

Outdoor Writers Association of America

OUTDOORS UNLIMITED

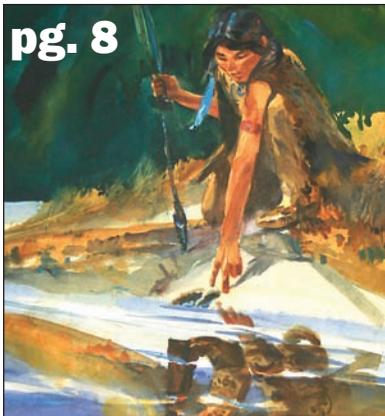
The Voice of the Outdoors

December 2014/January 2015

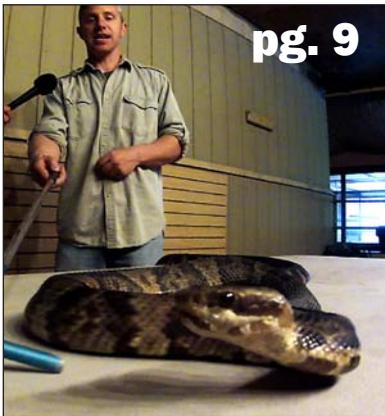




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ON THE COVER

By Ruth Hoyt

Golden-fronted woodpeckers drill into dead branches of trees in search of insects and grubs. But they are also opportunists that enjoy oranges, berries, seeds and home-made suet. Knowing this, attracting woodpeckers to an area for photography can become a simple task. The difficult part is waiting, prepared to release the shutter at a moment's notice. See more photography tips from Hoyt on page 7 and her portfolio on page 16.

OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Our mission: improve the professional skills of our members, set the highest ethical and communications standards, encourage public enjoyment and conservation of natural resources and mentor the next generation of professional outdoor communicators.

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The importance of outdoor communication And what OWAA is doing to protect it

It's no secret that as outdoor communicators we have a great job. How often has someone expressed incredulity that you go hunting, or fishing or hiking — for work?

As fun as our job is, it's also incredibly important.

We report on the health of our wildlife populations and their habitat and how our public land is managed. Historically it has been the words and images of journalists that showed the public the majesty and importance of protecting wild places. But we can't perform that duty of informing the public without access.

Having met many of our members I sense an incredible, lifelong, visceral passion to be the voice of the outdoors; to help others see, hear, smell and taste the outdoors; to be the champion of the fish, wildlife and habitat that make up the outdoors.

That's why when a proposed rule by the

U.S. Forest Service threatened the access to designated wilderness areas for outdoor communicators, OWAA sprang into action.



TOM SADLER

As you will read in **Mark Freeman's** President's Message on page 4, OWAA stepped into the ring and came out swinging when we felt our First Amendment rights were threatened by a poorly worded directive from the U.S. Forest Service regarding access to wilderness areas.

OWAA immediately issued a statement criticizing the directive and the impact it would have on news gathering.

We encouraged our members to provide comments to the Forest Service during the public commenting period.

Our statement was noticed and a week later, Freeman and I were on the phone with Forest Service Chief Tom Tidwell.

To his credit, Tidwell listened carefully and asked for our help in making

the directive work. He recognized OWAA represented the "voice of the outdoors" and that our members were essential partners in helping the American people enjoy their public lands.

OWAA continues to work with the Forest Service and other public land agencies to insure that our members have access to our public lands so others can share in their wonder and beauty.

OWAA would be an important group if only to provide a networking opportunity for like-minded people to gather and share stories — but it is so much more than that.

When you go out to do your work and share the great outdoors with the public, OWAA goes with you. As **Kris Millgate** wrote in an email to Freeman and me, "Freelancers fight solo so often, that I forget others will step up and back you when needed, especially if the fight impacts all of us." ■

— OWAA Executive Director Tom Sadler,
tsadler@owaa.org

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STANDING BY THOUGHTS ON SELF-PUBLISHING

I realize that there are some outdoor writing pros, with serious track records, who have set up their own self-publishing operations. They are, in effect, "publishers." The fact remains, however, the most self-published books are of low quality and by people who cannot sell their writing to a traditional publisher. I suspect most of them know it in their hearts. As proof of my assertion, there is an independent bookstore near me, with an international reputation, that will not stock self-published works nor allow the people who wrote them to appear there. If they want to call themselves "authors," use the prefix "self-published."

— Ed Ricciuti
Killingworth, Connecticut

SCHOLARSHIP GIVES IMPORTANT OPPORTUNITIES

To OWAA & Sponsors of the Bodie McDowell scholarship, As one of the recipients of this year's scholarship, I'd like to extend my sincere thanks to all of those at OWAA & the McDowell family for their support in making opportunities like this possible for young writers & outdoor enthusiasts. Being able to spend my days in the mountains, writing stories, watching wildlife & interviewing key stakeholders is my favorite way to spend time and scholarships like this allow me to keep telling these stories & pursuing my dreams. Please extend my thanks to all relevant OWAA members & donors.

— Gloria Dickie
Boulder, Colorado

Feedback guidelines

Members are encouraged to write about issues and topics. The executive director and editor will decide whether opinions are appropriate for debate or if the comments promote a personal cause; if the "cause" is unrelated to OWAA's mission and potentially damaging to the membership, the letter might not be printed. Word limit: 400. Longer letters will be returned for revision. Letters are not edited for grammar, spelling or style. Send letters to editor@owaa.org.

The voice of the outdoors

Forest Service listens on filming in wilderness rules

Outdoor Writers Association of America members joined the outcry in September against the U.S. Forest Service's proposal to require permits for filming in federally designated wilderness areas, a rule that would cost journalists money and allow the agency to decide who could cover what stories on those public lands.

Since then, the nation's oldest and largest outdoor communicators' association has been helping create a positive solution to these conflicts, at Forest Service Chief Tom Tidwell's request.

OWAA Executive Director **Tom Sadler** and I talked with Tidwell on the phone in early October. No spin-doctors. No handlers. No advisors. Just the three of us talking shop on how to fix the rule so it helps the Forest Service meet its stewardship requirements without unduly burdening our members or butting heads with the First Amendment. We discussed Tidwell's intentions for the proposed rules, OWAA's concerns with the proposal's language and how our members already have been victims of misinterpretation of the current directive's language.

Both Sadler and I came away believing Tidwell and OWAA are primarily on the same page when it comes to journalistic activities in America's wildest places — working journalists do not, and should not, need permits for filming or otherwise reporting in wilderness areas.

Since then, we have been crafting comments to the Forest Service's proposal to ensure our members are not lumped into the same category as commercial filming such as movies and advertisements.

The Forest Service created an interim directive in 2010 requiring permits for commercial photography and filming in wilderness areas. In September — during the 50th anniversary of the Wilderness Act of 1964 — the agency proposed making the rules permanent.

As written, it would require media outlets to pay for special-use permits before they film or take photos in wilderness areas or face fines of up to \$1,000. The draft language left it open for individual forest supervisors to decide which journalists get to work in wilderness areas and what kinds of stories they can report. Some of the language also left it possible that the rules could be applied to all Forest Service lands. The door into this Pandora's Box is an interpretation that working journalists potentially violate the wilderness values that include keeping these areas free from commercialization, a notion that clearly clashes with First Amendment guarantees.

The Forest Service quickly began to back pedal after vocal objections from OWAA and other journalists and said it does not apply to working journalists in the "news gathering" process. Still, the language is vague and open to a wide spectrum of interpretations.

When Sadler and I spoke to Tidwell, he specifically expressed to us that the rules are meant to cover things like movies and television commercials, the kinds of productions that can include stages, props and actors. They are not meant for outdoor communicators, Tidwell said. They're not about photos for articles, B-roll video, television outdoor shows or even the minute-long videos newspaper people like me now shoot regularly to accompany web-based outdoors packages



MARK FREEMAN

I told him about member **Kris Millgate's** recent problems in Idaho, where she was told she needed to apply for a permit to shoot a public-television segment on fall-color viewing on national forest lands — not even in a wilderness area. Tidwell agreed that was not a proper interpretation of the rules, and he understood that his people in the field need much clearer guidance on how to apply such policies.

We also stressed that perhaps the Forest Service should pattern its rules after Department of the Interior rules for ease and consistency.

Tidwell did not come across as defensive. He listened when detailed how that language can be, and is, easily misinterpreted. Moreover, he seemed to grasp how working journalists like our members run the gamut from traditional newspaper and magazine writers to independent television producers, podcast and bloggers — all part of the big tent OWAA has pitched in recent years.

Since this writing, OWAA has submitted the comments and offered suitable language for these rules that Tidwell requested from us.

When the Forest Service realized they needed help writing the rule, they turned to OWAA, knowing we don't just criticize. We problem solve. We are the true voice of the outdoors, the go-to group of outdoor professional communicators who offer solutions to outdoor related policy issues in the 21st century. ■

— OWAA President Mark Freeman
mfreeman@mailtribune.com

Wedding bells ring for headquarters staff



Jessica Pollett married Tucker Seitz Aug. 24. Photo by Melisa Draper Photography.

Jessica and Tucker

Jessica Pollett, OWAA's membership and conference services director, married Tucker Seitz Aug. 24, on Tucker's birthday, at Evergreen Gardens in Ferndale, Washington. Together since high school, the two got engaged this winter while snowmobiling at Chamberlain Creek in Montana. A University of Montana graduate, Tucker works as a wildlife field tech with projects on snowshoe hares and moose. Next up for the couple: A honeymoon in Playa del Carmen exploring beaches, cenotes and Mayan ruins. Jessica's new name is Jessica Seitz. Her new email address is jseitz@owaa.org.



Ashley Schroeder married Nathan Chadwick July 20. Photo by Theresa J. Photography.

Ashley and Nathan

Ashley Schroeder, OWAA's communications manager, married Nathan Chadwick July 20, in Gillette, Wyoming, during an intimate Christian ceremony in front of their parents and grandparents. The newlyweds now live in Casper, Wyoming. They met in 2009 during a Spanish class at the University of Montana in Missoula, where Ashley bet Nate that whoever did better during an exam had to tutor the other. Nate rescheduled that study date for a hike in the Rattlesnake Wilderness and they've been exploring the mountains of Montana and Wyoming together ever since. Ashley's new name is Ashley Chadwick. Her new email address is achadwick@owaa.org.

OWAA offers financial assistance

MADSON FELLOWSHIP

OWAA members, as well as non-members, are invited to apply for the 2015 John Madson Fellowship.

Applications must be sent to OWAA headquarters, postmarked no later than March 2, 2015.

Since its inception in 1994, the John Madson Fellowship has provided OWAA members with more than \$14,000 in funding to continue their education in outdoor communication fields. It can provide funding for individuals to participate in OWAA programs such as the annual conference, as well as outside continuing education opportunities.

The fellowship is funded through the John Madson Fellowship Fund, an endowment composed primarily of OWAA member contributions and fundraising efforts. Its goal is to enhance professional communication skills for OWAA members and non-members. Funds are invested and managed by OWAA Endowment trustees.

For more information about the fellowship, visit www.owaa.org/programs/scholarships-fellowships/madson-fellowship.

BODIE MCDOWELL SCHOLARSHIP

OWAA is accepting applications for its Bodie McDowell scholarship program. Scholarships are for the 2015-2016 academic year.

Applications must be sent to the OWAA headquarters, postmarked no later than March 2, 2015.

Established in 1966, more than \$138,000 in scholarships have been awarded since 2002. Approximately \$24,000 in scholarships will be awarded in 2015. Each scholarship includes a one-year student membership with OWAA.

The Bodie McDowell scholarship program is open to college students who are undergraduates in their junior or senior year of study or are pursuing graduate degrees in communications and journalism disciplines at any school.

Applications for the 2015 award are now available. For more information about the scholarship, visit www.owaa.org/programs/scholarships-fellowships/bodie-mcdowell-scholarship.

Don't be that guy: Pause before you hit reply

BY TOM KEER

About a year ago I woke up really early every morning for a week. I was looking for an editor's response to an outstanding query. I had perhaps over-communicated via phone, text and email, but had heard nothing in response. I was considering smoke signals next, followed by passenger pigeon. I was unusually anxious about this pitch. The topic was timely and relevant. It had all the ingredients for making great copy — conservation, politics and tensions between colliding stakeholders. I was one of only a few writers with access to this information and I wanted to break the story, not read a water-downed version with someone else's byline.

I discussed the topic with the editor several times. He understood the magnitude of the story and the size and scope of the project. We discussed deadlines, artwork and accompanying video, compensation and rights. Then suddenly all communication ceased.

Time was slipping away and despite half a dozen additional gentle prompts I heard nothing. No email, no text, no phone call. Crickets. Seeing no response at 4:30 a.m. a week after our last communication, I decided I should come in low and hot and light him up for lack of professionalism. And so I did what all angry writers do. I wrote an email that would scorch the earth. I ripped off a few hundred words in minutes, left it on my screen and went to the kitchen to fetch another cup of coffee.

I returned to the computer, re-read the letter and smiled. This will show him, I thought. It would also vindicate me from the past. I would wash away the sins of all the other editors, managers, associates and the like who required me to go far, far beyond the normal working requirements of a freelancer. I would purge the pent up sentiments that came from their late communiqués, lack of communiqués and false communiqués that required me to rewrite or miss other assignments. I thought "your lack of planning does not create my emergency." I coiled my hand like a Cobra and prepared to strike the send button. I launched my hand forward with such force that I knocked over my coffee.

I was about to become that guy. You know, the one who airs his dirty laundry in public. The one who has lost ability to properly, proactively and politely correspond. I was about to communicate

in an unprofessional, improper, reactive and fundamentally rude manner.

I paused and instead of hitting send I started a new draft, a polite, but to-the-point email saying if I didn't hear from him by the close of business on Friday, I'd begin shopping the piece to other venues.

That got his attention — and me a response.

One of our many goals as professional communicators is to raise the bar in all types of communication. It's part of our job to remain professional in all points of conduct. Period. We should negotiate fairly, represent work ethically and originally, and strive for integrity even if other people are behaving poorly.

There is no new material in here, these words have been echoed for centuries. But in this growing age that includes a tremendous failure to communicate I believe it needs restating.

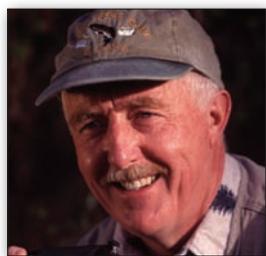
When you find yourself getting hot under the collar, the worst course of action is to rip off an even hotter digital response. Hit the speed bag, go for a run, do anything that relaxes you besides writing a hostile response. Email Kung Fu may feel good for the short term, but it's a career burner over the long haul. Temper your comments, stick to a neutral tone and deliver the facts. After you've done so, move on. With all likelihood there are several other outlets that would be interested in your piece, but you will never find them if you're spinning your wheels sweating the non-responsive group.

I did not hit send that morning, but I did hit print. I have that note hanging in my office. It reminds me that words are like arrows. They should not be shot at random. When I get steamed at the lack of professionalism and sit down to write a ripper, I take a deep breath and remember the three B's of speech giving: Be brief, be brilliant and be gone.

Then I get back to work. ■



Tom Keer is an award-winning writer, columnist and blogger who lives on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. He is a columnist for *Covey Rise* magazine, *Upland Almanac*, and *Woodcock Limited* and is a contributing editor for *Fly Rod & Reel* and *Fly Fish America*. He's a spokesman and blogger for the *Recreational Boating and Fishing Foundation's Take Me Fishing* program. Keer writes regularly for more than a dozen outdoor magazines and owns *The Keer Group*, a full-service, outdoor marketing company. www.thekeergroup.com or at www.tomkeer.com.



We are ...

THE VOICE OF THE OUTDOORS®

"Three things have enabled me to be successful: A strong work ethic, being blessed with some talent and abilities in writing and photography, and joining OWAA."

— TIM CHRISTIE, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, member since 1985



OUTDOOR WRITERS
ASSOCIATION
of America

Capturing the perfect close-up

BY RUTH HOYT

In the last issue of OU I provided some basic, timeless tips for close-up photography. Now, if you've chosen a close-focusing lens and procured a tripod as your support system and aid for sharpness and precise positioning, you can take your close-up work to the next level.

Whether you are making a technical, accurate photo or creating an artistic rendering of your subject, you should know what to expect as you prepare to make photographs. For my close-up work I usually use my Canon 180mm f/3.5 macro lens. Compared

to a shorter lens, the 180mm lens provides greater camera-to-subject distance, a useful feature for subjects that may move, jump or fly away. However, the distance gained is not without compromise. A long lens tends to produce a soft, out-of-focus background, not always ideal for a technical, accurate photo.

To create a sharper background, you may "stop the lens down" (select a smaller aperture or opening) but doing this allows less light to pass through the lens, which requires the shutter to stay open longer. In general, I prefer soft backgrounds because they don't distract the viewer's eye from the main subject. To work around this challenge, I make sure to keep my camera plane

parallel to the subject.

Before you start, set your camera's image quality to RAW and your lens to manual focus. Once you have a general idea where the camera should be placed, set up the tripod below the spot and attach the camera. Then follow the steps below. ■



In addition to writing and photographing, Ruth Hoyt teaches nature photography in group classes and private instruction, guides photographers on tours and in workshops, and consults with private landowners who want to set up their property for photography.



1. Choose the camera settings in advance so you are ready to make an "insurance shot" in case your subject departs. Flaws may be present in the photo but at least you have recorded the subject. Check the results produced with your aperture, shutter speed and ISO combination.



2. Move in closer for greater magnification and remove obvious flaws from the background.



3. Move the camera in tiny increments up, down, left, right, forward and backward to improve the background. In this photo I also moved a background plant stem down and out from view.



4. Make further adjustments. I moved the camera upward approximately 1/2" to produce the mostly solid colored background.



5. If there is no sense of a horizon in the photograph, you may rotate the camera to create a diagonal line that the subject forms. I rotated the camera body counter-clockwise, which aimed the caterpillar's head lower and revealed more of the arc that the body formed.



6. I added a reflector to bounce some light from the sky into the shadows at the bottom of my subject. I prefer a reflector rather than flash because reflectors give a more natural look and are less obvious in the results. After examining my photos I backed away for my final photo. It included a green background as well as the two leaves at the right in their entirety.

When donating pays

BY SAM CALDWELL

Every young writer and photographer often hears the same message. Whatever you do, don't give your work away. Never work for free.

While this is true, like every good rule, there's always an exception. Sometimes making a donation of your time and talent is a two-way transaction garnering you recognition and helping you develop a market for your work.

Gathering recognition can take time and perspiration, but a bit of fame can shorten the way.

Good causes require funding, which requires boots on the ground, ending at the doors of photographers, writers and other artists. So donate when someone calls. An example of your work in a live or silent auction gets your name out there. A byline or attribution line may be thin gruel for a fine piece of work, but it's up to you to build on it. Without numerous early donations of my best work, the phone might never have rang for later paid commissions.

A painting I donated to a 1991 Coastal Conservation Association fundraiser brought a call from a Texas Parks & Wildlife manager. Could I come up with a painting for the 1993 Wildlife Expo — fast? “Fly Texas!” resulted. As my compensation, I received 200 prints and all sold out in three years. Plus, that print brought a request from the Operation Game Thief folks.

It's amazing how your name becomes familiar the more it appears on various donor lists. Requests for Caldwell art and many commissions have resulted from those early donations.

Donating work was sometimes painful, but I created a following for my art. People were learning my name and I was developing a reputation and a profitable market. I was even named Texas State Artist of the year in 2004.

The goal in donating your professional work is of course to aid good causes, but also to develop your brand and product

value. A few of my early paintings were full donations, but I banked on the exposure, an investment that paid off in later years.

After “Fly Texas,” I painted — and donated — “Ancient Traditions,” then “Traditions Continued,” for Texas Parks & Wildlife. Then **Ducks Unlimited** came along and I created work for its fundraisers.

I no longer completely donate work to organizations and fundraisers, but the groups I aid still benefit — sometimes more so than when I was starting out — because of the following and reputation I've cultivated increased the value of my work at auctions.

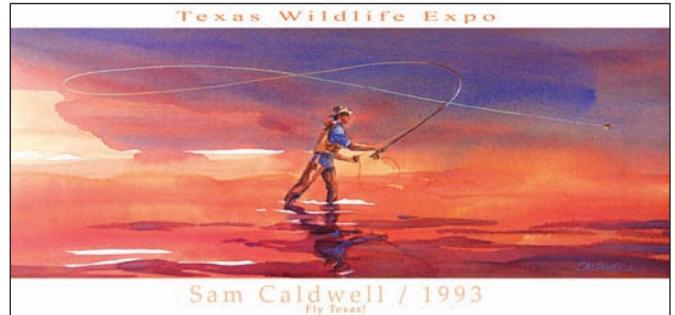
When I look back at my career, many of my best friends and patrons resulted from donations to good causes. Several of the art prints I still sell stemmed from partnerships with the Coastal Conservation Association, Ducks Unlimited, Texas Parks & Wildlife and Operation Game Thief.

You, whether a writer, videographer or photographer, can do the same. Get acquainted with your state parks and wildlife department, the game warden association, and the top conservation groups in your state.

Visit in person. Create your best work. Donate it. Then watch your reputation — and your bank account — grow. ■



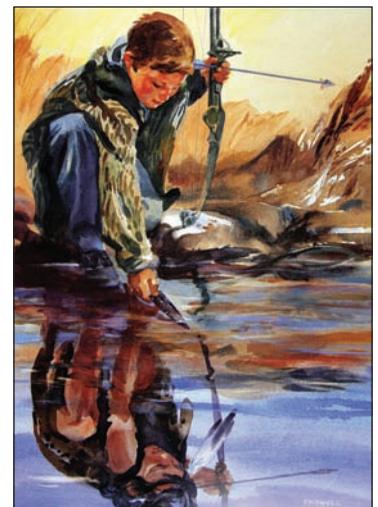
Sam Caldwell is an outdoor artist, writer, editor and photographer. Caldwell, an OWAA board member, says his main goal with OWAA is to add 15 artists to the membership in 2015. His studio/gallery/home is near Houston, Texas. See his work at www.samcaldwell.com.



“Fly Texas!” is one of several paintings Sam Caldwell created and donated to outdoor agencies and organizations.



“Ancient Traditions,” is another piece Caldwell donated.



Caldwell created and donated this painting to Operation Game Thief.



Caldwell created the above painting, “Thirteen Years Old,” for **Ducks Unlimited**. By donating his work to outdoor organizations and agencies, Caldwell created a following of his work. While giving away work can seem counter-intuitive, donating can pay off in the long run by building the creator's reputation.

Adding a new point of view

BY ALEX ZIDOCK

You can never capture enough video on a shoot. And when you're a "one man/woman band" you need to make sure your composition exudes the talents of a full orchestra when it finally lights up the television screen. So while you have the eye for the shot and the knowledge to make your primary camera hum, you need another point of view to captivate your audience.

Point-of-view cameras were developed to be hands-free. They mount on handlebars, helmets or with chest harness to record the point-of-view of the person doing the activity.

The cameras seem to be everywhere now. They are inexpensive enough that every biker, diver and driver has one. And you, whether a seasoned pro or new to video, need one too, and you need to use it often.

The point-of-view camera is a specialty tool for videographers, to be used in addition to whatever other video equipment you shoot. The stuff you get from it may not work on every shoot, but when you do get something unique it makes your scene sing.

Compact, these cameras are usually super wide angle and the lenses don't zoom. Most record 1080 HD and you can operate some from your smart phone.

Before you buy a point-of-view camera check them all out and pick the model that fits your type of shooting. There are several styles and designs and they offer a variety features. With some you can't see what you are recording. Some are water resistant, some totally waterproof. One model can record in "ski mode," capturing the downhill runs, while automatically shutting off while you are standing in the lift line. The important thing is they all can take a tumble, eat dirt and still function.

They record hours of video on one charge and can be mounted on almost anything. For example, a one-ounce "cigar-head" camera model can clip to your ear with a wire leading to the mechanical body that you can stick in your pocket.

Point-of-view cameras can tape in high speed for replay in slow motion. The more you use it the more applications you'll find for it.

These cameras are great for fishermen to wear on their heads or chest to record landing that special fish. Or it can be mounted on an archer to capture the shot of a lifetime. But I don't use mine that way.

I take my point-of-view camera on every story. Sometimes it just stays in my bag. It's there but never forgotten. I put it in places where I can't stay to get a particular shot, in situations where I don't want to be because of the danger involved, or at an unusual angle that I can't get at with my larger video camera.

A point-of-view camera can transform a mundane scene on a simple fishing trip into an appealing two-camera sequence. I can hold it under water for a fish shot, or I can mount it on a wading staff and hold it on the bottom of a shallow lake or stream. I can



Alex Zidock (left) puts his point-of-view camera in places he does not want to be — like up close to this rattlesnake — to get a different perspective while reporting a story. Video still by Alex Zidock.

mount it on the rim of a landing net and film the capture of a fish. Mine even has a waterproof case that floats if I let go of it.

When I get to the editing suite I check my point-of-view footage first. It is usually the secondary camera and it will not carry the main image of the story that I'm building. But by capturing it first, when I'm selecting from my primary camera I can imagine where the point-of-view shots will work and I keep that in mind when I finally get to edit the story.

I produce two 30-minute shows for television, mostly as a one-person crew. Yet my stories have multiple angles and perspectives. I don't know how I ever worked without a point-of-view camera. ■



Alex Zidock follows a hooked fish with his point-of-view camera for an underwater shot where only his hand gets wet. Photo courtesy Alex Zidock.



Alex Zidock is a multi-tasking communicator who produces the award-winning "Out in the Open," a weekly regional outdoors television talk program co-hosted with his wife JoAnne; and a monthly variety program, "Wallenpaupack Life," in the Pocono Mountains region of northeastern Pennsylvania. A masthead writer, book author, video producer and graphic designer, he's been a still photography and film/video professional since the early 1960s. He's been a member of OWAA since 1975. Contact him at azidock@ptd.net.

Secrets to securing sources

BY BRENT FRAZEE

I'll never forget how I picked up my first source in Missouri.

It was 1980 and my first week on the job at The Kansas City Star. I had worked the past four years in Racine, Wisconsin at the Journal-Times and I had a Rolodex full of sources. (Yes, we had Rolodexes back in those days.) But I was starting over when I moved to Missouri.

My wife and I didn't know a soul. And worse yet, I didn't have single source or story subject.

So I started the old-fashioned way. I hopped in my Jeep and drove to the new Truman Dam, which was creating a buzz at the time. While on the access road to the water below the dam I spotted a sign for Norm's Bait and Tackle and turned in.

Inside I met a bear of a man named Norm Trautman, who immediately stuck out his meaty paw and gave me a crushing handshake.

As I asked him about the fishing in that part of Missouri, he tossed me a handful of homemade jigs and said, "Money-back guarantee. If you go down below the dam right now and don't catch fish, bring 'em back and you'll get your money back."

Trautman laughed at his own joke. He hadn't charged me anything.

I drove below the dam and saw a crowd of fishermen lined up along the riprap and I squeezed into a gap. Soon I was enjoying my introduction to Missouri by catching fish at a fast pace.

Later I drove back to Trautman's shop and took some time to talk. I had my first source.

Over the next few years I did several articles on Trautman, who guided for crappies. And just as important, he supplied me with the names of other fishermen I could contact for other stories.

Several times, I got stories just sitting around at the bait and tackle shop and eavesdropping on the conversations between other fishermen. That might not seem very sophisticated, but over the years, it has proven to be one of my most effective ways

to gain sources.

Moral of the story: You have to get out there.

The best outdoors writers — or writers in general, for that matter — are snoopy.

"Who was that you just talked to?"

"I heard there was a state-record size bass just shocked up during surveys at Lake of the Ozarks. Any truth to that rumor?"

"Someone just called with a story about a huge buck that was taken by a bowhunter. Any idea how I can reach him?"

Those are just a few questions I've been known to ask. In the process, I have a far bigger source file than I ever had in that Rolodex back in Racine.

Good sources can be the difference between a great outdoors story and a mediocre one. Here's a few tips on how to build your source list.

■ **Hang out with the right crowd:**

This might seem obvious, but it is the key to developing sources. Pull into that little bait shop off the beaten track, that mom and pop archery shop, that little convenience store that sells hunting and fishing equipment. Introduce yourself, then talk the talk. Convince the people that you're not just a big-city newspaper writer or freelancer doing a story on the outdoors. That first and foremost, you share their love of hunting and fishing and are searching for unusual stories.

■ **Get out of your comfort zone:** It's easy to do repeat stories on your buddies or to do first-person articles, but that's the lazy way of doing things. Don't let your ego get in the way of a good story. Yes, maybe your readers want to read about your adventures every once in a while, but not every week. They want to read about different characters in different settings. Force yourself to find new sources, and tag along with them for the day. It might not be comfortable at first, but I have met many people who have become close friends that way.

■ **Develop your go-to sources:** One of the keys to good source development is having a few "go-to" people with whom you have a good relationship and mutual trust. Often those people will confide in you about a big poaching case, a recurring pollution problem that is having a big impact

on fishing, or the loss of public hunting land. They provide the tip, then it's up to you to get people to go on the record.

■ **Use different sources to relate the same story:** After 35 years at The Kansas City Star, it gets to be a challenge to come up with new ways to cover major events such as the annual deer opener. That's where sources come in. They'll tip you off to unusual ways to cover the same story. For example, search for groups that have set up deer camp in the same place for years. Or someone who is older than dirt who hasn't missed a season for decades.

■ **Use social media:** I never thought this would be on my list. I'm an old-fashioned newspaper writer and I believe in developing sources through personal contact. I'm still getting used to using my cell phone. But social media can be a huge help in developing sources. I have friended many guides and hunters and fishermen on Facebook, and it has paid off. Don't be too proud to beg. Reach out via your Facebook page, simply requesting that if anyone knows someone who would fit what you're looking for in a story to contact you. I have gotten several good articles that way.

Trautman passed away June 10 at age 83, and I miss him already. We kept in touch infrequently over those last years. He invited me to go fishing again, but I never had the time. I regret now that I didn't take him up on those offers. When we talked, I often reminded him that he was my first source in Missouri. He'd laugh and say, "You don't seem to have any trouble finding people to write about now." That's true, but he's the one who introduced me to the Missouri way. That giant file of contacts I now have started, and grew, with him. ■



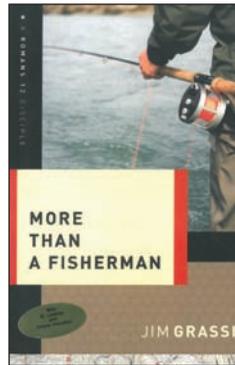
Award-winning writer and photographer Brent Frazee has been the outdoors editor of The Kansas City Star since 1980, the same year he joined OWAA. He is an OWAA and Future Fisherman Foundation board member and is president of the Outdoor Writers of Kansas. He lives in Parkville, Missouri with his wife Jana.

BOOKSHELF

More Than a Fisherman

By **Jim Grassi**, Thomas Nelson Publishers; soft cover, 145 pp.; more than 22 images; \$10.99.

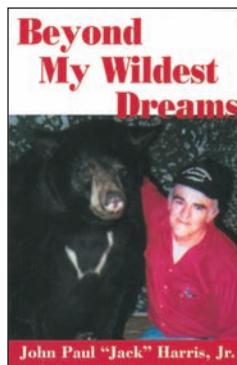
Through the use of stories from modern day fishermen, readers are guided on a unique journey of how Jesus used eight of his 12 fishermen disciples in his ministry. This book gives insights into what it means to be a fisher of men and a great fisherman. An accomplished fisherman, storytelling comes easy for Grassi. He is able to mix his knowledge of God's word, fishing experience, wit, humor and perspective into an enjoyable product that creates within us an appetite to live a more effective life.



Beyond my Wildest Dreams

By **John Paul "Jack" Harris, Jr.**, self-published; soft cover, 172 pp.; \$18.95.

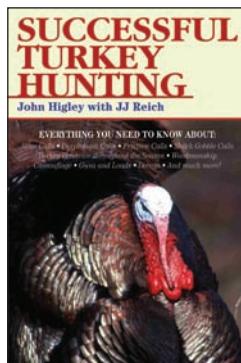
This book has something for everyone, from the novice outdoorsmen to the journeymen enthusiast, taking you from the Alaskan wilderness to the deep Sea of Cortez and beyond. Share close encounters working with hundreds of bears. Scuba dive at some of the world's most exciting locales. Go on an African safari trophy hunt. Observe animal species on the Galapagos Islands of Ecuador. Come along with Jack Harris as he offers hunting and fishing tips and tales grained through years of personal experience and professional guiding.



Successful Turkey Hunting

By **John Higley** and **J.J. Reich**, Skyhorse Publishing; hardcover; 304 pp.; \$24.95.

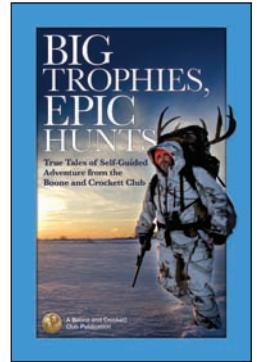
"Successful Turkey Hunting" is based on five years of columns written for the publications of the National Wild Turkey Federation, with a few stories from other publications tossed in the mix. Authors John Higley and J. J. Reich have expanded and updated the articles for this book. Included are such subjects as what drives turkey behavior, the importance of calling, how anyone can learn to call, and the part woodcraft plays. Also included are thoughts on basic equipment and how to deal with a wide range of scenarios encountered while hunting wild turkeys.



Big Trophies, Epic Hunts: True Tales of Self-Guided Adventure from the Boone and Crockett Club

Introduction by Jason Matzinger, Boone and Crockett Club, <http://www.boone-crockett.org/epichunts/>; hardcover and paperback; 280 pp.; \$29.95 and \$19.95.

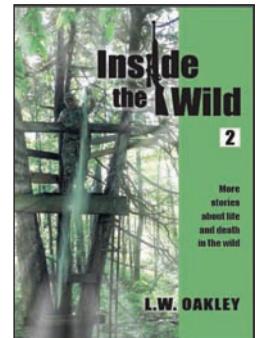
Thirty amazing-but-true stories, each starring a determined hunter and a world-class trophy — most taken without a guide on public land — are the featured attractions in a new book by the Boone and Crockett Club. "Big Trophies, Epic Hunts" is a collection of incredible tales from Boone and Crockett's trophy archives. Boone and Crockett members receive a discount if purchased directly from the club.



Inside the Wild 2

By **Larry Oakley**, General Store Publishing House; softcover; 142 pp., 38 photographs; \$20.

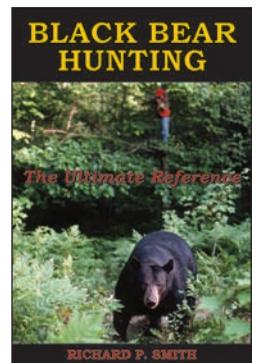
Larry Oakley takes you deep inside the Ontario wilderness using vivid storytelling and poetic writing to provide simple, powerful insights into life and death in "Inside the Wild 2." It gets you thinking about the hidden world of the hunter, and the thin grey line separating each of us from that world. It's for hunters because Oakley captures in words what they feel in their hearts, and it's for those who wonder why hunters hunt. Read about the predatory lives and minds of the animals that live in the wild, and the fascinating rituals of the ultimate predator — the hunter.



Black Bear Hunting: The Ultimate Reference, 2nd Edition

By **Richard P. Smith**, Smith Publications, www.richardpsmith.com; softcover; 384 pp.; \$34.95.

With the recent release of the 2nd edition of "Black Bear Hunting: The Ultimate Reference" by expert Richard P. Smith from Marquette, Michigan, bear hunters can now get more information on the subject for far less money. As the book's subtitle states, the new edition of "Black Bear Hunting" is the ultimate reference. A number of the book's 37 chapters are devoted to each of the two most popular bear hunting methods — baiting and dogging — but all other techniques are also covered.



WELCOME TO OWAA



Rob Breeding teaches journalism at Northwest College in Powell, Wyoming. He also serves as the faculty adviser of the Northwest Trail, the weekly student newspaper at the community college. Breeding writes the weekly column “Out of Bounds” for the Flathead Beacon newspaper in Kalispell, Montana. He has worked for newspapers and magazines in Montana, Idaho, Arizona and California.



Matthew Dickerson is a fishing and outdoors writer from Vermont, a professor at Middlebury College and for 12 years directed the New England Young Writers Conference at Bread Loaf. His most recent book is titled “Downstream: Reflections on Brook Trout, Fly Fishing, and the Waters of Appalachia” ([http://wipfandstock.com/store/Downstream Reflections on Brook Trout Fly Fishing and the Waters of Appalachia](http://wipfandstock.com/store/Downstream_Reflections_on_Brook_Trout_Fly_Fishing_and_the_Waters_of_Appalachia)). He has lived most of his 51 years in small-town New England fishing its trout streams and small bass ponds — and sometimes its big lakes and rivers. In addition to the fishing page at his personal website (www.matthewdickerson.net/Fly-Fishing/Fly-Fishing.html) he also maintains “Trout Downstream” (www.troutdownstream.net/). Dickerson has written for several print and online magazines, and for 17 years wrote a biweekly column in the Addison County Independent. He has published two historical novels and has three forthcoming fantasy novels. So far, he has caught trout on a fly in 25 states.



Dennis Guldán has published Bird Dog & Retriever News since 1992. For about 20 years the publication came out in print, but is currently reinventing itself online. You can read back issues online at www.BDarn.com, where it’s archived about 20,000 pages. Guldán comes from an electrical engineering background. He’s not qualified to be a writer and publisher, but that doesn’t seem to bother readers. Bird Dog & Retriever News is a news/how-to publication about the upland, waterfowl and dog marketplace. It features calendars of events for gun and dog shows, in addition to field trials and hunt tests. It also feature new products and books, regional and industry news and great articles. It is always looking for new contributors. Guldán is originally from Marshfield, Wisconsin and now lives in Minnesota.



A resident of New Jersey for many years, **Bruce Edward Litton** has been active in the outdoors all his life and began his writing career at the age of 16, getting published in a number of outdoor magazines and newspapers, including the world’s most widely circulated fishing magazine at the time, Fishing World. He is currently a contributing writer for The Fisherman, a biweekly syndicated fishing columnist for Recorder Newspapers, and a blogger at www.littonsfishinglines.blogspot.com. He also writes on non-outdoor related topics in publications like The New Jersey Monthly. In addition to freelance writing, he is an avid photographer and at work on a book about why fishing matters, inspired by his son, Matt, who got him fishing seriously again 10 years ago and back to writing about it.



John McAdams was born and raised in Houston, Texas, where he started hunting at an early age with his father and grandfather. Since then, he has hunted all over the United States as well as in Namibia, South Africa and Zimbabwe. A 2007 graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, McAdams served in the Army from 2007 until 2014 and had combat deployments to Iraq and Afghanistan. His passion for the outdoors led him to create TheBigGameHuntingBlog.com in November 2012. Additionally, he writes for WideOpenSpaces.com. As a strong supporter of conservation as well as gun rights, McAdams is a member of **Safari Club International**, the **Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation**, and the **National Rifle Association**. McAdams currently lives in Washington with his wife where they both enjoy taking advantage of all the outdoor opportunities available in the Pacific Northwest.



Taylor Pardue came to hunting later in life. No one in his family hunted, so when he turned 16 he took it on himself to get his hunting license and learn to shoot and hunt. He attended North Carolina State University and graduated with a degree in wildlife biology. He is now finishing a second degree in communication studies at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. He worked as a newspaper reporter for Civitas Media between his first and second college degrees. He worked as a reporter and photographer for two papers simultaneously, has written and worked with the Quality Deer Management Association, and is an avid waterfowl and small game hunter. Pardue currently works as a freelance writer and photographer. He is a frequent contributor to North Carolina Sportsman magazine and writes short-story fiction on the side.



Bernard Williams was born and raised in Mississippi with a farm pond in the backyard. He bass fished for 20 years and fell in love with crappie fishing. He's a software engineer by trade and a graduate of the University of Southern Mississippi and Jackson State University with bachelor's and master's degrees in computer science. He hated technical writing during college years but his career choice made it necessary to enhance his writing skills. In other words, writing technical documents is his job. He started writing about his fishing techniques and it ballooned into a part-time job. He had no idea eight years ago he would be getting paid to write outdoor articles. He's written numerous outdoor articles about all aspects of crappie fishing. He's a field tester for **Pure Fishing**, Minn Kota, Garmin and others. He loves testing and writing about new and improved products. He's a staff writer for Crappie Angler & Crappie World and also writes a blog for the Clarion Ledger newspaper.



Brad Zahar looks forward to working with OWAA and meeting many of its members. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, he's spent the last few years working as a sportscaster in local television in Alabama, West Virginia and Virginia. During that time his desire to write and provide stories about the outdoors has grown exponentially. An avid bowhunter and fisherman, Zahar has recently taken up fly-fishing, along with pheasant hunting, while working to train and hunt with his family's German shorthaired pointer. He's also hoping to start doing some freelance writing and video production this winter with hunting and fishing for his blog, BradZahar.com which he hoped to have fully up and running by the end of October.

Leave a lasting legacy with OWAA

BY JIM SMITH

Recently my wife and I decided to update our family trust. It had been 10 years since we moved from Colorado to Arizona. There were some changes I had been thinking about doing, including establishing a program to leave a few dollars to a couple of organizations to which I belonged and worked for throughout my life. High on my list was the Outdoor Writers Association of America.

Setting up a way to leave money for OWAA was easy. I determined a percentage to give to the organization and my attorney simply put it into our family trust, listing the percentage and using the name and address of OWAA.

When my wife or I dies, the trust funds go directly to the remaining spouse. Upon that person's passing, the estate pays any and all bills and the percentage allocated to OWAA.

OWAA's legal counsel **Bill Powell** said OWAA can be named as a beneficiary in a will or trust with any wording similar to this: "Outdoor Writers Association of America, Inc., with headquarters currently in Missoula, Montana." If you wish for your gift to become part of the permanent endowment of OWAA, say "to be included in the Endowment Trust." Additional guidance on gifting funds specifically to OWAA can be found on pages 102 and 103 in the 2014-2015 OWAA Directory.

As these funds are then invested by OWAA, they will hopefully grow in value. It would only take a few members to add OWAA to their wills and trusts to get the organization some big bucks to fund OWAA projects. Planned gift giving could significantly enhance OWAA's ability to carry on its goals and objectives for many years. This is a way for you to contribute to OWAA's ongoing success, even after you are gone.

There is no cost involved in setting this up — unless you are creating your will from scratch. You don't give any money until after you are gone and can't miss it.

This article was not meant to be a solicitation. It's meant to be a reminder of another way you can help OWAA and other organizations near to your heart.

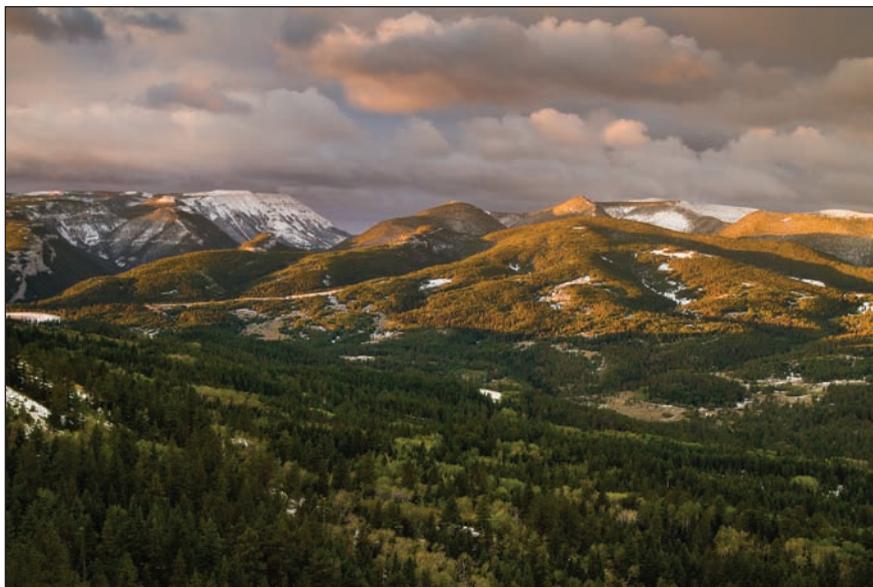
When all is said and done and there are a couple of nickels left in the pot, spend it. Take care of yourself, your spouse and kids, then take care of the organizations you love. ■



Jim Smith is an outdoor writer who has had a long career writing articles on fishing, hunting and outdoor activities. He spent five years as editor of MUSKIE Magazine. Recently he was inducted into the Freshwater Fishing Hall of Fame as a "Legendary Communicator." Retired, he now spends his days photographing wildlife and writing for pleasure. He has been a member of OWAA since 1992.

OWAA's annual conference: Knoxville, Tennessee, June 26-28, 2015

Session spotlights



With millions of acres of public land, there's millions of stories to cover. This year at conference Sunday sessions will emphasize public land issues. Photo courtesy **Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation**.

Make sure you don't miss Sunday. We've broken up our one full classroom day on June 28 to cover two topics crucial to outdoor communicators: Public lands issues and the business of outdoor communication.

Session track #1: Public Lands

Don't miss your chance to hear speakers from local and federal government agencies, lobbyists, politicians and advocacy groups as they join together to cover topics from public lands access for journalists to ATV and multi-use on public lands to the 100th anniversary of the National Park Service.

Session track #2: The Business of Outdoor Communications

For many, the craft is easy. It is the business aspects that can be tricky, for newcomers and experts alike. We're putting together a full slate of sessions to help you improve your business. Possible topics include pricing your freelance services, the latest tools to showcase and promote your work, how the digital age has changed outdoor communications and how to make the most of it.

Meet the editors

You've gathered the story ideas, now it's time to sell them. Hear from editors at regional and national outdoors publications about their editorial needs and how to tailor your pitches. Then we will open the floor to questions from the audience. This Q-and-A style session will be followed by a meet-and-greet with the panel. Use this opportunity to talk in a less formal environment, build relationships and sell your ideas to prospective buyers. Clip boxes will be available for you to leave samples for any of our editors or publishers.



Dawn Merritt and **Glenn Sapir** talk about their publications' editorial needs during the Meet the Editors Panel in McAllen, Texas, in May 2014.

OWAA's annual conference: Knoxville, Tennessee, June 26-28, 2015

Story idea: Tennessee Valley Authority

The Tennessee Valley Authority, a corporation owned by the U.S. government that does not receive taxpayer money, provides electricity for 9 million people in parts of seven southeastern states at prices below the national average. It also provides flood control, navigation and land management for the Tennessee River system and assists utilities and state and local governments with economic development.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is unlike other large power companies. Part of their mission is to protect the region's natural resources. They've offered to work with any communicators coming to Knoxville looking for stories. Here's a little about what they do.

Water quality

The authority rates the condition of each reservoir and stream based on ecological factors. It also samples fish at

stream sites. State agencies use the data to protect and improve fisheries.

The authority also improves the fisheries. It spent \$60 million installing equipment to increase dissolved oxygen concentrations below 16 dams. It also made operational changes and installed equipment to ensure minimum water flows through its dams.

The authority completed a second round of improvements installing or enhancing oxygen systems at nine projects. It installed two autoventing turbines at Boone Dam. The additional oxygenation capacity will help offset the increased oxygen demands associated with delaying the seasonal drawdown of reservoirs until Labor Day.

Land Management

The authority manages 293,000 acres of public land and 11,000 miles of public shoreline.

In carrying out its land-management

responsibilities, the corporation is guided by its mandate to consider the effects of its activities in areas such as land reclamation, public recreational use, economic development, wildlife management and cultural and historic preservation.

Recreation

Millions of people enjoy recreational activities on Tennessee Valley Authority lakes each year. The lakes and the 293,000 acres of land the authority manages provides limitless opportunities for activities like water skiing, canoeing, sailing, windsurfing, fishing, swimming, hiking, nature photography, picnicking, bird watching and camping.

To get in touch with the authority, or for other Knoxville story ideas, contact Erin Donovan with Visit Knoxville at edonovan@knoxville.org. Check out the Visit Knoxville website at www.visitknoxville.com.

Up to \$15,000 up for grabs in 2015 contests

With 10 contests and 48 categories, you're sure to win in the OWAA 2015 Excellence in Craft contests. Avoid late fees and submit your entries by Jan. 12, 2015.*

Contests include:

- Television/Video/Webcast
- Radio/Podcast
- Magazine/E-zine
- Newspaper/Website
- Blog
- Column
- Book/E-book
- Children's story in a newspaper, magazine or Web product
- Illustration/Graphic
- Photography

To enter the contests, go to www.owaa.org/eic. Rules and entry forms are available online.

The contests will continue with the new digital online entry system first instituted in 2011. For entries submitted this way, the entry fee will remain as it has been for the past few years, at \$10 per submission. For those who choose to send in their entries via postal mail (for example, magazine clips instead of PDFs submitted online), the fee will be \$20 per entry. This higher fee excludes books, CDs and DVDs. The fee increase covers admin costs for digitizing paper entries.

*The receive-by deadline for the Book/E-book contest entries at OWAA headquarters was Dec. 1, 2014.

Portfolio

By Ruth Hoyt

A photography teacher shares a few career favorites and tips.



Hoyt captured this image of fisherman casting his bait net, with an older Nikon body she hadn't used before. Without knowing its frame rate of up to three per second, she captured a few shots, including this one, proving photography is part skill and part luck.



Although the great kiskadee is described as a flycatcher, it also preys upon minnows, crawfish and anything else it can catch, like this poor frog. Being ready for when the bird flies up to a perch to eat is key for getting the shot.



A yellow-warbler takes a bath. Hoyt often tells students capturing birds as they bathe makes for entertaining pictures.



A curve-billed thrasher proves that every rule and suggestion, including avoiding photographing birds from the front, has an exception. Hoyt couldn't resist this angle which captured a real "Angry Bird."



These cactus bloom for one day, once a year, usually near Easter. The year Hoyt captured this shot, she drove 20 minutes to a ranch every morning and hiked to check the buds. After days of leaving empty-handed she began checking every other day. One morning she realized it had been three days since she last checked, but when she arrived, a sweet reward waited — a full blossom on each plant, soft-overcast light, no wind, a beautiful S-composition and a tree with new leaves above to frame the composition.”



(Top) Hoyt collected four Rio Grande leopard frogs and placed them in their assigned seats at nightfall. A friend lit the scene with truck headlights.
 (Right) Cane toads remain hidden most of the time but emerge when it rains and insects are moving. Hoyt lay in the wet gravel to get a low angle of this toad as it caught newly emerged termites.



Anticipation is a big part of getting unusual shots and behaviors. Hoyt saw the crested caracara approaching the Harris’s hawk from behind and got her camera in position.



Young birds beg until their parents refuse to feed them and this long-billed thrasher was no exception. It was relentless in following the adult and occasionally would receive a tidbit. Hoyt pans and tracks the birds as they move around, watching for the key moment.



Freelancer class action settlement update

BY BILL POWELL

Author's note: This is a requested distillation for OWAA members describing the status of a large class action lawsuit affecting tens of thousands of freelancers. The best resource for information about the lawsuit is the website www.copyrightsettlement.com. Of particular value is the "full notice" posted there. This article should be considered commentary only.

In 2001, the U.S. Supreme Court, in the "Tasini" case, declared publishers who made their publications available via online databases and included freelancer work, as well as the database publishers, had infringed the freelancers' copyrights unless they had explicit permission to republish freelancer works in that way. In the absence of a written agreement granting such rights, this was copyright infringement, according to the Supreme Court. The Court suggested that some system be developed for compensation of freelancers whose works had been infringed in this way similar to the way recording artists are compensated for their recordings being replayed in public settings.

The settlement that recently became final in the federal court in New York City covers two classes of freelancers, those who registered their affected copyrights with the U.S. Copyright Office before Dec. 31, 2002, and those who did not. The first of these classes is divided as to how compensation under the settlement will be distributed into what are called "Category A" and "Category B." Nearly all of those covered by the settlement have unregistered copyrights and are in the second class, called "Category C" under the compensation formulae. Under the settlement, freelancers who did not opt out of being included when an opportunity to do so existed in 2005 or when another opportunity was offered for a time ending May 9, 2014, will have no right to complain about the infringements of copyrights that are covered in the settlement. The copyright infringements covered occurred during the period of Aug. 14, 1997, through May 31, 2005, and were committed by any of the publishers who were defendants or who choose to participate in the settlement by paying into the \$18 million-plus fund that will be distributed to freelancers. Approximately 50 publishers are known to be participating, and they include many of the most well-known publishers of newspapers and magazines.

No compensation will be paid to any members of the settlement classes of freelancers unless they filed a claim in this long-running litigation prior to Sept. 30, 2005. Thus those tens of thousands of freelancers defined as members of the plaintiff classes who did not either file a claim or opt out of the settlement will have publication of their works legitimized as to past and future use by the participating publishers without any compensation.

Payments to those who filed claims when they could do so nine years ago are expected to commence in early 2015. The formulae for compensation differs for the three categories of freelancers. Category A claimants are most highly compensated for the infringements. They are those who registered their copyrights before any infringement occurred or within three months of first publication, and thus they qualify for statutory damages under the Copyright

Act. Category B claimants, who get much less compensation per infringement, are those who registered their copyrights before Dec. 31, 2002, but after infringement and more than three months after first publication. Category C claimants, the bulk of those covered, who get the smallest amount of compensation per infringement, are those owning unregistered copyrights or copyrights registered after Dec. 31, 2002.

The rationale for unregistered copyright owners getting much less is that there remains some doubt under the Copyright Act whether they could get anything at all via the legal system for any infringement of their copyrights. A prior settlement of this same litigation was set aside by an appellate court on the theory that no such compensation could be approved for those holding unregistered copyrights, but the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that in a class action settlement this was permissible. The revised settlement now approved gives the Category C claimants (those with unregistered copyrights) 14 percent more than the meager amounts allowed them in the first settlement years ago, and also contemplates that perhaps some more will be added to the pool of dollars allocated among them.

This complex litigation ran over some 14 years through multiple federal trial courts, the federal Second Circuit Court of Appeals and the U.S. Supreme Court. The services of well-known mediator Kenneth Feinberg were employed throughout much of that time period, both for the earlier settlement and also for the settlement that is now finally approved. The Authors Guild, the National Writers Union, and the American Society of Journalists and Authors all have endorsed the settlement.

Under the math employed by the knowledgeable people who negotiated this agreement, oversimplifying considerably, it may be inferred that fair compensation for infringement of one's copyright goes something like this: if the copyright is unregistered, it's worth \$X; if it's registered, but not promptly, it's worth 5.5 times \$X; if it's registered promptly, it's worth 22 times \$X. In the settlement being discussed here X equals \$68.40.

The notion that an author or creator owns the copyright to his or her creation from the moment it's created remains viable, but this settlement suggests that failing to register the copyright promptly with the Copyright Office drains nearly all of the value from your copyrights. Another thing that may be inferred from this settlement and other recent cases is that freelancers should almost always have written agreements about what rights are being granted. Some other cases (although none in the Supreme Court) suggest that unless you deny such rights in writing, those purchasing just one-time rights also are getting at least some online publication rights. ■



Bill Powell has been OWAA's Legal Counsel since the 1990s, and has been involved in OWAA's legal affairs since his cum laude graduation from the University of Missouri School of Law in 1981, where he was an editor of the Missouri Law Review. In 1994, he was granted Life Member status for his service to OWAA, and in 2005 he was awarded the Ham Brown Award, OWAA's highest award "for devoted past service to the organization over a period of continuous years."

SUPPORTER SPOTLIGHTS

The super spice cHarissa adds flavor to fish, game and fowl

At 90 years old, Earl Fultz is still sometimes surprised he's running a start-up company. But while it might not be how he imagined spending his 90s, he wouldn't have it any other way.

The former fiction writer launched the cHarissa corporation to market his wife's recipe for a "super spice" that's good on everything.

It's the tagline, because it's true, Fultz said.

cHarissa, a cumin-based spice, is a uniquely perfect blend for fish, game, fowl and just about everything else.

"Keep it in the kitchen, bring it camping, take it to your next tailgate party and carry it along for outdoor fish fries, barbecues or clam bakes," he said. "There's no refrigeration needed."

Fultz grew up on the Montana frontier, while his wife Gloria, a gifted cook, was born in Morocco. She eventually tamed the fiery spices of her native land so their children could enjoy the flavors of Moroccan cuisine on their favorite American dishes. The result was cHarissa, a recipe that remained within the family for more than 50 years until Gloria's recent passing.

It was Gloria who encouraged Fultz to start the business.

She knew she'd die before him, due to her declining health and

hoped cHarissa might help Fultz fill the void when she passed. While the void Gloria left can never truly be filled, the business has kept Fultz busy.

"Dealing with this business daily helps me live with a sense of purpose and keeps Gloria more vividly with me," he said. "cHarissa gives me a reason to get up in the morning, have meetings, meet new and interesting people, make plans, solve problems, be frustrated — all those wonderful things that let you know you're alive."

This October, Fultz and cHarissa hit a high note when the Cutchogue, New York-based company was chosen as one of five in the country to receive the prestigious Wells Fargo Small Business Works award.

cHarissa is available in four-ounce dry rub shakers, eight-ounce condiment style jars and a 32-ounce dry rub container. Made from all natural ingredients, it is 100 percent free of sugar, gluten and MSG, so serve it without shame.

The savory new exotic spice is available on-line exclusively at www.outdoortom.com.

OWAA members who can provide coverage can contact member **Tom Schlichter** for free samples at: tschlichter@optonline.net. ■

Savor the flavor (and health benefits)

Creative Culinary Solutions offers marinade that enhances taste and is good for you

A recent national survey conducted for National Public Radio by Thomson Reuters found 61 percent of Americans are concerned about contamination of the food supply, noting meat and seafood as their top concerns.

"Those numbers are about what I'd expect," said Dan Neumann, president of **Creative Culinary Solutions, Inc.** "This is a problem about which consumers are growing increasingly aware."

It's also a problem for which Neumann's company has found a solution. Marinade Express, the world's most unique tabletop home marinade system, is known for making foods tender, juicy and more flavorful, but it also offers important health benefits.

"Our system allows users to "vacuum tumble" wild game, fish, meats, poultry and fresh vegetables for faster flavor, superior taste and amazing tenderness," Neu-

mann said. "But it also reduces unwanted chemical additives, preservatives and other contaminants. It even eliminates up to more than 99 percent of bacteria that can cause spoilage and food-borne illness."

Easy to use, this system marinates in minutes instead of days. Most items are fully marinated in 20 minutes or less.

Specially-formulated MX Marinades dissolved in water initiates the patented process to open cellular structures and rapidly infuse natural flavors without adding sodium. Used in combination with the MX Marinades, the Marinade Express also reduces the formation of free radicals during cooking, extends the shelf life of meats, fish and poultry to be refrigerated or frozen, and may even help reduce fat.

OWAA member **Andy Lightbody** is a believer. He recently sampled the Marinade Express and is recommending its use in his

soon to be released cookbook, "All Things Jerky."

"It's not a product that promises a 10 and delivers a five," Lightbody said. "It performs exactly as advertised. In less than an hour you can marinate anything for the barbecue, oven or smoker — and the health benefits are great."

Starting in 2015, the Marinade Express will have an additional benefit to offer, a significant reduction in mercury in fish with the addition of several new marinades.

Visit www.marinadeexpress.com for recipes or to see the Marinade Express in action. OWAA members can purchase the system for \$199, a \$100 savings off the \$299 retail price.

Contact **Tom Schlichter** at outdoortom@optonline.net or 631-765-5070 for more information. ■

2014 Norm Strung Youth Writing Awards

Junior prose, First place

When 9.9 Horsepower is Close Enough

BY LIZ WEIERS

New Prague, Minnesota

You know the grass is always greener on the other side? That's how my brother, Joe, and I feel about Cedar Lake. We live on the northeast corner, where the fishing is fine, but not compared to the west end. There you'll catch a limit of sunfish in an hour. The biggest are on the southwest end of the lake.

Joe and I used to fish every day in the summer, but we could only leave our dock when our dad took us on the pontoon. He rarely had time. We couldn't use the pontoon alone. So we were stuck on the side of the lake with OK fishing, where it takes hours to catch a limit of sunnies, and Joe once caught a 10-inch bass.

At the beginning of June, right after I finished 7th grade, Joe offered a solution.

"Liz and I want to buy our own fishing boat," he announced to our parents. Mom asked if we had enough money, so we figured out we had around \$1,000. Dad told us we should get an aluminum boat, not fiberglass because it was too heavy. Also, instead of getting a boat lift, we could set up a winch beside our dock and crank the boat up to shore.

Joe and I searched all the boat listings in Minnesota. I set the maximum price at \$800 so we'd still have money for gas and other expenses.

During the next week, we found some boats that looked perfect. Dad disagreed, usually because the motor was in bad shape. We listened because Dad knows a lot about boats, but it seemed like only a yacht would satisfy him.

After three weeks, it looked like we'd be stuck fishing off our dock forever. Dad

vetoed more boats. Some passed his inspection, but when Mom called the sellers, they said they'd already sold their boats. I was sick of it. I love fishing because it isn't stressful, but after searching for a boat I was more stressed than ever.

One June 29, Joe and I read a new listing for \$650. "14-foot aluminum fishing boat with 9.9-horsepower Johnson motor and trailer," it said. Perfect! Underneath was a picture and the location, Lakeville, only half an hour away. We'd wanted our motor to be at least 10 horsepower, but 9.9 was close enough. Even Dad approved! Mom called the next morning.

"You and Dad will look at the boat at 6 tonight," she told Joe and me. We cheered. The rest of the day dragged. We fished until we had to leave. Dad told us on the way not to act excited about the boat in front of the seller. If we acted like it didn't meet our expectations, we might be able to buy it at a lower price.

Dad drove the truck up a driveway where a barefoot man stood by a boat. It was an ugly shade of tan mixed with brown and green. If Crayola made a crayon of that color, they'd call it "Blah." There were three wood benches inside the boat with a red seat attached to the front one. The boat was a 1962 Sea Cloud with a 1981 Johnson motor.

It took all of my acting skills to pretend I didn't love it. Joe and I solemnly agreed we wanted it. After the barefoot man started the motor with one pull of its rope, Dad asked the man if he'd take \$600. He said yes. We left with a boat!

"Come see our boat!" I yelled to Mom when we got home.

"How's the motor?" she asked.

"It's great!" Dad replied. He pulled the rope, but the motor didn't start, and the rope didn't go back in. That wasn't funny.

Joe and I both went inside crying. After Dad worked on the motor for a long hour, it ran again!

We put the boat in the water at a public access two days later. Dad showed me how to drive first because I'm older than Joe by a year. I went slow and kept steering the wrong way. Halfway to our dock, Dad had me stop and try restarting the motor. I couldn't. Dad tried instead, but he couldn't either. Luckily, we had canoe paddles with us. We paddled the remaining quarter mile.

Dad ordered a carburetor kit to fix our motor. I helped him replace the parts. I couldn't believe he expected those tiny pieces to repair it, but they did! We put the boat back in the lake later. I drove more until Dad was convinced I could do it alone.

Finally, Joe and I loaded the boat with our fishing equipment and set off. We weren't to go too far in case the motor quit again. We anchored in the middle of the lake where the crappies are and cast small lures. Joe caught the first fish.

It was scary being out on the lake alone. After two hours, we decided to go in. Joe started the motor and I drove away. I tried going to the dock, but I couldn't steer!

"The anchor!" Joe yelled. We'd forgotten to pull it up! I stopped so Joe could.

We fished off the boat all summer. The motor always worked. We caught sunnies in the west end and bass in the southwest part. In October, we put the boat away for the season. Dad drove to the public access with me in the front. I spent the ride wishing the access was farther away. I loved being in my boat, even when I wasn't fishing.

I was sad about putting the boat away, but ice-fishing season was next. Soon the lake would turn white with ice and snow, covering the lake beneath. A sea cloud. ■

Junior poetry, First place

Atop a Mountain in the Alaska Wilderness

BY DREW KLUTHE

Bemidji, Minnesota

Above me the sun shines through the clouds,
Like a candle breaking through the dark.
An eagle soars, letting out triumphant screech
as it clears the mountain's peak.
That peak, the final challenge of my climb, stares at me as if to say
"I dare you."

Below me is a defeated trail, conquered by me.
The footsteps in the dirt like a bread trail, leading to the final
destination.
I see my family, gasping for breath as they try to catch up.
I was always the fastest, so I wait.
Sitting on the plush, soft snow.

To my left a small patch of trees clings to the mountain.
Beyond, the city of Anchorage is lively-
It's the 4th of July after all.
Parades march through the city,
Horns, drums, and singing can be heard even from where I am.
Boats leave port, and tourists snap pictures as orcas follow ferries.

To my right, the vast Alaskan wilderness seems to go on forever.
The lush pines and the clear gushing river
Make this mountain seem almost dull.
An airplane sways me back to the present.
"Stupid airplane" I think.
The plane seems to read my thoughts as it turns away toward the
city.

Leaving me atop a mountain in the Alaskan wilderness. ■

Senior poetry, Third place

Leaking

BY ALEXANDRA PALOCZ

Weston, Massachusetts

A grey sky leaks drops of rain
bubbles in a pool of concrete
dirt and leaves and water
running together
things that were living
once
Someday, in a week
Or nine
or a year
they will be again
the patterns of the world
pulling it all together
and apart,
taking the leaks
and recycling them
into something new, like me
with these words
I write and the ink runs out
Freely, getting splotches
on the page
and on my hands
some which have meaning
that you can read
and some you can't
salt and water and ink
running together
with the parts of myself
that drip onto the page
me, my body and mind running together
a single moment in a shifting pool
Right now, I'm like like the pen and the sky
Leaking ■

ABOUT THE CONTEST...

Part of OWAA's mission is to foster the next generation of outdoors communicators, and the 2014 Norm Strung Youth Writing Awards Committee recently awarded prizes totaling \$1,700, sponsored by Safari Club International and Safari Club International Foundation. The annual contest has categories for poetry and prose in two divisions: junior (grades 6-8) and senior (grades 9-12). Entries must be outdoors-



oriented. First-place winners received \$250; second-place winners received \$125; and third-place winners received \$100. A list of this year's winners is published at www.owaa.org/contests/norm-strung-youth-writing-awards. Congratulations to the contest winners, and thank you to contest sponsors! OWAA is now accepting entries for the 2015 contest. Deadline is March 16, 2015. Visit the above website for details.

Senior prose, Second place

Our Special Treestand

BY PAIGE SZAROWSKI

Dillsburg, Pennsylvania

The brisk November wind is blocked by the wooden room as tall as a tree. Every November, since 2008, I have visited this place deep in the woods. This sacred place was a present from my grandfather, and built for my father and me by a close family friend. The land it sits on is an abandoned farm on the outskirts of Fairfield, Pa.

Although this treestand may look ordinary, it means more to me than anyone would be able to understand. The time that I have spent in this work of art has made me appreciate my surroundings. The woods around me are composed of pieces of nature that I normally would not notice.

By the middle of November, the majority of the crunchy leaves have left the trees bare and naked to the winter wind.

Every now and then my eyes catch a movement; they trick me into believing that a deer is approaching. I realize the move-

ment that caught my eyes was merely a dry and crispy leaf that was trying to remain on the tree as long as it could.

The gust of wind was just powerful enough to pry its remaining attachment away from the branch. As I watch the weak leaf fall, I cannot help but get excited for the promise of snow that is to come after the remaining leaves are stripped from the trees. The changing of the season is the most beautiful transition to witness. The weather and leaves are not the only things that I notice in the woods.

Every now and then, I am not fooled by the falling leaves. I can hear the soft crunch of the leaves as the graceful creature walks nervously, trying to venture through the woods unnoticed. Its light brown fur often blends in with the colors of autumn; but a trained eye can see the slight flicker of a white tail. Seeing the beautiful creature in its natural habitat is one of the most exciting and wonderful sights to see. While experiencing all of the peaceful nature, I have one of the most influential people in my life right by my side.

Since I am not 18 yet, my father has to assist me while I hunt in our treestand. Even

when I am technically an adult, I will still want him by my side. He sits in the opposite corner from me in the swiveling, slightly-cushioned chair, observing all of the nature that is occurring behind me. Since the shape of our treestand is a rectangle, and there are windows on all four sides, it is impossible for one person to see everything.

Whenever we first climb into the treestand, it is only a matter of minutes until I can hear his soft snore. As soon as we hear the first gun shot of the season, he and I are wide awake and alert. I would have none of these memories of the treestand without my father.

The memories I have made in this treestand are what have made it special and important to me. I spend quality time with my dad when I hunt. The nature that I see, through the sliding windows, is nothing that can be captured in a picture or video. Without this treestand, I would never have such a great appreciation for nature as I do today.

We may not always see deer, but experiencing nature and spending quality time with my father is what makes our treestand special. ■

Junior poetry, Second place

Reincarnation

BY GABRIELLA C. ECK

Jasper, Indiana

Winds whistle between the trees as
Thunder and lightning wrestle
In a contest of strength.
Hail rips the woods apart
Leaving only ghostly trunks of evergreens.

The forest is gone.
The creatures that played

In and out of the twisting
Tree paths are now a
Scattered memory of days ago.

Death fills the air in this
Place of destruction.
Roots of the fallen guardians
Gasp fresh air for the first time.

Rocks, the only victors against the winds,
Now become home for the
Carpet of lush green moss
That carries the first seeds of new life. ■

Junior prose, Third place

Heart of the Hunter

BY CAROL GREGOIRE

Lakeville, Ohio

Bang! Bang! Bang!
The gunshots echoed in the woods. Thirteen-year-old Jessie Gilbert smiled as she walked up to her brother, Kyle, and surveyed his targets.

“Not bad,” she said teasingly. “For a boy.”

Kyle grinned.

“Hey, we’ll see how good your aim is when you get back from the hunt with Dad.”

He handed her the gun. Dad nodded at Jessie as she readied to shoot.

Jessie put the gun up to her shoulder and squeezed the trigger. Bang!

A few days later, Jessie peeked out from behind the deer blind. Nothing in sight. She sighed and changed position. Glancing up at Dad, she asked, “Do you think something will come soon?”

Dad smiled at her and nodded. Jessie switched her gun to the other shoulder and looked out once more at the wooded forest. They had picked a nice spot to wait—right next to a stream that wound its way through the forest.

“And with the salt block that Dad put out,” Jessie thought, “we should have a good chance of getting a deer. Now if only one would come.”

She settled back down to wait.

She really wanted to get a deer this time, because Kyle had gotten a nice buck the last time he had gone hunting with Dad. So far, Jessie had only been able to get a rather scrawny-looking doe.

She wasn’t hunting just for that, however. Dad had taught all of his kids that hunting wasn’t just about the deer you had at the end of the hunt. It was also about what happened in between leaving to hunt and coming home with a deer. The wait was good as well.

Jessie thought through what would happen if she shot a really nice buck. She imagined coming home triumphant and Kyle saying, “All right, all right, you’re pretty good at hunting.” She knew that she probably wouldn’t get anything, but it was still fun picturing it.

Suddenly she noticed Dad motioning her to keep quiet. He slowly pointed out to the stream. Jessie’s mouth fell open as she saw a magnificent buck standing at the stream drinking. She slowly drew her gun up to her shoulder. After lining up the sights carefully she pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The deer jumped, looked around quickly, and ran away through the woods, its tail up like a flag. Jessie sighed in frustration as she put her gun down. She glanced at Dad. He smiled sympathetically and patted her shoulder.

“Why did I miss?” Jessie asked herself. “I had lined it up perfectly!”

She shook her head and settled herself in for another long wait. She kept rebuking herself for missing the shot.

As it got closer toward noon, the weather grew colder and colder. Gray clouds blocked out the sun and a few snowflakes fell, warning of a snowfall to come.

Dad dug in his backpack and handed Jessie a granola bar. She chewed on it absent-mindedly, still thinking about that buck. All of a sudden she heard a crackle. She looked over at Dad. He was looking out at the woods intently.

“Could something be coming this soon?” she wondered. She got her answer quickly as a deer stepped out of the woods and began licking the salt block. It was just a doe, but a nice one nevertheless.

“Here we go again,” Jessie thought. She really wanted to be able to get a deer today, so this time she made sure that she aimed correctly. She tried to remember everything Dad had taught her to do.

“Line up the sights, aim about one and a half inches above the head, and pull the trigger,” she thought.

Jessie hesitantly squeezed the trigger. Did she hit it? Yes, she did, and in the right spot, too. The deer staggered before dropping to the ground, its head settling on the frosty grass.

Dad and Jessie climbed down out of the deer blind and inspected her kill. It was a clean shot. Jessie was excited.

“Was it a good shot?” she asked anxiously.

“Good?” Dad said, smiling. “It was great!”

Jessie grinned back at him, relieved. Dad fished into his pocket and pulled out his hunting knife.

“Would you like to do the honors?” he asked.

“No thanks,” Jessie answered emphatically.

She watched with a wry face as Dad gutted the deer, knowing that the next time they went hunting she would probably have to gut it herself.

Then Dad attached the deer tag and the two got up and carefully took the deer through the woods to their truck. They put it in the back and set off toward the nearest check station. As they drove along, Jessie couldn’t help admitting to a feeling of accomplishment. Just wait until Kyle saw her deer and heard about the shot she’d made. He’d be green with envy.

Soon they reached the check station. As Dad and another man stood outside, doing all the registration work, Jessie stayed inside. She noticed some pictures on the wall and walked over to them. They were pictures of hunters, some her age. They were all smiling happily, even the ones who didn’t have a very big deer.

Jessie realized that it wasn’t really the size of the deer that mattered – it was the heart of the hunter. Some just hunted to kill, others to win prizes. And some hunted for the experience and the lessons that they got from it.

Soon it was time to go home. Before leaving, dad took a picture of Jessie with her deer. She made sure to smile as it was taken. Then the two climbed into the cab and set off for home, driving straight into the freshly fallen snow. ■

Junior poetry, Third place

Respect for the hunt

BY MARAIS HOUSER

Esko, Minnesota

Sitting in a majestic oak tree,
My gun by my nervous hands,
Listening, waiting, for a break in the stillness,
Nothing, noth... There! Crackling, crackling... stop
Slowly, carefully my gun is now perched waiting.

A noble beauty lightly saunters out of its hiding in
the woods,
All breath is gone. My arm is shaking,
While my heart is beating and pounding,
My eyes stay glued on my nervous goal,
The deer stops and is cautious.

Sweaty hands meet cool surface,
Sound breaks the barrier of stillness,
Bullet meets target.
Standing now, in a majestic oak tree,
Out of respect for the noble beauty which has fallen. ■

Senior poetry, First place

Father and daughter bonding

BY ALEX DIETZ

Zanesville, Ohio

The two of them stood in the middle of the water,
The current slipping away, quick and cold,
The sun slow at his zenith, sweating gold, once in sullen
summer of father and daughter.

Maybe he regretted he had brought her-
She'd rather have been elsewhere, her look told
Perhaps a year, but now too old.
Still, she remembered lessons he had taught her.

To cast towards shadows, where the sunlight fails.
And fishes shelter in the undergrowth.
And when the unseen strikes, how all else pales.

Beside the bright-dark struggle, the rainbow wroth,
Life and death weighed in the shining scales,
The invisible line pulled taut that links them both. ■

Senior poetry, Second place

Those weekends

BY BRENNAL WALTON

Champlin, Minnesota

The smell of fresh, crisp air
And the sweet aroma of wildflowers
Remind me of you
When we go fishing

Not many words are exchanged
But it's fine by me
Just to sit there
Listening to the wind and water

Whoosh! Whoosh!
Goes the wind
Grabbing at
Our ears

Thud, thud
Goes the blue, green water
Licking at
Our boat

You just smile
Content and relaxed
You sit back
With not a care in the world

I can see your center while fishing
No screens or shades
Covering you up
With stress or fake smiles

I can see your personality
Is like a stuffed bear
Fierce on the outside, but as you take
a look

Soft and squishy on the inside

As we fish
The layers of makeup wash away
Leaving, though slightly pink,
A caring, selfless person

Fishing brings back your
Laughter and casual humor
As the boat rocks
And bobbers sink to the sandy bottom

There's nothing I enjoy more
Than those weekends
Fishing on the boat
With my dad ■

Senior prose, Third place

First bird signals a great day of duck hunting

BY JOSHUA ROLLINS

Hermantown, Minnesota

The smell of microwaved waffles and syrup wafts throughout the camper, beckoning me to wake up. This is one of those times that the allure of food isn't quite enough to get me out of bed, forcing my dad to come over and shake me.

I know what is waiting for me outside though: The fun of shooting all day, and the promise of getting some ducks along the way. I eventually manage to pull myself out of the small bunk I'm sleeping in and to get the day's first meal. The rest of the group is sitting at the table eating breakfast quietly. They talk about what is to come in the rest of the day, and of how many ducks that they've shot versus the next guy. I pull on my camouflage pants and jacket, slide my boots on, grab my hat and we're out the door. We toss the guns, decoys, and the blinds into the back and start up the truck. Everyone jumps into the cab and then we're off.

Now that we are on the way I know I can get a little more shut-eye before we arrive at the spot we'll hunt this morning. Falling asleep is easy enough when you don't have to worry about much talking and the rest of the world is still pitch black.

I'm awakened again when I feel the truck bumping over big ruts in the cornfield. We are close. We pull up behind an enormous hale bale to hide the vehicle from the ducks. My dad shuts off the truck and lets every-

one know it's time to get out. We go to the tailgate and take out everything we need.

I hear the clicking of shell belts as each pouch is filled with three 12-gauge shells. I pull my gloves on in an attempt to keep out the frosty air from my fingertips so that I can keep pulling the trigger. My uncle hollers to follow him through a field towards the spot we will be hunting.

A low fog hangs over the farmland, barely masking the lake from view. The crunch of dead soybeans underfoot feels familiar as we trek across the immense field between us and the lake. When we get closer I can hear the chatter of mallards, and the sound of wings cutting through the air as they fly above me.

My uncles tells my brother to hide in a small stand of reeds along one of the banks and then he tells me to go a little farther ahead. My uncle's boots splash in the water while he is putting out a few frozen decoys. I find a comfortable spot where I can stand and watch for the ducks that will be visible in a little while.

Once I get settled in I pop open one of the pouches on my shell belt to reveal the three maroon cartridges inside. I pull them out one by one and slide them into the breach of my Remington. My uncle yells to us that is legal shooting hours and to take any shot that we can get.

I can catch a small glimpse of the sun peeking out above the horizon. We scan from one edge of the lake to the other to search for low-flying ducks. I spot a group of about five ducks coming towards me, straight up the lake. I ready myself by staying low in my blind and click the safety off

on my shotgun.

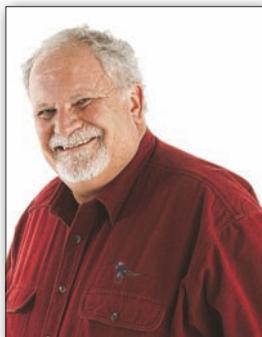
The cold steel of my barrel slides through the reeds getting ready for the first chance of the day. I line up one of the ducks in my sights and squeeze the trigger nice and slowly. Boom!! My first shot echoes across the still and silent lake.

The muzzle flashes as all of the energy from the shell is pushed out the end of the barrel, and I catch a blur of the duck falling from the sky. I quickly reload as I slide the pump down and back up to chamber a new shell. I take one more shot at the other ducks but they have already veered off in an attempt to save their own lives.

The smell of burnt gunpowder now hangs in the air around me and my barrel has heated itself up, warming my chilly hands. Two empty shells now lay at my feet, having fulfilled their purpose. My dad tells me to go get the duck that fell out of the sky just moments ago. I'm not quite sure where the duck landed so I have my dad direct me to where it is. He tells me to go a little right then a little left until I get to some soybeans.

Right about when I get to the edge of the field is when I see it, a massive mallard drake lying on the ground. I pick up the duck to examine it a little closer. The first thing I notice how soft the features are and how beautiful the colors appear. The dark green on its head is similar to that of pine tree needles, and the blue on its wing like that of a lake on a sunny day. I carry the duck back to my blind and set up in wait for the next group of ducks.

Today is going to be an excellent day. ■



We are ...

THE VOICE OF THE OUTDOORS®

OWAA has the clout to provide access to major newsmakers in the world of outdoors at our conferences, giving writers access to many different sides of important issues. Whether you are a newspaper or magazine writer or a photographer, conference craft improvement sessions will help you further your career. And our *Outdoors Unlimited* publication provides numerous tips for any outdoor communicator including information for freelancers on what publications are buying.

— TOM WHARTON, West Jordan, Utah, member since 1982



Senior prose, First place

Rapid Recovery

BY HENRY GREGSON

Moscow, Idaho

People say that life flashes before your eyes before you die. Those people are liars. All I could think about was the pain I was in, or that one gulp of air would prolong my death. Whitewater was pouring over my head and into my mouth. Some was swallowed, and some was thrown up again and again as I continued to spit when I go the chance. My life was not supposed to end violently like this.

My dad wanted to bond. I don't know why. We were never close, always arguing over some stupid little thing. When my mom died, the arguing stopped. Actually, everything stopped. Deep conversations, interesting stories, nice dinners together. That all ended. This outing was a chance for us to bond. I had been previously rafting with friends, and never really had to do or focus on anything, but now I was by myself in a kayak. Well, now I was actually out of my kayak and stuck between two rocks. I don't understand why he wanted to do this.

When we arrived at the put-in, I organized everything together. There was a young blond there, smiling and waving at us. Screw that blonde. This whole trip was an excuse, a justification of my dad's actions. Screw him. My pessimism increased when I saw them hug, and him take her hand and leading her over to me.

"Hi, I'm Michelle!" she said with a white smile. Piss off, Michelle. I smiled, said nothing and then walked over to my kayak. I could hear them whispering as I gradually turned my back on them. The river was taunting me with its beauty, gesturing with its stunning rapids. I couldn't look at them without being disgusted. I wish my mom was here. My dad wouldn't be with this fake girl. That's all she was. A girl. A young one at that.

After putting in the kayaks we went through some rapids, went over flat parts, and ate lunch on land. I didn't say anything. I didn't smile. I didn't frown. I didn't do anything. I did my best to not think. We camped that night. I slept. I ate with them. I didn't smile. They laughed, sang some, and had a one-sided conversation with me. They were happy.

My parents were happy. We had dinner together. We trusted each other with everything. We loved. I was with my mom when it happened. Of course it was a car accident. Just like all the clichéd tragic accidents. We were arguing. Arguing about a stupid party

that I wanted to get smashed at. My mom didn't know this. She had already made some plans for us or something. The argument was getting heated, and the second my mom turned her head toward me ... that was when she died. When she looked at me. The other driver died a couple of days later in the hospital. Depression is a funny thing. Remorse for the man had been blown away the second he hit our car. He had a family, but I didn't care. I hoped that they were suffering even more than I was.

My dad couldn't say anything in front of me. He had glazed eyes and a stiff body ever since that accident. Maybe I was jealous of him and his happiness with this new girl. Maybe I was mad because he smiled more with her than he did with me. Maybe I was just mad in general.

I am not mad now. I'm drowning. I would laugh at that, but I can't. I'm drowning.

More water, less air. More chaos, less hope. I knew the outcome of this situation. My legs would not magically become unstuck between these two rocks. How stupid of me.

On the second day of kayaking I had had enough peace. I was through listening to my father and that stupid girl gammer on about how wonderful life is, while that prick had been living like a zombie for the past couple of years. A new rapid. I saw the drop off from the rock. I saw the hole that my kayak might have a chance of falling into. I saw the danger. I didn't care.

Now, here I am. Dying. My kayak is over my head as I do my best to yell. This will be the last thing I ever look at. Northwest River Supply highlighted in orange. Those are the last words I will read, and they don't mean anything to me. There is no deeper meaning to my death. There is just ... well death.

Finally, this kayak is being moved from above my head. Somebody has gotten their stuff together and thought, "My God, we need to get that boy out from under there!" I felt no thankfulness, nor appreciation. Just impatience. A strong hand is gripping me now, pulling me slowly from the two rocks.

My God did that hurt. My ankle bent in every way possible, obviously broken, to squirm out of the impending rocks. Twisting from right to left and back and forth in every degree possible.

Safety. Whatever that means. The girl had saved me. After being pulled from the water, the feeling of gratitude set in. And as we made it to land, transported to a hospital and finally tended to. I could see it. I could see the happiness initiating in my mind. The sense of wholesomeness. The sense that I had felt with my mom. ■

Outdoor
Market

Jobs and editorial-needs listings are updated frequently.
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www.owaa.org/ou/category/market

Junior prose, Second place

My First Buck

BY LUKE MORRISON

Albert Lea, Minnesota

My most memorable hunt took place on a cold, rainy October day when I was 12 years old. I was going with a first-time hunter, my mom. My dad, who had always taken me deer hunting, was working more than 100 miles away from home and unable to go with me on this particular day. My mom was willing to go and sit with me in the treestand in my grandparents' woods and, as she said, "spend some quality time with me." She had never been hunting before and did not know what she was getting herself into.

When we got to my grandparents' house it had started to rain and all of our hunting clothes that I had hanging on the clothesline were soaked. I was ready to tell Mom that we should just go home because I didn't want to sit in wet, cold clothes but she took all the clothes down and went to put them in my grandma's dryer. I tried to explain that the deer would smell the dryer sheets on our clothes, but she told me it would be just fine.

I knew my dad wouldn't have done that. By the time they were dry it was about 4 p.m., leaving us not much time to hunt. I told my mom that we could just go home because it was getting pretty late, but she insisted we try even though it was sprinkling again.

We got dressed, I grabbed my bow, and we walked through the woods to the

treestand. We climbed up onto the double stand just got tethered-in and situated when I heard something rustling in the leaves below. I looked down and saw my grandma's two cats climbing up our tree. They must have secretly followed us out to the woods.

The cats climbed all the way into the treestand with us and were sitting on our laps and shoulders, making me very frustrated. At one point I was even thinking about dropping them out of the stand, but my mom wouldn't let me. (I really don't think I could have done it either but the thought crossed my mind!)

Finally the cats climbed down and wandered home to grandma's house. I told my mom to keep her eyes open because it was beginning to get dusky, and the deer would be starting to move. I told her to watch in front of us and I will look behind the stand. After about five minutes I heard something off to our left. I looked over but could not see anything. I kept watching in that direction and finally saw a deer flicker its ear. I didn't tell my mom right away that I saw the deer. I wanted to wait and see where it was heading.

It finally came into an opening in the trees, and I used my rangefinder to see that it was exactly 32.5 yards away. My mom saw the deer now and loudly whispered, "There's a deer over there." The deer looked directly at us. I slowly began to stand up and get my bow ready for a shot. My mom had a death grip on my pants because she was afraid I was going to fall out of the stand even though I was tethered tight. My heart was racing and my mom's hands were

shaking as she was now grabbing around my waist.

The deer turned and gave me a perfect broadside shot. It was almost impossible for me to turn and shoot so my mom finally let go. I then turned, drew my bow and shot it right through both lungs. Now as the one shaking. I just about dropped my bow! We were both so excited and could not believe what had just happened.

My mom called my dad while I climbed down from the treestand to see if I could find the blood trail. I found it and marked it with my hat. As we headed out of the woods we heard a crashing sound not more than 50 yards away and we just froze. We were sure the deer was down. Both of us were jumping up and down unable to hold back our excitement. We headed back to my grandparent's house and waited for Dad and our friends, Chad and Kaleb, to help us track the deer.

My dad arrived shortly and we told him the story of our hunt. He was very proud of us. We went back into the woods and my dad found the deer. We all rushed over and saw the awesome 6-point buck that I just shot with my bow. It was my very first buck ever.

My friend Kaleb and I dragged the deer out of the woods and I gutted it. I made sure to save the heart to cook that night when we got home. My mom thought that was kind of gross, but she was willing to fix it for me. I never dreamed this is the way I would get my first buck. Looking back on that day, I would not have changed a thing. Thanks Mom! ■



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The annual membership directory is an indispensable volume in my library. Outdoors Unlimited has kept me abreast of the outdoor writing industry, dispensed valuable information and has provided me a communications vehicle through which I not only learned, but also had the opportunity to communicate. Those opportunities to make myself known, in print, at conference and in board meetings, have given me an exposure that no other resource could have provided."

— GLENN SAPIR, Putnam Valley, New York, member since 1975



ASSOCIATION UPDATE

NEW MEMBERS

New member listings include references to acronyms that relate to Skills, Subject Matter, and Sections. A key for those acronyms can be found at <http://owaa.org/ou/about-owaa-skills-subject-matter-sections/>

Joseph Albanese, 32 Railroad Ave., Valley Stream, NY 11580. (C) 516-428-2309, albanesejj@gmail.com, www.josephalbanese.com. Wildlife biologist with a decade of experience in natural resources. Receiving a bachelor's degree in wildlife management from the State University of New York at Cobleskill. Worked for a myriad of government and private agencies including the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service and the U.S. Department of Agriculture — his career has taken him from the shadow of the Empire State Building to the rugged remoteness of the Alaskan bush, working with flora and fauna, piscine and terrestrial creatures. Covers a number of subjects as a writer. Although his primary focus has always been natural resources, he also covers news, cooking and how-to subjects. Credits include Field & Stream, Outdoor Life, the Suffolk Times, The Fisherman magazine, On The Water, Long Island Gun & Game, as well as scientific publications. Skills: LNOQSW; Subject Matter: ABCDFGIKLOQRSTU; Sections: Magazine, Newspaper, Photography. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Ric Burnley**.

Rob Breeding, Northwest College, P.O. Box 1235, Powell, WY 82435. (C) 406-471-7047, (W) 307-754-6444, rob.breeding@northwestcollege.edu. Journalism instructor and student newspaper adviser at Northwest College in Powell, Wyoming. Weekly outdoor columnist for the Flathead Beacon in Kalispell, Montana. Skills: ELNOW; Subject Matter: ACEORT; Sections: Media Relations/Communications, Newspaper. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Bill Watt**.

Steven Brutger, 1096 E. Main, Lander, WY 82520. (C) 307-438-2596, stevenbrutger@stalkingtheseam.com, sbrutger@tu.org, www.stevenbrutger.com. Freelance photographer based out of Lander, Wyoming, with a tendency to

dive in with gusto. Goes full throttle when it comes to photography, but maintains enough energy for raising his two kids, fishing, training gun dogs, or chasing elk (although he recognizes children are ultimately a bigger commitment). Raised on a family-owned guest ranch in Montana, Steven is a Westerner who has been criticized for having terrible East Coast geography. Also works for Trout Unlimited, protecting the places we hunt and fish, and is a co-founder of Stalking The Seam, a website dedicated to hunting, angling and family. (Sarah Annarella) Skills: CSW; Subject Matter: ABCDEGLOPR; Sections: Photography. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Chris Hunt**.

Eli Burakian, 82 Bishops Loop, Windsor, VT 05089. (H) 802-674-5369, (C) 802-683-9937, (W) 802-683-9937, eliburakian@gmail.com, <http://burakianphotography.com>. Writes and photographs guidebooks for FalconGuides as well as other self-published landscape photography work. Skills: BOSW; Subject Matter: GLMS; Sections: Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Lisa Ballard**.

Clark Bush, All About Shooting, P.O. Box 1131, Simpsonville, SC 29681. (C) 618-319-0711, (W) 618-203-8723, clark@allaboutshooting.com, www.allaboutshooting.com. Writes primarily for All About Shooting, but has done print work for Turkey & Turkey Hunting magazine and Turkey Country. Frequent consultant for other print writers on the subjects of shotguns and chokes. Works with major ammunition companies to evaluate their products both on the prototype stage and the post-production stage. Works with other manufacturers of outdoor products to evaluate their products and frequently writes and publishes product test articles to reflect his findings. Skills: L; Subject Matter: D; Sections: Media Relations/Communications. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Paul Queneau**.

Matthew Dickerson, 46 South St., Middlebury, VT 05753. (H) 802-443-5211, (C) 802-453-5583, (W) 802-443-5460, dickerso@middlebury.edu, www.matthewdickerson.net. Professor at Middle-

bury College in Vermont. Director of the New England Young Writers Conference at Breadloaf, 2002-2014. Author of numerous books including most recently, "Downstream: Reflections on Brook Trout, Fly Fishing, and the Waters of Appalachia," and he maintains the website www.troutdownstream.net. (Deborah) Skills: BLNW; Subject Matter: AGLMNR; Sections: Magazine, Newspaper, Photography. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Lisa Ballard**.

Gloria Jeanette Dickie, 1430 18th St., Unit 11, Boulder, CO 80302, gloria.dickie@colorado.edu. 2014 Bodie McDowell Scholarship recipient. Pursuing a master's degree in environmental journalism at the University of Colorado Boulder. Approved for Student membership; sponsored by Michael Kodas.

Jeff Helsdon, 36 Parkdale Ave., Tillsonburg, ON N4G4C6 Canada. (H) 519-842-8463, (C) 519-983-3947, (W) 519-842-8463, jhelsdon@bellnet.ca. Contributor to Ontario Out of Doors magazine for more than 20 years, currently a senior reporter and turkey hunting editor. Field editor, Ruffed Grouse Society magazine. Other credits include Turkey Country magazine, Great Lakes Angler, Ducks Unlimited Conservator, Canadian Firearms Journal and the National Rifle Association website. (Karen) Skills: OSW; Subject Matter: ACDELO; Sections: Magazine, Photography. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Matt Soberg**.

Tony Humeston, 802 F Ave. E., Albia, IA 52531. (H) 641-932-4121, tonyhumeston@mediacommbb.net, <http://tonyhumeston.wordpress.com/>. Author of four fiction novels with outdoor themes. Credits, Iowa Game & Fish Magazine, Fur-Fish-Game, Fishing Facts magazine, Midwest Outdoors, Monroe County News. (Donna) Skills: O; Subject Matter: AC; Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Ty Stockton**.

Brian Jennings, Backcountry Hunters & Anglers, 60301 Big Sky Trail, Bend, OR 97702. (C) 503-913-1784, brianjenningsmedia@gmail.com, www.backcountryhunters.org. Backcountry Hunt-

ers & Anglers' sportsmen's outreach coordinator for Oregon. Previously spent more than 45 years as a radio reporter, anchor and programmer. This included serving as national vice president for the nation's third largest radio broadcaster — a company that owned ABC Radio and associated content products. (Karen) Skills: BELOQRVX; Subject Matter: ACDGKLRST; Sections: Media Relations/Communications, Newspaper, Radio, TV/Video. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Holly Endersby**.

Ken Keffer, Destination Nature, P.O. Box 70824, Milwaukee, WI 53207. (C) 414-399-2972, kckeffer@gmail.com, <http://destinationnature.net>. Professional naturalist, environmental educator, writer and award-winning author. Along with Stacy Tornio, he has written three children's books about nature and the outdoors. "The Kids' Outdoor Adventure Book: 448 Great Things to Do In Nature Before You Grow Up" was awarded a national outdoor book award honorable mention and was short-listed for the green earth book awards. "We Love Nature" is an interactive nature journal, and "The Truth About Nature" focuses on debunking many common nature myths. With Torino, uses their Destination Nature platform to highlight the importance of nature and to encourage people to explore the outdoors. Regular contributor, Birds & Blooms magazine. Worked for local, regional and national outlets in both print and online. Featured on numerous radio and television broadcasts, including regular appearances as the outdoor adventure contributor on Milwaukee Public Radio. Skills: BCILOSW; Subject Matter: AC-GJLMOQRSU; Sections: Magazine, Media Relations/Communications. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Brett Prettyman**.

John McAdams, The Big Game Hunting Blog, 1313 Thompson Circle #286, Dupont, WA 98327. (H) 713-855-8244, john@thbiggamehuntingblog.com, www.thebiggamehuntingblog.com. Born and raised in Texas where he started hunting at an early age with his father and grandfather. Has hunted big game all over the United States as well as in Namibia and Zimbabwe. As a strong supporter of conservation as well as gun rights, he is a member of Safari Club International, the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, and the National Rifle Association.

In addition to his blog, he also writes for Wide Open Spaces. Certified measurer for Safari Club International. Lives in Washington with his wife where they both enjoy taking advantage of all the outdoor opportunities available there. Currently serves in the United States Army and has served combat tours in Iraq and Afghanistan. (Patricia) Skills: CDO; Subject Matter: CDG. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Brad Smith**.

Dan Nelson, Gear Institute, 515 Sixth St. NW, Puyallup, WA 98371. (C) 253-208-2256, (W) 253-208-2256, dan@adventuresnw.net, www.gearinstitute.com. His personal and professional life has always revolved around the outdoors. As a kid, he hunted, fished and hiked the wild country around the Snake River canyons and the Blue Mountains of southeastern Washington. He bought his first fly rod at age 13, using money he earned mowing lawns. After leaving college in 1989 with a bachelor's degree in history, he put in a short stint as a general news beat reporter from some daily newspaper before becoming executive editor of Washington Trails magazine. While there, he continued writing for The Seattle Times outdoors section, providing features, a regular gear column and all the paper's fly-fishing coverage, and he continues that work today. He also started working with several national outdoor magazine including Backpacker where he expanded his work as a gear review specialist. Also provides fly-fishing and general outdoor gear coverage for Men's Journal magazine and his own online journal, AdventuresNW.net. Author of a dozen guidebooks and launched a number of popular guidebook series with Mountaineers Books, including the "Best Hikes with Dogs" series. (Donna Meshke) Skills: BCDELNOSW; Subject Matter: AGHJLMNOPQRSTU; Sections: Magazine, Newspaper. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Brett Prettyman**.

Monica Quinn Prella, P.O. Box 110, PMB269, Mammoth, CA 93546, mprella@me.com. 2014 Bodie McDowell Scholarship recipient. Pursuing a master's degree in journalism at Harvard University. Approved for Student membership; sponsored by Angelia Herrin.

Robert Scriba, 306-141 Festival Way, Sherwood Park, AB T8A3V8 Canada. (H) 780-464-0702, (W) 780-499-3808,

bigoldbear@gmail.com, www.wildviewfinders.ca. Avid wildlife photographer, writer and blogger. Strives to bring wild subjects to light whether for concern or for pleasure. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Roger Brunt**.

Stacie Marie Sikora, 8300 W. 156th St., Overland Park, KS 66223, stacie.sikora@gmail.com. 2014 Bodie McDowell Scholarship recipient. Studying journalism and advertising and public relations at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Approved for Student membership; sponsored by Phyllis Larsen.

Bernard Williams, 138 Valley N. Blvd., Jackson, MS 39206. (H) 601-454-0196, (C) 601-454-0196, bwilliams27@comcast.net. Vice president, Magnolia Crappie Club. (Lisa) Skills: DEOSW; Subject Matter: AK; Sections: Media Relations/Communications, Magazine, Newspaper, Photography, TV/Video. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Kris Millgate**.

Brad Zahar, WDBJ TV, 19400 Cherry Stone Ln., Strongsville, OH 44136. (H) 440-503-9932, (C) 440-503-9932, (W) 440-503-9932, bradzahar@gmail.com, <http://bradzahar.com>. Current sportscaster for the CBS affiliate in Roanoke, Virginia. Has done stories on local fishing reports, deer hunting and DNR programs along with the Appalachian Trail with regards to hiking and cycling. Avid outdoorsman, fly-fishes, deep sea fishes and hunts white-tailed deer and is now helping train his family's German shorthaired pointer to hunt. Has shot video of her and photographed her in training and is looking to make his website a full-time outdoors site and fill it with video, photography and stories all about the outdoors. Skills: COTV; Subject Matter: ACEFN; Sections: Media Relations/Communications, Magazine, Photography, TV/Video. Approved for active membership; sponsored by **Mark S. Taylor**.

REINSTATED MEMBERS

Reinstated member listings include references to acronyms that relate to Skills, Subject Matter, and Sections. A key for those acronyms can be found at <http://owaa.org/ou/about-owaa-skills-subject-matter-sections/>.

Anthony Hauck, Pheasants Forever Inc. and Quail Forever, (Associate) 1783

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Association Update

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Buerkle Circle, St. Paul, MN 55110. (H) 651-395-1379, (W) 651-209-4972, (F) 651-773-5500, ahauck@pheasantsforever.org, www.pheasantsforever.org, www.quailforever.org. Public relations specialist, Pheasants Forever Inc. and Quail Forever Inc. Field reporter, Star Tribune's Club Outdoors. Skills: COQSW; Subject Matter: CO; Sections: Magazine, Media Relations/Communications, Photography.

NEW SUPPORTING GROUPS, AGENCIES AND BUSINESSES

Supporting Group listings include references to acronyms that relate to resources they provide. A key for those acronyms can be found at <http://owaa.org/ow/about-owaa-supporter-resources/>.

cHarissa LLC, 8595 Cox Ln., Unit 1, Cutchogue, NY 11935. Contact: Earl Fultz, president. (W) 631-477-0362, info@charissa.biz, www.cHarissa.biz. Secondary contact: Jeri Woodhouse, executive vice president, jeriwood@aol.com. We make an authentic Moroccan condiment and spice rub called cHarrisa that is good on everything, but particularly prized by outdoor enthusiasts who eat what they catch or shoot. Supporter Resources: GIOP.

Cherokee Spur Ranch, 28597 S. 4520 Rd., Afton, OK 74331. Contact: Scott Grubbs, ranch manager. (W) 918-256-5400, sgrubbs@cherokeespur.com, <http://cherokeespur.com>. World-class upland hunting, European shoots and waterfowl hunting. Supporter Resources: C.

Daytona Beach Area CVB, 126 E. Orange Ave., Daytona Beach, FL 32114. Contact: Lori Campbell Baker, director of public relations. (W) 386-255-0415, lcb@daytonabeach.com, <http://daytonabeach.com>. Destination marketing organization

for the greater Daytona Beach, Florida, area. Supporter Resources: IOP.

Fishpond Inc, 275 Kalamath, Denver, CO 80223. Contact: John LeCoq, CEO and founder. (W) 303-534-3474, johnlecoq@fishpondusa.com, www.fishpondusa.com. As a Colorado company based under the majestic Rocky Mountains, the Fishpond and Lilypond brands recognize the importance and responsibility we have to inspire our consumer towards the benefits and ideals of conservation. It is important to us that we use our business to spread the word on issues that revolve around the environment and the places people recreate. Responsible stewardship simply means good business, not only for us, but for the communities across our country and planet. The Fishpond and Lilypond brands are driven by design and created with the philosophy that innovation is the foundation for every product in our collection. Supporter Resources: CGIOP.

National Marine Manufacturing Association, 231 S. LaSalle St., Ste. 2050, Chicago, IL 60604. Contact: Ellen Hopkins, vice president of marketing communications. (W) 312-946-6249, ehopkins@nmma.org, www.nmma.org. The National Marine Manufacturers Association is the leading trade group for the North American recreational boating industry. NMMA members manufacture 85 percent of the boats, engines and marine accessories produced in the U.S. and Canada. As the industry trade association, NMMA collects and reports on key statistical data and industry trends. NMMA also oversees programs including the industry's official boat and yacht certification, export development and international shows and events, and produces more than 20 boat and sport shows in the U.S. Additionally, NMMA manages the industry's Discover Boating marketing campaign which works to gen-

erate awareness among consumers for the boating lifestyle. Supporter Resources: IO.

Powderhook, 315 S. Ninth St. Ste. 213, Lincoln, NE 68516. Contact: Eric Dinger, co-founder and CEO. (W) 402-560-1678, eric@powderhook.com, www.powderhook.com. Our mission is Access for All, which means we're bringing all the leases, permissions, blind seats, rentals, charters, outfitters, hunting clubs, lodges, game preserves, public and private lands we can find, into one simple to use resource. And, if you don't find what you're looking for today, get in touch and we'll find it for you. It would be our pleasure to help you find a place to hunt or fish.

Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing Inc., 24 Burr St., Cazenovia, NY 13035. Contact: Dan Morgan, director of communications and online marketing. (W) 301-830-6450, daniel.morgan@projecthealingwaters.org, www.projecthealingwaters.org. Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing Inc. is dedicated to the physical and emotional rehabilitation of disabled active military service personnel and disabled veterans through fly-fishing and associated activities including education and outings. Supporter Resources: CO.

REINSTATED SUPPORTING GROUPS, AGENCIES AND BUSINESSES

U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, 5275 Leesburg Pike, Mailstop EA, Falls Church, VA 22041-3803. Contact: Doug Hobbs, deputy chief, division of partners and intergovernmental affairs. (W) 703-358-2336, doug_hobbs@fws.gov, www.fws.gov. Secondary contact: Gavin Shire, gavin_shire@fws.gov, 703-358-2649. Functions to conserve, protect and enhance fish and wildlife and their habitats for the continuing benefit of the American people.



We are ...

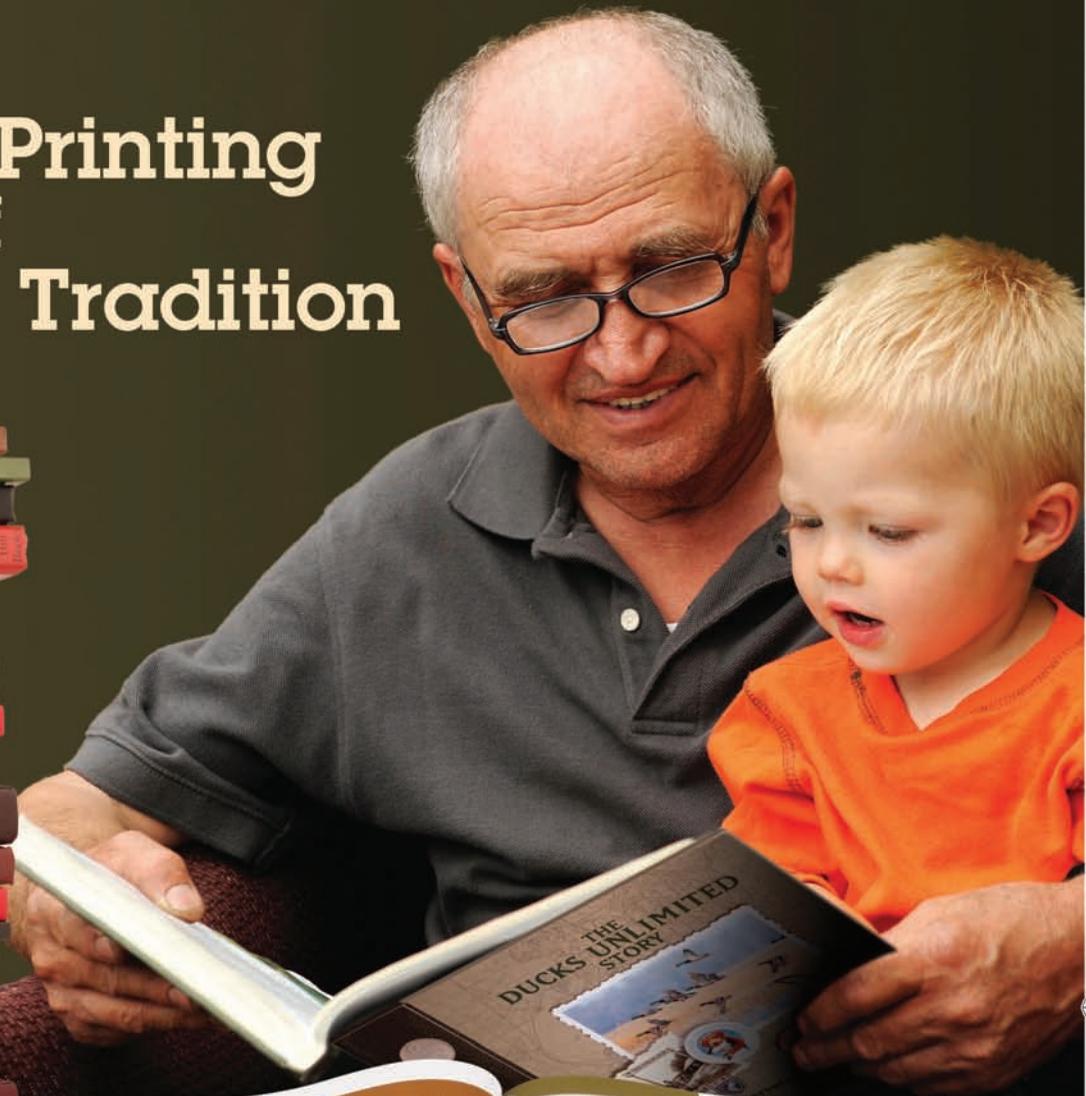
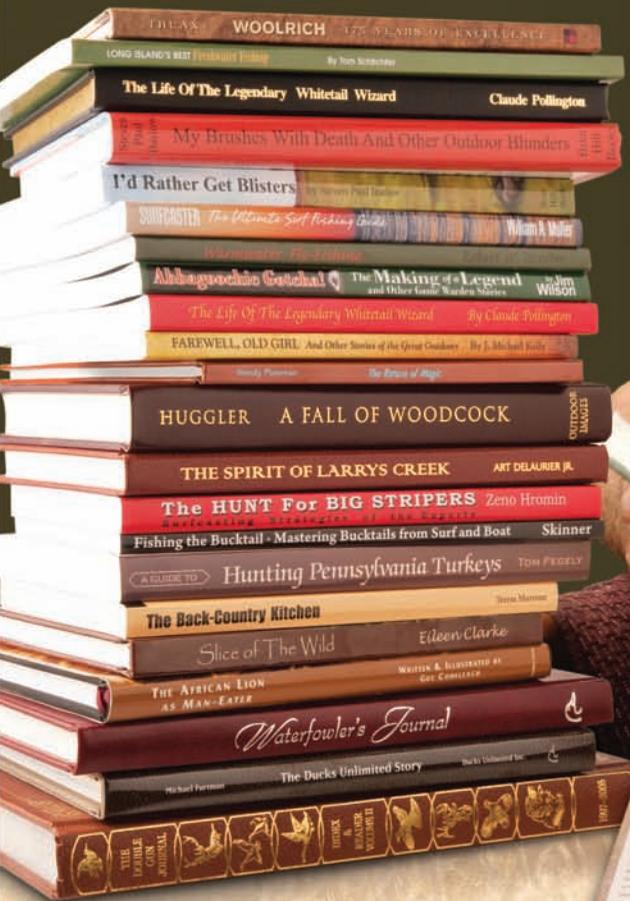
THE VOICE OF THE OUTDOORS®

OWAA is a mix of unique characters. Its members include curmudgeons, preachers, poets, slayers, preservers, jokesters, artists, lyricists, and others. All are united by passions, for nature, for beauty and vividness in expression and depiction, for professionalism, for camaraderie. My intellect and passions are still stimulated in surprising ways by membership in OWAA after 20 years.

— **BILL POWELL**, Columbia, Missouri, member since 1994



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**December 2014/
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Visit: www.owaa.org/ou/category/departments/table-of-contents.

YOUR OWAA END-OF-YEAR CHECKLIST

OWAA office closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2.

In observance of the Christmas and New Years' holidays, the OWAA office will be closed Dec. 24, 2014, through Jan. 2, 2015. Headquarters will reopen on Monday Jan. 5, 2015.

Questions about EIC contests? Call today!

If you have questions on your EIC submissions, we urge you to call or email OWAA headquarters prior to Dec. 24, as we will be slow to address concerns until our offices re-open on Jan. 5.

Renew dues

The deadline for paying your annual dues is Jan. 12, 2015, to avoid a disruption in your membership. You can pay online at www.owaa.org/store, or mail your payment to 615 Oak Street, Suite 201, Missoula, MT 59801.

