

THE **CRAIR**



INSIDE THE LOUISIANA OFFICE

A look at how CRA works in Loozy'anna

Where in the World is CRA?

Contribution by
Paul Bundy



The Louisiana Office is a little slice of heaven (a fashionable double-wide) located in the always cool and breezy Shreveport (pronounced Shre' Port and shortened by locals to S'port when writing), Louisiana (pronounced Loozy'anna). S'port is in the northwest corner of the state and has flavors of Texas and Louisiana (possibly Arkansas too—but not sure about what that flavor would be). The culture is not like the NOLA party atmosphere (more like the party atmosphere of Louisville, KY [pronounced Loo'vull]—where there's Derby and the rest of the time folks are pretty serious), though Cajun food is available and we do have mardi gras parades. The winters here are hilarious, with storm warnings for any threat of snowfall (even when less than an inch is predicted). The summers are, of course, cool and breezy and the humidity keeps your thirst quenched. Actually, in the spring and summer the weather report on the local news typically includes the words "hot," "humid," and "again." The excitement during the spring and summer is ANY threat of rain because there is nearly none. The upside is you typically know what to wear (as little as the law allows) and can go swim (or run) pretty much anytime. Since the office opened at the end of

2009/beginning of 2010, we have gradually made friends through marketing. We arrived to find that CRA meant Conestoga-Rovers and Associates to folks in the area but since have established that there is a difference and have started spreading wonderful rumors about our CRA with some success. We have also made friends with Conestoga-Rovers and Associates too! Our work has largely been due diligence pipeline surveys (most jobs are less than an hour from the office) but has included record reviews for oil and gas and fiber-optic lines, surveys on planned biofuels job sites, surveys on planned LED development sites, a survey associated with the expansion of the Port at Natchitoches, a FEMA survey, compliance pipeline surveys, and a modeling and assessment project for Fort Polk. The staff consists of a fairly evolved few (Paul, Justin, and Shane). Paul runs from nothing (there is nothing

behind him, yet he runs), always dresses the same, and considers every possible wrong answer—just in case (no stone left unturned, counted, weighed, etc.). Justin tolerates Paul, takes on anything (including fictional monsters), and appreciates hockey (no bull). Shane is new enough and smart enough to be unsure about Justin and Paul (but comes from a rugby background so he is not too worried), believes in Sci-fi, and is serious enough to be hilarious.



Home to the Louisiana Office (not really)



MEET THE LA BOYS



Paul (Note: Scraggly beard [the source of his luck] and constant look of concern [making squeaky wheels turn imperceptibly slow], but not actually Paul)



Shane (Shane does not typically carry a gun).



Justin (This actually is Justin!...no, it's not actually Justin).

Little known facts about Louisiana



Louisiana has the tallest state capitol building in the United States; the building is 450 feet tall with 34 floors.

The only state without counties is Louisiana; its political subdivisions are called parishes.

The Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans is the largest enclosed stadium in the world.

The Lake Pontchartrain Causeway is the longest overwater bridge in the world at 23.87 miles.

The International Joke Telling Contest is held annually at Opelousas, Louisiana.

All facts are courtesy of www.50states.com

BETTER KNOW A CRAIR

The Story of Lisa Hopwood

Originally from Bloomington, Indiana, Lisa Hopwood is one of the newest members of the CRA team. She works out of the Kentucky office and has a background in marine archaeology. She graduated in 2003 from Indiana University and in 2009 from University of West Florida. She has travelled to the Dominican Republic to study the water activities of the Taíno, the Native American group who first met Columbus in 1492; studied abroad in Europe; lived in Austria for a summer; and explored a 1830's European Merchantman that sank off the coast of Ghana, West Africa.



Lisa Hopwood

The exploration of the European Merchantman, which sank a mile offshore from the Elmina Castle (European fort), was one of her coolest dives to date. According to Lisa, the ship was fully laden when it sank and all the cargo was still stacked together by size and shape, or concreted together in the form of the containers that once held them. It still had all of its cannons and had never been looted or salvaged.

When Lisa isn't diving off the coast of West Africa or working on the latest project at CRA, she enjoys her two cats, Hades and Wriley (both females). Hades is her American short hair, and Wriley is an American Wire hair. She does not believe cats are superior to dogs; however, she says she prefers caring for cats because they are easier and could care less if you leave for a few days here and there.

If you find Lisa out at a local waterhole, you may notice her rocking out the Karaoke or hustling a game of pool or darts. She enjoys the blues, classic rock, and 80's music. Although now living in a land-locked state, when she is near the coast she enjoys a variety of water activities such as fishing, boating, snorkeling, and diving. She also enjoys hiking, camping, and being outdoors.



Q & A WITH LISA HOPWOOD

Do you buy into horoscopes at all? What's your sign?
I'm an Aries and do have typical Aries traits, but no, I don't really buy into horoscopes.

What's your favorite breakfast food? If cereal, which one and do you have a reason?
Smoothies!

Do (or did) you have a favorite cartoon?
I loved cartoons, still do! I liked Roadrunner, Tom and Jerry, Woody Woodpecker, Gummybears, GI JOE, Transformers, and Voltron.

Were you a girl scout/brownie/bluebird/campfire girl?
I was a brownie and a Jr. Girl scout. Unfortunately, our area didn't get much girl scout support so I got as far as I could!

What was your childhood lunchbox?
Rainbow Bright

Who was your teen idol?
I was totally in love with Jonathan Brandis on SeaQuest!

What's your favorite pizza place?
I love gourmet pizza and have only found two that are beyond great...Ozone in Pensacola, FL and Avers in Bloomington, IN

Do you like the smell of gasoline?
Not really

Are you into video games?
Not too much, but I do like playing the Wii.

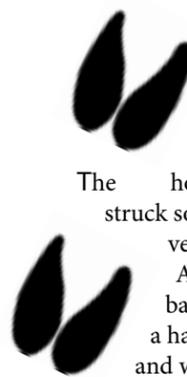
As a girl, did you have a favorite toy?
I had tons and tons of stuffed animals, couldn't get enough!



Dispatches from the Farm

Contribution by Eric Thomason

Alvaton, KY



The hot, lazy days of summer have struck south-central Kentucky with a vengeance. I remain undeterred. As many of you know, I moved back to Bowling Green a year and a half ago to be closer to family and work on reviving the family farm. I'm the fifth generation to have derived some sort of hard-scrabble income from this 25-acre tract of land. My great-great grandfather, William Orlando Butler Greathouse, first acquired this property in 1874 as part of a much larger farm. After his death in 1920, it was passed on down the line.

Over the years my family has grown tobacco, corn, hay, gardens of all shapes and sizes, and a large orchard, of which the only remnants are two ancient pear trees. Cattle, goats, and any number of mules and horses have grazed its rolling hills.

Here enters me. I grew up with goats and cattle so I know a bit but still have a lot to learn. When I was young my dad had a goat herd averaging around 100 head.

I'm in the process of building up my own meager herd, now numbering 23. Since everything needs a good brand, I've named the farm Cedar Ridge Farm.

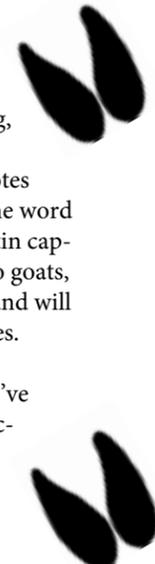
The most common question I get is: What does one do with goats? Do I milk them? No, although I suppose I could. My goats are meat goats. The majority of my goats are female (does), while I have two male goats (bucks). The two come together in November resulting in April babies. I keep the female kids and sell the male offspring at the local monthly goat sale where they then enter the food supply. Goat meat is (chevon to give it a fancy French name) the most widely eaten meat in the world. It is becoming popular with upscale restaurants and is a popular choice with ethnic populations throughout the country.

Every day on the farm is different. It is usually spent making sure the goats have not succeeded in hurting themselves or getting stuck somewhere; working on the circa 1920 barn that houses my goats, equipment, and hay; or doing general

maintenance, such as fencing or invasive weed control.

Now that I've given you the background about what I'm doing, I hope you look forward to future dispatches and any sort of anecdotes I can provide. Don't forget that the word capriciousness is based on the Latin caprinus, meaning of or pertaining to goats, so many interesting stories have and will come along in my daily adventures.

Also, you're all welcome to visit. I've already hosted Matt and Dean McMahan for a visit to the farm so I hope to see you all soon. Drop in anytime.



A few of members of the goat herd

Musings from Tom's Front Porch

Thomas Barrett gives us insight into the world around him

*Contribution by
Thomas Barrett*

When I was asked to provide a piece for this issue of CRAIR, I was told they were looking for an editorial piece that took a “humorous look” at something I encounter regularly in Baltimore, and specifically something that bugged me. I was told I could make it as “funny or not funny” as I wanted, but that it was meant to help CRA connect with my office and get some insight into my world... well, here goes!

To begin with, I should introduce you to the office itself. It's in a 1926 brick row house in a working class neighborhood on the eastside called Highlandtown (note: locals pronounce it Hollandtown). It's one of a number of nearly identical houses originally built on several blocks for workers in the local steel mills, which employed thousands through the 1960s. This structure was my maternal grandparents' since 1940 (they'd rented across the alley since 1923); plus, my father's parents lived a block away from 1926 to 1990. So when I say this is my neighborhood, I really mean it.

In June, Chuck came to visit the newest CRA office. I was excited about showing him the office, the house and the city, but a bit nervous about how he'd view the neighborhood... Like many US cities, Baltimore has declined since its hey-day and much of my immediate area is slightly less “polished” than it used to be (*National Geographic* did a story here in 1968, and a photo of my corner is in there—with the housewives and children out scrubbing the marble steps!); today, there are too many empty houses around, some people throw trash on the ground, and there are a few “unsavory” transients that



CRA Baltimore – 3519 E. Fayette St. Baltimore, MD

move through the block because we're just off U.S. Route 40—the old Philadelphia Road. This means there's truck traffic and motels, strip joints and gas stations, and the variety of characters that goes along with those kinds of establishments. But surprisingly, there are still many descendants of “the old ones” around (including myself), and along with some new folks (many of them immigrants), I believe we've managed to keep the soul of the community alive.

Well, Chuck arrived, and since he'd driven through the city center to get here, he'd passed some urban decay along the way, so I thought he was a little unsettled. Well, I showed him around the neat and comfortable set-up that is CRA Baltimore, and we both unwound with an Irish whiskey out on the front porch. Many people on my block like to sit outside on their front porches, and in addition to keeping an eye on things, they chatter and visit one another and generally carry on a very old tradition. Well, at some point, Chuck suggested that I should play my bagpipes, and since I do, I did. People came out of their houses, walked up to our steps, and stopped their cars in the street to listen and comment on the whole thing. A little kid skipped by kicking something along in front of him—it was a dead rat! Chuck said to the boy, “I think you better get your pet to a vet, he looks sick,” and the kid said, “but it's dead!” Then, his mother and father came up to talk to us—they're from the Dominican Republic—and in some broken English expressed great interest in the music and told Chuck about their lives and travels... probably more than he wanted to know!

Afterwards, we decided that we should get something to eat, and rather than drive, Chuck suggested we walk someplace. Since there's a very cool tavern up the hill from me with great food, we set off up the hill in the heat and



A 1968 National Geographic picture of the old neighborhood

“A little kid skipped by kicking something along in front of him – it was a dead rat!”

humidity. We hadn't gotten far when up to Chuck walks a middle-aged man in tattered clothing. He mumbles a bit but asks for help getting something to eat. Well, Chuck proceeds to ask

him if he's on drugs, an alcoholic, and/or homeless. He answers “no sir” to the first two and “yes sir” to the third. So Chuck says, “come on with us, we're going to eat and I'll buy you dinner.” Well, we all start off again up the hill, and he shared some of his story with us, but all the while I'm wondering, “do we really want to bring this guy to dinner with us?” Just then, Chuck stops, pulls out a \$20 bill from his wallet and says, “here you go, buy yourself a good dinner.” After politely and profusely thanking him, the guy

proceeds to give Chuck a big hug!

The guy walked back down the hill and we carried on to dinner at “The Laughing Pint” (voted best tavern in Baltimore). We walked back down the hill to the office afterwards, and that night, we talked a lot about work, CRA, and Baltimore (among other things), and stayed up rather late. Chuck slept on the couch (with my black lab, Sidian, never far away), and over coffee and planning the next day, he told me that he had been a bit concerned about this office and its location at first, but after seeing it all first-hand, he now “understood,” both why I chose here and, since I was from here, a little more of who I am—a real “Baltimorean!”

Thanks for the chance to introduce you to the newest CRA office and to tell one of the many stories from this unique place!

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

Contribution by
Tanya Faberson

On July 26 and 27, 2011, Tanya and Jenny were filmed in the Lexington office by the Voyageur Media Group, Inc., production crew for their continuing work on the Newtown Pike/Davis Bottom phase III data recovery work near downtown Lexington. The in-house interviews followed several weeks of filming out in the field over the previous winter months. The documentary in progress is currently called the Davis Bottom History Preservation Project for the Kentucky Archaeological Survey and The Kentucky Heritage Council, and the project is being funded by the Kentucky Transportation Cabinet. The documentary will be one hour in length and cover the archaeological, historical, architectural, and anthropological research that is being conducted in the community.



Approximately 38,000 artifacts were recovered during the data recovery excavations in nine small parcels in Davis Bottoms. All of the lots had contained historic shotgun houses at one time. While the neighborhood was first established in the 1860s and 1870s, all of the parcels within the project area dated to the early decades of the twentieth century. Artifact analyses, and data interpretations and report writing, are currently in progress.

Where's Ted?

Find our beloved Director of Operations for the West Region, Ted Hoeffler, III, in the picture above.



Don't give up....he's in there somewhere!