

Mitch Rozier, the beleaguered 50-year-old Baby Boomer protagonist, is called back from his fading newspaper career in Seattle to where he grew up, a small town at the edge of the Rockies. He's long been at odds with his father there, Lyle, who is described as a scheme-a-minute kind of guy "who'd rather make a killing than a living." This time Lyle has summoned Mitch back with a gravel-pit scheme that has Mitch wondering if Lyle is losing his marbles, coming down with Alzheimer's or whatever. When Mitch arrives, though, Lyle seems pretty much the same as ever, and after some grudgy old sparring in the driveway, this scene unfolds:

~~"Like, say, Donald Brainerd?"~~

~~"Already met the improvement to the neighborhood, did you." Lyle tossed down his cigarette and ground it into the driveway. It always surprised Mitch to see workshoes on his father. His type of strut you would think could only spring from cowboy boots.~~

~~"Lexa said to tell you she's sorry she couldn't come and watch the gravel fly."~~

~~"I bet."~~

At last Lyle unmoored from the pickup fender. "Let me show you a little something interesting." Off he marched to the nearby shed. He was moving more slowly and stiffly than the last time Mitch had seen him, but he still went as arrowstraight as if on a parade-ground.

Lyle threw open the double doors to the machine shed, which held a maze of metal but not a bit of it machinery. Skinny rods each about three feet long with exotic bends at their ends were in tangled iron pyres on the floor, in rust-streaked downpours on one wall, and in dangling black stalactites from the rafters. The place looked like a case history of ferrous extrusion gone mad.

By the opposite wall stood a cheerful red barbecue grill, half a sack of charcoal beside it; into that wall were burned hundreds of sets of the hieroglyphics that once had been seared onto herds of cattle and horses, Tumbling T's and Walking 7's, Barbed Y's

and Rocking O's, Dice 8's and Rafter S's and all the rest of what was evidently an entire capering glossary of this menagerie.

"Branding irons," Lyle pronounced in a remnant of his sergeant voice.

"I see they are." Mitch picked up a couple of the brands waiting to be heated in the grill, clattering a Quarter-Circle R against a Lazy A. "You've been hard up for a hobby, I guess."

"Hobby!" Lyle's voice cracked from indignation. "These're business. I sell them. Every guy new to this country is gonna want one, you just watch and see."

"And they're going to do what with them, swat snakes?"

"Mitch. It's not just the iron," Lyle said with terrible patience. "Think about it. I sell the whole brand, registration and all. Gives guys the right to call their ranchettes the Bar BQ or whatever the heck if they buy the brand, now doesn't it. They can legally put it on the kid's pony, paint it on their Jeep, all that."

A familiar dread filled Mitch. "But you've been the county brand inspector, right?"

"Sure have. And I know just what you're going to yip about next. But this isn't whatchacallit, conflict of interest."

"Maybe not, but you can pretty easily see it from here." Mitch gaped around again at the metal mess, with an equal legal tangle doubtless somewhere behind it. "There can't be much of a living in selling branding irons."

Lyle's expression turned hedgy. "Sort of one."

Mitch gestured violently at the collection. "Where'd you come up with all these? What'd you use for money?"

"Oh, I see what you're driving at," Lyle said, lowering his voice. "Took out a mortgage on the place. And the property, of course," with a pleased nod in the direction of the benchland. "See, though, that's the beauty of selling the Bench. Pay off the mortgage and hang on to the branding iron collateral and still come out ahead." He studied the expression on his son, then admitted: "It's a little complicated."

Mitch could almost feel tentacle after tentacle of litigation and forfeiture wrapping around his knees. *Lawyer, banker, gravel man, grief.*

"Dad, the paperwork you want me in on." He was trying to fight off the perverse hope that his father *was* certifiably losing his mind; dementia might be the best defense, the way the case of Lyle Rozier versus the contractual world seemed to be going. "Don't you think I ought to start looking that over?"

"Sure, sure. Head on into the house, make yourself at home if you remember how. I have to detour by the pickup a minute."

Again in that first-floor attic that was the living room, Mitch gazed around for some spot clear enough to work. After the helter-skelter cargo of branding irons and the general

strew outside, his father's desk looked more than ever like the unnaturally tidy bridge on a tramp freighter.

"I can still keep book, anyway," Lyle's voice came. He unhurriedly followed it in from the doorway, hanging up his hat on one of the already-full coathooks without looking as he passed.

Mitch gave a grudging grin, or a grimace.

Lyle fussed around at the desk, moving this ream and that. Mitch watched this uncharacteristic bout of squint and dither, then glanced once more at the television set so suspiciously close to his father's easy chair. He had the sudden inspiration that maybe a lawyer could prove that his father had worn out his eyes on that electronic additive atop the TV, hundreds of video viewings of *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, most likely. Eyesight, Your Honor. He couldn't see well enough to read the fine print, our defense is this eyechart.

"Getting a lot of use out of your VCR?" Mitch casually asked.

Lyle seemed delighted to contradict him. "VCR, nothing. Ever heard of the Web?"

Gingerly he crossed the room and picked up the remote control, poised over it as if trying to remember the fingering on an accordion, then hit enough buttons to bring up WebTV, and a row of icons on the television screen.

Mitch was still staring at the pixellated portholes of the Internet when his father let drop:

“I talk with Ritz on there quite a lot.”

*My Ritz? Laurits? The vagabond of Jakarta?* A pang shot through Mitch and quivered there, but he tried not to give his father the satisfaction of seeing it. “Is that a fact. What about?”

“Been keeping him up to date whenever I sell a branding iron. He seems to get a kick out of it. Way we got started, I just was curious what he thought of that part of the world--you know I was out in some of those islands during the war. I thought it was sort of interesting he’s over there, too.” Noticing the look on Mitch, he further reported: “Can’t seem to get <sup>connected with</sup> ~~logged on to~~ Jocelyn, though, at that advertising outfit.”

“That was twenty minutes ago. She’s, shall we say, rolled along. Then tell me”--  
*you’re the expert on the farflung Rozier family all of a cybernetic sudden--*” how Ritz is doing.”

“He sounds real good on the ~~E~~-mail. Busy, teaching and all. Turned vegetarian, but I guess that happens any more?” ?

Now Lyle hesitated, evidently trying to shape his next news. “Mitch? These days you can do a search on there, you know. Find just about anybody anywhere. Matthew helped me with it on Ritz. Brainerd’s kid, although you can hardly tell it.”

I hope this scene is pretty much self-explanatory: Lexa alone in the living room after Lyle has gone off to bed. (Mitch has had to make a trip to Seattle about his doomed job, Mariah is in the bunkhouse marking up proof sheets) You may need to know that Lexa was a champion barrel-racer on her college rodeo team, which is what brought her to Chicago and the Stockyards on this flashback visit to Mariah.

transmission  
Stream  
hookup  
broadcast from

That night Lexa was in Lyle's chair, fiddling with the RealAudio simulcast of the *On Rush* Web site she had managed to find and nodding time to Marian McPartland's slow balletic fingering at the start of "Twilight World." Jazz like a river of time flowing from the past. Back there in Chicago the first<sup>11</sup> other of any significance: Foster, one of Mariah's classmates at the Illinois Institute of the Arts. Lexa had the week in the big city while the Stockyards Rodeo was on; Mariah was part-timing almost every night shooting accident pictures for the City News Bureau, but still found ways to give her sophomore sister the world--terrific photos of Lexa winning the barrel-racing finals at the Stockyards in record time, and fixing her up with Foster. A Loop date, deep-dish pizza at the Uno and then music at the Do-Re-Mi Club on lower Dearborn. Whatever the jazz equivalent of a maitre'd is, he took one look at the pair of them--Lexa with her prom-date chest and cowgirl freckles, Foster the finest young manhood Des Moines had to offer--and seated them up next to the piano, inches from the end of the keyboard. They each ordered a beer of a kind they had never heard of, and peeked around at the huge blowup photographs covering the walls. Krupa on his drums sounding the wake-up call at Carnegie Hall in the Goodman concert. Billie Holiday with eyes so deeply closed. And most of all the one of Louis Armstrong with his cheeks and eyes as big as his horn, and above him the dance of lettering of his creed, **We all go do-re-mi, but you got to find the other notes for yourself.** When Marian McPartland came on, slight woman in a velvet pantsuit,

How far back  
was this?  
Was Uno open  
when?  
Age of Mariah  
MCP?

three-inch earrings dangling like dollhouse chandeliers, she sat down to the piano, glanced, a little startled, at Lexa and Foster and said, "Wow, music in the round." Then shifted slightly sideways toward the audience and began to play. Lexa took it all in, vowed earrings into her life, vowed a life of highwire grace. She watched the astonishing hands, already knobby on a couple of the knuckles, terrifically long spatulate fingers, and the music came and came, Ellington's velvet "Long Valley" and a Coltrane piece called "Red Planet" that indeed sounded from beyond the bounds of this earth and then one of McPartland's own, "Twilight World," of course. Came request time--Lexa definitely remembered this--and someone called out, "Love Supreme." McPartland scoffed, "Love Supreme, that will be the day," but caressed into it, her fingers at the black keys and sliding down to the seams of the white. When it was over, Lexa and Foster sailed out of the Do-Re-Mi in a certain state of ecstasy that they both know was going to lead to the next. Desire under the El. They kissed further and further in the swaying seat of the elevated train on their way back to campus and Foster's room--he had the collection of Rush Street lp's--and then made love that was pretty good for amateurs if not yet supreme. She still believed you could do worse than lose your virginity to Chicago jazz.

The phone made her jump. She <sup>muted? the melody from</sup> ~~clicked~~ the WebTV and picked up the ringing instrument.

newspaper  
Mariah, one of the two female protagonists, is a photographer who wangles an assignment to document Lyle's facing-of-death when it turns out that he has leukemia. Here she is newly arrived, from a year of globe-trotting photography, into the household with Lyle and Mitch and her sister Lexa, who is Mitch's "spousal equivalent." In this scene Mitch and Lexa are out for the evening, Mariah has just come into the house to stash her film in the refrigerator, and Lyle overhears her and calls out to her from his living-room lair:

*Woop, Mariah. You're back dealing in American. Better go in and tell him nighty-night.* She went to the living room door, and saw him planted there in his chair, up close to the television.

In the ghostblue light from the screen he again studied her all he wanted to, his manners so rusty he didn't think to invite her to take the load off her feet. No immediate "good night" forthcoming from that quarter, either. She wondered what she was getting into, inserting herself and her camera into the last days of this ironbound old man.

As she was about to murmur "See you in the morning," Lyle nodded toward the

TV  
Screen  
WebTV.

*Internet stuff's*  
"This~~s~~ quite something. Found myself, on there."

"No crap?" She was unwillingly drawn into the room. Her body clock was still ticking in Eskimo or some such, but she could always put off being tired long enough to be curious. "Let's have a peek at you." She came and hunkered by his easy chair.

"First thing is, get rid of Dugout Doug here." Lyle peered down into the keyboard on the TV tray table, struck something, and General MacArthur and his corncob pipe vanished back into history. "So you just been everywhere. What was that like?" She was surprised he could make conversation as he hunted and pecked.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out. What fits with what, in the book I'm doing." ?

Peering up at the screen and frowning down at the keyboard with every stroke,

Lyle mashed away at keys with two fingers stiff as drill presses. "Does that pay good, a book?"

"There's no telling."

"You're gonna be putting the whole world in a book, hadn't you ought to be able to charge plenty?"

"My stuff, you can't sell by the cubic yard."

**We Who Were the Jungleers** arrived on the screen, with the cartoon of a Sad Sack soldier wearing the patch of the 41st Infantry Division where Superman wore his S.

"Progress," Lyle announced, and stopped to take stock of the menu. He brought up onto the screen *Australia--the Queensland training*, frowned harder and zapped it. "That kid Matthew can squirrel around in this stuff like nobody's business. Takes me some hit and miss." He managed to find *New Guinea--the jungle war*. Mariah watching, he began a fresh search through *zones of combat*.

"The world," the word came from him as if he considered it an interesting affliction. "I've never much budged, myself. Not that you'll be overly surprised to hear so." He indicated the cramped room shadowed around them. She felt a bit guilty for equating this house with the quake-shaken museum, but the resemblance was still there.

"Had to go when they sent me to fight Tojo," Lyle said as if thinking it over. "But that was different. See the world from under a helmet."

Very much as if he had timed it, combat photography arrived onto the screen.

Smudges of landing craft, and bomb geysers in the water. Dead bodies on a grainy beach.

Mariah was the third generation of McCaskill women tired of hearing about it from men who had gone to war, as if women's lives weren't some level of combat.

"That was my father's story, too," she let him know. "Came back from the Aleutians with his leg shot up. Then there was my uncle who didn't come back at all."

Lyle paused a moment over what she had said. "Don't know how, but the ones I went with all stayed in one piece."

His <sup>Said</sup> next click brought them. The trio of young soldiers, himself in the middle. Helmets with camouflage netting, rifles slung on their shoulders, a bazooka in their possession, too; happy-go-lucky smiles at odds with all that. Central as he and his sergeant stripes were in the grouping, Lyle in particular looked convinced he was bulletproof. Mariah could tell it was confidence put on for the camera, but even so. A face like that came from the climate inside the person.

He must have been a heartbreaker when they came home in uniform, she thought to herself. War hero, or what passed for one, here. Mariah was veteran enough to know halo sheen when she saw it.

"This business of pictures for nothing," he was saying. "They can just put me <sup>Can</sup> <sup>up</sup> on there?"

"Seems like," she said, intent on the set of faces on the screen. "Goodlooking bunch of devils you were."

"Yeah, well, two out of three isn't bad." They chortled together at the pug-faced bazooka man, his smile a bit lopsided and loose around the edges, posing shoulder to shoulder with Lyle.

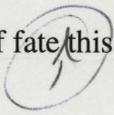
"Buddies of mine," Lyle identified even though their countenances were speaking for themselves on the screen. Fritz Mannion, primo facie dumb. Joe Ferragamo, noble as some statue in the middle of Rome.

"And then the next thing I knew," he said as if still caught off balance by it, "I was back here in the Springs, family man and all. You ever tie the knot?"

"You bet." Mariah grinned with fond scorn for the marriage to Riley. "Turned out to be a slip knot, lucky for me."

The old man sharpened his tone on that answer of hers.

"Divorce has gotten kind of contagious, yeah."

One thing Mariah never liked was sermonettes on marriage from people who were not current in the field. By whatever hole card of fate  this man was a loner, she could tell, and she decided to call him on it.

"Your wife--what's that wimpy way they put it now--predeceased you some time ago, did she?"

Lyle jerked a fit-to-kill look at her. But of course she had no way of knowing about Adele, flying along on black ice until here came the bridge abutment. He sat there forcibly swallowing ire and memory, while Mariah watched him from only a few feet away. Women these days didn't give you much ground to maneuver on.

"A lot of time ago," he said and left it at that.

Mariah stood. "I'd better call it a night. Always have to get up early for good light for shooting. Thanks for the loan of the bunkhouse." She glanced again at ~~his WebTV~~ <sup>the</sup> picture of the three young GIs. <sup>on the screen</sup> Leaving, she wished him "Happy World War Two," seeming to mean it.

~~Alone again except for the tired feeling which was pretty much with him all the time now, Lyle had to debate whether to bed down here in the chair and have to justify that to Mitch and Lexa when they came in, or drag himself off to his bedroom. Dying wore on you after a while.~~

~~Yet it had taken all these years for the one with his name on it to catch up with him, hadn't it. This was what he kept finding surprising, that he was being handed time enough to know he was a goner, to think through the disposition of things. Settle accounts.~~

~~Not that he was deluding himself about knowing how to handle death; he was still trying on the one brought back again by that "predeceased" crack of Mariah's. (She and~~

This is one of a set of scenes near the end that have to tie the various plot strands together. Remember, I'm writing fiction and can stretch things, but I'd like the BlazingBrands.com result to be at least vaguely plausible; my New York editors, veteran e-mailers (and women all) think it's hilarious and appropriate, but... Anyway, let me know what you think. The situation is that Lyle has died, Mariah's eloquent photo essay of his last weeks of life is in that day's paper, and Mariah by chance has been the only one on hand to at last make a sale of one of Lyle's branding irons. (Mitch and Lexa are back in Seattle, which is what her phone call is about; the reference to Matthew is the teenage kid next door, whom all these Baby Boomers and beyond have to call ~~for~~ on whenever they have to venture very far into the computer world.) The cattle brand she has just sold, the T Cross, would look quite bold and clearly delineated on the animal, something like: **T+**

And naturally I'm open to a better suggestion than PICs, although I do want something of the sort that'll fit with the current Internet stock frenzy. Would you believe I wrote this BlazingBrands.com stuff about two years ago? Why didn't I do an IPO, huh?

at having to get by with less than usual bossing, left a space around the bar, where a great amount of public kissing and earnest vowing was still going on.

“So he had love trouble in spite of himself,” Lexa digested his account about Lyle.

“It used to run in the family,” said Mitch, and reached for her again.

Back in the living room of the Rozier house, Mariah stood over the pages of the *Montanian* spread out on the desk, eating her thoroughly cold hamburger with one hand and running the other critically over the sheets of newsprint, trying a tighter cropping on one image, tracing and retracing the angle of perspective through another. Finally, more or less satisfied, she balled up her napkin from one hand to the other. *All this time on a newspaper and I still don't know why the ink has to come off on a person's fingers.*

The still unvanquished face of Lyle gazed up at her from the dozen incarnations on the pages. All at once she was reminded of his habit of e-mailing Ritz about each triumph in selling off a branding iron. *Last favor, you old hand!* and in the general cyber-direction of Jakarta, *One from beyond the grave, kid.* Turning on the WebTV, she plopped into the big chair, keyboard cradled in her lap, and typed out the message. When she came to the brand she tapped a capital T onto the screen and then the plus sign, pleased by its resemblance to a cross, then had the idea to boldface them both to give Ritz a nice strong

*TV and connecting to*  
*Went to e-mail,*  
*Can we boldface letters on WebTV e-mail?*

T+ for his e-mail equivalent of a scrapbook. She clicked on SEND, but that didn't seem to want to be the end of it. Something still tickled at her, back up there in the vicinity of the plus-sign key. For curiosity's sake she tried its nearest neighbor, the minus sign, then typed another capital T and gave them the boldface treatment. -T. Sure enough, another recognizable brand, the Bar T.

Shopping further, she did away with the minus sign and skipped along the row of keys to the caret sign. <sup>↑</sup> ~~under the~~ T. Recognizably the Rafter T.

She deleted the caret and moved over a couple of keys to the asterisk. T\*. A pretty presentable T Spur.

Faster now, she deleted the asterisk, held down the shift key and tapped the colon key, twice. :: T The Dice T. Dumped that and put a pinky down in the lowest right of the keyboard. /T. The Slash T.

Mariah stared down at the keyboard. She wasn't even into its dingbat options, circles and boxes and triangles and hearts and spades and diamonds and a whole zoo of other graphics, yet. Nor had she started to go the alphabet, pairing twenty-five more letters and combinations thereof with each of these keyable mutations.

She lunged for the phone book, pawed out the number, waited impatiently for response at the other end.

*on a Web TV? nice*  
~~attack~~  
*graphics*

*low computer*

“Donald, is it? Could you send Matthew over here to the Roziers’? I’ve got something on <sup>WebTV</sup> the computer I need to have him check out.” Then she called Seattle.

*Different from WebTV?*

*Caps? usually not read-*

*BlazingBrands.com*, as quick as they got it on-line, billed a junior fortune in orders its first week. Brands went from being the return addresses of cows to the latest must-have as PICs--personal identification codes--in the cyber frontier beyond PINs, and the Webspeak equivalent of monograms transposable to everything from tech team T-shirts to personalized steaks sizzling on barbecue grills at company get-togethers. From ZYX headquarters arrived a fine fat offer to buy all three of those letters, in all permutations.

*Wouldn't you know, Mariah set her sights on the world again. This time, with her cut of our cyber gold rush, she figured she could poke the planet in the ribs with her camera for as long as she wanted. Before she could take off, Mitch and I asked her to perform the photo honors the day Lyle's ashes were dealt with.*

She was circling around the site, restless as a jay, her camera bag bumping on her hip, when Mitch and Lexa pulled up.

The box clutched to him, Mitch ducked into the lee of the *BlazingBrands.com* corporate Chevy Blazer, Lexa and Mariah already huddling there.

“This place is going to miss him,” Mariah mused.



# Forest History Society, Inc.

701 Vickers Avenue, Durham, North Carolina 27701 | Telephone (919) 682-9319

April 16, 1998

Ivan Doig  
17021 10th Ave. NW  
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

In response to your query about construction techniques employed in building lookout towers in Montana and Idaho, please find enclosed:

- bibliography on lookout towers and the folks who worked in them
- excerpts from Keating and Roenke book showing plans for several popular types constructed in the early 1930s in Idaho
- excerpt from *The National Forests of the Northern Region* dealing with lookout towers on the national forests of Montana
- entries from *How to Rent a Fire Lookout ...* that have original 1930s structures (here's your opportunity to really add some authenticity to the book - but they don't sound particularly comfortable!)

If you need further information, you might want to contact:

Montana Forest Fire Lookout Association  
John Waverek, Director  
Fort Missoula, Bldg 24A  
Missoula, MT 59801

Hope this helps.

Sincerely,

Cheryl Oakes  
Librarian/Archivist



April 16, 1998

22 April '98

Ivan Doig  
17021 10th Ave. NW  
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Dear Cheryl Oakes--

The lookout tower info you sent is just right for what I'm trying to write. Many thanks for the quick attention--a lot faster than the old days when I used to visit down the coast to Santa Cruz and look up stuff for myself!

- bibliography on lookout towers and the folks who worked in them
- excerpts from Keating and Roenke book showing plans for several popular types constructed in the early 1930s in Idaho
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Sincerely,

Cheryl Oakes  
Librarian/Archivist

- p. 3 - Sitka & Yakutat & Kodiak  
p. 32 - Bellard Hammond; trousers OK?  
p. 33 - Spring run of chinooks? (Bellard looks)  
p. 42 - Not man apart  
p. 70 - bird feeding  
104 - Bannock  
105 - Keino  
117 - H 99 OK, both mentions?  
121 - S. of Mandan OK? East?  
137 - Blk Eagle nests dy mtd when?  
164 - SOBing? considerable  
185 - Ten-penny?  
326 - shot a ck too many times (supper club: lkd arnd)  
- commotion

Matterhorn?

27 April '98

Dear Laird and Sarah--

Here's the piece of manuscript I need your keen eyes on. A bit of background for you:

The main character here, Mitch Rozier, has had a helluva day: flew back from the San Francisco Bay area, where (a) his long-estranged daughter Jocelyn very nearly roller-bladed him to death on a Friday night route through the hills of San Francisco and (b) the Berkeley environmental conference he was covering for his Weekly-like Seattle paper amounted to academic bigfoots arguing for 3 days over the nature of the word "nature." And while on the plane he had a kind of environmental breakdown above Mt. St. Helens, remembering a colleague/ex-lover who died in the blast. And when he got back to the newspaper, Cascopia, he learned that his publisher, Bingford, is turning it into a freebie, probably the prelude to killing the paper.

Now Mitch is on his way to bartend at a "non-wedding" party being catered by his Spousal Equivalent, Lexa. What I really need from you two are criticisms On:

--the computer encounter he has, on pp. 85-86, in the cybernaire's house: is it okay to have this autopsy-of-a-carved-mask occurring on just one screen? a big screen? (if so, how big?) or should I have a wall of computers as Bill Gates is said to have? or should I have the computer respond to Mitch, going ahead when he nods yes, reversing when he shakes his head, something like that? The idea is to make this a little mystical--the notion of parts-and-whole and transformation is important later in the book--so any ideas you have on how the magical art of Northwest coastal carving could be rendered on the computer will be welcome.

--on p. 83, I'm obviously fudging like crazy as to just what it is that Frelinghuysen and ZYX have come up with; got any better phrasing to suggest than "library scanning program"?

--at the party and throughout this, let me know of any dialogue that doesn't ring quite right. I think Frelinghuysen's guests/fellow geeks are going to be a little older than I've hinted at in the party scene; Chariots of Fire was in '81, so they'd likely be late 30's, early 40's, huh?

Finally, a question that relates to a scene later in the book: Lexa, in her love of jazz, is shown listening to it on the Internet, by way of WebTV. Is this plausible, and if it is, know of any Web sites where she could pick up Chicago jazz of twenty-thirty years ago?

I hope this is weird enough to make your day. Feel free just to scrawl comments on the ms pages--you get to grade the writing at last! Thanks a bunch, and hang in there on the dicey world of caterers and moms.

all best,



IT'S CERTAINLY POSSIBLE. SHE PROBABLY WOULDN'T USE  
WEBTV BUT WOULD LISTEN VIA HER PC USING A  
PROGRAM CALLED REALAUDIO. ONE SPEAKS THIS WAY:

" I WAS LISTENING TO THIS RADIO STATION - THEN I'VE GOT  
IT ON REALAUDIO NOW "

OR

" YOU CAN CATCH THE GAME ON REAL AUDIO. AT

<http://whatever.com/> "

OR

" I HAD THE REALAUDIO PLAYER ON LAST NIGHT -

I WAS LISTENING TO X -

AS FAR AS WEB SITES, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY THAT  
COME TO MIND - YOU COULD HAVE LEXA LISTENING TO  
WNUR (NORTHWESTERN RADIO, YOU'LL RECALL!) OVER REALAUDIO -

IF THEY DON'T SIMULCAST OVER THE WEB, THEY SHOULD,  
AND IT WOULDN'T BE OUT OF CHARACTER FOR THEM.

SEE NOTE 9.82

Finally, a question that relates to a scene later in the book: Lexa, in her love of jazz, is shown listening to it on the Internet, by way of WebTV. Is this plausible, and if it is, know of any Web sites where she could pick up Chicago jazz of twenty-thirty years ago? Over

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All best,

SEE NOTE 9.82

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FOR A PROGRAM IN DAVENPORT ABOUT THIS

11 July '98

Dear Laird and Sarah--

A breathing space, finally--more in a moment about why we're breathless around here--to say Big Thanks for the terrifically useful noodling in the margins of manuscript. It's exactly the kind of scrimmage I always want on a manuscript; you were even right about the sitcom ordinariness of a few of the dialogue bits. When I had time to think about them in rewrite, they spiffed right up. As to the music, I Blues Brothered up the musician (good god, John Belushi is the continuing dark force for your generation that Elvis was for mine and Sinatra was for your granddad's) and gave Mitch the observation, in looking the guy over: "From rock through grunge to ska, musicians seemed to be turning from butterflies back into cocoons." On the computer stuff, I fuzzed Frelinghuysen's means to his fortune somewhat along the lines you suggested. You asked, Laird, whether F'huyesen is patterned after Ted Ackerley of Lakeside; nope, never heard of him. I keep making this stuff up and reality overtakes it before I can get it into print. When your dad gives my mss a legal vetting, he invariably finds that dumb-sounding companies I've made up actually exist. This time I had proudly made up "Xandria" as a name for F'huyesen's company--a play on the great library at Alexandria etc. Then I was leafing through a magazine when an ad for "THE XANDRIA COLLECTION" caught my eye: "Look over the new Xandria Collector's Gold Edition catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure." Now that I've changed F'huyesen's company's name to ZYX, I'll probably find that that's code for something unspeakable.

So the good news is that my ms is off to Scribner, enhanced by Massachusetts editing. The less great news is that the osmotic general assumption at this end of the country--~~that~~ at least on the part of, ahem, Ann Nelson--that Carol and I would cross this great land to your wedding isn't going to happen. To summarize, a recent trip showed me that my arthroscopically repaired knee isn't ready yet for sitting there bent in, say, transcontinental plane seats. I'm supposed to build the knee up on an exercycle for the next some months, and then see. So, real regrets that we can't be there to see the two of you on top of the birthday cake, but you'll be just as married without us, honest.

Final news: we've bought a house on the bluff above Puget Sound, here in our own neighborhood. (Geographical neighborhood, if not fiscal; a young woman from Microsoft has bought 2 houses up by where we did, one for herself and one for her parents.) We're alternately giddy and stunned. Ann and Marshall are coming to Carol's birthday party in the (empty) new house in a couple of weeks, so we'll let them fill you in. Anyhoo, as we start a new life here, we wish the two of you as long and happy a time together as we've had. Go for it.

love and fishes,

*Moran*

IVAN —

FIRST - I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF EDITING WORLD FAMOUS MANUSCRIPTS, SO I HOPE I DON'T SUGGEST TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE! I'VE GIVEN HONEST SEAT-OF-THE-PANTS REACTIONS WHEN THEY HIT ME, AND DID A NUMBER BOTH ON SOFTWARE PROGRAMS AND MUSIC.

ALSO, (FINALLY) IT IS NOT CLEAR AT ALL WHAT AGES EVERYONE IS. ON THE OTHER HAND THIS IS CHAPTER 7. ☺

CALL, PLEASE, WITH QUESTIONS OR TRADES; (617) 303-5059 (W)  
(617) 666-0973 (H)

- David

PS: SORRY THIS IS SO LATE!!

seven

Sky as clear as a vacationing meteorologist's conscience, sailboats sprinkled on either side of the floating bridge across Lake Washington like white teepees on a vast blue prairie, Mount Rainier sitting passive and massive over Seattle's southern horizon, even the chainlink commuter traffic grinding along less glacially than during most so-called rush hours--Mitch could scarcely believe such a death spiral of a day could yield an evening like this.

As he drove east toward the suburbs beyond the suburbs, where Lexa's catering job lay in wait, he gingerly checked around on his body and found a place or two that felt better, some, for his having stopped at Gold's Gym and worked out vengefully on the

weight machine. But the rest of him harbored one deep ache or another anywhere he cared to think about.

His mind kept returning to Bingford, that freckled rat. Giveaway, right; they'd all been given away, with toe tags on, at the staff meeting. Bing might as well have folded up the whole business right there in front of them today, announced he was shutting down *Cascopia* or selling it off or giving it away to the Fremont bridge tender or whatever the inevitable disposal process was going to be. Now the next thing would have to be the *d* word, downsizing, and Mitch not so idly wondered whether Bing had enough guts left in him to go around from cubicle to cubicle saying *fired* instead. And if he was going to get around to saying it, Mitch fumed onward as he changed lanes and then changed back again in the thickening traffic at the Bellevue interchanges, he could have done so this morning and thereby relieved him, Mitch, of the rest of the day of stewing over the Berkeley conference piece, which had turned out to be a hash anyway.

In the fathoms of his bones, though, Mitch cringed at the thought of no more *Cascopia*. He felt entitled to fear; he was very nearly the only person he knew of in America who had been doing the same thing steadily for the past twenty-five years. "Coastwatch" was the one long devotion he had ever been able to maintain in his life. Okay, sure, now there was Lexa, but...

HOW BIG IS THE PAPER? IF IT'S A FREEBIE, SN'T THE OFFICE SMALL? THIS BIT MAKES ME THINK OF A LARGE CLEAN, WELL-LIT CORPORATE OFFICE.

Lexa. The unphoned.

He grabbed up the car phone that had been forced on him by Bing in one of his publisher moods, then realized. While he'd been busy writing down Lexa's phone message with the ring-around-the-rosy directions for getting to the party place, Shyanne tornadoed back into the cubicle to snatch up her cherished review video of *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, and he'd missed the phone number Lexa was giving. Nor, he found now, was Directory Assistance about to hand out the phone number of Aaron Frelinghuysen, latest cybernaire.

All Mitch knew was what everybody knew, that most nations. Frelinghuysen had hit technology's latest program called ZYX and out there in the night newly on shelf in little old Carnegie Publics was being zapped d

But, tough luck for the man who had next to e along Lake Washington had been used up by the earli

richies, and so now the mode was to pick a spot along the next woody body of water,

Lake Sammamish, and build something whopping. Mitch drove and drove and drove in

the tangle of lakeside streets that turned into lanes and less, stopping four times to

decipher Lexa's directions. Finally he found the driveway where, amid vehicles that

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, IT'S HARD NOWADAYS TO BUILD A PUBLICALLY-RECOGNIZED SOFTWARE CO. FROM ONE PRODUCT IDEAS ON BACK OF PAGE

had prioritized his way into Techville fd chain w/ a (suddenly indisputable) bit of wonderware called ZYX, & from Selen Valley to S'can Alley, deals had lined up for him.

HOPE THESE RAMBLINGS HELP:

- THE BIG THING THESE DAYS IN LARGE BUSINESS-TO-BUSINESS SOFTWARE IS ELECTRONIC COMMERCE SYSTEMS, SUCH AS THE KINDS OF THINGS AMAZON.COM USES TO EAT YOUR CREDIT CARD NUMBER. MAYBE FREULINGHUYSEN (WEYERHAUSER?) COULD BE IN ON SOMETHING HERE...
- MICROSOFT IS SORT OF THE LAST OF THE PERSONAL SOFTWARE DINOSAURS THAT ~~WAS~~ USED TO INCLUDE LOTUS AND APPLE - GREAT BIG "GENERAL PURPOSE" SOFTWARE HOUSES. IF YOU WANT TO CAPTURE FREULINGHUYSEN AS THE NEXT BILL GATES/CRAIG McCRAW THEN IT'S A GOOD/REALISTIC THING TO HAVE HIM RUN A SHOP THAT'S MORE NICHE-FOCUSED OR MORE APPLICABLE TO CORPORATE BIGWIGS AND THEIR "ENTERPRISE-WIDE INFORMATION SYSTEMS" - (A PEEK INTO THE JARGON OF MY WORLD!). LIBRARY SCANNING SYSTEMS ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK HERE, BUT DOESN'T SOUND QUITE RIGHT.
- THAT SAID, AN AREA THAT WILL BE HUGE WILL BE THE OPERATING SYSTEM MARKET FOR CABLE BOXES. YOU COULD HAVE FREULINGHUYSEN BE ON THE CUSP OF STRIKING A DEAL WITH A (THINLY DISGUISED) TCI OR CABLEVISION, ESPECIALLY IF YOU WANTED TO PRESERVE THE ~~THE~~ MICROSOFT LOOK-AND-FEEL TO ALL THIS. HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE THIS RICH YET, THOUGH.
- OTHER POSSIBILITIES (CALL ME IF YOU NEED EXPLANATIONS): "GROUPWARE" (I.E. A LOTUS-NOTES COMPETITOR), ~~THE~~ SUPPLY-CHAIN MANAGEMENT SOFTWARE, THE NEXT AMERICA ONLINE, CELL PHONE BILLING SYSTEMS, SATELLITE INTERNET PROVIDER SERVICE, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING & DRAWING/DESIGN SOFTWARE ("CAD/CAM" SOFTWARE)...

surely had cost big digits, sat her purplish VW van with *Do-Re-Mi Catering* standing out in firm white script.

When she'd first found that van, it was painted in a flowery fantasia with scarlet lettering rampant, reading LOLLAPALOSER.

"The guy gave me a deal on it," Lexa had marveled.

NICE.

"I'll bet he did." Mitch had circled the vehicle, twice. "You know, Ingvaldson will have a stroke if he sees this in the driveway."

"Henry should visit the twentieth century before it's too late."

Carefully Mitch tried again:

"Are most people going to want their finger food delivered in something that looks like it's been orbiting the planet since 1967?"

That struck home. "I'll paint it royal burgundy," she said.

The Frelinghuysen house much surprised Mitch. Cyber barons had been building their dreamhouses the size and decor of airport terminals, but this one, while extensive, was low and restrained, nestled under fine old undisturbed cedar trees.

He was let in by some physically perfect member of the household staff, from the toned look of him probably Frelinghuysen's personal fitness trainer. All courtesy, the muscleman pointed him in the direction of the kitchen.

On Mitch's way down the hallway, though, a wall-size glass case of coastal Indian masks suddenly loomed. The fantastic oval eyes, the playful exaggerations of proboscis and incisor and claw and ear, the unquenchable life in the wooden grins and leers and anguished expressions floated there like a sorcerers' seance. ~~Holy Kajesus,~~

~~Mitch stopped, overpowered, look at this guy's collection.~~ Haida, Tsimshian, Tlingit, the tribes of the greatest carvers were all represented in this hallway Valhalla.

Telling himself he didn't have time to stand around being overawed, he tore himself away from the art but immediately came to a nook where a computer screen was showing the first mask in the case, a thunderbird headpiece with an awesome nose so hooked that it circled back on itself, abalone-shell eyes eternally wide awake, and skulltop ears which had little faces in them. Helluva piece, but if you possessed it, why bother to computer-display it? Mitch gave it a glance, then looked again. The mask was dissolving on the screen. Outlines of templates, various sizes and shapes, revolved onto the screen until one descended into place and took form as the thunderbird's hooked beak. Then the template ghosted out of the beak and ascended, twice, and made the ears, the identical basic form as the beak. Ovoid templates spun into place and made the eyes, and then the equally mighty nostrils in the beak, and then smaller versions of the same template form made the littler eyes in the faces within the ears. White on blue, other lines formed

BREAKS THE MOOD. MAY BE ACCURATE FOR MITCH TO THINK THIS, BUT IT BREAKS THE SPELL.

YOU CERTAINLY CAN HAVE AN INSTALLATION LIKE THIS IF YOU WANTED IT TO BE COMMANDING YOU COULD SET IT UP IN A 4-SCREEN BLOCK, LIKE THIS:



(I.E. SPREAD THE PICTURE OVER 4 27" MONITORS.) THEY DO THIS SORT OF THING AT TRADE SHOWS ALL THE TIME. OVER ->

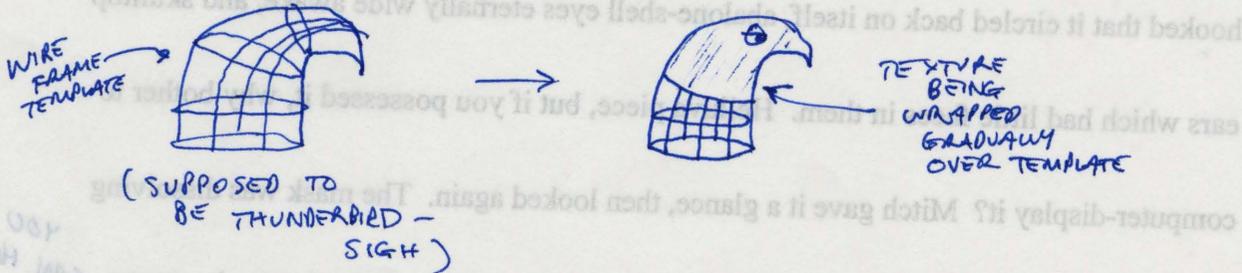
IT WOULD BE TOO MUCH TO HAVE A "WALL OF SCREENS" - THIS IS A DISPLAY OF ONE PIECE, RIGHT, ON MORE OR LESS ALL THE TIME? I'D STICK TO FOUR OR SIX

SCREENS FUNCTIONING AS A WHOLE.

MORE REALITY: 3D MODELLING PROGRAMS SUCH AS

THE ONE USED TO MAKE THIS EXHIBIT USUALLY BEGIN WITH "WIRE FRAME" TEMPLATES THAT THEN GET TEXTURES WRAPPED AROUND THEM TO PRODUCE THE FINAL IMAGE.

~~THE~~ YOU MAY HAVE BEEN THINKING OF JUST SUCH A THING, FOR ALL I KNOW. SO ~~OR~~ YOU COULD SPEND SOME EXTRA TIME, IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO HIT THE "TRANSFORMATION" ASPECT, ON TALKING ABOUT WIRE FRAME TEMPLATES BEING SHEATHED IN CEDAR (THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE):



YOU COULD HAVE THE DISPLAY BE INTERACTIVE - BUT IT WOULDN'T BE STAR TREK. THERE WOULD BE KEYBOARDS AND/OR MICE INVOLVED.

OVER A 27 MINUTE  
THEY DO THIS SORT OF  
THINGS AT TRADE  
SHOWS ALL THE  
TIME.  
OVER →

GOOD — 3D MODELING SOFTWARE ALL WORKS THIS WAY.

themselves, the ceremonial mask inexorably growing in detail and power. Mitch realized

he was watching a schematic of how the ancient carver had created the thunderbird head.

THIS SEEMS OUT OF PLACE, EVEN THOUGH I FOLLOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

But no carver. In an instant the complete mask hovered there in the pleasant blue screen,

then the screen seemed to turn to cedar. And the next mask in the collection, a flat-faced

bulgy-eyed beaver, began to assemble from similar templates.

IF THERE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ONE DIORAMA PER MASK, YOU'D BETTER KEEP IT TO ONE SCREEN PER INSTALLATION OR THE ROOM

It was as hypnotic as it was spooky. Mitch knew that the original peoples of the coast loved to play with transformations, have two or more of the creatures they carved meld with each other in the same space by sharing body parts. Now the computer was taking apart the art by which the carvers had taken apart time and space and being and...

WOULD BE ABOUT 150° F IN THE SHADE!

Mitch got out of there, caught his breath a little, and went on to the kitchen.

He found Lexa bossing her food help as if blasting off for Mars. It always unnerved him a little, her flinty way of running a crew. He had known her to fire the most charming kid on the face of the earth, *kapow*: "Told you once already, Jason, learn to read your Mickey Mouse watch and be on time."

Now she leveled a look across the kitchen at Mitch and said:

"Well, hello there. So, lucky, how was San Francisco?"

"Breath-taking."

He swapped quick greetings with the crew, Allison and Guillermo and Kevin, and went right over to Lexa, aware he was more than a little late. "Bridge traffic," he alibied reliably. "Anyway, hi. Video night at Potlatch Acres, have we got?"

"Everybody shut your eyes while I make out with the bartender," Lexa directed. She stood on tiptoes and planted a gale-force kiss on him. "Mmm," she assessed in a voice low enough for just him to hear, "a person of your lip description used to sleep with me."

"Used to? I thought that came with this job instead of Social Security."

She flicked one of his shirt buttons with her fingertips, then looked serious. "You did get together with Jocelyn?"

"Approximately." Mitch seized a fistful of carrot sticks.

"And...?"

Lexa poked her hands into her apron pockets and stood there spraddled, looking up at him. Her no-bullshit-allowed-on-these-premises stance.

"Gory details later, how about," Mitch bargained tiredly. He munched and tried to look semi-willing for her. "Reporting for duty. Honest. More or less."

She gave him one more testing gaze, then said:

“Okay, right this way. The bar setup is over by the windows. You’ll draw spectators.”

SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THIS DIALOG SO FAR IS TOO CUTE - I DON'T GET THE FEELING THAT MITCH HAS HAD A HELLUVA DAY. HE SEEMS MODERATELY LAID-BACK AND JOVIAL.

He followed her on into a living room with a cedar-beamed cathedral ceiling and a glass wall out onto darkening Lake Sammamish, the lights of the other houses along the

shore sparkling off the water. Subtly swank? Tastefully rarefied? Expensively

understated? (Mitch reminded himself he was such a hopeless peasant that he wouldn't

savvy the gradations of opulence anyway, and gave up.) Glancing over the bar setup and

trying not to sound edgy, he maintained to Lexa: “No prob, boss. Let the sipping hordes come.”

“Crowds are your life, right, footballer?” she teased like a chirpy cheerleader. “I never worry about penalty calls when the game is in the hands of the old Iron--”

“Don’t get going on that, okay?” he hastily whirled into the work waiting behind the bar.

Lexa pretended to adjust the tail of his tent-sized white bartending jacket, surreptitiously pinched his butt, then headed once more for the kitchen to shake up the troops there. But she stopped at the doorway to glance back at Mitch, busying himself at arranging glasses.

She speculated on him for a minute, bulking there against the nightblack water, the big man she had traded Alaska for.

THIS FLASHBACK  
IS A THING OF  
BEAUTY.

Sitka was still dark, she was still the lawful wedded wife of Travis Mudd when the call came, Travis on his side of the bed saying into the phone, "God, they got it stopped? They don't? Okay, I'll be there as soon as I can get hold of a plane."

Lexa rolled over toward him, batting her eyes as he snapped the bedlight on and dove for his clothes on the chair.

"Got ourselves an oil spill."

He sounded like the usual apologetic Travis, but yanking on his pants there in the sallow bedroom light he looked put out but eager along with it. Lexa would think, after, of something her grandmother had said about men when they had a forest fire to fight:  
*They turn back into absolute boys.*

She had to ask Travis "Where?" twice before he glanced around from the vital business of tucking in his shirt tail.

"Hnh? The worst. Valdez."

That dim Alaskan morning, everything that could go wrong at Valdez was racing to do so before sleepy-eyed officials could begin to catch up with the dimensions of the

disaster--the thousand-foot-long tanker having daggered itself so thoroughly on a reef that eight of its eleven cargo tanks were spewing oil, the spill response equipment too little and too late; then the next inevitable thing, the wind picking up and spreading the oil slick ninety miles down the shores of Prince William Sound. Estuaries went black-dead under the killing coat of goo, as did stream mouths where salmon spawned; fish, seabirds, eagles, the intricate food chain of the Sound was being smothered or poisoned as the oil kept bleeding from the tanker and went on spreading. All those first nightmare days of the *Exxon Valdez* cascade, Lexa wanted to grab Alaska and shake it: *See! See! You and your fancy wages for that pipeline!* She was already packed and ticketed for Valdez when Travis called to suggest: "You might as well come on up. I'm going to be here a real while."

The emergency bird clinic by day, a swing shift of cooking meals-to-go for the fishboat crews who took it upon themselves to fight the oil away from the Port San Juan hatchery--plunging herself into the Valdez maelstrom, Lexa had never worked harder nor more hopelessly in her life. The oilport town was a crazyhouse, with money rather than mirrors bending everybody out of shape. Sky-high hourly wages for scrubbing oil-befouled rocks, boat jobs skimming the oil off the water of Prince William Sound, opportunities galore in provisioning the oil company's army of spill consultants and the

stunned state agency honchos and the environmental feds and the media invasion; she vowed not to let the boomtown-of-catastrophe atmosphere get to her, but it constantly did. As did the tarred dead birds, the dead sea otters, the dead seals, the dead this and the dead that of Prince William Sound.

Feeling about half-sick as usual, she was disposing of the floppy carcass of one more cormorant that she and the other volunteer bird-rescuers had tried unsuccessfully to soap-rinse the oil from, when Travis came around with the familiar man. His size made him unmistakable around town, even from a distance. One of Valdez's fevered rumors was that the French movie star, whatzisname from *Manon of the Spring*, had showed up in town to view the oil spill, until someone took a good look and said Gerard Depardieu was a shrimp compared to this guy.

"Montana, right?" Lexa said the instant Travis introduced him.

"Does it still show that bad?" Mitch sounded none too pleased.

"We had Roziars in the Two Medicine country, where I'm from," she elaborated.

Her eyes lifted again to the black wavy hair, the rocky set of his face while his eyes were busy investigating. "You look kind of like their kissing cousin."

With the barest of smiles he owned up to that, saying that his family in Twin Sulphur Springs had shirt tail relations north there in the Two country, all right.

“Probably they’re the ones who got born with some sense.”

Lexa held her tongue about that, and by now Travis was saying, “Giving him the full tour. Mitch’s following this for his paper in Seattle.”

A notebook was swallowed in Mitch’s hand. “L-E-X-A, do I have it spelled right? Last name same like Travis’s or...same, got it. You’ve been washing birds? How many of them pull through?”

The photo came then and there, Mitch of course asking if she minded but already cocking the camera as she collected the next oil-slicked cormorant against the chest of her rainsuit. This one was a beach find, she gave Mitch the vocabulary, maybe not quite as far gone as the floaters they found flopping out there in the actual curd of oil atop the water. She would remember that he then had question after question for her, and a barrage of others for Travis in his capacity as the state’s wildlife monitor of this mess, before the commotion broke out at the town dock nearby. A fishing boat had tied up, grimy and loaded with herring cans of oil the fishermen had scooped up by hand. Photographers and reporters jammed around the fishermen who claimed they were capturing as many gallons of oil as the fleet of fancy skimming equipment combined. Then the crowd surrounded an

THIS ALASKA BIT IS BETTER  
THAN THE OPENING PAGES  
IN WASHINGTON. I REALLY LIKE IT!

embarrassed oil company spokesman, who had to call over even more reluctant executives into the clamor.

All at once Mitch Rozier recited:

*"When in danger,*

*when in doubt,*

*run in circles,*

*scream and shout."*

Still watching the dock commotion, the three of them shared an unfunny laugh.

"Sounds like what we work with every day, doesn't it, Travis?" Lexa couldn't help saying. "Where'd you get that?"

"Something my old man used to say about the army, is all. The pipeline," Mitch was abruptly back to questioning. "Were the two of you up here during the construction? What was that like?"

She could say of herself, later, that she had started off not particularly well disposed toward a newspaper word merchant. She'd had one for a brother-in-law, an ungovernable piece of work named Riley Wright, until Mariah came to her senses and bailed out of that situation. So Mitch the writing man did not win anything much from her at first except civility--not even any real Montana kidding, as he seemed to feel pretty

far removed from where the foundations of the Roziers were poured, back there. Of course she was curious, as exiles everywhere are about each other, but not enough to make life tricky yet. Meanwhile Travis and he chimed with each other, Travis keen to have somebody for once interested in the ins and outs of the whole coastal ecosystem instead of coming around for thirty seconds for the latest body count on wildlife. Out of that, out of the fact of the two men, she could later tell herself, came their pipeline flight.

They lifted off in a white and yellow Cessna 207 at first light that Sunday, Travis professionally laconic in talking to the tower. Riding stuffed into the co-pilot's seat, Mitch watched out the side window for the airborne moment from the times he had been up with the Lighthawk pilot--the plane wheel halting its spinning an instant after takeoff and sitting motionless in the air. He half-expected to see Mount St. Helens rise beside the climbing plane.

Travis first circled out over Prince William Sound, the fleet of oil-skimmers and collecting barges below like beetles on an oddly sheened pond, the filthy bathtub ring around Prince William Sound stretching toward the Gulf of Alaska beyond the horizon. Then he aimed the plane back over Valdez and the farm of storage tanks, and the silver worm of the pipeline stretched ahead.

Mitch no longer liked flying, and he never had liked having someone looking over his shoulder. The coppery presence at the corner of his eye caused him to glance back every so often.

Perched on the front edge of the jump seat behind Travis, Lexa thought to herself *Hey, bud, this is Alaska, life is close quarters here* and rubbed it in:

“I hope this is okay, me hitchhiking along?”

“Oh, sure, fine,” Mitch lied. Couldn’t say much else, with her husband doing the flying. He eyed Travis sideways, though, wondering how they sorted things like this out, how much Lexa mixed into his work. Stuck her spousy nose in, so to speak, although it did seem to be a fairly acute nose.

Wrapped in the sounds of the Cessna, the steady force of its engine and the vibrating thrum of the cockpit, they settled back for the long day of flying with the oil aqueduct of Alaska constantly there under them, the land threaded with forty-eight-inch pipe from its arctic shore to Valdez’s channel into the Pacific. Mitch’s hands stayed busy with his notebook, trying to make the Alaskan earth say words. Here at the start of their route north every horizon was crazily corrugated, the mountain ranges like lines of icebergs off the end of the big one, Denali.

Lexa watched him work. If that's what you could call it, trying to figure out what registered on a housebroken Rozier, writer no less. *Ones I knew, even our shepherders thought were shagnasties. He got out someway.* Mitch kept on jotting into his notebook, surprisingly neat small handwriting which she could not quite make out from where she sat.

Eventually they were skirting Fairbanks, bushplanes parked like pickup trucks along the airport runway in the middle distance. Surprise suburbs claiming the ridges. Then the pipeline out in the open, climbing some ridges with a wink of gleam and disappearing into others.

They came above country now which was naked of anything manmade except the pipeline and the haul road beside it. At irregular intervals, a side road would run out a few hundred yards and turn into a flat graded oval--like a giant frying pan, with the side road the handle. Mitch puzzled over the pattern of this for a while before pointing and guessing, "Helicopter pads?"

"Huh uh," Travis raised his voice in answer, "borrow pits. For gravel. Those are gravel ridges where they trucked the roadbed in for the haul road."

*It all floats, Mitch's column began to form. The pipeline and its road are levitated atop tundra and permafrost by the most expensive construction project since that orchard*

*in Eden. Even before the Prudhoe Bay oil is pumped aboard a tanker at Valdez, it defies gravity and other concerns of earth for eight hundred miles...*

Travis was saying over the plane noise that the weather ahead wasn't the greatest, but he figured he could keep under the worst of the clouds.

"And on top of the ground, right?" Mitch answered, measuring the skimming landscape not very far below with a look.

"Bear!" Lexa shouted then, sounding inordinately happy about it and pointing past Mitch's nose out the side window. To his further confusion, next she yelped something to Travis about getting his tattoo kit out.

Travis grinned around at her like a boy given candy and yelled, "Let's go see him." He stood the Cessna on its right wingtip and zoomed the plane into a tight circle. The tundra fanned past beneath them, little squib lakes appearing and then quickly erasing, the three of them on their sides there three hundred feet in the air and Mitch concentrating on not giving in and reaching for the sicksack, until at last Lexa pointed to the wingtip and the galloping clump of fur under it. Travis made a couple of swoops, so they could view the bear from each side of the plane, then he put the Cessna atop the piped path of oil again.

They flew across cockeyed rivers, channels bending back on themselves as if trying to make knots. One such set of kinks, unruly and silty, was the Yukon. And constantly the pipeline...

*...goes and goes and goes, tracing its bright solo strand across our largest state.*

*It is true that it is a mere thread in the carpet that is Alaska. It is also true that this single thread has magically dyed the rest of Alaska to the color of oil money...*

Two-thirds of the way to Prudhoe Bay, Travis put down at a skimpy village for refueling. The wind coming through the pass in the Brooks Range ahead rocked the plane a little even on the ground. The three of them piled out laughing and doing *scissors, paper, rock* for first turn at the outhouse behind the trading post. Lexa lost to both men and complained that the laws of chance as well as anatomy were rigged against her. "You can at least both go at once and have some kind of a contest, can't you?" she urged.

By the time that was taken care of and an industrious native named Fred had raced out on a three-wheeler to gas up the plane with Travis watching, Mitch had ducked into the trading post. He bought apples for a dollar apiece, entertained at how Bingford's eyes were going to pop at this on the expense account, and jogged back across the gravel runway.

Ululating howls of sled dogs rose from behind every house in the village. Lexa, as if back at bossing ranch dogs, commanded over her shoulder: "Hush, you huskies!"

That made Mitch give her a smile, somewhat on the speculative side. Across certain stretches of the flight the sameness of the landscape and the mesmerizing drone of the plane had sent him daydreaming a little into Travis's life in this big land, a willing wife with him. It didn't take much bumpy air to jostle that drift of thought, though. Marnie would have gagged at setting foot on a fishboat or even into one of the scabby Alaskan towns. And he himself? He had grown up in not much of anywhere. He had pulled out of there as soon as he could, too. He doubted he was Alaska material.

"Here." A little late, he thought to offer the apple sack. "Have some on my publisher." Lexa dug into the apples. Munching, they huddled out of the wind next to a ratty-looking snowmobile shed and watched Travis go about his plane chores.

Con conversationally Lexa said, "Guess you know you're in Bob country north."

He certainly did know that, but was surprised she did. Then put it together, that the Forest Service's Bob Marshall Wilderness Area lay just west of where she had grown up, along the same spine of the Rockies where Mitch had, far away there in the Lower Forty-Eight. Up here Marshall, in his twenties and made of luck, had plunged into the

Brooks Range and come back with a preservation paean to the colossal wild country at the gates to the Arctic. And a pipeline runs through it.

Brow corrugated with interest, Mitch studied off past the aluminum-sheet roofs of the village to the storied peaks all across the sky ahead of them. "Travis's work ever take him into the Brooks Range?"

"Only flying through Atigun Pass, like today." Lexa studied the apple in her hand as if it had just reminded her of something. "But I've been pretty far back in, on the headwaters of the Anaktuvuk River."

He felt major-league stupid. She cooked for all kinds of backcountry expeditions, Travis had made mention of that.

She showed him an askew smile, then contemplated the mountains. "Spent a solid week in a sleeping bag, back in there."

"May I ask, doing what?"

"Trying to keep from starvation."

She hadn't liked the setup from the minute the bush pilot dropped them off on the upper Anaktuvuk, a guide she'd never worked with before confidently insisting the camp be put up out on a gravel bar, right there handy to the river for his clients on their kayaks-and-Kodiaks adventure. One couple from Japan, the other from Florida, Dopey the

guide, and Lexa, then there they were at streamside when a cloudburst cut loose in the elevations of the Brooks and every drop of moisture on the North Slope started coming down the Anaktuvuk. They were lucky to flounder across the backwater to shore before the river took the gravel bar. They had managed to grab one tent and their sleeping bags and a provision pack that would feed six people for three days--Lexa knew it was going to be a long week before the plane could get back in to fetch them. The Floridians proposed hiking out. *Meet a bear in the tundra and it isn't going to go hungry*, she pointed out. Dopey made hero noises about taking to his kayak and heading downriver for help. *Right, paddle a hundred and fifty miles to the Beaufort Sea and hail a passing iceberg?* Along with Lexa, the Japanese couple wasted no more time in the rain but climbed into their sleeping bags to start saving their body warmth and energy. The other three gradually came to their senses and bedded in too to wait for the weather to lift and the plane to come. An eight-day week, it turned out to be before they heard the marvelous drone of the engine.

She gave Mitch only the quick version, but it was enough to knock his Seattle socks off. She shrugged and sent him a glance. Somehow demolishing her apple and managing to speak at the same time, she asked as if suddenly curious:

“Ever wonder if you’re doing any good at all? The things you write, I mean.”

“I don’t have the world straightened out quite yet,” came back from him. “But it maybe doesn’t hurt for me to keep poking around at it.”

“Lots of us poked at this pipeline as hard as we knew how, and here the sucker came anyway.”

“You’re not big on oil, it sounds like.”

“I’m not big on watching the spillionaires go at it. Travis and I knew some of those bozos when they were milking money out of the pipeline construction.”

Now Mitch was the one curious. “What keeps people like you and Travis in Alaska?”

“Travis loves it up here.”

As if hearing himself cited, the long-legged figure across the runway gave them a thumbs-up sign and beckoned them back for takeoff.

City habited, Mitch glanced around for where to deposit his apple core. He noticed Lexa was emptyhanded. “What’d you do with yours?”

She reddened.

“It’s, um, in me.” She shrugged. “I rangered mine.”

Mitch looked further at her.

“My grandfather got us to doing it, is all,” she said as they hunched into the wind and started back to the plane. “Most of his life he was a forest ranger, there on the Two, and when he used to have us kids out hiking or camping he showed us how to keep taking little tiny bites on our apple core until all that’s left are seeds and stem, and those you spit into your palm.” Lexa inclined her head to watch up at Mitch as she finished: “In the wilderness, you don’t want to leave any more of yourself than you have to.”

They had been back from the pipeline flight several days, trying to cope again in Valdez’s riot of contradictory measures, when Travis suggested to her at breakfast:

“Come on down the Sound with me this morning. Something you need to see.”

At the first stretch of oil-smearred rocky beach, a barge-like craft with what looked like artillery aboard was moving in close to shore. Travis’s boss from the Juneau office, Timmons, was on hand. There was much consultation, and then a cannonade of high-pressure water jetted onto the rocks, spray and crude-oil sheen flying.

It was like watching a powerful fireboat at work, only the target here was not fire.

“Whoee!” With the first hope she had felt in a long while, Lexa jiggled Travis in the ribs. “This is going to do it? They can just hose away the oil?”

“That’s the deal.”

Travis looked odd, taut. The two of them watched another blast of water scour away at the scummed-up rocky beach. After a minute he said as though thinking out loud, "We have to hope they don't get too much into your line of work with this."

Lexa gave him an inquisitive grin. "The bird washing? Hey, they're not going to hose my sick birds with that thing. Over my deadly body."

"No, your other line of work," Travis said shortly.

"What, cooking? How so?"

"We've got--there's still marine life under those rocks. Protozoa and micro-organisms, on up. Bottom end of the food chain, you might say." Travis inclined his head toward the hosing operation. "That water has to be hot to take the oil off. Scalding."

Lexa stared at the gout of water. Then at him. "It might *cook* anything that's still left alive under there?"

Travis tightened his jaw. "Timmons signed off on it. I had to, too."

"On--?" Lexa felt a little dazed. Alaska, oil, Valdez: were slippery answers all they ever had?

Neither of them said anything more, right then. Travis had told her just enough, then counted on her to cut him some slack; she knew the symptoms. She made it through the day, sneaking reluctant looks at the hosing operation, and at the pack of \$16.69 an

hour workers scrubbing the rocks that had been hot-blasted. She made it on through her galley shift on the fishermen's command-post seiner. She did not make it to bed when she got home, instead snapping the bedlight on in Travis's eyes.

"This gives me trouble, Travis. You're letting them kill the rest of the beach to clean it?"

He wrenched himself into sitting up against the headboard, his excellent shoulders and slimboy chest bare to her. Blinking hard a couple of times, he had it ready for her. Maybe, she thought, a little too ready.

"We don't know how to get around some biota loss from it, all right? But--"

She didn't say anything, waiting.

"Lexa, I am not a marine biologist. Timmons and I think this is the only way we can get a certifiable cleanup. Otherwise what are we going to say--'No sweat, don't bother picking up that oil'? You can see where that'd put us," he practically pleaded.

"We'd have the world on our necks for letting Exxon off the hook."

"Instead you're going to have a dead beach."

"A *cleaned* beach. Which is what Timmons and I are supposed to make happen. After that, we'll have to see how things re-establish." Travis took a major breath.

“There’ll be studies then. They can second-guess us then, if that’s the way things turn out.”

His eyes quit meeting hers. “Some sleep might improve both of us,” he said. He snapped off the light.

When she went to Mitch Rozier in the morning, the first thing he did was to mutter: “Why do these things always have to happen on deadline?”

Before he began phoning around to marine biologists he knew down the coast, he paused. Then provided:

“Travis must’ve figured he didn’t have any choice.”

Lexa’s eyes looked dull, but her voice wasn’t. “That can get to be a habit.”

Glancing at her as he made notes, Mitch spent the next hour cornering people by telephone. One way or another, all the researchers he could get hold of said they wished there could have been more research before the beaches were scoured, but none of them wanted to be quoted as opposing the oil cleanup. After the last one, Mitch hung up, passed a hand over his mouth, and told Lexa:

“You’re right. They’re flying blind on this, to get the beaches cleaned while the oil company is still hysterical enough to do it. Got one more call to make.”

Bingford’s voice in Seattle went rapidly up the scale:

“Are you in the same Alaska as everybody else? All they’ve been writing for weeks is Prince William Sound polluted to the max with oil, and here you come tra-la-la *against* the cleanup?”

“Only the hosing with hot water. The scalding part.”

“Hot water, right, that’s exactly what you’re trying to get us into, Mitcho.” Bing made him go over it again, then at last asked: “Who would we hang the story on?”

“I can’t use the name.”

“Mitch, guy,” Bing began, which he always did when he thought Mitch was getting in over his head.

“But it’s somebody who knows somebody. It’s solid.”

“Only if you cover our ass--”

“You don’t have to tell me that again, Bing.”

“--every which way with--”

“Bing, you little craphead, I do know that.”

“--reaction quotes from the poor bastards who signed off on the hot hosing.”

“I was about gonna go do that,” Mitch said, meeting the eyes of the woman whose marriage he was about to wreck.

*I always knew, with Travis, that winters were going to be the worst. When we could get out, have some room around us, we didn't do too bad. But cooped up together, that's when we'd start biting the doorknobs.*

Posted by the kitchen door, Lexa was keeping watch on the expressions of the guests starting to circle the table of food. A bit of peering and comparing was good; slow stares at, say, the curl of the lettuce leaves were not. This crowd seemed to be automatic grazers, plates on the move as they chatted over their shoulders, and she at least could breathe a sigh of relief at that. The space of white jacket across the room was less easy to map.

*Mitch would be the same season all year long, if the world would let him. That's a lot of if. I hope I'm not feeling winter coming, again.*

Lexa pushed the kitchen door sharply with her hip and disappeared to cutlery duty.

Meanwhile Mitch, with a touch of panic, was finding out that bartending had changed dialects since the last time he filled in at one of Lexa's feeds. Somewhere a switch had been flipped and everyone who had been drinking bottled spring water that cost more than perfume now could not get along without boutique beer. He had finally mastered the dozens of water labels; now here was the new zoo of brew. This was

beyond ridiculous, he thought; this was getting as bad as wine. Still, he managed to maul the requested brands out of the army of dark little bottles until a twentysomething with hair like a headful of quills came back to the bar complaining that he had been handed a Fort Apache Amber Ale when he'd asked for a Fort Apache *Frontier* Amber Ale.

? I'M NOT SURE WHAT HE'S DOING

A LITTLE STEREOTYPED BUT GENUINELY FUNNY.

“Goodness gracious,” said Mitch, narrowing his eyes ominously at the offending label. “Timeout!” he boomed to the waiting semicircle of thirsties. “Kiss your elbows, everybody, while I sort these brewskis.” He clinked bottles around until the damned things were scrupulously alphabetized, Anchor Steam to Zyggurat Pale Ale, and reopened for business by the time Lexa marched back out of the kitchen to check on the vegetable dip supply.

While she hovered at the table and trafficked this or that onto people’s plates--she always had the urge to pat a party into shape--Mitch kept on whipping beer out like a Las Vegas dealer. By and large, this was a techieville gathering of the young and climate-controlled whose idea of a good time seemed to be to compare the flexing qualities of their

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT BUT THE NERD IN GLASSES IMAGE DOESN'T CUT IT ANYMORE. MODERN STEREOTYPES INCLUDE KHAKIS WITH RUNNING SHOES, T-SHIRTS FROM OBSCURE TRADE SHOWS, LETTERMAN JACKETS ISSUED BY EMPLOYERS AND SO ON. HOPE THIS HELPS.

polycarbonate eyeglasses. Mitch overheard conversation after conversation about what a killer app ZYX was going to be and what an out-there bigfoot Frelinghuysen was along with it, until at last came a momentary break in the line. Using the chance to replenish clean glasses, Mitch was startled to hear a voice of about his own age urgently demand:



FOLKS ARE MORE LIKELY TO TALK ABOUT STOCKS, FRANKLY, THAN THEY ARE ABOUT A PRODUCT. ALL TECHIES IN THIS DAY AND AGE HAVE IN COMMON THE FACT THAT (A) THEY'RE ALL PRETTY MUCH DOING THE SAME THING — THERE'LL BE SWAPPINGS OF "WAR STORIES" AT ANY PARTY LIKE THIS — AND (B) THEY'RE ALL INTERESTED IN HI TECH STOCKS. DON'T KNOW WHY. ☺

"Three six-packs of Pyramid Hefeweizen, my man." *GOOD.*

Mitch peered over his shoulder at a chunky person with granny glasses and long hair parted straight down the middle.

*ministerial wearing a suit of drastic black, w/ sunglasses to match a little more bowtie.*

"The band," the man growled impatiently. ("I'm on guitar.")

*WHY WOULD HE SAY THIS?*

Mitch knew that if this was anything like all the other occasions Lexa had catered, she had already fought the band for territory during the setting-up and now they were lurking empty-handed in some far corner until time to play. He ponied up a six-pack.

*bowtie*

"One," he told the scowling *recipient* guitarist, with a nod in Lexa's direction. "Boss's orders."

"She's a major bitch about who runs this gig," the musician complained. Cradling the six-pack, he still didn't leave. He glanced around and lowered his voice in asking:

*edit down.*

"This it, for you?"

"Excuse me?"

"This how you bring in the skins?" the musician wanted to know. "I only ask because I'm looking. Running out of room on my plastic. Music's great, but it doesn't pay squat."

*A BIT TRITE - YET ANOTHER CALIFORNIA ROCK MUSICIAN. HOW ABOUT SOMETHING DIFFERENT?*

"Ah. No, ninety-nine-bottles-of-beer is only a hobby with me. I've got a day job."

*N.M. - NOT NATURAL.*

"At?"

*No, 99 is kind of a temp deal. I've*

Mitch flinched. *Cascopia* and "Coastwatch" he did not want to have to delve into. He fell back on: "Well, I'm a writer."

"I may give that a whirl," the guitarist mused, "when I get the time."

ANACHRONISM FOR A TWENTYSOMETHING.

Mitch resisted the urge to pluck away the six-pack and send the music-player off dry as a dune. Instead he leaned over and said confidentially:

"Really, though, I work one more job to make a living. You know those 'Fire Danger' signs you always see alongside forests? Big pie chart kind of things, with a pointer set on LOW or MODERATE or HIGH? I go around, I'm the pointer change."

"No kibble. What can that pay?"

"Twenty-five hundred a week," Mitch said, ducking his head modestly.

"Woop! That'd do. Who hires?"

"They advertise every year, you never noticed?"

The guitarist shook his head.

"Right before the fire season," Mitch specified. "The ads run the same day every year--June thirty-first."

"I'll watch," the guitar player said with fervor, and evanesced off to wherever the band was holed up.

Change ✓  
"a whirl"

✓ to make a living

✓ No kibble

Another spurt of beer aficionados, latecomers, kept Mitch busy a while. Last of all, the physically supreme specimen who had let him into the house came through the line, accompanied by an equally blonde ~~woman so lithe and tawny that her E-mail address~~ <sup>AND FAUNNY WOMAN. "Sheena@jungle.com";</sup> ~~must have been Sheena@jungle.com.~~ <sup>MITCH THOUGHT.</sup> They were so gorgeous together they practically hurt the eyes. Mitch handed them a matched pair of beers and they strode away like cheetahs. <sup>NICE.</sup>

Amid his collection of pangs, Mitch singled out hunger as one he could do something about. He slipped over to the food table while Lexa was there inspecting its remnants to inquire:

“What do you want devoured?”

“Celery sticks.”

“How come you never say the Swedish meatballs?”

“Veggies are healthy for my profit margin, Rozier.”

He remembered to ask: “How’s, ahm, business been while I was gone?”

“Weddings up the wazoo,” she said quite cheerfully.

“Really. In this day and age.” Crunching away on the celery, he scanned the room curiously. “So where’s our host? Off trying to morph himself into Bill Gates or something?”

Lexa gave him a funny look. "You just served him a beer, doofus."

"That's Frelinghuysen?" Mitch yanked his head around to stare after the blonde

muscleman. "Life is unfair, I can take. But this guy has more going for him than Jesus did."

Lexa shrugged. "What can I tell you, some jobs come with better perks than others."

A series of jarring chords indicated the band was tuning up. Lexa rolled her eyes.

"See you around," she said and fled for the kitchen.

Mitch went and settled himself in back of the bar while the band, Cloak of Light,

avalanched into its first set. "YOU left FIRST! YOU left WORST!" the lead singer

grumbled to the accompaniment of blunt instruments, loud enough to be felt on the skin.

Through that set and a bunch more, Mitch tried to keep himself tuned only to the

industrial-strength music and dispensing an occasional beer. Watching Mister Granny

Glasses wham away on the guitar, he felt scaly about setting him up for a nonexistent job

on a phantom day in June. On the other hand, the way the guy played he didn't have

much more future than that in the guitar field.

Lexa sailed out of the kitchen only once and only long enough to snatch the last

few slivers of smoked salmon away. She had on her hunkered-down-in-a-hailstorm

*hypersonic*

*crack-clad* *unapologetically called*

*SEE OVER; MUSIC GENRE IS WRONG FOR AGE GROUP, PROFESSIONS.*

*OVER*

IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO BE REALISTIC AND HIP WITH THE BAND, ~~RE~~ YOU WOULD HAVE IT BE SOMETHING LIKE A "SKA" BAND.

SKA IS THE LATEST 20 SOMETHING MUSICAL FASCINATION AND TECHIES ARE INCLINED TO LOVE IT. IT USUALLY FEATURES A LOT OF HORNS (THROWBACK TO MOTOWN & BIG BANDS), A COUPLE GUITARS, BASS AND DRUMS. THE MUSIC IS VERY VERY FAST, LOUD, HIGH ENERGY AND — STARK CONTRAST TO WHAT'S HERE — VERY HAPPY. THE MUSICIANS ARE USUALLY DRESSED TO THE TEETH IN BLACK SUITS ALA THE BLUES BROTHERS. (THIS WOULD MEAN YOUR GUITARIST WOULDN'T BE SPACEY AND CALIFORNIA, BUT WOULD BE JUST AS CLUELESS BUT IN A MORE HYPERACTIVE WELL-DRESSED SORT OF WAY.)

IN ANY CASE: GRAUNGE ROCK (LIKE YOU'VE GOT HERE?) IS TOO OLD FOR 20 SOMETHINGS AND NOT RIGHT FOR 40 SOMETHINGS. A 40 SOMETHING TECHIE PARTY WOULD HAVE A BLUES BAND OR A COVER BAND. MINDLESS GUITAR PLAYERS SLAMMING THEIR INSTRUMENTS ARE PASSÉ WHERE PARTIES ARE CONCERNED. ☺

OH, IF YOU WANT TO TORTURE YOURSELF WITH RESEARCH, A SKA ALBUM TO LISTEN TO WOULD BE ANYTHING BY "THE MIGHTY, MIGHTY BOSSTONES," OR "BIM SKALA BIM". GO TO TOWER RECORDS/ AND YOU COULD PROBABLY HEAR A TRACK FOR FREE.  
SILVER  
PLATTERS

expression. Mitch vamped a couple of dance moves for her benefit and she stuck her tongue out at him. He loved big helpings of sound and could not see why she clung to voovy-groovy jazz; "There's no whang to it," he kept pointing out. (On the other hand, musically speaking, more than once she had shown him, as Paul Desmond's make-out alto saxophone toyed with "Two of a Mind" on the CD player, that there is only one playful curlicue of vowel between sax and sex.)

Now the band reached the end of another musical peregrination, and silence rang out.

"Primetime," someone near Mitch said. "Fre's going to play."

The band looked sour at Frelinghuysen coming up to share the stage, but hey, it was *his* stage. They shuffled around wanly while he vaulted up and went to his musical weapon of choice, which proved to be the synthesizer. Cries of encouragement chorused from the guests, Frelinghuysen deprecatingly waving them off. Then, ten of the world's richest fingers flexed themselves once, twice, and began to caress the equipment:

*Pling pling NEE-NYEE*  
*pling pling pling pling pling pling NEE-NYEE pling pling pling pling NEE-NYEE pling*  
 WAH DAH DAH DEE DAH DUH...

That *Chariots of Fire* theme suddenly conjured a wall of runners behind Frelinghuysen, the movie's familiar slow-motion frieze of British milers training on the beach for the 1920 Olympics. Except, everyone in the room caught on within nanoseconds, these were not those ancient Brits in frumpy shorts, these were younger and Lycra-clad and led by a significantly familiar figure.

The guests roared and applauded as the golden head rhythmically bounded along at the front of the pack and its still-golden current version bobbed over the keyboard.

"Fre did cross-country at Lakeside," Mitch overheard. "High school state champion."

SPORT OF THE GODS. 😊 IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE TED ACKERLEY, LAKESIDE '89, WHO USED TO BE BLOND? 😊

The theme music underwent another electronic metamorphosis and abruptly another wall turned into a stadium with a cinder track, this time a newsreel-gray figure striding and striding in gawky detachment. Roger Bannister at Oxford in '54, breaking the four-minute mile. But the runner at his shoulder nobly setting the pace for him was no longer Chris Chamblin, it was Frelinghuysen. Fascinated and appalled, Mitch suffered the realization that he was the only person in the room who could remember when Bannister's historic mile happened, rather than having it cooked into his mind by television's backward glances. He peered as hard as he could at the spectacle playing out over Frelinghuysen's fingering, but the simulation, the templates or whatever they were--

HOW OLD ARE THE PARTIERS, THEN? 30 ISH?

the mask of Frelinghuysen shouldering history along before he was born--looked utterly seamless. Now, as soon as Bannister burst his historic tape, a mountain came into the room and two figures were loping its African slope, Kip Keino training with the playful and predatory cyber-Frelinghuysen shadowing him up through the thin air of Kilimanjaro.

Just when that magnificent duo scampered into a mist and Mitch thought he had endured through, the music reverted to the movie theme's *plings* of portent and another beach took over a wall, this time unmistakably the Oregon coastline, broadloom of sand between forested capes and haystack rocks with surf grandly breaking. At a distance, a shimmer of tiny figures was coming. As they grew ever closer, several dozen of them undulating in the satiny running, their track uniforms took on brightness against the tan beach and green bluffs; colors from a fever dream, maroon, lemon, vermilion. By now it could be seen that two runners were moving well out in front, like the quickest in a flock of sandpipers. The righthand one of course was the requisite Frelinghuysen. The other was longhaired and mustached and as intense as the shaped flame of a cutting torch. Steve Prefontaine, running the sand like the die-young competitive demon he had been.

"Pre!" the party guests shouted in media-reified recognition. Then began the chant:

"Pre! Fre! Pre! Fre!"

*Ai yi yi*, thought Mitch, and reeled to the kitchen.

Lexa was superintending the cleanup. Scraping, washing, and pouting, Kevin and Guillermo appeared to be in agony at missing the music. She sent them a look that jerked them back to their chores, then turned to Mitch. "What in the name of Elvis is going on out there?"

"New group," he reported wearily. "Cyberman and the Synthetics."

Afterward, going on out to her van and his car, Lexa provided:

"That was different."

The mutter from Mitch sounded something like:

"We can hope so."

After a couple of tries they found their way out of the lakeside maze of streets and Lexa in the lead zoomed for home. She was the type of driver who gobbled up yellow lights like grapes. After three intersections in a row flashed red in the windshield of his Honda, Mitch grabbed the car phone and punched her van's number.

"Lexa, suppose you could slow down to the speed of sound, so we can talk?"

The van ahead shot along for most of another block, then out came an arm signal he hadn't seen since the Driver's Ed handbook, Lexa's arm right-angled down to indicate

coming to a stop. Also downpointing was her extended middle finger. After the van jarred to a halt at the next stoplight, in went her arm and her voice came over the phone:

"I thought you were in a strong silent mode tonight."

"Just because a guy doesn't say anything doesn't mean he doesn't have anything to say."

"You lost me there in the *doesn't*s. So, what's to say, that can't wait until we get home?" *He wouldn't dump me by car phone, would he?* The phone clapped to her ear, she peered into the sideview mirror, trying to glimpse Mitch past his headlights. The honk of the Honda's horn made her jump. The light had turned green.

"Make up your tiny goddamned mind!" she yelled into the phone and put the van in gear.

Mitch said mildly, "I only wanted to report in that I missed you like hell."

"Is that supposed to warm my cockles?"

"If that's the part that could use some, sure. Just because a guy doesn't really know where your cockles are located doesn't mean--"

"Never mind!"

KIND OF IRRITATING DIALOGUE -  
TOO CUTE (FOR ME).  
EVERY LINE IS PERFECT;  
I CAN FEEL LAUGH TRACK

"So much so that you call me o' it now that you're finally back, huh?"  
"Can't you think of it as call waiting?"

They drove in silence until the VW van and the Honda sailed in file onto the Evergreen Point floating bridge, shoreline lights reflecting toward them on Lake Washington. As they neared the western shore, Mitch inquired:

“Is this a fight?”

“It’ll do until one comes along,” Lexa said. “What *is* eating you?”

What could he answer, the bowels of the earth? The traitorous incisors of Bingford? His daughter the serpent’s tooth? The golden gullet of ZYX?

“Been a day of win one, lose about a dozen, Lex.” To start somewhere, he recited to her Bingford’s scheme of turning *Cascopia* into a freebie paper.

“Wuh oh, sounds wrong from here,” commiseration instantly came into Lexa’s voice. “Our family motto always was, free stuff is that price for a reason.”

“It’s not just the freebie part,” Mitch resumed after a moment. “It’s--oh, hell, name it. Too many times up and down the field, I guess.”

They drove in silence, Lexa waiting him out. It’s his damned cell call.

VERY  
NICE.

Finally Mitch’s voice arrived again, with forced brightness:

“On the other hand, I get the deck chair on the *Titanic* to myself now. Shyanne grabbed her herbarium and jumped overboard.”

*Goodo, at least he's not cradle-robbing.* Lexa gunned the van toward the next changing light, remembered, and reluctantly gave in to the brakes. As the Honda's headlights eased up behind her, she put to him:

"What, then, Mitch? If it isn't just Bing giving away the store, what's freaking you? Jocelyn give you a tough go?"

"Could say that, yes. It seems I've been awarded the permanent blame for trying to limit the damage, back there when her mother and I split."

"You knew that then. It'd take brain transplants to ever get those kids of yours to change their minds about that. Maybe that's what kids are for, one of God's little ways of telling you life doesn't come cheap either. Mitch? You still do know the blame was worth it not to carve up those kids, don't you?"

*MORE OF A PAUSE HERE WOULD GET THE RHYTHM RIGHT.*

"Yeah. Yeah. I was just reviewing for the test, I guess."

The Ballard neighborhood was tucked into its bungalows for the night. The vapor lights at the ship canal locks glowed blue in their nightlong duty, and there was the salt scent of Puget Sound as they parked both vehicles, bumpers nearly touching in the skimpy driveway. As Mitch came up to help carry her catering gear in from the van, Lexa broke a laugh at him.

“What now?” He peered at her in the dimness outside the house. “Were you  
NICE — BUT YOU SAID THEY’RE 40?  
expecting one of those Fortune 500 twenty-year-olds to follow you home?”

“Can’t stand to quit work tonight?” She poked an indicative finger into the stiff white fabric still tented on him.

“Yeah, well,” he glanced down at the bartender jacket he had forgotten to take off, “if you want me to say bartending is beginning to grow on me, so could fungus. Come on, let’s get this stuff in. I’m about to crater.”

The phone message machine on the kitchen counter was blinking red-hot as usual. Lexa headed straight for it while Mitch arrowed up to the bedroom, unbuttoning his white jacket as he went. “If that’s your next partythrower,” he deposited over his shoulder, “tell her to have people bring their own bottles, okay?”

“It’s probably my dad,” she soothed. “Reporting in from the latest footprints of Lewis and Clark.”

Shucking shoes and clothes right and left in the bedroom, all he could shed of the day, he felt a craving for sleep, geysering up out of his body’s subterranean regions in the form of yawns. He made it as far as pajamas before Lexa came into the room.

“Mitch? The phone message. It was *your* dad.”

He closed his eyes as if to see what it was like. Then blinked them open, looking at her with his face gone bleak.

“It would be,” he said.

# Relapse puts Stanford back in hospital <sup>6/2/98</sup>

## Schools chief and district stunned

By **KATHY GEORGE**  
and **CAROL SMITH**  
PI REPORTERS

Seattle Schools Superintendent John Stanford's cancer has resurfaced and he is back in the hospital for four weeks of intensive chemotherapy.

"This is not good news," School Board member Don Nielsen said. "We're just hopeful that this time it (the cancer) won't come back."

Stanford returned to Virginia Mason Medical Center yesterday afternoon, less than two months after completing the initial cancer treatment that he had hoped would put his leukemia into long-term remission.

But the remission was short-lived. Although Stanford had appeared to be on the road to recovery, showing high spirits and renewed energy, cancer cells showed up in a routine blood test Thursday.

"We're all still quite shocked by this revelation," School Board President Barbara Schaad-Lamphere said yesterday.

Stanford himself was stunned and disappointed by the news that his cancer has returned, board members said.

Just last week, "he felt so great.



**Stanford**

He had so much energy," Schaad-Lamphere said. "It's very sad."

In a written statement yesterday, Stanford said: "I'm on my way back in (to the hospital), but my determination to fight on is absolutely undiminished. We must continue to keep our eyes on the prize: academic achievement and school safety."

A cancer relapse only a few weeks after initial treatment is unusual. The average remission is four to six months, even without follow-up treatment, said Dr. James Wade, medical director of the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center.

"It's a bad sign," Wade said. "It means the leukemia is not going to be as sensitive (to treatment) as (doctors) had hoped."

However, about half of patients who relapse go into remission after a second round of intensive chemo-

with greatly improved support for the district, long plagued with image problems.

Stanford was first diagnosed with acute myelogenous leukemia two months ago. Acute myelogenous leukemia, called AML, causes immature white cells called "blast" cells in the blood to grow out of control.

The cancerous white cells prevent the bone marrow from manufacturing the normal red blood cells, white cells and platelets necessary to fight infection and keep the body oxygenated.

The onset is usually quite sudden, and the first symptoms are usually fatigue, shortness of breath, frequent infections, fever and sometimes bleeding or bruising.

Weakened but determined to win the battle of his life, Stanford spent a month in the hospital and emerged in full remission May 6. At the time of his release, he proudly declared, "I'm back and I'm strong."

He returned briefly to the hospital May 15 for tests.

But he wasn't supposed to go back again until June 23. That's when Stanford was scheduled to begin his first round of additional, precautionary chemotherapy designed to prolong his leukemia's remission.

Virginia Mason spokesman Chris Schneider said doctors had planned to admit Stanford into the hospital every five or six weeks for this routine follow-up treatment.

Wade said it's known as "consolidation" or maintenance chemotherapy, and it typically involves three to seven days in the hospital every four to six weeks. Regimens vary somewhat, but with the follow-up chemotherapy, the average remission lasts 14 to 18 months, he said. And in about 25 to 30 percent of the cases, it results in a cure, he said.

But Stanford's remission failed before consolidation therapy could begin.

Yesterday, as Stanford entered the hospital three weeks earlier than planned, the hospital and the school district initially would not explain why.

Citing privacy concerns, the hospi-

by three weeks of hospitalization to minimize the risks of infection and to allow for tests.

This time the treatment will last four full weeks. But Stanford is going into it stronger than the last time, board members said.

"That should, we hope, be helpful," said Nielsen.

The board has not had a chance to discuss what to do about Stanford's sudden unexpected absence. His chief aide, Joseph Olchefske, will continue to be acting superintendent.

Nielsen said he expects Stanford to be "out of commission" for a few days. "Then he'll be back in a position to work from his bedside."

If the chemotherapy doesn't appear to be working, doctors may consider a bone marrow transplant, Wade said.

Patients with AML can receive a bone marrow transplant whether they are in remission or not, he said.

However, Schneider said there is no plan at this point for a bone marrow transplant for Stanford.

Between 35 percent and 38 percent of patients who have a bone marrow transplant after going into a second remission go on to be cured, Wade said. The cure rate for bone marrow transplants is higher — about 55 percent of patients — if it is done during a first remission.

However, the bone marrow transplant itself is a risky procedure, and it isn't usually considered until other treatments have been tried because some patients can be cured without having to go through the extra risk.

It is difficult to generalize about cancer treatments and outcomes, cancer specialists said.

"Every case is so different, and everybody responds differently," said Marilee McCorriston, executive director of the Washington chapter of the Leukemia Society of America. "The thing he has going for him is he's such a fighter and has a very positive attitude."

■ P-I reporter Kathy G... can be...

# Chemotherapy is '2-edge sword'

C/2/98

BY WARREN KING

*Seattle Times medical reporter*

The return of John Stanford's leukemia so soon after initial treatment means his chances of long-term survival have decreased.

Generally when there is an early relapse, "the outlook is grim," said Dr. Ranier Storb, director of transplant biology at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center and a leukemia expert.

Normally, patients with acute myelogenous leukemia have a 20 percent to 25 percent chance of surviving five years.

At Stanford's request, his physicians at Virginia Mason Medical Center declined to discuss specific medical details. Hospital officials said only that he will receive additional intensive chemotherapy every five to six weeks through 1998. School officials said he will be hospitalized for about a month.

Stanford, superintendent of the Seattle School District, was released from Virginia Mason on May 6 after a week of chemotherapy and about three weeks of recovery. The early

relapse of his disease means dangerous levels of leukemic cells — the immature, ineffective white cells that crowd other healthy blood cells — have returned. As a result, the healthy cells have a more difficult time carrying out their normal functions — fighting disease, repairing injuries and carrying oxygen throughout the body.

Additional chemotherapy aims to knock down the resurging leukemic cells and give the patient's immune system a chance to return to normal.

But Storb said the needed chemotherapy is in itself "a two-edge sword" because it can set off a dangerous chain of events.

Chemotherapy kills both leukemic cells and most of the remaining healthy white cells. It is so harsh that it causes mouth sores, and ulcers in the intestinal tract, creating open portals for harmful bacteria, viruses and fungi.

"It makes you a sitting duck for infection," Storb said.

Antibiotics to fight off infection are the next line of defense. But those drugs, in turn, kill good bacte-

ria, which secrete toxins that kill fungi that may enter the body.

Two fungi, candida albicans and aspergillus, are common in such patients — especially aspergillus, which is widely found in dust and elsewhere in the environment.

Drug treatment for the fungi, amphotericin B, also is so harsh that patients sometimes call it "amphoterrible." It commonly causes fever, chills and a drop in blood pressure and can damage the kidneys and possibly other organs.

All of that makes it even harder for the body to regain its balance and return to a healthy state.

Storb said a bone-marrow transplant is an option only when the disease is in remission or when the patients are in a very early stage of an initial relapse. Virginia Mason officials indicated that a transplant is not now a consideration.

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*Warren King's phone message number is 206-464-2247. His e-mail address is: wkin-new@seatimes.com*

# Alaska Oil Cleanup Winds Down With Many Beaches Still Fouled

By **TIMOTHY EGAN**

Special to The New York Times

VALDEZ, Alaska, Sept. 9 — After spending \$1 billion trying to clean up less oil than Americans consume in a day, the Exxon Corporation's army of 10,000 workers is disbanding, leaving miles of beaches still coated in thick black goo.

The state environmental department monitoring the cleanup of the 11 million gallons that spilled from the Exxon Valdez in March says that as much as 7 million gallons of North Slope crude remain in Prince William Sound — oil that coated rocks, hardened into asphalt lumps or welled deep under pebbled beaches.

## Spill Termed the Worst

Federal wildlife biologists, who this week asked Exxon to extend a portion of the cleanup beyond its self-imposed Sept. 15 pullout date, said the toll among animals was the worst of any oil spill around the globe. The spill could affect as many as 400,000 birds, otters, bald eagles and other creatures in this corner of the last great American wilderness.

Officially, 146 eagles, of the estimated 5,000 that live in and around the sound,

have been found dead. But that number, as with 33,000 dead seabirds and 980 sea otters, may represent only 10 to 30 percent of the amount poisoned by the spill as the oil has made its way up the food chain, Federal biologists say.

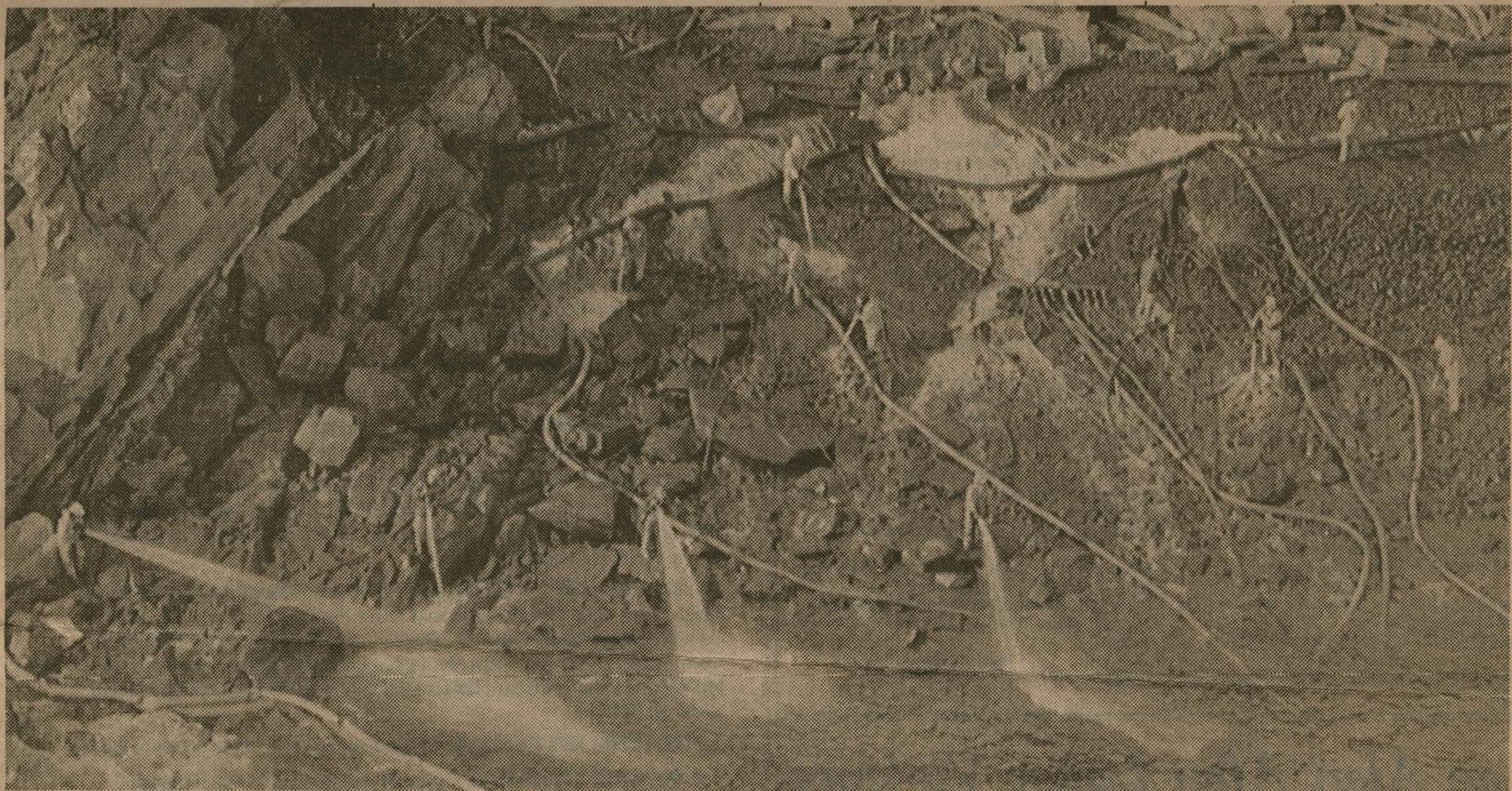
Salmon fishermen, were kept from much of their fishing grounds by oil this summer, netted only half of what was supposed to be a record salmon run.

In a euphemism that evolved over the summer to replace the word "cleaned," Exxon officials say the 1,100 miles of beach that were stained with oil have been "environmentally stabilized" in that they pose no further threat to fish and wildlife.

Vice Adm. Clyde E. Robbins of the Coast Guard, the highest-ranking Federal official in Valdez, said in an interview Friday that the sound would never be as it was before the spill. But he said he doubted if any company, or government, could have done any better than Exxon did.

The Coast Guard, which has been responsible for keeping Exxon to its

*Continued on Page 15, Column 1*



Workers spraying water last week on a beach that is still coated with oil from the Exxon Valdez spill in March.

The New York Times/Jim Wilson

# Beach Fouled, but Alaska Oil Cleanup Nears End

Continued From Page 1

promises about the cleanup, has allowed the company to wrap up its effort here. Admiral Robbins said the beaches that Exxon considers stabilized were, in many cases, "not clean at all."

"But we've lowered the environmental risk," he said. "Frankly, we've been in a time vise."

Company officials said that if they could be sure the good weather would last longer, workers would be able to do more to clean the worst-hit areas.

Even Exxon said 50 of the 1,100 miles of beach remained covered with heavy layers of oil, and the state Department of Environmental Conservation said more than 300 miles of treated shoreline still is coated with muck that in some cases is three feet deep.

The harshest official criticism has come from the state. Steve Provant, an environmental official who is monitoring the cleanup efforts, said Friday, "This term 'environmentally stabilized' is an Exxon term, and as far as we're concerned it's meaningless."

The toughest critics, however, have been the fishermen. Today, about 50 of them clogged the pipeline terminal in Valdez harbor with their boats to protest use of the port by foreign-owned tankers. The fishermen say foreign tankers have little liability in case of an accident.

### More Bird Deaths Expected

In the worst-hit areas, the shift of tides washes more oil from deep reservoirs in remote beaches, posing fresh threats to birds and mammals that will spend the winter in the sound, one of the most northern saltwater bodies in the world that remains open in cold weather.

Pointing to new findings on bird deaths, biologists with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service wrote to Exxon on Wednesday, asking the company to keep bird-rescue boats and some cleanup crews on the job.

The biologists said they had found a sudden rise this week in the rate of bird deaths around Kodiak Island, 400 miles from the reef where the Exxon Valdez went aground on March 24. Millions of

birds migrating south through the sound over the next few weeks will be at particular risk, they said.

But Exxon officials say they have no plans to keep any cleanup workers through the long Alaskan winter, when storms would jeopardize the safety of workers through April.

### Storm Seen Possible Any Day

This morning, the seas were calm, with temperatures in the 50's and the sun lighting the glaciers that cling to mountains surrounding the sound, but Exxon and Coast Guard officials point to historical weather patterns that show winter storms could arrive any day. One storm, with winds of 70 miles an hour, disrupted the cleanup this week.

Should problems arise, Exxon officials said, they could recall workers from nearby villages in emergencies.

In ending the cleanup operation, Exxon is closing down the biggest single payroll this state has seen since construction of the Trans-Alaska pipeline in the 1970's, dismantling the floating dormitories, reeling in miles of hot water hoses and scattering a flotilla of more than 1,200 vessels that were assembled to scoop oil from salt water.

By Friday, the paychecks that brought cleanup workers an average of \$1,800 a week, in a state where typical wage-earners bring home less than a third that amount, will be gone.

Prince William Sound will be left to the fishermen and to the native people, who have lived off the bounty of this northern wilderness for centuries.

### Maine to North Carolina

Alaska officials like to note that the spill, if spread along the Atlantic Coast, would run from Maine to North Carolina. On some stretches of beach only a few hundred yards of shoreline were fouled by oil, but a wider area was disturbed by cleanup crews.

Admiral Robbins said that by disturbing nesting eagles or running equipment on beaches that had never felt a bootprint of man, some crews caused more harm than good.

"When you put hundreds of people on a beach you can chase a lot of eagles away from their nests and leave a lot of garbage," he said.

The bald eagle, America's national symbol, has been one of the more visible victims of the nation's worst oil spill.

One recent Federal study found that nearly 70 percent of mothering eagles in the contaminated area of Prince William Sound abandoned their nests, leaving behind oiled eggs or dead chicks.

### 'It Was Like Vietnam'

Gary Sonnevil, chief Federal biologist in Valdez with the Fish and Wildlife Service, said the presence of the cleanup machinery and the crowds on the beach were probably a major cause of eagles' leaving their nests.

"When I first got here there were so many helicopters it was like Vietnam," Mr. Sonnevil said.

Ernie Piper, special assistant to Gov. Steve Cowper of Alaska, said, "What Exxon did very well was procure things, write checks and get stuff." But that does not always mean that a lot of oil was removed, he added.

Exxon officials say they have done the best they can; the Coast Guard agrees.

K. Terry Koonce, a senior vice president with Exxon in Valdez, said company officials had "no regrets, no apologies for the intensity of our response."

"We have spent in excess of a billion dollars," Mr. Koonce said. "I honestly

## The toll: 400,000 animal casualties and a ruined salmon season.

that beaches have been treated and stabilized.

Responding to Congressional critics who say the cleanup should have been put in the hands of the Federal Government, Admiral Robbins said the Government would have done a far worse job than Exxon because bureaucracies work slower than corporations.

"This has been a type of war we've never fought before," he said. "I don't think anybody was prepared for it."

He said he would not insist that Exxon return with a full cleanup force in the spring unless evidence of significant new environmental damage appeared.

Admiral Robbins, citing the country's voracious appetite for oil, 18 million gallons a day, said, "Everybody can share a little bit of the blame for this spill."

A veteran of numerous oil recovery operations off the Texas coast in the 1970's, Admiral Robbins said he was shocked when he first came to Alaska

this year and realized that cleanup technology had not advanced since then.

More than 50,000 tons of debris and tar balls, picked up by crews crawling over beaches, were placed in plastic bags and shipped by barge to Oregon. Other oil was scooped up by floating skimmers or washed off rocks by steam or slurped up by floating skimmers.

### \$65 Million to Fishermen

Exxon has paid about \$65 million to fishermen who could prove a loss from the spill.

Although no price tag has been placed on the piles of dead birds and mammals collected around Prince William Sound, Exxon eventually will be billed by the Fish and Wildlife Service for a precise amount for wildlife toll, Federal biologists say. The money will go to the Government.

Some of the fishermen, who have tried all summer to protect their fish hatcheries from oil contamination, say they are glad to see the cleanup crew leave the sound.

"Honestly, we would have been better off without a cleanup," said David Grimes, a gillnet fisherman based in Cordova, home port for most of the Prince William Sound salmon fleet. "This whole operation was good public relations and a good jobs program. But I don't think anybody thought they could actually clean it up."

## Zoo Gorillas In Love: Boy, 31, Meets Girl, 6

ATLANTA, Sept. 9 (AP) — Willie B., a 31-year-old lowland gorilla that has long been Zoo Atlanta's most popular attraction, has now shown that there is hope for even the world's most sheltered bachelors.

After almost three decades alone in a cage because the zoo had no other gorillas, two months ago Willie B. was introduced to a 6-year-old female, Kenyanni. On Friday the couple mated in front of Willie B.'s stunned trainer and a crowd of visitors, at least a year before zoo officials thought he would be ready for the task.

"We're just excited he has shown us he knows what to do," said Dr. Terry Maple, the zoo's director. "He's not as bad off as we thought."

Researchers say they will wait about a month to see whether the apes can produce offspring. Willie's sperm count has been deemed somewhat low.

Kenyanni and Willie had been and chasing each other"

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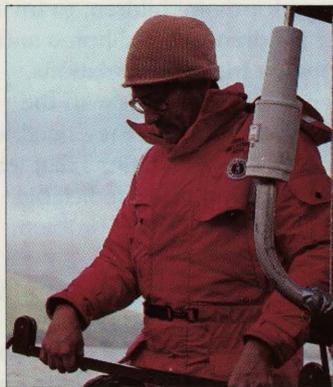
# CRUDE

## CALCULATIONS

*The Exxon Valdez oil spill is a case study in the difficulty of measuring damage to the environment—and then putting a price tag on that damage.*

by Sandra Hines

**F**ive months after the Exxon Valdez oil spill, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service had counted 33,000 dead birds. The National Audubon Society estimated that more than 650,000 birds actually perished. According to the society, the government was never going to come up with a fair total unless it calculated how many birds were in the area prior to the oil, then considered the area a total loss. Meanwhile, former Washington Gov. Dixy Lee Ray said that in one to three years, oiled beaches will have just as many living organisms as they did in the past. Make that 20 years for recovery, said Ray Bane, superintendent of the Katmai National Park, after surveying damage on his park's beaches some 350 miles away from the spill site.

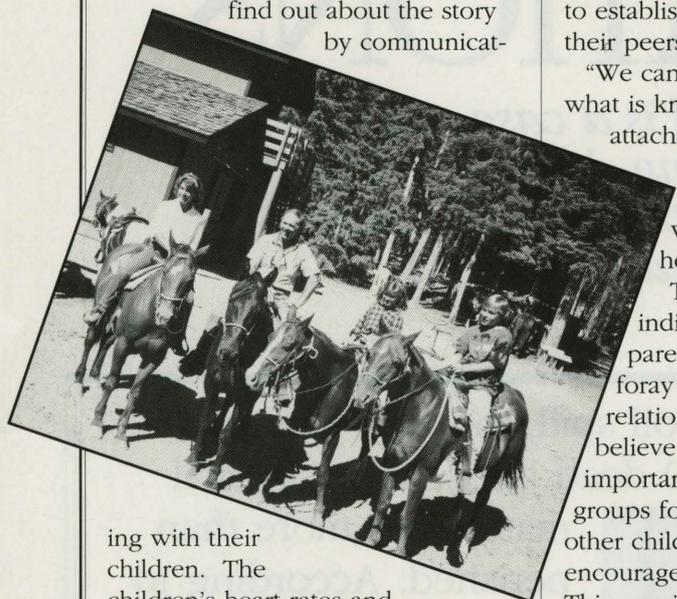


UW Researcher Paul Dinnel

Then there were the 3,500 bird carcasses recovered along Kodiak Island and in Chignik Bay this fall. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

kids don't learn this regulating as well. We think that one of the things that happens is that children learn this regulation and control from their parents. Without this, they won't be as able to focus attention and calm themselves down," said Gottman. Research indicates that this inability affects academic achievement and a child's skill in making friends with others.

Gottman's research combines the ancient art of story-telling with modern monitoring equipment. He or his assistants tell the children a story. Then parents are asked to find out about the story by communicat-



ing with their children. The children's heart rates and movements are measured to provide information about their physiological response to the situation.

"The style by which they get the story is interesting to us," said Gottman. "If the child becomes frustrated and angry, then we observe the parent dealing with the frustrated child. This tells us a lot about the parent-child relationship."

Relationships within the family also have a profound effect on a child's ability to make friends with other children. Friendships between children serve a profound developmental function, according to Dr. Michael Guralnick, professor of psychology and pediatrics and

director of CDMRC.

"We now have a lot of information that tells us establishing relationships with peers modulates children's aggressive tendencies, tends to improve their communicative development and challenges children to be more precise," said Guralnick.

Whether children establish good peer relationships is based largely on how affectionately they interact and establish relationships within their own families, he said. Having secure relationships with their parents allows children to move on to establish healthy friendships with their peers.

"We can predict fairly well from what is known about parent-child attachments which children are going to have initial positive experiences and which children are not," he said.

There are also more indirect ways in which parents affect their child's foray into the world of social relationships. Parents who believe social relationships are important tend to establish play groups for their children, to invite other children into the home and to encourage friendship relations. This provides children with the kinds of experiences they need to deal with social situations that tend to be much more unpredictable and difficult than other problem-solving situations.

Day care can provide many children with rich opportunities for testing their judgment about their play fellows, developing their social skills and making friends, Guralnick said. However, to children lacking in social experiences, day care can be very isolating and anxiety-producing experience.

"The key is for parents to establish a positive relationship with their child and to build that child's strength and confidence in meeting new situations," said Guralnick. █

## Family behavior studies help developmentally disabled

*For more than 20 years, studies by the Child Development and Mental Retardation Center (CDMRC) have helped ameliorate and prevent developmental disabilities. The studies examining family and peer relationships are no exception.*

*Knowing how children with disabilities make friends gives therapists some tools for early intervention. Children with disabilities sometimes exhibit problems beyond what could be expected, based on their cognitive development. For example, a child may function cognitively at the age of six, but social skills may be at the level of a four-year-old. Since friendship formation is critical to development, it is important to understand more about the peer relationships of all children — including those with disabilities.*

*Sometimes, so little information is known about a subject, that basic research has to be conducted in order to extend knowledge to families that have children with disabilities. Understanding more about marital conflict, for example, advances theoretical models linking emotional and mental developmental factors to family stresses. Family relationships have the capacity to foster or hinder development. These CDMRC-based studies help clinicians make assessments, and design therapies for all families, including those who have children with disabilities.*

*Julie Garner is the public information coordinator for CDMRC and a graduate of the University of Oregon School of Journalism.*

suspected oil because the birds were bleeding from the gut. But Exxon biologists argued that the birds were dying of malnutrition as cold ocean currents forced their food supply deeper into the water.

It seems every day a reader can pick up a newspaper and find a different opinion about the extent of damages from the nation's worst oil tanker disaster which occurred March 24, when 11 million gallons of oil poured into Prince William Sound. University of Washington researchers are among those trying to pin down damages and dollar amounts for Exxon, the state of Alaska or the National Park Service.

Many UW professors are involved in studying the impact of oil on the marine environment. Economist Gardner Brown is trying to put a price tag on the damage that they and others uncover.

"Just as physical scientists have trouble measuring injury to resources, economists have trouble assigning a dollar value to them," says Brown, chair of the UW economics department. Brown has been involved with damage assessment on the world's two biggest oil tanker spills, the Amoco Cadiz spill of 67 million gallons off France's Brittany coast and now the Exxon Valdez spill.

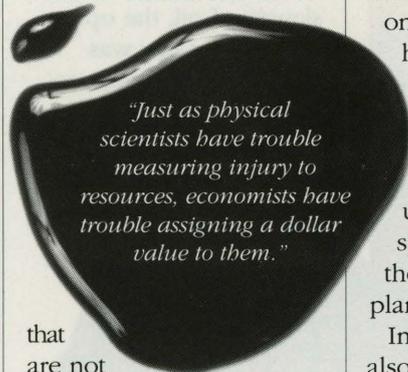
"Economists don't claim to capture the truth — we

can only try to estimate the 'use' and 'non-use' values of natural resources," he said. "Keep in mind that we can work with only a few of the values and we can only aim for a middle figure somewhere between zero and infinity."

Take sea otters for example. Economists determine their "use value" by the market price of their pelts, by travel expenditures of tourists to measure how much they value wildlife, or by how much zoos are willing to pay to obtain a specimen.

The "non-use value," on the other hand, looks at how much value people place on simply knowing that sea otters exist, either for the animal's sake or for the enjoyment of future human generations. Economists use personal interviews and other modern surveying techniques to determine non-use values.

It is always more difficult to determine the value of natural resources



that are not traded on the free market, Brown said.

Sometimes determining actual damages turns out to be impossible or very costly, which then makes it very hard to recover

monetary damages from responsible parties, according to Tom Leschine, an associate professor with the UW

millions of dollars to clean up resources that aren't being used and have no potential for use. Brown is withholding



Photo courtesy of The Seattle Times

Institute for Marine Studies. Last year the Washington State Legislature passed a bill based on Leschine's work to help state officials decide when to skip damage assessments entirely and, instead, issue fines based on a formula. That formula uses a sliding per-gallon fee of anywhere between \$1 and \$50 per spilled gallon. The fee varies depending on how sensitive the habitat is in the area of any spills.

Leschine urges officials to consider how they will measure damage when spills occur, just as they formulate advance plans for clean-up.

In the future, it might also be wise to scrutinize cleanup efforts from an economist's viewpoint, according to Brown. Restoration efforts without a care to costs lead to bizarre results, such as spending hundreds of

judgment for now about cleanup efforts in Alaska. Others are sounding the alarm as the tally becomes apparent. A *Seattle Times* article said the state of Alaska succeeded in skimming and washing about 1.37 million gallons of oil at a cost of about \$900 per gallon. And Exxon spent an average of \$40,000 for each sea otter that was cleaned and survived to return to the wild.

The \$1.24-billion tab for clean-up last summer makes even some environmentalists wince. Sue Libenson, director of Alaska's Center for the Environment, said in the *Seattle Times* article that — given the questionable value of most of the beach cleaning — she might have liked that money spent to buy timber rights around Prince William Sound, in areas where logging companies have scheduled clear-cuts.

While some UW researchers wrestled with economic and policy questions, others are involved in assessing impacts to the marine environment. There are always uncertainties when assessing damages — the question is, just how much can science reduce that uncertainty?

“Anything short of total obliteration is going to be open to interpretation,” according to David Armstrong, UW associate professor of fisheries. Armstrong is surveying the effects of the oil on commercial seafood such as king crab, and his research shows the uncertainties scientists face.

Armstrong and his colleague Paul Dinnel, a UW research biologist, are

of the region, the maps show an area with convoluted shorelines and numerous islands. It all looks like a jigsaw puzzle.

The geographic irregularities create a wide variety of water habitats and explain why some beaches were smothered under several inches of oil while neighboring bays and inlets showed no visible signs of harm.

In the field, sampling is complicated by deep water (in excess of 2,000 feet in places) and bad weather. Then too, even the best gear isn't very good at collecting dead crustaceans that might have been on the seafloor, Armstrong says.

ography is the lack of “baseline” data — information about what the region was like before

“Comparing oiled and non-oiled areas is a useful approach, provided you remember that

*Restoration efforts without a care to costs leads to bizarre results, such as spending hundreds of millions of dollars to clean up resources that aren't being used and have no potential for use.*



Photo courtesy of The Seattle Times

the oil hit. For example, there were no substantive baseline data about commercial crustacean populations in Herring Bay, one of the areas hardest hit by the oil.

Armstrong and Dinnel decided to compare crab and shrimp populations in oiled areas such as Herring Bay to clean ones such as Drier Bay, 10 miles away. Unlike Herring Bay, which directly faced the onslaught of oil, the opening to Drier Bay was sheltered by an outcrop of land. Although some oil no doubt entered Drier Bay — and may continue

God and nature never made any two areas exactly alike,” says John Skalski. Associate Professor Skalski is with the Center for Quantitative Sciences in Forestry, Fisheries and Wildlife which provides statistical and computer support help to natural resource researchers.

An oil spill eliminates all the controls and randomization that statisticians would normally employ. “In order to quantify the effects, therefore, you have to ‘grope’ in a lot of directions,” he said.

Other quantitative strategies for assessing damages include examining the number of animals at a spill site and comparing that to populations radiating away from that point — in a pattern like the rings around a bull's-eye. Or scientists might relate the numbers to the level of oil contamination found in tissue, water and sedi-



UW Researcher Megan Dethier. Photo by Scott Springer

working in Prince William Sound just about 20 miles south of where the Exxon Valdez ran aground. When the fisheries scientist pulls out charts

“We have a thorough research program but we are faced with a ‘sloppy’ ecosystem,” Armstrong said. Even worse than the ge-

*“Comparing oiled and non-oiled areas is a useful approach, provided you remember that God and nature never made any two areas exactly alike.”*

to enter it — there was no visible, initial impact.

ment samples.

In the final analysis, one wonders how much all this is going to cost. The answer will ultimately be thrashed out in court. By early fall, there were already 100 spill-related lawsuits filed in state court and 45 filed in federal court in Alaska. Given that atmosphere, two UW researchers contacted for this article said they couldn't even talk generally about their work for the state of Alaska and the National Park Service. The others took pains to avoid putting price tags on the

damages they measured or making estimates on how long it might take the area to bounce back to normal.

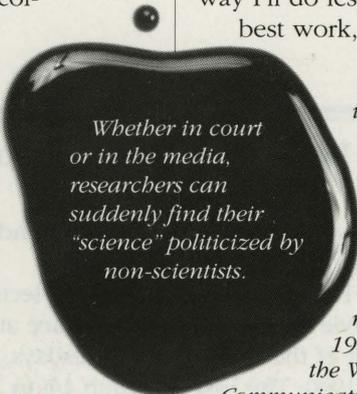
Whether in court or in the media, researchers can suddenly find their science politicized by non-scientists. For example, people who have no use for "Big Oil" will automatically question the validity of any research Exxon sponsors.

Armstrong, whose project with Dinnel is funded by a grant from Exxon, said the integrity of their work won't suffer. He and Dinnel

are adamant that their data will be collected carefully and interpreted objectively. To date, Exxon has encouraged this, he said.

Skalski worked with Exxon to organize a cadre of statisticians to keep all Exxon's research projects on target. "If I'm working with colleagues from across the nation and the 'other side' is comprised

of our peers, there is no way I'll do less than my best work," he said. ¶



*Whether in court or in the media, researchers can suddenly find their "science" politicized by non-scientists.*

*Sandra Hines is a writer in the UW Office of Information Services who specializes in fisheries, forestry and oceanography. She is a 1976 graduate of the WSU School of Communications.*

## Closer to home, UW scientists investigate Grays Harbor spill

Scientists measuring the damage from last December's oil spill off Washington's coast face the same uncertainties as those in Alaska. The 230,000-gallon spill, although overshadowed a short time later by the Exxon Valdez accident, was Washington's second largest. Originating near Grays Harbor, the spill spread in patches north as far as Canada's Pacific Rim National Park on Vancouver Island and south as far as Newport, Ore.

Two months after the spill, rare freezing temperatures hit much of the Washington coast, complicating work by scientists such as Megan Dethier. A research associate with the UW Institute for Environmental Studies, Dethier is studying the impact of the oil on kelp, crabs, starfish and other plants and animals found in the intertidal

zone, the area of the shore uncovered at low tide.

Dethier said she was lucky because she was able to visit her research areas shortly before the hard freeze. With this data she is able to discount damage that occurred because of the cold rather than the oil.

"A freeze like that happens only every 20 years," she said. "What we had was an unnatural event overlaid with a large natural event. It's the kind of thing that drives ecologists crazy."

Dethier knows the area well, since she did an inventory of that part of the coast last summer. While she will be using this "baseline" data, none of the areas she studied most intensely were hit. So Dethier will also have to use the more "sloppy" statistical approach

of comparing oiled and pristine areas.

So far, Dethier says that the oil spill had little impact on the shore area she studied. "Not that oil can't kill the plants and animals living there," she explains. "It's just that this particular oil spill came ashore in a storm during a high tide and mostly missed the intertidal area. If the water had been calm and there had been a low tide when the oil hit, you would have seen significant damage."

Most organisms suffered less than was first feared, according to a state report. Sea birds, however, were hit hard. The report says that 10,300 oiled birds were collected. Many others were never recovered because they sank in the water, predators ate them or they hid.

## Forest Service acts to preserve 'the Front'

AUGUSTA, Mont. — Locals call it "the Front," a name that conjures up a battleline between armies. But for now, the fight is over between environmentalists who want to protect the wildlife that flourishes here, and oil and gas executives who want to drill for up to 3.6 trillion cubic-feet of natural gas that may be buried here (HCN, 6/26/95).

The victors, according to Lewis and Clark National Forest Supervisor Gloria Flora, are the many Americans who demanded protection for the area.

"It's time for everyone to sit back and say, 'Gee, we've been working for decades to protect the Rocky Mountain Front and, by George, we did it,'" Flora said.

"We're ecstatic," said Gene Sentz, a Choteau, Mont., resident and longtime fighter against industrializing the Front.

In a final environmental impact statement issued Sept. 23, Flora approved no gas or oil leasing along her forest's section of the Overthrust Belt, a geological formation that runs under the mountains from Glacier National Park to Yellowstone National Park.

In that portion of the Front, stark, jagged peaks dramatically thrust out of the prairie, attracting many tourists and hikers. The area is home to a diverse collection of wildlife, including the last remnant of plains grizzly bears. Thousand of hunters flock to the Front every autumn.

For decades, the grandeur of the Front's massive granite walls deterred most development here. But with the booming Waterton gas field to the north in Alberta, Canada, Montana wildcatters wanted to see what's hidden in their section of the Overthrust Belt.

Gail Abercrombie, head of the Montana Petroleum Association, called the decision not to lease, "unfortunate."

"We know that there is the potential on the Front for one or more gas fields with the production capacity of the Waterton field in Canada," she said. "The revenues to the state and schools over the life of such a field would be in excess of a billion dollars and the land disturbance would be less than one half of 1 percent of the forest's 1.2 million acres."

Flora's decision came as a surprise to many environmentalists, since originally she had leaned toward allowing some restricted leasing. Alternative 7 would have banned wildcatters from setting up rigs along a mile-wide corridor of national forest land abutting the Front, and stretching 70 miles north and south. But they would have been able to put rigs on adjacent private lands, drilling at an angle to reach oil or gas under public lands.

Also, at some locations — such as Blackleaf Canyon, northwest of Choteau, and Elk Creek and Cuniff Basin, outside Augusta — wildcatters could

### Borrowing courage from the past

Where did Forest Supervisor Gloria Flora get the courage to say no to the oil and gas industry?

"Mostly from other people," she said, at the end of a long day after her decision. "I look at certain people within the agency that I've known, who have made an impact. It may be a former boss, or a co-worker. In the old books by Rick Graetz, you look at the pictures of the people involved on earlier issues of the Front, and it's Carley (MacCaulay) and Margaret Adams and Gene Sentz.

"You look at them and say, 'My God, I'm breezing through for a short time, and these people have spent their whole lives protecting this place.' (Former U.S. Representative) Pat Williams fought for 18 years for the Front.

"You see all these people, and you think if they could do it, I can do it."

Now that final environmental impact statement is out, Flora said the hardest part is over. "I had spent the whole summer exploring the issue. At some point I started making phone calls, asking, 'What if?' And once I started, it was so easy. I had support from above." In her 20 years with the Forest Service, she said, she has begun to see the agency evolving to become more responsive to the public.

The concerns expressed in more than 1,000 letters weren't only biological or ecological, she added. The Forest Service staff recognized that the Front was special, and that the question:

have explored along a one-mile corridor bordering existing roads.

Now that's out of the question, although a few existing leases in some drainages will not be affected.

Oil and gas companies claim that modern drilling technology can extract gas with minimal environmental harm. But Flora said she thought the 50-50 chance of striking paydirt was not worth the risk at a time when there is already plenty of natural gas available.

Mark Good of the Montana Wilderness Association, which has appealed many Forest Service decisions during the last decade, said of this

one: "We're delighted. I think we dodged a bullet because of broad-based public support. It seems as if the Forest Service is actually following its original mandate to protect wildlife and wildlands legacy."

It is true that many Montanans cherish the Front. Despite the allure of potential jobs and state revenues generated by the gas industry, a dramatic majority of Montanans polled by the *Great Falls Tribune* in September said they wanted the Front left alone. Fifty-two percent opposed drilling, while 24 percent favored it. The rest hadn't made up their minds.

In her record of decision, Flora wrote that many people from around the country contacted her to "express heartfelt emotions about a place they considered special." That helped her make the decision, she said.

If not reversed through the appeal process, the decision will stand for at least 10 years, the normal run for a forest planning cycle.

If conditions have changed at that time — a national security crisis emerges or a new drilling technology is developed — then the forest supervisor could take another look at the issues.

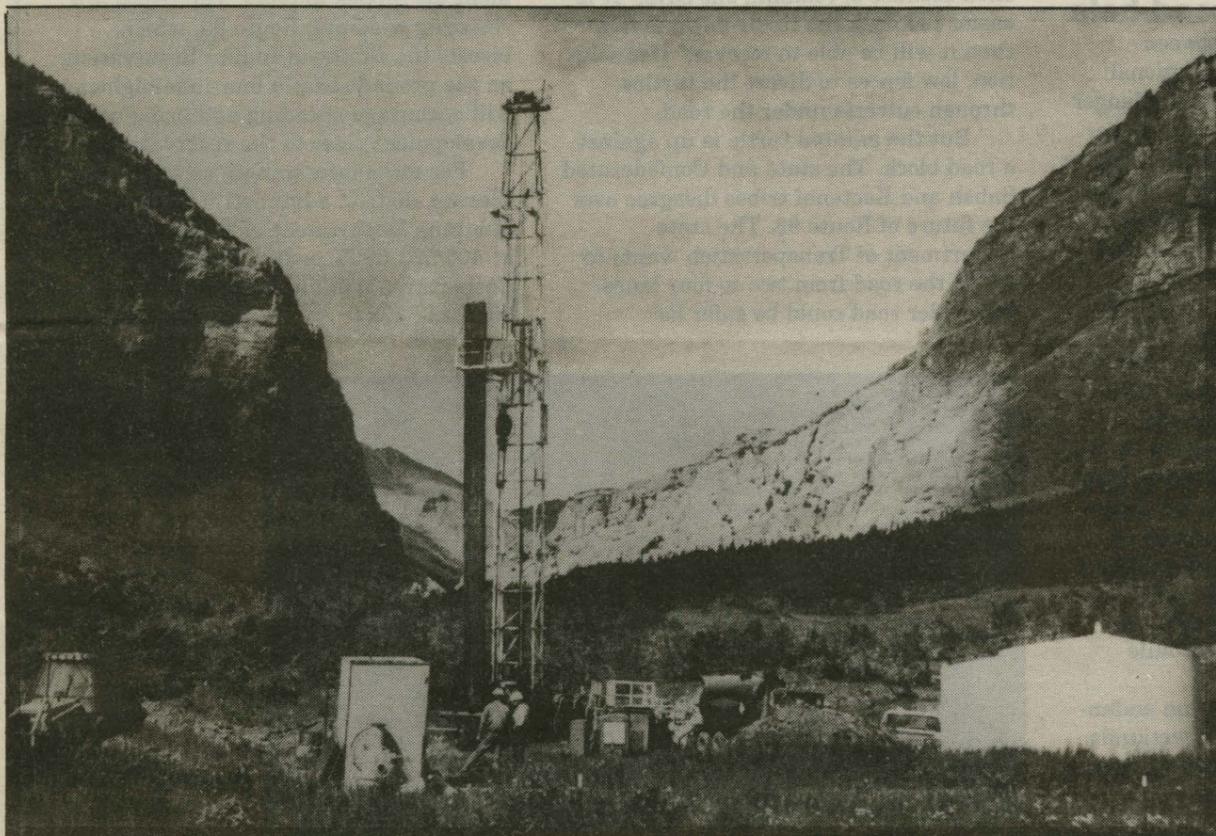
Flora expected more support for her original plan to allow restricted leasing, but says she's more than satisfied with the outcome.

"I'm happy," she said. "This makes me feel good."  
— Mark Matthews

Mark Matthews writes in Missoula, Montana.



**TOUGH DECISION:** Lewis & Clark National Forest Supervisor Gloria Flora (Wayne Arnst photo, Great Falls Tribune)



**DRILLED:** Oil rig in the Blackleaf Canyon area northwest of Choteau on the Rocky Mountain Front (Stuart S. White photo, Great Falls Tribune)

#### YOU CAN ...

- Write the Montana Wilderness Association at P.O. Box 635, Helena, MT 59624 (406/443-7350), or,
- Write Lewis and Clark National Forest at 1101 15th St. North, P.O. Box 869, Great Falls, MT, 59403 (406/791-7700).
- Contact the Montana Petroleum Association at P.O. Box 1186, Helena, MT 59624-1186 (406/442-7582).

THE  
WAYWARD  
WEST

**M**argaret Reeb first made headlines by saying "no." She is making them again by saying "yes." Last May, the deal between the Clinton administration and the Crown Butte Mining Company — the administration would pay \$65 million if the mining company agreed not to mine — was thrown into question. It turned out that Reeb owned a sizable chunk of the contested New World Mine district outside of Yellowstone National Park and had no intention of surrendering her property. Now, a representative of Crown Butte says that the retired teacher will sell if the government pays Crown Butte \$65 million as promised ...

Republican Sen. **Don Young** of Alaska will get his documents, thanks to a unanimous vote by the House (once Natural) Resources Committee, which Young chairs. Young asked the Committee to subpoena Clinton administration documents that have been withheld by the White House Council on Environmental Quality. The materials, regarding the creation of Utah's Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument, are sensitive, the council believes ...

During a city council meeting in Eugene, Ore., Mayor **Jim Torrey** was interrupted by an audience member who stood up and vomited on the controversial mayor's shoulder. Since the unidentified man left without speaking, it is unclear whether he is a member of Eugeneans for Good Government, the group that filed a petition to recall the mayor after he allowed police to douse nonviolent tree-sitters with pepper spray and tear gas. The protesters were trying to prevent the city from cutting down 40 trees to build a parking garage ...

When Maxxam boss **Charles Hurwitz** was checking on his Pacific Lumber holdings, he became the target of a sweeter projectile. A protester, angry that Hurwitz continues to log California's Headwaters, the world's largest privately owned redwood forest, threw an apple pie in the logging mogul's face. Alfred Day Decker, who says he's a member of the "Biotic Baking Brigade," was charged with misdemeanor assault and battery. ...

Oregon's river protection group, WaterWatch, has a new executive director. Staff attorney **Reed Benson** succeeded **Jeff Curtis**, who left to become West Coast Conservation Director of Trout Unlimited.

— Heather Abel

# Fake healers plague Navajo Nation

## Charlatan didn't even know the closing chant

WINDOW ROCK, Ariz. — When a group of Navajo traditional healers met here June 1, things went badly right away. An elderly woman arrived, grim-faced, and the men knew what was coming. She was the latest person to be conned by a fake medicine man, a charlatan.

"What she wanted," says Daniel Deschinny, secretary of Diné Spiritual and Cultural Association, "was for us to do something for her — get her money back or take action against the man who had taken her money."

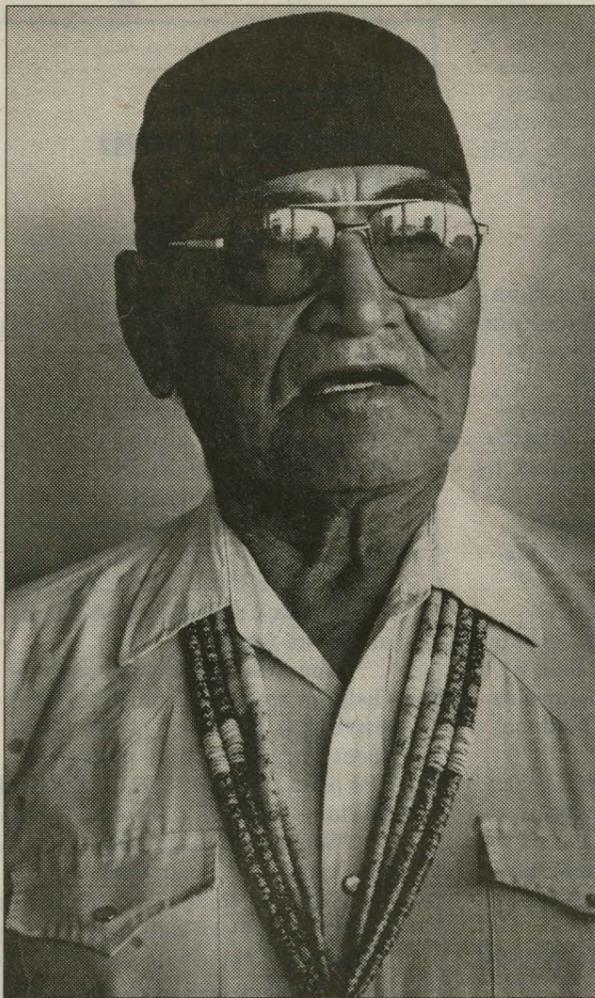
She began shouting, he says, that she had paid \$200 to a man who claimed he could do the Blessingway ceremony for an ill family member. The ritual, among the best-known of the Navajo healing ceremonies, normally costs \$100 to perform, on a reservation where annual per capita income is \$6,600.

The woman said her guests told her the so-called medicine man's closing chant was fake, that he didn't know the ritual. That meant the ceremony was invalid, and it forced her to find another traditional healer and again prepare food for friends and family at a new ceremony.

The healers at the meeting explained they were powerless to take action against charlatans or to tell her which healers are authentic, so when the woman left, she was angrier than ever.

Sammie Slivers, a chanter and president of the group, says there are several hundred healers on the reservation, but no one knows how many of them are fakes.

The association has resisted calls to publish a list of recommended chanters, herbalists and hand tremblers, partly because no one agrees on the qualities that make a true healer, or what makes a charlatan. And this, of course, makes prosecuting charlatans impossible. Navajo Tribal Court officials say they can't remember a case coming before them.



**MEDICINE MAN:** Navajo healer Sammie Slivers (Paul Natonabah photo, Navajo Times)

## No certification system

Like doctors in Anglo society, traditional healers have specialties: Hand tremblers figure out the cause of a problem and the kind of ceremony needed to correct it, herbalists prescribe herbs to treat various illnesses, and chanters run healing ceremonies, leading chants and overseeing troupes of dancers. Unlike Anglo doctors, however, no certification system exists for traditional Navajo healers. No one keeps records of client lists or prices, or tracks the names of healers and their teachers.

"The (Diné) association has no way of knowing if the person went through the required training," says Slivers. He added

that the apprenticeship to learn Navajo rituals can last from 10-14 years, and few young Navajos have opted to endure such training. On average, only two young Navajos a year apprentice themselves to healers. The program is rigorous; students are forbidden to use notebooks or tape recorders to learn the rites and the complex history behind them. They must memorize everything. Then there's the pay issue: Traditional healers make about \$18,000 a year, mostly in jewelry or livestock, and they get no health benefits.

"Most young Navajos," says Deschinny, "would rather have a 9-to-5 job with benefits."

But across Indian country, reservation leaders have complained for decades of people cashing in on the desire to be cured through traditional healing. Many people come to the Navajo reservation claiming to have healing powers derived from the spirit of a long-dead chief or healer, says Deschinny.

"Whenever these kinds of people come," he says, "people seem to flock to them in the hopes of being healed." It's still not uncommon on the reservation, he adds, to come across an Anglo woman, dressed in '60s hippie style, claiming the baby she is carrying or gave birth to is possessed by the spirit of a healer. But on the reservation, the charlatan problem is caused more by Navajos than non-Indians.

Meanwhile, the number of healers is declining, and they are aging — most are over 60 — even as demand for their services grows.

Recently, the tribe established a scholarship program — the first of its kind in the country — to help young Navajos who want to apprentice themselves to a healer. But the program has been allocated only \$196,000, far less than what is needed to attract many trainees.

— Bill Donovan

The writer works for the Navajo Times.

## HOTLINE

### MONTANA

#### Flattened fauna need help

For decades, Route 93 between Missoula, Mont., and Glacier National Park has earned a reputation as a dangerous stretch of highway. A bumper sticker from the 1960s reads: "Pray for me, I drive 93." Now it seems drivers aren't the only ones in danger. Hundreds of western painted turtles that live in pothole wetlands are dying on the road as well.

The slow-moving turtles cross the highway through the Mission Valley as they migrate from pond to pond. Many don't make it, says Dale Becker, who manages wildlife programs for the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes. He doesn't know exactly how many have died, but says he's "mucked a lot of turtles off the road." In 1995, researcher Suzie Fowle spent the summer studying the impact of highway traffic on the turtle populations; she says she collected 205 flattened turtles in one 4.5-mile stretch.

Although the turtle is not an endangered species, says Fowle, the wetlands may contain vulnerable subpopulations. Though research doesn't conclude

whether the turtles are seriously threatened because of roadkill, she says, "It is easier to knock the turtle down faster than it will be able to recover." Her solution: low fences to divert the turtles through culverts under the road.

But the painted turtle is up against a road block. The state and Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes disagree over the future of Route 93. The state Department of Transportation wants to widen the road from two to four lanes. The wider road could be safer for

humans but add twice as much pavement for turtles to cross. The tribes are resisting widening Route 93, which bisects the Flathead Indian Reservation, on the grounds that a four-lane highway will encourage speeding and bring more development close to the reservation.

For more information, contact Jim Weaver, district administrator for the Montana Department of Transportation, at 406/523-5800; or the Montana Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit at 406/243-5372. — Sara Phillips



**DON'T TREAD ON ME:** Painted turtle (Milo Burcham)

Fast forward



COMING WEDNESDAY: More changes ahead in medical arena.

# Front's oil, gas fight not over yet

By CAROL BRADLEY  
Tribune Staff Writer

The decision to ban new oil and gas leasing along much of the Rocky Mountain Front was the biggest environmental story of the year in Montana.

But it wasn't the final word on this long-standing controversy. Choteau schoolteacher Gene Sentz can attest to that.

For 20 years, Sentz has headed Friends of the Rocky Mountain Front, an informal network of advocates stretching from Heart Butte to Augusta. Each time the organization finishes one fight over the Front, he says, another one pops up in its place.

Any way you look at it, of course, the decision by Lewis and Clark Forest Supervisor Gloria Flora to ban new leases for the next 10 to 15 years was a stunner.

Despite staff projections that as much as 2.5 trillion cubic feet of gas might lie beneath the Front, Flora decided the area's ecological importance — some consider it among the top 1 percent of wildlife habitat in the United States — and the public's desire to keep the Front untrammeled was more important.

It was a popular decision. More than half the Montanans surveyed in a poll commissioned by the Tribune earlier this year opposed development along the Front.

Even so, it was the first time in memory that a government land official had issued a flat no to development.

Forest Service Chief Mike Dombeck left no doubt that he backed Flora's stand.

In a memo to agency employees Dombeck wrote: "If collaborative stewardship is to be a cornerstone of our working relationship with the American people, we must, as the Lewis and Clark National Forest has done, demonstrate that the will of all people will be one of our key bases for decisions, along with



Flora



Tribune photo by Stuart S. White

Peak after peak, the grandeur of the Rocky Mountain Front unfolds.

See FRONT, BACK PAGE

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# Front: Controversy to continue

FROM 1A

sound science and resource objectives.

"This is true conservation leadership," the chief wrote.

But come 1998, the federal government and the courts will face a series of important new decisions regarding the Front:

### Industry may challenge decision

For starters, opponents may go to court to try to overturn Flora's ban on new leases, which the Forest Service's Region One office recently upheld.

The Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas Association will decide in January whether to pursue the matter, Claire Moseley, the organization's land exploration and production director, said.

"They're saying it's available (for leasing), but we're going to delay leasing. For what?" Moseley said.

She described the Front as "an extremely important area from the gas standpoint. Industry has demonstrated it can develop responsibly, and it is a temporary use. (Gas wells) are only there for a few years and then the land can be reclaimed."

Sentz, though, worries about the effects of compromise. Quoting a fellow environmentalist, he asked: "How many times can you go halfway with developers? Half of a half of a half of a half is a 16th."

### To drill or not to drill

Flora's decision has no bearing on existing leases, however, which is the focus of much of the upcoming controversy.

The U.S. Bureau of Land Management will decide — or decide not to decide — whether to permit oil and gas companies with existing leases to drill for oil and gas outside the national forest in the Blackleaf Canyon area.

BLM area manager Richard Hopkins pricked the ears of his bosses all the way up the Interior Department flow chart this month when he declared his intention to allow drilling in and around the state-owned Blackleaf Wildlife Management Area, where private companies have been sitting on oil and gas leases for some time.

The necessary environmental impact statement has been sitting on the shelf since 1992 awaiting final signatures. Hopkins has said he's ready to move forward now that Startech Energy of Calgary, the designated operator for leaseholders in the Blackleaf unit, has expressed interest in exercising its options.

"It's not a three-month priority, but it's certainly a one-year priority," Cal Johnston, Startech's vice president of exploration, confirmed to the Tribune. "It hasn't been on our priority level just because of the red tape."

Johnston predicted that, at most, four or five wells would be drilled, far fewer than the 18 projected in the environmental study.

"Initially there'd be one," he said. "With no success, we'd be out of there."

Hopkins and Mike Aderhold, Region 4 supervisor of the state Fish, Wildlife and Parks Department, say the law gives them no choice but to let leaseholders exercise their options.

But the likelihood that the BLM would undo the effect of the Forest Service's no-leasing decision seems doubtful given state BLM director Larry Hamilton's recent vow to work with hand in hand with the Forest Service on issue such as this.

Lately the Montana Wilderness Association has begun questioning the very legality of the existing leases. MWA maintains no environmental impact statement was conducted before the leases were issued, a violation of the National Environmental Policy Act that MWA says should render the leases null and void.

### More drilling in Muddy Creek?

At the same time the BLM must decide the fate of existing leases, the Forest Service faces a request from Denver-based McMahon-Bullington to explore for oil and gas further east of the Front than the area covered by the company's lease.

Budget constraints kept the Lewis and Clark forest from analyzing the proposal this year, but the forest expects to do so in 1998 and solicit public comment, forest geologist Robin Strathy said.

### Fate of Alice Creek still hangs

Farther down the Front, Helena National Forest Supervisor Tom Clifford says he'll decide in January whether to allow oil and gas exploration in Alice Creek, a popular recreation spot northeast of Lincoln, just south of the Lewis and Clark forest boundary.

Clifford initially had decided against development in Alice Creek, but changed his mind at Chevron's request. Now he's leaning toward letting Chevron gain access to the area if the company can secure conservation easements on nearby private land as a way of mitigating the effects of development on threatened grizzly bears.

Public response has been overwhelmingly opposed to the idea.

### Hardrock mining also possible

Developers aren't interested just in oil and gas. Thermopolis, Wyo., resident Mark Alldredge remains interested in mining the Muddy Creek area just south of Blackleaf Canyon, possibly for diamonds.

Alldredge has staked 104 mining claims covering roughly 2,100 acres. He spent part of 1997 taking soil samples, the results from which are expected next spring. If the samples look promising Alldredge is likely to propose some trenching and core drilling.

"He's holding those cards pretty tight," forest wildlife biologist Dave Whittekiend said.

### Not the way it was

The renewed focus on the Front has heightened its profile, says Sentz, a West Virginia native who fell hard for the rippling mountains and moved to the foot of them in 1970.

He's not sure that's a good thing. "I'm kind of like this old-time Blackfeet, Indian fellow who said, you know, I kinda wish it was the way it was 30 or 40 years ago when nobody had ever heard of the place," Sentz said. "When a place becomes well known, people start flocking there and love it to death."

# Attwo

FROM 1A

tor said he was only "consideration for his the airport in his requirement pay.

At that point Bruce Security policeman who dismissed last summer board was looking for costs, said, "No one consideration for the security police last June were going to be dismissed the airport money." lay off the security personnel scinded when the Airport learned it might lose a mess without a security place.

Many of the airport tioned why the Airport wanted to pay Attwo working for the duration tract.

"It's better to part this time. Hopefully, this behind us," board Ryan said.

Attwood recommended board hire retired city director Jack Holland rector on a part-time board reserved judgment

"Whether we have not, we'll rely heavily on da (maintenance supervisor) other employees. We

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**How to fit two Olympic-size pools into**

**War**

Geo Engler - 1/26/98

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"fire closure"
- allotments: cows stopped out of bank (religious?)  
on sheep allotments, not cattle

28 Aug. '96

Dear George--

At last the bookstore trail is behind me, my suburban woodpile is chopped and other summer chores done, and I can tend to my manners, such as thanking you for bringing me the copy of your "Meanderings" at Hastings the day I was there. The only problem I found with the book is that you mistitled it, too modestly--your writing doesn't meander, it goes along very damn deftly. How come you have such a knack for the essay form, after all the USFS paperwork you did? Hardly fair.

A couple of your nifty topics particularly caught my attention--backpacking and wilderness. I'm going to try to have a bunch of both in my next novel, which among other things will take a man and a woman on a big trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness, where things turn tough for them. (Their episode likely will be roughly based on a 5-day backpack trip Carol and I did in '77, going in up the South Fork of Birch Creek and out its North Fork, though things thankfully didn't turn too rugged for us.) As ever, I want to get the details right, and remembering how much your lore helped me on ENGLISH CREEK, I wondered if you've got any bright ideas on trail stuff such as this:

--Stride and posture with a pack on you: is there anything you do, or have known other guys to do, to make it easier on yourself on the trail? I guess I'm asking what Jeff was seeing, on p. 89, when he watched you taking off like a smoke chaser. Long strides? Pack mostly putting its weight on your fanny, or not? Shoulders a bit stooped, hunched a bit forward, as I think I've seen good veteran hikers do?

(The kind of habit, tricks, whatever, that I'm after, George, is the sort of thing I saw an old friend do when he took us on a walk up the cone-shaped hills just west of Albuquerque last winter: a not usually outdoorsy guy and somewhat overweight, he nonetheless had perfected a rest-step, pausing for about a second every time he put his weight on his front foot--and he seemed like he could go all day that way.)

--Pace: do you stay steady, pretty much so many strides per minute? Ever been around anybody with an odd habit in this regard? (I'm thinking here of Bob Marshall's reported habit of running on downhill stretches of trail, in order to cover his huge daily distances.

--The Bob itself: any favorite country back in there to nominate? Any particularly great (or grim!) days or trips that don't show up in "Meanderings"?

Any thoughts on any of this, I'd be glad to hear. People still remark to me about the packhorse going off the trail in ENGLISH CREEK. This book I'm starting on now, if I do it right, will be about your sons' generation and what's left for them (and isn't) in the country they grew up

in. Should be interesting to see if I can get right, huh? My regards to Laurene, it was good to see you both there at Hastings--I wish there was more chance to visit during those bookstore doings.

best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ivan", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

**Ivan Doig**  
**17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.**  
**Seattle, WA 98177**

23 Oct. 196

Dear George--

I knew you'd have good stuff about endurance on the trail etc. In fact, now that I've spent 30 years hiking here in the Puget Sound country, I wonder why the hell I didn't ask you earlier for some trail tips!

Bud Moore of course is famous to me by reputation; I nearly met him once, courtesy of Norman Maclean, but as I remember it Bud was off in the woods when Norman wanted to herd Carol and me over to Condon to meet him. So I'll surely get in touch with him now, invoking your good name.

You mentioned Stegner, patron saint of all of us who care about wilderness. When I can get to the post office--one of the consequences of the Unabomber is that a person no longer can mail a package from home if it weigh/s over a pound!--I'll send you a bit of Stegner reading, a memorial to him that a bunch of us wrote short pieces for.

I'm just getting underway on this next book, which is going to have more Pacific Coast city stuff than I've ever tried before, as well as a couple characters returning to the Rockies and going into the Bob. In short, it'll have a rather loose shaggy plot, probably. But I'm looking forward to some time in your neck of the woods next summer, after too many years away in doing the past two books. Will let you know when we come to the Falls to give Wayne Arnst a bad time and so on. In the meantime, truly, thanks for going through for me again; the material you sent is just what I needed. Best to Laurene, and I hope you've managed to get some of those fish fished and grouse hunted.

all regards,

27. Nov. 1996

Dear Bud Moore--

As I savvy it, George Engler has mentioned to you that I might be trying to ask you some questions about how to take care of yourself in the wilderness, and while I'd really like to do it in person, I can't make it back to Montana until sometime next spring. So, I hope you won't mind a few questions by mail? I'd be glad to have any observations you'd like to offer, either by a collect phone call--(206)542-6658--or be letter, whichever is least trouble for you.

What I'm up to, Bud, is a section in my next novel where I'd like to have a couple of my characters take a backpacking trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness, where something goes wrong and things turn tough for them. (Their episode likely will be roughly based on a weeklong hike my wife and I did in '77, going in from the east side, up the South Fork of Birch Creek and out its North Fork, although things thankfully didn't turn rugged for us.) The idea, I guess, is to try write about hiking and camping in the high country somewhat the way our friend Norman Maclean did about fishing--both the details, and the lyrical, exalted part of the experience. Accordingly, I thought I'd start by asking you some of the nitty-gritty details in your wilderness experiences:

--Let's start with what do you eat and how do you cook it (campfire, or a backpacking stove you recommend??) My book will be set in early summer, probably June, so if you were going into the Bob for a week then, what food would you pack? (Doesn't matter if your tastes are out of the ordinary on this; for a writer, the more unusual, the better!)

--What would be your regimen on the trail if you were just out for the heck of it (i.e., not trapping or hunting), maybe doing a little fishing along the way--what time would you normally get up, how many miles a day might you make before pitching camp, what's your big meal of the day (supper, or not?). What I have in mind here is the rhythm of a day on the trail, the time of day you prefer to be on the move, etc.

--What make of boots and packframe do you like?

--Finally, I'd be glad to hear of any hairy experiences you've had on the trail, or have heard about other people having. The kind of thing I have in mind here is George Engler's telling me about his packhorse bolting off the trail, when he was a young ranger--an experience I then imagined from and gave it to my teenage narrator in English Creek. Anything come to mind, funny or grim, that's always struck you as a hell of a story?

I hope these aren't an imposition; in fact, I get some of the best stuff for my writing when the people I'm talking to get a kickout of what they're telling me. I nearly got to ask you some of this in person a number of years ago when Norman Maclean wanted me to meet you when my wife and I were visiting him, but you were in the mountains. I hope you're wintering well.

sincerely,

# Return of the Trapper

by Steve Shirley

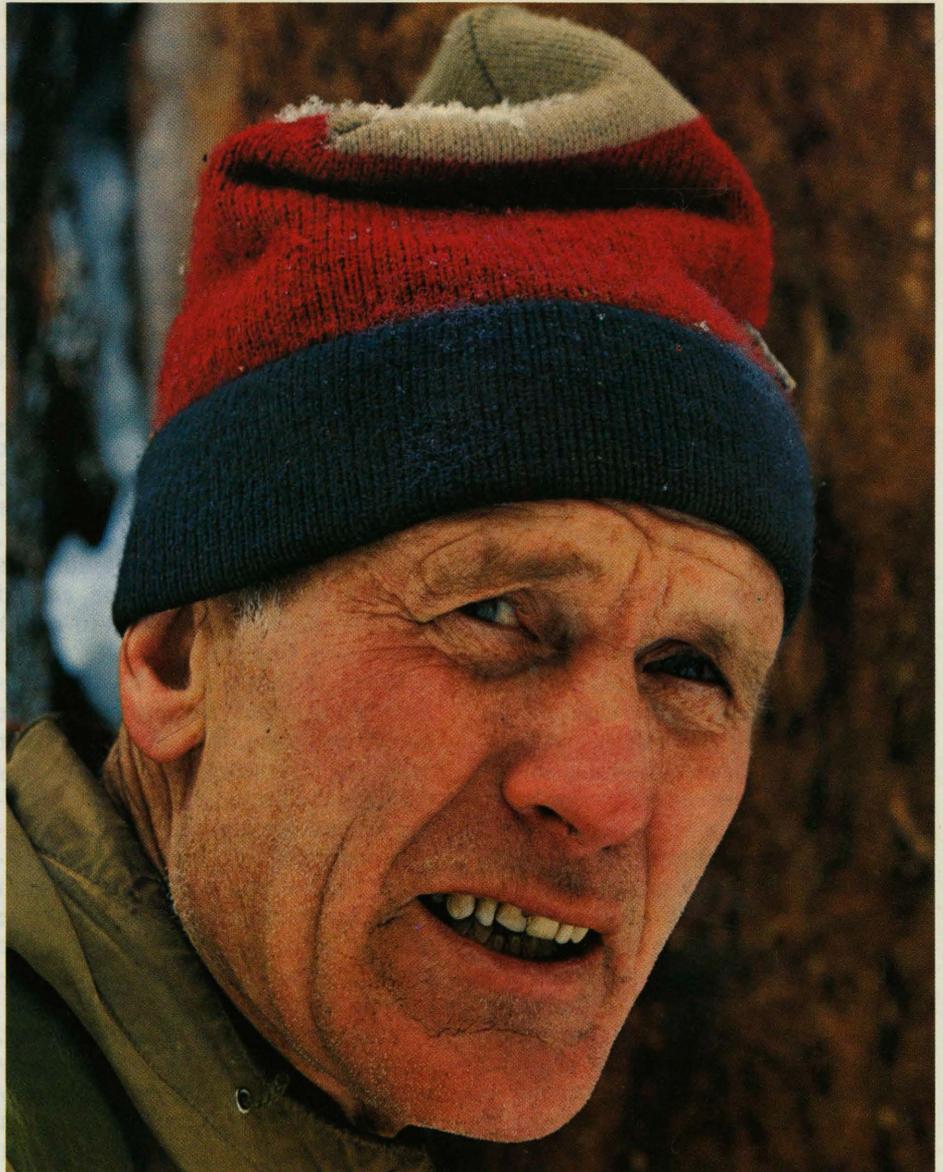
© National Wildlife Magazine, Oct./Nov. 1979

*Everyone knows the glory days of trapping are long gone, together with the buckskin-clad frontiersmen who made their fortunes in fur. Less well-known is the fact that trapping is still a fairly big business. In this country, about 2 million trappers sell more than \$200 million worth of furs each year, much of this going to furriers abroad. In 1978, retail fur sales in the United States amounted to \$775 million.*

*Who are these trappers? Only a few are archetypal backwoodsmen. The U.S. Department of Commerce says that no more than 2% of all trappers earn a major portion of their livelihood from furs. The others are part-timers, from school kids and teachers to laborers and retired folks.*

*Although trapping is a way of life for these people, it is a volatile political issue for others. Just as anti-hunting sentiment seems to have intensified in recent years, so too have feelings against trapping. What does the modern American trapper think about this? How, for that matter, does he feel about trapping itself? How does he go about it—and why? Answers vary, of course, and there's no such thing as an "average" trapper, but Bud Moore is probably as good an example as any. Here is his story.*

**I**T ISN'T SNOWING YET, although the sky over Montana's Mission Mountains is threatening. No matter; there is more than enough on the ground already—10 feet of it underneath Bud Moore's snowshoes. Dressed in heavy wool clothes,



For the 61-year-old Moore, the art of trapping has changed very little since he bought his first trapline 43 years ago. Although he now uses a snowmobile to get into the mountains, he must still check each trap on foot. And building a fire with damp wood in the middle of winter is as tricky as ever. "Part of it is just the joy of being out here," he says (photos: Randy L. Rasmussen).



Moore, 61, plods slowly up a steep ridge. His strong shoulders are slightly stooped. His wind-blown face is framed by a thatch of short, white hair. His dark eyes are alert as he looks for animal signs.

Moore takes a few more steps, then peers under the low-hanging branches of a fir, the top of which has been blasted off by a bolt of lightning. Clinging to the side of the tree is a small, dollhouse-like structure. Wooden pegs form the walls. A slab of bark topped with boughs and a foot of snow comprise the roof. And there, a foot below the miniature roof, is what appears at first glance to be a little ball of snow. Moore lifts the frozen mound and the metal trap that grips it.

Only a splotch of black fur on the tip of its tail and its dark eyes and nose distinguish the weasel from the snow. It apparently died instantly when the trap snapped shut on its backbone. The weasel is one of dozens Moore has trapped this winter and one of hundreds he has trapped in his lifetime.

Moore retired from the U.S. Forest Service in 1974 and has returned to the trapper's lifestyle after 30 years away from it. Moore loves the life and says that, for him at least, it's pretty much the same as it was three decades ago. True, he commutes daily to his trapline by snowmobile now, instead of camping or staying in isolated cabins, but once he reaches the wilderness area in which he traps, he checks his sets on foot, as trappers have always done. And he places his traps the same way he was taught when he was very young.

Moore grew up on a homestead in the mountains west of Missoula near the Idaho-Montana border. "One of my earliest memories was when I got up one Christmas morning and under the tree was a hatchet and three traps," he says. His father, who was a trapper, logger, rancher and moonshiner, taught him much about wilderness survival, but young Bud Moore's best teachers were mountain trappers—men who climbed high into the alpine country in pursuit of furbearers such as weasel, marten, lynx, bobcat and otter. Those trappers would string out miles of trapline. Living in cabins and tents all winter, they checked their traps and collected the prime pelts. The right to

use the cabins and campsites—as well as the traplines—was treated as property that could be bought and sold.

Moore purchased his first trapline for \$150 from one such mountain trapper, a man named Orin Van Hoose. So, at the age of 18, Moore was tending 90 miles of trapline that snaked through the Lochsa and North Fork of the Clearwater River drainages. For six winters he walked the trapline and reaped the harvest of marten, otter, mink, weasel, fox, lynx and coyote.

Each spring he left the mountains, his backpack filled as "big as a bale of hay" with pelts. The Depression was losing its grip on the country; fur prices were climbing. One year, Moore earned \$2,300 by selling his furs. In his worst year he earned \$1,400—more than enough to buy a brand-new Chevy coupe.

When Moore was 24, he quit trapping and began his Forest Service career full-time. Although he never attended high school, he rose quickly through the ranks, eventually becoming second-in-command of the agency's national fire management division. Moore was presented with an honorary doctorate in forestry by the University of Montana in 1974, the year he retired and returned to trapping.

When Moore began trapping again, he discovered that prices for many furs were not much higher than they were in the 1930s, despite the fact that the fashion's world interest in bobcat fur has pushed the price of these pelts from \$10 in 1970 to the present [1979] high of more than \$300. For example, in 1977 he sold his marten pelts for about \$20 apiece. In the 1930s he was paid \$11 to \$16. Sometimes Moore could get a couple dollars for a weasel or ermine pelt in the post-Depression days. Today a weasel pelt sells for about \$1.

Moore believes several factors have combined to keep the fur market down—reports of \$1,000 coonskin coats, and higher prices for other long-haired furs, notwithstanding. Synthetic fibers have replaced fur in many articles of clothing. Fur ranches have sprung up, specializing in mink, nutria and other fur species. And antitrapping advocates have persuaded some Americans to boycott apparel made with fur.

Thus, it could be difficult today to

make a living by trapping. Moore quips: "You take most of your pay in scenery." Still, his eyes light up when he talks about trapping. "Whenever my wife, Janet, and I get uptight for cash, I say: 'Man the pot and I'll take my traps and head for the hills.' It does help us economically. But that's not the most important thing. Trapping time is harvest time for me. And part of it is just the joy of getting out there. To most people in the U.S., their work is their misery. With trapping, I've got my work tied up with my druthers."

For Moore, a typical day of trapping begins at 5 a.m. with sourdough pancakes and bacon. He leaves the warmth of his cabin and starts one of his two snowmobiles. Two hours must pass before the sunlight peers over the Swan Mountain range into Swan Valley. Heading down the trail, the headlight beam bounces eerily off trees and banks of snow. It's a bone-jarring, earsplitting ride. There is no time for thinking; the mind and muscles are devoted entirely to keeping the raucous machine from careening off the trail. Half a mile from the boundary to the Mission Mountain Wilderness Area, the snowmobile bogs down in deep powder.

Moore shoulders his gear and starts up the trail, tracing the vague imprint of previous trips. Twenty minutes later he arrives at his first trap set, nestled in a hole in a tall, decayed tree. It is not easy for the untrained eye to spot it. Several slabs of wood cover the hole except for a four-inch opening at one end. Bait rests at the opposite end of the hole. The trap, of course, lies between the bait and the opening. It is empty. Moore triggers it and draws it out of the hole. Then he pulls out the bait—a piece of snowshoe hare meat. He daubs it with what he calls his "bunkum," a concoction of beaver castors (from a beaver's scent glands), muskrat musk, fish oil, mineral oil and oil of anise. The scent isn't appealing.

Moore replaces the bait and trap and then continues up the trapline, checking more trap sets and replenishing bait. Unlike many of the old mountain trappers, Moore doesn't scar trees along his trapline with blazes. His traplines are laid out in his head. Each winter he lays out three lines which average five miles in length.

Moore doesn't just catch furbearers when he's trapping, which is one of the criticisms that have been leveled against the practice; traps don't discriminate, they only snap shut. They occasionally snag blue jays and other unintended targets. Usually an animal is dead by the time Moore arrives at the trap, either frozen by the cold or killed instantly when the trap snaps shut and severs its backbone. If small animals are still alive when he finds them, he stuns them with a sharp blow to the head, then squeezes their heart or lungs until they die. Larger animals are put away with a single shot from a .22-caliber pistol. "There is pain," he admits. "No question about it. The best I can do is set the traps so they kill as quickly as possible."

However, Moore says he doesn't have many misgivings about taking the life of a furbearing animal. To explain, he tells how he listened last winter to a radio report about the Montana cattle market and the number of cattle being slaughtered to feed

Americans. "Somehow it's easier for me to go out and match wits with a coyote. We're on kind of similar footing. I've got some technology, and he's got a hell of a lot more intuition than I'll ever have. I think I could take that a lot better than going to work in the stockyards."

Although he finds that coyotes are the wildest and most difficult furbearers to catch, martens are his favorite prey. The slender, three-foot-long carnivores are relatively easy to trap. Their brown pelts—interrupted only by a rust orange throat—are strikingly beautiful.

Some species such as the lynx and bobcat are getting scarce in his area, Moore believes. But he is quick to point out that Montana trappers testified in favor of a new state law several years ago that classifies the bobcat as a furbearing animal. Since the law went into effect, the state is allowed to regulate and put limits on the number of bobcat each trapper can take. Each season a trapper can take two bobcat or two lynx or one of

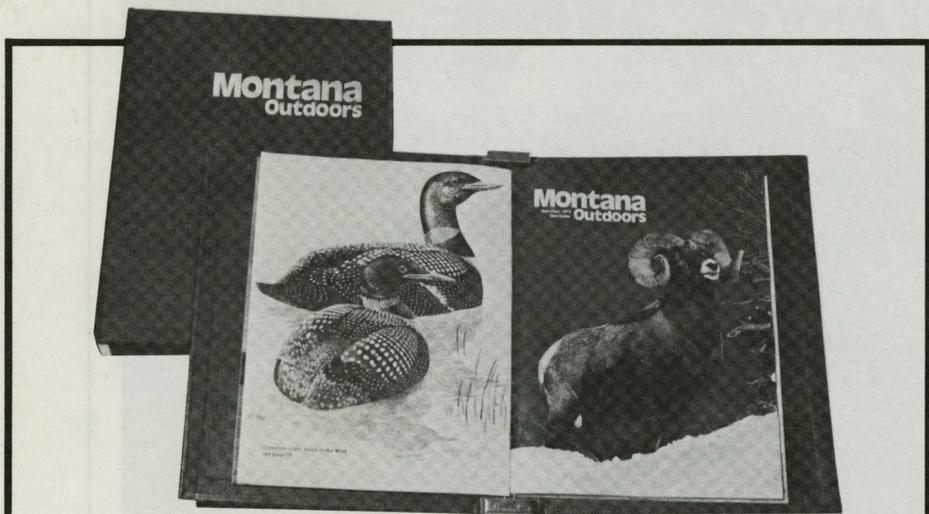
each [now one bobcat or one lynx]. Moore believes that fur, like timber, is a resource that can be harvested. Trapping can substitute for the natural weeding out of animals so that the habitat can support them. "The greatest threat to furbearers," Moore says, "is not from trapping but from loss of habitat."

Moore admits that there are abuses by trappers, as critics claim. He rails against "weekend" trappers who check their traps only once every week or two. Infrequent trap checks can leave animals suffering for long periods. He believes that, in his state, traps should be inspected at least every three or four days. Some states have laws that require checks every 24 or 48 hours, depending on the climate and other variables.

Bad trappers will also open muskrat homes in the winter, place their traps inside and not seal the stick-and-mud homes back up. Unsealed, the trap opening will allow temperatures inside the home to drop. Underwater passages into the home freeze up. Unable to get in or out, the muskrats in the home die. Moore says that good trappers reseal the home with sticks taken from the opening. The snow is dumped over the resealed opening to further insulate the home. Bad trappers also overtrap breeding areas, a thing which Moore avoids by skipping some creek basins.

With his experience as a forestry seminar teacher and Forest Service bureaucrat, Moore is a knowledgeable trapper. He is not a relic of the past. He considers trapping a natural process akin to the way in which native Americans hunted and fished. "Indians knew they had to take life to survive," he says. "They had ceremonies around it. Some of them cleansed themselves in these ceremonies to apologize for it."

"These are the things that go through the mind of what you might call the conservation trapper. It's like Aldo Leopold said: 'It is a matter of what a man thinks about while chopping, or while deciding what to chop. A conservationist is one who is humbly aware that with each stroke he is writing his signature on the face of his land.' What's he thinking about when he slices that tree? Or traps a marten, for that matter? That's the key to the whole thing." ■



## SIDE BY SIDE

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Winter is a time for reflection. For quietly observing nature's majesty and her winter artistry. The season of discovery—leaves of burnt orange encased in silver prisms of ice. For making soft sounds—the whisperlike swish of cross-country skis as you break an unmarked expanse of white.

It's also time to push your chair closer to the fire, to enjoy its glow and to catch up on some of the quieter tasks that seem to elude one in warmer months. Such as reading *Montana Outdoors*.

For a guide to the seasonal unfolding of nature's handiwork—both in words and in pictures—consider a subscription. Enjoy winter's offer of a pause for reflection (photo: Vince Claerhout).

~~ce saw~~  
~~towel~~  
~~toothpaste~~

BACKPACK CHECKLIST - 4 People  
 Revised 1984 - W. R. Moore

Item	Each Party	Total Party
+ - O Nylon tarp		
+ V O Nylon tents		2
+ V O Foam pads or air mattresses	(1) personal choice	
+ V O Sleeping bags with ground tarps	1	
- - - Head nets		
+ V O Pack frame and bag	1	
+ V O First aid kit		1
+ V O Hatchet and sheath (At Palisades)		1
+ V O Jack knife	1	
+ V O Whet stone		1
+ V O Flashlight	1	
+ V O Extra batteries	(1)	
- - - Small shovel		1
+ V O Extra cord		
+ V O Moleskin		
+ V O Maps		1
- - - Game laws		1
+ V O Leather thongs		
- - - Ski wax		
- - - Dark glasses		
- - - Spinning rod, reel, tackle	(1)	
+ - O Fly rod, reel, and tackle	(1)	
+ - O Camera, black and white	(1)	
+ V O Camera, color	(1)	
+ V O Lens brush	(1)	
+ V O Light meter	(1)	
+ - O Film, black and white	(2) rolls	
+ V O Film, color	(2) rolls	
+ - - Rifle or pistol with ammo	(1)	
- - - Gun cleaning kit	(1)	
+ V O Writing pad and pencil	(1)	
- - - Hiking shoes		
+ - - Bean rubbers		
+ - O Wading shoes		
+ V O Hat or cap	1	
+ V O Extra socks	1	
- - - Swim suit	(1)	
- - - Underpants	(1)	
+ - O Gloves	(1)	
+ V O Jacket	1	
- - - Sweater (if late in year)	1	
- - - Long johns		
+ - O Razor and blades	(1)	
+ - O Small mirror		
+ V O Hand towel	1	
+ V O Toothbrush	1	
+ - - Comb	1	
- - - Reference books		
- - - Camera tripod		
+ V O Sleeping cap		

Add in morning  
~~ce saw~~  
~~toothpaste~~  
 Bacon  
 Salami  
 Cheese  
~~Walking stick~~  
 Hash Browns  
 Frozen Meat  
 Sack Pot traps  
 Sausage  
 lunches  
 1 Mtn House or  
~~equal~~  
 Aye  
 Wine Beer

Menu - 1986

Breakfast  
at cabin

Lunch  
From Cabin

Supper  
Break  
Deer stks  
Meo. veg.  
Jello

6/30

7/1

7/2

7/3

7/4

7/5

7/6

Hotcakes  
tang.  
Butter + B. sugar  
Bacon  
Coffee

Biscuits  
oatmeal  
bacon  
Coffee

Hotcakes  
tang.  
Butter + B. Sug  
bacon  
Coffee

Biscuits  
oatmeal.  
bacon  
Coffee.

Hotcakes  
Bacon  
Coffee.

Biscuits  
oatmeal  
Bacon  
Coffee

Break  
Cheese  
Thuringer  
cookies  
Corpe or Candy

same

same

same

same

same

tea or choc.

Break  
Sausage  
Biscuits  
Neo veg.

tea or coffee  
choc.

~~fruit~~ brownies

Jello or Pudding

Break  
tea or choc.

Sausage  
Biscuits  
Hash Br.

fruit  
tea or choc

~~fruit~~ House

cookies  
tea or choc

Mini Hse

cookies

tea or choc.

SOOP

at cabin

<u>Item</u>	<u>Each party</u>	<u>Total party</u>
+ - - - Corn pads		
+ + - - Mosquito repellent		
+ + V O Toilet soap		1 bar
+ + V O Laundry soap		1 bar
+ + V O Toilet paper (plan according to days afield)		
+ + V O Watch	(1)	
+ + V O Sewing kit	(1)	
+ + V O Waterproof case and matches	1	
+ + V O Cook kit - 4 man		1
+ - - - Stove and fuel		
+ + V O Campfire grill		1
+ + V O Sierra cup	1	
+ + V O Canteen		1
+ - V O Nested coffee cans, set <i>at Kion oo Palisade</i>		1
+ + V O Extra plastic bags		8
+ + V O Dish towel		1
+ + V O Dish rags		1
+ + V O Scour pads		1 per day
+ + V O Salt in waterproof shaker		1
+ + V O Pepper in waterproof shaker		1
+ + V O Butter in plastic bag <del>or butter container</del>		1 pound
+ + V O Bread		2 loaves
+ + V O Dry syrup or honey <i>or sugar</i>		
+ + V O Coffee, tea, hot chocolate		$\frac{1}{2}$ pound
+ + V O Dried milk (plan according to days afield)		
+ + V O Sugar (plan according to days afield)		
+ - - - Peanut butter		
+ - - - Jelly		
+ + - - Cookies		
+ - - - Mint candy		
+ + - - Candy bars		
+ - - - Hard candy		
+ - - - Marshmallows		
+ + V O Complete pancake mix		
+ + V O Bacon		
+ - - - Logan bread		
+ + V O Tang, grape, etc.		
+ + V O Minute oatmeal		
+ - - - Hard boiled eggs (optional)		
+ - - - Salami		
+ - - - Lemon-Hart Rum (plan according to days afield)		
+ - - - Oranges or apples		
+ - - - Breakfast (plan according to days afield)		
+ - - - Lunch (plan according to days afield)		
+ - - - Dinner (plan according to days afield)		
+ - - - Bisquick <i>at Palisade</i>		
+ - - - Dog food		
+ - - - Dog packs		
+ - - - Dog leashes		
+ + - - Gorpe		
+ + V O Pitch <i>for starting fires</i>		



Item

Each party

Total party

- + + V + Pliers
- + + V + Screwdriver
- - - Walking stick
- + - - - Snoseal or shoe grease
- + + V + Light wire
- - - Ski cables
- + - - - Snowshoes
- - - Skis and poles
- - - Ski tips
- - V - Leggings
- + + V + Pack cover
- - - Big poncho
- - V - Aluminum foil
- + + V + Dried soup
- + - - + Shortening ~~and butter and some bacon grease~~
- - - Big pot
- + - - + Day pack
- - - Spuds
- + V + sheath knife
- V - + lantern
- - - Gore-tex mittens
- - - ~~Hash Browns~~

Menu = 1/30 - 2/5/85

	<u>Breakfast</u>	<u>Lunch</u>	<u>Supper</u>
1/30 1	at cabin	from cabin	Mtn. House Jello R-tea Bread
1/31 2	Hot cakes Bacon Butter & Br. Sugar Oat meal + dry milk Coffee	Bread Cheese Turnovers Cookies Candy or candy	Bush burger Neo h. vegetable Cookies Biscuits R-tea
2/1 3	Bacon Eggs Toast Maple not cereal Coffee	same	Wieners Neo h. vegetable Bread Cookies R-tea
2/2 4	Hot cakes Sausage Butter & Br. sugar Oat meal Coffee	same	Mtn. House Biscuits Cookies R-tea

2/3

Breakfast  
~~Sausage~~  
eggs  
Biscuits  
maple nut cereal  
Coffee

lunch  
same

Supper  
Buck Burger  
Neo-h. veg.  
Jello  
Biscuits  
R-tea

2/4

Hot cakes  
Bacon  
Oatmeal  
Brown sugar & Butter  
coffee

same

Mtn. Home  
Biscuits  
Cookies  
~~R-tea~~

2/5

Bacon  
Eggs  
toast  
oatmeal  
Coffee

same

Home

P. X Hotcake Flour	=	3 meals
P. <del>Bacon</del>	=	4 meals
P. <del>Sausage</del>	=	2 meals
X oatmeal	=	4 meals
X maple nut	=	3 meals
X Bread	=	2 hours

X Neo h. Veg.	=	1 can
X Biscuits	=	5 meals
X Pouch egg	=	3 meals
X Jello	=	X 2 meals
X Pudding	=	X 1 meal

P. <del>Chere</del>	=	1 lb.
P. <del>Turnip</del>	=	2 hours
P. X Cakes	=	2 Pkg.
X Gorge	=	
X Candy bars	=	6
X Mtn. Home	=	4 meals
X Jello	=	2
X R-tea	=	2 meals
<del>Buck Burger</del>	=	
<del>weiners</del>	=	1 meal

P.O. Box 1070  
CONDON, MT. 59826

12/30/96

Dear Ivan:

Your next novel sounds interesting, as all of your writing has always been to me. Here are my comments on your questions which I'm hoping are useful. I'm happy to oblige:

Preparing eating and cooking. Many my menus depending on the nature of the trip. For a long trip, short on time, I carry more of the freeze dried or dehydrated packaged meals because they are simple and fast. For a relaxed trip with time to spare I carry more do-it-myself items. Always, of course, with minimum weight in mind. The commercial back-packer food, though nutritious and delicious, takes the bulk I like so I always stuff in a loaf or two of heavy bread, the kind that I needed down, then baked before it has risen <sup>or</sup> ~~is~~ good, toasting no cooking stuff.

I like, and need, high protein meat and this is the hardest staple to find that's good in light weight form. What's available is costly. So I have bacon and cured sausage, that is thuringer and similar which I supplement ~~with~~ by catching fish whenever I can. Cured turkey is another good item to carry along. I also spike up my rations with wild berries, onions, glacier lily roots, spring beauty bulbs, etc.

The check list enclosed will help you see the food and equipment I carry. I've read, checked the items I would carry on a trip in June, July or August.

Because most of our back country or Wilderness contains plenty of wood, I rarely carry a stove and fuel. When I'm needed above timberline or in areas <sup>such</sup> of heavy use that the use of wood would degrade the wilderness. I like a fire because of its companionship and strength in restoring power. I do use a light grill ~~to use~~ as a stove top between ~~two~~ two rocks and over my fire.

Regarding equipment on the trail.

I've enclosed copies of two excerpts from my journal that will help on this.

1. Mission Mountains, July 19-29, 1981. This trip combined rediscovery of new wild country with a search for new quizzies in the Missions.
2. Thinking While scouting a trapline location, August 7-8, 1983

Re. Boats and pack frames.

For summertime and for moving heavy freight, I like external frame packs. I used a big Betty for years and still love it. For trips such as your plan, I do use a Camp & Trails Freighter Pack that I also like. Internal frame packs are better for skiing in winter because you want your load low. As for boats, I am way behind modern times. Some 65 years ago, I discovered these heavy loggers boats and they felt so good I've never found any thing else. When an expedition looms I oil up my winter loggers and hit the trail.

I'm having trouble with having experiences <sup>partly</sup> because ~~for~~ I haven't had as many as I'd like. It's true there have been some. Crossing White water at Cott Creek, Godfrey and The Young's Creek ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~by~~, several black bear encounters, The Bannock Fork ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~by~~, a few avalanches, lodges on the river, Old Shakes and the ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~by~~, Freeman and The Grizzly Forest fire in The Cedars (Therion), forest fire in West Moss (Fitting) to name some. But because blown up pack trains ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Cantankerous bears and similar were commonplace in my earlier days - some still are - I can't recognize them as very unusual and perhaps a long time ago learned to expect them as inevitable commensals.

Perhaps the best way to draw from experiences would be to ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> you to study this package, frame some questions then ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> call me at (406) 754-2413 so we can talk together.

Keep in mind also, Ivan, that ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> I haven't spent much time in wilderness for some or two years so when I go again I'll go down to The Ranger Station and get updated on new regulations for storing food, weed fees here and there.

I'm enjoying this contact with you and hope that some good for your novel comes out of it. Call when you can.

Israel Williams  
Burdell Moore

Janet?  
- hauling wood w/ dog sled

17 Nov. '96

Friend Ivan -

Thanks much for the Stegner volume.

After skimming through some of the essays, including yours, I feel compelled to <sup>go</sup> back and reread the Stegner volumes in our own bookshelf.

I'm enclosing an old (1981) magazine w/ an article on Bud Moore. I think he's older than the article says. I'm 77 and I'm sure he has some years on me. Anyway, it gives some insights to his life style.

Regards

George E.