



NYSOWA Awards

June 2024



Inside...

- Eleven categories of writing and photographic awards

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Excellence in Craft writing awards Judges:



MAGAZINE FEATURE

⊕ Chris Batin

Chris Batin is the long-time Alaska Editor for TravelAge West magazine and has worked as founding Editor and Publisher of Alaska Angler/Alaska Hunter Publications for 47 years. He has written 10 books, filmed and produced six DVDs and has won in excess of 200 national and regional awards for writing and photography. During the last 10 years he has won five Column of the Year awards from the Northwest Outdoor Writers Association and one from OWAA, and during his career has won 11 OWAA EIC first-place awards for magazine features. Chris received the Enos Bradner Award from NOWA based on lifetime achievement and upholding the high professional standards of outdoor journalism. A chapter of Doug Kelly's book, "Alaska's Greatest Outdoor Legends," is devoted to him. His latest book is "Advanced Alaska Fly Fishing Techniques."

⊕ Jeff Davis

Jeff Davis, recently retired, had been the editor of Whitetails Unlimited Magazine for more than 20 years. He previously worked as a freelance photojournalist for 25 years, producing images for more than 300 newspapers, magazines, and corporations. He is a member of the Professional Outdoor Media Association and has served as president of the Association of Great Lakes Outdoor Writers.

⊕ Slaton White

Slaton White is the Editor of SHOT Business magazine, the largest-circulated trade magazine in the shooting industry. He was formerly the Editor of Field & Stream magazine.

MAGAZINE COLUMN

⊕ Amy Kapp

Amy Kapp has served for a decade as the Editor-in-Chief of Rails to Trails magazine and the TrailBlog, and as the Editorial Director for Rails-to-Trails Conservancy (RTC), where she's overseen the creation of 17 trail guidebooks. She was previously a freelancer, a writer for Parks & Recreation magazine and a communication strategist for the National Recreation and Parks Association. She is the current Vice President of the Outdoor Writers Association of America and a member of the Society for American Travel Writers.

⊕ Vin T. Sparano

Vin Sparano has been an outdoor editor and writer for more than 50 years. He is Editor Emeritus of Outdoor Life magazine, having served as Editor-in-Chief in 1990-1995 and as Executive Editor for more than 10 years prior to that appointment. His professional experience includes syndicated features for USA Today and Gannett Newspapers. He has written 20 books, including his Complete Outdoors Encyclopedia, winner of the Professional Outdoor Media Association Pinnacle Book Award in 2015. In fact, his books won Pinnacle Awards for three consecutive years. Vin is listed in Who's Who in America.

⊕ Matt Stewart

Matt Stewart is the editor for the National Wild Turkey Federation's Turkey Call and JAKES Country magazines, serving in that role since 2018. He is the NWTF coordinator for the Grand National Calling Championships, the Super Bowl of wild turkey calling contests. Previously he worked

with the Georgia Department of Natural Resources and has written for multiple newspapers in the Southeast.

NEWSPAPER FEATURE

⊕ Bill Monroe

Bill Monroe is the retired Outdoor Writer for The Oregonian and continues contributing to that newspaper as a contract freelancer. He is a past president of both the Outdoor Writers Association of America and Northwest Outdoor Writers Association and has won numerous writing and photography awards.

⊕ Brett Prettyman

Brett Prettyman most recently served as Intermountain Communications Director for Trout Unlimited. Prior to that he was the outdoor editor and environmental writer for the Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune and covered outdoor-related issues for that newspaper for 25 years. He has written three outdoor-related books and has received two Emmys for his work as producer, writer and host of the "Utah Bucket List" television show. Brett is a past president of the Outdoor Writers Association of America.

⊕ Steve Waters

Steve Waters is the Outdoors Writer for the Miami Herald and also contributes features to Salt Water Sportsman magazine, SportFishingMag.com, The Parklander and JAKES Country. He has written and produced online videos about the outdoors for the South Florida Sun Sentinel newspaper. He was the co-host of The Weekly Fisherman radio show for 14 ½ years on Miami's WINZ 940-AM. Steve served as the assistant sports director for WCFT-TV, where he produced numerous outdoors features for the CBS affiliate in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and worked on a local outdoors TV show as a producer, writer and cameraman.

NEWSPAPER COLUMN

⊕ Laurie Lee Dovey

Laurie Lee Dovey is a highly awarded writer and photographer, with work published in scores of magazines and newspapers. She is also a media consultant and mentor. Laurie Lee is a past president of the Outdoor Writers Association of America. She was a founder of the Professional Outdoor Media Association and served as the organization's Executive Director for 10 years.

⊕ Mark Taylor

Mark Taylor is Eastern Communications Director for Trout Unlimited. He was formerly the Outdoors Editor of The Roanoke (Va.) Times. He is past president of the Outdoor Writers Association of America and former chair of its Newspaper Section.

⊕ Tom Wharton

Tom Wharton is a semi-retired writer for the Salt Lake Tribune, after a long career as that newspaper's Outdoor Editor. He is a past president of the Outdoor Writers Association of America.

ONLINE

⊕ John L. Beath

John Beath's YouTube channel, Let's Talk Outdoors (www.

youtube.com/jbeath), has had more than 3.5 million video views. His primary online writing sites are halibutchronicles.com and salmonchronicles.com. He has served as an editor of Western Outdoors, has syndicated newspaper outdoor and travel columns and hosted a syndicated radio program. He also was the Editor of GoFishMagazine.com. He is a past president of the Outdoor Writers Association of America.

⊕ Jack Burnett

Jack Burnett is managing editor of The Old Farmer's Almanac, a publication for which he has worked for 24 of the 49 years he has been a writer and editor. A New Hampshire resident now, Jack grew up in New York State, where he learned to hunt, fish and trap amidst the forests, fields and streams of Rensselaer County.

⊕ Tim Lesmeister

Tim Lesmeister is a full-time freelance outdoor writer, photographer and radio host. He began writing about outdoor pursuits in 1977 and made it a full-time career in 1987. Tim was President of the Association of Great Lakes Outdoor Writers (AGLOW) and was the 2013 recipient of AGLOW's highest honor, its lifetime achievement Golden Glow Excellence in Craft Award. He is currently a columnist for Outdoor News and host of Outdoor News Radio and was inducted into the 2020 class of the Minnesota Fishing Hall of Fame. Tim is the Chairman of the International Freshwater Fishing Hall of Fame Selection Committee and is a member of the Southeast Outdoor Press Association.

BOOK

⊕ Jay Cassell

Jay Cassell most recently served as Editorial Consultant for Skyhorse Publishing. Recipient of the Excellence in Craft Award from OWAA in 2009, Cassell has been published in Time, Business Week, Popular Mechanics, and most major outdoor magazines, and has written or edited seven books. He has served on the editorial staffs of Field & Stream, Outdoor Life and Sports Afield magazines. He graduated from Syracuse University with an MA in communications and has lived in New York State his entire life.

⊕ Steve Griffin

Freelancer Steve Griffin was for more than four decades the outdoor columnist for the Midland (Mich.) Daily News and is a field editor and columnist for Michigan Outdoor News, as well as a regular contributor to Boating magazine. Steve has also crafted museum text and taught courses in newspaper/magazine feature writing at the college level as an adjunct instructor. He is a member of the Outdoor Writers Association of America, the Association of Great Lakes Outdoor Writers and the Michigan Outdoor Writers Association.

⊕ Tom Carney

In his 40-plus years as a freelancer, Tom Carney has been awarded more than 100 times for his news reporting and analysis; feature, travel, column, and humor writing; photography; and books at the state, regional, and national levels. For 25 years, his "Tailfeathers" column has appeared on the back page of The Upland Almanac, and for the past 16 years he has been the magazine's editor. Twice-president of the Michigan Outdoor Writers Association (25 years between terms!), Tom is also a member of the Outdoor Writers Association of America and the Association of Great Lakes Outdoor Writers.



A message from our PRESIDENT

Chris Paparo

It is my pleasure to congratulate the winners of the 2023 New York State Outdoor Writers Association's Excellence in Craft Awards and the Janice M. Keesler Memorial Photo Awards. This annual competition gives NYSOWA members a chance to showcase their work by competing against some of the best writers and photographers in New York and beyond.

We would have no competition if it were not for the numerous entries submitted by our membership. Thank you for continuing to raise the bar each year. These contests push each of us to become better at our craft. Many of the judges

remarked on the high quality of this year's entries.

Organizing these awards is no easy feat, and Glenn Sapir and Deborah Brosen have done an outstanding job chairing these awards. This year I saw first-hand how much work is really involved, as I offered my assistance to Glenn now that we have switched to digital only entries for the EIC. Overseeing each entry, sending them off to the judges for review and organizing the awards for each of the winners takes a ton of work, and I want to thank them for making this year's awards a success.

I would also like to thank the many judges who volunteered their time to judge each of the entries. As we all know, time is extremely valuable, and we are deeply grateful to these exceptional professionals for taking the time out of their busy schedules to decide which entries are the best of the best.

Each of the awards presented to the recipients are of world-class quality and I would like to thank our sponsor, Redding Reloading Equipment, for providing the support needed to present such high-level awards. I would also like to thank The National Shooting Sports Foundation for sponsoring the awards dinner at our annual conference.

Again, congratulations to each of the recipients of the 2023 New York State Outdoor Writers Association's Excellent in Craft Awards and the Janice M. Keesler Memorial Photo Awards and a big thank you to everyone who made this event possible.

Chris Paparo, President, NYSOWA

Award winners for work published in 2023 (Books in 2022 and 2023)

Magazine Feature

First place

Glenn Sapir
Lessons from the Legends
Turkey Call, March/April 2023



Since becoming an outdoor communicator, when I joined the staff of Outdoor Life out of college in 1970, I've had the privilege of meeting several celebrated sportsmen. Some of them were turkey hunting pros who took me under their wing and, in doing so, taught me valuable lessons.

The Kirby Method

The late Dick Kirby founded Quaker Boy Game Calls. Dick, however, not only made game calls, he made them sing. He was a champion caller and accomplished hunter, completing more than two dozen Grand Slams. Dick and I met at an outdoor writer gathering when I was later working as an editor at Field & Stream. Sometime after that first meeting, Dick invited me to join him at the home of acquaintances in West Virginia, close enough to hunt just across the border in Virginia.

We only had a couple of days to hunt. That first morning, Dick and I roamed the national forest and set up several times because we weren't getting any responses to our calls - his calls, that is - while we walked.

Sitting next to him against hardwoods wide enough for two hunters, I listened to his broad range of music, from soft tree yelps and tranquil purrs to fly-down cackles and more aggressive yelps. I was enraptured by his skill with diaphragm, box and slate calls, and I listened intently to try to mentally record his offerings.

"You don't have to be a great caller to bring in a tom," he whispered. "Heck, I don't think a real hen would win a turkey

calling contest. But you do need to know how to use the calls, know how to make different calls and know when and how often to use them.

"Most hunters call too much. I'm one of them. We love to hear our own calling. The challenge is to call just enough to make that tom want to come to you. Too much calling, and he'll wait you out."

The Turkey Man

Eddie Salter was given a domestic turkey when he was a boy, and from that bird, he learned turkey vocabulary and how to speak it eloquently. He went on to win many calling contests and begin his own call manufacturing company. From there, he became one of the faces of Hunters Specialties, which bought his company and began touring the country, giving seminars and starring in videos and television programs.

In 1998, I was invited to four outdoor writer turkey hunting camps, each in the range of a specific subspecies. One of the commercial sponsors of the camps was Hunters Specialties, and Eddie was one of his company's representatives. That spring, I achieved the Grand Slam, with Eddie often by my side.

The Slam pursuit began in Florida and almost ended there, with hunting time quickly running out during my two-day hunt. I'd seen nothing on Day 1, and on Day 2, I passed up a shot at a gobbler I had roosted when I believed, after fly-down, that it was beyond my comfort zone. Then Eddie stepped in. Only minutes before legal shooting time ended, Eddie spotted five gobblers in a field. We sneaked partly up a hillside, and then Eddie began his magical calling. As if his call was magnetic, the birds crossed the field and started downhill toward us in single file.

"Take the third bird," he whispered.

Seconds later, I tagged what turned out to be the 10th largest Osceola by NWTF measurements at that time. "It just goes to show," Eddie said. "If necessary, you've got to hunt right up to the end of legal shooting time. You can't give up hope."

That lesson has stuck, too, and it keeps me going when I am ready to call it a day.

"If necessary, you've got to hunt right up to the end of legal shooting time. You can't give up hope."

Eye on the Wild Turkey

Ray Eye is another legend in the turkey hunting world. His TV, radio, video and live seminar exposure has clearly established him as one of the greats. When I was invited on Ray's annual hunt in his home state of Missouri, I bagged the largest gobbler - 23 pounds - of my hunting career. Later, when Ray came to New York's Catskill Mountains, however, I actually hunted with him and got to learn from the maestro.

Ray left me at the edge of a field while he set out to scout. Meanwhile, I saw a gobbler, but it showed only fleeting interest in my calling and wandered off without offering a shot. By the time Ray and I hooked up later in the morning, the wind was howling.

"This warrants my box call," Ray said.

He blasted a few raucous yelps that pounded my eardrums. Fortunately, they were loud enough to fight through



Eddie Salter, known as the Turkey Man, stuck it out until legal shooting time nearly expired as the author pursued the first leg of a Grand Slam. They've remained friends since the 1998 hunt and had an Osceola reunion in 2021, with the author, left, tagging this tom Salter called in. Photo courtesy of Glenn Sapir.

the wind. A couple hundred yards away, we heard a faint gobble. Rushing toward the source of that sound, we hunkered down in a hedgerow, where we soon discerned two toms were squabbling over the rights to an accompanying hen.

"Let's see if we can get in on the squabble," Ray said.

With that, he emitted a series of loud, abrasive yelps. The hen didn't cotton to competition.

"Here she comes," Ray said.

As she angrily yelped as she approached to investigate, the two gobblers followed.

With the hen almost on top of us, I pulled the trigger. The larger of the two toms went down.

"Sometimes, soft calling is best," Ray said as I tagged my bird. "But sometimes, loud and aggressive is what it takes. In the wind, give it everything you've got. And when you want to make the hen jealous and mad, let her know you mean business."

I've always remembered Ray's advice on loud, aggressive calling when conditions call for it - lessons that have served me well.

Through 40-plus years of turkey hunting, I've learned a lot on my own and from other companions afield. Perhaps what I most fondly remember, however, are a few basic gems of advice from some of the pastime's immortals, taught to me during unforgettable hunts. ■



Eddie Salter, the Turkey Man.

Second Place

⊕ **Angelo Peluso**

Studies in Success
The Fisherman, Feb. 2023

Third Place

⊕ **Richard Redman**

Casting Lines and Colors
North Country Living Magazine, Fall 2023

Magazine Column

First place

Angelo Peluso

Food & Drink:

Christmas Eve Tradition:

Feast of the Seven Fishes

Hook & Barrel Magazine, Oct. 25, 2023



The 'Feast of the Seven Fishes' is a Christmas eve classic for many families. Hook & Barrel breaks it down with Angelo Peluso.

There is nothing like the holidays to put an intense spotlight on food. Holiday celebrations are a time of gatherings, and food tends to be the primary binding agent among family and friends. And there is no higher level of passion for food than the period around the Christmas season.

For one segment of the population, the Christmas Eve repast known as the Feast of the Seven Fishes is the epitome of seafood indulgence. The "feast" is a traditional Italian-American celebration that occurs on Christmas Eve, embracing the preparation and presentation of fish and seafood. Abstinence from eating meat on "La Vigilia" by Catholics, in part, led to this practice. In its purest form, seven selections of seafood are prepared as part of the grand meal.

Seven is a Sacred Number

The number seven has significance in that the roots of this feast lie deep in biblical and religious representations: seven sacraments; seven sins; the creation of the earth in seven days; and the mention of the number seven many times in the Bible and other religious writings.

For some, the feast may consist of seven distinct species of seafood, yet for others, it can include just several fish choices prepared in seven different ways. And for those who embrace the complete and grand style of the feast, seven full courses can be served.

One of the more contemporary variations of this celebratory meal is to offer diners tasting portions—allowing diners an opportunity to sample a variety of dishes rather than consuming one large main course. Yet, there are no restrictions to how magnificent or modest the feast can be.

Of Course, It's About Fish & Seafood

One requisite is that fish and seafood are the primary components of the meal. This can be accomplished from the simple to sublime. At one end of the spectrum are cioppino or bouillabaisse-style preparations where all seafood selections are combined in one pot. And at the more extravagant end of the spectrum are seven individually prepared recipes.

I typically prepare only saltwater species for the feast and forego freshwater fish. In so doing, one can also pay tribute to the traditions of the meal that have roots in the sea and



maritime culture. Yet, it is certainly acceptable to utilize freshwater species like trout, salmon, perch, walleye, or any other fish that appeals to your palate. But typically, my family menu will embrace the briny species such as cod, flounder, tuna, swordfish, crab, mussels, clams, and squid.

Over the years, I have also added several themed recipes that involve local species of fish, to include blackfish, scup, sea bass, and striped bass. Since fishing seasons for those species run close to the end of the year, many anglers may still have fresh portions of fish in their freezers. If those fish were properly cared for at the time of harvest, and suitably frozen, they should be perfectly fine for the dinner. By including them in the feast, the home chef can add a very personal touch and local flavor to the meal.

Consistency is Key

When I think back to my childhood days and the feasts enjoyed among my family, there was a notable degree of consistency regarding the components of those Christmas Eve meals. Our traditional menu back then for the feast was always anchored with a large pot of tomato marinara sauce that complemented the preparation of many of our seven seafood staples.

Those seafood choices included: shrimp; clams; mussels; baccala (salted cod); squid; fillet of flounder; and sea scallops. The shrimp and calamari rings and tentacles were typically simmered in the marina sauce, while the squid bodies were stuffed Neapolitan-style, and then they too were bathed in sauce. Seared scallops and flounder rollatini would round out the meal.

Should your meal require the purchase of seafood from a reputable fishmonger, then be certain to order your selection of fish in advance of the holiday. General demand for seafood tends to be much higher than normal around the Christmas Eve time period, so it is the wise chef who orders their choices ahead of the buying rush. The high turnover of product at this time of year tends to ensure freshness of seafood. I like to order my fish about a week in advance and pick it up first thing on the morning of the Eve.

But, You Can Mix It Up

While tomato-based sauces tend to complement the customary fish preparations served for the feast, they are by no means the only way to go. For many of the mild-flavored fish like sole, fluke, or flounder, butter-based and cream-based sauces enhanced with garlic and a variety of herbs add a nice flavor profile. Dill and fennel fronds are two personal seasoning favorites. One such preparation is a garlic-butter sauce that includes lemon, crushed dill, salt, black pepper, tarragon, basil, and rosemary.

There are many fish-friendly herbs, so choose those that pair well with the specific seafood and your tastebuds. Aside from using time-honored and traditional tomato sauces to enhance your dishes, fish and seafood can also be grilled, fried, baked, broiled, and steamed. A variety of pastas like linguine, penne, and angel hair complement these seafood preparations quite well. The use of hot and cold dishes offers a nice contrast to both appetizers and main courses. My family has also used the feast as an opportunity to enjoy other culinary delights such as tastings for cheese, wine, beer, and assorted desserts.

Pan Seared Swordfish with Italian Rice and Beans



Serving for two

- 1 lb. of swordfish steaks
- 1 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- Olive oil
- Creole or Cajun seasoning
- 1 cup long grain white rice
- 1 can cannellini beans, drained
- 1 small can diced tomatoes
- 4 Tbsp. white wine
- Italian Seasoning (basil, parsley, oregano) to taste

- 1 medium red onion chopped
- 2 to 3 cloves garlic minced
- 1 stalk celery chopped
- 1 scallion chopped
- 6 small asparagus stalks chopped thin
- 1/2 Italian green pepper

Preparation

Apply a small amount of olive oil and salt/pepper to both sides of the fillet, followed by a liberal amount of Creole or Cajun seasoning. Set fish aside until ready to cook. Make rice using chicken broth instead of water. This will add additional flavor. Add olive oil to the skillet, and place heat on medium high. Add onion and garlic, and sauté until onion is translucent and fragrant. Next add celery, scallion, green pepper, asparagus, salt, black pepper, and Italian seasoning.

Continue to sauté for 2 to 3 minutes. Add wine and cook off alcohol. Add beans and diced tomatoes and allow mixture to simmer on low heat until ready to serve. Add a small amount of olive oil in another skillet and heat to medium/high.

Add additional black pepper to both sides of the fillet. This will enhance blackening. Place fillets in skillet and grill for about three minutes on each side. Plate the fish with the rice and beans.

Cod Amatriciana with Potato Gnocchi



Serving for two

- 1-lb. cod fillets, cut into 4-oz. portions
- 2 Tbsp. olive oil, divided
- 4 oz. pancetta or guanciale, chopped
- Small bunch Italian parsley
- 5/6 leaves fresh basil, chopped
- 1 medium onion finely chopped
- Black pepper
- 2/3 garlic cloves, minced
- 1 28-oz. can whole tomatoes, crushed by hand
- Salt
- Crushed pepper flakes
- 1-lb. fresh or packaged potato gnocchi

Preparation

Season cod fillets lightly with olive oil, salt, black pepper, and oregano. Set aside until ready to grill. Heat one tablespoon of oil in the skillet over medium heat. Add pancetta or guanciale and let render in its fat and until it begins to crisp, about 3 to 4 minutes.

Add onion, cover skillet, and cook until onion begins to soften, about 3 minutes. Add tomatoes and juice and 1/2 cup of water.

Season with salt and red pepper flakes (to taste). Bring to a boil and then back down heat. Simmer for about 25-30 minutes until sauce thickens.

Boil water in a pot, and heat olive oil in the skillet. When olive oil is hot, add the cod fillets. Grill for about 3 to 4 minutes on each side or until flakey. When the cod is almost cooked through, add gnocchi to the water pot and cook for 2 minutes. Do not overcook or the potato will begin to overly soften. When cooked, mix with sauce. Plate cod over a liberal serving of sauce and then plate gnocchi. ■

Second Place

⊕ **Steve Piatt**

Time Together in a Tree
PENNLines Magazine, Nov. 2023

Third Place

⊕ **Steve Piatt**

A Winter's Walk,
PENNLines Magazine, Jan. 2023

Newspaper Feature

First place

Steve Featherstone
*City Hunter's Family
Tries to Cope
after Fatal Fall*

Syracuse Post-Standard, Feb. 12, 2023



Mike Rinaldo was hunting with his son, Michael, one Saturday in late November when he heard a single gunshot echo through the woods. It came from the direction of his son's tree stand, about half a mile away.

Mike texted his son, got no reply, and went to investigate. He hoped to find Michael gutting the big buck they'd been tracking. At first Mike couldn't find him — not in his stand, not in the woods.

Then Mike noticed his son's seat cushion dangling from the top of the tree stand. And directly below the stand, lying motionless on the ground, was Michael.

"I knew right then he was gone," Mike said.

At that moment, Mike's world stopped spinning. And not just his.

"I describe it like when you're in a movie and you're sitting still and the world's spinning around you," said Michael's wife, Larissa. "I'm just—numb."

Their son, Mason, is three years old. He knows that his father fell and went to heaven. Now he's afraid that someone else he loves will fall and disappear. He's afraid of stairs, of his mother's tears.

"He doesn't let me grieve," Larissa said. "I don't know what to say to him."

Now the Rinaldos — Mike, Larissa, Mason — cling to each other to keep from sinking ever deeper into despair. Most maddening, perhaps, is knowing that Michael didn't have to die. He wasn't wearing his safety harness, the one he'd bought after Mason was born.

"If he had it on it would've saved his life and he'd be here," Larissa said flatly. "I feel like I was robbed."

'You don't want to go through this' Michael Rinaldo was only 33 years old when he died. He loved hunting, fishing, camping, kayaking — anything outdoors. His idea of fun was jumping on his snowmobile in Camillus and riding to Old Forge to get chicken wings.

His father jokes that Michael was prepared for the Covid-19 pandemic because he'd been social distancing all his life. He worked with his dad, married his high school sweetheart, and lived in a small house not far from where he grew up.



Michael Rinaldo walking to his tree stand during bow season last fall, about five weeks before his death. The photo was captured by a trail camera mounted near his tree stand in Weedsport.

Michael's social circle encompassed few outside his family, but his death resonated far beyond people that knew him. The line of mourners at his funeral wrapped around the building. A GoFundMe account for Larissa and Mason received \$25,000 in donations in just three days.

Much of the support came from other hunters. They sent Larissa money and messages testifying that it could just as easily have happened to them, or their fathers, brothers, and sons.

Mike, too, has heard numerous confessions from hunters crippled by injuries after falling from their tree stands. He gets it.

"I didn't have my harness on that day either, so I can't complain," he said. "You get lax."

Fatal tree stand accidents are extremely rare. According to the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, there have been 33 "elevated hunting incidents" since 2017. Only two were fatal.

Mike and Larissa make no excuses, offer no absolution. They want something good to come out of Michael's death. So their plea to other hunters is this: Always wear your safety harness in your tree stand.

"You don't want to go through this," Mike warned. "My

daughter-in-law is a widow at 31 years old. I go to my son's grave and I got to see her footprints there? And my grandson's? It's just not right."



Rinaldo family Christmas 2021 portrait, from left: Larissa, Mason, and Michael.

Two Days of Hell

As unlikely as it sounds, Mike and Larissa get some comfort from knowing what caused Michael's death. The alternative explanation authorities pursued for two excruciating days, that Michael had committed suicide, was simply unfathomable.

"It put us through hell," Mike said. Mike remembers standing guard over his son's body as a small army of state troopers, sheriff's deputies, DEC police, and EMS personnel bustled in the woods around him. It was like crime scene, he said.

How was Michael feeling that day? Investigators prodded. Was he on any medications?

Mike had to quell the urge to throw punches in response. Instead, he repeated the same thing: Michael was happier than he'd ever been in his whole life. He had everything going for him. Good job, beautiful wife, great kid.

Investigators subjected Larissa to the same line of questioning. What about financial problems? Did they have a lot of debt?

Michael would never kill himself, she insisted. They just got married in September after 14 years together. But investigators weren't convinced. They told her it was suicide and assured her that in these cases the family never saw it coming.

One improbably lurid detail in particular stuck with her: "One of them told me, 'The barrel was in his mouth, I'm so sorry.'"

Privately, Larissa and Mike were tortured by doubt. What did they do wrong? What signs did they miss?

"I was going out of my mind thinking my son killed himself," Mike said.

Two days later Larissa got a call from the medical examiner saying that Michael had died from blunt trauma to the head. No evidence of a gunshot wound.

Larissa and Mike could finally begin to grieve.

Heaven

Larissa and Michael's wedding album arrived in the mail the day after Michael died. It took her a week before she worked up the courage to open it.

Larissa sat at her dining room table recently, looking at the album with Mike, who checks up on her and Mason every day.

"I wish we didn't wait so long to get married," Larissa said, slowly turning the album's pages.

They got married on a beach in Hawaii. Larissa turned to a photo of her and Michael standing beneath palm trees, holding hands and gazing out to sea.

At the moment the picture was taken Michael had turned to her and said, "This feels like heaven." It'd given her the same giddy feeling she'd had when they were teenagers and he'd grabbed her by the hand, spun her around, and kissed her for the first time.

"He looped me right in," she said, smiling. She put her finger on the photo above the vanishing point where the blue sea met the blue sky.

"That's where I feel like he is now," she said.

'Me and you are going to deer hunt'

Larissa visits Michael's grave twice a day, hoping to feel his presence. But she feels nothing.

"I'm still kind of in denial at the cemetery," she said. "I just feel lost."

Larissa has also visited Michael's tree stand a few times. It's painful, she said, but Michael feels more real to her there.

The tree stand sits on 26 acres of old farmland outside Weedsport that belongs to a family friend. It's where Mike taught his son how to hunt, and where Michael had planned to teach Mason.

One gray January day, Larissa went to the site again, bringing Mason along for the first time. Mike led the way, towing Mason down the trail on a sled.

"Me and you are going to deer hunt," he said, showing

Mason fresh deer tracks in the snow. He'd already bought Mason a toy bow with rubber-tipped arrows.

They stopped in a clearing for a moment. Right here, Mike said, is where he and Michael had parted ways on the day Michael died. It was still dark outside, he recalled, and they'd gazed up in awe at the stars before heading to their tree stands.

Mike had told his son good luck, and that he loved him.

"And he said, 'I love you too.' And that's the last time we spoke face to face."

One Second

Hanging about 18 feet above the ground, surrounded by buckthorn thicket and black cherry trees, Michael's tree stand is well hidden, identifiable only by the stubby steel ladder bars that line the trunk like a metal spine.

The ladder appears to be a solid unit, but upon closer inspection individual segments are clearly unstable. Mike stood at the base of the tree, pointing out a buckled joint up there, slipped straps down here, holes where a connecting pin was missing.

"First I thought he got shot by somebody," Mike said, "but he didn't even look bad. I mean, he looked like he was laying there sleeping, like he caught me doing 100 times in the woods."

The next thing Michael remembered doing is reaching out to cradle Michael in his arms, a father's instinct. That's when he felt the wound on the back of Michael's head. It was bad, he said, really bad.

"And that's the last time I uh..." Mike sighed deeply. He scraped the snow with his boot.

"I kissed my son right there," he said.

Here's what Mike believes happened: Michael had shot at a deer, and as he stepped onto the ladder to climb down, the bottom kicked out. Right before he fell, he heaved his gun behind him. Mike later found it hanging in the brush about 12 feet from his son's body.

Falling from that height, it would've taken Michael about one second to hit the ground. What occurred in that second is anybody's guess, but the position of Michael's body, the severity of his wound, both suggested that he came straight down, gashing the back of his head on one of the steel ladder bars.

"At least it was instant," Mike said. "At least he didn't lay there suffering."



In January, Larissa Rinaldo and her father-in-law, Mike Rinaldo, visited the tree stand where Michael Rinaldo died in a fall on Nov. 26, 2022. He wasn't wearing a safety harness.

Larissa stood quietly by as Mike explained all this, staring up at the tree, tears rolling down her cheeks. Mason wandered over, put his hand on the ladder, and craned his head back.

"Go up there?" he asked.

Mike crouched down and put his arm around Mason's shoulders.

"I gotta fix it up before we can climb up there," he said.

"It's not safe," Larissa said.

Mason thought about it for a moment. "Let's go home," he said. ■

Second Place

⊕ **Tom Schlichter**

Into the Woods

Newsday, Nov. 26, 2023

Third Place

⊕ **Steve Featherstone**

*Syracuse's Fish Replica Artist Lures Anglers from
across the Country*

The Post-Standard, May 7, 2023

Newspaper Column

First place

Steve Piatt

Out There: A

Question Answered

New York Outdoor News, Nov. 3, 2023



There is no such thing as an easy mountain goat. Retired NYON Editor Steve Piatt's Alaskan hunt was no exception. Photo by Steve Piatt.

Over a year's worth of planning and preparation went into this Alaskan mountain goat hunt, including miles and miles of vertical hikes with a Stone Glacier backpack loaded down with sand and, in the final weeks, a stick of firewood added.

In my mind, I was ready.

Then I looked at the mountain I'd have to ascend to climb into goat country, and doubts began to creep in.

Tucked into a bay in Prince William Sound, for three days all we could do was sit aboard the boat as torrential rains stalled our hunt. My hunting partner, John Rozas, a retired NYFD battalion chief just a few years younger than me, battled the same uncertainty as we stared at the mountain and, when rain and fog allowed, watched several goats in the highest pockets.

We simply didn't know, weren't sure we could get up there, even though we knew that could almost guarantee an opportunity at a billy.

Our guide, Joe Romano of Gas and Time Outfitters, did little to ease our concerns.

"It'll be the toughest thing you've ever done," he said.

I thought about that a bit. I'd paddled a windblown Northern Ontario lake for seven miles, taking waves head-on as Paula and I exited the wilderness after a multi-day trip.

I'd dragged a whitetail buck two miles on bare ground in rugged country. I've rooted for the Toronto Maple Leafs for decades. I know a little bit about tough.

John, too, as a New York City firefighter, had done his share of tough over the years. We encouraged each other as we stared at the mountain and waited for our window of opportunity.

We organized gear, shedding ounces and taking only what was absolutely necessary up the mountain. We waited some more, watching black bears cruise the shoreline, looking for a few leftover chum salmon rotting in the stream, their spawning ritual complete. We watched a lone harp seal perched on a rock not far from our boat, and the occasional sea otter frolicking in the bay. We glassed a few goats high above, wondering if they were nannies or whether a billy was in the group.

And we wondered again if we could make the climb.

The answers came the next morning, although the questions persisted as I loaded my pack and realized it was a bit heavier than what I had toted all summer, edging over 40 pounds. It didn't exactly boost my confidence as we climbed into the rubber boat and putted toward the shoreline for a day of pain.

It started with a miserable three-hour bushwhack and climb, my Browning X-Bolt Speed in 300 Magnum often grabbing alders thanks to a muzzle brake that lengthened the barrel. John navigated the tangles well, and we drained and refilled our water bottles during a brief break.

At some point, we agreed later after dropping our camping gear to lighten the load for the climb into goat country, we realized we could do this. And two hours later we were glassing a sunsoaking goat at 242 yards, readying for a shot.

But it was a nanny. Then, at 340 yards, a good billy drifted away and around the backside of a cliff. We had made the climb and were hunting now.

Joe decided to take up a recon mission of his own, and returned a half hour later with a look of intensity.

"Come with me," he said.

"Quickly. This is the real deal."

My version of quickly didn't mesh with Joe's as I made what had to be my final climb of the day: we were running out of vertical at this point. Unless the billy could fly, my opportunity of a lifetime was near.

The scenario wasn't what

I had envisioned during my summer of preparation at the range. No time to relax and get set up and wait for the billy to

stand up. As we popped over another rise he was there, at 80 yards, looking back at us. But 80 yards isn't 300, and my bipod allowed me to settle in and make the shot. The billy tumbled out of sight, and I collapsed on a rock, taking a minute to regain my breath and contemplate what I'd just accomplished.

Joe's immediate reaction – "I hope we can recover him" – led to some brief concern before we found a notch in the rocks that allowed us to scramble up and marvel at the spectacular animal.

We made it back to camp right at sundown, loaded down with cape and meat but energized by our success. John and assistant guide Ethan had spotted several goats but no billies, and a badly sprained ankle left John unable later to climb for his own shot, even after a day spent in the tent during another rain event.

The pack out was equally brutal, loaded down with about 80 pounds, including meat. Ethan, however, was the star of the show, his pack easily topping 150 pounds as we descended. My Sitka rain gear pants didn't survive the return trip as I slid down several steep spots instead of risking injury in a forward fall.

My body was battered, but nothing a hot shower or two, a few Advil and some halibut and chips couldn't fix. For the next two days back in Anchorage I replayed the adventure and all that led up to it, the tears welling each time. The red-eye flight – Anchorage to Minneapolis to Detroit to Elmira, N.Y. – took me home to Paula, who once again allowed me and encouraged me to chase another dream.

It was, in fact, the toughest thing I'd ever done.

I had wondered if I could do it. I had my answer.

And I had my mountain goat. ■

Second Place (Tie)

⊕ Glenn Sapir

Excuses in the Outdoors,

New York Outdoor News, Dec. 15, 2023

Second Place (Tie)

⊕ Steve Piatt

One Photo, a Lifetime of Memories

Towanda Daily Review, July 22, 2023

Online Publication

First place

Angelo Peluso

*Euro Methods
for Monster Carp*

The Fisherman Online, March 2023



Some American anglers might consider carp to be nothing more than oversized members of the minnow family and a fish not worthy of their attention. And some might also be inclined to mistakenly use the term "trash fish." But to anyone who has hooked and fought carp, especially those specimens over 20 pounds, there is nothing unworthy about them. European anglers have long known that and are well aware of the sporting qualities of carp. To them, carp are a revered species of fish, and they are as zealous about carp as are American freshwater bass anglers. And over the past decade or so, many U.S. anglers have also come to appreciate carp's unique habits and challenging behaviors. It is indeed a contradiction to refer to carp as simply gigantic minnows, for they are a species with diverse angling potential. A segment of lower-48 anglers have discovered that aspect of carp fishing and has begun to embrace the species as a formidable adversary. This is especially true of the light tackle and fly-fishing crowds who sight-fish carp as one would when fishing the flats for bonefish, permit, or striped bass. But traditional bait techniques are still very much preferred for

exceptionally large carp because of the effectiveness and consistency of those methods.

A Carp Epiphany

My impressions of carp fishing radically changed several years back when I encountered a dedicated and passionate carp fisherman at a local pond where I often fish. At first, I was intrigued by the gear this angler was employing. What caught my immediate attention were the sizeable meatball-shaped bait globs he was lobbing like depth charges out into the middle of the pond. Secondly, he had a trio of surf-length technical rods set up in a tripod-type holder, with electronic strike indicators attached to reveal the slightest take with an urgent beeping sound. Approaching him, I learned his name, Raphael Biagini. Subsequently, I discovered Raphael was one of the most accomplished trophy carp anglers in France and throughout Europe. Raphael now calls the United States home and applies his Euro-carp fishing techniques to many newly-discovered lakes, ponds, and rivers, especially those in the Northeast. His reputation rapidly grows in the U.S. as a master angler of monster carp. To give a sense of the magnitude of Raphael's achievements, these are a few of his most significant carp fishing accomplishments: largest mirror carp, 78.2 pounds; largest common carp, 64.8 pounds; largest American carp, 54.8 pounds; and his largest Koi, 30 pounds. Regardless of where Raphael casts a carp bait, the money line is in his favor for finding, luring, and catching some of the largest carp that swim in those waters. And to my amazement, I learned that from this small local pond, where I have caught moderate to large carp, Raphael caught and released giant fish of between 45 and 50 pounds. His applied skills and knowledge know no boundaries. With results like those, I desired

to understand more about Raphael's methods, tactics, and philosophy of carp fishing.

Fundamentally, Raphael is an advocate and practitioner of European-style carp fishing. He pursues carp with a 360-degree perspective that, first and foremost, involves in-depth observation of the waters he selects to fish. While in Europe, Raphael would target the best-known carp waters, but here in the U.S., he has embarked upon a journey of discovery to seek out quality waters. Raphael says, "Carp fishing in the U.S. is not as popular as it is in Europe, and almost everything needs to be discovered. I still try my best to target the biggest fish, but it requires a lot of effort as there is a lot of water and a lot of small fish." Small is a relative term, for many of Raphael's smaller carp would be other anglers' trophy fish. Regarding Raphael's many accomplishments, it is evident that he has been very successful on

two counts: finding new quality waters and huge U.S. carp.

What Is Euro-Style Carp Fishing?

Like freshwater bass fishing in the U.S., European carp fishing is much more than a sport or pastime. It is, for many, a way of life that revolves around an obsession with a fish. Carp are worshiped in Europe, and fishing for them is as much a tradition as it is a passion. It is generally acknowledged that the modern era of European carp fishing began in the 1950s in the United Kingdom and then spread rapidly throughout other countries. Carp were brought to the United States in the 19th century and were then harvested primarily by Europeans who had fished for them in their native countries before emigrating to the U.S. source of food. Bright colors and scented ingredients add to the appeal of these baits. From empirical and anecdotal evidence, the use of boilies has resulted in larger average-size carp being



Raphael Biagini shows off a cousin of the European version of the American common carp, which tends to grow larger than their American cousin.



Don't overlook any body of water for carp. Even within the depths of New York City, carp catching opportunities exist.

caught than other forms of bait. Ground baits, pop-up baits, and hook baits are also popular. This diversity of baits allows the carp angler to fish the entire water column, depending on the specific behaviors of the carp. Raphael considers boilies his favorite bait, followed by various particle baits like corn, barley, beans, and chufa. He will sometimes use some form of ground bait to enhance the appeal of his chumming.

Another trademark of European carp fishing is the use of long rods, about 12 feet in length. The rods are set into a tripod-style holder that typically accommodates three rods. The rods are matched to surf fishing-size reels. The reason for those specific set-ups is that shorebound anglers often need long casts to reach areas where carp are holding and feeding. Carp are a species that readily make their presence known to anglers. They can jump from the water, cruise near the surface, or 'mud' like redbreast or bonefish when bottom feeding. And carp will often hold in groups in shallow water. European anglers will also use bite indicators that signal the slightest take when a carp eats the bait. This gives the angler ample time to watch the carp swim off with the bait and to set the hook appropriately. Traditional European fishing for carp involves bait and a 'sit and wait' technique.

The fished area will often be seeded with some form of pre-bait like ground and scented meal. This form of chumming will typically be done either a day or more before the actual fishing begins. This tactic aims to attract the carp to a specific area where they get conditioned to feed. This increases their receptivity to eat hooked bait. Anglers will frequently fish around a 72-hour window once chumming has taken place and through a period of intense feeding activity, brought about by the pre-baiting. And in Europe, a carp fishing session might extend for days at a time. It is easy to see how this form of fishing can become a lifestyle rather than simply a pastime. Anglers who fish for carp in this manner are very conservation-minded and work to release carp in a way that minimizes mortality. To that end, those anglers use cradle-style nets to land large carp before release. This method of landing a super-size carp limits the stress on the fish's internal organs and helps to avoid any injuries.

Carp Physiology and Habits

Carp are omnipresent and can be found in most lakes, ponds, slow-moving rivers, and meandering streams like many such waters found in the Northeast. Carp are transplants from Asia, and although not native to North America, they have established strongholds and thrive in many waters. The common carp is the king of the hill in the minnow family, representing one of the largest species of that clan. Mirror carp are also very abundant. Carp, as a species, are adaptive, resilient, intelligent, wary, and can live a long time, with some documented specimens over 65 years of age and weighing

over 90 pounds. Anglers in the Northeast can expect to encounter common carp within a range of approximately 4 pounds to 30 pounds.

Carp rely on all their senses to survive and feed, and this aspect of their physiology is of utmost importance to anglers. Their fleshy mouths are designed for bottom feeding and rooting among the muck and vegetation. Barbels on each side of the mouth aid carp with their senses of taste and feel. While common carp utilize all senses when feeding, smell, and taste are paramount. Carp can make quick decisions about whether or not a potential food item is edible. What a carp cannot see is often detected by its barbels. The orientation of a carp's eyes is of particular importance, creating a blind spot in front of and below the snout. While the window of placement is small, a bait dropped softly ahead of the area of impaired vision will be sensed by the barbels. A bait gently placed ahead of a carp's path will, in most instances, be met with interest, although not all encounters result in strikes and hook-ups. Carp refuse more of their intake than they ingest, and they can do so with lightning speed. Carp can spit out a non-appealing bait faster than one can blink the eyes.

Carp are omnivorous feeders. Their food sources span aquatic plants to worms, insects, and crustaceans. Carp feeding behavior is often dictated by the specific water they live in. In large impoundments, rivers, and streams where the fish feed totally on natural food, they are very receptive to baits like boilies, dough balls, and kernel corn. At the opposite end of the spectrum are the duck ponds where carp also thrive. In these ponds, carp feeding behaviors are very much affected by human intervention. People like to feed waterfowl, and it doesn't take long for carp in that environment to become conditioned to the artificially-induced food source. You will often see carp become very active as ducks are being fed. The fish will gather in numbers under the waterfowl and pick off pieces of bread, corn, or other feed that escape the frenzied ducks.

As with many fish species, carp will feed more aggressively and with less vigilance as the water cools in late fall and early winter. To some extent, they throw a bit of caution to changing winds and cooling water temperatures. In shallow ponds and backwaters off the main channel of rivers and during periods of high sun, you can easily spot carp as dark, elongated shapes either at rest or as slow-moving "logs." Carp are as wary, if not more so, than trout. Carp can be easily spooked by anything that appears unnatural to their environment, and they will bolt at the simplest of mistakes. Raphael's approach to patterning the behaviors of carp is very much akin to how a whitetail deer hunter scouts the movements of a big buck: discover where they feed, where they bed or hold, and the migration path to and from those locations.



A three-rod-spread deployed in an area that has been pre-chummed will maximize area coverage and increase your chances of a carp taking any given bait.

HI IQ

Carp are smart creatures, and they learn from experience. They have the ability to recall positive and negative events, put the pieces together, and react accordingly. I have encountered a number of small pond situations where carp would aggressively take the bait on one trip, and then on



Boilies are a great choice when it comes to effectively targeting carp.

subsequent outings to the same area, totally reject those same offerings. Being able to watch their behaviors, I noticed the refusals were so emphatic it seemed the carp knew the deceptive bait represented danger. Could it have been a fish that had been previously caught, or did that fish's pack mates learn from the negative experiences of other fish? I suspect both since this has happened more than one would simply associate with coincidence.

A Most Challenging Species

When discussing carp behavior with Raphael, he offered that successful anglers never forget that carp, like all other living creatures, are motivated to "Survive, eat and reproduce" and that anglers should always observe carp behaviors, remain confident in their approach, and stay committed to a strategy.

To increase one's odds of a connection, areas of high fish density and activity should be targeted. The angler should also take a micro view of the water and pay close attention to near-shore areas where carp might rest, especially shallow areas or slow-moving eddies and sloughs. Little else is as frustrating when pursuing pond carp as walking up to the shore only to spook a pod of big fish at the water's

edge. Once those carp scatter, you can forget about catching them on that outing. And much like bonefish, when they flee, they will take other carp with them, often clearing out an entire area that was moments before alive with fish. To minimize this, the wise carp angler must approach those areas cautiously. For example, when you happen upon fish milling about within range, watch their behaviors first before casting. Even when fishing with bait, wait to see if they bury their snouts into the bottom muck and begin to root for food. Large groups of carp have too many senses at work simultaneously for the angler to avoid detection.

Carp are finicky, wary, and sometimes discriminating feeders, providing challenging fishing experiences. Like most species of fish, those huge carp tend to be loners or travel with other fish their size. Give Euro carping a try, and get one of these freshwater cows to eat your bait. You will be hooked as the fish. ■

Second Place

⊕ **Angelo Peluso**
Neglected Ponds Equal Lunker Largemouth
The Fisherman Online, May 2023

Third Place

⊕ **David J. Figura**
New York Tribes Want Recognition for Treaties from 1700s
OutdoorNews.com, Dec. 11, 2023

Second Place

⊕ **Joseph Gary Crance.**
The Last Coon Hunter, Fifth Anniversary Edition
Lulu Publishing Services, 2022

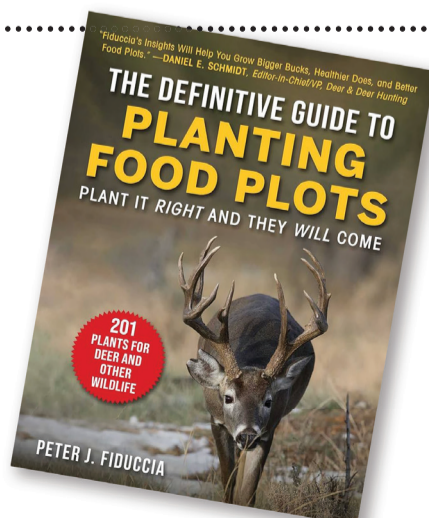
Third Place

⊕ **Joseph Gary Crance**
The Time of the Backroads
Lulu Publishing Services, 2022

Book

First place

Peter Fiduccia
Definitive Guide to Planting Food Plots
Skyhorse Publishing, 2023





Janice M. Keesler Memorial Photo Awards winners Judges:

⊕ Don Andrews

Don Andrews has dedicated his life to capturing the essence of nature through his lens. With a passion for hiking, backpacking, skiing and mountaineering, he has traveled to some of the most remote and beautiful areas of our country. From Alaska to the Adirondacks, he has taken countless photographs of wildlife and landscapes, with each frame telling a unique story. He specializes in capturing the beauty of the great outdoors in a way that makes people fall in love with nature all over again. Don has made more than 75 trips to Yellowstone, Grand Teton and Glacier National Parks. He is currently working on a new website, [DonAndrewsPhotography](http://DonAndrewsPhotography.com).

⊕ Mark Bowie

Mark Bowie is a professional nature photographer, writer and much sought-after public speaker. He is a frequent contributor to *Adirondack Life* magazine and his work has been published internationally in books, on calendars and posters and in advertising media. His first two coffee table books, *Adirondack Waters: Spirit of the Mountains* and *In Stoddard's Footsteps: The Adirondacks Then & Now*, have become landmark regional publications. They were followed by *The Adirondacks: In Celebration of the Seasons*. He is an expert on night photography and has written two comprehensive e-books on the subject: *The Light of Midnight: Photographing the Landscape at Night*; and *After Midnight: Night Photography by Example*. Mark is a staff instructor for the Adirondack Photography Institute, leading digital photography workshops and tours.

⊕ Kurt Gardner

Kurt Gardner, a Rochester native, spent his childhood in the Adirondack Park. His family spent summers, weekends and every other opportunity there to enjoy the beauty of this area. The time spent and memories made as a child helped shape the lens that created the love he tries to display in his photographs. Kurt has been a professional in fashion and advertising photography. After a severe medical setback in 2014, he began his recovery process with the aid of a friend who escorted him—and his camera—often into the Adirondack wilderness. The beauty of his surroundings helped to heal his spirit and body.

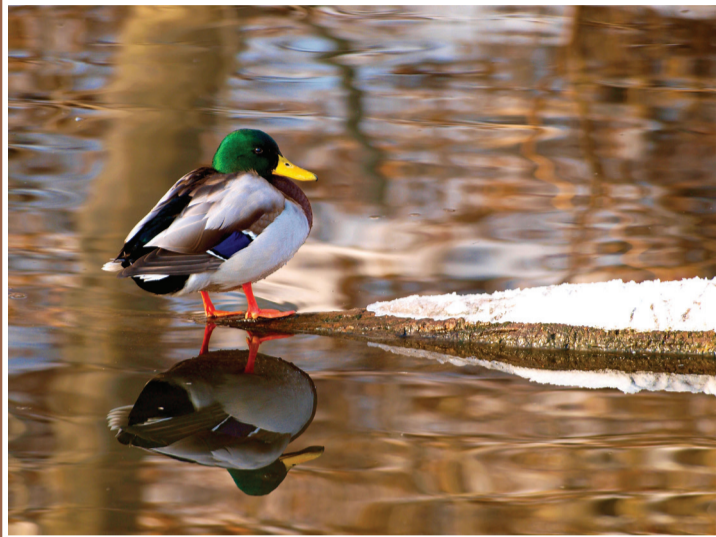
⊕ Dan Sylvester

Dan Sylvester is an award-winning, freelance photographer and artist living his dream of exploring beautiful and wild places with the goal of capturing unique photographs that evoke emotion and drama. Dan's work can be found in galleries and featured in calendars depicting the beauty of national parks. As an avid outdoorsman, nature and the rugged outdoors are always calling to him to explore unique experiences and new destinations.



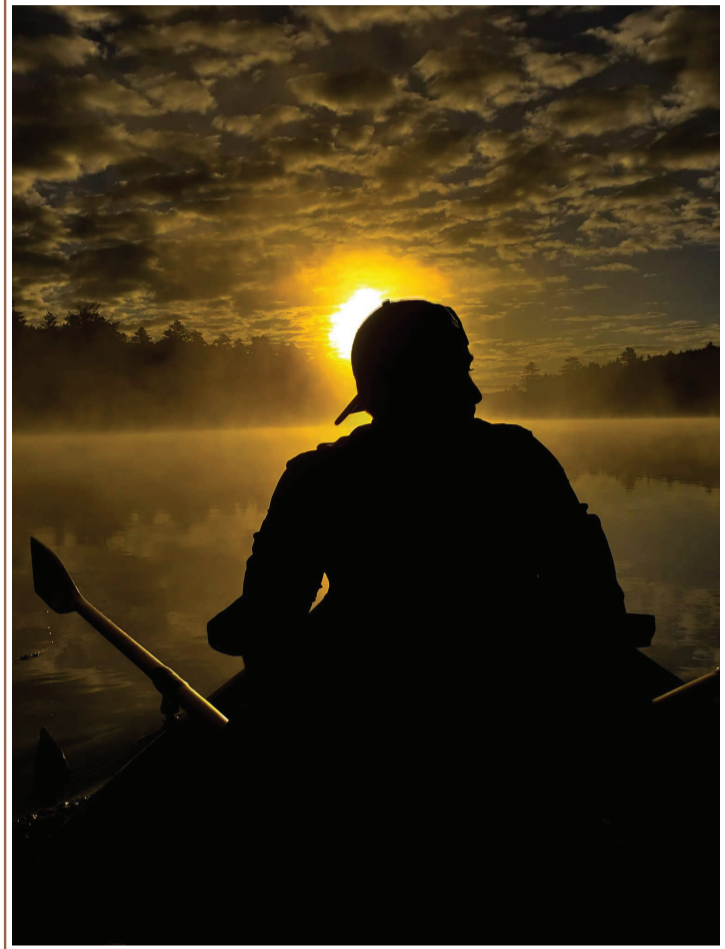
The photo award winners

Outdoor Scenic



First Place (Pictured)	Second Place	Third Place
⊕ Angelo Peluso	⊕ Charles Witek	⊕ Jerrod Vila

Outdoor Action



First Place (Pictured)	Second Place	Third Place
⊕ Jerod Vila	⊕ Deb Brosen	⊕ Deb Brosen

Hunting & Fishing



First Place (Pictured)	Second Place	Third Place
⊕ Chris Paparo	⊕ Angelo Peluso	⊕ Sue Kiesel

People



First Place (Pictured)	Second Place	Third Place
⊕ Chris Paparo	⊕ Chris Paparo	⊕ Matt Haeffner

Wildlife



First Place (Pictured)	Second Place	Third Place
⊕ Deb Brosen	⊕ Deb Brosen	⊕ Chris Paparo

Special thanks to our awards sponsor, Redding Reloading Equipment, Inc., and to our awards banquet sponsor, the National Shooting Sports Foundation