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42nd Annual Awards Presentation IRMACON 2022

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Public Issues

Public Issues – Merit **Cottage Life – Navigation Tools**



Navigation tools

How to make your way in Canada today without getting stuck on the shoals of cultural appropriation By DAVID A. ROBERTSON

SOME OF MY BEST and earliest memories are of the lake. Starting when I was a baby, I went with my family to Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba every summer and stayed at a little resort with housekeeping cottages. When my wife and I had kids of our own, we continued the tradition, bringing our kids to the lake in August and staying at the same place. The cabins encircle a communal area where there are picnic benches, firepits, and a lamp post that I broke one year with an errant Frisbee. There's a play structure for kids with a few slides and a sandbox. The swimming pool is always warm—it's never the wrong time for a swim, whatever the weather.

At the front of it all, a totem pole stands facing the road.

I remember eating fresh cinnamon buns from Whitehouse Bakery and Restaurant first thing in the morning. I remember having contests in the pool with my brothers, seeing who could swim to the end of the pool and back without taking a breath. I remember going out on the pedal boats, looking down at the water and being able to see the bottom. I remember going for ice cream on Wasagaming Drive, playing checkers by the tennis courts, seeing bear poop in the middle of Ominnik Marsh Trail, eating dinner for a treat at the Wigwam restaurant in town, and going to The Park Theatre to see movies that had already come out weeks ago in the city. My father, brothers, and I would golf first thing in the morning at Clear Lake Golf Course. >>

Public Issues - Bronze

Arizona Highways – After the Firestorm

AFTER THE FIRESTORM

Ten years ago this summer, the Wallow Fire burned more than a half-million acres in the White Mountains, making it the Legistry wildline in Aroma history. Although thousands of those acres will never recover, many areas have begun the slow process of coming back to life. Meanwhile, the debate about how to prevent even more devisating it mespilines' conflues.

BY KELLY VAUGHN || PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOEL HAZELTON

T'S A MONDAY AFTERNOON IN AUGUST 2020, and rain is hitting the Black River in drops as big as bullets. Willows choke the trail that leads to the river. On the skeps across the water, the grass and ferns and adolescent aspen trees drink. They drink because the summer has been victously dry. Rain is relete to this elegate landscape.

The postderous pixes, however, howe that line the ridge above the agence, are easily a decade dead. They are to some of the charred remains of the Willow Fee, which harmed some than SHRAO's cares in the ferents of Eastern Actions and Worden New Mexics from May 28 to July 8, 2011. Still, those ponderous derink on this day, if only because they since the graph of the pixel of the size of the size of the size of the pixel of the pixel of the pixel of the size of the pixel pixel of the pixel o

Boar Wallow Credit nourishes new growth as it flows past ponderosa pines charred by the Wallow Fire in the Boar Wallow Wildernoss. An improperly extragached campfine in the wilderness area goales of the 2010 blane, the loatest wildfare in Atomah history.

22 JUNE 2021

There is perhaps no better illustration of this, scientifically or philosophically, than the landscape of the White Mountains as it looks noting, from this spot along the Black River to the reaches of Bacadilla Mountain— and own no the ages near where the fine search, in the Busi-

Wallow Wilderness.
The mere than II,000 acres that constitute the wilderness were nursied by two significant characteristics, lish, old growth forest; and float Wallow Creek, a perential stream that provides summary to native, entaligned. Apuche troot. Photographs of the wilderness before the Wallow Fire reveal grows meadows, spatificing unter and

dense forest, it is little worsder, then, that co Saturday, May 28, 2001, two cousins, Caleb and David Malhoeol, sentured into the widderness for a Memorial Day weekeed adventure.

and in detail contents complaint filed against them morths lare, which we reported on in the Jare NZI stook of Actions Highlysins, contined the Mathemath from Single Sing

A COLUMN

of the universe.

On Sunday supermiting, May 20, the counties relist the fire so cook breakfast. Relieving that the fire was cost after executablesses, the measurement on the fixet start plant two south fixer before and find of them counting agreement behinds. The counties are all the fixer the counties and the fixer fixer of the fixer fixer of the counties and the counties and trans toward the flack fixer, where they compet against an extra toward the fixer fixer of the fixer fixer

Young aspires glow in evening light on a hilbsde-Williams Velley, east of flig Lake, Today, burned:

IMER ARE SOME TOPICS, some stories, that wick with the propies that resulted term cont page or a transfer the proper of the propies of the stories of the stories. The Vollke's Propies of the propies of the stories of the stories of the stories of the propies of the propies of the propies of the propies of the stories of the propies of the stories of

3:16 a.m. We used the fore, the smaler, for the first time — near Milepost Rividing LLS. Research — and sorter quiet for a few matters. Both of us, I friend, are afread of what sorter gaugeto see R18 a.m. We got as a file, a higeone, grazing along the take of the road at Milepost 171.

B26 a.m. We've 80 miles from Springers old. The mode is heavy, and it's impossible to see the man that were so bright miles ago.

B.32 a.m. We arrive at an ADCENNers(ff) Office rotalback and are clearly to access the recreised own. Before tree in a Clearly to access the recreised own. Before tree in a cast for New New Addition according to the Standards, our constart for the norming. The call goes to reclear the school has been designed from figures. He are vessel to be from finds. Exception in dark, as the trees has been reseased. Five personnel and large referencement are residented at the new too much in some, and agree

Econ't help that blade of The Road. 3:45 a.m. We arrive at the metha staging area at Becker Luke and weet the Fox News error.

and wear the Pois New And State of Arthread Highways' mages. During the segment, some of Arthread Highways' mages from Hannagan Mondow, the Bear Wallion Wildermex, Excellible Montaine — rate on serven, They're dweining a national analysis of bottom of During Wildermex, SOO at m. We mare visib new of the Front Service's fee infer-

matten officers. He talks us of an apportunity so have the burn area at II a.m., after a RVa m, press briefing. 6:30 a.m. During his second his expenses, Robert excounages

people to return to the White Mountains when the William Fire has been exchiped and the mode clear. The local communes was been the support of travelers. We know that we'll be back.

House, larer, we nook that oreocurrants to mose the burn.

statistics, we note that copportunity to root the turns area. By then, Wallow — powered by strong winds and an abundance of fuel — had teeched more than 440,000 acres. By then, It had touched places such as Inflatio Constrig and Sprucediale, It had jumped to the area area Big Like, to Three Focks and Campbell Flat: It was threatening Sum "Doc" Luce's ranch as it neutred toward to the property of the contraction of the contraction of the con-

#UME 2021

Public Issues - Silver

Adirondack Life - And Nature For All

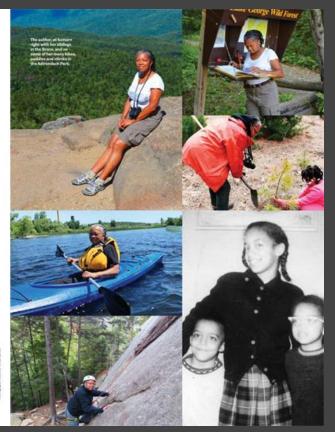


IN THE ADIRONDACKS, I'VE FOUND ALL THE OUTDOOR ADVENTURES I DREAMED OF AS A CHILD IN THE SOUTH BRONX, NOW I WANT TO SHARE THOSE EXPERIENCES WITH OTHER PEOPLE LIKE ME BY BENITA LAW-DIAO

S A CHILD GROWING UP in the South Bronx in the 1960s and '70s, I dreamed of one day exploring the outdoors and traveling to scenic natwal spaces around the world. Where would an inner-city kid like me get the idea to venture into the great outdoors? All of my friends in New York City were scared of bugs and wide-open spaces, but my father made sure my siblings, George and Priscilla, and I experienced country living. My father was a single parent, the last child and only boy out of 13 sisters in a family of sharecroppers on the Ross Plantation in Alabama. Our father wanted us to know how lucky we were to live up North, but he also wanted us to learn family values and traditions and to work hard. The summers he could afford the Greyhound tickets, we traveled to Bismingham and parts of rural Marengo County (affectionately referred to as the "Piney Woods" or "down home"). When we visited family in the Piney Woods, we milked cows, picked corn, peus and okra, slopped the pigs, chopped wood, washed clothes in a big black cauldron, learned to quilt, used an outhouse and took boths in a foot tub after pumping the water and heating it. Our cousin Sonny Man had a huge dairy farm, where we chased "doctor snakes," collected bug specimens and explored. It might have been too rustic for most of my city friends and relatives, but to me it was liberating, safe and peaceful.

My father moved our family to the floors when I was fee years old. He was to provide to go on welfars, no be always had two or those jobs at a time—driving welfore taxis, painting apartments, repairing televisions, sir conditioners and refrigerators; life would lead my hair, cook our meals, see and iron our clothes, all while working crays hours. The police in the state precision, where we had go in our policy and the area of the Bronx. Tord Apache because it full like serving in an army outpost on the formits. It was a rat infected, crision-cided no commany? Idea with drugs and dring addition. The furthers! I would wrimmer from our apartment was the front stoop or behind the building because the neighborhood could be quice dangerous.

After two years in Fort Apache, we moved to a section of the Bronx that still had a significant number of European immigrants who had settled there prior to the 1950s. Other than the Devariney Triangle, a pocket park on Burnside (Lausimoston page of



Public Issues - Gold

Texas Highways - Reclaiming the Outdoors



The **Violet** Crown Trail

trian and cycling trail hosts a range of visitors: families and eudents, bikers and runners, and an exhausted yet hopeful me-Though I was born and raised in Houston, Austin was my weekend home, my easts of freedom and discovery. I dreamed divares, some of which have come mue, on Austin's mortal trails, like Lady Bird Lake, the Greenbelt, and Turkey Creek, My lessional pursuits have transported me to a life in New York Day but Texas—and its wide-onen snaces—will always be home East wirner. I visited Texas for a bike with a group of seven Black strangers who shared my affinity for the outdoors. This roup, the Austin chapter of the national organization Outdoor Afro, is determined to share the freedom and wonder of the oundoors with every Black resident in or near the Austin area. For years, Black Americans have been hampered by the ficti tious helter that the community doesn't go outside. This namarive reflects the historical trauma experienced by Black Americans in the outdoors, from enslaved people running from hunting dogs in the wilderness to the centuries-long history of lynchings or the very mees than will stand roday. Statistics reveal the effects of this thinking. National parks saw a total of 327.5 million visitors. earlier found that less than 2% of total visitors were Black or African American. Black people also have positive generational connections and experiences with the great outdoors, including agricultural and farming traditions, and sporting activities Groups May Outdoor May and San Antonio, has of Black Outside

Park into the Lady Bird Johnson Wildflower Center. The pedes-





states with Texas numous in Austin, Houston, and Dallas, Salter sees the group as one piece of a puzzle that reconnects Black Americans to their

> "Number one, we're reclaiming what is ours," Salter told me as we stretched our legs over a bed of rocks on the trail. "We have entrenched in our speech. Black folks don't go ourside: Black folks don't hike: Black folks don't farm. Yes, we do! We are the original bikers. Look at Africans. Look at them with their running and their agriculture. They do all these things, and we are them?

I hiked with an array of personalities who all had their own reasons for joining the group. Jaynell Nicholson, an Austin newcomer, had heard about Outdoor Afro and was excited to entire her first event with them. North resolved not only to live her life beyond them, but also to

Ugandan immerant, wanted to connect with Black Americans while taking in the natural sights; and Kimberly Fields simply wanted to enjoy the beautiful day. Salser's Li-yearold son. Micah Salter, ragged along, smiling, speed walking and beloing his morn lead the way. Though we were from different backgrounds, we were all looking for the benefits that only come from being ourside. Salter, who served in the U.S. Air Force and raised four

farm. Yes, we do!"

Addresis a self-proclaimed outdoorsman Kirnsli Nieza, a

children, understands the limiting beliefs that pervade

events, youth groups, and local organizing.

I bundled up for a chilly Saturday in January and met

the group in a parking lot. There, Movetta Salier, leader of

Oundoor Airo's Austin-chapter, spoke to the hikers before

that we are on other people's land, and we acknowledge

your presence on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded

territory of Lipan Apaches, Comanches, and Tonkawa.

nia, that now hosts outdoor experiences in more than 30

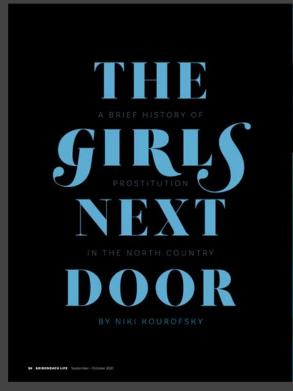
Oundoor Afro is a nonprofit formed in Oukland, Califor-

introducing the day's activities. 'We want to acknowledg

Historic Feature 35 or Less

Historic Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Adirondack Life – The Girls Next Door







wash: a very pounce question to ask an older gentleman—one of the last of the Adirondack lumber-camp generation—who'd invited me into his home for an oral-history project. But it was a question that had been on my mind for years: "What about prostitutes?" He took the question in stride. Sure.

He took the question in stride. Sure, there was a house at the end of the road into camp where a fellow could go for a beer or other entertainments. And when the crew headed into St. Regist Palls with their pay each spring, they knew where to go to get whatever they wanted. Not that he had any firsthand knowledge, mind you.

Though it plays a prominent role in Mild West mythology, the oldest profession is mostly missing from our regional memory, a disregarded trade that flourished alongside industry and tourism. My first introduction to a North Country file de jow was Florence Hilton, described 19th century Hattbuship newspapers as being "much in evidence shout the gartson." It was a evulpenism that stuck the shadow of the garrison, the lamber camp, the high- end resort.

How prevalent was prostitution in the Adirondacks in the late 19th and early 20th centuries? It's impossible to know for sure. First-person accounts aren't available, though some takes have been passed through the generations. Hilary "Guy" LeBlanc, a caretaker of long Lake lone, remembered some old-timers tell-lore, remembered some old-timers tell-



Though it plays a prominent role in Wild West mythology, the oldest profession is mostly missing from our regional memory.

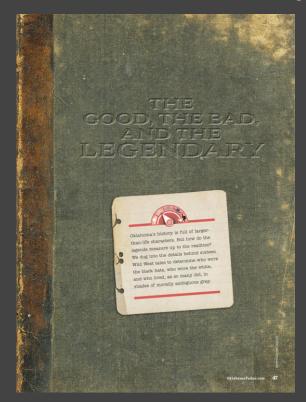
ing him about a house near the Tarbell Hill Road. On the night of its grand opening, the story goes, local wives hitched up their horses and dragged their errant menfolk back home, leaving the house in flames and the painted ladies head-

ing for the hills. The real scene around town was probably a bit less dramatic. "Dad taxied the lumberjacks and they all had their favorite bars and hotels, so that's where the women were, LeBlanc said." My guess is the hotel managers and

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Historic Feature 35 or Less - Silver

Oklahoma Today - The Good, the Bad, and the Legendary





Historic Feature 35 or Less - Silver

The Bermudian – From Whence We Came





A Whale of A Time

reveals, it was an alreagener improstord affair. In true Bermuda spirit. a historius notes, "bout carres were transl to our punch or the and of the day, regardless of whether they had brought in a whale." Like more industries in Hermada, whaling was on island time.

Ambergeis and sportsacti were the most valuable whale products at the time, and because Amberers ramed our to be east Beemschins instead focused on off. Overallolt whale could yield up to a thousand gallors of oil, which fesched a hefry price awayeas. This oil was used to light lamps, and thousands of gallens

bland) whalms wars, after domestic lighting needs were satisfied.

facility 1800s, the insurance of the whale gan allowed whaling to become much easier and less datageness, with the soccess rate: of captures much higher. In these early days, all whaling activities mok place under the

"The Adventures of Whale Fishing," a subsidiary of the Bermada. Company, which was financially backed by primarily English and a few Bermudian investors, "Pirass whaling" by individuals was strictly probbined, and would incer fines and prices time. Descude remetion on whaling relaxed, and comper-

ing west and our end companies

sufreed, a race would commune between the two companies to has recomplicational Transfer that the whale was taken to the shore for processing, where the whole was raised on a winch and errored. Couch diels were used by

lookoum on the shore to sleet people of a whale sighting. Boats also had corech shells to announce the reconstil capture of a whale. Midriescial crows, consisting of greleved biacle and whose were it is as templet as seed." the norm for whaling missions. Slaves were usually in charge of raving and morting the boat, and were paid two shillings, fourperez per day. Slave harpconen were paid only for the whales they

killed, earning G per whole.

processing the whale. A week force consisting month of black makes flowered the whole of blade her. The blobber was bedget into oil at a try-works, and you can will see the whaling station on Smith's bland today. Whale mear, called "sea beef" was given to the whaling boat crows. Traditionally, the mest was thought of as tough and undesirable, but according to an observer in 1828, "Bosmuchato have a method of cleaning it, which leaves no fully flavour, and

A larger crew was required for

Whaling activities declined very much from the 1900s orwands, but a few wholes were captured as late as 1940.

Librarium A. History of Wholing in Bentrals by Far Sapples I.

Fish Chowder

simple root vegetables Ohey were the few crops Bermuda's farming env shorry pappers (known for their preservative qualities) and, of course, fish. Anthrop fish chowder hints at a people making the best of what they had, especially the soa.



PRIVATEERING The Business of Bermuda Sloops



Experiment, Hezekiah Frith's Privateer ON Spithead, c.1700 by Deryck Foster.

AS THE EXCELLENT SAILING

qualities of Bermuda doops developed and became widely known, it was an east men over for Remudian in origins the wealthy privation who called at Bermada on their way elsewhere. and to-become privatours themselves. Piracy afforded them a chance of theiling adversary. A handful of Bernsulian ships were

liceroud as persatoers during King William's Wire with largely unspectacular results but by abour 1750 a starable fleet of Bermudian vessels were involved in the privateering business. The danc, the Neptone, the Mary, the Charming Aloffs, the Delight, the Orange Tire, and the Charming Besty, among many others, had sailed from Bermuda to fight against, and profe from Spanish forces.

The post opportunity for privatoring on an kind of scale was the American War of Independonce. But this was different. There was no great reals for privateering licences to go and fight the Americans. There was good reason for that, Sermuda) leading families, at least, felt a great kinship with their American colonist neighhouse Recognition readed with the Americars, they were friends with them, sometimes married them and, perhaps most significantly, suffered as they did under the often arbitrary and inferiaring role of English rule.

handred result on the stocks in Bernsula intended for sale to the Americans by this merical and Brusse calculated that since 1775 over one rhoused craft had reached the same purchasers by way of St Esocatia, more bulk in the islands, the rost face-sailing points bought and referred for the maffer. At the same time, Bermudia menchants were hearth involved

> is moving nerobandise of one type or another, bought in Caribbean islands like St Eustatia and Martinique, to the American mainland by a variety of toures and strangers, often using

the island in perfect legality and become merchandisable commodities in neutral ports. In

1790, there were said to be one

false papers to keep out of the clotches of the Royal Narry or English privateers, or American localist privators. The Caribboas was so clogged with ships involved in the coeffict in one war or another that the captain of a ship in a corresy moving supplies from Bermada to Barbados saw more than 150 ships on the way down. He described the sea as being

Over the years, Bermudians had learned to be thoroughly devious to survive. They smuggled, they lied, they twisted this way and turned that way to get the better of the English.

fore-pot just the smal supplies, but pure and assessments on and other material as well. The 13 colonies had decided to rely on privateors rather than building a big navy, so they needed ships. And not just any ships, but these that privatures leved bert, Bermuda sloops.

Over the years, Bermalians had learned to

be thoroughly devious to survive. They strong:

that way to get the better of the English (and

anyone che who eried to seard in their way).

plot, they lied, they resisted this war and named

In the American War of Independence, Ber-

studians who were prepared to temporarily set

aside their loyalty to the Crown-and there

making apportunity. The American needed

supplies more than they had ever done be-

were lon of them-saw a ted-hot money.

Wilfred Breaton Kert, in his book Assemble and the American Revolution 1780-1783, puls-Ballooff by Princeson I Industries Property 1996, and Bermadá Governor Bruere discovered that "inminima Nermadians had discounted a mumber of ways in which they could carry on business... They built or second ships which could leave

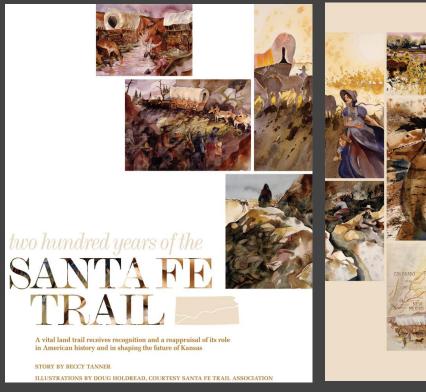
"aline with privatoris ... circling the transports

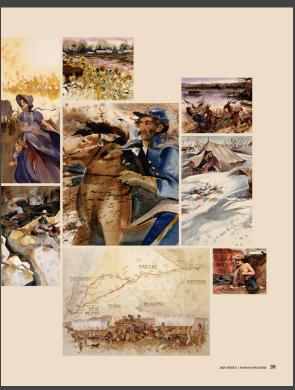
During the War of Independence, Bermudist supporters of the American Basolistics. were, as Wiffred Bornson Kerr said, the matter stay of American privateering. So forget the gunpowder Bermudians stole and supplied to George Washington. That was mendy a wife. It was Bermudian shipbuilders and elseir Bermada doops that did the mick for the American Revolution.

Exico from Neumala in the Privacciona Business de Carin Shorn

Historic Feature 35 or Less - Gold

KANSAS! Magazine - 200 Hundred Years of the Santa Fe Trail

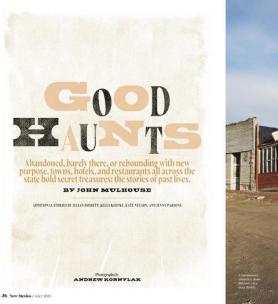




Historic Feature 35 or More

Historic Feature 35 or More - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – Good Haunts







ing and falling as it blows across New Mexico's eastern plains. From somewhere along a street of empty houses, a piece of tin bangs slowly on a rooftop. Nearby, the two-story Hotel Mesa's misspelled sign prom issue not a smoot night's rest but a "Proprier Moseyn & Trading Post" complete with "runs" and "antiques." A cur approaches from US 60, slowing slightly at the cluster of curious buildings before peeding off toward Clovis. On the other side of the road sits the

Sheep once grazed this dry grassland, and not far away Billy the Kid and his garg had a shootout with a posse led by Sheriff Pat Garrett. A train whistle blows, always a surprisingly lonesome sound, all the more so here. When the engine rours past, th clacking of the steel wheels echoes the reason why this place exists at all. After the caboost passes, following the train onto the open expanse, all falls quiet again.

urllow shell of the Super Service Drive In Garage.

This is Yeso, New Mexico, a ghost town. Those last two words are freighted with more romanticism and execution than they can rightly bear, and not they seem to require no explanation at all. In this past year of pandemic, cities like London and Boston have been referred to as ghost towns, and everyone immediately understood what that meant and why that irels and. But what is a ghost town, really? And why does even the idea of such a place affect us so deeply? If you have spent much time traveling the back roads of New Mexico, you may have asked

youned these questions, probably more than once. Upon my arrival in the Land of Enchantment in 2009, I imthe state, not only to explore as much of the ever-changing landscape as possible but also places, particularly those that are largely forgotten. I documy blog, City of Dust, supple could uncover with photos that I would usually shoot with film

out of a fidelity to the old ways.

This eventually led to a book,

Tiurns, Endungered Archi-

tecture, and Hidden History. blished last fall. What compels a person to drive dist roads of approaches able quality only to stand be and resty sending carrethat represent the earthly remains post, in Socorro County In the stark desert quiet,

feel-not just imagine-that this is where Texas outlaws Bronco Bill* Walters and "Kid" Johnson stopped briefly on their flight from the last in May 1898 following a beist Train Robbers, with traceds for all parties involved. This sense of the past is a myster? ous, addictive thing that may seed require solitude and ever a flash of loneliness.

celebrate their history and sedcome visitors-friendly Valley, Chloride, and Madrid. Then there are those now rule villages, like the twin ghosts Enswell, that have only stone walls and cemeteries to speak for their post. Still others, with remaining residents tracing a connection spanning man generations, protect their

would prefer that both be left

Regunfless of perspective, as I traveled countless miles both that many of us share a fastination with the past that bor ders on awe, along with a desirplaces can tell, even when it's not clear how to preserve the

TRUE GROST TOWNS ARE RARE WILL TELL YOU ABOUT Very few places have become

entirely uninhabited. By one definition, a ghost town is a place that has seen its popula its reak and lost the reason it eriginally came to exist. Thus, residents, depending on the day, and even a post office. But steam locomotives on the Belén water-the reason the village once becan to your.

of the resoons that towns fade The Dust Book and the insta-Let's start with the railroad. bility of small-scale agriculture Bandelier, Actec Ruins, and When the switch from steam to also inflicted wounds, particudiesel occurred after World War. larly near the state lines with If, trains suddenly sped past Texas and Oklahoma, Here you that had spring up around the

Finally, New Mealco's rich history of mining intertwines with tales of mines going bust

If you go even further back

PRIENDLY PAGES

the winding roads that passed through countless up all towns worked throughout New Mex When 5-40 replaced Bosto ion in loss, cone settlements 66, the most famous of these each as Santa Rita/Riley, near Glenrio, Caerco, Budville, and town, near Angel Fire. Prewitt, saw businesses close

quickly obliterate. That raises as rural areas throughout the nation grapple with dwindling populations. Sometimes people fiscover" these old towns an to me to them to set may from it all. When critical mass is eached, you might find a tow reborn, such as Madrid, on NM Morollon, Pierro, and Kings 14. Note that the pundemic has ton among them. But miners proved we can do our jobs from

nywhere, perhaps one day more Madrids might spring up across New Mexico. SOME SHOST TOWNS CLAIM morpentous events. Eliza bethtown, in the Sangre de

most lives in places such as the

Salinas Pueblo Missions na

tional monuments and Chac-Calture National Historical

Our comparatively mild

help preserve what a couple

of decades elsewhere would

inters and lack of humidity

stral Puchioans once thrives





Historic Feature 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways – The Town That Was Made Out of Wood















THE TOWN THAT WAS MADE

In addition to the saguaros and the scenic wonders. Arizona has a reputation for its many ghost towns. Most of them were built around mining operations. McNary, however, sprang up as a lumber town in the White Mountains, the state's final frontier for harvesting timber

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

MYANTES RELOCATE TO ARIZONA all the time, but it's not often that the company brings an entire town. Yet that's what happened when the moved to the White Mountains. Having clear-cut its Louistana timberlands. Carly Lumber bought a defunct sawmill in Cooley, on White Mountain Apache Tribe land. In February of 1924,

operation, along with 500 of the company's employees and their families. In all, about 900 morele boarded two long. "It was only an adventure," (Domarold Low Callson, told Artzona Highways in 1993. "I guess it took as about

three days to make the trip. ... The people had lots of buggage with them, household goods, you know, and even three days after the last log in the Louisiana operation was

The company returned the Arizona town McNary. Today cut, James McNary and William Cady pucked up the entire McNary is a quiet residential town of about 600 residents. most of them Apache. But in its headay in the 1990s, it was the economic engine of the White Mountains and a otherest, multicultural community of more than 3,000, with theater. Its company store was a shopping destination. And while little from those days remains, McNary changed the White Mountains forever, leaving a legacy that extends far beyond the town limits

NTEREST IN TIMBER CUTTING in the White Mountains began around 1910. Artzona's lumber tedantry was nearly a half-century old by then and was dominated by twocompanies - one headquartered in Flantaff, the other in White Mountains some the state's final frontier for humans.

At the time, the White Mountain Apuche Tribe had a single sawmill, with just five employees, on tribal land. sperimendent C.W. Crosse believed a large-scale operazion would benefit the tribe, providing tobs and proceeds from timber sales. But the idea was slow to take hold. Part

The Cady Lumber Co. offices are shown in McNery in the mid-1020s shortly after the company moved to the White Mountains.

A worker at the McNary mill manages logs in the millipond. This shorts likely was made around 1960. A truck transports a large stack of ponderose pine logs through

of the problem was that the closest mateline reflected was Ti miles to the north, in Holbrook. In order to be successfel, an operator would need to build a rullroad into the

It wasn't until after the country entered World War I that the government found a viable bidder, the newly formed Apache Lumber Co., organized by Thomas Pollock of Flagstall. Follock and his partner promised to build a sawmill on tribal land and give hiring preference to "india-

With financing from the Atchiner, Topolog and Santa Bepleted in 1909, a right-of-way dispute created more drama At one point, a local rancher burelcaded the track until Pollock, who was on board, wrote him a check for \$700. Another time, the same runcher flagged down the train

Corydon Cooley, who had moved onto tribal land with his

and forced passengers off, insisting they pick watermelow for themselves from his patch. Meanwhile, Pollock built a navorill and company rown at Cooley. Originally named Chill Clenega after a Mor-ARRONE COUNTY LIBERRY DISTRICT/ROOKS VALLEY PUBLIC LIBERRY

Apache wife in 1896 and built a home and forage station near present-day Hon-Dub. At the railway's dedication. Pollock and his partners then hired a Milwaukee firm to design what then was the largest, most modern lumber plant in the Southwest, but the war ended before the mill could take advantage of the articipated demand. Saddled worth \$8 million. Creditors took change of the railroad and lumber company, and the Carly Lumber Co. bought its assets turn very later for 2 costs on the dollar

herland near Alexandria, Louisiana, but by 1923, the conspuny had depleted its holdings and was looking for new reserves. James McNary, then a bunk president,

In his autobiography, McNary wrote that William Carly opployees, so the partners decided to bring nearly the entire town of McNary, Louisiana, with them. Carly built a section of town especially for his Black employees, with "everything ABOVE LEFT TO BEGIT Logs fill the milloand at McNary's mill, which by the time of this

A view down a McNory street in the NGOs shows the sense of street

Boards from the McNary mill sit in stacks on the loading dock New Big Lake, logs headed for McNary are loaded onto the flatcars.

Southern cale, a boardinghouse and a couple of churches Before the company's arrival, about 200 Mormons lived in Cooley. Most of the Louisiana transplants were Black. and McNary wrote that the move created "a good deal of indignation in some quarters." Mosely, things remained neaceful, but not all of the transplants found the move

"I think those neonle from down South were really sur-Callyon recalled in 1990, the around, but others coulded: adjust to the climate and moved back bone. They soon were replaced by workers from Louisiana and other South

Cady Lumber updated the sawmill and buth new facilities. Refore the Great Depression, the town was busfling. But after the market collapsed, the company went into receivership. Despite the business troubles, McNary The company gave employees free next and credit at the company store. In 1935, McNary bought out Cady's interests and reorganized the company as Southwest Lumber Mills. By the 1950s, it was the largest contract timber are: In an arel history econded in NWA McNarch grand

daughter, Diane Wilsen Batler, described the rows. "The from at most was what my marker absons referred to as SIB-Stocking Row," she said, adding that McNary, company officials and the dentist lived there. The mill was "under the hill," and the Black community, called the Quarters, was down a long, bridged area over the millipond. "And then further back and over toward where the highway runs toward Greer now, there was a Mexican Americ community," Butler recalled. "The nown itself was situated way what they called the Indian Village."

That was where Jackie Lavender lived as a child. "There was a big fascet standing in front of the Lutheran church," she says. "People from the Indian camp got their water right there." She recalls walking the long diseasce to the company store with her mother to pick up her stepfather's rages, paid "by cash in the envelope." Sometime in the 1950s, the mill started paying workers with \$2 hills. "Two-

had a long front peech. It contained a grocery store, a drugstore and a soda fountain, and it sold everything from clething and labric to boots and saddles. Former residents say they haven't seen anything like it before or since. They also agree that the rown was beautiful, with wooden sidewalks, picket fences and well recided lawns and gardens.

Kim Applegate, whose mother worked as a nurse at the hospital, recalls McNary furnished seeds and checked on an entire hillside of dahlia hulbs. In another oral history, mumy visitors that she started a log and had then sign in.

N THE 1985, Southwest Forcer Industries benefit the mill. ad began to automate, shrinking the labor force. By the time Louender nemicroed in the late 1960s. Soming was no longer segregated and all homes had indoor plumbing. The

nal logging contract expired in 1968, Southwest couldn't negotiate a new contract with the tribe. By the end of the 1870s, the hospital and high school had closed, while the mill employed only about 300 workers. After a 1979 fire, it

Today, only the former hank - now the post office and a couple of chunches remain of the original buildings. Non-Indian employees either moved their homes to neighboring communities or ahandoned them. The tribe built new housing where the Indian Village once stood. It demolished the mill and not an Environmental Protection Agency grant to clean up the site. It also shut down the rathead and now un the tracks. Yoday, mariets who does know McNary's history pass through without any idea of what once was there.

But McNary changed the White Mountains. As trans portation improved, company employees who wanted to McNary retired to New Mexico, but his daughter, Marthstayed and played a key role in developing that community Towns such as Heber grew up around logging camps. And although few Southern transplants are left, their legacy.

"There are African American children out of the relation ships that were going on back in the day," Lavender says. "I have several African-American grandchildren, flut they're all mixed. I have Navajo, I have Hopi, Apache, Pima, Maricorn, Lord knows what else," nin

artennahighways.com 43

stizonskighways.com 41

Historic Feature 35 or More - Gold

Texas Highways – Stories Without End



Its best to begin

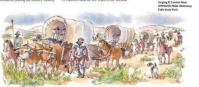
mads, preferably with at least one knee and one hand touching the earth. Walk away from the car, away from asphalt, away from campstres and picnicking families. away from signs and trails. Go where the air is sweet and smells only of green, where the trees are swaying and you can hear the wind moving through the leaves, where you can see water rushing and falling and pooling, where if you're still enough, you'll trees and bald cypress trees abound. The best journeys and stories not only spandistances but also time. The difficult thing is some people think the past to done and gone, that history is dead, that it no longer lives and breather around us- and not that what was, still is, and will go on.

McKitney Falls State Park, about 10 miles outside of Austin, where Onion and Williamson creeks need, was where I decided to begin my story. I knew I wouldn't only be learning about the history of El Canton Real and visiting related historical.

is neither distant nor objective; history livesin us. My identity and the history of my ancestors is a layered and complicated thing. But to me that only emphastices the need to honor their struggles. And where else to begin my journey but at the point closers to my home?

McKinney Falls proudly proclaims it as being part of El Camino Beal de los Tejas. now a designated national trail. The 2,500 mile route, used most heavily by the Spanish from the 1600s through the 1800s leads from Mexico City, Mexico: to Narchinches, Louisiana, the earliest nonbest way to traverse the Camino Real in Texas on current roads to to start in Laredo. There, you can forge your own lourney by Cruz de la Ladrillera perform every December and dance a variation of the tra-Spanish that over time Incorporated Mextean. Indizenous, and American symbols. From Laredo, drive Interstate 35 to San State Highway 71 and 5H 21 to Nacogdoches. Along the way, entry Texas' differforests wide tivers farmland ranchland

cided to begin my story. I knew I wouldn't only be learning about the history of E. Cantino Real and visiting related historical tests and Clark Trail or the Oregon Trail, stres. I would be feelbreather history. Illinory.



Sharman Chale Salary Brossbotts



oldent route of European travel in the country, 'asp Steven Gonzales, executive fluction of El Cambo Real de los Technotional Honoric Trail Association, a noneproli that preserves, printing on Interpress, the US, partition of the trail. "It's second only to its store trail. It Cambo Real de Theria.

New Mexico.

Artifacts dound in Miximory falls State
Park in Joseph Miximory India
Artifacts dound in Miximory India
Basico Artifacts
Ar

Adentro," a former trade route between

Mexico City, Mexico, and San Juan Pueblo.

I count myself among them. When I'm acked for a label, say i'm an indigenous-identified Medican American even though I code have one and card and acceptance who came from Medico and I card rely you which inhal nations i'm descended from. But i work which inhal nations i'm descended from. But i work which inhal nations i'm descended from. But i work was in Medican as it would be for me to say if wasn't Medican as it would be for me to say if wasn't language cost. Beyond blook in it cutture and long acceptance is say to be a same and sony which have a same and sony when a same and sony when I am — the corresponse of the Bissony whe I am — the corresponse of the Bissony when I am — the corresponse of the Bissony when I am — the corresponse of the Bisson when I am — the Corresponse of the Bisson when I am — the Correspon

how Indigenous beliefs embedded themselves in Carbolicom in the Americas, how Indigenous Linguage and culture. Shaped Mexican and Texan Linguage and culture. "The Camino Real connects people, places, and cultures." Gonzales says. "Without it, we would not be calling Texan.

Texas. My whole life. Eye been (ascinated by

Team today."

Most accounts of the Cantino Real span the Fiscory between its establishment by the Spanish and its use by U.S. intentigrant setties to enter Festas which was other. New-Spall nor Festas which was other. New-Spall nor Festas which was then. Messive and convert it into Texas-as-its ownnation. What is also true, however, in the Cantino Real was built upon Indigenous scale and trade rouses, and Indigenous scale into the convertible of the contraints of the control of the control

"The sense is that ledigenous people are possible of the past," says fillana Patting Saldaha, who holds a doctorate in human development and family studies from the University of Wisconsta and is a Chicana activist and scholar at the University of Texas at San Ansonio. "This is not the case. It is important for all people in this state to acknowledge that we are working, reaching, and harming in occupied territory, and

ticem in 2

Nature and Environment Feature 35 or Less

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - Sweet Love





he strong stands a counte of safe osces.

nine wars, a single sting handly

Drizzle it over biscuits, use it to sweeten a cup of tea, or just sneak a spoonful out of the jar every now and then-there's nothing like Oklahoma honey.

specks whirl in and our of view, pelting against their guests barry cortion luminosity like a wind

rural Coweta are home. For married ouple Greg and Shelly Hannaford. workplace. Beneath the July sun. counte lifts the boses bears with

in addition to honey Stark Seven Honey House in Jenks also sells beauty products.

honey pulling and extraction process business in Oklahoma is a swirl of in terconnected actors-bees and keep suppliers. The swarm bends, breaks, by her husband, who's had a lifelong appear brave but not at all eager to incination with the pollinators

After a mounising nell Greeken stinger into my left arm. Despite the bee suit's thick cotton layer. I feel a into the pickup, where a few rogue muffled but sharp tingling sensation hees linger in the cab. The longtime keeper is unconcerned. Most of the Choking back mild pain, I ask Shelly how many times she's been stung. time, he doesn't even wear his pro-Her answer is twice today-so far. and a mesh well.

"He loves the book and I love him."

They can be really bad," Greg says, "but some can be just like puppies. Humans, he explains, have mare

PRODUCED IN

and surveyer than the light gulden, clover

of a teaspoon of booms in its Efetime, but boos

are team players. A large colony can contain up.

to 60,000 of them at peak opposition times.

HONEYBEES ARE NOT native to this continent. The European with European settlers in the zioos and began to spread westward across North America with colonial explorers in the seventeenth century. Oklahoma State Beekeepers Association President Forest

arter century before statebood. "I believe it was the wealthiest people who started keeping bees," Chapman soner's way to make a living."

Though they are non-natives and are not required for the reproduction. of indigenous plants, the little insects have come to fill a big role as agricul-



Birds are just a few steps behind, but bees? They appear alien and unrelatable inside their exoskeletons. If anything, shouldn't they be feared and not protected? Gree says nothing could be further

understanding that just because they're insects doesn't mean they don't need proper care," he says.

orse or less flavorful honey. In fact, the ight golden, clover-raised variety found most grocery stores. Schanta says every atch will vary in flavor depending on

"It just stands to reason," he says, "Ever-

DESPITE CHALLENGES IN produc-ing a large quantity of honey in Oklasoma, there are millions of honeybees in he state-more than at any other point in

polltration is critical to almond farming in California, Some commercial-level rowers in other parts of the country and

"Many of the plant species in North America are primarily polliruned by them. says Rick Schantz of Harrah, who runs about 150 active hises for his Central Oklahoma Honey Farm. "The bees are are stricate part of North America now. We would lose whole species of plants if the

Today, honey in produced in all fifty Oklahoma is one of the states in which nificant amount. The state's up-and-down weather patterns limit its ability to churn Michael Roark, co-owner of Tulsa's Roark Acres Honey Farms, the state's plant life is

We don't have the wildflower population, and we don't have the huge stands of most clover like they have in Nebruska, the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin," he says. "We don't have anything in the way of cotton here and a little soy bears there. Those do produce some nectar for the bees, we not a fremendous amount like they do n other states."

oney produced in Oklahoma tends to be where it was produced.

ower has got a different color nectar, and orreflower has a different flavor profile."

at the Philiprook Museum of Art.

he hobbyist level. Popularity has spiked

down with work bride efforts to your born

from the widespread phenomenon known

cause of CCD in the United States, but the

use of pesticides, the spread of harmful

mite infections within bixes, and the loss

of habitat are amone the most commonly

Among the state's thousands of knopers

only a few hundred produce at a commer-

cial level. Roark spent many years working

a desk job in information technology before

getting a couple of hives for his garden nine

rently is no scientific consensus on the

mear Paris, Texas. because they find the insects' biology and hive behavior fascinating. From says beckeeping is a great unifier across demographics. The little insects never far

socio-economic background you can think even a simple mediculors off the top of my head where I haven't heard of a beckeepe

processing facility near Jay and keep more



The Hannafords bottle their honey in a

COLLECTING HONEYCOMB IS one thing. Separating the sweet sub-

it is another process entirely. What that



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Bronze Yukon, North of Ordinary - Nocturnal in the Land of the Midnight Sun



pening in the gable. Guano litters the front deck. It's to p.m. on a cool, overcast August night, in Whitehorse. Aspen leaves uatle in the breeze while a loon calls from

Suddenly, a tiny blue shoots out of the opening, visible for a second against the shite-grey sky. There's a collective intake the but appeared, it's gone, socillowed up-

Only seven people watched in awe that night as roughly as buts woke from slumser-the sky threatened rain-but usually. the but nights held by the Government of Yukon's Department of Environment are a

popular wildlife viewing event.

"A lot of people are fascinated by bats." says Tom Jung, the government's senior wildlife biologist. Himself included, lung thomes off what interests him about the creatures. They're the only mammal that flies. They live a long time (up to 40 years) and reproduce slowly (one pup every couple of years), making them more like They break a lot of rules, so to speak." lung says. "There still are a lot of myths and a lot of unknowns and a lot of myster-

Decause of some of these mysteries. there's scientific importance to studying buts in the Yukon. For one, little brown



THERE STILL ARE A LOT OF MYTHS AND A LOT OF UNKNOWNS AND A LOT OF MYSTERIES TO UNRAVEL WITH BATS."

nocturnal, so how do they survive in the land of the midnight sun? When dusk falls, buts wake up and take to the focust to ear. They're intereste But research has been underway in the solicly in irrects and, given the few bours of near darkness during a Yukon Yukon since 1998—much of it focused on summer, they have a small window in which to feast. Down south, little beosen the little brown but, which weighs about as much as two quarters. These critters spend in the Yukon, there isn't time. "They metabolize quite a lot," says Jung of their summers in the Yukon, living as far north
as Dawson City, and migrate elsewhere
Every summer, biologists with the Yukon's Department of Environment typn the winter. Scientists don't yet know ically conduct two types of research: live capture and audio monitoring. Over where, but suspect somewhere along the the last two years, though, live handling has been put on hold to prevent passing

Pacific coast. (Another example of bats' COVID-to onto the bats. 'rule breaking' they both migrate and This recognition of the state o

but houses like the one at Chadburn Lake. rise towards the sky. Milligan, project biologist, and Kar Kuba, program technifemale buts roost together in large groups—cian, are here to collect the ultrasonic detectors that have been post called colonies, huddled together for the creek for the last two weeks.

warmith. Less is known about the males.

They reach a willow bush with a long pole sticking out of it. A microphoce but it's believed they most alone or in small affixed to the top points out over the creek. Milligan unwraps a black wire from



than humans can bear. (Bats are not blind, contrars to popular belief. but because they travel in darkness they rely on their ears much more Their echolocation sounds vary depending on what they are doing.

When buts are merely flying from one point to another, their calls are more spaced out. But when they're feeding and soned in on a mosquito. "They get what we call a feeding buzz," says Jung.

the data will get downloaded, then the detectors will be redeployed at

another location. By the end of summer, the team will have audio files

cation to navigate and find food, communicating at a higher frequency

rom more than 45 sites along McIntyre Creek.

By eavesdropping, biologists can learn how buts use different areas. "I expect that there are a lot of flying insects around the creek," says Milligan. "There's an opening in the canopy as well," she continues, ges-turing to the sky, "so they can come down lower and feed. It might be a ovement corridor, but it also might be a feeding corridor."

It's not easy studying these animals. Technology used to study large mammals—like radio collars—hasn't been miniaturized for but

"Instead of sitting at my desk looking at computer data on bison and where they went last Tuesday, the only way to get that information for buts is to actually be walking around, following them, monitoring them," says Jung, "It's a lot more hands-on."

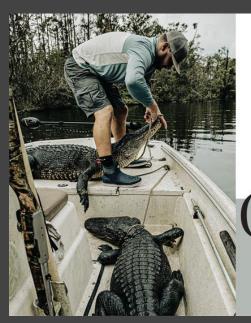
buts the enectes most widespread in the

critory-are endangered in Canada.

n other habitats, like more temperate

known about how they live in the boreal

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Silver Louisiana Life - Gator Hunt



SV VEVIN BARALAN

Alligator Hunting in the Sportsman's Paradise



ALONG THE ANTILL CANAL in Terrebonne Parish, 10 miles southeast of Gibson, we drift for 15 minutes before the first sighting. "There" says Rod Borrvillain fr., a construction foreman from Housan. He moves toward the bow, finger pointing to a disturbine 20 yards ahead in the center of the exast.

At the captain's wheel, Azron "Boo" Cantrelle, Bossillain's uncle, has already seen it. He tracks the slight movement — what looks like driftwood, with raised bark resembling been and nostrifts—on the otherwise smooth waterway. "That's the one," Cantrelle says. "I've

"Thar's the one," Cantrette says. "Two been waiting for this one since last year." The boat accelerates. No one speaks. Here in the Bayou Black area of Terrebonne Parish, with the boat's mote mulfling the rascous singsong of Binghörs as they feast on apple snalls, Cantrelle and Borwli-

bin contribute their possits of that princedal products, the American Silgator. There would not his ward's sesson, engaged with the contribute of the contribute contribute of the contribute of

Cantrelle remained such a constant presence at Antill's side that his grandfather named his shed — a man cave for hunting — the Boo Boo Iren. Now during. Louisians's sunsual alligates essees, which begins on the last Wednesday of August (east zone) and the first Wednesday of August (east zone) and the first Wednesday of Septembler (west zone), and remains open for 60 days, hunters from the region arrive to self their cache to a ordigeneous reach to self when cache to a ordigeneous reach of the cache to the cache to a complete. Cintrelle built 10 years ago.

If Cantrolle returns with a beat full of alligators, he'll be paid for his efforts, but for him this isn't about money. It's abo family. It's about tradition. "I do this because I love it," he says.

Bonvillain, had a similar upbringing in Terrebonne and is on the water today for many of the same reasons. "It's all family roots back here," he says. "I grew up in the boat from before I could

"It's all family roots back here," he says.
"I grew up in the boat from before I could talk." Their enthasiasm at the morning's flest slighting offers a portal into their former selves, giddy boys not much taller than the "I willbur sight has not much taller."

them — the rife that they will use to save this writer should an alligator resurrect itself after they haul it, seemingly lifeless,

Theme Bonwillain for this flustion. Fiveminutes on the water, he told a story — the kind that you readily? before unless you lone to believe in some of the implausibilities that Louisiana offers like sweets. Last year, Contrelle and Bonvillain caught and shot a 15-foot alligator. That's about as large a crossure as most see in the wild. today, when female alligators rarely exceed nine feet and male alligators, 12. They shot it in the head. Then they shot it again, both times in the soft, quarter-size "kill spot" on the alligator's skall. "Always double-tap for

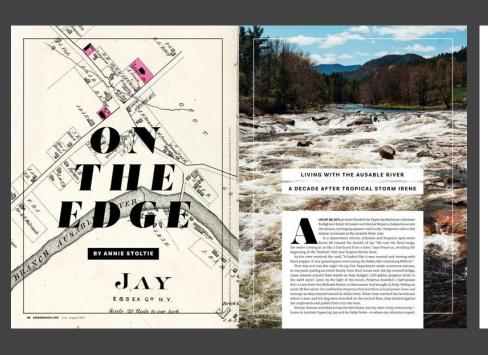
insurance." Bonvillain says.
Thiny minutes later, the Li-foctor rolled over, stood on all fours, and started walking around the boat. Carnrele and Bonvillain had nowhere to go. They had the rife, sure, but Canzelle worried that the helder would risochet off the alligator's shall or pierce the

and flod floresittin jr. gene uphurting and fidding in the Artist Canal in Terreborne Parish. "It's all family roots back here," says Sonvillae, TCPOJ The Armedia aligator has five toes on its front feet, as had feet have four webbed soin to ald swimming. (Both alignment of the surface 10 floot alignment to the surface.)

14 April 10 Colors

Action (COOK)

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or Less - Gold Adirondack Life - On the Edge



In Upper Jay, Nancy Haley, water up to her waist, clung to the branch of an apple tree until her trusband, Bob. rould help her to higher ground, just downstream. Dave Terwilliger watched helplessly as Pickles, an elderly none whold been around since the days of the Land of Makebelieve theme park, fought the river, even bulging and wild before he disappeared. The Ausable through the Wells Memorial Library and knocked the Order law forthcome off the foundation. In law water splashed through the windows of the covered bridge and ate away at riverbanks, leaving a garage teetering on the brink. It soaked Sue Benway's Elmbrook Veting meds and equipment. Along Route 9N, the water picked up a little gift shop, then flooded an elk farm, scattering the creatures. In Au Sable Forks it bent the walls of the century-old Carnes Granite Company oarn, overtook entire neighborhoods, rushed down Main Street and spilled into the Grand Union grocery store. A couple who tried to escape the torrent in a motorboat couldn't compete with the river and was guiled to safety at the hamiet's Jersey neighborhood

bridge.

From my driveway in jay I wasthed helpleasly—and gaislifs My house at the time was on a lill, over-looking the river. The rain came in sheets, the river sun chockate and smelled like death, and I werried that seems of my neighbors night nor make it out of this alive. It is pent years living beside the Assable and thought I save it seems on Mat I turns out that you never really know a river beyond its bed.

seighbors in As Sabir's community occurs substantial time. Representations from TSMA case at since suggisted time. Representations from TSMA case in Section were unsalvageable or for those which TsMA it with the time of the threshold weeking becomes settled and explanation falled and by when, best, the Tsm Kabbach, direction of the dark Changlain bearing the time of time of the time of the time of time of the time of time of time of the time of time of time of time of the time of time of

more destructive.

"But is it going to happen again?" someone asked from the cramped rose of wooden years.

"When is it gains to happen again?" acked someone else. Rivers, said Mihor," ser dynamic." they change all the time. in the end. Table hought out 3 house in the town of lay, population 2-500, though the flood affected far near house. People stoyed, as they had be pre-included to the history and contains his time they are all as per someone can be the hide, and can be a series of the series.

face and squished into keyholes and microwaves. They untangled fenc-

ing and swimming-rood liners from trees and utility noise, and dragged

a siggs_always mildowing Sweetnock_carpet and other pieces of their lives into house on their front laws.
TROPICAL STORM HEINE was an extraordinary meteorological event. The huntriess apon up along the East Ceast and skipped like a store from Long blades for the Administration from, there hange deeper our measurable. An extraordinary control of their control of their

the way careened downstream into our communities.

Easy wetters studded their lives around Affricationick waterways. The
Ausahali ziver, flowing down Morent Marry and splitting lints on East and.

West Stratch, must have been a sight to behold. In 1756, some 40,000
years after insignrous people first waiked this indicaspe, Nathanish Mallety saw the East Branch's rapids and knew this was a place for prosperity, where he could harmens the water's power to fast his forge. His
have was known as "Mallow's kind," later remand less, after Foundities

are was known as "Mallow's kind," later remand less, after Foundities

Father John Jay. In Malbory's settlement the river was a liquid highway, where logs could be floated to Lake Champlain. The river offered fresh water and fish. In accepted waster and sawage and carried it elsewhere. In surrounding hills gove rich, fertile soil. And all along the river, paths that connected other growing commandation bugged its curver. Those rates

were everentially planked, preved and lined with houses and businesses.

Today these same critical passageways are a detrinent, lood salt, demped onto key passement to portect winter drivers, seeps into our watershed, affecting drivining water and squade. Ide. After a good nin, substraying abaptile or education of churick of river to tensiform humbers into islamds. Soute 90 acts as a burrier, blocking the Ausoble form institutional control of the churick of the control of the churick of the churi

Through librar the Austhic Brown has been abused—duration for power, where the library and would for great in a strained by development, which is manually discounted for great in a study by been library been and the formal data for the production of the formal data for a study in the library been and the formal data for the production of the formal data for the library and the formal data for the library and the library and the formal data for the library and the library an

Tucker's job, like others in the Adirondack Park that involve the intersection of the human and natural worlds, comes with controversysome people are grateful for her work; others think she cares more for fish

60 ADMONDACK LIFE Adv - August 2025

July-August 2021 ADMINISTRACE LIFE BY

Nature and Environment Feature 35 or More

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More - Bronze Texas Highways - A Long Soak in a Sea of Green



Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More - Bronze

Avenue – Seeing the Trees



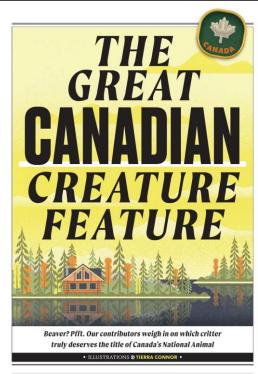
Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More - Silver New Mexico Magazine - Take Flight

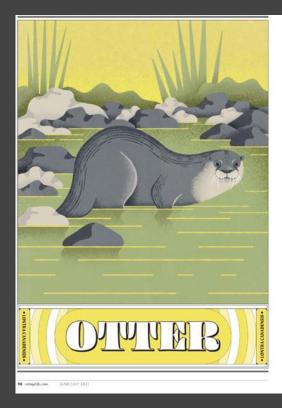




Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life – The Great Canadian Creature Feature





Otters epitomize everything we could be and should try to attain. In this next life, I could expect no greater move on the karmic scale than to return as an otter

• DREW HAYDEN TAYLOR 3 MAKES THE CASE FOR THE OTTER •

I HAVE NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD THE CHOICE OF the brover as Canada's

national symbol. Yes, they beloed halld an international fur industry many believe is largely responsible for establishing Canada as a player (by almost being hunted into extinction). Amozingly, they don't seem to hold a grades Conada). I'm sure there are other otters about that. But looking at the animal objectively, it's a slow-moving, chubby such wonderful and amazing creatures, flot-tailed creature that outs constantly I don't believe the Creator would have and builds dams. Additionally, it's viewed as an industrious animal that to always working hard. It has a Protestant

In the world of boxing. beavers would be the heavyweights. Larger, heftier, a little more clumsy, good at weight lifting trees. But the otter is leaner, faster, and much more agile. Frequently it can dance around the beaver

work ethic. Well, maybe the beover is a better symbol for Canadians than I

somewhere else on this planet. They are

River otters populate much of the fresh

euterways of this country; see otters

fmile alone the Parific coast. River attern.

of which I am kin to as they are my class,

are the ones I am most familiar with. My partner, who bails from balfway up

the B.C. coast, is more acquainted with

peactically hunted to extinction by those

peaky two-legged creatures. Equally

adorable and amazing, sea otters are

also known for taking life pretty easy, by

just floering close on the keln watching

the world go by as they lounge on their

and some sunglosses.

backs. All that's missing is a con of beer

Conadian rivers and lakes.

limited them to just one continent.

But if I may offer up an alternative eder, an other can hold its breat appeation...the adpeable often. for up to eight minutes at a time. First of all, there are two kinds of otters in this world (this world being

Baby time! Otter offspring are born in the spring by July and August, mothers move their babins from belaver prond nurseries into

larger lakes—there's better folling. Miss Congeniality

-> FACTS & FIGURES 4-

Otters are among the friendliest of the mustalists. They'll harmily paint close to cances and other boats.

the other kind. So, I am including both River otters in particular are at home species in my argument. both in the water as well as on land, liv-River ofters are one of the few animals ing in burrows or tunnels: both species which, once grown, retain an innate sense are social and communicative. Meanof fun. My kin are famous for gleefully while, beovern? They say 'no man is an island," but beavers practically make aliding down snow, covered hills, then racing back up to do it over and over their own islands egain. They are sleek, fast, endearing-

In the world of boxing, beovers would and amazing fishermen. They rule the be the heavyweights. Larger, heftier, a little more clumsy, good at weightlifting My partner's atters, the ones with the trees. And we, they can hold their own in big mountaches, are more well-known the woter. But the otter is leoner, fester. for crucking clam shells on their chests. and much more agile. Frequently it can with rucks, and holding each other's dance around the beaver. pows while sleeping. They too were once

I think I've made my case, Otters epito mire everything we could be and should try to attain. In this next life, I could expect no awater more on the evolutionary or karmic scale than to return as an otter. I have spoken.



Drew Horden Taylor is an award-winning Anishnasbeg playwright and author.

Nature & Environment Feature 35 or More - Gold

Arizona Highways – Introducing the Beetles



spend a lot of time, money and effort on more of a cultural restoration than an environmental one. People want to get back to what they remember, or what they envision it 'should' be. There are a lot of places, especially in the waterhungry West, where that's just not possible anymore."

nungry West, where that's just not possible anymore."
Bloodworth adds that the key is finding places where
restoration can have a positive, lasting impact. But now,
there's another variable in this equation, and it doesn't
care which places it affects.

It just wants to eat

THE TAMARISK LEAF BEETLE (genus Diorhabda) is tiny about as long as a ladybug, but with a thinner body that's green or straw-colored. To us, it's burely noticeable; to a tamarisk, it's an assassin. It's perfectly suited for the plant's small leaves, which are the only thing the beetle eats. It and its larvae extract the nutrients, rendering the leaves dry and brown. When it happens repeatedly over a period of months or years, this process, known as defoliation, weakens the plant — and, in some cases, kills it.

The beedes, like the tunarisks, aren't native to North America, But in 2001, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service (APHIS) won approval to introduce the beedles in the U.S. as a biscontrol agent. Over the next several years, the agency dids on in Texas and six Western states, including all five of Arizona's reighbors. Arizonatis religibors in included—in part because while the transmission had been adapting to our environment, an endangered species had been adapting to them.

That species is the Southwestern willow flycatcher (Empi-

donax traili extinua), which typically nests in willows in dense ripartin area. As those areas became endangered themselves bloodgetos netted that some bird typese; including the fly-bloodgetos retically that the some bird typese; including the fly-considered was a some of the some properties of t

A biological assessment conducted before the beetles were released noted that the release sites were at least 100 miles from areas where flycatchers were known to nest in tamarisks. And it suggested that the beetles would not spread more than 2 to 4 miles per year — meaning that, at worst, it would



40 october 2021

Travel Feature

Travel Feature - Merit Arizona Highways - The Other Side of the Rainbow



light strikes Rainbow Bridge, as seen from upstream in Bridge Car Output Arts

> movm An overlook recetheact of the bridge offers slews of Bald Block Campon and distant havain Visuntain.

"VE EXPERIENCED IT BY BOAT AND BY LAND. And personally, there's more reverence in being able to do it on foot. [When] you go by boat, you miss all of the sourcery — the high vistan, the nice mean, the carroon, the water."

As a young boy gooding up in the Shomes and Inscription I House chapters of the New Jones Assen, Lee Machiner Interned to the grand-lather Mile Calentity, a mediative near, will notice and propers about a contract of the Calentity, a mediative near, will notice and propers about a search and all additional, when he moved to Newup Assensition with his write, that Mantheimer node his first rate for the sacred store nations in which we will be the contract a word Manietre and plants he get filled with current tool do down the Ratebow Trail. The article part of the Calentine Should be also the contract a word Manietre and plants he got filled with current tool down the Ratebow Trail. The contract are the state of the Calentine Should be also should be a series of the Ratebow Trail. The contract are the state of the Calentine Should be a series of the Ratebow Trail. The contract the Calentine Should be a series of the Ratebow Trail. The contract the Calentine Should be a series of the Calenti

Each year, time of Donaudio of people take a levery across Lade Novedli from Page to witness the word's largest neural fieldigs, which stands an improved 200 best full floating to Randwor Hodge, as to meth of the Asternative Company of the Company of the Company of the stampes have registered pain who the Colonal Store the changes Gent as the stampes for a 1-mile resould register the Colonal Store the changes of their stampes for a 1-mile resould register the Colonal Store the changes Gent as the stampes for a 1-mile resould register to the colonal state of the colonal resould resould resource the stampes of the Colonal resould resource of the colonal resource of the colonal stampes of the Colonal resource of the Colonal resource of the Colonal resource, and with a case the possibility of mass tources. Although falls are resource, and with a case the possibility of mass tources. Although falls are resourced to the colonal resource of the colonal resource of the colonal resource of the Colonal resource of the colonal resource or register for a perfect of the colonal resource of the colonal re

Mathetiner's sertiment is that something of grant value is bett when visitore don't experience what lies on the other aids of the rails/two and, for those who are physically able, the effort it takes to hike there. With a honey pack, equipped with lost dips of supplies, strapped to my back. Two come to the Rainbow Trail to walk through the gages of history embedded to the landscape.

BGULATED VIA PERMITS FROM THE NAVAJO NATION, the Braile (see way) higher track trail is smooth and well marked, allowing me to safety peel my eyes of the ground and surved or, as unending expanse of slickrook dones, in the distance, my eyes scale reweiring, winsochable means harding papins the frienge of \$3,585-loot. Navajo Mouratin, the heart of this dozen landscape, in the middle of appling, the resourcins is still covered in a snow, and my type treeze child my graphs, the resourcins is still covered in a snow, and my type treeze child my

skin as kryfils into the narrow cargons below. While Lade Powell has conglerly about the landscape of the Colorado River word of Rainbown Bridge, the modern Rainbown Bridge is the second to the landscape for the control of Rainbown Bridge, the modern Rainbown Bridge is changed for most hand a cortant; The overland maternated relatively unchanged for most hand control the Cammings Douglass. Expedition reached Rainbown Bridge, Originating a two wegamen expeditions, the portion, boulded by Prose Carminings and W.H. Bouglass, initially were ratio and other to the behale. Generation Science Scien



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arizanahighways.com 43

Travel Feature - Bronze

Oklahoma Today - The Bartian Chronicles

UNBEATABLE DOOD, AN ENGAGED COMMUNITY, AND A QUIRKY VIBE

ST GREG ELWELL

Photography By LORI DUCK WORTH

HERE'S A MOMENT as the car rolls up and wer the bumpy hills of eastern Oklahoma when Bartlewille simply . . . appears. There's grass, and there are cattle, and there's and then suddenly a city. It's a miniature metropolis, like the bottle city of Kandor sprung from the earth twenty miles shy of the Kansas border. The old saying goes that there are only three things im portant in real estate: location, location, and location. And n there's Bartlewille, which certainly is a location, but

is that why homes here are selling for almost 18 percent more than they were a year ago-or it is something else Perhaps it's the small-but-not-too-small population With a citizeness of about 55,000. Bartlewille is Oklahoma's twelfth most-populous city, but it feels much bigger-and much smaller—than others of similar size.

Maybe it's the almormally long list of perks that sets it apart. It's not every city this size, Oklahoman or otherwise, that can boast its own symphony orchestra, choral society, historic skyscraner, long-nunning music festival. understand what sets this city apart, just ask the people.



Jordan Keen won The Wright Chef competition in 2020, earning himself the head position in the

GREW



kitchen at the Cooper Restaurant + Rar

ORDAN KEEN WAS one of about five hundred chefs across the country who wanted to work in Bartlewille. Originally from the Chicago suburbs, Keen was finishing a contract at a restaurant in Clearwater, Florida, when he stumbled pon The Wright Chef competition and

"My wife said, 'So we're moving to Oklaoma" because she knows, when it comes

o cooking. I don't lose." Keen says. The Wright Chef, named for famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright, is like an artist-in-residence program at Bartlesville's Wright-designed Price Tower. Except in this case, the art is food, and the audience is a full-dining room four nights a week and Sunday brunch at Copper Restaurant + Bar on the fifteenth floor.

When the program began in 2017, it attracted almost a hundred and eighty chefs, says Price Tower Executive Director Bick Loyd. The next year, nearly seven hundred applied. Even after Loyd and his staff changed the application process to lessen the deluge, more than five hundred signed up to compete in 2020.

True to his word, Keen went up against five other chefs and nabbed the job, moving his wife and nine-month-old child. to Bartlewille for a year. And then a rondemic happened. Everything shut down just a couple weeks after he took over the kitchen. In response, his team worked on the menu to make items available for takeout. Their, they started a temporary open-air dining space on the tower's ground floor patio with fare more focused on comfort than haute cuisine

As COVID-survaccination rates rise and processitions easy dinery are returning to Copper's upstairs dining room for plates of crispy Beussels sorouts served with pistachios, bleu cheese, and a druzle of blackberry gastrique and fork-tender diver scallops cooked in browned butter over a creamed corn risotto tinged with chili oil. Business is going so well that Price Tower has renovated part of its ground floor space for a new fast-casual eatery. But Keen isn't propuring his exit just wer. Given the circumstances, his family-including a four-month-old na

tive Oklahoman-decided to sign on for a second year of residency.

"When I came for the competition. I was only here for three days, so it was hard to gauge how we would fit in. I grew up out side Chicago, and downtown Bartlesville looks exactly like the little town I grew up in," Keen says. "I liked it right away. I spend lot more time in between platings heading out to the floor to talk to people."

passes and his residency comes to an end Keen is keen on sticking around "Me and my family, we're probably going

Which is why, even after March 2022 UST A FEW blocks away, in Bartlesville's small-but-spirited downtown. Annie Saltsman knows a little something about how begulling this city is for newcomers. Back in 2016, Saltsto end up staying in this area and opening up a restaurant," he says. man was a burgeoning home baker in the

One might expect Loyd to be upset at Tulsa suburb of Owasso just looking for the prospect of Price Tower's celebrated some extra reactice. "I didn't want to waste a bunch of cake chef becoming competition, but nothing is further from the truth.

"We would hope that everyone who

"That's what happened to me, too."

comes here would set some roots," he says.

and doing a fake cake seemed domb, so I went to an Owasso morns group on Facebook and said. 'I'll do your cake for the cost of ingredients," she says. "So that's how I got started." Two years later, 1 Kids and a Cake

had a robust following, but then, the whole family picked up and moved to Bartlewille for Annie's husband's job with Conoco-Phillips.

"A lot of things happened that year. My mom died. We moved. My bushand turned forty," she says. "And in Bartlewille,

To drivers headed east on U.S. Highway 60, picturesque Bartlesville emerges over the treetops



M JULY | AUGUST 2025

Travel Feature - Silver **New Mexico Magazine – Grinding It Out**



DESTINATIONS Mora County WENTY FIVE MILES NORTH OF EAS Vegas, a gentle giant of a building welcomes drivers to a pastoral val ley where the present keeps closcompany with the past. spring waters of the Mora River. Beyond it, a north winds around a worky complex of adols buildings with faded blue shutters. Whether you walk the grounds of the La Cueva Mill in the clear light of morning, looking to the high eastern plains, or in the lengthening afternoon shadows of the surrounding mountains the old gristmill feels like a wannabe time

The 150-year-old former flour mill, near La Cueva Farm's raspberry fields, is more than an architectural tribute to the las ing marriage of Spanish construction an American engineering. Its metal gabled roof a densely grouped milling system that once tract with Fort Union, Meléndez says nurtured a wheat-growing region known as "the bread basket of New Mexico."

Along a seven-mile stretch of the river, Lebanese merchants. There were Jewish from La Cueva to Cleveland, three historic merchants and Anglo-Americans and Irish Bour mills remain: La Cueva Mill, St. Vrain soldiers. St. Vrain, coming from back east, Mill, and the Cleveland Roller Mill, now a arrives in the 1830s and intermarries with nguseum, Thunks to preservation efforts by the local community.

"It was remarkably

diverse ... You had

Syrian and Leba-

nese merchants.

There were lewish

Anglo-Americans

says A. Gabriel

Meléndez.

local residents, this scenic drive is a lowney through the little valley that, at one time, mills in as many miles, sup-ported crops that fed people borders, and protected the resources and lifeways of a place some New Mexicans These days, there's a new

mill. Built in 2005, the Mora Valley Spinning Mill sits in the heart of Las Vegas, Taos, and Santa Fe.

tradition of local wood spinning and weaving. grist mills that processed grain from the one I've found." "That spirit of self-sufficiency was already 1800s to the 1940s. In The Book of Archives The Bondation, which purchased the mill built the valley's object standing industrial priests and politicos, and women dressed in mill, in 1864, to supply a \$41,000 Bour contheir Sunday best. "People of Mora County, finansiation, which plans to open the first floor."

"It was remarkably diverse, although on page, clockwise from top left: The mix was rounded out here before you are the fruits of American

by French priests who estab-lished Christian Brothers referencing atraditional hand-grinding tool. schools, Italian Jesuits who "The metate," he said, "gives way to Yankee came from Las Vegas, and ingensity." Spanish-speaking farmers, herdsmen, and ranchers. The Mora Valley economy of that ingentity abound. Merbyr Witt, presi-

was boosted by beoming dent of the St. Vrain Mill Preservation and wheat crops, cattle and sheep Historical Foundation, points to a column on ranches, and the increasing - the first flore. The wood bears old scratches consumer demands from revealing decades of milling calculations as nearby forts and cities like wellas "Iwas here" inscriptions. "Guadalope Romero, May 15, '96'-that's not nineteen downtown Mora, breathing new life into the All had reason to hail the rise of the local ninety-six," Witt says. "That's the oldest

there before the mills," says A. Gabriel Meléndes, a Mora Valley native and a University Mexico, Meléndez writes that a local politi restoring windows, gables, and the second of New Mexico distinguished professor. A cine race a merch at the insurrention of the story loading old form. With any proping to vibrancy existed even before Ceran St. Vrain La Caeva Mill, where farmers mingled with the walls are the next—and most expensive.

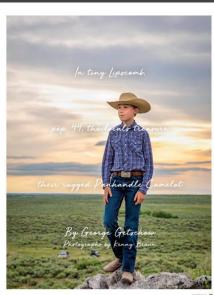






Travel Feature - Gold Texas Highways - This Happy Place





Ben Bussard is a happy kid.

Age II, he barris-out the door, Iff gain in tow, and scrambles down the hill is Weld Creek below the Lamily's log cabin. He auth his best building will spend all day welenning, fubing, and floating down the current on their log raft. At night, issued of heading home, they will catin out next to a fire, wapping somes about heir wild adventures.

in time Upscenth, a dryopick village crading a weedaar creek vallay in the far northeast corner of the Paulandia, "I can go anyelbere! ware for miles and miles and miles," beams the boy, who sports duriny blue Jeans and a wideterimed Steroin over cropped blorial that. Bots been in Dallas and a lew other life Jeans often, but he doesn't care life them one life. "There's no much too there," he says jumps, "low carri Jos go overside for a walk or go exploring bysoured. An adult has to be with you

Ben's pairens simile as they listen to their young bucks not describe his escapades along Wolf Croek and beyond. "We're glidd Ben can grow up here." says his mother, Tanja Bussard, speaking of a rown that at this glance looks like an abandoned fromthe suppose on the edge of cribitation. Lipscorth, pop. 44, is the county sear of one of the most surpose series of motions. Of Error, is his king worthise to them.

sparsely settled regions of Feas. It lacks everything rehanlesswords consider essential nethble cell phone service and electricity; gas stations, grozery steers, movie theseers, and electricity; gas stations, grozery steers, movie theseers, and at drawn restationars. The closer of Milharat in 75 miles away. A carryout rectassrate operative orthy for a few hours a day, and the Breast-dopen their grinned-Almon Salono in serve buildin chill and brishes to origibioring ranchers who help them during spiring coundings.

"There isn't much left here in rown," says Tanja, originally from Germany, who starebled into Lipscomb 18 years ago while photographing Western cowboys and rachers for her university dissertation. 5the met Lance Bussard, a thirdgeneration comman, huter, and trapper, as this saloon.

> OPERING SPREAD. Ben by said on the High Plans of grounds Coursy THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE PROFILEFT, Ben, a sign in a rowe square gazebo. Ben and bis unexis, Lance and Tanis Benard, at their Lipscomb home.

"Two garben and you with low to a the count of the world." Table says. "Two you're actually a fine of beginning."

Tables says. "Two you're actually a fine beginning."

Tables says when a count of the you had for eight a sundered of the drug yearen all power high pillipper on the sale and the you're all power high pillipper on the sale and the sale man. A limit fill re sale ma about this solder.

"The sale was the same and the sale and the sal

ably different than other small Texas towns—still printine supercentious, and devoid of the ubliquious trappings of modern society. Over the conting months, Lipsconth would turn my expectations upside down.

javing about his exploits on the High Plates of the Parthandle. She was so smitten the decided to stay. They tied the knot inside the Alamo Saloon.

On the CANACA of Lippeards in the sense of particular desired particul

This Happy Place? I scratched my head. Are Lipscombites outknot? All around me is desolution and min. For heaven's sake, how could anyone be happy in a place. Bke this? Suddenly, I'm innerruped from my minings by a rather of well over 100 turkeys struiting across the square, heading.

Ben's been to Dallar and a few other big Texas cities, but he boson't care for them one bit The cities is not much to do there, he may glundy. "You can't just yo outside for a wall or you exploring by yourself. An adult has to be with you."

M contighence com

accest 2011. \$7

Art and Culture Feature

Art & Culture Feature - Bronze Texas Highways - The Ghosts of Archer City



S

Saring at the more of the Royal Theaster. Heed as hough it in solid guldarian distinguishmen Taiingin the cemfean management the patrend red fringe around the bow solid, on the vertal fill ORAM, days list thing into the alternison sky—it's easy to imagine to why the decitations of Archer Conson for Roked Theorem for the cades. The theater was a dark, cost regules for the cades. The theater was a dark, cost regules for the cades. The theater was a dark, cost regules for the cades. The theater was a dark, cost regules for the cades. The theater was a dark and for the cost of contrastitution them the costs do of contrastitution that the cost of cost

The theater—or what lifet (of anyway—poers out from the numbrase corner of the towns square. Without the susteed theater, this could be any urad also in it Texas. Weathered harms and mused of pumps do the Landscape. Archeoling the town in the imposing three-story Bronanessque Berlvaid coursey courtbouse, with some achosays and provincial peaks. There's also a small cade pollum's, a bille, and so youll ensire to police sution, a few antiques stores, and a single four way township to the policy like a package township the policy like a package town a few antiques stores, and a single four way to could be a package to the province of the policy surfowler workings in the beneral like a package township the policy like a package to the policy surfowler workings in the beneral like a package township the surfowler workings in the beneral like a package township the surfowler workings in the beneral like a package township the surfowler township in the beneral like a package township the surfowler township in the beneral like a package township the surfowler township in the beneral like a package township the surfowler township in the beneral like a package township the surfowler township in the beneral like a package township the surfowler township the surfowler to a package township the surfowler to a package to the surfowler township the su

This does Joedan's small form in Teach, shough, the Colon of the Colo

Theater, where so many of the most dramatic moments of the Jase Peture Showskie place. The novel, which McMartry called a "spiteful hook intended of "slace some of the potons of small sown life." necessive critical acclaim when many places are more many places and the potons of small sown life." necessive critical acclaim when the many places are many places and the potons of small study immoduced the entire world, in unterly amountainfacted fashion, is the fasteries, world, and the places are small small

Picture Showmarned this particular and peculiar town time and took the novel and movice contain language that was consisted always and the time. McNatury's own mother. Hazed, once said that after reading the first 100 pages she hid the book in the closer and called the son that right. "Larry, honey," she said in him. he revealed in his 2002 travel memory for Particles. "I shik what we're sending you so Rice for?"

Those and worsts! Those and worsts and separation of seenage sexually—lack lading Cybill Slepherd's first and serly uppless scene—absolutely scandiated upright, mysal American all over the coursery. Nowhere more to that in Archer City, where it was regarded at the time as a "duty" morste. Now, 50 years after the fifths selease, the town's pass

Now, 50 years after the film's release, the town's past dalliances with Hollywood are somehow simultaneously scattled and omnipresent. There's no billboard at the city limit amouncing the place's cultural significance, no notation on the water tower. But there are echoes of the art formed here, about this place, along every sircet, around every coner. Some might even feel the spirit of McMarre, who passed away in Arther Obreather this year.

Barrell Ma

Art & Culture Feature - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - Makers' Place



Inspired by our land and our past, New Mexico artisans create an enchanting mix of beautiful, useful, and meaningful goods. BY LYNN CLINE

WITH ADDITIONAL STORIES BY UNGELBAH DÁVILA SHIVERS. JULIAN DOSSETT, KAREN FISCRER, AND KELLY KOEPKE

Stefan Wachs





regory Segura peers through his gray jeweler's visor at the details of a silver sacred heart pendant. Wielding a hammer and torch in his Santa Fe work shop, the master silversmith fuses imagery and tech-niques from his Spanish and Native American heritage.

> A single drop of red blood drips from a central heart. adorned with three flowers and pierced by a sword-a traditional motif in Spanish Colonial art. A bird, soaring toward the heavens, connects it to a trilevel floating cross stamped using Navajo techniques and designs. Segura's threedimensional piece also draws inspiration from New Mexico's mountains and mesas, adding

another layer of meaning to his work and linking it to our state's rich tradition of creating things both utilitarian and beautiful

Clay pottery and woven baskets, churro wool blankets and rugs, tanned leather garments and saddles, carved wooden furniture, stamped silver jewelry: Across the ages, New Mexico's long tradition of making things is rooted in necessity, in a remote and starkly beautiful place where materials from the earth are readily accessible. And in an era when makers lead a back-to-basics movement across the country. vibrantly alive. our DIY spirit flourishes as new generations meld their own

stories, concerns, and artistic visions with that lineage. "New Mexico is amazing," says State Historian Rob Martinez, "Whether it's the high alpine mountains of New Mexico or the beautiful deserts or the plains-the llanes of the east-there's something that

grabs us. It's been grabbing us for about 15,000 years."

As our first makers, Indigenous people used materials from the earth to create func tional, beautiful things they needed. These early Ancestral Pueblo people crafted baskets from yucca and other plant fiber and gathered clay to make pottery. They worked turmoise shells and other items into jewelry to adorn their bod ies and carved animal-shaped fetishes out of stone.

For many contemporary makers, these ways remain

"Whether I'm making a sculpture or pot out of the dirt in the vicinity, or building a house or an oven out of the dirt in the vicinity, or growing food in a field in the dirt in the vicinity, it's hard not to wonder. Were my ancestors planting here hundreds of years ago? says renowned Santa Clara Pueblo sculptor and builder

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Art & Culture Feature - Silver Oklahoma Today – A Place for Us



Sentember 18 and 19 2021.

A dream long in the making, the new First Americans Museum in Oklahoma City promises to be a place of honor for members of the thirtynine Native nations in Oklahoma and a must-see destination for all.

BY WHITHEY BRYEN

TEARS FILL EDWARD Red Eagle Jr.'s eyes as he stands inches away from a petite black wool coat covered with hand-woven glass beads in red, blue, yellow, green, and orange. Blue ribbon trims the sleeves, and red ribbon covers the buttons that run down the center of the pristing parment



In August, the Red Eagle family was reunited with Eagle and now is displayed at the museum.

Aintricate artistry, a vision starts to appear. It's so clear it seems more like a memory than a moment that took more than a century to piece together. In it, his great-grandfather, Henry Red Eagle, leads his family into an Osage celebration of springtime, a renewal of life. He's an adolescent, maybe ten or eleven years old, sitting on a horse and proudly donning the coat. Historians estimate the garment

was made in the 1860s or '70s and that Henry wore it in the 1880s. In 1908 collector Mark Raymond Harrington purchased the cost from the family for eight dollars. It was housed at then the National Museum of the American Indian in New York before naking its way to Oklahoma City. That's where Edward and his family were introduced to the betrloom and, through it, their loved one. "When you reunite these kinds of things with their people, they come brings the tears: that realization that these are your people. You're part

of that. And that's what's so moving about this place." The coat is one of many objects. pieces of art, and interactive displays that tells the stories of the thirty-

46 NOVEMBER | DECEMBER 1011

how FAM's design corresponds to the seasons nine Native nations headquartered in

Adahoma at the new First Americans seson in Oklahoma City

NA HILL near the intersection of Interstates 40 and 25, the

dem steel-and-dass structure r FAM-introduces visitors and passers by to a harmony of historic like the stories of Indigenous people in Oklahoma, the museum's journey which began nearly three decades ago, was not a short or an easy one. Birthed from an effort to boost

tourism, the Native American Cultura and Educational Authority was formed to develop the museum in 1994. The ity docuted to the project a dormant. oil field that once contained fiftyseven wells. Before any construction could begin, hundreds of tires had to he removed from what had become a dump site. More than a decade later, after cleanup and revitalization of the area leaders from all thirty-nine of the tribes located in the state came together on the property to bless the land before the groundbreaking in 1005.

We had to heal the land. And that's an ongoing effort," says Shoshana Wasserman, a citizen of the Thiopthiocoo Tribal Town and the Muscoppe Nation and the museum's deputy director. She has been working with tribal, city, and state leaders on the After the blessing, the 175,000-1011

foot facility began to take shape, but

An exhibit on the first floor is titled Of the Earth: Creating the First Americans Museum, It shows

In the years that followed, funding to restart construction on what was Cultural Center and Museum included a mix of funds from the state, the city and the Chickesaw Nation. As the project crawled toward completion, i aworkfunde rundernic that made it difficult to find and ship materials and retain workers. But like the people it in September 2021, the renamed First

FAM's early dreams and numultuous ilgrimage are realized in a small temporary gallery on its first floor. It features a model and an explanation of the thoughtful structure, early handdrawn renderings, and a timeline of the project's history. A vertical screen rojects photographs of and details about the progress from those who

The exhibit virted Of the Earth Courting the First Americans Museum significance and the struggle to being

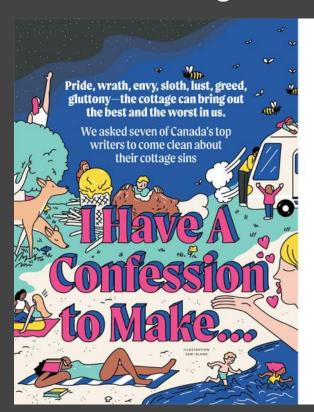
STANDING TALL NEAR the banks of the Oklahoma River, a



"We get to tell our STORIES. We're not relics of the past. WE'RE HERE."

Art & Culture Feature - Gold

Cottage Life – I Have A Confession to Make...





BY CLIVE THOMPSON

hea I was a child in the "you, seeing a deer outside my cotlage was a treasured moment. We had a small place on Presqu'ile

We had a wrail place on Presquile brint, a woode perimeals jurting out into Lake Outoris. The local deer, easily apoded by humann, didn't verture more very orler, but occusionally my mether would wide me up it 6 a.m. to white would wide me up it 6 a.m. to white would wide me up it 6 a.m. to white would wide me up it 6 a.m. to white feature in the contract of the feature in the contract of the feature in the contract feature in the feature in the contract feature in the feature feature in the feature featu

Over the next few decodes, though, does become become, and see them walking doing the mod, or even walks four should be proposed this change the decode and proposed this change the deve population was exploding. Soon, there were so many that they devouced the expectation; the forest was this mining, out and the deer were with the first was this mining, out and the deer were withering. They's Walking for fight up to you, the showing, both and for food, Once on mer-impiring spectrals, the deer were now an intensible one.

Why did the number of deer soar? What happened? Well, we did. It was humans tinkering with nature, over decodes, often doing things that we thought would help the deer, but that backfired. And it's a reminder that when it names to living alongoide the great outdoors, our chief ain is pride; we think that we can control nature, but nature has other plans.

The trouble began, really, when Euspean settless arrived in the 17th century. Over the next two banderd years, they cut down so reach lorest for logging and farming—reach of Presqu'ld was closed for farms back thes—and so availly hearted, that deer populations were wiped out in merry parts of the continent.

Our intent was good, we were simply too confident in our ability to bend nature to our will

By the year 1900, though, there was a bocklash. A generation of people became aismed by how profoundly we'd altered the londscape, and the modern conserution movement that was constituted to extering the wilderness was born. By the middle of the archicenture, Circulain pensiscen and U.S. stores, for example, were actively relatifishing highlosts and exactivity and the profoundation.

"You weren't allowed to hunt south of Highway Two for quite some time," anys Dovid Bree, the chief park noturally for Presqu'ile Provincial Park, Eventually, Presqu'ile's habitats rebounded, and no, gaulasily, dul the deer. Score one for humanist, right?

Except we'd mode the mistake, over critisties, of getting tild of wolves too. So when deer behanded of my contage, they had no natural predours, and their numbers surge for higher than white was normal. They become a pest special officially nature, but throwing the forest out of whock all over again. "They were enting everything in sight." Bree says. "All the spring widthowers."

Genetical, we humans weren't trying to mees things up and create metastatic, runaway deer populations. Our infent was good! We were simply too confident in one ability to bend nature to our will, as



BY OMAR MOUALLEM

ymom always has something on her phone to show me. It's guaranteed to be pictures of children, usually mine, caught looking adorable yet again. But last spring, she surprised me with a photo of a big RV.

Had my parents already reached the point of retirement when, having run out of things to do, you join a Boomer colony? Truly a shocking turn of events for two people who'd never slept in anything less than a three-star hotel.

But the RV wasn't theirs. It was my older brother's. He'd bough't it used with plans to park it on his new lake lot in Shaw's Point Resort, a campsite 30 minutes outside of our hornetown near Lesser Slave Lake. Alta.

I was happy for my brother's family and proud of him. Nobody deserved a big-sas RV and a leisure property more than his family, Around the time that I moved to Edmonton, he moved the other way, book to High Protrie, in order to sterr my parents' differe bock on trock. He and his wife took the dilner to a new level of success with a modern rebrand, but he was starting to lose patches of hair from managing it seven days a oweek. I was glad to hear that he was slowing down to look often himself and his family.

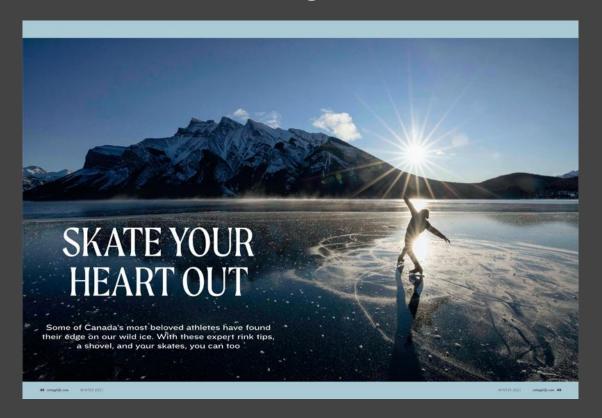
And yet, looking at that photo on my mom's phone, I felt a drop of jealousy spoil my blood. It's not that I wanted an RV myself (I'm more of a rented cobin guy). I wanted something lost and far gone: the memories that the loke lot was about to make for his formily.

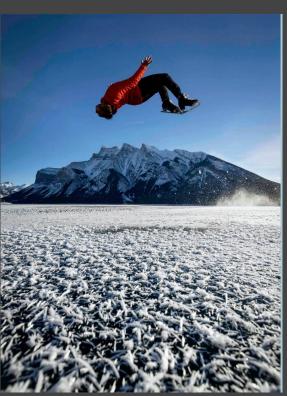
The only apparent travel blogger to review the rural Alberta resort where my brother was setting up likened it to a "trailer park" with golf carts in lieu of bicycles or one's own feet. But for me, Show's Point evokes Shangri-La.

Despite the short distance, I'd never seen it with my own eyes. I'd only heard about it in school hallways on Monday mornings when I was younger. A place of fishing toles and first kisses, it sounded like a parallel universe where only the town's most comfortable rendezvous. >>

Recreation Feature

Recreation Feature - Merit Cottage Life - Skate Your Heart Out





Recreation Feature - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Learning the Ropes





lilters, toilet facilities, tests, duffel, chairs, and on and on. This is a training trip, so the entire group is in notion. One train will form the cook crew, preparing dinner and breakfast. We cook over a specialized gas stove and often show oil by baking a cake in a Dutch oven. Each cook crew includes a senior guide to pass techniques and tricks on to newer guides. In recent years, we've been beset by snowbulling numbers of dietary issues, allergies and preferences. On a recent trip, we prepared seven variant dinners.

Contrast that with 50 years ago: We would hit the beach, set up a table, throw down a fire pan made from a split 55-gallon drum, load it with firewood collected that day, torch it off and start cooking. Two meal ptions: Eat it, or go hungry.

We have a wide array of boats this trip. Two dories, five raits, three Mandela van Eeden, who is swimming the entire river while clutching a foam river board. It might seem like we're just goofing around, but rowing and puddling need coaching, too. Whitewater rowing is a relatisely new science becam in the 1860s, resolutionized 30 years later. decades figuring out techniques, discarding old ones, understanding tricky runs and occasionally falling back on old habits. Now, we pass on what we've learned (minus the bad habits), sit back and watch new guides take things to a whole new level. It's stunning to watch a firstyear guide execute a run that took us decades of fatled attempts to fig ure out. Sturning, and a little bit depressing.

At the site Dam, it's my turn to speak in

the extreme and fortune to meet work with and boot with those of the principals in the great dam light of the 1960s Martin Litton and David

"Live bait."

thered rescue" - an advanced swift water techhered by a rope to a second rescuer on shore. The immer catches the victim and is swung back to sees by their partner. If anything ones barowire, the cuer can pull a quick-release ripcord, be free of he tethering rope and move on to Plan B. It's complir's slangerous. But it's also incredibly effective, so we ractice it. Over and over and over

many fields we're covering geology, biology and rchaeology; rowing skills, knots and rope manageent; hiking routes and protocols. And other things you might not think of modern sensitivity, educaal theory, updates in medical care, interpretive skills, American Indian perspectives. Art history, Boes

Snakes. These are just part of what it takes to be a Grand Canyon river a CPR card and a backcountry food handler's license, and you must pass your company's drug-testing requirements. Only then are you

This fascinates me. My first Grand Carron trip was 50 years ano. When I became a guide, there were few rules, scant resources and low had to be 18 years old, have three trips under your helt and he able to tell folks a bit about the place. To be the trip leader upped the qualifications: those additional trips, a Red Cross first-aid card, the ability to give a "suitable orientation talk" and be "a person whose character, personality and capabilities casalify him as a responsible leader Slim qualifications - and, to be honest, not every boutman met the

In the early 1970s, river guiding was an exploding opportunity, with There weren't many seasoned guides, so there were few role models wonderful time to enter the business. We got to invent the systems, the camps, the bikes. If we got all of the boats and people to the end of the trip, we felt like we'd done a pretry good job. Things have changed. frenetic ant colony, scarrying from bouts to beach with a table, another table, a third and fourth table, a stove, propane, pots and pans, water



Recreation Feature - Silver

Adirondack Life - Backwoods Brotherhood

With Barbara McMartin's Adirondack guidebook as their bible, this crew's adventures brought them more than 40 years of camaraderie in the wilderness // by Mark Obbie

Backwoods **Brotherhood**

this was shaping up to be when the guys I'd net just hours earlier tapped me to play the doe in a fex hunt.

On that muggy June night on the Sacandags River, the announcement that we middle-aged gents would leave the campfire ring to play games in the nighttime woods landed while I was still trying to gauge my own interest in joining a group of backpackers who called themselves the Adirondack Communities, At the time I worked in Manhattan I had driven from my downstate home to meet my brother Todd and this Bochester-area group he had recently joined. Those attending the trip were an old Scouting friend of ours, Brad, and three of the Commandos founders-the self-proclaimed Elder Statesmen.

We met at Whitehouse, where the Northville-Placid Trail crosses the river on a picturesque suspension

of 60-plus putings. Larger circles indicate redeat visits.

bridge, for a long-weekend off-trail bike to a spot upriver in the West Branch Corge. My boother and I had been working toward our 46er patches for a couple of years at that point, with a fair number of backpacking trips under our belts. The invitation to join this separate crew, whold been exploring the more avoiding the crowded peaks, sounded intriguing

Todd and Brad had warned that Commando steady patter of faux military regimentation and some intense forms of play. Now I was learning what that meant, as I found my 44-year-old self frolicking in the pitch-black woods with mys mostly older than me-They were armed with peashooters and divided into teams, the foxes and the hunters, with one "dog" to sriff out the prey. The dog was the only actor allowed to use a headlamp and to make a sound-not in

words, but in the bunting-dog language of the chase "Ba 000000000. Ruh ruh ruh ru 00000000000"

I threw myself into the role, certain that the hunters would appreciate that I had found foxes in the brush. But one fox, my own brother, decided I would suffice as a human shield. Todd reithed researd me in obscure comers of the Adirondacks for decades while the dark, running smack into a tree. The after-action report, a standard feature of Commando missions, later summarized: "He got up, grabbed the dog and "missions," as they dubbed their outings, featured a forced the dog's headlight into the eyes of the pursuing hunters who, blinded, could only fire at the light The poor dog took about 30 shots."

We collapsed in giddy laughter, then retired to the campfire for more libations and play-by-play accounts of what had just transpired. The next day, with mock solemnity and not a stitch of clothes on any of us save water shoes, the group "baptized" me in the "sacred" but frield waters of the Sacandaes as the newest Com-

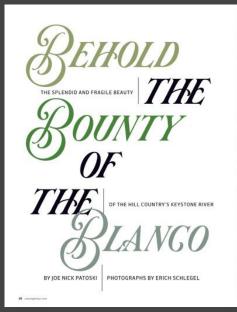


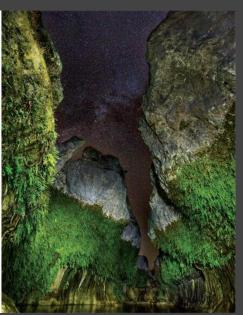


Back at work on Monday, Todd answered questions about his forehead scab with vague mentions of a backwoods accident. I told my office-mates my getaway was a quiet, restorative delight. While I brimmed with enthusiasm over this secret spot I'd been privileged to see-not yet aware how it wasn't all that secret, and it certainly wasn't unique in the vast Adirondacks-I neelected to mention my newfound gang of overgrown boys. Also unmentioned: the notion that if I stuck with this bunch, I might at least learn about the less crowded places inside the Blue Line, with a lot of laughs along the way



Recreation Feature - Gold Texas Highways - Behold the Bounty of the Blanco







stated clear. The visibility underwater dish't compare to fishers Springcluthy—the supperficie function residents in the filtance closed the water and gives the river in stame, which translates in White Breve. But it stated and its finderfic clear and stame to the stame to the first the state of the stame to all the state of the stame to the stame to the state of the state of the pleasures Strone. It's a pleasure to share with growing crowned of both local pleasures Strone. It's a pleasure to share with growing crowned of both local and violates who converge in the invers't cysons fined banks at particular filters for pick in Blacon State of the Bregisteral Park on Cyperso Crevit. as the state of the Harve Colory plant. Alt the lower central first revers San Marian. On the same

weekends, the parks routinely fill to capacity.

The crowds have grown as suburban sprawl has infiltrated Hays County.

The county's population grew nearly 50% from 2010 to 2019, making it

General Feature 35 or Less

General Feature 35 or Less - Merit Acadiana Profile - Best of Dining



General Feature 35 or Less - Merit

Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors – Holly Martin and Solo Sailing Women





Martin stands on the stem of Geolo on the August 2018 day when she bought the boat in Salem, Massachusetts.

round-the-world race, six are women. Perhaps the most famous female pioneer in singlehanded sailing was Tania Aebi, who sailed a new 26' Contessa around the world alone in the late 1980s. Her boat had been purchased by her hard-driving and deep-pocketed father, who wanted her to circumnavigate cumnavigate alone, but she was also the taught herself celestial navigation, pen- Cape Horn

ciled on plotting sheets and paper charts, and she used headphones and a radio direction finder pointed toward light houses to estimate her location.

Yet a decade before Aebi, three women, independent of each other. completed a solo circumnavigation in the same year. In March of 1978 because he believed that his daughter Krystena Chojnowska-Liskiewicz, from needed some direction and to learn. Poland, became the first woman ever in more about responsibility. Aebi was not her 31' Mazurek. Naomi lames and only the first American woman to cir- Brigitte Oudry, from New Zealand and France respectively, each completed their youngest person from anywhere at the circumnavigations months later by time. In the years just before GPS, Aebi going in opposite directions around

A decade before them, in 1965, Sharon Sites Adams, who was the manager of a dentist's office and recently widowed, first learned to sail when she was 34. Within months she sailed alone from California to Hawaii, Four years later, on a sponsored new 31' Mariner ketch, Sea Sharp II, she sailed single handed from Japan to San Diego. In her co-authored account, Pacific Lady, she is forthright about times of loneliness and fear and being underestimated. "Critics have accused me of being too independ. ent, and I'm sure that's true," Sites Adams wrote, "Reporters lambasted me when I sailed to Hawaii. One asked, 'Why?' when it would have been cheaper to fly. They called me a foolish house wife. They psychoanalyzed me. Some asked who gave me the right to sail the

A decade before Sites Adams, and 68 years before Holly Martin departed from the coast of Maine, Ann Davison was the first woman, as far as we know, to sail singlehanded across an ocean. Davison traveled across the Atlantic aboard Felicity Ann. a 23-foot wooden sloop in 1952. Davison, like the other early adventurers, did not have access to longrange weather reports at sea. She had no radar, no GPS, no two-way radio, no EPIRB, and, most significantly to those singlehanders after her-just ask Holly Martin-Ann Davison did not have either mechanical or electronic selfsteering. She simply, wearily, sat at the tiller day after day. Sometimes she was able to tie the tiller for a few moments or adjust the sails and clip the tiller to guy lines so Felicity Ann could steer itself More often, though, she hove-to or just took the sails down to catch up on sleep below, having to content herself with making no miles at all, Nor was Davison lucky. She sailed her trans-Atlantic during the rare year in which the normally consistent trade winds were elusive, so she had to painfully beat and claw and drift her boat across to the Caribbean. It took her 65 days to sail from the Canaries to Dominica.

Ann Davison had been a pilot of small planes before being a sailor, and she was a gifted writer, too. The story of her crossing, My Ship is So Small, is a

General Feature 35 or Less - Bronze **Delaware Beach Life - Grave Responsibility**





Darkened by centuries of humans, a headstone at Coolspring Presbyterian Church is renewed thanks to Dinah Handy-Hall, who is using state-of-the-art restoration techniques as she works her way through the historic graveyard

It makes me feel a little sad that they're out here like this. If you look around us, you can see these aren't the only graves out here."

or the most part, the drivers tooling along Log Cabin Hill Road near Harbeson don't notice the lady in the cemetery, but if they were to think about it, they'd realize she's out there nearly every morning.

Weather permitting, Dinah Handy-Hall will be puttering around the tombstones of Coolspring Presbyterian Church, daintily applying cleansing solutions to the headstones of worn granite and brittle slate, lovingly placing flowers at some of the older gravesites. Sometimes her husband, Larry, will show up to help lift and reset a 200-pound monument that has tumbled due to wind or settling soil.

The rustic, rectangular church building was built in 1854, but it's the third sanctuary to stand on this site. (See "A Church for the Ages" on page 42.) The cemetery dates back to the 1730s - and people who lived in the same century as William Shakespeare are among those buried there.

or the Torberts," Handy-Hall says, sounding as if to let Handy-Hall - who is a member of multi "and I know that 270 years ago their family stood at that very spot and said their farewells to their loved ones

"Plus, the very same headstone has stood there all that time. With very minimal effort, I can extend the life of that stone by 20 years with just some water, a soft brush, and a biological cleaner." That cleaner is a product called D-2, and it's

the same stuff they use to keep the White "It's quite expensive," says Handy-Hall,

"Sometimes there are stones that I have to clear as many as six times. But it works, and it doesn't damage the stone."

You would think this guardian of the cemetery must be a longtime member of Coolspring or at least a descendant of its occupants. But no, Handy-Hall, a retired horticulturalist and landscape designer and recent transplant from Virginia, happened to be riding her bike along Log Cabin Hill Road about 14 months ago when she noticed the place and decided it could use some

"I was heartbroken, because there was so much that needed repair," she recalls. David Wall, "I can stand at the gravesites of the McIlvaines clerk of the church board, was more than happy she's talking about the neighbors down the street, ple cemetery preservation groups - get to work

"There are about 675 stones out there," she says. "I would say I've cleaned, preserved, reset or mended a third of them.

General Feature 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life – The Neighbors



Some member our since And which for some reason has

olic priest named Michel Collin had a vision that God had mystically ordained him a bishop (although the Church itself had done no such thing). Collin established an unofficial religious order, the Apostles of Infante Love, which fostered a number of "house communities"-amail cells of believers who organized homes-in France but excrived no official authorization from reserved vision: this time of God crowning him none in short deder, he was defrocked and excommunicated, with the Vatican banning his order and warning Catholics to avoid his teachings But a decade later, in 1961, Collin traveled to Montreal, where he met Jean-Gaston Trembley, a French-Canadian Catholic mook who'd founded a religious order of his own in Quebec's Laurenhe'd bought. As Church historian Magnus Lundberg has written in a history of the Apostles, the two men recognized the compat-

My-Augus 2021 ADMONDACK LIFE SS

as a last remnant of the Catholic faithful arrid a converted age. as "fighting senious all the above that have because about the decadence of the clergy, the religious state and Christian society. God has established ithe Apostlesi as 'a rampart against the almost general apostasy' that has invaded Christianity and in particular the Roman Church.") Tremblay declared that Collin. was the true pope, and Collin in turn anointed Tremblay his cardinal and the superior overseeing the order. They began attract ing converts: nuns and brothers wearing traditional habits and

robes, lay families and, crucially, their children. The group, which embraced extreme poverty, self-sufficiency, and eschewing modern comforts, grew quickly. They acquired more farms in Saint Jovite, Quebec, some 80 miles northwest of Montreal, with the aim of building a self-sunnorting monastery. And they organized another set of house church commi blay remained in Quebec, running the compound at Saint Jovite and the mission outposts across North America, while Collin returned to France, attempting to spread the order there.

meetings known as the Second Visican Council, or Visican II, their books and magazines. which introduced a number of orforms that revolutionized how door to interfaith dialogue and cooperation and shifting the giving in to the world. Some broke away, condemning the pope

the Church, the sect grow apocalegic and extreme Collin renels and then that full or in 1909. When arms addon umin fulled to arrive, Collin offered the explanation that a host of benevolent extraterrestrials had stayed it off. He began working those ideas into what he described as a new New Testament.

In the late '60s, Collin and Trembley had a falling out, in part because Tremblay declared that he'd had a mystical vision of his own: God anointing him the new pope of the true Church Trembley, under the name Pope Gregory XVII, led the Canadi an-based Apostles to become independent from Collin's group and would remain at their head until his death in 2011. And the continued to grow, establishing missions in a number of places and later Equador, South Africa and Argentina. They also opened mission homes across North America, including in New York across North America, which served as recruitment posts. Tremto have 120,000 followers worldwide. But the center of the order remained Saint Jovite, where about 300 lay and religious per ple farmed and raised livestock and established a number of facilities, including the means of making their own electricity. In 1962, Catholic hierarchy had begun a three-year series of building materials and glass, and a printing press that published

But almost from the start, allegations of abuse emerged from the Church related to the modern world, including opening the the compound. Former members who were brought to Saint Jovite as children recall their families being recruited across Mass from the traditional Latin to local vernacular. The change the US and Canada. Some families sold all their belongings and a number of traditionalist critics channel that the Church was . And once there the families were securated children secrement strictly by age and gender, and mised by the Apostles to become Michel Collin's Apostles were firmly in that camp, in 1963, he afford to relocate to Quebec were sent there alone, with promisthey came alone or with family many report that they rarel

were allowed to see or arknowledge their naments and ablings coughout the years they were there.

I was Chandler a New serveron now in her Six was taken to aint Jovite with her four siblings in 1970, when she was four years old. They'd been living in Omaha, Nebraska, when their other-raising five kids alone after separating from an abusive urband—had been approached by missionaries of the Apostles whom she'd met through her family's church.

They take desperate people and promise them a better Lie," said Chardler. "The gist of it was they told her that they would ake care of us and clothe and feed us. "The children were flown o Quebec and entered life in the monastery, which to Chandler felt like an orphanage, with more than 100 other children living

> ONE FORMER MEMBER WHO WAS FORCED TO GO TO THE MONASTERY WHEN HE WAS A CHILD SAYS, "WHATEVER STORIES THAT YOU'VE **HEARD ABOUT THE** MONKS AND ALL THAT ABUSE-IT HAS

Dickensian When, a year into their stay, the children received a taken's come to believe that shall been killed as missessention

They were at a huge compound, with a towering, hospi tal sized monastery at its center, in the middle of the woods There was no TV, no radio, no contact with the outside world.

We were totally segregated from reality," said Chandler. The Apostles, who also call themselves the Order of the Mag nificat of the Mother of God, among other names, described themselves as a "begging order," going door to door for donations, selling religious calendars and other publications, or tapes of the children's choral performances, in exchange for donations. The children sent to Saint Jovite were a large par of efforts towards "self-sufficiency" working constantly on the group's farms, tending its livestock, making its clothes, chop ping its wood, even making the cinder blocks the buildings were

constructed with. "We were chesp labor," said Chandler. "I worked more as a kid than I did in 25 years in the military." agreed another former member, now in his 60s, whom I'll call

Piecre. "We were working like adults as kids." Pierre had been sent to Saint Jovite in 1968 when his parents were looking for a better schooling alternative for his developmentally disabled brother. After the boys had been there a month, their parents were allowed a two-hour visit. Pierre begged them to take him and his brother home-something was enation where you didn't talk hadly of priests," and told them to stay and be good. What followed, he said, was nearly a decade of Inventively cruel physical and psychological abuse, and some Times second abone as well.







General Feature 35 or Less - Gold

Yukon, North of Ordinary – Hands on Hunting in -40C



Harvesting a bison was the goal of a school hunting trip, but the experience went beyond that

> Story by Rhiannon Russell Photos by Peter Mather

The students had been on the land for three days when they found bison tracks in the snow. They knew they were getting close. The group, which included elementary, and high-River in hopes of finding the animals.

The next day, tracking continued. Ten sleds moved in a line along the trail until the group's two designated shooters—a parent and the executive director of the Yukon Fish and Wildlife Management Board—went ahead to scout an area up a cut bank. The others waited in anticipation.

"All I just see is people jumping up and down and super excited," says Kaidence Reynolds-Fraser, a Grade 8 student at the time of the hunt, in March 2020. "And at that point, we knew that we had been successful. The shouters harvested two bison. At the kill site, about half

a kilometre ahead, the group participated in a respect ceremony, putting their hands on the bison, giving thanks, and As the sky darkened, the adults began cutting up the ani-

uls and showing the youth how to do it. "Field barvesting a bison for sure was new to me," says Alex Kiriak, who was also than you would expect." The process took hours, and, once night fell, the temperature dropped to -40°C. By the end, everyone had blood on their hands. The group made it back to amp around midnight, happy and exhausted

After this bigh of trying so hard all week and rutting so much work in, a bunch of us collapsed on the floor of the main lodge and laughed for a solid is minutes-like we were ying," says teacher Alexandra Morrison. "I don't know what was so furme." She says it was a beautiful moment, the culmination of all the effort they put in together with their feelings-Morrison is one of three teachers at Porter Creek Second

ary School, in Whitehorse, who organize the annual hunt. Five years ago, a teacher at Elijah Smith Dementary School approached Morrison with the idea of a mentorship program or students from both schools. A hunt had been running self, Morrison was game. They did that for two years, then, teachers-Morrison, along with Terry Milne and Brad Gus-

WHITE Short of Codings 1, School 2011 AT



including Environment Yukon's Buster education and outreach officer, who taught the worth about ethical practices and field Sixteen students participated in the

traditional territories of the Champagne and Aishibia, Little Nalmen/Carmacks. Tearning on those transfor the students, which is really cool. I think, too, it makes and Kwaslin Dün First Nations, as well them also better equipped afterwards for the Yukon wilderness for any trips they as the Ta'an Kwach'an Council. The group want to do on their own." stayed in cabins and wall tests at Bracharn

Eon Chambers, a Champage and Aishibik First Nationa Elder and former
Lake Summer Camp, north of Whitehoese, wanden at Khane National Park and Reserve, travelled with the group, teaching

and set out every day on snowmobiles to
the youth about wildlife and First Nations history. With some of the First Nation
search for bison.
tudents, he was able to share stories about their parents or grandparents. While it was a hunt—and certainly the
"To me, the begent thing of all is the respect, they had for what they were
youth wanted to bring home a bisson—it
doing." Chambers asso. He was impressed by how they patched in and didn't. was also a much broader wilderness expe-complain despite the long days and cold. (For experiential learning, the Yukon's rience. Students learned how to set up. Department of Education sets temperature cutoffs of -20°C or -30°C, depending

camp, start a fire, analyze widdlife tracks.

on the group's mode of travel. The drop to -ap*C on the night they harvested the travel safely on ice, and properly layer their bison wasn't forecasted, but despite the cold, the animals had to be processed.) clothing for hours spent in cold seether. Before he west on the trip, Chambers wasn't sure how valuable the experience "Fee me, it's always so reach more than yast would be for students." [You might thind] it's just a ghorffield from him." any Goullardon, whose faither "But it's not. It was bigger than that. Even it they dairly get a bison, you could sowred as a 'taken conservation officer for see that it was still something worthwhile doing for these young people." It's nearly four decades and taught the high- an especially valuable experience for Yokon students, he adds, more so than it school teacher much of what he knows would be for youth from southern Canadian cities, because it teaches them about about the outdoors. "There's just non-stop the acethern lifestyle—one they've grown up surrounded by.

logistical feat that involves coordinating

dest and group gear, and the attendees

hunt, which was held on the overlapping

emobiles and skimmers, food, stu



such as how to set up camp, start a fee, and analyze wildlife tracks.

Students are chosen for the trip based on teacher references, with a focus on the who'd benefit from the leadership opportunity and experiential learning. While it's in a high-school course, Porter Creek students who participate in the hunt twice received credit for it. But they aren't the only ones learning. The adults each bring their exknowledge and experience, providing an opportunity for everyone to absorb new skil from each other. During the field dressing, for instance, Morrison learned how to a rib roll—catting most off the ribs in one piece. Some youth also jumped in to off Morrison advice on loading her snowmobile, while a student with an interest in die mechanics stayed up late to help keep a parent's truck running in the cold.

Learning on the land happens differently than it does in the classroom; the coviro ment encourages kids to assume leadership roles. In the mornings, a Grade 11 stude would rise before 7 a.m., of his own accord, to get a fire going in the wood stow an Reynolds-Fraser, who was riding with him, let out a cheer of encouragement. As luck it just happens," says Milne, "It's learning how to adapt and be flexible and be creative. time," she says. Kiriak agrees, "Going or video you can watch to fix staff. You can't call a friend."

Learning aside, there was also just silly fun. One day, four Grade 9 girls, kneeling in the deep in bloon at minus 40," she add dimmer, danced and sang as the snowmebile towed them along. The sled would stop. Typically, the students host a feast for the group would look at some tracks, then the girls would clinth back into the skimmer and start singing and bopping again. The trip saw some competitive card games, too. "I following a successful hunt. Last year, was the universal international Crary 8 champion, for at least one day anyway." Cham-though, the COVID-19 pandemic hit shortly after they returned. The feast was

and one of Reynolds-France's firsts. "We will cherish those memories for a very long when everyone can gather again. Y



Wood Bison

They can live up to asymm.

Dance falcoure

he says, as Reynolds-Fraser leaghs. "Libow For the students, the trip went beyond what they'd imagined. It was Kiriak's first hunt postgooned indefinitely, waiting for the day

General Feature 35 or More

General Feature 35 or More - Merit **Arizona Highways – The Art of Our Photography**





















About a year ago, we reached out to a group of artists to see if they'd be interested in working with us on something we were calling "The December Project." The gist of it. was simple: Poke around our extensive photo archive, select one of the many images. set up an easel and paint away. The response was overwhelming, and the artists' interpretations are spectacular. What's more, each one of them has agreed to donate at least half of the sale price of their paintings to a charity of their choice.

EDITED BY ROBERT STIEVE | TEXT BY KATHY MONTGOMERY | ARTIST PORTRAITS BY PAUL MARKOW





















William Ahrendt

William '90' Wwent ecolyber Favors old. fulling on the floor in from of the radio drawing the Lone Range

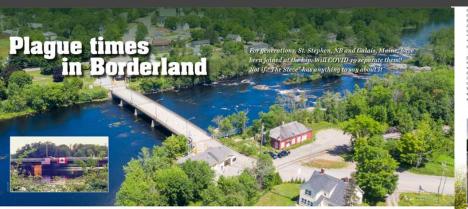
That was also the age at which Attends began his many years of to of Art, then spent IT years in Euro a master), degree in art history from

Snorthen Abrendt has spent I





General Feature 35 or More - Merit Saltscapes - Plague times in Borderland



BY ALEC BRUCE

New Brunswick and Galais, Maine, like the he's the first to pitch in." Industrient of Solomon, But needle here don't work. care that a foreign beffin once thought running n international border through their watery main street

"That's what the young people say when we try to nail down hand across the border. "The Steve is a Canack and a Yank. He everyone's mind now is: Can those ties survive?

he St. Croix River splits the towns of St. Stephen, can be frank and opinionated. But when the chips are down,

These days, for The Stone, the chine are down. Way down Like correspondent when COVID-10 has warred a releast paign against physical and mental well-being, pushing public was a splendid idea. Most here—where New Englanders and institutions to the breaking point, And, like everywhere else faritimers have mixed and married for hundreds of years— people are impatient, moody and afraid. But, unlike almost don't think of themselves as either Canadian or American. exerywhere eise. The Stree straddles two national realities-They think of themselves as citizens of a place they like to call two distinct assertment responses and exactions to the enter-

The border that had been nothing more than a suggestion who we are," cracks Darren McCabe, St. Stephen's unofficial is now, with the lockdowns, an edict and, in a sense, a judgesistorian, whose sister Dawn lives with her American has ment on the windom of forging ties that bind. The question

has really struck a chord. We want to see our towns open armin. We want to be able to an freely back and furth amin. Middle of Europalane" with "easy connections to major rities But we've had to put a hard line right down the middle of our nmunity, and people just aren't used to it. Even after 9/11 lifestyle," (in 2001), when the borders shut down, things were surreal only for a short period. This is a whole different level. This has been going on for more than a year. Even in 1918 [during the Spanish Flul, we didn't do this."

It's almost impossible to overstate the historical closeness larities. Both towns are about the same size-each home to Revolutionary War against the Brits. about 3,000 people. Calais is a major shopping centre for both Meanwhile, fundness for the English Crown on this side of

"It's really heuribreaking," McCabe says. "The COVID thing County. St. Stephen, home of Ganong chocolates and assorted small businesses, refers to itself on its official website as "The international airports, affordable property and a low-stress

The first French settlers arrived in the area-the ancestral lands of the Passamaquoddy, an Algonquian-speaking people of the Wahanaki Confederacy who had occupied the territory for thousands of years-in 1604. Two hundred years later, the Americans formally incorporated "Plantation Number between St. Stephen and Calais or, in fact, their overt simi- 5 PS" as Calais to honour French assistance during their

Maine's Washington County and New Brunowick's Charlotte the border was never as acclerat as successive colonial gover

ors repeatedly claimed. According to a 2010 article in the St. since, Says McCabe: "We've loved our July 1 in Canada. But Owie Courier, after the Royal Expeditionary Surce annelled and we also leaved our July a. The first week of that morth has St. Stephen's elders with a sizeable cache of guspowder to been really something. You've got this great big celebration they promptly handed it over to their counterparts in Galais. the same time. The parades would start on the Canadian side "Actually, a peace committee was struck by the area's churches march across the border in both directions—go get their to work out our differences."

When the Perk and Beans War of 1842 (so-called for the staple food of the area's lumberjacks conscripted to fight) finally without much comment or notice, probably because no one took the mic at the annual homecoming festival in August died in the conflict. As American historian John Robson notes 2017. Gripping Calais Mayor Billy Howard's hand tightly, he in his blog, "It's a bit of a lendown for military buffs because declared: "It is very important to keep this going. I can't imagthere weren't any battles. Instead, this squabble ended in the line having [your] community on one side and m on the other Webster-Ashburton Treaty, in which two major powers with and not having this connection. It's always been one big coma history of belligerence cheerily tossed bits of land at one munity. I want to keep holding on to that community and keep another and made permanent peace."

Calais and St. Stephen have been celebrating together ever

duking furnits during

defend themselves against the Yanks during the War of 1812, between two communities sharing the same experience all at "Even that conflict didn't affect this area," McCade says. one year, and on the American side the next. People would beer in Calais and then go to the concert in the park in St.

Indeed, St. Stephen Mayor Allan MacEachern seemed settled the border between Maine and New Brunswick, it went to speak for the entire cross-border community when he our friendship strong. We're stronger together. No matter what goes on in the world we're always here together-friends. family, businesses, all of us. Let's keep holding true to that." To which a beaming Howard replied: "Well said."

Certainly, McCabe still has faith. He was born and raised in St. Stenhen. After university and a stint in the Canadian military, he returned to become the New Brunswick government's regional manager, a position he has held for 25 years He runs the Facebook page, "St. Stephen, In Times Past, to share cherished memories, photos and interesting tidhits of our collective history and memories."

He says The Steve is still strong, still kicking, still helping But, he admits, he worries, COVID-19 has shut down key cross-border services, such as firefighting. It's wreaked hyene on Calais's local economy, which depends on Canadiana crossing over to get, drink and how more chessly than they can at home. And it doesn't help that neither the pandemic's progress nor the American and Canadian responses to it are

By hot June, two months after the emergency began, the Centre for Disease Control in the United States had recorded only two cases of GOVID in all of Washington County, and none in Calais. By February, infections in Maine were increasing by as much as 250 per day, with several outbreaks in churches directly across the river from St. Stephen. That prompted Mayor MacEachern, commenting on the first confirmed COVID case in St. Stephen, to tell CBC News: "People are scared [about] a lot of chatter [that it] came from Calaia." Since then, the pendulum seems to have swung the other

way. Last month, official cases in Calais were down as vaccinations galloped ahead of expectations. Meanwhile, access to immuninations have only just picked up in New Brunswick (in fact, across Canada), while infections on this side of the border near St. Stephen have jumped. "Yesh, I learned just new about an exposure a few days ago," reports McCabe, who keeps his pipeline to the province's emergency services wide open even while he's being interviewed for a magnetise ettery. "It came in at the port side of the river. Three confirmed cases. One hundred people are isolating."

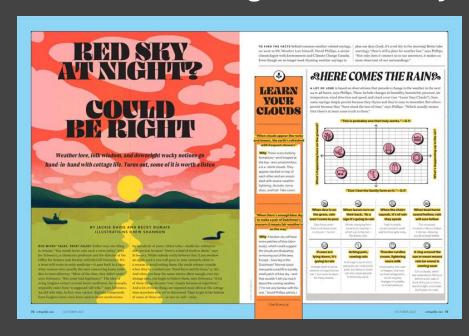
All of which may be, as McCabe says, "really hard" on those health and rubbic safety officials who are duly appointed to battle the spread, but it pales in comparison to the psychic pain of those who've been caught on the opposite side of the lies like nothing else in our history." McCabe says. He should know



2020 to be examed on the wharf, so their American family members co-



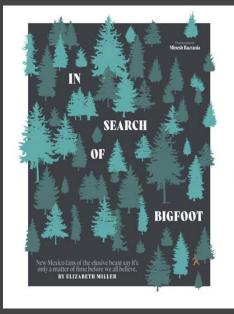
General Feature 35 or More - Bronze Cottage Life - Red Sky at Night? Could Be Right





General Feature 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – In Search of Bigfoot

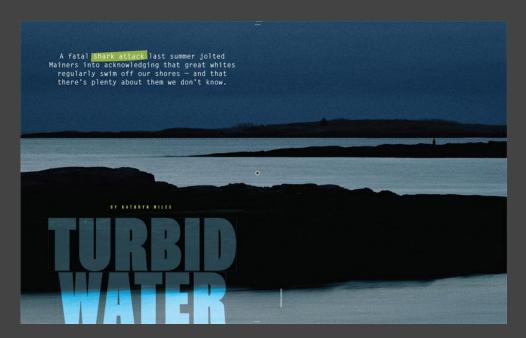






General Feature 35 or More - Gold

Down East - Turbid Water





Cove, photographed

place near the mouth

in Bailey Island's

olent interactions between sharks and humans are exceedingly rare. In 2020, the Florida Museum of Natural History's International Shark Attack File recorded 96 reports of people bitten by sharks worldwide. Of those, 57 were classified as "unprovoked," which is to say that the people involved were not actively hunting or fishing for the sharks, nor were they attempting to feed or otherwise harass the animals. Ten of last year's unprovoked attacks proved fatal. Just three of those deaths occurred in the U.S.; one involved a shorthoarder off the coast of Maui, while another surfer was killed about 100 yards offshore near Santa Cruz, California. Julie Holowach's death was the third of these fatal attacks and the first confirmed shark-related death in Maine's history.

As news of the attack began to spread, both Maine residents and regional scientists The head of Mackerel were dumbfounded - "blindsided" is how one researcher out it. The day after the attack, Maine Department of Marine Resources commissioner Patrick Keliher told a press conference, "It's not something we ever would have considered in Maine waters.

The state medical examiner recovered a tooth fragment left by the animal that attacked Holowach. Regional shark experts confirmed it belonged to Carcharodon carcharias, commonly known as a great white. For many Mainers, that revelation shattered an ironclad sense

Like many large fish, great white sharks ("white sharks," to biologists) are notoriously difficult to study. They prefer turbid water and don't need to come up for air, making them difficult to spot. They are fierce apex predators, making them difficult to handle. Because they are not commercially fished, biologists have little data from which to infer changes in their population numbers. "For most of human history, white sharks have been elusive, shrouded in darkness and mystery, from our perspective," says Walt Golet, a fisheries scientist who holds joint appointments at the University of Maine and Gulf of Maine Research Institute.

But that doesn't mean great whites haven't been regular visitors to the Gulf of Maine. Millennia-old white-shark teeth have been found

Profiles 35 or Less

Profiles 35 or Less - Bronze

Bucks County Magazine – Bucks People: Telling Our Stories

Bucks People / Contra Marone



Telling Our Stories

Linda Salley, the President and Executive Director of the African American Museum of Bucks County, loves to use her unique gifts to tell stories about the rich heritage of African Americans

history that connects to Baone Farm then and to the African - lieve that you won't do are thing to hurt them." American Museum of Bucks County today.

se quilts Litely Salley creates always tell a story, and executive director of the Mrican American Museum of ich as the one she crafted about life in the 1960s. Bucks County, said of the group she worked with for a total Two years after her retirement in 2005, Linda of these years. For African Americans, everything is a secner. began teaching fabric, design and creation to a You have to understand what African Americans went group of women at a serior center. It was here that the quitiers through. Their life is not like your life. They went through became the ones to tell a story to Linda, one that is a hidden—some struggles. They have to believe in you. They have to be-

Honored to hear their stories, Linda listened as their tales "Once they learned how to sew and really had it down, - of traveling from southern states to northern ones were relived they felt comfortable -- it took almost a year, maybe a year and right in front of her. The women told of their respective esa half-stalking about their personal lives," Linda, president - capes from violent racion, such as the morder of 14-year-old

H BUCKS COUNTY MAG . COM

Profiles 35 or Less - Silver KANSAS! Magazine - After Ad Astra





Profiles 35 or Less - Gold **Oklahoma Today - Fiery Fighter**



ALICE MARY ROBERTSON WAS MANY THINGS: A CRUSADER FOR THE RIGHTS OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLE, A FOUNDER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TULSA, AND THE SECOND WOMAN TO SERVE IN THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, TODAY, SHE STANDS AS AN INSPIRATION TO OKLAHOMA WOMEN.



infant's eyes. What dreams

did they have for her? As

sionaries, they valued edu-

the time, it seems impos-

the country.

her grand debut on January 2, 1854, lust before her birth. everyone-save haby and mother-within shouting distance of the Tidlahassee Mission in the Creek Nation wielded buckets and gunnysacks to stop the grass fire sible that the couple could raging less than a mile away.

When weary and dirty, imagine how their daughter the victorious firefighters returned, they heard my very lusty objection to the world to which I came out of the nowhere, into the here." Robertson wrote in the first chapter of her unfinished autobiography. Exhausted and ex-

The name, dreamer, has ever been a reproachhilarated, her parents. Ann since it was given to loseph rights of Indigenous people,

EX WORLD WAS ablaze when Eliza and William Schenck by his jealous brethren," Mary Alice Robertson made Robertson, looked into their she wrote in an 1871 essay many there are to whom it scholars, teachers, and mismay be justly applied, who dream of future greatness, cation and service. But given usefulness, or happiness, the limitations on women at and yet have not sufficient energy to press forward and obtain the prize their fancy have dreamed big enough to has pictured."

As the seventeen yearwould change the state and old who wrote those words gazed out her window and As for Alice-she decided watched a fiery sunset give to swap her first and middle way to sparkling twilight. names as soon as she was did she fathom that one able-she never dawdled day she might grow up to found multiple schools.

offer comfort to thousands of soldiers, stand up for the

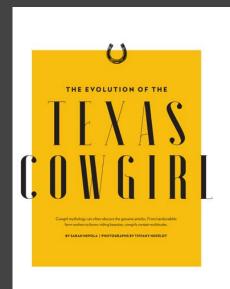
BY KARLIE YBARRA

long on idle fantasy.

Profiles 35 or More

Profiles 35 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways - The Evolution of the Texas Cowgirl







PAINTING "ROUGH AND READY," AND

HEHL LAWSON'S STATUE, 'HIGH DESERT

PRINCESS." AT THE NATIONAL COWGIE

HUSEUM AND HALL OF FAME.

OPPOSITE PAGE: MAMA SUGAR'S HORSES.

MAHA SUGAR HOLDS UP PHOTOS OF HER

COWGIST ACTIVITIES

cowatri became a romantic fallde demanded so much attention. She liked school, though it was a 2-mile walk, and when she returned home each drennon, she placed her books alongside the road while she rended the earth till the edge of dark, occurring herself by singing and reciting poetry. Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you. That Madeline S. Bridges morm was her favorise.

for her cooking and reaching Black folks to two-step-she swore up and down she'd never return to the country. But life has a way of togging you back. She spoke to me from the porch of her property in Fresno, a 30-minute drive south of Houston and foor-and-a-half hours south of the fields she plowed in Country Line. Now RZ, Mama Sugar uses

Years ago, she had a bip replaced after she started limping. The doctor brought back the X-ray, and she remembers hts exact words. 'Lady, I don't know where the hell you come from, but you have done some hard-ass work in

"The life I've seen?" She chuckles again "Nobody knows.



them for years. It was a cowgirf's childhood, though she didn't see it than way, fewas just life. At an age when other kids rode bikes, she rode a sled, a homemade wagon with a mule in front used to plow the fields. She remembers her uncle setting her on the flat metal bed and handing ber the reins. "Now get on to the house," he instructed, and she cracked the reins and let The cowgirl is a figure both iconic and overlooked. The word calls to mind rodeo stars, or a fashion line of rhine-

sones and turquoise, but a cowglet could refer to any woman tasked with the enormous unkeep of rural life. She might be outlaw or helpmane, cartle ditiver or keeper of books. Blanch wives like Henrietta King of the legendary King Ranch cer tainly qualify as cowgids, although history has away of only counting the women who did "men's work," condering many owgirls of the past invisible, even as their lone grow. The Mama Sugar didn't ride borses for fun; horses were for work. No time to gallop through the fields when the

When she finally made it off the farm-to Housson, where she became a beloved fixture known, among other things.

I grow up in Dullas, only an hour and a half southwest of County Line but spiritually another planes. Ballas is a city of highway squiggle and tall glass boxes, and I considered my family hardscrabble because we never not cable. I was a wheelchair, but her daughter Vanessa positioned her so at the end of the dial but the glittering tales of Manhattan she could look at the horses swishing their tails. and Los Angeles, two great cities I have spent enough time in so realize I don't belong there. So, much like Mama Sugar. I moved back to the place that shaped me.



I reached out to Mama Sugar because I warred to meet

a real-life coward. Ed become fascinated by the coward

mythology, though my education had been mostly relegated

to all shorts I browsed on attractionarh Texas and the South-

west. The stores sold feign/T shirts and nost and col nin, un-

types in hot plants and ten-gallon hars. A bit ktrischy, but I

was drawn to their sport; defant and glamorous at once.

that I travel putte a bit, one more modern woman roam

ing the prairie in a two-door sedan. Five years ago, I stayed

in the Calamity Jane room of the Silver Saddle Motel in

Santa Fe. New Mexico, and as I read about the woman.

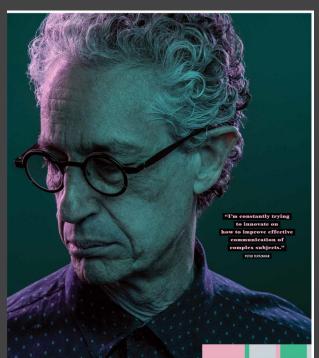
born Martha Jane Cannary - hand -drinking, dressed like a man but deeply maternal, an orphan who did what she could to survive, which included everaging her body for money - I wondered why I didn't know more about these characters. They were so much more complicated than the chemotic mythrs or the cureo/Varia stirti whold come to represent the brand. Cowgirls struck me as forgotten feminines, whose tales of making their way in transgressive power.

Cowgrfs have long operated outside the mainstream culture, though "Many of the cowgirls preferred working carde to campaigning for the vote and riding brones to discussing women's newloand independence," writes Cityabeth Clair Flood in her coffee sable book Congirly Women of the Wild West. The book is a primer on this fertile sections, reminding us of legends like tim Victorian sure-shot Annie Oakley and Texas horse thief Belle Starr. whose unsolved murder (shor in the back in an ambush) made her the subject of nanerback novels and landed her in two Bob Dylan sones. But Flood also Introduced me to new houses. Trick rider Alice Sisty rode two horses "Horsum style" over a convertible in 1938/Google id. looking like a female Evel Knievel In 1925. Gene Krieg Creed rode bucking bruncos to the title of "Champion Cowstell of the World" at the Chesenne Frontier Etays in Wooming Hericanner

Profiles 35 or More - Bronze

Avenue - The Energyphile







Profiles 35 or More - Silver

Cottage Life – The Monk, The Recluse, and a Message in a Bottle





Profiles 35 or More - Gold

Arizona Highways – It's Time You Get to Know Jack



IT'S TIME YOU GET TO KNOW JACK

For nearly four decades, lack Dykinga's byline

has accompanied some of the best photographs this magazine has ever published. He's won every award there is

to win, including a Pulitzer, but the man behind the camera is not a prima donna. He knows he's good, but he also knows that great photography is not automatic.

It takes curiosity, patience and tenacity.

And no one masters those things better than Jack.

BY MATT JAFFE

ACK DYKINGA scared the bell

I grew up in a three encoupager housebeld in a four encoupager town. Maybe I dialed pay quide a much attestion to bylenes as a ben soores, but pursulates were my herees, right up there with tablelysess. Marriags began with the Changa San Times—subsidis in design but no gawap ray, the crusuling alternative to the said Chang-Febros of Gobbi-Michigan Asemate to the said Chang-Febros of Gobbi-Michigan Asemate in dama.

On a Sunday in July 1970, I were straight to the back page for the opera braditions, only to see that the Culvand White Soot had both lost, below the Highering the paper over to the new section. That's when I saw Jud's black-and white ploons from a pair of popularitic facilities. The pleasures, the critical componence of a five-quart insostingative series, graphically envelated living coeditions alit no something out of a Prince extrany asytim.

The nivery is overwhelming. Unclothed residents tare vacantly from hard benches while another curls

arizonahighways.com 17



Reader Service Article

Reader Service Article - Merit **Mountain Home – On a Wing and a Prayer**



On a Wing and a Prayer Helping Little Birds See What's Real

By Lilace Mellin Guignard

Board President Curt Schramm says he Robin. (I swear that's her name.)

Conservation and Natural Resources and couldn't survive the impact. We think of

sad and gruesome sight greeted Audubon Society, specifically to Sean high-rises, not one-story buildings in the employees at the Visit Potter-Tioga Minnick, who's been a member of the middle of nowhere. But this is not just a Visitor Center when they came to work. Tiadaghton chapter since shortly after he big city issue!" Nine black-capped chickadees lay dead on and his wife moved here in 2014. "Back then the sidewalk. "It was almost like a scene from I didn't even know what a warbler was," he issue of Science magazine, "Decline of the The Birds," administrative assistant Kirsten says, "but they took us under their wing," North American avifauna," finds that we Tellgren says, referring to Alfred Hitchcock's From his tone, I'm not sure he intends the have 2.9 billion fewer breeding birds than in 1963 horror classic. These small creatures are pun, but it's clear what his intentions are 1970. That's a loss of one in four birds, with year-round residents in Pennsylvania, their toward birds. He is currently the chapter's the greatest losses among the most common cheerful cheeceseburger call familiar to many. treasurer, and the secretary is his wife, bird families. The website 3billionbirds.org

received a call saying "There are birds lying So, Sean headed out to the scene of the last half century. crime. By the time he showed up, another "We really do care about our chickadee lay there. As he studied the are habitat loss and degradation, but environment and nature," he says, "even carnage he noticed that a lone birch tree windows are right up there (even if only if it's just a little bird." They had to get to across the parking lot was clearly reflected on the first floor). A 2015 study of annual the bottom of this mystery, especially since in the building's glass door. Nothing like this human-caused bird mortality found that Wellsboro is an official Pennsylvania Bird had happened before, but for some reason cats are responsible for 2.6 billion deaths, Town, the first outside of the southeastern a flock of chickadees had started mistaking windows for 624 million, vehicles for They called the Department of were flying full speed," Sean explains, "and 64 million-including power lines (57

ne October morning in 2020, a were referred to the local chapter of the those types of fatalities being caused by

A study published in the October 2019 calls this loss "huge"-29 percent over the

The main reasons for this decline the tree in the door for the real thing. "They 214 million, and industrial collisions for

Reader Service Article - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – Fall in Love





Remains of the Day

waists in buby aspens—stand sentry on the ridgetops run-ning off the western slope of the Jenner Mountains. In the yellow. Strips of Gambel oak crisped to shades of caramel, amber and burguouly adorn other hillsides.

The aspens and oaks have been waiting for this. They lived under the shade of omifers for a century before the 2011 Las Con to full som. Note the autumn school to brightly they seem lit from within. Places that a decade ago were charred to a moonscape have grown back in a mosaic of fall colors.

"We try to make lemonade out of the loss of the forest by seving 'At least the oak and the locust are pretty in the fall," says Ellis tion in Santa Fe, who studies fire ecology in the Southwest. Learn a hit about wildfires and you'll begin to read their history in the landscape. How they function, especially to deliver fall woods. Some aspen groves are a natural part of the process, while others signal a system running off course.

derosa pines, sections of light brown back toasted to black show where mellion firm broaded through the undergrowth without troubling mature trees. Slice into their trus

42 New Mexico / SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2021

mother, Marcolia counted even the oldest pines. The loss lines from 31 wildfires in one of mature trees over thousands tree in the Jemes. But there are also places forest's future. A century of tougher for a seedling, too.

"It's avery complicated top

Here's how aspen leaves get their shimmer.

with the changes we're seeing," says Dennis Carril, a fire ecologist with the Santa Fe National Forest, "The one thing we can have tisus on is that fire is part of the landscape." With those changes, possilerosa pines may not return to so

fire-scarred areas for decades or centuries, if ever Instead, locusts, aspens, and saks claim the ground, surging back from surviving root sources and leafing out over charred stumps larger

In the Jessey, the effects of the Las Concluse Fire... the largest wildfire in state history -- can be witnessed by driving out FR 289 (Dome Road) or hiking the 2.9-mile Geyote Call Loop, in Vallee Caldera National Preserve, or the 2.6-mile out and back Alamo traverse from pine forests at the edge of the burn scar into where the aspens, locusts, and oaks are taking over.

"There are some areas above Santa Fe that used to burn ever five to 15 years, and they haven't burned for 140 years," Margolis says. "They're just waiting, They will burn again; it's a question of whether they're going to burn hot and blow the whole place up or Among conifers found in New Mexico's highest peaks, it's a different atory. Even before the U.S. Torost Service made extin

"If we don't cut and burn and return fire," sars Carril, "you're going to have some thing like Las Conchus that comes through and changes

omeday reclaim.

"Over decades to centuries. you have this process where

that pattern repeats," Margolia

says. "The aspens peed the co

that feeds the fire that clears the way for more aspens."

Foresters realize that fire is

inevitable and even necessary

bring it back to the landscape

and where it burns.

and to have some say in when

After a prescribed burn off

Santa Fe. most of the nonderosa.

pines are still thick with green needles that sing along with the wind, Gambel oaks eeach

knee height, thick with copper

against themselves. Patches of

greishing all wildlines official policy in 1910, fire rarely does, it takes out vast swaths

those fires is a reward each fall Agrens, which have exmedthe moniker of the "phoenia tree" for their shilling to outck? rebound after fire, are among

In places like Aspen Vista neur Santa Fe, the trail climb CHANGE through groves so big that they're visible from the city. A big, but wildfire burned

get their colors. through in the 1870s. But hike Fall fade: As days stor at the Aspen Vista Picnic Site, off the Santa Fe National Roppet Science Brown, and you'll see Douglas firs, white firs, and spruces edging their way up toward the canopy they'll

Time to shine: Laure

Glow up: How bright

sky shine through the thinned In those transformer groves in the Jemez, all the instead clearly visible and filled with nick light as the

пиницигиском / SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2021 43

Hastrotom by CHRIS PHILPOT

Reader Service Article - Bronze **Acadiana Profile – Where To Live Next**

While we can't explore every great neighborhood in the 22-parish region, in the pages that follow, we offer you snapshots of some of the best towns and neighborhoods in Acadiana, based on everything from great schools and historic architecture to cultural attractions and outdoor activities.

Where to Live **Next**

LUS A Listing of the Region's Top Real Estate Professionals





homes, we find Youngsville (formerly Royville) has wide oppeal for its safe, upscale neighborhoods, excellent schools, historic churches and affluent, small-town feel. The expanding 509-acre traditional neighborhood development (TND) of Sugar Mill Pond arose from French settlers' farmlands. One of the oldest churches in the Diocese of Lafayette, St. Anne emerged in 1859 when Desiré Ray donated nine arpents of formland with a chapel to New Orleans Archbishop Antoine Blanc for the area's first church. Desiré was the eldest son of prominent French planter Charles A. Roy, founder of Royville in 1839. After Desiré's tragic cotton gin explosion, a younger sibling. Pierre Bienvenu, became moyor and helped organize FNB of Lafayette. The family's 1760s New Orleans roots were revived when Marie Althea Roy, Pierre's daughter married Jules Alciatore of Antoine's in New Orleans. Through wors and hurricanes, Royville thrived and was reincorporated in 1908 as Youngsville, earning its city moniker in 2006. From a flourishing village to a booming city with borders broadened by Sugar Mill Pond, Youngsville continues to attract families devoted to their heritage, hearth and home.



Schools

One of Louisiana's leading school vstems. Youngsville's schools include outhside High and Acadiana Rena Early Learning opens in 2022.

Famous Local

Youngsville native, Senator Dudley LeBlanc ("Couzan Dud"), donated the life-size St. Therese stotue

Highest Income

bungsville has the highest media afavette Porish (SS) 4627 and more Louisiana's fargest city.

Youthful Attentions

Structured for safety with roundabouts instead of red lights, kid-friendly golf carts instead of cars, top schools and world-class youth sports

a central pond frequented for fishing pends are

single red light in director of Young ville's Chamber o ville. Also, we're the a single highway very safe. People ride golf carts to get around. Since there's so much to

Schools USA, the nets that sanitize

Reader Service Article - Silver Texas Highways – Trips to Change Your Mind

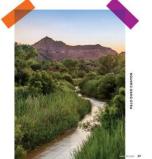




Trips to **Change** Your Mind

SPLASHING IN PORT A

















Something About Sand in Your **Tires**

By Natalia Sylvester

"You're going to hate it," my friends said the first time my husband, Eric, and I planned a trip to Port Aransas. Not exactly the riseting and creament we were boning for that having moved to Austin from Miami in the wirner of 2010, by summerwe were in desperate need of sand and ocean.

The water's Inmoved his her said Not a beautiful transfacent blue like the beaches of South Florida. Although Ed. lved in the Rio Grande Valley as a child and taken count beach was bare, but not empty. We had a clear view of sky, less trips to South Padre Island, my husband-born and unobstructed by resorts and high-rise condos. When we raised in Miamt-was a complete newcomer to Texas pulled in past the grassy sand dunes, we saw the nearest beaches. I began to wonder if my food memories were cars were hundreds of yards from us. The breeze was the rose-timed. Could it really be that bad?

We laughed off their warnings, got into my Mini Coo-We took State Highway 358 east and gazed at the large. gray expanse of road all around us. It was a weekday and cloudy, so we weren't exactly feeling the summer vibes. But when we crossed the ITK Memorial Causeway. something shifted. Being on a bridge over water just did omething to us; windows down and music up. I put my bare feet on the dashboard as we drove blissfully down State Highway 361 with the ocean breeze massaging our senses. Refore we got to the beach, Eric stopped at Walgreens to get a parking permit, and I marveled at

"You mean we get to park right there? On the sand? Like in the movies?" I asked. In Miami, parking at the beach was a lot like fishing. It took forever and you'd have to constantly he on the lookout for any sign of movement ady to pounce at a moment's notice. Even their, my famlly always only managed to find a spot blocks away. We'd

chairs, and volleyball in tow, only to realize, once we go . Port A was nothing like what we'd known and loved back in Miami. Not a busiling hotspot perfect for people watching. No volleyball ners or neon yellow, pink, and blue Rieguard towers splashing color all around us. Here, the

We'd experienced nothing like it-and we adored ever inch of it. Sometimes the opposite of the place you've always loved is not like my friends had assumed, a place erred longing, and you feel like you've grown and expanded

because of it, canable of appreciating the unknown. We stretched our towels on the sand and are snacks our of the trunk. When I awoke from a post-sandwich rap, I snapped a picture of my reaction mirror, in asse of hos you could see the water in the small reflection. "Not a bad parking spor," I captioned on my Instagram post. It didn't marter what color the water was; the point was we were stehr there. World corren in our car and driven to the edge of the coast and gotten closer to the water than we'd ever

been. Perhaps our friends thought we'd arrive expecting these new places to be like the ones we'd already been. But what would have been the fun in that? You can't meet a place halfway between where you're going and where you've been. If you're going to go, go all in.

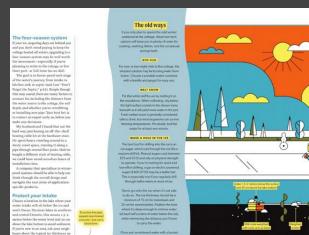


DOWNTOWN LUFKIN



Reader Service Article - Gold Cottage Life - How To Get Water All Winter





opening in the ice that is open to or

sering exists." Murk the hole with a large

nd ice floes, for example—by running,

WATER STAYS IN THE LINE

"If you're new to an area, ask your neighbours

about the typical ice thickness on your lake"

Hed & Dek

Hed & Dek - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Some Important Dates in History



HIREY AN OASIO ON THE EGGE OF FORMS, nor lar from the point where Loop 202 teaches its cautern apoper and searts orbiting back to Phoerits. Utged by hardscrabble vacate lots more buseren than the bruses of closest, and parking loot dated by welling sand, this coats on a scrally section of the Arizona State Unbersity Polytechnic campus its Mesa is a landmark in the world of American date Imming.

At line, you might wonder whether the stand of palms eachibided fixed in the site of a semants desert spring. For then you notice that the trees are arranged in town. This is ASIV: Dute Palm Germerphane, note of the top two bring repositories of size date golds in the Vanel States. A Vanel Rolling Germerphane and Romandon, a routiling three palms of the anal Romandon, a routiling three palms or after March 18 that on a Rathi, Indiana, Zabidi and Romandon, a routiling three palms are after March 18 that the state of the Romandon of the R

"There are a let of things here that, if they disppared from this collection, you'd be hard pressed to find anywhere does in the content," says Sector Frische, curator of herticulture at the Pilocetis Zeo. He also tends his own? based take plane of the contents of earth of the Contents of the Contents of the Contents of eastern slopes of the White Task Mountains, west of Pilocetis. "The a Startardy Immer," be says. Prinche is here with Deborah Tarkkild, germplasm manager and arborenam pergam econditions or a SSU, and Elisies Joyal, an chardostasis collaborating with them on a book about charges in the Salt and Gall never valleys.

book about dates in the Salt and Gila meer valleys. While data palms can much follow, the green plasm's trees are more square than stately, with foundationager than the remain are tail. These younger rows were plasmed when the germplasm moved after the 2002 sale of an previous ARI location. The university collection, which includes Modified date palms along garden. After the integration of the plasmed with the plasmed and the plasmed area in 1890, Tempe became an early contest for the industry and home to a pair of research water to the industry and home to a pair of research water times. And for years, graduating classes have plasmed date palms on a regulasm as a first barry as a gift to the university.

Date paints await hervesting on a farm in Yuma, which hoday is the center of date production in Arizona. At this stage, the dates are bagged t protect them from birds and rain while they ripes. Of TTY MANGES.

Hed & Dek - Bronze Louisiana Life - Plight of the Honey Bee



Conserving and maintaining the ideal habitat for Louisiana's official insect

Plight Honeybee

By CHERÉ COEN PROPOS by ADRIENNE BATTISTELLA



Hed & Dek - Silver

Texas Highways - Snug as a Bug in the Mud



Snug As a Bug in the Mud

Crawfish farmers share how the tiny crustaceans go from rice fields to boils By MM Pack

hether you call them crawfish, crayfish, crawdads, or mudbugs. these feisty little freshwater crustaceans are beloved by growing numbers of Texans. Though crawfish are typically associated with Louisiana's Cajun cuisine, demand for them has increased exponentially around the state over the past few years as more Texans learn about the joys of convivial crawfish boils and restaurant feasts. But where does this burgeoning supply come from, and how do crawfish get from their native muddy habitats to restaurants and countless backvard festivities?

You may not think of crawfish as a crop, but the majority are raised on farms, most often alongside rice in the same periodically flooded fields in Louislama and adjacent Southeast Texas. Responding to market demands, more and more free farmers are incorporating red swamp crawfish into their crop rotations. The symblosis of ice and crawfish makes for an efficient use of land: they thrive in the same conditions, and their production cycles can be alternated seasonally.

"There has been an unbelievablealmost absurd-in-crosse in demand for carwlish, just in the few short years we've been doiling." Karen Reneus asys. The retired elementary school principal joined her husband. Charlie Reneus and son, Will Reneau, in 2015 to run Reneus subdugs in Tament. They're railer 1800 acros of rice fields in jefferson County, Most of her customers are local, but she also selfs to a Houston wholesaler.

Crawfish are aquatic animals; in the wild they live in wet areas like swamps and bayous. During the drier summer season, they dig vertical burrows about 3 feet deep where they hatch their young, emerging again to feed and grow with the return of wetter weather.

When French-speaking Acadians came to Louisiana in the mid-1700s, they found Native Americans catching

Photos: Eric W. Pohl

PRIL 2021 6

Hed & Dek - Gold

Cottage Life – Dear Cottage, why so down in the dumps?



OR YEAES, LAVRIE BARREE and her husband,
for fivene, warried about not under their contage. Bought
by Laurie's generalsther in the speace on a sloping but, the
cottage was sirking into Bo years' worth of west tall occurations
of a back bestown, they grabbed o common and that occuration
of a back bestown, they grabbed o common and find by at a look
on it was warried. There was extended of the cottage
whether it was warried to be the contract of the contage
Whether it was built in spage or suce, your cottage may also
be suffering from a feeble foundation. Before you start digging,
it gays to understand what's going on understand your cottage
it gays to understand what's going on understand by our cottage.

What contributing factors lead to foundation problems?

and what your options are for fixing it.

The three main culpitts causing foundations to fall in Carolod are clustors, 600, and water. Around freeing and thorwing cycles-creat the twin menocon of front brown (when water-natural oil expands upon freeing and public says mystale) in two well and thrist weeklering (which happens when temperatures rise, for each said on densities, and water density. Whether your contage is fault on anothy soil, which drients well, for beavy close, which hadds write, this forecast, and water density for any mystale for any moving and shaking. Lastly, water, the forms of result and floating, care changes of the control of the co

If foundations are invisible below the frant line (at least four first down in most regions of Canada), front heave shouldn't. he a problem, which brings us to a fourth-culprit: homes error. Even foundations built atoo our reliable Canadam Shield will sow if they sewer! Installed metiodously—their is, on clean, here esch—according to Mork Brinkman of Brinkman Construction in Asabio, Outs.

"Falls often dig until they hit Shield and pour concrete," says Britamen, "but if they didn't do it properly—say, less than four feet deep—ior and frust can get between the footing said not, so you now have frost hence lifting your foundation (and cottage) off the bedrock,"so

Essay

Essay - Bronze Adirondack Life - Shopping for the Apocalypse





Essay - Silver

Texas Highways - The Wind Between Us

The Wind **Between Us** A mother reclaims her freedom on the Devil's Backbone By Katie Gutierrea



A pearly silver hearse pauses at the mouth of Purgatory Road. The riming is so perfect it seems almost staged. I've been noticing the symbolism everywhere, from the rot of furred flesh melting into pavement to the painterly floorishes of crimson foliage in the hills: harbingers of death. For the first time in three years-since becoming a mother--I've climbed onto the back of my husband's motorcycle, and I can't shake the guilt of doing something selfish. Something reckless. Something that could take me away from my children, even if it brings me back.

Before dating my husband, Adrian, I'd never ridden a motorcycle. I thought riding was dangerous and foolish.

an inherently selfish endeavor if you had people who cared about you. But Adrian is a lifelong rider, starring with dirt bikes as a kid at his famihys 30,000-acre working sheep station in Queemland, Australia. And one day, he invited me to join him.

OPEN ROAD | ESSAY

In the dark garage of his Sydney agartment building, he helped mefasten his extra belinet over my head. He held the handlebars and grinned as I climbed onto the bike-gingerly, as if it were an animal than might bite-and then swung his own leg over with practiced grace. I clung to his waist as the engine named, cracking open the silence inside

"Ready?" he asked over his shoulder

I tightened my grip, "Ready," I said, though I wasn't,

We eased onto Flood Street, then Bondh Road, past the dry cleaners and the organic bedding store and the barbecue chicken shop with fresh salads, past the wine store and the botcher shop and the grocery where avocados and blueberries cost three times what they did back home in the U.S. The salty air lifted the hair at my neck, and as we came around the corner downhill, the ocean splittered the earth, drawing an asure curve around bright sand and rocky headlands.

I realized, to my surprise. I was grinning. The world around me was suddenly so immediate. The street rushing close enough to touch, the sun warming my arms, the smells of ocean and gasoline and Italian food and clearettes, the sunbathers and skaters and wet-suited surfers-- and Adrian's hand joining mine at his sternum. When you're in a car, you're an observer. On a bike, you're a part of things. You are motion itself.

It felt like waking up. It felt like falling in love.

Adrian and I met on a plane in 2004 and kept in touch online in leverish lits and starts over the years, but it wasn't until 2012 that we decided to try for a real relationship. Then, after two years of Skyping at

Essay - Gold

Cottage Life – A snake in the grass





HULY2020.

THERE ARE TWO PATHS UP TO THE NEW CABIN: the exercise poth and the nature path. The first one climbs steeply across upon rock. The second meanders through a forest of pine and bemlock and ceder and oak and poplar and maple and birch.

scent of pine, listening to the west wind sough through the needled branches, when my body stops. I spin around and start walking the other way before my mind can process what the rest of me already known there is a large systle curled in the middle of the path, shok behind me. "Rattlesnolor," I squarek, Anton looks at me in dishelief.

Park," I say, my heart still-dramming, "Ethink we're going to have to learn how to live with them," Massasouga means "mouth of the river" in Oidner It's also the name for Ordania's only senomino. speke. Early in his career, Auton worked in the emergency more in

Parry Sound; he remembers the summer they run out of antivenin There is perhaps no human four more common or viscoral than

through a glade in Kenya. She stopped in frurt of a cobra before she could process why she had stopped. Isbell spent the next two decades trying to understand what had happened. She hypothesized that evolution has favoured primates with good vision to detect snakes: those living with poisonous snakes tend to have better vision. Lensurs in Madagascar, on the other hand, have terrible eyesight: there are no poisonous angles on the island.

Neuroscientists in Japan and Brazil found brain-based evidence that may help us recognize potential threats and direct our atter Macanian that had never encountered uncless remonded axickly an frequently to images of snokes -- more quickly, even, thon when the looked at faces. They seemed hordwired to detect them

losing my father and losing Romany Wood, my family's summer nements. Really they amounted to the same thing. I could not imagwhere Exhausters can be One handood source and, may perhitary assertly her designed and built three cottages on the south shore of Lake Simone. The cuttones looked like aspecthing out of a Today faint talhalf-timbered and stuccoed white with lead-paned windows. Each had its own name. The tidlest and smallest was called The Begra after the Goldlocks tale; the grandest, with a moth-eaten tapestry moose untlers in the great ball, and a large bell at the peak of its soof, was called Pendrugon other the coatle built by King Arthur's father. Outside, a massive oak tree grew up from an occen my grandmother had planted.

When you come to really know a place, you see time moving through it is subtle changes of growth and decay. There I had watched mass and ferns colonize old tree stumps over decades and meadows grow into forest. I knew where to find the remains of the old support shock hidden emone the mostles, which trees had beyond horseybees before they swarmed or died off, and which diseased apple trees still yielded sweet fruit.

My father felt this deep connection to the land as well. He said he didn't need a flashlight to walk the winding paths through the dark woods at night. His feet knew the way.

Growing up, I imagined that we'd lived on the shows of Lake Simcoe forwer. There were six generations of Chapmans planted at a neighbouring clurch that overlooked the lake. But the tree roots challenged my funtasies of permanence: they pushed up the oldest

Chapman gravestones and made them list to one side. My fear of losing our place on Lake Simcoe sharpened when my father was forced to sell our home in the city, where four penerstions of family had lived. Trying to hold onto it nearly bankrupted



And yet. Only two deaths by rattleseak

he staff at nearby Killbear Provincial Park

In the 1970s, staff stopped killing analos

he park should be protecting all species, not

ees would now move outtlesnokes owny frue

compettes. Only later did biologists realize

Rottlespokes, like most snokes, have a

strong fidelity to the first hibernation spot

curvised the first winter, they will return to

the same spot for the winters following. If

heir old place. They will freeze to deoth

you move them too for they keep looking for

I insisted on being there. For Muddy's sake holding on, afraid to let go 96 omphilose AUG/1077 202

teld a body as awareness left it.

gency entrance for what seems like hours,

picking up lonely paper bags—Uber Eats-

shield and blue gloves too. Everyone would

why Ehove come juside.

our dog, Muddy.

other I was not here, but they understand

I kneel down on the cold, hard floor next

The staff have wrapped him in blankets.

is behoused. He has a resysterious respiratory

liness that will not respond to outfliotics.

I put the top of his head, the softest, smooth

hough he is in his middle age like me. Also

alone by transfers into a modello on the floor

softening at the edges. The veterinerism rimes the syringe. There will be two tries

All this touch, all these sounds seving one

thing: I am with you, here, You are not alone.

I have hirthed two children and watcher

hem awaken to the world, but I have never

I world not of the clinic and toos the closes

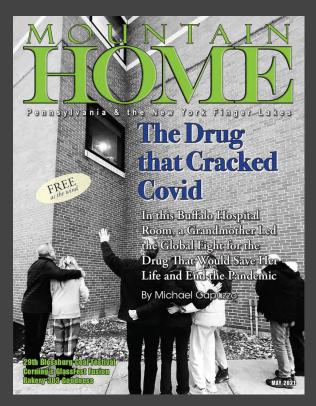
typen blows at his snout, but his breething

sitting on the powement. I am wearing a

Covid-related Story

Covid-related Story - Bronze

Mountain Home - The Drug that Cracked Covid



The Drug That Cracked COVID

From a Buffalo Hospital Room, a Grandmother Led the Global Fight for the Drug That Would Save Her Life and End the Pandemic

By Michael Capuzzo

in the misening of December 18,2,200,00 and the necessaries announced a grim New York recode for COUND-19 deaths white Chrisman in Belfalls, 1947, Searchievier, and about the holding. But her back that bad about the holding. But her back that bad, and the was unusually enhanced; thought it was rap, being eighted; variety working every day, the half, "I never thought it was rep, being eighted Varieties," and the was unusually enhanced; and the was unusually enhanced; and the working every day," the stall, "I never thought about COVID,"

The property of the control of the c

for twenty-five, but now just immediate family with "COVID shaping everything." Michael said. Michael, 5fty-seven, hand: load in Buffale for close to thiery years, and nlishes the trip home. But now he was weeted. Mean was

et east. She couldn't lift the phoner. "This fine, I'm just unded," she kapt saying, But Jack was always up with the stan, Affer raising two children as a single mother, working thirty-flow years an affice manager for Metropolism Life Insusance Corpusys, she was still cleaning, houses five raising, a work with har griffitients to a technique, and work with har griffitients or leep busy." On December 22, where days before Christinus, Judy unted positive for COVID-19.

"We were devastated," Michael said. The family Christmas Eve dinner was cancelled. Judy spent Christmas in quarantine in her house, four days after

Milast Filmon Suburbas Hoperal, and on New Yas/a Bur Michael and Michell got a call from the hospital that their mether was being admirted to the ICU. In all lappored on few. We cash be with her. Michael said. "We cash held har hand, we cash deep in the room with her." He started looping notes to make some of it. II. "Hasting the voice rack on the phote as the agreed to go on the ventilator was HEART-BERSHANG." In wome.

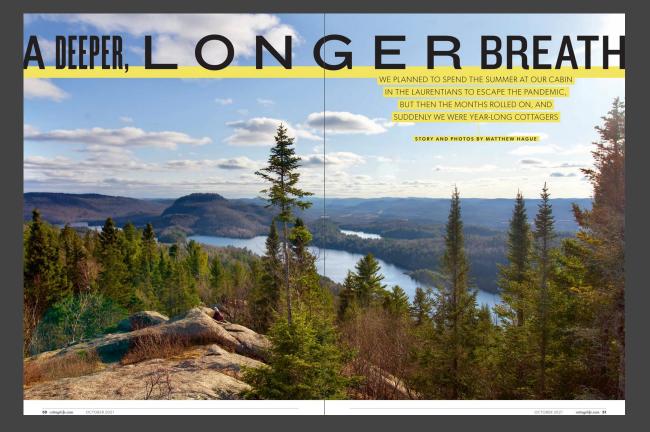
His storther was vedered and sampositive, as if she were in a come, as a ventiliare mechanically bearded for her. The docum said there was link more they could do, and bee chances of newlowl were bleak, Jody was getting the global standard of COVID-19 care recommended by the World Health Organization, the National Institute of Health, and ill major public health agencies. It was called "supportive con," July was cold to stry at house since we began to the control of the control of the con-

See PMF on pag



Covid-related Story - Silver

Cottage Life – A Deeper, Longer Breath



Covid-related Story - Gold

Adirondack Life - New Wave





HOW WILL THE LATEST LAND RUSH AFFECT THE FUTURE OF THE ADIRONDACK PARK?

BY ADAM FEDERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY YVONNE ALBINOWSKI



advocate, was riding his bike on a dirt oad near his home—a cabin deep in the woods-a few miles outside of the town ly three decades and knows the area's hills and valleys better than just about amyone, so the presence of a *For Sale sign on 70 acres of forestland caught his ye. The parcel was one that he'd been of an engoing project to establish a wild life corridor connection the Adirondacks' High Peaks with the gentle, low-lying hills of the Champlain Valley, an ecosystem known for its unusual mix of limestone much of decades a handful of consenvation groups, often through easements with private landowners, has succeed ed in protecting about half of the 15,000 the Split Rock Wildway. Its name comes om nearby Split Rock Mountain Wild Forest, 3,700 acres of state-owned land I The land that Davis was interested in happened to be at the geographic heart of the corridor, directly across from the Doon Mountain Preserve. Aside from a small 120 year old ham, there's nothing else on it. Eager to make a move on and dustred off a more to the Eddy Enomtation, a popprofit land trust on whose

A couple of days later, when the founthe land he learned that it was already under contract. It had been snatched up in just six days and went for the listed price of \$140,000.

It's a story that's become common during the pandemic, as significant num bers of largely afficient urban residents have left cities seeking refuge elsewhere The real-estate market in many suburban and some rural areas has been in owedrive ever since and, at least for Adirondarks-which stready had fairly limited housing stock-old camps, luxury lakefront property, single family horses. and vacant land are selling sometimes. sight unseen, and often well above the asking orige transportes have been do. pleted across the region.

'Almost every piece of property has sold," said George Hainer, the code port. "Most of the land has sold. Every-

In April Susan Harrel, a Realtor in Keene, said she had only one active residential listing in the entire town. There's very little left, she told me, and when "It's kind of like a feeding frenzy" tames September - October 2021 APRONDACK LIFE ST Otter Landing

seen, I would say, steady activity."

Hamilton County, the park's largest and least populated county, says they are on track to surpass the previous high of 33 home sales recorded in 2004, "We'll beat the 2004 record handily," he said. Jim LaValley, a resistor in Tupper Lake for more than 30 years, said entry-level housing at When we spoke he had recently listed a house in the village in that price range on a Tuesday night. There was a contract on it the following day. (It sold to somebody who lives and works in the area.)

it's a park-wide trend. According to the Northern Atlantidack Board of Realtons which compiles monthly data from the majority of licensed real-estate brokers in the region, home sales have reached historic highs since last March, when mandemic-related restrictions were first imposed. The first few months of lockdown were uncharacteristically slow, but the market quickly sicked up in the sum-

he Northern Adirondack Board of Real tors. "There's no community that has not Though it's difficult to make any firm predictions about the future of the hous there's a sense that the long shadow of expecially as remote work becomes more entrenched. An influx of residents communities in the park would be

selfcome, but Realtices and other murwill settle in the region permanently. The ost-9/11 period, which saw a similar surge in home sales, suggests that the

de, saw a 24 percent increase in home

sales over the previous year. The average

pering 58 percent, from about \$200,000 to

120,000 Meanwhile, the sale of undevel

and towns and villages are beginning to

We're selling everything everywhere

said Mike Goughlin, executive director of

see a surge in applications for new build

could land has doubled in most counties

steep ascent was flush with water. Champlain, but a few miles away was completely obscured. But Davis noted the air of the wildlife comider extending from the Jay Range and higher peaks to own plot of land, much of which is now set saide as a wildlife sanctuary, and the 7.500 or so acres of protected forest. In dearer weather you'd see a mix of farmland, private homes and summer camps dotting the lakeshore.

acres will be more challenging. If the harder for nonprofes to compete. Mean while, development pressures are likely

in many of the region's small towns. In recent years the Adirondacks, like much of rural America, has been bedeviled by a persistent decline in population, esperially among college-age adults. Schools have struggled to keep their doors open and enrollment has dropped in nearly every district.

In a town like Westport, with a population of just over 1,000 (down from 1,500 in 1990), even small changes in the housing market are notable. Hainer says a handful of people originally from the area, including a couple of young families, have moved back since the pundern ic. They've had transplants from as far sway as California, Colorado and Utah. There's also been a cobort of Amish fami amoral years, attracted by the relatively inexpensive farmland. "We're in a very secluded, beautiful place," Hainer said.

The grim toll of the past year seeme impossible remote when I met Davis on a cold rainy morning in mid-April to climb pointed out the 70-scre purcel of land just to the east on the other side of the dirt road and another piece next to it tha ket soon. The woods were beginning to fill with spring wildflowers and the abort. The view from the summit was mostly

> no community that has not seen. I would say, steady activity."

slong the eastern seaboard, including thing everywhere. New York City and Boston, "Even without said Mike Coughlin. se pandemic," Diwis said, "many of us have been thinking that, sooner or later executive director of the Northern Adirondack Board of Realtors, "There's

The 20 acres that the Eddy Founda ion was interested in was bought by Ker Waltz, who lives outside of New York City and has longstanding ties to the region. ther north toward the town of Essex. He says he might put a lean-to or treehouse on the new property, but has no intentions of developing or subdividing it but that could change. Waltz has a large family-including two sons, one of whom building on it someday.

If he ever decides to sell it, Waltz said, the Eddy Foundation would have first dibs. "Tm a good land streams and neigh-

The Control 2021 ADMONDACK LIFE SI

BE ADMONDACK LIFE September - October 200





Column

Column - Merit

Texas Highways – Editor's Note

NOTE



Joy Ride

have always loved taking road trips—creating the perfect playlist, buying the Cheetos, Dr Pepper, and three ready bars at the gas station, and feeling liberated from daily schedules and to-do lists. But when it comes to cars, well, the loke in my family was to never ask me what kind of car someoned drove because all I'd know was its color. And yet, despite my ambivalence, I've had a lot of memorable moments in memorable cars.

In high school. I drove a '66 Mustang handed down from my mom, who had purchased it when she was 16. What it lacked in air conditioning, it made up for in style and power—though when many a male classmate asked me questions about horse-power, speed, and. I want to say, torque, I had not the fogglest clue how to answer.

At my wedding, my husband and I drove away in a '55 Chevy meticulously restored by my grandpa. He spart five years rebuilding the car to match the one my grandma drove when they got married in 1956, down to the factory turquoise-and-white paint job. He's since gitted it to my dad.

These days, my most fulfilling drives come when I borrow my husband's Ford Ranger to run an errand. There's nothing like charging across the HIII Country terrain in a truck to make you feel like a real Texan. The fact that excursions of any kind have become infrequent over the last several months only adds to the thrill

This issue is a celebration of car culture, from the hot rods that inspire hobbyists and fashionistas alike, to the bubquitous yet iconcile pickup truck, to the historical guides that first nurtured our fascination with road trips. Whether your journey is about the destination or the car you drive to get there, you'll find plenty of inspiration to hit the road.

Ehrly R Stace

NOTE



The Simple Life

In the hinterland of the Texas Panhandle, the tiny town of Upscomb has managed to hold on to a way of life that has largely disappeared across the country. Contributing write George Gestrow, who visited four times over the last year to capture life in Upscomb-population 44—for our annual Small Towns Issue, says tell tile he was on the wild frontier of Texas. The people who live there have learned to endure; the Dallas-based writer says. They get along with each other because they have to—they's survivallass. But they also go out of their way to make sure everyone's OK. They define what it means to be a good neighbor.

When someone heads out to buy grocerles, Getschow relates, they buy for three or four weeks and often plan the trip with their neighbors. With no ATM or grocery store—the nearest Walmarr is 75 miles away—they barter among themselves for needed tiems. During the pandemic, one resident walked through the town in the mornings, knocking on doors to check on the relatibors.

In a town of so few, each person is vital, and everyone has a role to play. But it's not merely about surviving. Town

poet laureate Pam Halines writes poems for her follow restients when they are going through Jand times and when there's something to celebrate. She also turned an abandoned room in the former schodhouses thin a pablic library, where anyone can check out books on the honer system. Since everyone knows and looks out for each other, kids often roam free and speen their days fishing at a nearby creek, building raiss, and generally energying the ort of liberty that eludes many of us in our overcommitted and overscheduled library.

"The hallmark of my trips there was seeing the freedom of how they live," Getschow says. "Kids are allowed to be kids; adults are allowed to be quirky and weird. Nobody says. 'You can't paint your house pink.' People just accept one another, and that's an act of freedom."

Elvily R Stace

EMILY ROBERTS STONE

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Column - Merit

Delaware Beach Life – Flotsam and Jetsam

Flotsam & Jetsam . Bits of beach life

'Hello, I'm Calling From the IRS'

That's not a phone message you want to hear BY FAY JACOBS | ILLUSTRATION BY ROB WATERS

My fifth book was titled "Fried & Convicted." Just a fun title, meaning nothing. But could that become my

Last March the IRS contacted me, saying I owed them over \$3,500 plus big fines and accumulating interest. They accused me of failing to report \$60,000 in income in 2018. Failure to pay up could send me up the river to the Big House for tax evasion,

Whoa, Not only do I look terrible in orange, but trying to hide \$60,000 in income would have required the Amazing Kreskin. In 2018, my entire freelance writing biz made only a fraction of that amount. I know, pathetic, isn't it? And the 1099 document they were citing reported my gargantuan earnings from a client as a mere \$600.

So this raised the \$60,000 question: What \$60,000? Instantly, horror stories of the relentless IRS completely ruining innocent lives played in my head. People losing their homes. their careers, and having their paychecks garnished. Do you also picture sliced lemons and limes when you hear about garnishing Or how about those slick

TV ads for companies that are paid handsomely to get the IRS off customers' backs? I'd watch those and cluck my tongue thinking the customers should have paid the tax in the first place. Now I feel awful. Maybe their wretched \$600 in income was also turned into \$60,000 by IRS auditor Mr. Magoo.

OK, keep calm. How do you tell the IRS they've diddled with a decimal point and their bean-counters perpetrated a ridiculous \$59.400

error? I didn't want to be sarcastic. but I did want to tell them, "You do the math"

Well, my accountant (laughing, but then serious) wrote to the IRS advising them of their insanely stupid mistake. Although he used a more professional thesaurus.

Then months went by as I obsessed about being sent to the Sussex Correctional Institution or to a federal minimum-security prison. Gee, I guess it would be minimum security, as I'm no Big Boo from "Orange is the New Black," capable of lugging \$60,000 in pennies to a hiding place, then beating up the corrections staff before lunch. Would I be treated like serial killer Aileen Wuornos (as



Schnauzer Supermodel

A happy ending for one end of Windsor

BY FAY JACOBS | ILLUSTRATION BY ROB WATERS

My dog is fine. Now.

And I suspect this column may be slightly more scatological than usual, but I will try to be delicate.

One evening my schnauzer Windsor appeared to need Preparation H. Ewwww. OK, that's probably the most descriptive I'm getting

We agreed that his, um, symptom, was not life-threatening, and calmly agreed to wait until morning to see the yet. Ten seconds later we completely freaked out and rushed to the 24-hour clinic.

After waiting in the car for an hour in the dead of night (COVID, you know), and authorizing every kind of test, including an ultrasound, we eventually learned that our poor boy had a large polyp in his colon, situated quite near the end of the trolley line. And, to remove it, he needed abdominal surgery at a specialized clinic. Oy.

But before the surgeons there could perform the operation. Windsor would need (wait for it) ... a

Seriously???? We were so dumbstruck it took us a few minutes to realize the enormity of the task before us. "And if you think you

despise drinking that prep stuff,

EDITOR'S NOTE Fay Jorobs' Flotsam & Jetsam column in the June issue suggested that coastal Delawar might be a hot spot for the 17-year cicada invasion, but in fact we were spared, unlike other areas in the Mid-Atlantic region. Fay wrote the column in April, well before the expected emergence, so we didn't know

dogs hate it more," said the vet tech. My imagination went wild. What do I do, squirt the goop down his gullet with a water gun? And then what? Ewwww! A literal &#*% show.

But as fortune and our carpets would have it, Windsor was invited to the hospital and given twilight drugs so he could dream of Snausages while a nasal tube delivered the medication. And blessedly, what happened next at the vet staved at the vet. But it occurred to me that simultaneously. both my dog and my bank account were totally cleaned out.

Once the docs had a pristine playing field, the patient was ready for his close-up, Mr. DeMille, The polyp was surgically removed and a woozy Windsor was discharged wearing a massive plastic cone around his neck and head. A dog's instinct to lick his wounds is primordial. So it was

not "Get Smart's" cone of silence, as the dog made pathetic sounds trying to gnaw his way out of the headgear to reach his belly.

"Wait, I have an idea," my spouse said, turning into Walmart. She came back to the car with a size 18-month children's onesie outfit "It's got little dinosaurs on it," she said. I could not picture how this was going

> Back home, we removed the cone of shame from Windsor's head, slipped the onesie suit on him, front naves through the sleeves, the shirt cov-

ering his back and belly, and snapping at his caboose. We fas tened two of the four posterior snaps, leaving the center open for his stubby little tail to stick out. I have to say.

t was adorable And I think he was



how lucky we would be!



Column - Bronze

Arizona Highways – Editor's Letter

editor's

- IN MEMORIAM-

J.P.S. BROWN

I WAS ON A TRAIN from London to Brussels the first time I read The Forests of the Night. Instead of looking out the window at Leeds Castle and the cobbled streets of Lille. I was looking at a marauding jaguar in Mexico's Sierra Madre Occidental, some 6.000 miles away. I could see him. even though I was hurtling through Europe at 300 kilometers per hour. I also heard the sound of a young duck as it dove under the surface of the water. And I tasted the wild honey that filled the eniambre in the spring. And I smelled the thick, white smoke from the fire in the shade of the aliso tree. It was all right there in the book

At the Cronkite School, we teach young writers a core tenet of the craft: "Show, don't tell." It can be traced to Chekhov, who is quoted as saying: "Don't tell me the moon is shining:

show me the glint of light on broken glass." Those aren't his exact words, but they do show that by grouping together small details, a writer can paint a picture in the reader's mind. J.P.S. Brown was a master of that. Like Emily Luchetti turning flour and butter into croquembouche, he used sensory details to make jaguars come to life. And horses gallop off the page.

"The top horse in my string that year was a spayed mare we called Mae West," he wrote. "She could run a hole in the wind, but her best performance was not anything like Shorty's. Shorty had swelled up like a bomb. Then, instead of blowing up, he used his power as a jet; ran as though his feet didn't touch the ground, and shot through that hordel like a torpredon."

Sadly, we lost Joe Bown in January. He died peacefully at his home in Patagonia. He was 90. By any measure, Joseph Paul Summers Bown heed an extraordinary life. Hed been a boxer, Martie, Journalis, carlet trader, ranches, gold prospector, wangler, whiskey smuggler and fiction writer. He had many whes, too. Between 1952 and 1963 doing, there were three. The third, a 2 aposes woman who technically was his mistress, tried to till him. See was furious about his pain to marry fo Bacca to cit till him. See with strybanic That did'nt work, effect she laced his stew with strybanic. That did'nt work, effect. Thoughout his life, Joe tipoed on a tightrope — with his work, his wives and everthing else, including his airralness.

Once, when he was flying north from Mexico, he lost power. The only option was to land on the freeway below. Right behind a Volkswagen. "I was going to eat the Volkswagen." I was going to eat the Volkswagen of was sharp incline, clipping one wing on a telephone pole. That Volkswagen never had a clue. He just kept

Like a man dropping off a rental car, Joe walked away without a scratch. Maybe that's why his friends in the Sierra Madre called him El Mostreno — The Unbranded One. His friend Jim Harrison called him something similar, "the great restore of the great American quees," The two men, cut from the same cloth, shared the grasslands of Southern Arizona and a gift for writing.

Joe discovered his talent at Notre Dame, but he didn't get serious

about writing until 1964, while recovering from hepatitis at his garandmether shore in Negales. The sorties he wrote exorties he wrote exorties he wrote event when the street book, Jin Kane, about a down-and-out cowbay who traded cattle in Netzico. The book was published in 1970. Two years later, it was made into a movie called 1964 fixed Money starting Banil Newman and Lee Marrie, who referred to give a "the widelest sort-of-a-bitch that ever walked." Carole King wrote and sang the theme song.

In October 1970, around the same time his book came our, Joe made his debut in Arizona Highowsy. He wrote about what he knew: "In any primer on cowboys, this rule would have to be the first. Cowboying is learned as a way of life, not just a vocation, not out of books, not by grunting and trying hard, not by a desire to be a cowboy, and not by donning a big hat and a pair of books."

In a Letter to the Editor in January 1971, Phyllis Lockhart of Vernon, Arizona, said the story was "as close to the heart of a cowboy as one can get." H.R. Jordan of Arlington, Texas, was equally impressed: "Mr. Brown's masterful sweat-of-the-saddle and sometimes unexpurgated detailing sets him apart as a teller of cowbox tales."

He could write, all right, but like so many great writers — Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, O'Neill — Joe was an elbow-bender. "Pd use the whiskey to keep me going when editor's



The last trail I hilked for my first histing book was the flear Wallbow Trail, it was excurely what a final scene is supposed to be. A dirmantic the security of the property of the security of so many miles. Like a trail that meanders through the right brain of Robert Frost, the Wallbow was thick with Douglas first, Engelmann sprace, box elders and quaking aspens. It was arboreal. Beautiful, Maybe the most beautiful trail in Arizona that doesn't cold at trail in Arizona that doesn't cold at trom of a camount. I was an adven-

ture, too. Fifteen miles along a perennial creek lined with thorns and poison ivy, a gantlet masterminded by Mother Nature. Despite a couple of shredded legs and a ripped T-shirt, I climbed out of the Wallow exhilarated. The last hike was done.

As it turned out, the euphoria lasted for only 8 miles, the distance between the trailhead and the lodge at Hannagan Meadow. That's where I saw the hotshots converging in the anall, gravel parking let. The Paradie Five was burning in the adjacent Blue Eunge, and the only road to the historic lodge was closed in both directions. I didn't main being "stranded" in the White Mountains, but was worried that Bear Wallow would be the property of the property of the property of the property of the varieties. Develope a property and the property of the disk was lost.

The Wallow Fire starred burning on May 29, 2011. A few days later, our publicist called and sade if I could leave that night to do an early morning interview with Rick Reichmuth, the chief meterologist for fox News — he was on location in the White Mountains. I get to the satellite truck around 4 and in the White Mountains. I get to the satellite truck around 4 sun or a story about the numerosary of Rodos Chelsids, which, at the time, was the largest wildfire in Artzona history. That, too, would change.

I did a few segments with Rick. We talked about the places in harm's way. Force, Alpine, Mount Baldy, And those places at the epicenter: Reno Peal, the Black River, Bear Wallow. We also talked about the dangerous fiel loads in the foreress, created by a century of fire suppression. The sun wasn't up yet, but the slay was cerily illuminated by the firestorm around us. And the smoke was like fog, a filter that blurred the shapes of the landscape. If been amound by lifter before, but I didn't have the perceptisties to process the scale of Wallow. Or the associated mention. You carri equate lengthman spruce and Douglas fire to the victims of an earthquake or a tornado, but wasching the incrineation of an old growth forests brings on a restriction of the contraction of a contraction of the contraction of the contraction of a degree of the fire the same. Not by you illetime. Not in your dambers illetime to.

The scientists say that fire is a natural phenomenon. That it clears out dead organic material, returns nutrients to the soil and might even help rid an ecosystem of invasive species. The poets, including Ruth Rudner, say the same thing. "Fire is a force as wild and natural as wolves. It is rebirth."

Ms. Ruther is right. And so are the scientists. But how much lire does the ecosystem need? In the United States, approximately nine out of 10 wildlifers are caused by human beings. That's not a natural phenomenon. That's a framatic escalation beyond what Mobern Nature sees a necessary. What's worse, almost all of those man-made fires are fueled by carelessness. That's what happened in Bear Wallow.

At first I was angry — Stage 2 of Elissheth Küdler-Ross but now I just feel sorry for the two gays who started the largest wildfire in Artzoon history. Clearly, they were fools to walk away from their camplife, but they weren't arosinets or cocterrorists. They were obscipaclers out doing what so many of us do. Exploring, Breathing the air. Seeling under the stars. Unfortunately, they fongs to pack their thinking caps, and has been deconated, Smen of it foreward. County, Alimone has been deconated. Smen of it foreward. County, Alimone

For their mistake, the two guys will spend the rest of their lives trying to pay off the \$3.7 million they owe in restitution — the U.S. Forest Service agreed to not go after them for the \$79 million it cost to put out the fire. Their real penance,

though, is the never-ending nightmare of knowing that their poor judgment has robbed generations of hilers and backpackers the pleasure of experiencing the arboral nature of Bear Wallow. And knowing that their carelessness has permanently altered a half-million acres in a place that Jo Bazza described as "Cods Country" — Ms. Bazza, another poet, knew the White Mountains as well as amonot.

well as anyone.
Two years ago, Smokey Bear turned 75.
According to the Ad Council, 80 percent
of Americans are familiar with his
important message. There's no doubt it

makes a difference, but when you consider how many wildfires are manade, you have to wonder why more people aren't listening. The two gays in Beat Wallow certainly weren't. Neither was the seasonal frierlighter who intentionally started the Rodeo Fire, hoping he'd get work intentionally started the Rodeo Fire, hoping he'd get work intentionally started the Chediski Fire—in the middle of a brittle forests, the lits a stain fire because she got to in the woods.

It's hard to understand what these people were thinking, but the message for all of us is clear: Only you can prevent wildfires. It's a message that's more important than ever, because what's happening now is not a natural phenomenon. If the forest needs a fire, let Mother Nature be the one to light in

— ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

Column - Silver

Mountain Home – The Glory Hill Diaries



One Ringy-Dingy...
I Can Hear You Now (But I Wish I Couldn't) By Maggie Barnes

ow does he always know? I stared at my phone in disbelief. Once at my phone in dispense. Once again, Bobby was calling at the countered. exact moment I didn't want him to.

"I hate this thing," he grumbles as of metal, glass, and circuitry.

father one weekend.

His lack of cellular response is a tiny "Do you have your phone?" I've had flaw and one I have learned to work around. company?" to get in the habit of asking my husband Angie knows that if a tree falls on me in our this when he is leaving the house, as he has woods, I will text her to call 911 and trust gotten in the habit of forgetting. No big deal, that Bob will notice the ambulance when it the barometric pressure around his head really, but the whole idea of mobile phones rolls up and come looking for me. Which shifts, he sniffs the air like a basset hound, is to allow people to get ahold of you if they is why his ability to reach out to me, at the and nods, "Yep, my wife just did something exact moment I have screwed something up, stupid." He calls and I am left with the Bob thinks the purpose is to annoy him. is so maddening.

he walks out again, stuffing the cursed renovation in our last town and, on the day complete doofus. object in his jacket pocket. His distrust of a party to celebrate, I was putting away

"Why doesn't she text me?" Bob asked, momentum rolling it back and forth around "Because she wants a reply?" Angie my feet, watching the dark stain stream down the beige wall, my phone rang.

"How's it going? We ready for

It seems to happen all the time. I swear uncomfortable choice of either dancing We had worked hard on a home around the facts or fessing up to being a

of technology in general has fostered an the wood stain we had used on some trim. I on a last-minute getaway, which required adversarial relationship with that rectangle still don't know how I did it, but the silly can boarding Rex, our shepherd-and-six-otherpopped out of my hand, the lid launched to breeds mix. The kennel is atop a hill with "Maggie wants to know if you need points unknown, and several ounces of the lots of room to roam and wrestle, the perfect milk," my stepdaughter, Angie, said to her stain danced down the freshly painted walls setting for pups. The driveway to the place of the entranceway. As I stood there, the can's can give a human pause though, and I_



Sometimes You Feel Like a Nut

Saving the World One Squirrel at a Time

By Maggie Barnes

((TTTTe're all here, so let's get view while he munched. started." It was the 10.000th

the screen and worked on other things, while of the campus and fought the age-old battle the jar of cashews and feeling proud of listening to the proceedings. That's when I of logic versus emotion. noticed my squirrel. My office has a window looking out "I'm on a call."

on a parking area and fenced-off space for equipment. Last year I saw a little gray squirrel hanging out on the fence and the take it. I was calculating the time left in the cashews but waved me through. half wall. Thin, ragged, with a tail that bore meeting and the distance to my car when my the least bit cute. But my heart always went my office for afternoon snack attacks. out to him. About once a week, I dumped a few handfuls of peanuts on the half wall, and he rewarded me by sitting within my you.

A medical leave kept me from being Zoom call of the year. We faithful with the peanuts and the squirrel were planning a commemorative coin if it wanted me to know I'd dropped the ball. went well. I settled in for another hour in When I looked out, he stood up on his hind front of my screen, staring at my colleagues legs, tiny gray paws clasped together, staring in their corporate Hollywood Squares boxes. at me pleadingly. I thought of the brand-new My part was over early, so I minimized bag of peanuts in my car on the other side

"I can't," I said through the window.

He continued to stare

Thor's is!

"Hang on, buddy, I've got a treat for

I grabbed the jar and headed outside. I arrived to find him sitting on the fence. regarding me silently.

As I dumped a befry portion of cashews on the half wall, I chatted away at him. "I know, I've been gone for a while, but

this will make up for it. Something special!" I trotted around the building, clutching

only one entrance open these days where you are screened for COVID every time you After ten minutes, my heart couldn't enter. The screener raised her brows at the

Back to my desk. Back to the meeting evidence of some sort of attack, he wasn't eyes fell on the large jar of cashews I keep in I watched the squirrel push the cashews around with his paws, seemingly unsure whether he should take one. Odd. I mean he's a squirrel, it's a nut, what's the issue here? He finally selected one and headed back to

Column - Gold

Oklahoma Today – Welcome

WELCOME -

... And the Livin' is Easy

Memories of a season long gone inspire me to make this the best summer ever.

CHILDREN OF THE '80S. REJOICE! THIS DI AVI IST DE SOME DE MY **FAVORITE 1989 JAMS WILL MAKE** THIS SUMMER'S ROAD-TRIPPING A NOSTALGIA PARTY. BUST OUT YOUR WALKMAN AND TAKE A LISTEN.

Room The R-52s Escapade, Janet Jackson Partyman, Prince On Our Own, Bobby Brown Like a Prayer, Madonna Toy Soldiers Martika Big Dreams in a Small Town Restless Heart

Killin' Time. Clint Black How Do. Mary Chapin Carpente



certainly playing when this photo-of me. and nine, in our backward nool-was taken

ATE Nathan Gunter, Editor-in-Chief nathan.gunter@TravelOK.com

ON A RECENT episode of the Oklahoma Today podcast, I got to reminisce about the summer of 1989. That was the summer my dad decided to replace all the wooden shingles on our roof after a hail storm—and tasked my brother and me with picking up the old shingles out of the yard when he discarded them. The highlight of every day was at 3 p.m., when we got to go inside and watch reruns of the 1960s Batman TV show.

It was also the summer the Batman film came out with Michael Keaton and Jack Nicholson- to roast HOT DOGS in and Prince's accompanying anthem, "Batdance" (though I preferred "Partyman"). That June, my the garage. 99 neighbor Erica Salkow and I got to go to Yukon

to see Ghostbusters II in the theater-her mom. Laura, drove us there in her Porsche. It was the summer of The B-52s' Cosmic Thing and Clint Black's Killin' Time. It was the year I got to invite my third-grade class over for an end-of-year pool party-only to have a thunderstorm break out and leave us to roast hot dogs in the garage (which ended up being more fun anyway). That summer, I read, on my dad's recommendation, Treasure Island, The Old Man and the Sea, and The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. It was the year my Little League team-the '89ers, coached by my mom-won second place.

In fact, 1989 stands out in my memory as one of my best summers. It had all the elements: a summer job, a backyard pool, blockbuster movies. Little League, great music, parties, reading lists, and road trips. Subsequent summers have ruled or not in their own ways, and even though I haven't attended school in a lot of years, I still get weirdly giddy at the end of May. I know the heat will get old, and I'll get anxious for football season to begin, but I always get a little drunk on the possibilities the season presents.

Having spent the summer of 2020 watching Tiger King and masking up to go to the grocery store-the only kind of road trip I took last year-I find myself keved up for this one. So it is in that spirit that we present this issue, which is all about summer fun. With "Brain Waves" (page 44), we've assembled a list of road-trip destinations that'll remind your kids how much fun learning can be after more than a year of Zoom-based instruction. In "Sub-Zero Heroes" (page 54), Karlie Ybarra goes in search of the state's best ice cream-with delicious results. Megan Rossman has curated a gorgeous scenic portfolio that'll have you packing up for a lake trip ("Shore Leave," page 64), and Greg Elwell explores the amazing town of Bartlesville, which you'll want to visit soon and often ("The Bartian Chronicles," page 74). Finally, in "A Strange Arrangement," (page 84), we introduce you to Mustang High School graduate Bartees Strange, whose groundbreaking indie rock is for sure going to form the basis of my own personal summer playlist.

The past year has been an absolute punch in the face, but as vaccination rates rise and the world reopens, we look forward to greeting this summer with open arms. We hope this issue helps you to do the same.

66 It was the YEAR 1

got to invite my third-

grade CLASS over for an end-of-year pool

party-only to have a

THUNDERSTORM

break out and leave us

66 There are these SKIES. Skies stretched so tight you just know you're about to POP standing beneath them. Yo lungs may burst from BREATHING their sizable air-air from their COOL heights so tall they scrape the footings of HEAVEN - skies so pure and strong that GOD built His New Jerusalem on their back. 99 - RICH MULLINS

Pictures in the Sky

For spiritual uplift and inspiring scenery, there's nothing like ancient ground under endless skies

WELCOME -

ONE OF MY spiritual and artistic heroes, the songwriter Rich Mullins, once perfectly extolled my favorite thing about the Plains:

"There are these skies," he wrote in a 1995 article for Release magazine. "Skies stretched so tight you just know you're about to pop standing beneath them. Your lungs may burst from breathing their sizable air-air from their cool heights so tall they scrape the footings of heaven-skies so pure and strong that God built His New Jerusalem on their back."

Under this expanse of firmament where we live and move and have our being, those skies, for me, are paradoxically grounding. I'm always inspired in western Oklahoma by the sense of smallness, of my own infinitesimal existence, that stands as a marked contrast to the false immediacy and the weight of everyday life, the great lie of our culture that says today's problems and feelings are All The Problems And Feelings.

To stand under those skies-especially when they are dark and full of stars-is to stand in humility, in awe, in vital perspective. The rolling prairies of Oklahoma, full of hison, pheasants, and blackiack oaks reaching their arms back toward heaven, are nathan.gunter@TravelOK.com

a temple, a holy place for me. After reporting on the Bluebird Inn for our feature about boutique hotels in this issue ("Comfort Zones," page 43), I took the long way back from Elk City along State Highway 33. It was like a church service-the censer of sage, the music up loud, my spirit soaring.

And if the prairies are a temple, the Wichita Mountains are their inner sanctum, an ancient field of granite stretching back to a primordial time before any of us were here. So I'm excited that in this issue we get to share Kim Baker's gorgeous photographs from the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge ("Land Before Time," page 66)-and even more excited to share with you the good news of Ouartz Mountain's re-emergence as a tentpole property in the state parks system ("Mountain Standard Time," page 56). Anywhere in these stony reaches, time seems to move differently, the veil a little less onaque

See, there are these skies, and to stand under them is to feel small and holy, wild and free, amen and amen.

Nathan Gunter, Editor-in-Chief

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Writer of the Year 35 or Less

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze

Yukon, North of Ordinary - Rhiannon Russell



A 21ST-CENTURY FUR INDUSTRY

Trappers say demand for local products is on the rise By Rhiannon Russell



any Yukon trappers have a simus own - auctions in southern Canada, but auction princip have since plummeter. See the second of "Now, it's not even worth sending them (to auction)," says Minnie Clark, whose Tlingit name is Righere. She's a trapper and Teslin Tlingit Council citizen. "You can While international damand at sortings has descend transpers are sensor regate

their furs in the territory either selling them to crafters or using the pelts to make

She sews moccasins, mukluks, scarves, hats, and earnings using fur from her family trapline on the Teslin River, then sells her products at netal locations in Whitehorse and Teslin and through the Yukon First Nations Arts online store. Last Christmus, Clark made 60 pairs of moccasins. When she posts a new item on her facebook page—like one of her beautiful fur scances, for instance—it quickly gets snapped up.
Kristen Trocter has witnessed something similar. The owner of Trapline 2 U, she's been making and selling colourful fabric toques with fur pom-ports from her fami-

The family used to send their furs to auction, but, given the poor prices, they realized they needed another way to make trapping financially worthwhile. Trotter be-gan locally selling the toques—which feature different types of fur, including lynx, coyote, wolf, and for —at a retail store and craft market, as well as through the online

"Each year (in blown away by the support," she says. "Each year (sales) double or triple the amount I did the year before." triple the amount I did the year before." According to Brian Melanson, president of the Yukon Trappers Association (YTA), an event held in 2018 has driven interest in local fur.



one-day public market where trappers and

suction house," says Melanson, this family aunts ... so it's all passed down," no longer sends furs to auction either; his Trapping also has a direpte in wife makes art and garments from the fur. Trotter's husband-a Champagne and they harvest on their trapline, about 200 km. Aishihik. First: Nations citizen—and their

authentic made in Yukon product gives an family for at least 100 years," says Trotter For instance, Melargon says, a hat made of beaver from eastern Canada might sell. Ing a living from it, but the activity is about for \$179 down south. But a Yukon-beaver

trapper hat with smoke-tanned bison leathnouncement that it would no longer use great-grandm real fur on its parkas—a decision seen by they did." Y many morthemers as catering to its south-

"HAVING AN

AUTHENTIC MADE-

IN-YUKON PRODUCT

GIVES AN ADDED

VALUE TO THAT

PRODUCT."

the company's spurning of fur might push more Yukoners to buy local.

Melanson says he promotes SKOOKUM brand ancraks, which are made in Dawson City and feature Canadian wild fur, as well some fur harvested within the Yukon spe-

Megan Waterman, co-owner of Northbrand, agrees that more people are aware

here's a large demographic that is interwho understands and appreciates the value of flur" she says. "I think some of the niche anada Goose decision)."

od SKODKUMbrand can rustomize ruffs thern fix," says Waterman.

What the southern discourse on fur often eves out is trapping's connection to culire and tradition. Clark, for instance, grew up on her trapline with her parents and sib-lings. Her father taught her to identify wild life tracks, while her mother taught her to snare rabbits and sew. Now, her grandson comes out on the trapkine with her and her Infuried, hosted by the YTA and the North husband. "He helps out firewood, break trail. Clark is passing on her sewing and bead-

crafters sold their items. Over 1,000 people ing. knowledge. She's taught at Yukon intended and \$65,000 of fur and fur prod. University's Teslin campus, and the leads "That beloed quite a few menule net a mother's sewing natherns. "It's a traditional didn't have to count on the lottery at the all her patterns from her mother and her

three young sons. When Trotter asks the Many Yukoners want a Yukon-fur product. how what wearing fur means to them, they he says, whether than's trim on their parks tell her it makes them feel procedural self-en-hood, a pair of mitts, or jewelry. "Having an liant. "The trapline's been in [my husband's]

> ng a living from it, out the activity is about note than selling pelts. "In the Yukon, this is our way of life," says Clark. "We have respect for the animals, and

The enthuliasm in the local fur market we're carrying on long-ago traditions and contrasts with Canada Goose's recent antaching our young people this is how their hers were and this is what



Harvesting a bison was the goal of a school hunting trip, but the experience went beyond that

> Story by Rhiannon Russell Photos by Peter Mather

The students had been on the land for three days when they close. The group, which included elementary, and high travelling further by snowmobile on the frozen Norderskield River in hopes of finding the animals.

The next day, tracking continued. Ten sleds moved in a line along the trail until the group's two designated shooters—a parent and the executive director of the Yukon Fish and Wildlife Management Board — went ahead to scout an area up a cut bank. The others waited in anticipation.

"All I just see is people jumping up and down and super excited," says Kaidence Beymolds-Fraser, a Grade 8 student at the time of the bunt, in March 2020, "And at that point, we knew that we had been successful."

The shooters harvested two biscus. At the kill site, about half a kilometre ahead, the group participated in a respect cere-

As the sky darkened, the adults began cutting up the an bison for sure was new to me," says Afex Kiriak, who was also than you would expect." The process took hours, and, once night fell, the temperature dropped to -40°C. By the enc everyone had blood on their hands. The group made it back to

amp around midnight, happy and exha-"After this high of trying so hard all week and putting s much work in, a bunch of us collapsed on the floor of the main lodge and laughed for a solid 15 minutes-like we were crying," says teacher Alexandra Morrison. "I don't know what was so funny." She says it was a beautiful moment, the culmination of all the effort they put in together with their feelings

of elation and gratitude.

Morrison is one of three teachers at Porter Creek Second ary School, in Whitehorse, who organize the annual hunt Five years ago, a teacher at Elijah Smith Elementary School approached Morrison with the idea of a mentorship program for students from both schools. A hunt had been running for years at Hijah Smith; how did she feel about having high-school students own and help the younger kids, while learning new wilderness and leadership skills? A hunter her self. Morrison was some. They did that for two years, then more recently, the hunt has been organized by Porter Creek teachers-Morrison, along with Terry Milne and Brad Gus-

YUKON North of Ordinary | 1 Million 2021 | 47

YUKOW North of Ordinary 1 Water 2021 43

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver

Oklahoma Today - Karlie Ybarra





ALICE MARY ROBERTSON WAS MANY THINGS: A CRUSADER FOR THE RIGHTS OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLE, A FOUNDER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TULSA, AND THE SECOND WOMAN TO SERVE IN THE UNITED STATES CONCRESS TODAY SHE STANDS AS AN INSPIRATION TO OKLAHOMA WOMEN.



2, 1854. Just before her hirth, mother-within shouting distance of the Tuliahassee Mission in the Creek Nation wielded backets and ounraging less than a mile away.

When weary and dirty, the victorious firefighters would change the state and returned, they heard my world to which I came out. of the nowhere, into the names as soon as she was here," Robertson wrote in able-she never dawilled long on idle fantasy. the first chapter of her unfinished autobiography. Exhausted and exhas ever been a reproach. since it was given to Joseph

Mary Alice Robertson made Robertson, looked into their she wrote in an 1871 essay infant's eyes. What dreams did they have for her? As many there are to whom it scholars, teachers, and mismay be justly applied, who sionaries, they valued education and service. But given the time, it seems imposenergy to press forward and have dreamed big enough to has nicrured."

old who wrote those worth to swap her first and middle way to sparkling twilight day she might grow up to found multiple schools. of soldiers, stand up for the

The name, dreamer, BY KARLIE YBARRA

Writer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold

Delaware Beach Life - Bill Newcott



Ready or not, coastal Delaware will play host to the first family's resort getaways

Like a lot of us, for works in Washington, D.C., and has a little getaway place here near the beach. His wife, BIL is a teacher and they have a lot of kids and grandkids whonumble around the six-bedroom place they bought about four

for's kind of an unusuaming our, so you might not even notice - decided his country needed him one more time. him if not for the concrete barriers at the end of his street when ever he's around, the enormous helicopter that will be fiving him into town for the next four years, the fleet of black Suburbans that surround him when he ducks into Lord's On Vey Cafe on Baltimore Avenue for takeout.

Chances are you'll especially notice for when you try to drive a Condons Fond this summer and find sourself part of not only the usual caravan of care heading for the state park — but also an hoping to carch a glimpse of Joe Biden, president of these United presidential visit to their beach home.

to buy a place at the beach ... where we can bring the whole fami-h." Biden said in 2017 when the couple bought the beach brosse e Farview Road in North Shores.

"We feel very lucky that we're now able to make that harpen." the (horrord) Jersey Shore, But apparently even former vice presidents can be lared by favorable tax rates. After 44 years of the eright as Barack Obama's veen -- it looked like those cracy kids -- petting like one named! Major.

But history had something else in mind. Barely three months after the Bidens bought their decam getavay, the city of Char-lottesville, Va., trupted assid something called the Unite the Right Rally, White supremucists murched with teaches. A counterprotester was killed. Joe Biden cast his ever to North Shore's private beach down the street, then back to the nation's capital, and

arine Biden's vice presidential years, until he and fill cought their new house, the couple frequently stayed with friends in North Shares. From for the first six months after he left Washington -- with Secret Service protection still in tow -- beach trips remained low-key.

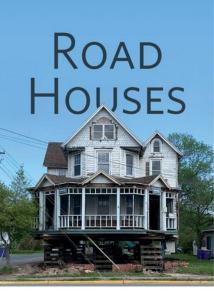
Fresh from his 2020 election victory, the president elect spen Thanksgiving here, and the family was back in town for New urnold muriber of gawkers slowing down, craning their necks, and Year's Eve. But as of this writing, for and fill have set to pay a

In the old days. Vice Possident Bides most often social arrive Throughout our careen, lill and I have dreamed of being able by small aircraft at Eagle Crest Aerochrome along Route 1 morth of Nassau, and a mini-motorcade would whish him to the beach. Aside from the presence of a few hulking black SUVs, the neighbors barely noticed he was there. After the departure of his Secre Service detail in early summer of 2017, the Bidem virtually blend Initial reports were that Joe and Jill were looking for a place at ed into the community — to the degree that one of the most famous faces in the country could null that off.

"You'd see them out walking their dogs," recalls Gillun Duniels, Washington rat race — including Biden's 36 years as a senator and a North Shores neighbor. "My daughter was out there one day

It wasn't unusual to see Joe at GreenMan juke har on Wilm-





Moving houses and other buildings is a feat of ingenuity, but these folks make it look easy (Well, almost.)

T'S about 10:30 p.m., and 413 Rehoboth

In fact, the 100-year-old bungalow has barely traveled 20 feet or so. Now John Davidson is standing on the curb, hands on hips, tilting his head to one side, doing a unique brand of calculus that involves figuring the height of the rolling house, its proximity to an overhanging branch, and the direction in which he'll need to push said house to avoid snapping any limbs.

Now he's clambering back into the cab of the tractor-trailer truck that's hitched to the house. The diesel engine rattles to life as he throws the truck into reverse. The house begins to budge. He cuts the steering wheel to the right. The house slowly yeers to the left, still pretty close to those branches, but just far enough that it can

I'm watching this slow-motion spectacle from across the street, accompanied by a few dozen die-hard house moving fans who've been waiting hours for this moment. Police lights flash red and blue, blocking traffic in both directions.

"Break it to the left!" one guy yells, and I'm reminded of a childhood camping trip when my father, trying to orchestrate our departure from



pop-up trailer shouting frantic instructions to my poor mother, who'd only been driving for a year or two.

But Davidson doesn't need any coaching from the peanut gallery. His company, East Coast Structural Movers, has been extricating houses from tighter spots than this in and around Rehoboth since 1994. A few pushes, a couple of gentle bumps over the curb, and surprisingly soon both the house and the truck are in the road, facing west.

Davidson throws the truck into first year, and just like that, 413 Rehoboth Ave, is a literal road

A contary-old Victorian bely in Milton gets a lift — a vertical move to avoid water in a flood plain — from East Coast Structural Movers. John Denidoon, above, erchestrates the decapitation of 413 Exheboth Ave.

Writer of the Year 35 or More

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze New Mexico Magazine - Molly Boyle





Writer of the Year 35 or More - Bronze

Saltscapes - Alec Bruce

HOLYROOD'S cold ocean of dreams

Some in this small Newfoundland and Labrador town think the Oceans Holyrood Initiative is a pipedream. Not Gary Corbett, He thinks it's the future

It's only half-past ten in the morning and it's already one of the worst days Gary Corbett can remember. The COVID-19 virus had hit the tight-knit communities of the Avalon Peninsula like, well, any virus hits tight-knit communities anywhe efficiently, remoraelessly. The day before, the provincial enversument had sent 3,000 workers home to self-isolate. No school. No sports. No gatherings of any kind. Worse, for Corbett, no business. Now, on a frigid February mor home in Holywood. Newfoundland and Labrador, he sits writing for the above to ring and hopes his cell signal holds up.

istrative officer of this bedroom comm That's important. For the past at years Corbett has been, arguably, the main archi-tect of the Oceana Robrood Initiative, a bold scheme to turn this village of 2,400 into one of the levelopment. Apart from today, not getting things done has

rarely entered his mind. The evidence of his handiwork is Holyrood bursts with shops and barks for more. Across the sector could more than double its contribution to global value way, up the hill, BeachHead Innovation Centre beckons to added, reaching over \$3 trillion, and [generate] 40 million ashore," Meanwhile, Elize Ocean Innovation Valley industrial park seeks warehousing, fabrication, and manufacturing ers who have set aside millions for investment in an East usinesses willing to sink bricks and mortar roots into 1,000. Coast cold-ocean sector that could, for a change of ecoacres of "prime land" by printing Atlantic waters. And in the nomic pace, printing billions over the next decade, "The community-Oceana, the home of Memorial University's industries operating in Canada's oceans, including marine

All of it has been built to welcome the world and, in the process, launch Holyrood into a new age of untold opportunity program's description on Innovation, Science and Economic

"Think of it as the Woods Hole of the north," he says, comin Falmouth, Massachusetts. "That's probably the leading place of its kind in the universe. But, it's in what I consider from access to the public purse. Most recently, the Atlantic urm water, whereas Oceana experiences a much harsher. Canada Opportunities Agency and the Newfoundland and climate at the nonthermous point of the Labrador Current. Labrador Department of Tourism, Culture, Industry and to, there's no reason why we can't become the international Innovation joined hands to distribute a total of \$7.5 million eader in cold-ocean R&D right here in this little town."

imately 2.5 per cent of world gross value added (product GVA)," it stated in a 2016 report. "Direc full time employment in the sector amounted to aroon

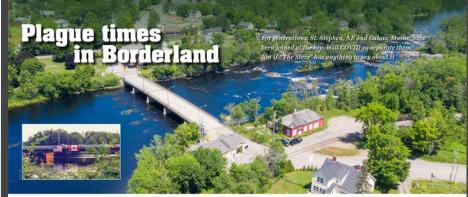
What's more, the group said, "Looking to 2030, many or based industries have the potential to outnerform the growth of the global economy as a whole. Projections suggest that the

None of which has been lost on government policy mak renewable energy, fisheries, assuculture, oil and gas, defence technologies, this Supercluster will optimize marine or ations, maximize sustainable approaches to resources, and

Certainly, Holyword's various initiatives regularly benefit



SALTSCAPES.COM AFRILITATION 37



he St. Croix River splits the towns of St. Stephen, New Brunswick and Calais, Maine, like the Judgement of Solomon. But people here don't much care that a foreign boffin once thought running an international border through their watery main street was a splendid idea. Most here-where New Englanders and institutions to the breaking point. And, like everywhere else, ers have mixed and married for hundreds of years don't think of themselves as either Canadian or American. They think of themselves as citizens of a place they like to call

"That's what the young necole say when we try to nail down who we are," cracks Darren McCabe, St. Stephen's unofficial is now, with the lockdowns, an edict and, in a sense, a judgehistorian, whose sister Dawn lives with her American has, ment on the windom of foreign that hind. The operation of hand across the border. "The Steve is a Cannels and a Yank. He ... everyone's mind now is: Can those ties survive?

can be frank and opinionated. But when the chips are down, he's the first to nitch in." These days, for The Steve, the chips are down. Way down.

Like everywhere else, COVID-19 has waged a relentles paign against physical and mental well-being, pushing public everywhere else. The Steve straddles two national realitiestwo distinct government responses and reactions to the encepency... in one culturally interrated community

The border that had been nothing more than a suggestion

has really struck a chord. We want to see our towns onen again. We want to be able to up freely back and forth again. but we've had to put a hard line right down the middle of our community, and people just aren't used to it. Even after n/11 lifestyle," [in 2001], when the borders shut down, things were surreal only for a short period. This is a whole different level. This has bands of the Passamapooddy, an Algoropaina -peaking people been going on for more than a year. Even in 2018 [during the of the Wabanaki Confederacy who had occupied the territory Spanish Flu], we didn't do this."

It's almost impossible to overstate the historical elegeness between St. Stephen and Calais or, in fact, their overt simiarities. Both towns are about the same size—each home to about 3,000 people. Calais is a major shopping centre for both Maine's Washington County and New Eronowick's Charlotte - the border was never as ardent as successive colonial source

small businesses, refers to itself on its official website as "The Middle of Everywhere" with "easy connections to major cities, mational airports, affordable property and a low-stress

The first French settlers arrived in the area—the ancestral for thousands of years-in 1604. Two hundred years later, the Americana formally incorporated "Plantation Number clutionary War against the Brits.

Meanwhile, fundaesa for the English Coors on this side of

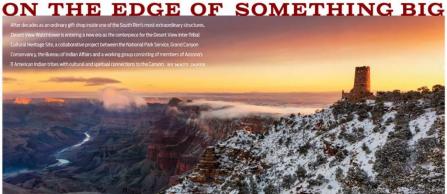
SATISFACION AND LABOUR 45

44 SALTICAPPLICATE AND ANY SALTING

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways – Matt Jaffe





cont View Wardineer Josh an II first how starding on the odgs of the Gund Carpon for odgs of the Gund Carpon for the Gund Carpon for the Wardineer I particulty who they work ones to perform the proteer of the Carpon for the wardineer is particulty imperfor, the produce of architect Mary Blashwin the Carpon for the Carpon for detail and her use of unous mones found marky, each placed just on to concrete

"Time, the lost principle in much modern construction, was taken no select each rock for the outer wallse." Coher would write in her Mannigh for Transman Goales, a detailed document she crusted to answer quoexism Grand Canyon tour goldes might have about the source. Coher heisted at the notice that the tower was a expositantion, replain or oney draw the production, replain or oney draw the production of the source. One distribution of the source of the source of any single errors. Nor did she ware visions to think a was a restoration of an cointing, Accord's Purdokan building ter based the tower's design on features she noted at an assectment of actions asses she strong and marked mound since the strong of the stron

Collects 1932 "e-creation" in now being reinagation at the conserptor for the Bener View Inter-Dirth Cultural Heritage Sita, psycioc between the Statemal Bark Service, Grand Carsym Conservace, the Bieston of Indian Allain and a weekinggroup consisting of members of Ariston-bil I American Indian set of the Collection of the Collection Indian and the Collection of the Collection Office described as the most American of places, Carten Cierco National

place for American Indians. The human presence in the Cargon dates back as least 12,000 peers, but over the past 150 years, the region's tribes have frequently been out off from their acceptant to the past and the past and the past decision-making. At the redefication of the tower in 200, then-deperimender.

Dave Uberuaga formally apologized and

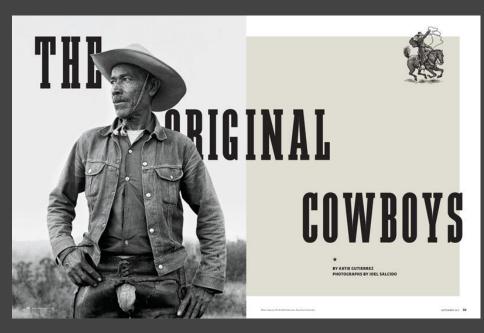
Service and his 25 predicessors. He declared the Desert View area "a place for all tribes to call their count." The project in the fitner of its ideal in the catalonal park system. "This is seen advisor by several advisor by several advisor by several and with," seep Jon Bobbons seemands in the Carryon." Will had go grown as the Carryon. "Will had go existent the state of the Carryon." Will had go existent the services to crandoms them there is no services to the subset that manthes will the size, all the bioson, the complexes said the size, all the bioson, the complexes and the size, all the bioson, the services in the size of the bioson.

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erizonahighways.com 47

Writer of the Year 35 or More - Gold

Texas Highways – Katie Gutierrez





OPEN ROAD | ESSAY

The Wind **Between Us**



Boad. The riming is so perfect it seems almost staged. Eve been noticine the symbolism everywhere, from the yor of furred flesh melting imo pavement to the painterly ourishes of crimson foliage in the hills: harbingers of death. For the first time in three years-since becoming a mother ... Eve elimbed certo the back of my husband's motorcycle, and I can't shake the guilt of doing something selfish. Something reckless. Something that could take me away from my children, even if it brings me back

Before dating my husband, Adrian, I'd never ridden a

an inherently selfish endeavor til you had people who cared about you But Adrian is a lifeliong rider, starting with dirt bikes as a kid at his fami by's 30,000-acre working sheep station in Queemland, Australia. And one day, he invited me to join him. In the dark garage of his Sydney againment building, he helped my

fasten his extra belinet over my head. He held the handleburs and grinned as I climbed onto the bike-gingerly, as if it were an animal than much bits—and then second his own less over with practiced grace. I clung to his waist as the engine named, cracking open the silence insi

"Ready?" he asked over his shoulder.

I rightened my grip. 'Ready,' I said, though I wasn't

We eased onto Flood Street, then Bondi Boad, past the dry cleaners and the organic hedding store and the barbecue chicken shon with fres salads, past the wine store and the botcher shop and the grocery where avocados and bloeberries cost three times what they did back home in the U.S. The salty air lifted the hair at my neck, and as we came around the corner downhill, the ocean splintered the earth, drawing an azure curve around bright sand and rocky headlands.

I realized, to my surprise. I was prinning. The world around me wa sun warming my arms, the smells of ocean and gasoline and Italian foo and cleanettes, the sunbathers and skaters and sort-suited surfers... and Adrian's hand joining mine at his steenum. When you're in a car, you're an observer. On a bike, you're a part of things. You are motion itself. It felt like waking up. It felt like falling in love.

Adrian and I met on a plane in 2004 and kept in touch online in leverish lits and starts over the years, but it wasn't until 2012 that we decided to try for a real relationship. Then, after two years of Skyping at

Single Photo

Single Photo - Bronze

Cottage Life - Skate Your Heart Out



Single Photo - Bronze Oklahoma Today - Land Before Time



Single Photo - Bronze Bucks County Magazine - Bucks County In White

Bucks County In White

Photo Essay By Randl Bye



Randl Bye has been doing photography for Bucks County Magazine since its inception. Through the lens of his camera he has offeed a unique perspective, identifying the homes, gardners, towns, countryside, homes and poople of Bucks County as ruly belonging to this beautiful region. His photos present an iconic representation of what we believe about connelves. So, we suked Randy to put together some behavior of Bucks County in the some and he provided us with this those costs: "Bucks County in White."

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Single Photo - Silver Texas Highways - Painting the Town



Single Photo - Gold

Arizona Highways - Lightning + Saguaros



rotaled L000 pounds. The oddest event occurred in 2017, when Tacson, hopting to win a large Amazon facility, tried to gift a 26-foot seguare to Amazon CEO [6] Ream in Seattle — not a rotality anapticous seguara habitat. (Amazon rejected the gift, along with Taisson, and denated the seguaro to the Arizona-Sonera Dissers' Masseum).

Sugaros fit themselves to the Sonoran Desert with ansating precision. They visibly fatten with water storage during the summer mostoon or witternians, then conserve it for sustemance through the seasonal droughts, with their skin expanding and contracting in folds, like an accordion. The spines not only repel burgery becthoores, but also provide the plans with filtered shade only repel burgery becthoores, but also provide the plans with filtered shade for cooling in summer. The transpetible and iterative of the saguant flower is ideally proportioned for the long tongote of the lesser imposed but, one of the caster's principal pollinators. For all our starts, we humans have not designed anything that functions as agreeably in the desert as a saguano.

We modern human's have capitalized on the sagains for entertainment, but our predecessors in the Sonocan Desert had a more stul relationship with it. Traditional Toboro O'rodham families had a winter home, a summer house and a cactus comp — the latter an early assumer impairt in a sagainer forces to harvest its fruit. A traule on the first day of carny illustrated the central fruited of carny illustrated the central fruit.

tance of the saguaro to the culture. Each picker would open the first ripe fruit, rub its pulp over her heart and say a prayer of thanks for having lived another year. The farrested fruit would go on to yield jam, wine, vinegar, syrup and even seeds for chicken leed.

The soguoro might seem an unitorly building material, but the woody ribs are lightweight, rot-resistant and remarkably strong. Tokone O'rothams have used them for shade ramadas for centuries, and when Mexican and Anglo settlers began building adobe houses in Tussen, suguarn the were used as celling material to fill in the spaces between the support beams. They were strong enough to support the insulating layer of distributes the company of the company of the company distributes the company of th

People drifted into Southern Arizona before saguaros. Projectile points in a sweally mammeth kill site date to 13,000 years ago, late in the most recent ice age. Saguaros colonized Arizona only after Saguaros anchor a sunset view of mornoon lightning and a rainbow at the Tucson area's Saguaro National Park, are notices.

the long cold snap ended about 8,000 years ago. For enthaslasts of our own species, this is reassuring It suggests that we adapt to changing environments more easily. But what if our adaptations are threatening the saguaro?

First come the cottle: starting in the late 19th century, cuttle grazing on Southern Arizona ranch and federal lands crased a lot of the native grass that sheltered young saguaro seedlings from the sun, which later caused a decline in the census of mature saguaros. In the 20th century came poschers, capitalizing on the cactus' popularity as a landscaping trophy. The apparent greatest threat here in the 21st century is a boranical invader. African buffelerass. introduced for livestock forage. It competes with native plants for water and fuels grass fives that burn bot enough to kill saguaros. The warming climate can also directly affect saguaros, reducing the enzyme efficiency that powers their photosynthesis. Looking at the underlying architecture of all the saguaros" problems, it's apparent that the most problematic invasive species is ... us.

Is the soguero is real danger of retreat, or even extinction? Predictions of its doors, imminent or eventual, have circulated periodically since the 1940s and have so far been proved wrong. The only answer at this point is: It's uncertain. In some study areas, seedlings and young plants have been in decline since the 1990s. The fire-situation is unquestionably becoming more critical. On the positive side, botanists are beginning to see saguaros thriving on north-facing mountain slopes as an adaptation to climate change. And conservation efforts, now nearly a century old, have made a real difference. The saguaros' best hope is the same as their greatest threat. Again, 8% .. us. est

22 MARCH 2021

Photo Series 35 or Less

Photo Series 35 or Less - Merit

Louisiana Life - Gator Hunt



onstruction foreman from Houma. He moves toward the bow, finger pointing to a disturbance 20 yards ahead in the center of the canal. At the captain's wheel, Aarsm "Boo" Cantrelle, Bonvillain's uncle, has already seen it. He tracks the slight movement what looks like driftwood, with raised bark resembling beow and nostrils - or the otherwise smooth waterway.

The boat accelerates. No one speaks.
Here in the Bayou Black area of Terre

ALONG THE ANTILL CANAL In Terrobono Parish, 10 miles southeast of Gibson we drift for 15 minutes before the first sighting, "There," says Rod Bonvillain Jr.

some Parish, with the boat's motor muffing the raucous singsong of limpkins as they feast on apple snails, Cantrelle and Borrei verks into this year's season, equipped with one unbaited 16-aught hook and a single 22 caliber rife, they're on a chase that began Carul is its their blood. Dur in the 1950s for after Cantrelle's grandfather, Earl Antill Sr., who would take his grandson, whom be called "Boo Boo," on hunting and fishing "We've always exten well around here. Cantrelle says. "That's never been a

Cantrelle remained such a constant

father named his shed - a man cave for tenting — the Boo Boo Int. Now during Looisiana's annual alligator season, which begins on the last Wednesday of August (east zone) and the first Wednesday of September (west zone), and remains open to well their catch to a refrigerator truck that parks in front of the floating camp that Cantrelle built 10 years ago.

antrette built 10 years ago.

If Cantrelle returns with a boat full of

for him this isn't about money. It's about family. It's about tradition, "I do this because I love it." he says. Bonvillain, had a similar upbeinging in Terrebonne and is on the water today for

many of the same reasons.
"It's all family roots back here," he says "I grew up in the boat from before I could talk." Their enthusiasm at the morning's first sighting offers a portal into their former selves, elddy boys not much taller

minutes on the water, he told a story — the kind that you wouldn't believe unless you bilities that Louislana offers like sweets. Last year, Cantrelle and Bonvillain caught and shot a 12-foot allieutor. That's about

them — the rifle that they will use to nave this writer should an alligator resurrect today, when female alligators rarely exceed nine feet and male alligators, 13. They shot itself after they haul it, seemingly lifeless, it in the head. Then they shot it again, both Into the boat.

I blame Bonvillain for this fixation. Five times in the soft, quarter-size "kill spot" on the alligator's skull. "Always double-tap for

insurance," Borovillain says.
Thirty minutes later, the 12-footer rolled over, stood on all fours, and started walking around the boat. Cantrelle and Bonvillain had nowhere to go. They had the rifle, sure, but Captrolle worried that the bullet would

and Rod Bonvillain Jr. grew up hunting and fishing on the Antill Canal in Terrebonne Parish. "It's

his boot. He jumped on the seat behind the captain's wheel, stood up and kept driving. Then came another tale. Earlier this year, while Bonvillain was out fishing, a four-foot allieutor became "intrimed" with his bait. The alligator went for it. "The young ones are curious," he says, rolling up his sleeve to reveal two scars on his

the one that outwitted them away last

"He's not that big." Borvillain says. "We're going to find out how big he is," says Cantrelle. With one hand, Cantrelle holds the

captain's wheel while his other grabs the

a retreat. After three seconds, the water

above settles, and the first bubbles break

the surface. Hundreds burst across the black canal, churning the water. Whatever

is down there is vigorous and alert, and

phaited book, which is attached to a side and lowers the book over the bubbles, now long dispersed. Slowly, we drift in the now long cospersed. Sowny, we drift in the direction we last saw the alligator glide. Cantrelle drags the hook, feeling his way

Bonvillain says as he scans the banks in search of new bubbles. "That makes it "I don't know where he is," Cantrelle says, "but we're going to find birs." Another

on the port side, five feet from the bank The bost turns, and we head toward a tree that Harricane Ida crippled three weeks prior, its destruction leaving the canal's

the bubbles. That's when I see it, 10 yards of the how, something that looks like driftwood this time it's unmistakable -- alive and

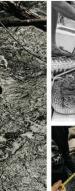




Photo Series 35 or Less - Bronze Yukon, North of Ordinary - City of Foxes





Photo Series 35 or Less - Silver Wyoming Wildlife - Intersection of Life

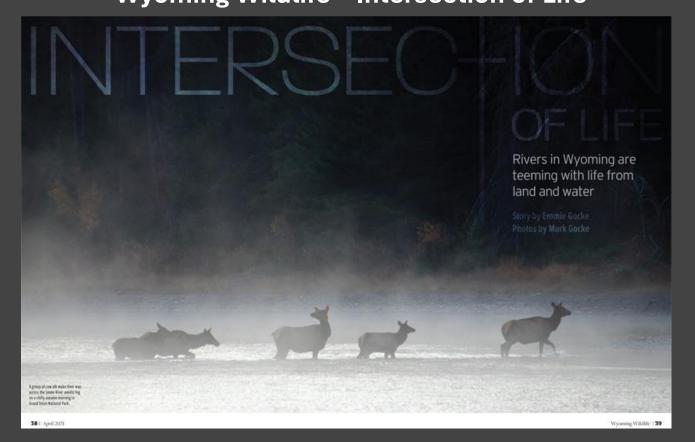
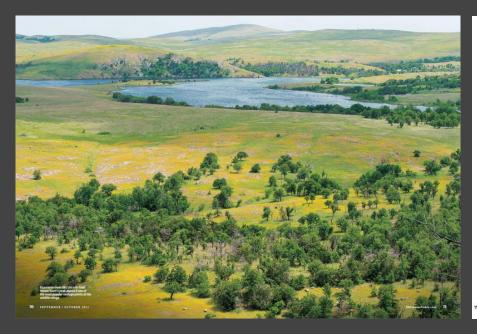


Photo Series 35 or Less - Gold Oklahoma Today - Land Before Time





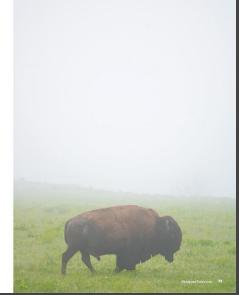


Photo Series 35 or More

Photo Series 35 or More - Bronze

New Mexico Magazine – Good Haunts



Cristo Mountains was the B. L. Booker Store in Hood They also talk about bus first incorporated town in New Mexico, Hanover's 1950-51 kethall and dancing. Not that Empire Zinc Company strike many decades ago, high school was portraved in the film going in rural New Mexico. Saft of the Earth. The murder semain fresh for those who of popular merchant Anton Coury in central New Mexico's were there, even as schools and of four of the five assailants Cedarvale, Encino, and Forin 1922, the last judicial rest are torn down or collapse Steve Flores wrote a 2006 book. same region, Pinos Wells saw about the phenomenon, Ghost well-known politician and School Bushethall Trame of New Civil War veteran J. Francisco Mexico, now a rare and sought-Chavez, who was shot through a window while eating dismes As for dances, the Dunlan

When I talk with recode from School worth of East Sommer such places, they don't mention hosted get togethers still in portheratern New Mexico. were important to their lives. had dances on an outdoor bas The postmistress everybody kethall court—"the Starlight loved in St. Vrain, music on the Ballroom"-and bands played on a flatbed truck. On the ander, or adding peacets to Llano Estacado, the town of Lingo held dances at its high

arthrod participa kida from nearby Gausey, where dances weern't allowed. In Goadalupe, out in the Rio Puerco Valley, all-night parties wer held inside Juan Girdova's two-story adobe store, where the Tafoya brothers played until the see hours of the

When you find a ghost town that speaks-directly to you, you might feel something like what they call sousfode in Portugal and Brazil. It can contain longing, melancholy, loss, and even a desire for a time that you existed. I have felt all those things. But ghost towns can also allow us something even more fundamental: a quiet mo

who came before and bequebt

each of us to where we are and it is well worth learning.

CELL RECEPTION MIGHT FAIL BUT THE ROAD AWAITS

Show some respect, Marry

Take care, Old mines can Buy good mags, Det.orms

Go slow, enjoy yourself, Farry





WITH SPIRITS

"I breath when people ask

about the ghost, I tell them

buildings have stories," says

n-owner Keith Barras, of th

historic property that he, his

Viril Price, nurchased in 2011

Mexico probitocty with leads

Jeannette's family goes back

they turned into innkeepers

That's not their only connec

family recounts a rentisht in

generations in Clayton. When

years to seoffering comfortable accomliberal libations to travelers. Take a gander at the tin ceil ng. The buffet holes are still

Since 1992, what sturted as a mercaptile is now a threesaloon, and restaurant in the mall northeast New Mexico town of Clayton, Between the ar brands and angry confronand clandestine treats, it's no conder some say they've had

48 New Mexico / RHY 2021

the iconic, belly up bar. He shot a man dead after the ruffian knocked her great-grandfather

from the scores of family tho

on the front porch with the

family during a celebration in

We've got a great photo on



PEOPLE ASK OLD BUILDINGS HAVE STORIES.

ing floorboards and making mysterious faces in the wallpaer. Barras prefers to think of her as a benevolent presence.

"My personal favorite story is the time a couple stayed because the wife had a terrible migraine. In the morning, she wonderful way he had caressed ber head through the night, relieving her bendache. He denied having done anything Maybe also was touched by an

Not so angelic is the spirit of Clayton's notable ne'en dochicken dinners). Tom 'Black Jack" Ketchum. He and his posedly baunt the balls of the house and leave a chill in the iailhouse cell where he avaited capital justice, Ketchum was a train-robbing member of the Main St., Clayton: 575-374

ing in 1901 and ignominion then in another might be rea-

son for his shadow to linger. Museum, built in 1919 as a offers more about Black Jack as well as Clayton's history as its Dust Bood and WPA connections, and its own haunted "sassy older woman" was docuhunters in 2015, who reported

You can choose to believe it or an with Barran, who offers a "We low boaring about people who came into the hotel with their grandparents who are here now with their grandcontinuing the Ekkund's and Clayton's tradition of hospital-





ADD SOMETHING EERIE TO YOUR NEXT OVERNIGHT

ors to the **Lodge Resort & Spa**, in Cloudcroft, will surely man

East never departed Stash House, now part of La Posada

watched at Hotel Parg Central, near downtown Albuque uguerque: 505-242-0040; hotolpargcentral.com

nmmadazine.com / BBY 2021 49

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Photo Series 35 or More - Silver

Arizona Highways - Mantel Pieces



JOEL HAZELTON

West Clase Creek Wilderness
"I chose this image because it calms me. The abstract quality of the composition allows my brain to settle item the patterns and shapes in the campon wall and the symmetry in the reflection. Getting isse in an image like this helps me feel peace and balance and the answerp and stress of everytely life."



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

Near Engagesti

"I grow up photographing ratios with my dad and betcher as a beloby, and lade hore accessors who watered for ratheouth or the subject of the industria." Earth foundation operation are with a casers in photography and long fields are with as many wenderful as the subject of the industrial position. It is part reliating from the many energiests, the properties of the subject of the interaction of realizing how much my life has been shoped by the interaction of includes, photography and mills, "I however the large, I begain explering please of time and how to coppute it in a single image, which brought are to a regular general test to also see trains as which brought are to a regular general test to also see trains as the properties of the significance that those implies a time," I be remembed of the significance that those ingoles power of the own of the properties.

DAVID ZICKL

Colorado River, Glen Canyon

"I made this photo just below Gen Carryon (bun, and it shows river guide Any 'Cricker Run, on the right, guiding the boat fisch brindy shough Gim Canyon, For ine., this phongraph has a sense of we and wooden, All three bournes oem to be on an endless journey with no particular destination. Remember what Lewis Hine and "If I could cell the story is works, I wouldn't need to hay around a current" just and "If I could cell the story is works, I wouldn't need to hay around a current" just proposed to the property of the contraction of the property of the property of the contraction of the property of the property of the contraction of the property of the prope



32 SEPTEMBER 2021

38 SEPTEMBER 2021

Photo Series 35 or More - Gold

Texas Highways – The Origins of Magic







Portrait Photo

Portrait Photo - Merit Yukon, North of Ordinary - Garbage Truck Santa



Portrait Photo - Bronze Oklahoma Today - September/October 2021



Portrait Photo - Bronze The Bermudian - Flora Duffy

Flora Duffy

BY W.C. STEVENSON . PHOTO BY MEREDITH ANDREWS

FLORA DUFFY ISN'T NORMAL. ON THE ONE HAND, YOU MIGHT THINK that's stating the obvious. On the other, the precise details of her abnormality have almost certainly been lost armid the Olympic brouthaba. We need a refinisher, some of us. Some historical context.

The Duffran hagemony in the world of triathlon began in the offroad discipline of triathlon called cross triathlon—X-eri if you're could. The discipline waps parement for dirt. The cycling log is done in the mountains over 30 km of gruelling inclines and peoplopious drops. At the transition, they drop their bless and head right back into the thick of the woods to run 11 km of mountain trails. The thereof or almost every race is mad. Much in your eyes, much in your mouth, much in your unmeetionables. This is fun for those, And it is where Plora Duffy's riving heads.

Her conquest was swift, it started with a bronze in 2013 in the words's tap series for cross trialiblo, the XTPERA World Chargioushigs, Affect that she won fire straight, with a gap in 2018 dus to injury, 5the was a powerhouse. But that was not the mountain. The largest trialiblion world was safe from their as long as she was up there. But like thereins and his ranguaging Gashi descreding on the gates of Riems, when Flora came down from the hills there was little anyone could do. That time came in 2018, when STROW was 25 8.

Over the course of the International Triathlon Union season that year, the look the popular is seven out of the reason on the way to be first ITU World Championship title and put the cherry on top a month later by winning the ITU Grand Final in September. Far away from her perficions regio, the mountain lost give hospicht. The bod lady gone? Hey witigepend. "Can someone site win now? Nobody answered. They elidn't note to because For a returned to the mountains immediately following her ITU strumph and once again claimed her title as XTERSA World Champion. Therefore, left they will be a XTERSA World Champion in the Vision of Mountains and Crusher of Deasons by winning the ITU cross Triathlon World Champion Treath of Champion.

It took her nine weeks. Nine weeks for Flora to claim three world sities. Nebody had ever dominated the sport like she did in 2016, And enbody has since. That kind of dominance has become her trademant. Shirs the only one to ever post the fastest time in the same, hike and ras in a single sec. She holds record in the offferest distances for the biggest wins ever recorded in WTS history. She doesn't just win stratifices. She routhes.

So to my original point: Flora Duffy lant normal. She hasn't been for quite some time now. It's a new reality for her. One she's finding tough to square with Flora Duffy the Bermudian, the Flora we grew up with.





Portrait Photo - Silver

Arizona Highways – He Has Horses Down to a Fine Art



He Has Horses Down to a Fine Art

Mark Maggiori is an amateur rider. He'd like to get in the saddle more often, but for now, his focus is on painting horses. Not riding them. He paints cowboys, too. And the broad landscapes of the Southwest.

He's not the first to do so, but his artwork, which ranges from photorealism to expressionism, is unmatched among his peers, and it's inspiring a resurrection of Western art in popular culture.

BY KELLY VAUGHN PHOTOGRAPHS BY ODUGLAS MERRIAM

EAR THE END OF THE MUSIC VIDEO for L'Intinct et l'envee, Mark Maggiori carries a red suitcase and a shovel into the desert. He's wearing yeans, a blue T-shirt and green sneakers.

As Maggiori holds a long, high note and the beat of the drums intentilies, his hair falls into his face. He buries the suitcase, abundons the shovel upright in the dirt and walks away. The song, performed by Maggiori's band, Fleymo, fades out as the sercen goes dar-

The last verse of L'isoinat et l'envie translates this way. "Eyes toward the sky, my soul in the sun /1 am sure to be alive /1 have two feet on the ground / My soul in the sun, 1 have instinct and desire."

"Soul in the sun" stands out. Because more than a decade after the song was released and the video produced in the desert, Maggiori often finds himself in the sun — literally and figuratively — as one of the finest Western painters of his generation.

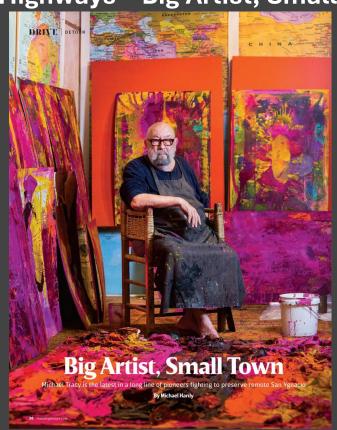
Born in Fontainebleu, France, in 1977, Maggiori showed an early preclivity for art. And for the American West. "My grandqueents were hallam," he says. "And the Western fillins were pretty big in haly, My grandmether always called me "Little Cowboy," and noy grandfather would create games for me with cowboys and Indians. And, you know, I think it's just little things like that that Jost kind of mark you for the next of your life."

His first trip to the United States, at the age of 15, left a lasting mark on him, too. Nearly three decades later, he remembers watching the American

Artist Mark Maggiori followed a winding path from his native Franciso Saos, New Mixico, where he lives and works today.

Portrait Photo - Silver

Texas Highways - Big Artist, Small Town



Portrait Photo - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – Fashion Plate

ORIGINALS

Amber-Dawn Bear Robe

SEE FOR YOURSELF

Santa Fe Indian Horket takes place August Show and other events, voic swalls org.

Fashion Plate

BY MARIA MANUELA

AMBER-DAWN BEAR ROBE WAS GIVEN HER SIKSIKA HAME, MANY

Butterfly Woman, from a relative's dream. In it, a tepee was covered in butterflies, but as the dreamer approached, the butterflies took flight. swirling around the teper before fluttering away. As a curator, an educator, and the director of the Indian Market Indigenous Fashion Show, Bear Robe sees her life path reflected in that vision. "The work I do is important in representing where I am from and representing Sikolka Nation," she says. "But I just couldn't stay house." So she left Canada for the University of Arizona, where she earned master's degrees in both Native American studies and art history, before returning as the director of Urban Shaman Contemporary Aboriginal Art, an artist-run arts center in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Two years later, Bear Robe moved to Santa Fe, where she teaches at the Institute of American Indian Arts and has produced every Santa Fe Indian Market Indigenous Fashion. Date: There are to Show since its inception in 2014.

I BRING THE CANA-

ION, pre-contact.

THE VERY FIRST

THE FOLLOWING YEAR, the Santa Fe

WHAT I LOVE ABOUT A FASHION SHOW

IT'S A CELEBRATION

THE SOUTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION FOR INDIAN ARTS

CULTURE IS A LIVING ENTITY, What is,

YOU STILL SEE THE EFFECTS

INDIGENOUS ARTISTS

THE HARRATIVE

FASHION -- PERIOD-IS A PRIME MEDIUM

THE DE IS PASHION

wear for special NAME OF THE REPORT

ICANNOTUVE WITHOUT

MOUS FASHION WEEK

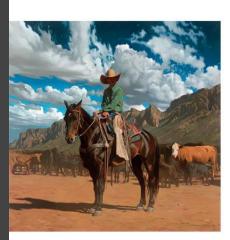


Portrait Series

Portrait Series - Merit

Arizona Highways – He Has Horses Down to a Fine Art





That's when Maggiori and Le Euwehawle went to Oklabona City to tour the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum. Maggiori decided then and thore to begin painting the American West.

After several years of traveling back and forth between the United States and France — where Maggiori has two daughters, Shakini and Scarlett, from a previous relationship — he and Le Ewishawsk were married in 2012. "Our love was born in the desert of Artizona," Mag-

"Due love was born in the desert of Artisons." Maggori writes in a 2040 Instagram post. "Wei were fire and gusoline, we pushed the boundaries of a relativiship to the extreme, only to explode and he releven with a better undenstanding of ourselves. —I deeply believe in husans beling? equective to adapt, dearn and ingrove themselves. Hold on to the one you love, if your heart selfs pout that it is worth a, then fally for it. There is no greater reward than a long-term relationship and the book it writes."

The couple lived in Arizona for a stretch before relocating to Taos. Their towheaded, bright-eyed daughter, Wildernoss, was born there in 2009.

with statements, was been trace in 2005.
Still, Maggiori is pulled to the Grand Carryon State.
"I am really drawn to the Grand Canyon, Mensment Valley — I have Monument Valley tattood on my zern—and Glete Carrono," he says. "I was kind of hothering my

ggiori navigates a road near fils s Nome in his vivitage Ford truck wife a few years ago to buy a place nearby. She was like, "There's neching there," I said, 'I know, but there are the cliffs."

AND ST. THE CLIPPS APPEAR in some of his words. No roo, else to be created carpen, and their end understoned to be readed carpen, and their end understone features of Novagidand. The paintings are pereir annuals. One in particular, Pupil Rice, feeds like frederic Choppies Nacurer is CS-bury Misses, Op. 27, No. 1. The sature and momentum A rice and full. Two comboys ricke the high desert in frost of what books like the diagnose. The sky is reliable with the golds, pumples and sulmons of surset. The however are inseculting and powerfull. The whole seems as a result of

duerns of studies. "When I fire started pairring Wessern scenes, I didn't when I fire started pairring Wessern scenes, I didn't lenow a let of peeple; "Maggieri says. "St. I would find people and diverpt mel rose to pert. It may a got deeper and deeper into these subjects, I started so meet more subjects who artally fined this way. Next. Entil people who are I long the life that Y ware to paint. I photograph the Landscapes." He skertches them first, then begins the painting process.

As for the horses, Maggiori is an amateur rider himself, but as Wildersess begins to take lessons, he finds himself among the animals more and more. "She't ridium a bia home with a neather, and I feel like



sitzonahighways.com 43

Portrait Series - Bronze Texas Highways - Fight or Flight





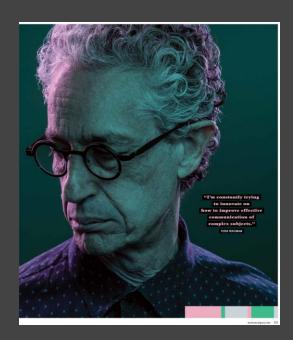




Portrait Series - Silver

Avenue – The Energyphile







Portrait Series - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Trailblazers



For eliment 50 genes, in in front his beaut the go to go for ordinace on onlything the control of the control



octors were notive French speakers. Theatre Acadie ceters to the next







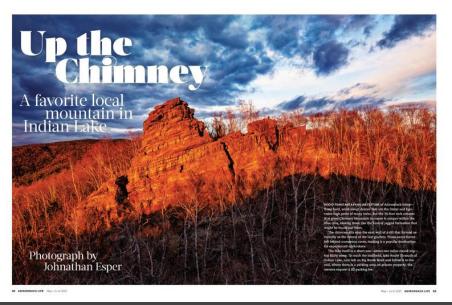
The restourced business is, by its very notice, one of shoring and community, other than the properties of the shoring and community of politicisms, consequented and humbly of politicisms, consequented and humbly of the politicisms in the production of the politicisms, the short to restole through the hough times in the production of the politicisms, the some examental. But to mention having to novigate a liberative of predefers, it is more examental. But to mention having to novigate a liberative of predefers, the support of house. We received a terms that chairs up every day and touckers like than out during the course to singless them.



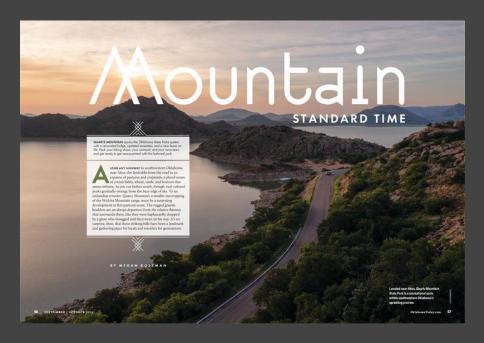
Photographer of the Year 35 or Less

Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Bronze Adirondack Life - Johnathan Esper



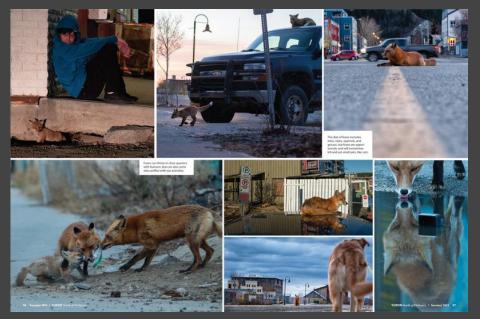


Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Silver Oklahoma Today - Lori Duckworth





Photographer of the Year 35 or Less - Gold Yukon, North of Ordinary - Peter Mather





Photographer of the Year 35 or More

Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Merit New Mexico Magazine - Minesh Bacrania









"The idea was imposed on weavers to make their rugs perfect," Kevin Aspaas says. He views resurrecting the design as an "act of rebellion to what is thought of as Navajo weaving."

transmission, into recording and being cultural bearers. There are run parts of the wearing tradiation that, if we don't weak carticly will be last." Aragonian legan soldy incorporating both origings into his weeks, which, whether in technique or only as, are now retworeplact. Als of found his article work, he fell in low with hydring wood and avoir spec tram aredy seen that whether is the sold of the sold of the sold of the sold of the arbitrary on the sold of the arbitrary on with a synthetic hun. The results are canding monaics that sometimes become even more tactile with the addition of traffed natural files from characters, they are the sold of the so

We've such a colorid people, from our landscape to our culture and our histories. I surface and protection of the pick of the pick of comton histories, I surface and protection of the pick of the pick of the "I seem on I've moved to and impried its. The colors and shapes interest, and make their ownship." The Says and offer in flush imprincipation in and multimes on water, always a point of concern for down the olding people and the pick of the multiple of the pick of the pick of the pick of the pick of the Schoolers. O've interest has been always and the pick of the Arapan says. The resulting something from this continguous moment, Arapan says. The first has been always the pick of the pick of the Arapan says. The first has been always and the pick of the pick of the Arapan says. The first has been always and the pick of the pick of the Arapan says. The first has been always and the pick of the pick of the Arapan says the first has been always and the pick of t

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

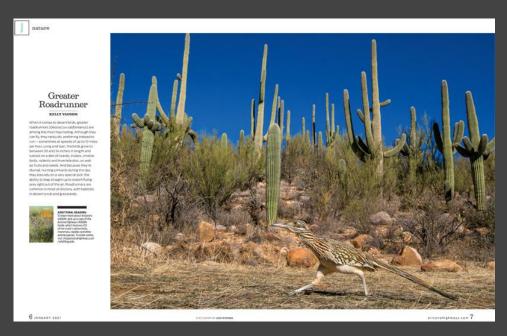






Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Silver Arizona Highways - Jack Dykinga





Photographer of the Year 35 or More - Gold Down East - Greta Rybus







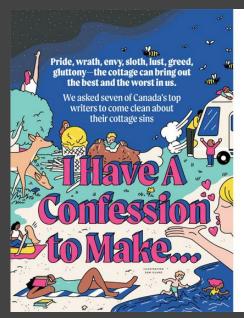
Illustration

Illustration - Bronze KANSAS! Magazine - Airship



Illustration - Silver

Cottage Life – I Have a Confession to Make...





BY CLIVE THOMPSON

Print, a wooded penincule jutting out pooked by humans, didn't westure no serv often, but occasionally my mother that a doe and her fawn were grazing in the wet down gross near the edge of the rest. "Be very quiet, or you'll score them," she'd warn, as we peered out the

Over the next few decades, though wilking glong the road, or even walking hat propelled this change: the deer population was exploding. Soon, then and the door were starwing. They'd wall right up to you, ribs showing, looking fo Why did the number of door soor? sumans tinkering with nature, over

thought would help the deer, but that sackfired. And it's a reminder that when it comes to living alongside the great that we can control nature, but nature

Our intent

was good, we

confident in our

ability to bend

The trouble begon, really, when Euro pean settlers arrived in the 17th century. were actively rebuilding habitots and "You weren't allowed to hurst worth ning-much of Presqu'ile was cleaned of Highway Two for quite some time." for forms book then-and so midbe hsested, that deer populations were wiper e Presqu'ile Provincial Park, Eventually, Presqu'ile's hobitats rebounded, and so.

Except we'd made the mistake, over sturies, of getting rid of wolves too. So when deer rebounded at my cottage they had no natural produtors, and their nbers surged far higher than what were simply too cut of whack all over novin. "They were ing everything in sight," Bree says.

gradually, did the doer. Score one for

bocklash. A generation of people became

the landscape, and the modern conser-

to restoring the wilderness was born. Be-

nature to our will naway deer populations. Our intent or ability to bend nature to our will, is

MAY 2021 - entraphifo.com. 53



BY ZOE WHITTALL

didn't learn about cottage culture until I moved to Toronto from Montreal in my 20s and encountered the Cottage, the proper noun. As far as I knew, the Cottage didn't really exist anywhere else in Canada. I worked in a store and a coworker would say, "I'm going up to the Cottage this weekend," Which cottage? I would wonder, quietly. It reminded me of how in the LGBTO+ community we say "Are you going to the Bar?" even when we live in a city with thousands of bars.

The first thing I noticed about Toronto was the wider disparity between rich and poor. I arrived during the Harris years to house-sit with a friend I'd met at Concordia University Our class differences weren't that noticeable in our shared Montreal apartment, But in Toronto. our differences were stark.

In my late 20s, I was finally invited to the Cottage in Muskoka, by a partner's friend. It was a beautiful log cabin that her great-grandfather had built himself, now surrounded by million dollar houses. Despite the permanent soundtrack of jet skis charging around an otherwise pristine lake. I sat on the dock as the sun set and made it my life's mission to own a

My fantasy involved vintage quilts on lumpy beds and deer peering in the window at dawn

cottage. To be able to say, "Want to come up to the cottage?" to someone. Some people who don't have money aspire to own a home, a fancy car, or to go on firstclass vacations. But my fantasy involved vintage quilts on lumpy beds, deer peering in the bedroom window at dawn, softwood walks, summer salads on an expansive deck, and tan lines from afternoons reading on the dock. I began to collect things that would look cute in a cottage, like a girl in the 1950s with a hope chest. Of course, as a single writer with no family inheritance, this is an impossible dream. And so I rent cottages and pretend. And

whenever a group of my friends get together I inevitably ask, so, what if we pooled our money and bought a cottage? At the start of the pandemic, I con-

vinced two good friends to try. But it turns out even three people with middle class incomes cannot qualify for a cottage on a lake in Ontario. Mortgage brokers humored us. But we only qualified for lake-adjacent cabins, or "tear downs" on the swampy ends of lakes too far from the city to be worth it. This is simply the plight of my generation. And so it remains a fantasy. But so much of life in the pandemic is fantasy-basedthe food we'll eat at restaurants the places we'll travel, the pleasures of life in a state of suspension.

One evening early on in the pandemic, frustrated by the lack of options on Tinder, I changed my settings from Toronto to global. By the end of the night, I was messaging with James, a handsome trans any from Philly I don't normally set out to have long-distance crushes, but with no sense of when travelling might be an option again, it seemed harmless to make a connection this way. Plus, I'm a queer femme, with a penchant for trans men and butches. (I once pointed to a rack of plaid shirts in a store and said, "That's my sexual

Illustration - Gold

Texas Highways – Grackles!



The grackle is a rather discouraging, miserably victous-looking bird. Many people loathe it, but I have an increasing fascination for it. A grackle is living proof of monsters, of goblins, of creatures that we otherwise claim as fiction. At times I do not think it can be a bird at all. Perhaps it is actually a thing, a thing made from the souls of dead glum people. It appears not to be made up of feathers and flesh but rather of old leather, bits of broken umbrellas, of sorn kites, of old Victorian ladies' fans for old Victorian ladiesi, of abandoned toupees where the rubber underneath the hair is very visible. Instead of a rib cage. perhaps its anatomy boasts a rusted and bent bicycle wheel, or perhaps a coat hanger. For lungs? Abandoned gloves (medical ones, most probably), its long tail feathers might be a shoehorn or the minute hand from an old station clock. Surely a black tie from a funeral is among its wing feathers. Perhaps a handsaw, too, an exhaust pipe, a ripped flag, a hot dog, a shoe, a stethoscope, dollar bills, bin liners, plastic bottles. Sometimes, looking at the grackle, I wonder if its legs are made of barbed wire and its feet plastic curlenc-

Am I being unfair? It's just that grackles seem somehow constructed, artificial, made up. The noise they make, too. is not like any noise I've ever heard coming from any other bird. It doesn't sound like anything in any way natural. It sounds man made, like the loud and unwelcome shrieks of rusty machinery. It sounds mechanical. It sounds like something failing.

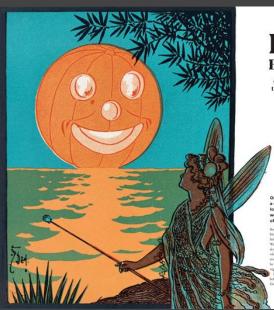
The grackles hop and strut outside my home, looking grimly at everything, twisting their heads, letting forth their attitude. They have no majesty. They look like beggars, plague doctors, hiner humans sucked of all juice. There is nothing liquid about grackles; they are all cartilage. Some times you see a flash of blue or purple in their iridescent

This is the house that grack built

It is made of old skin and bones, hair and mouns, dead flies, children's cries. It has twists of rusted wire and a baby's pacifier, it is made of dolls' clothing and secret loathing. That is the house that grack built.

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Merit The Bermudian - Denslow's Bermuda Fairy Tale



DENSLOW'S BERMUDA FAIRY TALE

After the success of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, the book's eccentric illustrator moved to Bermuda where he found inspiration and infamy

BY MICHELLE FARRELL

"Where is Bermuda?" said the Lion anxiously. "Is it a wild place, and is the voyage a dangerous one?"

Bermuda is the land of sunshine," replied the steward, "a land of bananas, onions and lilies. You will be welcome there, and we will make your trip pleasant. Have no fear and trust in me.

On a July evening in 1905, on a sweltering stage in Boston, Massachusetts, a chorus line of dancing Bermuda lilies rose into the footlights to sing a love letter from a heartsick girl to a missing boy. These suffled white lilies were remarkably similar to another pretty flower patch come to life, the one of the magical red poppies in the kingdom of Oz.

blewup the stage in an otherwise white-bread show they linked two explosive forces: the imagination of William Wallace Dendow -- the original illustrator of The Hise sketful Hillowed al Ox. multiplied in 1900 or and the place where he found a volcome and simily more the subenopical island of Bermuda. "It is a relace for decamers."

slow — or "Den" to his friends and colleanues

archipelage, finding some require and tenpiration. For ar artist who dabbled in the magical and understood fir. These were heady times for arrives and warnabe slice. For someone like Denslow, with money to sneed and in need of a moutal health break. Bermada proved agreeable landing spot. He bought himself a piece of is, built a resect and declared bissoff kine. A functful turn for a man who worked in fances. His very own Or



his time in Bermuda, combine the island on Did he find it? Depends on how you

wanderings didn't produce another classic his marroprices had already been made. Colong be are used in Bermuda, so in the int few years of his life for that marror, car providence close to the belliance of The Illian dorled Witzerd of On Box the artise did find release -- that Bermoda pink, blue and noon - to fire up his imagination. He also found a minsing spring to his step; a little island swar. sur, if you will. And that can go a long way if on know how to work it. For attactory Distribut work Restrictly to

define big. Dendow's late-carrer, island

Posel and the Paratiles, Sons, the plot was a bit works, but it was a spectacle nonetheless at least for a few short moreths. It was here

In a Sold of Elies in Bermula Knott a little maid in mars But her hourt was torn with fears.

In a short-lived comic strip, the Oe char making merry. And there was the book 75 musical, in plot winding its curious way to

to Barmuda in 1803, where he found heavily

and a glowing pumpkin tising out of the water like a sparkling sunset. That's Bermuda If right, or at least a highly sensational one

"Day'er from They're meeting from said he late You Hodeson, a former Bernoula olitor and reporter, whose extensive writing island himory included a 2013 piece on Pendow: "But it's an imaginary Bermula," milden death in December 2019 at any \$7 na know, It's just where his imagination lea him. But you know it's group. You can see his imagination did lead him these. That he used hermoda as a source of cospiration." Bermoda he thinks about Bermada," Hodgon said enting up drop in Bermada can certainly be womething to brag about, be it an over worked settet in 1903 or an expar in finance today. Building in the year round sumbins

ply an artempt to revise his health, his creatre spack and his failing marriage, Money rises a new Ox show, based on the best well into something bigger, a place or self his own colourful tale. "Although it is mid-sinnet, my little daughter and movelf at 7 a.m. go off th world? he told a newspaper years have "This

It all began with a brave little girl, som Brick Read. In 1900, three years before those with without L. Frank Baum to creat

book for a new century, dripping with colour and graphics. Wholesome as well, a Kannas wheat field, it founched a brand that would for conface booth mon's lifetimes. A Broadwa munical soon followed, it made both Raum and Doudow rick men, although an sale hattle over who was most responsible for th Or success split show apart.

William Wallace Denslow, the fumous the boom-ing voice and the stuppy artire needed a place to reset. He found that spot is Bermuda, "You sik me who I like Bermuda." have more in 1909. "It is because it is not only the most beautiful spot I have ever found, but also the most healthful." For arrives at the still just now exemply. It made an impression on those looking for an excipt or a sanctoary. It could be an our of the way place to show off your wealth, so promote your art, o even to spin a little made up magic. It's where Dendow, at age 47, came at the top of his But he didn't just sig tea in the empical

winter shade. He took part, He built a fairs He took inspiration from the kaleidiscope of

It was a beief landing -- Bermula sujourns Denslow peppered his work during this time with images of the island: a natty sailor, a grouper turned into a palace guard and a glowing pumpkin rising out of the water like

a sparkling sunset. 1. He sensible did that "He was booken in you can roll, but in quity an amable way, obonly," Hodgon and "He was great good fun. And Bermada fired his imagination, So

r remaining years of his life. He cold attack above in Lors of those. And the Stewards comnection appeared prominently in his obstructs the island escapade being one of the defining

W.W.DENSLOW-&-PAUL WEST

PALLI WEST

seeun his art studies, according to his 1976 ingraphy, IEEE Dissolve, by Douglas G. perantly poor and practically on his own sold his first illustration. His subsequenareer led him to crimeton the country -- a scherever be found work. Beginning in As his reputation grew, he evolved into the

cr. that being Hippocampus Den with h valorark scalorse signature rotom. Then, in 1896, Develow met Boom, an an

FAIL 2021 | 48

44 I THE BERMUDUN

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Bronze KANSAS! Magazine - Haunted Atchison





Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Silver Louisiana Life - Plight of the Honey Bee



Plight Honeybee

By CHERÉ COEN PROPOS by ADMIENNE BATTISTELLA



making a return to nature, Jeff Heechoff though raising bees might be a fun idea. Bees requir

obey outside Covington, he put his skills to us 70 hives on the Abbey property, with another 60 hives located in yards throughout 5t. Tammany and Washington parishes. He sells his 'holy noney" in the Abbey gift shop and shares hi nowledge with prospective beekeepers through

weldy posts on his YouTube channel. p 8 percent from 2019. That figure has been

ees are hot right now," said Horchoff.



Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or Less - Gold Acadiana Profile - Best of Dining



Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Bronze New Mexico Magazine - Out of Site





TRAILS LESS TRAVELED

eavy rain fell some days before my bike into the Sam Pedro Parks Wilderness, so the first miles of trail read like a registry of passersby. The elongated half moons from elk hooves and the arrowhead hearts from deer cut deep into the now dry ground. A single set of hiker footprints was left not long after the storm, each step bedeviled by the souish and were the closest things I had to common.

San Pedro Parks Wilderness sits in the northwestern come of the Sunta Fe National Forest, a plateau of dense pines and liash meadows that rises out of the burnished curvous around Abinois rote, and Cuba. When Dawnyelle Smith, recreation staffer for the national forest's Conote Ranger District, told me this spring that she views her district as an undiscovered gem, I felt com

On my first trip, I drove to a trailly sud with a friend who was back packing for the first time. We'd planned a one mile like to and a short loop the following day. When we arrived, near dask, I said, "No problem. We have headlamps." But within 15 minutes mething large cracked a branch off the trail near us. Even in th dark, Lood) see her eyes widen. She from We car compet The next day, we hiked corridors of golden aspens. We spe



elk with more antler point

trail started blinking in and The map didn't match what I experienced on the ground. A

CAMP CONFIDENTIAL



sued last year.) We pieced to gether what looked like a trail. car, and effectively doubled our mileage for the day.

the grass when the trail leveled

patcheork of forests and mead-

Cloude spit rain, then besk

knoll overlooking a creek. I

race by in jugged layers. I lit

my camp stove to heat my

out at the top of the plateau, a

Still, the boy of solinate drew me back to this place that often defics its own many. I showard into my of an afternoon, walked up west facing slope dresse Indian painthrush, into sorue and pine forest spotted with and redumbing and reliden new searmith. As dark convered the My shadow stretched long over

> into the wilderness, Water flooded the trail from the thrummed, and a pair of ducks



y quickly impacts good thinking. People don't under

often, keeping my compass pines. I crawled into my sleepand map-close at hand, and pressed on with the next land mark in mind.

could navigate back to my car by the scent of cinnamon rolls Abiquiù, that I'd stowed there





Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Silver **Texas Highways - The Best Thing I Ever Ate in Texas**





of challenges for businesses small and large whose pri mary passion is pleasing their customers with satisfying grab and service. Instead, restaurateurs have had to reckon with shungred dising grows, salety measures, weather disasters, supply-chain interruptions, rising food prices. changing business models, staffing shortages, nervou employees, and a rentative public. There's no manual for navigating times like these.

We love throwing a great dinner party every night in the restaurant - being around people, working for people, making people happy," says for Bonnell, the chef and owner of four Fort Worth restaurants, including the popular Bonnell's loved for over 20 years falling apart when nobody did any thing wrong. I think it's worth fighting for and worth saving We couldn't agree more. At their best, restaurant experiences are like mini-vacations. We go out to eat not only for a break from cooking at home, but also for a sensory escape from our day-to-day routines. And we'te lucky to have been honored with tames Reard Foundation awards the Oscars of the restaurant world.

To celebrate the state's acclaimed dining scene, we reached out to noteworthy Texans and asked them to share their favorite restaurant meals. The responses can the partial Honk the Cowdog author John R. Erickson, who lives on a burrito at Chihua's in Perryton. Businessman and former Dallas Cowboos linebacker Dat Ngoven said grilled spring rolls are his barometer of a good Vietnamese restaurant House in Cornus Christi You'll find something for pretty much every usue here.

te restaurants, but we also urge patience. Restaurants face continued struggles prioritizing health policies, maintain ing a labor force, and keeping their kitchens stocked. "We an't predict what the next problem is going to be, but we know there will be problems," says Bonnell, who chronicled his pandemic experience in the book Carry Out, Carry On. A Near in the Life of a Texas Chef. "On the positive side people want to go out. Business is bo are full." -- Mort force



or Bella Italia in Lamousa.

512-564-5202

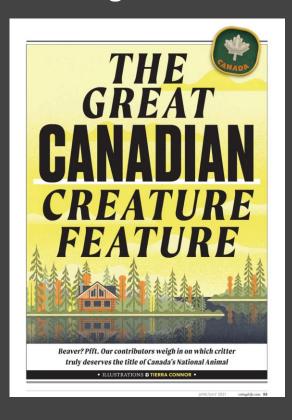
Olivos Market in Buda

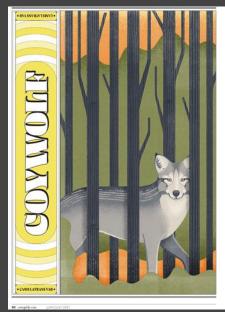
thecafegraford

in Corpus Christi,

Art Direction of a Single Story 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life – The Great Canadian Creature Feature





The **coywolf's** traits are clearly Canadian. We all love our big-city amenities, as well as the joys of escaping them. There's no landscape that we can't call home

• PHILIP PREVILLE 20 MAKES THE CASE FOR THE COYWOLF •

ANIMALS ARE OBLIVIOUS TO

NATIONAL BORDERS. Their habitats pay no bood to lines on a mage brids and herds migrate occuss them at will. They were rooming the landscape long before those lines were drawn arryway. No nation can ever truly lay claim to any one heast as its national actival.

The coywolf is, quite possibly, the only known exception to this rule, It is the narest of breeds, as one species of hybrid origin, or mammal forged before our eyes. The coywolf is younger than zoologu, younger than even Canada itself, having emerged only in the least 55 to 100 years.

The crywoll's singing trace deep justs. Canodole settinging heart-lead. In the cuty 20th century, as North America's population grew and its landscape was conducted, the canotic was of population (Careir Jonnes) was in the band. Facing a habitat squeeze and evadication courspaigns, the walves broaded north forem the century of the course of the course policy and the St. Lawrence lookands. By the 1950s their few remains in gas members had found such haven in our fing members had found such haven in our fing members had found such haven in our fing members had found such haven in our fine such as the state of the course to the course of the course properties.

-) FACTS & FIGURES (+

Let's talk about sex, baby Unlike some other hybrid species mules, hinnies, lignes—coywolves are fertile and can reproduce.

And the winn Scientists call coywork

A wolf in alternate clothing for a long time, people though eround Ontario's Algoriquin Provincial Park, That's when they not up with some sentern cayotes (Caria latrana) who, facing similar habitat pressures, but migrated from the American midwest, and the central plains region of Canada.

So began the gootset-very drity week of in the history of cuttage canny; for the copotes, it was probably not lowe at the history of the copotes, it was probably not lowe at first sight. The western grow well (Clinic lapse) all the copotes, so the idea of getting capy with its coastern eaching probably secured a list dedge, fiter costern works, were a low least meaning that the copy with the content continued to the companies of the companies o

ter indevoker than "where-you form!". The contribly turned out to be placed, by the placed of the placed, and the marriage ratioal blowingly successful. Their of optique on consolid. Their of optique on excessful. Their of optique on excessful and the result of the placed optique on the placed optique of their optique of the placed optique of their optique of t

tically wielding mutant superpowers. The copwoil's tale falls surewhere between welves and copotes, weighing in at mughly 45 pounds on severage—small enough far stackle and again; but hay enough to them its weight ensued. They can be loors so truved in packs. They can be loors so truved in packs. They can be then to study a special to the subsistial hoppids on subsistia, though on subsistia hoppids on subsistia, though on subsistia though desired.

ENIGNATIC

The courtship was quick, and the marriage a mind-blowing success

But perhaps their most remarkable tunt in their heldest odeposibility they can be a snywhere. And at a taine when the conflicion present of ongoing habity to conflict on their perhaps of the perhaps of

questing the continent. So in addition to being made in this country, the coyoulf's traits are closely and districtively Clandsins. We all low our big city amountine, as well as the poyo of encaping them. We knew to have to next in any balditati, there's no landscape can't call hanns. We can get along with just about onyone, and we believe them is strength in diversity. Truly, we are all coyoulost.

Regular C1, writer and turtle lever Philip Preville is also a friend to all dogs.

UV 2021 somephiles

Department

Department - Bronze

Louisiana Life - Natural State





Spring Renewal

he letters on the faded life jacket spell HODAFF. "That's not a [Cajen] name, no," he says. Locals detect as much from Blinots-turive Kenry E. Hodaps's speech. Birk dockad at the Boggy Boyou Landing, five miles outside of

marketing, marching the day chain towargus.

Hodapp came to Louisiana in USSG as a linearian seeking to restore power after Hurricans Estry, and, the restore power after Hurricans Estry, and, the company sent him to work along the Res.

Hills is the [Cajun] Riviera, "Mattox says. "To get her, you cross a bridge. Thus you to Spring Bayout and, the company sent him to work along the Res." For more

River. Stationed in Marksville, he developed a routine, dining each evening on the town square, site of the Soltenan Northup trial. After two weeks, he noticed Matter, founding

Scholmus Northey with After row works, he noticed with a second of the s

Abe Mattox, also met and married a Cajan veotran. He was working as a welder in Corpus Christi at the time and she brought him home to Spring Bayou. Their relationship fatored, but in 1980, Motton bought her

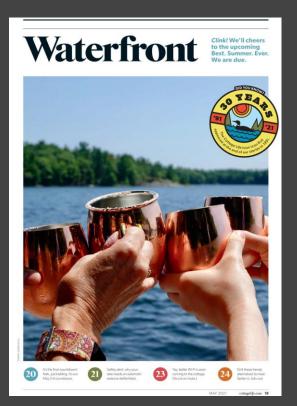


Cultural Preservation Telling the complete story of the people and

we say make so and or Manchandes, the fature and part of the many part of



Department - Silver Cottage Life - Waterfront

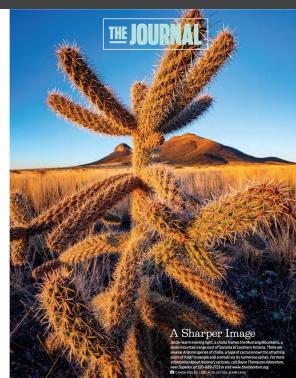






Department - Gold Arizona Highways - The Journal



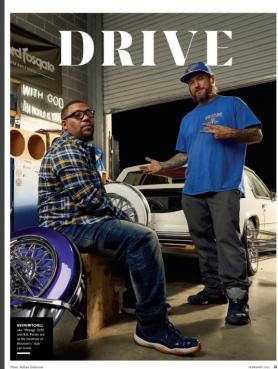




Department - Gold

Texas Highways – Drive







Food Feature

Food Feature - Bronze

Texas Highways - The Best Thing I Ever Ate in Texas







Food Feature - Silver

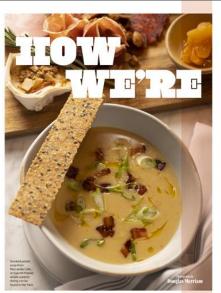
Acadiana Profile - Best of Dining





Food Feature - Gold

New Mexico Magazine – How We're Eating Now





NOW WE'RE EXEINO NOW



awoke in their Santa Fe home and embarked on making an indulgent branch: crepe Maryland with a rich Nantua neas baricors serts randiel valuots, and a lemon vinaiprette dressing, plus a simple

couple had routinely direct out two or three times a week. Ereakfast had always been more of an afterthought.

ritual was a comoletely unanicipated development," says Eric, a scarf designer. "We lives, even though it was

Each week afterward, they planned a special meal, put on nice clothes, made Bloody We read cookbooks, bought Marys, and cooked up salmo Bennies or French toast with freezers. We visited farmers' home-baked bread. "These brunches give us a treat, seeking fresh ingredients an something to look forward moments of indulgence. We to as we marked time on ou planted backyard gardens way to a root, covers world of with letture, currenbers, and

freedom," says Nancy. kale to feel like we stood on Almost everything abou honory biles our lives changed in the On the days when it all go connection and comfort, the ordered burgers, tacos, enshift in where and with whom chiladas, and other comfort we are sometimes felt like wrapped and ready to est. sliding into a sinkhole. Food mether, so we've been forced to

find new years, or revive older

methods, to get closer to our

food and one another.

of the nandemic. Santa Fe artist Gigi Mills found it dit ficult to work. She missed her friends. She struggled to make

"Overallabered and borned at

recalls. Then one day, almo without thinking, she baked a boole-a simple round loaf Thuttered a slice, still hot, sat down with a cup of coffee, and

watched the birds." nediately for Mills. But it was a start. "I eventually found says, "Watching and feeding the birds are now a mean ingful part of my morning

online wine tactings, and Zoom hangy hours beloe lift our spirits. The same wel connectedness also insulaes

Sartia Fe action and writ Lisa Lucus. The dan shared family regimes, told stories downsof the numbers in The provided a place to be togethe gather," Mansini sava, "People old family recipes or toward sside their fear of cooking and

And baking-especially bread. No-knead, sourdough or whole-grain, baking bread can feel fundamental, even primal. Floor, salt, yeast, soner. A golden, warm sen of accomplishment. If a leaf falls flat, try again. There ar no baking failures," any Eric Santa Fe. He made four loane every other week, giving awa three, before "covan belly" forced him to our back. "M he says. But he didn't quit Bread baking is a big part of my life now."

Victory gardens prolife ated. 'During the pundemic it comforted me." says Penina Meisels, a food plu tographer in Santa Fe, wh cress lettuces, smuch, and broccoli. Then the strawber ries she had planted a few years back came into their pod in roy backyard with a bowl of strawberries betwee us," she says. "We'd laugh as the recent juice dripped down

RENTAL HANDS, REPORTED S. this year but many have found ways to adapt by creating spe-



PLATE WORTHY

Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe; 505-986-9190. EESwertafe.com

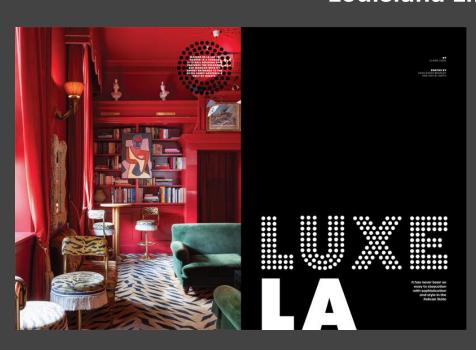
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Travel Package

Travel Package - Bronze Louisiana Life - Luxe LA





● ● othing like a pandemic to put the brakes on long-distance travel. But, here's the good news. Louisiana remains a prime destination meaning staying home equals excellent travel opportunities. ¶ We're not talking shabby vacations either. Cities across the Bayou State offer boutique, historic and uniquely styled hotels, decadent ways to relax and rejuvenate and distinctive attractions, many of which cannot be found anywhere else. ¶ So, what are you waiting for?

NEW ORLEANS

and historic botels already gracing its neigh borhoods. It's tough to pick just one as the home place for a relaxing staycation. The best coun of action is to narrow your intentions and determine

the part of town you wish

explore. For those who prefer 67 guest rooms and suites at the Malson.de la Luz on Carondelet might be the ticket. Cherisi the exquisite antique elevators and origina City Hall Armex banister, part of the hotel in the Guest House and craft cocktails and small plates at Bur Marilou, housed in the former City Hall's historic Bhrary and access may also be made from the hotel for dining at Josephine Estelle, helmed by James Beard Award nominated che's Michael Hadman and Andy Ticer or Seaworthy, featuring seafood and craft cocktails in an 1832 Cresie cottage. To thoroughly enjoy the French Quarter

of its surrounding neighborhoods, such as Bywater and the Marigny, is walkable. The ONEIL is the first hotel to open in the Quarter in 50 years, taking over a 19th-cen-tury sugar marchouse on literalle Street close to the river. It's a fine marriage of old-style alike and, in addition to drinks and dining in served at Sundae Best.

There's so much to enjoy downtown, including the spirited Sazerac House on Canal, the Art Market on Frenchmen Street and nostalgia, hop on a classic carriage rid

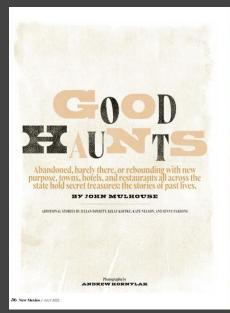
History and art lowers may prefer a stary at the Higgins Hotel, part of the National WWII Museum complex, allowing visitors easy proximity to the military museum, the Ooden







Travel Package - Silver **New Mexico Magazine – Good Haunts**







ing and falling as it blows across New Mexico's eastern plains. From somewhere along a street of empty houses, a piece of tin bangs slowly on a mofton. Nearly, the two story Hotel Mesa's missnelled sign prom ises not a good night's rest but a "Frontier Musem & Trading Post" complete with "guns" and "antiques." A car approaches from US 60, slowing slightly at the cluster of curious buildings before speeding off toward Clovis. On the other side of the road sits the yellow shell of the Super Service Drive In Garage.

Sheep-once growed this dry grassland, and not far away Bills the Kid and his gang had a shootout with a posse led by Sheriff Put Garrett. A train whistle blows, always a surprisingly lone some sound, all the more so here. When the enrine mars must, the clacking of the steel wheels echoes the reason why this place exists at all. After the caboose passes, following the train onto the open expanse, all falls quiet again.

This is Yesu, New Mexico, a glasst town

Those last two words are fireighted with more romanticism and execution than they can rightly hear, and yet they seem to require so explanation at all. In this past year of pandemic, cities like London and Boston have been referred to as ghost towns, and exercisps immediately understood what that meant and why that irels sad. But what is a ghost town, really? And why does even the idea of such a place affect us so deeply? If you have spent much time traveling the back roads of New Mexico, you may have asked

yourself these questions, probably more than once. Upon my arrival in the Land of Enchantment in 2009, Lim-

the state, not only to explore feel-not just imagine-that as much of the ever-changing this is where Texas outlaws adscape as possible but also "Bronco Bill" Walters and to feed an obsession with old "Kid" Johnson stormed briefly places, particularly those that May 1898, following a heist now known as the Great Relies Train Robbery, with tragedy my blog, City of Dust, supple could uncover with photos that sense of the past is a mysteri would unually shoot with film out of a fidelity to the old ware well require solitude and eve This eventually led to a byok a flash of loneliness. Abandoned New Mexico: Ghost Some ghost towns open);

Durns, Endungered Archi-

published last full.

of the Puertocito trading

post, in Socorro County?

In the stark desert quiet,

relebrate their history an welcome visitors-friendly What compels a person to Valley Chloride and Madrid drive dirt made of apprechet Then there are those now quie side, say, the few adobe bricks of Arme and Frazier, near and resty sending carrethat Roosell, that have only stone for their past. Still others, with remaining residents tracing without another soul around

would prefer that both be left

Repurilless of newpective, as diesel occurred after World War I traveled countless miles both If trains unidenly sped past literal and figurative, I learned nation with the past that borthat had spring up around the ders on awe, along with a desire to preserve the stories these places can tell, even when it's places themselves.

SOME GROST TOWNS WILL TELL YOU ABOUT

PRIENDLY PAGES

Let's start with the railroad.

THE CHOST TOWNS ARE BARE Very few places have become entirely uninhabited. By one place that has seen its normals. tion decline significantly from Likewise, the construc originally cumo to exist Thus Yeso, It still has a couple of the winding roads that passed day, and even a post office. But When 5-40 replaced Roote

steam locomotives on the Belén

water—the reason the village.

once began to grow.

Mogollon, Fierro, and Kington among them. But miners ico, in long-gone settlements 66, the most famous of these euch as Santa Rita/Riley, near Magdalena, and Elizabeth Glenrio Oservo, Budville and fown near Angel Fire. Prewitt, saw businesses close If you go even further back in time, you find evidence of

Finally, New Mealco's rich

bility of small-scale agriculture Bandelier, Axtec Ruins, and larly near the state lines with Texas and Oklahoma, Here you Culture National Historical

courten l Doublooms once therion Our comparatively mild inters and lack of humidit help preserve what a couple prickly obliterate. That raise a tiny hope for revival, even as rural areas throughout the nation grapple with dwindlin

populations. Sometimes prodiscover* these old towns and it all. When critical mass is reached, you might find a tow born, such as Madrid, on NM 14. Note that the randomic has proved we can do our jobs from more Madrids might spring up across New Mexico.

SOME SHOST TOWNS CLAIM momentous events. Eliza-





Travel Package - Gold Texas Highways - 10 Small Towns to Visit Now



Our annual list of buzzworthy small towns-defined here as towns with populations under 20.000-includes a burgeoning bedroom community, an underrated coastal treasure, and a Hill Country artists' haven. With recommendations for where to stay and what to eat in each of the 10 standouts, all that separates you from your next getaway is a full tank of gas.





local Main Street Rehabilitation Projectthe city widened the thoroughtare's sidewalks and renaved the street, and shorown ers restored the wrought fron balconies and cheen as descriptions's new hirednesses. (the



7,000 best known for its forest of lobiolly by nonfiction author Byan Holiday and its pines that offered a refuge for nature lovers.While the LostPines still attract outdoor confuntasts, the hamlet just east of Austin has more recently become a retreat for arrisrs, writers, and farmers—and those fleeing the city in search of a more affordable life. Between 2010 and '19, Bastrop's populatton grew 25%. Tech executives and

The restaurant's owners. Sonya Core and Hollywood actors are certainly part of Farm, not only guaranteeing fresh prothat growth (Shozum star Zachary Levi duce for Store House but also providing a quality farmers market open on Wednesoutside of sown), but it's the lower profile. days and Saturdays. residents who are facilitating the biggest If yourd rather play farmer yourself, flar Last year-thanks to \$2 million from the

offers seasonal events, from pick-yourown flowers and strawberries in the spring with a corn maze and perting zoo. All these simple yet carefully tended

next-door neighbor, Astro Record Store.

tenance, Nearby, Store House Market and Fatery serves gin cocktalls and seasonal

crosswerses in a renovated former hordello.

among the Lost Pines. -- Clayton Maxwell

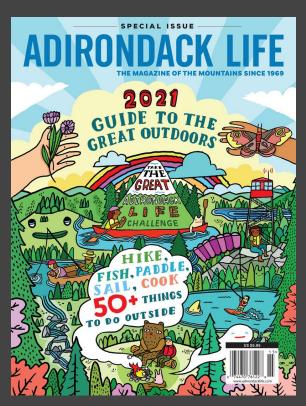


Cover 35 or Less

Cover 35 or Less - Merit Acadiana Profile - Oysters



Cover 35 or Less - Bronze Adirondack Life - 2021 Guide to the Great Outdoors



Cover 35 or Less - Silver The Bermudian - Summer 2021



Cover 35 or Less - Gold

Louisiana Life – Gator Hunt

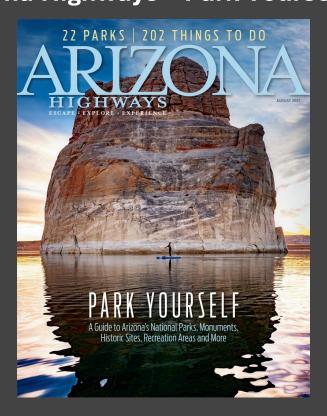


Cover 35 or More

Cover 35 or More - Merit New Mexico Magazine - Makers



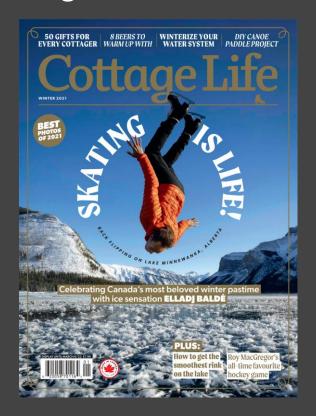
Cover 35 or More - Bronze Arizona Highways - Park Yourself



Cover 35 or More - Silver Texas Highways - The Cowboy Issue

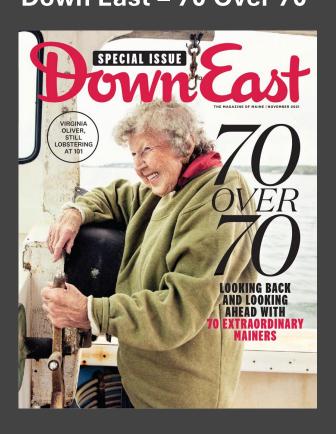


Cover 35 or More - Gold Cottage Life - Winter 2021



Special Focus

Special Focus - Merit Down East - 70 Over 70



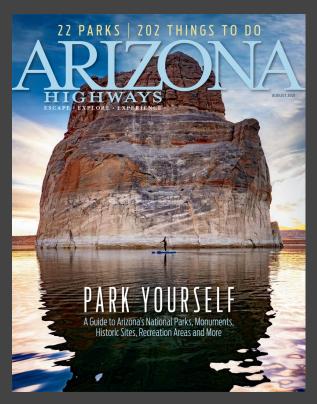
Special Focus - Merit Louisiana Life - Conservation Issue



Special Focus - Bronze Acadiana Profile - The Home Issue



Special Focus - Silver Arizona Highways - Park Yourself



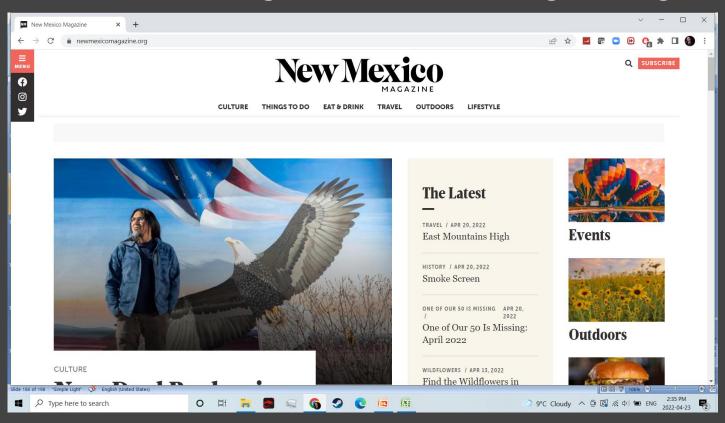
Special Focus - Gold Texas Highways - The Cowboy Issue



Digital Presence

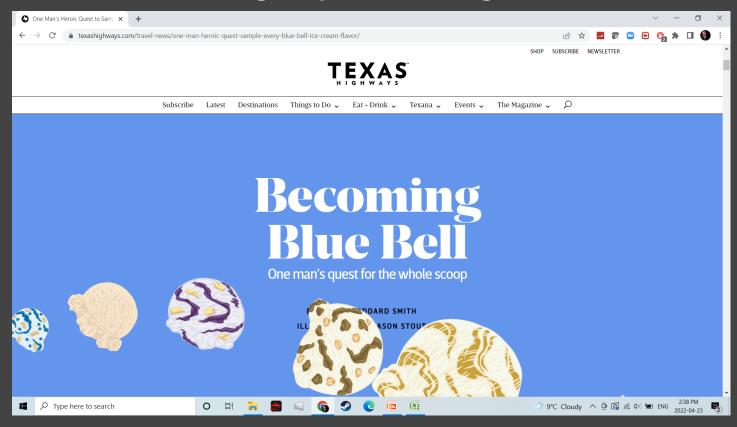
Digital Presence - Silver

New Mexico Magazine - newmexicomagazine.org



Digital Presence - Gold

Texas Highways - Becoming Bluebell



Overall Art Direction 35 or Less

Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Bronze

Louisiana Life – Sarah George

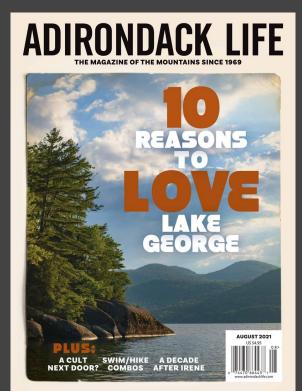


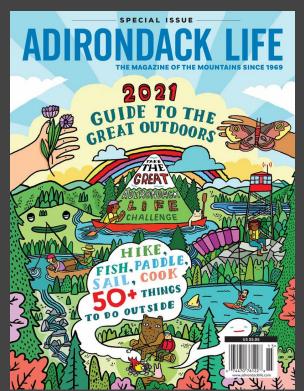


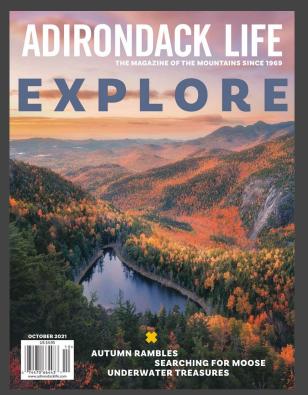


Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Silver

Adirondack Life – Mark Mahorsky







Overall Art Direction 35 or Less - Gold

Acadiana Profile - Sarah George





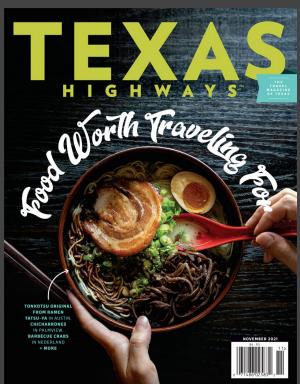


Overall Art Direction 35 or More

Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Bronze

Texas Highways - Mark Mahorsky, Ashley Burch, Chris Linnen, and Brandon Jakobeit

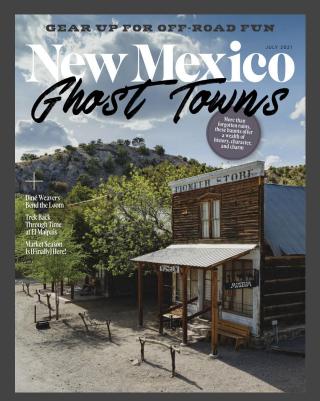






Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Silver

New Mexico Magazine – John McCauley

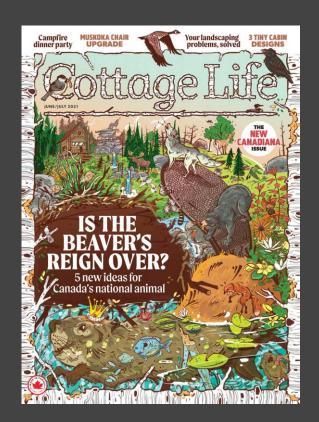


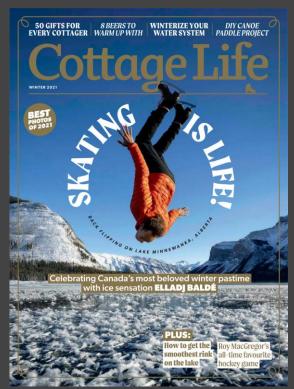




Overall Art Direction 35 or More - Gold

Cottage Life – Bradley Reinhardt



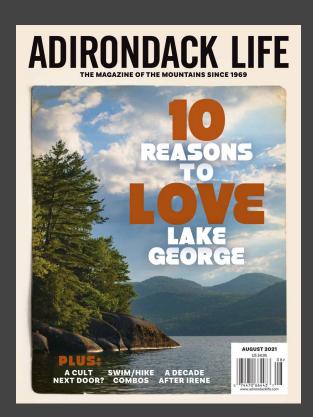


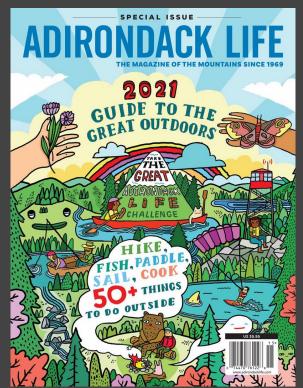


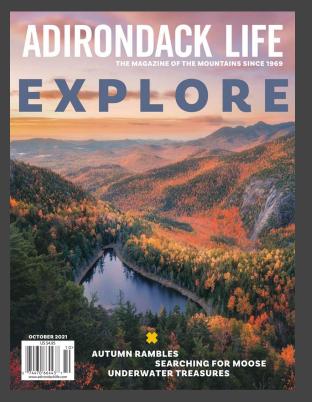
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less

Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

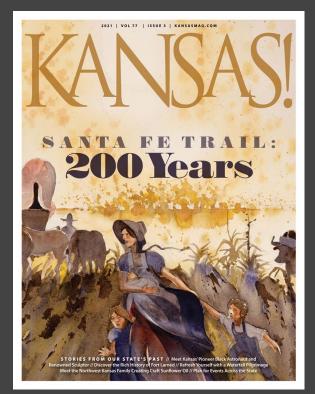
Adirondack Life

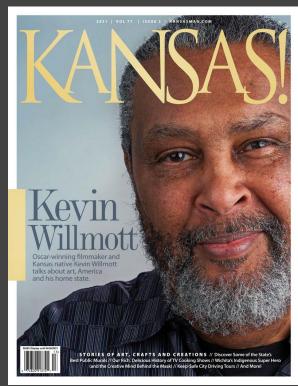






Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist KANSAS! Magazine







Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist

Louisiana Life







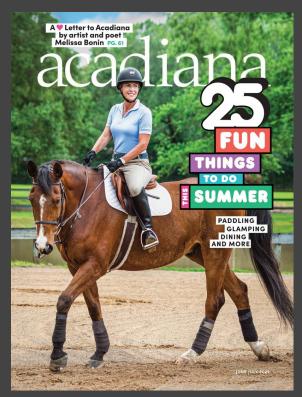
Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Finalist Oklahoma Today







Magazine of the Year 35 or Less - Winner Acadiana Profile



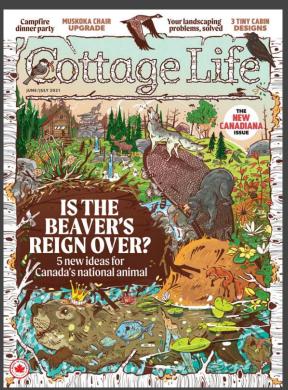




Magazine of the Year 35 or More

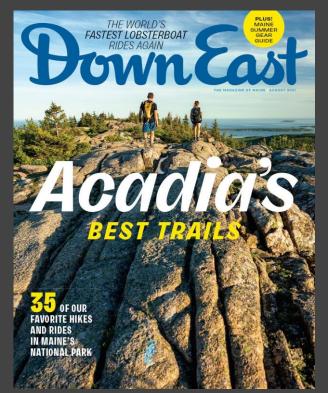
Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Finalist Cottage Life

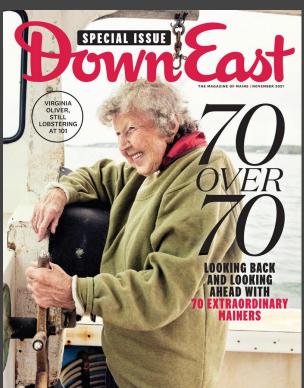


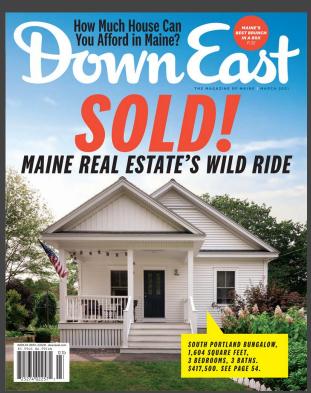




Magazine of the Year 35 or More - Winner **Down East**







Congratulations!