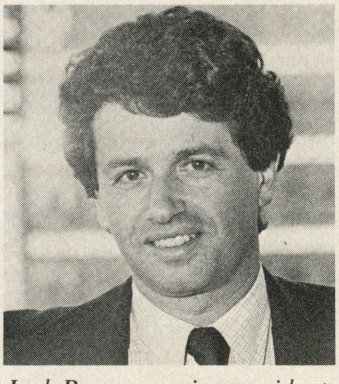
Editor: Daisy Maryles/Assistant Editor: Allene Symons

ID-Owned Bookstores Face Industry Changes

At a recent retail bookstore seminar held in Chicago under the sponsorship of the Council of Periodical Distributors Associations (CPDA), Jack Romanos, vice-president and publisher of Bantam Books, offered his observations about the current status of paperback publishing and the changing patterns in book retailing. As guest speaker, Romanos pointed out that changes in these areas affect the independent distributors that own retail outlets—especially with regard to competition with independent booksellers and national bookstore chains.



Jack Romanos, vice president and publisher of Bantam Books

He cited as the most significant change "the decline in the number of publishers who produce mass market paperbacks exclusively." The trend began in the late 1970s; today most paperback houses publish trade paperbacks, and many are developing hardcover programs. "No longer is it possible to categorize the various publishers as *just paperback houses*," he said.

Full-line publishing has had an effect on how the publisher views the marketplace. "When I joined Bantam 10 years ago, wholesalers delivered over 65% of our sales, all of which came from mass market paperbacks. In 1983 less than one-third of our unit volume will come from wholesalers, and only 30% of dollar volume," said Romanos, adding that this is a "complete reversal," in part due to full-line publishing, but primarily due to the "incredible growth of bookstores in North America, both the chains and independents—your competitors as retailers."

Among the changes in Bantam's approach has been the development of two different selling approaches for wholesale and for direct sales, including two monthly lists: emphasis in title selection for wholesale is on the front list, while for direct accounts titles are "more long-term and backlist oriented." Romanos said that at Bantam it became clear that the direct sales force must perform a very different function from that of Bantam's wholesale representatives: "We found out quickly that the bookstores wouldn't tolerate *distribution*—they had to be *sold*," said Romanos, explaining that services provided by the direct sales force (such as taking inventory and reordering backlist, passing along advertising and publicity information and in-store merchandising of Bantam titles) were part of the attention necessary "to maximize sales on every book we publish." He noted that telephone sales also furthers the information flow to accounts.

Romanos also pointed to several major changes affecting the book retailer, among them:

- The tremendous growth of bookstore chains has forced independent retailers to become more serious business people.
- Innovative marketing and merchandising strategies—including discounting—have forced the entire industry to consider bookselling in a different way.
- The national jobbers, Ingram and Baker & Taylor, have changed the way booksellers think about inventory and ordering.
- The computer has created a need for more sophistication and information.
- Greater sophistication in distribution and fullfillment at the publisher level has given the retailer more efficient access to thousands of titles.

Romanos ventured that these changes have made for "a stronger business environment" for booksellers and publishers. He then posed these questions to the wholesalers in the group who own retail bookstores: Have you kept pace with the changes? Are you ready to compete on equal footing with the chains and the independents? In conclusion, he emphasized that to be competitive, not only should the wholesalers evaluate their bookstores in terms of location, management, stock control and image, but they should also utilize the information and services provided by a publisher through the "direct" channels. Keeping pace with the competition, he pointed out, means having access to new title and stock information, plus merchandising and local author/promotion information, which are part of the service provided by publishers through the direct sales force. "You're losing out if you're not taking advantage," he advised.

Scribner Announces New Incentive Plan

The Scribner Book Companies will be changing its retail discount schedule effective January 1 in a reversal of the current policy of higher discount with return penalty. The thrust of this change is in part a response to bookseller objection to the old policy; in addition, the new plan is intended to promote both new title and backlist sales, according to Mort Berke, senior vice-president/direct marketing. Under the existing discount schedule, returns are penalized by approximately 7% (for example, if books are bought at 46%, return credit is given as though discount were 53%). Berke points out that with the new plan the returns penalty will be "wiped out" effective May 1, 1984 to allow time for return of stock purchased through December 31, 1983 under the old plan.

Under the new incentive plan, accounts can still earn almost as much discount as in the old plan, according to Berke. When an account elects to go on the new Scribner Incentive Plan, sales representatives will send suggested orders for new titles and backlist to an account, the bookstore can further tailor the order and the finalized order will be returned directly to the sales rep. Discounts will be approximately 2% higher than standard discounts (if discount would ordinarily be 40%, it will now be 42%; if 44%, it will now be 46%). Berke notes that over 500 accounts have already signed up for the new program.

Discount Coupons For Frugal Dieters

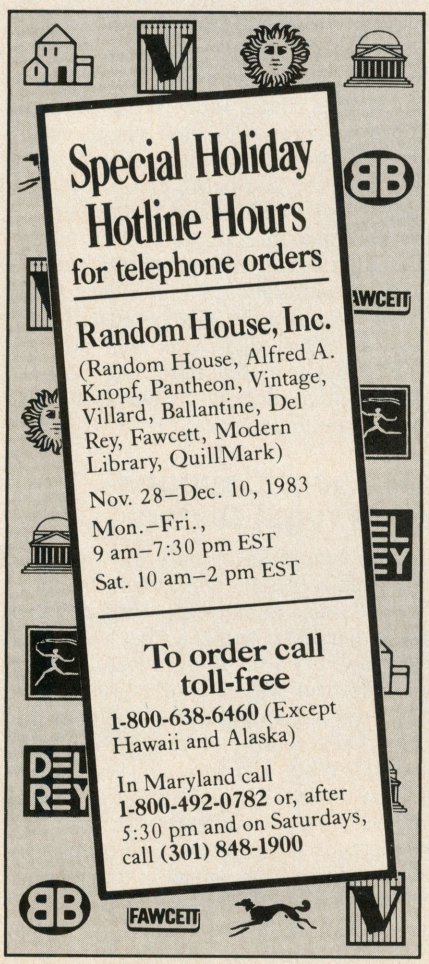
Failed dieters know only too well that the flesh is usually willing but the spirit is, well, hard to motivate. How can you stick to a diet if you can't get started on it? Now, even the dieters most lacking in willpower will be spurred on to new lows when they purchase a copy of the paperback reprint of *The F-Plan Diet* ($3.95). When Bantam releases Audrey Eyton's bestseller on February 1, it will include an unusual incentive in the last four pages of the reprint edition: coupons entitling the consumer to a total of $1 off on specific food merchandise approved on the F-Plan diet.

The 25-cents-off coupons are offered

for redemption on products generically recommended by the author: Kellogg's Bran Buds® and 40% Bran Flakes®, Sun Diamond®'s walnuts and Sunsweet® prunes. These foods are high in the dietary fiber which the author, a British slimming expert, argues can have a most marked effect in easing and speeding weight loss. "They will help the consumer get started on the weight loss program advocated in the *F-Plan Diet*," says Bantam's vice-president and director of marketing and sales, Jack Hoeft. "The coupon offering will be the focus of an intensive in-store promotion and has helped us reach record levels of distribution of a Bantam diet paperback in supermarkets throughout the country," Hoeft adds.

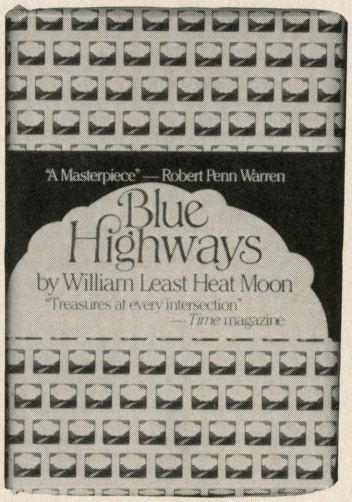
The headers on the 36-copy floor displays and counter displays carrying the book will herald this first-ever food product coupon offering, as will a special sticker on the six-pocket shelf extenders. The book will be widely available in supermarkets and drug chains as well as bookstores and other conventional book outlets. In addition, Bantam will advertise the book in the consumer press in January.

Published in hardcover in February of 1983 by Crown, it has 187,000 copies in print and was on the *New York Times* bestseller list for 20 weeks. According to Bantam, the book was the all-time bestselling paperback in England, with 1.5-million copies sold in eight months. Bantam's first printing will be about 1-million copies.



Free Gift-Wrapping—Courtesy of Publisher

Little, Brown and Co. has high expectations for holiday sales of *Blue Highways*, the bestselling book ever from the Atlantic Monthly Press. Beginning October 31, they began shipping copies of the book already gift-wrapped.



Conceived by Atlantic senior editor Peter Davison, the gift-wrapping idea was received enthusiastically by B. Dalton, Barnes & Noble, Ingram and several independent bookstores across the country, who were all polled before the final decision to package was made.

The wrapping paper, dotted with miniature renditions of the book's cover art, was shipped along with approximately 13,000 books on October 24 to the South Shore Rehabilitation Center, which does packaging work for Little, Brown. There residents spent a week wrapping the books and affixing to each copy a removable "belly band" imprinted with the book title. During the week of processing, no copies were shipped. Wrapped and ready for holiday sales, they were then distributed through normal channels.

Word Distributes S & S To Christian Markets

Simon & Schuster has entered into an agreement with Word Publishing for distribution of two S & S lines to the religious trade. Silhouette Inspirations, which will be launched in February 1984, and 21 titles in the *Webster's New World Dictionary* line will be distributed by Word to the 4500-member Christian Booksellers Association, and to selected schools and libraries.

Clay Winters, president of the Promotional Book Division at S & S, notes that the religious bookstore is an important outlet for reference books and that the new arrangement enables S & S "to penetrate the CBA in a significant way." Robert D. Wolgemuth, Word's vice-president of sales and marketing, believes that the joint venture is an opportunity for "crossover sales" in Christian bookstores.

Word Publishing is a division of Word, Inc. in Waco, Tex., which is a subsidiary of the American Broadcasting Company.

Sales and Distribution

Stone Wall Press, Inc. of Washington, D.C., publisher of outdoor and conservation books, will be distributed by Winchester Press, 200 Old New Brunswick Rd., Piscataway, N.J. 08854. The new distribution arrangement will begin Jan. 1., 1984; Stone Wall Press books sold by Stackpole Books through Dec. 31, 1983 may be returned for credit to Stackpole until March 31, 1984. Books sold by Winchester may be returned for credit after April 1, 1984.

Warner Publisher Services, a national distributor of paperback books, magazines and comics, has entered into a limited distribution agreement with St. Martin's Press for distribution of selected trade and mass market paperback titles published by St. Martin's. The initial title set for distribution through Warner is *Mary Ellen's Help Yourself Diet Plan*, a trade publication due in the first quarter of 1984.

Seaver Books has announced that, effective immediately, Arbor House is taking over the distribution of 16 Seaver titles. Three titles on the Seaver list will be continue to be distributed by Grove Press (*The Fourth Angel*, John Rechy; *Drawn and Quartered*, E. M. Cioran; *The End of White World Supremacy: Four Speeches by Malcolm X*, Ed. by I. J. Karim).

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc., will distribute the books of the Mysterious Press and its magazine, the *Armchair Detective*, effective Jan. 1, 1984. The Mysterious Press, founded seven years ago, has published works by Stanley Ellin, Maxwell Grant and Stephen King; the *Armchair Detective*, a quarterly devoted to the appreciation of suspense fiction, was the winner of a special Edgar Award from the Mystery Writers of America.

Stephen Greene Press/Lewis Publishing Co. will be distributed by E. P. Dutton effective Jan. 1, 1984. Dutton wil be handling the trade distribution of all Stephen Green Press/Lewis Publishing Co. titles; the latter will continue to market to all accounts outside the book trade, as well as all imported titles from William Collins and Co. □

8 April '84

Dear Tom--

Whew. Let us hope the tortured history of the copy-edited ms is hereby at an end. Another time--and this is just FYI, future reference--I think we'd save time and $$ all around if I'd been queried by phone by the copy-editor about the ms's quirks of commas, small caps, punning spellings and so on. This was a very diligent copy-editor, and if we could have got him attuned to the logics of Jick's narration we'd have avoided a lot of queries and stets.

Be that as it may, I think the ms is in pretty good readable shape now, after my ministrations on top of the copy-editor's. My accompanying note to Barbarba gives the gist of what I did. I think there's nothing you need see, in the way of final fixes and changes; minor stuff, like changing (on an old ranger's advice) the guy who takes the injured CCC to the doctor--has to be the timekeeper, instead of just a flunky.

On the pr form I filled out for Susan Richman, I listed people who might give good advance comment on the book, and let me elucidate briefly to you, as we haven't yet talked about getting blurb comments. I don't know Stegner, but a mutual friend says he'd more than likely give us a comment. Other than Stegner, I'd prefer that we get comments, if possible, from non-westerners: people who might say what a great Amurrican book it is--Charles Kuralt, Russell Baker, Bill Moyers, Andy Rooney, Alistair Cooke; any of them sound feasible?--and/or writers who excel on families and the past--Ann Tyler, Shirley Hazzard, Eudora Welty. Maybe Mary Lee Settle if you really want, though I imposed on her recently for a Guggenheim recommend (unsuccessful, for the fifth time; me and James Agee, huh?). And Wright Morris and Edward Hoagland are simply guys I hear from by postcard occasionally, and I think are useful figures to keep posted on my books. Sound okay? You got any brainstorms?

best

Ivan

8 April '84

Barbara Campo, re copy-edited ms of ENGLISH CREEK:

Barbara, I've stetted a few of the copy editor's changes where he had corrected spellings I did for punning or other purposes of narrative distinction; I restored small caps where my characters shout or otherwise talk loudly for emphasis, left the copy editor's italics where the characters reiterate a word or emphasize it in less than an expostulation; changed a considerable number of my dashes to commas, colons, semicolons, so the text will look less like telegraphese; and in a couple of instances where the characters are doing arithmetic in their heads or out loud, I restored actual numbers instead of written-out numbers, because it seemed a lot clearer for the reader that way. And that's about it.

thanks

Ivan

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3/23/84

TO: ATHENEUM AUTHORS
FROM: THE MANAGING EDITOR

RE: YOUR COPYEDITED MANUSCRIPT

Your copyedited manuscript is being returned to you so that you may review the work of the copy editor and answer his or her queries, which appear on the flags that are attached to the pages. (There may also be a few in the margins.)

Please answer all the queries except those specifically addressed to the editor (Ed) or designer (Des). If any queries are not clear, please don't hesitate to call either your editor or me at the above number (my extension is 2660).

Answer these queries on the flags, not on the manuscript itself. If a response requires more space than the flag permits, please use a separate piece of paper and attach this to the appropriate place on the manuscript. If you are making an addition that will not fit on the flag, or are replacing text, please type the new material on a separate sheet. Write the manuscript page number involved on all of these added sheets. Return all "old" pages, even if you have completely replaced the material on them. Please do not remove any flags.

A style sheet is also enclosed. This lists the spelling, punctuation, and general stylistic decisions (capital or lowercased letters, figures or spelled-out numbers, for example) that the copy editor has made, and has applied consistently throughout the manuscript. If you object to any of these and intend to change it, make the alteration consistently throughout the manuscript. Write clearly and legibly, IN PENCIL, on the manuscript itself. Please do not write on the manuscript in ink under any circumstances, and do not erase any of the copyediting. Be sure to note your change on the style sheet.

Thank you for your help.

Barbara Campbell

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March 23, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Here is the copy edited manuscript of ENGLISH CREEK for your review. I told Barbara Campo to tell the copy editor not to touch a hair on the head of your prose. He ignored that. I went through the first fifty or so pages making stets so that you would have all the moral courage you need, not that you lack it anyway. A couple of general things:

1. Copy editor marked shouts that you typed in caps as italics. I disagree--unless it's only a word or two emphasized in the middle of a sentence. I LIKE FULL SENTENCE SMALL CAP SHOUTS IN THIS BOOK! Don't you?

2. Copy editor also changed a whole bunch of commas into semicolons, where you had two independent clauses in a sentence without a conjunction. I think you intend if differently, you want the headlong quality. I didn't mark these for stetting because your ears is involved here, and I don't want to impose mine.

Get this back as fast as you can.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:mym
Enclosure

Eng Ark copies (31 to be sent by Athim)

Mullers
Mont. historians?
review acknowledge

Charles Kuralt--blurb for Eng Crk?

Alistair Cooke--"

Russell Baker "

Andy Rooney "

Harrison Salisbury "

Ann Tyler

Eudora Welty

Shirley Haggard

possible cover ill'n for English Creek: get a pic of ranger on horseback,
maybe better yet of him with a packstring, xx for Paul Bacon to xxxxxx work from?

English Creek as NPRadio play?

Tom: typog suggns
format & look
no ch. #s?

English Creek prelims, spring '84:

--check with Ann Combs to see how supply of her book was, in fall '83;
" " U Bookstore, Elliott Bay, maybe others, to see ditto.

--suggest matte cover instead of slick, in light of Inside THOS shipping disasters?

--have Tom Stewart talk to Lee Soper & Walter Carr about supply situation?

13 Dec. '82

Points to make to Tom Stewart on behalf of English Creek:

--need sizable initial printing, on basis that it'll sell both in Mont & Puget Snd
--Mont. His'l Society Xmas catalog
--I'll do Montana signings; books must be got there early
--forego NYTBR ad and use money instead for Mont. weekly papers and air time on Today in Mont. tv
--useful newspaper for ads: Hungry Horse News

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March 7, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

The copy edited ms. of ENGLISH CREEK will be here March 16, or so I'm told. Do you want to lug it with you out of town -- i.e. should we express it to you? -- or will you simply turn immediately to it when you return on the 24th? Either is okay. I've told copy editor that if he or she so much as touches a comma, death will follow, so it may be that there will be no questions to ask you. Do you want to see the ms. nonetheless for a final glance before it's set in lead?

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

13 March '84

Dear Tom--

Given the quantity of corrections that've been necessary in the checking of ENGLISH CREEK, and that I have another handful to chink into place, I'd better do the citizenly thing and look over the copy-edited ms. Just send it so it's waiting here for me on Monday the 26th--earliest I'll be able to get it out of the post office--and I'll look it over that day and the next (if need be) and express it back to you. OK?

best

p.s. Can't remember if I gave you phone numbers for me while in Calif. next week: March 19 & morn of 20, Essex Hotel, San Francisco, (415)474-4664; afternoon of 20th and all of 21st, Forest History Society, Santa Cruz, (408)426-3770. And I'll leave my phone message machine on here at home.

ENGLISH CREEK

A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *THIS HOUSE OF SKY*

Ivan Doig



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March 1, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Here is Paul Bacon's sketch for ENGLISH CREEK. Take a look, let me know (we do), and get it back to me right away.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

2 March '84

Dear Tom--

Before I could get sat down to give you my response to the sample pages, here came the cover sketch (20 min. ago). At this rate, I expect finished books by about next Thurs.

--The sample pp. look fine. I do like the Scotch typeface, and huzzahs again to Mary Cregan for the page design. I frankly blinked at first about the type being 11 point instead of bigger, but it seems to me readable enough with all the white space, and on pages of dialogue it should look just dandy. I agree the running head needs to be sized down just a bit. Otherwise, all systems go.

--The cover is exquisite. Good bold elements, and the right ones to emphasize, I think. Had a note from Paul the other day saying how much he liked the book, and that he's had a helluva cold; if this is the work of an ill man, let us isolate those germs.

Too late in the day, and week, to express mail the cover back to you--will do it on Monday. It's all looking truly spiffy so far, Tom.

best,

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February 24, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

I hope you like this, for I do. The running head will be slightly smaller, and of course the chapter openings will read "PART ONE" etc.; and there'll be more varied typography when we come to the signs and so on. But Scotch seems the perfect typeface, for any number of reasons, and I love the look of the page. And it's linotype.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:mym

P.S. This will make 352 pages.

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February 14, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Parts One, Two, Three, Four they shall be. You are Alexander to that knotty problem.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

PAUL STUDIO
BACON INC
881 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10019
TELEPHONE 212 · 247 4760

Dear Ivan,

Delighted to hear from you, and to be working on English Creek, which I am crazy about. I devoutly hope that you're Jick. My Montana pals will go totally ape over this one, even though they are transplants.

Needless to say, the illustration is earmarked for you (whatever it may be).

Outside of battling the father of all colds I'm fine. This winter has been more of a pain in the ass than severe, but I'm ready for the next phase...

I hope you do get to NY this year; we could ingest some choice viands somewhere.

Best regards

Jane

8 Feb. '84

Dear Paul--Bacon

Just a quick line of business. The other day I sent Tom Stewart at Atheneum some Montana pics, which he's to pass to you as background info for the cover of my latest, ENGLISH CREEK. He and I are agreed you're the only person to do the cover, and I hereby want to buy the painting from you, as soon as Atheneum gets done with it. So if you'd sign it up to me at earliest chance in the cover-making process, I'll arrange to fetch it from you. Might even make it to NY myself this fall.

Hope you're thriving. I'm drawing long breaths after the 2 years of writing this novel.

all best,

Ivan

20 Feb. '84

Dear Lynn--

You mentioned wanting to run a brief excerpt from my novel in your Missoula catalogue. Here's the opening; I've checked with my agent, you're welcome to run it, provided my copyright accompanies it.

Am off to Wyoming, back by Feb. 27 if you have any questions on this. Carol will be here, and by now she knows the book at least as well as I do. And my agent is Liz Darhansoff, (212)534-2879.

Best,

Ivan

11 Feb. '84

Dear Tom--

Woke up this morning with the possible solution for numbering the chunks of ENGLISH CREEK. How about if we head those break pages where the Gleaner introductory excerpts are--pp, 1, 158, 336 and 511--Part One, Part Two, Part Three, Part Four?

This would take care of the problem that those chunks are longer than readers expect chapters to be; it would get around my qualm of a naked TWO looming amid all the references to "the Two" (country); and it would avoid something like Section, which I think is a bit textbooky and also has the confusing aspect that in the west a "section" is a square mile of land and is used in local directional parlance, such as grazing the sheep on section two.

So what do you think; can we assign Parts and call it good?

best

phone, Jan 4 '54

Tom – wear your mess cap?

– what now? (shed) Hogmanay

– ~~checking~~ c my geeger buddies – couple of wks

– read it over c a little leisure – niggling changes

– Bacon cover? "can't imagine who else."

– provide him ~~some~~ 6 or 8 pics of entry & rangers

– ~~get~~ mts next week

picnic – thin out

end of ch. 1 – pick too soon at end

– Lij: does it start too early?

1st 30-40 pp. ←

– last line of book: reminder of "pick"

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January 19, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Here are my promised notes on ENGLISH CREEK. Since you already know that the book makes me delirious with pleasure, I spare you the paragraph of praise that makes you dig your toe awkwardly into the hot sand, and skip right to those few questions I have.

Page 1: Do you want to number the chapters (spelled out, One, Two, etc.)? I think you should.

1: There's no reason not to give the year for this first excerpt from The Gleaner, no reason to hide that it's 1939, and there is a good argument for adding it--namely, since you're not hiding it, why not show it?

2: line 2, put "or anyway a bit less desperate" between commas.

4: The implication of the stirrup lenghtening is that this is Jick's first ride of the year, which is either surprising or proof of my ignorance of Montana's winters. More probably, Jick made a ritual of lenghtening his stirrups each June 1? Say so?

31-39: The business about Good Help and the general imcompetence of his ilk goes on too long and gets repetitious. Trim, especially betwixt 33 and 37.

45: 6 lines from bottom, "to go" or "to Have gone"?

156-157: As I said on the phone, the end of this chapter doesn't ring quite true. Jick's sourness, his anger at his father, strike us odd because Stanley's recounting of his life and his good cooking have, at last, made him impressive, or one who once was impressive. The reader has begun to forgive (and to wonder), Stanley has begun to redeem himself in the reader's eye, and Jick needs to feel either that redemption (at least a spasm) or the wonder, and needs to begin ruminating on the mystery of Stanley (at least to the point of acknowledging that a mystery exists) before returning to his dyspepsia.

Chapter One, passim: As I look through this again, I begin to share Liz's sentiment that it might be even better if it were shorn of a paragraph here or there, perhaps to the total of 6-10 pages. The trick is to keep the leisurely tone but mysteriously to cover ground faster. On page 45, e.g., you might

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cut "Which may be why the calendar ... sketchwork does. Yes, ". There are cuts possible by rewriting the passage on 23-24 that begins "I suppose one school of thought..." See note above about Good Help. Etc.

Page 158, etc: again, number the chapter? But we don't need "1939" any more.

163: second line of second graf: switch ground and earth?

174: If the Gleaner is a real paper, or modeled closely on one, I'd love to have a xerox of pages like this that might be useful to the designer.

177: One of my pet peeves is the use of the intransitive verb "departed" (line 5 from bottom) in a transitive way. However, I hate to meddle with a narrator's voice. You be the judge: add the from? Change to left?

188: "long-geared"?? (Line 2.)

201: having this graf with the phone call from Max come when it does--at the end of a section, at night, Jick overhearing while on the brink of sleep, and after a foreboding talk about Alec--freights it with portention. It shouldn't be ominous. A mystery, yes, but not an ominous one. With Varick out of town, a reader (such as your correspondent) who has read too much trash melodrama might even suspect that Jick's mother is about to run off with the mysterious Max. Perhaps the phone call should be ending as Jick returns from Walter's place, middle of page 200, with some rewriting presumably needed. See what you think.

203: If the cool, damp summer "turned itself" on the last day of June, would there be consequences by July 3, enough to raise dust or anxiety levels? Change "last day" of June to "last week of June"?

205: line 1, cut the stuff between the dashes?

211: long graf on this page is too long, and perhaps entirely superfluous.

212: advice on the typography?

214: ditto?

218: last word, "overstates" or "understates"?

220, midpage, for "specific piece of dappled shade" how about "specific dapple of shade"?

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224: line 5: "bached" doesn't read, thought it would speak well enough. "His bachelor shack" or some-such.

228 et seq: on the phone I said I thought there was too much "it's the convivality that's so grand" in the picnic sequence. Rereading it, I can't find many specific instances, but the general impression remains. Don't pare into the meditation on 232-233; do, perhaps, fiddle around with 281 (not picnic sequence proper, but July 4, still); and watch for little echoes.

264: I'd cut the first graf.

275-276: the sentence that bridges the two pages in clumsy rather than effective.

276: 1/3 down: "Velma's Fourth appearances were encased in annual new slacks"?!?

282: 1/3/ down, a fast catch?

287: suggest you cut lines 3-8, mostly repetitious

313 et seq: this is, all of it, just grand!!!

317: Somewhat how Yeats is out of place. Oh, I know, it's perfectly true that 15-year-old Montanans have heard of world-famous Irish poets, but it still seems out of place, because Jick as narrator hasn't before in 316 pages alluded to anything like this, nor does again, and because (proof of my point) he has to go to such lengths to show how he happened across the poem, and why he bothered to read it. It's like Susan Sontag trying to explain that she happened to read something in People (mind you, I don't subscribe to People, but I had to go to the dentist and it was a choice between that and Reader's Digest because I'd already read the issue of Foreign Affairs that was there, and like an idiot I'd forgotten to bring my manuscript, so I picked up the issue of People just to have something to read . . . and there was the item about Jackie's facelift!)

335: cut last graf, or perhaps change so chapter ends "and now of the night, a set of hours worth the price of the rest of the life." and cut the rest.

355: "flammable" is, of course, a newfangledism for "inflammable," and Jick would see the sense of it, not being a language Luddite; but the book, though narrated now, takes place in 1939, and I bet "inflammable" was as rare as money then. I'd try to write around it, here and subsequently (it occurs at least once more)

410: the game of cards: give us the Jick; also see note about P. 522

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TELEX: 237767 CABLES: SCRIBNER, NY

415: "sacks of what..." sentence seems almost out of character. Jick's loathing is expressed, usually, in terms other than those of ordure.

427: I don't like the last sentence of this chapter. It's bullshit, and this book doesn't use bullshit as a style.

429: put "Extreme Danger" in quotes and capitalize the D?

461: line 2, flammable

475 etc: I wondered throughout the fire camp how the supplies are brought. Maybe I overlooked a paragraph. But there's a ton and a half of food there. Is it caravanned in daily? Who takes care of the logistics of supply? From where? Possibly they wait for the 10:00 AM report before ending out the next day's supplies? Or a week's provender dumped at a fire site at the start, and the leftovers lugged out when it's under control?

486: You want anything conspicuous typrographically here, or text type?

522: There's something else that Mac didn't say to Stanley, and that's "thank you" for advising him to set the fireline up where he did. Now, about the last line. I'm not sure what freight you want it to bear. If it's just that Jick owes his name to Stanley, that line, coming where it does (in the most powerful position in the whole book) and coming after this notion of being man enough, or modest enough, to apologize, seems to be more meaningful than that. Try as I might, though, I can't figure out what the meaning would be. Jick isn't obsessive about his name; he just explains it, then goes on. I.e., the identity of the mysterious stranger who gave him the name (p. 91) isn't something Jick mentions again or cares about. And the Jick himself--well, it seems a perfectly logical, colorful way to describe a second son--but not one that carries a burden of maturity (or immaturity) or much else. Don't get me wrong: I like this line. But it Sounds More Meaningful than I suspect you want it to be.

Over and out.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:mym

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

TELEX: 237767 CABLES: SCRIBNER, NY

January 30, 1984

Dear Ivan,

I'm sorry you had to ask again for these new jackets, but I'm glad you took the initiative. Here they are; let's hope they'll do the trick.

I ordered two more copies of the book for you. They'll be shipped via U.P.S., so they should arrive in good condition.

Every time I turn around I hear about another person who loves ENGLISH CREEK. Today it was Liv Blumer, who sells paperback rights for our books. She was a SEA RUNNERS fan, too, but I think she's even more gung-ho on this one!

Best wishes,

Ann Rittenberg
Assistant to
Thomas A. Stewart

6 Feb. '84

Dear Ann--

The covers came through in good shape. Thanks for persevering. It's one of those aggravations none of us should have to handle.

best,

Winter gleanings of works in progress

Northwest Pages

By Paul Pintarich
Book review editor, The Oregonian

Hard at work on new, major writing projects are Oregon authors Ken Kesey, Ursula LeGuin, Barry Lopez and Merritt Linn

Winter's hard frosts create an ideal climate for hard work by Northwest writers, many of whom are involved with major projects during the season's cruelest months.

Elusive Oregon novelist Ken Kesey, sometimes more a myth or rumor than a reality, apparently still is laboring over his Alaskan novel, tentatively titled "Sailor Song." Kesey's first major novel since the spectacular "Sometimes a Great Notion" has a couple of years' writing before completion.

□

"Almost Coming Home" is the title of a new novel under way by Portland author Ursula LeGuin, who will say only that it is a story set in an imaginary time in California's Napa Valley.

LeGuin, recently returned from California, where she was doing research, said the book should be completed in 1985. "It's kind of hard to describe, but it's a regional novel," she said. "It will have music, and I assure you it isn't at all like 'Falconcrest.' "

□

Neskowin writer David Duncan, whose Oregon fishing novel, "The River Why," has sold some 20,000 copies since being the first novel accepted by Sierra Club Books, is working on two novels and writing short stories.

"One novel is a comedy about Buddhism in California," Duncan said. "The other is about a group of disillusioned college students who create a wildlife refuge in an urban setting — a place like Eastmoreland." "The River Why" is being published in paperback next year by both Bantam Books and Penguin, he added.

□

Ivan Doig, a Montana writer who lives in Seattle, said he has just mailed off the manuscript of his second novel, "English Creek," a tale of Montana in the Great Depression of the 1930s.

The book, the first in a planned trilogy about his home state, will be published by Atheneum. Next in the series will be a story of turn-of-the-century homesteading in Montana, what Doig describes as a "prequel." "English Creek" will appear in fall 1984. Doig is author of the autobiographical "This House of Sky"; "Winter Brothers," an early accounting of Port Townsend, Wash.; and the novel "The Sea Runners."

□

Barry Lopez, who lives in relative seclusion at Finn Rock, along the McKenzie River, said he is close to completing a major non-fiction work on the Arctic, an area where he has been living and working on and off for the past several years.

Lopez, author of the popular "Of Wolves and Men" and of "Winter Count," a fine collection of short fiction, as well as other writings, said the book will be concerned with the "relationship between landscape and imagination — animals, people, plants, weather and how the human mind construes that."

The writer has shared experiences with polar bear biologists, archeologists, Eskimo hunters and a growing number of industrial workers who, he said, "think much differently." Scribner's will publish the book in 1985.

□

Portland ophthalmologist Merritt Linn, author of the sensitive and quietly successful novel "Book of Songs," is about a third of the way through a second novel he calls "The Sons of Abraham." Linn describes the story as a defining of the relationship between two men, a Jew and a black, sharing frustrations in an urban ghetto. As in "Book of Songs," the characters are allegorical, he said, the Jew being "a Job-like man who, rather than praise God, condemns him."

He hopes to have a first draft by July 4.

□

Phil Margolin, the Portland lawyer who claims he "writes thrillers for fun," is involved in a several years' project, a serious novel he calls "Judge Knot."

The author of "Heartstone" and "The Last Innocent Man," describes the book vaguely as the story of a hanging judge in Oregon in the 1860s.

"I expect to be finished in a couple of years," Margolin said.

□

Jim Anderson's excellent and tenacious Breitenbush Press in Portland has been named a winner in the first Western States Book Awards presented recently in Santa Fe, N.M. The press was among four that were honored for excellence by a panel of judges that was led by Robert Penn Warren and included Northwest poet Carolyn Kizer.

Breitenbush had submitted the manuscript of a forthcoming autobiography, "A Heaven in the Eye," written by 80-year-old Clyde H. Rice Sr. of Estacada. The press receives $5,000 and Rice $2,500, Anderson said.

Breitenbush's first biography will be published in the fall, he added. The competition was among scores of publishers and authors in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and seven other Western states.

□

Egbert S. Oliver, emeritus professor of English at Portland State University, is working on a biography of Oregon missionary and pioneer geologist Thomas Condon. Oliver said he is negotiating with Portland publisher Binford & Mort on the project, which will include excerpts from Condon's original notebooks, diaries and correspondence, as well as photos and maps.

"The book will be centered on Condon's studies of what the Columbia Basin meant to geology," Oliver said.

Condon, who later became known as the "great translator," came to Oregon in the 1850s as a missionary for the American Home Missionary Society, and by the 1870s was a nationally known scientist who had come to terms with Darwinism. He was the first professor appointed to the staff at the University of Oregon and was a prominent figure in the state at the time of his death in 1908. ■

Best-Seller List

The New York Times

FICTION

1. PET SEMATARY, by Stephen King.
2. POLAND, by James A. Michener.
3. THE NAME OF THE ROSE, by Umberto Eco.
4. BERLIN GAME, by Len Deighton.
5. WHO KILLED THE ROBINS FAMILY? created by Bill Adler and written by Thomas Chastain.
6. CHANGES, by Danielle Steel.
7. MORETA: DRAGONLADY OF PERN, by Anne McCaffrey.
8. THE WICKED DAY, by Mary Stewart.
9. THE ROBOTS OF DAWN, by Isaac Asimov.
10. THE SAGA OF BABY DIVINE, by Bette Midler.

NON-FICTION

1. MOTHERHOOD: THE SECOND OLDEST PROFESSION, by Erma Bombeck.
2. SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE, by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr.
3. THE BEST OF JAMES HERRIOT.
4. ON WINGS OF EAGLES, by Ken Follett.
5. MEGATRENDS, by John Naisbitt.
6. VIETNAM: A HISTORY, by Stanley Karnow.
7. WHILE REAGAN SLEPT, by Art Buchwald.
8. TOUGH TIMES NEVER LAST, BUT TOUGH PEOPLE DO! by Robert H. Schuller.
9. BLUE HIGHWAYS, by William Least Heat Moon.
10. THE DISCOVERERS, by Daniel Boorstin.

Sizing up Andropov: his regime, career



More than a year has passed since Yuri Andropov was sworn in as Russia's boss. A number of books seek to evaluate the man

THE RUSSIANS. By Hendrick Smith; updated and expanded (Times Books, $22.50). **YURI ANDROPOV: A Secret Passage Into the Kremlin.** By Vladimir Solovyov and Elena Klepikova (Macmillan, $15.95). **SOVIET POWER: The Kremlin's Foreign Policy, Breshnev to Andropov.** By Jonathan Steele (Simon & Schuster, $19.95)). **ANDROPOV: New Challenge to the West.** By Arnold Beichman and Mikhail S. Bernstam (Stein & Day, $16.95). **ANDROPOV.** By Zhores A. Medvedev (Norton, $14.95).

By Malcolm Bauer

Since Yuri Andropov was sworn in to succeed Leonid Brezhnev as leader of the Soviet Union's dictatorship a little more than a year ago, time has allowed the preparation and publication of a number of books seeking to assess the qualities of the new boss of the Kremlin.

Among the most useful of these is a work with a good reputation, "The Russians," by Hendrick Smith, a Pulitzer Prize-winning New York Times staff member. He has updated and expanded his 1976 best-seller to embrace the last years of the Brezhnev regime and the beginnings of Andropov's. He gives detailed attention to Andropov's health problems, which have been the source of much speculation since he assumed office.

"At 68," Smith writes, "Andropov came into power with health problems. He had a heart attack in 1966 and reportedly spent weeks at a time in hospitals in most years since then. His pallid complexion and hesitant gait indicated less than robust health. Indeed, a ... sudden disappearance ... started speculation about his frailty and longevity. In mid-June he was photographed leaning on aides."

Kidney troubles, it has since been reported, are at least part of his afflictions, although the Kremlin has since denied this.

Hendrick's book remains the most reputable of the volumes on the general state of affairs in Russia.

□

Another view of Andropov is that written by Vladimir Solovyov and Elena Klepikova, a husband-and-wife team who were permitted to leave Russia despite their earlier criticisms of Kremlin policy. Readers of The Oregonian have had the benefit of reading major excerpts of their work.

According to the authors, a Soviet spy-master's rising to the top position in Russia — the first time this has happened — is ominous: Andropov is a dangerous man, who, after scheming for a lifetime, only seemed to achieve his high post quietly.

□

Jonathan Steele, a long-time correspondent for the Manchester, England, Guardian, has compiled an absorbing overview of Soviet foreign and military policy over the last 20 years, including the records of both Brezhnev and Andropov. The writer is relatively contemptuous of Brezhnev, saying that his long regime was not only colorless but without real accomplishment.

Steele does not, however, promise that Andropov, whose career he has followed, will initiate improvements in Russian policy, especially toward the United States. The new Russian regime, he says, will not give up its leadership of world socialism as opposed to capitalism; it will not free eastern Europe from domination by the Kremlin; and it will not permit the United States to regain strategic military superiority.

Steele emphasizes the Kremlin's paranoia about national security, as illustrated in last summer's destruction of the unarmed South Korean airliner.

□

Soviet specialists Beichman and Bernstam are pessimistic about the Andropov regime in its relations with the United States and U.S. Western allies. They point out that Andropov, as a much younger man on his way up, was closely aligned with the oppressive policies of Joseph Stalin, and they reprint parts of a speech Andropov gave not long ago on the matter of peaceful coexistence with the Western world: "Andropov redefined peaceful coexistence in such a fashion as to make the very concept impossible without surrender by non-Communist countries to the U.S.S.R. — 'Life demonstrates that as long as imperialism exists and still maintains its economic and military power, the real danger remains for the people of our country, and for other socialist countries, and for progressive forces and for world peace. . . .' " It is troublesome that this oppressive regime still promotes itself as progressive.

□

Zhores A. Medvedev is a dissident Soviet scientist exiled by the Soviet Union in 1973 and now living in London. He gives Andropov more credit than would be expected of one so victimized by the Soviet secret service, which Andropov formerly headed.

Medvedev seems to think that most of the difficulties leading to his exile were fomented by Brezhnev. But he acknowledges his disappointment that Andropov has not yet taken steps to open up the Soviet system that Medvedev, as a scientist, found so stultifying.

He calls attention to the army's support of Andropov and the latter's role in bringing together the spy and military forces. He does not think Andropov will take steps that are contrary to Red Army viewpoints. ■

MALCOLM BAUER is senior associate editor, retired, of The Oregonian.

western union

Telegram

SEB031(1210)(4-015710S003)PD 01/03/84 1209

1984 JAN -3 AM 9:25

ICS IPMMTZZ CSP

2124862650 TDMT NEW YORK NY 22 01-03 1209P EST

PMS IVAN DOIG, DLR

17021 10 AVE NORTHWEST

SEATTLE WA 98177

I'M UP ENGLISH CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE AND DON'T EVER WANT TO COME BACK DOWN. HOORAY, HOORAY, YIPPIE KIYO, WHAT A BOOK.....

TOM

NNNN

3 Feb. '84

DearTTom--

Some pics which might help Paul Bacon work his magic.

best

Ivan

enc: 6 color prints of Rocky Mountain Front
4 Forest Service scenes

27 Jan. '84

Dear Tom--

Here's the dedication page for ENGLISH CREEK and the acknowledgments, which again will need to run at the end of the book.

I'm also sending along, just for your entertainment, one of the replies to my checking letters. George Engler is a retired forest ranger in Great Falls, and it was during an interview with him some summers ago that I heard the pack horse story which eventually inspired Jick's adventure with Bubbles, p. 129 et seq. Since around Thanksgiving I've been writing and receiving about half a dozen of these letters a week, one of the more fascinating periods of work on a book. Nobody's caught me wrong at anything major, but they almost all have refinements to offer, such as George's valuable elaboration about retying the top pack with a diamondick hitch. (I've attached to his letter a diagram of a diamond hitch. Don't blanch; I've figured how to say in just a couple of sentences how Jick manages to retie it.) So for the last 3 weeks I've been fine-tuning the ms, with the help of the Montana geezer corps; this week I've been working along the lines of your comments, and I think I can get the full list of crx and revisions to you by Feb. 15.

I don't see anything more outrageous than usual in your comments, but no, I don't want to add 1939 to the first Gleaner excerpt, p. 1. You know it's the summer of '39, because I told you so from the start. But huh uh, the reader doesn't: I've deliberately kept it vague--could be '36 after the New Deal was taking hold, '37 after FDR's re-election, '38 when the weather and crops were improving--to keep the focus on the Depression, not the coming of war. And then to drop the war news of Sept. 1, '39, as the startling turn it was. Incidentally, that backyard call, "You'd better come in the house now, the war has started" actually happened to a friend of mine that day.

And Mr. Yeats: I'm afraid you're more or less right about that, though I think not because of the self-consciousness there but because those Yeats lines seduce writer after writer into using them. I haven't rewritten there, but what comes to mind is to try use instead some lines from the hymn "Lord of the Dance." There wouldn't be the introductory paraphernalia, Jick would just say it's the one hymn that ever seemed to him to make any sense. Its lines, you may know, go: "Dance, dance, wherever you may be/I am the lord of the dance, said he/And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be/And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he." This would fit with Mac calling the Dude and Belle dance; I'll try work on this early next week, so give me a quick call if you see any problem with this.

Next week too, I hope to have some ENGLISH CREEK scenery pics ready for you, for Paul Bacon.

in your spare time, sell this baby
to BOMC, will you? best,

Ivan

20 Jan. '84

Dear Ann--

Happy '84. I'd like to order two more copies of INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY. Considering the mail disasters which befell my and Duncan's copies, can these be shrink-wrapped or at least carefully cushioned somehow? On that same score, is there any chance for replacement covers for some of those casualties? I still have on hand 3 of those author's copies whose covers are too wretched to do anything with--one even has imprints where somebody wrote a note on top of it (the mail room strikes again?)--and 4 or 5 of the ones I've passed to friends could stand replacement covers if they can be got.

Tell Tom I'm niggling my way through ENGLISH CREEK, will drop him a note and the acknowledgments and dedication page next week.

best,

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

December 27, 1983

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Best Christmas present I got. I figure it'll take me a week to read, but I might not be able to resist even that long.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

Dorene Wanner —

I guess what I want is a general evaluation of this, rather than line-by-line critique. See if the story carries you along; let me know any gaps. These 2 chapters are at slightly different stages of development, but tell me as best you ~~x~~ can whether they jibe—whether this is starting to read like a book instead of 2 separate chapters. Any comments on characters would be fine; also your general impression as to whether I'm telling you too much or too little about details of the country and its ranch and Forest Service life.

ivan

7 Nov.

Merlyn--

There is one major change in this batch of typing: I've changed my mind about underlining the dialogue, so wherever there are underlined sentences, put them in quotation marks, please.

Don't number the pages; they have to go on the end of the half of this chapter that Marilyn is typing.

Otherwise, the procedure is the usual: about 25 lines per page, about 10 words per line, and leave the equivalent of 4 lines of space between sections where I put a #.

I think this will come out to about 75 pp.; can I have it done by Fri. the 18th?

thanks

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

24 August 1983

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave., N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for the hat, a truly splendid thing. Now if I had a Merc to drive I'd drive to the Merc. and buy me a bushel of wheat, plant it and harvest it, thresh it and mill it, and bake you a loaf of bread.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:ch

possible Atheneum model for Eng Crk: Children of the Sun

--check with Tom to be sure Mary Cregan does the designing.

Children of the Sun — circa 163,000 words
358 pages (considerable dialogue & white space beginning & ending chapters

Westering Man — average 12 words per line (less for dialogue)
300 pages — 43 lines per page
(w/o notes)
circa 155,000 words

two above have similar type size, but dif. type faces

Surviving the Flood -- larger type and more ledding
300 pages — average 11 words per line
38 lines per page
circa 120,000 words

418 words per line
400 x 300 pages =
120,000
solid type

In the heat of the Summer — 13 words per line
300 pages — 36 lines per page
circa 135,000 words

Ivan --

The above are rough estimates.

The book design does look good, in general. Good, clean types, in keeping with the subject matter.
You might want to ask whether they use, or would use, acid-proof paper.

What else would you like done with these?

yr. asst.

Mention acid-free paper

9 Aug. '83

Dear Tom--

I couldn't stand the thought of a grown man going around New York not knowing what a "merc" is (as in "the old Augusta merc" of the INSIDE THOS preface). Herewith, for your wearing pleasure at Mets games or next year's Easter parade or whatever, your very own merc cap. Also known to at least one Montanan (me) as a North Dakota Stetson.

The Doig Bros. of the label, incidentally, are my cousins who own a gasohol plant in downtown Ringling (cf. pp. 126-145, This House of Sky) and 5500 acres of dry-land barley around it.

And the pics are this summer's samples of the English Creek country, courtesy of Carol. The horses are at dawn on June 26, a mystical morning excursion I took which is going to add a couple of the best pages to the book. The ranch is the westernmost one up under the Rockies--in English Creek it'll be the Fritz Hahn place, farthest up the South Fork of English Creek. And the bearded guy atop the butte simply types a lot.

all best,

Ivan

point to make to Tom Stewart about all the names in English Creek: Dickens too is chockablock with names, but their quantity actually enhances his books.

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

March 25, 1983

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Many thanks for your note about Bil Gilbert's biography of Joseph Walker. You may think it slight, but I think it's splendid!

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

TELEX: 237767 CABLES: SCRIBNER, NY

November 4, 1982

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

O frabjous day, calloo, callay! Delighted we have a deal on ENGLISH CREEK. I'm really impressed by the 100 or so pages here -- they're lovely, engrossing, and full of sensual details (finally understand why people have been saying those horrible things about mutton for so many years).

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

over

TAS: agr

9 Nov. '82

Dear Tom--

Hey, that NYTBR ad looked so dandy we ought to do it every week. (And gee, maybe we could rent Magruder's barn, and Aunt Polly could sew us up some costumes, and we could sell lemonade at intermission, and, and...)

I'm glad too that we've settled the banking and can get on with making ENGLISH CREEK be a book. If you've got any impressions echoing in your head from the ms sample, I'd be happy to hear them. Evidently there's going to be no trouble getting words out of my typewriter for this one; the colloquial style just sort of pours out, 5 pages a day steadily. But I think where our key question on SEA RUNNERS was pace, for ENGLISH CREEK it's going to be proportion. The Two Medicine country is a helluva slab of landscape--bigger than some eastern states--and the book is going to have a considerable population, what with the English Creek ranch families, the Forest Service people, and the townfolk of Gros Ventre. I'm going to try give the book a resonance reminiscent of HOUSE OF SKY: new people every so often, speaking in their own voices. And the overall framework, the three big chapters, feels so right to me that I'm mildly unnerved. But if you got any insights, or any favorite books where a sizable cast of characters was handled especially niftily, be glad to hear.

Meantime, I'll go on selling SEA RUNNERS with one hand and writing ENGLISH CREEK with the other. Good turnout at the Oregon Historical Society last Sunday--a remarkable institution I'll have to tell you about sometime. Miss Manners would have been quite at home.

best

Ivan

p.s. I'm pretty sure I won't make it to the East Coast this holiday season. If you see some chance to come west--cutting a deal with Cöppola in LA, for example--we'd love to have you come north, too, and see us.

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

TELEX: 237767 CABLES: SCRIBNER, NY

November 17, 1982

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

My advice about large casts of characters is: (1) don't introduce them all at a party, (2) introduce them in a way that doesn't require the reader to think too much ("He had rich brown eyes," not "'Cows,' Susan thought. 'Why is it that when I look him straight in the eye I think of Jersey cows?'"), (3) don't expect us to remember someone mentioned on page 60 if he doesn't actually enter the story for another 60 pages, unless you keep his name and his doings alive ("twenty more pages till the viper will come . . . ") in between, (4) if someone is just a spear-carrier, just a walk-on, don't load him down with lots of history and emphasis, because that will lead us to believe he will play an important role in the story, (5) related to the third point, if someone will play important roles at the beginning and end of a story, but not in the middle, keep us informed of his existence, (6) "there are no mothers-in-law in ballet" -- keep family relationships fairly direct and simple, don't expect us to keep blood ties straight among many characters when the blood runs thin, e.g. we can remember that Susan is Jack's brother's wife's aunt, but we cannot remember both that and the fact that Jack's sister's husband's uncle is named Joe, and we certainly can't remember how Susan and Joe are related.

That's a bunch of don'ts. It's harder to come up with dos. One is tag-lines, like grey-eyed Athena; if you have a Basque character named Gilgamesh, call him "the Basque" from time to time; but don't be silly about this. In the pages so far, you have done a good job of telling us whom we'll meet before we meet them, like a host telling his guests who'll be at the party; that's helpful, I think. When you come to the forest fire, you'll probably bring in a number of characters we've met before, and probably a lot of new ones; if a party of 15 gathers and breaks into three teams of five, give us the names only of the five you'll be following; when Alpha Company liases with Bravo Company, we don't need to know the name of the big man with the red beard, just say "A runner came over to where they were -- it was the big man with the red beard from Bravo Company."

Try looking at some historical novels; they often have large casts of characters. A novel like Aztec takes place over many years and many different settings, so characters don't flow back into the novel all that much: it's picaresque. Off the top of my head, I can't think of a large-cast historical novel that would be a terrific model; think about Bruce Catton's Civil War histories, perhaps?

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

FIRST & MAIN

News of the Book World, by B.K. Monger

Seattle's Madrona Publishers, known nationally for having **the** volcano book three years ago, has been forced to shed its independence for financial reasons. They have joined a new Bay Area distributor called Network. Orders for Madrona's books will, ironically, be sent to Berkeley. The firm is back where they began, in Dan Levant's Madrona living room.

* * *

William Matthews, one of the studs in Little, Brown's stable of poets, will be leaving the University of Washington Creative Writing Program for the swelter of Houston. Writers often move around now like free agents in sports. The loss of Wild Bill will certainly pale the complexion of the Writing Program. Rumor has it he has been overheard whistling Hank Williams' "Why Don't You Love Me Like You Used to Do?"

* * *

Northwest Photography, I've learned from an interior source, has or will be going the same way as **The Seattle Voice.** Why can't Seattle support its arty publications? We are able to keep a chorusline of funky cafes percolating. But the important question is, does **this** keep David Brewster awake at night.

* * *

Ivan Doig's **This House of Sky** has been unavailable for several months. Doig's former publisher has made another printing, due out at the end of May. Hopefully, his new publisher, Atheneum, will be more responsible with his new novel scheduled for release in '84. Doig is simply calling it his "Montana Novel" right now. The action takes place during the depression in Montana and is, as he says, a "fictional cousin" to **This House of Sky.**

* * *

A grizzly, druidic old man was caught scribbling on the walls of the bathroom in the Elliott Bay Cafe. Along with poetic warnings concerning the hazards of gravity was a note of great importance. Thomas Pynchon will be releasing two new novels within the year. Viking will publish both of them. One concerns Mason and Dixon of the famed Mason-Dixon Line. The other is about a Japanese businessman who is chosen by strange forces to change the world. This is all very interesting, but I should tell you the note was found next to this one: "Walt Carr is a Jedi god."

The first 10 years: looking at Elliott Bay's first decade

by Walter Carr

The Elliott Bay Book Company was founded in 1973 with the desire to create Seattle's finest, independent general bookstore. A native of San Francisco and then a recent resident of Colorado, I moved to Seattle with the intention of opening a quality personal bookstore in a city rich in cultural diversity and plentiful with educational and recreational opportunities. I researched Seattle's many neighborhoods, yet once I discovered Pioneer Square I looked no further. The Square's unique combination of attractive brick buildings, exciting history and diverse cosmopolitan mix offered an ideal setting for the bookstore I had in mind.

Richard White, one of the creative forces behind the restoration of Pioneer Square, offered a cozy space at 109 South Main Street. The former site of **Jim Manolides' Gallery** (1968–1973), it is currently **Country Brunch.** After seven weeks of intense, arduous labor the small, white-walled rooms were transformed. The design elements used have become the **Elliott Bay Book Company's** trademark—bare brick walls, a high ceiling and an inviting configuration of unfinished cedar shelves and deck levels for browsers to explore.

The bookstore opened for business June 29, 1973, with an enthusiastic crowd of several hundred friends and neighbors. It occupied 1,500 square feet and offered 8,000 titles. Beside the nervous owner there was only one other member on the staff. The local bank manager and his wife paid a courtesy call the night before and ended up organizing and shelving the entire cooking section. Another helpful neighbor was a young man working his way through school as a busboy at the old Das Gasthaus restaurant. His name is Rick Simonson and since then he has become **The Elliott Bay Book Company's** co-manager and head bookbuyer.

In November, 1976, we moved to the opposite corner of the Globe Building under generous terms allowed by the new building owners, Grant and Ilse Jones. The difficult task of moving thousands of titles 100 feet west without disrupting their organization was accomplished on a single Sunday by a dozen employees and dozens of volunteers—friends, relatives and loyal customers. The present location on the corner of First and Main provided twice the space for a quickly-growing store with over 25,000 titles.

By 1979 we required even more floor space. The Joneses were seeking a reliable tenant for the Globe Building's basement, which had housed a series of restaurants. Taking advantage of the existing facilities for good service, **The Elliott Bay Cafe** was opened. The bookstore expanded into the remaining half of the space below. We connected the lower and upper levels with a large central staircase made from the large joists removed in cutting the stairwell. The combination of these two enterprises has created an ambience attracting a faithful following with its relaxed and comfortable tone.

In 1980 the Joneses purchased the building immediately south of the Globe Building and joined the two on most floors. This provided another exciting opportunity. I founded **Elliott Bay Graphics,** a complete print-and-reproduction-gallery and framing service, in the space next to the bookstore on First Avenue South.

Although the recent (and one hopes past) recession has given everyone reason to delay or change investment and career plans, **The Elliott Bay Book Company,** after holding its collective breath and tightening belts, will make several new improvements soon. With the Seattle Building Department's permission we hope to construct a large brick archway opening into **Elliott Bay Graphics.** This will expand both the bookstore and gallery in that spacious room. Also, we have expanded our inventory to over 50,000 titles over the years and are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of a computer system designed specifically for bookstores.

All of us here at **The Elliott Bay Book Company** struggle (as only booksellers can) for future decades of excellent service and selection. Not least among the many rewards of our work is the satisfaction of our customers, and for that we continue to strive as we enter the second decade of the Elliott Bay Book Co.

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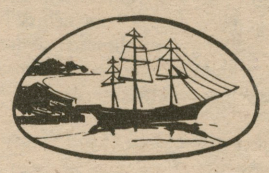


Once every 10 years comes a deal like this

On Wednesday, June 29, to celebrate ten years as Seattle's personal bookstore, Elliott Bay Book Co. will take 40% off the price of every new book in stock. 10% off "Bargain Books" too!
This is a one-day-only event, Wednesday, June 29, from 10:30 a.m. til 11 p.m.

* **Discount applies to cash sales only, not to bank card purchases.**

* **All sales final.**

Elliott Bay Book Co.

Notes from the underground: A few words about remainders

Many bookstores now feature a "bargain table" where markdowns prevail, and several cities are fortunate enough to have shops entirely devoted to reduced-priced books. The Elliott Bay Book Co. is no exception to this trend, with a goodly portion of the basement now given over to "bargains." So what are these books, and where do they come from? Are they really bargains, or just cast-offs?

First, a little terminology. In the book trade, these books are known as "remainders." A book is remaindered for several reasons: the publisher has discontinued the title, and is selling off the last copies cheap; or last year's best-sellers (and flops) are marked down to clear the warehouse. In addition, several houses now specialize in reprinting worthy titles from years past, and, occasionally, imported books find their way to American bookstores via the remainder route. Some stores, among them Elliott Bay, also remainder books from their stock by reducing the price and moving them to the basement to clear the shelves for new books. So remainders can truly be bargains, and many people have discovered this lesser-known corner. What remainders are not, by the way, are used or "second-hand" books. That is a whole other area of bookselling.

A recent examination of Elliott Bay remainders turned up some noteworthy titles: Barry Lopez's **Winter Count** and **Of Wolves and Men,** both in hardcover and under six dollars; and the trade-paperback edition of Tom Robbins' **Still Life with Woodpecker** at just $2.49; or Bruce Chatwin's **The Viceroy of Ouidah,** at $3.98.

For summertime reading, $3.98 gets Doris Lessing's **The Sirian Experiments,** book three in her recent five-part series. (The first two titles in this series will be available later in the summer at the same price.)

Without a doubt, **The Next Whole Earth Catalog** (originally $20.00) is one of the best values in the store at $4.98. **A Little Original Sin,** the biography of the spunky Jane Bowles, is only $6.98. Also, in anticipation of the visit of Barbara Tuchman, hardcover editions of two of her earlier works, **The Zimmerman Telegram** ($2.98) abd **Stilwell and the American Experience in China** ($4.98) have just been displayed.

Sharon Bryan, from page 1

or that others can believe about them. In a collection of otherwise very smart and generous comments by John Steinbeck that appears in volume 4 of the Paris Review **Writers at Work** series, he tells the parents of a young writer: "Don't, for God's sake, judge him by ordinary rules of human virtue or vice or failings." I think this is an appalling notion to the extent that it's a kind of special pleading, and some writers seem to have caused themselves and others terrific pain by behaving as if they could decline responsibility for some parts of their lives.

As for feeling isolated, not at all. I've found the sense of community among writers to be very strong, maybe because the work itself is done in isolation. I first felt that sense of community years ago in a writing class, and it has deepened and broadened as I've continued to write. I've found writers to be generous with their time and with their knowledge, their two most valuable commodities. They spend them in classes, in writers' conferences, in essays, in conversations with friends and students. Most writers I know maintain steady correspondence with a lot of other writers. They're also a mobile group—partly by choice and partly out of economic necessity—so they see as much as they can of one another.

Does being a writer and a woman put you in a peculiar position as a writer or a woman? Is this important?

It is an important question, but one that's very hard to answer, especially to answer briefly. To begin with the writing: being female is as much a given for me as being 5' 2". The former is surely a larger factor than the latter in shaping the poems, but is one of many things about myself that I take for granted and out of which the poems are written. They're all part of the air the poems breathe, so I couldn't keep them out of the poems if I wanted to. Exactly for that reason none of them seem interesting as the topics of poems—since I look **out from** those things, it would be redundant to look **at them** at the same time, except very occasionally. I can turn the attention of the poems in other directions. This is part of the reasoning behind my decision not to participate in events or anthologies that are limited to women writers: I don't find that a useful or interesting principle of selection.

As for how it affects my life as a writer: more than I would like it to, but mostly in ways that are intermittently annoying rather than continuously frustrating. The word **poetess** sets my teeth on edge, but I don't hear it often. I can think of several male poets who are oblivious of or condescending to poems written by women, but I can think of far more who make no such distinctions. There's no question that it's a field in which men have outnumbered women for centuries, and that that proportion has shaped deep habits of thinking and behaving. I've worked and studied in several other fields, and this is the first one where I've been aware of sometimes being taken less seriously simply because I'm female. But my own experience has been that I have a great deal of control over how other writers treat me and my work, that if I behave as if I expect to be taken seriously, I usually am.

Your poems show great wit. I'm thinking of "What To Say" in particular. What's your favorite kind of humor? What is humor's function in serious writing, or anywhere for that matter?

Good timing, after all that talk about seriousness. I love all kinds of humor, beginning with terrible puns, and going on to Edward Gorey, Roz Chast, Monty Python, and Woody Allen. I might be willing to argue that humor is the most distinctively human trait and our saving grace. It seems to me an expression of one of our own best impulses—to soothe and take care of ourselves rather than indulge in self-pity and whining. Its appearance in serious literature (Nabokov seems the premier example) indicates that the urge to laugh and the urge to cry are less than a hairbreadth apart.

I'm delighted that you found some of the poems witty. They haven't had nearly as much humor in them as I would like, and I'm trying to expand the tone in the ones I'm working on now so I can include far more.

Wallace Stevens composed while walking to work, and Richard Hugo sought out triggering towns. Do you have rituals you follow preliminary to setting to work? Any quirky habits at all?

I get the most work done when I'm sticking to some regular routines, but I don't think of them as rituals. I usually like to warm up by reading poems and sometimes by writing letters. As for quirky habits, I do a lot of work in the bathtub and I can't imagine writing with anything except a ballpoint pen.



What do you prescribe for writer's block? Do you ever experience it?

I don't believe in writer's block. I don't think it's something you get, like lockjaw or measles. I'm either writing or I'm not writing, and if I'm not writing the reason isn't mystical or mysterious: I'm simply not making time for it. Years ago I heard Adrienne Rich define a writer as someone who both wants to write and writes, and I've found that statement of the obvious a useful reminder over the years.

Do you give yourself tasks, Bardic exercises?

Tasks yes, exercises no. I have far more fragments and notes for poems than I have time to write, so getting started is never a problem. The tasks usually take the form of long poems or a series of related poems, since that way I can build up momentum, come at the same thing from several different angles, and have something in progress when I sit down at the desk.

What are your great inspirations? Would I be far off the mark suggesting the memories and images of family I find in your poems?

I don't know about inspirations, but I'm aware of some enduring obsessions. Family life is surely one. Others include the tensions between solitude and sociability, public and private; the pleasures of work; accumulation and loss; stark landscapes; things that glow in the dark. And that old standby, death.

Is there a question you wish I had asked? One you wish I had not?

My heart sank when you asked about being a woman writer, because that's so complicated and so hard to respond to precisely. I'm also very glad you asked it, because answering helps me figure out just how I feel.

I wish you had asked me what's Irish and stays outside all summer, so I could have said, Paddy O'Furniture. That's my favorite bad joke.

Thank you very much for giving us this opportunity to talk with you. What are your plans for the next book?

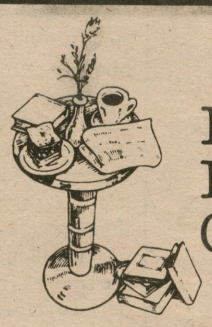
Thank you for asking me. Work is going well on the next book, and I hope to have it done by the end of this year. One section is a series of poems on reading **Remembrance of Things Past**, but I don't want to say more than that since I'm superstitious about describing work in progress. I'm working more rapidly and steadily than ever before, and that feels wonderful.

What to Say

by Sharon Bryan

1
So that's where you've been.
What else can we say when the dead
turn up in supermarkets
shopping with a beautiful redhead?
2
Because light bends with gravity
the dead are never where they seem to be.
We plead like sad husbands at a closed door,
the bride gone, white curtains
drifting in and out the window.
3
It's simple to forget the instructions
for restoring the dead. You open your mouth
to say them and they're gone.

–Printed with permission from the author.



Elliott Bay Café

Our Own Best Seller List

Cloth

1. **Megatrends,** John Naisbitt: Warner, $15.50.
2. **One Minute Manager,** Kenneth Blanchard & Spencer Johnson: Morrow, $15.00.
3. **In Search Of Excellence,** Thomas Peters & Robet Waterman: Harper & Row, $19.95.
4. **Little Drummer Girl,** John Le Carre: Knopf, $15.95.
5. **Blue Highways,** William Least Heat Moon: Little Brown, $17.50.
6. **Widening Gyre,** Robert B. Parker: Delacorte, $12.95.
7. **White Gold Wielder,** Stephen R. Donaldson: Ballantine, $14.95.
8. **Chronicle Of A Death Fortold,** Gabriel Garcia Marquez: Random House, $10.95.
9. **Frida: A Biography Of Frida Kahlo,** Hayden Herrera: Harper & Row, $21.95.
10. **Moons Of Jupiter,** Alice Munro: Knopf, $12.95.

Paper

1. **An Unknown Woman,** Alice Koller: Bantam, $3.95.
2. **Uncivil Liberties,** Calvin Trillin: Doubleday, $7.95.
3. **China: Alive In A Bitter Sea,** Fox Butterfield: Bantam, $9.95.
4. **Dinner At The Homesick Restaurant,** Anne Tyler: Berkeley, $3.50.
5. **Power of Limits,** Gyorgy Doczi: Shambhala, 9.95.
6. **On Not Being Able To Paint,** Joanna Field: Tarcher, $6.95.
7. **Man In The Black Coat Turns,** Robert Bly: Penguin, $6.95.
8. **Man From St. Petersburg,** Ken Follett: Signet, $3.95.
9. **Items From Our Catalog,** Alfred Gingold: Avon, $4.95.
10. **Bogmail,** Patrick McGinley: Penguin, $3.50.

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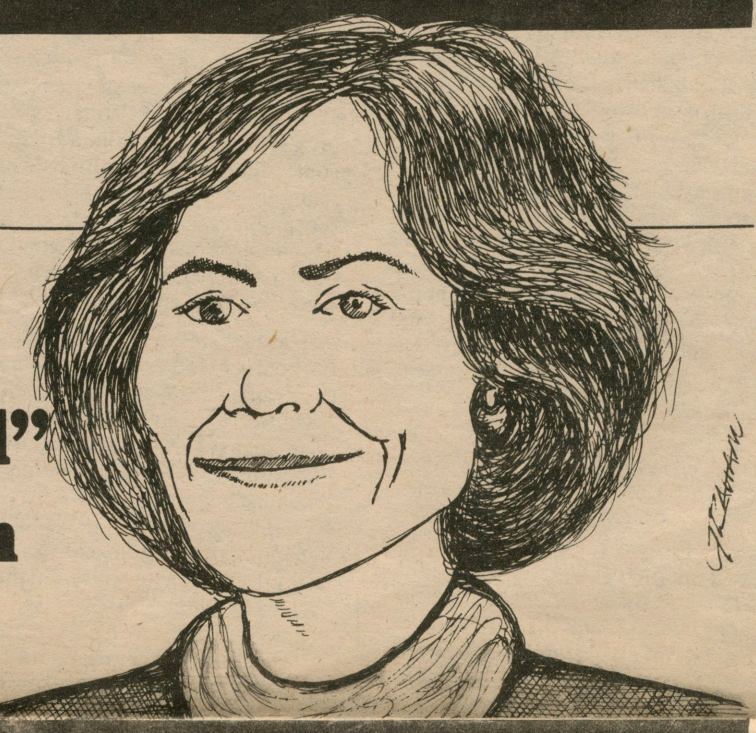
Elliott Bay Booknotes

The Newsletter of the Elliott Bay Book Co., Seattle — Spring, 1983



– Illustrations by Joe Graham

"Landscapes should be imagined" An interview with Sharon Bryan

Sharon Bryan was born in Salt Lake City, was graduated from the University of Utah (1965), received an M.A. in anthropology from Cornell (1969), and an M.F.A. from the University of Iowa (1977). Her many awards include the Discovery Award from **The Nation,** *and the Academy of American Poets first prize at the University of Iowa. She teaches in the Department of English, University of Washington, and lives in Seattle. Her most recent book is* **Salt Air** *(Wesleyan University Press, $6.95).*

We conducted the interview by mail. She felt more comfortable with that, and I harbored a secret fear that if we recorded the interview I would have too much fun encouraging her wit. Sharon has intensely intelligent looks which often relinquish their intensity to the rigors of humor.

How do you like living in Seattle? You've lived in other parts of the country. Is there one aspect of Seattle and the Northwest your imagination has glombed on to?

I like a great deal about living in Seattle. I've always wanted to live by water, and even after five years here I still get a little thrill when I see freeway signs saying This Lane to Ferries. I like all the evidence of commerce with a larger world. And I love the mild climate—this is the first place I've lived where the weather never hurts me or distracts me, so I'm mystified when people complain about the rain. Of the cities I've lived in or near, Seattle is the most relaxed and the easiest to move around in, but I'm a real city rat and sometimes miss the fast pace and dense texture of Boston or New York.

So far I've found it far easier to write about landscapes I've left behind (as in "The Great Salt Lake") than those I'm surrounded by. I think that's largely because the landscapes in poems have to be imagined rather than reported to be convincing, and I find it easier to imagine something when it's not right in front of me. The features of the northwest landscape that I'm most intrigued by are the proportions of water to land and the sense of being at the edge of a continent, where the water seems to be unraveling the land—a visible reminder of how tentative our purchase on the planet is.

How do you feel about regional writing, Northwest writing specifically? Who are your favorite Northwest writers?

I don't think at all in terms of regional or nonregional writing, partly I suppose because I've moved around so much myself. I'm not sure what it could mean, how it could be defined; according to where a writer lives? Where a writer was born? The places written about? Sandra McPherson and Gwen Head, two excellent poets who live in the northwest, have few poems that are explicitly about the area. On the other hand, the best poem I know about Mount Rainier is "The Octopus," by Marianne Moore, a lifelong easterner.

Who are your favorite writers over all?

This is obviously a fluid category, like favorite foods or favorite cities, but making such a list is a chance to turn over in my mind past and future pleasures, what's been nourishing, what's fed my various hungers: Elizabeth Bishop, Eudora Welty, Nabokov, Frost, Merwin, Cheever, Updike, Bill Matthews, James Tate, Isak Dinesen, Marianne Moore, Marvin Bell, James Wright, Emily Dickinson, Donne, Marvell, Samuel Johnson, Robert Hass, Mary Oliver, John Berryman, etc., etc.

Do you feel a writer has a peculiar or special place in society? This goes for all fine artists, I suppose, but the writer must feel an isolation dancers and such do not. What does this mean for you and contemporary writing in general?

I suppose writers and other artists have a peculiar place in society in at least two ways: first, they probably can't make a living at what they consider their "real" work, and so have two full-time jobs for most of their lives. Second, many people who are not artists may treat artists as if they have some sort of special knowledge rather than simply the knowledge they've gained from practicing their craft. As for "special," I think that's the most damaging and dangerous myth that artists can subscribe to

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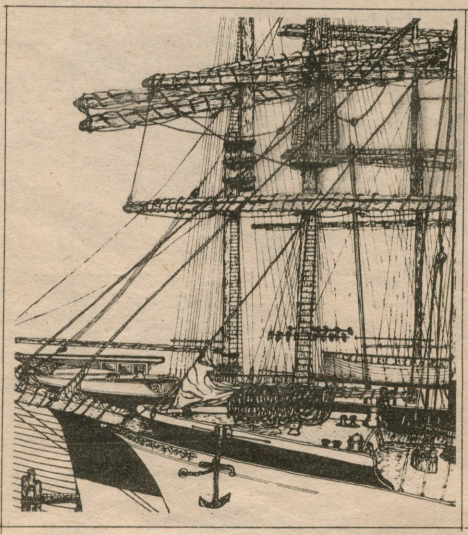

Of gifts and commodities: Thoughts on the role of art

by John Dally

Many of my friends are painters, writers, potters, artists. A few actually make money at it. They don't get mentioned in **Time.** They share an anxiety they spend on their friends like the money most everyone else makes. It's part of the fun. A successful painter I know has trouble talking about anything other than his next sale. We never talk about art. Another friend who paints has trouble painting, but is lucid, informed, a master of theory. There is another painter I know, always well dressed, sober, has a good job, happily married, a puzzle of a personality. His walls are covered with fine paintings and drawings. It was a long while before he admitted to having made them. He never sells a thing. He told me, very gently, he did not like to talk about art, or sell it, because it would cause him to lose the spirit of it.

Where success is measured by financial prowess the artist is a wimp. It's a relief that several writers have unblinkingly faced up to the situation in beautiful, inexpensive paperback editions even the wimpy artist can afford.

Lewis Hyde's **The Gift** (Vintage, $7.95) covers a lot of ground: sociology, anthropology, economics and literary criticism. Unfortunately, since literature is the emphasis, I found the chapters of straight criticism most taxing. Hyde's main point is that art is a gift, having all the bond forming and wealth increasing properties of non-commodity based economies. When the gift is marketed it loses its essential worth, enters the process of valu-

continued next page

On art, from page 1

ation (Hyde distinguishes between worth and value in this way) and loses its power to bond. That bond, when extensive, is called 'Culture.' Why aren't artists paid for what they do? Because the pure gift is alien, and perhaps threatening, to commodity-based economies. Pure commodity economics is definitely threatening to the appropriate exchange of such gifts.

A story will best illustrate the difference Hyde is pointing out. In the small town outside Seattle where I grew up it happened once that a church was entered at night and vandalized. The only damage done, however, was that the consecrated wafers were stolen from their jeweled container. The container was left behind. The priest replied to the police officer's question of the estimated value of the wafers, of course, that they were priceless, no value could be set for their loss. The police officer, dumbfounded, reported five dollars worth of bread had been stolen in a raid on the church. It was in the newspaper next to the DWI's. As a commodity the bread had a value of only a few cents, in fact. It was the priest's belief in th spiritual gift of its consecration that made its worth so great. The thieves must have felt something similar.

Art is 'alive' or 'lively' when it embodies the spirit of its maker. We say a talented artist is gifted, that Robert Burns had a gift for ribald eloquence. Value is another thing altogether. On the market, art undergoes the same rigid assessments as canned tuna. That is the artist's dilemma. But the artist feels much richer, I assume, nourishing and being nourished by his or her gift than by its financial return, or by the financial return of any other activity.

Hyde concludes by saying, although the sacrifices we ask our artists to make are sometimes criminal, the artist can manage his or her gift to better fit our economy, and this is often beneficial to the development of the artistic gift. Sometimes it isn't.

The recently late, great poet Richard Hugo wrote **The Triggering Town** (Norton, $4.95) as a guide for students and teachers of creative writing. In regard to craft it is wonderful, relying upon humor and anecdote rather than theory. Woven among his suggestions and tales is subtle philosophy of attitude, of style.

"Assumptions lie behind the work of all writers. The writer is unaware of most of them, and many of them are weird. Often the weirder the better." Here are a few assumptions Hugo chooses from upon finding a town that triggers his imagination. They tell more about Hugo than any of the towns he has entered for a one night stand with the soul.

I am an outcast returned. Years ago the police told me to never come back but after all this time I assume that either I'll be forgiven or I will not be recognized.

The Churches are always empty. Everybody but me goes to church and the sermons are inspiring.

All beautiful young girls move away right after high school and never return, or if they return, are rich and disdainful of those who stayed on. Terrible things once happened here and as a result the town became sad and humane.

Hugo makes these assumptions based on his personal country, his spiritual terrain, which has a spooky resemblance to Montana.

Hugo's craft turns his and his triggering towns' poverty into richness. His towns make the wealthy boroughs of America look like pales of heavy milk forgotten to the sun and neighborhood cats. "Lots of excellent music coming from far off. People never see or know who is playing."

Leonard M. Greene, in his book **Free Enterprise Without Poverty** (Norton, $4.50), lays out a plan for a radical Capitalism that would eliminate Social Welfare of any sort, including for the Arts. It's a wonderful idea. Consolidate, simplify and grease bureaucratic machinery, cut strings and red tape, put everyone back to work. It is incentive economics based on a 19th century ideal of Capitalism. Greene prescribes giving everyone a graduated income supplement. He will have a hard time selling it to Capitalists in this country for the same reason there is no true example of Communism on the globe. Economics, like art, is a creation of human beings, for better or worse, and not of ideals.

The mistake Greene makes illustrates the point of Hyde's book and emphasizes the jocular courage of artists such as Richard Hugo. He fails by relating the health of a society directly to the health of its economy. The larger question of Culture must be embraced: the discussion suddenly becomes very personal. Uncle Sam points his long finger at you, but, oddly, he bears a faint resemblance to Martha Graham.

Ansel Adams said in a recent interview, "I believe that the artist is entitled to a good life, at least a secure life. It is the obligation of society to encourage art by supporting fine artists in all fields. It's a crime that budgets to support the arts are among the first things to be cut." [**Playboy**, Marach, 1983, p. 81] If we accepted that obligation in the way we accept life insurance we would be taking a big step.

E.H. Gombrich wrote, "There is really no such thing as Art. There are only artists. . . ." ' [**The Story of Art**, Phaidon, 1963: London. p. 446]. Without demanding a police car to throw my brick at, let me say, for 'alive' art you need alive artists. Death is Art's long lost millionaire uncle. Death is also the obligation we make of the artist for our bestowal of legitimacy on his or her work. Mighty high taxes. When Ansel Adams learned that one of his photographs had sold at an auction for $71,500 he remarked, "Don't they know I'm not dead yet?"

The artists I know never organize for themselves. They may form a front in opposition to a major social injustice, like censorship, but never in their own behalf. They can't be bothered—there's too much work to be done. Sometimes I feel many people have the same attitude toward artists as the Women's Temperance Union did to certain habits of Winston Curchill. In an official audience they said, "Mr. Prime Minister, we have determined that the brandy you have drunk would reach a level above your head if poured into this room." Churchill replied, "So much accomplished yet so much more to do." Several years ago I was walking across the Bruntsfield Links in Edinburgh discussing with my tutor the fate of artists in Scotland, a very poor country. He summed it up nicely: "Somebody has to support them, the bloody aesthetes."

By armchair or deckchair, the travel season arrives

by Molly Hashimoto

he travel season is upon us. Time to decide what type of vacation to take. Go abroad, "fly away to someplace warmer, drier" as Noel Coward put it, or seek adventure in an exotic or extreme locale. Or stay home and rediscover the familiar. Surveying the travel literature may not make the choice any easier, but certainly more delightful. In fact, the armchair may become your favorite vehicle.

Tourism is definitely here to stay. Fodor, Fielding, Michelin and the Blue guides are published yearly to prepare us for the cockroaches, prices and other nasty surprises, if we opt for the "turisto" route. Baedeker's guedes are also available once more. They tend to be more educational and high-toned than the consumer-oriented Fodor's and Fielding's, although the latter two are certainly not without valuable insights. But for many these days, that kind of tourism is definitely passé.

More sought after is the pseudo-expedition á la Lindblad tours; sans Lindblad, you don't have to be loaded any more to follow in the wake of the Beagle or trek in the steps of Hillary. A number of books will tell you how to do it. The Mountaineers publishes **A Guide to Trekking in Nepal** (8.95), Sierra Club publishes **The Trekker's Guide to the Himalaya and Karakoram** (10.95), Lonely Planet publishes **Trekking in the Himalayas** (6.95) and **Tramping in New Zealand** (6.95). These are only two of the titles on Lonely Planet's list. The twenty-seven-book series is designed for the adventurous, low-budget traveler, a sort of Baedeker's for the eighties. Very up-to-date, this Australian publisher even produces a quarterly newsletter (you can mail order it), which incorporates traveler's hot-tip postcards and letters and revises prices fares and other information.

Lonely Planet avoids places that honor American Express cards. Instead, they travel to such exotic locales as Papua New Guinea, or Burma or Kathmandu, and tell you how to stay there cheaply. Teach a little Eng"sh here, sell a bottle of duty-free whiskey there, and who knows, you might just pay for part of your trip.

This is a style of travel that I think might please some of the classic travelers of the twenties and thirties, the Waughs, Robert Byron or Peter Fleming, just to mention a few of the writers treated by Paul Fussell in **Abroad** (4.95) his fascinating survey of the period and the genre. According to Fussell, the notion of travel originated in the Renaissance with exploration, changed in the 18th and 19th century with the rise of the bourgeoisie into travel, and in our present proletarian age has finally been flattened out to mere "tourism". He says that before the "development of tourism, travel was conceived to be like study, and its fruits were considered to be the adornment of the mind and the formation of the judgement." One recalls the "grand tour" of British youth of the past after their matriculations, or young Americans abroad in the Gilded Age (specifically, in the works of Henry James). Traveling on a shoestring manages to preserve that most important fruit of travel, the attaining of knowledge, but requires the traveler to shed the "ugly American" style which really belons as much to the bourgeois on his grand tour as it does to the proletarian on his package tour. The new focus is on discovering the truly indigenous in a culture and leaving one's prejudices behind.

All the recent excitement about travel has many beneficial effects, among them that all sorts of previously unavailable literature is now in print.

Houghton Mifflin launched its Library of Travel Classics with famous alpinist Henrich Harrer's **Seven Years in Tibet** (9.95), a marvelous account of his escape from a World War II Indian POW camp through the Himalayas into Tibet. Also in the series are two works by witty, gutsy, good-natured Peter Fleming: **Brazilian Adventure** (9.95) and **News from Tartary** (9.50) and **The Valleys of the Assassins** (9.95). Perhaps *the* classic of the thirties, **The Road to Oxiana** (7.95) by Robert Byron is also available now. It tells of his journey with Christopher Sykes, best known as the friend and biographer of Evelyn Waugh, through Persia. It combines excellent writing with a dry sense of humor and the finest moral and ethical perceptions.

These are some of the newer titles in print in the U.S. Penguin Books has long been publishing classics by D.H. Lawrence, Graham Greene, Lawrence Durrell, Edward Hoaglund, Eric Newby . . . the list goes on. We also carry British paperbacks which we obtain from our British importer, among them **When the Going Was Good** (6.95), a selection of Evelyn Waugh's travel writing. His nightmare trip through the jungles of British Guiana is hilariously recounted in this volume. It's a great antidote to **Heart of Darkness**-style jungle books. Our import wholesaler also carries Eric Newby: **Love & War in the Appenines** (5.95), **Slowly Down the Ganges** (7.50); John Hillaby: **Journey through Europe** (6.95); and Laurens van der Post: **Lost World of the Kalahari** (5.25), **Night of the New Moon** (3.50).

Yet another happy result of travel literature's popularity is the resurgence of the quest motif in American literature. Perhaps Kerouac really started it in the fifties, but in the last five years, the on-the-road style has really taken off. Alexis de Tocqueville's **Democracy in America** inspired Richard Reeves' **American Journey** (7.95) 150 years later. Mark Twain's **Life on the Mississippi** and **Huck Finn**, among other writings, must have inspired Jonathon Raban's trip down the Mississippi in a 16-foot boat, an account of which he published in **Old Glory** (6.95). Christopher Buckley recalls Joseph Conrad and Malcolm Lowry in **Steaming to Bamboola: the World of a Tramp Freighter** (7.95), a description of his adventures on a merchant vessel. Widely praised this year by such notable writers as Robert Penn Warren and Annie Dillard is William Least Heat Moon's book **Blue Highways** (17.50). It's been compared to Steinbeck's **Travels with Charley** (3.50) and is a very generous and optimistic portrait of America.

In the same spirit, though perhaps oriented more towards geology, zoology and archeology than to sociology, is Rob Schultheis's **The Hidden West** (9.50). It's a selection of essays written over ten years of travels in the desert and canyon country of America. Yet another handsome production from North Point Press of Berkeley, it's one travel book collectors will prize.

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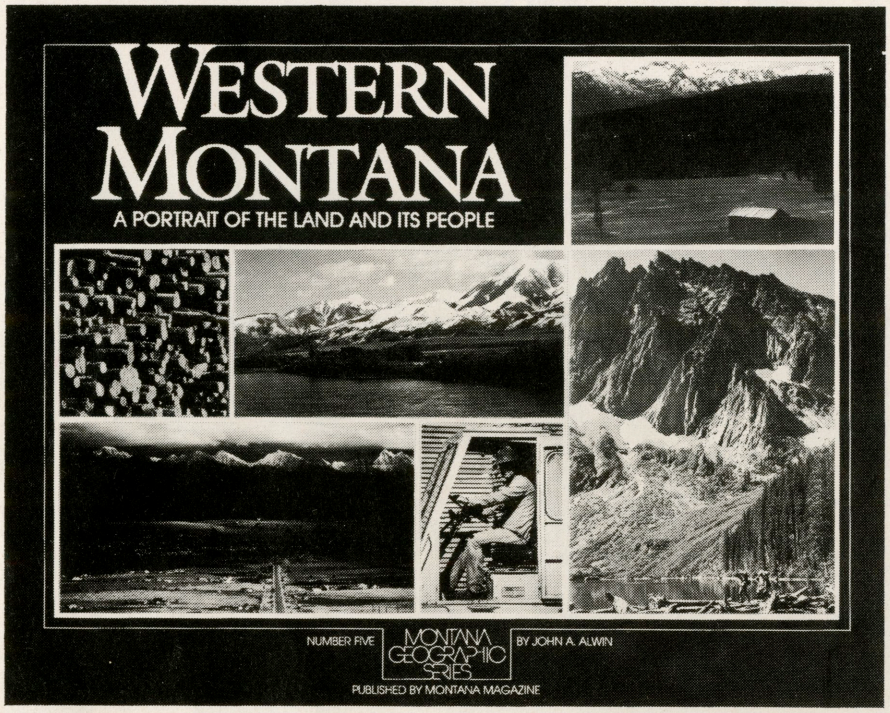

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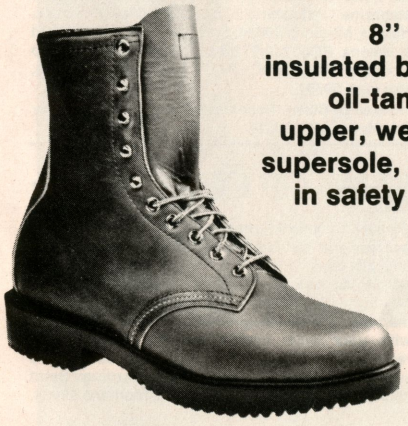

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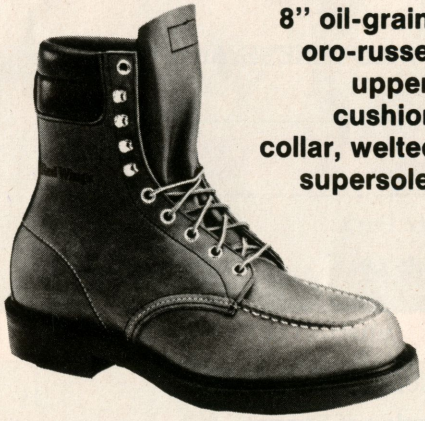

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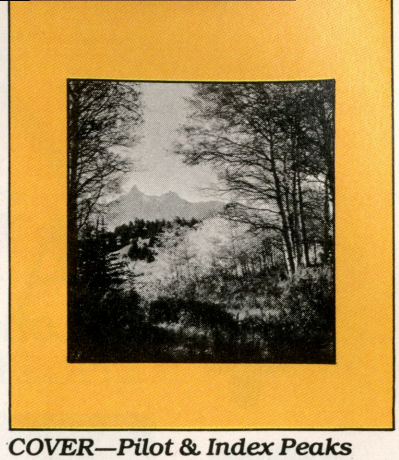

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FOREVER FLORID

by Larry Thompson





All Bodmer paintings courtesy of The Inter-North Art Foundation, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska.

There's something about the magnificent Missouri that compelled explorers, princes, painters, naturalists, theologians to unequalled embellishments. Its beauty remains beyond words.

The Wild Missouri is 150 miles of history.

This fact was brought home to me with great clarity during my first float on this magnificent stretch of river, which extends from Fort Benton to the Fred Robinson Bridge some 150 miles downstream. I had brought along a copy of Lewis and Clark's journals, which described in great detail their impressions of the river made during the epic journey of discovery in 1805 and 1806. It was a memorable experience for me, seeing this wild and untouched landscape for the first time, exactly as Lewis and Clark saw it, and comparing their first impressions of the scenery and grandeur with my own.

Like Lewis and Clark, I was dumbfounded at the magnificence of the scenery along the stretch of river known today as "the White Cliffs." Lewis' florid description of this region, which before had seemed to me a prime example of hyperbole, turned out to be a vast understatement. As I learned while trying to pen my own impression of the area in my journal, this land of wilderness and grandeur does not easily lend itself to description in words.

This has not, however, stopped virtually every adventurer who has passed through this region from giving it a try. Lewis was merely the first of a long and distinguished parade of explorers who, coming suddenly upon this unexpected masterwork, felt obliged to drop the matter-of-fact, scientific style becoming of a scientist or explorer and, for a moment, to wax poetic while in the grip of the genius loci muse. Over the decades, each succeeding explorer tried to outdo his predecessors in the words of glowing imagery, drawing upon every literary device handy, describing the scenery in architectural terms, making references to the classics, and becoming ever more lyrical and poetic. These few glowing paragraphs, standing out like summer sunrises from often hundreds of pages of more prosaic description, comprise a most enjoyable portion of the literature of early explorations in Montana.

Captain Meriwether Lewis, leader of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, penned the first known description of the Wild Missouri. Lewis and Clark reached Montana at the start of the second year of their journey, traveling up the Missouri from their winter camp among the Mandan Indians near present day Bismarck. On Friday, May 31, 1805, just below Virgelle Landing, Lewis wrote the following oft-quoted description of the enchanted landscape he had just passed through. "The hills and river Clifts which we passed today exhibit a most romantic appearance. The bluffs of the river rise to the hight of from 2 to 300 feet and in most places nearly perpendicular; they are formed of remarkable white sandstone which is sufficiently soft to give way readily to the impression of water; two or three thin horizontal stratas of white freestone, on which the rains or water make no impression, lie imbeded in these clifts of soft stone near the upper part of them . . . The water in the course of time in decending from those hills and plains on either side of the river has trickled down the soft sand clifts and woarn in into a thousand grotesque figures, which with the help of a little immagination and an oblique view, at a distance are made to represent eligant ranges of lofty freestone buildings, having their parapets well stocked with statuary; collumns of various sculpture both grooved and plain, are also seen supporting long galleries in front of those buildings; in other places on a much nearer approach and with the help of less immagination we see the remains or ruins of eligant buildings; some collumns standing and almost entire with their pedestals and capitals; others retaining their pedestals but deprived by time or accident of their capitals, some lying prostrate on broken othe[r]s in the form of vast pyramids of connic structure bearing a serees of other pyramids on their tops becoming less as they ascend and finally terminating in a sharp point. nitches and alcoves of various forms and sizes are seen at different hights as we pass . . . seems to have aided the water in forming this curious scenery."

Careful observer that he was, Lewis also noticed the spectacular dikes of erosion-resistant igneous rock which cut through the softer sedimentary material and which even today look more like man-made masonry than natural formations. "As we passed on," wrote Lewis, "it seemed as if those seens of visionary inchantment would never have an end; for here it is too that nature presents to the view of the traveler vast ranges of walls of tolerable workmanship, so perfect indeed are those walls that I should have thought that nature had attempted here to rival the human art of masonry had I not recollected that she had first began her work. These walls rise to the hight in many places of 100 feet, are perpendicular, with two regular faces and are from one to 12 feet thick, each wall retains the same thickness at top which it possesses at bottom. The stone of which these walls are formed is black, dence and dureable . . . these stones are almost invariably regular parallelepipeds, of unequal sizes in the walls, but equal in their horizontal ranges, at least as to debth. these are laid regularly in ranges on each other like bricks, each breaking or covering the interstice of the two on which it rests . . . these walls sometimes run parallel to each other, with several ranges near each other, and at other times intersecting each other at right angles, . . . having the appearance of the walls of ancient houses or gardens."

Lewis and Clark left Montana in 1806, and it was not until 1833 that another explorer with a scientific and literary bent ascended the Wild Missouri. This time it was a German prince, accompanied by perhaps the best landscape artist the Missouri has ever seen. Prince Maximilian was a serious naturalist, and described many new species of plants and animals — as did Captain Lewis — during his travels to Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone and on to Fort McKenzie at the mouth of the Marias River near present day Fort Benton. Maximilian had brought with him Karl Bodmer, a rising young Swiss landscape artist, and Maximilian's verbal descriptions were corroborated by Bodmer's faithful renditions in pencil and watercolor.

On July 25, 1833, Maximilian and Bodmer came to "a remarkable place, where we thought we saw before us, two white mountain castles. On the mountain of the south bank, there was a thick, snow-white layer, a far-extended stratum of a white sandstone, which had been partly acted upon by the waters. At the end where it is exposed, being intersected by the valley, two high pieces, in the shape of buildings, had remained standing,

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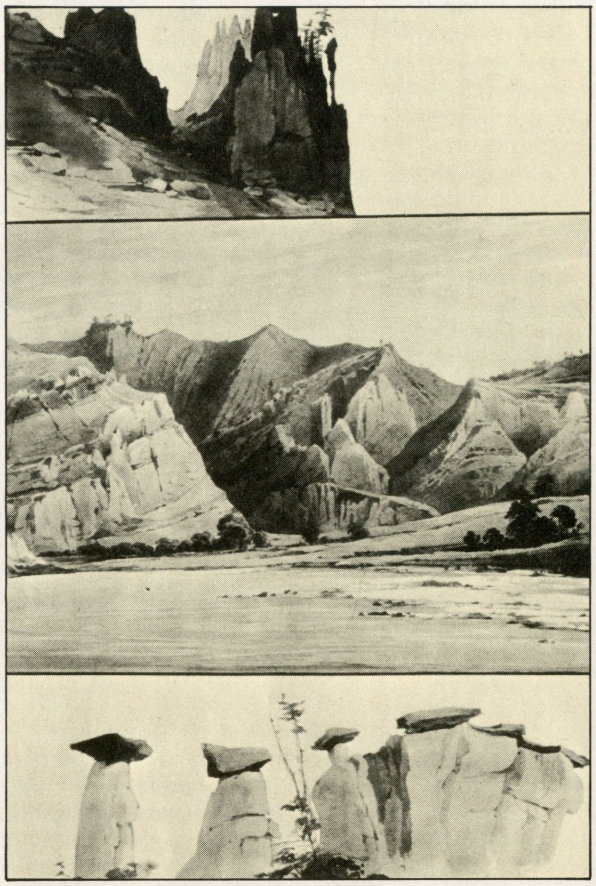
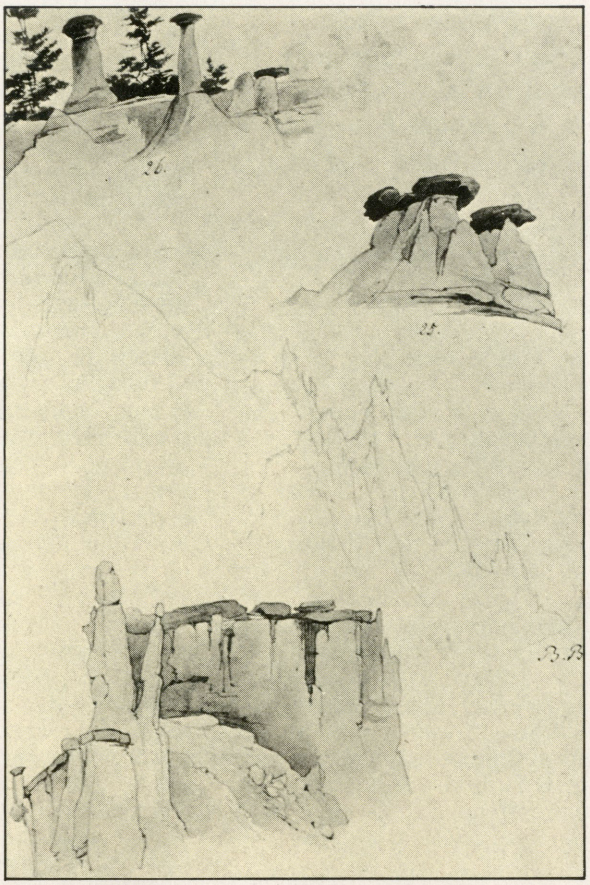
Larry Thompson is a biologist and free-lance writer living in Helena. His book on early Montana explorers will be published next year in the Montana Geographic Series.





and upon them lay remains of a more compact, yellowish red, thinner stratum of sand-stone, which formed the roofs of the united buildings. On the facade of the whole building, there were small perpendicular slits, which appeared to be so many windows. These singular natural formations, when seen from a distance, so perfectly resembled buildings raised by art, that we were deceived by them, till we were assured of our error." Artist Bodmer produced a faithful on-the-spot rendition of these unbelievable formations, which, unfortunately, are now lost forever beneath the silty waters of Fort Peck Reservoir.

On August 6, 1833, Maximilian wrote the following description in his journal: "The part of the country called the Stone Walls has nothing like it on the whole course of the Missouri, and we did not leave the deck for a single moment the whole forenoon . . . Here, on both sides of the river, the most strange forms are seen, and you may fancy that you see colonnades, small round pillars with large globes or a flat slab at the top, little towers, pulpits, organs with their pipes, old ruins, fortresses, castles, churches with pointed towers, etc., etc., almost every mountain bearing on its summit some similar structure."

Ten years later, in 1843, John James Audubon traveled to Fort Union on the Missouri on a painting, collecting and bison hunting expedition. Audubon traveled widely in eastern Montana, but unfortunately it is almost impossible to retrace his exact route or his itinerary. He probably did not make it as far up the Missouri as the White Cliffs region, but he saw the badlands or "Mauvaises Terres" which occur along the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and their tributaries, and he found them to be favorite haunts of what were eventually to be called "Audubon's bighorn sheep." "The only idea I can give in *writing* of what are called the Mauvaises Terres," he wrote in his Missouri River Journals, "would be to place some thousands of loaves of sugar of different sizes, from quite small and low, to large and high, all irregularly truncated at top, and placed somewhat apart from each other. No one who has not seen these places can form any idea of these resorts of the Rocky Mountain Rams, or the difficulty of approaching them, putting aside their extreme wildness and their marvellous activity. They form paths around these broken-headed cones (that are from three to fifteen hundred feet high), and run around them at full speed on a track that, to the eye of the hunter, does not appear to be more than a few inches wide, but which is, in fact, from a foot to eighteen inches in width. In some places there are piles of earth from eight to ten feet high, or even more, the tops of which form platforms of a hard and shelly rocky substance, where the Bighorn is often seen looking on the hunter far below, and standing immovable, as if a statue. No one can imagine how they reach these places."

A few years after Audubon left Fort Union, a wandering Jesuit priest named Father Pierre Jean DeSmet arrived there, having traveled down the Missouri from Fort Benton through the White Cliffs. DeSmet had traveled over 100,000 miles to all corners of the world, and he knew a unique place when he saw one.

DeSmet had spent considerable time amid the Gothic cathedrals and castles of Europe, and brought a mind full of such images to his



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3261 May Christmas bring to you the music of laughter...the warmth of friendship and the spirit of love—painting by Richard Barth



3234 To those we love and see each day and other loved ones far away, to all good friends whose friendship means so much...Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—painting by Richard Amundsen



2022 Greetings...from our house to yours. May you have the spirit of Christmas which is peace, the gladness of Christmas which is hope, the heart of Christmas which is love—painting by Ted Blaylock



3282 May Christmas bring to you the music of laughter...the warmth of friendship and the spirit of love—painting by Elmer Sprunger



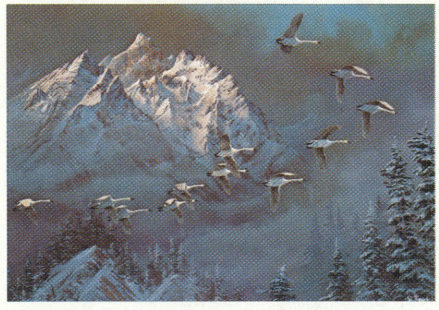
3026 Never a Christmas morning, never an old year ends, but someone thinks of someone, old days, old times, old friends. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—painting by Clayton Nicles



3265 May you and yours this Christmas Day and every day this coming year be blessed with health and happiness—painting by Mike Carroll



3236 There is a quiet in the winter wood, a silence that the soul alone can hear...Merry Christmas...—painting by Hayden Lambson



3244 In the heart of the wilderness Christmas has come... Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—by Ted Blaylock



3259 It's Christmas again! May yours be a joyful one and your New Year happy!—painting by Lisa Danielle Lorimer

Christmas just isn't the same without Christmas cards.



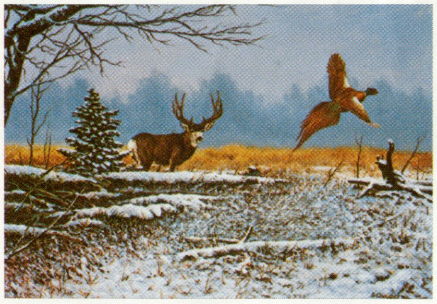
3240 Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—painting by Ruth M. Lau



6443 "The dayspring from on high will come to us, etc." (Luke 1:78-79) May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year—painting by Allan Husberg



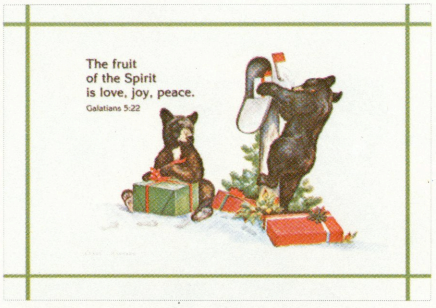
3139 Two things upon this changing earth can neither change nor end; the splendor of Christ's humble birth, the love of friend for friend. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—painting by Josephine C. Liddell



3252 Never a Christmas morning, never an old year ends, but someone thinks of someone, old days, old times, old friends. Merry Christmas...Happy New Year—George Wise



2133 Whatever else changes through the years, the glory of Christmas remains to brighten all hearts...may its light shine...and bless you with joy...throughout the New Year.—painting by Lee K. Parkinson



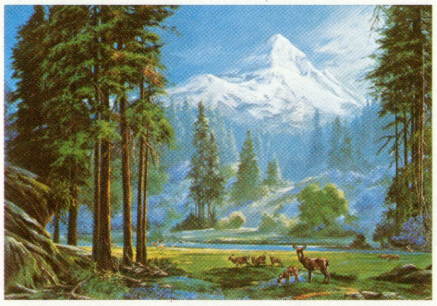
6434 "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." (Galatians 5:22) May Christ's gifts of love, joy and peace be with you this Christmas and . . . New Year—by Clark Bronson



3223 "Take Time to See" (24-line poem inside by Ray F. Zaner) May peace be your gift at Christmas and...all the year.—painting by Keith Fay



3201 May there come to you at this holiday time an abundance of the precious things of life; health, happiness and enduring friendships—painting by Joni Falk



3058 "Take Time to See" (24-line nature poem inside by Ray F. Zaner) May peace be your gift at Christmas and...all the year.—painting by Keith Fay



4192 "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will towards men." (Luke 2:14) May the peace and joy of Christmas be with you through all the year—photo by Fletcher Manley



3227 May there come to you at this holiday time an abundance of the precious things of life; health, happiness and enduring friendships—painting by Ted Blaylock



3119 Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength. (Indian proverb) Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—painting by Richard Amundsen

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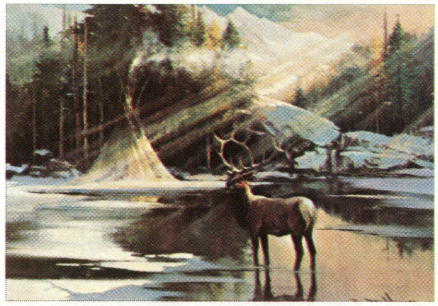
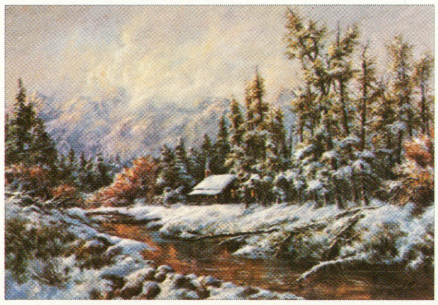
6433 "For everything there is an appointed season, " etc. (Ecclesiastes 3:1-8) Remembering those special times shared with special friends throughout the years, etc.—Amundsen



3206 "Take Time to See" (24-line nature poem inside by Ray F. Zaner) May peace be your gift at Christmas and...all the Year—painting by Jodie Boren



3096 "Thou are here-thou fill'st the solitude...Nature, here in the tranquility that thou dost love, enjoys thy presence." (by William C. Bryant) May peace be your gift at Christmas...—painting by Robert Wagoner



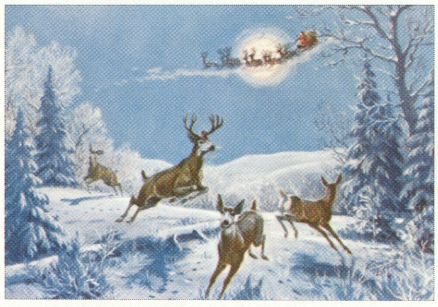
2011 To those we love and see each day and other loved ones far away. To all good friends whose friendship means so much...Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—painting by Lee K. Parkinson



3248 To have joy one must share it, happiness was born a twin. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—by Mimi Grant



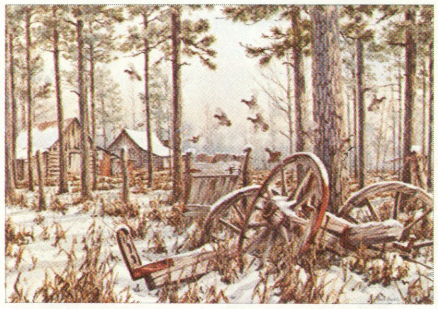
6444 As the radiant star of Christmas bathes the earth in tender light, etc. (Matthew 2:10 inside) May the peace and light of Christ's birth abide, etc.—by G. Barks



3025 SLEIGHBELLS IN THE SKY Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—painting by Bernard P. Thomas



3254 They walk with God upon the hills! And see, each morn, the world arise new-bathed in light of paradise. Wishing you a blessed Christmas, etc.—by Ted Blaylock



3023 This time of year when the air's full of cheer and the fields are covered with snow; what could be better in this chilly ol' weather than to wish Merry Christmas to all that we know!—painting by Herb Booth



3152 A season of rejoicing... for the many blessings we all share..for the freedoms that are ours...and for the sheer delights of life and love. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—painting by Richard Amundsen



1151 "To one who has been long in city pent, 'tis very sweet to look into the fair, and open face of heaven..." (by John Keats) May every happiness be yours at Christmas... —painting by Wayne Lowdermilk



2033 May Christmas bring friends to your fireside, peace to your pathway and good health throughout the New Year—painting by Russ Vickers

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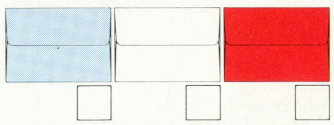

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descriptions of the North American wilderness. While traveling through this region, he wrote, "astonishment and admiration seize the mind . . . the imagination discovers ruins of ancient villages, and one seems to see confused rows of broken columns, forts with their turrets and bastions, towers, domes, walls in decay, castles and edifices of every sort."

DeSmet seems to have gotten more carried away with his written descriptions than have most travelers; there was no end to his praise of the marvels of the Wild Missouri. About 50 miles below Fort Benton, he continued, are "scenes as fantastic as they are wonderful; nature seems to have produced them for her diversion, and to have exerted herself to vary them. There are evident indications that this passage through this sterile volcanic region has been formed by the might of water. To give an accurate idea of it would require an able pen and a most active imagination. I will try, however, to express something of it. Like all other travelers, I was in continual transport of wonder and astonishment, from one end to the other, under the influence of this varied succession of picturesque scenes and views, which are at the same time curious and sublime, with the beautiful and grand often mingling with the fantastic. They pass before us as if a magnificent panorama were presenting them successively and rapidly to our eyes."

Like Lewis and Clark, DeSmet was struck by the man-made appearance of the dark igneous dikes cutting through the white sandstone. "Once engaged in this astonishing passage, one cannot prevent his imagination from seeing a great many things in it. On both banks of the river you think you see ruined cities; especially remarkable is a succession of blackened walls, several hundred feet in height. It seems incredible that such regular workmanship should not be artificial productions; but at the same time one is compelled to admit that an architect capable of executing them would surely rank as a genius in his profession. One of these remarkable walls, called the "Hole in the Wall," has a round opening representing an ancient cathedral window. In another place appears a *porte cochere* (a coach door), wide, lofty and of regular shape, cut from the living rock; it is like the entrance to an immense monumental cemetery, with its statues, busts, obelisks, columns, vases and urns, tables, entablatures, mortuary frescoes and monuments of every sort, which, in their structure and arrangement, appear like the antique and venerable remains of the remotest ages. We pass by the foot of the Citadel, an immense solitary rock. Another represents a steamboat. There follows a succession of ancient manors and convents, castles, cathedrals, bastions and forts, surmounted by towers and parapets and surrounded by sentinels motionless at their posts."

After such an outburst, one is surprised that DeSmet had enough imagery left to pen an equally verbose addendum to Audubon's florid description of the Mauvaises Terres.

In 1847 and 1848, a plucky Irishman named John Palliser hiked along the Wild Missouri from Fort Benton to Fort Mackenzie in the dead of winter, accompanied only by a half-wild wolf-dog by the name of Ishmah. Palliser was a rich country gentleman visiting the Wild Missouri for adventure and for the experience of bison-hunting. A few years later, he was to gain fame by leading the "Palliser Expedition" which mapped out the uncharted wilds of western Canada and the northwestern part of Montana. At the moment, however, Palliser had just climbed a snowy bank of the river in pursuit of a small band of deer. "I had not much time to contemplate the extraordinary scene

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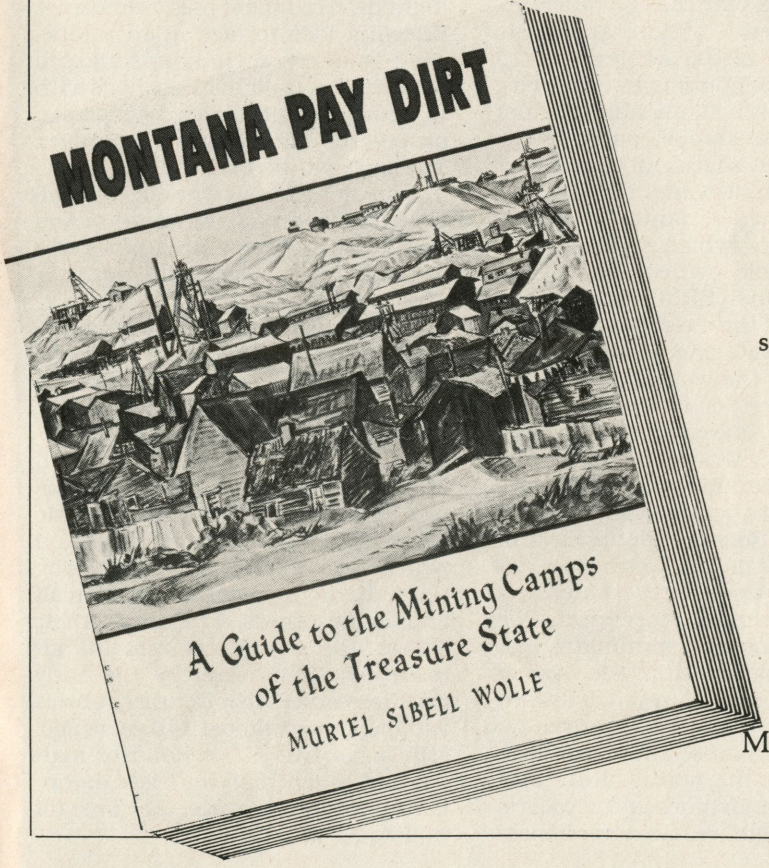

MONTANA PAY DIRT

By Muriel Sibell Wolle

After ten years, this well-researched guide to historic mining camps in the Treasure State has been reprinted. The book captures the fantastic story of Montana's past—stories not compiled in any other book. In addition, the 436-page book (page-size 8½x11") has included 175 original sketches depicting many features which have since disappeared from Montana's landscape These drawings represent a tremendous historical resource which is magnified in importance when combined with Wolle's lengthy, well-written text.

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around me as I waited a moment to draw breath after the first two or three steps; but observed the wonderful peculiarity in this grand scenery, revealing every here and there as a field of snow had slidden down from a towering height, pinnacles of bright red clay, formed in mounds, minarets, and tall, slender, spire-like gothic steeples, many of them striped with blue bands. The combinations of colours in this wonderfully strange scenery was heightened by the effect of an evening sun shedding sparkling rays over crystallized patches of snow which had fallen from their dizzy heights."

In 1859 and 60, a party of topographical engineers with a military escort under the command of Captain William F. Raynolds explored the Yellowstone and Missouri River regions of Montana. During the winter of 1860, the party traveled on a 50-foot flat-bottomed boat from Fort Benton to Fort Union. On July 24, Captain Raynolds encountered the White Cliffs region, and had the following reaction. "The sandstone . . . has been thus cut into all conceivable shapes picturesque and grotesque. At a distance, with such aid as the fertile imagination can easily supply, these take on an endless variety of fanciful appearances, resembling in turn massive temples, vast colonnades, fortifications of Titanic origin, or any of the mightier *reliques* of remote antiquity. In most instances the overlying dark rock appears as the cornice of the ruins beneath, while over all reposes the thick bed of stratified earth that forms the surface of the plain above. In some points the sandstone is broken by dikes of trap which, withstanding the exposure more effectively, is left in many places isolated like immense rocky walls piled up by human skill. One of these singular formations was full 100 feet in height and 400 feet in length, and another was seen forming a distinct and nearly perfect horseshoe. These extraordinary freaks of nature have surrounded us on both sides during our voyage today, and in point of scenery the journey has been exceedingly pleasant."

At the close of the Civil War, an ex-gold miner from Virginia City set out to explore the wild prairies of eastern Montana, searching for land on which to pasture great herds of cattle to replace the vanishing bison. During his travels, Granville Stuart had the opportunity to visit the Wild Missouri, and brought a few new images together with some now-familiar ones to his description. On June 6, 1866, he wrote: ". . . there are hundreds of others almost as curious; such as cliffs, statues, sentinels, forts, castles, cathedrals, congregations of quakers, pinnacles, basaltic dykes and peaks . . . In fact, for magnificent scenery the bad-lands of the Missouri River stand pre-eminent in the world."

In the spring of 1877, a 17-year-old New York City boy named James Willard Schultz traveled up the Missouri to Fort Benton via steamboat. Passing through the Wild Missouri, he was fascinated by the "picturesque cliffs and walls of sandstone, carved into all sorts of fantastic shapes and forms," and ached to stop off and explore them, but had to pass them by with much regret. A quarter of a century later, when Schultz was starting to gain a reputation as an outdoor writer, he and his Indian wife pushed off from Fort Benton in their 19-foot, flat-bottomed skiff loaded with a month's provisions, itinerary and destination unknown. At that time, the Missouri was pretty much a forgotten river — completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad into Montana in 1881 had ended the river's 75-year tenure as the arterial of Montana. Schultz wrote of his adventures on the river in a series of articles, later compiled into the book called "Floating on the Missouri." In it, he added his contribution to the growing body of descriptive prose and poetry of the river:

"Five miles below the Little Sandy we came to the first of the remarkable formations which the old river during countless years has gradually exposed to view . . . Here and there among the cliffs, sometimes in groups of from dozens to hundreds, and of various heights, stand slender columns of sandstone, capped by circular pieces of a dark and harder variety, giant mushrooms of stone. And again all sorts of fantastic shapes come into view, which my poor pen is utterly unable to describe . . . we passed Citadel Bluff, also on the north side of the river. It is at least a quarter of a mile long, and its summit looks for all the world like the pictures one sees of fortresses of the Middle Ages. One could well imagine it swarming with armored men, bristling with gleaming pikes and spears . . . Rounding a bend we came in sight of Cathedral Rock, a dark upheaval of volcanic rock on the south side, rising straight up from the water to a height of several hundred feet. The side facing the river terminates in a slender spire, and from the base of this the formation runs back toward the bluff, like the roof of a church . . . When the sun arose above the horizon, gilding the white bluffs and time-worn sandstones of the valley's rim, we thought we had never beheld a fairer or more weird piece of nature's handiwork."

Of all the flowery descriptions that were written over the decades, the prize has to go to the following passage which was written by John G. Neihardt, poet, writer, and author of *Black Elk Speaks*. Around the turn of the century, Neihardt jumped on a train to Great Falls, pushed off in a small boat on the Missouri, and floated all the way to Sioux City, Iowa some 2,000 miles down the line. He wrote a book about his experience entitled *The River and I*, in which he described the Wild Missouri as follows:

"Rows of huge colonial mansions with pillared porticoes looked from their dizzy terraces across the stream to where soaring mosques and mystic domes of worship caught the sun. It was all like the visible dream of a master architect gone mad. Gaunt, sinister ruins of mediaeval castles sprawled down the slopes of unassailable summits. Grim brown towers, haughtily crenellated, scowled defiance on the unappearing foe. Titanic stools of stone dotted barren garden slopes, where surely gods had once strolled in that far time when the stars sang and the moon was young. Dark red walls of regularly laid stone — huge as that the Chinese flung before the advance of the Northern hordes — held imaginary empires asunder. Poised on a dizzy peak, Jove's eagle stared into the eye of the sun, and raised his wings for the flight deferred these many centuries. Kneeling face to face upon a lonesome summit, their hands clasped before them, their backs bent as with the burdens of the race, two women prayed the old, old, woman prayer. The snow-white ruins of a vast cathedral lay along the water's edge, and all about it was a hush of worship. And near it, arose the pointed pipes of a colossal organ — with the summer silence for music."

Do these glowing epithets provide a reader with an idea of what is is like to float through this magic wonderland of rocks, water and sky? Hardly. The Wild Missouri can only be experienced, not described. Today, the Wild Missouri remains pristine under the protection of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Preservation Act — protection which was won only after a long uphill battle by Senator Lee Metcalf and many others. Thanks to their efforts, the area today remains almost exactly as seen by the early explorers, and Father DeSmet's observation, penned almost 140 years ago, still holds true: "The hand of man has not touched as yet these astonishing works of nature; they are still intact . . ." **M**

Medicine Rocks State Park
A Sand Castle Curiosity

by Dave Alt

They look like a city of fairy castles, great carved pillars of white rock ornate with eroded holes that could pass for doors and windows in the mist. They are the sandstone monuments of Medicine Rocks State Park, 11 miles north of Ekalaka on the eastern edge of Montana.

Dozens of sandstone pillars, most of them about 20 feet high and ranging from the size of a large stump to a small house, stand scattered about the park, making it look like an enormous outdoor museum of abstract sculpture. All of the monuments have more or less vertical sides full of large and small holes, most quite shallow, a few deep enough to go right through the rock to make natural arches, even an occasional tunnel. What is this rock, and what kind of erosion carved it into these bizarre forms?

The rock is sandstone, but that doesn't tell us very much, because there are many kinds of sandstone. Vertical outcrop surfaces show that this particular sandstone consists of thin layers of sand that tilt this way and that within thicker layers that lie more or less flat. Geologists call that kind of internal structure "cross-bedding," and recognize several different kinds, each distinctive of the way the sand was deposited. River sands, beach sands, dune sands and other kinds of sand deposits have their own patterns of crossbedding, which also appear in sandstones where they provide clues to the origin of the rock.

The pattern of crossbedding in the sandstone at Medicine Rocks Park is precisely like what we see in the walls of a pit dug into a modern sand dune. One glance at the pattern of tilted layers in this sandstone would make any geologist suspect that it was deposited as a field of sand dunes. And close inspection of the individual sand grains confirms that suspicion — they are small for sand grains, and strikingly uniform in size. Sand in modern dunes also consists of small grains, all within a very narrow size range. And there are no pebbles in the sandstone at Medicine Rocks Park, which also fits because the wind does not move pebbles.

What carved these weird monuments?

We can be quite sure that it was not running water. The surfaces of the sandstone pillars have no vertical rills in them, as they would have if running water were eroding them, and the entire park is remarkably free of gullies. Evidently, water soaks into the sandy ground here, instead of running off the surface.

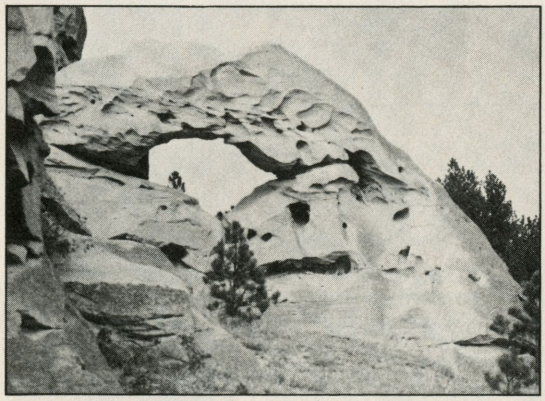
In fact, most of the sandstone monuments stand in depressions, each one in the center of its own shallow basin. The fairy castles look as though they have moats around them. I haven't seen it happen, but suspect that a really hard rain would fill those basins, and leave each sandstone monument standing in the middle of a little pond. The only way water could drain from those basins is to soak into the ground, so there is no way that running water could carry sand away from the pillars of rock. But something must be carrying material out of the depressions, because no sediment is accumulating around the bases of the sandstone monuments; there are no piles of sand or broken rock.

I think the wind carved the sandstone monuments in Medicine Rocks State Park.

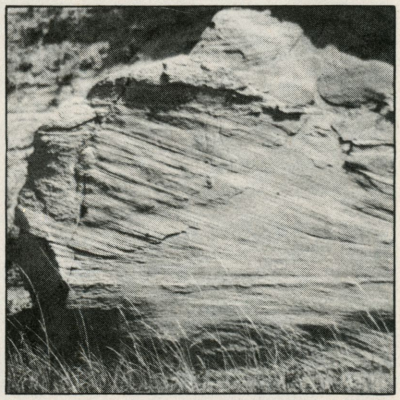
If the wind deposited that sand by blowing it into an old dune field one grain after another, it should be able to erode the sandstone by blowing it away, grain by grain. The rock is so loosely stuck together that sand grains break loose if you rub the surface with your finger. That makes it easy to imagine the elements prying individual sand grains loose, so the strong, high plains winds could snatch off the rock and whip them away. There are no sand dunes in the area, so I assume that flying sand grains simply catch in the grass somewhere nearby. We can imagine those same howling winds excavating the shallow basins as they eddy around the bases of the sandstone monuments.

It is harder to explain the holes that pock most of the sandstone surfaces. However, they do suggest wind ero-

Dave Alt is a geology professor at the University of Montana. He has authored several books, including the popular Roadside Geology of the Northern Rockies and, more recently, a college text.







Constantly changing — Wind is still at work carving the ancient sandstones of Medicine Rock. Note "cross-bedding" pattern in last photo. Dave Alt

sion simply because the wind does generally tend to erode holes, instead of attacking a surface uniformly. Think of the irregular surface that forms where wind blows old snow, and of the dimpled appearance of a snowbank melting under a warm March wind. And there are thousands of large and small wind-eroded blowouts in the high plains of Montana, a larger example of wind attacking a surface locally instead of uniformly. I have never seen or imagined an explanation for the wind's tendency to do things that way, and don't know whether anyone else has.

It seems clear that the sandstone monuments in Medicine Rocks Park are actively forming today. If they were relics of some past episode of erosion, we would expect to find some signs of dilapidation, such as sand accumulating in the holes in the rocks, or in the depressions that surround them. There are no such signs.

The holes in the Medicine Rocks are empty, perfectly free of accumulated debris. We can be sure that something is sweeping them out. And there are no piles of loose sand or broken rock around the bases of the rocks, so something must be sweeping the depressions that surround them. It is easy to imagine the wind blowing sand out of those holes in the rocks and the depressions around them, difficult to imagine anything else doing that job.

The best evidence that erosion continues today is in the graffiti, and in the absence of lichens.

Many visitors to Medicine Rocks Park suffer from a strong impulse to deface the beautiful rock surfaces with their names and the date. It is easy to gouge a deep inscription in the weakly-cemented rock, and so many people have done so that I had a hard time finding places to take pictures that would not also publicize the vandals. Fortunately, those inscriptions don't seem to last very long.

Most of the dates are less than 10 years old, and many of those older than that look so dilapidated that they are nearly impossible to read. It is hard to imagine that people have only recently begun to carve names and dates in the sandstone at Medicine Rocks Park, even harder to suppose that they have only recently begun to carve legibly. I think the inscriptions are weathering off the rocks so rapidly that few of them last more than a couple of decades.

The absence of lichens further shows that the rock surface is weathering rapidly. Lichens grow very slowly, but they live for centuries and make quite a crust on most rock surfaces. Many outcrops have so much lichen encrusted on them that you have to break the rock to see what it is. But there are no lichens on the sandstone monuments at Medicine Rocks Park, none whatsoever. The white sandstone shows its true color right on the weathered surface. Evidently the rocks shed sand so fast that the slow growing lichens cannot maintain themselves on the unstable surfaces long enough to form a crust.

If the sandstone at Medicine Rocks weathers so quickly that carved inscriptions vanish within a few years, then those basins that surround them would quickly fill if the wind were not continually sweeping the loose sand away. And the holes in the rock would have plenty of loose sand in them if the wind were not sweeping them out. Medicine Rocks Park is an active and thoroughly modern place, not a relic of some different past.

If you visit Medicine Rocks Park on a windy day, and most days are windy in that part of the state, you can feel sand grains stinging your skin. They fly into your sandwich at lunch time, and into your camera when you change films. Those flying sand grains are the most direct evidence that the sculptor is still at work. **M**



Battle of the Bighorns

by Jan Wassink

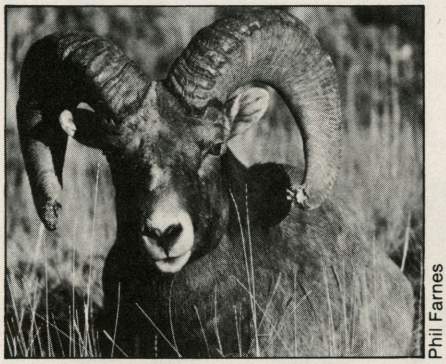
As the pale November sun topped the ridge, an old heavy-bodied ram moved through the shortening shadows toward a band of rams resting on the plateau below. As the old ram approached, he slowed to a stiff-legged deliberate gait, head extended in a line with his body, upper lip curled back in a grimace. Eager for the challenge, the largest ram in the group came to meet him with the same stiff-legged gait.

As the two rams marched toward one another, the veteran carefully maintained his uphill position. They seemed about to pass by each other when both stopped, each with his head next to the other's shoulder. Several moments passed before either ram moved. Then, the old ram moved up to the other animal, placed his head on the other's back and kicked him with his front leg.

The younger ram responded by turning and pushing the veteran with his chest. After a short period of bullying each other, the pair seemed to tire of the game and moved off in opposite directions. Suddenly, the older ram turned, reared on his hind legs, and propelled himself toward his opponent. Far from being surprised, the other ram performed the same maneuvers almost simultaneously and hurled himself through the air to meet the living projectile. At the last moment, both rams dropped from their hind legs, adding the force of gravity to their forward charge.

The two adversaries were moving at a combined speed of more than 40 miles per hour just before they collided with a bone-jarring crash. A resounding *crack* echoed through the canyon as shock waves from the impact rippled back over their muscular bodies, dislodging loose hair and dust. The rams raised their heads, turned them sideways, and stood motionless — each displaying his horns to full advantage and giving his opponent a chance to equate the size of his horns with the force of the blow he had just sustained.

After a few moments, the scenario of challenge, jostling, head cracking and displaying was repeated. Although the rams were evenly matched in size and strength, the careful attention to an uphill position gave



Phil Farnes

the older, battle-wise ram the advantage he needed. After a half dozen charges, he caught the younger ram slightly out of position and knocked him partially off balance. According to traditions established thousands of years ago, the ritual was over — the older ram was king of the hill for another year.

The monarch had been born in an alpine meadow just a short distance from where he now stood. Almost immediately he had learned to follow his mother up and over the steep rugged cliffs that protected them from predators. Several days after his birth, his mother had returned to the band of ewes she had left shortly before parturition. For the young lamb, the first summer was a carefree time, filled with playing and cavorting with other lambs.

As fall came and went and winter settled in, he had followed his mother and the rest of the herd to their traditional winter range. There he had witnessed for the first time, the head-to-head battles of the older rams as they tried to establish dominance over one another. As usual, the overall winner of these ritualistic battles was the ram with the largest horns. As the dominant ram, the winner largely dictated the movements of the herd. In addition, he was entitled to the best forage plants, the most comfortable bedding sites, and, in fall, the willing ewes.

Although he did not know it, the young ram's growing horns were much more than decoration or defensive weapons. They were symbols of his social status, physical power and genetic fitness. Much of his life within the herd would be determined by his genetic capacity to produce large horns.

During his first year, the horns of the young ram grew to almost 1/4 curl — slightly larger than his mother's. As a two-year-old, they grew to 1/2 curl. By his third year, he was engaging in more and more dominance battles and his 2/3 curl horns enabled him to discourage the younger rams in the herd. His horns continued to grow and at about eight years of age, they completed a full curl, marking him as one of the contenders for the position of leader.

Without a doubt, his horns were now his most striking feature. Curling majestically up from their bony core, they weighed almost 30 pounds — equal in weight to his skeleton and one-tenth as much as his entire body.

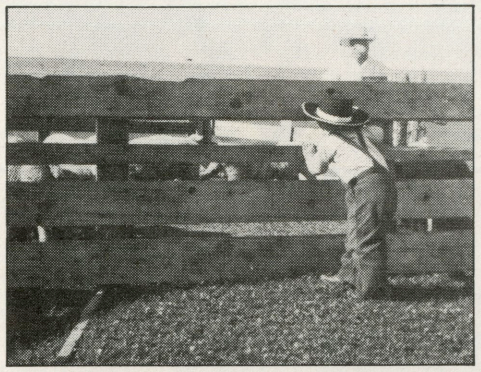
Although he battled for dominance throughout the year he was challenged most frequently during the fall rut. Because smaller rams were intimidated by the size of his horns, most battles were with rams of roughly equal size and weight. Although the battles looked and sounded brutal, he was injured only once. He had mistimed the moment of impact and caught the full force of his opponent's charge on his face, resulting in a broken jaw — the injury prevented him from eating for awhile but healed quickly. Normally his double-layered skull supported by struts of bone absorbed the shock of the collision and his thick facial skin minimized cuts. A broad massive tendon connecting skull with spine allowed his head to pivot and recoil with the blow, providing additional protection against injury.

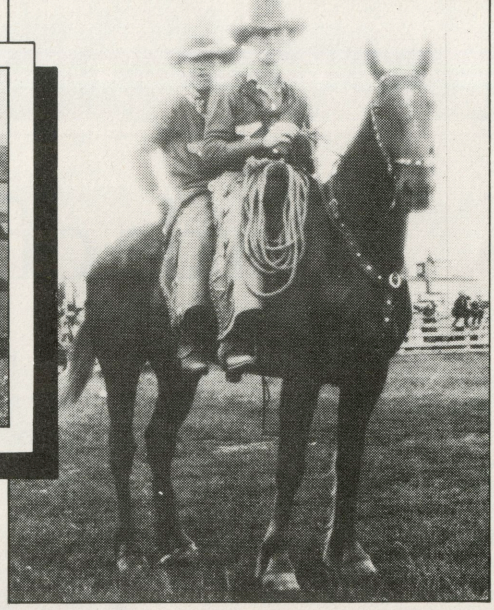
Battles with evenly matched competitors sometimes went hours. He had clashed with one particularly persistent competitor 48 times in a single day before finally winning.

Now almost 12 years old, the old ram was past his prime. Eventually, in spite of his experience, a younger, more vigorous ram would dethrone him. Meanwhile, his genes would be passed on to next year's crop of lambs. And, perhaps, one of them would someday take his place as king of the mountain. **M**

Jan Wassink is the wildlife editor for Montana Magazine.

The Eye of Time







Duncan Telso

"All the obliques of our valley life seemed to have been erased and redrawn here as ruler-edged plateaus of grassland, furrowed panels of grainfield, arrowing roads, creeks nosing quick and bright from the Rockies. The clean lines of this fresh landscape everywhere declared purpose and capacity, seemed to trumpet: Here are the far bounds, all the extent anyone could need. Now live up to them."



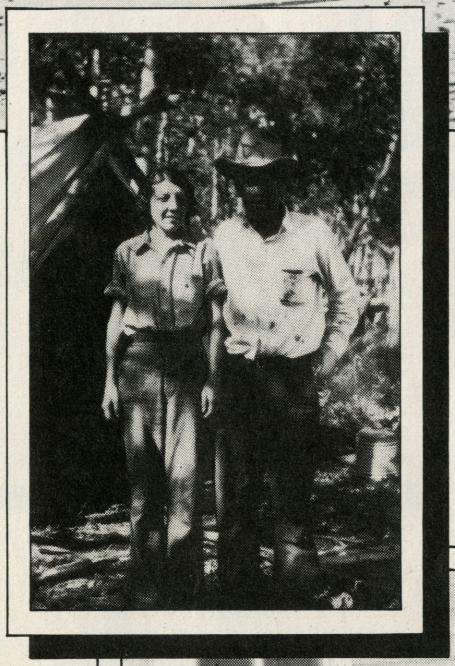


Duncan Telso

> *"Shivery and caging as such blizzard weather was, it had to be admitted that Ringling looked much its best in a storm. The bald gaps between houses lost their starkness with windows of snow gracefully coned between them. The very whiteness of a snowstorm came as a relief, a bright sudden paint over the worn town."*

Recalling This House of Sky

by Ivan Doig





Editor's Note: *Ivan Doig is the author of This House of Sky, a nationally acclaimed literary work. Based in White Sulphur Springs and the Dupuyer area of Montana, it is a remembrance of the struggles and occasional joys of a father, a son and a grandmother scraping out a living at sheepranching.*

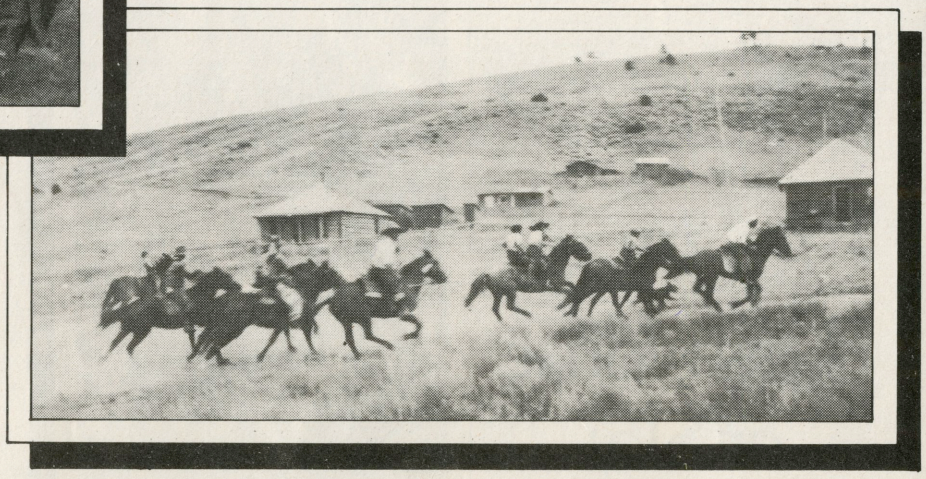
What follows is the introduction by Doig to a new photographic book, Inside This House of Sky, by Duncan Kelso. The family photos, from Doig's personal files, provided the inspiration for this introduction. Kelso's photos, two of which we feature here, depict the country in which Doig grew up, and the captions are excerpts from Doig's original book. The Kelso book will be released in October by Atheneum.

Doig, who spent a good deal of this summer writing and researching in Helena, tells us that his next book is a novel set in the country between Sun River and the Two Medicine River during the Depression. It will be published in the fall of 1984. Other books by Doig include Winter Brothers, and The Sea Runners.

Of the three of us, it was my grandmother who preserved the photographs, as automatically diligent as if she was canning garden vegetables to carry us through the white worst months of winter. The albums even had their own sort of cellar: the dark and dust beneath the bed my father and I shared. *Gee gosh, someday* — the announcement always meant under-the-bed diving was being done, she was retrieving one or another album in which to put this year's school picture of me as a startlingly pompadoured sixth-grader or one of my father in unbuckled overshoes beside his latest obstetrical miracle, triplet purebred Hereford calves, or of Grandma herself posed beside the Jeep with her beloved but fidgety sheepdogs, Spot and Tip, ambivalently atop the hood. A photo is its own moment, blind to the future. In those Montana years none of us had so much as a hint that the albums would be the main witnesses to Bessie Ringer and Charlie Doig and myself as I worked at the writing of This House of Sky, and that the *someday* when the four black-paged collections would have a handier existence on an actual, reachable shelf is only now, in my house in a Seattle suburban valley.

What dumfounds me whenever I bring out this photographic poundage is that during the 15 years my father and my mother's mother and I were a family, we didn't own a camera. The evidence of our existence does thin out dangerously during the middle of that period — not a single photo dating from the three years we spent on a bleak, leased ranch south of Dupuyer; testimony unto itself, perhaps, about that woebegone damn place — but just often enough, somebody snapped a shot and thought to provide us a print.





It is the time before, the black-and-white era when my mother was alive, that the camera eye steadily took in Doig and Ringer family life. Two of the four albums were my mother's, her handwriting across the top of many of the photos. Blessed I am that she shared my habit of scribbling annotation. To me, the effective writing in this 1928 scene from This House of Sky is not mine but hers:

"It was the Fourth of July celebration in White Sulphur Springs, and they took the town. . . . That holiday's snapshots show up in a happy flurry; every scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing. *Ready for the Big Day:* Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandanas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new country. *The Wildest Bunch in W.S.S.* — seven of them from Ringling and the Basin are ganged along the side of a car, hand-rolled cigarettes angling out of the men's mouths, my mother and her cousin small prim fluffs in the dark cloudbank of cowboy hats. . . . There is another photo taken soon afterward, in which my father grins cockily, hands palmed into hip pockets, dressy new chaps sweeping back from his legs as if he were flying. On this one is written: *My Cowboy.*"

My mother is frequent in the companion album, too, the one evidently begun by my father when he still lived off and on at the Doig homestead in the mountains above the Sixteen Canyon. Its pictorial record ranges from the Pacific Coast — Dad and Clifford Shearer, dubiously atop shoreline boulders the sopping winter they spent piling lumber in Aberdeen, Washington — to the Moss Agate ranch near Ringling where my father courted my mother. Small mysteries ask themselves whenever I go through these age-tanned shots. My father in cowboy hat and boots and with jeans rolled to four-inch cuffs sits on the front step of the log homestead house with his brother Claude and their riding buddy, Charlie Smith: what is the book Dad holds open in his hands, and why? Nine horsebackers are thundering pell-mell through the railroad village of Sixteen; one mount is being ridden double, a colt trails another, a fearless dog is racing amid the hooves, there is a boy in a flat cap running a crowding second to the lead rider, who seems to be wearing a white sailor cap. What event can this be? Which rampager is my book-toting father of a few pages earlier? Who of those homesteaders of the Sixteen country was skilled enough with a camera of the time to capture this cascade of motion without blur?

The large final album, my grandmother's, opens to a surprising sequence: my mother and father in pose after pose in front of tepee or tent. This time it is my father's words, spoken, which carry this part of their past into This House of Sky: *"The first summer there on Grassy, we moved camp fifty-eight times in the first sixty days. We had a brand new box camera we were awful proud of, and we'd take a picture of our campsite every time."* Fifteen of those sheep-camp sites survive on the front and back of a single album page, one or the other of my parents in front of canvas walls while the other clicks the shutter, and elsewhere in my inherited collection is the tantalizing shot of this bunch: both of my parents together, there on Grass Mountain that first summer of their marriage — it cannot be half a century ago, yet it is — the best picture ever taken of the two of them. By whom? Their camptender from the Dogie ranch? Johnny Gruar, the association rider on the mountain pasture adjoining theirs? My grandmother, one of the times she rode horseback the 20 miles from Moss Agate to visit?

The sum of the albums and their overflow is, by rapid count, about five hundred photos. The pictures go back as far as they can: a baby portrait of my grandmother, born in 1893. Then one of her holding my mother at the age of perhaps six months, in 1913. In my father's earliest, he is in his late teens — 1916, '17, '18? — standing atop the woodpile with four of his brothers and his sister, Doigs nearly as plentiful as the firewood under them. My own appearance into all this seems to reveal me from the very start as a straddler of generations — at age three in 1942, riding a tricycle in one shot and a horse in the next. As ravishing a cast of characters as we are, though, edges and backdrops are what capture my memory. Old truths stand stark in lens light. That the rusty metal sheeting which covered the shed beside our house in Ringling made it the sorriest-looking structure in town, which is saying a lot. That Wall Mountain, its long cusp of stone on the horizon above the Doig homestead, still is as striking as any landform I have seen in the west



of America. That around the log-and-chink homestead house amid sagebrush and shale, my Scottish grandparents put up a picket fence.

And it is a fortunate sum, for when I set out to write This House of Sky I found that photographs were the only consistent documentation there was of us. I possessed a few hours each of tape-recorded talk with my father and grandmother, but as to linear evidence of the course of our three lives, we inadvertently had covered our tracks. When Grandma made a periodic attack on the muss of our household, letters were fed to the stove. Dad's dealings when he ran sheep on shares or contracted to put up hay usually were based on a handshake. I am the family's sole diarist (it perhaps takes three generations to make one) and I began at it only 10 years ago, my father already passed from us by then. So it was more vital than I knew, that evening a year or so before her own death in 1974, when my grandmother and I put the labels on her photographic preserves. As told in This House of Sky: "Picture upon picture of my father and mother . . . brought sniffles or hard-swallowed sentences from Grandma, and by the time I had jotted my notes on the final page, the emotion she had been putting into the room had worn me out. *That should be enough for tonight,* I said in a weary glaze. She turned to me in surprise: *But we got these others to get through. Hadn't we just as well keep on?* And we did.

The camera continues to tell me much of what I need to know to write. When Carol and I were married in 1965, with her came the dowry of her elderly Argus C44. It had wandered Europe with her — undoubtedly sharpening the respect with which Grandma and Dad and I peered into its lens as Christmases were clicked into commemoration — and suddenly our pictured selves were bright with color. The Argus studied my home areas of Montana for me for This House of Sky; the Olympic Peninsula of Washington for Winter Brothers; and for The Sea Runners, southeast Alaska and the Queen Charlotte Islands, where it caught a fatal dose of rain. Currently Carol wields a Pentax, as full of exposure lights as a traffic signal and with range-finding lines and arcs that would outfit a bombsight. The novel I am writing now needs a Montana town of the 1930s, and my wife and her pluperfect Pentax are its builders: houses from Fort Benton, Augusta's old square-front merc, a Choteau haberdashery, the creamery in Conrad. The town needs a setting, and she and her lens pal collect the mountains and benchlands and creeks and coulees for my version of the two Medicine country. Evidently we made more than one marriage at that ceremony 18 years ago — the two of us, and typewriter ribbon and film.

There is one further angle of the camera in my life and work, and it is the unexpected veer of the lens toward me. Since the publication of This House of Sky I every so often will open pages into a book review or interview and find myself gazing at myself. The unlikeliest possible substitute for my words, yet evidently a fee that must be paid to the camera for all its previous help to me — my face for the world to see. Lately, with something between bemusement and alarm I notice that this bearded mug which is me keeps getting grayer and Scotcher. Yet why not. All said and done, a photograph is a knowing wink from the eye of time.

Now arrives the latest in This House of Sky's lineage of albums: Duncan Kelso's picturing of the country of my book. The land of the homestead near Sixteen is herein, and Grass Mountain where my parents began their married life with that sheepherding summer, and the Castle Mountains my grandmother lived in sight of during so much of her Montana ranch life; Duncan Kelso worked his feet as well as his shutter finger. Nor did he neglect either of the tiny communities which have been metropolises of the imagination to me, Ringling and Dupuyer; nor the fencelines where hawks sit sentinel and the wind tries barbwire for a harp; nor the magical Stockman Bar in White Sulphur Springs, where Pete McCabe presided perfectly behind the bar and The Weavers on the jukebox wished Irene the greatest good night there ever was or will be. The best praise I can give Duncan is that his photographs have something of the same effect on me as those within my family's quartet of albums: I not only see his pictures, I begin to hear them. **M**

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LETTERS

Secret

Reading the excellent article series on Montana trout fishing in the May/June issue was a pleasure, especially so as my good friend Arthur Coffin conjured up memories of past jaunts and forays. But what was perhaps the most pleasurable was to know that Montana Magazine has an international circulation. After reading the series, two other "temporarily relocated" Montanans and I chatted about the Beaverhead, Madison, 16 Mile and others — George and Edith Flores are in Manila working for the U.S. government and I am currently at the Subic Bay Naval Station. Keep up the quality — and know that Montana's secrets are quietly shared from the four corners.

Ray Weisenborn
Olongapo City,
Philipinnes

Ironic

I had just finished reading "Last Hurrah for Yellowstone Grizzlies?" in the March/April issue when I closed the magazine to see the entire back cover filled with an advertisement for Gordon's gin.

In a state with the 11th highest per capita alcohol consumption in the country; in a state where as many as one in four people who drink will become alcoholic; I experienced that ad to be sadly ironic. While I realize the economic necessity of advertising and cannot realistically expect you to cease advertising of alcoholic beverages, I wanted to share the following view.

Montana Magazine is obviously conservation and ecologically minded. After speaking with you on the phone, I realize your concern extends to the condition of man as well.

Yet advertising of alcohol not only misleadingly associates alcohol consumption with happiness and other humanly desireable states, but it does so very powerfully and successfully; while it is but a small part of the complex problem our nation experiences with alcohol abuse, it is a part.

How sad that our economy is structured in such a way that we must present a skewed view of such matters through our advertising.

Joseph Scalia III, M.Ed.
Mental Health & Alcohol Counselor
Superior

Correction

We would like readers of the Montana Geographic Series to know that a series of photos was miscredited in Montana Wildlife, number III in the series. The series of eight photographs of bighorn rams fighting that appears on page 49 was submitted by Woodland Images, Pam and Lin Rogers, photographers, instead of by Barb and Mike Pflaum as shown in the photo credits. We regret the error.

Mark Thompson
Publications Director
Montana Magazine

Frankenstein

I enjoyed your article "Crop Swap" in the May/June issue of "Montana Magazine."

My interest in the development of Montana farming has not diminished, nor has my interest in the welfare of the American farmer.

My father, Charles F. Grass, homesteaded 320 acres north of Shelby in 1910, and received his title in 1913 from President Wilson. I was 11 years old at that time. Proof of compliance was attested to by the ever attentive Land Commissioner and at that time, and not before, the property owner could borrow money on this land from the land bank. Understand that, surely enough, we had been poor with 20 acres per year improvement, but we had never gone hungry.

With title in hand, Dad borrowed $2,000 from the bank at 12 percent interest. Farming methods and technique showed little improvement in those lean years, but they were trying.

I went to school as best I could, finishing H.S. in Shelby in 1920 and then to U. of M. and later to U.C. at Berkley, California. This background seems incidental, but it explains my interest in the hard straits of the farmer and my reluctance to return to farming and my choice to make a living in other ways.

I have a file on hand, not very complete, but of political comments, marches to Washington, farmer unions, granges and farm associations, all trying to solve equity for the produce of farmers, ranchers, growers to show a profitable return for their labor and investment.

These truths remain self-evident:

1. All men are not good managers.
2. Elements of nature are unpredictable.

Should pricing be made to be by area, by states, or nationally?

I talked with a gentleman who later became President of the United States, who said that if he could offer a solid solution to the farm problem he could get a solid block of support. I went on to say, that with the information that the government has on every acre of crops planted, and idle land, they could organize the bureaus, unions, and others, to establish a price pattern on cost and sales at profit. The gentleman remarked that he didn't think it would work,and that we would be creating another Frankenstein.

By the way, that gentleman became President but was never elected.

I profess that farm products should be sold like manufactured products, cost plus profit. Whoever heard of Ford Motor making a new car and putting it in the window and asking "what will you give me for it today?" The farmers do.

I have just finished watching a one-hour show on ABC News Close Up, bemoaning the fact of the American farmer. None of this is news, only on a much larger scale, as property values increased, Big Business became the theme of the game for lower cost per unit of production.

No one yet has approached the thought that marketing price should be cost plus margin of profit. The argument here is that all costs are not equal, but like any industry, the poor manager here loses, while the whole industry will show a margin of profit per unit of investment.

Another element to deal with is weather — hail, drought, etc. Insurance is carried by some farmers and of course insurance by industry for loss by Act of God.

We would hope to diminish subsidy which is costing plenty, diminish control except advisory statistics by the Secretary of Agriculture.

If Chrysler can do it, Farm Co-op can do it with a billion dollar loan. Subsidy has cost the government that much, with no return to government.

Joseph S. Grass
Grand Rapids, MI **M**

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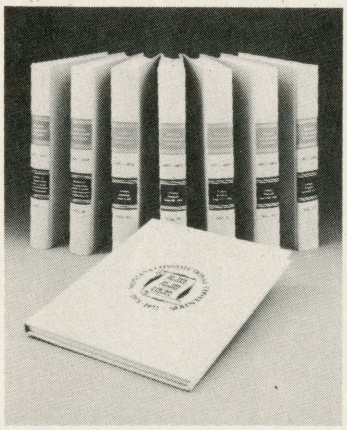

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Mable Ringling Anderson with "Ringling Jenny" about 1947.

Sawdust in her blood

Mable Ringling Anderson

by Dorothy Brooke

Many of us may remember the days of circus "under the big top" — the wheezing of the calliope, the smells of popcorn and tanbark and cotton candy, the ringmaster's thrilling "ladies-z-z-z and gentlemen-n-n-n." But few recall those times with as much yearning and clarity as Mable Ringling Anderson of Harrison, Montana.

She was a full-fledged circus trouper at the age of seven. Her father, Richard Ringling, son of Alfred Ringling (one of the original Barnum & Bailey circus organizers), had recently died and Mable traveled with her mother, Aubrey Ringling, vice president of the circus company. Mable's summers were spent on the family ranch near White Sulphur Springs or "hitting the trail." Winter headquarters were in Sarasota, Florida.

As a child, Mable performed in circus spot acts — riding elephants, ponies and secretly "working with the cats." Her step-father, James Haley, the late U.S. Congressmen of Florida, threatened to fire the leopard trainers for allowing her to explore this dangerous pursuit.

Later she became a dressage trainer, putting horses through intricate routines. Her costumes, heavy with sequins and rich fabrics, often cost $1,000 or more and weighed as much as 75 pounds, making it impossible for her to mount her horse without assistance.

Could anyone imagine what it was like traveling 20,000 miles in seven months with the Greatest Show on Earth?

"It was really exciting, a challenge and hard work sometimes — there was always something that needed to be done between shows, like keeping up the laundry or your mending," Mable recalled.

Wash day for the circus crew was almost a primitive chore. Without benefit of modern laundramats, clothing was scrubbed in a water bucket, then dried on a length of clothesline strung between the tent ropes. And lacking a beauty parlor on the premise, "we washed our hair in the buckets too."

The first show of the season opened in April in Madison Square Garden, then the circus would move on to the Boston Gardens. Philadelphia got third billings, the first under the Big Top each year, because the tents were made in the city and each year a new one was required. After seven months of being put up and down, the tents would be worn out.

Contracting a vacant lot and erecting "tent city" was a major, orchestrated job. The mammoth "big top" was 450 feet long, 200 feet wide and took more than 20 tons of canvas or 74,000 yards. There were usually more than 40 other tents set up for each performance, and it took eight giant diesel plants to furnish 168,000 watts of power to keep everything running smoothly.

About 1,600 people traveled in a 100-car railroad caravan during circus time. The dining room, thought to be the largest traveling restaurant in the world, was dubbed the Hotel Ringling.

Keeping the crew, performers and staff fed three times a day from a menu was a giant feat also. An average daily grocery list was something like this — 226 dozen eggs, 2,470 pounds of fresh meat, 2,220 loaves of bread, and if pancakes were on the menu, the air was literally filled with "tumbling cakes."

The evening meal would be served following the afternoon matinee. Then the kitchen crew folded their tents and sped to the next town to set up and be prepared to serve the troupes again. It took 174 chefs, bus boys and waiters to perform the enormous task each day.

The menagerie and performing wild animals were moved about in 50 70-foot flatcars. The lumbering elephants were up early each morning, unloading show trains, hauling animal cages and putting other show fixtures in place.

The massively built animals usually earned a couple of hours rest before the afternoon matinee. Although elephants look tough and hearty, Mable said they are subject to many ailments — indigestion, ingrown toenails, colds and bunions. Because of their bristly whiskers, they had to be shaved with an acetylene torch so the scantily-clad girls could ride safely upon the back or head.

When everyone had completed his duties, it was time for the colorful grand opening.

Remember the incredible, daring "flyers" (aerial stars), performing horses, trained ponies, dogs and sea lions? And the unfearing animal trainers speaking softly to the wild lions, tigers and leopards. And surely sometime you must have met the world famous giant gorillas, Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua. They were the most ferocious critters in captivity and were a sideshow attraction.

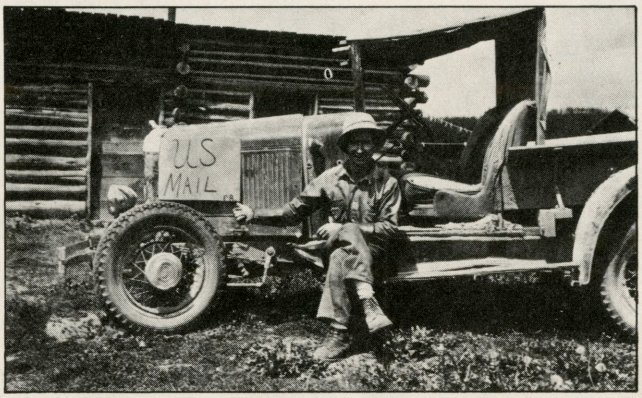
Those beloved clowns. Children adored all of them. Back then, Emmett Kelly was the sadface King of Pantomime.

But, just when Mable was becoming a circus pro it all ended for her in 1947. Her mother sold out the family interest in the circus. "I've missed it ever since," declared the Madison County horse breeder today. "I liked the circus and would have liked going into the production end someday."

Forever fond of horses, she is now breeding and raising Arabians and attending horse shows. Doing business under the name of Mable's Arabians, her horses have placed in fairs and shows across the state.

And when the circus comes to town, you can bet Mable is always among the spectators. She admits there'll always be sawdust in her blood. And in dusting off her memories, she is happy too, that her only daughter, Darcy Gettin of Havre, was old enough to see a show under the big top before it went "inside" in the 1950s.

For certain, her grandchildren, Jay, 5, and Amanda, 3, can relive the past when they grow up. Mable has saved boxes of circus memorabilia for them to browse through. And in all probability, they will spend many happy hours touring the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art, the Ringling residence, Ca'd-'Zan; the Museum of the Circus and the Asolo Theatre. On this 68-acre family estate, now a Sarasota, Florida state park, they will perceive the real Ringling legacy. **M**



U.S. mail carrier Pete Rovero took the mail run from Seeley Lake to Swan River about 1928.

Swan River Pete

Pete Rovero

by Addrien Marx

When Pete Rovero is not out planting trees in his mountain valley, he may be found on his D-8 Cat pushing a road to the homesite he plans to build and retire on. His plans and energy abound and it is hard to realize he is 81 years old.

Born in Italy in 1902, Rovero and his parents made their way to Montana performing in music halls across the country. Trading his drumsticks for spurs at Day, Montana (between Glendive and Sidney), Rovero learned about horses and roping from three cowboys, never revealing to them his skills as a ballet dancer.

"They could rope antelope as well as coyotes," recalls Rovero, "and lovelier guys couldn't be found."

Growing up between the towering Swan Peaks and the majestic Mission Mountains, Pete Rovero, or "Swan River Pete," became close friends with W.A. Clark III, grandson of the senator and Copper King. Clark wrote of his companion, ". . . A great man with horses, redolent of old woods, and an honest to goodness mountaineer."

Rovero came in contact with all three generations of the Clark dynasty, first while working for W.A. Clark, Jr. during the construction of "Mowitza Lodge" or "Running Deer" on Salmon Lake (known today as Legendary Lodge and property of the Helena Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church), and later when he became personal guide and packer for W.A. Clark III, taking Clark and his influential friends into the South Fork of the Flathead region.

"Young Clark just took a liking to me, I guess," reflects Rovero. "We did have a lot of good times. One thing I'll always remember, when I went hunting with Clark — whenever he made a kill — a fifth of whiskey and the whole works were right there. That's one thing we never ran short of, even during prohibition!"

Comfortable as the mountain man was in his familiar haunts along the South Fork of the Flathead and in the Seeley-Swan Valley, the camaraderie between Swan River Pete and William Andrew Clark III strengthened, introducing Rovero to an affluent lifestyle. Spending many days in the Clark mansion in Butte and even sleeping in the senator's bed, Rovero still recalls the "new fangled" plumbing fixtures — especially the shower that had spray coming from every direction, head to foot!

"Bill," as Rovero called his prestigious friend, took the mountain man to California, often for months at a time. During the winter of 1929, Jack Lynch taught Rovero to fly at Rogers Airport in Los Angeles. Here Rovero was introduced to Charles Lindbergh as Lindbergh stopped by the airport to visit his old flight instructor, Lynch.

Of Lindbergh, Rovero recalls "Lindbergh Lake used to be called Elbow Lake, some people still call it that, but after Charles Lindbergh made his famous flight, he and Kelley and Evans of the ACM (Anaconda Mining Company) spent two weeks on the lake. After that it was referred to as Lindbergh Lake. Did you ever hear of snipe hunting? Well, Lindbergh did it there . . . he held the bag and the flashlight and sat there in the dark!"

In addition to times spent with "Bill" Clark, Rovero met and enjoyed the company of other interesting characters.

"A friend of mine, Charlie Courtney, was a friend of C.M. Russell, although I did not know it at the time. One day he asked me if I would take him up to Lake McDonald. I did, but I sure did not guess we'd be visiting with Mrs. Russell!" Charlie Russell had died and Courtney was offering his condolences to the widow. Three days were spent at the Russell cabin on Lake McDonald, and Rovero still holds dear the lasting impression of Nancy Russell. "She was truly a lovely woman. She was so tall and straight, a very gracious hostess."

In reversal of role, Rovero served as host when the Kelley and Evans women would stop by his "chicken house shack" for a spot of tea on their way to Kelley's summer home, Kootenai Lodge, on Swan Lake. With a slow shake of his head, Rovero names the "grand people" he knew — most of whom are no longer living — the Greenough family, Charlie Anderson, Bob and Dick Johnson of Missoula aviation fame, Holland, Wilhilms, Hoshs and other homesteaders.

The only evidence that the past 81 years have begun to slow down the ambitions and energies of Swan River Pete shows as he gazes at the imposing Swan Peaks that greet him each day. "Ah, those mountains!" he beams. "Somehow, everyday I study them, the higher and higher they grow, and the shorter and shorter I seem to get." **M**

Bridging The Hunter-Landowner Gap



Tim Egan

As more and more hunters head for privately-owned hills, detente becomes a mutual goal

by Wilbur Rehmann

Ed Grady has been up since before dawn. His phone began ringing about 3 a.m. and hasn't stopped for more than a few minutes since. For Grady, a rancher, it's opening day of hunting season.

Grady took on special chores when he opened his land to hunters. Answering the phone and issuing trespass permits has become more and more of a hassle. "There are more people with more time off," he says. "Maybe we ought to charge something, I don't know. They call you at all hours of the day or night. It doesn't seem to matter."

Ed Grady is not alone among landowners who find that problems are increasing. In some areas of the state ranchers have even begun charging "trespass" fees as high as $200 a day. But such "fee hunting" areas are still few and many landowners as well as recreationists oppose such high fees. Local critics fear that they will eliminate recreation opportunities for generally lower salaried in-state hunters.

Besides, many landowners like Grady view hunters as part of their overall management plan. "I want to get rid of some of these animals, we want to have hunters because they help us," Grady muses. Much of Montana's deer and elk population winters on private land. They seek out the streambeds, river bottoms and sheltered coulees that provide food and cover — just like their cousins, cattle and sheep. "We have a natural winter range on our place, we can't afford to feed all the game animals —they're going to eat us out of house and home," Grady says.

In the past both landowners and sportsmen have concentrated their educational efforts on the so-called "slob hunter." But now, with increased demand for a limited resource, all hunters are part of the problem. Jim Richard, president of the Montana Wildlife Federation, the largest organization of hunters and recreationists in the state, recognizes that fact. According to Richard and other board members, the MWF is very concerned about assisting landowners to lessen the impact of hunting and other recreational activities on private land.

Wilbur Rehmann is president of the Montana Wildlife Federation.

One suggestion that Richard thinks worth considering is for local sportsmen's clubs to volunteer to help landowners check hunters in and out of ranches on opening day. "Actually, the idea came from Jim Flynn (Director, Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks) who had been contacted by some landowners in the Lewistown area," says Richard. Even though many landowners have hunters on their land all season long, most agree that opening day is extremely hard to deal with. Richard suggests that local clubs could "adopt" nearby landowners and help them print maps of the area showing roads and access points and even provide manpower at the access points to check hunters in and out.

Jennifer Cote, past president of the Western Montana Fish and Game Association in Missoula, agrees that hunters could do a lot to mitigate their impact on private land. She and her husband try to call landowners for permission in September or early October, asking about special procedures to follow or places that the ranchers want to keep closed. She reminds hunters not to show up on opening day and expect instant access.

Many sportsmen like to return the favor of hunting on private land by giving a small gift to the landowner. Cote and her husband often take homemade jam or jelly along with them when they go hunting. Occa-

sionally they'll wait and send something at Christmas. Such gifts don't come close to paying for the damages that careless recreationists cause, but as Grady says, "Landowners like to feel appreciated just like anyone else, and whenever we receive a gift we are very pleased, it's really the thought that counts."

Individual landowners and recreationists often look for guidance from the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks. Jim Flynn says his department is very much aware of the problems. A task force meets periodically to advise the various agency divisions on landowner/sportsmen relations. The task force has suggested that the department emphasize landowners' property rights and publicize the need for hunters to secure permission before entering private land.

Flynn says that the department also has asked the Cooperative Extension Service to present a one-day seminar on farm economics to the regional offices so the staff better understands the economic plight of the landowner. Further, Flynn says that the department is trying to put together a workable conservation easement program so that they can offer some economic incentives to landowners who provide wildlife habitat and/or access.

Despite these efforts by the department some landowners and sportsmen remain critical of Flynn's actions. Grady doesn't understand why the department didn't continue its Landowner/Sportsmen Council which expired at the beginning of Flynn's term.

"I don't see the need for a formal council," explains Flynn. He says the department is trying to meet with various agricultural and sportsmens organizations to solicit their concerns and discuss the overall landowner/sportsmen conflict with them. He also has directed the task force to come up with some specific proposals for the 1985 Legislature. Flynn said that the department will hold public comment meetings on those proposals before the session.

Flynn says his main reason for deactivating the council is that too many people lose interest in the issue once such a commission is established. "The problem ultimately gets down to individual landowners and sportsmen and not to a committee," he says. And that's a statement that virtually everyone agrees with. "It finally gets down to me and a hunter or a fisherman at my gate and that's where the problem has to be solved," says Grady.

Other dilemmas involve law enforcement, especially on opening day, and stream access. Grady and other landowners think the department should have more personnel assigned to law enforcement on opening day of big game season. "We used to have a warden out at our place on opening day every year but we haven't seen one this past year," says Grady. Many landowners with the same experience have supported bills in the legislature to increase the number of wardens. Flynn acknowledges that his task force is studying the problem of law enforcement.

Stream access is a ticklish topic for all groups involved. Currently the Montana Supreme Court is hearing arguments to decide which Montana streams are navigable and therefore open to floating by the public. In addition, the 1983 Legislature appointed an interim study committee made up of representatives Jensen, Keyser, Marks and Ream and senators Boylan, Conover, Galt and McCallum. The committee will be meeting throughout this year and will prepare a report for the 1985 legislature. But few of the participants seem optimistic about solving the



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issue either through the courts or the legislature. They point to the fact that the legislature itself couldn't agree to a compromise on the issue and instead created an interim study committee.

Both sides agree that landowners and recreationists must work together. "We have to have some healing," says Grady. Sportsmen agree wholeheartedly. Ken Knudson, lobbyist for the Montana Wildlife Federation says that his group supported a bill introduced by Representative Ream, Missoula, that would have assessed a fee on all floating equipment. The fee could have provided litter removal and clean-up at access sites, and increased enforcement on navigable streams. The bill failed during the session, but Knudson says his organization is ready to sit down with agricultural groups and try to find an acceptable compromise to the stream access question. "I'm concerned that floaters' intentions have been misinterpreted by some people — we're not trying to challenge anyone's private property rights, and we aren't asking to be able to trespass on private property to get to a river. We simply want to be able to float from one public access point to another on a stream which is ruled navigable," he said.

Lee Cade, editor of the Montana Farmer/Stockman, said in a recent editorial, "Complications increase rapidly as the supply of a valuable commodity decreases. When there is plenty of something like fresh air, it is taken for granted. When the air turns to smog, as it has in many cities, there are efforts to make corrections which are always controversial, expensive, and often hard to measure." Valuable wildlife habitat is decreasing in Montana and as it does, the demands put on the remaining resource increase. It is more important than ever for landowners and recreationists to cooperate and preserve what is left.

Now is the time to plan outings and begin contacting landowners in an effort to heal wounds of the past.

Rules for Landowners and Recreationists

Recreationists:

1. *Call ahead and set up an appointment if possible.*
2. *Arrange a convenient meeting place and time.*
3. *Abide by all special rules and procedures, remember you are a guest!*
4. *Stay on main roads and leave vehicles where instructed.*
5. *Leave gates the way you find them, open or closed.*
6. *If camping on private land be sure to find out whether fires are allowed and make sure that fires are dead out!*
7. *Treat private land as if it were your own.*
8. *Report any vandalism to the landowner.*
9. *Observe and report game violations to the landowner and the department.*
10. *Be courteous and thank the landowner for the privilege of hunting on his land. Consider a gift or contribution.*

Landowners:

1. *Mark roads and gates if possible and give clear instructions.*
2. *Be consistent and fair.*
3. *Contact the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks for assistance.*
4. *Ask recreationists to help patrol the land and report damages to you.*
5. *If possible indicate on a map roads, gates, walk-in areas and closed areas.*
6. *Be courteous.* **M**

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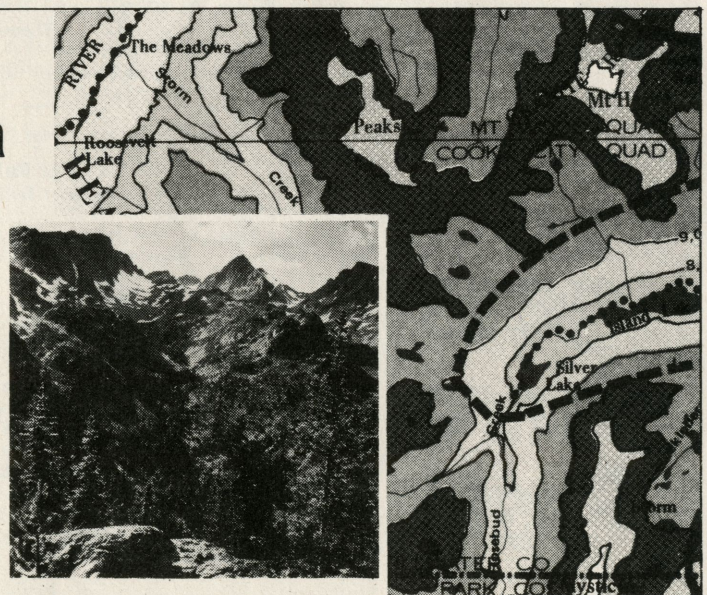

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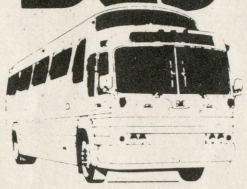

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montana day by day CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Anaconda

Sept. 2 — *National Pow Wow Day Indian Alliance*

Billings

Oct. 29, 31; Nov. 1-4 — *Fiddler on the Roof*, EMC Petro Theatre, 8 p.m.

Bozeman

Aug. 27-Sept. 28 — *American Artists of the Rockies Assoc. Show*, Museum of the Rockies
Oct. 2-Nov. 13 — *Influences* — Watercolors by Butte artists Sallie Bowen and sculptures by Anaconda sculptor Fred Boyer, Museum of the Rockies
Oct. 14 — *Flute Recital* by Karen Leech, 8:15 p.m. Reynolds Recital Hall, MSU. Free, open to public
Oct. 12 — *Piano Concert by Jean-Yves Thibaudet*, sponsored by Performing Arts Committee, 8 p.m. Reynolds Recital Hall, MSU. Admission charged
Oct. 26-29; Nov. 2-5 — *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Strand Union Theatre, MSU
Dec. 7-10; Dec. 14-17 — *The Fantasticks*, Strand Union Theatre, MSU

Great Falls

Sept. 8-11 — *Modern Doll Convention*, Sheraton Inn
Sept. 9-10 — *Children's Theatre*, GF Center for the Performing Arts
Sept. 9-10 — *Stockcar racing*, GF Speedway
Sept. 15 — *Native American Contemporary Folk Art Exhibit*, Paris Gibson Square
Sept. 15 — *Ducks Unlimited Dinner & Auction*, Heritage Inn
Sept. 17 — *Pops & Hops*, Fairgrounds
Sept. 30 — *Jackpot Air Race*
Sept. 30-Oct. 2 — *Big Sky Facetors Gem Show*
Oct. 27 — *Community Concert*, Civic Center
Oct. 28-29 — Halloween Play, *Young Dracula*, GF Center for the Performing Arts
Oct. 31 — Dinner Theatre, *Young Dracula*
Nov. 6 — *Combined Choirs of GF & Helena Symphony*, Civic Center

Havre

Sept. 16-17 — Havre Festival Days, *A Mid-September Family Fun Affair*, featuring the Hager Brothers from Hee-Haw in concert Sept. 17.
Oct. 14-15 — Havre Art Assoc. Annual Art Show, Van Orsdel Methodist Church

Helena

Sept. 8 — *Ducks Unlimited Convention*, Civic Center
Sept. 8-Nov. 3 — *History Lecture Series*, Thurs. 7-9 p.m. Montana Historical Society
Sept. 14 — *Opening of Haynes Gallery*. Ribbon-cutting, refreshments, brass band. 7-10 p.m. Montana Historical Society
Sept. 16-Oct. 8 — *Death of a Salesman*, Grand Street Theatre. Runs Fri. & Sat. the first weekend; Thurs., Fri. & Sat. thereafter
Oct. 21-Oct. 29 — *Festival of One-Act Plays*. Grand Street Theatre. Schedule same as above
Nov. 11-19 — *Grand Street Follies*. Schedule same as above
Sept. 30-Oct. 2 — *Electrum*. Arts & crafts at Civic Center
Oct. 15 — *Helena Community Concert*, Civic Center
Oct. 15-Dec. 31 — Exhibit, *Children of Montana, 1864-1930*. Montana Historical Society
Oct. 28 — *Helena Symphony Concert*, Civic Center
Oct. 31-Nov. 1 — *Helena Chorale Invitational Festival*, Civic Center
Nov. 4 — *YMCA International Buffet*, Civic Center
Nov. 11-14 — *Helena Symphony*, Civic Center
Nov. 12 — *Charity Bazaar*, Capital Hill Mall
Nov. 18 — *Helena Community Concert*, Civic Center

Missoula

Oct. 1-Nov. 5 — *Annual Art Auction Exhibition & Sales Gallery*, Missoula Museum of the Arts
Nov. 12-Dec. 3 — *Embroideries by the Children of Chijnaya, Peru*, Missoula Museum of the Arts

Whitefish

Sept. 9-11 — *Whitefish Summer Games*. Athletic competition in softball, golf, powerboat racing, tennis, canoe racing, horseshoes, racquetball, BMX & bike races, an uphill climb and a 5K run. (See Run, Race, Row schedule)
Oct. 7-10 — *Fall Appreciation Days*. Retail promotion highlighted by a chili cook-off uptown on Saturday. **M**

YOU'RE INVITED on a Montana Wilderness Association Walk

(Continued from last issue)

Ten Lakes near Eureka

Sept. 17th - 18th (2 days)
Distance: 6 miles each day
Elevation: 5,000 to 6,500 ft.
Meet at junction of Graves Creek Road and Highway 93, south of Eureka on the 17th. From there will will carpool up Graves Creek to the Ten Lakes trailhead. Group size limit: 8. Call group leader for reservations. The Ten Lakes Wild Area, temporarily protected by Congress under S.393, the Montana Wilderness Study Act, is a sub-alpine jewel in the Whitefish Range. The Kootenai National Forest has proposed that this 36,000 acre wild area be reduced by half, that the entire area be leased for oil and gas, and that roads and "salvage" logging be allowed. Only permanent congressional protection will keep this wild pocket of the Kootenai wild.
Leader: John Gatchell, Box 1612, Columbia Falls, MT 59912. Phone: 892-3543.

Great Basin near Alberton

Sept. 17 - Sept. 19 (3 days)
Distance: About 7 to 11 miles per day, for a total of about 28 miles.
Elevation: 4,000 to 7,663 ft.
Meet at Clearwater Crossing trailhead, in the evening of the 16th or early on the morning of the 17th. Take the Fish Creek Exit of I-90, 12 miles west of Alberton. Go south up the Fish Creek Road past the "Big Pine" 10 miles, then west on Road #7750 8 miles to the end. Be sure to stop and see Montana's biggest Ponderosa pine. No reservations are required, but we would like to limit the group to about 10 individuals. We'll hike up the North Fork of Fish Creek, then to seldom-seen Crater Lake (reported good fishing), where we'll spend our first night. On the second day, we'll bushwhack, mostly above timberline, west to the "State Line Trail" where we'll turn south past some beautiful cirque lakes. We'll drop our packs and ascend Crater Peak, the highest in the Great Burn. We should camp at either Straight or the Siamese lakes on our second night. On day 3, we'll hike down either the West Fork Fish Creek, or the Straight Creek Trail, to our cars. This is a beautiful trip in a relatively little known and much jeopardized RARE II area, teeming with elk and other wildlife. Also very good huckleberrying.
Leaders: Robin and Tom Sewell, P.O. Box 8494, Missoula, MT 59807. Phone: 549-1615. **M**

run·race row

Running

Oct. 2 — *Run for Peace to Stop The Arms Race*, 5-K, 3 P.M. Entertainment follows. P.O. Box 346, Helena, Mt. or call Pat Lopech 442-3662
Sept. 10 — *John Colter Run*, Trident, 587-4415, 7 miles
Sept. 10 — *Whitefish Summer Games*, 5K Run, 862-5169, 5K
Sept. 11 — *Old Settler's Run*, Clyde Park, 686-4685, (2, 5, 8.5 miles)
Sept. 17 — *Lewis and Clark Trails Marathon*, Manhattan, 284-3228, 5K, 10K and marathon
Sept. 24 — *Mt. Helena Run*, Helena, 5.6 miles, 442-4610
Sept. 24 — *Montana Bank Classic*, Bozeman, 10K, 586-3381
Oct. 1 — *Amazing Media Fun Run*, Havre, 265-6796, 5K, 10 K
Oct. 1 — *St. James Community Hospital Ticker Turner*, Butte, 782-8361 ext. 4338 — 5K, 10K
Oct. 2 — *Ogg's Rocky Mountain Run*, Missoula, 10.2 mi, 2.9 mi, 721-3434
Oct. 8 — *Le Grizz Ultramarathon*, Hungry Horse Reservoir, 677-2661 — 50 miles
Oct. 8 — *Montana National Guard*, 10 K Run, Helena
Oct. 9 — *Artesian Wetfoot Run*, Kalispell, 755-5300 ext. 347, 5 K
Oct. 10 — *Big Sky Wind Drinkers Back to Bridger Run*, Bozeman — up to 30 miles, 587-0585
Oct. 15 — *Oktoberfest*, Great Falls, 5K/10K —761-7523
Oct. 29 — *Goblin Chaser*, Great Falls, 5K, 10K —727-0854

Triathlons, Combination Races

Sept. 21 — *Big Sky Wind Drinkers Ride and Tie*, Bozeman. Two persons share one bicycle, 587-0585
Sept. 24 — *Coors-Cellar Run, Row, Ride Rendezvous*, Miles City — 4.1 mile run each (2 runners), 16-mile bike, 9-mile canoe, 232-5160

Bicycling

Sept. 3-5 — *Little Belt, Big Belt Tour*, 260 miles, 454-2912
Sept. 3-5 — *Tour of the Big Horn Mountains*, 300 miles, Billings Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 20043, Billings 59104
Sept. 10-11 — *Whitefish Summer Games Bicycle Stage Race* — 10 mile time trial, 5 mile hill climb, road race, 862-5169
Sept. 10-11 — *The Double Divide Ride*, Helena-Lincoln-Helena — 145 miles — 442-4950
Sept. 10-11 — *Fall Loop of Yellowstone Park*, 158 miles, Gallatin Valley Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 5102M, Bozeman, MT 59715
Sept. 17 — *Great Divide Hill Climb*, Helena, 6.6 miles, 443-2522
Sept. 17 — *Lake Koocanusa Tour*, 120 miles, Libby, Kootenai Valley Cycle Club, P.O. Box 63, Libby, MT 59923
Sept. 17-18 — *Glacier Getaway*, Missoula Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 8903, Missoula, MT 59807
Sept. 24-25 — *Bozeman Fall Festival Races*, Bozeman, Gallatin Valley Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 5102-M, Bozeman, MT 59715
Oct. 2 — *7th Annual Western Montana Hill Climb Championships*, 4 miles, Missoula Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 8903, Missoula, MT 59807
Oct. 10 — *Flathead Lake Snowball Buster*, 95 miles, 20-rider limit, Missoula Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 8903, Missoula, MT 59807
Oct. 15-16 — *Stevensville Overnight Ride*, 65 miles, 20 rider limit, Missoula Bicycle Club, P.O. Box 8903, Missoula, MT 59807

Canoeing

Sept. 10-11 — *Whitefish Summer Games*, Whitefish, 862-5710 **M**

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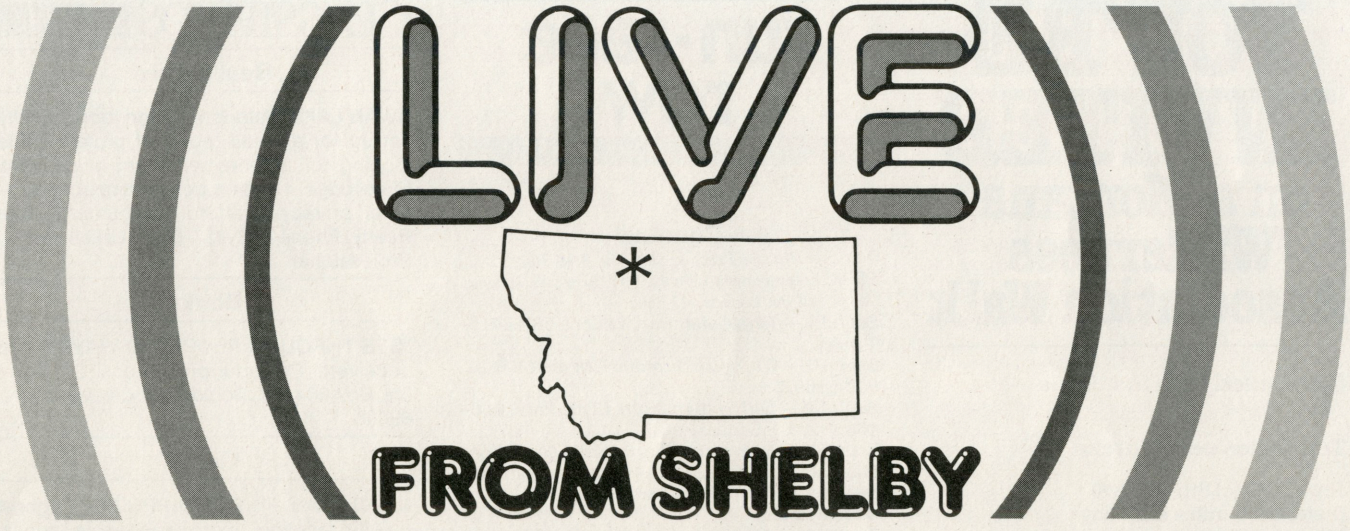


HECTIC, HOMEY SMALL TOWN RADIO

by T.J. Gilles

It was during a car trip from Laurel to New York City with the radio on most of the way that I came to an inescapable conclusion: The call letters may change, but the whole U.S.A. might as well be one big radio station. Within their genres, the stations all play the same songs, and apparently the same jingle companies do all the station logos, changing the call letters and towns but little else.

Things have "progressed" since that trip a few years ago, with many stations now going to an all-bland format with tunes selected and announced by a taped anonymity somewhere in Burbank or L.A. One Billings FM station is part of a radio chain; the equipment at all the chain-owned studios includes a voice- modulating device designed to make all the announcers sound exactly the same. Clones of the airways.

There are, however, still some stations clinging to their own identities, projecting their own personalities and even reflecting the uniqueness of the communities they broadcast to.

For better or worse, KSEN of Shelby easily fits the epitome of such a small-town station -- one of the three station owners turns the transmitter on at 6 a.m., and the majority owner sits down at 8 to read the news; two and a half hours later, disc jockey Joe Daniels (who in real life is Shelby councilman and volunteer fireman Joe Moriarty), reads the day's birthdays and anniversaries off the community calendars from the surrounding five counties before rendering an ear-splitting version of "Happy Birthday" (ending with a falsetto You-who-who-HOOO ...). Sometimes the whole office crew jams the control room to sing along, to the occasional bewilderment of Hutterite brethren who happen to be in the office peddling potatoes.

For the sophisticado or the lover of contemporary music, ("No screaming guitars," is the mandate of majority owner Jerry Black, the morning newser), perhaps it's easy to take potshots at a station like KSEN and dismiss it as bush-league.

On the other hand, it's the only Montana station ever to win a major national journalism honor, a Sigma Delta Chi Award for public service performed during the floods of 1964. With lines down and the roads washed away throughout most of Teton, Toole, Pondera and Glacier counties, KSEN served as the communications center while salesmen and DJs became news hounds -- broadcasting information, locating missing persons and medical supplies well before the arrival of the Red Cross and the National Guard.

The flood also was the stage for a legendary Blackism, when owner Jerry, at one of the emergency centers, said, "We've got two urinals of coffee down here."

Black's morning news show, "Viewing Montana" has won no major or minor journalism awards, but he keeps plugging at it. Because of mental blocks against perfect pronunciation of such words as "aluminum," "debris" (DEB-ris) and even "ewes" (he sometimes says EE-wees) -- and a recurring inability to distinguish such words as "refuge," "refuse" and "refugee," Black's newscasts are sometimes referred to as "Chewing Montana." (particularly appropriate on those days when the ertswhile, high-strung proprietor forgets to eschew his Copenhagen before taking the mike.)

Impish news directors have been known to load the morning's write-up with terms unpronounceable by Black, a perfect gift for hard-core listeners on such holidays as April Fool's. The challenge of working "ewes," "debris," "refugees" and "aluminum" into a single paragraph -- or sentence -- has proven irresistible to many KSEN news writers.

Black has a sense of humor about such things. One March 31st, the lead news story at sign-off was that labor negotiations with KSEN disc jockeys had broken off and a strike was threatening. Next morning, sign-on news featured voices of unknown announcers imported from west of the Divide to replace the departed KSEN -- which was not fired but in Whitefish pulling the same scam on the listeners out there.

The stations had traded jocks as a joke.

Trading (or trade-outs) seemingly are a mainstay of many small stations. Some KSEN company cars have been repo models from advertisers who couldn't pay the bills, and the staff and families enjoy a lavish overnight Christmas party in Great Falls or Edmonton each year while the station blasts out commercials promoting the hotel, restaurant and whoever else helped provide the goods for the blow-out.

Many towns in Montana are too small to support a daily newspaper but big enough for a radio station, and in those cases the station may perform many of the functions of a daily newspaper, everything from

the police beat and city council meetings to obituaries and all the births within the past 24 hours.

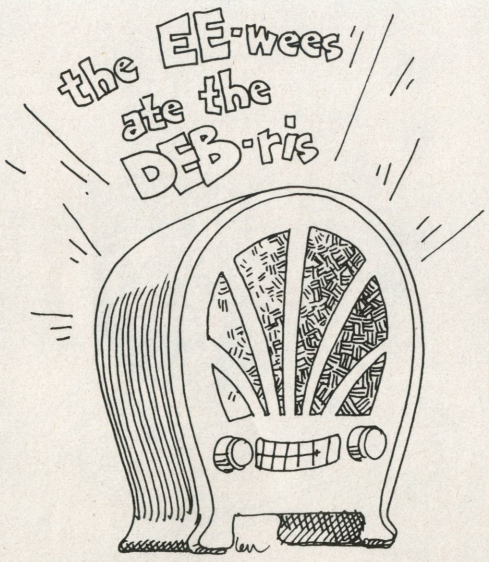
Broadcast journalists at many bigger Montana (and beyond) stations often are of the "rip and read" variety, addicted to the teletype while covering a few of the major events in person. In the bigger markets, many news hounds of the airwaves begin the day by reading the daily paper, then going out to do the "actualities" (interviews) of the sources quoted in the paper.

But there are no dailies covering the Golden Triangle -- that wheat, oil and Minuteman Missile country between Great Falls and the Canadian border. So the one-man news department (who during my stay also acted as sports director and put on the KSEN gopher suit to throw candy to kids lining the streets during parades) is expected to dish out all the stories on the town council meetings within a five-county area while having the results from the wrestling tournaments while being on top of all the latest car wrecks and murders. In a five-county area.

Some radio and TV newsmen -- those who don't re-read the paper and wire as a major source of news--are derogatorily referred to as "ambulance chasers" or "fire-engine followers" in reference to their enthusiastic quest for up-to-the-minute news.

The KSEN newser when I was there, Al Setka, did not need to follow the fire engine. A member of the Shelby Volunteer Fire Department, he'd walky-talky live reports from the running board of Engine No. 1 as the firemen approached the flames.

Al and I made minor-league broadcasting history one day. We did what probably was the first live broadcast of an oil well coming in. One of the local drilling promoters had cut all the office employees in on a well, and they all went out to the rig the day the roughnecks were scheduled to hit the Madison Formation, and presumably oil. They and we babysat the drilling all day, and since the nouveau investors had been acting like successful capitalists and were drinking wine while waiting for the payoff, it wasn't difficult getting some interesting and enthusiastic quotes when the pay zone finally was encountered late in the afternoon. That event presumably has been forgotten by all but the participants, but there are some bona fide broadcasting legends at KSEN. Here are a couple:



Twenty-odd years ago, two rookie announcers had to broadcast a game at Chinook, a couple hours east on Highway 2. They had emptied a fifth of whiskey on the way down, sampled the wares of various Chinook and Havre watering-holes before embarking on the long drive home with another pint. Driving west across the plains, the driver saw the approaching lights of Chester and remarked that he hadn't realized that the town was so big. "It's got the lights of downtown and then up on the hill there's an almost identical set of lights in the big residential district."

Chester has no hill. The driver was informed that he was seeing double. He dutifully made the rest of the trip with a hand over one eye and arrived in Shelby 45 minutes later.

On another occasion, the scheduled play-by-play man for an important game couldn't make it, and as tip-off time approached he finally reached one of his colleagues at a party. Hanging up the phone and grappling with his own wits, the sub high-tailed it to the station to grab a satchel full of transmitting devices and microphones and high-tailed it to Cut Bank, arriving there as the teams were warming up working feverishly against the clock to get all the equipment in place and plugged in before the action started.

Everything made it just under the wire, with the teams lined up for the tip. Without scorebook or program, the announcer opened his broadcast: "Where are we and what's the game?"

Perhaps that should be the motto of KSEN and its sister station, KZIN-FM (dumping ground for surplus sports). Where else can a listener follow the exploits of the Shelby Coyotes, Cut Bank Wolves, Conrad Cowboys, Dutton Cardinals, Sunburst Refiners ... through rain, sleet, gloom of night, football, girls' and boys' basketball, wrestling, track. Not to mention Monday Night Football, the NFL and NCAA playoffs ... the MSU Bobcats ...

"Sports up the waz," as I once said on the air.

So while the big-city disc jockey may have an engineer to run the controls and even cue up the records so the DJ can devote 100 percent concentration to repartee' and voice modulation, the jock at SKEN may be lining up discs and carts, announcing the records and reading the news -- all the while recording a game for tape- delay and simultaneously listening for the first "testing, testing" calls from another sportsman whose game is to be broadcast live in 20 minutes.

And down the hall in one of the cubbyholes used as a commercial production room by day, a high-school kid is doing the same for the FM side. The white KSEN company cars driven by half-a-dozen ad salesmen ply the Golden Triangle (actually, it's shaped more like a trapezoid) bearing red and blue KSEN and CBS logos and are sighted far more frequently than law-enforcement vehicles. Unlike their big-league counterparts, the KSEN sports staff does not consist of washed-up jocks. Most of the games are called by advertising salesmen. The checkered-suit crowd is assigned a quota of games in addition to the duties of meeting ad quotas and showing up for Black's 7 a.m. salesmen's pep rallies every Monday.

So it became somewhat of a cottage industry for a few of us, prey-



ing on recalcitrant ad men who had been assigned some distant game when they wanted to go to the Elks Club that evening. For 10 or 20 bucks, we'd gladly fill in.

That and some heavy tournament action in the area during my one fall and winter in Shelby allowed me to be play-by-play or color person for close to 100 games -- a volume of work that might take four or five years at a bigger, one-team station in Billings or Butte or Missoula.

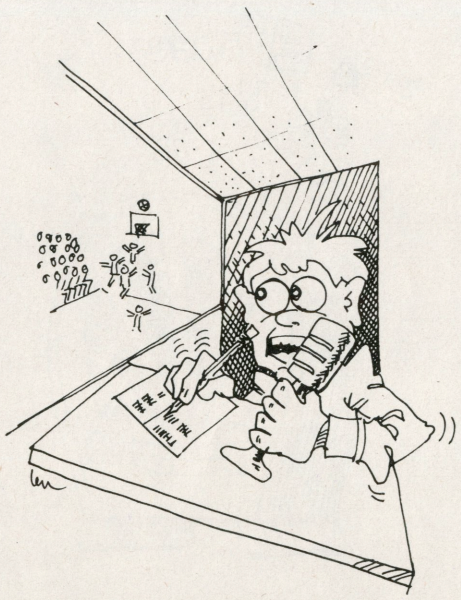
And I did manage to make broadcasting history of a sort. Due to a quirk in scheduling, I ended up being "The Voice of the (Sunburst) Refiners," who had been moved from Class B down to C that year. In the process, I originated the first (and maybe last) play-by-play broadcasts from such locales as Joplin and Kremlin.

I almost literally had to follow the team bus down Highway 2, because with shrinking rural populations, consolidation of schools had become epidemic on the High Line. Rudyard and Hingham had merged into Blue Sky High and other schools had unwieldy names such as Joplin - Inverness and Kremlin - Gildford. Nobody in the the bigger metro areas of the region could tell me which towns had the gyms.

So I did the only sensible thing. I packed my equipment, wife and child into the car and headed east out of Shelby until I found the first gymnasium with a bunch of cars and a bus parked around it. Then I went in to do the game.

Frank Gifford and the like have the advantage of being backed by crews of statisticians plying them with updated numbers throughout the course of the game. I had a mike in one hand and a scorepad in the other and made due. It wasn't too difficult at Joplin. I was sitting in the next-to-last row -- also the third row -- and from there could monitor the official scorekeeper's tally as the game went on. It was also easy to listen to huddles and conduct pre-game interviews -- I just stood up and talked to the coach, who was an arm's length away.

At Kremlin (or was it Gildford?) I was across the gym and thus farther from the action for a game to be taped for broadcast at a more convenient time. It was touchy getting set up on time, adjusting the antenna to whip the signal off the East Butte of the Sweetgrass Hills, uttering a few test words and then loping to the phone in the principal's office to call the station to see if they were hearing me. I



missed part of the intros of the starting five and went to check the starters as the K-G band began the national anthem. I did a double-take. There at attention next to the coach were just three players. I knew it was a small school, but ... then I looked up on the stage; the rest of the team was playing in the band, starting forward on sax, guards in the brass section ...

But don't get me wrong. Some of the gyms in the Class C Highway 2 league may be small to the point of hominess, but not all athletic facilities in the Golden Trapezoid are so quaint.

Shelby, Browning and Cut Bank have gyms bigger than those of many small colleges, and the press and broadcasting booth at Cut Bank is big enough to hold a banquet in. Shelby's, on the other hand, is for hanging coats in or sweating a confession out of a suspect. It's air-tight too, and one had to hang a microphone out through the false ceiling to pick up the crowd noise. It can really get crowded in there when an advertiser comes in to make sure you're reading his live commercial correctly or somebody's Mom or Dad visits to offer diction advice on pronouncing the family name when their kids get in the game.

About the hottest it got was when one tournament game was heading for overtime and some little old lady kept calling on the phone. It's kind of hard to call the fast break while politely advising grandma that she's got the wrong number -- again -- and she's lousing up the broadcast. I presume she thought she was calling Shelly Burman's number.

Despite all the liquor-filled legends of small-town broadcasting, calling the plays in northern Montana can be a very sobering experience. With every player's parents and cousins listening, editorial comments about the quality of play are as unwelcome as screaming guitars.

During one tournament game, one of the area teams was tailing by nine points with 52 seconds left in the game. When they threw the ball out of bounds, I foolishly remarked that the last play may have just about iced up the game for the other guys. The phone board at KSEN lit up worse than if two dozen people all had the winning number on radio bingo. Upon returning to the office, I was told to leave the commentary to Paul Harvey.

So the next day, the same team was in loser-out action and down by 25 early. I completely deadpanned it, befuddled and ignorant as to why the coach would be putting in all the five- foot-one freshmen at this stage of the game ...

In one other game, I perhaps did let some of my biases trickle down. I was sharing a game with another announcer, who kept referring to the Rocky Boy Northern Stars not by school or team name, but simply by race. During time outs and such, I tried as subtly as I could to convince him to call them "the Stars" or "Rocky Boy" instead of just saying "the Indians." He was unrelenting. It was a pretty fast-moving game and I'm sure very difficult to keep up with the action and cast aside old habits at the same time. By half-time, I did manage to get him to quit saying, "circle the wagons" every time Rocky Boy came down on a fast break.

Finally, it was my turn ... "The Indians bring the ball down the court ... and it's stolen by the Caucasians -- the palefaces score!"

As I said, small-town broadcasting does have its pressures that can work on a person every bit as hard as the Arbitron ratings frazzle the nerves of the big-city jock. Final KSEN legend:

After a late Friday night on the town, the head disc jockey is awakened by a call from the Saturday-morning jock, who is distraught: "I'm goin' nuts," he says. "I can't take it any more, not another minute! I'm done, I'm through --"

"Now wait a minute," says the head DJ in his most soothing morning-after voice. "Just get a hold of yourself. We'll talk about it, just take it easy, finish your shift --"

"I'm calling from home." **M**



Teacher's First Day

by Nina Dinwoodie

In the late '40s, following two years residence in Bozeman and one year at Dillon, Montana, son Dan and I had been led, by one strange circumstance after another, to a broad river-valley south of the Flathead's great lake. In Dillon I had attended Western Montana's College of Education. My fellow students had been a mixture of young people straight from high school, some young veterans straight from World War II and a few old gals motivated by the days of teacher shortage and a growing demand for degrees. I belonged to the last category.

Now my first teaching job awaited in a two-room schoolhouse, cornered by the county mail route and a road to the river. Our living quarters would be in the teacherage, a two-room cottage, freshly whitened to match the school.

A few yards from the front door of the teacherage, a cottonwood tree provided shade and a promise of golden splendor by October. Beyond, looking south, were more clumps of cottonwoods sheltering cozy homes, each with its family of farm buildings. A good sniff of valley air confirmed the presence of Herefords.

Dan's older brother, Dave, had donned Navy blues a few days after graduating from Bozeman High. Our two years in Bozeman had won us to the West, in spite of the fact that we could claim no Montana pioneer heritage. I hoped that while teaching history I might be able to refer — casually — to our place of origin in New Jersey where Molly Pitcher had demonstrated woman's right to ramrod a cannon. There too, the Father of Our Country, on meeting his General Lee in full retreat, had said, for the only time on record, a bad word. Of course, some eager learner would want to know the precise word. I didn't know; but even if it were as mildly explosive as my father's favorite, "Oh, thunderation!" bad words would not be a safe subject for classroom discussion. No, something told me, that tide-turning victory around little old Tennent Church, with its hand-made nails and blood-stained pews, could not compete out West with Lewis and Clark and Henry Plummer. I'd better forget it.

This was Labor Day! Why shouldn't I, the teacher, make local history by raising Old Glory on the playground flagpole? While I was in the process of doing so, a pickup bounced around the corner and a big boy in the back yelled, "Hi, you old battle-axe!" At the time I did not wonder what General George would have replied if Lee had called him that. I was too concerned about what on earth you did first day to avoid such incidents. Well, thank heaven for little girls . . . and the little boys who would be mine in the four lower grades. But especially, thank heaven for my high school sophomore son who'd steady me, and for the other son whose letters would soon come from Hawaii.

Next morning, far earlier than need be, *they* began to arrive, wearing spic and span ranch clothes. Faint smiles greeted me from under raised eye brows, or honest stares that somehow recalled my own long-forgotten, first day. When the old wall clock gravely declared school time, I rang the bell. Dillon's most experienced teacher had warned that our future ability to cope depended on that first day. On the front blackboard my unsteady hand managed to print my last name in large letters. It brought a few titters. When I turned around, a boy in a back seat, raised his hand.

"Yes . . . you have a question?"

"What's your first name?"

Miss Sharp in Dillon had not prepared us for that.

I told him and added, "But you are to call me Mrs. Dinwoodie."

Dubious glances were exchanged. Battle axe? Okay! So be it.

"Now we are going to march out to the playground for the flag raising and salute. Form a line at the door. Now, left, right . . . left, right!" Were there any volunteers for flag and salute man? Indeed there were. Scarcely a flaw!

In an attempt at peace and harmony, I had decided to try the very

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British custom of standing in a circle to sing Auld Lang Syne while crossed hands, clasping neighbors', kept an up and down motion. However, Auld Lang Syne would hardly be appropriate for this occasion. Had they all heard the Broadway hit, The Best Things in Life Are Free? Not many. But the few who did remember helped me off to a rocky beginning and everyone chimed in. Hands kept perfect time. By the third repeat, things were loosening up — a little too much. Enthusiasm was deteriorating to chaos.

Well, it was time for distribution of books. Everyone wanted to help. All but four were disappointed. In this fashion, through roll call, assignments, pencil sharpening, rearrangement of desks, this time by class groups, and innumerable questions, we finally arrived at the blessed hour of noon. Dismissal became a stampede for lunch buckets in the hall, and continued to the back playground, where each one had a favorite spot of sun or shade to lounge in, while discovering what Mom had achieved for first day lunch. Was there chocolate milk or plain in the thermos? Any dessert? Pie, maybe? Then it was one o'clock! Back to work!

Ah, but what work? That question was bothering me. Surely the county superintendent would not be out checking up on the first day. An early dismissal might enhance my reputation among the children. But what about parents? According to Miss Sharp each child should have cause for pride in each day's accomplishment. Already I could imagine, or remember, mothers waiting at the door with, "Well, how did it go today?" Kids replying, "Well, teacher told us to go home early."

Right then, through an open window, drifted a faint, familiar warble. East met West in my mind. Here was something Montana and New Jersey shared. Inspiration followed. Each member of the upper grades received a sheet of ruled theme paper. Drawing paper went to my two beginners. On the blackboard What Summer Means To Me replaced my name. There was the title for a nice, full paragraph or two. First graders might just make a nice drawing about summer. The first query concerned who "me" meant. We got that straight.

To my surprise, among the third and fourth grades, faces had gone blank, with one exception. The small, blonde boy in sun-bleached Levis, plaid shirt and run-over cowboy boots sat unmoved, chin in hand. Presently he picked up his pencil, gnawed the eraser thoughtfully, then bent to work, pencil now gripped in writing position. I left him to the envious glances of his classmates and retired to my swivel chair and plan book.

The small cowboy was the first one finished. He brought his paper up to my desk and handed it to me. I had intended reading their themes after dismissal, but there he stood looking me straight in the eye. I put on my glasses.

In a labored scrawl he had written:

I like summer becous it is a helthy time of year and I can go swiming and eat onions right of the garden and put solt on it and eat apples right off the tree and plums off the tree and cherries off the tree and I like to help seed and hay and spread muneer and plow and lisen to the madolark and airgate and fish at Black Lake.

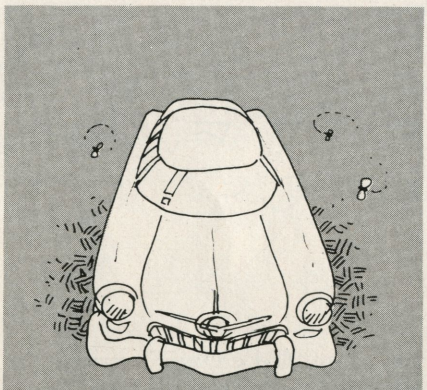
He stood there quietly waiting. I picked up my grading pencil. There was no time for debate. An A- quickly adorned the top right hand corner, in blue. "I like your theme, Arthur. The minus is because of a few misspelled words we'll take care of tomorrow."

He lingered another second, tanned face upturned, gray eyes aglimmer with the beautiful light of awakened genius. The next moment he was gone, pausing only to snatch his flat, black, cowboy hat off its peg in the hall. All at once everyone was in a rush to finish, drop papers on my desk and bolt for the door. I did not call them back to make a mannerly exit, as I would tomorrow. Chores were my portion. By the time they were done and Old Glory, neatly folded, was back in retirement for the night, I could hear the distant rumble of wheels. I locked up and ran.

From the eastward hill, a yellow school bus, with a stop here and there, came easing down to a quiet purring at our gate. The door cracked open and my own big kid in Levis, plaid shirt and work boots swung down. One arm clutched a load of books. From inside the bus a boy's voice called, "See you tomorrow, Dan!" He sprang across the borrow-pit and threw back the gate. The bus was on its way to the river ranches. I held in the "how did it go" until he could dispose of the books and take our water pail to the pump for fresh, cold water. One thing his face had told me already: His first day had been okay.

An early down-draft from the Missions had begun twirling a few leaves on the cottonwood. In every direction blue mountains or dry grass hills made a picture worth painting. I inhaled a deep breath of hay-sweetened air, and was letting it out in a sigh, when, from a near fence post, sounded again the lilting, liquid hallelujah of our "maddolark." **M**

Requiem for a Land Shark



When town kids were cruising the drag, we were chasing rabbits in our patched-up Studebaker

by Gene Colling

When farm boys are born, they first bond with their mothers. Next, they bond with machinery. At least that's what happens most of the time. I bonded with my mother just fine, but machinery rejected me.

The first machine that took me for a ride was our one-size-fits-all-five-kids bicycle. When I thought I was ready to learn how to ride, it was two sizes too big. If I sat on the seat, my feet dangled four inches above the pedals, so I had to ride straddling the top tube. It was a good way to learn grace under pressure.

My riding path went up the gravel lane for a slow, tight turn around and then headed back on a speed run for a wide turn around in the yard. Riding on the straightaways wasn't hard to master. It was the turns that took skill. Guided by more nerve than skill, I rode faster and faster on the speed run.

One of the things you learn in life, sometimes painfully, is that there are all kinds of things that set limits. Parents, schools, laws, religion, the hog fence. I hit that fence head on going flat out because I couldn't make the turn. A pig pen isn't a pretty sight when you think it's going to be your last. Instead of dying, I was hurled into the air, did a full somersault, and slid across the pen like I was stealing a base. Hysteria comes naturally to pigs and my acrobatics triggered a mass attack. They each ran off ten pounds before they calmed down.

My older brother, Fred, bonded closely with machinery, and whether he was backing a wagon into the granary, mowing hay along a fence line, or pulling the grain seeder, he did it with the precision of a natural born wheelman.

When it came to tractor driving, I had the touch of a demolition derby driver. I made my mark the first time I got the job of pulling the tooth harrow with the big tractor. My foot slipped off the clutch at the end of the field, so I kept going and ripped out 30 feet of the neighbor's fence. It took about five acres of his hay field to get turned around, and instead of coming back through the same gap, I cut another swath out of the fence.

Fred's relationship with machinery changed profoundly when puberty hit him. He got seduced by cars. He fell in love with them no matter what color they were or what shape they were in. He didn't care how many miles they had on them, or even if they had been abused by others. He just wanted one to call his own and he pursued them passionately. As his infatuation grew, he scoured the countryside to find one that was unattached. For months he never got lucky.

Gene Colling is a freelance writer from Missoula.

Then on a Saturday in late summer, Dad, Fred, and I went to Anderson's Junk Yard to get some angle iron. To a farmer, angle iron was a magic elixir that could cure a thousand mechanical ailments. Dad was fond of saying that if you gave a farmer angle iron, baling wire, and a big enough hammer, he could fix anything. While Dad picked out the choice pieces, Fred and I wandered down the rows of rusted, busted, and dismembered combines, cars, tractors, appliances and trivia junk.

Fred saw it first, wedged between an eroding Massey-Harris self-propelled combine and a stripped John Deere tractor. It was a green, 1949 Studebaker Commander coupe. The moment he saw it, Fred looked like he had been struck by the warm, white light of love.

That light didn't shine on me when I first saw it. To me, it looked like a battered shark that had crawled out of the sea and beached itself on this dry land junk yard. Now, it was slowly returning to the elements.

Fred quickly checked its vital signs: side and rear windows broken out, 165,000 miles, three flat tires, no muffler, no back seat, no radio, no clutch. But the engine looked intact.

Fred overlooked the abuse and was convinced he had found that special one. With a burst of bravado he announced, "Hey, I could fix this easy."

My main role in life, at that time, was bursting his bubbles, so I told him, "This car looks like a dead, puke green shark to me."

Normally, he would have given me a punch in the arm, but this time he ignored my wiseacre comment and ran to get Dad to take a look at the Studebaker. Our father was the kind of man who said, "Oh Phshaw," when he was as angry as he ever got and "We'll see" when he was as en-

thusiastic as he ever got about one of our requests. He took a long look at the car while Fred begged. When he had thought it all over, he said, "If you boys can fix it up, we can use it to haul gas and parts out to the fields. We'll see what he wants for it."

Work was the last thing we would have thought of to use it for, but he had said the magic words of "we'll see" and we knew we could squeeze a lot of fun out of it.

Old Man Anderson ran his sprawling operation out of a combination country store and indoor junk yard. You could usually find him holding court on a battered milk can next to the pot belly stove.

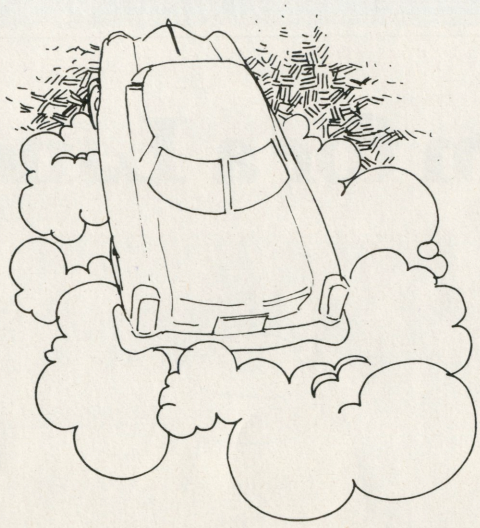
He was the kind of person you remember as always looking the same. His hair and moustache turned white when he was in his 20s, and for the rest of his life he looked like Mark Twain in bib overalls. He never sold any junk without giving the buyer its complete background.

Aiming a plug of Beechnut chewing tobacco at a battered bucket with a rusted out bottom, he told the car's story. "That Studebaker belonged to Alvin Schneider who farms the old Ferguson place north of town. Now, he bought it from his brother-in-law who moved out to California. You remember him, he's the one who came back for a visit last summer and wore sunglasses in church and those funny looking flowerdy shirts, and told everybody that he said hello to Burt Lancaster in a grocery store. Ol' Alvin's a nice enough fella and he kept that car between the ditches, but he's awfully hard on his equipment. Why, I got practically a whole row of his stuff out there. If you think that car'll do you any good, I'd take twenty-five dollars for it."

Dad said, "It's a deal," and we dragged it into the cattle truck. For the next two weeks, Fred's feet stuck out from beneath the car while I handed him angle iron, baling wire, and an ascending order of hammers. While Fred hammered, I decided to give the car some personality. I got the idea from pictures of World War II fighter planes. With some left-over white fence paint, I drew shark teeth on the sides of both front panels.

On a starless, sultry night, Fred finished the surgery. When he dropped in a recharged tractor battery and turned over the engine, it coughed to life. The clutch screeched like a scratched blackboard, but the Studebaker roared out of the machine shed transformed into a rakish land shark.

After a couple of spins around the yard, Fred drove through the shelter belt and we blasted into the freshly combined oat field that bordered the home place. The thunderous growl of



the unmuffled engine drowned out anything except shouts. Wind caterwauled through the broken windows and added to the din when we picked up speed.

Fred pulled the light switch and a cross-eyed beam lit a narrow arc in front of the shark. Suddenly, the light flashed on a jackrabbit that sat for a moment paralyzed by the noise and light, then rocketed out of its bed.

"Let's chase it!" I screamed.

Fred slammed the column shift into third gear and floored the accelerator. The clutch let out a metallic scream and the engine spit and sputtered. We could barely keep the crazy-legged jackrabbit in the light beam as it led us on a zig-zag chase across the field. It had a 20-yard lead when it got to the fence next to the shelter belt and escaped inside. Fred expertly threw the car into a slide, shifted into second gear, gunned the engine, and negotiated a perfect 180 degree turn.

Adrenalin was pumping through me. "Let me drive it one time," I yelled.

Fred's look from the corner of his eyes told me that he knew better. But the excitement of the chase had altered his normally good judgment, so he yelled back, "OK, but don't ride the clutch. It's barely grabbing."

I took the wheel and the car lunged forward, stopped, then lunged again as I tried to get the gas pedal and clutch coordinated. Fred's face was frozen into a grimace. We hiccupped along for awhile until I gave it more gas and less clutch. I began to drive in random circles, peering into the narrow slit betwen the top of the dash and the steering wheel.

"There's one!" Fred yelled as a dust-colored jackrabbit streaked across the light beam.

Jackrabbits are born to run and they have no peer in the open field. First it zigged, then zagged, then spun and doubled back. The shark lurched from side to side or bounced up and down depending on the choreography between the car and the rabbit. I made so many turns, I had no idea where I was.

Then the jack changed tactics and made a straight run. I shifted into third gear, held the pedal to the floor, and we gradually cut down the lead. The gap narrowed to 25, 20, then to 15 yards. Without breaking stride, the jack leaped through the strands of the neighbor's fence which seemed to materialize from nowhere.

"Stop! Fence!" Fred screamed.

"No brakes!" I yelled back as the pedal flopped to the floor.

"Pump them, pump them!"

"Thud, thud, thud" went the brakes.

The shark took a five-foot bite out of the fence. We rolled to a stop in the neighbor's hayfield and I had a feeling that I had been here before. Wire was wrapped around the bumper and shreds hung from the painted shark teeth. The engine was still running, but it sounded like it was trying to chew what it had just bitten.

"Why didn't you stop?" Fred bellowed, with an eye roll for emphasis.

I pumped the pedal several times and each time it thunked against the floor board. I looked over at Fred who looked a little sheepish. "I guess I forgot to put in the brake fluid," he admitted.

Our first concern was getting the fence fixed before the wrong people found out about it. We camouflaged it as well as we could and crept back the next two nights to finish the job. Each night, jackrabbits jumped into the lights and taunted us to chase them. It took a lot of will power to hold the shark back.

The incident made it clear that neither the fence, the car, nor Fred and I could stand any more of this kind of fun. After that, we used the car to rod around the yard and along the tractor paths out to the fields. But even then, it never had an easy mile. Every start was punctuated with flying gravel and dust, and every turn had a fishtail flare. It always roared; it never purred. And it lived on a diet of recycled tractor oil.

The end came two years later on a day in mid-July. Fred had the shark going flat out along a tractor path carrying a load of twine out to the baler. Dust boiled into the sky and the engine growled into the wind. Without slowing, Fred barrelled down a ravine and the shark soared into the air when it came up the other side. In mid air, three pistons disintegrated and the engine innards hemorrhaged.

The shark was dead before it hit the ground. **M**

THE MONTANA HIGHWAY PATROL



From Wild West Beginnings Come Our Modern Riders of the Purple Sage

by Lee Graves

Lee Graves is a member of the Montana Highway Patrol. He lives at Hardin.

Montana's first organized law enforcement effort began in Bannack and Virginia City during the fall and bitter cold winter of 1863-64. Road agents led by Bannack Sheriff Henry Plummer and two of his deputies, Ned Ray and Buck Stinson, had terrorized townspeople with murder and robbery. Citizens working to establish schools and churches became so alarmed by the violence of the gold camps that they formed Vigilante groups. These Vigilantes sprang up simultaneously in both towns during the third week of December, 1863. Plummer, Ray and Stinson were their first victims. They died by hanging on January 10, 1864. Before the Vigilantes disbanded, 32 men were hanged, while an unknown number fled the Territory to escape a similar fate.

Today, we are reminded of Montana's first law enforcement effort when we see the numbers that appear on the colorful shoulder patch of the Montana Highway Patrol. The numbers, 3-7-77 are said to be the same ones that were tacked by the Vigilantes to the doors or tent flaps of suspects to warn them of impending arrest. The meaning of those numbers is still a mystery.

When the Vigilantes' work was complete, law and order in Montana were once again back in the hands of the local sheriff or town marshall.

As Montana counties were created between 1863 and 1925, additional problems for law enforcement developed. Since the sheriff's jurisdiction was restricted to the county, a statewide law enforcement agency called the Montana Highway Patrol was organized by the 1934 State Legislature "to regulate the flow of traffic in and through the State of Montana." Jurisdiction was to include major crimes, and any crimes committed in the presence of the patrol officer, as well as the enforcement of the laws relating to vehicle registration and the regulation of drivers.

On May 25, 1935, 22 men were sworn in at the Capitol by Governor Frank Cooney. Of the 22 men, seven were issued motorcycles and were known as the Flying Squad. They were present at fairs, parades, wherever large crowds were expected. The remaining 15 men were stationed around the state in the larger cities, now known as duty stations.

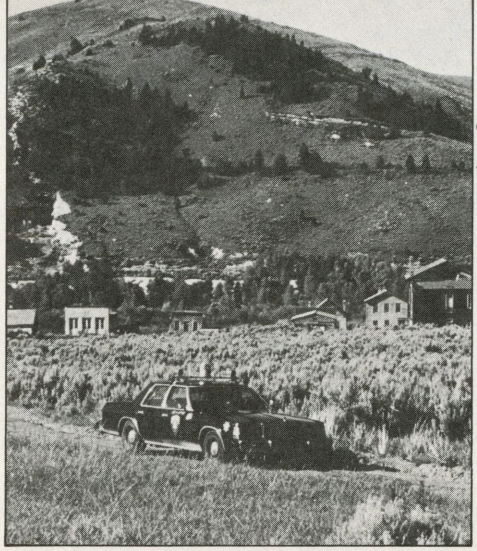
From 1935 to the present, the Montana Highway Patrol has evolved into one of the most efficient and effective traffic law enforcement systems in the United States. Today, the patrol boasts 200 sworn officers, 42 of them uniformed supervisory personnel and 158 traffic patrolmen.

Montana has 147,138 square miles. The 56 counties cover just about any kind of terrain one can imagine, from Flathead Lake to the snow-capped Beartooths to part of the Great American Desert in Eastern Montana. Since Montana Highway Patrol jurisdiction extends to any public street or highway in the state, it is not uncommon to see a patrol car at the Custer Battlefield, at the ghost town of Bannack or up a lonely gravel road in the Kootenai.

During 1981, the Montana Highway Patrol investigated 9,534 traffic accidents, issued 135,212 citations, sold 4,382 trip and special fuel permits, inspected 470 trucks and/or trailers bearing livestock and traveled 5,248,804 miles. The following scenario describes the average day of a traffic officer.

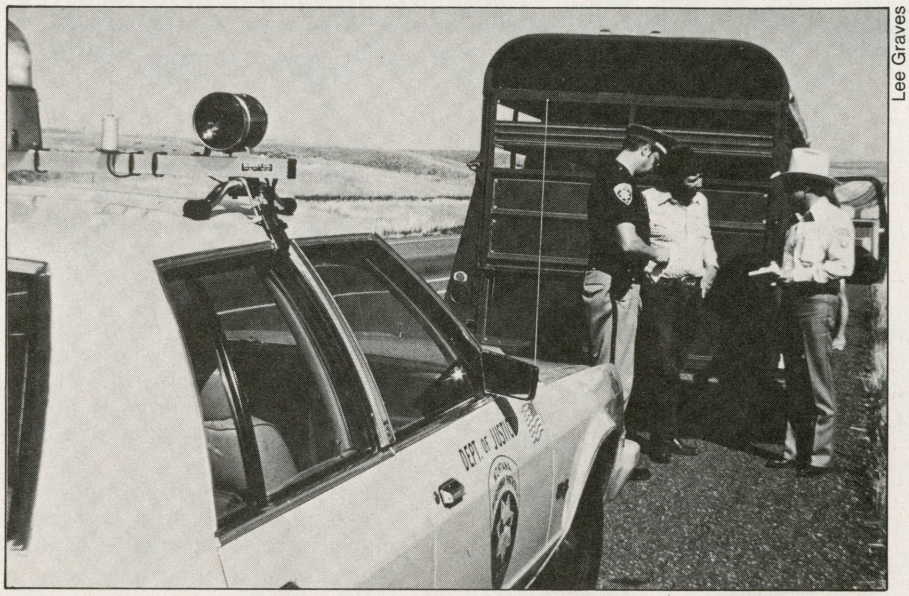
The schedule, made up monthly by the post sergeant, showed 8 a.m.-5 p.m. on this particular winter's day. At home, the alarm clock rang at 7:10 a.m., 50 minutes before the patrolman would check in with the dispatcher at the sheriff's office. He grabbed a quick shower, shaved and teased the kids. He skipped breakfast -- trying to lose 15 pounds. Before long he'd be sipping hot coffee. His wife kissed him at the door on her way to work. At 7:57 he checked in 10-8 (on duty subject to call). At 8:02 the dispatcher sent him to the truck stop to sell a trip permit to an incoming trucker who found the port of entry closed.

At 8:13 the officer drove to the sheriff's office where he enjoyed a quick cup of coffee and checked the radio and teletype log for any noteworthy activity from the previous night. He made note of an attempt to locate a '71 VW bug possibly traveling through his area -- the driver needed to be notified of a death. He was back on the road at 8:35. Before he left the parking lot he checked the calibration of his radar with a tuning fork and entered the time in his daily logbook in case a defense attorney should ask for it if one of his



Lee Graves

Bannack, where it all began — Today's highway patrol is the descendant of Montana's first law enforcement agency, the Vigilantes. Officers are not limited to highways, and may be seen patrolling mountain roads and remote towns.



Lee Graves

speeding citations was contested in court.

Traffic was light as he headed north on the two-lane state primary highway toward a small town 30 miles away. Cattle rustling had caused serious losses recently, so he was on the lookout for such activities. About eight miles out of town, he noticed an oncoming pickup with out-of-county plates pulling a horse trailer. As it passed the patrol car, the officer observed two cowboys inside and one horse in the trailer. Moving a horse across a county line without the proper brand information can bring a $50 fine.

The patrolman, making a quick decision, checked the roadway ahead and the rearview mirror for approaching traffic so he could safely make a u-turn. No siren this time -- the sudden wail might spook the horse and provoke the owner as well. He turned on the red and blue pursuit lights and the pickup stopped. The driver emerged just as the patrolman switched his red and blue lights to the amber "caution" indicator. "Good morning," the patrolman said, intending to tell the driver in the next breath why he'd been stopped. "I wasn't speeding was I officer?" asked the driver cautiously. "No sir, you were only doing fifty-seven miles per hour," the officer stated. "I stopped you to check your horse papers." The patrolman, inspection book in hand, followed the driver to his pickup. "I sure appreciate you guys doing this," the driver said. "It might stop some of the rustling around the country." "I sure hope so," the officer replied. "Rustling has been pretty bad lately." After the patrolman recorded the proper information on the inspection slip, the driver thanked him, which is not at all uncommon.

At 9:10 a.m. his radar beeped and showed a speed of 70 m.p.h. in the readout window on the front of the unit. As the officer reached up to push the red "lock" button on the radar to lock the vehicle's speed he noticed that the violator was a truck-trailer pulling a semi-trailer. With the possibility of wandering livestock or vehicles suddenly entering this highway from a side road, his speed would not give him time to avoid an accident. As the truck approached, the officer turned on his red and blue lights. The semi-driver braked and pulled over. "Good morning, sir," the officer said. "You are doing 70 miles per hour on radar. May I see your driver's license, registration and log book?" "Seventy, why my truck won't go that fast," the driver replied. "I was only in twelfth gear and my tach was only showing 2,500."

"I have your speed locked on the radar, and besides, the radar took two readings. Let's step back to my car for a minute. I'd hate to get us both run over out here," said the patrolman.

As they silently walked back to the patrol car, the officer thought to himself that this ticket would probably be a hard one to sell. "Here's your speed, sir," stated the officer pointing to the radar unit. "Okay," replied the driver as he showed the officer his registration. After the officer wrote out the citation and checked the driver's logbook, he told the driver that the bond set by the judge is $20. The driver gave the officer the bond money (which is given to the Justice of the Peace when the officer files the ticket at court), and the officer wrote a receipt on the ticket. They visited for a couple of minutes, then the truck driver got out of the patrol car, thanking the officer. "Have a good day," the officer replied, smiling about whether the driver really meant to thank him or whether this was just a polite habit. The officer turned around in a farm driveway and resumed his northbound patrol.

Reaching over he called his sergeant on the radio. The sergeant suggested that they meet up for a minute since he had some notes from the monthly captain's meeting to discuss, and a winter shirt for him from his last uniform issue. Their plans were interrupted by a radio call from the local dispatcher:

"There is a two-vehicle accident five miles north of the city with two serious injuries." The officer sped to the accident scene. As he approached, he observed that a semi-truck and a car had run head-on into each other. The patrolman switched his overhead lights from red to amber and reported to the dispatcher that he was 10-97 (arrived at the accident scene). The

dispatcher acknowledged his transmission and also advised him that the helicopter ambulance was on its way.

As the patrolman left his car, he was met by a man from a nearby farmhouse who told him there were two injured people, one of them hurt seriously. The officer radioed this information to the dispatcher who in turn passed it on to the helicopter ambulance. The sergeant reported that he was only four miles north of the accident scene and that he would be there soon. The officer requested a wrecker since the car was blocking one lane of traffic. The semi was on its right side in the ditch. The officer grabbed his first-aid kit, and stopped to assist the truck driver who was sitting up with blood from a scalp laceration covering part of his face. He was holding his arm as if it were broken. The officer asked the truck driver if he and the other injured man were the only two people involved. The driver replied, "Yeh. He just came across the centerline at me on that curve. We both weren't going all that fast either."

The officer went on to the man lying on the ground and noticed that his breathing was labored and shallow. He ran back to his patrol car, got his wool blanket and laid it over the still-unconscious man. After asking the farmer to make sure the victim remained immobile, he radioed his sergeant to park 100 feet north of his own car to block traffic. With traffic from both directions now stopped, the helicopter landed, bringing with it a flight nurse who requested a full-length backboard for the prostrate victim. The pilot ran to the helicopter and returned with the board. Several people assisted in lifting the unconscious man to the board, with the patrolman holding his head to gently apply traction. Securely strapped, he was loaded into the waiting helicopter. The truck driver's arm was placed in a splint, and a compress put on his scalp wound. He was assisted to the front seat of the helicopter by the two patrol officers.

As the helicopter ambulance took off, the patrolman knew that his work had just begun. He would have to take measurements of skid marks and note final positions of vehicles, gather statements from witnesses, record vehicle information, interview both drivers and fill out a state accident report. He would not be able to begin for another hour or two since the wrecker was just arriving and the driver would need assistance to block traffic.

Four Hours Later ...

The patrolman glanced at his watch as he walked out of the hospital, interviews finally finished. "It's 3:30 Sarge."

"Yah, let's grab a bite of lunch," the sergeant replied. "What do you mean lunch? I haven't even had breakfast yet," the patrolman reminded him.

An hour later, after the two had grabbed a hamburger, the sergeant headed north to his home station; snow was just beginning to fall in huge, wet flakes. The mountains surrounding the valley were already socked in. The patrolman took a deep breath and appreciated the silent beauty. He would be lucky to be home by suppertime with the weather the way it was.

So goes a day in the life of an average patrolman -- no television glory. Hours are long, and there's always the possibility of missing Christmas with his family, his son's birthday party or his wedding anniversary. Yet despite the stress and problems, very few patrolmen quit their job.

The average officer in the Montana Highway Patrol is 38 years old. He is married and has two children. His formal education includes a year or two of college. Perhaps he is one of the few with a degree. The qualifications include: 20-40 vision or better, corrected to 20-20; minimum height of 5'6" with weight proportionate to height; a high school education or equivalent. He must be 22 to 35 years old when he joins the force, and be a Montana resident. The basic patrol academy of 640 hours gives the patrolman a broad view of law enforcement.

Unofficially, the Montana Highway Patrolman is a state livestock inspector, fish and game warden, scaleman and GVW (Gross Vehicle Weights) officer, state fire marshall, Public Service Commission officer, and serves in most of these capacities on a daily basis. Accident investigation and reconstruction also take up much of the patrolman's time.

The Vigilantes were organized to rid the territory of criminals, a simple and basic premise. Today, however, law enforcement in the "territory" has evolved into such a complex operation that the old Vigilantes would hardly recognize it. In the old days a man could qualify as a lawman by being quick with a six-gun and by accepting the badge. Today many patrolmen work their entire careers without so much as drawing their weapons except during target practice. Psychology has replaced fists, and one must be able to diffuse a situation verbally. The Montana Highway Patrolman rides in an air-conditioned St. Regis or Diplomat instead of on a sure-footed horse; and if Plummer, Stinson and Ray were captured today, the news would be statewide over IMN Radio in a matter of minutes.

Despite vast differences, however, law enforcement creed has not been eroded by the passage of time. The 3-7-77 on the shoulder patch of today's highway patrol still indicates concern for the safety and lives of Montanans. **M**



DOG DETECTIVES



Steve Velaski

CASCADE COUNTY'S K-9 ACADEMY

by Mike Dennison

On a balmy summer evening 12 years ago, a young couple was sitting in a Volkswagen parked beside a country road near Monarch when they heard strange noises in the brush. The driver switched on his headlights to see the figure of a man silhouetted on the roadway.

Twenty-one-year-old Stephen Boyer immediately started the car and hit the gas. The figure suddenly disappeared, but as Boyer drove past where he'd seen the man, shots rang out. A .30-30 bullet entered the rear of the Volkswagen, pierced Boyer's lung and lodged in his liver. Seconds later, he was dead.

Investigators of the murder had a suspect, but searched for two days without finding a trace of the rifle that had fired the fatal shot. Not until the third day was it found.

The rifle had been stuck muzzle-first into a bog near the Dry Fork of Belt Creek, and was completely buried. "Fang," the "investigator" who found the weapon, was a young German shepherd.

Fang belonged to Cascade County sheriff's deputy Les Bobier. Bobier had trained Fang, and has trained scores of other police dogs and their handlers from throughout the western states. He is chief trainer at a school that few people outside of law enforcement know of: the Cascade County K-9 Academy.

For as much as $6,500, a pre-trained police dog can be purchased from a kennel, probably in California. For $1,500, a handler and his dog eat, sleep and learn at the K-9 Academy for 14 weeks. Courses are held once in the fall and once in the spring. Academy graduates will be able to track a lost child in the wilderness, flush a hiding burglar out of a building, discover evidence at a crime scene, control a crowd or stop a fleeing criminal without firing a shot. The academy is housed in an inconspicuous, one-story building just off U.S. Highway 89, about six miles south of Belt.

The academy was conceived as a hybrid of a city-oriented training school in Baltimore, Maryland, and a dog-training center run by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Innisfail, Alberta. Keith Wolverton, a deputy with the Cascade County sheriff's office, was trained in Baltimore, and passed on his knowledge to Bobier. Bobier then picked up more skills at Innisfail, and the sheriff's department decided to start its own program.

Sheriff Glenn Osborne said the department thought it could fill a void in this country by starting a training center adapted to the needs of the West.

"There was nothing else similar in the nation to the program here, and I don't know of any yet," he said.

More often than not, the feats of the academy's graduates are its best advertising.

In Helena, the Lewis and Clark County sheriff's office was considering inducting a K-9 unit into its ranks. Sheriff Chuck O'Reilly felt a trained dog would be useful in his large and primarily wooded county. Bobier and another Great Falls handler, Deputy Mike Jaraczeski, were in Helena giving a demonstration on the dogs when the sheriff was called about a missing woman. She had left her children in a parked car near Helena's airport and wandered off into the snow. Within 15 minutes, Jaraczeski's dog Sam found her lying in a snowdrift, about three-fourths of a mile from her car.

"That really got the program going," said Lewis and Clark County deputy Larry Clifford, who eventually attended the academy and became the department's dog handler.

Despite the initial enthusiasm, Clifford ran into problems when he and his German shepherd, "Duke," began work on the force.

Clifford said he confronted two extreme attitudes: Deputies either expected the dog to find everything, or had no faith in it at all. "It was terribly frustrating at first, because we couldn't live up to anyone's expectations. We had to concentrate on catching people to prove ourselves."

At a Helena medical clinic, Clifford and Duke were called to search the

building after a silent alarm went off. City police had immediately sealed off the building but could find no one inside. The dog began tracking from where the break-in occurred, stopped at a door leading outside and started barking. Police assured Clifford it was impossible that any intruder had escaped because they had been standing guard only a few seconds after the alarm went off. The dog reran the scent, and again stopped at the same door. Clifford let Duke outside, and the dog went directly to a stairwell leading to a basement floor. The burglar was hiding in the dark shadows of the stairwell, and was caught with a supply of drugs he'd stolen from the clinic.

Aside from numerous "finds," dogs also can help in crime-solving by connecting evidence with the criminal. At the Lewis and Clark County Fairgrounds one summer, Clifford was investigating a car break-in, during which a pistol and a purse containing some cash were stolen from the car. Clifford apprehended what he thought were two suspects: two men whose car had broken down as they were trying to drive out of the parking lot. Yet he couldn't place them at the crime scene, so no arrest could be made. Clifford used Duke to follow a scent from the vandalized car, and was led to the men's old parking spot. When confronted with the evidence, they confessed to the crime, and the pistol was found buried nearby.

Although dogs have been used in police work in Europe for about 100 years, and for almost 30 years in this country, they still have many undiscovered talents. "The dogs continue to surprise us with their capabilities," said Sheriff Osborne, a former dog handler. At times, the dogs will even outsmart their trainers.

Deputy Paul Smith of Great Falls, who has worked with his German shepherd "Chance" for some time, was dispatched last fall to track a man who fled from his abandoned car after a high-speed chase through the city. Chance tracked the driver to a nearby house and began barking. As Smith stood on the porch at about 3 a.m., he heard a baby crying inside. He led the dog away, thinking Chance had followed the wrong track and awakened the baby. Several hours later, the driver was arrested at a Great Falls hospital when he brought in his infant daughter for treatment. She had been injured in the chase while riding in the car, and further investigation showed that the driver had been hiding inside the house with the crying child while Smith and Chance stood outside on the porch.

"Handlers try to guess, to think for the dog," Smith said, "which can be a big problem."

A similar dilemma confronted Clifford — one he didn't entirely understand until six months after it happened.

Clifford had joined a search party in the Bitterroot Mountains along the Idaho-Montana border just west of Lolo Pass. A New England man's car had been found abandoned off to the side of U.S. 12, and the man's rifle turned up a few days later at a Missoula pawn shop. Clifford and his dog struggled through three to four feet of snow before coming to a cave. Duke sat down at the cave's mouth and began to growl. Being alone, Clifford decided against plunging into the cave.

Six months later, the duo was in an evening search party looking for a woman whose car was found abandoned near Marysville north of Helena. Helicopters had combed the area with no luck, but the following morning it took Duke about 30 minutes to find her. She had committed suicide and was lying in some brush underneath a log. When Duke discovered the body, he reacted in a way Clifford had seen only once before: He sat down and growled.

Clifford rushed to call Missoula authorities, who found the cave at Lolo Pass and dug out some bits of clothing, a belt and some other personal items. But no link could be made to the missing man from New England. The case remains unsolved, and he was never found.

"The trick is learning how to understand all that," Clifford said of Duke's reaction.

Scent picked up by a tracking dog is produced by minute particles of human skin, sweat or other substances from clothing or the body. If a person is fleeing or moving quickly, the scent comes off faster. Cool, moist weather is best for tracking because it "holds" the scent longer. Hot sun burns it off, and a summer track on the cement sidewalks or streets of a city is the most difficult trail.

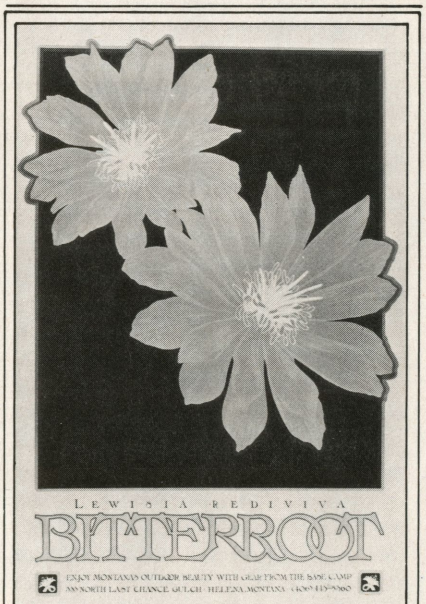
"A half-hour-old track in the city is tough," says Smith. "Grass and snow hold scent much better."

On a cold, blustery October day several years ago near Beauleau Lake in British Columbia, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police dog struck out into snowy, rugged terrain after a lost hunter who had wandered into the thick brush surrounding the lake, and was reported lost just before 6 p.m. About two hours later, in the dark, the dog picked up a track even though the hunter's steps had been obliterated by blowing snow. The hunter had been walking in circles, and his crosstracks distracted the dog several times. Nevertheless, after a three-mile, hour-long search, the hunter was found. He had injured his leg, and it took almost two hours to bring him back over windfall, heavy brush and rockslides to the patrol car. He had been lost for nine hours.

The dogs trained at the R.C.M.P. academy at Innisfail are known for their tracking ability, fostered by rigorous obedience training, while K-9 Academy dogs from Montana are more independent and thus better at searching.

With a multitude of success stories to their credit, graduates of the Montana academy are one of the biggest search and rescue resources we have in this state, according to Clifford.

Dogs from Great Falls are called out on searches throughout the state, and sometimes beyond. The department occasionally turns down a request to help, but in the words of Sheriff Osborne, "It's awful hard to say 'no' when someone has a missing child . . ." **M**



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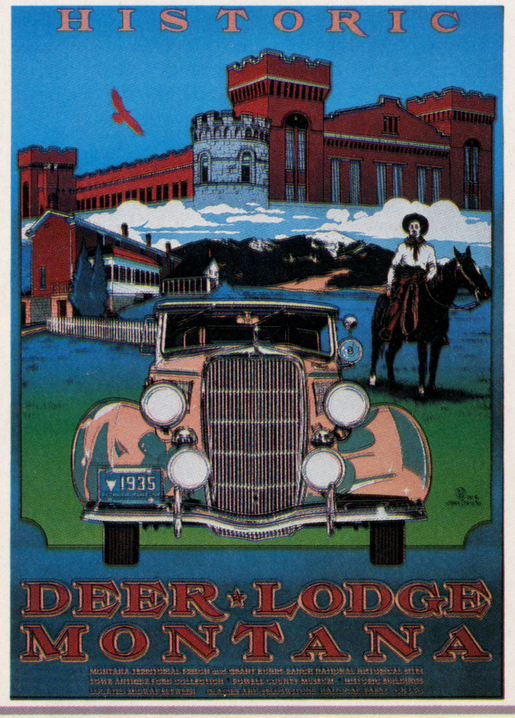
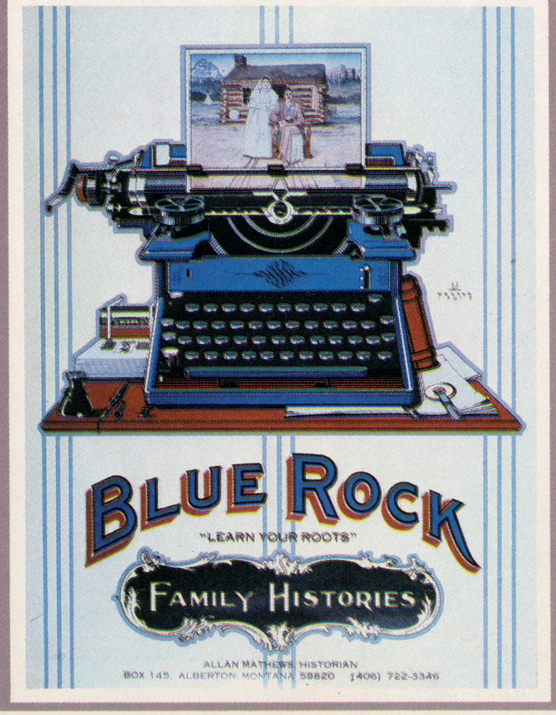




WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE OF MONTANA'S STRUGGLING ARTISTS BECOMES SO SUCCESSFUL THAT HE MIGHT HAVE TO LEAVE?

by Annette M. Taylor

In the nine years that Missoula's Monte Dolack has been working full time as an artist, he has designed and illustrated more than 100 posters for businesses, special events, non-profit organizations, politicians, county and state fairs, rock and roll bands and films. He has brushed against power, attaining notoriety, primarily in the Northwest.

His most famous poster probably is the one of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in a scene from the movie "To Have and Have Not," designed to advertise the Crystal Theatre in Missoula owned by his friend and business partner, Joe Staats. Other clients have included the Portland International Film Festival, Blue Rock Family Histories in Alberton, the national Victory for the Whales campaign, the city of Deer Lodge, the expedition firm of Alternative Treks in Nepal, and the American independent films, Heartland and Return of the Secaucus Seven.

Through his and Staats' efforts, Dolack's posters are being seen and sold in stores throughout the Northwest and in New York City and Los Angeles. Montanans have sent Dolack posters as gifts to friends throughout the country. Dolack has heard that his Crystal Theatre poster is hanging in a restaurant in Paris.

Two of his posters were featured in the 1981 Regional Design Annual of the national graphic design magazine, Print. One page out of nearly 200 in the book was reserved for the "Rest of the West" — specifically, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada.

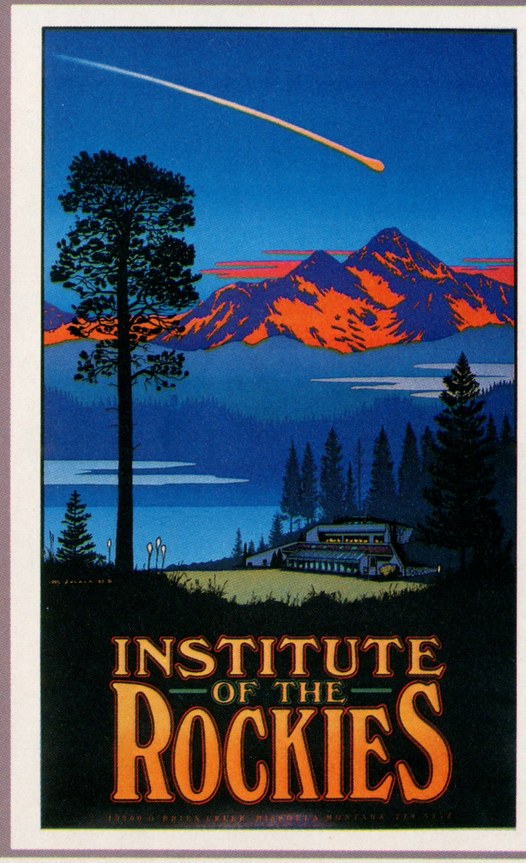
The editor's opinion about graphic artists in the Rocky Mountain region was that it was "remarkable [that] they can do work of any quality . . . given the nature of the clients at hand." Yet some are doing "interesting and even exciting things while working out of such unlikely places as Missoula . . ."

Dolack dismisses the ignorance and haughtiness of the major leaguers with a relaxed smile. If he had begun his career in a major city, "I might have been relegated to a paste-up job and wouldn't have been able to get the multi-faceted experience in lettering, type, design, illustration, photography, and production."

A first-generation Montanan, Dolack was introduced to "real paintings," he says, at the Charlie Russell Museum located a few blocks from his childhood home in Great Falls.

Dolack dreamed of a "fine-art heaven, living in a cabin on Flathead Lake," isolated with his own dreams. "That's what you're supposed to do if you're an artist in Montana." But having grown up in a lower-middle class, hard-working family, he realized the practicalities: Landlords generally do not accept paintings in lieu of rent payments.

A high school teacher introduced Dolack to a possible compromise, showing him elaborate, psychedelic posters announcing rock concerts and festivals, peace and protest marches. Although few people recognized it at that time in the early 1960s, the posters were in the tradition of the 19th century Parisian classics of commercial advertisements in a fine art form. Commercial art didn't have to be, as he put it, the "Coca-Cola Restaurant, Coca-Cola Gas Station and Coca-Cola Grocery Store" variety; it could be elevated to the high quality of classical work. Dolack was hooked.



But development of the Dolack poster was postponed several years by studies in Montana and California and short-lived jobs at a smelter, retail store and lumber mill. Dolack claims that the only job he did well was as night janitor sweeping floors, a job that paid the bills while he established his first art studio in the old warehouse at Toole and Alder streets in Missoula. During the day, he painted storefront signs, logos, designs for t-shirts, "anything to keep a pencil in hand." Eventually, the Trail Head sporting goods store in Missoula succumbed to Dolack's sales pitch and commissioned a poster.

Dolack recognizes the paradox. In some circles, the opinion is that the very nature of commercial art disqualifies it from being fine art. Some University of Montana professors reportedly have admonished their fine arts students "not to end up like Monte Dolack doing commercial work; you want to make it." Commercial art is restrictive. Clients can intervene and an artist's ideas can be altered, compromised.

Yet Dolack contends the two disciplines can be mingled, noting the work of Norman Rockwell, J.C. Leyendecker and N.C. Wyeth, commercial illustrators who produced fine, quality art pieces.

"Years later, I want people to look at my posters and say, 'Wow, this guy really spent time on this. This guy cared about what he was doing.' "

Dolack's days are consumed rummaging through magazines and books, not only to see what other artists are doing, but for inspiration. His waste baskets overflow with rejected ideas. He experiments with designs and techniques and multi-media processes. He uses overlays, transfers, painting on photographs of his penciled drawings, which, to the discerning eye, reveals a waxy quality in the final product. He paints with water colors, wash, acrylics, oils and air brush.

His posters are bold and striking with defined lines, intricate detail and splashes of fantasy. They exhibit elements of the new wave, classic, art deco and traditional. "I want my posters to wake people up with color and design and a few things, that if they look closer, they'll see a few more things," he says. Dolack's approach is "decidedly eclectic and refreshingly personal," the editors of Print magazine noted.

He has become one of Montana's most well-known contemporary artists, not because he's better than other artists in the state, he says, "but because I have a sense of business, a sense of show business. I push my work. Some of my friends are so naturally talented that I feel I have to work harder. I feel I have to hustle fast to creep along."

Montana offers few commissions and those that are available are precious as more graphic artists and illustrators enter the marketplace doing quality work. Getting work from out-of-state groups and businesses is time-consuming and onerous, requiring several trips a year to promote his work and to be seen at special conferences and exhibitions, sending numerous postcards to potential clients and talking a lot on the telephone.

He faces frustrating lags waiting for a client's response to a sketch sent in the mail or some production work needed before final printing of a poster — work that has to be done out of state because no one in Montana does it.

Although he is paid as well as, and probably more than, some artist- illustrators in the inland Northwest, it is not as much as he might be making if he were living where the major clients are. Dolack needs nearly two dozen commissions a year to earn a decent living while artists living in major cities doing similar work accept fewer than a dozen commissions a year and spend the rest of their time on their personal art.

Dolack wants more money so that he, too, can have time to produce his own visions — abstracts, expressionistic and, especially, impressionistic paintings. Among his favorite artists are Renoir, Monet, Van Gogh, who painted with free brush strokes, "relaxing paintings with a loose emotional quality — Zen painting," he says, a style in stark contrast to his realistic posters.

One of Dolack's recent, and perhaps most arduous, commissions may provide him that opportunity. Portal Publications Ltd., a California-based company that prints and distributes many of the cellophane-wrapped posters in novelty stores nationwide, hired Dolack for a series of 12 illustrations of movie stars to advertise bookstores and theatres across the country. The project took seven months of work. Within five months of distribution, more than 100,000 greeting cards and 40,000 posters of Dolack's illustrations were sold.

The Portal series may very well be Dolack's big break for national exposure and recognition. But he still wonders whether he could maintain fame while living in what some term the "who cares" region of the country.

At the moment, Dolack is kinetic, pacing the studio, anxious to pack his brushes. "I think I need to leave for a while, just for the experience. Maybe in a year, I'll go to New York or San Francisco or even Paris and then come back home. I want to continue with my posters and I want to do my personal art. I'd even like to do some western art, things that are happening now like loggers and miners and taxicabs on Front Street. One thing I've been thinking about is that I'd really like to do a poster for the state of Montana." **M**

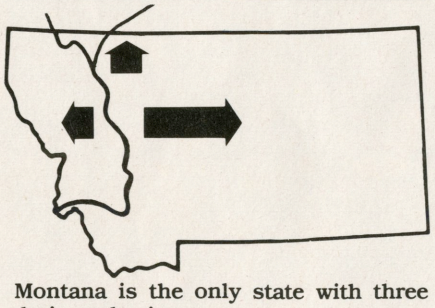
Water Wealth

by Warren Harding

Montana's many rich deposits have earned it the nickname "Treasure State." Gold, silver, copper, sapphires, oil and coal are plentiful. These are finite resources, and when the supply is gone, it cannot be renewed.

However, Montana has one treasure which is renewed every year and becomes more valuable all the time, making it the envy of other states —our water.

If we were to view our borders from a polar-orbiting satellite, we would be impressed with the amount of water leaving our state via the Clark Fork and Kootenai rivers into Idaho, the Missouri and Yellowstone into North Dakota and the St. Mary into Alberta. In a normal year 26 million acre feet of water flow out of western Montana to the Pacific Ocean. An average of 17 million acre feet flow into North Dakota bound for the Gulf of Mexico, and 600,000 acre feet move north from Glacier Park into Canada. This is a normal total of more than 43 million acre feet leaving the state every year.



Montana is the only state with three drainage basins.

To envision the amount of water involved, one must first know that an acre foot of water is the amount of water necessary to cover an acre of land with one foot of water. An acre is 43,560 square feet. It takes 326,000 gallons of water to cover one acre one foot deep.

Montana has an area of 147,138 square miles within its borders or 94,169,320 acres. Thus the amount of water leaving the state via the rivers in a normal year, if spread out evenly, would cover the entire area with about 5½ inches of water. Considering that the state's average rainfall is slightly more than 15 inches, if we could add the 5½ inches that leave Montana to that amount, imagine what this additional moisture used at the appropriate time could do for agriculture and the general ecology of Montana. Some may say this is totally impractical, but who can predict what developments will help us use our water more efficiently. The farmers of yesterday would be amazed to see sprinkler irrigation, and the tremendous yields on land previously considered marginal.

Our abundance of water is due to several factors. First, we are located in the strong belt of westerly winds which bring moisture-laden weather systems from the Pacific Ocean across the Pacific Northwest into Montana. Most of our mountain ranges are oriented on a north-south axis, which causes the air to lift over them and release much of its moisture. Further, the strongest westerly winds blow from November through March, when the temperature is cold enough to ensure that the precipitation over the mountains falls as snow. The high mountain ranges, which cause the air to give up their moisture in the first place, also serve as a deep freeze to store this water until spring begins. In contrast, most of the Midwest states do not have elevations above 2,000 feet, and their runoff is rapid with no reserve, often causing devastating floods.

In addition, Montana's normal rainy season during May and June adds substantially to the snow runoff, and helps to fill our streams and reservoirs even when the snow supply is short. Unfortunately, when the amount of snow in the mountains is abnormally high, this rainy season may cause severe flooding. Only when there are strong and persistent blocking high pressure ridges do we end up short of snow in the mountains during the winter. This blocking out of the storms, if persistent enough, will also shut out the rainy season. This was the case during most of the first six months of 1983.

All states through which the Continental Divide passes contribute water to both the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. Montana is unique in that it is the only state which has three drainage basins. In addition to the Pacific and Gulf drainages, Montana water also flows to the Arctic Ocean via Hudson Bay.

The accompanying list shows the yearly discharge of the major rivers and their tributaries, the approximate location of the gauging stations and the volume of each given in acre feet:* **M**

Annual Discharge From Our Major Rivers & Their Tributaries

Columbia Basin	Gauge Location	Normal Annual/Discharge
Clark Fork	Cabinet, Idaho	15,500,000
Bitterroot	Darby	673,100
Blackfoot	Bonner	1,195,000
Swan	Bigfork	846,200
Flathead	Columbia Falls	7,059,000
Thompson	Thompson Falls	345,600
Kootenai	Leonia, Idaho	10,110,000
Yaak	Troy	649,200
Missouri Basin		
Missouri	Culbertson	7,941,000
Beaverhead	Twin Bridges	298,500
Big Hole	Melrose	844,000
Madison	McAllister	1,270,000
Gallatin	Logan	769,400
Sun	Vaughn	530,300
Marias	Shelby	686,800
Musselshell	Mosby	216,600
Milk	Nashua	515,100
Yellowstone	Sidney	9,469,000
Boulder	Big Timber	444,800
Stillwater	Absarokee	701,300
Clark Fork (of Yellowstone)	Silesia	862,900
Big Horn	Big Horn	2,841,000
Tongue	Miles City	321,700
Powder	Locate	447,700
Hudson Bay Basin		
St. Mary	Babb	570,200

*Data from U.S. Geological Survey, Water Data Report MT-81-2. Not all major tributaries are listed due to lack of data necessary to establish a normal discharge.

Warren Harding is a meteorologist with Northwest Weather Associates, Inc. of Great Falls, and serves on the executive board of the Environmental Quality Council.



Rene Eustace

ALPINE LARCH
HIGH-COUNTRY GOLD

by George Wuerthner

Nine miles south of Missoula lies the broad, high ridge that culminates in the rocky 9,000-foot summit of Lolo Peak. Like a reigning monarch, Lolo hovers over the city and dominates the horizon. No matter where you stand in the city, if you look south, you see Lolo. Each autumn, usually in September, the highest ridges and spurs of this mountain mass wear a crown of gold. This band of bright yellow marks the highest reaches of tree growth on the peak, and it comes from the autumn foliage of a deciduous conifer, the alpine larch.

Few people know the alpine larch first-hand, for it only grows at the extreme upper limits of timberline and not every mountain range has the tree — even within its natural range. Even where it is abundant, alpine larch seldom forms extensive stands. The two-mile-long grove that crowns Lolo Peak is one of the largest continuous stands in Montana.

Many residents of the Pacific Northwest are familiar with its close cousin, the western larch. These tall, straight trees grow at low to mid elevations intermixed with other forest species like the douglas fir and ponderosa pine. Alpine larch is a much shorter species that inhabits only the highest mountains. Elevation differences effectively isolate the two species and they seldom interbreed — although a few natural hybrids have been reported in the Bitterroot Mountains of western Montana.

Both the western larch and the alpine larch have one feature in common: Their needles turn golden in the autumn and then drop. They grow an entirely new set of needles each spring. This deciduous habit is rather uncommon among conifer species which we typically refer to as evergreen.

Alpine larch usually grows on rocky, north-facing slopes above the growth limits of other trees. It can only grow at lower elevations where snow slides or rock slides create habitat which other tree species avoid. The lowest recorded elevation for the species is just under 6,000 feet in the Bitterroot Mountains south of Mis-

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George Wuerthner is a free-lance writer and photographer based in Missoula. He is a regular contributor to Montana Magazine.

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soula. It reaches upper limits among the 10,000-foot peaks of the Anaconda-Pintlar Range which is also the southern limit of its range.

At these high elevations the snow pack lingers late into the summer and new snow comes early in the fall. The usual growing season for the alpine larch is a scant 90 days. The remainder of the year, freezing temperatures prevent growth. In some portions of its range, winter temperatures can dip to 60 or 70 below zero, but have little impact upon the dormant trees.

Though winter temperatures do not restrict the distribution of alpine larch, summertime temperatures determine its growth and range. On the highest peaks, summer temperatures remain too low for the species to produce enough energy for new growth and reproduction. At the same time, the high summer temperatures at lower elevations may kill the tree. Thus, alpine larch is restricted to the higher, cooler mountain areas of the Pacific Northwest. It is found in both the northern Cascades and northern Rockies, but nowhere else on earth. Within these broad areas, it is limited to some mountain ranges while absent from other nearby mountains. For instance, the alpine larch is abundant in both the Bitterroot and Mission mountains of western Montana, but completely absent from the Rattlesnake Mountains which lie in between.

Besides the Bitterroot and Mission mountains, alpine larch is found in a number of other mountain areas of western Montana. These include the northwest corner of the Pioneer Mountains, Swan Range, Flint Creek Range, Anaconda-Pintlars, Cabinet Mountains, the peaks of Glacier Park and the Bob Marshall Wilderness, and the Northwest Peak area by Troy. Nearly all reported stands of alpine larch are west of or immediately adjacent to the Continental Divide. One exception is an isolated grove I found growing on the northeast slope of Washboard Reef near the Teton River less than 10 miles from the great plains.

Several factors appear responsible for alpine larch's present distribution. As already mentioned, it does not tolerate hot, dry habitats. Thus it has not been able to cross such natural barriers s the low, dry canyon of the Salmon River to invade suitable habitat farther south. Neither does it grow well in extremely wet areas. Alpine larch is only found on the drier eastern slope of the Cascades in Washington. It appears restricted to the portion of the northern Cascades and Rockies dominated by Pacific air masses.

Much of its present range is also the result of past climatic conditions. During the Pleistocene glaciation, alpine larch appears to have had a more extensive distribution than it presently does. The cooler, moister climate which prevailed during the Ice Age created larger areas of timberline habitat than exist today. At the close of the Ice Age the climate became warmer and even drier than the present. Alpine larch retreated up the mountains to find habitat suitable for its growth. Many of the lower mountain ranges lacked the proper environmental conditions for the continued existence of the species and they disappeared. Perhaps this is one reason why alpine larch is not found in the Rattlesnake Mountains today.

People who have visited timberline areas know that most trees at their extreme upper limits to growth take on a stunted and contorted shape known to mountaineers as krummholz. By keeping a low profile, timberline species like the sub-alpine fir are buried beneath the snow pack in winter and avoid the abrasion of wind blown ice crystals and the cold, dry air. Alpine larch is different. Regal and erect, it seldom assumes this low, cramped form; instead it remains straight even at the highest elevations. Alpine larch's ability to survive where other species die is due to a number of marvelous adaptations.

During its first 25 years the alpine larch grows extremely slowly — even when compared to other slow-growing timberline species. Most of its energy is invested in developing a deep and extensive root system to withstand summer droughts. Also, by remaining short and low to the ground, the young alpine larch, like other timberline species, is protected by deep snow from winds and dessication.

Another adaptation of the young alpine larch is its production of evergreen needles during its first few years instead of the deciduous ones which it develops later in life. Evergreen needles are less susceptible to water loss in summer, thus a great advantage to the young trees which still have a small, under-developed root system. Nevertheless, once this root system is fully developed, the alpine larch begins to grow deciduous needles which can photosynthesize at higher rates than evergreen needles. In the short growing season at timberline, any increase in photosynthetic capacity is a great advantage.

Winter needle loss has other advantages for the alpine larch. Snow loads are easily shed from the bare branches and few trees suffer broken boughs or stems from the deep, heavy snows common throughout its natural range. In addition, lack of needles means no water loss in winter when replacement from the soil is frequently impossible since most water is frozen.

New needle buds formed in late winter on the alpine larch are protected with a dense, woolly covering against dessication and abrasion.

High winds are another threat to timberline species. Winds can snap off branches or blow down shallow-rooted species like the Englemann spruce. But the alpine larch's bare, needle-less branches of winter reduce the surface area a great deal. Instead of being a sail in the wind like many other species, its branches act as a sieve letting most of the wind pass unobstructed. Secondly, the deep, extensive root system anchored in rocky, boulder-strewn ground ensures the alpine larch of a firm footing to weather almost any mountain gale.

With all its amazing adaptations one might wonder why the alpine larch has not completely taken over all the timberline areas of the West. The answer lies in this species' extremely limited reproductive capacity. Alpine larch do not produce their first seed until they are at least 100 years old. Compare this to lodgepole pine which may begin to produce seeds in less than 15 years. In addition, alpine larch seeds have a very poor germination rate. In one experiment only two seedlings were produced from 5,000 seeds planted. Successful reproduction only occurs under ideal conditions at irregular intervals.

This irregular and spotty germination is not as disasterous as it might first appear since few other species can live in the habitat typical of alpine larch. Secondly, the alpine larch is a long-lived species. The oldest individuals sometimes endure 1,000 winters and summers, though the average life span is probably more like 500 years.

Like most long-lived tree species, the alpine larch grows very slowly. Steve Ano, who has studied alpine larch extensively throughout its entire range reports finding one tree that was a bare six feet tall — yet 280 years old. Another tree he measured was seven inches in diameter and 586 years old.

Alpine larch is a relatively unknown tree even to Montanans. Only those willing to hike into the alpine regions of our highest mountains will ever enjoy the airy, open beauty of them during the autumn when the crown of gold on top of the highest peaks becomes visible from the valleys of western Montana. **M**

GLACIER PARK, LOWER TWO MEDICINE LAKE—Pat O'Hara



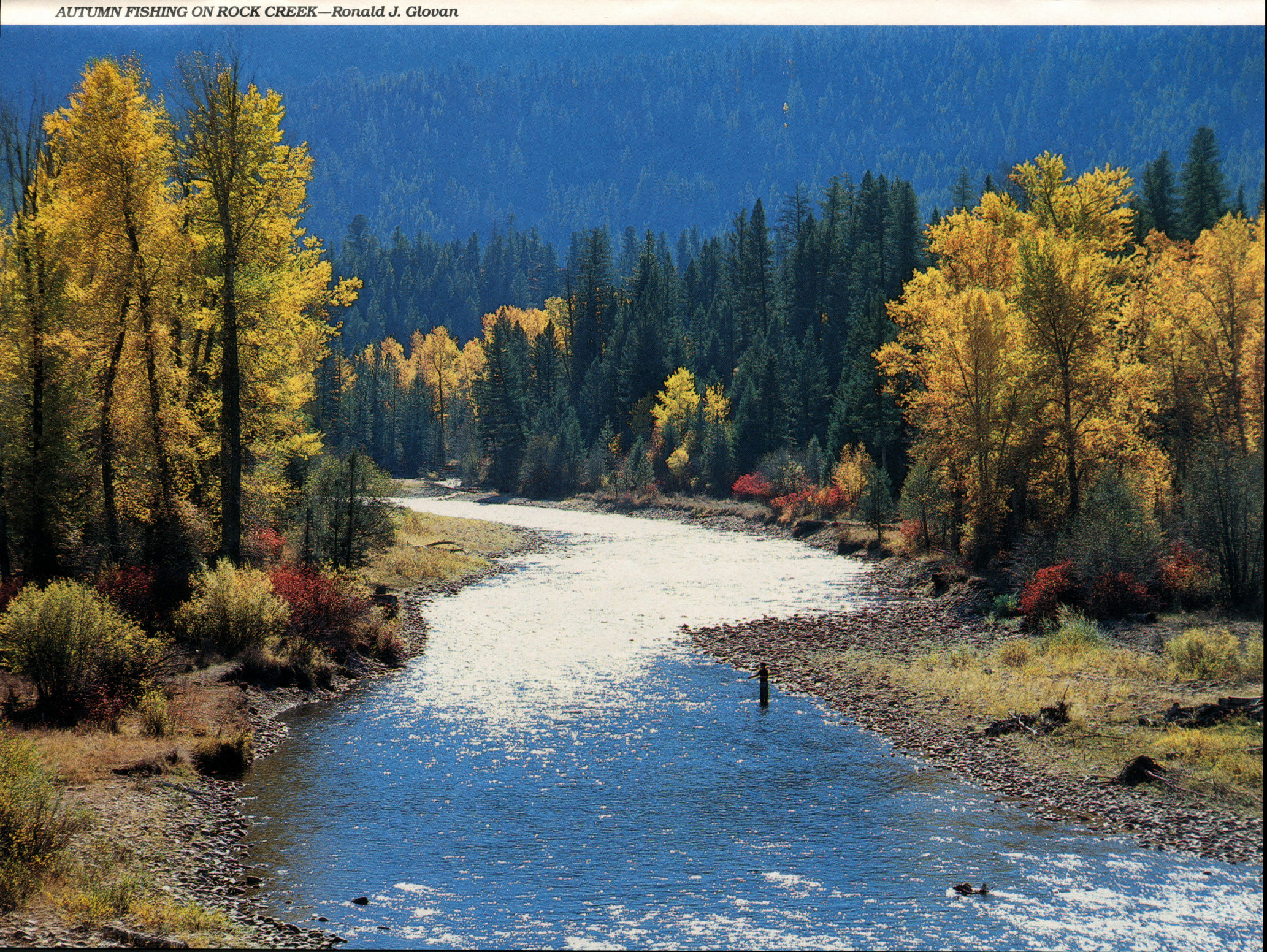
TONGUE RIVER AREA NEAR BIRNEY—Kristi DuBois

MORTIMER GULCH, ROCKY MOUNTAIN FRONT—Bill Lancaster



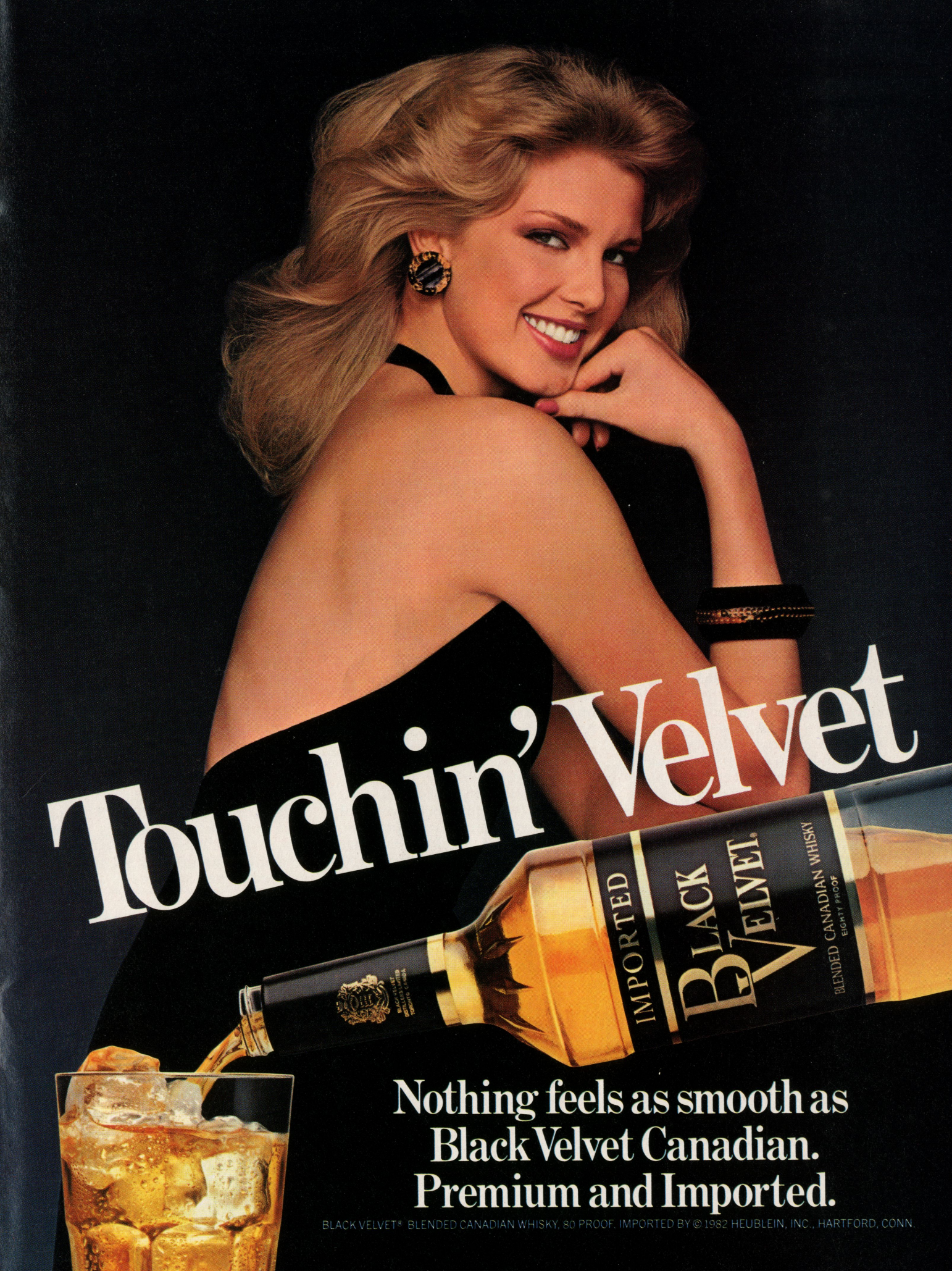


SWAN PEAK FROM SIMMONS MEADOW—Rene Eustace



AUTUMN FISHING ON ROCK CREEK—Ronald J. Glovan

LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD GREAT FALLS FROM "THE KNEES"—John Reddy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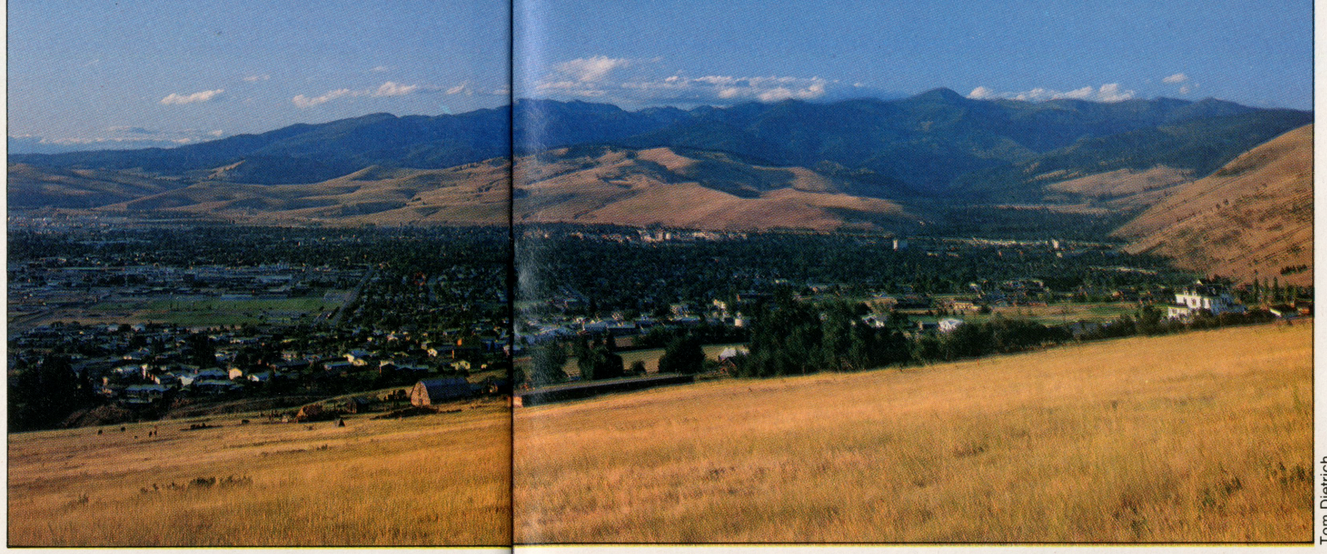
Missoula

Currents of controversy may flow when the subject is development, but on one thing Missoulians agree. They like their riverfront park.

by Robin Tawney



Tom Dietrich

In the late 1860s, travelers entering Missoula from the east passed by an enormous vegetable and flower garden. Because of that garden, a Deer Lodge newspaper editor dubbed Missoula the "garden city," and the name stuck. Today travelers descending the off-ramps from Interstate 90 or traversing the strip on Highway 93 are struck by the same impression. When you are in it, Missoula is shimmery green or red, gold and orange — depending on the time of year. Missoula is towering maples, stately cottonwoods and elms, precisely-cut boxwood and verdant gardens.

But the impression is not only green. It is one of vibrance, too. You know there is a lot happening in this town. The city, quite literally, hums.

Missoula is a city set in the Rocky Mountains, a natural stopping place for visitors to Glacier and Yellowstone national parks. The "Hub of Five Valleys" — Flathead, Bitterroot, Frenchtown, Blackfoot and Hellgate — Missoula is a focal point for all of western Montana.

It is a cultural center. This city of 76,000 is home to the Missoula Children's Theatre, a one-of-a-kind professional company in this part of the country, an excellent civic symphony and chorale, the Fort Missoula Historical Museum and fine art galleries including the Missoula Museum of the Arts.

The University of Montana adds to this cultural cornucopia with its School of Fine Arts and School of Music. It adds diversity by offering other professional schools in business administration, education, forestry, journalism, law, and pharmacy and allied health sciences, besides its major curriculum in the College of Arts and Sciences.

Missoula is a medical center. Its three hospitals offer open-heart and brain surgery. According to a recent publication of the Missoula Area Chamber of Commerce, 179 medical doctors and 73 dentists practice here.

Missoula is a retail trade center that includes an area more than 100 miles west, 70 miles north, 75 miles east and 100 miles south with a population of nearly 140,000. In 1980 retail sales in the city of Missoula totaled $410 million.

Missoula is a city that has suffered. Just a little over a year ago, Missoula was in an economic slump when the timber industry, a major source of jobs in the community, announced layoffs and curtailments because of depressed markets and dwindling wood fiber supply. Now business is on the upswing and moods are brighter.

It is a city of nationally and internally recognized names. Missoula is the home of the late Jeannette Rankin, the first female member of Congress, Mike Mansfield, ambassador to Japan and former U.S. Senate majority leader, Judith Blegen, soprano with the Metropolitan Opera in New York, Walter Hook and Rudy Autio, artists, the late Richard Hugo, poet, Jim Welch and Dorothy Johnson, writers. All have found national recognition and rightly so. And the list goes on and on.

Feisty People

But scratch the surface and there is controversy. Part of what makes Missoula seem so alive is its feisty people, people whom newspapermen have observed are quick to spout off with whatever is on their minds. The daily Missoulian always is chock-full of their comments.

"Missoula is a vocal community," according to Missoulian publisher Tom Brown. "A lot of people can write well at each end of the political spectrum. They come up with some pretty substantive comments."

Those comments spill over into every facet of life in Missoula. Nothing is sacred. Everything is challenged. This underlying dissent could be anathema to some towns, but Missoula thrives on it. And the sides are ever-changing. Someone who stood with you on one issue may be your fiercest enemy on the next.

"It has got to be said that Missoula is a city of controversy," remarked Mayor Bill Cregg. He said that combatants play into the hands of the Missoulian to create controversies through Sam Reynolds, editorial page editor.

"Our paper expresses much more than other papers," Cregg said. "People are quick to write letters."

Whether it is a debate about right-to-life, air pollution, nuclear disarmament or any one of an endless parade of issues, Missoulians have opinions and they express them.

"Missoula is always a full-grown tempest in a teapot," said Mayor Cregg. "When observed over the past 30 years, it has always been that way. It is our thing. We seem to thrive on it."

The split is hardly ever town-gown anymore.

"During the late '60s and early '70s, universities were in conflict nationally," recounted UM President Neil Bucklew. "Vietnam, Cambodia, Kent State played themselves out on the campus" and even these did not pit the town against the university.

"I have lived and worked in a half dozen college towns," Bucklew said, "and town-gown relationships have never been better."

So while things are quiet on the university front, Missoulians continue to squabble over a multitude of issues. Most Missoulians, however, agree about one thing: the preservation of what is best and unique about their town. While they might not agree on the particulars, they're in favor of enhancing their riverfront and downtown area.

The Clark Fork of the Columbia

Like any other western river, the Clark Fork of the Columbia played a key role in the development of the surrounding countryside. It cut a natural corridor, Hellgate Canyon, used by trappers, explorers and the Salish People as an east-west passageway. It turned the first gristmill and sawmill in the new settlement of Missoula Mills and became the impetus for a variety of bridges in Missoula's early history.

__Editor's Note:__ Missoula is Montana's oldest major town. Founded in 1860 by Captain C. P. Higgins and F. L. Worden, it grew from the store they established and called Hellgate, named after the canyon nearby where Blackfeet and Flathead Indians often clashed.

Hellgate was a violent settlement, unusually so even for that era. Hangings and murders were far more common than death from natural causes. Yet Montana's first trial was held here in a saloon in 1862.

Worden and Higgins moved their store three years later, in 1865. Relocating four miles east and building a feedmill and sawmill, they called the place "Im-i-sel-et-i-ku," a Flathead word roughly translated to "sparkling water." English-speaking folks quickly modified the syllables to "Missoula."

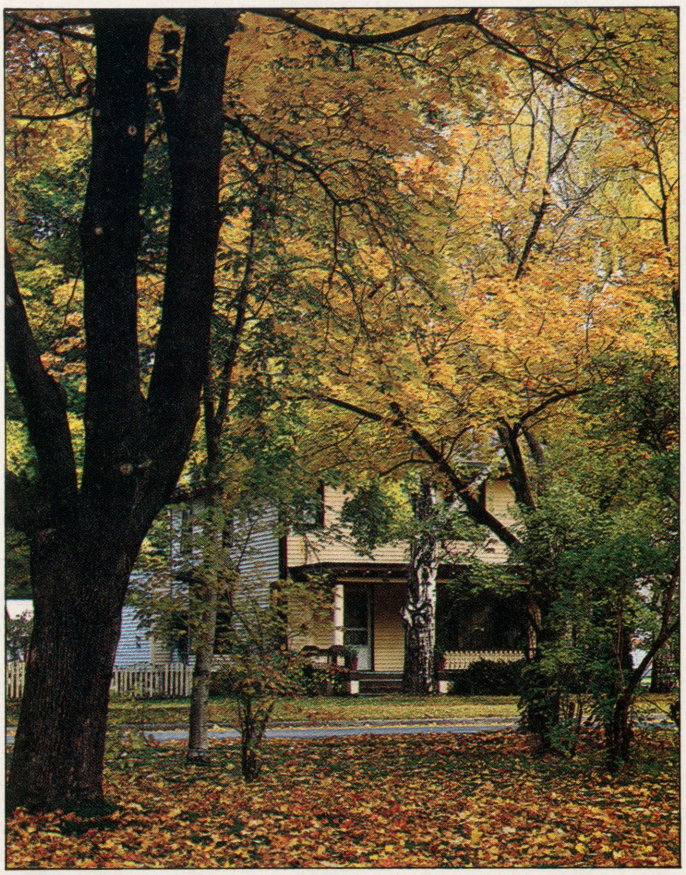
In 1877, Fort Missoula was established. Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce provided this small post its only excitement. They had just defeated the U.S. Army farther west in their now-famous exodus, and reportedly were headed toward Missoula. Women and children rushed to the fort for safety, while Captain C.C. Rawn and his infantrymen dashed forth, girded for battle and determined to protect hearth and home from hostile Indian attack. In high suspense they waited at Lolo Creek 15 miles from town. Meanwhile Joseph and hundreds of followers slipped by. Not a single one of Rawn's men detected their passage. "Fort Fizzle," where they had lain in wait, still draws a chuckle from people driving the nearby highway today.

Other famous names in Missoula include Andrew B. Hammond, a scoundrel of the 1880s and '90s who took control of the Worden and Higgins store. Called the Missoula Mercantile Company, it was later expanded by Charles Herbert McLeod, hired by Hammond after he himself was indicted for stealing government timber. An article by John Toole in Montana Magazine, Winter 1977-78, says McLeod "almost completely controlled Missoula and western Montana for 50 years. He was a robust Scot with a bristling mustache and fierce visage . . . over the years he controlled a dozen retail stores and a mammoth wholesale business in practically every line of merchandise . . . farm equipment, ranches, hotels, and controlled Misco Feeds, a name known to every old-time Montana farmer . . . was western Montana's only investment banker, staking hundreds of merchants, loggers and farmers . . . his entire empire was headquartered in a tiny office in the Missoula Mercantile." He also gave the land on which the University of Montana now stands, and built the Florence Hotel, still a Missoula landmark.

Governor Joseph M. Dixon, one of Montana's most famous governors, played a major role in Missoula history, building a mansion the town was proud of. Earlier, as a U.S. Senator, he had been instrumental in the formation of Glacier National Park; worked out the opening of the Mission Valley's Flathead Indian Reservation to white homesteaders; built the Western Montana Bank; and owned the town newspaper.

As the following article points out, Missoula has not stopped producing notable citizens. And the university claims a higher percentage of Rhodes Scholars per capita than any other school in the nation. An incredible feat for a small western university.

Though Dixon, Worden, McLeod and cohorts might have difficulty navigating the streets of their town today, some things would seem just the same — Missoulians still argue — about city and county government, establishment of a junior high system, land-use planning, among other things. The spirited locking of horns is never-ending. But then, as we said earlier, disagreement has always been a trademark. Hellgate, Im-i-sel-et-i-ku, Missoula — it's never been a dull place to live.



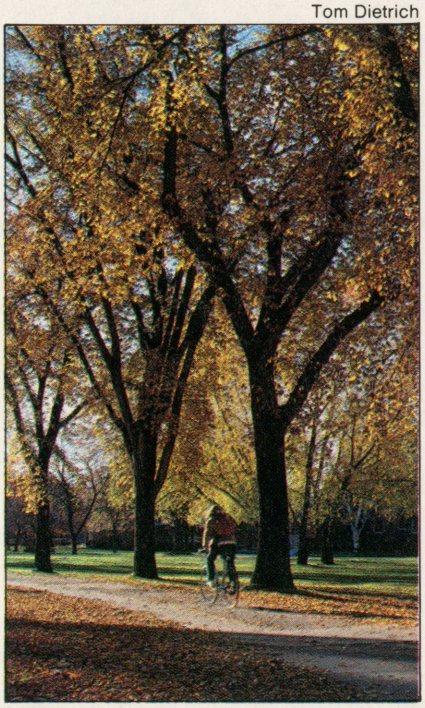
Tom Dietrich

Home of the Grizzlies — The University of Montana campus, Main Hall and Mount Sentinel in the background.

It wasn't until the 1920s that area residents began to look at the river that bisected their city as something besides a source of energy or an obstacle to be overcome. As Missoula's population grew, more people began looking at the river as a very special part of their town.

Then, in the early 1970s, the concept of a comprehensive riverfront park corridor was developed in brainstorming sessions between land use consultant Bruce Bugbee and then mayor George Turman. The river park concept was introduced as a research and development project through the Bitterroot Resource and Conservation District. That project, according to Bugbee, led to the creation of the Five Valleys River Park Association in 1974. The purpose of this new group was to solicit donations of riverfront property and to eventually piece together a park system through Missoula's urban area. In the next few

Maple trees and dignified old homes distinguish the university district.



Tom Dietrich



Rick Graetz

Autumn on the campus.

years, more than a half dozen parcels were donated and became a part of the new park system.

The riverfront got an added boost in 1977 when the city began examining its cultural organizations and activities through a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts City Spirit program. The Missoula City Spirit Program received $9,400 from NEA to study facilities used by the community's various art and performing groups. The study pointed up a simple lack of space and useable facilities for fine arts, athletic events and recreation, tourists and conventions.

A $30,000 grant from NEA's Design Arts Program, matched with $51,000 in local funding, brought a Regional/Urban Design Assistance Team (R/UDAT) from the American Institute of Architects in October 1980 to objectively assess Missoula's needs.

The R/UDAT team, comprised of seven experts from various disciplines, surveyed information amassed by City Spirit and heard public and private testimony concerning community needs. After four days of intense study, they asserted that Missoula's highest priority was the enhancement of its riverfront. They recommended the establishment of a riverfront park, anchored by downtown arts centers, that would include continuous pedestrian and bicycle access to both sides of the river from Hellgate Canyon on the east to McCormick Park on the west.

A river corridor design competition followed R/UDAT in 1981 and a scheme by Kasprisin/Pettinari/DeWolfe/Hall Design of Seattle was selected.

Milwaukee Road

The riverfront park system got another boost in 1981 when the Milwaukee Railroad announced plans to close down its operations in this part of the country.

Bill Coffee, grandson of early-day Missoulians and president of the Missoula Area Chamber of Commerce, remembered that the community for years had chafed at the very existence of the Milwaukee tracks on the south side of the river when Burlington Northern's tracks and depot occupied land on the northernmost edge of the city. People had talked about buying the Milwaukee land and moving that railroad onto BN tracks, Coffee noted. So when the Milwaukee shut down its western operations, Coffee and other businessmen began buying up Milwaukee land along the south shore.

In 1980 and 1981 city voters passed a $500,000 conservation bond issue to acquire open space in and around Missoula. A portion of this money was used in late 1981 to purchase 10 acres of riverfront land from the trust of businessmen. When the old Milwaukee depot was purchased by local investors to renovate and convert to a restaurant and office space, the investors granted an easement to the city which allowed the city to continue its linear park system across the depot property.

Additional riverfront purchases by the University of Montana Foundation and the Missoula County High School District followed. The high school district plans to construct athletic practice fields there for Hellgate High School. The foundation property will remain a greenbelt for the foreseeable future.

There are, of course, several views as to how the riverfront properties should be used. Many, such as businessman Bill Coffee and publisher



Tom Brown think the riverfront should be developed as an urban park, accessible to senior citizens and handicapped. They envision, and the riverfront masterplan for the north shore reflects, a pedestrian parkway with an esplanade with shops lining it, and special space set aside for a farmer's market and tent for summer theatre.

Other, while granting the need for an urban park, also see a need for something less hectic.

"The riverfront to me is a natural system, a place for passive reflection within a highly organized area," explains land use consultant Bruce Bugbee. "It is accessible to downtown, but not the kind of place to put in 100 tennis courts and other developed recreation."

"Contrast is what is important in the urban fabric," Bugbee notes. "High speed and intense is exciting, but draining. The river provides a low speed re-creative place."

"Opponents paint the passive view as broad-brush," he says, "but I'm not interested in creating extensive wildlife habitat, just in providing lots of groundcover to provide cover for wildlife. Development doesn't have to mean that natural communities can't be maintained."

He says the riverfront already has "physical constraints inherent to the site — poor, fragile, rocky soils, high groundwater and occasional flooding."

Bugbee says the park system will require lots of compromises: "It won't be anybody's ideal, but it will belong to the community."

Urban Renewal

Coordination of the riverfront park project is being provided by Missoula Redevelopment Agency (MRA), a semi-autonomous government agency working with the private business community and local government on the revitalization of Missoula's 500-acre urban core and surrounding neighborhoods. The agency's five-member board, appointed by the mayor, is authorized by the city council to use tax increment financing to fund the city's redevelopment effort.

Through tax increment financing, property taxes in the "blighted" urban area are frozen at the level of the year they were established, except for new construction, renovation or the like, for which normally increasing property taxes would be assessed. The actual tax base rises as private investment increases.

Since MRA was created in 1978, eight private projects have been completed and four more are under construction, for a total of $55 million in new investment. Five more projects are proposed, for an additional investment of $21 million.

In May of this year, Mann Theatres Corp. of California offered to donate its Fox Theatre to the city to use as anything but a commercial movie house, which it now is. MRA will help a citizen's committee decide whether the community can afford to renovate and operate the theatre and, if it can, what type of organization should be established to operate the theatre and, perhaps most important, how the Fox should be used.

While the Fox could be remodeled as a convention or community cen-



Bill Pfingsten

Thomas Greenough's Amazing, Traveling Mansion

by Bill Pfingsten

When Thomas Greenough came to the Missoula Valley in 1882, he prospered both financially and socially. With a belief in the future and a desire to live gracefully and provide well for his family, he set about building one of western Montana's finest homes. It still stands, a three-dimensional chronicle to the past — Missoula's Greenough Mansion.

Thomas Greenough was born in Davis County, Iowa, in 1851. After pursuing a career as a stone mason, he traveled to Texas in the late 1860s with his brother John and worked on railroad construction. After the death of his brother, Thomas Greenough ventured to Silver City, New Mexico, then to Colorado to work in the gold mines and fulfill a dream of prosperity. Unsatisfied with his accomplishments, he moved to the Black Hills of South Dakota and continued gold mining. Greenough did not make a fortune in the gold mines, but was able to save enough money to head west. With $500 in his pocket, his Tennessee-born wife by his side, and a team of mules to haul their belongings, the Greenoughs set out for Missoula.

Mr. Greenough's first business venture in 1882, after settling in the Missoula valley, was selling railroad ties to the Northern Pacific Railroad. He also sold timber to the region's mining operations. The majority of his timber contracts were with Northern Pacific. The railroad ties used for the Northern Pacific's line between the Dakota Territory and the present Idaho-Washington state line came from Greenough's mill.

The woodcutting business was very lucrative for Greenough. He invested his profits into mining — his original interest. Greenough bought the Morning Mine in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and also purchased mining claims in Butte and Anaconda, Montana and Wallace, Idaho. He later sold the Morning Mine for $3 million. Most of Greenough's business interests were not in Missoula. His mining investments were spread around the globe, including Siberia.

Thomas Greenough could be categorized as an adventurer, especially considering his diverse business interests. His wife Tennie, however, had the qualities of a settler. Her love for the Missoula valley and its citizens was a strong influence for the Greenoughs making their home in this region. The Greenough family, which included six children, lived in a comfortable home on Vine Street about 150 feet from Rattlesnake Creek.

When Mr. Greenough decided to build a mansion that would befit the fortune he had earned since moving to Missoula, he hired A. J. Gibson, the architect of the Missoula County Courthouse, to design the new structure. An entourage of the area's gifted craftsmen were involved in the construction of the magnificent Victorian mansion. The previous Greenough residence was moved to Pine Street to make way for the mansion.

The mansion was completed in 1897 near what is now the Van Buren Street — Interstate 90 interchange. The cost of the mansion was estimated at $25,000 to $30,000. This was a conservative estimate at the time, and the actual cost was assumed to be closer to $50,000. All

ter, among other uses, MRA director Les Prentice has asked the committee to look closely at the possibility of turning the Fox into a music hall. The 1980 R/UDAT report praised the acoustics and sight lines of the structure and suggested its use in this way.

As a music hall, the Fox would provide one of the two cultural anchors for the riverfront park. The other, as R/UDAT proposed, would be a dramatic arts center in the 1,000-seat Wilma Theatre, another movie house. The Wilma already is the stage for the Missoula Civic Symphony and Chorale and many community theatre productions.

Across the river on 10 acres of UM's riverfront property, a multi-use, major events facility is being planned to accommodate crowds of up to 20,000 people. Both the community and the University of Montana need such a facility for football games, rodeos, concerts and other special events. While this could be a cooperative effort between the city and university, a special city election is required to determine whether voters are willing to foot their share of the bill. If the voters approve, Mayor Cregg said the city will build the facility and rent space to the university for its various functions.

Regardless of what voters decide, UM will still need a football stadium to replace the deteriorating Dornblaser Field, said UM President Bucklew. During the last legislative session, UM received approval to seek private funds for a stadium. If the city fails to win approval to build a domed facility, Bucklew said, the university will build "an old-fashioned open stadium. He said the university can wait only until the city's next general election.

"We wouldn't put off the decision any longer," said Bucklew. "We clearly are going to do something about our stadium."

If UM goes ahead with its plans before the issue can come to a vote in the city, Mayor Cregg says the question will be moot.

"I don't think I would support (the facility) without the university," he says. "Most people wouldn't want to be taxed $140 a year to support a white elephant."

The major events facility is just one of several major construction projects planned, underway or already completed with the help of the Missoula Redevelopment Agency. Construction of Central Square, a three-story professional office building was completed in 1981. Renovation of the historic Milwaukee depot was completed in 1982 and the Palace Hotel and Belmont Building are being remodeled as housing for low income and handicapped people. A downtown parking garage also is under construction, as well as the $35 million St. Patrick's Hospital, the largest building project in the city's history. A new Missoulian building is being planned for the south shore of the Clark Fork, and a $10 million Sheraton Hotel is proposed on the north bank.

Other MRA projects include restoration of the exterior of historic buildings, sidewalk replacement and facade improvement.

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the materials used in the mansion, except the oak floors, came from Montana. The granite for the foundation came from the quarries near Helena. The lumber was cut in the Rattlesnake Valley and was primarily tamarack — the same type of wood that Greenough cut for the railroad ties used by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The mammoth structure was a three-story Roman style house with shingled roof and dormer windows on the top floor. It consisted of 22 rooms, six baths and two fireplaces. The first floor had a library, two parsmoking room, bedroom, dining hall and kitchen. The second floor had seven bedrooms, two of these for servants. A ballroom was located lors, on the third floor. Inlaid oak floors were placed in the dining hall, vestibule, stairways and the main halls on the first and second floor. The remainder of the house was finished in tamarack. One of the most striking features was a two-story stained glass window in the main stairway.

Greenough enjoyed the luxury and comfort of his mansion for almost 14 years. He died at a Spokane, Washington hospital on July 23, 1911. His widow and children continued to reside in Missoula after his death. The majority of Greenough's business interests and property were sold; however, the elegant mansion remained in the family for 54 years.

Ruth Greenough, one of the Greenough daughters, obtained ownership of the mansion. She later married A. J. Mosby, a Missoula developer and owner of the city's first radio and television stations. They lived in the house until 1964, but the future of the mansion was in danger. Mr. Mosby and his wife were informed that the mansion was directly in the construction route of Interstate 90. Many citizens of Missoula were outraged that another historic landmark of the garden city would be lost for the sake of progress.

The State Highway Department condemned and bought the mansion. In an effort to save the building, Mosby purchased it back from the Highway Department. Disappointment, delay and tragedy plagued its relocation in 1965. In May, the mansion was moved as far as the Clark Fork River near the old Van Buren Street Bridge. Catlow Movers of Spokane, Washington, transported the massive structure. The State Highway Department prohibited moving the mansion over even the city's largest bridge on Madison Street. The size and weight of the 42 by 72 foot, 287-ton building exceeded safety limits.

Mosby, concerned about the possible destruction of the mansion, offered it to the city of Missoula for use as a historical museum. The city would have to pay for the mansion's move as well as find a new location and care for the building. Unfortunately, that appeared to be an insurmountable obstacle for Missoula.

The outlook for the mansion was bleak. A fire in 1965 destroyed most of the mansion's interior and damaged the roof. Reuben Will, a contractor from Dickinson, North Dakota, suggested that the way to transport the Greenough Mansion was to cut it in three pieces. It was then possible to move the old house across the Madison Street Bridge. Each section of the house was pulled separately on 42 wheels by a six-wheel-drive truck. By July 1966, the Greenough Mansion was moved. The new site was Mosby's Leisure Highlands, a development overlooking Missoula in the south hills of the city.

Extensive renovation was completed within the mansion by October 1968. The building served as a restaurant and clubhouse next to the Leisure Highlands Golf Course. It was sold in 1974 and was reopened as the Overland Express Restaurant, located on 102 Ben Hogan Drive. The building has retained much of its original decor.

Missoula's centennial celebration began last January. The Greenough Mansion is a special part of the "Garden City" scene and still stands as confirmation that some things haven't changed. **M**

"The process will never be over," said 31-year-old Prentice, "but the intensive effort will have run its course" in the next few years.

Prentice hopes that by 1987, when legislation authorizing the MRA comes up for renewal, his agency will no longer be needed.

A City Apart

In Helena, urban renewal means gaping spaces, in Butte urban renewal means fire and more empty spaces. Why is Missoula different?

The downtown business community has traditionally been apathetic, according to John Toole, alderman and local historian.

"Look at the businessmen who came here," he pointed out. "Most didn't come to create an empire, they came for the environment and the University of Montana. My grandfather could've gone to work for the Rockefellers in New York, but he liked the country around here.

"(The apathy) always frustrated me as I work on the downtown for thirty-five years, but I finally had to accept it as a sociological fact."

Downtown business people let the Southgate Mall be built without a squawk, agreed Mayor Cregg. "Only at the last hour, when the mall was about to open, did they think about how it might hurt their business traffic downtown." Furthermore, absentee landowners and weak renters weren't willing to spend the money to fix up their businesses and make them more attractive.

Today's business people are committed to the downtown, says Cregg. The people who run those businesses are survivors, so consumers see them as courageous people.

People don't want to see a blighted downtown so they make a conscious effort to support the downtown.

"Weak businesses have washed out, things should only get better for the ones left," Cregg said.

"We've had such phenomenal support," said Les Prentice of the Missoula Redevelopment Agency. "Every city councilman runs on supporting the downtown."

Yet business people, educators and the man on the street agree that Missoula is not destined to be the Denver of the Northern Rockies.

"I think that Missoula will keep growing at a moderate rate, assuming that Missoula works at that," said publisher Tom Brown. "Maybe dramatic growth would be a valid fear if we were fifty or sixty miles from Seattle or some other western city."

"Missoula could stagnate," Brown said, "if it rejected new high tech industry or adopted a no-growth philosophy. But the mood of the community supports diversity," he said. "People running for office in the last few years have supported economic growth. Labor, the business community, everyone supports it. It is as close as Missoula ever gets to a concensus."

Phil Stiffler, the president of First Security Bank, noted that when he first came to Missoula two years ago, he "used to hear how bad things were and now people are talking and thinking positively." "I believe in the self-fulfilling prophecy," he said.

Missoula always will be a viable community, according to John Toole, because it is a medical center and a university town. Further to Missoula's advantage is the fact that the city council, Toole said, is very much in favor of emphasizing Missoula's surroundings and environment: "Where else do you have a wilderness area (Rattlesnake Wildernes Area) two and a half miles from the city limits? Where else would a city council ask for a levy of $500,000 to buy vacant land? That's what makes Missoula special."

The conservation bond is a very important tool, said consultant Bugbee. "It is being used to protect Mount Jumbo through purchase and conservation eastments. The fact that it was done at all is amazing."

Helena Maclay, Missoula lawyer and granddaughter of local pioneers, thinks the county should continue to obtain riverfront and other parklands because the metropolitan area won't be able to do that later when the land becomes more expensive. "That is the way Central Park came about. It was somebody's project early on," she said.

"I used to be a steel and skyscraper man when I was president of the Chamber of Commerce, but my attitude changed about 10 years ago." Tool said. "Now I would like to see Missoula be the most beautiful city in the Northwest. Then it will attract business."

Passing a Milestone

As Missoula passes its landmark centennial anniversary, it is hard at work on creating a riverfront park system and revitalizing its downtown. It faces an indefinite number of controversies, not the least of which are the proposed city-county consolidation and a revision of the Missoula Comprehensive Plan. These are issues the residents will debate with characteristic gusto. When (if) they are resolved, other controversies will loom. Because in Missoula, people are outspoken, and they get things done.

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Robin Tawney, a resident of Missoula and graduate of the University of Montana Journalism School, has written for numerous newspapers and magazines. She has been active in natural resource issues.

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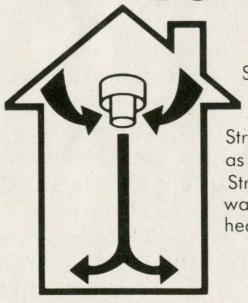

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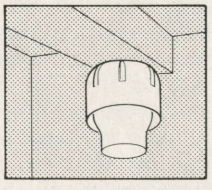

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Taking the Theatre to the Kids



From border to border and beyond, Missoula Children's Theatre offers rural children a chance to star.

by Rusty Lawrence

Officially they're a non-profit organization, but every year thousands of children profit from the work of the Missoula Children's Theatre. Not only do they bring live theatre into towns all over Montana and the Northwest, they cast local children in each show and give them a chance to perform in a musical production.

"There's no other program like it anywhere that we know of," says James Caron, MCT's Director. There are other companies that tour with productions specifically for children, but each Children's Theatre show features only two professional actor/directors — the other 50 characters are cast from among local children and adults. Within six days they are ready to stage a full-scale musical adaptation of a classic children's tale.

The Missoula Children's Theatre was born in 1971 when Caron and Donald Collins observed that there was no theatre being produced for children in Missoula, and took a plunge with 10 local actors and a four-show season. The response was enthusiastic enough that they planned another season for the following year, and MCT has been rolling ever since.

The idea for the two-actor tour was "born out of a desire not to travel with children" recalls Caron. He and Collins had first used children in a 1974 production of Snow White, and they found it professionally rewarding for themselves, as well as instructive for the kids. They wanted to take the show on tour, but were deterred by the headaches of taking the kids with them. Their solution was to drive to town a week early and train a new corps of child actors. They found that the show was just as good, the new group of children benefitted from their participation, and local interest, measured at the box office, was heightened.

The tour has grown every year since then, and so has the Children's Theatre. Currently, MCT's repertory includes five original shows, each toured by a two-actor team complete with set, costumes and props. For the 1983-84 season the five Montana-based teams will fill 145 bookings in 13 western states and the province of Alberta. The actors are just as likely to show up in Sunburst, Montana, as in Seattle, but the demand for the program is greatest in rural schools with no drama department. "If there are 50 people in the school, we'll do the show" asserts Caron, adding that they have done just that at least once.

The shows themselves are of necessity original scripts, to accommodate the production needs of the travelling teams. The shows run the gamut from patriotic, classical and biblical themes to fairy tales, and the different shows require different skills of the children. The shows they will be touring this year include The Wizard of Oz, Cinderella, Snow White, Pinocchio, and Johnny Appleseed.

MCT Musical Director and former tour actor Michael McGill thinks the program's popularity has to do with its style. "People who contract for MCT find that Missoula gives them a nice surprise. They're tired of things that were packaged in Los Angeles." Though they only have five days to prepare the cast for their show, they consistently produce performances of the highest caliber. "The amazing thing is the high quality the kids achieve in only one week. Well, the quality has to be good, or it isn't amazing," explains McGill.

In Missoula, the Children's Theatre also offers performing arts classes for children, which usually culminate in a production open to the public, and similar classes for adults, such as a directing class recently taught by Caron. They sponsor a full season of community theatre musicals which usually involve both children and adult actors from the Missoula area. They also make the 200-seat Front Street Theatre available for small shows and recitals, and provide such community services as arranging auditions, loaning out costumes and providing talent for television commercials.

Though the Children's Theatre is branching out in many ways, the tour remains at the heart of what they do. Making theatre available to isolated communities in Montana and other states begins to satisfy their desire to reach all the children they can.

Aspiring actors who attend schools in communities with no formal arts programs have a special appreciation for what MCT brings them, but many of the kids they reach may never get another opportunity to perform. Understanding that, the tour isn't designed as a means of training actors, rather Caron sees it as a way of "teaching life skills through performance."

He explains that putting a quality production together in five days is a lesson in discipline, cooperation and non-discrimination. The cast integrates younger and older students, boys and girls, singers, dancers and assistant directors into a single unit that is capable of bringing off a creditable performance.

During a typical week the excitement starts on Monday, when auditions are held after school. The directors may ask the children to line up according to height, for instance, in order to determine which children can and can't follow directions. The prospective actors will sing a few lines, and dance a simple step (which will later be incorporated into the show) and pretty soon the children with the potential for lead roles stand out. Those who seemed too shy or less apt on the first go-round are then cast in supporting roles or assigned to a chorus, until the 50-member cast is filled out. Additionally, a dozen older students may receive assignments as assistant directors. Usually these are high school students, who will learn the more technical angles of the production. Each assistant director is assigned a segment of the show to "know," including lines, cues, lighting and props.

Although rural school children may not have had the exposure to the arts that big-city kids have, McGill says there isn't much difference between them. "You'd be surprised how much they *haven't* had, even in the cities," he points out, and explains that they start out all kids at pretty much the same level. They rarely have any trouble finding talented students for the lead roles.

Once the roles are cast, the directors distribute scripts and rehearsal schedules, and the leads will remain for their first rehearsal. They can expect to rehearse four hours a day for the next five days.

"At first I wasn't even sure it was possible," says McGill of controlling the mayhem when two directors take charge of 50 kids. The most important element in their teaching formula is attitude. "The children are treated as professionals, and expected to do a professional job." The children naturally seem to give them what's expected — and that's the main element in MCT's formula for success. They rarely face a discipline problem because the kids are only called for a rehearsal when there's something for them to do. That also shows consideration for parents who may have to drive quite a distance to pick up children in rural areas.

The kids begin learning the show with an enthusiasm that becomes a living part of the production. On Monday, they begin memorizing their lines, and find out exactly where to stand and when to move. Tuesday, they begin learning about their character — how to think and move like a dwarf, a puppet or an animal. Every show also contains a short ballet, which is choreographed by Wednesday. On Thursday the troupe gets their first chance to put it all together for a run-through of the show. They have their lines memorized, the



dancers are all moving in the same direction, the songs are bright and clear, and the excitement of seeing what they've created begins to grow.

The directors now face the task of "fixing" the show. The Blue Fairy may not be able to project loudly enough, or some of the players may have some self-conscious mannerisms to "unlearn." Friday and Saturday morning are the only chance they have to overcome these problems, but the directors can bank on the fact that an enthusiastic kid can learn almost anything overnight.

Friday and Saturday morning are also the time to get the actors into costumes and teach them about make-up. Although the Children's Theatre has to buy make-up by the caseload, they feel that first-class make-up adds to the feeling of a professional theatre experience and each child learns the basics of make-up application for his or her part. Costumes, likewise, add to the texture of the show, and with a tip of the hat to the inventors of drawstrings and velcro, MCT can outfit any size Cinderella or Pinocchio in a handsome costume.

The goal of the directors is to challenge each student without intimidating them. By attempting to succeed at something they may never have tried before, each student develops a gradual increase in self-esteem.

Local children always appear in the lead roles, the directors playing what they call "organizational" parts. One or both of them are onstage nearly every moment of the performance, to set up mood changes, plot reversals and movement patterns. If need be, they can also cover up mistakes. "It's not fair to the sponsor if something goes wrong," McGill notes, "we try to foresee all the possible problems, and any mistakes that happen are almost never visible to the audience."

The payoff for everyone comes on Saturday, when the show is presented. The energetic productions showcasing local talent foster a sense of community pride that mirrors the pride the youngsters derive from their accomplishments.

For the actor/directors the rewards are somewhat more diffuse. Sometimes the community they visit treats them like celebrities, but the payoff usually comes from such moments as setting up on a gym floor and transforming it into the Land of Oz, and the satisfaction of working as an artist.

MCT is very careful about choosing the actors who go out on tour. While they hold degrees in drama or music and know their craft well, they must also be good educators. They have to teach the kids what's going to work for them, rather than the same thing they taught the last kid.

The actors who are chosen spend about a week learning the shows they will be touring. "It's kind of scary at first" McGill recalled. "You have to learn so much so fast." James Caron teaches the shows, and then observes the actors on their first few assignments to insure the quality of the productions. The actors are relatively free to adapt a show to suit unusual situations, but Caron makes occasional quality checks to remove "improvements" that may crop up.

With more than a hint of evangelical satisfaction, James Caron notes that his greatest source of pride is "the communities that don't need us any more," the schools where the kids' enthusiasm convinced administrators to create their own drama programs. The greatest measure of MCT's success is that they usually are invited back, anyway. **M**

The Bank Man Cometh



Many ranchers "overborrowed," fooled by the rising tide of appreciating land values. Now they face the grim financial repair

by T. J. Gilles

"Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."
—Poor Richard's Almanac

Once upon a time, my brother Jere, the rural sociologist had stationed himself in Cut Bank, where he was doing some research in partial fulfillment of the requirements of one of his several degrees.

There are no rural sociologists in Montana (except when my brother visits), nor any place in the state where one can obtain so much as an A.A. degree in that field of study. So my brother was attending Cornell U in upstate and upscale New York and was able to study Montanans only because he had siphoned a grant from an international foundation based in Honolulu and backed by Rockefeller money. That's another story, of course, the fact that Montana is too rural to have any rural sociologists.

The folks up in Cut Bank and Shelby and Valier and Conrad and Browning had never seen a rural sociologist before, so they humored my brother by answering his questions pretty thoroughly. He was able to gather all kinds of data to process concerning these people's attitudes, ethics, cultural practices and financial conditions.

The sociologist's trade is then to process and analyze all this information to come up with the human equivalent of the aerial photographs the Soil Conservation Service takes so they can fly over the land again in another 20 years and see how much it's eroded.

Now on with our story. I remember two questions and answers that were in my brother's survey that together say a lot about agriculture both as a state of mind and as a business.

In the "attitudes" section of the questionnaire, given a multiple choice, something like 80 percent "very strongly agreed" that "it is a good thing to be free of debt."

And in another section, one dealing with fiscal realities, a roughly equal proportion admitted that they were in hock so deep that they were able to pay back the interest every year, but they really weren't making much of a dent on the principal and in reality were miring themselves a bit deeper each year.

The survey was taken in the mid-1970s, a time of some optimism for the grain biz what with the Russians buying every kernel they could get caught red-handed with while land "values" were jumping up every year, well ahead of inflation — which in those days was scoring in double figures.

Since the dawn of capitalism, it has been chiseled in granite that there are three and only three inflation-proof investments: Precious metals, diamonds and agricultural land. Anyone who's followed the escapades of the Hunt Bros. in silver futures, demanded to be paid in Kruggerands or tried to hock an engagement ring lately knows what's happened to the first two commodities in fairly recent history.

What has happened to farm and ranch land "values" of late has followed that same path, and is an event unprecedented in history if your history lessons only go back to the 1930s.

The reason I keep saying land "values" and putting the "values" in quotes should be explained.

T.J. Gilles was a life time resident of Yellowstone County before moving to Denver last year to engage in machine politics and pay sales tax. He is very highly leveraged.

It's the old "live poor and die rich" syndrome. In terms of what the land can do, its value really increases only if it was dry and you irrigated it or you got rid of the sagebrush or made other improvements so it'll grow more grain or be able to hold more cows or sheep. The value of the land in terms of what can be produced on it doesn't go up just because inflation did.

So if it's still able to feed a hundred cows just like it was capable of 20 years ago, the real value of a piece of land hasn't gone up any.

The "value" looked at by realtors, bankers, corporations and such is really a one-time deal for most agriculturalists. They have to retire and sell it or die and have the heirs taxed on it to show any of the book value that's been accumulating on the land. For many of the real hard-core ranchers or farmers, the second alternative seems preferable to the first.

But a lot of folks have quite frankly ridden the gravy train of appreciating value every year when they've gone to the bank. They've been able to borrow and dig a deeper debt hole each year, based on the fact that their land's "worth" was going up. Kids have been sent to universities, new tractors and combines purchased, adjoining farms acquired — even if the farmer or rancher wasn't making a dime — just because the Bible or something like it said that the land would be worth more next year, and the next, and the next . . .

The last part of the 1970s was the real prime time of what the financial circlers call "being highly leveraged" and some old-timers would call "living beyond your means." Ownership of farmland became like having a VISA card with no credit limit and itsy-bitsy monthly payments.

All binges have to end, and many of them end in wrecks.

Cattle prices peaked out and grains went ditto after a peanut broker who happened to reside in the White House cancelled sales to this nation's greatest customer and worst enemy, the United Soviet Socialist Republic. The grain — and the debts — kept piling up.

Land prices and values peaked out just two years ago, and the buzzards have come home to roost for those who over-borrowed and believed the bankers, consultants and economists who promised that land would forever rise in value and cover all their markers. For a lot of folks, the going up has not been worth the coming down — since they were sure they'd never come down.

I remember a classic case a few years ago. He beat the rush, managed to lose everything just on over-borrowing and living and farming high even before the prices received for farm commodities justified the demise of many of his neighbors.

He made a big deal of joining the American Agriculture Movement. The AAM guys are never to be confused with other farm groups, which treat the AAM folks as if they've just returned from a successful skunk-tackling expedition. The AAM guys are the ones who gripe about how rough it is making a buck in farming and then drive their no-miles-per-gallon tractors to Washington, D.C., to protest; or plow down $20,000 worth of wheat to show the heavy symbolism of it or do their bit to reduce the national surplus. Any of the above two actions are almost sure to get one's picture in the paper — a difficult task for those who aren't sports stars or members of the criminal class. So anyway, when this aforementioned farmer-borrower got the word that he was being foreclosed upon, he and some fellow AAM guys went over to the county courthouse at Red Lodge and applied for food stamps and got their pictures on the front page of the Billings Gazette. And then I looked at the poster for the farm sale and realized what his real problem was. All of his equipment was practically brand-new, and he had too much of it.

That's an extreme example, and one which caused me to digress. But as I said, it was a couple of years ago when the land-inflation stopped and the bankers began to say "no" and not just "maybe" and the markers were called in. The land "values" are now 15-18 percent below what they were when they topped. Annual value rises of that much were common a few years ago.

That added collateral, allowing a farmer to borrow that much more each year . . . add to that the interest rates of 20 percent or so and your recent troubles with the Master-Charge folks become magnified as through an electron microscope.

The sky fell for a lot of Montana ranchers and farmers last year, when the lenders decided to face the handwriting on the wall and said enough was enough. Pay up, get square or get out.

According to a report by the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, during a six-month period last year, 4½ percent of Montana's farmers went out of business. Given an estimated 22,500 farms in Montana at the beginning of that time, that means a thousand folded up during a six-month span from April through September. Dividing yet further, we find that it comes to almost 40 farms per week.

Montana's economy is in as rough a shape as anybody's, and we've seen giants like Anaconda pull up stakes and release thousands of lifetime workers on little more than their own recognizance, so these 40 farmers a week who cashed in the chips of their careers might get lost in the shuffle. But if any large Montana corporation laid off 40 workers a week, every week, it's easy to imagine the noise that would emanate from the politicians and the editorialists.

For those seeking silver linings, that same Federal Reserve Bank now tells us that the ag credit situation has improved. During the quarter ending last March, only 2 percent of Montana agriculturalists were "forced out of business because of financial stress," says the fed. That's only a rate of about 16 a week (among those who were still in business after the prior report) and as such isn't so alarming.

So much for the stats. A few comments from an agricultural conference held in Billings in 1975, quotes by Montanans:

"The only reason for inflation on land is so it can be taken away from us," said Bill Cox of Fergus County.

"When a farm couple retires and sells its holdings, they often have little to live on after closing debts," said Ted Whitmer of Glendive. "When we analyze what has happened, we see that a man has been willing to work all of his life for absolutely nothing. He has subsidized the consumer with his labor."

Well, the prophet is frequently without profit in his own land. If you wanted light reading, you probably wouldn't have turned to a column about agriculture.

Whilst attending a conference of the nation's leading ag bankers in Chicago, I got bored with all the seminars on how to foreclose politely and how to convince a person to "voluntarily liquidate" and give him some time to find a decent price (one that would cover his debts) instead of sheriffing him out on the courthouse steps for a fire-sale price while devaluing land throughout the valley.

So I kept asking around for some more lighthearted news that would cheer my readers, and a lot of bankers came up with the same answer:

There's no shortage of money to lend, it's just that the guys who had the loans of easy virtue in the past are going to have to be cut off. Some 50 percent of the nation's farmers and ranchers have virtually no debt whatsoever. The bankers are beating the bushes for these guys, figuring they'll do them a favor by giving them a credit rating I guess, and practically begging them to take out loans.

Said a more wistful banker: "I hope we're not guilty of being overaggressive in the good times and too rough in the bad times." **M**

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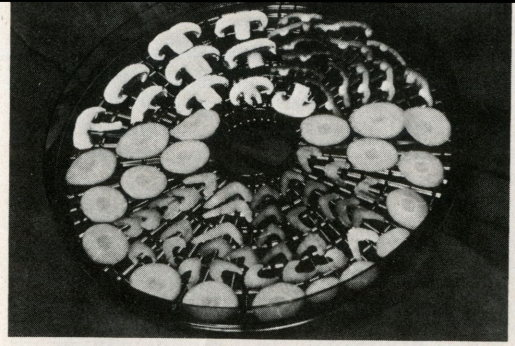
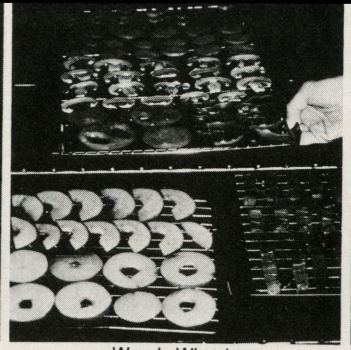
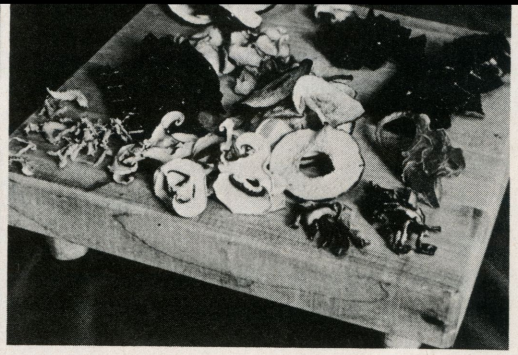

Wendy Wheeler

DRY IT YOURSELF

YEAR-ROUND TREATS WITH A MINIMUM OF EFFORT

by Wendy Wheeler

The camp stove burner flares under the match. Soon the rich smell of frying beef sets our stomachs rumbling. Mushrooms, zucchini, peppers, celery and onions added to the beef create a delectable stir-fry dinner served over mounds of steaming rice.

After a long, tough day on the trail, a hot, nourishing meal instills a feeling of contentment that lasts all night.

All the ingredients of the vegetable beef stir-fry (except the rice) were dehydrated at home — economically and without extra, expensive equipment.

Dehydrating foods has many advantages for the hiker. Dried foods are lightweight and take up little space in a backpack. They are naturally preserved, not drenched in chemicals, and the loss of nutritional value is minimal. The process of drying is easy, inexpensive and creates delicious results, especially when you use fresh-picked produce from your garden.

To get started you need three basic elements: a heat source, ventilated food racks, and fresh, quality fruits, vegetables and meats.

Heat Source — People have been drying food in the sun for centuries, and it still works. A covering of cheesecloth is a good idea to keep out dirt. If you are worried about insects and their eggs, you can kill them by heating your sun-dried foods in a 150-degree oven for 30 minutes or by freezing them for 48 hours. Inside a south-facing window can also be an effective place to sun-dry your foods, but be careful it doesn't get too hot.

If using the oven, use a low setting, no higher than 150 degrees. Make sure you have good circulation around your foods.

Dehydrators are available commercially. The heating sources vary from electric coils to light bulbs and the prices run from $20 to $200. You can get plans for building dehydrators from the U.S. Department of Agriculture through your local county extension office.

Use your imagination — a rack in front of the wood stove, the back seat of your car on a warm, sunny day — wherever there is warmth and air circulation, you can dehydrate food.

Ventilation — Good ventilation is absolutely necessary to remove the moisture from foods so that they become fully dehydrated.

Sliced foods should be spread in single layers on racks for best results. Use cooling racks, plastic mesh or other trays that provide air circulation.

When drying in an oven, leave the door cracked for better air movement. Outside, raise your racks on bricks or other supports. Commercial dehydrators will have the proper ventilation for their size. Some come equipped with fans and blowers.

Foods — Select high quality, ripe fruits and vegetables. Immature produce will lack flavor and color when dried. Over-ripe produce can be too tough or too mushy.

Wash and clean all fresh food. Core and pit as necessary. Using evenly sliced pieces will help assure consistent and fast drying, and make the product easier to store and eat.

Dried fruit is an easy snack. Sweet and chewy fruit leathers of all kinds and combinations are delicious. Dried apple and pear slices provide a quick pick-me-up anywhere. Dried vegetables are very simple to make also, and I never forget the dried mushrooms!

A little more difficult, but worth the effort, is beef jerky. Because fat will turn rancid if not removed, trim it off before drying, marinating the beef overnight to tenderize.

Wendy Wheeler is a Helena resident, an experienced hiker and camp cook.

Storage — To preserve quality, take care to store dried foods in airtight, insect-proof containers. Any sign of moisture inside the container means that the food should be dried more. Store jerky in the freezer until just before using.

When packing foods for trips, write out instructions for rehydrating and cooking on small slips of paper and put them directly into sealed containers with the food. It only takes a minute and can save time and headaches on the trail. It is also a good idea to pack each meal separately so that the food is used in the proper quantities.

Drying your own foods can save you money and give you unique and delicious meals and snacks out on the trail. With a little foresight, inspiration and imagination, your backpacking meals will be more tasty than you ever dreamed possible.

For additional help read The Hungry Hiker's Book of Good Cooking, by Gretchen McHugh (1982); Dry It — You'll Like It! by Gen MacManiman (1973) and Garden Way's Guide to Food Drying by Phyllis Hobson (1980).

Quick & Easy Recipes

Fruit Leather

Fruits can be pureed, spiced, dried and rolled for a sweet snack. For one cookie sheet of leather:

Cover cookie sheet with one layer of plastic wrap. Puree enough fruit to make 3 cups. Add spices for flavor, or lemon juice to lessen discoloration if desired. Spread puree thinly on plastic-covered cookie sheet. Dry in a warm (140°) oven until done, 6-8 hours. Leather should not be tacky when touched, but neither should it be completely dried and brittle. If drying in the sun, support cheesecloth over fruit to keep off bugs, leaves and dirt.

When cool, leather will pull easily off the pan. Roll up, with the plastic wrap, starting at the short end. Seal in bags or aluminum foil. May be frozen.

Flavor treats might include: Apples with nutmeg; apples and pears; peaches with cinnamon — my favorite; apricots with sunflower seeds;

Thank Goodness for Flannel Sheets!

I Thought I'd "Freeze to Death"



When I went to England, I just knew it was going to be the trip of a lifetime. I had saved and planned for years. Then, out of the blue, I got a chance to spend a few days in an honest-to-goodness 13th Century castle on the moors in Yorkshire.

What I overlooked was the English idea of central heating. After I left London the weather suddenly turned shivering cold and wet. By the time I got to my destination I was too tired and miserable to care about picturesque charm and history. All I could think of was how uncomfortable I was going to be in an old, drafty castle.

Sure enough, my room was *freezing*. But when I crawled into bed I was dumbfounded to discover how marvelously cozy it was despite the lack of heat.

There was a big, puffy down comforter on top. Underneath, the sheets and even the pillowcases were flannel. And not that flimsy pilled kind we used to have at summer camp. They were luxuriously soft, thick, real *100% cotton flannel.*

I felt utterly pampered in plushy comfort. And I never slept better, because I wasn't buried under layers of heavy bedclothes.

Then and there I decided I was going to have sheets like that at home. What a great way to save on heating costs at night and still feel rich and special!

When I got back to the United States I soon learned that the flannel sheets in stores didn't feel or look the same at all. The polyester in them made such a difference.

Finally, I got so frustrated I went to Damart, a company in my hometown, and suggested they sell real 100% cotton flannel sheets and pillowcases. They loved the idea.

And that's how Agatha's Cozy Corner was born. We talked it over and added heavenly down comforters and some other things as well as the sheets. And now I'd be happy to send



you my catalog. It's printed in color, and gives you the pictures and story of everything we sell. Just use the coupon for your free copy.

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strawberries; pumpkin sweetened with honey, spiced with cinnamon and cloves. Use your imagination to create your own favorite combinations.

Apple Slices

Core apples. Slice into thin rings; peeling is not necessary. Use a needle and heavy-duty thread to string up slices through center hole. Hang horizontally in a sunny window for 2-3 days. Slices should not be touching. Slices may also be dried in a slow oven: place slices on cooling rack and set rack on a cookie sheet. Dry 6-8 hours at 140° turning once. Apples should be chewy and leathery when dried. No crispness will remain.

Vegetables like zucchini and mushrooms can also be strung up to dry.

Stew Vegies

Use mushrooms, zucchini, peppers, celery, carrots, tomatoes. All these vegetables dry well in the air.

Slice thinly and evenly (insures consistent drying). Spread on racks, put racks on cookie sheets. Cover food with a layer of cheesecloth to keep off dust and bugs. Dry in a warm, sunny room. Can also be dried in a slow oven (140°). Celery and zucchini will be brittle when dry. Mushrooms, peppers, carrots and tomatoes will be leathery when dry.

Before using, cover vegetables with water and rehydrate for 15-30 minutes. Note: Flaked celery leaves and ground dried vegetables add zest to soups and stews.

Beef Jerky

Thinly slice round or flank steak across the grain. (Meat slices easily if partially frozen). Cut into bite size pieces. Marinate overnight if desired. Spread on racks in a single layer. Put racks on cookie sheets. Dry in a slow oven (140°) until pieces snap in two, about 8 hours. If air-dried, process may take 2-3 days.

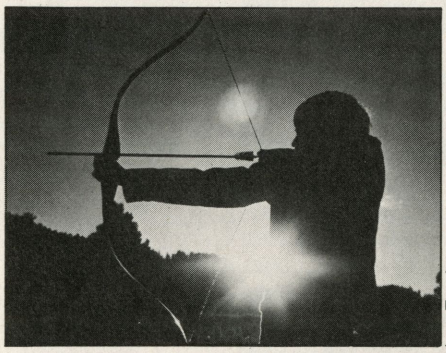
Note: To rehydrate, soak for at least 1 hour, and longer if possible.

Vegetable Beef Stir Fry

1½ c. dried beef jerky
2 T. each, dried mushrooms, celery, peppers, onions
½ c. dried zucchini
2 T. butter or oil
2 c. quick-cooking rice
Soy sauce, optional

Cover beef with water and soak for 1 hour. Cover vegetables with water and soak for 30 minutes. Pour off water, or use for rice. Cook rice in 4 cups of water until water is almost absorbed. Set aside, keeping warm if possible. Heat butter or oil in pan. Stir in beef until sizzling. Add vegetables, stirring constantly for about 3 minutes. Heap meat and vegetable mixture over rice. Season with soy sauce if desired. Serves 2-3. **M**

Ziiiing Go The Strings



Lee Travis

Bowhunting offers the close-up experience that more and more hunters aim for

by Bert Lindler

I was only 30 yards away when I saw the massive ivory-tipped antlers. This was no love-sick spike I had been stalking, but a majestic six-point, the elk of a bowhunter's dream.

The bull was bedded on a rocky bench about 10 yards above me. All I could see were his antlers, which rocked back and forth with his breathing. I had been stalking the bugling bull for an hour, following him through the forests and into an open meadow fringed with rock slides in the Little Belt Mountains southeast of Great Falls.

Since I had already blown a stalk on a magnificent herd bull with eight cows and calves earlier in the day, I had assumed this bull would be a youngster, starved for affection.

Now my problem was to regain my composure and figure out how to stalk him. I knelt behind a short pine, thinking and shaking. Then the bull got up, strolled into the meadow and began walking downhill on a path that would lead him directly in front of me, 40 yards away.

I drew my compound bow as he passed behind a tree, then placed the sight behind his shoulder as he came out. The arrow was flying beautifully when I realized my shot was doomed. The elk had been walking, a factor I had failed to take into account. The shot hit behind him. He wheeled, crashed into a small grove of trees and lay down.

He was still within 50 yards. It wouldn't be difficult for me to sneak to within 30 yards for my shot. I knew I had my elk.

But as I began to crawl forward I found I was in trouble. A cow elk was 40 yards below, looking straight at me. I waited until she began feeding, then slipped behind a tree. Soon she began walking toward the bull.

Before I began my stalk again, I looked uphill. There on the trail below the bench — just 20 yards away — was a black bear. He had no idea I was there and would have been an easy shot, but I wanted the bull. I let the bear go.

Soon the bear wandered into the meadow. The bull got nervous and wandered off uphill. So did the cow. The bear walked quietly away.

I was the only one left in the meadow. I hadn't killed a thing, but I had experienced my finest day afield.

That's the way it is bowhunting. You're in the mountains at the finest time of year. There's a nip to the evening air, but you aren't likely to be fighting knee-deep snow. Deer and elk have had nine months to forget about hunters, so you'll never have a better chance to see and stalk them. Most exciting of all, the elk are rutting, giving you the opportunity to hunt bugling bulls.

But that doesn't mean you will be eating venison or elk steak the following spring. Sneaking to within 30 or 40 yards of a deer or elk and making a successful shot with a bow and arrow is quite a different matter than knocking one over at 200 yards with a .30/06.

The big trick is getting close enough. That's mainly a matter of patience, a resource in short supply for most of us.

The first year I tried bowhunting deer on the prairie, I thought I would spot them feeding, then walk or crawl right up for the shot. I didn't waste much time getting to them, but I didn't have any successful stalks.

Then I decided to waste a little time. I watched as the deer fed toward their beds in rose bushes at the bottom of the draws. I spent an hour or two crawling through the rose bushes to them. By using the wind to cover my sound, I could get to within 20 to 40 yards of the deer.

Even though I feel I've got this technique mastered, I still haven't bagged a deer using it. There are few sure bets in bow hunting.

In fact, the two small bucks and spike bull I have killed were mainly a matter of luck. The first buck was shot as it stood watching us from beside a Forest Service road. The second was in an open meadow, watching as I approached on a trail.

I had spooked the spike from his bed and he made the mistake of trying to circle back over me. I had anticipated this maneuver, climbing straight uphill after jumping him.

There's still some hunting to be done even after you shoot your game with a bow and arrow. While a bullet may destroy vital organs, killing an animal instantly, the arrow is designed to cut blood vessels, causing the animal to bleed to death.

Once the animal has been hit, it usually runs away. It would seem only natural to run after it, but it's probably wiser not to. If the animal was hit in the lung cavity, it will probably lie down a short distance away and die in its bed. You won't have much trouble finding it. But if you had chased the animal, it might have run quite a distance before dropping.

You can't necessarily tell how hard an animal was hit by the amount of blood in its trail. Much of the bleeding may be internal. If you think the animal was hit, you have a moral obligation to look and look and look, whether you find blood or not.

Several years ago I shot a mule deer buck that wheeled after I released my arrow. The arrow hit the deer in the hindquarters instead of the chest cavity where it had been headed. A friend and I found the deer bedded down a short distance away two hours later and killed it. We hadn't been able to find hair, blood or tracks, but we kept searching until we found the deer.

Bert Lindler, a reporter with the Great Falls Tribune, is on leave for a year to accept a Nieman Fellowship in journalism at Harvard.

Since the days are often warm during bow season, it's important to take good care of the meat. The game must be hung so it can cool during the evening. Elk can be quartered with a compact saw. The quarters can be hoisted in trees with a lightweight block and tackle. Pepper should be sprinkled on the exposed meat to keep flies off.

I rarely have the bother — or pleasure — of packing out game. For me bowhunting has been an excuse to get out in the mountains during Montana's finest season. As often as not I end up getting my game during the general season, using the tricks I learned during bow season.

Others take the sport more seriously. And for them bowhunting can prove just as successful as hunting with a rifle.

For instance, take Don Davidson, a Great Falls bowhunter. During the past five years he has bagged nine record-book class trophies, including mountain goat, elk, mountain lion, mule deer, black bear, caribou and antelope.

"I haven't worked in four years," Davidson said. "About all I do is hunt. It's paid off."

During the last three years Davidson has spent at least a month hunting in Alaska, but he still prefers Montana. "Montana is by far superior," he said. "We've got more area to hunt, more species. It's here."

While Montanans can do their hunting afoot or with the aid of four-wheel drive vehicles or horses, in Alaska a hunter without an airplane is lost, Davidson said.

Davidson stays in shape by running, shoots his bow in the backyard every day and tries to shoot at indoor or outdoor ranges three nights a week. He makes a point to shoot in leagues sponsored by the Great Falls Archery Club because it commits him to shooting and staying in practice.

Once he's in the field, patience and perserverance pay off. "It's a time game. You've got to be out there" he said.

Every year more and more Montanans are taking up bowhunting. In 1977 there were 9,110 bowhunting licenses sold, said John Cada, who keeps track of licensing statistics for the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks in Bozeman. Last year there were 16,782 licenses sold, nearly twice as many. Still the bowhunters aren't in any danger of outnumbering those who go afield during the general season. There were 150,046 deer A tags sold last year and 96,406 elk tags.

The rifle hunters are more likely to get their game, even though bow hunters have the advantage of being able to shoot deer or elk of either sex. Last year rifle hunters had 62 percent success on their deer A tags, while bowhunters had 13 percent success on mule deer and 9 percent success on whitetail.

Rifle hunters had 16 percent success on elk, while bowhunters had 5 percent success. Rifle hunters had 79 percent success on antelope, while bowhunters had 12 percent success.

The Montana Bowhunters Association promotes bowhunting in the state. The group has 1,400 members said Lee Poole, Ennis, the association's president.

The association has worked hard to establish the special seasons that are available to bowhunters for deer, elk and antelope. This year for the first time bowhunters were able to apply for a special permit enabling them to hunt antelope across much of eastern Montana during bow season.

"The biggest problem we have right now is that our numbers are growing," Poole said. "We really have to strive for bowhunter education. We want to keep up the quality of the sport and the quality of the hunting up, too."

Don Hettinger, Bozeman, is one of the state's 150 bowhunting instructors. Hettinger, who has been involved with bowhunter education since its inception in the state in the mid-70s, is one of six master instructors. So far more than 400 bowhunters have been certified.

"Anyone can go out and learn by trial and error," Hettinger said. "But at whose expense do they learn? At the expense of the animal? At the expense of the general public?"

Bowhunter education can help reduce the number of mistakes novices make and help them answer questions the public may raise about the ethics of bowhunting, he said.

"Some people may go to a discount house and buy a bow the day before the season and decide to go bowhunting. That's not what bowhunting's about," Hettinger said.

Beginners should contact the local Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks office to learn more about bowhunter education or about archery clubs in their area, Hettinger said. In addition, information can be obtained by writing the Montana Bowhunters Association, Box 3, Three Forks, MT 59752. **M**



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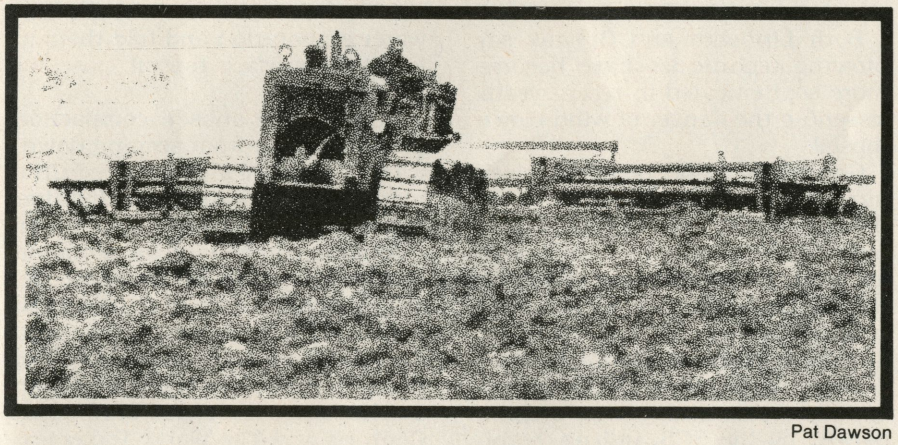
The summer and fall of 1918 were unrelievedly grim. The winds spread: they swept across the entire area with maddening strength and constancy. They tattered the tar paper on the honyocker's shack and swirled down the streets of the towns, filling the air with dust so fine that it permeated buildings, clothing, granaries and water tanks. Temperatures were as consistent as the wind — 100 degrees to 110 degrees — and the humidity was so low that earth, boards and even skin withered . . .

—K. Ross Toole from
Twentieth Century Montana: A State of Extremes

PLOWDOWN

Vast tracts of ripped land . . . without a conservation practice in sight — evoke memories of Eastern Montana's dust bowl days

by Paul Jonas



Pat Dawson

As Toole's book makes clear, eastern Montana homesteaders, or "honyocker's" as they were called derisively, learned the hard way that plowing up prime grazing land for wheat crops has drawbacks when the rains fail to come.

Sixty years later, a second group of groundbreakers much smaller in number has earned another nickname: sodbusters. They too are stimulated to plow by potential profits and have busted over two million acres in Montana since 1977, according to Montana Cooperative Extension Service Range Specialist John Lacey.

The new groundbreakers say they use advanced farming practices that minimize the danger of rampant soil erosion. Others aren't so sure. Whether the moniker be honyocker or sodbuster, they fear the end result is destined to be the same.

Lurid memories of the honyockers and the Dust Bowl they carved were rekindled this spring with news of two huge plowouts of marginal land in eastern Montana: a 50,000-acre ranch 45 miles north of Miles City and 33,000 acres near Winnett, continuing a practice that re-emerged in Montana in the late '70s.

The sodbusters' activities have not gone unnoticed. Eastern District Congressman Ron Marlenee, Montana Senators John Melcher and Max Baucus and Gov. Ted Schwinden have all criticized the practice this summer as have a number of state agricultural groups. Petroleum County Conservation District supervisors are so alarmed they recently proposed a county land-use ordinance. The proposal would force those wanting to break marginal land to first submit a conservation plan to the district. Prospective sodbusters would not be allowed to plow until their plans were approved.

Whereas the honyockers by and large were dirt-poor settlers searching for a modest living, the new generation of sodbusters is basically divided into two groups. Those plowing the biggest acreages are wealthy developers searching for a gold mine in appreciating land value. But small-time ranchers beset by depressed cattle prices are also involved in the practice to increase their ranch equity and improve the short-term profit picture.

Sodbusting hysteria started in the mid-'70s, the most famous incident being the 17,700-acre Angela Grazing District 30 miles north of Miles City. The area was broken by Billings investor John Greytak, who later plowed the 14,400-acre Mizpah Ranch southeast of Miles City and several other ranches in the central and eastern part of the state.

Greytak has broken more than 150,000 Montana acres in the past 10 years with a fleet of mammoth, four-wheel-drive tractors. About 10 of the machines can break more than a square mile of earth in a single day.

Greytak's First Continental Corp. gained notoriety this summer by breaking large portions of the Bratten and Nebraska Feed Co. ranches near Winnett — which span more than 60,000 acres.

The largest plowouts have drawn the most attention, but the practice is evident on a smaller scale in other areas. Large acreages have been sliced in recent years in the Rock Springs area between Miles City and Jordan. Over 20,000 acres were broken in southern Phillips County the last five years, according to Lacey, who notes that a number of parcels also were converted east of the Crazy Mountains between Big Timber and Harlowton.

Lacey says no one knows for sure how much marginal land is being

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Paul Jonas, a reporter for the Miles City Star, is originally from Littleton, Colorado.

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busted. "I think we would be shocked if we knew; I think you will find it's pretty widespread over the eastern two-thirds of Montana."

State conservation officials and ranchers are concerned because the land being plowed is often poor for crops. They say the sodbusters commonly use a minimum of soil conservation practices — which the sodbusters emphatically deny.

About 50,000 acres of the Crow Rock Ranch north of Miles City was broken in April and May by three investors: Byers, Colo. farmer Emmett Linnebur, Columbia Falls banker Jim Edmiston and Missoula lawyer Milton Datsopoulos.

Soil Conservation Service soil scientists in Miles City say much of the flatter land on the ranch is Class 4 on the eight-step SCS rating scale — the lowest soil class considered suitable for cultivation. Class 1 is prime cropland; Class 8 is useless for growing just about anything.

Crow Rock also contains sizable portions of Class 6 and 7 soils the SCS doesn't consider tillable. The scientists say nearly all the ranch's soil has severe wind erosion potential because it contains large amounts of lime and calcium that makes it fluffy, and in their words, "susceptible to blow." Areas of the ranch also have extremely shallow soils.

The SCS has not sampled soils in the Winnett area. Greytak, however, has come under fire for filling in coulees in sodbusted areas and digging out sod waterways. The developer claims that the major drainages on his ranches remain grass-covered and that only small gullies have been dirt-filled.

State and federal officials are perhaps most concerned about the sodbusters' practice of block-farming — usually without the aid of conservation strips. They also note that wheat areas need 12-14 inches of annual rainfall to provide adequate ground cover. Both the Miles City and Winnett areas average about 12 inches.

Since the Dust Bowl of the '20s and '30s, strip cropping has gained popularity as a method of replenishing the soil. One strip is planted while an adjacent one is left "fallow" for a year or more to enable topsoil to rebuild its moisture and nutrient supply. After a certain period, the strips are switched and the fallow acres planted.

In block farming, whole fields are planted or fallowed. Some officials think the practice leaves fields open to erosion at times because of lack of crop or residue cover.

There are those, such as Linnebur, who argue that strip cropping causes more erosion that it prevents. Linnebur maintains that stubble can cause downdrafts that blow topsoil off the land faster than without strips. The Coloradoan has broken and block-farmed several ranches in his native state and says he's never had troubles with wind erosion.

Greytak notes that some block-farmed areas have less erosion than strip-farmed plots. He says strips can lead to saline seep — a salt discharge stemming from high water tables that ruins cropland.

Both Linnebur and Greytak say plowing techniques have become more sophisticated in recent years, lessening the danger of wind-blown topsoil.

Greytak says he plans to block farm at Winnett for about three years using "no-till" and "flex crop" systems. With no-till, wheat stubble is left standing after harvest to anchor the soil. Under flex-crop, an area isn't planted unless there is adequate ground moisture at seeding time.

The Billings investor also intends to fallow chemically. This system, backed by the SCS, utilizes herbicides to control weeds rather than repeated tillage which loosens soil and buries stubble.

Some conservationists, such as Jim Rose of the Lewistown SCS office, think Greytak's techniques will stave off erosion. "If he maintains ground cover year-round I wouldn't expect severe erosion," he says.

But Steve Meyer, executive vice president of the Montana Association of Conservation Districts, is skeptical of both Linnebur's and Greytak's farming practices. He says the chances of controlling wind erosion for long periods on block-farmed areas with low rainfall are just about impossible. Meyer claims that even no-till techniques are useless if drought prevents stubble growth and leaves the land bare.

There are tell-tale signs that, at least in some areas, the new techniques are not as good at controlling erosion in dry climes as sodbusters think.

Sand Springs rancher Bill Brown, Jr. has land at Rock Springs next to a wheat farm broken in the early '70s. After about five years, Brown's fence was covered by blowing topsoil. He built a second fence on top of the first about three years ago. That fence is now half-covered with wind-blown dirt.

The new generation of ground breakers is not the first to contend that sophisticated tillage and farming techniques can tame eastern Montana's marginal land and outlast the area's sparse rain.

At the apex of the publicity smokescreen during the homestead era stood North Dakota dryland farming guru Hardy Webster Campbell, who expounded his theories of "scientific dryland farming" in The Western Soil Culture, a prominent agricultural publication he launched in 1895.

Campbell advocated extremely deep plowing to avert runoff and allow groundwater to penetrate upward to thirsty roots through capillary action. He encouraged adherents to pack the sub-surface soil to prevent groundwater evaporation and told them to leave the surface topsoil loose for mulch.

Because the subsoil compaction prevented rain from seeping downward, Campbell's system required rapid re-cultivation and packing after major storms to utilize precipitation.

Although a handful of Montana newspapers criticized the new cure-all and wondered aloud if the system would work in times of drought, Campbell soon became the darling of the national media. Magazines such as The American Review of Reviews, Century, and The World Today featured the new wunderkind and his "breakthrough."

Campbell was convinced his system gave the farmer complete control over soil moisture regardless of the amount of rainfall. He believed that rain washed away soil nutrients and that soil in dry climates was more fertile than in wetter areas.

His system eventually gained widespread use and, for a while, it worked. Abundant rains showered eastern Montana from 1910 through 1917 adding strength to the promotional hype. Between 1900 and 1916, eastern Montana wheat farms averaged an impressive 25 bushels to the acre.

But the rainbow faded, and when the homesteaders departed, at least two million acres in the state were virtually stripped of topsoil which nature needs decades to replace. Millions more were badly damaged. Much

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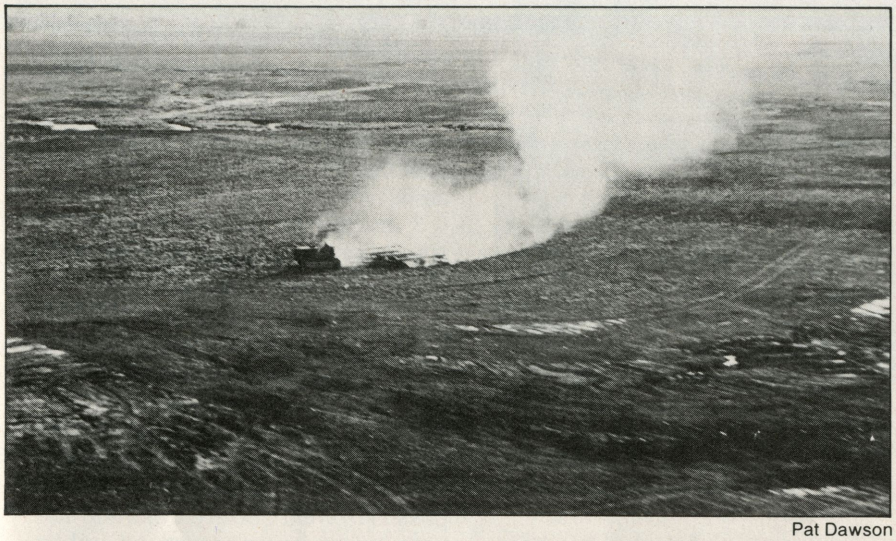

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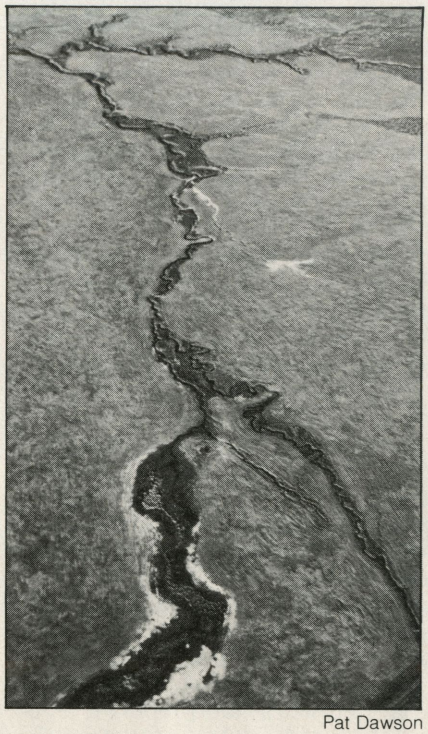

Pat Dawson

Aerial photos show the beginnings of saline seep where sod-busting has destroyed vegetation.

of the ruined land was later planted back to grass at government expense.

Ironically, portions of both the Crow Rock Ranch and the two Winnett ranches plowed recently were seeded back to grass after the honyockers left, only to be re-broken half a century later.

Much like their predecessors, sodbusters plow for profits.

Grazing land can double in value after it's broken for cropland — even on marginal soils. A Miles City realtor explains that prime grazing land selling for up to $125 per acre today could well sell for $250-$265 after conversion to wheat land, depending on its productivity.

Greytak, for example, has re-sold a number of ranches during the past 10 years after plowing and growing a few grain crops.

Many blame the plowout phenomenon on the government farm program and federal crop insurance which they say minimize the risk of planting poor soils. An individual or corporation can collect up to $50,000 a year in deficiency and diversion subsidies and another $50,000 in disaster payments from the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service.

To participate in the '83 federal farm program, producers must idle 20 percent of their crop acreage base. In return, they receive a "diversion" reimbursement of $2.70 per bushel on 5 percent of their total base.

Wheat producers in the program can realize up to 65 cents per bushel in government "deficiency" payments on acreage planted for harvest. Deficiency is the difference between the national per bushel target price set by the government each year and the going market price.

The government also offers "disaster" benefits to some producers ineligible for federal crop insurance. Farmers can collect payment for up to 60 percent of their established crop yield in the event a natural disaster causes them at least a 40 percent loss.



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Before the disaster program was modified two years ago, producers could collect up to $100,000. And collect they did.

In 1980, two Billings realtors collected more than $60,000 apiece on the Angela Grazing District because of drought. The two did not originally plow the area but bought it from Greytak.

Under the USDA's federal crop insurance program, producers can guarantee 75 percent, 65 percent or 50 percent of their average yield against natural disasters. The government pays 30 percent of the premium and the producer the rest.

Some sodbusters, especially in Colorado, secure low-interest Farmers Home Administration loans to cover land purchase and production expenses after being refused loans by commercial banks.

Sodbusting has definite tax advantages. The cost of breaking up and seeding land is tax-deductible. Those realizing a profit from selling converted wheat land report it as a "capital gain" — 60 percent of which is tax sheltered.

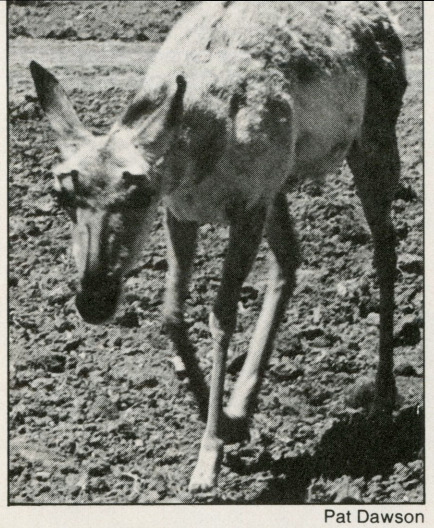
The degree to which the federal farm program encourages sodbusting is debatable. Sodbusters Linnebur and Greytak both say they use the program little, if any. Responds Linnebur: "The government has cost me every time I went into a program."

Greg Walcher, an aide to Sen. William Armstrong, R-Colo., says the government programs provide a big incentive to sodbust. Walcher notes that in Colorado alone, 500,000 acres have been plowed the last three years.

"A land speculator just can't go on land value," Walcher states. "He must ask 'can I recover expenses?' The real estate value is the ultimate incentive, no doubt. But with price support programs they at best can cover the cost of production."

Those critical of sodbusting in Montana note that 1.7 million acres of marginal land have been broken while another 21 million could share the same fate. They are looking at two options to contain the practice: federal legislation and so-called "anti-plowout ordinances" at the county level.

By far the best-known congressional proposal is Sen. Armstrong's "sodbuster" bill. The bill would bar growers on marginal land from receiving federal price supports, storage facility loans, crop insurance, disaster payments and new Farmers Home Administration loans. The bill would not apply to land that has already been planted or if a producer uses an approved conservation system.



Pat Dawson

A carbon copy of the bill has been introduced in the House by Rep. Hank Brown, R-Colo.

Last fall, Armstrong's bill passed the Senate 69-29 but Brown's died in the House. Both proposals were reintroduced this year.

Armstrong's measure has 27 cosponsors including Baucus. The legislation, also endorsed by Gov. Schwinden, is supported by at least 25 agriculture, conservation, wildlife and citizen's advocate groups.

Melcher supports the intent of Armstrong's bill but wants it amended. He claims the measure gives the Soil Conservation Service too much authority.

Marginal land, as defined by Armstrong, would be Class 4e, 6e, 7 and 8 on the SCS rating scale. The Melcher camp argues that the SCS has completed soil surveys on only about half of Montana's land. If Armstrong's bill passes, Melcher fears the agency could misuse its classification system to bar some producers from growing on tillable soil.

Marlenee introduced another bill May 5. Under his proposal, sodbusters breaking marginal land after Jan. 1, 1983 would still be eligible for FmHA loans and federal crop insurance but not other government subsidies. The bill also gives the Secretary of Agriculture discretion to make "conservation incentive payments" for all or part of the cost of conservation practices used to retire erodible land for at least seven years.

Several agricultural groups which support Armstrong's bill, such as the Montana Stockgrowers Association and the National Association of Conservation Districts, oppose Marlenee's bill because it would not withdraw FmHA loans and crop insurance from sodbusters.

"We feel strongly that no federal help should be given those breaking land with highly erodible soil," says stockgrowers' spokesman Will Brooke.

But Marlenee argues that Armstrong's bill would restrict farm management practices. He maintains that a small farmer could lose an FmHA loan on his whole operation by plowing a small parcel of marginal land.

A more controversial solution is a county land-use ordinance, such as the one being considered by the Petroleum County Conservation District based in Winnett. The district's proposal would require landowners to submit conservation plans to the soil conservation district if they intend to plow more than 40 acres of grassland in one year. The ordinance, modeled after a similar proposal passed in Weld County, Colorado last year, must be approved by public referendum.

The mere mention of mandatory regulations rankles most ranchers who treasure their independence and scoff at government interference.

Ranchers were deeply split on the issue at a June public hearing in Winnett. Those against the measure argued it would interfere with private property rights while those supporting it claimed private property rights end when blowing dirt covers neighboring operations.

A number of nearby conservation districts, such as those in Garfield, Treasure and Musselshell counties, are closely scrutinizing the Winnett situation and may follow the Petroleum conservation district's lead.

But if sentiment in the Miles City area is an indication, Montana county plowout ordinances face a rock-strewn path. Even some of the most vociferous sodbusting critics eschew the idea.

Chuck Pluhar, a Garfield County Conservation District supervisor who spoke out strongly against the Crow Rock breaking, thinks mandatory regulations would be "kind of socialistic."

Even Ray Beck, conservation districts administrator for the Department of Natural Resources and Conservation in Helena, says the referendum option should be avoided if at all possible.

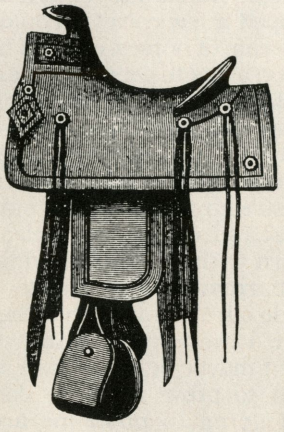
"People don't want to be regulated," he says. "It's a last resort measure."

Sodbusters say sophisticated tillage techniques can peacefully coexist with eastern Montana prairie, and claim critics are jumping too quickly on the anti-plowout bandwagon before the new farming practices are allowed to prove their mettle.

Whether the prairie flowers or regresses to an ugly scar — only time and rainfall will tell. **M**

Not Yet Son

Sometimes an ill-begotten impulse goads a boy to test his dad



by Duke Wellington

Way back in my pre-teen years, 62 or 63 years ago, my Dad and I were moving a herd of cattle from the river bottom to the summer range. It was late spring. The cottonwood trees along the Musselshell River were well leafed out. The wild hay meadows were beginning to come alive. It was Saturday morning — I well remember or I would have been in school in Two Dot, some six miles upriver.

The previous fall my dad had promised to buy me a new saddle if I never missed a day, nor was tardy for the school year. This would mean doing some chores before breakfast, such as feeding the horses and cleaning out the barn. Thank the powers above I didn't have to milk, or I'd never have graduated from eighth grade.

It also meant riding Colonel, a registered Morgan stallion, whose lineage went back through Bennington to the Justin Morgan, the progenitor of the breed. Come to think of it, it also meant 12 miles a day, five days a week for the 180-day school term. That would mean more than 2,100 miles of riding for the school year. I accepted the challenge with 11-year-old enthusiasm. I had always wanted a saddle of my own and here was a chance to get one.

Many days that winter the going was mighty rough. Some mornings when I headed out it was 25 below zero and sometimes colder.

After a good breakfast of oatmeal, bacon, eggs and biscuits, I would suit up for the cold ride: long johns, heavy shirt, tough Levi's, sheepskin coat, boot overshoes, angora chaps, a scotch cap pulled down over my ears and a woolen scarf wrapped around my face with only a thin slit for my eyes.

By the time we made the six miles on those days, Colonel's nostrils, eye lashes and shoulders were covered with silvery frost. Dad had made arrangements with Slim Hopkins to keep Colonel in his livery barn during the school hours. Many times the barn door was frozen shut and I would kick and beat on it until it opened. After I had unsaddled Colonel, tied him in a stall and pulled down some hay, I would give him a rub down with a gunny sack. I still had a couple of blocks to walk to the school house. My lunch, wrapped in a brown paper bag, was always frozen. There were many days it didn't warm up much before we started home.

Spring was the best time of the year. The prairie was beginning to green and the larks were singing and nesting. The curlews returned with their plaintive call. A coyote often slipped over the ridge of the nearby hills. Jack rabbits were common.

It was a sunny morning when we began moving cattle. Porcupine Butte and the Crazy Mountains could be seen in the distance. The purple haze of the night was melting away in the morning sun.

As we topped the hill above the meadow, a dozen or so antelope stopped their grazing, stared and took off in high gear, their white fan tails standing high. The cattle spooked a badger. Some of the calves had to crowd him to see what he was. He waddled away, seemingly in no hurry but looking over his shoulder now and then to see if we were friend or foe. Prairie dogs had mounted sentinel and were yapping nervously, their tails flipping at every bark.

The cows and calves were moving along in good shape, their heads bobbing up and down as they reached for bunches of grass. We hadn't trailed more than two or three miles when a ringy old cow busted out of the bunch and headed back toward the river bottom. I was riding Fox, a short-legged bay, old but an excellent cow horse. As the saying goes, Fox could turn on a dime and give you a nickel in change. We caught up with that bunch-quitting cow in nothing flat and headed her back to the herd. Fox seemed to enjoy his short burst of speed. As we trailed on, his head swung from side to side and his ears pointed toward the cattle.

Before long the same cow took off again. Fox saw her leave the herd before I did and was quickly on her tail. She ducked and dodged, but for every move she made Fox was there to head her off. I took down about 10 feet of lariat rope and as we headed back I wopped her over the rump at every jump. This time she worked her way up into the herd and out of sight. I thought she had learned her lesson and would stay put.

I had noticed dad eyeing me from under the brim of his Stetson, on the other side of the herd. I thought maybe he'd call over, "good work," or some such compliment, but I was disappointed.

Before long that ornery so-and-so cow took off again. This time from the side of the herd. She wasn't wild but wily. She had her mind set to go back, she was sneaky and persistent. This time she had a good headstart on us and was about 50 yards or so on the back trail before either Fox or I spotted her. This time the old biddy was on the high run. Fox let it all out and we were soon beside her. She wouldn't turn. Fox, with his ears laid back, rammed his shoulder into her. By this time I was mad. I took the rope down and started to beat her over the tail end. I also let out a string of ob-

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J. W. "Duke" Wellington grew up on Montana ranches. He has served as Superintendent of the Fort Belknap Agency and the Standing Rock Sioux Agency in North Dakota.

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scenities as long as the rope. From the time I was a big-eared five-year-old, I had been around ranch hands, cowpunchers, haying crews and sheep herders, learning an entire dictionary of cussing. Each word was descriptive and covered a broad area. As we were crowding that cow back to the herd I was directing all of them at that bunch-quitter at the top of my voice. This time I pushed her way up into the herd, scattering cows and calves in every direction. This was not a smart thing to do and I knew better.

I slowed Fox to a walk as the herd passed around us. As I was coiling up my rope to tie it back on the saddle, Dad rode up on a high run and stopped in front of me.

"Son," he said, "do you remember that saddle I promised you?" I did.

"Well son," he continued, "the deal is off. I am not just about to buy a new rig for a boy who loses his head like you just did. Scattering those cows and calves like you didn't have a lick of brains, and all that cussing isn't going to help you get ahead in this world, anytime, anywhere. Do you understand me?" I nodded my head.

He rode back to his side of the herd and we kept them moving on. Up ahead I could see the little stream coming out of the big spring on the side of the hill. I noticed an owl sitting on a branch of a buffalo berry shrub, ducking and dodging a few magpies. The magpies flew off as we neared the spring. The owl stayed put. As we neared the spring a little mother killdeer was putting on the broken wing act as she endeavored to lead us away from the nest of little ones near the stream bank.

An imp of satan quickly planted an idea in my mind. I slowly swung off Fox and walked over to Dad as he lay belly-down by the streambank.

We stopped and the cattle spread out to water. In the meantime I had been working up a big mad. In the first place Dad could have bought me a new outfit if he had wanted to. I suppose he was thinking that I would take better care of it if I earned it. Then I got thinking, am I going to have to put up with something like this all the rest of my life? I had been helping to work cattle since I was eight years old. He didn't know it but I had roped a few calves. I could harness a team of horses, even if I had to stand on a box to get the hames over the collar. I had driven a stacker team, a sulky rake and sometimes had brought in hay on the bullrake. I could dig a pretty good post hole; I could stretch barbwire and staple it to a post. I sure in hell could clean out the barn with a manure fork and a wheel barrow if I didn't fill it too full. I could do a lot of things that the men on the ranch were doing and I thought maybe better. I was just big enough to prove it to my dad. He wasn't going to push me around anymore.

By then Dad had stopped at the spring. I knew he would step off his horse, take off his hat, lie down on his belly and drink that good, cold spring water.

An imp of Satan quickly planted an idea in my mind. I slowly swung off Fox and walked over to Dad as he lay belly-down by the streambank. My plan, quickly devised, was this — I would push his head into the stream. That would surprise him. When he got up with water running down his face and eyes full, I would bust him on the chin. I walked up behind him and gave his head a good, solid push. His entire head went under. I stepped back, clenched my fists and waited.

My plan went haywire. Dad pulled his head out of the water, gave it a couple of shakes and went back to drinking. While I was trying to figure out what went wrong, Dad rolled over quick as a cat and was on his feet in front of me. His huge hand shot out and grabbed me by the front of my shirt and some hide with it. I had seen that hand in action before, but I'd forgotten its strength. During the past winter we had been in O. B. Anderson's hardware store in Two Dot and someone bet Dad he couldn't pick up a keg of nails by the rim with one hand. Dad won the bet. Now he raised me off my feet and shook me gently. Maybe those thoughtful blue eyes knew all too well how to measure a growing boy and to judge what he had in him, but at that moment those same eyes burned into me like the rays from a blue icicle. Again, he shook me gently. He spoke very softly and very clearly, and said, "Not yet son, not yet." Then he set me down, stepped on his horse and gathered the herd to move on.

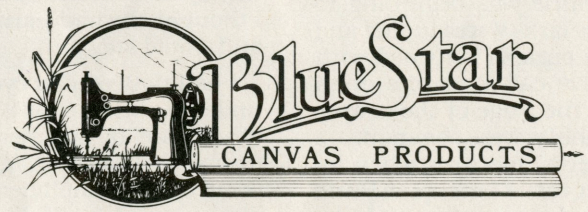
I stood there for a minute or two, it seemed longer. I felt smaller than the nit of a louse. My knees were shaking and I was fighting back tears. I slowly walked over to Fox, climbed on and went back to work.

There was little, if any, conversation as we rode back to the ranch. There wasn't much to talk about. No questions from Dad, and I probably wouldn't have had the right answers.

The incident was never mentioned again until a few years before Dad passed away. Something came up about the ranch days and I reminded him of our encounter. Dad kinda chuckled and said, "Didn't think you would remember it." Hell, I'll remember it as long as I live.

Dad said, "I think it must have helped. You sure made a good hand after that."

I didn't get the saddle as scheduled. I didn't expect it. But, come the following autumn, when roundup time rolled around, there was a new saddle hanging on my saddle peg in the barn. I didn't thank Dad until much later, under different circumstances. He wouldn't have wanted it. **M**



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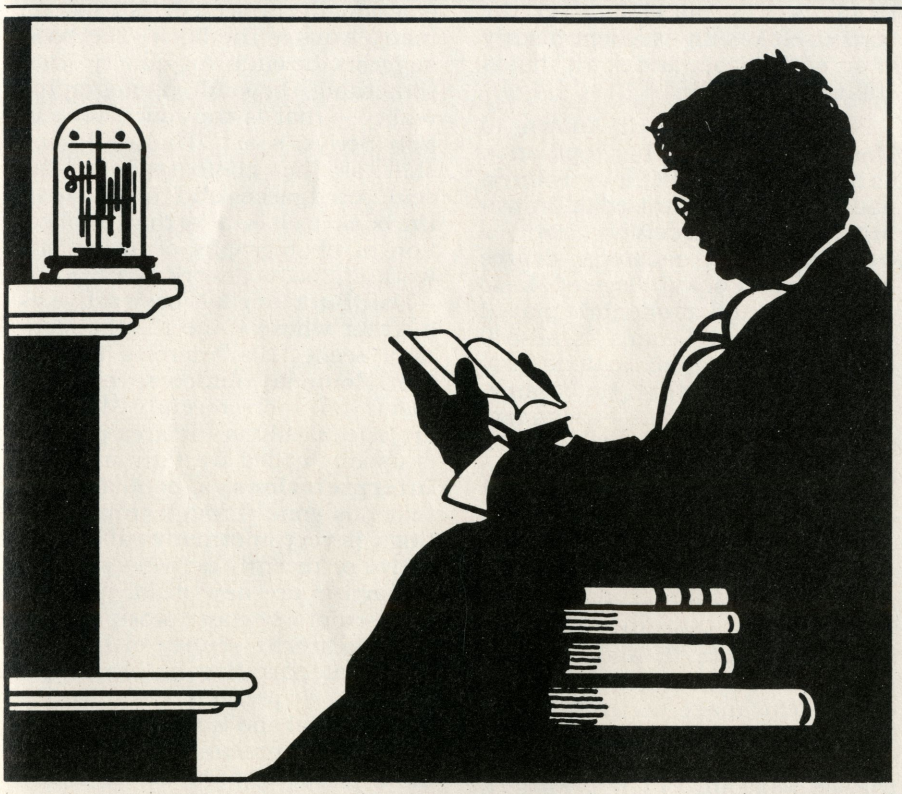


The Fireside Reader

by Harrison Lane

Death and the Good Life --Richard Hugo; Avon, 959 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10019. Paperback, $2.50

The Arts in Montana -- H. G. Merriam; Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana. $10

No More Buffalo -- Bob Scriver; The Lowell Press, Kansas City, Missouri. $35

New Interpretations -- Dale A. Burk; Stoneydale Press, Drawer B, Stevensville, Montana 59870. $14.95

Elmer Sprunger; Wildlife Artist -- Dale A. Burk; Stoneydale Press, Drawer B, Stevensville, Montana 59870. $12.95 hardcover, $8.95 softcover

For me, like most Montanans, the too brief summer was a time of travel, with streams to be fished, trails to be hiked, new places to eat and new and old friends to meet. I lingered in a meadow and looked out on that miracle of waters, Flathead Lake. The lake has more moods than any person I've met. The moods are reflected in color. Herein is the miracle. The basic color, but for the greens where the Flathead River comes in, is blue. But the blues are cobalt, ultramarine, cerulean, and it's as if various touches of white have been added to those blues and the result is a whole kaleidoscope of blues -- ever changing with light and wind.

Summer experiences are like that too -- kaleidoscopic. In a day there was the experience of a rich turkey sandwich in a deli in Polson where the warm bakery smells tantalized and tempted and defeated efforts to diet. Here, too, the murmur of coffee cups and spoons and that Montana feature -- in response to my attempt to supply information about a personal check: "That's okay -- you have an honest face." Then there was a fine dinner in Bigfork followed by mellow jazz from a multi-talented group of five.

Of course there was reading. I picked up while browsing in a local bookstore **Death and the Good Life** by Richard Hugo. Hugo, a poet, was associated with the University of Montana for a number of years up to the time of his death a brief time ago. His novel, strongly recommended by several writers, and I concur, is a murder mystery partly centered in Plains, Montana, in addition to Seattle, Portland and Missoula. Who-done-its have a special fascination for many readers and I'm no exception. I cut my teeth on S. S. VanDine and later Agatha Christie and a host of others, so reading Hugo's book with its celebration of Montana was doubly fun. The plot is remarkably rich and complicated. I suspect from the way it reads that Hugo took a short story and expanded it into a novel. There is a good deal of humor, some fine poetical description, some swinging metaphors and some remarkable characters. His constant theme is the contrast between horror-murder and the peaceful Montana lifestyle. The book is exciting, but more than that it's very personal. Hugo, and I never met him, portrays a good deal of himself -- his attitudes, experiences, interests and a remarkable ability to be positively in tune with everything that is warm and meaningful. It's a good book -- excellent in spots -- but also a tragedy made so by Hugo's death. It comes under the heading of fun reading and went together beautifully with the warm sun, long pine tree shadows and the constant calls of dozens of birds that make the sensations of Flathead Lake's east shore.

It's not that long ago that Senator Claibourne Pell of Rhode Island, reaching impulsively for a bottom-of-the-pit statement about the arts, suggested that Montana was a cultural wasteland. There was, as there should have been, a modest outburst of indignation. Pell was wrong, terribly wrong. The arts flourish in Montana. Governor Ted Schwinden makes note each year of distinguished artists; musical groups travel; repertory theatre moves across the landscape; art shows mushroom and poets travel about conducting workshops and giving readings. Havre is typical. There are any number of painters -- a couple or so are outstanding; two commercial galleries, a regular system of shows for local painters, an excellent sculptor, a college theatre group and two community concert groups -- both of which sell out -- all this plus a fine public

school music program. No cultural wasteland this!

If one looks around to find out how it all started, several answers emerge. Certainly in the area of painting and sculpture, Charlie Russell has had a profound influence. Russell's work is both legendary and real. A fine draftsman and an excellent colorist, his work has touched us all. Certainly the wonderful painting that graces the chamber of the House of Representatives in Helena is a superb example. In the earliest years there was public interest. Montana has been served well by the farsightedness of those who commissioned Charlie to do "Lewis and Clark at Ross' Hole."

A more recent influence may well have been the establishment of the Montana Institute of the Arts. This story is recounted in a book **The Arts in Montana**, edited by H. G. Merriam of the University of Montana. This publication, made up chiefly of pieces that appeared in the MIA Journal, brought back many personal memories. I vividly remember meeting Joe Howard, who was a powerful voice for cultural development in Montana and the prime mover of the MIA. He spoke, off the cuff, at a party. Present were people like Verne Dusenberry, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grieder, Merrill Burlingame and his wife -- who was active in fictional writing, Harriet Cushman, Carl Kraenzel and others. Howard was a dynamic and magnetic man who spoke as he wrote colorfully, powerfully and forcefully. He was short in stature which seemed out of keeping with his strong personality. His eyes were sharp, his mustache precise, and he had an uncanny knack of dredging up just the right thing he had read someplace to support a point. His mind was agile, quick and perceptive. And always there was the sense of the dynamic. His disposition was action after reflection.

Professor Merriam has chosen wisely from past issues of the MIA Journal. Short stories, poetry and things from the visual arts are represented. The MIA, of course, flourishes today and certainly has had a profound influence on the current state of the arts in Montana. I liked the book. It is literally bursting with the excitement that pervaded the air nearly 40 years ago and affords us views of the early years of many who are prominent in Montana art circles today. Rudy and Leila Autio, Lyndon Pomeroy and Peter Voulkos head the list and come to mind as old friends. There are writers and among them K. Ross Toole. Libraries will especially find the book useful as an excellent history of an enthusiasm and spirit that is still with us.

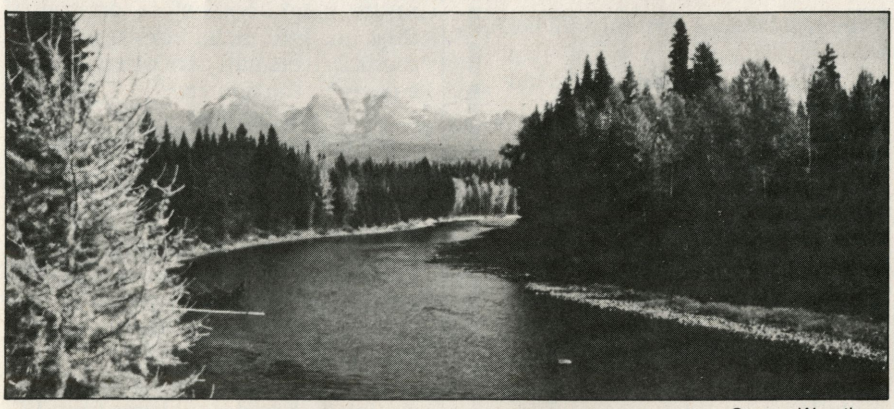
Bob Scriver is well known to Montanans; indeed his reputation as a distinguished sculptor is international. Born and raised in Browning, Scriver received both a bachelor's and master's degree from VanderCook College of Music in Chicago, and at one time played cornet with Ted Weem's Orchestra. He turned from music to taxidermy and then to sculpture. He became, in the process, both as a friend and an adopted member of the tribe, a serious student of the history and customs of the Blackfeet Indians. This long, intimate association and study resulted in a series of sculptures depicting the many facets of Blackfeet life. These pieces beautifully photographed by Nicholas deVore III and Marshall Noice, and accompanied by an excellent text, make up the book **No More Buffalo**. The 53 - piece series was initally on display at the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls. If you missed that, as I did, the book is certainly a fine substitute. Scriver notes that his work is intended to go beyond realistic representation and includes the deep spiritual and emotional values of Blackfeet life. The pieces have a sense of the fluid and come through as arrested motion. Scriver notes in an excellent statement about his work that a piece may be illustrative, but more importantly, as I take it, impressionistic, so as to allow the viewer the opportunity to enter the work and seek his own symbolism and interpretation. The book in total is a delight, but this statement even more so since it neatly summarizes what art is about. Some current trends in art place too much emphasis on photographic realism and minute detail and by so doing leave no room for the viewer. If all is seen at first glance and the accuracy is historically correct, what's the point? A good piece of work will have something to say again and again. And so it is with **No More Buffalo**. The pieces are beautiful and moving. The photographic arrangements, if that's the word, show sensitivity and a deep feeling and respect for the mood and intent of each work. To this reader, the climax is found in "Life's Stream" a beautifully modeled and photographed work showing a mother, child and buffalo calf ingeniously composed as ovals within a pyramid. The composition is intelligently conceived and emotionally projected. So, too, in many ways is the book. The book suggests the enduring quality --that something beyond photographic reality -- that is the touchstone of Bob Scriver's art. Thanks to the skill of the photographers, the sculptured pieces and the fine text, the book itself is more than a collection of photographs of an artist's work; it, too, is a work of art.

Dale Burk long has been active as a writer whose subject is the Montana scene. His interests include the Montana outdoors, environment, and more recently Montana art, specifically in the area of what is usually called western art. **New Interpretations**, a popular book that has gone through three printings, is very informative about the active or recently active -- some of the artists are now dead, painters and sculptors whose work depicts the western scene either as historical narrative or landscape. Burk's approach is chiefly biographical and is virtually devoid of critical comment. Burk indicates in his preface that he has no desire to suggest the relative merits of the artists. They speak for themselves in the area of technique and philosophy. The book is a Who's Who ranging from Ace Powell through Gary Schildt and James Haughey. I, of course, have my favorites and my reasons, but like Dale Burk, I'm going to stay out of the act. If you look for a readable, informative and nicely illustrated introductory book about Montana artists of the western genre, this is it. Burk has also written another book in somewhat the same vein, **Elmer Sprunger, Wildlife Artist**. Sprunger, using small, sable brushes, produces striking paintings with loving care of elk, bear, buffalo and birds, many of which are found near his Bigfork home. As in **New Interpretations**, the artist tells his own story and the illustrations are excellent. These two books would make nice additions to the many fine books about Montana artists. As these books suggest, other ideas to the contrary, the arts are alive and well in Montana.

This is it for now. More than likely when you read these words, I'll be back splitting wood and watching the snow curl around fence posts. I hope yours was a good summer. **M**

Harrison Lane is Professor Emeritus in the history department at Northern Montana College, Havre.

Life on the North Fork of the Flathead



George Wuerthner

More Remote Than Even Most Montanans Want to Get

by Michael Barrett

The North Fork of the Flathead River flows from British Columbia south, dividing the Flathead National Forest on the west from Glacier National Park on the east. And the notorious North Fork Road runs from Columbia Falls, on the west side of the river, north 57 dusty miles to Canada.

This unpaved and, in summer, chokingly dusty corridor, discourages heavy use and keeps most passersby passing by. Not many people choose to live permanently such a remote existence. A few have though — and for them the North Fork offers a special brand of living.

Thick forest covers the hills and fills the valleys of the Flathead National Forest. Good fishing is the rule in the many streams that flow into the river. The mountains in the park across the river have an air of enchantment-just-out-of-reach. The relaxed pace and friendliness of the community draw seasonal city dwellers. So do the quiet and solitude. Summer lasts no more than two months but is very comfortable. Evenings are cool but nights almost too cool for sleeping without blankets.

Social life abounds on the North Fork, especially in Polebridge, the center of civilization on the North Fork. Locals and visitors play volleyball every Saturday night, usually coinciding with a dance, picnic or bingo. Other events may include a fish fry, style show, auction and basket social. Even meetings of the North Fork Improvement Association include a potluck dinner. The usual starting time for every gathering is one hour later than scheduled.

People come to the North Fork in general, and Polebridge in particular, by accident, or by passing through, possibly on their way to fish on Quartz, Bowman or one of the other lakes in the northwest corner of Glacier Park. Others come here based on nothing more substantial than word of mouth.



Many retreat here each summer to escape hot, crowded cities. Some come each summer to build the home they intend to settle in permanently.

Approximately one out of every six who move in, move out again, discouraged by the inconveniences which others thrive on. Vehicles on the gravel roads kick up dust that takes several minutes to settle — on plants, on people, on property. Water must be drawn from a stream or well. Those living on low ground do not have far to go to reach the water table, yet neither can they put in a cesspool. Outhouses and kerosene lamps are the rule. One resident had the skill to turn a stream into a source of electrical power.

The rarity of phones increases the isolation. One visitor from Massachusetts, in Polebridge by accident, wondered why anyone would want to live this way. Polebridge consists of the mercantile, saloon/cafe, hostel and a few homes. The hostel owner, John Frederick, told me that he heard about the attempted assassination of President Reagan three days after it occurred. The Falkland Islands crisis ended before he heard about it.

It's not easy to earn a living on the North Fork. Consequently, few people can afford permanent residence. Exceptions include Karen Feather and her mother Betty, who run the Polebridge Mercantile and the Northern Lights Saloon. Frederick supplements his income by tending bar. Others work for the park or forest service, are retired or are artists. But most earn a living elsewhere during eight months of the year.

Winter offers its own difficulties, or challenges if you wish to call them such. Small inconveniences add up quickly. The cold requires a heavy supply of firewood, but sometimes even the firewood freezes together. Frederick wears snowshoes to pack down a trail in the snow to the outhouse. With the migration of the seasonal folks, and the difficulty of travel, this community's snowy isolation is complete.

A resident of the North Fork uses skills virtually forgotten elsewhere — felling trees, cutting lumber, using a chain saw, building a root cellar, roofing a house, building a road or making shingles.

In winter, neighbors find socializing even more important than other times of the year. Winter residents

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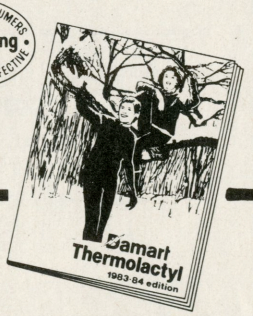

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frequently visit each other. North Forkers expect each person to give something to the rest. That may be money, skills, a smile or personality. A survivalist came, Feather said, with the attitude that he didn't need anyone. He left asking why nobody liked him.

The road is a bonding force in the winter. People telephone or otherwise notify neighbors before driving. If they are late, neighbors search for them. Drivers pair cars when going to a party in the winter.

Such difficulties can soon convince newcomers that North Fork living is not for them.

But those who last love it. They accept the lack of amenities, and want to keep the area primitive. This wish brings many of them to oppose the Cabin Creek coal mine six miles northwest of Glacier Park, in British Columbia.

The North Fork Preservation Association gathered signatures from 177 of the 300 North Fork landowners, petitioning the Flathead County Commissioners not to pave the North Fork Road. They fear the impact of improvements on the road. They don't want to see the North Fork become a bedroom community for the Flathead Valley. Nor do they want the traffic and litter that paving might encourage. On the other hand, there are residents who hate the dust and the damage the road does to their cars. Some have suggested annual oiling of the road to keep the dust down.

A few landowners want the road paved to stimulate real estate sales. Arco has been conducting seismic tests, as Amoco did last year. The possible discovery of oil has been seen as another threat to the North Fork. These issues, like local issues everywhere, are hot topics. Consequently, some residents will not discuss them.

If people wanting to move to the North Fork are not lucky enough to have inherited land, some of which has been held since the inauguration of the Flathead National Forest, they must wait until private land is available. Frederick waited three years before he could buy the building and land housing his hostel. But each year a few more people move in.

How much immigration can the area take and still maintain its integrity? The answer depends on the social and environmental impact new people make. If they accept the mutuality of community relationships and live simply, the character of the North Fork will remain unchanged for a long time. And no doubt an unpaved road will help keep it that way. **M**

Where There's Smoke...

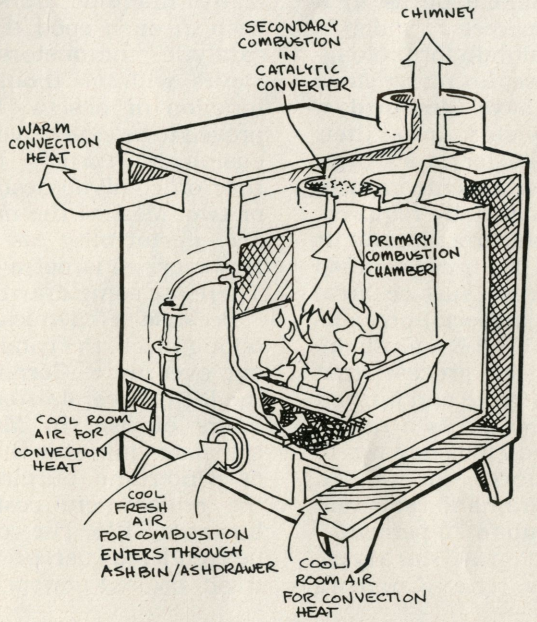
There's usually an inefficient woodstove. New catalytic designs cut through the haze

by Matthew Cohn

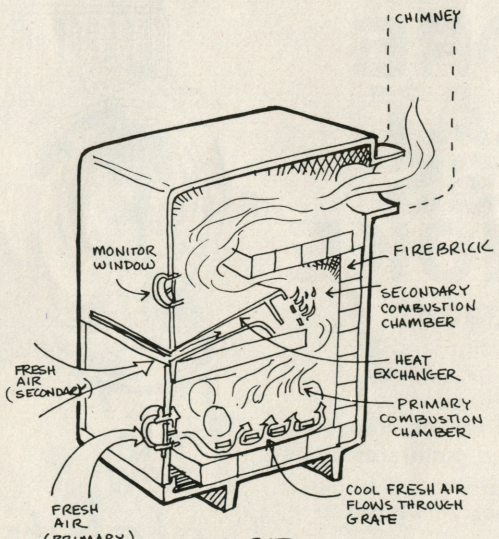
Anyone who has lived or driven through western Montana the past few winters has undoubtedly noticed the haze that hangs over our populated mountain valleys. Air quality has been deteriorating, and the source is not autos or industry (although they do contribute); it's us. The growth of residential woodburning in the past 10 years has been phenomenal. In 1973, less than 4 percent of us heated our homes with wood. Skyrocketing energy costs due to oil crises, inflation, etc., caused people to search for alternative sources of heat. And logically, western Montanans turned to wood. Now, it's estimated that between 35 and 55 percent of the homes in this area use wood as a primary or secondary heating source. The stoves these people purchased were designed with convenience in mind. They hold large amounts of unsplit wood, are thermostatically controlled, and designed to smolder at low burn rates for eight to 14 hours without reloading. More often than not, these stoves were put into homes with little or no regard to proper size or actual heating requirements. The result? Large amounts of creosote and particulate matter were generated due to low efficiency from improper combustion.

The largest source of wintertime air pollution in Montana is now from residential wood burning. And the problem is not unique to Montana. Recently, legislation was passed in Oregon that will allow only low emission woodstoves to be sold in certain areas of the state after January 1, 1986 (what a "low emision stove" actually is has yet to be defined, but what they are after is less polluting stoves). Missoula is considering similar legislation not only defining what can be sold, but regulating how it can be used. The problem is that serious.

Two years ago I wrote an article for Montana Magazine talking about new and exciting breakthroughs in woodburning stove designs. Basically, if one could design a stove that burned cleaner, this would mean improved



SIMPLIFIED CUTAWAY OF MODERN CATALYTIC/CONVECTION FIREPLACE MODEL



SIMPLIFIED CROSS SECTION OF A SECONDARY COMBUSTION STOVE DESIGN

efficiency (more heat from the same amount of wood) and less pollution and creosote as a by- product. Manufacturers all over the world have been spending millions of dollars to come up with advanced combustion designs that are trouble-free, functional under a wide range of operating conditions, and are aesthetically pleasing. (No matter how well a stove functions, if people don't like the way it looks, they won't buy it.) Let's take a look at the three types of designs now being touted as the way to make woodburning more efficient and less polluting.

Catalytic Combustion

The best way to get rid of smoke is to burn it. Smoke burns in a stove at 1,100 degrees F, which is impossible to maintain for prolonged periods of time. So many stove manufacturers have designed a catalytic combustor into their stove. The combustor is a device that burns smoke at temperatures far below those normally required. It is generally made from a ceramic material, formed in a honeycombed pattern (to increase surface area) and coated with a special precious metal catalyst. The catalyst initiates a chemical process that causes smoke to ignite and burn at about 500 degrees F. As a result, you get increased efficiency (up to 20 percent more), decreased creosote and a dramatic reduction in air pollution (up to 75 percent).

The leader in catalytic technology is the Corning Company. They developed the idea from research they did in catalytic devices in automobiles, and are selling combustors to stove manufactureres who, in turn, incorporate them into their design. Although Panasonic, of radio and television fame, is said to be introducing their own combustor this fall, Corning is still the largest manufacturer of these items. They will be spending hundreds of thousands of dollars this year in advertising to convince you to buy a stove equipped with a Corning combustor. With yearly stove sales projected at 1.2 million units, that's a lot of combustors.

Catalytic woodstoves are now in their third generation of design. Many manufacturers, trying to cash in on a good thing, stacked catalytic combustors into their stoves with no thought given to function or design. These stoves proved to be expensive mistakes for customers, turning the industry sour on catalytic design for a year or two. Most of the newer designs are performing as advertised. However, all is not a bed of roses. There are some drawbacks.

Because a chemical reaction is taking place, the catalyst will wear out over time. Corning estimates the life of a combustor to be 6,000 hours of use. In Montana, that translates into less than two years of wintertime burning. Presently the replacement cost of a combustor is $125. The combustor can be rendered useless by burning trash, colored newsprint and other improper fuels. Because the combustor generates a tremendous amount of heat, the stove must be designed to withstand the high temperatures -- many are not! Proper placement of the catalyst within the stove is critical. In addition, the stove should be able to function well without the catalyst in place. The materials from which the stove is made are equally important. A thin gauge steel stove with a catalyst will wear out rather quickly. There are presently more than 50 manufacturers in the U.S. offering catalytic stoves. The cost of this type of unit is generally $250 to $300 more than a standard woodstove. If you're in the market for a catalytic stove, take a close look at its durability, integrity of design, convertibility to non-catalytic function, and last but not least, it's serviceability. Parts will wear out in time and must be replaced. Your "discount special" will be no savings at all when you can't get parts and have to take your stove to the dump.

Don't get me wrong. Catalysts are a good idea. They are an answer to woodstove pollution, but not the only answer.

Advanced Combustion Designs

As previously stated, the best way to eliminate smoke is to burn it. A stove that burns hotter and longer internally eliminates need for a catalyst. Woodstoves never lost their popularity overseas, and manufacturers such as Jotul of Norway and Kent of New Zealand have led the way in designing highly efficient stoves that use a super-heated secondary combustion chamber and preheated air. In the long run, such stoves are probably cheaper to operate and maintain because there is nothing to wear out, damage or replace.

A handful of American companies have also made great strides in advanced combustion designs. There are two that stand out in my mind. The Hearthstone Corporation of Vermont has developed a mid-sized soapstone stove that shows extremely low emission rates because of high internal combustion temperatures and excellent heat transfer. Another Vermont-based company, Vermont Castings, has developed a fireplace insert that utilizes a refractory secondary combustion chamber, improving efficiency dramatically. Better designs emerge continually.

Catalytic Retrofits

It is estimated that there are between seven and eight million woodstoves in use in America. A

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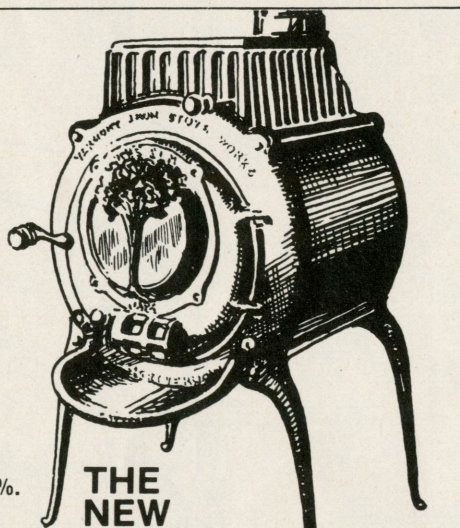

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number of manufacturers have jumped on the catalytic bandwagon and are offering retrofit devices that claim to make your old stove into a clean-burning catalytic. These devices generally fit into the first section of stovepipe, and are basically catalysts placed above the flue outlet so all the smoke exiting the stove must pass through it. They cost between $100 and $250, far less than a new stove. I have tested four of these devices and found only one that comes even close to performing as advertised. For catalytic combustion to occur, the catalyst must get hot and stay hot. When you stick the catalyst in the pipe and not in the stove, you must burn a very hot fire to get the thing to operate. Generally, if you're burning a stove that hot, you're burning cleanly and don't need any extra help. If you are possessed with the idea of a catalytic retrofit, the one I've had the most success with is the Smoke Consumer from Metal-Fab, Incorporated. It seems to work better over a wider range of operating conditions, and is more forgiving of operator error. I have no idea how durable this unit is.

Conclusions

Woodstoves are evolving. The new ones are superior to older ones in design, safety and performance. The stoves made three to five years from now are probably going to be better still. Buying a woodstove in 1983 is quite different than buying one in 1978. Back then, the questions people asked were "How long will it burn," or "Does it have a blower?" Now people want to know about efficiency, safety, durability, ease of maintenance. Whether you're buying a new stove, or already own one, it is critical to size the stove to the area you wish to heat. Quite frankly, there would be no pollution problem if people purchased the right size stove; and operated it properly by burning smaller, hotter fires and using dry, split wood. A magnetic chimney thermometer is an excellent investment. With it, you can learn to burn your stove at maximum efficiency.

As a stove owner, you have a social obligation to use wood wisely and burn it efficiently and safely. The stoves themselves are not causing the pollution ... we are. With newer designs and better consumer awareness, the haze from woodsmoke should diminish. If it doesn't, and the powers-that-be establish regulations to force changes of behavior, we have only ourselves to blame. **M**

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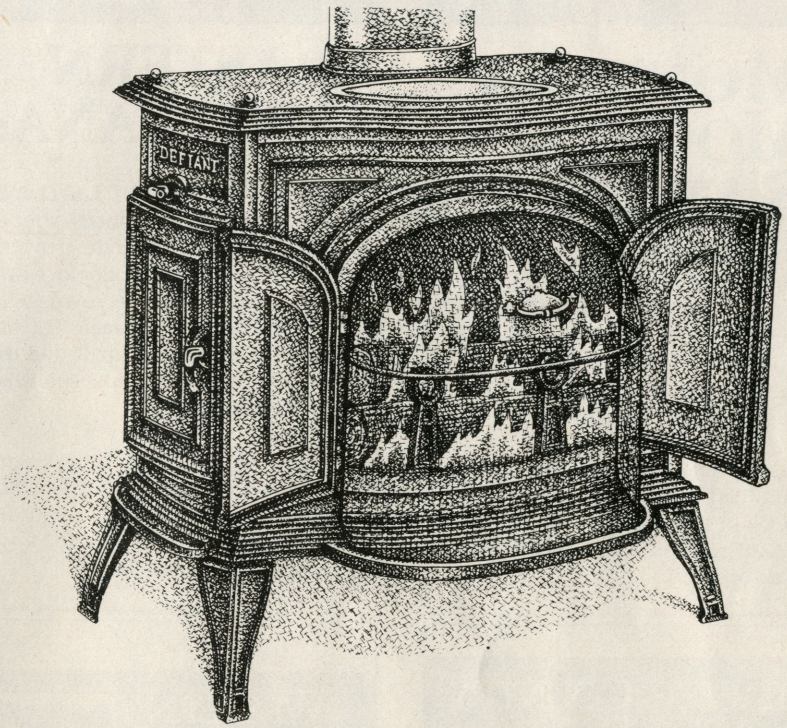

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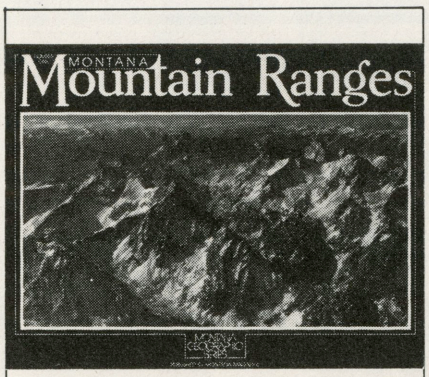

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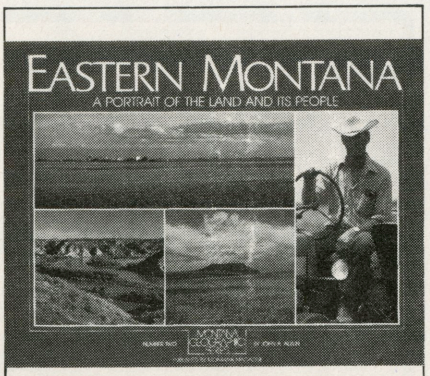

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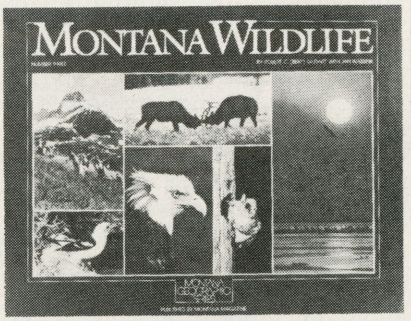

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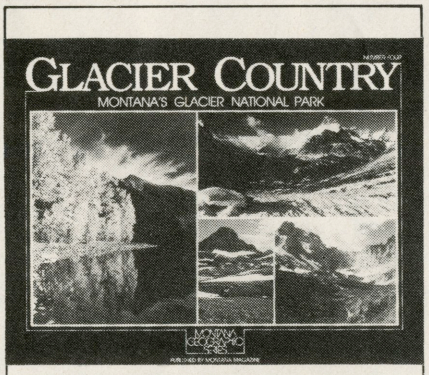

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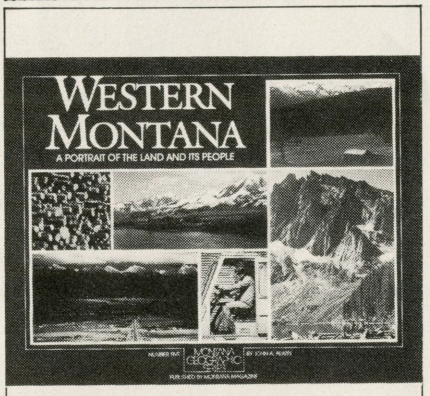

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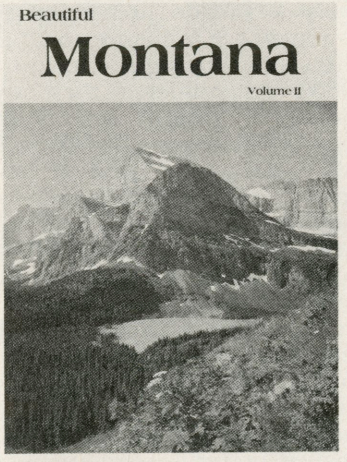

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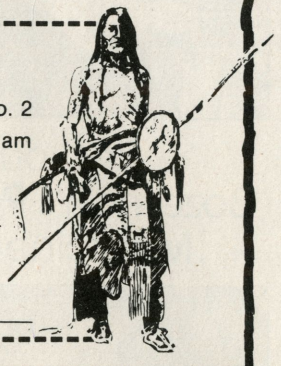

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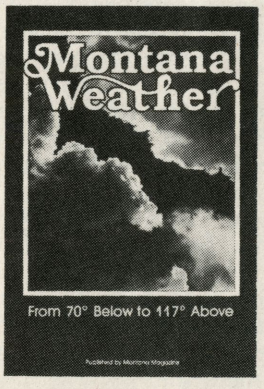

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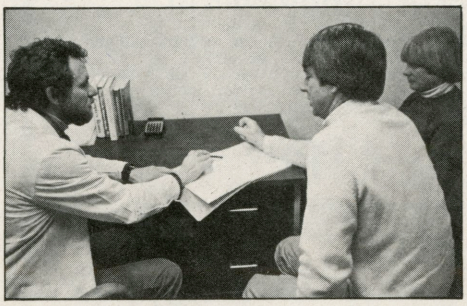
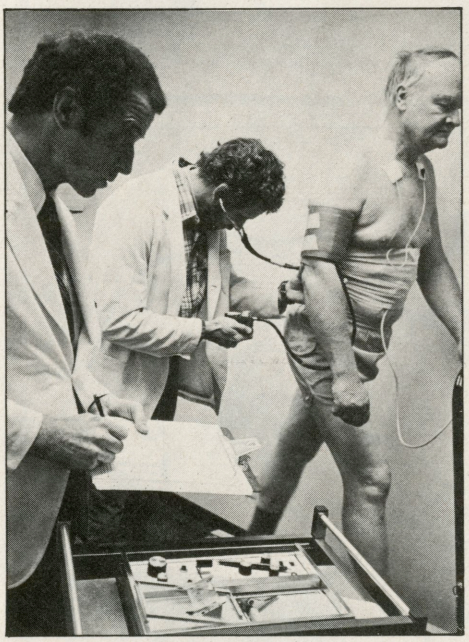
Story and photos by Joan Haines



Find out at Bozeman's Preventive Medicine Clinic



Robert Haynes of Bozeman probably won't go down in history as the man from Montana who discovered the Fountain of Youth. But he might become known as the man who helped people to feel physiologically younger as they got chronologically older.

Haynes is the founder of the Preventive Medicine Clinic in Bozeman, a clinic designed to help people in good health to lead longer lives through better nutrition and exercise.

"A person can't control his sex, age or family history, but he or she can control all other health-risk factors related to lifestyle," Haynes said in an interview in his office at 121 N. Willson near Bozeman's downtown business district.

Haynes, an optometrist, opened his clinic four years ago after learning from his own experience that the more he ran, the better he felt. During the past four years, the clinic has shown people, through electrocardiogram stress tests, blood analysis and analysis of exercise habits and food intake, where they are physically.

"Physicians are trained to deal with disease," said Dr. Robert McKenzie, a physician who works with Haynes one day a week at the Preventive Medicine Clinic. "Only in the last decade has the wellness concept grown, the idea that the healthy person can become more fit by practicing good nutrition and adequate exercise. I think the clinic speaks to physiological needs not being met now in traditional medicine."

An observer at the clinic was Dick Taylor of Bozeman. A guru of world-class runners and skiers, Taylor agrees with both Haynes and McKenzie. Taylor, a cross-country skier who competed on the U.S. Olympic Ski Team, is one of the coaches of the U.S. Ski Team who tries to help athletes improve their performance.

People who are fit can work harder and can rely on their bodies to undertake activities more efficiently, Taylor said. "Corporations measure fitness in the real dollars they save when their employees are in good condition," he said.

Paul Kink, 40, head of an investment counseling firm in Bozeman, is not typical of the clinic's clients because he's in better physical condition than most, Haynes said. But his age falls between 35-55, the age group of the majority of those who come to the clinic. And he must juggle the demands of his family with those of his career, and the stress he endures is typical of the kinds of pressures which often weigh heavily on the American businessman and woman.

Recently Kink was in the clinic to check out his physical condition. Before he came, he filled out a multi-page form asking questions about his medical past and his nutritional present. The form asks the client to record all he or she ate or drank in a 24-hour period, illustrating a typical day. It also asks such questions as whether or not daily alcohol consumption exceeds three ounces of liquor or three beers. For athletes who come to the clinic, one page of the form asks for information concerning their goals and competitive experience.

Electrodes which would measure Kink's heartbeat were taped to different areas of his chest and an electrocardiogram was taken while he was lying down. Kink then was ready to take the stress test. With the electrodes still attached to his body and a blood pressure gauge secured to his arm, he began to walk steadily on a treadmill. The incline of the treadmill goes up each minute until it reaches a 25 per cent grade. "No one has ever been stronger than the machine," Haynes said.

"How long will it take me to get to Belgrade?" Kink asked as he began walking. As the minutes ticked by, sweat broke out on his forehead. McKenzie took his blood pressure periodically and checked the pattern on the electrocardiogram. "How hard are you working now?" Haynes asked. "Moderately," Kink answered.

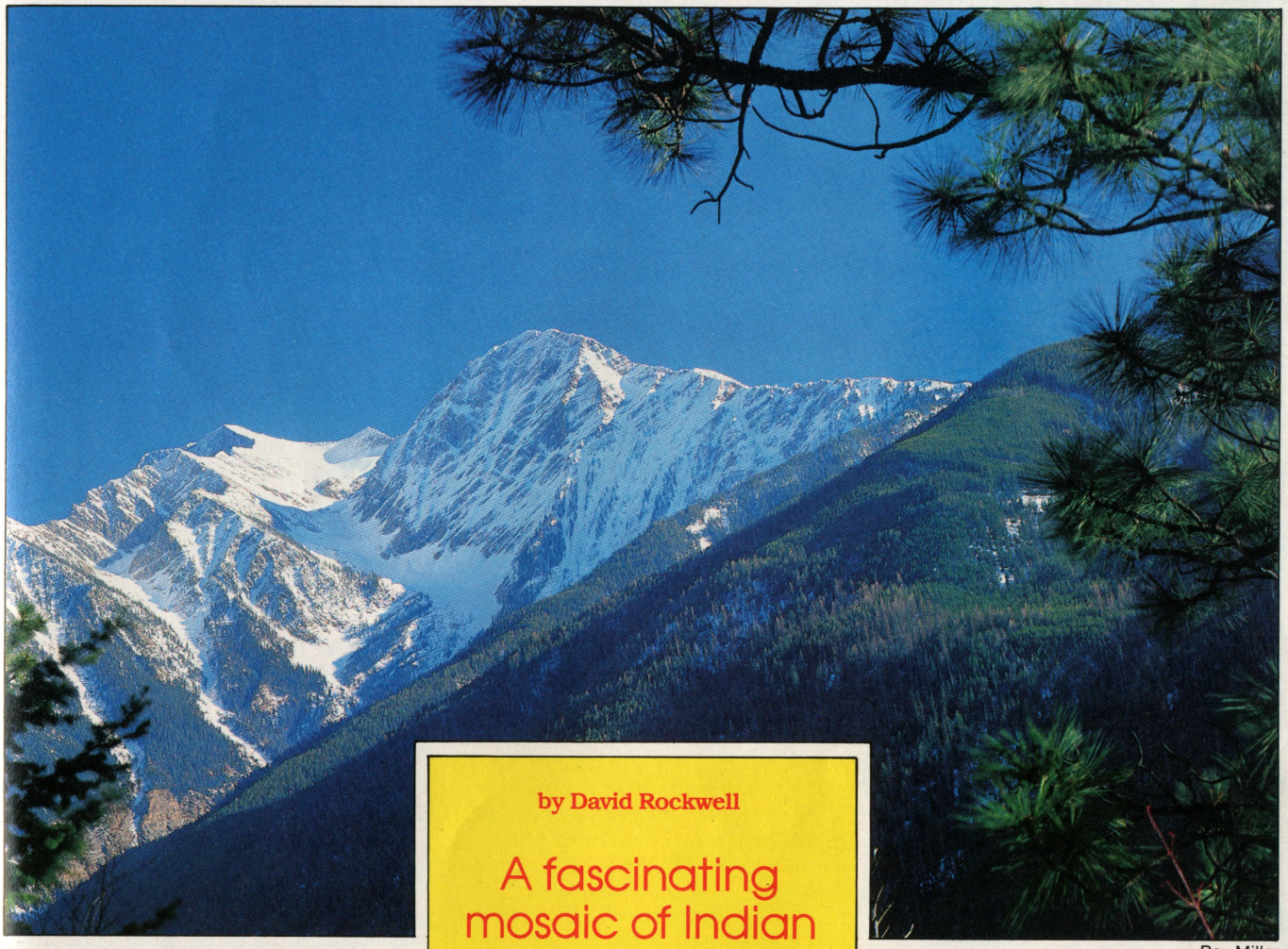
During the stress test, Kink's heart occasionally kicked in an extra heartbeat. "As Kink worked harder, the extra heartbeat disappeared," McKenzie said. "That shows his heart is in good condition. The stress test showed with 95 per cent reliability that he wouldn't have blockage problems. Kink was able to continue walking until he hit the 23-minute mark.

An appointment was made for Kink and his wife to return to the Preventive Medicine Clinic the following week for a consultation. "Lifestyle changes must be made within the family environment," Haynes said. "That's why we want to include the spouse when we talk about the optimum amount of exercise and changes which should be made in nutrition."

Haynes indicated a book standing on his desk: "The American Way of Life Need Not Be Hazardous To Your Health." Both Haynes and McKenzie are at the Preventive Medicine Clinic to see that your way of life won't be hazardous to yours. **M**

Joan Haines is a reporter with the Bozeman Chronicle.

THE MISSION MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS



Ray Miller

by David Rockwell

A fascinating mosaic of Indian and white participation has resulted in America's first tribal wilderness

The Flathead Indians of Montana are descendants of Coyote. According to one version of the Flathead creation story, the Maker, Amotgan created the heavens and the earth and he populated the earth with a multitude of creatures. But Amotgan was disappointed because too many of his creatures were evil. So he created Coyote and commanded him: Destroy the monsters, change the earth into a place of cool mountains, green forests with game and swift streams with fish. Coyote tamed the wild wind, he cooled the hot and warmed the cold. As he traveled he fathered children and his children gave birth to Indian tribes, and so began the Flathead.

The Flathead or Salish Indians, and the Pend d'Oreille, who, together with one band of the Kootenai tribe now occupy the Flathead Indian Reservation of northwestern Montana, still tell Coyote stories and they still maintain a love for Coyote's wilderness, the home of their ancestors. In July of 1982 the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead Indian Reservation became the first tribal government in the nation to set aside, by its own accord, a significant portion of its lands as a tribally owned and managed wilderness area.

David Rockwell, a freelance writer specializing in outdoor and wildlife topics, lives at Dixon.

The area preserved as wilderness encompasses the western slope of the Mission Mountains and is called the Mission Mountains Tribal Wilderness. It includes 90,000 acres. The Mission Range, while one of the smaller components of the Rocky Mountains, is one of the most scenic areas of wild country in the continental United States. Flanked to the south by the Jocko Valley, it rises abruptly in a spectacular jumble of rugged peaks that tower 7,000 feet above the Mission Valley. As the range trends north, it gradually decreases in elevation and width until it finally disappears beneath glacial outwash near Big Fork. The Mission Divide is the eastern boundary of the Flathead Indian Reservation. The eastern slope of the range is also managed as wilderness, except that it is part of the public domain managed by the U.S. Forest Service as a component of the National Wilderness Preservation System.

A look at the history of the range from aboriginal times to the present reveals a fascinating mosaic of Indian and white involvement in efforts to preserve the area and to develop it. It reveals some of the cultural and philosophical differences that continue to distinguish Native Americans from whites.

In July of 1855 over 1,000 Flathead, Pend d'Oreille and Kootenai Indians led by their respective head chiefs, Victor, Alexander and Michel, gathered close to the Hellgate River (the name has since been changed to the Clark Fork) to negotiate a treaty with the United States government. The United States was represented by a non-military group of 22 men led by the newly appointed governor of Washington Territory, Issac Stevens. After only eight days of negotiations, a formal treaty was signed in which the Flathead, Pend d'Oreille and Kootenai nations surrendered 12.8 million acres of wilderness lands to the U.S. government. The treaty signing only formalized the tribes' relinquishment of their lands; events long preceding the Hellgate Treaty Council had guaranteed this eventual loss.

In the words of Issac Stevens, the treaty gave access to "much valuable land and an inexhaustible supply of timber" and enabled "settlers to secure titles to land and thus the growth of towns and villages."

The loss of this vast wilderness meant the loss of traditional Indian society. Every aspect of the Indian culture, from hunting and food gathering to religious practices, was dependent upon a wilderness setting. At the time it was estimated that each Indian required 80 square miles of wild country to sustain his natural mode of living and it was this belief that inspired the containment of the Indian people.

Prior to the arrival of the white man, the Native American concept of wilderness was very different from the way we think of wilderness today. All of North America was wilderness, hence there was nothing to distinguish it, no dichotomy between it and civilization. The Indians certainly could not have conceived of the wilderness as one day disappearing.

To the Salish and Kootenai, the Mission Mountains were one part of this wilderness homeland, distinct in their incredible ruggedness and extreme weather but no more wild or primeval than anywhere else. And, like other features of the landscape, the Mission Mountains influenced the culture and the economy of the tribes. The range could be crossed only through certain passes. Some of the trails through these passes, used for hundreds of years by many different tribes, are still in use today.

The Mission Range was used as a hunting, fishing and food gathering area. Almost all of its lakes were barren of fish prior to the advent of fish stocking, but four lakes, Cedar, Cold, Hemlock and Glacier, all located on the east side of the Mission divide, did hold natural populations of west slope cutthroat trout. During the summer, small family groups of Salish Indians would travel there to fish — hunting goats, elk and deer along the way.

Bud Cheff grew up listening to the stories of some of the Indians in this group. He was told the trails were originally built as part of a plan to attach white settlers in the valley

Bud Cheff of the Cheff ranch, has been outfitting in the Missions for more than 40 years and has spent all but a few of his summers in the Mission back country. For a number of years he led trips sponsored by the Wilderness Society. Bud remembers a lot about his early days in the Missions and he can remember a fishing trip he took with some of his Indian friends:

The first time I went fishing there I was nine years old. There were Indian women with Bill and I. We always camped at this little lake above Hemlock Lake. We called it Conko Lake. We would graze the horses down on the creek bottom. They (the two Indian women) were pulling hairs out of the horses tails. I couldn't figure out what they were doing. We had killed a couple of mountain goats on the way in there so when we got down there we had some fresh goat meat. All that we had for poles were alpine fir trees about three to four inches around and six to seven feet long. The squaws fixed up our fishing poles and we'd wade out in the water to our waist, far enough to fish. The squaw would bait our hook with goat meat and tie it on with the hairs from the horses' tails so the fish couldn't pull it off . . . all the fish were about a pound or a pound and a half.

A tremendous diversity of plant species were gathered from the lowest to the highest elevations in the Missions. Berries of course, were gathered in large quantities, but the Indians also harvested and utilized as food: seeds, nuts, roots, bulbs, bark and foliage. They also used plant products as medicines, incense, dyestuffs, as materials for bows and arrows, tipi poles and for a variety of other purposes.

Aboriginal use of the range also extended to the spiritual realm. The Flatheads communicated with the supernatural world through vision quests and other practices. Many of the most powerful of the supernatural spirits, the grizzly, wolf, elk and eagle could be found in the Missions. Children, both boys and girls, were sent on vision or power quests when they reached the age of eight or 10. They were led into the mountains by a grandparent and left alone to fast and to wait for a visit from a guardian spirit. The visit often fit a pattern. The spirit would approach, singing its power song. It would first appear as an animal or some other object that would cause the child to lose consciousness. Upon awakening the child would find the spirit had taken human form. The spirit would then speak, giving the child a song and power for certain purposes. The child would also receive a warning which, if disregarded, would result in sickness or death. The spirit would then leave behind an object, such as a claw, to represent its power.

The first white men to see the Mission Mountains were probably fur trappers and traders such as David Thompson, Jacques (Jocko) Finlay and John Howse, who first passed through the area between 1808 and 1810. These mountain men were also among the first to introduce the Flathead and Kootenai to Christianity. The Flatheads embraced what little they knew of the faith and in the 1830s sent four separate delegations to St. Louis in hopes that they would return with Christian missionaries. The last of these delegations was successful and led to the establishment of the St. Mary's Mission in the Bitterroot Valley in 1841 and the St. Ignatius Mission in 1854. The latter was such an important center in an otherwise remote and undeveloped area that the entire valley became known as Mission Valley and the towering range of mountains just to the east became known as the Missions.

White penetration and exploration of the Mission Range came gradually over the next 50 years. There were early attempts to climb McDonald Peak, the highest mountain in the range. The first of these and undoubtedly the most colorful was led by an ambitious and adventuresome

Northern Pacific Railway promoter named Henry Villard. He had a wagon road built which, according to Villard, "reached a long way up the peak" but in reality hardly reached one sixth of the way up the mountain. His scheme was to celebrate the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad route to the coast by leading a mass excursion of several hundred notable guests to the top of McDonald Peak. The guests included great financiers from Europe, "dukes, earls and lesser fry" together with prominent Americans including, according to one account, General Grant. Most of the group, upon seeing the peak, chose to spend the day at McDonald Lake at the base of the peak. A few of the heartier souls attempted the climb but never reached the top.

The first publicized, successful ascent of the peak came in 1894 when Father Louis Taleman, a Jesuit priest at the mission, climbed to the summit with two of his Indian pupils: "I climbed to the top of McDonald's Peak and built a cross with large stones to crown the Mission Range. I cannot say if it still exists, as I have never climbed up again."

The earliest scientific explorations of the range took place in the early 1900s. In 1901, Morton J. Elrod, a science professor and photographer at the University of Montana and founder of the University's Yellow Bay Biological Station on Flathead Lake, published a popular article on several of his scientific excursions into the range. He was often accompanied by other prominent scientists, photographers, writers and artists.

The early 1900s also saw a small but significant resurgence of Indian use of the remote Mission Mountain back country. The enrollment of tribal members which began in 1902, the allotment of the reservation lands and the opening of the reservation to white settlement in 1909, further aggravated an already discontented minority of Indians. A division within the tribe had developed. Many of the Indians accepted the white man's changes and even promoted a new life style to improve their social standing among white men, while the more traditional Indians held tightly to the old ways. This split between the traditional and non-traditional is present even today and plays a major role in the politics of natural resource decision making.

A group of these more traditional Indians, which included Charlie and Louie Mollman, Red Horn, Antoine Chief Eagle, Yellow Mountain, Johnny Ashley, Tee num Finley, August Finley, David Finley and Paschell Hammer worked together and in family groups to build a number of trails in the Missions. They built the Mollman, Eagle Pass, Crazy Horse and Ashley trails, used for hunting, fishing, food gathering and to provide an escape from the influx of white people.



Tom Dietrich

Bud Cheff grew up listening to the stories of some of the Indians in this group. He was told the trails were originally built as part of a plan to attack white settlers in the valley. They could then travel through the Mission high country, drop into the valley on another trail, attack and disappear again. Like a giant shell game, the white settlers would never know exactly where the Indians were or where they might attack next. War between the two groups never broke out, but the trails and their names are still used today.

The Mission Divide separates the Flathead Reservation from the Flathead National Forest and the eastern slope of the range is managed by the U.S. Forest Service. Less accessible than the west, it remained mostly unexplored until 1922. In that year, Theodore Shoemaker of the U.S. Forest Service led a group of photographers and writers sponsored by the Northern Pacific Railway Company on an exploratory expedition into the east side of the range. A number of the peaks and lakes in the range were named on this trip including: Daughter of the Sun, the Glacier Peaks,

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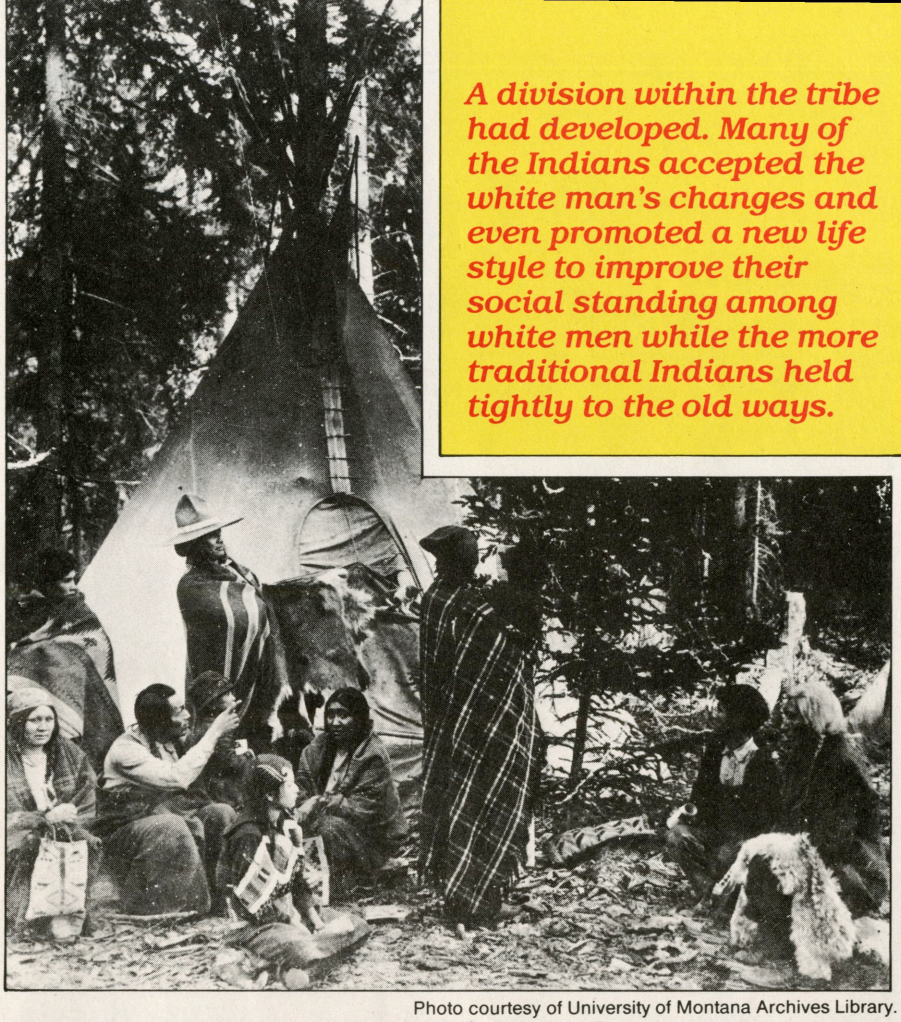

Photo courtesy of University of Montana Archives Library.

A division within the tribe had developed. Many of the Indians accepted the white man's changes and even promoted a new life style to improve their social standing among white men while the more traditional Indians held tightly to the old ways.

Turquoise Lake, Sunrise Glacier and Lake of the Clouds. Shoemaker returned on four separate occasions and named Mountaineer and High Park Peaks, Fissure Creek, Lake of the Stars, Iceflow and High Park Lakes. He also took triangulations from several peaks from which he made one of the first maps of the Missions.

In 1931, nine years after Shoemaker's first exploratory trip, the U.S. Forest Service classified 67,000 acres along the east side of the Mission Divide as a primitive area under regulation L20. (The L20 regulation, instituted in 1929, established the first Forest Service-wide system of wilderness reservations.) Another 8,500 acres were added in 1939.

In the Mission Valley the pace of development quickened after the reservation lands were opened to white settlement. The influx of settlers placed increasing demands on the reservation's resources. Commercial logging, road building and the development of a large irrigation project were among the activities that began to change the west slope of the Missions. Much as today, the high country remained inaccessible; however a considerable amount of commercial timber cutting occurred on the lower slopes. Existing lakes at the base of the range were expanded and canals were built to connect them with each other and to agricultural lands in the valley.

The 1930s brought several years of the most intensive trail construction ever seen in the Missions. From 1933 to 1941 the Civilian Conservation Corps-Indian Department (CCC-ID) undertook the construction of more than 140 miles of horse trails all along the western face of the Missions. The primary purpose of the work was fire control although the additional benefits to recreation and tribal member hunting and berry gathering were also recognized.

In 1936, in the midst of the CCC-ID's busiest years on the reservation, the Tribal Council voted unanimously to set aside about 100,000 acres of the western slope of the Mission Mountains as an Indian-maintained and managed national park. The tribe was to retain ownership of the lands but planned to parallel the National Park Service in its administration of the area. Quoting from a March, 1936 press release:

It is planned to maintain the park in its present natural state. Roads will not be built throughout the area. A complete system of trails will be built, and some trails are already constructed in this region. These trails will, for the most part follow old Indian trails. At natural camp places shelters will be erected for the convenience of the traveler and explorer, with corrals in connection where necessary.

Indian guides will be available to conduct parties through the park. Indians will be encouraged to camp and live in the park. Visitors will thus be able to see and come to know them. I have known people who came from the eastern United States to see a western Indian and were disappointed. When our park is established let them come again.

Nothing ever came of the resolution. Correspondence suggests the idea died in Washington, D.C. in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

One year after the tribes attempted to establish a national park the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, John Collier, signed an order drafted by then Chief Forester for the Office of Indian Affairs, Bob Marshall, that established 12 roadless areas and four wild areas on 12 Indian reservations across the country. The west slope of the Mission Range was included in the order as a roadless area. The order differed fundamentally from the U.S. Forest Service's L20 regulation and from the more recent federal Wilderness Act of 1964 in at least one of its stated purposes:

If on reservations, where the Indians desire privacy, sizeable areas are uninvaded by roads, then it will be possible for the Indians of these tribes to maintain a retreat where they may escape from constant contact with white men.

A second goal, similar to that of the L20 regulation and the federal Wilderness Act, was to preserve some untouched land for future generations. The only management restriction was that these areas were to have no roads passable to motorized vehicles.

The idea of establishing a retreat where Indians could "escape from constant contact with white men" differed widely from the purpose of the Indian national park — "visitors will thus be able to see and come to know them" — which had received unanimous support from the Tribal Council just one year earlier.

Two years after the Mission Range Roadless Area was established, an interesting controversy developed involving a proposed CCC-ID truck trail project. The proposal was to build a road up Station Creek in the northern part of the roadless area that would cross the Mission Divide and link up with a recently completed

road on the Flathead National Forest. The project finally was disapproved, against the wishes of the Tribal Council. Declining appropriations for the CCC-ID and difficulties involved with the construction project itself surely influenced the decision. However, wilderness advocates certainly played a role in the disapproval.

All but two of the 16 roadless and wild areas established by Marshall were declassified between 1958 and 1960. Only one remains in existence today — the Wind River Roadless Area on the Shoshone/Arapahoe Reservation in Wyoming. The areas were declassified for two reasons: 1) they were created without the consent or input of the tribes involved and 2) many of the tribes wanted to develop the areas for economic reasons.

The Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes formally protested the Marshall Order in 1939, and in 1958 they officially requested that the part of the order applying to the Flathead Indian Reservation be withdrawn. The Mission Range Roadless Area was declassified in the Federal Register in 1959. The Tribal Council wanted the Missions declassified to facilitate logging and road building. Indeed, much of the northern end has since been logged.

In the latter part of the 1950s the U.S. Congress was considering legislation to establish a National Wilderness Preservation System. The first drafts of the bill contained a clause that would have mandated an inventory of those roadless and wild areas established on Indian reservations by Bob Marshall 20 years earlier. According to this clause, if these areas met certain federal criteria, and if the respective tribal councils approved, they would become a part of the National Wilderness Preservation System. The tribal council of the Conferated Salish and Kootenai Tribes officially opposed these bills by tribal resolution in 1958 on the grounds that tribal interests and rights would not be adequately protected. The clause was later struck from the legislation.

Twenty-two years after the federal government withdrew the roadless area designation, the Tribal Council reconsidered a wilderness-type classification for the Missions and decided to set aside 90,000 acres as a tribal wilderness.

This decision came about through the efforts of a number of tribal members. Thurman Trosper, a retired U.S. Forest Service employee and past president of the Wilderness Society, worked with the Tribal Council over a 10-year period on the idea of a tribal wilderness. Another group of tribal members led by Doug Allard, a successful Indian businessman and leader of many of the more traditional tribal members, formed the Save the Mission Mountains Committee, to stop timber sales proposed for the area. The Committee circulated a petition in 1975 asking the Tribal Council to designate a Mission Mountains Primitive Area in which logging would be prohibited. Soon after these efforts, the council began to seriously consider some type of wilderness-like protection for the area.

Several proposals were advanced, all of which lacked management considerations other than that logging within the boundary would be prohibited. The proposal containing the least acreage included only those lands not accessible to logging. Advocates of this proposal were concerned about tribal revenue losses from reduced commercial timber acreages.

The boundary advocated by the Save the Mission Mountains Committee came to the base of the Mission Range. It included private lands and roaded areas and hence, was not politically viable. This group's main concern was that the timber sales proposed for the area would violate the integrity of the mountain range.





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The council's action was historic. It was the first time that an Indian tribe had decided on its own to protect a sizable portion of its lands as wilderness.

Their interest centered on protecting esthetic values and preserving the wilderness character of the area, thereby helping to retain some of the cultural and spiritual values important to the tribe.

Trosper also advanced a boundary proposal. It was significantly higher on the Mission slopes than the Save the Mission Mountains Committee's proposal. All of these proposals were before the Tribal Council for several months when, in 1976, at the recommendation of Trosper, the Tribal Council contracted with the Wilderness Institute of the University of Montana to develop a boundary and management proposal for a Mission Mountains Wilderness Area.

In 1977 the Wilderness Institute began intensive field studies, interviews and library research to supply information necessary for developing a recommendation. One year later the Institute submitted a wilderness management proposal to the tribe that included a boundary and management guidelines. This boundary was a compromise between the Allard and Trosper proposals. The Council took no official action on the proposal but did decide to impose a moratorium on timber sale proposals within the boundary proposed by the Wilderness Institute and to create a new tribal department to oversee the interim management of the area. This department, called the Wildland Recreation Department, was also charged with refining the Wilderness Institute's boundary proposal and developing a wilderness management plan. The department completed the plan in the spring of 1982 and on June 15 the Council voted overwhelmingly to designate 90,000 acres of the west slope as a tribal wilderness area and to adopt the management plan.

The council's action was historic. It was the first time that an Indian tribe had decided on its own to protect a sizable portion of its lands as wilderness. While political winds can change, and the council could reclassify the area by a simple majority vote, the seven to one vote of the council in favor of the wilderness designation and the widespread support for the wilderness that was expressed by tribal members suggests the designation will be hard to change.

There is very little visible tribal member use of the wilderness. A 1977 survey of visitors to the area indicated that only five percent of the total use was from members of the tribe. Ironically the Flatheads and Kootenai are the minority users of their own wilderness. However, the tribes have deeply rooted cultural and spiritual ties to wilderness as expressed by Clarence Woodcock, Director of the Flathead Culture Committee:

The Mission Mountains have served as a guide, passage way, fortification and vision-seeking grounds, as well as a place to gather medicinal herbs, roots and a place to hunt for food for the Pend d'Oreille and Salish Indians since they have lived at the foothills of the Missions.

Pete Beaverhead, a tribal elder, before he died, once said that he would go up into the mountains for weeks at a time and then would be afraid to come back down because "it was so clear up there. The air made your breathing easy. I didn't want to come back down because I knew the air down below would be bad. It was the stink from the roads and the other things the white man has made."

Our elders have many stories to tell about experiences in the mountains. They have become for us, the descendants of Indians, sacred grounds. Grounds that should not be disturbed or marred. We realize the importance of these mountains to our elders, to ourselves, and for the perpetuation of our Indian culture because of these stories. They are lands where our people walked and lived. Lands and landmarks carved through the minds of our ancestors through Coyote stories and actual experiences. Lands, landmarks, trees, mountain tops, crevices that we should look up to with respect.

The Save the Mission Mountains Committee stated:

These mountains belong to our children, and when our children grow old they will belong to their children. In this way and for this reason these mountains are sacred.

Wilderness is, to a segment of the tribal population, vitally important. It is one part of the Indian culture that remains as it was. Preservation then, expresses reverence for the land and its community of life, as well as respect for Indian culture — whether or not the area is used directly. This is the unique dimension of Montana's tribal wilderness. **M**

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--English Creek '84: try combine this with Portland signings?



fiction

A first novel at 73

by Linda Spoerl

IT IS 1960. RICHARD AND SARA EVERTON have mortgaged their San Francisco home and jettisoned their possessions. Fueled by equal parts hope for the future and nostalgia for his family's past, they're headed toward Ibarra, Mexico. There, Richard plans to reopen his grandfather's copper mine, closed since the 1910 revolution; Sara hopes to oversee a home complete with hammocks on verandas, tennis courts, and rose gardens.

Stones for Ibarra
by Harriet Doerr
Viking, $14.95

Guided through the twilight by an Ibarra native, the Evertons reach their destination. They spend the first night on the veranda, huddled in sleeping bags against the frost, and wake up to discover an uninhabitable house, a mine full of water, and a village whose inhabitants will depend on them for prosperity.

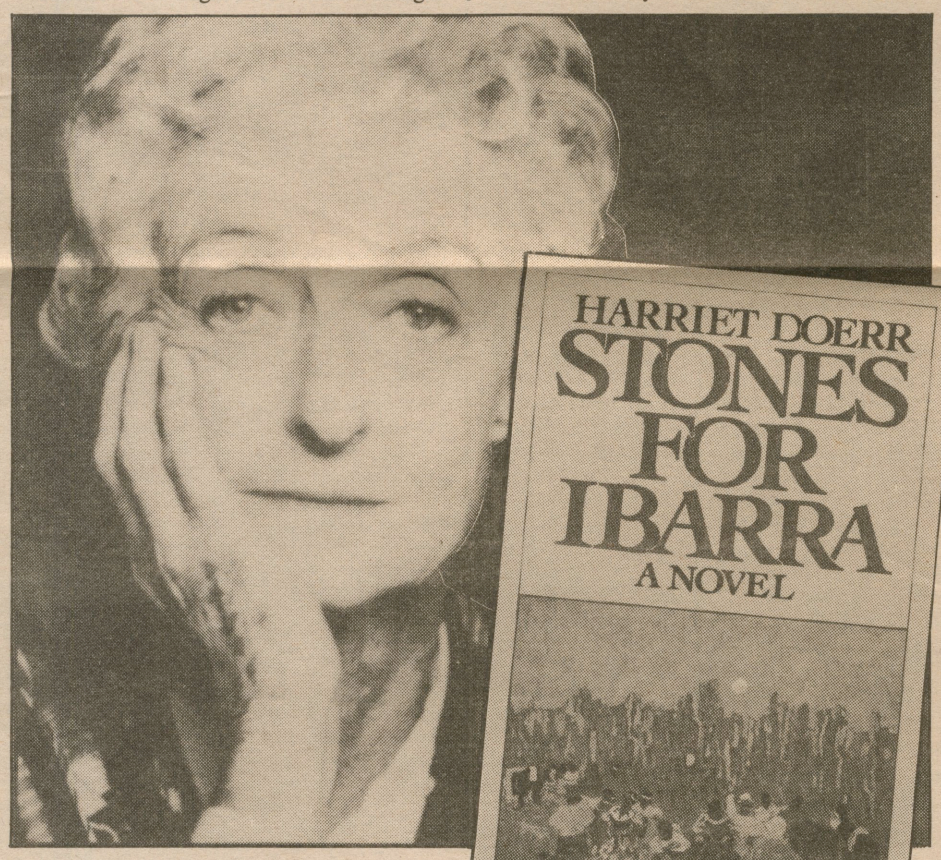
Harriet Doerr might have written a straightforward account of their struggle, a novel of character and action. Instead, *Stones for Ibarra* is a succession of events glimpsed through the inverted telescope of memory. Her themes are various: Sara's unwillingness to accept Richard's illness, the villagers who respect but cannot comprehend them, Sara's increasingly poetical perceptions. But the larger theme is always the filtering effect of time on experience.

The book's 18 chapters, each an independent story, detail the texture of place, the irony of cultures in collision, and above all, the immutable presence of death. "It is something they will see everywhere—a disregard for danger, a companionship with death. By the end of the year they will know it well: the antic bravado, the fatal games, the coffin shop beside the cantina, the sugar skulls on the frosted cake." And by the end of the novel, Richard too will die, leaving Sara alive and alone. Like James Agee's *A Death in the Family* or Norman McLean's *A River Runs Through It,* this novel is a monument to the memory of love, a strategy for dealing with death.

The chapters weave together the villagers' stories with the Evertons' lives. "The Inheritance" tells of a boy's ambiguous responsibility for his retarded cousin's death; "The Red Taxi" is an ironic account of Chuy Santos, whose entrepreneurial success is financed by his savings on the coffins of his best friends; in "The Night of September Fifteenth," Basilio Garcia kills his brother in a story of classical proportion and finality. The stories are shot through with magic (both religious and scientific), superstition, and fate. All are carefully crafted.

Doerr's style is luminous. Spare and lyrical, it consistently avoids the sentimentality or overstatement the material might provoke in a lesser writer. A priest, asked why an apparently wealthy villager continues to beg, responds: "It is her profession." A wounded man is said to be lucky to have only bruises "rather than cuts that slice into the flesh and must be stitched together like a torn glove or a split shoe." As Sara sits in a restaurant fearfully waiting for Richard to return from his doctor, the waitress starts to pick up the table setting in front of his vacant chair. " 'No. . . Leave them,' " she says, "and in the time it took to speak three words, [she] foresaw a whole future of this clearing away of the second places at tables. . . ."

After Richard's death in San Francisco, Sara returns to Ibarra. She notices a pile of stones outside her house and remembers another cairn by a cross where a fatal accident occurred. The stones, she learns, are placed by the villagers to commemorate the event. "When people pass and remember, they bring stones." *Stones for Ibarra* is dedicated to the late Mr. Doerr, "Por el carino que el mismo sentia al lugar" (For the love that he felt for that place). She is now 73, and *Stones* is her first novel, published to extravagant acclaim in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. Like the Evertons, the Doerrs lived in a small Mexican village. Some time after being widowed, Harriet Doerr enrolled at Stanford, where she earned a BA in 1977 and an MFA in creative writing in 1980. This novel evolved from stories she wrote at Stanford and published in literary magazines. It is a collection of songs in a minor key, a work of wonder and insight. ■



Author Harriet Doerr.

Linda Spoerl is a freelance writer living in Seattle.

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usage & abuses

Sex and the mother tongue

by Robert C. Cumbow

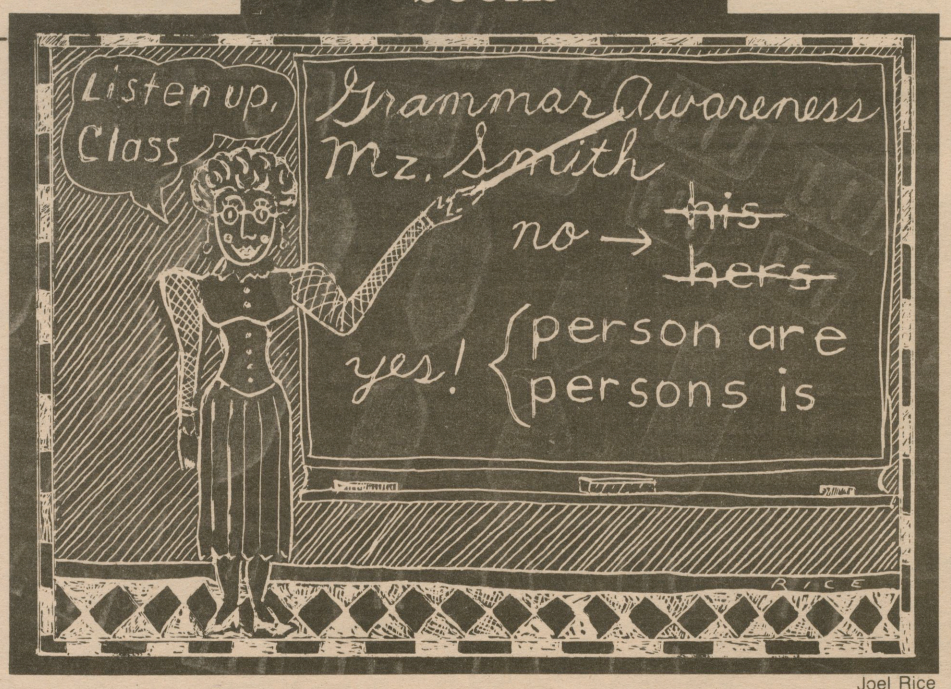
THE TEACHER LOOKS OUT OVER THE classroom and intones: "It's time for recess. Everyone please put on their coat."

The plural pronoun "their" fails to agree with its antecedent "everyone," which is singular. The result is a sentence that implies, first, that several kids have joint ownership of a single coat, and, second, that everyone gets into the coat at once, like frat boys stuffing a phone booth.

In the old days no teacher would have said this sentence, for fear of being caught by any sixth-grader in an elementary grammatical error. Today, teachers and everyone else link plural pronouns with singular antecedents all the time. It's not that they're illiterate. Theirs is a conscious choice to violate grammar rather than offend those sensitive to alleged sexism in the language.

But words don't have sex; people do. Words have gender, and it's the confusion of gender with sex that is at the root of many arguments. A word of masculine gender does not necessarily imply masculine sex in the creature specified, any more than the German words *der Hund* and *die Katze* imply that all dogs are male and all cats female.

"His," a pronoun of masculine gender, is ambivalent. Used with a gender-specific antecedent, "The man left his book," it means "the man's." But with a gender-neutral term such as "everyone" it functions as a possessive for a subject of unspecified sex. The pronouns "he," "his," "him," and "himself" are not alone in swinging both ways. The much maligned syllable "man" does, too. In German



Joel Rice

der Mann and *der Mensch*, though both of masculine gender, have distinct meanings, the former referring to an adult male human being, the latter to any person. English doesn't have the advantage of such a distinction; in our language "man" does double duty. Saying "chairperson" instead of "chairman," while generally inoffensive, is not only cumbersome but also unnecessary, since "chair-person" is exactly what the word "chairman" means.

It's always struck me as odd that those who fight hardest to defeat "man" are the very ones who throw out the once-honorable "lady" in favor of "*woman*." If "lady" is now considered condescending, and is to go the same route as the justly obsolescent sex-designators "actress," "heroine," "aviatrix," "comedienne," and the like, it's ironic that it should be replaced by a word whose origin (Old English *wifman*, meaning "wife-person") specifically defines the female human being in terms of her relation to the male.

Shallow etymology has bedeviled the anti-sexist-language movement for some time. An early catchphrase of what was once called "women's liberation" (before the derogatory "women's lib" caused the term to be replaced by the more time-honored "feminism") ran: "Don't call me a housewife; I'm not married to my house." But the word "housewife" doesn't imply someone who is married to a house, any more than "fishwife" implies someone who's married a fish. Like "fishwife" and "midwife," the term "housewife" identifies a *profession* (though one that is more honorable than it is fashionable). "Male chauvinism" is a colorful and useful term that the movement introduced into our language, but much damage has been done by those who drop the term "male," thereby making the word "chauvinist" refer to one peculiar *kind* of chauvinist. The original meaning, "one whose patriotism is absurd, unreasoning, and belligerent," is lost, and we are left with no word for Jeane Kirkpatrick.

Now, there's nothing wrong with asserting moral, social, or political considerations over those of linguistic custom. But there is a solution to the knotty problem of the "everyone . . . he" usage. I don't mean the "he-or-she" gambit, that clumsy, ostentatious signal that the speaker is not excluding females and is desperate not to offend. (Could anyone possibly think that "Everyone put on his coat" refers only to the boys?) The alternative lies in rethinking the sentence. Simply switch to the plural: "all" instead of "everyone." It's mercifully gender-unspecific and noncontroversially unsexing. What do you want, good grammar or good taste? Now you don't have to choose.

All right, class dismissed. All of you please put on your coats. ■

Robert C. Cumbow is a Seattle freelance writer and an information officer for a City agency. His book of puns, Pardon Me, Roy & Other Groaners, *is published by Pinnacle.*

endpapers

OLSEN VS. COE: Local author Jack Olsen says he's filing a half-million-dollar lawsuit against the Coe family, the subject of his book *Son* (which deals with Fred Coe's career as a rapist in Spokane and his mother Ruth's attempt to get the judge and prosecutor killed). Olsen alleges that the Coes got the *Ladies' Home Journal* to cancel a planned excerpt of *Son*. *The Spokane Chronicle* (of which Coe Sr. was once managing editor) has called *Son* the second fastest selling book in Northwest history, after *Roots*. With US sales at 35,000, Olsen is at work on his next book, about Claude Dallas, the man in Idaho who killed two game wardens trying to nab him for hunting bobcat out of season. Olsen's also looking into the case of a man in Queens, New York, accused of "five vicious sodomy rapes. The man is completely innocent."

DOIG'S DOINGS: North Seattle historian Ivan Doig has just sent his first novel to Atheneum: *English Creek*, his longest book yet, will be published next fall. It concerns a Montana family in the 1930s and incorporates Doig's characteristically exhaustive research in the state's old towns and archives. "The forest rangers were required to keep a daily diary, and some of them got to be pretty good writers," says Doig. "And even some of the people who weren't good at writing managed to get down a lot of good information. At the university in Bozeman, they've got eight filing cabinets full of stuff done by locals hired by the WPA to interview their neighbors. Some of them are pretty rough-hewn. You can see that they were using one finger on the typewriter, but they knew what kind of questions to ask a sheep rancher. There are records of the cattle brands in use, the menus for the Fourth of July picnic—spring frys, for instance. Chickens with drumsticks about as big as your thumb." *English Creek* is set in a town of Doig's invention, Gros Ventre (pronounced GROVE-on), named after a nonfictional Northern Montana Indian tribe.



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buy by mailer

gals for Ann to watch

~~66~~ – wagons

~~25~~ – EU

~~34~~ – l#

~~50~~ – sevil changes & crx

~~51~~ – just only a hotel & saloon then.

~~55~~ – phrase dropped

~~62~~ – 6~~9~~7 rodeo

~~73~~ – l#s in dance

~~78~~ – plush rs

~~82~~ – crx

109 – right thru etc.

116 – recto p ?

117 – insert, not invert

name	gal
~~deathcamas~~	24
~~El~~ Ventre	28
~~Elson~~	51
~~pot~~ash & sulfate	34
~~FS~~ uniform	36
~~Marias~~ Pass	40
~~EU~~	40
Plummer	49
Reid	50
sq dance	73
Wands	82
~~storm~~	97
~~WWII~~	113
~~fish~~ season	115

Breaks: Eleanor

68 – △ # if need b

87 – headline

89 – WW sign

90 – chaps

94 – verse

105 – 70s

34 – line break

capitalize Mason jar?

change: Toussaint's reference to Barclay's hotel and saloon, July 4, 1876; leave out name, make it something like "was just only a hotel and saloon then."

ms must be looked over for:

--overuse of "evidently" and "evident"

--dashes and hyphens and colons

--consistency of every character

--successful pattern of plot

--texture of lingo

--success of each graf (don't overdo strong exit lines)

--pace

--overuse of: "There's this to be said..."

--Latinate words instead of Anglo-Saxon

--people giving each other a look

--overuse of "inventoried" p. 29

- overuse of "planet" & "universe"

- " of "so to speak"

- " of "dawned on me"

count the number of times various devices are used:

--As I have told

--No, I put that wrong.

--single-word interjections, as "Wholesale." on p. 2

R.D. 1, Box 408
Hightstown, NJ 08520
March 6, 1985

Dear Mr. Doig:

Got your book from Mercer County Library.

Having about finished reading English Creek, thought perhaps you had not seen the enclosed from March Smithsonian magazine.

As I am 75, a book dealing with the thirties brings back memories. Also coming from a Jersey garden truck farm have had experience hitching up horse to wagon. You sure know the sound one makes to make a horse "get up". I liked reading that.

Thought of fire in woods when, on a very windy day, I had three, under ten year olds, for a marshmellow roast in the woods. Had kids bring five gallon jugs of water, and a shovel. Had kids remove tops of gallons.

I built a small fire and we toasted the marshmellows. When there was no more flame, the kids said, "Lets put paper on to get it started again." I called for twigs and explained the danger of putting paper. There was plenty of twigs at hand. Kids disappeared quicker than the candy I eat when reading your book. I get so interested in the book that it always surprises me when my hand does not bring forth more candy.

What the kids enjoyed, was dumping the water on the fire. Guess it's the noise. One, not too loud yell, brought them racing from the fort they were making. It's a wonder that a cat brier, (north Jersey they are called "bread and butter") didn't trip them.

Water gone--so were kids. Just turn one's back and I couldn't even hear a sound of their feet. They left me with the shovel job and I must remember another time what to do. Any way I have just ordered a good whistle from Brookstones.

When there is a big forest fire, we easterners only hear on radio how many acres are gone. In south Jersey we have scrub pine fires, but it seems that what bothers them is if the highway is so smoked up that they may have to detour. Central Jersey has lost best potatoe ground to retirement sections and malls. Was more than surprised to learn that Sweden, (where my people came from) is importing oats to us.

Thank you very much for your book and the work that it required. Robert Kirsch expresses it better than I. You are an artist, painting word pictures, better than some I have seen hanging in museums. (Gosh, that's not so good, but I am too lazy to retype--) To me, an author is a creator, while an artist is a painter.

Sincerely,
Emma Corsaro
(Mrs. Emma Kjellberg Corsaro)

22 March '85

Dear Mrs. Corsaro--

I much enjoyed your letter, as did my wife and father-in-law, both formerly of Ocean Grove. (My wife worked for the Asbury Park Press. If that paper reaches as far as Hightstown, there's to be a review of ENGLISH CREEK and an article about me, some Sunday soon.) This is in haste--I'm about to go to Montana!--but I did want to thank you for your kind words.

all best wishes

Seattle
Wednesday

Ivan -

I've just finished English Creek. Joe read it before I did. Thank you. It was a wonderful book. Jick was (is?) Joe's age. Joe's father was from the French Canadian lumbering tradition, supposed to have had a Blackfoot in the family.

We both thought your 4th of July story was so true, having gone through many home town "Celebrations" (Flag Day). We thought we might both have often been in Coeur d'Alene at

the same 4th of July celebration (not knowing each other). Joe also was treated to the Swedish picnics there, for his mother was Swedish.

Yes! The dances! I could see it! I too slept on a bench along the side of the Grange hall. And later I observed the running in and out for a swig.

The book had all those elements you mentioned in your lecture. The tragic Alex and his small-town love affair brought back so many I've known like him: very bright, having so much to offer and staying there to raise sheep (or in my case wheat).

You are our great Northwest writer, Ivan —

Peggy

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March 13, 1985

Dear Jean Doig,

Alas, I've just read the last page of English Creek. I can't say it as well as Wallace Stegner - but the book was for me, too, a leisurely and beautiful experience. Thank you.

Best wishes to Carol and Jon.

Deborah Ogden

Because you missed Tom Turner's review in NYRA. Here it is.

was in itself a little like a train trip — you ease into it, start to enjoy the scenery and activity around you, and begin to take all this pleasure a bit for granted when you realize with a pang that it's not going to last forever, in fact is plainly propelling itself toward an end! I was so sorry to see English Creek slipping away from me page by page! And I'm looking forward very much to reading your next book about this family and this place. Thanks for all of your hard work

and for the wonderful voice that comes through your books to us.

Kathy Bettis


PAMELA
SAMPSON

28 February 1985

Dear Ivan,

Gary had been urging me to read English Creek and so I took your book along to read on our recent train trip to Portland. And I enjoyed reading it so much I felt I ought to write and thank you! It is a wonderful book - full

of characters and scenes and incidents that keep reappearing in my mind. I know it's one of those books I'll keep on picking up and re-reading from different points in the story. As I was thinking about it this morning, it occurred to me that your book

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Virginia A. Ziels

Congratulations on the Arts Award.

Sincerely,

Virginia Zeis

February 18—

Dear Ivan—

At the time it the autographing at the Edmonds Book Shop, I had read only a portion of E.C. I was enjoying it, but as it progressed I experienced more ——— I felt so very comfortable with the family the up very late to get them through five safely.

In the months since, I have thought of the characters & they are as real to me as people I have known. I wish them well.

I'm looking forward to your next.

Jon Lillevik
965 Cetacea Lane
Kenai, Alaska
Jan 13, 1985

Dear Mr. Doig,

Carolyn Cochran delivered the copy of English Creek to me on Friday. I was delighted to receive it. Your autograph on the facepage made the book even more special. Thank you for taking the time to do that. English Creek (my copy) has a special place in my library.

As the Cochrans told you, I have had a Montana experience and This House of Sky was a powerful parallel to it. Whereas I did not call Montana "Home," my family spent every summer and an occasional winter with my mother's parents who owned a farm 21 miles north of Cut Bank. Their fence separated their farm from Hutterite land and several sheepherders' wagons could be seen along the road. I well remember sitting in the car waiting for my grandfather to come back from the bar — looking for hired help or finding out about some aspect of farming.

As I read your book I did not see you as the one experiencing the things you described but rather saw me and recalled many of my memories from the narrative. As each page was read, the images in the book became more than coincidence and finally overwhelmed me when you wrote of your silver ship which had been a dusty combine in a previous life. I also had a silver ship on which I played endlessly. So few people in this world have crawled through a combine!!

My reaction to your book went beyond the link I normally establish with an author. I appreciate the way in which you interfaced your

EXPERIENCES WITH THE CENTRAL FIGURES IN YOUR LIFE. BEYOND THAT CAME A DEEPER INTERFACE OF YOUR EXPERIENCES (OR YOUR RECOLLECTION OF THEM) AND MY CHILDHOOD IN MONTANA. AS I READ, I RECALLED MY GRANDPARENTS AND PARENTS AND SAW HOW THE FIBER OF THEIR LIVES BROUGHT ME TO WHERE I AM, JUST AS YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S AND FATHER'S FIBER BROUGHT YOU TO WHERE YOU ARE. YOUR BOOK IMPACTED ME AS NO OTHER BOOK HAS. THERE WAS A DEFINITE COMMUNICATION WHICH WAS VERY POWERFUL. I APPRECIATE HAVING THE OPPORTUNITY TO TELL YOU THAT DIRECTLY.

TONIGHT I WILL BEGIN <u>ENGLISH CREEK</u>. I HAVE PEEKED AT A RANDOM PARAGRAPH OR TWO AND AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SOME SERIOUS READING. I AM ALSO PASSING YOUR ADDRESS TO MY SISTER. I VIEW YOUR ADDRESS AS PRIVILEGED INFORMATION AND AM LIMITING IT TO HER ONLY. IN THAT SHE IS ANOTHER FOUNDER OF THE ALASKA CHAPTER OF THE IVAN DOIG FAN CLUB (AKIDFC) AND HAS HAS CONSIDERABLE SAILING EXPERIENCE ON SILVER COMBINES, I TRUST MY ACTION MEETS WITH YOUR APPROVAL.

AGAIN, THANK YOU FOR SIGNING MY BOOK

Jon Gilbert

21 Jan. '85

Dear Jon--

Excuse this quickie reply, but I'm just starting the next book and not much correspondence gets done. Maybe we can carry on conversation in person sometime, if Carol and I get to Kenai to see the Cochrans and Lilleviks. Anyway, you're right, those old combines were ideal for a kid's imagination; I can still see mine plainer than almost anything else of my boyhood. The actual working ones, when I got to driving grain truck into the elevator at Cut Bank, were not nearly so much fun.

best, and thanks for troubling to write.

2884 Gallon Road
Pebble Beach, CA 93953
January 25, 1985

Dear Ivan Doig, You probably have a clipping service and saw the fine Review of English Creek in the San Francisco Chronicle. But perhaps the service does not cover a small town, relatively, paper. So just in case here's the review from our paper -

We read English Creek with great enjoyment for its own sake and

because it took us back sometimes to This House of Sky. Now we look forward to the second and third volumes of the trilogy and trust that you are working hard!

We took English Creek to Paul, our Olympic Ranger-Son, and he was pleased.

No need to reply to this. Your good postcard in reply to our first effusion suffices. But I still hope that you and Paul will meet sometime.

And if you ever come this way, I'd love to take you on the 17-Mile-Drive (near us) and give you lunch.

Sincerely yours,
Mary Crawford
(Mrs. Rudd A.)

WILLIAM L. NEWMEYER III, M.D.
84 FIFTH AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94118

January 13, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
c/o Atheneum Publishers
New York City

Dear Mr. Doig:

I have just finished reading ENGLISH CREEK, a Christmas present from my seventeen year old daughter, and I enjoyed it immensely. I am especially glad to note that it is the first of a trilogy.

A friend in Denver introduced me to your work with THIS HOUSE OF SKY and I have also read and greatly enjoyed WINTER BROTHERS. Somehow I missed THE SEA RUNNERS but hope to rectify that oversight soon.

I tried to ration ENGLISH CREEK so it would last for a month or so but was not successful. I very much look forward to its successors. In the meantime I will try to get a copy of THE SEA RUNNERS.

Sincerely yours,

William L. Newmeyer

WLN/bh

6 Feb. '85

Dear Dr. Newmeyer--

Thanks for troubling to write me the good words about English Creek. You must have spread the word around San Francisco; the book made the Chronicle bestseller list a few weeks.

Sea Runners is still available--hardback from Atheneum, paperback from Penguin. Hope you like it.

Excuse the brevity of this; English Creek is indeed the first of three, and I'm working on the next book right now.

best regards,