

Column

Column - Merit

Missouri Life - The Back Story

The Back Story



BY COREY WOOD
PHOTOGRAPH

“... And now, for the rest of the story”

I HAVE HEARD SO MANY

behind-the-scenes stories since we relaunched *Missouri Life* in 1999 that I decided to start writing some down. I have to admit I came up with the idea based on one of Missouri's two world-famous radio commentators and broadcasters. No, I'm not talking about Rush Limbaugh, America's number one talk show host who hails from Cape Girardeau. I'm talking about Paul Harvey, whose daily broadcast *The Rest of the Story* aired on more than 1,100 radio stations for thirty-plus years.

I knew Paul Harvey had Missouri ties, but I didn't know how many until I started digging into his life story. I knew he had a farm near Kimmswick, south of St. Louis, that he called Reville. He had a lifelong love and sweetheart, his wife Lynne, whom he called Angel. Their marriage produced a son, Paul Harvey Jr.

I recently visited the new Paul Harvey museum, which is inside the Worlds Largest Toy Museum in Branson. There, I talked with the owners, Tom and Wendy Beck, about my research into Paul Harvey's Missouri connections.

“Let me see if I can get Paul Harvey Jr. on the phone and you can talk to him directly,” Tom said. Fifteen minutes later, I was on the phone with the only child of Paul and Lynne. A few minutes later, it felt like we were lifelong friends. It was delightful to hear Paul Harvey Jr. recap the love story of his parents.

“My dad met my mom in St. Louis in 1940 when they were both working for the radio station KXOK,” he told me. “She was a well-known radio broadcaster and personality and my dad came on to KXOK as program director. They actually met on the elevator and my dad, thinking fast, asked if she could give him a ride to the airport. She wasn't exactly sure what to say but agreed and they stepped into her 1938 Nash Lafayette Coupe. On the way to the airport, she asked Paul, ‘What time does your flight leave?’ And Paul replied without a hitch, ‘What flight?’ They were married within the year.

Mary Hostetter, owner of The Blue Owl in Kimmswick, one of Paul Harvey's all-time favorite restaurants, put it this way: “Everyone who knew them knew they were not only lovers and best friends—they



Paul and Lynne Harvey pose by her 1938 Nash Lafayette Coupe. Though Lynne preceded Paul's death by almost a half year, friends report Paul never stopped driving the car until his death in 2009.

different Missouri counties.

“There's Reville, which is in Jefferson County, and farms in Maries and Franklin counties,” he says. “The farm in Maries County, just north of Rolla, goes back to a great, great—I don't really know how many greats—grandfather who came over from Germany in the early 1800s.”

Now here's “the rest of the story” about the farm in Franklin County:

“My mom's dad was very concerned when he heard about Paul and Angel's plans to get married,” Paul Jr. says. “He told them both, ‘I don't have much confidence in this radio thing. It might not take off.’ So he drove my dad out to Franklin County and showed him a farm that was around two hundred acres. They pulled up to the farm gate and got out and my grandfather told my dad, ‘Now when this radio thing fails, you'll have something to keep you going.’”

Fortunately for all of us, he never needed to make use of that gift. But from all I've discovered about Paul Harvey, I think he would have been a happy man on the Franklin County farm as long as Angel was by his side.

Anyone who listened to Paul knows he closed every show with a resounding, “Paul Harvey—Good Day.”

To Paul, every day was a good day.

Column - Bronze

Arizona Highways - Editor's Letter

editor's
LETTER



Emily Dickinson wrote poems

about summer. She wrote many poems about summer. Shakespeare wrote about summer, too. And so did William Blake and Carl Sandburg and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Summer inspires expression and lyricism. It's where the

lazy days can be found. And it's a respite, of sorts. From long winters and tax returns and too much homework. Summer, in so many ways, is the season we all count down to. It's the time of year when we load up the station wagon and hit the road. Usually to someplace cool and detached.

In New York, the road trip is to the Hamptons. In Boston, the Berkshires. For those of us who live in the Sonoran Desert, it's a scenic drive to the White Mountains. It's where we go to chill out, wind down and decompress. It's not the only place in Arizona, but when it comes to that therapeutic combination of lakes, rivers, mountains, meadows and trees, there's no place better than the White Mountains. We've been preaching that since our second issue.

"The White Mountains are now open and accessible to the public," Editor Vincent J. Keating wrote in May 1925. "The Rice-Springville highway is in such condition that a trip by automobile through the heart of the mountains may be made without the least difficulty. All who visit this section this summer will be delighted with the beauties of the mountains, the magnificent forests, the enticing trout streams and the invigorating air."

That was the beginning, but hardly the end. We've published hundreds of stories about the White Mountains in the decades since, including a beautiful piece in our July 1985 issue titled *White Mountain Country*. It was written by Joyce Redwood Muench, who was the wife of longtime contributor Josef Muench and the mother of world-renowned photographer David Muench. Although the men made "Muench" a household name in this magazine, Mrs. Muench was every bit as talented. They used f-stops and long exposures. She used vowels and consonants.

"Hills roll up in a never ending succession," she wrote, "as full of motion as the ocean itself. But these waves are carpeted with the green of leaves and ferns and trees. Trees and trees and more trees. Big old alligator-barked junipers that may remember Coronado, and lithe aspens with their graceful, everlasting dance, aspens that follow where a fire has been, springing up to cover the naked wounds of the earth and make her forget the loss of her darker children, the pines and firs."

It's been more than seven decades since she wrote those lovely words, but the allure of the White Mountains — a place where "the world is hushed and beauty lies in every hollow and on every hill" — remains the same. And so do the points of interest she described: fishermen fishing on Big Lake, pastoral scenes along the Coronado Trail, the trickling water of the Little Colorado River. In fact, if we didn't point out the original date at the top of the story, you might think we'd found a present-day Emily Dickinson to

write an epic poem about the sublime nature of summer in the White Mountains. Instead, we rummaged through our archives and found a classic. And when we wanted more, we called Jo Baeza.

If you're a longtime reader of *Arizona Highways*, you know Jo Baeza. She's been writing for us since she threw "some warm clothes" and her "cow dog" into a Ford Galaxie and moved to the White Mountains. She was looking for "a simple life among good people in a beautiful place." And she found it at a cabin on Hawley Lake. "I could look out the window in the morning and see a herd of 30 or more elk grazing in the meadow below," she writes in *At Home in the Woods*. "Ospreys circled the lake, a wintering bald eagle perched on a snag, coyotes sang their night song, my dog was drunk on wild scents, and I was all alone with the sound of silence."

In her newest essay, she writes about the allure of the White Mountains. Why she moved there. Why she stayed. Why it's cool and detached. It's a wonderful collection of words that makes her the longest-tenured writer in the history of this magazine. Thank you, Jo. For all of the characters and settings and plots over the years. We're grateful. And indebted.

Like Jo Baeza and Joyce Redwood Muench, Kelly Vaughn writes about the White Mountains, too. Her theme this month is Escudilla Mountain, a place that helped inspire Aldo Leopold's theories on conservation. Grizzly bears, Mexican wolves, endless groves of quaking aspens ... it was an ecological wonderland. Today, though, it's not the same. In the aftermath of the Wildfire, not even Emily Dickinson could bring the scorched earth of the mountain back to life. Kelly, however, through her own powerful words, tempts us with hope.

"A year after the fire, maybe longer," she writes in *Lake a Mountain*. "I drove one of the scenic roads that cut across Escudilla. It was late summer or early fall, and although there was so much char from the burn, thin tufts of grass sprang from the earth like hope."

Hope. Right now, that's all we have. But someday, maybe, our grandchildren's children will get to rediscover Escudilla. Maybe. Meantime, there are many other ways to chill out, wind down and decompress in the White Mountains. All you need is a good station wagon.

ROBERT STEVIE, EDITOR

Follow me on Instagram: @r2stehighways

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL MARRON

Column - Silver

Adirondack Life - Short Carries

LOST ON MARCY

A sister finally finds peace BY ANNIE STOLTIE

FORTY-THREE YEARS AGO Buddy Atkinson, a 20-year-old from western Massachusetts, called home to say he'd arrived safely in the Adirondacks. He parked his dad's aging Lincoln Continental at the Adirondack Loj, signed the Van Hovenberg trailhead register, and then he was gone.

It's a 7.5-mile trek to Marcy's 5,343-foot summit. In summer the mountain is congested with hikers; in winter it's still a bucket-list destination,

but crowds thin as the peak turns white. That's when frigid blasts of wind disorient even the most experienced mountaineer. Snow dumps and drifts in epic piles, swallowing trail markers and covering snowshoe tracks. And almost every year, rangers bring hypothermic hikers down the mountain.

Last November three men were unprepared for the temperatures that froze their clothing and gear; they called 911 and were rescued about four hours later. Last February a woman, separated from her hiking group, sent a distress signal from her personal locator beacon just after noon; she was rescued before dinner-time. Two years ago a woman called 911 when she and her two young boys got lost in a whiteout; they were rescued the following day. In 2012, after a snowstorm split a man from his hiking party, he dug a snow shelter and dialed 911; his rescuers reached him the next morning.

Buddy Atkinson, lost in an era before cell phones and other technology, wasn't so lucky. His remains were discovered just above Panther Gorge three and a half years after he vanished.

People climb Marcy, the loftiest peak in New York State, for the challenge, the bragging rights

and the views. For Atkinson, Marcy was a place of serenity and escape.

His sister, Pat Atkinson-Sirois, says that when her brother set off all those years ago, he was mourning the recent loss of his mother, working an unsatisfying job in his hometown and dreaming of attending college out West. She says, "If I have to take some solace in this whole thing, it's that he lost his life in a place he absolutely loved."

Pat was an 18-year-old college freshman when her brother disappeared. On school breaks she'd join her dad to scour the mountain and its surroundings, searching for Buddy.

Today, Pat is 62, living near Chicopee, where she and Buddy grew up. "I'm still working through it," she says. "After Buddy was found, I just couldn't bring myself to go back [to the Adirondacks] ... or I just tucked it away and thought, 'Someday.'"

Last August, four decades after the search for Buddy ended, Pat returned. She brought a stone from a local quarry on which she'd engraved her brother's name. En route to Marcy Dam, she and her husband, Al, hid the memorial near the trailhead where Buddy had last signed in, "as a way to honor him, as a reminder that he died there."

After their hike, they parked their car along Adirondack Loj Road's shoulder so Pat could "see that vista one more time"—Mount Marcy's ancient dome crowning the High Peaks, pushing into the clouds.

"We just sat there the longest time," she says. "It was breathtaking, so beautifully peaceful. At the same time, I thought of Buddy being all by himself up there, how he must have felt so alone. I felt such deep sadness."

And then a hawk circled up, against the late-summer sky and a landscape that had brought Pat and her family so much pain. "It was as though my brother were saying, 'I'm OK, I'm OK, I'm OK ... my soul is still here! I thought, 'I'll take that as a sign—I'll go with it.'"

Buddy's "is a tough story to tell," says Pat. But "if all it does is have somebody remember my brother, that's what I want." ■



Clockwise from left: Pat Atkinson-Sirois places a memorial to her brother, Buddy, along the trail to Mount Marcy, where he disappeared in March 1973; Buddy and Pat in 1969. Almost every winter, hikers are rescued from Marcy, New York's highest peak.

MOUNT MARCY PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL HELLMAN © SHUTTERSTOCK COURTESY OF PAT ATKINSON-SIROIS

Column - Silver Mountain Home - Who is That?, Pay It Backward, Let Me Outa This Joint



Who is *That*?

When Community Means Knowing What You're Doing...Before You Do

By Maggie Barnes

Life in a small town is different on many levels. The pace is slower and, I think, more practical. You may have fewer acquaintances, but relationships tend to be deeper. There's a simple reason for that. Get a town small enough and there isn't much else to watch except each other. I was once in a quaint burg whose town clerk had a sign on the wall that said, "We don't need directions on our car here. Everyone knows where you are going."

For a recent holiday, Bob and I received a lovely set of cordial glasses, beautifully etched and delicate. When we were unloading gifts from the car that night, we demonstrated perfect micromunication

when it came to handling that box.

"Got it?"

"Got it."

CRASH!

"Oh, that! No, I didn't have that."

Only one of the glasses cracked, but I was beaknick. The next business day I hurried to the store the box had come from and crossed my fingers for a bit of luck. Stating into the display cabinet of a dancet variety of glasses, I had a sudden mental block about which were the ones we had been given. When the clerk offered to assist me, I lamented that we broke a glass that had been a gift and I couldn't remember the person. Without a word, she opened the

case, plucked the exact crystal I needed, and held it out to me. "This one, Mrs. Barnes," she smiled.

That's what happens when a store can remember who bought what for whom.

All of this was brought to mind on a chilly spring evening when we were attending to sad duty; calling hours for an elderly friend who had passed. He had lived his entire life in a hamlet of less than a thousand people and it looked like most of them had turned out to say farewell. The line went out the door of the funeral home and a good distance down the sidewalk.

While we waited, everyone chatted. We talked about the weather, how the winter

had been, gas prices, and what crops were going in the ground as soon as Mother Nature settled on which season it was going to be.

The conversation suddenly hushed as someone who had been inside made his way past the line and back out to the parking lot. A middle-aged man, sporting a dark beard and mustache, nodded politely to those in line and stepped out into the twilight.

Then it started. In the next ninety-four seconds, the crowd pooled its collective memory.

"Who was that?"

"Anyone recognize him?"

"Is he a Martin? He looked like one of the Martin kids."

"With a beard? Tell Sarah, wouldn't have allowed it!"

"Is he the guy who bought the hardware store?"

"No, that guy is taller. And he'd wear flannel, even to a funeral."

"I think I saw him at the Post Office on Saturday."

"You didn't even go to the Post Office on Saturday, I went. And I didn't see him."

"He'd gotten on a motorcycle!"

"Well then, see? Clearly, he isn't a Martin."

"I have no idea. This is so strange."

My neck hurt from swiveling in so many directions, trying to keep up with the flow of historical knowledge. The group then settled into quiet, puzzling, as Dr. Seuss would say, "until their puzzlers were sore."

I took a deep breath and in my best educational tone said, "You know, it is possible that Don, somewhere in the course of his long, productive life, met someone who isn't from here."

I was met with a silence out of which a mass could have constructed a fine wall. A thought had not been received with such skepticism since Christopher Columbus had stood in the court of Queen Isabella and said, "Truly I am telling you. It's wondrous to the King's fat head."

There is a fine line between small-town familiarity and a level of personal knowledge that begs for a restraining order. As the days of spring warmed the ground and the breeze sighed in relief from the cold, I got a call from our dry cleaner.

"Maggie, we have a dress of yours down here. Been here awhile," the voice on the phone said.

I was bewildered, almost certain I wasn't missing anything from my closet, but I swung in on my next drive through town. I was handed a polka-dotted summer frock that I knew on sight was indeed mine. Then I noticed that there was no name on the plastic bag. No receipt or order form—nothing.

"Marc," I said, accepting my change, "how did you know this dress was mine?"

With many a trace of apology to his tone, he replied, "Oh, I remember seeing you in it sometime."

In a larger community, a comment like that would have registered a note on the creepy scale. In our little intersection of the world, it was perfectly understandable. I remembered the day I wore that dress last summer, too. There wasn't much else going on.

Maggie Barnes is a recipient of both the IRMA and the Keynote Press Award for her columns in Mountain Home. She lives in Waterville, New York.

Column - Gold

Wyoming Wildlife - Living Space

Living Space

Proving ground

By Amy Bulger, editor

I think there's a point in a hunter's path when we make the shift from *saying* we're hunters to actually feeling confident in what we're doing. Maybe that realization is long past for you, or maybe it hasn't happened yet? Mine came a few years ago, and every fall it reminds me of the rancher with the Hollywood name.

Three summers before, my husband and I had knocked blindly to ask if this landowner would let us hunt. In his 50s, he wore layers of muscle and dirt built from his cattle ranch in Eastern Colorado. We returned that fall and five more with two guns and a "thank you" bottle of vodka. Over the years his wild beard narrowed into a goatee and his physique slimmed along with his cattle operation as drought years lengthened.

We never paid attention when he said we could sit at "The Homestead" (a windmill and cattle chute in the middle of nowhere) and wait for the pronghorn to come to us. No, we walked miles into the grasses and sweated defiantly as we dragged our harvests back.

He always met us after our hunts in his white flatbed diesel, laughing. Addressing my husband by name, but never me, he'd say, "Boy, you guys sure do it the hard way, don't ya?" We'd laugh too, because we knew he was right, and we were proud.

On the day things changed, I was after a particular buck bedded near the rancher's house with seven does and 14 extra eyeballs on alert. They were in the same field as the cattle, so I called the house first. "Heck yeah, go get him! Just don't shoot my cattle, I don't think you want to buy one of those," he said.

I'd only been hunting a few seasons. And that day was the first time I'd stalked an animal alone. My intent belly-crawling soon piqued the cow's curiosity and they assumed my direction. But I was focused. Too focused. Until it dawned on me.

"Hey," I said out loud. "You're not a cow! You're a stupid bull!" ... I didn't say stupid.

The largest led the pack and also had a serious ability to focus — on ME. He was 50 yards away and growling. Two younger bulls kicked up dirt. This, of course, put the pronghorn on alert. The rancher watched from inside his house, calling my husband to say, "You know, she's gotta" that the hard way."

I tightened my grip on my rifle. How ironic, I thought, that I might really have to buy one of these bulls. Say low so not to scare the pronghorn! Stand up so the bulls would not try to trample me! Thirty minutes went by. The pronghorn grazed. The bulls drifted closer. Eye to the scope, I thought a lot about bailing. I could find another buck that didn't come with a pasture of one-ton, growling land mines.

Then, finally, a shot. Anticipation, anxiousness and relief coiled in one bullet. The buck reared up, dropped. The bulls remained unfazed, but gave me time to hightail it to the fence line.

The rancher came out to meet us later. But this time, he looked me in the eye and called me by name instead of saying "your wife." A near 400-yard shot through his backyard and a dance with his best bull changed our relationship. That buck was my badge of courage in this male-dominated outdoor world of dust and blood and lead.

This month, my husband and I will trek to a new pronghorn hunt area near Parkfield Recreation. I miss the ranch, but here we will hunt public land. Over the years, I've grown to appreciate the spaces in this world that aren't fenced in.



Writer of the Year 35 or Less

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Merit

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - Laurie Schreiber



California yellowtail, raised at the Center for Cooperative Aquaculture Research, are packed for shipping as Maine Hiramasa.

Fishing's Future?

Shoreside research center sets the stage for aquaculture advances

BY LAURIE SCHREIBER

IT MIGHT SEEM IRONIC that a state known for its wild-caught marine species is also home to a world-class facility for raising fish on land. Not only is one of the world's foremost aquaculture research and business incubator facilities located in coastal Maine, but in order to get there you have to drive down a dirt lane (appropriately named Salmon Farm Road), through spruce woods, in a rural town of scarcely 1,500 residents.

The University of Maine's Center for Cooperative Aquaculture Research, known as CCAR ("sea-car"), has become a center of cutting-edge experimentation for cultivating a myriad of sea creatures on land.

UMaine bought the 25-acre property in Franklin at auction in 1999 from what was at the time a state-of-the-art salmon farming company. Since then CCAR has installed the latest technologies in water circulation and wastewater treatment and now has 100,000 square feet of lab, tank room, and business incubator space. Two more tanks, at 300,000 gallons each, which are expected to support up to 121,000 pounds of fish, are slated for completion in coming years.

Aquaculture has been a growing focus for research in Maine. In 1999, the state legislature made it one of seven economic sectors slated for state R&D money through the Maine Economic Innovation Fund, which provides substantial funding for CCAR. Another boost came in 2016 when UMaine received a \$20 million National Science Foundation grant to establish a research and education entity called the Sustainable Ecological Aquaculture Network (SEANET).



Photo courtesy of Sea & Reef Aquaculture

Soren Hansen, founder of Sea & Reef Aquaculture, views a crop of designer dwarffish cultivated at CCAR.

At CCAR's end, the focus is on hatching and rearing of fish, invertebrates, and algae in support of start-up companies. Over the years, CCAR researchers and commercial interests have looked into culturing food species such as Atlantic cod and halibut, California yellowtail, sea urchins, and edible seaweeds, as well as polychaete worms for the bait market, and ornamental tropical fish for hobbyists. Some of the research has made the leap to commer-

cial production. Other projects are still in development or have fallen by the wayside, due either to technical or financial challenges. The goal is intellectual advances to support the industry.

On a recent visit, Director of Facilities Steve Eddy led the way into one of the rearing units. Each of the 18 massive tanks (12 feet wide and 5 feet deep) holds 3,800 gallons of recirculating seawater. When stocked at full capacity, the combined hold of the tanks is nearly

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Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Colorado Life - Matt Masich



Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Megan Rossman



The Animal Issue

BY MEGAN ROSSMAN

The Gaming of CATS

CATS HOLD A SINGULAR PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF THE HUMANS WHO CARE FOR THEM. WITHIN THE WORLD OF FELINE LOVE IS A MICROCOSM OF CAT OWNERS WHO BREED, GROOM, AND SHOW CATS ON THE COMPETITIVE CIRCUIT.

THE WORLD'S RELATIONSHIP with cats is storied and symbiotic. Their vermin-hunting skills first earned them a place of honor before Egyptians elevated them to god status. Thousands of years later, religious hysteria demonized them in certain parts of the world for a time before they found themselves once again welcomed into homes and laps. And while dogs may be man's best friend, cats dominate humankind's virtual heart. Since the first cat video popped up on YouTube in 2005—uploaded by one of the site's founders—at least 2 million more have garnered billions of views. Countless cat photographs can be found online at any given time, and cat food company Friskies estimated that 15 percent of all web traffic is cat-related. In spite of—or perhaps because of—their aloof, stubborn demeanor, these furry little predators are beloved by many. Enthusiasm for cats, of course, extends beyond the internet, and there's no better place to see it in its most concentrated form than at cat shows. Most people are familiar with the concept of dog shows. The feline equivalent isn't as well-known, but it spans more than a century. The first national American cat show took place at Madison Square Garden in 1895, where a brown tabby Maine coon named Cossey was awarded Best in Show and an engraved silver collar.

Stompdancer, an odd-eyed exotic owned by Janis Walkington, strikes a pose at a Cat Fanciers Association show.

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Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Acadiana Profile - Will Kalec



the storyteller's story

Olivia Spallino Savoie preserves and publishes stories of the past for future generations

BY WILLIAM KALEC PHOTO BY ROMERO ROMERO

"Honestly, I think it might be easier for someone to tell their story to someone they don't know. You can't have the same feedback you get from the someone that you're writing something that you're already well known. We're talking to someone who doesn't know anything about you, someone who here to learn about you and everything you've experienced."

THE HISTORY OF ACADIANA — OR, AT LEAST, this very specific and personal chapter of it — is told by a 103-year-old woman who last summer still had enough gumption to cast a reel on a salt-water fishing excursion, and is recorded by a 22-year-old woman who takes notes with pen and paper.

Next week, the topic of conversation and the person sparking it will be completely different. Economic hardship told by a self-made man who now lives in a big, old house. Grievous military battles recited by the gentlest soul. A first kiss. A meager investment that bloomed into a multi-million dollar corporation. The birth of great-grandchildren. You never know.

The only constant in these scenarios is Olivia Spallino Savoie, the aforementioned note-taker and founder of Raconteur Story Writing Services out of Lafayette — a start-up business venture efficiently offering old-fashioned services like tribute books and memoir publishing that unintentionally preserves the fading history of the diverse and eclectic region.

"I've always had a love for history and older people, just going around to nursing homes in the area, or my grandparents, or their neighbors, and just hear their stories," says Savoie, whose love of writing manifested at an early age. "In college, these are things I'd just do for my own pleasure. That's how much I enjoyed it. And the spring before I graduated, I started thinking, 'How could I make this my reality?'"

"As far as I know, there's no one else who does this in the South."

Well, that might be because this isn't the easiest trick to pull off. Within a week, Savoie, who graduated from University of Louisiana at Lafayette, conducts a wide-ranging interview that touches upon every aspect of a full life, sifts through that extensive transcript, plucking out key details, then pounds out (with her gifted prose, of course) and creates a 50-to-60-page first-person memoir, basically a literary time capsule. From there, the not-quite-yet-a-book goes to a proofreader and gets the final thumbs up from the family before it's shipped to the printer. From first interview question to hardcover finished product takes eight weeks.

"I can't quite figure that out," Savoie says when asked why her subjects are so forthcoming. "I consider it a real honor, and I don't take the responsibility that comes with

that honor lightly. These stories are for their children and their grandchildren, so that 50 years from now, someone in their family can pick up the book and know their story.

"And it's important that the story not only reads, but sounds like their story. I'll read aloud a couple times, so that it sounds like the way it sounded when we talked."

To ensure prompt completion of the finished project, Savoie sticks to a script when interviewing her clients. As you might imagine, the list of inquiries is quite long considering Savoie needs to excavate a lifetime worth of love, laughter and lament — roughly 150 questions. Though there's wiggle room for nuance and follow-ups in the course of Savoie's back-and-forth with the people she's putting in ink, for the most part she doesn't deviate off-script.

"I literally just write down every word they say," Savoie says. "And then I go back and spend a few days with the transcript and try to shape these thoughts and memories and everything that's all jumbled up from our talk, and turn it into a cohesive narrative."

"I tested the water with this for about six months, before I started going into business for it, and when I'd just walk in and ask people to tell me their stories, we'd end up with massive holes. We'd miss out on their teenage years, or I wouldn't know where they were born and I felt with the questions, it really gets the broad scope of their life — the biographical framework, but also the funny stories, the travel. So the framework really isn't designed to limit the story but have it be more well-rounded in the end."

On more than one occasion, a younger family member than the one Savoie is writing about has commented (while fighting through tears sometimes) that the writer has unearthed tales even they haven't heard before. She's been privy to acts of selflessness and heroism, moments of paralyzing heartbreak and agony, and oh-so-human snapshots that are timeless.

"The thing that really stands out is how ambitious these people were at my age," Savoie says. "What they accomplished, a lot of it occurred at a pretty young age. So of course our lives are different. I've interviewed a gentleman who fought in Korea, another who fought in World War II and a woman whose husband fought in World War II, so the issues they faced were a lot different than the issues I face." ■

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Wyoming Wildlife - Christina Schmidt Shorma

DOCILE BUT DEADLY

Midget faded rattlers dwell in the sandstone cliffs at Flaming Gorge. Though hard to rile, they are one of the country's most lethal rattlesnakes but science is just beginning to understand their story.

STORY BY CHRISTINA SHORMA / PHOTOS BY JOSHUA PARKER



Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Arkansas Life - Jordan Hickey

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



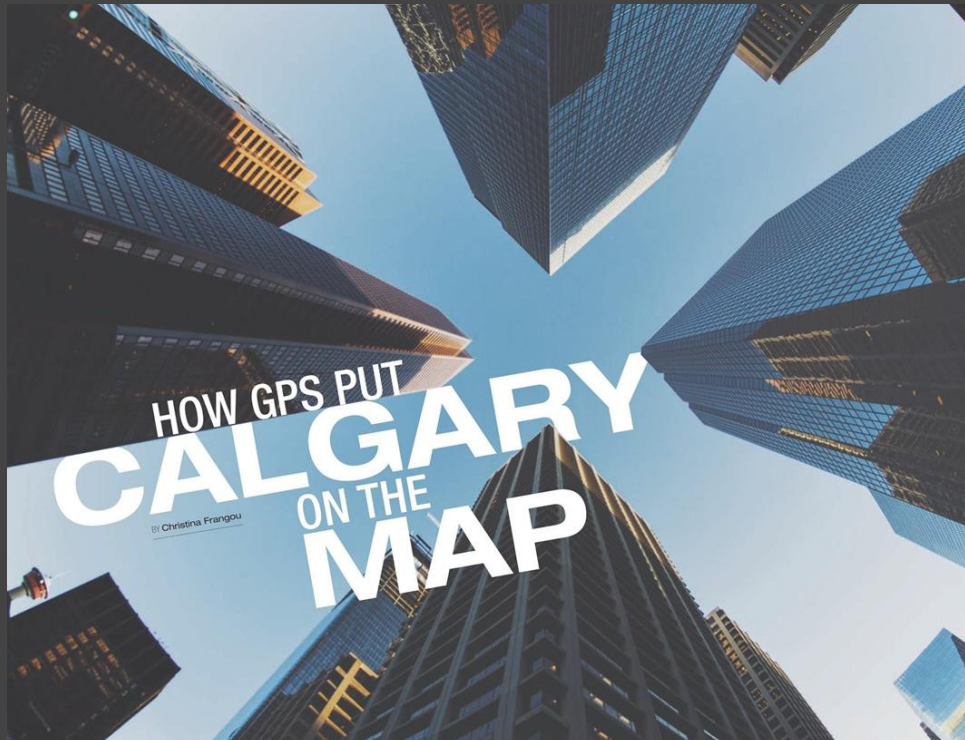
Writer of the Year 35 or More

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Merit

Texas Highways - Michael Corcoran



Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze Avenue - Christina Frangou



The idea that tech start-ups are the key to a more diverse economy isn't new. Here's a look back at one aspect of the history of our high-tech future.

Back in 1981, in the dust of the big bust that swept through downtown, leaving an empty 25 million square feet of shiny new office space in its wake, a group of Calgary engineers embarked on a project so out of this world that it would eventually put the city on a new high-tech map.

But the story starts a few months before the bust. In August 1980, Gerard Lachapelle, an engineer with a dimpled chin and a bright Quebecois accent that hadn't dimmed during four years of postgraduate study in Europe, arrived in Calgary to join Shell Canada. He worked with a small team doing a type of surveying work that used then-modern techniques involving a network of satellites known as the Global Positioning System (GPS). GPS was very much in its infancy — only a handful of satellites were in geostationary orbit, nowhere near the constellation of 27 satellites that exists today and provides a precise, continuous system.

"I remember our first piece of equipment that we were working with to learn the system. It weighed 500 kilos," says Lachapelle. "Thirty-five years later, 500 kilos has shrunk into a chip inside this," he says, picking up his iPhone, "which is more powerful than the initial receiver. That chip is about the size of half a thumbnail and that chip can do all the GPS stuff. This is how much it has progressed."

That progress was unimagineable to the handful of engineers working on GPS in downtown Calgary in 1980. But even then, they knew that the expensive, clunky technology could one day play a role in high-precision areas of oil and gas development where every centimetre counts. That's what Lachapelle and his colleagues were striving for in October 1980 when the National Energy Program was announced (a federal revenue-sharing initiative enacted by the Trudeau Liberals that many Albertans decry for siphoning hard-earned profits out of the province). They were still working on GPS when the industry took a subsequent blow in 1981 as the global price of oil plummeted.



A T14100 GPS receiver developed and built by Texas Instruments in the early 1980s, the first field-deployable GPS receiver on the market. Calgary-based Nortech Surveys ordered the first four commercial units produced in 1981 and used them to successfully conduct surveys around the world for the ocean exploration and energy industries until the late 1980s.

Over the following year, as unemployment in the province surged and newspaper-classified ads began listing homes still filled with furniture for sale at bargain prices, Shell dropped its plan for in-house GPS development. Lachapelle and about 10 colleagues borrowed money to buy the assets from Shell and formed their own company, Nortech Surveys. Their goal was to provide navigational and positioning services using GPS to the oil-and-gas industry. Soon after, they created Nortech Instruments Division to develop GPS software.

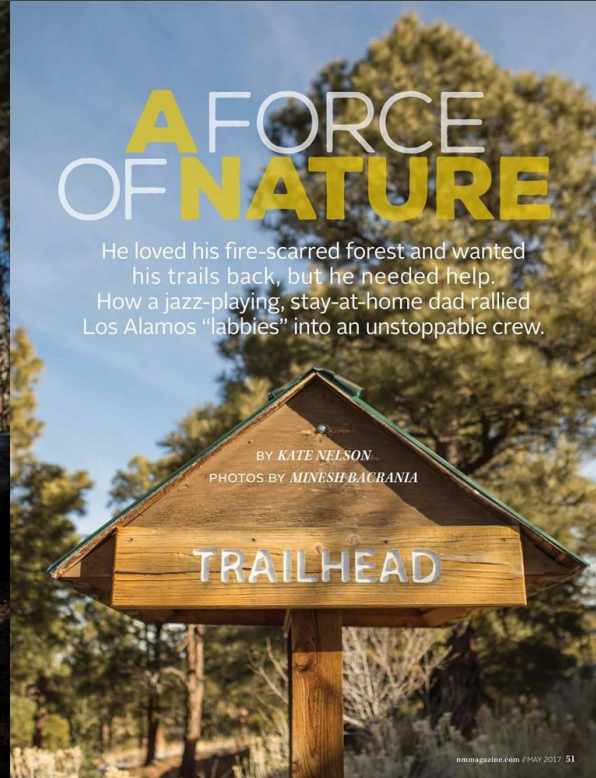
Elizabeth Cannon, then an undergraduate student in engineering at the University of Calgary, joined Nortech as a summer student in 1983 — the only female engineer among the company's 50 or so employees. Nobody outside the company, she says, understood what she meant when she said she worked in GPS. (The technology did make headlines that fall when, after Korean Air Lines Flight 007 was shot down for wandering into Soviet airspace,

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Kate Nelson



Craig Martin, at home in the Jemez Mountains.



A FORCE OF NATURE

He loved his fire-scarred forest and wanted his trails back, but he needed help. How a jazz-playing, stay-at-home dad rallied Los Alamos "labbies" into an unstoppable crew.

BY KATE NELSON
PHOTOS BY MINESH BACRANIA

TRAILHEAD

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

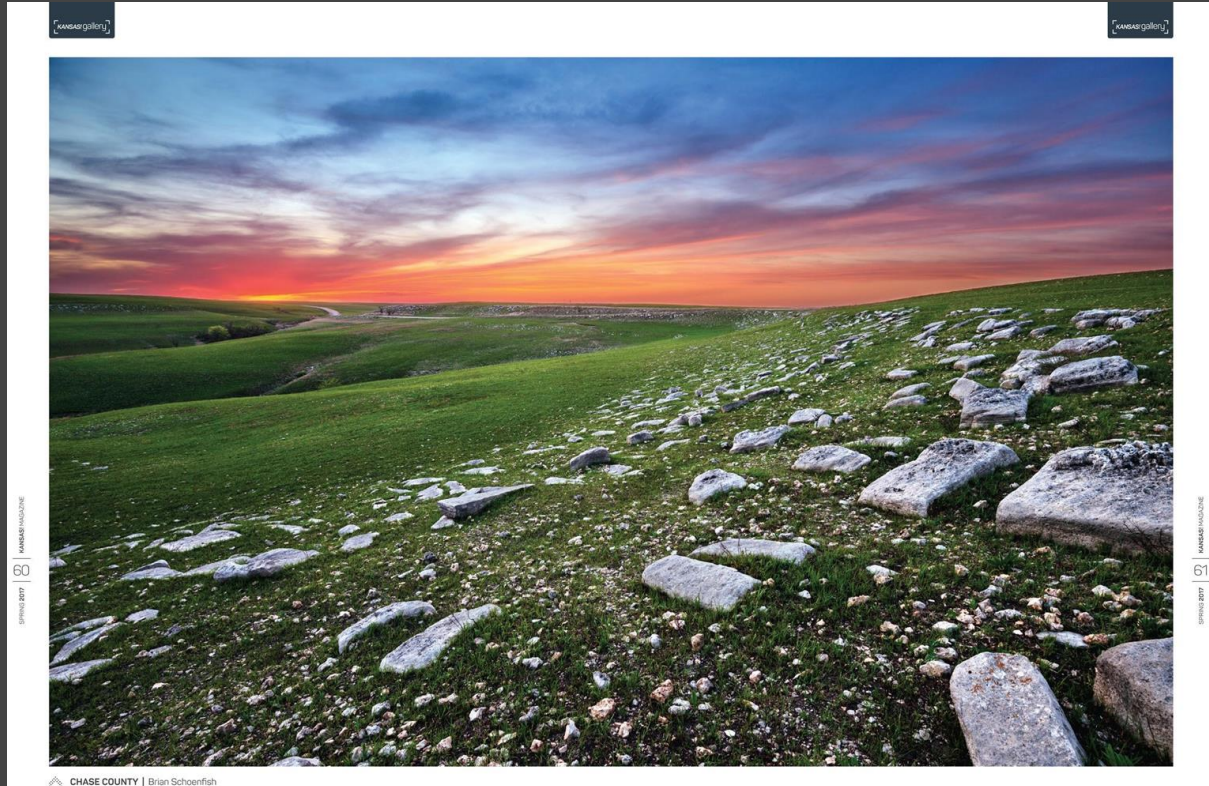
Adirondack Life - Lisa Bramen



Single Photo

Single Photo - Bronze

Kansas! - Sunset on Texico Hill



Single Photo - Silver

Arizona Highways - In the Frame



Single Photo - Silver

Arkansas Life - Concert Masters

Concert Masters

It hasn't been without its bumps and bruises, this institution of ours. But with a much-lauded return to Robinson Center Music Hall and two feet firmly in the black to boast about, the Arkansas Symphony Orchestra's staring down its golden anniversary season stronger than ever. Here, a symphony in three movements: a look at its humble beginnings, a celebration of its momentous homecoming and a glance where they hope to be another 50 years from now.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RETT PEEK



Single Photo - Gold

albemarle - Bill Allard Cafe, Rue des Grandes Augustins

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD 31 Years of Photos of Paris

For 31 years William Albert Allard has returned again and again to the City of Light in the true spirit of the flâneur, to wander the streets aimlessly, yet ever alert to moments he might capture in his camera. With superb colour perception, this masterful portraitist and long-time contributor to *National Geographic* magazine has returned from his strolls with images ranging from fashion models backstage, to a beautiful young café patron lost in thought, to bikini-clad sunbathers in a grass park in the Marais or lying on the sand of man-made beaches along the Seine. As does a flâneur, Allard has often walked about Paris in pursuit of nothing specific but everything in general. He is known for his meticulous framing of the moment, all the many pieces of a visual puzzle falling gracefully into place. Allard claims he misses far more than he gets, but those he does capture are truly memorable pictures one can cherish, from a city that never stops offering more.

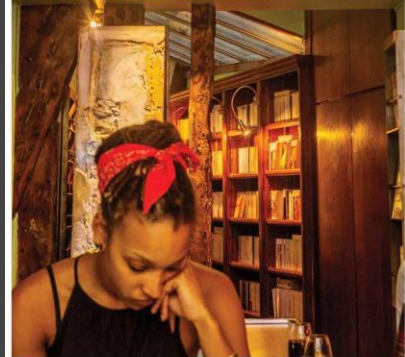


Cafe, Rue Des Grands Augustins, 1986

Photo Series 35 or Less

Photo Series 35 or Less - Bronze

albemarle - Bill Allard Cafe, Rue des Grandes Augustins



"I've always been drawn to the edges of an event or a place, whether it's meandering the streets of a city neighbourhood, frequenting a visually beguiling cafe or bar, roaming the cavernous rooms of fine museums, or probing the wings and the backstages at music events or fashion shows, that's where I love to visually explore. Just about anywhere I go in search of pictures, I go voraciously. And Paris is the most serendipitously generous city I've been fortunate to visit in my life."
—William Albert Allard

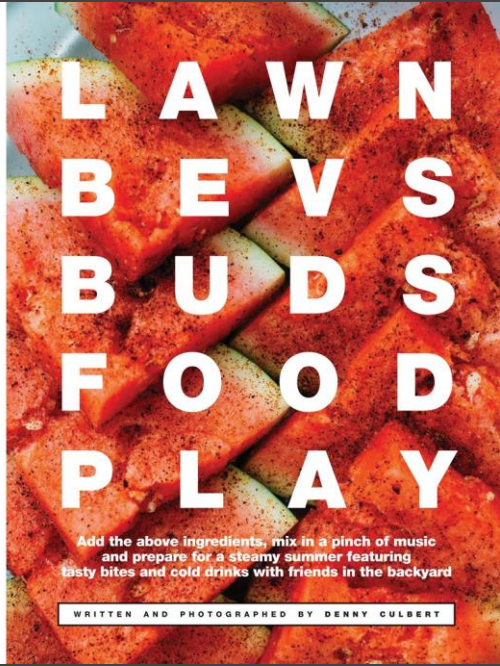


Photo Series 35 or Less - Silver

Acadiana Profile - Lawn Bevs Buds Food Play



TOP ROW: Wood-fired snappers topped with slaw. Chef Colin Cormier shows the dough for pita bread. Flat-topper ribs baked with butter by the chef.
MIDDLE ROW: Salsa being on the grill. Baba ghanoush (eggplant dip). Chef Cormier roasts a whole and on top in the oven.
BOTTOM ROW: Chef Rob Sandberg serves the fish. Pita bread to pair with the baba ghanoush. Flat-topper ribs with roasted vegetables and smoked sausage.



Add the above ingredients, mix in a pinch of music and prepare for a steamy summer featuring tasty bites and cold drinks with friends in the backyard

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNY CULBERT



Wood fire baked pita and baba ghanoush

Baba ghanoush is the simplest way to utilize an abundance of eggplant. Chop the entire skin once fire or in hot crabs, wrap with foil, and let it rest. Scrape out the creamy inside, mix with tahini, salt. Finally drizzle with good olive oil and serve with pita bread or anything else you want to dip it in or spread it on.



TOP ROW: Lawn Bevs (best reception) is together to drink. Houston natives with buns. Chef Rob Sandberg answers the dishes.
MIDDLE ROW: Chris (right) takes in the hot bit of design after dinner. Quinn pass the grilled shrimp with green tomato chow chow.
BOTTOM ROW: Chris and brother Rob Sandberg and Rustin Sandberg plate the red snapper dish. 100 lbs shrimp with green tomato chow chow.

Photo Series 35 or Less - Gold

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Haunted North



MANU KEGGENHOFF

When Manu was a teenager she was convinced she'd seen a ghost while trying to sneak into an abandoned cabin in her Central hometown. The "ghost" later she saw back then was the only same experience she's ever had, but it sparked her fascination for the other world, intrigued by many ghostly experiences and the film-based photographer and photo director dared to meet up with a few local spirits for this photo essay.

Ghostly tales throughout the Yukon and northern B.C.

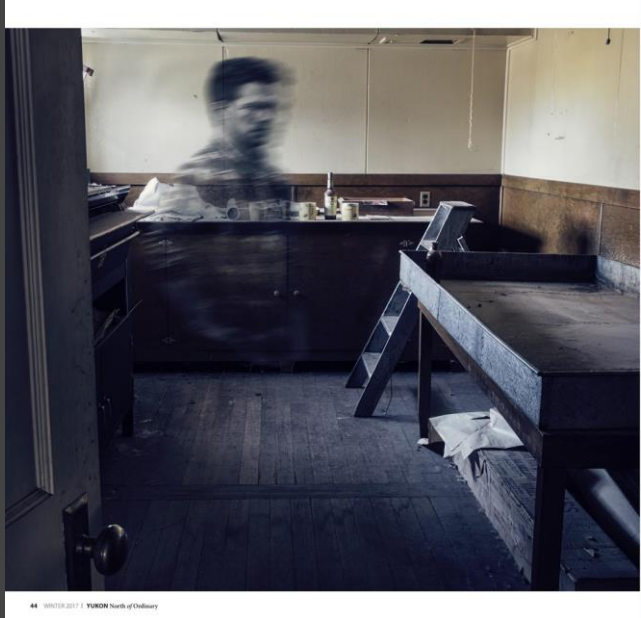
Photos by Manu Keggenhoff
Stories written and edited by Tia McCarthy

WEARY WORKERS AT THE BUNKHOUSE Bear Creek, Yukon

The bunkhouse, with a long hall and rooms on each side, used to be the living quarters for workers at Bear Creek. The developing project there, run by the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation, was developed for food workers and would have young men from down south, buying them a new home (in Terrace and back in Dawson City). Since it was before the road was built, they left the town stranded.

"They worked hard for a month without a day off. Then, in November 1966, the developing operators came to a halt. The workers left the compound as it was never resumed. However, people claim the mine still owns the old, creaked hall of the bunkhouse.

PHOTO ESSAY



A HANDPRINT ON THE WINDOW Bear Creek, Yukon

Steph Davidson and her partner lived in a picturesque cabin at Bear Creek from 2006-2016. They were the only people living in the compound, which had once been the site of a dredging operation. The cabin was previously used as a self-heating.

Many eerie experiences convinced them the place was haunted. They'd have footprints up and down the basement stairs, and one time the front door flung wide open, which was odd considering the door was heavy and there was no wind.

The cabinet lockers happened just after New Year's in 2014. Davidson had a bloodstain and was making coughs in the kitchen. Suddenly, she heard three loud bangs on the door next to the stove and saw a man's shadow. She yelled for her partner and found that someone was in the house at the back door. When she opened the door, she saw a man. She moved the door back to the front door, and one man was there, and a single handprint in the snow.

By one of the pot of boiling water for the pasta had splashed on the window by the stove. As Davidson walked back into the kitchen she noticed a handprint on the window and she saw the finger glass on the inside, sending shivers down her spine.

TRANSPARENT PRESENCE Bear Creek, Yukon

About 15 kilometers east of Dawson City, up the Klondike River Valley, is the Bear Creek compound, a collection of buildings that were once part of the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation's dredging operations. From 1995-1996.

The compound is now owned by Parks Canada and many of the buildings are used to store artifacts, such as gold tools, a bike, a couch made from cow horns, and other cool items.

While working for Parks Canada, Leslie Perry was transporting artifacts into storage at the drafting and engineering building when she witnessed something that left her cold and shivering and couldn't shake it for a long time.

"It was terrifying. I got out of the room and I froze," she says. "Then I got carried on. It was probably just a dream, and I continued walking into the room I was going into."

Perry was shaken by the experience, but kept working. Later that day, she saw a floating head on just the top door down the hallway. "Then I just left the building without any questions," she says, feeling like the best option was a warning to leave.

Photo Series 35 or More

Photo Series 35 or More - Bronze

Adirondack Life - Painted Pony



Shawn Graham's looking good has been selected by the national show, he has "got" the highest honor in the business. Facing page. "Connections and stuff go our family," says Shana Graham. "We really do what we do without them." Some of the cowboys and cowgirls are generations deep in the world of championship rodeo.

OFF TO THE RIDE of Painted Pony's granddaddy as evening falls, Shana's brother, Scott Moran, lounges in a patch of grass as his boys, ages three and eight, tumble about like Western-clad bear cubs. They've grown up around this, explains Martin, just as he, Shana, Shana and the rest of their family did. "There's value in this," he says. "It's a healthy hobby for the younger generation, and gets them away from their Xboxes and cell phones."

Just watching the rodeo's side acts is distraction enough—the clown conducting the audience to the chorus of Neil Diamond's "Sweet Caroline," an announcer's comment that coaxing a wilder calf from the arena is "like trying to pull my wife outa Walmart!" But during

the main events, under the bright lights, with the rush of racing hooves cutting the air, the rhythm of hooves, the whoops and cheering and adrenaline, it really does feel like you're somewhere else, far from what lies beyond Painted Pony's gates.

When it's all over, Shana, her daughters and son line up and say goodbyes, shake hands and thank visitors for coming.

"I see the kids leaving with hats and trick ropes—little ones passed out on their parents' shoulders," says Shana. "Some say, 'I've never seen stuff like that! I want to be a cowboy or a cowgirl!'"

That's what this is. We're keeping alive the Western way of life—a different way of life. "A."

IF YOU GO
Painted Pony hosts its championship rodeo in Lake Placid on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. July 1st through Labor Day weekend. For tickets and a schedule of events—[last taking Painted Pony's summer appearances at Honey Creek Ranch Resort—see www.paintedponyrodeo.com, Painted Pony's Facebook page or call \(518\) 698-8222.](#)

Photo Series 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - The Big Pictures: Monument Valley



Photo Series 35 or More - Silver

Louisiana Life - On the Run

ON THE RUN

Cajun Mardi Gras merges traditions old and new

By Megan Romer Photographs By Denny Culbert



The masking tradition allows for anonymity — a rarity in tight-knit rural communities — as well as the trouble-making and revelry that comes along with it. By the end of the day, though, it's not uncommon for the DJ to announce to have large stereotypes.

they work hard on their costumes, so if you want to join in, you have to put some thought in, too."

Masking is among the oldest elements of Mardi Gras, and one found in Carnival celebrations around the world. As anything goes on Fat Tuesday, masks allow participants to become someone else completely or no one at all. Historically, they were the great equalizer: no one could tell anyone from comments. On the Fagantergrat parade, says Postbanchuk, they're also an equalizer.

"No one can tell if you're from here or just here for the run," he says. "No one knows who you are."

Of course, by the end of the early spring day on the Cajun parade, mud tends to be an even greater

equalizer, and what's left of everyone's costume is chucked in it. "Worn out from chasing chickens and fire sand (drinking drunk), everyone returns to the starting destination for gumbo and a dance. Though traditionally, the ingredients for the gumbo are collected on the run itself, these days, the chickens that are caught get saved for lunch, as there's a patient crew of Maw Maws and Paw Paws back at headquarters, ready with hot gumbo and ice chests brimming with libations. Tomorrow, the thoroughly primed will exchange mud for ashes, but tonight, it's water and two-step until darkness falls.

Photo Series 35 or More - Gold Texas Highways - Hauntingly Jefferson



Hauntingly JEFFERSON

WITH ITS RIVERBOAT HERITAGE and antebellum architecture, Jefferson is a town where history and culture converge like two prongs of a bayou, weaving together through the thick forests of the Texas-Louisiana borderlands. Beginning in the 1840s, Jefferson enjoyed a 30-year golden era as Texas' chief inland river port. The city reaped the benefits of a natural ligament on Big Cypress Bayou, known as the Great Rafk, which caused the Red River to swell lower Shreveport, flooding the bayous and basins. Prosperity lapped onto the riverbanks of Jefferson, where residents gilded from riverboat trade, constructed sumptuous homes, and built a cosmopolitan downtown. Jefferson's golden era came to a halt after 1873, when the Army Corps of Engineers removed the ligament, rendering navigation to Port Jefferson nearly impossible. As the water levels of the Big Cypress Bayou began to recede, so did the town's prosperity. In quiet days long gone, Jefferson nevertheless retains a small-town charm that pulls in history buffs, antique collectors, outdoor adventurers, and ghost hunters alike.

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Story by Dana Goskyby
Photographs by Dave Shaffer



Caddo Lake

After the Great Rafk was removed in 1873, the Army Corps of Engineers created Government Ditch as a shortcut to Jefferson to pass through the ghostly, cypress-lined backwaters of Caddo Lake. These days, Billy Carter's Old Devil Tours from Johnson's Beach in Urcuttown offers an up-close look at the eerily beautiful lake. Caddo Lake is shrouded with so much history as it is Spanish moss, and guides offer insight in the past as they traverse the waters.

Dick and Charlie's Tea Room

Dick and Charlie's Tea Room, located directly across from Johnson's Beach in Urcuttown, was constructed on the Marion Harrison county line during the early 1900s. After Prohibition, water taxis and beer boats shuttled people across the bayous to Marion County, where alcohol was legal. Guides note the lake had many similar structures during Prohibition, but this old stillied splendor is the last of its kind. The bayou-style tea house has served as a fishing retreat for its owners for the last 40 years.

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Portrait Photo

Portrait Photo - Merit

Adirondack Life - Portrait of an Environmental Conservation Officer



Portrait Photo - Merit

Louisiana Life - Step-by-Step



FORD SUTTER ADMITS HE NEVER forgets about the reality of a once-life-threatening condition, because it is reaffirmed by the faint hitch in his walk and the irritation of where prosthetic leg meets amputated leg. His sense of humor as strong as ever, the 20-something financial advisor jokes, “Flat ground is my best friend.” His laughter is chased by solace in knowing that while the road ahead will never be smooth and easy, at least he still gets to travel it.

Americans annually. Roughly half of those diagnosed don’t survive.

Intense treatment occurred for the next year, which included limb salvage surgery. Afterward, though, Sutter developed a staph infection in his right leg.

On Oct. 1, 2003, Sutter became an above-the-knee amputee.

“It was emotionally stressful, because everyone thinks they’re Superman at that time,” Suter says. “It was interesting to see my friends’ reaction and my family’s

breaking in a newly bought baseball glove — working it in, using mitt oil to soften the firm leather. Every evening, Sutter massaged the area where socket and skin connect to cope with the natural friction. He still employs the practice. Maintenance is now a way of life.

Something small like gaining three to five pounds, or consuming too much sodium can create complications. The socket on his prosthesis usually needs replacement every year, and the robotic

STEP-BY-STEP

A post-operation infection from pediatric bone cancer cost New Orleanian Ford Sutter his right leg, but it hasn’t prevented him from moving on

BY WILLIAM KALEK | *PHOTOGRAPH BY BOHEMO & BOHEMO*

In 2002, Sutter was an 8th-grade boy like any other when he was diagnosed with pediatric bone cancer in his right leg. The problem first surfaced during a soccer tournament in Hammond. Sutter felt a “pop” in his knee, but continued to play through the discomfort. Two weeks later, the pain intensified. Six months after that, Sutter couldn’t walk.

Originally believed to be a lateral meniscus tear, Sutter went to see a specialist at Children’s Hospital in New Orleans. After a series of tests — biopsy, CT scan, bone scan — doctors told Sutter they found osteosarcoma (bone cancer), a rare condition that afflicts approximately 3,000

reactions, because I was always the one doing sports and always on-the-go, and then to have that happen really altered not only my life, but also a lot of who I was at the time — so you’re not quite sure how to deal with that.

“I had a really tough time, just because I was doing what it took to survive. I just took things one chemo at a time. But yes, it was a lot of loss because I was always an able-bodied kid.”

Within a week post-amputation, Sutter was standing on his prosthetic leg and bearing weight, fighting through the pain of fresh stitches and sutures. The process of adapting to this new reality he equates to

knee and foot every three years. Currently, the knee outfitted for Sutter (the high-tech Rhco Knee 3, made by Ossur) features a microprocessor control that learns his natural gait pattern, thus providing optimal stability and safety on various terrains and surfaces.

“Most of my friends who know me, don’t even recognize me as an amputee now,” Sutter says. “And since this all happened, that was a goal to be viewed as an equal. I still have my tough days but if you put your mind to it, you can get through it. Yes, I have to get around the world differently than most people, but you can get through it.”

Portrait Photo - Merit

Wyoming Wildlife - Antler Artist



Dubois antler artist Monte Baker puts a little finish on an eagle carved into a moose's antler at his Horse Creek Gallery. Baker does most of his work at his studio just a few miles from the gallery. The studio affords more space and he doesn't have to worry about offending people with the smell of bone dust.

LAYERS OF DISCOVERY

Dubois artist brings wildlife, history to life in the sheds big game animals leave behind

Story by Kelsey Dayton | Photos by Justin Joiner

THERE IS TREASURE hidden in the mountains near Dubois. Monte Baker knows, he's found it — hundreds, maybe even thousands of pounds of discarded riches rest there, disguised as elk and moose antlers and bighorn sheep horns shed or forfeited in death by wild travelers.

These are riches Baker has hunted since he was a child and transforms into works of art, carefully carving wild scenes into wild canvases of antler and horn: soaring eagles, stampeding buffalo and bear cubs climbing a tree. It's a blend of nature's own art with the skills he's perfected after more than 40 years spent carving.

Baker's work is both inspired by, and a homage to, the things he loves most about

Wyoming: its history and wildlife. He carves moose, bears and elk, as well as stagecoaches, Native Americans and Mormons pushing handcars.

"If it's part of local history, I grew up in and with it and I put it all in my carvings," he said.

Baker spent his early childhood in the Bridger-Teton National Forest, where his father worked for the U.S. Forest Service at Blackrock Ranger Station east of Moran Junction. Together they'd scour the Teton Wilderness for natural wonders. Every day was a mountain treasure hunt, Baker said. He filled the family bathtub with his bounty — frogs and salamanders — and stacked piles of found deer, elk and moose antlers outside in long-gone days before shed hunting was regulated.

Portrait Photo - Merit

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 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 hardwooded 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.

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YUKON North of Ordinary | FALL 2017 69

Portrait Photo - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine - The Great Unknown



Revered as a nature writer, Stephen Bodio is also a self-taught expert on the ancient "book of history" that he handles a Harris hawk.

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. 250), 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 Proutis 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." »

Portrait Photo - Silver

Texas Highways - A Red River Road Trip



Portrait Photo - Gold

Arizona Highways - Dear Jim ...



Dear Jim...

An Essay by Kelly Vaughn
Photographs by Scott Baxter

Portrait Series

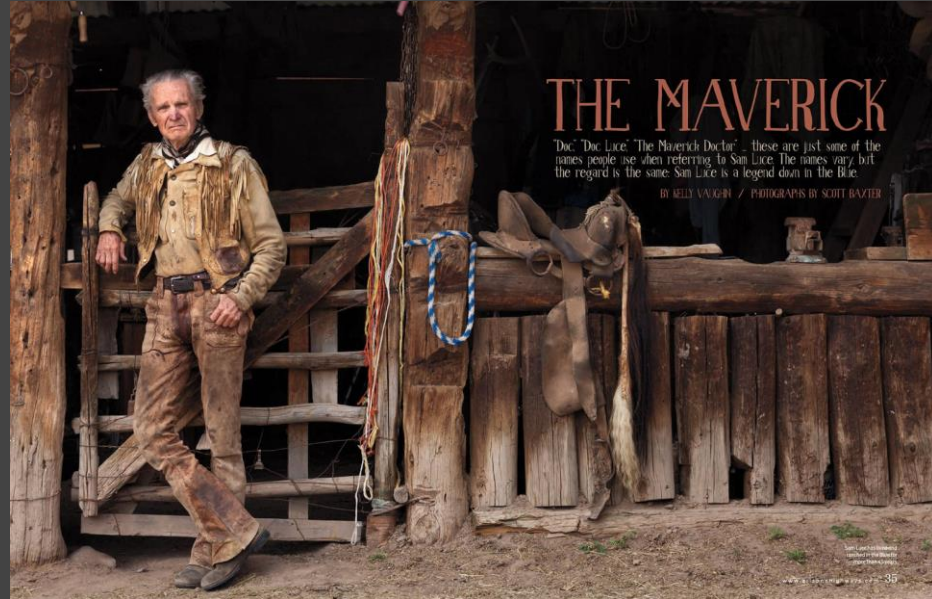
Portrait Series - Bronze

Acadiana Profile - Best Chefs



Portrait Series - Silver

Arizona Highways - The Maverick



We'd have met Sam Luce much sooner had it not been for the dogs. Two of them — part German shepherd, part redneck coonhound — began barking as soon as we pulled through the gate at the end of Luce Ranch Road.

They didn't stop.

Not when we parked the cars. Not when photographer Scott Baxter called out for Luce. Not when we wandered into the shade to let the dogs settle, then attempted again our slow approach to the front door.

We would be patient, though, because we'd heard about these dogs, Cho and Jade. Luce has them to keep wolves off his property. The dogs are beautiful and big. And loud.

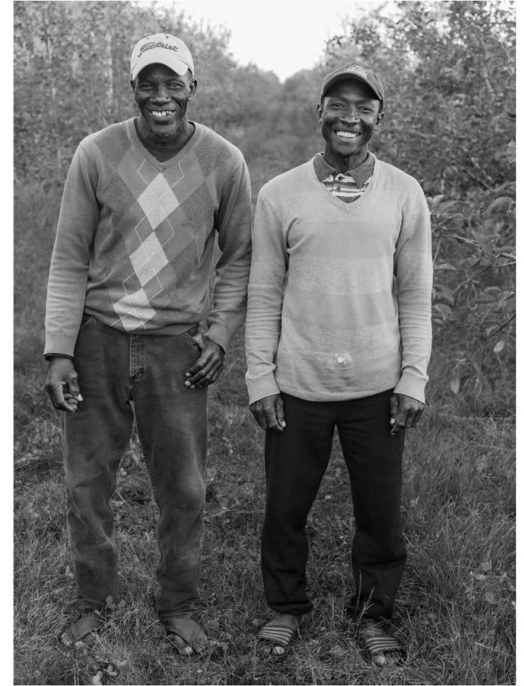
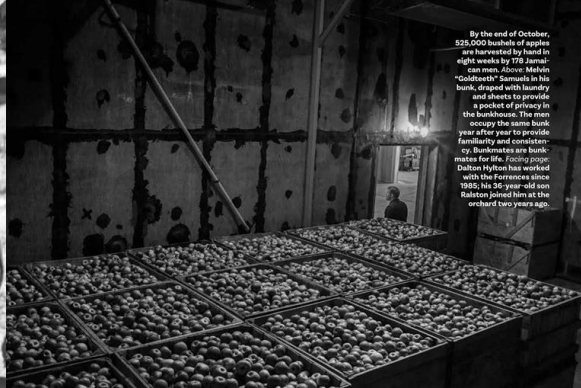
Besides, it was the kind of day you lock away in your memory for when the weather turns viciously hot or bitterly cold — the kind where the breeze stirs apple blossoms and the smell of earth mingles with the warmth of sun and you feel spring somewhere in your bones.

We muzzled a pony that grazed in a small patch of grass and made small talk as the minutes passed. And then Sam Luce appeared in his sunroom like a spirit. He called out to go ahead and make our way to the door. He would meet us there, and the dogs would be "just fine."



Portrait Series - Gold

Adirondack Life - From Jamaica to Peru



Photographer of the Year
35 or Less

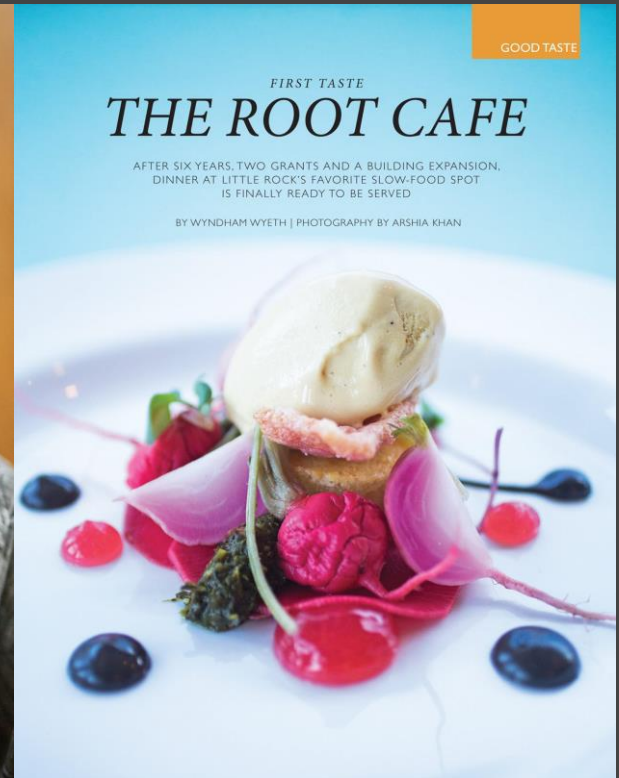
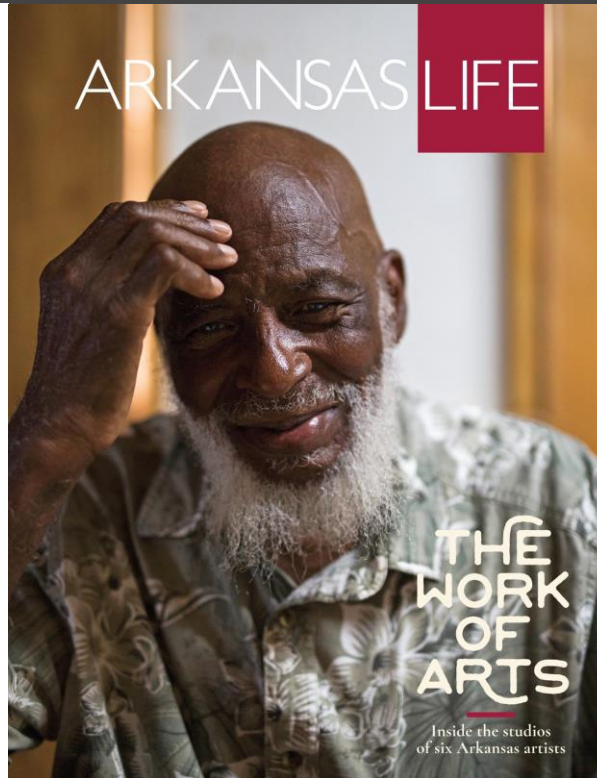
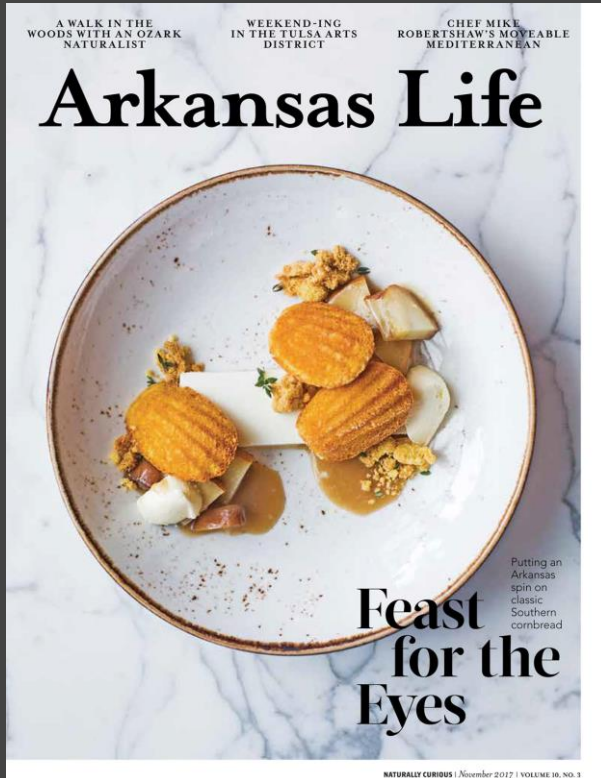
Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Lori Duckworth



Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Arkansas Life - Arshia Khan



Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Denny Culbert



Also Regier and Rafie Thibodeau, and Riches say he often would not believe the recording capabilities of what.

"When my dad passed away it was the recording that got him back," says Riches. "You couldn't go in and mess with an amp."

Riches says his downtown Lafayette studio, which is stocked with high-end vintage and digital equipment, is primarily involved in smaller recording projects. "There are no more larger projects with a tight budget," says Riches. "The recording process and the hands recording are almost in becoming more of a profession than a means of income."

While Riches is turning out recording sessions that his clients can upload, down on the banks of the Rapin Territorial in Maurice is the iconic Dockside Studios, where owner Graham "Wild" Nicks runs the calendar full of recording opportunities. Dockside is a record studio that has seen several Grammys, sits on 21 scenic acres and serves internationally, despite the integration of technology.

"Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits, Lenny Russell and actor Sashen Johnson have recorded here, and we have three Grammys for B.B. King," says Nicks. Dockside was also hit by the August 2010 flood, but says Nicks. "Thank God the Nest (concrete) was saved. People were thinking for the opening back up going on early next year and that Dockside had to go."

After all, the Dockside compound makes a rugged site where musicians can be comfortable, convenient and clear their minds while recording their art.

While you would think the inflation and growth of DIYers would bring about greater competition between local recording producers and engineers, it's



LEFT Steve and Jennifer (right) Riches, on tour in the studio and at which they have a session. **TOP** The heart and soul of Dockside. **MIDDLE** TOP bassist Chris Riches' guitar. **RIGHT** Dockside's control room often features the same gear that Dockside uses during, vintage amplifiers.



WHAT TO BRING

Locally sourced ingredients are a must for the best food. Bring a cooler with drinks and snacks. Bring a cooler with drinks and snacks. Bring a cooler with drinks and snacks.

It's hard to get a good view of the water from the boat. Bring a camera with a zoom lens. Bring a camera with a zoom lens. Bring a camera with a zoom lens.



POST BARRÉ TO ANNAPOLIS The Rapin, which is owned by Lyle Regier, an actor from the Rapin, is in the water. The water is so clear it's almost like a window. The water is so clear it's almost like a window. The water is so clear it's almost like a window.



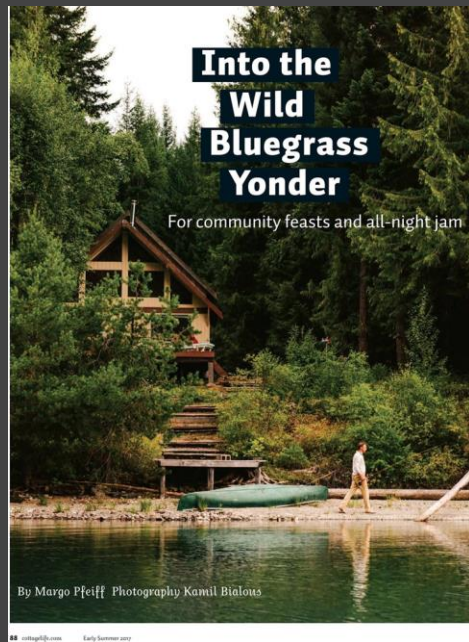
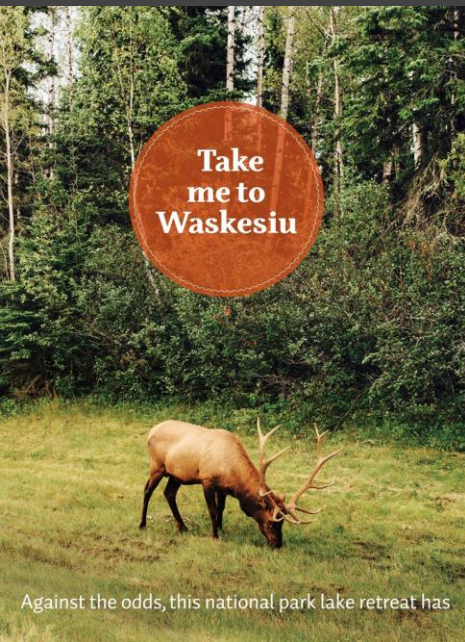
Photographer of the Year
35 or More

Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Merit Avenue - Jared Sych



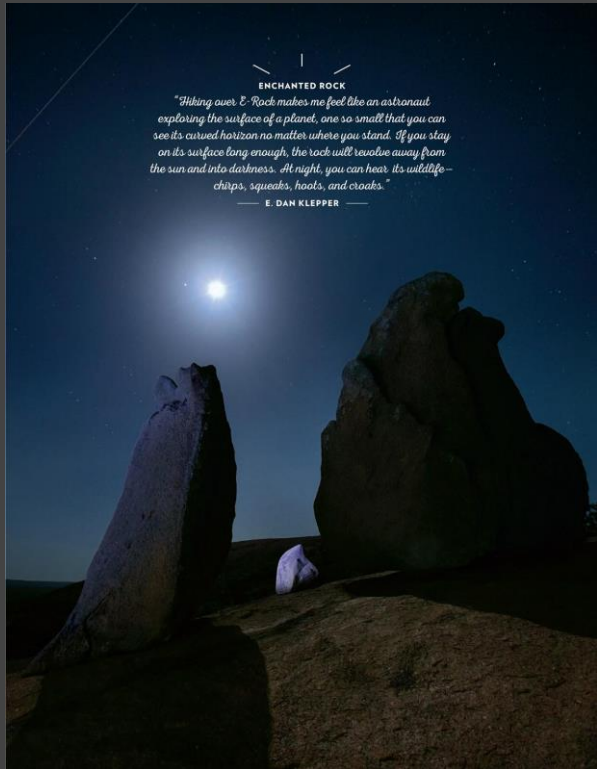
Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Merit

Cottage Life - Kamil Bialous



Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways - E. Dan Klepper



VOLUME 64 / NUMBER 5

MAY

36
Nine-River Day
It's hard to beat the summertime satisfaction of swimming in a pristine Hill Country river. On the summer solstice, we set out for a nine-river day.
Story by MATT JOYCE

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10 Epic Summer Travel Adventures
Zipline above Palo Duro Canyon, scale the Pecos Woods legend, take a hike with views of the Chihuahuan Desert and the Chisos Mountains, and more. We've got your bucket list to ensure a stellar summer.
Story by CLAYTON MAXWELL

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8 Great Quirky Stays
Break free from chain hotels this summer and escape to one of these eight distinctive localities: make up at a Hill Country farmhouse on the grounds of a historic fortress, or take an evening dip in a hot tub in the shadow of the Chisos Mountains.
Story by E. DAN KLEPPER, KATHRYN JONES, and JANE KELLOGG MURRAY

THE TEXAS HIGHWAYS

FIND MORE ONLINE. Be sure to visit us at texashighways.com for more content and events.

Photo © E. Dan Klepper



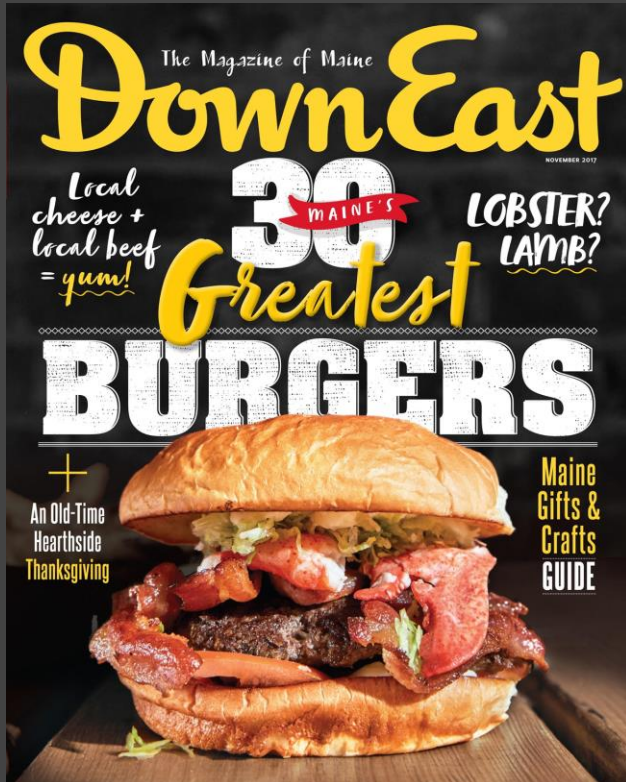
Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - David Muench



Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

Down East - Michael D. Wilson



Illustration

Illustration - Merit

Arizona Highways - Canyon de Chelly

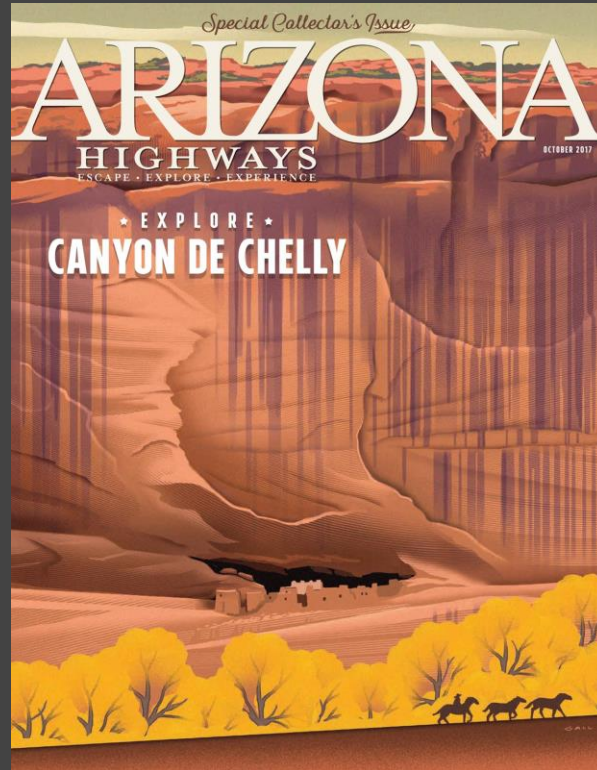


Illustration - Bronze

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors - Icing on the Cake

Icing on the Cake

The sweetest of childhood memories

BY DEBORAH JOY COREY

IF I WERE TO SEPARATE MY wonderful childhood memories into categories, food would definitely be one. Mom's recipes not only healed our family's sometimes broken hearts, they also sealed our celebratory moments forever. With each holiday and special-occasion recipe, she strengthened our family's traditions.

One of those sweet traditions was the Seven Minute Icing, which she made for all of our birthday cakes. Although the cake flavor would change according to the recipient's taste, the

The taste of the frosting was warm and smooth and sweet, a taste we called sugar satin.

icing never did. For Dad's birthday, he always requested a heavy milk cake with lemon curd filling; my sisters, brothers, and I all began our early birthday celebrations with chocolate cake. Our requests for cake flavors would, of course, change as our tastes developed, but our requests for the Seven Minute Icing never wavered.

I often watched Mom standing at the stove holding the handle of the double boiler with one hand and her zippy electric mixer firmly with the other. Within several minutes, the glistening white icing rose up and formed a voluptuous mountain. Then she would stop the mixer, lifting the beaters straight up so that they created peaks. If those peaks didn't stand firm, she continued to beat the icing before testing again. A capful of vanilla followed, and then a few more whips to mix it in before she released the beaters from the Mixer-master. She always passed me a beater



to lick while she iced the cake. If a number of children stood watching, we shared the beaters among us. The taste was warm and smooth and sweet, a taste we called sugar satin.

On the kitchen counter, two chocolate cake layers sat cooling over cake racks. Beside them sat a pedestal crystal cake plate. Mom would place one layer on the pedestal plate and then scoop a

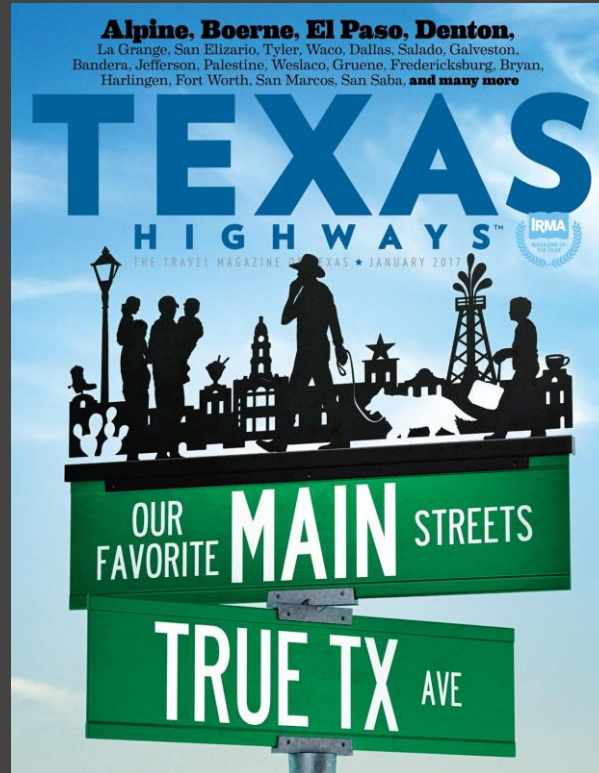
Illustration - Silver

Oklahoma Today - Flight Path



Illustration - Gold

Texas Highways - Our Favorite Main Streets



Art Direction of a Single Story
35 or Less

Art Direction of a Single Story - Bronze

albemarle - Lovely, Dark and Deep



Art Direction of a Single Story - Silver

Arkansas Life - The Naturalist



"The flora of the state of Arkansas, a century after the establishment of the USABC herbarium, remains rather poorly known," reads the first sentence of Ellen B. Smith's introduction to the 1918 book *An Atlas and Annotated List of the Vascular Plants of Arkansas*. It's a strange thing to read in a 500-page text that could only be described as "landmark." But for a Missourian venerated by the name of Kent Bonar, who picked up a copy not long after it was published and spent the next several decades illustrating the plants detailed therein, clearly there was something worth adding.

BY DAN PREST PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON HOSK



THE NATURALIST

"SOME OF THE SKETCHES ARE REAL BASIC," HE SAYS.

"I don't want to go into details that weren't there. I don't embellish. And for bigger wildlife, all you get is a few seconds."

Kent Bonar is perched on the edge of a massive boulder in the forest of Round Mountain, leaning his back against the most black oak that is abundant to the rock. He wears camouflage pants, heavy hiking boots, a sprayer of hand sanitizer, and a hat. An old pair of glasses, arms replaced with a leather strap and frame, covers his face. "Hold on," he says, setting aside his book but to reveal a pale, bald head. He carefully extracts a monocle—a product of hawking with a friend—and slips in leather strap over his head before replacing the hat.

My photographer, Don Howe, jokes that the monocle finally makes him look like a bona fide naturalist. Kent's thin face cracks open a grin, revealing two top teeth.

"No, that I had any credibility to begin with," he quips.

KENT BONAR LIVES in rural Northwest Arkansas and has spent the past four decades, plus or minus, hoofing it across the state, recording and sketching thousands of species of mooses, insects, mammals and



vascular plants—the list of which he kept in a single volume: a first-edition copy of Dr. Edwin B. Smith's 580-page survey of Arkansas flora. Now, over 30 years into the project, Kent has donated his 5-pound field guide to the University of Arkansas, which plans to publish it under the new title, *Arkansas Floristics: The Atlas of Arkansas Vascular Plants, Illustrated by Naturalist Kent Bonar*.

The day I hike with Kent, I wake up at 4 a.m. and begin to drive southeast from Fayetteville, where I live. On the way, I pick up Dan, himself a Northwest Arkansas fixture since the '70s. He offers a thermos of coffee. I decline.

Driving into the Ozark forests, we pass towns with three-digit populations. Tiny white Baptist churches dot the sides of the highways, along with the odd drug store or two-pump gas station. Electrical wires sagging over the road, brittle toolkits cooling like abandoned snakes around them.

Everyone I've talked to in the past month seems to have a Kent Bonar story. Bob Cochran, the English professor behind the publication of *Floristics*, told me that Kent, who doesn't own a car, often gets rides into town from a physics friend named Dreagan—who travels only when the spirits are favorable.

Down, dipping coffee in my passenger seat, tells me about an interview over 10 years ago in which Kent famously told the Forest Service to "Read their own damn"—an admonition to stop trying to control nature and trust God's processes (and as a kicker, a hint at increasing corporate interests inside the agency).

KENT LIVES BETWEEN a town called Nail and a town called Deer. Nail is little more than a loose collection of homes and farms orbited the Nail Store. Deer is slightly larger, with a school and a short strip of businesses at its heart.

Between them, a straight gravel road angles off the highway. Our destination is the first property on the right.

Almost as soon as we leave the highway, a pack of more than 20 dogs warns the car, barking and trotting alongside us. In the brush at the road's edge, a mother lies on her side awaiting pups bobbing at the edge of the crowd. The pack parts, and I

pull into the drive.

Before us lies a circle of decaying architecture. Kent's home is not so much a house as a sort of hovel, a clearing in the woods. A series of windows, combined haphazardly with wooden lean-tos, create a palimpsestic ring around the clearing. One semi-trailer rests upon what looks to be the stone foundation of a long-gone structure. The dogs inhabit the other broken-down shacks.

Kent slept in bed inches so to look around while he gets dressed and feeds the animals. Then and I wander. A giant thermometer is affixed to one wooden board with a mound of old cans and spent milk cartons spread nearby.

Digging two bucketsful of dry dog food from an old aluminum truckbed behind some collapsed shed, Kent dotes it out into a dormer or so timbered with lids, hubcaps, plastic sheets and bowls scattered in the center of the clearing.

The dogs keep away the bears, he explains, distributing the chow, not protect the cans, which eat rats. Suddenly I notice nearly a dozen cans lopping down from the roof, stretching on trees better like suspended above their perches. Kent fills a number of bowls stamped over the clammy matts, balanced on tree limbs and bushes, hanging from snags.

"I used to have bloodhounds," he says over his shoulder. But a bear attack six years ago left him the pack dead, including his last bloodhound. The pack is only now returning to its previous size.

After a quick look up to a pond in back for the animals' waste, we head out for Round Mountain.

KENT CREW UP in Missouri. His parents farmed, but few people of his generation could make ends meet without some extra income. Thus, his father "worked out," traveling to town



For nearly four decades, naturalist Kent Bonar has been taking notes of the surroundings, sketching Arkansas flora in a copy of Ellen B. Smith's 1918 *An Atlas and Annotated List of the Vascular Plants of Arkansas*.




...of blades under side or below, possible flowers
...from fern
...blades under side or below, possible flowers
...from fern
...blades under side or below, possible flowers
...from fern
...blades under side or below, possible flowers
...from fern

Art Direction of a Single Story - Silver

Oklahoma Today - Great Spirits

THE FOOD ISSUE



GREAT
Spirits

Few things are as satisfying as a well-made cocktail. We asked mixologists at four of Oklahoma's best bars to look to places in the state to spark ideas for new drink recipes, and they sought inspiration in the peach orchards of Porter, the stockyards of Oklahoma City, the electric streets of downtown Tulsa, and the sprawling, big-sky plains for which the state is known. The results will make any Okie want to raise a glass to home.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORI DECKWORTH

OklahomaToday.com 49

THE FOOD ISSUE

CENTRAL PLAINS
Punch

From The Pump Bar in Oklahoma City

- 1 1/2 oz. spiced rum
- 1/2 oz. banana liqueur
- 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 oz. pineapple juice

Dash chocolate or Angostura aromatic bitters

Shake and strain over ice in a sixteen-ounce glass, and top with ginger beer.

The Pump Bar, 2425 North Walker Avenue in Oklahoma City, (405) 702-8898 or pumpbar.net.

50 March/April 2017



OklahomaToday.com 51

Art Direction of a Single Story - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Best New Restaurants

BEST

Throughout the year, we scour Acadiana in search of the latest crop of eateries striving to uncover new favorites and those

NEW

poised to stand the test of time. Our 2017 picks will keep you well-entertained and, better yet, well-fed for months to come.

RESTAURANTS

BY Chad Cook AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY Denny Culbert



THIS

is given that these boys and raised in Acadiana will learn how to cook and apply the culinary knowledge passed down to them throughout their lifetime, in turn passing it along to future generations. For some, their culinary soul pulls them into the business, allowing them to do what they love with the world. The following are new restaurants that have opened in Acadiana, helmed by folks who earned top-tier education only to be down into the ordinary 9-5. The dishes, styles and price points vary but one thing is for certain — visitors are sure to be treated a distinctive and delicious meal.

WHITE FOX

WHEN MICHAEL VERRET wanted to begin his career imagined going to China. But while he hopes he raised an interest within for traveling and food, he had a Chinese English teacher being to practice his English skills. It wasn't long before the two men, fell in love and eventually married. The only problem was, when Zhang finally arrived in Bossier Parish, after two and a half years through the visa process, Verret had lost his high-paying job after a company...

that regional culinary styles, although there are many and rice dishes on the menu range typical of south China and spicy Hunan flavors from the southwest. Ask the couple to explain the differences in Chinese food styles and you'll receive quite an education. It's what comes from dipping the fork.

"Everything the (Zhang) cooks here is the way the world cook it at home," Verret explained.

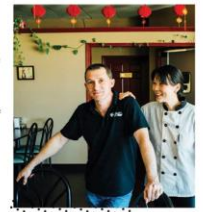
One food style from Zhang's province is the use of spice, something that fits right into the Cajun culinary scene. Zhang makes his own chili pepper sauce.

The couple also create their own stocks and almost all the soups from scratch.

White Fox of Bossier Parish offers authentic Chinese cuisine. The menu includes traditional dishes such as garlic mustard pork, braised pork, and honey mustard pork. Photo by Denny Culbert.

The dishes at White Fox offer the influence of traditional Chinese cuisine.

White Fox owners, husband and wife, Michael Verret and Huihui Zhang.



444 S. BELL BLVD. BOSSIER PARISH, LA 70601
337-462-1285
WWW.WHITEFOXRESTAURANT.COM

Art Direction of a Single Story
35 or More

Art Direction of a Single Story - Bronze

Arizona Highways - The Big Pictures: Red Rock Country



LIFE! The calm water of Oak Creek reflects Oak Creek Canyon's autumn foliage and red rock cliffs. Late September through mid-October is the best time to visit from the airport's vicinity. Photo: Bruce Coulter

Photo: Bruce Coulter

Photo: Bruce Coulter

Photo: Bruce Coulter

Photo: Bruce Coulter

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Photo: Bruce Coulter

Photo: Bruce Coulter

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Photo: Bruce Coulter

Art Direction of a Single Story - Silver

Texas Highways - Take 2

TAKE 2

THE FLICKERING EXCITEMENT OF RESTORED MOVIEHOUSES

— STORY BY MICHAEL CORCORAN —
— PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF WILSON —



As Hollywood blossomed in the early 20th century, movie houses became the social and entertainment hubs of both small towns and big cities across Texas. But the advent of television's free programming in the 1950s, a residential exodus to the suburbs, and the popularity of drive-in cinemas caused downtown marquee to go dark, one by one. As the movie industry shifted to millimeter cassettes in the 1970s, most downtown theaters were torn down or repurposed as hardware or clothing stores, storage buildings, day cares, non-denominational churches, and the like. But in recent years, flickering excitement has returned to many of the historic downtown theaters across Texas. Some have been fabulously refurbished into world-class music venues, like **The Kessler Theater in Dallas** and **The Heights Theater in Houston**. In **Greenville**, the **Texas Theater** has been renovated as a classy dinner theater. Still other abandoned movie houses have been resurrected for their original purposes as first-run movie theaters, places where the town once again follows prodigies together in the dark.

Whether presenting bands, movies, or dramatic plays, these restored theaters not only provide entertainment for locals and visiting audiences. They also serve as anchors of local pride and community engagement. But such projects don't come together without enough vision and hard work to resurrect an old building into something new again.

— GLOBE THEATRE — BERTRAM

The Globe Theatre injected new life into downtown Bertram when it reopened in late 2015 after decades of dormancy. "When we started, we thought live music would be our thing, and we'd show movies on the side," said Globe co-owner Lance Rejzler, who grew up in nearby Leander and played in high school bands with his business partner Zach Hamilton. "But the town really comes out for the movies, so we had to flip it around." The Globe, which was built in 1933 from the same type of "manicured" granite used to build the Texas Capitol in Austin, shows about four movies a month, while hosting at least one concert and various private events each month.

Restoring original marquees is usually a priority, as Rejzler and Hamilton were a little perplexed when they learned that the Globe's vintage sign had disappeared in the '90s. "We thought we'd have to build a new one," said Rejzler, "but we're lucky." After a tip, they found the Globe marquee on a farm outside of Bertram, hoisted under a mountain of junk. With a \$60,000 grant from the Bertram Economic Development Fund, the Globe Theater's original signage was beautifully restored.

Some of these restoration projects have taken years to complete, without much financial return. The Globe took six years. Hamilton and Rejzler did much of the finish-out work themselves, and they took their time to do it right, finding recovered vintage theater seats in Tennessee and receiving wood flooring from a 1920s Sears store in San Angelo for the stage. "It's more than a hobby, but not a full-time job," said Rejzler, who works a desk job by day.

— GRAND THEATRE — YORKMUN

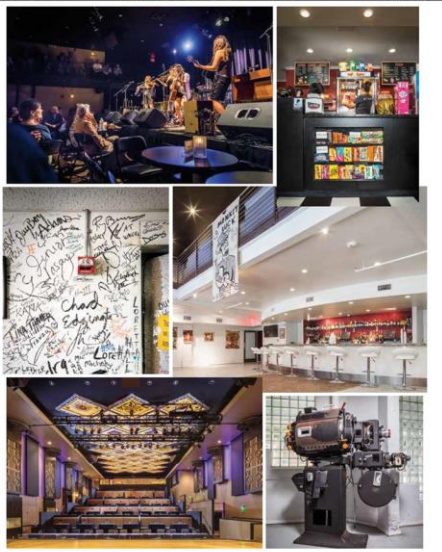
South of Interstate 10 in the cattle country of south-central Texas, schoolteacher Tammy Steinmann had been talking about bringing back Yorkmun's 1931 Grand Theater "since I started dating my husband 15 years ago." A 1961 graduate of Yorkmun High School, she knew from experience that the town needed "something for the kids to do." Steinmann bought the building from a church, and with the aid of a \$20,000 economic development grant from the city, restored the theater and reopened the Grand in September 2010.

From the sidewalk, the Grand's hip art deco marquee makes it feel like we just got our boys back from Korea. But the restored movie theater, which operates Thursday through Sunday, has a modern interior with high-back gray chairs and red and black theater curtains lining the walls to enhance the movie's acoustic. Steinmann uses the same Barco digital projector found at multiplexes. The Grand screens free movies on Wednesdays in the summer, and in February, it will host its first theatrical production—the Main Street Theater of Houston's *Jesus R. Jones* is next at Cook.

"There's a lot of history being brought back," Steinmann said. "We're always having couples tell us they had their first date at the Grand 40 or 50-something years ago." They bring their grandchildren now.

— THE HEINE SCOOP —

Opening spread: J.B. Theatres' second at the Cactus Theater in Lubbock. Opposite page: *Chad Stjohn* from my 4th Kessler in Dallas; Grand in Yorkmun; *High in the Sky* in Houston; *High in the Sky* in Houston; *High in the Sky* in Greenville; *Cactus* in Lubbock.



Art Direction of a Single Story - Gold

Louisiana Life - Oh Shucks!



Oyster Kibers

The oyster, the food of the South, has long been a staple of Louisiana cuisine. It's a delicious and nutritious shellfish that's been a part of the state's culinary heritage for centuries.

Briny, sweet and packed with vitamins and minerals, Gulf oysters are a beloved Louisiana food. Whether they are broiled, chargrilled, stewed or fried, belly up to the bivalve for a heaping helping.

Oh Shucks!

Broiled oysters. There are many ways to enjoy this delicacy, but the most popular is broiling. The heat of the broiler cooks the oyster quickly, which is not only delicious but also healthy. Oysters are a good source of zinc and iron, and they're also low in calories.

By *Stephan Lee*
Photography by *Thomas Cole*



Broiled Oysters

MAKES 4 SERVINGS IN 15 MINUTES

The shellfish called for in the recipe are the small lemon-skinned bulles, which are frequently called shucklets in Louisiana. Provide plenty of French bread for soaking up the juices.

- 4 tablespoons crushed butter, softened
- 2 teaspoons minced shallots
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- large pinch coarse salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne
- 1/2 teaspoon finely ground black pepper
- 2 oysters, freshly opened
- lemon juice
- 1/2 cup fresh goat butter
- Potomac, diluted
- 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs
- 24-28 oysters, depending on size

In a mixing bowl, combine butter, shallots, parsley, salt, cayenne, black pepper, lemon juice and 1/2 cup of the Potomac. Whisk to mix ingredients well and combine. In a small bowl combine 1/2 cup Potomac with the breadcrumbs. This can be done ahead of time and refrigerated until needed.

Preheat broiler and place 4 small racks in a baking sheet. Divide oysters among the racks. Drizzle the compound butter over the racklets. Top with the breadcrumb and Potomac mixture. Place baking sheet and racks under the broiler and broil until oysters bubble and top is browned.

48



Oyster Stew

MAKES 4 SERVINGS

If there is an easier recipe for a satisfying dish, I don't know what it is. I used to enjoy sitting at the bar in New York's Grand Central Oyster Bar and watching the chef make oyster stew over fire in their small steam-jacketed boiler. All you need to make it yourself is a stove and a pot.

- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 cup milk
- 24-28 oysters, depending on size
- 1/2 cup Potomac
- 1/2 cup breadcrumbs
- 1/2 cup Potomac
- 1/2 cup Potomac
- 1/2 cup Potomac
- 1/2 cup Potomac
- 1/2 cup Potomac

In a pot, heat milk, cream and water, season with the seasoning salt. When it's hot, add the oysters. Drizzle cream and bread crumbs over the oysters. Top with a dash of cayenne and a dash of paprika.

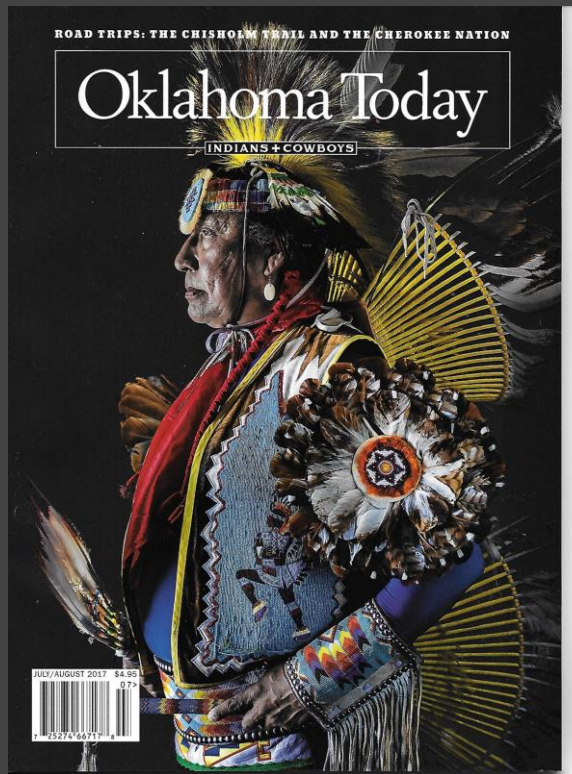
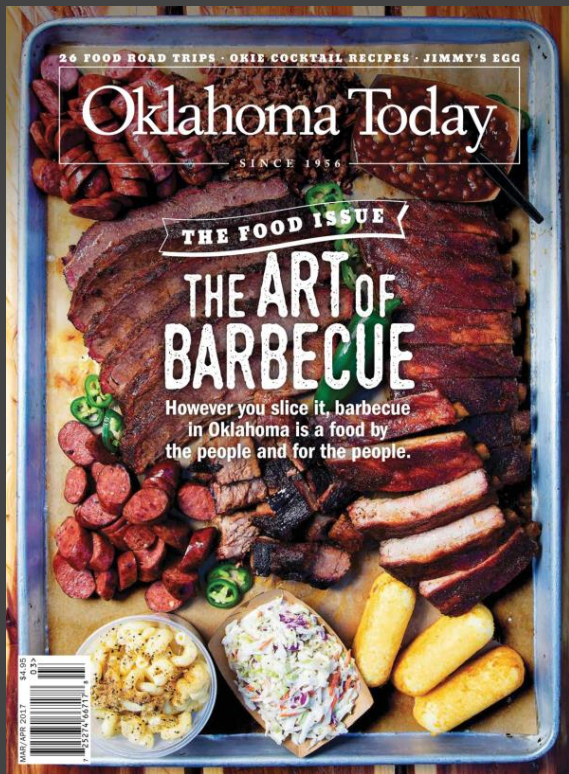
Oyster Farming

Oyster farming is a method of raising oysters in a controlled environment. It's a common practice in Louisiana, and it's a great way to ensure that you're getting fresh, high-quality oysters. Oyster farming is a labor-intensive process, but it's also a rewarding one. Oyster farmers in Louisiana are working hard to ensure that their oysters are the best in the state.

Overall Art Direction
35 or Less

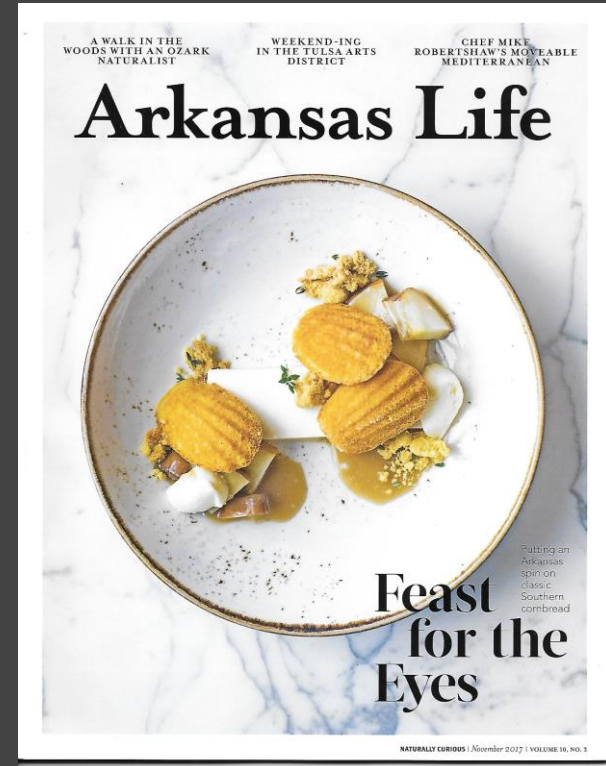
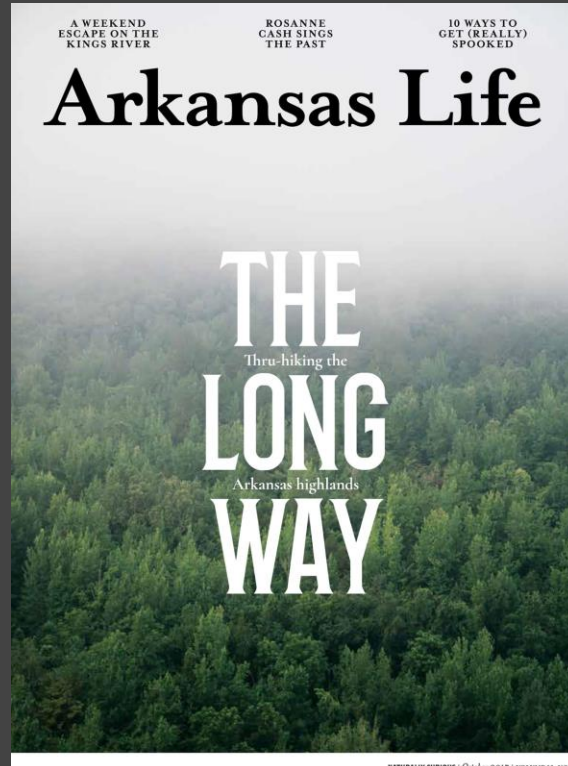
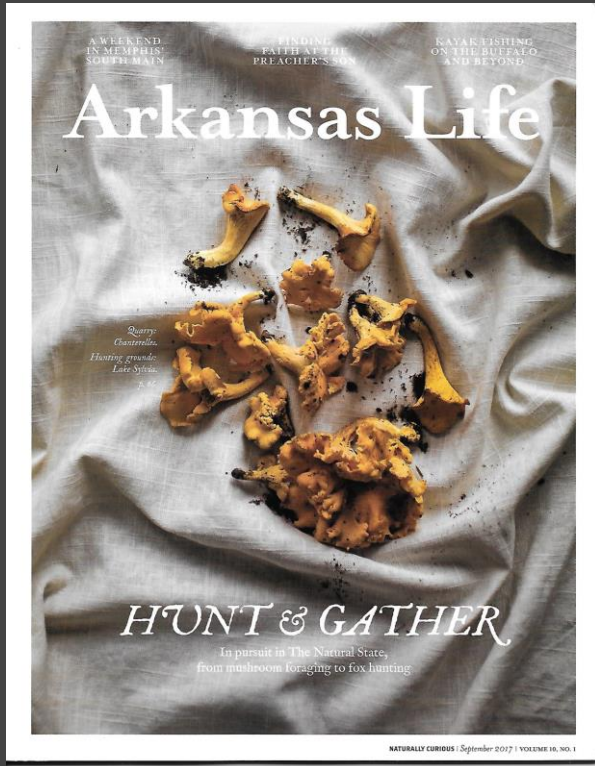
Overall Art Direction - Bronze

Oklahoma Today



Overall Art Direction - Silver

Arkansas Life



Overall Art Direction - Gold

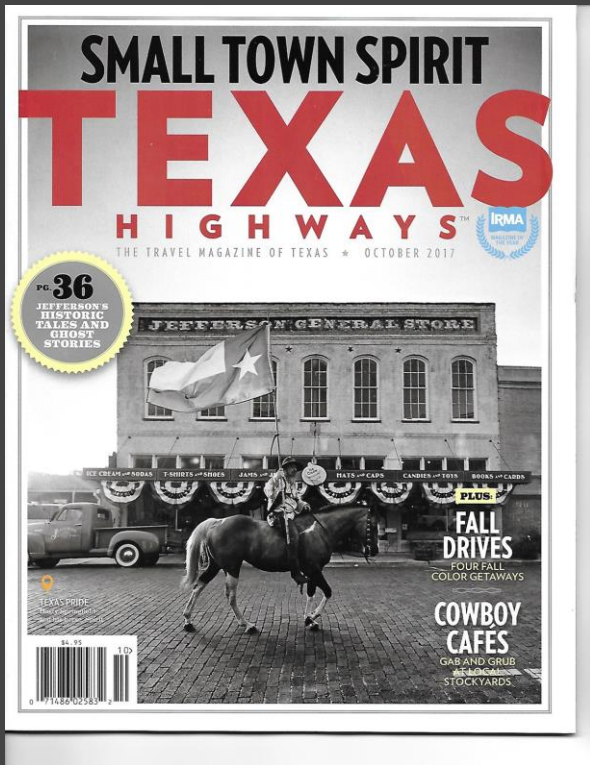
Acadiana Profile



Overall Art Direction
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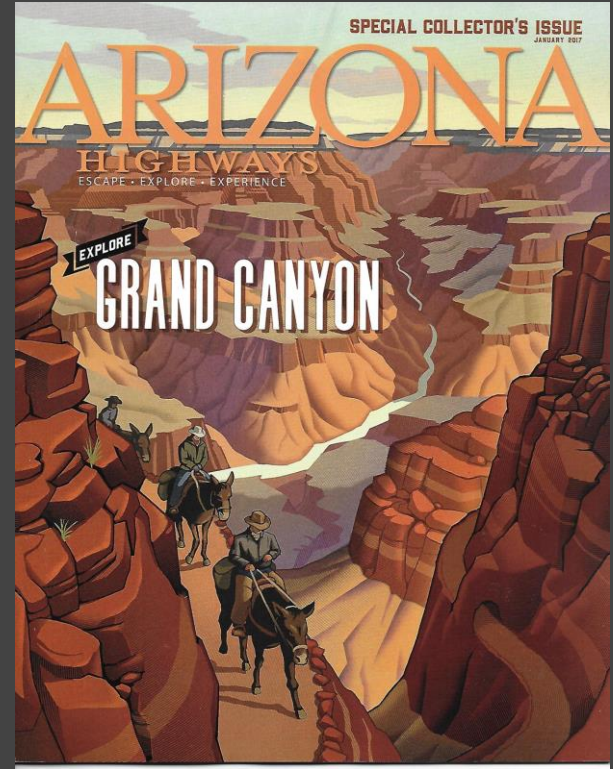
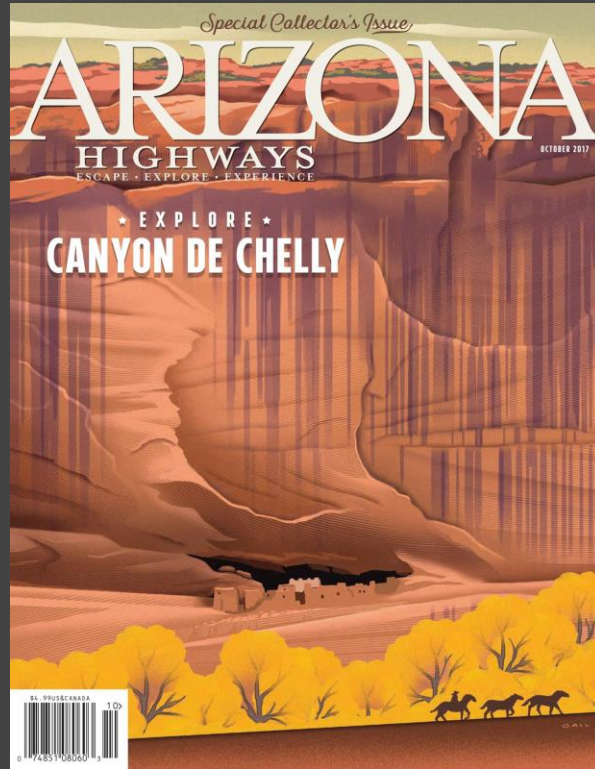
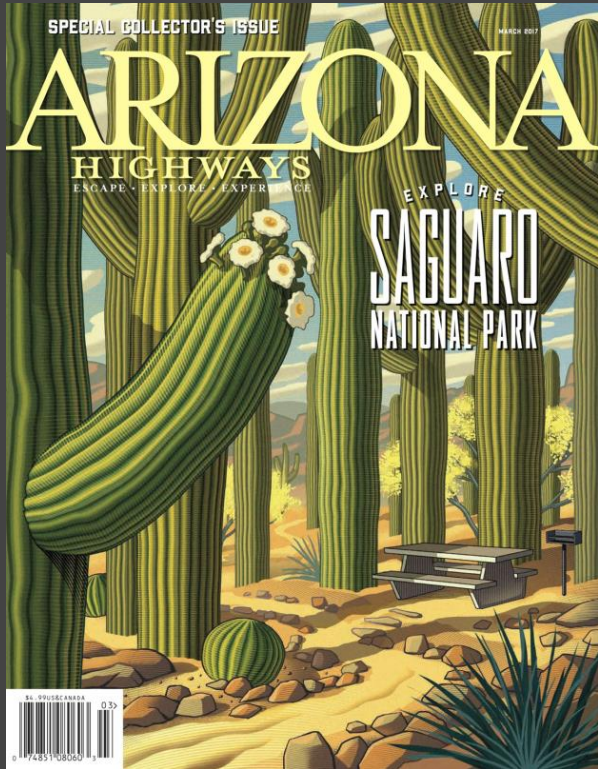
Overall Art Direction - Bronze

Texas Highways



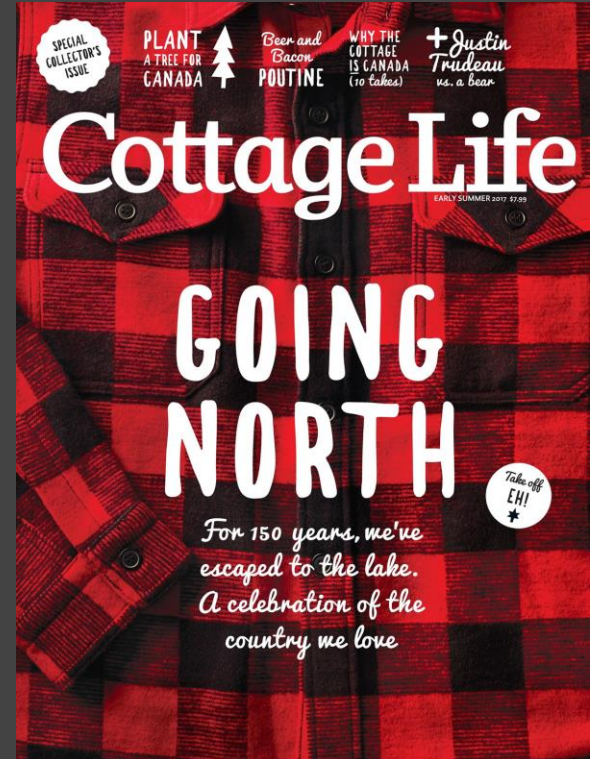
Overall Art Direction - Silver

Arizona Highways



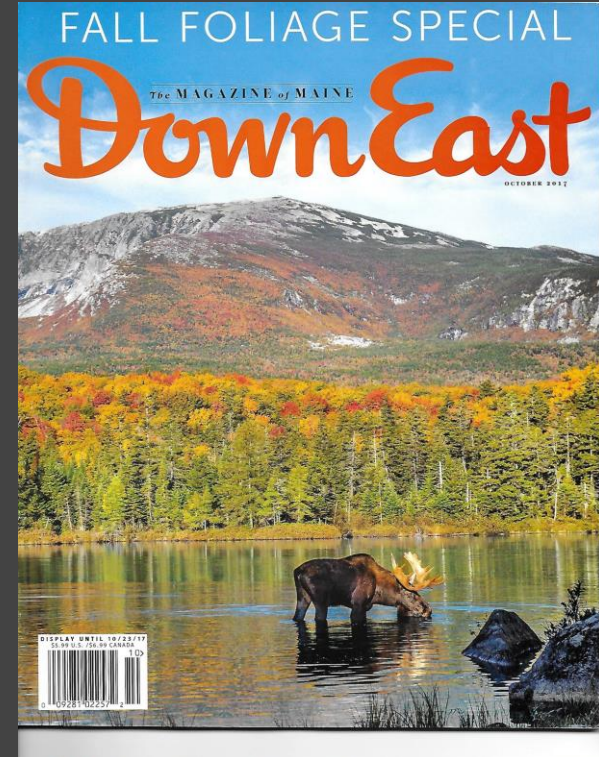
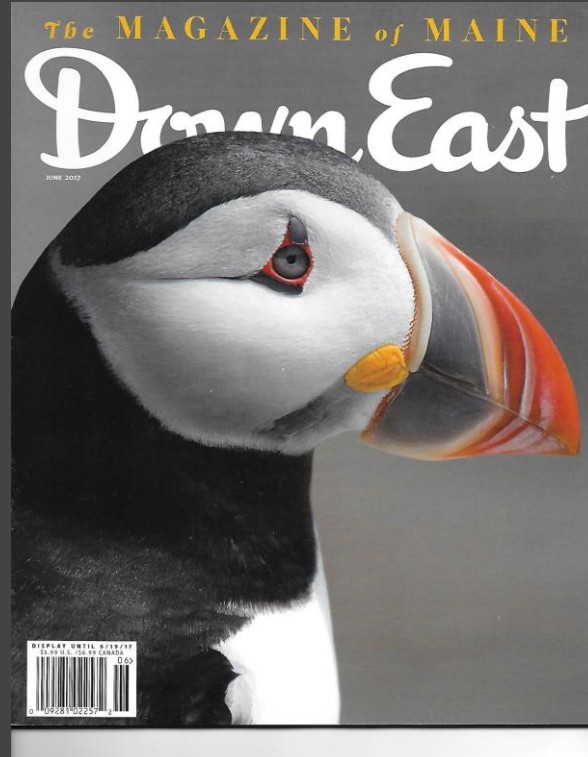
Overall Art Direction - Gold

Cottage Life



Overall Art Direction - Gold

Down East



Department

Department - Bronze

Texas Highways - Hit the Road

HIT THE ROAD
CAN'T-MISS GETAWAYS

DESTINATION: OAK CLIFF

The Brooklyn of Texas

Experience another side of Dallas in Oak Cliff
story by Michael Corcoran

IT'S NOT A SUBURB. BUT A BOROUGH. NOT AN extension, but a separate township, at least spatially. Although Dallas annexed Oak Cliff in 1903, the 87-square-mile area southwest of downtown has maintained its own identity. If Dallas is the packed dance floor under a disco ball, then Oak Cliff is the mysterious couple at the dark end of the bar playing foxtrot.

Framed by beautiful rolling hills, Oak Cliff celebrates independence, diversity, and creativity. It's Berkeley without the big college. Brooklyn sans subway. Just a 45-minute drive from downtown Dallas, Oak Cliff offers a convenient day trip for residents of

the Dallas-Fort Worth area. But Oak Cliff has also been drawing visitors from all over the state in recent years.

They drive for hours to see musicians Michael Nesmith or St. Vincent in the intimately restored, art deco Kessler Theater. Or, they visit to catch a comedy revue or off-Broad film at the notorious Texas Theatre, now known more for its adventurous arts programming than as the site of JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald's arrest. It used to be that folks only came to the edgy Cliff to visit the Dallas Zoo or to chase Oswald's ghost, but now the curious are lured by chic eateries, interesting shopping, and

- Fort Worth 35 minutes
- Wichita Falls 2.5 hours
- Austin 1 hour
- Houston 4 hours

Illustration by Mike Laverty

FEBRUARY 2017 59

Department - Silver

Arizona Highways - The Journal



Department - Silver

Louisiana Life - Great Louisiana Chef



GREAT LOUISIANA CHEF

LOCAL FLAVOR

Sustainable, seasonal and domestic fare is at the heart of Monroe-native Cory Bahr's culinary pursuits

BY Ashley McEllean

PHOTOS BY Romero & Romero

CHEF CORY BAHR IS A CULINARY shooting star. The Monroe native's extensive resume continues to grow, and includes a thriving catering business, a new restaurant, multiple national accolades, volunteer work throughout the state and TV appearances on Food Network's "Chopped" and "Food Network Star."

Like all good Louisiana boys, Chef Bahr cites his Southern upbringing and family lessons as the inspiration for his success.

"I was raised by my grandparents and they instilled a sense of hospitality and graciousness in me at a young age," he says. "I was always underfoot in the kitchen with my grandparents, so really my fondest memories of growing up were spent in the kitchen around the table so it's just a natural progression for me to be in the hospitality industry."

Community and his love of the outdoors remain essential to his take on culinary matters.

"Sustainability is at the forefront of everything we do by building close relationships with our purveyors were able to assure that we are only using domestic seafood. We tend to offer only things that are in season and regional, that creates more work for us on the front end it's definitely something that makes an impact not only with our diners but also with our local and state economy."

Bahr brought his Louisiana love to an even wider audience as a finalist on this summer's "Food Network Star," although he remains ever humble. "The 'Food Network Star' experience was amazing," he says. "It allowed me to share my culinary point of view with the world."

Catch him while you can: Chef Cory Bahr's star is definitely on the rise. His latest venture, Parish restaurant — a modern Southern restaurant featuring a wood-fire kettle — is set to open in Monroe, late fall 2017. •



LOUISIANA SHRIMP AND WATERMELON AGUACHILE

Combine 1 pound (10/15 count) Louisiana shrimp (spined, deveined and poached), 3 cups seedless watermelon (cut into half-inch cubes), 1 jalapeño (finely minced, seeded and roughly chopped), 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup fresh juice, 1 cup seedless cucumber (sliced and a quarter inch thick rounds), 1 cup thinly sliced red onion, 2 tablespoons whole coriander seed (soaked), 2 teaspoons Korean chili flakes and kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste in a large mixing bowl. Let marinate for one hour then fold in ¼ cup packed mint leaves (roughly chopped) and ¼ cup packed cilantro (roughly chopped including stems) (or cilantro works nicely as well and it is available in most Asian supermarkets). Serve immediately with fried tortillas or plantain chips.

Department - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Les Artistes



Food Feature

Food Feature - Merit

Kansas - Twenty Yummy Places



twenty yummy places

Kansas has always been and continues to be an agricultural state. And when food is grown, it is appreciated and served with love. All across the state you can find local diners, cafes and food trucks, including a host of food containers by specializing in local fare with innovative approaches. In these pages, KANSAS magazine readers and journalists featured on honor some of the best local eateries across the state.

Last January in Merit, our magazine announced readers' choices for the top 200 restaurants in Kansas. We received more than 500 nominations through the Kansas Department of Wildlife, Parks and Tourism website, our Facebook page, written letters and phone calls. A sheer majority of votes came from within the state, but relocated Kansans and Kansans living in 51 states as far away as Washington and Virginia also voted their picks.

These lists pair up with some cool results, including a three-way tie for the 20th list. So we took the top 20 recommendations and held daily online writing from Merit to bring this list to you. We're readers' choice list. We were delighted at the variety of amazing eateries, both in terms of geography and the types of food they serve.

So thanks for you, our readers, for helping us to honor these Kansas eateries. You will probably find several you know and a few you will want to check based on the recommendations from readers in other regions of the state. Happy travels... and enjoy the meals to come!

The top twenty eateries are listed on the following pages in random order.

41
DECEMBER



one.

THREE ONE ONE

What happens when you bring a Key-Word pair to the kitchen? Former President Helen Dargatzis and chef John Dahl answered that question when they opened Three One One in March 2010. The Allstate restaurant, whose name comes from a street address, offers what Dargatzis calls "food and true Midwestern love," but specializes in weekend tables, serving far more than the best food selections available. Make plans, however, to arrive on the scene, several other as a sandwich, here or dinner (but, please, don't pair with the "beer" or "hot" line, topped with honey cheese, nachos and pulled pork or brisket. Drinks include a mixture of domestic and local craft beers, along with Local Shank Lager, the beer brewed by Key West and local legend Jimmy Buffett. It pairs well with Kansas.

311 N. Spruce St. | Abilene
(785) 200-6762



two.

AMANDA'S BAKERY & CAFE

In the heart of downtown Emporia, this beloved homey joint serves local bread along with a line of what it calls the "industrial dream." If you had your choice, a coffee, full or decaf, would be Amanda's signature breakfast with. As big as the line, this well-loved bread is Amanda's kitchen and served up with the First Hills, Kansas.

702 Commercial St. | Emporia
(620) 340-6620



four.

THE COACHLIGHT RESTAURANT

Care with what necessary tags fill much of Langford's downtown area on Saturdays to local patrons flow into the Coachlight Restaurant to fill their platters with plates from a plentiful, affordable buffet. The friendly service and that buffet—well, popular dishes such as fried chicken, hand-dressed chicken fried steak, hand-dressed made from local beef and freshly prepared vegetable, beef and pork salads—have made this meal every a dining destination.

According to current owner, Amy Wayman, her dad is dedicated to the restaurant's longtime motto, "Good food, friendly people." "I started Coachlight twelve years ago and made potatoes daily and make homemade sausage every Saturday morning. They chop cabbage and top it with a secret sauce (dressing made from an original hand-rolled recipe while the pot still comes from another vintage recipe).

Lunch options consist of a variety of sandwiches and daily specials that range from homemade chili and omelets, prepared chicken over biscuits, beef and onions, to ham and beans with cornbread. There's a special every evening, such as Mexican food on Wednesdays and BBQ on Saturdays. Dinners

might be freshly baked flatbread or bread pudding, and there's always pie—sometimes up to 100 different ones. (The whole pie is made, and occasionally finished or grown.) The pie covers lunch, but it's made the night of the meal and moves a slice at the beginning of your meal.

Located at the heart of the town, it's a small town with more than 100 residents, the Coachlight has been open since 1975 when the building was constructed as part of the town's historical building project. According to Vera Korman, past owner of Coachlight, word-of-mouth recommendations have made the restaurant a regional favorite—and a tradition for some.

Kansas State University student Hayley Heigler says his family has been eating there for decades. He looks forward to returning to Langford, where he often sees his grandfather for meals that satisfy his insatiable appetite.

"It's a really local feel to us," says Heigler.

184 Wanda St. | Langford
(785) 388-2437

Chefs aren't appreciated but it's first come, first served



five.

WAGON WHEEL CAFE

Celebrating 60 years of business, Wagon Wheel in Marysville is deeply loved by locals. Want to find out why? Order the trip sandwich on chicken or beef. And don't skip dessert! The center slice is decorated and served every day. Wagon Wheel is the kind of place where the staff takes the time to get to know the customers. And manager Lee Leppink can take you to 500 orders without a second glance, getting ready every time. It's the real deal for downtown food and quality service. Let's hope this stick around for a long, long time to come.

703 Broadway | Marysville | (785) 562-3784

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DECEMBER

Food Feature - Merit

Oklahoma Today - Food Worth the Drive



Food WORTH THE DRIVE

Good food is essential to good travel, and in Oklahoma, some of the best reasons to get in the car are culinary. For the fourth year running, we've rounded up some of the state's best destinations for turning a full tank of gas into a full belly.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **LORI DUCKWORTH**

The Rock House in Tahlequah was built with later rock from the area and the nearby 100-year-old stone building has remarkable views of the nearby Kiamichi Mountains (page 74).

THE FOOD ISSUE

CHEESE, CHEESE ME
Chowder's Amish Cheese House sets nearly any variety of cheese including Bermuda onion and mango for cheddar.

ALVA
Taco Village
In 1972, if Alva residents wanted Mexican cuisine, they had to drive more than seventy miles out of town to find it—at least until Dudley Brown, who owned an accounting business at the time, decided to change that.
“We would go to Enid once a week for Mexican food,” says Rosa Harris, Brown’s daughter and co-owner of Taco Village. “My mom could cook pretty good Mexican food, and my parents decided that’s what they wanted to do.”
Now, almost forty-five years later, Harris still uses the recipes her parents developed in their kitchen. From the large and satisfying Sanchez plate—a huge tortilla filled with creamy refried beans and well-seasoned meat topped with chile and cheese—to the thin tortilla chips with molten cheese sauce, this menu makes Alva natives eager to come home.
“Whenever people return to Alva, they say they’ve always got to go to the Taco Village first,” Harris says.
—Lighthouse Reporter

“Whenever people return to Alva, they’ve always got to go to the Taco Village first.”
—KEEA HARRIS, Taco Village

WINE, WINE, WHO WINE *Winery* through Friday 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Saturday 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. 828 Oklahoma Boulevard, OKR 527-1252

DO YOU KNOW? *Flitters* from as far away as Wisconsin have been known to stop at Taco Village and get an order of trouty or more, freeze burritos to take home.

ATOKA
Amish Restaurant
For many, a thriving small-town downtown is a perfect symbol of America. And on the picturesque Court Street—Atoka’s main drag—the American dream is as everyday as it is for Gertie and Adriana Mandarini, owners of Luigi’s Italian Restaurant. Gertie learned to cook Italian food

while living in Germany, and now the Mandarini immigrants and their teenage children run one of southeastern Oklahoma’s best spots for delectable Italian dishes. It’s made down a lot of friends in this small town.
“In this community, everybody knows everybody, so people walk in and we say, ‘Do you want your usual?’” says Emma, Gertie and Adriana’s daughter. “We know their names, their kid’s names, their pets, their great-grandma.”
Those looking for a taste of the old country will do well to check out house specialties like Chicken Caccinoli—artichoke hearts, grilled chicken, mushrooms, and sautéed in creamy white sauce—or the Chef’s Favorite with grilled chicken, broccoli, bell peppers, and jalapeño sautéed in that same white sauce with praline pasta. But whether hunger calls for pizza, sandwich, salad, or any number of pasta dishes, hours of Italian dining will find their cravings satisfied here.
—Nathan Giercer

WINE, WINE, WHO WINE *Winery* through Friday 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sat. 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. 315 East Court Street, OKR 844-0221, TT

DO YOU KNOW? *Those hoping for a healthy option should look no further than the Stone Salad with lemon, tomatoes, garlic, cheese, artichoke hearts, bell peppers, mushrooms, vinegar, and black olives in a lemon dressing. Add grilled chicken or shrimp for an extra bit of protein.*

CHOWDAU
Amish Cheese House
Dairy food that trends toward the complex and revel in the simple goodness of a fresh homemade sandwich at the Amish Cheese House in Chowdau. Opened in 2000 as a deli and bulk foods market selling products sourced from Amish wholesalers, the Cheese House became a culinary

ESY
The number of forks equates to the average cost of an entrée and beverage.
\$ = \$10 and under
TT = \$11 and up

60 March/April 2017

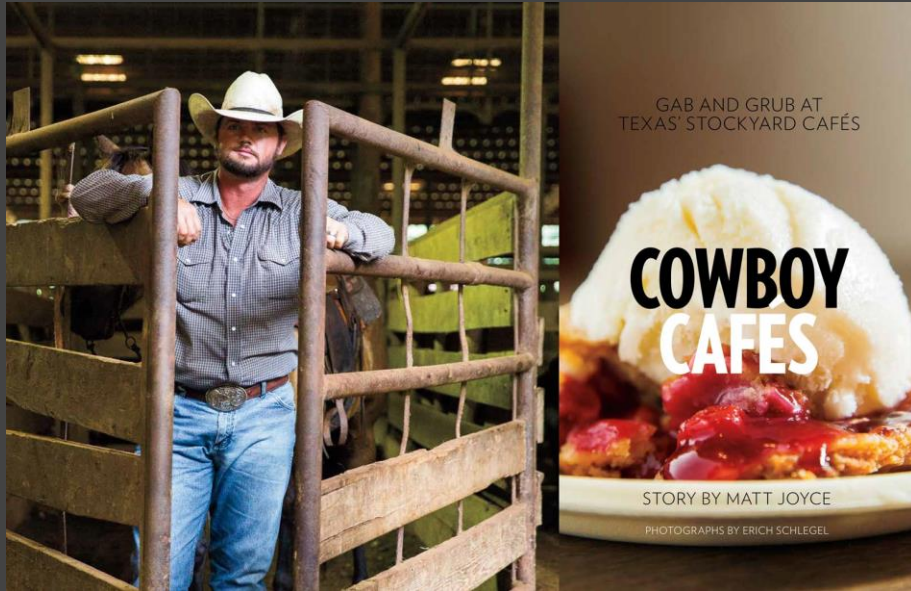


At Luigi's Italian Restaurant in Atoka, owner and chef Gertie Mandarini creates dishes like the Chef's Favorite with grilled chicken, broccoli, bell peppers, black olives, and sautéed in a white sauce.

THE FOOD ISSUE

Food Feature - Merit

Texas Highways - Cowboy Cafes



Food Feature - Bronze

Arkansas Life - Finders, Keepers



Food Feature - Silver

Louisiana Life - Oh Shucks!



Oyster Knives
 It's important, the tool of choice for oyster lovers, that you use a sharp oyster knife. The blades are made of stainless steel and are designed to pry open the shell and remove the oyster. They are not to be confused with the regular butter knives.

By Ripley Fry
 Photograph by James Lee

Briny, sweet and packed with vitamins and minerals, Gulf oysters are a beloved Louisiana food. Whether they are broiled, chargrilled, stewed or fried, belly up to the bivalve for a heaping helping.

Oh Shucks!

Broiled oysters. There are two ways to cook the dish. The oyster can be broiled on the half-shell, but the more popular option, oysters which is a part of oysters-dill or, if you're more of a fan of oysters-dill, is to broil them in small tin cans, which greatly simplifies the process.



Broiled Oysters

MAKI-AKASHIWA IN OYSTERS

The shallots called for in the recipe are the small brown-skinned bulbs, not green onions, which are frequently called shallots in Louisiana. Provide plenty of French bread for soaking up the juices.

- 4 tablespoons unsalted butter, softened
- 2 teaspoons minced shallots
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- large pinch coarse salt
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 2 teaspoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
- ½ cup freshly ground Indian Pantheon, divided
- 2½ tablespoons bread crumbs
- 24-30 oysters, depending on size

In a mixing bowl, combine butter, shallots, parsley, salt, cayenne, black pepper, lemon juice and 1 cup of the Pantheon. Whisk or mix ingredients until well combined. In a small bowl, combine ¼ cup Pantheon with the bread crumbs. (This can be done ahead of time and refrigerated until needed.)

Preheat broiler and place 4 small tins on a baking sheet. Divide oysters among the tins. Divide the compound butter among the tins. Top with the bread-crumbs and Pantheon mixture. Place baking sheet and tins under the broiler and broil until oysters bubble and top is browned.

Oyster Farming

Of course, you can't just buy oysters. You have to raise them. Oyster farming is a labor-intensive process. It takes years to raise oysters to market size. The process is labor-intensive and expensive. It's a good thing that Louisiana has a rich tradition of oyster farming.

Oyster Stew

MAKI-AKASHIWA

If there is an easier recipe for a satisfying dish, I don't know what it is. I used to enjoy sitting at the bar in New York's Grand Central Oyster Bar and watching the chef's make oyster stew in their small steam-jacketed kettles. All you need to make it yourself is a stove and a pot.

1 cup heavy milk
 1 cup bread crumbs
 24-30 oysters, depending on size
 ¼ cup salt and freshly ground black pepper
 cayenne
 paprika

In a pot, heat milk, cream and butter almost to the boiling point. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Divide oyster stew among the 4 hot bowls. Top with a dash of cayenne and a dash of paprika.



Food Feature - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Best New Restaurants

BEST

Throughout the year, we scour Acadiana in search of the latest crop of eateries striving to uncover new favorites and those

NEW

poised to stand the test of time. Our 2017 picks will keep you well-entertained and, better yet, well-fed for months to come.

RESTAURANTS

BY Chad Cook AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY Danny Culbert



Fried chicken at the Acadian Supperette in Lafayette.



Sliders' destination above other local fare.

Share and how they're doing their best." In Monroe, there will find traditional American dishes such as the ribeye steak, oyster poboy and "the gumbo pizza" (see "Must-haves"). "This summer, Supperette owners expect to open a second dining room and expand their menu, as well as introduce their other Louisiana-themed eatery in Grand Bay of Stennisport, Houma (see Review of Acadiana) and Crying Eagle, which is also located in Lake Charles.

333 BROAD ST. LAKE CHARLES 337-483-5558 SLOPPYDOWNTOWN.COM



One of Acadian Supperette's meat po-pops (left) served with a fried egg, topped with green onions, butter, beans, and rice.



ACADIAN SUPPERETTE

TOFF ROBINSON'S GROW UP in a Lake Charles neighborhood in St. Charles Parish, Louisiana, where he and his wife, Jennifer, have a small business called Acadian Supperette. "I was raised on rice and gravy and shrimp," Robinson says. "I never wanted to have a restaurant attached." Robinson and partner Dr. Robert Austin have owned and operated the Supperette in phases since the first place being breakfast and plant-based. In addition to the home-based shop, Robinson hopes to open a bar in the back of the Supperette, where he will serve a Louisiana specialty. For now, the Supperette is about the food — fried chicken,

shrimp étouffée, sautéed cabbage and smothered ribs of meat dishes, fresh from local ingredients. The Supperette's former owner, Lynn Deshotel, remains so well as the personal atmosphere of a cozy grocery store. "It's all about making a meal feel like home," Robinson explains. "I want people to come in and feel like family. I want that essence to extend beyond the food. You walk in and feel like you're in grandma's house. I don't want to be any different from what they eat at their house."

600 LAMAR ST. LAKECHARTE 337-537-8599

Special Focus

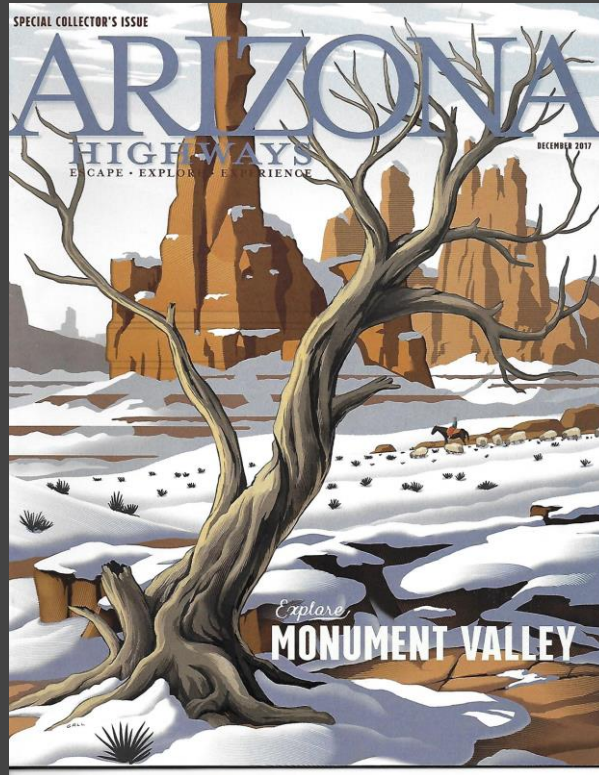
Special Focus - Merit

Adirondack Life - At Home in the Adirondacks



Special Focus - Merit

Arizona Highways - Explore Monument Valley



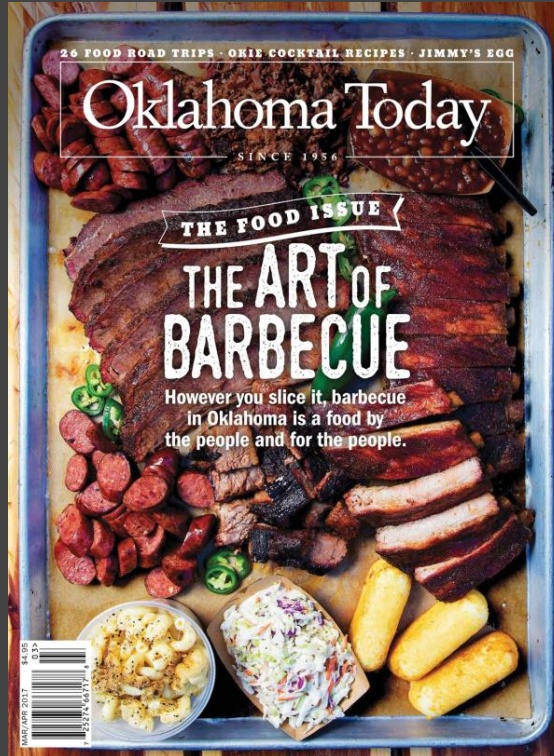
Special Focus - Bronze

Texas Highways - Unplug & Recharge

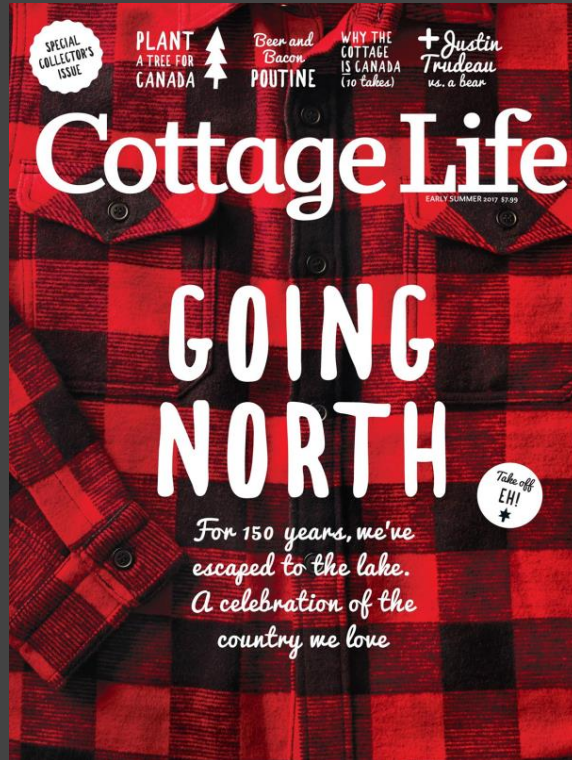


Special Focus - Silver

Oklahoma Today - The Food Issue



Special Focus - Gold Cottage Life - Going North



Travel Package

Travel Package - Gold

Down East - The Great Maine Scavenger Hunt

by Joel Crabtree • Will Gronwald • Brian Kevin • Frances Killen • Virginia M. Wright

The Great Maine Scavenger Hunt

— of 2017 —

- SEE THE SIGHTS
- GET OUTDOORS
- HIKE
- EAT & DRINK
- EXPLORE HISTORY
- CATCH A SHOW
- GET A LITTLE LOST



TECHNICALLY, WE ARE AWARE THAT MAINE HAS THREE OTHER SEASONS. Four if you count spring and mud separately. But summer in Maine sings, and for this special issue, we wanted to give you a taste of its music. The next 30 pages are your stop-by-stop map map map over the Pine Tree State has to offer when the sun is shining, the ocean is warm, fish, the festivals are plentiful, and the dining is all fresco. Join us on the hunt for the best Maine summer ever.

NOVEMBER 2017 33

That's right, we're sending you out to explore all **36,385 square miles** of Maine — from mountains to sea, from potato fields to city streets — in pursuit of the best Maine summer ever. There are **three ways you can win** our Great Maine Scavenger Hunt.

How to Play

- #1 In any combination of activities that happens to interest you on the following page, tick a handful of boxes and print them that would have you be sure to include them in your search.** Then, when you're out hunting for the Maine summer, and that, any found, make sure you've checked them off. If you've got any prizes of money, let us know how some people are making things happen themselves in other states!
- #2 Finish all of the tasks in a single category.** So you've a finale, an ambassador, or a home-buff. Complete all of the activities in any one of the seven categories that follow (Outdoors, Food & Drink, History, Arts, Family, and Landmarks), and you'll see a handsome reward prize of this month's cover, along with a photo and those and in a category.
- #3 Complete all 48 tasks, eye-opening, challenging, delicious, adventuresome items on this list.** Those, they haven't been our choice, about whether anyone can even do this. But if you had the time and completion of all of these activities — across all seven categories — and updated our accompanying online, matching each task's unique description, to **document your greatMaineScavengerHunt**, you'll have our undying admiration. And truly enjoyed the best Maine summer ever. Here's what you'll see in the 48-page subcategory to Down East: 23 essential summer phenomena of your 48 tasks. It's an opportunity to visit the editorial offices of Down East of Annapolis, where an editorial phenomenon of your achievement will bring a piece of highest honor for two years. Upon such receipt you will be named and hailed as a competing hero.

Important Dates
 There's only one, really, and that's Labor Day — Monday, September 4, at it's our season here. That's the best time to which you most enjoy your selfies in **document your greatMaineScavengerHunt** in order to be eligible for a prize. That gives you, all of May, June, July, and August to complete the scavenger hunt. Of course, you can and should continue having fun in Maine in September and beyond — you just won't win anything for it. If you're planning to complete the items in the Events category, best to look at your calendar, since

About Those Selfies
 A "selfie" means you have to be in it, with the exception of any of the entries in the Family category, for which having your kids in it is a totally acceptable alternative. If you'd like to separate other people from your selfies, then maybe — the more the merrier. If somebody else actually takes the photo of you, that's perfectly fine too. But please do read the description of the photo of you we've added for it in the background. If it's important, a sign is not of topic, a reward gets cut off — that's okay. Don't panic. We're only using this to verify. No selfie requirements are necessary upon purchase or payment of an admission. If you do not return to the completion of a selfie or photo, we've described it (hey, a sign we've added you a photograph has sometimes been destroyed), use your best judgment and take photos that otherwise absent as you've completed an activity — you'll be able to include an explanation near your photo upload.

To read the full official rules and disclosures, the **document your greatMaineScavengerHunt**, since you'll be able to read them and find it a bit to confirm. And most importantly, have a great Maine summer!

CATEGORIES

Outdoors	History	Events	Family
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Best Beer & Local Hospital Blue or Sustainable Blue or Coolest House Blue or Beach House Blue or Beach Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic Blue or Scenic
Food & Drink	Arts	Landmarks	More Info
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SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR PAST CATEGORY SPONSORS:
 MD Hospital, Colander Winery, L.L. Bean, and LANDSCAPE MAINTENANCE SERVICES. — and our new great partner, Squarespace, the leading way to create your own website.

VOIR MAINE

THE DOWNEAST.COM

PHOTO: JAMES HARRIS

Cover 35 or Less

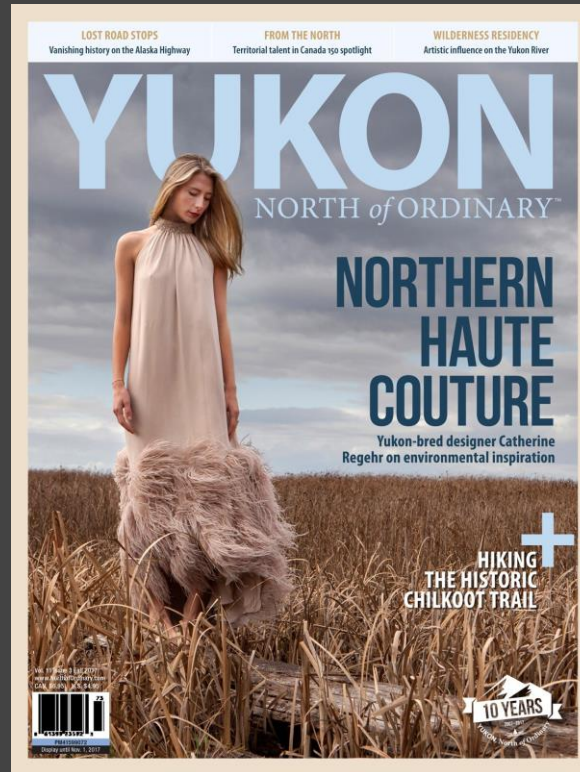
Cover 35 or Less - Bronze

albemarle - Snow Days



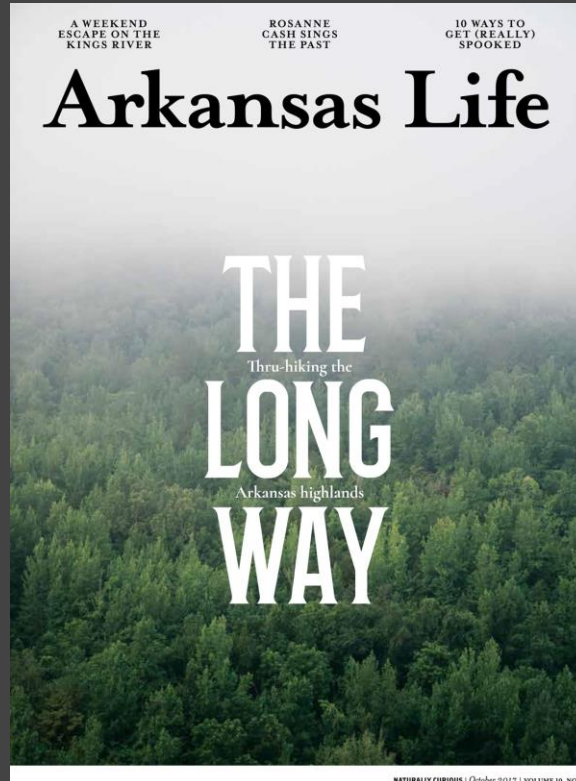
Cover 35 or Less - Silver

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Northern Haute Couture



Cover 35 or Less - Gold

Arkansas Life - The Long Way



Cover 35 or More

Cover 35 or More - Merit

Texas Highways - Holiday



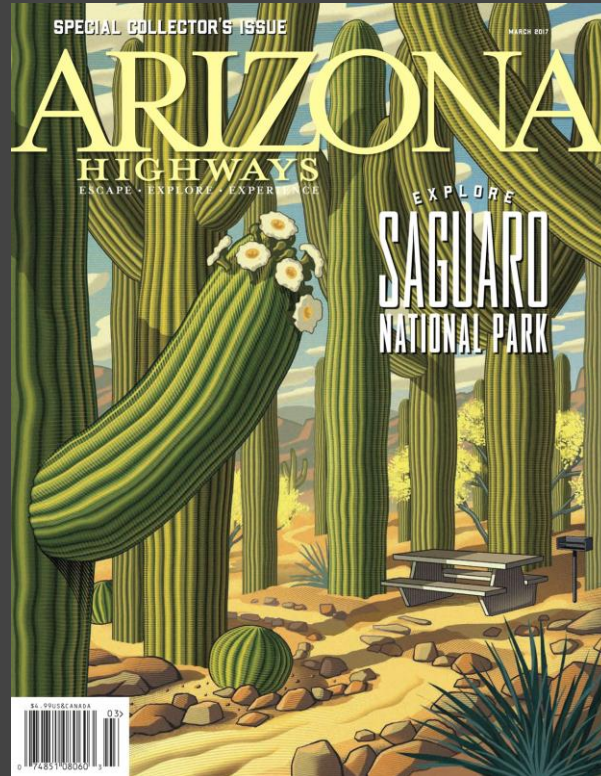
Cover 35 or More - Bronze

Louisiana Life - Culinary Heritage



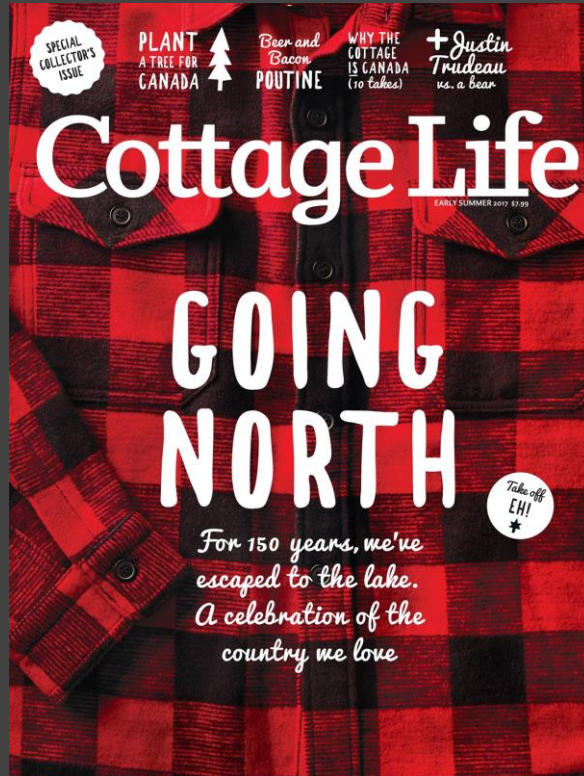
Cover 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - Explore Saguaro National Park



Cover 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life - Going North



Magazine of the Year
35 or Less

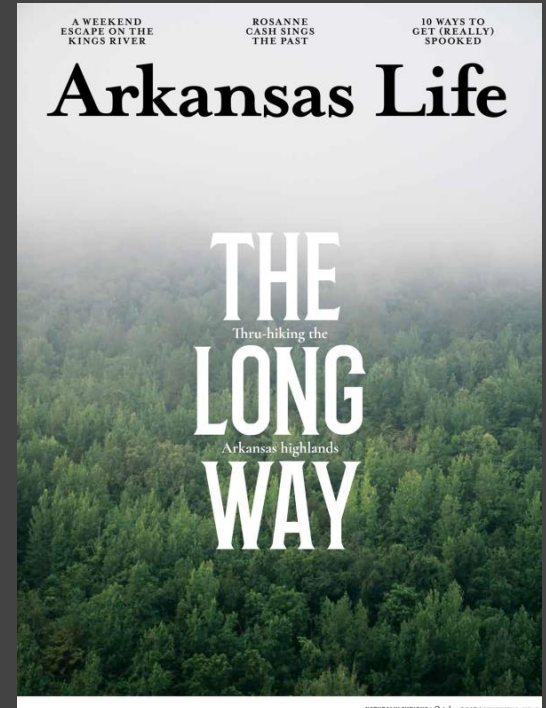
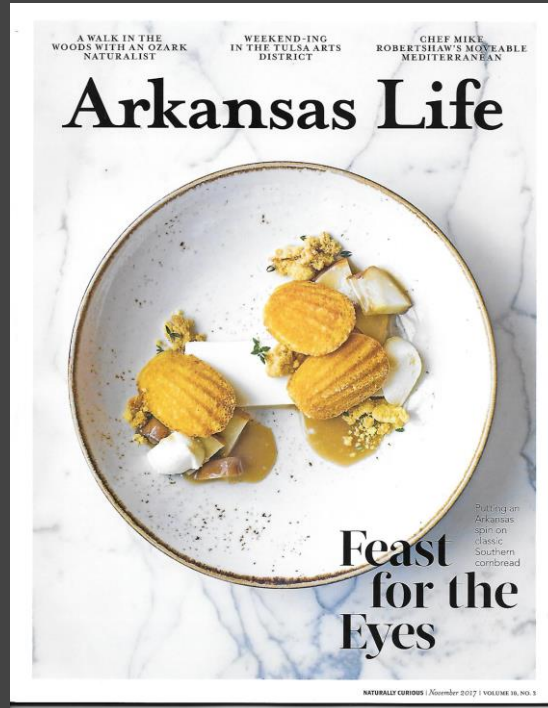
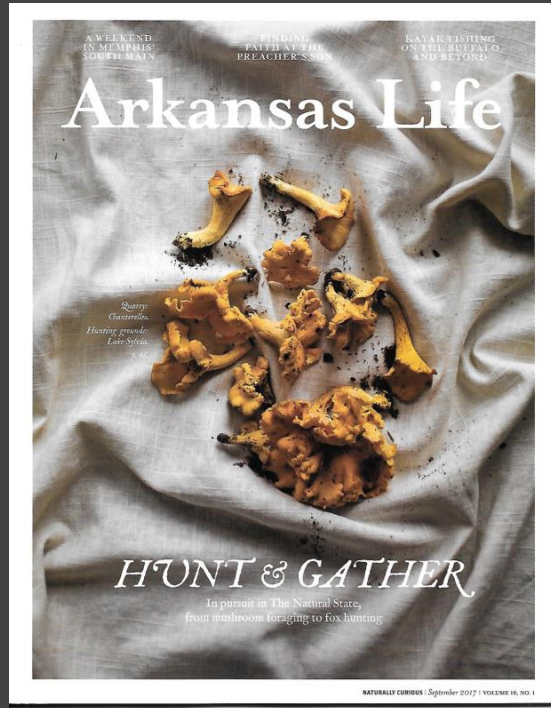
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

Acadiana Profile



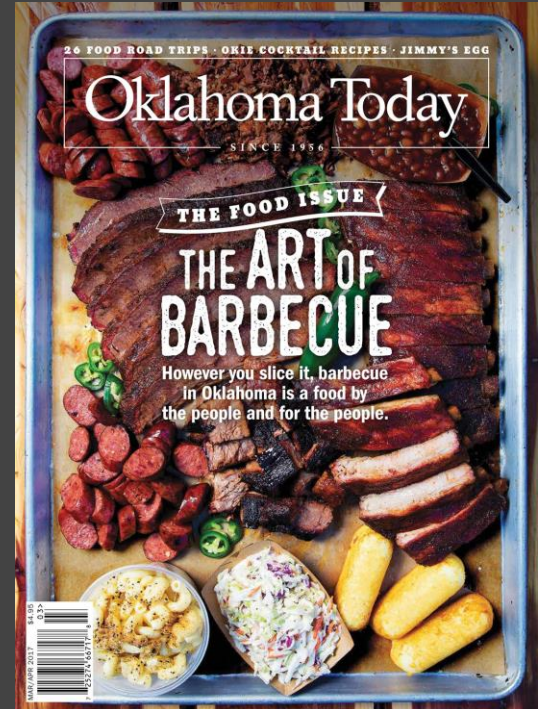
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

Arkansas Life



Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Winner

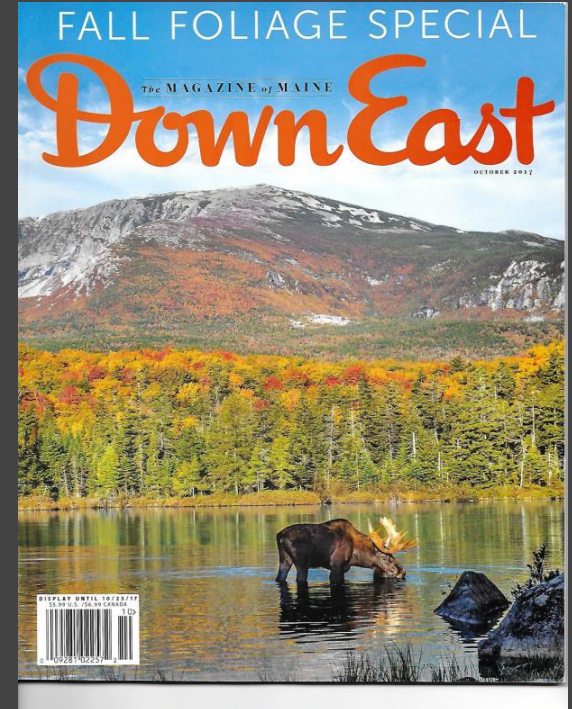
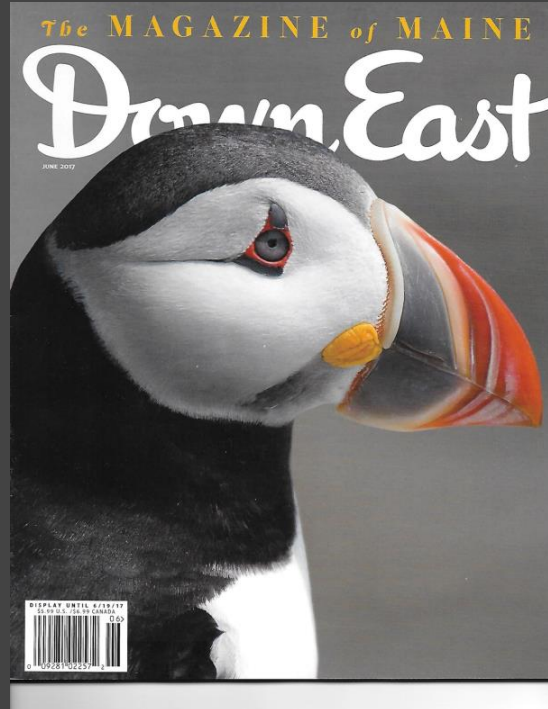
Oklahoma Today



Magazine of the Year
35 or More

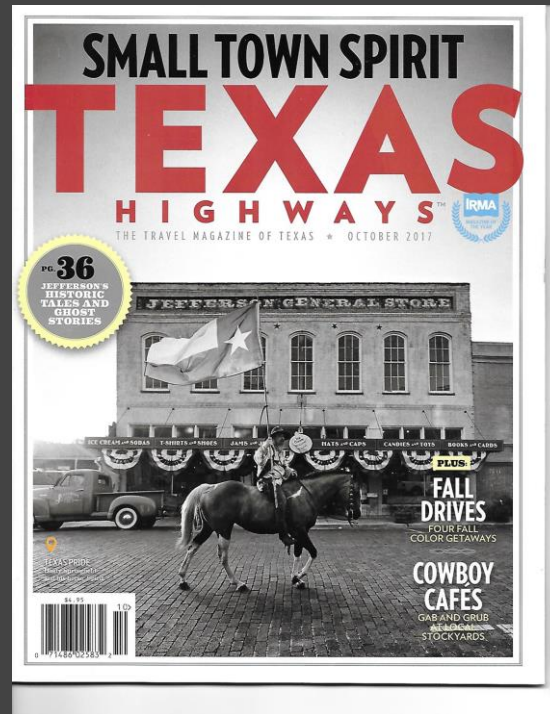
Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Finalist

Down East



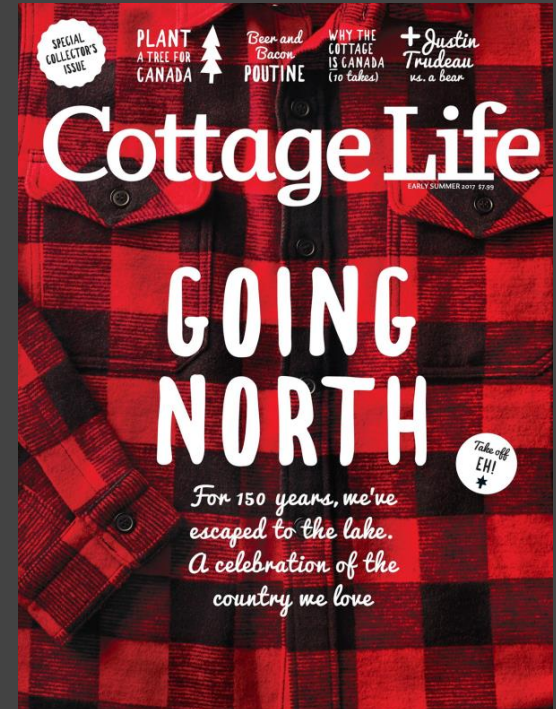
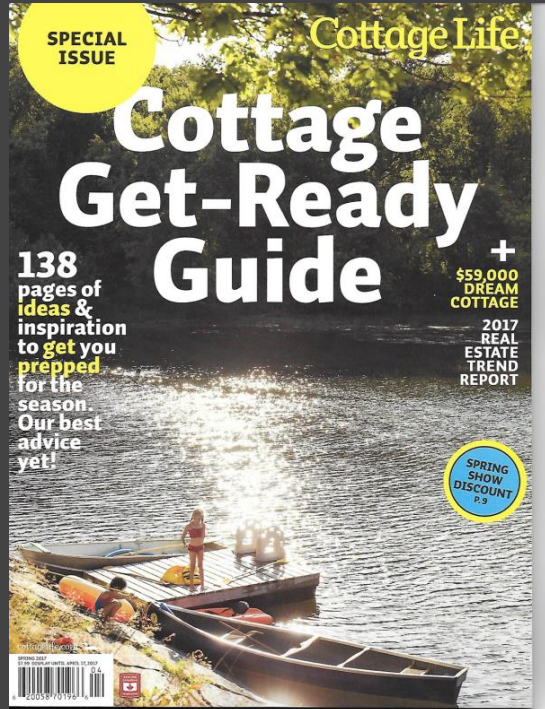
Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Finalist

Texas Highways



Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Winner

Cottage Life



Winner of the 2019 IRMA Logo Contest
Mark Mahorsky, Texas Highways



We will see you at the Fairfield Inn and Suites
Charlotte, North Carolina

October 25-28, 2019

