ANTI-DEVELOPMENTALISM IN MONTANA: THE CULTURAL DIMENSION

by

Michael P. Malone
Dean of Graduate Studies
and Professor of History
Montana State University

June 13, 1986
December 23, 1986

Mr. Ivan Doig  
17021 - 16th Avenue N.W.  
Seattle, WA 98177  

Dear Mr. Doig:

For the fourth year, we are pleased to share with you an MSU tradition --- our annual "MSU Honors Lecture."

This year's lecture, delivered by Dr. Michael Malone, the Dean of our Graduate School and a distinguished historian, is especially appropriate.

As Montana and Montanans deal with our severe economic doldrums, it is important that we understand the historical as well as the fiscal roots of our problems. Dr. Malone's lecture entitled, Anti-Developmentalism In Montana: The Cultural Dimension, deals with precisely that subject.

We commend it to your reading and to your permanent library along with our best wishes for a New Year that brings with it good health, time for thought and freedom from fear.

Sincerely,

Bill Tietz  
President

Enclosures
ANTI-DEVELOPMENTALISM IN MONTANA:
THE CULTURAL DIMENSION

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Honors Night Program
Montana State University
June 13, 1986
This is the fourth in a published series of annual Montana State University Honors Lectures.
ANTI-DEVELOPMENTALISM IN MONTANA: THE CULTURAL DIMENSION

Montana is widely perceived to be not only one of the least developed of the 50 states, but one of the most hostile to development as well. There are many reasons for this perception. Montana is, in fact, trailing far behind most of its sister states in economic growth; and, no doubt inevitably, this is in large part a direct result of its remoteness, its formidable terrain and its climate. But other factors are also involved, such as the state’s perennially strong environmentalist movement and its long history of corporate exploitation.¹

What I would like to address in the following pages is one key wellspring of the Treasure State’s anti-developmentality which, to my knowledge, neither the economists nor anyone else have much reckoned with: the cultural background from which these sentiments arise. Every state has its own cultural personality, its own mindset, each of them at once unique but also a part of broader regional, national and global mosaics. Despite the obvious fact that such localisms are non-quantifiable, they are nonetheless real, and in the real world they have very real results.

One risks more than ridicule in arguing that any singular caste of mind characterizes an entire state, even so small a state as Montana. Still, it has seemed to me, after devoting nearly 20 years to the study of these environs, that an outlook upon life has long spread its aura over Montana, and spreads over it yet today, which might accurately be termed “romantic primitivism.” This persuasion, especially its key components—the thought that nature untrammeled is the source of all virtue, that man is virtuous only when he is in close communion with it, and that
“civilization” is questionable if not downright corrupting—is hardly unique to Montana. It underlies the entire “Old West” syndrome; and it has characterized much of American thought and sentiment, and indeed much of Western Civilization over the past 200 years, since the days of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Lord Byron and the Romantic Movement. In Montana, however, these ideas are still virile and unalloyed, still held by the masses, so that historian Clark Spence is correct in describing Montana as “the most western part of the West.”

These insights are hardly original with me. Take, for an especially entertaining instance, Leslie Fiedler’s comments of a generation ago in his essay “Montana; or The End of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.” Fiedler, then at the University of Montana, saw the place as the final retreat of the romantic myths of virtuous, unspoiled nature and of the noble savages who dwell therein. There is a thin line between silliness and profundity; and one may discard Fiedler’s more bizarre notions, such as his idea that Montanans are somehow obsessed with guilt about Indians, while still savoring the kernel of truth in his depiction of a state wrapped tightly in a cocoon of romantic self-imagery.

Even a cursory glance at the main contours of Montana’s cultural heritage readily reveals, at least to me, the persistence of romantic primitivism, and more subtly, the way in which this romanticism militates against modernization, national mainstreaming, and economic development.

For example, consider the state’s prized tradition of fine western art. Who, after all, has had the greatest impact of anyone upon the way we think and feel? Charlie Russell, of course. Is there, anywhere in this state, a long established family whose forebears were not close friends with, constant hosts to, and probably the first financial backers of old Charlie?

Russell’s paintings appeal to us not only for their fine craftsmanship, their matchless rendering of colors, landscapes and idealized Indians and cowboys. They truly embody a consistent romantic philosophy, a paean to the pristine and good world we lost when misguided homesteaders turned the prairies upside down and promoters lured in hordes of outlanders. If you doubt this, simply read Trails Plowed Under; or such passages from Russell’s famed letters as this one:

Bob you wouldent know the town or the country either it’s all grass side down now. Wher once you rode circle and I nightly wrangled, a gopher couldn’t graze now. The boosters say its a better country than it ever was but it looks like hell to me I liked it better when it belonged to God it was sure his country when we knew it.

Can anyone doubt the appeal or universality of this sentiment, or its subtle, braking effect upon developmental strategies of any kind? Of course, the many heirs of Russell, including good artists like Olaf Seltzer and Edgar Paxson and legions of lesser ones, continue to perpetuate the same themes.

Other aspects of Montana culture reflect the same predilections. It would be misguided, I suppose, to take too seriously the sizable corpus of popular culture
surrounding the state. But such popular and unfortunate movies as Erroll Flynn's *They Died With Their Boots On* and *Montana*, Ronald Reagan's *The Cattle Queen of Montana*, Richard Harris's mindless *A Man Called Horse* or Robert Redford's implausible *Jeremiah Johnson* do more than just entertain us. They have the same effect upon us as similar yarns do upon Texans, subliminally reinforcing our self-image as ruggedly independent westerners who are different from other folks. The statewide ubiquitoussness of pickups with gun racks in the rear window, cowboy hats and round tins of chewing tobacco featured conspicuously in shirt pockets points in the same direction.

Beyond dispute, this thinly populated state has produced a remarkable body of first-rate literature over the past 40 years. Throughout much if not most of it, for instance the hauntingly beautiful lead story in Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It*, runs that mainstream of romanticism, man in communication and harmony with nature. The best frontier fiction of Dorothy Johnson and A.B. Guthrie is arguably realistic, but it is certainly romantic as well. Guthrie's *The Big Sky, These Thousand Hills, Fair Land, Fair Land*, and his other books, too, have their fair share of noble savages and the recurrent theme of man's symbiotic relationship with the land. One reason why *Shane* is the greatest of all western movies is Guthrie's skill in developing to a fine point the classic romantic theme of good and evil in conflict on the frontier. It is hardly a coincidence that Guthrie's is a leading contemporary voice of environmentalism and the questioning of developmentalism. These same themes, of hardy western individualists and the shaping hand of the land, reappear vividly in the works of Ivan Doig, the best of Montana's younger novelists.

Focusing upon my own particular field of study, history, we immediately discover more of the same traces of romanticism. Two general preoccupations have characterized this state's avid interest in its history: the frontier, and the notion that it has been a repeatedly "plundered province." Until recently, almost all historical writing on Montana has been on the frontier period, the 19th century, practically none of it on the modern period. And, with some notable exceptions, most of the frontier writing has dealt not with the real substance of history—economic, social and political subjects—but rather with that which is colorful, "wild and woolly."

Again, as in art and literature, the overwhelming preoccupation is with adventure and man in the wilderness: Lewis and Clark braving the wild, Custer bungling to his well publicized demise, such sad commentaries on public credulity as Liver-Eating Johnson and Calamity Jane. Reading what sells the most, one would surely think that cowboys were more significant than entrepreneurs, and that the "open range" period of the livestock industry, which boomed only for a few years in the 1880s, was more important than everything that has happened since.

But, one might reply, most of this is not really serious history: the truly serious history of Montana has been written by men like Joseph Kinsey Howard and K. Ross Toole, who eschewed frontier escatology and wrote penetratingly and pas-
sionately of how Montana the fair land has been ravaged repeatedly by misguided developers and out-of-state corporations. Howard and Toole remain, I think, Montana's favorite historians. Their genre of regional history, sometimes called the "plundered province" school, was at its peak during the liberal and regionally preoccupied 1930s and 1940s. Best popularized by historians like Walter Webb and Bernard DeVoto, it characterized the West as the much abused colony of the East.

Such a depiction fit Montana probably better than any other western state; and the well crafted narratives of Howard and Toole resound, not with the din of frontier adventure, but rather with outrageous abuses of the land by dumb "honyockers" (homesteaders) and abuses of the commonwealth by corporate predators led by Anaconda. At first glance, this approach might seem not romantic at all, but rather harshly realistic. Not quite. In fact, this history is more polemical than objective, more passionate than well researched. It, too, has its villains, like Jim Hill and the diabolical "Company" (Anaconda), and its tragic liberal heroes who fought in vain, like F. Augustus Heinze and Joseph Dixon. Of course, this rendering of history is, in a true sense, a jeremiad against developers, who have sinned so often in the past. But it does not present a balanced view of our history. That task is presently being addressed by a number of historians, who are working a genuine renaissance in the study of the state's past.4

A state's political culture is certainly also a facet of its overall cultural personality, and the same tendencies described above also manifest themselves here. One of the main strands of the romantic world view, after all, is the primacy of the heroic individual over the social-organizational mass. Historically and currently, in Montana and throughout the West, party organizations and party lines have been notoriously weak, and unrestrained personalities preeminent. To their critics, Montana luminaries such as Burton K. Wheeler, Mike Mansfield and Ted Schwinden are disloyal or at least indifferent to party or ideology; to the state's majorities, though, they are western individualists who stand for principle above party.

This same rejuvenant, frontier-style individualism has driven the West's steady drift to the right over the past two decades and boils to the surface in such extremist crusades as the Sagebrush Rebellion and Montana's quixotic Initiative 27 campaign to eliminate property taxes altogether. Stetson hats remain far more conspicuous in the Montana Legislature than do pinstripe suits; and despite the continuing erosion of the agrarian population, agriculture promises to reign supreme in non-industrialized Montana into the foreseeable future. The "Old West" mystique, which has its most solid grounding in the agricultural community, favors rightist causes far more than those of the left, which have traditionally drawn their key organizational support from the eroding bases of union labor and the Farmers' Union. Among liberally oriented groups, only the environmentalists draw upon the historic wellsprings of romantic primitivism.

Ironically, many Montana conservatives agree less with their national, business-oriented counterparts and more with the environmentalists in opposing develop-
ment. In contrast to the state's relatively small business community, these conservatives tend to be farmers and ranchers-retirees-outdoor enthusiasts who see promoters not as Montana's redeemers, but rather as threats to their cherished lifestyles and values.

Thus, all throughout our everyday life—when we hang a Russell print over the mantle, enjoy a work of fiction or history, stop to listen to a politician, or simply pause to watch the lifestyles of our fellow folk—we Montanans find ourselves immersed in essentially the same culture that existed here in 1950, or in 1930. How little we have been touched by the urban-industrial revolution that has been engulfing all of America since 1865, and most of the West since 1940! This, many would say, is as it should be. This is precisely what makes Montana the last of what is best in this country.

Yet, only the most incorrigible romantic or reactionary would deny that, for this, we pay an increasingly heavy price: the slowest growing per capita income in the country, lost jobs in collapsing extractive industries which are not replaced by attracting new ones in the growing manufacturing and service sectors, vanishing opportunities for young and old alike. Is it not true that, in attempting to preserve unchanged the old ways, we are also preserving them for ever fewer of us?

Montana, right now, is doing a lot of soul searching about its faltering economy, its eroding state services, and its widely perceived antibusiness climate. Almost always, the discussion focuses upon the economic-political tangibles: its exclusive reliance upon property and income rather than sales taxes, its highest-in-the-nation coal severance tax, its persistence in using the dubious unitary tax, its regulatory climate, its perceived hostility to certain corporations, especially railroads and utilities. By neglecting the less tangible factors and focusing exclusively upon statistics and well defined issues, we fail to see the broader cultural context, the matrix of ideas and assumptions that sprouts such policies and practices.

Hopefully, these remarks may serve to suggest that Montana's cultural milieu is not only relevant, but vital to any understanding of the state's anti-development attitudes. If wilderness, and a life in communion with wilderness, is what Montana is all about, then hostility toward drawing in more humanity to clutter it is a natural posture to assume. One seldom sees a crowd in a Russell painting, never a machine or a city. Many of our most influential politicians and historians have told us that Montana is a unique place, that Montanans are a breed apart, and that just about any corporation that invades this neck of the woods has rape on its mind. Each of these ideas bears some truth; but all are simplistic, provincial—and in the last analysis, untrue. Neither in its environment, its history, its populace nor its problems and their answers, is Montana really unique.

Montana is, indeed, a special place to those who live here and those who visit here. Second only to the untrammeled beauty of its landscape, Montana's greatest appeal lies in its romantic and individualistic culture and lifestyle. Nothing, however, finds perfection in excess. Montanans cannot fence themselves off from global and
national socio-economic forces, no matter how hard we may try. Declining extractive industries—agriculture, metal mining, lumber, and in the near future, fossil fuels—simply cannot sustain a healthy commonwealth.

Our greatest challenge in the months and years ahead is not really reevaluating our tax and regulatory structures. Rather, it is to reassess the attitudes and assumptions, which have come to seem second nature to us, that underlie these policies. Few Montanans would venture the patently unwise and unworkable idea that the state should attempt a major program of heavy industrialization. But Montana is, after all, part of the United States; and the sooner that we cast aside the idea that we are truly unique, or some kind of Old West Camelot, the sooner we shall begin coming to terms with modernity and reality. Then, I believe, we'll find that, like Texas, a Utah, or even a South Dakota or Wyoming, we can diversify our economy, provide decent jobs, educations and other state services to our people by bringing our tax system into line with those of the other states—and still preserve the best of our traditional western values and styles of life.

FOOTNOTES


The Gray Ghost Murders
By Keith McCarthy
Published 2012 by Viking, New York, NY
$26.95 hardcover

Sean Stranahan is trying to mind his own business, which includes escorting anglers down the Goshen River in Montana. But he is soon drawn into a murder case when his friend, the old-time guide and fishing guide, dies in mysterious circumstances. The investigation reveals secrets about the river and the community that Stranahan had no idea existed.

Moge Montana Moments
By Ellen Baumler
Published 2012 by Montana Historical Society Press, Helena, MT
$14.95 softcover

This book features a collection of personal stories about Montana, including interviews with Montana residents and local historians. It covers topics such as Montana's history, culture, and natural beauty.

Isabella's Odyssey
Written and illustrated by Sue Spinelli
Published 2012 by Pecking, New York, NY
$5.95 softcover

Sue Spinelli's story follows a young girl as she travels around the world, exploring different cultures and learning about the diversity of people and places.

From Football to Fig Newtons: 76 American Inventions and The Inventions You Know by Heart
By Brian D'Ambrosio
Published 2013 by Jabberwocky Press, New York, NY
$15.95 softcover

Brian D'Ambrosio's book explores 76 American inventions and the stories behind them, from the Fig Newton to the light bulb. It includes facts, historical facts, and stories about the inventors.

Who's Faster? Animals on the Move
Written by Ellen K. Meyer; Illustrated by Constance R. Bergman
Published 2012 by Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, MT
$12 hardcover

This book compares the speeds of different animals, from the fastest sprinter to the slowest tortoise, and explains how they move in their natural habitats.

Send us book ideas
We also publish books on regional popular history, natural history and national parks for a general audience and for children. You can send book proposals to: Acquisition, PO Box 630, Helena, MT 59604. A self-addressed, stamped envelope or your materials will not be returned, and do not send art or photographs. For more information, visit our website at countrypress.com.

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Send proposals to: Riverbend Publishing, PO Box 5833, Helena, MT 59604. Visit www.riverbendpublishing.com for more information about the company.
Auction Action
MAM, YAM and Russell museums report robust sales

The Treasure State was awash in art auctions this spring, and all posted more robust sales than last year. The largest was the C.M. Russell Museum's benefit, a three-day event that's the centerpiece of Western Art Week in Great Falls. The Missoula Art Museum opened the season in early February with its 41st annual benefit, and the Yellowstone Art Museum in Billings hosted its 45th annual "Sapphire" affair in early March.

MAM: A celebration of contemporary artists

This year's 41st Benefit Art Auction, themed "Artists Color Our World," drew 425 people to the University Center Ballroom on Feb. 2. The event's longtime auctioneer, Jerry Toner, told the audience that bidders spanned a wide age range. "Young artists drew young patrons," he said. Seventy-four pieces of art were sold during the live auction and the highest bid was $7,000, paid for Kevin Red Star's "Thunderstorm," a luxury vacation package, donated by MAM patrons Pat and Jeff Avery, also brought $7,000. Another, 56 items were sold by silent auction. The "Buy it now" option, which closed bidding at double the value, was employed by enthusiastic buyers on nearly half of the silent auction items. Overall, 40 percent of the artworks sold, via live and silent bidding, went well above retail value. The "Fund-A-Dream" request for cash donations raised an additional $18,000 to upgrade the museum's technology and computer systems. A pass-the-hat effort raised $505 for the Hellgate High School Art Club's spring art excursion; club members served as art handlers for the auction.

The Russell: "A smashing success"

Great Falls was home to a cornucopia of art shows and sales March 14-17 during what's known as Western Art Week. The largest of them all is "The Art of C.M. Russell Museum. This year's trio of events, including a silent auction, quick finish and live auction, grossed about $3.6 million, with the majority of that — about $3.1 million — coming from Saturday's live auction at the Heritage Inn.

Joe Mastroin, chairman of the museum's board, lauded it as a "smashing success." Last year's gross sales at the three events were about $3.5 million. Two works by Charles M. Russell brought top dollar, with the watercolor "High, Wide and Handsome" selling for $550,000, and a letter by the artist going for $300,000. Artist R. Tom Gillen had hoped to sell his painting, "Hair Apparent," for $25,000; instead, the gavel went down at nine times that amount at $225,000. "I had absolutely no idea there was that much interest," Gillen told reporters.

March in Montana, held at the Townhouse Inn, also did well, with two auctions of art, antiques and collectibles grossing a record $2.18 million — well over last year's yield of $1.8 million.

Another event, the Western Masters Off the Wall live auction, grossed $300,000, also bettering last year's total.

YAM: "Great energy throughout the evening"

The Yellowstone Art Museum in Billings grossed more than $320,000 in its 45th Annual Art Auction, a glittering "sapphire" anniversary celebration, and was projected to net over $133,000 in support of the coming year's exhibitions and programs. Museum director Robyn Peterson says 166 works sold, and 151 artists participated in the March 2 gala, which attracted 408 attendees.

"There was great energy throughout the evening," she reports. Although the auction was not a record breaker, total art sales were 25 percent better than last year, and the gross was about 23 percent higher than 2012.

Sandra Dal Peggott's painting, "American Fly #3," was the highest selling artwork, bringing $5,600 in the live auction.

YAM: A blue glow suffused the sapphire-themed event.

Call for Artists

The Percent-for-Art Program recently opened two Requests for Qualifications (RFQ). One seeks a sculpture for an exterior site at the MSU Animal Biosciences Building at Montana State University Bozeman (deadline is May 15). And the second seeks interior and exterior artworks for MSU Gaines Hall, also in Bozeman (deadline is July 17).

Quick Facts: Animal Biosciences Building

Who: U.S. residents
What: Request for artistic qualifications: Offer a resume and portfolio
When: Applications are open through May 15, 2013
Where: Exterior sculpture for permanent installation at a northwest site of the Animal Biosciences Building on the Montana State University Campus in Bozeman. Selection committee will consider a new commission or a sculpture ready to install where modification for the site.
How: Online application process via slideroom.com
How much: Art budget is $80,500
Semi-finalist awards: $500 for up to three artists
Submission deadline: 5 p.m. (MDT), Wednesday, May 15, 2013
For more information: percentforart@mt.rosser.com

Quick Facts: MSU Gaines Hall

Who: U.S. residents
What: Request for artistic qualifications: Offer a resume and portfolio
When: Applications open April 17-July 17, 2013
Where: Artwork(s) for single or multiple sites, both interior and exterior
How: Online application process via slideroom.com
How much: Art budget is $76,400
Semi-finalist awards: $2,000 for up to three artists
Submission deadline: 5 p.m. (MDT), Wednesday, July 17, 2013
For more information: percentforart@msu.slideroom.com

Upcoming Percent-for-Art Program projects:

- The University of Montana: Chemistry Building and Law Building
- The University of Northern: Guidelines, visit art.ms.gov/artists/artists_percent.asp
- Contact Kim Buruly Hurte, Percent-for-Art director, for more information at kurtlee@mt.gov or 406-444-6639

Percent-for-Art Programs
TO Mr. Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

DATE September 20, 1989

Dear Mr. Doig:

Sorry that this batch took a little longer. I thought that we held the "Missiles in Montana" map and literature, but I couldn't find it here and had to get a duplicate set out of Missoula. If you wish to get an updated total for missile silos in the state, you probably can do that from the following person: Ms. Pat Ortmeier, Jeannette Rankin Peace Center, 211 West Front Street, Missoula, Montana (59802); 406-543-3955.

The other bits and pieces were easier to locate: (1) the origin of the name GLASGOW; (2) the current, approximate population of Winnett and Petroleum County; (3) the square-mile area of Petroleum County. All of this is enclosed.

You should have been here for the Bush visit! No expense was spared, and the plan to shield the President with 6,000 Montana school children worked like a charm. A couple of interesting sidelights: one death threat was called in for Bush--and one for Stephens! Miss Montana (just back from Atlantic City), arrived too late to get into the VIP section, so she stood outside the fence and signed autographs, in her tiara!; the "most demeaning task" award went to a Dept. of Administration employee, who shadowed Stephens and slipped a 6" wood-block riser under his feet just as he introduced Bush to the crowd--evidently so our Governor would not be staring at the President's navel. Sure glad this kind of thing happens only one in about 30 years. I ought to be able to miss the next one.

Regards to Carol. Take care. Almost forgot....would you please send $3.00 to cover the enclosed copies. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Dave Walter, Reference
Dear Dave--

Grand work on the last week's batch of research stuff. The missile data was even more horrific than I expected; I have in mind a little piece in this book that'll be good and grim on that topic. As to Winnett, I'm glad to have the population numbers on how sparse life is out there; not only did Carol and I see grass growing in the streets of Winnett last summer, there were morning glory vines.

My mail-subscription on Great Falls Tribune from the day of Bush's Helena visit just came, and it's not nearly as interesting as the Walter Report.

One more time, thanks a million.
THE TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE MISSILES OF MONTANA

A Project of the Silence One Silo Campaign
(For use with the "Nuclear Big Sky" silo map)
Figure 14. Diagrammatic sketch of a missile silo (courtesy Boeing Corporation).
TOURIST POINTS OF INTEREST AT OR NEAR MISSILE SILOS

Silo Points of Interest

A-1. launch control facility for the first U.S. Minuteman nuclear missile silos. They were first used as President Kennedy's "Ace in the Hole" in the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis.

A-5. occupied by an Indian spirit seen by many Malmstrom AFB personnel—please approach this site with respect for the spirit. This silo is also located on U.S. Forest Service land in the scenic Little Belt Mountains.

A-6. on Forest Service land in the Little Belt Mtns.

A-8. Sluice Box State Monument is nearby to the north.

B-10. adjoins the Highwood Mountains.

C-9. on Forest Service land in the Little Belt Mtns.

D-2. south of the Missouri River White Cliffs Area of the National Wild and Scenic River.

E-2. south of the McLelland (Stafford) Car Ferry Crossing in the scenic Missouri River Breaks.

E-5. along the route taken by the Nez Perce band led by Chief Joseph fleeing from the U.S. Calvary in 1877.

E-8. north of Gigantic Warm Springs, the world's largest at 55,000 gallons of 68° water flowing per minute; swimming, picnicking. It's also at the base of the North Moccasin Mountains.

F-6. southeast of Willow Creek National Wildlife Refuge; bird watching, camping. The silo is also along the return route Captain Meriwether Lewis used during the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804-1806. (He passed by here in 1806) This site is also along an old wagon freight trail between Helena, Mont. and Fort McLeod, Alberta.

F-7. closest nuclear weapon site in the U.S. to a wilderness area. (The Scapegoat Wilderness is twelve miles to the west)

F-8. southeast of the Pishkan National Wildlife Refuge; bird watching, camping.

F-10. along Captain Lewis' route of 1806. (See F-6)

F-11. along the 1806 route of Capt. Lewis. The silo is also along the Helena-Ft. McLeod wagon freight trail. (See F-6)

G-5. along the Mullan Road; surveyed by Captain John Mullan and completed in 1860, it runs between Ft. Benton, Mont. to Walla Walla, Wash.

G-6. along the Mullan Road. (See G-5)

G-7. site of the finish for the Sadako Peace Run from Missoula, Mont. in the autumn of 1982. This has also been the site of many peace vigils.

G-8. along the "North Trail", an ancient trail used for over 12,000 years; runs along the Rocky Mountain Front. The silo is also along the Capt. Lewis route of 1806. (See F-6)

G-9. along the Ft. McLeod-Helena freight trail. (See F-6)

H-1.5. along the Healy Trail, an old wagon trail stretching from Ft. Shaw, Mont., through the Conrad, Mont. area, to the Whoop-Up Trail. (See Q-14)

H-7. site of the first nonviolent civil disobedience aimed at a nuclear missile silo in Montana; two women, bearing gifts, are arrested for trespassing while trying to scale the silo fence, Aug. 6, 1979, 34 years after Hiroshima. This silo has also been the site of many peace vigils.

H-11. along the Healy Trail. (See H-1)

I-6. one of two silo sites (see S-31) where the Air Force and the Boeing Corp. conducted electromagnetic pulse (EMP) tests from 1968 to 1972; several workers and neighboring farmers contract cancer and other ailments and some die later as a result. (Some of the victims sued, but the Air Force withheld crucial technical information so the suit is dismissed) The silo is also along the Lewis and Clark Expedition route of 1805.

I-7. along the Missouri River route of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1805.

I-8. along the Mullan Road. (See G-5)

I-9. southwest of the Adams Stone Barn; built in 1884-5 by J.C. Adams, it is the only one of its kind west of the Mississippi River. The silo is also along the Mullan Road. (See G-5)

I-10. training silo for Air Force personnel; it's often a site of interesting activity for tourists.

I-11. east of Ulm Pishkan State Monument, a picturesque Blackfeet buffalo jump; interpretive trail.

J-3. near the Bootlegger Trail. (See J-6)

J-6. on the Bootlegger Trail, the road used during Prohibition (1920-33) to smuggle alcohol from wet Alberta to dry Great Falls, Montana.
J-8...adjacent to the Benton Lake National Wildlife Refuge; bird watching.
K-5...northwest of Deadman's Basin Recreation Area; camping, boating, fishing.
K-7...southwest of Deadman's Basin. (See K-5)
L-1,2,3,8,10...in the scenic and historic Judith Gap, between the Little Belt and Big Snowy Mountains.
M-3...southeast of the Kendall ghost town. It's also next to the Judith Mountains.
M-9...east of a Montana Agricultural Research Center.
M-11...near the geographical center of Montana.
N-2,4...along the 1877 route of Chief Joseph. (See E-5)
N-7,...west of a fish hatchery.
N-8...south of a ghost town.
N-10...south of a ghost town.
N-11...west of the Fort Maginnis State Monument.
O-7,10...along the 1877 route of Chief Joseph. (See E-5)
They are also near the Judith Mountains.
O-11...along the 1877 route of Chief Joseph. (See E-5)
P-1...site of the Little Peace Camp on the Prairie, July, 1983 and 1985. In the summer of 1984 the first tree is planted next to the silo as a dedication to turn the site into a peace park. The site is also near the scenic Marias River Breaks; fishing, hunting. It's also north of Williamson Park; camping, fishing, picnicking.
It's also north of the Marias River Country Club; golfing, restaurant and bar.
P-2...along the 1806 route of Capt. Lewis. (See F-6)
P-3...northwest of a Mont. Agricultural Research Center.
P-8...north of a unique red, wooden grainery. (You will see it on your way to the silo) It's also along the Capt. Lewis route. (See F-6) It's also near the scenic Marias River Breaks. (See P-1)
P-9...along the Marias River Breaks; fishing, hunting.
Q-0...along the Capt. Lewis route of 1806. (See F-6)
Q-12...southwest of Tiber Reservoir (Lake Elwell) Recreation Area; boating, camping, swimming, fishing. The site is also west of the Tiber Dam; camping, fishing. It's also 4 miles west of an unfinished radar site for the abandoned Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) System, left in 1972.
Q-14...along the Whoop-Up Trail, built in 1869 from the Missouri River port of Ft. Benton, Mont. to Ft. McLeod, Alberta.
Q-16,17...along the Whoop-Up Trail. (See Q-14)
The sites are also near Capt. Lewis' route. (See F-6)
Q-18...near the Marias River Breaks; fishing, hunting.
R-21,22...along the Whoop-Up Trail. (See Q-14)
R-23...along the Bootlegger Trail. (See J-3)
R-28...training silo for Air Force personnel; its unarmed warheads can be quickly rearmed.
R-29...since Jan. 1982 the focus of the Silence One Silo (SOS) Campaign; the following are some of the SOS events at the silo: two men eat bread and sow wheat atop the silo lid, then arrested, June 5, 1982; a woman is arrested for casting her vote for nuclear disarmament on Election Day, 1982—she prayed on the silo lid; a Presbyterian minister is arrested for praying on the silo, Feb. 16, 1983; the SOS Peace Camp is established on the nearby Hastings farmstead from June through August, 1983; a human encirclement of the silo, June 21, 1983; a man climbs the silo fence and is arrested, June 22, 1983; six people are arrested for getting too close to the fence to look at the silo, July 11, 1983; two men are arrested for helping to demystify the silo by climbing the fence, Oct. 24, 1983; SOS Peace Camp reopens June 9, 1984 and continues until late August; a vigil in commemoration of the atomic bombings of Japan, Aug. 6-9, 1984; SOS Peace Camp reopens June 15 and continues until early Sept. 1985; Montana sections of the National Peace Ribbon placed on the fence and are arrested with two people, June 23, 1985; Wymyn's Peace Camp established for the first week of July, 1985; Aug. 3-9, 1985 vigils commemorating the 40th anniversary of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; a man cuts his way through the silo fence and is arrested, Aug. 24, 1985. This is also the site for many other SOS peace activities.
R-30...along the Whoop-Up Trail. (See Q-14)
S-31...one silo where EMP testing occurred. (See I-6)
S-32...along the Healy Trail. (see H-1)
S-33...east of the Arod Lakes Fishing Access.
S-34...south of the Arod Lakes Fishing Access.
S-35...along the Healy Trail. (See H-1)
S-37...has a history of natural gas leaks; it's in an area of many gas wells.
T-41....closest silo to an Indian Nation in Montana. (One mile from the Blackfeet Nation) It's also southeast of the sandstone badlands named "Rock City". The silo is also west of the old Blackfeet winter camp Willow Rounds. It's also along the 1806 route of Capt. Lewis. (See F-6) The silo is also near the Marias River Breaks; fishing, hunting.

T-43....east of Lake Frances; boating, fishing, water skiing, picnicking, swimming, duck and goose hunting. The silo is also along the Healy Trail. (See H-1)

T-44,45...along the Healy Trail. (See H-1)
T-47,49...along Capt. Lewis' route and along the Helena-Ft. McLeod freight trail. (See F-6)
T-50....east of Dupuyer Creek; rainbow and brook trout, fishing, deer hunting, pheasant and grouse hunting.

NOTES ON SILO AND LAUNCH CONTROL FACILITY NAMES

Most silo names reflect their geographical location, others denote nearby points of interest. Still other names represent some of the people, groups, or events prominent in our current struggle for peace and justice. Most of the Montana women and men who have been imprisoned for their nonviolent opposition to these and all missiles, have silos named for them. Other personal names are of nonviolent nuclear resisters affiliated with the group name given for that silo's launch control facility (LCF).

The following are brief explanations of the twenty launch control facility names:


B-1....The Moscow Group for Trust LCF. An independent peace and disarmament group in the Soviet Union that is oppressed by the government. They criticize both the Soviet and U.S. governments' nuclear weapons policies.

C-1....Nuclear Train Campaign LCF. Some U.S. nuclear weapons are shipped by train from their factory in Amarillo, Texas to Trident nuclear submarine bases on the west and east coasts. This campaign, involving thousands of people along the tracks, opposes this nuclear train. Hundreds of Montanans have actively challenged this train too. It has passed by this LCF many times.

D-1....Green Party LCF. A planetary political movement that advocates peace through disarmament, and respect for the Earth. Greens combine parliamentary politics with nonviolent resistance in their strategy. They have won many seats in the West German Bundestag.

E-1....New Zealand Nuclear-Free Zone LCF. By an overwhelming majority, New Zealanders have declared their country to be a nuclear-free zone. They refuse to allow U.S. nuclear-capable warships to dock in their ports. This policy has led to political and economic pressure from the U.S. government.

F-1....Greenpeace LCF. A planetary environmental and nuclear disarmament group, they are best known for their daring direct actions to stop baby seal hunts, nuclear weapons tests, and pollution.

G-1....Last Chance Peacemakers Coalition LCF. A coalition of peace and justice groups in Helena, Mont. part of their activity is focused on eliminating the missiles in Lewis and Clark County, some of which are controlled by this LCF.

H-1....Greenham Common Woman's Peace Camp LCF. Encamped continuously since 1981 around the U.S. cruise missile base at Greenham Common, England, women from around the world have shown their strong, passionate demand for a nuclear-free earth. Their persistent presence and nonviolent resistance at this nuclear weapon base has inspired millions of people.

I-1....Save All Living Things LCF. This Great Falls, Mont. group has maintained their courageous stand for a peaceful respect for all of Earth's creatures in spite of hostilities from this missile silo base town.

J-1....Easter Peace Celebration LCF. Every Easter Sunday since 1978, people from all over Montana have gathered at the front gates of Malmstrom Air Force Base, Great Falls to pray for peace and
then step forward to nonviolently blockade the gate.

K-1.....General Assembly to Stop the Powerline LCF. A coalition of central Minnesota farmers who resisted the construction of dangerous, high-voltage powerlines over their homes and farms in the mid- and late-1970s.

L-1.....Charter 77 of Czechoslovakia LCF. A human rights and nuclear disarmament group that has often been persecuted by the government for their challenges of government hypocrisy.

M-1.....Latin American Christian Base Communities LCF. Thousands of these small, grassroot groups engage in self-education and in local application of Christ's teachings of love and justice. They are the heart of the great movements of social, economic and political change in Catholic Latin America.

N-1.....Nukewatch LCF. This citizen action group calls our attention to the presence of nuclear weapons in communities nationwide, whether shipped by trucks or covering in silos, and has urged us to not only keep our eyes on them but to also reflect on the nature of their threat.

O-1.....Polish Freedom and Peace Groups LCF. These groups have been among the forefront in calling for nuclear disarmament by the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. They are the peace and human rights groups within the still living Solidarity Movement.

P-0.....Silo Pruning Hooks LCF. Five people in two separate actions took seriously the Biblical injunction that "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning hooks". They used jack and regular hammers on two missile silos in Missouri. These prophetic actions, done in 1984 and 1985, earned the resisters long prison terms.

Q-0.....Philippine People Power LCF. Early in 1986 the people of the Philippines nonviolently overthrew a U.S. government-backed and corrupt dictator. It was the nonviolent actions of the Manila people that protected the military defectors from the remainder of the loyalist troops in the decisive confrontation.

R-0.....Silence One Silo Campaign LCF. This grassroots network of activists has worked to permanently dismantle one nuclear missile silo in Montana as a first step toward bilateral nuclear disarmament with the Soviet Union. A variety of nonviolent means have been used toward this end, including electoral politics, peace camps, and civil disobedience.

S-0.....Plowshares Disarmament Community LCF. A network of activists who nonviolently try to dismantle parts of the nuclear arsenal, usually with hammers. These direct action attempts at nuclear disarmament have inspired many others to take further actions for peace.

T-0.....Big Mountain Resistance LCF. Since the early 1980s the Hopi and Dine people of the U.S. Southwest have resisted government attempts to forcibly relocate them from their ancestral homes so that the sacred Big Mountain can be mined.
NUCLEAR BIG SKY

A citizen's action guide to the missile silos of Montana

Dave -
Hope this is helpful for you. Thanks in advance for the other donation!

Dar Ostrom

COPY PROVIDED BY THE MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY 9-20-89
SILOS WITH A DEADLY YIELD

Scattered across the ranges of central Montana, from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains to the flatlands of the Missouri River, are 200 intercontinental ballistic missiles fitted with nuclear warheads capable of destroying hundreds of cities half a world away.

Controlled from Malmstrom Air Force Base at Great Falls, these military installations attract little attention because they are inconspicuous and out-of-the-way. They could easily pass for small electric power substations, sewage treatment plants, or natural gas pumping stations.

There's nothing much to see from the road except a few poles and gauges and a thick slab of concrete (the missile silo cover), surrounded by a chain link fence enclosing a barren plot of land no bigger than a parking lot. Signs on the fence say nothing about the function of the facility.

The most interesting part of the installation is out of sight. Beneath each concrete slab is a reinforced concrete "silo" housing a missile aimed at the Soviet Union. Fifty of the missiles are Minuteman III, each fitted with two or three independently targeted nuclear warheads with yields ranging from 170 to 350 kilotons each. The remaining 150 holes in the ground are filled with Minuteman II, carrying a single warhead with a yield of 1.2 megatons, a hundred times more powerful than the 12.5-kiloton atomic bomb that destroyed Hiroshima.

The 200 unattended "launch facilities" are connected by cable to 20 "launch control centers" (one for each "flight" of ten missiles), where launch crews in underground bunkers wait 'round the clock for orders to send them on their fiery way. There are 1,000 Minuteman silos (some now being replaced by MX) in seven states of the Midwest and Great Plains. Deployed since the 1960s, they are part of what the Pentagon calls its "strategic triad" of 9,000 land-based, submarine-launched, and bomber-delivered nuclear warheads (an arsenal roughly matched by the Soviet Union).

Red markings on the map on the other side of this sheet show the location, Air Force numerical designation, and flight configuration of the missile silos and launch control centers operated by the 341st Strategic Missile Wing, based at Great Falls. The facilities numbered 1 in Flights A through O (A1, B1, C1, etc.) are launch control centers for Minuteman II missiles. The facilities numbered 0 in the five Minuteman III flights, P through T (P0, Q0, R0, etc.), are launch centers for Minuteman III missiles. All others are missile silos.

The map is based on information provided by Air Force Strategic Command headquarters, verified and supplemented by teams of volunteers who visited the sites and chose names for them.

The mapping project was jointly sponsored by Nukewatch, of Madison, Wisconsin, which has coordinated similar projects in other missile states, and Silence One Silo, a Montana-based campaign to disarm and dismantle one U.S. intercontinental ballistic missile as a challenge to the Soviet Union to do the same.

Montanans and others are encouraged to find and visit the missile silos and launch control centers, to hold vigils there, and, while doing so, to contemplate the danger the missiles pose to humanity. Often surrounded by privately owned or leased agricultural land, the facilities are generally accessible by public roads to within a few yards. The federal government owns the land 25 feet out from the silo fence. It is illegal to approach a missile silo up to the federal property line, using the gravel access road. Visitors may wish as a courtesy to check first with the rancher across whose land the access road runs. Remember that Montana is cattle country; be sure to close all gates behind you.

A note of caution: Signs on the silo fences warn that "use of deadly force" is authorized to prevent illegal entry. The installations are patrolled by armed Air Force guards stationed at the launch control centers. Electronic sensors inside the silo enclosures alert authorities to the presence of intruders. Damage to the facility can bring severe penalties.

Typical target: Children in a Moscow elementary school

Typical launch site: Not much to see but poles and a fence

Typical launch control center: One for each ten missiles
Flight R
R0. Silence One Silo launch control center. From Brady lake State Highway 365 east 12.2 miles, then go left 4.6 miles on a gravel road. Launch control center is on left side of road.

R2. Linda's missile. Take I-15 Exit 335 (Midway Road, south of Conrad) and go east on a gravel road 19.2 miles. Missle is on left side of road (1.7 miles past "Yield" signs).

R22. Karl's missile. From Brady go 16.75 miles east on State Highway 365, then north 2.3 miles on a gravel road. Missile is on left side of road.

R23. The Knees Butte missile. From I-15 Exit 321 (Collins), go east 19 miles on a gravel road (through four curves). Missile is on right side of road.

R24. Amy's missile. From Brady go 16.75 miles east on State Highway 365, then south 2.5 miles on a gravel road. Missile is on right side of road.

R25. Llama Ranch missile. From I-15 Exit 321 (Collins), go east on a gravel road 10 miles, then south 3.3 miles. After the bridge over the Teton River, turn left immediately and go 3.9 miles, then south 1.9 miles. Missile is on right side of road.

R26. Teton River missile. From I-15 Exit 321 (Collins), go east on a gravel road 10 miles, then south 2.3 miles. Missile is on right side of road.

R27. LaVonne's missile. From Brady go 12.2 miles east on State Highway 365, then south (at the electric substation) on a gravel road 1.7 miles. Missile is on right side of road.

R28. Collins Training missile. From I-15 Exit 321 (Collins), take a gravel road east 3.9 miles, then north 0.7 mile. Missile is on left side of road.

R29. David Hastings missile. From Brady go 16.8 miles east on State Highway 365 (Midway Road), then south 11.5 miles on the gravelled Midway Road. Missile is on left side of road.

R30. Mark's missile. From Conrad, go 16.8 miles east on State Highway 218 (Solid Road). Missile is on left side of road.

THE MISSILE SILOS OF MONTANA
A Nukewatch/Silence One Silo Campaign project

Co-sponsors:
Save All Living Things, Great Falls
Last Chance Peacemakers Coalition, Helena
Last Chance Physicians for Social Responsibility, Helena
Clergy & Laity Concerned, Helena
Peacemakers at large from Conrad, Shelby, Winifred and Lewistown

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NUCLEAR MISSILE SILOS
Scattered over the fields and farmlands of seven Midwestern and Great Plains states, poised on underground launch pads, are 1,000 nuclear missiles aimed at targets thousands of miles away. Shown on reverse side are the 200 launch sites of Montana.
In Montana, a Popular Expression Is Taken Off the Endangered List

By ROBERT HARRISON

MONTANA: "The Last Best Place," a phrase long sung and recited to depict their state's natural beauty, is no longer being sung in many parts of Montana. The phrase, which was burned on the base of the state's 30-foot-high "Montana" sculpture in Helena in 1989, is being removed by Montana officials as one of the keys to preserving the state's wilderness. The cause was a spread of wildfires that have been dividing public opinion about the trend of environmentally sensitive public lands. Montana officials are also concerned about the state's image, which they believe has been tarnished by the phrase's association with "the wild." The phrase, first used in 1889, is the name of a 1901 tract of land in Montana that has been a symbol of the state's natural beauty.

The phrase "The Last Best Place" is a popular expression in Montana and is often used to describe the state's natural beauty. Montana officials are concerned about the phrase's association with "the wild," and are considering removing it from public use.

Montana state officials are considering removing the phrase "The Last Best Place" from public use. The phrase has been associated with "the wild," and Montana officials are concerned that it could negatively affect the state's image.

Visitors Leave Florida Keys Ahead of Storm

By ANDREW ROSS OSBORN and WILLIAM J. LOMBARDO

MIAMI: The Florida Keys, where tourists have been streaming in, are now just days away from a Category 5 hurricane. The storm, which has been forecast for weeks, is expected to make landfall in the Keys on Friday and could cause significant damage. The Keys are a popular destination for tourists, but the storm is expected to cause significant disruption to the area.

The Florida Keys are popular with tourists, but the storm is expected to cause significant disruption to the area. The storm is expected to make landfall in the Keys on Friday and could cause significant damage.

With Tropical Storm Fay expected to hit Florida this week, residents of the Keys are preparing for the storm. The storm is expected to cause significant damage, and residents are urged to prepare accordingly.

On the Lines Fighting Fires, A Shift to Private Contractors

By MARK TAYLOR

NEW YORK: As the lines of firefighters stretch across the country, the United States is facing a serious fire threat. The fire threat is being fueled by dry conditions, high temperatures, and a lack of rain. The United States is facing a serious fire threat, and the fire threat is being fueled by dry conditions, high temperatures, and a lack of rain.

The fire threat is being fueled by dry conditions, high temperatures, and a lack of rain. The United States is facing a serious fire threat, and the fire threat is being fueled by dry conditions, high temperatures, and a lack of rain.

Dam in Grand Canyon Fails, And Floods Force Rescues

PHOENIX (AP) - Days of heavy rains around the Grand Canyon have caused a dam to fail, sending floodwaters that threatened to flood hundreds of residents and campers and deliver them to a nearby river. A dam causing severe flooding near the eastern edge of the Grand Canyon has failed, sending floodwaters that threatened to flood hundreds of residents and campers and deliver them to a nearby river.

A dam causing severe flooding near the eastern edge of the Grand Canyon has failed, sending floodwaters that threatened to flood hundreds of residents and campers and deliver them to a nearby river.

Mitsubishi Is Said to Be Close to Deal for California Bank

By ANDREW ROSS OSBORN

TOKYO: Mitsubishi UFJ Financial Group Inc., the world's second-biggest lender, is close to a deal to buy the troubled Bank of America's operations in California. Mitsubishi UFJ, which is one of the leading banks in Japan, is expected to complete the acquisition soon. The deal would be one of the largest in the world, and would give Mitsubishi UFJ a foothold in the United States, where it currently has no operations.

Mitsubishi UFJ is one of the leading banks in Japan, and is expected to complete the acquisition soon. The deal would be one of the largest in the world, and would give Mitsubishi UFJ a foothold in the United States, where it currently has no operations.
Where Windmills Can Bring Whiff of Corruption

Kathy Lacher of Churubusco, N.Y., daubed the noise from the wind turbine blades and says their shadows gave her nightmares.

From Page A2

wind companies. Attorney General Andrew M. Cuomo agreed this year to take over the investigation.

"It’s a modern-day gold rush," he said.

Mr. Cuomo is investigating whether wind companies improperly influenced local officials to get permits to build wind turbines, as well as whether different companies collaborated to divide up territory, as he said was happening against one another for the state’s limited wind-generation sites.

The industry appears to be doing away from trying to erect wind farms in more affluent areas downstate, even where wind is plentiful, like the Long Island. But in small towns near the Catskills, relationships have been riven by truth over the lesser option, which can be worse than those of dollars a year in taxes where the median household income may hover around $40,000. The dispute can split families, here who can suddenly afford new ranches or trucks, oppo-

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WINDSHIP
WEAPONS
lights of Bigfork, so she brings in international college kids to work at the lodge. “It is a challenge, culturally and with language, but that keeps me on my toes as well and satisfies my need to teach and share this incredible place,” she says.

If you stop between November and April, you will find the lodge closed for a long winter’s rest. Moon packs her bags and embarks on a different adventure every year with four rules: no Wal-marts, no snow shovels, warm water and someplace she hasn’t been before. She often ends up working somewhere in a kitchen, but her main goal for each winter is to re-energize and re-envision the lodge. “It is very important to look at my business with fresh eyes each year,” Moon says.

Twelve years in business have created a loyal following of diners who have their favorite menu items. Moon continues to honor those, but also introduces new dishes each season based on her travels. Her private chef tastings, wine dinners and catering assignments are opportunities for her to present new, unique and creative dishes. Barbara Nelson and her husband, Jim Bradshaw, who spend summers in Bigfork, agree. They especially enjoy dinners that feature food and wine from different countries.

“They’re just wonderful,” Nelson says, “We always try to go to those.”

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On December 11, 1944, father and son, Oscar and Owen Hill, were cutting firewood on Truman Creek, about 17 miles southwest of Kalispell, when they found something strange lying on top of the snow. It looked like a cream-colored parachute covered with light-green camouflage. On closer inspection, they saw Japanese writing and a rising sun symbol stenciled on the side of the "parachute," which covered a pile of odd-looking equipment. Sheriff Duncan McCarthy retrieved the object the following day and stored it in a garage in Kalispell. Rumors about the discovery spread quickly, and it wasn't long before 500 people had filed into the garage to take a look at the object. What the men found was no parachute, but a balloon that had been rigged to carry bombs. It was the vanguard of an aerial attack on the United States by Imperial Japan as World War II wound down.

Sometime around November 3, 1944, engineers began launching hydrogen-filled paper balloons from secret bases in Japan. The Japanese believed the jet stream would carry the balloons to North America, where the attached incendiary and anti-personnel bombs would drop to start forest fires and kill civilians. The Japanese also intended the balloon bombs as psychological weapons, designed to cause confusion and spread panic. Called Fu-Go, "Windship Weapons," by the Japanese, the balloon bombs were the first intercontinental weapons, a low-tech predecessor to the ballistic missiles of the 20th century.

By April 1945, the Japanese would launch more than 9,000 balloons, only 277 of which reached the United States and Canada. Except for a tragic incident where five picnickers were killed in
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A NEWS BLACKOUT IN THE UNITED STATES KEPT THE JAPANESE FROM KNOWING IF ANY OF THE BALLOONS REACHED THEIR DESTINATION. AT LEAST 32 BALLOON BOMBS REACHED MONTANA, INCLUDING THE FIRST ONES FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES NEAR KALISPELL.

Oregon when they inadvertently detonated one of the bombs, the project was a failure for the Japanese. A news blackout in the United States kept the Japanese from knowing if any of the balloons reached their destination. At least 32 balloon bombs reached Montana, including the first ones found in the United States near Kalispell.

Over the course of the next seven months, Japanese balloon bombs rained down on Montana. Despite the news blackout, rumors about the balloons were widespread in the Treasure State. Before the news clampdown took effect, the Libby Western News reported that the Kalispell balloon was “large enough to have carried from six to eight men, and had Jap flags at both ends of it.” An unsubstantiated report stated that a bomb-laden balloon landed near Kessler School in Helena, while another was supposedly seen soaring over MacDonald Pass in the direction of Ovando. Although the suppression of news kept information about the balloons out of the newspapers and off the radio, officials were stumped about how to make the public aware of the danger posed by the Japanese terror from the sky. Reports occasionally appeared in local newspapers, however. In his “Northern Lights” column in the Helena Independent Record, George Roberts warned Montanans against picking up any unfamiliar objects: “It just might be a Jap balloon bomb. It just couldn’t be steak.”

The remains of 32 Japanese
Japan's aerial assault on Montana had ceased by mid-July 1945. American bombing raids on Japanese industries associated with the manufacture of the balloon bombs along with the lack of information from the United States, caused Japanese officials to terminate the program. A hiker discovered the last Japanese balloon bomb in Montana hanging from a tree southwest of Basin in 1947.

Montana was second only to Oregon in the number of balloon bombs that landed in the United States. Fortunately they didn’t cause any damage and didn’t kill anybody in the state. But they did generate a healthy amount of speculation about “what odd people the Japanese were.”

Importantly, it once again demonstrated that Montana was not as isolated from world events as we thought.

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balloons were found in 19 Montana counties between December 1944 and July 1945. Surprisingly, most were discovered east of the Continental Divide, with one found as far away as Carter County in southeastern Montana. Local residents usually found remnants of the paper balloons and their equipment; only a few retained their bombs.

Most of the balloons fell from the sky in March and April 1945. In March, people heard an explosion near Glen in Beaverhead County and later discovered the vestiges of a balloon and bomb fragments near the small community. That same month, a Whitehall-area rancher discovered a nearly intact balloon rig, including two bombs, on his property. A balloon landed about four miles east of Silesia in Carbon County. Local cattle ranchers reported the balloon to the authorities, but not before they used scissors to cut out a small piece of it.
Reluctant Rancher, Accomplished Artist

New book shares the Montana life of Fra Dana

By Chérie Newman
Above, Bad Heart Bull depicted Indian cowboys working side by side, one favoring traditional dress and the other clad in Anglo cowboy apparel.

For the Oglala, cattle-raising never fulfilled its economic or societal promise. The Oglala persisted in their efforts to create a subsistence economy that incorporated aspects of both native and American cultures, but federal assimilation policy and the rift between full-blood and mixed-blood populations on the Pine Ridge Reservation proved insurmountable. At left is an image of the 1887 photograph titled “Round-up Scenes on Belle Fouche.”
Ernest Hemingway’s West

by Lou Mandler

Ernest Hemingway, one of the most influential among modern American writers, lived in several places during his full and active life—Illinois, Paris, Key West, and Havana—and he is often associated with Spain and Africa, settings he used in his novels. Perhaps not as widely known is that the Rocky Mountain West also played an important role in his life and art. Hemingway spent time in Sun Valley, Idaho, and he and his fourth wife, Mary, established a home in Ketchum, where he died in July 1961. Beyond that, his letters and his novels reveal the impact on his writing career of his extended visits to Wyoming and Montana from 1928 through 1939.

Ernest Hemingway was already a recognized writer when he first visited the American West. In 1925, the American edition of In Our Time had appeared, and the following year, The Sun Also Rises. Two years later, in 1928, he first traveled west, and over the next eleven years, he returned regularly. During that period of time, the most productive of his creative life, he wrote and published A Farewell to Arms (1929), Death in the Afternoon (1932), Winner Take Nothing (1933), Green Hills of Africa (1935), Snows of Kilimanjaro (1936), To Have and Have Not (1937), and The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories (1938). During this span, he also began writing For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940). Of all his books, this last contains the most explicit references to Montana. It was also his biggest commercial success.
Ernest Hemingway, one of the most influential modern American writers, lived in several places during his full and active life—including Illinois, Paris, Key West, and Havana—and he is often associated with Spain and Africa, settings he used in his novels. Perhaps not as widely known is that the Rocky Mountain West also played an important role in Hemingway’s life and art. Starting in 1928, he began visiting Wyoming, Montana, and later, Sun Valley, Idaho. Hemingway poses here, gloves in one hand and glasses in the other, with trophy elk horns and a bear hide from fall 1932 hunts on the L-T Ranch east of Yellowstone National Park.
The lust for adventure that marked Hemingway's life and personality—his need to test his courage and his endurance—lent his legend a certain fascination. By his mid-twenties, he had been wounded in World War I, lived an artist's life in Paris, covered the Greco-Turkish War as a correspondent for the Toronto Star, and observed bullfighting in Spain. His boyhood exposure to the natural environment of northern Michigan and the hunting and fishing he enjoyed there with his father instilled a lifelong passion for the wilderness and the challenges of such environments. His work is replete with characters who pit themselves against physical threats in the form of war, bullfighting, the sea, wild animals, and nature itself. In a special way, the American West offered him the opportunity to recapture the thrill of hunting and to experience the beauty and awe he had found in nature as a boy.

Another boyhood influence was the outdoor enthusiast Theodore Roosevelt. When Hemingway was eleven, he and his grandfather Anson were present when the former president passed through Oak Park on a whistle-stop tour after his African safari. By this time, Roosevelt had already logged time hunting in the Black Hills of South Dakota and participated in the Spanish-American War. It is impossible to ignore the similarities between the lives and attitudes of Teddy Roosevelt and Hemingway himself. Both spent time in the American West, both participated in a war, both undertook safaris to Africa, and both believed in challenging themselves physically and psychologically.

Hemingway expressed his interest in the West in a letter to his friend Waldo Peirce, an artist and outdoorsman from Maine. He wrote to Peirce in early July 1928 from Key West, where Hemingway and his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer, had just bought a house. In the letter, Hemingway announced his intention to go west himself and pushed Peirce to consider it as well.

A childhood spent hunting and fishing in northern Michigan as well as the influence of such figures as Theodore Roosevelt established a lust for adventure and a passion for the wilderness in Hemingway. As for adventures, by his mid-twenties Hemingway had been wounded in World War I, lived in Paris, reported the Greco-Turkish War, and observed bullfighting in Spain. He sat for this portrait in 1918 in Milan, Italy, where he drove ambulances for the U.S. Army until wounded.

"[Y]ou'd better see it," he insisted, listing more than six kinds of fish he had heard were to be found in western rivers, including golden trout and Dolly Vardens. He also touted the "elk, bear, and dude ranchers" that could be shot at, summing it all up with "They say it is fine country."

Hemingway's intention soon became reality. His first visit west came in August and September of 1928. Pauline had given birth, by cesarean section, to their son Patrick in late June. Not quite a month later, on July 25, Ernest left for Wyoming with Bill Horne, his friend from World War I. The two men stayed at a ranch in Big Horn, in the Sheridan area. Ernest did some fishing with Bill, but he spent much of the time working on the novel that would soon be published as A Farewell to Arms. When the draft of the manuscript was finished, Pauline left six-week-old Patrick in the care of her parents in Arkansas and joined Ernest in Wyoming.

Hemingway's time in the West—in Wyoming and Montana—coincided with the period of his marriage to Pauline, the second of his four wives and the mother of Patrick and Gregory. A small, fine-boned woman, Pauline came from a background that would not have prepared her for the primitive conditions of life in a mountain cabin. A native of St. Louis, Missouri, she had graduated from the Visitation Convent in that city and the University of Missouri in Columbia. Her father and uncle were men of wealth, affording Pauline and her sister a life of comfort and travel. When she first met Ernest in Paris, she was working for the French edition of Vogue, and her sense of style and sophistication increased the attraction Ernest felt.
for her. Despite her privileged upbringing, Pauline willingly shared her husband’s outdoor adventures. Her commitment to a life with Hemingway, as well as her determined personality, made her eager to adapt to the rigors of life in the West, to learning how to ride, shoot, and fish.

After saying initially that Wyoming was “cockeyed wonderful country,” Hemingway nevertheless declared in early August, not long after his arrival there, that the Big Horn country “has been settled too long.” Accordingly, toward the end of that 1928 visit, the Hemingways explored the area south of Yellowstone National Park near the Wyoming/Idaho border, visiting Jackson Hole and the Grand Tetons and fishing in the Snake River. By this time, Pauline was “strong as a goat again.” After their return east, Hemingway reported in a letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald that they had had “a grand time” in Wyoming and Montana.4

Two years later, in 1930, after a trip to Spain in the intervening year, Ernest, Pauline, and six-year-old “Bumby” (John), Ernest’s son by his first wife, Hadley, returned to Wyoming (leaving Patrick with his grandparents). Seeking a more remote area, they settled in at the Nordquist ranch, twelve miles south of Cooke City, Montana, where they spent the rest of the summer. This spot, on the northern margins of Yellowstone Park, suited Hemingway so well he would return for four more visits, the last in 1939.

Swedish-born Lawrence Nordquist called his place the L-T Ranch, using the first and last letters of his name. His wife, Olive, a western native fourteen years younger than he, kept the ranch log, managed the kitchen, and transported guests to and from the train in Gardiner and, later, to the airport in Billings. The ranch, at an elevation of sixty-eight hundred feet, consisted of a dozen log cabins, a large bunkhouse, and a main lodge that had a living room with a stone fireplace, a large dining room, and a kitchen. Antlers, mounted heads, and log furniture throughout the buildings emphasized plentiful hunting and a rustic environment. From their cabin, the Hemingways could see Pilot and Index peaks, each rising nearly twelve thousand feet. Of special appeal to Hemingway was the trout-filled Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone River, which ran through the ranch property. Lodgepole pine, blue spruce, fir, and quaking aspen grew amid wild geraniums, daisies, forget-me-nots, and other wildflowers. Hemingway went to the main lodge every morning for a hearty western breakfast of ham and eggs, always accompanied by coffee and half a bottle of red wine.5

The Nordquists maintained about thirty-five head of horses and employed a staff of about fifteen to cook, clean, and guide for the ranch guests. According to Ivan Wallace, a guide at the L-T Ranch, Ernest preferred the company of the guides and horse wranglers to that of the other guests, saying, “I always learn something from you men. The dudes have nothing to teach me.” Several of these ranch hands, notably Floyd Allington, Ivan Wallace, and especially Chub Weaver, became Hemingway’s hunting companions and friends. They and the Nordquists visited the Hemingways in Key West, and Chub Weaver appeared in a Hemingway novel, For Whom the Bell Tolls. In his foreword to Hemingway on Hunting, Patrick Hemingway, the second son, born in 1928, refers to Chub as his “godfather,” and describes a pack trip on which Chub took time from his camp
In 1930, seeking a more remote area, the Hemingways stayed at the L-T Ranch east of Yellowstone National Park and just south of the Montana border. From their cabin, they could see Pilot and Index peaks, viewed here from the north.

L-T Ranch owners Lawrence and Olive Nordquist kept horses for guests to ride and employed about fifteen staff members to cook, clean, and guide for them. Ernest preferred the company of the guides to the other guests and became lifelong friends with several. Proudly displaying two sets of elk horns and a mule deer cape from the 1932 hunt are (from left to right) Ernest, his Key West friend Charlie Thompson, and guide Ivan Wallace.
During their first western summer, Pauline reportedly was greatly amused when a swearing sheepherder, when warned of a lady’s presence, said, “I don’t see no lady,” thinking she was a boy in her pants and cap. Wearing pants, as in this 1928 photo of Pauline and Ernest at the Spear roundup wagon in Montana’s Wolf Mountains, was relatively uncommon for a woman at that time.

While at the ranch, Pauline seemed totally devoted to caring for Bumby and shielding Ernest from interruption. According to Hemingway biographer Carlos Baker, “The wranglers thought Pauline a ‘real good sport’ . . . in jeans and a boy’s haircut.” In the first western summer on the Spear ranch in the Sheridan area, Pauline had begun wearing pants, unusual for a woman at that time, and Elsa Spear told of a day when Ernest and Pauline met a sheepherder who was swearing in anger. When Ernest cautioned him, “Now, now there’s a lady in the car,” the herder responded, “I don’t see no lady.” Because Pauline had her hair cut short and was wearing overalls and a cap, she looked like a little boy. Pauline was reportedly greatly amused by this.

The tiny Montana hamlet of Cooke City and the ranch just within the Wyoming border were difficult to access, either from Gardiner to the west or from the town of Red Lodge to the east. Yellowstone National Park and the Shoshone National Forest lie to the south and the Absaroka Wilderness to the north. Prior to the opening of the highway over Beartooth Pass in 1936, guests usually arrived at the ranch via the train depot in Gardiner. After the completion of the rugged Beartooth Highway—the highest-elevation highway in the northern Rockies—the Nordquists, usually Olive and a driver, drove more than two hours through Red Lodge and on to Billings to meet guests. At the time, Red Lodge, a town of more than six thousand, was fairly prosperous because of several coal mines operating in the area. It was also a haven for bootleggers. Hemingway mentions taking “a shot of Red Lodge moon to keep warm” while hunting, and a character, Mr. Frazier, in his short story “The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio” treats three visiting Mexicans to “the best” from Red Lodge. Without doubt, Hemingway had succeeded in locating an ideally remote hunting and writing spot.

That the mountain location of the Nordquist ranch met Hemingway’s expectations is supported by letters he wrote during this time. He tried to entice Waldo Peirce out in a July 1930 letter, writing, “Best trout fishing in the world—no kidding.” In September, he tried to get Henry Strater, another artist friend, to come west, even advising him to take the train to Gardiner and then a “stage” to Cooke City, where Hemingway could meet him with horses. “[T]his is the most beautiful country you ever saw,” Hemingway wrote. “Hunting in the mountains is more damned fun than anything you can imagine.” He listed the possible game to be bagged—bear, grouse, duck, geese, mountain sheep, elk, deer, and
Hemingway, seriously injured in a 1930 auto accident, ended up in St. Vincent’s Hospital in Billings, Montana, for seven weeks. As he did elsewhere, he made friends and observed people, some of whom ended up in his short stories. He posed with his bandaged arm, above, in the hospital.

ning of the hunting season. Ever in search of hunting companions, he successfully lured writer friend John Dos Passos out in October to share his delight in hunting and the mountains. As Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Floyd Allington began their return trip east on October 31, 1930, Olive Nordquist noted in the ranch log that the roads were frozen. The three men camped overnight in the Gardiner area, and on November 1, as Hemingway drove his 1930 Ford convertible toward Billings, the car overturned near Laurel. Allington was thrown clear from his place in the rumble seat, suffering a dislocated right shoulder. Dos Passos was uninjured, but Hemingway was pinned in the wreckage. Allington and Dos Passos managed to free him, and a couple from Shelby, Montana, who happened to be passing by took all three men to St. Vincent’s Hospital in Billings.

When Hemingway arrived at the hospital, the staff in admissions took him to be a cowboy or shepherder, given his rough clothing and general appearance, and he was assigned to a bed in a ward. When Dr. Louis Allard, the attending physician and a nationally recognized orthopedist and public health official, entered the room to examine the new patient, he turned to the student nurse: “Don’t you know who he is?” he chided her. “That’s Ernest Hemingway, the novelist. I think he’d better be moved to a private room.” The local paper, the Billings Gazette, was soon on the story, printing regular updates on Hemingway’s medical progress. For instance, on Sunday morning, November 2, the paper carried a front-page article under the headline, “Noted Novelist Is Injured in Auto Accident.” The article mentions The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms and notes that in the past weeks, “Mr. Hemingway shot a mountain sheep, two bears, and a bull elk.” The article also cites Dos Passos and his writing credentials.

In the meantime, Max Perkins of Scribner’s, Hemingway’s publisher, heard about the accident and, concerned about the quality of the medical care available in Montana, called the Mayo Clinic. Upon hearing that Dr. Allard was Hemingway’s physician, the Mayo brothers assured Perkins that the author was in good hands.

The complicated spiral break of Hemingway’s right arm resulted in a seven-week stay in the Billings hospital. After receiving a telegram from Dos Passos, Pauline took a train to Billings and remained with her rainbow trout—and concluded, “You ought to see the West anyway.”

Hemingway’s tendency to injury surfaced in late August of the 1930 visit when his horse bolted through the timber, giving him some fairly severe facial lacerations. Chub Weaver described a drama-filled and darkly humorous evening when, driven by the young daughter of a local ranger, he and Hemingway went to Cody, where Dr. Trueblood, a veterinarian-turned-doctor, stitched the cut from the corner of Hemingway’s mouth to the base of his jaw. On the long drive back, Hemingway created a drinking game: at every ranch gate they had to pass through, they took a shot of whiskey.

On September 13, Pauline left the ranch to return to Key West, but Hemingway stayed on for the begin-
husband throughout his hospitalization. Hemingway was also visited in the hospital both by old friends and by local Billings people, while Pauline maintained his correspondence, typing his letters as he lay in bed. But the days and nights were long. Hemingway complained to Henry Strater that he was “sick of talking, thinking, writing, or dictating about, but a damn sight more sick of having it [the broken arm].” The portable radio he listened to during this time, two gunshot patients near his room, and a nun who was a baseball fanatic would all become the subject of the short story “The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio.” Hemingway’s letters do not mention whether Pauline had any social options in Billings other than tending to her discontented husband, but there is evidence that she struck up a friendship with Sarah Dousman, wife of a local insurance and real estate executive and Billings civic leader. Although Sarah Dousman was about ten years older than Pauline, the women shared enough commonalities to establish a comfortable relationship. Late in the course of his recovery, Hemingway was allowed to leave the hospital for an evening at the home of Dr. Louis Allard.  

Meanwhile, the Gazette continued its coverage of Hemingway’s stay at St. Vincent’s, reporting on Pauline’s arrival in Billings, publishing periodic articles such as one under the headline “Hemingway Still Confined to Bed,” and finally, on December 22, announcing the author’s release from the hospital.  

Three days later, Ernest and Pauline were with Pauline’s parents in Arkansas in time to spend the holidays.

After another trip to Spain in 1931 and the birth of son Gregory in the fall of that year, the Hemingways left the boys with their grandparents and drove west again in 1932, arriving at the Nordquist ranch on July 12 and staying into October. The numerous letters written to friends during this time reflect Hemingway’s exquisite attention to detail in his descriptions of “the best summer ever” in this country that was,
in Hemingway’s words, “wonderful but scary.” In one October letter to Henry Strater, he wrote a long description, exceeding five hundred words, of a hunting experience he had had in the company of Charles Thompson, a Key West friend. The passage included a graphic account of the shooting and death of a six-point bull elk. “[I] got a rest against tree and hit him,” Hemingway wrote. “He slumped forward and spraddled but still going.” By the time he and Thompson downed the bull, the animal had been shot five times, once through the heart.\(^16\)

While clearly triumphant about the success of the hunt—he and Thompson had shot three bull elk, two bears, a coyote, an eagle, and two bucks—Hemingway later admitted in this same letter that “We took a beating on sheep.” “I stalked 8 rams—spooked them all. Charles stalked 11. That sheep hunting was what gave Charles hell. Damndest ledge work you ever saw. I had to take my shoes off on one mt for about 2 miles on a rock slide. Fell 9 times. Never got a shot at a ram—if you’re a good climber you could have got a ram. I’m not a good climber.”\(^17\) The pleasure Hemingway derived from meeting the challenge of the hunt and overcoming difficult conditions is palpable in his letters written from the West. They authenticate the popular image of Hemingway’s physical and mental fortitude.

For her participation in the western adventures, Pauline earned warm approval from her husband, who wrote to Guy Hickok, a journalist friend, that “Pauline is cockeyed beautiful . . . never looked nor felt better—Rode hard here all summer—shot and fished.” In her August 21, 1932, ranch log, Olive Nordquist noted that “Mr. and Mrs. H., two others, and cook and Ivan as guide left for pack trip to Crazy Lakes.” The party returned two and a half weeks later. In accompanying Ernest on this—and other extended pack trips at high altitude in wind and snow—Pauline proved to herself and to him that she was a plucky soul.\(^18\)

Hemingway’s western experiences prepared his adventurous palate for his first trip to Africa. In an April 1933 letter, he had commented on the fine time he had in Wyoming and Montana in the fall and mentioned his desire to go to Africa. He and Pauline finally undertook that African safari in 1935. Then, in the following year, they returned to the Wyoming-Montana area, this time in the company of Patrick and Bumby, now eight and twelve, respectively, staying from August to October. Before their departure from the East, however, Hemingway expressed some concern that the building of the highway from Red Lodge over the Beartooth Pass might have “spoiled” the hunting. Despite his misgivings, it was during this trip that Hemingway finally achieved his goal of killing a grizzly bear. “I got two out of three [grizzlies],” he wrote, “that I ran onto in the last timber up near timberline while hunting elk. It was very exciting. They were beautiful to meet in the timber that way. . . . I could have killed the three I think but they were so damned handsome I was sorry I killed more than the one but at the time did not have much time to decide. . . . Have never shot better. Hope I can write as well.” He was especially excited about encountering the grizzly at the head of Crandall Creek, about the size of the animal (“big as a horse almost”), and about the beauty of the hide. Claiming that the country was overrun with grizzlies, he encouraged his friend John Dos Passos to come out again.\(^19\)

From our contemporary perspective, the passion for hunting and killing evident in Hemingway’s letters seems to be incongruous with his appreciation for the beauty of nature and of wildlife. It is true that his letters and literature do attest to that sensitivity; and yet, the number of fish he and his friends caught and the game they killed seems shocking, irresponsible, and wasteful. For example, he and Pauline caught thirty trout each in one day. There is no question that his need to prove his strength and endurance was a paramount motivation in his hunting expeditions. And it could be argued that expecting Hemingway to be a conservationist in the 1930s is a bit like expecting Chaucer to have been a feminist in the fourteenth century. It should also be noted that Hemingway believed in eating what he killed, and several letters mentioned giving game meat away. For example, one letter described the meat he had killed “for Ivan [Wallace] and Chub [Weaver] to get married on.”\(^20\)

The 1936 trip was the last extended trip the Hemingways would make to the border area between Wyoming and Montana. During a brief visit in 1938, Ernest and Pauline worked together on the proof for The Fifth Column, even as their marriage was disintegrating. The next visit, in 1939, marked the end of their marriage. By this time, Ernest had already met writer Martha Gellhorn for trysts in Europe and New
In 1936, Hemingway expressed concern that construction of the Beartooth Highway from Red Lodge might have "spoiled" the hunting. Despite his misgivings, this was the year he finally killed a grizzly bear. Here Ernest (right), Pauline (in stripes), and twelve-year-old Bumby, Ernest's son with his first wife, Hadley, pose with the beast. The others are the guide (possibly Ivan Wallace) and an unidentified woman.

The area view above is labeled "Sunlight Basin, New Red Lodge Road to Yellowstone Park."
A 1939 trip to Wyoming marked the end of Hemingway’s marriage to Pauline and his visits to northwestern Wyoming. He had already met journalist Martha Gellhorn, who would become his third wife. At right, the two are pictured during the Spanish Civil War, circa 1938.

Attracted to Idaho partly by the bird hunting, Ernest and Martha adopted Sun Valley as their western retreat. Below, Hemingway stalks ducks in October 1941.

planned these sojourns to take advantage of the isolation and peace to work on his writing. In July 1928, just before he left for his first trip west, Hemingway had written Max Perkins at Scribner’s that he planned to finish *Farewell to Arms* while in the West. In subsequent letters, he described his progress, complaining about the misery of the work in a letter to Waldo Peirce on August 9 but finally reporting, two weeks later, “I finished the damn book, first draft—finally.”

That he found the quiet of the mountains to be beneficial for his writing is verified not only by comments he made in letters but also by his productivity during the weeks he spent in the West. During the fall 1930 visit, he had begun writing *Death in the Afternoon*, a work informed by the trip to Spain the year before, and he spent time in the summer of 1932 going over the galley proofs of the novel. On July 27, 1932, he wrote to Perkins from the ranch that he would return the proofs from Gardiner. In August, he explained his haste in going west by saying that he had “wanted to get out here anyway and get to work. Too hot in Havana. . . . Plenty cold here. Have a lot of work to do.” Before his next trip—in 1936—he again expressed the positive effect of the western surroundings on his work. In the interim, he had written and published *The Green Hills of Africa* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, which drew on his 1933 trip to Africa. But now, he wrote to Perkins, “All I want to do is get out west and settled down in a cabin writing.” During the 1936 western sojourn, he worked on *To Have and Have Not*, again recording his progress in letters. He wrote to M. K. Rawlings, the author of *The Yearling*, in August that he was “working like hell on a book,” and in late September, he told Perkins he had written fifty-five thousand words. In a 1938 letter to film director Joseph Losey, he claimed that “the ranch near Cooke, Montana” was one of the “places that were good for working.”

Hemingway’s energy and self-discipline are astonishing when one considers his dual lives: Hemingway the hunter and outdoorsman and Hemingway the writer. He kept a careful record of both the number
While in the West, Hemingway started an eighth book, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which contains explicit references to Montana and was his biggest commercial success. In the book, Hemingway refers to hunting guide Club Weaver, seen here (left) with fellow guide Ivan Wallace and a trophy elk packed for transport.

of pages he wrote and the wildlife he bagged, and one wonders how he also had time to attend to daily matters, to entertain the occasional guest, and to write dozens of letters, many of them long ones. His biographer, Carlos Baker, estimated that over his lifetime, Hemingway wrote between six thousand and seven thousand letters.

During Hemingway’s last period at the Nordquist ranch, in 1939, he worked on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, completing it that fall in Sun Valley. Despite the fact that Spain is the setting of the novel, it is perhaps the work that most obviously shows the influence of western scenes and western people on Hemingway and his writing. In an early letter to Waldo Peirce, he had noted the similarity of the Wyoming countryside to that of Spain, and throughout *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, he refers explicitly to Montana people and places.24

Robert Jordan, the novel’s main character, has been a Spanish professor at the University of Montana at Missoula, and throughout the book Jordan expresses thoughts or memories about Montana. He considers what it would be like to marry Maria, the heroine, and live with her in Butte or Missoula. “Why not marry her? Sure, he thought. I will marry her. Then we will be Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jordan of Sun Valley, Idaho. Or Corpus Christi, Texas, or Butte, Montana . . . I wonder how they will like Maria in Missoula, Montana? That is if I can get a job back in Missoula.”25

The past, in the form of Jordan’s memories and those of other characters, is a powerful force in the novel. In a long paragraph on the evocative power of smell, among the odors cited is that of leaves in Missoula in the fall: “That must be the odor of nostalgia, the smell of the smoke from the piles of raked leaves burning in the streets in the fall in Missoula.” Toward the end of the novel, as Robert Jordan prepares himself for the challenges ahead, Hemingway gives him a long interior monologue recalling his father’s suicide. Besides referring directly to Nordquist’s Chub Weaver and to Montana, the passage also has Jordan musing over the fate of the gun with which his father had killed himself. “He had put the gun back in the drawer in the cabinet where it belonged, but the next day he took it out and he had ridden up to the top of the high country above Red Lodge, with Chub, where they had built the road to Cooke City now over the pass and across the Bear Tooth plateau, and up there where the wind was thin and there was snow all
summer on the hills.” Jordan then throws the gun into a deep lake while Chub holds the horses.26

In the novel’s closing scene, as Robert Jordan lies with a broken leg in the pine needles beneath a tree, trying to maintain consciousness and focus, he tells himself, “Think about Montana.” And then, “I can’t . . . .” 27

Less explicit but other clear influences of Hemingway’s time in the western mountains include descriptions of the land and the weather. The snowstorm in For Whom the Bell Tolls echoes references to snowstorms Hemingway had described in several letters. For instance, in a 1932 letter to Henry Strater, he wrote of riding “35 miles to camp in a blizzard—hunted next day all day in Mts. in heavy snow.” And, as he was working on For Whom the Bell Tolls and preparing to leave Key West for Montana in August 1939, he dropped a note to Patrick and Gregory, saying that he was writing about a snowstorm while sitting in the prickly heat of Florida. “Let’s go west and see a snowstorm,” he wrote his sons.28

In the novel itself, Robert Jordan muses, “In the snowstorm you came close to wild animals and they were not afraid. They travelled across country not knowing where they were and the deer stood sometimes in the lee of the cabin. In a snowstorm you rode up to a moose and he mistook your horse for another moose and trotted forward to meet you. In a snowstorm it always seemed, for a time, as though there were no enemies. In a snowstorm the wind could blow a gale; but it blew a white whiteness and the air was full of a driving whiteness and all things were changed and when the wind stopped there would be the stillness.”29

For Whom the Bell Tolls also strengthened an association between Hemingway and his friend Gary Cooper, a native of Helena, Montana. The son of a Helena lawyer and judge, Cooper had learned to ride and hunt on his family’s ranch near town, and his shooting skills rivaled those of the competitive Hemingway. By the time Cooper and Hemingway met in Sun Valley in 1940, both were already famous, already the objects of mythmaking.

Years before they met, Cooper had “talked his way” into playing the hero of the 1932 film version of A Farewell to Arms, and although Hemingway hated the movie, according to Cooper’s biographer, he “drew on his impression of Cooper’s face and character when he wrote For Whom the Bell Tolls.” Both author and actor wanted Cooper to play Robert Jordan in the movie to be made from the novel, and their wishes were eventually fulfilled in the 1943 film that co-starred Ingrid Bergman.30

Cooper and Hemingway’s friendship was buttressed by their pleasure in the outdoors. Both were excellent shots and gun aficionados. “Cooper is a very, very fine rifle shot and a good wing shot. I can shoot a little better than he can with a shotgun but not nearly as good with a rifle,” Hemingway wrote to Max Perkins. Cooper owned a .22 Hornet equipped with a German telescope, which Hemingway coveted. They were drawn to the Sun Valley resort partially because of its good bird hunting. They also had in common the fact that they had both married wealthy Catholic women but continued to have an eye for other women. When Cooper was agonizing over whether to end his two-year affair with Patricia Neal and return to his marriage, he sought Hemingway’s advice during a visit to Havana. Whatever Hemingway’s advice was, if any, Cooper remained married, and Neal soon married author Roald Dahl.31
Cooper and Hemingway remained friends for the rest of their lives, continuing to meet in Sun Valley and elsewhere. When Cooper was dying of cancer and Hemingway was being shuttled between the Mayo Clinic and Idaho, their last contact was by phone in the spring of 1961. In that conversation, Cooper said to Hemingway, “I bet I make it to the barn before you do.” They died within two months of each other, Cooper on May 13, 1961, and Hemingway on July 2, of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, at his Idaho home.32

Hemingway’s fiction contains other references to Montana places and people. The short story inspired by his stay in St. Vincent’s Hospital in Billings drew on actual characters he encountered there. It was first published in 1933 in *Scribner’s Magazine* as “Give Us a Prescription, Doctor,” then retitled “The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio” when it appeared in the 1935 collection *Winner Take Nothing*. The “gambler” was a Mexican who, like Hemingway, also earned a front-page article in the *Billings Gazette* under the headline, “Mexican Worker May Die; Second Victim Will Live.” Both Hemingway’s short story and his letters report on the bad beer that visiting Mexicans brought to the hospital.33 Sister Florence Cloonan, one of the nuns who tended to Hemingway during his stay in St. Vincent’s, was remarkable in her addiction to baseball, and in Hemingway’s short story, she appears as Sister Cecilia, who was convinced her prayers to Our Lady brought victory to her favorite teams.34

In perhaps the only recording of Hemingway reading his work, he narrates a piece called, “Saturday Night in a Whorehouse in Billings, Montana.” Recorded during his Cuba years, it includes references to whorehouses not only in Billings but also in Red Lodge and Cody. The central figure in this fictionalized account breaks his hand in a fight in Billings and tapes his hands for subsequent fights.35

Many of the thousands of letters that Hemingway wrote survive in the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston and in the Carlos Baker Collection of Ernest Hemingway at the Princeton University Library in Princeton, New Jersey. They reveal that Hemingway regularly read classic and contemporary literature. He also read western writers, and he characteristically expressed his opinions of the authors and their works. Hemingway made an effort to meet Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian* (1902), when he was in Wyoming in 1928. He proclaimed Wister to be “a sweet old guy”

Cooper had “talked his way” into playing the hero in the 1932 film version of *A Farewell to Arms*, and although Hemingway hated the movie, according to Cooper’s biographer the author “drew on his impression of Cooper’s face and character when he wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*” Both author and actor wanted Cooper to play the lead in the movie to be made from the novel, and their wishes were eventually fulfilled in the 1943 film. Gary and Rocky Cooper (center) pose here with Ernest and his fourth wife, Mary Welsh, at the Stork Club in New York City on April 3, 1950.
who “writes damned well too.” Two years later, he qualified his praise by saying such stories as “A Gift Horse” and “Pilgrim on the Gila” were “damned fine,” but he was dismayed over the poor quality of Wister’s novel Philosophy (1901).  

Another western writer, Billings local favorite Will James, drew a string of negative adjectives from Hemingway. Nevertheless, after calling James “moth-eaten” and “shifty-eyed,” among other epithets, Ernest later asked Max Perkins to send Sun Up and Big Enough to Hemingway’s son Bumby in France. A. B. Guthrie, author of The Big Sky and a more recent writer of the West, earned Hemingway’s approval when Ernest included Guthrie’s book among the “first rate books by new writers” he listed for Time magazine in 1947. Robert Manning of The Atlantic recalled an interview with Hemingway in which he commented that The Big Sky was “a very good book in many ways,” adding with a smile that it was especially good on describing “the clap.”

Although their days at the Nordquist ranch ended in 1939, this was not the end of the Hemingways’ association with the West and its people. According to Laura Weaver, Chub Weaver’s widow, Ernest visited the Weavers several times after 1940. Chub mentioned in a letter that the last time he saw Ernest was when Hemingway stopped with Otto Bruce, “his old secre-
tary, treasurer, chauffeur, valet and procurer,” on their way to Idaho in fall 1947.

By 1946, Patrick was in his last year of secondary school at Canterbury School in Connecticut, and Bumby, now called Jack, was back in the States after having spent time in the army and then as a prisoner of war in Germany. Jack planned to attend the University of Montana in Missoula in the fall of 1946, but Pauline registered puzzlement over that move in a letter to Patrick, saying she thought Montana a pretty dull place, its proximity to fishing being its only merit. However, Ernest felt Patrick should also apply to the University of Montana, saying in a cable that Montana would be an “excellent” temporary choice since both Princeton and Harvard were inundated with returning veterans. In the end, Patrick did not apply to the University of Montana, instead attending Stanford and then transferring to Harvard. Jack’s time at the university in Missoula was short-lived. In January 1947, Ernest wrote an indignant letter to Jack, saying that his decision to quit college was “so stupid” he did not want to even talk about it—though he went on for several more sentences taking his oldest son to task.

In June 1946, after Patrick’s graduation from Canterbury, Pauline planned an automobile trip with Jack, Patrick, and Gregory through Wyoming, Montana,
Washington, and down into California. Of this trip, Patrick Hemingway wrote, “It was really my mother, Pauline . . . who launched my brother Gregory and me into the then not so crowded world of fly fishing for trout on public water in the American West.” They purchased dry flies at Dan Bailey’s shop in Livingston for fishing on the Madison, the Gibbon, and the Firehole rivers. And it was on this trip that Ivan Wallace, once a Nordquist guide and now working on a road-construction crew near Red Lodge, flagged down a car only to discover Pauline and the boys inside.40

Although Hemingway did not see Wallace or Chub Weaver or any of the others from the Nordquist ranch during the last years of his life, they were in contact. He called Chub just a few days before he committed suicide, telling him that he had been to the Mayo Clinic and had gotten a “bad report.” Thus, the news of Hemingway’s death by his own hand so soon thereafter was no surprise to Chub.41

After their father’s death, Jack Hemingway settled in Ketchum, Patrick continued his career in wildlife management in Africa, and Gregory pursued a medical degree. The Hemingways renewed their connection with Montana in 1975 when Patrick Hemingway established a home in the state. A year later, he persuaded his brother Gregory to join him out west because the “hinterlands of Montana” needed doctors. During the next twenty years, Gregory worked as a doctor in Fort Benton, Jordan, and Deer Lodge, all for short periods. His family moved to the Bozeman area in 1980, and even after Gregory and his third wife, Valerie Danby-Smith, divorced, she and their four children remained in Bozeman, while Gregory continued to spend brief periods of time in Montana. For instance, he was in Montana in summer 2001, just before he died that fall in Miami.42

Ernest Hemingway was unquestionably a major force in American and world literature. He will endure as a literary giant solely on the quality of his writing and his influence. But his adventurous life and powerful personality have given him added fame—and notoriety—to the extent that the focus has often been on his life rather than on his work. Although it can be tempting to let Hemingway’s personal foibles cast a negative light on his accomplishments as a writer, reading his books—and the letters he wrote as he labored over those books—evokes admiration for the artist he was. The West, the setting for much of his literary productivity, provided an environment for him to continue his commitment to an outdoor life and served as a direct source for some of the characters and scenes in his stories. Westerners can appreciate the obvious influence of their land on Hemingway’s work; they can also be proud of how that landscape has contributed to the American literary canon.

Lou Mandler, a native of Sheridan County and a graduate of Montana State University–Bozeman, has taught at Canterbury School in Connecticut for much of her adult life. Her memoir, This Storied Land (Pronghorn Press, 2004), focuses on life on the family farm in Montana she knew as a child and adolescent. Her article “The Hemingways at Canterbury” was published in the Hemingway Review (Summer 2010).
Montana's Barns
A Vanishing History

by Chere Jiusto and Christine W. Brown

with contemporary photographs by Tom Ferris

The U.S. Department of Agriculture collected data on historic barns for the first time in 2007. Nationwide, the tally of farms and ranches with a barn built before 1960 totaled 664,264. Of those, 8,274 were located in Montana. These historic barns are an emblem of rural communities and family enterprise and an essential part of the cultural landscape. Raising a barn was once a community event made possible by many hands. Barns’ sturdy ingredients—iron hasps forged by strong hands, native rock generously cut, hefty wooden planks—reflect the era when hard work and craftsmanship were an essential component of building design and execution. Bearing the wear marks of decades of use, these rugged buildings provide a link to a time when far more people made their living directly from the land. Researching and documenting these buildings and understanding their evolution sheds new light on rural history by providing insights into population movements, ethnic patterns, and technological developments, and offering a fuller picture of state and local history.

Today, historic barns are one of the nation’s most threatened historic resources. Many Montana barns date to the state’s boom years between 1880 and 1920, making them now 90 to 130 years old, an age when such large wooden structures begin to wear out. Because of their sheer size, barns are expensive to maintain—and yet they resonate with the stories and the inspiration that underpin the vibrant agricultural heritage that is so much a part of Montana’s lifestyle, culture, and identity today. While workhorses, plows, and wagons have given way to new technologies, barns are sturdy and resilient. As the twenty-first century unfolds, these magnificent structures are being used in new ways on farms and ranches as well as being repurposed as homes and community buildings.

Agricultural barns originated in Europe as simple places for storing grain and sheltering animals. The word “barn” descends from the old English bereaern: bere meaning barley and aern meaning house or store. It sometimes happens that a simple advance in technology changes much about the way people live. As a building for aerning the bere, the bereaern became an essential part of year-round, settled agriculture; today, of course, the granary (from the Latin granarium) is in its purest sense the bereaern. And the buildings we know as barns now shelter livestock.

Sheltering livestock was critical in a northern climate, and over time a variety of buildings evolved to suit this need. Utilitarian from the ground up, barns were built according to tradition and purpose. If there were windows, they were there to illuminate interior activities. If the barn was painted, that preserved the wood against weather and sun. If a cupola crowned the ridgeline, it served to vent the interior and keep green hay from molding, heating up, combusting, and burning the structure to the ground. Form followed function down through the ages, and with time, barn building evolved into a high craft, requiring individual training and know-how as well as the help of...
Where the Prairie Ends and the Sky Begins

Maynard Dixon in Montana

by Donald J. Hagerty

By 1917—the year the Great Northern Railway approached Maynard Dixon with a proposal to paint in Glacier National Park and among the Blackfeet Indians—the artist had already achieved considerable fame as an illustrator and painter of the American West. According to the Great Northern’s plans, Dixon’s artwork would be used as part of its “See America First” campaign. Some of the paintings would be exhibited at Glacier lodges and chalets while others would be reproduced as promotional posters for distribution throughout California.¹

The Storytellers (1917, oil on canvas, 36" x 40")
ON THE EDGE by Anne Cantrell

Irving Weissman is an innovator in one of medicine's most exciting and controversial disciplines. One key to his success stems from his Montana roots.

When he talks about science, Dr. Irving Weissman starts speaking slightly faster than he does when he’s talking about, say, growing up in Montana.

When he discusses his work, he sometimes speaks only the first part of the word, as though there is so much to say that he doesn’t want to waste time uttering the final syllable. A note of urgency comes into his otherwise soothing voice. It’s indicative of what perhaps drives Weissman the most: a belief that medicine should be based on science and advanced through constant research. And, that there is so much yet to be done.

A world-renowned stem cell researcher, Weissman is a pioneer at the forefront of a science that could change nearly everything about how we treat illness and disease, from heart disease to cancer. The director of Stanford University’s Institute of Stem Cell Biology and Regenerative Medicine, Weissman is also a member of the National Academy of Sciences—an elite group of only about 2,100—and his colleagues say that he stands above even the very best scientists.

Yet, as essential as science is to Weissman, so are his roots. The native Montanan and Montana State College graduate returns to the state as often as he can, giving lectures, serving on boards and fly fishing the state’s rivers.

His frequent trips home are a respite from some weighty responsibilities. As the immediate past president of the International Society for Stem Cell Research, he is immersed in one of the greatest ethical debates of this age, one that involves science, medicine, politics and religion. It is a debate in which he is greatly invested, both professionally and personally, and the stakes are high.
Weissman's work could, for example, result in a cure for cancer.

He knew nearly 15 years ago that he could isolate blood-forming stem cells from women who had breast cancer. Theoretically, these stem cells could be transplanted back into a woman after she received a powerful, cancer-killing course of chemotherapy. A side effect of such chemotherapy was the destruction of those tissues that formed blood. The transplanted stem cells offered the solution of being able to regrow those tissues.

In 1996, for the first time, physicians transplanted cancer-free blood-forming stem cells into a breast cancer patient after she had completed a potent course of chemotherapy. Weissman recalled the physicians telling him it was a hopeless case from the start. The woman's cancer was aggressive, and as she was undergoing chemotherapy, a burst of cancer cells developed in her chest, indicating that the cancer had really spread.

"Nobody gets out of that one alive," Weissman said.

Except that this woman did. The chemotherapy followed by the transplant of cells worked. Remarkably, the last report Weissman received—nearly 15 years later—was that the woman was living without cancer.

The results should have been a medical breakthrough and a tale of hope for cancer patients and their families. But politics and economics got in the way, Weissman said.

When a company that Weissman had formed to take the new treatment into clinical trials was taken over, the new company subsequently made a business decision to stop those clinical trials before complete results were known.

And national legislation on the use of stem cells has restricted his ability to conduct research. His work has made him the subject of hateful messages in the blogosphere and at least one death threat. In 2001, Weissman headed a National Academies panel on stem cells. Because embryonic stem cells could give rise to adult stem cells, the panel voted unanimously to accelerate the federal funding of that kind of research. Most embryonic stem cells are a few days old, derived from embryos that were artificially fertilized in a clinic and donated specifically for research. Still, stem cell work is controversial, since creating an embryonic stem cell line for research requires starting with cells in an excess blastocyst stage embryo from an in vitro fertilization clinic. The debates have fueled pro-life advocates, who view an embryo as a person.

Despite his frustrations, Weissman feels a responsibility to overcome the hurdles. It's work that has driven him ever since he was a young boy growing up in Montana. Work that he believes has the potential to improve people's lives.

In an auditorium at Benefis Healthcare earlier this year in his hometown of Great Falls, Weissman explains to a standing-room only audience that stem cells are characterized by their ability to renew themselves by dividing and differentiating into a diverse range of

**BEWARE OF ADVERTISED TREATMENTS WHERE ONE KIND OF STEM CELL IS USED TO REGENERATE ALL TISSUES. THERE IS NO SUCH THING IN ADULTS.**

—IRVING WEISSMAN

specialized cell types—adult muscle stem cells can become muscle cells, adult blood-forming stem cells can regenerate blood, and nervous system stem cells can make all kinds of brain cells. They are entirely responsible for the origination of all body tissues and their regeneration throughout life. In a developing embryo, stem cells can potentially differentiate into any adult stem cell: adult stem cells repair the body, replenishing specialized cells and maintaining regenerative organs, such as blood, skin or intestinal tissues.

Following the lecture, one woman asks Weissman about potential stem cell treatments for her adult son's spinal cord injury. Another wonders if treatments for juvenile diabetes and neonatal diabetes work in the same way.

"They don't have stem cells for (every procedure)," Weissman cautioned. "Nevertheless, in animal experiments, human brain stem cells can repair many spinal cord injuries; blood-forming stem cells can block the progression of a diseased blood system to the disease, for example, in mice developing juvenile diabetes; blood-forming stem cells from a diabetes-resistant parent or sibling can permanently block progression to diabetes. But you should beware of advertised treatments where one kind of stem cell is used to regenerate..."
(or a not so great discovery), but to try to translate it into medicine.”

However, Weissman is quick to point out that his grades were not exemplary. He never made it into the top 10 percent of his class in Great Falls.

“But I was also doing science,” Weissman said. “I won a grand prize at Billings in the 1977 Montana State science fair my senior year, and had published two papers by the time I graduated high school.”

Weissman attended Dartmouth for two years.

“I could see that I wasn’t learning or doing science at Dartmouth,” Weissman said. “I also hated living in the East. I hated the traditionalism of the East.”

So Weissman left Dartmouth and enrolled at what was then Montana State College in Bozeman, where he met “some of the greatest scientists and teachers—often better than I had at Dartmouth.”

As an undergraduate student at Montana State, Weissman learned the importance of reading others’ research experiments thoroughly and evaluating their methods and analyses.

Montana State geneticist Palmer “Dave” Skaar was particularly important to Weissman.

“Dave Skaar brought me into a whole different world, a very advanced world,” said Weissman, who took six courses with Skaar during the year he was at Montana State. “He taught by analyzing the great genetics experiments of the day, and he related them to problems in both evolution and population biology.”

Skaar’s courses helped Weissman embrace a philosophy that learning must be done in a lab. Weissman’s advice for people interested in pursuing careers in research stems from that philosophy.

“There’s no predicting from the grades you’ve got whether you’re going to have the talent (to go into research),” Weissman said. “And you also have to have the desire to look at medical issues, from fundamental science where you’re asking questions, devising experiments to answer the questions, and then the whole deal of making it real. So the only way you get that is working in a lab, and the sooner you start, the better.”

In the fall of 1960, Weissman entered a special five-year research and medicine program at Stanford, allowing him—in conjunction with his coursework at Dartmouth and Montana State—to receive a bachelor’s of science in pre-medicine from Montana State College in 1961, after just one year at Montana State. Weissman earned his M.D. at Stanford in 1965. He has been there ever since.

While some call Weissman’s time in Montana an unlikely start to a prominent career in stem cell research, Weissman says his Montana background was crucial to his success.

“One of the things about growing up in Montana, compared to the East, is that you’re less constrained by tradition and convention, so you can think creatively,” Weissman said. “You are more likely to question authority. And that’s a good thing.”

Weissman’s colleagues also note that his path illustrates his love of learning and desire for knowledge.

“Irv exhibits a deep and burning intellectual curiosity. That is fundamental to good scientists,” said Leroy Hood, Weissman’s long-time friend. Hood is also from Montana and co-founder of the Institute for Systems Biology in Seattle, which pioneers systems approaches to biology and medicine. “Irv is deeply curious and wants to understand in depth how things work. I think it’s very much a part of his approach to the world, understanding how the world works.”

Though he would rather be conducting research or fly-fishing, Weissman’s work also demands his full involvement in a world of politics and economics. And, traits that make him a good scientist seem to serve him equally well as he navigates those waters. His methodical reasoning, calm demeanor and ability to communicate scientific
POTENTIAL THERAPIES
One day, scientists say, stem cells may be used to repair or replace damaged cells and have the potential to treat conditions like cancer, Alzheimer's, Parkinson's disease, multiple sclerosis, inflammatory bowel disease and diabetes. In theory, any condition in which there is tissue degeneration could be a potential candidate for stem cell therapies.

STEM CELLS
Embryonic stem cells have the potential to develop into many different cell types in the body during early life and growth. In many tissues stem cells also serve as a sort of internal repair system, dividing to replenish other cells. When a stem cell divides, each new cell has the potential either to remain a stem cell or become another type of cell with a more specialized function, such as a muscle cell, a blood cell or a brain cell.

CURRENT THERAPIES
Adult stem cell treatments have been successfully used for many years to treat leukemia and related bone/blood cancers through bone marrow transplants. Weissman's laboratory was the first to identify and isolate the blood-forming stem cell from mice and from humans.

Weissman's journey into understanding some of the most intricate science about the human body began in Great Falls. His grandfather arrived as an immigrant at Ellis Island in the early 1900s and then headed west, settling near Great Falls. He worked as a junk man and fur trader and later owned a second-hand auto body parts store, eventually also working in steel supply, plumbing supply and hardware. Weissman's father later took over the business.

Weissman, who is now 70, said his interest in science began when he was 10 and read a book about the lives of scientists, including Robert Koch, a German physician who developed criteria to establish a causal relationship between a microbe and disease.

"How do you know something causes a disease? This discovery by Koch dramatically changed things, for everybody," Weissman said. "And for me, reading about it the first time and seeing that connection between science and disease—I wanted to be able to do that."

About five years later, Weissman approached Ernst Eichwald, a Great Falls scientist, to see if he could work in his Great Falls laboratory to learn more about research. Eichwald quickly became a mentor.

Weissman remembers how, early in his career when he was working in Great Falls, he encountered in a room near the lab in Deaconess Hospital a toddler who had leukemia.

"That combination, working in the lab, watching this poor 18-month-old child die because there was no therapy, all added up to plenty of motivation for me," Weissman said. "Not only to do research, but to take the research as far as possible (and) to apply it to medicine. Not just publish a great discovery..."
relevance to a lay audience have been important assets as he testifies at hearings and debates the issues about stem cells, including hearings before the U.S. Congress.

Still, Weissman says that politics and economics are often the most frustrating aspects of his job.

In 2001, President George W. Bush limited federal funding for embryonic stem cell research to the stem cell lines then in existence, arguing that extracting the stem cell destroys the embryo and its potential for life. President Barack Obama lifted the ban last year, only to be reversed in August 2010 by a federal judge, who said an expansion of embryonic stem cell research violated a ban on federal money being used to destroy embryos. An appeals court lifted the resulting temporary injunction barring the federal government from funding research involving human embryonic stem cell research, but the implications of the judge’s ruling were still being determined, and Weissman said he hoped it would be overturned.

“(President) Bush, and (Sam) Brownback in the (U.S.) Senate, and (Dave) Weldon in the (U.S.) House, and the Catholic Church, and the Pope—who I eventually met—all opposed this kind of stem cell research, some equating it to murder,” Weissman said. “And I said, ‘Well, which of these diseases do you think we shouldn’t pursue just as hard as we can? Stopping stem cell research stops an important path to understand and treat these diseases.’”

To respond to the ban, Weissman was important
Irving Weissman was inspired to become a scientist at age 10 when he read a biography about scientist Robert Koch and others. Recently Weissman, regarded as one of the foremost researchers working on stem cells, won the Robert Koch Prize, the top international scientific prize in microbiology. Here he speaks to an audience in his native Great Falls.
in the writing and passage of California’s Proposition 71, which protected the research as a state right and allocated $3 billion in state funds over 10 years. The measure put California at the forefront nationally of the field of stem cell research.

Weissman recognizes communication about stem cells can be polarizing, weighed down by people’s perceptions. “I realized that even when I said the word ‘embryo,’ if I said it to people who weren’t even in the field, ‘Draw an embryo,’ inevitably they’d draw a fetus. So I’d say, ‘How can we talk to each other?’ If I say ‘embryo,’ and I know it’s some cells that are in a dish, and you think of a human fetus, then already it’s been polarized and politicized, and whatever religious or political group got to you first might have influenced your way.”

In addition to his membership in the National Academy of Sciences, which is considered one of the highest honors that can be given a scientist or engineer, Weissman has received numerous awards. Among them are California Scientist of the Year in 2002 and, in 2008, the prestigious Robert Koch Prize, which is widely regarded as the leading international scientific prize in microbiology. Some people speculate that he may someday win the Nobel Prize, as many recipients of the Robert Koch Prize have.

“Irv stands above most scientists,” said George Carlson, director of the McLaughlin Research Institute in Great Falls, of which Weissman is a board member. “He’s definitely in the top 1 percent of scientists. It’s not a trivial thing to get into the National Academy (of Sciences).”

Throughout his career, Weissman’s love for Montana has been evident. He travels back to the state multiple times each year, sometimes to lecture or to raise funds for the McLaughlin Research Institute.

“Irv is exceptionally generous,” Carlson said. “He just wants to give back the opportunities he was given.”

Carlson believes Montana is important to Weissman for another reason.

“He knows where he came from, and I think things like the work ethic play a big role in his success,” Carlson said. “And of course, he loves to fish.”

In fact, it doesn’t take long for fishing to come up in a conversation with Weissman. One fishing story he shares involves his 17-year-old daughter, Rachel.

“She is a great caster,” Weissman said. “If I float, as I will, with her down the Bitterroot or the Missouri … usually I sit in back and she sits in front. And so you’re looking for the spot where the trout might be. And you cast your fly. Inevitably now, I see the spot, I do the cast, and hers lands just in front of mine.”

Weissman says he remembers every discovery he’s ever made, from his early experiments as a 16-year-old boy in Great Falls to breakthrough research he performed as an adult, including isolating blood-forming stem cells in mice and humans.

And, the process of discovery feels the same every time. Sometimes Weissman celebrates discoveries with other members of his research team, but more often than not, the discovery itself is the celebration.

“The big celebration is the moment you see it, and usually you’re alone,” Weissman said. “It’s incredible, to see a piece of data coming from a thought you had, an experiment you designed,” Weissman said. “You’re the first person on Earth to know and understand what it is.”

Weissman admits that his is an exciting line of work, but it’s also frustrating to him when barriers arise.

“I don’t get to rest, and say, ‘Gee, that was great,’” because I see what I have to do next. It’s a responsibility, and sometimes you wish that you didn’t have to do all of those other things.”

Still, Weissman remains focused. What is even more important than the discovery, and all of the hurdles that come with it, is its application.

“If this translation doesn’t happen, or is delayed for 4–8 years while somebody dithers about the philosophy of it, or the political reality of it, some people will die who had a short window of opportunity,” Weissman said. “And I’m really cognizant of that.”
FOUNDATIONS FOR SUCCESS

New and renovated facilities help MSU build student success

by Melynda Harrison
June 10, 2006

To: Ivan Doig
From: Helen Thel Strickland

In case there is no appropriate time to speak to you today, I am sending this information about the Montana Sedition Law.

You may have seen the enclosed article from the New York Times which gripped the story; my godmother's father was arrested for sedition. He spoke German. He had a heart attack and died in jail. This is the only information at this time.

The time was 1918, the place I assume was Miles City. I named a street for my "Aunt" Helen, my mother's dearest friend who had moved to Miles City. She married Balmain Levis and moved to Portland, Oregon. Unfortunately, as was the custom of those days, I only knew her by her married name. I have searched my baby records, immaculately kept by my father, where she is only referred to as Aunt Helen. They had no children and as far as I know Aunt Helen had no siblings. I may be the nearest connection.

I have written to Jeff Renz and Clemens P. Work, Montana professors; and the Montana Governor. I received a list of names and the website which gives more details. Miles City, Custer County, certainly incarcerated the most folk. I could write to the Miles City Court House to inquire if there is a record of the marriage license of Helen and Balmain Levis.

Since I have few facts to go on, I thought what a great story. I could make up what is missing! I really haven't time. I want to paint! Maybe Ivan Doig would be interested except he probably has several ideas to work on already. I'll tell him anyway. After all, House of Sky is really my story too. (You won't remember, but soon after that book was published I was introduced to you on the campus by Roger Whitlock, a former student of mine. I said the same thing to you then and Roger interceded with, "No, you haven't written yours yet." Flattering, but my journals are stashed for the present.)

I shall continue to search for facts. I tell myself it really doesn't matter. It was just one more experience I had in my childhood which made me devote my life to work for peace and justice.

If you are interested and have time to respond, my address and phone are below. I shall list my E-mail address, but it's not my favorite form of communication!

Helen T. Strickland
3854 N.E.87th St.
Seattle, WA 98115

206-525-5024

Email: Stricklandht@aol.com
June 10, 2006

To: Ivan Doig

From: Helen Thiel Strickland

In case there is no appropriate time to speak to you tonight at the Bookstore, I prepared this information about the Montana Sedition Law.

You may have seen the enclosed article from the New York Times April 3rd. I was gripped by the story; my godmother’s father was arrested at this time only because he spoke German. He had a heart attack and died in jail. That is the story as I was told.

The time was 1918, the place I assume was Miles City. I was born in 1919 in Roundup, named for my “Aunt” Helen, my mother’s dearest friend who lived in Miles City. She married Balmain Levis and moved to Portland, Oregon. Unfortunately, as was the custom of those days, I only knew her by her married name. I have searched my baby records, immaculately kept by my father, where she is only referred to as Aunt Helen. They had no children and as far as I know Aunt Helen had no siblings. I may be the nearest connection.

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Email: Stricklandht@aol.com
Ye Galleon Press

Ye Galleon Press, a specialty press, located in Fairfield, Washington, printed regionally important books. Some are original works; most are reprints. They total more than 600 titles. They range from a 1582 history of exploration in America first published in London, to a woman’s account of an 1866 journey through the Northwest by lumber wagon. Works include the stories of fire lookouts, pioneer missionaries, Native Americans, memoirs of whalers and many local histories.

Many Ye Galleon Press works are reprints of rare materials. These reprints make difficult-to-find materials accessible conveniently and inexpensively, a boon to readers and researchers. The subjects of the press were usually historical and included Native Americans, exploration, Oregon Trail and other migrations, western Americana, mining, and maritime.

Ye Galleon Press also produced new and original works, including many by Pacific Northwest authors. Memoirs and local histories published by Ye Galleon Press preserve history not found elsewhere. Some poetry and children’s works were also produced.

Glen Adams, Printer & Publisher, Ye Galleon Press

The history of Ye Galleon Press would not be complete without telling the story of a remarkable Washingtonian, Glen Adams. Glen Cameron Adams was born June 19, 1912 in Trent (Spokane County), Washington. He died October 17, 2003 in Fairfield (Spokane County), Washington, aged 91 years.

Fairfield, Washington, a community six miles west of the Washington-Idaho border in southeast Spokane County, is a pinprick geographically. But it was the home of a resolute individual who left a legacy of long standing value to authors, researchers, and readers throughout the Pacific Northwest.

As the owner of Ye Galleon Press, Adams preserved and made accessible many regionally important works which otherwise would be lost to historians. If a book was rare, historically important, and of interest to Adams himself, he would restore it by printing a new edition. If the same criteria applied to new material coming his way, but he felt another publisher would do a better job with a manuscript, he would help the writer find a different publisher.

Glen Adams registered as a private printer in 1937 and produced his first book in 1939. Until 1974 Glen Adams used only handset type for printing his books; he learned the art in 1935 while a student at Cheney Normal School, now Eastern Washington University. He financed his first publishing by teaching near Walla Walla, but had to return home to help save the family farm. Crops and livestock then took his time—and financed his press. Multiple sclerosis struck in 1947, eventually confining Adams to a wheelchair. Despite financial and physical obstacles, he continued to operate Ye Galleon Press until shortly before his death.

Many Ye Galleon Press works included a colophon, a statement about the book’s printing and construction. Most Ye Galleon Press colophons ended with these characteristic Glen Adams words: “This was a fun project. We had no special difficulty with the work.”
The Ye Galleon Press Collection at Washington State Library

The Washington State Library (WSL) had a long-standing, positive relationship with Glen Adams and Ye Galleon Press. His dedication to preserving and making history accessible was much appreciated by librarians and researchers throughout the Pacific Northwest.

Among many other honors, Mr. Adams was awarded the 1998 Nancy Blankenship Pryor Award. As the head of the Washington State Library’s Washington/Northwest Room during the 1970s and 1980s, Nancy Pryor assisted and influenced many historians and researchers in Pacific Northwest history. The award named in her memory was given to recognize those who made unique contributions to the literary culture of Washington State. No one in Washington fits this description more than Glen Adams did.

To commemorate and preserve the work of Glen Adams, Washington State Library has established a special research collection of Ye Galleon Press books. The Ye Galleon Press collection currently consists of approximately 450 books. WSL staff will continue to add works produced from Ye Galleon Press during the Glen Adams era (1937-2003) until the collection is complete.

The call numbers for books in the Ye Galleon Press collection all have the prefix YGP. Books with the YGP call number are for in library use only. There are additional copies of some YGP titles in other WSL collections which are available to check-out and for interlibrary borrowing, please consult the WSL on-line catalog at the web link listed below.

Please note the Ye Galleon Press collection includes materials that reflect the attitudes, perspectives, and beliefs of different times. These materials are preserved as part of the historical record. Inclusion of materials in this collection does not mean endorsement of or agreement with any view expressed.

Resources:


In the “Search for” drop down list, select “Dewey Call Number”. Enter YGP in the search box for a listing of all the Ye Galleon Press collection titles in call number order.

Special thanks to Ruth Kirk for some of the wording used in this handout.
Photographed in 1881 by F. Jay Haynes, Crow leader Iron Bull holds a tomahawk trailing the beaded pendant pictured in Figures 5A, 5B, and 5C.

owned by Haynes, a typical Crow tomahawk pendant (now also in the Montana Historical Society's collection), appears in several of his photographs. Haynes seems to have included the pendant, separated from the tomahawk, in some pictures simply as another piece of Indian beadwork. In Haynes's group portrait of Big Medicine, Old Coyote, and their wives, Big Medicine holds the pendant upside down in front of the blanket around his waist (Fig. 6). The geometric design in dark blue, light blue, red, green, and white appears on a yellow background. In the photograph the strongly contrasting dark blue triangles at top and bottom merge with their bright yellow background and disappear. The light blue rectangles in the center stripe show as white. Other details disappear as their values merge with adjacent colors. The red beads forming the sides of the center diamond are lighter than we would expect in an early photograph, perhaps because they are somewhat rose in hue. The modern photographs show these changes clearly (Figs. 4A, 4B, 4C).

Another tomahawk pendant (Fig. 5A), now in the collection of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, appears in a Haynes photograph of a group of Crow men taken in 1881 (Fig. 7). Iron Bull, flanked by Medicine Crow on the left and Bird All Over the Ground on the right, holds a tomahawk with the same handle wrapping and pendant. True to the value shift in color for the era, the light blue background appears white, the three areas of yellow beads in the center are very dark, and the red triangles at the lower edge and flanking the yellow bars are black (Figs. 5A, 5B, 5C). It would be hard to imagine that Iron Bull's tomahawk pendant is the one now in the Los Angeles County Museum's collection unless the "blue/light, red and yellow/dark" rule is understood.

Sometimes the value shifts distort the appearance of an object in a photograph so much that it is hard to believe that the extant object is the same as the one shown in a photograph. A useful check is to compare irregularities in the details, design anomalies, or spots of wear or damage to determine if they are in fact different objects or merely seem so because of the differences in color and value. There are other examples of old photographs that have documented extant objects, but there are many others in museums and private collections—or still in native ownership—that go unrecognized because we just can't believe our eyes.

BILL HOLM is curator emeritus of the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture and professor emeritus of art history, University of Washington, Seattle. He is author of many articles and books, including North-west Coast Indian Art: An Analysis of Form (1965) and Smoky-Top: The Art and Times of Willie Seaweed (1983). Since his retirement in 1985, he has concentrated on depicting the native peoples of the Northwest in paintings, many of which appear in Sun Dogs and Eagle Down: The Indian Paintings of Bill Holm (2000).

2. Ibid., back cover.
3. The White Swan robe is part of the Montana Historical Society's museum collection; the photograph is in the Society's photograph archives.
4. Eastman, 5302 Fine Grain Release Positive film, with a Wratten #47 filter.
5. The tomahawk pendant catalog number is P. 89-20.
its own, in an effort to interpret the new light and arid western landscape in its own decidedly different terms.

A transitional figure between the late impressionists, his immediate predecessors, and the German expressionists who followed, Seyler found that the Blackfeet, with their rich, but for him exotic, cultural experiences, required a more narrative, pictorial approach to painting than he had previously used. To reach Europeans, his primary audience, Seyler could no longer rely upon the known and self-referencing genre code that European impressionists used at home. It was not an easy transition. For while Seyler’s artistic instincts led in the direction of an ever more abstract, modern approach—to experiments in paint application and even cubism—his narrative need to portray the Blackfeet and a new landscape to his intended European audience led him in the opposite direction. And while European audiences certainly had their own stereotypical notions of American Indians, stemming in part from the wildly successful European tours of Buffalo Bill’s Wild West show and its imitators touring in the 1890s, these differed substantially from American ones.²³

Nor did Europeans know the subtle details of the American iconographic code that had been developed to represent and reinvent the historical reality of American expansion into the West. Seyler the painter could not nudge and wink, as it were, metaphorically or visually, in the expectation that he would be correctly understood in Europe. He had to be explicit. On the other hand, Seyler’s training, technique, and artistic sense, to say nothing of his own cliched understanding of Indians, would not allow him to simply copy what he found in American western art. From this creative tension there emerged a distinctive style that was refreshingly innovative technically, yet in terms of its subject matter nostalgic, realistic, and reassuringly conservative. As a result, the viewer comes away with a jumble of new aesthetic impressions of the northern West and what the Blackfeet must have been like before their loss of freedom and confinement to reservation life, before, as they put it, “we had become poor.”²⁴

As with his Montana contemporary Charles M. Russell, Seyler’s vision was wrapped up in an iconography of loss, of trying to see something that was irretrievably gone. For the northern West that Seyler found himself in had already left behind much of its former self. Open-range cattle raising had been transformed as had the cowmen involved. Barbed wire fences and 320-acre homestead parcels now dominated the Montana High Line that had been created by the Great Northern Railway, whose tracks bordered dryland wheat farms tilled by steam, kerosene, and gasoline tractors and growing towns with populations that shopped from Sears and Roebuck catalogs and drove Model T Fords. On the Blackfeet reservation changes had come in the form of a reservation fence with but a few exits, land allotments to individual Indians, railroad tourists, federal irrigation projects, and even, after 1912, moving pictures at the Orpheum Theater in Browning. Some twenty-five hundred Blackfeet worked as cowboys and ranch hands, labored on irrigation projects and off-reservation farms, or found employment as railroad section hands or agency personnel.²⁵

Seyler sought out Blackfeet not only to pose for him but also to help him visualize the old ways, which attracted him far more than the realities of reservation life. At left are some of his Glacier friends, photographed at Many Glacier chalets in 1914 (from left): Yellow Medicine, Medicine Owl, Seyler, Jack Big Moon, artist Edwin W. Deming, and John Ground.
Above: *A Storm Is Moving In* (n.d., oil on paper)

Below: *Sunset at Glacier Park* (n.d., oil on board)
Seyler also remembered a number of reservation experiences outside of Glacier Park. These experiences began after Seyler and Jack Big Moon, a noted intertribal war veteran and thunder medicine pipe-holder, became fast friends. Big Moon would eventually adopt Seyler into the Blackfeet tribe, at the time a not uncommon occurrence, and give him a traditional name, "Boss Ribs."20

In July 1913 Jack Big Moon invited Julius Seyler to the Blackfeet Sun Dance encampment just west of Browning. This event brought together the whole of the Blackfeet Confederation, including the Canadian element, in addition to members of the Crow, Salish, Sioux, and Nez Percé tribes. This large gathering and the rituals of the annual Sun Dance, held at that time in conjunction with the Fourth of July celebration, for many years had attracted a number of white tourists. The 1912 event was particularly rich in artists and literary personages, including Joe Scheuerle, William Kriehoff, Frank Bird Linderman, and Charles M. Russell.20

Seyler, his fellow artist and companion at the Many Glacier chalets Edwin W. Deming, Deming’s wife Therese, and their six children attended the Sun Dance in 1913. Deming, too, along with his kids, had been adopted into the tribe, and, given his large family, Deming received the name “Eight Bears” from Running Antelope, which he proudly bore the rest of his life.21 Photographers Fred Meyers, Walter Shelley Phillips, and L. D. Lindsley were also in attendance. But, whereas Deming and the largest number of tourists arrived at the intertribal camp west of Browning by automobile or a famous White Bear tourist bus, Seyler proudly rode there across country on horseback with the wrangler Old Dutch.

From a long way off they could see “the wide plain, a small lake, tepee upon tepee, hundreds of them, all in a large circle” and hear the beating of drums and the barking of company dogs. Seyler later reported that during the preliminary events, surrounded by a wall of tepees and amid laughter and horses, as people were being dolled up with feather bonnets, beaded horse gear, coup sticks, and war shirts for the parade, Two Guns White Calf had beamed and said, “Isn’t it glorious, the old times.” And then, as an afterthought, he asked, “Why are they gone?” This was not just a Blackfeet question, as Seyler understood all too well. It was also America’s question in 1914. Was the heroic sweep of America’s western expansion, with all of its excitement and frontier traditions, gone?22

In the Sun Dance lodge, which was surrounded by stacked willows, Jack Big Moon, seeing Seyler, led him to a place of honor near the cottonwood center pole, across from the weather dancer’s booth. Wrapped around the sacred center pole were offerings of blankets, some waving from above, where they had been hung by pious supplicants hoping for “pity” occasioned by their need for renewal and healing. And after the old warriors had reenacted their war exploits in words and signs, as was their custom, to their delight Seyler related, in German and his own invented sign language, stories of his own athletic victories.23

In his paintings, Seyler devoted himself to the portrayal of these Blackfeet—not so much who they were in 1913 and 1914, but who they had been. For Julius Seyler, like so many others, history in Blackfeet country felt so close that by simply squinting he believed that he, too, might see trailing herds of buffalo or a painted war party coming over an oceanic swell of land, sunlight glinting off their guns, only to disappear in the blinking of an eye into the next fold or trough in the treeless prairie.

In some respects this was just another example of “salvage ethnography,” for Seyler certainly located and confined the Blackfeet in a timeless, unchanging historical past of buffalo hunts, intertribal wars, and tribal ritual. In doing so, Seyler was just another belated re-

26. Diem, Julius Seyler, 28-29. For Helga Seyler’s visit in 1913, see Louis W. Hill to H. H. Parkhouse, telegram, August 11, 1913, James J. Hill Reference Library, St. Paul, Minnesota.
The conviction that these changes had produced a regrettable loss haunted Seyler, and his art was animated by the belief that what had been alive and well only moments before had slipped away. This view was pronounced in America in general, but Seyler was particularly prone to it given his European background. The American West was so young, so unencumbered, he thought, by the thick presence of earlier generations. It ought to be possible to reach back. Seyler knew he could reconstruct, if not recapture, that recent past, when the Blackfeet hunters chased shaggy buffalo on fast buffalo horses and went to war for honor, horses, and women. That was more romantic and more interesting than the way these same Blackfeet were living in 1913 and 1914 when Seyler saw them, plodding behind a slip scraper on an irrigation project or plowing some dry, dusty bottomland in bib overalls.

Julius Seyler spent two short, idyllic summers in Glacier Park, one in a log cabin built to resemble a Swiss chalet that perched on the southwest slope of Mount Altyn in the Many Glacier Valley. His days were punctuated by frequent horseback trips in the national park and out onto the more open country of the adjacent Blackfeet reservation.

The early pack trips were something of a trial for the "dude" painter who had not ridden before, and Seyler, with self-deprecating humor, tells of some good-natured kidding at his expense. Following along behind the hard-charging Louis Hill, who led a cavalcade of dignitaries assembled by railroad officials, Seyler slowly learned to appreciate the experience and the surefootedness of his horse. The tenderfoot, however, did not appreciate the loan of Hill's too-small boots, or the inevitable blisters. Later, with practice, Seyler loved to ride the trails and camp in the company of a young cowboy guide named "Old Dutch"; and sometimes in August Seyler's wife, Helga, who had come out from St. Paul to join him, would make it a threesome.26

The Seylers' chalet at Many Glacier was one of eight that surrounded a communal dining hall. The chalet also served as a studio where Seyler painted the portraits of a number of Blackfeet including John Ground (Eagle Calf), Medicine Owl, and Yellow Medicine (Philip Wells). Once during summer 1914, the men and their families were brought by railroad promotional people to a tepee camp near the chalets.27 There a contingent of Blackfeet men donned traditional clothing, including Hudson's Bay blanket capotes, and with a number of photographers and artists including Edwin W. Deming and Seyler in tow, they proceeded on horseback to Ptarmigan Lake where the Indians posed with their horses and guns among the peaks. The resulting images were surprisingly similar to the photographic work of Roland Reed, who in 1908 used the same landscape and some of the same Blackfeet to reconstruct a former life.28

In summer 1914 a number of artists and photographers traveled by horseback to Ptarmigan Lake where several Blackfeet donned traditional clothing and posed with their horses and guns among the peaks.

Standing from left are Seyler, Deming, Medicine Owl, unknown, and park ranger John J. McDonnell.

Sitting from left are Eagle Calf, Yellow Medicine, Jack Big Moon, and unknown.
Seyler often rode Glacier's trails and camped with a young cowboy guide named “Old Dutch,” and sometimes Seyler’s wife, Helga, when she visited from St. Paul, would join them. Above Old Dutch and Seyler ride in Many Glacier Valley. At right Helga poses with her steed (1913).

corder of the “vanishing American,” and there were a good many of that type. He was different, however, in that his visit was so late in the reservation period that he was unable to rely on his own personal experience for the details of the Blackfeet’s former life. Nor did he fully trust popular American myths and stereotypes of either idealized or demonized Indians. Instead of these sources, Seyler came to rely upon a few Blackfeet elders and informants to facilitate his imagination. They told him and, more frequently, via sign talk showed him with their hands their stories, their way. It may have been in broken English to a European whose English, as Seyler admitted, was no better. It may have been fragmented and imperfect, but it had the distinct advantage of being unfiltered, personal, and bona fide. 35

The lanky European tried to recast those stories in paint, like the Blackfeet picture writers had done on tepees and hides for generations, attempting to present who the Blackfeet were and how they had occupied the northern plains. The information shared by the elders was neither deep nor complete, but it did include the signature shape of a running buffalo—how it held its tail erect, scorpionlike, when it ran; how a rider’s weight shifted forward over the withers of a fast-running buffalo horse; how to properly hold a war shield or coup stick; and how to paint horses or to braid their tails properly. Seyler had to be told if he was to “get it right.” He did not know. But neither had Russell or Remington ever seen a buffalo hunt and that did not keep them from imagining and painting the experience. After all, that part of the Blackfeet story was long past. The last buffalo hunt had been in the early 1880s.

There were, of course, artistic precursors as well as historical and ethnographic photographs, and Seyler

32. Diem, Julius Seyler, 32-33. For a general picture of American opinion, see Taliaferro, Charles M. Russell, 92-95, in which Frederick Jackson Turner’s essay “The Significance of the Frontier in American History” is linked to the wildly popular Buffalo Bill Wild West show.
33. Diem, Julius Seyler, 33.
34. See Brian W. Dippie, The Vanishing American: White Attitudes and U.S. Indian Policy (Middletown, Conn., 1982).
35. Diem, Julius Seyler, 33.
used them, even to the point of rendering in paint, in his own style, some of the more arresting images of Edward S. Curtis and Fred Kiser. Moreover, Walter McClintock’s dramatic photographs had appeared to great acclaim just three years earlier in the publication, The Old North Trail: Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians. A large number of McClintock photographs featured Seyler’s friend Jack Big Moon, who had posed for McClintock as he would for Seyler.

Seyler was clearly influenced by the multiple efforts of these three men, whose popular, romantic visions in so many respects echoed his own. These photographs, in turn, however, were shaped by their Indian subjects. Just as Big Moon had adopted Seyler and others, so had Mad Wolf, or Siyeh, an owner of one of the demanding beaver bundles and a noted religious leader, selected Walter McClintock as his son. Siyeh had done so in the expectation that McClintock, as a photographer and ethnographer, would help to secure a cultural documentation more enduring and more compact than he expected his own personal oral teaching to be.

There were other examples of Blackfeet people enlisting and using white photographers and white storytellers, a James Willard Schultz or a George Bird Grinnell, to tell their story, of making such asymmetrical encounters work for them in their efforts to preserve a detailed tribal identity. Other individual Blackfeet later entered into something of the same Faustian relationship with Louis W. Hill and the Great Northern Railway when they became the Glacier Park Indians. There were advantages to be gained, economically and culturally, individually and for the tribe as a whole. Julius Seyler was in good company. By making Julius Seyler a “relative” by means of adoption, by involving him in their embrace, the Blackfeet hoped for another influential ambassador.

Julius Seyler’s own needs remain opaque because he never spelled them out and because his paintings and sketches were not marketed, except much later in Europe. Those needs, however, must have differed from those of American artists and photographers because he painted in a different way, for a different audience, for a different purpose. An impressionist painter, Seyler did not feel the need to be oppressively authentic like Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell, or W. R. Leigh. Graphically he tried to stir a romantic interest in the former Indian experience that was both less and more—less concerned with factual, historical accuracy and more determined to give the sense of the mood, movement, and feeling of a time and place. To portray a dramatic visual truth that had eluded the historical realists, Seyler wielded a new painting aesthetic, and with a few deft brush strokes that intimidated more than told, he hoped to give the increasingly hackneyed Indian subject a modern dimension.

Seyler left Glacier immediately after hearing of the outbreak of World War I while visiting the reservation headquarters of Browning in September 1914. Quickly packing his things, he returned to St. Paul, where he tried to book passage to Germany. Unable to do so as a German national because of the British sea blockade, disappointed and hurt by the growing anti-German sentiment in St. Paul (and in 1918 the Minnesota alien registration requirement), he and Helga withdrew to the seclusion of his father-in-law’s small farm in Balsam Lake, Wisconsin. There he endured a self-imposed seven-year exile, laboring as a subsistence farmer, and with little time, resources, or interest left for painting.

Eventually, in 1921, taking with him almost all of the sketches and paintings he had made in America, he and Helga returned to Europe, where he quickly renewed his career in the difficult postwar times. Named professor at the Munich Academy of Fine Arts in 1925, Julius Seyler continued to work over his American portfolio of studies and sketches containing his favorite themes and to discover again the atmospheric world of European seascapes. In pursuing especially the latter, Seyler further explored the late impressionists’ more abstract codes. He also continued to teach until losing most of his eyesight and the outbreak of World War II. He died in 1955.

Seyler never returned to the American West nor in his lifetime did his paintings of the Blackfeet. Many of Seyler’s paintings were lost during the Allied bombings of Munich in World War II, but many survived in private hands, and while the European work, especially the Bavarian scenes of Ammerssee and Chiemsee and the seascapes of northern Germany elicited continued interest, his paintings of the Blackfeet in distant Montana fell into obscurity. Now, fifty years after Seyler’s death, a small number of Seyler paintings are return-

37. For example, Seyler clearly copied the Edward S. Curtis photograph of Iron Breast standing in his horned bonnet with eagle feather trailer with his arms crossed.
38. Ibid., x-xiii.
40. Ibid.
41. Bayerische Staatsministerium für Unterricht und Kultus, Munich, no. 7, 25099, December 12, 1915.
ing full circle to the northern Rockies through a few generous gifts and a number of traveling exhibitions.

Although Seyler’s Montana interlude was brief—two short summers in 1913 and 1914—he did leave behind a welcome legacy: images of the Blackfeet that are like no other. Charles M. Russell had said about European painters, “I can’t see how a Dutchman or a Frenchman can teach me to paint things in my own country.” Russel, reflecting the American xenophobia of the day, got it wrong. Seyler could have taught Russell something, precisely because he was an outsider and doubly so, separated from the Blackfeet and their world as were other infatuated white men, including Russell and other western nostalgists, and then as a Johnny-come-lately European with an impressionist painting style.

Both distinctions gave Seyler something imaginatively new to express about the Blackfeet as they moved gracefully through their spacious arc of grass and sky. Was it romantic, monumental, and clichéd? You bet, but then as Charles M. Russell said to a friend in the distinctive cowboy lingo that Russell, a city kid from St. Louis, affected, “Cinch your saddle on Romance, he’s a high headed hoss . . . and most folks like prance-ers.” Not a bad strategy or advice for painters or reducers—even if homesteaders had taken over the buffalo country and the Blackfeet were not in the Edenic paradise portrayed by Great Northern publicity, but in blighted Browning, perilously close to starvation.

Western artists and Julius Seyler chose to make the Old West last as long as they could. Yet prior to its complete romanticization, if not ossification, the impressionist Julius Seyler seems to have thought that he could take the already established western topos in a new direction. Attempting to express something unique about the Blackfeet by bringing familiar shapes to the surface of a canvas with a few economical brush strokes, he perpetuated the fantasy of freedom that the Blackfeet held out to an industrial America.

WILLIAM E. FARR is associate director of the O’Connor Center for the Rocky Mountain West, University of Montana, Missoula. He is the author of The Reservation Blackfeet, 1882–1945: A Photographic History of Cultural Survival (1984) and a previous contributor to this magazine.

At a 1914 exhibit of Seyler’s paintings in Glacier Park Lodge, Two Guns White Calf with his wife Mary (standing with Seyler) view the artist’s work. During two summers, members of the Blackfeet tribe had instructed Seyler on their history and culture so he could represent them accurately.

Sitting from left are Fish Wolf Robe, Lazy Boy, Medicine Owl, unknown, John Ground, and Bird Rattler.
History overlooks farmers' impact

By T.J. GILLES
Tribune Agriculture Editor
Cowboys may always be heroes to Willie Nelson and others, but the farmers who settled and transformed Montana during the early part of this century have no such legendary image.

Speaking last week following a Montana Grain Growers Association banquet, historian William Lang noted that most of the farmers in the audience had donned cowboy boots for the occasion, although those who actually owned livestock were in a distinct minority.

Lang, former editor of "Montana: the Magazine of Western History," said that the cowboy era in Montana had a brief but colorful history, yet the myth and legend of the cowboy remains a dominant and heroic part of that state's history and mind-set. Farmers who came to the state during the first 20 years of this century, on the other hand, had a monumental role in hemispheric history and created a civilization out of nothing. And stayed.

Yet Lang said that the concept of the Montana farmer as a hero is "almost laughable. It really is.

"Do you know what historians say about farmers? Have you read it? It's horrible."

In those rare instances where historians actually mention farmers and their role in settling the West, he said, the typical description says "They came out to exploit" free land and make big money selling wheat as war profiteers during World War I.

"They say that farmers in Montana are complainers," he said.

That's backfires during the late 19th century, when the Populist movement included farmers as well as labor and free-silver advocates, he said. When farm policies were enacted as a result of political pressure, they usually were "half-assed laws" administered by Eastern bureaucrats who knew nothing about conditions of the West and set up programs which often backfired, Lang contended.

So, Lang concluded, the Montana farmer's image has become one of "asking for help and then complaining about the help they get."

"Is this a symbolic anti-hero? Is this a mythological figure, the Montana farmer?"

Not quite.

Montana farmers of the early part of this century had a unique role in world history. There was something magical about it: the success, in the state's irrigated valleys before the homestead era, he said, but no political base. Until relaxed and expanded homestead laws came into effect, Lang said, "Montana was, agriculturally speaking, a vacant lot waiting to be developed."

Boosted by the government's free land and the railroad promise of a great future that would involve supplies and home furnishings arriving in boxcars and grain being loaded in those same cars, Montana got settled but quick, Lang said.

Between 1905 and 1920, he said, 300,000 people established 80,000 new farms.

"It was the largest single agricultural migration in North American history," Lang said. "It was the single largest five-year migration of people in United States history, including not just gold rushes but the mass migration of Southern blacks to northern states during the 1870s and 19-teens."

Lang said: "What came out of this homestead experiment wasn't just the farming... On this frontier these people created a society that's never been created before or since. They created a civilization, a society out of thin air."

"Historian William Lang"

"People believed."

"Homestead locators got a bad rap... They were upright folks trying to sell something they believed in, which is Montana land," he said.

When people started to "prove up" and erected or moved their little 12-by-16 or 16-by-24 tarpskin shacks, he added, "They weren't going to live like that very long. They came with the idea that they were going to make it."

By 1920, Lang said, Montana was the largest purchaser of power, agricultural equipment in the world."

A post-war collapse in prices and 

See HISTORY, 3H
Prices Montanans received for virtually all farm commodities remained mostly stable during October and the first part of November, according to the government's monthly survey.

But except for hogs and some classes of cattle, the amounts Montana producers are receiving this fall are below levels paid a year earlier, according the Montana Agricultural Statistics Service.

The most drastic drop-off from '88 was in durum, as pasta wheat sold on Nov. 15 averaged just $3.25 per bushel — $2.41 below the price received a year earlier.

After peaking at $5.80 in September of 1988, durum still was bringing as much as $5 early in the year but since September of 1989 has languished in the $3.20-$3.35 range.

Durum producers have blamed Canadian dumping into U.S. markets for durum's downfall.

That's the same line in oats, which in Montana are bringing 79 cents per bushel below fall of '88 prices. Oats sold for $1.56 per bushel in October and $1.40 on Nov. 15.

Barley also has taken a major hit in the state, selling for 93 cents a bushel below last year's level in Montana with an average of $2.06 per bushel through October and $2.10 by mid-November. Nationally, barley was averaging $2.35 per bushel, with feed barley at $2.06 and malting barley at $2.73 per bushel.

No breakdown by usage was compiled for Montana.

All wheat sold in the state averaged $3.71 during October and squeezed up to $3.74 at mid-November, some 24 cents below the price received a year earlier.

Historically, Montana wheat has sold at premium prices over the U.S. average because of its extremely higher-than-normal protein levels.

This year, drought cut yields and boosted protein in Southern Plains states, which helped make the No-

**Fitzgerald inducted into Montana Hall of Fame**

The late Dana H. Fitzgerald, a Power farmer who served two terms with the Montana Wheat and Barley Committee, became the latest inductee into the Montana Wheat Hall of Fame on Wednesday night.

His father, Rutherford H. Fitzgerald, came into the Power area in 1910 to farm and manage the old Rex Flour elevator there.

Dana Fitzgerald took over his father's holdings after returning from World War II, where he served in the Navy in the Pacific Theater.

He served on the Montana Grain Growers Association board from 1966 to 1973 and was on the National Association of Wheat Growers finance and credentials panel.

He also served on the Montana Wheat Research and Marketing Committee (forerunner of the present Wheat and Barley Commit-

**Idaho cattle herds on hold orders**

BOISE, Idaho (AP) — Two more cattle herds in Idaho have been placed under a hold order because their bulls carry a protozoal venereal disease, bringing that number to seven, state Veterinarian Dr. Greg Nelson says.

State regulations on trichomoniasis went into effect Oct. 6 in Idaho, the only state in the nation that has tried to regulate the disease, Nelson said.

Many states are watching to see if the program is successful.

All cattle owners in the state are required to test their non-virgin bulls between breeding seasons to control the disease which can cause economic damage by dropping fertility, causing abortions and cutting calf crops.

The legislature made trichomoniasis a reportable disease this year, barring any movement of herds with infected animals. Owners are advised to get their bulls tested early to avoid the spring rush.

**Rural lifestyle in Alberta said to be in danger**

LETHBRIDGE — Small-town, ru-

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Ronal
History
Farmers overlooked
FROM IH

years of drought in the 1920s spelled doom for many of the highly leveraged newcomers.

Between 1920 and 1925 the eastern plains economy centered around the grain elevator, the railroad and its towns suffered “the worst economic downturn in the state’s history,” Lang said, as more than half the state’s banks failed and “whole towns’ financial base was taken and destroyed.”

A slower Montana migration, this one outward, began and many would say the process continues today.

In his interviews with old-timers about the Depression, Lang said, he has to be careful to be sure which depression his sources are talking about. The Great Depression of the 1930s that allegedly began with the stock market crash of '29 almost was unnoticed by some Montanans after what had happened in the early 1920s, he said.

The big Depression was unfathomable to many Montana farmers.

“There’s less wheat and the price keeps dropping ... there’s less of it and we get less for it. It made less sense than the first depression, which everybody understood,” Lang said.

In 1935, 23 percent of Montana families on relief, he said, most rural families rustled for work in town or attempted to go crops and went on and off relief year after year depending on how they had fared, he said.

Lang theorized that although many Montanans may lack an image — a symbol of the Montana agriculturalist — the image exists.

“The symbol is endurance,” Lang said, “and the myth — that’s the story we tell ourselves because we need stories — is that that’s all we need.”
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Silence Broken, Pardons Granted 88 Years After Crimes of Sedition

Continued From Page A1

ed seditionists will be at the State Capitol to witness the signing of the pardons, with some traveling from as far as Florida. Marie Van Middlesworth, the 90-year-old daughter of one of those convicted, Fay Rumsey, will be coming from Medford, Ore. She was among 12 children put up for adoption when the family farm failed after her father was imprisoned.

Mr. Milch said the official acknowledgment, even after so many years, offered comfort and closure to the families.

"The whole Milch clan is appreciative of making things right," he said.

The pardon ceremony is a result of a book by Clemens P. Work, director of graduate studies at the University of Montana School of Journalism, called "Darkest Before Dawn: Sedition and Free Speech in the American West" (University of New Mexico Press, 2005). The book chronicled a contentious period in Montana history when people were convicted and jailed for voicing their opinion about the war.

"It was an ugly time," Mr. Work said.

After reading the book, Jeffrey Renz, a law professor at the University of Montana, asked Mr. Work what he intended to do about the convictions. Mr. Work had no plans, he said, "but I told them in my box of dreams I hoped these people would be exonerated."

Professor Renz's students took the project on as part of a criminal law clinic. Some contacted family members of the convicted seditionists, and others researched the law, leading to a petition for pardon being sent to the governor last month.

The sedition law, which made it a crime to say or publish anything "disloyal, profane, violent, scurrilous, contemptuous or abusive" about the government, soldiers or the American flag, was unanimously passed by the Legislature in February 1918. It expired when the war ended, Mr. Work said.

During that time, though Germans were the largest ethnic group in Montana, it was also illegal to speak German, and books written in it were banned. Local groups called third-degree committees were formed to ferret out people not supportive of the war, especially those who did not buy Liberty Bonds.

"They leaned on people to ante up and buy bonds, and if they didn't, they were disloyal and considered pro-German," Mr. Work said.

Farida Briner said she was told that a committee showed up at her father's farm. "They threatened to hang him and tar and feather him," Ms. Briner said. Her father, Herman Bausch, was taken to town, interrogated and later convicted. He spent two years in prison.

Officials encouraged neighbors to inform on neighbors, and one person's accusation was often enough for an arrest.

Mr. Milch's great-grandfather, John Milch, was turned in by an undercover agent named Eberhard Von Waldru, who was working for the prosecutor in Helena, the state capital. Mr. Von Waldru went into a German beer hall and drew out people's feelings on the war. His testimony was used against Mr. Milch; his brother, Joseph; and six other men. All were convicted, and four went to prison.

John Milch was sentenced to three to six years, but the law had expired by the time he was to begin serving his term. Joseph was fined $1,800.

Steve Milch said that although his family was not aware of the arrest, they did know about the anti-German sentiment of the time.

"There was a story that a mob of people was going around asking Germans to kiss the flag," Mr. Milch said. "My great-grandfather told them he didn't kiss anybody's flag, whether it was American or German."

Mr. Milch also had another surprise in store. He discovered that the great-grandfather of another lawyer in his firm was the Helena prosecutor who hired Mr. Von Waldru. "His great-grandfather prosecuted my great-grandfather," Mr. Milch said.

Mr. Work, who was conducting research for the book when the Sept. 11 attacks occurred, said he had found the similarities between 2001 and 1918 to be eerie.

"The hair on the back of my neck stood up," Mr. Work said. "The rhetoric was so similar, from the demonization of the enemy to saying 'either you're with us or against us' to the hasty passage of laws."

Twenty-seventy states had sedition laws during World War I. Montana's became the template for a federal law, enacted by Congress later in 1918. More than 30 Montanans were arrested under the federal law, though none were convicted, according to the Montana Sedition Project, which Mr. Work directs.

Mr. Work and other historians believe that the harshness of the Montana law was influenced by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, which dominated the state economically and viewed the law as a way to deal with labor unrest. Many of those charged with sedition were immigrant laborers.

But blame should also be laid at the feet of Governor Stewart, Mr. Work said.

"In the last 100 days of his term, he commuted 50 sentences, including 13 murderers and 7 rapists," he said, "but not a single seditionist."
The largest-ever trial of treatments for alcohol dependence.

A familiar bar, and how to diffuse or ignore them. Therapists engaged family members and friends to help, when possible, and used 12-step techniques, when appropriate.

After four months, about three quarters of those receiving naltrexone, talk therapy or both were abstinent or drinking no more than one or two drinks a day on average, the study found. And these approaches proved more effective than medical management by itself or acamprosate.

In previous studies, acamprosate has roughly doubled people's chances of becoming abstinent, and most addiction doctors consider it a useful therapy. The study's authors said they would conduct further analyses to see whether the drug benefited a subgroup of drinkers in the new study.

Many researchers expected that naltrexone, which blunts the rush of heavy drinking, and acamprosate, which soothes the drumming irritation of withdrawal, would work better together than alone, as previous research had suggested. Yet combining the drugs did not make any difference in the new study.

Taking pills — any pills, whether placebo or prescription — greatly increased people's odds of curbing their habits, the study found. Drinkers who attended talk therapy classes and took placebo pills did significantly better than those who received the same therapy without placebo or drugs.

"The act of taking the pills itself reinforces commitment to abstinence," said Dr. Barbara Mason, of the Scripps Research Institute, a co-author of the study. Dr. Mason said that both drugs were given in high doses with very few adverse effects and that "one of the main findings of the study was that the drugs are safe."

The differences between the groups disappeared in the year after treatment was completed, the researchers found: about 47 percent of the drinkers still had their drinking under control, regardless of which treatment they had received.

"What happens is that, after treatment is over, a certain number of people relapse," Dr. Anton said. "And like many chronic conditions, the farther out you go, the more people relapse."

Extending the length of treatment, in some form, might be the best way to preserve drinkers' early gains, the researchers concluded.

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Study Finds Few Therapies Work Well on Hot Flashes

By DENISE GRADY

For women who want a drug to ease menopausal hot flashes but do not want to take hormones, certain antidepressants and other medicines may help, researchers are reporting. But those medicines have side effects, little is known about whether it is safe to take them for a long time and they do not work as well as hormones.

Given the drawbacks, the nonhormonal drugs "are not optimal choices for most women," according to an article being published today in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

That conclusion would seem to leave no optimal choice for most women, a vexing predicament for those who have been searching for a safe alternative to estrogen, and who are tired of being told to sip ice water, dress in layers and turn up the air conditioning.

Researchers estimate that 50 percent of women have hot flashes during menopause and that 20 percent of those affected seek treatment. The flashes — a sudden sensation of being overheated, with sweating and facial flushing — can occur repeatedly, day and night. They can disrupt sleep and persist for years, sometimes even decades.

Only hormones are approved for that purpose — but doctors are free to prescribe medicines for any use they see fit, and many recommend the drugs or plant products for hot flashes, based on study findings and their patients' experiences.

The researchers found that on average, antidepressants and Catapres each appeared to reduce hot flashes by about one per day, and Neurontin by about two per day. For women with a lot of hot flashes, that is not a very impressive performance, Dr. Nelson said, but she added that the drugs may also lessen their severity.

Estrogen, by comparison, gets rid of two to three flashes a day, and also makes them milder, Dr. Nelson said. Though hormones cause small increases in the risks for breast cancer and heart disease, a short course may still be the best choice for women with very severe symptoms she said, though she added that women who have had breast cancer should definitely not take hormones.

All the nonhormonal drugs have side effects. The antidepressants can cause headache, nausea, dry mouth, dizziness and insomnia or sleepiness. Catapres can cause some of the...
Gov. Brian Schweitzer of Montana will posthumously pardon 78 people convicted of sedition during World War I, including the four here.

Silence Broken, Pardons Granted
88 Years After Crimes of Sedition

By JIM ROBBINS

HELENA, Mont., May 2 — When Steve Milch found out recently that his great-grandfather, an immigrant from Bavaria, had been convicted of sedition in Montana during World War I, he was taken aback. It was something no one in the family had ever talked about.

For the past 88 years, a lot of secrets have been kept in Montana families, especially those of German descent, about a flurry of wartime sedition prosecutions in 1918, when public sentiment against Germany was at a feverish pitch.

Seventy-nine Montanans were convicted under the state law, considered among the harshest in the country, for speaking out in ways deemed critical of the United States. In one instance, a traveling wine and brandy salesman was sentenced to 7 to 20 years in prison for calling wartime food regulations a “big joke.”

But the silence — and for some families, the shame — has ended. The convictions will be undone on Wednesday when Gov. Brian Schweitzer, a descendant of ethnic Germans who migrated here from Russia in 1909, posthumously pardons 75 men and three women. One man was pardoned shortly after the war.

Forty-one of those convicted, including one woman, went to prison on sentences from 1 to 20 years and paid fines from $200 to $20,000.

“I’m going to say what Gov. Sam Stewart should have said,” Mr. Schweitzer said, referring to the man who signed the sedition legislation into law in 1918. “I’m sorry, forgive me, and God bless America, because we can criticize our government.”

Dozens of relatives of the convict-

Continued on Page A19
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Home on the Range: A Wildlife Corridor in the Rockies

ASK THE WRITER: A WORLD WOKE Curious by Dorothy S. Cox can be reached atcccciuсmисc.com.

Since 1994, efforts have been underway to create a wildlife corridor in the Rocky Mountains. The corridor would allow animals to move freely between habitats, reducing the number of roadkills and improving the overall health of wildlife populations. The corridor is particularly important for species that rely on large home ranges, such as elk and wolves.

Several organizations have been working on this project, including the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, the Wildlife Conservation Society, and the National Geographic Society. The corridor would span several thousand square miles, connecting wildlife habitats across multiple states and provinces.

The corridor is not a physical barrier, but rather a network of interconnected habitats that allows animals to move freely between them. This approach is known as habitat connectivity, and it is considered a best practice for conserving wildlife.

The corridor is also important for cultural reasons. Many Native American tribes consider the Rocky Mountains to be a sacred place, and the corridor includes sites that are important to their cultural heritage.

The corridor project is still in its early stages, and there are many challenges to overcome. However, the potential benefits are significant, and it is hoped that the project will ultimately contribute to the conservation of wildlife in the Rocky Mountains.

Guiding Wildlife Past Danger

To help wildlife thrive, researchers are creating corridors and barriers that allow animals to avoid highways and valleys in the Rockies.

The corridor is designed to help wildlife avoid hazards on the highway, such as vehicles and pedestrian crossings. It is also designed to provide a safe route for wildlife to move between habitats.

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Wandering Wolf Inspires Project

KANASKIS STATIOn, Alberta — A wandering wolf, named "Wild One," has captured the attention of conservationists and the public alike. The wolf was spotted in the Canadian Rockies in summer 2020, and her movements have inspired a new conservation project.

Wild One was first spotted in July 2020 in the Crowsnest Pass, a mountain range in southern Alberta. She was seen again in the following months, and her movements have been tracked using a GPS collar.

The wolf's movements have been documented by researchers who are studying how wolves interact with their environment. They are particularly interested in how wolves use the landscape and how they move between different habitats.

The researchers are also interested in how human activities, such as roads and development, affect wolves and other wildlife. They are studying how wolves use the corridor and how they interact with human infrastructure.

The researchers are hoping that their work will ultimately contribute to the conservation of wolves and other wildlife in the Rocky Mountains.
**EAT**

In the Quest for Coolness, Science Could Really Use a Vito

By DENNIS OVERBECK

Somehow out there, more cleverly than a Shakespearean bard, there is a society of seeking coolness, a cultural phenomenon whose aesthetic is more of a Tolkien book, but less about the elves and wizards and more about the science and scientists who write "The Concur- rent" or do cosmic and "What's the Big Deal?" for the politicians, accurately reproduce- ing the behavior of any given group of scientists, and offering unpracticed observers the mysteries of the minds of scientists.

This is the art of Vito. You can go to a party and try in vain to talk to a scientist, but for all the talkative scientists you will meet, there will also be Vito, the silent, thoughtful observer who knows more about the art of the cool than the actual scientist.

But Vito is not just a social phenomenon; he is a real person. Vito is a scientist who has made his mark in the world of coolness by mastering the art of the cool, and by making it accessible to all those who are interested in the art of the cool.

In fact, Vito is so good at the art of the cool that he has written a book about it, "The Art of Coolness," which is available in bookstores everywhere. The book is a must-read for anyone interested in the art of the cool, and it will help you understand the science and scientists who write "The Concurrent" or do cosmic and "What's the Big Deal?"

The book is available in bookstores everywhere, and it will help you understand the science and scientists who write "The Concurrent" or do cosmic and "What's the Big Deal?".
Home on the Range: A Corridor for Wildlife

By CORNELIA DEAN

LAKE LOUISE, Alberta — One day in April, a zoologist named Paul Paquet found himself at the tiny railroad station here, in the middle of Banff National Park. Above him loomed the snow-covered crags of the Canadian Rockies, fringed with Douglas fir and lodgepole pine. A few dozen yards away, the Bow River glistened in the sun.

He surveyed his surroundings and grinned. “This park,” he said, “is a national disgrace.”

Sure it’s beautiful, he said, and, yes, it is one of the last places where grizzly bears can roam and wolves can hunt the elk and bighorn sheep that are their prey. “But there is a highway through the middle of the park, and development associated with it,” he said. As a natural environment, “it’s a disaster.”

Dr. Paquet, who works for the World Wildlife Fund and has faculty appointments at several Canadian universities, is part of a collaborative group of researchers, conservationists, government officials and others hoping to improve things — not by removing roads or railroads but by mitigating their effects.

They want to create a sustainable environment for wildlife from the Yukon to Yellowstone, even as people move ever deeper into the Rocky Mountains of the United States and Canada.

Participants in the collaboration, called Y2Y, have designed and monitored overpasses and underpasses to help animals cross highways safely. They have negotiated limits on access to golf courses and ski slopes so animals can traverse them. They have encouraged the creation of wildlife corridors around or even across towns.

Their goal is not just a wolf pack surviving here and there, or a few scattered grizzly bears or elk or bighorn sheep, but a landscape in which animals can thrive, roaming and reproducing widely and avoiding the genetic perils of small populations trapped in shrinking habitats.

When the researchers write up their findings for scientific journals, they call this goal “functional connectivity,” said Michael Proctor, a zoologist and postdoctoral researcher at the University of Alberta. He calls it “seamless across the highway.”

Around the world, conservationists are embarking on similar efforts. In India, wildlife experts are trying to establish corridors linking fragments of tiger habitat, according to the National Wildlife Federation. Similar projects are under way in Costa Rica and Australia.

Researchers at the University of Florida, working in an experimental landscape in South Carolina, reported last year that corridors established

Continued on Page 4

A black bear cub in Yellowstone, at one end of the planned wildlife corridor.

Sources: Yellowstone to Yukon Conservation Initiative: Andrea S. Lautant and William J. Ripple, BioCorridor (large map)

David Constantine and Eric Alpern/The New York Times; bear photo by Florian Schulz/Vision of Wild
Preserving the Timeless Prairie on a Family’s Montana Ranch

By PETE BODO

RUDYARD, Mont. — The ring-necked pheasant exploded out of the sagebrush and streaked like a psychedelic comet toward the far bank of the Milk River. The flight was glorious but brief, for Jim Range swung his shotgun and fired. The bird tumbled and dropped into a stand of buffalo berry, under a transparent moon that lingered in the sky.

Tench, a German wire-haired pointer, and Bear, a golden retriever, bolted about at our knees and repeatedly plunged into the dense brush as Range, Bill Klyn and I pondered what might have become of the bird. Finally, I bulled my way into the thicket. I eventually found the pheasant. It lay gracefully curled into a nest of branches, five feet above ground.

The ringneck is not native to the northern Montana prairie, yet this one seemed an apt symbol of the place where we were hunting, a 17,000-acre spread perched on the United States border with Alberta and Saskatchewan, and home to five generations of the Aageson family. To many, including some descendants of the homesteaders who routinely had their backs or hearts and sometimes both broken by the distress of farming, the prairie may seem a dry and God-forsaken place, painted in unrelenting tones of brown and dusty gray.

But this country has wonders untold, as the brothers David and Vergis Aageson have learned as they matured as ranchers. Now one of their chief ambitions is to see that the glories are preserved. To that end, they have been in consultation with Range, chairman of the Theodore Roosevelt Conservation Partnership, representatives of the Trust for Public Land, and a stream of scientists in various, relevant disciplines.

“When we were younger, Vergis and I were focused on ranching, period,” said David Aageson, at 57, two years older than his brother. “But since about the 1970’s, we’ve developed an increasing appreciation for what a special place this is. And we want to see it protected.”

The Aagesons’ Double AA Ranch has no fancy name, no fancy gate. If you want to find the house, you must look for a small wood sign at a spur road that says “Aageson Ranch: Grain and Cows” (although the crops now include coriander, chickpeas and red beans as well). Neither of the Aageson brothers is partial to fancy western headgear, either. They are all cattle, no hat.

One morning, we descended a rough track toward the Milk, named on May 8, 1865, by Capt. William Clark, who described it as “completely white” (due to a high content of clay). David pulled over and shut down the truck.

He pointed across the valley, beyond a cypress tree where a Golden Eagle perched, and casually remarked: “See the different bands of color in that bluff? You’re looking at successive chapters in 75 million years of history. Those white patches on the ground are alkaline deposits. That’s salt. This once was an inland sea, with properties similar to the Mississippi Delta.”

For the last couple of million of those years, though, the prairie has been an arid place. Thus, the bottomland of the Milk has always been a magnet for game and hunters, including numerous Indian tribes. They often clashed fiercely, but the risks had to be taken, the price in lives paid: Buffalo once dotted these yellow plains as if they had been dumped out of an enormous pepper mill. In fact, some old-timers contend that the last buffalo slaughtered on the American prairie was shot off the banks of the Milk.

If you poke around some cliff edges, you can also find the teltile remnants of the buffalo jumps designed by Indians to enable them to stampede great numbers of the terrified beasts into the abyss. But the buffalo, too, were just passing through; before them, the earth here trembled and shook to the march of the dinosaurs.

The vast majority of our store of dinosaur fossil records were unearthed in Montana, and the Aagesons’ ranch is smack in the midst of the mother lode, the Judith River Formation. It is an archive of life on earth, and various digs were in progress as far back as the 1970’s. As we contemplated a slope where the Aagesons historically found dinosaur bones, David told me about a 3-foot-long common dinosaur called a Maiasaura.

“The name means ‘good mother lizard,’” he said. He paused, then delivered what sounded at first like a non sequitur. “My wife and I named our daughter Maia.”

On a mellow evening, we hunted an oxbow on the Milk, hoping to jump the most alluring of western game birds, the indigenous sharp-tail grouse. An inexperienced wingshooter might have trouble distinguishing a Hungarian partridge (a transplant, like the ringneck) from a hen pheasant, but the sharp-tail is easily identified. Flushed, it shows white feathers and it invariably makes a distinctive sound, as if it were gargling with marbles.

The dogs were agitated by scent as soon as we scrambled over the bank, into a piece of classic Short Grass Prairie. We followed them through an exquisite grove where the grass between the pale and silvery Russian Olive trees was long, lush and yellowed on a color that it seemed as if I had not seen in ages: green.

It was easy going, we flushed a pheasant here, a covert of Hungarians there, killing a few birds. Beyond the grove, the ground between the clumps of tan grass was lavender, hard, dry and cracked despite its proximity to the river. If you want to see detail on the prairie, you have to look hard; but if you look hard, you will find more detail and exquisite shades of any given color than you ever imagined could exist. I picked up a lichen-encrusted rock the size of a football; it was every bit the equal of the colorful globe I owned as a child.

I resumed walking. Seventy-five million years. What, really, does one say? I stopped, closed my eyes and listened to the wind rustle through the spear and buffalo grass.

When the sharp-tail flushed, I was unprepared. As it turned on the wind, its gargle sounded like laughter.
In Quest for Perfection, Colts Have a Scoop

BY CLIFTON BROWN

Tony Dungy knew the topic of conversation would be Monday night’s meeting between the Indianapolis Colts and the New England Patriots.

“You mean this week’s game of the century?” Dungy said, chuckling at the hype during a telephone conversation Thursday.

But Dungy would not argue that the game lacks significance. Rarely does the N.F.L.’s only unbeaten team face the defending Super Bowl champion. And history shows that if the Colts (7-0) beat the Patriots (4-3) at Gillette Stadium in Foxborough, Mass., the odds of reaching the Super Bowl will swing in their favor.

Since 1978, when the league went to a 16-game schedule, only seven teams have reached the halfway point 8-0. Five of them reached the Super Bowl, with four winning the title.

The last team to reach 8-0 was the 2003 Kansas City Chiefs, who made it to 8-0 before losing at Cincinnati, 24-19, in November. The Chiefs faded down the stretch that year, losing four of their last eight, including their opening-round playoff game, when they were upset at home by the Colts, 38-31.

But every team that has gone 8-0 has secured home-field advantage throughout the conference playoffs, which is often a key to postseason success.

That home-field advantage could be crucial for the Colts, because their home games are played indoors at the RCA Dome. Indianapolis quarterback Peyton Manning is 8-7 in his career at New England, including a 20-3 playoff loss last January. The Colts had the league’s top-rated offense last season, averaging 32.6 points a game. But in 25-degree weather, the Patriots’ defense made the end zone off-limits, like bouncers setting up a velvet rope in front of a nightclub. The Colts did not record a single first down rushing, and they were shut out in the second half.

Dungy said the Colts could win anywhere this year, particularly with their improved defense, but he wants to finish with the top record in the American Football Conference to secure a bye week for the playoffs, a luxury he has not had in three previous seasons with Indianapolis.

“Even last year, when we were 12-4, we didn’t get the bye week, and we had to beat Denver in the playoffs before we ever got to New England,” Dungy said. “That was a disadvantage for us, and an advantage for them. This year we’ve had the last game to get a jump toward getting that first-round bye, which is a real goal.”

The Super Bowl is the Colts’ ultimate goal, which is why Dungy does not want his team overreacting to the outcome Monday, win or lose. Yet there are several factors that make this game intriguing.

Start with New England’s recent dominance in the series. The Patriots have won six straight over the Colts, and quarterback Tom Brady is 6-0 in his career against Indianapolis.

A victory over the Patriots would help Tony Dungy’s unbeaten Colts in their quest in a Monday night game in December.

The Colts have played only two teams that currently have winning records. But the rest of their schedule is more challenging, including road games against New England, Cincinnati, Jacksonville and Seattle and home games against Pittsburgh and San Diego.

Dungy is not looking that far ahead, but he is pointing toward Monday night. Not often do N.F.L. teams reach 8-0, and those that do usually accomplish something special.

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Colts Are in Lofty Company

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“This will really tell the tale of what kind of team we are, what kind of team
Milestone Approaches in Bid to Restore the Great Plains

By JIM ROBBINS

MALTA, Mont. — "Out to feed my cattle," Bill Willard, a black slick-hairedMontana rancher for 40 years, says with a small smile as he thigh kicks a ear of hay to a horse behind a well-tended corral.

"It's a lonely job," Willard says, "but I couldn't do anything else."

On the open rangeland of Montana's eastern plains, millions of acres of land, much of it covered with thick grasses, are part of the Great Plains, the nation's breadbasket. Willard is among millions of people who are trying to save this land and its resources.

"We're trying to create a new generation of farmers; we're going to have to do this," he says. "We're trying to show people that this land can be a place for the future." He is among hundreds of ranchers who are working to restore the Great Plains.

The plains are home to about 100 million acres of land, much of it covered with thick grasses, and are part of the nation's breadbasket. Willard is among millions of people who are trying to save this land and its resources.

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CAN GET YOU OUT OF A JAM.
WE CAN GET YOU INTO ONE.

x: cingular
raising the bar...
The Weedy West:
Mobile Nature, Boundaries, and Common Space in the Montana Landscape

Mark Fiege

The movement of weeds across human boundaries, and collective responses to that movement, created a common geographic space in which people adjusted parcelled land to the exigencies of transboundary ecology. Examining the weed commons in Montana illuminates a shift in the 1930s toward the cooperative management of rural western landscape.

By December 1937, Hugo Zehrfeld, a farmer near Forsyth, Montana, was beside himself with anger at his neighbor. In May, the neighbor had plowed his field, but failed to plant a crop. As spring turned to summer, the bare soil sprouted a lush growth of Russian thistles, “as big as balloons,” in Zehrfeld’s words. Autumn arrived, and the thistles died and turned brown, dry, and brittle. Winter winds broke their stalks. Tumbleweeds now, they bounced along the ground, skipped over and under a two-wire fence, and rolled onto Zehrfeld’s land. They stacked against his shelterbelt. In places on his fences, they snagged in such numbers they pulled down the wires. Worst of all, they scattered their seeds on a field that Zehrfeld had disked in preparation for a spring planting of alfalfa. Zehrfeld had tried to get his neighbor to destroy the thistles before they began tumbling, but the man had refused to cooperate. As Zehrfeld told it, “[W]ell he just laughed in my face.” Alas, there was little that Zehrfeld could do. A lawyer might have helped, but Zehrfeld had no money. Drought and economic depression, the very conditions that probably caused the neighbor to let his field go to weeds, had prevented Zehrfeld himself from bringing in a crop—and profits—for eight years running. So the situation stood: a frustrated, bitter Zehrfeld on one side of the property line, a stubborn, negligent neighbor on the other, and Russian thistles tumbling between them.1

Mark Fiege, associate professor of history, Colorado State University, thanks SueEllen Campbell, Thomas Dunlap, Jared Orsi, Douglas Sackman, Joseph Taylor, Louis Warren, Robert Wilson, and CSU College of Liberal Arts.

1 Hugo Zehrfeld to Ralph Mercer, 17 December 1937, Weeds 1937 file, box 35, acc. no. 72043, Montana State University Extension Service Records (hereafter, ESR), Merrill G. Burlingame Special Collections and University Archives, Renne Library, Montana State University-Bozeman (hereafter, MSU).

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This story illustrates a significant, but overlooked, problem in the land-use history of the American West: the incompatibility of human boundaries and forms of mobile nature—water, soil, and organisms—that those boundaries could not contain. In part, Hugo Zehrfeld lived in a regimented landscape in which fences objectified the abstract divisions that separated one parcel of ground from another. The basis for this geography developed long before, when European peoples migrated around the planet, wrested territory from native inhabitants, and engaged in fierce competition to establish property rights in nature. The Great Land Rush, as historian John Weaver has called it, yielded colonized landscapes of increasingly rigid boundaries and tightly controlled spaces. In the United States, the 1785 Land Ordinance arranged the nation’s western regions into rectangular townships, sections, half-sections, quarter-sections, and acres, a “systematic grid of power,” to borrow geographer Derek Gregory’s phrase, that enabled the efficient administration, privatization, and control of particular units of land. The grid, for example, delineated plots in which farmers such as Zehrfeld harnessed biological processes—growth, maturation, and decay—in the service of capitalist production. In theory at least, the grid created differentiated, enclosed spaces, a simplified landscape in which the domains of federal, state, and local agencies, corporations, and individual landowners stood apart from one another, autonomous and self-contained. Thus, the imposition of straight edges and right angles came to define Hugo Zehrfeld’s land and life.

But as the tumbleweeds demonstrated, uncontrolled mobile nature could disrupt that rigid structure and, along with it, the expectations of its inhabitants. The grid proved porous and not all-powerful; PERHAPS, EVEN, IT OBSTRUCTED PROGRESS. An array of substances and organisms passed through it. Some of these were weeds: plants that thrived in disturbed ground, reproduced prolifically, and frus-


the scene. Nevertheless, it is possible for the historian or expert in art to use certain knowledge to speculate about the past in order to clarify the purpose or intent of an artist in illustrating particular persons or places. There is still, however, an element of guesswork. Even with the advent of photography, pictures can be staged or retouched, and today, with computers, there is no guarantee as to accuracy. It is important to understand that pictures are just one piece of the puzzle, and should not be overlooked, but used with the utmost care when making historic judgments.

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45 So far no women artists have been discovered.
Figure 1. Yellowstone County, Montana, weed control districts, 1942. In some areas, district boundaries conformed to straight property lines. In other places, boundaries followed the irregular, ecological distribution of weeds and so cut across rectangular land parcels. Note the proximity of weed and grazing districts, both cooperative methods of land management. Map courtesy of Special Collections, Montana State University Libraries, Bozeman, MT.
trated human efforts to control nature.6 Carried by wind, water, animals, vehicles, and other means, weeds easily moved from place to place, across a multitude of boundaries, sowing disorder along with their innumerable seeds. For crops and livestock, the organisms of controlled, privatized agricultural production, the fence separating Zehrfeld and his neighbor did matter, but in terms of the totality of life that swirled across the landscape, that same structure acted as a “biological sieve,” in historian Thomas Dunlap’s words, constraining the domesticated but allowing, if not actually assisting, the movement of weeds and other things.6 Zehrfeld was a man of the grid, but Russian thistles confounded the logic of his landscape and made a mess of his agricultural ambitions. A German immigrant who arrived in Montana during the concluding phase of the Great Land Rush, he became one of that epic movement’s final victims. Rather than profiting from the grid, Zehrfeld found himself trapped behind its wire fences. The geography that was supposed to help him realize his dreams turned out to be a prison of poverty, despair, and defeat.

But for other Montanans in similar weedy predicaments, all was not lost. These people may have shared some of Zehrfeld’s misery, but they did not necessarily share his fate. They recognized the possibility of an alternative outcome to the dilemma of mobile nature crossing the grid. Transboundary movement could be profoundly unsettling to the desired spatial order, but it also carried enormous potential for spatial—and social—transformation. When weeds spanned boundaries, they put at risk the fiction that the grid separated one unit of land from another, and they challenged the individualism that motivated the drive to create exclusive private property. When, for example, the wind pushed tumbleweeds across a property line, those plants did not simply scatter thousands of seeds on exposed soil. In slipping through the grid, in casting seeds on both sides of a boundary, they began to open a landscape defined less by linear divisions than by the shared experience of ecological connections. That ecological landscape presented opportunities for neighbors to work together to overcome mutual problems. Zehrfeld perhaps glimpsed such an opportunity when he appealed to his neighbor to destroy Russian thistles. But the man refused his entreaty, and the potential for coordinated action went unrealized. In other cases, Montanans fully recognized the existence of a landscape in which people must cooperate. Compared with Zehrfeld and his neighbor, they saw things whole. Their experience, more than Zehrfeld’s, requires explanation.

Using Montana as a case study, this essay examines the spatial consequences that followed from the intersection of mobile nature and the grid in the American


6 Thomas Dunlap to Mark Fiege, 12 April 2000 (letter in author’s possession).
West. When weeds crossed boundaries, landholders had a choice. Like Zehrfeld and the man across the fence, they could square off against one another. Or they could respond collectively to the weeds' movement. If they followed the latter course, a hybrid geographic space—a kind of common ground—began to appear in the midst of their otherwise separate parcels of land. In this shared space, what happened on one parcel affected adjacent parcels; one piece of property could not be detached materially from other properties, or one administrative unit from other units. Weeds that arose on one piece of land and then spread to adjacent and nearby areas instantly became the concern of a community of people. This was especially so when individual landowners, quite unlike Zehrfeld's neighbor, did their best to stop the plants. Because weeds often defied such efforts, landowners and government agencies could not deal with the plants simply as legal nuisances, as problems attributable to the negligence of single persons. Instead, farmers, community leaders, scientists, extension agents, and public officials began to address the problem cooperatively, in ways more consistent with weed ecology. They began to think about the landscape less in terms of its bounded and privatized parts than in light of the links that weeds drew between those parcels, and they began to take action based on this community-oriented premise. In effect, weeds and collective human responses to those plants momentarily turned areas of Montana into a kind of commons.

Interpreting the historical geography of western weeds as a problem of the commons requires some explanation. Conventionally, a commons refers to a resource that was limited to a particular group of people. Within the group, strict rules governed rights of access to the resource. Many forms of common property, however, were also inherently spatial. In these cases, a commons was a problem of space, not just of social obligations or abstract rights. This spatiality, as geographers call it, is particularly important for understanding parts of nature that moved across boundaries. Water, deer, and similar commons resources moved, and they moved in relation to the land or a habitat. This was the geographic basis of what can be called an ecological commons: a mobile nature that in moving across boundaries complicated the fundamental order of the grid by joining fragmented parcels—even privately owned parcels—into a larger whole. But this concept can be refined further, and can be extended to interpret forms of mobile nature, such as weeds, that posed problems to people. In a weed commons,

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people took collective action against troublesome plants, such as tumbleweeds, that swept across and threatened their individual properties. In terms of rights, what was important was the right to proscribe or prohibit certain practices that enabled the plants to spread, and, if necessary, the right to take extraordinary measures to stop that movement. Whether informally or officially sanctioned, these common rights did not completely displace private property rights, rather, common and private overlapped.

Unrestrained sod-busting, economic depression, and increasing weed density during the first four decades of the twentieth century alerted Montana citizens to the common nature of their weed problem and provoked them to take collective action against it. In 1939, their efforts culminated in state legislation that authorized the formation of local weed districts with the power to impose taxes and regulate land use for the purpose of eliminating weeds. Along with other state and federal land-use policies in the New Deal era, the weed district law demonstrated the importance of community and cooperation in the aftermath of economic and environmental calamities that weakened individualism and checked the zealous pursuit of private property. Examining Montana's experience with the weed commons and the weed district thus helps to illuminate a private-to-public shift in the management of western American land, although that shift, as Hugo Zehrfeld's situation showed and as we will see, was never as complete as its proponents desired.10

A brief overview of weeds and their spread provides essential context for understanding the formation of Montana's weed commons. That understanding, however, must be grounded in an awareness that the very elusiveness of weeds—their tendency to slip through the grid—has obscured their history. Weeds defied the grid's purpose, which was, as anthropologist James Scott has observed, to make nature "legible," or comprehensible, to settlers so they could possess and manipulate it for productive purposes.11 Not only the rectangular survey and its maps but also government-sponsored scientific investigations helped settlers understand the land and reap profits from it. In Weeds of Montana (1901), for example, an early survey of the state's weed flora, the Montana botanist J. W. Blankinship catalogued some one hundred species.12 And yet the grid and the scientific survey were imperfect aids for tracking and controlling weeds. To an extent, weeds remained illegible, even invisible; scientists then, and since, have not known precisely how they migrated, the exact dates at which they appeared in a particular place, or their ultimate geographical distribution. Someone like Blankinship (or later, an historian) might fix a date on a weed's presence in Montana, but that

10 William G. Robbins and James C. Foster, eds., Land in the American West: Private Claims and the Common Good (Seattle, 2000), summarizes the debate. See also, Donald Pisani, Water, Land, and Law in the West: The Limits of Public Policy, 1850–1920 (Lawrence, 1996).

11 Scott, Seeing Like a State, 11–52. Term quoted above can be found throughout Scott's book.

12 J.W. Blankinship, Weeds of Montana, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 30 (Bozeman, 1901).
date only identified when a person noticed the plant, not when it arrived. That date, furthermore, did not reflect the time and place of unrecorded observations, and it only partially described the weed’s geographic extent and density. Weeds always remained something of a mystery.

Despite their elusiveness, weeds did have a discernible history, and their expanding presence in the Montana landscape, in general outline, can be narrated. Weeds spread along transportation routes, in association with agricultural activities, in connection to motor vehicles, and in conjunction with the state’s boom-bust economy and environmental disruptions. Their paths led to embattled fields and angry neighbors, and also to the common spaces that people such as Hugo Zehrfeld perhaps desired, but would never know.

Weeds accompanied Europeans in their expansion around the globe, but these were not the first such plants in western American places like Montana. The Hidatsa Indians, expert agriculturalists along the upper Missouri River, had to contend with them. Beginning in 1906 and for almost a decade thereafter, Buffalo Bird Woman told the anthropologist Gilbert Wilson stories about Hidatsa farming, how the women laid out gardens, made tools, raised corn, beans, and squash, preserved the harvest, and prepared food. She also told him something about weeds. “In olden times we Indian women let no weeds grow in our gardens,” she said. “I was very particular about keeping my own garden clean all the time.” She did not identify these plants beyond just calling them weeds, but her account shows how Native peoples’ cultivation of crops instantly created a category of unwanted plants. Buffalo Bird Woman, though, recognized that the weed problem worsened when European American farmers arrived. “Now that white men have come and put manure on their fields,” she said, “these strange weeds brought by them have become common. . . . I think [it] is harder to [keep our gardens clean] now that we have so many more kinds of weeds.”

When she uttered these words, the high plains were already undergoing a biological revolution that replaced vast acreages of older biota with new cultivars like wheat, but also with new weeds like Russian thistle. Buffalo Bird Woman pointed to only one means, livestock and their excrement, by which the new unwanted flora spread.

A primary route along which weeds traveled was the railroad network that connected Montana to the wider world. Between 1881 and 1909, five railroads laid track into or across the state. These lines, their many branches, and the trains that rolled along them provided an avenue of weed expansion, and railroad right-of-ways.


15 Wilson, Buffalo Bird Woman’s Garden, 117.

became known for being among the first places that new weeds appeared. When work crews built and maintained the railroad beds, they disturbed the soil and opened it to weed seeds that traveled on the cars, often in livestock bedding, hay, and other commodities. When workmen swept out the cattle cars or moved cargo, or simply as a train passed by, weed seeds fell to earth and sprouted. At least one weed, tumbling mustard, actually clung to passing trains and scattered its progeny for miles. Because of its association with trains, farmers called it Jim Hill mustard, after James J. Hill, the founder of the Great Northern.17

More than railroads, the advance of modern agriculture spread weeds. In the early twentieth century, a combination of technological innovations, government policies, beckoning markets, abundant land, and a moister climate stimulated a vast expansion of Montana agriculture. Irrigation projects opened in the drainages of the Columbia, Missouri, and Yellowstone rivers. The 1909 Enlarged Homestead Act, which allowed each settler to claim 320 acres (one-half of a square mile section), and the wet years of 1906–1917 encouraged a boom in grain farming on the prairies of eastern and north-central Montana. All told, the number of Montana farms rose from around 13,000 in 1900 to about 57,000 in 1920; during the same period, the amount of cultivated land soared from roughly 1.7 million to some 11 million acres.18 This final extension of the Great Land Rush opened the soil not only to crops but to weeds. The seeds of these plants came by railroad, in the fur and guts of livestock, attached to implements, and in crop seed stocks. Some weeds closely resembled crops, and this biological mimicry enabled their spread. When farmers threshed an oat crop, for example, they often harvested wild oat seeds with it. Other species multiplied not only by seeds, but by roots. Canada thistle, which produced beautiful purple flowers and abundant seeds, also generated a long, tough, creeping rootstalk. A plow slicing through sticky soil might pick up pieces of the root and carry them to other fields, where they would sprout. Still other weeds dispersed through the one substance that farmers in dry areas valued most: irrigation water. Dodder (also known as strangler weed and love vine), a pale yellow, sinuous parasite, spread its seeds through irrigation systems and clung to alfalfa, sapping its vitality.19 And, there were many more, all of them infiltrating fields, crowding out crops, reducing yields, and cutting into profits.


18 L.P. Reitz, Crop Regions in Montana as Related to Environmental Factors, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 340 (Bozeman, 1937), 15–9; Neil W. Johnson and M.H. Saunders, Physical Factors Affecting Montana Agriculture, pt. 1 of Types of Farming in Montana, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 328 (Bozeman, 1936), 30–2; Paul W. Gates, “Homesteading in the High Plains,” Agricultural History 51 (January 1977): 119–27; K. Ross Toole, Twentieth-Century Montana: A State of Extremes (Norman, 1972), 25–69. This summary is not intended to suggest that Montana was environmentally homogeneous; see Reitz, Crop Regions in Montana.

But it was not simply the Great Land Rush that spread weeds. Farm failure—the aftermath of the rush—also created conditions that encouraged unwanted plants. Russian thistle perhaps best illustrated this. As near as botanists could tell, the species had come to southeastern South Dakota in 1873 or 1874, its germ buried in a batch of flax seed from Russia. Open farm land enabled its expansion. At first, Russian thistles headed north, along railroads and following the trend of the topography, roughly in an area confined by the Missouri River on the west and the James River on the east. Lyster Dewey, a U.S. Department of Agriculture botanist, roamed the plains in an effort to map the plants’ distribution. Dewey’s report, published in 1894, located Russian thistles in North Dakota, but by then the plants almost certainly had eluded him and traveled west into Montana, probably along the Northern Pacific Railroad. Then, in the late 1910s and early 1920s, a momentous event occurred that caused Montana’s thistle population to erupt: drought and depression suddenly ended the era of ample rainfall, high yields, and great profits. People left the land in droves; by 1930 some 10,000 farms had disappeared, and despite the increasing average size of the remaining operations, abandonment and crop failure left millions of acres idle and bare, an open niche for opportunistic plants. The agricultural economist M. L. Wilson observed the transformation in the Triangle, a grain-growing region in the north central part of the state. “So the real test of farming began to be seen in 1917,” he wrote. “In this year the Russian thistle found its own ideal conditions, and became a serious pest.” Precipitation increased in the late 1920s, but in the 1930s drought returned, and the exodus off the land intensified. By 1940, about 6,000 more farms had gone. Russian thistles continued to advance, and in 1936 a team of agricultural economists identified weeds as one of the “biological forces” shaping Montana agriculture. The following year, Hugo Zehrfield learned exactly what the experts meant.

Long after agriculture adjusted, the rains returned, and the crops came back, weeds continued to spread through the state. Moments of prosperity led to more development and land disturbance. Periods of failure caused still more land abandonment and contributed to the introduction of new land uses. Through it all, new technologies opened still more routes for weed dispersal.

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21 Johnson and Saunderson, Types of Farming in Montana, 30–9; Gates, “Homesteading in the High Plains,” 127; Toole, Twentieth-Century Montana, 70–98.


A primary example of a new technology was the automobile. In 1931, the geographer Isaiah Bowman observed that “the dry western grass country” of Montana was “built on gasoline.” Bowman did not associate the “gasoline culture” of the Great Plains with the spread of weeds, but they were connected. Cars, trucks, tractors, and farm equipment provided an outstanding vehicle for weed seeds, and the machines came with an expanding network of roads that served as corridors and jumping-off places for the weed advance into the Big Sky state. Beginning in the Second World War, for example, the owners of custom combining outfits—trucks, trailers, and combines—drove north from Oklahoma, following the seasonal northerly advance of the wheat harvest. Moving from field to field, the vehicles picked up so many weed seeds that by the time they reached the heart of Montana's grain districts they were veritable rolling collections of weed life. In the fall of 1958, the Chouteau County extension agent counted eleven kinds of weed seeds on a single combine.

One plant that spread with alarming vigor in conjunction with automobiles was spotted knapweed, a hardy Eurasian species with a tough, sinewy stalk and purple or pink blossoms that looked like cornflowers. Discovered in Ravalli County in the early twentieth century—exactly when is unclear—it was prolific and aggressive: each plant produced thousands of seeds, and each plant emitted toxins that inhibited the growth of surrounding vegetation. Human actions assisted these natural advantages. Hay, crop seeds (knapweed evidently arriving in a batch of alfalfa seed), and irrigation water carried the plant's offspring. Logging, farming, grazing, railroads, and construction disturbed soil and opened space in which those seeds could grow. But more than anything else, automobiles and roads transformed knapweed into one of the most notorious Montana plants. On weedy prairies, fields, and roads, cars and trucks snagged seeds; wind, water, vegetation, or vibration later dislodged the tiny grains. By the late twentieth century, Montana contained nearly 12,000 miles of highways and some 66,000 miles of smaller roads, “a web of corridors” along which knapweed and other unwanted vegetation moved. By such means did knapweed expand to some 4.5 million Montana acres by the 1990s. In Missoula and Ravalli counties it grew so thickly and over such a large area that concerned citizens thought it an environmental disaster.


25 John R. Lacey and Peter K. Fay, eds., Proceedings of the Knapweed Symposium, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 1315 (Bozeman, 1984); Peter K. Fay and John R. Lacey, eds., Proceedings of the 1989 Knapweed Symposium (Bozeman, 1989); for quote see Montana Department of Agriculture (hereafter, MDA), Noxious Weed Trust Fund Programmatic Environmental Impact Statement (Helena, 1992), p. 2.16, Montana Historical Society Library (hereafter, MHS), MHS.
As bad as it seemed, knapweed was only one among many unwanted plants that appeared to be overrunning Montana. Exactly how many acres contained weeds, the percentage of each acre those plants covered, and the monetary loss to farmers are difficult to assess. A weed atlas, completed in 1980, reveals a gradual expansion of weeds under the Big Sky. More recent data show that by the 1990s, weeds were present on millions of acres and cost Montanans from $100 million to $300 million annually. Although precision is impossible, it is certain that during the twentieth century, weeds steadily spread across the state at considerable hardship to agricultural producers.26

Of course, public officials and many landowners did not idly stand by. Beginning in the late nineteenth century, the Montana legislature passed a series of laws ordering landowners to eliminate weeds and requiring seed producers to maintain the purity of their stocks. Cultivation, mowing, smothering, crop rotation, and fire destroyed weeds. So did herbicides such as 2,4-D and imported insects, both introduced in the late 1940s. Montanans often spoke of their methods as a war.27 But harsh tactics and violent rhetoric did not necessarily reduce weeds—in fact, some species continued to broaden their range. By the early twenty-first century, weeds remained a ubiquitous feature of the Montana landscape and a major challenge to land management and economic production.

A crucially important part of that challenge was the manner in which weeds disturbed the boundaries that, in theory, provided for an orderly division of the land. Elk wandered through knapweed on a ranch and then passed onto adjacent national forest. A plow carried gumbo soil and bits of bindweed roots from one field to another. Water conveyed curly dock from a stream into an irrigation canal and onto farms. A railroad train scattered thistle seeds along its right-of-way. A neighbor failed to plow his land, and poor Hugo Zehrfeld ended up with a harvest of tumbleweeds. By such means, weeds linked disparate parcels and reminded people that they could not divide the land absolutely and that what happened on one piece of ground could not be kept completely distinct from what occurred on another.

Repeated across the state, this process encouraged public officials, scientists, journalists, farmers, ranchers, and other property owners to begin talking about the landscape in terms more appropriate to its weedy ecology. They spoke of weeds as a “community problem” in which Montanans had a “common interest” and which


27 For example, H.E. Morris and Ralph D. Mercer, Perennial Weeds and their Control, Montana Agricultural Extension Service Bulletin 225 (Bozeman, 1944) and Robert L. Warden, James L. Krall, and V.C. Hubbard, Recommendations for Chemical Weed Control in Montana for 1949, Montana Extension Service Bulletin 256 (Bozeman, 1949).
required their "cooperation" to solve. This discourse of community, commonality, and cooperation coincided with, and in certain respects was consistent with, the talk of a war on weeds. It also expressed a more complex view of nature and people than the war rhetoric implied.28 The botanist J. W. Blankinship, for example, although he spoke of a war on weeds, also employed other figures of speech to make sense of the plants, and he wrote sensitively, even admiringly, of them. He understood their central paradox, that agricultural activity made weeds possible. He admitted that scientists knew little about them. Most important, Blankinship believed that people must work together—cooperate—to deal with weeds.29 This language of community, commonality, and cooperation followed from the realization that the weedy landscape was more than the sum of its divisible parts. As weeds moved, and as people like Blankinship responded, the weed commons began to take shape.

A sign of this trend appeared as early as 1895, when Montana enacted its first weed law. This measure declared Canada thistle, Scotch bull thistle, and Russian thistle "common nuisances," required landowners to destroy them, and empowered county weed supervisors to enter private property and destroy the plants if the owner failed to do so. The key concept in the law was "nuisance," a condition that arose when one landowner engaged in an activity that interfered with another landowner's fundamental right to use his or her property. A "common nuisance," by extension, described a situation in which a landowner interfered with the rights of an entire group. As a Montana attorney general later explained, quoting Montana law, a common nuisance was a nuisance "which affect[ed] at the same time an entire community or neighborhood, or any considerable number of persons, although the extent of the annoyance or damage inflicted upon individuals may [have been] unequal." Thus, under the 1895 weed law, a landowner who did not eliminate weeds posed a common nuisance to the neighbors, because those weeds cast seeds that crossed property boundaries, sprouted, and interfered with the activities of other people. In this case, "common" meant a shared condition. And as expressed by the attorney general, "community," "neighborhood," and "extent" implied not just abstract legal conditions, but physical circumstances that people shared in geographic space.30

Some Montanans came to believe that the 1895 law was inadequate and that society must respond cooperatively to weeds. In their view, "common" had social im-


29 Blankinship, Weeds of Montana.

30 For first quote, see ibid., 23 and for second quote, see Robert L. Woodahl to George Lackman, 9 June 1976, in MDA, Noxious Weed Management Advisory Council (hereafter, NWMAC), "Final Report," 6 December 1976, appendix VII, MHSL, MHS. See also, H.G. Wood, A Practical Treatise on the Law of Nuisances in their Various Forms; Including Remedies Therefor at Law and in Equity, 2nd ed. (1873; reprint, Albany, 1883), 1–82.
lications that derived from the nature of weeds and that required people to do more than blame individual property holders for the plants. Nuisance law typically covered decrepit buildings, manure piles, smoke, noise, vicious dogs, and other conditions that people clearly caused and that they could rectify. In one sense, it was reasonable that the Montana legislature would place weeds in this legal category—some people truly were negligent in allowing the plants on their properties. And yet weeds lived and moved in ways that made them different from other nuisances, and this fact rendered nuisance law alone insufficient. Although weeds thrived on human activity, people were not responsible for the plants in the same way they were responsible for rundown buildings, reeking dung heaps, factory effluents, drunken revelry, or snarling canines. A weed’s genetic code unfolded in relationship to its environment, and humans only partially influenced that process. Weeds indeed occupied niches that people made, but the sheer vitality of the plants defied simultaneous human efforts to destroy them. Even a responsible landholder might not be able to stop their spread. Weeds, in sum, had a degree of biological agency that most nuisances did not. Because the plants moved independently (and stealthily) through the grid and its interstices—ditches, fence lines, railroad rights-of-way, roadsides, seed stocks, abandoned fields—some Montanans could not blame them on any one landholder. In their view, weeds posed a common problem that required the mutual effort of many citizens.

J. W. Blankinship advanced such a position. In Weeds of Montana, Blankinship contended that the law should enable entire Montana communities to organize against weeds. He likened weeds to another legal nuisance, contagious diseases. People should unite to extirpate weeds the same as they worked together to eliminate diseases, he said. His analogy was not completely apt, because humans exerted far more control over their microbe-carrying bodies than over their weed-infested fields. Regardless, the comparison provided the botanist with a means to express his central point: dealing with weeds required cooperative effort. The objective should be “the organization of farmers into districts designated by the valley or irrigation system and the appointment or election of a competent weed inspector for each district.” The inspector, furthermore, should have the authority to require “a certain amount of aid from each farmer to be used in the common interest of stamping out these pests from infected localities.” Blankinship’s plan echoed scientist John Wesley Powell’s earlier call for irrigation and pasturage districts—“commonwealths”—in which citizens would jointly manage land and water. Like Powell, Blankinship was no enemy of private property, but like Powell, he recognized that the people who inhabited a watershed or took water from the same irrigation system had a common interest in nature.31

Blankinship's proposal for weed districts was years ahead of its time, but it suggested the extent to which weeds encouraged some people to see the landscape whole. Montanans after him inched toward his point of view. In 1920, after the collapse of the state's homestead boom, a group of botanists asserted that it was “almost impossible for a man to keep his land free from certain weeds, such as dandelion and Russian thistle, unless there is concerted effort to the same end by all farmers in the immediate neighborhood.” Those same scientists, however, proposed a new weed law that deliberately avoided the most widely-dispersed species. Forcing landholders to destroy Russian thistles and other omnipresent plant pests, they said, was so costly that it weakened public support for compulsory eradication. Better to begin conservatively, focusing on a few especially tenacious perennial weeds. The following year, the legislature responded to the botanists with a new statute that identified only Canada thistle and quack grass as “noxious weeds.” Yet even as the legislators narrowed the law botanically, they broadened it geographically. Not only did the measure expand public authority over private space, but it extended the individual landholder's responsibility into public areas. It declared landholders liable for noxious weeds on one-half of any adjoining road or highway, and it stated that in terms of those unwanted plants, the public right-of-way adjacent to private land “shall be considered part of such land.”

The law thus blurred boundaries and merged private and public spaces in a single biological continuum. When Canada thistle or quack grass migrated from a private parcel onto a public right-of-way, and when the landholder followed them to the highway shoulder and there chopped them down, spatial conventions that clearly separated private and public realms all but disappeared. Rigid boundaries began to give way to a landscape that looked more like an ecologically fluid commons.

Montana lawmakers and landholders did not know that a precedent of sorts existed for the formal recognition of common weedy spaces in which private and public interests merged. Here it is instructive to return for a moment to the Hidatsa landscape, for even in the relatively unregimented world of Buffalo Bird Woman, weeds crossed boundaries and people had to adjust. Hidatsa gardeners with adjoining plots maintained a boundary zone, roughly four feet wide, between them. This *maadowátpatská‘* was an area of complex social and ecological negotiations, a kind of mini-commons or right-of-way. A gardener might grow squash, beans, or sunflowers in this space, but first she had to gain the consent of her neighbor. More to the point, like the 1921 law that required property holders to attend to weeds in the road, each gardener was responsible for clearing weeds from the *maadowátpatská‘*. “Each gardener hoed her half of the *maadowátpatská‘* to keep it clean of grass and weeds,” Buffalo Bird Woman recollected. “We were particular about this; we did not want to have any weeds in our gardens.”

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course, but their attitudes toward weeds and their spatial solutions to weed problems bore some resemblance. In each culture, the movement of unwanted plants across socially-structured and bounded space generated a weed commons and rules for regulating it.

For Montanans, those rules gradually became more complex and stringent, and over the years continued to expand public regulation of private space, further blurring the rigid boundaries that structured the grid. As farmers sank into the post-World War I era of drought, depression, and misery, the weed law became more exacting. "When weeds are so intermixed with a growing crop that the field is a menace to the community," stated a 1923 amendment to the law, "the [county] weed commissioner shall have power to order the destruction of part or all of the crop itself." It was an extreme measure, but perhaps one that reflected the straitened economic and environmental circumstances of the people who produced it.

The law provided an official basis for public campaigns against weeds, but at the same time people also came together informally to deal with the problem. Authorities sometimes assisted them, but the primary inspiration of these informal groups was voluntary cooperation, not official coercion. In 1923, Ravalli County hired a commissioner whose duties included distributing information about weeds and demonstrating control methods. According to county agent Charles Carney, the public responded enthusiastically to the commissioner's educational programs. Most important, people began to pressure recalcitrant and negligent neighbors to fight weeds. "Public opinion has been aroused so that the man who allows Canada thistles to go to seed on his place . . . has been subject to very severe criticism," Carney reported. "As a consequence it was not necessary for the weed commissioner to do as much enforcement work as otherwise would have been necessary."

Thus, by the 1920s, Montanans had voiced ideas, passed laws, and instituted practices that addressed the manner in which weeds passed through the grid and began to define common ecological spaces. One major event, however, gave the inhabitants of the state an opportunity for their most complete realization of this cooperative approach to land: the Great Depression of the 1930s. The Depression's economic and ecological problems weakened popular faith in the individualistic values and land-use methods that had driven the settlement of the West. People found alternatives in social arrangements and land-use practices that emphasized the greater public good. The grid and its divisions remained in place, but a moment had arrived when significant numbers of people looked at the landscape and saw relationships, some of them traced by the movement of unwanted organisms.

35 Laws of Montana, Eighteenth Session (Helena, 1923), Chapter 60, p. 133.

The shift in emphasis from the individual to the collective appeared throughout society. Influential public officials believed that the West’s settlement practices had failed. The Great Plains Committee, created by President Franklin Roosevelt to study the problems of the region, criticized cherished frontier principles “[t]hat what is good for the individual is good for everybody,” “that an owner may do with his property what he likes,” “[t]hat free competition coordinates industry and agriculture.” The committee’s report quoted the ecologist Aldo Leopold: “Civilization . . . is not the enslavement of a stable and constant earth. It is a state of mutual interdependent cooperation between human animals, other animals, plants, and the soils, which may be disrupted at any moment by the failure of any one of them.” Among ordinary Americans, as Robert McElvaine has noted, “there was during the Depression an expansion of the more traditional, community-oriented values that have generally been in decline throughout the rest of the twentieth century.” This was the case among people at the Montana grass roots, Hugo Zehrfield’s neighbor (and others like him) excepted. The high plains farmer Charles Vindex recalled that the Depression’s many woes inspired greater self-reliance in his family, but he also remembered an important shift “in the whole community’s approach to common problems.” Neighbors combined their labor to secure a water supply, pooled resources to excavate coal, and allowed the free use of vacant land.$^{37}$

In Montana, the cooperative trend yielded not only informal collaboration among farmers, but also changes in land use policies. Acts of Congress in 1928 and 1934 authorized the formation of grazing districts in which ranchers and federal officials jointly managed public rangelands. In 1933, the Montana legislature enabled ranchers to form grazing districts on private land. This arrangement, an agricultural economist and a state official observed, allowed a group of livestock operators to purchase or lease property and manage it “as a grazing common.”$^{38}$ The legislature refined the measure in 1935 and 1939, and by 1940, Montana had forty such districts. The state deepened its commitment to cooperative land management in 1937 and 1939 with the passage of measures that permitted landholders to organize soil conservation districts in which they could enforce land-use regulations. By 1942, Montanans had formed ten districts. Shortly thereafter, two social scientists described grazing and soil districts as forms of “collective tenure,” part of a “general drift in the direction . . . of collective and group


$^{38}$Paul W. Gates, History of Public Land Law Development (Washington, DC, 1968), 608–10 and for quote, see M.H. Saunderson and N.W. Monte, Grazing Districts in Montana: Their Purpose and Organization Procedure, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 326 (Bozeman, 1936), 3.
action throughout the economy,” an expression “of the increasing emphasis on social rather than individual responsibility” in land management. 

The movement toward collective tenure included one other major piece of legislation: the 1939 weed act, which authorized Montana landowners to create the kind of weed districts that J. W. Blankinship had envisioned nearly forty years before. The political momentum that culminated in the measure began in 1935, when the legislature created the Montana State Planning Board and ordered it to draw up “a comprehensive plan for the physical development of the State.” To formulate the plan, the board organized planning committees at the county level. By the end of the year, committees in 47 of 56 counties were at work. In 1938, the Noxious Weed Committee of the Yellowstone County Agricultural Planning Board drafted a bill that became the most powerful weed statute in Montana history. Enacted the following year, the law provided for a vastly expanded community involvement in weed control, including on private land. The statute reaffirmed that weeds constituted a common nuisance and that landowners who failed to destroy such plants should suffer a fine. It authorized not only the state but each county to impose quarantines against the importation of farm products containing weeds or their seeds. Most important were the provisions for creating weed districts. Weeds moved through the grid, and so the law allowed citizens to undertake collective action within the transboundary spaces that those mobile organisms defined. Petitioners in a locality could draw a new kind of boundary—in effect, a biological boundary—around land on which grew plants they deemed to be a problem. Within this common space, landowners and land managers had to destroy the offending vegetation, and they could use public funds and equipment to do the work. If necessary, public officials could “take possession and control of any infested tract of land” in the district in order to destroy weeds. And in recognition of the fact that all people depended on the condition of the land, the law allowed districts to use tax revenues assessed on the entire county, even on those people who did not own land in a weed district and even on those anywhere in the county who owned little or no land at all.

Montana’s 1939 weed control act was a landmark piece of environmental legislation, the foundation of all subsequent weed statutes in the state. Modifications to the law merely extended its basic tenets. A 1941 amendment, for example, stipulated that

39 G.H. Craig and Charles W. Loomer, Collective Tenure on Grazing Land in Montana, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 406 (Bozeman, 1943), 3–28 (all quotes on 8) and Layton S. Thompson, Montana Cooperative State Grazing Districts in Action, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 481 (Bozeman, 1951).


41 Laws of Montana, Twenty-Sixth Session (Helena, 1939), Chapter 195, pp. 490–7. See the extension agent annual reports for Yellowstone County for the years 1938 (pp. 28, 31–2, 99–103) and 1939 (pp. 28–31, 106–10), authored respectively by Keith Sime and Keith Sime and Jack Maguire, both of which are in Yellowstone files, box 81, acc. no. 00021, ESR, MSU.
when district supervisors destroyed weeds on private land, the county must assess the cost of the work not only on the negligent property owner, but also on those people who owned contiguous lands. The amendment justified this requirement based on the premise that “all work done upon any of the land of any one landowner shall be for the benefit of all of the land within the district.”

Following the 1939 act, Montanans organized against their problem plants. Yellowstone County led the way. Morning glory, knapweed, white top, and Canada thistle had severely reduced or stopped production on some 10,000 irrigated acres. Farmers, small businesses, corporations, and public officials already had begun to discuss the possibility of collective action, and the new weed act gave them a process for doing so. On 5 August 1939, farmers on the Anita Bench created a 2,124 acre district, the first in Montana; by 1942, landholders had put into place seven more districts, for a total of some 107,000 acres. To an extent, the boundaries of the new districts followed the straight lines and right angles of the grid; tellingly, though, their boundaries often curved in conformity to ecological conditions—topography and the irregular geographical distribution of weed concentrations. [See Figure 1.] The pattern of weed district formation in Yellowstone County continued throughout Montana. By 1950, 28 of 56 counties had districts; soon after 1969, every county had them.

The Montana weed law provided an official structure for communities of people to contend with weeds. But in some places, people continued to organize informally. In 1984, Carl Peterson, Ray Tocci, and Robert Jones, landowners around Three Forks, a town at the Missouri River headwaters, joined together to spray knapweed on their properties. The experience inspired the three to form a “volunteer weed brigade” to assist their neighbors. Using equipment borrowed from the Gallatin County Weed Board, they traveled from one parcel to another, offering to spray if the landowner paid for the herbicide. Reeves Petroff, in charge of the county’s weed programs, complimented the brigade. “I would like to get more of these cooperatives together,” he said. “The major problem is on private land, and trying to get private

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42 Laws of Montana, Twenty-Seventh Session (Helena, 1941), Chapter 90, p. 150.

43 See the extension agent annual reports for Yellowstone County for the years 1936 (pp. 17–8), 1937 (pp. 21–5), 1938 (pp. 31–2), 1939 (pp. 28–31), 1940 (pp. 33–9), and 1942 (pp. 72–4, 78), authored respectively by R.B. McKee, Keith Sime, Keith Sime, Keith Sime and Jack Maguire, Keith Sime, and W.H. Jones, all of which are in Yellowstone files, box 81, acc. no. 00021, ESR, MSU.

landowners to do something. They're more likely to listen to their neighbors" than to a government official. ⁴⁵

Such examples of rural mutualism combined with the increasing number of weed districts perhaps demonstrated a growing awareness of the weed problem and a willingness to address it cooperatively. By the late twentieth century, it might have seemed that Montanans had recognized fully the common nature of their weedy landscape. Unfortunately for the advocates of the weed law and collective responsibility, the complete realization of community action against weeds was not to be. Across the twentieth century, as alarmed officials and citizens proclaimed weeds to be a community problem requiring cooperative effort, numerous social, cultural, economic, political, legal, and environmental obstacles appeared. Most important, the grid—and the particular human interests that its many boundaries demarcated—remained powerful and could block weed control advocates from pursuing unwanted plants across the landscape. The common nature of weeds could not be denied, but neither could it displace fully the many divisions inscribed on the land. Consequently, the weed commons was always a qualified, contested, and contingent space.

Social circumstances and ideological obstacles deterred officials from stepping across property lines and enforcing the law. Some weed control officers wanted to avoid the criticism that their heavy-handed actions might evoke. "It seems difficult to get local officers to enforce the laws in their communities," wrote one extension service agronomist in 1922, "because they fear that they will become unpopular." Much as the social ties that unified small farming communities could encourage weed control, so could those same connections discourage aggressive regulation. Farmers with a libertarian streak, furthermore, simply did not like to be told what to do, and they might ignore efforts to get them to comply with the law. ⁴⁶

Economic and environmental problems prevented weed control in some areas. Farmers and ranchers on dry, infertile, or topographically rough land of low productivity and market value could not afford weed control, individually or collectively. Even after the passage of the 1939 weed act, poverty, in combination with land-use problems, prevented Hugo Zehrfeld and other landholders in Rosebud County from organizing. One group of sugar beet farmers, for example, could not take land out of production to kill bindweed because this would reduce the profit that they needed to pay for irrigation water and other expenses. Because of such economic and environmental

⁴⁵ For quote, see Gail Schontzler, "Volunteer Brigade Fights Noxious Weeds," Bozeman (MT) Chronicle, 5 August 1984, Weeds vertical file (hereafter, WVf), MSU. For other examples, see county agent annual reports in box 54, acc. no. 00021, ESR, MSU, and newspaper clippings in WVf, MSU.

predicaments, Rosebud County did not establish a weed district until 1945, and even in its first year the organization accomplished little. 41

Landowners outside weed districts rejected the assumption that their lands benefited from activities inside those areas. They argued that their taxes gained them nothing, that their money only paid for the negligence of others. As extension service scientist Eugene Heikes reported, “People outside the district boundaries sometimes complain that they are taxed without representation. They sometimes complain that they are taxed and do not receive service.” Differences in land use and spatial relationships often underlay this conflict. Irrigation farmers, densely settled, tightly organized in canal companies and irrigation districts, and afflicted with the same kinds of plant pests, established weed districts that reflected a shared geography and a clear commonality of interest. But their district boundaries left out dryland farmers and ranchers, who objected to paying taxes for weed control on irrigated land. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, for example, ranchers in northern Golden Valley County opposed taxes that raised revenue for the destruction of a “relatively small area of white top” in the county’s southern end. 42

Divisions between Indian land and European American land thwarted the formation of weed districts. In 1951, Extension Service agronomist Robert Warden stated that an irrigation district on the Blackfeet Indian reservation west of Cut Bank had “a very serious Canada thistle problem,” but the district “contains several types of Indian owned land as well as White owned land, and as a result attempts to organize [a weed district] have not been successful.” A fundamental administrative division between reservation land on one side and state, county, or private land on the other reinforced this problem. Weed districts could not encompass Indian reservations because the federal government, which held much of the land in trust, was exempt from taxation. 43

The boundary that distinguished national forest land similarly posed problems for cooperative weed control. If weed districts by law could not extend their operations

41 Dusenberry and Warden, “Annual Report, Weed Control—Montana, 1948,” 6–7 and Eugene Heikes, “Annual Report, Weed Control Project, 1956,” pp. 2, 25, 1956 file, box 5, acc. no. 71031, ESR, MSU. See the extension agent reports for Rosebud County for the years, 1940 (p. 14), 1941 (p. 17), and 1945 (pp. 79–80), authored respectively by Frank Barnum, H.L. Dusenberry, and H.L. Dusenberry, all of which are in Rosebud files, box 63, acc. no. 00021, ESR, MSU.


onto Indian reservations, neither could they tax and regulate national forests. And while U. S. Forest Service officials might support weed control, coordinating their efforts with county-level activities was difficult because the National Environmental Policy Act (1970) and other federal regulations required time-consuming environmental impact statements and extraordinary care in herbicide use. Meanwhile, people outside the forests expressed frustration. In 1980, in a telling use of spatial metaphor, Sweet Grass County officials depicted national forests as obstacles that hindered weed fighters from pursuing the plants across the landscape. "Public lands are a stumbling block in noxious weed control," they complained. "Paperwork and red tape are slowing weed control efforts to a crawl while weeds are propagating at an astounding rate. Weeds don't wait."50

Such jurisdictional problems pointed to a major underlying problem of weed control and even weed districts themselves: no matter how much the people who work in weed control and those who manage weed districts attempted to follow the movement of weeds, no matter how much they acknowledged the existence of a common weed space, they ultimately remained imprisoned in the grid. After surveying Montana's weed problem in the mid-1970s, the botanist David Armstrong offered a concise summation of the problem: "Many districts go to property or fence lines and stop. They don't accomplish anything." In 1982, Walt Mangels, a farmer in the Flathead Valley, concurred: "You can control weeds in one area," he said, "but if you've got them right across the fence, you'll never get rid of them." The same problem stymied efforts to stop weeds on county, state, provincial, and national levels. Mobile nature overran boundaries, but people could not just knock down the fences in pursuit.51

Nor were boundaries and fences the only spatial obstacles. Even within the grid, even inside all of those straight edges and right angles, weeds proved maddeningly elusive. Simply mapping their presence to any appreciable degree of accuracy posed enormous problems. How many Montana acres, exactly, contained weeds? What percentage of each acre did they occupy? Where were those acres? In such a vast state with so many remote corners, was it even possible to locate all concentrations? David Armstrong identified the lack of accurate and thorough maps as another obstacle to weed district work. But even as the technical precision of mapping improved, scien-


51 For first quote, see Tribune Capitol Bureau, "'Wrong Targets' Hit in Counties' Weed War," Great Falls Tribune, 11 May 1977, and for second quote, see Mea Andrews, "Fighting a Noxious Weed Problem," Missoula (MT) Missoulian, 12 September 1982, both WVF, MSU.
tists still had difficulty getting an exact fix on their quarry. Meanwhile, the weeds kept moving. 52

As the plants spread, yet another formidable obstruction appeared when Montanans began to oppose the use of 2,4-D. By the 1960s, citizens and environmental organizations, informed by a growing popular awareness of ecology, decried the harm that herbicides and pesticides could cause. In 1968, the Montana Wildlife Federation (MWF) lashed out at weed control advocates over a proposed revision of the state weed law that would require all counties to set up weed control programs. “These people,” complained an MWF representative, “seem to be talking about a spray everything program which ultimately will produce a utopia without weeds.” The MWF and other critics charged that heavy-handed spraying along roadsides not only destroyed unwanted plants, but also wiped out wildlife habitat. They pointed to cases in which overzealous application on windy days caused 2,4-D to drift onto fields where it damaged crops. And implicit in their claims were fears about the effect of the chemical on human health. 53

Managers of state game refuges shared this hostility to 2,4-D. Fish and Game officials approved of mechanical and biological methods, but they opposed the use of the herbicide because they doubted its effectiveness and because of the threat that it posed to wildlife. A draft response to weed district officials, circulated within the Montana Fish and Game Department in 1972, voiced their opposition: “Obviously your [spray] program isn’t worth a great deal. . . . We are not interested in [it]. Please do not bother us with this worthless program in the future.” 54

Objections to the use of 2,4-D ultimately posed the strongest spatial challenge to the weed law and the weed control district. The herbicide opponents asserted the primacy of an ecological system whose scale far exceeded the relatively narrow public space that weeds defined. All life was linked, they suggested, and society had an ethical responsibility to prevent toxics from moving through the land and harming or

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destroying organisms other than weeds. When Montanans tried to reduce or stop the use of 2,4-D, they were, in effect, reaching across boundaries to delineate a still larger community space, an even greater ecological commons.

Yet even as they tried to block the use of herbicides, environmentalists opened an opportunity for alternative methods in cooperative weed control, ones more consistent with ecological conditions as contemporary ecological concepts defined them. Environmentalism and ecological discourse thus did not eclipse the notion of a weed commons, but rather helped to redirect and expand it.

By the 1970s, farmers, ranchers, scientists, and public officials devoted increasing attention and resources to the biological control of weeds. They hoped that imported insects and pathogens would reduce the state’s populations of knapweed, Canada thistle, and other unwanted plants. Montana scientists first experimented with biological controls in 1948, but such methods never received as much public support as did chemicals. Circumstances eventually changed people’s minds. Farmers and graziers came to share some of the environmentalists’ ecological concerns. More important, chemical technology presented economic and environmental problems that restricted its use. The cost of herbicide, machinery, fuel, and labor could be overwhelming, especially for agriculturalists on poor land. Furthermore, by the 1980s, liability insurance had become impossible for some weed districts to purchase. Biological controls seemed to offer an alternative. The movement began in the 1970s, when Ravalli County farmers proposed it to their local weed district. The state of Montana then placed increasing emphasis on the method, sponsoring research and numerous releases of insects and pathogens from the 1970s through the 1990s. In certain respects, biological controls were as utilitarian as chemicals and other forms of weed control. But landowners who released organisms on weeds instantly joined their land and lives to a web of connections that spanned formal boundaries. “Because you have the same weed problem,” advocates of the technique wrote in 1993, “your neighbor will eventually receive the benefits of your efforts at biological control. We encourage adjacent landowners to take a look at the big picture, get together, and make coordinated releases. Everyone then shares in the cost and benefits of biological control.” In this manner, the interaction of people and organisms transcended the grid and shaped a new version of an ecologically common space.

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53 Both of these articles can be found in WVF, MSU: Greg Northcutt, “Insects Counter Pesky Weeds,” Bozeman Chronicle, 22 June 1980 and “Weed Program Plan Given Mixed Reviews,” Great Falls Tribune, 13 January 1981. See also Gerald W. Marks, “Biological Weed Control,” ca. 1980 and Jo Brunner to Pete Fay, 14 May 1981, both in Weed Control files, box 8, acc. no. 87-027, ESR, MSU and MDA, Noxious Weed Trust Fund, pp. 2.7, 2.9–2.11. On herbicide problems, see Lorney Faber, “Judith Basin Goes to War With Range Invader,” Lewistown (MT) Neus-Argus, 2 December 1979, WFV, MSU and the following, all of which are in box 25, Bl0:1-1, DOR, MDAR, MHS: Cecil Weeding to Keith Kelly, 21 January 1986, file 13; Kelly to Weeding, 14 February 1986, file 13; Celestine Lacey to Kelly, 18 July 1986, file 14.

The evolution of the weed commons did not end here, however. While concerns about chemicals coaxed landowners and weed districts toward biological controls, growing concerns about weeds pushed some environmentalists toward chemicals. Weeds threatened agricultural land, but they also overtook native plants and diminished wildlife habitat. Fearful of weeds, eager to restore desirable plants, impatient with the slow progress of biological methods, some environmentalists and environmental organizations—including representatives of the National Wildlife Federation—began to use herbicides. By the 1990s, a few environmentalists even went so far as to apply chemicals themselves. When they donned protective gear, strapped on backpack sprayers and went after knapweed and other “noxious” plants, they were remarkably like the farmers, ranchers, and extension agents whom they often opposed. Their embrace of chemicals demonstrated once more how the shared problem of weeds could create common bonds among otherwise divided people.

The story of weeds and boundaries in the Montana landscape opens a view on an important problem in western American history, an example of which appeared with stark clarity in early winter 1937 on the windswept field of a depressed and angry farmer named Hugo Zehrfield. Where an Enlightenment ideal and an ecological reality intersected, Zehrfield’s temper flared. The grid that composed his world was indeed a practical tool for ordering and distributing land, and it enabled rapid settlement, economic development, and the extension of national power. But as Zehrfield’s tumbling tumbleweeds showed, the grid was also a massive republican fantasy, a theoretical structure of uniformity and harmony imposed on a diverse and unstable environment. For westerners such as Zehrfield, life within the grid involved a struggle to reconcile abstract boundaries with material conditions, to contain things that were inherently uncontainable. The struggle absorbed a good deal of time and energy, and it became most acute when the ambitions that motivated the Great Land Rush ended, as it did for Zehrfield and other remnants of Montana settler society, in drought, depression, failure, and weeds.

Disturbed boundaries, however, also created opportunities for westerners to negotiate the contradiction between the grid and unstable nature. Their solutions—options unavailable to Hugo Zehrfield—favored the collective over the individual and tacitly acknowledged a shared environment. In the case of weeds, landholders sometimes worked together informally to remove unwanted plants, or pressured negligent neighbors to take action. With the conclusion of the Great Land Rush and the advent of the Great Depression, the methods became more formal. Seldom studied by scholars, state and local land policies created weed districts that were members of a family of

organizations that included agricultural cooperatives, irrigation districts, and other small-government entities. They harkened back to John Wesley Powell’s plan for watershed commonwealths. They bore the impress of New Deal planning, although in practice they were profoundly local in character and involved little centralized governmental authority. They also appeared in other western states and addressed not just weeds, but water, rodents, insects, and fire. Whatever form they took, weed districts and other collective responses to mobile nature were expressions of a hybrid human ecology that recognized property boundaries, but operated in common geographic space. Each response played a role in defining an ecological commons that adjusted the individualism of gridded units to the ecological realities of transboundary nature.

The history of Montana’s weedy common spaces provides an alternative perspective on ordinary rural western landscapes. The simple categories of private and public do not adequately convey the historical and geographical textures of such places. As Bonnie McCay and James Acheson have stated, landscape analysis requires the “careful examination of the ways that people understand and relate to their environments, and of the ways ownership—common or exclusive—works in specific cultural and ecological settings.” Many forms of private land have existed in the West, with many different owners, occupants, tenures, rules, and regulations. The region also has encompassed a range of public lands and spaces, with a correspondingly diverse array of uses, customs, and laws. These multifarious private and public lands have not existed apart, but have been connected to and have overlapped one another. Montana provides one example of such complexity. Consider the mixed private/public geography that characterized many places around the state from the 1930s onward. Membership in a grazing commons required a grazer to have a certain amount of improved, private, “commensurate” land on which to keep animals and grow fodder. This private land in turn took on value because it drew water from a common property irrigation canal. A network of public roadways linked these areas to other places. The range, canal, private pastures, fields, and roads might exist within a weed district. These spaces and their relationships, furthermore, were never stable. Economic and environmental changes shaped and reshaped them, as did human relationships that


60 See, for example, Roland R. Renne, *Montana Land Ownership: An Analysis of the Ownership Pattern and Its Significance in Land Use Planning*, Montana Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin 322 (Bozeman, 1936).

could be formal as well as informal, cooperative as well as contentious. These, then, were the kinds of spatial patterns that constituted rural western landscapes and that this essay, in its own way, has tried to depict.

If the history of the weedy West opens a different view on the past, perhaps it also opens a window on a potential western future. It would be unrealistic to think that collective responses to the movement of nature through the grid can provide perfect models for resolving the West’s many land-use problems. Those responses were often limited and ineffective; in combination with mechanical, chemical, and biological methods, they did not stop, much less turn back, the spread of weeds through the Montana landscape. And yet westerners could do worse than to seek inspiration in moments when experiment station scientists tried to understand weeds in their complexity, when bureaucrats quoted Aldo Leopold, or when farmers backed away from herbicides while environmentalists turned toward them. They could do worse than to find lessons in the moments when, in contrast to Hugo Zehrfeld and his fractious neighbor, people acknowledged shared environmental predicaments and sought to resolve them through a popular discourse of community, commonality, and cooperation. Those terms may not have conveyed precisely the same meaning to farmers, scientists, environmentalists, and others, but they at least brought citizens together in the same conversation in the same room. 62 Perhaps in such common spaces, linguistic and geographic, westerners collectively can fashion pragmatic solutions that promote individual interests by furthering the public good.

62 Daniel Kemmis, Community and the Politics of Place (Norman, 1990), argues that a shared landscape and the common experience of place can serve as the basis of an effective political order.
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