That day, a bearded man—built about like me—filed with the U.S. Land Office in Helena his declaration of intention to homestead "the following described tract of land, viz: 160 acres of unsurveyed land in Meagher County, Montana.... Beginning at the southwest corner Number One, which is about 1½ miles in a northeasterly direction from the source of the west branch of Spring Creek; thence one-half mile north to corner Number Two; thence one-half mile east to corner Number Three; thence one-quarter mile south to corner Number Four; thence one-half mile west to corner Number One, the place of beginning."
Across the next thirteen years of paperwork concerning that land
claim by Peter Scott Doig, my grandfather, the description of that land
changed in some intriguing ways. Surveyors with their theodolites and
jake staffs transformed that original paragraph of pacing off from this
landmark to the next one, into simply "Northeast quarter, Section 8,
Township 5 North, Range 5 East." (Which, to give you a bit of a mental map
of this, is southeast of Helena, Montana, about fifty miles, and considerably
up into the Big Belt Mountains. It's called the Sixteen country because
its main creek flows into the Missouri River just sixteen miles below
the headwaters of the Missouri. To give you an idea of the composition
of that homesteading community—the government once sent out a questionnaire
which asked a listing of "racial groups within community," and back from
the Sixteen country sailed the laconic enumeration, "Mostly Scotch."

Periodically, Peter

Doig attests on one federal form or another about expenditures in proving
up on his land claim—building three-quarters of a mile of wire fence,
digging ditches and planting wheat and rye (his land claim was made under the Desert Land Acts of 1877 and 1891, and so the nurturing of amber waves of grain in the Big Belts, well over a mile above sea level, was part of the land-taking process) — in 1906, the amenity of a cattle shed, 38 feet by 75 feet, as the words on his "Claimant's Testimony" form say a little proudly, "constructed of lumber" — that is, not of logs or poles, but the civilized commerce of sawmills.

All the while, too, the footings of a considerable family were being created there in that high, harshly beautiful basin in the Montana mountains. Six sons were born to Peter Doig and Annie Campbell Doig.
and eventually even a daughter. There continued to be periodic paperwork on the land claim—the homestead where this sizable family was beginning its American roots—as the coming of national forests complicated the picture. Then, on a September day in 1910, Peter Doig was going to the garden when he suddenly clutched at his heart, fell down—at age 36—and died there on his claimed portion of America and Montana.

The Doig family story on that Big Belt land continued for another quarter of a century, until the Depression finally overwhelmed the stubbornness of the Doigs and the other Scottish families of the

Country. The paperwork, on Desert Entry No. 8231, long outlived
my grandfather; not until 1917 does it finally cease.

The next words are from the spring of 1945, from a rooming house in Wickenburg, Arizona. My mother is writing to her brother on a destroyer in the South Pacific, that last spring of World War Two. She and my father have spent that winter in Arizona, where my father worked in a Phoenix defense plant while they tried to see whether the Southwest climate might mitigate my mother's asthma, which had plagued her throughout the 31 years of her Montana life. I am on the scene now, at least marginally, as a five-year-old who has spent that Phoenix winter
digging a foxhole in the back yard that, in the words of my mother’s letter,

"you could bury a cow in."

There in Wickenburg, where we had alit while my father recuperated from

an appendicitis operation, Montana is on our minds. On the 18th of March,

my mother writes: "We are getting kind of anxious to get home, see everybody,

find out how I’m going to feel, figure out what we are going to do this

summer."
Home. What can account for my mother's automatic use of that word northern attic of the West, for going back to that drafty attic of Montana, the mile-up-and-then-some.

Sixteen country where sour winter customarily stayed on past the high school spring prom?

I have stared holes into those Big Belt Mountains, those sage-scruffed flats and bald Sixteen hills, trying to savvy their hold on her and thus on us, my father and me, particularly there in severe 1945. True, in Phoenix we had been war-loyally putting up with packing crate living conditions along with fifty-five hundred other people in a defense housing
project across the street from the Alcoa plant. But lately at Alcoa the management had realized how rare were undraftable colorblind 43-year-olds who knew how to run a crew, and my father came zinging home from the plant newly made a foreman. Not only that, but drawing hourly wages—hourly, for a guy who counted himself lucky to make any money by the month in Montana ranchwork. Surely this, the state of Arizona humming and buzzing with defense plants and military bases installed for the war, this must be the craved new world, the shores of Social Security and the sugar trees of overtime. Montana, meanwhile, was drained of people, into military
service or the shipyards of the Coast or defense plants... wherever. The railroad village of Ringling, where my mother grew up, was waning into whatever less than a village. The county seat of White Sulphur Springs had been handled roughly by the Depression and the war, sagging ever farther from its original dream of becoming a thermal-spring resort. Out around in the valley, the big absentee owners still owned ranches and we didn't.

My father's birthright, the Doig homestead, had fallen from family hands long ago. Looked at clinically, there was not much to come back to in Montana after half a century of my parents and their parents hurling themselves at those hills.
Nor, in fact, did that yearning "north toward home" end well, because when my parents returned to Montana and took a band of sheep into the mountains, that summer my mother died, of her asthma, there at the sheep camp—less than ten miles from where my grandfather's life, and his attempt to gain the Doigs a lasting piece of land, had played out.

// And so I'm left to wonder. My parents—landless people, despite my grandparents' long effort at homesteading, and both my mother and father in shaky health—they turned their back on Arizona and a Sunbelt life, there in that spring of 1945. Yet... why did they?
I can only think that it was because earth and heart don't have much of a membrane between them.

Sometimes decided on grounds as elusive as that single transposable h, this matter of sitting ourselves. Of a place mysteriously insisting itself into us. The saying in our family for possessing plenty of something was that we had oceans of it, and in her final report from the sailor brother in the Pacific, desert to her silent listener on the Ault, my mother provided oceans of reasons why we were struggling back north to precisely what we had abandoned.

One adios to Arizona she spoke was economic. So few possibilities for
people with a limited supply of money like ourselves to get anywhere in any kind of business, she wrote. She saw corporate Phoenix and landvending Wickenburg plain: It might be better after the war but I think it will be worse. And the contours of community were beckoning us. We don't just like the idea of being way down here and all our folks in Montana.

Valid enough in itself, that heartdeep need for people and places, friends and family, with well-trodden routes of behavior; home is where when you gossip there, any hearer knows the who what why.

Yet, yet...there was unwordable territory, too, in our return to
what my mother\'s letters all of that Arizona winter insist on as home.

Refusal to become new atomized Americans, Sun Belt suburbanites, and instead going back to a season-cogged ranch life is one thing. Going back specifically to the roughcut Big Belt Mountains, the tough Sixteen country, the Montana way of life where we could never quite dodge our own dust, all that is quite another. My parents can only have made such a choice from their bottommost natures, moods deep and inscrutable as the keels of icebergs.
That's the thing about writers, though—we actually get paid to scrutinize.

And so, in trying to think out loud to you about the American West as "heart earth," let me run through a few things I've noticed about this "why" of people staying on even after going bust on homesteads or in boomtowns, of those who have persisted on ranches and farms and in small towns—maybe of those who persist here, period, now that the
Rocky Mountain West has become the nation's poorest region in terms of individual income. That kind of attachment to place, to landscape if not to owned land, I think comes not out of the laws by which homesteading or other settlement was done or by which defense plants and housing projects were created, but instead, out of legislation of an entirely different sort. Out of "laws" of stanza and rhyme, rhythm and imagination, rather than paragraphs of procedure.
Out of lines such as this, by William Stafford in his poem, "Lake Chelan":

"They call it regional, this relevance—
the deepest place we have: in this pool forms
the model of our land, a lonely one,
responsive to the wind. Everything we own/

has brought us here:/from here/we speak."  (William Stafford, "Lake Chelan")
Not all of us can speak that eloquently, of what our native surroundings mean to us. But "this relevance, the deepest place we have"--I believe Bill Stafford is pointing us to a reservoir of perceptions beyond land deeds. (As I point out to friends in Montana when they grouse about wilderness areas being set aside, how come, then, Montanans proudly go around with the slogan "The Big Sky" on their license plates instead of "The Big Piece of Property"?)
It was the English poet Shelley, taking a moment out from his skyrocket life of lyric verse—"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair"—who in 1821 said, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

I'm going to exercise a bit of dominion of my own here, and expand that when necessary to other sorts of writers and artists—in any case, to those who have tried to give expression to the perceptions and urges and attractions that tether our hearts to places, when we ourselves perhaps can't say why.
Before the West began to hear from its first couple of generations of writers actually born and raised out here, literary tourists pretty much had their way with us. Books set out here on the west side of America didn't give much attention to the workaday life and the valid voices of our region. A romantic version that one scholar called "the cowboys without the cows" got underway at the start of this century with The Virginian, Owen Wister's famous novel. The Virginian began a lineage of books that might be called Wisterns. In a Wistern,
a bad guy insults a good guy—in The Virginian, the actual insult is "you son of a blank"—and the good guy dangerously drawls back, "When you call me that—smile." But that's about all that does go on in a Western. None of the guys, good or bad, seems ever to do a lick of everyday work—milk a cow, churn butter, plant a potato. You get the impression that somewhere just out of sight, there must be a catering service—maybe someplace around Omaha—that comes out West and feeds everybody and does the chores.
Nonsensical as that sort of portrait of the western half of America is, it does have consequences: it fudges the terms of life in much of the actual American West—that this is a big, complicated, fragile, contentious part of the country which requires a lot of work to make a living from its land. That is the west behind the cowboy myth. The west of such native-born writers as Wallace Stegner and A.B. Guthrie and Mari Sandoz and Willa Cather and Norman Maclean, of Craig Lesley and William Kittredge and Mary Clearman Blew and Terry Tempest Williams and Teresa Jordan, of James Welch and Thomas King and Louise Erdrich.
To me, there is simply a perfectly written Western ethic, a
rightness of sound--I can hear any number of Westerners I've known,
coming out with this sentence--in the unbeatable line that Bill Kittredge
wrote in his short story "Balancing the Water," when he had a ranch hand
say, "All you can own is what you do."

(Michael Milken, Ivan-Boesky, and many hundred savings-and-loan
executives could have morally profited from reading that story of Bill's.)
This is part of the job description of the fiction writer, I think—letting other voices speak the situation. Thus we get such accuracies as the line in Wallace Stegner's story, "Carrion Spring"—the young ranchman who modernly might be described as suffering a lack of communication with the young wife he has brought to the prairies of Saskatchewan, but who when they meet up with the hard-used son of the local wolf hunter can say to the boy the perfect-pitch sentence, "How've you been doing on wolves?" (Wolf Willow, p. 229)
By the same token of small talk with a lot big behind it, from Mari Sandoz
[her notes]
early in Old Jules we take in a lasting intimation when a ranch cook cracks
to the young Swiss homesteader about his chosen Nebraska earth, "Great farmin' country. Never get your crops wet there." (p. 18)
The West as "heart earth," then, is given some of its existence by poets and writers and other artists—the literary community, let's say—but it also exists in a community honeycombed in your head. Memory.

Our memories are the stories our lives tell us, and the human impulse toward story seems to be a kind of social glue. One of the basics that make us turn our ears and eyes to one another. At least I believe...

Stories can be our way of sharing light—of sitting together around humanity's fire with the universal dark all around us. Which may be how stories began in the first place—and then somebody went back in the cave
and drew on the wall the hunting escapade they had all just been talking about, and the written versions began.

Memories, then, are something like the version we each write to ourselves, on the cave walls between our ears. And even when they seem to be about people and incidents, our memories often are connected to place. I wrote about the way this works in me in the title section of my first book, This House of Sky:
In the night, in mid-dream, people who are entire strangers to one another sometimes will congregate atop my pillow. They file into my sleeping skull in perplexing medleys. A face from grade school may be twinned with one met a week ago on a rain-forest trail in the Olympic Mountains. A pair of friends I joked with yesterday now drift in arguing with an editor I worked for more than a thousand miles from here. How thin the brainwalls must be, so easily can acquaintanceships be struck up among these random residents of the dark.
Memory, the near-neighborhood of dream, is almost as casual in its hospitality.

When I fix my sandwich lunch, in a quiet noon, I may find myself sitting down thirty years ago in the company of the erect old cowboy from Texas, Walter Badget.

Forever the same is the meal with Walter: fried mush with dark corn syrup, and bread which Walter first has toasted and then dried in the oven. When we bite, it shatters and crashes in our mouths, and the more we eat, the fuller our plates grow with the shrapnel of crumbs. After the last roaring bite, Walter sits back tall as two of the ten-year-old me and asks down: "Well, reckon we can make it through till night now?"
I step to the stove for tea, and come instead onto the battered blue-enamel coffee pot in a sheepherder's wagon, my father's voice saying, "Ye could float your grandma's flat-iron on the Swede's coffee." I walk back toward my typewriter, past a window framing the backyard fir trees. They are replaced by the wind-leaning jackpines of one Montana ridgeline or another. I glance higher for some hint of the weather, and the square of air broadens and broadens to become the blue expanse over Montana rangeland, so vast and vaulting that it rears, from the foundation-line of the plains horizon, to form the walls and roof of all of life's experience that my younger self could imagine, a single, great house of sky.
The fact that people respond to their surroundings, whether or not they admit it, in considerably aesthetic terms is borne out by a fairly new field of geographical scholarship, called cultural geography.

The geographers C.L. Salter and W.J. Lloyd, in their work titled Landscape in Literature, approvingly quote from Lawrence Durrell in the first novel of his Alexandria Quartet—Durrell wrote:

"We are the children of our landscape; it dictates behavior and even thought... I can think of no better identification."
This particular breed of geographers say they mean, when they talk about "landscape," "not the raw forces of the physical environment, but...people's institutions, taboos, design preferences, systems of spatial order--such as the township and range survey system--assemblages of cultural features which comprise our cultural landscape." One of the goals of cultural geography, they go on to say, "is learning to read these cultural landscapes, a goal which may be reached in part through reading the creative language of fiction." And this pair of cultural geographers goes on to quote Willa Cather's description of her town of
Hanover in O Pioneers!, and some other fiction writers. But the cultural geographers don't let you supposed non-writers off the hook, either, in this business of "cultural landscaping." They talk about what they call your "signature" on the land. They define it as "a distinctive image created by an individual or a group in the act of modifying the landscape." Some community examples they offer: the groves of the tree of heaven in California's Mother Lode country, a landscape signature of the Chinese settlers who planted them in
the mid-19th century; and corporation signatures on modern skylines such as the pyramidal Transamerica building in San Francisco. Certainly

Here in Utah, every street runs N-S or E-W, even if the road into town
had to beanked to do it.

the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, or the patterns of irrigation systems,

So could Temple Square in Salt Lake City.

could be looked at as Utah signatures. (need Salt Lake Tribe excerpt?)

(Glacier Park is homestead poppin' shackin'.)

If the experience of other Western states who've recently gone

through statehood centennials is any guide, by 1996 you're probably
going to be, either as an individual or as a community, up to your
eyeballs in some of this cultural significance, in Utah's centennial.
Let me close my remarks down by focusing on this for a few minutes, because I think it's in such events—celebrations of where you live—that the literary and "everyday" signatures of Western life come together. I know that the sense of community in Utah is older than in most other Western states, except maybe Oregon's, but I have to tell you as somebody who lived through the state of Washington's hundredth birthday in 1989 and wrote a novel about Montana's, that same year, that centennial fever can do strange things to you.
I can give you an example of a pair of small towns I know fairly well, in Montana, and how each of them has tried to make its civic signature.

Cut Bank, not far from the Canadian border, evidently had its civic mind swayed by the weather systems that come down from the north, and decided to begin promoting itself as the coldest spot in the continental 48 states. I think you can see, right off, there are some problems with this. One is that there is competition—from places like International Falls, Minnesota—and even some other spots right there in Montana.
Another is the form of the civic "signature" itself, the distinctive image to go with this theme. Cut Bank chose a penguin motif. At the edge of town is about a two-storey plaster rendition of a penguin, and the public garbage cans are painted up in penguin colors. Now, I admire civic spirit; and maybe in ten or fifteen years, if Cut Bank penguinhood lasts that long, I'm going to start thinking this is charming. But so far, it just seems to me kind of desperate.
Choteau, Montana, on the other hand, from its earliest days has had a distinctive "signature" of tree-lined streets: cottonwoods, planted when they were just whips, back in the 1880s. Along with the grace of the trees, Choteau through the years developed a big town park, with a pavilion, a little campground, the rodeo grounds adjoining, a kids' baseball park adjoining--quite a civic heart of the town, where the 4th of July picnic and rodeo always draws everybody, there amid the snowfall of cotton from the cottonwoods. Choteau, too,
faces a problem with its cultural landscape signature, of getting up
the civic gumption to replant and maintain trees as the old original
ones die, but it seems to me there's more hope for that than in having
to invent an image for itself.

And I would urge, as the centennial bears down on you, that Utah
as a statewide community stay down-to-earth in its celebration of its
past. I can give you another set of Montana examples—again, literary
and non-literary. With some financial backing from the Montana equivalent of your Utah Humanities Council, and some printing help from the state historical society, and a mountain of work from a selection committee of writers and scholars, Montana produced a centennial landmark anthology of its literature, titled The Last Best Place. It not only was comprehensive and beautifully done, it was highly popular—became a best-seller, sold scores of thousands of copies. I know that a similar Utah anthology is in the works, with the good
graces of your Humanities Council, so I think you're on the road to something lasting and prideful, literally. I'd urge you to watch out, though, in non-literary territory, when people begin coming up with media events to commemorate Utah's past.

In Montana, that penchant resulted in a televised longhorn cattle drive. Evidently a good time was had by those involved, but it was a strange version of Montana's past century; by 1889, Montana's year of statehood, most of the cattle were coming in by railroad boxcar from the Midwest instead of up the trail from Texas. And it was
even a pretty strange version of a cattle drive—twenty-seven hundred
head of cattle and twenty-four hundred riders on horseback. If it
could have been satellited back into Montana's past, I think it would
have come as a considerable surprise to Butte's copper miners, to the
gandy dancers who laid three transcontinental railroads across Montana,
to the Gallatin Valley's farmers, to merchants and suffragettes, to
dam builders at Fort Peck and smeltermen at Anaconda, that the most
significant thing about their time was Texans bringing them cows.
So, fun is one thing; but an honesty about the history of your community is valuable, too.

Since I've been talking this evening both in personal "Westerner" terms and as a writer working in the West, let me close with an instance of how I think they've drawn together in me, for whatever that example is worth.

My family's history in the mountain West—by the time I was ready to go to college and choice of occupation, was melancholy and desperate enough that a strange kind of hope for me was pulsing under
it. A poetry under our household prose, if you will. To radically sum up that situation, our lack of actual owned acreage freed me into the land of language. Away I went, from Montana, from a rural past, from the obligation or opportunity to make a living out of ancestral property, to a more self-created world of writing about the West. Not too many springs ago,
that turn of career unexpectedly landed me overnight in Oklahoma City, 

slow and sad

in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Not, alas, as a cowboy. Instead

the Cowboy Hall of Fame was showing an ecumenical spirit by giving me a

Crick

literary award for English Creek, a novel full of forest rangers and

sheepherders. Anyway, there I was, with time before the ceremony to look

around a little at the Hall's justly famous art collection, and I walked

into a gallery about the size of a gymnasium, resplendent with Remingtons

and Russells and Catlins and Bodmers—and couldn't really see any of them,
because my eyes were riveted onto one painting, all the way across the
room, an outline of blue mountains with a foreground of prairie and a
pothole lake and a shanty cabin with a horse standing in its shade,
which instantly had me saying to myself, "I know where that is!"

"Home of the Blackfeet," that oil painting by Maynard Dixon is called,
and it's a scene that resonated into me from the summers when my family
was herding sheep on Reservation lease next to the Two Medicine River.
It may be in that incident, in that warm rush of recognition—of a place that, after all, had not been economically rewarding, that had been remorseless in its weather and hard on the endurance—it may be right there that I was closest to understanding why my parents came back to Montana from the Southwest: reasons of the eye and the heart.
Maybe what it comes down to is that bit of inadvertent poetry all the way back there in my grandfather's first piece of paperwork as he undertook his western land claim: there amid all the legalisms, that description, before the surveyors showed up, of pacing off from the west branch of Spring Creek and around in a 160-acre square, back, as the descriptive lingo breaks into a lilt, to "the place of beginning."
LDS Church Keeps
Lower Profile in Downtown S.L.

Main Street and South Temple Avenue have become a battleground for city planners. Streets are wide enough to allow a team of oxen to turn without backing up near the shops, where the traffic through downtown and provide ample room for a light rail line that someday will make its way through downtown.

But the sheer size of the streets and the blocks are an impediment for the development of the shopping mall developers believe that the 600 feet — 60 feet less than a downtown Salt Lake City block — is about the most anyone will walk before they would have driven there. They design their malls accordingly.

Working from the theory that more pedestrian-friendly blocks would entice people out of their cars and increase walk shopping, downtown planners are working to whittle those blocks down to size with midblock walkways.

Non-Mormon settlers who came to Salt Lake City also left their stamp on downtown, but even their last monuments were church-influenced.

To set themselves apart from the Mormon-controlled business district at the north end of Main Street, gentile businessmen created an opposition to downtown centered on the Boston and Newhouse buildings a half-mile from the Temple. This summer’s dedication of the Utah Center, exactly midway between the two downtowns, is designed in part to bridge that gap.

For decades, Mormons owned the ZCMI store and other LDS-owned shops at the north end of Main Street, gentiles shopped at Auerbach’s and Wolfe’s or the Parisian department store on Broadway, re-energizing the downtown split.

With the end of World War II, downtown Salt Lake City fell victim to the same economic forces that threw all other downtowns into decline: People moved to the suburbs and the stores and jobs died for too long.

With major urban renewal, it typically occurs in a neighborhood where transients sleep in doorways and a self-respecting suburbanite would drive on the rim rather than stop to fix a flat. There is usually a rail yard nearby. Trash piles up. Businesses move out. Buildings are abandoned. Soon the neighborhood is fit for only one thing: Artists.

Always on the financial edge, artists buy the decayed buildings for live-in studios. Unusual restaurants, club, coffeehouses and shops spring up to serve them. The transients seek less-respectable quarters.

Next, a second wave of urban pioneers moves in. Architects, interior designers and other artists wade into the area. Stock brokers, clubs, coffeehouses and artists move in. And one is going to be a part of town.

Today, the year awaiting the Smith has a 39 unit help turn into a 53 condo.

And he’s Ms. Hopfenbeck.

Kris Hopfenbeck is turning a west-side meatpacking plant into home and adjacent clothing store.

By James G. Wright

The Salt Lake Tribune

"This is not the best retail neighborhood in the world, but it's going to be," said Kris Hopfenbeck, owner of Ex-Lac-Tic, a secondhand store that lives up to its name. Last year, Mr. Hopfenbeck moved into an old meatpacking plant at Pierpoint and 408 West, turning 2,000-square-feet of the old building into a loft-style home and selling funky clothing and antiques in the adjacent store.

Trains rumble outside her bedroom window and the city's homeless shelters are down the street, but she calls her new neighborhood "a perfect part of town.

"Most people are clueless about this neighborhood," she said. "In any other city, it would have been bought up years ago.

Brick-by-exposed brick, one expression machine at a time, downtown Salt Lake City's near-west side is being rebuilt by gentrification, the world's oldest form of urban renewal.

With a UTA Summer Youth Pass, kids 17 and under can go everywhere UTA goes all day, every day, all summer.

Which amounts to lots of things to do and places to go to fill up the hours. It's even for good discounts at all kinds of places.

Meanwhile, parents save all kinds of time and money and miles by not driving kids around all summer.

Get a UTA Summer Youth Pass. It's just $20 wherever UTA passes are sold.

And it cures a lot of what's wrong with summer.
After a Near-Death Experience Comes Hard Part: Living

By Peggy Fletcher Stack

Moments after giving birth to twins at LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City last year, a blood clot formed in Susie's pelvis and sent her into cardiac arrest. For 10 anxious minutes, doctors and nurses fought to resuscitate her.

Susie says she watched it all while standing beside the surgical table.

"I noticed the gown I was wearing was an inedible fabric, texture and color," says the 35-year-old mother, who asked to remain anonymous. "I was no longer pregnant and my legs didn't hurt."

Next she saw heavenly beings — spirits of long-dead relatives and people she didn't know, clustered around each health-care worker. Her spirit guide, a deceased aunt, told her it was not her time to leave mortal life. But, the aunt added, "the choice is yours."

Susie heard music that surpassed Brahms or Beethoven. She was engulfed by a peaceful, loving feeling and shown a vision of her children as adults, including obstacles they would face without her.

At that moment, Susie decided to return.

Equality Worldwide Still Just a Dream

U.S. Is 6th, But Remains Land of Haves, Have-Nots

By Robin Wright

WASHINGTON — Despite sweeping political, economic and social changes, fewer than 10 percent of people worldwide participate fully in the institutions and decisions that shape their lives, according to a U.N. report.

Disparities among ethnic, gender and economic groups are stark, even in the United States, which ranks sixth after Japan, Canada, Norway, Switzerland and Sweden on the Human Development Index that rates standards of living.

But when separated by ethnic groups, U.S. whites rank first in the world, while African-Americans come in 31st, after citizens of poor Caribbean nations such as Trinidad and Tobago.

Latinos come in 35th, behind residents of struggling former Soviet satellites such as Estonia or Third World countries like South Korea — and just ahead of Chile, Russia and Malta.

"Full equality is a distant prospect in the United States," the 1993 U.N. Human Development Report concludes. The infant-mortality rate for blacks, for example, is more than twice as high as that for whites, while per-capita income for blacks is $13,376, only 60 percent of the white per-capita income of $22,372.

And more than half the black American children are growing up in single-parent homes, almost three times the rate of white Americans.

Yet the report cites the United States not because of its inequities, but for its successes — and for the implications for the rest of the world.

"The United States has a commendable record on human rights and affirmative action. It is an open society, with nondiscrimination written into law and a press that keeps pressure on the issue. And there have been tremendous improvements in integration since the 1960s," said Pakistan's Muhbub-ul-Haq, chief architect of the U.N. Development Program's annual report.

Family Services: Is Agency True To Its Name? Flak Over Child-Abuse Cases Has Some Utahns Saying No

By Patty Henetz

The Associated Press

An improbable committee of legislators, lawyers, psychologists and residents is examining how the state conducts itself in child-abuse cases.

None on the committee doubts child abuse is a problem in Utah. But most are troubled by what they consider a legal and social-services system run amok.

They are a strange alliance: Conservatives who question the need for more aid, liberals who want more money, and people with a firsthand understanding of what it's like to raise a family in poverty and stress.

A bill that would create the Child Abuse Committee is under consideration in the Senate.

Peas in the Pod Lasing Big At the Polls

Bosnian War May Get Uglier After Serb Vote

TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICES

HAN PLJESAK, Bosnia-Hercegovina — In half-buried villages and on the front lines, Bosnian Serbs voted on a peace plan Saturday and early indications were that they were saying no — overwhelmingly.

Voters appeared to be saying they have had enough of war, but not enough to say yes to a peace plan that would give them power in the future. An unofficial set of returns gave the "no" vote a majority of about 53 percent.

The United States, Europe and the United Nations have been working to get the Serbs, Croats and Muslims to agree to the Geneva peace plan. The plan calls for a federation of the three ethnic groups.

The two main objections are the question of how the three groups will be represented in the government and how much control the Serbs will have.

The "no" vote, however, did not mean the Bosnian Serbs are for war. They have a strong tradition of standing up for what they believe in, even if it means fighting a losing battle.

The "no" vote did mean the Bosnian Serbs believe they are better off by themselves than by sharing power with the Muslims and Croats.

PEACE: 30
NO: 40
TOTAL: 70

Peace Plan: Losing Big At the Polls

Bosnian War May Get Uglier After Serb Vote

TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICES

HAN PLJESAK, Bosnia-Hercegovina — In half-buried villages and on the front lines, Bosnian Serbs voted on a peace plan Saturday and early indications were that they were saying no — overwhelmingly.

Voters appeared to be saying they have had enough of war, but not enough to say yes to a peace plan that would give them power in the future. An unofficial set of returns gave the "no" vote a majority of about 53 percent.

The United States, Europe and the United Nations have been working to get the Serbs, Croats and Muslims to agree to the Geneva peace plan. The plan calls for a federation of the three ethnic groups.

The two main objections are the question of how the three groups will be represented in the government and how much control the Serbs will have.

The "no" vote, however, did not mean the Bosnian Serbs are for war. They have a strong tradition of standing up for what they believe in, even if it means fighting a losing battle.

The "no" vote did mean the Bosnian Serbs believe they are better off by themselves than by sharing power with the Muslims and Croats.

PEACE: 30
NO: 40
TOTAL: 70

The United States has a commendable record on human rights and affirmative action. It is an open society, with nondiscrimination written into law and a press that keeps pressure on the issue. And there have been tremendous improvements in integration since the 1960s," said Pakistan's Muhbub-ul-Haq, chief architect of the U.N. Development Program's annual report.

Health care, the last of four bedrock issues facing the American people, is presented in graphic form.

Rain could dampen much of Utah. Highs: 81 in the north, 91 south.

Only the Jazz and three other teams have made the NBA playoffs 10 straight years — and all four were first-round losers this time around.

A federal judge in Utah refuses to let the public see the FBI's dirty laundry.

Bosnian needlework, Jewish klezmer music, Colombian empanadas and more spice up Salt Lake City's annual Living Traditions Festival.

Defense contractors are diversifying.

Wrigley Field, Tiger Stadium, Fenway Park are sacred to fans. But the temples of baseball won't live forever.

Utah AIDS Foundation's new executive director brings compassion, commitment and a background in hard-core politics to the fight against the deadly disease.

Local news

Sports

Arts

Business

Travel

Lifestyles
MASSACRE

Tawfik Bhuivian, 4, and father Haider rally with other Utah Muslims on Saturday in Salt Lake City, part of a nationwide effort to highlight atrocities in Bosnia. See A-3.

From Brigham to Benson, LDS Influence Shapes Downtown S.L.

But the Church Is Keeping A Lower Profile Today; Some Say That Hurts City

By James G. Wright

Thursday's once were predictable for Fred Ball. Just before 3 p.m., the executive director of the Salt Lake Area Chamber of Commerce would stroll up Main Street to 47 E. South Temple, the Administration Building of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the office of President N. Eldon Tanner, a counselor in the First Presidency.

For an hour, Mr. Ball would give the counselor to Mormon President Spencer W. Kimball a "community update," on developments in the city. "He would sit there and listen and nod and then things would happen," Mr. Ball said of his decade-long association with President Tanner, who died in 1982. Recently, Mr. Ball called President Gordon B. Hinckley, a counselor to church President Ezra Taft Benson, for a rare appointment to talk about downtown-development issues.

Three weeks later, President Hinckley's staff called back to say he was too busy. "The church is concerned about being too visible," Mr. Ball said. "The Mormon bashers love to find fault." Salt Lake City business and civic leaders say the LDS Church's interest in the city around its sacred temple is waning — and that the resulting power vacuum hurts downtown.

Fred Ball, Salt Lake Area Chamber of Commerce president, says LDS Church is "concerned about being too visible."

The church doesn't get involved the way it used to," said Jim Bradley, a Salt Lake County commissioner. "They now have worldwide perspective. They don't necessarily want to let go, but it's not like this is the only place there is."

Bishop H. David Burton, who manages church property as first counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, acknowledges that the church is pulling back from city business unless it affects the immediate area of Temple Square.

"Sometimes we are criticized for spending our dollars along this narrow corridor to protect the temple, but we've tried, except in this area where we have a very vital interest, not to be in competition with other developers," Bishop Bur-
Equality Still Eludes U.S., Rest of World

Continued from A-1

'But the United States still has grave problems, which only shows how far most other countries have to go.'

Almost every country has at least one and often several underprivileged ethnic groups whose education, political access, economic opportunities and life expectancy fall seriously below the national average, according to the report. The infant-mortality rate among Guatemala's Indian population is 30 percent higher than among the rest of the population. In South Africa, half the population, mainly black, lives below the poverty line, while 3 percent of the population, mostly white, owns 88 percent of all private property.

Worldwide, "exclusion, rather than inclusion, is the prevailing reality," Haq said. But the problem is not limited to minorities. Worldwide, most people still are excluded from full economic participation in a variety of ways. More than a billion of the world's people - one in every four - languish in absolute poverty, for example, while the richest fifth has more than 150 times the income of the poorest fifth.

"For millions of people all over the world, the daily struggle for survival absorbs so much of their time and energy that, even if they live in democratic countries, genuine political participation is, for all practical purposes, a luxury," according to the report, which was prepared by an independent panel of economists for the United Nations.

The case of women offers another stark example. Although women make up a majority globally, women are underrepresented in political systems, occupying only about 10 percent of parliamentary seats and fewer than 4 percent of Cabinet posts, the U.N. report says.

In 1993, only six countries had female heads of government. In several countries women still cannot vote.

The disparities are not just in Third World countries. Japan, which ranks highest of all nations in criteria making up the Human Development Index, drops to 17th when the index is adjusted for gender disparity.

Monday: President Clinton travels to New Mexico and California to promote economic package.

Tuesday: First $100,000 Heros of Science award presented posthumously to Albert B. Sabin, developer of oral polio vaccine.

Wednesday: Wagon train to commemorate 150th anniversary of Oregon Trail begins journey across Nebraska.

The Salt Lake Tribune
NATION/WORLD Sunday, May 16, 1993

EARTHWEEK: A DIARY OF THE PLANET

Spring Storms

Violent thunderstorms killed at least 16 people and caused heavy damage to villages and utility lines in eastern India and northern Bangladesh. A school teacher and 10 students were killed when lightning struck their school building in the Noagaon district of northwestern Bangladesh.

A hailstorm driven by strong winds hit towns on Nicaragua's Pacific coast, leaving three people dead and causing widespread destruction.

Parts of Europe were pounded by driving rain which caused flash flooding and wind damage from Portugal and Spain to southern France. The storms pelted France's Champagne region with hail and heavy rains which ran rivers and mud streaming through vineyards and into streets and homes.

Tornado Alley

A Texas twister skipped along a mile path north of Dallas, killing one man and ripping the roofs from homes and tearing through a business district. The funnel first touched down in Sachse and didn't reheat into the clouds until it reached the commercial section of Wylie. It was just one of more than 75 tornadoes that developed from Mississippi to Minnesota during the 1980s, enforcing the evacuation of villages from endangered areas.

Earthquakes

Sharp tremors rocked eastern Indonesia around the Banda Sea, sending residents fleeing their homes in panic but causing no significant damage.

Earth movements were also felt in the other hemisphere, California's southern desert area, southern Alaska, Pennsylvania, and along the Afghani-Tajikistan border.

Eruption

The Mount Etna eruption in Sicily sent a plume of black smoke and ash 20,000 feet into the sky. Winds scattered the ash and smoke over the sea, sparing populated areas from being smothered. The Mount Etna eruption sent lava 75 miles down the volcano, forcing the evacuation of villages from endangered areas.

Black Wind

An awesome sandstorm, which swept through China's Gansu and Ningxia provinces and Inner Mongolia for several days, killed at least 43 people. Many of the victims drowned when the "black wind," as farmers called it, swept them into canals. The wind turned day into night as it whipped up sand and pebbles. Crops were buried by vast quantities of sand, and 300,000 head of cattle were smothered by the whirling cloud of earth. The leading edge of the sandstorm looked like a mile-wide high wave that came crashing down as it advanced across the Gobi Desert.

Locusts

Favorable weather in Central Asia has led to migratory locusts in Kazakhstan, according to the UN. Aerial spraying of the larvae was being conducted around the clock, and officials feared that if the young insects are not killed before late May, the locust would take wing and spread to neighboring Uzbekistan and Kyrgyzstan.

Chimney Sweeps

Hundreds of birds flew down a chimney and into a family's living room in Fort Worth, Texas, leaving a mess of soot and feathers covered with bird droppings. Chris Thomas, her husband, and their son were spending the quiet weekend at home when a roar suddenly came from the chimney. "It was exactly like that bird," except they didn't attack people," Thomas said, referring to the Alfred Hitchcock film. A fire rescue team arrived and collected the birds using their hands, feet, brooms and other tools, then released them outdoors. But the birds circled the house and flew back down the chimney again. A board was then placed over the chimney to keep the unwanted guests from returning.

THE WEEK AHEAD


Tuesday: Economists and finance ministers of 12 European Community nations meet in Kolding, Denmark, to discuss the Mitterrand Universal Final in Mexico City.

Wednesday: Van Cliburn International Piano Competition at Fort Worth, Texas.

Thursday: Weather: Flooding and wind damage.

Friday: Weather: Flooding and wind damage.

After Near-Death Experience Comes Hard Part: Living

Continued from A-1

LDS Author Says Love Inspires Her, Not a Quest for Money or Followers

By Peggy Fletcher Stack

The Salt Lake Tribune

It is not surprising that LDS author Betty J. Eads's new book about her near-death experience has hit a responsive chord among members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Though she never mentions the experience, the book nonetheless has a "life and inflected with hope," says Julie James, a young mother.

"It made me feel safe, not afraid," says Carolee Farnish, on the other hand, says, "Although I liked the book's overall message - unconditional love - I believe she embellished it quite a bit with her own imagination. [What she describes] was different from what I've heard before. It was a little too much.
Ms. Edie's book also is popular in Utah. Ronald Millet, president of Deseret Book, says the nonfiction account has been one of the chain's top 10 sellers. It is Sam Weller's No. 1 seller and Waldenbooks' No. 8.

Books on near-death started showing up after psychologists discovered an unexpected number of their clients reported such experiences last year. Psychologist Lynn Johnson helped organize a support group at Cottonwood Hospital Medical Center in Murray for people who had undergone a near-death experience.

"The experience of an actual near-death is surprising and shocking and violates many ideas people have," says Mr. Johnson. While generally positive, the experience leaves people with an intense longing to return to that other world.

Ms. Johnson says a woman told her, "I love going to funerals. It makes me so happy. Those happy people, they're dead."

While longing to die, those who like a coat tossed off by someone in a hurry. "I could have gone back to get it but I didn't need it," she says.

Ms. Durham found herself standing in a "dim, deep foggy space" but before her was a light, "like a planet that is close to you or airplane headlights on a runway." The light surrounded and "hugged" her.

She was shown a "room full of the Earth's wisest people - including Adam, Isaac and Moses" and was told they would answer her questions. Then she was told to return and tell all that she learned.

Since then, Ms. Durham has met more than 500 people who have had near-death experiences. She was interviewed by Raymond Moody, who wrote the first book on the subject, Life After Life, and Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, who has written about death and dying.

She helped found the Utah support group: Friends of the International Association of Near-Death Studies.

It was difficult to cope with the normal routines of mortal life, especially caring for newborn twins. "I had intense periods of homesickness for this other world," she says. "And no psychologist can help you cope with this."

Months after her experience, Susie visited the nurses and doctors who were in the operating room when she went into cardiac arrest and quizzed them about the incident. She told them what she remembered, and claims they verified some of the details.

Dr. Frank Bentley of Salt Lake Clinic says he believes something extraordinary happened to Susie because heart attacks normally erase short-term memory. Her husband also believes her.

While Susie appears to be coping, her life never will be the same. "I wouldn't wish this kind of experience on anybody," she says. "Not in a million years."

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When is the right time for kindergarten?

At what age should your child enter kindergarten?

Children who have summer birthdays are eligible to be enrolled when they are five, but are they ready to handle the pressures of reading readiness skills and compete with peers who may be a full year or more older?

Research on children who are less than five years, three months old when they enroll in kindergarten has found that they have difficulties when compared to their older peers.

Older children in a grade have been found to receive more above-average grades and score higher on achievement tests than their younger counterparts.

Younger children in a grade are more likely to fall one or more grades and to be diagnosed as learning disabled.

If a child is not truly ready to enter kindergarten, they are likely to have academic problems that follow them throughout their school years.

School readiness is more than your child’s IQ.

An important part of being able to succeed in school has to do with a child’s attention span.

Children should be able to sit still and concentrate on a story or lesson for 10 to 15 minutes.

This can be a lot to ask of some children.

Emotional maturity is another aspect to consider.

Helen Ceynar, who has taught kindergarten at Meadow Lark School, has a special concern for young boys.
Penguin mascot popular pit stop

UT BANK — Ron Gustafson’s family found a way to convert potential economic adversity into opportunity, and in so doing have created a surprising mascot for this town.

Ron, his father, Keith, and his mother, Irene, ran a furniture and appliance store on the east side of Cut Bank for 15 years. In the late 1980s the decline in the area’s oil exploration really hit.

Many oilfield workers moved. Those who stayed settled for lesser-paying jobs. Fewer families could afford appliances or furniture.

So the Gustafsons branched out. First they converted part of their store to a gift shop where Montana’s 1869 Centennial year to attract tourists heading to Glacier National Park.

Their big drawing card was a 27-foot concrete, steel and plaster penguin that Gustafson built near Highway 2. It has a sound system with greetings to surprise visitors.

“I wish I had a $1 for everybody who has stopped to get their picture taken in front of the penguin.” — Ron Gustafson.

A sign in front brags about what some might consider a dubious honor: “Welcome to Cut Bank, MT — Coldest spot in the nation.”

The claim is based on how frequently the town is mentioned as the county’s coldest community on national weather broadcasts.

The affable Gustafson isn’t absolutely sure Cut Bank is the coldest, but he remembers being asked about his frigid hometown by a flagman once in Missouri.

Only a few residents have complained that the talking penguin gives the town a bad image, he said. Several townsmen shook their heads when asked about the penguin, but told the Tribune it seems to boost tourism and has gotten the town mentioned in some travel guides.

The penguin even became a symbol for the town, displayed prominently in a television commercial a few years ago pushing Cut Bank shopping.

The Gustafsons have improved the facility each year. In 1990 they added to the gift shop and put in a 40-seat theater to offer a slide show of Glacier Park. In 1991, they remodeled the exterior in western style.

And last year the family converted the rest of the building to a 19-unit motel, the Glacier Gateway Inn, and opened a 46-unit RV campground in the badlands cliff area west of town.

This spring the family completed some unusual rooms in the spacious motel. A large room for continental breakfasts features a mounted buffalo on which kids can climb.

A 20-foot high motel room entered from above contains a 17-foot tepee laboriously sewn by Irene Gustafson, with a queen-size bed inside.

The Indian room also features another full-sized bed, lodgepole furniture, an Indian pattern in the carpet and Indian wall hangings.

Ron Gustafson stands with the oversized penguin at the Glacier Gateway Inn on the east end of Cut Bank. The statue has drawn a lot of attention and a little criticism to his expanding operation.
TV Saturday Night

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Prime-time picks

- 7 p.m., KTFG. On NBC’s “Almost Home,” Brian asks Chuckie Lee to pose for a magazine catalog.
- 7 p.m., Family. The story of basketball great Pete Maravich is told in the movie, “The Pistol: Birth of a Legend.”
- 8 p.m., KRTV. The Peaches’ fans turn against the team when Dottie hits the new mascot, a monkey, with a line drive on CBS’ “League Of Their Own.”
- 8 p.m., KSBF. Repeat of the “Empty Nest” episode that introduced Lisa Rieffel as Emily, the youngest daughter of Harry (Richard Mulligan).
- 8:30 p.m., KSBF. “Brooklyn Bridge” on CBS has some excitement when Sophie accidentally breaks Sid’s candy store window with a baseball.
- 8:30 p.m., KSBF. Jamie is caught between a stubborn client and a stubborn husband on NBC’s “Mad About You.”
- 9 p.m., KRTV. On CBS’ “Walking, Texas Ranger,” Sherri J. Wilson plays a prosecutor who is stalked by a former sheriff.
- 9 p.m., KSBF. NBC’s “Sisters” finds Frank’s preoccupation with a handsome corporate executive, while Alex meets a cheerful pilot.
- 9 p.m., KSBF. Tony finds a way to exact justice from an obnoxious foreign official who uses his diplomatic immunity to avoid prosecution on “Commish.”

CLICK and CLACK TALK CARS

Crash course

By TOM SHALES Washington Post

WASHINGTON — This month’s tragedy will live on, because of course, next month’s entertainment.

Even as the standoff near Waco, Texas, reached its fiery climax Monday, filming continued outside Tulsa on “The Line of Duty: Ambush in Waco,” an NBC docudrama about the long-running crisis that will air May 23.

The compound where cult leader David Koresh and followers had sequestered themselves burned to the ground this week, but as with most networks, they now have two things in common: the compound burned and the people inside died, rushed out a press release. It promised an exclusive interview to be seen on Monday night’s edition of “A Current Affair” with Bonnie Hallden, the 48-year-old mother of cult leader Koresh.

Koresh. Haldeman, Fox promised, blamed the FBI for the carnage and declared his government was 100% justified. Koresh, however, you still can’t stoop lower than Fox, which as the compound burned and the people inside died, rushed out a press release. It promised an exclusive interview to be seen on Monday night’s edition of “A Current Affair” with Bonnie Hallden, the 48-year-old mother of cult leader Koresh.

Tom SHALES Nationally syndicated columnist

up of the day’s developments. “On Day 51, it’s over,” Rather said. But not quite. Gripy afternoons stories have lingered on and on and on for days. And then there’s NBC’s movie to look forward to, or to dread, as the case may be:

"This is a big film, a very ambitious and interesting movie," producer Kaufman insisted from the set. “It’s a film that I think will startle everybody.”

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It boils down to plenty of money

FROM 1D

that created GAIN. Its purpose was to diversify the economy after the oil industry setback so young adults wouldn't have to leave town to find work.

"I can't say we've had an overwhelming effect on job creation yet," he admitted. "But at least we're trying. Some people were going to wait for the next oil boom. But 1976 isn't going to happen again." 

Cut Bank's comeback hasn't been easy, since as many as 500 to 600 area jobs tied directly or indirectly to oil exploration were lost because of falling oil prices and lack of incentives for new exploration.

The town's property tax base fell off greatly with the loss of oil revenue. The school district, using up the last of its reserves, unsuccessfully sought to double mill levies earlier this month. It has announced 65 layoffs before submitting a trimmed levy to voters on May 25.

Townspersons have strongly supported the school district and its students, including raising $40,000 to send a band to Washington, D.C. last year, Culleton said, but many voters apparently felt they couldn't afford such a big increase.

Some national oil companies left Cut Bank, leaving only one, Unocal, a couple of major independents and several other small wildcatting companies that now employ fewer than 300.

Unocal tried horizontal drilling with some success last year and will try more this year, company officials said. The new technique involves branching off at a near right angle from a vertical hole in hopes of hitting more oil-saturated sand.

"That technique may give the area a shot in the arm for a few more years," Gage said.

CUT BANK: Diversifying

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