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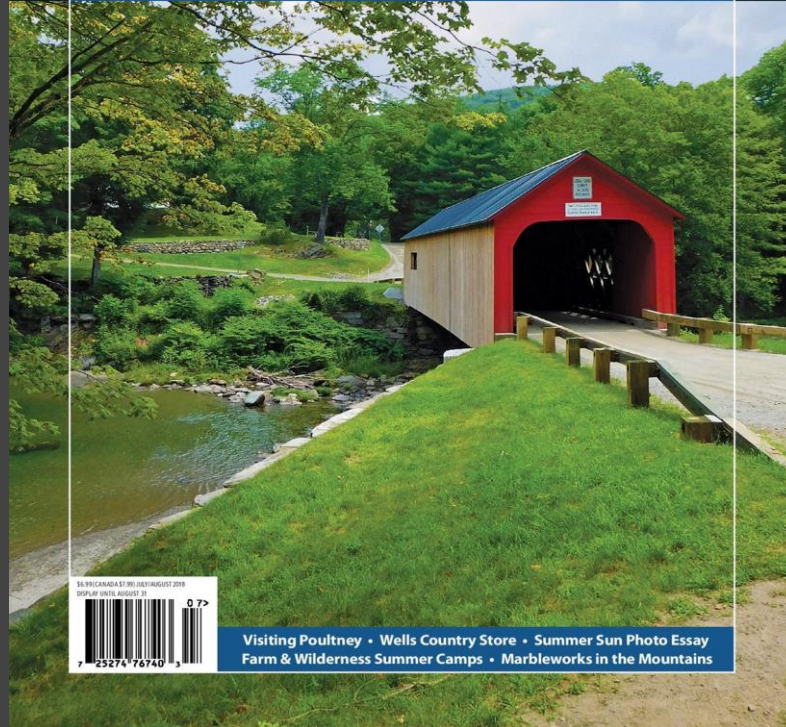
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→ RISE AND DINE: BREAKFAST AND BRUNCH FAVORITES PAGE 52

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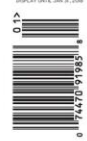
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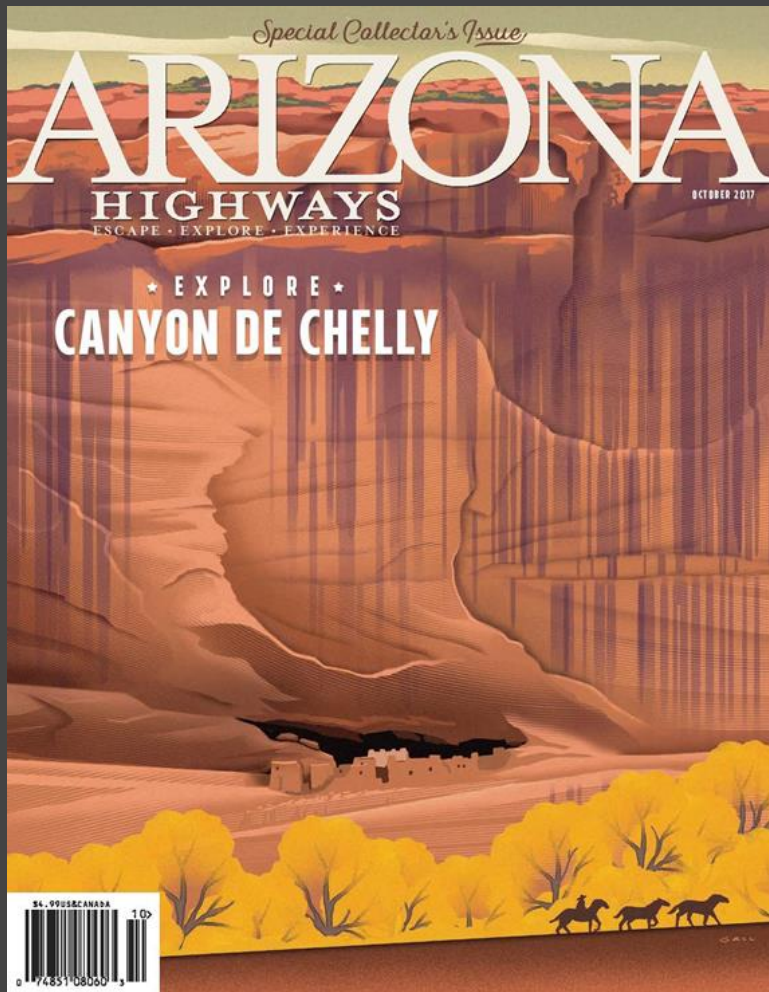
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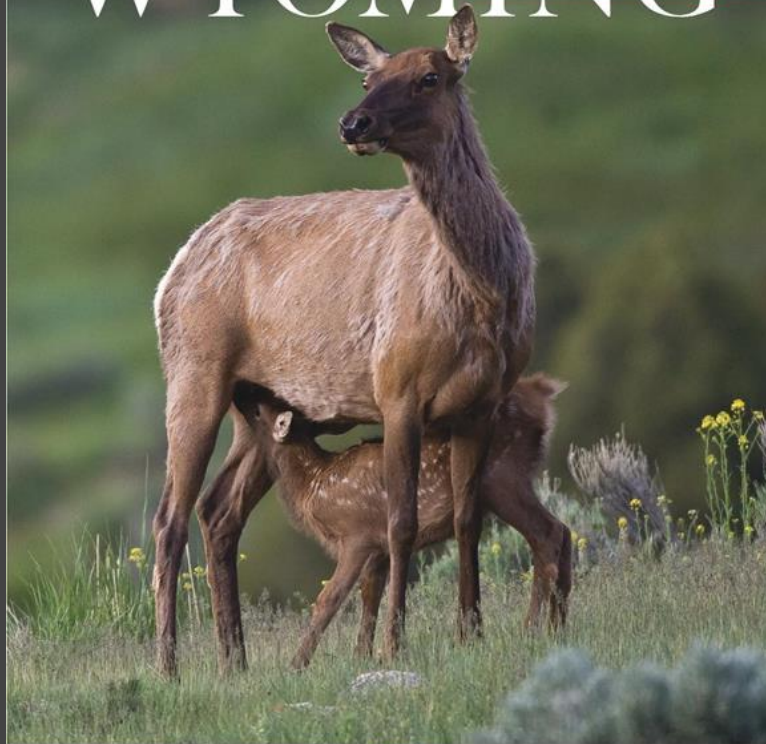


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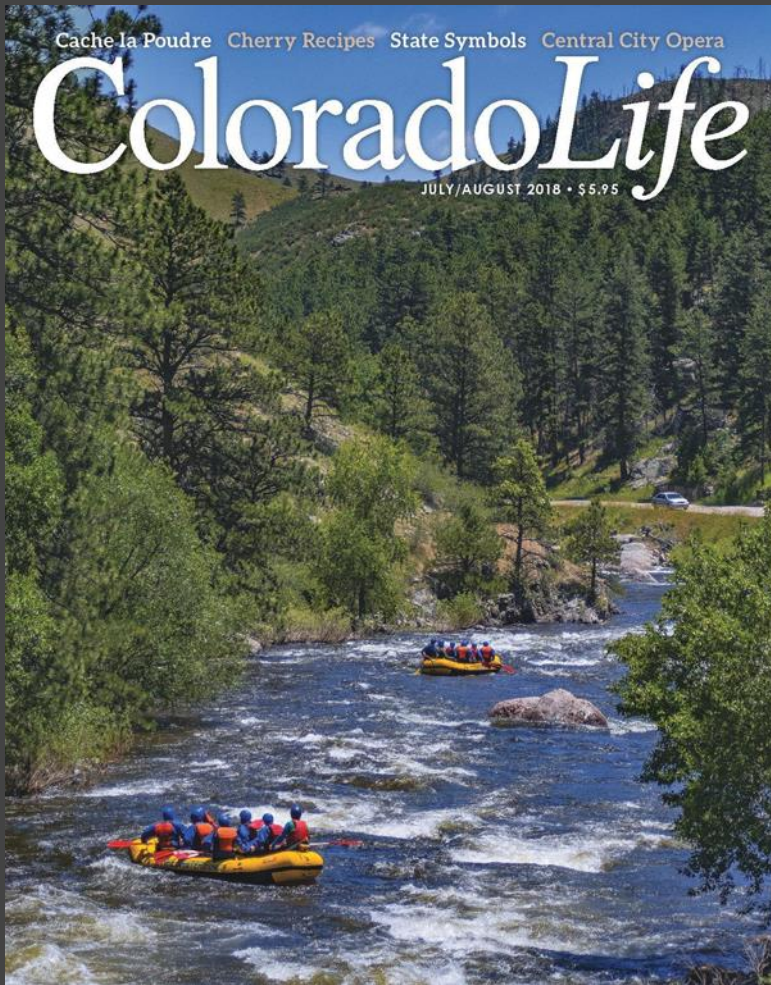


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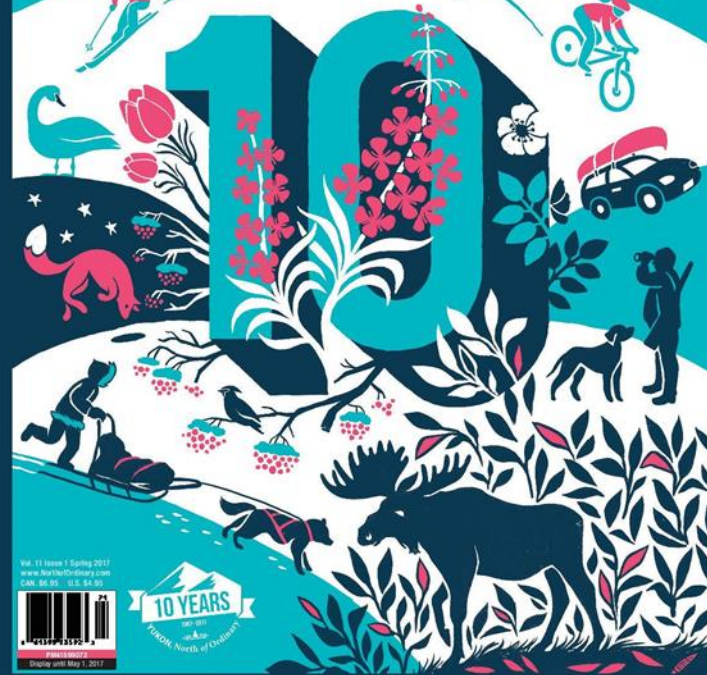
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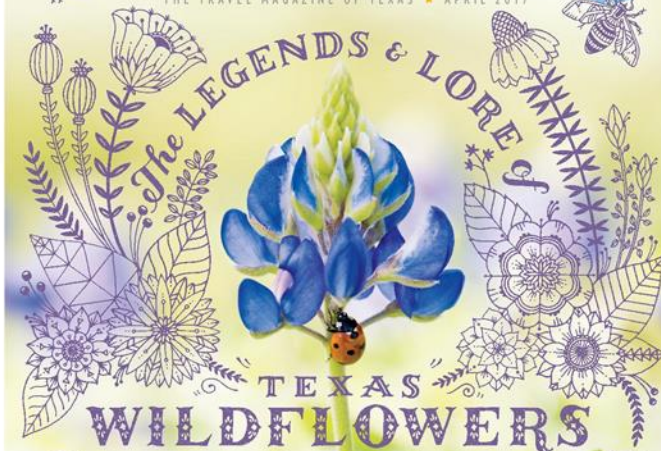
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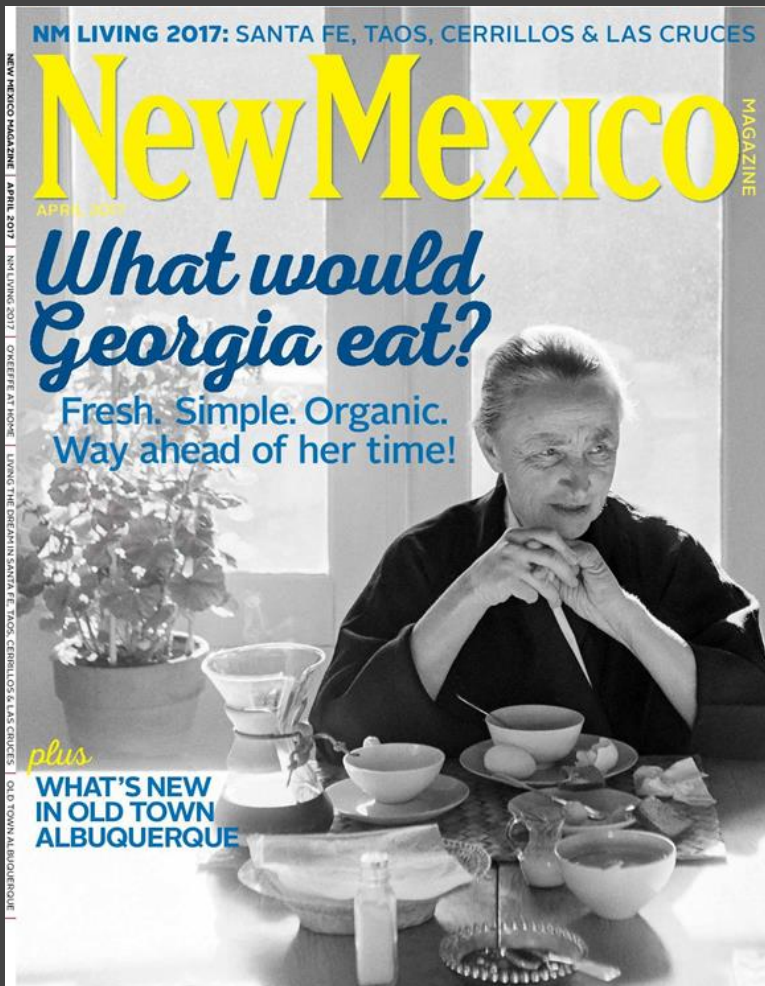
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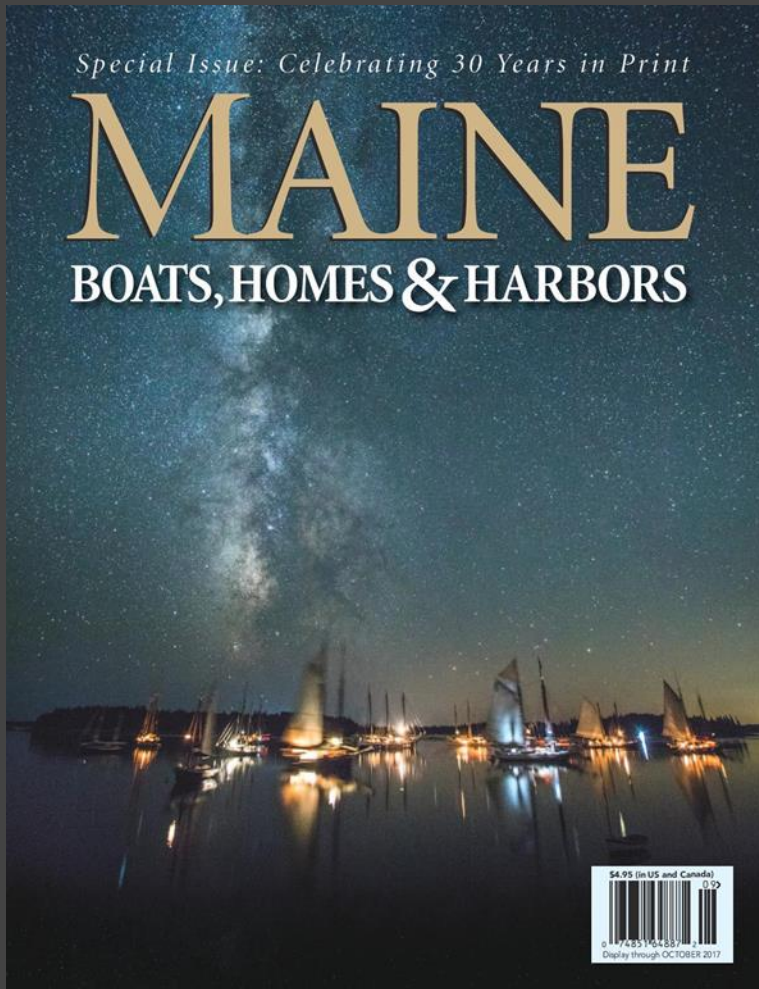
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SPRING 2017

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Squamish

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FOUNDATION FISH
West Coast Herring

p. 52
KAYAKS & CULTURE
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11
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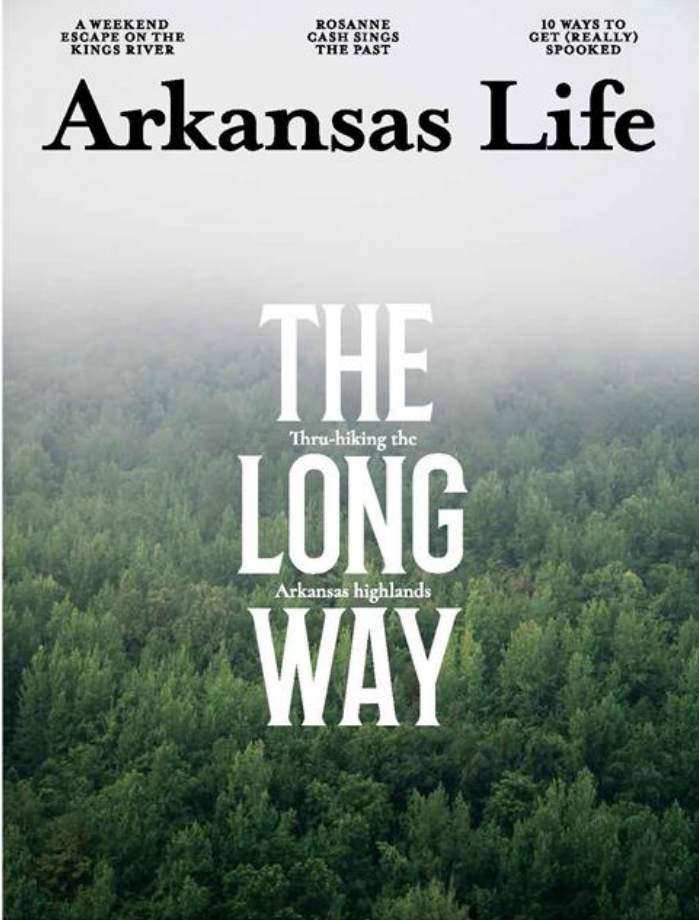


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Can bears and people
just get along?



Down East

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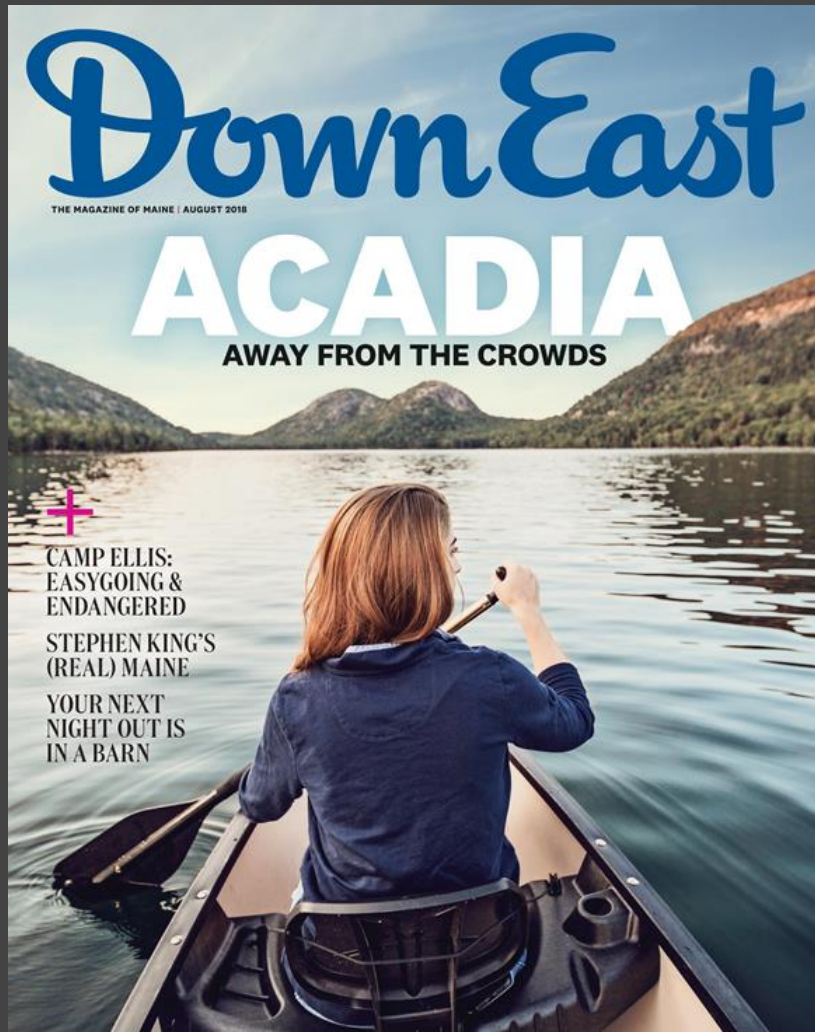
AWAY FROM THE CROWDS



CAMP ELLIS:
EASYGOING &
ENDANGERED

STEPHEN KING'S
(REAL) MAINE

YOUR NEXT
NIGHT OUT IS
IN A BARN



DELAWARE BEACH LIFE

DELAWARE Beach Life

HISTORY | PEOPLE | HOMES | ARTS | NATURE

SEPTEMBER 2017

INSIDE

Shooting In the Tube

Photographer Nick Gruber gets close to the action to get the best surfing shots page 56

Accessible History

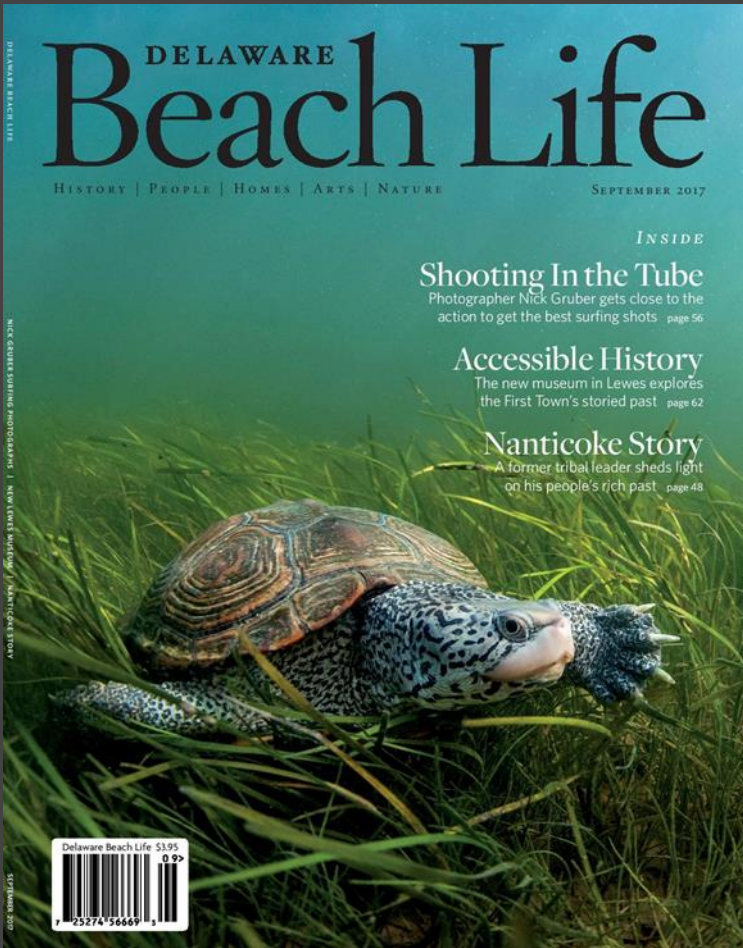
The new museum in Lewes explores the First Town's storied past page 62

Nanticoke Story

A former tribal leader sheds light on his people's rich past page 48

NICK GRUBER / PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK GRUBER

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- North Dakota's Favorite Summer
- A Band of Pans
- Working Forward in Education
- Becca Robert's Big Summer Fun

ARIZONA

Wildlife

MARCH 2012

Views

The cover of the magazine features a photograph of three trout swimming in clear water. One trout is in the foreground, swimming towards the right. Two other trout are behind it, one slightly above and to the left, and another further back. The water is clear, and the bottom is covered with small, light-colored pebbles. The background is a deep blue.

Mega Fire

Can we come together to
reduce the risk? page 10



MODERN TEXAS LIVING

THE BELL FAMILY ON

FAITH,
FAMILY &
FOOTBALL

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DESTINATIONS
IN TEXAS

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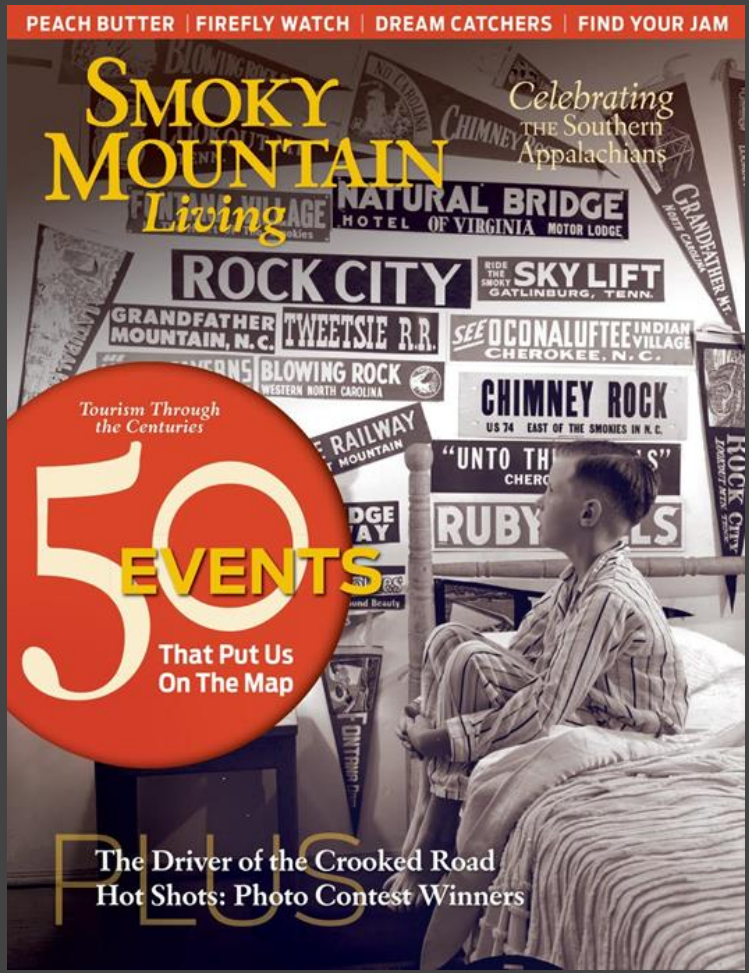
GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN, N. C. TWEETSIE R.R. SEE O'CDONALUFTEE INDIAN VILLAGE CHEROKEE, N. C.

Tourism Through
the Centuries

50
EVENTS

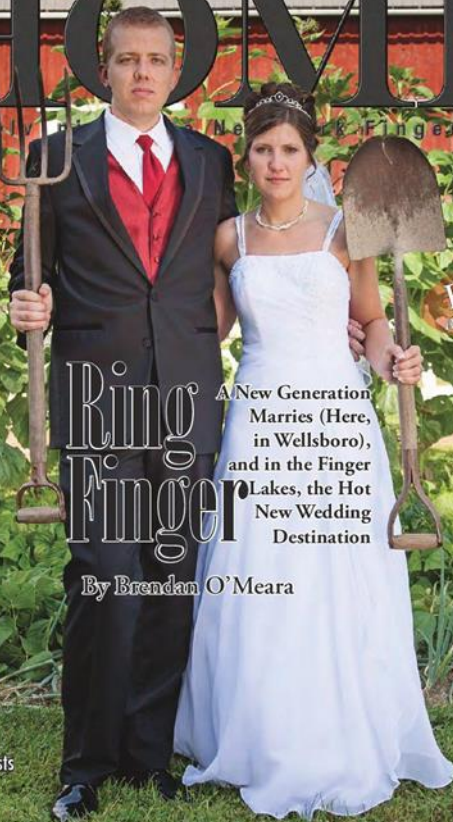
That Put Us
On The Map

The Driver of the Crooked Road
Hot Shots: Photo Contest Winners
PLUS



MOUNTAIN HOME

Perkins, New England, Finger Lakes



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Marries (Here,
in Wellsboro),
and in the Finger
Lakes, the Hot
New Wedding
Destination

By Brendan O'Meara

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JANUARY 2016

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The Spirit of Minnesota

Monthly.



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Public Issues

Public Issues - Award of Merit

Mountain Home - Mary's Miracle



Mary's Miracle

Fleeing Domestic Violence, Mary Jarreau and Her Children Discovered the Sweet Life in a Candy Shop in Wellsboro

By Maggie Barnes

Mary Jarreau was bathed in the late-day autumn sun as she chatted outside Peggy's Candies, her Main Street, Wellsboro, candy shop. Her twelve-year-old daughter, Emily, popped out of the store and said, "Mom, I'm dying for a hot dog." Mary's youthful face, framed by dark hair, split into a smile.

"Okay."

With that, Emily skipped down the sidewalk of the borough's main thoroughfare and out of her mother's sight. Mary, without another glance down the street, resumed her conversation.

There was a time, not very long ago, when such a moment would have been unthinkable in Mary's life.

"How does it feel to not fear for your family's safety?" she is asked. Again, the smile.

"It's wonderful!"

How did she get from a time of stress, uncertainty, worry, and near panic to this place of tranquility and gratitude? She shares her story, Mary says, so that people can appreciate what she calls, "the magnitude of the miracle" that brought her to Wellsboro. Well, it is

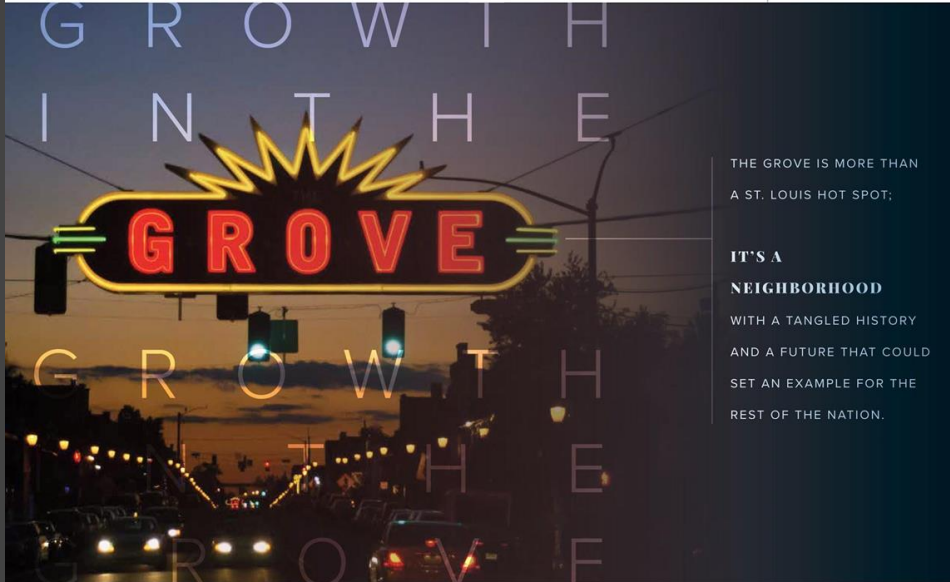
See *Miracle* on page 8.

Locations of the sweet shop from Mary's story:
Fletcher Center, Mary Jarreau and Emily Jarreau
children in the success of candy shop, new
and new opportunities.

Carly Williams

Public Issues - Bronze

Missouri Life - Growth in the Grove



THE GROVE IS MORE THAN
A ST. LOUIS HOT SPOT;

**IT'S A
NEIGHBORHOOD**

WITH A TANGLED HISTORY
AND A FUTURE THAT COULD
SET AN EXAMPLE FOR THE
REST OF THE NATION.

Huge construction cranes stand out against the fading light of the skyline of Forest Park Southeast, a neighborhood at the center of St. Louis. They loom like enormous guardians watching over a popular stretch of Manchester Avenue lit by marquees that say "The Grove," the neighborhood's lively entertainment strip.

A quarter century ago, residents of Forest Park Southeast were afraid to walk down the streets at night, and visitors locked their car doors even while driving through during the day. Now, after decades of decline, developers are building a vibrant community atop a dying one, and as pieces of the old mesh with the new, a unique streetscape is emerging where abandoned houses and modern architecture seem at home next to each other.

In The Grove, business is booming, residents and visitors fill the streets, and shop owners, chefs, and barkeeps barely keep up with demand. Many low-income residents are staying, and high-income residents are moving in. The Grove is a tiny revolution shaking up housing in the United States.

STORY Shannon Cottrill
PHOTOS Michael Pera

MARK MOORE

Public Issues - Silver Avenue - The Doctor is Out



BY Christina Frangou
ILLUSTRATIONS BY Pui Yan Fong

The Doctor is Out

The mountain towns and other places where Calgarians go to recreate have an abundance of natural beauty, wildlife and outdoor activities. But what they and other rural communities often lack are surgical, trauma and emergency medical services. For those who make these and other non-urban areas their home and those who are there to visit, a scenic setting often comes with a price.

There, in a picture-perfect moment captured on an iPhone, photographic evidence of that ominous edge-of-life can change in an instant. Lorna White standing in a stream, looking up at her hiking companion, frothy alpine waters gurgling at her feet. “Stay right there,” her friend, Krista, had instructed on that sunny Sunday in 2015. “That’s a great photo.”

White smiled. Krista got the shot. White turned around to resume the hike out of the Purcell Mountains, intending to drive back to Calgary that night.

And that’s where she saw it — a massive boulder “the size of a minivan” tumbling down the mountain toward them. White screamed at Krista, who stood in the boulder’s path. But before the rock reached her, it bounced and landed near White, breaking on impact. A remnant the size of a piano redirected toward White. She remembers turning and ducking below the rock smashed into her, pinning her to the ground, bent at the waist, her head, her legs and right arm trapped underneath the rock.

The first responders who arrived on scene reported that only her shoulders, back and left arm were visible. “I kept saying to myself, ‘stay awake.’ I was scared to fall asleep,” White recalls.

Her friend ran for help, summoning another group of hikers which, by chance, included trained experts in wilderness first aid. Someone phoned down to Canadian Mountain Holidays’ Bugaboos Lodge, which sent a helicopter. Using heavy-duty jacks and pry bars brought by the chopper over repeat trips, rescuers were able to lift the rock, just enough to extricate White. She was flown to the lodge, where she was transferred to a STARS (Shock Trauma Air Rescue Service) helicopter and whisked to Calgary’s Foothills Medical Centre, all within a few hours of the accident. Miraculously, White’s injuries were limited to a broken arm, a broken thumb, fractured sternum, three fingers that required amputation and soft tissue damage, plus emotional trauma (for which she saw a therapist).

“Whenever I think about it, I still cannot believe how I possibly survived,” says White.

There’s a term used in emergency medicine, “the golden hour” — the first hour after a traumatic injury during which there is the greatest likelihood that medical care will save a person’s life. Whether someone is injured in the mountains, in a car crash or at home, their chances of survival are best if they can get treatment quickly. For severe cases, treatment often requires surgical intervention.

In a city such as Calgary, getting an injured or sick person to medical and surgical care can be swiftly accomplished. But in many non-urban areas — including those frequented by Calgarians for recreation — and where 70 per cent of Alberta’s fatal car crashes happen, it is more complicated, as rural towns across Canada are losing services such as surgeons and 24-hour medical care and relying instead on medical transport to get sick and seriously injured patients to cities for treatment.

The state of rural health care affects not only the residents of rural communities but, as is the case in recreation destinations, people who live in cities, too. About 12 per cent of patients seen in the emergency department of the Banff Mineral Springs Hospital are from Calgary. In Golden, B.C., 11.9 per cent of patients are from Alberta; at the Queen Victoria Hospital in Revelstoke, 8.5 per cent. And at the Invermere & District Hospital’s emergency department, one in four people treated at the emergency department is from Alberta.

As Laurie Norris, a retired emergency nurse in Sylvan Lake, Alta, put it: “Calgarians don’t realize that if they need medical attention while they’re here, they would need to drive 22 kilometres into Red Deer. Twenty-two km to someone who is injured or has appendicitis is a long drive.” Sylvan Lake does have an ambulance, however, it may not be in Sylvan Lake at that particular time. “So you can still get an ambulance, however, it may have to come in from Red Deer or another outlying area,” Norris says.

In the ski town of Fernie, more than 10,000 patients came through the emergency department of its single-story, brown-and-brick Elk Valley Hospital last year. Of these, nearly 12 per cent were visiting from Alberta. Located approximately a half-hour’s drive west of the Alberta border, the picturesque town encircled by the Rockies has a population of 8,500 and approximately 2,700 private dwellings, many of which are second homes owned, most often, by Albertans hooked on the world-class alpine activities in the area.

But while Fernie’s population has grown by 16 per cent since

2011, the breadth of health-care services has diminished. The Elk Valley Hospital’s only general surgeon retired last spring and although the town had advertised for a new surgeon for more than five years up to that point, the position was left vacant. This isn’t a terribly big surprise, as it is difficult to recruit physicians in much of rural Canada — 18 per cent of Canadians live in rural areas but only eight per cent of physicians do, and it’s especially difficult to attract general surgeons to work in small towns. The reasons are many: in a small community, a single general surgeon can be on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week without back-up; surgeons often train in large urban centres where most will sub-specialize in certain types of surgery (breast, trauma, trauma, for example) with less focus on procedures such as Caesarean sections that can be the bread and butter of a surgical practice in a rural town. Additionally, it can be difficult for a surgeon’s spouse to find employment in their field in a small community.

But the shift of physicians from rural areas goes beyond individual surgeons’ preferences for where they’d like to live. Regional health-care systems across Canada tend to funnel surgical and very sick patients to larger centres, both to reduce costs and improve patient outcomes. And there’s evidence that surgeons and hospitals

Public Issues - Gold

Adirondack Life - The Loner

THE LONER

ALAN COMO SURVIVED TWO DECADES IN THE WOODS. WAS HE A HERMIT, A COMMON THIEF, HOMELESS, OR A COMBINATION OF ALL THREE? BY KATHRYN JOYCE

WHEN JOHN MADAY and two other investigators from the Warren County Sheriff's Office came upon the campsite, the first thing they saw was a man's feet inside his crude lean-to of pine branches, blankets and tarps. The campsite was built on a flat area just below the summit of Park Mountain, at the southern tip of the Pharaoh Lake Wilderness Area.

It was late morning on January 10, 2007, and the investigators were returning after having made it to the crest of the adjacent hill the night before, when the setting sun had compelled them to turn around. They'd gotten that far in office clothes—shirt-sleeves, ties and street shoes—following a chance tip from the Horicon Town Highway Department that had given them their first lead in months. A town employee had been plowing the roads after a light snowfall when he'd spotted fresh bicycle tracks running for several miles from Brant Lake up to Fallsides Road and onto Beaver Pond Road, where the police had found the bicycle hidden under a tarp and tree branches.

But they'd been tracking the suspect much longer than that. For close to two years, the towns of Chester and Watkinson and the hamlet of Brant Lake had experienced an unusually high number of petty burglaries at seasonal camps and houses: at least 80 and perhaps as many as

100 break-ins where the thief took food, clothes, alcohol and small items, from batteries to snowshoes, ignoring all electronics or other valuables. In one home, he'd stolen a whole ham; in another, a woman laid out food for that night's dinner before she went for a walk in the woods, only to find it missing when she returned. In some homes, it appeared that the man had rested overnight. In most it seemed he'd come in through the windows, sometimes just before the owners returned.

Residents were spooked. Camp and cabin break-ins were common, but often easily explained. Usually it was kids who'd entered during the long winter months when seasonal residents stayed away. In springtime, when camp owners returned, the police would receive a handful of reports from break-ins presumably committed months earlier, many homeowners never bothered to call. Sometimes those who broke in left a note apologizing, explaining that they'd gotten lost or their snowmobile had broken down and they'd had to take something to get by. But these burglaries were more systematic—reoccurring regularly across seasons for nearly two years. And if the burglar was breaking into homes when he thought people were away, residents feared that meant there was someone out in the woods watching them.

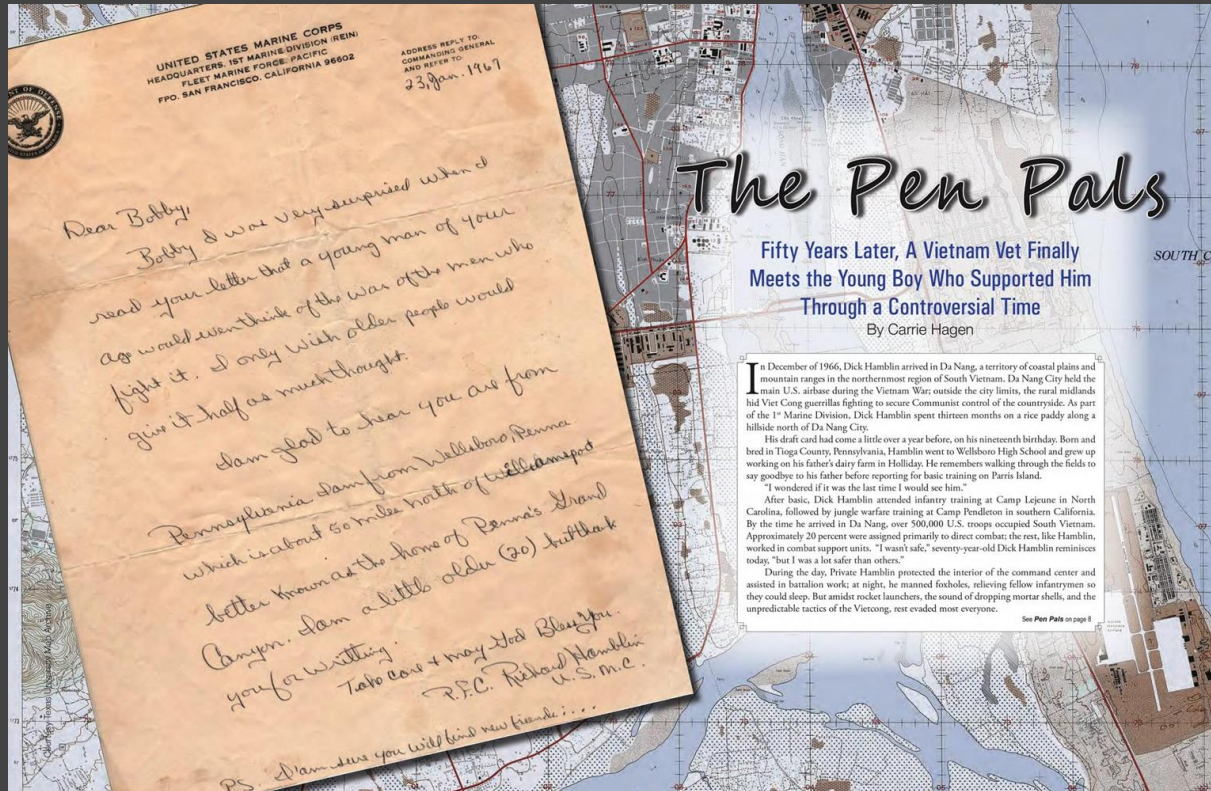


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL FENICHELLO

Historic Feature
35,000 or Less

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Award of Merit

Mountain Home - The Pen Pals



Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

albemarle - The Descendants



Montpelier descendants Leontyne Peck, holding an oyster shell, and Mary Alexander on the Slave Yard of the property.

THE DESCENDANTS

Montpelier's exhibition *The Mere Distinction Of Colour* reimagines how to tell the story of slavery during the time of our founding fathers

Leontyne Peck hugs her friend Mary Alexander in the middle of Hot Cakes, a lively cafe in Charlottesville, VA.

"Hey ladybug looking all beautiful. Hey quentie," says Peck adding a playful nudge. They treat each other like family, which they may actually be. Peck and Alexander recently mailed a test tube of saliva to Ancestry.com, a website that offers genetic testing, to find out if they're cousins.

Alexander runs her hand over her necklace, slides into a chair, and invites Leontyne to her birthday party next Wednesday.

Today Alexander wears a navy wool coat with an oversized fur lapel, heavy layered strands of pearls around her neck, and an embroidered scarf styled like a turban to crown the ensemble.

By Katie Henry

She looks like she stepped out of fashion magazine from 1950.

"I dress the old fashion way. If we had a time machine and it turned the hands of time back, I would be just as comfortable walking around with white gloves and a purse and a hat," says Alexander.

Peck shares Alexander's passion for history and genealogy. She's published two books about her family history. But the two women didn't know each other at all until two years ago when they met at a Montpelier Board of Advisors meeting. They became fast friends.

The pair share a similar family history. Both women trace their roots to slaves in Orange County, VA, about a 45-minute drive northeast of the café. Alexander is the great great granddaughter of

Paul Jennings, James Madison's butler while Madison lived at Montpelier—his estate in Orange County. Madison was the fourth President and father of the Constitution.

Montpelier started unearthing the past of the slaves who lived there in 2014 thanks to a \$10 million grant from co-founder and co-CEO of The Carlyle Group David Rubenstein. Uniting a previously scattered community of slave descendants has been a byproduct of this effort. Since Dolley and James Madison didn't have biological children together, this community has arguably the most direct tie to Montpelier today. Montpelier is incorporating passed-down stories from the slaves who worked the property to create a type of slavery exhibition that's never been done before.

A NEW KIND OF EXHIBITION

What might you expect walking into the cellar space of a historic home? It might be cast-iron pots and pans or weathered tables and chairs. On most plantation sites, slavery exhibitions narrate the work performed by the slaves—how heavy a pan is or how hot the fire was. Exhibitions often remove the humanity of the story and set the lives of enslaved people apart from the main house. After all, it's decidedly negative, a story of pain and suffering. But just recreating slave quarters or describing their routines reduces the lives of nearly 500 slaves at Montpelier to labor.

The Montpelier exhibit aims to redefine what it means to tell the story of slavery at the home of a founding father. Picture a modern art museum, rather than a reconstructed slave-run kitchen.

Visitors will see photos, voices and storytelling from the descendants themselves—stories that have survived generations in their families to bring the slaves to life and to show how those stories affect descendants, like Alexander, today.

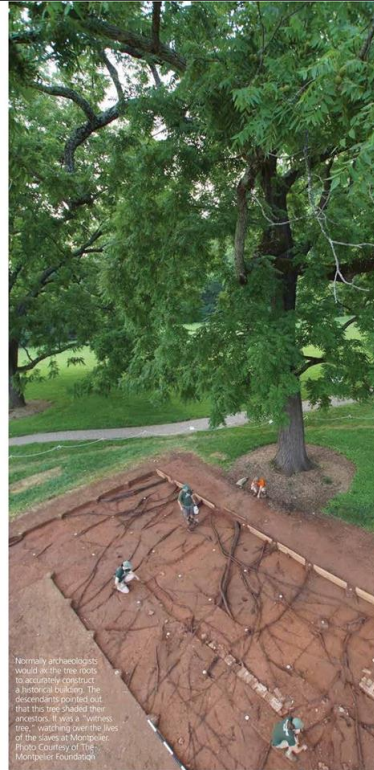
"Paul Jennings never let the case of him being a slave serve as an excuse for anything in his life. When he died, all of his children were free. He owned two houses in Washington, DC," says Alexander. "I don't make excuses for myself, and I don't take others' excuses lightly."

Montpelier's goal is to get visitors to understand the slaves as individuals, not just workers. This approach challenges the way historians have traditionally shaped their understanding of the past because oral histories were often discounted until about 25 years ago. Now they're being taken more seriously. For one, it's often all we have. There's scarce written information from the slaves themselves.

Alexander has a deeper understanding of her ancestor than most slave descendants. She knows that Jennings stood in the room with power players of the American Revolution from Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe to Madison and Marquis de Lafayette. She's read the book Jennings wrote about his relationship with the former president.

Montpelier asked Alexander, Peck and other the slave descendants to advise and shape the direction of the exhibition and be a part of it in a direct and visible way. Descendants requested that Montpelier not have slavery in the past and emphasize the humanity of their ancestors.

"We didn't just want to say, 'Hey here's where they lived and what they



Normally archaeologists would not be able to track the location of a historic building. The descendants pointed out that this tree shaded their ancestors' graves in "witness tree," watching over the lives of the slaves at Montpelier. Photo Courtesy of The Montpelier Foundation

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Missouri Life - A Quest for the Best Man

A Quest for the Best Man:



This 1900 watercolor by Charles M. Russell depicts Meriwether Lewis and William Clark on the expedition to explore the Louisiana Territory. Both men served as territorial governors of Missouri.

Missouri's First Governors

BY RON SOODALTER

IT ALL BEGAN with the bargain of the century. A savvy deal negotiated between France and the United States more than two hundred years ago would set the stage for the first major challenge of this young nation in the New World. Someone—actually four someones—would be called upon to oversee the administration of the vast expanse that would become Missouri Territory. Our story of heels and heroes begins with the land sale known to history as the Louisiana Purchase.

ART OF THE DEAL

By the dawn of the nineteenth century, Napoleon Bonaparte was running out of money to fund his conquest of Europe. In 1803, he sold to President Thomas Jefferson—for about three cents an acre—the 828,000 square miles then known as Louisiana Territory. The purchase instantly doubled the size of the fledgling United States. Originally, Jefferson had sought only to purchase the port city of New Orleans, since its location at the mouth of the Mississippi River on the Gulf of Mexico rendered it ideal for commercial shipping. Not only did Napoleon agree to sell New Orleans for \$10 million; for another \$5 million, he



Missouri existed as a territory for less than a decade (1812-1820) before admission to the Union as a slave state.

tossed in the rest of the Louisiana Territory—an area that stretched from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border. It was, as one chronicler put it, “the real-estate deal of the century.” Had Jefferson accomplished nothing else of value during his presidency, the nation would have been amply well served by this one act.

The newly purchased territory was divided into two sections the following year: the upper portion—everything north of the thirty-third parallel (the approximate modern-day border between Arkansas and Louisiana)—was

dubbed the District of Louisiana; the southern portion, which ran down to the Gulf, was called Orleans Territory. The district that included modern-day Missouri initially fell under the jurisdiction of Indiana Territory, whose capital was the slave-free city of Vincennes, Indiana. The slave-owning Missourians, however, wanted their own capital, closer to home. In 1805, Congress accommodated by redesignating the region as Louisiana Territory, and placed the seat of government at St. Louis. Only seven years later, it was renamed yet again: Missouri Territory. And so it would remain until statehood.

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife - Special Delivery



In 1936, the Hindenburg was the fastest way for pronghorn fawns to travel from Wyoming to Germany, and so began one historic journey of two iconic Western animals

SPECIAL DELIVERY

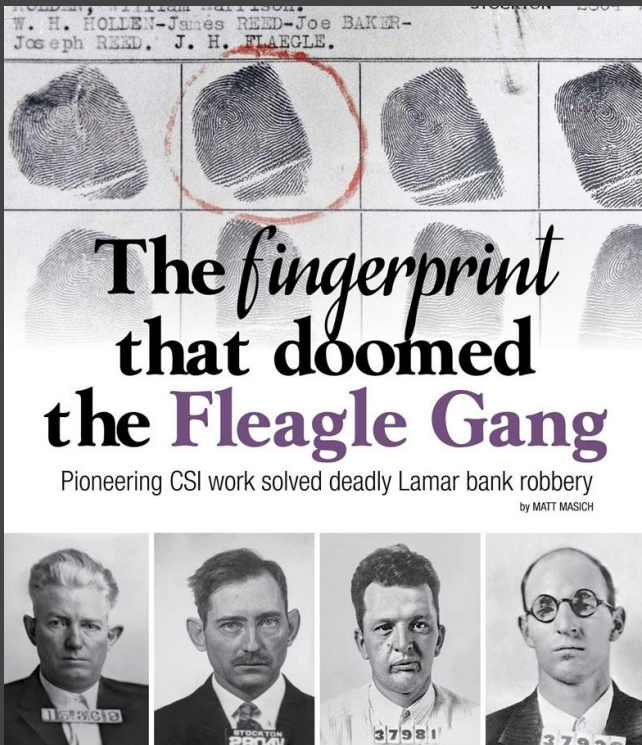
By Christina Schmidt Shorma

*Photos courtesy of
Buffalo Bill Center of the West*

Serving as co-pilot for at least a moment, this pronghorn fawn starts its historic journey to New Jersey with pilot Bill Monday.

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Silver

Colorado Life - The Fingerprint that Doomed the Fleagle Gang



Ralph Fleagle, Jake Fleagle, Howard "Heavy" Royston and George Abshier, left to right, were the members of the notorious Fleagle Gang.

The ruthless Fleagle Gang robbed the First National Bank of Lamar in 1928, making off with \$238,000 and murdering four people in the hold-up and getaway. A Lamar lawman's tireless pursuit and a novel feat of crime scene investigation brought them to justice.

MAIN STREET IN Lamar was quieting down after the lunch hour bustle on the afternoon of May 23, 1928. At the First National Bank of Lamar on the corner of Main and Olive streets, the bank's 77-year-old president Amos Newton "Newt" Parrish leaned on a railing beside his office door, chatting leisurely with his 40-year-old son, John Festus "Jaddo" Parrish, a cashier at the bank's double doors swung open.

Four men, strangers to town, filed into the lobby. The oldest of the group approached the counter, smiled at the teller in the nearest window and calmly said, "Stick 'em up."

The teller returned the stranger's smile but didn't obey his command. This had to be a joke, he thought.

"Stick 'em up," the man repeated more forcefully. The pistol in his hand made it clear this was no joke.

The other three men, all armed, fanned out across the bank's lobby. Newt Parrish immediately ducked into his office. He emerged seconds later with "Old Betsey," his single-action Colt .45 revolver, and fired a shot through the jaw of the nearest bandit. He cocked his pistol and pulled the trigger again; the gun misfired. The wounded robber fired back but missed. Before the banker could attempt a third shot, another robber shot him through the head. In the commotion, Jaddo Parrish got up from his desk and headed toward a closet where the bank kept more weapons. The gang's leader fired into his back, and the younger Parrish fell with a bullet lodged in his heart.

The bankers and bandits exchanged a total of 11 shots in the span of just a few seconds. When the gunfire ended, the two Parrish men lay dead or dying on the floor.

The remaining bank employees did not resist. In short order, the gang members — including the badly bleeding wounded robber — stuffed several pillowcases with \$238,000 in cash, municipal bonds and gold-redeemable Liberty Bonds, then hopped into their blue Buick sedan and sped off, taking two employees with them as hostages.

Powers County Sheriff Lloyd E. Alderman was at home eating lunch when he got a phone call: "They want you at the First National. There seems to be trouble down there."

Alderman dashed into his car and pulled up to the bank just moments after the robbers had driven away around the corner. The sheriff ushered a bank customer into his car to help him identify the culprits and headed out on their trail.

Alderman raced along the dusty backroads outside of Lamar and soon caught up with the bandit's Buick. He saw the getaway car stop and one man exit the vehicle. He cautiously approached and discovered it was one of the hostages. Quickly instructing the man to find a phone and call for help, Alderman continued his pursuit to a crossing of Big Sandy Creek.

The robbers stopped on the creek's far bank and began firing with rifles at long range. The sheriff, armed with only a pistol, couldn't match their firepower at this distance. He and his civilian companion dove into a ditch as bullets tore into their car.

With the sheriff's vehicle crippled, the bandits disappeared into prairie. Alderman had chased the outlaws for 17 miles. In the year and a half to come, he would travel another 150,000 miles by car, train and airplane trying to bring them to justice.



Banker Newt Parrish emerged from his office with "Old Betsey," his single-action Colt .45 revolver, and fired a shot through the jaw of the nearest bandit.

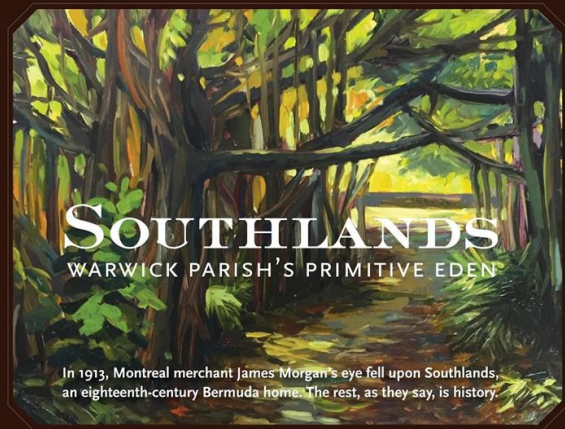
THE 8,000 RESIDENTS of Lamar were left in shock. The elder Parrish was a former state senator, and both father and son were among the most prominent men in Lamar. The day after the robbery, Thursday, May 24, was the 42nd anniversary of the founding of the town, but there were no parades or revelry. "The slaying in cold blood of two pioneering residents of the community has left the citizenry in no humor for a celebration," the Lamar Daily News reported.

May Parrish, wife of Newt and mother of Jaddo, was still disconsolate. "This wipes out our little family," the News quoted her. "There are now just my two little grandsons." Bank teller E.A. Kestinger, whom the robbers had taken as a hostage, was still missing. As his wife, Ruby, and 3-year-old daughter, Betty Ann, awaited word of his fate, citizens and law enforcement formed armed posses and set up roadblocks for many miles in every direction.

Sheriff Alderman took to the skies, scanning the country roads from above in a plane that the Colorado National Guard dispatched to Lamar from Denver. Alderman, a farmer until being elected county sheriff a few years earlier, had no law enforcement training, but he quickly emerged as the lead investigator

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Silver

The Bermudian - Southlands: Warwick Parish's Primitive Eden



In 1913, Montreal merchant James Morgan's eye fell upon Southlands, an eighteenth-century Bermuda home. The rest, as they say, is history.

BY DUNCAN MCDOWALL

above:
Southlands Light, 2016
Oil on canvas
By Rhona Emmerson

Bermuda is running out of green space. One of the most densely inhabited landscapes on earth, Bermuda has less than 400 acres of farmland left. The concept of "sustainability," unfamiliar just decades ago, has installed itself in the island's dialogue about its future. Heated debate now marks Bermuda's attempts to find a middle ground between touristic and commercial development on the one hand and the preservation of common ground—parks, playing fields and walking trails—on the other. How different from the lay of the land in Bermuda a century ago, when cedar trees and farmers' fields tinted the island green. Today Bermuda can no longer portray itself in the famous words of Elizabethan poet Andrew Marvell as a place of "eternal spring/Which enamels everything."

From an airplane window today, one strains to find a natural break in Bermuda's panorama of white roofs. Mercifully, there are still a few welcome swaths of unscalded green—golf courses and a handful of parks such as Spital Pond and Cooper's Island Nature Reserve.

Bermuda's throne speech of 2013 boldly bolstered that inventory of green. Southlands, a 37-acre enclave of heritage architecture, forest and overgrown quarries on the Warwick south shore, was designated a national park. Senator Alexis Swan, junior minister of environment and planning and a Warwick native, declared that Southlands was a "Bermuda treasure" and that its preservation would help to strike a sustainable balance between Bermuda's social, economic and environmental needs. "There is something here for everyone," she noted. Stuart Hayward of the Bermuda Environmental Sustainability Taskforce agreed: the preservation of Southlands was "an amazing result." National Park status for Southlands came as the culmination of years of clucking among politicians, developers and naturalists. The property's terraced landscape, numbing down to the south shore beaches and offering an expansive panorama of the azure sea, had long whetted the appetites of market hotel developers. The 2008 global financial meltdown cooled that ambition and opened the way to an innovative land swap that saw the tourism developers exchange their Warwick holdings for a generous portion of Morgan's Point, the abandoned American military base in Southampton that juts out into the Sound. Much work remained. Southlands had once been a lovingly tended preserve of horticultural

wonders niched into exhausted quarries and shaded by exotic trees, the passion of a wealthy Canadian Bermudaphile. The gardens radiated out from the estate's namesake homestead, a classic, late eighteenth-century Bermuda home with a characteristic hip roof and twin buttries. A constellation of smaller cottages dotted the property. But, by the early twenty-first century, the Canadians were long gone and Southlands had fallen prey to neglect and decay. Scrub had invaded its gardens and the main house stood empty and abused by Bermuda's harsh climate. Against this backdrop, Bermuda as a whole had arrived at a tipping point: could it as a society afford to preserve such inviting glades of serenity or must the ethos of luxury tourism sweep all before it? The choice was made all the more agonising, when the twin pillars of the local economy—tourism and financial services—faltered. In 2008, for instance, then-premier Ewart Brown acknowledged

Southlands had once been a lovingly tended preserve of horticultural wonders niched into exhausted quarries and shaded by exotic trees.

that Southlands was "an unpolished jewel," even while negotiating with hotel developers eager to turn the property into quite a different type of jewel. The christening of Southlands National Park in 2013 tipped the balance in favour of sustainability and the preservation of a distinctive piece of Bermuda heritage. Just what was that storied heritage?

Ironically, the name "Morgan" figured at both ends of the 2008 land swap. Morgan's Point, where Bermuda's glitzy new hotel development finally took root, derived its name from an island dubbed Morgan's in the nineteenth century, an island which American military ingenuity in the Second World War transformed into a point connected to the mainland. Over in Warwick,



Welcoming Arms and Bermuda stone steps greet the visitor to Southlands, c.1930

another Morgan—unrelated to the Southampton nomenclature—left his mark on the landscape. From 1913 to 1936, Southlands was owned by James and Anna Morgan of Montreal, whose wealth and love of Bermuda remade Southlands into what a 1928 article in *Canadian Homes and Gardens* described as "a primitive Eden." Today, the Morgan heritage in Bermuda still echoes in the naming of Morgan Road and several lanes in Warwick, and in Morgan Hall at Warwick Academy. The Morgan name also echoes in the annals

of Bermuda educational reform and hospital modernisation.

The Morgans and their money were the product of North America's Gilded Age, an era when capitalism incubated immense wealth by fitting new modes of production and consumption to a burgeoning urban-industrial society. At the heart of this revolution was the transformation of the retail trade from a scattered mass of general, dry goods stores operating on a basis of barter and credit into modern mass consumption rooted in a society fueled by cash. The department store epitomised this shift. For the first time, consumers were offered a cornucopia of goods on a cash-only basis, all under one roof. This amalgamation of wholesaling and retailing

Historic Feature 35,000 or Less - Gold Oklahoma Today - The Long War of Words

The Long War of Words

STORY AND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVID JOSHUA
JENNINGS

For generations, Native Americans' spoken languages have been systematically dismantled and discouraged. Now, Oklahoma tribes are marshaling their resources to save the tongues with which their ancestors prayed, joked, told stories, and defined their cultures.

IRARELY GO AN hour without my mind returning to the Yuchi class," Maxine Wildcat Barnett says on a drive through rural Creek County in eastern Oklahoma. "I keep the language and our Yuchi people in my prayers every day."

Yuchi was Barnett's first language, the only one her parents spoke. It wasn't until she was six, when she began public school, that she learned English. As she grew to adulthood in an English-speaking world, however, her familiarity with Yuchi began to fade. Only later in life did she realize the importance of keeping her language alive.

"I was at a conference in Nebraska with about 1,500 women from all over the country," she says. "The leader said, 'When I look out over this congregation, I see many colors and types of people. I want one person from each group to lead us in prayer in their own language.' I was with a group of Creek women, so I felt safe and secure, because surely one of them could pray in Creek. But nobody said a word."

She looks out the window at the flat yellow countryside surrounding Sapulpa and is silent for a moment.

"That night, something hit me," says the ninety-one year old. "I wanted to

cry out. I promised the Lord, 'When I get home, I'm going to learn how to praise you in my own language, because you made me who I am, you gave me Yuchi-speaking parents, and I can't even call out to you in prayer.' And from then on, I prayed in Yuchi. It feels like God is holding me. That's why it's so hard for me to give up the language. When you lose a language, you lose your songs, your culture, the things you used to do together as a family. My language keeps me going."

As one of three living elders who learned to speak Yuchi as a first language, Barnett is integral to the Yuchi Tribe of Indians language revitalization program, and she is determined to spend her remaining years passing her skills to the next generation.

It is this determination that has inspired a group of students to gather around Barnett and the tribe's two other first-language elders, Vada Tiger Nicholas, who is ninety-five, and Martha Wildcat Squire, who is

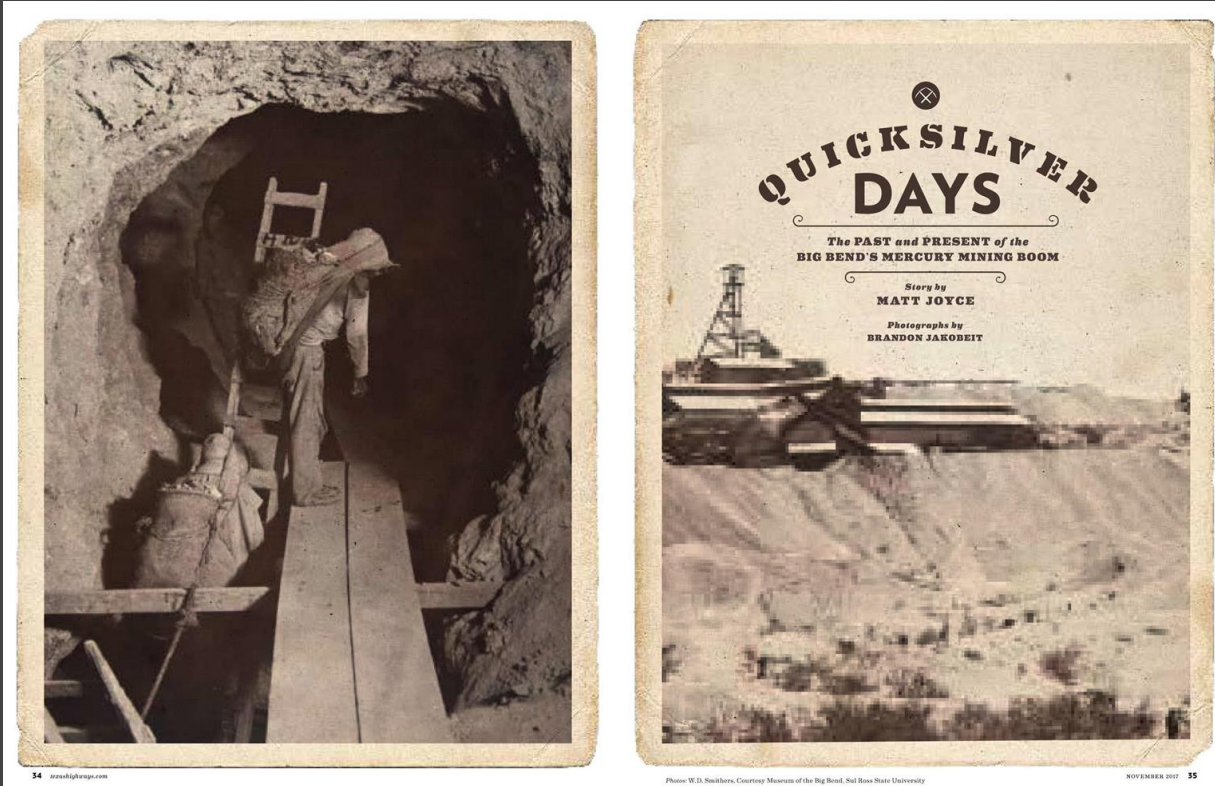
Language programs and cultural events like the annual Sac and Fox powwow in July offer ways for Native Americans to integrate their spoken languages into modern life.



Historic Feature
35,000 or More

Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways - Quicksilver Days

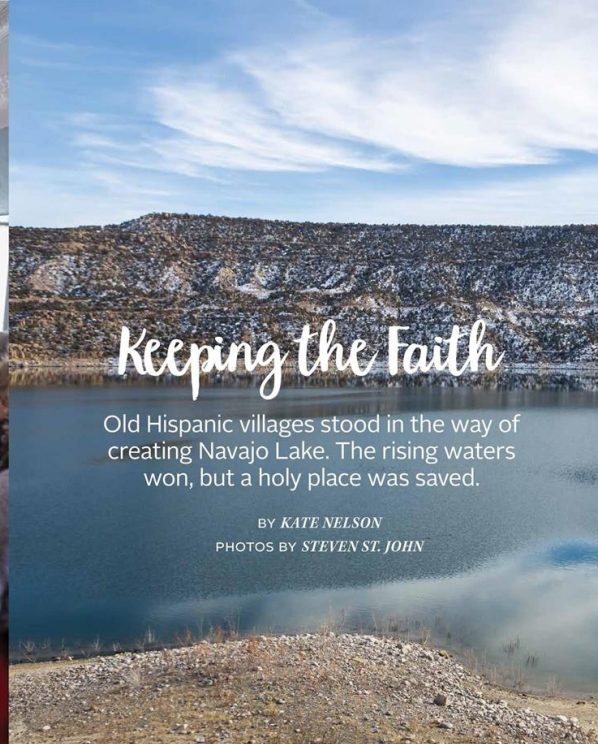


Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Keeping the Faith



A Spanish choir opens Mass at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. Facing page: The snow-dusted shoreline of nearby Navajo Lake.

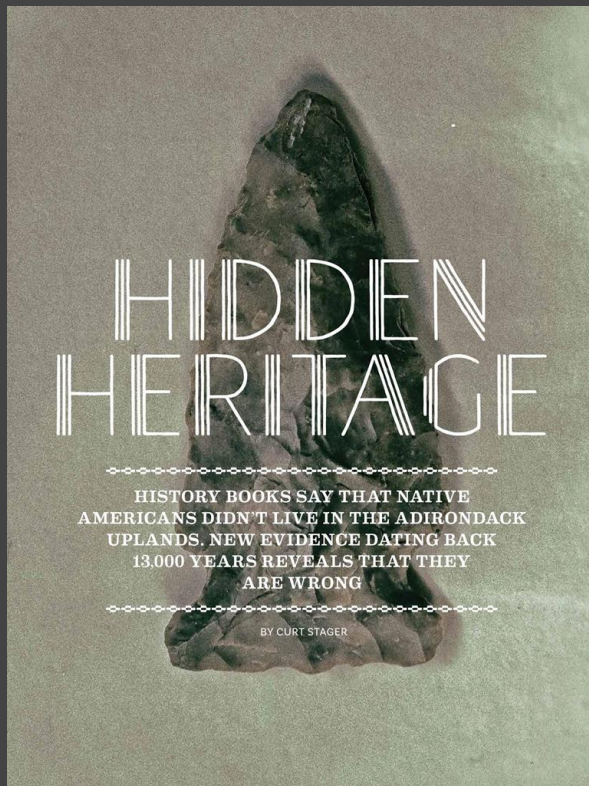


Keeping the Faith

Old Hispanic villages stood in the way of creating Navajo Lake. The rising waters won, but a holy place was saved.

BY KATE NELSON
PHOTOS BY STEVEN ST. JOHN

Historic Feature 35,000 or More - Gold Adirondack Life - Hidden Heritage



THERE IS A FABLE circulating in these mountains: "The Indians didn't live up here."

It is false. Nevertheless, if you ask almost anyone with a taste for Adirondack history you will likely hear one or more explanations for why the uplands were avoided by Native Americans. It was too cold for them. The soil was too sandy for crops. They were only passing through to hunt. Because of such beliefs, standard accounts of Adirondack history have more to do with white lumberjacks, hoteliers or seekers of uninhabited wilderness than indigenous people living with minimal impact on the land for thousands of years.

Our views of the past reflect and shape our relationships to the natural world, our sense of place in history and the management of wilderness. They can be difficult to change. I've studied environmental history in the Adirondacks for nearly three decades and was fascinated by "History in Fragments," a hard-hitting review of the neglected Native American legacy of the region that Lynn Woods wrote for this magazine in 1994. Even so, it was only recently that the long human presence in these mountains felt real enough to me to transform my perception of the Adirondacks. I am therefore Exhibit A for the human frailty that sustains the classic narrative of absence and for what it takes to change it. Here is the story of how the shift happened, why it took me so long, and why it matters.

My transformation begins in earnest during the summer of 2014 with a visit to the Six Nations Indian Museum, in Onchiota, with my parents. Founded in 1954 by the late Mohawk educator Ray Fadden and his family, the privately owned museum is now operated by his son John and grandsons Dave and Don. The long wooden building, which evokes the shape of an Iroquois longhouse, is packed from floor to ceiling with stone artifacts, beaded wampum belts, photos, baskets, historical accounts hand-written by Ray and illustrations by John and Dave.



John Fadden and his sons Don and Dave at Six Nations Indian Museum, in Onchiota. Packed floor to ceiling, their collection includes local artifacts, among them a dugout canoe from the southern end of Lake Placid.

One glass case contains a large clay pot that was found in a rocky crevice near Silver Lake Mountain during the 1940s. John tells us that the conical base and diagonal incisions on the angular rim indicate that it was made three to five centuries ago. Similar Iroquois pots have turned up at Jones Pond, Rainbow Lake and other upland sites, and the museum has fragments of another one that was found near St. Regis Mountain during the 1970s. The discoverer, Jim Bickford, recently told me that he got a surprise when he reached into a cranny in a rock face while hunting. "I was thinking that I was the first person ever to touch this spot," he recalled. "Then I felt the pieces under my hand." Experts speculate that such pots may have stored provisions or served as territorial markers.

Nature & Environment
35,000 or Less

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Merit Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - Wild About Moose

WILD ABOUT Moose

How much do you really know about these Maine icons?

BY RON JOSEPH | PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL CYR



Aided by nasal valves that close underwater, moose can dive to depths of 20 feet. A large bull moose consumes 50 pounds of aquatic plants each day.

NEARLY EVERY northern Maine resident has a favorite moose story: a cow moose and her calf licking road salt from an idle snowplow's headlights, mirrors, and door panels; a love-sick bull moose attempting to mount a Holstein; my neighbor's dog chasing a young moose beneath a loaded clothesline and then rumbling across a field with a bra dangling from each antler. Tragic stories include Moosehead Lake fishermen watching a moose fall 300 feet from a Mount Kineo cliff and honeymooners seeing a moose killed by a bolt of lightning on a cranberry bog.

My favorite sighting took place in West Shirley Bog, a large wetland several

miles south of Moosehead Lake. When I counted ducklings there as a state biologist in the late 1980s, moose sightings outnumbered duck tallies on my data sheets. Two years ago in August, I launched my Old Town canoe at dawn to see if the bog was still "moosey."

Fifteen minutes later, within a mile of my campsite, a pair of handsome bulls appeared midstream in the glorious morning light. Each time their heads disappeared beneath the water's surface, I raced ahead. When antlers reappeared, I coated like a cyclist taking a breather. It's a successful strategy applied by experienced outdoor guides. Moose do not have great eyesight. They are near-sighted

and have a glaring blind spot between their wide-apart eyes. Excellent hearing and acute olfactory glands compensate for visual deficiencies. That morning luck was on my side: a slight headwind carried my odor and sound behind the stern.

The 800-pound animals, unaware that I was within 20 feet, munched loudly on pondweed, swallowed, and then slipped beneath the surface like a pair of hippopotamuses. I watched them walk on the stream bottom, heads down, slowly picking leafy greens like leisurely diners at a salad bar. And then I erred by not considering the angle of the sun. Spooked by my canoe shadow, the moose surfaced in a mad thrash. Water poured

from four-foot-wide palmate antlers as they snorted and clambered up a bank and vanished in the tall marsh grass, leaving me exhilarated and a bit angry with myself for disrupting their breakfast.

Although I've seen hundreds of moose during my 40-year career, I'm still mesmerized by these ungainly yet charismatic icons of the Maine woods. With long spindly legs supporting an oversized torso that is connected to a horse-like head, the animals don't seem well suited for forests or water, yet they thrive in both environments. They can run 35 mph—a respectable speed for Kentucky Derby horses—and can swim 6 mph. My late friend Mark Libby, a Pemaquid

With spindly legs supporting an oversized torso and a horse-like head, the animals don't seem well suited for forests or water, yet they thrive in both environments.

Point fisherman and naturalist, told me that while ground fishing near Monhegan, he once watched a young bull moose swim past his boat. The island is 12 miles from Port Clyde, and roughly six miles from Allen Island, where it might have stopped and rested, Mark

speculated, during its marathon swim.

"The last I saw of the moose," he said, "it looked like he was headed to Europe." Young moose, especially bulls, are often stricken with wanderlust. Like recent college graduates, moose often travel great distances from their birthplace. Independence is a tough love lesson learned at an early age. Yearling calves are rejected by pregnant mothers just prior to birthing in late May. On several occasions I've watched pregnant cows chase yearlings—a threat to newborn calves—across forest openings and into bogs.

The word moose originates from the Algonquin word "moosie," which means bark stripper. In Maine, striped maple

Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Wyoming Wildlife - Taking the High Road



Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Silver Oklahoma Today - Whatever Happened to the Horny Toad?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE HORNY TOAD?

BY CHAD LOVE

WALK OUTSIDE AND find some open space, maybe an undeveloped commercial lot or the still semi-wild periphery of the neighborhood. What's there? Bugs, weeds, various and sundry creepy crawlies—the usual scrum of little-noticed life scratching out an existence on the very margins of human activity. But one thing even the most astute observer may not see is a small, slow, curious-looking creature resembling something out of another epoch.

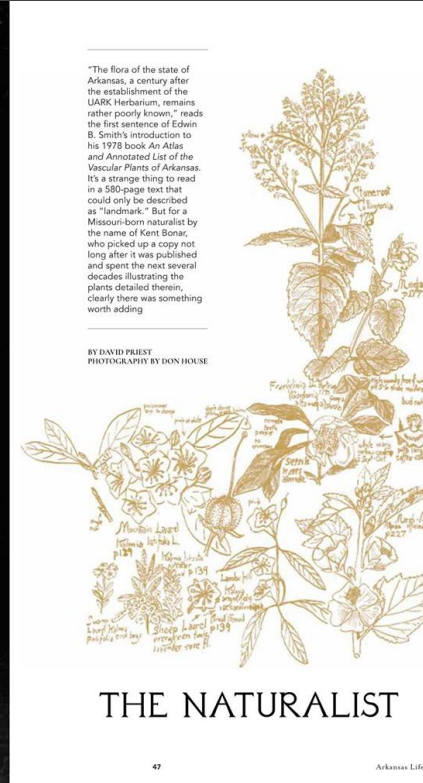
It's been called a lizard, a frog, or a toad. Horned, horn, or horny. But by any name, the Texas horned lizard—better known around these parts as the horny toad—is the stuff of folk tales, regional pride, school mascots, and the memorable menagerie of countless Okie childhoods. And it is slowly disappearing from both the historic range it once occupied and the environmental conscience of a culture.

Whatever happened to the horny toad? It's a question Oklahomans have been asking as they look around and notice they seem to see less and less of the state's popular little dinosaur.



Nature & Environment 35,000 or Less - Gold

Arkansas Life - The Naturalist



Nature & Environment
35,000 or More

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Merit

Adirondack Life - Up in the Air



UP
IN THE
AIR

DRONE PHOTOGRAPHY CAN CAPTURE
UNPARALLELED VIEWS OF THE ADIRONDACKS
BUT AS DRONES' POPULARITY GROWS, HOW WILL THEY
AFFECT PRIVACY RIGHTS, THE ENVIRONMENT AND THE
WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE? BY LUKE CYPHERS

Recent issue
near the cover of
Long Lake.
Photo credit by
Nic Phelps, Blogger
and Photographer

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Bronze

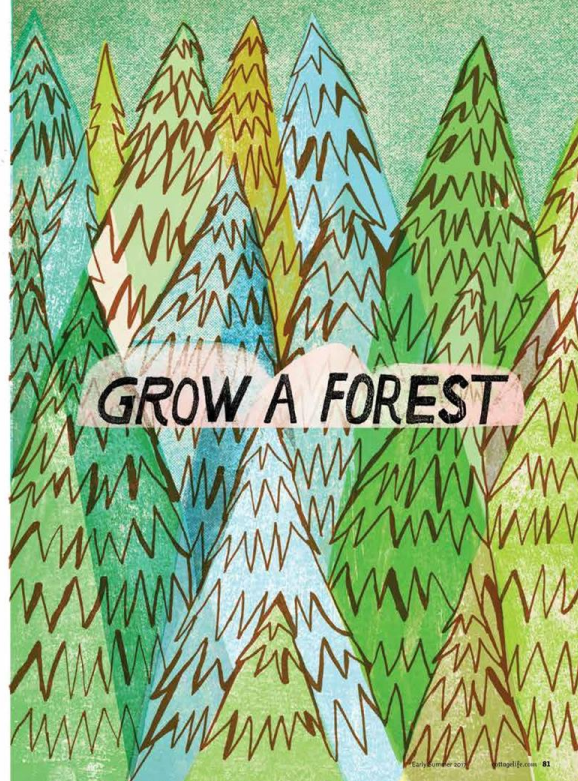
Cottage Life - Plant A Tree, Grow A Forest

Get your shovel ready!
We challenge every
cottager in Canada to plant
a native tree to celebrate
our country's birthday.
It's one small action that
will last for generations

PLANT A TREE



Illustration Crady McFerrin



GROW A FOREST

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Valley of Life

BY WILL GRANT PHOTOS BY CLAIRE ANTOSZEWSKI

Valley of Life

At the top of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, the high meadows and dark timber of Valle Vidal store a lot of lore and keep a lot of secrets.

JESSE MARTINEZ RIDES a good horse. One that holds steady when he flushes a stampede of elk from an aspen grove. One that can pick its way through dark timber or over a scree field without stumbling into injury or exhaustion. Like anyone using horses in high country, he needs one that's got enough mountain savvy to get him home at the end of every day. And the rugged country of Valle Vidal, Jesse's summertime post, is plenty to try a horse.

Valle Vidal is a roughly 102,000-acre parcel of high meadows and mixed forest at the crest of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, just south of the Colorado line. On the west side of the Valle, Comanche and Costilla creeks drain the broad, treeless valleys, running cool and clear and full of trout in their meandering descent. The east side of the Valle, as it breaks from the rocky highlands, spreads in a wide apron of park-like ponderosa stands ringing the meadows. Although walking the land is as easy as navigating with a map and compass, there aren't many hiking trails in the Valle, and only a single dirt road bisects the area, which is under Forest Service management.

Other than a few times each year, the Valle sees little traffic. Which gives Jesse plenty of time to look over the country from the back of a horse. The one he's riding this morning, Maverick, looks a bit like the dun horse from the 1982 film *The Man from Snowy River*—wiry, tough, and workmanlike in his movements. "He's mostly mustang," Jesse says as we light out from camp with the morning sun low and the pine groves still cool. Jesse has spent a lot of time in the area and now works as host of the McCrystal Campground, on the east side of the Valle. He wants to show me a grave, he says, and that's where we're headed now, making good time in that direction.

We cross the dirt road and head south at a high trot over the grassy meadows, turned amber with the coming autumn. Grasshoppers scatter

before the horses. An Abert's squirrel darts for cover at the edge of the pines.

"It'll be a cold winter, I think," Jesse says over his shoulder. He's a man of few words, and when he talks it's almost in a whisper, as though to avoid being heard by anyone or any animal within earshot. As we move through the forest, his head constantly swivels in observation, from the forest floor to the crowns of the pines to the elk trails we're paralleling. "Chipmunks, squirrels, everybody busy with preparations. Could be a tough winter up here this year."

We skirt an arroyo beneath a timber-clad ridge for a mile or so before Jesse pulls up his horse in the shade, gets off, and says, "We're here. Tie your horse over there."

I'd put a hundred-dollar bill on Jesse knowing this country as well as anyone alive. Like his father, who took his last breaths in the Valle, and his grandfather, who also died up here, Jesse has covered a lot of the area while cowboying for various ranchers and landowners who have had stakes—and cattle—in the area. Fifteen years ago, he was riding through this same forest when his horse snagged its foot on an old, rusty strand of barbed wire. The horse stepped out of the wire uninjured, and Jesse began to look around, curious as to why a wire fence would be out here in the middle of nothing he could see.

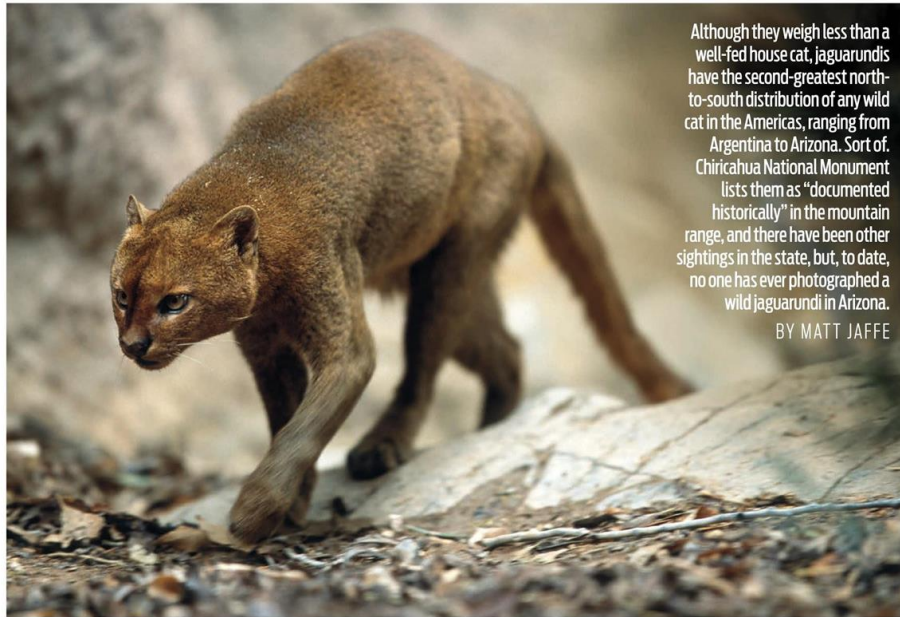
Kicking aside the underbrush, he uncovered a shallow mound about six feet long, cobbled with pieces of



Jesse Martínez, a five-generation Valle Vidal stalwart, points out landmarks to the south.

Nature & Environment 35,000 or More - Gold Arizona Highways - A Little Cat Goes A Long Way

A LITTLE CAT GOES A LONG WAY



Although they weigh less than a well-fed house cat, jaguarundis have the second-greatest north-to-south distribution of any wild cat in the Americas, ranging from Argentina to Arizona. Sort of. Chiricahua National Monument lists them as “documented historically” in the mountain range, and there have been other sightings in the state, but, to date, no one has ever photographed a wild jaguarundi in Arizona.

BY MATT JAFFE

THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF CATS in Arizona — from coddled condo kitties and feral Tucson toms to bobcats and cougars, the big cats of the Santa Catalina Mountains. The ringtail, sometimes called a ring-tailed cat, is actually not a cat, but jaguars and ocelots, baroque patterned migrants from the south, wander up from Mexico into the mountain ranges of the Arizona borderlands.

Another neotropical cat ranges from Mexico to South America. It also sometimes ventures into Arizona. Which is to say, rarely. Or, possibly, never.

This would be the jaguarundi.

Like most residents of the U.S., I’ve never seen a jaguarundi in the wild. I hadn’t even heard of jaguarundis until sometime in the 1990s, when I noticed them listed on a directory of animals at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Based on the name, I anticipated seeing a smaller jaguar-like animal — powerfully built, with a richly spotted yellow coat. But there it was, in the enclosure: a rather odd, slinky creature, its fur a solid color, with none of the jaguar’s telltale rosettes. This animal didn’t look at all like a jaguar, and among the roughly three dozen different species of felines, the jaguarundi is truly a different breed of cat.

Conservation biologist Anthony Giordano, founder and executive director of the Society for the Preservation of Endangered Carnivores and their International Ecological Study (SPECIES), has observed jaguarundis while working in South America’s Gran Chaco region. He’s also analyzed data from visitor observations of jaguarundis at Big Bend National Park in Texas and prepared a peer-reviewed paper synthesizing existing knowledge of the animal’s ecology.

“The jaguarundi, for me, represents a big mystery,” says Giordano. “In the Western Hemisphere, it’s one of the cats we know the least about and one of the cats where there are the most misconceptions. In some areas, they’re more like ghosts.”

Giordano says few scientists have focused on jaguarundis. Basic information, such as where jaguarundis live, is incomplete. There was a tendency, he says, to assume that the animals were common and widespread in certain areas but

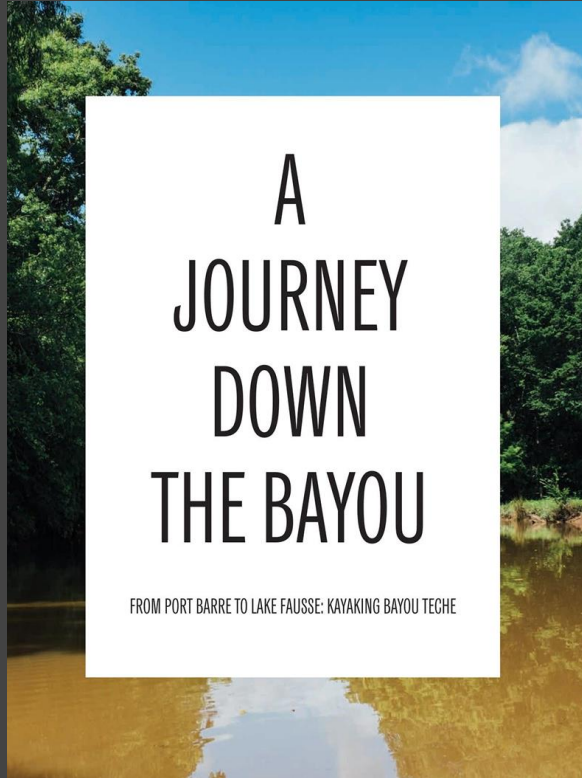
For decades, jaguarundis have been rumored to venture into Arizona, but so far, no one has been confirmed to have seen a wild jaguarundi in the state.

BLECKWINKEL/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

Travel Feature

Travel Feature - Merit

Acadiana Profile - A Journey Down the Bayou



the water at the Port Barre boat launch and set our course for Arnaudville, where we would spend our first night in a newly restored and updated 1890s Cajun/Creole cottage on the banks of the Teche. Beyond living in a piece of floating plastic in the middle of the bayou for days at a time, we weren't exactly roughing it. We ate steak, drank good whiskey, found an unexpected boiled seafood joint, devoured the best fried catfish in Breaux Bridge, and never had to sleep outdoors. Every night we were able to find suitable accommodations to rest our weary bodies.

The wildlife, ever-changing landscape, and views that can only be experienced from the bayou made the five-to-10-hour days of paddling visually engaging (and helped take my mind off the need to be constantly paddling to make our daily destination before nightfall). As my skin browned in the mid-day sun, I could feel my arms, chest and shoulders strengthen from the rhythmic strokes that pulled my kayak forward in the still waters of the bayou. At times it felt as if we were in the middle of the Amazon jungle while

at other stretches of our journey beautiful homes and backyard pig farms graced the horizon. The few people we did see along the river were happy to see the Teche being utilized and gave a friendly wave as we glided by. Countless pairs of cardinals (they mate for life) crossed our path, along with snakes, muskrat rats, great blue herons, egrets and an alligator or two. We were even treated to a display of aquatic acrobatics by a group of guys with a fast boat and wakeboard.

The final day of the trip and possibly the most rewarding, partially because it was the end and partially because of the magical giant cypress trees we paddled between on the edge of Lake Fausse Pointe, wasn't part of our original plans. We left the Bayou Teche on a whim at Charenton to travel north into the Atchafalaya Basin Spillways, past Grand Anoville Cove and across the lake into Lake Fausse Pointe State Park. Right at the end, we caught a perfectly-timed spring shower to cool us after a full day of exploration. Thanks to those five days on the bayou I have a much greater appreciation for what the waterways of Acadiana have to offer. As you get out and explore this summer, hopefully you'll find me in the shade of the cypress forest floating in my favorite piece of plastic.

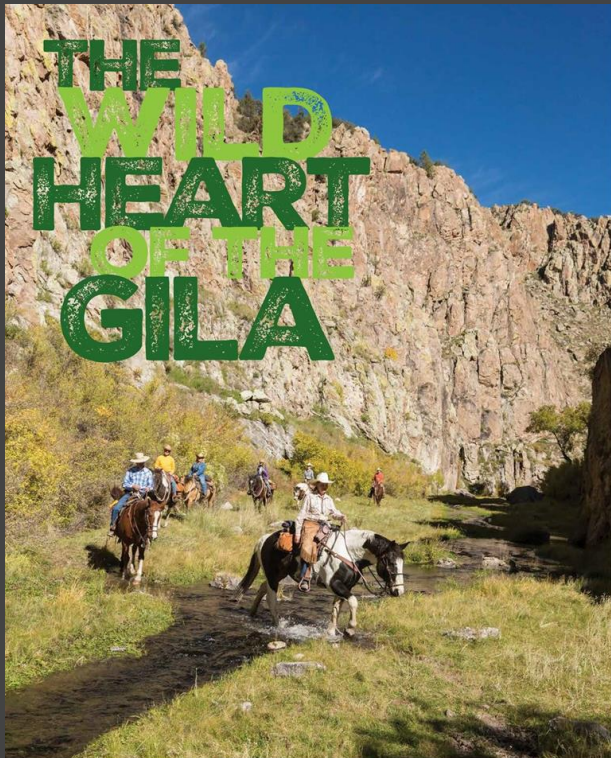
WRITTEN & PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNY CULBERT

Five days of constant paddling in the Louisiana sun can be rewarding, full of surprises, and at moments a little maddening — especially for a first-time long-distance kayaker. That was me. In May of 2016, I embarked on a journey down the Bayou Teche with my friend Jesse Guidry for part birthday celebration and part documentation of the waterway. Jesse, the birthday boy, is an avid paddler and has more than a few bucket list trips on his list, so I was happy to help him cross off this Bayou Teche journey. I, on the other hand, was limited to just a few floats looking for alligators in Lake Martin in my paddling history. Paddling the waterways of southwest Louisiana became my favorite hobby after this trip and inspired me to buy my first kayak.

On a beautiful blue-skied morning, we loaded our crafts (heavy with supplies for any situation plus my camera gear) into

Travel Feature - Merit

New Mexico Magazine - The Wild Heart of the Gila



Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch gives dudes (and dudettes!) a way into the history of the very Old West.

BY WILL GRANT PHOTOS BY GABRIELLA MARKS

THIRTEEN MILES NORTH of Truth or Consequences, exit 89 on Interstate 25 is a lonely, windy place. The landscape is devoid of trees. Elephant Butte Reservoir, the largest in the state at 40 miles long, sits to the east, so dwarfed by the knobby Fra Cristóbal Range that it looks like a puddle in a sandbox. To the west, the faint blue profile of the Gila country sits low to the horizon, barely a suggestion of its three million acres of wilderness. And that's where I'm headed—the largest patch of wildland in the lower 48.

Call us when you leave the interstate so we know when to expect you, wrote my hosts, Seth and Merit Staat, owners of the Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch, in an email the previous week. The message was laden with cautionary advice—a dearth of GPS or cellular service, the dangers of washboard dirt roads, open range for cattle grazing, wildlife everywhere. They advised against making the two-hour drive from the interstate at night and, in a bold font, said to bring along a printed copy of the directions.

Parked at exit 89, I feel a little like I'm calling my parents. But the call is brief and painless. I hang up with Merit and start west toward a serrated ridgeline in the far distance. The road shoots straight across sparse desert for 30 miles before breaking through low foothills into the one-store town of Winston (pop. 61). From there, the density of human settlement further diminishes.

Another 30 miles on NM 59 takes me up through rolling grasslands that give way to ponderosa pine forest. The road hooks and climbs through the dark woods, passing only the barest traces of civilization. The blacktop ends eight miles shy of the destination, and when the road finally hits Wall Lake, less than a mile from the ranch, I feel like I've entered an oasis in the wild heart of the Gila.

Geronimo Trail Ranch sits in the shade above the lake, a five-acre impoundment dating to the 1940s that hosts ducks, geese, herons, bald eagles, and a rotating cast of other migrants. As in a lot of places in New Mexico, water can be scarce in the Gila. But not at the confluence of Taylor and Hoyt creeks, which flow all year and run together near here.

When you arrive at the ranch, the first order of business is a tour. But before that, a cold beer. Guests stay in comfortable, ranch-house-esque duplex cabins, and Merit enters mine to find me standing over a ripped-open 12-pack of Modelo Especial. She smiles, and I tell her that everything looks perfect. She shows me how to work the coffeemaker and adjust the thermostat on the gas fireplace.

"Seth will give everybody the tour at six," she says, "and dinner will be at seven."

I've spent a lot of time on ranches, and every time I visit a guest ranch I'm impressed with how friendly everyone is. Not that most ranches aren't welcoming to visitors, but most aren't in the hospitality business.

Seth and Merit seem as tranquil as the horses eating their hay. Seth is a fairly young man, in his early forties, and he walks with an easy, swinging gait as he tours us through the buildings and corrals. With his straw hat tipped back on his head, he speaks with a deliberate, quiet cadence that probably helps keep the horses calm.

The ranch is off the grid, he tells us—there's no grid in the Gila to be part of. An array of solar panels generates electricity, and the diesel generator, named Gertrude, runs from 8 to 10 in the morning and 8 to 10 at night. Two pumps supply water for the humans, horses, and barn cats and the potted plants around the cabins. Seth and Merit keep 23 horses that each need between five and ten gallons of water per day. All the horses wear shoes, and about half, Seth says, are on special diets.

"Does that mean they're spoiled?" asks Kevin, a realtor from Arizona. Kevin seems like a laid-back, no-drama guy. He's wearing a sweatshirt with a mule deer on it and has the gentle, quiet vibe of someone who gets along with animals. ☞

Travel Feature - Bronze

Arizona Highways - Fringe Benefits



Travel Feature - Silver

British Columbia Magazine - The Bugaboo Spire



The Bugaboo Spire

HONOURING THE SPIRIT OF CONRAD
KAIN BY CLIMBING ONE OF NORTH AMERICA'S
CLASSIC ALPINE ROUTES IN THE HEART OF
THE PURCELL MOUNTAINS

BY ANDREW FINDLAY
PHOTOS BY STEVE OGLE

Sun pokes through clouds for the first time in three days, drying soggy gear laid on granite slabs or fluttering like flags on tent guy-lines at the Applebee Dome campsite. Climbers, some looking haggard from long days on granite walls and others fresh and anticipating adventures to come, cluster in small groups to talk weather and climbing routes. Among the Anglophone majority, I detect a United Nations of other languages—French, Spanish and German, plus some others I can't identify. Such is the international appeal of the Bugaboos. Last night we shuffled into the Conrad Kain Hut under darkness, then brewed up dinner to the sound of rain pattering on a metal roof. Above the well-scaffolded wooden dining table is a simple tribute to Conrad Kain on a plaque that reads "Guide—Philosopher—Friend".

THE YEAR 2016 was an important one for Bugaboo Provincial Park. This stunning cathedral of granite spires and tumbling glaciers in the Purcell Mountains was first set aside in 1969 as Bugaboo Glacier Provincial Park and Bugaboo Alpine Recreation Area, then combined in 1995 to form the 13,646-hectare park we know today. However, long before the creation of a park, the region had garnered the attention of climbers from around the world drawn by exquisite cracks and fissures that seem to soar into the clouds.

The story of climbing in the Bugaboos began more than a century ago on August 29, 1916, when Conrad Kain, that understated yet visionary Austrian immigrant mountain guide, made the first ascent of Bugaboo Spire up the mountain's long aesthetic south ridge. The route's legendary "gendarme" crux pitch still challenges and stumps climbers today. Like many students of Canadian alpine history, I felt the pull of the Bugaboos on this auspicious centenary. I booked off a tight three-day window to climb Bugaboo Spire by the mountain's more challenging northeast ridge, with photographer Steve Ogle and his fellow Nelsonites Troy Swanson and Graeme Marshall, a high school teacher who founded the ATLAS program (Adventure, Tourism, Leadership and Safety) a decade ago at Nelson's LV Rogers >

Travel Feature - Gold

Texas Highways - The Big Empty



Art and Culture Feature

Art and Culture Feature - Merit

Louisiana Life - Culinary Heritage

CULINARY HERITAGE

By Jyl Benson &
Photographs by
Denny Culbert

WELCOME TO LOUISIANA LIFE'S CELEBRATION

of the culinarians who are making a mark on our unique state. The beauty of our culinary heritage and the people who are moving it forward while preserving and revealing the treasures of our past are well worth exploring. We asked each of them to share a recipe they feel best reflects their efforts. ¶ Tell me what you eat (and cook) and I will tell you who you are. This I believe, nor more than ever since I have come to know each of these gifted people who employ those gifts to utilize Louisiana's bountiful agricultural harvest to sustain, enlighten, educate and dazzle us.



Art and Culture Feature - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine - The Ride Stuff

Art NM / COWBOY CRAFT



The Ride Stuff

Saddle making is a family affair for Will Baughman, her grandmother, Rosemary Wible, and her sons, Patton and Jefferson.

A national arts program propels a Carlsbad woman into becoming a master saddle maker. The future of her craft? It's all in the family.

BY KATE NELSON PHOTOS BY KATE RUSSELL

nmmagazine.com / FEBRUARY 2017 17

Art and Culture Feature - Silver

Texas Highways - Take 2



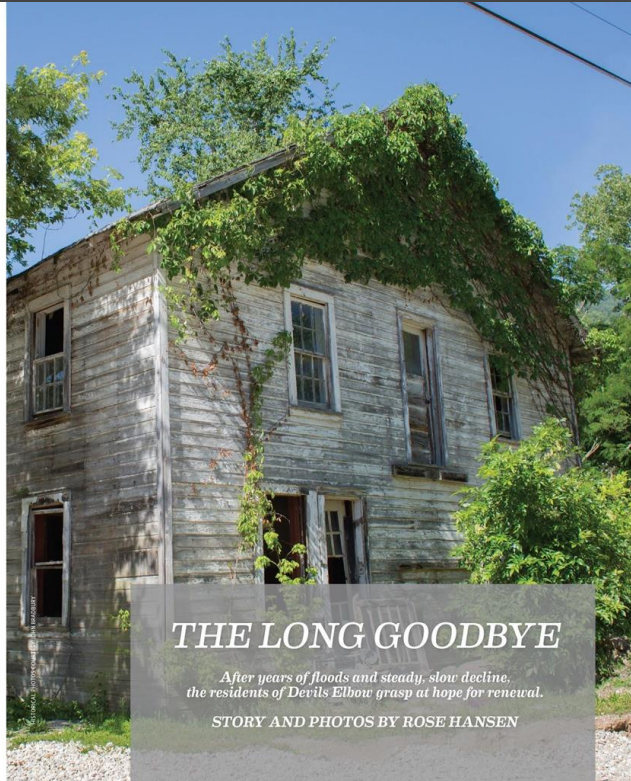
Art and Culture Feature - Gold

Missouri Life - The Long Goodbye

Right: Once, the small town of Devils Elbow was bustling with residents, tourists from Old Route 66, and families from Fort Leonard Wood. They might have stopped for barbecue at Munge-Moss or danced at McCoy's Market. Below: A bar called the Elbow Inn now occupies the Munge-Moss building. It's one of two businesses that are open year-round—the other is the town's post office. After the devastating April 2017 flood, the Elbow Inn required \$50,000 worth of repairs. With some creative fundraising, the outdoor patio re-opened Memorial Day weekend.



Right: The Devils Elbow Cafe, one of the staples from the town's better times, once served liquor for eleven months starting in 1945. The owner stopped, though, after too many fights broke out. Far right: A series of events that started with the rerouting of Route 66 away from Devils Elbow in 1943 has caused the town to dwindle, leaving abandoned buildings such as the one pictured vulnerable to floods and decay.



THE LONG GOODBYE

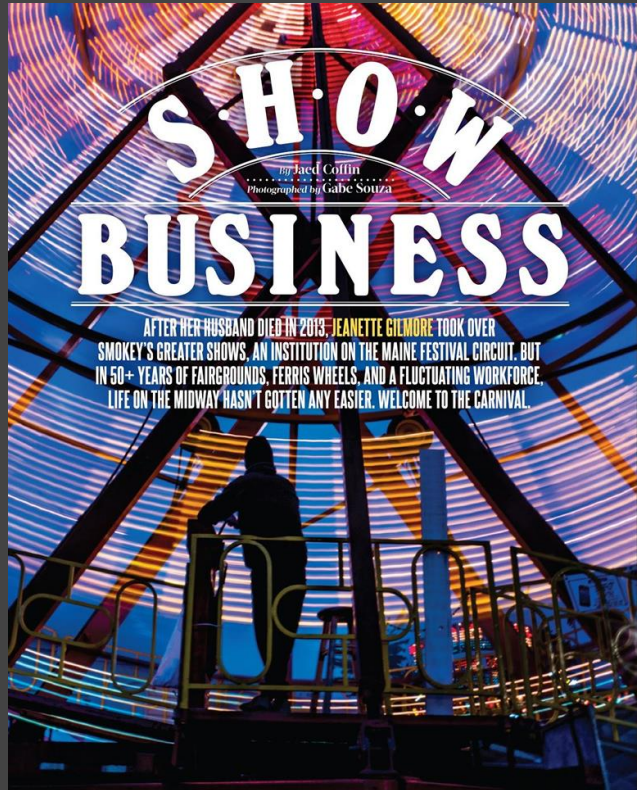
After years of floods and steady, slow decline, the residents of Devils Elbow grasp at hope for renewal.

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ROSE HANSEN

General Feature

General Feature - Merit

Down East - Show Business



General Feature - Bronze

Arizona Highways - Identifying Flying Objects



General Feature - Silver

Adirondack Life - Pickup Sticks



PICKUP STICKS

NO PADS, NO HELMETS, NO SCOREBOARDS—
HIGH-COUNTRY POND HOCKEY WITH
LOCAL PUCKSTERS AND AN NHL STAR
BY LUKE CYPHERS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIKA BAILEY

THE SWIRL OF ACTIVITY ON CHAPEL POND IS often you break it down, just a bunch of meat heads going at each other in a pickup hockey game. But the scene belongs in a coffee table book. Ice falls cling to the massive granite slab a few dozen yards from the frozen pond's edge, and red-clad climbers in suits cling to the ice—their meticulous movements up the wall a periodic distraction from the perpetual hockey motion below. The smallish body of water is idyllic, too, covered in four inches of fresh powder, save for the neatly shoveled 50-yard square that serves as the rink. Most striking, though, is the sound: the rumbling smoothies and delicate swishes of two dozen skate blades meeting lake ice, an ensemble of random noise that over time starts to sort itself into rough-hewn music, as the athletes glide, turn, brake, and rapidly accelerate—some forward, some backward—all in pursuit of a black rubber biscuit.

Hockey is a game, a distraction, an expensive human artifice that these days requires precision-engineered equipment and sophisticated, energy-guzzling machinery to create and maintain a playing surface. But here, in the Adirondack High Peaks, just two days shy of Christmas, it feels as if Mother Nature herself has shoed these overgrown kids outside to play. With no pads or helmets on the players, no boards on the ice, no scoreboard save the frequently disputed one in people's heads, and goal mouths marked by discarded winter boots, this is as pure and natural as hockey gets. Best of all, at a time when climate change threatens outdoor winter sports, these games produce no carbon emissions other than the drive to the pond, the exercise-induced respiration, and the frequent belly laughs. Every winter, a gathering of older men and their progeny, and their progeny's friends, and whoever else is invited, seizes the rare days when it's cold enough for Adirondack waters to freeze but dry enough to access the ice. Over breaks, especially around Christmas, they play pond hockey every chance they get, any place they can.

General Feature - Gold

Cottage Life - 5 Things



photo by
**DANIEL
EHRENWORTH**

This photo (of my cousin James, on Duncan Island, Ont.) encompasses the entire Canadian cottage experience. One of the best parts of the cottage is waking up at the cottage. It's a different kind of waking up.

ON THE PLEASURES OF NOT CHANGING A THING

by J. B. MacKinnon



Where
drinking
coffee
outside in
your robe
is perfectly
acceptable

The first idea we gave up on was painting. After buying our cabin in northern B.C. (a shack, really, valued at zero dollars by tax assessors and more rustic than your average ice-fishing hut), my partner, Alisa, and I had gotten all peppy about painting it yellow. Oh, butter yellow would be lovely. With sage-green trim. Then we thought, Why bother? Everyone agreed the thing was a teardown, if it didn't fall down first. I'm not exaggerating here. Whenever we went to the cabin, we brought a tent in case we found it lying on the ground. It was not so much a cottage as a giant game of Jenga.

We turned our attention to what I grandly called "the grounds." The shack sat at the edge of a clearing, which had evolved into an enormous woven mat of tall grass and thorns and prehistoric-looking cow parings that filled the air with a scent like medicated foot powder. A team of us waded in with scythes, machetes, and axes. We had hardly liberated the cabin from its straightjacket of green when an angry bird rose up to let us know that we were about to destroy her hidden nest. But of course—the briar patch that threatened our home was itself a home to many a critter. The bird was serving notice that she had prior rights. We chose not to dispute her claim. And so it has gone, all through the years. We have not, as planned and planned again, repaired the roof. Careful sketches exist of our new foundation, but the new foundation does not exist. We did not put in a well or make improvements to the perilous outhouse. We have not installed a charming gazebo or a deck or solar panels or a sauna or a smoker or a firepit or one of those great outdoor showers that I really love when I use them at other people's places. Even at the height of the perigo craze, we did not build a pergola. The inside of the cabin, meanwhile, looks as much like a rural crime scene as it did on the day that we bought it.

Over time, as with all things that are done year after year at a cabin, our inertia became a tradition. We are proud of the changelessness of the place—so much so that we feel competitive with other dormant cottage-keepers. Don't mistake what I'm describing for laziness. The result of our inaction is not some hillbilly life of barefooted ease, but the hard work of living in the rough. Sometimes, back home in the city, we talk about the kind of dream chalets you see in the pages of magazines like this one. Then we go back to our shack in the woods, and it whispers. Not here. Change, we have realized, is high on the list of things we are trying to escape when we go to the cabin. The grind of so-called progress. The latest iPhone. The mania for constant renovation of our homes, our physiques, our personalities. Change has become a modern pollutant, like pulled pork, like emojis—change can be good, it can be useful, but as often as not it appears where it is not needed. Even the dammed climate won't stop changing.

Every year now, we walk down the trail, chop a path to our cabin door through the season's growth of jungle, and go about doing what we always do: sinking down into the belly of timelessness. One day, we know, the shack will fall down. Maybe then we'll build something new. Or maybe we'll put up the tent.

J.B. MacKinnon is an award-winning journalist and author living in Vancouver. His latest book is *The Once and Future World: Nature As It Was, As It Is, As It Could Be*.

Profiles 35,000 or Less

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Bronze

Mountain Home - Rodan the Weatherman



Rodan The Weatherman

WETM Forecaster Chip Maxham Overcame a Stutter to Become a Star, with a Little Help From a Godzilla Character

By Brendan O'Meara

When talking to people about Chip Maxham, forty-one years old, the chief meteorologist for WETM-TV in Elmira, there are words like "cool," "family guy," "community-minded," "awesome," "honest," "guts," and, maybe even a little bit "shy."

That latter description may come as a bit of a surprise to those who presuppose that television personalities are, in many if not all ways, extroverted. This may be the case with some, and even speaking with Maxham you get the idea that being shy and introverted is the default, out-of-the-box software running his computer. The words are all upright, lowercase, demonstrative, clear, but not...inflated.

But then there's a little switch, call it a red light, the producer's fingers Three...Two...One...Point, and something changes. Suddenly the voice doesn't feel as slow-traffic-right-lane-only, it zips into the far left lane and sounds commanding, damn near regal. "Hey, it looks like this storm is going to get here on Thursday morning, and it's going to have some rain, but it's going to be to our south. And by Friday as it gets colder there could be some snow."

Which feels like it comes out of nowhere, but you feel like a Hall of Fame pitcher just used his fastball on you and you watched it whiz by you, hit the mitt, and all you can do is stare in awe of what you just saw, this alchemical transformation before your very eyes.

A longtime friend of Maxham, Jason Law, who started out in the business with Maxham in Greenville, Mississippi, and now works for a station in Boston, Massachusetts, says, "They think that everybody on television has to be an extrovert, they have to be comfortable with it. Talking in front of people is hard to do. Just because he's on camera doesn't mean you don't get nerves. He had to overcome that. I always remember that about him, thought that was really cool."

And it wasn't overcoming shyness, per se, that Maxham endured on his long frequent-flyer-laden journey from Virginia (home), to Georgia (undergrad), to Florida (graduate school), to Mississippi (work), to South Carolina (work), to Texas (Wichita Falls, work, met future wife), back to Virginia (work), then back

to Texas (El Paso, oldest daughter born, also work) until he settled into the Twin Tiers region (where his second daughter was born, and...works) in 2012.

It was something far more taxing and far more brave when you consider how far he's come after knowing where he began. And we're not talking miles.

You soon find when talking to people who choose weather as a vocation that they were nearly genetically predisposed to the trade. As a kid, Maxham loved watching storms, and if he knew it was going to snow, he'd run outside every fifteen minutes to check for snowflakes falling from the sky.

He also remembers watching the local news during winters with his family in Lynchburg, Virginia, and watching Charles Middleton deliver that evening's weather forecast.

"I would pay attention to what he had to say," Maxham says. "I guess I idolized him. I thought that was such a cool thing to do."

So when Middleton visited Maxham's elementary school, naturally Maxham was on the edge of his seat in the school cafeteria listening to Middleton tell them about how he measures atmospheric temperatures and how he, along with his team, forecast the weather.

Suddenly the key to the sky was put before him. Up there in swirls of clouds, down in the crashing waves, tornadoes funneling, and hurricanes making landfall, was something measurable, something elemental, and, with enough skill, knowledge, and experience, something predictable.

"I really was interested in why we had snow or why we would have a thunderstorm," Maxham says.

Maxham would play with his sister and he took his Rodan toy—a pterodactyl in the Godzilla franchise symbolizing the Soviet nuclear threat—acquiring this little figurine around the sky: Rodan the Local Weatherman.

In order to fully embrace a possible career as an on-air weatherman, Maxham had to deal with a speech impediment that would be patently unacceptable as the face of a television station's forecast.

"I grew up with the worst stutter," Maxham says. "It made me

See [Weather](#) on page 8

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Silver

Arkansas Life - Maiden Voyage

Maiden Voyage

By Jordan P. Hickey | Portrait by John David Pittman

On the night of July 22, 1958, a 16-year-old girl and her father left the port of San Francisco on a freighter destined for Japan. Among their personal effects were the normal trappings of travelers and tourists—enough clothes and so forth to get them through a two-month journey. Also in tow? Twenty heifers they'd collected across the Pacific Northwest for the organization that would eventually become Heifer International. To hear the story told nearly 60 years after the fact, you understand why it resonates—but it doesn't take long to realize it's not the entire story



Profiles 35,000 or Less - Silver

Delaware Beach Life - Surfing for Life

Surfing for Life

BY LYNN R. PARKS | PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK GRUBER

From his teenage years on, catching a wave was more than just a thrill for Gary Revel. When a heart attack brought that to a halt, he had to heal to surf again. But in healing, he had to share his story about being beckoned by death.

Gary Revel, who started surfing at age 9 and became one of the best surfers in the area, was driven off the waves by a near-death experience and subsequent health issues. He is now back in the water, here at the Indian River Inlet, where he first rode a surfboard more than 50 years ago.

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Silver

Oklahoma Today - Home Team

HOME TEAM

A LOT HAS CHANGED FOR THE OKLAHOMA CITY THUNDER IN THE PAST YEAR, BUT THE ABIDING LOVE BETWEEN TEAM AND STATE HASN'T GONE ANYWHERE.

BY **NATHAN GUNTER**



THUNDER DOME

When the Thunder hits the floor, the house is packed and always loud at the Chesapeake Energy Arena in Oklahoma City. Here, the team takes on the Phoenix Suns on October 28, 2016.

IT'S FOGGY AND cool in Tulsa—one of the year's first truly autumnal nights. A halo of blue and green light shines from the top of the First Place Tower against the orange, urban glow of a busy downtown. Traffic cops are helping with crowd control, and music blasts from a speaker stack. A school bus from Battiest—an unincorporated community in the mountainous reaches of McCurtain County—is parked on Third Street south of the BOK Center, where thousands of fans dressed in blue are filing in to watch the Oklahoma City Thunder take on the Memphis Grizzlies in a preseason matchup.

Profiles 35,000 or Less - Gold

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Northern Haute Couture



FORMER YUKONER

NORTHERN HAUTE COUTURE

**Designer Catherine Regehr
juxtaposes her Yukon roots
with high fashion**

Story by Tara McCarthy

Catherine Regehr's central desire is balance in her life. Thus she has an established equilibrium between the practicality of her northern roots and the drama and prestige of her career as a fashion designer.

"I'm basically hair in a ponytail, no makeup, in my rubber boots all summer long, out hiking," she says of seasons spent in the North. "Then when I'm in Paris, I'm not all dolled up because I'm not that kind of person. I think the North influences that—I just wear black pants, a black turtleneck, and black, men's loafers. That's it."

Initially, the great outdoors seems to starkly contrast the Vancouver-based designer's haute couture collections that feature rich, luxurious fabrics with elegant structure. Celebrities like Kim Basinger, Sarah McLachlan, Angelica Huston, and Bianca Jagger have worn her gowns. And earlier this year, Regehr exhibited in both New York City and Paris.

Beyond all the glamour is that same girl who grew up in Whitehorse, at the top of Main Street, sliding down the clay cliffs on a large piece of plywood and spending weekends along the shoreline in Atlin, B.C. Regehr admits her childhood hardwired her to love the outdoors.

"My dad had mining interests, so he would take me in old jeeps up creeks with him," she

Designer Catherine Regehr hiking in Atlin, B.C.

68 FALL 2017 | YUKON North of Ordinary

YUKON North of Ordinary | FALL 2017 69

Profiles 35,000 or More

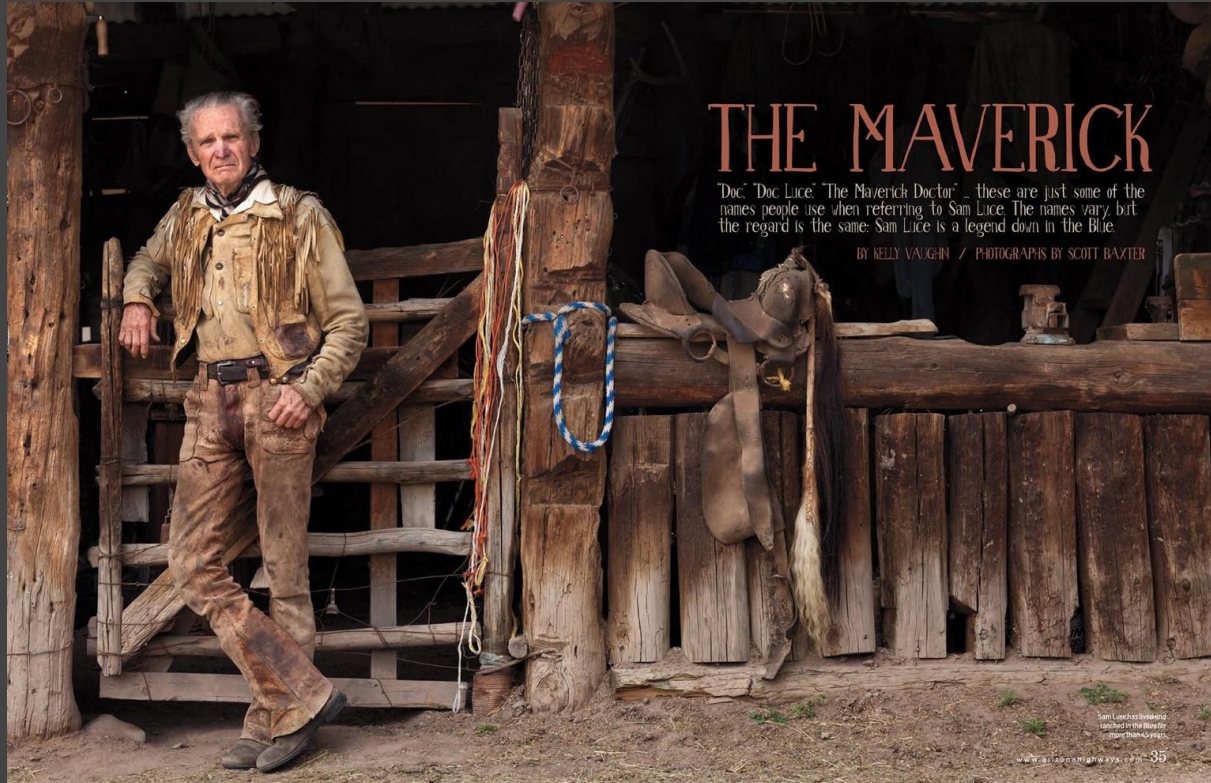
Profiles 35,000 or More - Bronze

Cottage Life - American Woman



Profiles 35,000 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - The Maverick



Profiles 35,000 or More - Silver New Mexico Magazine - The Godfather



As revered as a nature writer, Stephen Bodio is also a well-taught expert on the ancient sport of falconry. Here he handles a Harris hawk.

U THE GREAT UNKNOWN

Based in tiny Magdalena, the sportsman and naturalist Stephen Bodio might just be the finest writer New Mexico doesn't even know it's got.

BY JOHN MULLER PHOTOS BY STEFAN WACHS

"[The mountains] stand on the western horizon, above the peppered desert, ice-white and Pleistocene in the morning, a flat blue against the sky's dull red in the dusk. A high plateau lies at their base, hidden by foothills that mark the edge of the Rio's rift valley. I had a life up there on that plateau, twenty-six miles away, two thousand feet above, in another world. I could see the mountains there, too. We said that was why we stayed."

—Stephen Bodio, *Querencia*

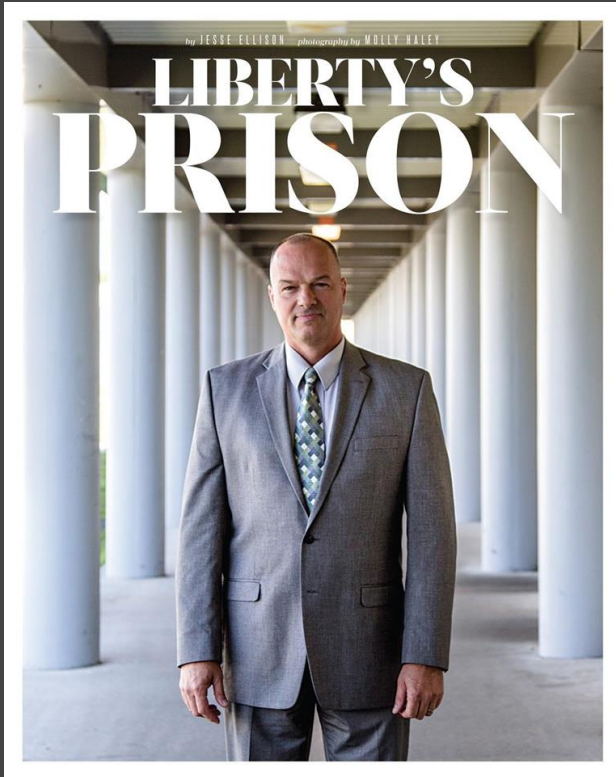
FOR SEVEN YEARS, the only way for the outside world to reach New Mexico's best-kept literary secret was to dial into the Golden Spur Saloon, the lone beer joint in Magdalena (pop. 526), and leave a message with Millie behind the bar. In the late afternoon, when the heat broke, Stephen Bodio would set aside his day's writing and wander down the street, and Millie would pour him a chilled vodka double and let him know whether his publisher had called that morning. He used to bring flowers to the saloon on Secretaries' Day.

There are a lot of reasons people might want to call Steve Bodio. For just about any question on the world's wild places, the living things you'll encounter there, and in particular how one might go about catching or eating them, he's as knowledgeable as they come. If a hawk's been snacking on your chickens and you need to find it a good home, his might be the only adobe in the state with a raptor roost in the dining room. If you're a gun gal, he'll talk your ear off about the craftsmanship of English antiques.

He's written volumes on pigeons and coursing dogs, both of which have a place in his rambling menagerie. More than anything, though, the man can talk about books.

Bodio is what can only be called a writer's writer. Callers to his far-flung office include a roster of authors that could rival any nature-writing prize committee's Rolodex. He and Annie Proulx go back to *Gray's Sporting Journal* in the seventies, where she made her name publishing short stories and he wrote a book review column that's still talked about in reverent tones among the cognoscenti. He keeps letters from people like Jim Harrison, who died last year, and Thomas McGuane, one of his heroes, who checks in occasionally from Montana. Helen Macdonald, the author of *H is for Hawk*, summed up her admiration in an introduction to one of his books: "You might have come across Bodio's elegant book reviews. ... You might have read *Querencia*, his great and moving meditation on love and loss and home. But if Bodio is new to you, then know that the book you are holding is by one of the great modern sportsman-naturalist-writers." »

Profiles 35,000 or More - Gold Down East - Liberty's Prison



Reader Service Article

Reader Service Article - Merit

Missouri Life - Far From the Madding Crowd

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

Escape the summer throngs when you dip your oars into these peaceful Ozark streams.

BY CAROLYN TOMLIN

THE DAY DAWNED MILD AND SUNNY on the Gasconade River in southwest Missouri. As veteran floaters of this waterway, we anticipated a quiet, peaceful trip. And that's just what we got. Using a large four-seater Osage canoe made in Lebanon, our group put in at Austin Ford on Wright County's Route E for this short trip, and took out at Buzzards Bluff. Handling our own transportation, we tied the canoe to the top of a farm truck. With two vehicles—one to leave at the pickup point and the other to transport the floaters and canoe—we set off for a day on the river.

Packing simple provisions of Spam, sultines, plastic bottles of frozen water, and a few other items, we feasted on a gravel bar with a repast that tasted more like a five-course luncheon than a meal from a can. The bottled water soon warmed—but it was still wet!

Life on the river carries its own unique lessons. Here, the senses are an overload in this peaceful environment. These were times when the only sound was of the paddles dipping and lifting in the current. Once, we froze in silence as an oter and her young cavorted among the tree roots on the nearby bank. Yet these playful little tips showed no fear of us. One of the wiser Missourians in our canoe surmised, "It was because nothing in the water had ever done them harm."

Fat cicadas drowned out our voices with their rhythmic siren song. Noisy crows called from tree to tree. An eagle circled overhead as if leading us to the next tributary. Along the banks, bubbling waterfalls poured from steep limestone bluffs. Maidenhair ferns flourished in moist crevices. Giant sycamores interlaced their branches joining opposite banks. All the while, sunlight danced on the blue water like beams from a hidden light.

A canoe float on a peaceful, uncrowded Missouri river holds its own delight. Especially if you've never done one before, add a canoe and float trip to your bucket list of things to do this summer. There are dozens of rivers in the Show-Me State where canoes are the accepted mode of travel. Here are five Ozark waterways that not only serve as rites of passage for any aspiring canoeist, but also promise a quiet respite from the weekday world of hurried humanity.



Beat the Crowds!
Plan your float trip for a weekday and avoid the weekend hordes.

Part of the Ozark National Scenic Riverways, the Current River is known as one of the best float streams in the Midwest. Numerous springs are nearby.

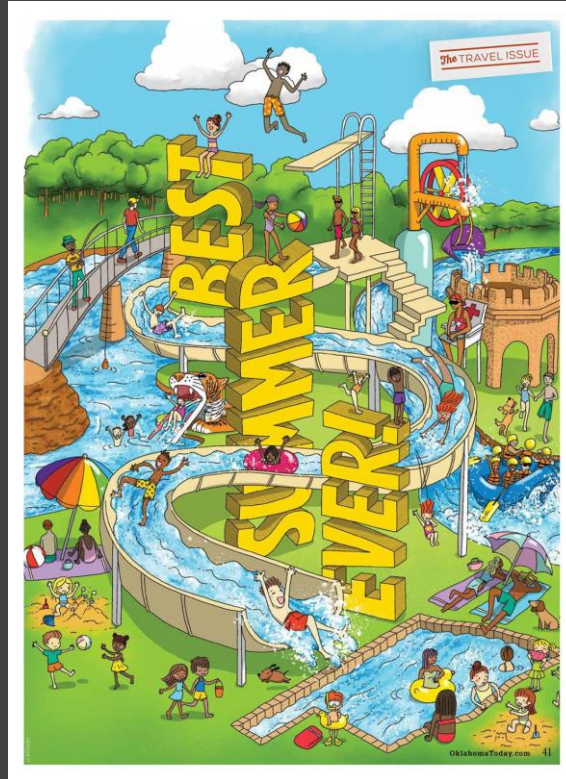
Current River

As part of the Ozark National Scenic Riverways, the Current River and its wild tributary, the Jacks Fork, have been protected by an act of Congress since 1964. The Current flows primarily through Shannon County, but extends into Carter, Dent, and Texas Counties as well; the nearest towns are Van Buren and Eminence. Promoted as one of the Midwest's "best boat streams," the Current River is supported by some of the nation's largest limestone springs.

Other than the clear water and spectacular landscape, the park includes many caves, including Round Spring Caverns, with a ranger-led tour. Don't overlook the nearby historic sites, including Alley Spring, Round Spring, and Big Spring. Many water enthusiasts consider the Current River as one of the best canoe trips in the area.

Reader Service Article - Merit

Oklahoma Today - Best Summer Ever!



Reader Service Article - Bronze

Acadiana Profile - Game On



Game On

Restaurants around Acadiana are serving up wild meat, fowl and gator, you just have to know where to go

Enjoying wild game dishes in Acadiana is as natural as — well, eating regular meat. Chicken and andouille gumbo is ubiquitous around the state, whereas in Cajun Country, duck and andouille is a more likely combination. In fact, in Acadiana dishes involving rabbit, boar and alligator are common menu items for the home cook.

But where does one find such delicacies — if you can call them that — in Acadiana restaurants? It's more complicated than say, locating the nearest burger joint, but it can be done.

"At home you can do whatever," said Chef Lyle Broussard of Jack Daniel's Bar & Grill at L'Auberge Casino Resort. "Growing up we were surrounded by this stuff."

Broussard loves to add wild game to his menu, and although South Louisiana offers endless opportunities to hunt wild game, to serve it in restaurants requires processing at a USDA-inspected and certified facility, Broussard explained.

Even restaurant customers who bring in wild game to be cooked must go through a process, including cleaning the animal themselves and signing release forms, said Chef Arthur Durham of La Truffe Sauvage. Only those who bring in the game may consume the dish.

"The only reason why you can't sell game to the public [in a restaurant] is it has to be processed," said Toby Rodriguez, who owns Acadian Superette in downtown Lafayette.

Don't despair, however. Even though it's an osymoron, there are now farms producing domestic wild game to be sold to restaurants, and many in Acadiana have these dishes on their menus.



by Cheri Coen
with accompanying
photographs
by Denny Culbert

Reader Service Article - Bronze

Arkansas Life - Off the Eaten Path



OFF THE EATEN PATH

It's not always so easy breaking from the well-trod foodie path. Habits are tough to break. Fast-food and interstate-butting chains, with their neon and promises of easy appetite fixes, are tough to pass by. But as anyone with a heart truly devoted to superlative eats can attest—especially those familiar with these five eateries—it's gonna be worth it. Every time.

By Seth Eli Barlow, Bonnie Bauman,
Jordan F. Hickey and Wyndham Wyeth

Photography by Arshia Khan

Reader Service Article - Bronze

Smoky Mountain Living - A Perfect Storm or the New Norm



A Perfect Storm or the New Norm

BY DON HENDERSHOT

Bobans Gary Kuffman looks over
the burned pine and surrounding the
Appalachian Trail gorge north from
Wayah State Park, West Virginia.

Reader Service Article - Silver

Cottage Life - Port Authority

Port

Your dock is where you park your boat, sip your coffee, and cannonball your heart out. How to choose the best type for your cottage.

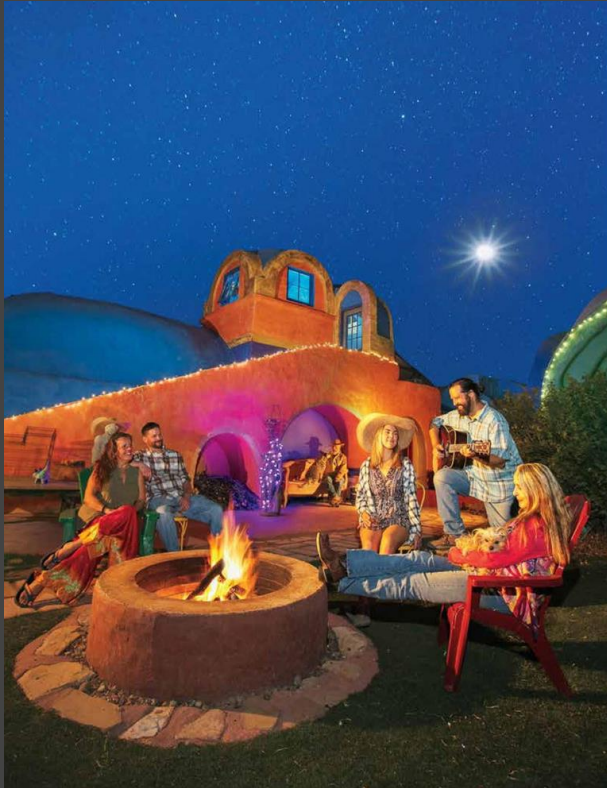
Authority

By Martin Zibauer Photography Liam Mogan



Reader Service Article - Gold

Texas Highways - Eight Great Quirky Stays

A graphic design featuring a stylized eye illustration in the center. The eye is black and white, with a yellow background behind it. The design is framed by decorative borders, including a black and white patterned border and a yellow and white patterned border. The text "8 GREAT QUIRKY STAYS" is written in a bold, sans-serif font, with "8 GREAT" in purple and "QUIRKY STAYS" in black. Below the text, there is a small illustration of a hand pointing to the right.

IN THE BIG BEND FEEDER TOWN OF MARATHON, a lone, multicolored mirage appears on the horizon. Luckily, the fanciful night gives way to a very real, if unlikely, organic bed-and-breakfast made almost entirely of recycled paper, Styrofoam, and sand.

Eve's Garden (left) belongs to an unconventional breed of Texas hotels that continue to crop up across the state, winning over travelers with their novelty and sense of adventure. While these hotels may look a little different, they aren't the result of hoteliers gone mad; their owners are forward-thinking Texans inspired to share their strange yet magical little corners of the world. Break free from hotel chains and escape to one of these eight locales for a truly memorable summer vacation.

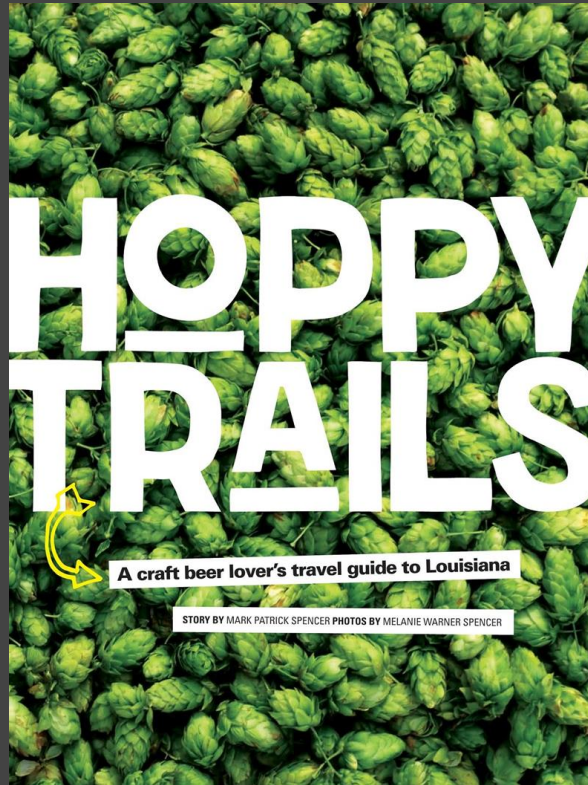
Photo © E. Dan Krigger

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Hed & Dek

Hed & Dek - Merit

Louisiana Life - Hoppy Trails



HOPPY TRAILS

A craft beer lover's travel guide to Louisiana

STORY BY MARK PATRICK SPENCER PHOTOS BY MELANIE WARNER SPENCER



WE WERE ON THE ROAD

en route to visit a brewery in Lake Charles — listening to Lucinda Williams spin tales born of memories — when I realized how my life was filled with craft beer memories. From having pride in the old school Cincinnati beer culture during my wild Northern Kentucky youth through falling in love with Shiner Bock in my 20s just because it was different. Drinking Yuengling 10 years ago in Pennsylvania, because the locals couldn't wait to introduce me to it. Vacations spent drinking Sierra Nevada in San Francisco and Uinta's Traders IPA getting me through tough move jobs in Salt Lake City, Fayetteville, Alabama to that Smokeytop in Georgia — so many memories, distilled, vivid, a craft beer in my hand.

Isn't it weird how craft beer memories stick with you? I've obviously had it, but I don't have any great memories sponsored by AB InBev, the masters of Budweiser. Though, I guess those Clydesdales are cool. The craft beer scene in Louisiana is a tricky beast. Due to legislation, it has wallowed in the lower echelon of breweries per capita ever since they kept track of such things. Fortunately, making money talks, business eventually waits and the folks in Baton Rouge started listening and got into the craft brewery game — a game which involves over 2,500 breweries across the United States.

Yet, among breweries, there are only 29 breweries in the state of Louisiana.

There would be a lot less if it weren't for House Bill 232, which was passed in the 2015 regular session and allowed breweries to sell up to 250 barrels of beer monthly. This flexibility allowed a vital source of revenue for craft brewers and enabled smaller companies to expand slowly if need be. If you're drinking at a craft brewery that opened in the past two years, you can probably thank this bill for the pale ale in your hands.

Yes, Abita Brewing has been around since 1986 and NOLA Brewing existed as in 2009, but the industry is still in its growing stages and, with the support of the government, could roar into a bright Louisiana future. A lot of legislation causes Louisianians to throw their hands up in the air, both in confusion and frustration. But with the support of the state government, we can all throw our hands up in the air, bring our hands together and start clipping for an industry that is built with brick and mortar and provides permanent jobs in the Pelican state.

Louisiana craft beer is here. Now, let's get to some breweries, turn the music up and have a good time.

Great Raft Getting passed Spencer's first locally brewed beer from the publisher in October, 2013.

Hed & Dek - Bronze

Texas Highways - The Big Empty



Hed & Dek - Silver

Acadiana Profile - Rise and Dine

RISE AND DINE

5 BREAKFAST AND BRUNCH
FAVORITES THAT'LL STICK
TO YOUR RIBS DAY OR NIGHT

BY STANLEY DRY PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENIA UHL

SHRIMP AND GRITS

The recipe calls for cheddar cheese in the grits, but other varieties can be substituted, according to preference. Parmesan, Gruyere or Fontina would be excellent choices. The dish can also be made without cheese.

EGGS: Being able to prepare eggs properly is sometimes a stumbling block even for accomplished cooks. Eggs are delicate and require a deft touch. Restaurant chefs have been known to judge prospective cooks by giving them a pan with a few eggs and having them make an omelet on the spot. A candidate's performance of that task reveals abilities that do not come through on a résumé.

Hed & Dek - Gold

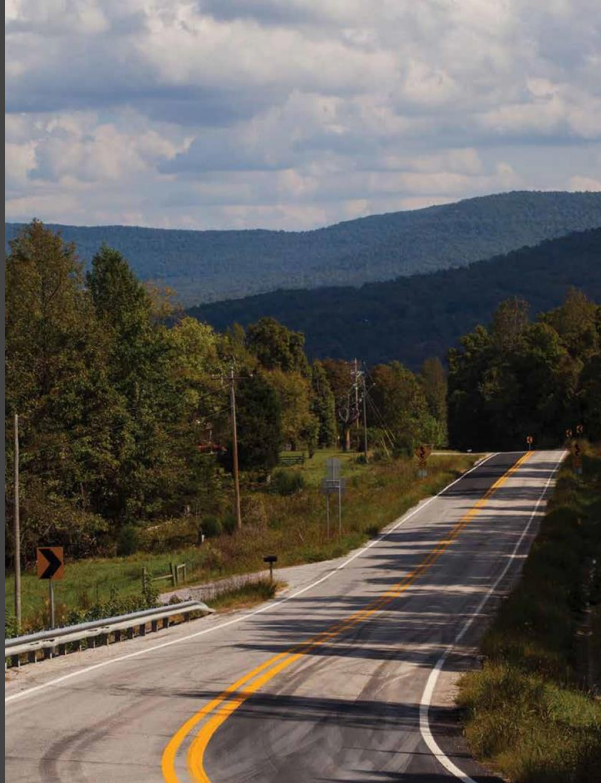
Arizona Highways - Growing, Growing, Gone



Essay

Essay - Merit

Arkansas Life - Work of the Quiet Mountains



Work of the Quiet Mountains

In many ways, Newton County seems slotted into a set of contradictions. There is, of course, the rugged terrain and native culture in the county home to Jasper, Ponca and Dogpatch USA. But there are also devotees of Buddhism and an aging population of back-to-the-landers, all of whom have come from far-flung places. Perhaps most surprising of all, however, as a writer with roots at least six-generations deep finds, they all somehow fit together.

By Johnny Carrol Sain / Photography by Liz Chrisman

Essay - Merit

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - Lasting Legacy



"It took them eight years, but 6' Daniel Smith" and his sons built this Haven 12½, aptly named Legacy, all by themselves, learning technical skills and strengthening family bonds along the way. Left to right: Michael, Daniel, and Nicholas.

Lasting Legacy

The boat project that built a family

BY C. DANIEL SMITH

"LET'S BUILD THAT ONE." Thus spoke my 12-year-old son, peering over my shoulder as I explained I was looking for a boat to build. He was unconstrained by the logic of an adult mind, and at a glance he selected the most beautiful of all small wooden boats, the Haven 12½. I wish all of my life's most important decisions were so easily made. My background would hardly suggest that someday I'd find myself entertaining such a project. I grew up in central Missouri, and my only formal woodworking training was junior high school shop, a class I nearly failed. We were a rebellious group of proteges with an unhappy teacher, supplied with dull coping saws and given the command to build a gun rack. When I grew tired of gnawing at the oak boards I'd steal a glance at our teacher running beautiful sheets of plywood through a table saw as he built cabinets for his home. If we pleaded, the teacher would reluctantly run our boards through the bandsaw, and grimly hand back perfection. I was fascinated by the raw power of this machinery and vowed one day to become proficient in the use of these magical power tools.

My junior year in high school, I became entranced by an article describing how to build a grandfather clock. I begged the shop teacher to let me work in the shop instead of sitting in study hall, and somewhat surprisingly he acquiesced. A testimony to raw ambition and youthful ignorance, this clock later won a grand prize in our state woodworking contest. I was forever hooked. From coffee tables to beds, bookcases to fire-place mantels, I found immense satisfaction in the process of creating.

My introduction to boatbuilding was nearly as improbable. My father and I were spending a long weekend in a faraway city where I was seeking treatment for his terminal cancer. He'd lost his eyesight, so at his request I read aloud to him an article on building a cedar-strip canoe. When I finished, he suggested I should build one.

The process was a transition from the normal security of the framing square and the hard angles of

cabinetry; I learned about strongbacks and sheerlines, and about learning to trust my eyes and hands to develop the gentle curve of a hull. The setup may be square and trued, but the development of a complex curve is the aesthetic perfection that becomes a boat. My two sons were toddlers, but they were exposed to the process. And it was therapy for me as I dealt with my father's eventual passing.



As the boys grew, they learned the value of working in tandem, hand planing over 600' of western red cedar.

My sons were growing and I felt the need to expose them to my love of woodworking. The more I read about the Haven, the more I came to realize it was the perfect boat to build. The wizard of Bristol, Nathanael Herreshoff, first built a full-keel version in 1914. Carvel planked and built upside down with a mold for each frame, the 12½ was meant as an instructional beginner's boat for boys, but the design proved so popular it became the most widely built boat in the Herreshoff shop—350 were built by 1943. Venerable versions exist today, lovingly maintained and raced by passionate owners throughout New England waters.

Essay - Bronze

Adirondack Life - Two Sides of Mount Marcy

Hiking in the shadow of a disastrous family trip up New York's highest peak

BY PAUL GREENBERG

WHEN YOU GROW UP under the care of a parent who is so completely a mess, your chief struggle is to be not a mess when you yourself become a parent. Often that struggle is hum-drum and nearly invisible in the way it is embedded in daily life. The lunch box that isn't gross, the school pickup that's never late. But on the exposed rock dome atop the Adirondacks' highest peak with an early winter wind raging and my nine-year-old son wet and cold and half a day's difficult hike remaining, all my pretensions of being the not-a-mess dad fell away. It would be possible to die up here, I thought when I considered the hike still remaining to Lake Tear of the Clouds and then an extended ass-aside all the way back down to Johns Brook Lodge. Either that or we'll be rescued by some other, much more responsible fathers.

That Luke and I were actually standing on Mount Marcy's summit was already something of a miracle to me. Up until this harsh, gray afternoon my son wasn't much of a hiker and he'd entered that phase of boyhood where staying close to home, nearby snacks and soccer fields, was his first resort. Indeed, his was turning out to be a boyhood unsettlingly different from my own. I had been a classic 1970s latch-key kid who eschewed both latch and key. I'd grown up in rental cottages on vast backwoods estates in Greenwich, Connecticut. I spent my after-school afternoons trespassing and poaching largemouth bass and would come home evenings just as my divorced temporary secretary of a mom would be pouring herself a second Scotch.

My son, meanwhile, wholeheartedly embraced the helicoptered life. We live in a Manhattan apartment a short walk from school and he is seldom alone, let alone in a forest alone. And so when I picked Luke up from his 1:10 one-October afternoon and he announced that his class was studying the Hudson River and that he had just learned that the Hudson's source was a body of water

TWO SIDES OF MOUNT MARCY

ILLUSTRATION BY ALISON MCCORDINA, COLLAGENART.COM

September + October 2017 ADIRONDACK LIFE 39

Essay - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Sting

**IT DON'T
MEAN
A THING**



**IF IT AIN'T
GOT THAT
STING**

An appreciation of our formidable state insect, the tarantula hawk wasp.

BY HAMPTON SIDES

YOU CAN LEARN a lot about a state, I would posit, by considering the attributes of its official insect. State insect? You ask. Is that even a thing?

Indeed it is. Rhode Island's is the American burying beetle, a retiring little guy that prefers to dwell in shady obscurity. The Massachusetts insect of choice is the prim and matronly seven-spotted ladybug. Alaska's is the skimmer dragonfly, an aggressively territorial predator that likes to mate in midair—a suitable pick for a state whose skies are crowded with lonesome bush pilots.

Most New Mexicans I've talked to about this didn't know what our state creepscreeps was, or even that we had one. Well, we do, and it's a doozy. In Linnaean nomenclature, our official bug is *Pepsis grossa*, a member of the family *Pompilidae*. But to most people, it's known as the tarantula hawk.

Despite its name, the tarantula hawk is neither a spider nor a bird of prey. It's a wasp. But by no means an ordinary wasp: its spectacular and at times draconian mode of survival, its ferocious strength, and its otherworldly courage put the T-hawk in a category all its own.

The tarantula hawk wasp is famous for, among other things, having one of the most painful stings in the entire insect world—second only to the bullet ant of the Central and South American rainforests. Justin O. Schmidt, a renowned Arizona entomologist who trots around the globe searching for biting and stinging critters, has developed something he calls a Pain Index—a sort of connoisseur's scale that has been compared to Robert Parker's wine ratings. A seeming masochist who has been maled by all manner of vermin, Schmidt notes that while the sting of the tarantula hawk is not especially harmful to humans (unless an allergy is triggered), it is exceedingly painful—a four-plus on his four-point index. "Blinding, fierce, and shockingly electric" is how Schmidt describes it. "To me, the pain is like an electric wand that hits you, inducing an immediate, excruciating pain that simply shuts down one's ability to do anything, except, perhaps, scream."

The most extraordinary thing about the tarantula hawk, however, concerns its highly selective choice of prey. Simply put, this vicious wasp takes on some of the world's largest spiders—and almost invariably wins. Imagine you're a tarantula. You're hairy and fanged, the king of the arachnid world. You make humans scurry in dread. You eat pretty much what you want—mice, birds, lizards, even small snakes. Life's good.

Then one day you're crawling around the desert, minding your own business, when along comes this...

winged angel of death. This *hurry, she* (for it is always she we'll get to the males in a minute) has been flitting determinedly across the mesas and arroyos of New Mexico, looking for you. Looking only for you.

Now this thing has you in her sights, and you, in turn, stare back at her. She has a sheeny fuselage of a body that's a gunmetal blue-black, with large wings etched in brilliant rust-orange patterns. She has cutting antennae, and on her segmented legs she sports sharp claws that serve as grappling hooks. On her underside is a barbed stinger a quarter-inch long—the longest in all the wasp world—capable of delivering that aforementioned dose of stout poison.

Because this creature has been coming for you and your kind for millennia, every instinct tells you to fear her. Maybe it's the peculiar stink cloud she emits—the "Pepsis odor," entomologists call it—that's now wafting over you like some pheromone of doom. Maybe it's the stockiness of her exoskeleton, sharp and angular and hard, or the businesslike precision with which she zeroes in on you. Whatever it is, she has you momentarily hypnotized. *Frozzafuzz.*

Now she seizes you with those grappling hooks and, after an epic battle, plunges her stinger in you. Within an instant, you can't move. Something powerful was in that venom, some neurotoxin specially concocted to mess with your particular biochemistry. You're still alive, but you're paralyzed—this time literally.

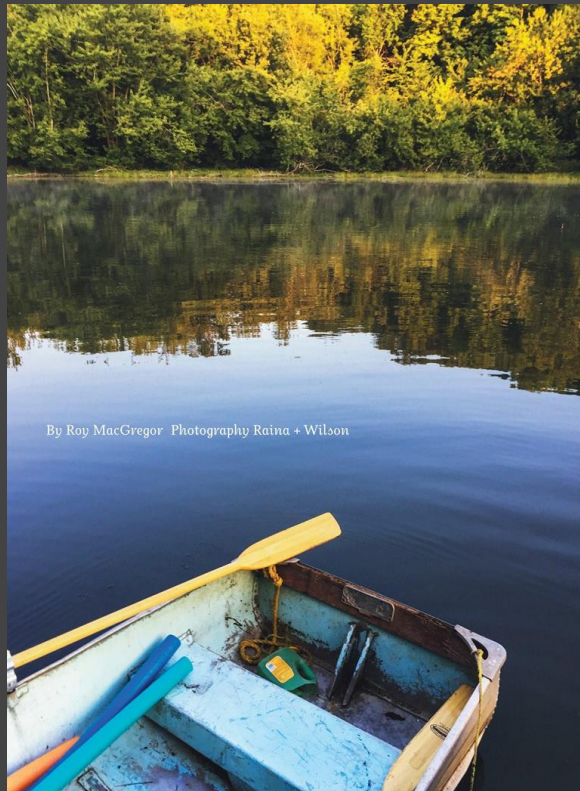
Here is where you start to realize the supernatural strength your enemy possesses. Even though you're eight times heavier than she is, she's dragging you over the land, hauling you down into a burrow she has prepared. Once inside, she crawls on top of you and discharges some sort of ooze into the hairs of your body. Inside that secretion is a single egg.

The wasp proceeds to cover up the burrow, then flies off. You're alone down there in the blackness, just you and the egg, which soon hatches into a larva that punctures a tiny hole in your abdomen. You will now serve as "breakfast, lunch, and dinner for its entire growing life" (that's Schmidt talking). As the little guy ravenously sucks and slurps your fluids, you're powerless to stop it: You're still paralyzed. Somehow it knows to avoid your vital organs until the end, so you'll stay alive, stay fresh, longer.

THE TARANTULA HAWK: ANDREW HARRISON/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

Essay - Gold

Cottage Life - 70 Years (And Counting)



By Roy MacGregor Photography Raina + Wilson

Always
cherish every
moment.

—I. Anne Link,
Farm Lake, Que.

70 Years (and counting)

There's no such thing as a cottaging expert. But after so much water under the bridge, here's what I've learned

Dear Catherine,

Congratulations. You have just taken leave of your senses—create comforts, reliable services, traffic ease, handy shopping—yet are entering a whole new world that, with each passing year, will come to make more and more sense. Cottages, in fact, are for you.

Believe me, I know of what I speak. I am coming up to my 70th summer at the lake, given that I was all of four days old when I was taken to my grandparents' log home on a rocky point on Algonquin Park's Lake of Two Rivers. We stayed all summer every summer until the grandparents passed on and the cottage sold. In the years since, as much of summer as possible has been spent at a small cabin on Camp Lake, which receives its clean, clear water from a waterfall on the very edge of Algonquin.

You may think that 70 summers at the lake would make me an expert on cottaging, but there is, in fact, no such thing. Nevertheless, there are a few tips I might hand on to someone just starting out.

Your new place sounds like quite the bargain. Think of it as a good buy rather than as an asset with waterfront. If it must be considered an investment, think of that in terms of time and family rather than money—but one with guaranteed returns.

Your cottage is rustic. No electricity. No running water. I can relate to that. We had no such luxuries in all those years on Lake of Two Rivers. My grandfather

was a park ranger. He built the log home, the cabins, and, of course, the outhouse, a two-seater. We hauled cooking and washing water up from the lake. Drinking water required that you carry a pail more than half a kilometre along a rocky, not-riddled trail and across a beach to a small spring where a dipper was conveniently kept.

For more than three decades there was electricity but no running water at our current spot on Camp Lake. No one complained. Then, however, a small inheritance suggested it was time to put in water, septic, a bathroom, a hot water heater for showers, and a small washing machine to cut down the trips to town.

You will not be able to resist putting in that water you mentioned, Catherine, but let me tell you, on behalf of all cottagers with a salty sailor's vocabulary, that there will come a day, usually late in November, when your cold, unresponsive hands will have to haul plastic pipe out of the water, twist off a locked-on foot valve, bleed the pump and the hot water heater, sponge out the toilet, blow the lines clear with a temperamental compressor, and fret all winter long that your pipes have frozen and split.

There is something to be said for no running water, you know.

Every late spring, someone at your new summer place will say that the blackflies are worse this year than they have ever been. Every time they say it they will be right.

There will be no ordering-in at the cottage. You will eat out more often, but only once the blackflies have died down.

I note you have children: Oliver, who is seven, and four-year-old Zoe. Youngsters and water are a good mix, when carefully watched, during the day and before bed. No one, however, is capable of watching all the time. My mother's solution was to tie me to a tree using a length of rope and a leather harness. While effective, this method would not be recommended today. What you can do, though, is institute a hard rule about lifejackets and swimming only when a grown-up's there. There will be trying times. You need to stress the importance of respect for wildlife—even to those who are only four years old and never meant to hug that little toad to death.

Back in the 1950s, my sister Ann and I fell in love with watching dragonflies hatch. We would hover over them as they emerged from their nymph stage in the warm sunlight, waiting for their sparkling wings to unfold and dry before flying off in search of mosquitoes. We wanted them to stay so badly that we pinched off the wings. Ignorance is no excuse, of course, but it's the only one we have.

We left frogs to dry out in pails. We put minnows in jars, tightened the lids, and, next day, were aghast to find them floating upside down. "Catch 'n' release" is a good philosophy for all ages. (With our own four children, we made sure that they had a shaded tub in which to place toads, frogs, and salamanders, and made them empty it each day.)

Soon you will find the delights of tooth-hunting will turn | Continued on page 66 |