The incandescence within Milton's blindness which helped build a
structure of heaven...the shape of young Darwin's nose which helped
bring it down. If Swan had not had a foot which itched to leave
Matilda's vicinity, my fingers would not be moving this morning into
his own mail.

adapt to Berneta's letters?
Stegner Am West as Living Space: filecard notes in myeloma "journey" file
Tri-City Reunion (Sumatra, Vananda and Ingomar) foreword:

Our philosophy in preparing this book was most aptly stated by (Sir Walter) Scott:
"I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."
Walter Badgett on the chain gang
ranch women's clubs such as Shielders River/Wilsall country one Grandma belonged to: cards (sometimes), "secret pal"; inc. Norway-born women
It is as if we stepped onto this continent welded into iron boots.
history is whorl of lines like fingerprint, including everything from weather to chance crowds to epidemics to thought patterns
In the Region of Desire

--desirous of what?
The Missing Twin

My Twin Is Missing
new title: Daily Planet
To Write Home About

Writing Home
No Fishing

--ch. heading, my nonfishing attitude vs. Maclean's et al.
The Title Goes Here
Wind Shadow
Face Cards
The Big Half

The Little "

The Better Half
Diamond Cross
Diamond Crosses
The Eighth Continent
The island called America
The Uplanders
The Long Grass
possible title:
The Desire(s) of the Universe
What the River Says

Where the River Goes
A CRITIC AT LARGE

WOKE UP THIS MORNING

Why do we read diaries?

BY LOUIS MENAND

Eventually, our species will die out and a new race will arrive to inhabit the planet. This race will have a giant mess to clean up—all the stuff that human beings accumulated in pursuit of pleasure and profit, but for which these new beings will have no use. Huge mounds of motorboats, football stadiums, air-conditioners, sunblock, and other absolute necessities of life as we once conceived it will rise to the skies. One towering, teetering pile will consist of books with mostly blank pages—some of them ordinary notebooks, some expensive leather-bound volumes, some with decorated covers and hand-pressed leaves, some with tiny locks for tiny keys and little loops into which a special, ultra-thin pencil might fit. The new beings will not understand what these objects were for, or why they found so unbelievably many of them in drawers and trunks and attics, everywhere they looked. But we know what they are: they are unused and abandoned personal diaries.

The impulse to keep a diary is to actual diaries as the impulse to go on a diet is to actual slimness. Most of us do wish that we were slim diarists. It’s not that we imagine that we would be happier if we kept a diary; we imagine that we would be better—that diarizing is a natural, healthy thing, a sign of vigor and purpose, a statement, about life, that we care, and that non-diarizing or, worse, failed diarizing is a confession of moral inertia, an acknowledgment, even, of the ultimate pointlessness of one’s being in the world. Still,rationally considered, what is natural or healthy about writing down what happened every day in a book that no one else is supposed to read? Isn’t there something a little O.C.D. about this kind of behavior? Writing is onerous (especially with an ultra-thin pencil)—writing feels like work because it is work—and, day by day, life is pretty routine, repetitive, and, we should face it, boring. So why do a few keep diaries, when diary-keeping is, for many, too much?

Three theories immediately suggest themselves. They are theories of the ego, the id, and the superego (and what is left, really?). The ego theory holds that maintaining a diary demands a level of vanity and self-importance that is simply too great for most people to sustain for long periods of time. It obliges you to believe that the stuff that happened to you is worth writing down because it happened to you. This is why so many diaries are abandoned by circa January 10th: keeping this up, you quickly realize, means something worse than being insufferable to others; it means being insufferable to yourself. People find that they just can’t take themselves seriously enough to continue. They may regret this—people capable of taking themselves seriously tend to go farther in life—but they accept it and move on to other things, such as collecting stamps.

The id theory, on the other hand, states that people use diaries to record wishes and desires that they need to keep secret, and to list failures and disappointments that they cannot admit publicly have given them pain. Diary-keeping, on this account, is just neurotic, since the last thing most people want to do with their unconsummated longings and petty humiliations is to inscribe them permanently in a book. They want to forget them, and so they soon quit writing them down. Most people don’t confess; they repress.

And the superego theory, of course, is the theory that diaries are really written for the eyes of others. They are exercises in self-justification. When we describe the day’s events and our management of them, we have in mind a wise and benevolent reader who will someday see that we played, on the whole, and despite the best efforts of selfish and unworthy colleagues and relations, a creditable game with the hand we were dealt. If we speak frankly about our own missteps and shortcomings, it...
ate rumination about "living in a bottle." The lyrics avoid both the pat sentimentality of barroom camaraderie and the hollow rhetoric of recovery. Though Marshall mentions "ending it all," she makes her local bar sound like the kind of place that you could happily lose a few weeks in: "Send in the trumpets, the marching wheelchairs. Open the blankets, and give them some air. Swords and arches, bones and cement, the light and the dark of the innocent of men."

Marshall's new album, "Jukebox," which will be released in January, is an explicit sequel to "The Covers Record": another collection of songs by others, plus two songs by Marshall. But where "The Covers Record" was relentlessly bare and almost claustrophobically focused on her voice, "Jukebox" builds on the aesthetic that she began developing in "The Greatest." The album features Marshall's new group, Dirty Delta Blues, which includes several well-known indie-rock musicians—among them Jim White, of the Dirty Three, and Judah Bauer, of Blues Explosion—but the music is still Southern soul, albeit slowed down and deformed. The opening track is a cover of "New York, New York," the melody and the chords have been upended, and the music sounds like a slack version of an Otis Redding song. If you don't listen closely to the words, you probably wouldn't recognize the song. Marshall has eliminated Liza Minnelli's and Frank Sinatra's bravado and substituted a sure-footed sense of delight.

Still, the album drags in places, whereas "The Greatest" snapped and burned. Marshall's voice and the band members' instruments have been mixed with an unusual amount of echo; sometimes the effect evokes an empty club at 3 A.M., but sometimes it seems to sap energy from the performances. The album's highlight is Marshall's version of James Brown's "Lost Someone," a slow dance that she allows to build to a peak without ever overreaching or trying to shout herself out of the heartbeat. "Never go to strangers, come on home to me," she chants, first in a low murmur and later in a cry, neither particularly anguished. Marshall could not have conquered a song this blunt and desperate in her youth. But, now that she knows better who she is, perhaps she's less afraid of losing herself.
elephant, like the Emperor Heliogabalus. I have never seen such a change. She is mature, majestic. She is monumental. Her fingers are coiled with white coral. She is altogether composed. (July 23, 1930.)

Dr. Freud gave me a narcissus. Was sitting in a great library with little statues at a large scrupulously tidy shiny table. We like patients on chairs. A screwed up shrunken very old man with a monkey's light eyes, paralysed spasmodic movements, inarticulate: but alert. (January 29, 1939.)

"Never discriminate, never omit" is one of the unstated rules of diary-keeping. The rule is perverse, because all writing is about control, and writing a diary is a way to control the day—to have, as it were, the last word. But diaries are composed under the fiction that the day is in control, that you are simply a passive recorder of circumstance, and so everything has to go in whether it mattered or not—as though deciding when it didn't were somehow not your business. In a diary, the trivial and inconsequential—the "woke up, got out of bed, dragged a comb across my head" pieces—are not trivial and inconsequential at all; they are defining features of the genre. If it doesn't contain a lot of dross, it's not a diary. It's something else—a journal, or a writer's notebook, or a blog (blather is not the same as dross). For a diarist, if nothing important happened, it's extremely important to say so:

In the morning, before I went forth old East brought me a dozen of bottles of sack and I gave him a shilling for his pains.

Then I went to Mr. Sheply, who was drawing of sack in the wine-cellar to send to other places as a gift from my Lord, and told me that my Lord hath given him order to give me the dozen of bottles.

Thence I went to the Temple to speak with Mr. Calthrop about the 6d. due to my Lord; but missed of him, he being abroad. Then I went to Mr. Crew's and borrowed 10d. of Mr. Andrews for my own use; and so went to my office, where there was nothing to do. (January 2, 1660.)

These are the words of the most famous diarist in English, Samuel Pepys, who maintained his diary for only nine years, from 1660 to 1669, when he quit, because he thought he was going blind. He did not go blind,
and lived until 1703, but he never recommenced the diary. It was first published, in abridged form, in 1825, and then in many editions thereafter. Its popularity is a phenomenon of the nineteenth century.

Pepys was a busy and highly placed administrator in the Royal Navy, and he was witness to a lot of history. The charm of his diary, though, which is preserved in the various abridgments (the whole thing is available in eleven volumes, published by the University of California), is the conviction that missed dates, boring days at the office, and troubles with the maid are as worthy of record as affairs of state—a conviction that presumably helps explain his appeal in a century devoted to the ennoblement of bourgeois satisfactions.

Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. (January 1, 1660.)

So to bed, where my wife and I had some high words upon my telling her that I would fling the dog which her brother gave her out at the window if he pissed the house any more. (February 12, 1660.)

Slept pretty well, and my <wife> waked to ring the bell to call up our maids to the washing about 4 a-clock and I was, and she, angry that our bell did not wake them sooner, but I will get a bigger bell. (October 6, 1663.)

There are also the choice offhand judgments (Pepys was a cultivated man):

And then to the King’s Theatre, where we saw “Midsummer’s nights dream,” which I have never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. (September 29, 1662.)

Meanwhile, the Restoration of Charles II, the Great Plague, the Great Fire of London, and the Second Anglo-Dutch War are taking place.

The memorializing of the mundane is part of the flattening of foreground-background contrast that makes diaries different from memoirs and other forms of historical narrative. It’s also a sign of the diary’s absolute fidelity to the present. You would read a published diary that you knew had been abridged (most have been), but you would not read a diary whose entries you knew had been altered or updated. You wouldn’t read it as a diary, anyway. The just-the-facts elimination of perspective, discrimination, and reflection, and the sense of bathos and non sequitur that sometimes results, fits certain personality types beautifully.

Back to Wash. Nancy went to L.A. & then to Phoenix so I’m here alone. I’m watching the Rose Bowl—U.C.L.A. 45 Ill. 9—so far. (January 2, 1984.)

A really easy day. NSC—Cap getting ready to release study by commission investigating Beirut massacre of our Marines (241). They are going to charge there was negligence on part of officers regarding safety precautions. I’m worried about the effect of this on families that lost loved ones. Another briefing in situation room on Soviet nuclear arms & the almost impossibility of verifying whether they are cheating or not. Did year end interview with 4 wire services. Had a haircut & upstairs. (December 23, 1983.)

From the diaries of Ronald Reagan. Compare, as a matter of tone, Andy Warhol:

We went to Castel’s (taxi $4). The same old crowd was there, having Caroline of Monaco’s secret engagement dinner to Philippe Junot. We weren’t asked. (June 3, 1977.)

Found out that after I left Halston’s, Rusty discovered a fire that’d started in a fireplace and gone to a Marisol sculpture and into a closet, and if Rusty hadn’t noticed it, Halston’s would have burned.

I’m giving everyone framed underwear for Christmas. Went up to 86th Street and then down (cabs $5, $4).

Jon called, said he was back in town. (November 26, 1982.)

Complete irony and the complete absence of irony ultimately meet in the same place.

With Reagan, though, you never see other people. He was just not concretely interested in other people, and so his diaries are not interesting. Warhol, on the other hand, liked to watch—he was, socially and sexually, a voyeur—and so his diaries are:

When we left the Shivas, Bianca wanted to stop back at Halston’s to pick something up. When we got there, there was a pretty boy in a fur coat standing outside, and when we walked in, there was Liza Minnelli talking to Halston. She wanted to know if she and Baryshnikov—it was him outside—could spend some time at his place. So we weren’t supposed to see this. And Liza and Baryshnikov were taking so much cocaine, I didn’t know they took so much, just shoveling it in, and it was so exciting to see two really fa-
mous people right there in front of you taking drugs, about to go make it with each other. Liza is just back from the rest cure in Texas, and she's going to start doing "The Act" again. (January 28, 1978.)

At least one person has read the entire "Journals: 1952-2000," by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (Penguin; $40), from start to finish, and this person can report that the work yields the exact degree of pleasure that can be derived from standing on a moving sidewalk: it's painless, you don't want it to stop, and there is not a single surprise in it. Apart from mostly harmless gossip, there is little that might not have appeared, without embarrassment or embellishment, in a Times Op-Ed piece (and Schlesinger wrote his share of those). If Schlesinger had secrets, he kept them.

Schlesinger was convivial and gregarious, a two-Martini-lunch man. He was a confidant of the Kennedys, an adviser to many of the other Democratic politicians of his day, and, after he left Harvard and the Kennedy White House, a socially active Upper East Side. He knew a large number of people within his social comfort zone, which was the comfort zone of a nineteen-sixties liberal with nineteen-fifties tastes, and (on the evidence of the journal that has been published, cut from some six thousand pages) he seems to have disliked only those whom he suspected of disliking him. But he was a golden retriever: he liked being liked much more than he disliked being disliked, and his greatest happiness was the recognition of his fellow-establishmentarians. In 1998, when he was eighty-one, he testified, before a House committee, against the impeachment of Bill Clinton:

"The Times made the hearings its lead story the next morning (Tuesday the 10th)—a very good story by Linda Greenhouse. C-Span and CNN had carried the hearings, and for a few hours I became a local hero. People stopped me on the streets, and I was almost applauded when I entered the Century Club. (November 12, 1998.)"

There is something sweet and a little heartbreaking about that "almost."

The reader of Schlesinger's diary does see other people through Schlesinger's eyes, but those people appear uncannily as advertised. The life that Schlesinger observed from inside the Kennedy Administration—"Caroline, an enchanting little girl, dashing in and out carrying a football" (December 1, 1960)—was not
very different from the way the rest of the world imagined it. One sometimes has to fight off the sense that Schlesinger never actually met these people, and is making it up. Jack is always debonair and cool. Bobby is savvy, caring, and intense, with a hint of sadness and rue. Jackie is utterly beautiful, utterly charming. Teddy is a lot more impressive than one might have expected.

And so it is with nearly everyone Schlesinger meets: the insights won by personal acquaintance accord with the conventional judgment. You could almost guess the identities from the descriptions:

He has a natural and honorable dislike of the kind of speech which seeks to buy votes by making promises. But he recoils from this with a political puritanism which regards any popular position (at least on the liberal side) as somehow immoral. (August 11, 1952.)

That is Adlai Stevenson, for whom Schlesinger wrote speeches before he defected to Kennedy.

His flow of talk was incessant, almost compulsive. The language was vivid and picturesque but unfurled. One got the sense of a man who exists almost completely in the realm of tactics, a virtuoso in senatorial operation; yet with a nostalgic identification of himself as a liberal and a desire, other things being equal, to be on the liberal side. While plainly intelligent, he seemed little concerned with the merits of issues. On questions of parliamentary manipulation and of the personalities of his colleagues, he seemed enormously astute and perceptive. I found him both more attractive, more subtle and more formidable than I expected. (March 30-31, 1957.)

L.B.J., who would force Schlesinger out of the White House after Kennedy’s death.

I do not think I have seen anyone so beautiful; I was enchanted by her manner and her wit, at once so masked, so ingenious and so penetrating. But one felt a terrible unreality about her—as if talking to someone under water. (August 6, 1962.)

Marilyn Monroe, for whose attentions, Schlesinger says, he and Bobby engaged in friendly competition at a party. No record in the diary of which man was the winner.

He is a stocky, bluff, humorous, robust fellow, fresh after a long hot day; a natural pol and demagogue, earnest and rather naive; a shock of well-combed white hair; ruddy face; likable but not especially impressive; certainly no alternative to Gorbachev. (September 11, 1989.)

Boris Yeltsin.

Cool, composed, amusing and extremely sympathetic. Her public appearances yield an
impression of bluestocking severity; but, as Jackie told me at the Academy luncheon earlier in the day, she has an excellent sense of humor and is great fun. (May 23, 1993.)

**Hillary Clinton.**

Very graceful in body movements when he danced. (December 22, 1983.)

**Mick Jagger.**

Of course, people famous for their personalities just have those personalities. They aren’t taking it. But an observer can tweak the image freshly or not, and Schlesinger does not. He is happy when celebrities act like themselves, and he is therefore rarely disillusioned. In the circumstances, it’s something of a relief to read the following:

Lollobrigida was a disappointment. (July 13, 1960.)

“I must say that I adore sitting around hotel rooms with politicians and newspapermen exchanging gossip over drinks,” Schlesinger wrote in the spring of 1960, when Kennedy and Humphrey were fighting for the Democratic Presidential nomination; and, though it may be a fluke of the abridgment, it is striking how much day-to-day politics dominates his journals. Schlesinger rarely records thoughts about the books he is reading or writing, except to note how far behind he is and to regret that his addiction to politics and parties keeps distracting him from his work. He is sorry that he did not produce more books. (His history of the New Deal and his autobiography were both left unfinished.) Anyone who reads the “Journals,” though, will feel that he had nothing to be sorry for. Life is only once, and Schlesinger had the good fortune to enjoy his in company that gave him pleasure. The world has plenty of books.

Schlesinger makes a brief appearance in “The Grand Surprise: The Journals of Leo Lerman” (Knopf; $37.50). He turns up in Lerman’s sharp and entertaining account of Truman Capote’s famous Black and White Ball, at the Plaza in 1966, “the party of the century”:

Jerome Robbins embellishing the Peter Duchin beat, with the special Robbins-syncope beat while dancing Lauren Bacall across the floor, only to be cut in on by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who after a moment of staid Harvard hopping abruptly left Miss Bacall on the floor, rushed up apologizing to Mr. Robbins, explaining that he hadn’t realized. The new Astaire-Rogers resumed the Robbins-Duchin beat. (December 1, 1966.)

This gives, naturally, a much more vivid idea of what Schlesinger was really like than anything in Schlesinger’s own journals.

Lerman was a New Yorker—he was born in 1914 in what is now Spanish Harlem, into a lower-middle-class Jewish family—who had a long career as an editor, consultant, and writer at glossy magazines, principally Mademoiselle and Vogue. He served as editor-in-chief of Vanity Fair for eight months, in 1983. It was the high point of his career, but he was sixty-nine, and his health was never good. He was replaced by Tina Brown, and he died in 1994. Lerman operated in the shadow of Alexander Liberman, the editorial director of Condé Nast and his great rival. But he was the sort of person without whom magazines like those could not exist: a gay man whose evenings were free to be spent at openings and parties, who went everywhere and knew everyone, backstage as well as onstage, and who could tell you whose star was about to rise, whose was falling, and who was about to go into publishing. Publishing a successful monthly magazine means being able to guess which names everyone will want to be reading about many weeks down the road, and you need scouts to do that. Lerman was a born scout.

He had literary ambitions—he dreamed of writing a novel like Proust’s—but, despite a fair amount of self-laceration, recorded in these journals, he never made much headway. (Not many people who have that particular dream do make much headway.) Instead, he kept a journal. According to his editor, Stephen Pascal, “The Grand Surprise” amounts to a tenth of the total. (There are also excerpts from letters.) And it is a surprise, on two counts. First, as an edition. Schlesinger’s journals were edited by his sons Andrew and Stephen; both are historians, but they provide virtually no annotation, and they manage to misspell names: Walter Lippmann, Alvin From, Roger Straus, Claus von Bülow, Daryl Hannah. “The Grand
Surprise,” on the other hand, is an editorial labor of love. The volume aspires to re-create the mid-century transatlantic world of art and letters, and the annotation is quite fantastic, as though Pascal (who was Lerman’s assistant for many years, and who had the help of several people close to Lerman, including his longtime partner, Gray Foy) knew every affair, mariage blanc, and nom-de-travail of every artist, émigré, poseur, and arriviste in that scene—great figure-cutters in their day, most of them now long forgotten. Pascal’s footnotes, identifying names in Lerman’s text, are keyholes onto that vanished life, almost like miniature movie treatments:

Rudolf Kommer (1885-1943) had begun as director Max Reinhardt’s managing agent, parlaying very little expertise into a web of influence. By the time of his death in wartime New York, Kommer was Alice Astor’s business manager and rumored to be a Nazi spy.

Baron Federico von Berzeviczy-Pallavicini (1909-89), a Swiss-born set designer and magazine art director (Flair), started out in the twenties dressing windows at the luxurious Viennese confectionery Demel. During the thirties, he made a mariage blanc with the niece of Demel’s Jewish owners, which allowed her to enter a convent under his name and survive the war. She died in 1965, leaving Demel to Pallavicini.

The other surprise in “The Grand Surprise” is Lerman himself. His tastes were the predictable tastes of a gay cultural butterfly of his era: he was fascinated by Marlene Dietrich, Maria Callas, most of Balanchine’s principal dancers, Margot Fonteyn, Judy Garland, Garbo, Jackie O., and he knew several of them quite intimately. A certain amount of gushing is mandatory at this level of world-class entertainment, as well as a certain amount of cattiness. No doubt Lerman was an accomplished companion to the divas. But he had a cool eye as well. He knew that Dietrich was ruining herself by endless self-imitation in a non-stop cabaret act, that Callas could produce ugly sounds and was a fool to be besotted with a vulgar billionaire like Onassis. He also knew where a performer’s special magic lay, and he had a deft, pen-and-ink style of portrait sketching. He’s an image tweaker. At the ballet, in London, in 1955, two years after Gielgud had been arrested for “cottageing”—cruising a public lavatory—in Chelsea:

John Gielgud and two young fellows (very sissy) sat next to us and we talked and he sent love to Karen Blixen [Isak Dinesen, whom Lerman had befriended], “I’m just in the throes of Lear,” he said to me, “...in the throes.” Later he strode away, incredibly slender in a dark soft coat and black homburg, a flower in the coat and a handkerchief jutting from its pocket, a general air of being Graham Robertson [subject of a Sargent portrait]. The two sisses ran along, one in front and one behind. It was like a Beardsley as they vanished down a little Covent Garden street. (May 13, 1955.)

Baryshnikov in 1974, the year he defected to the West, being photographed by Richard Avedon for Vogue:

He could be any boy on a street corner—pale, stockish, blond, retiring, but friendly, slight. If he were in a room with other people, he would not be noticed save for his deep-set, heavily shadowed, sad, somewhat doomed blue eyes—eyes curiously related to Marlene’s now that she is old and lost, her world gone quite awry. His dancing strength comes from his feet—beautifully shaped feet of enormous strength and flexibility. You feel that he could write with his feet. (Rudi’s dancing strength comes from his buttocks, Eddie Villeta’s from his thighs.) When this boy stands on the floor, peering into a long glass, warming up, he becomes noble romantic—a tremendous presence, not flashy but magical. Then suddenly he is airborne: There is no visible preparation. He is so masculine that there is a sort of feminine quality that flavors his dancing. (August 1, 1974.)

Capote was a close friend, Vidal less so. In Venice, 1975:

After our long day’s enchanting rest, yesterday we went down and found Gore—big, complacent, pompous, assured that his every platitude is an apostrophe, a witty wisdom. But despite this lifelong dry rot, he has charm and a certain attractiveness. He said that he didn’t eat much, but drank a lot. “I’m an alcoholic . . .” (July 29, 1975.)

“At least we know that the only happiness is acceptance,” Lerman wrote to a friend in 1948. Thank God that’s not completely true, but acceptance is one source of happiness, anyway. Did Lerman feel accepted? It’s hard to say. There is a lot of self-doubt, and even self-pity, in the journals, and he might have reflected, on occasion, that famous artists returned his phone calls because they were phone calls from a man who worked at Mademoiselle and Vogue. But everyone has reflections of that kind. Only a few think it’s a good idea to store them up in a diary.
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---met in spring '03 due to Corvallis community read of Sky; his field patterns on the land or small towns?
21 July 2004

Dear Ivan Doc,

Many thanks for your letter of 17 July—I'm glad you enjoyed the Thom Ross piece. Fun! Good luck with your work, and if you ever have a desire to speak to or tell off Western historians, know that you have an open invitation as long as I'm editor.

All best wishes for you and your work, peace,

David
How the West Was Measured, One Chain at a Time

By RICHARD EDER

"Measuring America" begins at the Point of Beginning, the name designated in 1738 for a stretch of border between Pennsylvania and the uncharted Ohio territory to the west.

It was the starting point from which the surveyor Thomas Hutchins struggled to map the territory in mile-square sections. Under more competent but equally struggling successors (who encountered swamps, cliffs, gulches, mosquitoes, hostile Indians and settlers), these squares would eventually extend as a checkerboard across the continent.

For air travelers who decline to lower their shades for the movie, these squares may evoke the Jeffersonian vision — overtaken even then and long since obliterated — of a United States of sturdy farmers, each living on a section or part-section of republican independence and yeoman virtue.

Jefferson, Washington, Madison and Hamilton wanted the mapping done by decimal measurement. The flood of settlers and speculators already spilling westward meant that there was no time to work out the new and still disputed system. Measurement would be made by a device already in use for some 190 years: the surveyor's chain, 66 feet long and 80 chains to the mile.

In "Measuring America," Andro Linklater tells us all about the chain: its history, method of use and particular advantages. He has the talent not just to let us know how things work, but to make us want to know. Discussing this and other technologies with an enthusiast's detailed passion, he engages himself in a great deal more.

Scarcely four pages into the book he is tackling the notion that for most of history, up to Tudor England perhaps, it was the use of land and not land itself that was considered a possession. It might be individual, as a hereditary feudal right derived ultimately from the monarch; or collective, as with the right of American Indian tribes — derived from the spirit-given nature of things — to wander, plant and hunt. Mr. Linklater points, by contrast, to the magic that Hutchins would introduce into the Western lands, the transformation of the wilderness into property.

"The wand that would make it possible was there in the first sentence of his report. The land would be measured in chains and links. In most circumstances, a chain imprisonment; here it released. What it released from the billowing, uncharted land was a single element — a distance of 22 yards."

Later he will express some reservations about the constraints that followed upon release. There was the rolling treaty-breaking displacement of the Indians; there is to this day an American ethos extreme in its adherence to the private over the public.

Here, though, his point is that the very possibility of property depends on measurement and that commerce as well as science is inconceivable without it. Next to language, measurement is the most fundamental agent of social exchange, he argues.

How much is your bushel? the buyer asks, confident of knowing how much is in the bushel. Mr. Linklater gives engaging examples of the much longer history of measurement unsettled. New York City traders, taking advantage of the rubefied grain行情 floated in by the new Erie Canal, would use a bigger bushel for buying, a smaller one for selling.

"(Today, of course, we get less and less coffee in a same-priced can. Fundamental or no: the measure of all things may define man, but something there is in man that does not love it.)"

Mr. Linklater encloses his specifics inside generalities inside universals, as if they were nested Russian dolls. The core is America's parceling out. Apart from the original 13 colonies, the vast expanse of what would become the United States consisted of great tracts acquired by treaty or war (the Louisiana Purchase and California, for example).

From Jefferson on, the government's policy was to pass along most of this land — one billion acres — from national to individual ownership. "In economic terms alone, it has represented the greatest orderly transfer of public resources to the private sector in history," the author tells us.

He writes of the strains between the Jeffersonian vision of the small farm owner and encroachment by the huge speculator, often helped by political connections. Many individual farmers did get land; on the other hand, there was John Clovis Symmes, who persuaded the Continental Congress to sell him a million acres west of the Point of Beginning for $82,000. His backer was John Dayton, soon to be speaker of the new Congress. He received four of Symmes' townships; one of them is now Dayton, Ohio.

Part of the payment was in military warrants, issued in lieu of cash to members of the Continental Army. Their price dropped to 10 cents on the dollar, but they still bought their full value in land. Symmes and others snapped them up.

Mr. Linklater writes in a detail that can become repetitive as he goes from territory to territory. More characteristically, though, his book tends to shoot out in all directions and, seemingly, all of them at once. This confuses, but it also provides a magical memory tour that leaves the reader both mildly footsore and exhilarated by unexpected connections.

His account of the battle for the metric system, set in France, England and the United States, is a high point. French revolutionaries shared with others a passion for decimals, but carried it further, wanting to decimalize days of the week and months of the year. Americans decried metric currency from the start:

miles and pounds popularly resist kilometers and kilos to this day. A Canadian supermarket was observed selling frozen turkeys by the kilo, fresh ones by the pound.

Even in a metric Europe there is local resistance, and the author thinks he knows why. The ell, a former English unit of measure, was, after all, the length of an outstretched arm, the length of a pace back when journeys were walked. "The metric system forced people to separate the measure from the activity altogether and deal with an abstract unit," he writes. "What underlay the popular dislike of the metric system was a very modern anxiety, the sense of alienation from the natural world."

Throughout the book, Mr. Linklater has allowed his humans wonderfully to subvert his measurements.
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next book!

lack of narrative spine for non-fiction:
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- afterlife of my characters; but on-ground reporting will be needed
- possible fiction equivalent
- signatures (or patterns) on the land; what human component?
- year of days selected from life; i.e. from various yrs.
- problem: 365? (make it an arbitrary #? 99?)
- problem: hoppity - hoppity. Narrative spine will have to be
Great Northern emigrant cars: spine for non-fiction book?
The Good Old Days or the Bad Old Days?

History and Related Muses in the Northwest in the 1930s

BY VERNON CARSTENSEN

When Kent Richards told me that I must appear before this distinguished company on the occasion of the 30th Annual Meeting of the Pacific Northwest History Conference, he also said I could offer some recollections and observations—he hoped they would not be too maudlin—about history and history teaching and vaguely related matters during my years in Ellensburg, years that saw what I think was the first attempt to bring this organization into existence.

The program states firmly that this is the thirtieth annual conference of Pacific Northwest historians; indeed, if the emphasis is placed on annual, it is. But there was an earlier meeting here in Ellensburg in April 1941 that sought to bring this or a similar organization into existence. From a folder of documents inadvertently retained over the years, I can reconstruct some parts of that first meeting. The organizing genius was Herman Deutsch, the firebrand professor of American history at what was then Washington State College. In February 1941, he wrote to propose a meeting of historians of Washington and neighboring states at some central place such as Ellensburg for a day or two to get acquainted and to discuss mutual problems. He suggested that Pete Barto and I—we were the whole history department at the time—serve as a local arrangements committee, which we agreed to do. The date of the meeting was fixed for April 11 and April 12.

The documents do not reveal whether there was any discussion as to what constituted neighboring states, but the internal evidence suggests that only Idaho and Oregon were considered as "neighboring." There is no hint that the invitation was sent to anyone in Montana, and it seems doubtful that British Columbia and Alaska were thought of as part of the Pacific Northwest.

Herman Deutsch assumed responsibility for inviting historians from Idaho and Oregon, and in due course he reported that Oregon historians responded unanimously against attending, but he netted two men from Idaho, one from the College of Idaho at Caldwell and another from the University of Idaho at Moscow, an institution which had had, only a few years earlier, two history departments, each with one professor.

Barto and I wrote to at least thirty-six historians in Washington, and eleven accepted the invitation and attended, including an enormous delegation of three from the University of Washington. All members of the conference were invited to dinner as guests of the college—a nice idea that was apparently lost when the conference was revived—on Friday evening at the faculty dining room in Sue Lombard Hall. There is no mention of a happy hour that might have preceded it. After dinner the entire conference met in a faculty apartment and met again in the same place the next day. The Saturday luncheon at the New York Cafe cost forty cents. The announcement also stated that room accommodations could be had at one of the four Ellensburg hotels, at prices ranging from $1.00 to $3.00, or at one of the three tourist or auto courts.

In the material Kent Richards sent out for the present conference, motels and inns and lodges
and trailer parks are mentioned, but no tourist cabins or auto courts. In 1941 we had the New York Cafe and Webster’s Cafe, not the dazzling array of eating places including grilles and pagodas, pizza places, and even a Taco Time. It was good to see that one point of stability remained in that Webster’s Cafe was listed to tie us to the distant past.

The roster of this first meeting shows sixteen persons in attendance, with representatives from the two Idaho institutions, Bellingham, the University of Washington, Pacific Lutheran, the College of Puget Sound, Whitworth, and Washington State. There is nothing in my documents to suggest what was talked about at our two plenary sessions, but there is a document creating a committee of three, two from Washington and one from Idaho, who were to arrange for the next meeting. The coming of the war frustrated those plans.

Higher education in the Pacific Northwest was a mixed bag in the 1930s—probably still in the late colonial stage. Of the thirty-six Washington historians invited to the conference, sixteen held the Ph.D., and collectively they had studied at a remarkably large number of institutions. A few held advanced degrees from Washington and Washington State. Four had studied abroad at Oxford, Cambridge, Grenoble, and Berlin. Columbia, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Chicago, Ohio State, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and South Dakota were represented.

The University of Washington was of course dominant among the public institutions of higher education, although Washington State, particularly under E. O. Holland, had challenged the university from time to time. The late teens and the 1920s had witnessed some fierce and probably mutually damaging contests between Holland and Henry Suzzallo. But however much these two institutions might compete for programs, students, and dollars, they seemed always able to cooperate to keep the three normal schools in their place, which was to prepare elementary school teachers.

The university faculty had or had had a few men with national reputations in history and related fields. J. Allen Smith in political science was widely known, and in 1927 V. L. Parrington published the first two volumes of his Main Currents in American Thought and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in history the next year, attracting much attention to the institution. There is a story, probably apocryphal, that Glenn Frank, then president of the University of Wisconsin, had wired Parrington an offer to join the English department at Wisconsin, and Parrington had wired back saying he would not go to an institution where the president read the faculty books and made judgments about them. Edward McMahon and Edmond S. Meany, who died in 1935, were well known. Meany has sometimes been denigrated in the profession, and I suppose none would claim he was a professional historian, but he enjoyed vast popularity and was one of the few historians—perhaps the only one—to have a hotel named after him. Whatever else is said, the fact remains that he published the Washington Historical Quarterly over many years and together with Charles Smith of the university library brought into existence the Pacific Northwest Collection, one of the fine regional collections of American history.

The university had had some good young men who got away, including Rexford Tugwell and Paul Douglas, about whom much was heard in the days of the New Deal, although little was said about their earlier Washington connection.

At Washington State, Claudius O. Johnson and Herman Deutsch were giving historical scholarship a good name. The private liberal arts col-
leges, led by Whitman, although struggling mightily to remain afloat during the Depression, enjoyed good reputations as educational institutions. The University of Oregon was known to American historians as the home of the two Clarks, Dan and R. C., and the Oregon Historical Society, with its fine quarterly and good collections, was a kind of mecca for regional historians. When I made my first pilgrimage to the society, it was still exhibiting a part of the scalp-lock of Peopeo-mox-a-mox in one of its showcases. That was a long time ago. The Washington Society and museum, in part patterned after the great Wisconsin Society, was largely moribund, although Ezra Meeker's stuffed oxen and his wagon were on display. His papers, it was said, had not yet been removed from the wagon.

The liveliest regional historical controversy of the time revolved around the great question of whether or not Marcus Whitman had "saved" Oregon. In the late 1890s, Whitman had been nominated and got a number of votes for inclusion among the fifty greatest Americans to be enshrined in the New York University Hall of Fame. In 1901 Professor E. G. Bourne had published an article in the American Historical Review which he thought demolished the Whitman myth for all time, but quite clearly it had not. In fact, the Washington State Legislature, which does not read the American Historical Review, in the early 1940s voted Whitman into the Statuary Hall of Fame in Washington, D.C., as the first of two great Washingtonians to be so honored.

All of these things and many others I would learn after arriving in Ellensburg in 1935, an innocent, almost-hatched Ph.D. Ellensburg was still something of a Wild West town. Cowboys and Indians, sheep herders, miners, and loggers could be seen on the streets, particularly on a Saturday evening if one ventured out. There was a herd of buffalo in the hills east of the Yakima River between Yakima and Ellensburg, the property of a Yakima packing company. Occasionally the buffalo would get down into the canyon and sometimes block traffic on the new canyon road or even on the railroad. There was also livestock on the campus. Occasionally we would see a saddled horse tied up in the small gravel ed parking lot behind the college administration building, a lot that would hold ten or twelve cars. It was, in fact, big enough to accommodate all the faculty-owned cars.

The normal school to which I came in 1935—it would be transmuted into a college of education a couple of years later—had been established by the legislature in 1889. The keepers of the oral tradition said that the normal had come to Ellensburg as a consolation prize. The constitutional convention of 1889 had provided for a popular referendum on the location of the capitol at the same time that the constitution was voted on. Olympia, North Yakima, and Ellensburg were the leading contenders, and in the election Olympia received the highest number of votes, North Yakima came in second, and Ellensburg third. A few over a thousand voted for none of the above. It was said that Yakima was offered the not-yet established college of agriculture and mechanic arts, or the state fair as its consolation prize. Yakima took the state fair, so the agricultural college wandered about the Palouse until it found a home. Ellensburg got one of the three normals. It was to be governed by a board of three trustees, and apparently the trustees moved fairly briskly in hiring a principal, obtaining space, and getting something into operation. In 1893 the normal was able to move into its first "edifice," that truly marvelous architectural triumph now called Barge Hall after the first principal. That building still dominated the campus when I arrived in 1935.

Apparently, the first trustees did little fretting
about what the normal would be and do. It would prepare teachers for elementary and rural schools, so all the trustees really had to do, besides getting land and money for a building, was to select a principal and the teachers. There was apparently some lightheartedness in selecting teachers. There was a report that the first board had hired one applicant for a position because he knew not only the names of all the counties in all of the states and territories of the United States, but he also knew the names of the county seats. But admiration for a vast specialized knowledge was not yet rampant. The man was let go in a year or two.

The normal attracted students, retained a small faculty, and survived periodic legislative proposals that it be abandoned or converted to a more useful purpose. During the teens and 1920s, it seems to have been somewhat informal in much of what it did. In the late 1930s, money came from the NYA to hire students at the rate of thirty cents an hour for various work. One of the jobs involved trying to put in order some scattered, rat-chewed, and dusty records of the college that had been dumped in an attic room of the administration building. I got to supervise the student who did this work. I don't think we ever got the stuff in order, but some curious documents appeared. I remember some travel vouchers submitted for payment that carried a precise record of such expenses as cost of railroad ticket, cost of meals, cost of hotel, and then included an item called "Miscel." which might run as high as fifty or a hundred dollars. I can understand such accounting when I do it with my own accounts, but I was puzzled that state auditors, if there were any, would approve such vouchers. I also remember having seen with pleasure a bill certified for payment for a shipment of something called "laboratory alcohol" that had come from Canada and apparently arrived in quart bottles.

The normal, in the teens and twenties, had added a few teachers of English, history, social sciences, and the physical and biological sciences to serve the teacher-training program. In 1931 Robert E. McConnell became the first president with a Ph.D., and he exhibited a passion for getting Ph.D.'s on the staff—a passion fairly easily gratified during the Depression years. There weren't as many new Ph.D.'s looking for jobs then as now, but the jobs were far fewer. Moreover, at Ellensburg a newly hatched Ph.D. could expect a salary of around $2400 a year, $800 or $900 more than a university would pay if there were any universities around to make an offer. In the 1930s McConnell, who apparently did most of the hiring, could virtually have his pick of promising young scholars from the leading graduate schools in the country.

In retrospect, the normal exhibited some wonderful anomalies. State law forbade smoking in offices, in classrooms, and on campus, so faculty members who were tobacco addicts could be found between classes assembled on D Street, west of the campus, puffing away. One established faculty man chewed a dead cigar on campus. Prohibition had recently ended, but teachers at the normal were expected to avoid such sinful places as bars and saloons, and were not to be seen drinking even beer in public places. The New York Cafe, however, accommodated by serving beer in teapots to members of the normal faculty.

There was an inflexible rule that all members of the faculty march in full academic regalia in the academic procession at commencement. There was much grumbling about this, and more about having to rent a cap and gown, but in the absence of any tenure rules or understanding, I suppose we were all intimidated. In 1939 a member of the faculty with a summer off left town after examinations and missed commencement. He was promptly fired by the president in a letter that used words such as "insubordination" and "infidelity." The act so frightened and inflamed members of the faculty, then numbering about fifty, that a large number joined the AAUP, formed a chapter, and began to work to establish tenure rules. What we sought in that distant day was a definition of tenure that would include provision for due process if we were to be threatened with dismissal after six or more years of service.

Although there was much concern over our behavior in public, as I recall, very little interest was exhibited by the administration in our academic work. We were expected to teach fifteen hours a week, and we were expected to meet our classes on schedule, but beyond that no one seemed to be concerned with what went on in classes. It was a heavy schedule. Pete Barto, who had come to coach half-time and to teach history, managed to get out of the coaching business after a while. He taught Greek and Roman history, the Middle Ages, Renaissance, and Reformation, and a number of other European courses. My schedule included a course in Canadian history, the year-long U.S. survey, a course in the westward movement, the Pacific Northwest—then required of all who sought a teaching credential.
and English history. From time to time I also taught the European survey and something I only remember by name—the Introduction to the Social Sciences. Our teaching, by present standards, must have been pretty bad. We taught mostly from textbooks and hoped to keep ahead of the students. This wasn’t difficult since publishers gave us free copies of the text, and the students took a while to catch up—they frequently had to pool their money, and two or more would share a textbook.

The library, which probably had no more than 20,000 books, was sometimes used by faculty and students. Various hands had been employed in cataloguing under the Dewey decimal system, so books sometimes were put in curious places. I remember being a bit startled when I found G. L. Burr’s Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, a volume in Jameson’s Original Narratives of Early American History, lodged in the little section of the library stacks devoted to abnormal psychology. Louis Pelzer’s history of the range cattle industry in Wyoming, published under the title

Page from a pamphlet published in 1939 at the height of the Ellensburg tenure controversy.

Tenure at the Central Washington College of Education

A report to the State Federation of Teachers by its special committee on the Traor case.

Issued by the Washington State Board of the American Federation of Teachers

History of the Dismissal

Tenure at the Central Washington College of Education

In July of this year, Prof. Traor was dismissed from the Central Washington College of Education. The dismissal, according to the Administration, was due to the fact that Prof. Traor left the school several days before the close of the session in disobedience to the direct command of the President of the institution. Prof. Traor proceeded, after leaving Ellensburg, to Mexico City, where he was to begin a study of the school system. A few days after his arrival two letters were received by him, both bearing the date June 7th. The first was a letter which stated that Prof. Traor had been given a leave of absence and requesting that he be given assistance by the proper Mexican authorities in carrying on his study. The second, also signed by President McConnell, requested his resignation as of Oct. 1st, charging him with "absence without leave, defiance of executive request, and infidelity in service."

Prof. Traor insists that he understood that he had the President’s permission to leave early in order to gain time on his research. Consequently, finding the charges untrue and personally damaging, he returned immediately to the College and requested a hearing before the Trustees, which was subsequently granted. Prof. Traor’s hearing before the Board occurred in the absence of President McConnell, who had previously presented his charges to them. Prof. Traor did not have an opportunity to hear these charges, nor attempt refutation in the presence of the President. No faculty members or faculty committee reviewed the case or were consulted during the entire matter. The Trustees, immediately following the hearing, wrote Prof. Traor that he was being dismissed.

The case ostensibly hinges about one main point of fact, in so far as the reason for dismissal is concerned: what did President McConnell say to Prof. Traor when Prof.

The Cattleman’s Frontier, ended up in the section dealing with such things as mink farming and beekeeping. E. douglas Branch’s history of the destruction of the buffalo herds, which he had called The Hunting of the Buffalo, stood alongside books on fly-casting, kite flying and other sports. But I suppose the interesting thing is not that these books were somewhat lightheartedly catalogued, but that—in a library that leaned almost overwhelmingly to children’s literature and solemn treatises on such educational problems as toilet training in the elementary schools—they should have been there at all.

Ellensburg and the Kittitas Valley were still very close to first settlement, even though the valley had been traversed by Hudson’s Bay Company men a century earlier. McClellan had led a party into it during the 1850s, and in the lower valley a member of his party who observed the giant sagebrush had concluded that if small sagebrush betokened dry and infertile soil, giant sagebrush signified excessively dry and excessively infertile land.

In 1909 the great New York-to-Seattle auto race had been routed through Ellensburg. Directions for the racers informed them that in crossing the Horse Heaven they would be well advised to drive through the sagebrush rather than on the road. The road from Prosser to Ellensburg was reported as good, but beyond Cle Elum, drivers would be required to take a five-mile auto ferry from one end of Lake Keechelus to the other. They were told that they should telephone from Ellensburg to make sure the ferry would be at the lower end of the lake when they arrived. Five years later, the road was completed along the shore of the lake, opening the valley to aggressive tourists from west of the mountains and making it necessary, it was said, for the Ramsay hardware store to begin locking its doors on Sundays. In the earlier days the store had remained unlocked so that farmers or ranchers who needed hardware could come in, pick it up, and leave a note. The items could be charged to their account. A few stores in the 1930s still followed the 19th-century practice of billing ranchers once a year, after cattle were sold or the crops marketed.

The library did not offer much help to a scholar trying to work in the history of the westward movement, but there were a few men in Ellensburg who had been part of the westward movement who were willing to instruct me. Austin Mires had come to the valley early enough to be elected the first mayor of Ellensburg when it was organized in 1885, and he had served in the
The best and longest "course" I took was with Clarence Palmer, one-time freighter and retired livery stable owner in Ellensburg. Thanks to money from the NYA for a student who could take shorthand and Mr. Palmer's willingness to dictate his recollections, we managed a kind of oral history project, the results of which are probably still in the Northwest Collection in the library. Palmer's story was an interesting one that touched a large part of western expansion. He was born in Connecticut in the middle 1850s, had been taken west to Illinois and then to Wisconsin, where his father made a farm out of the wild land near Menominee. In 1877, having turned twenty-one and attained what he called his freedom, he struck out for Deadwood in the Black Hills where fortune awaited him, he thought. He found neither gold nor work in Deadwood, but he remembered that Calamity Jane had joined two other women to sing the national anthem as a way of launching the Fourth of July celebration in Deadwood. He drifted south to Colorado and New Mexico to find work, and during the next four years he did many things: he drove mules for a railroad grading crew; he hauled ore and freight; he herded cattle in the Cripple Creek area before it began to yield its riches. He remembered H. A. W. Tabor fondly because Tabor always invited the freighters to fill their cups with whiskey after they completed their deliveries to his store in Central City.

In 1881, having acquired mules, harness, and freight wagons, Palmer took his outfit to Idaho where he hauled freight to the mines and worked on the railroad. Next he hauled freight and worked on the Northern Pacific, which was building up the Yakima Valley. He graded the last section of the road into Ellensburg in 1884, and here his railroad-building days ended. He built a livery stable on the lots north of the court-house and settled down. He prospered until what he called the automobile depression disrupted his business. He tried to accommodate by installing a gas pump in front of the livery barn, and he bought a taxi cab, but ultimately he sold out, and the livery stable was demolished to make room for a filling station. Thus, long before Henry Walker and Bill Lass had published their very good books on overland freighting, I had learned something about the business. Mr. Palmer even told me how the overland freighters extracted their daily ration of whiskey from the barrels they hauled.*

But the acquaintance served another purpose. Sometime in 1940, after the reminiscence had been completed, Mr. Palmer telephoned me to ask me to drop in at his house; he had guests he thought I should meet. I went and was introduced to Jack Dalton, builder of the Dalton Trail in Alaska, a wiry man in his late eighties, and two retired cattle ranchers about the same age who had come to the Kittitas long before the railroad was completed to the Puget Sound country. For several hours all vied to teach the young man from the normal bits of American history he had not known. Dalton said he had gotten to Alaska before the gold discovery, had been arrested for poaching seals, and was taken to Seattle in irons. Later he returned to Alaska to engage in the freighting and trading business and of course built his famous trail from Skagway to Whitehorse. He interrupted an account about Soapy Smith and violence in Alaska to go out to his car to fetch a big Colt revolver, which he handed me and asked me to count the notches on the handle. The gun was loaded, and I am afraid mine was a nervous count. Dalton engaged in various enterprises, among them, one that involved buying

*In response to the editor's request, Professor Carstensen has provided the following explanation of the freighters' techniques: Mr. Palmer said that all freighters had to carry a few tools, including a set of awls, for harness and wagon repair on the road. To get the evening ration of whiskey out of the barrel, the freighter would tap the upper barrel hoop loose, raise it, drill a small hole in a crack between staves, and insert a straw. Whiskey then dripped out and the tin cup would fill—not fast, but it would fill. The straw was then taken out, the hole sealed with a little dirt moistened by water or whiskey, and the hoop tapped back in place to cover the place of invasion. If the freighter was carrying a number of barrels and if he was a reasonably cautious man, he would tap each barrel in turn and thus arrange a relatively even "evaporation" of his cargo. The saloon keeper who received the shipment might object to the short measure, but it probably didn’t matter a great deal since he could add water to produce much more whiskey than the freighter had delivered.
cattle in Seattle at four cents a pound, shipping them to Skagway, marching them to Whitehorse where they were slaughtered, eviscerated, but left in the hide. From there the carcasses were taken down river and across portages all the way to Fairbanks, where the hides were removed and the beef sold at a dollar a pound, whatever the cut. The venture was a great success, he claimed, but he lost money so he did not repeat it.

I asked the ranchers whether the cattle business improved with the coming of the railroad. One responded by saying not much. Before the railroad line was completed, he explained, they drove a herd of cattle to the Puget Sound each year, and it cost as much to drive them to market as they fetched. When the railroad was completed, they no longer had to drive the cattle to market, but most of the value of the cattle was taken to pay for transportation and commission costs. But, the other added, the cattle got to ride to slaughter instead of having to walk. So far as I know, these men had not read the history of the Populist revolt or the Non-Partisan League, but they spoke the language. Their laconic comment on the railroad and commission merchant reminded me of a widely told Midwest story of the farmer who bought little pigs in the spring, fed them until fall, shipped them to Chicago, and after railroad and commission charges had been taken out, he got just enough to cover the cost of the little pigs. When somebody observed that it wasn’t a very profitable business, the farmer responded, “But I had the use of the hogs over the whole season.”

Quite clearly, whatever the inadequacies of the library, there were those in Ellensburg willing to try to teach an innocent young scholar some things he had missed in his graduate education. For all of the difficulties, the limited library, the heavy teaching load, beer in teapots, and compulsory commencement marches, Central Washington College of Education in the middle and late 1930s—in fact, until the war shattered everything—remains in my mind as a remarkable place. The president’s passion for Ph.D.’s brought a number of able and energetic persons to the faculty, and it has often seemed to me that this was the ablest faculty, pound for pound, that I ever served on. Perhaps this is because the Depression brought to the normal what must have been an inordinately large number of extremely capable students—students who would have gone elsewhere had their parents been able to afford to send them. All of us as teachers tend to judge our success by what our students do, and many went on from Ellensburg to graduate study. The largest number, not surprisingly, took the Ph.D. in education; some went to law and medicine, and a few took the Ph.D. in history and geography.

Three who took their Ph.D. in history remain pleasantly in my mind. John Johnson, after teaching a few years in the public schools in Ellensburg, went to Berkeley for the Ph.D. in Latin American history and on to a distinguished career at Stanford; Robert Nesbit took his Ph.D. at Washington and went to Wisconsin; and our colleague Robert Whitney bravely weathered the bitter winters of Minnesota for the Ph.D. He represents the only one of that illustrious trinity brought salving home to the state of Washington.

We may not have accomplished as much as we thought during those tangled days of the 1930s, but at least nothing we did prevented able students from going on with their education after they had been subjected to the normal.

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**Madam Secretary**

**George Martin**, lawyer and free-lance author, has written a lively biography of one of the most influential women in 20th-century politics and, in the judgment of many, probably the best of Franklin Roosevelt’s cabinet. Drawing heavily upon Perkins’s extensive oral history at Columbia University and upon primary papers in many different collections, Martin’s narrative carries great authority. Yet the weight of research never gets in the way of the story he has to tell; the book, laced with moving and apt anecdotes, moves along at a good pace.

Unlike many single-volume biographies, which tend to rush through the subject’s early years in order to deal at length with the presumably crucial career years, Martin’s study devotes nearly half its pages to the years leading to March 1933. The reader reaches the New Deal experience, therefore, with a thorough understanding of the complex beginnings and continuities of political reform and social-welfare movements in the first third of the century. Although Martin holds his focus essentially on the public career of Perkins—an emphasis that she herself would have appreciated.
because of her intense sense of privacy—he provides sufficient evidence on family, personality, and private matters for the reader to get to know the whole person. There emerges a portrait of a woman of enormous strength and perseverance, of a person profoundly religious in spirit, practical and pragmatic, subtle and diplomatic in political and administrative style. We now know better the nature of her influence in the shaping of labor and welfare legislation during the Roosevelt years. We can better comprehend that mixed commitment, which marked so many of her generation, both to the promotion of human self-determination through the unionization of labor and to the advancement of social justice through legislation—workmen’s compensation, work relief, and social security. As secretary of labor she established standards of program and administration that have yet to be matched. As a biographer, Martin provides standards of fairness and thoroughness which other historians might emulate.


Clarke A. Chambers

University of Minnesota

Progressivism in America

An introductory survey of the progressive era, Progressivism in America focuses primarily upon leadership elites of the period—the intellectuals, prominent urban leaders, Presidents, leaders in Congress, etc. Theodore Roosevelt is credited with leading the nation in its “first decisive steps toward the modern welfare state” (p. 137), and Woodrow Wilson’s role, by contrast, is evaluated rather more negatively. Wilson is criticized for creating a “sense of broken promises and lost freedoms” (p. 224), and in the discussion of presidential leadership, the emphasis is primarily upon ideology, especially the conflict between “New Nationalism” and “New Freedom.” The book distinguishes itself from most studies of the progressive era by urging the need for a comparative approach to the study of modern history, and it focuses consistently upon what the author views as “similarities in the national affairs of America and Europe” (p. x).

The insistence upon the need for a comparative perspective in the study of American history deserves an enthusiastic endorsement, and the contention that there were similarities between the European trend toward socialism prior to World War I and the progressive era has validity. The rather significant differences between American reform and the socialist movement in Europe, however, are overlooked in this survey, and it is surely an exaggeration to conclude that in 1912 “the country was in the process of adapting itself to a kind of democratic state socialism in the guise of Progressivism” (p. 49). The inclination to overstate the social achievements of the progressive era seems in part explained by the study’s tendency to stress the writings of intellectuals and social reformers and the rhetoric of a few politicians—such as Theodore Roosevelt’s pronouncements in 1912—rather than to examine legislative achievements of the progressives.

The study assumes, moreover, the existence of an underlying set of values common to all “progressives,” despite an accumulation of writing over the past twenty years (much of it actually discussed or cited in the present work) which tends to emphasize the great diversity in social, cultural, and economic values and goals among important elements that have been identified as being a part of the progressive reform movement. For example, the work of Richard Hofstadter and Samuel P. Hays is discussed; but the conflict between the “middle class” reformers and the urban, immigrant populations who, according to J. Joseph Huthmacher and John D. Buenker, supported “working class” and other reforms is glossed over. Further, the book ignores completely the important work by W. Dean Burnham and others on voting and legislative behavior in these years, and it embraces the view that most “progressives” were “imperialists,” a generalization which has been thoroughly examined and convincingly refuted in the past decade. Progressivism in America, in short, presents a familiar account of the progressive era that is readable and interesting, but one which has been surprisingly little influenced by recent important findings.


Howard W. Allen

Southern Illinois University

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST QUARTERLY
mosaic of days

problem: 365! (do seasons, weeks, or months?)

Rand Berland's 365 Days: 333 pp., daily entries, 4-6 graphics
strength: 30 yrs doing

problem: before that: identifying specific days of childhood
restrict it to writing life? i.e., from 30-35 yrs?

problem: happiness-kappiness: topic better covered by Trav in Wh Space
½ Acre Planet

do by seasons, why or months?
- begin w/ St. David’s Day? (Davidian swell of voices)
  (cd start this yr.)

cd draw on: garden diary
  - my diary (weather + sound besides)
  - speech phrases (light is, desire of, convince)
  - notebook phrasing (rich source)
  - field cards (particularly weather?)

Yielding foreword: “Journal of a yr in an intensely specific place.”
  - Sand County Almanac
  - Ted Berlant’s 365 Days
  - Nancy Berlant’s Outsmart House
  - again to WB's

longitudinal: plate faults, volcanoes
  - live lived live Nightly & St. Nolens
  - storm paths
  - glaciers & soil
  - Vancouver anchored offshore from here
St. David's autograph

- liz is abt identity
- AB Yehoshua
- Michael Faber
- Con Resoalt

Gregory Martin/5Yn City
Guy Passport (Bella
me: Lthea Stavros)one Bethem
- Embassy/San Antonio

55% BYN
Laurie sales dir. Glory Brown
mkky Patty Berg
pubity Jennifer Gilmore
Marsha la in-law?

Penguin w/ Dan Farley
Dave Nelson & Nan!
Parma:
- Stu: dealing/keeping mit
- a. A wine
- Manhattan in a can
- dinner @ Man: tripe

Dinner:
- meat
- cream
- fench
- wine
St. David's Autograph

Two Mad: Happen a Latitude
of Imagination

- terranean
- 2nd nature
- edge of edge of world
- to relieve some of
  incoherence

-Kenneth Clark: visionary
intensity of artists on
periphery
- open, tree-studded land on
  promontories overlying water
yd that ms or that.
- Patricia Barber

God let it rain.

Kiss of Geography

Kissing River

Kiss of River

Kissed by River

Geographic Kisses

Kissing by Compass

Living Every Direction

N, S, E, W

What Say what?
winnow Sky filecards' "Facing North" for Two Med bk; also Heart Earth filecards
latitude: possible wordplay, from geographical meaning to literary leeway
The acrobatic stack of three barrels that marked the turnoff are gone now, and the obscure road to our old place has attained a signpost with a name on it. Not ours; never ours, as we could have guessed from the start.
Two Medicine lead:

The stacked barrels—red one, white one, blue one, like portly acrobats atop one another's shoulders—that marked the road into our old place are gone now, and the road into our old place even has a name and a signpost.

signpost with a name on it. Not ours, of course.
The acrobatic barrels that marked the turnoff are gone—robust red fifty-five gallon drum squatting at the base, on its shoulders the white forty-gallon, and atop that the small bluesteel tot of the pyramid, they always leapt into our headlights like a desperate circus act adrift on the prairie—and the harsh gravel road to our old place has attained a name. Not ours, of course.

Red, white, and blue, those barrels

pole
what it takes to cover a road out a night
pylon
toggle
telegraph-out (barns)
The Land of Plenty

by Vernon Carstensen

In 1588 Thomas Hariot, one of the planters of the first English colony ventured in America, published a book, "A Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia". Although the Roanoke colony failed, this book, the first in English to deal with the American land, was "directed to the adventurers, favourers, and welwellers of the action for the inhabiting and planting there." Hariot acknowledged that there had been many "envious, malicious, and slanderous reports" on the colony, but he regarded such reports as "trifles that are not worthy of wise men to be thought upon." Accordingly, his book would be devoted to three positive themes. "In the first," he wrote, "I will make declaration of such commodities there alreadie found or to be raised, which will not onely serve the ordinary turnes of you which are and shall bee the planters and inhabitants, but such an overplus sufficiently to bee yielded, or by men of skill to bee provided, as by way of traffike and exchanuage with our owne nation England, will enrich your selves the providers..."

That "overplus sufficiently to bee yielded or by men of skill to bee provided" did not appear quickly in the English or any other "traffike." Nineteen years would pass before the first permanent colony was planted on the lowlying and poisonous lands of Jamestown, but in the years that followed, the flow of what Hariot called the "marchantable commodities" from the new land would increase steadily—almost in arithmetic progression. By the 1880's the flood of cheap food and fiber from the American lands had become so abundant that even English workmen, it was said, could eat white bread and beef. For almost a hundred years thereafter American farmers dwelt under what to them was the ominous shadow of a farm surplus. In 1974, however, at the World Food Conference in Rome, there were cries of despair, anger and even indignation at word that the "inexhaustible" productivity of American farms was reaching or had reached a limit.

The story that runs from Thomas Hariot and his promise of an "overplus" of "marchantable commodities" that were "to bee yielded" to the planters who ventured to the New World, to the melancholy conclusions in Rome is made up of many strands, but overwhelmingly it is the story of the occupation and the use of American land and all of the vast resources it held. And it is a relatively short story in terms of recorded history. Less than six human lives that reached the Biblical three score years and ten, in tandem, cover the whole span of time from the Lost Colony of Roanoke to the bleak conference in Rome.

The first plantations grew slowly. But before the first decade of Virginia settlement had run out, John Rolfe and others had found a tobacco that Englishmen would buy and Virginia had a cash crop. In Plymouth Colony Squanto would serve as the first county agent by teaching the Pilgrims how to plant, tend and harvest corn. Corn provided a food crop of immense importance, as John Smith, William Bradford and many others would testify.

The Englishmen and others who came brought with them the seeds, the tools, the methods of farming and the folk beliefs of their forebears. Wheat and cotton, like the colonists, were emigrants. The Indians of North America had no domestic animals except the dog, so all farm animals—cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry—were brought from Europe or other parts of the world. The colonists were quick to adopt the great Indian crops of tobacco and corn and the Indian ways of farming. They also took his corn lands if it was safe to do so and adopted some of his beliefs as to how best to propitiate the gods of harvest. There emerged a system of American farming neither wholly Indian nor European.

A Shrinking Frontier?

By 1783, the year in which American Independence was recognized by England, the English and others had been on the eastern seaboard for a century and a half. They had spread from Georgia to Maine and in some places they had pushed inland to the Appalachian mountains. Already there were small islands of settlement beyond the mountains, along the Ohio River and scattered in what would become Kentucky and Tennessee. The new nation, although born in defiance of the British monarchy, exhibited an imperial appetite of its own. In the first half of the 19th century the United States acquired the vast...
region of Louisiana, the lands spreading from East Florida to California and, treating England as an imperial equal, accepted the extension of the 49th parallel as the northern boundary of the Oregon Territory. Alaska and Hawaii would be acquired after the Civil War.

The march of westward moving settlers nearly matched the expansive spirit of their government. In 1792 Kentucky was sufficiently populated and the mother state of Virginia sufficiently accommodating, so that Kentucky was admitted as the first trans-Appalachian state, the first great salient to be driven into the interior of the country. In less than 30 years Missouri would become the first state organized in the trans-Mississippi country and in 1850 California, newly taken from Mexico, would be the first state on the Pacific.

Territorial expansion and the rapid organization of territories and states to the west were clear signs of the march of hundreds of thousands of land seekers and others who pushed west in constantly increasing numbers. From 1607 to the present, America has been the magnet that attracted well over 40,000,000 emigrants in what has been the largest and longest sustained voluntary migration in human history. To be sure only a small proportion came to seek land itself, but overwhelmingly they came to share in one way or another the abundant resources of this vast and seemingly limitless land.

The people who were a part of the westering march moved in answer to whatever inner voices spoke to them or whatever chemistry impelled them. They came singly, in families, as members of a community on the move, or sometimes even as a part of an organized colony bent on creating its own special Eden even in the desert lands of Utah. Some, of course, were propelled by other reasons: to escape a hangman's noose, a debtor's prison, an angry and intractable parent, an unexpired indenture, a termagant spouse, or just for the hell of it. Within the movement are many patterns. Some, lemming-like, moved west within the latitude of their homeland; others drifted with the wind; some seem to have had energy enough for only the great first move from Europe to America and today their descendants cling to the land of their ancestors; others, once uprooted, never settled firmly anywhere and their constant movement seduces solemn statisticians into asserting that America is a nation of movers.

These land seekers were so various as to defy all but the widest generalizations. Not all sought land, but among those who wanted land the farm seekers were by far the most numerous. But there were also those who wanted timber lands, mineral lands, water power sites and town sites, and there were those who sought adventure, a new start, a chance to “grow up with the country.” The short biographies of those who came to New Salem, Illinois, prepared for the restoration of that village, exhibit in microcosm the different concerns of young Abraham Lincoln’s fellow villagers.

Contemporary observers and census takers seem to agree that the pull of new land (except where gold was involved) was weakened by distance, that most settlers in new areas came from adjacent territories and states, fewer from states further east, and still fewer from Europe. The initial movement to new lands was predominantly a movement of youth and poverty. Census takers found the largest part of the population clustered in groups between the ages of 20-30 and under the age of five. Clearly the business of settling new land was mostly for young people who had no better sense than to try. Among adults, men often outnumbered women so substantially that the act of the Wyoming territorial legislature in granting women’s suffrage in 1869 could appear to be a simple act of chivalry.

The settler on new land had first to select his claim with whatever imperfect knowledge he had of land and farming. He wanted some wooded land, for he needed wood for buildings, for fuel, for fences, and he wanted water. He also wanted to avoid wetlands from which came the mal-airs, the true cause, he thought, of the chills and fever that racked the new settlers of the interior. He must make a shelter, clear land for a crop and plant it, and find food for himself and his family until harvest. If new settlers suffered no starving times to match those of early Virginia and Plymouth, their sparse and laconic annals show that
hunger often sat with loneliness in the half-moon huts, the log cabins, the sod houses and the tar paper shacks of the westerners. These people often subsisted during their first year on wild game and fish, on roots and berries. Even the crow and the meadow lark went sometimes into the stewpot. But the way of the new settler, both in the north and the south, was enormously eased by Indian corn. This wonderful cereal returned to the husbandman, not the Biblical tenfold, expected by Europeans, but a hundredfold and more. It was acclimatized to American soil and most of its uses were quickly learned from the Indians. In the North there was cornmeal mush, corn bread and johnnycake; in the South corn bread, hominy and hominy grits; and before the 18th century had run out, corn provided whiskey for everybody who wanted it. Moreover, cattle and hogs could be fattened on corn.

The millions of men, women and children who went onto the wild land performed Herculean labors to make farms. John Muir’s autobiography pictures some of the backbreaking work required to make a farm in Wisconsin and Marie Sandoz’s fictional biography of her father, *Old Jules*, permits us to see a Nebraska farm in the making. Where they found forest, these people cut and burned the trees and they sometimes grubbed out the stumps in their hurry to make fields on the land. In the Ohio country the great forests of oak, walnut, buckeye, elm, ash, sycamore, hickory, butternut, and many other trees spread from Pittsburgh to the prairies. One observer claimed that a squirrel could travel from Pittsburgh to Illinois without leaving the tree tops. The settlers cut these forests and burned them. One traveller in this country in the early 19th century reported that wherever he went he could smell woodsmoke during the burning season. If the lands were wet, the settler drained and ditched and diked. If the lands were dry, he built small and later vast irrigation works. If the land was strewn with boulders, the farm maker and his family gathered the stones from the fields on ‘stone boats’, dragged them to the fence row and there built the stone battlements that still record this endless toil. Droughts, hurricanes, floods, early and late frosts, dust storms, plagues of crickets, grasshoppers and locusts, low prices, small returns and Indian wars sometimes checked but never stopped this vast movement.

Indeed, the land seekers swarmed to the new land in such numbers that the federal machinery was nearly overwhelmed. The General Land Office, created in 1812 to manage the lands, seemed always in arrears. Land was conveyed by the government to the claimant by a land warrant — words written on parchment — and Congress had directed that the warrant be signed by the President of the United States. By the 1820’s the number of warrants had so increased that the task of signing became a burden and one that no doubt contributed to the scrivener’s palsy from which President John Quincy Adams [1825-29] suffered. Malcolm Rohrbough in his book, *The Land Office Business*, tells us that from December, 1830, until the
next June, John Quincy Adams's successor, Andrew Jackson, had signed 10,000 land warrants, that he had another 10,000 to go, and that he was losing ground daily. The next year Congress took pity on the President and authorized appointment of a secretary to sign the President's name to land warrants. Thus necessity robbed this unique transaction of the real signature of the chief executive.

When the first food supply was assured, the farmer added other crops: wheat and other cereals, garden truck, hogs, poultry and other farm animals. The new settler was compelled to be largely self-subsistent during the first years and, if he occupied ill-favored lands such as the southern highlands, self-subsistent he might remain. But most settlers sought to produce something for sale as quickly and as extensively as their land, their skill, and emerging markets permitted. They tried to raise anything that would grow and their government instructed travelers and government agents abroad to send seeds and plants that might be useful to American farmers. Many were bold experimenters. There are records of men seeking to produce exotic crops, including tea, silk, ginseng; in Southern California some tried to raise ostriches; in Oregon, llamas. This part of the story of new land settlement has been largely submerged by the farmers' spectacular success in producing corn, wheat, cotton, pork and beef. Even the knowledge of the enormous amount of trial and error in wheat raising attracts little attention, although James C. Malin tells the story for several Kansas counties in his book, Winter Wheat.

The vast productivity of the American land is reflected in the tall columns of census figures that report the annual production of cotton and wheat and corn and beef and hogs. It is also reflected in the story of the development and spread of a transportation system of roads and canals, river improvements and river steamboats and the spectacular spread of a railroad network. It is shown in the rise of great industries that manufactured the newly invented machines used for cultivation, planting, harvesting, and in the great industries that emerged to process the produce from the farm. The great fortune amassed by Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor and manufacturer of reapers and other machines, mirrors dramatically the speed with which the self-subsistent settler became an enormously productive commercial farmer.

Englishmen and others who came to the colonies brought tools and seeds and livestock; they also brought their folkways, their ecclesiastical and secular beliefs. They shaped additional beliefs from their experience in occupying the new land—a process illuminated by Frank Kramer in his wonderful but too much neglected book, Voices in the Valley: Myth Making and Folk Belief in the Shaping of the Middle West. These beliefs and actions would serve to fuel and shape the vast movement of occupying the continent.

The colonials and their descendants believed that they had the duty to occupy the land and to make it fruitful, and hence the Indian must give way. Give way he did, slowly at first and then more rapidly as the numbers of whites increased, as their organization and firearms and accompanying technology improved.

Who Owns the Land?

Ideas of land ownership came, of course, with the first settlers. Although William Blackstone's Commentaries would not appear until the 1760's, he probably spoke views generally accepted by the American colonists as well as Englishmen. "There is nothing," he wrote in the opening paragraphs of his discourse on the Law of Things, "which so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affection of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe." So generally accepted was the notion of the right of property and the means by which that right was maintained that the question was seldom raised as to "why a set of words upon parchment should convey dominion of land; why a son should have a right to exclude his fellow creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so before him." He concludes, "it is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons for making them."

In the English colonies, as in England, land ownership generally rested upon a system of feudal arrangements under which the original right to the land reposed in the crown. Thus the crown granted rights to individuals and companies under specified conditions and they in turn could dispose of the land within the limits of their grant. Thus throughout the colonies, whether charter, proprietary, or royal, land titles rested on a grant from the crown. The managers of the first colonies, Virginia and Plymouth, sought initially to retain in the company all right to the land, but neither corporate nor communal land settlement proved satisfactory. William Bradford, in his history of the Plymouth Plantation, devotes only a few words to the difficulties encountered under a system in which all persons produced for a common store and all were fed and clothed from that store regardless of individual capacity and industry. Bradford observed that each man sought to raise as much corn as possible, but to do this each wanted his own land. "At length, after much debate,... the Governor... gave way that they should set
corn every man for his own particular, and in that regard trust themselves. . . . This had very good success, for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted than otherwise would have been by any means the Governor or any other could use, and saved him a great deal of trouble, and gave far better content. The women now went willingly into the field, and took their little ones with them to set corn; which before would allege weakness and inability; whom to have compelled would have thought great tyranny and oppression."

During the century and a half of English occupation that preceded the American Revolution, the different colonies developed different ways of distributing the land. New England devised the town system, Virginia granted the right to enter and hold land under a system of head rights and the resulting crazy quilt patterns are still obvious to the air traveler today. Other colonies developed other means of imposing patterns of ownership on the new land. But whatever the differences, all colonies had some things in common. Men wanted title to the land if they could get it; they wanted some arrangement under which words would be set on parchment to record ownership of a "determinate spot of ground"; some provided that monuments of fences mark land boundaries. Massachusetts early required periodic inspection of town boundary monuments by town officials. Most also sought to require the settler to make improvements in order to hold land.

But there were objections to the theory that title passed from crown to proprietor or colonial official and from him to the settler. Thomas Jefferson framed such objections in 1774 when he proposed that the Virginia delegation to the Continental Congress be instructed to take notice of "an error in the nature of our land holdings, which crept in at an early period of our settlement." Feudal tenures, he wrote, had been introduced into England by Normans and had altered but not obliterated Saxon usages. "Our Saxon ancestors held their lands, as they did their personal property, in absolute dominion, disencumbered with any superior, answering nearly to the nature of those possessions which the Feudalist term Allodial." Jefferson then went on to argue a point of view that many a large landholder and speculator in western lands found distasteful. There was no basis, he insisted, for assuming that these feudal arrangements had been extended to the American land. Ownership should rest on occupation. "From the nature and purpose of civil institutions, all lands within the limits, which any particular party has circumscribed around itself, are assumed by that society, and subject to allotment; this may be done by themselves assembled collectively, or by their legislature, to whom they may have delegated sovereign authority; and, if they are allotted in neither of these ways, each individual of the society may appropriate to himself such lands as he finds vacant, and occupancy will give him title." Although the Virginia legislature did not approve, here were arguments that had already been heard in the western parts of Pennsylvania and in the Carolinas, and they would be heard again and again on the western frontiers in the 18th and throughout the 19th centuries. They would find expression in the miners' claim associations in the several pre-emption laws and in the Homestead Act of 1862. Indeed the theory of the prescriptive right of the first pre-emptor became almost gospel among the miners—except of course, it did not extend to the Indians.

The success of the Revolution and the cession of western land claims to the central government by the former colonies brought into existence the first public domain: the Northwest Territory which embraced the lands lying west of Pennsylvania and north of the Ohio River and extending west to the Mississippi. Subsequently, lands in the southwest and lands acquired by the Louisiana and Florida purchases, the Mexican cessions, and in the settlement of the Oregon boundary all became part of the public domain.

With the creation of the first Public Domain, the representatives of the thirteen states, now united under the Articles of Confederation, faced all of the problems of establishing a colonial policy for the west and fixing on the public domain a system of land surveys and determining the policies that would control the distribution of this land. They would be guided by their experience in their respective states, by such knowledge as they had of Blackstone and other legal authorities, and such social theories and expectations as they possessed.

In the spring of 1785, with intruders already going onto the public land, the Congress, harrassed by the need for money, spent several months in arduous debate over who should have these lands and under what arrangements. On April 27, 1785, William Grayson, member from Virginia, wrote George Washington: "I think there has been as much said and wrote about it (the land law) as would fill forty Volumes, and yet we seem very far from a conclusion . . ." Grayson and others frequently despaired of getting any land law because of the conflict and confusion of interests, but the great Land Ordinance was adopted on May 20, 1785.

Although a bundle of compromises, the law of 1785 laid the foundation for the Federal land system. Among other things it provided for a system of rectangular surveys and outlined general and specific policies governing the disposition of the public lands. It provided that Indian title should be extinguished before the land was surveyed and the land must be surveyed before it could be disposed of. That portion to be sold must be offered at public auction with a minimum price established by Congress. This
was intended to assure an open market and the proper price for land sold, but buyers at the land auction quickly found ways of managing the sales so that the minimum price became the highest price bid. One section in each township was reserved for the common schools and some land was to be reserved to pay land bonuses to soldiers and sailors who had served in the Revolutionary War. Some land was to be reserved for the federal government. Later additions to the law would provide land grants to support other beneficial purposes: a township or more was granted to endow a state university in each county, and a large amount of land would be granted to assist construction of works of internal improvement, particularly railroads.

Although initially applied only to seven ranges immediately west of Pennsylvania, the rectangular survey—with provision for marking out land into townships six miles square, each to be subdivided into thirty-six sections, each one mile square and containing 640 acres, and each regularly numbered and capable of being further divided—laid the foundation for the land surveys that would spread the regularly patterned lines over the public lands all the way to the Pacific. With the later addition of principal meridians and base lines, a simple system of land description was developed that made it possible to identify "a determinate spot of ground" easily and quickly and surely. Any land seeker, any emigrant could master the system in a few minutes. Just as the air traveler over Virginia or Pennsylvania can see in the irregular patterns of the fields below him the results of a system of "hatchet claims"—the metes and bounds surveys—so he can also see in the lands spreading west from Ohio the checkerboard pattern imposed on the land by the rectangular survey. Even in the western mountains the surveyors, ignoring geography and often personal safety, have plotted the straight lines on a wild, rugged landscape. In the clear-cutting by the lumber companies now harvesting timber high in the Cascade mountains, the straight lines of the sections often mark the edge of the cut, true to the probably unintended purposes of the men of 1785.

No one will ever know how much the straight lines of the rectangular surveys contributed to the public peace during the 19th century. Over five million farms were marked out on the public lands between 1800 and 1900. Had this been attempted under the loose and chaotic arrangements of the metes and bounds system,—the crazy quilt system of Virginia,—interior America might have erupted in bloody land boundary disputes so violent and widespread as to make the Tennessee and Kentucky feuds seem minor local disturbances. Robert Frost has told us that good fences make good neighbors. He might also have told us that clean survey lines make for peaceful land settlement. Certainly those who look steadily at this vast and rapid occupation of the enormous resources of America, and who try to see it whole must wonder that an often polygot and miscellaneous people could divide all of these rich resources so peacefully under the rules laid down by their government or by the numerous associations they helped to form. Of course there were some sneaky characters, some cheaters, and there was some bloody conflict, but the remarkable thing is that there was so little. Perhaps our vision of our past should picture a mild west, not the wild and lawless west so much doted on by romantic writers.

Moreover, the six mile square survey township, with expected road allotments around each section, and a ready-made register of land owners, offered a convenient and frequently used frame for local government—something encouraged by the one section grant in each township for the common schools. Within this area, transmitted into the civil township, taxes would be assessed and collected, roads built, elections held, common schools established and the federal census taken. The school house could become the meeting house for debates, recitals, political meetings, and even box sociables and dances which did much to determine the social and genetic inheritance of the next generation. Thus the survey township could be and often was akin to the manufactured honeycomb used by the beekeeper which, when inserted into the hive, provides the frame within which the bees organize their important work.

Use and Abuse in the Land

The farmers on the new lands were not only experimenters. Many sought to be improvers. In the 1780's and 1790's public-spirited men in Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Massachusetts and elsewhere established agricultural societies dedicated to the improvement of farming. The Massachusetts Society offered to reward "men of enterprise who have, by their inquiries, made useful discoveries and communicated them to the public." All the societies urged that better plants and animals be imported and developed, that better methods of tillage and harvesting be found, and better machines be invented. George Washington, himself a successful farmer and experimenter, urged Congress in 1796 to "encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement" and to take steps so such information would be spread across the nation. Thomas Jefferson, who contributed significantly to the improvement of the plow, and who kept detailed and admirably complete farm records, when ex-President of the United States accepted the assignment to write the constitution for the Albemarle Agricultural Society. The document called for reports on all good and bad farm practices in the region with the expectation that "the choicest processes
culled from every farm would compose a course probably near perfection."

De Tocqueville, in his travels in the United States in the 1830's, observed the widespread American belief in both the necessity and the inevitability of universal progress. Such beliefs were reflected in the constitutions of the agricultural societies and the humbler farmers' clubs that burgeoned across the country after the 1830's, and they served to justify the agricultural fairs and inform the farm journals that came into existence. Moreover, as early as 1794 it was urged in Pennsylvania that state funds be provided to promote the education of youth in agricultural pursuits. In the 1820's the Gardiner Lyceum, a short-lived private venture, dedicated itself to agricultural education. Other similar unsuccessful ventures were launched in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio and probably elsewhere, and requests for state support continued. By 1860 the legislatures of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Iowa had adopted legislation aimed at bringing colleges of agriculture into existence, and there was agitation within Congress to provide a land grant to each of the states for such colleges. In 1862 Congress responded by adopting two measures, one established the Department of Agriculture within the Federal Government, the other, the first Morrill Act, provided a grant of land from the public domain to each state to endow a college of agriculture and mechanic arts.

It was one thing to grant land to endow a college of agriculture and mechanic arts. It was quite another to bring such an institution into existence, to find a course of study, employ a qualified faculty, to find students—in short—to decide what to do and how to do it. Initially there was much confusion and some of the managers of these new institutions sought to fulfill their mission by offering courses such as agricultural Greek and bucolic mathematics.

Yale College, along with other private colleges, sought and obtained Morrill Act funds and exhibited its spirit of accommodation to the needs of farmers' sons by permitting them to matriculate without passing examinations in Greek and Latin. The lesser languages of French and German were acceptable. Yale was not a successful agricultural college and angry farmers would, in the 1880's, bring pressure on the legislature to separate the Morrill funds from Yale to permit establishment of a separate college of agriculture. Elsewhere the masters of the new colleges, urged on by outspoken and often strident farmer constituents, began to call into existence the mechanisms that would respond to the plea of a midwestern farmer that the college "bring science down out of the sky and hook it to a plow." These mechanisms included farmers' institutes in which the professors of the agricultural colleges went out to talk to groups of farmers and the farmers talked back; they also included the agricultural experiment stations where scientists in several disciplines carried forward investigations to bring science and technology to the aid of the farmer. Thus farmers often posed the questions and helped shape the direction of investigation. In Wisconsin, a farmer's shrewd observation that the chemical analysis offered of animal feeds missed some vital element, led to sustained investigation of animal nutrition which in turn became an important step in the discovery of vitamins. Another dramatic example of the working of the system is seen in the account Karl Paul Link gave of the discovery of the anti-coagulant, Dicumarol. His investigations began when a farmer brought to the Wisconsin Experiment Station a dead heifer, a bucket of uncoagulated blood drawn from the dead animal, and some frozen green sweet clover, and demanded to know how they were connected. Link and his associates found the answer and named it Dicumarol.

The Congress in 1862 also created a Department of Agriculture which, among other things, was "to acquire and to diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and comprehensive sense of the word." The committee that introduced the bill offered its own eloquent statement about the good things that would flow from this new agency. "The cultivation of the earth was the first duty assigned to man, and it will of necessity be his latest work. When its culture shall have reached its highest point of perfection, under the guidance of science, art, and skill, man may hope to find the whole earth transformed into the beautiful garden he left in olden times." The committee went on to defend the participation of government in the improvement of agriculture and borrowed a sentence from Gulliver's Travels that soon became famous: "The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is the benefactor of his race." This is a sentiment with which the Norwegian Parliament agreed when, in 1970, it bestowed the Nobel Peace Prize on Norman E. Borlaug for his part in bringing on the Green Revolution.

These developments were taking place during a period of explosive growth. In 1850 the first agricultural census was taken and nearly 1.5 million farms were counted. Fifty years later the number stood at 5.7 million, and in 1935, 6.8 million farms were reported, the largest number in the history of the Republic. Since then the number has declined steadily. The 1970 census reported a total of 2,730,250 farms, 1,031,638 reported cash sales of less than $2,500 a year; an additional 748,347 reported sales of under $10,000 a year. Despite the steady decline in the number of farms, total farm acreage has increased slightly since 1935.

These changes were accompanied by often spectacular improvements of technology and the application of the new biological sciences to farming. The method of har-
vesting wheat can illustrate the technological improvements. In the 1830’s the crude horse-drawn reaper promised to supplant the old scythe and cradle in the wheat harvest. The reaper became a binder in the 1870’s with the application of the Appleby twine knotter. By 1900 the binder had been superseded in many wheat producing areas by the combine, which cut and threshed the wheat in a single operation. Some of these machines had cutting bars of from 12 to 20 feet in length and were drawn by 20 to 30 horses. In California a few wheat raisers boasted of gigantic machines with cutting bars up to 40 feet in length, the machines drawn by huge steam engines. By the 1920’s the tractor began to supplant the horse in the grain fields and by the end of the 1940’s the work horse had virtually disappeared. Gasoline, not hay and oats, supplied the energy on the farms.

The application of science to farming could be suggested by the work of certain scientists, drawn from several disciplines, who located the micro-organism that caused what had once been called Texas cattle fever but came to be called simply cattle fever. Working together they found that a cattle tick served as an indispensable intermediate host of the organism and thus discovered what was needed to be known to seek remedies. In the 20th century, as biologists and chemists and geneticists and other more specialized scientists and engineers brought their knowledge to the aid of the farmer, a host of new words entered the farmer’s vocabulary—hybridization, heterosis, insecticide, herbicide and a great many others—and the quantity if not the quality of the flood of food and fiber increased apace. In the 1960’s Rachel Carson, in her terrifying book, *Silent Spring*, counted some of the costs and dangers that emerged from the gigantic success of hooking science to the plow.

American agriculture prospered mightily after the Civil War although many farmers did not. In 1900 the director of the federal census boasted that agricultural exports now equaled almost half of the total production of all American farms only fifty years before. But the successive farmer or farmer-related political movements—Granger, Greenback, Alliance and Populist in the 19th century, and the Farmers’ Union, the Society of Equity, the Non-Partisan League, the National Farmers’ Holiday Association, the National Farmers’ Organization and a host of other movements of protest and despair in the 20th century—can serve as a barometer of farmer discontent in the ocean of plenty they had helped to create.

Nor was the land all turned into a garden. The great rush across the country left devastation in the wake of the farmers, the lumbermen, the miners. Some tobacco lands began to be exhausted and abandoned before the end of the 18th century, and cotton lands would also be abandoned when their fertility was used up. It did not matter. There were inexhaustible acres in the limitless west. These and other matters are set forth in Avery Craven’s book, *Soil Exhaustion as a Factor in the Agricultural History of Virginia and Maryland, 1606-1860.* Farms began to be abandoned in New England by the middle of the 19th century, thanks to the annual spring harvest of winter-raised boulders in the fields and the ever more intense competition from the richer lands to the west.

Lumberman and miner also scarred and laid waste the lands that they touched. In 1898, B. E. Fernow, director of the USDA forestry division, who had visited Northern Wisconsin, the heart of the once inexhaustible white pine forest of the Lake States, wrote: “Logging has been carried on in almost every town of this region, and over 8 million of the 17 million acres of forests are cutover lands, largely burned over and waste brush lands, and one-half of it as nearly desert as it can become in the climate of Wisconsin.” In Pennsylvania and elsewhere in the coal mining country, mountains of mining waste betokened successful coal digging. In California and in other mountain states, miners had torn up the floors of beautiful valleys.
and pulled down hills and mountains in their search for precious metals, and in the process, destroyed the spawning beds of salmon. Fishermen might complain, but the Blackstonian creed stood against them: the man who owned the land could do with it what he wanted.

There were of course some attempts, in both rural and urban areas, to restrict some "socially undesirable" uses of the land. Land zoning, building codes and restrictive covenants were employed to this and other ends. Vernon Carstensen's short monograph, *Farms or Forests: evolution of a state land policy for northern Wisconsin, 1850-1932*, sketches the enormous amount of public and private effort involved in developing a simple rural land zoning ordinance in Wisconsin. But it was not until the 1930's, in the face of the Great Depression and severe drought accompanied by destructive dust storms that a sense of the enormity of land wastage finally touched the public consciousness.

During the 1920's the largely unmanageable farm surplus punished the farmers and dogged the politicians who attempted to find a solution to the tragedy of abundance. Virtually nothing had been accomplished before the stock market collapse of 1929 and the onset of the Great Depression. Conditions of farmers continued to worsen. In 1933, the New Deal carried into law the first agricultural adjustment act which sought to deal with the glut of farm products by reducing the acreage of cotton, corn, wheat and other crops, either by not planting or by destroying what had been planted. In the face of a predicted surplus of 1.2 billion pounds of pork, a program was launched in August, 1933, to remove from the market 4 million pigs and one million sows scheduled to farrow in the fall ("pregnant mothers", the sentimental writers called them). The final report on this venture claimed that over 6 million light hogs were destroyed and over 200,000 sows were slaughtered and their meat distributed through welfare agencies. This great blow-up and the 'wanton' destruction of 'little pigs' was widely denounced and lamented for political, sentimental, and occasionally humane reasons. All pigs under one hundred pounds or so were destroyed, the carcasses sent to the rendering works on the fatuous claim that the meat was not usable ... this in a country where roost young pig had wide literary if not actual culinary standing. There was an almost cosmic irony in this gigantic and nearly wholesale destruction of food and fiber while millions of persons nearby were ill-fed and ill-clad. This must have been the act of a very civilized people, since no primitive tribe would have served its economic institutions so well and its hungry people so badly.

The plague of farm surpluses and the devastating economic depression were soon joined by drought and dust storms. The winter of 1933-34 had been dry in the wheat country of the Great Plains. There were high winds and local dust storms in April and then, early in May, the drought and the winds produced a mighty dust storm unmatched in human memory. From May 9 to 12 dust rode the northwest winds from Montana over the Dakotas to the Twin Cities, to Chicago, and on, in a constantly widening cloud, to touch as far south as Nashville, Tennessee, to blanket both New York and Washington, D.C., and then to lose itself out over the Atlantic Ocean. Dust was so heavy and thick that airplane flights from Chicago had to be cancelled, street lights were turned on at midday, and wheat prices advanced frantically in the then largely unsupervised grain market of Chicago, subject three decades earlier of Frank Norris's bitter novel, *The Pit*. The storm made front page headlines in the eastern newspapers. *The New York Times* credited the Associated Press with discovering that this one great dust storm carried away 300,000,000 tons of topsoil. That absurd figure would appear again and again in reference to the destruction wrought by the storm. In Washington, D.C., reports were incomplete because the Weather Bureau equipment designed to measure air-borne dust was not working that day, but it was reported that the dust seeped into the committee room where politicians were pondering the establishment of a national soil conservation program.

The great dust storm was only a prelude to the mounting dry cycle that created the 'dust bowl', wreaked immeasurable human tragedy and released new waves of westering people from both the northern and southern Great Plains. Their stories are told in part by John Steinbeck in *Grapes of Wrath* and by Lois P. Hudson in *The Bones of Plenty*. One dusted-out Kansas farmer wrote a melancholy book about his experiences and concluded that "with the exception of a few favored localities, the whole Great Plains region is already a desert that cannot be reclaimed through the plans and labors of Man." P.B. Sears' book, *Deserts on the March*, published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1935, unexpectedly became a best seller. The USDA sponsored production of the documentary film, *The Plow that Broke the Plains*, enjoyed remarkable popularity from 1937 until 1939 when it was withdrawn from circulation because of objections by Congressman Karl Mundt of South Dakota. It was released in 1961 "to be used for study as an art form only."

**The Sprawling City**

Since the 1930's much has happened. The population of the United States has increased from 132 million in 1940 to 203 million in 1970. With the vast increase in farm mechanization, population has increasingly crowded into the urban centers. Thanks to the widespread use of cotton picking machines and related improvements, the southern share-cropper, cause of much grave concern in the 1930's,
has largely disappeared. But hundreds of thousands of share-croppers and their families who escaped the bondage of cotton have migrated to northern cities, many to populate the spreading ghettos. Thanks to the automobile, the hard surfaced all-weather roads that have spread out from cities and towns, (the invention of the gasoline tax in the early 1920's placed a tith on all automobile gasoline. This provided a constant and growing harvest of money that made these roads possible), rural electrification, and a host of other related developments, the post-war years saw the once sharp edges of town and city become frayed and then disappear entirely in the urban sprawl. The sprawl has sometimes been light, sometimes heavy as in Southern California where thousands upon thousands of acres of magnificent citrus groves and other farm lands have yielded to the outward march of the home builder, the tract developer, the shopping center. Great tollways and interstate super-highways have laced the land. Highway engineers, armed with almost limitless tax money and the right of eminent domain, have designed and built these great roads generally within the narrow imperatives of engineering values. If the road, with its landscaping, took all of the arable land in a narrow, level, and fertile valley, or if it crippled a working farm by driving through its heart the great barrier of a super-highway that was often of little concern. Engineering and design necessities were served and the farmer was paid for his land.

And miners continued to improve in their digging and their underground working. Early in the 20th century strip mining, a vastly improved way of obtaining coal lying near the surface of the ground, began to be employed. Before the end of the 1920's engineers and mine owners had built the first of the great earth clawing monsters capable of removing increasingly thick layers of overburden from the precious coal seams. The machines have continued to grow and multiply and today it is clear that through their use the enormous energy needs of the nation can be served, but vast areas of Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas may join the wastelands already created in Ohio and Appalachia.

Meanwhile, the cost of underground mining, particularly in coal mining areas, has increasingly been observed in the collapse of the earth's surface above the mines. Such collapse is call subsidence, no doubt partly to quiet irrational fears. The New York Times on September 27, 1969, reported a "working paper" of the Bureau of Mines that identified areas containing approximately 2 million acres of land that have experienced subsidence and another million that might be expected to suffer some collapse by the year 2000. Meanwhile, the USDA has estimated that the country has been losing 1.4 million acres a year of good farm land to highways, reservoirs, strip mining, urban development, and other uses.

In all of these melancholy developments — whether the urban sprawl, the routing of great highways, the tactics of the real estate developers, the undermining by the underground miners, the annihilation of the earth's surface by the strip miners — those who sell and those who buy and those who use the land as they please are too much shielded by the Blackstonian creed that the owner of land possesses complete and despotic dominion of his determinate spot of ground. The law and most of the institutional mechanisms within which they work have been too much conditioned by three centuries of unblemished faith in the inexhaustible resources of the American land. The users have been further protected by the certain knowledge that their society will clamor for the coal, or the roads, or the houses, or the shopping centers, but that society has not yet found a completely adequate legal or other means to restrain and temper, in a fair and rational way, man's avarice, his passion to serve, and his lust to improve. In the circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that we have taken so long to make the first timid demands for environmental and other studies before great earth disturbing works are launched. The English experience may be instructive. Nearly two centuries ago England started down the path that would create the Black country with its mountains of mine waste and wide areas of bleak and ugly wilderness. Not until 1947 did the English Parliament adopt the fairly comprehensive Town and County Planning acts which in effect deny English property owners the right to pave or shingle or otherwise dispose of their land at will. It took nearly a century of discussion to bring Parliament to that point in a country which, although it honored Blackstone, never lived under the illusion that its lands and resources were limitless.

In 1784 Dr. J. D. Schoepf, a German visitor to the newly born United States, was astonished, — perhaps appalled — to learn that whoever holds new land "controls it as his exclusive possession, with everything on it, above it, and under it." He could only conclude that in the United States "experience and necessity must here take the place of magisterial provision." As yet experience, necessity, good judgement and good will have been too little employed in arriving at decisions as to how the land is used. Much remains to be done if socially responsible and sensitive mechanisms are to be called into existence so that Blackstone will not only be undermined but actually overthrown in the interest of the people who must live on the land.
SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

A rich and abundant literature awaits persons who want to pursue almost any aspect of the long, intricate, exciting, and sometimes melancholy story of the occupation and use of the American land. Only a very short list can be provided here, but for those who want much more, John T. Schlebecker's Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on the History of Agriculture in the United States, 1607-1967 (Clio Press, Santa Barbara, California, 1969) and Paul Wallace Gates' excellent bibliography in his History of Public Land Law Development (Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 1968) provide guidance to published works dealing with virtually all major themes of this broad subject.


There is no single volume that deals with the whole sweep of American agricultural history. Wayne Rasmussen, Readings in the History of American Agriculture (University of Illinois Press, 1970) provides interesting glimpses of this development. Paul Wallace Gates, The Farmer's Age: Agriculture, 1815-1860 (Holt Rinehart, 1960, paperback) and Fred A. Shannon, Farmers' Last Frontier: Agriculture, 1860-1897, (same publisher, 1945) survey the main lines of agricultural development during the 19th century. John D. Hicks, The Peasants' Revolt (University of Minnesota Press, 1932. paperback, University of Nebraska Press) offers an excellent account of the complex farmers' movement of protest and reform. Also useful in bringing together some representative material for the post Civil war period is V. Carstensen, Farmer Discontent, 1865-1900, (Wiley, 1974, paperback). John D. Hicks and Theodore Saloutos, Agricultural Discontent in the Middle West, 1900-1939, (University of Wisconsin Press, 1951, University of Nebraska Press, paperback) carry the story well into the 20th century. Special studies of farmer distress and attempted revolt during the drought and depression years include John L. Shover, Cornbelt Rebellion: The Farmers' Holiday Association, (University of Illinois Press, 1965) and D. E. Conrad, The Forgotten Farmers: The Story of the Sharecroppers in the New Deal (same publisher, 1965). Persons interested in the misuse of the land can start with the writings of Carey McWilliams, particularly III Fares the Land (Little, Brown, 1943) and Fairfield Osburn, Our Plundered Planet (same publisher, 1948). Since then, both perceptive and apocalyptic writings on this theme have multiplied with abandon. Walter J. Hickel in his book, Who Owns America (Prentice-Hall, 1971) provides candid comment on the pressures that came to bear on the managers of our national resources.

Relatively few informed historical accounts deal with the story of the attempts to impose controls on use and abuse of the land. The attempts of the English government to reclaim the Black Country and other waste lands and to repair a century and a half of damage wrought by ignorance, avarice and indifference is instructive. Daniel R. Mandelker, Green Belts and Urban Growth: English Town and County Planning in Action (University of Wisconsin Press, 1962) provides an introduction. Richard S. Babcock, himself a lawyer, offers sarcastic but also serious comment on the processes and problems of land use planning and control in his book, The Zoning Game (University of Wisconsin Press, 1965). Those bold enough to attempt a voyage through the arcane prose of lawyers and judges who have tried to limit or resuscitate the full impact of the Blackstonian view of land ownership will find Donald G. Hagman, Urban Planning and Land Development Control Law (West Publishing Company, St. Paul, 1971) a challenge, and Robert M. Anderson, American Law of Zoning, Planning and Sub-Division Control (with supplements). (Lawyers Cooperative Publishing Company, Rochester, New York, 1968, 4 volumes) will probably overwhelm them. Walter C. Lowdermilk, Conquest of the Land through Seven Thousand Years, (U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Soil Conservation Service Washington, 1950) is virtually unobtainable now, but this work deserves mention particularly for his Eleventh Commandment. In 1939, Walter C. Lowdermilk having, as he said, seen hundreds of millions of acres of once good land in China, Korea, North Africa, the Near East, and the United States that had been ruined by "suicidal agriculture," offered his draft of the Eleventh Commandment:

Thou shalt inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds, that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground and wasting gullies, thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or perish from the face of the earth.

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Who Wanted It? For What?

Contest for the Public Domain 1785-1976

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I am sure that it is obvious to all that I have a subject much too large to be dealt with systematically in a very short time, but perhaps I can suggest some of the dimensions, some of the aspects of the long contest to possess or to control the rich and abundant lands of the United States. The contest has been going on since the Republic was established. Something over 2/3 of the lands of the U.S. have now passed into private ownership. Most of the rest are federally owned.

the contest began early

In considering the contest for public lands on this continent, we should keep in mind that this is only the American phase of man's enduring struggle to possess land and the fruits of the land. Indeed, it might be said that Adam and Eve were ejected from the Garden of Eden if not for seeking to possess land forbidden to them, then for ignoring cropping regulations that had already been announced. As all readers of the Old Testament will recall, the case of Adam and Eve was only a beginning of the contest over control of land that makes up such a large part of the early history of the Jews. It is a contest that has not yet ended, as our daily newspapers and Henry Kissinger remind us. Readers of European and English history who look behind the political, military and ecclesiastical struggles also see these enduring contests for parts of the epidermis of the earth. There are contests between rulers for larger kingdoms and contests by individuals within the kingdoms for more land.

the forests of england

I like an early example of an arrangement for multiple land use that emerges in John Manwood's book, A Treatise on the Law of the Forest, published first in 1598. I should say parenthetically that Manwood often makes up for his scholarly inadequacies by being wonderfully positive in his statements. His book contains much engaging information, very little of which would be of use to foresters simply because English forests, in the beginning, as Manwood points out, had only an accidental connection with trees. The King's forests appear in England before the year 1000 as clearly specified areas of the realm in which the king and his friends could find rest and recreation in the chase. The forest was literally a place for rest — if you can call chasing a startled deer restful. It was, of course, useful to have some trees to provide shelter for the animals that might have to be chased. One grave problem that emerged with the creation of the forests had to do with yeomen who owned and farmed land within them. Such a person could not be ejected, although his crops might be torn up from time to time. Moreover, the farmer had an Englishman's right to keep a dog if he wanted to.

The dog was really the nub of the problem of multiple use. Apparently the yeoman could keep a dog of any size or shape. Thus if he fancied an English mastiff, for example, a beast capable of pulling down the King's deer, the interest of yeoman and King were in direct conflict.

"one blow doth smit them clean off"

But the English in time found a way to reconcile the irrecconcilable. By the time of Canute, 1017-1035, it had been determined that a big dog would be no menace to the King's game if the dog was prevented from running at full speed. Within another century or more (1154-1189) a commonly accepted means for attaining this end had evolved. The King's forester was required to call on the yeoman who owned the mastiff and to cut off three claws from one forefoot. Manwood describes the work of the forester: "... the Mastive being brought to set one of his fore-feet upon a piece of wood eight inches thick, and a foot square, then one with a mallet, setting a chisel of two inches upon the three claws of his forefoot, at one blow doth smite them clean off." And so, by this means, and apparently after a couple of centuries, a satisfactory arrangement was worked out for multiple use of some of the English land.

the backside of virginia

Conflicts over possession of American land began with the planting of the first colony at Jamestown in 1607. English settlement of course launched an enduring contest with the Indians over possession of the land.

There were many conflicts between colonies over colonial boundaries. Virginia, throughout the colonial period, claimed her territory extended beyond the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. When John Ledyard planned to circumnavigate the world in the 1780's - he expected to cross Siberia to Kamchatka, then take a Russian ship to the west coast of America, and from thence to walk across the continent to the east coast - he called the west coast the backside of Virginia.

the king's mark

With so much land available and so few people in the colonies, it may seem surprising that early occupation of the American land launched a remarkably large number of conflicts both between colonies and within colonies. Bacon's Rebellion of 1670, for example, among other things, exhibited a sharp contest between those who wanted to turn western lands into farms and those who wanted to leave the Indians undisturbed to collect furs. The interests of the settler could not be reconciled with those of the fur trader. The forests in New England held many great pine trees suitable for masts, and English officials after 1691 sought to reserve such trees for the English navy. Provision was made for the King's foresters to go through the New En-
gland forest to mark with the broad arrow those large trees to be reserved for the King. Naturally, local mast-cutters, lumbermen and shipbuilders not only disapproved and resisted such arrangements but sought to avoid them when they did not violate the regulations directly. Some mast-cutters put the King's mark on trees they wanted for themselves, in the hope of scaring off competitors. Other mast-cutters seem to have followed up the King's men and cut those trees reserved for the King, confident that they were cutting good masts. Attempts to punish offenders usually ended in failure.

pressures on trans-appalachia

The end of the long English-French struggle for possession of North America came with the Treaty of Paris in February, 1763, and it also brought into clear focus the sharp conflict for the trans-Appalachian country. The matter was further complicated by an Indian uprising, the Pontiac Conspiracy, in the summer of 1763. Companies had been formed in colonial capitals and in London to obtain grants of land in the interior on which to establish new colonies. Fur trading interests, also powerful in London, wanted the Indians left undisturbed to continue to gather furs in the west. And with the French danger removed from the trans-Appalachian country, individual land seekers wanted to be able to move freely to the rich lands beyond the mountains to stake out and develop their claims. In these circumstances, the English government in October 1763 issued the famous Proclamation which, among other things, forbade any settlement on lands west of the crest of the mountains. The fur traders were pleased, the land speculators were indignant, but the westward moving land seekers seem largely to have ignored the Proclamation. They continued to swarm across the mountains in search of places for settlement. Thus, although the English government sought to control the use of the lands in the west, it quickly found that it was no more successful here than in the policy of reserving pine trees in New England for the King's navy.

obtaining land by occupation

The defense of the King's proclamation ran against a widely held view that title to land should flow from the Crown through the proper officials of the colony — be it proprietary, royal or charter — to the individual. But even before the Revolution there were those who argued that title to land could be obtained by occupation. Thomas Jefferson reflected this view when in 1774 he proposed that the Virginia delegation to the Continental Congress be instructed to take notice of "an error in the nature of our land holdings which crept in at an early period of our settlement." Feudal tenures, he said, had been introduced in England by the Normans and had altered but not entirely obliterated Saxon usages. "Our Saxon ancestors held their lands, as they did their personal property, in absolute dominion, disencumbered with any superior, answering nearly to the nature of those possessions which the Feudalist term Alloidal." Jefferson then went on to argue a point of view that many a large landholder and speculator in western lands found distasteful. There was no basis, he insisted, for assuming that feudal arrangements had been extended to the American land. Ownership should rest on occupation. "From the nature and purpose of civil institutions, all lands within the limits, which any particular party has circumscribed around itself, are assumed by that society, and subject to their allotment; this may be done by themselves assembled collectively, or by their legislature, to whom they may have delegated sovereign authority; and, if they are allotted in neither of these ways, each individual of the society may appropriate to himself such lands as he finds vacant, and occupancy will give him title." These arguments had already been heard in western Pennsylvania and Virginia and they would be refuted again and again in the last of the 18th and throughout the 19th century on the western frontier. They would find some expression in the donation acts of Congress and in the adoption of the Homestead Law in 1862, and they would become the foundation stone of the Western miners' associations.

With the success of the Revolution, all of the pesky problems of how to manage the western lands came to rest with the new American Government. But this was not unexpected.

the first public domain of the central government

During the American Revolution the question of the ownership of the western lands became a subject of extensive debate among the delegates in the Continental Congress. The states without western land claims, led by Maryland delegates, insisted that the western lands which would be won by the common expenditure of the blood and treasure of all of the states should become the possession of all. This view prevailed in the end. States holding claims to lands west of Pennsylvania and north of the Ohio River had ceded most of their rights by 1784, and thus the first public domain to be managed by the central government came into existence. This amounted to something over 200 million acres. Subsequently lands in the southwest, the lands acquired in the Louisiana and Florida purchases, the Mexican cessions, and those obtained through the settlement of the Oregon boundary became a part of the public domain. The total, including Alaska, would approach 2 billion acres.

With the creation of this first public domain, Congress was in a position where it must make the laws governing the survey and distribution of the land. The representatives from the thirteen states, now united under the Articles of Confederation, brought to the formulation of Federal land law the experience of their particular states, such knowledge as they might have of Blackstone and other legal authorities, and such social theories and expectations as they possessed. The Congress provided a forum in which the issues were debated at length. There were many interests to be satisfied and many differences to be reconciled. Although the Congress has often been criticized for moving so slowly in agreeing on the first Federal land law, perhaps it is more surprising that they moved so swiftly and that
they managed to agree at all. In 1784 a committee was appointed with Thomas Jefferson as chairman to prepare an ordinance dealing with the western lands, but no agreement was reached. Another committee was appointed in 1785 which in April reported a draft of an ordinance to determine the mode of disposing of lands in the western territory. On May 20, 1785, the famous Land Ordinance was adopted.

the western lands

Long before the committee reported, however, there was widespread public discussion of what was to be done about the western lands. Soldiers holding land scrip from their service in the war, speculators, promoters, public creditors and others were concerned. In March, Timothy Pickering, a member of Congress, wrote Elbridge Gerry expressing his hope that Congress would make provision for orderly survey and settlement by providing for the sale of one lot only and after that was disposed of, the next adjacent lot could be offered for sale. “. . . if adventurers should be permitted to ramble over that extensive country, and take up all the valuable tracts, the best lands would be in a manner given away and the settlers thus dispersed, it will be impossible to govern; they will soon excite the resentments of the natives, and bring on an Indian war, to the destruction of multitudes of the settlers, and the injury of the public.” He concluded by saying that he preferred orderly survey and settlement, but that if there was to be a scramble, “we have an equal right with other.”

“as much as would fill forty volumes”

There were numerous complaints in and out of Congress about the excessive influence exerted by speculators and land jobbers, and fears were expressed over most versions of the land bill. On April 27 William Grayson, who had taken Jefferson’s place on the land committee, wrote Timothy Pickering, “Since my arrival I have been busily engaged in assisting about framing an ordinance for the disposal of the Western territory, I think there has been as much said as would fill forty Volumes, and yet we seem very far from a conclusion, so difficult is it to form any system, which will suit our complex government, and where the interests of the component parts are supposed to be so different.” Early in May, Grayson wrote Washington reporting that he expected the ordinance to be adopted shortly although, because of the numerous pressures, many changes had been made in the bill. “There have appeared so many interfering interests, most of them imaginary, so many ill-founded jealousies and suspicions throughout the whole, that I am only suprised the ordinance is not more exceptional; indeed if the importunities of the public creditors, and the reluctance to pay them by taxation either direct or implied had not been so great, I am satisfied no land Ordinance would have been procured, except under such disadvantage as would in a great degree have excluded the idea of actual settlements within any short length of time.” He said the states wanted no new votes from the west, and no compe-

tition while they were selling their own lands. He complained that he had had to sacrifice his own views in order to carry the measure forward. The price of one dollar an acre minimum was fixed on, he reported to Washington, because “part of the house were for half a dollar, and another part for two dollars and others for intermediate sums between the two extremes, so that ultimately this was agreed upon as a central ground.”

english law, colonial experience, and contemporary aspirations

The law thus adopted, reflecting English law, colonial experience, and contemporary aspirations — and avarice — provided that Indian title to land must be extinguished before the land could be surveyed and that it must be surveyed before being offered for sale. The law further provided that the first block of western land to be surveyed, seven ranges west of the Pennsylvania boundary line, was to be divided into townships six miles square. Each such lot could be subdivided into thirty-six sections one mile square, each section containing 640 acres. This survey system, it was expected, would provide an orderly system of land description in contrast to the “metes and bounds” arrangements used largely in the South. There was also the hope that settlement would proceed in an orderly fashion avoiding the dangers of dispersing a population over a large territory. The rectangular six-mile square township subsequently became the standard unit of land description throughout the public domain, and the patterns imposed upon the land have become in large measure the patterns of land ownership and often of community growth throughout the western part of the nation.

how lands should be used

In addition to providing for the survey of the land, the law of 1785 established the initial policy for disposing of the land. It reflected how people thought the lands should be used. Some lands were to be sold directly for the benefit of the treasury, others were to be offered at public auction at a minimum price of one dollar an acre plus the cost of the survey in an arrangement under which alternating blocks were to be sold in entire townships, the intervening townships to be sold in lots of 640 acres. One section in each township was to be reserved for the benefit of the common schools, and four sections for the central government. The law also contained the provision that one-third of all gold, silver, lead, and copper mines were to be reserved for the general government.

the pressures of population

One of the most striking things about the history of the U.S. is the remarkably short time it has taken for this vast land to become occupied. Only 369 years have passed since the first settlement in Virginia. This represents only a little more than five full lifetimes that reached the Biblical three-score-and-ten. In 1790 the first U.S. census counted a popu-
lation of almost 4,000,000 persons in the U.S. with only a few islands of settlement west of the Appalachian Mountains. By 1850 the population had reached 23,000,000 and U.S. boundaries were firmly fixed on the west coast from Mexico to Canada. By 1900 the population stood at 76,000,000, and before 1920 it passed 100 million. Fifty years later it passed 200 million. From 1607 to the present the vast resources of the United States have been the magnet that has drawn well over 40 million persons to these shores in what has been the largest and longest sustained migration in human history. The people who came were also a marvelously fecund breed. Land speculators in the 19th century often claimed that land prices would always go up because the Lord had made only a limited number of acres of land, but he had given man the power to multiply. They were correct. Against the pressure of this population, a representative government, open to influence from all sides, had little chance of preserving its public lands even if it wanted to. Not all of the swarming millions wanted land, but they did want to share in the benefits of these resources. Those who sought land wanted to own their parcel of the earth’s surface. William Bradford, in his history of the Plymouth Colonies, exhibits this desire in microcosm. Bradford refers briefly to the objections to the first system in Plymouth under which all were to produce for a common store and all were to draw from it regardless of what they had contributed. Each wanted his own land. Bradford reported that at length this demand was granted so that each might set corn for himself, and the system worked well because now even the women went willingly into the fields to help. But another objection followed. Land was allotted only from year to year and men who made improvements objected. Accordingly allotments were made for a period of seven years, then longer.

the best lands to private owners

Under the land law of 1785 and the thousands that followed (3500 by 1880), many selfish or public purposes were sought, but the overriding result of these laws was to convey the best lands in the public domain to private owners. Jacob Collamer declared in a speech before the House of Representatives in 1848 that a very considerable body on different sides of the House, moved by many different reasons, were nevertheless all laboring toward the same end. They all sought to get rid of the public lands. Some thought the system of selling the land which permitted large amounts of land to fall into the hands of large owners would fix a landlord-tenant system on the country and thus disgrace our institutions. Hence the land should be sold very cheap to permit the poor to get land. Others thought that the government ownership of a large amount of land invited fraud and corruption, and in order to keep congressmen and senators and other government officials honest, the land should be gotten rid of promptly and totally, no matter how. Still others wanted the lands disposed of promptly and completely in order that a high tariff could be instituted to protect home industry. So long as land sales brought in money, such a tariff would not be adopted. Others wanted lands disposed of quickly and cheaply in order to build up their communities rapidly. Collamer declared these were only a few of the different reasons men had for agreeing that the public lands should be gotten rid of as promptly and completely as possible.

Land seekers and their spokesmen generally agreed with Collamer. They followed the fur traders and hunters in the West in search of farm lands, or mineral lands in the form of salt springs, or lead or copper or coal or precious metals. They sought town sites, water power sites and of course they sought forest lands. And many exhibited both avarice and persistent cunning in attaining their ends.

But if the land policy was intended among other things to distribute land to small farmers, this end came remarkably close to being attained by 1900. The census that year counted 5.7 million farms in the U.S., over five million having been established in the 19th century. Only 47,000 claimed more than one thousand acres. Since then technology has changed farming immensely. In 1970 there were only 2.7 million farms left. Of these, only one million were classed as commercially productive.

the emergence of heroes

All or most who came upon the land claimed to be forerunners or carriers of civilization. The pioneer farmer and his wife early emerged as heroic figures, as indeed they often were. They were often pictured as carriers of civilization onto the wild, untamed land. The wife of the pioneer farmer emerges as the Pioneer Mother, often more heroic than her spouse. Lumbermen, miners, and even on occasion fishermen borrowed these symbols in support of their claims to public resources, and offered themselves as true carriers of civilization. In this connection I like a speech delivered by a lumberman to a convention of his west coast associates in 1906. “The woodman,” the orator told his approving audience, “has always been the forerunner of civilization.”

He went on to claim that the lumberman blazed the trails, he brought in the settlers, he built up the country. He even cleared the land for the farmers! This view would certainly have startled many a pioneer farmer if he had heard it, and it stands in direct contradiction to the recorded observation of the French politician-statesman Talleyrand who, while things in France were a little dangerous for him in the 1790’s, visited the United States and engaged in some land speculation in New York and Maine. He recorded as his considered judgment that fishermen and lumbermen constituted the two most worthless classes in society. Although lumbermen, miners, and fishermen sought to wrap themselves in the glory of the pioneer farmers as carriers or forerunners of civilization, they seem to have made little use of the even more majestic symbol of the pioneer mother — perhaps because in logging camp or mining town or canny village, women were not thought of primarily as mothers.

the public and its portion

It is, I think, understandable in the circumstances that
the idea of preserving some part of the public domain for future use was slow a-borning, and even slower to take shape when born. To be sure, Colonial charters had reserved for the King rights in precious metals, and the great Land Law of 1785 reserved one third of all gold, silver, lead and copper mines for the federal government, or at least said the reservation would be made. Indeed, the Congress and the administration early made some futile efforts in this direction and even sought to reserve salt springs in the Ohio country. But it was one thing to specify such reservations. It was quite another to develop a policy to this end and to find officials who would administer such policy. The attempt to reserve and administer the salt springs was futile and confused at best. The federal government also attempted to claim lead mined in northwestern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin in the 1820’s. The attempt failed, as did John Quincy Adams’s attempt to establish reserves of the liveoak stands in Florida. Even when lands were set aside for Indian reservations, often with the stipulation that the Indians should enjoy these lands in perpetuity, perpetuity all too often proved to be a very short time.

land for parks

In 1864 California politicians persuaded Congress to turn over to California the area that became Yosemite Park, arguing that the lands were “for all public purposes worthless.” But the creation in 1872 of Yellowstone Park is generally hailed as the first clear cut act by Congress to reserve a part of the public domain for public purposes. To be sure, supporters of the Park assured members of Congress that the land was worthless for all economic purposes, no agriculture could be practiced there, and no appropriations were involved. Unlike the Yosemite reservation, however, the Yellowstone Park reservation was intended to remain under federal control, partly because the lands involved an area taken from three territories: Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. The law specified that the land was to serve “as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of people.” Although it took several decades before satisfactory mechanisms were found to manage the Park, and not until 1916 was a National Park Service formally established, reservation from the public domain for national parks would continue to be made and some other lands acquired. By 1970 the Public Land Law Commission reported over 23 million acres under the Park Service, about one-seventh in Alaska.

timber famine

In the years after the Civil War “viewers with alarm” foresaw the imminent possibility of a timber famine in the United States — this at a time when many still believed that the forests of America were inexhaustible. The propaganda had its effect in a law intended to encourage tree planting on the plains in 1872. Congress was also urged to reserve forests in the public domain. In 1891 an act was rushed through the closing days of Congress that permitted the President to withdraw forest lands from the public domain.

By the time President Harrison left office in 1893, he had reserved some 13 million acres; Cleveland added to the forest reserves, and in 1897 Congress adopted an act for administration of national forests. Under President Theodore Roosevelt large additional reservations were made. This excited a storm of protest and Congress passed a law forbidding further reservations without consent of the state involved. In 1970 the Public Land Law Commission reported a total of over 186 million acres in forest service. Most of the land in National forests was drawn from the public domain; about 20 million acres were purchased.

In 1934 the Taylor Grazing Act provided for additional withdrawals from the public domain to form grazing districts.

one-third of the nation is federally owned

There is no public domain left today in the sense of land open for entry. Of the 2,277 million acres of land in the 50 states, 755 million are recorded as federally owned. Of this land 698 million was once a part of the public domain. Thus, as the Public Land Law Commission reminded us in 1970, one-third of the land of the nation is federally owned. The lion’s share, over 650 million acres, is managed by two federal agencies, the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management, but the Public Land Law Commission also listed over thirty other government agencies that are responsible for some portion of the federally owned land. Of the 529 million acres of land in Idaho, 33.8 million, almost 64%, are federal lands. Although 18 federal agencies are listed as managing lands within the state, the Bureau of Land Management, with a little under 12 million acres, and the Forest Service, with a little over 20 million, control much more than the total acreage in private ownership.

Marion Clawson pointed out a long time ago that in the history of the distribution of the public domain, private interests very early saw to it that the most desirable lands would move as quickly as possible into private ownership. When the period of government reservation began, public officials moved fairly promptly to reserve for public purposes the best of the remaining lands. But with the continuing rapid growth in population the contest of conflicting interests for the use or control over these lands becomes more intense. Fishermen, hunters, hikers, campers, bird and animal watchers, along with mere lookers and gawkers, compete with cattlemen and shepherds, with loggers, with miners, with “developers” and a host of others, for the use of the federal acres. The time is long past when we can expect to remove a direct conflict of interest by cutting three claws off all big dogs in the forest. Not even taking the motors out of trail bikes and snowmobiles will help very much.

and how can we keep it?

Seventy years ago, when the first generation of conservationists were loudly deploring the vast wastage and dissipation of American resources, Eugene Davenport, then
Dean of the College of Agriculture at the University of Illinois, spoke briefly about the distribution of the public domain. Waste and abuse and bad management there had been in abundance, he acknowledged, but he concluded that "we have these farms, these cities, these railroads, and this civilization to show for it, and they are worth what they cost." The same could be said today and we could add that we also have these forests and these parks and these desert lands, but now we properly ask, can we keep them? And if so, how?
The Truly Radical Alternative: Agriculture Where Nature is the Measure

By Wes Jackson

Dan Luten, a geographer at Berkeley, wrote a paper some 30 years ago, a memorable paper. He said, "We came as a poor people to a seemingly empty land, that was rich in resources. And we built our institutions for that perception of reality." Poor people, empty land, rich. Our educational institutions, our political institutions, our economic institutions—all institutions—have been affected by that perception of reality, including our religious institutions.

And so here we are now, rich people in an increasingly poor land that is filling up. And we have institutions that make us think it's all just natural, that it comes with the milk, so to speak. So we think that we know about the nature of the human being. But an awful lot of it has to do with what George Bernard Shaw said long ago, "Perfect memory is perfect forgetfulness." You don't know how you know something; it's in the culture.

Wendell Berry said that we came with vision but not with sight. We came with visions of former places but not the sight to see where we are. And when we came across the continent, he said in a letter to me once, "Cutting the forests and plowing the prairies, we have never known what we were doing, because we have never known what we were undoing."

And Angus Wright, in his book, The Death of Ramon Gonzalez: the Modern Agricultural Dilemma, talks about that since Silent Spring, Rachel Carson's book, the pesticide industry has doubled, redoubled, and doubled again in spite of the fact that we have had the accident at Bhopal, and the fire at Basil, Switzerland. And so it is not a conspiracy, it is worse than a conspiracy, it's a world view. Nature is to be subdued or ignored.

Well, we could go on and on doing an anatomy. One of the best that I have ever seen, about at least the Great Plains part of the West, was by John Fischer called From the High Plains. He wrote, "the way to understand the Great Plains is as a place where there is a series of mining economies." First the Indians mined the flint; that could have gone on. And then came the white hide hunters. Then came the miners of bone. And the miners of grass. And the miners of oil. And the miners of natural gas. And the miners of water. A series of mining economies.

Well, even now we have a system in place that is effectively designed to reward the extractive economy and not reward the renewable economy. I will give you a little example. In eastern Kansas, in the area of the flint hills, there's lots of tall grass prairie. Chase County, for instance—85 percent of it has never been plowed. A steer that is grown out on that grassland is probably the most ecologically correct way to raise a pound of red meat protein. But when that steer is transferred to a feedlot near Garden City, Kansas, weighing, say, 600 pounds; now that steer living on corn, irrigated out of the Ogallala, fertilized with nitrogen in which natural gas is the feed stock, dependent upon the grain that has required fossil fuel for traction, and suddenly the pound of red meat protein put on that steer is probably the most ecologically incorrect way. Continued on page 4
Fred DuBray

Fred DuBray, a member of the Cheyenne River Tribe of the Lakota Nation, is the director of the Inter-Tribal Bison Cooperative in Mobridge, South Dakota. He was a panelist in the fourth session of the Field Scientists Conference, speaking about the importance of the buffalo to his tribe, and the questions surrounding the care of his tribe’s herds.

“These buffalo have taken care of us many times in the past, and the way our history goes is that has changed around several times: there have been several times where we’ve taken care of them, and they’ve taken care of us. And now it’s our turn again to take care of them and help them out. And eventually, it’ll be their turn again to help us out. And that’s just the way it works. But it’s really important how we do that. There’s a lot of people getting into [buffalo ranching]. A lot of wealthy people see it as a trendy thing to do and buffalo have become real popular. People like to have them around. And I understand why. I understand that because they’re very powerful animals. You can’t resist it when you’re around them, that power that emanates from them. It becomes part of you and has a major influence on your life. Everybody that we take out there to experience buffalo experiences that power.”

And I read that study and I thought, “My golly, this is as bad as it was in the mid ’30s. How can this be? You know, we’ve had the Soil Conservation Service since the mid ’30s, here it is ’77; something seems wrong.”

And so I began to look at the history of earth abuse through agriculture, looking back historically; and I wondered, are there people that were simply not intelligent or enlightened or impassioned that told the story about what happens on hillsides when you lose your ecological capital. But they’re there; it is a complete story. And so that’s the failure of history and prophesy. There’s the failure of organizations, in the case of the Soil Conservation Service. And then, of course, the failure of stewardship. You can see on Amish and Mennonite farms soil erosion beyond replacement.

And then, of course, the worst failure of all is the failure of success. You don’t learn much when you get 100-bushel per acre corn. You sort of (Europe has a cattle and pig welfare program now). There’s that American grain going out to sea, and if we were to measure the nutrients above the waterline and the nutrients below the waterline in the eroded soil of Iowa coming off the Platte of Nebraska into the Missouri and into the Mississippi (clearly this is deficit spending), and which has the most? My bet is that going into the 300-foot deep watery grave is greater than that which is above the waterline. But the two have to be connected as one problem, and that’s the problem of agriculture.

So in thinking about that and looking at the ways, say, nature’s ecosystems work—a native prairie or a tropical rainforest or an alpine meadow—what nature’s ecosystems have featured over these millions of years: they run on sunlight and they feature material recycling. How is it that these ecosystems have developed this so well over so long a period of time? Well, if you compare, say, a wheat field with the prairie, the prairie features perennials grown in a mixture, the wheat field features annuals grown in monoculture. The prairie runs on sunlight, it doesn’t have soil erosion beyond replacement levels, at least as a problem and species diversity. You have chemical diversity, so it takes a tremendous enzyme system on the part of an insect or pathogen to mow it down.

So we set out to deal with four basic questions in our research agenda of the Land [Institute]. The first question was whether perennials and high yield could go together, because the conventional wisdom was that it could not. The second question was whether a mixture can out yield a monoculture. The third is whether the system can adequately manage insects, pathogens, and weeds. And the fourth is can the system can sponsor enough of its own nitrogen.

So to make a long story short, we’ve answered those questions to our sat-
isfaction, published in refereed journals, and so just a year or two ago, we declared a Kitty Hawk. We said that we were where the Wright brothers were on December 17, 1903, the equivalent of the principles of lift and drag have been demonstrated. And even though only a couple of our species are edible, that Wright brothers’ airplane wasn’t able to carry anybody across the Atlantic either. You start with the principles. And by the way, I apologize for using a metaphor that comes out of mechanics and out of the Industrial Revolution. But if you try to talk about this by using agronomic language, it doesn’t resonate, [and] you’re considered some kind of a hopeless romantic that’s soft. And that tells where the culture is too. It’s far more gripping to talk about the Wright brothers’ airplane. Now, I hate myself every time I do it, but not so bad that I don’t do it some more, you know.

Well, standing back from Kitty Hawk and anticipating the meaning of this, what do we see? Well, what we see is that we consulted nature. Instead of trying to understand agriculture in its own terms, we asked what was here. And again, Wendell Berry did a literary history of “Nature as Standard.” And in that literary and scientific history, he went all the way back to the biblical Job and found that Job talked about “asking the fish of the sea.” And Virgil says that “before a farmer plows a patch, it is well to be informed about the winds.” And Wendell went through the British literature, Spenser, Milton called nature “good cress.” Shakespeare, in As You Like It, has the “Forest Judge.” And then he concluded with Alexander Pope, “there were others in there,” and Alexander Pope said, “Consult the genius of the place in all.”

Now, Wendell says it goes underground after Pope. And the romantic poets that show up after Pope use nature only as a reservoir of symbols. You want to show off what a good writer you are, you have to have some symbols sitting over there to reach in and dazzle your public with rather than—to get serious and solve some problems with it. When it comes from underground, it comes underground in this century, with Liberty Hyde Bailey’s book The Holy Earth, J. Russell Smith’s book on tree crops, Sir Albert Howard, who in the agricultural testament says, “let the forest judge.”

Now Wendell says a very interesting thing; that in the literary and scientific tradition, that these examples of using nature as the measure or the standard come as a series, not as a succession. The succession is in the common culture, but it pops up in the formal culture to make a series. So the work at the Land Institute is to try to turn this into a succession within the formal culture. You see, how is it that the formal culture has chosen to essentially ignore it except when you have the occasional poet or scientist that will elevate nature as some kind of standard or measure? Well, I suspect that it’s because there’s this very heavy overlay coming, in part, from the likes of Bacon and Descartes, but also our Paleolithic predispositions in which, by golly, it’s tough keeping weeds out of things, you see. I mean the “sweat of the brow” business that comes up there in Genesis.

So, and now, I want to talk about the nature of genius. There was a wonderful study done by a guy doing a master’s degree under Weaver at Nebraska in about ’31 or ’32. His name was Knoll, and it happened to be the driest year on record. But what he did was compare a wheat field with an adjacent, never-plowed native prairie, and I won’t take you through all the details but the one thing that was notable, for this purpose, is that water was received by that native prairie and allocated down-ward through a myriad of root types. And there was a “water storage,” in quotes, and water allocation system so that during that driest of all years on record, it was an eleven month period, the prairie survived. Some of the species died out, but the prairie survived. All the plants in the wheat field died. So that prairie was the “genius” of that place.

Now go with me to Costa Rica, where Jack Yule, looking at the tropical rain forest, where there’s three hundred inches of annual precipitation, and this vegetation is receiving the rain message carrying it downward and then, like giant engines, pushing that water back into the atmosphere. There, water is a nemesis of fertility because it would leach down and take away the nutrients. The genius of that place is to get rid of the water. The genius of the other place is to receive it and utilize it in an efficient way.

Now between those two extremes, and beyond, is this mosaic. And the only way you can think about that is in terms of ecosystems. You do not think of it in terms of species only, or populations only, you have got to think of it in terms of a system that has the standing of “Thinghood.” J. Stan Rogue, by the way, is the one who came up with the “Volumetric Criterion for Thinghood,” I love to say that. And the way he came at that is he looked at the hierarchy of structures from atoms to molecules to cells to tissues to organs to systems to organisms and then people said, what comes next? And some said species, and some said populations, and Stan says “Well, what do the other things have in common in that hierarchy?” He says “well, they all have contiguous volume.” Species don’t have contiguous volume, populations don’t have contiguous volume, ecosystems have contiguous volume and so there’s the “Volumetric Criterion for Thinghood.” Take that one home with you and ruminate on it.

But see, what that does for us is now make the ecosystem, as a conceptual tool, worthy of study; and because it has the standing of “Thinghood,” now we have a way to begin to think about agro-ecosystems. Especially if they’re designed the way a natural ecosystem would work. What we try to do, then, is imitate that vegetative structure of the native prairie with the idea that if we imitate the structure, we’ll be granted the function. In other words, cool season grasses, warm season grasses, legumes, members of the sunflower family are the major groups within that prairie.

This piece was excerpted from Wes Jackson’s Keynote Address of the same title at the Field Scientists and the Shaping of the American West conference, the Center’s annual conference held each spring on the Boulder campus. An audio tape of his complete talk is available from the Center. See page 15 for ordering information. Fred DuBray’s talk (see sidebar) is from Session IV: The Plow and the Plains.
Making Water Law & Administration Work for the 21st Century

By Chuck Howe
Professor of Economics and Director of Environment & Behavior Program, Institute of Behavioral Science, CU-Boulder

Water institutions form the framework within which our water supplies are appropriated, administered and transferred. The term "institutions" includes the laws, regulations and customs relating to water, as well as the agencies that administer the resource. Institutions change slowly, lagging behind social, economic and technological changes. This slowness to change is due partly to safeguards against capricious change and partly due to the resistance of special interest groups that benefit from the status quo.

When institutions fail to change, resources are inefficiently used and society becomes dissatisfied with the system performance. In the water resources area, some of our laws and regulations have lagged changes in social priorities, as have the missions of our water agencies. Examples in Colorado would include the lack of a clear state water policy and failure to coordinate water planning among major drainage basins. For example, various cities and counties are interested in exporting water from the Gunnison Basin to the Front Range. Since there is unappropriated water in the Basin, our laws allow such exports to be undertaken with no responsibility for the costs imposed on downstream parties in Colorado and further down the river. Howe & Ahrens (1988) estimated these costs to be in the neighborhood of $14 per acre-foot.

Additional shortcomings in Colorado water law and administration are found in the failure of the system to protect various public values of increasing importance to society; (1) downstream values not represented by water rights such as recreation, aesthetics, electric power generation and "existence values"; (2) economic impacts of out-of-basin water transfer on local economies and tax bases; and (3) social and cultural values negatively impacted by water transfers. An example of item (1) was cited above from the Gunnison valley. Item (2) is exemplified by long-term unemployment and erosion of the tax base in Crowley County occasioned by the sale and transfer of 80,000 acre-feet of Colorado Canal water to the out-of-basin cities of Denver and Aurora. Item (3) is illustrated by the well-known "Sleeper" case in New Mexico in which it was proposed to transfer water from a traditional Spanish community in New Mexico to a new ski resort (760 P. 2nd 787, NM APP 1988).
Former actress Lois Battle writes to understand, survive

BY GWENDOLYN ST. MARIE
Special To The Packet

BEAUFORT — Author of “Storyville” Lois Battle was born in Subiaco, near Perth, in backwater western Australia in 1939. Now she lives in a yellow cottage two blocks from the bay in Beaufort.

Her father was killed in the North African campaign when she was very young. At the age of 5 she came to California with her mother and her mother’s new husband, an American sailor.

During the next years she lived out of suitcases, traveling frequently between Australia and America, where she finished high school and went to junior college in California. At the age of 19, she was enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, but she eventually returned to the West Coast and received a bachelor of arts degree from UCLA in political science and theater.

Battle was married briefly to a writer when she was 23, and although she’s single now, she wears simple, gold wedding bands on both hands.

“Season of Change,” her first book, was published 12 years ago. "Storyville," her sixth novel, is both a Literary Guild and a Doubleday Book Club selection, and has a first printing of 75,000 copies.

“I write because I want to understand the human condition,” she said. “I write because people fascinate me. Day-to-day existence is not as interesting as existence simply through writing and imagination, I began a writer in the first place, primarily out of economic necessity. I was an actress and a director and I began to feel a real desperation about my life — that I had no control over it. And I thought, well, if I’m a writer, at least I can control the camera. She came over and put her arms around me and said, ‘Now, dear, you’re just doing fine — everything is all right, you are doing a wonderful job.’ For a woman of her international stature to notice a young girl who was doing a small part and to be comforting in that way — I think she was an exceptional human being.”

Financial security is her biggest worry. “I never think I can go out and buy anything I want, because any success in the arts is always marginal. You’re only as good as the last thing you did, and also I went through a lot of years of being really broke. I learned about second-hand stores for clothes. I learned where to buy all the bargains. I said to someone recently, I always thought the love affair that failed would be the thing that would stick with me most emotionally. I guess it shows I’m not a true romantic writer — because that doesn’t stick with me nearly so much as being broke and being scared.”

“I put this in the mouth of a character, once, because he bought luxuries so that he didn’t know he couldn’t afford the necessities. I remember once when I was down to about 50 and I went out and bought a negligée. I thought, well, I’m not going to be able to pay all the bills, so I might as well do something that makes me feel as though I’m not poor.”

Though born in Australia and raised in California, she writes about Southern women.

“I came to the South first as an actress. I was employed by the S.C. Arts Commission, and I came here to do a play. Of course, I had read Southern writers. How can you read American literature without reading Southern writers? I care very much about manners and graciousness. I really think it has something to do with quality of life. Southerners are generally more polite, and have very colorful language. I love story-telling and I love language. I love the physical environment of the Lowcountry. I wanted to escape the big city, and Beaufort was a very small town.”

She can recall when the exact idea was born for “Storyville.” “I was cleaning out a storage shed in Savannah with a friend who was born in Louisiana. He hadn’t opened this shed in over 20 years, and when we opened it up it was full of spiders and cobwebs and he said, ‘Why don’t you go through this trunk of books?’ I came across the book of Beaulieu’s photographs. Ernest Beaulieu was a photographer who photographed prostitutes at the turn of the century, and I was so taken with these women. I felt that these were very loving portraits. Some of these women were very beautiful, and some of them were bordering on homely. They were fat and they were thin and they were elegant. Some of them were in ball gowns, and some of them were made. I looked at the faces of these women, and I thought, I can write about this.”

“Storyville” is provocative fiction, and when asked about the moral of the story, she said, “I’m not sure what the moral of it is. I like the city of New Orleans personally. I like its hedonism, I like its concern for the arts, its great cooking and all of that. But it’s always been a wide open city. That’s part of the reason why they had a legalized red light district. I thought I had an attitude about prostitution when I started this book, and then when I began to do research on the history of prostitution, the birth control at the turn of the century, the woman’s movement at the turn of the century, the politics that surrounded prostitution, I really just began to speak, not with any sort of moral voice, but through the heart and the mind of the characters.”

“So it wasn’t hard for me to put myself in the mind-set of an enterprising madam — because what were women’s options then? It also wasn’t hard for me to put myself in the mind and in the heart of a woman who is a feminist, who feels that prostitution is horrible exploitation and must not be allowed, and also into the minds and bodies of men who frequented prostitutes. So when you ask me what is my moral attitude, I would say that I’m opposed to anything that destroys the human soul. It’s not my notion of ideal sex, but I also believe too much repression destroys the human soul. So, I’m a novelist, not a moralist.”

What will she write next? She said she’s taking notes on a story that takes place in Beaufort over several generations. “I just hope my take on things, which is fundamentally loving but quite critical intellectually, will not alienate too many people,” she said. “If it does, I guess I’ll just have to go to New Orleans.”

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‘Storyville’ tells compelling tale of New Orleans women


By DON MCKINNEY
Special to The Packet

On the jacket of “Storyville” is a photograph of a wishfully appealing young woman of 20 or so. She is wearing what appears to be a flouncy white camisole, and her stockinged legs are crossed provocatively, held in place by her clasped hands. She is perched on a small wooden table, smiling directly at the camera. The photographer was Ernest Belllocq, whose best remembered work was as a chronicler of life in The District, Storyville, the first area in the country where prostitution was legalized. It was his haunting photographs that inspired this novel, and the woman on the jacket is, of course, a prostitute.

Lois Battle’s rich and compelling new novel is essentially the story of two very different women, and the way each of their lives was changed by the other. It paints a vivid picture of high and low life in turn-of-the-century New Orleans, and is filled with colorful and sometimes bizarre accounts of characters you may meet anywhere. There is Mollie Q., the old madam who dreams of retiring to a cottage by the sea in Ireland; Monkey, the wizened and lecherous piano player who is a genius of jazz; Billy Shakespeare, an impotent old actor who watches over the girls like a protective angel.

And then there are the “good people” of New Orleans. Charming and well-mannered, they often harbor dark secrets within their beautiful mansions. The action of the story takes place amid the turmoil before and after the Spanish-American War, when social change was sweeping through the country and women were beginning to feel the first stirrings of freedom from their traditional roles. And it is two of these women who are at the heart of “Storyville.”

As the novel opens, a beautiful and elegantly dressed woman in her 40s, or perhaps older, has asked her cab driver to take her to one of the city’s best hotels. Then, on a whim, she tells him to go by Randonne House, the home of one of the leading families in the city but now a men’s only club for the women of New Orleans. The woman in the cab is Mrs. Kate Cavanaugh, a patron of the museum, and her husband, the family largely responsible for the restoration of the old house. She is clearly a woman of substance. She was also a prostitute.

The other woman in the story is Julia Randolph, wife of the house’s owner, a wealthy businessman who owns property in Storyville. Julia is from Boston and therefore an outsider, but she is the woman he has married. But she also is a woman of substance, a reformer, an early feminist, and her strength and courage is the driving force in this absorbing story.

Kate comes to New Orleans when she is 15. She has arrived with the man she expects to marry, but within days he is gone, leaving her preg

Wrong words ‘snuck’ up on us

Somebody has been happening lately to the past tenses of familiar words. As The New York Times has begun to say, change has snuck up on us.

The good gray Times isn’t the only employer of “snuck.” The Savannah (Ga.) Morning News reported that after a jail break in Hinesville, one of the escaped prisoners “snuck back to jail.” The National Law Journal reported a murder trial involving a youth “who snuck into the darkened room” of his girlfriend’s mother.

Things have come to such a sorry pass that all my dictionaries list “snuck” without even a tsk-tsk or a tut-tut. Indeed, the Random House Unabridged goes so far as to say it made its debut in the 1890s, and now is accepted in polite society everywhere. Well, snuff, snuff! To my ear “snuck” sounds comic and “snaked” sounds sneaky. I go with “snaked” every time.

The Times made me blink several years ago in reporting the indictment of a deer hunter in Maine. The fellow had accidentally killed a woman when she stopped outside her home. Some folks said the defendant “could have mistook her white mittens for the tail of a deer.” To the best of my knowledge, the present perfect subjunctive requires “could have mistaken.” Am I mistaken on this?

A sportswriter for the Times startled at least a few readers this past September in a story about ten-pin star John McEnroe. The writer remarked that McEnroe in 1984 acquired the label of Nasty Boy, “a label he has never truly shook.” As a past participle of “shaken,” the use of “shook” leaves me shaken.

The Shreveport Times gave us “winded” down in January, when many local fans were happily watching the Dallas Cowboys defeat the Philadelphia Eagles. A disconsolate fan of the Eagles said quietly as the game wound down, “Wound down, sir.” The game wound down.

What about “sworn?” In Clinton, Ind., a couple of years ago, The Daily Clintonian reported that officers of the Optimist club “were sworn in by Optimist International Lieutenant Governor Bob Higgins.” Plain old “sworn” seems good enough for me.

I charge this one to The Associated Press: “Nunn said a recent letter from White House counsel effectively undercut previous assurances.” I know Sam Nunn well enough to doubt that the senator ever in his life said “undercut.”

Several readers in Denver sent in the same headline from a story in the Rocky Mountain News last December, “‘Nutcracker’ has leap into local fans hearts.” Leapt? The only variant for “leaped” that I know of is “leapt,” and that has a funny look about it. I’d stick with “leaped” for lions, high jumpers and ballet dancers. Maybe a leopard leapt upon his prey, but I wouldn’t bet on it.

(James L. Kilpatrick is a syndicated columnist.)

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Beliefs

Peter Steinlens

In search of the spirituality of conflicting cultures through motion pictures.

When the movie "Black Rose" is released by the Samuel Goldwyn Company, the next two years, someone will inevitably call it "Son of Dances with Wolves." In fact, the new society, perhaps less religion is an in- teraction between the acclaimed Kevin Costner film, lacking the spectacular gallop and the wind, but far more interesting both intellectual- ly and spiritually.

"Black Rose," like "Dances with Wolves," is a kaleidoscope of a journey into the American wilderness and an en- counter between white and native cul- tures. In both films, a white protagon- ist comes to question the superiority of his own civilization's claims and to accept the Indians' as equally valid if not as severe.

It will be a surprise if the new mov- ie wins the applause that met Mr. Costner's. The reason is partly dra- matic. "Dances with Wolves" may have been almost as endless as the prairie itself, but tension rises as the hero undergoes a series of perils of Pauline episodes. Though "Black Rose" has a tougher tone, with its forbidding sense of the wilderness's cruelty and its intense evocation of the heat, smoke, sweat and stench of cramped bark shelters, nothing so ef- fectively breaks up its slow pace.

But what makes "Black Rose" in- tellectually challenging if not always dramatically compelling is the thing curiously absent from "Dances With Wolves"—a clash of religious values. Never, in all the solitary rumina- tions of Mr. Costner's hero, did he make the slightest reference to Christianity.

Did this character grow up in 1969's Berkeley, rather than the Civil War era, a period so suffused with public religiosity that it is the most broad-minded free-thinker or single- minded village atheist could scarcely escape its influence?

When modern Americans wish to mythologize the past of their plur- al society, perhaps religion is an in- convention. For all the tone of dis-80 Agentialism in "Lonesome Dove," Larry McMurtry's marvelously elegy to the Old West, or in its sequel, "Buf- falo Red," his characters, without exception, live, love, suffer and die with not a whiff of religious notions by which to comprehend their fate or rebel against it.

They are not lapsed Christians or religious from Sunday schools, but no sagebrush Stoics.

In the case of "Dances with Wolves," religion is discussed on the first page of the novel from which the movie was made. "This is religious," thought the hero, trying to pin down his reaction to the expanse of prairie and wide sky. But the interpreter, Michael Blake, quickly adds that the hero "had never been a religious man, that he didn't "know what to make" of his thought.

And that is that.

Reduction, by contrast, is the case of "Black Rose." Adapted by the au- thor Brian Moore from his own novel, it is the fictional account of a Jesuit missionary to the Huron Indi- ans in the New France of 1634 in what is now Canada. ("Dances with Wolves" is this movie's older brother. Its first cousin is "The Mission," about the destruction of the Jesuit settlements of Indians in Paraguay by European settlers.

The physical hardships of the young priest, the "Black Rose" of the title, as he journeys to a mission out- post are minor compared to his spiritual torment. He sees his young French companion abandon faith and nationality for the flesh-and-blood love of an Algonquin girl. The Algon- quian hand with whom he is traveling regards him as a demon. They per- ceive his tale of a paradise and his "water sorcery" of baptism as a threat to their way of life and their own living faith in dreams, omens and spirits.

Abandoned and then rescued by these companions, captured and tor- tured with them by the Indians, he undergoes a crisis of faith. He can no longer dismiss the Native American beliefs of "childlike ways" or "sorcery". His religious certainty cracks, but through the chinks springs a new kind of love for those he came to save.

All this is based on meticulous re- search by Mr. Moore, a native of Belfast who became a Canadian citizen, in the volumes of reports sent back by the Jesuit missionaries to their superiors in France. There are direct ech- os of the experiences of Isaac Jus- gues and the other Jesuits whose often brutal deaths at the hands of In- dians the Roman Catholic Church re- calls on Oct. 19, the feast of the "North American Martyrs."

But the movie encounters a serious obstacle. The contemporary audience comes to the theater more primed to be sympathetic to the shamanic world view of the Indian tribes than to the ascetic missionary faith of 17th- century French Jesuits.

Thanks to the late mythologist Jo- seph Campbell, a shelf of popular works on American Indian history, and numerous prophets of ecological living, that audience has probably been better introduced to the inner world of dreams and omens, the Mohawk and forest spirits, than to the workings of Counter-Reformation spirituality. Even today's Indian leaders are probably more fascinated by native American religion than the ar- dently pious of their Jesuit forbears.

In many ways, that religious order epitomized the fervor and the intel- lect of a Europe simultaneously rev- astating itself with religious wars, burning witches, conceiving Baroque architecture and embarking on the "scientific revolution."

But much of this has now become baffling to even the well-educated moviegoer. Why would an apparently young French aristocrat impose himself on a people who didn't want him, risking in the bargain a horrid death in a merciless terror? Without an effective answer to that question, the dramatic tension in "Black Rose" goes slack. The missionary is forced to admit the power of his native hosts' spirituality and the vulnerability of his own. The audience can only ask why it took him so long.

There is a lesson here in these days of multiculturalism. No less than un- withstanding other cultures, one of its greatest challenges may simply be a sympathetic understanding of the Western culture of a few centuries past.
OPENING STATEMENT

After extraordinary debate and negotiation, we have reached an agreement with Senate Republican and Democratic leaders on a civil rights bill that will be a source of pride for all Americans. It does not send to quotas, and it strengthens the cause of equality in the work place. Both the Administration and the Congress can present this legislation to the people of America as a new standard against discrimination and for equal opportunity.

This agreement was reached last night in marathon negotiations, shepherded by Senator John Danforth of Missouri, nurtured by Senator Dole and other leaders of both parties.

It was a proud accomplishment for the Congress and the Administration. And now we can go forward together in progress on civil rights in this country.

I remember standing out there in the Rose Garden with Attorney General [Dick] Thornburgh more than a year and a half ago to make an unshakable commitment to the nation's civil rights leaders that I wanted a non-quotas civil rights bill that I could sign. I don't know whether there are no changes in the bill as agreed to last night, we now have such a bill. And my promise will be kept, and I will enthusiastically sign this bill.

Another subject, on the Middle East peace conference, I want to note the historic nature of this meeting. The Middle East has been characterized by dangerous and tragic conflict for decades. The peoples of this region still have enormous differences. But I want to commend the leadership of the leaders of all those parties attending the peace conference. Sitting down together is the beginning of understanding. And we cannot know the outcome of course. It will take patience and determination. The United States cannot make peace in the Middle East, only the parties themselves can do that. But we can and will be committed and an active partner in the search for peace.

Secretary [of State James A.] Baker has been patient, he's been steadfast. He's tirelessly disciplined in working with the Soviet Union and all the parties in the region to make meet with President Gorbachev, and I know that President Gorbachev joins me in wanting to put the pressures and aspirations of all the world beyond these new opportunities for peace.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Mr. President . . . millions are out of work and it seems almost daily statistics are pouring in [inaudible]. Aren't signs clear that some kind of action is needed, and what would you tell the Americans you will do?

A. I don't want to buy into the predicate about another recession. I don't feel that way. The economy has been sluggish. It hasn't been near as good as I would like to see it, or certainly the American people would like to see it.

What would I like to do about it? I'd like to see the Congress take the action that I've proposed way back starting in '88 and have continued to propose on growth. We need some stimulation to economic growth. And I think everybody is now familiar with the fact that I think capital gains cut would stimulate growth, and create jobs, and create opportunity. And we get assailed as this is a tax break for the rich.

I'd like to propose to Congress: let's try it, and I'll take all the blame on the political side, and then give me only half the credit on what good that would do for the economy. We've also had a program that includes enhanced R. and D. We've got banking reform legislation that would clearly be stimulative in terms of loaning. It's hung up in the capital.

We've put forward a program related to IRA's. We got a transportation bill that is job-intensive. We put forward for the most heavily adversely affected areas enterprise zones. Now there's a great growth package for you, and the Congress appears to endorse without the thing about it. And I don't think there is one person out across this country that is in doubt that we are for these things.

Q. May I give you an outline, a scenario of may have happened on the civil rights bill in the last couple of days and you tell me what's wrong with it? Wednesday afternoon you had some Republican senators over here and you and Boyd Gray parted out a piece of paper stating some objections to Senator [John C.] Danforth's bill. These Republican senators went back to the Hill, some conservatives who normally would want to side with you, and they found out that the White House has represented Senator Danforth's bill. This they were ballistic and some said you could no longer hold the line with 34 votes against veto if the civil rights bill is not passed, and at that point you decided you had to compromise and you basically caved.

Wrong. It's just wrong, that's all. Next question. I said it's
How to Stop Worrying and Deal With the Bomb

The authors offer an optimistic formula for coping with the threat of nuclear destruction.

REDUCING NUCLEAR DANGER
The Road Away From the Brink.
By McGeorge Bundy, William J. Crowe Jr. and Sidney D. Drell.

By Len Ackland

DEFENSE SECRETARY LES ASPIN made an extremely important observation during his Oct. 29 news conference. "The cold war is over; the Soviet Union is no more. But the post-cold-war world is decidedly not post-nuclear," Mr. Aspin said. The authors of "Reducing Nuclear Danger" couldn't agree more.

Indeed, the trio of McGeorge Bundy, William J. Crowe Jr. and Sidney D. Drell go further, warning us in this slim volume that "it is not at all clear that the overall level of nuclear danger has gone down." While the risk of global nuclear war has vastly diminished, the breakup of the Soviet Union has brought new dangers and the international community has not developed an effective means for preventing proliferation.

From a single superpower, the Soviet Union has fissioned into four nuclear weapons states — Russia, Ukraine, Belarus and Kazakhstan. Belarus and Kazakhstan have agreed to relinquish their nuclear arms, but have not yet done so. Ukraine, which now possesses the world's third largest nuclear arsenal, has played

Len Ackland, director of the University of Colorado's Center for Environmental Journalism, is a former editor of The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

both cat and mouse in seeking economic and political gains from the weapons on its soil. Noting that these three nuclear states pose danger and temptation, the authors urge the United States to cajole Ukraine, Belarus and Kazakhstan into rapidly transferring their weapons to Russia for storage or dismantlement.

A stable, moderate Russia willing to ensure effective control of nuclear weapons, and capable of doing so, is, of course, the key to reducing nuclear danger. "To keep nuclear danger down in Russia, the United States must do its full part to help to ensure that Russian democracy survives and grows strong," the authors write. The urgency of their point was vividly underlined by the Moscow street battles of early October.

The dramatic strategic arms reduction negotiations conducted by Mikhail Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin promise a reduction in long-range nuclear weapons to 3,000 to 5,000 on each side. Yet, the authors argue, levels of 1,000 to 1,500 warheads apiece would give each country ample assurance that nuclear attack would be deterred and that the other nation could not quickly regain strategic superiority. "If the reductions now in prospect are carried out successfully, the United States and Russia may well be ready by the year 2000 — and perhaps sooner — to go to one of these lower levels," they write. Nor, they add, are these the lowest obtainable levels.

It is good to read this optimistic prognosis from three such established men: Mr. Bundy, the national security adviser to Presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson; Admiral Crowe, a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Mr. Drell, a prominent physicist and deputy director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center. And their assessment is in no way diminished by the fact that it isn't original. Even

before the Soviet Union split apart, the National Academy of Sciences recommended in 1991 that the American strategic arsenal be cut to 2,000 weapons if there was "continued favorable experience in U.S.-Soviet nuclear relations."

Longtime students of the nuclear arms race will find other familiar themes in this book, as well as a couple of surprises. The authors blast the nuclear age's "habit of secrecy" and the public's "unjustified belief that only experts with access to secrets could understand these matters." They call for more openness from the "unannounced nuclear-weapon states: Israel, India and Pakistan." They urge that the International Atomic Energy Agency be reformed so it can better address the spread of nuclear weapons technology.

And in discussing the need for a comprehensive test ban treaty, the authors call Mr. Drell a path to retreat strategically from his earlier position about the need for additional American nuclear tests to insure warhead safety, an argument that alienated him from many of his own supporters.

"Reducing Nuclear Danger" concludes that early achievement of a comprehensive test ban treaty is "more important to worldwide nuclear safety than further improvement in the safety of part of the U.S. nuclear force."

Although specialists will find items of interest in the book, it is aimed at, and deserves to reach, a much wider audience. It is a readable, cogent, and readable overview of the nuclear challenges of the post-cold-war world and the cooperative steps that should be taken by leaders in Washington and abroad. "It is time," the authors write, "to replace the inherited distinction between those countries with nuclear weapons and those without by a wider assertion that all nations should be on the same side — against nuclear danger, whatever their present degree of reliance on nuclear weapons."

A Wrench in the Machinery of State

In 1929, an idealistic Russian engineer tried to preserve his professional integrity and ran afoul of Stalin.

THE GHOST OF THE EXECUTED ENGINEER
Technology and the Fall of the Soviet Union.
By Loren R. Graham.
$22.95.

By Susan Gross Solomon

EVERY historian has a puzzle that gets under his skin. In this gem of a book, Loren R. Graham, our foremost authority on Soviet science and technology, draws the reader into the life story of Peter Palchinsky, a remarkable Soviet engineer who was executed in 1929 for treason.

Mr. Graham, a professor of the history of science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was intrigued by Palchinsky for three decades. As a graduate student in Moscow in the early 1960's, he encountered cryptic references to Palchinsky, the alleged ringleader of the Industrial Party, which was accused of sabotaging Soviet industrial development. Thirty years later, when secret archives were opened in the age of glasnost, Mr. Graham uncovered a thick file on Palchinsky that included all of the engineer's papers brought to the police station on the day of his arrest. As Mr. Graham inspected the file, the puzzle of Palchinsky

Susan Gross Solomon, a professor of political science at the University of Toronto, is completing a book on public health studies of German and Russian physicians between the two world wars.

deeper. With mounting evidence of the human and environmental carnage that accompanied Soviet industrialization, Palchinsky's fate became a prelude to the failure of the Soviet experiment.

As "The Ghost of the Executed Engineer: Technology and the Fall of the Soviet Union" makes clear, Palchinsky's biography is typical of that figure so reviled in Soviet parlance, the "bourgeois specialist." Born in 1875 and broadly educated as an engineer in the final decade of the 19th century, Palchinsky served as an expert consultant (and gadfly) to a dizzying succession of regimes: czarist, Provisional and Bolshevik.

From the beginning, he was subversive in the best sense of the word. Sent in 1901 to investigate the "worker question" in the Don Basin coal mines, Palchinsky collected statistics that exposed the abysmal living conditions of miners. The czarist Government rewarded him with administrative exile in Siberia. As Mr. Graham notes wryly, the ghost of Palchinsky returned to haunt Russia. The Don Basin mines he investigated were the scene of the first major political strike against the Soviet regime in 1929.

AFTER the fall of the czarist monarchy in February 1917, Palchinsky held several positions in the Provisional Government. Along with other officials of that Government, Palchinsky was arrested by the Bolsheviks in October 1917 and then again in February 1918. In 1919, after his second release, Palchinsky began working as a consultant to a variety of Soviet Government agencies. Signing on with the Bolsheviks required a leap of faith. A socialist by conviction, Palchinsky had initially opposed the Bolsheviks as usurpers of power. Persuaded — rather quickly it seems — that the new Government was serious about

Continued on next page
Wrench in the Machinery

Continued from preceding page

promoting science and technology, he offered his services.

Throughout his career, Palchinsky defended his professional autonomy stoutly. In 1924, the attempt of the Communist Party to take over the All-Russian Association of Engineers led him to resign his membership and to quit the State Planning Commission. But he did not withdraw his services; he continued as a consultant to the most important Soviet economic planning and industrial agencies of the day. No doubt he believed that tendering advice from this distance would preserve his integrity.

But all too soon it became clear that Palchinsky’s approach to technological development clashed with that favored by the Soviet Government. As a consultant on the construction of the Dnieper River Dam and the mammoth steel-producing plant at Magnitogorsk, he argued against central control, against the regionalism, against the fetish with gigantism that overlooked economies of scale, and against the mind-numbing application of the principles of time and motion studies and assembly-line production that ignored the well-being of industrial workers. Throughout the book, we hear not only Palchinsky’s, but also Mr. Graham’s voice warning of the dangers of technical expertise untended by social conscience. Those who have read Mr. Graham’s epic works on the history and philosophy of science may have heard the voice, but never more clearly — or more passionately — than here.

Ultimately, Palchinsky ran afoul of the Soviet Government not simply because he questioned its approach to industrialization, but also because he sought to involve technical experts in politics. He scripted a leading role for the humane, socially concerned engineer in Stalinist circles, that script raised the specter of technocracy. Mr. Graham concludes, “His ambitions for engineers could be realized only in a society that, granted the various professions a high degree of autonomy and whose government was willing to listen to advice from outside official circles.”

Palchinsky emerges from Mr. Graham’s account as a tragic hero who “failed to follow his own precepts.” He urged engineers to look at technical problems in their sociopolitical context, and when changes in the Soviet political context in the late 1920’s made his policy recommendations unrealistic, he continued to tack into the wind.

Like all memorable books, “The Ghost of the Executed Engineer” leaves the reader wrestling with large questions. The fates of Palchinsky was specific to Stalinist Russia, but the story Mr. Graham tells prompts us to reflect on the tenuous position of the state-supported social critic in all places, at all times.

Science Was Expendable

In 1992, the playwright and President of independent Czechoslovakia Vaclav Havel wrote that the fall of communism marked the end of an era, the demise of thought based on scientific objectivity. What would Peter Palchinsky say in response? Was the building of the White Sea Canal in the wrong place and by the most primitive methods, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of prisoners’ lives, the blossoming of rationality? Was the disregard of the best technical specialists’ advice in the construction of Magnitogorsk, the Dnieper dam and the Baikal-Amur Railway a similar victory for objectivity? Was the education of the largest army of engineers the world has ever seen — hundreds of thousands of engineers who would come to rule the entire Soviet bureaucracy — in such a way that they knew almost nothing of modern economics and politics an act of genius in science? And even long after the death of Stalin, into the 1980’s, what was the Soviet insistence on maintaining inefficient state farms and giant state factories and an expression of willful dogmatism that flew in the face of a mountain of empirical data? From “The Ghost of the Executed Engineer.”

The Beautiful Map in His Head

The hero of this novel is an earnest navigator of his own mind.

THE MISERABLES

By Damien Wilkins


$22.50

By Diana Postlethwaite

In his first novel, “The Miserables,” a young New Zealander, Damien Wilkins, stakes his claim as an antipodean descendant of Henry James. Mr. Wilkins’s hero, Brett Healey, the 30-year-old literary editor of a newspaper, brings a thoroughly Jamesian sensibility to the task of charting his own emotional topography. James asserted that “impressions are experience.” Although Healey is in constant physical movement, riding ferries or wandering city streets, all the signs of his action of the novel is really psychological. Like the typical Jamesian hero, Healey is a boulevardier of the brain, an earnest navigator of “this beautiful map inside our heads.”

His grandfather’s death starts Healey on his journey. Over a three-day period, he moves between his adult life in the “directionless Canterbury Plains” of the South Island and the funeral at his childhood home in the North Island city of Wellington. Healey is also “in transit” between past and present identities. He’s looking for clues, “the evidence of himself, as it were, hopelessly dispersed across these innumerable landscapes.” It’s an ambitious undertaking, this mapping of the self. Ideally, Healey thinks, he needs to retrace “all the paths he had ever taken.”

That’s an impossible task, of course. But Healey does his best to follow each circuit of the self back to its source. And so we shift fluidly from the funeral to a rock-climbing expedition, to recollections of an old girlfriend, to memories of an adolescent petty thief. One thing leads to another as Healey free-associates. Various times, places and selves are simultaneously present throughout the novel.

Nothing particularly compelling has ever happened to Brett Healey, but that doesn’t necessarily stand in the way of a readable narrative. As Mr. Wilkins puts it (in language and sentiment worthy of Henry James himself), “Perhaps inaction itself comprises a rich scale of nuance, the sounding of which in our own minds is as delectable and invigorating as the sphere of change.” According to James, “We want it clear, but we also want it thick,” the success of the story depends on the sensibilities of its teller. We can be numbed, James suggests, by the immensity, the fainthearted, the just sufficient, the barely intelligent — or uplifted by “the acute, the intense, the complete.”

And here is where this novel falters. Although Mr. Wilkins can command a breathtakingly supple literary style, and although his protagonist has all the reverberating acuity of a Jamesian recording consciousness, Mr. Wilkins’s fictional landscape lacks scope and moral resonance. Or to put it another way, Brett Healey’s mind just isn’t big enough to fill 298 pages in a way that sustains our sympathetic interest.

“Detachment, after all, was his natural posture,” Healey acknowledges at the outset. Initially, there’s something disarming about Healey’s willingness to admit his limitations: “Was it that only by taking things apart like this he could see the whole or make a new whole? But he had always found that once a thing was in its constituent parts he panicked and walked away from it.” This is a man incapable of spontaneous action or un-conscious gesture: “He never had an opinion about something that he had not worked up beforehand, fashioning it with lengthy care.”

THERE’S nobody else at home in this novel, just its relentlessly self-regarding hero. The reader of “The Miserables” longs for more, and better, company than Brett Healey can offer. We do get tantalizing glimpses of other people (many of whom seem potentially more interesting than Healey himself): a ne’er-do-well drug-abusing cousin; a psychologically disturbed childhood friend; an old classmate turned yuppy lawyer; Healey’s unconventional beekeeping brother (at work on a doctorate on the breeding patterns of tropical lizards). But we’re never allowed to hear the voices of these characters. They’re simply yardsticks, emblems of narrowly defined “success” or “failure,” against which the insecure Healey can gauge his own accomplishments. “As his brother spoke . . . for the first time about the things that really mattered to him, Healey could only make weak, consoling noises while struggling against a mounting impatience . . . Perhaps rather than being ahead of the brother . . . he had, in fact, been behind him.”

In one of the final episodes of the novel, Healey is part of a group of international graduate students asked to speak about their homelands to a gathering at a Midwestern American university. As usual, he measures himself against others and comes up short: “What a thesis he had concocted! How stiff and lifeless it appeared now against these deeply human stories.” The same might be said of Damien Wilkins’s novel.
Between Guilt and Innocence

Whence comes Scotland's unique criminal verdict of Not Proven? During a recent trip to Scotland, an interest in law and lineage sent me off on a search for answers.

Not Proven is a Scottish form of acquittal that lies somewhere between Guilty and Not Guilty. In law, it means the prosecutor has failed to prove the charge (Not Guilty in America). In practice, it leaves the accused slightly blemished. It also has the effect, more than in England or the United States, of making a jury's Not Guilty a virtual declaration of innocence.

In the view of William Prosser, dean of Scotland's Faculty of Advocates, what the verdict of Not Proven means to society is, "You got off, but don't try it again." For defendants, it means freedom from punishment and a guarantee against retrial. For defense lawyers, it provides about one-third of all trial victories. Many celebrated cases, especially some storied poisonings, have ended with the Scottish verdict. How did it arise and how might it be used in America?

I found otherwise well-informed people vague about the subject. But Ross Harper, a prominent Glasgow criminal lawyer, believes it was some prosecutor's idea, at a time several centuries ago when juries feared re-

prisal and were reluctant to reach a judgment. A choice between Proven and Not Proven told jurors that their job was to weigh evidence, not to judge the worth of their fellow man.

I found some corroboration at the National Library in Edinburgh. One writer traces the verdict to the 17th-century prosecutions of Protestants who met in defiance of King Charles II. It was to cope with jurors' reluctance to convict fellow Scots at the behest of England's sovereign that the Crown gave them the choice between Proven and Not Proven. When the verdict of Not Guilty was revived in 1728 it became a third option.

The defense-oriented Mr. Harper finds the Not Proven verdict useful in a system that allows conviction not by 12 unanimous jurors, as in most American states, but by majority vote among 15. The middle option helps to focus a jury's attention on weaknesses in the evidence.

Do American courts need the Not Proven verdict? If they could choose between that and Proven, juries might find their task easier: simply to declare whether or not the prosecution has made its case. But as the middle of three possible verdicts, Not Proven probably wouldn't and shouldn't take root in America. Its potential for tainting some defendants would outweigh whatever value it has in springing others. Our stark choice has a virtue; jurors are given no way to proclaim that they harbor suspicions about the defendant even though they can't convict him.

Not Proven's inventor seems to have been one Sir George Mackenzie, dubbed "Bludy Mackenzie" because of his ruthless persecution of his countrymen as Lord Advocate for Scotland. Was he, I wondered, an ancestor? He hailed from Rosehaugh, near Avoch on Black Isle, a peninsula just north of Inverness, where my forebears lived for four centuries. Sir George apparently wrote Scotland's first novel and was called the country's "noble wit" by John Dryden. Samuel Johnson, according to Boswell, "allowed him power of mind." The victims of his political executions would surely have offered harsher testimony, and so it was with relief that I could find Sir George nowhere on my family tree.

JOHN P. MacKENZIE
### Golf

#### AT BUFORD, GA.

**LPGA NESTLE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP**

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#### Cycling

#### AT ESTES PARK, COLO.

**COORS INTERNATIONAL**

**Women’s 27-Mile**

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**Men’s 47-Mile**

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<td>Jamison Greuel, Red Zinger-Celestial Seasonings</td>
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The American West, Wallace Stegner once wrote in one of the region's most quoted aphorisms, is "the native home of hope."

Having put this very cheerful sentiment on public record, Mr. Stegner soon began to wonder what on earth had possessed him.

With its extraordinary landscapes, wide horizons and great natural resources, the West might qualify as hope's native home. But the West is also — in large part because of these very assets — the second home of tension, conflict, regret, dismay, gloom and bitterness.

Yet for all these miseries, the West has become the return address for my own sense of hope. I have the good luck to be employed as a kind of shuttle diplomat, carrying messages and attempting negotiations among various contending parties in the West today. That work has given me a deep — if perhaps naïve and lamblike — faith that these are great times for bridge building, alliance making and solution finding.

True, we live in an era in which we are told daily, if not hourly, about the intense and draining polarization of our political world, and the West has its own well-developed version. Environmental conflicts — energy production and consumption, water allocation, wildfire management, land-use planning, growth control — provide fine battlegrounds for the display of the ratter aspects of human nature.

But our conflicts present one great advantage: neither major political party offers much in the way of solutions. Consult the platform and mainstream positions of either the Republican Party or the Democratic Party, and, on the issues that matter most to the West, you will find yourself contemplating the yawning interior of Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

This vacancy presents a fine opportunity to notice the mounting irrelevance of partisan squabbling. When it comes to the all-important environmental issues, most Westerners are actually political hybrids, mixtures and muddles no matter what their party registration. They want to be supplied with the necessary natural resources to support their current level of comfort and convenience, yet they want the production sites of those natural resources to be out of sight and out of mind. They want water coming out of the faucet without disruption of the river system; they want to build Western-style log houses without disturbing a single tree within their viewshed.

And it's no wonder the muddled outnumber the clearheaded, and the ambivalent inherit or at least manage the earth. In the last part of the 20th century, the West became the fastest growing region in the nation, and in that same era, Congress wrote a whole new draft of the assumptions and processes that govern public-lands management, environmental decision making and natural resource development. We feel awash in people, legislation and confusion. Pollsters would be advised to add a question to their protocol: 'Are you one of those rare individuals whose principles and convictions actually match up to and shape your conduct as a voter and as a consumer? Or are you as muddled, ambivalent and inconsistent as the rest of us?'

The environmental laws — the Wilderness Act, the National Environmental Policy Act, the Clean Air Act, the Endangered Species Act, the Clean Water Act — were national in scope. But they carried particular consequence for the West, given the huge percentage of its lands still under federal management, and the importance of natural resources and natural beauty to local economies.

So a flood of new residents has been colliding and jockeying for position with old-timers and each other. At the very time they were most needed, the ground rules for all this colliding and jockeying were up in the air as the environmental laws were being carried out, applied, interpreted, condemned, defended and second-guessed.

Could anyone have created better conditions for the production and proliferation of conflict, tension, bitterness, litigation and reciprocal demonization?

But now, as many of the various contenders look back at years of energy-draining contention, many of them yearn for a better code of conduct among opponents, a more productive manner of dealing with conflict and a more effective way to distinguish substance from noise in these under refereed debates.

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Dear Ivan:

Here are some prospective (rather raw) questions for our Bookfest conversation on Sunday. I tried to suggest enough that you’d be able to eliminate the ones with which you’d feel uncomfortable. If you’d like to suggest one or two of your own, or rank your 3-4 preferred queries, just let me know at the ‘fest. I won’t ask more than 3 or 4, unless the audience runs dry.

John

On p. 10 of *Prairie Nocturne*, we read, “Wes had been counting on the fact that geography has a habit of kissing people in a way they never got over....” I’d like to hear about how you feel you have been kissed by Montana. You have called Seattle home for nearly forty years, yet in your writing seem not to have much embraced the geography of western Washington yet (*Winter Brothers, The Sea Runners*, and parts of *Mountain Time* being the obvious exceptions).

Keeping with the sensual theme (and maybe selecting another passage from *Prairie Nocturne* to illustrate), I’d like to ask two questions about how you treat sex in your novels. First, what is your approach to the subject, in terms of explicitness, frequency of occurrence, and so on? Is your approach affected by the time period about which you are writing? (That is, do you treat “Victorian” characters more discreetly than modern characters?) Second, do you detect any patterns in the ways that western writers as a group treat sex? For instance, are they trying to focus readers’ attention more on land and livestock than on human intimacy?

*Prairie Nocturne* offers roles to two fictional (or not-yet-found) historical documents—Susan Duff’s diary (not to be discovered until the year 2025, and not in the West but at Harvard!), and Joseph Field’s journal from the Lewis and Clark Expedition. You are famous for the amount of historical research you invest in your novels. Why have you taken to inventing additional documents for readers? What is your motive? How do these documents advance your story?

Keeping with the Lewis and Clark theme, you refer to them not centrally but fairly regularly in your Montana books. What role do these “writingest” explorers play in the traditions of Montana and western literature?

It seems to me that two kinds of death haunt *Prairie Nocturne*. There is the mass public killing of World War One, which affects Wes and Susan directly; and there are the two secret Montana murders, *by* and *of* Mose Rathbun. Readers’ mood could be dominated by these deaths (not to mention the treatment faced by Monty), yet to me the book offers a kind of healing message, large courtesy of Wes’s decisions. Would you concur with that assessment?

Your stories have featured Montanans coming from Europe. Now we have Montanans going to Europe—for war, for remembrance, for love & acceptance. So what does Europe represent to your Lost Generation of Montanans in the 1920s?

*Prairie Nocturne* features an African American man and a spinster woman as two of its three main characters. Was imagining these characters so fully something you feel you could have done earlier in your career?
Fictional historical documents:

- The Holy Rollers

It's much worse than you think.

--- Susan's Model T caravan of suffragists to counties
--- Over There Memorial Committee/soldiers' archive/
    Nov. 11 1919 commemorative event @ St. Mihiel
--- Harlem eatery where Monty gets that great cornbread

They are, shall we say, helpings that never made it to the banquet table of history—but they do serve the imagination. Mine, as the wordmaker, and I hope the reader's. The Stone Age horses and bison and other creatures that are painted on the walls of the prehistoric caves in France and Spain are maybe our earliest pieces of panoramic art and storytelling, and they are not precisely detailed "historic" portraits or diagrams of what those animals looked like. Storytelling has come into the picture back there—art—and what really registers with us is the imaginative play of perspective that those first people are passing along to us. I suppose in the cave walls of my own head, Susan is the type of character who has to keep a diary, and Wes is the kind of guy who would snap up a Lewis and Clark journal if one ever surfaced—so, to further the perspective of my story, this novel, it's up to me to provide that diary and that journal. (Along with Monty's songs, and the poem that Angus McCaskill and Wes toss back and forth a bit...)
fictional historical documents, part 2:

There are also what I see as quite practical writerly reasons to make up things like the diary and the Joseph Field journal:

--Susan's diary entry that starts the book gives me a way to provide the reader some of the plot and quite a bit of the plot right away, in about three sentences: (read it)

That, and the note beneath that the diary has been discovered in the year 2025, is meant to engage the reader's mental gears right away. (And to show that the book is going to move through the geography of time, as well as landscape.)

---The Lewis and Clark journal (by their soldier Joseph Field) is another attempt by Wes to possess the past. To own it, to maybe ameliorate his family's part in gobbling up the West--to make amends by processing it into history, passing it along to Harvard (academic cold storage). But notice he buys something else at the same time---that bit of manuscript verse by Pushkin. He rather helplessly has to have that around, too, because he senses that it says something about a dimension of life that is beyond his control, no matter how much money and bloodline he has---that Monty and his voice are maybe what's going to be remembered in history to come, not the baronial Williamson's.

***the diary also is a way for me to syncopate the narrative, to vary the rhythm and accent of the plot a bit.

*Clark field notes found in St Paul attic in 1953—Dickensian lawsuit
geography:
(Before books)

--I spent about ten years writing my heart out about the Puget Sound country and its people. Most of the 1970's I was a magazine free-lance here, writing historical pieces, environmental pieces, interviews with people who'd worked on fishtraps or in the woods... I probably expended enough wordage on that financially unrequited love affair with this region to add up to a book or two, if I had been able to shape the energies that way.

--And there are, always, ideas for Puget Sound or coastal books that compete with the ones I've done. I'd love to write another sea story. I'd like to write a whopping novel about people caught up in the politics of the 1930's in this region, and the terrible convulsion afterwards when an investigating committee went after some UW faculty members. On and on, the stories beckon.

--But: each book of mine takes at least 2 years and sometimes 3 or more, and big don't-look-back choices have to be made. To me, the allure in what I've been drawn to do, in these books with Montana settings, is not only the kiss of geography--although that is there; the Rocky Mountain Front knows how to knock your socks off--but the embrace of the language and the characters and the situations built up in these books by now. There is a world of a kind, now, a kind of landscape of the mind, in these books of mine, and it's a pretty good place for me to explore from. Richard Hugo, the great poet and teacher whom this stage (we're on) honors, used to say: "If you ain't no place you can't go nowhere."
Montanans to Europe:

One thing I'm pretty sure I'm not doing, there, is getting into that Henry Jamesian territory of American innocents stumbling up against Old World refinements and ironies. I once upset one of your esteemed colleagues pretty badly, at a discussion of this sort, when I said I thought a writer like me, based in the American West, in my books probably tries to bite off more than I can chew, while Henry James tended to chew more than he could bite off. (So, no Daisy Miller/Isabel Archer getting-of-wisdom and sadness just because the food is foreign. My characters can be bowled over by a lot in life, but not just the crossing of foreign boundaries.)

Instead, I was simply drawing on seismic shifts in people's lives, as war or career takes them away from their accustomed home territory for a while.
‘Less Snow’ brings message home

Report on global warming gets Montanans’ attention

By PERRY BACKUS of the Missoulian

Three-fourths of the water used in the western United States starts as snowpack.

If current trends continue, Westerners are going to have to learn to do with a lot less of it.

That news comes from a study of information gathered by the government that concludes the West’s major river basins are getting warmer at exactly the time of year that water needs to be stored as snow to meet the region’s needs.

The Rocky Mountain Climate Organization released the report “Less Snow, Less Water: Climate Disruption in the West” on Wednesday. In Missoula, a group made up of scientists, conservationists and city officials touted the report as evidence that global warming is affecting the state.

“This report puts a face on global warming, and it’s called Montana,” said Bruce Farling, executive director of Montana Trout Unlimited. “Our state is simply too dependent on a snowpack economy – from hydropower to irrigated agriculture to river and winter recreation – to ignore what nature is telling us: We need to stop warming the globe.”

The report found that compared to a historic average, the Columbia and Missouri river basins, which provide most of Montana’s water, are facing warmer winters and smaller snow packs.

See ‘LESS SNOW,’ Page B2

‘This report puts a face on global warming, and it’s called Montana. Our state is simply too dependent on a snowpack economy – from hydropower to irrigated agriculture to river and winter recreation – to ignore what nature is telling us: We need to stop warming the globe.’

– Bruce Farling, Montana Trout Unlimited

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA
FROM PAGE B1

Glacier
Continued

route once and for all, requiring most of a decade at an estimated cost of $150 million.

Early this year, Congress supplied the first of the funds, earmarking $50 million through the federal highway bill. Much of the cost will go toward mitigating the impacts of prolonged construction on both visitors and locals.

High on the mitigation agenda are new shuttle and public transit operations, which park managers hope will reduce visitor pressure on the roadway. Just what exactly that system will look like, however, remains a bit of a mystery.

The public will have yet another chance to help steer the future, with open meetings scheduled for Tuesday in East Glacier and Wednesday in Kalispell. Both sessions run from 2 to 4 p.m. at Glacier Park Lodge in East Glacier and the Outlaw Inn in Kalispell.

The idea, park officials said, is to get the stakeholders together, share progress reports and accept public comment. The big picture is decided, they said, with firm plans to begin work when winter breaks in 2007. But the particulars still are not set in stone.

Park managers, said Superintendent Mick Holm, “remain committed to completing the multiyear rehabilitation in a way that sustains park visitation while enhancing the visitor experience when and wherever possible.

In addition to banking the $50 million federal earmark, he said, park officials also received an endorsement this summer from the National Park Service, which signed off on the construction and mitigation.

‘Less Snow’
Continued

snowpacks.

“The West is disproportionately being affected by global warming,” said G. B. Pearson, former vice president of Missoula’s Strategic Services. “It’s not 10 years from now. It’s today.”

The analysis looked at information gathered by a variety of governmental agencies on the upper basins of the Columbia, Missouri and Colorado rivers and the Rio Grande for evidence of climate disruption.

It found:

• In the Columbia and Missouri river basins, the most recent five-year period was the hottest in the last 110 years. In both basins, the temperatures were 1.5 degrees Fahrenheit hotter than the historic average in both basins.

• The warming in both basins hasn’t been random throughout the year. The monthly pattern between 1995 through 2004 shows that warming has been greatest in January, February and March, which the report called a “fingerprint” of global warming.

• Government snowpack measurement records going back to 1961 show that snowpack has been below average for 14 of the last 16 years in the Missouri River basin and for 13 of the last 16 years in the Columbia River basin.

On average, snowpacks have been disappearing earlier in the year, said Steve Running, a climate scientist from UM. Most years, it’s gone two to three weeks earlier than 50 years ago, he said.

That loss affects everything from stream flows to the length of the wildfire season.

“The West is inherently vulnerable to even small changes in the snow-water cycle,” said David Merrill of Global Warming Solutions. “The threat posed by global warming to our water supply alone gives Westerners reason to take action.”

If the warming trend continues, it could have dire consequences for Montana’s economy and culture, said Missoula Mayor Mike Kadans.

Part of the solution will come from individuals looking for ways to lessen their effects on global warming, including what types of cars they drive, how often they drive, or how large a home they heat, said Kadans.

While a single local government cannot resolve the global warming crisis and while national and international leadership is crucial, local action can have a dramatic influence on national and global issues,” he said.

Reporter Perry Backus can be reached at 523-5259 or at pbackus@missoulain.com.

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Montanans scoop up historic items from auction

By JO DEE BLACK
Tribune Staff Writer

Hundreds of items from the estate of Thomas Cruse brought more than $48,945 at auction in Fort Benton Saturday.

"It took a lot of research to get ready for this, but it was well worth the time and effort," said Shane Uphus, the auctioneer for the event.

Cruse, an Irish immigrant, struck it rich mining in Marysville. He sold his shares in the mine and opened a bank in Helena in 1887.

Cruse married Margaret Carter, who died a year after the birth of their only daughter, Mamie. Mamie had no children, so Cruse's estate was passed on to other relatives. The auctioned items belonged to Jerry and Irene Skelton of Judith Basin County.

"The grand piano was sold for $3,000 to Ann Quinn, who lives southeast of Big Sandy," Uphus said. "A violin was sold for $2,500 to a man from Columbia Falls."

Junk cars, all of which were removed from the Sun River bank, wait to be carted off as a crew works to extract as many as 100 of the vehicles on the west side of town.

Cars dug from river to clean up bank

By KIM SKRNOGOSKI
Tribune Staff Writer

Using a little backhoe muscle, crews are plucking Plymouths from the Sun River banks this week — part of an ongoing project to make floating the river more scenic and to prevent erosion.

Some 200 cars and trucks are lodged in a five-mile stretch of the Sun River. As recently as 1975, car bodies were used as riprap along the riverbanks.

But as time passed and water began to wear down and rust the cars, the junk had the opposite effect and spread erosion on the sandy banks.

"If we don't remove them, there will be major erosion, which could cause problems downstream," said Alan Rollo, coordinator of the Sun River Watershed Group.

In July, the National Association of Counties awarded the group a $50,000 grant. With labor and equipment from the city and county, Malstrom Air Force Base, the Medicine River Canoe Club and Corvette Club, the entire grant goes toward mesh that prevents erosion until grasses and trees grow roots.

The crews are careful not to dig too deeply in the bank and tear up the sandy soil. Maneuvering the backhoe controls, Eric Long skillfully guides the car to pry it loose from the river bank Tuesday morning. The backhoe claw rips and crunches the metal vehicles.

"The biggest pieces dangle from the backhoe as it arm swings around, building a larger pile of tangled cars."

Two other city workers looped chains around one car to stop it from falling into the river as it is crushed and removed.

"The cars are really heavy they have so much dirt in them," said David Fayden, who works in the city's water distribution department.

See CAR BODIES, 2M
Is elementary teacher honored

Ryan Faulk, who teaches at Chief Joseph Elementary School, was named the Montana teacher of the year by Phi Delta Kappa International and the Montana Educational association.

The school received a $10,000 educational grant from the Walmart and SAMS's CLUB Foundation in Faulk's name. He is one of 51 finalists for the national teacher of the year award to be announced in November.

And Bozeman, music teacher Debi Biegel was named the Montana teacher of the year by the Montana Professional Teacher Foundation. The award is sponsored by the Montana teacher's union, MEA-MFT.

Biegel teaches seven band classes at five elementary schools, along with general music classes at Hawthorne School.

The award means Biegel, who has been teaching music for 28 years, will speak at teachers' conventions and forums and will be honored by President Bush at the White House in April along with the other state winners.

us may prompt passage
and provide greater security.

About a year ago, the federal General Services Administration sought proposals for a $70,000-
square-foot building on a three-
acre site in or near downtown Great Falls.

The GSA got several proposals, but revealed no details as to the plan stalled because of federal budget concerns.

Reach Tribune Staff Writer Peter Johnson at (406) 791-1476, (800) 438-6600 or pjohnson@greatfallstribune.com.

GREAT FALLS TRIBUNE • WWW.GREATFALLSTRIBUNE.COM

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

Car bodies: A stretch at a time

FROM 1M

Crews from Malmstrom's Red Horse Squadron combed the banks to collect debris, including tailpipes too small for the backhoes to grasp.

By the end of Tuesday, the workers had filled a semi-sized Dumpster, and a long line of whole cars waited to be towed away.

The cars are mostly from the 1950s — collectors refused to crush and crushed with rust.

This week the crews hope to yank out 100 cars in a densely jammed area of the river just a few miles west of Interstate 15.

Late last year the Montana Department of Transportation cleaned up a 50-yard stretch of the river.

This weekend, the canoe and Corvette clubs will clean up bits and pieces that can be spotted from the river.

Grasses, plants and trees are being planted as the work progresses. Workers said the job needed to be a slow work in progress, giving time for grasses to grow before ripping up new stretches of the river.

Along with endangering fish creating extra debris, the cars discourage recreationists.

Eventually, a boat ramp will be added near the Skoet Club for day use.

The five-mile stretch of the Sun River ending at the Missouri River in Great Falls is the worst section of the 110-mile river. However, cars are scattered throughout the landmarks, including on private property.

Those cars will be the next to follow. Getting them all will take far more coordination, relying on private business to donate equipment and more volunteer time.

Homeowners are invited to consider rolling if they want help removing cars from their riverbanks.

The Cascade County Conservation District is tackling the bigger project of pulling the cars from the Missouri River bank.

Reach Tribune Staff Writer Kim Skernovski at 791-6574, (800) 438-6600 or kskernok@greatfallstribune.com.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Rose May Hamilton

HAVRE — Rose May Hamilton, 95, died of natural causes on November 14, 2005, at the Northern Montana Care Center.

Cremation has taken place and a memorial service is set for 7 p.m. Thursday at the Holland & Bonine Funeral Home with a fellowship to follow at the Towne House from “Townhouse Apartment” hospitality room. A private family burial will take place at the Calvary Cemetery at a later time. Holland & Bonine Funeral Home is handling the arrangements.

Survivors include her daughter, Ardey ‘Arthy’ McLeod of Georgetown Lake, Mont.; five grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Pete Hamilton, in 1994 and daughters Gal Hamilton and Roberta “Booby” Leonetti.

LaVern P. ‘Vern’ Wutschke

FORT BENZON — LaVern P. ‘Vern’ Wutschke, 85, a retired veteran and business man, passed away on the Veterans of Foreign Wars Club anniversary, followed by natural causes at the Fort Benton Medical Center.

Survivors include his wife, Hope, of Fort Benton; his sons, Rodney, of Glendive, Dean, of Circle, Mont.; Paul, of Medicine Lake, Mont.; Jim and Braden, both of Ekalaka, Mont.; and two great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by a granddaughter, Deanna McCabe.

Kenneth V. Hendricks

Kenneth V. Hendricks, 94, of Great Falls, died from natural causes.

REMEMBERING

STATISTICS

BIRTHS

BICKEL — Daughter born Tuesday to Molly and Tristen Boll of Great Falls.

HIRT — Daughter born Tuesday to Molly and Rob Born of Choteau.

GUSTALO — Son born Tuesday to L.J. and Mrs. Dar Cushing.

SIMPSON — Son born Monday to Jenny and Jonathan Sundseth of Cascade.

IMPOUNDED ANIMALS

Picked up and taken to the Humane Society on Friday: One dog, 1017 25th Ave. N.E., Great Falls.

Each was reported as black and white adult female.

Bettie D. Hay

HARLEM — Betty D. (Dallum) Hay, 77, a Harlem homemaker, died of a brain tumor Sunday at a Havre hospital.

Cremation has taken place and a graveside service is set for 2 p.m. Saturday in the Harlem Cemetery.

Edwards Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Survivors include her sisters Linda Malley, of Havre, Patty DeSoye, of Whitehall and Connie Malze, of Tioqua, N.D., a son, Blaine Hay Jr., of Wadena, Minn., and two granddaughters, of Bellingham, Wash., Lila Dean, of Great Falls and Sharon Wood, of Loma Woods, Calif.; 11 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Blaine Hay Sr. and daughters Karen Simmons and Judy Hay.

Thomas M. McCabe

GLENIDGE — Retired farmer Thomas M. McCabe, 84, died of natural causes Sunday at Billing’s Daucuson Medical Center.

A memorial service is set for 11 a.m. Thursday at the First Congregatio

tional Church in Medicine Lake with burial in Big Lake Cemetery, east of Homestead and Fulkerson Funeral Home in Plentywood is in charge of cremation and arrangements.

Survivors include his wife, Hope, of Great Falls; his sons, Rodney, of Glendive, Dean, of Circle, Mont.; Paul, of Medicine Lake, Mont.; Jim and Braden, both of Ekalaka, Mont.; and two great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by a granddaughter, Deanna McCabe.

It’s amazing what a little beautification does for an area,” Commissioner Sandy Boren said.

With a grant of $1,000,000, the city will support the planting of 400 meters of trees along the river, Boren said.

Meanwhile, O’Dell said she has another idea to improve the safety of children walking to school in the area.

“Trees have been planted to bring the speed limit in the area to 15 mph on streets that lack sidewalks,” O’Dell said.

“People are very much going to get hurt,” she said.

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“People are very much going to get hurt,” she said.
Is Montana ready for the worst?

Emergency responders check plans

By KIM SKORNYOGOSKI
Tribune Staff Writer

A 6.9 magnitude earthquake shakes the Helena area.
Within minutes, buildings have crumbled as far away as Fort Benton. Holter Dam is overflowing. Gas lines are ruptured. Widespread power outages hit the state.

Within hours, a surge of water is flooding the Missouri and Sun rivers, flooding homes in Cascade and carrying debris that knocks out bridges.

From clearing out bridesmaids decorating for a wedding at Dam to rescuing children swept down stream — emergency responders have a plan.

In Montana a hurricane or a tsunami never will hit, but the recent catastrophes along the Gulf Coast remind disaster and emergency workers to prepare for the worst events that might happen here.

"The New Orleans incident has sparked everyone to make sure they have plans in place," said Wil Huett, CEO of the American Red Cross of Montana.

"We're saying to each other 'Let's make sure we can do this job. Let's double-check our lines of communication.'"

Disasters can happen here. A tornado ripped through Lewistown in 1999. National Weather Service meteorologist Rick Dietmann said it was a miracle that no one was killed.

Gibson Dam, west of Augusta, spans and backs up waters of the Sun River that are now used for irrigation and recreation. In 1964, so much rain fell that water cascaded over the top of the dam. Although the dam held, water rushing through the canyon and on to Great Falls, 75 miles away, contributed to the biggest flood in recent Montana history. Aging dams are a concern for emergency planners.

What you need to be prepared

Here's what every home should have to be prepared for a disaster:

- Keep at least a three-day supply of water, with one gallon of water per person a day. Store water in plastic containers such as soft-drink bottles.
- Store at least a three-day supply of nonperishable food. Select foods that require no refrigeration, preparation or cooking, and little or no water. Suggested items are ready-to-eat canned meats, fruits, vegetables and juices.
- Assemble first-aid kits for your home and car. Items should include bandages, safety pins, soap, sunscreen, latex gloves, non-prescription drugs, scissors, needle, antiseptic, thermometer, aspirin, antacid, laxative and ipecac.
- Keep a battery-operated radio, flashlight, extra batteries, a non-electric can opener, fire extinguisher, compass, matches and map.
- Refill drug prescriptions.
- Store important medical and financial records and an inventory of valuable household goods in a portable waterproof container.

By DIANA MARRERO
Tribune Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON — The devastating levee failures that flooded New Orleans during Hurricane Katrina have rekindled a debate on the poor condition of the nation's aging network of dams.

"Dams are a very serious piece of infrastructure, and we need to pay attention to them," said Bill Marcuson, president-elect of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

The group, which recently released a report card for America's infrastructure, gave the nation's dams a grade of D, citing concerns over lack of funding for dam safety maintenance and rehabilitation, and an increasing number of unsafe dams around the country.

Since 1998, the number of unsafe dams has risen by 33 percent to more than 3,500, according to the group. And the number of dams deemed unsafe is increasing at a faster pace than dams are being repaired.

About 85 percent of the nation's 79,000 dams will be at least 50 years old by 2020, according to the National Performance of Dams program.

Nationally, about $10.1 billion is needed over the next 12 years to refurbish all the nonfederal dams that have the potential to kill people who fail, according to the civil engineers society.

In Montana, 11 dams regulated by the state were deemed deficient in 2004, following a pattern that holds true throughout much of the country. While most federally

See EMERGENCY, 5A

See DAMS, 5A
A colorless parish

St. Bernard residents face a long, dreary road to recovery

By ALLEN G. BREED
Associated Press Writer

VIOLET, La. — It had been barely three weeks since Brenda Manuel had seen her street, but St. Bernard Parish seemed to have aged decades.

"It looks like a black and white photo," she said as she crunched through the dried black mud outside her one-story brick home across from the Mississippi River. "There's no color."

Gray, that is how Hurricane Katrina has left this once-lush outpost on the toe of Louisiana, where the people have sold their living for the fish in the water and built themselves homes. Just east of New Orleans, this ruggedly beautiful area of bayous and roads overarched with stark oak trees took the full force of the Category 4 storm. A surge as high as 20 feet overtopped the parish's protective levees and destroyed thousands of homes and scorched others to their foundations.

Many people have been confirmed dead — half of them in a flooded nursing home that was washed away.

Officials estimate that as much as 80 percent of the structures in the parish will have to be razed. While large portions of New Orleans are already reopening to residents and merchants, and high water has receded, French Quarter, St. Bernardians are being told not to expect to come home until next summer.

Residents trickle in

Over the weekend, some residents began trickling back to see the devastation for themselves.

"We couldn’t afford it," he says, sucking on a cigar and chowing down on a piece of fish. "We don’t own any money, but we make a living. And we enjoy our life."

"If his way of life wasn’t killed out of New Orleans after the storm, he fears the government will finish him off. He has been hearing reports that he and others won’t be allowed to resettle in this part of the country until it is turned into a wildlife preserve."

But officials say talk of abandoning any part of the parish is premature.

"We haven’t given up on any- thing," says Parish President Harvey "Buddy" Rodrigue. "The damage is serious, but we’re going to rebuild."

Rodriguez's roots in St. Bernard date back to the 1700s, when Spanish brought in sugar, when the Catholic Church began encouraging the growth of food and a swampy outpost against British invaders. In the state of emergency left by Katrina, the law has sidestepped the parish council and transferred him into a kind of dictator in cowboy boots.

"I sure didn’t want to be in this position at all," says the soon-to-be-retired Rodriguez, a bear of a man with snow-white hair and a brass-topped walking stick.

"The big thing they can do is start bulldozing," says her husband, Floyd Manuel. "Get the trash and dirt out of the way."

"The water is not as bad in the Christina, the parishes' wrath is more apparent. Here, houses were obliterated. Cars and trucks parked along the highway in queues of saving the contents of coconuts of sea grass and fish- ing nets."

"In the tiny fishing community of Yscloskey, not a single house remains standing. The Baptist Church and community center are gone."

"This was a thriving communi- ty," says George Jackson, who lives with his girlfriend in a raised, two-story concrete block house on Bayou La Louvre. "He returned Saturday to a pile of rubble."

"Nothing, nothing, nothing," the 48-year-old shrugs saying as he pulls his rusted guns from the debris. He got his skiff out, but..."
Emergency: Risks vary for areas of state

Dams: Montana officials assure residents structures are safe

Firefighters and ambulance crews "rescue" a dummy during a simulated head-on car accident a few years ago. Emergency responders train rigorously for all kinds of scenarios.

From a 1994 article:

Regulated dams are in good shape, state officials say. Most of the state's 2,974 state-regulated dams do not worry the residents who live near them. They say they need single dams, if they exist, to be safe, to be enough to secure the dams. Some state officials say they are satisfied with the state's safety standards and emergency procedures.

In light of the devastation in Louisiana, "It's time for everybody to look at what we're dealing with," said state officials. "We're dealing with over 100 dams in Montana. We're not going to be able to inspect them all."

Some state officials say they are all aware of the safety standards and emergency procedures.

Another dam, regulated by the U.S. Forest Service, is in such poor shape the agency plans to remove the dam and build a new one. The Red Creek Dam in western Montana, separated by 20 miles, will be the first in the state to be taken out.

In 1994, Gibson said he came to find out if there was any water that was spilled over the top of the dam, filling 53 million cubic feet of the reservoir. Although the chances are remote, the dam could overflow again.

From a 1995 article:

The worst case

Lay said the absolute worst is a volcanic scenario in an earthquake in Helena that breaks the city and floods the river, wiping out farms, bridges and water systems as far away as Broad City. Worse still would be the exact scenario that occurred in the winter of 1998.

Montana's Disaster and Emergency Services team must have a training exercise annually. Lay said there is an inherent risk but he said the state has a preparedness program.

Lay said the worst-case scenario is that a volcanic eruption could happen just outside Helena. In that case, the city would be cut off from the outside world.

Lay said that since the worst-case scenario is a very remote possibility, the city is prepared.

"We're not in a position to stop a volcanic eruption, but we can be prepared if it happens," Lay said.

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**Great Falls weather service:** (Website) [www.wrh.noaa.gov/greatfalls/](http://www.wrh.noaa.gov/greatfalls/) (Phone) 453-5460 or 453-5469. **Montana road report:** Call 511

**Area weather**

**EAST OF DIVIDE**

Today and tomorrow

Today, mostly sunny. Highs in the 70s to lower 80s. Winds around 35 mph. Gusts up to 40 mph. Tonight, mostly clear. Lows in the lower to mid-40s. Snow chance of up to 30% in the evening. Tuesday, partly cloudy. Highs in the 70s to lower 80s. Extended forecast

Wednesday, partly cloudy. Lows in the mid-50s to lower 40s. Highs in the 60s to lower 70s. Thursday, partly cloudy. Lows in the mid-50s to lower 40s. Highs in the 60s to lower 70s. Friday, mostly cloudy. Chance of rain showers. Lows in the mid-50s to lower 40s. Highs in the 60s to mid-70s.

**WEST OF DIVIDE**

Today and tomorrow

Today, mostly sunny. Highs in the mid-70s. Tonight, mostly clear. Lows in the mid-50s to lower 40s. Tuesday, partly cloudy. Highs in the mid-70s.

Extended forecast

Wednesday, partly cloudy. Lows in the 30s to lower 40s. Highs in the 60s to lower 70s. Thursday, slight chance of rain showers. Partly cloudy. Lows in the 50s. Highs around 70. Friday, slight chance of rain showers. Lows in the 50s. Highs in the mid-70s to upper 80s. In the mountains, winds around 35 mph. Gusts up to 40 mph. Lows in the mid-30s to lower 40s. Highs in the 50s to mid-70s.

**National weather**

**U.S. forecast for noon today:**

**Skywatch**

A Skywatcher requested help finding the "dragon" in the sky we use. Look north, find the Little Dipper by following the pointer stars in the bowl of the Big Dipper 80 or 90° past the North Star. Between the Big and Little Dippers you will see a group of stars, which separate the Big and Little Dippers. The "dragon" has 3 stars: Sauron, the young; Aldebaran, the old; and Betelgeuse, the ancient.

**Things to do**

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
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**Today's events**

The University of Great Falls American and History Campus is hosting an open house and tour. The open house and tour will be held from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. at the museum. Admission is free.

**Coming up**

**FALL CANCER SPECIALS**

7 nights at the Hyatt with air and transfers $1,250 per adult, Uptown to downtown view for only $50 more per person. Call 800-228-2825 ext. 1005.

**Illinois governor facing corruption charges**

"They went in the dark, and I don't know if they got a good dollar or they paid me a lot more money," Governor George Ryan said. "I guess I'm not sure it's going to be correct, but it is my opinion."

**NTSB: Chicago commuter train speeding before derailment**

By MIKE COLLINS

**Fred's Great Falls forecast**

**U.S., Canadian weather yesterday, and today's outlook:**

**Fall weather**

**Daily high/low**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>High</th>
<th>Low</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miami</td>
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<td>Chicago</td>
<td>65°F</td>
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<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
<td>60°F</td>
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**Yesterday's highs and lows, and precipitation:**

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<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>High</th>
<th>Low</th>
<th>Precip.</th>
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<tr>
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<td>60°F</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>65°F</td>
<td>50°F</td>
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<td>New York</td>
<td>70°F</td>
<td>55°F</td>
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<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>80°F</td>
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**Current conditions:**

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<td>New York</td>
<td>70°F</td>
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<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>80°F</td>
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**Weather watch:**

**Yesterday's hot spot**

Philadelphia: 85°F

**Yesterday's cold spot**

Iowa City: 50°F

**U.S. weather service:** (Website) [www.weather.gov/greatfalls/](http://www.weather.gov/greatfalls/)

**Montana road report:** Call 511

**Great Falls almanac**

**Temperatures:**

High Sunday: 87°F
Low Sunday: 57°F
Normal high today: 78°F
Normal low today: 50°F
Record high (1919): 105°F
Record low (1966): 30°F

**Peak wind:**

WSA 58 mph at 1:35 p.m.

**Seven-day outlook**

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<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Temperature</th>
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<td>Sat</td>
<td>79°F</td>
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<td>Sun</td>
<td>82°F</td>
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**Fred's Great Falls forecast**

**Today**

Breezy and warmer. South-southwest winds 15 mph gusting to 35 mph.

**Seven-day outlook**

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**Moonrise**

8:13 p.m.

**Moonset**

7:07 a.m.

**Full Moon**

7:07 a.m.

**22 degrees**

**Weather watch:**

**Yesterday's hot spot**

Philadelphia: 85°F

**Yesterday's cold spot**

Iowa City: 50°F

**Precipitation:**

Last 24 hours at 6 a.m. Sun.
Last 30 days: 0.00 in.
Last 3 months: 0.00 in.
Last 12 months: 0.00 in.

**NTSB: Chicago commuter train speeding before derailment**

By MIKE COLLINS

**Chicago**

A commuter train was going almost 60 mph above the speed limit just before it derailed, killing two people and injuring dozens of others, the acting chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board said Saturday.

**Philadelphia**

Booster said the NTSB is working on a report to the National Transportation Safety Board.
Michael Umphrey and Marcella Sherfy write about Paleoindians in
Exploring Deep Time
and
The Old North Trail
Making something wonderful
How to turn the classroom into a publishing company
Stage presents
Ideas on how gifts of scholarship can be presented to the community

Montana Heritage Project
www.edheritage.org
The Allure of Place in a Mobile World

“This is what I prayed for,” wrote the Roman poet Horace. “A piece of land — not so very big, with a garden and, near the house, a spring that never fails, and a bit of wood to round it off.” Those words were set down more than 2000 years ago, around 30 B.C. It is easy to understand the emotion prompting them. We still recognize what Horace meant by a rural garden, a place to take refuge, as he did, from the irritations of city life.

If the love of retreat, as Horace describes it, has not changed much in 2000 years, the sense of place — the way it frames experience and shapes identity — certainly has. Hardly anything human has changed more, in fact. At this end of the millennium, we travel with stunning speed and communicate almost instantaneously over enormous distances. Mobility is not the exception in modern life; it is a lifelong norm, especially in the United States. Our days are filled with more information, and each particle of that information, no matter how dry, distracts us from a present awareness of place. As a result, the places we inhabit anchor us less and less. “Here” sometimes seems like just another temporary construct, a private niche only slightly more convincing than the pervasive fictions of advertising and entertainment.

These facts and impressions differ hugely from what we know about human existence in the past, for the meaning of place has been reconfigured almost entirely within the past few centuries.

Until the mid-19th century and the spread of railroads, the narrow ambit of nearly every person’s life was measured at a foot-pace or, at best, a horse’s stride. One’s place of residence exerted an almost unimaginable gravity. In early medieval Europe, it was possible to find a different set of weights and measures in nearly every village. Local custom had the force of law. Residents of medieval towns and villages were bound to their neighbors, their betters and their landscape by a dense and, to our sensibility, perplexing set of customary obligations. The differences in customs and fealties from place to place engendered what one historian has called “the waste of energy through friction.”

By comparison, ours is a frictionless world.

Money moves as fast as thought. The urge to rationalize currencies, timekeeping, standards, markets and laws has been nearly universal in human history, but only in this century has it come close to being accomplished. The result is to diminish the influence of the local. Watching ice-cutters on Walden Pond one day, Thoreau tried to visualize the global traffic in ice. “Thus it appears,” he wrote, “that the sweltering inhabitants of Charleston and New Orleans, of Madras and Bombay and Calcutta, drink at my well.” Even Thoreau, self-reliant as he was, lived in a less locally determined, more globally interdependent world than his parents did. As for us, self-reliance is only a metaphor. Our dependence on others for the fundamentals of life is nearly absolute, and those others on whom we depend are scattered around the world. Most of us make nothing from where we live but wherewithal.

The biologist E. O. Wilson argues that we still have within us a profound biological orientation toward what he calls “the right place,” a landscape that evokes the setting of early human evolution. Wilson describes it as “open, tree-studded land on prominences overlooking water” — not that different from Horace’s small farm. It is easy to see the romanticism in longing for such a place, even in 30 B.C., a romanticism we still feel. But in modern times, America has become a nation of almost hectic motion. That does not mean we choose the right places to live. We live instead where work takes us and try to make place inconsequential.

In the years to come, a globalized Internet economy may allow some of us to re-root ourselves by freeing us from centralized workplaces. It has already begun to do so. But the electronic e-topia of the Internet, no matter how sophisticated it becomes, offers no real alternative to the values arising from a strong sense of place. For the human mind requires what Wilson calls a “beauty and mystery beyond itself.” The beyond that he means is the natural world itself, a place of irreducible localness whose claims upon us cannot be annulled no matter how hard we try.

NY Times Dec. 15, ’99
INSIDE PITCH

The Yankees traded reliever Dan Naulty to the Dodgers for Nick Leach, a minor league first baseman. The 22-year-old Leach hit .283 with 20 homers and 74 runs batted in at Class A Vero Beach.

Carruth Faces Murder Charge

CHARLOTTE, N.C., Nov. 14 (AP) — Carolina Panthers wide receiver Rae Carruth was sought on murder charges today after his pregnant girlfriend died of wounds from a shooting last month.

The police searched for Carruth throughout Charlotte, but he had not been arrested by early tonight. Several days after the Nov. 16 shooting, Carruth, 25, and three other men were charged with conspiracy to commit first-degree murder, attempted murder, and firing into an occupied vehicle. A subsequent charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill was added the same day Carruth posted $3 million bail and was released from Mecklenburg County jail.

The other defendants are Stanley Abraham Jr., 19, Michael Kennedy, 24, and William Watkins, 44, all from Charlotte. They are still jailed with bond set at $1.5 million each. Prosecutors said they would also file first-degree murder charges against them.

Cherica Adams, 24, died early this afternoon surrounded by family members, said Scott White, a spokesman at Carolinas Medical Center. She was six and a half months pregnant when she was shot four times from a passing vehicle as she drove through a Charlotte neighborhood, forcing an Caesarian delivery of her baby boy. The condition of the baby, Chancellor Lee Adams, has improved since the shooting.

Carruth was in a car near where Adams was shot, and the three other men were in a separate vehicle, prosecutors said. They were said to be in contact by cell phone.

Carruth was the Panthers' first-round pick in 1997. He has been placed on an unpaid leave.
In Love With Harry, Over and Over Again: The Joys of Rereading

Continued From Weekend Page 21

do feel that we have been treated to a
most wonderful, heartwarming event that will
live long in our memories.

The books are a treasure trove of commentary
and analysis from the world of literature, and
they offer a unique perspective on the
works of some of the most beloved authors of
time. The collection includes essays, interviews,
and book reviews, all written with a passion for
the subject and a deep respect for the
literature itself.

The selection of books is impressive, ranging
from classic literature to contemporary
fiction. The authors represented include
some of the greatest names in
literature, such as Shakespeare,
George Eliot, and Jane Austen.

These books are not just a
collection of critical analysis;
they are a celebration of the
power of words and their
ability to move us and inspire
us.

From the heart-wrenching
tales of Shakespeare to the
humorous and insightful
correspondence of Jane
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something for everyone.

The editors of the collection
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The Golden-Age Furniture of the Connecticut Valley

"I have spent the morning in an
unusual craving for antique
furniture, and in the afternoon,
during which I wrote some
errands to the Connecticut
Valley," writes a correspondent
from Williamstown, Mass., in a
recent letter to the Berkshire
Register. "I found myself in the
company of several dealers who
have been offering me some
very fine pieces, and I was
amazed at the prices they were
asking.

These pieces are in great
demand, not only in this area but
also in other parts of the country. The dealers
are quite knowledgeable and
enthusiastic about the
furniture they have on their
shelves, and they are happy to
answer any questions I may have.

I am not sure if I will buy
anything, but I am definitely
interested in finding out more
about these amazing pieces."

Adams was not the first to
appreciate the beauty of these
furniture pieces. In fact, many
dealers and collectors have been
attracted to this type of
furniture for years, and they
have found that it is quite
valuable.

But this furniture is not just
valuable, it is also beautiful. The
pieces are handcrafted and
feature exquisite designs and
finishes. The materials used are
often made from rare and
durable woods, such as cherry,
maple, and oak.

The Connecticut Valley was
home to some of the finest
furniture makers in the
country, and their work is still
admired today.

If you are interested in
learning more about this type of
furniture, I would recommend
visiting some of the local
museums or antique shops.

There are many places in the
Connecticut Valley where you
can find high-quality pieces of
furniture, and they are all
worth checking out.

In conclusion, I would
encourage everyone to take a
closer look at the furniture
available in the Connecticut
Valley. It is truly a unique and
beautiful collection that is
worth discovering for yourself."
At the Goldsun Sunlight mines, above, the open pit reaches a depth of 1,200 ft. Tom Dunning, left, the president of Transwestern, thinks that the open-pit truck used to haul ore from a site near the gold mine is extracted.

Hurricane Dennis Nears, on a Familiar Path

MICHAEL B. WILSON

PENSACOLA, Fla. — For the third straight day, residents braced for the curving hurricane that hit the city’s downtown area early Wednesday afternoon, and for the winds of nearly 80 miles per hour that were forecast to follow Dennis on Thursday.

The hurricane’s approach came just six days after Hurricane Ivan hit the city, causing widespread damage and closures across the region.

Hurricane Ivan came and went, leaving behind thousands of people injured and displaced. The city was still recovering from the aftermath of the storm, which caused widespread destruction and left many without power.

Hurricane Dennis, on the other hand, was expected to arrive on Thursday, bringing with it heavy winds, torrential rain, and the potential for a major landfall.

The National Hurricane Center issued warnings for the region, urging residents to take appropriate precautions and prepare for the storm.

The city’s emergency management officials were busy preparing for the storm, mobilizing resources, and ensuring that residents were informed of the latest updates.

As the storm approached, people were encouraged to stay indoors, secure their homes, and stay away from the coast.

The National Weather Service issued a hurricane watch for the region, indicating the possibility of significant flooding and winds.

Residents were urged to have a plan in place, to have emergency supplies on hand, and to stay tuned to local news for the latest updates.

The storm was expected to bring heavy rains and flooding to the region, with the potential for flash flooding and mudslides.

The city’s emergency management officials were working closely with local and state agencies to ensure that the community was prepared and that resources were mobilized to respond to the storm.

As the storm approached, people were encouraged to stay informed, to have a plan in place, and to stay away from the coast.

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The storm was expected to bring heavy rain...
2005 SATURN ION 1
$11,993 price after incentives

2005 CHEVY EQUINOX LS FWD
$19,157 price after incentives

2005 GMC ENVOY SLE 4WD
$25,188 price after incentives

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$12,471 price after incentives

2005 BUICK LACROSSE CX
$19,944 price after incentives

2005 GMC YUKON XL 1/2-TON 4WD
$33,388 price after incentives

2005 CHEVY SILVERADO 1500
2WD REG. CAB WT
$13,841 price after incentives

2005 PONTIAC GRAND PRIX SEDAN
$19,143 price after incentives

For the first time in history, everyone in America gets the GM employee discount. You pay what we pay. Not a cent more. At participating dealers only. Event ends August 1.

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Rancher's Burden of Dreams: Staging Opera About Blackfeet

By JOE ASBURNER NICKELL

GREAT FALLS, Mont., July 1 — In all his years running cattle on the high plains of Montana, Justus Grinnall never had cause to ride into a fistfight or attempt to make his living as a politician. He always gave much thought to opera, he said, but never thought he would have any hand in staging one on his range.

"I'm not really an operatic fan," said Mr. Grinnall, a retired rancher.

But his great-grandfather, a noted cowboy and opera lover, passed down to him a passion for the stage. Mr. Grinnall recently staged "Pikpa," the Blackfeet story of Star-black-feet," which opened to a sold-out crowd at the Great Falls Civic Auditorium.

Critics attending that first performance were quick to赞 its praise. "An opera interpreting the life of the Star-black-feet," was a hit with the audience, particularly the young Blackfeet. The opera was accompanied by a lively piano accompaniment, and a chorus of Blackfeet singing in harmony. The opera ended with a grand finale that had the audience on its feet.

Mr. Grinnall was proud of the production. "It's a simple story, yet it tells the story of our people," he said. "I hope it will inspire our young people to continue their traditions and culture."
Slithering Somberly Through a Solitary Sea of Wistful Introspection

By KELLEFA SANNER

Near the beginning of the Ellis con-
cert at Town Hall on Thursday night, one audience member felt embold-
ed to share his feelings about the
concert, in which the American Quartet was performing works by
"Pretzels" by Daniel F. E. He called out:
"Look at this!" Mark Ellis, the band's
bassist, had heard it.

The response was quick: "By the
way, sir, that didn't talk to me." Then
Ellis must have made a changeover
in his mind, because he said, "I
never thought he was going to play
anyway." A few moments later, he heard a resonating beat in the
air that he was waiting for. He said,"By request," and started to sing.

Ellis, 27, has been releasing reci-
ses for about five years, during
which time, he has evolved into one
of the leaders of the new wave of
bands. His current lineup includes
from his recording and mixing a
song about his own struggles with
his own feelings of wistful introspec-
tion, he is currently working on a
new album. The album is expected
to be released in early 2023.

DANCE REVIEW

In Summer, Modern Dance Rises to All Occasions (Watch Out, Ballet)

By JOHN ROCKWELL

DURBAN, N.C., July 1 — In recent years, the world has seen an
American public's perception of dance. In the big city, in
the small town, it has become more commonplace. The ave-
ner who is not an avid dancer, may be
unaware of the rich heritage of American dance or the
magnificent works of modern dance. But the
Dance Association of North Carolina in
Durban, N.C., has come to the rescue.

There are various types of dance
festival in the United States, some
more famous than others. But the
Durban Festival is unique in that it
features works by artists from the
entire country. The festival is held in
memory of a great dancer, Doris
Parker, who was killed in an acci-
dent in 1926. Since then, the festi-
val has continued to honor her
memory.

The festival was held on July 1
and 2. The performances were held
at the old Durban Opera House, a
historic building that was once a
movie theatre. The festival featured
works by a variety of artists, includ-
ing modern dance, jazz, and
contemporary works. The audience
was treated to a number of perform-
ances, including a performance by
the famous dance company, Alvin
Ailey American Dance Theater.

From the opening performance by
The Elizabethan Ballet, the audience
was captivated by the virtuoso per-
fomance of the dancers. The music
was soaring and the dance pas-
ces were breathtaking. The
performances were a testament to
the talent and passion of these
artists.

On July 2, the festival concluded
with a performance by the world-fa-
named Alvin Ailey American Dance
Theater. The company was joined by
local musicians and dancers, who
performed a variety of pieces.

The festival was a huge success,
and the audience left with a
deepened appreciation for the
art form of dance.

Members of the Brenda Angel Aerial Dance Company perform in the world premiere of "Air Force," a part of her program "Air-Conditioned."
FEATURING

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Worth a Thousand Words

Cover: Mount Brown, at the head of Lake McDonald in Glacier National Park. Barbara Thomas photo
This page: Cross-country skiers in Yellowstone National Park Rick & Sue Craetz photo
WHEN THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS (USSR) collapsed in 1991, you could almost hear the sigh of relief rise from northeastern Montana. With the dissolution of the Soviet Union and the Cold War, many old-time residents of Daniels and Sheridan counties—particularly Plentywood—felt that a stigma had been lifted. No longer would they be labeled—however wrongly—"Socialists," "Commies," "Pinkos," and "Reds." Now, perhaps, these northeastern Montanans can look objectively at the unusual events that evolved between the world wars.

The radical interlude on the northern Great Plains is an intriguing historical phenomenon. Scores of Montana communities would love to incorporate Plentywood’s colorful story in their heritage! Count on Montana’s own Ivan Doig to weave the Plentywood history into gloriously tight fiction. Doig’s just-released novel *Bucking the Sun* transposes time and characters just a bit. Yet to his great credit as a historian, Doig offers tantalizing glimpses of a fantastic, virtually untold story.

Plentywood’s story is as remarkable as it is compelling. In the bonanza years prior to 1916, farmers battled railroad freight-rate monopolies, fluctuating international market prices, and unresponsive political parties. The large Scandinavian immigration to the Northern Plains transplanted there a tradition of social experimentation and cooperation. (For example,

---

**To The Farmers**

**And Workers**

**Of Sheridan County**

**GREETINGS**

The Communist Party, U.S.A., of the State of Montana and the county of Sheridan...sends greetings to the farmers and workers of Sheridan County, Montana.

The Communist vote cast in the county at the recent election is very gratifying and...that is a revolutionary victory!... There are nearly 1,000 Communists or near-Communists in Sheridan County.

That is a showing to be proud of.

—Plentywood Producers News, Nov. 11, 1932
Danish cooperatives in Dagmar had proven especially effective prior to World War I. Radicalism swept across the Northern Plains on the heels of poor markets, drought, and massive agrarian failures.

Not surprisingly, frustrated farmers sought nonconformist answers. Through a series of increasingly radical organizations and political parties, farmers in northeastern Montana, North and South Dakota, and Minnesota sought relief. Finally, in the 1920s and the 1930s in Sheridan County, citizens elected a Communist sheriff, supported other Communist candidates, and saw one of their local newspapers—the Producers News—become a national voice for the Communist Party of the United States of America (CPUSA).

The earliest form of prairie radicalism involved the Socialist party. Eugene V. Debs ran for president as a Socialist on four occasions, and polled 10,885 Montana votes (13.6 percent) in 1912. The electors of Butte chose a Socialist mayor and administration in 1911. The voters of Sheridan County, created in 1913, supported Socialist candidates at county, state, and national levels.

Socialism in northeastern Montana laid groundwork for subsequent left-wing movements. In 1915, agrarian reform sentiment on the Northern Plains crystallized into the Nonpartisan League (NPL) in North Dakota. The NPL endorsed sympathetic candidates in the Democratic and Republican primaries, and supported them fully in the general election.

The NPL moved into eastern Montana in 1917—another year of severe drought and crop failures. As homesteaders abandoned the country in droves, survivors looked to politics for solutions or, at least, relief. The NPL advocated state ownership of grain elevators and flour mills, abolition of taxes on farm improvements, state-funded hail insurance, and strict regulation of railroad freight charges. In 1918, Montanans sent 21 NPL legislators to Helena.

The NPL deftly handled mass meetings. For example, organizers widely publicized the July 3, 1920, appearance of dynamic NPL orator Arthur C. Townley at Medicine Lake. Producers News (July 9, 1920); “A.C. Townley, president of the National Nonpartisan League, arrived in a bombing plane and addressed the largest audience ever congregated in northeastern Montana—the crowd estimated at from seven to ten thousand people.

“Mr. Townley spoke in his usual straight-from-the-shoulder manner, much to the discomfort of the enemies of the farmers and the hypocrites who claim that they believe in the League, but not in its leaders...He was wildly cheered...”

ENTER CHARLEY

By 1919 the league boasted 20,000 dues-paying members on the Northern Plains. Despite this success, rural radicalism in eastern Montana might have withered and died—except for one Charles E. Taylor.

In 1918 the NPL sent 34-year-old Taylor to Plentywood to create a newspaper that would become a loud voice for rural reform. They selected the name Producers News to emphasize the distinction between workers, primarily farmers (the “producers”) and businessmen (the “managers”). By selling shares in People’s Publishing Company to local farmers and ranchers, the News transformed readers into owners.

Taylor proved perfect to carry the reform message to an audience besieged by hardship. During the next twenty years, he shaped the Producers News into an outrageous publication that attacked other newspapers, traditional political parties, the Anaconda Company (“enemy of popular government”), and any other perceived enemy of the Great Plains farmer. He became a lightning rod for all opposition to reform, and his enemies labeled him “Red” (meaning “radical”) well before he embraced the Communist party.

Charley Taylor was a brash, robust, and highly intelligent journalist. Born in Wisconsin in 1884 and raised in Minnesota, he graduated from Hamline University, St. Paul. He taught school in both Minnesota and Wyoming. When the United States entered World War I, he and his brother dissolved their farming partnership in Minnesota, and Charley offered his services to the Nonpartisan League. Before the war ended, he and his bride settled in Plentywood—a town of nearly 1,000 residents.

Taylor immediately established strong ties with his agrarian readership. His paper offered local news, fiery editorials, a strong reform message, and international reports of left-wing activities. The News quickly built a subscription list that embarrassed the other dozen weekly papers in Sheridan County. Some of Charley’s nervy demeanor was revealed when the Producers News, still in its first year, pronounced him “Sheridan County’s most distinguished citizen.”

The paper revealed the editor’s imaginative sense of humor. Charley vilified rival editor Joe Dolin and his Plentywood Pioneer Press with these words (Producers News, Nov. 17, 1922): “There is an old saying about the stuck pig being the pig that squeals...[It] is possible to gauge the hurt of a hog by the volume and tone of the squeal...Be that as it may, we reprint the following from...”
that nauseous rag that emits itself once a week from its sty down the street..."

In a journalistic era that knew no libel, Taylor repeatedly assailed Burley Bowler. In 1924 Bowler was the editor of the “Scokey Poker Chip”—really the (Scokey) Daniels County Leader—(Producers News, Sept. 19, 1924): “Take Burley, for instance. In Plentywood and Antelope and Flaxville, where he has operated, he is known as a cheap, a saloon rounder, a bum, and a tinhorn gambler. He lived in each of these towns as long as he could make a living, [until] he had to get out...[Every] dreg of the gutter has more prestige than he has.” Bowler responded by consistently referring to Taylor as “that impractical, ridiculous editor of the ‘Producers Noose’.”

**CHARLEY TAYLOR DOES THE ELGIN CAFE**

For a considerable time, Jim Popesku, the proprietor of the Elgin Cafe in Plentywood, had advertised in Charley Taylor’s weekly Producers News. In mid-August, 1927, he pulled his ad because he disagreed with Taylor’s politics. An infuriated “Red Flag” Taylor countered in his next edition (August 19, 1927) with the following “news story”:

_Cockroaches In Soup At Elgin A patron of the Elgin Cafe, a local restaurant, left the establishment, run by Jim Popesku, a few days ago, reporting that there were cockroaches in his soup. He stated that he would bring the matter to the attention of the State Department of Health and ask for an inspection of the kitchen of the establishment mentioned._

_He further claims that it has spoiled his appetite for soup because every time he orders or sees soup it has a tendency to affect his stomach and cause him to vomit. Swallowing a cockroach in a spoonful of soup is not a pleasant operation, this man says, because the legs of the insect tickle the throat and might cause the ejection of the soup already half digested, to the disgust and inconvenience of other patrons in the place._

_It is expected that Mr. Popesku will use some insecticide for the eradication of any cockroaches around his kitchen sinks, and thereby make it unnecessary for the officers of the Health Department to make a trip to Plentywood to inspect his place. He realizes that the vomiting of a guest on his tables would empty his place of business and cause many farmers who have hitherto patronized his restaurant to look elsewhere for a pleasant place to eat._

_When Mr. Popesku refused to return his business to the News, Taylor ran a series of front-page columns concerning the cafe-owner’s proclivity to overwork his waitresses, to recycle food from plates, and to battle his cockroaches. Simultaneously the editor prominently featured sizable ads for Popesku’s competition, the City Cafe._

_Shortly thereafter, a newcomer to Plentywood—reputedly an IWW sent by Taylor—visited the Elgin Cafe at noon. Once served, he pulled a well-cooked mouse from his soup bowl, to the revulsion of two dozen other patrons. Popesku quickly emerged from the kitchen and chased the diner from his establishment. Taylor, however, ran references to “the mouse in the soup” in the Producers News for almost two years._

Mr. Olson took this nickname to his grave.

Charley Taylor’s charismatic personality and his ability to communicate with local farmers created area-wide support for the Producers News. The paper served the NPL’s purposes and the league tasted success. In 1918 in Sheridan County, the local NPL candidates won every office on the ballot except two! The same year, Taylor estimated that, in Sheridan County alone, the NPL counted 4,000 members among a population of 13,000.

As the drought deepened and the rural economy sank, Sheridan County radicals solidified their control of county government. In 1922 they sent the handsome, six-foot Taylor—by this time nick-named “Red Flag” Taylor by his enemies—to the Montana Senate. During the early 1920s, Taylor had joined the Communist cause, but did not reveal this to his readers._

_The Producers News simply became more radical, while calling itself “the voice of the beleaguered farmer.” In 1922 Sheridan County voters elected Taylor’s close friend Rodney Salisbury as sheriff. Salisbury was an avowed Communist. He held the office until 1928—despite constant criticism that he condoned bootlegging._

_In 1923 Sheridan County radicals again changed their political cape. Just as the Socialist party had mutated into the Nonpartisan League, the league transformed into the Farmer-Labor party (FLP). Taylor had been elected as a Republican in 1922, but ran successfully on the Farmer-Labor ticket in 1926._

_During the mid-1920s, local vot-
ers filled the Sheridan County courthouse with FLP officials. In 1922, 1924, and 1926, they sent FLP representatives to the state legislature. The most visible evidence of the party’s success was building the Farmer-Labor Temple, a massive meeting hall (now the Mar-Chan Apartments) in Plentywood in 1924.

**WINDS OF CHANGE**

Both 1927 and 1928 brought bountiful grain harvests to northeastern Montana, and the radicals’ program suffered proportionately. When drought and devastation returned in 1929, subscription figures at the Producers News rebounded. In 1930 “Red Flag’s” popularity boosted him into the race for a U.S. Senate seat on the Farmer-Labor ticket. By now, however, Harry E. Polk had purchased the competing Plentywood Herald and turned it into solid opposition to the left-wingers.

Taylor welcomed Polk to the political fray in northeastern Montana (Producers News, Oct. 19, 1928): “We don’t believe that a man who quit teaching school in Bowbells, North Dakota, because of alleged intimate relations with young and tender school girls, a man who was compelled to return money to the teachers’ employment fund of North Dakota...and whose certificate to teach was annulled...for low, indecent and immoral conduct in the high schools at Williston—and a man who was kicked out of the Masonic Lodge at Bowbells because of his questionable conduct, is just the man to come to Plentywood and commence to make changes here.”

In 1931 Sheridan County radicals again converted themselves, this time from Farmer-Labor party into United Farmers League (UFL). This organization was a thinly-veiled front for the Communist Party of the United States. The UFL unsuccessfully sought to convert economic crash, droughts, dust storms, insect infestations, and falling grain prices into overthrow of capitalism.

During this phase, the Producers News carried headlines that implored readers to “Support The UFL! Defend The Soviet Union!” Its original slogan of “A paper of the people, for the people, by the people!” became “An Official Organ of the United Farmers League.” In the election of 1932 Sheridan County radicals ran openly on the Communist Party ticket. Conservative opponents, led by Herald editor Polk, formed a “Fusion Party” of Democrats and Republicans. The Fusionists vowed to battle the “reds” without mercy. In 1932 the Fusion slate won decisively, despite the Producers News claim that 577 citizens in the county had voted a straight Communist ticket.

The dwindling radical movement focused on subverting local farm evictions, foreclosure sales, and farm-machinery repossessions. They proved remarkably successful.

Sheridan County radicalism, however, suffered severely when charismatic Comrade Taylor was “removed” from the Producers News in 1930, reinstated in 1933, and again “reassigned” in 1934. Editor Alfred Miller replaced him and the News became even more stridently Communist.

When Miller faced deportation in 1935, “Red Flag” Taylor re-

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**The movement focused on subverting local farm evictions, foreclosure sales, and repossessions**

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Announcement in 1932 Producers News
turned to run the *Producers News* for the third and last time. He pledged that the paper would return to Sheridan County news (*Producers News*, July 26, 1935): “Politically it will support the idea of a mass labor party built upon the immediate needs of the farmers and workers, as opposed to the interest of their exploiters.” After a heavy dose of Communist-party extravagance, the “new” Charley Taylor seemed a breath of fresh air.

But it was too late. Despite renouncing his Communist ties, Taylor could not rekindle the locals’ radical flame—even in the depths of the Depression. Editor Polk of the *Herald* crowed (Sept. 13, 1934): “Two is company; three is a crowd; and four is a Communist mass meeting.” From 1935 to 1937, the *Producers News* did serve as the official organ of the Farmers Holiday Association, affiliated with the leftist Farmers Union. This organization dedicated itself to preventing farm seizures and evictions. Yet the rhetoric of the News rang hollow. Taylor printed the final issue of the *Producers News* on March 5, 1937, and then moved to Seattle.

**FATAL BLOWS**

In retrospect, two incidents sorely damaged the radical cause in northeastern Montana: the 1926 robbery of the Sheridan County Courthouse and the 1932 funeral of Janis Salisbury. These two events directly reduced popular support for the *Producers News*. Taylor’s “reassignments” in 1930 and 1934 sealed the deal.

On November 30, 1926—at the height of Farmer-Labor control of Sheridan County politics—a daring robbery occurred. Since that was the final day for payment of property taxes in that term, County Treasurer Eng Torstenson and Deputy Treasurer Anna Hovet kept the office open late. At 5:45 P.M., when they were the only employees in the courthouse, two masked men burst into the treasurer’s office and locked them in the vault. The robbers departed with approximately $60,000 in bonds and $45,000 in cash. Unsubstantiated
Guns were roaring and fire hoses were brought into action by a small army of deputy sheriffs and gun thugs when Sheriff Hans Madsen of Sheridan County forced through the sale of a farmer's combine here today.

From 250 to 300 farmers had gathered behind the county jail, called on short notice by the United Farmers League and the Farm Holiday Association to back up Pete Andersen, farmer of Dagmar and owner of the combine, in his demand for either the combine or mortgage papers.

Armed to the teeth with shotguns, rifles, revolvers, and sawed-off shotguns, and with fire engines in readiness, the sheriff and his band of 25 went to work to rob a farmer of a piece of machinery.

The first one to start shooting was [J. Frank] Murray, the under-sheriff. Shaking and trembling all over, he pressed the trigger of his sawed-off shotgun, shooting over the heads of the crowd. When he saw that the shot did not have the effect he evidently had expected, he maddened and hit the fellow next to him, Simon Swanson, in the face with the gun.

Several shots rang out. One went off in the sheriff's office, where a nervous deputy pulled the trigger by mistake, when Sheriff Madsen and his aides climbed on top of the combine. At this time, with the help of several Plentywood business firms, the fire hoses were turned on the farmers.

And the farmers were not only to be drenched with water. Sulphuric acid and by-carbonate soda mixed with water was used to disperse the crowd. However, the pressure of the water lasted only a short while. Suddenly, in several places, the hoses sprang leaks, and deputies, firemen, and some spectators got equally drenched with chemicals and water.

Most outstanding, his gun leveled against the farmers, was His Honor the Mayor of the City of Plentywood, Percy Neville, chairman of the relief committee and agent for the International Harvester Company. Bob Robke, chief of police, was swinging a blackjack.

The struggle around the combine brought into evidence a perfect line-up of the classes that are struggling in Sheridan County—and, for that matter, in every capitalist county in the world. Ex-bankers, implement dealers, businessmen, officials, and lumpen-proletarians, elements who can be bought for anything cheaply, were fighting the farmers. The fascist forces of a fast-decaying system were fighting the men and women who will bring about a new and better society—the workers and tillers of the soil.

—(Plentywood) Producers News, May 4, 1934
covered the hall’s windows and stage. The uniformed Young Pioneers led the audience in “The International”—“the hymn of the toiling masses throughout the world”—and Janis’s favorite song, “The Red Flag.” Mourners followed the Young Pioneers, carrying the Communist flag, to the Salisbury farm, where Janis was buried. At the gravesite, her friends delivered the Bolshevik farewell, the Pioneer Pledge: “Stand ready for the cause of the working class. Are you ready? Always ready! I pledge allegiance to the workers’ red flag and to the cause for which it stands. One aim throughout our lives: Freedom for the working class.”

The Herald released an account to the Great Falls Tribune and national wire services. Many Sheridan County residents marked this overt display of Communist conventions as the beginning of their disaffection with radicalism. The radical movement in eastern Montana faded quietly during the 1930s. Despite continued economic depression and agricultural failure, Sheridan County farmers returned to more traditional politics. New Deal programs offered some tangible solutions for decades of suffering. Ultimately these farmers abandoned the mutating Communist agenda—carried by Socialists, then Nonpartisan League, Farmer-Labor Party, United Farmers League, Communist Party of the United States, and finally by the Farmers Holiday Association.

In 1917 NPL minister S.R. Maxwell had parodied Psalm 23 to portray the frustration of many Northern Plains farmers (Robert L. Morlan, Political Prairie Fire, 1955, p. 21): “The politician is my shepherd, I shall not want; Previous to election day, he filleth my pocket with cigars and my present glory runneth over; But although he causeth me to vote for him...after election he knoweth me no more.”

“He eateth rich plums of political patronage behind closed doors, and me he cannot remember; Surely the wool hath been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life, And I shall dwell in political obscurity forever.”

Northeastern Montana radicals did not succumb to this fate. In the face of incredible conditions, they fought for their farms, beliefs, way of life, and future. From 1918 to 1928, Montana radicalism thrived in Sheridan County—with Plentywood at center stage. Almost another decade passed before the movement bottomed out.

What an incredible episode in the continuum of Montana politics! What an illustration of Montana diversity and political experimentation! It is more than time to follow the lead of author Ivan Doig—to probe, to discuss, and to understand this phenomenon. The residents of northeastern Montana carry an admirable legacy of their forebears who acted on their beliefs in order to create a workable future. With the recent collapse of the Cold War, they now can honor and enjoy it.

Dave Walter is the research historian at the Montana Historical Society in Helena.

This book is the product of an experiment launched by the National Science Foundation in 1971 as Interdisciplinary Research Relevant to the Problems of Society (IRRPOS); after one year the foundation changed the name to Research Applied to National Needs (RANN). The program was designed to persuade university researchers to address problems of immediate interest to federal agencies. The authors—Potter is professor emeritus of plant ecology at the University of New Mexico and Drake is professor of geology at Dartmouth—have spent the last fifteen years studying every aspect of Lake Powell to assist the Department of the Interior in managing the Colorado River Storage Project.

Potter and Drake intended "to provide the most complete description possible of the past and present ecology of the Lake Powell environment" (p. 19). Consequently Lake Powell: Virgin Flow to Dynamo reads more like an encyclopedia than a systematic monograph in history and natural history. It includes chapters on geohistory, geology, climate, fish, birds, explorers, the construction of Glen Canyon Dam, the physical features of the shoreline, riparian ecology, sedimentation, the dynamics of reservoir temperatures and water circulation, heavy metals in the Colorado River, power production, pollution, and recreation. However it pays far less attention to fauna than to flora, and it largely ignores the political controversies surrounding the construction of Glen Canyon Dam. The authors clearly did not want to question or challenge federal water policies in the West; the economic benefits of the dam are assumed and unquestioned.

The book's uncritical tone limits its value to historians. Nevertheless it contains a wealth of fascinating descriptions and stories pertaining to changing ecosystems in and adjoining the lake. For example, creation of the reservoir has benefited such plants as the tamarisk and Russian thistle at the expense of competing vegetation. As the lake's water level declines in early July, the sandy shores capture tamarisk seeds dispersed by the water. Once these take root, the reservoir's wave action irrigates them. Soon rows of seedlings appear along the contour lines left by receding water. Tamarisk is remarkably adaptive and resistant to flooding; it survival for weeks covered with water and grows in height as much as three feet a year. It has a long period of seed production, its seeds are easily dispersed by wind and water, and they germinate well and grow rapidly. But the tamarisk is unpalatable to most grazing animals, and it eliminates rival species by excreting salt. It has "invaded" the 3 percent of sandy shoreline heavily used by campers and swimmers. Many people are allergic to the pollen and are vexed by the swarms of bothersome insects that are one of the plant's trademarks. Most riparian animals also shun the shrub. In short the creation of Lake Powell has permitted this plant's population to explode and dramatically altered riparian ecosystems.

The Glen Canyon Dam has done much more than impound a vast amount of water and provide a wonderful place to boat and fish. The value of this book is as a case study of the impact of dams on desert environment. Much of the detail will be tedious and useless except to geologists, botanists, and specialists in related disciplines, but there is much here to learn and to ponder.

Reviewed by Donald J. Pisani. Mr. Pisani is a specialist in the history of late and natural resource policies in the American West.


Rare indeed is the privilege of reviewing a book that is destined to become a classic, but Michael Williams's Americans and Their Forests gives me just such an opportunity. Williams has written the definitive historical geography of the importance of forests in the life, livelihood, and landscape of the United States and the ways in which our thinking about and our use of our forests have changed through time in response to our changing needs and ideas. He argues that our forests have been and still are one of our preeminent natural resources: "It is all too easy to forget that the abundance and widespread availability of wood were probably the mainsprings of the country's industrialization during the second half of the nineteenth century. Without its wood America would not be the country it is today" (p. 352).

Williams has skillfully summarized a voluminous literature, and he has filled in many of its gaps with a remarkable amount of his own original research. It's all here: Native Americans, pioneers, agricultural clearing, naval stores, charcoal and ironmasters, domestic heating and cooking, steamboats, steam locomotives, railroad ties, the prairie puzzle, trees as agents of climatic change, hedgerows, windbreaks, shelterbelts, lumber bars, lumberjacks, log drives, the rise of professional forestry, preservation versus conservation (wise use), fire protection and controlled burning, the taxation of forestland, and the aesthetic value of forests for spiritual recreation and enjoyment. He has carefully estimated the volumes of wood needed and the acreages cleared for specific agricultural and industrial uses, and the amount of labor necessary therefor.

Williams is ever cognizant of the role and importance of technology, business organization, and social needs and ideas for the acquisition, ownership, management, protection, and use of the nation's forests. He devotes particular attention to the development of the lumber business in the Lake States, in the South, and in the Pacific Northwest, and to the slow and often controversial formulation and evolution of a national forest policy. One small gap at which one might cavil, the scant space accorded to the pulp-and-paper business, clearly is justified by the book's cutoff date of around 1930.

No book this with which to curl up. It is almost too heavy to hold comfortably, the width of the pages makes the type look smaller than it actually is, the prose tilts toward the Oxonian, and the amount of detail is prodigious, perhaps in places even benumbing. Only the most dedicated soul would attempt to read the entire book at once, but anyone interested in the forests of the United States will bless Michael Williams
for the enormous amount of information he has assembled within a single volume. *Americans and Their Forests* is an essential reference for anyone who is interested in the historical geography of the forests of the United States.

*Reviewed by John Fraser Hart.* Mr. Hart is professor of geography at the University of Minnesota. His book, *The Land that Feeds Us*, is in press, and he is currently revising his *The Look of the Land.*


Did Lynn White, Jr., have any idea the influence his article “The Historical Roots of Our Ecological Crisis” (Science 156 [1967]) would still have almost a quarter of a century after its publication? The question immediately leaps to mind while reading this intriguing collection of essays, for various contributors to this compilation use White’s thesis both as their base and their target. White argued that the basis for modern environmental destruction can be found in Judeo-Christian anthropocentrism, and although he did not argue for turning toward Asian tradition as a model, the debate was on. As J. Baird Callicott and Roger T. Ames note in the introduction to this volume, West Coast Buddhism, as they call it, dates back to Kerouac. The intellectual basis for the debate, however, really emerged only with White’s classic piece. Unfortunately far too many people, both in and out of academia, noticed only the shallow and erotic side of the “Alan Watts School of Philosophy,” and as a result the intellectual value of Asian attitudes toward nature was largely overshadowed. Asian philosophies were caught in the crossfire of Hare Krishna and Haight-Ashbury.

The purpose, then, of this collection is to challenge the concept of Eastern wisdom as being both trendy and *su generis.* By stimulating philosophical debate over the relevance of Asian environmental attitudes, the authors hope to validate and underline the universality of a holistic approach to the environment, using Asian tradition as a catalyst. To this end the collection is divided (rather oddly) into five worldviews: the ecological, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Buddhist, and the Indian. Most of the authors reach the same conclusion: Asian tradition provides a means for understanding humankind’s place in and relationship to nature. As the introduction notes, this is not a particularly new argument; however the various authors’ views of this relationship provide stimulation.

The section concerning China, primarily Taoist philosophy, is the most detailed. In his piece “On Seeking a Change of Environment,” David L. Hall argues, as does Ames in “Putting the Te back in Taoism,” that the concept of Te has been underrated in evaluating the holistic qualities of Taoism. If Tao is “the total process of becoming,” the Te is “the particular element within the totality” (p. 108). To use Ames’s nice metaphor, by concentrating on the aspect of Te as well as Tao, we can see our place within the cosmos as “one ingredient in a stewpot (that) must be blended with all the others in order to express most fully its own flavor” (p. 126).

In the section on Japan, David Edward Shaner and William R. LaFleur begin their explorations by noting the unique geographical location of Japan and how this affects the Japanese’s view of nature. Japan’s status as an island nation and its resulting physical vulnerability create “an emotional engagement with nature and others” in the national character (p. 175). Although this correlation between Japanese environment and society has been noted elsewhere, the philosophical ramifications of this coupling are herein thoroughly detailed. Francis H. Cook notes in “The Jewel Net of Indra” that the Huai-yen school of Buddhism explains existence as a net speckled with jewels; each jewel’s individual sparkle is due to the combined reflection of all the other jewels. Cook argues that this metaphor significantly “symbolizes a cosmos in which there is an infinitely repeated interrelationship among all the members” (p. 214).

The section on the Indian worldview is curiously and disappointingly brief. After all both Buddhism and Jainism arose as reactions to South Asian Brahmanism. Although heterodox these traditions still carry with them some of the attitudes toward nature that originated in the Hindu/Indian experience.

Interestingly (and here my historian’s bias is showing), the strongest article of this volume appears in the Indian section. In “Conceptual Resources in South Asia for ‘Environmental Ethics,’” Gerald James Larson argues that “purely descriptive approaches to comparative philosophizing” are the intellectual equivalent of the economic “drain of wealth” (pp. 269–70). Larson claims that there is an attempt here to import “new” ideas to the West, which we will transmute and mass produce, distributing them in a different form back to their original environs. Larson has a point here: this volume and other versions of its discussion carry the paternalistic implication that Asian traditions somehow need to be Westernized in order to make sense for the world. Although I understand that homogeneity may be pertinent, I am not certain that repeated references to and comparisons with Kant and Nietzsche contribute to the important argument that these authors are attempting to make. Similarly, why is Asia not called Asia? It would seem to undermine the crucial base of this collection’s thesis to refer constantly to Asia in Eurocentric terms; yet the volume is replete with “Oriental traditions” and “Eastern philosophy.”

Finally it seems to me that a little dose of subtlety is needed here. How often do we need to be told that “To involve man’s nature . . . is to involve at once his more extensive and unlimited relationship to his surroundings” (p. 243), or that “It is not just that ‘we are all in it’ together. We all are it, rising and falling as one living body” (p. 229)? We get the picture. These are but minor weaknesses, and to an extent characterize any collection with multiple authors. This is an important volume. Superficially the conclusion reached by most of these authors differs little from that of the West Coast Buddhists mentioned in the preface: we can look to Asia for answers. The greatest value of the work lies in how this conclusion is reached. This thoughtful and provocative volume suggests alternatives to European traditions that are useful, and more important, feasible.

*Reviewed by Christopher V. Hill.* Mr. Hill is assistant professor of history at Lock Haven University of Pennsylvania. He has forthcoming publications in Modern Asian Studies and Environmental History Review and is currently completing a monograph entitled *Rivers of Sorrow:* The Social Ecology of Colonial Bengal, 1770–1960.


Professor Hall’s eight-hundred-page text on the life of Clifford Sifton (1861–1929) is the most significant political biography published in Canada in many years. Hall’s book is essential reading for anyone seriously interested in the political and economic history of post-Confederation Canada, particularly the history of western settlement and the expansion of the resource frontier. This review focuses on Sifton’s role as the
To: Ivan and Carol

From: Sue Armitage

Date: 7/14

How nice to see you at Wishrop!
Here is a copy of the WSU Press publicity I promised. I thought the Grand Coulee pictures were pretty spectacular (but then I haven’t seen the Bourke-White). I’m fond of the “princesses” on p. 5 —

Looking forward to seeing you at the U of I in September —

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SEE INSIDE!

Pack train on Camas Prairie, Idaho Territory, during war of 1877. Courtesy of Lewiston Morning Tribune. From This Bloody Deed: The Magruder Incident. (see page 6)

Cover: Construction at Grand Coulee Dam. Courtesy Bureau of Reclamation.
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Grand Coulee

Harnessing a Dream

Paul C. Pitzer

"The Biggest Thing on Earth!"
"The Eighth Wonder of the World"
"The Largest Reclamation Project Ever Undertaken"

Those were among the accolades freely and frequently lavished on Grand Coulee Dam and the Columbia Basin Irrigation Project. They highlight a monumental construction effort that spanned the 1930s through the 1980s. Now, for the first time, the story of this gigantic undertaking is told in this definitive history.

"Paul Pitzer’s comprehensive, well-written, and carefully researched study amply examines both Grand Coulee and the Columbia Basin Project. He has produced a volume that rivals Joseph E. Stevens’s prize-winning study of Hoover Dam."
—Richard Lowitt, author, The New Deal and the West

"Paul Pitzer’s splendid study of Grand Coulee Dam and the Columbia Basin reclamation project will be required reading for anyone interested in the future of the Inland Empire. It is sure to be consulted by a generation of economists, engineers, politicians, historians, and social critics."
—Murray Morgan, author, The Dam and Skid Road

"This is the most complete history of the dam’s construction and the best account of its importance in Pacific Northwest history."
—William L. Lang, Director, Center for Columbia River History

Index, notes, bibliography, illustrations, 6 x 9\", 512 pages (1994)
Cloth, ISBN 0-87422-113-7, $42.00

When completed, the eleven-million-cubic-yard monolith at Grand Coulee on the Columbia River in north central Washington became the largest single block of concrete ever laid and provided an abundance of electricity that helped win World War II. Still one of the world’s largest energy-producing stations, it is at the heart of a dynamic power grid that supplies all of the western United States with energy.

The product of a long struggle over how to irrigate the Columbia Basin, Grand Coulee Dam resulted from the visions of eastern Washington residents, people like Wenatchee editor Rufus Woods and members of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, who saw the undertaking as a dynamic plan to bring prosperity to their region. Yet today the reclamation enterprise—more than half a century after construction began—stands only half finished. Its future depends on the nation’s need for food and the willingness of the public to pay the rapidly spiraling economic and environmental costs associated with such large-scale irrigation plans.

The fight for Grand Coulee Dam, and the story of its construction, is a vital and animated saga of people striving for dazzling goals and then working, often against both each other and nature, to build something spectacular. They accomplished their goal against the backdrop of the worst economic depression in the nation’s history. The dam, and the extensive irrigation network it supports, stands today as a monument to their dreams and their labors.

Paul C. Pitzer has taught American history at Aloha High School in Beaverton, Oregon, since 1969. He spent two years with the Peace Corps in Iranian Azerbaijan and holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Oregon. Among his publications are a number of articles on Northwest history and the book Building the Skagit, published in 1978.

Construction, 1938. Tunnels run throughout the interior of the dam. Courtesy Bureau of Reclamation.

From Grand Coulee

The Columbia Basin Project is the result of many overlapping and diverse visions that emerged from the late-nineteenth century through the present. The goal was always reclamation to compensate for “nature’s failure.” Once irrigated, the promoters felt certain that the land would support thousands of farmers who in turn would provide the human base for an industrial empire. The dam’s power would turn machines, illuminate cities, and bring prosperity to an area avoided as a no-man’s-land by those with lesser vision. The dam itself would be the biggest thing on earth, man’s greatest engineering undertaking, and a demonstration of modern civilization. It would symbolize the West’s bigness. It would make a part of the West like the East—the same, only better, and different. . . .

Every society leaves monuments that tell us what that society held as important. Egyptian tombs show preoccupation with death, and the Great China Wall indicates concern with boundary and security. Electrical power preoccupied the twentieth century. It could unburden our lives and improve our standard of living both physically and spiritually. We leave behind as our monuments to this obsession the thousands of dams that barricade our rivers.
This Bloody Deed

The Magruder Incident

Ladd Hamilton

The story of the infamous murder and robbery of Lewiston merchant Lloyd Magruder and his companions during the 1860s gold rush is legendary in Montana, Idaho, and Washington. Ladd Hamilton constructs a compelling account of the destruction of Magruder's pack train while traveling on the Southern Nez Perce Trail in the Bitterroot Mountains, and the subsequent quest by Magruder's friend Hill Beachey to track his killers to San Francisco, escort them back to Lewiston, and then protect them from lynching until they could be tried in Idaho Territory.

By appraising written evidence and community lore, Hamilton has created an intriguing account based on fact and documentation. But he also blends in historical fiction when required to complement the narrative in those places where events are known to have occurred but the historical sources are sparse or virtually nonexistent. Underlying Hamilton's work is his exact and familiar knowledge of early Idaho Territory, which in 1863 stretched hundreds of miles from Lewiston at the Snake-Clearwater confluence to the gold camps of Virginia City, Bannack, and beyond in what is now Montana.

Hamilton's imaginative characterizations of Magruder, Beachey, outlaw sheriff Henry Plummer, and a large cast of other historical figures in Idaho, Montana, and California is based on his years of knowing the many and varied peoples of the West.

Ladd Hamilton, a long-time reporter for the Lewiston Morning Tribune, resides in Lewiston, Idaho.

"...wonderfully and richly researched, and beautifully written, filled with detail, drama, and suspense that sweep one along. The time, the place, and the characters all come vividly alive in the author's crisp, colorful prose, and the narrative is gripping."
—Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., author, The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest

"Hamilton's book is a treat to read—suspenseful, convincing."
—Mary Clearman Blew, author, Runaway and Lambing Out

"It is a grand epic populated with a host of memorable characters, including the notorious sheriff Henry Plummer and one of history's real but largely forgotten heroes, Hill Beachey."
—Carlos A. Schwantes, author, In Mountain Shadows: A History of Idaho

"...a fascinating account of Idaho's most notorious case."
—Merle Wells, former Director, Idaho State Historical Society

"What a buggy ride this book is."—Bill Hall, Lewiston Morning Tribune

Index, notes, bibliography, illustrations, maps, 6" x 9", 224 pages (1994)