

*the*  
QUARTERLY

WINTER 2021





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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Welcome to the inaugural edition of The Quarterly! We wanted a place where we could continue the conversations that we started about style elsewhere, as well as share some stories that didn't find a good outlet through everything else we have been offering - so this is now that place.

The Quarterly will come out at the beginning of each season and prepare you for what is ahead- whether it be through style tips corresponding to the time of year, a nostalgic memory from yours truly, or how to make a seasonal cocktail (Spoiler alert: These stories and more are waiting for you in this very edition as well!).

Now that you and The Quarterly are acquainted, let's talk about here & now - Winter.

This early Winter time of year is one of my favorites, and for good reason. The connection between loved ones, strangers, and society as a whole is never greater than it is right now. This time of year brings everyone together around a common time of celebration -

and it doesn't really even make a difference what you are celebrating. Whether it's Kwanzaa, Christmas, Hanukkah, or just being grateful that the whole family is under the same roof for a night - everyone has something to celebrate, and being reminded that there are still things worth celebrating unites us all.

We all go the same parties, hear the same stories, and sit around the same table - just in different homes. Because we share a common reason to celebrate, we can put ourselves in each other's shoes more readily. This common understanding creates an empathy not experienced the rest of the year - we can actually understand one another on something that matters to all of us. For a time, there is less strife, less division, and less loneliness.

This time of year is all of this and so much more. It makes me wish that it lasted just a little longer, but for now, I am just going to enjoy it to the fullest in all of its forms.

--  
Kameron Vogt



# SIMPLE GIFTS

*for the host / hostess*

Kyndal Vogt, Guest Writer

This season, you may find yourself suddenly inundated with invitations to parties, get-togethers, and all the rest. Thus begins the “Should I? Shouldn’t I?” game of holiday party host/hostess gifts.

Is a gift required or expected at every holiday party? Not at all. In my experience, Millennials typically don’t expect a gift for hosting a party, but that doesn’t mean a small gesture of gratitude is misplaced. Everyone likes to be valued and thanked for the effort they put into making a gathering a warm and inviting space. Bringing a gift for the host or hostess is an easy way to say ‘thank you’ for their hospitality.

If you’re not sure what to bring, have no fear! Here are 5 easy host/hostess gifts at a range of price points and time commitments, so you can shower your friends and family with a little extra gratitude and love this season without any added stress.

## 01 Candle

Winter is the perfect time to light up candles all around the house for that cozy, homey, sipping-hot-chocolate-under-a-blanket feeling. For that extra punch, give a candle with a wood wick. This tiny upgrade can make all the difference.

## 02 Bouquet

Bouquet of flowers or seasonal greenery. Seasonal plants are gorgeous and fit the holiday vibe. They’re also short-lived, so you won’t be forcing your friend to store another decoration for the next 11 months! Win-win.



## 03 Homemade Goodies

Homemade cookies or a loaf of seasonal quick bread. Homemade goodies are an instant crowd-pleaser! If someone brings cookies or a loaf of banana bread to a party I’m hosting, I’ll put it out for everyone to enjoy. A couple of my go-to’s for simple seasonal quick breads are pumpkin bread in fall, orange glazed cranberry bread in winter, and zucchini or banana bread anytime during the year. A lemon blueberry loaf is never a bad option either.

## 04 Bottle of Wine

A bottle of wine. Delicious and easily shared, wine is the classic hostess gift. I recommend Justin’s cabernet sauvignon. Clichéd “wino” words such as “luscious mouth feel” describe this wine perfectly without emptying your wallet.

## 05 Local Touch

If you’re traveling out of town for a party, bring a little something that represents your area such as local produce or cards made by your favorite local artist. I’m from an agricultural community, but I regularly visit my friends in the “big city” a couple hours away for college reunions. My friends always enjoy the personal touch of a jar of local honey or a bag of nuts from local farmers I know. What’s something that represents your area or makes you remember a fond memory? Share those things with your host.



PRO TIP:  
ADD A SHORT NOTE TO ANY OF THE GIFTS ABOVE TO GIVE IT THAT EXTRA TOUCH OF PERSONALITY. MOST IMPORTANTLY, REMEMBER HOST/HOSTESS GIFTS ARE MEANT TO BE A SIMPLE TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR HOSTING THE PARTY. DON’T OVERTHINK IT, AND ENJOY YOUR TIME TOGETHER!



*Hi! I'm Kameron, your new stylish friend. I like hugs and Friends (the show, but my actual friends are great too) and the beach. Bubbly water makes me feel fancy and I really do believe that life is made up of all of the little things, so why not make the little things special?*

# HANDWRITTEN...

A hand-written note is one of those things that can stop me in my tracks and make me slow down for just a moment - It is at once antiquated and timely. And no other time of year gives us as many opportunities to write out a card to someone as this holiday season does.

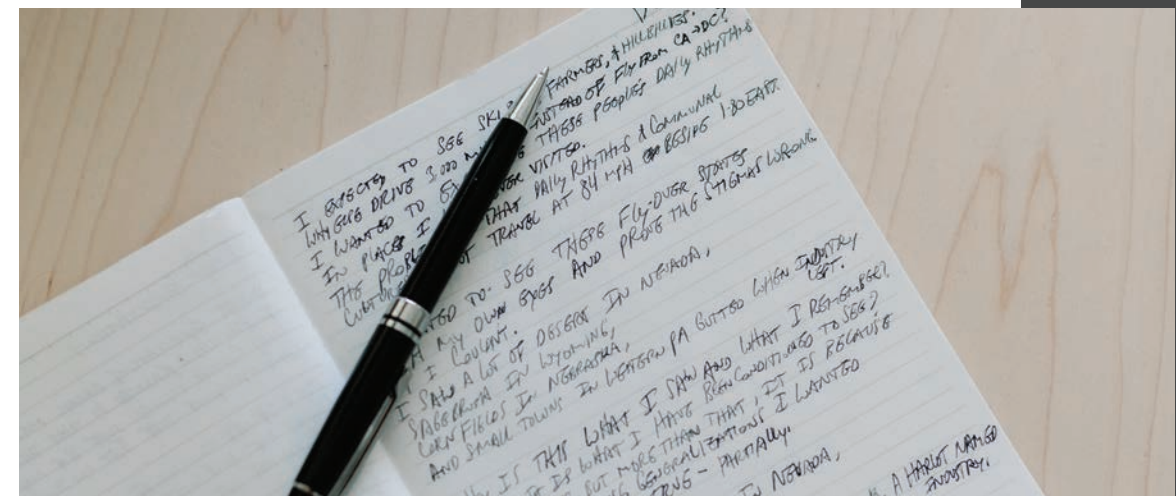
My mom instilled this practice in me as a child. The weeks following Christmas and my birthday were for hand-writing thank you cards. I think I viewed it as one of those odd things that I dreaded on some level because it added to my list of things to do, but I also looked forward to it because I thought that the expression of gratitude and the connection it could create were meaningful.

I still write out thank you cards each Winter, thanks to my mom.

When my wife and I were first dating, we had to spend three months apart from each other. I thought that as I got older it wouldn't seem like such a struggle, but I'm older now and it still feels like a freaking long time and no one could pay me enough to do it again.

To make it through our time apart, I decided to fill a journal with letters to Willow. I wrote her one letter each day so that by the end, I could give her something that would tangibly show how much she meant to me and how much I had thought of her during our time apart.

I could have typed them out and made a book, but it wouldn't have been the same. Except for "You've Got Mail," every romantic story relies on ink and paper, so ours would too.





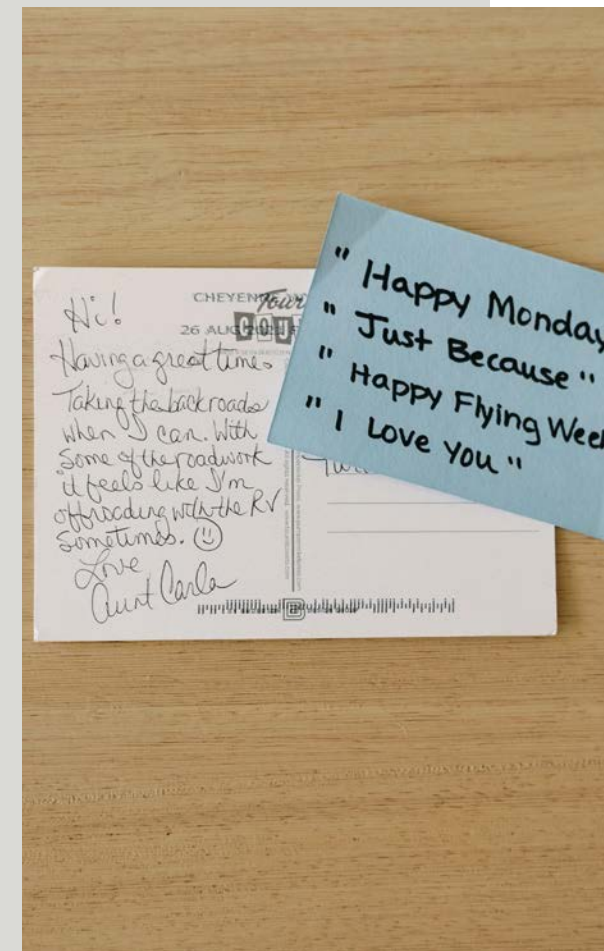
Hand-writing a letter tells the recipient more than just what is actually written down on the paper. It tells them that you value them enough to go through the extra time and inconvenience (because it is inconvenient) and that you want to give them a little bright spot in their day where they can pause for a moment and enjoy one of the simpler pleasures of life.

My Aunt is an all-star when it comes to sending postcards. When I was in college, I knew exactly who it was from. She would send one from her road-trip to South Carolina or one from the local shop in town since it's always nice to be reminded of home.

She wouldn't write a lot on those postcards (you've only got room for about 11 words anyways), but the action spoke louder than anything she could have said. I knew that she was thinking of me and that she cared enough about me to let me know it - those things make a difference in a person's life.

Like a sweater cuts the cold, a simple caring gesture can dispel the slow accumulation of loneliness.

My dad writes in all caps - like an architect. When I was a kid, I remember thinking it was so messy, but so cool and confident too - dads have that effect on their little ones (Imbuing the ordinary with a special allure), so I am grateful that mine used his position in my life with care and integrity.



He gave me a book for my 13th birthday as a coming-of-age sort of gift. On the inside cover, he wrote a message about being proud of who I was becoming. You can't underestimate the weight that it carries in a young person's life to see those words written about them.

I still have the book and I still see his inscription from time to time - somehow it still affects me just like it did when I was 13.

When I graduated from high school, I decided to give every classmate a copy of Love Does by Bob Goff. I wrote a message to each person on the inside cover either expressing gratitude for our friendship or giving some word of encouragement about the unique gifts that they had as they began the next part of their journey into adulthood.

Thankfully I only had 28 classmates, otherwise I would have had to start this little exercise in March to finish on time. At any rate, it still took a good amount of time to find the words I wanted to say to each person I had gone through the last four years of life with, but I wouldn't change it. Sitting down to address each person as an individual, gave me a level of understanding and compassion for them that would have been hard to achieve any other way. It humanized our relationship and created a bond that recognized where we had been and the separate ways we would all soon be going.

I am not the most eloquent speaker yet, so for the really important moments - the ones where I want to get the words right - I am grateful for the written word and I am grateful for everything that it communicates.



# ROAD TRIP

JOURNAL ENTRY FROM JANUARY 3, 2021...

I expected to see ski bums, farmers, & hillbillies.

Why else drive 3,000 miles instead of fly from California to D.C.?

I wanted to experience these people's daily rhythms in places I had never visited.

The problem is that daily rhythms and communal cultures don't travel at 84 mph on I-80 East.

---

I wanted to see these fly-over states with my own eyes and prove the stigmas wrong.

But I couldn't.

I saw a lot of desert in Nevada, Sagebrush in Wyoming, cornfields in Nebraska,

And small towns in Western Pennsylvania gutted when industry left.

---

Why is this what I saw and what I remember?

Because it was what I expected to see?

Partially yes, but more than that, it is because these sweeping generalizations,

That I wanted to disprove,

Are true - partially.

---

There is a lot of desert in Nevada,

Sagebrush in Wyoming, Cornfields in Nebraska,

And small towns in Western Pennsylvania gutted when industry left.

---

But ... There is more, so much more to all of these places.

I know it is true but I just didn't prove it this time.

Because everyday people living their daily rhythm

Don't travel at 84 mph on I-80 East.







Last Winter, I decided that a roadtrip was what I needed to clear my blues away. I was a year into law school and dreading just about every minute of it. I hadn't taken a break in school since I had started, so the Winter quarter would be my "Summer Break."

Getting out on the road and seeing something different has always been my drug of choice. Every so often, if I don't have my regular dose of mild adventure, I start to feel cooped up by my daily routine and the anxiety wells up until I let it release through a change of pace.

Well, law school had me feeling cooped up - I was feeling borderline claustrophobic come Thanksgiving. All I was holding on to was this impending road trip. It was the carrot dangling in front of my nose, pulling me through the last weeks of class and finals until I would finally be free.

Free. Freed. Freedom.

In all its various forms, freedom is my muse and my crutch. It props me up through the promise of its eventual arrival. But it's also a ball and chain - holding me back from experiencing what is right in front of me; convincing me that 'better' is out there instead of right here.

*"I shouldn't be here!"*

This is partially why my stint in law school felt like such a battle. I had placed such a high value on freedom that once I had voluntarily relinquished it for a time in order to pursue something requiring unfettered commitment - and then that something wasn't what I wanted it to be - I had felt like I had given my greatest prize in exchange for fool's gold. I was reminded of my deal-gone-sour every time I walked into class; smiling and sitting still on the outside, but standing and screaming on the inside, "I shouldn't be here!"

I can't believe it's finally here! Time to get out on the open road and leave all of my anxieties behind.

I'm choosing this. For once I get to decide everything about my life - go where I want to go, stop where I want to stop, spend my time how I want to spend it.

I couldn't be more ready for this and I'm already dreading the ending.

Over the next three weeks, I made a loop out of the United States. Texas to Colorado - to Nevada - to California - back to Utah - to Nebraska - to Illinois - to D.C. - back to Tennessee - To Texas.

Some of it alone, some with my sister, and some with my very patient wife.

My greatest hopes, fears, and worries were all answered in the affirmative. Yes, it felt comforting to feel small and unknown in the vast expanse of the great outdoors. Yes, it is simpler, faster, and easier to go it alone - but yes, it is as lonely as you feared it might be. Most importantly, yes, your problems stay the same even as everything around you changes.

Slow drivers still presented growth opportunities for me to respond kindly instead of what still felt like the most natural response (#@\*%!). Having space to slow down and think only made the voices in my head louder ("Mental note - train the voices in your head to be nicer"). Finally, even though the people around you can be your greatest source of consternation, they will always be your greatest source of joy.

I'm still sorting out everything that trip taught me, and while I see how childish a lot of my reasons for going were - I wouldn't change the going part. I am grateful that I could learn about myself, make mistakes, and wake up the next morning to try it all over again.

I wanted to see something different on that Winter break, and I saw 10,000 miles worth of different. It didn't solve everything or anything for me - but it was everything I needed it to be.





# SWEATERS

It's full-fledged sweater weather for most of the country by now, and that means it's time to take a closer look at styling sweaters so that you can use this piece to add texture, variety, and approachability to your Winter wardrobe.

## WHAT MAKES A SWEATER?

The three classic sweater materials are wool, cashmere, and cotton. Each has a different appearance and feel and each is perceived differently, so it is helpful to know what each is best suited for so you can plan accordingly.

### WOOL

The classic. Super warm, generously textured, and can be very soft. Wool comes from a sheep (thank you FFA) and has some pretty nifty natural benefits like being anti-microbial (read: inhospitable to stanky sweat) and quicker to dry than cotton.

Wool is the classic for good reason - it can be dressed up in a thinner weight like merino or be really heavy and cozy in a thick cable knit, so it really can be the only material of sweater you own and it will do well in whatever scenario you find yourself in.



### CASHMERE

The fanciest. Just as warm as wool, but even softer, thinner, and more luxurious. Cashmere actually comes from a goat (didn't know that until last month...). It is perceived as the classier option for sweaters because of its smooth texture and ultra soft touch. It doesn't feel quite as durable as a thicker wool, but it usually isn't going to be put in situations where it needs to be durable. Use cashmere for your thin fancy sweaters that you can wear all by itself or layer under a nice coat, and if you get the itch to go traipsing through the woods, leave your cashmere at home.

### COTTON

The forgotten one. Cotton is kind of whatever you need it to be. It can be thin and breathable or chunky and heavy. It doesn't have the luxurious connotation of cashmere or wool, but it is really durable and really easy to take care of. Cotton isn't really even a sweater material, yet people make sweaters out of it, so what do I know? It is best suited for chunky cable knit, burly ragg, and anything where you want a heavy texture. The thinner a cotton sweater is, the more it looks like a sweatshirt - which isn't a problem unless you want to be wearing a sweater.

## WHAT STYLE SHOULD I WEAR?

Great question. It depends on what you want to communicate, because each style (like each material) has something different to say and will be perceived differently.

### 01. Long Cardigan

Creates a very flattering outline by elongating your silhouette. Has the interesting ability to dress up jeans but dress down more polished looks. Perfect for Saturday morning brunch.

### 02. Quarter-Zip

Welcome to the country club. A modern day classic in the sense that it has enjoyed its place in the spotlight for most men over the past four decades, but the style itself isn't all that classic. It has its place in a sportier atmosphere, but if all you wear are quarter-zip sweaters, it's time to branch out.



### 03. Turtle

If it's actually cold and you need your sweater to pull its own weight, this would be the one to reach for. Somehow adding those four inches of material on the top of the sweater turn it into a portable furnace. The style is impeccable - a little dressed up while still appearing cozy and approachable, so the only question becomes whether you can take the heat.

### 04. Mock

My personal favorite. The style achievements of a turtle neck, with half the material on top. The furnace becomes a cozy fire but leaves the stylistic benefits largely the same, if not even more polished.



## 05. *Crew*

Any more classic and it would be a white t-shirt. A crew neck sweater is unassuming while still enjoying the benefits of luxurious materials and interesting textures. Best used as a casual stand-alone with jeans or layered under a coat for a dressed up look.

## 06. *Boat*

A style pretty much reserved for the ladies, and not the most versatile one at that, but one that should not be overlooked. A boat neck isn't the best for layering under a coat because the edges just kind of disappear at the sides which creates the illusion of being unfinished. It is great as a standalone sweater paired with denim, though, and the wider neck shows off the collar bones nicely and flirts with the shoulders instead of the chest, which is a nice change of pace to embrace every once in a while.

## 07. *V-Neck*

This one is a great addition to any woman's closet, but men have a few landmines to sidestep when choosing a v-neck. It works so well for women because it elongates the chest. It shows the same amount of skin you would in the Summer months, but you're wearing a Winter material - which sets you apart. It has the opportunity to work equally well for men as long as you choose a shallow enough cut or wear a plain crew neck t-shirt under it - whether you have chest hair or not, a really deep v-neck sweater never really comes off right on a gentleman.

## WHEN SHOULD I WEAR A SWEATER?

Absolutely any time that you feel like it (weather permitting). Sweaters enjoy a wide latitude with social acceptability in just about every situation, partially because of their impeccable materials and partially because everyone agreed that we needed some more comfortable clothing options for holiday parties.

With that being said - a sweater, is not a sweater, is not a sweater. There is a world of difference between a trim cashmere crew and a heavy cable knit cardigan. Generally, the simpler and more unassuming a sweater is, the more you can dress it up. Conversely, the more patterned or heavily textured a sweater is, the better it is for a casual style with your favorite denim.

When in doubt - just wear one. We only have so long until sweater weather comes to an end and the flowers start to bloom again. This time of year, 'warm' and 'cozy' are two things we're all looking for in our outfits and there's no substitute for your favorite sweater. Also, everyone loves to get a hug from someone wearing a sweater.



# THRIFTED

Thrift stores are so much more than just your best chance at winning the annual "Ugliest Christmas Sweater" competition.

My first memorable thrifting adventure was with my friend's family on a road trip up the west coast from California to Canada when I was twelve. We stopped at a Salvation Army store somewhere in Oregon and my life was changed forever. We scored two golf clubs that first outing (necessary for our makeshift campground game) and from that point on, if we found a Salvation Army on the highway headed North you would have thought we were pulling into Disneyland.

I still love thrift stores.

Yes they take more time than retail, and no they aren't the most convenient option - but they provide a unique shopping experience unlike any other (my wife would say that "unique" isn't necessarily a good thing...).

Where else can you find an Ermenegildo Zegna jacket for \$19 or a Christian Dior belt for \$7? The thrill of finding that piece that fits just right is worth combing through all of the rest that couldn't be more wrong.

*The key is to go thrifting in a city that shares your style.*

Because of this, I don't go to my local thrift store. I don't want to dress like everyone else in my town, so I get outside of the local gene pool and save my thrifting adventures for The City by the Bay. Investment bankers and tech wizards have a lot more disposable income to spend on their wardrobes than I do at the moment, so I will gladly pick through their gently used hand-me-downs.

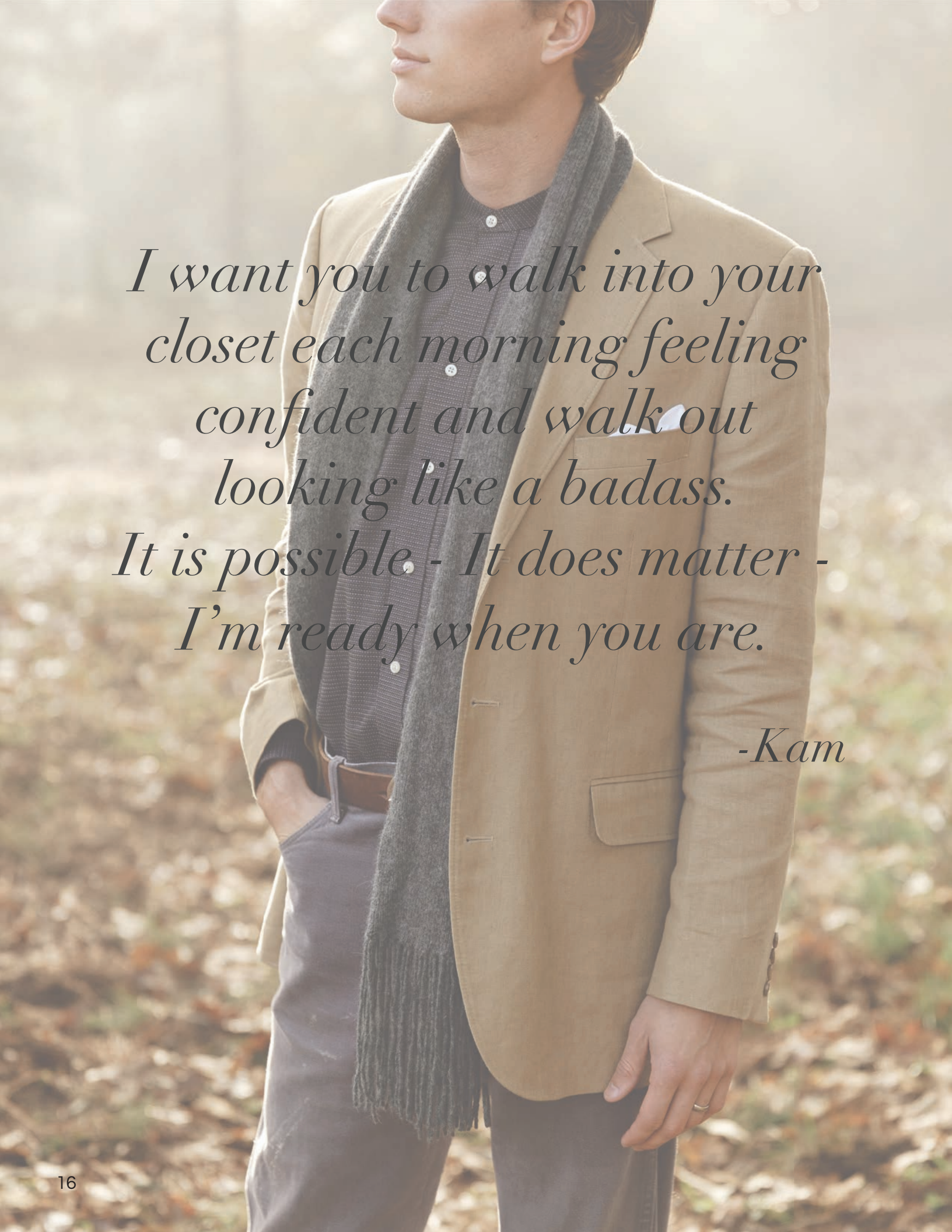
One of my all-time favorites is the Goodwill in Burlingame. Our friends used to live within walking distance of it (The amount of self-control it would take me not to go everyday if that was me...) so we could walk out their door, grab a coffee on the way, and proceed to peruse the Bay Area's finest rejects - it was an incredible way to spend a Saturday morning.

Brand new Levi's, all of last season's offerings from Banana Republic (both Bay Area companies), and some of the classiest custom tailored pieces from the bespoke clothiers in the area... oh, and this place comes with a skylight - need I say more?

I understand why some people will never shop at a thrift store, and I won't try to convince you otherwise if that is you. But if you don't have any qualms about it, it can be such a helpful tool to use as you figure out your personal style. Not only is it easy on the pocketbook (alright...Apple Pay), it also gives you a super low-commitment way to try new styles, new colors, and new fits that you might not be willing to try otherwise. You can try something for a season, you either love it or you hate it, then you take back whatever didn't work and donate it right back to the same store you got it from.

It won't be for everyone, but if you find yourself in a super bougie town with an hour to kill, give it a try for me and see if you don't surprise yourself with what you learn about your own personal style through the experience - you might even become a convert.





*I want you to walk into your closet each morning feeling confident and walk out looking like a badass. It is possible - It does matter - I'm ready when you are.*

*-Kam*

## WHY A BRICK & MORTAR IS WORTH A VISIT THIS SEASON

It's no secret that Amazon is everyone's go-to shopping destination for the holiday season - It's too convenient not to be. But Amazon can't do it all. There are some things you just can't get from an online shopping experience.

It might be time you paid a little visit to your favorite brick and mortar and remind yourself of what you've been missing. —

Willow and I were visiting some friends in Waco, TX a few weeks back and they told us that before we left, we had to go see the new Tecovas store that just opened downtown. Neither of us were in the market for a new pair of boots, but they hyped it up so much that I was genuinely excited to go see it for myself.

I can't remember the last time I was this excited to go to a brick and mortar, but here I was, looking forward to a downtown shopping trip. It felt antiquated - in a good way.

I was a little worried that I had built it up too much in my head, but those worries were put to rest the minute I saw the storefront. They had made a hundred year old historic building their home and not taken any shortcuts in the process. It was clear that each detail received its due attention and Tecovas actually wanted to be in this brick and mortar.

*It wasn't a matter of convenience - for the store or the customer.*

Tecovas wanted to create an experience for its customers that it couldn't create online and its customers wanted to do what they couldn't do online - touch, smell, converse, try-on.

There will always be something missing from an online interaction, even as brands have become experts at creating an online presence that leaves a lasting impression on their audience. A website can inspire you through words and pictures, but its hands are tied when it comes to the rest of the senses. You have to be in-person to experience the visceral reaction of smelling boot leather or relaxing on a comfortable couch while a genuinely helpful salesperson walks you through the process of finding the right fit for you.

Hannah would be graduating from college in three weeks, but for now, she was happy to help me find a pair of boots that were just right. She was engaging and conversational - two things that we used to take for granted, but now are welcome surprises. Four different sizes later, (I never really fixed a broken pinky toe, so sizing is always a bit interesting) she was still helpful, still smiling, and made sure that I didn't feel any pressure to make a purchase - another wonderful surprise.

Amazon can't offer you a drink while you peruse their latest offerings, but a brick and mortar sure can, and boy did I feel special! Justin got me his favorite - A whiskey neat from the distillery down the road. As I sat at the bar, (Yes, this place had a bar with room for 4) I enjoyed my whiskey, watched the cars drive by, and honestly didn't want my shopping experience to end. I wasn't hurried, I didn't feel pressure from the sales staff, and every person that I talked to was more than willing to make conversation.

*In a word, I felt welcomed.*

The boots that I really wanted were actually only available online - go figure - but I never would have decided on that pair, or even to buy from this brand, if it wasn't for this experience in the little world that they created for me at the corner of 7th and Washington.

Although I'm a bit of an old soul, I'm not so delusional as to think that the Macy's way of doing retail is going to come back as the leading approach any time soon, but there's just something missing about how most of us shop today. There's less fun, less personal connection, and less of a story to tell.

When your friend at the holiday party says, "Great shoes, where did you get them?", no one is excited to hear, "Online. 10% off because I gave them my email." —

I couldn't walk out of the store with that pair of boots, but I did find a denim jacket with a corduroy collar that fit the bill. In a weird way, I wanted to walk out with a memento that I could associate with this experience.

Now, whenever I wear this denim jacket, I won't remember a cardboard box delivered on my doorstep - I'll remember the conversations, the whiskey neat, and the handshake at the register. Let me know when Amazon can give you that.

















# WHISK(E)Y PERSONIFIED

Kyndal Vogt, Guest Writer

The whisk(e)y game has practically exploded in recent years. Millennials, social media influencers, and craft distilleries have collided to spark a new cultural fervor for the amber liquid life. However, if you're new to whisk(e)y, you might be a little overwhelmed by the sheer volume of information you're "supposed" to know. For starters, what the hell is with the parentheses in whisk(e)y?! Glad you asked. Short version - American and Irish whiskeys add that lovely little "e" before the "y" while Scotch, Canadian, and Japanese whiskies do not. Notice how the plurals are different too?

Don't freak out and ditch whisk(e)y just yet! I've put together "personality profiles" for the main types of whisk(e)y, so that you can get to know them a little better before diving in. Each of the whiskeys listed can be found relatively easily in the States without breaking the bank.

## *Scotch Whisky:*

>Recommended: Laphroaig 10-year scotch  
>Personality: Cardigan-wearing pipe-smoking grandpa. Quintessential British grandpa with his cable knit sweater and pipe enjoying a dram before the fireplace during a rainy winter night.

For beginners, peaty whisky can sometimes taste like you're eating ashes straight out of the grate, but don't give up on it after your first sip. The reward of a peaty scotch is the feeling of hearth and home, like being wrapped up in a big bear hug by your pipe-smoking grandpa. Laphroaig scotch is a classic smoky / peaty whisky from the southwestern Hebridean island of Islay. The Laphroaig 10-year is a great introduction to the world of smoky whisky.

## *Japanese Whisky:*

>Recommended: Suntory Whisky Toki  
>Personality: World-traveled badass aunt. Breezy, self-assured, forty-something with a penchant for chasing sunsets.

Japanese whisky shares similarities with scotch whisky, but is typically more understated. Smooth with the lightest touch of smoke on the palate lends itself to being perhaps one of the most inviting whiskies to wet your whistle as a burgeoning whisk(e)y lover. Easy to drink plus the added bonus of sounding well-traveled when drinking it with friends makes for the perfect combo.

## *Rye Whiskey:*

>Recommended: Bulleit rye whiskey  
>Personality: Chronically-cold but warm-hearted grandma. Big hugs, warm cinnamon rolls in the morning, and the coziest blankets draped over couches.



Rye whiskey is spicy and smooth like a grandma’s welcoming kitchen and her unexpected salty quips. It tastes like home with the added bonus of the ‘Kentucky hug’ - the warmth blooming in your chest when drinking bourbon and rye whiskey. Bulleit rye whiskey is an approachable rye - not too spicy, not too sweet.

*Bourbon Whiskey:*

>Recommended: Brother’s Bond bourbon  
>Personality: Midwest hometown girl on her way to Hollywood. Partying with movie producers, bonfires on the beach, the warm glow of your name in lights. Bourbon is a delicious blend of sweetness and warmth with a friendly kick at the back of the throat. It feels like warm honey and tastes like homemade caramel with a dash of spice. Bourbon has all the sweetness of Betty next door mixed with her brother Tom’s penchant for loving banter. Brother’s Bond was created by two actors - Ian Somerhalder and Paul Wesley of Vampire Diaries fame - but don’t let that fool you. This bourbon is easy enough for the newbie and complex enough for the rough and tumble cowboy.

*Irish Whiskey:*

>Recommended: Bushmills Irish whiskey  
>Personality: Your local singer-songwriter strumming tunes at the coffee shop every Saturday afternoon. Poetry shared aloud, fruit ripe on the tree, hand-dipped caramel apples. Irish whiskey is known for its light, smooth essence. While the Irish are stereotyped as brash and brawling, their whiskey is better described as sweet and lilting. The fruity and sweet caramel notes combined with a low proof make Irish whiskey a pleasant sipping whiskey to share with friends around the table or on a blanket at a crisp beach picnic.



Whisk(e)y is a vast and complex spirit created at the intersection of science and art. With the resurgence of interest in whisk(e)y and a blossoming whisk(e)y culture, the world is your oyster! Treat yourself to a glass of something new at a fancy restaurant or chat it up with your local bartender and try their favorite whisk(e)y from behind the bar. Most importantly, have a dram with a friend or two. Whisk(e)y is best enjoyed with those you love.



# YOUR FAMILY’S NEW COCKTAIL

Kyndal Vogt, Guest Writer

With the holidays just around the corner, we’re all itching to celebrate with loved ones. However, the past two years have depleted our collective social energy meters, so throwing a party may seem more daunting than in the past. Take some stress out of the preparation with this easy cocktail / mocktail duo that’s sure to please adults and kids alike!

## [Recipe Card]

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| <b>Cocktail Ingredients:</b>  | <b>Mocktail Ingredients:</b>  |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 1/2C Eggnog</li><li>• 2T Bourbon</li><li>• 1T White Rum</li><li>• 1T Brandy</li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 1/2C Eggnog</li><li>• 1/4C Ginger Ale</li></ul> |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Garnish - Full peppermint stick OR crushed on the rim a la margarita.</li></ul>       |   |

- And the Other Things...
- Shaker, bottle, or jar with cap
  - Ice
  - Fancy glasses (Bring out the good stuff)

- 1 Pour eggnog, bourbon, rum, and brandy into a shaker (or whatever you’ve got).
- 2 Fill shaker with ice. Shake vigorously (Go on, you won’t hurt anything).
- 3 Crush peppermint candies in a wax paper “sandwich” with a rolling pin, baseball bat, or can of pumpkin puree.
- 4 Dip rim of glass in peppermint bits for garnish. \*\*If you’re making this cocktail at a party, the candy cane bits will form a rock hard blob within the hour. Pro tip - set up a DIY candy cane crushing station for your guests. No blob, and it’ll keep your awkward uncle occupied for a minute.
- 5 Pour your libation into a fancy glass and enjoy!

\* FOR A BOOZIER COCKTAIL , MIX 1:1 EGGNOG TO LIQUOR. FOR A LIGHTER COCKTAIL , FOLLOW THIS RECIPE FOR 2:1 EGGNOG TO LIQUOR.



# TODD MORGAN

A coming of age story born  
in the Great Basin.

Keywords: Buckaroo, Great Basin,  
Dammit, Ranch, Supper.





Stories recounted firsthand have the effect of taking the fortunate listener to another time and place.

I walked into Todd Morgan’s workshop on November 24, 2021 - but I quickly realized that’s not where I would be spending the next couple of hours. We were going to another time and place entirely. Apart from the Apple Watch on his wrist, there were no indications that it wasn’t in fact 1962 and we weren’t in fact in Southeast Oregon...

The Summer of 1962 was a coming of age moment for Todd. He was fourteen years old and he would spend the entire Summer away from his family, earning his stripes as a buckaroo alongside grown men at Roaring Springs Ranch.

Roaring Springs is a neighbor of Whitehorse Ranch (where Todd grew up from birth until fifteen and where his dad was the ranch foreman). ‘Neighbor’ in the loosest sense of the word - when ranches are comprised of 50,000+ deeded acres, you aren’t going to the neighboring ranch to borrow a spare egg or two.

Being that Todd had only ever known ranch-life, he was well aware of what he was signing up for and not at all the novice that his age would have led you to believe. Even so, the buckaroo crew was a different breed. They were the horsemen of the ranch; accustomed to riding fifteen miles out to where the cattle were grazing - working with them all day - then riding the fifteen miles back to the bunkhouse at a long trot.

Was it necessary to ride all that way twice per day? Why not stay out for a few days at a time? Hell, why not trailer the horses and drive a truck when possible?

These are all questions that a fourteen year old kid might wonder, but Todd was smart enough not to ask. He learned from the first day that he was expected to learn by watching how the other buckaroos did something and fall in line accordingly.

For his very first supper, the cook prepared beef stew. Seemed like a reasonable enough ranch meal and he hadn’t had anything to eat since before the sun came up, so Todd had no complaints. The same couldn’t be said of the other buckaroos.

“Dammit, Jim, if this cook serves beef stew one more time, we’re leaving this place and you’re gonna to be out of help!”

Jim got the message. The next day there was no beef stew and no cook either. Jim’s wife filled the role for the rest of the Summer and peace was restored. The buckaroo’s ultimatum paid off and their hunch that the ranch needed them more than the cook proved true.

Todd found out later that they had eaten beef stew for breakfast and supper for the prior two weeks straight. Monotony can drive a person mad and Todd didn’t write off the possibility that he would have joined in the threatened revolt had he been served beef stew for another two weeks.

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Now is a good time for a little ranch-life vocabulary lesson.

First, a ‘Buckaroo’ is not a ‘Cowboy’ and if you call the wrong old buckaroo a cowboy in the Great Basin area of the country, you just might get hit. (They are kind of the same, but don’t push it). A buckaroo is the person on the ranch that does all the cow work. They ride on horseback all day long driving cattle, roping calves, and keeping an eye out for the sick or vulnerable members of the herd. They might mend the occasional fence but their mantra goes something like, “If I can’t do it on horseback, I ain’t doing it.”

Next, ‘Supper’ is the last meal of the day and it really didn’t matter what the middle meal was called because Todd didn’t get one anyways. The boss’s philosophy was that the horses were working hard enough as it was, so they didn’t need any extra weight weighing them down, and luxuries like food



and water fell into the ‘extra weight’ category. He got pretty good at putting down as much water as his stomach could handle by 4:00 A.M. so that he could make it until sundown without any more - the body is an impressive machine.

Finally, the ‘Great Basin’ is the part of the Western U.S. where rivers do not flow into the ocean. Every river, creek, and slough of flowing snow runoff continues out into the basin until it eventually soaks back into the ground, creating an area called a ‘sink.’ The basin runs roughly from Nevada on the Southern end - the Eastern Sierra’s of California to the West - Southern Idaho for the Northern boundary - and the parts of Western Colorado that don’t flow into the Colorado River as the Easternmost point.

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Every buckaroo at Roaring Springs had six horses - one for each day of work. When you ask a horse to carry you for 40 miles, the polite thing to do is give it the rest of the week off. These horses were ‘buckaroo broke,’ meaning they were trained enough to do the work asked of them, but they weren’t always that nice about it. Todd noticed the other buckaroos wearing boots with three-inch long heels - Hell to walk on, but they sure came in handy when a horse spooked, as they made it virtually impossible to get your foot caught in the stirrup and drug to death - something a buckaroo was always wary of.

Out of his six horses, Todd only had one that he was confident enough in to relax in the saddle. It was

always a good day when that horse’s turn came around each week. The rest of them kept him on his toes - partially focusing on taking care of cattle, partially taking care to stay in the saddle.

Out of his six horses, Todd also only had one that stood out as particularly troublesome - the name of which has only recently escaped him. Part-way through the Summer, he told a fellow buckaroo about this horse.

“I’m worried this som-bitch would run off without me and leave me to walk the fifteen miles back to the bunkhouse if I ever get out of the saddle when I’m alone.”

To which the older buckaroo replied, “You should be worried! It’s happened to more experienced horsemen than you.”

He didn’t get out of the saddle when riding that horse on his own the rest of the Summer...

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When listening to Todd Morgan recount his experiences from his time at Whitehorse and Roaring Springs, there was an honest nostalgia about it that is hard to come by. Honest in the fullest sense of the word. He was straightforward in his portrayal of the buckaroo life - no sugar coating the difficulties by romanticizing something that wasn’t romantic at the time. But he was genuinely nostalgic about what it was, and not just what he would have liked it to be. He actually loved it. It came through loud and



clear from his steady stream of stories, (spoken like only a true cowboy could - forgive me, Todd - buckaroo) to the quiet but obvious satisfaction present on his face as he remembers a time well-lived and work well-done.

If earning his stripes as a buckaroo at Roaring Springs Ranch was the epitome of ranch-life and where you can find the best of his honest-nostalgia - the family's move south to California the following year introduced a period of more honesty than nostalgia.

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The ranch culture of the Great Basin shaped Todd's growing-up years, but it wasn't exactly the same culture waiting for him at the N-3 Ranch in the hills outside of Livermore, California (Remember the whole 'buckaroo' v. 'cowboy' distinction? Not such a concern on the ranches of Central California.)

The man who owned Whitehorse Ranch, also owned N-3 and wanted Todd's dad to move down to California to manage it the way he had successfully managed Whitehorse. Todd's mom and dad moved down first to begin the work, while Todd and his sister stayed back so she could finish up her senior year of high school before relocating.

It was a different sort of operation - raising steers instead of running a cow-calf operation - but it was still a ranch. Todd continued his ranch work on the weekends and in the Summers when school was out, but it would only be a couple of years before he moved away for college. There's only so much impact a place can have on you in a short period of time and it sure wasn't like he'd had the first 14 years of his life for it to leave its mark - the way Southeast Oregon had.

*If moving away for college was the end of the story, there would be a lot more room for nostalgia and less cause for honesty. But it wasn't the end.*

Broken glass on the ground - blood mixed in the dirt - no movement in his left arm. Todd's dad had been driving his truck down a ranch road late at night when he ran off the road and down an embankment. The truck careened 40 feet to the ravine below where it ejected his dad out of the closed passenger window - causing severe nerve damage and paralyzing his left arm permanently.



Did the man who owned the ranch visit him in the hospital? Send flowers? Express his condolences in a letter?

Does it matter?

He thanked Todd's dad for the 20+ years of service and wished him well... at his next job. He fired him.

Couldn't he see that this fifty year old man had a lifetime of ranch knowledge, a mind that was still sharp, and a desire to stay on the ranch? Couldn't he be just the slightest bit accommodating and hire a young person with two working arms to take care of those buckaroo duties that he would no longer be able to participate in, since the majority of his role and responsibilities could continue on unhindered? Couldn't he give this man, who had helped his ranches achieve so much success, the respect due any human?

No.

That is the honest part of the nostalgia.

Todd's parents would move back to Southeast Oregon to be closer to family, but his dad would never work on a ranch again. The one thing that he wanted to be his whole life, the truest version of himself, was no longer an option that he had available to him.

Maybe it would have turned out different today - maybe it wouldn't.



We finish up our conversation talking about how times have changed, and how they haven't. Todd went back to Roaring Springs Ranch for an anniversary celebration a few years back and half of the buckaroos were women now. That's up about a million percent from 0 in Todd's day. He said the ability of the woman buckaroo to rope and ride hasn't changed all that much - there were women in his day that would have held their own or better against the men - but the acceptance of seeing a woman buckaroo as a viable candidate for the job has changed dramatically. Back then, she would have been laughed out of an interview or in the best scenario listened to only as a polite gesture, but now, she is a buckaroo - with everything that comes with it.

Some things stay the same. Todd was born into a ranching family, so he had the opportunity to learn the ropes and earn his place on the buckaroo crew. It's not that the role was given to him, far from it, but the opportunity arose partially out of proximity and partially out of familial connection. He doesn't see it being all that different for young people today. Kids that grow up on a ranch or closely connected to one have the opportunity to pursue a lifestyle that few else have. Of course, not all of these kids take it, but it's available. And for those that don't grow up immersed in the ranching community, it's an uphill journey.

Society is changing all the time - and the pace seems to be picking up. Southeast Oregon is changing too, just at a slower clip. You will still find ranches that stretch for miles and miles, buckaroos that prefer riding to walking, and beef stew is still on the menu.

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The rest of the story is for another day - The existential tension between cowboys and shepherds, the importance of land stewardship and how ranchers have every reason to act with environmental integrity whether or not someone from the outside tells them they have to or not, and how everything comes back to water.

Stories remind us that the way things are today, is not how they used to be, and is not how things will always be. For some, this is a comforting reality. For others, it is not. We will all be on each side of the story at one point, and that makes us all a little more human.



# A GIFT GIVEN, NOT BOUGHT



Sometimes the best gifts are given, not bought.

Several years ago, my mom asked me to give her some ideas for what she could get me for Christmas. I told her that I wanted my dad's watch. It was a 30-year-old Coleman watch with a bronze case and leather strap.

If you're new to the world of watches, Coleman does not make the list of "Greatest Watchmakers of Our Time." Tents? Sure. Sleeping bags and lanterns? Closer. But watches? Nope, not happening.

And if you're new to me, I am a watch aficionado. Mechanical watches to be precise. Not because I need an accurate way to keep time (thanks Apple), but because there is nothing that more beautifully mixes art and engineering for me than a watch. A watch is a mixture of raw material, mechanical tinkering, and sociological peacocking. It can be ornate or unassuming - complicated or simple - imposing or understated.

Unfortunately, the watches that are easy to make and inexpensive to purchase don't do anything for me. That would make this relationship too easy. No, I'm drawn to watches that will one day make me decide between choosing them and choosing a new car. I have a newfound understanding for people that are drawn to dysfunctional relationships... It doesn't make much logical sense, yet there is an undeniable attraction that you just can't shake.

So yes, handmade Swiss watches that require an insurance policy and a payment plan are the things that my dreams are made of.

The type of watch a person chooses to wear says a lot about how they approach life. An Apple Watch, for instance, says that you like tech gadgets or anything that makes your life simpler. A Rolex, on the other hand, can mean one of two things: 1. You want people to know that you can afford to spend a certain amount of money on a watch (and let them follow the rabbit trail that if you spend this much on a watch,

you should see my car or my house etc.) Or 2. You appreciate what Rolex has contributed to the history of watchmaking and you are going to choose to appreciate it whether others understand your intent or not. Pick the right watch and it will do a lot of the introductions for you, without you having to say a word.

So if I enjoy watches and I know that they communicate something about me, why would I want an objectively mediocre Coleman watch from 30 years ago?

Because it was my dad's.

There is a photo of my sister when she was two, sitting in the front basket of my dad's bike, and he's wearing this watch. It's one of those photos that unlocks all of these other memories from your childhood. When I saw that photo, I saw my dad holding me as a baby and sitting through night classes to get his MBA and playing catch with me in the yard - and he's wearing this watch.

I don't know if any of those memories are true, but I also don't think that it matters, because whatever the true history of this watch is - it reminds me of all of the best memories that I have with my dad. And those are true.

On Christmas Eve, I unwrapped a small present from my parents. The box wasn't Cartier red or Tiffany blue, but the watch that waited for me inside meant more to me than either of those ever could. This old Coleman probably cost \$45 in 1990 and taking depreciation into account was worth about \$0 - but gifts that are given, not bought, usually work within a different type of economy. An economy that forgets about dollars and cents and instead places value on the meaning and the memories.

This old Coleman is mine now (it will always be my dad's watch) and it has already started to take on new memories. It was the watch I reached for when my wife and I travelled around France, Italy, and Greece a few Summers ago. It was the watch that led me to my first bucket list watch - A Tudor Black Bay Bronze (They loosely resemble each other in appearance, the way that a Burberry trench coat and an H&M trench coat look similar if you are far enough away and moving fast enough). And I'm not finished with it yet.







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