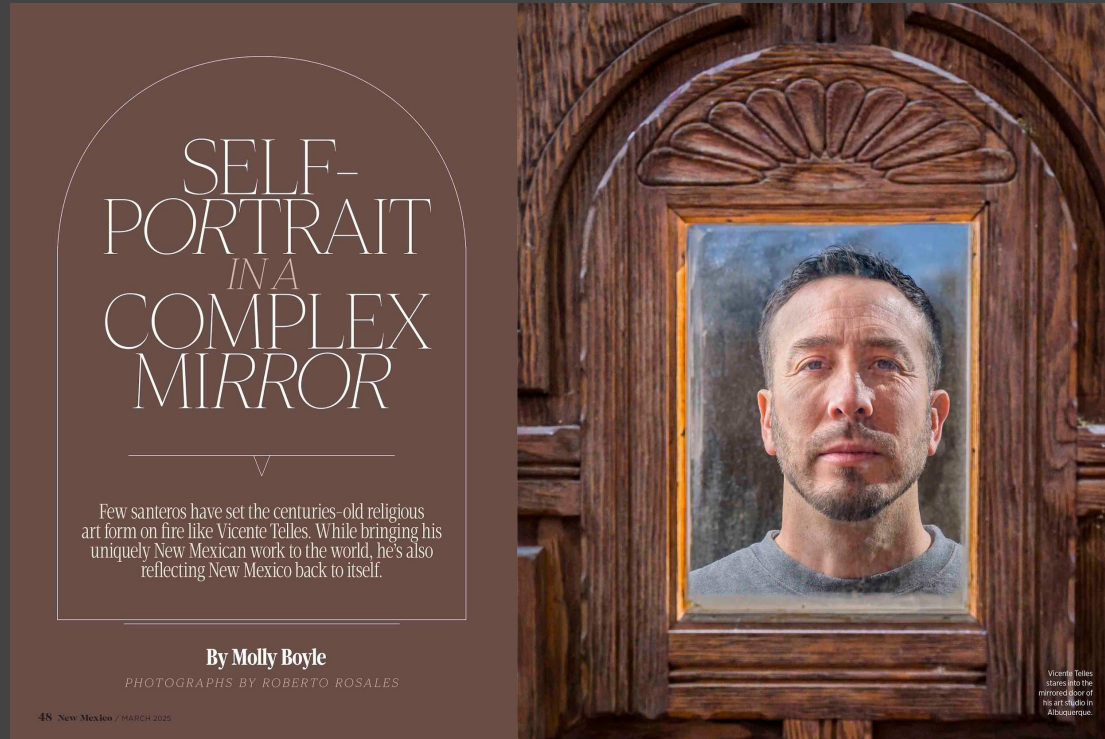
Texas Highways – The Reel Deals



Portrait Photo

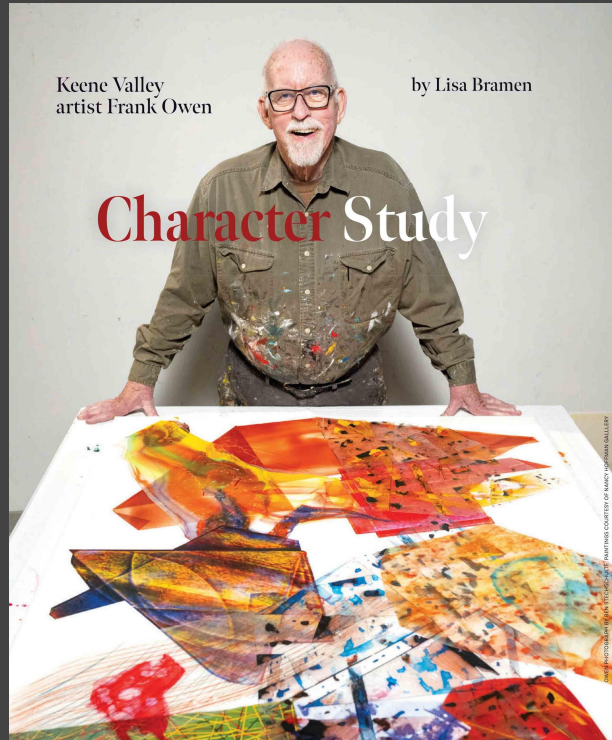
Portrait Photo – Merit

New Mexico Magazine – Self Portrait in a Complex Mirror



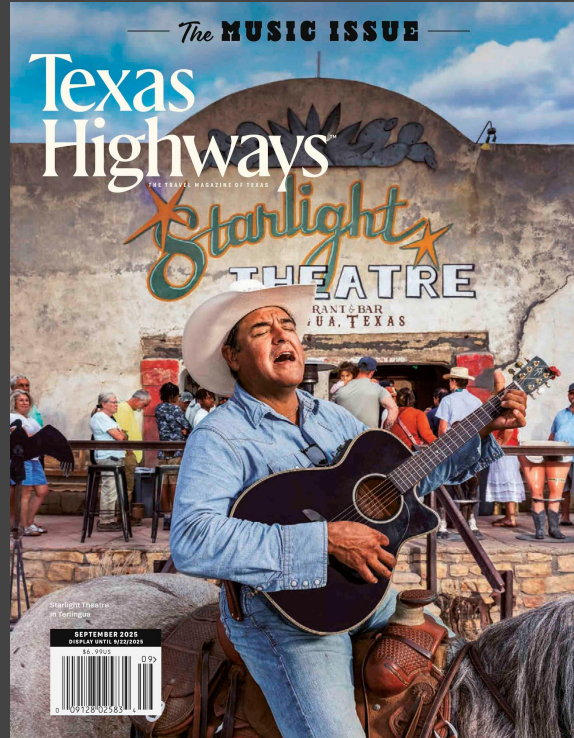
Portrait Photo – Bronze

Adirondack Life – Character Study



Portrait Photo – Silver

Texas Highways – Andy Armendariz Sr.



Portrait Photo – Gold Arizona Highways – Bill Anton



Painting From Life

BILL ANTON GOT HIS FIRST TASTE OF THE AMERICAN WEST DURING A TRIP TO GLACIER NATIONAL PARK WHEN HE WAS 7. NOW, THE PRESCOTT-BASED ARTIST IS ONE OF THE FOREMOST PAINTERS OF WESTERN LANDSCAPES.

By KELLY VAUGHN | Photographs by JOEL GRIMES



Bill Anton is unsettled.

On the first Saturday in August, a wildfire is burning near Kirkland. The Dragon Bravo Fire continues to rage on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, and the echoes of the Yarnell Hill Fire, which killed 19 hotshot firefighters on June 30, 2013, hang over the state, as they have for more than a decade.

But Bill (pictured), who has been painting professionally since 1982, is also thinking about the Doce Fire, which ignited on June 18, 2013. That one forced him to evacuate his home and studio, which sits in the shadow of Granite Mountain and on the edge of the Prescott National Forest, just outside of Prescott proper. It's the home he shares with Peggy, his wife of more than 40 years. It's the home where their two children grew up. It's the home whose walls are lined with Bill's paintings, among others he's acquired from mentors and contemporaries.

"Doce was a serious fire," he says. "I have pictures of it that you wouldn't believe, because we had a front-row seat. We were evacuated for about five days, and we weren't back in the house for three or four days before the Yarnell Hill Fire started. We had a thunderstorm the afternoon of the 30th. The mountain was ash by then because of Doce, but we were sitting out here. We'd had about a quarter-inch of rain, and usually the winds and temperatures calm after something like that. But after that rain, nothing but a hot wind was blowing. Peggy and I looked at each other and commented on how strange it was."

In retrospect, Bill believes that's when the Granite Mountain Hotshots were lost. "It was about 4:45," he says. "I had a horse that was colicking, so I was loading him in a trailer and driving him around. I didn't even know about the Yarnell Fire at that point. And I saw on the horizon — I'm very sensitive to color — so I realized I was seeing smoke and not a cloud. I knew there was a fire over there."

Portrait Series

Portrait Series – Bronze

Oklahoma Today – Okies of the Year: Thunder Players



Portrait Series – Silver

Texas Highways – Bewitched by the Bayou

BELONGING TO A PLACE

Keith Carter

Keith Carter, a world-renowned photographer, artist, and soon-to-be retired educator, has lived in Beaumont since age 3. But it was not until his early 30s that he began to see his native environs as a subject worthy of his eye. He credits the stories of his late wife, Pat, a fellow Southeast Texas native, and his discovery of Wharton-born playwright Horton Foote for the change. A Texas Medal of the Arts recipient, Carter's most recent book, *Chonlight*, was published in 2023. keithcarterphotographs.com



Pine Island Bayou, 2023 by Keith Carter.

Carter: "Horton Foote's concept of belonging to a place really made me look at the Southeast Texas environment with new eyes. Nothing fixes our landscapes in a grand or iconic way, but the swamplands are a mystical, dark, strangely ecclesiastical kind of place. Every square foot of the land has a bazillion things going on. We're right on the Louisiana border, which has been a no-man's-land since the colonial era. Between the folklore and the history, it seemed like a fertile visual ground to search for ghosts, you know?"

Then, when I had the pleasure of traveling to other places and other countries, I'd come back to Southeast Texas, and I realized this was a whole wonderland. You just had to look harder. It was every bit as extraordinary as any topography I'd visited.

If you're looking for clear blue waters and mountainous landscapes, we're not the place to look. If you're looking for microcosms of the universe and quiet beauty and densely layered miracles, this is an extraordinary region.

I live in a place with four out of the nation's five carnivorous plants surrounding me, where vestiges of thought-to-be-extinct animals and birds are occasionally spotted, in a place where you hear phrases straight out of the King James Bible, mixed with all kinds of rhaid idioms. It's just a peculiar place."

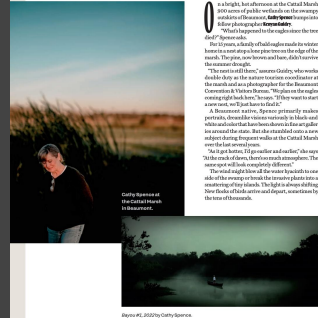
"Nothing fixes our landscapes in a grand or iconic way, but the swamplands are a mystical, dark, strangely ecclesiastical kind of place. Every square foot of the land has a bazillion things going on."



Keith Carter in a bayou on the outskirts of Beaumont.

THE GATIAN MARSH

Cathy Spence and Kenyan Guidry



Michael Hill, shooting Cathy Spence.

On a bright, hot afternoon at the Gattian Marsh, the scene of public vendors and the many vendors of Beaumont, **Cathy Spence** (top left) is shooting a person in a field. **Kenyan Guidry** (top right) is shooting a person in a field. **Michael Hill** (bottom left) is shooting a person in a field. **Kenyan Guidry** (bottom right) is shooting a person in a field.

Kenyan Guidry, a photographer and artist, is shooting a person in a field. Michael Hill, a photographer and artist, is shooting a person in a field. Cathy Spence, a photographer and artist, is shooting a person in a field.

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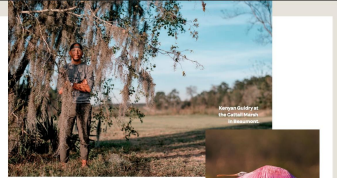
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Kenyan Guidry by Michael Hill.

Between hours of observation, he found refuge in the marsh, mostly plants with very few birds. The birds that did appear – the ones that were in a place – they took photos of them that he posted on his website. The marsh is a place of refuge, the Beaumont Convention & Visitors Bureau.

Guidry is not a traditional wildlife photographer. Working with plants and birds, he's been able to capture the beauty of the marsh in a way that is not just a photograph, but a story.

On several evenings, he's been able to capture the beauty of the marsh in a way that is not just a photograph, but a story. He's been able to capture the beauty of the marsh in a way that is not just a photograph, but a story.

The A&P "Supermarket" is a very well-known store in the area. It's a place where you can find everything you need, from food to clothing. It's a place where you can find everything you need, from food to clothing.

Kenyan Guidry, a photographer and artist, is shooting a person in a field. Michael Hill, a photographer and artist, is shooting a person in a field. Cathy Spence, a photographer and artist, is shooting a person in a field.

Portrait Series – Gold

Acadiana Profile – The Makers and the Music

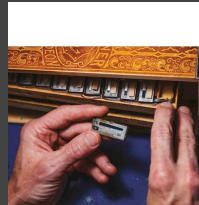
IN WORKSHOPS ACROSS SOUTH LOUISIANA, LOCAL CRAFTSMEN ARE SHAPING CYPRESS AND SPRUCE INTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS THAT ENSURE THE DISTINCTIVE SOUND OF CAJUN MUSIC LIVES ON.

These instruments aren't merely tools for making sound—they're vessels of culture, each one representing hundreds of hours of meticulous work and deep knowledge passed from master to apprentice. Here, we follow some of the makers and musicians who are not only preserving the past but also helping to create the future of Cajun music.

RESTORING TRADITION In the heart of Arnaudville, a retired naval shipyard worker from Maine has found his calling among the fiddles and bones that fill his workshop. However, Tom Pierce's journey to becoming a vital link in Louisiana's musical heritage began far from the bayou. While he was first introduced to live music as a ninth grader in 1966, it was a 1971 music festival in New Hampshire that changed his life. "I heard Vassar Clements play a 20-minute version of the 'Orange Blossom Special,'" Pierce says. "That's the day I fell in love with the fiddle."

From that moment on, Pierce was compelled to play, but it wasn't until 1999 that he gave it a try. After two years of struggling, he was convinced that he wasn't going to play the fiddle like Clem-cents or even be on the stage anytime soon. So he discovered a different way to serve the music he loved: "I was a wood person who liked to build things and wondered if I could learn how to fix them," he says.

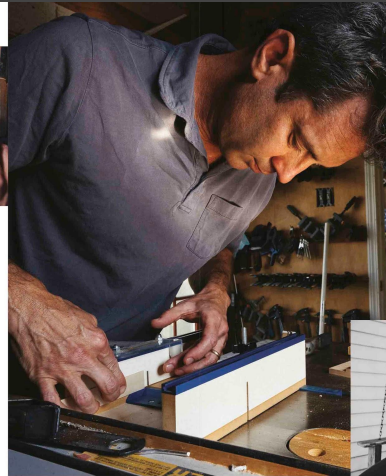
From 2000 to 2008, Pierce attended The Violin Craftsmanship Institute at the University of New Hampshire. After retiring from the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Kittery, Maine, and marrying in early 2005, Pierce moved to Lafayette that April. He soon met a local duck carver, painter and violin maker by the name of Mark Taylor, and the two friends opened Cajun Taffies in downtown Arnaudville in 2008. When Taylor left the business to



André's approach focuses on each instrument's personality. "I'm going to me to make the accordion play and sound like the player would be me," says people like accordions that are loud and can be played really fast, and some look more for dynamics in volume and a smooth, warm sound."

His clients include his father, Tommy Michoud, Corey Leduc, Scott Robitaille, Leland Mahoney and Bogdan Chowaniec. Tommy Michoud now plays primarily on accordions made by his son — dynamic accordions used in the Acadiana region and in the Cajun region. "I'm going to be a Cajun fiddler," says Tommy. "I had to play on a fiddle on a day with no accordions that I had never used to play on accordions, the old one. If you can play harmonica, you can play that in the same time. So he let me see a real, real, real, I learned playing a song immediately."

thing instrument made by his son creates a special connection to his music. "I'm going to be a Cajun fiddler," says Tommy. "I had to play on a fiddle on a day with no accordions that I had never used to play on accordions, the old one. If you can play harmonica, you can play that in the same time. So he let me see a real, real, real, I learned playing a song immediately."



mate Zachary Richard. "There no song that I can't play in a day, every session by famous composers like Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel and Mendelssohn," he says. "Through that experience, I learned about the beauty of light, crystal and natural materials, the beauty of harmonics (we often used four-part harmonies) and the value of discipline, practice and hard work in becoming musically proficient."

For Tommy, preserving the tradition takes precedence over innovation. "For me, an overall goal has been to play the music as it has been played since 1920 (the year of the first Cajun music recording)," he says. "I do not necessarily want to push the music into a new direction, just think that it should be preserved in the way it was played 100 years ago."

For Tommy, the most precious something larger than individual instruments. "As people that I've learned from have passed on, it's made me realize how fortunate I am to have learned from them from their experiences building and playing Cajun accordions," he says. "We did not be able to facilitate keeping these sounds in the music. It's certainly exciting — incorporating what has been passed on to me as well as what I've learned through personal experience."



Photo Series 34,999
Circulation or Less

DUCKING

written and
photographed
by **KEVIN
RABALAIS**

AND
WEAVING

[illegible]

Canadian looks on with a glimmer in her eyes, a gleaming totemdancer she's even joyfully teased her. Richard says, "There's a lot of things that we have in common, so coming up. You're out there in nature. You start reminding. You think about your grandfather, your father, and you think about the things you did together all the stories they told you. You see a different side of people when you're hunting. Everybody has a job but when you take them out of that job and put them in God's world, they're not a better or worse person."

"No girls, no possessions." Gladys: "We're the least materialistic of all tribes. The quality time we get to spend with our kids is second to none when you're out there in the woods and learning life skills." "You're not a better or worse person." — Christine says. And at that, they both giggle at the next one.

"You have an extraordinary sense of humor and a sense of humor for large and diverse human populations," reports the author. "You're a very good person." (During 2002-2003, 10th-ranked 2003 award for the best of the 3,887 bandied last year.)



Photo Series 35 or Less – Silver

Oklahoma Today – Enjoy the Ride



Every Memorial Day weekend, the historically all-black town of Boley hosts the longest-running black rodeo in the country, dating back to 1903.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MELISSA LUKENBAUGH

ENJOY THE RIDE



HOOP

A FISHING TECHNIQUE THAT IS AN ANCIENT,
NEAR-BIBLICAL ENDEAVOR

NET

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN RABALAIS

FISHING



A

At Bettie's house, the Atchafalaya River makes a sharp turn eastward in yet another bend to take the Mississippi into its path. The river here runs black. It's slender, smooth as paper. On a warm morning in late December, thick fog swirls around the dark water while fisherfolk start their engine. The river is quiet, it sounds almost like a question, but that can't be right. Ray knows this river. His surprise, even after 25 years of fishing here, marks him as a *native* of the river. It flows to the north, in Simpsonton, where the river is 100 feet wide. The water is black, but it's his own loon—at age 34, in 1983. There, the river churns madly, its temperature more 100° than 60° jellid. The Old River Control Structure, a feat of engineering that prevents the Atchafalaya and Mississippi from flooding the area, is 10 miles away. The Atchafalaya loons 20 miles to the northwest, causing the river to fluctuate more there than elsewhere. That led Ray to move his work south. Throughout the fall, winter and spring, he drives from Simpsonton, setting out traps to use to take the fish. He's been on the trip alone but through 50 miles in one of his cars—a car larger than the Florida Everglades.

*People in Louisiana don't know what's out here. Kintle sips of the Atchafalaya Basin. For some, the name alone conjures mystery, an aura at the back of the Louisiana psyche. For others, it's there on the map, a vast yet unfathomable expanse that begins near Stennisport and stretches southward 150 miles to the Gulf of Mexico. It's the largest floodplain swamp in North America, a breadth of bottomland hardwoods, cypress, bayou and backwater lakes.

Buddy Kierble and Henderson-based commercial fisherman Jeremy Hayes make their home on Kierble's coast.

that covers nearly one million acres. You could find the entire state of Rhode Island inside, and few would think to look. Through this region runs the Atchafalaya River, North America's fifth largest by discharge. Combine the Atchafalaya and Mississippi river basins, and you would have, after the Amazon and Congo, the third largest river basin in the world.

Rainy rattles off those and other facts before pausing to note the obvious. To truly see North America's largest wetland and river swamps, you need a boat. Getting that opportunity means to fish back through time to a place where men such as Rainy Klemke live in a way that resonates deeply.

Once each week, Kimble sees Kimble out to exactly 11 He and his cousin, Carson Kimble raise nets into as fishermen have done for millennia, by hand. It's grueling labor aboard explains why Carson sits into the boat and immediately lies down. On the trips, the Kimbles haul in an average of 5,000 to 6,000 fish. The boat's two wells will hold another 1,000. Today, because the river has been low, Rusty expects to bring in 3,000 lbs. "If you have great expectations, you're easily let down," he says. "The secret of life being happy is to be grateful for every day on the side of the water." At that, Carson shuts his eyes, a Rusty backs away from the dock. "All right," he says.



Where regional magazines thrive!

Photo Series

35,000 Circulation or More

C R O W N

T H E

P R I N C E

For one New Mexico outdoorswoman, an unforgettable encounter with a pronghorn reveals the complexities of modern hunting.

BY Christie Green

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
Jen Judge

Christie Green: pronghorn
Grant Taylor: wildflowers

50 New Mexico / NOVEMBER 2025

These are one of premonitions' greatest threats, since they do not jump. After much resistance and some defecatory burled wire shrapnel, scolding may eventually find its way through or over.

This is where I'd be, come, first light tomorrow, I thought, pined by the surprise encounter with the hard—especially after the trials I had experienced with the premonition had been scarce lately.

I watched, taking in the shape of their daily bodies. The premonition's white bellies, fine, arched and slender, and dark skin under the hooded dancers in a desert of extremes. Would they spin and twirl, hold still, or walk, pushing the earth away, of a day and ending their lives.

They were not the same as the premonition, a new kind of premonition, a song, like my earliest raking in

[illegible]

Then, the nesting began, sleepily. I moved to the edge of the dirt road, bowed to my knees and elbows, lifted my palms to the sky, resting my forehead to the ground, and whispered to the gods: "Please, help me as a visitor. I'll take just the animals since we'll be here!"

For four hours, I made a mass of roots, snail-bait, the bark, stripping bark from the trees, and I waited to get closer. Each animal that entered the *gáda* was treated as because fable as they drifted past, an animal that I could not see, but I heard a throat tugging their attention to the *gáda* as if some great god on the other side.

At midday, I headed east in the pickup to the far boundary of the section, where I thought the proglotters would be. I walked for an hour and passed. Instead, they were on the beach. Peering through the woods, I spotted them. Like Ping Pong balls I slammed back and forth across a table, the birds were on the ground, and I saw them scurried and frantically from multiple

Photo Series 35 or More – Silver Arizona Highways – Different Point of View



Photo Series 35 or More – Gold

Texas Highways – Big Skies



Art and Culture Feature
35,000 Circulation or More

Art & Culture 35 or more - Bronze Arizona Highways – She's a Relative Unknown



Lillian Wilhelm Smith first visited Rainbow Bridge as a member of Zane Grey's expedition to the landmark in 1913. Her resulting painting made her, by some accounts, the first person to commit the bridge to canvas.
COURTESY OF WESTERN SPIRIT, SCOTTSDALE'S MUSEUM OF THE WEST

SHE'S A RELATIVE UNKNOWN

Despite her natural talent, entrepreneurial spirit and family connection to Zane Grey, artist Lillian Wilhelm Smith died in poverty at the age of 68, never having achieved the fame or success of her contemporaries.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

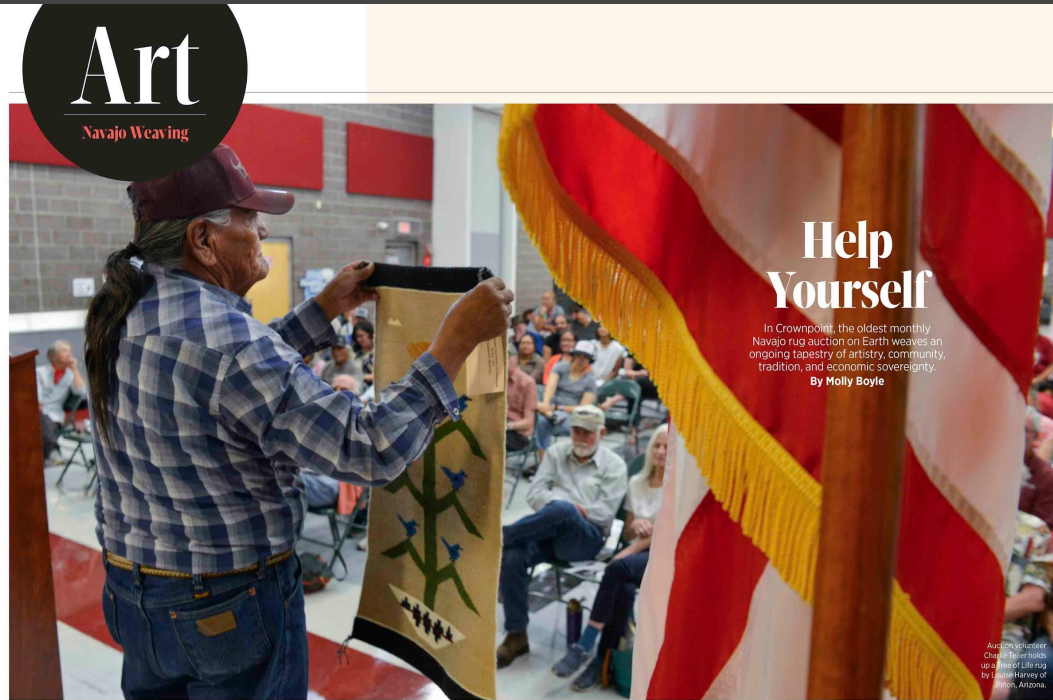
Sedona's newest park honors the city's history, and one of the city's oldest buildings is its focus. But just beyond the borders of Ranger Station Park on Brewer Road stands a reminder of a lesser-known chapter. The stone house at the park's southeast corner, in what now is Los Abrigos Resort and Spa, once was part of She-Kay-Ah Ranch and home to Lillian Wilhelm Smith. If you've heard of her, you're in the minority. But most likely, you've heard of her friends. A longtime collaborator with Zane Grey, she illustrated many of his novels, includ-



Described by some as eccentric, Wilhelm Smith had connections to many better-known figures in the history of the American Southwest.
SHARLOTT HALL MUSEUM

Art & Culture 35 or more - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Help Yourself



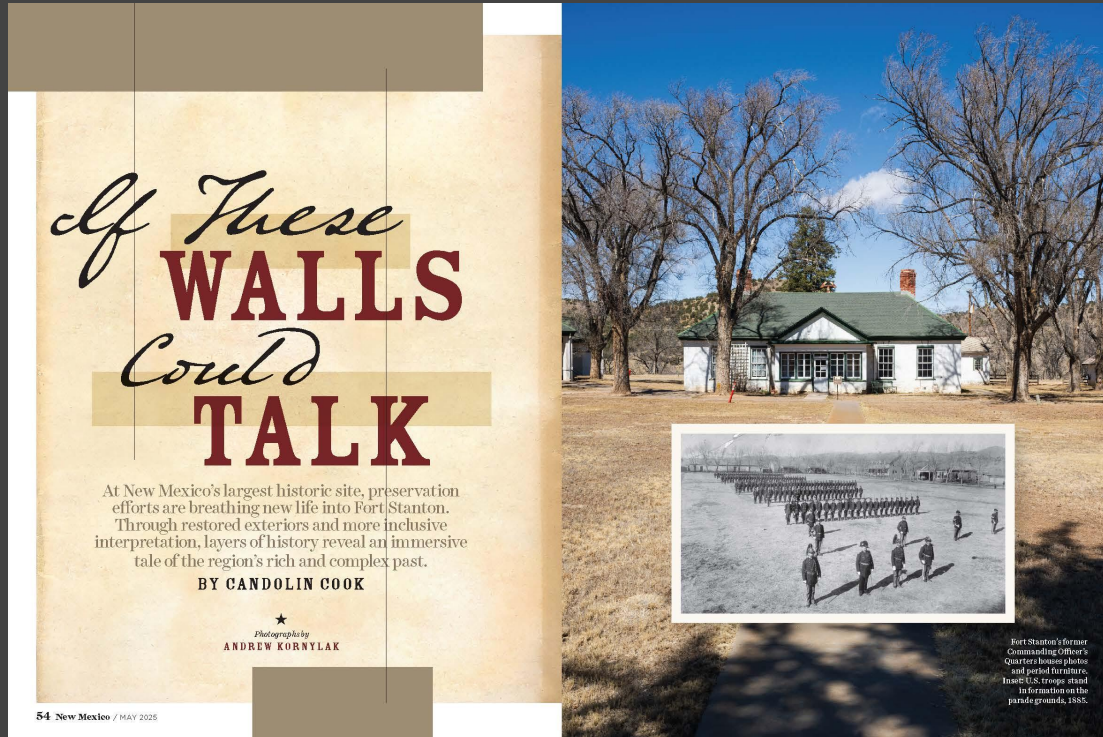
Art & Culture 35 or more - Gold

Texas Highways – Earth, Water, Wind, and Fire



Historic Feature
35,000 Circulation or More

Historic Feature 35 or More – Merit New Mexico Magazine – If These Walls Could Talk



Historic Feature 35 or More – Bronze

Texas Highways – The Ties That Bind



Historic Feature 35 or More – Silver Cottage Life – The Last Voyage of the HMS Speedy



Historic Feature 35 or More – Gold

Arizona Highways – Staring Into Space

Staring Into Space

In 2006, the International Astronomical Union downgraded Pluto from the ninth planet to a dwarf planet.

The decision remains controversial, especially for the descendants of Clyde Tombaugh, the self-taught astronomer who discovered it. Nevertheless, his remarkable discovery put Lowell Observatory on the international map and opened the door to understanding a “third zone” of the solar system.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

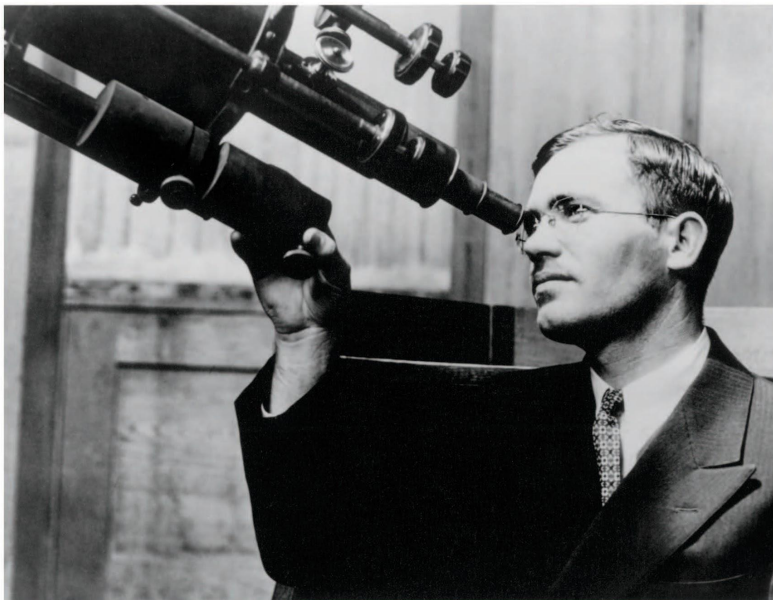
Looking through a hand magnifier, Clyde Tombaugh could barely see the stars on the image in front of him at Flagstaff's Lowell Observatory. “My hand was shaking,” he later told his biographer. “It was literally shaking with excitement.” In less than an hour, he’d gone from doubt to certainty that a faint spot on the photographic plate was the hypothetical “Planet X” for which Percival Lowell had spent a quarter-century searching.

And for three-quarters of an hour, Tombaugh was the only person alive who knew where it was.

This month marks 95 years since the unassuming, 24-year-old Midwestern farm boy became the first American to discover a planet, perusing the notion that with talent and hard work, a person of any background can do something remarkable. For a nation descending into the Great Depression,

Clyde Tombaugh peers through a 6-inch telescope at the University of Arizona, where he earned bachelor's and master's degrees. This photo was made in 1936, six years after Tombaugh's discovery of Pluto at Flagstaff's Lowell Observatory.

NEW MEXICO STATE UNIVERSITY



Nature and Environment Feature

35,000 Circulation or More

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More – Bronze Avenue – Flow State



FLOW STATE

BY CHRIS LARSEN

Calgary, at its heart, is a river city. We work and play on the waters of the Bow and Elbow, and The City of Calgary relies on their glacial flows to provide us with a constant and clean water supply. But, despite being a born-and-bred Calgarian, I didn't truly appreciate how special Calgary's rivers are as I was growing up.

At first glance, it seemed to me that Calgary didn't have a river culture at all. I travelled to other cities, including Brisbane, London and Paris, where the riverbanks are fully urbanized with roads and bike paths, restaurants, markets and public transportation up and down the waterways. It seemed to me these cities provided a life oriented towards their rivers in a way that Calgary

didn't. Brisbane, in particular, has an amazing "boat bus" (a moniker that I use affectionately) called the CityCat, which I love to bring up in just about any conversation that I can. Through my travels, I often marvelled at how other cities had absorbed their rivers into their identity and culture, and I wondered why Calgary hadn't done the same.

FROM THE BEGINNING

The settlement of Calgary began where the Bow and Elbow meet. In 1875, when the North-West Mounted Police established Fort Calgary at their confluence of the two rivers. Ten generations before that, the Indigenous people of the region used this area as a gathering place with both practical and sacred purposes.

In the 1800s, Calgary settlers used the Bow River to transport lumber from the Rockies. Flooding it downstream until it was picked up at Prince's Island and used to build some of the first homes here. The rivers have always been an important part of Calgary's history, and the city probably wouldn't be here without them.

Calgary has always relied on the Bow River for many of its resources, from industrial transportation to water power, says Frank Friga, manager of environmental management in The City of Calgary's Climate & Environment business unit. "The river is very much integrated with [Calgary's history], and the city has grown

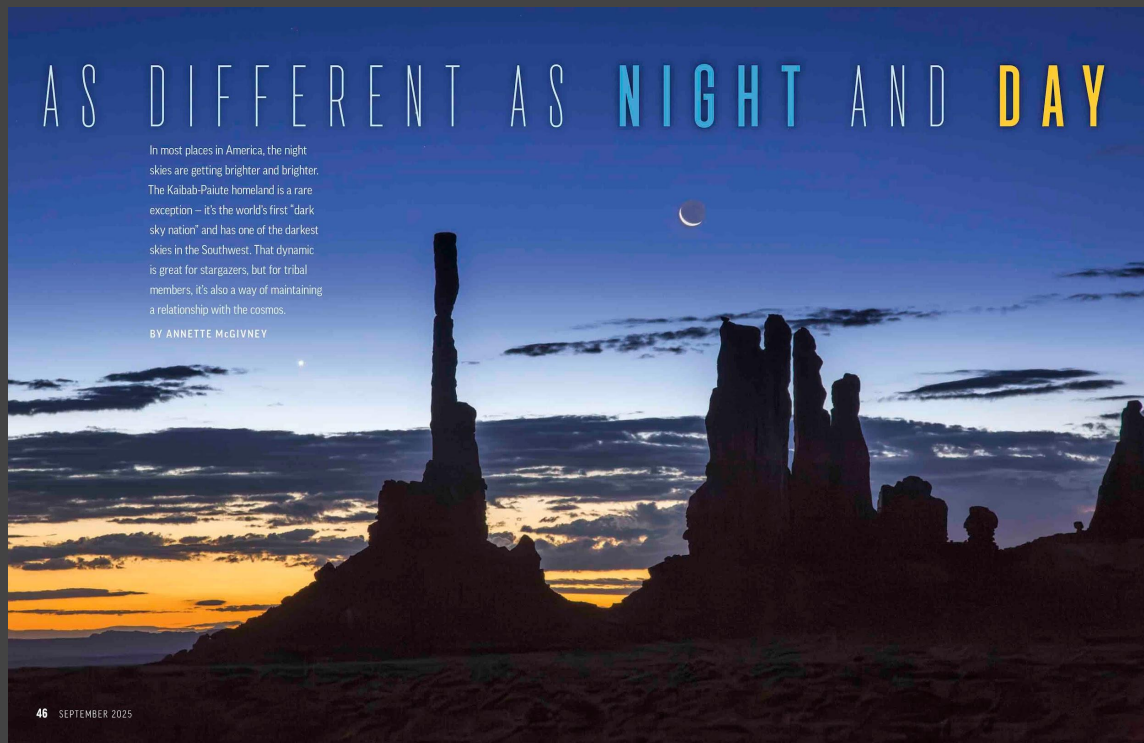
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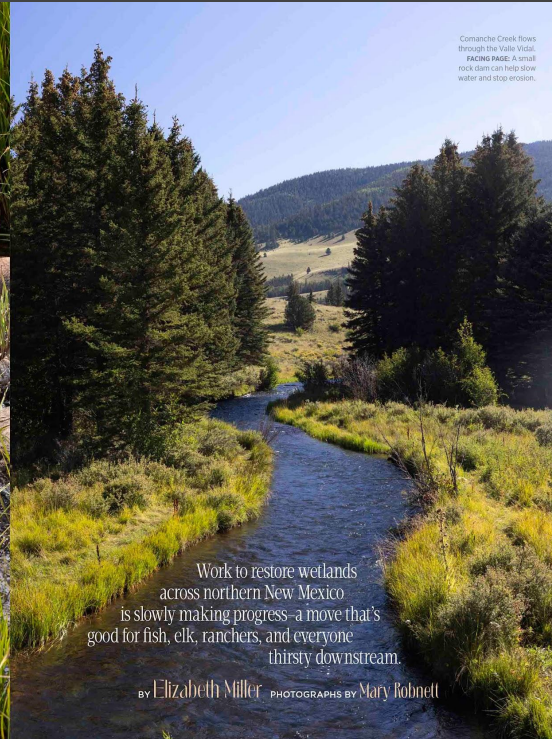
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Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More – Silver Arizona Highways – As Different as Night and Day



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More – Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Drop by Drop



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More – Gold

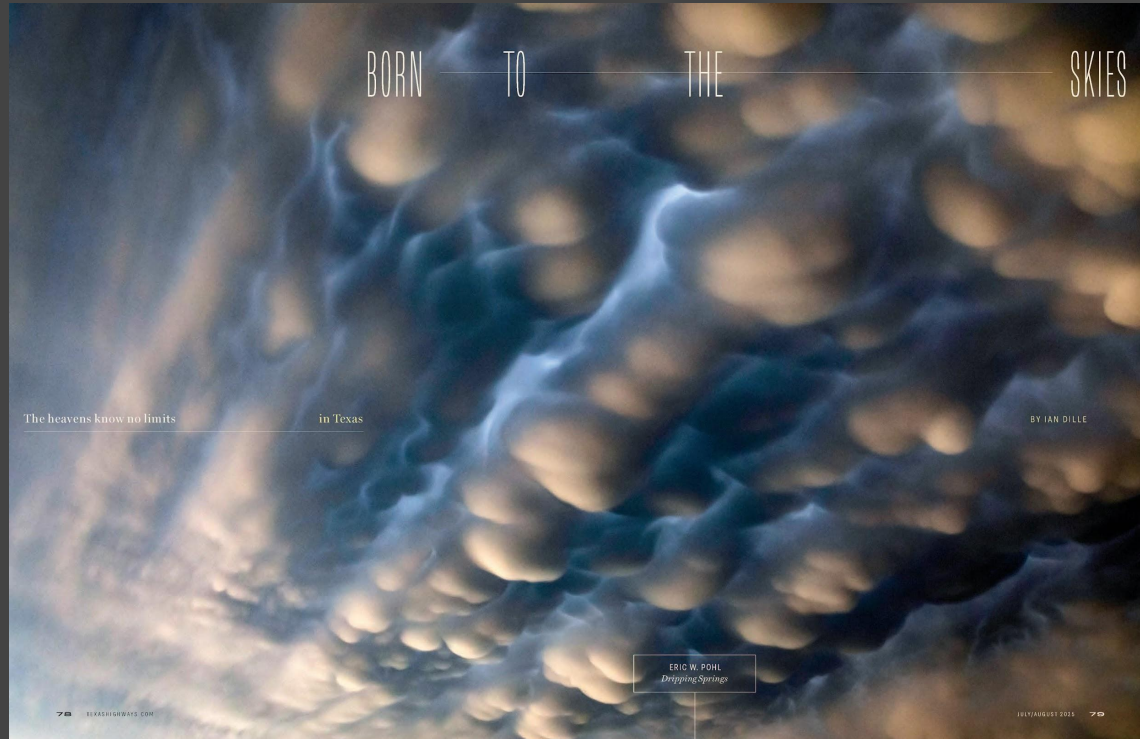
Texas Highways – Gone in Seven Seconds



General Feature
35,000 Circulation or More

General Feature 35 or More – Bronze

Texas Highways – Born to the Skies



General Feature 35 or More – Silver Arizona Highways – Alternative Energy



For decades, Sedona has been known as the nation's "New Age capital," and its vortex sites draw visitors from around the world. From a scientific perspective, the so-called energy spots aren't real. Spiritual pilgrims, however, believe they're proof of the paranormal.

BY ANNETTE McQUINCY

The designated meeting spot along West Sedona's stretch of State Route 89A couldn't be more normal: a souvenir shop next to a gas station selling coffee mugs, cactus candy and T-shirts featuring red rock silhouettes. I wonder if I'm in the right place, given the weirdness of my reason for being there.

I walk up to a man standing expectantly outside the store. He's wearing a leather newsboy cap, a trimmed mustache and tennis shoes tinted with Sedona's signature red dirt. I wonder if he's the guide who told me during a phone conversation that he's a "contactee" — meaning he's had encounters with extraterrestrial beings.

"Are you Michael?" I ask, a little sheepishly. "No, I'm waiting for him," Whitney Robinson replies. "My wife and I are on the tour."

That would be a UFO tour.

Robinson and his wife, Deb, along with me and two other Sedona visitors, have signed up to venture with a man named Michael to the top of Airport Mesa, don night vision goggles and get a glimpse of mysterious realms beyond Earth.

The Robinsons are from Thattsville, Alabama, and on the tail end of a nine-day vacation in Sedona, where they've been engaged in "cultural immersion," according to Deb. Their vacation has been filled with tours to local energy spots known as vortices, yoga on the red rocks and jeep outings to ancient archaeological sites. But given Sedona's world-renowned reputation for the paranormal, a UFO tour is a must-do item on their bucket list.

As for me, after hiking in Red Rock Country for three decades and frequently running into people claiming some kind of spiritual experience or extraterrestrial encounter, I'm seeking to answer questions of my own. Namely: What is it about Sedona that makes this landscape ground zero for all things woo-woo? An October 2024 New York Times story called Sedona the nation's "New Age capital," but that's a moniker the city has held for decades. I've long wondered if there's really something otherworldly going on — or if the area's paranormal vibes are a product of marketing and social media hype.

Michael, the owner of Arizona UFO Tours, pulls

General Feature 35 or More – Gold

New Mexico Magazine – A Tale of Two Crops



Profile

35,000 Circulation or More

Profile 35 or More – Bronze

Arizona Highways – Standing Perfectly Still

Standing Perfectly Still

Florence Merriam Bailey was a rarity among ornithologists in the 1920s: female, self-trained, and a college dropout with a quiet way of ignoring the norms of her profession. It was common at the time to look at birds through the sight of a hunting rifle. The native New Yorker preferred an opera glass.

BY MELISSA L. SEVIGNY



ON A LATE SUMMER DAY IN 1929, all manner of visitors came to Bright Angel Lodge, the rustic hotel perched on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. A pair of rangers sat boldly, dangling their cowboy-booted feet, on the fence that separated a sidewalk from the Canyon's fatally deep drop. Parents strolled by with a tight grip on their children, gawking at the grandeur.

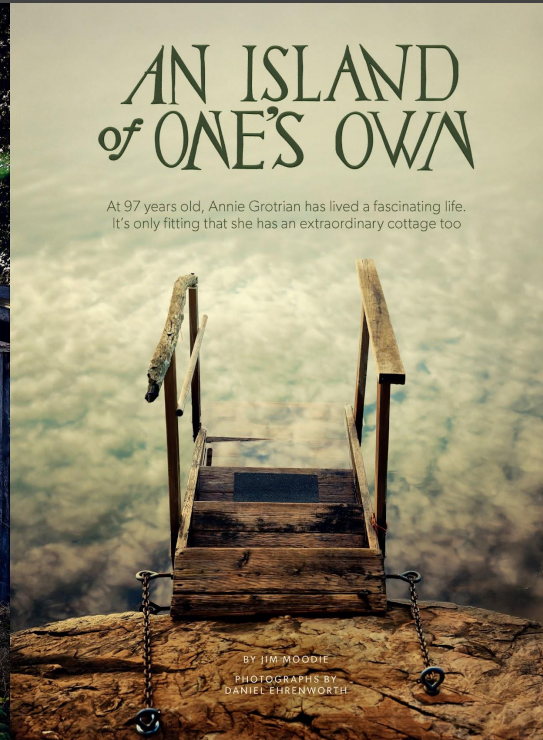
One visitor stood out. She was tall, her snow-white hair tied up in a hasty bun. Her laced-up black boots were dusty from use, and her skin had the weather-worn look of someone who spent a lot of time outdoors. But it wasn't her appearance that caught the eye. She stood out, in fact, because she was standing very still. Her gaze was fixed not on the vast splendor of the Canyon, but on a cactus bush that grew just beyond the fence.

Pioneering ornithologist Florence Merriam Bailey is shown in an undated portrait. Bailey's method of quietly observing her subjects helped usher in the modern approach to birding and bird watching.

● SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



Profile 35 or More – Silver Cottage Life – An Island of One's Own



Profiles 35 or More – Gold Texas Highways – Forces for Nature



Department

Department – Bronze

Arizona Highways – The Journal



Department – Gold

Texas Highways – Fuel



A charcoal grill is means for community party at San Antonio's The Fajita Lounge, Page 90.

PHOTO: JACOB VANDERKAM

JANUARY 10, 2025

F FUEL

Message in a Bottle

Marfa Spirit Co captures the taste of the Trans-Pecos with a meaty new offering

By LAUREL MILLER



WHILE ON AN annual dove hunting trip with colleagues from the outdoor and distilling industries,

Marfa Spirit Co cofounder Morgan Weber detoured to the pool at their Brownsville Airbnb to cool off. It was a sweltering afternoon in September 2022, and Weber and his friends from Duck Camp, an Austin-based apparel brand, made the executive decision that the birds could wait.

"The conversation organically turned to, 'What if we made a collaborative, regionally appropriate spirit that somehow incorporated hunting into it?'" Weber says.

Since opening in 2021, Marfa Spirit Co has produced its own version of sotol, a Mexican Denomination of Origin spirit native to Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Durango. Made from the plant of the same name, it's a distillate similar to mezcil, where the cabezas, or hearts, are roasted in an underground oven, pulverized to extract the juice, and fermented in wooden vats. A botanical cousin to agave, sotol characteristically has vibrant grassy and peppery notes.

Although sotol is indisputably a Mexican product first introduced by Indigenous tribes, Texas has produced its own interpretation since the early 20th century. No one has led the domestic effort quite like Marfa Spirit Co, which hand-harvests its sotol from



Marfa's Chislo Creek Ranch—a 30,000-acre cattle property and hunting lodge established in the mid-18th century.

The outcome of the poolside chat in 2022 was to expand upon that idea. An offshoot of staminate, Texas made from the plant of the same name, it's a distillate similar to mezcil, where the cabezas, or hearts, are roasted in an underground oven, pulverized to extract the juice, and fermented in wooden vats. A botanical cousin to agave, sotol characteristically has vibrant grassy and peppery notes.

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young sotol blades, as do the resident javelina and mule deer on the West Texas land. Additionally, the property is rife with prickly pear and edible ocotillo and cholla blossoms. "Cholo offered a lot of options in terms of developing a profile for the spirit," Weber says. "This project hit on everything we're about."

Although it is unknown when the first petchuga was introduced in Mexico, some researchers believe the spirit has been made for at least a century. Even today, it's difficult to find sotol petchuga outside of its native country. Additionally, recipes vary from village to village and are typically passed down orally, so producing one statewide proved especially challenging. To help with that Herculean effort, Weber consulted with Don "Lolo" Eduardo Arrieta, a distiller for Chihuahua's Nochebana Sotol.

Guiding them through the labor-intensive, three-distillation

process to help refine and remove unwanted compounds, Arrieta helped the Texas group ultimately forge a spirit that embodies the high desert landscape. Called Desert Petchuga, it's bold, creamy, and herbaceous, with notes of black pepper and ripe stone fruit. One of only two petchugas currently made in the U.S., the Marfa Spirit Co product is the culmination of a collective dream, one that celebrates the region and its Mexican heritage.

Luckily for Texans who might've missed out on their first attempt in 2024, Weber promises it's going to become an annual tradition going forward. "West Texas cultivates peaches and pecans," he says. "Maybe next time we'll use those with javelina, aoudou, or quail. That would definitely be fun."

Find Desert Petchuga at the Marfa Spirit Co tasting room and select independent liquor stores. marfaspirt.com

Clockwise from top: Distilling at Marfa Spirit Co; Prickly pear goes into the petchuga blend; a bottle of the latest vintage.



Hog Heaven

ONE OTHER TEXAS DISTILLERY PLAYING AROUND WITH EARTHY ELIXIRS

Every spring, Real Spirits Distilling Co.'s Gavin Topel starts foraging for dewberries and bottlebrush leaves around his Blanco facility. Since 2019, the head distiller and part-time hunting guide has relied upon those ingredients for his own version of a petchuga called Totem. A small batch effort released every November, Totem also incorporates lavender, rosemary, peaches, and pecans from the Hill Country, Jerome and grapefruit from the Rio Grande Valley, and "local hog" that Topel hunts himself and cold-smokes over native hardwoods.

Using a base comprised of malted barley, wheat, and passion fruit from the distillery's sister business, Real Ale Brewing Co., the resulting spirit is replete of citrus and pink peppercorn. The distiller suggests pouring it into a copita rimmed with local honey, but it's no less enjoyable sipped neat. realalebrewing.com



PHOTO: JACOB VANDERKAM

ILLUSTRATION: MORGAN

TEXASHIGHWAYS.COM

JANUARY 10, 2025

Hed & Dek

Hed & Dek - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Neither Hide Nor Hair



NEITHER HIDE NOR HAIR

Bigfoot, the yeti, Sasquatch ... tales of big, hairy monsters have crossed history, cultures and geography for centuries. In Arizona, there have been "sightings" in the White Mountains and along the Mogollon Rim. After all these years, there's no definitive proof, but there are believers. Driven, perhaps, by a conviction that knowing isn't nearly as intriguing as wondering.

By Matt Jaffe • Illustrations by Adam McCauley



SO, HERE'S MY BIGFOOT STORY.

On the last night of a llama trek in California's Sierra Nevada, we camped somewhere around 8,000 feet. It had been an eventful trip: creeks swollen by snowmelt, a near-drowning and frequent sit-down strikes by the llamas. (They're adorable, but not for six days at a stretch.) We finished the box wine, its terror and vintage of equally dubious provenance, and gorged on the remaining food, ostensibly to lighten the llamas' load for the last push back to the trailhead.

Around 3 a.m., I heard a sound coming from the meadow where the llamas pastured for the night. Still in my sleeping bag, I pulled open the tent flap and saw a shadowy, human-like figure waving its upraised arms

and running through the campsite while screaming an ungodly scream. Elevation and cheap wine will play tricks on the mind, and there was enough time in that realm between dreams and consciousness to think the unthinkable.

It's the big guy! Sasquatch, Bigfoot, the mythical cryptid of bumper stickers and rear window decals came to life. Or, in this case, my hirsute friend Tom. Half-asleep and stark naked, he had rushed out to help the wrangler scare a black bear away from the llamas.

For those few hazy seconds, *I believed*. And as I sit here now, brain-fog-free in the light of day, I cannot claim that a latter-day Gigantopithecus walks among us. However, that strange night did lead me to ponder the concept.

Consider me Bigfoot-curious.

Which brings us to the Mogollon Monster, Arizona's homegrown Bigfoot variant. He's tall and hairy, smells of soggy dog and rotten eggs, and almost certainly doesn't exist. But easy as it is to dismiss accounts of massive ape-like creatures as so much codswallop and hokum, these tales cross history, cultures and geography.

Start with the giant swamp-dwelling monster Grendel in *Beowulf*, the Old English epic poem possibly written as early as the eighth century and the home of high school students 1,200 years later. The Mogollon Monster has kinfolk across America, including New York's Kinderhook Creature and Appalachia's regrettably named Wood Boogier. In Australia, Bigfoot is the Yowie, and in Mexico,

it's the Sismite or El Cuatlocas.

"It's really interesting that they're humanoid, but usually larger and stronger than us," says Arizona State University literature instructor Dr. Emily Zarba, an expert in monsters who created and hosts the PBS Digital Studios series *Monstrum*. "They can be protectors of the environment they inhabit, and maybe even help humans. But they can also be aggressive and defend their territory."

"I think that these legends are in part about our ancestry and understanding of what human evolution looks like. It's about fearing that we're not on top of the food chain — whether it's an unknown cryptid being that could be more powerful than us, or the misidentification of some kind of species that may or may not be extinct."

Hed & Dek - Silver

Texas Highways – Dome Away From Dome

P

POSTCARDS

DOMES AWAY FROM HOME

"THELMA AND LOUISE"
ROUGH IT IN A ROOM WITH
AN OTHERWORLDLY VIEW

By WENDI AARONS

MY EMPTY REEF was closing in on me.

I texted my friend Anne, also the mother of absent college kids: "Want to drive to Big Bend and stay in a dome in the Chihuahuan Desert?" I'd recently seen photos of otherworldly "stargazing domes" on Instagram, and despite not being a camper, or a glamp, or even someone who's been inside a Cabela's on purpose, I was intrigued.

"I'll bring the mezcal, Thelma," she replied. "You bring the limes." (All Gen X women on a road trip call each other Thelma and Louise—not just because we frequently feel like driving off a cliff.)

We hit the road on a Thursday, our cooler filled with Topo Chico

and my hormone replacement therapy pills because the last thing you need in the desert is a hot flask. Eight hours later, we pull into Marfa in far West Texas and wonder if the town is closed. The wide streets are empty. The stores uncrowded. No tipy bachelorettes on scooters clogging the sidewalks. We definitely aren't in Austin anymore. We check into the beautiful Spanish and Mission Revival-style Hotel Paisano and sip palomas in the courtyard. It isn't yet camping, but the hotel elevator is broken so we're getting closer. At twilight, we drive to the Marfa Lights Viewing Area and watch tiny, intermittent flashes dot the horizon under a royal blue sky. Anne doesn't say that it's a natural phenomenon. "Someone's putting on a show," she insists.

We take US87 the next morning and head south toward Terlingua, the quirky remote community famous for its historical ghost town and legendary annual chili cookoff. The landscape is sparse, and the roads are empty save for the occasional white-and-green U.S. Border Patrol trucks that aren't in any hurry and the herds of antelope watching us from their rocky perches. With fleeting cell service while traveling along the border of Big Bend National Park, I pull up the email confirmation and read again that they don't offer refunds for weather, life changes, acts of God, power outages, road conditions, and the discomforts of nature. Understandable, but I really hope "discomforts of nature" doesn't mean "vicious scorpions."

Eleven miles outside Terlingua, we see the sign for the Summit at Big Bend and turn onto the unpaved Lone Star Mine Road. Thirty-seven white domes appear on the hillside, dotting the dry brown-and-tan landscape like marshmallows in cocoa. I stare at them in wonder but with apprehension. I wanted to get out of my house, yes, but not colonize the moon. My anxiety rises as we drive through the isolated property up to our numbered dome and park the car.

"I don't know if I can handle this," I mutter, realizing how remote we actually are. I'd only seen this part of Texas while watching *No Country for Old Men* with my hands over my eyes. Anton Chigurh was fictional, right? "You'd better start trying to handle it," Anne says in her laconic native Texan voice. "Because Terlingua doesn't have a Four Seasons."

We step inside our digs, and I'm floored with what to see we're not in a Bear Grylls survival situation. It's nicer than my bedroom at

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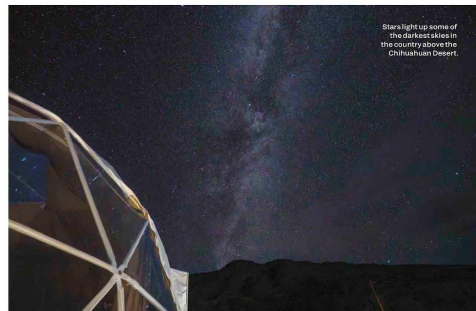


PacificWarMuseum.org
Fredericksburg, Texas

A TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION PROPERTY

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TEXAS
HISTORICAL
COMMISSION



Stars light up some of the darkest skies in the country above the Chihuahuan Desert.

Hed & Dek - Gold

Acadiana Profile – Fork Yeah



**A FULL-COURSE
GUIDE TO
THE REGION'S
BEST EATS**

BY
ERIC CORMIER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
COLLIN RICHE



Famed food personality Julia Child once said, "People who love to eat are always the best people." ¶ In this annual Best of Dining feature, we focus on the people who love to cook for those who love to eat. ¶ We are showcasing kitchen creations from Lake Charles to Morgan City. ¶ Each of these dishes is prepared using fresh, high-quality ingredients by enthusiastic and talented cooks and bakers who are driven to serve their patrons delicious food. ¶ Under each course, three choices are provided. This was done because Louisiana has many wonderful dining establishments and menus. ¶ So which ones are best? ¶ You choose. ¶ To some, a five-course meal is a luxury from a bygone era. Use this feature for inspiration. ¶ Slow your roll, gather a few of your favorite people and hit the road. Regard it as a grand culinary adventure. ¶ No matter where you go, you will be around the best people. Guaranteed!

Hed & Dek - Gold

Louisiana Life – Ducking and Weaving



Best New
Magazine Writer

Best New Magazine Writer – Bronze

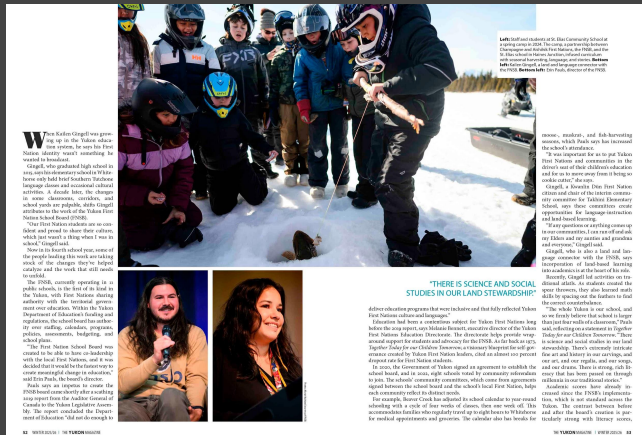
The Yukon Magazine – Marissa Meilleur



Blending LAND and CULTURE with CURRICULUM

The Yukon First Nation School Board is making change and closing the gap between urban and rural schools

By Marissa Meilleur



Best New Magazine Writer – Silver

El Palacio – Lazarus Letcher



CATHAY WILLIAMS

IN SEARCH OF LIBERATION WITH THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS

By Lazarus Letcher
Illustrations by Adri Norris

“Can we touch your hair?”
I was sitting in my high school sophomore year of U.S. History when I first heard of the Buffalo Soldiers. It was a rare moment in my Indiana education when we touched on African American history that took us beyond or outside of victimhood. My teacher’s question quickly dashed my joy at this rare reflection of myself in my curriculum.

“Can we touch your hair to understand where their name comes from?”

I and the two other Black classmates looked eyes and telepathically agreed that, at least for today, we would not be a petting zoo.

Left: Enslaving 2023. Digital painting. Dressed as a man, Cathay Williams enlisted in the 3888 Central Postal Directory Battalion in 1945, the first Black woman to serve in the U.S. military. She was stationed at Fort Union in Northern New Mexico.



There’s some debate about exactly where she was for the significant African American troops fighting in the Mexican Revolution. One, though, is undisputed: Williams, then 24, was in the 3888 Central Postal Directory Battalion in 1945, the first Black woman to serve in the U.S. military. She was stationed at Fort Union in Northern New Mexico.

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Best New Magazine Writer – Gold

Texas Highways – Bobby Alemán





Where regional magazines thrive!

Recreation Feature

Recreation - Bronze

Oklahoma Today – Sweeping Down the Main

SWEEPING DOWN THE MAIN



Sailing season at Lake Hefner in Oklahoma City typically runs April through October.

Think sailing is a pursuit for wealthy Yalies off Cape Cod? Think again! A bit of study, a lot of practice, a six-pack of beer, and Oklahoma wind is all you need to become an old salt.

Story and Photography by
DAVID JOSHUA JENNINGS

Recreation - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Art City, Here We Come



Recreation - Gold

Texas Highways – Show of Hands



Special Focus

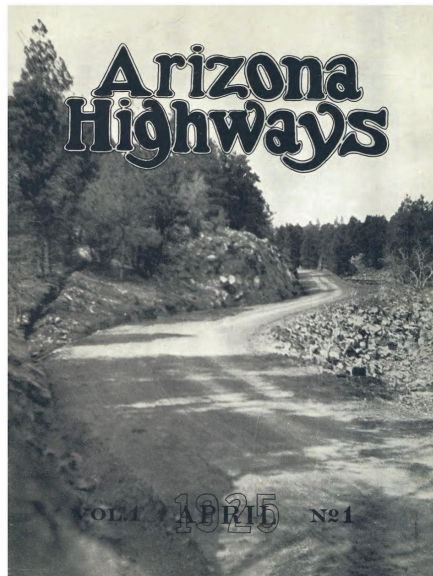
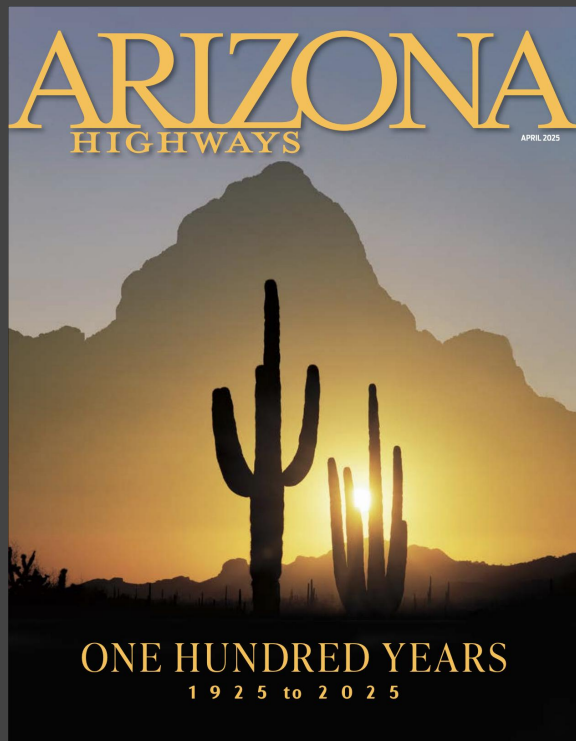
Special Focus - Bronze

Acadiana Profile – The Food Issue



Special Focus - Bronze

Arizona Highways – One Hundred Years 1925 to 2025



April 1925

1. Premiere Issue APRIL 1925

The first issue of *Arizona Highways* was just 26 pages, including ads, and the newsstand price was 10 cents. A thousand copies were printed, meaning only a handful of readers saw the magazine's first typo. Turns out, we spelled "Highway" with two "H"s in the caption for the cover photo: "The cover picture for the first issue of *Arizona Highways* shows some of the scenery along the Prescott White Spar Forest Project, which connects with the White Spar-Congress Highway. It is one of the prettiest scenic roads in the State."

2. The First Poem MAY 1925

Poetry has been an important component of the magazine since the early days. The first poem we published, *The Road Run's Lay*, was written by Ira L. Wood, who was an accountant for the Arizona Highway Department. There's no record of how well his left brain worked on balance sheets and business tax forms, but his right brain

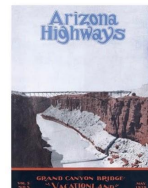
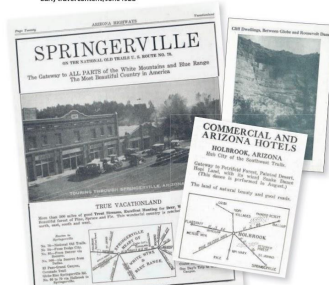
was impressive and prolific — we published dozens of his poems in the 1920s and '30s.

3. Grand Canyon Cover MARCH 1928

It took us 12 issues to figure out that the Grand Canyon would make a great cover subject, but finally, we did. The image is an understated black-and-white. Intriguing, but not revealing. The caption reads: "Our cover this month is an unusual scene of one of the great scenic wonders of the world — the Grand Canyon. The photograph is the property of W.W. Lane, chief engineer of the Arizona Highway Department." There

isn't any information about where the photo was made, but renowned Canyon artist Bruce Allen, who knows the natural wonder as well as anyone, thinks it was shot at Tivoli Point. "I've painted from this location," he told me. "If you look closely into the shadowy area on the right side, just above the highlighted area, you can see Phantom Ranch. Barely. The word 'Highways' obscures its Temple and Buddha Temple at the top."

Early travel content, June 1928



May 1929

4. "Pretentious" Travel Issue JUNE 1928

Despite our mandated purpose as a trade journal for civil engineers, Editor Vincent J. Keating could see beyond the road graders. In a plug for our June 1928 issue, he wrote: "The June issue of *Arizona Highways* will be the first of a series of 'Vacation Numbers' which will be published annually for the information of citizens of Arizona and tourists from other states who plan to tour the state this summer and future summers. The 'Vacation Number' of 1928 will be the most pretentious issue of *Arizona Highways* that has yet appeared." Pretentious? Three might have been a more accurate word, but the issue did include more than a dozen travel stories, 33 black-and-white photographs, and dozens of tourism ads for towns and cities all over the state.

5. Hint of Color MAY 1929

May 1929 marked another milestone for the magazine: It was the first time we used color on a cover. By modern standards, it was pretty basic, like an overhead projector compared to a digital flat screen. But for us, it was

Special Focus - Gold

Texas Highways – The Music Issue

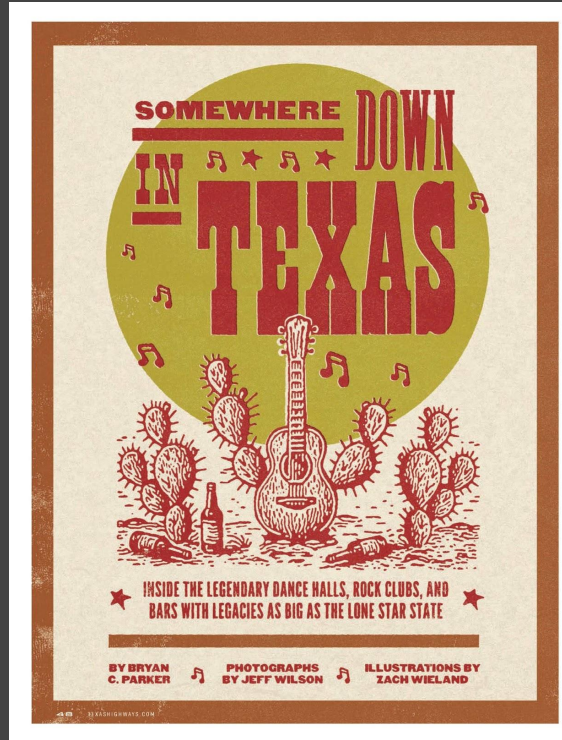
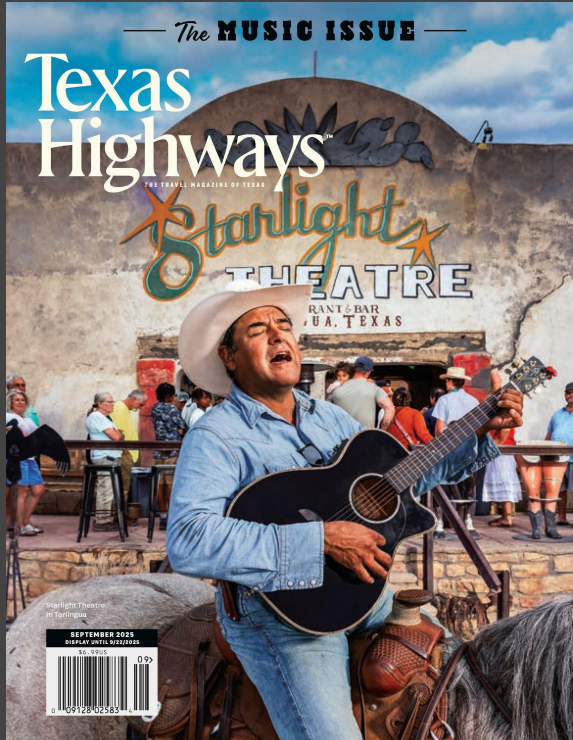


Illustration – Feature or Series

Illustration Feature or Series – Merit

El Palacio – Cathay Williams: In Search of Liberation with the Buffalo Soldiers

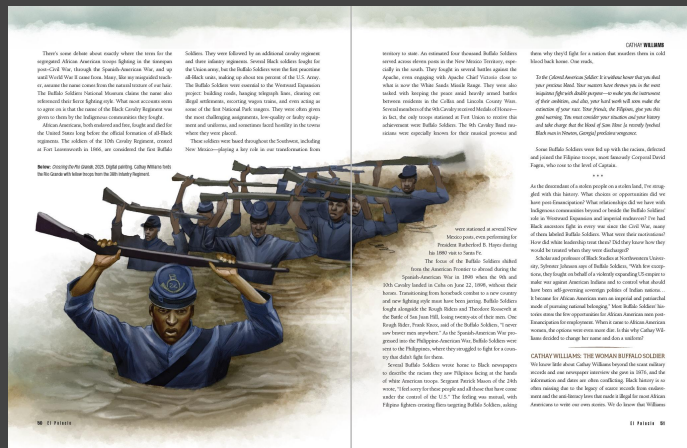


Illustration Feature or Series- Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – Mysteries and Legends



MYSTERY

The Fountain Murders

Nearly 150 years ago, the disappearance of this father and son opened an unsolved case that continues to resonate.

BY STEVE TERRELL

The state Senate pro tempore's office, located in the Capitol building basement in Santa Fe, contains a wall of photographs of holders of that position. Among them is a 1931 black-and-white of a bald man with a walrus mustache: Oliver M. Lee, the only one who ever stood trial for killing a child. Eight-year-old Henry Fountain and his father, Albert, a lawyer and politician, vanished near White Sands National Park on February 1, 1896. Their mysterious disappearance has haunted New Mexicans ever since. At the time, the elder Fountain was best known for representing Billy the Kid in his 1881 trial for murdering a sheriff. Weeks before his disappearance, Fountain secured indictments against Lee—a political rival—and 22 others for cattle rustling in southeastern New Mexico. He had brought Henry along to court in Lincoln. Some say his wife, Mariana, thought Henry's presence would protect the lawyer from the accused thieves. After all, what monster would kill a little boy?

The Fountain left Lincoln for their home in Mesilla on January 30. They never made it.

A few facts are known: At Chalk Hill on February 1, Fountain told a stagecoach driver that three men seemed to be following him. The driver

urged him to turn back toward Tularosa, but Fountain pressed on. Later, searchers found blood-soaked patches of ground in the same area and Fountain's buckboard wagon nearby.

The slaying of Henry was the only murder accusation against Lee that reached trial, though he was suspected in other cases. "Oliver Lee didn't do much to disprove these accusations," says Joe Lewandowski, board director of the Tularosa Basin Historical Society. "Lee seemed to believe that if people thought you were capable of murder, they'd leave you alone."

Investigations by the Pinkerton Detective Agency and Doña Ana County Sheriff Pat Garrett both pointed to Lee and associates. In 1898, Garrett secured murder warrants for Lee along with James Gilliland and William McNew, who were also accused in Fountain's cattle-rustling case. The case became a battle between two rival political bosses: prosecutor Thomas Gaton, of the notorious Santa Fe Ring, **CONTINUED ON PAGE 42**

Illustration Feature or Series- Bronze

Texas Highways – Dark Tourism



How To CATCH A CRYPTID

From its rural backwoods to urban alley, Texas abounds with legends of strange beasts. These monsters—also known as cryptids, or animals investigated by formal zoology—are a fixture of Lone Star State folklore. “People think that every inch of Texas has been explored and cataloged, and it’s just not true,” says Michael Myers, a Killdeer-based cryptologist who has authored several books on the subject. The best cryptid hunters, he explains, report on what people see and keep an open mind while maintaining a degree of healthy skepticism. “I think it’s interesting to try and discern what, if any, small grain of truth might have sort of things unraveling down the hill that morphed into a story. There are even of the state’s most mysterious creature spotted over the last several decades.

Chupacabra



APPROXIMATE DESCRIPTION
Slender, hairless mammal with vertical skin and long limbs

REPUTATION
Sightings reported in Central, San Antonio, and Austin

REMARKS
First reported in Puerto Rico in 1995, the Chupacabra—or “goat sucker”—is a cryptid often depicted as a bloodthirsty beast of folklore. Originally considered to be a dog-like hunting dog, over time the creature has been described as a bat, a werewolf, or a small, hairless, bipedal creature. The creature is often depicted as a small, hairless, bipedal creature with a long, pointed snout and a long, pointed tail. The creature is often depicted as a small, hairless, bipedal creature with a long, pointed snout and a long, pointed tail. The creature is often depicted as a small, hairless, bipedal creature with a long, pointed snout and a long, pointed tail.

La Luchuza



APPROXIMATE DESCRIPTION
A bat-like creature with a long, pointed snout and a long, pointed tail

REPUTATION
Sightings reported in Central, San Antonio, and Austin

REMARKS
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Outline Swamp Thing



APPROXIMATE DESCRIPTION
A large, muscular creature with a long, pointed snout and a long, pointed tail

REPUTATION
Sightings reported in Central, San Antonio, and Austin

REMARKS
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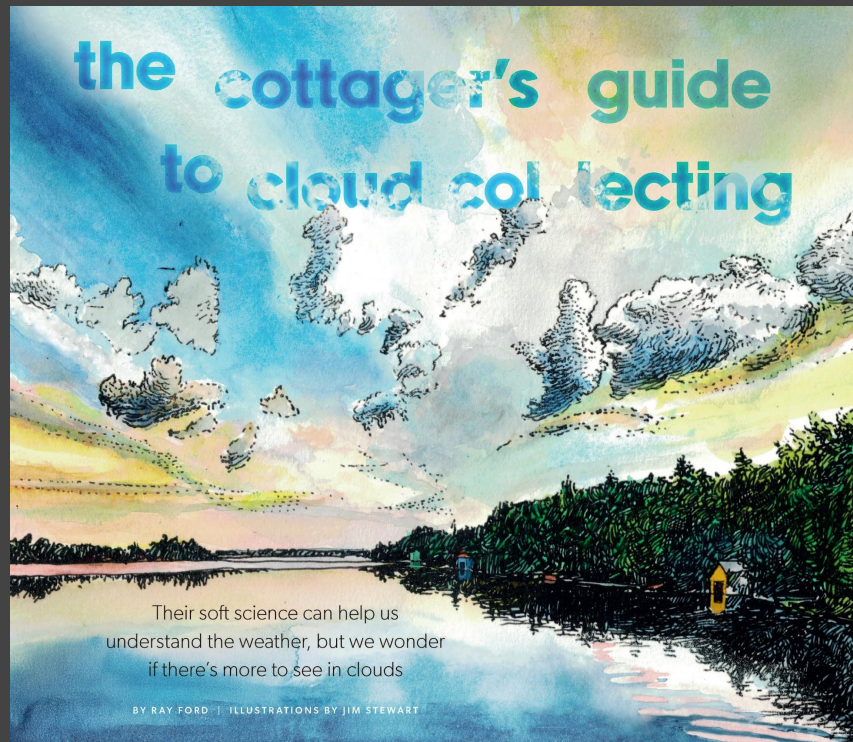
Back Where They Belong

BY SHONDIIN MAYO
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVIDE BONAZZI



prisoners@news.com 41

Illustration Feature or Series- Gold Cottage Life – The Cottager's Guide to Cloud Collecting



HIGH OVERHEAD, TWO volatile partners—one nerdy, the other often-slightly-but-not-quite-danceable dance. This could be little more than a brief infatuation, or one of those “never again” dates that’s as fun as freezing dizzle. But our lovers could also grow rational, specific, even handsomely destructive. Say what you will about clouds, when water bonds with high-flying dust, things get dramatic.

“I love a blue-sky day as much as anyone,” says Gord Baker, a veteran canoe tripper and a manager at Ontario Algonquin Outfitters in Algonquin Provincial Park. But in a country that celebrates sunny skies, autumn colours, and mirror-smooth lakes, clouds offer a break from blue-sky ennui. “They just make the sky more interesting,” says Gord. “They add action and colour.”

“What’s a sunset without a cloud?” agrees Barbara Havrot, a Gatineau River Guide, cottager and a finalist in Cottage Life’s 2019 photo contest. Her winning shot featured a heavy-browed “shell cloud” looming over her fleeing cottage family. “People don’t look up enough,” says Barbara, who’s known to bask for clouds. “Sometimes, I have to pull the car over to take a photo.”

Amen to that, says Gavin Pretor-Pinney, the founder of the British-based Cloud Appreciation Society (CAS). The magazine creator-director-turned author argues clouds are “the most dynamic, evocative, and poetic aspects of nature.”

After a seven-month sabbatical in comparatively cloud-free Italy, Pretor-Pinney returned to the U.K. determined to give clouds their due. After delivering an enthusiastically received lecture at a literary festival in 2004, he launched the CAS. Support has followed skyward ever since. The Society now boasts around 66,000 paid members across more than 120 countries (including 3,000 members in Canada). They travel to “sky gatherings,” receive a cloud-a-day in their email inboxes, and, according to the CAS manifesto, pledge to fight “lake-sky thinking wherever we find it.” In short, it’s about reveling in the atmosphere’s messy dynamism—finding what Pretor-Pinney calls the “beauty and wonder in the everyday stuff” above and around us.

Speaking of the mundane, clouds are “in a nutshell, a collection of tiny water droplets,” says Peter Kimball, a warning preparedness meteorologist with Environment and Climate Change Canada. Kimball cut his cloud-watching teeth at his grandparents’ Ottawa River cottage. These days he scans the skies at a friend’s cottage in northwestern Ontario. “It’s great fun when you have a thunderstorm cloud bearing down on you and a safe place to retreat to indoors,” he says. And while the weatherman always checks for signs the storm could turn nasty, “when I’m at the cottage, I’m mostly in enjoyment mode.” ■

AUGUST 2020 73

The illustration was based on an original idea of cloud collecting going full-on low-contrast, paper-to-the-illustrator and using the color of the water that had been used.

When using an ink—especially by hand—for every illustration, it’s important to use a good ink. A good ink will not only hold up to the ink, but it will also hold up to the ink.

Although clouds can seem to be a simple thing, they are not. They are a complex system of water droplets, ice crystals, and dust particles. They are also a very important part of the weather.

WEATHER FORECAST
Clouds are a very important part of the weather. They can tell us what the weather will be like in the future.

COTTAGE FORECAST
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CLOUD ATLAS
Cumulus

The cumulus cloud is a very common cloud. It is a puffy, white cloud that is often seen in the sky.

WEATHER FORECAST
Cumulus clouds are a very important part of the weather. They can tell us what the weather will be like in the future.

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Illustration Feature or Series- Gold

Oklahoma Today – State Parks Field Guide

state parks field guide

Oklahoma has nearly three dozen state parks. With so many to choose from, make sure to add these four—and all their wonders—to your 2025 itinerary.



BY KIERSTEN STONE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JJ RITCHEY

Great Plains State Park

Just a short drive west of the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge and northeast of Quartz Mountain State Park is the nearly five hundred-acre Great Plains State Park, situated along the shores of Ten Star Reservoir. With a wide variety of activities to choose from—hiking, fishing, canoeing, boating, fishing, and boating, to name a few—you can't go wrong with a visit to this rough and rocky terrain.

22485 East 1956 Road in Mountain Park
(850) 599-2032
TravelOK.com/greatplainsstatepark



Historic Aspect

The Gold Bell Mine built from 1903 but now sits abandoned in the northeast corner of the park. Visitors can explore this piece of history just across the rafterhouses that call the area home.

Fishing Spot

Great Plains State Park also offers great fishing. As the park sits along the nearly five hundred acres of shoreline of Ten Star Reservoir, many an angler has been known to catch crappie, catfish, bass, and sunfish.

Geological Formations

As part of the Wichita Mountains foothills, the boulder fields in the park make for a challenging adventure and are a favorite for climbers interested in bouldering.

Hiking Trail

The Granite Hills Trail System allows guests to hike or bike at both beginner and intermediate levels. The trail provides access to the nearly five hundred acres of parkland.



Meet the Park Manager

Name: Mitty Slawinski
Hometown: Midwest City
Tenure: ten years in parks at Great Plains since July 2024
Favorite park animal: raccoon
Favorite park plant: Indian blanket
Favorite park location: one of the quiet points along the lake when the sun is rising



Plants

Though the terrain is rocky, plenty of flora still thrives at Great Plains. Oak trees, as the prickly pear can be found throughout the park from the main areas all the way up the mountains and along the trails.

Lake Wister State Park

Escape into the great outdoors at Lake Wister State Park, which offers tent sites, RV sites, and fifteen cozy cabins to choose from. Nestled between the Shawnee, Jarkins, Kiamichi, and Cheateau Mountains, Lake Wister boasts excellent views. Whenever says Oklahoma is only flat prairie land visited here.

25599 U.S. Highway 270 in Wister
(918) 647-0525
TravelOK.com/lakewisterstatepark



Historical Aspect

The original Leona Star School sits on the northeastern side of Lake Wister State Park. Though the 1908 schoolhouse was relocated to Wister's school campus in 1947, the foundational outline remains.



Plants

Lake Wister is surrounded by a mixture of oak and pine trees, which is unique to the Cheateau Mountain range.

Animals

Anglers can reel in northern bluegill, channel catfish, flathead catfish, and bass, white, smallmouth, and largemouth.



Fishing Spot

Locals know the top three most popular fishing spots are around Quarry Island, Vester Landing, and just below the dam.



Meet the Park Manager

Name: Katie Reinhausen
Hometown: Seligman, Germany
Tenure: since 2021 at Wister and Tulsa since 2023
Favorite park animal: owl
Favorite park plant: tree
Favorite park location: the entire park because it is beautiful and scenic

Illustration – Spot

Spot Illustration – Bronze

Oklahoma Today – Wild Notes

ORIGINALS

WILD NOTES

Father Figure

Eight legs do not a spider make, but granddaddy longlegs are fascinating creatures nonetheless.

BY GORDON GRICE

AN OKLAHOMA FOURTH of July. Cicadas shrilling all day. The sharp gasp powder smell of Black Cats. The loom dithered with rainbows where the sprinkler ran. To pass the time between watermelon slices and Roman candles, I poked behind the swamp cooler. There, amid the dripping moisture, bunched like a

reviled sock, congregated the **granddaddy longlegs**.

I suppose there were half a dozen of these spider-like critters. I poked the cluster of them with a twig. It sent them running in all directions, like criminals caught conspiring. A weak scent emerged, halfway between rotten leaves and distant skunk.

Later, several of us boys noticed a couple more longlegs on the outdoor fence. It seemed as if they'd taken custody of everything damp. I was content with that arrangement, but Tommy took offense to bugs perching where we drank. He tried to pick up one of the longlegs. It scuttled away under the house siding.

"It's still alive!" Tommy shouted, and brushed his hands frantically. What was still alive and kicking

was the single leg he'd grasped. The longlegs left it behind when it fled.

The name *daddy longlegs* (or *granddaddy longlegs*) gets applied to several different leggy bugs, from mosquito-like crickets to a family of actual spiders. But the animal I'm talking about, the one that clusters and scatters and leaves its own limbs behind, is a different order of arachnid, cousin to spiders, scorpions, ticks, and horseshoe crabs but separate from them. Unless you're into bugs, I doubt you've noticed that the longlegs aren't quite spiders. The main difference is that spiders have two body sections joined by a narrow tube, while daddy longlegs only have one. All eight of their legs attach to that little pill of a body. Our various Oklahoma longlegs feed on plant juices, bugs, and carrion. They're harmless to people. They discard five legs to distract predators while they escape. A tossed leg never grows back, but the longlegs can walk well enough without it.

You may spot a longlegs almost anywhere—hanging beneath the bathroom sink, clustered like dust in your garage, or looking like the stems in a pile of dead leaves. Besides those summer days when they seek faucets, they're easiest to notice in the fall. In fact, they're so noticeable during the autumnal mating season that people also call them harvestmen. That's when their self-amputating behavior can really get out of hand. Now they're not just escaping predators and curious kids—they're plucking the legs off their romantic rivals.

I saw it happen a few years ago in my garden. A female, with her slightly fuller reddish body and shorter legs, stood watching with her two complacent, protruding eyes. One male pursued, running like an enraged tumbleweed. The other fled on the four legs his rival had spared, his little pill body bouncing off the ground with each desperate stride. Yet somehow this guy with half a supply was faster. He escaped beneath the yellowing leaves of a cucumber.



Spot Illustration – Silver

New Mexico Magazine – Wide, Wide World of Opportunities

Study Up

RESEARCH PROJECTS SPEAK TO LANDSCAPE-WIDE CHANGES IN THE VALLES CALDERA—EVEN IF THEY'RE FOCUSED ON A SINGLE SPECIES.

THE JEMEZ MOUNTAINS salamander grows to all of three inches long and hides under fallen logs and rocks, where moist soil allows it to breathe through its skin. For nearly a decade, Nancy Karraker, a herpetologist with a doctorate in conservation biology, has monitored this endangered species. Recent years have seen its numbers dwindle, with fewer than 10 found in each of the last two summers.

But the amphibious resident plays a crucial role in helping carbon cycle through the forest, eating tiny insects, and turning their remains into a "meat stick," big enough for birds and reptiles to notice and consume, Karraker says. Historic research charted this salamander across the landscape, sometimes abundantly so, through the 1950s and '60s, including one report of 100 in a single log.

Karraker has found 150 total in eight years of field work. "They're becoming increasingly difficult to find, even at places we think of as our hot spots," she says. The decline likely reflects the cumulative stresses the landscape has seen:

overgrazing, logging, and severe wildfires that left behind less forest and hotter, drier ground.

"Changes in occurrence across the landscape [isn't just about this animal]," says Rachel Loehman, a research landscape ecologist with the U.S. Geological Survey working with Karraker. The salamanders have become "an interesting lens to look at all of the changing mountain conditions," Loehman says.

Indeed, the research to better understand a single facet of the parks, like this vanishing species, can offer a window into changes across the landscape. In 2022, the preserve reported 69 active research permits that represent astonishing breadth. Endangered species surveys at Valles Caldera have searched for Mexican spotted owls and New Mexico meadow jumping mice. Researchers have tracked

down the difficulty to reach dens mountain lions tuck into to birth and raise kittens. They've counted the numbers of native and non-native fish species in streams, finding a preponderance of the latter.

Beyond wildlife, scientists have also studied how wildfire has affected the ecology and archaeological sites in the Jemez Mountains. They've tracked how vegetation returns after blazes like the 2011 Las Conchas Fire thickened the landscape. As an outstanding example of a young caldera—geologically speaking, of course—it's a prime place to study these geologic features.

This year, ongoing research led by New Mexico Technical University professor Daniel Jones is examining extremophiles—bacteria living in very hot or acidic springs, lakes, and mud pots—at Sulphur Springs and Alamo Canyon.

These organisms eat sulfur the way humans eat sugar, he says, and their primary food source comes in volcanic gases bubbling up from below ground. He regularly takes students to explore what lives in extreme environments, which has the potential to inform the search for life on other planets.

For Karraker and Loehman, their latest efforts include using microphones to track salamanders, even when they're hiding from the heat or dry weather underground. The focus is on better understanding details in a microclimate, like which temperatures, soil moisture levels, and rain-fall levels correlate to which movements. If those metrics trend toward more favorable conditions for salamanders, and their numbers climb, it might signal that work to recover the whole landscape is making gains.

Illustrations by CHIARA VERDECI

newmexicomagazine.org / APRIL 2025 47



Boots on the Ground

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE STAFF HAS STOCKED THE CALENDAR WITH EVENTS THAT OFFER GATEWAYS FOR VISITORS TO CONNECT WITH THE CALDERA.

FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH ON a patchy crust of snow as Ranger Adam Dean hikes out to the sunny side of Cerro La Jara, one of the tree-shrouded lava domes in the caldera. He follows a trail visible only as a more consistent line of thin snow in the bare dirt. A trio of bundled-up hikers and a volunteer fellow Dean, some of them in their cross-country skiing boots, but their skis have been left in the car. Perhaps fittingly, the event to learn about the effects of climate change on Valles Caldera has been revised to a hike.

Dean pauses to pull out charts and maps from the preserve's latest climate report, which includes some adaptation strategies for the biggest threat linked to that future: more damaging wildfires. Just in the last century,

the average annual temperature at the park has climbed 6.3 degrees Fahrenheit.

Would-be hikers pepper Dean with questions and share how they've seen the world change just in their lifetimes. They also enjoy a beautiful morning in the preserve.

Here are a few more ways to engage with the Valles Caldera.

Start Casting

Last summer, the park hosted fly-fishing workshops that amounted to a free, guided fly-fishing experience, says Marcus Lopez, an intern with the world change just in their lifetimes. They also enjoy a beautiful morning in the preserve.

See in the Dark

From its location deep in the Jemez Mountains, the Valles Caldera preserves a rare view: a pristinely dark night sky that offers a chance to see the stars as they were centuries ago, before urban light pollution. Rangers guide monthly moonlight hikes, and astronomers lead stargazing tours of constellations, planets, the Milky Way, and meteor showers cover topics like geology, local wildlife, and human

history. Cultural demonstrations showcase basket weaving, flute playing, and flint knapping. At the Artisan Village, browse pottery, kachinas, jewelry, and other crafts made by artists from nearby pueblos and tribes.

Be the Early Bird

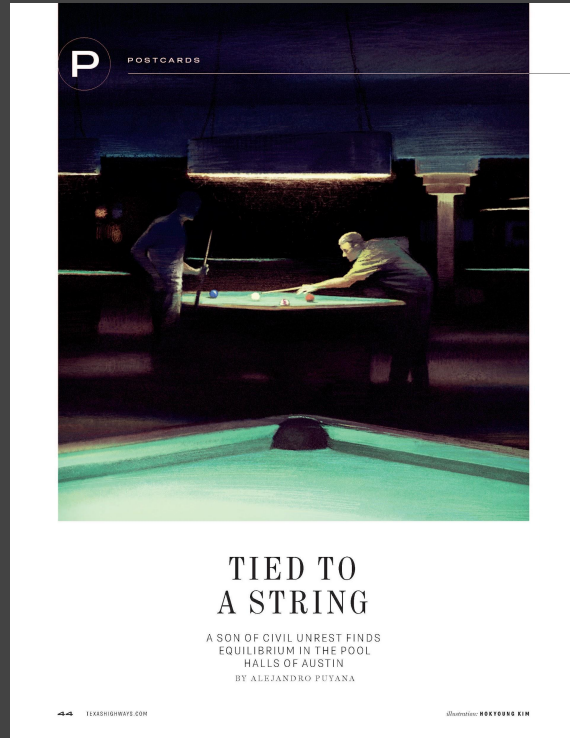
The preserve opens at 9 a.m., but on the second Sunday of the month, you can slip in at 8 a.m. to join the Early-Bird Bird Tour. Hike, snowshoe, or cross-country ski up to three miles on a scenic guided venture through the preserve to get acquainted with the likes of hawks, hares, American kestrels, dark-eyed juncos, and pygmy nuthatches. Binoculars are available to rent.

mmag.net/se-events Elizabeth Miller is featured in *Spotlight*, page 6.

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Spot Illustration – Gold

Texas Highways – Open Road: Tied to a String



Single Photo

Single Photo – Merit

Adirondack Life – Noisy Neighbors



Single Photo – Bronze

Arizona Highways – Ashley Riggs

Crossed J Ranch, southeast of Wilcox

Ashley Riggs

The Crossed J sits at the base of the Chiricahua Mountains. In this photo, Ashley, age 11, is applying oil to a hot brand to cool it down and keep insects away. Her two younger siblings are in the background. "I was really impressed with her," Rastner says. "At one point, she asked me about my Hasselblad camera. I've had assistants who couldn't figure out how to load a Hasselblad, but she learned how to do it in about two minutes."



Single Photo – Silver KANSAS! Magazine – Capture

captured / KANSAS DETAILS

KANSAS DETAILS / captured



"During a trip to Manhattan, I pulled off the interstate to capture photos of a cowboy while he was out checking cattle riding through the pastures at sunset. I love to drive around back roads and search for cattle or horses, particularly at sunset, and I enjoy going out to farms or ranches and capturing their everyday moments. This cowboy's dedication to his animals is felt through the photo."

—Josie Alexander

 Josie Alexander / Photographer

 Wabaunsee County

 north40photography.weebly.com

 north40photographyanddesigns

 North 40 Photography + Designs

Josie Alexander captured this image using her Canon 85 Macro lens and a Canon RF 70-200mm F2.8 lens. In 2012, she purchased her first camera and began to travel the back roads of western Kansas to build her portfolio. As a country girl through and through, she loves capturing photos of landscapes, cattle and horses.

Single Photo – Gold

Texas Highways – Gone in Seven Seconds



Editorial Package

Editorial Package – Merit Cottage Life – Morning Glories

MORNING GLORIES

We asked four writers what they love best about the early hours at the lake.

Their answers are a little surprising, a little frightening, and even a little racy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ROUMIEU

53



I BLAME MY children.

The 3 a.m. diaper changes. The Ferberizing. The teenage years. Titties. Driving lessons. Their taste in "music." By the time my kids were through with me, a one-time champion of slumber, I had become a sleep-starved, theory-eyed zombie.

A typical night: I go to bed at eleven, doze fitfully until three, get up to pee, and then stare at the ceiling until 6:45 a.m., when the dog comes in to remind me that it's time for the day's first session of fetch. As I haul myself out of bed, the one thought I have—the one thought that will hang over me like a cloud for the rest of the day—is that I can't wait to go back to bed. Sixteen hours later, I go back to bed, and it happens all over again. Nights are hell. Days are even worse.

Except that is, at the cottage.

Is it the air? The water? The call of the loon? The trees? All of the above? I don't care. All I know is that at the cottage, I sleep. I sleep deeply, resonantly, soundly, and joyfully. And as dawn spreads over the lake, I rise from the depths and find that I am happy to be awake.

But getting up presents a new problem, namely actually getting up. Because if I don't get things just right, I'll sit on the couch sipping until lunch. And as years of research have proven, there is only one way to optimally transition from deepest sleep to ideal wakefulness—jumping in the lake. Naked.

You stand, toes curled over the duck edge, squeamishly frightened of the

imagined chill. Then you jump. For a breathless instant you are in that quantum zone of being neither on land nor in water. Then comes the plunge. Bubbles. The green, endless void. The always strange feeling of water on your nose. You swim in a lurch to the ladder and pull yourself up onto the dock.

There are, admittedly, challenges; the most obvious being the possibility that someone might see me. Morning nakedness is the one occasion when I don't detect PWCs, because I can hear them coming. Self-propelled watercraft are my nemesis. My worst fear is that a canoe trip of middle-aged women paddles into view, marching GORP as they point and giggle.

There is also the issue of the dog. He is a Labrador, which means if you jump in the water, he is genetically programmed to jump directly on top of you,

which is all the more ridiculous when you're naked. I throw a stick. But he gives me a look that says, *I refuse to retrieve such a small and pathetic stick.* I have to zip back to shore to get a more formidable offering. It occurs to me: I should put my towel back on, but I think, To hell with it, and dash back naked, and as I bend over to reach a piece of driftwood under a hemlock bough, legs splayed, one hand on the ground and the other extended, I realize this would be the absolute worst moment for that canoe trip of middle-aged ladies to arrive.

Last summer, a kayaker, some guy from a couple bays over, stopped to chat,

MARK SCHATZKER
ON

naked truths

This was post-plunge. All he sees is my head in the water, so he pulls over, all friendly-like. It is strange talking to someone who isn't naked when you are naked. It's even stranger when they don't know you are naked.

But you go with it. You play the part of the swimming cottage, like you are at an audition. You act so ultra-normal—treading water, talking about, say, duck bumpers or how we could really use some rain—that it can't possibly seem normal. And then you're seized by the thought, *Maybe he does know I'm naked?* Maybe he's also acting ultra-normal and the whole reason he stopped is because he thought not stopping would be an admission that he knew I was naked and he didn't want to seem like he was fleeing? Or maybe he paddled over, realized I was naked, but by that point, it was too late.

Why not just wear a bathing suit? Because it doesn't work. It's just wrong. It's wrong the way wearing ski boots to bed is wrong or wearing oven mitts at a funeral is wrong.

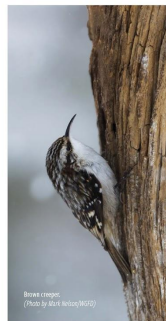
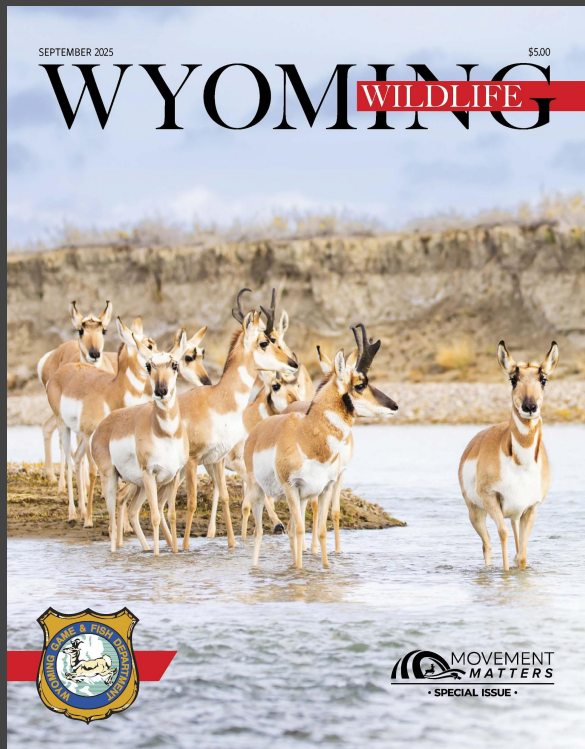
I emerge from the lake reborn. I walk over to my towel, dry my face and hair, wrap it round my waist, and walk up the stairs. The air is perfect. Inside the cottage, I pour a cup of coffee and sit, hunk-back against the dry upholstery. I take a sip and stare out at the lake.

Mark Schatzker writes a *Substack* newsletter where he shares investigations and thoughts on the science and love of food.

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Editorial Package – Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife – Movement Matters Special Issue



6 | September 2025

THE HOW AND WHY OF BIRD MIGRATION

Many species take to the air each year with Wyoming a key point in their journeys

BY GRANT FROST

Just as there are many kinds of birds, there also are many kinds of migrations. The need for migration is based mostly on food and not necessarily cold temperatures, with the added need for space and locations for nests and nesting. The long days of summer and higher latitudes of Wyoming allow birds to forage longer and grow rapidly.

Some birds, such as mountain chickadees, are permanent residents in Wyoming since they can find what they need year-round and have other adaptations for the winter.

Western meadowlarks may move only as far as needed. They may end up in the lower-elevation parts of Wyoming, such as Laramie or Carbon counties, or move further south into Colorado or other surrounding states and return in March.

Many birds that depend on insects for food are long-distance migrants, and depending on the species can be as far south as South America in the winter and as far north as the North Slope of Alaska for breeding and rearing of young. The yellow warbler, one of the most common warblers in Wyoming in the summer, is one of these long-distance travelers.

Most migrations are north and south, but the harkquin duck migrates east and west between the Pacific coast in winter and high-mountain streams of northwest Wyoming to breed.

Some birds have adapted to human development and changed their migration patterns. The classic scene of a large V of Canada geese flying south in the fall has been altered somewhat by the number of reservoirs, agricultural fields, golf courses and other open areas people have built and provided that supply them enough food unless the winter gets really tough. Around Cheyenne, there are several thousand Canada geese most winters, which may be mostly residents, with variable numbers of similar but smaller, cackling geese joining them that have migrated from their breeding grounds farther north. Artificial feeding by humans through bird and hummingbird feeders often provides welcome places to refuel and rest, but, with a few exceptions, doesn't stop birds from eventually completing their migration.

Wyoming Wildlife | 7

Editorial Package – Silver Avenue – Calgary’s Best Neighbourhoods 2025

CALGARY'S

BEST NEIGHBOURHOODS 2025

We already know that Calgary is one of the best places in the world to live. On the Economist's Global Liveability Index, the Blue Sky City has been a top 10 city in the world for nine of the last 10 years and, in five of those years, Calgary has been ranked the top city in North America. But where is the best place to live in Calgary?

This year, we took a new approach to our often-controversial, but always interesting exploration of the city's more than 200 neighbourhoods, looking for what makes the best ones. With more than 17 million Canadians, and growing every day, the city's neighbourhoods must cater to a wide range of tastes, needs and price points. What makes a neighbourhood great for one person doesn't necessarily make it great for another — let alone for a family. With that in mind, we looked into the data, pored through our history of Best Neighbourhoods coverage and the on-the-ground experience of our editorial team to come up with this year's Best Neighbourhoods, as well as our Best Up and Comers List.



CALGARY'S BEST NEIGHBOURHOODS

ELBOW PARK

BY SARAH CAMBER AND LAUREN KALLHORNSKI

A visit to Calgary's historic Elbow Park community is a treat for the architectural senses. Along the neighbourhood's winding residential roads, an eclectic mix of houses ranging from modern designs to heritage homes built in the early 1900s converge cohesively.

Aesthetics aside, the neighbourhood's greatest quality is its community spirit. The Elbow Park Residents Association has many active volunteer members who are instrumental in bringing a range of events to life — such as hosting Movie in the Park in the fall and managing the community ice rinks.

Elbow Park is bordered by three prominent greenpaces: Sandy Beach, East Grey Park and Stanley Park. The neighbourhood is also treated to well-maintained landscaping and ample mature trees. The Resident Association maintains a range of facilities — including tennis courts and soccer fields — ideal for the community's blend of young families and residents nearing retirement age. For those with memberships, the Glencoe Club is the neighbourhood's recreational price de residence.

Being centrally located, Elbow Park is only a 10-minute drive to Calgary's downtown and within walking distance of trendy shopping and dining areas, such as the plethora of local businesses in nearby Mission and Britannia Plaza — with local favourites including Native Tongues Taverna, Village Ice Cream and Monogram Coffee.

Unique Challenge

While Elbow Park is a quiet residential community, during pick-up and drop-off at Elbow Park School (one of two schools within the community), traffic safety is a concern. Located near Sifton Boulevard S.W., the school poses a volunteer traffic guard duty to ensure students can cross the busy road safely. — S.C.

What the Neighbours Say

“The 2013 flood, as difficult as it was for the city of Calgary and Southern Alberta, really brought the community together even more. It was always a tight-knit community, but what transpired during the flood — when we all worked tirelessly over weeks to support our neighbours — has created a tremendous community spirit.” — Scott Jenkins, an Elbow Park resident since 2009.

BY THE NUMBERS

Population 3,285
Median Household Income \$288,000
Housing Types 98% single-detached
Percentage of owners 94%

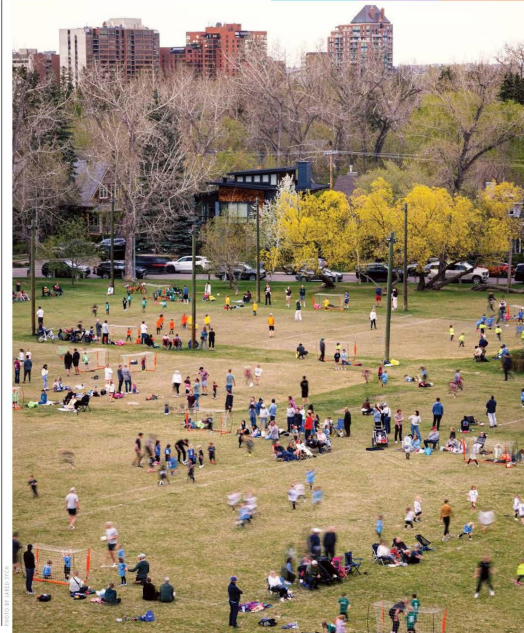


PHOTO BY JESSICA PACE



NEIGHBOURHOOD HIGHLIGHTS

Elbow Island Park and River Park

At the enchanting Elbow Island Park and nature reserve, Calgary's art and culture scene is showcased by local and national artists integrated into nature. The artworks created in consultation with Indigenous Elders, ecologists and river engineers, complement the natural landscape and improve park safety and accessibility. The urban oasis balances city life with wild spaces, creating a unique escape in the heart of Calgary.

Neighbourhood Architecture

A stroll through this inner-city Calgary community can feel like a self-guided tour of the city's architectural offerings. Just try to spot all the treasures like romantic Tudor manors and Victorian gingerbread detailing. Craftsmen craftsmanship and Neogothic flourishes. As Sawa McKenna of Renook Real Estate notes, “the area is anchored by the historic Glencoe Club to the north and Elbow School to the south, and is shrouded in heritage and interspersed with some of the city's finest architecture, from designated heritage homes to ultra-modern enclaves.”

Eyebrow gables and Juliet balconies



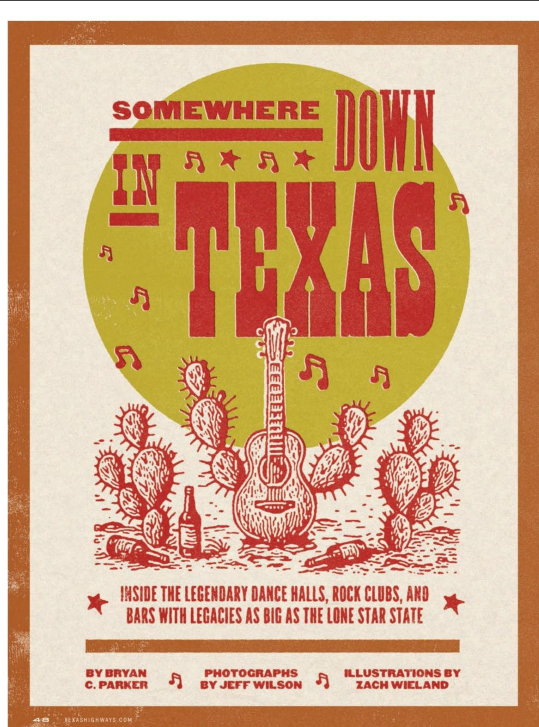
add whimsical touches throughout, while California Contemporary and mid-century masterpieces complement, rather than compete with their historic neighbours. This neighbourhood, one of Calgary's first planned residential suburbs, established in 1910, defines a unique kind of luxury. It's one where architectural history lives on in carefully preserved homes and thoughtfully designed modern additions.

Residents Association Outdoor Movie Nights & Events

Elbow Park has Calgary's oldest community association, which knows how to bring neighbours together. In September, the neighbourhood celebrates with an annual outdoor movie night. Winter transforms the neighbourhood into a wonderland of family skating nights, sledding adventures and cross-country skiing. The Elbow Park community clubhouse offers a creative playground, two hockey rinks, two pleasure skating rinks, a baseball diamond, basketball courts and tennis courts. Whether you're catching a family flick under the stars or lying up for a moonlit skate, Elbow Park proves that the best memories are made when neighbours come together. — L.C.

Editorial Package – Gold

Texas Highways – The Music Issue



Magazine Writer of the Year

Magazine Writer of the Year – Bronze

Texas Highways – Ian Dille

P

POSTCARDS

JUMP STREET

BMX BIKERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD KICK OUT THE JAMS AT 9TH STREET

By IAN DILLE



STANDING AMID THE head-high dirt jumps at 9th Street, my 9-year-old son, August, and I peered up into the dense tree canopy as trains of BMX riders soared through the air, propelling themselves from one jump to the next without even pedaling—turning bike riding into performance art. We were in the heart of Austin for the 2017 annual Halloween Jam at the 9th Street bike park. The day-long community event featured best trick and long jump competitions and a kids race on the pump track, where novice riders learned how to maintain their momentum by pushing and pulling over mounds of dirt. August was chuffed with construction vehicles, but I questioned if he would embrace catching air with the same passion.

The history of this Austin bike park is richly chronicled in *9th Street: The Documentary* by filmmakers Kenny Horton and Aaron Hoag, released on Amazon Prime in 2024. It begins in 1992 with Parks and Recreation Department employee Darrell Dawson looking for a place to relocate a load of dirt he'd removed from West Austin Park, in the historic Clarksville neighborhood, situated on a bluff overlooking downtown. Driving a dirt-filled dump truck down into Austin's business district, it occurs to Dawson in the documentary, "Let's take it over to Duncun Park. We've got a lot of standing water over there." Not long after, a University of Texas student named Carl Lein was riding his BMX bike

TJ and Kristi Cunningham waiting in Hartman backflipping.

photo: SANDY CROOK

DISPATCH

on 9th Street when he spotted the light gray dirt mounds Dawson deposited in an undeveloped area of Duncun Park, a half-block-long oak forest on the banks of Shoal Creek. In the documentary, Lein thought, "All I have to do is shape a lip and a landing on that dirt mound, and I have a jump."

By the time I arrived in Austin in 1996 to launch *UT*, that first dirt jump had transformed into the internationally known 9th Street "trails," which is BMXing for a set of flowing dirt jumps. I was captivated by 9th Street—most BMX trails exist deep in the woods and out of sight, not in a public park at the center of a booming city—but I also felt like an outsider. Though I'd ridden and read books for most of my life, I'd never learned how to jump properly. Also, I was intimidated by Austin's tight-knit BMX scene, a subculture with its own fashion, music, and media. They had a strong code of ethics: No dig, no ride, meaning if you ride on 9th Street regularly, you also need to help maintain the trails.

BMX riders from all over Texas, across the country, and even around the world began migrating to Austin to ride at 9th Street. "A lot of us were the outcasts in our hometowns," Hoag, who's from Houston, told me. "At 9th Street, we found our crew." Horton, a former pro who grew up in Richmond, Virginia, arrived in Austin to ride 9th Street and stayed for 10 years.

As 9th Street evolved in the 2000s, the ambition of the diggers and skill of the riders progressed. The jumps became higher, steeper, and more menacing. Ed Davis, a high schooler from McAllen, moved to Austin after earning his GED and started digging at 9th Street as much as 16 hours a day. When he tore down the sacred tabletop that Lein built and



FIELD GUIDE #1000000



Rockin' Out

BASTROP / ELGIN / SMITHVILLE

Whether you're enjoying the easy life at one of our rustic retreats or jammin' to live music in town, there's always somewhere to relax or rock out* in Bastrop County, Texas. Come stay a weekend with us and get away without having to go far away.

*PLEASE DO NOT PERFORM CONCERTS IN THE HUNT LOST PINES LOBBY

Magazine Writer of the Year – Silver

Arizona Highways – Annette McGivney



Since 1990, Tom Myers has been practicing medicine at the Grand Canyon, a place he calls the "greatest natural laboratory." And in doing so, he's become an authority on Canyon wilderness medicine.
JONATHAN WARD

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

Not many people would go through med school and most of an internship and then decide to walk away. But for Tom Myers, his heart was somewhere else – at the Grand Canyon – and following his heart was most important. Turns out, he didn't have to choose. He found a way to take care of others and himself when he took a job as a doctor on the South Rim.

BY ANNETTE MCGIVNEY

WHEN TOM MYERS was in the final months of an internal medicine internship at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix in the late 1980s, he feared he'd made a terrible mistake. Despite all he had endured to get through medical school, he'd become convinced he was in the wrong line of work.

"I was one of the least happy guys in my class," Myers recalls. He felt disenchanted with the medical system and worried he didn't have what it took to be a good doctor. And he felt out of place in the urban hospital setting, where he spent long days in windowless rooms with fluorescent lights.

In short, he much preferred being at the Grand Canyon. Myers informed the director of the program that he planned to abandon the profession. The director was astounded that someone would give up a prestigious and lucrative career before it had even started. "And what the heck are you going to do instead?" the director asked.

"I think I want to be an interpretive ranger at Grand Canyon," Myers replied. "I want to educate park visitors

Magazine Writer of the Year – Gold

Louisiana Life – Kevin Rabalais



Magazine
Photographer of the Year

Photographer of the Year – Merit

Cape Cod & the Islands – Julia Cumes



HOOKED ON CONSERVATION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE ANDREJKO

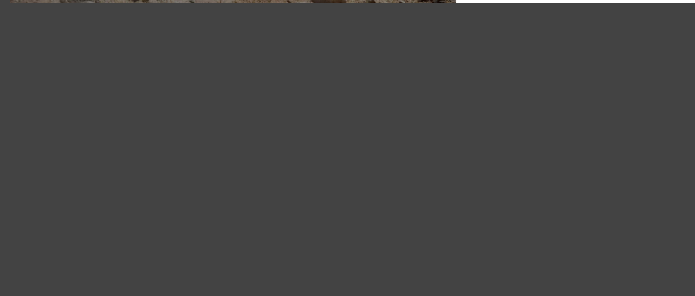
For more than a century, the Arizona Game and Fish Department has reared fish to support angling in the state and conserve and protect native species. This important work started in the early 1900s with a single hatchery on the Little Colorado River and today consists of six hatcheries located throughout the state — each having a dedicated source of natural spring water.

Each year hundreds of thousands of pounds of fish — 400,000 pounds on average — are stocked into more than 100 locations throughout Arizona. Hatcheries play a vital role in maintaining the quality of sportfishing in the state, and the behind-the-scenes work that goes into the spark of excitement when an angler has a fish on the line is immersed in both history and biology.

The following series were shared by staff members at each hatchery to provide an overview of the facility and insight into their operations.

6 | ARIZONA WILDLIFE VIEWS

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Photographer of the Year – Silver

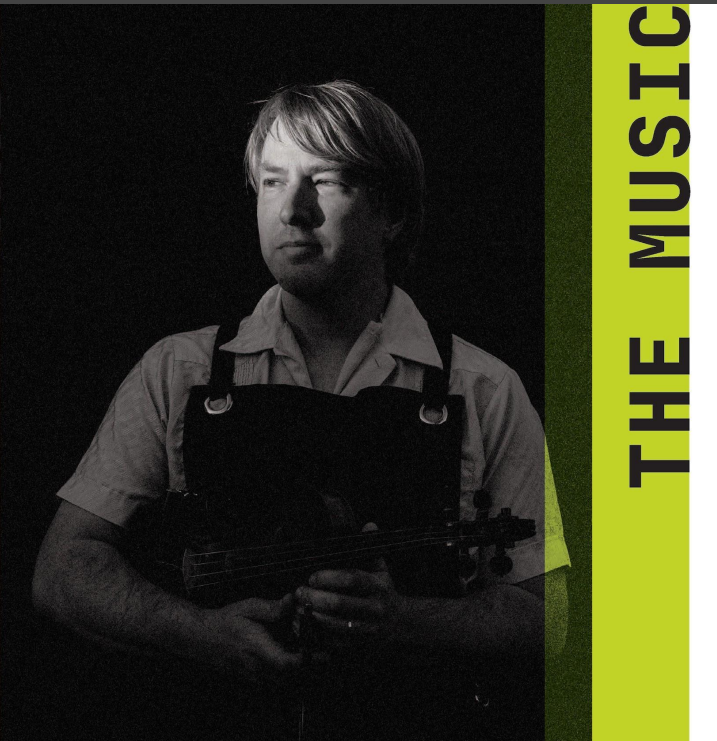
Acadiana Profile – Joseph Vidrine

BY MISTY WILLOD
PHOTOS BY JOSEPH VIDRINE

THE MAKERS

Handmade
musical
instruments
find their
voice on
stage

AND



THE MUSIC

IN WORKSHOPS ACROSS SOUTH LOUISIANA, LOCAL CRAFTSMEN ARE SHAPING CYPRESS AND SPRUCE INTO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS THAT ENSURE THE DISTINCTIVE SOUND OF CAJUN MUSIC LIVES ON.

These instruments aren't merely tools for making music—they're vessels of culture, each one representing hundreds of hours of intricate work and deep knowledge passed from master to apprentice. These are the tools that ensure the Cajun music that has thrived in the heart of Louisiana for centuries will continue to thrive. It's a tradition that's been passed down for generations, and it's one that's still growing. The past has also helped to create the future of Cajun music.

RESTORING TRADITION
In the heart of Louisiana, a retired woodworker and master craftsman has been working to ensure the Cajun music tradition lives on. He's been working for decades, and he's still going strong. He's been working in the heart of Louisiana, where the Cajun music tradition has thrived for centuries. He's been working in the heart of Louisiana, where the Cajun music tradition has thrived for centuries. He's been working in the heart of Louisiana, where the Cajun music tradition has thrived for centuries.



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JOSEPH VIDRINE
ACADIANA PROFILE



Photographer of the Year 35 or More – Gold

Arizona Highways – Joel Hazelton



Dramatic formations in the Moen Valley Wilderness, northeast of Kingman, glow at sunrise as a spring storm passes overhead. This scenically challenging, 31,000-acre wilderness area offers numerous opportunities for hikers, equestrians and photographers.

JOEL HAZELTON
CANON EOS 5D MARK IV, 100-400mm f/4L IS II USM, ISO 100, 1/1600s



Art Direction of a Single Story
34,999 Circulation or Less

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less – Bronze

Maine Home + Design – A New Outlook



A NEW OUTLOOK

The constantly changing waterfront scenery of the Piscataqua River serves as the backdrop for one couple's latest chapter

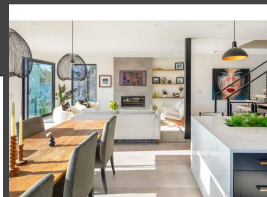
BY LAURIE SPRAGUE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RACHEL SIEBEN

have been your issue. That may certainly be the case, but there's one more thing you should know: Many high-profile baseball coaches have been accused of sexual abuse or rape, and some have been charged with sexual assault. The fact is, the game has a long history of sexual abuse, and it's not going away. The fact is, the game has a long history of sexual abuse, and it's not going away. The fact is, the game has a long history of sexual abuse, and it's not going away.

flipping open) to the base to cooling structure in the base's third floor often overlook the Panasonic Base and use the defrost/feature of the base...are that's ahead in the adjacent basement garage.

White oak floors grace the open-plan main-floor living and dining spaces below, which both look and act like trees.

The kitchen (opposite) features a "Barnyard" stone and on-board dishwasher in quartz from Matthews Stone, with whitefish cabinets and a metal insert designed to hold fish backs by cooking or use for a party.



The back of the house (below left) boasts expansive views of the river and nearby hills, as well as Portsmouth skyline. House V-G Builders custom is all the elegance in the second floor primary dressing room.

600-square-foot on house that he used to store boats and fish. The husband, a local carpenter, and his fellow-man who also works in carpentry, wanted to add a deck to the single-story structure, which is a pine and mahogany on the deck and create a sitting area, bar and bathroom (with an electric compounding toilet) inside the cottage. "It's really over the place to hang out," says Jackson. "We built custom doors and the cottage that opens up when the weather is not too hot or too cold, feeling like you're in the water."



Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less – Silver

Acadiana Profile – Light Recipes



Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less – Gold

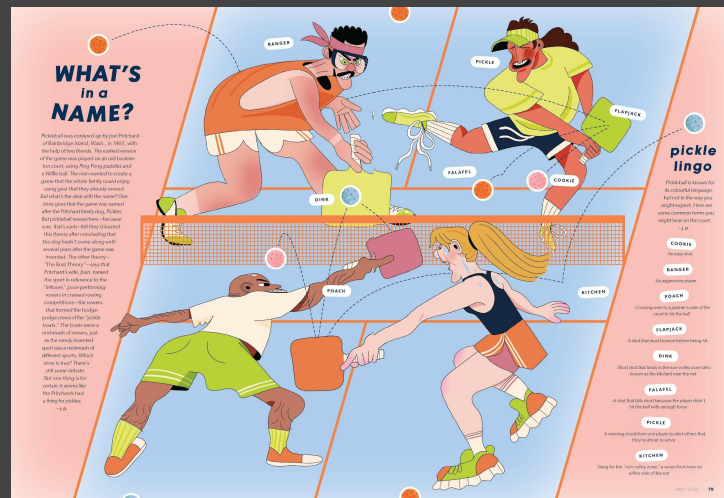
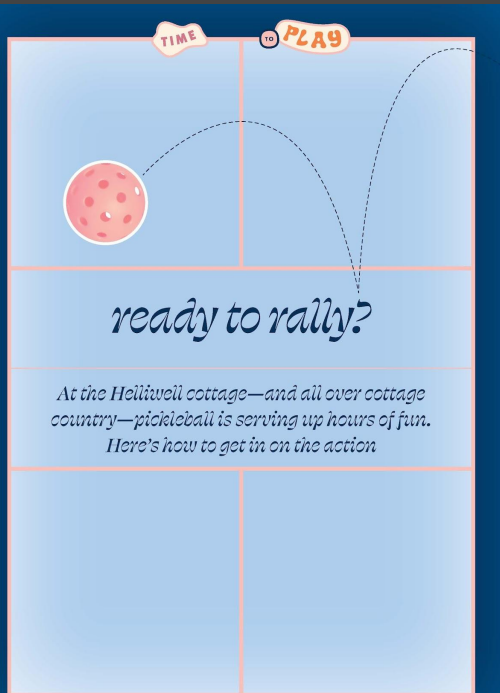
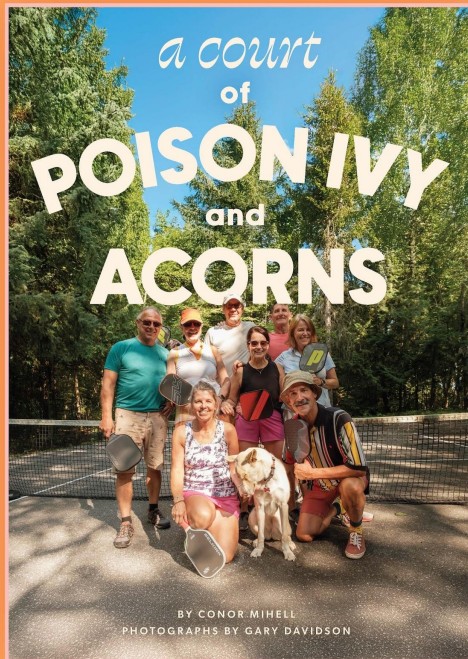
Louisiana Life – Surf and Turf



Art Direction of a Single Story
35,000 Circulation or More

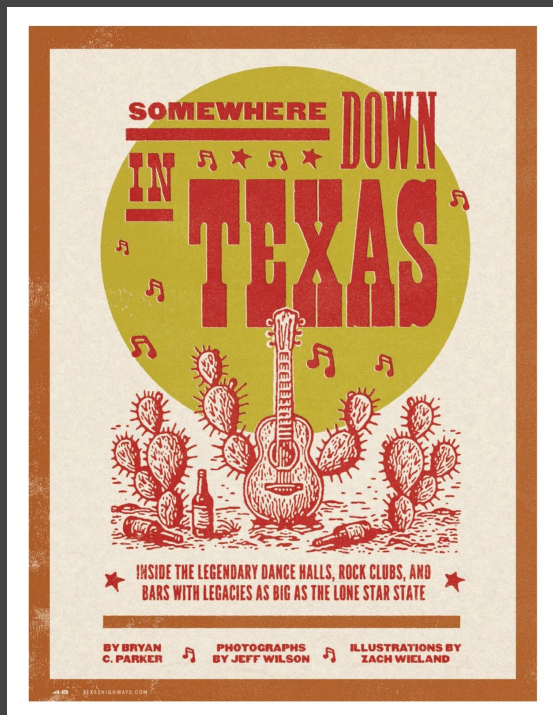
Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More – Silver

Cottage Life – A Court of Poison Ivy and Acorns



Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More – Gold

Texas Highways – Music Venues



Cover 34,999 Circulation or
Less

Cover 35 or Less – Merit

Acadiana Profile – A Field Guide to Summer



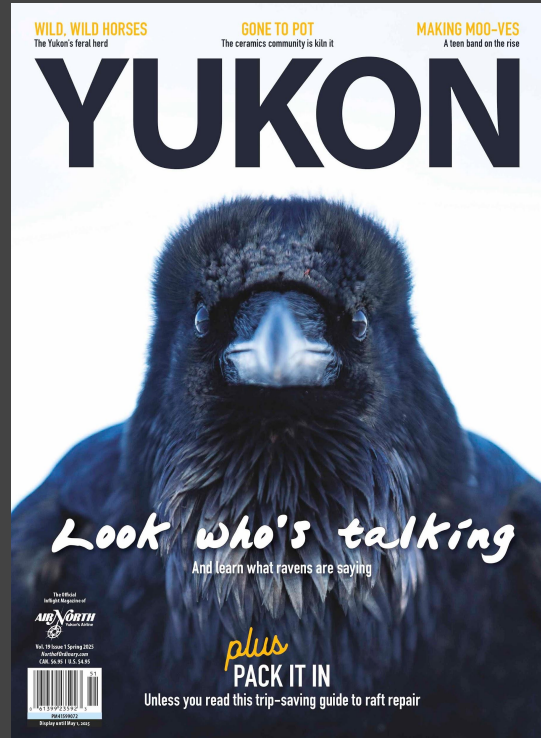
Cover 35 or Less – Bronze

The Bermudian – The Best of Bermuda Awards



Cover 35 or Less – Bronze

The Yukon Magazine – Look Who's Talking



Cover 35 or Less – Silver

Oklahoma Today – Okies of the Year



Cover 35 or Less – Gold

Louisiana Life – Hiding in Plain Sight

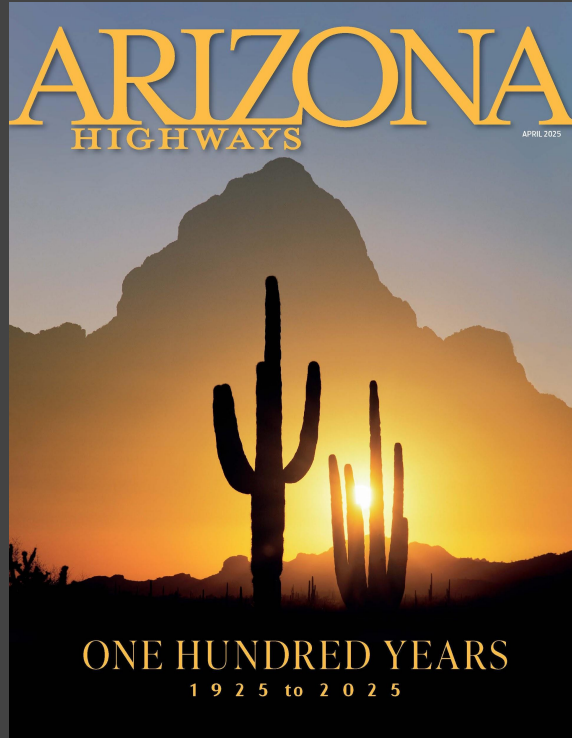


Cover

35,000 Circulation or More

Cover 35 or More – Bronze

Arizona Highways – April 2025: One Hundred Years



Cover 35 or More – Silver

New Mexico Magazine – The Wildlife Issue



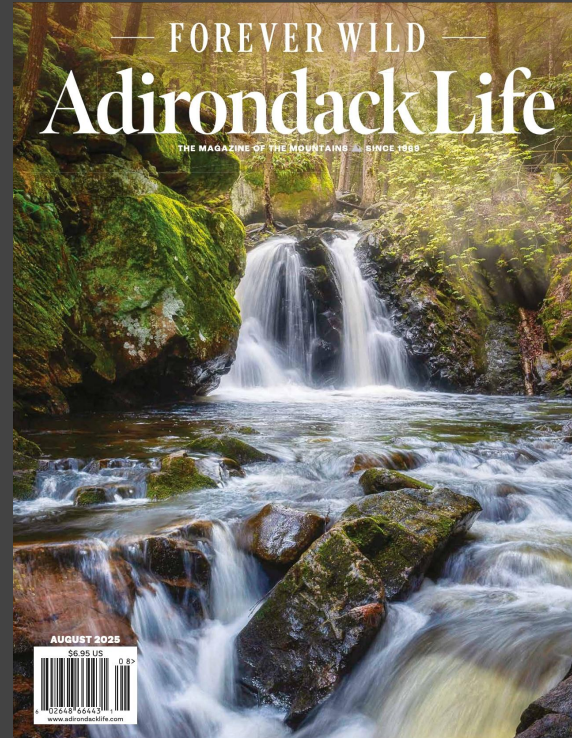
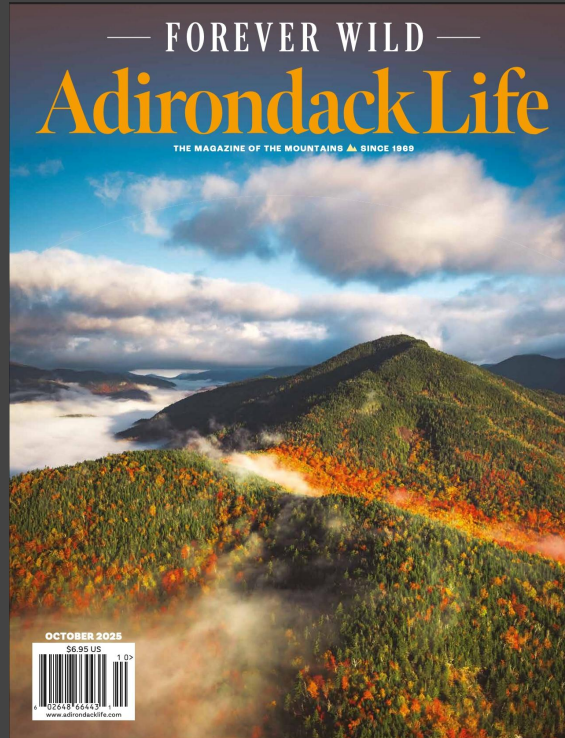
Cover 35 or More – Gold Texas Highways – The Big Issue



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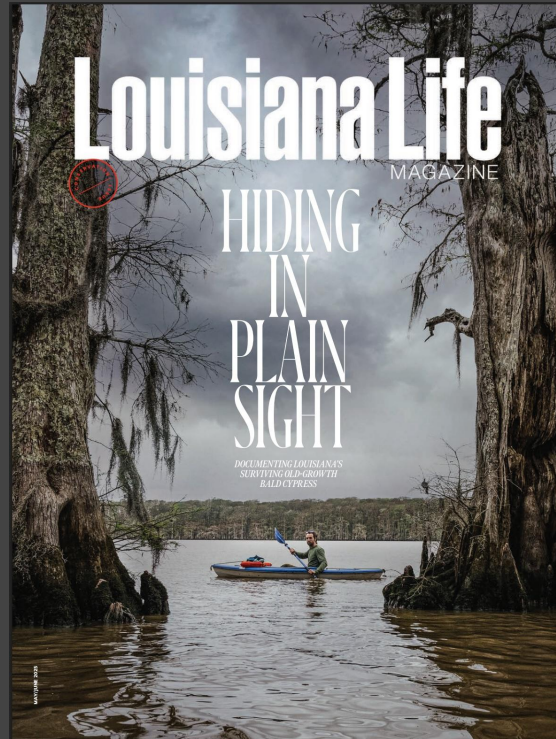
Overall Art Direction 35 or Less – Bronze

Adirondack Life – Mark Mahorsky



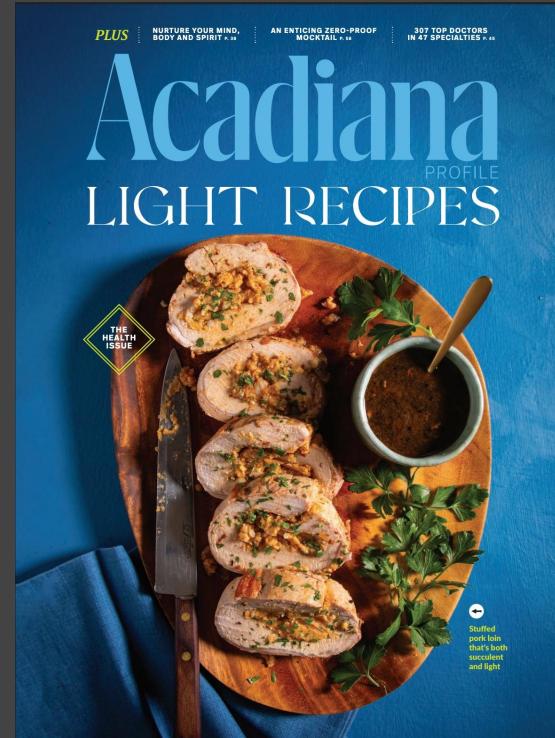
Overall Art Direction 35 or Less – Silver

Louisiana Life – Sarah Majeste



Overall Art Direction 35 or Less – Gold

Acadiana Profile – Sarah Majeste



Overall Art Direction
35,000 Circulation or More

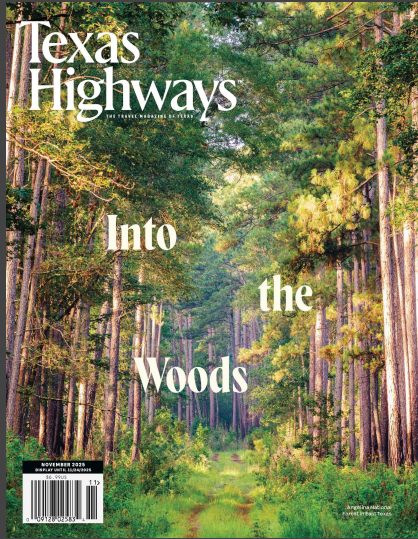
Overall Art Direction 35 or More – Silver

New Mexico Magazine – John McCauley, Karin Eberhardt



Overall Art Direction 35 or More – Gold

Texas Highways – Mark Mahorsky, Sara D'Eugenio, Chris Linnen, Brandon Jakobeit



Magazine of the Year
34,999 Circulation or Less

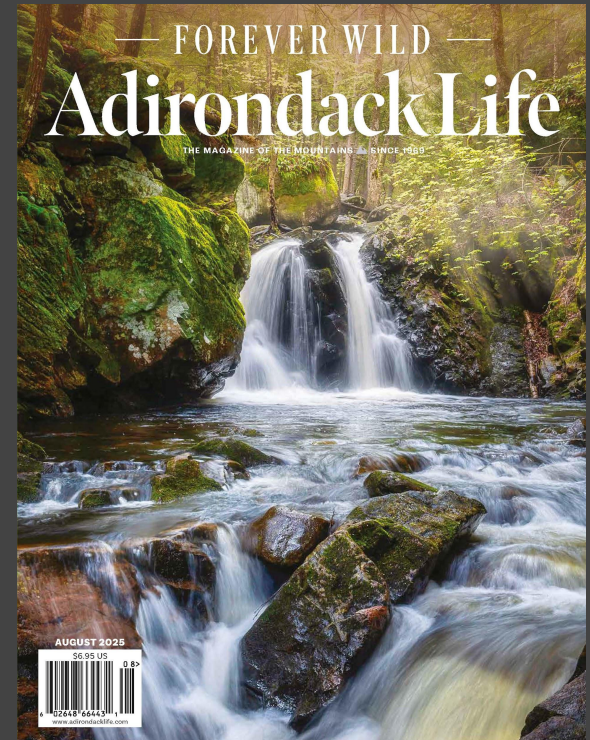
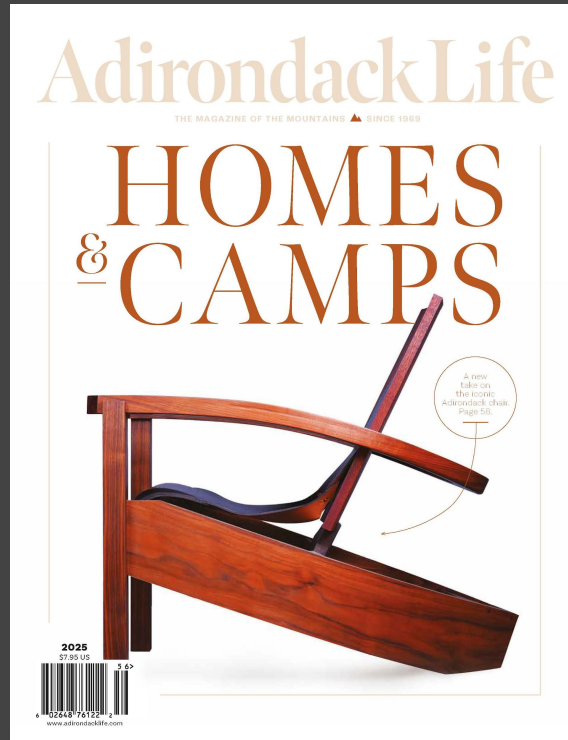
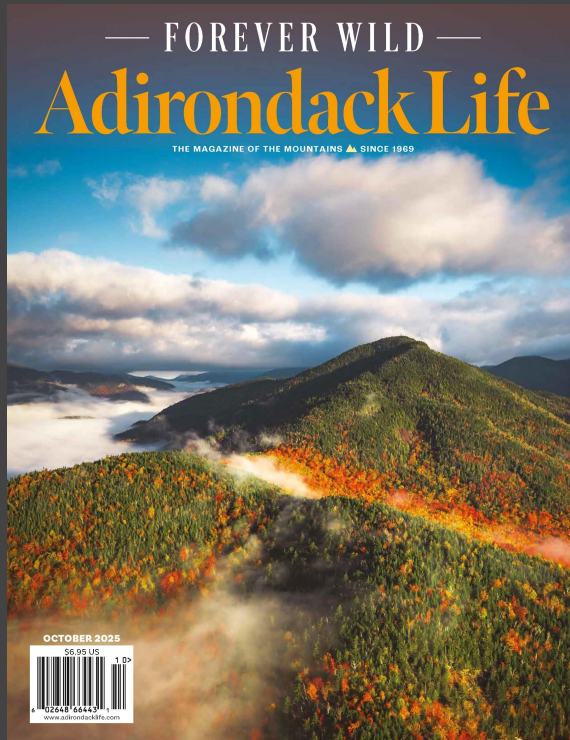
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less – Finalist

Acadiana Profile



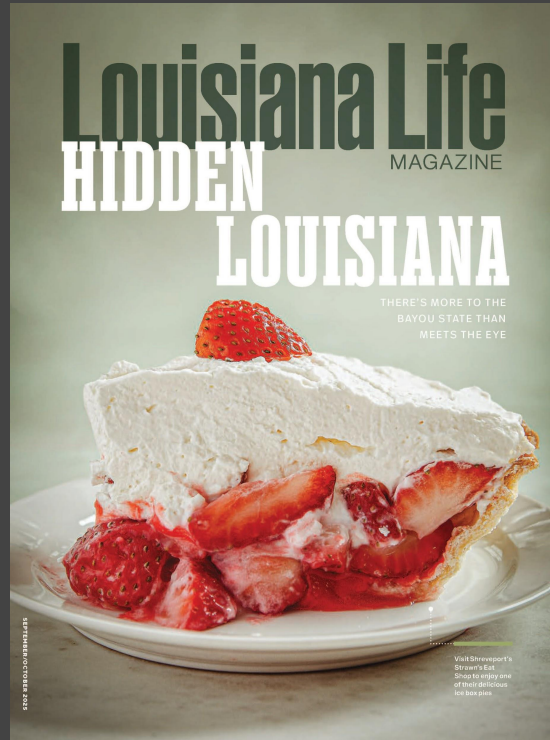
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less – Finalist

Adirondack Life

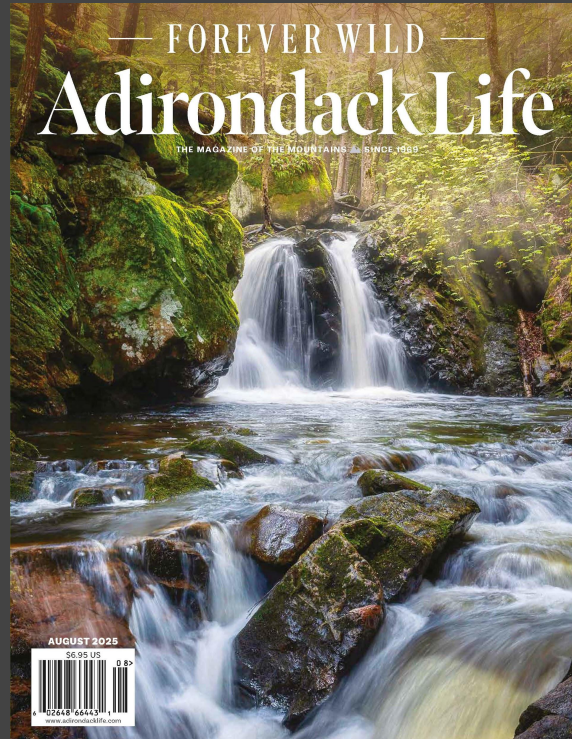


Magazine of the Year 35 or Less – Finalist

Louisiana Life



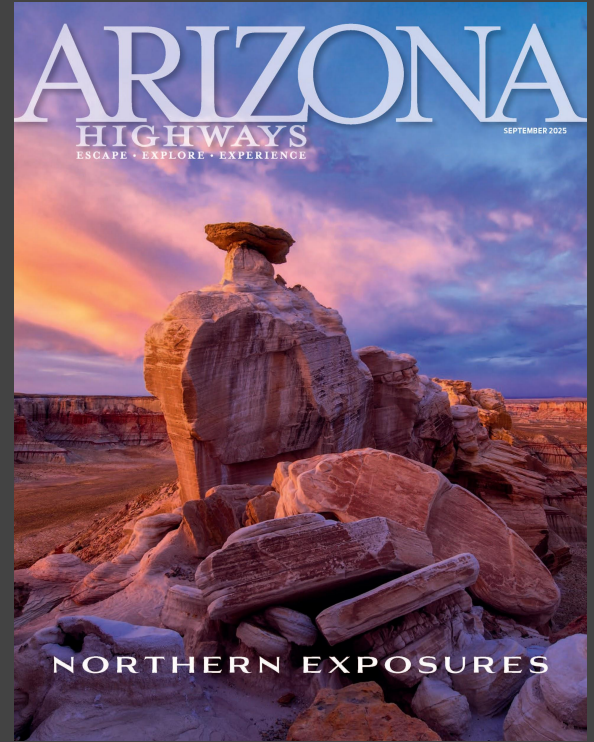
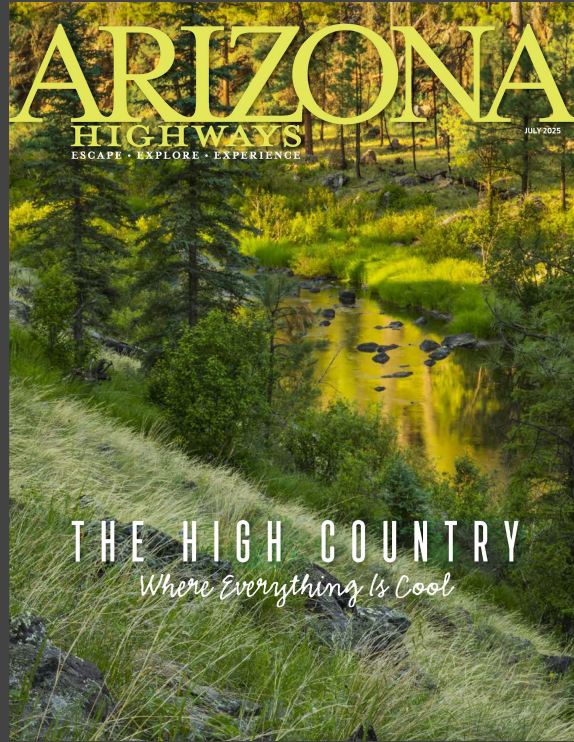
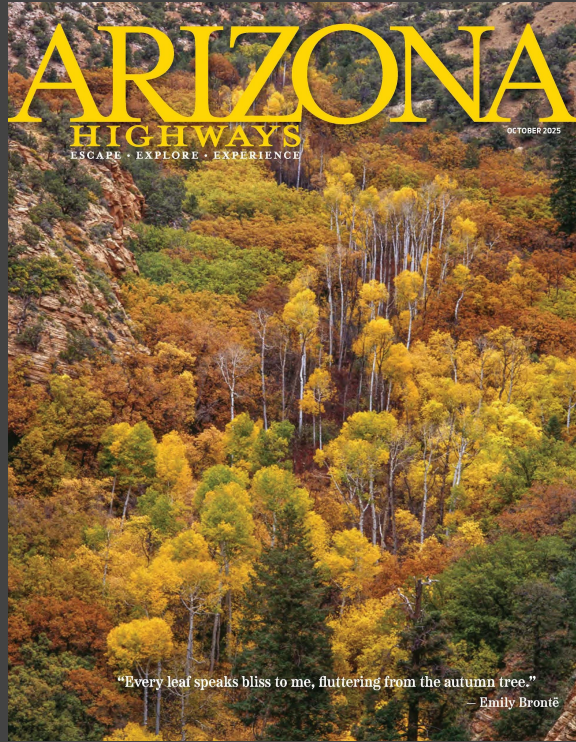
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less – Winner
Adirondack Life – Annie Stoltie, Niki Kourofsky, Mark Mahorsky



Magazine of the Year
35,000 Circulation or More

Magazine of the Year 35 or More – Finalist

Arizona Highways



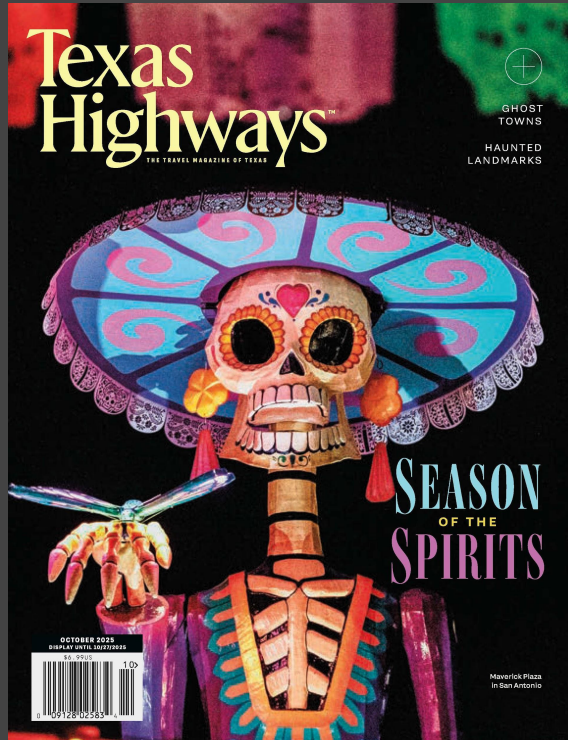
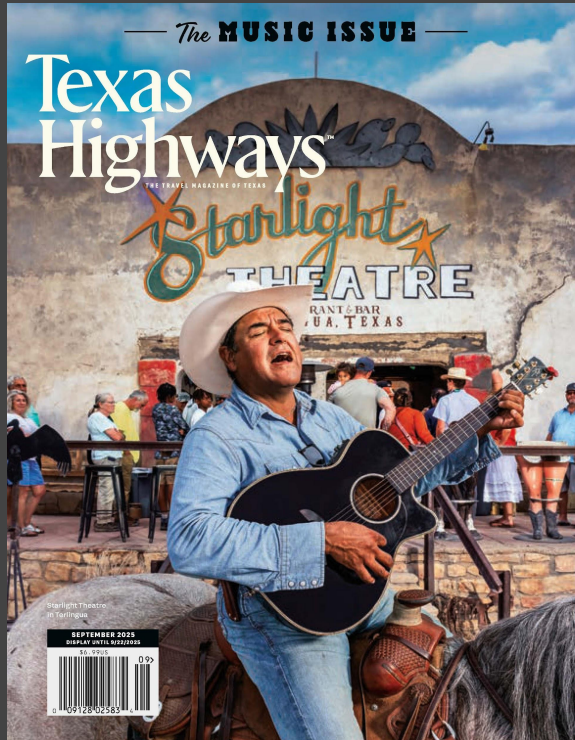
Magazine of the Year 35 or More – Finalist

New Mexico Magazine



Magazine of the Year 35 or More – Finalist

Texas Highways



Magazine of the Year 35 or More – Winner
**Texas Highways – Emily Roberts Stone, Mark Mahorsky,
and Texas Highways staff**



Congratulations
to All the Winners!

Thank You to the Judges of the 46th IRMA Awards

Design Judges:

Kris Andres	Bob Newman
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Phoebe Flynn Rich	Drue Wagner
David Halloran	Paige Weir
Nicola Hamilton	
Joshua Hardin	
Kim Larson	
Amélie Legare	
Deanna Lowe	

Writing Judges:

Alan J. Bartels	Brian Kevin
Trevor Battye	Ryan Krogh
Liann Bobechko	Jeff Labrecque
Alan Bonowitz	Jacquie Marino
Harriet Brown	Sharon McAuley
Melissa Chessher	Eithne McCredie
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Sara Harowitz	Jack Saul
Jennifer Hewett	Bob Sexton
Nick Jackson	Jim Vickers
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Thank You to the 46th IRMA Awards Committee

2026 IRMA Awards Committee

Michelle Kelly, *Cottage Life*
Annie Stoltie, *Adirondack Life*
Steve Gleydura, *New Mexico Magazine*
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Additional thanks to
Veronica Cowan (RedPoint Media), Kris Twyman (RedPoint Media),
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and
Suzanne Trudel and Kiley Pole, Alberta Magazine Publishers Association

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