

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OUTDOORS

THE NEWSLETTER OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN OUTDOOR WRITERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

MAY - JUNE 2011



stalking the rabbitbrush



framing the buttes



camping among the 'goblins'



alien's frozen in stone

*Remember Jack's Jaunts from the last newsletter? Where he suggested you consider visiting Goblin Valley State Park on your way to conference? Here are some photos to whet your appetite for the unusual that is so prevalent there.
(photos © Maryann Gaug)*

What to Bring to Conference

With the RMOWP Conference right around the corner (June 8-12 in Torrey, Utah, in case you've forgotten), it's not too early to start organizing the stuff you'll be bringing. So here's a checklist:

DONATIONS FOR THE AUCTION

Please bring donations for the RMOWP Auction, which raises money to provide scholarships for students pursuing programs for careers in outdoor writing and/or photography. Items donated by RMOWP's supporting members have ranged from Coleman tents, stoves, lights, and ice chests, to mapping software and books, and outdoor-themed art. The Freedom Group Family of Companies, which includes Remington, Marlin, and other firearms brands, is donating a Marlin XT-22, .22 caliber bolt action rifle for this year's auction; and Buck Knives has promised to send us several engraved knives.

RMOWP's individual members are always equally generous, bringing their own matted photos (sometimes donating their Members' Choice Contest entries), published books, craft and gift items, plus photo equipment, food and drink, and a variety of things they've found lying around the house.

PHOTOS FOR THE MEMBERS' CHOICE CONTEST

Don't forget your entries for the Members' Choice photography contest. Members may submit one or two matted prints, either color or black and white, and the photos may have been taken at any time. Altered/manipulated images are eligible. Each entry is to be designated as Scenic, Flora or Fauna, and entries can be in one or any combination of the three categories. Print size is a maximum of 8 x 12 inches

that is matted to a final size not to exceed 12 x 16 inches. Entries should not be framed. The images will be displayed at the conference and judged by conference participants. Entries can be brought to the conference and submitted at registration or no later than noon, Thursday, June 9. Place your name, photo title, and designate "Members' Choice" on the back of each submission.

PHOTOS FOR THE PHOTO CRITIQUE

Entertaining and informative for all, this program looks at photographs with an eye to how they could be improved. Those who want their shots critiqued should bring 3 to 5 digital images on CDs or flash drives. The critique, led by Tom Ulrich and Jack Olson, is planned Saturday, June 11, at 10:45 a.m. Spectators are welcome.

WRITING FOR THE WRITING CRITIQUE

Your written work will be gently and positively examined with the purpose of finding ways to improve it at this session, scheduled Friday, June 10, starting at 8:45 a.m. Works may include stories, poems, photo essays, or other formats on the outdoors, and after authors have had a month to rewrite their work they can submit it for publication in a journal. Participants should bring at least 5 copies of the work, and although the length of the works can vary, about 1,200 words or less would be best. It should not be your best work, but something you want help with. Spectators are welcome.

P.S. Details on the conference will be found in the March-April newsletter and also at www.rmowp.org.



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Funky Nests are Back

The Celebrate Urban Birds project at the Cornell Lab of Ornithology is bringing back its "Funky Nests in Funky Places" environmental challenge for the third year. Participants may take photos, do a painting, write a story, or shoot a video showing a bird's nest built in some out-of-the-way or out-of-this-world place.

"We've had such fun with this challenge," says project leader Karen Purcell. "The theme really struck a chord with people. You wouldn't believe how many people showed us bird nests in barbecue grills, garages, garden tools, and signs. We've seen bird nests on statues, wind-chimes, a cannon, and even on bathroom fixtures. I can't wait to see this year's entries!"

Prizes include bird feeders, nest boxes, sound CDs, guides, posters, and books including "Nests: Fifty Nests and the Birds That Built Them" by Sharon Beals. Selected images and videos will be posted on the Celebrate Urban Birds website.

Entries should be emailed to urbanbirds@cornell.edu by June 1. Those submitting videos are asked to post it on YouTube and send the link.

For complete rules see www.birds.cornell.edu/celebration.



*"Flicker Coming In" © Richard Holmes
(1910 Honorable Mention, Fauna)*

Jack's Jaunts



*Old marker on hill above
Sand Creek streambed*

Battles Lost

Story & photos by Jack Olson

It was a chilling, dark morning along the bed of Sand Creek in November 1864. A group of some 500 Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians slept peacefully in camp, guaranteed safety by the governor of the Colorado Territory. But gathering in the gloom some distance from the camp, 750 militia cavalry under the command of Colonel John Chivington prepared to charge.

The encampment consisted mainly of old men, women, and children but Chivington had told his men that dangerous Indians awaited them. At day-break they stormed into the camp, shooting and killing at will, even scalping some of their victims.

Some men saw how defenseless women and children were being slaughtered and, sickened, retreated from the area.

An inquiry into Chivington's activity did not result in a court martial. One soldier who testified against him was shot dead on a downtown Denver street. But public sentiment, which had initially backed the action, turned against Chivington as the facts surfaced. He was disgraced, his political ambitions crushed, and he entered ignominy.

Flash forward to the 1980s. I was a new professional photographer and longed to capture all of Colorado's natural and historic sites. Like most Coloradans, I'd heard of the Sand Creek Massacre and wanted to see the location of the battle. I wandered through a series of more and more obscure dirt roads. But you had to enter through someone's land and the owner had a box requesting \$2. I only had a ten or a twenty and didn't want to pay that, so gave up on that trip.

I came back later in the year with two dollars. I had decided to go in before sunrise to try to capture the feeling of that day. The ranch road led to a high point with a small marker that overlooked the dry bed of Sand Creek, lined with cottonwoods. I waited for sunrise.



*Tribute left at viewpoint.
Sand Creek Massacre Site, Colorado*

It was daybreak. I was totally alone. I looked down into the battle site and then--BANG BANG BANG! Shots rang out somewhere below and the hair tingled on the back of my neck. There were no vehicles or people in sight. It was beyond spooky, and I thought I'd better hightail it.

It was only when I drove into the nearby town of Eads that I saw a sign: Welcome Dove Hunters.

The new Sand Creek Massacre National Historic Site is open to the public. Rather than give you boring directions down boring dirt roads, I'll give you electronic web directions. Go to www.nps.gov/sand and www.sandcreeksite.com for driving directions and more. The site is open year round from 9:00am to 4:00pm.

There's a small visitor center and a good dirt trail to that same small hill where I encountered the dove hunters. The trail drops a short distance farther but ends maybe a hundred yards above the creek bed, considered sacred ground by the Cheyenne and Arapahoe. Informational panels along the trail provide significant details of the entire event. There are some historic sites in America where you will feel a strong emotional tug. This may be one of them. It was for me.

There's another site in southeastern Colorado that's little known to most Coloradans. It's **Camp Amache**, identified on the list of National Historic Landmarks as



*Informational exhibit
Sand Creek Massacre Site, Colorado*

the Granada Relocation Center. Located off U.S. 50 east of Lamar and a couple of miles west of Granada, just turn south and drive a mile or so to the site.

This is one of many relocation, or internment centers, authorized by President Franklin Roosevelt at the outbreak of WWII. Americans of Japanese descent were relocated from the west coast to the interior of the country, for the duration of the war. Camp Amache's maximum population was some 7,300 people.

You can drive right in and all around the site. There's not a lot to see, mainly some foundations and a couple of structures. A few interpretive signs have been erected. President George W. Bush signed an appropriation to protect and restore some parts of these camps.

Although the internees were not welcomed in many parts of the country, Governor Ralph Carr of Colorado was upset and critical of the decision to relocate American citizens and spoke out about the injustice. For this, his promising political career—he had been mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for vice president—ended. There's a monument to him in Sakura Square, a Japanese section of downtown Denver. And a long stretch of U.S. 285 from the Denver metro area to the New Mexico state line was recently designated the Ralph Carr Memorial Highway.

Visit either of these sites and it may be just you, the history, and the meadowlarks.



*Ruins at Camp Amache,
Granada Relocation
Center National Historic
Landmark, Colorado*

What is Your Treasure?

Story & photos by Jim Baker

Every morning before I push the button to raise the garage door, I do inventory. I expect to find a small comb, a handkerchief in my right rear pocket, a billfold in my left rear pocket, a pocketknife and my keys in the front pockets, and a pen in my shirt pocket. Without these things, I am not prepared—I'm not comfortable.

If one of the things is missing, I will go back into the house and start a search for it. Why would it be missing? I put them all on a shelf in the closet every night when I undress.



Lone Chimney Lake

It is a sure thing that I cannot start my pickup without keys. Without my billfold, there would be no drivers' license and no lunch. Most days I don't even use the handkerchief or the comb, but that is what goes in the right rear pocket. The pen—the pen is there in case someone wants to write me a check and I sure don't want to miss it. That leaves the pocketknife. In my opinion, the pocketknife is a tool that one should never be without.

In early June 1997, my friend, Bob Hunneycutt, invited me to go fishing with him at Lone Chimney Lake. Bob was the project director for the USDA and had surveyed the lake and, of course, knew where all the good deep spots were. He had a boat, but his truck was in the shop so we were to pull the boat with my truck. We had lots of trouble getting the hitch to work, so we didn't get to the lake until afternoon.

We launched the boat and started fishing. We were having very poor luck with artificial lures. I had brought some raw liver for catfish bait, so I sat in the bow of the boat and cut up the liver while Bob drove to a new location.

We had barely started with the catfish bait when the wind came up and was really blowing us around. We tied the boat to a dead snag that was standing in the lake. That kept us from moving quite as much, but the bobbers were erratic with their up and down movement and the waves were beginning to get whitecaps.

It didn't seem like we were going to catch any fish. The wind was getting colder and the water was muddy looking. The sky was getting dark. We talked it over. It did not seem like a good place to die, so we decided to quit and go home.

In the gusting wind, Bob had a hard time keeping the boat lined up with the trailer as it sat in the water. We had to make two passes at loading the boat. In the second pass, I took the butcher paper

that contained the unused liver and shook it over the lake to feed the fish.

The next morning, when I started to work, I could not find my pocketknife. I went back into the house and looked on the shelf. I looked in the pocket of the pants that I had worn the day before. I looked in the washing machine. I took the pillows out of the chair and looked there. I could not find it. I finally decided that I had left it at the barn when I opened a sack of feed.

I went to work, but it bothered me all day. I checked the desk where I opened the mail—not there. I missed it when I needed to open a box. Where could I have left it? I could not wait to get to the barn to find the knife.

At six p.m. when work was over, I went to the barn. There was the feed sack, but no knife. I tried to remember when I had used it last. Did I peel an apple? Did I clean my fingernails? Did I clean out the chainsaw? Where did I use it last?

BY THE NUMBERS

Lone Chimney Lake drains 26 square miles, has 550 acres of surface area and the shoreline is seventeen miles long. The depth is from zero to more than 40 feet.

This was not just any pocketknife. This was a Buck knife. It was guaranteed. If you broke a blade, you could send it in and get it fixed for free. My son, Jon, had given me this knife for my birthday only a month ago. If I lost this knife, I would really be embarrassed and Jon was coming home on Saturday. To lose a pocketknife after only a month would show disrespect for the gift and the giver. I've known farmers that carried the same knife for fifty years.



the chimney for which Lone Chimney Lake is named

After thinking about it for several hours, day and night, I decided that the last place I used the knife was cutting bait in the wind on Lone Chimney Lake. I did not want to go back to the lake, but I also did not want to face Jon if he said "How do you like your new knife?"

So, Saturday morning at 4:00 a.m., I got up and drove to Lone Chimney Lake. It was a beautiful quiet day. I was driving north and east and the sky

was red with no clouds in sight. When I got to the lake, the sun was reflecting off the water and the water was mirror smooth. I stood on the dock and looked down in the water. I could see all the pebbles and sticks, the bottle caps and other trash.

I replayed it in my mind—about where the boat was when I threw the liver overboard. I walked off the dock, back on the bank and out into the water. I waded out about waist deep and then stood there

like a statue long enough for the water to get quiet. I looked down and could see rocks, sticks, and a beer can mostly covered with mud. I looked in a big circle. I started seeing some small pieces of liver that the fish had not eaten. I knew I was close...and there it was ...a pocketknife, with the blade open. A Buck knife. I put my head under the water, picked up the knife, closed the blade, and put it in my pocket. I waded back to the bank, said "Thank you God", and had a joyous ride home.

contest of the Outdoor Writers Association of California. Lightbody won in the TV Show or Video category, taking second place for "Winter Secrets" and third for "An American Historian." The awards were presented at the group's meeting in Lake County, California earlier this month.

Supporting Member News

Registration is now open for ICAST 2011, the world's largest sportfishing trade show, being held July 13-15 at the Las Vegas Convention Center. According to the **American Sportfishing Association (ASA)**, sponsor of the event, online registration is taking place now at www.ICASTfishing.org. Highlights of the trade show include the new products showcase and a casting pond, where attendees can try out the latest rods and reels. ASA has also arranged special discounts at nearby hotels for ICAST attendees, and when registering for the show you can also book lodging. The American Sportfishing Association is the sportfishing industry's trade association. The organization also works to protect anglers' interests through programs such as Take Me Fishing and Keep America Fishing, and to protect America's fishing waters through its Fish America Foundation. For information, see www.asafishing.org.

The **National Shooting Sports Foundation** has announced that its Shooting, Hunting and Outdoor Trade Show, commonly called the SHOT Show, will remain at the Sands Expo and Convention Center in Las Vegas, Nevada, at least through 2014. The SHOT Show is one of the largest trade shows in North America, featuring 1,600 exhibitors. The next SHOT Show is scheduled January 17-20, 2012. The National Shooting Sports Foundation, which is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year, is the trade association for the firearms, ammunition, hunting, and shoot-

see Supporting News... page 6

2011 CALENDAR

May 30 ~ Scott-McKenna Scholarship application deadline (see www.rmowp.org)

June 8-12 ~ RMOWP conference in Capitol Reef National Park, Utah

June 28-July 3 ~ RMOWP Photography Workshop in Rocky Mountain National Park

July 9-11 ~ OWAA conference in Snowbird, Utah

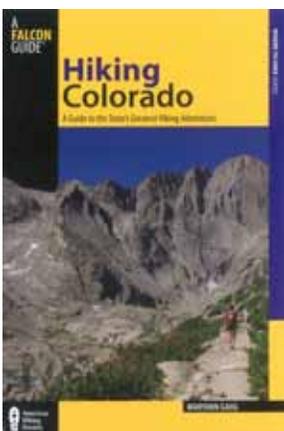
Oct 14-15 ~ NMOWPA conference in Santa Rosa, New Mexico

Member News

RMOWP has new members. **Hector D. Astorga** of Mission, Texas is a photographer who specializes in nature and travel photography, and also does graphics and web design. You can see some of his excellent photography at www.hectorastorga.com. Also joining RMOWP is **Peter Kummerfeldt** of Colorado Springs, a photographer, writer, and lecturer. He is the author of the book *Surviving a Wilderness Emergency* and has also produced a DVD *Skills of the Survivor*. Check out his website, www.outdoorsafe.com.

The 3rd edition of *Hiking Colorado, a Falcon Guide* by **Maryann Gaug**, has just been published. The book is in color and contains detailed descriptions, photos, and maps of 50 hikes around the state. Maryann does all the hiking, writing, photography, and basic mapping using a GPS. The Falcon team then edits, lays out the book, and creates the fancy maps. Make sure to bid on a copy at the RMOWP conference auction!

Andy Lightbody of Gunnison, Colorado, a longtime member of RMOWP, received second and third place honors in the annual



"Hang on to Your Oars" © Terry Guthrie
(1910 1st Place, People in Nature)

Capitol Reef National Park
 Torrey, Utah ~ June 8-12, 2011
 See You There!



"Barred Owl"
 © Linda Martin
 (1910 2nd Place,
 Fauna)



Leslie Madsen, long-time friend of Jack's who always wears her bunny ears for his annual Easter sunrise hike.

"I-Hop Waitress"
 © Jack Olson
 (1910 2nd Place,
 Humorous Photo)

Got Film?

Digital may be the way the photo world is going, but there's still some film around and still plenty of uses for film cameras.

Jon Sheppard has some Nikon equipment that he is willing to part with at good prices - cheap, he says - including a Nikon F5 and F100, 28-120 and 24-70 zooms, plus a Tamron 200-400 for Nikon.

Contact Jon at jonshepp@vail.net or 970-949-9131.

Does this equipment take good photos?
 See for yourself at
www.jonsheppardphotography.com.

Supporting News... continued from page 5

ing sports industry, with a membership of more than 6,000 manufacturers, distributors, firearms retailers, shooting ranges, sportsmen's organizations, and publishers. It's website is www.nssf.org.

The **World Fishing Network (WFN)** has announced that after a nationwide vote for more than 300 towns and cities across the U.S., 20 communities have earned spots as finalists in the search for America's favorite fishing destination. The final round of voting is underway for anglers to cast their vote, and the community that receives the highest total votes will be crowned WFN's Ultimate Fishing Town USA. Polls close May 31 and the winner will be announced in June at a ceremony in the winning community. In addition to national recognition, the top town will earn a \$25,000 donation for fishing-related causes. The second place community will earn a \$5,000 donation and the third place winner will receive a \$2,500 donation. The top 20 towns include Denver and Hartsel in Colorado and Zapata, Texas. To see the rest of the top 20 and to vote, go to www.WFNfishingTown.com. The World Fishing Network is North America's only 24/7 fishing channel. See www.WorldFishingNetwork.com.



"Kathy (Turner) in Meadow" © Jack Olson
 (1910 2nd Place, People in Nature)