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2002 Year in Review

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High Country News

November 11, 2002 *Vol. 34 No. 21* *A Paper for People who Care about the West* *One dollar and fifty cents*

Behind the gate

A look into the fortified rural retreats of the West's moneyed elite

By Florence Williams

HAMILTON, Mont. — It's a beautiful day at the Stock Farm. A bright, cloudless sky sends a gentle breeze over the 16th tee. Just down the slope, a family of four mounts their quarter horses for a trail ride to the Elk Viewing Gazebo. Over in the Clubhouse, a woman prepares for her workout on the orbital jogger, and a tan man orders the house lunch specialty: chicken frangelico. It is no doubt the best food in town, but you'll never get to taste it.

For those who can shell out the million-dollar minimum, the Stock Farm offers 95 homesites and 30 cabin lots meticulously arrayed on 2,600 acres, all enclosed by a perimeter fence and gate. The club membership initiation fee alone runs $125,000; raw building sites run as high as $1.2 million; and the cheapest ready-for-move-in residence, a two-bedroom cabin, sells for roughly $800,000.

Money isn't what it's all about, though. In the last few years, half a dozen high-end, gated "shared ranch developments" have begun selling lots along Montana's pristine trout streams and mountain slopes. They attract buyers from out of state by marketing a combination of expansive ranch living, a homogeneous social scene, and convenient property and recreation management. Those who arrive inside the gates are served up a comfortable predictability in their leisure pursuits, all dressed up in tasteful Westernalia. The Stock Farm is where Frontier House meets Sun City.

Outside the gates, it's Western too, but heavily dosed with the realities of early 21st century land use. The farms and working ranches of the Bitterroot Valley roll from its namesake river up to high mountain ranges that shelter wilderness and at least one wandering grizzly bear. An unplanned chaos of ranchettes and rural subdivisions is taking over much of the lowland. Small-town Hamilton, founded on logging and farming, is now sprouting art galleries, a bistro and boxed retail serving a population of nearly 5,000. The scene doesn't look like anyone is in charge.

The presence of a gate for humans in the middle of range country poses the obvious question: Why? Who lives "inside" and who lives "outside," and why underline the demarcation in such an in-your-face way? How does it feel to be on either side of the divide? Since all boundaries are political, this one — an anomaly but also a harbinger — seems worth checking out.

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HOMELAND SECURITY: If you know the access code to the elegant main gate of the Stock Farm development (background photo), you can saddle up in the club's equestrian center and ride the exclusive range (photo courtesy the Stock Farm/Spiker Communications).

The exclusive Fleur de Lis development in Reno, Nev., offers townhomes equipped with lightning-quick Internet access, closed-circuit video monitoring of the kids' playground, and refrigerator bar-code scanners on which residents can order groceries — all in a gated community marketed for its resemblance to "charming Alpine villages of the French Alps."

In Utah, the 900-acre Glenwild residential development, billed as "Park City's premier gated and private mountain community," offers not only golf and snowmobiling, but also aromatherapy and bobsledding. If you're short on cash, the developer recommends a mortgage company that will loan you up to $5 million to buy in.

On the more affordable end, Florentine Estates in Florence, Ore., on 180 wooded acres near the Suislaw River and ocean beaches, offers lots as cheap as $31,000 — "the ultimate manufactured home community on the Oregon coast ... where you can feel the seclusion of a gated community."

Even in the crowded civilization of metro Phoenix, as many as one of every eight people now lives in some form of gated community, according to a recent study.

It's a trend. Twenty years ago, if you ruled out urban high-rises, almost no one in the United States lived in a gated and guarded community. Today, it's hard to pin down an exact total, with so much emphasis on privacy, but experts estimate the U.S. has somewhere between 3,000 and 25,000 gated and guarded communities, and more appear every day.

In this issue, High Country News takes you inside one of the most prominent gated developments closing off pieces of Montana's countryside. We also look at the impacts several developments have on the land and on local communities. And we show how the salesmen operate.

— Ray Ring



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DEAR FRIENDS,

Break open the gates

Former *HCN* staff reporter **Florence Williams'** cover story in this issue looks at an unusual topic — gated communities. What, you may be wondering, do these have to do with the West? Quite a lot, in our estimation.

The sequestered communities and neighborhoods that are springing up around the West represent a broader trend: the increasing division between the "haves" and the "have-nots," between the people who can afford a monster home on the hill, and those who can barely afford to rent a single-wide in the valley bottom. This is not a new divide, certainly, but gated enclaves are on the rise in the region. And don't think that the current economic doldrums are equalizing things any.

In a recent issue of *The New York Times Magazine*, Princeton political scientist **Paul Krugman** writes that we've entered "a new Gilded Age." He says, "By most measures we are, in fact, back to the days of *The Great Gatsby* when the wealthy few held an overwhelming chunk of the overall booty. The 13,000 richest families in the U.S. now reel in as much each year as the 20 million poorest, he says, and the gap is widening. (Ironically, the same magazine contains an ad supplement for "the best of luxury homes and estates," featuring the "River House" in Jackson Hole, Wyo., for $14.5 million, and a "wonderful four-bedroom, hillside house in a prestigious guard-gated community" in Paradise Valley, Ariz., for $2.2 million.)

Gates are all the rage these days because they give people a sense of exclusivity and security — never mind that any self-respecting pickpocket could get around most of them with ease. But those who research gated communities point out that gates fragment and polarize our society; they fracture the sense of community by creating socially homogeneous places, and sometimes by limiting access to public lands.

So consider this issue a rallying cry of sorts, a cry to keep the gates open, or not to build them at all. If we're going to protect the West's landscapes and communities, we'll need to foster community, create broad coalitions, and learn to be neighborly — even if, as one resident in the cover story frets, the neighbor's place looks like "an airplane wreck."



A DEMOCRAT AND HIS GUN: Marden Phelps, a candidate for the Idaho Legislature, proves Dems can love guns, too (photo courtesy Marden Phelps)



WHO GOES THERE? The front gate of the Stock Farm development in Hamilton, Montana, is closed to all who don't have the code (Lucy Capehart photo)

A call from *HCN*

By the time this issue arrives in your mailbox, you may have already received a phone call from *High Country News*. The calls are going out to several hundred of our roughly 23,000 subscribers, selected at random. If you get one, you'll be asked to take 15 minutes to answer questions about *HCN*, and about yourself.

The survey is our first attempt at taking a scientific look at our readers. Each year, you give us valuable feedback — and great story ideas — through our annual reader's survey. Each year, we get to meet a few hundred of you at potluck dinners around the region, or here in the office when you drop by. Some of you introduce yourselves with letters, calls and e-mails. So we know about you in a general way — you're land managers, educators and activists, you're educated, concerned and rooted in the West — but we don't understand you in any statistically accurate way.

This phone survey will give us a clearer picture of who we're reaching and who we're not. It will help us better serve our existing audience, and reach out to new ones. This is your chance to tell us a little about who you are, what you like about *HCN*, and what you don't like. We hope it's not too much of an intrusion — all the information you give us will be confidential, and if our interviewers call at a bad time, feel free to ask them to try again later.

Visitors

Subscriber **Ted Fellman** passed through Paonia on his way to West Yellowstone, Mont. He'll spend the winter there, living in a tepee and working to protect Yellowstone's bison, some of which are shot each winter by Montana state wildife officers as they wander outside of Yellowstone National Park. If you want more information on the issue, he suggests the Buffalo Field Campaign's Web site: www.wildbison.org.

John Drake, a former railroad switchman now living in Estes Park, Colo., visited with friend and new subscriber **Kate Supinski**. Kate had just emerged from a 10-day retreat at St. Benedict's Monastery near Aspen.

Larry Day and **Catherine Haskins** from Golden, Colo., stopped by on their wedding anniversary and birthday vacation. They took a break from the rain and took a hike around the *HCN* offices.

Ray Miller and **Kathie Kuenzi** said hello while in Paonia visiting friends. Ray lives in Grand Lake, Colo., on the west side of Rocky Mountain National Park, while Kathie lives in Parker, south of Denver. They shared with the interns some good spots for hiking and camping and were on their way, heading to Utah to check out some pre-Columbian ruins.

We found this note on our doorstep a few Mondays back: "Stopped by Paonia on our day off from the Central Rocky Mountain Permaculture Institute in Basalt. Beautiful town! May it stay forever small! Thank you for all the great work you folks do!" The note was from subscriber **Becky Elder** of Manitou Springs, Colo.

Gripes and guns

Ray Ring's essay about efforts by the Mormon Church to buy the historic — and publicly owned — Martin's Cove in Wyoming (*HCN*, 9/30/02) continues to get reactions. **Lloyd Larsen**, an LDS stake president in Wyoming and the church's official spokesman on the issue, called to complain. He said the church has no plans to build a chapel in the cove, as Ring suggested, and that the Bureau of Land Management should dispose of the land. "Martin's Cove is not a Devils Tower," he said. "It's not a Yellowstone National Park."

Larsen also objected to Ring's suggestion that the site should include some mention of the behavior that led, in part, to the deaths of Mormon pioneers at Martin's Cove: "Do we go to the Holocaust Museum and talk about some of the bone-headed things that the Jewish people did?"

The debate continues in letters on page 15.

Estes Park, Colo., subscriber **Kay Gibbs** sent us a postcard scolding us for using the word "tits" in Kevin Taylor's essay about Burning Man (*HCN*, 8/19/02): "I am chasing hope that this is only a passing trend of *HCN*'s viewpoints & good writing & good taste, and not the path to becoming another hip-flip paper like one finds in Boulder, Aspen, ya ya ya — pul-ease."

On the up side, we had a call recently from subscriber **Bob Grubb** of Craig, Colo. He said he'd been in for an angiogram and got to talking with his doctor about environmental issues. He said he wished he had a copy of the paper on hand, and called to have us send his doctor a sample issue. The lesson of the day: "Next time you are going for an angio, don't forget your *HCN*!" (But in case you do, we'd be happy to send your doctor, or anyone else, a free sample copy; just call us at 1-800-905-1155.)

And finally, Montpelier, Idaho, reader **Marden Phelps** dropped us a note in response to Ed Quillen's essay, which asked, "When was the last time you saw a Democratic candidate skinning an elk or holding a deer rifle?" (*HCN*, 10/14/02). Phelps found the question particularly poignant because, he writes, "I am running as a Democrat for the Legislature in Idaho," and, as the photo above shows, he hunts.

Phelps isn't the only pro-gun Democrat running for office in the West. New Mexico gubernatorial candidate **Bill Richardson** is marketing himself as "the choice for New Mexico gun owners and sportsmen," according to *The New York Times*. No word on how the gun-totin' D's are faring as we go to press, but we'll let you know with an election follow-up in the next edition.

— Greg Hanscom for the staff

This is Frontierland for the super rich

continued from page 1

"Almost like a homestead village"

From the eastern edge of town, the Stock Farm slopes gently uphill. A hundred years ago, the land was part of a gigantic horse-breeding ranch owned by copper baron Marcus Daly. One of the horse ranch's legacies, a straight, cottonwood-lined road, leads up to a new stone-pillared electronic gate that is the back door to the Stock Farm. This gate is closed every night, operated by a keypad that requires an access code. During the day a sign is eminently readable: MEMBERS AND GUESTS ONLY. A ranch manager's house serves as sentry.

Bob Arrigoni, a San Francisco architect who helped draw the Stock Farm's elaborate master plan, meets me just inside the gate, near the well-appointed 48-stall equestrian center and the Stock Farm's fly-fishing shop. Bob also designed Robert Redford's Sundance resort on a Utah mountain and Skywalker Ranch, George Lucas' movie-making complex in the oak hills north of San Francisco.

In his 60s, jovial and gracefully balding, Bob has come to the Stock Farm with his wife, Diane, for a two-week stay in what he disarmingly calls their "so-called cabin."

While she practices casting in a pond, he drives me around in a new SUV. The movie-industry connection makes sense as he explains the Stock Farm's high-concept layout. As the property rises, different "neighborhoods" determine house styles. Both the houses and the habitats are supposed to look traditional, but both have been carefully tinkered with.

First we come to the irrigated pasture of the treeless flats, land of the "ranch houses." These residences must conform to strict design guidelines. They must have, for example, a wrap-around porch, a muted-tone composite roof, and a white exterior. Each must include a compound of three buildings, since, as Bob explains, outbuildings are traditional for ranches.

"We want to reflect the historical feel; otherwise, it just doesn't read right," says Bob, who also serves on the design-review committee.

But then we drive by a glistening steamship-sized job with copper cupolas. At first, I think it must be the clubhouse, but it's just Lot 15 and a 21,000-square-foot house. Built by a Chicago developer, it sheaths an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a 75-foot-long tunnel for target practice, a room-sized, hammered-copper-topped, horseshoe-shaped bar, a home theater and a multi-car garage dressed up as a barn.

It doesn't "read" quite like the frontier, and Bob knows it. "Some of these things down here," he says, waving an arm across the flats, "the design committee is less than happy about."

Bob is eager to head uphill, toward the Nick Fazio-designed golf course and the "mountain homes" that surround it. The mountain homes vary from large to very, very large. Styled like historic national-park lodges, they must be built of hand-hewn logs perched on granite foundations, and they feature big chimneys, log tresses and oversized entry porticos.

Onward, east of the pool and tennis courts, we come to the cabins. Clustered tightly together — "almost like a homestead village," says Bob — the cabins range from 2,000 to 4,500 square feet, with as many as six bedrooms.

We stop at Bob's cabin. Like much of the Stock Farm architecture, it is very masculine, with massive logs and dark wallpaper and enormous leather-and-tapestry furniture, designed to make one feel both very small and very big at the same time. Lampshades, predictably, are covered in bark, while the side tables are draped in cowhide that looks more Vermont Holstein than Montana Angus.



FAUX FARM LIVING: The Stock Farm's "barn complex" wraps a working-ranch veneer around a half-court basketball court, sauna, spa and imitation Western saloon, for members and guests to enjoy (photo courtesy Kibo Group Architecture)



LIKE A NATIONAL PARK LODGE: Peeled logs and an antler chandelier define the interior of the Blackfeet Cabin in the Stock Farm. The club's cabins are named for people from Montana's history, including local tribes, Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea (photo courtesy Kibo Group Architecture).

All the cabins' interiors materialized effortlessly, installed by the same designer who did the husky furnishings of the Clubhouse, all for a consistent feel. "The place is a little dark," Bob frowns. "I'm going to add a glass door and put in another window or two." If it doesn't feel personal (there are no family photos or bawdy light-switch covers), it's not supposed to. During busy times, most cabins are managed by the Stock Farm as rentals when the owners are gone. Near the kitchen, there's a standard hotel phone and next to it, a listing of guest services.

A ghost ranch

Like Bob Arrigoni, most Stock Farmers hail from far-off urban areas. Most are corporate executives who are "outdoors-oriented," says managing partner Jim Schueler. "This is for a person with a very busy, busy lifestyle and he doesn't want to manage a ranch but wants to be a part of it. Everything is taken care of, so they just have to worry about fishing, hunting and golf."

The marketing is soft-sell, largely by word of mouth. Members tend to show up in geographical packs — a bunch from the Bay Area, other bunches from New Orleans, Texas, Minneapolis and New York.

It's tough to get a handle on the people here, though, because not many are around. So far, about three-fourths of the Stock Farm lots have sold and about one-third have been built upon. But as with Montana's other new gated ranch developments, to call the Stock Farm "residential" would be a misnomer. Only two or three homeowners live here full time. Most just come a few times in the winter and during the relatively short summer golfing season.

In early spring, when the neighboring meadows bustle with calving season and muddy school buses, the Stock Farm is eerily silent. Much of the time, it is a ghost ranch.

Whether or not they are present, Stock Farmers obviously relish a common governing principle: order. Tight control is evident everywhere, from strict codes and regulations to the sense of enclosure with several gated entrances. Unlike most Montanans, who would find it Orwellian, homeowners here are willing to be told what to put in their front yards. They're willing to be told they can't trim dead tree branches or park their vehicles anywhere they want. To do otherwise would be to risk the uncertainties of the unplanned real West. As one buyer puts it, "We looked at properties outside the development, but you never know if next door is going to look like an airplane wreck."

The rules also preserve adherence to a meticulously constructed frontier mythology. Even the maintenance sheds are disguised as quaint red barns. The smooth road asphalt has been layered with a large-aggregate gravel to resemble dirt. More than a thousand ponderosa pine trees have been planted to enhance a sense of wildness.

The development's version of Frontierland subscribes to the triumphalist narrative of Western settlement. Tom Thomas, a semi-retired Californian who's building an 8,000-square-foot ranch compound, explains the rather involved fiction driving the look of his place: "The philosophy is that there was a carriage house there from 150 years ago and a family farmhouse, and the new generation has some money and builds a bigger house next to it. … The buildings are made to look old."

Only three architects are approved to serve the customers here, and primarily one construction company and one custom log company carry out the designs. One of the anointed architects, Missoula-based Jeremy Oury, specializes in log design. "We're good at replicating authentic details in a modern context," says Oury. To get the appearance of a 100-year-old building, he designs a roof that looks thin and delicate but disguises thick insulation. To make the "homestead" cabins look much smaller than they really are, he builds numerous boxy rooms, each appended with a separate roof line.

The design reviewers, the homeowners' association and the stringent club membership committee control what kind of flowers their neighbors can plant, where those neighbors must put their trash cans and even — through the approval process — who those neighbors will be.

"A whole other life"

It is possible to land your jet at the Hamilton airport and vacation at the Stock Farm for a lifetime, and never set foot on the town's Main Street two miles away. Many Stock Farmers don't shop in the local grocery store, preferring to eat at the club or to have their groceries picked up and delivered by the club's Member Services. As a general rule, they don't participate in the local weed association, school district or county commission meetings that make up the social hum of rural life.

The presence of the gates further disconnects these newcomers and creates a certain amount of resentment.

"It's an affront and a symbol of an attitude that doesn't square with who we are as citizens of this state," says Frederick Skinner, a history professor who drives by the Stock Farm gates twice a day as he commutes to the University of Montana in Missoula, 50 miles north. Skinner adds, "The resentment I feel is part of a larger bag of resentments I haul around about the increasing privatization of the West."

Aspects of the Stock Farm reach back into history. Americans have long balkanized into distinct self-styled communities, from immigrant ghettos to utopian farms. Many of Montana's pioneer ranch empires were financed with British and other foreign capital. Wealthy aristocrats from the East have long been sending their scions to frolic with the cows. But gentleman ranchers in the past tended to mix it up with the locals out of necessity and good will. Sometimes they even became Montana's politicians.

Today's pattern of land ownership represents a significant social upheaval. Of all land sales over 1,000 acres in western Montana last year, 80 percent went to nonresidents, according to one of Montana's leading ranch appraisers. There are now so many well-heeled strangers that they have the mass to form their very own

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It's more than a house, it's a fantasy life

The sales pitch weighs 12 pounds, arriving in a field bag made of beautiful distressed leather that looks well broken-in. Open the bag and there are maps that appear wrinkled and old, a pretend Montana newspaper clipping that looks historic, and four overdesigned books that also have the feel of rich heritage.

It's all intended to persuade you to buy into the Silver Bow Club, a gated ranch community proposed for the banks of Montana's Big Hole River. The price of a club membership, which includes a share in the club's lodges and a homesite, runs $1.75 million or more. So the sales pitch, delivered to prospective buyers around the country, strives to be impressive.

Open the kit and you practically smell the old money. Except it's not old — you're not buying a homesite so much as an instant pedigree and an instant history that supposedly traces back to rugged, aristocratic forebears. You, the mark, are probably a self-made millionaire careerist who does not come from such a background but wishes you had.

The *Silver Bow Club History* book, titled with faded gilt-embossed lettering, has fake water stains on its pages. It beckons you to "return to the sense of authenticity" that can still be found in rural Montana.

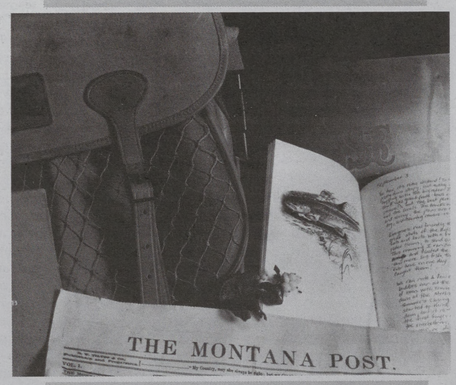
A hinged, iron-oxide-clad ledger-style book creaks when you open it. Illustrated with sepia-toned watercolors, it describes how the club weaves hunting and fishing into the lifestyle. "Between shots, you flop down in your favorite overstuffed chair, the one that faces the old oil painting on the mantle, and nestle in with a glass of port from your cellar locker … "

And a leather-bound journal offers the day-to-day experiences of an average member — an elaborately constructed male fantasy. The hypothetical Silver Bow Guy recounts his happy days bagging big game and trout, making deals and watching his children grow up during meaningful vacations on the property. He's both folksy and sophisticated, manly yet sensitive. He writes in loopy script: "I flew three guys from the Stevens account out for opening day of ducks … one of the guys brought some single malt, which was gone way too quick … it certainly won't hurt my business any."

The fictional life gets most emotional for the dying days of Buster the Hunting Dog: "I wanted to get Buster out one more time. The arthritis is looking pretty bad. … This ranch has been his whole life too. It's where he grew up. I didn't want to upset him, so I never let him see my tears."

For the cost of a membership, you, too, may have a mistily remembered dead dog and the lifestyle of well-aged scotch with a view. You can imagine you are a genuine Montanan, as genuine as your handsomely polished designer leather boots.

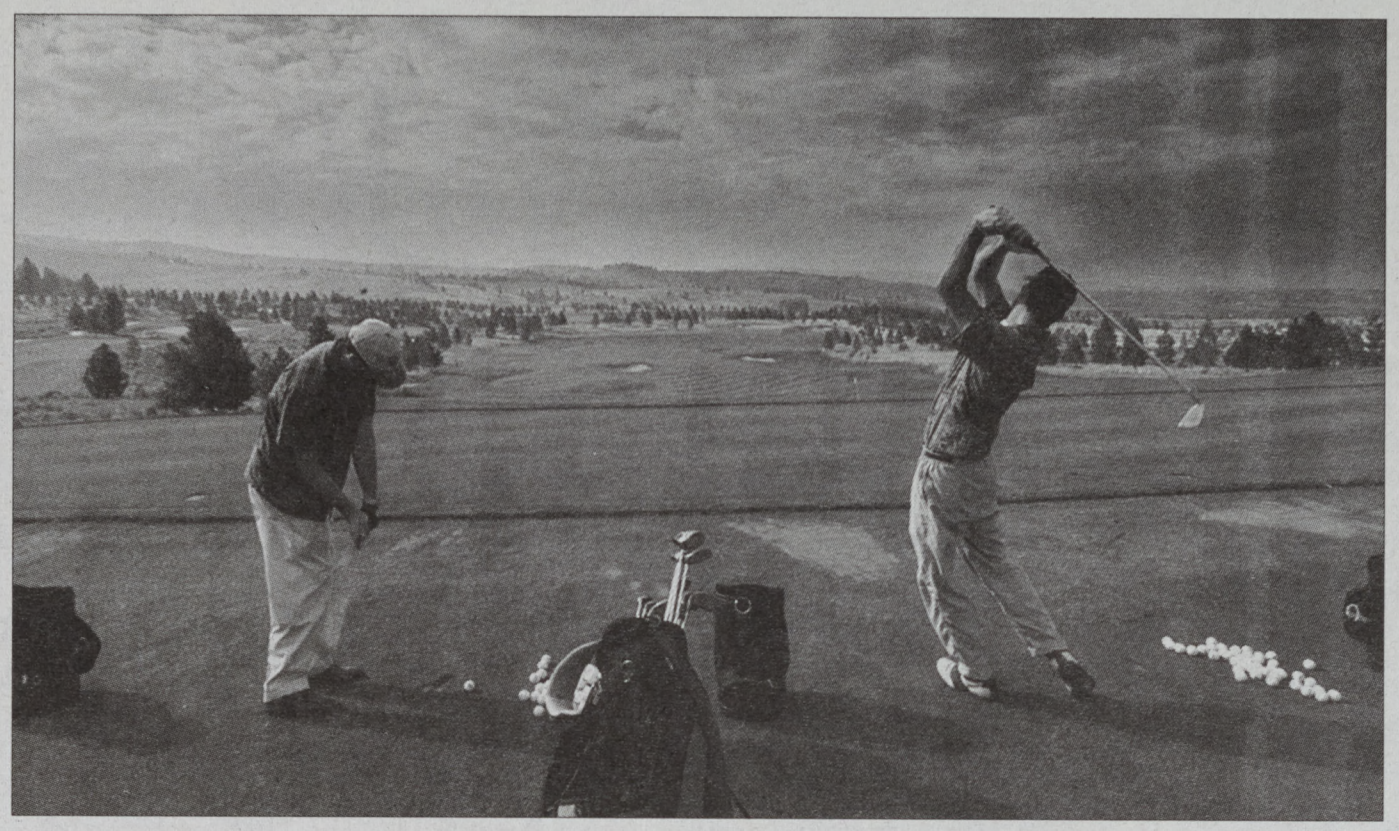
— Florence Williams



MEMORIES INCLUDED: The sales pitch for the Silver Bow Club, sent to prospects who might pay $1.75 million for a homesite and club membership in rural Montana, includes a leather field bag, a quasi-historic newspaper clipping and a fictionalized journal (Lucy Capehart photo)

Good gates make lousy neighbors

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towns, bound by their own codes and regulations and their own self-government.

The Stock Farm "fits into the more general process in the nation of increasing separation by race and class," says University of Montana sociologist Paul Miller. "Those who can purchase their separation increasingly do.

"In my view, it's not a healthy thing for a community to have a gated, defensive structure, and it goes against the concept of a sustainable community, in which people share spaces and a common identity and are attuned to the needs of each other," Miller says. "I don't know who they're afraid of out there, but for those outside the gates, it makes you wonder what's wrong with you that you might be scary to others."

Bob Arrigoni says the much-ballyhooed front gate is merely symbolic, "to signify you've entered a special place." Managing partner Schueler, however, says his buyers expect it. "It comes with the turf," he says. "People from California or Detroit want that sense of security." The most visible Stock Farm gate, on a main highway, is closed 24 hours a day to all those who don't have the access code.

Many of the codeless locals struggle to survive on the low end of the economic hierarchy. Hamilton is the seat of Ravalli County, which has Montana's lowest annual wage. The county's poverty rate is a relatively high 16 percent. The Stock Farm's initiation fee alone is more than five times the average yearly paycheck.

The sense of division is acute. Generally, "The new folks who come into these rural areas tend to be new to their money and still amassing it. They have little time or interest in getting to know who their neighbors are," says John McIlwain, senior researcher for the Washington, D.C.-based Urban Land Institute, which tracks land-use trends. The perception, and sometimes the reality, is that exclusive enclaves limit access to public resources, whether by closing a road or gate previously open, by restricting use of streams and trailheads, or by otherwise abusing the public trust.

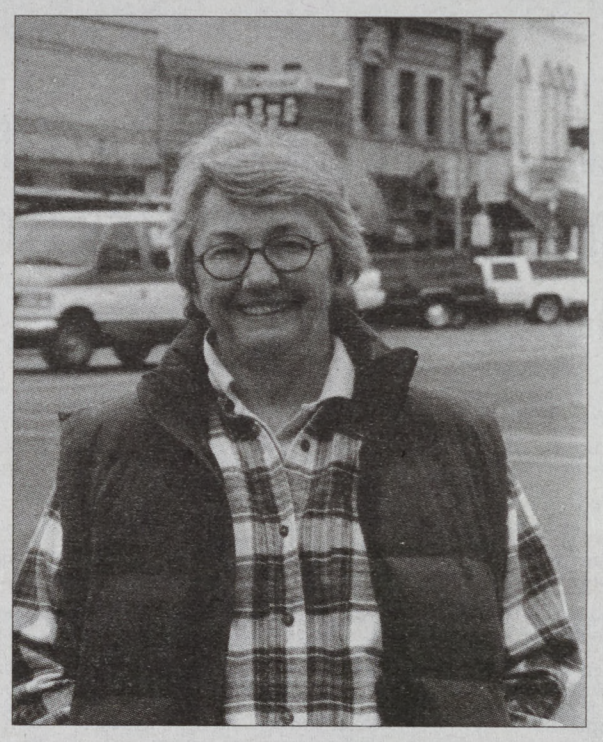
Despite the fact that Stock Farmers take pains to conceal the houses and golf course from town and to leave a swath of the property undeveloped in an elk-habitat easement, everyone in town knows about the development and how much it costs.

C.J. Sherwood, an earnest 19-year-old who tends bar at the Spice of Life in downtown Hamilton, puts it succinctly: "They have money and we don't. They walk in and you know right away they're from the Stock Farm. They expect the world to wait on them right now, and it's all about them. It's like a whole other life."

Attempts to connect

The Stock Farm does benefit the local community. In addition to increased property taxes, the club pays about a hundred employees, mostly to tend the golf course and serve food and beverages. The club also trains local teens to work as caddies during golf season, and the caddies get to play the course two times each season.

The club is an enormous boon to local contractors, construction workers and artisans. Handmade hinges, railings, stone fireplaces, carved stair treads, rough iron chandeliers and the peeled logs originate locally. One house here will keep a specialist in cabinet knobs busy for months.



And the club shares some of its wealth, by donating to local causes. Since the Stock Farm began three years ago, its management and members have donated more than $140,000 to organizations, including the local YMCA, Special Olympics, 4-H, the library, museums, volunteer fire departments, and local schools, says Matt Guzik, Stock Farm general manager. As a mechanism for the donations, the club recently launched the Greater Ravalli Foundation, specifically to benefit local school-age kids.

"I've worked at other gated communities that were more private, that just shut down the barriers, that didn't get involved in local communities, even fought local communities. We're extremely unique in that way," Guzik says. But even he acknowledges the psychology: "Some people are going to be against a community like this, just because ..."

Perhaps since local needs are so great, the donations seem thinly spread, says Cheryl Kikkert, the director of Healthy Families, a nonprofit coalition of 30 different agencies and groups. "From my own point of view, we don't know (the Stock Farmers) are here. My sense is nobody knows who lives there and that's the way they want it to be."

Some of that separation comes from the locals' own hesitation to approach the Stock Farmers. "I would love to open the golden spigot up there, but we haven't figured how to do it," says Stacey Umhey of Safe, an organization which runs a shelter for victims of domestic abuse. She adds, "Like today, we're getting ready for our annual auction, and I'm in jeans and sweaty. I can't imagine sitting down to lunch with Charles Schwab (the California investment magnate who is one of the Stock Farm partners) and asking for money."

During weekend golf tournaments, Stock Farmers make a show of force, as the airspace above town teems with private planes and helicopters, and more Stock Farmers venture into town. "You can spot little coveys of the aristocracy when they decide to go slumming it downtown in tight little packs like foreign tourists," says Larry Campbell, a Hamiltonian and director of a local environmental group with about 750 members, the Friends of the Bitterroot.

"A number of local people are on the construction gravy train up there, but there's a negative side, too," Campbell says. Stock Farmers "are the driving force behind persistent pressure to expand the Hamilton airport, which is very unpopular here."

The airport runway is too short for easy use by most private jets. That's fine with most locals, who complain of aircraft noise and jet fuel odor. They can use the regional airport in Missoula. But for Stock Farmers, using the Missoula airport means less time on the back nine.

"It's fine to have a gated community," says town resident Gwen Haas, a vocal opponent of expanding the Hamilton airport, "but don't come in and say we're going to change the ambiance of the valley for our convenience so we can land closer. Someone should tell them that people live on the ground and that rattling our dishes is not very neighborly."

The elusive simple life

A few Stock Farmers are trying to put down roots in the community. In the Clubhouse, I slump into a fat club chair and chat with a member who's in financial services. Tousled, tan and happy, he's just come off the golf course in preparation for an amateur tournament. He is one of the few who intend to live here full time. At 40 and retired — he sold his business at the top of the market — he's also younger than most. With two kids and one on the way, he says his family will use local public schools and fully integrate into Hamilton.

"We have a lot of friends in the community," he says, "and the (local) kids are the nicest of anywhere I've seen." At the end of the day, his kids can come home and be safe, jump on a horse or ride around in a golf cart.

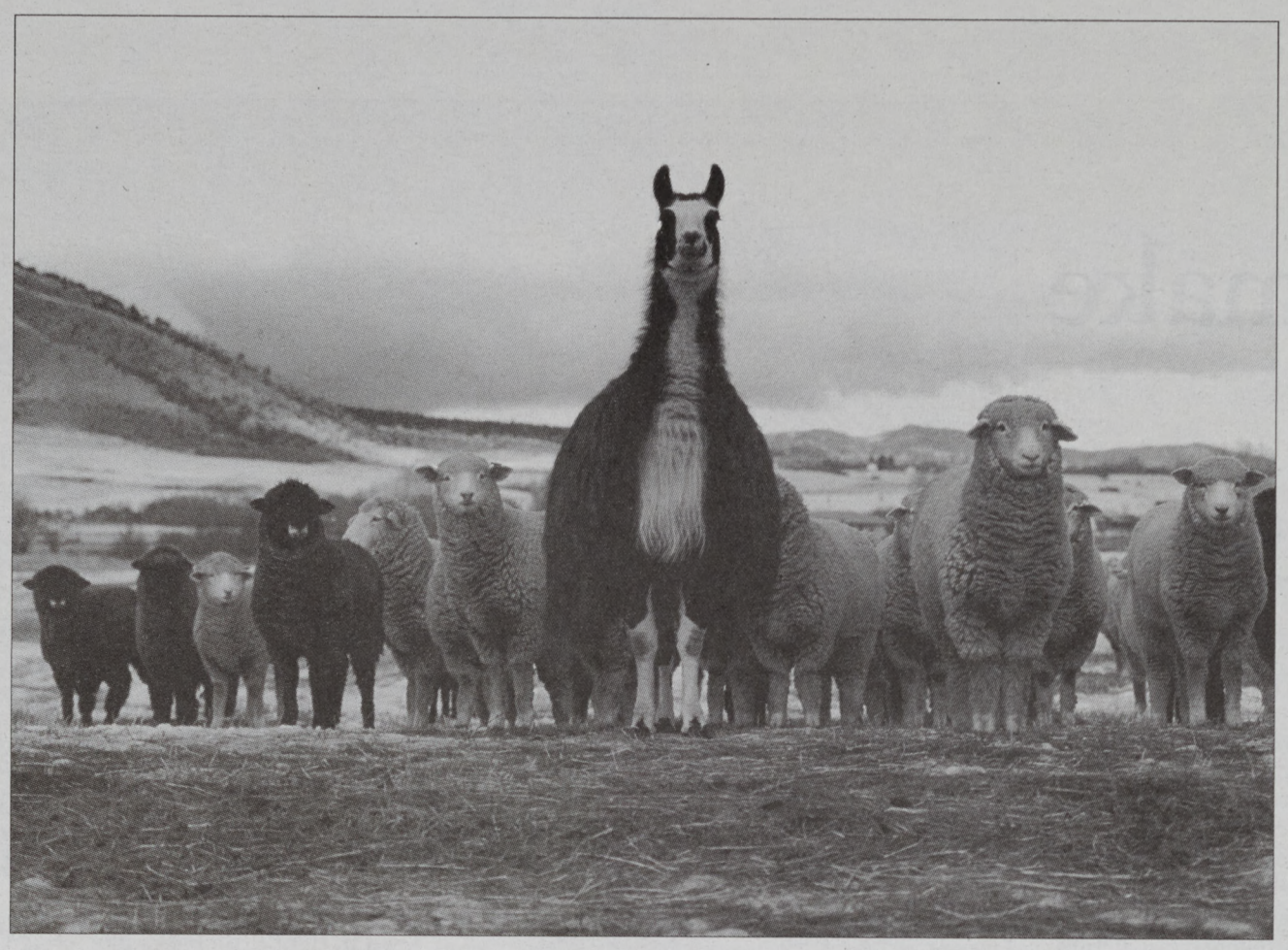
In its pursuit of perfection, the Stock Farm is not unlike that other happiest place on earth, Disneyland. The Stock Farm is a themed world, too, but not so easy to pin down. The theme is the West, yes, but not the Jeffersonian West of small yeomen farmers laboring toward an egalitarian democracy. Nor is it Turner's West of back-breaking labor to civilize the wilderness and form the American can-do character. But of course, those Wests never really existed, either, or not for long.

What appeals most to the Stock Farmers is the notion they can find here exactly what they lack: a simple life. That is precisely what all those design elements work so hard to convey. The Stock Farm embodies all the contradictions of the modern American West with none of the discomforts; those float downhill beyond the gates.

"We are a lot of simple, low-key people," Bob Arrigoni says as he ferries me across the golf cart path. "We want to be treated like everyone else." ■

Florence Williams, a former *High Country News* staff reporter, lives in Helena, Montana.

FORE AND AGAINST: Frederick Bensch of Atlanta and his brother, Rob, of Walnut Creek, California, practiced shots on the Stock Farm's golf course; their family owns a home in the development (Lance Iversen photo, the San Francisco Chronicle). At left, Gwen Haas, who lives in nearby Hamilton, Montana, doesn't think the town's airport should be expanded to better serve the private jets of wealthy Stock Farmers (Lucy Capehart photo).



CYRUS THE LLAMA: On guard on the Thirteen Mile Farm near Bozeman, Montana. Owner Becky Weed uses llamas to protect the sheep, rather than using lethal control for coyotes (William Campbell photo).

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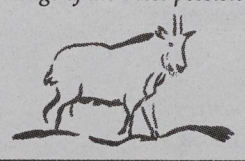
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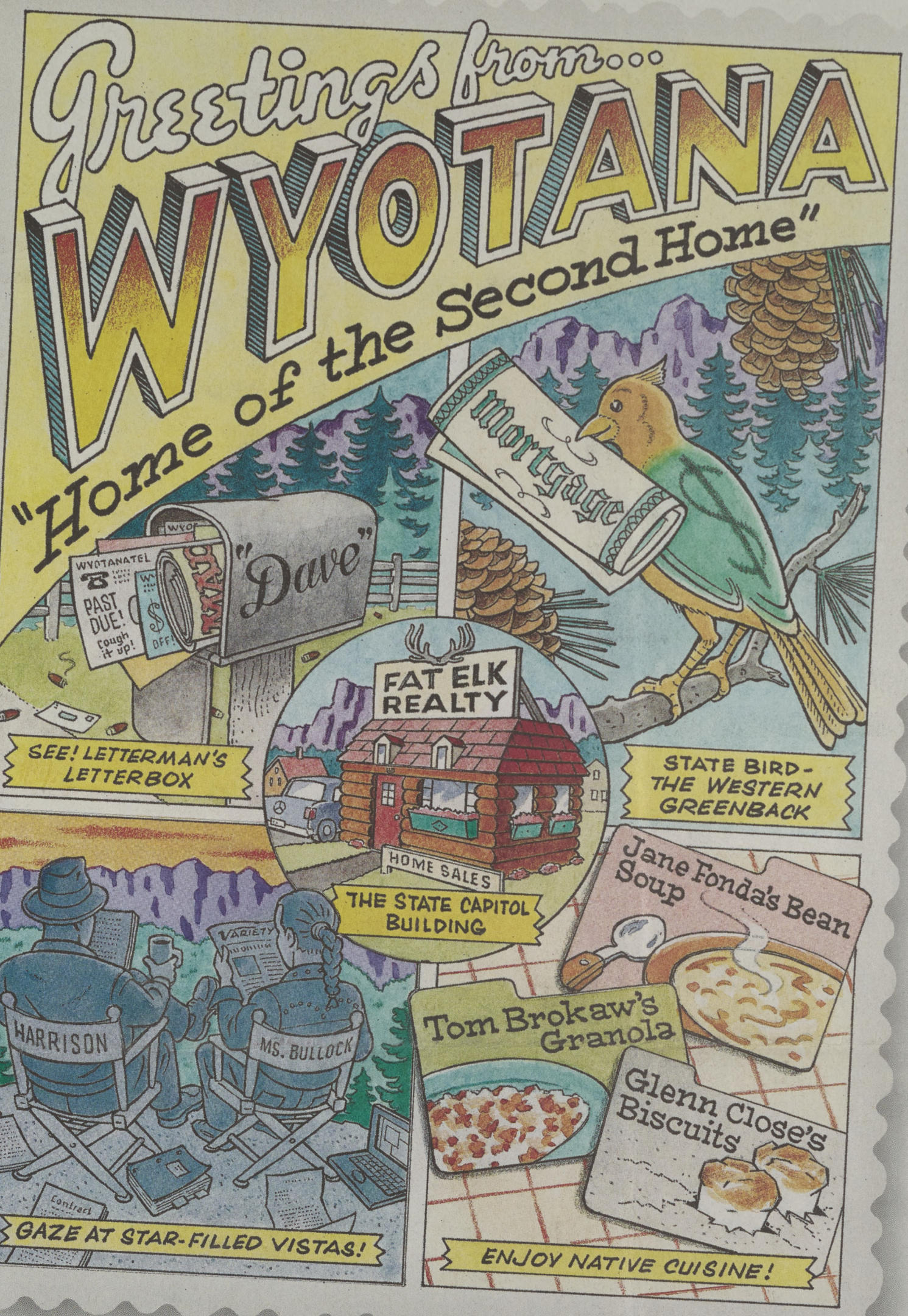
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The New York Times



Ron Barrett

HAVENS

A virtual state where city folk go to embrace their inner rancher.

By ANNA BAHNEY

JAGGED mountain peaks pierce the clouds as their nine-million-year-old spires loom above a patch of delicate blue harebells still wet with morning dew. The lake below reflects the shifting colors of the rocks — green at the bottom, gray melding to white at the top — as they stretch toward the infinite blue sky. Off in the distance, a moose slowly makes its way to the water's edge. A bald eagle soars above, talons ready, looking for breakfast.

Welcome to Wyotana: part State of Wyoming, part State of Montana, part state of mind.

You won't find it on any maps, but Wyotana (or Montoming, as it might be dubbed every odd-numbered year when the Montana Legislature is in session) exists nonetheless. It's the home of the second home for celebrities like Harrison Ford, Tom Brokaw and David Letterman and hundreds of other out-of-staters willing to pay $5 million or more to embrace their inner ranch owner. It's the land of big sky and big prices.

Thinking about moving in? Before whipping out your checkbook, get out the map. With Yellowstone National Park as its anchor, Wyotana stretches with eminent-domain-like authority over the forested and mountainous regions of northwest Wyoming and central and western Montana. From Sheridan County, Wyo., draw a line slanting down to the Utah-Idaho border. Follow the state line of Idaho upward until it is even with the Flathead Valley, and then go over to Kalispell, Mont. Shoot straight back down to Sheridan, making

Continued on Page 6

HAVENS

ON THE MARKET



WHERE Chester, Calif.
WHAT 4-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $799,950.

This just-completed 3,400-square-foot house is on 2.4 acres with flower gardens and a small meadow in front. The house has large windows and a deck that look out at Carter Mountain near the Pacific Crest Trail. There are two bathrooms. The kitchen has commercial-grade appliances and the living room has a vaulted pine ceiling and a rock fireplace with a built-in fountain that mimics a waterfall. The master bedroom is in a loft. Broker: Ron Martin, United Country/Ron Martin Realty, (800) 444-8004; www.ronmartinrealty.com.

LIVING HERE

Houses Near Mountains: The Views Are What Matter

WHO Mark Conklin, 42, a former actor, and Noelle Strong, 40, a former speech pathologist.
WHAT 3-bedroom house.
WHERE Midway, Utah

Noelle: Living in Utah was not something we'd planned on. We ended up here as a result of our "Escape From New York" plan. In 1995, we went backpacking around the globe. Six months into the trip, we ended up working as housekeepers in the German Alps. Living there convinced us we could leave New York if it was to live somewhere beautiful. When we got back to New York, we answered an "Innkeepers Wanted" ad and by 1997 we had moved to Stowe.

Mark: Living in Stowe prompted us to start looking for an inn to buy.

Noelle: We looked everywhere — and we did it driving cross-country in a Buick LeSabre. Before we knew it, nearly two years had passed. I needed people, a community. I knew someone in Park City, so we stopped there.

Mark: Within a month we'd moved into a condo, found jobs and bought a second car.

Noelle: And two months later we'd bought this wonderful brick farmhouse.

Mark: It was built in the 1880's and looks out at snowcapped mountains all winter long.

Noelle: Black willows and cottonwoods grow along the river.

Mark: We've even seen herds of elk. One thing's for sure: This isn't 79th and West End. We now have a daughter, Emma, who is 20 months old, and I often think about her growing up here and how for me, as a kid, ducks and horses were just things I saw in storybooks, but for her, the animals she sees are a part of daily life.

Interview by Bethany Lyttle



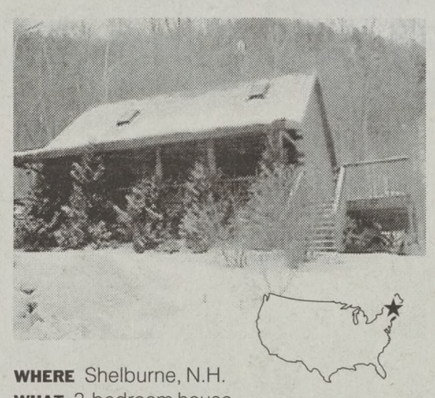
George Frey for The New York Times



WHERE Boulder, Colo.
WHAT 4-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $869,000

Built on a small city lot, this new 2,192-square-foot house has views of Mount Sanitas and the Flat Iron Mountains. Shingle accents and a wrap-around porch recall the Arts and Crafts era. There are three bathrooms, a second-floor laundry room, granite kitchen countertops and a one-car attached garage. Broker: Greg Smith, Re/Max Alliance-Boulder, (800) 373-1282; www.boulderhomesource.com.

Information on properties has been provided by the listing companies.



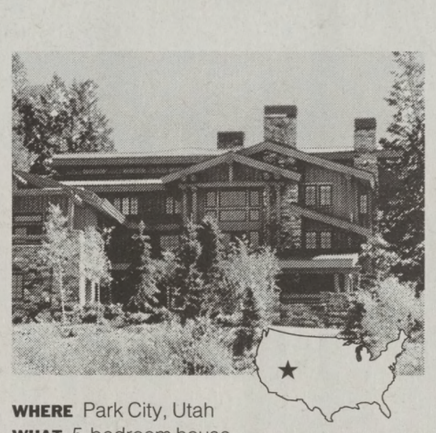
WHERE Shelburne, N.H.
WHAT 3-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $234,900

This 1,893-square-foot log house was built in 1988 on Mount Winthrope, which is adjacent to White Mountain National Forest. The house, on 13.5 acres, has views of the Mahoosuc Range of the White Mountains. There is a full-width covered front porch and a side deck. The living room has a cathedral ceiling, skylights and a loft that can be used as an office. There are two fireplaces, two and a half bathrooms and a full basement. Agent: Nancy Rousseau, Prudential Coulombe Real Estate, (603) 752-7535; www.pcre.com.



WHERE Haysville, N.C.
WHAT 9-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $995,900

Located on 21.5 wooded acres in the Tusquittee Landing area of Clay County, this three-level 7,000-square-foot house faces the Tusquittee Mountain Range and is bordered by Nanpahala National Forest. A flexible floor plan allows for five to nine bedrooms. The house has a wine cellar, a three-car attached garage and an equipped exercise room; it is offered completely furnished. There are four bathrooms. Outbuildings include a root cellar. Broker: Bill Nanto, Ralph Crisp Realty, (888) 829-8120; www.ralphcrisprealty.com.



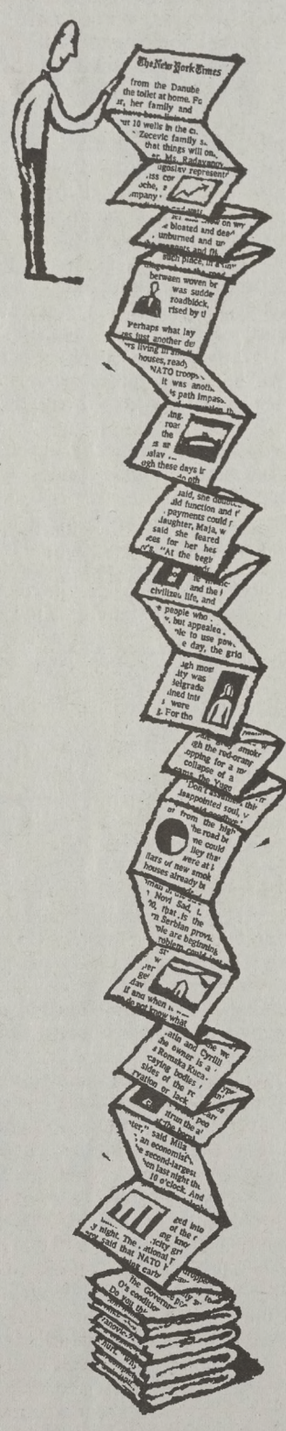
WHERE Park City, Utah
WHAT 5-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $9,250,000

Situated within 45 minutes of eight ski resorts, this lodge-style ski-in, ski-out property has views from all sides of the Wasatch Mountains. The four-level 8,223-square-foot house is on almost an acre in the Bald Eagle Club, a gated community. The house has five fireplaces, several decks and an elevator. There are five full and two half bathrooms. The house is offered fully furnished. There is a two-car attached garage. Broker: Silver Lake office of Lewis Wolcott & Dornbush, (435) 615-7110; www.utahskirealestate.com.



WHERE Yelm, Wash.
WHAT 4-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $349,000

Built in 1969 on 11.9 acres, this 3,232-square-foot house faces Mount Ranier. The property has grape vines; plum, pear and cherry trees; a lighted tennis court; and a barn with a 10-by-60-foot riding arena and 10 horse stalls. The house has exposed beams, three bathrooms, a fireplace and a second fireplace with a stove insert. The kitchen has a large wood-burning cooking stove and a built-in breakfast nook that can seat eight. A four-car carport is attached to the house. Broker: Cynthia Schmier, Re/Max Country, (360) 400-3475; www.cynthia-online.com.



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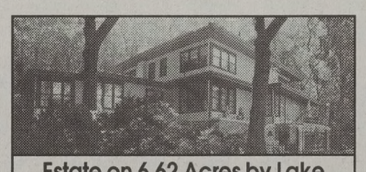
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Lucas J. Gilman for The New York Times

Wyotana: Home Of the Second Home

Continued From First Escapes Page

sure Billings, Mont., is included. Now you have the rough parameters of Wyotana, a 103,300-square-mile enclave of sweeping vistas and storied beauty.

Nora Tygum, 60, who has owned Nora's Fish Creek Inn in Wilson, Wyo., for 20 years — Vice President Dick Cheney, a longtime Wyoming resident, is a breakfast regular — sees few differences between the two states that make up Wyotana. "I think Wyoming is really compatible with Montana," she said. "We're horsy people, ranchy people. We've got the Levi's, the big belt buckles, the pickup trucks."

Wyotana's spiritual capital is Jackson Hole, a sagebrush valley that opens to views of Grand Teton National Park to the north,

Wyotana stretches with eminent-domain-like authority over the two contiguous states.

and its social epicenter is the town of Jackson, where insiders gather at the Snake River Grill to dine on braised antelope shanks, and mingle at the Jackson Rodeo every Wednesday and Saturday night from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Coveted Wyotana invitations are for gatherings at Herb Allen's sprawling ranch in Cody, Wyo., and for the fund-raising costume ball at the Yellowstone Art Museum in Billings.

Membership in the Nature Conservancy is a social calling card, and the creation of a conservation easement on personal property is a status symbol. Lear 35's and Citation 550 Bravos lie in wait at Arlin's Aircraft Service at Gallatin Field, near Bozeman, Mont., to ferry their owners back to New York or Washington. Red-letter dates on the Wyotana calendar are March 1, the first day fly-fishing licenses are available; Oct. 1, the opening day in most places for deer, elk and antelope hunting; and the first week in December, when the Jackson Hole Mountain Resort skiing season begins.

The two components of Wyotana do, of course, have their distinctive attributes. "Wyoming is a little drier than Montana — not as many trees, not as green," said Jim Taylor, the president of Hall & Hall Real Estate, a firm that handles property sales and management in both states. He grew up on a 300,000-acre ranch in a part of southern Montana so remote that the family had to drive 50 miles to Sheridan, Wyo., to do their shopping.

"Montana is lusher," he said. "Probably a lot of people will find the ranches in Montana are prettier. But Wyoming is big and open and rough and dramatic."

The two states also attract slightly different crowds: in Wyoming, it's business types and politicians from the Northeast; in Montana, it's Silicon Valley dot-comers and Los Angeles entertainment moguls.

There are other, less subtle differences. In Wyoming, there is no state income or inheritance tax; in Montana, no sales tax. Hunting licenses are easier to get in Wyoming, but there is more land under private ownership in Montana.

The options for Wyotana buyers are varied. Those put off by the relative congestion of Jackson might head for the open landscape of the Flathead Valley, dominated by the 28-mile-long Flathead Lake. Or they might build a log home in the lower Bitterroot Valley, between Missoula and Hamilton, with its wide valley surrounded by the Bitterroot National Forest. Looking for some rolling, lush countryside with Yellowstone nearby? Head for Paradise Valley in southern Montana.

But for anyone looking for a second home these days, the choices may depend less on geographical preferences or tax concerns and more on the simple fact of what's available, and at what price.

Mostly, prices are still strong, although they have begun to soften at the high end of the Jackson market since Sept. 11. Peter Linsey, a vice president and the managing broker at Sotheby's International Realty Jackson Hole, said that sellers were getting about 20 percent less for houses listed at $5 million or more.

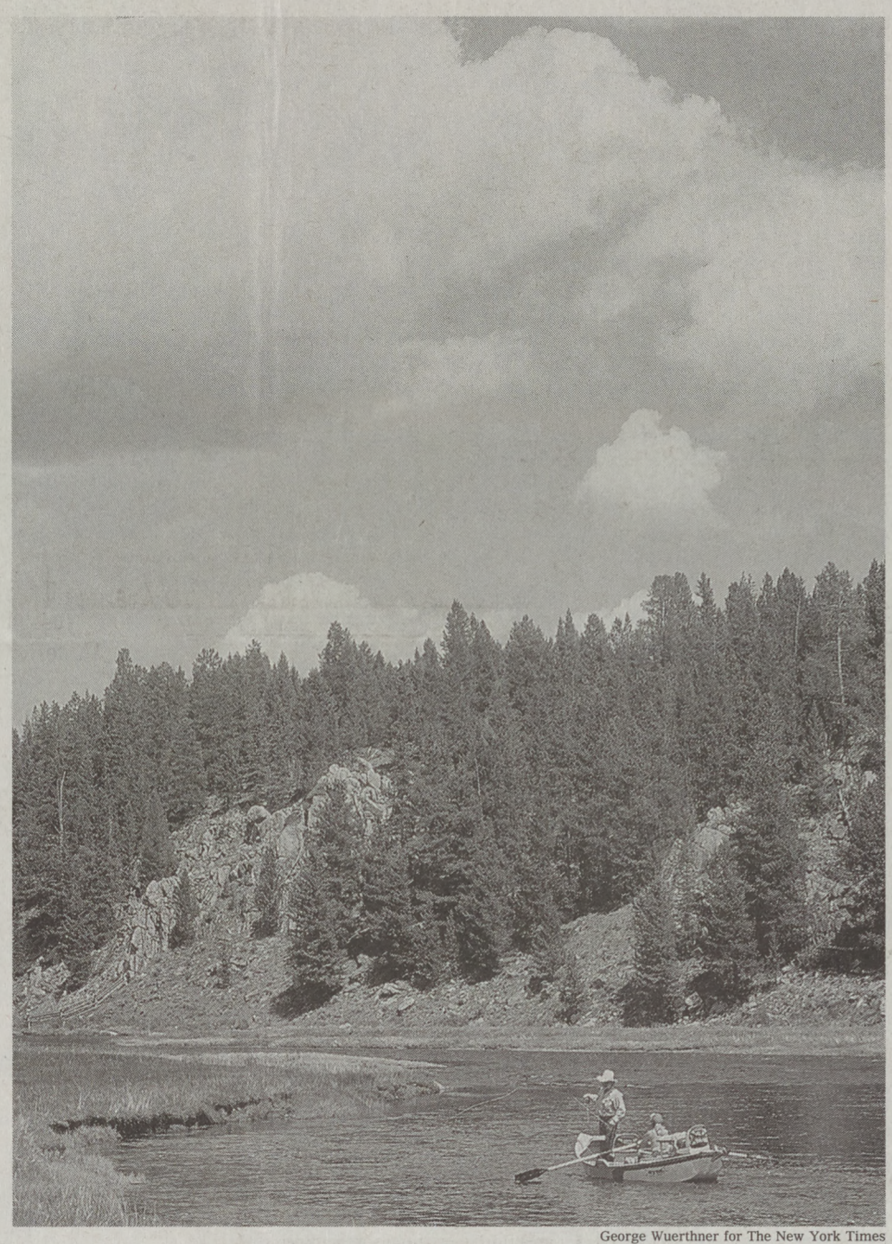
For properties listed at $1 million to $5 million, there is not a lot of availability, Mr. Linsey said. As for anything under $1 million, "it's hardly on the market — it just gets snatched up," he said.

Right now, in Jackson Hole, Darren Kleiman of Jackson Hole Realty said, buyers can expect to pay about $2 million for a 4,000-square-foot house on 3 to 10 acres of land.

The Jackson Hole market has gotten so overheated, said Bill Bahny, a broker with offices in Helena, the Montana capital, and Broadus, Mont., that "they've run the millionaires out of there." Only billionaires can afford Jackson Hole these days, he said.

While one reason for the spike in real estate values in recent years is the sheer natural beauty of the area — an intoxicating expanse of creeks, cliffs, crags and limitless views — another and perhaps more important factor is the relative scarcity of property available for development. Privately owned acres in Wyoming and Montana are not as available as the landscape suggests because of the federal government's extensive holdings. In the 60-mile-by-20-mile valley of Jackson Hole, for instance, 97 percent of the land is controlled by the National Park Service, the National Forest Service or the federal Bureau of Land Management. That leaves just 3 percent of this highly prized land for 400 real estate agents to scramble over.

The market in Wyotana has been simmering steadily for 20 years. There were several eye-popping sales in the early 80's, including the one that opened the floodgates: in 1981, the 11,500-acre Forbes family ranch was sold to the Church Universal and Triumphant for $7 million. That price, said Mr. Taylor of Hall & Hall, was roughly 10 times what the land was worth based on how much livestock it could support, a measure that is going the way of grazing land. By the mid-80's, the Wyoming/Montana market really began to take off, with increasing numbers of people eager to buy land adjacent to Yellowstone. "Basically, people started to pay for view, for fish, for wildlife and access to more desirable towns," Mr. Taylor said. "That's what pushed the market."



George Wuerthner for The New York Times

BIG SKY COUNTRY Fishing on the Big Hole River near Wisdom, Mont., above, and viewing the elk, top, at the national refuge near Jackson, Wyo.

The fact that celebrities were coming didn't hurt, either. In 1992, Susie Graetz, a writer and photographer in Helena, created the "Montana Celebrity Cookbook" as a fund-raising project for the Intermountain Children's Home in Helena, with recipes from local homeowners: bean soup as cooked by Ted Turner and Jane Fonda, Michael Keaton's lemon squares, Glenn Close's biscuits, Hank Williams Jr.'s vegetable casserole and Tom Brokaw's granola.

Maybe it's time for a second edition. Since Ms. Graetz's book came out, the Montana crowd now includes Mel Gibson, who ranches near Columbus; Connie Chung and Maury Povich, who have a place in the Flathead Valley; and David Letterman, who has a house outside Choteau.

And, Ms. Graetz said, they all want to be treated just like regular folk. "The way that they — meaning celebrities or people in that sort of limelight — are all treated here, they are treated like real people. That word spreads."

Mr. Kleiman of Jackson Hole Realty agreed. "They say, 'I'm going to be part of your community, but don't treat me like I'm anything special,' " he said. "You can go down to the bar on a Thursday night, and Harrison Ford is kicking back."

The New York Times

Not everyone, though, is quick to embrace the emergence of Wyotana as the home of second homes. David Taylor, a professor and extension specialist in the department of agriculture and applied economics at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, produced a report on the growth of the second-home market in the state based on the 1990 and 2000 censuses. "We aren't against development," but the matter could use some discussion, said Mr. Taylor, who is known as Tex. "Manage growth, or growth will manage you."

And if there is anything that chafes people who are in the thrall of open spaces, it is being managed. "There are concerns about second-home development in Wyoming," he said. "It tends to be rural, and that leads to effects on open space and wildlife habitat. There are concerns about the cost of county government. Most studies have found that residential developments themselves do not pay for public services. The other concern is the effect on culture and lifestyle."

According to the 2000 census, Wyoming ranked 11th in the nation as the home of second homes, and Montana ranked ninth. Mr. Taylor's study indicates that the number of second homes in Wyoming increased 30 percent from 1990 to 2000 and that Montana experienced an 18 percent increase in the same period.

While second-home living in Wyoming is certainly not a new development, the study shows that areas like Hot Springs County and Sublette County have really put the "Wyo" in Wyotana, joining Jackson Hole as prime destinations for second-home buyers.

Still, in many ways Teton County, which includes Jackson, reigns supreme. Jonathan Schechter, the executive director of the Charture Institute, which studies growth and change in places of ecological significance, said that Teton has the highest adjusted gross income of any county in the country. The Bureau of Economic Analysis says that in terms of per capita personal income, Teton ranks 14th in the nation. Either way, that indicates a huge concentration of affluence for a county that has no metropolitan area.

"I have people come to me and say, 'I'm looking for property that is undervalued.' " Mr. Kleiman said. "I can only tell them, 'It doesn't exist.' "

Mr. Bahny, the Montana broker, said that there are some standoffs in the real estate market now as buyers and sellers alike wait to see if there will be some softening in prices. "I have deals that are stuck at a difference of $100,000," he said. "The buyer ain't coming up, and the seller ain't coming down. A year and a half ago, I could have made that deal in an afternoon."

So are there any bargains at all? Mr. Bahny has been directing out-of-staters to eastern Montana, where a second-home boom hasn't quite taken hold. "It's pretty country out there," Mr. Bahny said.

It may be pretty, but it's not Wyotana.

IF YOU'RE BUYING



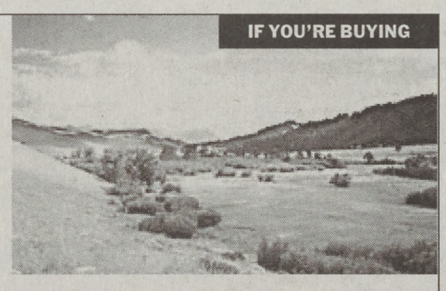
WHERE Near Jackson, Wyo.
WHAT 3-bedroom house with carriage house
HOW MUCH $2,950,000

This log house on five acres has a trout-filled pond with a waterfall. There are three and a half baths, granite countertops and antique pine flooring. Floor-to-ceiling windows provide views of the Tetons. A one-bedroom, 841-square-foot guest suite is above the detached garage. Furnishings can be included for an additional sum. Agent: Victoria Springer, Sotheby's International Realty Jackson Hole, (800) 359-8007; www.jacksonhole.sothebysrealty.com.



WHERE Whitefish, Mont.
WHAT 4-bedroom house
HOW MUCH $895,000

On 20 acres in the gated community of Wolf Tail Pines, this five-year-old log and stucco house has views of Glacier National Park, the Big Mountain ski area and Whitefish Lake. The 3,854-square-foot house has a river-rock fireplace, a wood-burning stove, a curved staircase and three and a half baths. The guest suite includes a sitting room, its own bathroom and a private deck. There is a three-car attached garage with a second-floor unfinished room. Broker: Phyllis Sprunger, Re/Max of Whitefish, (406) 863-3400; www.phyllissprunger.com.



WHERE Ennis, Mont.
WHAT 88-acre ranch
HOW MUCH $975,000

This property, known as the Palisades Ranch, is in southwestern Montana, 47 miles from Yellowstone National Park. The undeveloped land has a half mile of frontage on the trout-dense Madison River, known for its dry-fly fishing. The surrounding countryside of peaks and bluffs offers elk hunting. The Lee Metcalf Wilderness Area and the Gallatin and Beaverhead National Forests are close by. A building site has been designated for a house that would have river and mountain views. Broker: Greg Fay, (800) 238-8616; www.fayranches.com.

FALL 2002

CENTER NEWS

CENTER FOR THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST

Rethinking Public Land Management

Forest Service Region Seven does not exist. It hasn't since the 1960s. But that might change if the Center's policy recommendations are heeded. The Forest Service divides the U.S. into regions One through Ten; Region Seven was absorbed into



another region over forty years ago, but the regions were never renumbered. In 1998, Center Senior Fellow Pat Williams and Director Daniel Kemmis participated in a discussion about the future of the Forest Service at The University of Montana's Lubrecht Experimental Forest. The gap in the region roster inspired the group to take the name for one of their ideas: a new Region Seven, a "virtual region," based on experimentation rather than geography. National forests across the country could apply to test new forms of forest management, with the best ideas becoming part of Region Seven.

The Center has been deeply involved in discussions about the role of local collaboration in federal land management for several years. In 2000, the Center, along with the University of Wyoming's Institute for Environment and Natural Resources, published *Reclaiming NEPA's Potential*, a book examining the history of the National Environmental Protection Act, including a recommendation for pilot projects. The projects would test the limitations and benefits of collaborative groups, and see how they would fit in the NEPA process.

In November 2001, the House Resources Subcommittee on Forests and Forest Health asked Kemmis to speak on the subject. He talked about the "gridlock" on the national forests, the snarl of law and regulations that have been building up over the years, forcing the Forest Service to devote more

regional policy

attention to procedure than to managing forests. One way to address this problem, Kemmis suggested, would be to experiment with new forms of governance, with an emphasis on collaboration with local stakeholders. At the end of last November, a letter from Representatives Tom Udall and Scott McInnis to the Chief of the Forest Service encouraged the agency to consider just such experiments, referring specifically to the Center's work on the subject.

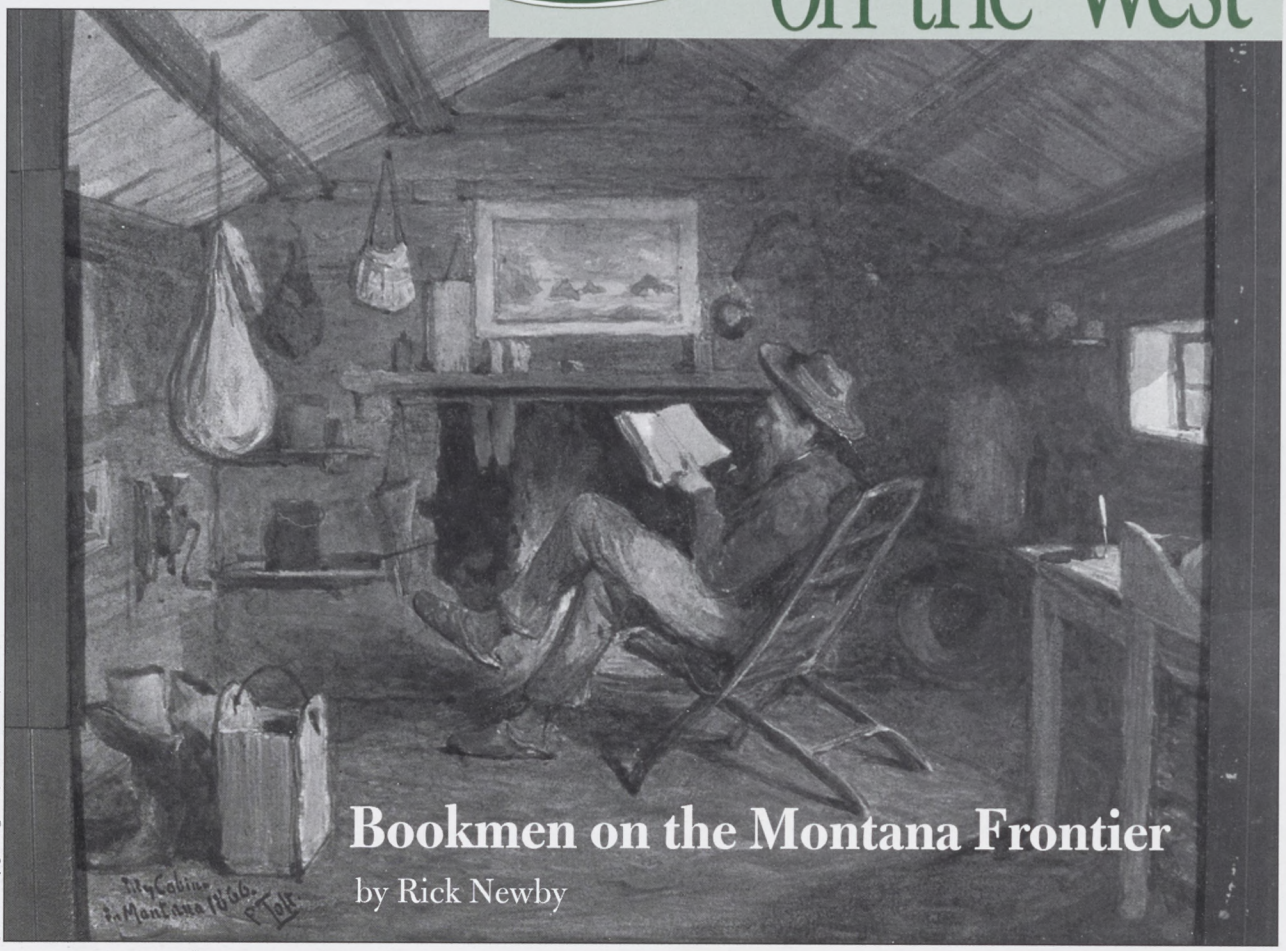
In early February of this year, a short paragraph in the President's budget proposal acknowledged the "excessive decision-making structure" of the Forest Service and requested the formation of "Charter Forests." The forests would experiment with local oversight to overcome agency inefficiencies. The charter forest announcement generated a flurry of requests for comments and advice from the Center. In an opinion column for the *Denver Post* in March and a lecture for the Department of the Interior Executive Speaker Series, Kemmis stressed the importance of carefully testing and monitoring new approaches to public land management.

On April 25, Pat Williams testified before the House Subcommittee on Forests and Forest Health. His testimony addressed the matter of the continuing dissention in the Rocky Mountain West, occasioned by changing economics and demographics. He suggested more responsive styles of land management and recommended the creation



of a new Region Seven that would experiment with different models of forest advisory management and provided suggestions of what might be included in the legislation. Williams encouraged bipartisan congressional support to provide agencies with a clear purpose and authority in testing new approaches.

continued on page 8



John Reddy, photographer, MHS Museum, Helena

Bookmen on the Montana Frontier

by Rick Newby

Early Montana readers thirsted for the printed page. Reading books was important enough to Montana frontiersman Peter Tofft to prompt him to depict it in this painting, *At Home in My Cabin on Elk Creek, Montana Territory* (1866, watercolor on paper).

In the opening moments of *Missouri Breaks*, the 1976 Arthur Penn film starring Marlon Brando as a bounty hunter, screenwriter Thomas McGuane has David Braxton, the rancher who has hired Brando, proudly tell a visitor, "The first time we saw this country, it was buffalo grass and blue-joint up to the stirrups. By the second year we had eight thousand Texas half-bred cattle and thirty-five hundred volumes of English literature in my library." A few scenes later, after supervising the hanging of his visitor, who has turned out to be a horse rustler, Braxton—in need of relaxation after his grim work—asks his daughter, "Honey, pull down *Tristam Shandy* for me again, would you?"[1]

Though David Braxton might seem a wholly fabricated character, a product solely of McGuane's book-infatuated imagination, this filmic bookman on the Montana frontier does have some basis in the historical record. He is, in fact, modeled closely on a real-life Montanan by the name of Granville Stuart, a Scottish American bibliophile, miner, rancher, vigilante, and dreamer sometimes called "Mr. Montana," who claimed direct

1. Thomas McGuane, *The Missouri Breaks: An Original Screenplay* (New York, 1976), 1, 5. This essay was presented as a talk to the Colophon Club, San Francisco, May 8, 2001. Portions of the text first appeared in the author's essay, "The Montana-Paris Axis, or Unpacking My Grandfather's Library: On the Track of a Bookish Tradition," published in *Writing Montana: Literature under the Big Sky*, ed. Rick Newby and Suzanne Hunger (Helena, Mont., 1996), 300-28.

2. Granville Stuart, *Forty Years on the Frontier as Seen in the Journals and Reminiscences of Granville Stuart, Trader, Merchant, Rancher and Politician*, ed. Paul C. Phillips, 2 vols. (Cleveland, Ohio, 1925), 1:159-61.

3. George F. Weisel, *Men and Trade on the Northwest Frontier* (Missoula, Mont., 1955), 145.

4. Paul C. Phillips, introduction to John Owen, *The Journals and Letters of Major John Owen, Pioneer of the Northwest, 1850–1871*, ed. Seymour Dunbar and Paul C. Phillips, 2 vols. (New York, 1927), 1:13.

not only its full-color cover but its wide array of both academic and amateur writers, its eclectic range of topics, and the American public's fascination with the West. There were certainly older western history journals, but *Montana*'s content and format distinguished it from the standard magazine of academe.

The magazine was a key component of K. Ross Toole's public outreach. Throughout his tenure as director, Toole traveled the state promoting the importance of local and state history as a way to understand the present and the future. In time, that philosophy instructed Toole's successors. The significance of Montana history and the society's role in bringing it to the public's attention was clearly expressed by Director Toole in an essay to the membership in autumn 1954: "[History] is not an impersonal chronicle, but the intensely vital record of our course through time. It begins at home. It also ends there."[31]

BRIAN SHOVERS has been the Montana Historical Society reference librarian since 1993. He has written several articles for this magazine on Butte copper mining and maintains an active interest in the industrial heritage of Montana.



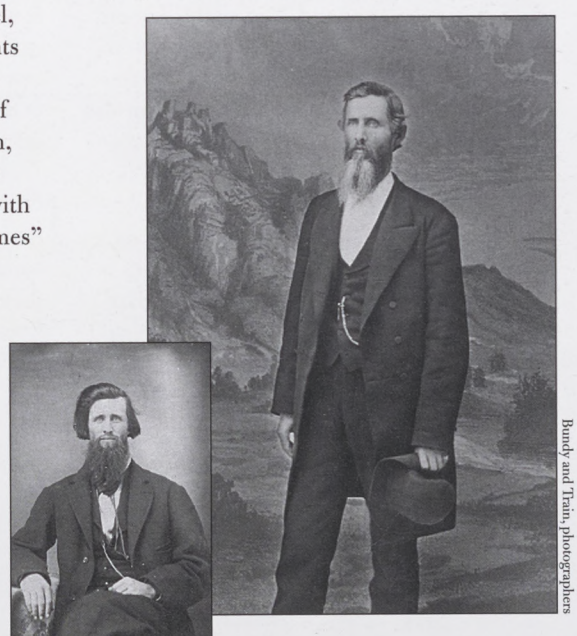
descendance from Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Stuart came to Montana in 1857 with his brother James after a less-than-successful foray into the California goldfields, and the two brothers, though they never achieved much material success in Montana, left an indelible mark on the place.

Perhaps most importantly for book lovers, the brothers enacted the original story of Montana book collecting. Granville Stuart, in his classic text, *Forty Years on the Frontier*, remembered that, after spending the bitter winter of 1860 at Gold Creek "without so much as an almanac to look at," he and James "were famished for something to read." A party of passing Native Americans told the Stuarts that a white man who owned a trunk "full of books . . . was camped with all that wealth, in Bitter Root Valley." The Stuarts "started for those books, a hundred and fifty miles away, without a house or anybody on the route, and with three dangerous rivers to cross." The brothers—after protracted and delicate negotiations—were able to obtain "five books, for five dollars each," half of all the money they possessed, but then, after all, they "had the blessed books." The books included volumes of Shakespeare and Byron, "both fine illustrated editions"; a French Bible; a biography of Napoleon; and *Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith. At the time he wrote his memoir, Stuart still owned all the books he had purchased that spring except *Wealth of Nations*, which "being loose in the binding, has gradually disappeared, until only a few fragments remain."[2]

As it happens, the Bitterroot Valley was the site of one of the first permanent white settlements in what has become Montana, and the trader there, Major John Owen (who humbly named Fort Owen after himself), proved to be another book fancier. "The literary taste of some frontiersmen was of a surprisingly high order," wrote George Weisel, basing his opinion on the contents of John Owen's library at the fort, which included the works of Byron, Dickens, Milton, Petrarch, Plutarch, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Darwin, together with histories, almanacs, "many volumes" of Thomas Jefferson, and *A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations*.[3]

Despite Owen's labors as trader, agent for the Flathead tribe, keeper of a daily journal, and tireless traveler ("twenty-three thousand miles throughout the country"), "there still remains the mental picture," wrote Paul Phillips in his introduction to Owen's journals, of "Owen sitting in his library at night, while the rest of the Fort people were deep in slumber. With his pipe in hand; his dog at his knee; his glass of grog at his elbow; and Lingard's *History of England* propped on the table before him; he studied the story of a history that was past, oblivious of the mighty history that he himself was shaping."[4]

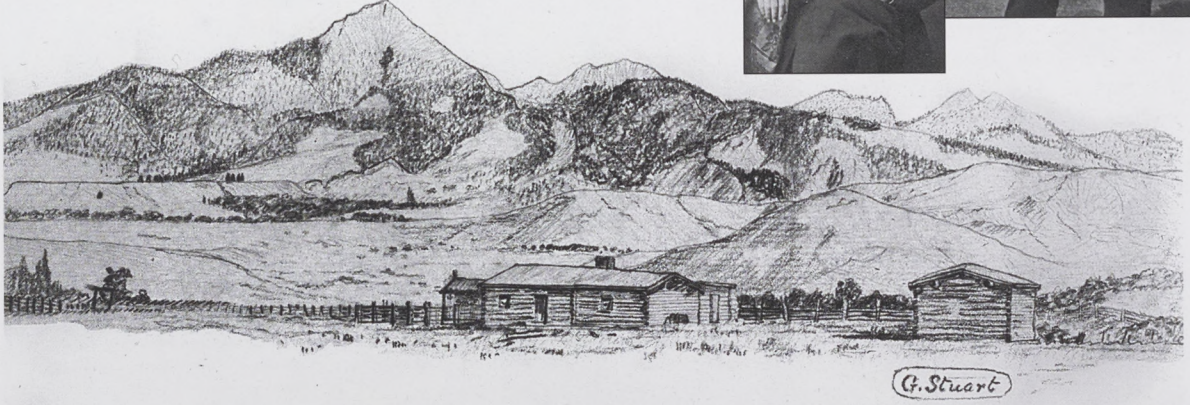
Owen and the Stuart brothers were not alone in their passion for reading. Granville Stuart's neighbor



Bundy and Train, photographers

The earliest recorded story of book collecting in Montana is that of brothers James and Granville Stuart (right and far right, respectively), who could not make it through winter 1860 without something to read. They traveled 150 miles from the Gold Creek Mountains (below in a Granville Stuart drawing) to the Bitterroot Valley to obtain a few "blessed books" for five dollars apiece.

Unless otherwise noted, photographs courtesy MHS Photograph Archives, Helena



A View of the Gold Creek Mountains, from Deer Lodge City.
Looking West. August 22nd 1865.
N° 6

MHS Museum, Helena

when he managed the DHS Ranch in the Judith Basin was another Scotsman, James Fergus, who lived fifteen miles distant. Like Granville—who had a library of some three thousand volumes on the ranch—Fergus possessed his own "splendid library and the leading periodicals." The two ranchers were possessed by a missionary zeal for reading, and the materials in both of their libraries, wrote Stuart, were "at the disposal of everybody."[5]

Though Owen, Fergus, and Granville Stuart were uncommonly bookish, they were not alone on the Montana frontier in being passionate about books and knowledge and the wider world. Take, for example, one of the first offspring of the European and aboriginal cultures in the region, Baptiste Charbonneau, son of Sacagawea and Toussaint Charbonneau, guides and interpreters for the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Baptiste was educated by both Protestant and Catholic clergy at William Clark's behest. In 1823 Prince Paul of Württemberg met Baptiste at a trading village on the Kansas River and took the young man to Europe, where he toured extensively. In 1829 Baptiste returned to the West, working as a mountain man, guide, justice of the peace, and gold miner before returning to live with the Shoshones in 1885. "This French-Indian man of the world spoke English, French, Italian, Spanish, several Indian languages, and could use the sign language. He could discuss—with equal ease—French philosophy, Spanish dances, the trapping of beaver, and the uses of Indian medicine bundles."[6]

This frontier erudition—rich in contrasts and improbabilities—was not so unique as we might think. In the introduction to his long poem, *Circling Back*, about the "West of the Rockies," Gary Holthaus noted that "Rocky Mountain College" was the name Jim Bridger, Osborne Russell, Joe Meek, and their friends gave their encampment near the Yellowstone River in winter 1835. Snowed in and unable to trap, the men read aloud to each other and engaged in debates, sharing a community of intellectual exchange.[7]

To say that bookmen existed on the Montana frontier is not to say that the emerging culture was always comfortable with or accepting of their presence. From the beginning of Euramerican presence, certain Montanans—and many Americans elsewhere—have wanted to preserve their vision of the place as a rough-and-ready wilderness with a barely literate populace, breathtakingly beautiful but even today the ultimate frontier. This self-imposed know-nothingism, a kind of censorship from within, has led literate Montanans—and Montana artists of all kinds—to mask their very real sophistication, allowing them to "pass" as authentic westerners but all too often forcing them into contortions that should be unnecessary.

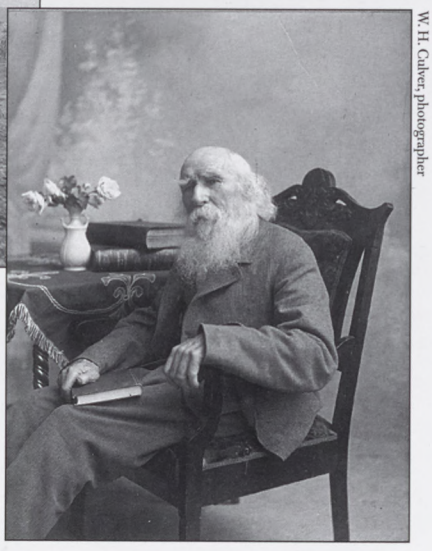
Take, for example, the painter Charles M. Russell, who, "[b]eneath the unchanging cowboy exterior . . . was a serious artist," wrote Brian Dippie. "He set up smoke screens, shied away from artsy conversation as pretentious and maybe a little effete, mocked those who were disposed to ponder 'tech neque.'" Russell did, however, "reveal a few long hairs" with trusted painter friends. Their techniques and composition intrigued him, and he was comfortable sharing his curiosity. Here's a dirty little secret: Early in the twentieth century, Montana folklore has it, a Helena couple visiting Paris stumbled upon Charlie Russell in the galleries of the Louvre. Russell greeted them warmly but

The Bitterroot Valley was home to Fort Owen, one of the first permanent white settlements in Montana (below, 1890s). The remarkable library of the fort's founder, Major John Owen, included the works of Byron, Dickens, Milton, Petrarch, Plutarch, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Darwin, and Thomas Jefferson. The portrait of Owen is circa 1871.



Mrs. Albert M. (Myrta) Stevens, photographer





W. H. Culver, photographer

Twenty years after the winter he almost spent bookless, Granville Stuart owned a library of three thousand or so volumes. His neighbor, James Fergus (right), also possessed a splendid library at his Fergus Ranch (above). Both men put their books "at the disposal of everybody."

begged them not to mention to anyone back home that they had caught him shamelessly studying the works of the masters in the capital of the decadent and the effete.[8]

Granville Stuart had no shame about his passion for books, but the following story, told by cattleman Nick Bielenberg to A. J. Noyes, reveals the ambivalence Stuart's fellow Montanans felt in the face of his unbridled bookishness—an undeniable hunger for books mixed with deep mistrust of the distraction from the work at hand that reading inevitably entailed.

> Quite a number of years ago I bought some cattle of Granville Stuart. We had to move them across the country to the railroad. Granville was along . . . but as far as making a hand was concerned he was no good. He was always a great fellow to read. He thought it would be a good thing to take a whole lot of books for the cowpunchers' enjoyment. Darned if I know how many he had, but anyway a sack full. The way those cowboys would tackle those books was a caution. They would come into camp and pick up a book and the cook would holler "Grub Pile" till he was red in the face and he could never get all those fellows to come at the same time. Just as soon as a fellow would drop a book some other galoot would grab it. The cook called me aside one day and told me he was going to quit as the boys thought more of Granville's books than they did of his grub. It would never do to lose a good cook . . . and I told him not to say anything and I would see that [the books] would cause him no more trouble. It was the next day that we arrived at the Yellowstone so I gathered up the books and threw them into the river, thus starting the first circulating library ever known in Montana.[9]

Of course, hard work was central to survival and financial success on the frontier, and as Granville Stuart sheepishly admitted, perhaps the fates were not so much against him as was his own penchant, when he should have been working, to "read 'Byron' and [indulge] in many reveries."[10]

Perhaps the best rejoinder to the hardheaded, antibook approach comes from Hans-Peter Koch. Koch, a highly educated Dane who had worked as a woodcutter and trader on the Montana frontier before becoming a successful banker, and was a founder of Montana State University. He believed, wrote his son Elers Koch, "in a broad and liberal education. He emphasized the humanities as well as science, and I have often heard him say that he did a better job of cutting wood on the Missouri River because he knew Latin and Greek."[11]

In actual fact, neither Major Owen nor Granville Stuart nor even the antibibliophile Nick Bielenberg was oblivious to the history each was shaping, and they sought to record it.

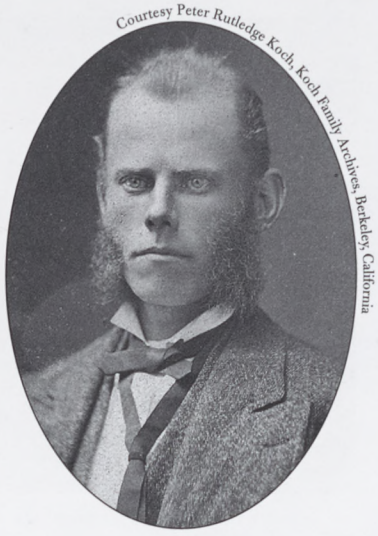
5. Stuart, *Forty Years on the Frontier*, 2:187.
6. John C. Ewers, *Indian Life on the Upper Missouri* (Norman, 1968), 66-67.
7. Gary H. Holthaus, *Circling Back* (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1984), xi.
8. Brian W. Dippie, *Looking at Russell* (Fort Worth, Tex., 1987), 2.
9. A. J. Noyes, *In the Land of Chinook, or, the Story of Blaine County* (Helena, Mont., 1917), 50.
10. Stuart, *Forty Years on the Frontier*, 1:173.
11. Elers Koch to Dr. Carl B. Cone, Department of History, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, May 24, 1945, Carl B. Cone file, Koch Family Archives, Berkeley, California.



Awbonnie Tookanka, Granville Stuart's first wife (left)



Allis Belle Stuart, Granville Stuart's second wife (center)



Hans-Peter Koch, circa 1870, Bozeman banker and a founder of Montana State University (right)

Some, like Owen, kept a journal that was later turned into a book; others, like Bielenberg, told their folktales and anecdotes to scribes like A. J. Noyes, who then compiled them into books; and still others, Granville Stuart foremost among them, wrote their own books, making them progenitors of a Montana literature both unrepentantly bookish and steeped in experience of an uncommon place. As another Montana literary master, Norman Maclean, has written, "I have had the great fortune, then, of spending . . . my life in the beauty of the woods and books."[12]

Granville Stuart launched his first effort to record his Montana experience, and shape his new culture's identity, in 1865 when he wrote and published *Montana As It Is*, the first printed account of Montana after the territory was organized. Sadly, most of the edition was lost in transit to the West, and apparently only four copies remain in existence, one at the Montana Historical Society, one at the Library of Congress, and two in private hands.[13]

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What happened, then, to Granville Stuart's marvelous collection of books? Speculation has it that Stuart's second wife, Allis Belle Stuart, who died in the Bitterroot Valley in 1947, most likely sold most, if not all, of it in an unsuccessful effort to fend off poverty; she was forced, at the end, to accept public welfare assistance. We do know that Stuart's papers are at Yale University and that bits of his library along with a number of his letters appear on the market from time to time. In 1997 and 1998, for example, "Granville Stuart's

12. Norman Maclean, "Montana Memory: A Talk at the Institute of the Rockies," in *Norman Maclean*, ed. Ron McFarland and Hugh Nichols (Lewiston, Idaho, 1988), 69.

13. Granville Stuart, *Montana As It Is* (New York, 1865); a version of *Montana As It Is*, edited by Paul C. Phillips, appears in *Frontier Omnibus*, ed. John Hakola (Missoula, Mont., 1962), 269-78.

14. William Kittredge and Steven M. Krauzer, "'Mr. Montana' Revised: Another Look at Granville Stuart," *Montana The Magazine of Western History*, 36 (Autumn 1986), 23.

15. Stuart, "Montana As It Is," in *Frontier Omnibus*, 278.

copy" of three separate books—Carrie Adell Strahorn's *Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage: A Woman's Unique Experience during Thirty Years of Path Finding*; *A Second Book of Botany, a Practical Guide to the Observation and Study of Plants*; and Erwin Stanley's *Rambles in Wonderland; or Up the Yellowstone, and among the Geysers and Other Curiosities of the National Park*—came available through rare book dealers.

The condition of the books in this admittedly limited sample was only fair to good, underscoring the sense that Granville was more a reader than a connoisseur of fine books (remember his copy of *Wealth of Nations*), and their value lies primarily in their association with this important Montanan, rather than as precious objects in their own right. Clearly, their titles suggest that Granville was deeply engaged in the history and emerging culture of his time and place.

Granville Stuart may have died embittered, but I like to think of him as he was when he wrote in *Montana As It Is* that he pitied those who did not live in Montana because they "were ignorant of the joys of going out poor in the morning . . . and coming back rich in the evening (in imagination)." And it pleases me to know that fragments of his library still circulate, just as they did on the waters of the Yellowstone back in the 1880s, when his generous bookman's spirit kept the cowboys from their grub.[15]

RICK NEWBY is a past chair of the Montana Center for the Book and a poet, independent scholar, and editor living in Helena. His credits as editor include *On Flatwillow Creek: The Story of Montana's N Bar Ranch* (1991) and *A Most Desperate Situation: Frontier Adventures of a Young Scout, 1858–1864* (2000). He is coauthor of *A Ceramic Continuum: Fifty Years of the Archie Bray Influence* (2001) and *The Most Difficult Journey: The Poindexter Collections of American Modernist Painting*, forthcoming 2002.

A progenitor of Montana literature, Granville Stuart published *Montana As It Is*, the first printed account of Montana Territory, in 1865. The title page and inscription of the copy donated to the MHS Library by Stuart's widow in 1918, the year he died, are reproduced below. Another reader in Montana's frontier past, the bookman in the tintype below, is unidentified.

MONTANA AS IT IS;

BEING

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF ITS RESOURCES,

BOTH MINERAL AND AGRICULTURAL,

INCLUDING A

COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE FACE OF THE COUNTRY, ITS CLIMATE, ETC.,

ILLUSTRATED WITH A

MAP OF THE TERRITORY,

DRAWN BY CAPT. W. W. DE LACY,

SHOWING THE DIFFERENT ROADS AND THE LOCATION OF THE DIFFERENT MINING DISTRICTS.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED,

A COMPLETE DICTIONARY

OF

THE SNAKE LANGUAGE,

AND ALSO OF THE

FAMOUS CHINNOOK JARGON,

WITH

NUMEROUS CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

CONCERNING THE HABITS, SUPERSTITIONS, ETC., OF THESE INDIANS,

WITH

ITINERARIES OF ALL THE ROUTES ACROSS THE PLAINS.

BY GRANVILLE STUART.

New York:

C. S. WESTCOTT & CO., PRINTERS,

No. 79 JOHN STREET.

1865.

MHS Library, Helena

Presented to the Montana Historical And Miscellaneous Library by Mrs Granville Stuart November 13. 1918.



Haynes Foundation Collection

Isabelle Randall and the "Natives"

by Phyllis Smith



F. Jay Haynes, photographer, Haynes Foundation Collection, MHS Photograph Archives, Helena

In 1885 young Britishers Isabelle and James Randall traveled by train through the mountains east of Bozeman (right, 1883) to reach their new home in the Gallatin Valley to live, according to Isabelle, "amongst the mountains, the cattle, the Indians, and the grisly bears."

While on the train to Montana in fall 1885, the well-born Englishwoman Isabelle Randall studied her fellow passengers in hopes that she could learn something about the new life that awaited her in the Gallatin Valley. One handsome couple in particular took her fancy: he wore high boots with silver spurs, a wide-brimmed white hat, blue shirt, embroidered brown velvet coat, red handkerchief, and lots of silver jewelry; she was ladylike, dressed in a dark, expensive-looking suit. Perhaps the lady is a rich, eastern debutante and the cowboy has married her for her money, Mrs. Randall mused. Her new husband, James "Jem" Randall, soon brought the news. He had visited the gentlemen's smoking parlor and learned that the "cowboy" was a French nobleman who owned property in southern Montana and the lady was English.[1]

Like many of their new neighbors in Montana, the Randalls were part of a group of young Britishers—many second- and third-born sons of noble families and their wives—who in the 1880s streamed out of crowded England bound for adventure in Africa, India, or the United States. Some sought the riches that could not be theirs at home because of the English custom of primogeniture that gave the eldest son right to the family fortune. Others were summarily ordered by their parents to leave home and not return to England until they mended their dissolute ways. A regular allowance from home kept some of these so-called remittance men from worry-

1. Isabelle Randall, *A Lady's Ranche Life in Montana* (London, 1887), 6-7.

2. *Bozeman (Mont.) Avant Courier*, June 26, 1884. After Three Forks relocated in 1908 to be near the railroad, the original townsite was called Old Town.

3. Lyle K. Williams, *Historically Speaking* (Three Forks, Mont., 1976), 46.

4. Robert G. Athearn, *Westward the Briton* (Lincoln, 1953), 110.

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Rendezvous

THE HUMANITIES IN MONTANA

Volume IV, No. 2 Spring/Summer 2001

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MCH Seeks New Members back cover

Cover photo: The schoolhouse in Vananda, Montana, by MCH member Don Marble; other photos courtesy of Rick Newby, Montana Historical Society, Minnie Hawthorne, Chance Schieffert, Mark Martin, Judy Keeler, and MCH staff

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Bookmen on the Montana Frontier

by Rick Newby

Presented to The Colophon Club, San Francisco, May, 2001

In the opening moments of the 1976 Arthur Penn film, *Missouri Breaks*, starring Marlon Brando as a bounty hunter and Jack Nicholson as a horse thief, screenwriter Thomas McGuane has David Braxton, the rancher who has hired Brando, proudly tell a visitor: "The first time we saw this country, it was buffalo grass and blue-joint up to the stirrups. By the second year we had eight-thousand Texas half-bred cattle and thirty-five hundred volumes of English literature in my library."

A few scenes later, after supervising the hanging of his visitor, who has turned out to be a horse rustler, Braxton—in need of relaxation after his grim work—asks his daughter, "Honey, pull down *Tristram Shandy* for me again, would you?"

Is Braxton a wholly fabricated character, a product solely of McGuane's book-infatuated imagination, or does this filmic bookman on the Montana frontier have some basis in the historical record? And if he did exist, what does his existence tell us about the character of the mining and ranching frontier on the endless prairies and in the mineral-rich mountains of early Montana? Can we find him believable, or merely a magic realist touch in a postmodern Western, given the images we've come to cherish of rugged Montana, a place purely primitive, untouched by civilization's curses and blessings? After all, as painter Sandra Dal Poggetto reminds us in a recent essay, urban collegians at the University of Chicago called students from the rural West, like Dal Poggetto's great aunt Pearl fresh from the high plains of Colorado, "barbs," "their barbarian ways a source of amusement and ridicule for the civilized young ladies."

David Braxton is, in fact, modeled closely on a real-life barbarian by the name of Granville Stuart, a Scottish-American bibliophile, miner, rancher, vigilante, and dreamer sometimes called "Mr. Montana," who claimed direct descendence from Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Stuart came to Montana early, with his brother James, after a less-than-successful foray into the California goldfields, and the two brothers, though they never achieved much material success in Montana, left an indelible mark on the place.

Perhaps most importantly for those of us who love books, the brothers enacted the origin story of Montana book collecting. Granville Stuart, in his classic text, *Forty Years on the Frontier*, remembered that, after spending the bitter winter of 1860 at Gold Creek "without so much as an almanac to look at," he and James "were famished for something to read. . . ." A party of Native Americans passing through told the Stuarts that a white man owning a trunk "full of books . . . was camped with all that wealth, in Bitter Root Valley." The Stuarts "started for those books, a hundred and fifty miles away, without a house or anybody on the route, and with three dangerous rivers to cross. . . ." The brothers—after protracted and delicate negotiations—were able to obtain "five books, for five dollars each," half of all the money they possessed, but then, after all, they "had the blessed books." The books included volumes of Shakespeare and Byron, "both fine illustrated editions,"; a French Bible; a biography of Napoleon; and *Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith. At the time he wrote his memoir, Stuart still owned all the books he'd purchased that spring except *Wealth of Nations*, which "being loose in the binding, has gradually disappeared, until only a few fragments remain."

As it happens, the Bitterroot Valley was the site of one of the first permanent white settlements in what has become Montana, and the trader there, Major John Owen (who humbly named Fort Owen after himself), proved to be another book fancier. "The literary taste of some frontiersmen was of a surprisingly high order," writes George Weisel in *Men and Trade on the Northwest Frontier*, basing his opinion on the inventory of Neil McArthur's trunk (McArthur owned the books the Stuarts happily purchased) and the contents of John Owen's library at the fort, which included the works of Byron, Dickens, Milton, Petrarch, Plutarch, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Darwin, and Thomas Jefferson ("many volumes"), together with histories, almanacs, and *A Complete Dictionary of Poetical Quotations*. Despite Owen's labors as trader, Indian agent for the Flathead tribe, keeper of a daily journal, and tireless traveler ("twenty-three thousand miles throughout the country"), "there still remains the mental picture," wrote Paul Phillips in his introduction to the major's journals,

> of Owen sitting in his library at night, while the rest of the Fort people were deep in slumber. With his pipe in hand; his dog at his knee; his glass of grog at his elbow; and Lingard's *History of England* propped on the table before him; he studied the story of a his tory that was past, oblivious of the mighty history that he himself was shaping.

Though Owen and Granville Stuart were uncommonly bookish, they were not alone, on the Montana frontier, in being passionate about books and knowledge and the wider world. Take, for example, one of the first offspring of the European and aboriginal cultures in the region, Baptiste, son of Sacagawea and Toussant Charbonneau, guides and interpreters for the

Lewis and Clark expedition. Baptiste was educated by both Protestant and Catholic clergy at William Clark's behest. In 1823, Prince Paul of Wurtemberg met Baptiste at a trading village on the Kansas River and took the young man to Europe, where he toured extensively. In 1829, Baptiste returned to the West, working as a mountain man, guide, justice of the peace, and gold miner. "But in the early 1850's," writes John Ewers,

> [Baptiste] returned to his mother's people, the Shoshonis . . . where he lived until his death in 1885. This French-Indian man of the world spoke English, French, Italian, Spanish, several Indian languages, and could use the sign language. He could discuss—with equal ease—French philosophy, Spanish dances, the trapping of beaver, or the uses of Indian medicine bundles.

This frontier erudition—rich in contrasts and improbabilities—was not so unique as we might think. In the introduction to his extraordinary long poem, *Circling Back*, about the "West of the Rockies," Gary Holthaus notes that

> "Rocky Mountain College" is the name Jim Bridger, Osborne Russell, Joe Meek, and their friends gave their encampment near the Yellowstone in the winter of 1835. There they passed the time reading aloud to one another and in argument and debate, and there, Russell reported, "Some of my comrades who considered themselves Classical scholars have had some little added to their wisdom."

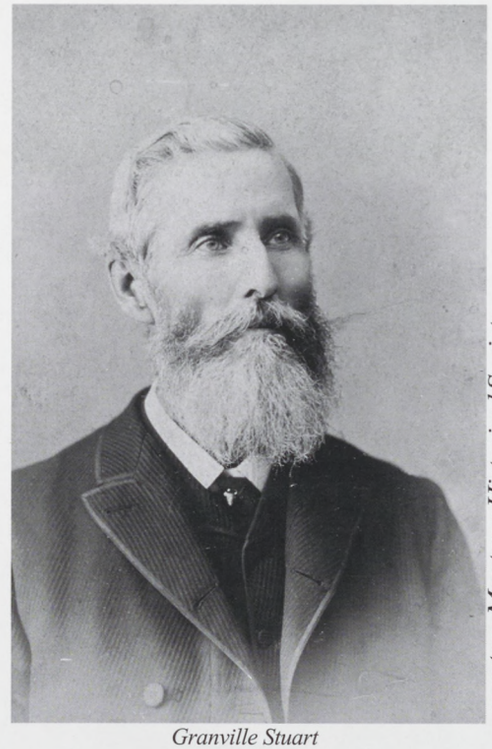
* * * *

To say that bookmen existed on the Montana frontier is not to say that the emerging culture was always comfortable with or accepting of their presence. From the beginnings of a EuroAmerican presence, certain Montanans—and many Americans elsewhere—have wanted to preserve their vision of the place as a rough-and-ready wilderness, with a barely literate populace, breathtakingly beautiful but even today the ultimate frontier.

This self-imposed know-nothingism, a kind of censorship from within, has led literate Montanans—and Montana artists of all kinds—to mask their very real sophistication, allowing them to "pass" as authentic westerners, but all too often forcing them into contortions that should be unnecessary. Take, for example, the painter Charles M. Russell, who, writes Brian Dippie,

> [b]eneath the unchanging cowboy exterior . . . was a serious artist. It was a side Russell rarely revealed. He set up smoke screens, shied away from artsy conversation as pretentious and maybe a little effete, mocked those who were disposed to ponder "techneque." A California writer who interviewed Russell in 1926 . . . wrote that "it is the hardest thing in the world to get him to talk about art, especially his art, except in a joking way, when he can cover reality with a film of ridicule." Among painter friends with whom he was comfortable, Russell did reveal a few long hairs. He was curious about technique, composition, ways to prepare a palette and mix colors. . . .

Here's a dirty little secret: Early in the twentieth century, a Montana couple visiting Paris stumbled upon Charlie Russell in the galleries of the Louvre. Russell greeted them warmly, but begged them not to mention to anyone back home that they'd caught him shamelessly studying the works of the masters in the capital of the decadent and the effete.



courtesy Montana Historical Society

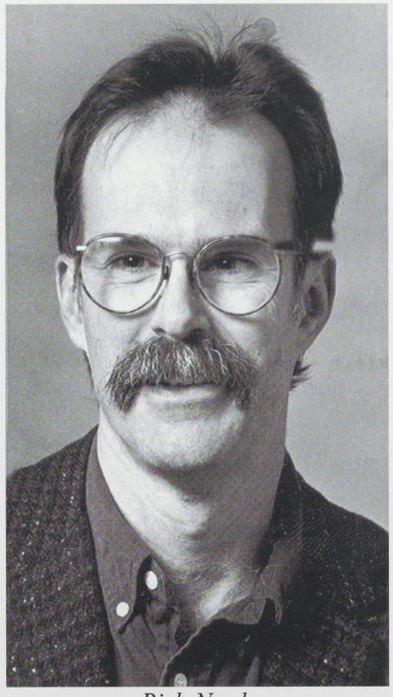
Granville Stuart

Granville Stuart had no shame about his passion for books, and the following story, told by cattleman Nick Bielenberg to A. J. Noyes, reveals the ambivalence Stuart's fellow Montanans felt in the face of his unbridled bookishness (an undeniable hunger for books mixed with deep mistrust of the distraction from the work at hand that reading inevitably entailed):

> Quite a number of years ago I bought some cattle of Granville Stuart. We had to move them across the country to the railroad. Granville was along . . . but as far as making a hand was concerned he was no good. He was always a great fellow to read. He thought it would be a good thing to take a whole lot of books for

the cowpunchers' enjoyment. Darned if I know how many he had, but anyway a sack full. The way those cowboys would tackle those books was a caution. They would come into camp and pick up a book and the cook would holler "Grub Pile" till he was red in the face and he could never get all those fellows to come at the same time. Just as soon as a fellow would drop a book some other galoot would grab it. The cook called me aside one day and told me he was going to quit as the boys thought more of Granville's books than they did of his grub. It would never do to lose a good cook . . . and I told him not to say anything and I would see that [the books] would cause him no more trouble. It was the next day that we arrived at the Yellowstone so I gathered up the books and threw them into the river, thus starting the first circulating library ever known in Montana.

Perhaps the best rejoinder to the hard-headed, anti-book approach comes from Hans-Peter Koch, creator of one of the most remarkable private Montana libraries ever assembled. Hans-Peter, a highly educated Dane who had worked as a woodcutter and trader on the Montana frontier before becoming a successful banker, was a founder of Montana State University. He believed, wrote his son Elers Koch, "in a broad and liberal education. He emphasized the humanities as well as science, and I have often heard him say that he did a better job of cutting wood on the Missouri River because he knew Latin and Greek."



Rick Newby

Of course, hard work was central to survival and financial success on the frontier, and as Granville Stuart sheepishly admitted, perhaps the fates were not so much against him as was his own penchant, when he should have been working, to "read Byron and [indulge] in many reveries."

Granville Stuart's missionary zeal for reading—and he did have a library of some 3,000 volumes on the DHS Ranch in the Judith Basin—was shared by his rancher neighbor, fifteen miles distant, James Fergus, another Scot who possessed his own "splendid library and the leading periodicals." The reading materials in both ranchers' libraries, wrote Granville, were "at the disposal of everybody." Perhaps it is no fluke that Granville finished out his working life as head of the Butte, Montana, Public Library.

* * * *

In actual fact, neither Major Owen nor Granville Stuart nor even the anti-bibliophile Nick Bielenberg was oblivious to the history each was shaping, and they sought to record it. Some, like Owen, kept a journal, which was later turned into a book by editor Paul Phillips; others, like Bielenberg, told their folktales and anecdotes to scribes like A. J. Noyes, who then compiled them in books; and still others, Granville Stuart foremost among them, wrote their own books, making them progenitors of a Montana literature both unrepentantly bookish and steeped in experience of an uncommon place. As another Montana literary master, Norman Maclean, has written, "I have had the great fortune, then, of spending . . . my life in the beauty of the woods and books."

Folklorist Lynn Rudloff writes, "People are story-telling animals. Cultures create identities through narratives." Rudloff is speaking here of *We Pointed Them North: Recollections of a Cowpuncher*, by Granville Stuart's son-in-law, Edward Charles "Teddy Blue" Abbott (as told to Helena Huntington Smith). Granville Stuart himself launched his first effort to shape his new culture's identity in 1865, when he wrote and published (with C. S. Westcott of New York), *Montana As It Is,* the "first printed account of Montana after the territory was organized." Sadly, most of the edition was lost in transit to the West, and apparently only four copies remain in existence, one at the Montana Historical Society, one at the Library of Congress, and two in private hands.

Though he wrote several more manuscripts (most published posthumously, under the editorship of the ubiquitous Paul Phillips, though the largest, a 314,000-word illustrated history of Montana, proved unpublishable), Granville Stuart failed to find worldly success in any of his endeavors, except perhaps in the improbable career of diplomacy. Even his promising time on the DHS Ranch, as cattle baron and leader of the band of vigilantes, Stuart's Stranglers, ended in disaster with the dread winter 1886-87 and the death of somewhere between two-thirds and three-quarters of his herd. He recovered from this bankruptcy (and the death of his first wife, Awbonnie Tookanka, a Shoshoni woman and mother of his

eleven children), in 1894, when he found himself appointed by President Grover Cleveland as U.S. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Paraguay and Uruguay. Granville returned to Montana four years later when Republican William McKinley replaced Cleveland, a Democrat, but before heading home, always fascinated by South America, Granville toured the continent, acquiring trunkloads of books along the way. He spent his last years in Butte, working as city librarian and writing the memoirs that would establish his immortality. As William Kittredge and Steven Krauser have noted, he was not simply, at the end, "a kindly old gent, surrounded by the books he loved all his life and fondly . . . recalling pioneer days"; instead he was a "more complex man, an often impractical visionary . . . entrapped in contrary dreams, . . . and deeply angered by the paucity of his rewards." He died in 1918.

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As an independent scholar and cultural journalist, Rick Newby has written extensively about the culture of the American West and has edited several works of Western Americana, notably *A Most Desperate Situation: Frontier Adventures of a Young Scout, 1858–1864*, by Walter Cooper (TwoDot Books, 2000; illustrations by Charles M. Russell), *Writing Montana: Literature under the Big Sky* (Montana Center for the Book, 1996); and *On Flatwillow Creek: The Story of Montana's N Bar Ranch* by Linda Grosskopf (Exceptional Books, 1991). He also served as co-editor of the anthology, *An Ornery Bunch: Tales and Anecdotes Collected by the W.P.A. Montana Writers' Project* (TwoDot Books, 1999). His articles, poems, and reviews have appeared in *Montana The Magazine of Western History, North Country Review, Big Sky Journal, Montana Magazine*, and many other periodicals.

Trained as a poet under Richard Hugo, Madeline DeFrees, and John Haines, Newby is the author of two collections of poems, *A Radiant Map of the World*, winner of the Montana Arts Council's First Book Award for 1981, and *Old Friends Walking in the Mountains* (Bedrock Editions, 1994). His third collection, *Circle the City*, is forthcoming in 2002.

Newby also writes frequently about contemporary artists, and his profiles of American sculptors have appeared in *American Craft; American Ceramics; Sculpture; Ceramics: Art and Perception;* and *High Ground*. He is co-author of *A Ceramic Continuum: Fifty Years of the Archie Bray Influence* (University of Washington Press, 2001).

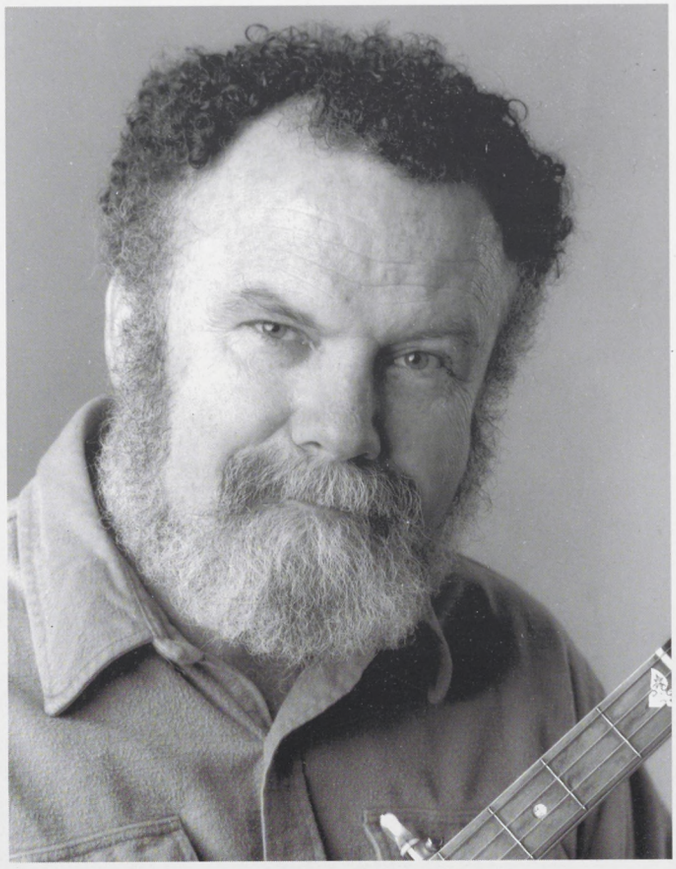
Newby has presented lectures on the literary and visual arts at The University of Montana, O'Connor Center for the Rocky Mountain West, Montana Historical Society, Yellowstone Art Museum, and Colophon Club, San Francisco. Formerly editorial director of Falcon Publishing, Newby is currently principal of his own communications firm, Zadig, LLC (www.zadig-llc.com). He resides in Helena, Montana.



Speakers Bureau Adds New Presentations

Six new programs will be added to the seventy-eight Montana Committee for the Humanities' *Speakers Bureau* offerings this summer. The Committee considered proposals, from both new and current *Speakers Bureau* members, at its April meeting in Havre. The new programs will be available July 1, 2001.

As a lifetime citizen of Butte, and seven-term member of the Montana Legislature who served in the House of Representatives during the closure of the Berkeley Pit, **Fritz Daily** is uniquely qualified to present ***The Berkeley Pit—An Ecological Time Bomb***. His talk and slide presentation explores the water issues associated with the Pit and the suspension of the pumping of water from the Butte Underground Mines and what the eventual outcomes of that decision might be.



William Rossiter

The history of the creation of the Montana Territory is presented by **Bob Gilluly**, columnist for the *Great Falls Tribune*, in his program ***The Shape of Montana***. Gilluly explores the role of Sidney Edgerton, the Idaho Supreme Court chief justice who actively lobbied Congress and President Lincoln on behalf of the Territory Act and became the state's first territorial governor.

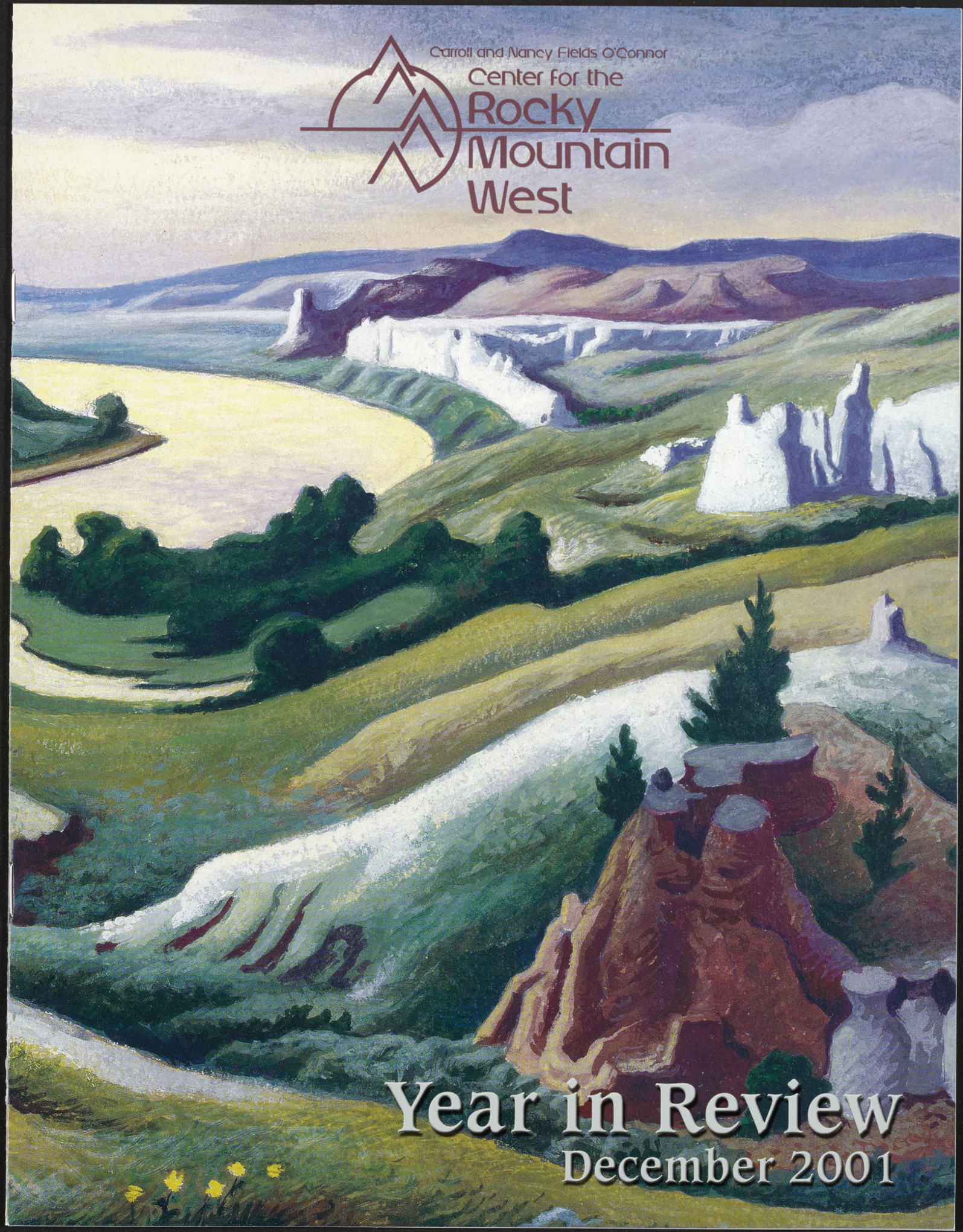
From Xenophon and Alexander the Great to Native Americans and old time Montana horsemen, there have been individuals throughout history who seemed to possess an almost supernatural ability to communicate with horses. Equine veterinarian, author, and lecturer **Doug Hammill** adds a new program to his *Speakers Bureau* roster, ***Legendary Horse Whisperers, Their Secrets, and Applications Today***. He describes the history and techniques of "Horse Whispering" and its applications beyond the corral.

The Director of Museum Services at the Montana Historical Society, **Susan R. Near**, offers a slide show and lecture on ***Granville Stuart's Sketches of Early Montana***. One of Montana's most notable early pioneers, Stuart took a steam boat from St. Louis back to Montana in 1866. During the trip he kept a diary and sketched the scenes he saw as he traveled on the Missouri River. Near's presentation will use slides of Granville's illustrations to explore the history of the region and Granville's role in defining and describing Montana.

A member of the MCH *Speakers Bureau* since 1982, **William Rossiter** introduces a new program this year, ***My Sweetheart's the Mule in the Mine: Mining Songs and Tales From the Prospector, Placer and Pit.*** From Bannack to the Berkeley Pit, Montana's story is in many ways the story of mining and miners. Rossiter explores this underground history through traditional songs and stories.

In 1993 a town came together to fight prejudice and hate activity. The current mayor of Billings, **Charles F. Tooley**, tells that story in ***Not In Our Town: The Menorahs of Billings***. A community leader at the time, Tooley was active in the events that began when a piece of cinder block crashed into the bedroom of a young boy who had placed a menorah in his window to celebrate Hanukkah. This act of aggression spurred the community to develop strategies to build consensus and battle hate crimes.

Carroll and Nancy Fields O'Connor
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Year in Review

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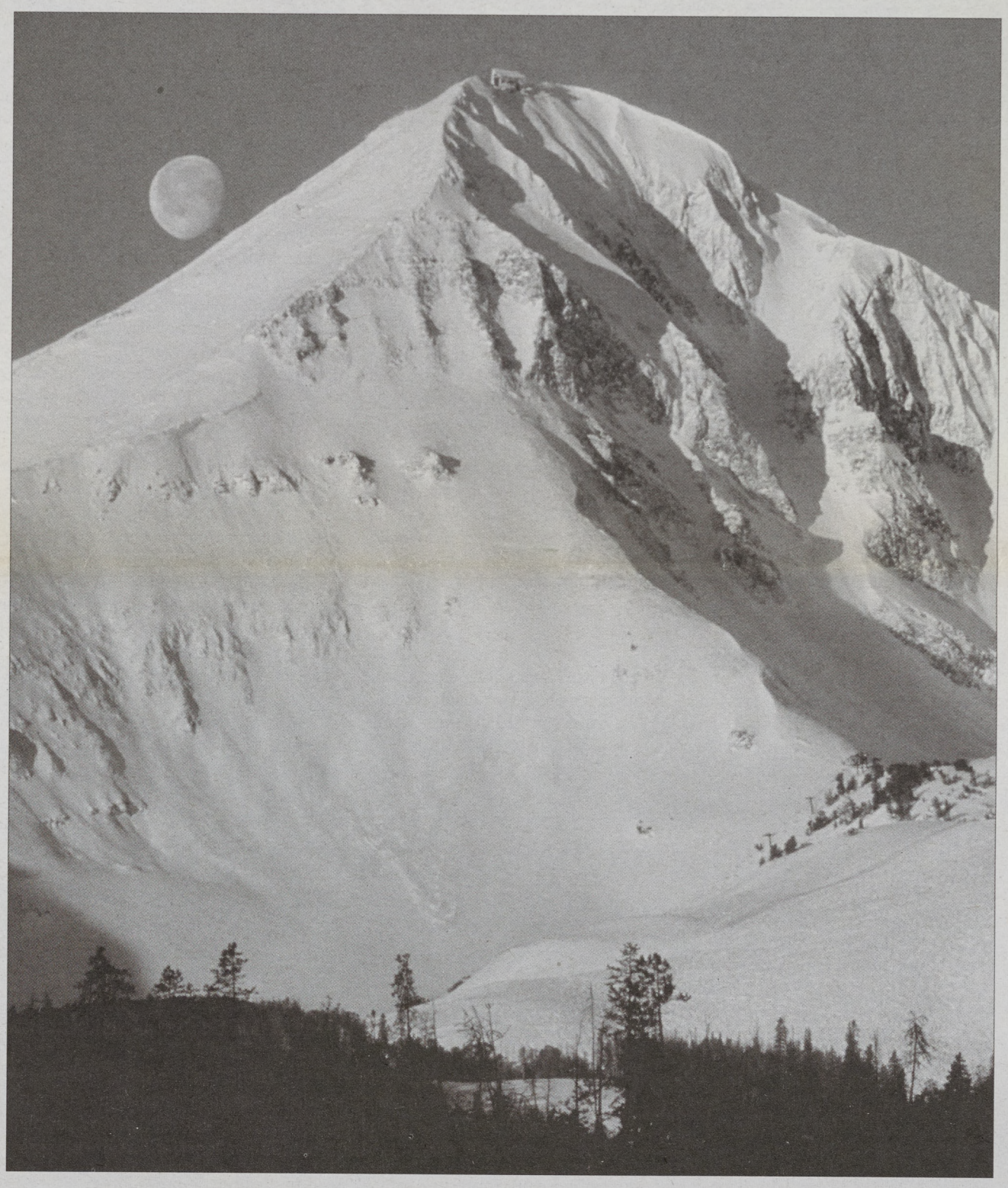
High Country News

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Bad moon rising

The waning of Montana's once-mighty progressive coalition

By Ray Ring



QUIET BEAUTY: The moon rises over Lone Peak in Montana (Chad Harder photo)

Bob Campbell still remembers how he came to write the full moon into Montana's Constitution. The inspiration came on a cold night in January 1972, as he drove out of Helena on a lonely, snowpacked gravel road.

It was late and he was headed to a cabin up a mountain canyon. About midnight, as he came around a corner, the sight hit him: the giant full moon over a fresh, undisturbed snowfield.

"The moonlight! And how the fresh flakes were glinting! It was just stunning," he recalls. "I had to stop to take it in. I asked myself, 'What makes this so beautiful?' And I realized, it was the quiet."

The next morning, back at work in the state capitol, Campbell wrote the moonlight's "quiet beauty" into a draft of the preamble for Montana's new Constitution. Within a few weeks, he and 99 fellow delegates to the constitutional convention agreed the new mission statement should begin with these lyrics:

"We the people of Montana, grateful to God for the quiet beauty of our state, the grandeur of our mountains, the vastness of our rolling plains ... do ordain and establish this Constitution."

The new Constitution listed "inalienable rights" held by Montanans; first on the list was "the right to a clean and healthful environment." During the same time, from 1971 to 1976, Montanans worked in a bipartisan fashion through their Legislature and statewide initiatives to pass a body of fundamental laws, such as the Montana Environmental Policy Act, which required broad analysis of the effects of any development the state was involved in.

The laws didn't just squeak by. The Environmental Policy Act was approved unanimously in the Republican-controlled Montana House of Representatives and with only a single dissenter in the Democrat-controlled Senate. More than a half-dozen other new state laws concerned water use and subdivisions; conservation easements; tough standards on new industrial plants and mine reclamation; stiff taxes on development of coal, oil, gas and hardrock minerals; and a trust fund to pay for environmental restoration.

It may be the most impressive run of environmental protections any state has agreed on in such a brief period. And when the run began, in the entire 145,000-square-mile state of Montana there was only one professional full-time environmental activist — a guy working for the Montana Wildlife Federation. Campbell, a recent law school graduate, wasn't a member of any group.

Fast forward to Montana today. At least 35 environmental groups employ several hundred full-time staffers in Montana, each group concentrating on wilderness or rivers or predators or some other specialty. In addition, there are groups more difficult to classify, such as The Nature Conservancy, the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, land trusts and think tanks. They add several hundred more pros to the Montana mission.

Yet Montana's environmental politics seem to lie in ruins now. Five straight legislative sessions over the past decade have attacked the state's fundamental environmental laws, rolling back standards for industrial plants, mine-water quality, and public participation in decisions. The state's overarching Environmental Policy Act was gutted last year by five new laws that skewered it from different angles (*HCN*, 9/24/01). And for their top leadership position, Montanans have elected Gov. Judy Martz, who has vowed to "be a lapdog of industry."

The question is worth asking, because its answer may bear on how environmentalists around the West make their strategy: How did Montana get from there to here?

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DEAR FRIENDS,

Winter break

It's time for our traditional winter break, when we give staffers time to shovel their driveways and readers time to catch up on back issues of *HCN*. Our next issue should reach your mailboxes around Jan. 21.

Covering the bases

Writing and editing a cover story can take months, but even with all that lead time it can still come down to a deadline sprint, with editors and proofreaders racing to clean up ambiguous and clunky language before print day.

It helps if the story's author is in the office to answer last-minute questions, which is why we were so glad to have **Ray Ring** here the first week of December. Before flying down to Paonia from Bozeman, Mont., *HCN*'s Northern Rockies editor had already done most of the legwork for this issue's provocative cover story on Montana's environmental movement. That made it almost painless for editorial staff to put finishing touches on the story that emerged from Ray's more than 40 interviews and long research hours on the Web and in various libraries. For all his work, and for his wry sense of humor, we thank Ray.

Good books and such

Members of *HCN*'s extended family have a lot to say these days.

Trinity University history professor **Char Miller**, who edited our recent book *Water in the West*, has published a book of his own. *Gifford Pinchot and the Making of Modern Environmentalism,* a reconsideration of the first chief of the U.S. Forest Service, has just been released by Island Press.

Paonia photographer **Celia Roberts**, whose photos of migrant workers have appeared in *HCN*, has published her third bilingual calendar. *Gracias por las Familias* features black-and-white photos of farmworkers and their families. To order a copy, call Roberts at 970/527-4457 or e-mail her at celia@paonia.com.

Visitors

Dewey Vanderhoff has been taking pictures for *HCN* for more than two decades. In late November, he finally got to attend a staff meeting. Dewey had just driven his gaily painted Volvo from Guanajuato, Mexico, and he entertained us with stories of his travel south of the border. After the staff made him promise to send more photos — and maybe even prose — he headed home to Cody, Wyo. Dewey, a fourth-generation Wyomingite, is a freelance photographer and publisher of the satirical *Cody Boobyprise*.



HOMEWARD BOUND: Dewey Vanderhoff and his highly decorated Volvo in Paonia (Cindy Wehling photo)

The day after Thanksgiving, New Mexico author **Malcolm Ebright** and his family found a rather quiet *HCN* office. Luckily, staffer **Rita Murphy** was able to show them the shop. Malcolm, the president of the Center for Land Grant Studies, kindly dropped off a copy of his book *Land Grants and Lawsuits in Northern New Mexico*.

Ilan Shamir, a poet, artist and writer from Fort Collins, Colo., also stopped by to give us some gifts: his books *Advice from a Tree* and *PoetTree: The Wilderness I Am*. Ilan has a Web site, www.replanttrees.org, where visitors can calculate the number of trees required for their personal paper use.

Leland Stanley, a subscriber and retired physician from Cody, Wyo., recently took a tour of the office and gave us his perspective on his home state: Wyoming, he says, is "in the pocket of business and industry."

Subscribers **Bob Child** and **Dorine Greene** of Oceanside, Calif., visited on their way to Snowmass, Colo. Bob is a former Pitkin County, Colo., commissioner and Dorine is a watercolor artist.

In your ears

Radio High Country News has reached the coast — again! KAOS, heard at 89.3 in Washington state (Olympia, Tumwater, Lacey and Tacoma) will carry the program on Friday afternoons at 2:30. For you early risers in the Northern Rockies, Yellowstone Public Radio will air Radio HCN on Sundays at 6:30 a.m. YPR can be heard on over 30 frequencies throughout Montana and northern Wyoming. Visit our Web site, www.hcn.org, for a complete list of stations and air times. Send info about where you'd like to hear us to Adam Burke, Radio HCN, P.O. Box 1090, Paonia, CO 81428 or radio@hcn.org.

Honorable mention

Associate editor **Rebecca Clarren**'s cover story "No refuge in the Klamath Basin" (*HCN*, 8/13/01) was given an honorable mention by the John B. Oakes award for environmental journalism. That means no cash prize, but a really nice plaque. The award went to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for a series on mining in the West.

— Paul Larmer and Michelle Nijhuis for the staff

Tommie Bell: Supporter and sustainer

A woman with a vital connection to *High Country News* died on Nov. 19. Though her name did not often appear in the paper, Muriel "Tommie" Wilcox Bell helped sustain the publication during its formative years.

The story began when Tommie bought her husband, Tom, a subscription to a Wyoming-based tabloid called *Camping News Weekly*. Tom grew friendly with the publisher and contributed an environmental column called "High Country." Soon, Tom and Tommie had contributed a few thousand dollars as well — and the shaky little publication became theirs, debts and all. Tom renamed it *High Country News* and declared it an environmental voice for the Rockies. He knew this was an act of dubious wisdom. You had to be crazy (or visionary) to try to make a living that way in Lander, Wyo., in 1970.

While Tom's passionate advocacy earned him accolades throughout the nation, Tommie wholeheartedly supported him and pursued her own good works. She raised three boys (Alan, David and James). After the youngest turned 15, the couple adopted three more children (Victor, Rachel and Christine). Tommie was a leader in her church and grew an outstanding garden — no small feat given Lander's unforgiving 60-day growing season. On top of all that, she provided a warm welcome to a scruffy assortment of young people lured to Lander by Tom's writing — including my husband and me.

When we first met Tommie, she was just starting to raise her second family. She was nearly 50, with a face creased by the sun. Her voice had some gravel in it. She was quick to laugh and shrug off difficulties. The Bells had sold their ranch to support the paper. At one point, Tommie didn't even have enough money to buy new snow boots for her kids. Still, she stood by Tom and his bold little newspaper.

Born in Sheridan, Wyo., in 1925, Tommie met her future husband in college at the University of Wyoming. "I was president of the rodeo club and the ski club," Tom says. "So I got to date the pretty girls. When I first saw Tommie, I said, 'Who's that? I want a date with her.' " Was she an environmentalist when Tom began his long eco-odyssey? "Not at first," Tom says. "But in the end she felt just the way I did." Like many other folks, Tommie Bell was transformed by the issues and people of *High Country News*.

Like many other folks, she made a long-term, personal contribution.

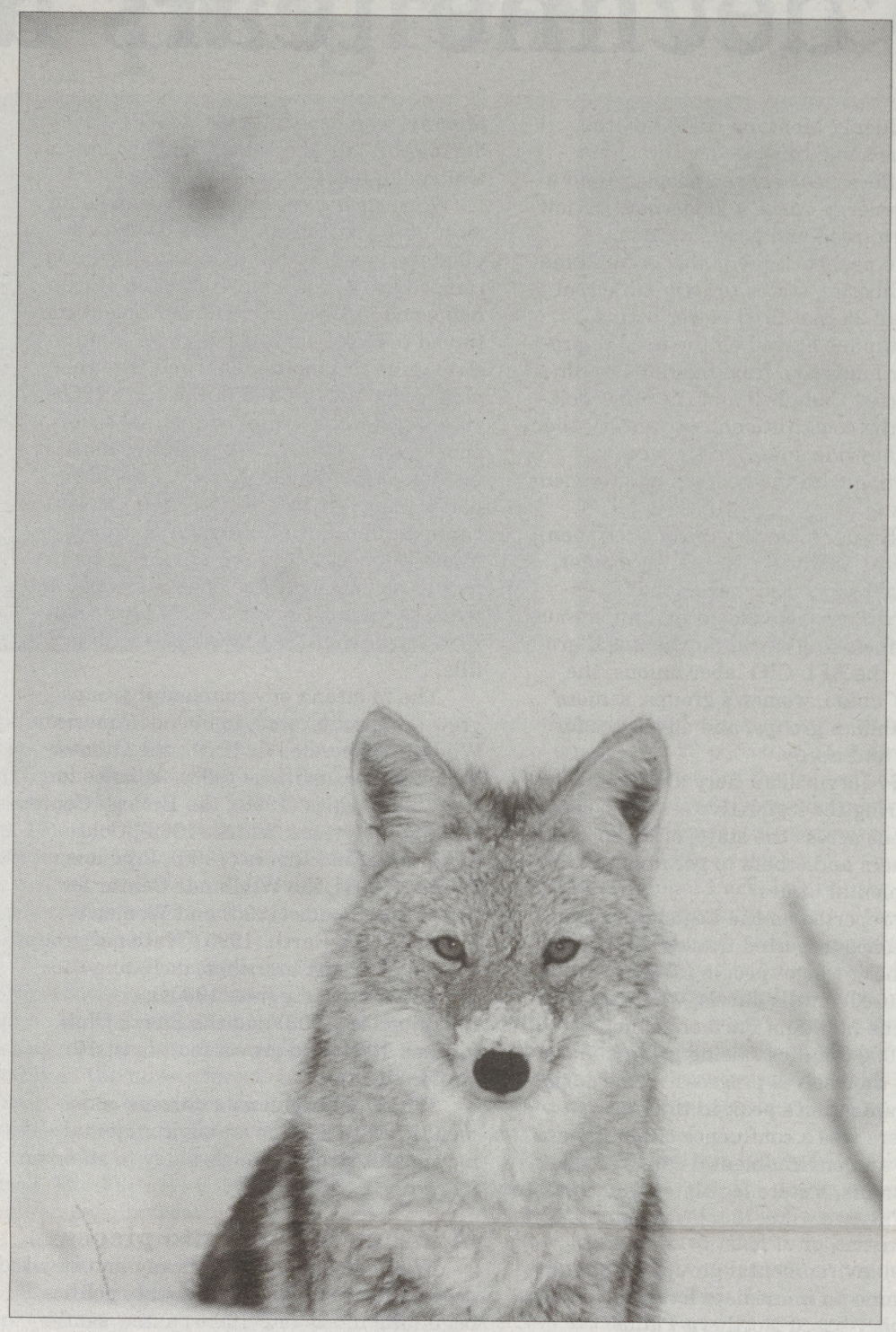
— Joan Nice Hamilton

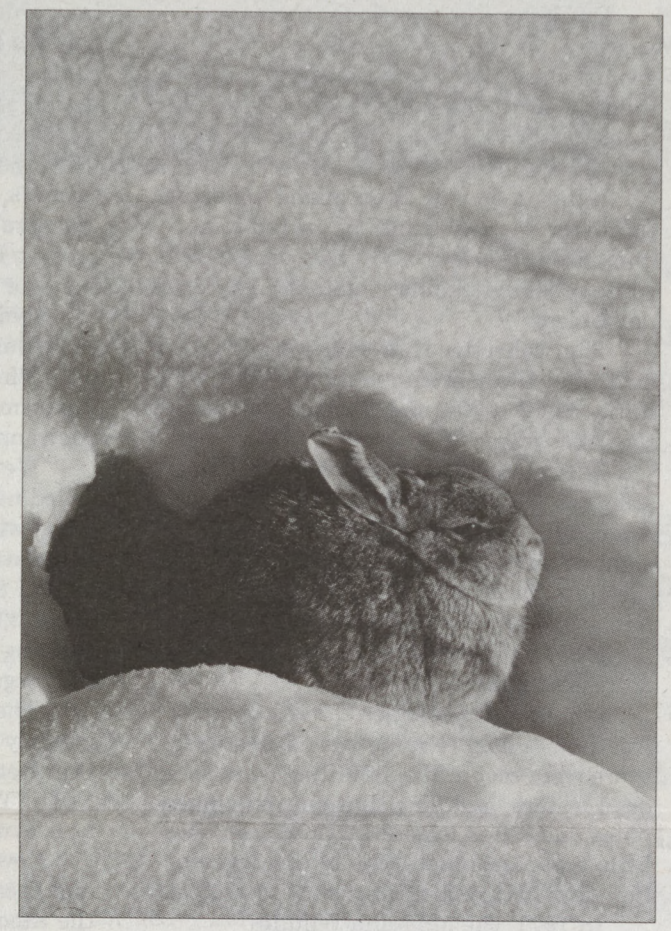
Joan Nice Hamilton, now the editor of *Sierra* magazine, was an editor of *HCN* from 1973 to 1980.



STALWART: Tommie and Tom Bell in the fall of 1994 (Mike McClure photo)

WINTER WANDERINGS: Bison in Yellowstone National Park, facing page (Richard L. Beeckman photo); coyote in Yellowstone, below (Randy Beacham photo); cottontail (Sherm Spoelstra photo)





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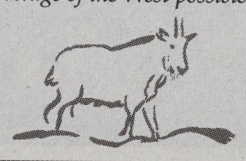
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Economic decline tears apart progressive coalition ...

continued from page 1

"Confluence of identity"

When you ask Montana environmentalists what has changed, they point to Ronald Reagan's legacy and the rightward lurch of the whole West, and all the moneyed, conservative newcomers moving in. They point to public revulsion over Bill Clinton's sex life, and the reclassifying of environmentalists in the Democratic Party tatters. They even point to the Christian Coalition for going door-to-door, relentlessly pushing its candidates.

But if you don't settle for the easy answer — if you say, OK, those are the givens, wasn't there anything that people in the movement could have done to maintain momentum? — you scratch a deeper answer.

It has to do with Montanans' collective character — rural-thinking, rooted to an immense landscape, and every once in a while rebelling against domination by external forces.

That collective character worked to get environmentalism into motion in Montana in the early 1970s, and eventually it worked the other way.

Back then, Montanans were just wriggling out from under the heel of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. For eight decades the company had dominated the state; it owned not only the world-class mines and smelters around Butte, but also much of Montana's timberland, mills and daily newspapers.

Montanans could see the results of Anaconda's rule — in between the scenery, there were mountains of tailings and slag, dead waters, and air pollution that singed pines and killed livestock. There had been little organized opposition to the devastation, few environmental groups to protest.

In 1971, the Montana Wildlife Federation had its lone full-time staffer, Don Aldrich, working mostly hook-and-bullet issues. The Montana Wilderness Association was all volunteer. But Anaconda's Montana copper was thinning out, the company had suffered an effective strike and was struggling to expand overseas. With the mining giant's grip weakened, suddenly Montana could breathe.

At the same time, a new threat cut across differences between people: Amid a national energy crisis, a juggernaut of new mining, railroad and power companies wanted to peel back the plains of Montana and neighboring states to strip-mine coal and install 36 coal-fired power plants.

Montanans agreed on the need to protect their landscape from further assault. They elected Campbell and the other delegates to the constitutional convention; then, voters statewide approved the new Constitution with the bedrock environmental wording.

Bill Bryan, a key organizer back then, sums it up: "It was a citizens' movement, not an environmental movement."

The citizens' movement had numerous leaders, including cattle ranchers and grain farmers, the AFL-CIO labor unions, the teachers' union, women's groups, seniors' groups, Indian groups, and advocates for the poor and needy.

Clyde Jarvis did a fiery daily radio show during the legislative sessions, carried on stations across the state, often encouraging farmers and others to get involved in environmental issues.

"We reported on the Legislature, we called names (reported frankly on who was doing what), we got people involved in the Legislature," recalls Jarvis, who was president of the Montana Farmers Union — about 8,000 families raising grain and considering themselves progressives — during that organization's peak in the '70s.

"There was a confluence of Montanans' identity and environmental care," recalls Dan Kemmis, a state legislator from 1975 to 1984. "The two were, to a large extent, seen as concurrent, or at least overlapping."

New environmental groups sprang up and became an immediate force, including the rancher-based Northern Plains Resource Council in 1971, and the Montana Environmental Information Center, which organized in 1973 to lobby the Legislature.

The political coalition's strength was based on keeping the various interests united. "We testified for so much environmental legislation, and the environmental groups would testify on labor legislation," says Jim Murray, who headed the state AFL-CIO during the '70s and '80s. "The Farmers Union did, too. We worked together."

With such cross-bracing, they held off most of the coal push. Only a few power plants were built, and though coal mining ramped up, it was a small fraction of what happened in Wyoming. The movement continued to make gains. Along with Montana's strip-mine reclamation law and the other pioneering laws passed in the early 1970s, voters statewide approved the coal severance tax in 1976. A 1978 initiative made it just about impossible to build a nuclear power plant. A 1980 initiative effectively banned radioactive tailings. A Hardrock Mining Impact Act required mining companies to pay up-front for schools, sewers, and other services for miners; 1985 laws dealt with toxics; and 1991 laws dealt with landfills.

The Montana environmental groups grew and proliferated, to include American Wildlands (founded in 1979), the Greater Yellowstone Coalition (1983), Alliance for the Wild Rockies (1988), the Ecology Center (1988), Wilderness Watch (1989), Cold Mountain, Cold Rivers (1990), Predator Project (1991), the Wildlands Center for Preventing Roads (1995) and Women's Voices for the Earth (1995). National groups opened Montana branches, including the Wilderness Society (late 1980s), Earthjustice (1993) and the Sierra Club (opened 1994, and grown to at least 10 staffers today).

What had begun as a citizens' movement grew to become an environmental movement, strong enough to try to stand on its own.

Montana broken into pieces

While resistance to runaway industrial development had driven the state politics, beginning in the late 1980s, a new sentiment arose. It also arose from economic issues, but this time, it was fear of economic collapse.

The pillars that had always held up Montana — agriculture, mining and logging — cracked all at once, as a national recession cut demand for raw materials, and global competition kicked in. Average per capita income plunged relative to other states, down to 45th by 1990. Thousands of Montanans fled, and the overall population grew so slowly that the state lost one of its U.S. House of Representative seats with the 1990 census. State government bled, with tax collections down and essential services, such as schools and workers compensation, on the chopping block.

The economic stress helped break the political coalition into pieces. The labor unions, hit by mechanization and union-busting, saw their memberships decline — notably in the mines, forests and mills. The unions had to concentrate on what their members needed. The teachers' union concentrated on state funding for education, period. The Farmers Union, founded on small-acreage homesteaders, withered as the farms were consolidated into larger, subsidized operations.

The environmental groups became the strongest component of the coalition, but they pulled back also, reluctant to compromise. Many new environmental groups had never even been part of the coalition.

The environmentalists had choices that the other coalition members — more tied to Montana's problems — didn't have. They could work the courts and bureaucratic appeals instead of state politics, and because many environmental issues centered on the federal land that is 29 percent of Montana, they could especially work the federal politics.

With the friendly Clinton administration in the White House, the movement got the feds to reintroduce wolves to Yellowstone National Park, buy out the New World gold mine on the edge of the park (*HCN*, 9/2/96), and cough up many more millions of dollars to buy or reserve other land for environmental reasons. Clinton went out in a blaze, creating the Missouri River Breaks National Monument and the roadless forest initiative, which temporarily protected another 6 million acres in Montana.

But within Montana, where fear over the economy continued to be the driver, environmentalists didn't have much of a strategy. Their economic plan for Montana amounted to preserving the private as well as the public landscape as economic assets. Theirs was the New Economy based on in-migration and amenities. Their economic assumption was: If we don't build it, they will come.

So far, that hasn't been enough. Montana's economic free-fall stabilized by the early '90s, but the state's economy was broken in half. The university regions, centered in Bozeman and Missoula, and smaller destination resort towns began making a New Economy, mostly in western Montana; the other half of Montana — the countryside of agriculture, logging and mining — continued to stagnate or die.

State politics became a dogfight. In the Legislature, which generally meets every other year, a term-limits measure approved by voters began to take effect in 1993, removing experienced leadership. A new kind of Republican Party took power under smooth-talking, cowboy-booted Gov. Marc Racicot — an anti-regulation party.

Working for the mining industry, the '93 and '95 Legislatures attacked the state's tough water-quality standards — mine pollution could be diluted by "mixing zones," fewer streams would be protected by "non-degradation" standards, and reclamation bonds were reduced. State standards could no longer be tougher than federal standards.

Trying to conjure up cheaper electricity for heavy industries, the 1997 Legislature took the huge risk of deregulating the state's electricity utilities, even though decades of regulating the dams and coal-fired power plants had given consumers some of the cheapest rates in the country.

The 1999 Legislature kept up the drumbeat for industrial development, including authorizing a tax credit of up to $20 million for any new mine.

The 2000 election for governor became a showdown between the heritage of the 1970s and the deregulation direction. Environmentalists could not have scripted a more favorable match. Democrat Mark O'Keefe had worked as a tour-bus driver in Glacier National Park, founded a backcountry guiding service, and held a University of Montana master's degree in environmental science. He had solid political experience, including eight years as state auditor, where he'd been a consumer advocate. And he had money; married to an heiress, he poured more than $2 million of his family money into a barrage of multimedia ads and color handbills dropped on 170,000 Montana doorsteps.

Republican candidate Judy Martz held a high school degree. She touted her experience as a speed skater in the 1964 Olympics and her career running a garbage-hauling company in Butte. Her elected-office experience was limited to a term as Racicot's second lieutenant governor. She had trouble finding campaign money. By the end, her campaign was outspent 3-to-1.

But Martz won 51 percent of the vote. While the margin was only a few thousand votes, her geographic reach was impressive — she won 45 of the 56 counties, including almost all the rural counties and the urban counties that include Billings and Kalispell.

Many factors influence an election, but Martz led with the anti-environmentalist,

continued on next page





ONCE-POWERFUL: Hauling coal in Decker, Montana, around 1975, far left, (Terrence Moore photo). Near left,Golden Sunlight Mine (Mineral Policy Center photo).

What had begun as a citizens' movement grew to become an environmental movement, strong enough to try to stand on its own.



PEOPLE'S CONVENTION: The 100 delegates who wrote a new Constitution for Montana in 1972, pictured here in the legislative chamber where they did their work, were a cross-section of the state — including farmers and ranchers, teachers, attorneys, clergymen, bankers, housewives, a veterinarian, a beekeeper, an FBI agent, a grad student and a railroad engineer. Most were not politicians, as there was a rule that no delegate could hold any other elected office at the time. "Once we got involved in the ideas, we were a people's convention," recalls Bob Campbell, seated at the right end of the third row, author of some of the Constitution's strong environmental wording. At the time, Campbell, son of a railroad telegrapher, was only four years out of the University of Montana law school; he never held another elected office and went on to a career with the state attorney general's office. Voters statewide approved the Constitution by a close margin — about 2 percent — but the closeness was probably more due to other issues on the ballot, including the death penalty and legalized gambling. The environmental wording was reinforced in 1999 by a unanimous Montana Supreme Court ruling that held, "the delegates did not intend to merely prohibit that degree of environmental degradation which can be conclusively linked to ill health or physical endangerment. Our Constitution does not require that dead fish float on the surface of our state's rivers and streams before its farsighted environmental protections can be invoked" (Montana Historical Society photo, Helena).

Environmental movement attacks its old allies ...

continued from previous page

pro-job card. A month after her election, when she put her philosophy in the coarsest terms, "I'll be a lapdog of industry," a statewide poll found that 41 percent of Montanans agreed outright with her; another 16 percent were undecided.

With Martz's rhetoric setting the tone, the 2001 Legislature attacked the Montana Environmental Policy Act, and greased the wheels for potential new development in numerous other ways, including offering big tax breaks to new power plants while exempting them from fundamental environmental review.

Today in Montana, out-of-state energy companies have at least seven new coal- or gas-fired power plants on the drawing boards or under development, to be fed by increased coal mining. If all the plants get built, the state will be producing more than four times as much power as Montanans need.

There is also a plan to tap Montana's coalbed methane by drilling thousands of wells over thousands of square miles, and another plan to offer 17,000 acres of state land along the Rocky Mountain Front for oil and gas leasing — in the same area where leasing is on hold in the national forest.



"We've been sitting on the natural resources. With the obstructionists in our way on a daily basis, we just haven't been able to get to them."

— Montana Gov. Judy Martz

Career environmentalists

It took 30 years for the pendulum to swing, but now the energy industry has things in Montana mostly its way.

"We've been sitting on the natural resources. With the obstructionists in our way on a daily basis, we just haven't been able to get to them," Martz told 300 people gathered in the small town of Roundup in October. She was announcing a proposal for two coal-fired power plants at the mouth of a revived coal mine in the nearby Bull Mountains, and a 35-mile rail spur to connect to the mainline, making it possible to ship surplus coal as far as Japan.

The reaction in Roundup, the seat of one of the state's poorest counties, was mostly cheers. The town was founded on coal mining, boomed on that and oil and gas, then busted. Now, it's also ground zero for the state's drought, and even local agriculture is down and out. In the town's three downtown blocks, 15 buildings stand vacant. A New Economy based on amenities or high tech isn't likely anytime soon; the mountains around town are mostly privately owned. The coal project would mean hundreds of high-paying jobs — probably union jobs.

The plight of Roundup, and hundreds of communities like it, is hard to see from the three bustling small cities where most Montana environmental groups have set up their offices. The movement is headquartered almost entirely in the capital, Helena, and the two university towns — efficiently located, but distant from the grass roots and the economic pain. Some groups do maintain local chapters around the state, but by and large the three New Economy cities are where the staff clusters.

Being a professional environmentalist has become a career, independent of Montana's economy. While budgets vary, with some groups just scraping by, today in at least one case, the head of a healthy Montana environmental group with 20-some staffers can make $90,000 in annual salary — $2,000 more than the governor, who is in charge of 9,600 staffers.

Despite the appearance of strength, the groups haven't recruited all that many Montana members. Some groups don't bother recruiting members, and for many of the rest, significant slices of the membership are out-of-staters who care about Montana but can't vote in its elections. The biggest Montana-based activist group, the Montana Wildlife Federation, has 4,000 Montana members and 4,000 out-of-state members.

Much of the financing for the environmental groups also comes from out-of-state, from donors and foundations, which send money to Montana to fight the big national battles.

"There hasn't been that pressure of expanding the base and bringing in more people as members like they did in the beginning — that's how they raised money and developed clout back then," says Michael Schechtman, who ran a hub of the Montana movement, the Northern Rockies Action Group, in the 1980s. "The (environmental) groups are working hard and take their memberships seriously, but they haven't expanded their circle and haven't tapped all the parts of the community that care about these issues."

Schechtman, who is now director of the Big Sky Institute for Advancement of Nonprofits, based in Helena, adds, "You look at the polls that show over and over (that) most Montanans support environmental causes, but when you look at the size of the memberships of these groups, the numbers just don't match up at all."

Some of the problem is structural. Some groups are regional, focusing on the whole Northern Rockies from Montana offices. The group most focused on Montana politics, the Montana Environmental Information Center, with about 3,000 members in-state and 1,000 scattered across 48 other states, has been effective lobbying the Legislature and monitoring the state agencies. But it has not rebuilt a coalition of voters statewide.

"MEIC's niche in the conservation movement is lobbying the Legislature and watchdogging the agencies in how they carry out the laws," says Jim Jensen, head of MEIC since 1985. "We don't do anything in the electoral realm" other than initiatives put directly to the voters.

Tax-exempt nonprofits are prohibited from backing candidates directly, but back when Montana's environmentalists maintained the broad coalition that included agriculture and the unions, they organized a political action committee to funnel money into campaigns in both political parties. It was called MONTCEL (Montana Committee for an Effective Legislature) and it had a lobbying arm, called MAPP (Montana Alliance for Progressive Policy).

Each interest group in the coalition was asked to put a member on the MONTCEL board of directors and campaign for MONTCEL candidates. "We were highly successful in legislative races and primaries, including Republican primaries," says Gail Stoltz, who grew up on a ranch, served in the Legislature, then headed the coalition in the mid-1980s. "It was one of the most successful strategies I've ever worked on," says Stoltz, who now works for the Democratic National Committee in Washington, D.C.

The MAPP/MONTCEL coalition also held an annual convention of environmental leaders to plan strategy, called the Montana Conservation Summit, which took the allies' various issues into account.

"We compiled a booklet listing the five or 10 major issues of each constituency and distributed it widely within the ranks of each group, for the purpose of cross-educating," says Tony Jewett, who ran the coalition in the early 1980s and now runs the National Parks and Conservation Association Montana branch. "The groups understood they shared common values. That was incredibly effective. We institutionalized the dialogue between distinct constituencies, to identify common goals. We gained political strength and leveraged that."

MAPP/MONTCEL dissolved in the early 1990s, and for most of the decade nothing was created to replace it. The environmental movement mostly loaded its state politics on the Democratic Party. Though there are many Republicans involved in environmental groups, the Republican Party was generally left alone to knock off its moderates in its primaries.

It's not as simple as Democrats vs. Republicans. Party allegiances in Montana are not strong. According to exit polls in Martz's election, people identified themselves as Republicans over Democrats by a margin of 38-28 percent, which leaves 34 percent — the independents — up for grabs.

'They don't think strategically'

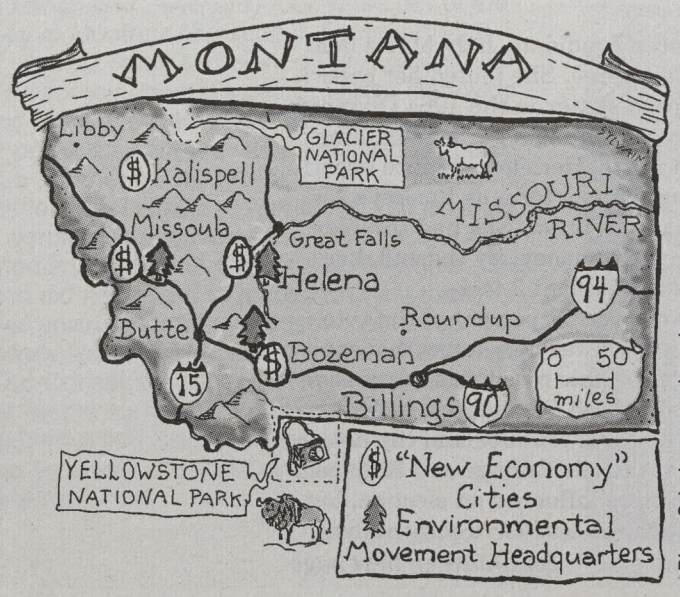
The people who were leaders when the progressive coalition was alive and well have a perspective on what's changed.

"We realized the day couldn't be won by conservationists alone," says Schechtman. "We were building a social movement, trying to build a progressive majority."

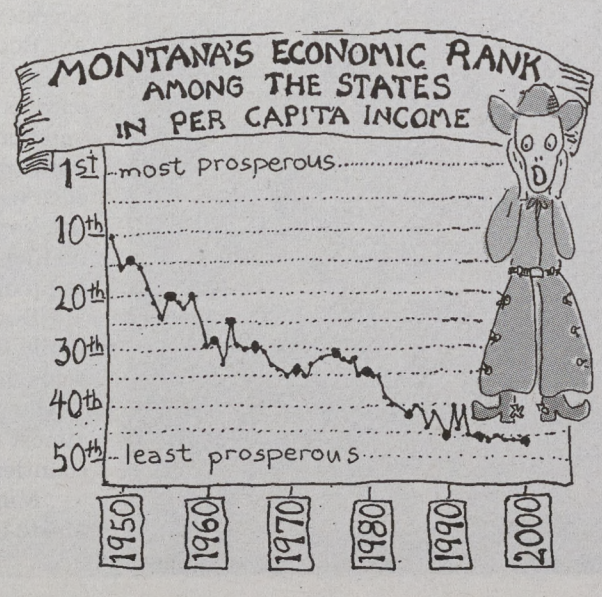
The environmental movement is composed of dedicated people with high goals, often backed by science. But without the coalition, and with so many environmental groups pressing individual agendas, some adopt all-or-nothing stands that seem to oppose just about every mine or every timber sale or every rancher who tries anything.

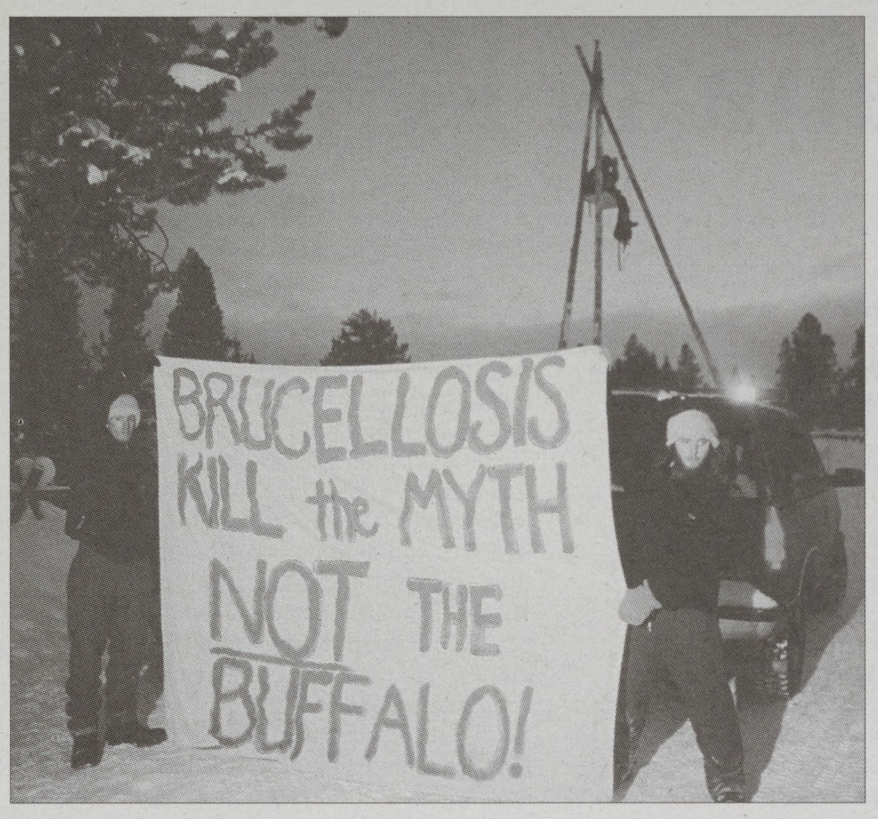
Over the years, it has become more likely that one or another of the groups will irritate the average voter, who may respond by lumping all environmentalists together as the enemy.

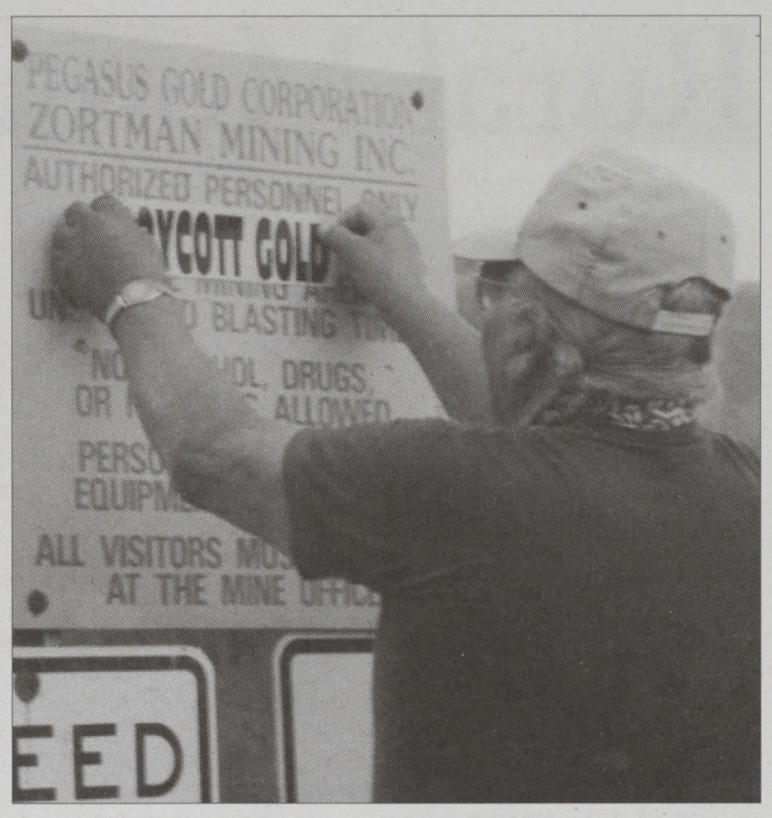
"Now I see that with Montana's environmentalists, there's a lot of splintering," Stoltz says. "I don't know who pulls them



Diane Sylvain map and graph







SIGNS OF RESISTANCE: Members of the Buffalo Field Campaign, far left, protest the killing of Yellowstone National Park bison by the Montana Department of Livestock near West Yellowstone, Montana (William Campbell photo). Near left, a protester places a "Boycott Gold" bumper sticker on the sign at the entrance to a Montana gold mine (HCN file photo).

together and who has the long-term view. ... They don't put their resources into any broader message."

Instead of a broad message, the movement seems to go against logging and mining, where the old union allies work. In wanting prairie dogs protected, wolves brought back, grizzlies protected, riparian areas protected, the movement seems to go against another old ally, ranchers. It goes against ORV and snowmobile drivers, who value the outdoors in a different way. It goes against commercial fishing guides making a living on some rivers, and against farmers who try to survive by charging money for hunting and fishing access.

"The environmental movement has gotten more sophisticated and better funded. But it's still a conservative movement, dealing with land rather than people," says Mike Clark, who ran several national environmental groups during the 1980s, then ran the Greater Yellowstone Coalition during the 1990s, and now runs a one-man shop in Bozeman called Yellowstone Heritage Inc. "The fundamental story of the environmental movement in Montana is, it's never been willing to systematically reach out beyond itself. ... Movements come down to leadership, and that's what happened."

Professional environmentalists are "more hairshirts than they are politicians. They don't think strategically," says Bill Bryan, who organized and ran the Northern Rockies Action Group from 1973 to 1981, helped organize MONTCEL, and now runs an adventure-tourism business based in Bozeman.

Forming coalitions and winning elections are laborious, door-to-door efforts that also require compromises. You have to ask voters what they care about and find enough common ground to build a majority around shared concerns, rather than single issues.

"Instead of 'How do I get my views across?' think in terms of 'How do I create a political majority that by and large reflects my views?' " Bryan says. "Because that's how you win."

"An import and an imposition"

State politics matter when Montana's fundamental laws are being rolled back; and because blood reddens the snow when the state government calls for the slaughter of thousands of bison that stray from Yellowstone Park.

State politics matter when Montana's governor comes out opposing the environmental movement on snowmobiling in Yellowstone, the roadless forest initiative, the new Missouri Breaks National Monument, and drilling along the Rocky Mountain Front, because the governor will always seem to represent the sentiment of most Montanans.

State politics also matter when the federal politics must run through obstacles such as the Bush administration.

But it seems that the state politics have to do mostly with how Montanans view themselves. In the 1970s and 1980s, Montanans saw themselves fighting for their state against big extractive corporations. Today, many see themselves fighting against what they think of as an alien movement.

"As the environmental movement has gained strength, gained its own identity, many people felt they had to choose between being an environmentalist and a Montanan," says Kemmis, who now heads the O'Connor Center for the Rocky Mountain West in Missoula. "That's because many Montanans have developed a sense that environmentalism is coming at them from outside Montana. So much of it feels like an import and an imposition."

New tools being created

Things are not all bad. Even today, the environmental movement in Montana isn't reduced to the level of begging that you find in Arizona or Utah state politics.

Even in the hostile Legislatures since 1993, the Montana groups eked out incremental laws for river restoration money, primitive state parks, island state parks, instream leasing for trout, and a bit more subdivision planning. Bypassing the Legislature altogether, the Montana Environmental Information Center won victories that movements in other states would love to see — an initiative in 1998 that banned cyanide heap-leach gold mining, and a Montana Supreme Court ruling in 1999 that the "clean and healthful environment" wording in the state Constitution is enforceable (*HCN*, 12/6/99).

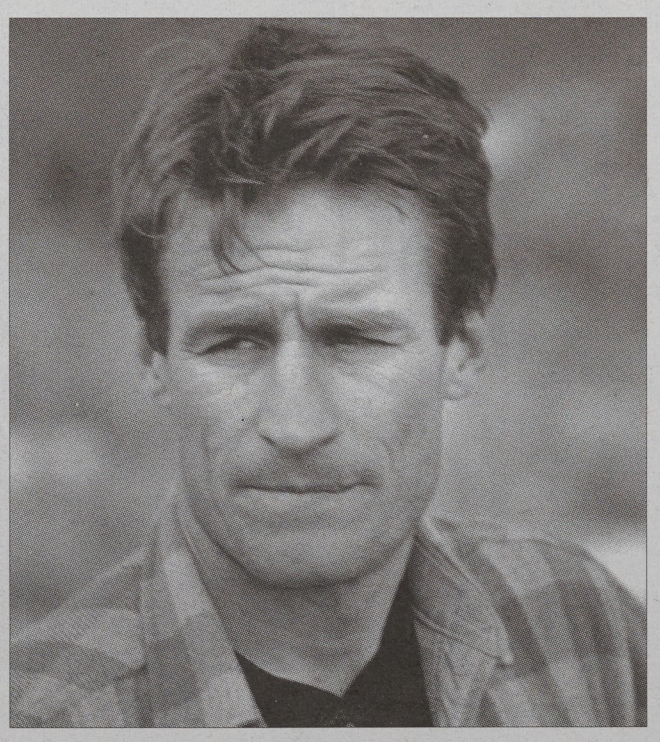
There are vestiges of the coalition politics on single issues, as in 1996, when the Montana Wildlife Federation endorsed a statewide initiative to raise the minimum wage to help the working poor (an initiative that failed).

Even in the same election that installed Martz, Montana voters also approved an initiative intended to phase out game farms.

But generally, as Anne Hedges at MEIC says, "We've been playing defense."

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VETERAN: Bob Decker (Randy Bellingham photo)



'We don't rest ... on economics'

Bob Decker has put in 14 years working for several Montana wilderness groups. Now he's executive director of the Montana Wilderness Association, which, he says, works the grass roots, with 10 staffers in offices spread around the state. Eighty-five percent of the group's 4,300 members live in state. But because wilderness is federal land, the grass roots connect to the federal politics.

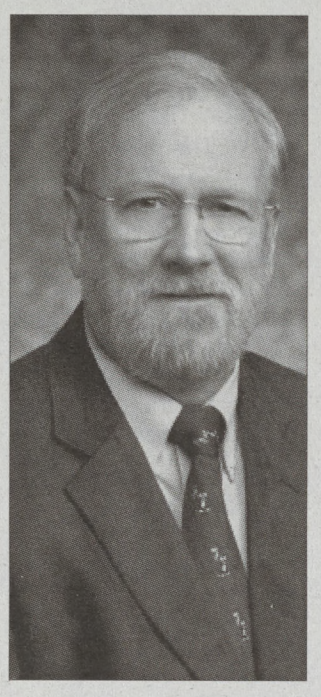
BOB DECKER: "Groups assume certain styles. Some work the court system, some are heavy with staff leadership, some are working the agency leaders, some invest in a presence in Congress. Ours works the grass roots. Grassroots organizing — that's become a catchphrase, but there aren't many groups doing it.

"We worked several years to organize community support for (then-forest supervisor) Gloria Flora's decision to ban oil and gas leasing in national forest on the Rocky Mountain Front in 1997. It was a self-generated issue. Our Great Falls chapter (nearest the Front) took the lead and it included our other chapters around the state.

"We had a letter-writing campaign, newspaper editorials and ads, we made presentations to Rotary Clubs and county commissions, we had tables at county fairs, we hosted field trips. That kind of organizing and show of public support gave (Flora) room to maneuver.

"(Montanans) value the wild, but many don't value it as much as (they) fear for their jobs and the economy. ... We work with outfitters and other people who make a living in the wilderness, but we don't rest our position on the economics. Wilderness is about spiritual and biological values, more than the economics." ***— R.R.***

Rural Montana is key ...



"We don't see environmentalists being proactive now to help farmers get lower rates and better service."

— Terry Whiteside, Alliance for Rail Competition

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By now, some in the environmental movement recognize that new political tools are needed.

Montana Conservation Voters, an affiliate of the National League of Conservation Voters, was formally organized in 1999 to endorse candidates in primaries as well as general elections, and has a PAC to funnel campaign contributions.

"We want a year-round program to keep scrutiny on legislators, educate the public and recruit and develop good environmental legislators," says executive director Theresa Keaveny.

The Center for Environmental Politics, organized in 1998, has two full-timers in its Missoula headquarters and part-timers in five field offices. "We came to the conclusion that all roads lead to the political process," says executive director Dan Funsch. "The movement has been lacking a political component."

The Center analyzes election returns down to precincts, and recruits people to run for planning boards and open-space committees; once green candidates get positioned like that, they can be groomed to run for higher offices.

"We looked at what the Christian Coalition did in the 1980s, infiltrating school boards and advisory positions, and getting their members really active within the political parties — that's essentially the model we use," Funsch says. "It's a long-term strategy. We need to start at the grassroots level."

The Montana Smart Growth Coalition was organized in Helena just last year and is trying to build a broad coalition around that issue.

Attempting to revive the "blue-collar, green-collar" alliance, the Montana Environmental Information Center has affiliated with a new labor group, the Montana Progressive Labor Caucus.

There's also talk of a new think tank in Helena to rebuild progressive politics.

"We haven't had people sitting around thinking about this stuff, like the right wing has," Funsch says. "Our movement has lacked the intellectual infrastructure to do this kind of forward thinking."

The intellectual infrastructure, if it gets organized, should wrap its arms around this simple statistic, which isn't in the discussion much yet: Even today, half the people in Montana live in towns smaller than 5,000, or in no town at all. That makes Montana even more rural than Wyoming.

But today's environmental movement reaches into rural Montana only in a limited fashion — mostly by working with cooperative landowners on easements, weeds and subdivision resistance. With that kind of outreach, the movement doesn't compromise much or win many votes.

Remember the railroad

To get an idea of what might work, trace a thread into rural Montana that wouldn't even register with most of the state's environmentalists today: railroads.

Only one major railroad, Burlington Northern Santa Fe, serves Montana today. It's a classic monopoly with a stranglehold on Montana's grain farmers. "Montana has the highest rail-shipping rates in the nation, because it's the most monopolized state," says Terry Whiteside, a Billings attorney who consults with the Farmers Union and presses the issue with the Interstate Commerce Commission and Congress.

It's so bad, farmers in Nebraska or Minnesota can ship their grain all the way to the Seattle port, on the rail line that comes through Billings, cheaper than farmers around Billings can ship to Seattle. And every so often, Whiteside says, when the railroad decides to squeeze Montana rates even higher, it "takes whatever new profit Montana farmers have from increased efficiencies."

Whiteside runs a group called the Alliance for Rail Competition, and one of its goals is establishing a system of arbitration that would give the farmers more power to negotiate rates. Are there any environmentalists who stand with the farmers on this issue?

"We've seen environmentalists get together with farmers to try to stop the Tongue River Railroad (a spur proposed to haul coal across southeastern Montana)," Whiteside says. "But we don't see environmentalists being proactive now to help farmers get lower rates and better service."

Environmentalists used to stand with farmers on the railroad issue. They stood together trying to fight the merger of three railroads to form the Burlington Northern in 1970, and again when BN killed off its final competitor in Montana in the late 1970s. "The issues back then were the railroads, and strip-mining, and the coal plants," recalls Jarvis, then the president of the Farmers Union.

To regain their influence within Montana, environmentalists have two choices now. They can keep betting on the vitality of the New Economy and the continuing decline of the Old Economy, assuming that eventually tourism and high tech and early retirees will dominate the state — and that it will be good for the environment.

Or environmentalists can again think in terms of creating, and then becoming part of, a broad coalition across the landscape, which means worrying about the railroad's lock on farmers, presenting an economic plan that includes all Montanans, and compromising enough to quit making enemies out of potential allies.

"Environmentalists are just starting to realize we need a plan," Funsch says. "And no one is going to do it for us. We need to do it." ■

Ray Ring is *High Country News*' Northern Rockies editor, based in Bozeman, Montana. He was formerly assistant managing editor for the *Bozeman Daily Chronicle*, and during 1994, he was *HCN*'s senior editor.

YOU CAN CONTACT ...

- Center for Environmental Politics, in Missoula, www.cfep.org, 406/543-6154;
- Montana Conservation Voters, in Billings, www.mtvoters.org, 406/254-1593;
- Montana Environmental Information Center, in Helena, www.meic.org, 406/443-2520;
- Northern Plains Resource Council, in Billings, www.nprcmt.org, 406/248-1154;
- Alliance for Rail Competition, in Billings, www.railcompetition.org, chairman Terry Whiteside, 406/245-5132.

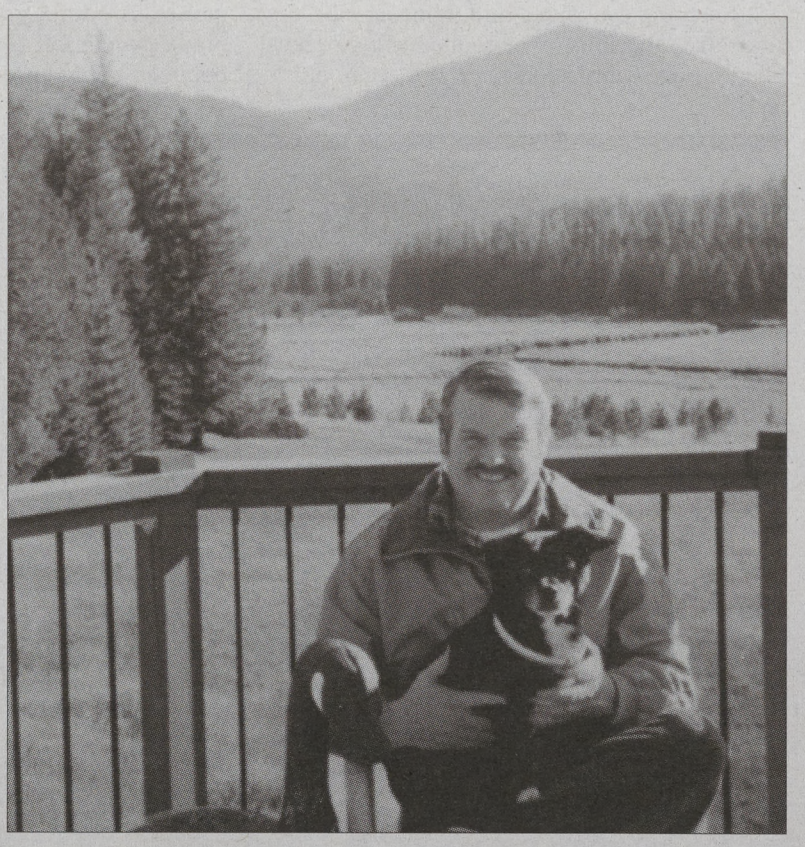
'We better start moving ahead'

Wayne Hirst is an accountant in Libby, the small town in northwest Montana where asbestos mining has sickened hundreds and led to the town's consideration as a Superfund site (HCN, 3/13/00). Libby is more than half busted, with the logging industry also way down. Hirst is a Republican who founded the Montana State Parks Association, finagles park laws through the Legislature, and lives up the Bull River with no home phone. He says he voted for Judy Martz for governor and regrets it, but that Montana's environmental movement has also made mistakes.

WAYNE HIRST: "Libby was a big Democratic town, because of the unions, until the late 1980s, when the environmental movement got very strong in the Democratic Party, and they went with strong anti-logging. Then the town turned Republican. In 1993, more than 40 percent of my clients lost their jobs when Champion International liquidated (its private forests) and the cut dropped so much on the national forest because of designated grizzly habitat and the Clinton Forest Service. Environmental groups appeal nearly all the timber sales here. Judges make the logging decisions ...

"Sometimes environmental groups say the sky is falling, and it is not. That hurts them. That's a problem in this state — no compromise. Environmentalists want no timber sales, and that hurts the loggers, and they want no mining, and they do things that hurt ranchers. Meanwhile, development marches ahead, and that gets no attention except on the local level. Development of Montana will be Colorado-type development (residential sprawl into the mountains). Development is the environmental problem I see in Montana, the long-term threat. You cut down a tree, it grows back. You build a house, it breeds other houses.

"I don't really like what's happening in Bozeman and Missoula and the Flathead. The yuppies and developers are moving in. The environmentalists ally with the yuppies to fight the old battles, and that opens the door for the developers. Environmentalists should focus more on the future. We better start moving ahead in this state, or while everybody fights, we'll turn into Colorado." — ***R.R.***



STRAIGHT TALKER: Wayne Hirst (photo courtesy Wayne Hirst)

Ranchers' group adopts practical strategy

One Montana environmental group grew from different roots than most of the movement.

The Northern Plains Resource Council was founded by cattle ranchers who opposed coal strip-mining 30 years ago — and today, ranchers and farmers make up about half the 3,000 members.

Moreover, this group's members take the lead over the staff in identifying issues, taking stands and presenting the group's public face.

"The coal people came in and gave us this big spiel about the riches on our land. They wanted to strip-mine. We were told we had no choice," says Anne Charter, remembering the day a coal company first approached her family's ranch in the Bull Mountains in 1971. "We said, 'Baloney.'"

She and her husband, Boyd, and a few other families in the Bull Mountains banded together back then, and reached out to ally with ranchers over the horizon who also faced the coal threat, organizing the Northern Plains Resource Council. The ranchers against coal set up tables at agricultural fairs to spread the word and appeared prominently at the first Earth Day ceremony in Billings, Charter says.

"None of us really knew what to do, so we did what anyone suggested," she says. "We got a sixth-grade class in Billings to write letters about why the Bull Mountains shouldn't be strip-mined, and then (the schoolkids) got thousands of signatures on petitions at the Billings Mall."

The ranchers were instrumental in the passage of Montana's strip-mine reclamation law in 1973. "These people from the conservative ranching community would come to Helena, and the Legislature had to listen to them," recalls Bill Bryan, who helped organize Montana environmental groups in the 1970s.

Then the Northern Plains Resource Council ranchers linked up with people in Appalachia's coal region to work the 1977 Surface Mining Control and Reclamation Act through Congress. Charter and other ranch women traveled to Washington, D.C., to testify about the need for the federal law, which was modeled on Montana's law. "We told the senators our men were all busy with ranching and couldn't come. We absolutely won them over," says Charter, who, at age 88, still lives on her family's ranch.

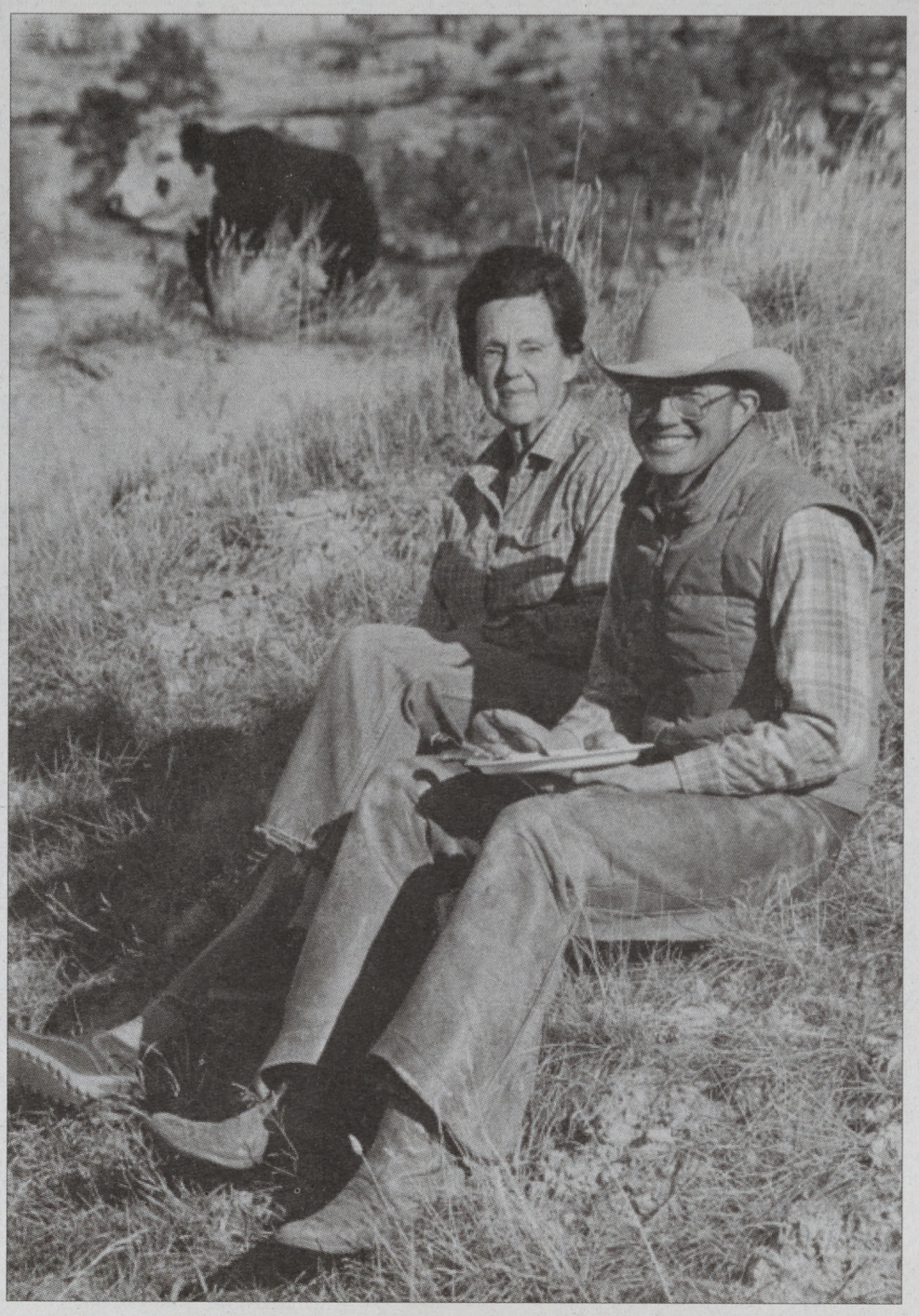
"That was the strength of Northern Plains, and it still is. It has to come from real situations, by real people. All the decisions are made by the members," Charter says. "Everybody has to take an active part, no matter how small." She laughs. "We do keep the staff real busy."

The staff today has grown to 14 people headquartered in Billings, in the center of ranch country. "Working with Northern Plains, if you're an autocratic person, it's not for you," says executive director Teresa Erickson. "If you like group decision-making, it's for you."

Northern Plains contrasts with traditional rancher organizations, such as the Montana Stockgrowers Association, on issues such as the government's power to take land for mining through eminent domain.

"I don't know how many trips we made to Helena to talk to the Stockgrowers about eminent domain and surface owners' rights (in the 1970s). They snubbed us," recalls Jack Heyneman, a Fishtail rancher and Northern Plains member. "They were so tied with industry."

"The Stockgrowers have more or less considered themselves big business — they side with the big companies," Charter says. "We haven't gotten much help from them."



ACTIVISM IN THE GENES: Anne Charter and her son, Steve, photographed on a lunch break during a cattle drive into the Bull Mountains about 20 years ago, are both active members of the Northern Plains Resource Council. The family now has a third generation active in Northern Plains — Anne's granddaughter, Ressa (photo courtesy Anne Charter).

> "They wanted to strip-mine. We were told we had no choice. We said, 'Baloney.'"
>
> — *Anne Charter*

The group's recent successes include the "Good Neighbor Agreement" a local chapter negotiated last year with the Stillwater Mining Co. (*HCN*, 7/31/00). It calls for water protection stricter than government standards and a host of other safeguards at Montana's largest active mine, where more than 1,000 people dig palladium and platinum in the Beartooth Mountains.

"We don't take a hard-line position and oppose mines outright," says Erickson. "We try very hard to make the mine operations the best they can be. We think in terms of solutions."

The practical strategy also shows in Northern Plains' reaction to a current push to drill much of the state for coalbed methane. The group settled a lawsuit against the state Board of Oil and Gas Conservation on condition the government does a sweeping environmental impact statement before proceeding. That gave the group's members time to study the issue and consult with each other. Last month, the group released its recommendations in a report, *Doing It Right*, laying out a blueprint for how coalbed methane might be developed with minimum impacts.

"We want hospital-quality mufflers on the compressor stations (to reduce noise), and every road reclaimed, and wastewater treated so salty water doesn't destroy soil," Erickson says, listing a few of the recommendations.

Another Northern Plains Resource Council lawsuit over coalbed methane, against the federal Bureau of Land Management, is still pending. So the group uses a mix of strategies. "If you put all your effort into stopping something and you lose, then you've wasted your effort," Erickson says.

More than coalbed methane is looming; the state government is encouraging energy companies to mine more coal and build more coal-fired power plants — with the biggest proposed coal development smack in the Bull Mountains where the group was born. "I have a feeling we've come full circle," Charter says. "We're right back to where we started in the 1970s."

— R. R.

Economics with a heart, but no soul

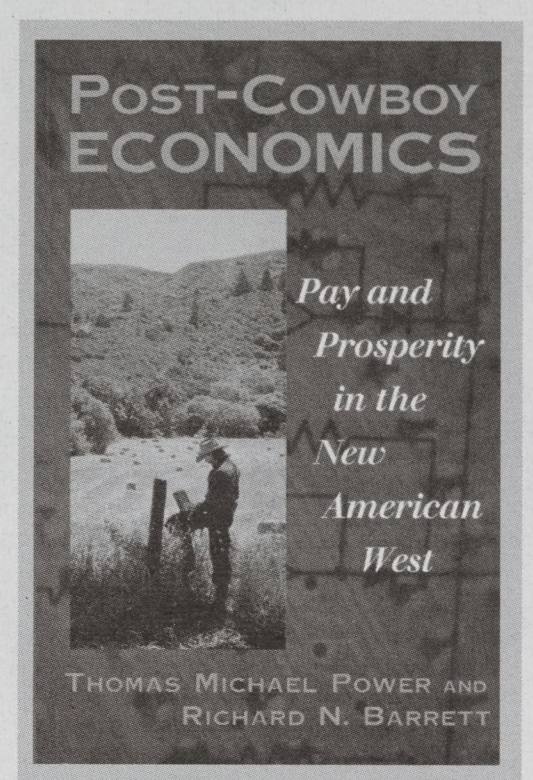
Review by Ed Marston

In 1996, Thomas Michael Power wrote *Lost Landscapes and Failed Economies*, an economic study of the Interior West, in which everything that happened was for the good. If the West were not the best of all worlds, it was as good as life would get on the coasts. We had half the money, but twice the sky; we had a fraction of the jobs, but half the crime and twice the scenery.

That book made three arguments. First, that all wealth did not flow from the ground, as ranchers and miners argued. Service jobs could provide as firm a base for an economy as mining, logging and ranching. Second, that Montana was a good place for a thriving service economy because it had the mountains, wildlife and clear air that would attract businesses and skilled workers.

Third, that the state's low wages were precisely balanced by a high quality of life. If you took everything into account, Montanans were as well off as Los Angelenos or Chicagoans.

Critics — I was one of them — argued that *Lost Landscapes* looked away from sprawl, class divisions, and Montanans' anger at the deal Adam Smith's invisible hand was handing them (*HCN*, 12/23/96). I argued that the book characterized Montana as a Barbie doll landscape that didn't take into account fires and weeds and overgrown forests.



***Post-Cowboy Economics: Pay and Prosperity in the New American West,* by Thomas Michael Power and Richard N. Barrett. Island Press, Washington, DC, 2001. $50 cloth; $25 paper. 186 pages.**

It is now five years later, and Power, this time with fellow University of Montana economist Richard Barrett, has written a much more sophisticated book. *Post-Cowboy Economics: Pay and Prosperity in the New American West,* is ideologically softer, as is clear from the cover, which shows a cowboy standing in an irrigated hay meadow, working on a laptop computer.

Unlike the last book, this one has a heart. The writers acknowledge the pain Montana's economic shift is causing, and devote a chapter to what government should and should not do to strengthen people and communities. It is also loaded with data that let readers decide about the state of the state of Montana.

But the central idea is the same as that of *Lost Landscapes*: The authors asks Westerners to see that when "combined with a higher quality of life, lower incomes are a sign not of failure but of strength; they are an indication the people understand their own needs, that they share those needs with their neighbors, and that together they have provided for them."

Again as in *Lost Landscapes*, the land plays no role — other than as an unworked amenity — in the economy or psyche of the West. The authors love Montana and approve of its economic trends. The goal is to convince their fellow Montanans to at least accept the new situation.

They marshal impressive facts. Extraction is a destructive pimple on the state's economy. Extractive jobs are dwindling and those that survive pay less money with each passing year.

From the other side, they show that a service economy is not just Wal-Mart greeters and Burger King burger flippers. It's brain surgery, computer programming, college professoring, consulting, and real estate selling. It is the modern, 21st century global economy, and Montana can have the good life if it only refrains from trashing the golden goose: the land, its streams and its wildlife.

It's a rational argument delivered with sensitivity. Power and Barrett write that if you live in Montana or Wyoming, your wages are bound to be lower than the national average. That's because wages are low in any place that lacks a metropolitan area. Wages go up with population, and Montana and Wyoming don't have metro areas. That leads to a higher quality of life which balances out the lack of cash.

It's a good try, but it's unlikely to sway Montana as a whole. It didn't sway me, in part because the book provides ammunition against its argument.

First, Montana is a low-wage state even compared with other non-metro areas. And its real average pay per job has had a sickening drop in the last 20 years, from about (I'm reading a graph) $30,000 per job to about $22,000 per job. By comparison, the national average wage per job has held steady at about $32,500 per job.

Montana's per capita income has risen from about $19,000 in 1978 to $21,400 in 1998, thanks to pensions and newcomers bringing their income from elsewhere and people working two jobs. But working two jobs is a tough way to raise your income. And the quality-of-life advantages may not matter much to a family whose members work more than one job each just to get by.

The authors argue that the economic development path being taken today in Montana — bringing back mining and logging jobs — won't make a difference. From 1978 to 1998, their data show, average annual pay in the West's natural-resource sector fell from $35,578 to $30,065. So even those who held on to mining or logging jobs saw their incomes fall. But there is another way to look at the book's numbers: The fact that the average job wage in Montana is $21,400 makes it easy to understand why some would fight for even a few $30,000 per year jobs.

But Power and Barrett are right about the big picture. The natural resource industries have been automating over the last several decades. Fewer miners and loggers and mill workers produce more and more ore and trees and two by fours. You could destroy the surviving forests and pure streams without creating a significant number of new jobs.

How, then, do Montana and Wyoming and other states or parts of states that lack major metro areas break a death spiral in which economic misery leads to angry politics which leads to assaults on ecological health?

This book doesn't provide even a partial answer. It can't provide an answer because it ignores the land except as backdrop to the kind of suburban development that characterizes the rest of the United States. There are no working landscapes in Power and Barrett's vision. The land is not part of any solution they can conceive.

They prove that their state can survive in a dollar sense with a service economy. But they haven't asked whether the soul of Montana can survive being sundered from the land.

It's a key question. My sense is that Western bitterness and political reaction will diminish only if the region reconnects to the land in more ways than recreation and preservation. The old approach to living off the land needed to be reformed. But this book implicitly argues that we can walk away from worked-over land and the kinds of jobs that worked the land over. My sense is that doing so leads to the kind of terrible mess Montana finds itself in — a mess that isn't good for people or the land.

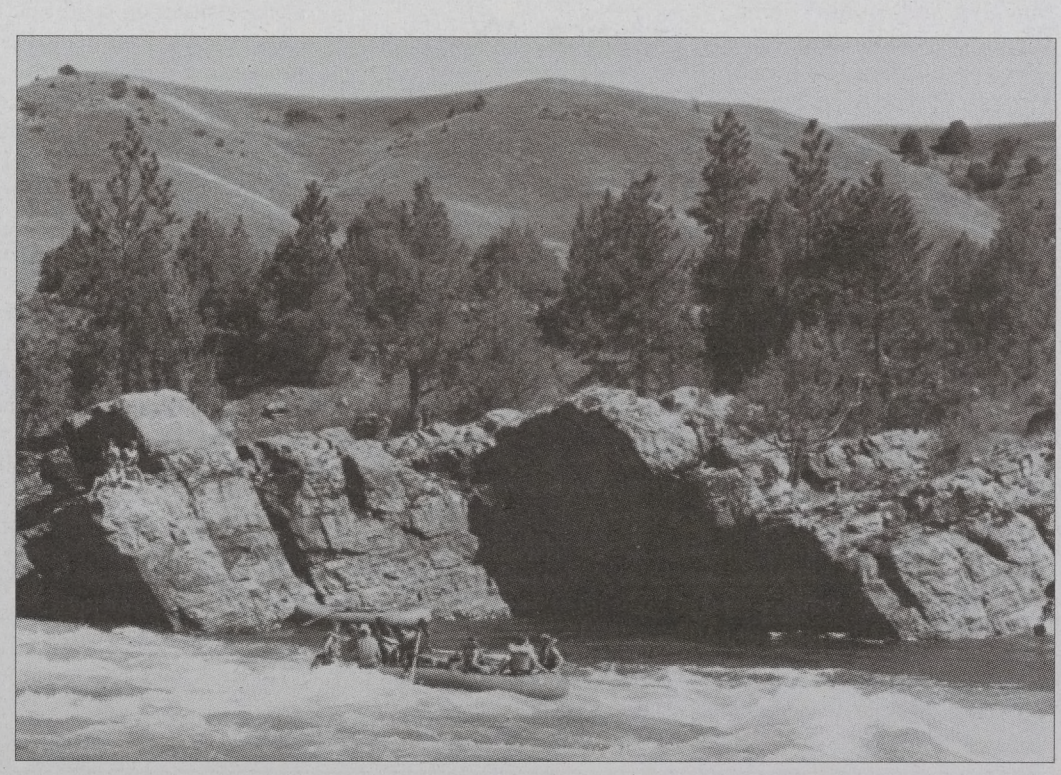
Instead of rejecting extractive jobs, we need to figure out what kind of mining follows heap leaching, what kind of forestry follows intense roading and clearcutting. We need to use the new mining and the new forestry to repair what the old mining and the old forestry damaged. We need to make the jobs that produce wealth from the land respectable and respected.

Some ranchers have already shown that they can run livestock while restoring grasslands and wildlife habitat. Forestry is beginning to follow in ranching's footsteps. And the Stillwater Mine in Montana shows that even hardrock mining may be able to treat the land right (*HCN*, 7/31/00).

These jobs will never be numerous. They will never swing the economy. Power and Barrett prove that in 20 different ways. But the macroeconomic impact of these jobs is not what's important. What matters is that Montana's identity is tied up with having some people working on the land. The numbers aren't important. A football stadium with 100,000 people is exciting because of the 22 players on the field. Our region is exciting because of the land and those who interact with the land, both for recreation and the creation of wealth.

What we need next from Power and Barrett, as the third in the series, is a book showing how mining and ranching and logging can create wealth and jobs while restoring and protecting the land. I figure my review of this much-needed book will appear in the last issue of *High Country News* for 2006. ■

Ed Marston has been the publisher of *High Country News* since 1983.



NEW ECONOMY: Rafting in Montana (Montana Department of Commerce)

Autumn 2001

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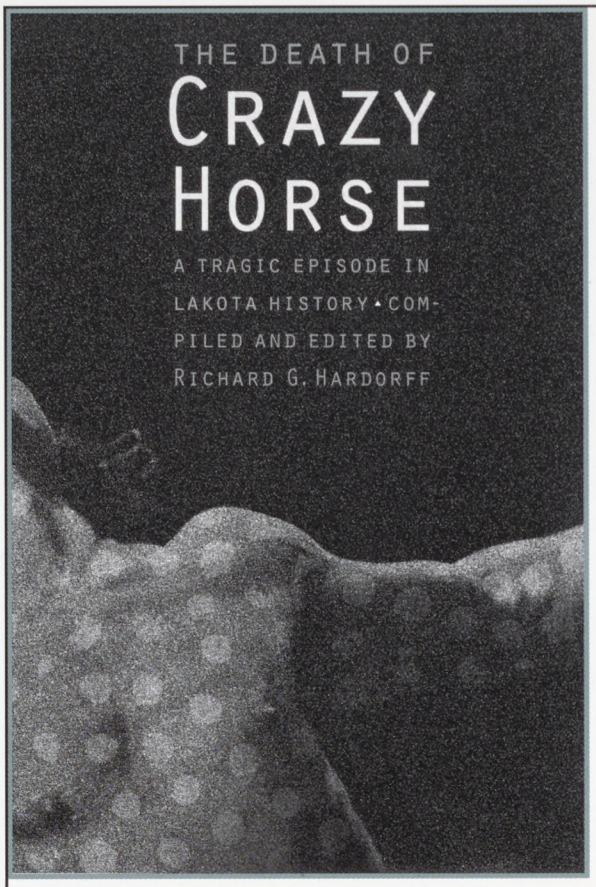
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Harvey Dunn, *Homesteader's Wife*, 1916



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Cover

Western artists have painted many symbols longer-lived than the period they characterize in American history—the placer miner and his pan, the cowboy and his range cattle, the cavalry soldier pursuing Indians—but each suggests a mythic past inaccessible to most of us. The pioneer, however, caught up in the labor of the day, trying desperately to make a living in a western landscape that only reluctantly yields its bounty, offers a shared sense of struggle and minor triumphs in the face of adversity. Harvey Dunn's *Homesteader's Wife* (oil on canvas, 30″ x 30″, 1916, courtesy South Dakota Art Museum Collection) for example, lays out an iconic image of a homesteader coping with land and work and wind on the northern plains. Dunn (1884–1952), born in Dakota Territory and the son of homesteaders, understood the frustrations and rewards of plains life. As Dunn's subject toils with her ox, her gaze and tight grip suggest a resolute determination to finish the day's tasks and ready herself for more of the same tomorrow.

In Seena Kohl's article about Maggie Gorman Davis, this resolution manifests itself in myriad ways, even in a family defeated by drought, insects, and bankruptcy. Margaret Bell's account of growing up on a hardscrabble homestead offers a rare glimpse into a child's homesteading experience. And as Elliott West notes in his thoughtful exploration of American trails, homesteaders came west on trails that have entered the national consciousness as part of a past transmuting itself into a complex heroic narrative in need of examination and new interpretation.

On the back cover, from the MHS Library Collection, brochures from the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads illustrate the kinds of promotional literature used to lure tens of thousands of homesteaders like Maggie Davis and Margaret Bell's family to central Montana.

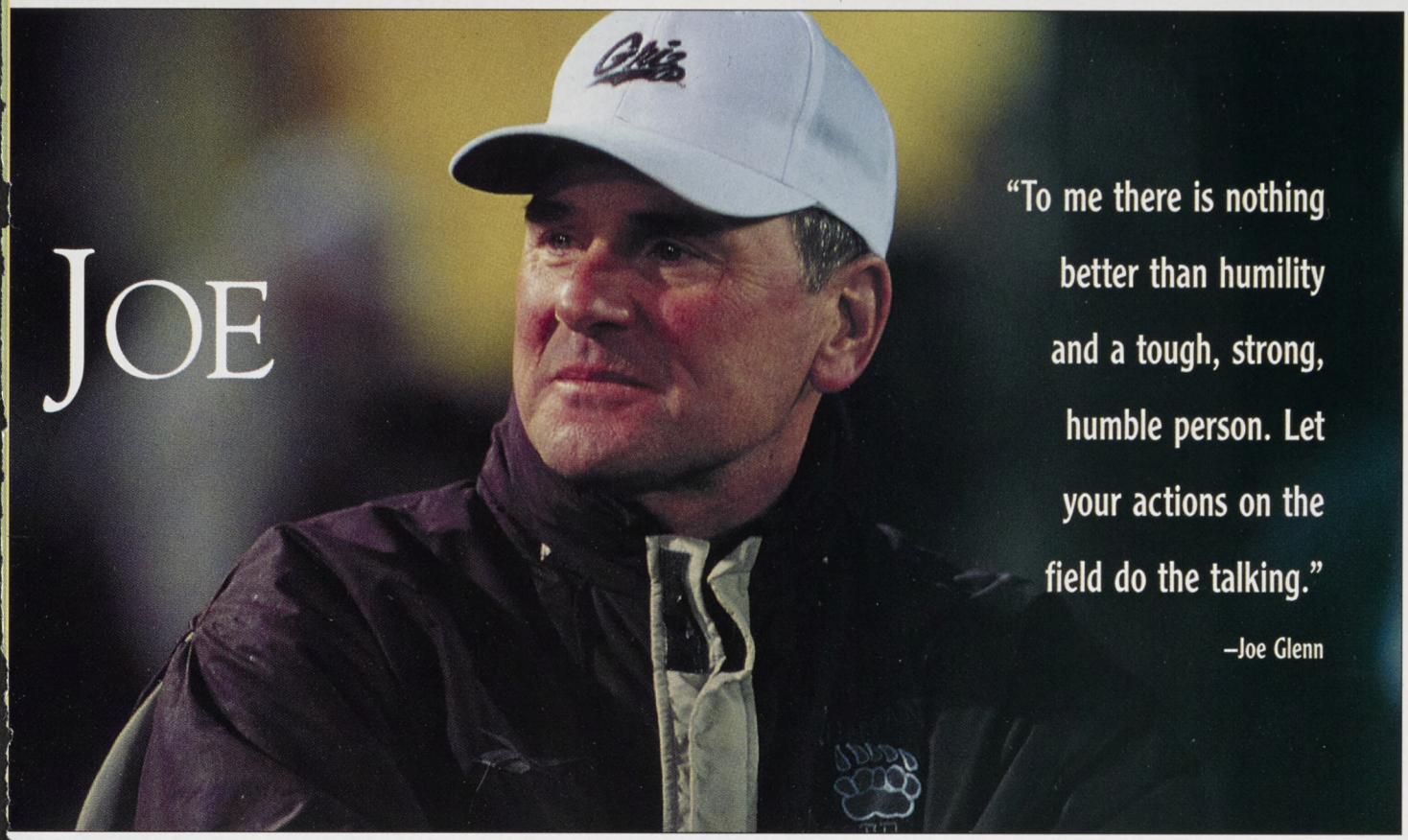
'When Montana and I Were Young'

Margaret Bell's Memoir of a Northern Montana Childhood

edited by Mary Clearman Blew

At a meeting of his newly formed Montana Institute of the Arts in 1947, probably in Great Falls, Montana, the legendary University of Montana professor H. G. Merriam was approached by a middle-aged woman with a manuscript under her arm. Unlike many professors of creative writing, Merriam was generous with unpublished writers. A former Rhodes scholar and founder of the influential journal *Midland* and, later, *The Frontier*, Merriam had devoted much of his life to discovering, encouraging, and publishing the work of otherwise unknown writers in the Northwest. "Out of our soil we grow, and out of our soil should come expression of ourselves, living, hating, struggling, failing, succeeding, desponding, aspiring, playing,





coaching days might be over, but then a neighborhood kid came to his door, asking him to help out with his Little Grizzly football team, the Burger King Falcons. At first Glenn said no — he'd promised his wife that he'd spend more time with his own kids. "But then she looked at me and said, 'Get out of here,' and I grabbed my hat, whistle and clipboard and practice was right away that night."

A picture of the Burger King Falcons still adorns Glenn's office. That experience rekindled his love for the game, and his family soon moved for an assistant coaching job at Northern Colorado. It was a good match: After two years Glenn was promoted to head coach, and in eleven straight winning seasons his teams went to the playoffs seven times and captured two Division II national championships. Glenn became so popular that university administrators in Greeley joked that he could be elected mayor without running an ad.

In December 1999 UM head football coach Mick Dennehy resigned to take a job as head coach at Utah State and Glenn landed a job at UM. He returned to Missoula ready to expunge the bad memories of the past and craft another winning tradition.

Glenn says one key to a successful football program is having a coaching staff that clicks. Assistant head coach Mike Breske says of Glenn, "He's the best boss a coach could have. I've been fortunate to have worked with him for fourteen years. He lets his coaches coach, and that's what makes this fun."

Glenn's winning ways during the 2000 campaign garnered him the Eddie Robinson Award, given to the best coach in I-AA. After the season he also was offered a coaching position with the Detroit Lions. Griz fans everywhere breathed a sigh of relief when Glenn decided he had unfinished business in Missoula.

Glenn has been wholeheartedly embraced by the UM and Montana communities. "He has been able to accomplish a lot on and off the field," says athletics director Wayne Hogan. "A head coach in Division I has to know more than X's and O's. He has to know the whole package, from fund raising to charity to media appearances. We hired him because you can't help but like the guy — he has that gift for making people feel important and has tremendous recall for names. He meets people well and is just a very genuine person."

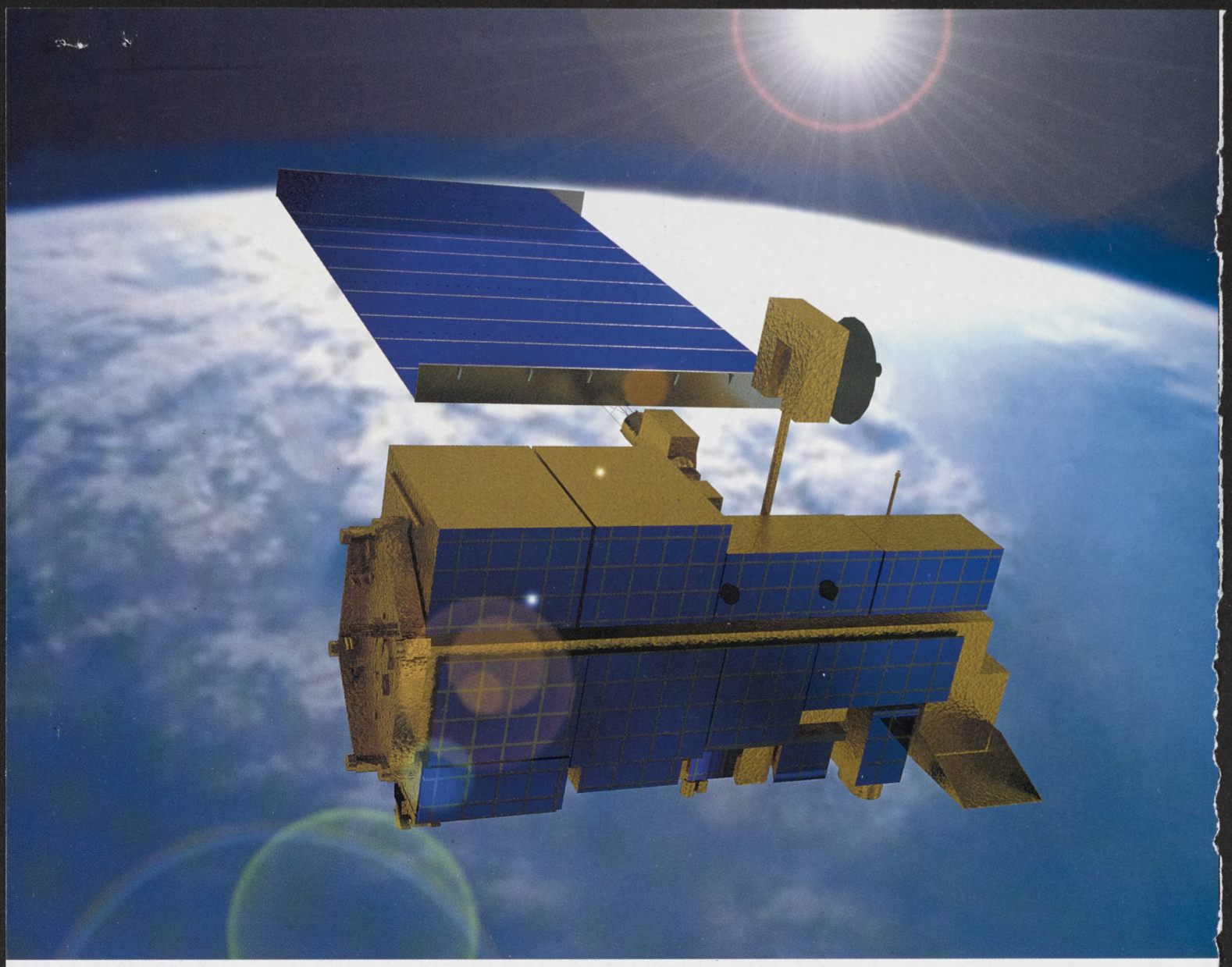
Glenn says he's not a screamer as a coach — more of a motivator. He's even worked as a motivational speaker. "I tell my players to play hard, no talk, just do your job, help the other guy up, but play your ass off," he says. "To me there is nothing better than humility and a tough, strong, humble person. Let your actions on the field do the talking."

One of the strongest, toughest players to play for the 2000 Griz was Andy Petek, an All-American defensive end. Petek says, "Coach Glenn was tremendous — my best coach ever. He knew how to get you ready for a game, and he made the season fun. Even if we would have been 5-5, he would have made it fun."

Glenn has many tricks to motivate his players. But he isn't prone to heated pre-game speeches with a lot of war analogies. He'll tell his athletes inspirational stories or sing with them at pep rallies, playing the piano. (His keyboard teacher was an older brother who's in the Nebraska Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame.) His frequent playing in public has earned him the nickname "Piano Joe." He sees a piano and he can't resist taking a seat and pounding out a song or two.

After practice in Tennessee before the national championship, Glenn sang a few bars of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." Then he told his 2000 Griz, winners of thirteen straight, "You know how I feel — be courteous to people and kill them with kindness. This good guy thing is working."

Cary Shimek, a news editor for University Relations, makes this gutsy prediction: The Griz will play in another national championship game within two seasons.



I'VE SEEN FIRE AND

BY GARY JAHRIG

Steve Running sits back in the desk chair in his fourth-floor office in UM's Science Complex and chuckles when asked to explain how a tree researcher in Montana became one of NASA's foremost rocket scientists.

"Ronald Reagan," Running says with a smile. While no great fan of the former president's politics, Running, a UM forestry professor, is quick to give Reagan credit for encouraging NASA to shift its focus from outer space to earth science. "Reagan pushed NASA into pursuing global ecological science," Running says. "He urged them to do more pure science. When you launch rockets for a living, you need to gravitate toward global-scale science that produces real-world benefits."

Today, Running and his team of researchers in UM's Numerical Terradynamic Simulation Group are at the forefront of NASA's efforts to better understand environmental conditions on Earth. NASA plans to spend about $7 billion to launch up to twenty satellites through its Earth Observing System program over the next several years. The first of the spacecraft, the $1.3 billion Terra satellite, was sent skyward in December 1999 from an air force base on the California coast.

Terra now provides scientists from NASA and around the world the first global and seasonal measurements of the Earth system, including information on land mass and oceans, snow and ice, surface temperature, clouds, water vapor and land cover. Terra also is being used to improve scientists' abilities to detect human impacts on the Earth and



its climate; help develop technologies for disaster prediction from wildfires and volcanoes to floods and drought; and start long-term monitoring of global climate and environmental change.

A New Take on Earth Science

Thanks to Running and his colleagues, UM is at the center of this revolutionary new way of conducting earth science. Among the high-tech imagery tools on board Terra is the MODIS (Moderate Resolution Imaging Spectroradiometer) software designed by Joe Glassy, director of software development in Running's lab at the time of the launch. Glassy described the UM software as a way to send daily pictures of land masses back to Earth. "If you think of the instrument as a camera, when you take the film in to be developed, our (software) develops the pictures," explained Glassy, who recently left the program to pursue other ventures. UM scientists are preparing similar software for NASA's next earth science satellite, Aqua, tentatively scheduled for launch this summer.

The success Running and his team have had with building models for remote sensing over the past twenty years has made a lasting impression on NASA officials. "Montana doesn't have a very rich and broad program in space-based science," says Diane Wickland, NASA's lead scientist on the Terra project. "But Dr. Running's group is a bright light. Anybody who knows anything about modeling knows Steve Running."

And that bright light on the Missoula campus has attracted big

I'VE SEEN RAIN

research dollars from the space agency – more than $10 million since Running first pulled in a $20,000 NASA grant in 1981. "I believe they have brought in more money over the decade of the '90s than any other research group on campus," says UM President George Dennison.

"It's put The University of Montana on the map," he says. "They've been very helpful in that regard. They compete nationally for funding, and that has encouraged others on campus to be competitive. They were there at the beginning when we started to have a huge increase in research dollars."

Dennison goes so far as to give Running's group credit for bringing UM into the Internet age. "They were the first ones on campus to require high-speed Internet access," Dennison says. "It became quite clear that we had to figure out a way to get connected."

Not only did UM get connected in a technological sense, the Missoula campus is now at the forefront of satellite remote sensing on an international scale. Running's lab has become a clearinghouse for disseminating information gleaned from the satellite data, which is transmitted from Terra to NASA and then to the UM lab.

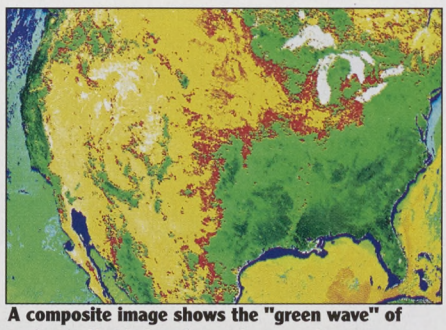
"Remote sensing," Running explains, "is deriving an attribute of an object from a distance without touching it. We take the reflection of light and heat off an object and determine its attributes."

Playing in the Majors

The opinions and research of UM scientists Running and fellow researchers Ramakrishna Nemani and LLoyd Queen, are valued highly throughout the world.

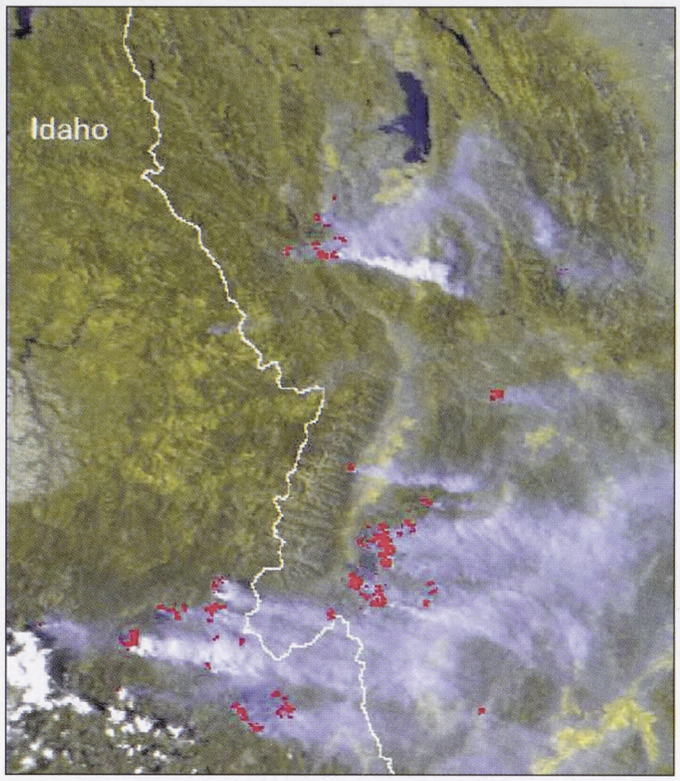
"We're not a major-league player on many topics," says Running. "We're generally a pretty small player in a pretty small state. We're usually dwarfed by the Stanfords and MITs. But in this topic of scientific global change, we're an acknowledged leader."

Nemani is a prime example of what satellite science has done for UM researchers. A native of India, the research associate professor serves as Running's top assistant and is widely recognized as a leading expert in remote-sensing imagery. Nemani, who came to UM in 1983 and was Running's first doctoral student, has earned high praise internationally and locally for his research into global warming and the greenhouse effect.



A composite image shows the "green wave" of spring in North America and sea surface temperature, collected the first week in April 2000. The darker green shows where the most green foliage is being produced due to photosynthetic activity. Yellows on land show where there is little or no productivity and red is a boundary zone.

Last year, after studying national warming trends, Nemani turned his attention closer to home and determined that the average annual temperature in Missoula has climbed almost 2 degrees over a fifty-year period. "First I looked at California and Alaska," Nemani says. "Then I decided to look in my own backyard." What Nemani found happening in Missoula, as in other locales affected by warming trends, was rather startling. He determined that the number of frost-free days in Missoula had gone up



Left, **MODIS tracks fires during Montana's disastrous 2000 fire season.**

by fifteen days in a fifty-year period, primarily in the spring. Good news for gardeners, but not so good for skiers. "Two degrees over fifty years may look like no big deal," Nemani says. "But when you dissect it, it can be pretty profound."

The NASA connection also has made Nemani a player in the California wine business, a $9 billion a year industry. Nemani and Running are in the midst of a three-year climatic study designed to increase the quality and quantity of wine produced in California vineyards. Using their remote sensing technology, Nemani and the others advise vineyard owners in California's fertile Napa Valley on the best methods to grow grapes.

"We found that wine quality is different in various areas of the vineyards," Nemani says. "We found that the best quality comes from plants with fewer leaves. Scrawny plants produce better grapes." Through their research, the UM scientists are able to instruct wine growers on how much water they should use in different vineyards to achieve optimal growing conditions.

Fighting Fires

Last summer's devastating wildfires in Montana and other western states also provided a real-world test for the Terra remote-sensing imagery, albeit sooner than many researchers would have liked. "What we were hoping for was to have a few fires over 100 acres in size," says Queen, an associate professor of forestry and a leading expert on using the satellite data as an effective tool in fighting forest fires. "I know it was a goofy thing to wish for, but I thought if we were really going to test how well our model works, we had to have some real-world examples."



What Queen and other scientists got by the end of the fire season was a testing field that spanned millions of acres of burnt wild lands. "It was way more than what we wanted and would ever have hoped for," Queen says. "It became clear that what we were doing no longer had anything to do with research. It simply became a point of delivering all the help we could." Queen and others at UM offered their services and technology to fire managers from the U.S. Forest Service and other state and federal agencies. The UM contingent did everything from setting up Web sites for fire information purposes to using the remote-sensing ability to measure the moisture of different forested areas and advising fire managers on how likely certain areas were to burn.

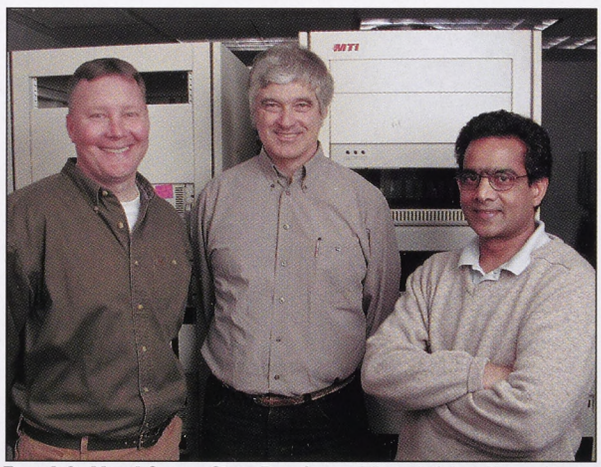
"It literally reached a point where people from around the region were asking for our products," Queen says. "We weren't talking about mainlining [their work] for two or three years because we wanted to make sure the models were working properly. But there were unique needs that summer. Fire management teams were looking for all the help they could get."

Training & Education

Because of the demand for access to the satellite technology by fire managers and others interested in land and resource management, UM has established the EOS Training Center, designed to train land managers in use of satellite data for resource management, and the EOS Education Project, aimed at helping teachers and others understand and apply the earth-science imagery in classrooms and real-world studies.

Running's staff provides workshops and other events for land managers in the training center. The EOS Education Project is directed by John Kuglin, a former grade-school teacher now acknowledged as a leading expert in using technology in schools. It has become a model of how university-level science research and K-12 education can team up to improve student learning. (*See story on John Kuglin in the Winter 2000-01* Montanan.)

The EOS Education Project also has led to UM being selected as the home of the National Lewis and Clark Teacher Education Center. With the bicentennial of the famed explorers' trip through Montana and the West only two years away, Kuglin and a team of educators are using Running's satellite imagery to help teachers supplement their Lewis and Clark lessons. "This will be a resource center available to all those across the country who want to learn from



From left, LLoyd Queen, Steve Running and Ramakrishna Nemani

Lewis and Clark's great expedition," Kuglin said at the opening of the new center last spring. "This is a true collaboration between the business community, higher education and government."

Since Terra went into orbit, Running has been a man in great demand. On campus his time is devoted to supervising his lab and a twenty-person staff as well as preparing for the launch of "the next generation of satellites." But he also finds time to teach two classes every fall — a sophomore course on his first love, tree biology, and a graduate class on computer modeling and satellite research. "My continuing to teach in the classroom gives our students a full look at our research activities," Running says.

Since the launch, however, Running finds himself spending almost as much time off campus as he does in his lab. "I do a lot of traveling," he says. "But that's what makes this happen. When you are doing global science, you need to build global teamwork." He serves on top-level committees for NASA and travels around the world speaking at conferences and symposiums on earth science issues. The reputation and research of Running and his team are one of the best recruiting tools UM has these days, Dennison says. "What it tells the world is that while we remain a liberal arts institution, we have professors and researchers of science who are of the highest quality," Dennison says. "These are world-class people."

> **"Dr. Running's group is a bright light. Anybody who knows anything about modeling knows Steve Running."**
>
> **Diane Wickland, NASA**

Because of his own meteoric rise through the rocket and earth science research ranks, Running also is attracting plenty of attention from other colleges and universities. But Running says it would take a pretty promising offer to lure him away from western Montana, where he has raised a family and enjoys the area's outdoor amenities. "When you get to this stage of your career, other universities don't want to hire you to be a professor. They want you to be a director of an institution," Running says. "The inquiries I get are from universities who want me to come and direct big programs. Well, I'm already directing a big program.

"Unless someone can offer a more interesting program in a more interesting place, I'm not likely to just start looking to go moving around," he says. "That would only disrupt my work."

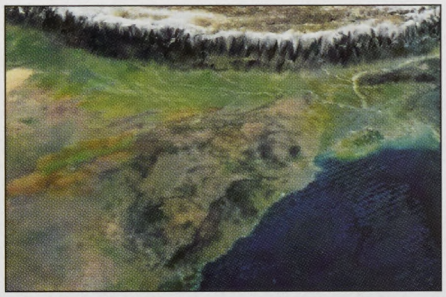


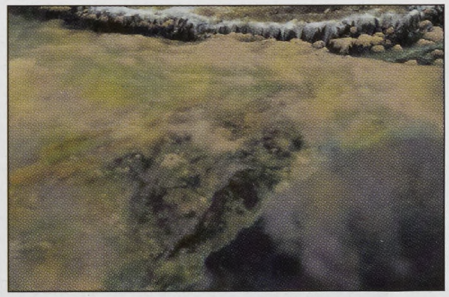


An image from the EOS project's IKONOS satellite shows vineyards in northern California. Vintners are using the imagery to minimize variation in vine growth. Optimum conditions would result in blocks, which appear as if patches in a quilt, having a uniform intensity of color.

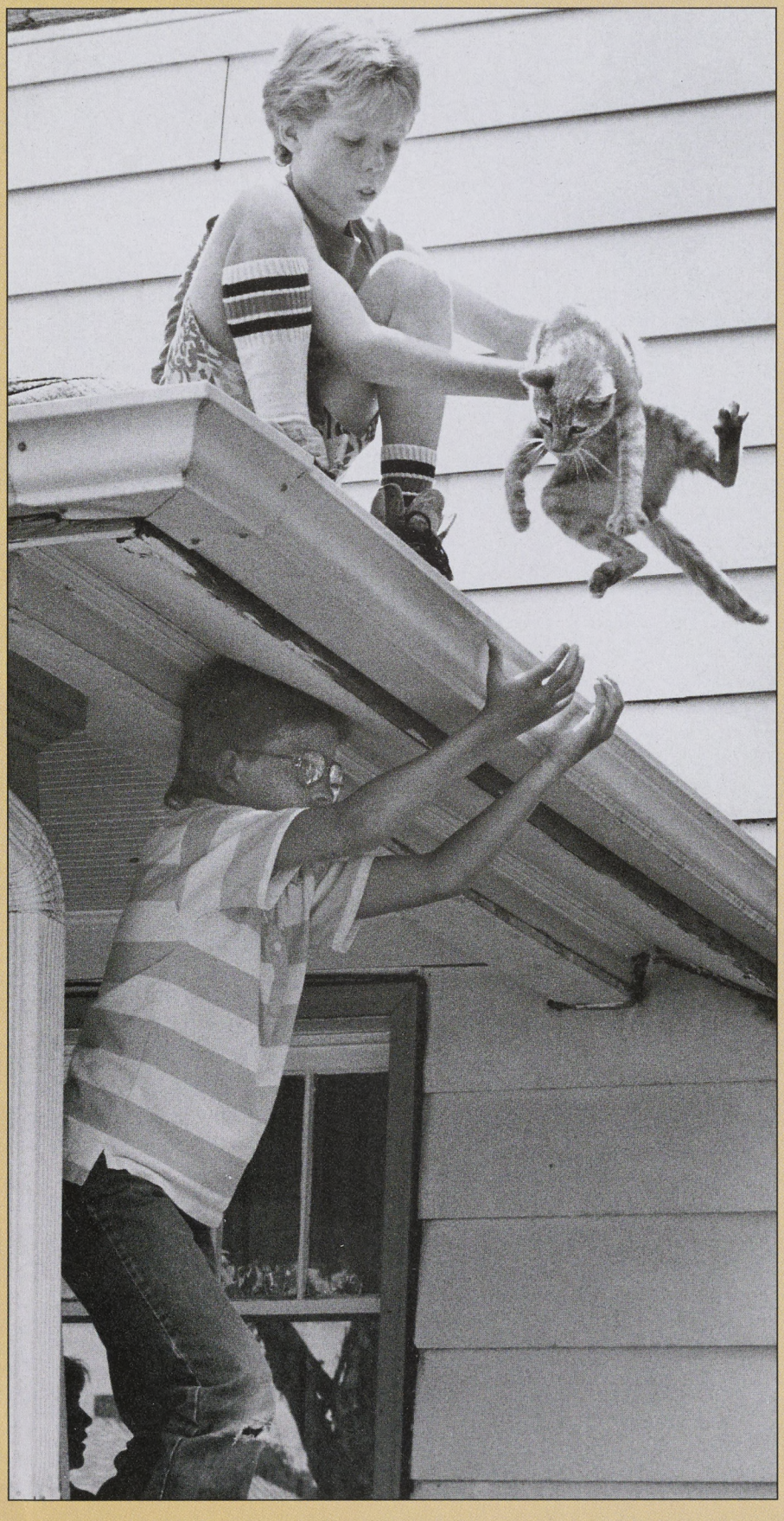
Gary Jahrig '85 is a reporter for the Missoulian.







Terra "pictures" of the Indian sub-continent from the Himalayas and Tibetan Plateau to the north. On the left water vapor – by far the dominant greenhouse gas – is measured. Next, the MODIS software shows the true color of the land surface, with dark green areas showing lush vegetation. The blue area to the bottom right is the Arabian Sea. On the right, the image shows the high concentration of aerosol particles in the atmosphere (brownish pixels just south of the Himalayas) associated with a dense population and industrial emissions.



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WINTER WB

The astute revenge of Theresa Habets, at Dupuyer's '77 centennial celebration:
As I stood in front of Chadwicks' station, her mother, Florence Parmelee, came up to me, I think having heard from Trafelets that I was there. She was exceeding friendly, and we chatted. She left, and in a few minutes came back, with Theresa in tow. Despite what I'm certain was a flick of recognition, T now insisted to her mother, and me, that she didn't remember me--that she had told her mother she didn't, and now she was right. Florence was embarrassed, I was surprised, taken with the moment. There were these elements: T was behaving exactly as I remembered her from 20 years before, when she was an exasperated, put-upon early teenager. She was badly spaced in the big family--the oldest girl and so saddled with chores involving the several younger kids, but bossed around by her older brother, Larry. I was for a year or so a sidekick of Larry's by circumstance; the family lived next door to Chadwicks, and Tom was chumming with Larry. And what a remarkable stroke of revenge T later was given--in one shot, to show me up, for my remembered position in her brother's envied and disliked age group; and to strike doubly at Florence, for those teen year aggravations within the family, and now for being dragged over, even in adulthood, to be foisted on someone.
--use dialoge; descptn of T as red-haired, freckled girl, the kind whose prettiness is brockled with the freckle epidemic. "Mother (muh-ther), I told you I don't remember him..."

Farr

viii - Jim: people dwell <u>within</u> land

xiii - albums lost in '64 flood

xv - Tom Many Guns' reaction to pics

3 - look & landmarks of Two country

4 - Sekokka; Blood; N & S Piegans

5 - buffalo robe trade drew tribes into white econ'c system

6 - Mullan Rd linked Ft Benton to Columbia (Malone VR, pp. 55-6)

6 - '63-4 Starvation Winter: 600 died

11 - white cattle "drift" onto Resvtn

- GN multiplied eastern interest & investment

- after '87 treaty, Bl/f moved n. from Badger Ck

17 - pic of 1891 men @ Old Agency

27 - pic of Joe Kipp; p. 26, 2 "squaw men"

31 - pic of Father DeSmet, "Long Teeth" (Farr says he was wrong on the pic)

35 - pic: brass-tacked belt

37-'98, "mineral strip" of Glacier Park opened; mining hopes

39 - agents etc. gave up on older Indns, concentrated on children

- by 1907, schls @ Browning (Withrow Ck) & Holy Fam (2 Med)

- repercussions of adopting white everyday items

Farmers weigh the future amid the ashes in Montana



BETTY UDESEN / THE SEATTLE TIMES

Don Shearer wonders *how he and his family will survive the fire, which wiped out the money they'd planned to use for living expenses this year. At 75, Shearer works his own land and that of his neighbor, who is 50 years younger. Behind him is the combine that started the fire.*

BY ALWYN SCOTT
Seattle Times business reporter

TOWNSEND, Mont. — Don Shearer is alone on the high meadow, wheeling his combine into a row of barley, when he sees the flames crawl under his flatbed Chevy across the field. Fire licks the truck's mud flaps and taillights. A tire is already burning.

The temperature is well above 90 and the winds are gathering force. Shearer throws his huge machine into high gear and careers 100 yards across powder-dry stubble.

At 75, he is small, solid and spry. He reaches the truck, jumps in, drives it clear and punches 911 on his cell phone. With a shovel and five-gallon water jug, he beats the flames to ash while waiting for help.

But a second patch of Shearer's field flares orange. Within hours this fire, started by sparks from Shearer's combine, jumps to a neighboring wilderness owned by media magnate Ted Turner.

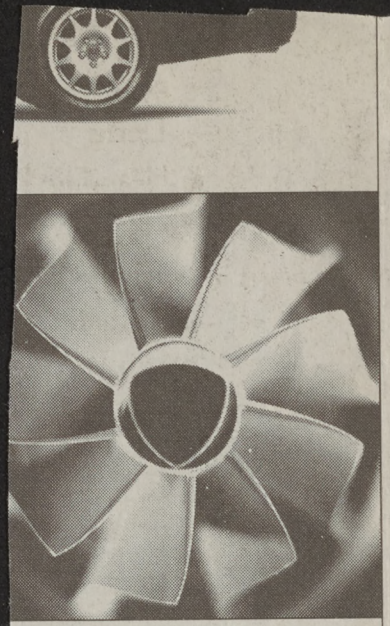
In 32 days it will burn 81,000 acres, becoming one of the largest blazes of a devastating summer — and adding fuel to the debate over national forest-management policy, which is blamed for enabling the worst season for wildfires since 1950.

The Maudlow-Toston fire, as it is called, burned across the boundaries of that debate, destroying not only part of Turner's private wilderness preserve, but National Forest land and vast stretches of rangeland.

PLEASE SEE ***Fires*** ON A 26

Mark Trahant: *Behind the smoke, talk is as hot as fires.* COLUMN, A 2

Report revised: *Link between wildfires, logging now 'uncertain.'* LOCAL, B 6



aab 9-5.
nd savings.

mission | Leather seats
seat | Harman/Kardon
Scheduled maintenance
36,000 miles at no addi-
Take that test drive today.

ally buy one.

SAAB

and interviewing people, [illegible] Lloyd, a spokeswoman for the Washington field office of the FBI, said yesterday. "This is not (yet) a full investigation."

The Washington field office is directing the inquiry, with the help of agents in Texas, because this is where the package was delivered, she said.

Bush lashes out at Gore in wrap-up of Florida trip

ORLANDO — Republican Gov. George W. Bush headed home yesterday with parting shots at the integrity of Vice President Al Gore targeted for voters in two battleground states: Florida and Pennsylvania.

"My opponent has unfortunately spent the week misleading Americans," Bush said during a satellite-carried address to the Pennsylvania Republican Party as he finished an upbeat, two-day campaign tour of Florida.

Bush is questioning Gore's political motives and truthfulness on issues including the Clinton administration's decision last week to release some of the nation's petroleum reserves to ease an oil crisis and a campaign-trail story Gore told about his mother-in-law's prescription-drug costs.

"Obviously, you can't take Bush's word for it when he says he will talk about issues," Gore campaign spokesman Doug Hattaway replied yesterday.

NBC, Fox won't broadcast initial Gore-Bush debate

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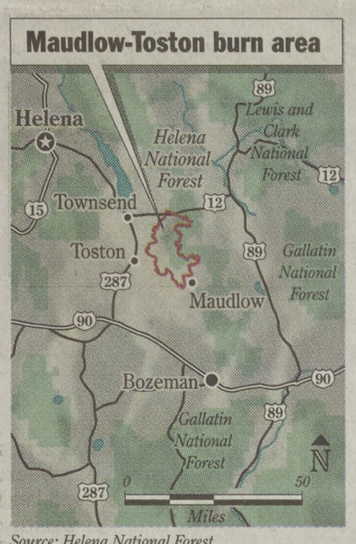


In Ross Gulch, *Warren Flynn's dog, Bo, herds Angus cattle away from traffic. Livestock are roaming wild searching for food, now that fences are down.*

BETTY UDESEN / THE SEATTLE TIMES

For ranchers and farmers, the costs are only now being tallied and likely will mount over the winter and next year. Miles of fences are damaged or gone and livestock are wandering loose. The loss of pasture is forcing some ranchers to sell cattle early for less than they had planned. Other animals face a food shortage. Already, elk can be seen eating from haystacks at the edge of Townsend.

Ten-dollar posts *float in a fence line on Don Shearer's land, swinging freely after the fire cut them loose. More than 200 miles of fence burned in the fire. Contractors are asking $7,000 to $8,000 a mile to replace it.*



Source: Helena National Forest

THE SEATTLE TIMES

FIRES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Complaints by locals that firefighters didn't do enough to stop the fire have underscored the pecking order of firefighting practice: human safety first, homes second, land last.

Those priorities belie the uneasy peace that exists across the West between wealthy newcomers such as Turner, who began acquiring the 21,000-acre Bar None Ranch in 1987, and people who have worked these hills for generations.

For ranchers and farmers, the costs are only now being tallied and likely will mount over the winter and next year. Miles of fences are damaged or gone and livestock are wandering loose. The loss of pasture is forcing some ranchers to sell cattle early for less than they had planned. Other animals face a food shortage. Already, elk can be seen eating from haystacks at the edge of Townsend.

Land values have plummeted and spring rains could bring heavy soil erosion, depleting farming and grazing for years.

Don Shearer and his son, Dan, lost 200 acres of barley worth an estimated $15,000, 2,400 acres of pasture and 14 miles of fence, which will cost about $7,500 a mile to replace. That's a big blow to an operation that, in a good year, might make $40,000 to support two families.

"I don't know how in the heck we're going to survive," says Don Shearer.

Neighbors with larger operations have a greater margin for error, but also face greater losses.

More and more people talk of leaving. The capital tied up in land and equipment could earn more in simple interest than they make in their best years.

"Is it worth it?" asks Cory Davis, 30, who lost an uninsured wheat crop valued at $85,000 to the fire. He looks at his wife and 6-year-old son, Jacob, riding together in a combine. "I don't know."

A dangerous fuel load

This year's fires have been a long time in the making. New fire-fighting techniques and changes in logging have reduced the number of small blazes that once kept the buildup of brush and smaller trees in check. A drought in the West over the past two years baked those fuel-laden forests dry.

In April 1999, the General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of the U.S. Congress, warned that the stockpile of debris was creating catastrophic conditions in the West, "transforming much of the region into a tinderbox." At the same time, the Clinton administration shifted funds away from fire prevention, meaning fewer crews and less equipment were on hand.

This summer's devastation — from the New Mexico fires that burned through Los Alamos to the flames that blazed through Montana's Bitterroot Mountains — forced agreement that the forests need to be cleared of excess fuel. Congress is considering a bill that would provide $240 million to do that as part of a broader forest-restoration package.

But there is little agreement on how that clearing should be done.

Forest Service officials and a number of legislators from Western states propose a combination of logging, prescribed burning and other measures. Environmental groups worry that timber companies will use such plans as an excuse to harvest the most valuable old trees.

On Friday, congressional researchers backed off an earlier claim that reduced timber harvests — down 77 percent from 1987 to 1999 — could not be linked to this summer's massive wildfires. The research was reconsidered only after Republicans complained it was biased against the logging industry.

While the debate rages, so do the fires. Sixteen people have died this year fighting fires that have consumed more than 6.9 million acres, an area larger than the Olympic, Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Canyon and Glacier national parks combined. The fires have shifted now to Oklahoma, Nebraska, Texas and parts of the Midwest.

Most of the damage has occurred in the Northwest, and some of the worst blazes have struck Montana.

"Big fires are producing the energy of an atomic bomb every three to five minutes," says Dan Pence, a retired fire chief who was called in to help direct crews this year. "It's a good place to get killed."

Sparks from an aging combine

The towns of Townsend, Toston and Maudlow sit in a broad valley between the Big Belt and Elkhorn mountains, about 30 miles south of Helena. Water from these hills trickles down gulches with names like Dry Hollow and Dry Creek into Canyon Ferry Lake, a recreation spot near the headwaters of the Missouri River, which flows north to Great Falls before turning East for its journey across the Great Plains.

Drought has left the hills straw-colored. Here a hot tailpipe can start a fire in the stubble of an irrigated wheat field. In the foothills where Shearer was cutting barley in an unirrigated field, it took even less to bring forth flames.

Around 4 p.m. on Aug. 15, deep in the workings of Shearer's combine, a washer broke. A combine, which looks like a control tower on wheels, cuts grain stalks and thrashes the kernels out of the chaff. Shearer's Massey Ferguson 750 has faded from red to orange during 20 years of service.

When the washer went, a sprocket began grating against another piece of metal, creating sparks that started two patches of field on fire. It wasn't until Shearer turned that he spotted the flames.

Neighbors don't blame Shearer.

"It could have happened to anybody," says Bob Davis, 55, who owned a quarter of the wheat crop that his nephew Cory lost. "It could have been me."

They are not as forgiving of Turner. The billionaire's effort to return the Bar None to wilderness had allowed undergrowth to build

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Nancy Davis, *36, drives a combine with help from her 6-year-old son, Jacob. She and her husband, Cory, 30, like being outdoors and having time with their children. But, says Cory, "If I sold everything and even put it in a simple CD in the bank, it would be a better return."*

Some of the locals *once grazed their animals on the land that became Ted Turner's ranch. Now, the property is fenced and posted with "No Trespassing" signs. Turner, who started buying up land in 1987, is not a popular neighbor.*

The fire was *a "literal hell roaring across the grain, grass fields and timbered mountainsides," recalls Irene Shearer, 76. She is surrounded in her garage by photo albums and scrapbooks she took along when her family was evacuated. There's been no time to put them back in the house.*

Population shift a boon for new Mexican leader

Decline in birthrate may help economy

BY JAMES F. SMITH
Los Angeles Times

MEXICO CITY — Extraordinary shifts are occurring in Mexico's population, including a falling birthrate, fewer primary-school students and a growing elderly population. The demographics offer President-elect Vicente Fox some surprising openings to make life better for average Mexicans.

Mexico's population stood at 97.4 million in June, according to preliminary figures from the 2000 census. The birthrate has fallen to 1.74 percent, and about 300,000 Mexicans move to the United States each year, the council's report estimates. These factors have contributed to a net annual population growth rate of 1.44 percent, an enormous change from the 3.5 percent rate in the mid-1960s.

Family-planning effort works

The dramatic slowdown largely is a result of decades of government family-planning initiatives. Thirty percent of women used birth control in 1976; now 70 percent do, the report says. Women in the mid-1960s had an average of 7.2 children; now that figure is 2.4 and expected to fall to 2.1 by 2005.

These trends mean that after a tremendous boom in the 20th century — the population doubled from 1900 to 1950, then almost quadrupled in the past five decades — Mexico's populace is expected to grow a comparatively small 32 percent, to about 132 million, in the next 50 years.

Window of opportunity

Population growth in the past put an enormous strain on Mexico's economic resources. Now there is "a transitory window of opportunity for the next federal administration," said Rodolfo Tuiran, head of the government's National Population Council.

The anticipated declines in annual births "open up unique opportunities to achieve considerable improvements in the quality and coverage of services oriented to infant well-being," he said. These include prenatal and postnatal care, birthing assistance and preschool education.

In past decades, Mexico struggled to provide enough classrooms and teachers for students. By contrast, the primary-school population, ages 6 to 11, is expected to decline by 3 percent during Fox's six-year term and 10 percent by 2010.This will allow Fox to concentrate on improving the quality of education, not just cope with the quantity of students. Poor education is regarded as a major obstacle to faster economic growth.

The changing demographics also pose major challenges. As in developed countries, Mexico will begin grappling with the aging of its population. People of working age, from 25 to 64, will become the largest sector. More Mexicans will be available to create wealth, but that means more jobs must be created — 7 million in the next six years just to employ new entrants in the job market, Tuiran said.

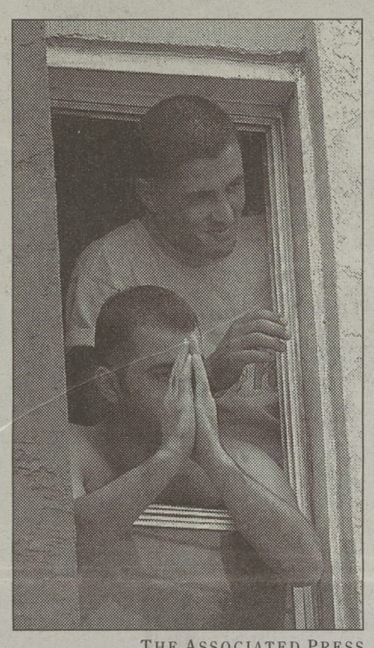
At present, 1 in 20 people is 65 or older. By 2030, that figure will be 1 in 8.

"This aging will impose strong pressures on health infrastructure and will demand profound reforms in social security," Tuiran said.

Facing more pressure

Still, Fox will face more demographic pressures than his successors. The projected population growth of 7.7 million during his term will be almost 25 percent of the expected growth over the next 50 years. Subsequent decades are expected to see, in effect, a zero growth rate.

The population is shifting in other ways. Greater Mexico City, with 18 million inhabitants, has a current annual growth rate of just 1.5 percent after tripling in population from 1950 to 1980. Instead of flocking to the capital, people from rural areas are migrating to frontier states such as Baja California.



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Two Iraqi immigrants *lean out a window and make a prayer sign to nuns praying for their release in Tijuana, Mexico, on Friday.*

Fleeing Iraqis ask for asylum from U.S.

Christians claim persecution at home

REUTERS

SAN DIEGO — U.S. immigration authorities yesterday detained 22 Iraqi Christians, who claim they have been persecuted in their homeland, after they entered California from Mexico on a quest for asylum.

Officials said members of the Chaldean Christian sect were bused across the border from Tijuana, Mexico, late Friday night and were met by U.S. authorities at the San Ysidro Port.

They have claimed asylum as religious refugees, fearing death if they return to Iraq. One Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) official said most of the Iraqis stood a good chance of having their claims granted.

Still unclear was the fate of 114 other Iraqi Christians who also have claimed asylum on religious grounds. They remained yesterday in Tijuana, where they have been since midweek.

Mexico has promised not to deport them.

Over the years, members of the Chaldean Christian minority have fled Iraq seeking a better life and religious freedom. Many have settled in the San Diego area, now home to one of the largest Chaldean communities in the United States.

Jose Angel Pescador Osuna, Mexico's deputy minister for immigrant services, said 20 children, 22 elderly people and two pregnant women were in the group, which had been allowed to stay in 40 rooms of a Tijuana hotel because authorities worried the children and elderly would not tolerate conditions in an official holding center.

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Ranchers are least forgiving of media magnate and big landowner Ted Turner, left. The billionaire's effort to return his Bar None ranch to wilderness had allowed undergrowth to build up, perhaps aggravating the fire and exposing Turner to legal action. "I understand the fire entered the ranch as a controllable fire and left as an uncontrollable fire," says Montana's lone congressman, Republican Rick Hill.



"Harry's Cabin," *a 100-year-old homestead, was among a dozen structures that were destroyed on Warren Flynn's farmland. The family arrived with prospectors in the 1860s. Flynn is the sixth generation.*



A black bear *wanders through a part of Don and Dan Shearer's land stripped by the fire. Farmers fear a severe food shortage this winter will force wildlife to graze the remaining cattle pasture.*

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

up, perhaps aggravating the fire and exposing Turner to legal action.

"I understand the fire entered the ranch as a controllable fire and left as an uncontrollable fire," says Montana's lone congressman, Republican Rick Hill. "If that burned into an area where there was an extraordinary buildup of fuel and that impacted neighbors, there very well could be liability."

Firefighters criticized

Farmers and ranchers also complain of a cautious response by firefighters.

Within two hours of Shearer's distress call, more than 20 people — volunteer crews from two counties and a U.S. Forest Service team — were working to control three sides of the fire, trying to keep it from jumping to Turner's forested ranch.

But landowners say the fire crews appeared disorganized and hesitant. Dan Shearer, 50, who had hurried up the hill to help his father, says there was confusion about where the county line was, and which fire crew had jurisdiction. "It was kind of a circus," he says.

Tom Clifford, who is the supervisor for Helena National Forest, has been involved in firefighting for 33 years. He says out-of-state crews dispatched to large fires often lack local knowledge and take time getting organized. "I defy anyone to come in here and avoid 24 hours of confusion," he says. "Goddammit, it is confusion."

But he says the crews were working as hard as they could without jeopardizing safety or the chain of command. "They want us to protect every blade of grass out there and we have to be realistic," says Clifford. "What's out there isn't worth a life."

Farmers accept that, but grudgingly. Says Judy Snellman, 39, whose husband is the foreman on a 20,000-acre ranch: "I know they did what they had to do, but it don't make me like them much."

As for Turner, after allowing the Bar None to grow wild for several years, he has begun managing growth on the ranch, part of 154,000 acres he owns in Montana.

Russ Miller, general manager of Turner's ranches, says a logging company had stripped the land extensively before Turner bought it in 1987. A prescribed-burning plan developed with state and federal agencies this year aims to reduce fuel and authorizes fighting fire on the property.

"The plan says immediately suppress any fire of any origin," says Miller, who was on the ranch the first night of the fire.

He recalls that firefighters had relatively few resources and the commander had to make decisions about whether to send units into the blaze or divert them elsewhere.

'It could have been stopped'

Farmers and ranchers remember things differently. On the Tuesday the fire started, one of the crew's bulldozers sat idle by Turner's property.

"I believe you have time to go down that ridge and come back," digging a trench in the grass to stop the fire, Don Shearer told the bulldozer operator.

When the operator's boss dismissed that as too dangerous, Shearer said he would use his own bulldozer to make the trench. He was ordered to get permission from a supervisor on a nearby ridge, only to be told the supervisor was on yet another ridge.

"By now I'm ticked," he says. "I said, 'That's crap.' I said, 'To hell with it, I'm going to do something.' "

He began bulldozing between the fire and the firefighters, who were spraying water on the ground away from the fire, he says, but was stopped by fire officials.

"They did not fight that fire," he says bitterly, cupping his hands under a wrinkled chin. "It could have been stopped, in my estimation, in 100 acres."

Don Collins, a retired professor of wildlife ecology at Montana State University, agrees that fire crews were hampered by rules. He contends that the flames still could have been bested on the second or third day if crews had started early in the morning, when overnight moisture cools fires down, and before the winds pick up.

"Twenty people could have stopped that fire every morning," he says. But while commanders decided on a safe plan, crews sat. "They never got out of their vehicles."

Safety has gained renewed attention since 14 firefighters died on Storm King Mountain near Glenwood Springs, Colo., in 1994. Crews have gone back to basics, and avoid getting between fire and fuel. Instead, they work in already-burned areas or from the flanks to pinch off a racing fire.

In Maudlow-Toston, they acknowledge, that strategy left them unable to halt the fire's advance onto Turner's land, where it quickly increased in size.

"They're so afraid they're going to lose a piece of equipment or, God forbid, a life, that they sacrifice a whole area," says Warren Flynn, 25, whose family lost 14,000 acres of pasture, 31 miles of fence and a dozen buildings, including a 100-year old cabin.

Living close to the bone

Ranching is a science based on predictions and those in the business are used to thinking ahead. Land planted in crops one year must be left fallow the next. Pasture grazed by cattle needs time to regenerate before it can support livestock again.

The drought afflicting much of the West the last two years has made these calculations very tight. Shearer has been working virtually nonstop to keep his operation going.

Ash has blackened the brim of his felt cowboy hat. His undershirt is stained brown. Recently, he cut wheat for Flynn, a man 50 years his junior. He sold his 100 calves seven weeks early because, without pasture, he couldn't afford to feed them. At his one-story house, the mother cows stand in the overgrown yard, bellowing for their young, their udders tight. "They're crying for their babies," his wife says.

For people in all the fire-struck areas, soil erosion and regrowth are paramount concerns. They worry not only about making the land meet expenses, and its market value, but about what they'll pass on. Several say that they'll never see the Douglas firs that peppered the hills a month ago return in their lifetimes.

"We don't have any fall range left, we don't have any winter range left," says Ralph Peck, director of the Montana Department of Agriculture. "In some places it will take as much as two years for crops to grow again."

At the Flynn Ranch, 20,000 acres, 1,000 cattle and a vacation business support five people: Warren, his father Ted, ranch foreman Frank Snellman and his wife, and their son, Chance. Bob and Linda Davis, their children grown and moved to cities, live off 6,000 acres, of which nearly two-thirds burned. Cory Davis — Bob's nephew — works 23,000 acres. It feeds seven people: Cory's parents, him and his wife, and their three young children.

Cory Davis wants his son, Jacob, to carry on with the farm some day, even though he knows it is a financially risky lifestyle. He loves being on the land, being his own boss and working with his family at his side.

But for Don Shearer, the arithmetic is harsh. "If we can't work something out with the bank," he says, "we won't have much left."

Seven people — Don, Irene, Dan and his wife, and their three small children — need to make a living from 4,600 acres and 100 cattle. Their ranch has been shrinking in recent years as they sell land to meet expenses. Retirees and wealthy newcomers such as Turner have provided something of a boon by pushing land prices higher — a paradox of new money.

The Shearers had put the barley field and an adjoining pasture on the market this spring, but it didn't sell. Now that the land is scorched and barren, selling isn't a good option.

Dan Shearer hopes his son, Jordan, chooses a future off the ranch. "I wouldn't recommend it to him," he says. "Really, this wasn't the swan song I wanted."

Alwyn Scott's phone message number is 206-464-3329. His e-mail address is ascott@seattletimes.com.



At 25, Warren Flynn *has always known he would live and work on the Flynn Ranch. Here he pulls out some of the 31 miles of fence destroyed by the fire. "Fourteen to 15 thousand acres of 20,000 burned," he said. Yet Flynn still plans to build his dream house here someday. He has the spot chosen.*

Acres burned during the 2000 fire season

State	Number of acres
Idaho	1,238,010
Montana	947,044
Alaska	751,233
Nevada	645,403
New Mexico	453,804
Oregon	441,229
Wyoming	274,148
Washington	258,255
Utah	235,628
California	228,143
Total all other states	1,365,851



"Is it worth it?" *asks Cory Davis. He and his 4-year-old son, Daniel, head home after a day cutting wheat.*

Milosevic faces real threat at the polls

Serbs' leader can steal election, but not as easily as in the past

BY JEFFREY FLEISHMAN
Knight Ridder Newspapers

STRPCE, Yugoslavia — Rain dampened the harvest in the pocket of the mountain as Sonja Dabic hurried toward the market and cursed this nation's past wars and present misery, blaming her fate on the corrupt and seemingly indestructible President Slobodan Milosevic.

"I have no reasons to vote for Milosevic," said Dabic, a Serb who lost her house and her brother in the Kosovo war last year. "We are fed up with Milosevic."

Milosevic, who pulled Yugoslavia into four disastrous wars in 10 years, is seeking re-election today in a campaign that threatens further crisis in this divided country. He is again proving that he can still summon trouble and undermine the NATO-enforced stability across the Balkans.

Power in jeopardy

But Dabic's sentiments show Milosevic's hold on power has never been more in jeopardy.

An indicted war criminal presiding over one of Europe's poorest countries, Milosevic has stayed on top by outwitting and crushing his opposition. But Milosevic is trailing Vojislav Kostunica, the first candidate in years to enliven the gloomy Serbian electorate. Kostunica's popularity has shaken Milosevic and revealed that the well-spring of Serbian nationalism that buoyed him for more than a decade may be waning.

The only way that Milosevic can win the election is by widespread fraud, according to western officials.

One diplomat predicted Milosevic would have to steal between 1.8 million and 2 million votes — out of 7 million expected to be cast — to win. Milosevic, who won elections in 1997 through vote fixing, has denied requests by independent international monitors to oversee polling stations. His SPS and JUL parties control election boards in about 100 of the 140 Serb municipalities, not including those in the province of Kosovo.

"Milosevic is ready for massive vote-rigging. He can't afford to lose this one," said Bratislav Grubacic, a political columnist in Belgrade. "The West wants him to stand trial in The Hague. The country's in ruins. There's not enough wheat to pay for oil. He knows if he loses there's a payback for all the agony he's caused us."

'Ordinary Serbs see (presidential candidate Vojislav) Kostunica as a man who can give them a normal life.'

BRATISLAV GRUBACIC
Belgrade political columnist

About 40,000 NATO troops are on alert in Kosovo as the Serbian minority votes amid a hostile ethnic Albanian majority that wants independence from Yugoslavia. Many of Kosovo's 100,000 Serbs will brave possible ethnic Albanian reprisals to cast ballots for Milosevic.

Montenegro unsettled

Across the mountains in Montenegro, the potential grows for civil war.

About 40 percent of Montenegro's 650,000 residents are loyal to Milosevic. The rest of those in the tiny republic — which along with Serbia comprises what's left of Yugoslavia — plan to boycott the elections as it carefully edges toward independence.

U.S. and European officials are worried Milosevic may use the elections to arouse nationalist fervor and trigger a military crackdown on Montenegro. The Yugoslav Army has bolstered its presence in the region, and 700 Serb paramilitaries, known as the Seventh Battalion, have taken positions on Montenegro's border with Serbia.

The U.S. and Europe support the democratic leanings of Montenegrin President Milo Djukanovic. In the West's scenario, Montenegro will eventually drift away from Yugoslavia, further isolating Milosevic. A U.S. aircraft-carrier group is in the Adriatic, but western officials and military analysts say NATO is not prepared to launch a war over Montenegro similar to last year's 78-day bombing campaign over Kosovo.

Intervention unlikely

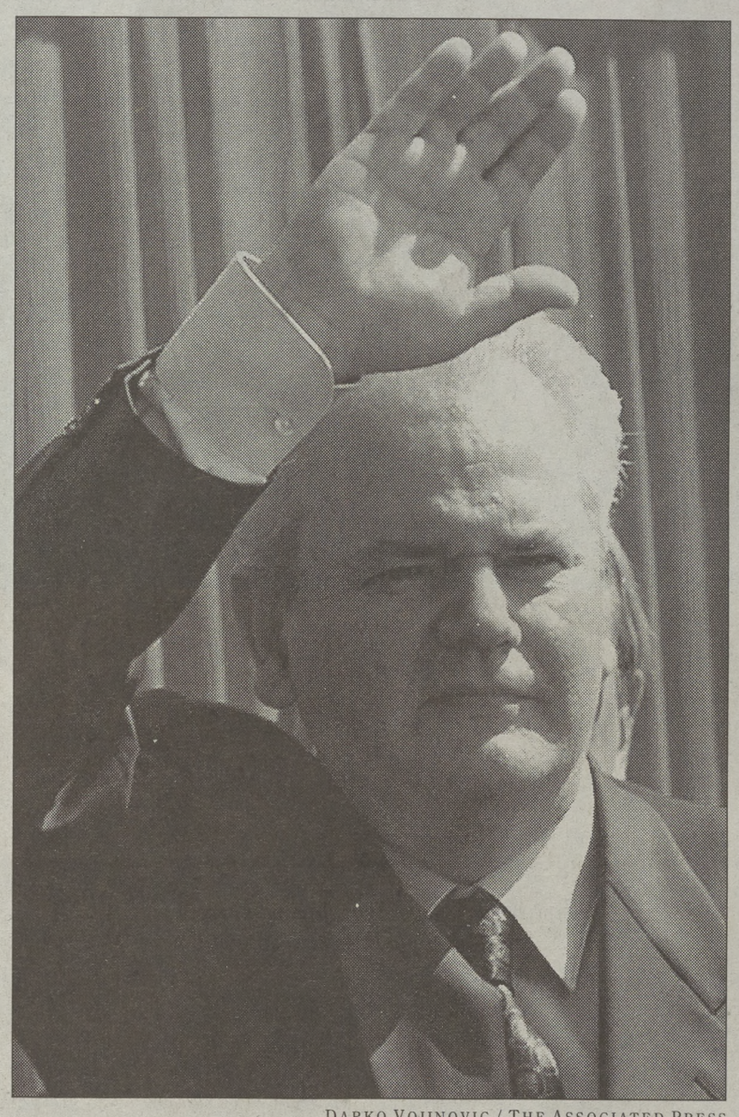
"There's no support in the West for a ground war, and an air war wouldn't be enough," said Peter Zeihan, an analyst with Stratfor, a private American research agency. "I don't think Milosevic is moving toward confrontation. The Yugoslav army controls all the power centers in Montenegro. The border. The ports. Milosevic is already in charge, and he's putting more troops in the area just to let Montenegro know, 'I'm still here.' "

In the days leading to the elections, Milosevic clamped down on independent media, arrested 250 members of a student-led resistance group and derided opposition candidates as the "well-fed dogs" of NATO. A prominent opposition candidate, Ivan Stambolic, disappeared several weeks ago while jogging. And Kostunica, who led Milosevic by 6 points in recent polls, was pelted with tomatoes at a rally overrun by Serbian nationalists.

Biggest opposition in cities

Milosevic's biggest challenge will be to avoid getting trounced in cities such as Belgrade and Novi Sad, where opposition candidates have held protests since the NATO war ended in June 1999. Milosevic is expected to sweep the country's vast rural areas, heavily influenced by state-run TV.

Sensing an easy victory over a divided opposition, Milosevic changed the constitution and called for early elections.



DARKO VOJINOVIC / THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Slobodan Milosevic, *seen here on Sept. 12 in Kusjak, would have to steal 2 million votes to be re-elected, a Western diplomat says.*

But the ploy backfired when Kostunica, 59, entered the race. Kostunica, a lawyer, lacks charisma, but he is viewed as an honest nationalist empathetic to how Yugoslavia has been battered by wars, corruption, economic sanctions and disillusionment.

"Ordinary Serbs see Kostunica as a man who can give them a normal life," said Grubacic, the Belgrade columnist.

Milosevic's strategy was to raise the campaign to an international level. He portrayed himself as a defender of Serbian liberties pitted against Kostunica and the opposition, whom he referred to as traitors and paid "hyenas" of the West. But Milosevic did not attract huge crowds. One night last week, Milosevic held a rally attended by 15,000 people, many of them bused in, while more than 100,000 turned out for Kostunica.

"Milosevic miscalculated on Kostunica and now has three choices," said one diplomat. "Committing massive fraud and stealing more than 1 million votes, which is tough even for him. Or postponing the elections by stirring up trouble in Kosovo or Montenegro. Or trying some more kidnappings of opposition figures. He'll probably resort to fraud."

Much of that corruption would most likely occur in Kosovo, under the eyes of 40,000 NATO troops and a sprawling United Nations bureaucracy. The United Nations is permitting Milosevic to open about 300 polling stations in the province. Many of them will be in schools and Serbian homes. The United Nations and the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe will send witnesses to polling stations in an attempt to count voters to compare against government figures.

But this system of monitoring, according to Western officials, was poorly planned. Many stations may be left unobserved for hours. Western diplomats also fear that votes cast in Kosovo will not be counted until after ballot boxes — sealed by only twine and wax — have been transported to Milosevic's party officials in Serbia proper.

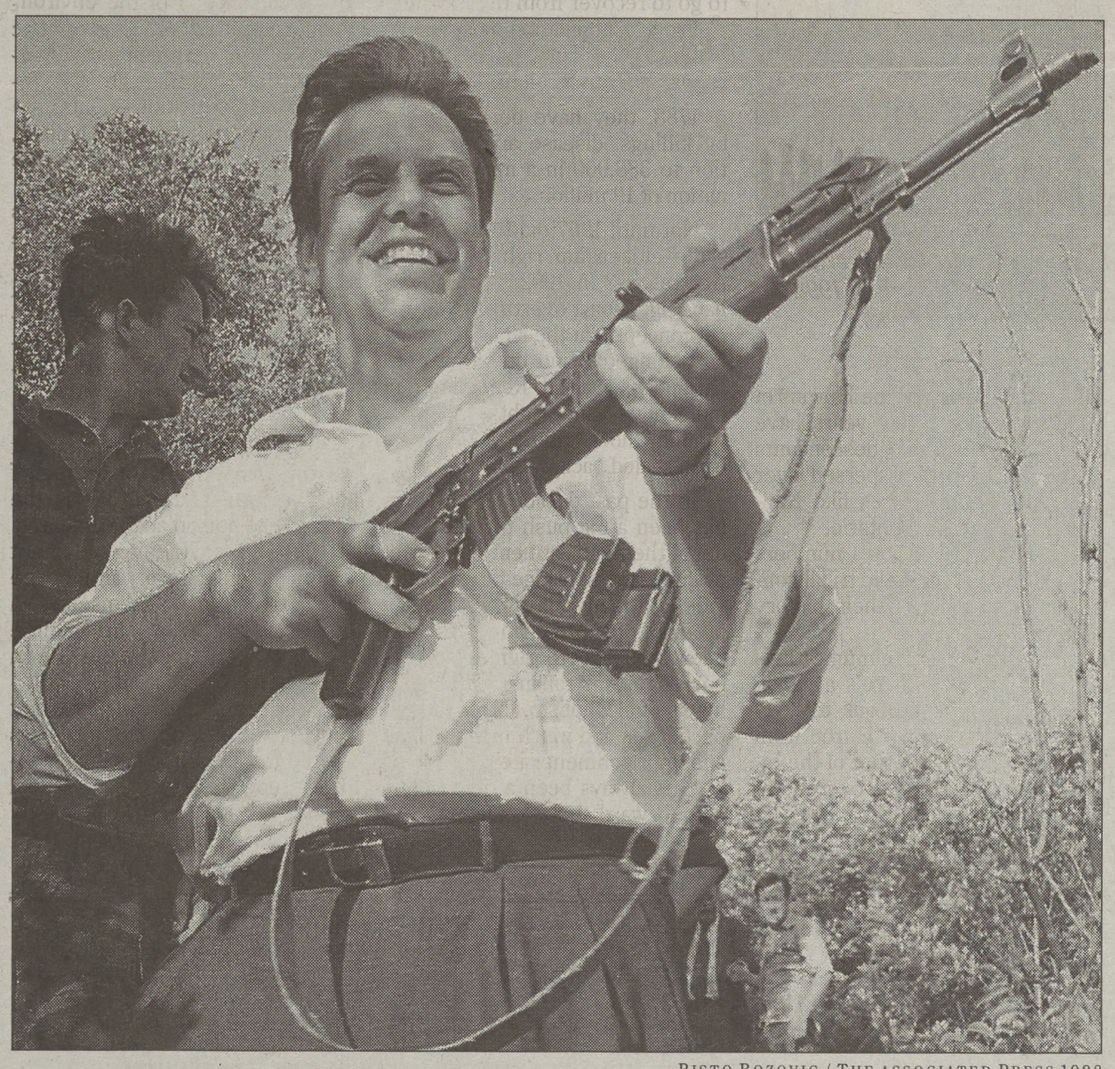
"It's a recipe for massive fraud. He can 'create' 500,000 votes that way," said the diplomat. "It's outrageous that the U.N. is allowing this to happen."

A runoff election will be held on Oct. 8 if neither Milosevic nor Kostunica wins a majority.

In Strpce, a Serbian enclave in Kosovo with a 90 percent unemployment rate, Milosevic still enjoys wide support.

His campaign posters are the only ones hanging in shop windows. In interviews, Serbs could not say exactly why they liked Milosevic. They said that somehow he would make their lives better and ensure they would not be driven out of Kosovo by ethnic Albanians. Milosevic's SPS party controls the region's 33 polling centers, and Svetislav Durlevic, the local official in charge of the elections, smiled and said he was convinced Milosevic would win.

"My concern is to stay where we are," said Lubisa, a man who would not give his last name. "We hope Milosevic wins. He's our only leader. We think he'll be our protector. We believe he will come here and save us."



RISTO BOZOVIC / THE ASSOCIATED PRESS 1998

Serbia's joint opposition *coalition leader Vojislav Kostunica shows his solidarity by waving an AK-47 rifle while visiting Mokra Gora in the disputed Kosovo province of Serbia in 1998. Kostunica is the main challenger to Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic in today's general elections in Yugoslavia.*

Opposition leader offers a more honest alternative

Kostunica leading in independent polls

BY KATARINA KRATOVAC
The Associated Press

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia — Nothing in the demeanor of President Slobodan Milosevic's main challenger reflects the daunting task he has undertaken: to defeat one of the world's last autocratic leaders and halt more than a decade of national decline.

Yet Vojislav Kostunica, the opposition candidate for Yugoslavia's top job, has done what seemed impossible as today's elections approached: he has rekindled hope for a future without Milosevic.

When more than 100,000 people flooded Belgrade's main square last week, gone were the former law professor's monotones. Instead, his clear voice ignited many to chant with passion: "Kostunica, save us from this madhouse!"

"May God help us to have enough courage and enough wisdom to win freedom," he replied.

Although every independent poll has him in the lead, Kostunica remains skeptical that Milosevic will actually step down, even if he loses the election. Kostunica warns that the regime is scheming to rig the elections and — if needed — use force to secure Milosevic's political survival.

An unlikely presidential candidate in the turbulent Balkans, where charismatic leaders are idolized, the down-to-earth Kostunica's attraction is hard to define. He is low-key and unassuming. His honesty is probably what warmed the hearts of average citizens outraged by endemic corruption and the regime's record of bloodshed and wars.

Kostunica warns that the regime is scheming to rig the elections and — if needed — use force to secure Milosevic's political survival.

The no-frills Kostunica, 56, pursued an academic career until he was kicked out of Belgrade Law School in 1974 for his anti-communist stance.

Active in Serbia's fledgling opposition movement in early 1990s, Kostunica founded his own Democratic Party of Serbia in 1992 and has led it since. He lives with his wife, Zorica, a fellow law-school graduate, in a middle-class Belgrade apartment. The couple have two cats and a dog.

Consistency, patriotism

When Milosevic called general elections this summer, an alliance of 18 opposition parties — the Democratic Opposition of Serbia — picked Kostunica to run against him.

Kostunica's personal and political consistency and his Serb patriotism endear him to the man on the street.

In a country where NATO bombings last year are still fresh in people's minds, Kostunica has been careful to keep a distance from the West, while cautioning that this nation must "make its peace with Europe and the world."

On Kosovo, he has promised to do his best to stand by the province's Serbian minority and work for the return of many of the 200,000 who left out of fear of the Albanian majority.

Yugoslavia charges 'foreign elements' will stuff ballot boxes

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
AND REUTERS

BELGRADE — Yugoslavia accused the West yesterday of masterminding a plan to stuff ballot boxes with extra votes for opposition candidate Vojislav Kostunica in today's presidential election.

The federal electoral commission made the ballot-stuffing charge in a decision ordering polling-station commissions to check presidential ballot papers before they were put in the box.

The decision was based on knowledge that "foreign elements conducting subversive activities against the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia have prepared a special plan of sabotaging and compromising the presidential elections in the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia," the commission said.

"They have prepared a certain quantity of ballots for the elections of the president of the republic with the intention of using their exponents among (Yugoslav) citizens to insert them into ballot boxes during the voting folded inside regular ballots, knowing full well that under electoral regulations, the voting at a polling station will be cancelled if a single excess ballot is found in the ballot box."

The commission ordered new procedures by polling-station committees to check ballot papers.

"The committee will, by feeling the paper and shaking it, make sure that there is not another paper inside it," it said.

The new rules were the latest in a series of last-minute moves by the government which, according to the opposition, were born of its fear of losing the election.

Polls give Kostunica a clear lead over President Slobodan Milosevic, who is seeking re-election.

'There can't be any agreement with the army. Their (army's) aim is to keep our police as far away as possible from the polling stations' and 'attempt to intimidate (people) and demonstrate force.'

DRAGAN SOC
Montenegrin justice minister

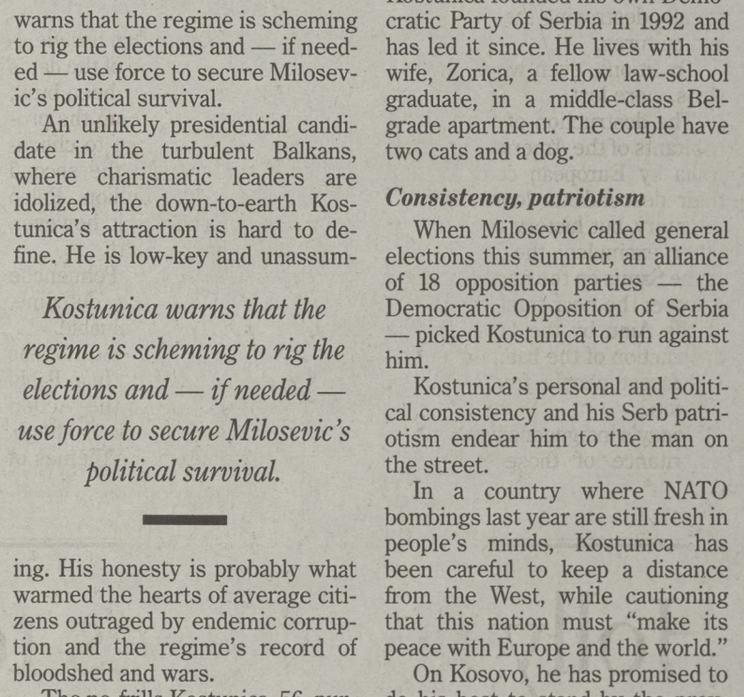
Western diplomats said the latest change appeared to pave the way for canceling part or all of the voting if it seemed to be going the opposition's way.

Meanwhile, federal troops loyal to Milosevic announced they will guard Montenegro polling stations during the election, despite protests from the republic's pro-Western leadership.

The elections were called by Milosevic's central government despite strong protests from the Montenegrin leadership, which has decided to boycott the vote.

A faction of Montenegrins loyal to Milosevic planned to organize a vote independently, with makeshift polling stations. This led to a dispute over which armed force — Milosevic's army or the Montenegrin police force — would provide security during the voting.

"There can't be any agreement with the army," Montenegrin Justice Minister Dragan Soc said. "Their (army's) aim is to keep our police as far away as possible from the polling stations" and "attempt to intimidate (people) and demonstrate force."



NIKOLAS GIAKOUMIDIS / THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Serbs carry *ballot boxes and ballot papers to an electoral center set up in a home in the central Kosovo village of Lipljan yesterday.*

Prana Card — That you'd find this interesting. Lisa

Paradise—for Those Who Can Pay

The West is becoming a playground for the nouveau riche, but at what cost?

By Tom Kenworthy
Washington Post Staff Writer



BY DEIRDRE EITEL FOR THE BOZEMAN DAILY CHRONICLE, MONT., VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

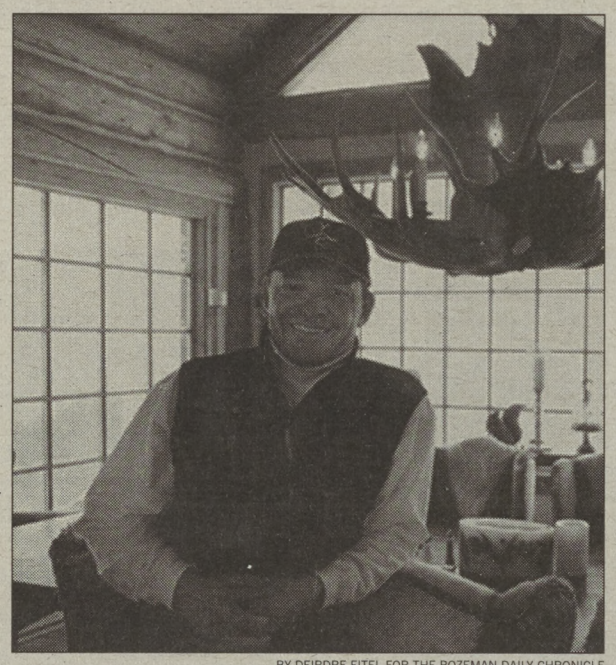
PIONEER MOUNTAIN, Mont. With bright moonlight illuminating the Madison Range here in southwest Montana, retired bicycle racer Greg LeMond stood in a simple but elegantly furnished log lodge on the flank of Pioneer Mountain one recent evening, thinking out loud. The question being mulled by the three-time Tour de France winner was open only to the lucky and the rich: whether to join the Yellowstone Club, which when completed will be the world's only private full-scale ski resort.

LeMond likes to ski, he really loves to fly-fish and he and a group of his Minnesota friends have been looking for the right property in Montana for more than a decade. Vacationing at the nearby Big Sky ski resort, LeMond started hearing about the Yellowstone Club, and now he had popped over for a visit and been smitten.

It is easy to understand why. This place will have just 864 memberships. Prospective members must have a $3 million net worth just to look over the 13,000-acre landscape, with its spectacular views of the Spanish Peaks north of Yellowstone National Park and its plans for golfing, riding and fishing as well as skiing.

"I'm in!" LeMond said, becoming one of the first to commit.

That was music to Tim Blixseth, a former timber baron who put together this property and the vision of a private vacation retreat. With a $250,000 initiation fee, annual dues of $16,000, custom home sites that will cost up to $5 million, 4,000 skiable acres, eight high-speed chairlifts, security provided by former Secret Service agents and the prospect of absolutely no lift lines, his Yellowstone Club is a potent symbol of how wealth—as if heeding Horace Greeley's 19th-century advice to young men—is going west.



BY DEIRDRE EITEL FOR THE BOZEMAN DAILY CHRONICLE

It takes $3 million to be considered for membership in the Yellowstone Club in Montana formed by Tim Blixseth, left. Above, a building under construction at the club is intended for its security force, who are former Secret Service agents.

POWERED BY THE GREATEST PEACETIME economic expansion in history, a stock market that seems to defy the laws of financial gravity and advances in technology that make distances almost irrelevant for many corporate executives and people who work via computer, affluence is having a huge impact on the West. From classic enclaves of the rich like Aspen, Colo., where the median price of a house last year was $1.5 million, to off-the-beaten-track towns like Lander, Wyo., where the dividend and interest income of prosperous retirees is quietly strengthening the local economy, the West is being transformed by new arrivals trading their money for the region's unspoiled nature.

"Montana people tell you it will never go," says Jerry Pape, a local real estate broker commenting on Blixseth's ambitions for the Yellowstone Club. "But they don't understand the economics of the world. There is so much money out there today, a deal like this could really fly."

From 1990 to 1996, per capita income growth in the Rocky Mountain West was 19 percent higher than the U.S. average. Some of that was simply the local expression of a booming national economy. But much of it reflected the newcomers searching for a piece of the still-rare West—and being in a position to pay top dollar for it—people whom sociologists call "amenity migrants." The effects of their inflow are being felt up and down the social ladder.

The rich, with more and more competition from their peers, are having to pay ever escalating prices for prime real estate property. Workers in the West's recreational enclaves struggle harder and harder to find affordable housing and endure epic commutes and isolation from their families. Ranchers whose spreads have views or good fishing sell and move to the plains to continue raising cattle rather than saddle their heirs with punishing estate taxes from inflated property values.

"The West of the 1990s is, more than ever, a Turnerian West, but 'Ted' has replaced 'Frederick Jackson,'" wrote University of Colorado historian Patricia Nelson Limerick two years ago, referring first to the media mogul who has purchased more than 1 million acres of ranch land in the West and second to the 19th-century interpreter of the West and its frontier.

Four years ago, J. Francis Stafford, then Catholic archbishop of Denver, took a hard look at development and social trends along Colorado's recreational corridors and came to a stark conclusion in a pastoral letter: "What we risk creating," Stafford warned, "is a theme-park 'alternative reality' for those who have the money to purchase entrance. Around this Rocky Mountain theme park will sprawl a growing buffer zone of the working poor."

The West, concluded Stafford, is becoming a "leisure colony" for the affluent.

Ray Rasker, an economist with the Sonoran Institute, notes that across the Rocky Mountain West, areas that once depended on ranching, farming and mining increasingly have shifted to more diverse economies bolstered in particular by retirement incomes.

> **In recent years, Bozeman's main street has been transformed. Traditionally, it was a place where local buyers could find work clothes and utilitarian furniture. Now it is easier to find handmade pasta and fancy art.**

Rasker has found that in places such as the area around Bozeman, Mont., nonlabor income—much of it investment earnings—accounts for much of the overall growth in personal income since 1970. "It's something that two decades ago wasn't that high," Rasker says. "It's not necessarily that immediately visible to people. . . . But it's a growing trend, and heck, the baby boomers haven't even retired yet."

The changes brought by development pressures and the influx of outside money are right on the surface here in Montana's Gallatin County, where luxury homes sprout on the ridges near the borders of the Gallatin National Forest and where property values in the once sleepy university town of Bozeman are soaring.

In recent years, Bozeman's main street has been transformed. Traditionally, it was a place where local buyers could find work clothes and utilitarian furniture. Now it is easier to find handmade pasta and fancy art. One real estate company specializes solely in properties for fly-fishermen.

"Anything of quality is doing well here," notes Jerry Johnson, a political science professor at Montana State University who studies population trends and their social impacts. "There's a Middle East carpet store that sells $20,000 carpets. In a town of 25,000 people, that's amazing."

■

THE BENEFITS OF A ROBUST ECONOMY ARE ALSO trickling down to normally low-level service jobs. K.C. McLaughlin, a 22-year-old sophomore at Montana State University and the single mother of a 3-year-old daughter, has found she can make pretty serious money—far more than her previous job as a ski instructor—baby-sitting for children of the affluent who take ski vacations at Big Sky.

"My first couple of jobs, I could not believe the money," says McLaughlin, whose rates start at $12 an hour for one child and who often makes $100 or more a day. "Now I expect it. . . . The conclusion I've come to is people don't care about the price as long as they know their kids are safe."

Down the narrow canyon formed by the Gallatin River, Big Sky—the celebrated resort begun by the late NBC anchorman Chet Huntley—is booming, and, some say, trampling on the newscaster's original vision of a "project compatible with the entire ecosystem."

"Is development killing those values?" asks Bob Ekey, who represents The Wilderness Society in Bozeman. "It was much different in Chet Huntley's dream, where people would come here for hiking and skiing and horseback riding. Now the master plan calls for 20,000 to 25,000 people. It could rival Bozeman."

The prospect of 20,000 or more people living at Big Sky "makes me nervous," says Bob Schaap, who for 22 years has run a guest ranch adjacent to Big Sky that specializes in cross-country skiing and naturalist tours of nearby Yellowstone National Park and other federal lands. "If this thing gets built out at that level, where will the water come from, where will the waste go, how will people get up here without destroying a very beautiful canyon?"

The choices looming for Big Sky, says Schaap, are being repeated throughout the Rocky Mountain West. "You have urban dwellers with wealth and the ability through technology to live where they want to live," he says. "It has created some very special challenges in rural areas of the West."

■

THE STAMPEDE OF PEOPLE WITH WEALTH TO places like Big Sky worries even some who have prospered because of it.

Jerry Pape came to Big Sky 27 years ago from Chicago and runs a thriving real estate business—good enough that he has plenty of time to ski and ride and the freedom to run off the occasional customer from Texas with more money than manners.

"The old cowboy mystique, it's just huge out here," he says. "We have lots of wealthy people moving in. They've made tons of money in the market and don't know what to do with it. They're good for contractors, great for us in the real estate business . . . but the paradox for me is I sell this land and sometimes I go home and say I shouldn't be doing this."

One of his salesmen, Kevin Kelleher, is also torn. He came in 1976 with a history degree from the University of Idaho, did construction, taught skiing and started a newspaper he recently sold. Montana's been good to him, but he laments the introduction of outside values by the wealthy baby boomers who have come in the 1990s.

"Everyone espouses a desire to live in the mountains," says Kelleher. "They see us riding horses, they see us paddling kayaks, they see us fly-fishing, they see us shooting big game. But when they get here and they have transported the family from an urban setting and there aren't baseball diamonds on every corner and organized hockey and soccer leagues, it's frustrating for them."

The resentment felt by some locals was captured in a recent cartoon that has made the rounds in Bozeman. Behind an intimidating gate sits an imposing building, the "Big Sky Country Club." A nearby sign directs Montanans to use the service entrance.

An unfair rap, says Blixseth, the Yellowstone Club developer who made his own way after growing up on welfare.

"We are trying to create a place where family-oriented people can gather, where you check your ego at the gate when you arrive and pick it up when you leave," says Blixseth, 49, in a description that some Montanans might find ironic.

"We don't care how famous you are or how big your checkbook is, we're here for one common goal, to enjoy families and Mother Nature. . . . There's a little something for everyone here, but if there's one common thread, it's the simplicity, the simpler way of life that is private and non-showy." ■



BY ANNE SHERWOOD FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

A skier heads toward the 11-story Summit Hotel under construction at Montana's Big Sky Ski & Summer Resort.



COURTESY OF BIG SKY SKI & SUMMER RESORT

Montana's Big Sky Ski & Summer Resort was begun by the late NBC anchorman Chet Huntley. Some say the new projects are trampling on his original vision of a "project compatible with the entire ecosystem." The Summit Hotel is in the right foreground.

The Montanans

John Wesley Powell's address to Mont. const'l convention abt landsize in West; the problem of proportion ever since? (homesteads too small, Anaconda and cattle baronages too big)

possible for Bozeman speech: (see diary entry, 11 May '89)

I think it seriously has to be asked if Montana hasn't been--still is--too thin a base to bear a modern industrial or technological society: too much distance, too much weather, too much competition from more logical places.

Marion E. Marts, panelist at NARS '72 meeting:

There has been profound change in conservation concepts. Old hallmark of conservation was simply efficiency, for ex., or enjoyment of life. Now we worry about life capability support. We are concerned today with irreversible damage. A Sargasso Sea of smog over the East Coast, for ex.

other worries: 1) global heat balance may be upset
2) crustal instability; man triggering earthquakes. The load of cities and dam lakes, for ex.
3) photosynthesis
4) acid rain -- increased pH readings in rainfall
5) emptying niches in biological system -- coyotes, for ex.

We have expanded range of possible solutions -- can now talk about ZPG, economic controls, and including major industrial pollution controls in the accounting of corps.

Because we will always have uncertainty in decision making about the environment, we should err on the conservative side of change.

Apr. 5, '98

Arson and Vandalism Greet A Peaceful Religious Group

By JIM ROBBINS

SHELBY, Mont. — Jake Waldner turned off his table saw and, carrying a 2-by-4 in one hand, pointed to a gutted metal barn, where more than $70,000 worth of lumber for 15 Hutterite family homes was burned last month by an arsonist.

"The Lord let this happen for a reason," Mr. Waldner said. "But it's a very, very poor start to come to a community and have someone wreck it for everybody."

A local law enforcement official said the fire was the latest and most serious of three recent acts of arson and vandalism aimed at property bought by the Hutterites, who are part of a communal Christian sect similar to the Mennonites and the Amish that has flourished on the Northern Plains for more than 100 years. They are pacifists, like members of the two other groups.

"Someone's out to make their life miserable so they won't settle here and they'll sell out," said David Robins, the Toole County Undersheriff. He said there were suspects but declined to go into further detail.

People involved in the case say they have been questioned by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, but the agency will neither confirm nor deny that it is investigating.

Greg Taylor, who sells fuel, agricultural chemicals and other farm supplies to the Hutterites, said that in a time of lower wheat prices, the Hutterites might be resented because their farms were more diverse and profitable.

The Hutterites recently bought three farms south of Shelby and were preparing to start a new colony on one, to be called the Camrose Colony. They had outgrown a colony called East End, north of Havre, Mont., about 100 miles away. Now, Mr. Waldner said, plans to build homes for 15 families have been set back. "We're a full month behind because of the fire," he said.

In January, Mr. Robins said, someone broke into a barn on a recently bought, uninhabited Hutterite ranch, drained diesel fuel from a tractor and tried, unsuccessfully, to light the fuel. An intruder did set a fire that made a grain storage building useless, and a second building was burned to the ground.

On another farm, someone set fire to a pickup truck, started a tractor and smashed a grain bin.

Then, early on March 8, someone set fire to the lumber at the Camrose Colony while a Hutterite man and a boy slept in a trailer nearby.

Mr. Robins said he was worried because Toole County covers nearly 2,000 square miles, and has only nine deputies to cover the area. Most of the officers' time is taken up patrolling Interstate 15 and jailing people who are caught trying to smuggle drugs into Canada at the border crossing at Sweetgrass.

The Camrose Colony is in the remote southeast part of the county, he said. "If it were me, I'd carry a gun," he added. "Everyone in Montana carries a gun."

Mr. Waldner was reluctant to talk about the attacks because he feared more problems. "I'd prefer to let the F.B.I. handle it," he said.

Mr. Robins said the Hutterites planned to stay and were guarding the buildings. They were clearing brush and working on the new colony.

The fires were condemned by the Montana Human Rights Network, a nonprofit group in Helena, which said the community had not spoken out against the attacks on Hutterite property loudly enough.

Violence against a fledgling Hutterite colony in Montana.

"We've heard two things," said Christine Kaufmann, research director of the human rights group. "Some people say these guys are good neighbors, they keep good fences, help out in a crisis. But on the other hand people say they're buying up 'our' land. I hope people will examine those attitudes."

Mr. Taylor said people were angry about the attacks. "We've dealt with the colonies for over 50 years," he said. "We deplore this vandalism."

Asked what may have prompted the attack, Mr. Taylor said it might be that for the last 18 months the price of wheat has been about $3 a bushel. "With $3 wheat, a farmer's not breaking even. It's got to come up for them to survive." He said wheat needed to sell for about $4.50 a bushel for a farmer to break even.

Farm families here, who primarily grow wheat, cannot afford to buy farms as they become available, and young farmers cannot afford to get started. Hutterite farms raise hogs, chickens, cattle and vegetables, and families have money to buy land.

The Hutterites belong to an Anabaptist sect established in 1528 by Jakob Hutter in Austria and believe that baptisms should be performed later in life, not at birth. They came to the United States in 1874, fleeing persecution in Europe.

g Catches On



Associated Press

n, Ill., said that since he stopped deep soil had become twice as rich.

of fertilizer and improved seeds to have desirable yields.

New equipment must be bought and techniques learned, like leaving mounded strips of soil on fields over the winter to warm the soil when planting time comes.

"When you first start doing this, you might suffer a yield hit," Mr. Groff said. "The soil has been addicted to tillage."

But this season, Mr. Kinsella said his yields in this north-central Illinois county were above average.

"It takes better management to make it work," he said. "It takes patience."

Mr. Kinsella said reduced deep plowing could cut release of carbon dioxide from the soil to the air, helping ease global warming. And the increased carbon dioxide in the soil, he said, will help farmers grow enough food to feed the expanding world population without using more and more chemicals and fertilizers.

Families Press Fight to Sue Government In Air Crash

By MATTHEW L. WALD

WASHINGTON, April 4 — Two years after an Air Force plane crashed in Croatia, killing Commerce Secretary Ronald H. Brown and the other 34 people aboard, families of some of the victims have made little progress in their effort to win from Congress the right to sue the Government.

The families and their supporters are arguing that they should have rights similar to those of passengers on commercial airlines, who can, for example, sue the airline company for negligence. The crash, on April 3, 1996, came in a botched approach to Dubrovnik, and the Air Force later reported that the causes included insubordination and a series of errors and miscalculations by people higher up in the chain of command.

Eleanor Holmes Norton, the District of Columbia's nonvoting delegate in the House of Representatives, introduced legislation a year ago to allow the families, and relatives of victims in future crashes involving Government planes, to seek compensation in court.

At a news conference this week, Ms. Norton said, "The families deserve more than the official funerals, the much-deserved tributes and our continuing grief."

"When negligence is this pronounced," she said, "compensating the victims also has a deterrent effect on those responsible for seeing such serious negligence is not repeated."

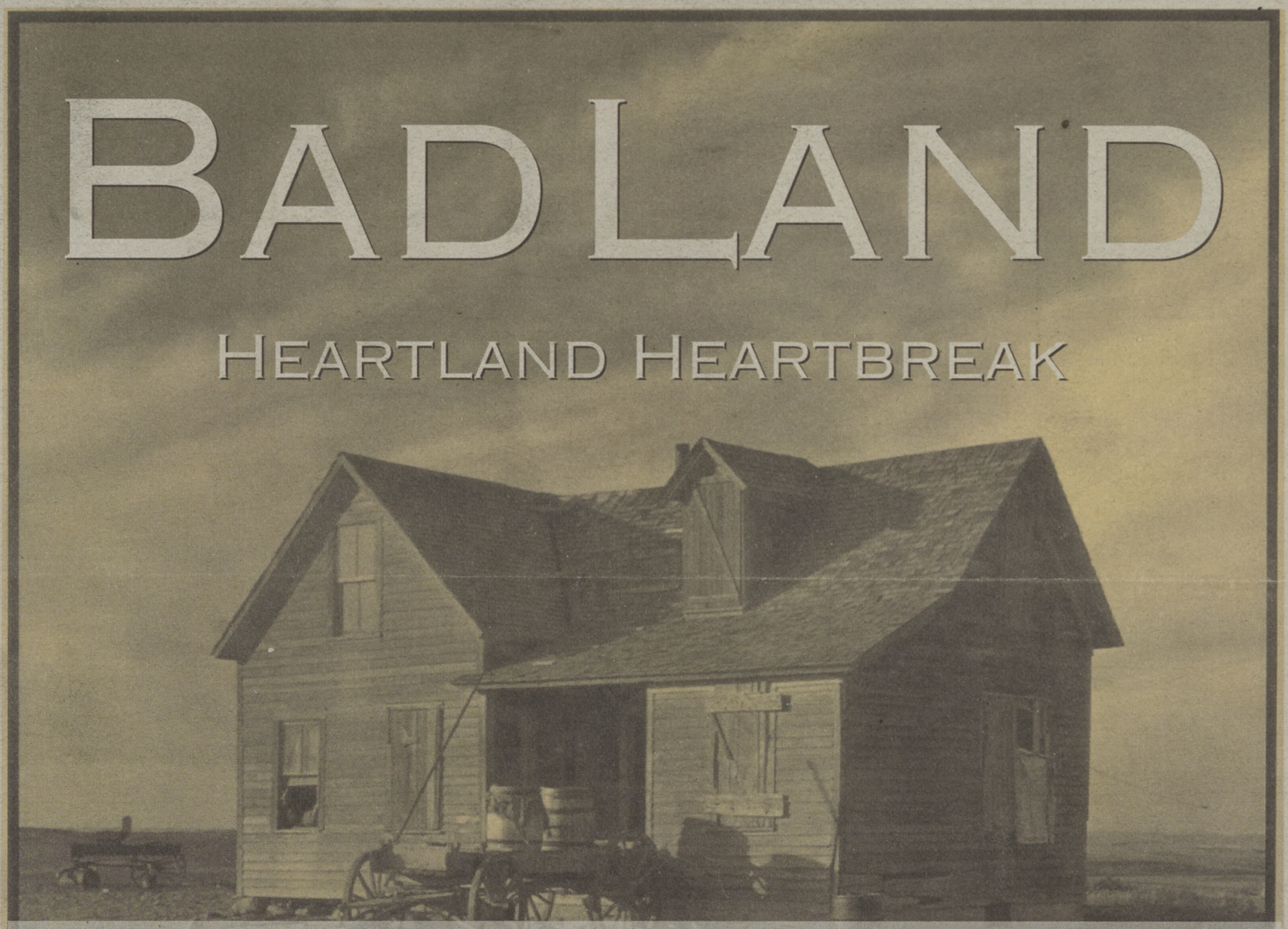
The Judiciary Committee has not held a hearing on the bill and the Defense Department opposes it. "The complexity and increased volume of litigation that would result from enactment of this bill would strain the resources of Executive Branch agencies and the Department of Justice," the Department's General Counsel, Judith A. Miller, said in a letter to the Judiciary Committee chairman last fall. In addition, the letter said, the bill "is not needed to insure fair compensation for potential claimants."

Families of the 14 civilian Government employees who died in the crash are entitled to $10,000 each from the Government. The families of the six military personnel are limited to standard benefits for death in the line of duty.

The plane also carried 12 corporate executives whom Mr. Brown had recruited to tour the former Yugoslavia and help develop projects to rebuild the country. Also on board

SEATTLE WEEKLY WINTER/96

BOOKSQ



BADLAND JACKET SRT

JONATHAN RABAN OPENS HIS NEW BOOK, *BAD LAND: AN AMERICAN ROMANCE*, BY SELF-CONSCIOUSLY DEPICTING HIMSELF AS AN UNINFORMED URBAN TOURIST TRAVELING IN EASTERN MONTANA; HE ENDS IT A WISER AND VAGUELY WORRIED MAN, COMING HOME TO SEATTLE IN THE RAIN. THE BOOK IS ABOUT WHAT HE LEARNED IN BETWEEN. IN HIS MOVEMENTS BETWEEN THE ARID, RURAL PLAINS OF MONTANA AND THE WET, URBAN COAST, RABAN REPLICATES THE MOVEMENT OF HOMESTEADERS AND THEIR CHILDREN FIRST INTO EASTERN MONTANA AND THEN, FOLLOWING THEIR FAILURES,



BY RICHARD WHITE

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Charles Dickens



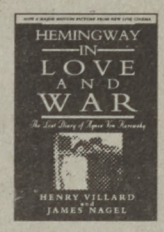
Wonder Tales
edited by Marina Warner
Marvels fly thick and fast in this new collection of old French fairy tales. Five accomplished storytellers have translated magical fables, including "The White Cat" and "The Subtle Princess"—all complete with happy endings. (Farrar Straus Giroux)

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Paris Noir
by Tyler Stovall
Richard Wright, Josephine Baker and Miles Davis were among the black American writers, painters and musicians who went to Paris to find the freedom denied them at home. A fascinating account brings their vibrant world to life. (Houghton Mifflin)

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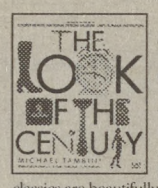
Hemingway in Love and War
by Henry Villard and James Nagel
In 1918, when Ernest Hemingway was a patient in a Milan hospital, he met and fell deeply in love with Red Cross nurse Agnes von Kurowsky. For the first time, Agnes's wartime diary tells their passionate love story—the basis for *A Farewell to Arms*. (Hyperion)

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Wallace Stegner: His Life and Work
by Jackson J. Benson
Drawing on almost ten years of research and hours of interviews, the acclaimed author of *The True Adventures of John Steinbeck, Writer* presents a compelling portrait of Stegner—the conservationist, teacher and Pulitzer Prize-winning writer. (Viking)

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The History of Danish Dreams
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Here's the first published novel by the bestselling author of *Smilla's Sense of Snow*. Attacking conformity and social injustice with his signature ironic humor, Høeg follows four Danish families through more than three centuries. (Delta)

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The Correspondence of Shelby Foote and Walker Percy
edited by Jay Tolson
A remarkable collection of personal letters sheds new light on the close bond the celebrated authors shared from their teenage years during the 1940s until Percy's death in 1990. (Norton)

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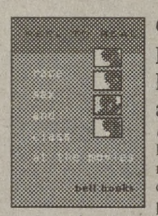
Evita
by Nicholas Fraser and Marysa Navarro
Idolized by millions and hated by many, Eva Perón wielded incredible power in postwar Argentina. This absorbing biography traces her extraordinary life, from her days as actress Eva Duarte to her years as the president's wife. (Norton)

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A Quiet Life
by Kenzaburo Oe
The winner of the 1994 Nobel Prize for Literature blends memoir with fiction in a tale about an oddly constructed nuclear family. Forever overshadowed by her famous father and talented brother, Ma-Chan suddenly finds herself the head of the household. (Grove Press)

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Reel to Real: Race, Sex and Class at the Movies
by bell hooks
Examining the ways that movies depict race, sex and class, the renowned author provides a thought-provoking analysis of modern cinema. In addition to her classic essays, you'll find new works and interviews with filmmakers. (Routledge)

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Hollywood Handbook
edited by André Balazs
Assembled by the owner of the Chateau Marmont, this entertaining collection celebrates the city of Hollywood with original texts, striking photography and glimpses of such celebrities as Dennis Hopper and Annie Leibovitz. (Universe Publishing)

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Jimi Hendrix: Sessions
by John McDermott
A tribute to the master of the electric guitar, this landmark book re-creates the making of every one of Hendrix's songs in day-by-day detail. Included are more than 100 photographs, lyric sheets and other memorabilia. (Little, Brown)

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by Ellen Lederman
Vacations can do more than relax you, they can change your life! This occupational therapist has found hundreds of retreats—holistic, spiritual, learning and self-improvement vacations—that will help you rediscover yourself. (Sourcebooks)

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west to the mountain towns and cities of the Pacific. Just as *Bad Land* moves across space, it also moves through time, connecting the early 20th-century past to the present. Such movements are the essence of the book.

Bad Land reveals, often brilliantly, a little-traveled place, but Raban has ambitions beyond travel writing. His settlers expected Eden, and Raban claims to

Bad Land: An American Romance

by Jonathan Raban
Pantheon, $25

have found in their hoped-for garden the original sin that created the late 20th-century West. The sin is a relatively obscure piece of legislation, the Enlarged Homestead Act of 1909. Passed by Congress after lobbying by the railroads, the act offered 320 acres of semi-arid land to prospective settlers. The results were largely disastrous. The law produced a landscape and memories that bred, Raban asserts, reaction and resentment. Raban believes Montanans, and much of the rest of the West, have never forgotten this betrayal by the federal government. The current reactionary weirdness in the West—the militia movement, the Unabomber, hard-right Republicans—is the supposed fruit of this bad seed.

Because so much of *Bad Land* can be enjoyed and appreciated without buying this rather odd thesis, and because there are so many good things to say about Raban's powers of observation, his insight, and his writing, I will say the good things first. Raban uses language with a precision and power that can inspire awe—or jealousy if the reader is also a writer. He has an eye for the telling detail whether he is prowling about an abandoned Montana homestead, talking to a rancher along a dirt road, or watching a calf on the day it is roped and dragged off to become a steer. He has a good storyteller's sense of economy: the ability to cull the crowd of observations for the representative member instead of jamming the entire mob onto the page.

There are things that Raban describes so powerfully and so evocatively that you could excusably think he has the ability to channel the past. Even a partial list of the objects he observes and writes about are amazingly eclectic: a photograph by Evelyn Cameron that catches the "ambiguous and disquieting character of western space," old books found in homesteads, the clasp of an old photograph album, a fence. All evoke people, now vanished, who left only the debris of their lives behind.

All these details serve Raban's story of the settlement of eastern Montana by homesteaders in the early 20th century and its subsequent depopulation. By narrating his own growing knowledge of this land, Raban attempts to parallel the homesteaders' dawning knowledge with his own. He takes you through chapters titled "The Open Door," "Fictions," "Pictures," and "Fences," which seek both to describe and to replicate the experience of these settlers. Raban, and through him the reader, is the greenhorn becoming the homesteader—the "honyocker," as the homesteaders were called—even as he remains the Englishman transplanted to Seattle traveling across Montana in the mid-1990s. This is, of course, a double fiction. Raban must guess at most of what the honyockers knew and thought, and he also knows what these homesteaders certainly never knew: Most will fail.

As the subtitle of the book suggests, there is a romanticism in this. The romanticism is also doubled. Raban's subtitle refers to the romance of the settlers with the land, but there is also Raban's own immigrant romance with eastern Montana. No part of America is any more American than any other, but to Raban the people of the plains seem most distinctively American. Raban has bought into our belief that there is a heartland. He claims to have found a people not like the rest of us: "a rooted and stable rural community, with its own local language and architecture, costumes and customs." In a barn, looking at people gathered there, Raban realizes that "I was among *a people* in the singular." Descendants of Bessarabians, Scots, English, Germans, Swedes had come to resemble each other "as closely as any gathering of broad-bottomed Welsh hill farmers."

At their best, this people has the tough and enduring pride of the descendants of survivors who accommodated themselves to a harsh place. He recognizes the chinks in their armor of individualism and self-reliance. Raised to see themselves as a people who have overcome more than their softer fellow citizens, it is relatively easy for them to think of themselves as more deserving than others. Or to think that subsidies are not subsidies at all but merely their due. Raban recognizes that they are among the most subsidized groups in American life—welfare ranchers and farmers, as their enemies call them. He recognizes their general participation in 20th-century America, but he respects them and persuasively displays the reason for that respect.

Raban also writes of a second side to the rural society of the West. Many, indeed most, of the homesteaders failed to secure a place on the land. The present landscape of gas station/food marts, house trailers, and decaying buildings marks their failure. The "remains of the homestead system" still seem "bleakly centerless" to Raban. The land "looks like an engine for the production of surly, misanthropic loners, or of people pining unrequitedly for company and conversation." Raban does not, I think, mean to deride this West. The open derision in the book Raban reserves for a subplot about Ismay, Montana—a derelict, nearly abandoned town—which, seduced by the hope of quick American fame, sells out and renames itself Joe, Montana. Joe, Montana, waits for a tourist bonanza that never comes. Ismay, Montana, was tragedy; Joe, Montana, is farce.

Because Raban, the immigrant, writes of immigrants confronting an American land, *Bad Land* is on one level an immigration story. Diverse people, through common work and suffering, became American. And since this is an immigration story, it is not surprising that the immigrant, Raban, concentrates on people who connect most closely with him and his circumstances. His major historical characters are English: Evelyn Cameron, the man "remembered only as Worsell or Mr. Worsell or That Englishman," and the Wollastons. They are the initially alien people who gradually and painfully learn the place, its possibilities, its limits and then come to define the place itself.

Raban inhabits the lives of these immigrants, trying to transcend time and space. This is not a bad thing. Historians try to do it all the time. But this evocation of the past is not necessarily a history of the past. Raban never claims his book is a history, but he makes historical claims. Although thankfully not as baldly as in the *New Yorker* excerpt from the book, Raban claims that the experience of the homesteaders in the early 20th century lies behind the anti-government sentiment in the rural West. There is supposedly a blood resentment of the federal government on both the bright and dark sides of his rural divide that comes from having had ancestors lured to land that could not support them and then being left to shrivel with their crops.

In a book as compelling and charming as this one, why does he have to go and say that? It is like being wonderfully entertained by a stranger at a dinner party who you find, in the end, traces all the ills of modern America to the fluoridation of the water supply. You start to edge away.

At one point Raban writes that his wife regards eastern Montana as an unplace, and by the end of the book, I began to regard *Bad Land* as an unhistory. All the evocative details, all the closely observed scenes, all the vivid historical characters don't add up to a history. The supposed thread of causation between those homesteaders and the 1990s can be created only if you bulldoze away mountains of contradictory evidence. Raban, who so carefully evokes part of a history, erases far more. He happened to visit eastern Montana in that sour American year of 1994, when the Republican revolution was in the air, and he wrote the book during that even sourer year of 1995, when militias were in the news. On slender evidence, he reads this sourness back onto the past. An old man's memory of a childhood visit from a county agent in the second decade of the century, for example, becomes evidence for a root individualism and a distrust of the feds.

You can easily make the case, however, that federal bureaucrats, from John Wesley Powell on, were the ones who argued that to succeed, settlers needed more land in the arid West than Congress eventually gave them in the Enlarged Homestead Act. Congress passed the act under the continuing belief that public lands should be made available to family farmers and not dominated by large cattle operations. Over most of the West, few people bit at this supposed opportunity. More than 193 million acres were eligible for entry under the act; only two and a half million were entered by 1921.

The Enlarged Homestead Act is too slim a reed to support large conclusions. Fitting one into the other means jamming a fat man into a skinny man's clothes. Modern conservatism is widespread in the West, but the worst failures of the Enlarged Homestead Act were confined to Montana and neighboring states. The lack of spatial congruence between Western conservatism and lands taken under the Enlarged Homestead Act

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presumably requires that the resentment that spawned reactionary politics spread by word of mouth. But most Western reactionaries have never heard of the Enlarged Homestead Act or the failure of early 20th-century settlement.

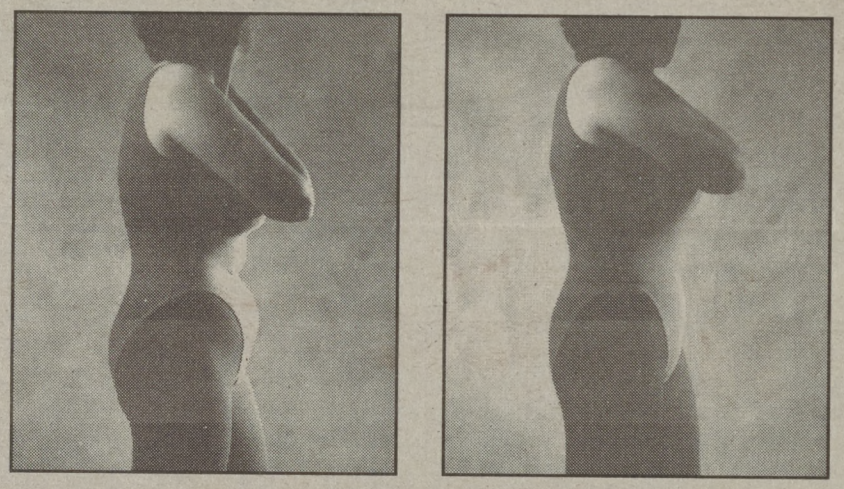
Eastern Montanans may not have forgotten, but the supposed connection between their bitterness over the government's luring settlers to ruin also means that Montanans have perhaps the slowest fuse in American history. They are, it seems, not a people quick to anger. If bitterness over the Enlarged Homestead Act contributed to a particular local resentment toward the federal government in general, and liberal politicians in particular, then Raban needs to explain the multigenerational lapse in the political expression of this resentment. Disgust with government has not been typical of the West until very recently. From their first settlement through World War II, many of these homesteaders and their children wanted more, not less, federal intervention and assistance. Eastern Montana, like the Dakotas, was prime country for the Nonpartisan League, which grew out of the Socialist Party of North Dakota before succumbing to the Red Scare following World War I; Custer and Prairie counties, the site of *Bad Land*, went whole hog for the New Deal. In the late 1950s both counties were still voting for liberal Democrats like Mike Mansfield. The reinvention of places like Custer and Prairie counties as self-reliant individualists—as so many John Waynes on the range—is a relatively modern phenomenon made possible by the federal subsidies that have sustained people there. Raban, knowing two things well—the fate of the original homesteaders and the often reactionary, if contradictory, conservatism of their descendants—draws a causal line that depends on erasing much of what went on in between them. It is why so much good reporting and observation is so often such bad history.

Although *Bad Land* provides neither an explanation of nor a history of the modern West, I enjoyed too much of this book to leave it on such a carping note. There are uses of the past other than history. In his evocation of a place now vanished and in his re-creation of possibilities the past once held, Jonathan Raban shows how powerful these other appeals to the past can be. ■

Richard White is a professor of history at the University of Washington. His most recent book is 'The Organic Machine.'

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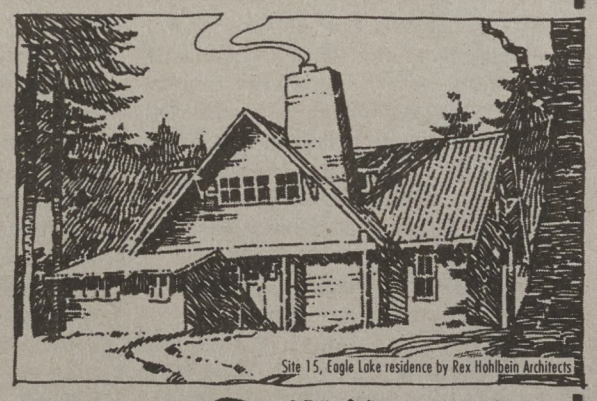
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ON ORCAS ISLAND

The Washington Post

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Card for Ivan—
Great to see you.
We had to go home to get away from all that SNOW! Thought you'd want to see this article.
Lisa



BY DOUGLAS C. PIZAC—ASSOCIATED PRESS

Actor Robert Redford is among President Clinton's picks for a National Medal of Arts.

Clinton Names 17 Medalists in Arts And Humanities

Arena Founder Fichandler, Poet Rita Dove to Be Honored

By Jacqueline Trescott
Washington Post Staff Writer

President Clinton has selected a few household names, including actor Robert Redford, composer Stephen Sondheim, illustrator Maurice Sendak and journalist Bill Moyers, as the 1996 recipients of the administration's arts and humanities awards.

The citations for the National Medal of Arts and the Charles Frankel Prize were announced yesterday and will be conferred Thursday in a day of celebrations, including a White House dinner. They are the government's highest honor for individual artists, writers and scholars and salute a lifetime of achievements.

"The arts and humanities are essential to our growth and renewal as a people," the president said. "Through these awards, we commemorate the contributions of distinguished artists and scholars whose work reflects the strength and di-

See AWARDS, D6, Col. 4

Signature Director Chosen for Illustrious N.Y. Musical Series

By Alona Wartofsky
Washington Post Staff Writer

Eric Schaeffer, the boy wonder of Arlington's Signature Theatre who has brought the eight-year-old company widespread recognition, is going to direct a musical in New York.

Schaeffer, who has served as Signature's artistic director since its 1989 inception, has been tapped by the City Center's prestigious "Encores!" series to direct a concert production of Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern's 1929 musical "Sweet Adeline."

Schaeffer, 34, says he heard the good news from Encores artistic director Kathleen Marshall just before the holidays. "It was a great Christmas present," he says.

The series, now in its fourth season and subtitled "Great American Musicals in Concert," is devoted to rarely seen American musical theater works. Encores' last offering, "Chicago," proved

See SCHAEFFER, D3, Col. 1

American Dreams



BY DUDLEY M. BROOKS—THE WASHINGTON POST

To British Author Jonathan Raban, the Truth of This Land Lies in the Imagination

By Paul Hendrickson
Washington Post Staff Writer

Jonathan Raban, a narrow drink of water, knows how to pretzel elegantly into a chair in his hotel suite, fume on a Marlboro Light, then state without fear of argument or reprisal the problem with current American nonfiction: "It's never been imagined. It's a world that's only been reported."

The Englishman's confidence is riding the room like tobacco smoke.

Now, that kind of nonfiction writing—simple reported work—goes fine for, say, newspapers, but it can't begin to sustain a book. "You see, the trouble," continues the rather recent immigrant to our literal-minded shores, "no imagination has ever been to *work* on these facts."

Briefly, he clasps his hands behind his head, gazes over for a comment.

Since there isn't one, he remarks on a current high bestseller by a prize-winning American nonfiction writer. (Halfway in, he will ask that the author's name and title of the work be removed from the record.) Have you read it? he asks.

Well, he bought the book thinking it would be a diverting airplane read between the West Coast and Chicago. Imagine his disappointment. The thing was all just facts, so little that was rendered, imagined. Having hit Chicago, he dumped the book in a refuse bin.

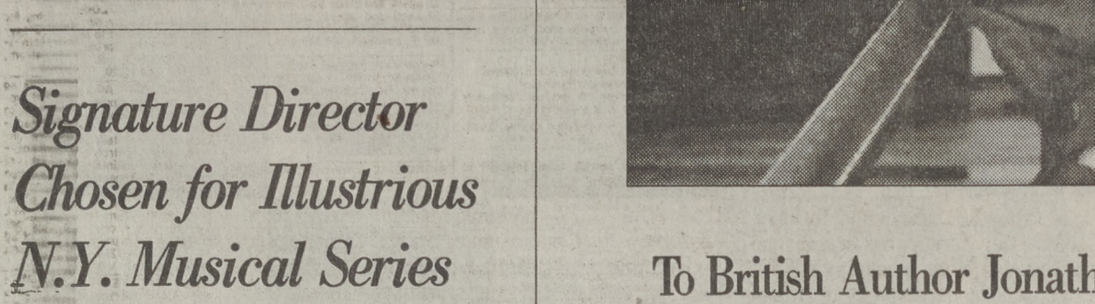
It's not that Jon Raban, who has a wonderful new book out, wonderfully imagined, beautifully rendered, though not yet on national bestseller lists, is unlikable. All you have to do is give him his air of superiority. Then he's quite likable. All you have to do is remember you're the rather crude but well-meaning and earnest American cousin. Then everything goes fine.

Here's the twist, though: The more you talk to this confident 54-year-old chap, who jaunts around our countryside in a semi-bashed cap, the more you sense how much he wants to be one of us. This is a traveler in love with America, or at least the idea of America, her ripe promises, her shining seductions.

He's been in love with the idea of America and Americans since he was about 3 years old, in a village called Hempton-on-Green, at the end of World War II. And nowadays he more or less dwells permanently among us: in Seattle, which in its watery ways and angles of light reminds him a bit of his native ground.

Though he's lived here for about six years, he's been spying on us for a lot longer. He's written several books about America, the best known of which narrates his four-month trip down the Mississippi in a 16-foot craft: "Old Glory." That was 15 years ago and sort of put him on the

See RABAN, D2, Col. 1



BY MICHAEL WILLIAMSON—THE WASHINGTON POST

Domes-esticity: Spherical figurines from Nancy McMichael's snow-dome collection in her Kalorama home.

Flurries, Some Accumulation Likely

For the Foremost Collector of Snow Domes, a Welcome Forecast

By Esther Iverem
Washington Post Staff Writer

Nancy McMichael has 6,000 snow domes—those little water-filled worlds where a blizzard can strike suddenly, with just a flick of the wrist from a great god-human.

She now has so many domes that she is thinking she will sell one third of them, sell all of the *generic* ones—those not promoting a city, business, celebrity, icon or cheesy bit of kitsch. On these less-than-desirable pieces of what some think is folk art, nothing is spelled out. There is only the swirl of factory-made precipitation around a pathetic, anonymous fish, snowman or pink flamingo.

"When you get past that critical mass in your collection, you have to create order," McMichael explains seriously in the foyer of her Kalorama apartment. "You're either a collector or you're not."

McMichael is a collector's collector. In 11 years, she has become the leading snow dome expert and collector in the United States, publisher of a quarterly newsletter and author of a full-color book with a

See SNOW DOMES, D3, Col. 1

La Mall Epoque

The New Paris? C'est Boutique!

By Dana Thomas
Special to The Washington Post

PARIS—It's a wintry Saturday afternoon at the Cafe de Flore and the terrace is alive with movement and chatter. Fashion designer Paco Rabanne holds court at a small round table to the right of the door, sipping an espresso as he tells his terribly trendy coterie what he thinks on this and that. An older French actor who looks very familiar but whose name you can't quite pin down walks in with his mod wife and yelping toddler, followed by International Herald Tribune fashion editor Suzy Menkes, encircled by an entourage of chic Parisians.

The beautiful people flow in and out of the Flore carrying shopping bags from the Louis Vuitton store around the corner and buzzing about the new Cartier shop that just opened across the street. "It's small," exclaims a pinch-faced bottle blonde to her henna-haired girlfriend, "but they do have the most divine things."

In less than a year, the quadrangle in front of the 11th-century church Saint-Germain-des-Pres, on the Left Bank of the Seine, has evolved from a quaint neighborhood of bookshops and smoky cafes where Ernest Hemingway used to write and Jean-Paul Sartre used to think. Now it is one of the chicest shopping districts in the city. And,

See PARIS, D6, Col. 3



BY MICHEL LIPCHITZ—ASSOCIATED PRESS

A Cartier boutique takes shape in the Latin Quarter, a sign of the creeping commercialism that many bemoan as the Americanization of Paris.

Book World

Communing With the '60s

DHARMA GIRL
A Road Trip Across the American Generations
By Chelsea Cain
Seal. 171 pp. $22

By Carolyn See

On Page 5 of this memoir, Chelsea Cain speaks of herself in the third person: "She is trying to understand her parents through their generation and their generation through her generation and her generation through her own true self and her own true self through her parents, and, as you can imagine, this has made her very tired."

Chelsea is in her twenties as she writes this. Her own parents were typical American hippies. Her mother, Mary, was a college sophomore in 1967 when it began to dawn on her that she and her staunch Republican parents weren't quite on the same wavelength. Mary had several '60s adventures and soon ended up with Larry, a nice guy who was avoiding the draft because the Vietnam War seemed to him to be so dumb and unjust. This couple then ended up on a farm in Iowa with five other young adults. They formed, more or less, a commune. When Chelsea was born and brought back to the farm from the hospital, someone put on Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey" as a welcome song: "She's an angel in the first degree." And Chelsea, of course, was named for Joni Mitchell's "Chelsea Morning."

Chelsea would spend her first five years on this farm, and images from that time still shimmer in her memory: "There are big dinners in the evenings. Lots of people, some who live at the farm and some who don't, sit around the big table in the kitchen or on the porch in the summer, drinking beer and smoking and talking about the war and why Richard Nixon shouldn't be president." And Van Morrison keeps on singing about "what mattered: love, friends, dancing and moonlight."

It's gone now, the '60s are gone. The general agreement seems to be to forget they ever happened, except for tired old film clips of the Democratic convention and tedious bickering about whether politicians "inhaled." (Forget Cambodia! What we all want to know is who inhaled and whether or not they coughed.)

In the early '90s, Chelsea finds herself a part of this collective bad-faith amnesia. She's drifted so far from her roots that she's going to school at Irvine, in California's Orange County, where Starbucks coffee, mowed lawns and Doc Martens are the order of the day. But bad news keeps coming in—the Los Angeles riots, the terrible earthquake, the fires, the floods, the landslides. There's no context to any of this, no meaning, no significance. And Chelsea's mother, living alone now in Portland, Ore., learns she has cancer. Chelsea decides to drive back to Iowa City, her almost forgotten childhood home, to see if that's where she really belongs. Her mom decides to make the trip with her.

They are looking for paradise lost. When Chelsea asks why there aren't more pictures from their life on the commune, her mother answers, "We weren't doing a layout for Life magazine!" What they were doing was following a line of thought or feeling that made the '60s unique and almost impossible to explain to a person who didn't live through that time—a feeling that perfection, purity, ecstasy were all possible, that you could create paradise by making the decision to do it. Chelsea reconstructs scenes from that time as they must have occurred. She pesters her mother with questions and more questions. She retrieves many of her own memories.

For her and for her parents, the '60s were languid and peaceful and rural. There were long afternoons spent on porches, mornings working together in the vegetable garden, hours spent inventing dinners made of produce from that garden. And then evenings spent with marijuana and Pabst Blue Ribbon beer, and the guys singing, playing banjo and guitar. Time stretched into infinity.

Chelsea knows what it means to her, sort of. It's not drugs or free love or even protests against the war. It's Iowa itself, with farms and fireflies and decent people. The place where she can find "her own true self." Her mother, close to death but immensely charming and lively, is on a parallel journey. Where is the right place to live? Far more important, what is the right way to live? Back in Orange County, Chelsea's college friends think she is nuts to have even considered these questions, which may be the answer to why the '60s—still so close to us in chronological history—seem destined to remain a paradise lost.

FOR MORE INFORMATION
To read more than 230 first chapters online, click on the above symbol on the front page of The Post's site on the World Wide Web at http://www.washingtonpost.com

The Englishman's America

RABAN, From D1

literary map. It's an acid work, even mean-spirited in places, though quite wonderful all the same. It's his eye. It's his ear.

So say it first and last: The man writes gorgeous prose. His sentences can be hypnotic, dreamlike. They swaddle with the texture of their rhythms. *Breasting the regular swells of land, on a red dirt road as true as a line of longitude, the car was like a boat at sea.* That's the first sentence of "Bad Land," the newest Raban, about the settling of the American West, specifically Montana. How do you read that and not wish to go on? The second sentence isn't too shabby, either, though it really functions as a bridge to the third: *A warm westerly blew over the prairie, making waves, and when I wound down the window I heard it growl in the dry grass like surf.*

The New York Times Book Review recently named "Bad Land" one of the best books of 1996. The nonfiction work, an airy 319 pages, published in England in October and in America in November, offers many pleasures—including some covert first-person revelations—but essentially it's a historical and social chronicle of the struggles of homesteaders who were lured west in 1910 by the false promises of railroad barons.

The story's this: The government and the rail companies, in cahoots, wanted to colonize the Great Plains, and so they made what seemed like the world's largest free offer: 320 acres, a half-section, to anyone who would come and cultivate them. As Raban has said in another interview, "They printed up glossy brochures, and rained them over Europe and the Eastern United States." They



made the stony inland seas of the Dakotas and eastern Montana seem like the Garden itself.

Most who came eventually went under, their homesteading dreams wrecked by weather and economics. It's a very American story: You go off with such high hope, gain initial footholds, only to find yourself taking cold baths of reality. It all has the plot of a novel. You're forced to make yourself strong at the broken places, as Hemingway said.

What soul wouldn't have wanted to go, burning there in his Liverpool slum, in his Lower East Side tenement? "I'd have gone," Raban says. In a way, he did. Part of what gives his books about America their freshness and power is his own immigrantness. Horrible word, that.

As he writes in "Bad Land," serving a fragment of his own story: "I had chucked up everything and just cleared off." Chucked up: just right, that. It was a woman, he says, making him chuck up and clear off to Seattle six or seven years ago.

Though "Bad Land" is a work rooted deep in historical fact—making use of journals, diaries, local histories, genealogies, textbooks, old soil manuals, plus of course interviews—it reads exactly like a novel. It has the shape and emotional content of a novel. It brims with novelistic detail, dialogue, scenes. There are rich comic characters, rich tragic characters: real but gone figures named Ralph Norris and Evelyn Cameron and the filthy, tobacco-spewing Worsell, who alone is worth the price of admission.

The narration trombones backward and forward in time. It's got the Unabomber, and it's got Victorian Sunday tables laid for company "with the crested silver and the mustard pot and the vinegar cruet," with "In My Merry Oldsmobile" curling sweetly from the Victrola in the parlor.

It's as if a Britisher has made up the truth about our past and present and come out with something truer than true, more factual than fact.

There are no source notes, other than a scant seven or eight paragraphs in his acknowledgments.

It's all true, he says, seeming the slightest bit defensive.

A bloke knocked at the door a second ago. Raban got up and bounded the room. He was surprisingly light on his feet. Tentatively, and in immigrant English, the workman wanted to know whether the guest in 403 was the one looking for a TV remote.

Keeping a civil tongue, the author said in tones of contempt for TV remotes: "I'm in the middle of an interview! Yes, I've got one of those things. [He waved his arm vaguely.] I'm in the middle of an interview! Thank you." He shut the door.

The next interrupter is to be a tuxedoed waiter, rolling in room service. The waiter asks how the guest is doing. "Doing good, thanks." What's this? Folksiness? He's gangling in the middle of the room. He seems almost boyish.

Suddenly, you can squint and *imagine* the superior but somehow likable drink of water named Jonathan Raban, without a pair of good boots, mucking about in Montana amid rattlers and sagebrush and ghost towns and houses tottering on their foundations. He's going after a work that will be deeper than fact, though entirely reliant on it.

A Capotesque sort of nonfiction novel, if you will. That would be Truman Capote, author of the masterly "In Cold Blood," who once boasted to reporters that his book was "immaculately factual." Later, it was revealed that he'd made up the ending.

From "Bad Land": *In the room beyond, the walk-in closet was still full of clothes on wooden hangers. I reached for a dress, but the mildewed cotton came away in my hand like a fistful of spiderweb.*

He starts to sign the bill but he's all thumbs. He begins to write (turns out he's a lefty) but doesn't seem to know that the top of the ballpoint is still on. He gets the cap off, but then drops it into the food. This is a whole new Raban: the Brit elitist traveler as hotel bumbler. Why, you've begun to feel affection.

He's having the blackened sea bass and white wine while his interlocutor is having a prosaic grilled cheese. Possibly, he's viewing that choice a bit like the nonfiction book he deposited in the trash bin in Chicago. Yes, he's made grilled cheese sandwiches for himself at home. But when one is eating out on one's publisher . . .

Before and after this latest interruption, Raban's first chapter has been under discussion.

The opening chapter of "Bad Land" is called "The Open Door." Maybe God couldn't write a better opener. It's 15 pages long and gets every ball and tension in play. It works as a self-contained short story, but its purpose is to serve as an overture and precursor to the nine chapters to follow. In shape and progression, it feels nearly perfect. It could be studied for technique in the way film students study sequential shots of "Citizen Kane."

The reader has no idea how perfectly formed it is until he's read the last three paragraphs of the book, 300 pages later.

In the chapter, Raban encounters an old rancher in a low-slung pickup, who stops to talk with him. The narrator, the "I" of the story, drives on a mile or so, pulls up beside a wrecked house, where an ironing board stands open. He finds a rubble of magazines and books, at least one of which will be of primary importance to the search about to unfold.

Further on, he finds a schoolhouse on a hill. In it are moldering books and other treasures crucial to his eventual understanding. That same evening he puts up in a motel room in a place called Baker, then sits in a bar on Main Street recording in his head the snippets of conversation of the locals while a fantastic storm gathers. The storm itself provides one of the key insights to the journey: "When rain falls in these parts, in what used to be known as the Great American Desert, it falls with the weight of an astounding gift. It falls like money."

The writing is uncommonly beautiful. The rain that night "fell in gleaming rods." Still, a reader can be troubled by the put-downs: "a turnip-faced old brute in a Stetson," for instance, whom the author is only too glad to overhear and impale on his eventual pen.

A reasonable question might be: Did all these events happen on the same day in the same perfect sequence as he relates them? Certainly the reader is made to think so.

A rather literal-minded newspapery sort of question, is Jon Raban's answer.

That exchange with the rancid old rancher on the crest of the hill: Did he take down the conversation while it occurred, or maybe run to his car afterward to scribble it down?

"No. Never," he says, aghast, covering his face.

Memory, he says. Memory is all.

It's plain he doesn't like this sort of anal-retentive probing of his method. But he agrees to answer anyway: "What I remembered was a number of meetings with various cars. . . . And there *was* this memorable old guy who just had missed a big old snake back by the crick."

More slowly, reflectively: "The books I've written that are called nonfiction, it seems to me I've had to forget the experience to be able finally to recall it."

Pause. "It's important that it happens."

A moment earlier: "At the same time, it's a filtered book. . . . My own memory, my own imaginings. . . . I'm not trying to say I make it up. I don't make it up. As carefully as possible, I am remembering. . . . I do think that imagination must play a part."

Then, too, are all the documents he employed. They're there, objective facts.

In the first chapter of "Bad Land," the foldaway ironing board standing open in a ghostly and corkscrewed house by the side of the road is a prefigurement of personal doom. On the last page of the book, the "I" of the story returns home to Seattle, only to discover his house ghostly empty. An ironing board stands open in the hall.

His wife and small child have left him.

This is a true recent fact in the life of Jon Raban.

He had no clue when he saw that ironing board on the lonely plains of Montana that it would have eerie prophecies for his own immigrant Seattle life. His writerly eyes were merely open to the presence of an ironing board. The ironing board is what T.S. Eliot would call an "objective correlative" to the whole theme of abandonment and loss and the annealing need to go on.

The ironing board was there, like the buckets of rain outside the bar. When he sat down to work, the writer's imagination went to work on those facts. He remembered them because he needed to remember them.

Memory. He's reworking in his brain a moment in 1945 when he and his mum lived in a big fine house in Hempton-on-Green. His father was an artillery officer, off defending England.

Was it V-E Day when those American GIs came rolling down the street in their halftracks and trucks "laden with Wrigley's spearmint gum"? The date isn't important.

Softly: "What I remember is the eager scramble of

"The books I've written that are called nonfiction, it seems to me I've had to forget the experience to be able finally to recall it."

—author Jonathan Raban

those village kids for the GI gum packets." The good-looking, big-eared Yanks were throwing them off the trucks.

It was probably right then that little Jonny Raban fell lifelong in love with the idea of America and Americans. Gum packets! An objective correlative for a writer's history. The twist on the tale is that he wasn't one of the scramblers. He lived in the big fine house with his mum, and unseemly scrambling wasn't permitted.

The next arriving gum packet from America was Bill Haley and the Comets. Then came a gum packet in the form of Elvis. In the next decade, the gum packets from America had names like Saul Bellow and Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth.

The Child Who Wanted to Chew grew up to become an academic, a specialist in American literature. His doctoral dissertation was titled "The Theme of Immigration in the Jewish American Novel from 1874 to the Present Day." Never mind that he'd never been to America. Without doctorate in hand, he got a job as a lecturer at University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, then at the University of East Anglia. He'd still never seen America, didn't need to. "It was a world of words, in novels and plays."

Eventually, he chucked up academia. He became a professional writer. He began to travel. This was circa 1969. Everything he touched seemed successful: a TV play, a small reviewing gig on the BBC, some fiction stories. Bang, he was there.

And he's been making it work for himself for almost a quarter of a century now. He has published seven books and edited "The Oxford Book of the Sea." One of his secrets is that he makes "a kind of double living," which is to say he sells books "decently in two major markets in English." Think of it as doubling your advance.

Some of the British reviewers have condescended to "Bad Land," casting it as a "travel book." He's endured this slight before. (Graham Greene, for one, had to live with it often.) The American reviewers have generally tossed hats into the air, as well they should.

His next? A real writer doesn't like to talk about undone work, work that isn't on the page but is happening all the same at the level of imagination and memory. He'll say this: It's a return to his preoccupying maritime themes. Most of last summer was spent sailing from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska, in a 35-foot Swedish-built ketch named Penelope. That 1,000-mile experience will form only the "ghostly narrative background" of the tale. It will really be a book about "the meaning of the sea . . . its turbulence, its movements, its tides, and navigations on it."

Longingly: "I haven't yet written the definitive first sentence. I badly want to write a first chapter." There isn't the slightest haughtiness in it.

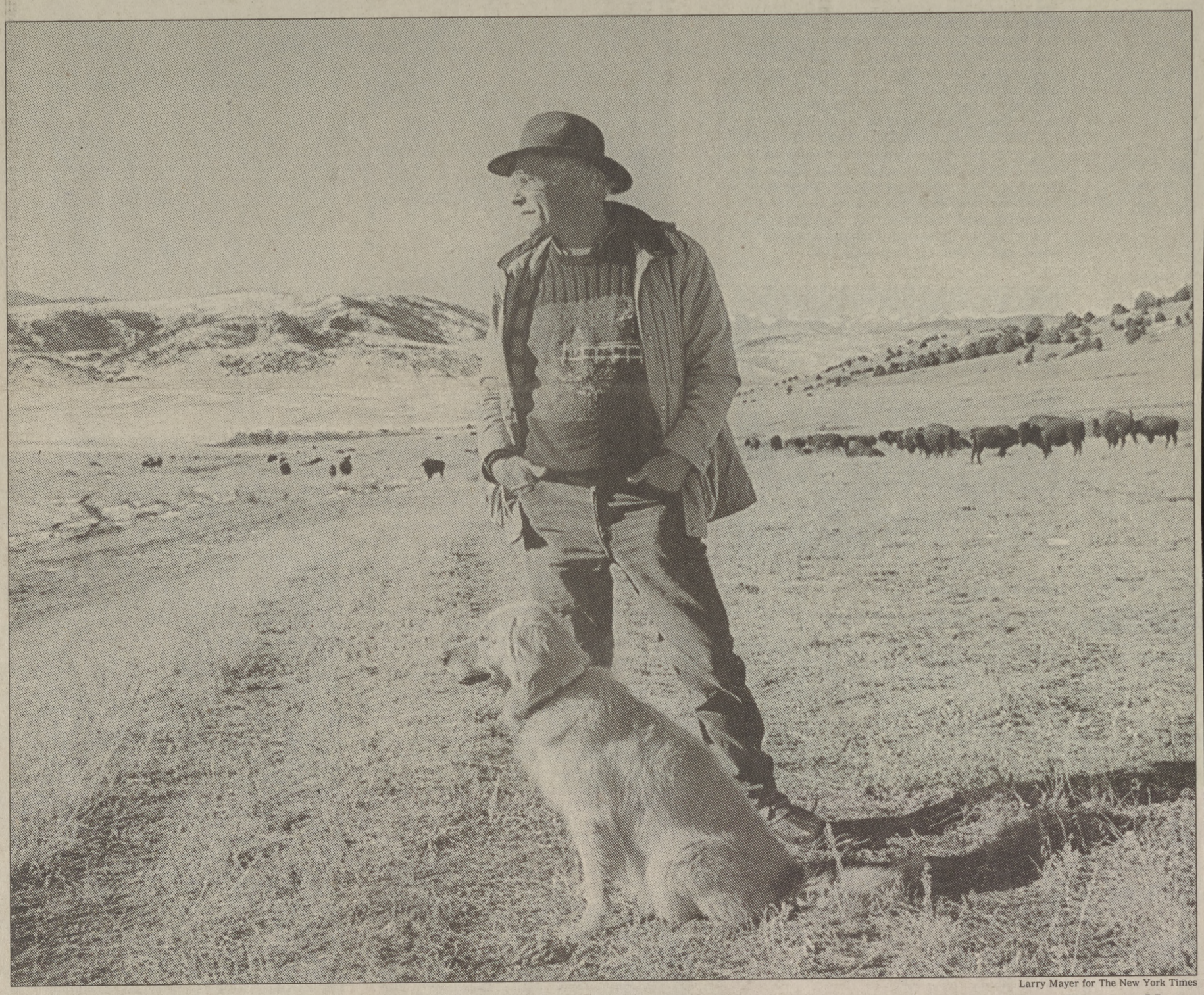
FOR MORE INFORMATION
To read Book World's review of "Bad Land: An American Romance," click on the above symbol on the front page of The Post's site on the World Wide Web at http://www.washingtonpost.com



restless geology

Montana a biological ark?

The New York Times
Money&Business



Larry Mayer for The New York Times

Quite at home where the buffalo roam, Ted Turner surveys his 107,000-acre Flying D ranch, far from Rupert Murdoch in the mountains near Bozeman, Mont.

TALKING MONEY WITH

Ted (Don't Fence Me In) Turner

By GERALDINE FABRIKANT

BOZEMAN, Mont.

FORGET his company's $7.5 billion merger with Time Warner Inc. Forget his war of words with Rupert Murdoch over cable news in New York City. Forget even his Atlanta Braves' flameout in the World Series.

Ted Turner, the blunt-talking entrepreneur whose marriage to Jane Fonda and penchant for controversy have made him one of the nation's most talked-about business people, is carving out a new empire that obsesses him almost as much as his cable-TV business did while he built it up over 30 years. Mr. Turner, who turned 58 this month, is pouring a big chunk of his $2.7 billion fortune into that most ancient of all investments, land, and he is populating it with that mythic American beast, the buffalo.

Only this time, for a change, he is pursuing his dream out of the limelight.

Starting from scratch nine years ago, Mr. Turner has amassed nearly 1.3 million acres of ranch land, roughly enough to fill the state of Delaware, on eight ranches in Montana, New Mexico and Nebraska. Already one of America's top 20 landowners, Mr. Turner shows no sign of slowing his acquisition frenzy. He is now negotiating the purchase of his first ranch outside the United States, a 9,000-acre spread in Argentina.

A self-described environmentalist, Mr. Turner vows he will never develop his ranch land. Instead, he is giving it the nation's biggest herd of buffalo, as American bison are commonly known — about 12,000 so far. While he won't be making anywhere near the money he would if he laid down roads and sold off plots, the land gives him the physical freedom he seems to crave and the excitement of creating a business he seems to need.

On a recent Sunday, maneuvering his Land Rover over the muddy roads of the Flying D, his 107,000-acre ranch near Bozeman, chomping tobacco and greeting the occasional hunter he allows to pay $9,500 for five days of shooting on the property, Mr. Turner, dressed in boots, jeans and a knit sweater, fairly shouted over the din of the motor: "I joke that this is my backup life. In case I don't like being vice chairman of Time Warner, I can always come here."

As Time Warner's largest shareholder, with 11 percent of its stock, Mr. Turner says he has adapted to his new corporate role. "So far, I like it fine," he said. "Most entrepreneurs don't last very long in big companies. But I'm not normal. Like my psychiatrist said: 'We are all different. We are all like snowflakes.' "

But just in case he repeats a familiar pattern in American business — the self-made man revolting against being cast in the role of second-in-command — Mr. Turner certainly has somewhere to go.

HE finds it less easy to explain his infatuation with land. True, there are tax benefits. In 1989, after paying $20 million, or $187 an acre, for Flying D, Mr. Turner agreed not to break up the land into more than four pieces or to sell it. The environmentally friendly move reduced the commercial value by nearly half, a loss he was able to deduct from his taxable income for a savings of several million dollars. (He has similarly moved to preserve three large landholdings in the South.) And tax law permits ranchers to deduct losses from operations.

Even so, tax savings are not driving Mr. Turner's investment strategy. And though he is quick to note that the price of land adjacent to his has shot up to $350 an acre, almost double what he paid, he cannot really benefit from the property boom because, he says: "I'm not planning to develop the land or sell it. I plan to leave it in a trust for my children."

That is not to say Mr. Turner takes no notice of the size of his fortune. The investment in land, at $150 million roughly 5 percent of his assets, is not so large or so reckless as to jeopardize his place in the Forbes 400, a list he has called a deterrent to charitable giving because those on it want to keep the wealth that put them there. Nonetheless, he concedes: "We're a nation of lists. People like to move up on lists. The first time I looked at it and saw my name, I thought, 'Hmmm, I can do a little better.' "

His ranching, though, probably won't push him up much higher. Even the one activity that promises a big payoff — his buffalo herd, which began with a $3 million investment in 1990 and is worth $30 million today — is small change for one of the richest men in America, who boasted recently that "anything I touch turns to gold."

Like most entrepreneurs, Mr. Turner wants to be in control. But while other billionaires collect artworks or palatial homes or jet planes, he says: "I'm a collector of land. I have eight ranches and three plantations. If you have an olive, you want an olive tree. You want a little more. You want the whole tree. Then you want a little this and then a little that."

Total control means Mr. Turner never has to make compromises. "You know, sometimes you have to compromise in television," he said. "I've had to do stuff and put on programs or films that I didn't agree with and was not sympathetic to," and then he added, unable to resist a jab at his archrival, "though they were never as violent as some of Rupert Murdoch's shows.

"But out here, I don't have to."

Turner Broadcasting owns several movie divisions, including New Line Cinema, as well as the Cartoon Network that competes with the Fox Children's Television Network, a venture of Mr. Murdoch.

The Flying D is Mr. Turner's flagship ranch and perhaps his favorite. He brought Ms. Fonda here the first weekend they went away together. ("I called her every day after that, but I didn't see her for a month," he recalled. "I was traveling. That was probably a mistake. She fell in love for a while with a younger guy.")

Since they married five years ago, the couple have built a log-cabin hideaway on a man-made lake with panoramic mountain views, and they have furnished it

Continued on Page 10

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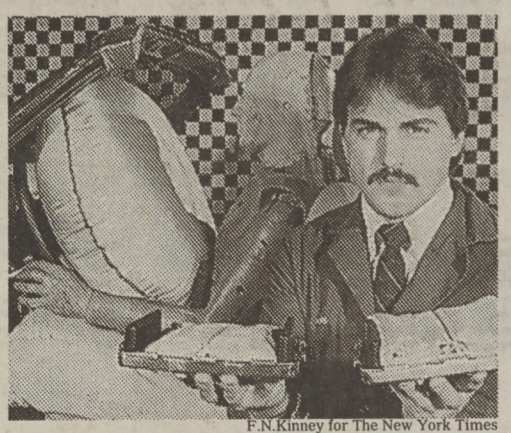
DIARY

HUBERT B. HERRING

THE AIR-BAG DEBATE

1,600 Saved, 51 Dead

On the safety front, people tend to fixate on the heart-rending anecdote and ignore the statistic. A plane crashes, and the media go crazy, seeming to forget how vastly safer it is to fly than to drive to the corner for milk. A child dies from a fast-expanding air bag, and people forget the positive. "What's getting lost," one safety advocate said, is that air bags "have already shown their incredible payoff" — an estimated 1,600 lives saved, compared with 51 deaths traced to them. The goal now: save the 1,600 and the 51, too. The Transportation Department weighed in last week, moving to allow drivers to have air bags disconnected and let car makers come up with bags that inflate more slowly. Those both have their own risks, though, so other ideas are emerging, like "two-speed" air bags and even "smart seats" that sense if the passenger is small. Smart drivers might help, too.



F.N.Kinney for The New York Times

COLD-WAR DEBRIS

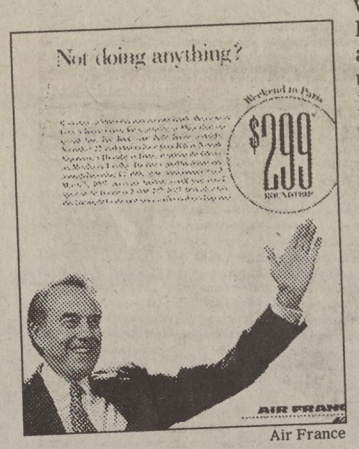
Plutonium Everywhere

The cold war lasted a mere half-century, but its deadly debris will be around for millennia. Perhaps the deadliest is the plutonium from dismantled bombs, and the debate rages about what to do with the nasty stuff. It could be used for nuclear power, of course, but American leaders have long opposed that, fearing loss or theft or deadly mishaps. But now the Administration is on the verge of changing its mind, saying it's the only way to secure Russian cooperation on weapons disposal. The risk is negligible, the Administration says, but critics see a very high risk indeed. And some anti-nuclear activists were outraged, too, that the Mars-bound Russian spacecraft that fell to earth last week was carrying 200 grams of plutonium. There was no risk, officials said, but others asked, how could there not be?

CELEBRITY

'I'm Bob. Fly Me.'

After years of toiling in near anonymity in Washington, a fellow named Bob Dole is starting to make a name for himself. He's appeared with David Letterman and on "Saturday Night Live" — clearly, a man to watch. And last week he leapt even closer to the fickle, white-hot light of the big time, making his debut as a celebrity endorser. Under the line "Not doing anything?" in an Air France ad, there he is, smiling and waving — the very image of a man with time on his hands. No, this doesn't mean he's cashing in on his fame as a politician; he's donating his fee to a center for the elderly. But who knows? Maybe soon he'll be enough of a celebrity that he could, say, run for President.



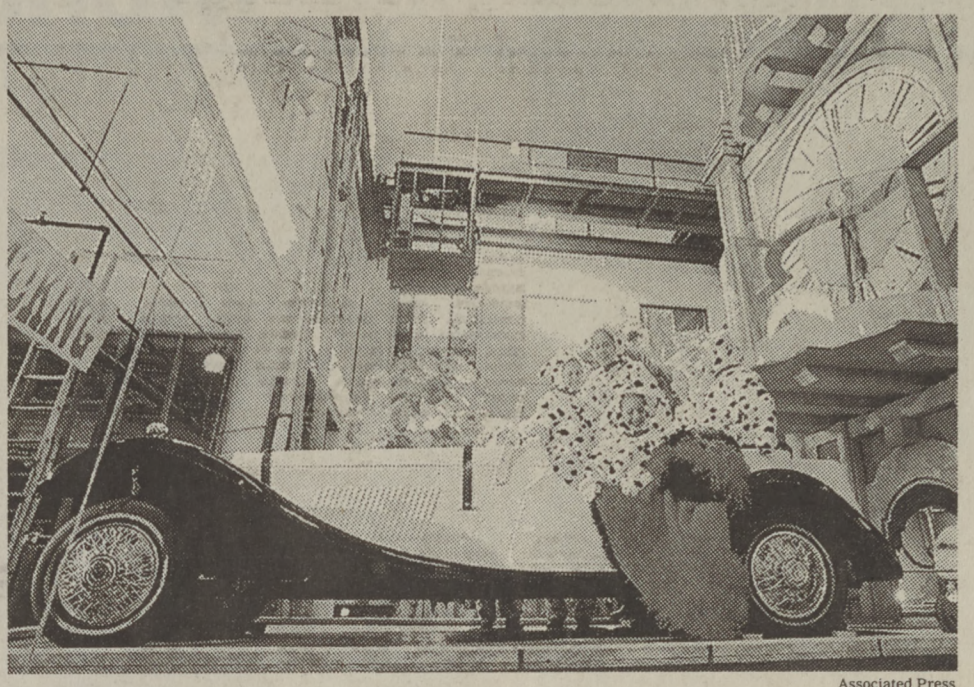
Air France

TOYS

Mattel? Or Perhaps Mattel?

If that toy you just tripped over wasn't made by Mattel, don't worry: it probably will be soon. Mattel, already the world's largest toy maker, agreed last week to buy Tyco, America's No. 3 toy company. But it's no doubt best to put that in terms that children will understand: one company will now turn out Barbie and Cabbage Patch dolls, Matchbox cars and Fisher-Price and Sesame Street products. There will be everything from the literary, like Scrabble, to the less intellectually taxing, like Baby Wiggles 'N Giggles. The giant new Mattel, a rival executive said, will now be able to tell retailers: "I know this toy isn't selling, but you have to buy it anyway."





Associated Press

DOGS ON PARADE

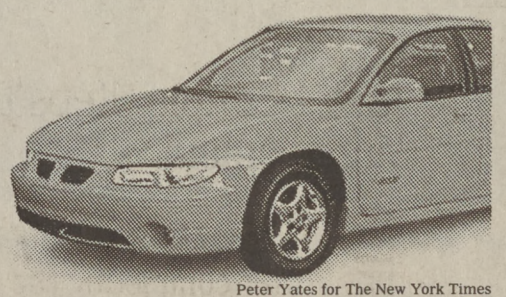
Not a Beagle in Sight

There'll be dalmatians everywhere next week, and not just in theaters. Here, dance students from Babylon, L.I., rehearse on the "101 Dalmatians" float that will bark its way through the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

GENERAL MOTORS

So Where Are the Cars?

Well, consumers seem ready to whirl General Motors back onto the dance floor, but the newer, prettier G.M. suddenly has a headache. After years of watching buyers turn to popular imports, G.M. finally has some models that people want — like the Pontiac Grand Prix and some new mini-vans. But there is one tiny problem standing between the auto maker and its former glory: it can't build the cars fast enough. So the cruel twist now is that when buyers turn to imports, they might be settling for their second choice. G.M.'s excuse: it wants quality, not speed. But as G.M. goes, so goes the nation. Must be a parallel there. Life is great, and we can't get enough of it? Sounds good.



Peter Yates for The New York Times

SAUDI ARABIA

A Job? What's a Job?

For a while there, it was often a nice soft life in those Arab countries that were drenched in oil money. In Saudi Arabia, say, sitting on a quarter of the world's oil reserves, Saudis got comfortable Government jobs and other handouts, and Indians or Pakistanis were brought in to do the messier work. But all soft things, alas, must come to an end. The oil's still there; the trouble is that the population's soaring, leaving economic growth in the dust. So this generation of Saudis are waking up to a harsh reality — they must learn, as one Saudi official put it, "to lower their noses" and learn how to get jobs. One aspiring member of the work force referred to one possibility — becoming a Mercedes salesman — as a "second-class job." What would he call selling Ford Escorts?



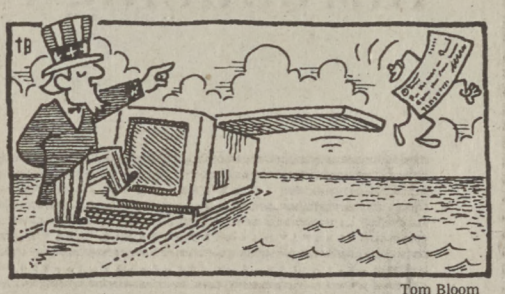
Juan De Onis for The New York Times

THE TREASURY

The Check Is in the Air

There's something deeply satisfying about getting a check from the Government, whether a tax refund or whatever, a sense that after all the income tax you fed to the Washington beast, here's a piece of paper showing that — yes! — it

tough, though, on those who lack bank accounts. A possible solution is being tried in Texas: plastic cards are being issued to Social Security recipients, who can use them in stores and at A.T.M.'s. But there's a $3 monthly fee, plus any A.T.M. fees — totaling a lot more than 42 cents.



Tom Bloom

TOBACCO WARS

'Smokeout' on TV

For the annual Great American Smokeout on Thursday, HBO contributed "Smoke Alarm," a half-hour show, mixing interviews and choking cartoon lungs, aimed at getting teen-agers not to smoke. The show featured a spoof of tobacco executives plotting how to hook "pre-smokers" (read "teen-agers") with cigarettes named for cartoon animals. "Seinfeld" also got into the act, as Kramer invited hordes of street smokers into his apartment, but was then horrified at how, within days, this intense exposure disfigured his face and teeth.

NEW YORK SCHOOLS

The 42% Education

The New York City school system is a big business, with an $8.2 billion annual budget, but it's a business under constant fire for the quality of its education. One question people have been asking for years is how much of that money goes to the system's equivalent of the factory floor: the classroom. And last week Chancellor Rudy Crew gave the answer: 42 percent. If that seems low, though, it is apparently in line with other large urban districts.

CORRECTION

An article on Aug. 25 about trading in unlisted stocks overstated the fraction of foreign issues among the "pink sheets," a forum for those stocks. About 6 percent of the pink sheet stocks, not a majority, are from foreign companies, according to the National Quotation Bureau, which compiles a listing of 13,000 such stocks. The article relied on information collected by the National Association of Securities Dealers from its members; its estimate is based on stocks that actually trade.

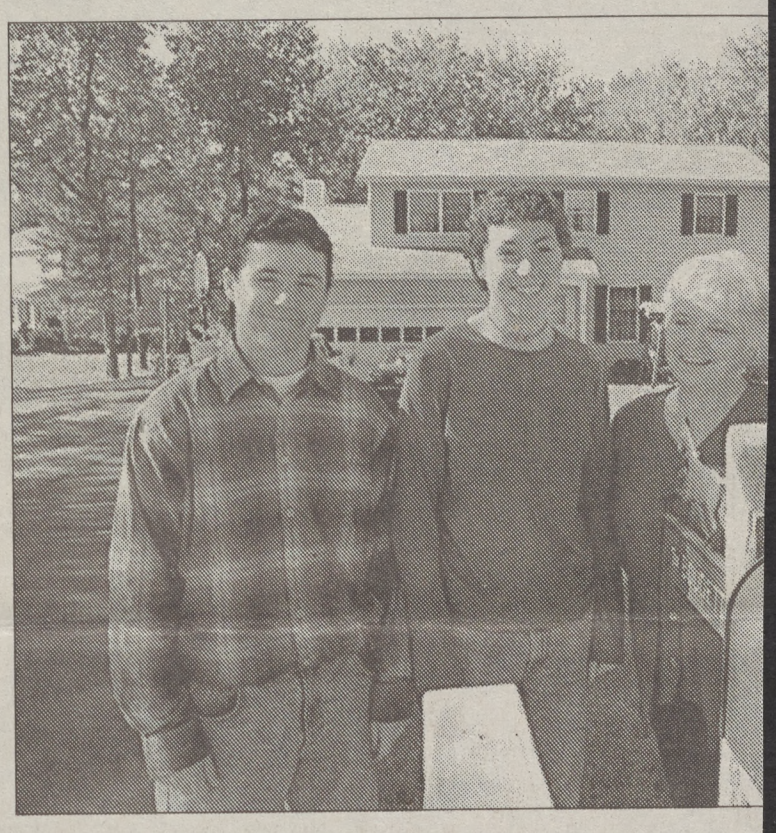
The article also referred incorrectly to the filing of periodic reports by domestic companies on the pink sheets and the OTC Bulletin Board. Under N.A.S.D. rules, about 30 percent of these companies have to file reports with the Securities and Exchange Commission. An undetermined number of others have to file the reports under S.E.C. rules, once they meet certain conditions.

A letter dated Oct. 15 from Harry K. Eisenberg, chairman of Walker's Manual, publisher of a guide to unlisted stocks, pointed out the errors. The letter was delayed in routing at The Times, and this correction was further delayed for checking with regulators.

Juggling Family Finances to Opt

Timely Moves Trim Income and Children's Assets

By MARGARET O. KIRK



Neal and Betsy Boudette with two of their three children, Peter, left, Park, N.Y., north of Albany. The Boudettes took steps to increase

BEFORE any of their three children were in college, Neal and Betsy Boudette of Clifton Park, N.Y., took measures to increase their chances of getting financial aid, steps that included reducing their income and taking money out of their children's names.

The results? Last year, when the Boudettes earned a combined income of $82,000, their two daughters entered their freshman and sophomore years of college with financial-aid packages that totaled around $29,000, most of it in scholarships.

Now that their son has entered his junior year of high school, the Boudettes are further refining their financial strategy. Ms. Boudette is a part-time registered nurse and her husband is a chemical engineer, but they have started a home business selling sports athletic tape. That venture not only fulfills a lifelong dream, but will probably also result in a tax deduction that will lower their income, just when looking financially lean could help translate into more aid for their son.

"Understanding how the financial system works and organizing your college financial aid strategy is very important and legitimate," said Philip C. Johnson, a certified financial planner in Clifton Park. "There is no reward in heaven for paying extra money for college."

With the cost of some private colleges exceeding $25,000 a year and many public universities averaging more than $6,000, financial aid has become an ever more vital piece of many families' college puzzle. Families received about $50 billion in aid during the current school year, almost half of it in Federal loans. About half of the people who applied for the aid actually received it. And in a recent survey of 500 high school seniors by Careers and Colleges, a magazine for high school juniors and seniors, 26 percent said that a college's cost and financial aid offer were the most important factor in their choice of schools.

For families with college-bound students, the strategies for receiving more aid can be like year-end tax planning: Timing is crucial.

Financial aid is based on a family's income, assets and need; to determine the amount, colleges and other sources of aid look at your finances for the year before your child would start school. Typically, that year includes the second half of a child's junior year in high school and the first half of the senior year. That means that any financial-aid maneuvering is best done before your child has even applied to college. A family whose child just entered the junior year of high school this fall has about a month left before its finances fall under the eligibility watch

According to financial planners, here are three of the most widely used strategies:

• *Removing money from a child's name.* When schools look at a family's assets and its needs, children are expected to spend 35 percent of their savin school, according to a co parents' assets are tap Financial advisers tell think they can qualify use their own accounts costs. Because money k will obviously decrea eligibility for aid, advi spend some of that n before they start shoppi ance. Maybe that son computer or wants to t

• *Deferring income.* gives you an annual bo before Jan. 1. The san you plan to sell stocks to help pay for college raise your income sign sell after Dec. 31, the hurts your aid eligibili careful with Savings B 1989. They can be rede fall within certain inco

Heads or Tails, a Star Investor Wi



One highlight of Michael F. Price's collection of ancient coins is a silver tetradrachm, shown at right and below, minted in Greece in 405 B.C. It has a full-face portrait of Apollo on one side and a kinetic chariot race on the other. The presale value assigned by the auction house is $35,000 to $45,000.





By TIMOTHY MIDDLETON

THERE are some people you just don't want to encounter on the opposite side of the table when you are making a deal. They are savvy business people who always seem to know when a market has bottomed out and when it has peaked. If they are buying, you sure hate to be selling.

For many investors, Michael F. Price has been that kind of guy. A renowned value investor who runs the Mutual Series funds, Mr. Price has a knack for finding investments that are undervalued. Likewise, some investors say, when he decides to sell it may be a sign that an investment is fully valued.

So coin collectors, take note. After a couple of decades of collecting, Mr. Price is selling his entire cache of ancient Greek and Roman coins. The collection, in gold and silver, has been assigned a presale value of $1.5 million to $2 million.

The estimate could prove low. "When you have a good collection and sell it together, it always generates more money," said Eric McFadden, director of Seaby Coins in London.

Even so, it will be chump change to Mr. Price, who late last month sold his Mutual Series of five mutual funds to Franklin Resources for more than $600 million and a contingency that could add $200 million to the total over a few years. He bought the fund business, known as Heine Short Hills, N.J., for about $4 m Some observers considered his another sign that the boom in had reached its zenith.

Though Mr. Price, 45, has paintings for a new home, he d coin sale signaled a switch in life to serious art collecting. "I accomplished what I wanted t the coin business.

"I want to find some other th — just like with my business no idea what," added Mr. Pr recently divorced.

The prices of rare coins have moved in the same direction other hard assets, like real es and precious metals. But they more independently in recent with bullion, the market for g coins peaked around 1980 and tion subsided. Since then, vol minished.

"The market's been relative the last dozen years," Mr. Mc

But in that narrow range, been climbing of late. "After went down 10 percent to 15 p Harvey Stack, whose Stack's West 57th Street in Manhatta Price collection at auction "They're now back up, and they're better" than they we

SPENDING IT

Ted (Don't Fence Me In) Turner

Continued From Page 1

with oversized white-wool sofas, carved wooden chairs with bear-claw handles and animal-skin rugs. The stuffed heads of elk and other wild game shot by Mr. Turner and his children adorn the walls. Ms. Fonda's two Oscars and other awards from her acting career are displayed in a cabinet. The bookcases contain titles like "The Last Rain Forest" and "California Style." The coffee table holds arrowheads and other Native American relics from Mr. Turner's ranches, as well as two thick leather-bound books embossed with the words "Home Sweet Homes" that contain Ms. Fonda's photographs of their properties.

It was around the dining room table here that Mr. Turner and Time Warner's chairman, Gerald M. Levin, hammered out their merger agreement in the summer of 1995. And Mr. Levin was just one of a parade of guests, including former President Jimmy Carter, who have come to the Flying D.

Ted Turner's life style today is a far cry from his sailing days, when he was known as hard-drinking and raucous. On a recent morning here — a day when he showed no signs of the opinionated outbursts that have come to punctuate his weeks — Mr. Turner was up at 5:30 A.M. to shoot ducks with the ranch staff. "He's an excellent wing shot," said Russell Miller, the general manager of Mr. Turner's ranches. "He doesn't shoot elk anymore, but he loves to fish." He spends most of his time shooting, fishing, riding and taking care of ranch business, Mr. Miller said.

Out of hunting season, Mr. Turner can make the one-and-a-half-hour drive across the Flying D, past elk, buffalo, deer, moose, coyotes and an occasional mountain lion, without spotting a single human being.

And yet the property is just a patch compared with his latest acquisition of a ranch in New Mexico called Vermejo Park. Stretching across 578,000 acres, it contains 22 lakes, 30 miles of fishing streams and some ramshackle buildings, including an old stagecoach station from the coal-mining days at the turn of the century. Estimates of the purchase price range from $70 million to $90 million.

Mr. Turner's passion for pastoral pursuits began as a diversion from his urban obsession: Turner Broadcasting, which he took over in 1963 after his father's suicide.

Room to Roam

Here are Ted Turner's eight ranches in the American West, the years he bought each, and some salient features. The ranches, which total 1.29 million acres, are numbered in the order he bought them.

NEW MEXICO

3 Ladder Ranch 1992
155,000 acres
2,100 bison
500 elk

5 Armendaris Ranch 1994
350,000 acres
1,900 bison
700 antelope

7 Vermejo Park Ranch 1996
578,000 acres
8,000 to 10,000 elk
22 lakes, 30 miles of fishing streams

MONTANA

1 Bar None Ranch 1987
24,000 acres
Dinosaur fossils

2 Flying D Ranch 1989
107,000 acres
5,700 bison
3,500 to 4,000 elk

4 Snowcrest Ranch 1993
26,000 acres
800 bison

8 Red Rock River Ranch 1996
5,000 acres
Extensive fishing

NEBRASKA

6 Spikebox Ranch 1995
40,000 acres
1,800 bison

Source: Turner Ranches

The New York Times

The 34-year-old son threw all of his energy into transforming what was then a small, regional outdoor advertising company in Atlanta into a cable-programming giant, frequently pushing it to the financial edge. Unlike, for example, Sumner M. Redstone, chairman of Viacom Inc., who used some of the profits from his movie-theater chain to invest in other media companies, Mr. Turner's financial focus was on the expansion of his company's core business. "I never had the time to analyze other investments," he recalled. "We were always too undercapitalized. The company needed all the cash."

True, he has always been attracted to rugged pursuits like sailing and owning professional sports teams, including not just the Braves but also the Atlanta Hawks of the National Basketball Association. Indeed, his drive to become one of the nation's foremost ranchers continues that macho tradition.

He did buy three former rice plantations in the Southeast in the 1970's. But he did not get into Western ranching until 1987. Was it only a coincidence that he had just lost control of Turner Broadcasting System? Under pressure to make payments on his $1.5 billion acquisition of the MGM Entertainment Company, Mr. Turner made the greatest compromise of his career that year, ceding a big interest of his company to a consortium of cable operators.

Or was it, rather than a chance event, a way to recapture the independence he was losing in his business venture? Mr. Turner himself votes for the latter interpretation. "Yeah, it clearly was an offset," he said. Then he burst into song: "Give me land, lots of land under starry skies above. Don't fence me in."

One associate sees a simpler motivation. "When you spend time with Ted at his ranches, you are going to be up from sunup to sundown and you will be hunting to fishing to hiking, the entire day," says F. Taylor Glover, his financial consultant and friend of 20 years. "You come back in and have a 15-minute gourmet dinner and go back out for a wildlife ride that won't end until sunset. He loves owning land, and has rarely sold any. And he's intimately familiar with all wildlife species."

THE Western purchases began as a hobby. "As a kid I did a lot of hunting and fishing and tromped around the land," he recalled as he pulled off his boots after a long ride. "I used to go quail shooting with my Dad." But by his teens, he had taken to sailing, going on to win the America's Cup in 1977. Then, he said: "I gave up sailing when I got to the top of my game in 1981. I crewed, but it wasn't the same." And so he bought land, looking for "a place to stomp around and do some hunting."

By the same token, his venture into bison breeding began as a sideline — on one of his Southern plantations, no less. "I got three" of the animals, he said. "Then they had babies, and then I started dreaming about having 100. Then I said, 'O.K., I'll get 1,000 of them.' And then, I started thinking about 10,000."

Mr. Miller, the ranch manager, said Mr. Turner sold about 900 bulls last year for meat at prices of $750 to $1,500 and a handful of bulls to breeders for about $2,500 each.

While that business still isn't profitable, that is because Mr. Turner is aggressively building it up. He is increasing his inventory of heifers, which could command prices of up to $2,000, because he wants to create new herds on his other ranches. The Bozeman property, where half of the animals now roam, cannot sustain a higher number.

After his initial misgivings about the venture, Mr. Glover now says Mr. Turner might be onto a good thing. "I didn't agree with Ted at first about the bison," he said. "I told him the prices were going up because he was buying. But he has stopped buying bison, and their prices are still going up." The North American Bison cooperative says sales of the meat have quadrupled since 1994.

Mr. Turner, who likes to say he got into cable when "cable wasn't cool," similarly boasts about his early entry into the bison business. "It was like CNN," his company's news network, he said. "It was an adventure."

Why bison? "They are lower in cholesterol," Mr. Turner said. Also, "they are healthier and can survive the difficult seasons without as much hay or care." Maybe, though, it was more than the animals' nutritional value or low maintenance that captured Mr. Turner's attention. After selling off the cattle that came with the Flying D, he tore down the miles of fence that had broken up the ranch into pastures and let the buffalo roam free as they had for centuries.

WHO will inherit all this? Mr. Glover said that the vast holdings would go into a trust for Mr. Turner's three sons and two daughters and then be transferred to the Ted Turner Foundation upon the children's deaths.

Mr. Turner has been giving away some of his money lately, including $150 million to his foundation. He has also pledged $25 million to each of three schools, including his sons' alma mater, the Citadel, the South Carolina military college that ended its 153-year all-male admissions policy this year after the Supreme Court ruled it unconstitutional.

And what did his independently minded wife think of his support for a bastion of male exclusiveness? "Jane and I talked about it," he said. "Jane went to Emma Willard," an all-girls high school in Troy, N.Y. "When we were first going out, we had these discussions about women being equal. I told her I didn't think they were equal, I thought they were different. Finally we settled on their being 'roughly equivalent.' "

"Look, I gave the money," he added. "It is in the school's hands. I gave it with no strings attached. They used some of it to settle a legal battle to keep women out of the Citadel."

Mr. Turner had previously sold Turner Broadcasting stock to make his Western land purchases. But he has no immediate plans to sell Time Warner stock to finance future land deals, he said, because he doesn't want to reduce his position as the company's largest shareholder. Indeed, his reluctance to part with any of his 64.2 million Time Warner shares recently prompted him to shelve a plan to put an additional $350 million into his foundation.

The problem is that Time Warner's dividend yield is currently less than 1 percent, while American tax law requires foundations to give away 5 percent of the value of their assets each year — meaning Mr. Turner's foundation would have to sell some of its Time Warner holdings to make up the difference.

"You never know," he said. "Edgar Bronfman of Seagram made a run at the company a couple of years ago. No one person controls it. You never know what can happen.

"It's not like there are a bunch of classes of stock. One vote can swing it. It's like an election. You don't know what the future holds." Anyone at Time Warner who expected Mr. Turner to ride off into the sunset, live off his $23 million in annual dividends and take up buffalo breeding as a full-time career is bound to be disappointed, it appears.

Does this mean Mr. Turner's frantic land-acquisition drive is over? For a man who once declared, "If I want to save the West, I'll have to buy it," that seems unlikely.

But how much more of the West can he buy without unloading chunks of Time Warner stock? "Well," he says, "you can do that slower." □

FUN FACTS

Numbers, News Nuggets and Northwest Scenes

BEST BET

When historians gather to debate the important achievements of Mayor Bud's administration (and no jokes on just how long that meeting will last, please), those with a popular culture bent will point to **The Mayor's Ball.** Conceived as a way to pay off Clark's campaign debts in 1984, the ball unites 68 of Portland's top bands and attempts to rock the roof off Memorial Coliseum. The event has given a big boost to the local music scene besides raising more than $235,000 for charity. This year the money goes to the Environmental Federation of Oregon and several social agencies. The ball starts at 5 p.m. Saturday, April 21, at Memorial Coliseum and runs through midnight. Tickets are $12.50 and available at G.I. Joe's/Ticketmaster outlets and the coliseum box office.

KEEP IN MIND

Gary Indiana, First Congregational Church, 1126 S.W. Park Ave., Portland, 7:30 p.m., Tuesday, April 17 — The acerbic ex-art critic of The Village Voice takes on all comers in what promises to be an incandescent talk on contemporary art, the debasement of the critic and the oddities of modern culture. Tickets are $5-$10 and available at all Ticketmaster outlets and The Catbird Seat Book Store. For information call (503) 241-0543.

Northwest Coast Native American Art, Quintana Galleries, 139 N.W. 2nd Ave., Portland, Friday, April 20, through Thursday, May 31 — Quintana's fifth annual show of contemporary Northwest Coast art includes some of the biggest names in the field — David Boxley, Larry Ahvakana, James Bender, Barry Herem and Tsungani. For information call (503) 223-1729.

Miles Davis, Starry Night, Portland, 8 p.m., Monday, April 16 — The irascible Miles still burns with jazz genius, and you might hear some of it on Monday. Tickets are a hefty $27.50 at G.I. Joe's/Ticketmaster outlets.

DATABASE

Fun Food

What does a hungry kid want to eat? A recent Gallup Poll asked a statistically significant number of the little vegetable haters. Here are the kids' top picks:

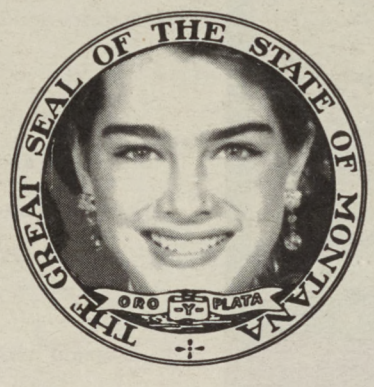
1. pizza
2. chicken nuggets
3. hot dogs
4. cheese burgers
5. macaroni and cheese
6. hamburgers
7. spaghetti and meatballs
8. fried chicken
9. tacos
10. grilled cheese sandwich

Conspicuous by its absence: peanut butter and jelly
Not conspicuous by its absence: liver and onions

Star Watch

As Oregonians patiently await the California invasion, Montanans worry about the "Aspenization" of their state. Of course, Montana is a big state to turn into Aspen. Nonetheless, the numbers of rich and famous doing the ranch thing in the more picturesque parts of the state is alarming. Here is a partial list of celebrity landowners who have bought into the state:

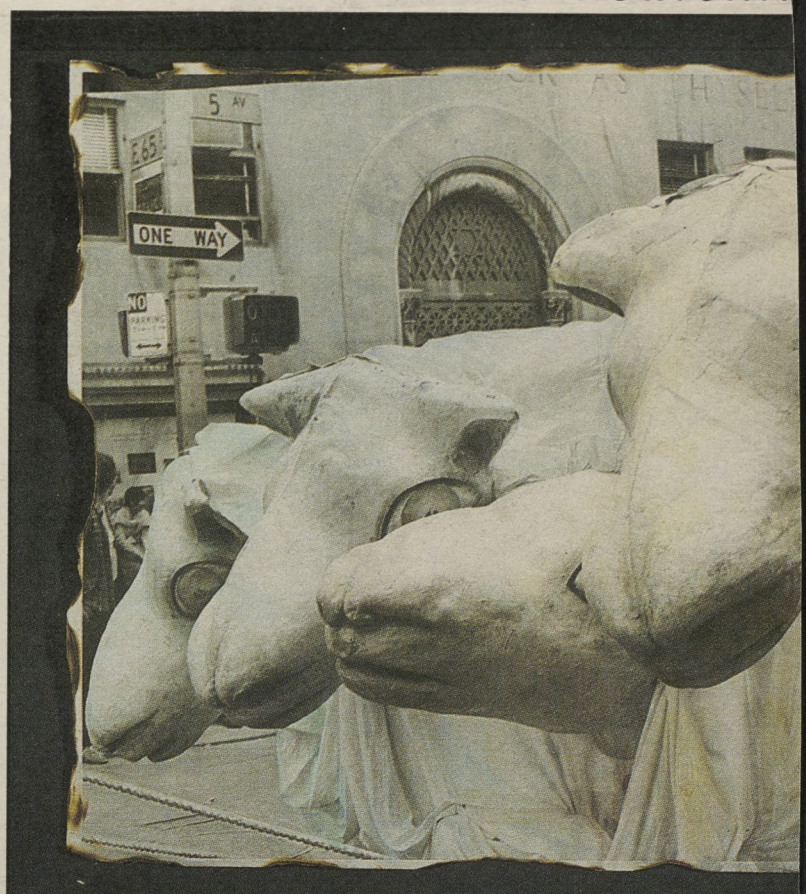
1. Tom Brokaw, the voice of NBC news



2. Ted Turner, Turner Broadcasting's Big Kahuna
3. Charles Schwab, deep into stocks
4. Mel Gibson, Aussie dream boat
5. Michael Keaton, comic actor with the quizzical look
6. Tom McGuane, serious novelist
7. Dennis Quaid, high-combustion actor
8. Robert D. Haas, jean king of Levi Strauss
9. Huey Lewis, Bay Area pop star
10. Brooke Shields, pouty Princeton grad and film semi-star

Source: The New York Times

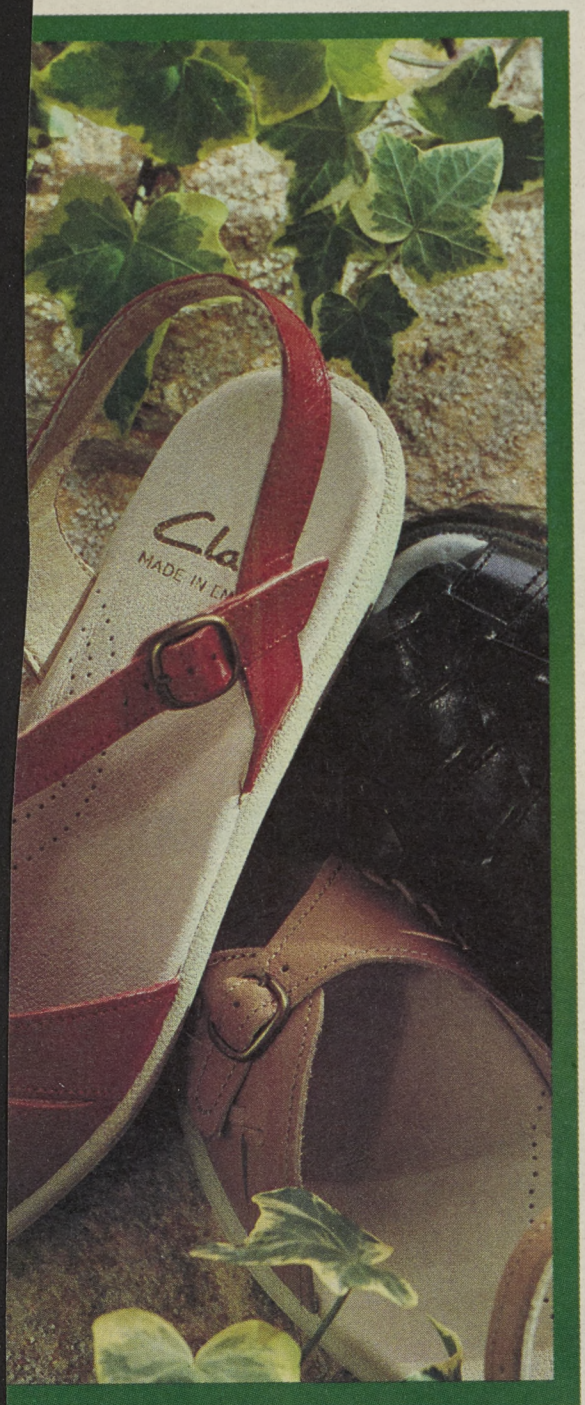
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This untitled photograph was taken by Portlander Mar

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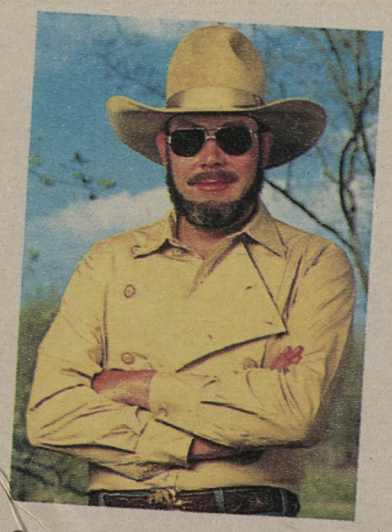


WILLIAM SALLAZ

Wild horse roundup in Dillon, Mont.

The last best place

Open spaces, friendly faces and cool, clean trout streams are why Tom Brokaw, Meg Ryan and Hank Williams Jr. all hang their cowboy hats in the Big Sky Country.



Country star Hank Williams Jr.

The Great Big Empty is filling up. Montana, the state with more elk, deer, antelope, bears and sweeping mountain vistas than people, has become second home on the range to a growing herd of movie stars, CEOs, authors, musicians and TV personalities.

Train your binoculars on the mountainous western third of the Big Sky Country, pick a valley and ogle:

Tom Brokaw, Brooke Shields, Dennis Quaid and Meg Ryan own land in the Boulder River Valley, already home at least part of the year to Mel Gibson, Michael Keaton, author Tom McGuane and Oakland A's owner Robert Haas. Jeff Bridges and Peter Fonda live in Paradise Valley. Ted Turner owns two ranches, totaling 127,000 acres, southwest of Bozeman, and Charles Kuralt is co-owner of a cabin on the Big Hole River. Singers Hank Williams Jr. and Huey Lewis, actor Christopher Lloyd and investment banker Charles Schwab are neighbors in the Bitterroot Valley. Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Jim Nabors and designer Liz Claiborne have places by Whitefish and Flathead Lake.

Why the Big Rush to the Big Open?

"It's the last best place," says Mike Art, owner of Chico Hot Springs Lodge, a celebrity hangout in Paradise Valley. "It's the last place that's undeveloped, verdant, mountainous, not overcrowded, and doesn't have that glitzy feel of Aspen or Jackson Hole."

Art, who says his restaurant-hotel is "like Bob Newhart's, only funnier," grew up in New York City. "Out here, you're a good guy till you prove you're a bad guy," he says. "In the East and in California, it's just the opposite."

Writer Tim Cahill, who's lived since 1978 in Livingston (pop. 6,000), is typical of the transplants. "I fell in love with the scenery and I fell in love with the people," he says. "Well, not exactly the people, but the attitude: 'Live and let live. I don't care what you do, just stay out of my face.' "

How charming. But that is precisely what draws so many glitterati to this land of pickup trucks and honky-tonk cowboy bars.

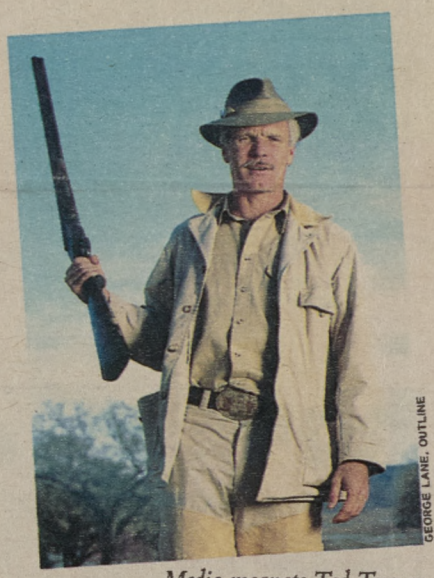
"People in Montana aren't the kind that go chasin' down the street for an autograph," says former Easterner Joel Bernstein, a rancher-writer. (Only in Montana are such hybrids common.)

Where deer and celebrities play

If one *were* inclined to hunt autographs, there's no shortage of famous prey. Chico Hot Springs has hosted the stars ever since 1974, when the movie *Rancho Deluxe,* starring Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston and Elizabeth Ashley, was shot in Montana. Bridges, whose wife, Sue, was a hostess at Chico when they met, still drops by for dinner. On any given night, you might spot Tom McGuane, Peter Fonda, Meg Ryan or Dennis Quaid swimming at the lodge's Olympic-size pool, fed by a natural hot spring.

These days it's not unusual to catch Ted Turner dining at the Gallatin Gateway Inn, or Brooke Shields walking around Big Timber in her Calvins or Michael Keaton — an avid fly fisherman — casting a line. The Livingston Bar and Grill has been transformed from an old Western bar into a local hip hangout for Jeff Bridges, Michael Keaton and Dennis and Randy Quaid. In the town of Stevensville (pop. 1,200), you might find Hank Williams Jr. eating at his favorite Italian restaurant, or Huey Lewis at the Lonesome Dove Riding, Drinking and Flying Saloon.

Lonesome's owner, former San Francisco 49ers tight end Russ Francis, counts rock star Lewis among his close friends. "Huey and I were standing around talking one day at the restaurant.



GEORGE LANE, OUTLINE

Media magnate Ted Turner

He was saying, 'Isn't this neat? Everybody treats you like a real person.' "

Mere mortals on vacation are finding Montana irresistible as well. Tourism is up: The number of visitors to main attractions jumped 24 percent between 1985 and 1989. About 4.7 million people traveled to this state of 806,000 residents in 1988, and there was still plenty of elbow room. Montana — the fourth-largest state — has Yellowstone and Glacier national parks, 11 of the USA's 100 best trout streams, two "undiscovered" Alpine ski areas (Big Sky and Bridger Bowl), the site of Custer's Last Stand and the Lewis and Clark Trail.

And life under what novelist A.B. Guthrie called the "Big Sky" has a curious effect: You can feel like a charter member of the town of Mayberry.

By Julia Lawlor

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY AIUPPY

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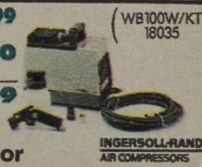
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Elbow room and individualists

"Montana is like one big town with long streets — about 800 miles long," says Darla Joyner of the Bozeman Area Chamber of Commerce. An average square mile of land in Montana holds 3.3 deer, 1.2 elk or antelope (depending on where you happen to be), 896 keeper-size fish and five people.

"It's the sort of place where you can let your kids put the fishing rods on their bikes and head off to the neighbors' and you don't have to think about it," says Bozeman resident Michael Scott, Northern Rockies regional director of The Wilderness Society. Car doors aren't locked, and mortgages don't cost a mint: A typical 2,500 square foot house on five acres goes for $100,000.

Montana also has a built-in mechanism to scare away the Aspen crowd: the weather. A Montanan's favorite expression: "We have nine months of winter, three months of relatives."

The deep freezes help build character. Says Montana-born author Ivan Doig, who now lives in Seattle: "They have to be capable, imaginative, stubborn and a little ornery to survive there."

Writers have flocked to Montana for years, tempted by the promise of solitude. "My friends who make as much money as I do in New York City live in one-bedroom apartments and look out to a firewell," Cahill says. "I live in a four-bedroom house and look out at the Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness. If you can live anywhere you want to, it's always been my idea to live in a place that moves me spiritually."

Even winter has its rewards for Cahill. He likes to take a dip in the hot springs at Yellowstone, where he can "sit outside with the snow falling on my face and be perfectly comfortable watching the elk graze nearby."

He also likes the eclectic mix of people. "I'm looking at a picture on the front page of the local paper of our Episcopal priest surrounded by a motorcycle club, leather-clad greaseballs called the Livingston Bro's. They donate toys for needy children every Christmas. That's what I like about this town: It's small enough to get the local priest posing with an altruistic motorcycle club."

Pablo Elvira, a leading baritone for the New York Metropolitan Opera, has a house on 100 acres near Bozeman.

"I am a rarity there — a Puerto Rican living in the mountains," says Elvira, who founded a local opera company. "My wife is from Bozeman. I went to meet her parents and fell in love with the place. I said, 'I want to live up there in the mountains like an eagle.' "

Will the good life last?

But there is trouble in paradise. A survivalist sect near Livingston called the Church Universal and Triumphant has alarmed residents with its doomsday predictions, stockpiling of heavy arms and construction of underground bomb shelters. In April, they were ordered to stop work on a bomb shelter complex after underground tanks leaked fuel.


TIM RICE

Members of the Shoshone tribe

Another problem: Montana is losing population and is in danger of losing one of its two seats in the U.S. House. When agriculture and mining went bust in the '80s, many people in eastern Montana left to find jobs elsewhere.

The current rush to buy a piece of Big Sky Country could be a turning point, but not everyone likes what's lurking around the corner.

"There are many people who welcome the investment in Montana," says Brian Kahn of the Nature Conservancy, a non-profit group that protects wildlife habitat. "They feel it will spur economic growth, increase land values and maybe help the tax base. Others feel that outsiders are taking over the state. They feel a way of life can change."

Already, hunters are grumbling about owners of private land cutting off access to the animals they hunt for both sport and food for their families. "Most of the best fishing and hunting is completely locked up," says Russell Chatham, a Livingston writer and painter of Western landscapes.

Conservationists have praised Ted Turner's decision to turn his 127,000 acres into a wildlife preserve. But locals were incensed when he placed a strongly worded ad in a local paper warning hunters off his land. He later apologized.

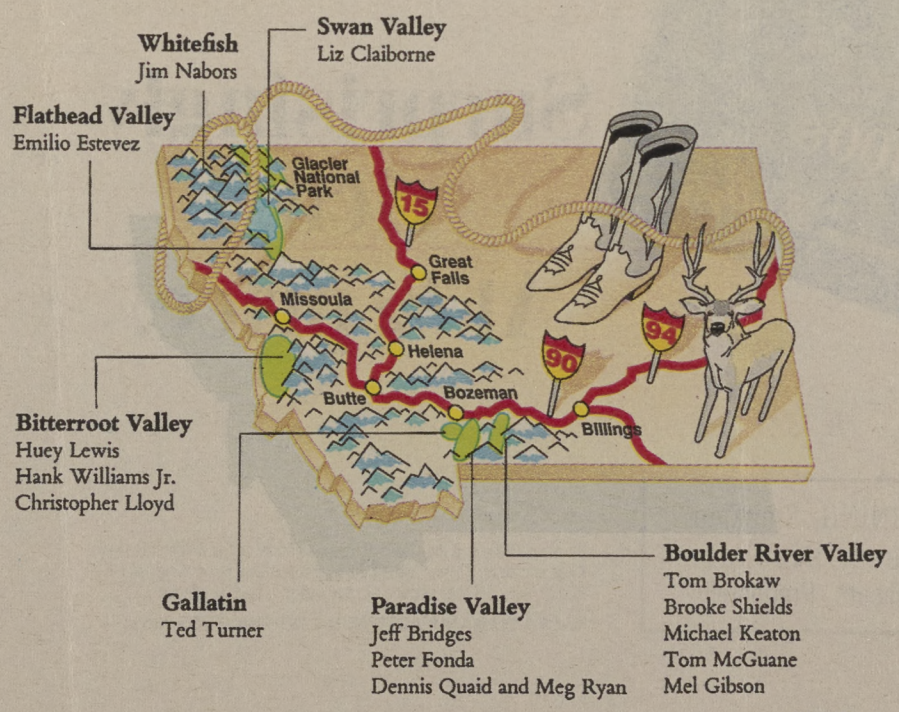
Writer Joel Bernstein fears there are three or four areas here that could become clones of such Western hotspots as Aspen, Sun Valley, Crested Butte, Vail and Jackson Hole. Those places, he says, have "two kinds of people: the rich and those who work for the rich."

Environmentally, though, the newcomers seem to be on the right track. Most of those who've bought up parcels of land have no intention of developing, says real-estate broker Doug Hart. "There are a lot of closet conservationists — Republican right-wingers who wouldn't say they were conservationists, but want to buy a place and protect it."

Others argue that the current wave of Montana Madness won't amount to much. Montana, they say, has always been a haven for the wealthy who want to escape the public eye. The Pillsburys, Hemingways and Ringlings (of circus fame) all owned ranches here. Fly-fishing stores still outnumber chic boutiques. And the great big spaces are a great big equalizer.

"That's why these people want to be out here," Hart says. "They're lost in the crowd like anybody else."

Contributing: Gayle Jo Carter and Laurie Werner



SAM WARD

This summer in Montana

Part frontier, part myth, Montana is a natural vacationland. Home to two national parks and 10 national forests, it is defined by nature's glories, whims and forces. But its civilized amenities, from 19th-century grand hotels to rustic guest ranches, are as friendly and hospitable as its nature is wild. Here are a summer's worth of activities:

National treasures

Either of Montana's national parks is a good place to begin a vacation. **Glacier-Waterton International Peace Park** (straddling the U.S.-Canada border) is picture-perfect mountain country, with 10,000-foot peaks pocketed with glaciers, snowfields and gemlike lakes. Shaggy mountain goats, grizzly and black bears, moose, bighorn sheep and eagles are among the park's denizens. Going-to-the-Sun Road, an extraordinary feat of engineering, takes visitors through a panorama of forest, lakes and peaks.

Glacier's grand old railroad hotels are as hospitable as ever (you still can arrive here by train, because Amtrak stops in the gateway town of East Glacier Park). Two small, rustic mountain chalets accessible only by foot or by horse offer entry into this extraordinary landscape in a 19th-century way.

About 350 miles to the south, **Yellowstone National Park** straddles the Montana-Wyoming line. Yellowstone was the world's first national park — the model for the rest. In its unique landscape, steam rises from vents in the earth, geysers erupt, mudpots boil and hot springs carve out ledges, pools and whimsical mineral monuments. The refurbished hotels offer a variety of lodging, with more found in the gateway towns of West Yellowstone and Gardiner. About 50 miles north, halfway between Gardiner and Livingston, is Chico Hot Springs Lodge, one of the state's best restaurants; (406) 333-4933.

Spectacular scenery

Montana is a treasure trove of outdoor activities. Visitors will find blue-ribbon trout streams, rivers to raft, hiking and riding trails, and empty miles of magnificent country in which to hunt, hike and explore.

Heading south from Glacier, drive along the **Rocky Mountain**

Continued on Page 6

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Continued from Page 5

Frost, that amazing edge between the mountains and the prairies that spread east. A more westerly route takes you to **Flathead Lake,** the West's largest natural freshwater lake. Nearby Bigfork is an artist's colony, with galleries, shops, restaurants (the Bigfork Inn is renowned; (406) 837-6680) and one of the state's most important summer theaters.

Indian traditions

Powwows, held each summer in eastern Montana by the state's Indian tribes, do more than celebrate the history of the region. These traditional gatherings provide continuity of tribal traditions and give Indian families a chance to gather in all the richness of their ancestry. Powwows are open to the public. The display of dancing, elaborate costumes, traditional games, horse races and ceremonies can be tremendously moving.

Among the tribes that participate are the Crow, Salish, Kootenai, Cheyenne, Blackfoot, Chippewa, Cree and Sioux.

Cowboy culture

Compared with Indians, cowboys are newcomers to Montana, but they are integral to life in the state. Rodeos celebrate the skills of these larger-than-life characters. Rodeo was born of actual work: The skills are necessities on the ranch.

The College National Finals Rodeo, June 11-16 in Bozeman, has no equivalent in college sports; it's as if the USA's top collegiate basketball players gathered for one final, all-out, best-of-the-best tournament. Men's and women's national titles are on the line in bull riding, bareback-bronc and saddle-bronc riding, team roping, steer wrestling, calf roping, barrel racing and goat tying.

On the professional circuit: You'll find rodeos July 14 in Livingston, Ennis and Roundup. Wolf Point hosts its 67th annual **Wild Horse Stampede** July 13-15 — Montana's oldest pro-cowboy-sanctioned rodeo.

Arts, history, festivals

Missoula's **Summerfest** is in full swing June 1-Aug. 31, with a panoply of theatrical, dance and music performances, ethnic food, a children's film festival, parades and races. Bozeman's 12th annual **Sweet Pea Festival** is Aug. 3-5. One of the most important arts festivals in the state, it features crafts for sale, performances and theatrical presentations by Montana's own

Shakespeare in the Park troupe.

In Red Lodge, a charming town in the heart of the amazing Beartooth Range, not far from Yellowstone National Park, the 40th annual **Festival of Nations** takes place Aug. 4-12. The event celebrates the customs, music, food and arts and crafts of all the nations whose emigrants formed the Montana of today.

Lovers of fine art should not miss the **Western Rendezvous of Art,** Aug. 16-Sept. 30 at the Holter Museum of Art in Helena, Montana's capital. Featured are contemporary paintings and sculptures, as well as more traditional Western art, produced by more than 40 U.S. and Canadian artists. Helena's **Montana Historical Society,** which houses a comprehensive collection of Charlie Russell's work (Western sculpture and Indian painting), is well worth a visit. For Dixieland fans, the **Montana Traditional Jazz Festival** takes place June 21-24 in Helena. Concerts, jam sessions and special shows are highlights.

For fans of Russell, a pilgrimage to Great Falls is *de rigueur.* **The Charles M. Russell Museum,** built in that beloved cowboy-artist's adopted hometown, possesses the most complete collection of his work and memorabilia.

Bozeman's handsome new **Museum of the Rockies** is a sort of dinosaur headquarters of the world. Under the auspices of renowned dinosaur expert Jack Horner, the museum is dedicated to Montana's dinosaurs (80 million years ago, Montana was prime dinosaur country). A major event occurs this summer, when the only complete skeleton ever found of a Tyrannosaurus rex will be brought to the museum from its bed near the Fort Peck Reservoir. The work of its preparers will itself be on display to museum visitors.

In traveling from one park to the other, or from one of these events to the next, a visitor will cover a good deal of Montana. In a land so vast, it makes sense to savor the journey — to live, as they say here, on Indian time. Indian time flows naturally, allowing things to happen as they will, rather than forcing them into specific slots.

In a place like Montana, where you feel yourself in the presence of eternity, it seems a way to live that is in accord with nature.

By Ruth Rudner

For travel information on Montana, contact: Travel Montana, c/o Tony Rebich, Room 058, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722; (406) 444-2654 or 1-800-541-1447.

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Summer Travel
FOOD

Taste of the open road

It's too easy to become the Accidental Tourist — the Anne Tyler character who would eat only in familiar chain restaurants when he traveled.

"I'm guilty, too. I've been known to eat Whoppers coast to coast," admits Michael Stern who, with wife Jane, has written six books, including their newest, *A Taste of America* (Andrews and McMeel, $9.95). The pair crisscross the USA to write a syndicated column of their eating exploits.

Food writer Michael Stern, drawing on 17 years of tasty 'road work,' picks five dining spots worth a detour

They've learned that "the best way to get a taste of local color is to go into local restaurants," Stern says. "You meet locals you don't meet at tourist attractions. The way they speak, even the way the food is served — it's the best way to savor America."

To get you started, here are five of Stern's favorites, conveniently located near some summer tourist spots:

Boston Harbor

Visit Paul Revere's house, Faneuil Marketplace, the well-regarded Boston Children's Museum (right next door to the Boston Tea Party ship). But be sure to leave time for some Yankee cooking at the now-legendary Durgin Park.

Yes, the no-frills dining hall has become a tourist destination in its own right. But fame hasn't gone to its head, Stern says. "It's true Pilgrim food served by the crabbiest waitresses in the East. But that's all part of the experience."

Stern recommends the Boston baked beans, the Yankee pot roast and the "magical" Indian pudding — a not-too-sweet molasses-and-cornmeal mush. "It's dowdy cooking, wonderfully dowdy."

Lunchtime prices start at $2.95 (lamb hocks) and rise to $30 (a 2½-pound lobster); dinners start at $6.95. *340 N. Market St.; (617) 227-2038.*

Pennsylvania's Amish Country

The quilts, the crafts, the carriages. And the *food*. You can't leave Lancaster Coun-

ESQUIRE, March 1970

The Great Western Bus Ride

by Jack Kerouac

On the road again with the first easy rider

Exhausting or not, there's no better way to see the West than to take a good old bus and go batting along on regular roads and come to all kinds of towns and cities where you can get out and walk sometimes a whole hour and see the world and come back to your bus and drive on. When I bought my ticket from San Francisco clear to New York City via the Pacific Northwest the clerk thought I was crazy. I started back all the way across the continent with my ten sandwiches and a couple of dollars.

I slept through Sacramento Valley in the back of the bus and woke up at seven a.m. in Redding with its white bunch-grass hills at the end of empty streets. Then up through Shasta Lake by Buckhorn and Hatchet Mountains, all great Northwest timber and snow country that I enjoyed. Then ghostly Mount Shasta in the distance; mountain lakes everywhere, high blue sky of mountain airs. A place called La Moine, railroad shacks in valley flats. Across spectacular mountains and timbered ridges to Dunsmuir, a little railroad and lumber town, narrow ridge-town haunted above by cloud-flirted Shasta of the walking snows. Terrible mount!—with its ghost wraiths disporting in high blue day not even waiting for the night.

The town of Weed. Well what'd he do up in Weed? Nothing. Snow, cold, mountain pines, men on the porch of a big inn facing empty spaces and the coal shuttles; grim desolate Weed, big lonely Black Butte right outside. After Weed great clouds far off over the Cascade Ranges and Siskiyous of Oregon, the clouds of the Oregon Trail. At Dorris, California, intimations of ice caves far to the east down spatial snowy corridors. Everything more joyous till at Klamath Falls in the flats of the Klamath River I realized I was in an old-fashioned snowy, joyous American town and took a walk in the winy air. Little kids leaned on the bridge rail. Mills, red-brick alleys, businessmen on affairs in the sunny morning, bell-ringing, crisp, homelike town that made me homesick for my New York State. Up by great Klamath Lake rolling on the ridge of timber hills leading to east Oregon craters, wastes, rangelands and that mysteriously unknown junction of Oregon, Idaho and Nevada. The land of the Shasta Indians passed—the land of the Modocs now, Indians of the Lake, I saw some at Modoc Point and Agency Lake standing glumly by stores. We went up long, leisurely Sun Pass; saw a lake in a volcanic crater; and a pinpoint summit God wouldn't have dared sit on; everywhere great snowy rocks in the Northwest air, timber. Way back I saw the last of Mount Shasta that haunts poor Dunsmuir and poor Weed, a ghostly, shrouded, sneering mount. We climbed great Pengra Pass with its four feet of snow and big glorious redwoods clothed in snow—drooping, nodding, serried, gaunt, trimmed, orchestral in white, growing like ramrods on crooked cliffsides. Down to the Willamette Valley, a thin strip of poor farms haunted by distant volcanic craters in the dusk. This part of Oregon is a wilderness where people have to live in valleys like the upper Willamette and still be haunted as they milk sweet cows by those distant Encantadas of the blasted West . . . and then the snows melt in Pengra and the upper Willamette floods the cities of Eugene, Albany, Junction City, Oregon City, Salem, showing them who's so little in its beginning and showing up the sterile impotent volcanoes paralyzed in rage out there. Ah!—and then there's the Columbia River for floods, joined by the Willamette and the big Snake for the flooding of other cities.

Portland rose on the road; rain and snow as we crossed great dark Columbia over the bridge. Here too the river that once was the adventurous and commercial pulse of Portland was barred from the "public" by tug works, Naval bases, wire fences, just like the Mississippi in Algiers, Louisiana and I should have known before I took my walk. Chop suey joints of Portland on a Saturday night. I chose one on Broadway and sat among girl-and-boy dates, scribbling letters.

Now I was about to get to the source of the rainy night we cross on tidal highways, the snow North, the West that makes Mississippis: Montana! I looked forward to it mystified. Two hobo panhandlers in the back of the bus on the way out of Portland at midnight said they were bound for a place called The Dalles to beat a dollar, drunk. "Goddamit don't get us thrown off at Hood River!" complained the buddy.

"Aw hell I'm gonna beat the bus drahver for a couple!" We rolled in the big darkness of the Columbia River Valley in a blizzard. I could see big trees, bluffs, terrifying darknesses and the lights of Vancouver and Cape Horn across the shrouded waters. I had a chat with the wild bum. "My originator is Kansas City, Jackson County," he said, and "my place of origination is Texas"—or Bakersfield, or Modesto, or Delano, he couldn't make up his mind which lie was most suitable. He said he would be an old-time outlaw if J. Edgar Hoover hadn't made it against the law to steal. He said he was going to The Dalles to steal (a small farming and lumber town, he said) . . . on ahead out there in the frightful night valley of the Columbia. I slept till two a.m. and woke up at Multnomah Falls and got out and stretched my legs. I couldn't altogether see in the eerie light, but a hooded white phantom was dropping water from his huge icy forehead. Hundreds of feet high from the rock bluff worn shelfwise by the patient frightful Columbia, from snow brows, the phantasmal waters from a mouth-like hole dropped and evaporated midways to mist. We were now on the floor of the valley looking up at ancient shores of rock and I could not see what was in the darkness up and beyond that hood of ice, those Falls—what hairy horrors? what craggy night? No stars.

The bus driver plunged along mad ridges all night. I slept through Hood River, The Dalles, woke up briefly in the morning to see Wallula in a mesa-like vast country of sagebrush and plains where the Columbia swung around to meet the Snake and the Yakima. The brown plains of Pasco, and on the horizon the misty long hills called Horse Heaven. I had nothing to do but read the land; I was alone. Northeast we went through Connell, Sprague, Cheney, through wheat and cattle lands like east Wyoming, in a gale of blizzards to Spokane, a snowy big town on a Sunday afternoon where I plodded a mile to recover my black leather jacket at the bus garage; I'd forgotten it. Then it was Idaho, great piny snows of Fourth of July Pass; and Cataldo with its cluster of houses homesteading in the wild mountain hole; nevertheless jovial faces, children playing, dogs barking, chimneys smoking just like in Maine. In Mullan in the heart of immediate sheer slopes I thought of Jim Bridger and how, when waking in the morning in the valley hole where Mullan now stands, he looked ahead where the riverbed indisputably led him across the vast crag lands he himself owned.

Jim Bridger didn't scramble up slopes as many of us do in civilization, he followed his eternity of water beds and was satisfied. Jim Bridger . . . grinding his coffee and slicing his bacon and frying his deer meat in the winter's shadow of the unknown Bitterroot Mountains. What must he have thought back there in the early nineteenth century, old squawman, solitary Jim Bridger? These were my Montana-entry thoughts; it got dark as we went up Lookout Pass in the Bitterroots. High in the snowy grey we looked a mile below to the gulch where a single shack light burned. Two boys in a car almost went off the ridge avoiding our bus, plumping instead into the plowed snowbanks. When the driver went out to shovel them clear, in the silence I opened my window to listen to the secret of the Bitterroots . . . a nameless hush. Down the pass we went to Deborgia, Montana, Frenchtown and Missoula. I began to see what Montana was like, at a wilderness way station there were ranchers, loggers and miners in the small bar in back playing cards and slot machines, outside it was the Montana night of bear and moose and wolf, pines, snow, secret rivers, the icy Bitterroots. One small light in the way station, in immensest dark, star-packed. I wondered what native young men thought of their Montana, what they'd thought in 1870, what the old men felt in it, and all the lovely women hidden. I slept en route to great Butte . . . over the Divide, near Anaconda and Pipestone Pass . . . Butte of the rough geographies.

Arriving, I stored my bag in a locker while some young Indian cat asked me to go drinking with him; he looked too crazy. I walked the sloping streets in super below-zero weather with my handkerchief tied tight around my leather collar and saw that everybody in Butte was drunk. It was Sunday night, I had hoped the saloons would stay open long enough for me to see them. They never even closed. In a great old-time saloon I had a giant beer. On the wall was a big electric signboard flashing gambling numbers. The bartender gave me the honor of selecting a number for him on the chance of beginner's luck. No soap. "Arrived here twenty-two years ago and stayed. Montanans drink too much, fight too much, love too much." What characters in there: old prospectors, gamblers, whores, miners, Indians, cowboys, tobacco-chewing businessmen! Groups of sullen Indians drank red rotgut in the john. Hundreds of men played cards in an atmosphere of smoke and spittoons. It was the end of my quest for an ideal bar. An old blackjack dealer tore my heart out, he reminded me so much of W. C. Fields and my father, fat, with a bulbous nose, great rugged pockmarked angelic face, wiping himself with a back-pocket handkerchief, green eyeshade, wheezing with big asthmatic laborious sadness in the Butte winter night games till he finally packed off for home and a short to sleep another day. I also saw a ninety-year-old man called Old John who coolly played cards till dawn with slitted eyes, and had been doing so since 1880 in Montana . . . since the days of the winter cattle drive to Texas, and the days of Sitting Bull. There was another old man with an aged, loving, shaggy sheepdog who ankled off in the cold mountain night after satisfying his soul at cards. There were Greeks and Chinamen. The bus didn't leave Butte till dawn. I promised myself I'd come back. The bus roared down the slope and looking back I saw Butte on her fabled Gold Hill still lit like jewelry and sparkling on the mountainside in the blue northern dawn.

Across wild rocks and sagebrush to Three Forks, the source of everything, where the Madison and the Gallatin and the Jefferson Rivers in strange confluence act to form the cradle and beginnings of the Father of Waters, the unknown suckling place of the Mississippi River, the gargantuan secret of America that now in midwinter lay flooded and frozen in cakey inundations over vast acres of ranchland, covered with snow—hint of lush floods to come in the Natchez cobblestones a thousand miles away, hint of loamy plantations doomed to crumble far around the trail of the north-winged Missouri and old south-plunging Mississippi. This was where it all started, and it started in ice. Somewhere along the line a few miles down from old Three Forks elemental lightning cracks a tree one night and that log meanders restlessly, floating downstream; to Helena, Cascade, Wolf Point, Mandan of the winter snows, Council Bluffs; till above St. Louis where the male Missouri pushes huge muddy floods into the feminine Miss, this Odyssiac log from lonely Montana is carried by wide night-shores to Cairo; there to be joined by twigs from New York State via the Ohio and the Allegheny, and on down, a riven wandering log all water-heavy and sunken and turning over, coming in a wraith of mist and fog-shrouds to bump that ferry that plows the brown water from Algiers to New Orleans; all the way thousands of miles from snowdrift to weeping willow till one with the movement of the night and the secret of sleep it floats around the keys where the oceangoing ship like an eternal ferry passes again its strange destiny, and goes out to the Gulf, out to night, sea, eternity, stars. A twig from my home and a log from far Montana—for the rain is the sea coming back, and the river (no lake) is the rain repassing to sea, draining a part of us, always a part of us; and the log rolls restlessly in the night, and never comes back.

In Big Timber, Montana, in a ramshackle old inn I saw a young cowboy who'd lost an arm in the war sitting with the old men around the stove looking with longing eyes at the boys loping by outside in the great Yellowstone snows . . . sad, unable to work for the rest of his life, protected by the old men of Montana, but *home* more than I could say with all my arms. Billings . . . Miles City . . . saddle stores . . . old bars. A man in an ornate vest, tired of cards, rose from a table underneath old photos of ranchers and elk antlers and went to the bar to eat a thick juicy steak. His wife and pretty daughter came in, ate with him. His sons all decked in new boots came in from the cold in Montana sheepskin coats, and they ate too. Then they packed things in the car and all drove back to the ranch house in the Yellowstone Valley in a grove of cottonwoods, a single light in the bleak wastes. The bus rolled on, to Terry, then Glendive, the last Montana way station; soon we were in Beach, North Dakota, in a dismal, bitter night beneath the cold moon. At Medora the incalculable Missouri's little tributary namesake had worn a rock canyon of ghostly snow rocks and buttes that stood in bulging haunted shapes in endlessness, and this was the heart of the Badlands, ambiguous heaths for the ghosts of old outlaws in flight from the law of raw towns. Such a town was Belfield. Then to Dickinson where the mad bus driver almost went off the road on a sudden snowdrift. It didn't bother him in the least, he bowled right along at seventy; a mile out of Dickinson he rammed into an impassable drift and there we stuck in the middle of a blizzard traffic jam. Suddenly there were many flashlights, sheepskinned men with shovels, confusion in the howling winds. Another Greyhound bus eastbound was stuck; a truck; many cars; major cause of the congestion was a small panel truck carrying slot machines to Butte, Montana. Whole crews of eager boys in red baseball caps and boots and jackets came rushing with shovels from nearby Dickinson, led by the energetic young sheriff. Their mothers waited at home with hot coffee. It was thirty below. The town of Dickinson took it upon itself to clear the emergency. When they made a hole in the snow, forlorn swirls came from the plain of Saskatchewan and filled it again. The maniacal bus driver decided to pile through. He backed from the snowdrift, gunned his diesel motor, yelled "Lookout!" out the window and took off on dry ground at fifty miles an hour and swoshed in. We swerved into the panel truck and hit the jackpot. We sideswiped a brand new Ford. We sloughed right through and came out the other side triumphant. There were cheers in the arctic night. It was just like a show. In Dickinson the café was crowded and full of late-night excitement. On the walls were photos of old-time ranchers and famous outlaws of the local past. The Dickinson boys of a less robust breed than the sheriff's boys played a homey pool in the back room—Badlands hipsters. Pretty girls sat wide-eyed with their families. Men came in from the howling midnight with news of more troubles on the road. The rotary snowplow had gone and hit the new Ford and sent the whole back end scattering and sowing in a thousand pieces over the plain of desolation. "Reckon any new Fords'll grow out there come spring?" On the other side of town we got stuck again behind a trailer truck. Boys hauled chains and chipped ice and shouted in the gale. Us city slickers in the bus that said CHICAGO on it watched with amazement, for what would cause despair to the pasty characters of the East was joy to the boys of the West. Near Fargo the back machinery of the bus blew up and burned; we were stalled; the bus froze and the passengers had to get out and spend the night waiting in a diner. Nobody found me, I was flat on my back in the backseat sleeping in pleasant dreams of Dakota in June. Peach times, when summer's face I'd favor. I slept through the repairs in the Fargo garage; the mechanics didn't even bother me. Woke up refreshed, heard the news, laughed, and we rolled into snowy Minnesota of farms and church steeples; *(Continued on page 158)*

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the sweetness of Mandell, his wit, his conversational power. "Don't answer," said Liebowitz. "Maybe it's someone else," she said. It wasn't. Liebowitz opted for the bedroom, the shut door; finally, himself tearing at the window, wild to piss.

"Didn't you say you were going to work this evening?"

"Did I say that?"

Mandell had had a whimsy impulse. Here he was, body freak, father of her unborn children. She could have done better, thought Liebowitz. Consider himself, Liebowitz, for example. Seven years had passed, a girl begins to feel desperate, but still—her style, her hips—she could have done better than Mandell, he thinks, despite her strong conviction—in fact her boast—that Mandell wasn't just any professor of rhetoric. "He loves teaching—speech, creative writing, anything—and every summer at Fire Island he writes a novel of ideas. None are published yet, but Hyam doesn't care about publication. People say his novels are very good. I couldn't say, but he talks about his writing all the time, and he really cares about it."

"I can see Mandell," says Liebowitz, "curled over his typewriter. His forehead presses the keys. Sweat fills his bathing-suit jock. It's summertime at Fire Island. He is having an idea so he can stick it in one of his novels." To Joyce, Liebowitz said, "I wish our firm published novels. You know of course we only do textbooks." She said she knew, yet looked surprised and changed the subject. "He is terribly jealous of you. It was long ago, I was a kid, he wasn't even in the picture. But Hyam is the kind of man who wonders about a girl's former lovers. Not that he's weird or anything, just social. He's terrific in bed."

"Does he know I'm seeing you tonight?" His hand ached for her knee. It was getting late. Her voice had begun to cause brain damage, says Liebowitz; it had to be stopped. She laughed again. Marvelous sound, thought Liebowitz, just like laughter; and he was nearly convinced she deserved Mandell. But why didn't she send him away? Because Liebowitz's firm didn't do novels? Was he supposed to listen? to burn with jealousy? He burned to piss.

"Is something wrong, Joycie?"

Mandell didn't understand. Did she seem forbidding, too polite? Did she laugh too much?

...thinking, "Some friend," as he splashed brick wall and a window on the other side of the air shaft, and, though he heard yelling, he heard nothing relevant to Robinson Crusoe, and, though he saw a man's face, he saw nothing relevant to his personal comfort, though he pissed on the man's face yelling from the window on the opposite side of the air shaft into which he pissed, says Liebowitz, as if it were his traditional and sovereign privilege to piss on that man's face.

"A very good neighborhood," says Liebowitz, with an appreciative mouth, puckered in the middle, curled down in the corners. "East Seventies, near the river. First-rate. The police wouldn't take long." He wondered what to say, how to say it, and he zipped up carefully. In the dressing-table mirror he saw a face bloated by pressure, trying not to cry. "According to my face," says Liebowitz, "a life was at stake." His life was at stake and he couldn't grab a cab. Mandell still whined about his writing. "Joyce couldn't interrupt and say go home. Writers are touchy. He might have gotten mad and called off the marriage." Liebowitz had no choice but to prepare a statement. "My name, officers, is Liebowitz." Thus, he planned to begin. Not brilliant. Appropriate. He'd chuckle perhaps in a jolly, personable way, like a regular fellow, not a drunk or a maniac. Mandell, meanwhile, was shrill and peevish: "Look here, look here, look here. My name is Hyam T. Mandell. I'm a professor of rhetoric at Bronx Community Institute, Moshalu Circle Campus. And a novelist. This is extremely ironic, but it is only a matter of circumstances and I have no idea what it means."

A strange voice said, "Don't worry, professor, we'll explain later."

Joyce said, "This is a silly mistake. I'm sure you chaps have a lot to do. . . ."

Mandell cut in, "Take your hands off me. And you shut up, Joyce. I've had enough of this crap. Like show me the

from him, she came closer to the
"Are you angry? Do you know
just happened in that room?"
witz said, "The cops took the
away." His tone allowed her
down beside him. "It's horrible,
humiliating," she said. "They
he pissed out the window."
"He called me a stupid bitch."
witz said, "Joyce, you might
stupid bitch, but I believe you
as good to me now as years ago
some ways, better." He put his
on her knee. It seemed to him
hand, full of genius and goodness
power. Her mouth and eyes
slow, as if the girl behind
stopped jumping. She glanced
hand. "I must make a call," she
softly, a little urgently, and started
rise. Liebowitz pressed down. She
"It wouldn't be right," she said,
then, imploring, "Would you like
smoke a joint with me?"

"No."

She has middle-class habits,
thinks, a part of her style. "It would
be right," she said, as if to remind
of the point, not to insist on it.
what's right, what's wrong to
genius? Liebowitz, forty years
screwed her like a nineteen-year
genius.

"My adventure," says Liebowitz,
"gives me an idea for a novel.
theme is cloacal. A novel in the
person. For example: 'I was trapped
in the bedroom. I had to piss.'
intimate. How immediate. Just
writing. But my trouble is I have
feeling for adventure. I was once
willing fool of chance, but now
despise adventure. It means change,
evil. I'm a married man, I have
a little child. I swim happily in the
banal quotidian. I live in the West
Nineties, I own a Dodge, a lot of furni-
ture. Steal the Dodge, burn the furni-
ture, give me skin disease. So? So I'm
insured, mother, inside and out. Have
you read the *Book of Job*? It's not
about me. My name is Liebowitz,"
says. "Liebowitz." ###

THE GREAT WESTERN BUS RIDE

(Continued from page 137) the end of the West, of troubles and raw hopes, everything decided, satisfied here.

At St. Cloud, Minnesota, great Father Mississippi flowed in a deep rocky bed beneath great valley skies with hints of Mille Lacs and Rainy River to the north. Minneapolis, nothing but a sprawling dark city shooting off white communities in the monoto-
nous flat. Ah me, Montana, it was
over. Night across the river darkness
and flat pinelands of Wisconsin
us at dawn to the scraggly streets
Chicago where workmen waited
buses, coughing. Old Eastern sadness
returned to me.

But I had seen the West. ###

The Sagebrush Rebellion

Like a summer storm, it apparently has blown over

by Dan Ball
The Washington Post

RENO — The Sagebrush Rebellion boiled up with the quickness of a summer storm, seeming to gather force as it moved east. A band of ranchers and politicians from the ranges and mountains of the West, pushing for state control of millions of acres of federal lands, soon added to their legions the names of Ronald Reagan and James G. Watt.

Today Reagan is the president of the United States and Watt, as interior secretary, presides over most of the 300 million federally owned acres that the rebels of this romantic-sounding cause once dreamed of controlling.

But like a passing summer storm, the rebellion apparently has blown over.

"I think the heat and the fever is out of the issue, that's what I think," said Joe Lane, an Arizona rancher who helped lead the rebellion there.

Here in Nevada, where the rebellion's sparks were ignited, and in other western states, the movement seems to have lost its direction. The momentum of two years ago has dissipated, the rebellion's principal goal — transferring federally controlled land to the states — appears more remote than ever, and the rebels themselves cannot agree on the next step.

"We reached a roadblock," said Dean Rhodes, a Nevada rancher and state legislator whom many consider the father of the rebellion. "We had two choices: We could call for a cease-fire, or we could take a look at other bold ideas on land management which will give state and local authorities more control over the land."

The bold new ideas include "privatization." The concept might be better left in the rhetorical dustbin of the rebellion, but the catchy name offers the possibility of raising money, and in a period of large budget deficits and a trillion-dollar national debt it may be salable politically to the rest of the country.

The westerners who consider themselves part of this movement are deeply divided over how this concept can be put in practice and indeed whether it is even sound.



Dan Hubig / Pacific News Service

Aside from the proposal of putting lands into private ownership, the theoreticians of the rebellion have found little else that is both attractive and practical. And some now say that portions of the original rebellion were a mistake.

With three bumper stickers pasted over his office door proclaiming his allegiance to the Sagebrush Rebellion, there is little doubt where Jac Shaw's sympathies lie. But Shaw, the administrator of the division of state lands in Nevada sounds like anything but a rebel these days.

"I've made some changes in my thinking," he said. One is on the question of who should control the rights to the minerals locked beneath the federal lands in the West.

"I think the mineral industry should remain under federal ownership," Shaw said. His reason, which is likely to reinforce the fear of the rebellion's opponents that rebel-controlled land would quickly fall into the hands of developers, is that mining companies would have more trouble complying with a dozen or so state laws than one federal law regulating their operations.

Shaw also has made a dramatic turnabout on another central point of the rebellion, the idea that the states would be better land managers than is Washington.

"We found in the West that state land managers are often more frustrating to the users than the federal agencies," he said.

Whatever momentum the Sagebrush Rebellion once had — and there is considerable disagreement about that — has been blunted by a variety of factors, the most important being the rebels' failure to make any headway in Congress on legislation to transfer federal land to the states.

"We probably thought we had it made with all that firepower back there in Washington," Rhodes said.

Some supporters of the rebellion now recognize that their idea lacked widespread political support from the beginning; others are disappointed that their friends in the Reagan administration have failed to carry through on their promises.

There have been smaller setbacks. An attempted legal challenge to the federal government's land policies was sloughed off by a federal district judge in Reno. The state has appealed to the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, asking it to order the district judge at least to hear the state's arguments, but the lower court decision has demoralized some members of the movement.

Another sign of dwindling political support came recently when Reno Republicans, in a reversal, refused to endorse a Sagebrush Rebellion plank.

To some extent, the rebellion is a victim of its partial success. By dramatizing the fact that federal government has vast holdings in the West — 87 percent of Nevada, for example — the rebellion helped produce changes in the way the Bureau of Land Management manages that land.

Watt's "Good Neighbor" policy — with less red tape and more consultation, at least with state officials — has eased some of the westerners' anxieties.

"Without really changing policy, Watt has made it clear he wants to listen and wants us to listen," said Larry Woodard, associate BLM director in New Mexico. "That's the kind of subtlety that changes attitudes."

Last year, Watt encouraged governors to tell him what federal lands they would like — for industrial development, parks, hospitals, city buildings and the like — and state officials report that the Interior Department has been responsive about opening negotiations on transferring many of the parcels.

Watt said last fall his policies were so effective that they had ended the Sagebrush Rebellion. Westerners say this overstates both what has happened and Watt's responsibility for it.

Even before Watt and the Reagan administration arrived in Washington, the BLM, to many rebels the symbol of oppressive federal regulation, had begun to change.

One of the leaders in this change was Ed Spang, BLM director in Nevada. He took over there during the heat of the rebellion and immediately set about to defuse it.

After extensive consultation with state and county officials, and with users of the land, he established a system of broad-based committees that now help make the decisions on how vast parcels of federal land are managed.

But many westerners are far from satisfied, and they are looking for a new way to achieve their goals. Recently, "privatization" has become the new watchword.

The word "privatization" entered the lexicon of the Sagebrush rebels last year. Steve Hanke, a senior economist on the staff of the president's Council of Economic Advisers, proposed it in a speech in Reno.

In its purest form, it means that the federal lands should be sold to private interests. The theory is that private landholders, who have an economic stake in the land, will manage it more productively and efficiently than any level of government.

Some rebels conclude that even state management of their lands would mean unnecessary bureaucracy and red tape. Some Washington officials see it as a way to reduce the budget deficit.

But others in and out of the movement are afraid of the idea. Rhodes is promoting it, but even he says he would support it only with safeguards. He is toying with a formulation that would let ranchers acquire the surface rights to land they have been using, with federal ownership of the mineral rights intact. The states would take over day-to-day management of the land.

Other westerners, fearing that their land would end up in the hands of wealthy foreign investors rather than the ranchers who now use it, are resisting the new scheme. "Some of us feel Dean has been sold a bill of goods in Washington," said one Nevadan in the movement.

Jac Shaw, who acknowledges an interest in the idea, nonetheless has mighty reservations. "An economist can be as narrow-minded as a rancher, a miner or an environmentalist," he said. "All they see is money . . . It would be absolutely foolish to dump everything at the highest bid price you could get. This could destroy America. The Arabs could end up owning everything."

Shaw favors a series of experimental programs on small parcels to test various concepts of land management.

(Copyright, Washington Post)

6/6/82 Sea Times

TONY KORNHEISER

Highways To Hell

The "double nickel" federal speed limit of 55 is kaput, and now states can adjust their speed limits however they wish. A bunch of them say they are going to kick their limit up to 75. That means people will drive 95 in those states without thinking twice, because people always drive 20 miles faster than the speed limit. Ninety-five! At 95, cars leave a contrail.

My favorite reaction came from the state of Montana. As one of America's large, famously boring states (its official state motto is: "We're Large and Famously Boring. For Good Potatoes Go Next Door"), Montana has always felt oppressed by the federal government's 55 mph speed limit. The state is so spread out, and land values are so cheap, that at 55 it took the average homeowner 40 minutes to get from his front door to his mailbox. So now Montana says it intends to let daytime drivers go whatever speed they deem "reasonable and proper."

Let me ask the good public officials of Montana a serious question:

Are you kidding me?

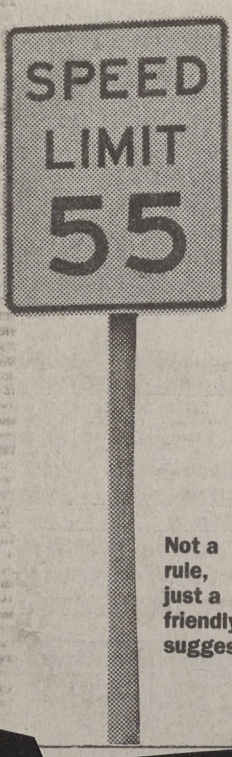
You're going to let people drive what *they* think is reasonable and proper?

Will new cars sold in Montana have to be equipped with drag parachutes?

Have you seen the kind of people who live in Montana? Montanans make West Virginians look like it's opening night at Lincoln Center. This is the end of Montana as a state, and the beginning of Montana as a test track. The highway road signs will read: "Welcome to Montana. Gentlemen, Gun Your Engines."

For years USA Today had eagerly devoted its entire editorial page to the issue of a national speed limit. I confess I've forgotten which side it was on, but won't it be fun to see what pseudo-populist, noncontroversial lowbrow issue they come up with next to opine about incessantly, like maybe, "Should Willard wear his toupee?"

See KORNHEISER, F8, Col. 1



Not a rule, just a friendly suggestion.

tive replies as "just relaxing" or "staying home" d to provocative replies, such as "It's like any to me" or "I suppose I'll be all alone as usual") t politeness requires.

has to send greeting cards, but it is necessary d to all but the most minimal or commercial es. Christmas cards, if not answered by return y be acknowledged with seasonal or New etings, or with short notes of thanks and good he exception is that cards from people one longer know if one fell over them may be r two years; if their cards continue after that, resign oneself to resuming the exchange.)

who is not thanked for a present has Miss s full permission to assume that no further re wanted by the offending ingrate.

, present exchanges must, if necessary, be cut r than dropped.

y to its reputation, etiquette never requires spend above his or her means, and is happy to thoughtfulness for expenditure. A well-chosen e; a letter explaining "I'm cutting back" with "and you are expendable" is not.

acious way to decline invitations is not "No, I w anyone there and I'll have a terrible time," e ever-popular "I hate that sort of thing." A bit nd a tone of regret is all that is needed for rties; for office parties, where another nt during work hours isn't plausible, vague s to other responsibilities may be added. plains why relatives' gatherings are y. There is no telling them that you have itions or greater responsibilities.

SS MANNERS:

been a caterer for more than 20 years, and n watching the guests:

eating free food, they act as if they had not weeks. They set their cups and plates under pianos, in windows, in bathrooms, and on rniture. They stand in front of the kitchen will not move when you say "Excuse me."

eader:

what comes of that unreasonable and l custom of requiring people to eat while up. Miss Manners will offer you a deal. She t that the guests respond politely to your o move, provided you insist that the hosts place where they can safely park their used

© 1995, Judith Martin

y thing? eturn to ny hotel. Back to sh." Samuel tired of d I could) or me to o rectify s I barely verything eldom go could get iends. A ne Middle ou tried to this pass- n a corri- es would ou should narket for ny would I t with my at be like s on a let- en react- omen, for horrified. ooked at face, and all wom- wear the en? Are m? The

possibilities were too dreadful to contemplate.

My editor urged me to write about this, but cautioned that I would need to seek deeper meaning. He suggested I explore the philosophy of one David Byrne, late of a group called Talking Heads, who opined that passport pictures are what we really look like, and as such are a mirror to the immortal soul.

My immortal soul was getting cheesed off.

I chose Option 2.

On the elevator, an older, well-dressed man informed me that I was "an attractive woman." It turned out we were going to the same office. When we got there, he stepped ahead of me and announced that he was a former congressman. Instantly deferential, a worker sent him away to a room where his passport would be expedited. I bet they don't screw up *his* picture.

I explained my predicament. The clerk took one of the two new photos I supplied and made me a new passport. She said the other photo will be kept on file with my application. She planned to return one of my two old photos, the only one on file.

Where's the other old photo?

"It's probably on the other lady's passport," she said. The agency has been searching for that person's application, to get her to turn in the bad passport so the agency can make her a good one. But they haven't found her. They're not sure who she is. She apparently has not discovered the error, or she has discovered it but doesn't care.

She is out there.

I am her. She is me. And sad to say, neither of us is quite entirely whole.

TONY KORNHEISER

Speeding Down the Road to Destruction

KORNHEISER, From F1

Anyway, USA Today quoted Charles Lave, an economist at the University of California at Irvine, as saying that without a speed limit Montana's "cops will be devoting less time to speeding tickets and more hours to writing other types of tickets."

Yeah, toe tags.

You've heard about Big Sky Country. Well, welcome to Big Die Country. Letting people drive as fast as they want isn't about individual freedom—it's about population control. It's about thinning the herd.

When you bag the limit, is it one minivan or two?

Honestly, is there any sight more frightening on the road (other than Fat Joey Waldholtz thumbing a ride to the border) than one of those big monster trucks highballing right up your behind in your rearview mirror? At least when the speed limit was 55 you could think, "Well, maybe I can outrun him to the next exit." Now, you have no chance. You'll be flattened like in a Road Runner cartoon. They'll have to identify you by your dental records.

When the 55 mph speed limit was imposed on the country it was mainly about saving gas. People of a certain age—which is to say old enough to remember when you could actually fit three in the front seat and three in the back seat of a car—still have acid flashbacks about gas lines and odd-even days. No one wants to return to those times, except possibly gas station attendants. Gas lines made gas station attendants some of the most powerful people in America. And we're not talking about Mr. Goodwrench, who smokes a pipe and dispenses sage automotive wisdom. We are talking about pimple-faced mooks with fourth-grade educations, misspelled tattoos and Ace Ventura haircuts who suddenly found themselves dispensers of valuable patronage. Gravely important people, people like Alan Greenspan, were seen at fancy restaurants, chatting up their gas station attendants.

But even if the motivation for the 55 was economic, one of the undeniable results was safer roads, fewer fatal crashes.

There was truth to the slogan: "Arrive Alive: Drive 55."

What's it going to be now?

"Get to Heaven: Drive 107."

"I Can't Feel My Spleen: Drive 118."

Or for you daytime Montana drivers:

"Splat."

Think about what cars were like before there was a national speed limit. It was 1974, and there wasn't much to do in a car but drive. (Well, okay, but when you were doing *that*, most of the time the car was parked.)

Now cars are mobile entertainment centers. They have phones, faxes, radios with stereo surround sound technology that produce such rhapsodic clarity you want to close your eyes and drift off. They have big bucket seats with rolling lower-back massagers and vibrator options. They have food racks and cup holders, which are not just for soda—you can put a gin and tonic in a go-cup. They have cruise control that you can set while you're eating and talking on the phone to a client in Brazil. They have computer hookups with Internet ports. You might not actually have time to look at the road for miles.

And now they're going to let you drive *faster?*

THE WASHINGTON POST

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REAT CHRISTMAS pre-nt! SWPM w/good sense humor; enjoy theater, ing out, outdoor activi-s or sitting by fireplace. O SF, 23-35, with similar erests, for relationship. A) ☎25128

REAT GUY, great shape, reat catch. Handsome WM, 40, 6'3". ISO great oman, 26-40. (MD) ☎24821

ANDSOME ARIES. PM, 40s, seeking open-inded WPF, 35-45. Start e new year off with love. A) ☎24825

ANDSOME ATTORNEY, ISO pretty SWPF for

IF YOU RE looking for someone with whom to have fun, laugh, and especially to make a new friend, then I'm your Man. I'm tall, dark and handsome, 29, 6'1", and ready to meet you. Call me. (MD) ☎24537

INDIAN SAPM. Educated Man w/PhD plus ISO tall SAF doctor or professional, 45-52, for companionship plus. Indian a plus. (MD) ☎24999

INTELLIGENT, KIND DWCPM, 32, loving father, ISO smart, fit, compassionate S/DCF, 24-34. (VA) ☎24598

INTELLIGENT, HAND-

NEW IN town. Kind DWPM, 44, looking for a slim, attractive S/DWF, 33-40, w/sense of humor, to start something new and special. (MD) ☎25066

NEW TO area and bored out of my mind. West Indian Male, 23, with good job and future; into body art, alternative music, fun get-togethers. ISO Female friend to go out with me. (MD) ☎24586

NEW TO area. SBPM, 31, 6', ISO SF, 25-35, who's cute, fit, bright and warm. (MD) ☎25204

NEW TO Virginia. Athletic, attractive DWM, 30; like cooking. ISO fit S/DWF, 25-

RECOVERING MALE ISO healthy friendship w/athletic, sensitive, worldy, liberal Female. (DC) ☎24836

RELOCATING. SBPM, 33, ISO special relationship. Must be ambitious. Jacksonville. (FL) ☎25126

RETIRED ARMY! WM, 60s. ISO W/AF, 50+, who's trim, articulate and active. (DC)☎24860

RETIRED NAVY officer, 50s, 5'10", 185# Fun-loving, romantic Man ISO attractive, petite SWF. (MD) ☎25107

RODNEY DANGERFIELD type. WM, 47 (look 48), 6', green/brown. ISO medium

SINCERE SWM, 33, N/S, ISO SBF, 23-35, w/slender to medium build, for special times. (MD) ☎24674

SINCERE SWM, N/S, w/beach condo. ISO SF, 50-65, to share the good life. (MD) ☎25167

SINCERE, HONEST SAM, 24, seeking N/S, educated SWF, 21-24, Friendship. (MD) ☎24965

SLAVE TO imagination! Very fit writer - SWPM, 44 - ISO S/DF, 30-45, to share film, food, fun, romance. (VA) ☎24881

SOUS CHEF. SJM, 21. ISO SF, 18-38, for whom to cook for the rest of my life.

TALL, TRIM DWPM, 52, ISO N/S SF, 45-55, for long-term relationship. (VA) ☎24493

THERAPIST STUDENT ISO Female partner to be receiver and giver. (MA) ☎24522

THRIFT STORE. Old suit. Classy Lady will keep it real. Know your wants. A shared future is what I need. Lovable, retired BM, 48, 6' (MD) ☎24895

UNIQUE SWM. Attractive, fit entrepeneur ISO lover of loves and life, in 30s. (VA) ☎24658

UPBEAT, ATHLETIC,

AFFECTIONATE, CONSERVATIVE WM, 27, ISO masculine friend. (DC) ☎25088

ALL-AMERICAN WM. Athletic PhD ISO exceptional B/LM, 35+. (DC) ☎24801

ATTRACTIVE BM, young 22, looking for other BM, 6'3", w/large build. (DC) ☎24481

ATTRACTIVE, ATHLETIC BiWM ISO BiWM, 18-25, for friendship. (DC) ☎24498

ATTRACTIVE, TALL, clean-cut WM, 26, ISO similar Bi/GWM, 21-30. (MD) ☎24753

NO RED riding hood. ISO big bad wolf to share goodies. (VA) ☎24816

ATTRACTIVE GWM, 26,

LOOKING FOR a young, slim, attractive BiBM, 18-25, for possible relationship. (MD) ☎25131

MASCULINE GBM, 6', 170#, ISO G/BiBM for friendship or more. (MD) ☎24981

MATURE SWM, young 55, 5'9"; enjoy music, art. ISO SM for fun times. (VA) ☎25083

MENSA MAGNATE. Gorgeous Guy ISO kind, powerful, sensual SWM. (DC) ☎25198

CRAZY, SEXY, cool SBF, ISO crazy, sexy, cool friend who likes to enjoy life. (VA) ☎24553

CUTE BF ISO cute, feminine Female, 32-39, for friendship, fun and more. (DC) ☎24864

FEMALE WANTED, 18-35, by attractive Female, 28. Fun, friendship, more. (MD) ☎25207

FEMININE BiF ISO feminine BiF, 20-28, to be friends first. Serious reply only. (DC) ☎24894

FEMININE, SENSUAL BiBF ISO Female, 35-45, for friendship plus. Serious-

You Caught My Eye

58 (look 48), enjoy gardening, reading, dogs. ISO voluptuous, full-figured or heavy SF, 65+. Let's go! (VA) ☎24583

ZYDECO-LOVING DWF, 5'4", 130# ISO affable, erudite, N/S DM, 58+ (MD) ☎24657

ARMAND S PIZZA, Wisconsin Avenue, day after Thanksgiving. Beautiful blonde; I was sitting right beside you in the red, white and

The Washington Post

Style

ook World: A trove of
la Carter short stories 2

lumn: PBS
ody Awards 4

5 Style Plus: Making ends meet in a temporary world

6 New on Video: 'Devil in a Blue Dress,' 'Persuasion'



SERVICE

Montana's Rocky Reputation

First the Freemen. Now Maybe the Unabomber. What Gives?

By Tamara Jones
Washington Post Staff Writer

It says something about the place that its people still like to talk of unlocked doors and berry-picking afternoons, of clear trout streams and cows vs. condos, that it isn't uncommon to hear Montana described by the subtitle of a history book written more than 50 years ago, as "High, Wide and Handsome."

It also says something about the place that people don't like to talk about survivalists burrowed in mountain strongholds or apocalyptic gurus with their own country-western bands or hermits with Harvard degrees, or the new slogan cropping up this week, the one that says Montana is "High, Wide and Wacky."

The baffling part about Montana is that all of the above is true, and that none of it really defines the so-called Treasure State or its 850,000 mostly white residents scattered across the vast valleys, rugged mountains and rolling prairies just six to the square mile.

"It's not possible to profile," says Pat Williams (D), the state's sole congressman. "It's ambivalent. It's a myth. Montana is what one wants it to be."

And that, in a nutshell, is at the crux of the state's current public relations crisis. Delivered a double whammy courtesy of the Freemen militia standoff and the arrest of a Unabomber sus-

See MONTANA, F3, Col. 1

Theater

A Bubbly 'Amstel' That Falls Flat

By Pamela Sommers
Special to The Washington Post

Writing a play is really hard. That thought crossed my mind at least a dozen times during "Amstel in Tel Aviv," Allyson Currin's two-character tale of friendship, which is currently featured in Source Theatre's Off Hours series. Exceedingly earnest, intermittently amusing and painfully predictable, this well-meaning trifle plays like a very rough first draft of a Wendy Wasserstein work. In other words, there's a whole lot of soul-searching and a boatload of snappy, sitcom-y lines, and it melts away like meringue the minute the lights come up.

Currin, a local actress, director and playwright with a definite comic flair in all three departments, tracks her odd-couple characters—the Jewish, free-spirited wordsmith Jessica and the prim Southern career woman Fen—through 16 years of giggles, angst and mutual support. We meet them as they meet each other; roommates at a girls' boarding school, they begin by wondering out loud about their differences, and rapidly become inseparable. Early on, they make a pact to become fabulous women pursuing fascinating goals and to rendezvous for an "Amstel in Tel Aviv" (the ultimate in sophisticated adventure) when they've reached their thirties. But wouldn't you know, things don't quite work out that way!

Though Fen (played most appealingly by Melissa Flaim) stays the course and gradually metamorphoses into a successful international correspondent, Jessica (Elizabeth Kitsos, stuck with the far more cliched role) embraces all sorts of influences and relationships. She even gets married—without telling Fen, who she knows would disapprove ("Look, I don't want to be a genius. I just want my life," she explains to her chum after the fact). But eventually differences are acknowledged and tears are shed and the reporter pays tribute to her inspiring friend in an awards ceremony speech that brings to mind a similar highly personal speechifying scene in Wasserstein's "The Heidi Chronicles." The sentiments are genuine, but the writing borders on trite.

Director Rick Fiori seems to have encouraged his actresses to mine the laughs for all they're worth, and at times the broad, cartoonish comic scenes work nicely. It's the late-night confessions, the starry-eyed speeches, that land with a thud, but only a rewrite could help those moments.



BY SCOTT BURGESS

Elizabeth Kitsos and Melissa Flaim as childhood chums whose dreams don't all pan out in "Amstel in Tel Aviv."

Sound, Scott Burgess; sets, Tony Cisek; lights, Marianne Meadows; costumes, Robin Stapley. Through April 9 at Source Theatre, 202-462-1073.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

For a searchable on-line listing of arts and cult events in the area this month, see Digital Ink on-line service. To learn about Digital Ink 202-334

Book World

Carter's Little Gems

BURNING YOUR BOATS
The Collected Short Stories
By Angela Carter
Henry Holt. 462 pp. $30

By Carolyn See

Besides her wonderful novels, Angela Carter wrote a lifetime of short stories, four volumes and then some. It's not hyperbolic to call them a treasure chest of literary and aesthetic experience. Carter was strange, or her imagination was; she didn't have the usual take on short stories. Reading this book all at once is like chewing through the world's gooiest fruitcake; this material is rich and weird and can make you queasy. But reading a few stories at a time is a terrific treat.

In an afterword to "Fireworks," her first collection, Carter wrote of her extreme fondness for "Gothic tales, cruel tales, tales of wonder, tales of terror, fabulous narrative that deal directly with the ima of the unconscious—mirrors: ternalized self; forsaken haunted forests; forbidd jects." These aren't s day life but compu told narratives like the pr hands. "P instanc The in

a nice version of "Little Red Riding Hood," that girl is absolutely up for anything the wolf has in mind, so after a magic evening he becomes "the tender wolf."

Most of the stories from the first two collections take the position that the whole world is alive: that all woods are enchanted, that flowers have lecherous teeth, that every desolate cottage shelters ghosts wolves, demons, princes. But the another current of thought ition or wish: the idea tha integrity and fearlessne safety in a world fil mare and danger virginal World into a Trans beauteou wants t him h

read about in fairy tales spring back into our consciousness, made of mud and stone, bristling with greenery, a cozy hearth and fire, and the wolf right there ready to eat us up. Thes are uniformly enchanting and cious to read.

The second half of this entirely different. Thes set mostly in the they have a co feel. The auth her own s must ha Edga tio

What's Going On in Montana?

MONTANA, From F1

pect, Montana finds itself in a spotlight glare, the victim of its own proud live-and-let-live mentality.

The country's fourth-largest state in area boasts a long tradition of progressive and sometimes radical politics in a West more typically viewed as conservative. But it was Montana that sent the first woman to Congress, electing suffragist Jeannette Rankin in 1916, before women even had the vote. Eighty years later, Montana still draws attention for its brand of defiance, most recently by abolishing daytime speed limits on its interstates, relying instead on the "reasonable and prudent" judgment of its populace.

"As soon as they learn to drive a car or handle a rifle, Montanans learn self-sufficiency," writes Norma Tirrell in her historical guidebook, "Montana."

"Neighbors are to be trusted," she says, "but it is this ability to take care of one's self that defines the Montana spirit."

It's the spirit that drew Lewis and Clark westward and defeated Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. It is the spirit that lured native Leslie DeDominic home when she found herself divorced and expecting her first child.

"As the single mother of a 4-year-old, I feel perfectly fine backpacking into the wilderness to pick huckleberries with her," says the Helena publicist for Falcon Press, which publishes guidebooks. Contrary to what media hype may now suggest, DeDominic says, Montana's back country is not filled with survivalists, terrorists or stray threads from the lunatic fringe.

"In California, I ran into that sort of thing a lot more. In the High Sierras, or around Yosemite, I was more nervous," she says. "There was such a profusion of odd people."

Such an observation is no doubt being made about Montana right now, since former professor-turned-recluse Theodore Kaczynski was taken into custody Wednesday in his crude cabin on the edge of the Helena National Forest. Federal authorities say are they investigating him now in connection with the 17-year terror spree of the murderous "Unabomber." At the same time, the FBI has 25 heavily armed antigovernment Freemen holed up at their snowy ranch in Montana's eastern midsection known as "the Big Empty." At least two other militia groups also call Montana home.

Michael Miles, a humanities professor who taught a course on violence last semester at Montana State University in Bozeman, sees Montana as "no more a haven of violence than anywhere else."

Looking at the headlines today, hearing the newscasts, Miles says, "you just feel sad. We're not running around here terrified. A wound doesn't describe the whole body."

The whole body, in this case, is a place that can host a festival to honor turkey buzzards or cheer on a softball team called the Montana Review of Books, with an outfield that has published 12 novels.

Glance at a calendar of events for Montana, and find that May features both the Intermountain Opera and the Miles City Bucking Horse Sale. Look up "Montana" in the current Universal Almanac, and the listing of memorable events begins with French explorers and trappers visiting in the 1740s and ends in the 1990s with "Elizabeth Prophet (Guru Ma) convinces 3,000 disciples of the Church Universal and Triumphant to await nuclear cataclysm in underground shelters in Paradise Valley while state bureaucrats worried over sewage facilities."

You might find dinosaur eggs in Montana, or you might find Willard Scott, one of dozens of celebrities who bought land there in recent years. You can see smoke rising from Indian sweat lodges in the tall pines, or hear the whine of snowmobiles tearing up the back country.

The official state flower is the bitterroot, which blooms quickly and fades fast. There are more than 12 million acres of undeveloped, roadless lands. Driving east to west, from the North Dakota border to the Idaho state line, is the same as driving from Washington, D.C., to Chicago. In good weather.

The wide, open spaces and cheap land have drawn a wave of urban and suburban refugees to Montana, most noticeably Californians. The newcomers are described by locals as "blow-ins," says Williams, the congressman. "The ones who stay are called stickers. Twenty-degree-below days have a way of turning blow-ins into blow-outs," he chuckled.

Ah, the weather. Montana's record high was 117 degrees one July day in 1937. The low? That would be 70 below, not, as one might suspect, during the Ice Age, but in January of 1954.

Montana is famous for its polar extremes. Capable of tormenting itself over the disappearance of grizzly bears, Montana also battled the federal government for years to keep timber wolves from being reintroduced to the region. It mourns the wildfire incineration of Yellowstone National Park one season and lets ranchers shoot trespassing bison the next.

Sen. Max Baucus defends Montana as "a live-and-let-live state. We don't bother people and we don't expect them to bother us," says the Democrat, currently finishing up his 500-mile, 15-month sporadic walking tour of his homeland.

He points out with some irritation that the Freemen desperadoes may be Montanans, but "they've been brainwashed by a lot of nutty out-of-state ideas." From Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, he adds.

"Most places here, you don't lock your door or your car," Baucus maintains. "You wave at your neighbors." Even if they happen to be the kind of transplants he refers to as "chichi drugstore cowboys."

Natural history writer Gary Ferguson, a nine-year resident, notes that "Montana was ignored for so long, and now it's just the hottest thing."

Still, he finds himself unable to describe, really, this place that he loves deeply, and finally gives up with a sigh:

"I've been kind of wondering what's going on with Montana," he says.

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mogul Rupert Mur-
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	HBO	MAX	SHO	TMC	DIS	A&E	FAM	ESPN	LIFE	NICK	USA	TBS
5:00	Lifestories	Movie (cont'd)	Movie:	Movie (cont'd)	This Island	Police	Paid	NHL Hockey	Paid	Lassie	Bloomberg TV	Court TV
5:30	One Survivor	"The Crew"	"The Lotus	Movie:	Earth	Story	Programming	Getting Fit	Programming	Launch Box	Bloomberg TV	News
6:00	Movie:	Movie:	Eaters"	"Murphy's	Fraggle Rock		FIT TV	Sportscenter		Flipper	Bloomberg TV	Planet
6:30	"Oh God!	"Bad		Romance"	Mouse Tracks					Bullwinkle	Bloomberg TV	Scooby-Doo
7:00	Book II"	Company"	Busy World		Little Mermaid	Classroom:		Sportscenter		Weinerville	Superman	Jetsons
7:30		Movie:	OWL/TV	Movie:	Wonderland	"Dinosaur!"			Evyd. Workout	Beetlejuice	Chipmunk	Flintstones
8:00	Earth to Kids	"Modern	Busy World	"The Legend of	Winnie Pooh	Remington	Family	Sportscenter	Baby Knows	Looney Tunes	Street Fighter	Gilligan's Isle
8:30	Movie:	Girls"	Movie:	Hell House"	Care Bears	Steele	Challenge		YourBaby	Gumby	Dragon	Bewitched
9:00	"Showdown"	Movie:	"Ava's Magical	Movie:	Gummi Bears	McMillan and	Waltons	Sportscenter	Sisters	Rugrats	Movie:	Who's Boss?
9:30		"The Molly	Adventure"	"Terminal	Pooh Corner	Wife	Part 2 of 2			Busy World	"Big Top	Andy Griffith
10:00	Movie:	Maguires"	Movie:	Velocity"	Dumbo		700 Club	Sportscenter	Our Home	Rupert	Pee-wee"	Little House
10:30	"Alex"		"8 ½"	Movie:	Umbrella Tree				Frug. Gourmet	Muppets		On the Prairie
:00		Movie:		"Panic in	My Little Pony	New Mike		Tennis:	Biggers and	Allegra's	Movie:	Matlock
11:30		"Brainstorm"		Needle Park"	Tales	Hammer		Family Circle	Summers	Window	"Once Bitten"	
					Ducktales		FIT TV	Cup		Gullah Gullah		
:00	Making of				Chip 'n' Dale	Quincy	Rescue 911	Quarterfinal	Martha	Island		Perry
12:30	Drop Zone				Rescue				Stewart Living	Papa		Mason
	Movie:			Movie:	Tale Spin				Our Home	Beaver		
:00	"Turk 182!"		Movie:	"Remote"						Busy		
1:30		Movie:	"Little Big		Movie:	Equalizer	Home &	Tennis:	Handmade by	World		
		"In the Line	League"		"Woof!"		Family	Davis Cup	Design	Eureeka's	Live With the	Movie:
		Of Duty:		Movie:				Quarterfinal	Designing	Castle	People's	"The Ice
:00		Ambush in		"The		Columbo		Round	Women	Gullah Gullah	Court	Pirates"
2:30	Movie:	Waco"		Oklahoma	Winnie the			United States	Movie:	Island		
	"Lightning			Kid"	Pooh			at	"Oh God!	Gumby		
:00	Jack"	Movie:	Movie:		Charlie Brown		Highway to	Czech	You Devil"			
		"Falling From	"Lady in	Movie:	And Snoopy		Heaven	Republic		Adventures of	Live With	
		Grace"	Cement"	"Chain	Quack			Golf:		Tintin	Love	
				Lightning"	Attack			Senior PGA		Looney	Connection	Garfield and
					Easter Egg			The		Tunes		Friends
		Movie:			Mornin'	New Mike	Punky	Tradition	Spenser:	Beetlejuice		Flintstones
		"A Bunny's	Movie:		Animated	Hammer	Brewster		For Hire	Muppet	MacGyver	
		Tale"	"Thunder and		Haggadah		Wild Animal			Babies		Scooby-Doo
			Lightning"	Movie:	You're a	Remington	Games			Alvin & the		Mysteries
				"Mr. Jones"	Good Man,	Steele	Family		Cagney &	Chipmunks		Brady
					Charlie Brown	Part 1 of 2	Challenge		Lacey	Tiny Toon	Highlander:	Bunch
		Movie:								Adventures	The Series	Saved by the
		"Little	Movie:		Movie:	Quincy	Newhart	Up Close	Supermarket	Looney		Bell
		Women"	"Mother, Jugs		"Snoopy,				Sweep	Tunes		Saved by the
			& Speed"		Come Home"		Evening	Sportscenter	Designing	Clarissa	Renegade	Bell
				Movie:		Equalizer	Shade		Women	Explains It All		Family
				"Looking for	Movie:		Waltons		Commish	Rugrats		Matters
		Movie:	Movie:	Mr. Goodbar"	"A Boy	Biography:	Part 2 of 2			Doug	Wings	Family
		"Deceptions II:	"While You		Named	Paul		NHL Hockey:				Matters
		Edge of	Were		Charlie	Newman	Highway to	Philadelphia		Tiny Toon	Wings	Funniest
		Deception"	Sleeping"		Brown"		Heaven	Flyers	Intimate	Adventures		Home Videos
						Movie:		at	Portrait:	Munsters	Murder,	Major League
				Movie:	Movie:	"Rio Bravo"	Rescue 911	New York	"The Virgin		She Wrote	Baseball:
				"Terminal	"Spartacus"			Rangers	Mary"	I Dream of		St. Louis
										Jeannie		Cardinals
									Movie:			at
							700 Club		"Mary of	I Love	Movie:	Atlanta
									Nazareth"	Lucy	"Rosemary's	Braves
										Bewitched	Baby"	
										Part 1 of 2		
										Mary Tyler		
								Baseball		Moore		
								Tonight		Taxi		Movie:
										Part 2 of 2		"Urban
							Three	Sportscenter	Unsolved	Welcome		Cowboy"
							Stooges		Mysteries	Back, Kotter		
										Dick Van		
										Dyke		
						Biography:	Bonanza:	Baseball	Mysteries	Bob Newhart	Movie:	
						Paul Newman	Lost Episodes	Speedweek	Late Date	Lucy Show	"Children of	
						Movie:	Paid	Superbouts	Nurses	Munsters	The Corn II:	
						"Rio Bravo"	Programming		Girls' Night	M.T. Moore	Final..."	Movie:

McCARTHY COYLE

The ugly irony of a Montana boast, 'America as it used to be'

Missoula, Mont.

THE UNABOMBER! The Freemen! The Militia! Is the Last Best Place disappearing?

Up here on the nation's backbone, amid the headwaters of the Columbia and Missouri river systems; up here, among seven Indian nations; up here, embraced by 43 mountain ranges and the undulating Great Plains; up here, with the cattle and sheep, the primeval forests, the wheat, gold, copper, coal and oil; up here, Montanans continue struggling for peace and justice.

And you can bet we have our hands full.

Eight million folks come to visit us every year. But in light of the Unabomber, the Militia and the Freemen, some are calling to inquire: "What kind of people are you, anyhow?"

We are a people unafraid of Militias and Freemen because we have hard-earned experience in successfully confronting bigotry, ignorance and fascists. We speak boldly because the Wobblies led the way. We practice peace as heirs of the first woman in Congress, the pacifist Jeanette Rankin. We battle for decent working conditions because we learned from the Miners Union. And from the Indians we learned there is such a quality as sacredness.

But are not the Unabomber, the Militia and the Freemen responsible for the disappearing act of the Last Best Place?

No, it is the mining, timber and railroad interests that continue to destroy Montana as they have for 13 decades. And every plunder of Montana is a rip-off affecting all America.

Our governor, Mark Racicot, appeared on network television to counter bad publicity and to tell America, "Montana is what America used to be."

Ironically, there are some terrible truths in his words.

The Treasure State's governor did not tell America that our national forests are being devistated. Our rivers — headwaters of the nation — are poisoned with mining wastes. Fish are dying. Railroad traffic is a mortal danger.

Some cities are awash in air pollution. Mining conglomerates have three new targets. And the Indian nations are struggling to preserve their sacred places.

Meanwhile, taking advantage of the Unabomber publicity, flacks for the extractive industries and the alleged "Christian" right are busy with their tar brushes. Their tactics smear environmentalists as extremist crazies.



BARRIE MAGUIRE

Montana's U.S. senators, one hack from each party, are do-nothings who ignore the "Green" Constitution of the state that sent them to Washington. Each man lacks the stamina to confront the disastrous consequences of unbridled and law-breaking greed. They fill their campaign coffers with money from the oligarchs and monopolists of timber, railroad, utilities and mining.

Three giant mining conglomerates are moving ahead in three pristine locations.

One adjoins Yellowstone Park.

Another is in the Cabinet Wilderness near the Idaho border.

The third will sit astride the fabled Blackfoot River. This site — a 10-minute drive from the cabin of the Unabomber suspect — sits on state-owned land and on property owned by the family of Montana's Democratic senator, Max Baucus. Phelps Dodge Mining Co. wants to blast out 600 million tons of rock and build an open pit a mile long, 3,000 feet wide and 1,200 feet deep.

A cyanide leach operation would go next to the fly-fishing river made famous by the late Norman Maclean's novella, "And a River Runs Through It," which Robert Redford produced as a movie in 1992.

Phelps Dodge expects to retrieve .02 ounces of gold for each ton of earth and rock it excavates.

Baucus actively opposes any increase in mineral royalty payments to the government.

And when the governor spoke to America, he didn't say that last year he signed a law lowering Montana's water quality standards. The law was enacted in spite of the biggest Superfund site in the United States — from Butte to Missoula, 140 miles of poisoned river. That stretch of the Clark's Fork of the Columbia River is dead because of toxic contamination from the former mining operations of Anaconda Copper. It was acquired by Asarco Inc., that saint of conglomerates, which refuses to take full responsibility and drags us through the courts.

America as it used to be.

Up near the Idaho border, Asarco Inc. wants silver. To get it, the corporation plans to tunnel under two wilderness mountains and spew 1,500 gallons of wastewater per minute into a downstream stretch of the Clark's Fork.

As the 200th anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition approaches, tourists will be able to gaze in wonder at 100 million tons of waste 400 yards from the river named to honor the explorer.

The Last Best Place, indeed.

Two miles from Yellowstone National Park, the Crown Butte Mine intends to build an earthen tailings dam 6,000 feet up in the mountains. The company says Yellowstone will remain safe. After all, the same company constructed a mining dam in Guyana. Remember the dam that collapsed and sent cyanide downriver where 20,000 Guyanese live?

In Montana, the railroad land-grant corporations (led by J.P. Morgan and James Hill) grabbed off 40 million acres 130 years ago. Today, their monopolist descendants continue — America the way it was — to clear-cut timber on public land. They refuse to pay a fair price to the taxpayers. Last year, they managed to ram a rider through Congress that allows them to bypass environmental laws.

In fact, the railroads are so busy reaming the Treasure State that they've forgotten how to run the trains. In the past four years, Montana has suffered more than 200 train derailings and collisions — including the spillage of chlorine April 11 that for a day depopulated Alberton, a town just north of here.

No coincidence: This record was established after the state and federal governments backed away from rail safety oversight.

Cattle ranchers fatten their golden calves on public grazing land. Backed by our senators, they successfully resisted any increase in grazing fees — now set far below the market price — even as their livestock destroy the topsoil and befoul the streambeds.

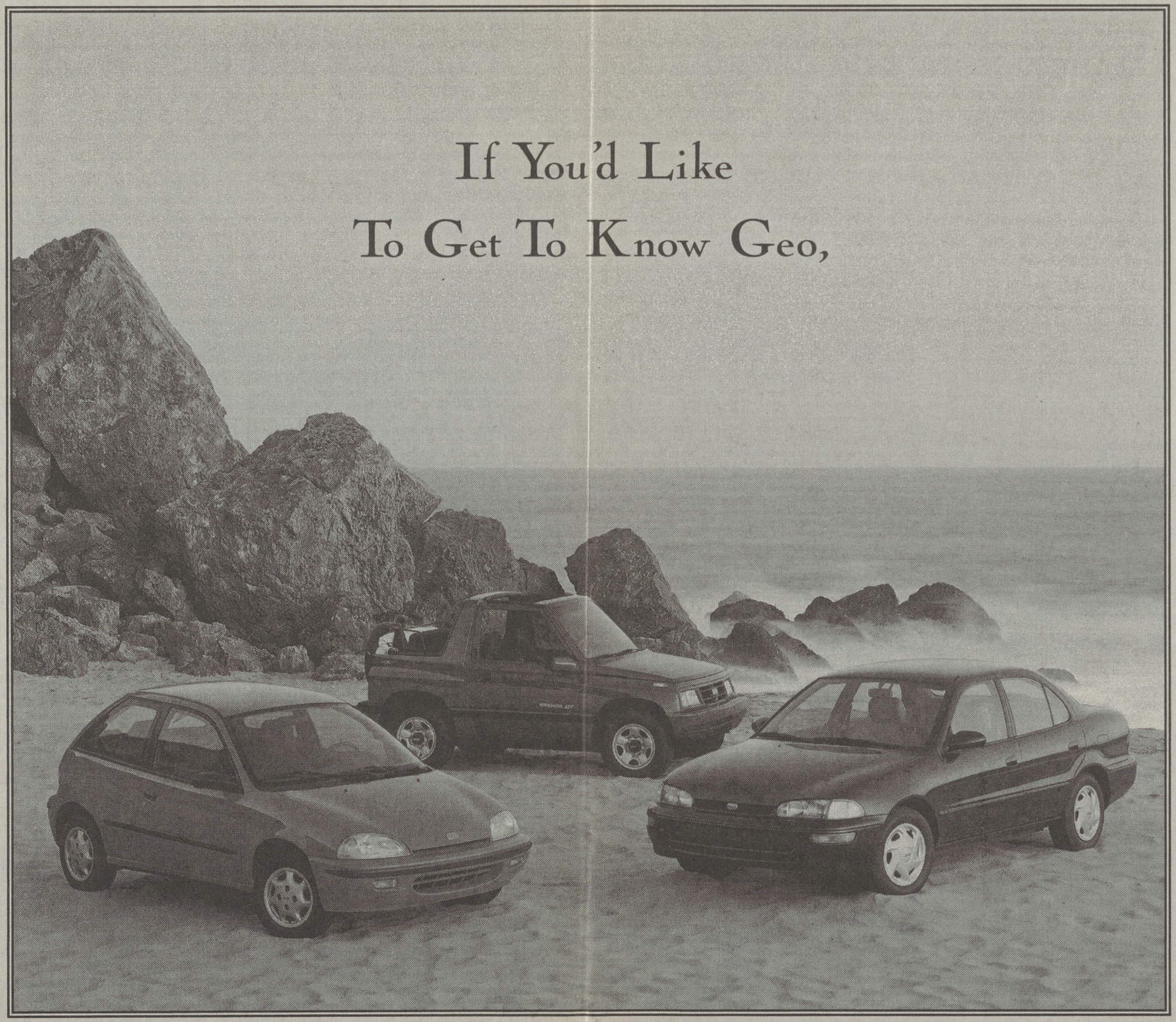
America as it used to be? You bet!

And yet because we've fought the good fight for more than a century, nature's sacredness still abounds here. Montanans remain glad to share one of Earth's most astonishing gifts. But remember that this Last Best Place can disappear if corporate colonizers and their lackeys in Congress have it their way.

Montana belongs to everyone. And all of us must be stewards of these lands. Come up. See the splendor. Join the struggle.

Missoula-based writer McCarthy Coyle, a former playwright-in-residence at San Francisco's ACT, serves on the Speakers Bureau of the Montana Committee for the Humanities. He is the video producer of "K. Ross Toole's Montana," a 10-hour history of Montana.

If You'd Like To Get To Know Geo,



The New York Times

Freemen Farm Attracts the Fringe

Both Sides Dig In, as Hopes Fade For a Quick End to the Siege

By JAMES BROOKE

JORDAN, Mont. April 26 — A girl pedaling a red bicycle, children enjoying an Easter Sunday horseback ride, and two men brandishing rifles with banana clips — for one month, telephoto images like these have provided the nation with fuzzy snapshots of life inside the Freemen compound.

As F.B.I. agents installed portable toilets at checkpoints and the Freemen start up their tractors to till alfalfa fields, the news blackout may well stretch through spring.

[On Saturday, James (Bo) Gritz, a former Green Beret colonel prominent in the "patriot" movement, who helped end the bloody 1992 standoff in Ruby Ridge, Idaho, was admitted to the compound, The Associated Press reported. The F.B.I. escorted him to the farm to urge the Freemen to surrender.]

But new information about the community of radical tax protesters indicates that the besieged Freemen farm, located midway between Hell Creek and Devils Creek, is peopled by a cast of characters that could have stepped from a wax museum of exotic Americana.

In charge of Freemen security is Rodney Skurdal, sometimes called Skull. As a Marine Corps sergeant in the 1970's, he chauffeured dignitaries at President Nixon's Western White House in San Clemente, Calif., and guarded President Ford at Camp David in Maryland.

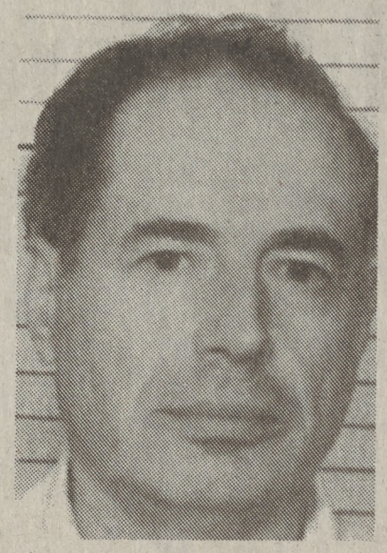
But after his discharge, he fractured his skull in an oil rig collapse and underwent a personality change. Nervous and aggressive, Mr. Skurdal today commands the Freemen's defenses, which include radios, rifles, and an underground bunker.

Dale M. Jacobi is in charge of religious instruction. Once a superintendent of a Crow Indian school, in Grasslodge, Mont., Mr. Jacobi now preaches a doctrine called Christian Identity — that nonwhites and Jews are descendants of Satan.

There is a couple from Colorado, Dana Dudley and Russell Landers, who fled trial in January on criminal charges of securities fraud. Mrs. Dudley's daughter, Ashley Taylor, 16, is believed to be the girl on the red bicycle in the published photograph. From North Carolina, there are a man and his two sons — Steven Hance and John and James Hance — who skipped trial on charges of resisting arrest.

From Utah, there is Gloria Ward, a member of a tiny sect of excommunicated Mormons who believe that girls are ready for marriage at puberty. While Mrs. Ward was living in Michigan last year, she reportedly pushed her oldest daughter, Leslie Joy, then 14, into marriage with the sect's founder, John Perry Chaney, then 38.

In October, Michigan welfare authorities placed Leslie Joy, then six months pregnant, in a foster home. Last November, one step ahead of a Utah custody order that her former husband, Robert Gunn, had won for their 10-year-old daughter, Courtnie, Mrs. Ward fled here with Courtnie and Jaylynn, 8. Mrs. Ward was last seen pointing a hunting rifle at a television crew.



Dale M. Jacobi is in charge of religious indoctrination.



Rodney Skurdal is in charge of Freeman security.

Presiding over this community is Ralph E. Clark, a 65-year-old patriarch who has been fighting for more than 15 years to keep creditors from taking his family's land.

Sometimes dismissed as an illiterate product of the isolation of the Missouri Breaks, an area that includes the farm, this farmer is a canny veteran of media wars.

In 1982, during the farm foreclosure crisis, Geraldo Rivera trekked to this remote town of 450 people and interviewed Mr. Clark. That year, Life magazine also profiled Mr. Clark as: "A farmer squares off against the Feds."

It is against this armed assortment of eccentrics and fugitives that the F.B.I. has matched wits in a high technology, "soft" siege.

To avoid creating a classic siege mentality, the Bureau has placed its checkpoints largely out of sight of the 960-acre farm. From a one-room Sunday school a mile west of the compound, agents use electronic gadgetry to monitor the Freemen.

Behind blacked-out windows, agents study images transmitted by a hilltop camera that can magnify compound scenes 66 times. Overhead, a single engine surveillance plane makes leisurely passes in airspace closed to all other aviation.

To provide the Freemen with a hot line to the authorities, the F.B.I. has given the group new portable Motorola radios. In addition, the radios are being used for internal communications. These radios encrypt conversations to prevent reporters and others with scanners from listening.

Presumably, the new telecommunications towers that the F.B.I. installed on a hilltop help unscramble intercepted radio conversations.

Although F.B.I. officials are not talking, neighbors and visitors to the compound say that the Freemen are prepared for a long siege.

They have two fish ponds, stocked with walleyes and rainbow trout. They have cows for fresh beef and stocks of wheat and a mill to grind it for flour. Their underground bunker is built over a year-round spring. If they lose electricity, they have a backup generator and a diesel tank.

"The only reason they will come out is if they run out of cigarettes," predicted Kenneth A. Coulter, a lifelong neighbor of the Clarks.

One supporter, Marvin Maxwell Sr., who said he talked with the Freemen by telephone last month, said that they have "an underground cellar full of food."

Two weeks ago, James L. Pate, an editor for Soldier of Fortune magazine, visited the compound, the only reporter admitted by the Freemen.

"For the most part, they seemed pretty relaxed, pretty confident in their ability to hold out," Mr. Pate said after his 90-minute stay. "Skurdal seemed nervous. He kept talking, then getting up and pacing around. When he talked, he leaned forward in his seat, with very intense eyes."

Mr. Skurdal's wife, Sandy Deleano, said of her husband, "He has an odd personality and refuses to use a Social Security number or a driver's license," in an interview with lawyers in preparation for a claims suit. She indicated that after Mr. Skurdal's accident, he suffered from memory loss and had difficulty sleeping.

Also since the accident, Mr. Skurdal has devoted much of his energy to suing the oil company and to filing liens against public officials. Eventually, the liens became such a nuisance that a Montana judge barred Mr. Skurdal from filing any documents that had not been approved by a lawyer or a judge.



Photographs by The Associated Press

A couple from Colorado, Dana Dudley and Russell Landers, fled trial on security fraud charges. Mrs. Dudley's daughter, Ashley Taylor, 16, is believed to have been seen riding a red bicycle inside the Freemen compound.

Fugitives, tax protesters and children gather at an isolated farm.

When Mr. Skurdal came here last September from his former home in Roundup, Mont., a migration of like-minded fugitives from federal and state warrants began. Mr. Skurdal arrived with Dale Jacobi, a former Canadian policeman. Both men share the apocalyptic worldview of Christian Identity followers and gave lectures at the compound last winter on the doctrine and in forgery techniques, according to the F.B.I.

"Jews brought the blacks into this country to destroy us," Mr. Jacobi said at the seminars. "God tells his people to kill many, many times in Scripture. He doesn't allow murder, but he allows killing."

To date the only casualty of the siege has been an F.B.I. agent, Kevin J. Kramer, who was killed in an accident two weeks ago when his car rolled over on a muddy road here.

Last year, the curious and the converted flocked here as word spread through far-right networks about this compound, which the Freemen call Justus Township.

"If this sounds too good to be true, it's not," the newsletter of the Militia of Montana, Taking Aim, said in an issue last year. "Justus Township, Montana, is alive and well today. They have reinstated the common law, their own justice court."

Two months ago, in an attempt to win the release of the leader of Mrs. Ward's sect from jail, Mrs. Ward arranged for him to receive a $400,000 "lien draft comptroller warrant," printed by the Freemen. Signed by LeRoy M. Schweitzer, the one-time Freeman leader, this "check" was refused as bond by Utah authorities.

Mr. Chaney is in Utah awaiting trial on charges of conspiracy to commit rape. Police said he "married" his 13-year-old daughter to a 48-year-old follower, Don Beaver, who was later charged with rape and is a fugitive.

The Jordan siege was triggered on March 25 when Mr. Schweitzer was arrested at the compound and charged with a series of securities fraud schemes.

In jail, Mr. Schweitzer and two other Freemen have adamantly rejected state authority. For five days after his arrest, Mr. Schweitzer refused to eat or bathe, prompting Montana authorities to transfer him to a prison hospital in Springfield, Mo. There, his daughter Brandi said, he is being force-fed.

Richard E. Clark, nephew of community leader Ralph, refused to be photographed or fingerprinted after he surrendered to police at Grassrange, 100 miles west of here.

And Daniel E. Petersen, who was arrested with Mr. Schweitzer, has deluged court and state officials in recent days with "writs of mandamus" — handwritten documents that order his release from jail.

Sealed off from the outside world, the Freemen in the compound here can no longer send or receive mail. Their laser printer is now reduced to printing occasional manifestoes for journalists who are camped half a mile away.

But, across the nation, the graduates of the Freemen's suspected forgery seminars are busy.

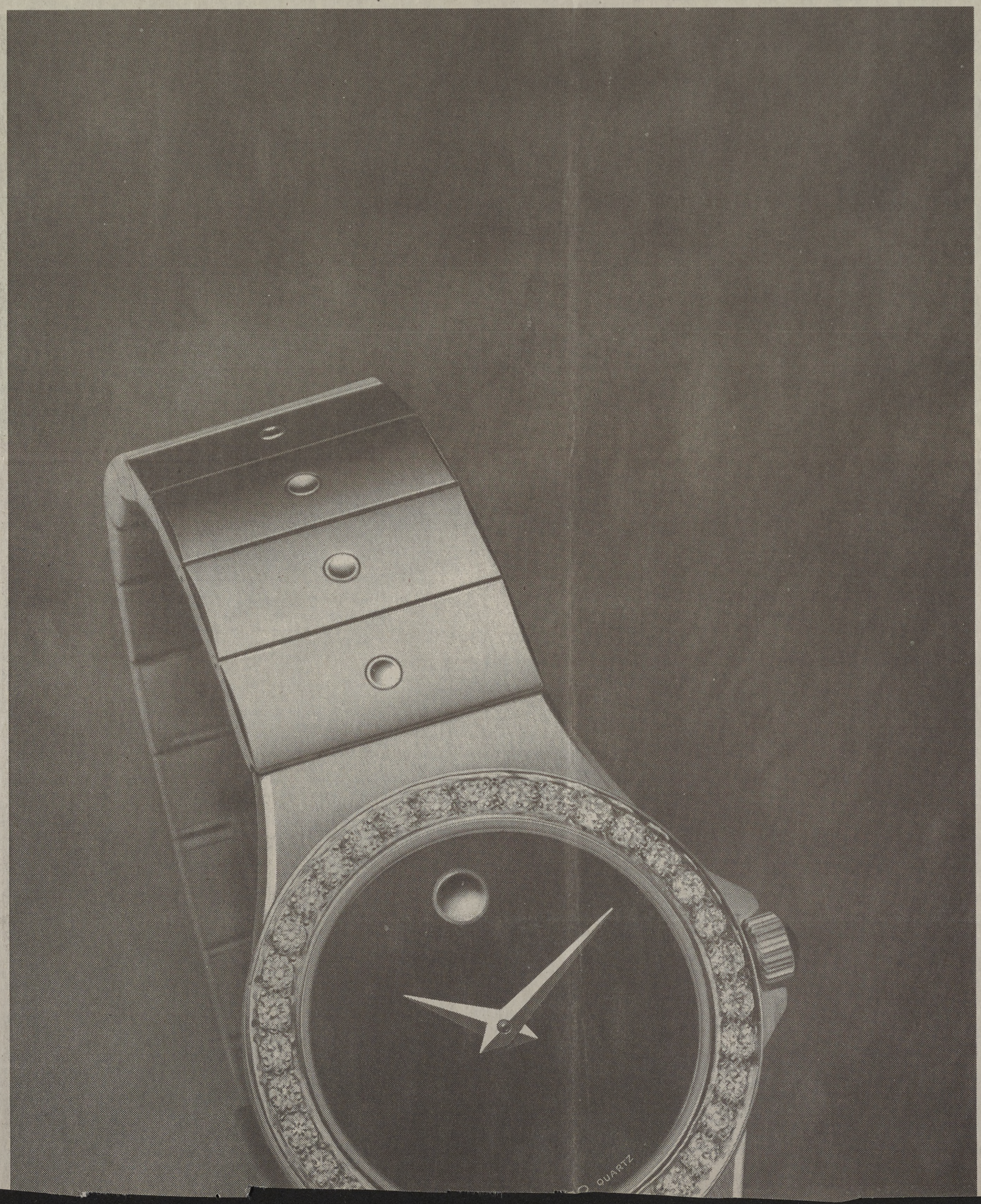
In the month since the F.B.I. surrounded the farm, Freemen-designed checks have appeared in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Ohio, Oregon and South Dakota.

This week, a $26 million land deal in Missouri was canceled after the sellers discovered that the purchaser's checks were printed by the Freemen. In Palm Beach, Fla., courthouse clerks are reporting a surge in Freemen-style bogus liens on public officials.

And in Los Angeles on Thursday, a graduate of the Freemen courses here, M. Elizabeth Broderick, was indicted with four associates on charges of running a fraudulent check scheme.

An energetic disciple of the Freemen, Mrs. Broderick is accused of earning more than $300,000 by holding seminars on check forgery. According to the indictment, she issued nearly 1,200 checks totaling more than $100 million. Most were rejected, but $200,000 in worthless checks were accepted.

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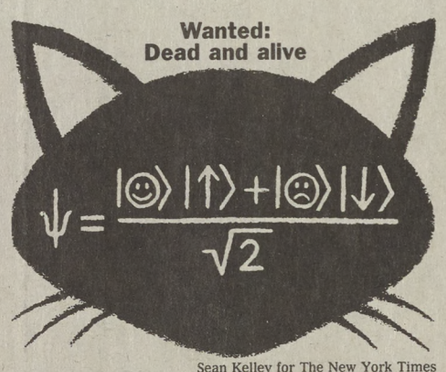
The New York Times

Physicists Put Atom In 2 Places At Once

By MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Many a suspect has escaped the noose by arguing that he could not have been in two places at the same time. But no such grounds for an alibi exist for the tiny inhabitants of the realm of quantum mechanics: a team of physicists has proved that an entire atom can simultaneously exist in two widely separated places.

The achievement not only sheds light on a famous scientific paradox but could also have important consequences for cryptography, a



Sean Kelley for The New York Times

In this equation, the apparent paradox of Schrödinger's cat, which exists in two states, dead and alive (happy and sad face) is represented. In experiments, scientists used a beryllium atom in place of a cat.

science that creates codes to safeguard the electronic transfer of money, state secrets and other valuable things.

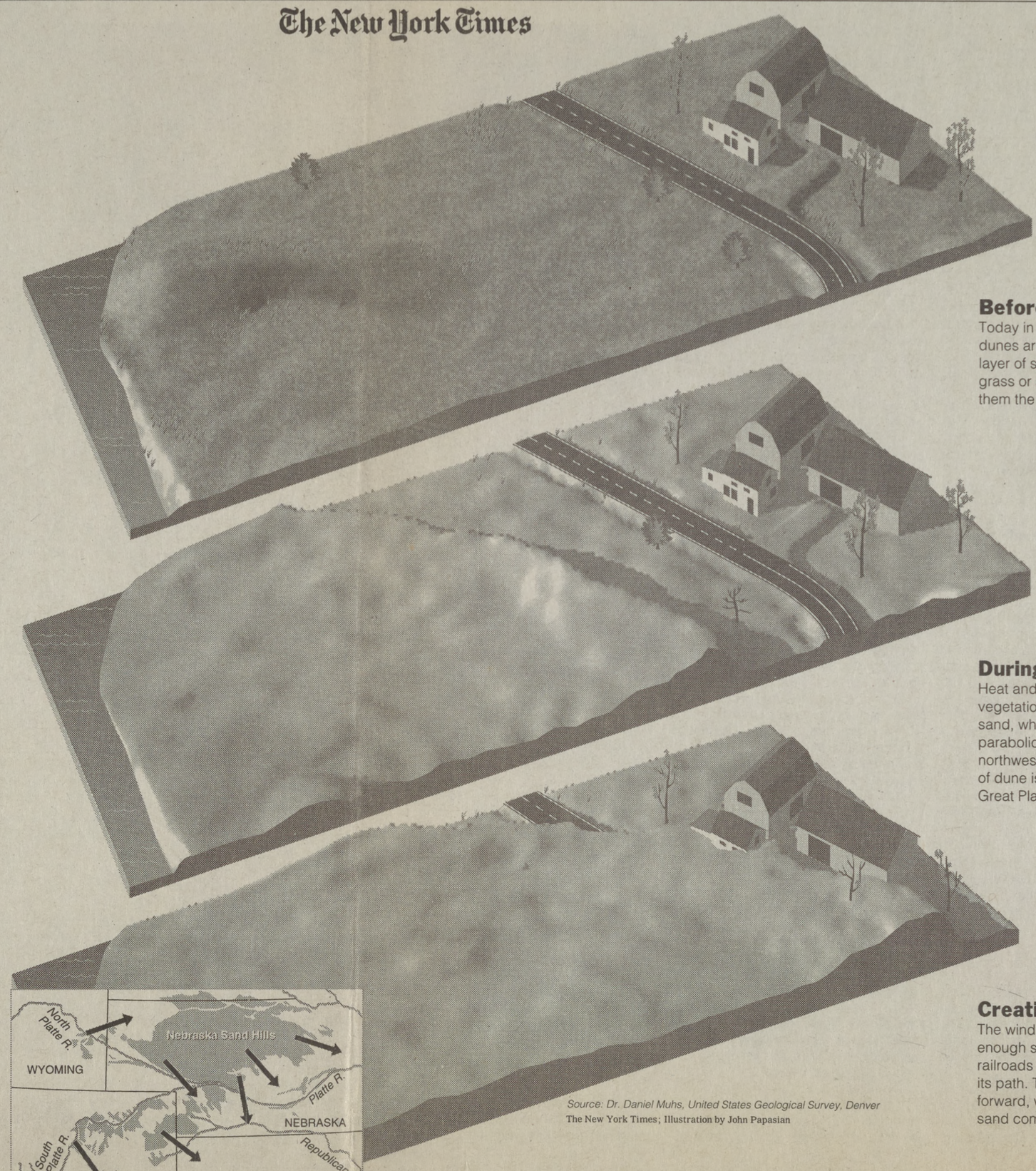
Quantum mechanics is a natural system of stepwise interactions that governs very small things: molecules, atoms and the components of atoms. It does not noticeably affect the "classical" or "macroscale" world, the environment familiar to human beings.

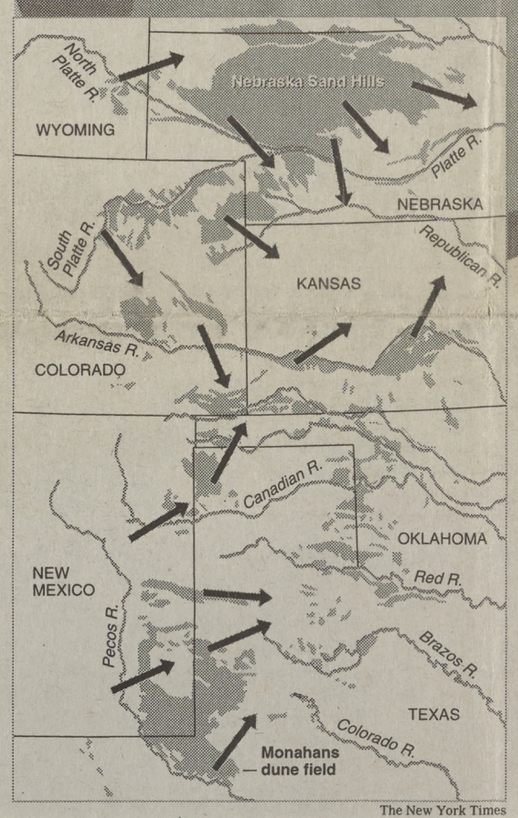
In the quantum "microscale" world, objects can tunnel almost magically through impenetrable barriers. A single object can exist in a multiplicity of forms and places. In principle, two quantum-mechanically "entangled" objects can respond instantly to each other's experiences, even when the two objects are at opposite ends of the universe.

Bizarre though such effects seem to nonphysicists, they underlie countless practical applications, including the ubiquitous transistor. They might eventually lead to a quantum computer, in which a single atom switching between different quantum states could simultaneously perform different operations, thereby speeding up computations to the point at which currently unbreakable electronic codes could be readily broken.

That could have a devastating effect on current banking transfer procedures. Many coding systems used for the electronic transfer of money depend on the fact that it is virtually impossible, using even the fastest of today's computers, to factor very large numbers that are the products of pairs of large prime numbers. A quantum computer, however, might be able to do the factoring in a reasonable period of time, thereby putting a

Continued on Page B6





The New York Times

How Midwestern Dunes Can Migrate
Arrows indicate the direction of winds strong enough to move sand-sized particles for each area and show the possible downwind migration of dunes.

Great Plains or Great Desert? A Sea of Dunes Lies in Wait

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS

As devastating as the present drought in the southern Great Plains has been, scientists who study ancient climates are finding that droughts, floods and severe cold far surpassing anything in the modern era have punctuated the 10,000 years since the last ice age.

The discovery has surprised experts because the climate of this most recent period in earth history, called the Holocene, has long been considered relatively stable and serene, and its comparative tranquillity has long been thought essential to the development of civilization.

Now, paleoclimatologists are finding in case after case that the Holocene climate has been more volatile than had been believed. The disturbing implication is that these natural catastrophes could come again at any time, quite apart from any change in climate that might result from emissions of waste industrial gases that can trap heat.

"We like to think of whatever climate we're in as normal," said Dr. Daniel Muhs, a geologist with the United States Geological Survey in Denver, "and our natural assumption is that it will keep on that way — that's a very tenuous assumption."

It turns out that the climate of the last century and a half, the brief period in which people have been measuring temperature and precipitation, has indeed been relatively placid. These comparatively calm recent decades have nevertheless had their own ups and downs, like the drought that struck the southern Great Plains in the 1930's, creating the Dust Bowl.

That drought, modern America's worst, stripped farms of their topsoil after farming had exposed the soil to wind erosion, touching off the mass migration of the Okies to California. The relentless wind "cried and

Continued on Page B9

Evidence Mounting for Role of Fetal Damage in Schizophrenia

By DANIEL GOLEMAN

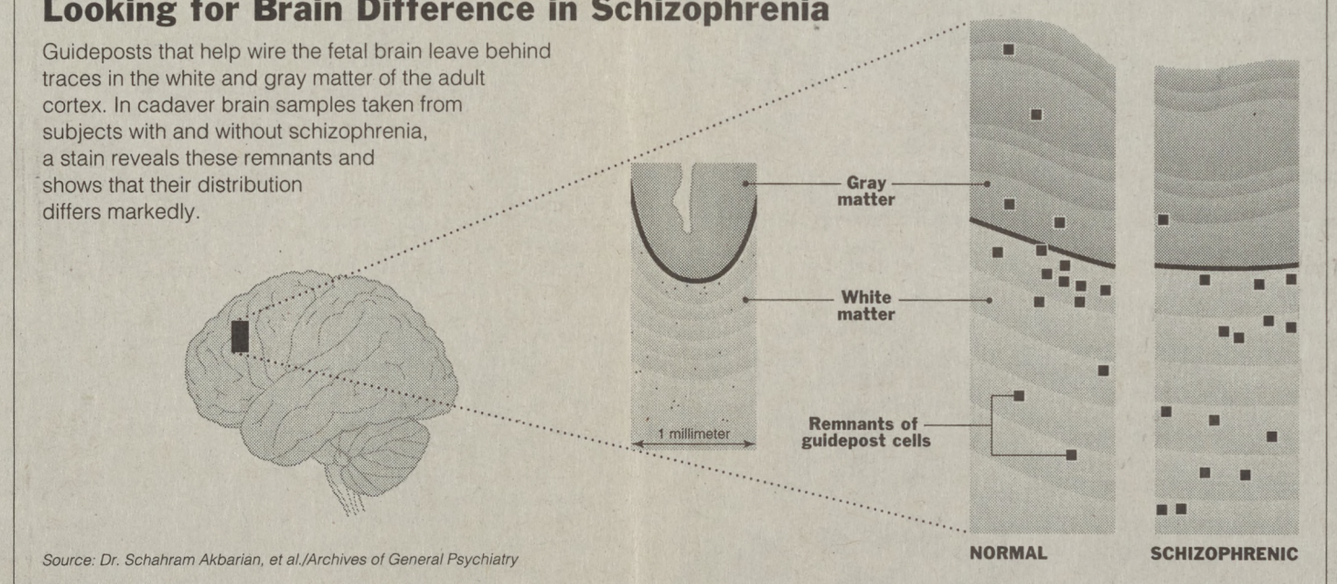
A dramatic change is afoot in the scientific understanding of schizophrenia, a devastating mental illness with 2.5 million victims in the United States alone. The first symptoms usually appear when people are in their late 20's, but neuroscientists now believe that the seeds of the disorder are often sown during fetal development.

That is when the brain is wired up; nerve cells grow and divide, building connections with each other. The basic flaw in the brains of many schizophrenics seems to be that certain nerve cells migrate to the wrong areas when the brain is first taking shape, leaving small regions of the brain permanently out of place or miswired. Such errors in neural architecture may have one or more causes, which remain to be discovered. One speculation is that brain misconnections might develop when the mother catches a virus early in pregnancy.

The chief symptoms of schizophrenia include apathy, a blunting of emotions, delusions and the hearing of internal voices. Once these symptoms begin, they typically wax and wane for the rest of a person's life.

The origins of the disorder have long been mysterious. Once attributed to poor communication within families, the condition is now recognized as a disease of the brain, as seen in differences between schizophrenic and normal brains.

The idea that these differences arise during fetal development, said Dr. David Shore, chief of the Schizophrenia Research Branch at the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Md., "is one of the leading candidates for explaining how the changes we see in the brains of schizophrenics might have come about."



The New York Times

But that theory does not solve the entire puzzle. "Schizophrenia is probably many different kinds of problems that converge on the same syndrome, not just a single disease," said Dr. Daniel Weinberger, chief of the clinical Brain Disorders Branch of the National Institute of Mental Health. "But based on the weight of evidence, half or more of schizophrenia seems to be due to abnormalities in fetal brain development."

Evidence for that new theory comes from several different sources, including autopsies of patients' brains, family movies taken when patients were as young as 2 years old and epidemiological data.

One of the more convincing reports, based on tissue from autopsies and published this month in The Archives of General Psychiatry, showed neurons out of place in the prefrontal areas of 7 of 20 brains from patients with schizophrenia and in none of the 20 brains from people without the disorder. The study is the fourth of its kind to report wayward cells in various parts of the cortex in people with schizophrenia.

The out-of-place cells are unexpectedly large residues of the neural subplate, a structure that guides other neurons to their proper sites. The subplate forms about the fourth month of pregnancy. It gradually disappears almost entirely within the first month of life, having performed its task of aiming neurons toward their location in the cortex.

"The migration of brain cells through the neural subplate occurs almost entirely in the second trimester of fetal development," said Dr. Steven G. Potkin, a psychiatrist at the University of California at Irvine and a co-author of the study, with Dr. William E. Bunney and Dr. Edward Jones.

"If you disrupt this migration, cells end up in the wrong place or have faulty connections — and that's what we found in the brains of the schizophrenic patients," Dr. Potkin said. "The maldistribution of these cells suggests an abnormality in the subplate."

Experiments on cats by Dr. Carla Shatz, a neuroscientist at the University of California at Berkeley, has shown that making cuts in the subplate at an equivalent period in the development of the cat brain produces cortical cells that are miswired or out of place.

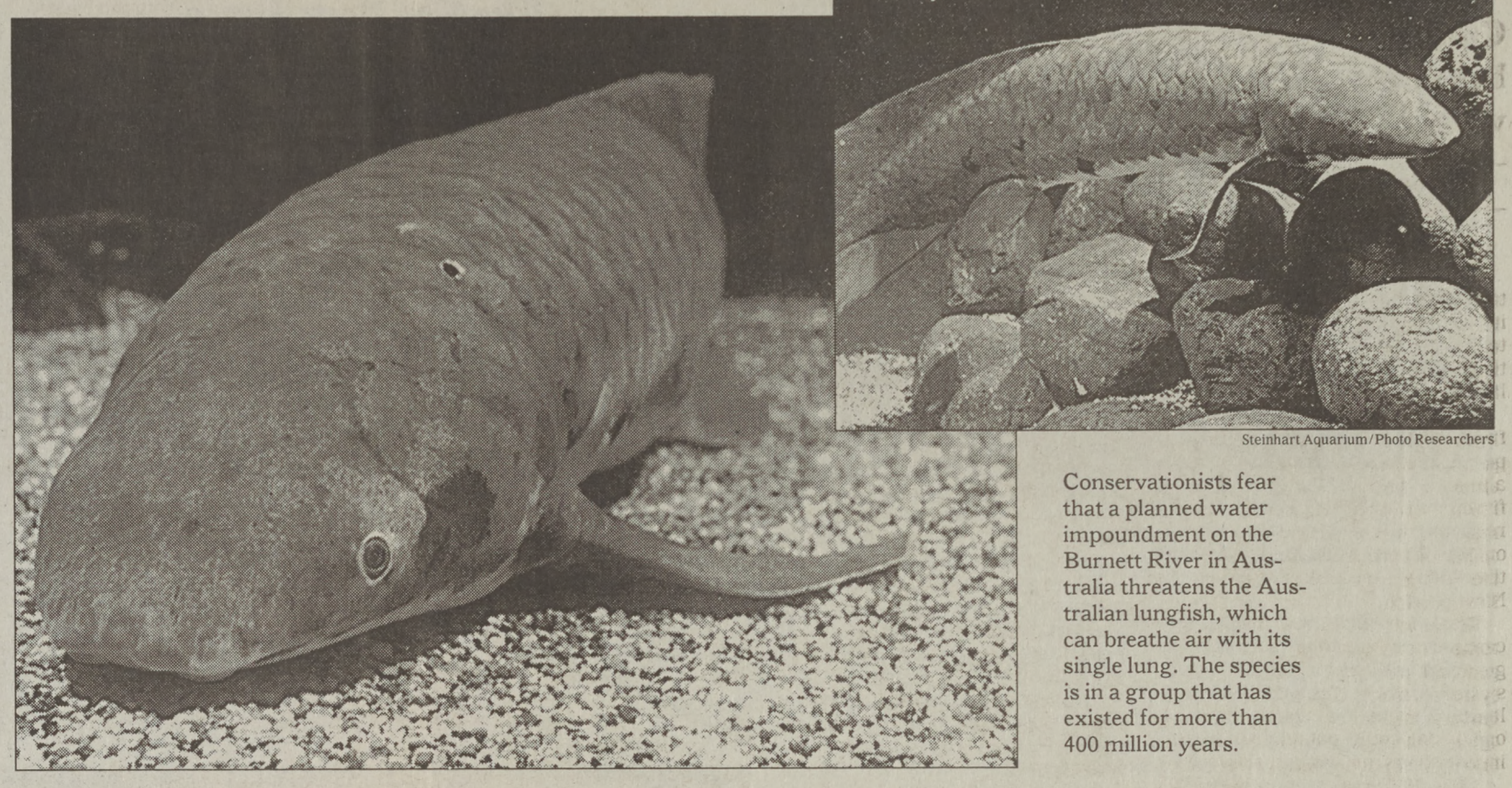
Just what might cause the neural subplate to fail to perform its duties is a matter of surmise. Dr. Potkin speculated that "there may be a wide range of causes, from a faulty genetic mechanism to environmental insults, like the mother having a virus that penetrates the placenta, all of which interfere with the operation of the neural subplate during the critical months of fetal brain development."

One nagging question for proponents of the new theory is why no symptoms of schizophrenia appear for two decades or more if the brain abnormalities are present from birth.

One answer is that there are, indeed, signs

Continued on Page B8

Dam Said to Threaten Ancient Lungfish



Steinhart Aquarium/Photo Researchers

Conservationists fear that a planned water impoundment on the Burnett River in Australia threatens the Australian lungfish, which can breathe air with its single lung. The species is in a group that has existed for more than 400 million years.

The impoundment is for an area plagued by flood and drought.

By CAROL KAESUK YOON

The Australian lungfish, which can use its one lung to breathe air, is one of the planet's strangest and hardiest survivors. It is one of the last remnants of the Dipnoi, a group of fish that has swum the world's rivers for more than 400 million years, managing to hang on as countless contemporaries, including the dinosaurs, died out and other creatures, like Homo sapiens, took their first steps. But conservationists say this species, now restricted to a handful of rivers in northeastern Australia, is being threatened in one of its last strongholds.

The problem, they say, is the Walla Weir, a water impoundment planned for the Burnett River in Queensland, Australia, which they say will destroy critical spawning habitat of the species. But Government scientists and Queensland's Department of Natural Resources say conservationists' fears are overblown. They say their studies indicate that the Walla Weir poses no significant threat to Neoceratodus forsteri, as the fish is also known, a species already protected by law from fishing.

While a controversy continues to brew over the fish, the species' scientific value is in little doubt. Neoceratodus has fascinated researchers ever since it was discovered in 1870.

First thought to be salamanders, these creatures able to breathe air were later recognized as fish. Some scientists say they are the aquatic descendants of the lineage of revolutionary fishes that first flopped onto land and gave rise to reptiles, birds, amphibians — all the land-living vertebrates, including humans.

"It's a real case of a living fossil," Dr. William Bemis, an evolutionary anatomist at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, said of the species, which is indistinguishable from its rock-hardened predecessors. Its only living relatives are the South American and African lungfish, both of which are considered much less primitive.

Dr. John Wourms, a comparative physiologist at Clemson University in South Carolina, said of the Australian lungfish and the coelacanth, another fish little changed over the millenniums: "These are the two most important species of fish for biologists to study in terms of evolution. They cry out for study."

The Walla Weir, a small damlike structure, was proposed to help regulate the Burnett River's flow in a region that is often plagued by flood and drought. The weir is particularly crucial to the local sugar cane farms, which require abundant and regular supplies of water. It was originally scheduled to be completed at the end of this year, but that goal has been pushed back to the end of 1997.

Faced with growing concern about the weir, Government scientists carried out a four-month study of lungfish in the Burnett River, where the species was discovered. They found adult lungfish abundant and spawning freely.

"If you looked at the normal criteria to decide if a species was threatened or endangered, you wouldn't say the lungfish was," said Dr. Peter Jackson, principal scientist in freshwater fisheries with the Department of Primary Industries, which conducted the study.

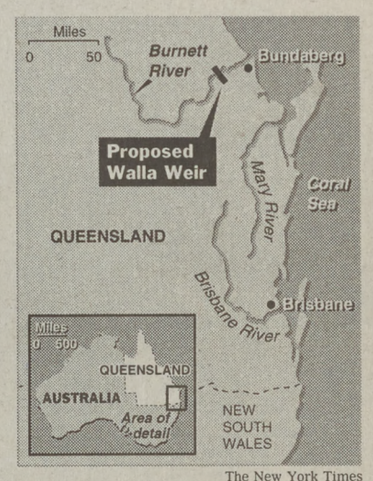
But Dr. Anne Kemp at the University of Queensland in Brisbane, an authority on the Australian lungfish, said the question was not whether adults were abundant and breeding in the Burnett. That, she said, is an issue no one disputes. The real issue is how eggs and young lungfish, which keep such populations going, will fare once the weir is built.

Dr. Kemp, who has studied the species for 20 years, says the fish require waterside vegetation both for spawning and for the survival of juveniles, vegetation that she says cannot survive the fluctuating water levels in weirs.

Enoggera Reservoir, where lungfish have been transplanted, Dr. Kemp said, illustrates the problem particularly well.

As elsewhere, eggs are laid in the spring in vegetation near the water's edge. When the young lungfish hatch, she said, they hide out in the plants from enemies like carnivorous fish, until they are large enough to venture about more safely. Lungfish at Enoggera did well breeding when there was water hyacinth, but since the plants were cleared, Dr. Kemp says no young have survived. Every lungfish caught in the reservoir recently has been very old.

Dr. Kemp said the proposed weir is particularly worrisome as the lungfish's other two strongholds, the Mary and Brisbane Rivers, have little unaltered habitat remaining. She says in the water impoundments along these rivers in which the vegetation has been destroyed, though adults can easily be found, it is likely that few or no young are surviving to replenish the populations.



The New York Times

Completion of Walla Weir in Australia is set for end of 1997.

"The Department of Primary Industries has openly admitted that the new weir will destroy a further 13 percent of the natural environment of the river," Dr. Kemp said. "It might not sound like much but it's a major blow in that habitat. It's a very big threat."

But Dr. Jackson says 13 percent is a worst case scenario and the damage could easily be less than that. The biggest problem, he said, is that it is very difficult to say much definitively about these fish because so little is known about how they function in the wild. There still has been no good study estimating the lungfish population.

Assessing the status of populations in or out of weirs is difficult. Adult lungfish are very long-lived and young lungfish are difficult to catch. So where young lungfish are doing poorly and where they are doing well, researchers are likely to see the same thing. In either case researchers are likely to find healthy numbers of surviving adults and few or no young, making it difficult to tell when a population is heading into trouble.

He did agree, however, that managing waterside vegetation was probably the key to maintaining any lungfish population.

"The work we did suggests they do need vegetation and they need it present in relatively shallow water," he said. But, he went on, the question is: "Can you provide those conditions for vegetation to survive in that depth of water in an impoundment? Can you regulate water sufficiently?" That, he suggested, is a matter, not for fish biologists like himself and Dr. Kemp, but for aquatic vegetation specialists to settle.

A scientist says the fish, a living fossil, cries out for study.

But even if biologists can come up with ways to maintain the vegetation, the question remains whether or not the use of the weir would allow such plans to be put properly into place.

Ian Pullar, manager of resource development planning in Queensland's Department of Natural Resources, said that managing the weir to the benefit of the aquatic vegetation and the lungfish was "certainly not out of the question."

Dr. Jackson said the report on the four-month study did recommend the development of a management plan for the species, but he said he knew of no such plan under way.

Dr. Kemp said she had also seen no sign of a management plan. She said she feared that if Walla Weir went through, even more weirs would be built.

Walla Weir appears to be only one of many possible problems for this species, whose river habitat has been continually altered. Fertilizer runoff and illegal collection of the species for food and the black-market aquarium trade are also concerns, Dr. Kemp said.

Wide Bay Burnett Conservation Council Inc., a local group that is actively protesting the weir, is also working to nominate the Australian lungfish for full protection under the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species, said a spokeswoman, Pam Soper.

"No matter which way you go with Walla Weir," said Dr. Jackson, "whichever side wins, we still don't know enough about the lungfish." And he warned, "Unless we take the time to get the necessary information, it could end up in a serious state."

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Team of Physicists Proves Atom Can Exist in Two Places at Once

Continued From Page B5

powerful tool in the hands of thieves.

In a paper published in the current issue of the journal Science, Dr. Christopher Monroe and his colleagues at the National Institute of Standards and Technology in Boulder, Colo., described how they had divided a single beryllium atom into two distinct states of existence and had then separated the two states in space.

To readers of science fiction, the idea of a single atom existing simultaneously in two states or places is reminiscent of the supernatural "doppelgänger" — a flesh-and-blood duplicate of one's self encountered while walking along a street.

The real significance of the institute's feat, Dr. Monroe said in an interview, is that the two states of the same atom were not only pulled apart but were separated by a relatively enormous distance — a distance large enough to represent a transition from the domain of quantum mechanics to the everyday world, where things behave in "normal" ways. The beryllium atom, as divided by the scientists into two separate manifestations, may therefore have represented a kind of bridge between the microscale and macroscale levels of existence, and it therefore occupies an intermediate "mesoscale" region. The study of such a region could help define the fuzzy boundary between the quantum world and the everyday world.

The main object of the institute's experiments was to create the atomic equivalent of "Schrödinger's cat" — the hypothetical victim of a whimsical "thought experiment" devised in 1935 by the German quantum theorist Erwin Schrödinger to illustrate one paradox of quantum theory.

Schrödinger suggested that a box might be built and a live cat and a capsule of poison gas put inside. The capsule could be broken, and the lethal poison released, by a trigger mechanism actuated by the decay of a radioactive atom. The experiment would be conducted during a specified period of time in which there would be a precisely 50-50 chance that the atom would decay, killing the cat, or would not decay, leaving the cat alive.

Quantum mechanics deals with the statistics of probability rather than traditional determinism. Under quantum rules, the radioactive atom that could trigger the release of the poison is considered to have a wave function that consists of equal parts of a decayed state and an undecayed state. Only when an observer (or an inanimate surrogate) measures the state of the radioactive atom or opens the box does the state of the atom (and the survival or death of the cat) become definite — a situation physicists describe as "collapsing the wave function."

Schrödinger himself knew that it is absurd to imagine a cat as simultaneously dead and alive. Cats, like all things, are considered to have wave functions, but the wave function of a cat must include the states of every atom in its body, and the combination is astronomically more complex than the wave function of a single atom. The decay or survival of a single atom in the cat's body has no appreciable effect on the animal.

Still, Schrödinger's cat remains a popular metaphor for the possibility of demonstrating a linkage between the ultra-small realm of quantum mechanics and the classical world of everyday experience. It also illustrates the quantum paradox that allows a single particle to be in multiple states or places at the same time.

Though atoms are twinned, cats remain a challenge.

Strange though it seems, the quantum equivalent of Schrödinger's cat has long been known to be a reality. For example, a photon of light or a single electron can behave both as a particle and as a wave. It can be beamed at a barrier pierced by two slits in such a way that it can pass through either slit with equal probability. When that happens, it passes through both slits; afterward, the particle-wave and its doppelgänger can be recombined. That can be done so the twins interfere with each other, producing a pattern of fringes in their combined waves, in which the crests and troughs either reinforce each other or cancel each other — proof that the particle has been physically divided into separate states.

The novelty of the experiment at the National Institute of Standards and Technology is that the scientists succeeded in separating two states of a single atom in space, then pulled them 83 nanometers (billionths of a meter) apart. That distance is minute by human standards, but gigantic for the quantum world.

To achieve that, the group applied precisely tuned dye lasers of the kind used by the institute to develop increasingly accurate atomic clocks. Although the method is extremely difficult in practice, its principles are relatively simple.

First, Dr. Monroe explained, an electrically neutral atom of beryllium (a light metal) was stripped of one of the two electrons in its outer shell, thus giving the atom a positive electrical charge and rendering the atom responsive to electromagnetic influences.

The electrically charged atom was next bombarded by laser beams, reducing its thermal motion to almost zero. The atom was then shackled to the center of an electromagnetic trap, in which it was gently tweaked by another set of lasers directed at the beryllium atom's single remaining outer electron.

This lone electron has a 50-50 chance of being in either a "spin up" state or a "spin down" state ("spin" is a quantum-mechanical attribute of particles that is vaguely analogous to the spin of a top), and the wave function of the electron includes equal parts of "up" and "down" spin. But by applying very precise laser beams to the electron orbiting the beryllium nucleus, the institute group was able to induce the beryllium atom's outer electron to oscillate very rapidly between "up" and "down" spins. The lasers then nudged these two states apart, effectively converting the entire atom into a pair of separated doppelgängers.

By repeating the experiment many times while slightly varying the conditions, the group was able to make a kind of movie that visualizes the process of pulling apart and then recombining the two versions of the atom, producing telltale interference patterns.

Dr. Monroe imagines the process as something like a pair of mutually repellant marbles at the opposite rims of a bowl with a round bottom. The two marbles are allowed to roll down the sides, meet and pass right through each other, then to roll up the other sides. They continue this oscillation indefinitely.

"The technical problems of building a quantum computer may turn out to be too complex to solve, even though we know that such a computer is possible in principle," Dr. Monroe said. "But in any case, we've taken a good step toward turning old Schrödinger's cat into reality."

Everything you need to know for your business day is in Business Day. The New York Times

Great Plains or Great Desert? Sea of Windblown Dunes Lies in Wait

Continued From Page B5

whimpered over the fallen corn" while people huddled inside, tying handkerchiefs over their noses and donning goggles to go out, John Steinbeck wrote in "The Grapes of Wrath."

But according to new evidence presented by Dr. Muhs last week at a meeting of the American Quaternary Association in Flagstaff, Ariz., there have been several times during the Holocene when even more severe droughts have converted other, larger stretches of the Great Plains to seas of windblown sand dunes like those of the Sahara. These conditions were seen most recently in the 18th and 19th centuries, before the region was heavily settled.

In 1810, in one of a number of historical accounts collected by Dr. Muhs and his colleagues, the explorer Zebulon Pike wrote this about parts of Kansas and Colorado: "These vast plains of the western hemisphere may become in time equally celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa; for I saw in my route, in various places, tracts of many leagues, where the wind had thrown up the sand, in all the fanciful forms of the ocean's rolling wave, and on which not a speck of vegetable matter existed."

Ten years of drought could recreate a Sahara.

The dunes are still there, mostly grazed by cattle, and only a thin, fragile cover of vegetation holds them in check. In the 1930's, the dunes were on the verge of becoming active when the drought ended; that is, the vegetation was just beginning to succumb and unleash the blowing sands. Should the sands be unleashed today, Dr. Muhs said, some highways and railroads would probably be buried. Lots of grazing range would cease to exist, and much habitat, including extensive wetlands, would disappear. Stifling sand would rain onto productive agricultural fields downwind, and some dunes could migrate onto adjacent farms.

"It would be pretty catastrophic, I think," Dr. Muhs said.

The Sahara-like conditions could be touched off if predicted climatic changes resulting from atmospheric accumulations of heat-trapping greenhouse gases like carbon dioxide come to pass, according to a study by Dr. Muhs and his colleagues. Experts predict that a greenhouse world would make the Great Plains both drier and warmer, perhaps enough to reactivate the dunes. But natural forces could also do the trick: "With or without the greenhouse, potentially we could have this kind of effect," Dr. Muhs said.

The litany of Holocene climatic extremes has been growing of late. About 8,000 years ago, for instance, much of Earth was in the grip of a cold spell more severe than the so-called Little Ice Age of the 15th to the 19th centuries, according to analyses of ice cores from Greenland. "This is a big event," said Dr. Richard Alley, a paleoclimatologist at Pennsylvania State University, "clearly something that affected a huge chunk of the world, and it's a lot bigger than modern humans have ever experienced." Even though the Little Ice Age was less severe, it caused great hardship, bringing crop failures and starvation to much of Europe.

During some periods in the Holocene, some places have been characterized not by drought, heat or cold, but by outsized floods. Starting about 3,300 years ago, according to an analysis of ancient sediments by Dr. James Knox, a geographer at the University of Wisconsin, the upper Mississippi Valley suddenly began experiencing a series of what would today be called 500-year floods. The 1993 floods in that region were of that magnitude, but paleoclimatologists are uncertain whether they presage another outbreak of severe floods. One remarkable feature of the great floods 3,300 years ago is that they were touched off by relatively modest changes in the global patterns of atmospheric circulation, Dr. Knox said.

Evidence is also mounting that severe droughts and floods devastated a number of early civilizations. The Peruvian coast of South America is a case in point. An analysis of Andean ice cores dating back to the fifth century A.D. has revealed that the region endured alternating droughts and wet periods lasting up to 400 years each. Dr. Lonnie G. Thompson, a paleoclimate expert at Ohio State University, said that archeological evidence indicated that the rise and fall of a number of pre-Inca cultures "are in sync with these precipitation changes."



Dr. Daniel Muhs/U.S.G.S.

Nebraska Sand Hills, biggest dune field in Western Hemisphere, are stabilized by a thin cover of vegetation, above; when high heat and drought settle into the area, the vegetation dies and the dunes shift like the Sahara.

The wet-dry variations might have been caused by long-term oscillations in the ocean-atmosphere climate system, analogous to the short-term changes typical of El Niño — the vast pool of warm water in the tropical Pacific that appears from time to time, altering regional climates around the world. That theory is bolstered, Dr. Thompson said, by core samples from Tibet that show wet-dry cycles matching those in Peru.

Other evidence of global or at least hemisphere-wide climatic changes affecting earlier civilizations has previously emerged. Two years ago, Dr. Scott Stine of California State University at Hayward reported that what is now California had experienced two droughts beginning about 1,100 years ago, the first lasting 220 years and the second 140 years. Both droughts were much more intense than the six-year dry spells that afflict modern California from time to time. They also coincided roughly with similar droughts in South America that caused the collapse of that continent's most advanced pre-Inca empire, a state called Tiwanaku — and they coincided with a warm period in Europe that allowed the Vikings to colonize Greenland and vineyards to flourish in England.

Last year, a University of Florida team led by Dr. David A. Hodell reported that an unusually severe drought about 1,200 years ago might have contributed to the abrupt decline of the classic Maya civilization in Yucatan.

And in 1993, an American-French archeological team headed by Dr. Harvey Weiss of Yale University reported that the sudden onset of a 300-year drought had brought about the collapse, 4,200 years ago, of the Akkadians, the Middle East's earliest known empire.

Until recently, paleoclimatologists have focused more on the climatic record of the ice ages because those temperature swings were much larger, and therefore more interesting to scientists, than those of the Holocene. By comparison, "people figured that the Holocene is truly boring," Dr. Alley said. Then, in 1993, attention shifted to the last warm interglacial period before this one, which lasted from about 130,000 to 120,000 years ago. Reports in that year on studies of Greenland ice cores suggested that the last interglacial period had experienced abrupt and previously unexpected swings of global temperature. But that finding turned out to be ambiguous.

Now, as the results of studies under way for some time are beginning to come in from around the world, the spotlight is shifting to the current era, and a broad pattern of abrupt and severe climatic change in the Holocene is being seen for the first time. The studies show clearly that the Holocene has abounded in climatic swings "large enough to dwarf changes seen in the instrumentally based climate record of the last 150 years," Dr. Jonathan T. Overpeck wrote recently in the journal Science. Dr. Overpeck directs the paleoclimatology program of the National Geophysical Data Center in Boulder, Colo.

Some of most arresting findings are those having to do with the Great Plains. Vast stretches of the plains, from Texas and New Mexico to Nebraska and South Dakota, consist of classic sand dunes covered thinly by vegetation. One area, the Nebraska Sand Hills, is the biggest dune field in the Western Hemisphere. When atmospheric circulation settles into a characteristic pattern of no rain and high heat over the region, the vegetation dies. The dunes, naked to the wind, go into their Sahara mode.

Through radiocarbon dating of strata in the dunes and historical accounts from the 1700's and 1800's, Dr. Muhs and colleagues have found that the stripping of vegetation caused by droughts has several times activated the dunes over large areas in the last 3,000 years.

The historical accounts make it clear that when 19th-century textbooks referred to the Great American Desert, the allusion was not just born of some effete Eastern bias. The Nebraska Sand Hills, for instance, were described by an explorer in 1796 as a "great desert of drifting sand, without trees, soil, rock, water or animals of any kind, excepting some little varicolored turtles, of which there were vast numbers." In 1855, a sketch by another explorer depicted bare, peaked dunes in the Sand Hills stretching to the horizon.

In the 1860's, a drought much more severe than the one that caused the Dust Bowl apparently brought the desertification of the West to its most recent peak; after that, the dunes stabilized again. Dr. Muhs said that it might take less than a decade of drought to kill enough vegetation to create desert conditions again.

Aerial photographs show that in much of the plains in the mid-1930's, including the Dust Bowl region, some dunes were already "going active." Had the drought not ended when it did, Dr. Muhs said, a repeat of the 1860's could have resulted.

The mega-droughts have come so often, he said, that it is impossible to judge whether the "normal" condition of the plains is to have controlled or active dunes.

The present drought in the southern Great Plains, which threatens cattle ranchers and wheat growers with bankruptcy, is a little more than six months old. It would probably take at least two or three more years of drought, Dr. Muhs said, for the desert to begin to be unleashed again. He and his colleagues have concluded that the predicted greenhouse effect would probably mobilize the dunes once again. "If you superimpose that on one of the warm, dry periods we know has recurred repeatedly in the last 1,000 years or more," Dr. Muhs said, "you're looking at an enormous impact on the landscape."

Either way, Dr. Overpeck wrote in Science, future climatic changes of the kind produced earlier in the Holocene "may be our biggest worry in the years to come."

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PRODUCT INFORM

WILLIAM C. RHODEN

Sports of The Times

For Hill: Too Much Too Soon, So Long?

ORLANDO, Fla.

FROM the time you deplane in Orlando, you're enveloped in a child's wonderland. They've fashioned an industry here built on dreams: Disney World, Universal Studios and all the water worlds.

The city's pro basketball team is an extension of all this magic: The uniforms show a star burst that leaves a trail of fairy dust. The main corridor of the Orlando Arena is lined with colorful posters and drawings from elementary school children exhorting the Magic as only children can: "Go! Go! Go!" and "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

For all its child-like touches, Orlando is still a place where coldhearted business intersects with wonderment. And the Magic's coach, Brian Hill, stands squarely at that juncture.

• • •

For the last 10 days, Magic fans have watched Hill's players get smacked around by the Chicago Bulls. Yesterday the fans — and the Magic — were put out of their misery by Michael Jordan, who avenged last year's loss to Orlando with a stunning 45-point performance in a 106-101 Chicago victory that completed a four-game sweep.

In the wake of the three previous losses there were persistent reports about Hill's future as head coach. The Magic's third-year coach is in trouble, the reports said. The young team wants to run more; Hill and Shaquille O'Neal, the franchise center, supposedly are at odds. O'Neal becomes a free agent on July 1 and insiders insist that his decision to return could hinge on the Magic's having a new coach.



Yet every public statement from team management is strongly supportive of Hill. After the Magic's practice on Sunday, I ran into John Gabriel, the vice president of basketball operations/player personnel. I asked how he was doing.

"Fighting the [illegible]," Gabriel

Jordan Wields the Broom as Bulls Sweep the Magic

By MIKE WISE

ORLANDO, Fla., May 27 — His partners in the ratings game may have desperately wanted to salvage some pride on their home floor, but Michael Jordan was even more determined to have at least three days off. He was willing to work every angle — possible and impossible — to secure them.

The wing. The baseline. Off one foot or off the glass, he kept hitting net and he kept fading away — farther and farther, until Anfernee Hardaway, Shaquille O'Neal and the once-potent Orlando Magic resembled minuscule blips from high atop the mountain.

The pinnacle is close for the Chicago Bulls now that Jordan has completed a yearlong vindication process spawned by a playoff elimination at the hands of this same young and impressionable team last May. With a frightening glare attached to every made shot, he erupted for 45 points and carried Chicago to a 106-101 victory in Game 4 and a sweep of the Eastern Conference finals.

"Judging from the look in Michael's eyes, we could have rode him all day today," said Scottie Pippen, who finished with 12 points, 8 assists and 5 rebounds. "I know I rode him."

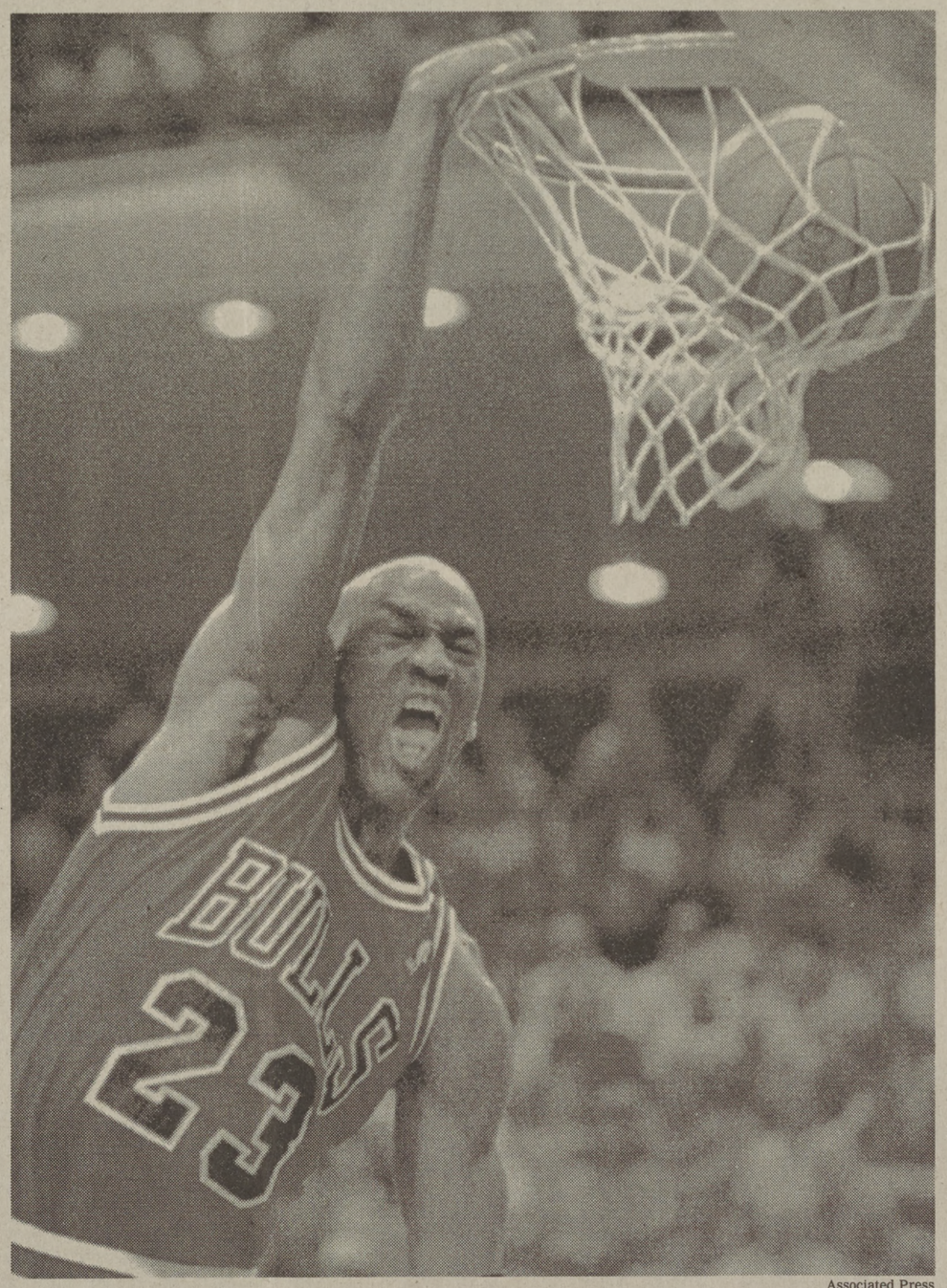
Because Jordan still cannot be stopped, the Bulls are motoring toward their first finals appearance in three years. They overcame a 56-47 halftime deficit in the final seconds of the third quarter and then let Jordan do most of the sweeping up in the final quarter.

He had 10 points in the final 12 minutes, including two demoralizing jumpers that effectively ended the Magic's season. He also gave his teammates some time off.

If the Seattle SuperSonics, who lead their series with Utah three games to one, eliminate the Jazz in five games, the league championship series would begin Friday night in Chicago. Should the Western Conference finals go six games, Game 1 of the finals would be Sunday in Chicago.

"Any time you can take a team out and get some days off, it's nice," Pippen said. "I'm sure that motivated him, too."

O'Neal and Hardaway each finished with 28 points, and played spectacularly at ti[illegible] Ch[illegible] o[illegible]



Associated Press

That's 2 of 45 points for an excited Michael Jordan as he dunks during Bulls' march to a sweep.

Hardaway was corralled every time he dribbled around the perimeter in the final minutes.

The clincher may have come with 4 minutes 42 seconds left and Orlando try[illegible]

baseline. He was as open as Madison Square Garden in June.

Jordan paused to square his feet, cruelly let Hardaway get within a few feet and then pulled the trigger. As the ball [illegible] he kicked his right

them out of the playoffs and turned this megahyped series into little more than a formality. Some changing of the guard, huh? Orlando became the first team since Detroit in 1991 to be swept in a conference final.

Of course, Jordan did the honors then, too. "Jordan is Jordan," O'Neal said. "That's why he's the best player in the world. He came out and played well and let the game come to him."

Hardaway said: "It's really sickening because we are a better team than what we displayed. Even though we had injuries and everything, it's still hard to take that and live with it."

The Magic did not have the services of Nick Anderson, who sprained his right wrist in Game 3; Horace Grant, out since Game 1 with a twisted left elbow, and Brian Shaw, who had muscle spasms in his neck the morning of Game 3.

Jordan had 20 points at halftime, carrying the Bulls offensively after scoring only 17 in Game 3. O'Neal and Hardaway made even greater strides in 48 hours, combining for 34 points in two quarters after their shooting woes in Game 3.

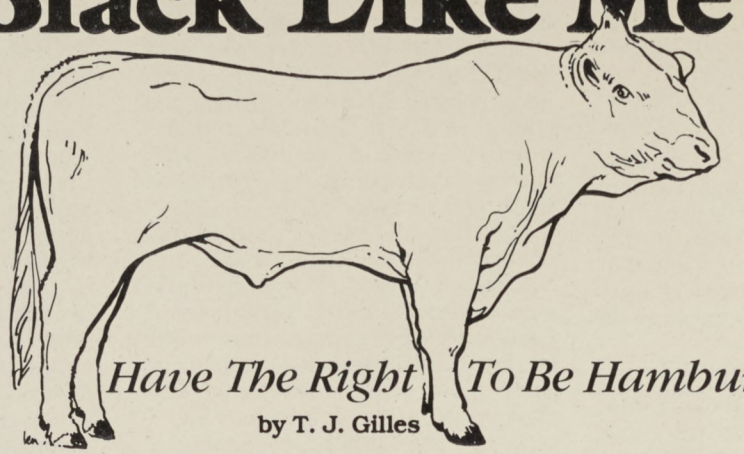
Hardaway succeeded in posting up down low, while allowing the reserve point guard Brooks Thompson to bring the ball up. The Magic also received competent play off the bench from Joe Wolf and Donald Royal. Thompson played 27 minutes and added 17 points off the bench. A hobbled Jon Koncak had two rebounds in 19 minutes. Still, the damage in this series occurred early on.

A Chicago blowout in Game 1 and a huge comeback in Game 2, from 18 points down in the third quarter, were too much for Orlando, which couldn't regroup. And to think the task of getting past Orlando began more than 12 months ago, when Grant, the former Bull, celebrated on the United Center floor after the Magic had triumphed in Game 6.

The new blood had replaced the old guard. Today, a bunch of guys supposedly long in the tooth escorted the kiddie corps home for the season.

"I think it not only says something about Michael as a player, but also as a person," the Bulls reserve guard Steve Kerr said. "He started this quest 12 months ago, working out over the summer, with this singular goal in mind. Get[illegible]

Black Like Me



Charolais Have The Right To Be Hamburgers Too

by T. J. Gilles

I work for a livestock newspaper in Denver, and the editor of this magazine has asked me to write some columns about agriculture. I had phoned him to see about using a picture I had seen in the magazine. My newspaper likes scenic panoramas too, as long as there's some cows or sheep intermingled with the geology and flora.

So anyway, while I was asking the editor where to track down the photographer and buy a print, he asked me if I'd be interested in writing about agriculture for him. I didn't remind him that in doing so I might be sealing his fate — I have served in similar capacities for the Borrowed Times, The Montana Eagle and other now-defunct publications too numerous to mention. I have the IOUs to prove it.

But I'm always appalled by people who don't know their cattle breeds or can't tell barley from wheat or think only bulls have horns, so I always agree to write the stories — as a public service to remedy urbanites' rural illiteracy.

I'll try to keep these stories really basic. Perhaps I should already backtrack a bit. I said at the top that I work for a "livestock newspaper." Understand, now, that it is not the livestock themselves who read the paper, but rather the owners of the animals. They can read all about the latest market quotes and theories about why the prices are so low, along with stock-show results and bull-sale summaries and other items of interest to all the folks with three cows or 30,000 steers who collectively comprise what we refer to as The Industry.

Like any newspaper, we also print obituaries. They run about 50-50 between cattlemen referred to as "giants in the industry" and the bulls who made them famous. Why, when ol' "053" died last fall at Jack Cooper's place over by Willow Creek, the Hereford Association even sent us a picture of the half-dozen syndicate-owners of "053," standing for a moment of silence at the gravesite of the old boy, with a tombstone bigger than any of us will ever have.

Big Mac died too, but he didn't get a fancy tombstone or a nationally distributed photo of the mourners. As a matter of fact, when I called Big Mac's owner the other day to ask about him, I found out that Big Mac died last spring. Eddie Collins, the owner, couldn't recall if he had died in March or if it was April.

The deceased was a steer, which means that his reproductive tract had been deactivated by crude surgery, and most steers don't live to be 12½ years old like Big Mac did. Their only job is to grow into steaks and roasts and burgers, and they've usually accomplished that mission by the time they're 1½ or 2.

Eddie told me: "You don't kill a legend."

I hope I don't offend anybody's sensibilities here, but Big Mac was (to Eddie and me anyway) to the cattle business what Martin Luther King was to civil rights.

Big Mac was white at a time when most cattle were either black, or red with white faces. You've probably eaten at the Black Angus, so you know that breed. The white faces are Herefords. Big Mac was a Charolais, a breed recently emigrated to the States from France via many generations in Mexico.

He was the first steer that wasn't of English ancestry (Angus, Hereford or Shorthorn) to be named Grand Champion of the National Western Stock Show at Denver. They dyed him black to make him look like an Angus so he'd have a shot at the title. No "exotics" (as they used to call all non-British cattle) need apply. He was dethroned a couple of months after he was crowned, and an Angus appears in the record books as Grand Champion, moved up after Big Mac was thrown out.

The owner, an Iowa boy named Rex Miller, called up the Stock Show beforehand and asked if he could "touch up" some not-too-black areas on the steer, like everybody else did. He was given the okay. Rex even painted the nostrils and anus black, by a secret method unrevealed to this day. Two months after the coronation, Big Mac was thrown out on several technicalities including a funny brand and the fact that he was enrolled as an Angus and wasn't.

As I said, he was the bovine equivalent of Martin Luther King. The industry establishment was feeling threatened when Big Mac won, back in '72. Led by college professors and other experts, the Hereford and Angus had been breeding little, dumpy cattle. When the grand champ steer, bull, or heifer was named and it was time for pictures, they'd pile straw up to the winner's belly to make him look shorter and if possible have a tall person at halter so the animal came up to the person's waist. Then, the photographer would get up as high as he could to make the animal look even more compact.

But the cowboys found out they weren't making much money on this kind of cattle because they tended to be sub-fertile and wouldn't calve with annual regularity and really, cattle have always sold by the pound, so why plan to sell less?

T. J. Gilles, a native of Laurel, has worked for numerous livestock publications.

When the Charolais first were allowed into this country — following protests from the British-breed lobbyists that make today's human immigration policy debates seem very tame — ranchers immediately noticed that they were much bigger and beefier looking than what was available from most Hereford or Angus folks.

This was bothersome. But at that time, performance testing, (which amounts to weighing the calves and getting rid of the mothers of the littler ones) hadn't caught on enough and the show rings — bovine beauty contests — were the only measure of quality.

On the defensive, the British breeders were saying that Charolais and other cattle descended recently from European stock weren't so hot, and that the British breeds could grow just as big and long and tall as the Charolais could.

And there in the Angus show was a beautiful black steer who seemed to meet the Confucian ideal of what the "modern" Angus cattle would look like. And Big Mac was named champion, and when the McDonald's burger chain people found out his name was Big Mac, they went to the sale and bought the steer for $11.40 a pound, a record and well worth it in terms of publicity budgeting.

Shortly thereafter, the fecal matter began to collide with the propulsion device of the air-conditioning unit.

The Colorado rancher who had raised Big Mac from his (white) calfhood showed up and identified the champ as a pure Charolais from his ranch at Kremlin. He hadn't been rustled or anything, but truth was truth and he reported it.

A series of legal ramifications ensued, the upshot being that Young Rex disavowed any knowledge of the steer's background so as to escape fraud and other charges that might be forthcoming, and McDonald's got their money back and since no one claimed the steer, he was listed as a stray by the Colorado Department of Livestock.

While the lawyers and brand inspectors and blood testers and stock show officials did their duties, Big Mac resided for several months in the Denver Stockyards. It got pretty lonely in the yards, as this former hub of all the cattle trading in the West had been closed down a couple of years earlier after many of the local leading pillars of The Industry — the livestock commission men — got sent up to Leavenworth or Canon City for fixing prices. Oh well. They all advertised that they could get you the best price, and they all did.

The offices of the newspaper I now work for are just across the street from the yards, so my predecessors here used to observe the chameleon-like Big Mac ever-so-slowly transforming from black to gray to white.

Since he was listed as an unclaimed stray, he sold at public auction, and Eddie Collins paid about $5,000 for him, a lot less than the 14-grand or so Ronald McDonald had bid at the stock show. The State of Colorado, not the kid, got the proceeds, and the scandalous steer was banned from the grounds of the Colorado State Fair and told that if e'er he left his home state, the tricky brand business would mean he could never go home again, except as a stray.

So he saw New York and Chicago (before that stock show and the yards and the packers all went broke) and went into semi-retirement near Red Oak, doubling his weight to about 2,600 pounds and roaming a hundred-acre pasture with a bunch of Hereford cows.

It wasn't too many years after Big Mac's aborted coup of the National Western that a Charolais shown as a Charolais was named Grand Champion steer, without paint. If you look into the National Western record book, you'll see that after Big Mac's star-struck victory, under the "breed" column of the list of champs it just says "X" — meaning a cross of two or more breeds.

The racial composition isn't considered worth listing anymore, unless it's straight Angus or Hereford.

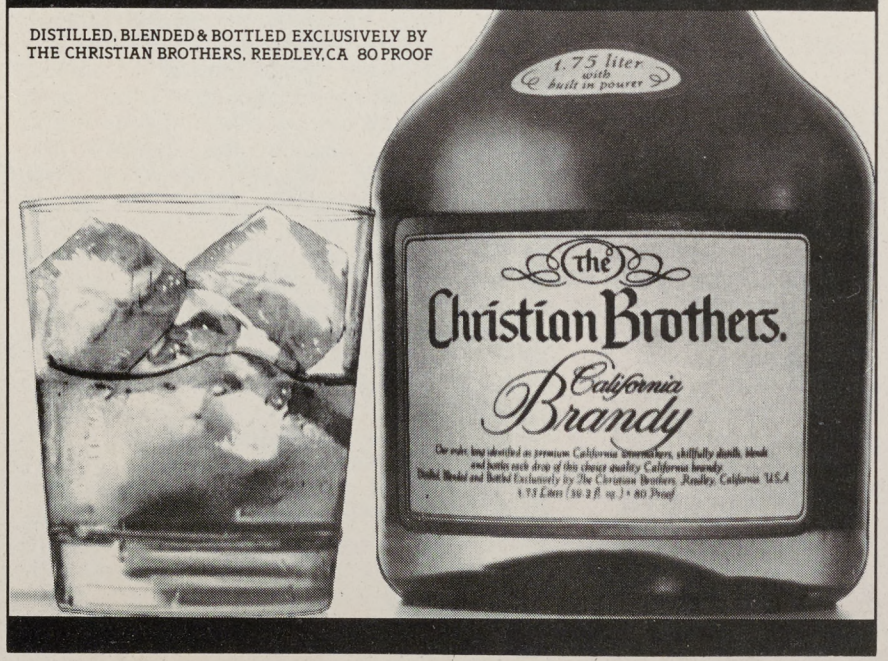
He certainly broke down some doors, transcended the walls of breed racism, you might say.

Next time you're at a stock show — at the State Fair looking for a restroom on your way to the track, perhaps — notice that the steers are coming in all different colors, not just blacks or reds with white faces.

While 20 or 30 years ago the judge would pick out the shortest, fattest, squattest one as the champion, this time he'll probably pick the longest, tallest one. And the photographer will tell the short guy at halter to get ready while he lines up several skinny, fairly short people behind the bull to make him look longer and taller ("I only wanna see your eyes over his back, girls") and the photographer will get down on his knees to get an angle that makes the steer look taller.

We've come a long way since Big Mac, but I'm not sure if we weren't just going in a circle. **M**

MAGNIFICENT!
Montana's No.1 Brandy–
The Christian Brothers.



Montana
Monday/April '83

MONTANA'S BALLOON WARFARE SCARE 1944

by James W. Hilgemann

Life in the small town of Kalispell, Montana the winter of 1944-45 was a quiet affair. Kalispell was, and to a great extent still is, a logging and farming town. Located between vast reaches of pristine wilderness, big rivers, magnificent splendors of Flathead Lake and Glacier Park's continental crown, the little town was greatly isolated before the recreation boom. Community industries had shut down with the rhythm of seasonal patterns. With many men gone, for there was a war on, Kalispell slept beneath its winter cloak. Wartime residents still recall how quiet and deserted the streets were.

Monday, December 11, 1944, was a cloudy day in northwest Montana. Temperatures held in the low 20s, crisp and cold, with a forecast calling for clearer skies. Christmas was coming and the war was far away. In the Pacific, the battle for Leyte Island in the Philippines continued. Oromoc Harbor had fallen and was in American hands. In Europe, the First Army drove deep for the enemy heartland on the road to Cologne. In Kalispell, the movie Gaslight was playing at the Liberty theatre and at the now-defunct Roxy it was Trocadero.

For O. B. Hill and his son Orin, it was a good opportunity to gather firewood. One month ago to the day the first snows of winter had fallen on heavy winds out of the west-northwest, the prevailing weather pattern. This particular Monday found the Hills out in the Truman Creek country, an area of heavily timbered ridgebacks located southwest of Kalispell. While cutting wood they came upon a large bulky object covered with snow. The object looked like a parachute made out of heavy paper with a light blue and cream colored camouflage design. Further examination disclosed oriental ideograph markings. Connected by 19 shroud lines each about 50 feet long was a circular device made of aluminum with small boxes mounted on top. Around the rim of the wheel were plug-mounted aneroids, small sandbags and what looked like several small sticks of dynamite.

Duncan McCarthy, Flathead County Sheriff at the time, was contacted. Next day the object was hauled into town and stored in the garage of the sheriff's department. Markings on the object were determined to be of Japanese origin. Ward Bannister, in charge of FBI for Montana-Idaho, was notified and on his way with strict orders for an information blackout until an investigation could be mounted. 4th Air Force, in charge of Air Defense Western Frontier with headquarters at Hamilton Field in San Francisco, also was contacted. With military authorities on the way, the investigation started coming together. A similar object made of rubberized silk had been found off the coast of California by the U.S. Navy on November 4, 1944.

Meanwhile in Kalispell, local interest was aroused. Sources say about 500 people saw the object piled up there in the sheriff's garage. An individual familiar with free-balloon technology determined it was a gas-inflated free balloon. People were naturally talkative about it, but when they found out the G-men were involved, according to one observer, "the whole town clammed up." Apparently that did not stop speculation. Imaginative locals thought the strange object was launched by stateside Japanese concentration camp inmates for some dark and sinister purpose. Up north in Lincoln County a local newspaper jumped the gun with an item claiming a balloon "flying Japanese flags and large enough to carry several soldiers" had been found near Kalispell.

What the Flathead County Sheriff's department had stashed in their garage that December was a spearhead unit of the world's first intercontinental weapons system. Incendiary-equipped Japanese balloon bombs were mysteriously new in this war. They were made of mulberry paper, capable of travelling at jetstream speeds of 200 miles per hour at altitudes of 30-38,000 feet with a minimum Pacific crossing time of three days, launched from the Japanese mainland on prevailing

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James Hilgemann, a resident of Kalispell, is a free-lance writer whose background includes broadcasting and graphic arts.

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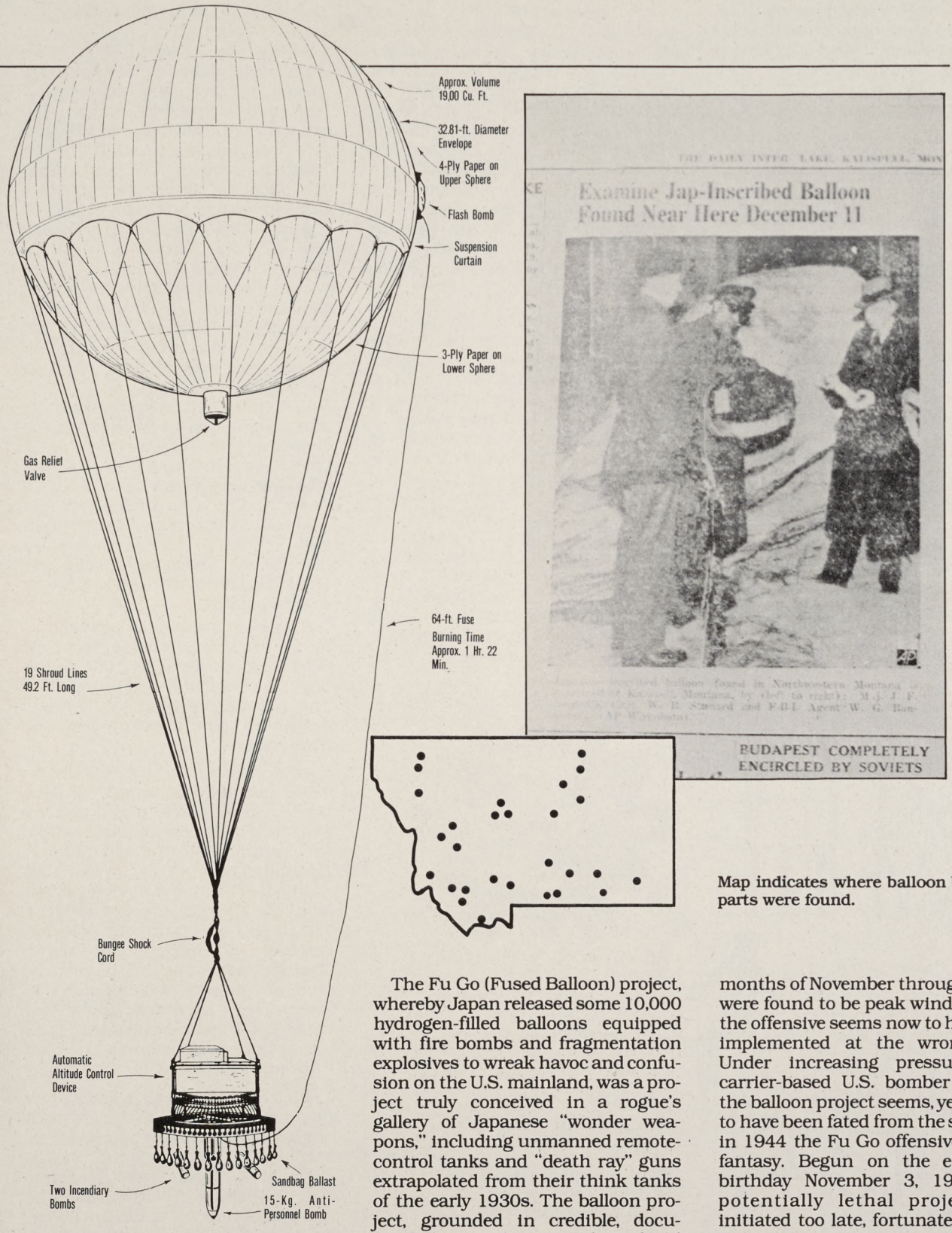
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Map indicates where balloon bombs or parts were found.

eastbound winds and guided by ingeniously designed ice-free ballast control altimeter devices with bomb releases and self-destruct mechanisms. The Kalispell balloon was the first intact recovery of the offensive. This was the only balloon recovery reported nationwide and learned of by the Japanese.

The Fu Go (Fused Balloon) project, whereby Japan released some 10,000 hydrogen-filled balloons equipped with fire bombs and fragmentation explosives to wreak havoc and confusion on the U.S. mainland, was a project truly conceived in a rogue's gallery of Japanese "wonder weapons," including unmanned remote-control tanks and "death ray" guns extrapolated from their think tanks of the early 1930s. The balloon project, grounded in credible, documented research, meteorological and otherwise, was victimized somewhat by competition between the Japanese army and navy. The army got the contract because of cheaper material — paper. The navy's rubberized silk model, designed largely for use in weaker summer wind and as a submarine-launched balloon, was actually a better balloon. Though the months of November through March were found to be peak wind months, the offensive seems now to have been implemented at the wrong time. Under increasing pressure from carrier-based U.S. bomber aircraft, the balloon project seems, years later, to have been fated from the start. But in 1944 the Fu Go offensive was no fantasy. Begun on the emperor's birthday November 3, 1944, this potentially lethal project was initiated too late, fortunately for us. Here was a summertime weapon of true terror, an incredible nightmare for U.S. Forest Service fire control officials. The vast interior forests of the western U.S. lay in the crosshairs.

"As it was one of the first balloons found, there was a lot of research they wanted to do on it," says Charlie Shaw, retired Kalispell area forest

ranger. "The Forest Service was quite concerned from the fact that they figured next summer we would have a lot of fires from them."

In the Kalispell Hotel an emergency balloon seminar was held to educate appropriate personnel. In spring and summer of 1945 the first Forest Service air patrols were started over Flathead National Forest.

"I was ranger at Schafer (near the Bob Marshall) in '44 and in '45 I went to Spotted Bear and we started our air patrol and that was one of the things we wanted our observers to look for — balloons on the ground or in the air. The area we covered was well over a million acres. I thought sure in the summer of '45 we would find some of those balloons. We found (our own) weather balloons, but we didn't find any Japanese balloons," Shaw commented.

"I was just like everybody else," Shaw added. "I was curious, of course. I had no fear or anxiety connected with it. I don't think the public had any fear, just curiosity."

Time and circumstance prevented the balloons from doing any damage. To end speculation, Associated Press released a report on the Kalispell recovery. This was the only authorized publicity. With a nationwide alert the lid came down. Throughout the country a voluntary blackout was requested of all media by the Bureau of Censorship. Coupled with heavy air assaults on Japan the balloon offensive was foiled, but balloons continued to be launched and sighted into 1945. At the time the Japanese didn't think their balloons were reaching the states. Many were lost at sea, and though only two minor fires were caused by them, many reached our shores.

Recovery data on balloons is a source of some controversy. Government statistics relate 285 "positive" incidents in several categories for North America. Figures in the private sector stand at more than 350. In the Flathead area, a balloon envelope was found near Coram, Montana and one on the shore of Flathead Lake. Total balloon incident statistics for Montana stand at 32, placing Montana high in the incident ratings. Figures for the entire U.S. (quoting government statistics) are: Alaska 32, Arizona 2, California 22, Colorado 3, Hawaii 2, Idaho 8, Iowa 3, Kansas 1, Michigan 2, Montana 32, Nebraska 5, Nevada 6, N. Dakota 2, Oregon 40, S. Dakota 8, Texas 3, Utah 5, Washington 25, Wyoming 8.

Across the western U.S. in 1944-45, strange flashes and explosions were noted, presumed later to be balloons self-destructing. In one western state a sheriff captured a balloon and was carried through the air before he secured it. A pilot landed his plane in Nevada to capture a downed balloon, but it rose again and was shot down by camera-equipped Bell P-63 King Cobra aircraft. 4th Air Force flew some 500 balloon-related sorties. Over Alaska, Navy F6F Hellcat fighters downed a number of balloons. Most balloons over the U.S. were observed at around 20,000 feet. It was later learned these balloons were dysfunctional.

Later in 1945 a group of two adults and five children on an outing in the Gearhart Mountains near Bly, Oregon, found a balloon in a tree. Not knowing what it was, they tried to move it. The anti-personnel bomb exploded, killing the five children and one adult. The spot is now an historic site. These remain the only WWII casualties in the U.S. due to enemy action.

A balloon interrupted power lines to the Hanford nuclear plant in Washington, where materials for the Nagasaki bomb were in production. The balloon triggered the "scram" system and shut the plant down for three days.

Anti-balloon measures enacted in 1945 include the army's "Project Firefly," which placed troops and aircraft in strategic locales for possible fire control use. Civilian "Project Lightning" was set up to deal with the believed number-one use of balloons as chemical warfare devices. The project set up decontamination centers and agricultural alerts. Though radar was in its infancy, "Project Sunset" was intended to screen the northwest coast for incoming balloons and coordinate with intercept squadrons. The plan was implemented too late to be of use.

What of the Kalispell balloon? It no doubt disappeared into the labyrinth of government secrecy and research. There is a balloon bomb in the National Air and Space Museum. Part of a balloon device hangs in the state historical museum in Pierre, South Dakota. The discovery of balloon artifacts with live payloads in the back country of Oregon and Alaska in the 1950s and 1960s reminds us there are a few undiscovered balloons out there. Perhaps there are balloon artifacts in Montana, given the wide range of their recovery pattern and the size of our wilderness areas. **M**

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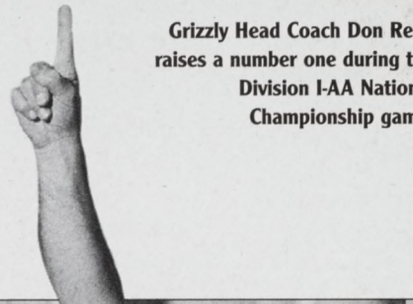
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In the Montana Theatre's scene shop, Art Professor Marilyn Bruya works on her untitled painting for the Honors College. Dean John Madden said the profile of Mt. Sentinel at sunset asks us to cherish the beauty surrounding us and "let that wild beauty lead us further."



Grizzly Head Coach Don Read raises a number one during the Division I-AA National Championship game.

The *Montanan* has coasted down the on-ramp and entered—you guessed it—the information superhighway. As of May 1996, you can dial up features, sports stories and class notes by calling up *Montanan* on-line. To reach the magazine, dial up UM's homepage at **http://www.umt.edu** and click on the news and publications button.

NCAA Drafts Dennison

President George Dennison has hit the big time with his election to the National Collegiate Athletic Association's governing council. NCAA restructuring will place Dennison on a fifteen-member board of directors that will set policies for Division I-AA. Dennison is in good company on the board, serving the presidents from the University of Missouri, Syracuse University, Washington State University, the University of Georgia, the University of Utah and the University of Nevada-Las Vegas.

"George Dennison has positioned himself in a key role to represent the conference and I-AA institutions," said Athletic Director Wayne Hogan. "His appointment to the NCAA council means that he has an excellent chance to be our voice in determining NCAA legislation."

Good-Bye, Coach

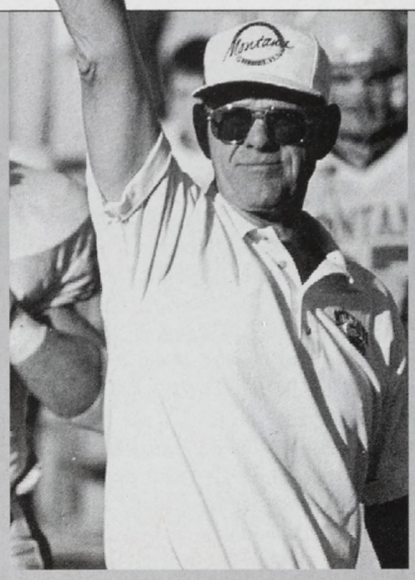
After raising school spirit to an unprecedented high, Head Football Coach Don Read caused unparalleled sadness among Grizzly fans on April 15 when he announced his retirement.

No one held it against him. He'd earned it. After all, the most successful coach in Grizzly gridiron history had claimed his and UM's first national championship title just four months earlier, and the beloved coach never had a losing season in his ten years at the helm.

"We need someone directing this program with an excess of energy as well as know-how," said the 62-year-old Read. "Each year it has been getting harder to accomplish what I expect of myself and what those I am responsible to should demand of me. Our kids cannot be cheated by someone struggling to keep pace."



Michael Dennehy



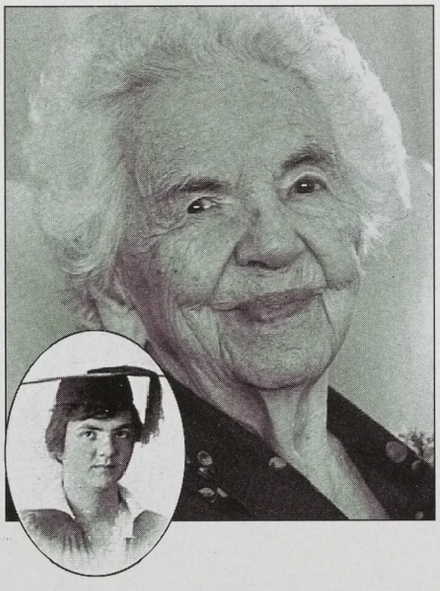
President George Dennison and Athletic Director Wayne Hogan turned to Read's own coaching staff to choose his replacement. Within days of Read's announcement, Michael "Mick" Dennehy was named UM's thirty-first head football coach. Dennehy served as assistant head coach and Grizzly offensive coordinator. A standout safety for the Grizzlies in 1971-72, Mick and his wife, Sheila, have two sons: Jake, 21, a junior safety for the Grizzlies, and Mark, 18, a freshman receiver/defensive back at UM.

Oldest Alum Celebrates a Century

In her lifetime, men landed on the moon and women got the vote. There were two world wars, and people traded their horse-drawn carriages for automobiles. Her college professors now have buildings named after them—Stone, Elrod, Aber—and the list of her classmates reads like a Missoula city street guide—Toole, Daly, McLeod and Keith.

Elizabeth "Beth" Hershey Fry, UM's oldest living graduate, turned 100 years old on April 5; she was honored March 31 at a reception at the Royal Court assisted care center. Fry attended UM from 1913 to 1917 and graduated with a bachelor's degree in English and mathematics. She taught algebra and geometry before marrying. A member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority and an alto in the Girls' Glee Club, Fry is now a bridge player and an active member of University Congregational Church and the American Association for University Women.

"From the house where I was born on Woodford Street you could look straight across to the University with nothing in the way—no houses, no anything," Fry said in an interview for UM's 1993 Centennial celebration. "I knew from the beginning that I was going to the University."



Elizabeth Hershey Fry at her 100th birthday on March 31 and in the 1918 *Sentinel* yearbook.

WHY MONTANA?

Spring brought a bumper crop of bad press to Montana this year, with the arrest of Unabomber suspect Ted Kaczynski in the western part of the state and the anti-government Freemen standoff with law enforcement in the east.

Suddenly, the Treasure State was all over the national news as a haven for fringe groups and anti-social individuals, and the question was everywhere: What is it about Montana that attracts these people?

Montana historian Harry Fritz said it's the same reason Montana functions without a freeway speed limit. "It's wide open spaces out here. It's still away from it all," said Fritz, UM's history department chair and a former state legislator. "Montana still offers an opportunity for residential privacy. That sure sounds like why the (suspected) Unabomber was here."

Most Montanans dismiss the Unabomber and Freemen situations "as isolated incidents, in no way connected with the reality of Montana," said Bill Farr, director of UM's Center for the Rocky Mountain West. But Farr contends the connection between these incidents and the state is worth examining. "It does say something about Montana," Farr said. "Or, more accurately, it says something about their image of Montana."

Many people are attracted to the state by the romantic "myth of frontier independence and frontier individualism," Farr said. With no daytime speed limit, no sales tax, sparse settlement and a perceived lack of government controls, "it's no wonder people come here thinking there's this lack of restriction. And some of the people who are attracted might be people we'd just as soon stay away," he said.

Of course, he notes, the scenery, freedoms and residual frontierism in Montana attract and retain a wide range of people. One group that's growing in Montana and throughout the West is the "fax and modem crowd"—professionals who move out of urban areas but continue to do business there long-distance. Ultimately, Farr said the recent attention has prompted a healthy discussion of state and regional identity.



TIMING IS EVERYTHING

by Betsy Cohen

Being in the right place at the right time landed four UM journalism students a $26,000 contract and the cover of *Newsweek*. Graduate student Derek Pruitt, senior Gregory Rec, graduate student Steve Adams and junior Bruce Ely (pictured left to right) got the shots the whole world wanted: photos of alleged Unabomber Ted Kaczynski on the day of his arrest.

On the afternoon of April 4, after they heard the Unabomber suspect was being detained in Lincoln, the students headed down Highway 200 for the 83-mile trip from Missoula. En route they spotted a white Bronco speeding away from Lincoln toward Helena. A straggly-looking man among the passengers caught their eye. Acting on a hunch, the students decided to follow that Bronco.

They weren't without doubts. "I honestly believed that we'd get to Helena and four FBI guys would get out and go to dinner and laugh at us for following them the whole way," Rec said.

But as luck and perseverance would have it, their hunch was right and the four students were the only media on hand to photograph the FBI escorting Kaczynski into Helena's federal building. Another hunch led them to the men's room, figuring, as Rec said, "if we all had to go after our drive from Lincoln, the Unabomber did, too." They waited until the agents brought Kaczynski out of the locked bathroom, yielding a photo that graces the cover of the April 15 *Newsweek*. Another shot, taken as the agents and Kaczynski headed into the building, is the lead photo in the magazine's coverage.

When national media learned about the photos, the students were inundated with calls. "They were just feeding on us like sharks," Rec said. To avoid competing against each other, the four friends decided to sell their film as one package. They hired media distributor Gamma Liaison as their agent and landed a $26,000 contract with *Newsweek*.

So what do the foursome plan on doing with their cash?

"Pay off student loans," said Rec.

Outside world attracts Hutterite youth

By STEVE SHIRLEY
Gazette Helena Bureau

Montana's HUTTERITES

ARROW CREEK — Abe Waldner and his family have all the trappings of a middle-class Montana family. Living on a farm 20 miles east of Billings, they've got two televisions, a car, a pickup and camper.

But Waldner is different from most Montanans in one respect: He was raised on a Hutterite colony, where personal possessions are scarce and everyone works for the common good.

Waldner, a 41-year-old federal meat inspector, left his colony two decades ago.

But while sipping coffee one recent evening at his dining table, Waldner, in a voice still tinged with German accent, admitted that colony life is still appealing. He especially misses the closeness with parents, 12 siblings and other colony members.

"It would take some readjustment, but I could get used to it," he said.

But Waldner realizes his return is out of the question. His wife and son were raised outside the colony and would find it difficult to cope with colony life. They would have to give up many personal belongings, limit contacts with outside friends and family, and adapt to rigid rules and rituals.

Waldner left Duncan Colony near Lewistown at 19 to work for a local farmer and a sawmill. As he always intended, he returned nine months later. But he had met Gretta while away from the colony, and he kept in contact by sneaking out at night to meet her.

Waldner's family didn't ostracize him after he and Gretta married, but he knew they were disappointed. He didn't contact his family that first year of marriage, but a brother he accidentally ran into in Billings persuaded him to get in touch.

"It was scary to go down (to the colony) the first time, especially for Gretta," he said.

But they didn't have to worry; his family welcomed them warmly.

"Abe's family has been very good to Johnny and me," Gretta said.

Waldner isn't the only Hutterite who has left a colony. Traditionally, many young Hutterite men try life on the outside.

"Why they leave I don't know," said the Rev. Joseph Waldner (not a close relative of Abe's), leader of the Big Stone Colony near Great Falls. "They have everything they want or need here. And they don't have to work too hard."

Partly as an effort to discourage departures, Hutterites have started new colonies in remote areas so that contact between young Hutterites and outsiders is limited.

Most who leave are lured back by the security offered by the colony. But there are signs that growing numbers aren't returning and that entire families are leaving, according to Mamie Young, a University of Alberta anthropology professor who specializes in Anabaptist sects such as the Hutterites.

"There seems to be a greater number of people leaving in the last 10 years," she said.



Gazette photo by Steve Shirley

Ex-Hutterite Abe Waldner lives with his wife Gretchen and son on a farm near Billings.

Here's a look at daily life in state colonies

By STEVE SHIRLEY
Gazette Helena Bureau

HELENA — What's Hutterite life like? Here are some traits:

• Religion pervades colony life. Members attend church services each evening as well as Sundays. A passage from the Book of Acts — referring to "all things common" — is the basis for Hutterites' communal way of life. As Anabaptists, Hutterites don't believe in baptism of children. They also are devout pacifists.

• Although they live communally, Hutterite families have separate apartments. There generally are four apartments to a building, and the apartments are spartan. Living rooms usually are furnished only with a table and few chairs, perhaps a desk, a bench or bookshelf. They don't, as some believe, practice polygamy.

• Hutterites dress in simple clothes that they make. Men and boys wear black pants, hats and jackets. Work shirts are colored; church shirts white. Married men have beards. Women and girls wear ankle-length, colored dresses, vests and polka-dot scarves.

• Colonies are strongly patriarchal. Women defer to men and children obey elders. Women's liberation hasn't come to the colonies; women handle such traditional jobs as cooking, sewing, cleaning and child-rearing. The colony's male church members elect the preachers and managers of each colony operation. Women don't vote in formal elections, but lobby behind-the-scenes when they've got a stake in the decision.

• At mealtime, men sit at long tables on one side of the dining hall; women sit on the other side. Children eat later. Meals start and end with a quick prayer. Colony members eat quickly and don't waste much time visiting. Most food is produced by the colony itself. Meals are hearty but plain; they're not exotic. Two weeks ago a colony served tacos for the first time.

• All jobs, regardless of how menial, are considered important. Said one researcher: "I'm amazed at how they can keep their kids (in the colony). Maybe it's because they do such a good job of making everyone feel important."

• Children attend school until age 16, the minimum required by the state. They usually go one-room schools at their colonies; some are private schools completely funded by the colony while others are public and get tax funds. Hutterites fear sending their children to outside schools; "All that goes on in schools today makes me shake and shiver," one colony preacher said.

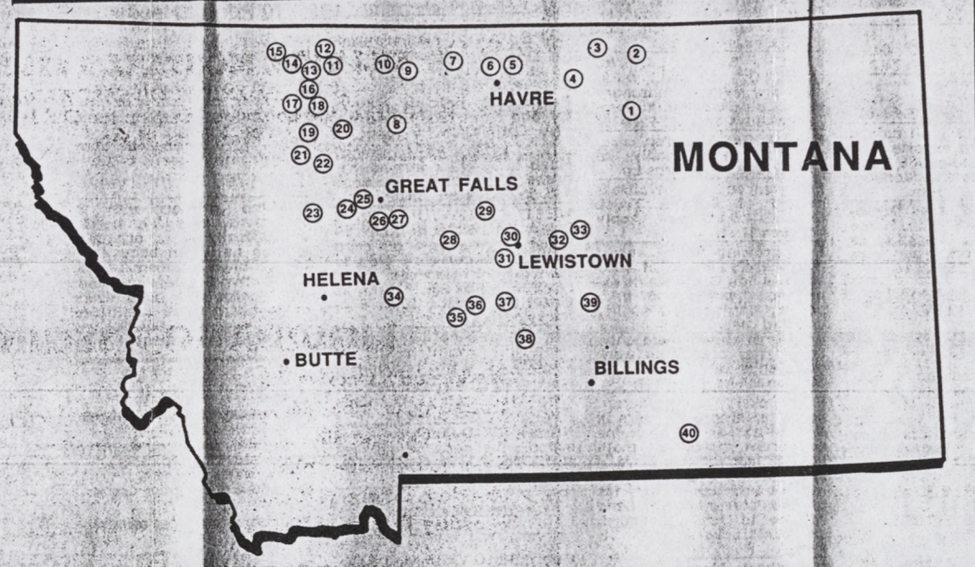
• Children attend "German" school for about two hours a day until age 15, learning hymns, Bible history and how to read and write German. Hutterites speak a German dialect among themselves.

• Hutterites believe drinking is OK in moderation. They make their own wine and often offer a glass of rhubarb wine to visitors.

• Intermarriage has been a problem. That helps explain why there's only a handful of surnames among the Montana colonies. Hutterites don't marry brothers or sisters, nor do they allow first cousins to marry.

• There are three types of Hutterites: Schmiedeleut, Dariusleut and Lehrerleut. The names were taken from the first leaders in America, but the groups are much the same. Each, however, has its own elders and disciplines. Montana has 27 Lehrerleut colonies and 13 Dariusleut colonies. The Dariusleut colonies tend to be located in the eastern part of the state while Lehrerleut are to the west. There are no Schmiedeleut colonies in Montana.

MONTANA HUTTERITE COLONIES



This list identifies where Hutterite colonies are located in Montana:

1. Malta
2. Loring
3. Turner
4. North Harlem
5. East End
6. Hilldale
7. Gildford
8. Riverview
9. Sage Creek
10. Eagle Creek
11. Rim Rock
12. Hillside
13. Glacier
14. Seville
15. Big Sky
16. Glendale
17. Kingsbury
18. Birch Creek
19. Rockport
20. Miami
21. Miller
22. New Rockport
23. Milford
24. Cascade
25. Fair Haven
26. Big Stone
27. Pleasant Valley
28. Surprise Creek
29. Deerfield
30. Spring Creek
31. King
32. Ayers
33. Fords Creek
34. Springdale
35. Martinsdale
36. Duncan
37. Spring Water
38. Golden Valley
39. Flat Willow
40. Forty Mile

Groups feel persecution

By STEVE SHIRLEY
Gazette Helena Bureau

HELENA — Hutterites lead peaceful lives, but they've known their share of persecution since emerging as a religious sect in 1528 in Austria.

They were named after a 16th century Austrian named Jakob Hutter, who preached simple obedience to God's word. Hutter was burned at the stake during the Reformation as a Protestant heretic. He was one of more than 2,000 who died.

Hutterites are one of three surviving Anabaptist groups — groups that oppose infant baptism. The other groups are the Mennonites and the Old World Amish. Hutterites are the only one of the three groups who live communally.

Hutterites fled to the United States in 1874 after living for three and a half centuries in Europe and Russia, often under the same persecution that Hutter experienced.

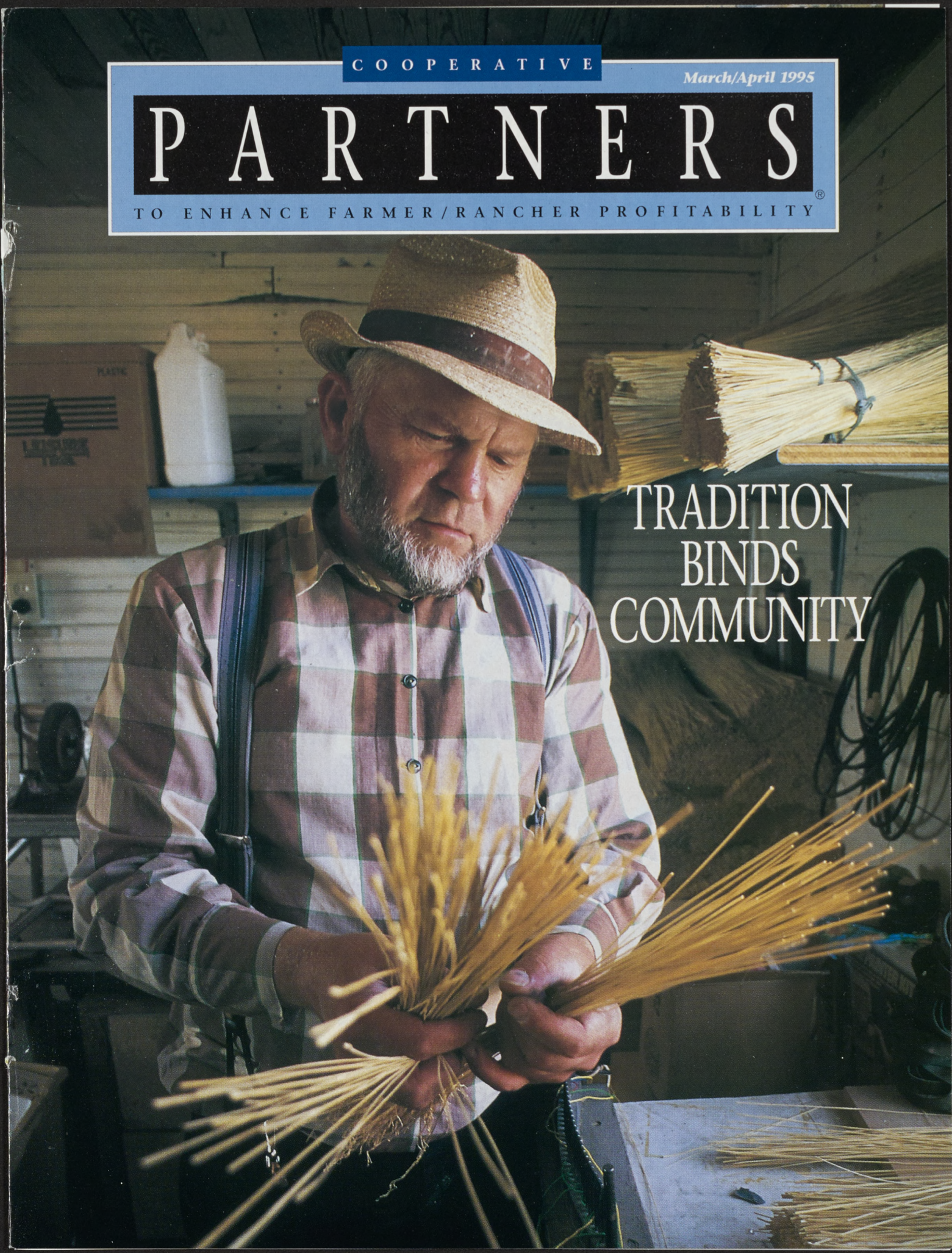
As strict pacifists, they thought they would be free from military service in the United States. President Grant had promised that there wouldn't be wars to fight for 50 years.

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TRADITION BINDS COMMUNITY

The last best (safe) place is now the new hot place

9-30-93

BY MIKE BOWLER
The Baltimore Sun

TWO DOT, Mont. — Maybe Montana is too hot to cool down.

Movie stars and assorted celebrities are buying ranches, while lesser lights are subdividing farms at a feverish pace. Ted Turner and Jane Fonda have purchased 25,000 acres in western Montana to go with the 100,000 they already own. Not far away — well, not far by Montana standards — Glenn Close, Beau and Jeff Bridges, Tom Brokaw and Whoopi Goldberg. In northwest Montana: Dolly Parton, Carol Burnett, Tom Cruise, Tom Selleck . . .

Bozeman, a sleepy cow-college town when I was growing up, swarms with tourists. It has a wine shop called Grape Expectations and a coffee shop partly owned by Glenn Close. Housing developments in the hills and canyons north of town look tawdry beneath the Bridger Peak.

In Livingston, where much of "A River Runs Through It" was filmed (because the real river in Norman Maclean's novella is polluted), land values have increased from $1,500 to $6,500 an acre in 10 years. A woman in the town's largest real-estate office tells me only land speculators are happy. "Nothing is moving," she says. "No one can afford to sell because no one can afford to buy."

Here in Two Dot, population 35, some 110 miles north of the nearest stoplight in Billings, Ron and Evelyn Parrish are selling the Two Dot Bar to a couple from Las Vegas and moving across the Continental Divide to Missoula. A real-estate man handling the sale tells me of a California man who telephoned "and wanted to buy a ranch, any ranch, on the Musselshell River. He said he'd pay cash." I hear similar tales in the lush Bitterroot Valley near the Idaho border.

Montanans seem to be more bemused than alarmed at the invasion of tourists, movie stars and yuppies. (Some Montanans, after all, are cashing in on their new-found fame.) They blame the Californians, to whom, it is said, everything is cheap. A Time magazine cover story announces that "the Rocky Mountain home of cowboys and lumberjacks has become a magnet for lone-eagle telecommuters and Range Rover-driving yuppies."

The article is full of tales of Westerners and Easterners pulling up stakes to settle in the Rockies, where "the problems are smaller," the streets safer. Referring to the state's claim to be the "last best place," Missoula writer William Kittredge says in a sidebar to the Time article that Montana may be "the last safe place."

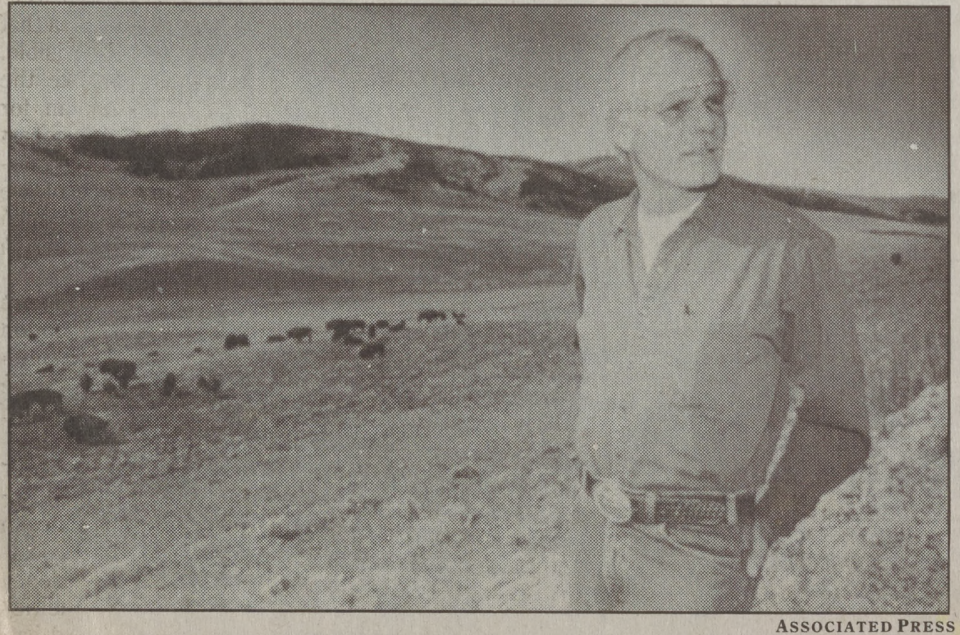
But it's not those outsiders who are the big problem under the Big Sky. The movie stars (who are fun to watch and seldom seen in winter) and the newcomers do little harm and generally help the economy. Because they've moved here for a better life, they insist on good schools and municipal services. If enough of them come, perhaps Montana will regain the second congressional seat it lost in the last round of reapportionment.

No, Montana's big problem is that it has always been a resource-exporting state with little clout in Washington and other places where natural resources are regulated. First its copper, then its coal, then its timber were taken away by outsiders. And companies like Anaconda (which literally removed part of the city of Butte to get to the copper beneath) did not replace their divots when they left the state. The result is scarred land, thousands of acres of cleared forests. (One of the largest timber companies is selling out now and leaving the state.) And there's heavy pressure to open more federally owned wilderness to loggers and miners.

Because Montana is so vast, it's easy to discount any damage that might have been done. A population equivalent to Greater Baltimore is squeezed into a state the size of Michigan, Illinois and Indiana combined. The Bozemans of Montana, even the stripped forest land, are like tiny splotches on a wall mural. More than 6 million people visited the state last year, but precious few found their way to out-of-the-way Ekalaka, Madoc, Yaak or Belt.

You can drive for hours without seeing another human being. On my way to Two Dot, I take deserted back roads I know along Sweet Grass Creek in the shadows of the spectacular Crazy Mountains to the west. It's as though it's been set up for me — thrilling beyond words.

Can it be spoiled now that Montana is rediscovered by outsiders? A travel writer in Holiday magazine this summer said the state's vastness "could never be Vermontized." But my answer is a phrase Montanans substitute for "Thank you": "You bet."



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Ted Turner, *a Montanan by way of Atlanta, is seen at his ranch near Bozeman.*

Mike Bowler is an editor at The Baltimore Evening Sun.

To report news for this section call (406) 657-1301

Magazine

Section E

The Billings Gazette

Sunday, September 12, 1993



The Tyler family's sheep move from one grazing area to another in the Boulder. A number of the spreads in the area started as sheep ranches. And sheepherders still travel the area with herds.

"I felt instantly at home and at peace here."

— Mimi Kiser — actress/publisher





Actress and publisher Mimi Kiser finds tranquility with a frisky pet at her place, The Twisted Stick, in the Boulder River area.

The Beauty of the Boulder

"When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect."

— Aldo Leopold, 1924

Story and Photos
By CHRISTENE C. MEYERS
Gazette Enjoy! Editor

LIFE ON the Boulder River is a life in tune with nature.

Hummingbirds flit about in the waning days of summer. The birds are more prolific this year than most, natives say.

Sheep and cattle still wander in certain parts on open range, ruling the roadways while tourists stop to watch and wait out a "critter crossing."

Rain and thunder can materialize within minutes on a day that began with blazing sunshine.

An occasional brown bear rips at a cabin's screen door — even makes his way at times onto the porch of a year-round home.

Land easements are encouraged as buyers from more populated states eye the land.

And, for the most part, there is a true sense of community, with meetings on land use, barbecues to celebrate births and weddings, and neighbors looking in on neighbors.

Sometimes the stream-access bill causes problems when rude visitors barge onto property, leaving gates open or beer cans by the river.

But, surrounded by beauty, life for many is good here.

Year-round residents include the rich and famous, along with third- and fourth-generation families.

NBC News anchor Tom Brokaw is well-respected by Boulder folk because he took a land easement and is a good neighbor.

Author Tom McGuane raises quarter horses and cattle on his ranch in the West Boulder River Valley and is a part of local life.

His longtime friend, screenwriter and novelist William Hjortsberg, moved to the Boulder more than nine years ago and just finished his latest novel with a view of the spectacular river beneath his cabin south of Big Timber.

Actress and publisher Mimi Kiser moved to the Boulder three years ago and has become an activist for wise land use.

Land use on the Boulder has gained a national reputation, so much so that the Land Trust Alliance's national rally — this year at Big Sky — is touring the West Boulder to see how the Montana Land Reliance has worked to protect the watershed of the river.

International guests will visit three working ranches along the scenic river, exploring the precedent-setting easements-in-escrow arrangement, which protects nine miles of the West Boulder.

Writer Hjortsberg, who has made his home in Manhattan, London and Los Angeles, is typical of Boulder residents in that he chooses to live where he does and would live nowhere else.

He resides in a cabin with a kitchen-window view of grazing deer. A friendly rabbit breakfasts on the potted marigolds on his front porch and makes his home behind the wood pile.

What attracted the native New Yorker to Montana 23 years ago, he says, was its obscurity, beauty and exotic appeal.

"Sure, it was a state in the U.S.," he said, "but it seemed as exotic as going to Nepal. Now that it's become trendy, it has the danger of becoming like one big Jackson Hole — its own version of Disneyland."

But, he jokes, "I've always wanted to be in a hip place."

With "hip" comes development. Trucks —weighted down with lumber, bridge supports, pipes,

(More on Boulder, Page 6E)



Screenwriter and novelist William Hjorstberg, above, sits at his cabin, which has a view of the river. At right, Kirk McClain manages the Mcleod Bar and Road Kill Cafe.



The Boulder River area still has open range for livestock.





The community of Mcleod has the valley's only bar and some friendly traditions, such as weekend dances and a post office that saves mail for residents who are away.

Boulder

From Page 1E

gravel and fence posts — rumble past his house south of Big Timber. The road from Big Timber south winds up the Boulder a good 50 miles, and more and more people are driving those miles each summer.

On a recent weekend hike above his place, Hjortsberg was amazed to see new cabins going up on adjacent land. And moonlight walks, he grumbles, are now interrupted by the glare of occasional porch lights miles away.

In less than an hour recently, he counted more than 30 cars traversing the gravel road that winds past his house. "Do you realize that there was a time, not long ago, when you wouldn't count 30 cars in a week?"

Hjorstberg wrote an homage to Montana in 1970 for Look Magazine, and it still rings true to many on the Boulder.

He talked of "life lived in harmony with the environment, of breathing unpolluted air, drinking well water and having enough open space around you to preserve a basic humanity."

That humanity includes a small-town post office in McLeod, where the amiable Judy Rue will hold your mail if you're away on business, then package it up and send it out to your box when you return.

Rue, an outdoor enthusiast, is fond of snowmobiling and has a love of the land related to her multiple pleasures in it — from sport to gardening.

Sixteen miles past Big Timber, you can't miss the valley's only bar. Often, a stream of cars spills over onto the winding road, and you might have to walk over wild rose and yarrow to get to the entrance.

At the McLeod Bar and Road Kill Cafe — where the playful motto is "from your grill to ours" — Kirk McClain manages the place as chief cook, bartender and legendary kibbitzer.

He likes his work and knows all the regulars, whom he describes as "a mostly peaceful mix of ranchers, artists and various and sundry characters."

That mix includes tourists this time of year, and sometimes McClain invites the musical among them to play the bar's vintage piano. The old upright has been studded with tacks to provide a rinky-tink sound. If you happen by on Thursday night, you can get a two-step lesson along with your toddy.

People get along, he says, standing on the steps of the bar that has served up brew for 40-plus years.

"I've had to tend to a little spat here and there, but most people use restraint. They don't let their tempers flair. And we get 'em all: long hairs, bikers, short-haired farmers, students, tourists, you name it."

The joint is packed Saturday nights, when there is usually live music — often a band from Bozeman, Billings or Big Timber.

At the bar, open noon to 2 a.m. daily, McClain and the others on staff do their biggest business between 7 and 9 p.m. when the clientele orders up dozens of burgers and fries and the house specialty, the Philly Cheese Steak sandwich.

The bar's present owners, Bob and Clari Bryan, along with manager McClain serve the bulk of the bar's tourist trade from mid-May through mid-September, and after that, says McClain, "the locals take over the valley again, and that's who we tend to see up here."



Gazette photos by Christene C. Meyers

Actress and talk-show hostess Whoopi Goldberg has become a landowner in the Boulder.

As the residents reclaim their land, and autumn tinges the hillsides russet, it's a time to give thanks for the beauty that heralds autumn.

Actress and publisher Mimi Kiser, 34, bought 460 acres with a 360-degree view of the Absarokas, when she came to Montana and the West Boulder in 1989.

"I can't think of a more beautiful place in the world," she says. "It hit me like a freight train how important it is to preserve the land in its present state — for eternity," says Kiser, who grew up in Alaska and Colorado and is no stranger to wilderness.

Kiser put an easement on her property, ensuring that whoever purchases it must maintain it as is for posterity. The Montana Land Reliance with its high standards, wants to see that the chokecherry bushes live into the next century, and, Kiser says, "I think those of us lucky enough to live here are fortunate and should not abuse our trust. We owe that much to the future."

Kiser and other moneyed out-of-staters have come to think of themselves as Montanans. They hire landscape architect Jonathan Foote (who renovated Gallatin Gateway Inn among other noteable projects), and builder Terry Baird or others, known for a sense of the natural landscape.

Through these kinds of preservationists, newcomers and seasoned natives design and remodel homes that have a rustic feel and blend with the natural landscape — rather than plunking down a Tudor mansion or adobe hacienda.

"I try to fit into the way people live here," says Kiser, whose work included stage roles, a stint on TV's "The Young and the Restless" and a featured role in Robert Redford's "A River Runs Through It."

Kiser's place, The Twisted Stick, is low-profile, like most places on the Boulder and West Boulder.

"Montana can still remain the way it is if the right people stay and continue to respect it," she says. "I felt instantly at home and at peace here. Montana is much bigger than any one person — native, tourist, rancher, celebrity. It is bigger than the movies or the people who make them. It is bigger than anybody in it. I just hope to God we can keep it this way, always."



Steve and Jeanne Aller run Boulder River Ranch, which has been in the Aller family since 1914.

One family that has tried to do just that since 1914, is the Aller family. Steve and Jeanne Aller cater to dudes and natives alike at the Aller's Boulder River Ranch, where three generations of outdoorsmen have visited through the years.

The Allers are fierce protectors of the river, and wary of people who trespass.

"I wouldn't bring a picnic into some Billings person's backyard on Virginia Lane," Jeanne says. "There's no difference. Just because there might not be a building visible doesn't make it less someone's private property. We just hope to be treated with courtesy."

The 650-acre ranch is open from around Memorial Day until just after Labor Day. Dudes — answering to the call of the falcon, fish and flora —come from all over the United States. And, recently, the guest list includes visitors from England and Greece.

Steve's dad and granddad built up the operation, which was a dude ranch when the family acquired it in 1914. Now, an average of 40 people —100 percent occupancy — stays in the 14 cabins named after Indian folklore.

Besides their aversion to stream access, the couple wishes all visitors were as respectful as those who rent the guest cottages for fishing or bird-watching.

"When we were kids, we always were taught to ask permission to hunt or fish the land. Now, seldom does anyone ask if they can come in. They just barge," Jeanne says.

One of Steve's pet peeves is "the California mentality," as he describes it.

"The idea that they're coming out here to save the state for us — as if we're too stupid to preserve the land ourselves — really irks me," he says. "It's all we've got."

Steve is an articulate businessman as well as a rancher, a man who draws and paints and even shows his magpie and owl sketches in area galleries. For him, "it's a constant uphill battle."

The two have a pair of children — a boy and girl — the daughter soon going off to pre-vet school.

"It would please us to think she'd come back to the place," Jeanne says. "And she has indicated an interest. Our son is too young to know, yet."

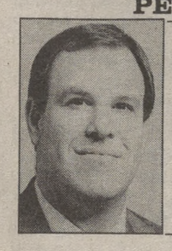
Like most of their compatriots in the valley, the couple keeps a low profile. They dislike publicity —even shied from this article — but consented because they believe so much in the land and their place on it.

"When I wake up each morning, I wonder, 'How long can we hang on,' " Jeanne says.

Steve adds, "Places all over the state are getting chopped up and subdivided. People are wandering around, coming and going. We don't know who they are sometimes. We just hope they care something about the land."

Careful work can eliminate bats from home

PET VET



Dr. Ed Jorden

Columnist

Dear Dr. Jorden: We have recently bought an abandoned house that has a colony of bats living inside an opening between the fireplace and chimney.

Is it safe to move the bats out now? We want to build a bat cave and keep them around.

How can we get them out of the house and into the cave? When do they have their babies and will they still be in their hiding place if we close it off?

It won't be long before the bats go into their hibernation phase so you must take action now.

You should first take a flashlight and look down the chimney to make sure that the bats are not actually inside the chimney.

If they are next to the chimney wall, the fireplace probably still cannot be used as long as they are there because the increased temperature and dryness would kill the bats or bring them out of hibernation at the wrong time.

Now is a good time to remove the bats.

Not a lot is known about bat reproduction, and each species is a little different. But the usual pattern is to breed in the fall and remain dormant in the winter.

Gestation is put on hold during the hibernation time and resumes in the spring. Babies born under this pattern should be young adults now and should be leaving the den each night with the parents.

Bats come out at night to feed. Many people would be surprised to know that there are bats feeding in the air every night, and it is common to see them if you look.

The best time to see them is as the last light of the evening is leaving. Look skyward and you will soon see bat shapes darting back and forth in the sky. They are tremendously beneficial to us as they are eating insects.

Bats are mostly known for carrying rabies, but, though that is a problem that can not be ignored, most of the bats are healthy. No bat should ever be handled, however, because the rabies threat is always there.

The best way to get the bats out of the house is to build a fire in the fireplace once you know that the bats are not in the chimney itself. The heat will encourage the bats to leave their den if you do it in the evening when they are naturally going out anyway.

Watch for their departure and, once they have stopped exiting, plug up their hole. You will have no way of knowing if all bats are out, but most should be because of their desire to feed.

Do not try to reach in to check their den. Serious bites could result in your needing rabies therapy.

If you have made an artificial cave, have it set up very near their entrance to the old den. They will naturally seek out a new place to spend the day, and the convenience of a ready-made den near the old one should be tempting enough to get them to use it.

I would suggest that you visit your library and read up on bat behavior all you can. This should help you to build the most appropriate substitute cave possible.

I applaud you for wanting to spare the bats' lives rather than wanting to kill them all. Bats are misunderstood mammals that are an interesting part of our natural surroundings.

A second chance

I have noticed an increase in the number of greyhounds in our area and have finally found out why.

Each year there are thousands of these racing dogs that are destroyed because they are not the fastest at the track or they have outlived their usefulness as a racer. Several groups have been organized to help these dogs find homes rather than be destroyed.

There is now an active group in our area that is associated with GAP, or Greyhounds As Pets). Sunny Lewis of Red Lodge tells me that she has placed about 20 dogs in our area since March. Most of the dogs are racers from Colorado.

Sunny counsels with prospective pet owners and makes sure that they would be a good match for a greyhound.

It costs $100 to $130 to fly the dog in. There is no profit for Sunny or GAP. In fact, there are expenses that are never met and just donated by the people who only want to save the greyhounds.

The greyhounds I have seen have been gentle and wonderful pets. Their new owners rave about how good their dogs are.

If you have any interest in greyhounds or in helping save them, give Sunny a call at 446-3539.

Good Samaritan gets his reward

PERSONAL ADVICE



Ann Landers

National columnist

Dear Ann Landers: I read a story in the Contra Costa Times that made such an impression I can't get it out of my mind.

Will you track down the hero of that article and find out if he had to pay a big price for doing the right thing?

A North Hollywood man named John Leslie, 28, was taking the California State Bar exam along with 600 others, when the man next to him suffered a violent epileptic seizure. There were no phones in the area, so 911 was not called.

Leslie, a musician and former lifeguard, knew exactly what to do in this emergency and proceeded to do it, giving no thought to the possibility that the diversion might affect the results of his bar exam.

I was disturbed to read that the State Bar officials denied the good Samaritan extra time to complete his exam. I am haunted by the thought that John Leslie may have flunked his exam because he took time out to do this good deed. Please find out what happened, and let me know. —Oakland, Calif.

Dear Oakland: You will be happy to know, as I was, that John Leslie passed the bar.

The exam was a three-day affair, and the incident occurred during the first day. State Bar officials graciously offered to eliminate the section of the test that Leslie had missed.

When I spoke with Leslie, he strongly recommended that everyone take a class in CPR offered by the Red Cross. In his words, "You never know when you might need it, and it can save a life." The next letter makes the point better than anything I might say:

Dear Ann Landers: While on our honeymoon cruise this past June, my husband and I went snorkeling in the Virgin Islands. We were somehow separated while we were in the water, and a short time later, I heard a siren that sounded like an ambulance.

I came out of the water and discovered a commotion going on near the boat. My husband was drowning. He managed to signal for help, but when his rescuers got to him, he went into cardiac arrest.

By the time I reached him, he was blue. Thinking quickly, several people nearby took turns administering CPR. They saved my husband's life.

Ann, it's a terrible feeling to stand by and watch helplessly because you don't know what to do. I can't stress enough the importance of learning CPR. I have just completed a CPR course with the Red Cross, and now I know how to help save a life. — Blessed and Grateful in New York

Dear Ann Landers: A lovely couple in our social circle have had some cruel blows these past months.

Their young daughter dropped out of high school, left home, came back pregnant and will deliver in about a month. Their son, who is 26, has AIDS and is living and working in a hospice.

What is the best thing to do under these sad circumstances? Should we pretend we don't know and remain silent? If you feel we should say something, what is the best approach?

Please give us some help. We are — Without a Clue in New Jersey

Dear No Clue in N.J.: When friends have trouble, they need to know they are not alone. Silence is equivalent to abandonment.

A few kind words can be enormously helpful. A phone call or a short note saying, "We are so sorry to hear about your trouble," would mean a great deal to those struggling parents. Do it today.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

COLUMN ONE

Siege of the City Slickers

■ In Montana, ranchers and environmentalists have found a common enemy—urban refugees buying 'ranchettes,' threatening the very tranquillity they seek.

By JOHN BALZAR
TIMES STAFF WRITER

SHERIDAN, Mont.—Under big cold-blue mountain skies, Montana kindles powerful dreams, anxious fears.

The dream is of the good life.

The fear is of killing the dream.

Like Florida before it, Montana is tempting the getaway yearnings of restless Americans, that indomitable instinct to wander in search of better, more, nicer. Instead of a beach house and a deep-water tan, it's a 20-acre ranchette and spicy fresh air that Montana promises the frazzled urbanite. Along with a cord of firewood, maybe a horse, old-fashioned values and, yes, lunker trout as big as your forearm.

A land boom is under way here—a quest for a stake in nature's fantasy.

But do not expect a red carpet welcome.

Even old and angry enemies here are joining together in sounding the alarm, contending that ranchette subdivisions are eroding the foundation of Montana's allure—the open space, the leathery character, and the wild high-mountain dramas of nature.

Environmentalists, asked who spoils the great public lands of the Rockies, used to say it was people such as ranchers, with their smelly ubiquitous herds of cows trampling the life out of streams and overgrazing the delicate meadows.

Cattlemen, asked who threatens their venerated way of life, used to say simply the environmentalists, with their sanctimonious demands that public lands be managed more like parks than feed lots.

But now the warring groups stand uncomfortably closer together and shake their heads sadly, knowingly. There is discontent down there in the cities, baby boomers are going to more funerals than weddings and questioning anew the meaning of life. And, hell's bells who would have guessed Montana would spring forth as some sort of land of redemption? Some sort of danged fad?

Thirty years ago, timber men Wayne Joyner and his father were wondering what to do with land they owned covered by tree stumps.

"I remember my dad and another fellow were talking. The fellow said, why not sell it in smaller chunks and finance it? My dad wondered, what in the world would people want with that? And the fellow said I think people would pay a little something for a piece of the outdoors."

Joyner, now based in Bozeman, Mont., stopped counting a decade ago after he sold more than 300,000 acres of ranchettes. "More volume, more acres than anyone in the United States," he proclaims,

Please see MONTANA, A19

MONTANA: Newcomers Threaten Tranquillity

Continued from A1

proudly.

And this may be only a start. Sales are really booming these days. Because of loose regulations and Old West traditions, Montana officials say they do not have reliable statistics on subdivision growth. But one indication is that while population growth overall in the state is flat, in prime Rocky Mountain ranchette counties there have been double-digit increases.

Maybe it was celebrities such as Ted Turner and Mel Gibson and Brooke Shields who fueled the fad by buying ranches and demonstrating Montana's appeal as an escape. And maybe writers such as Thomas McGuane and Richard Ford helped with their evocative descriptions of Montana as inspiration. Add to that some cowboy cachet, free ranging elk and antelope, fishing and hunting and skiing, and prices as low as 20 acres for less than $10,000. . . .

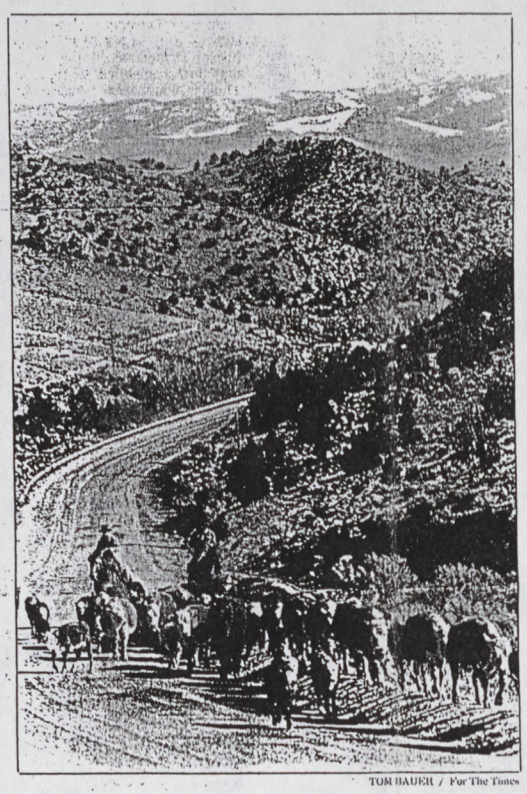
□

This land offers all the beauty of undisturbed wilderness with the added advantage of good access roads.

The kitchen-table dreamer in West Hollywood or Baltimore or Detroit may not catch the contradiction in the four-color land sale brochure. But Montanans do: Undisturbed wilderness and roads both?

As they stare at the promotional flyers, many locals wonder how they came to such a pass. Inevitably, they are drawn to the role of that Montana institution, the rancher. It is the ranchers, after all, who are selling out one by one to make way for the ranchettes.

And the ranchers say the changing face of the state is rooted in one of the oldest, liveliest and most pervasive environmental arguments in the West: grazing rights.



TOM BAUER / For The Times

Cattle are moved in the Ruby Valley, where access to U.S. land may be cut back. Cattlemen say grazing rights are at the root of changes.

During the winter, sheep and cattle in Montana stay on the privately owned pastures of the ranchers, but in the summer many ranchers are dependent on access to federal lands at higher elevations, where they can turn their stock loose to graze at a taxpayer-subsidized fee of less than $2 per animal per month.

Pushed by environmentalists who argue the animals are ruining public lands, the federal government has been moving to restrict that access.

The House voted last week to raise the grazing fee to at least $8.70 in 1995. Under the proposal, the fees would eventually rise to the "fair market value" paid by ranchers who do not have access to public lands.

And earlier this year, the U.S. Forest Service proposed a sudden 44% curtailment of cattle grazing on its lands in the upper Ruby Valley, about 50 miles northwest of Yellowstone National Park, to allow the trout streams and pine-scented meadows to heal.

Without government permits to graze on public land in the summer, ranchers say that some, may-

'What's happening is natural. A lot of baby boomers are getting to think about retirement and they're looking for more elbow room.'

DISTRICT RANGER MARK A. PETRONI

be many, would be driven out of business and left to sell out their private, winter pastures. Typically, the buyers would be subdividers, and their enticements are plenty. Land worth $1,000 an acre for ranching can fetch 50% to 1,000% more when divided into small parcels, according to federal land officials.

The cattlemen and sheep ranchers now happily argue that a herd of livestock may beat down a hillside, but nothing like a herd of real estate developers. And significant evidence and some environmentalist backing now support them in this contention.

"If the choice is ranchettes or cattle, I'd go with the cattle," says Don Bachman, of the regional environmentalist group known as The Greater Yellowstone Coalition.

Private ranchlands make up an important part of the Western habitat for wildlife. Whether one flies over the countryside in a bush plane or drives hundreds of miles on its two-lane roads, it is easy enough to see for yourself: Elk, deer and antelope by the hundreds are feeding in private pastureland through winter and into spring. Some of these animals are at modern population highs in Montana.

"If the pressure grows too much, ranchers are going to have to sell. And that will put a lot more pressure on wildlife in Montana. When people buy a ranch they turn it into lots from two acres to 20 acres, then they put two horses on it and a couple of dogs. That kind of subdivision is incompatible with the winter range needs of wildlife," says Bob Birrer, who has ranched in the valley for 50 years.

Just over the ridgeline on the other side of the Gravelly Mountains from the Ruby Valley is the famous and breathtaking Madison Valley, leading into Yellowstone Park. The farmers in the Ruby Valley point to the Madison as evidence of what happens when subdividers move in.

According to a U.S. Forest Service survey, 20% of the private land in the Madison Valley is now subdivided into dream ranchettes, reducing significantly the open winter range for 7,000 elk, 3,000 antelope and assorted goats, moose and bighorn sheep.

"I went through the county tax records and there sure are a lot of addresses in California," district Ranger Mark A. Petroni tells a community gathering. He darkens the meeting room in a Butte hotel and shows photographic slides of ranchette sprawl as it chows away at the openness. In the shadows in the back of the room, cowboy hats and ball caps nod with understanding.

All kinds of publications appealing to the outdoor-minded promote Montana land subdivisions. Even the strongly environmentalist magazine Backpacker carries advertisements promoting 20-acre parcels.

Petroni understands the appeal. "What's happening is natural. A lot of baby boomers are getting to think about retirement and they're looking for more elbow room."

As they move into the Rockies, however, these urban expatriates unwittingly squeeze out what they came to enjoy. "These people usually have a couple of horses, an ATV [all-terrain vehicle] and I must say they have a fairly significant impact on the ground," he says.

Petroni is among those who believe that given the development pressures on the high country here, grazing is relatively more benign than urban environmentalists care to admit. Cheap federal grazing rights will not necessarily hold cattlemen back from selling to developers, "but at least it gives them options," Petroni says. "There is a direct correlation between public lands grazing and the preservation of open space."

□

The first day we were on the property taking pictures we flushed up an American Bald Eagle. What a sight that was.

"I hope they enjoyed it," says Lance Olsen. He is reading the testimonial in a land brochure. "What they fail to understand is when they start building and their neighbors start building, there will be no more eagles."

Olsen runs the Great Bear Foundation of Montana, dedicated to preventing extinction of the grizzly, which roams remote mountain regions here in uneasy rhythm with the coming 21st Century.

"Everyone says, oh my little piece of the wild isn't going to affect the grizzly bears. The bears can go somewhere else. But they don't want to accept that someone else has moved into somewhere else . . . And each of them is taking food out of the bear's mouth," says Olsen.

The bear foundation is now experimenting with giving ranchers cash reimbursement for stock killed by bears, one of several unusual grass-roots campaigns under way in Montana to ease the pressure on ranchers and preserve open space.

Another such campaign is the Helena-based Montana Land Reliance. This organization seeks out anti-development landowners and explains the tax and environmental benefits of encumbering their property with perpetual conservation easements. These deed restrictions are designed to forever prevent use of the property "inconsistent" with conservation.

The reliance now calls itself the largest local land trust in the United States with 77,000 acres, much of it in prime position along rivers, now locked up. "The essence of Montana is that it's undeveloped," explains the group's Bill Long.

More straightforward are the efforts of Vital Ground. Started by wildlife trainer Doug Seus, whose huge Kodiak grizzly Bart was the star of "The Bear," Vital Ground is dedicated to direct purchases of land that is of particular importance to survival of bears and wolves. So far, the organization has made one purchase of rangeland for the last Montana grizzlies to roam into the plains. Vital Ground is raising money for a second purchase.

Their efforts are spurred by the results of ranchette subdivisions in Western Montana.

The famous Flathead Valley below Glacier National Park is often choked with traffic in the summer thanks to the mix of city and ranchette growth and tourists. Environmentalists complain of water quality problems encroaching on Flathead Lake, the largest body of fresh water in the contiguous Western states.

Some ranchettes have become eyesores, the result of sloppy trailer-park construction and overgrazing by recreational horses.

Local newspapers casually report grizzlies that are harassed, collared, re-located and sometimes shot when civilization encroaches on their shrinking domain.

" . . . in the Lawrences' yard . . . I took pictures of this bear for nearly 45 minutes at a distance of less than 50 yards. [I was in my pickup.] The bear completely ignored whistling, yelling and even the horn blowing that I did in an attempt to get him—or her—to raise his head . . . For sure, this bear, although not aggressive, is not afraid of humans and is headed for trouble. I just hope he doesn't hurt someone in the process," wrote a columnist for the Hungry Horse News recently.

□

Ranchers, although happy to sound the alarm over encroaching ranchettes, have fought efforts to restrict subdivisions in Montana, and thus far successfully.

"This is the Old West," says Bill Chaloupka, associate professor of political science at the University of Montana. "The I-can-use-my-land-as-I-see-fit is a very powerful impulse here."

Presently, the law allows ranches to be cut into parcels as small as 20 acres without any community review. The 20-acre units can then be carved into smaller plots on what the law specifies as occasional basis or whenever a family wants to divide property among its members. Opponents say this amounts to no subdivision control whatsoever.

"Everybody knows there is a problem. There is no debate about that. You can see it in just the number of real estate signs that are up, even in the most pristine areas," says state Rep. Dave Wanzenried, a Kalispell Democrat and leader in the fight for more government regulation of subdivisions. "But for every acre subdivided under government review, three take place without review."

County land records show the sketchy outlines of the trend. The Greater Yellowstone Coalition surveyed counties in the vicinity of the national park. In one, Carbon County, more than one-third of the private land has been subdivided. In others, the total was less.

The lack of oversight also may have allowed the Montana equivalent of Florida swampland to be sold in the land rush.

The CBS news show "60 Minutes" aired a disturbing segment this spring in which one Northeastern land company was accused of old-fashioned land scam practices in Montana, among other things—pushing buyers to rush a deal and not leveling with them about the details of the property.

In one case, CBS said the company used brochures "full of beautiful pictures of national parks" that were "nowhere near the land they're selling." CBS showed an actual picture of the ranchette development, which had been devastated by fire in the mid-1980s.

But there are also plenty of satisfied buyers. In Belvidere, N.J., Irene Poykala and her husband, Don, bought their Montana ranchette sight unseen from a different company, and have planned their entire retirement around their property.

"We're 50 years old, and we like the mountains. We go to Upstate New York but we decided when we're ready in five years we really, really wanted the mountains," she says. "We just don't want to be city people anymore."

Recently, they traveled to Montana to behold their future and plan their new home. "We were so absolutely astounded. It was even better than they said. We like scenery and they didn't tell us it was this good."

And what about ranchette development disrupting the very tranquillity they dream of?

"It takes a special kind of person to want that life. We're not worried about that."

Indeed, many Montanans think their weather, if nothing else, will ultimately scare off all but the heartiest urban refugees.

"There is nothing that keeps the population of Montana under control like Willard Scott getting up and saying the coldest spot in American is Drummond, Mont., where it is 55-below with a wind-chill of minus-73," says Jim Gransbery, agricultural and political reporter for the Billings Gazette.

□

Independence and the freedom to move about are more than myths casually voiced in this state, so it would be decidedly un-Montanan for people here, especially ranchers, to try to stifle growth. Yet there is an irony in the land boom that is inescapable.

Even established land sellers such as Wayne Joyner of Rocky Mountain Timberlands acknowledge that the reality of ranchettes is a stark contrast to the myth that makes them so appealing to buyers in the cities. Joyner says he wants to sell only the myth.

"The average person buying a 20-acre parcel visits that parcel two to three days every two to three years," he says.

So what are people buying?

"It's a dream. I've got a million letters from the guy who says, my car was overheating on the freeway and I was in a traffic jam, and then I thought about my property up there and I felt better.

"I've sold property for 20 years to people who have never seen it," Joyner says.

Which is fine with him.

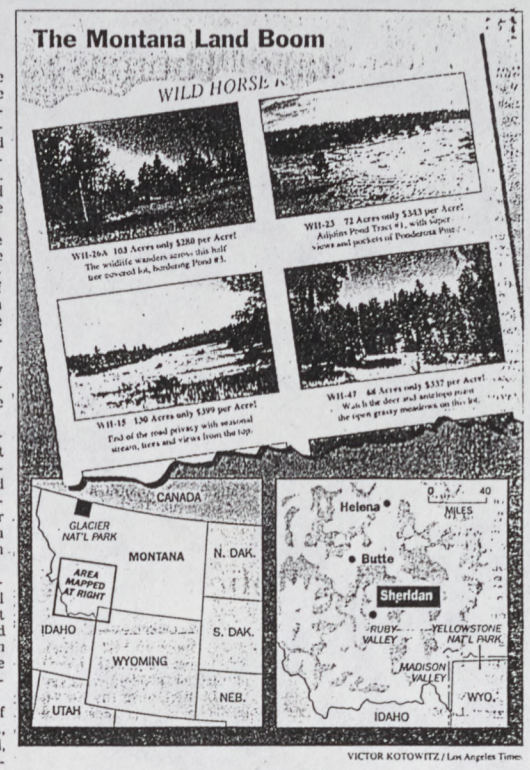
If buyers really followed through with development "it would defeat our whole purpose," Joyner explains. "If all those people started moving up here, I wouldn't do this. I think more of Montana than that."

Yet the movement is happening. Why just this year, cattlemen had to fight in the Montana Legislature to preserve one of the founding prerogatives of the West, the open range law.

Lawmakers representing areas of tourism and subdivisions said it was high time to start fencing cows in. The open range law puts the burden the other way around, saying that cows can roam except where they are fenced out.

"People come up here with a dream about Montana," says Kim Enkerud, resources coordinator for the Montana Stockgrowers. "Then they want to change the law and make it like the place they left."

Researcher Doug Conner in Seattle contributed to this story.



VICTOR KOTOWITZ / Los Angeles Times

A Count Few Believe

Now That the Census Figure Is Out, The Battle (for Power) Really Begins

By FELICITY BARRINGER
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27 — It may be possible to find someone in America who believes the nation's population as of April 1 was 249,632,692, but it will not be easy. Statisticians do not believe the punctilious precision of that figure. Neither do the number crunchers in the growing information industry. Neither do the mayors and planners in city halls around the country. Neither, for that matter, do the officials of the Census Bureau and its parent agency, the Commerce Department.

Pressed recently as to whether he would call the bureau's new figure "reality," an exact accounting of the population, Under Secretary Michael R. Darby of the Commerce Department dodged, weaved and finally said, "It's auditable."

For perhaps the first time since 1790, most Americans believe what the numbers buffs have known: When the Census Bureau tells you that there were 249,632,692 people in America on April 1, 1990, it just ain't so. But it is not clear what Congress and the courts will do.

For the moment, Congress and the courts have only two choices. They could accept the census figures as a fair reflection of the relative distribution of the population, though not a precise count of every person in every state. Or they could say that some people and places are shortchanged more than others, and alter the figure with statistical formulas intended to improve the relative standing of historically undercounted groups like blacks, Hispanics and inner-city residents.

Battle Lines Are Drawn

With the announcement of the new census figures, the battle lines between adherents of the current method, the old-fashioned head count, and adherents of using statistical formulas to adjust that head count have become more focused. "The only people who are happy with the number are the lawyers," said Kimball W. Brace, president of Election Data Services, a Washington consulting firm that evaluates census data.

The battles will take place in a variety of places, among them Federal District Court in Brooklyn, where New York and other cities have filed suit to force the Commerce Department to adjust the figures, and Congress, which could require an adjustment but has avoided doing so. There will also be arguments in the 50 state capitals, where Congressional and legislative districts will be drawn up next year, and in the statistics departments of universities, where academics argue about how to count.

The next major phase of the fight will come on or shortly before July 15, when the Commerce Department announces whether it will adjust the figures.

Conventional wisdom says that adjustment helps Democrats in urban areas and that the status quo favors Republicans and the suburbs. But nothing is certain, except that the census numbers have never been what most people thought they were.

In 1940, the Census Bureau figured it missed nearly 8 million Americans, about 5.6 percent of the population. In 1950, it did better, missing only 7 million, by its estimates. In 1960, the undercount was 6.2 million; in 1970, 6.1 million, and by 1980 the estimated undercount was 3.2 million, or 1.4 percent of the population.

But the bureau has never felt that it could correct the undercount by statistical formulas and still preserve an accurate portrait of the population. In recent years, more and more prominent statisticians, some from the bureau's own ranks, have begun to disagree.

Statisticians argue bitterly over whether the statistical adjustment sought by New York and other cities will make the census more right, or more wrong.

"The Census Bureau could have done a better job," said William F. O'Hare, Director of the Population Reference Bureau, a Washington-based consulting firm. "But I give them good marks. There was bound to be an undercount. "There are changes in society, people moving around, homelessness, people resisting government instrusion."

Because of those factors, he said, "I lean toward adjustment as a matter of equity, if it makes the census more accurate."

But David Freeman, a professor of statistics at the University of California at Berkeley, questions whether an adjustment would do that. "We've had missing data in the past, we're going to have missing data again."

He went on: "That's not a good basis for adjustment. I want to see some solid evidence that it makes things better."

Winners and Losers

Adjustment would certainly make things better for some states and their officials. California, Florida and Texas, already big winners in the population sweepstakes over the past decade, also have a disproportionate share of the minority populations whose numbers would be enhanced by adjustment. Adjustment would probably mean these winners win more.

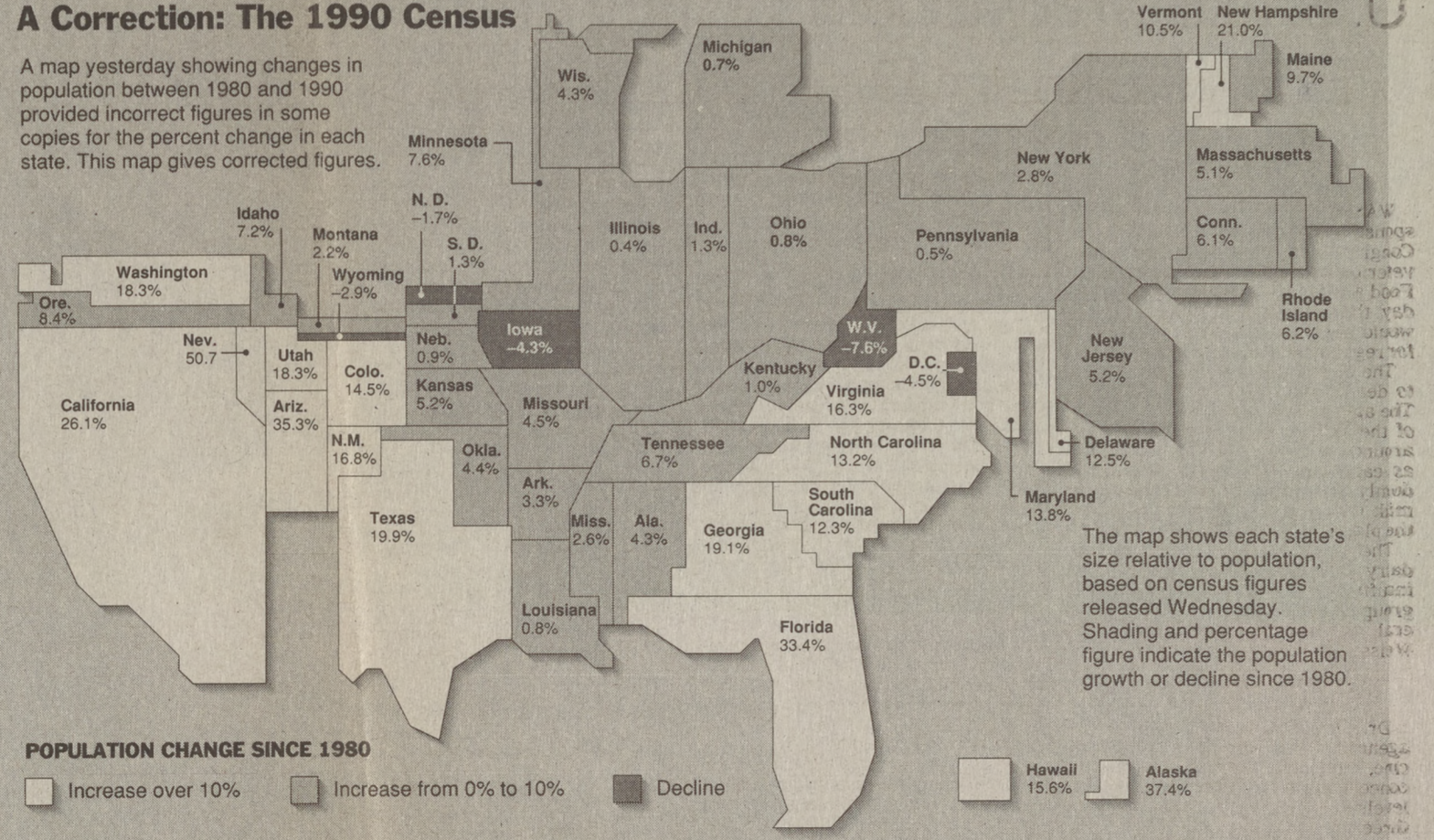
For New York, Illinois and Michigan, all of which saw only small population gains and all of which are losing Congressional seats, "the losses would be reduced," if the final figures were adjusted, Dr. O'Hare said.

But the political power and Federal aid being divided would not expand, so the gains by those three states would be somebody else's loss. The most likely losers would be states that have already lost population and power in the past decade, like Iowa, Kentucky, North Dakota and Wyoming.

If the Commerce Department rejects the adjustment option, New York and the other cities and organizations representing minority groups will go back to court, and members of Congress from the losing states and cities will sign on to bill after bill to give them back some measure of what they have lost.

A Correction: The 1990 Census

A map yesterday showing changes in population between 1980 and 1990 provided incorrect figures in some copies for the percent change in each state. This map gives corrected figures.



The map shows each state's size relative to population, based on census figures released Wednesday. Shading and percentage figure indicate the population growth or decline since 1980.

Hazards on Bridge Close 2 Subway Tracks

By DENNIS HEVESI
Special to The New York Times

NEW YORK, Dec. 27 — New York City transportation officials shut down a subway line across the Manhattan Bridge today after state inspectors found deep corrosion, sheared bolts and missing steel plates in the bridge's beams that support the tracks.

In one spot, a plate that was supposed to hold a six-inch-wide beam in place was missing, said David Steinberger, the city's Deputy Transportation Commissioner for bridges.

With the plate missing, the beam had slipped to within a half inch of falling off its support, Mr. Steinberger said. That might have dropped the track a foot or more and caused a derailment.

Thousands Inconvenienced

The closing of the two tracks, which run along the south side of the 81-year-old, 2,195-foot suspension bridge, affected about 25,000 passengers on the N trains. The trains were rerouted through the Montague Street tunnel south of the bridge, adding 10 minutes to the trip across the East River.

But more serious delays are likely to arise this weekend, when the other subway tracks on the bridge — the B, D and Q lines along its north side — are also closed for inspections that had already been scheduled by the State Department of Transporation.

Repairs on the N tracks are expected to take about a week, city officials said.

the city's Transportation Commissioner, Lucius J. Riccio, said today. "This is kind of heart-breaking to me because it's a disruption of train service. And with all the roads and bridges we're working on, the city needs all its train service."

'Problematic' Bridge

The N line on the bridge had been closed for two years because of structural problems with the bridge, but it was reopened in September without major repairs having been made. Asked today whether reopening those tracks had been a mistake, Mr. Riccio said: "No. I think we've been providing good service for the people of Brooklyn who use that train.

"The major contract for the repairs

> 'Any time you have to shut down a roadway or a trainway it's serious.'

hasn't worked out," he continued, "but we did a lot of emergency work to get it in shape. That bridge is so problematic, however, that we knew there was the possibility that trains would have to be taken off on an intermittent basis."

"We have a minimum of 10 years of rebuilding ahead of us to dig out of the four- or five-decade hole we inherited. We should open up 20 to 30 rehabilitated bridges this year. The problem is we've got a backlog of 400 bridges that need to be rehabilitated."

Mr. Steinberger said the new problems on the Manhattan Bridge bring the number of red flag conditions on that span to more than 300. A red flag is officially defined as an imminent or actual structural failure that could lead to collapse. There are more than 1,000 red or yellow flag conditions on the city's 842 bridges, Mr. Steinberger said. A yellow flag indicates a hazard.

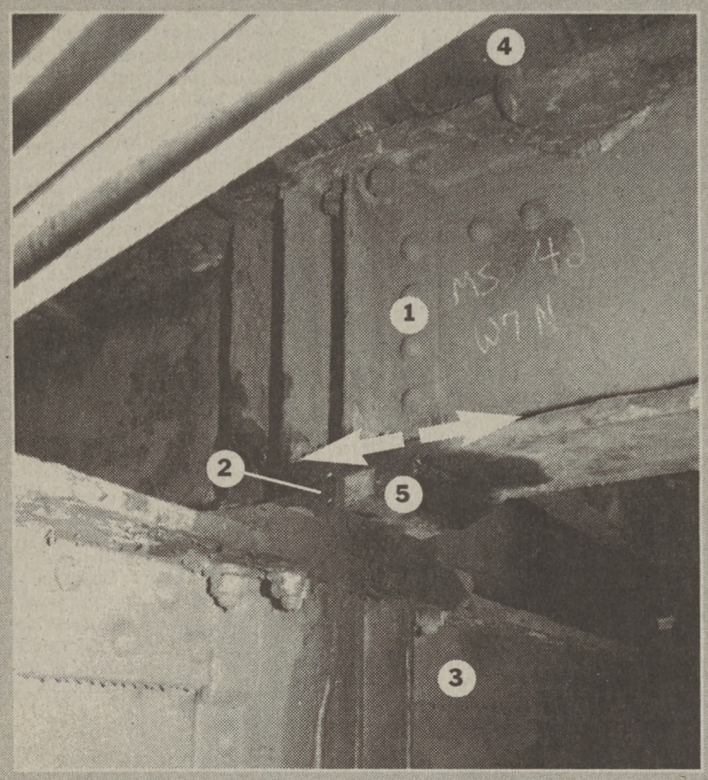
"What we have seen over the last year," Mr. Steinberger said, "is that even though we have doubled the rate at which we repair flag conditions — that's from 50 a month to 100 per month — we're still identifying flag conditions faster than we can repair them."

The first of the new problems on the Manhattan Bridge was discovered on Wednesday evening by engineering consultants hired by the state, said Phyllis Hirschberg, assistant to Michael Francese, the New York City regional director for the state Transportation Department.

'Serious Deterioration'

"They found a red flag on a stringer — that's a 12-foot-long steel support beam — underneath the tracks that the N train runs on, which is on the south side of the bridge," Ms. Hirschberger said. "There was serious deterioration." City officials then decided to

Why the Bridge Was Closed



A support beam ① rests in a U-shaped bracket ② attached to a second beam ③ that is part of the bridge's structure. The subway track is on the floor boards ④ above the support beam. The support beam slides back and forth on a plate ⑤ guided by the U-shaped bracket. An inspection yesterday discovered that the plate was missing and the support beam had come close to sliding off the U-shaped bracket. That would have caused the support beam, floor [illegible] could have led to a derailment.

Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times

inches. If it had moved another half inch we would no longer have the proper support for the train. We believe we would have had a drop of several feet in the track.

"There's no question that we could have had a very serious accident," Mr. Steinberger said. "We just caught it in time."

n New York

also represents slices of northwestern Nassau County and the South Bronx, is considered vulnerable. The tri-county district makes him a target despite his seniority, several politicians agreed, along with his age, 71 in February, and his aloofness from city and state politicians. Twice before, Mr. Scheuer was reapportioned out of districts in the Bronx and southern Queens.

He may get a reprieve, however, if Representative Robert J. Mrazek, his Democratic neighbor to the east in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, gives up his seat to run for the United States Senate, as he has said he will do.

Governor Cuomo's son, Andrew, who has privately expressed an interest in the House, lives in the Douglaston area of Mr. Scheuer's district. However, he is considered a long shot, particularly if his father runs for President.

Newcomers at Risk

Suburban Journal

A Lesson From Baby: That's Life

By LISA W. FODERARO
MOUNT KISCO, N.Y.

"Let's go see some babies!" announced Michaelann Diorio, signaling the best part of Sibling Day at Northern Westchester Hospital. Mastering the drudgery of diapers would come later.

Off they went to the nursery, nine older brothers- and sisters-to-be, their mouths ringed with Hawaiian Punch and cookie crumbs and their minds dancing with visions of newborns. Miss Diorio, a registered nurse, slipped into the glass-walled nursery and grabbed an unsuspecting infant, who resembled a sunburned butternut squash with a shock of black fuzz on top.

As she peeled back the swaddling layers to reveal fingers and toes barely bigger than a doll's, 5-year-old Jeanna Pasquale, of Mahopac, expressed a timeworn swatch of wisdom: "Sometimes babies look like wrinkly old men."

•

The suburbs are awash in babies, and a lot of people, especially in the 2-to-5 age bracket, are being transformed overnight into big sisters and big brothers. It may be life's least-sung milestone, but suddenly having a little sibling is not easy. Along with the joys come adjustments, fears, jealousies, responsibilities and tantrums.

That's where Sibling Day comes in. The hourlong program every Wednesday afternoon is meant to prepare the toddler for that rite of passage with a coloring book called "Mom's Having a Baby," a trip to the nursery, a diaper-changing demonstration, a video called "What About Me?" and all the cookies you can eat.

That last part seemed to register the most. Asked what he learned from the workshop, Raymond Zaccari, 2, smiled quizzically, as if to reflect, but then reached silently for another Mint Milano. "We're on about our sixth cookie," said Janet Zaccari of Mount Kisco, who was due the next day.

The program is also intended to assure youngsters that their mothers will be in a safe, pleasant place in the days before their new siblings arrive. "All of a sudden Mom goes away, and it's nice for them to know where she's going," said Susan Apple, the head nurse in the nursery, where 1,900 babies will have passed through this year.

The video the toddlers watched was of other toddlers offering empathy

> 'New babies have no manners. They burp and spit and you know what.'

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

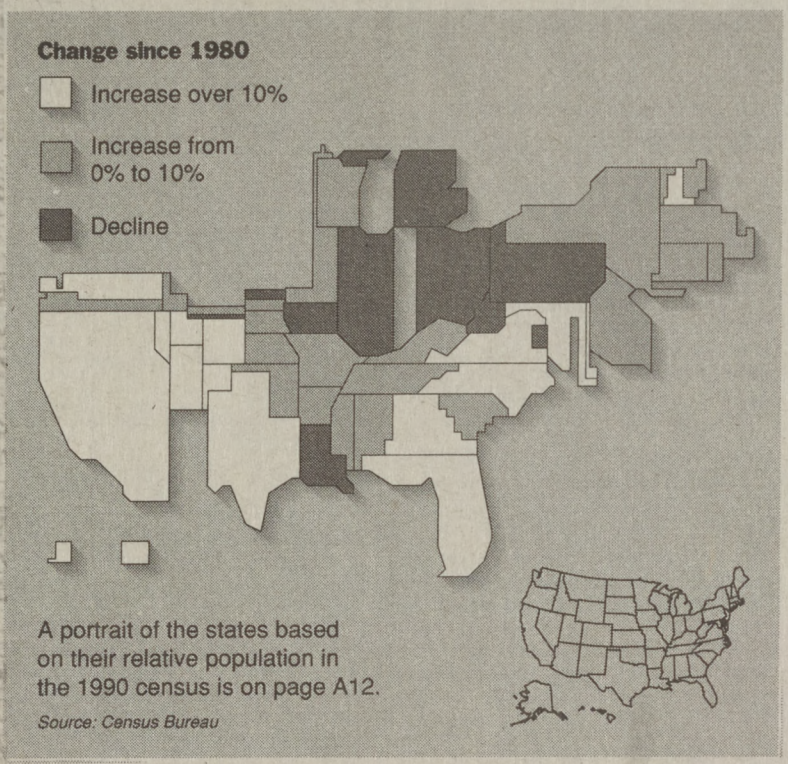
The New Y

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THURSDAY, DEC

Census Bureau Places Population at 249.6 Million



A portrait of the states based on their relative population in the 1990 census is on page A12.

Source: Census Bureau

The New York Times

10.2% Rise in a Decade — Urban Officials Want Adjustment

By FELICITY BARRINGER

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26 — After one of the most controversial head counts ever, the Census Bureau today put the population of the United States at 249,632,692, an increase of more than 23 million people, or 10.2 percent, over the official 1980 total.

The increase reflects almost a million overseas Federal workers, including military personnel and their dependents, who were included in the 1990 total under a new law. When they are eliminated from the count, as they were in 1980, the 1990 population comes to 248.7 million. The 1980 figure was 226.5 million.

While the Constitution requires that a population figure for each state be reported to the President by the end of the year for apportioning the number of representatives from each state, the Commerce Department can still decide that the survey was flawed and that it will statistically adjust the count. The department, the Census Bureau's parent agency, has said that it will determine by July 15 whether to do so.

Power and People Shift

The population totals released today, reflecting calculations as of April 1, 1990, confirm the anticipated shift of people and political power to the West and South. If the totals are not shifted dramatically, 19 Congressional seats will shift among the states next year, with California, Texas and Florida the biggest winners among the eight states to gain more representatives. Thirteen states, all but three of them in the Northeast and Midwest, will lose representation. New York, which is expected to lose three seats, would be the biggest loser.

Experts say that if there is a statistical adjustment of the count, some states that stand to lose Congressional representation might not lose as much.

The figures released today drew immediate protests from officials in New York City and New York State, who predicted that the undercount in 1990 would exceed the undercount of a decade ago, when the bureau estimated that it missed about 3.2 million people. Their comments made it clear that they would continue their legal efforts

Continued on Page A12, Column 1

ormer King, s Cite 'Stunt'

SUDETIC
ew York Times

the Princess said. Instead of waiting for the passports to be returned, the royal couple left a family friend at the airport to get them.

Meeting With the Premier

Princess Margarita said she met Romania's Prime Minister, Petre Roman, on Monday and told him that the King would make the visit. "Mr. Roman said he strongly recommended that the King not come, but he did not say no to the visit," she said.

At Bucharest's airport this morning. King Michael said, "I really don't understand what's the matter with them."

"I can't even come at Christmas to pray at my grandfather's grave," he said, adding that he would have a message for the Romanian people at a later date.

"It's obvious that the powers that be in Romania are terrified of him," Princess Margarita said.

The Government spokesman said the King's demand to leave Romania in his own plane was rejected because his pilots were drunk, but the Princess said the police detained the pilots.

Soon after leaving the airport last night by car, King Michael and his entourage, including several aides, headed out of Bucharest for an Orthodox monastery at Curtea-de-Arges northwest of the capital.

Highway Is Blocked

Security men stopped the King's motorcade by blocking the main highway from Bucharest to Pitesti with a large truck, police cars and taxicabs, Princess Margarita said. "It was like Nazi Germany or one of those films about revolutions in South America," she said. "There were soldiers with absolutely big machine guns."

The security forces then escorted the King, Princess Ana and Priness Sophie back to the airport and persuaded them, after much bickering, to board the plane for the return trip, the Princess said.

Mr. Baltazar, the Government spokesman, said. "The whole vaudevillesque nature of this affair indicates once again that disdain and low esteem with which this family holds the Romanian people and its lawfully designated authorities."

"As he entered Romania illegally, it was seen fit to put a stop to his roaming around Bucharest and his subsequent drive in the countryside," he said.

At a Critical Moment

King Michael has always insisted that his abdication was null because he surrendered his throne under duress.

"He was given the alternative to either accept leaving the country or having a large number of young people killed," said Sorin Botez, a Liberal Party member of Parliament. He said the King's return came at a critical moment for the opposition, but denied that the visit was politically motivated. "An opposition is being created and they need someone to believe in. They need an idea or a person to coalesce around."

News Summary

International A2-10

The post of Soviet Vice President was given to a colorless but loyal Communist Party functionary. President Gorbachev's choice for the new post sent a flabbergasted murmur through the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. Page A1

The prominent feature: A Party-heavy résumé A4

Lenin looks on, but Estonia party's not well A10

Concerns about combat readiness expressed by some military commanders will not constrain President Bush from ordering military action in the gulf if he thinks it is necessary, senior Administration officials said. A1

News analysis: Threats of war outrun troop and supply lines A8

The U.S. seized an Iraqi cargo ship carrying more than 50 self-described pacifists and tons of food bound for Iraq after crew members tried to grab the weapons of boarding U.S. soldiers and sailors, the Pentagon said. A10

The threat of attack on Israel from Iraq is "very realistic," and U.S. intelligence believes that Iraq will

The King of Romania was expelled from the country soon after he arrived there for his first visit since he was deposed 43 years ago. The Government said that King Michael failed to get permission for the visit. A2

Albania promises change as Stalinism eases A4

The inhabitants of Soweto are wary of politics and are hesitant to join political organizations, even the African National Congress, whose leader, Nelson Mandela, lives there. The fear of raids or jail remains strong. A6

New hope on African worm disease A6

Deng reappears to cast vote in Beijing A3

U.N. choice: A signal of a bigger role for Japan A3

Dublin Journal: New President sees a "new Ireland" A4

A plan to sell the Buenos Aires zoo, part of a drive to privatize much of the bankrupt Argentine state, has set off a wave of opposition. Not the least part of the dispute is one of the buyers, a multi-millionaire television personality. A7

Suriname [illegible] had

Census Bureau Places Population at 249,632,692

Continued From Page A1

to force the Commerce Department to adjust its population totals.

Officials of the Commerce Department said today that it would be premature to assess the accuracy of its figures until the evaluation of a post-census survey is completed. "It'll be early summer before we know enough to intelligently answer your question," said Michael R. Darby, Under Secretary of Commerce for Economic Affairs.

Looking Back to October

But the chairman of the Census Bureau's Congressional Oversight Subcommittee and a spokesman for the Democrats in state legislatures around the country — the arenas where the reapportionment battles will be fought — were quick to point out that as recently as October the Census Bureau's Population Division had issued a report estimating the total resident population at 253.7 million, an estimate which, if correct, would mean that the bureau's counting process had missed about five million people.

"What was obvious to every American in 1990 is true: The population of the United States has become much more difficult to count," said Representative Thomas C. Sawyer, the Ohio Democrat who heads the House Census and Population Subcommittee of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee. "It is a larger, more diverse and more mobile population than it has ever been. This figure may indicate that time-honored techniques are simply not sufficient."

"At this point it's fair to say that the real question is not whether we've counted everyone," Mr. Sawyer added. "We know that the nation has never counted everybody. The real question is how close has the Census Bureau come to the truth, and can they come closer?"

New York State, as well as New York City and several other major municipalities, have sued in an attempt to force the Commerce Department to use statistical sampling techniques adjusting the final population totals to reflect the presumed undercount. Historically, undercounts have affected members of minorities and inner-city residents most severely. Organizations representing black and Hispanic people have joined the suit as plaintiffs.

The West and South get most of a 10% population increase.

"When large segments of our resident are left out of the political proces, democracy is devalued for all of us," New York State Attorney General Robert Abrams said in a statement released shortly after the census figures were made public. Urban officials around the country have contended in recent years that census undercounts have cheated them of both political power and millions of dollars in Federal aid that is distributed on the basis of population.

"This underscores the need for a correction," said Peter Zimroth, the New York attorney representing New York City in its lawsuit. "We're in the range of a five-million undercount. That kind of undercount is really unacceptable in a democracy that depends on the accuracy of these figures to allocate legislative power and billions of dollars."

'Full, Fair and Efficient'

Mr. Darby, in a press conference at the Commerce Department, said, "I believe that we have seen here a full, fair and efficient census." Census Director Barbara Everitt Bryant, commenting on widespread local protests on the release of the preliminary totals in August, said, "Virtually every large city will find that its numbers have gone up."

Over all, the population count, including the overseas personnel, was about 1.1 percent greater than the preliminary figure of 245.8 million. But some states, like New York, saw a more pronounced incfrease between the preliminary figure and the final total. New York gained more than 400,000 people, or 2.4 percent. One Census bureau official aid that most of the gain between the August figures and those released today came in urban centers like New York City.

Under terms of an agreement reached 18 months ago, the Commerce Department must decide by July 15 whether or not any undercount in the 1990 census will be corrected by statistical techniques to insure that urban areas and minority groups are fairly represented in the final figure.

When people means power, a census invites challenges.

Despite New York' protests, however, it was clear that many officials were relieved to find that, as the preliminary figures indicated, the state had only lost three Congressional seats, not four as some had feared. Among the other states losing representation were Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio, each standing to lose two seats. The three losers outside the Northern and Midwestern industrial regions were Kentucky, Louisiana and Montana.

Dominance of California

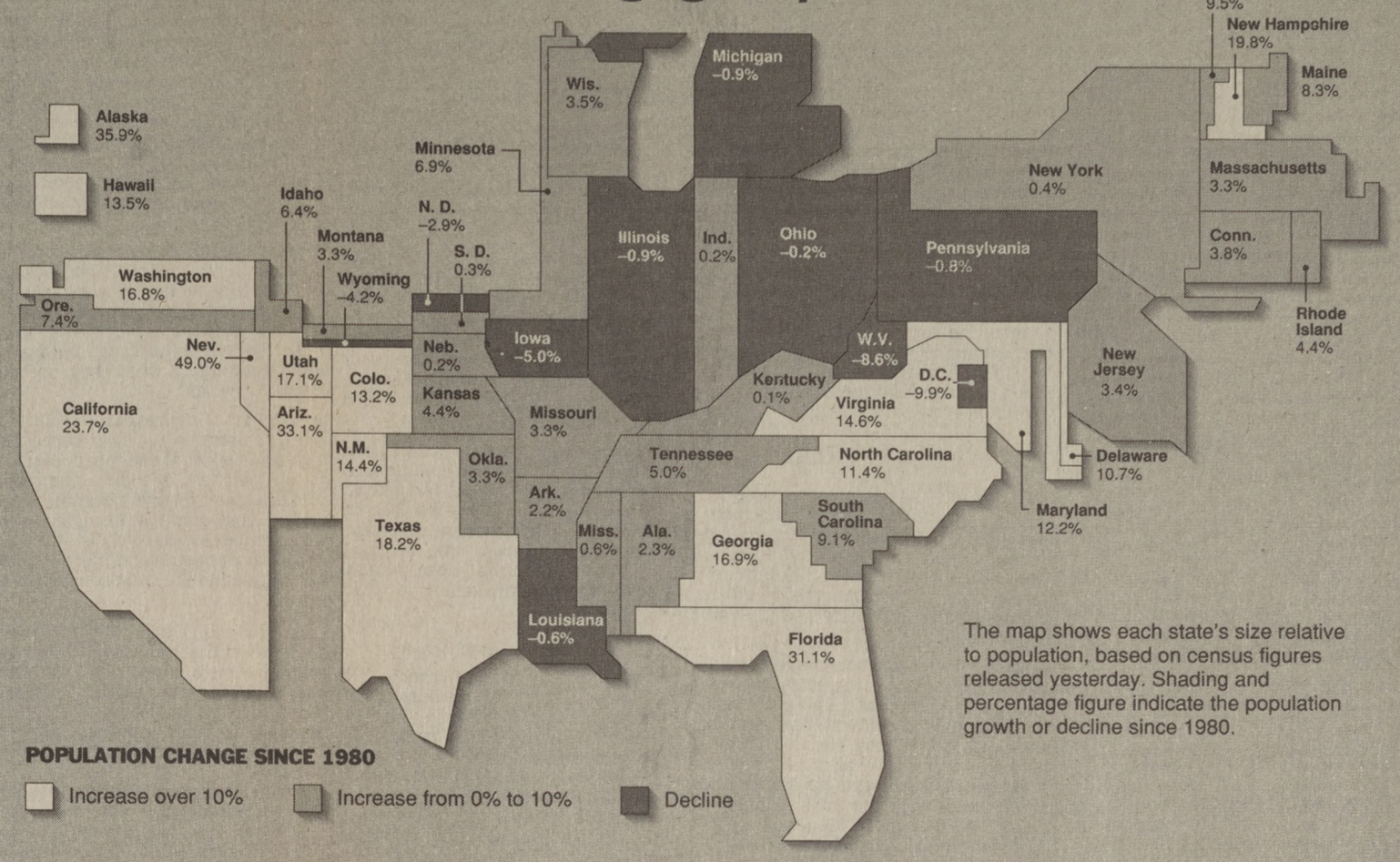
California, where one of every eight people in the United States now lives, will gain seven seats, bringing its total in Congress to 52. Florida will gain four and Texas three. Wahington State, which emereged unexpectedly as a possible gainer when the preliminary population figures were released, will gain one seat if there is no adjustment of the count. But among the new gainers, it is the state most likely to be affected by an adjustment, since it is closest to the cutoff point.

Under the current laws governing Congressional apportionment, overseas government personnel and their dependents are counted in the apportionment total, and District of Columbia residents are not. The total population figure on which the Congressional apportionment would be based — if there is no later adjutment — is 249,022,783.

Today's release of the figures caught most politicians and demographers unaware, since most had been informed that the bureau could not produce the totals before Friday. There was speculation on Capitol Hill that the sudden release of the data might have been in response to a lawsuit filed late last week by Atlanta city officials, asking a Federal judge to bar the bureau from releasing the figures until it had given local governments the final information about their housing counts.

Commerce Department officials, however, said that they decided to release the numbers because, as of late in the day Dec. 24, the totals were ready. "They had a schedule which allowed some slack for snags, and no snags happened," Mr. Darby said. "On Christmas Eve the people over there were interested in seeing how it turned out. Whenever they said we have it all together, we thought in terms of normal security — the sooner the better."

The 1990 Census: The Changing Shape of the Union



The map shows each state's size relative to population, based on census figures released yesterday. Shading and percentage figure indicate the population growth or decline since 1980.

RANK AND STATE	1990	1980
1. California	29,839,250	23,667,902
2. New York	18,044,505	17,558,072
3. Texas	17,059,805	14,229,191
4. Florida	13,003,362	9,746,324
5. Pennsylvania	11,924,710	11,863,895
6. Illinois	11,466,682	11,426,518
7. Ohio	10,887,325	10,797,630
8. Michigan	9,328,784	9,262,078
9. New Jersey	7,748,634	7,364,823
10. North Carolina	6,657,630	5,881,766
11. Georgia	6,508,419	5,463,105
12. Virginia	6,216,568	5,346,818
13. Massachusetts	6,029,051	5,737,037
14. Indiana	5,564,228	5,490,224
15. Missouri	5,137,804	4,916,686
16. Wisconsin	4,906,745	4,705,767
17. Tennessee	4,896,641	4,591,120
18. Washington	4,887,941	4,132,156
19. Maryland	4,798,622	4,216,975
20. Minnesota	4,387,029	4,075,970
21. Louisiana	4,238,216	4,205,900
22. Alabama	4,062,608	3,893,888
23. Kentucky	3,698,969	3,660,777
24. Arizona	3,677,985	2,718,215
25. South Carolina	3,505,707	3,121,820
26. Colorado	3,307,912	2,889,964
27. Connecticut	3,295,669	3,107,576
28. Oklahoma	3,157,604	3,025,290
29. Oregon	2,853,733	2,633,105
30. Iowa	2,787,424	2,913,808
31. Mississippi	2,586,443	2,520,638
32. Kansas	2,485,600	2,363,679
33. Arkansas	2,362,239	2,286,435
34. West Virginia	1,801,625	1,949,644
35. Utah	1,727,784	1,461,037
36. Nebraska	1,584,617	1,569,825
37. New Mexico	1,521,779	1,302,894
38. Maine	1,233,223	1,124,660
39. Nevada	1,206,152	800,493
40. Hawaii	1,115,274	964,691
41. New Hampshire	1,113,915	920,610
42. Idaho	1,011,986	943,935
43. Rhode Island	1,005,984	947,154
44. Montana	803,655	786,690
45. South Dakota	699,999	690,768
46. Delaware	668,696	594,338
47. North Dakota	641,364	652,717
48. Vermont	564,964	511,456
49. Alaska	551,947	401,851
50. Wyoming	455,975	469,557
Total states	**249,022,783**	**225,866,492**
D.C.	609,909	638,333
Total U.S.	**249,632,692**	**226,504,825**

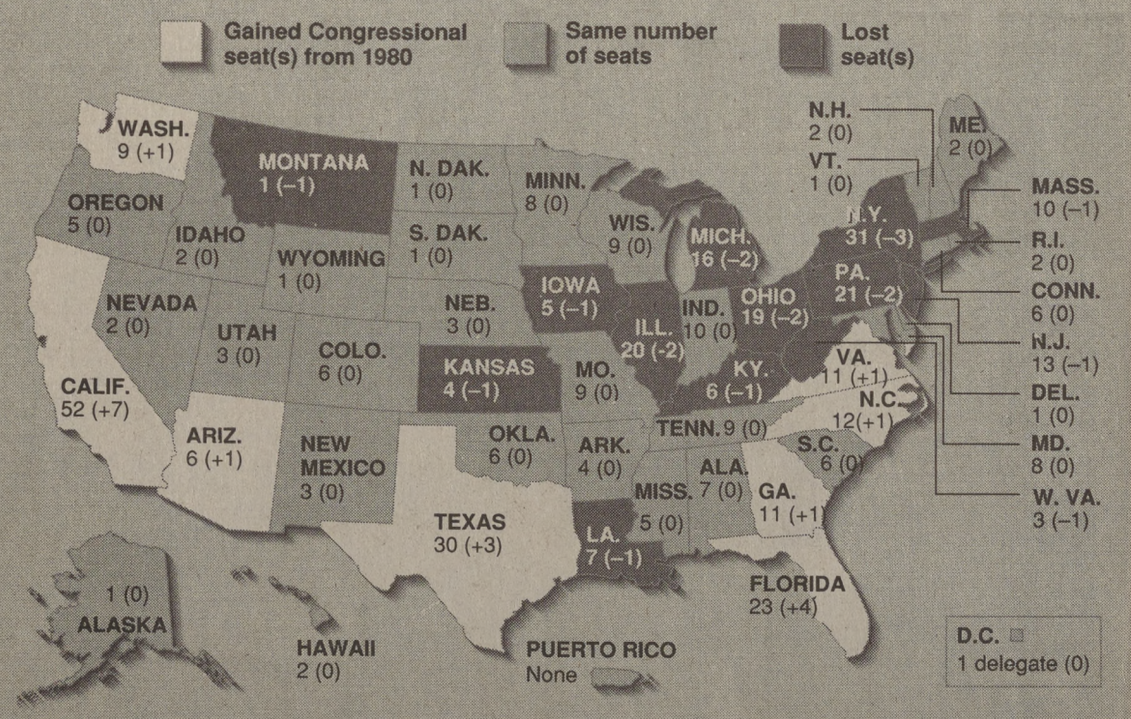
Off the Mark

States with the largest percentage increase from the preliminary census figures released in August. No state's figure was revised downward.

State	% increase	People added
South Carolina	2.90	98,707
New York	2.37	417,505
New Mexico	2.13	31,779
Connecticut	2.13	68,669
Mississippi	2.03	51,443
Alabama	1.97	78,608
California	1.91	560,250
Georgia	1.90	121,419
Hawaii	1.85	20,274
Florida	1.79	228,362
New Jersey	1.73	131,634
Rhode Island	1.72	16,984
Massachusetts	1.70	101,051
Michigan	1.63	149,784
Arizona	1.63	58,985
Delaware	1.63	10,696
North Carolina	1.60	104,630

One Result of the Census: Shifting Congressional Seats

The new numbers of Congressional seats apportioned to each state based on the Census Bureau's population figures for 1990 and the number that would be gained or lost from 1980.



Source: Census Bureau

Proportional map by Seth Feaster/The New York Times

Park Concessions: MCA Deal May Force the Issue

By ROBERT REINHOLD
Special to The New York Times

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 26 — However it changes the movie and music industries, the planned $6.6 billion sale of the entertainment giant MCA Inc. to the Matsushita Electric Industrial Company may also force the resolution of many difficult issues concerning commercial activities in America's national parks and other public lands.

With the Saturday deadline for the sale near, the Department of the Interior was engaged today in negotiations with lawyers and lobbyists for both companies over what to do with the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, the MCA subsidiary that controls the hotels and nearly all other businesses in the 100-year-old Yosemite National Park in California.

All involved agree that the park concessions should remain in American hands. And a ranking official in the Bush Administration said today's deliberations focused on the possibility of selling the concession to the National Park Foundation in Washington, an independent nonprofit organization chartered by Congress in 1967 to channel private contributions to the parks. Presumably, the foundation would get the contract for a price below its real value to satisfy the Government's concerns about the sale of the concession and to gain tax advantages not available after Dec. 31.

Uncertainty over the future of commerce at Yosemite.

Escrow for 12 Months

MCA and Matsushita (pronounched mat-SUSH-tah) had earlier agreed to put the Curry Company in escrow for 12 months to find an American buyer. But it was unclear who would want to buy the company, what its real value was, who would control it during escrow or what would happen if no buyer appeared. That left the possibility that the concessions would wind up under Matsushita after a year.

What makes it all so complicated is that the Curry contract expires in less than three years, and the Park Service has made it clear that it wants fundamental changes in the way park concessions are operated.

The service has barely started to write its statement of requirements for bidders for the Yosemite concessions. With such uncertainty, it is unclear why any buyer would want to bid before the 12-month escrow expires.

The spectacular 1,170-square-mile park has become the focus of environmentalists' complaints over what they see as excessive commercialization of the 50 national parks. Even before the Matsushita purchase, a coalition of environmental leaders had formed the Yosemite Restoration Trust to bid for the concessions when the Curry Company's 30-year contract expires in October 1993 and to return profits to the park. Also, earlier this year Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan Jr. announced he that wanted fundamental changes in the way park contracts are let, to encourage more competition among bidders and increase fees paid to the Government.

Possible Precedent for Parks

As a result, the outcome in Yosemite could set a precedent for management and visitor services in 125 national parks, recreation areas and historic sites, now operated by 635 different private concessionaires functioning under different rules, some for profit, some nonprofit.

MCA, which also owns Universal Studios, Universal Pictures, MCA Records and the G. P. Putnam's Sons publishing house, bought the Curry Company in 1973 for $13.3 million. The Curry Company now runs several hotels, restaurants, grocery stores, a gas station and other services in the park, which attracts 60,000 or more people on a holiday weekend and had 3.4 million visitors in 1989.

Edward C. Hardy, president of the Curry Company, said it was "business as usual" until the ownership issue is settled. Curry pays the Government 75 cents of every $100 of its gross receipts. In 1989 it paid $589,500.

MCA's chairman, Lew R. Wasserman, refused Mr. Lujan's initial request that he donate Curry to the Park Service. Instead the escrow was arranged, with the proceeds of any eventual sale going to Matsushita but operating profits in the meantime would go to the National Park Foundation.

Questions From Government

Last Friday, the director of the National Park Service in Washington, James Ridenour, wrote to lawyers for MCA raising several questions about the escrow and asking that the escrow be delayed to permit the service to review the arrangement. In a telephone interview from Washington, Mr. Ridenour said he felt the arrangement constituted a change of ownership and therefore required Park Service approval.

He said the service was not opposed to the escrow arrangement. "In concept it looks good, but there are some discrete parts that our lawyers feel need to be cleared up," he said. Among the questions he had were: What would happen if a buyer could not be found, or if Matsushita reconsidered the escrow arrangement?; How would bidders for Curry be solicited?; How would the expiration of the contract in 1993 affect the process?

An effort to keep concessions in U.S. parks in American hands.

A spokeswoman for MCA here, Christine Hanson, refused comment on whether the escrow would be delayed or if the issue might delay the Dec. 29 closing of the Matsushita purchase. "We are in discussion with the Park Service and attempting to work out all aspects of the transaction in good faith," she said.

No Comment From Matsushita

In an interview this afternoon, Bob Hadl, vice president and general counsel for MCA, said the company had responded to the questions raised Mr. Ridenour, but he would not comment on the possibility of the sale to the National Park Foundation.

Matsushita's spokesman in New York said: "We are not commenting on what's going on. We will not be commenting until something official comes out."

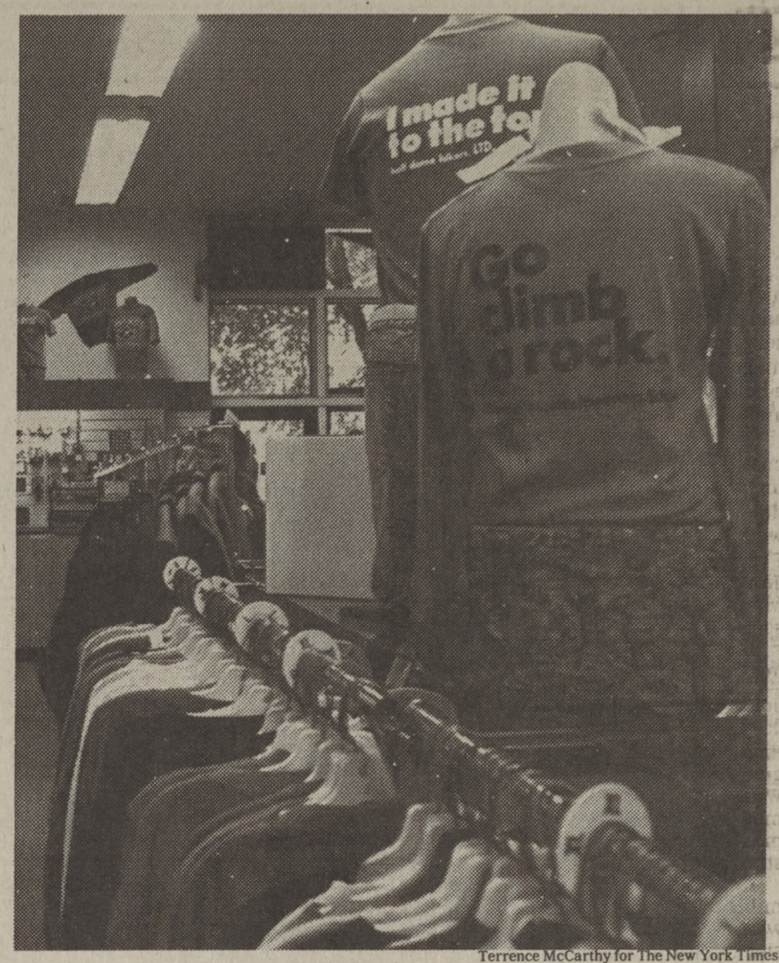
In Washington, Mr. Lujan's chief spokesman, Steve Goldstein, said the secretary did not want to delay the deal. "Our intention is not to hold up the sale of the Curry Company," he said. "Lujan has been advocating that for a long time. Our goal has not changed. Ultimately we'd like to see it donated to the American people. Barring that, we want the best possible arrangement."

Rather than finding a buyer for the existing Curry contract, one possibility, Mr. Ridenour said, was to terminate that contract early and establish the new criteria now. "That would allow bidders to purchase with a full understanding of what they are purchasing," he said.

The Park Service has the ultimate right to approve the new concessionaire, and approval does not necessarily go the highest bidder. Joan Reiss, spokeswoman for the Yosemite Restoration Trust, said that group hoped the Government would establish the value of the concession at no more than $50 million, so that the trust could raise the money to buy it.

Mr. Goldstein said Mr. Lujan was determined that the Government gain greater control over concessionaires and that the new contract might revamp the system so that the setup is more like a vendor renting space from a landlord, in this case the Government.

In the meantime, the sale of the Curry Company is in the hands of two New York investment banking firms, Lazard Freres & Company and Allen & Company. The Bank of America in San Francisco is the escrow agent.



Terrence McCarthy for The New York Times

The pending sale of MCA Inc., the entertainment conglomerate, to a Japanese company puts into question the future control of some commercial activities in America's national parks. MCA now owns the concession that controls most businesses in Yosemite National Park in California, like this village store and gift shop.

Only God Can Make a Tree, but Anyone Can Make a Mistake

BETHESDA, Md., Dec. 26 (AP) — Gov. William Donald Schaefer personally apologized today for a state work crew that had mistakenly cut down seven trees bordering the yard of Arun Vohra, a resident of this Washington suburb.

"We made a mistake, and we're going to do everything we can to rectify it," the Governor said in a visit to Mr. Vohra's home.

Accompanied by several aides, including State Transportation Secretary James Lighthizer, Mr. Schaefer made the 40-mile trip from Annapolis, the state capital, to see Mr. Vohra and the stumps that remain along the highway outside his house after an incident known in these parts as the Bethesda Chain Saw Massacre.

One of the felled trees was a huge cedar about 80 feet high. "That was a great tree," the Governor conceded.

Seven stumps are reminders of the Bethesda Chain Saw Massacre.

Mr. Schaefer called the tree-cutting incident a result of missed communications. "We made a mistake," he said, "and we learned."

The story of the seven destroyed trees, all on a state right-of-way, began last spring when Mr. Vohra, an engineer for the United States Department of Energy, notified the Maryland Highway Administration about a diseased pine tree on state property in front of his house.

A few days later he returned home and found that the tree was still standing but that six other trees — two pines, three blooming dogwoods and a giant lilac — had been cut.

Mr. Vohra complained, and soon another state official came to his house and was shown the diseased pine. Mr. Vohra marked the pine with a ribbon.

Some time later he returned home from work and found that the massive cedar a few feet from the beribboned pine had been cut. The pine was still untouched.

Doing 'the Right Thing'

"I acted a little crazy," Mr. Vohra said. He called his state delegate, his Congresswoman, the Governor's Mansion in Annapolis and the State Department of Natural Resources. And the story began to get some press.

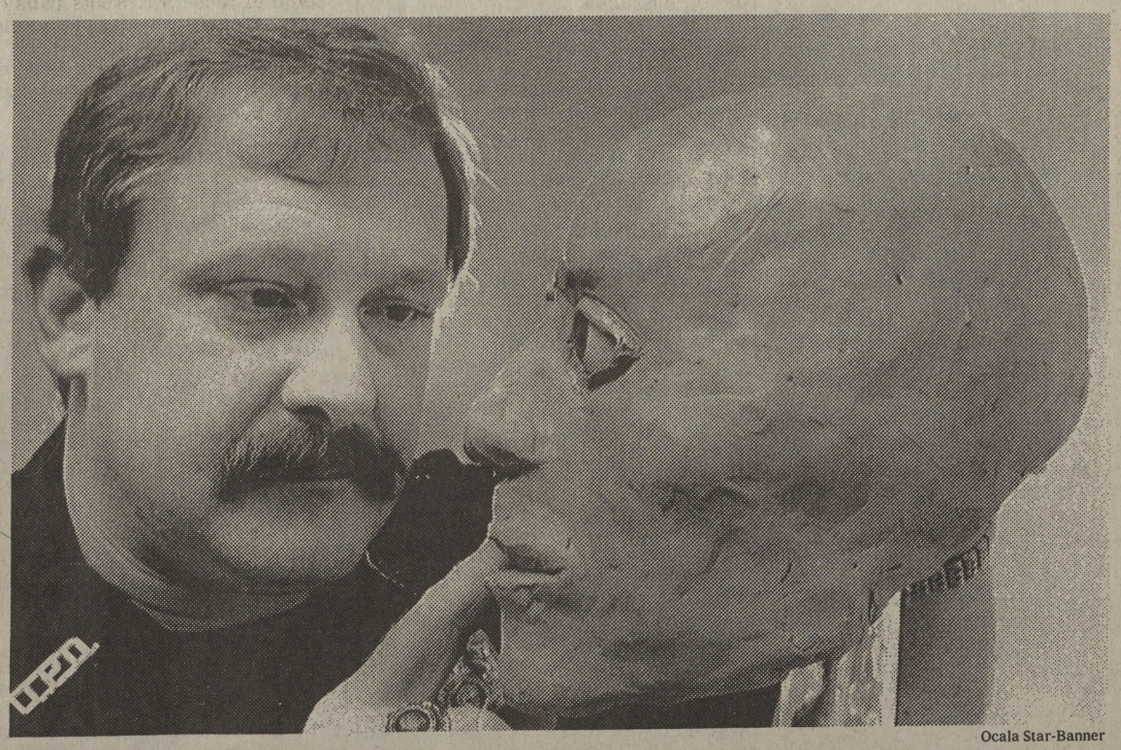
Mr. Vohra was informed this week that the Governor wanted to visit, so he made coffee and ordered some extra food for his guests.

As the entourage arrived today, Mr. Vohra expressed surprise at all the attention he was getting. "I had no idea this would ever happen," he said.

Governor Schaefer said, "We want to do the right thing," and promised that the state would replace whatever trees Mr. Vohra chooses. "I'm tree-conscious," the Governor added, reminding reporters that he had vowed to plant a million trees in Maryland.

The two men posed for photographs atop the cedar stump. Nearby was the pine that started all the trouble. State officials have since said it is not diseased at all, but only the target of woodpeckers.

An Art That Lets the Dead Speak



Ocala Star-Banner

Sgt. Greg Stewart of the Ocala, Fla., Police Department constructs clay faces from the skulls of dead people whose identities are unknown. He has spent much of his 14-year career collecting evidence from crime scenes, and considers himself a police officer, not an artist.

Fruits and Avocados in California Suffer Huge Losses From the Cold

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 26 (Reuters) — The weeklong blast of Arctic air that has brought below-freezing temperatures to Southern California has severely damaged the state's citrus and avocado crops, agriculture officials said today.

"There will be major fruit damages," said Jim Smith, an analyst for the United States Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Smith said it was too early to gauge the extent of the crop loss. But growers and local officials, still assessing the damage, put it in the hundreds of millions of dollars, which could soon mean higher fruit and vegetable prices in supermarkets around the country.

The cold weather in the usually balmy region has caused a rapid rise in orange juice prices on the commodities exchanges in the last week. On the New York Cotton Exchange today, frozen concentrated orange juice for March delivery rose 2.05 cents a pound, closing at $1.1995. On Dec. 17, it closed at $1.0470.

Avocados Also Suffer

In addition to oranges, lemons and other citrus fruits, avocados, one of the state's largest food exports, were also badly hit.

A spokesman for the California Avocado Commission estimated that 20 percent of the state's crop had been oranges has not progressed as far, he added.

In Tulane County, where most of the state's navel oranges are grown, the loss to this year's harvest was put at $200 million. In Ventura County, the damage to lemons and avocados has amounted to at least $100 million, said Jim Fulmer, Deputy State Agricultural Commissioner.

More on the Way

Although Los Angeles County was not hit as badly as some other areas, its losses could reach $3 million, officials said.

The Arctic air mass has brought record low temperatures, from the teens to the 30's, throughout much of California for the last week. A slow warming trend began Tuesday, but forecasters said it would not last. They warned that another blast of Arctic air would arrive by the weekend, with the likelihood of more damage.

If the new cold snap is severe, officials said, some growers may have to



 Missoulian, Sept. 14, '95

Snowmobile fans forgo snow; find their thrills surfing the turf

Snow is scarce in these parts in September.

On the other hand, there's grass a-plenty.

And it seems that's good enough for a group of speedy snowmobilers to get a jump on the season with a series of grass races around the state in the next month or so.

The Montana Snowmobile Racing Association has been holding grass drag races in September and October for the past five years.

One such event is scheduled Sunday, Sept. 24, in Ronan. Another will be held in Columbia Falls Sunday, Oct. 8. The season kicks off with a race in Conrad Sept. 17 and winds up Oct. 15 in Cut Bank.

Some of the high-performance machines competing in the races churn out 200 horsepower and reach speeds of 125 mph at the end of the 500-foot course. The association recommends ear plugs for spectators.

There are also classes for novice racers and production model snowmobiles.

The Ronan races will take place 1-1/2 miles south of town. The races start at 11 a.m., with registration from 8 to 10 a.m. There will be a $3 admission charge.

The Columbia Falls races will be held at the Weaver Gravel Pit, with the same time schedule as Ronan. Admission is $3.

1996 model snowmobiles from all major manufacturers will be on display at all the races.

For more information about the Montana Snowmobile Racing Association grass drag events, call Terri VanDam at **406-278-5437**.

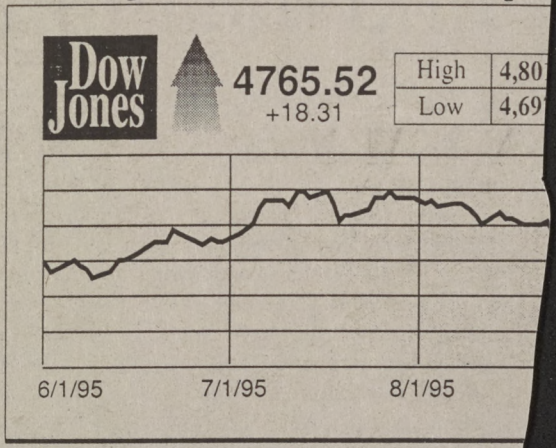
– Daryl Gadbow, Missoulian

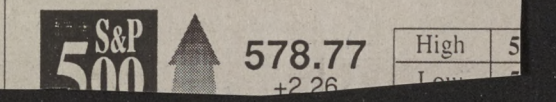
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lk	21	6389	66⅞	—	½	NiaMP	17	6763	12¼	—	¼	RgcyRlt	23	105	17½	+	¼
w	55	538	37⅛			NICOR	14	272	27⅜			ReliaStar	11	878	40¼	+	⅝
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s	13	253	30⅝	+	⅛	Ogden	19	573	23½	+	⅛	SaraLee	18	8640	28⅞	+	⅜
l	5	1519	28¼	+	⅛	OhioEd	11	942	21⅝	—	⅛	SchrPls	18	6615	47¼	+	1¼
		- M - M -				OklaGE	12	474	35½	+	⅛	Schlmb	28	6017	69⅜	—	⅛
	11	695	71			Olsten	20	1776	38	—	⅞	ScottPs	17	7280	48⅜	—	⅜
	14	114	30⅝			OranRk	13	107	34¼			ScdNE		430	11		
		x1822	9¼	+	⅛												

		- T - T -									
TCW		340	8¾								
TECO	16	2456	22								
TNP	12	94	17½								
TRW	13	816	79⅜	+	½						
Tambd	20	1392	44⅞	+	⅜						
Tandem	10	4158	13⅛								
Tandy	21	1784	63⅜	—	¼						
Teldyn	10	2194	24⅞	—	⅛						
TelMex		14242	32⅞	+	⅛						
TpGGv		221	7	+	⅛						
TmpGlb		x5229	6	13-16	+3-16						
Tennco	16	4771	48¾	+	½						
Tepco	10	337	32⅜	—	¼						
Texaco	17	6428	66¾								
TexInsts	17	26906	78⅛	+	1½						
TexUtil	14	5131	33⅛	—	¼						
TherEls	31	2777	46¼	+	⅜						
Thiokl	13	105	36⅞	—	⅛						
TimeWa		12391	40½	+	¼						
Tosco	28	2005	33¾	+	¾						
ToyRU	16	18478	27⅜	+	⅛						
Transm	12	1335	68⅞	+	¼						
Travelrs	12	5392	50¾	+	¼						
TriarcA		465	13½	—	⅛						
TycoIntl	21	1031	60⅞								
TycoToy		312	6⅝								
		- U - U -									
USWst	16	9227	46⅛	+	1½						
USFG	9	2808	18⅛	+	⅛						
UST	14	4566	28⅛	+	⅛						
USXpfcld		6	49¾								
USXUSS	14	3866	32¾								
UnINV	14	1657	125	—	1						
Unilevr	19	10	76½	—	⅛						
UnCmp	13	2310	59⅜	—	¾						
UCarb	8	7218	40½	+	⅛						
UnElec	13	1584	35¼	+	⅛						
UnPac	16	4643	67½	—	¼						
UnTex	17	7588	19	—	⅞						
Unisys		6408	8	—	¼						
		227	4⅜								

Daily market roundup





nous hawks. By keeping agriculture away from the rims, the oil industry may have preserved a grassland oasis for the hawks.

Zelenak's study is a cooperative research project involving MSU, BLM and the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks. His advisor is Jay Rotella, MSU associate professor. Summer assistants were Geoff Fitzgerald and Cecil Tharp.



Interior least tern



Sharon Dunham/Shelby Promoter

Jim Zelenak

Managing Montana's Wildlife

Facing challenges is one of **Pat Graham's** favorite parts of his job as director of the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks.

"Sustaining Montana's fish, wildlife and parks legacy is a challenge in these changing times," said Graham '75 F&WL who became director of the agency in 1993. "Now more than ever, we have to keep an eye toward the future and use our limited resources and energy to resolve conflicts - not create them."

A century ago, Montanans nearly drove a lot of the area's fish and wildlife to extinction with market hunting and subsistence hunting. But then the state created the Fish and Game Commission and hired its first state game warden in 1895.

That was a pivotal point to fish and wildlife management in the state," Graham said.

Within the next 10 years came the practice of requiring licenses for nonresidents and then residents. The first hunting license - for nonresidents only - cost $25. The first resident hunting and fishing license cost $1 per family. At first used for enforcement purposes, the license fees were eventually used to balance enforcement with conservation.

"Now we have some of the finest fish and wildlife resources in this country and Montana," Graham said.

To help commemorate the past and look forward to the future, Graham said he'd like to celebrate the Fish and Game Commission's 100th anniversary in 1995. One possibility would be to hold a commission meeting as it might have been held 100 years ago, at the present time, and 100 years in the future.

"It would help illustrate how far we have come, where we are today and what's for the future," Graham said.

Evelyn Boswell is a free lance writer living in Bozeman.

ZOOMONTANA



Jim Duncan studied at MSU from 1979 to 1984, starting out in architecture then moving to landscape design and horticulture. It's his ability to work with people, though, that led to his involvement with ZooMontana, a 70-acre facility west of Billings near Interstate 90.

A native of Miles City, Duncan said the zoo is a natural habitat facility that will feature animals that can adapt to Montana's climate. Canyon Creek runs through the middle of it. The property contains existing water fowl and nature trails.

The first phase of the zoo is finished and includes a sensory garden especially for people with visual and hearing disabilities. It also contains a North American river otter exhibit, wetlands for northern water fowl, and an educational center.

Officials hope to put the finishing touches on a Siberian tiger habitat this year. Other animals like snow monkeys and snow leopards will be added later.

"I think my experience at MSU really helped me mature in a lot of ways and helped me deal with very different and challenging circumstances," Duncan said. "When you kind of start from scratch, you have to be inventive and persistent. I think my time at Montana State really helped me be able to take on challenges like ZooMontana."



Collins, near Dutton, Teton County

A Passion

Montana St. Collegian
Feb. '95

The elevators rise up out of the prairie like cities of dreams, towers gleaming silver or gold, or blinding white in the late day reflection of sun. Up close, you find they stand in ruins. Like ancient castles in kingdoms that no longer work, they pierce the prairie sky with the solitude of their abandonment.

Ruth Rudner

Landmarks in a Sea of Grass

First, it was the shapes breaking-up the monotony of a barren horizon that tantalized Bruce Selyem's creative eye. Then the sunrise and sunset light shadowing the structures and glinting on rusty railroad tracks caught his attention.

Now five years and 20,000 miles later, Selyem is hooked on photographing "Montana's skyscrapers." By the way, that 20,000 miles is just around and across the state. In his quest to take pictures of grain elevators, he's driven from home in Bozeman eastward to Bruce, South Dakota; north to Bruce, Alberta, (beyond Edmonton); and south

for Prairie Cathedrals

Photographs by Bruce Selyem '89



Brockway, southwest of Circle, McCone County



Bruce Selyem and his faithful photo assistant, Nuna.

into the Kansas flatlands "where I couldn't find a town named Bruce," says Selyem '89 Photo.

Traveling companions joke that if you want to reach your destination on time "don't let Bruce see a grain elevator in the distance." He's noted for detouring miles and hours out of the way over dusty county roads, unpaved section lines, and even old railway ruts to add another elevator to his collection.

When this century was only 20 or 30 years old, there were about 600 grain elevators in Montana. Now only half that number still stand. Every year, some more of them tumble down or are dismantled, victims of shifting populations and changing transportation times.

So why does Selyem traipse over potholes into the far side of nowhere to photograph these relics? He certainly doesn't make any money from the venture. In fact, it costs him gasoline not to mention wear and tear on his pickup.

Grain elevators are a part of our history that's disappearing," he says. "I want to document them."

He's come to appreciate Montana's past and the ways of the Old West in his working life at the Museum of the Rockies. Part of his photography job is printing vintage negatives from the museum's photo archives.

Selyem grewup in Ohio and California. After high school, he moved to East



Glacier. For 12 years, he worked for the park service and local school district to support his real ambition - hike every trail and climb every peak in Glacier National Park. Of course, he toted a camera and plenty of film. Enrolling at MSU, Selyem focused his camera on local landscapes, the desert Southwest, and the splendors of Alaska where summer jobs took him. One of his first forays into eastern Montana was documenting a Museum of the Rockies crew excavating the T-Rex fossil near Jordan in 1990. That trip also provided his first "up close" encounter with grain elevators.

"The prairies were so different from everything else I'd been photographing," he says. "I was fascinated by the empty spaces and the isolation."

Subsequently, after he'd been to all the little towns on current highway maps, Selyem found old railroad maps to help him pinpoint sites that had once hosted grain elevators. "Now I think I'm more intrigued by the names of these places that aren't on the map any more than I am by the actual buildings that are left there," he says.

Among his favorite, long forgotten crossroads are Acme, Agawam, Big Sag, Sipple. Wheat Basin.

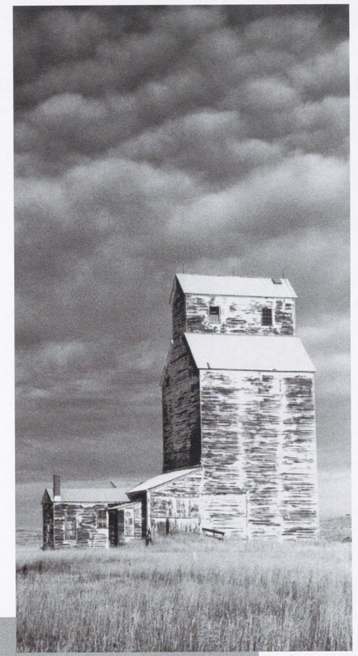
"Sipple? Where's that?"

"Between Straw and Buffalo, just south of Eddie's Corner," says Selyem smiling. "Highway 191 outside of Moore."

"Wheat Basin?"

"Between Molt and Rapelje."

Some days, when it's just the man and his camera alone with an elevator out there in the big empty, a breeze slips through splintered timber. It carries the sounds of bygone days. Wagon wheels squeaking. Chuckles. The easy banter among farmers who've driven long miles to unload their harvest and socialize for a moment with seldom seen neighbors. They drink a little coffee and "tell each other some lies." Then they drive back to the homestead in a far corner of a vast plain and go back to work.



And the man with the camera goes back home to his work, a darkroom and an enlarger. He'll preserve one more little piece of the past. Another Montana skyscraper, a prairie cathedral. Landmarks in a sea of grass.

Dianne Ellis

(Landmarks in a Sea of Grass by Bruce Selyem and Ruth Rudner is a book in search of a publisher.*

Selyem's grain elevator photographs have been exhibited at the Cascade County Historical Society in Great Falls; the Montana Agriculture Center in Fort Benton; and the State Auditor's Office in Helena.)



(upper left) Two owls in Rapelje, Stillwater County; (middle) Winter in Hoosac near Denton, Fergus County; (upper right) Whitewater, Phillips County; (lower right) Turner, north of Harlem, Phillips County

The tracks are gone. The old elevator, its doors hanging tenuously, sits in a field of grain grown wild...Not far from the elevator, on the dirt road that passes it, a small, white church sits, dwarfed by the elevator Sacred Heart Church, the sign announces, but it, too, is abandoned, as if there were no point to God once the elevator no longer functioned.

Ruth Rudner



Stargazer Turns Star Maker

By Dianne Ellis

The Bible says that it took God about a week to create the heavens and the earth.

Kevin Scott has learned that it takes thousands of color slides, a Digistar computer, special effects projectors, and about $20,000 to create heavenly constellations at the Taylor Planetarium in the Museum of the Rockies. The magnitude of his senior thesis project for a B.S. degree in directed interdisciplinary studies would scare off a less confident individual.

For starters, there's the sheer size of the planetarium ceiling, half a sphere 40 feet in diameter and 27 feet high. That's a surface equal to five highway billboards as tall as a three story building. He has to splatter that space with enough stars, 3-D scenery, and special effects blended with a scientific story line, narration and music to keep an audience entertained for at least half an hour.

On the business side, he's had to raise money–lots of it. That meant knocking on doors, pitching his idea to investors, writing grant proposals. But the 23-year-old is an experienced hand at writing winning applications. Last year he won a $7,000 Goldwater Scholarship, America's premier collegiate science award. Recently, the Montana Space Grant Consortium, a NASA funded agency based at MSU, responded to Scott's planetarium show proposal with $18,070. The consortium also funded an interactive CD-ROM version which he will produce for K-12 teachers across Montana.



Linda Best '78

Kevin Scott (l.) and Mike Murray

So nowadays, the MSU Presidential Scholar is a very busy young man. Not only is he keeping up with regular senior year classes in the University Honors Program, he's spending long, long hours programming $750,000 worth of computers at the Museum of the Rockies. But getting to play with high tech star machines is what makes this project fun, he says.

Once the show's sound track has been recorded, "you listen to it over and over to figure out what visuals are going where," Scott explains. "In any five minute period, there can be 50 to a hundred things that happen. Changes are timed to one-sixteenth of a second."

Scott grew up in Ashland. His father is a guidance counselor and his mother is a teacher's aide at the St. Labre Indian Catholic School on the Northern Cheyenne Reservation in southeastern Montana. Until

A Montana Village Feasts On News-Hungry Reporters

NYT 3/30/96

By JAMES BROOKE

JORDAN, Mont., March 29 — On Main Street, sleek satellite uplink trucks park next to battered pickups, some of which have a deer shot out of season thrown in the back.

On snowy sidewalks, network correspondents, posing in L. L. Bean country outfits, cross paths with ranchers in bib overalls spattered with blood from calving season.

As Scoop hits the Missouri Breaks, hundreds of reporters have descended on this remote village, sleeping on sofas, fighting over telephones, and driving 100 miles through snowstorms to find a hotel room with a hot shower.

"Well, no one bit me," Casey Thomas, a 21-year-old supermarket clerk, remarked laconically after trundling a bound bundle of 150 copies of The Billings Gazette into a pack of news-hungry reporters.

News teams converged on this county seat (population 440) this week, only to discover that the F.B.I. had grabbed all the motel rooms before laying siege to the town's renegade Freemen. Located 20 miles south of Hell Creek and 35 miles east of Devils Creek, Jordan has two motels.

Predicting a long siege, reporters quickly bid up apartment rents to $600 a month. The same one-bedroom apartments usually rent for $175 a month to farmers who want to winter in town.

"CBS may be out in the snow," Sylvia Trumbo, a local landlady, threatened today, reacting to what she saw as "pushiness" by the television network's envoys. "There are things that work in Los Angeles — but they don't work in Jordan, Montana."

The alternative to renting in Jordan is an 83-mile drive to Miles City on a road that has been swept by snowstorms almost every day since the crisis erupted on Monday. Miles City has 520 motel rooms — and is enjoying an occupancy rate of 75 percent.

At the Hell Creek Bar, which boasts a record-weight stuffed walleye fish in a glass case, 58 visiting reporters have signed their names on a legal pad — part of a betting pool among patrons on how many will come for the siege.

"We'd like to get them here for the walleye tournaments, but for some reason they never show up," groused Joe Herbold, the bar owner. Known locally for his loquacious nature, Mr. Herbold is now an international radio celebrity. This week, he gave interviews to radio stations from Sydney to Toronto to Los Angeles to Fargo, N.D.

With ABC's Jordan bureau now numbering 26 people, that network and its rivals have resorted to instant housing: motor homes. By today, they had emptied most of the recreational vehicle rental agencies for 200 miles around.

In what may be one of the nation's last great news stories covered without cellular telephone service, some news people are suffering from acute cell phone withdrawal. Thursday night at the Hell Creek Bar, as mounted heads of deer and antelope stared glassily at each other, a newly arrived network producer with one phone line demanded of a hapless subordinate: "Can't we splash some money around?"

But as Dale R. Zerr, the harried telephone installer for the Mid-River Telephone Cooperative, will tell anyone who will listen, it's not a question of money. While drawing up papers to lease a telephone set for $2 a month, he said the problem in America's Australia is a lack of lines. Before jumping in his truck to wire up yet another Jordan news bureau, he muttered: "This is becoming a real zoo."

tics was the heroic death of his older brother, Yonatan, who was killed commanding the Israeli rescue of hostages in Entebbe, Uganda, in July 1976.

That led Mr. Netanyahu, then 27, to organize conferences on international terrorism, which brought him to the attention of Moshe Arens, then the Ambassador to the United States, who invited him to Washington as his deputy. Mr. Netanyahu next became Israel's chief delegate to the United Nations.

By the time he returned to Israel in 1988 as Deputy Foreign Minister, he was a serious player in Likud politics. His innumerable appearances as Israel's spokesman during the Persian Gulf War in 1991, and again during the Middle East peace conference in Madrid, established him as a national celebrity. In 1993, after Likud's loss in national elections, Mr. Netanyahu, 43, was elected the party's leader.

Now, at 46, he stands as the youngest politician ever to seek the office of prime minister here, and as the first to reject the traditional pater-

Terror by Arabs helps Netanyahu recover from an act of terror by a Jew.

there is more to him than slogans, to dispel the suspicion of his abilities that persists despite his business degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and two published books, one on Israel and another on international terrorism.

Many political commentators have also noted that for all his attacks on Labor's peace policies, Mr. Netanyahu has not made clear how his government would differ from Labor in handling the Palestinians.

In an interview, he said that he would not seek to roll back the existing agreements, but that he would provide a "firmer hand at the till" and thus achieve "a more durable peace."

Intelligence Experts Meet to C

By STEVEN ERLANGER

WASHINGTON, March 29 — In a follow-up to the Middle East summit meeting at Sharm el Sheik, Egypt, political and intelligence experts from 29 countries and organizations, including Israel and the Palestinian Authority, met today at the State Department to draft specific recommendations to fight terrorism.

The recommendations on topics ranging from intelligence-sharing to methods for detecting false passports and hampering fund-raising by terrorist organizations, will be presented for action at a meeting of foreign ministers scheduled for April 22 in Luxembourg, American officials said.

Officials also announced that an emergency meeting would be held April 12 in Brussels to accelerate the process of getting aid to the Palestinians, who have received only small amounts of the $1.8 billion they have been promised over the last two

negotiations between Israel and Syria and prompted Israel to close its borders with the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

The bombings damaged the election prospects of Prime Minister Shimon Peres of Israel by refocusing attention on Israelis' concerns about the security risks that would come from peace with Syria and with a more complete handing over of control in the West Bank to the Palestinian Authority.

The border closing, intended to stop suicide bombers from entering

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An effort to follow up on pledges made at the Sinai summit talks.



CONGESTION COST

Consultant warns that increasing traffic could cost $100 million over 20 years.

MONTANA, PAGE B1

SATURDAY

Missoulian

SEPTEMBER 16, 1995 MISSOULA, MONTANA 50 CENTS

GRIZ AT HOME

Crowd of 13,000 expected for Saturday's game.

SPORTS, PAGE D1



Athlete:

Glider pilot was 'poetry in the air'

Friends recall grace and ability of man killed in crash Thursday

By MICHAEL MOORE
of the Missoulian

The tears welled behind the sunglasses, the bearded chin quivered and Mike Davis looked for the words to answer the question.

Would he fly his hang glider again in the wake of his best friend's death Thursday in a glider accident?

"I guess I will, since I promised I'd drop his ashes from the gilder," Davis said. "Kevin would want me to fly again."

Kevin Wolfe died Thursday evening when he couldn't pull his glider out of an aerobatic move likely performed too close to the ground. Missoula County Sheriff's Capt. Jerry Crego said Wolfe, 40, broke his neck on impact at the new University of Montana soccer fields near the UM golf course.

Wolfe's death, believed to be the first off Mount Sentinel since 1981, drew members of the Missoula Hang Gliders Club closer together Friday. They share risk as a constant in their sport, and mortality lingers like a specter.

"It's always in the back of your mind," said Davis, who'd known and flown with Wolfe for more than a decade. "It's something that you're aware of because of the nature of the sport."

Though it appears otherwise, hang gliding is not a deadly sport, much safer than motorcycle riding, ballooning or flying an airliner. Davis said three gliders died in the United States last year, and gliders die at a rate that would equal 22 per 100,000 if that many flew each year, according to literature from the United States Hang Gliding Association.



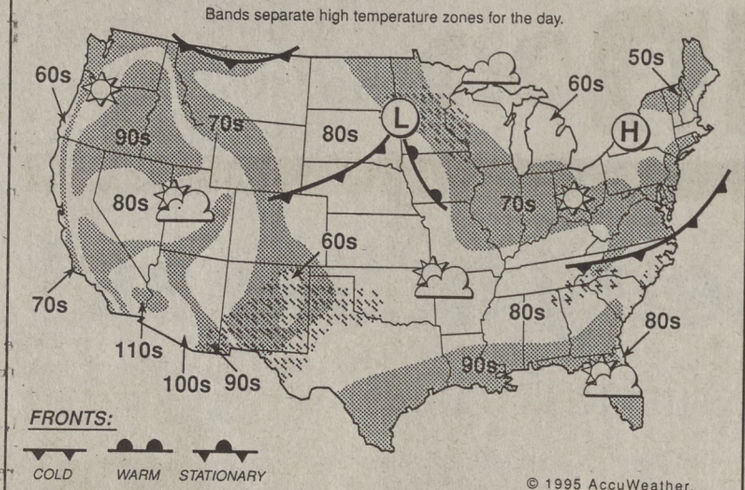
Kevin Wolfe

Compare that with the 97 airline pilots, 80 motorcycle riders and 67 balloonists who die per 100,000 each year. Also, Mount Sentinel, one of the oldest gliding sites in

See **PILOT,** *Page A-12*

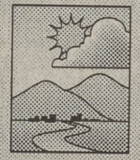
WEATHER

NATIONAL OUTLOOK



LOCAL FORECAST

A weak trough of low pressure will move into Idaho. Moisture will increase and the air mass will become slightly unstable. Temperatures will remain above normal.



HIGH	80
LOW	44
PCP%	20

Saturday: Partly cloudy with a few afternoon showers or thunderstorms. Highs 75-85. Saturday night, clear and cool. Lows 30-40s.
Sunday: Partly cloudy and mild.
Monday through Wednesday: Monday, a chance of showers and mild. Lows 40-45. Highs 60s. Tuesday and Wednesday, a little cooler with gusty

Page 2

Wine stopper

French law tries to wean drivers off liquid lunches

PARIS (AP) – A tough new law against drinking and driving – as French as Burgundy with brie – declares many people legally drunk if they have more than two glasses of wine.

Only two? Sacre bleu! say some French intent on shielding their beloved "bon vivant" lifestyle from the law that took effect Friday.

"Working your way through a good bottle of wine is one of life's great pleasures," said Dominique LeValle of Versailles, sipping Chablis at a Paris bar.

"That doesn't mean you have the right to go out and kill someone," she added. "But neither does the government have the right to kill our pleasure."



Latest storm rips through Virgin Islands

FROM PAGE A-1

Pilot

Continued

the country, is known in the hang-gliding community as a safe hill – "mellow," Davis called it.

But the figures and characterizations do not console.

"It's hard to imagine that Kevin would die," said Peter Swanson, who earlier this year took from Wolfe the record for the longest flight off Sentinel. "He was so good in the air."

So good, in fact, that he flew from Missoula to Deer Lodge on a fine summer day in July last year.

Said Davis of his friend: "He was poetry in the air."

Wolfe worked at Stimson Lumber Co.'s Bonner mill, and by his friends' account was a good friend, a good father, and a good husband. He is survived by his wife and daughter.

"He would literally do anything he could for you," said Davis. "He could bring joy to a group of very somber people."

In response to Wolfe's accident, UM – which owns both the takeoff and the landing sites – and the local hang glider club have agreed to close Sentinel to flying until each side investigates the incident. Those investigations should last about a week, Swanson estimated.

When the mountain does open, Mike Davis will fly again with Kevin Wolfe. For awhile, they'll linger in the air, as they did so often before, rising on soft thermals, then skipping away down streets of clouds. Then Davis will let his friend go, setting him free in the air, ashes drifting softly in the breeze, drawn one last time back to Earth.

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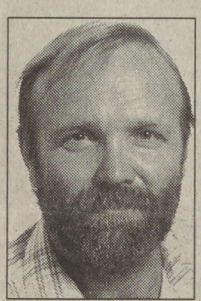
Lunch Served Starting 10AM

Watch All The College Games & Scores On

 Missoulian, Sept. 14, '95

In Montana, let's all keep riding the 'wave'

Traditions that may soon be lost ... continued. I don't know if this is really a continuation of anything other than a sort of undercurrent of thought that has been flowing through my mind more or less constantly for the last few years. I do know that I get to thinking about these things when I am out braving the traffic of Missoula, and marveling at how that new phenomenon we have here, traffic congestion, is more or less symbolic of all the change that is going on in this part of the world. The congestion itself is not what bothers me the most, it is the incivility that seems to go with it.



GREG TOLLEFSON

Greg Tollefson is director of the Five Valleys Land Trust. His column appears weekly in Outdoors.

If you come from somewhere else, somewhere with real traffic, then what we have here probably still doesn't amount to much to you. You may not even notice it when you hear somebody honk impatiently at the car ahead when it is slow to respond to a green light. It may not bother you to have folks weaving from lane to lane to make sure they make that next light, presumably because they cannot afford the waste of a few precious seconds in their busy day.

And it may not bother you to see someone scowl or hear someone snarl if you happen to stop traffic to let a pedestrian cross. It bothers me, though.

I have long thought that traffic congeniality was one of the little benefits of living in Montana.

And traffic congeniality has long been best exemplified by the "WAVE." For safety's sake, I suppose, the wave is almost absent from our city streets. I know it still exists out in the rural areas, but that too, I am afraid, is not long for this world. And that's too bad, because, as you know, the wave is an art form.

In order for the wave to work, at least one of the participants must be at the wheel of a vehicle. Often, both participants are driving, but it isn't absolutely necessary. Once you have somebody behind a steering wheel, the rest is simple. The driver of a vehicle simply uses some personalized gesture to acknowledge the presence of another human being, either on the roadside, or at the wheel of another vehicle. It is not necessary to know the other person.

The wave can take many forms. I suspect that the style of wave that people use is shaped by internal forces related to mood, as well as by local custom in some places.

The most common form of wave is the simple lifting of one or more fingers from the steering wheel by the waver as he or she passes within view of the wavee. The wavee then responds in kind. It is a simple thing.

With some people, the wave involves eye contact, and maybe even a smile. At the other end of the spectrum, the wave may be a grudging acknowledgment of your existence in the form of a barely perceptible nod from the other driver. In that case, the other driver must be saying he or she would rather not have you around at all. But at least it is an acknowledgement.

Some wavers are particularly excited to see others. One I know, down in the Tongue River country, starts off with a sweeping motion with his arm, clear across the windshield, like he is washing off bugs, and ends the whole thing up with a big grin, whether he knows you or not.

Try that on Reserve Street at rush hour.

Another distinct style of wave is the "rodeo queen" wave, which requires the waver to hold one arm in a perpendicular position, then flip the wrist in a sort of stiff, two-fingered salute. This is a difficult wave to do correctly from a moving vehicle.

On hot days, a wave can be done with the left hand, as it dangles from the arm that is dangling out the driver's-side door. All it takes is a slight movement of the fingers to get credit for a wave in this situation. The artistic possibilities are endless.

Anyway, it used to be that the wave was the order of the day, even on city streets when it was safe. Now it is relegated to back roads, and I am afraid it will soon be gone from there as well.

One reason I suspect it will be gone is that one of the old, unspoken, underlying meanings of the wave, I think, is something on the order of "yup, we're all in this together." I am not sure that folks really feel that way much anymore.

This all came to mind with me yesterday, when I was waiting behind someone who insisted on turning left at corner with a "No Left Turn" sign during rush hour traffic. Time was that I would have just sat there, waved at the other cars as they passed, and not made a big deal out of it. Yesterday I shouted out the window at the fellow, reminding him in no uncertain terms that a left turn was not his prerogative.

I felt so bad about it that I wrote this column. And today, at every opportunity, I am going to try the "wave," just in case I can get a response.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1995
MISSOULIAN SECTION

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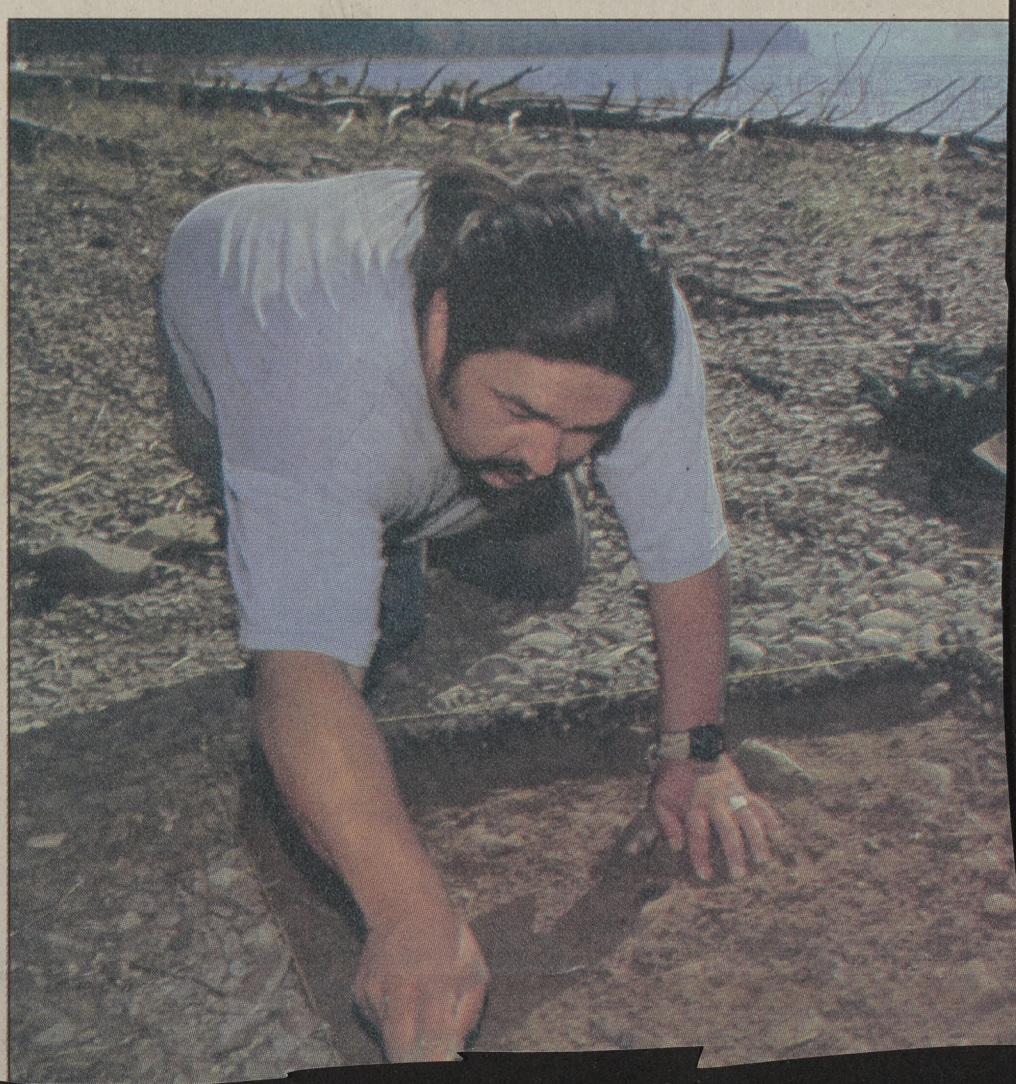
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INSIDE

▲TOLLEFSON DOES THE WAVE .C2
▲OUTDOORS BRIEFS C3
▲CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING C5



Much of the evidence the crews are finding is chert, waste flakes from tool-making thousands of years ago.



The Origins of Twenty-first-Century Montana

by Harry W. Fritz

History is the study of the past, but not for the past's own sake. Historians are not antiquarians. Only if we utilize the past to comprehend the present and engage the future is its study worthwhile. As always, Montana is at a crossroads, poised between past and future. But today's roads are perhaps more crossed than usual, and they point in new directions. Here is one historian's view of where we have been, and where we may be going.

Between 1965 and 1980, Montana pursued a triple revolution: political, economic, and ideological. Politically, the revolution began with legislative reapportionment and culminated in the new state constitution of 1972. The census of 1960 revealed that for the first time in its history Montana was an urban state. More than half of its people lived in cities and towns. Montana's cities are not very large by national standards, and an awful lot of empty land lies between them, but the statistics do not lie: about 52 percent of all Montanans are urban residents.

Yet Montana's political system had been designed in 1889 for a rural polity. The "little federal" system of representation gave each county one senator and at least one representative in the state legislature. With the expansion over time of the number of counties from thirteen to fifty-six a once-equitable system got completely out of whack. Montana was one of the most malapportioned states in the Union. At a time when half of the state's people lived in just seven urban counties, a minority controlled seven-eights (87.5 percent) of the state senate. Senators representing just 16 percent of the people constituted a legislative majority. Apportionment rested on the time-honored formula of "one cow, one vote."



Courtesy Bob Cooney

Wilderness, such as that found in the Bob Marshall Wilderness, is one of Montana's natural attractions.

Montana's political revolution began with federally-mandated legislative reapportionment. In *Baker v Carr* (1962) and *Reynolds v Sims* (1964) the United States Supreme Court held that state assemblies must represent people, not trees or acres. Under threat of district court action Governor Tim Babcock agreed: "the theory of 'one person, one vote' simply does not fit Montana," he informed the 1965 legislature. But the "rotten-borough" representatives refused to apportion themselves out of their jobs, so the court, citing "invidious discrimination" against the more populous counties, did it for them. Each county could retain

one senator only if the senate itself were enlarged to 754 members! Judicial apportionment was more moderate, but for the first time since 1889 political power fell into line with residence. The revolution shifted political strength from farms to towns, from the wide-open spaces to the widely-scattered cities, from cows to people.

Reapportionment occurred again in 1971 and 1974 as part of ongoing constitutional reform. As in thirty-three other states, the process triggered revision of fundamental law; Montana went the whole way and adopted a brand new constitution in 1972. The new document capped a period of intensive review begun by the reapportioned 1967 legislature. A 1970 referendum, "For Calling A Constitutional Convention," passed with 65 percent of the vote. One hundred delegates, elected in November 1971, convened in Helena in early 1972. Their handiwork was ratified by a razor-thin popular margin in June.

The Montana Constitution of 1972 was an environmentally conscious monument to a modern, urban, self-confident state emerging from the long shadow of the Anaconda Company. Although only twelve counties supported ratification, they contained 55 percent of the total population and eight of the ten largest cities. City voters liked the provisions for single-member legislative districts, the liberalized procedures for direct legislation, the open-meeting requirements, and the protection given environmentalism. Symbolically as well as substantively, the state's new constitution defined modern Montana.

As much as anything, concern for what the constitution called "a clean and healthful environment" set the new Montana apart from the old. Springing from both national concerns and local threats, environmentalism scored major legislative victories in the 1970s. Montanans sought not so much to clean up pockets of pollution as to prevent future degradation. The state's greatest resources, it appeared, were clean air and water, unspoiled forests, and wide-open spaces. Farsightedly, the state slapped a 30 percent severance tax on the contract price of strip-mined coal and used the proceeds to promote economic growth and development over the long haul.

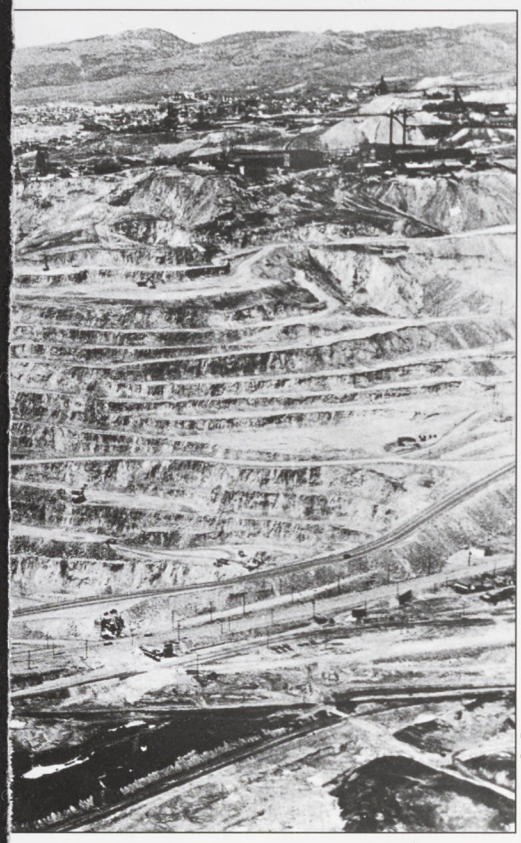
Montana also experienced fundamental economic transformations after 1965. Every one of its basic primary industries was radically altered. In the West the timber industry found itself constrained by recessions, high interest rates, and environmental restrictions. Retrenchment ended the diversification that had added pulp, plywood, and formaldehyde factories to the wood products repertoire. Both the cutting rate on public lands and the work force edged downward. In Butte, the once mighty Anaconda Company ceased to exist. Beset by foreign troubles, the loss of its market, and a declining price for copper, Anaconda sold out to the Atlantic Richfield Corporation in 1976. By 1983 ARCO had shut down all its mining and smelting operations in Montana.

On the plains of eastern Montana, however, business was booming. Farmers set all-time records for the yield per acre and the price per bushel of wheat. OPEC—the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries—sent the price of gas and oil skyrocketing and spurred the search for these suddenly elusive resources. New uses for coal, particularly in electrical generating plants, expanded Montana's production by a whopping 8,927 percent between 1967 and 1979. The 1970s constituted Montana's decade of coal, measured by production, taxes, and the size of the Coal Tax Trust Fund established in 1976.

In the mid-1970s the three great revolutions of modern Montana coalesced. A spirited and progressive legislature, confronting both the promise and the threat of coal mining, set down basic environmental conditions for further development. Steady economic progress is encouraged; environmental quality is protected. All Montanans share this vision of sound public policy. Even the Montana Mining Association, given to shrill denunciations of "no-growth obstructionists," applauds a middle ground that will allow economic growth while protecting the environment.



The years from 1965 to 1980 were both pivotal and prosperous for Montana. Not since the 1880s, when railroads, copper, cattle, and statehood propelled Montana, had changes of such magnitude occurred. The future paid well. Per capita income, steadily falling with respect to national levels since World War II, reached a nadir in 1969 and rebounded to a respectable 96 percent of the national average—highest in twenty-four years—in 1973. Three years earlier in 1970, unemployment bottomed out at 4.3 percent, lowest since 1957, and the fifteen-year average was 5.3 percent. Severance taxes, based on the value not the quantity of resource production, returned



MHS Photograph Archives

After a century of incredibly rich, environmentally devastating copper mining, the Berkeley Pit in Butte, shown here in 1958, was closed in 1983 by ARCO, parent corporation to Anaconda.

unexpected riches to the state. The triple revolution, it seemed—political, economic, and ideological—was good for business.

The world caved in, however, in the decade of the 1980s. A sudden and steep depression simultaneously attacked all aspects of Montana society. Every component of the Montana economy suffered. The state lost 13,000 primary jobs. Per capita income dipped to 79 percent of the national average—an all-time low. Unemployment rose to 8.8 percent in 1983—a record high. The population spurt of the 1970s, during which Montana grew at a rate higher than the national average for the first time in six decades, slowed during the early 1980s, stopped, then abruptly retrograded, costing the state a congressman after the 1990 census reapportionment. Tax revenues shriveled; state and local governments faced permanent shortfalls; and funding of essential public services, including education, fell far below standards.

Consider the components of the crisis: In 1980 the Anaconda Minerals Division of Atlantic Richfield shut down its copper smelters in Anaconda and Great Falls, eliminating more than a thousand Montana jobs. Less than three years later, precisely a century after Marcus Daly transformed Anaconda, ARCO pulled the plug on the Berkeley Pit in Butte. The nerve center of the Montana economy slowly filled with toxic wastewater. What was the Treasure State without copper?

Montana's timber industry, extremely susceptible to national economics, was felled by the recession of 1982–1983. Since then markets are down, milling capacity is up, and structural changes, primarily the shift to small-diameter logs, have all cost jobs and lowered wages. As the United States Forest Service reduces the allowable cut on public lands, and as private companies log timber at twice the growth rate, the future availability of an adequate supply of sawlogs is in serious doubt. "The wood products industry," opines the *Missoulian*, "is in the midst of industrial Darwinism, a life-and-death struggle where only the fittest will survive."[1]

The 1980s was no time to be a farmer. Montana graingrowers lost their export market after the 1980 embargo and they have not regained it. A searing mid-decade drought, the worst since the 1930s, reduced agricultural income to negative numbers. A national debt and credit crisis forced hundreds of marginal operators off the land. Commodity prices remain low. Ranchers watch disbelievingly as per capita consumption of red meat declines annually. Pigeons were better off than farmers in the 1980s because they could still place a small deposit on a piece of machinery.

1. *Missoulian*, April 23, 1989.

When oil sold for $40 a barrel, Montana's energy industry boomed and its coffers overflowed. Now oil is less than $20 a barrel. When coal production increased from 364,509 tons to 32,538,792 tons per year between 1967 and 1979, the future seemed limitless. Since then, coal production has averaged barely 30 million tons per year. Montana is a victim of the international energy glut. Saudi Arabian oil is far cheaper, and the market for Montana coal is limited by distance and railroad rates.

The "Great 1980s Depression" exposed the fatal flaw in the modern Montana economy: a dangerous fault line running across the economic spectrum. Technological improvements in every one of the state's bedrock industries have simultaneously enhanced productivity and profits and reduced jobs and income. Montana Resources in Butte is hauling as much copper ore as Anaconda/ARCO once did, but with one-fifth the labor force. The wood products industry is down nearly two thousand jobs with more to go. General Mills in Great Falls increased its productivity by 28 percent—and cut its work force by 33 percent. A record year for coal production in 1988 was achieved with one-half the number of miners employed just seven years earlier. The list goes on, in every one of the basic, primary, extractive industries that have hitherto sustained Montana. But this traditional economic base will no longer suffice. Even a modest recovery will not translate into prosperity because industry does more with less.

The number one public concern in Montana, especially in election years, is jobs—or the lack of jobs. Each year hundreds of Montana high school and college graduates leave the state in search of employment. Job creation is the goal of every measure intended to spur economic growth and development. But there are no easy answers. Structural changes in international manufacturing and trade place Montana at a permanent disadvantage.

Montana's inability to generate employment opportunities commensurate with its population is inherent in an economy based on the extraction of natural resources. With this depressing bottom line, Montana faces an uncertain future.

Montana in the 1980s proved unable to address this situation forthrightly. The state's politics were bitterly partisan, extremely competitive, and legislatively truncated. Montana has not enjoyed a period of one-party supremacy since the exceptional era of Democratic dominance in the mid-1970s. That unusual eruption was fueled by urbanization, reapportionment, the constitution of 1972, and political fallout from a sales tax debate and the Watergate scandal. Unusual economic prosperity and a rising environmental tide also contributed to Democratic fortunes. But the political revolution of contemporary Montana is history; now it's politics as usual. No governor has enjoyed a partisan majority in both houses of the legislature since Tom Judge in 1975. Across six legislative sessions, 1979 to 1989, the voters returned 450 Democrats to Helena—and 450 Republicans. Throughout the 1980s one United States Congressman was Democratic, one Republican; after 1988, the Senate, too, was divided. No closer, more evenly-balanced political system has existed in America.

Less well understood are the costs of this political stasis: stalemate, inaction, and the postponement of critical decisions. Persistent incrementalism produces disaffection and resentment and encourages irresponsible direct democracy. Already Montana has barely weathered a potentially-devastating property tax revolt; its educational institutions are badly underfunded; and laissez-faire economics leads unerringly to corporate domination. The unfinished agenda demands assertive leadership, constructive persuasion, and a healthy supply of political courage.

The new Montana of the 1990s will in some ways resemble the old, and already there are signs of a modest recovery in traditional industries. Two years after ARCO threw in the towel, Dennis Washington's Montana Resources began mining copper in Butte's East Pit. A number of gold mines employing the cyanide heap-leaching process, enormously profitable but environmentally devastating, dot the state. Montana *grows* 1.3 billion board feet of wood annually; that fact assures a permanent timber industry. Farmers experiment with new and profitable crops, such as mint in the Flathead; they continue to roll the dice for the double winners of ample rainfall and high commodity prices. Sooner or later a new energy crunch will help; meanwhile, Montana's low-sulphur coal remains cost-effective in midwestern markets. So far, the old order survives. But the new Montana cannot be restructured along traditional lines. A resource/extraction economy is no longer dependable. What should Montana do?

Montana must create its own manufacturing base and encourage a "value-added" marketing economy. There are sound historical reasons why the state



MHS Photograph Archives

Like farming, the cattle industry, long a staple of Montana agriculture, has experienced hard times in the late twentieth century.

has not pursued a manufacturing option, and they are linked to its corporate past. When in 1923 Anaconda Copper purchased the American Brass and Foundry Corporation, with its plants located in Connecticut and New Jersey, the future was clear: there was no need to build such plants here. Corporate investment in Montana had benefits, but this was not one of them.

Economists tell us that two ingredients create a dynamic economy: the ability, first, to make things, and then second, to sell them. Montana does little of either. Its raw materials are extracted and peddled without much intermediate processing. Eighty percent of the timber cut, for example, is simply sawed into dimension lumber and studs and sold out of state.

A jump-started manufacturing economy requires applied research, technology transfers, market and feasibility studies, business plans, and capital formation. The ideas are out there in a host of economic analyses, state development policies, and remanufacturing studies. They must be appropriated and applied systematically in Montana. They can be. Already the wave of the future is here in the form of the Science and Technology Alliance established by the 1985 legislature—the single most creative, productive, and portentous act of public policy in the decade. The alliance supports businesses using new or "high" technologies with loans and subsidies. It has created "Centers of Excellence" at units of the university, which conduct research into new uses for wood, metal, and agricultural products.

Montana must enlarge and enhance its nascent travel and recreation industry, for in this regard it is the most underdeveloped state in the nation. For too long the state has relied on the federal government to promote tourism by pitching the national parks and the Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument. A sales tax on motel rooms enacted in 1987 helps to promote Montana, but that is not enough. A modern travel economy is geared to development. It requires investment and a good telecommunications network. The list of destination points which might be touted—from Absarokee to Zortman—is endless.

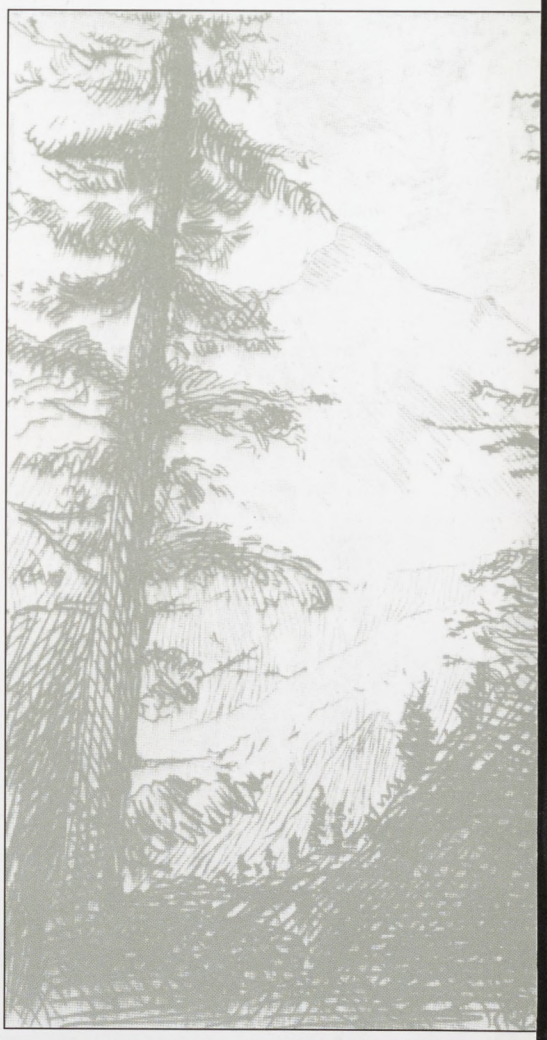
Montana must also encourage what is already its top-ranked industry as measured by total income—the "transfer industry" of pensions, retirements, rents and royalties, and Social Security payments—all new money coming into the state and spent here by residents. The transfer industry compels a new look at the old cracked whip economic interpretation of Joseph Kinsey Howard and K. Ross Toole. It also suggests ways of expanding the economy, primarily via tax policies and environmental preservation.

In the final analysis "a clean and healthful environment" is Montana's greatest asset. Already people are moving here for non-traditional, non-economic reasons. They are attracted particularly to the counties of western Montana, not especially noted of late for their dynamic, expanding, labor-intensive economies. Who are they? Without much hard data to go by, suppositions include retirees, small-business people, students, granolas. Surprisingly, for the first time in the modern era, the fastest growing cohort consists of young adults, aged 20 to 39. Why are they coming? For scenery, recreation, education, residential privacy, safety, and cultural amenities—qualities in short supply in much of America but readily available in Montana.

As always, the future beckons Montana, but it will not be the same as the past. More and more Americans are finding it possible to separate their residence from their workplace. Computer technology will allow twenty-first century Montanans to be employed by a big-city firm while living here. "There are really no geographic restrictions," says one recent refugee from Tacoma, Washington. "With a FAX and modem, you can be anywhere."[2] Montana is poised to overcome its greatest historical economic disadvantages—long distances, high transportation rates, and the social costs of space. For if "you can be anywhere," why not be here?

2. *Missoulian*, September 29, 1991.

HARRY W. FRITZ is professor of history in the University of Montana, previous contributor to this magazine, and state senator from Missoula. He is co-editor with Robert R. Swartout of The Montana Heritage; An Anthology of Historical Essays, *forthcoming from Montana Historical Society Press.*



Pines and Mountains,
by Branson G. Stevenson
MHS Museum

Montana Reviews



COUNTING COUP AND CUTTING HORSES
Intertribal Warfare on the Northern Great Plains, 1738–1889
Anthony McGinnis

Cordillera Press, Evergreen, Colorado, 1990. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. x + 258 pp. $14.95 paper.

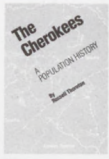
For much of the nineteenth century, the indigenous peoples of the northern plains experienced almost constant competition among themselves, a formalized intertribal warfare that featured mutual raiding, kidnapping, and killing. Prompted by assorted circumstances, notably the introduction of guns and horses from east and west, as well as by rivalry over game lands ultimately diminished by the westward migration of white Americans, the contests varied in spirit and intensity, depending on the tribal cultures involved and on reigning motivational factors. The practices of "counting coup," or striking an enemy and stealing horses, predominated among the bison-based societies of the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska region.

The raiding and reprisals began in the mid-1700s and lasted into the 1880s, with some groups alternately fighting and befriending each other according to prevailing economic/environmental determinants. Perennial conflicts also affected intertribal dynamics as certain groups banded together for security against others. Most of the northern plains groups participated at one time or another, although several tribes excelled in the warfare, including the Blackfeet, Shoshonis, Assiniboins, Crees, Northern Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, and especially the Teton Sioux, who consummated their regional dominance in the 1850s, 1860s, and 1870s. Generally, populous tribes like the Sioux grew most adept at raiding activities. Smaller groups like the Crows, while equally proficient at combat, eventually saw the wisdom of affiliating themselves with whites for protection. Efforts by the federal government to stem the warfare by treaty failed. Inter-tribal hostilities ceased only after whites had occupied most Indian lands and United States policy dictated a halt to native practices.

In preparing this book, Anthony McGinnis consulted a wide variety of sources, including early travelers' accounts, government reports, and studies by other authorities, to present a comprehensive history of the conflict. Some content has been dealt with elsewhere, though not as sweepingly as here. Most significantly, McGinnis helps to further define the Indians' motivations and explain their responses to the ideas, products, and events that affected them throughout the culturally critical mid-1800s.

In a bibliographical essay, the author discusses his sources, crediting some and disputing others. While he critiques W. W. Newcomb's analysis of the causes of intertribal conflict as "inconclusive and contradictory," Newcomb's thesis on economy and status seems to be ratified time and again throughout the book. And while the author's style is generally precise and even-handed, inaccurate and ethnocentric terms like "barbaric splendor" and "the Custer massacre" occasionally invade the text. Moreover, careful editing to reduce digressions into extraneous subjects would have produced a tighter narrative. Despite these faults, *Counting Coup and Cutting Horses* merits attention as a worthwhile contribution to the field of Indian history.

Jerome A. Greene
National Park Service, Arvada, Colorado



THE CHEROKEES
A Population History
Russell Thornton

University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1990. Illustrations, maps, chart, tables, appendix, notes, bibliography, index. xvi + 237 pp. $35.00.

If historians of recent years yearned for the more sophisticated moniker of "social scientist," it is somewhat amusing that anthropologists, sociologists, et al., are now practicing the ancient art of historical narrative. Russell Thornton, professor of sociology in the University of California, Berkeley, and a descendant of the people he enumerates in this demographic study of the Cherokee Nation east and west, reveals the blessings and curses of the "new social-science" history with his Geertzian "thick description" of Cherokee population data. Crafted in response to his own pathbreaking work in 1987 on Indian "holocaust and survival," *The Cherokees* offers much to students of the American Indian, and of communities and groups throughout the relatively youthful and constantly evolving American West.

Written as part of the University of Nebraska Press's "Indians of the Southeast" series, *The Cherokees* gives Thornton the opportunity to analyze both his ancestors and the tribe declared the largest by the 1980 federal

Historical Commentary

Saving the Yellowstone

by William L. Lang

The Yellowstone River is unequalled. It stands alone as the only major river in the lower forty-eight states that flows unimpeded, the last of the great free-flowing rivers. The Yellowstone has escaped the fate of the Columbia, the Colorado, and the Missouri, the other great rivers of the American West. Those rivers no longer look as they did when Native Americans camped along their banks, when emigrants attempted to cross them, and when settlers first coveted their waters. Concrete and steel block their courses, and huge impoundments of water bulge their mainstems like arterial constrictions. Their currents are abnormal; they are mutants.

That the Yellowstone remains free and nearly unaltered is a fact of some importance. It is important to those who value the aesthetics of wild and scenic rivers and treasure one of the world's greatest fisheries. It is also important to those who value the Yellowstone as a resource for the future, for the needs of agriculture and a growing population in the Yellowstone Valley. It is no accident of history that the Yellowstone remains free to flow in its natural channel. Each time the river has been threatened it has inspired defenders; and for some of them, preserving an unimpeded Yellowstone has taken on an almost patriotic aura.

The Yellowstone engenders such emotional attachment because of the beauty and history of the region it drains. The river begins its nearly seven-hundred-mile course on the high Yellowstone Plateau and flows through Yellowstone National Park. From its natural impoundment in Yellowstone Lake, it glides through the beautiful Hayden Valley before roaring over two spectacular falls and finally rushing deep in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Miles downriver, the Yellowstone's major tributaries drop from the high mountains of Montana and Wyoming across a dramatic upland landscape to join the river and carve its valley through a region that has been the home of Native Americans for centuries and the scene of cataclysmic events in western military history. People associate



Boaters on the Yellowstone near Billings

MHS Photograph Archives

the Yellowstone with geysers, untrammeled wilderness, bison herds, Crow Indian camps, and Custer's demise. It is a powerful set of images.

Images did not keep dams off the Yellowstone. The story behind the preservation of the river is not a tale illustrated with postcard views and stereotyped descriptions of the Indian wars. It is a drama of economics, political conflict, and bureaucratic decisions complete with a cast of individuals and organizations who argued about the disposition of the West's most important resource—water.

There is something to be learned in the history of the Yellowstone River's preservation that takes us beyond the specifics of the conflicts over an essential resource or the power of emotional attachment to the idea of a free-flowing river. What we discover is the power of history: the influence the past has on our perceptions, and how true the observation is that history is a living force.

The most recent challenge to the free-flowing Yellowstone ended in 1978 when Montana's Board of Natural Resources rendered a decision that virtually prevented dam-building on the river. The controversy began during the early 1970s and focused on two essential questions: How and to whom should the Yellowstone's water be allocated? These questions are as old as the history of the arid West; but unlike water disputes on the nineteenth century frontier that often pitted one user against another, the struggle for allocation of the Yellowstone affected dozens of groups with competing interests. An already difficult process suddenly became politically explosive.

In 1971, the Bureau of Reclamation published the "North Central Power Study," which began a series of events that set the stage for the Board of Natural Resources' decision in late 1978. The Bureau's report shocked Montanans with its projected exploitation of the coal reserves in Montana and Wyoming and the construction of over forty steam-generated electricity plants on the northern plains. These plants would consume enormous quantities of water, water that could only come from the Yellowstone River Basin. Fearing the worst from energy companies, a coalition of ranchers, farmers, recreationists, and environmentalists formed the Northern Plains Resource Council to fight unrestrained coal mining on the plains and raids on the Yellowstone's water.

The debate over whether Montana's coal should be mined coincided with the national panic over America's dependence on foreign energy sources. National publications ran stories about Montana's coal, the strong disagreements among Montanans over coal mining, and the implications of industrial development on the state's arid plains. "Should we strip-mine Montana to air-condition midwestern homes?" one magazine asked. That was a fair question, and Montanans argued about the best response to it.

While arguments about coal mining heated the state's political atmosphere, Montana's legislature dramatically changed the scene, first in 1973 with the passage of the Water Use Act and then in 1974 when it enacted the Yellowstone Moratorium. The Water Use Act revolutionized the water allocation system in Montana by forcing major users to acquire a state permit. The Yellowstone Moratorium halted any significant allocation of the river's water for three years and asked public agencies to estimate how much of the Yellowstone's water should be reserved for their future use. Industrial applicants for Yellowstone water would have to wait their turn.

When the Board of Natural Resources began sorting through the public agencies' requests for reservations of the Yellowstone's water in 1978, one request dwarfed the others. After an exhaustive study of the Yellowstone's ecology, Montana's Fish and Game Department concluded that at least 90 per cent of the river's annual average flow and one twenty-four-hour period each year of its peak flow had to be maintained to prevent irreparable harm to the Yellowstone's riparian wildlife and foliage.

There was a twist in the Fish and Game request. Unlike the requests submitted by irrigators and municipalities, Fish and Game required that the water remain *in the river*. This was a new approach to water rights that contradicted the traditional requirement that surface water be diverted from the stream and be put to a "beneficial use." Some asked how leaving water in the river could be considered a "beneficial use." The Fish and Game Department replied that it was more than beneficial, it was essential to the health of the river.

Everyone realized that if the board approved this instream reservation, there would be strict limits on how much water could be removed from the river. There would be enough water for irrigation and municipalities, but siphoning the river's water for use in power plants was another matter. Industry howled in protest at Fish and Game's instream water reservation, because it would effectively forbid damming the Yellowstone. The annual average flow and the twenty-four-hour peak flow requirements could not be met if a dam blocked the Yellowstone and impounded its water; and without a dam, energy companies had little hope of satisfying the thirst of future steam-generation electricity plants on Montana's eastern plains.

On December 15, 1978, the board brought down its decision. It granted a portion of the Fish and Game request, allowing the agency an instream reservation of 62 per cent of the average annual flow at Sidney and 76 per cent on the upper river. The board had devised a complicated allocation of the Yellowstone's water that stood squarely on the shoulders of the board members' acceptance of the



Steve Matlow, Livingston Enterprise Photographer

Allenspur Gap on the Yellowstone

instream reservation concept. It was a historic decision: The board had approved the instream reservation idea—the first time it had been applied to a major river. It was also a courageous decision: Board members had voted in favor of a free-flowing river and had radically circumscribed the future use of the Yellowstone.

The Yellowstone had been saved. But why? Although the controversy over coal mining during the 1970s and the strength of a growing environmental movement played significant roles in the drama, history played the most powerful part. The river's history hung as a backdrop to the debate over the allocation of the Yellowstone's water, a constant reminder for the board and the general public that the Yellowstone had beaten the odds and had remained free-flowing.

Time and again, the schemes of railroad corporations, reclamationists, and engineers had threatened the Yellowstone's sanctity; and each time the river had escaped serious damage, sometimes because defenders threw up the barricades and other times because economics and the river despoilers' failure of will defeated the schemes.

The first challenge to the Yellowstone came a few years after the creation of Yellowstone National Park, when the Northern Pacific Railroad proposed throwing one of its tentacles across the park's northern quadrant. Outraged defenders of the park, mostly easterners, beat back the plan and served the first notice that the nation's wilderness preserve was not open to corporate speculation.

During the early 1920s, an even more alarming proposal threatened the Yellowstone. A clarion call by naturalist George Bird Grinnell alerted nature-lovers that irrigationists intended to dam Yellowstone Lake. ''Night schools of oratory,'' Grinnell claimed, had ''spellbinders'' trying to convince Montanans to support a dam at Fishing Bridge in Yellowstone National Park. Although Montana's Senator Thomas J. Walsh introduced a bill to approve the scheme and Montana's legislature passed a resolution supporting it, the Yellowstone's defenders in and out of Congress prevailed and the plan failed.

In their defense of the river, Grinnell and his legion pointed to recent history, reminding Congress that there had been earlier attempts to tamper with one of nature's unique wonders, attempts that had deserved to fail. The Yellowstone River escaped the reclamationists' clutches because it threatened Yellowstone National Park and because history was on its side: The exploiters had been foiled before.

The story of the Allenspur Gap dam is another illustration of the role of history in the protection of the Yellowstone. Allenspur Gap, a narrow slot cut through huge limestone cliffs a few miles upstream from Livingston, is the premier location for a dam on the upper Yellowstone. For over seventy years, dam-builders had eyed the gap, dreaming of a high dam that would impound the Yellowstone's waters and create a lake over thirty miles long. First proposed in 1902 by a group of Montanans, the Allenspur dam project reared its head several times during the next four decades. But for reasons ranging from economics to bureaucratic decisions made by competitive government agencies, the Allenspur proposals all failed.

During the 1970s, when industrialists looked covetously at Yellowstone water for coal-related projects in eastern Montana, the Allenspur dam proposal came back to life. But this time, the mood had changed. Very much aware of the



Herman Schnitzmeyer, photographer, MHS Photograph Archives

Absaroka Range and Paradise Valley

earlier proposals and why they had failed, a citizens' committee formed to fight any new dam proposal. It sounded the warning and asked pertinent questions: Was it the same attempt to raid the Yellowstone that reclamationists had tried during the 1920s? Who would benefit from damming the river? What would it cost?

The history of the Allenspur proposals furnished many answers. Earlier arguments for the dam that had already been defeated were raised again, from irrigationists' claims for an Eden in the Yellowstone Valley to the need for flood control. And there was still the matter of high construction costs, which had derailed the project before.

During the 1970s, however, Montanans listened less and less to the "spellbinders" who spoke of the benefits of blocking the river. They listened more and more to new questions that could be posed only because the river remained free-flowing, questions that the Yellowstone's history allowed to be asked: Why dam the Yellowstone and lose one of the world's greatest trout fisheries? Why inundate thousands of acres of land in the beautiful Paradise Valley? Why leave the Yellowstone River vulnerable to the designs of tomorrow's schemers?

In each generation, the Yellowstone has attracted new defenders with their own reasons for wanting the river to remain as it always has. There is a cumulative weight to the historical arguments in favor of a free-flowing Yellowstone. Those arguments made a difference in 1978 when the Board of Natural Resources made its decision, and their weight will play a significant role in saving the Yellowstone in the future.

WILLIAM LANG has written several articles on Yellowstone National Park and has taught courses on Yellowstone history at the Yellowstone Institute.

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The Native

by C. Adrian Heidenreich



From Thwaites, *Original Journals*, vol. 3, part 1, facing p. 18

Karl Bodmer's *Indians Hunting the Bison*, which he sketched on the Upper Missouri during the 1830s, appeared as an illustration in Reuben Gold Thwaites's *The Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* (1905).

THE THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BURTON K. WHEELER CENTER

Fifteenth Annual Burton K. Wheeler Memorial Lecture

Thursday, April 19 • 8:00 p.m. • Ballroom A • Strand Union Building



Presiding:
Edward K. Wheeler
Washington, D.C.
Member, Board of Directors
Burton K. Wheeler Center

The Ten Commandments of Federal-State Relations in the West

by Richard D. Lamm
Director, Center for Public Policy and Contemporary Issues, University of Denver, and former Governor of Colorado

Richard D. Lamm served as governor of Colorado from 1975 until 1987 and was chairman of the Western Governors' Association during 1985-86. He holds a law degree from the University of California and has served on the faculties of the University of New Orleans, Dartmouth College, and the University of Colorado at Denver, in addition to the University of Denver. He is a leading student of and spokesman for the West and is the author or coauthor of several books, including *The Angry West* (1985) and *Megatraumas: America in the Year 2000* (1985).

The Wheeler Memorial Lecture. Burton K. Wheeler (1882-1975) migrated to Butte from his native Massachussetts in 1905. A capable and strong-willed young attorney, he quickly made his mark in Montana, first as a legislator and then as U.S. Attorney for Montana during World War I, when he demonstrated great courage as a defender of civil liberties.

In 1922, he won election to the U.S. Senate, where he served for a quarter-century until 1947. His Senate career was one of the most distinguished in American history. Senator Wheeler won fame and prestige as an unrelenting pursuer of wrongdoing in the Harding administration, as the leader of the Senate coalition that defeated President Franklin Roosevelt's attempt to "pack" the U.S. Supreme Court, and as an outspoken "isolationist" who opposed American entry into World War II.

Following his defeat in 1946, Senator Wheeler "retired" to a highly successful Washington law practice, which he maintained until the close of his very long and distinguished life. Thousands of Montanans remember him as one of the most colorful and prestigious citizens the state has ever produced.

Plenary Session

Friday Morning Session

April 20 Ballroom A Strand Union Building

Presiding: Maxine C. Johnson, Member
Board of Directors, Burton K. Wheeler Center

9:00 **Public Lands and Federal Policies in Montana**—a presentation by Gordon G. Brittan, Jr., Regents Professor of Philosophy, MSU
and Vanessa Brittan

10:15 **Coffee Break**

10:45 **Responses**
Terry L. Anderson, Professor of Economics, MSU
Thomas M. Power, Professor of Economics and Chair, Department of Economics, University of Montana
(Followed by questions and responses from the audience)

Friday Luncheon Session

Ballroom B/C Strand Union Building
(Tickets may be purchased following the Thursday evening lecture or prior to the 9:00 a.m. plenary session or be reserved by phone 994-4371.)

Presiding: Elizabeth Wheeler Colman, Hartland, WI
Member Board of Directors, Wheeler Center

12:15 **The Unacknowledged Legislators of the World**—by Ivan Doig, Seattle, WA
Dr. Doig is a renowned novelist and interpreter of Montana and the Northwest. His many books include *This House of Sky* and *Dancing at the Rascal Fair.*

The Burton K. Wheeler Center at Montana State University is an independent and nonpartisan forum for the exploration of issues affecting Montana. This conference is its third formal presentation.

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The Greater Montana Foundation, sponsor of Wheeler Center activities, was established in 1948 to work in cooperation with Montana State University and the University of Montana to develop mass communications for the ultimate benefit of Montana citizens. Since its founding, the Foundation has broadened its funding activities beyond the field of mass communications and extended its scope to include all the units of the Montana University System.

In addition to its support of the Wheeler Center, Foundation activities include: formation of the Montana Museum Association; merit awards to management and staff of Montana radio and television stations; university scholarships for students studying broadcasting; the Hugh D. Galusha, Jr., award for the best film on Montana history produced by a student at Montana State University; and the loan of several significant collections of western art to the Museum of the Rockies at Bozeman. Founder of the Greater Montana Foundation is E.B. Craney.

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Public Lands and Federal Policies in Montana

The Public is invited at no charge

April 19-20, 1990

Strand Union Building

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(3) People immersed in multiple, complex texts, only some of which are for personal private pursuit & personal pleasures.

"PUBLIC LANDS AND FEDERAL POLICIES IN MONTANA"

The Wheeler Conference

April 20, 1990

Strongly supports Terry's effort to steward noncommercial, non-profit efforts.

I. Introduction

Table I: The Public Lands in Montana

2. The Evolution of Recent Policy

- the Wilderness Act of 1964; Table 2: Wilderness and Wild Areas in Montana
- the National Environmental Policy Act of 1970
- the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976
- the National Forest Management Act of 1976

3. The Sagebrush Rebellion: transfer of public lands to the states

4. The Push for Privatization: transfer of public lands to private owners

5. Pressures on the Public Lands in Montana

Table 3: Receipts of Industries in Montana

- recreation
- logging; Table 4: Volume of Timber Cut on National Forest Service Lands, 1910-1989, Table 5: Timber Area and Volume Statistics by Ownership Classes, Table 6: Montana Forest Timber Sale Losses (together with local jobs and local income)

- mining; Table 7: Montana Coal Production 1975-1989
- agriculture; Table 8: Grazing on BLM and Forest Service Lands 1910-1989, Table 9: Grazing Fee per AUM on Forest Service Land and BLM Grazing Districts, 1960-1989

6. A survey of Current Conflicts

- access to the public lands (the principles of "multiple use" and "public trust"
- timber sales (the principle of "sustained yield")
- wilderness designation (how much is "enough"?)
- grazing policy (the principle of "local control")

7. Implications for Policy

- difficulties with a purely "economic" approach to the management and use of the public lands (the variety of social roles we play, the discount rate, and the concept of "fair market value")
- advantages of a "political" approach
- shifting priorities: recreation, environmental protection, resource preservation
- the status quo and the re-emergence of conflicts over water
- federal and state governments and the issue of resource revenue sharing
- on learning from our past
- on the failure of purely procedural attempts to resolve public land-use conflicts and the importance of values

(1) T. anderson: (green eyeshade) resisting cap.

econ: trying to get all costs & benefits internalized as resistionist viewed timber + grazing.

(economy hat): defended grazing leases

hard hat - forest/development:

philosopher's hat:

The Rhetoric of Public Lands

Words distort public picture

→ Privatization only approach consistent w/ environmental principles.

Reformers - more gov't - harsh language chosen long to conduct.

Social/public → Public trust

Right: " polity.

Words poison process: remove individ. from blame + responsibility.

Anthropomorphize (manipulate); ascribe a will: "the public will".

Simply common pursuit of purposes. (ancient, absolute ideal).

Public lands are a figment of our imaginations. They are political lands: tyranny of authority or majority

2 real problems of rhetoric:

1. individ. must set aside self-interest.

2. multiple-use requires info - about values, too - hard to do. (Info fettered to gov. process)

3. Pol wgt focuses on solutions, not process.

Does this jibe w/ paradigm of ecology.

No space. Use info to manage entire eco-system.

Ecosystem is a process to which acts are responded to.

Privatization provides process - doesn't presuppose solutions. Offers no guarantees. (Entrepreneurs Trust, Nature Conservancy)

Such decentralized solutions where community values can come out.

United States social (sic), we need a healthy dose of free mkt environmentalism.

(2) Thomas Power.

Why we have public lands: the moral, political, social logic.

Share commitment to less centralized solutions.

Differ in enthusiasm for central role of mkt.

(1) At issue: not mkt economics, but greater scope.

Heritage - cultural, historical.

Moral limits. Ways of life.

Stewardship of God-given treasures.

(2) Rarely rely on commercial mkts for things esp. simp. Had use social + pol. systems: housing, need care, arts, mil. defense, water + air quality. have/caring self-res (intimately)

(3). Not totally wrong w/ pol. process.

(4). Conflict is appropriate + necessary....

Bec. Values are changing rapidly. Public lands must seen as

→ a natural piece of past.

(5) Bec we are not omniscient. Rare, hard for any of us to produce as consumer or affecting others.

Consider impacts + alternatives before acting. Has focused analysis + planning.

(6) above explains lack of support for sagebrush rebellion + flawed prioritization schemes.

T-H: Society has sense of individ. (assertion, reflected is contradicted daily.)

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- on the failure of purely <u>procedural</u> attempts to resolve public land-use conflicts and the importance of values

10th Avenue South project is disruptive but necessary

An average of 12 million vehicles per year go past the busiest intersections on 10th Avenue South in Great Falls, making it the busiest highway in Montana.

The annual volume is expected to increase to 15 million vehicles, or more, during the next two decades.

And that's the impetus for a plan to widen the four-lane thoroughfare to six lanes between the Warden Bridge and 18th Street.

A hearing on the proposal will be held next Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at the Great Falls High School Auditorium. The same day, from 11 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., the Montana Department of Highways will hold an open house at the Quality Inn to explain construction details to citizens.

The State Highway Commission has earmarked $6.5 million for the work, which tentatively is scheduled to begin in 1993 and conclude in 1994.

Gene Stettler, district engineer for the Department of Highways, stressed in a recent news story that his agency hopes that local people will get interested in the project at an early stage so no one is surprised when it happens. It will disrupt traffic and businesses along the strip for up to a year, he noted.

The biggest impact on drivers will be the temporary re-routing of westbound traffic to 9th Avenue South, while two lanes of 10th Avenue South will be designated for eastbound flow.

Forty years ago, 10th Avenue South hardly even existed; it was simply a route for vehicles on Highways 87-89 leading into Great Falls. But with construction of the Warden Bridge, Holiday Village shopping center, the College of Great Falls campus and numerous commercial buildings, it quickly became the busiest highway in the state.

Some of that growth came in chaotic fashion— before the city began regulating curb cuts and increased traffic.

The six-lane project will eliminate parking strips on the avenue. It also will require sidewalks and curbs to be moved a few feet closer to business buildings. The Department of Highways has 100 feet of right-of-way and that will be sufficient for six lanes. It may have to acquire small pieces of private land for a few intersections and traffic signals.

From a standpoint of relieving congestion and providing a smoother (and safer) flow of traffic, the project is necessary. Anyone who travels the avenue today is aware of the bottlenecks that often develop.

But coping with a one-year disruption as the work is carried out will not be easy for anyone involved.

Citizens are encouraged to drop in for the briefing or testify at the public hearing next Wednesday.

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EDUC 605 01 **Sem in Foundations of Educ**
3 credits
Instructor: Hedrick
Malmstrom: Monday 5:00-8:30 p.m.

GUID 615 01 **Psychological Appraisal** 3 credits

Beware of ticks

GF Trib Ap 21, '88

By Montana Department of Health

HELENA — When Montanans take to the outdoors in spring, they're likely to find ticks.

A few persons have already reported picking up ticks during the warm days of mid-March, said Dr. Ken Quickenden, medical entomologist and sanitarian with the Food and Consumer Safety Bureau of the Montana Department of Health. Ticks are most common in wooded or brushy areas where mice or rabbits are found along with larger mammals.

The immature tick larvae, or 6-legged "seed ticks," depend on the blood of small rodents, Quickenden said. After feeding, the seed ticks drop to the ground and develop into nymphs which overwinter. The nymphs feed on rodents the following year. They develop into adults which hide under debris close to the ground.

Soon after snow melt, adult wood ticks become active. They climb up plants and wait for animals to brush against them. Tick bites can be serious, since ticks transmit diseases such as Rocky Mountain spotted fever, Colorado tick fever, tularemia, and tick paralysis.

The possibility persons will encounter ticks continues until hot weather and low humidity drives the ticks to the ground. Judy Gedrose, epidemiologist with the Department of Health and Environmental Sciences, said her records show the first case of Colorado tick fever occurred on April 9 last year. The last case occurred Aug. 1. Throughout the 1980s, Montana has had an average of 14 cases of Colorado tick fever and seven cases of Rocky Mountain spotted fever each year. Last year there were five cases of Colorado tick fever, 12 cases of Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and two cases of tularemia.

Persons spending time outdoors in the spring should dress properly, use

See TICKS, 2B



Neal Mishler photo

Turkey gobblers are in high demand now as turkey hunters take to the hills during Montana's spring season.

Details are a must for turkey hunters

By ERIC WILTSE
Bozeman Daily Chronicle

BROADUS — The big tom was down and flopping, the successful conclusion of a spring turkey hunt using calls, a decoy and camouflage clothes — and "being in the right place at the right time."

"The best caller in the world is at a disadvantage if he's positioned wrong," says John Stuver, who guides spring gobbler hunts around Broadus. "You need to be concealed and have an open area in front of you."

This particular hunt last year involved sneaking up on a flock of turkeys behind dikes on the river bottom, and then hiding in brush while trying to lure a gobbler to a plastic hen decoy placed in an open field.

By using calls that imitated the yelp of a hen in breeding season, the amorous gobbler was drawn in to 40 yards, where a Magnum load of 4-shot ended his romantic pursuits.

Stuver, a native of the Powder River country which is one of the prime areas for wild turkeys in Montana, started hunting the big birds in the early 1970s.

Spring turkey hunting, which opened Saturday and runs through May 8, is a sport in which details matter from head to toe, he says.

"I think camo's essential," he says. "The turkey has the best eye of anything in the wild, outside of maybe a goose."

Camo pants, hat and shirt are standard, but some hunters leave a glaring gap in their camouflage that can cost them a trophy.

"Something a lot of people overlook is a head net," Stuver says. "It's extremely important. A white face does show up."

He even wears a head cover for antelope and whitetailed deer.

Full camo still may not be enough to fool a wary gobbler, though. Turkey expert Ray Eye of Missouri is recommending that hunters douse themselves with scent to cover up their human odors.

Although turkeys can't smell, other animals in the woods can, Eye explains. Human scent can spook deer or other animals and alert a turkey that something's not right, he says.

Turkey calls are largely a matter

See DETAILS, 2B

Be careful when calling

Turkey hunters must be careful not to overlook safety when relying on stealth this spring. They might end up being hunted themselves while imitating the call of a turkey and sitting near a hen decoy.

The Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks recommends picking a calling site that allows you to see 40 yards in all directions, while sitting with your back against a tree that is larger around than you are. Any clothing that is red, white black or blue will resemble the colors of a turkey. White handkerchiefs should be left at home.

It may be a good idea to wear blaze orange when walking to a hunting area, particularly if you're carrying a hen decoy.

If your call imitates a hen rather than a gobbler, hunters are less likely to stalk you, since only gobblers are legal in the spring.

Before pulling the trigger, hunters must be sure that they're shooting at a turkey gobbler, not something that looks like a turkey gobbler.

ing three ways of estimating re- on the Gallatin National Forest, value of hunting and fishing.

Ticks

From 1B

repellents and practice good tick hygiene. Above all, persons should contact a physician if they become ill within two weeks of exposure. The physician should be told about the exposure to ticks, because sometimes the diseases carried by ticks are not easy to diagnose.

Spotted fever and tularemia are readily curable with early diagnosis. Early treatment shortens recovery time and prevents heart or brain damage. In untreated cases, full recovery may require several months. Ten to 20 percent of the cases may be fatal.

Long-sleeved shirts that are tucked in help keep ticks out. Mosquito repellent applied to the skin will not repel ticks, since they grab onto clothing before crawling to exposed skin. However, repellent sprayed on pants cuffs and shirt sleeves may help.

The military has found that some fairly new formulations not only repel, but also kill ticks. However, these new chemicals are registered for use only on clothing and are not yet commonly available.

Some persons or pets might be unusually sensitive to mosquito repellents. Applying a small quantity of repellent to a small area of the skin can test for sensitivity. A mild allergic reaction would be indicated by development of redness, slight swelling and less commonly, some breathing difficulty.

Studies in South Carolina have indicated that many cases of Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever were acquired when persons were removing ticks from their pets, said Dr. Doug Abbot, chief of the Montana Department of Health's Public Health Laboratory. Since the juices or secretions from attached ticks may cause infections, bite sites should be disinfected and hands washed after handling ticks.

Details

From 1B

of choice. The traditional wooden box call is one of the easiest and most popular. But in the last few years a lot of hen yelper calls have come on the market that are operated by simply pushing a lever with a finger.

Stuver uses a mouth call which consists of a diaphragm with a thin rubber reed, similar to calls used for bugling elk. The type of call and proficiency on it don't seem to be that crucial in Montana, he says.

"I'm a long ways from being even a mediocre caller, but I don't have any trouble bringing them in," he says.

There are two peak times in the spring turkey season that hunters can aim at, he says. The first is when the gobblers have just begun strutting and breeding season is getting into full swing. The second is later in the season when the hens are on the nest.

Those peaks will vary from year to year, but generally coincide with the first week and last week of the hunting season.

"If you hit a peak, it makes a big difference in how easy it is to call in a gobbler," Stuver says.

Although hunting rights are leased out in much of southeastern Montana, there is public land that contains wild turkeys. The Lone Pines near Ekalaka, Chalk Buttes and Ashland district of the Custer National Forest are a few places.

"There's still some good hunting on public land if a guy's willing to get out of his truck and walk," he says.

Although the odds are stacked against bagging a spring tom, just seeing one strut or hearing one gobble can make the hunt.

"The ones who have seen a gobbler strut in front of them, it's something you never forget," he says. "It's real special, kind of like bugling in an elk."

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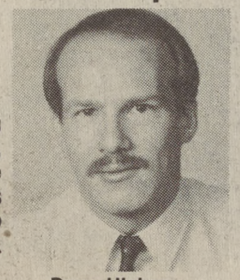
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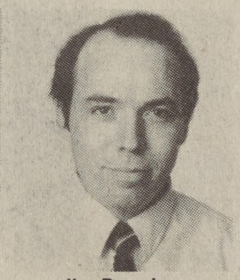
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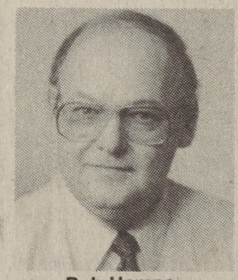
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THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Montanan

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Cover photo: More than 11,000 students converged on the state Capitol Feb. 20 to urge legislators not to cut funds for higher education. Photo by Howard Skaggs.

Berkeley grad subscribes

I am enclosing a check for $10 for the *Montanan* that you have been sending me.

Although I am not a graduate of the University of Montana, I really enjoy reading your magazine. I taught English for fifteen years in the high schools there, and I have a very warm spot in my heart for your state. Many of my former students have attended the University, and many of the teachers with whom I taught attended your University. Now and then I see a name that I have known.

I pass the *Montanan* on to some of my friends here who have lived in Missoula. Then I take it to our hospital, where patients read it. I enjoy it more than I do my own alumni magazine, *The Cal*, from Berkeley.

Thank you again for sending your *Montanan* to me.

Callie Allison
130 East 18th St., #22
Marysville, CA 95901

Missed the reunion

Thank you so much for printing all the class pictures from the 1940-1950 reunion. I was so sorry not to be able to attend, but had made plans to be in London and the Rhine Valley and didn't return until Oct. 11. Thus, seeing the pictures of dear friends, most of whom I hadn't seen since graduation, was the next best thing to being there! The class of 1942 had a goodly representation—but my class of 1943 wasn't too far behind.

I do enjoy the *Montanan*. The Montana publications have been excellent over the years, but I think the most recent magazine is the best! I particularly enjoyed the previous issue with the marvelous article about and interview with Dr. Ludwig Browman. I was fortunate enough to be one of his students in the early '40s. An extension of his teaching was the opportunity we handful of bacteriology students had to chat with him and with Dr. Donald Hetler on an almost daily basis on issues both technical and philosophical. They were provocative professors, often playing the devil's advocate, engaging us in dialogue and argument—all of which helped us to think, to develop (and defend!) our own philosophies. They shared with us their wisdom. I also appreciate Dr. Browman's impassioned pleas for a strong University library.

I believe University of Montana graduates can hold their own with graduates of supposedly more prestigious universities, partially because we (at least in the '40s) had so much personal interest and attention from our professors. I covet that continuing experience for the students of the '80s and beyond.

Patricia Ann Wood '43
4036 N.E. 45th St.
Seattle, WA 98105

P.S. It was great to see the Lady Griz here in Seattle in the Seattle Times Tournament. They played very well, and we were proud of them!

Calling all classmates

I have been sitting on an idea for almost too long, so I have decided to come boldly forth with it.

The winter '86 *Montanan* had a letter from Ruth M. Wilfley '26. I do not recognize the name, but, if there were a maiden name, I might have known her. However, there are some of us out here who are not gone. Well, maybe "gone" but don't know or admit same.

I have found friends I have thought about for many years through items in the *Montanan*. If I am not stepping on any toes, and as I was secretary of the last class of the '20s, I really would like to know who is "out there," what they are doing—or wish they were able to—and how they've treated the world. If anyone would care to send that information to me—anyone from the '20s and '30s (we all overlapped in friendship)—I will put it all together and send it to all those who wish to participate. If anyone else would like to do this, I shall not stand in the way.

Enclosed is a small donation for the *Montanan*. Keep it coming.

Mary Elliott Farrell '29
10106 Greenwood N., #102
Seattle, WA 98133

Editor's note: Ruth M. Wilfley's maiden name was Miller.

Merriam still unforgettable

I have read several times Ginny Merriam's "H.G. Merriam" in your issue of autumn 1985.

During my four quarters at the University, 1930-31, Harold Guy Merriam shaped the rest of my professional life. Until I came to Missoula, I had been a straight English major with limited interests. Then, during my graduate year, "H.G." turned me toward American literature, regionalism, the West and Western history, and—given time—American studies. In his *Frontier* and *Frontier and Midland* he opened my mind to the possibilities in regional materials.

In my seminars under him, he was severe, yes, and also generous. For the summer quarter of 1931 he moved me up from graduate assistant to instructor, giving me, in his words, my "first faculty appointment." He had President Clapp attend my master's oral (not because of me, but because he wanted the president to do something to improve the graduate program). Anyhow, I was flattered.

During the decades after I went on to teaching jobs in Wyoming, Indiana, France and California, H.G. corresponded with me, as did Mrs. Merriam. He encouraged my writing, approved of my several books and gave me suggestions. When he was in his eighties and early nineties, he wrote me of his literary projects. He astonished me when he wrote of his new marriage when he was 90. He went on preparing publications even when he had to use a walker. He said, "My bones are tired of my body."

He remains to me an inspiring example of creative scholarship, bold leadership, and devotion to principle. He illustrates what Henry Adams said, "A teacher affects eternity: he can never tell where his influence stops."

Richard G. Lillard, M.A. '31
1629 Sunset Plaza Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Seeks women's war records

Ladies! What did you do during World War II? Were you a volunteer of any kind? In a foreign country? A prisoner of war? A uniformed nurse? A WAAC? WAVE? SPAR? Manager of a ranch, farm or business? In the government?

I am doing research on women's roles in the war and would appreciate getting personal stories, short or long, and a copy of any significant picture you have.

Marie Peterson MacDonald '34
619 West Walnut
Lompoc,CA 93436



Jack Short (on horseback) and George Zieg, Jr., sorting out a stud. (Notice the position of the saddle on George's palomino. George is handing his rope off as Jack helps to hold the stud.)

manhating studs that could (and did) rip the clothing off a man if that man could not get away.

Going at the breakneck speeds needed to keep up, the riders and their horses could hit the wire from a downed fence, and flip head over heels. Once at Lingshire, Jack Short had dismounted from a borrowed gelding when told it was a $1,250 barrel racing horse because he had "never owned a horse over $150 in my life." Later the same day he lost his own mare when she stumbled. (Fellow rider, Pat Bergan, hearing the news, went and claimed her shoes, since she had once bucked him off.)

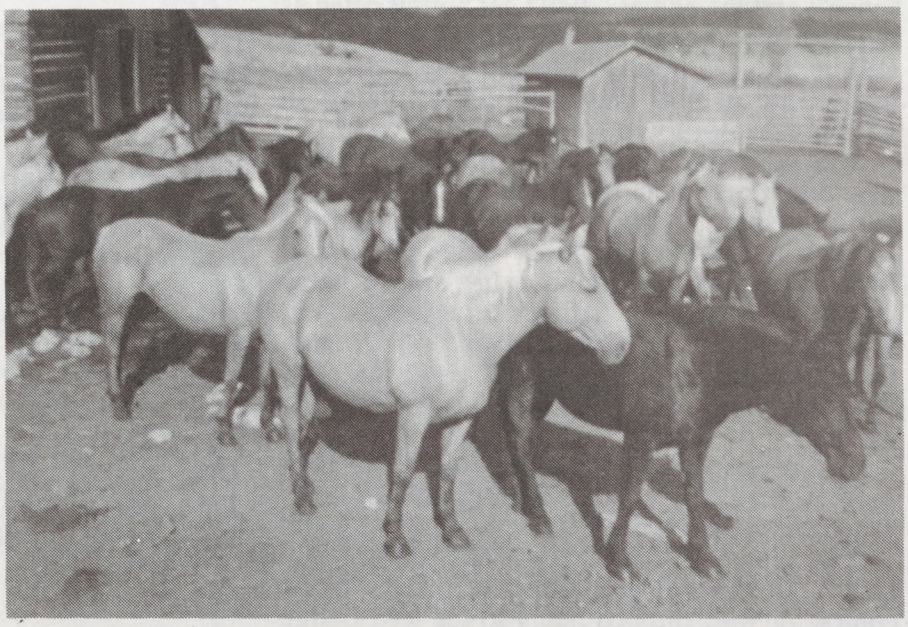
As mentioned, Lingshire had rough terrain to add to the peril. At the Flint, one could be intent on chasing a horse and suddenly find himself skidding across a room-sized sheet of shale. If the rider were in Black Canyon, he might come skidding to a halt before a breath-taking view -- he was on the top of a sheer cliff that dropped 100 feet or more.

If the riders' horses tired while pursuing a band, there was an even greater risk. The studs, "who had no respect for nobody," no longer being pushed and at the rear, could turn on the man and his exhausted mount. The Flint was notorious for its wicked stallions and at times only carefully chosen riders were allowed to go there -- and with loaded revolvers at their sides.

All the hazards were soon forgotten at suppertime, though, as there was a lot of clowning around the campfires and table after the long day's ride. The bars in town contributed cases of beer, but this was not really necessary for a good time; sitting down on a straw bale and having one can of beer was all most riders could handle after a day in the hot sun, and sometimes they lingered at the bale even when the cooks announced dinner.

The cooks, Julia Short and Florence McAfee, still do a bit of good-natured grumbling when they recall the preparations necessary to feed 12 to 14 riders and all the "extras" who were there as spectators -- but they also chuckle when they remember how they spent their time when they weren't scrubbing pots and pans or peeling potatoes. The surplus beer found its way into everything from stew to sauerkraut, and if someone got on the wrong side of a cook, that someone was likely to have a surprise waiting for him when he got into bed at night. Items like

(Continued on following page)



Bucking stock after sorting at Lingshire.

ROUNDUP AND RODEO!

(Continued from preceding page)

rocks or a coyote (dead, of course) did turn up in some unusual spots.

A day was devoted to sorting. As mentioned, there had to be 300 to 450 head to cull down to the necessary 90-100. Some horses did keep reappearing from year to year, and Johnny McAfee had an eye and a memory for those who were buckers. The culled horses were either pushed or, if all else failed, roped and taken out the gate. Once the horses were sorted, they would be driven in one day down the highway and past town to Rocky Point, four or five miles to the northeast. People came out from town to watch them and the sight of up to 100 horses trailing through was a "sight to behold."

Early each morning of the rodeo, the horses were run into town to the rodeo grounds and according to the initial drawings, sorted out into holding pens to await their events. The bucking stock drew crowds from miles around. Sometimes just the process of getting the horses out the chute was as "death defying" as the ride itself. The horses could twist and turn -- and reach to bite their riders if they could. One of the requirements for starting a horse in saddle bronc events is that the rider must hook his spurs over the point of the shoulders and woe to the rider who jerked his foot back to escape his mount's teeth.

Once in the arena, the cowboys never knew if their horse was "going to buck or run all the way down through the arena and out through the fence"; and the horses "didn't get hurt as often as the men who ran through the fence with them" (White Sulphur Springs was the only rodeo that had to hire its own carpenter to keep fences in good repair -- or try to.)

But when they did buck, look out! People would still be watching at dark to see the horses put on a show and were known to applaud the "highest and the crookedest." Mike Heisley of Idaho swore that Montana didn't hold a horse that he couldn't ride. After the two-day event, he piped another tune. After being run through the fence once and bucked off twice he said, "I'm going back to Idaho if the horses don't kill me first."

The rodeo over, the horses would be taken back as far as the ranches and left to find their way back to their territories.

Ten years -- and then Mr. Rankin died. The horses at his ranches were sold to a stock contractor who shipped many to the Red Lodge or the Bozeman bucking horse sales. A few remained: a bunch at Dry Range, three at Rock Creek. But not enough for the rodeo and the Rodeo Club itself was forced to turn to contractors for stock. But the trick had been done; what had once been a nearly defunct rodeo was now well-established.

So . . . times are easier, but talk rodeo to ranchers in their forties and fifties and you are likely to hear the story of, "Remember when Shum got knocked off the fence by one of those Rankin beasts? Now, them was horses!"

(Based on interviews with Julia Short, George Zieg, Jr., Florence McAfee and Glen Zehntner.)

(Scrawled down at camp with a pencil on a sheet torn from a notebook, this song by Vic Anderson, Jr. expresses the spirit of roundup well -- it may have been a headache, but the riders always came back the next year!)

Why Rodeo Club members have headaches,
This is the name of my song
About our troubles at roundup
And all of the things that go wrong.

We're up with the sun in the mornin'
Breakfast we eat on the run.
Then your horse turns the crank and
You find that your cinch is undone.

When you locate the horses
Into the rocks they are led
Over badger and potholes
You'd think we had rocks in our head.

Down through the timber we gallop
Gallop until our horse falls
The very first words that we utter
"You horses can all go to ----."

Finally they go to the corral
The very last day of the test
After all of the running
You know that tonight you'll rest.

When you get to the camp
You find a mistake has been made
Nobody remembered matches
But two of them thought of Kool-Aid.

Then you start them to town
Start them the very next day
You find out in the road
There's always a car in the way.

Soon they are all in the show grounds
Snorting and raising a fuss
Then they knock down a chute gate.
Enough to make a preacher cuss.

ERUPTED! I dropped the clutch and just about wound the throttle clean off the handlebar. He looked as big as a rhino and I probably looked like a monkey on that old bike that I was putting so much faith in. I was pushing, pedaling, praying and palpitating--and not gaining. I didn't have to look back. I knew where he was from the breath and spittle on my back. I didn't think he was gaining, though because I couldn't quite feel his horns pricking my skin--but I wasn't sure.

Then three things happened almost simultaneously. The bull veered away; Dad arrived to hit him from behind--and, last, my bike died! Stone dead!

I knew that a piece of carbon had bridged the spark plug gap so I grabbed the tool kit from beneath the seat and proceeded to right the situation--which wasn't easy when the spark plug kept moving while I was trying to put a spanner on it.

Meanwhile, Dad had run out of room to roll* the bull because of a little gully so he eased off and just followed, waiting for another open area.

Don and Peter had switched off their engines to listen for ours and arrived just as I got my machine mobile again. We soon caught up with Dad and the bull, going in the opposite direction of the holding paddock and the other cattle.

Peter, not knowing how "friendly" this bull really was, rode boldly in to wheel him. The bull looked at Peter. Peter blanched and abandoned ship. The bull hit the bike. Peter scrambled up a small gidyea tree (the very closest) with agility that would have done his ancestors proud. He clung there with two fairly bloodthirsty horns slicing the air beneath the seat of his pants.

Just then, Dad and Don ranged up side by side and the bull made his first mistake. He headed for the holding paddock. That in itself wasn't a mistake but after 100 yards or so, he burst out of the scrub into a big open and Dad hit him from behind.

Dad then accelerated--a pretty slow process in a Suzuki 4WD. The force of the acceleration prevented the bull from getting his back legs on the ground: the bullbar* pushed his hocks forward and gave the impression that the bull was sitting on the bullbar. As the speed increased Dad turned the wheel the merest fraction to get the hindquarters out from behind the forelegs that were trying frantically to maintain the increased pace. Immediately, they were out of line, a bit more power and the bull was side on with only one way to go. Timing it to perfection, Dad hit the brakes as soon as the bull was side on and when he (the bull) hit the ground, Dad came to a halt on top of him.

If you have never seen anything like it before, you would probably find it hard to believe, I've seen Dad do it dozens of times and he has developed great skill at it. The whole operation only takes a couple of seconds once you have them on the bullbar but it requires split second timing. We have sold bulls and had them slaughtered a few days after "rolling" them and rarely do we have any bruising. Bulls are very hard to bruise. Dad has only injured one beast. He rolled a cow of mine one day and broke her leg. We ate her.

If we don't want to sell the bulls immediately, we castrate and earmark them while they are under the vehicle but in this case we wanted to send him to the meatworks so Dad let him up and headed him for the other cattle but had to roll him again shortly afterwards. But then, he was like a lamb; we could even turn him with the bikes (very warily). When we got him near the holding paddock, the other cattle were brought out to meet him and we yarded them together.

If a bull (or any other beast for that matter) isn't too bad, you can hit him anywhere about the body--but not roll him--to educate him and make him stay in the mob. We call this "bumping". The 4WD is also good for shouldering stock back into the mob if they break while yarding up.

Neighbors of ours killed 11 head one year bumping or rolling them with a Toyota Landcruiser which is a lot heavier than a Suzuki; a Suzuki isn't much heavier than most bulls (and lighter than a lot). They, the neighbors, also tend to hit the cattle too hard. There is a lot of finesse involved; I've seen Dad roll cattle in Toyotas, and he even used to give demonstrations of tail-throwing bulls out of an old Willys jeep. He can't ride a bike, is average on a horse, but I haven't seen better in a vehicle. But I know I'm biased!...

GLOSSARY of Outback Terms:
Bullbar -- an extended bumper
Cleanskin -- unbranded animal
Flank -- to go along side
Mustering -- gathering stock
Paddock -- field
Roll -- knock animal off its feet
Wheel -- to turn the animal from the front
Yard -- corral



Roundup and Rodeo!

It was dying. The soaring cost of getting stock from rodeo contractors, added to a lagging interest, had almost wiped the White Sulphur Springs rodeo from the cowboys circuit, and all that was needed was the final declaration of "Let's quit." But the declaration never came. In 1954, as near as anyone can remember, a game Rodeo Club said, "Let us put it on." And that was the beginning of one of the "best little rodeos" around.

But where to get the stock was the first problem. The problem was solved in part by an offer that proved to have more excitement, fun -- yes, and danger -- than the rodeo itself at times. W. D. Rankin, one of the nation's top criminal lawyers and brother of Jeanette Rankin, first woman congressman, donated horses from his ranches in Meagher County, provided that the Rodeo Club round them up, sort them, and return them after their use.

There were two main areas that the horses ranged: the Lingshire, 50 miles northwest of White Sulphur Springs, and Birch Creek, directly west of town. Birch Creek and more specifically, a 22-section area known as the Big Field, was wide open ground, and the easier of the two areas from which to round up the horses. One of the riders, George Zieg, Jr., reminisced that "to see the studs come out to meet the riders, tail and mane flying," was "a sight to see," as they protected their bands.

If a rider were to show himself, the horses would start moving to the southwest and by midday, the bands started coming together so they could be driven to the corrals at Birch Creek to be sorted.

The Lingshire, steep, rocky ground, was much harder to round up horses from. If a rider started driving a band of horses down to the corrals at Rock Creek at Lingshire, he had to go all the way in or he would "spill" them: the horses would scatter to the far corners of the ranch. For this reason, it took two days to round up horses at Lingshire and only one at Birch Creek.

Roundup -- yes, that was easier said than done. Although these horses were from blooded stock originally owned by Paul Ringling of Ringling Brothers fame, they had run wild for several generations. The hot blood of the thoroughbred added to the stamina of the Morgan and the bulk of the Belgian had produced a hybrid that, when it was good, it was very good -- -- and hard to catch. The sorting, too, was a challenge because the undesirables -- the inbred, the locoes, the mares and colts, the older studs that were too heavy or too mean -- far outnumbered the ones suitable for bucking stock. The riders always would get in at least 300 horses in order to sort out the 90-100 needed for the rodeo. Julia Short recalls several of the men arguing about one particularly active stud, weighing in the neighborhood of 1,700 pounds -- whether to cut him out or not. The cowboys soon found themselves with nothing to argue about when Jim Ramsey, a top rodeo hand, opened the gate to the sorting corral and "spilled" the horse. His reason? "I'm going to be in the rodeo and I don't want to draw 'em!"

The dangers involved ranged from wire from downed fences that could trip a man's horse to



Some of the "regulars" line up at Lingshire in the 1950's. Included are Nick Carr, Jack Short, Chuck Cyr, Tuck McAfee, Jim Ramsey, George Zieg, Jr., Kenny McAfee and Chuck Ramsey.

JUNE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION MEETING

Centennial momentum continues to increase, as evidenced by the 173 new applications for official sanctioning which were approved by the Montana Statehood Centennial Commission at its June 9, 1989 meeting in Helena.

The Commissioners heard reports on the status of Centennial projects, both in and out of state. Director Leo D. Ellingson reported on the highly successful performances given by the Republic of China acrobats form the China Folk Arts Training Center in Taiwan. These performances, the first in Lewistown on June 5, the second in Great Falls on June 6, were offered to the people of Montana as a special 100th birthday present from the Republic of China. The performances were spectacular, Ellingson said.

The republic of China government was so pleased by the reception of the acrobatic troupe that it offered two more Centennial performances by a different troupe, a Chinese folk art group, which will take place in Billings and Helena, August 13–14.

Ellingson also reported on the June 1 dedication ceremony for Montana's Centennial Highway 89. The dedication took place beneath Roosevelt Arch entrance to Yellowstone National Park in Gardiner. More than 300 persons attended as Phil White Hawk of Ringling performed a ritual sweet grass purification of the highway. State Senator Peter R. Story (41st District) also attended.

Centennial Highway 89, originally proposed to the Centennial Commission by the Ringling Women's Club, winds through 24 Montana towns on its 402-mile north-south journey. The scenic route will be marked with special red, white, and blue highway signs.

Ellingson also attended a luncheon with Missoula officials, during which he presented a letter from the Governor and a sanction designating the Missoula County High School Band as the Montana Centennial's Official Representative at the 1990 Rose Bowl Parade.

Public Affairs Coordinator Doug Giebel gave an account of the June 4 Montana Centennial Picnic in New York's Central Park. Approximately 500 displaced Montanans attended the event, where they ate good Montana-style food and listened to Montana entertainers. Thirty members of the Dillon Junior Fiddlers were on hand, courtesy of Norwest Airlink, the Official Airline of the Montana Centennial, and other benefactors.

Sanctioning Director Brian Patrick showed samples of some of the new Centennial products submitted before the April 15 product sanctioning deadline. The Pen Corner in Bozeman will be offering an engraved, serialized Parker duofold Fountain Pen bearing the official Centennial logo. The pen, the top of the Parker line, comes in a mahogany presentation case, and only 1000 will be produced.

Patrick also reported that sales of Centennial products, as evidenced by royalties paid to the office, are increasing at an impressive rate. The new catalog is also available, and more than 40,000 copies have been distributed, The updated Centennial calendar of events is also available.

The Centennial float has been out on the road, driven by Mark Copenhaver, float coordinator, who was introduced at the meeting. Mr. Copenhaver, from Rudyard, Montana, will be piloting the float in about 40 Montana Centennial parades and events this summer. There are still some vacancies in the float schedule, reported Copenhaver, and he would like to hear from communities that would like to have the float appear as a part of their festivities.

The float was well received on its first outings, first in East Glacier and West Glacier. Copenhaver now refers to himself as "the float valet."



The Consul General of Israel, Harry Kney-Tal, visited the Centennial office on May 22. During the visit with Lt. Governor Allen Kolstad, Kney-Tal was presented with a Centennial belt buckle.

Pictured left to right: Leo Ellingson, Centennial Director, Dr. Barry Ferst, assoc. professor of Philosophy at Carroll College, Harry Kney-Tal, the Consul General, and Lt. Gov. Allen Kolstad.

MONTANA CENTENNIAL REGATTA

The Montana Centennial Regatta is scheduled for July 28–30 at Whitefish. The Whitefish Lake Boat Club and Regatta Association has been sponsoring power boat regattas on Whitefish Lake at the Whitefish beach since 1936. Last year, 1988, was the 50th annual regatta, with only two years missing during World War II due to gas rationing. The 50 year celebration included bringing back and having a banquet with and for the pioneer boat racers in Montana. There were 142 in attendance for a nice banquet.

The Regatta, dedicated to the Centennial, brings racers from all over the northwestern United States and three western Canadian provinces.

In addition to the power boat racing itself, held at the City Beach, the Queen of the Waters will be crowned. There will be a downtown parade including floats and the power boats that are competing. There will be an awards presentation for the winners at the end of each day of competition. It will be a three-day event with the parade and crowning of the queen on Friday, followed by a street dance, power boat racing on Saturday, followed by an award ceremony at a local establishment. There will be power boat racing again on Sunday, followed by another awards ceremony at another establishment before the racers head home.

June '89

COMMUNITY CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS

BUTTE • Butte Silver Bow Arts Foundation has a unique Centennial exhibition. It is **a collection of over 6,000 commemorative badges** belonging to Father Edward Courtney of Butte. The badges represent organizations, election campaigns and other events of importance which occurred from the 1800s until the present. They are representative of not only Montana but other parts of the United States. The exhibit will be displayed during July and August of 1989 at the C. W. Clark Mansion, the Arts Chateau in Butte.

The oldest of the badges date from the end of the last century. The exhibit will be enhanced by a display of election posters, of deceased candidates, and other memorabilia appropriate for the display. This educational exhibit will be viewed by thousands of summer visitors to the area. Also on display as part of the Arts Chateau's permanent exhibit is the Period Museum.

The Arts Chateau is the only publicly owned arts facility of its kind in southwestern Montana. The turn-of-the-century mansion was built by Charles Walter Clark, son of the Copper King W. A. Clark, and his wife, Katherine in 1898. The French-style building was completed in 1901. The building was purchased in 1977 by a volunteer group and deeded over to the city to serve as the county's arts center. The twenty-six room mansion is decorated with beautiful woods from around the world, stained glass windows, and craftsmanship unequaled today. Two galleries house traveling exhibits. A $1 donation is requested at the door of the Arts Chateau. Summer hours: open 10 am until 6 pm Tuesday through Saturday; noon until 5 pm Sunday; closed Monday. (Hours effective Memorial Day until Labor Day).

CARBON COUNTY • As a sanctioned Centennial project, the Carbon County Museum at Red Lodge is preparing **an educational historical exhibit depicting Red Lodge in 1889.** It will be displayed permanently in the museum.

The exhibit will consist of six to twelve photographs of Red Lodge in 1889 and captions that will capture the spirit of the fledgling, five-year-old town of that year. Some of the themes for the photos will include coal mining, the railroad, Crow Indians, ranchers and other early settlers, schools, and politics.

The display will be completed by July 1, and will coincide with the influx of summer tourists and with the staging of three registered Centennial events scheduled to be held in Red Lodge in early July: the Mountain Man Rendezvous, the Home of Champions Rodeo, and the Can-Can Revival.

The exhibit will serve the 6,000 people who visit the Carbon County Museum annually.

DRUMMOND • The Drummond **Centennial Celebration** will be held Saturday and Sunday, July 8 and 9. On Saturday, July 8, starting at 3 p.m., there will be a bathing suit contest, skits, pony express ride, kiddies parade and street dance. On Sunday, July 9 there will be a rodeo parade at 12 noon, followed by the American Legion rodeo at 1:30 pm.

FALLON • Perhaps the diversity of Centennial observance in Montana can be demonstrated by a project being carried out in Fallon, Montana by the Prairie County Extension Homemakers Clubs. These clubs have embarked on a project to **renovate and relocate an old cowboy bandstand.** They will also attempt to make people aware of the bandstand, educate the public to its importance in the culture of the early 1900s, and involve members and families of Prairie County Homemaker Clubs in the project.

The Cowboy Band is famous in this eastern Montana area for the many people they entertained in the early 1900s. Their biggest trip and engagement, talked of still, was the time the Band traveled to South Dakota and played for President Theodore Roosevelt.

This band had a bandstand from which they performed in Terry, their hometown.

The bandstand has been abandoned, unused and unkept for many years, and is now sitting at the Prairie County Fair Grounds. The Prairie County Extension Homemakers Clubs (there are seven clubs involved) have voted to renovate, move, and renew memories with this project. Next they plan, with the town of Terry and the County Commissioners, to select an appropriate location in Terry for the bandstand. Finally, the bandstand will be relocated and dedicated.

Clubs taking part in this activity are made up of members (about 70) from all corners of the county. Thus, involving these members and their families will make the project a county project, drawing community members together as they work together.

FERGUS COUNTY • The Fergus County '89ers are offering **tours of various attractions** in the Fergus County area, July 1–15.

The first tour will be July 1–3 of Lewistown Centennial Sites, including buildings and Ft. Maginnis.

The second tour, July 5–7, will be of Judith Peak, Big Springs, and will include three gold mines.

The third tour, July 7–8, will be of the Maiden townsite area.

The last tour will be July 10–15 and will include Ft. Maginnis; Graveyard; the Gilt Edge area; Calamity Jane's home; "Moonshine Place"; Hanging Tree; Buffalo Jump; Father DeSmet homesteads, and others.

For all out-of-town tours, pack your own lunch. Transportation will not be furnished. You'll see ghost towns and learn much history of the areas. There are lots of miles involved.

GALLATIN COUNTY • Gallatin County's biggest Centennial event will be the **Lewis and Clark Pageant**, an outdoor drama with a cast of approximately 150, including many Native Americans, who will re-enact the episodes of the 1805–06 Expedition.

The Pageant site will be the Missouri River Headwaters State Park, near Three Forks, Montana. Dates for the four

Montana unveils new license-plate design

GFT Sept. 22 '89

HELENA (AP) — Tired of that dingy, dented license that still sports the design honoring the nation's 200th birthday way back in 1976?

That boring, hackneyed design got you down?

Your car or truck need a little change in decor?

Well, be of good cheer and take heart. Relief is on its way.

Attorney General Marc Racicot on Thursday unveiled Montana's new vehicle plates that will go on sale beginning in January 1991.

The new plate features a powder-blue strip across the top that gradually fades into a gray background. A silhouette of mountains in yellow, orange and maroon streaks across the upper portion of the plate, underlining the word "MONTANA" in gray lettering.

The bottom of the plate sports the familiar label "Big Sky" in powder blue.

The license numbers and letters are painted a Navy blue.

Racicot, whose Justice Department includes the Motor Vehicle Division, unveiled the design at a meeting the Montana County Treasurers' Association in Butte.

The new plates were authorized by the Legislature earlier this year and Racicot formed a committee to come up with a new design.

He said the criteria for the plates was good visibility for law enforcement, compliance with Montana law and the potential to promote the state through an attractive design.

The 2 million new plates will be produced by state prison inmates at a cost of $1.8 million. The manufacturing will require 600,000 pounds of aluminum.

State law requires a $2 charge for the new plates when they are issued in 1991.

Those who devised the plates:

- Dean Roberts, head of the Motor Vehicles Division.
- Bud Schoen, state motor-vehicle registrar.
- Lt. Col. Jim Stotts of the Montana Highway Patrol.
- Mike Lavin, deputy Justice Department director.
- John Wilson, former head of the state tourism office.
- Johnal Holst, industries production manager at the prison.
- Annette Finstad, Helena graphic artist.



Tribune Photo by Steve Shirley

Marc Racicot holds prototype of new plate.

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BROWNING — **PEPION, Ronald Robin,** 34, of Great Falls died Tuesday of multiple stab wounds after an argument in a Great Falls apartment. Rosary is 7 p.m. Sunday at Riddle Funeral Home. Funeral is 2 p.m. Monday at Little Flower Church. Burial is in Willow Creek Cemetery. Born in Browning, he attended Cut Bank and Browning schools and graduated Browning High School. He attended the College of Great Falls. Pepion was an artist and carpenter. Survivors: father, Harvey of Cut Bank; children, Joshua, Angela, both of St. Ignatius; brothers, John Pepion of Grand Forks, N.D., Kenneth Sellars Jr. of Browning, Dennis Sellars of Shelby; sisters, Phyllis Pepion of Cut Bank, Hattie Steele of Helena, Eva Stotto of Phoenix, Ariz., April Pepion of Great Falls; grandparents, Donald, Eva Upham of Cut Bank.

Correction

HAVRE — The body of Richard John Williams, who died about Nov. 2, 1988, was found Sunday in North Havre.

Lottery

Fires

Thursday, 1:03 a.m. — Gas spill, lines down, Meadow Lark Drive and Alder Drive.

6:48 a.m. — Mattress fire in alley, 512 2nd Alley N.

4:20 p.m. — Resuscitator call, 400 4th St. N.

Courts

CITY COURT

Michael Lynn Goulet, 23, 908 7th Ave. N.W., pleaded guilty to eluding a police officer. Fined $100.

Jerry Timothy Raya, 37, 300 15th St. S., pleaded guilty to driving while privilege suspended. $500; sentenced to two days in jail with all time suspended.

Charles Mathew Bigleggins, 19, 1712B 6th Ave. S., found in contempt of court. 2 days.

William Joseph Defrance, 39, Butte, found in contempt of court. 2 days.

Edward Melvin Bercier, 602A 16th St. N., found in contempt of court. 1 day.

Delbert Don Crossguns, 25, Great Falls, pleaded guilty to carrying a concealed weapon, and misdemeanor theft. 2 days.

Russell Lee Feller, 30, 1420 6th Ave. S.

with Rev. Jay Peterson officiating. Rosary at the O'Connor Memorial Chapel on Sunday at 6:00 p.m. burial at Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

FUNERAL HOME AND CREMATORY



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7/7/89

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(206) 624-3600 Seattle, Washington 98154

BOOKS

Big Sky Lore and Lure

THE LAST BEST PLACE: A MONTANA ANTHOLOGY
Edited by William Kittredge and Annick Smith
Helena, Mont.: Montana Historical Society Press. 1,182 pp. $39.95

By Carin Pratt

GIVEN the size of its population (800,000), especially relative to its land mass (17 times the size of Massachusetts), the state of Montana has produced and attracted a prodigious number of writers. In "The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology," editors William Kittredge and Annick Smith set out to document "the evolution of a literary tradition."

For the most part, the big book about Big Sky country and its people (trout and livestock, too) succeeds. When you've finished all 1,182 pages, it's hard not to be convinced that few states can rival the literary production, both past and present, of Montana.

The editors divided their book into eight chronological chapters, each prefaced by an essay. The first chapter, "Native American Stories and Myths," establishes the often sad presence – like a shadow cast across the page – of the Native Americans and how they were treated.

The surprisingly eloquent "Journals of Exploration" present Lewis and Clark's sophisticated (despite the horrendous spelling) yet entirely human expressions of wonder at the landscape, at being "the first white [men] who ever were on the waters of this river."

George Catlin, Audubon, and other adventurers write of buffalo kills and tribal customs and the "rudenesses and wilds in Nature's works." Iron Teeth, a Cheyenne woman, tells of her exile in Indian Territory (present-day Oklahoma). At age 92, she says, "I used to hate all white people, especially their soldiers. But my heart now has become changed to softer feelings. Some of the white people are good, maybe as good as Indians."

"Stories of Early Pioneers and Indians" and "Remembering the Agricultural Frontier" recount tales of rigors survived, told without embellishment or pessimism, self-pity, or regret. Women have babies unattended, cope alone with nine children while husbands are away for months at "paying" work. Sometimes the cold meant pigs had to be butchered in what passed for the living room of the cabin – the only place warm enough to keep the carcasses from freezing too solid for a knife. Mrs. Custer tells of watching her husband leave for the Little Big Horn, "With my husband's departure, my last happy days in garrison were ended, as a premonition of disaster that I had never known before weighed me down."

These stories are the bedrock of the mythology of the West. They lay the groundwork for the second half of the book, the chapters on literature, fiction, and poetry. Here the anthology's theme and title achieve their resonance.

As the essay introducing "Literature of Modern Montana" states, "Innocence and self-destructiveness converge in today's Big Sky country with its awareness of being the end of a tradition, the last best place, a fortress of the mind. *Having lost so much, how can we keep the little that is left?*"

At times the isolationism many Montanans exude (this essayist calls it "their sense of place and their fear of invasion") reeks of geographic hubris. We've got it, you don't, so stay out and don't ruin it for us. But in its more benign forms it is evidence of a strong love and reverence for the land and humans', or Montanans', place in it.

The first book everyone who visits Montana, or who picks up a flyrod, is told to read is Norman MacLean's "A River Runs Through It," and the advice is well taken. You could say it's about fly-fishing, but it's about many other things as well, difficult and pleasing relationships, the land and rivers, the way skills reflect character. An excerpt begins the chapter on "Contemporary Fiction." Too bad the whole novella couldn't be included.

This chapter seemed uneven. Next to such well-known writers as Richard Ford, Richard Brautigan, Tom McGuane, and Ivan Doig are lesser-knowns, some with stories of lesser quality. Kittredge writes that many writers not born in Montana come "seeking after a good place in which to conduct a good life," the "possibility of a coherent life in a last best place," and many of these stories portray the search for that kind of life.

That "Montana artists seem more ready than many Americans to acknowledge forces beyond their control . . ." would seem to make them born poets, and Richard Hugo is just that. His stories and imagery and upfront vulnerability can take one's breath away. Many of the poets represented in the last chapter studied under Hugo, and they learned well. Their poetry is impressive.

COVER ART FROM 'THE LAST BEST PLACE'



A few quibbles with the anthology. Two volumes instead of one book heavy enough to bring down a buffalo would have served the reader better, especially since either half would be the perfect accompaniment for a Montana vacation. The book cries out for a map. Even those familiar with Montana will want to trace the explorers' meanderings and locate the Blackfoot River, the Absaroka Range, and Alder Gulch. But by and large, "The Last Best Place" does what a good anthology should do, set out a specific literary tradition clearly and make the reader want to finish the excerpts.

■ *Carin Pratt is a producer for CBS's "Face the Nation."*

JUSTICE

Arresting Crime Worldwide

THE best way to arrest crime is to get tough on criminals. Right? Maybe not.

Law-and-order lobbyists in the United States have long taken the crackdown stance. But the reinstatement of the death penalty in many states, more rigid criminal sentencing, and the narrowing of rights of the accused have not reduced the crime rate.

In fact, a Federal Bureau of Investigation survey shows an upswing in serious crime in the US that began four years ago continues today. Rape, robbery, and assault have all increased.

CURTIS J. SITOMER



The US is not alone in having to cope with increased criminal activity. The Soviet Union and China face similar problems.

In what many in the West call a remarkable official revelation on the subject of crime, Soviet Interior Minister Vadim Bakatim said recently that crime rose by 16.9 percent in 1988. As reported by the Communist Party newspaper Pravda, Mr. Bakatim said street crime increased by 40 percent, and robberies account for nearly one-third of the crime in the USSR.

Some Soviet experts say *glasnost*, the new policy of openness under Mikhail Gorbachev, has contributed to the rise in crime. Yet penalties for criminal behavior are still very harsh.

Crime in China is also on the upswing, and economic reforms and governmental openness are being blamed. Police say organized crime will be a priority target in 1989. The major increase is in violent crime along with drug-smuggling and counterfeiting involving overseas gangs.

Deputy Minister of Public Security Yu Lei is quoted in the official China Daily as saying that lawlessness in China is most acute in large cities and coastal zones opened to the outside world in recent years.

For decades, this nation has claimed to be one of the most law-abiding in the world.

Communist Party leader Zhao Ziyang reportedly attributes the increase in crime – including corruption among government officials – to Beijing's transition to a "new economic order" based on market forces.

Others blame surging criminality in China – up 45 percent in 1988 over the previous year – on declining social morality and widespread youth unemployment.

China's harsh penal code does not seem to be a significant deterrent to crime, since several thousand convicted criminals are put to death each year by the state.

The lawlessness picture in other parts of the world is no brighter. In Ireland, for instance, the crime rate rose by almost 10 percent in 1988 despite tougher police measures and intensive surveillance of leading criminal figures.

The British Home Office says the surge in crime in Britain is severely affecting that nation's overall quality of life. Public spending to tackle the problem, and losses to individuals and groups amount to £15 billion ($27.75 billion) annually.

Generally, the recent surge of crime in democratic nations appears to be largely drug-related. In communist countries, however, changing economic policies and less-rigid government controls on citizens are at least indirectly contributing to lawlessness.

Crime in general is fueled by poverty and unemployment. Greed and low moral standards also breed lawlessness.

Government crackdowns don't address these problems.

A law-abiding society must confront the underlying causes of crime with social reform rather than get-tough policies.

Morality is not effectively mandated by government fiat. It is best taught in the family, church, and other institutions that are dedicated forces for good.

A Thursday column

York Times Ap. 30 '96

Freeman Depended on Subsidies

Evicted Anti-Tax Rancher and Partners Got $676,000 in U.S. Aid

By JAMES BROOKE

JORDAN, Mont., April 26 — Striding to the edge of Ralph E. Clark's ranch here recently, a Freeman in a cowboy hat nailed to a fence post a manifesto denouncing the Federal Government as a "corporate prostitute."

But tarnishing this image of rugged individualism, a new study of Federal payments indicates that over the last decade Mr. Clark and his ranch partners received $676,082 in Government checks to cushion a variety of farming setbacks: droughts, hailstorms and low prices for wheat, wool and barley. The flow of Federal money was not enough to prevent foreclosure on the ranch two years ago, but Mr. Clark refused to leave, setting the stage for a siege that is now in its fifth week.

"They were dependent on the helping hand of Government, just like everybody else up there in agriculture," said Kenneth Cook, president of the Environmental Working Group, a nonprofit group in Washington that researches farm subsidy programs.

"But even by standards of agriculture, hundreds of thousands of dollars over 10 years — that's substantial," added Mr. Cook, whose analysts compiled the figures on Friday after weeks of studying computer files on farm subsidy checks issued by the Department of Agriculture from 1985 to 1994.

Documents filed at the Garfield County Courthouse also offer glimpses into the heavy reliance on Government aid by the 65-year-old farmer who now symbolizes the anti-government Freemen group. In the 1994 foreclosure sale of Ralph Clark's 960-acre homestead, court documents show that Mr. Clark signed a 10-year contract in 1990 to receive an annual payment of $48,269 under the Conservation Reserve Program. Payments were made through 1994, the Environmental Working Group said.

Under this program, highly popular in Montana, farmers agree to suspend production on steep slopes and other land highly subject to erosion, planting it with grass that will not be grazed or cut for hay. Critics of the program, which began in 1985, often call it "paying farmers not to farm."

"You'd be a fool not to take it," Nick Murnion, the Garfield County Attorney, said of the subsidy money. Referring to the Clark clan's skill in winning subsidy payments, he added, "Everybody in the county knows that's what they have been doing."

With a population of only 1,300 people, Garfield County received $63 million in farm subsidy payments from 1985 to 1994, the Environmental Working Group said. In the same period in Brusett, the section of Jordan where the Clarks live, 76 farmers received $7.3 million from 31 different farm subsidy programs.

"What stands out about Ralph Clark is the complexity," said Clark Williams, an analyst for the Washington group. "Ordinarily, a family farm is not that complicated."

Over a 10-year period, Federal checks went to 11 entities with interest in the main Clark homestead here — first to Mr. Clark; then, from 1988 to 1993, to a corporation in which he was a stockholder, and then, in 1993 and 1994, to a revocable trust in which he had an interest.

"Around 1992, they were setting up revocable trusts as a means of avoiding income taxes, state taxes," Mr. Murnion, the County Attorney, said, referring to one of a series of strategies Mr. Clark tried over the last 15 years to avoid losing his farm, which had been in his family since 1913.

Mr. Clark's financial problems date to 1978 when, following the trend of the time, he borrowed heavily to expand his holdings, adding 7,000 acres to his original homestead. But interest rates soared to 21 percent in 1979, drought struck in 1980 and hail flattened his wheat and barley crops in 1981. By May 1982, the Farmers Home Administration was calling in his entire outstanding debt of $825,000.

> On subsidies: 'You'd be a fool not to take it.'

"Someone like Ralph didn't start out hating the system," recalled Sarah Vogel, a lawyer who helped him to postpone foreclosure in 1982 and who is now North Dakota's Agriculture Commissioner. "He was a genuine, old timey rancher, who grew up without a telephone, who used to deliver mail by horseback because they didn't have roads."

In dealing with the Federal bureaucracy, Ms. Vogel recalls, Mr. Clark labored under a hidden handicap: he had never learned to read or write. "He never admitted it," she said. "I remember driving to the hearing, and he said, 'I forgot my glasses at home, could you tell me what that street sign says?' "

To handle the paperwork of modern farming, he relied on his wife, Kay, or on his son, Edwin.

Ms. Vogel's defense of Mr. Clark drew an article in Life magazine and a report by Geraldo Rivera on the ABC News program "20/20." Following this publicity, charitable donations flowed from around the nation to help the beleaguered farmer. Neighbors said financial help and counseling also came in the late 1980's from Farm Aid, a support group now in Cambridge, Mass.

"Ralph flunked out of grade school, but he had an ability to mesmerize people," said Cecil Weeding, a neighboring rancher who is married to Mr. Clark's sister, Ada. "He was a natural con man."

When Mr. Clark and other Freemen farmers had money, they did not always spend it wisely, neighbors said. After winning one stay of foreclosure from Farmers Home Administration, they recalled, he bought a Lincoln Continental. Bill Stanton, a 65-year-old neighbor, who joined the Freemen, was known by neighbors to have spent his Federal subsidy checks on things like a helicopter, a motor home and gambling trips to Las Vegas, Nev., and the Bahamas.

In the 1980's, opposition to Federal aid became heresy here. Jordan, with only 450 people, is at the center of a semi-desert expanse called the Big Open, where 3,000 people are scattered over 15,000 square miles.

A smashed windshield greeted Bob Scott, a Montana environmentalist, when he visited Jordan in 1987 to propose that local ranchers be weaned from Federal aid through the creation of a huge deer and bison hunting preserve. "I remember the Clarks as the ones being the most xenophobic, with the most bizarre ideas," Mr. Scott recalled in a telephone interview from his home in Missoula. "One of the Clarks said we were a cult group that was going to bring AIDS into the area."

Increasingly, subsidy checks became crucial for the survival of the Clark clan. In January 1994, the Clarks led a group of armed men to storm the county courthouse here. At issue was a Federal subsidy check that the former wife of Richard E. Clark, Ralph Clark's nephew, was seeking in a divorce payment.

But time was running out for the Clarks in the conventional courts of the land. On April 14, 1994, Ralph Clark's homestead farm was sold for $50,000 to an out-of-state creditor bank. In October 1995, K. L. Bliss, a local rancher, paid $493,000 for the 7,000-acre spread that Mr. Clark bought nearly 20 years earlier.

But two years ago, Mr. Clark gave up on the courts and stopped leaving his farm. From his homestead, renamed "Justus Township," he signed his name to a series of pronouncements setting up a parallel "common law" system of marshals and grand juries. According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Clark farm compound also began to compete with the Federal Reserve, issuing its own currency in the form of millions of dollars in bogus checks.

Two weeks ago, surrounded by Federal agents, embittered by Federal justice and cut off from Federal aid, Mr. Clark ordered a follower to nail to his fence the manifesto that proclaimed: "Freemen are NOT a part to the de facto corporate prostitute a/k/a the United States."

his time and talents are the Hospice of St. Johns, Colorado AIDS Project and Lines for Life, a cancer research association.

Volunteers of America, a multi-service organization and Denver's largest Taste of the Nation beneficiary, has received grants each of the past eight years. Dianna Kunz, President of Volunteers of America, Colorado Branch, is grateful that the benefit has also allowed Volunteers of America to receive a great deal of visibility in the community and to develop strong relationships with local restaurants.

Other SOS activities that have taken root in Denver are Quarters for Kids and Writers Harvest. Without a doubt, Denver is a model city, and a place to which SOS owes a great beginning. ▲

NOTE: This is the first article in a two-part series on Colorado.

SOS RESTAURANTS IN DENVER

240 Union
Alfalfa's Market
Augusta at the Westin Hotel
Black Swan
Brick Oven Beanery
Buckhorn Exchange
Cafe Paradiso
Campari's at the Sheraton Denver Tech
Ciao! baby
Cliff Young's
Denver Buffalo Co.
European Cafe
The Fort
Imperial Chinese
Josephina's
Marlowe's
McCormick's Fish House
O Sole Mio
Olive Oil Italian Trattoria
Palace Arms at the Brown Palace Hotel
Panda Cafe
Pour La France
Sfuzzi
Strings
Tango
Tante Louise
The Downtown Broker
Wellshire Inn
Willow River Cheese Co.
Wynkoop Brewing Co.
Zenith

SOS CHEF COLUMN

By John Brooks

Matthew Franklin

Chef - 240 Union Restaurant
240 Union Boulevard
Lakewood, CO 80228



Matthew Franklin of Denver's 240 Union Restaurant started cooking at an early age. His parents traveled often and introduced Franklin to many different types of food. After enjoying a wide variety of cuisine, he developed a taste for good food along with high expectations for his own cooking.

Franklin participated in Share Our Strength's Taste of the Nation from 1988 to 1990 when working with Jimmy Schmidt at The Rattlesnake Club in Denver, and has participated with Chef Noel Cunningham at 240 Union since its opening in 1990. Not only does he regularly donate a portion of his paycheck to Share Our Strength, Franklin also contributes time and expertise to Volunteers of America.

Grilled Salmon with Shiitake Mushroom Sauce

Ingredients for Salmon:
4 - 6 oz. salmon filets
2 tablespoons olive oil
salt and pepper to taste

Ingredients for Sauce:
2 tablespoons shallots, minced
3 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup dry red wine
1/4 cup tomato puree
1 cup shiitake mushrooms, sliced
1 cup reduced veal or beef stock
salt and pepper to taste

PREPARATION

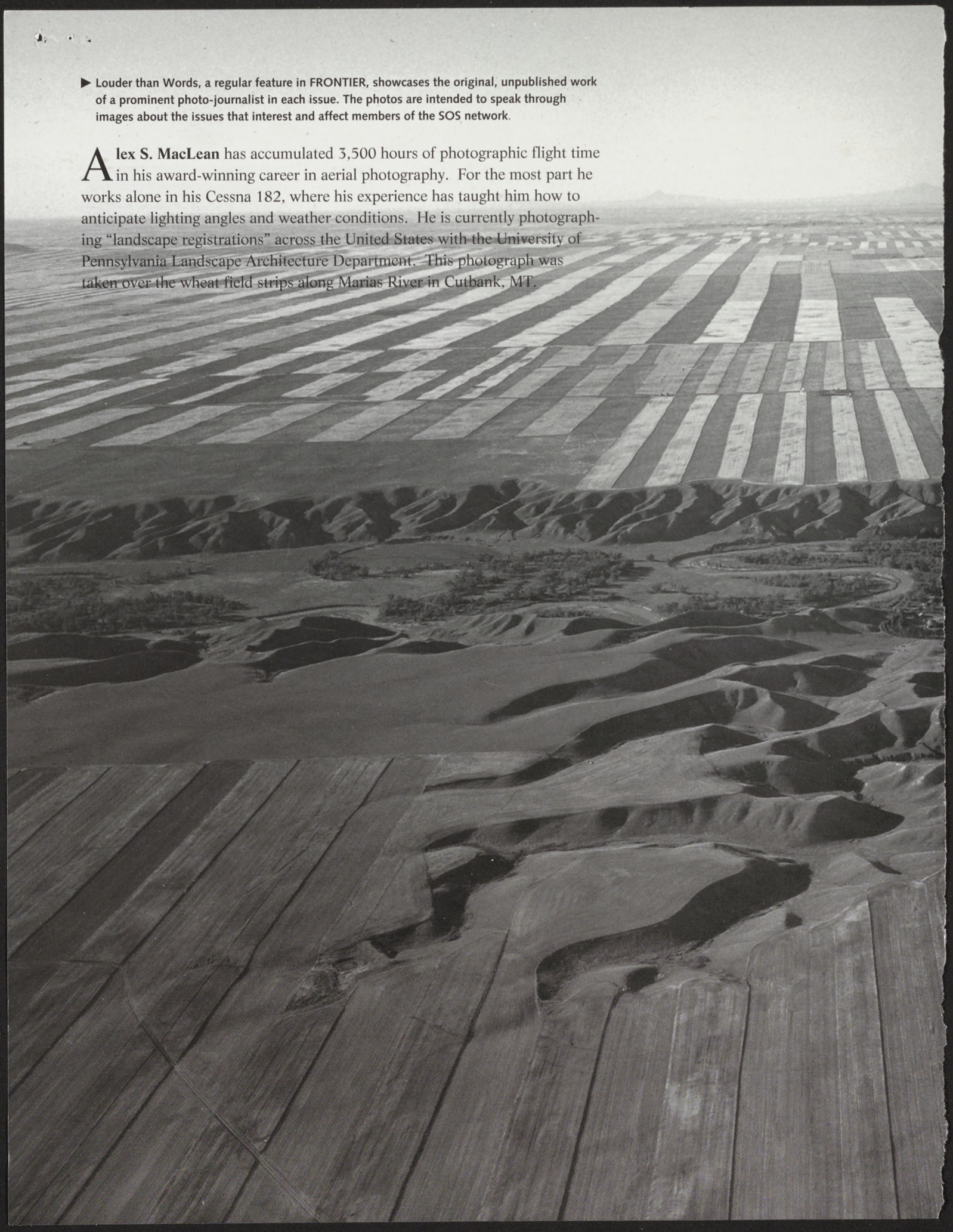
To prepare the sauce: Sauté shallots and mushrooms in butter until golden. Pour in red wine (boil down by 2/3). Add the tomato puree, reduced veal stock (boiled down by 1/3 or to sauce consistency). Keep warm.

To prepare the salmon: Prepare charcoal grill or heat sauté pan. Season salmon with salt, pepper and oil. Grill until medium rare. Keep warm in low oven.

Franklin serves the dish with spinach and choice of mashed potatoes or creamy polenta.

► **Louder than Words, a regular feature in FRONTIER, showcases the original, unpublished work of a prominent photo-journalist in each issue. The photos are intended to speak through images about the issues that interest and affect members of the SOS network.**

Alex S. MacLean has accumulated 3,500 hours of photographic flight time in his award-winning career in aerial photography. For the most part he works alone in his Cessna 182, where his experience has taught him how to anticipate lighting angles and weather conditions. He is currently photographing "landscape registrations" across the United States with the University of Pennsylvania Landscape Architecture Department. This photograph was taken over the wheat field strips along Marias River in Cutbank, MT.





NICOLE MILLER's *Fashion Conscience*



Trend-setting New York designer Nicole Miller has created an original pattern exclusively for Share Our Strength. Her unique and colorful design is available on silk neckties and scarves and features the SOS logo plus the logos from 15 restaurants in the SOS network, including Union Square Cafe in New York, Strings in Denver, Red Sage in the District of Columbia and The Rattlesnake Club in Detroit.



These captivating items are now available from the SOS national office. Call now to order. 1-800-969-4SOS (4767).

The ties are $50 each; and the scarves, which measure 43"x 43", are $70 each.

Reminder!
Look for the Fetzer/SOS Bottle *of wine in an SOS restaurant near you!*
(see p.8 for Fetzer/SOS Program *details).*

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April 24—May 1, 1994

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MONTANA HISTORY CONFERENCE

"History in the Heartland"
Lewistown, Montana
October 25, 26, 27, 1984

Thursday, October 25, 1984

9:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.	Archival Records Workshop, Yogo Inn, Sapphire Room A
11:30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.	Montana Oral History Association Annual Meeting, Central Montana Museum Building
1:30 p.m. - 3:30 p.m.	Oral History Workshop, Yogo Inn, Sapphire Room A
6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Registration, Lewistown Art Center
6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Open Houses - Lewistown Art Center, Lewistown City Library, Old School, and Central Montana Museum Building (where The Museum of the Rockies will present two videos - "Pieces of Past: Homesteading in the Gallatin Valley"; and "Red Bluffs Historical Archeological Field School")
8:00 p.m.	"History of Lewistown Through Fashion," Yogo Inn, Sapphire Rooms, a style show sponsored by the Fergus County Extension Homemakers

Friday, October 26, 1984

Yogo Inn

7:00 a.m. - 8:30 a.m.	Breakfast with Ivan Doig, "Welcome to Gros Ventre - Population 1001," Sapphire Room B
8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Registration, Yogo Inn, Lobby Exhibited in lobby - "The Lewistown Historic Resource Survey Exhibit"
9:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.	Session, Farming the Northern Plains: Dreams and Droughts, Sapphire Rooms Moderator: **David Carroll**, Curator, Western Heritage Center, Billings "Dry Farming in the Northern Great Plains, 1900 - 1925" **Mary Wilma Hargreaves**, Professor Emerita, University of Kentucky, Lexington "The Montana Homestead Frontier Remembered" **Richard Roeder**, Department of History, Montana State University, Bozeman

"Oral Reminiscences of the Farming Experience"
Laurie Mercier, Oral Historian, Montana Historical Society, Helena

9:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Student Paper Presentations, Mountain Rooms
Moderator: **Robert Swartout,** Department of History, Carroll College, Helena

"The Fight for Women's Suffrage in Montana"
Betsy Armstrong, Western Montana College

"The Devil to Pay: Frank Little and the Butte Police Department"
Jon Axline, Montana State University, Bozeman

"A Great Rattling Among the Dry Bones: The Non-Partisan League in Montana"
Carla Homstad Watkins, University of Montana, Missoula

12:00 p.m. Luncheon, Center Mark

"Women in the Agricultural Settlement of the Northern Plains"
Mary Wilma Hargreaves, Speaker

2:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. Paper & Comments, The Taylor-Grazing Act, Sapphire Rooms
Moderator: **James Muhn,** Land-Law Historian, Bureau of Land Management, Billings

"The Taylor-Grazing Act: A Review"
William Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno

Comment by an Historian
Thomas Wessel, Department of History, Montana State University, Missoula

Comment by an Economist
Terry Anderson, Department of Economics, Montana State University, Bozeman

2:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. Case Studies in Montana Research, Looking in Unusual Places and Finding the Unexpected: Written and Archival Sources, Mountain Rooms
Moderator: **Paula Petrik,** Department of History, Montana State University, Bozeman

"New Sources in Territorial Mining History"
Jeff Safford, Department of History, Montana State University, Bozeman

"Researching Livestock History: Brands and Brand Inspectors"
H. O. Mathiason, Brand Enforcement Division, Department of Livestock, Helena

"Genealogy and Research"
Margaret Seilstad, Genealogist, Lewistown

5:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m. Movie, Mountain Rooms
"A World Apart - Montana Hutterites"

6:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m. No Host Bar, Sapphire Rooms

7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Banquet and Awards Ceremony, Center Mark
"Home on the Range: Cowboy Myths and Poems"
Michael Korn, Folk Life Specialist, Montana Arts Council, Helena
Wally McRae, Rocker Six Cattle Company, Forsyth
Gordon Eastman, Lewistown

Saturday, October 27, 1984 Yogo Inn

8:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. Registration, Yogo Inn

9:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Session, Montana's Ethnic Heritage,
Sapphire Rooms
Moderator: **Robert Swartout**, Department of History, Carroll College, Helena

"The Danes in Montana"
Rex Myers, Division of Humanities and Social Science, Western Montana College, Dillon

"Hutterites in Northern Montana"
Hans Peterson, Department of Social Studies, Northern Montana College, Havre

"German Immigration to Montana"
Gertrud Lackschevitz, Department of Foreign Languages, University of Montana, Missoula

"Croations in Central Montana"
Anna Zellick, Lewistown

9:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Session, The Metis: Crisis of Identity
Mountain Rooms
Moderator: **Patrick Morris,** Native American Studies, Montana State University, Bozeman

"Metis: An Historical Overview"
Jeanne Eder, Native American Studies, Eastern Montana College, Billings

"Metis: Canada's Forgotten People"
Antoine Lussier, Native Studies Department, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon

"Metis Roots: Patrifocal and/or Matrifocal Households"
John E. Foster, Department of History, University of Alberta, Edmonton

"Conflicting Metis Values: Freedom, Equality, Independence, Self-Reliance & Other Alleged Ideals of Modern Life"
William Thackeray, Department of English and Philosophy, Idaho State University, Pocatello

12:00 p.m. Luncheon, Center Mark

"The Metis: The People and the Term"
John E. Foster, Speaker

2:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. Session, Transportation Episodes in Central Montana, Sapphire Rooms
Moderator: **Dan Gallacher,** Historian, Historical Research Associates, Missoula

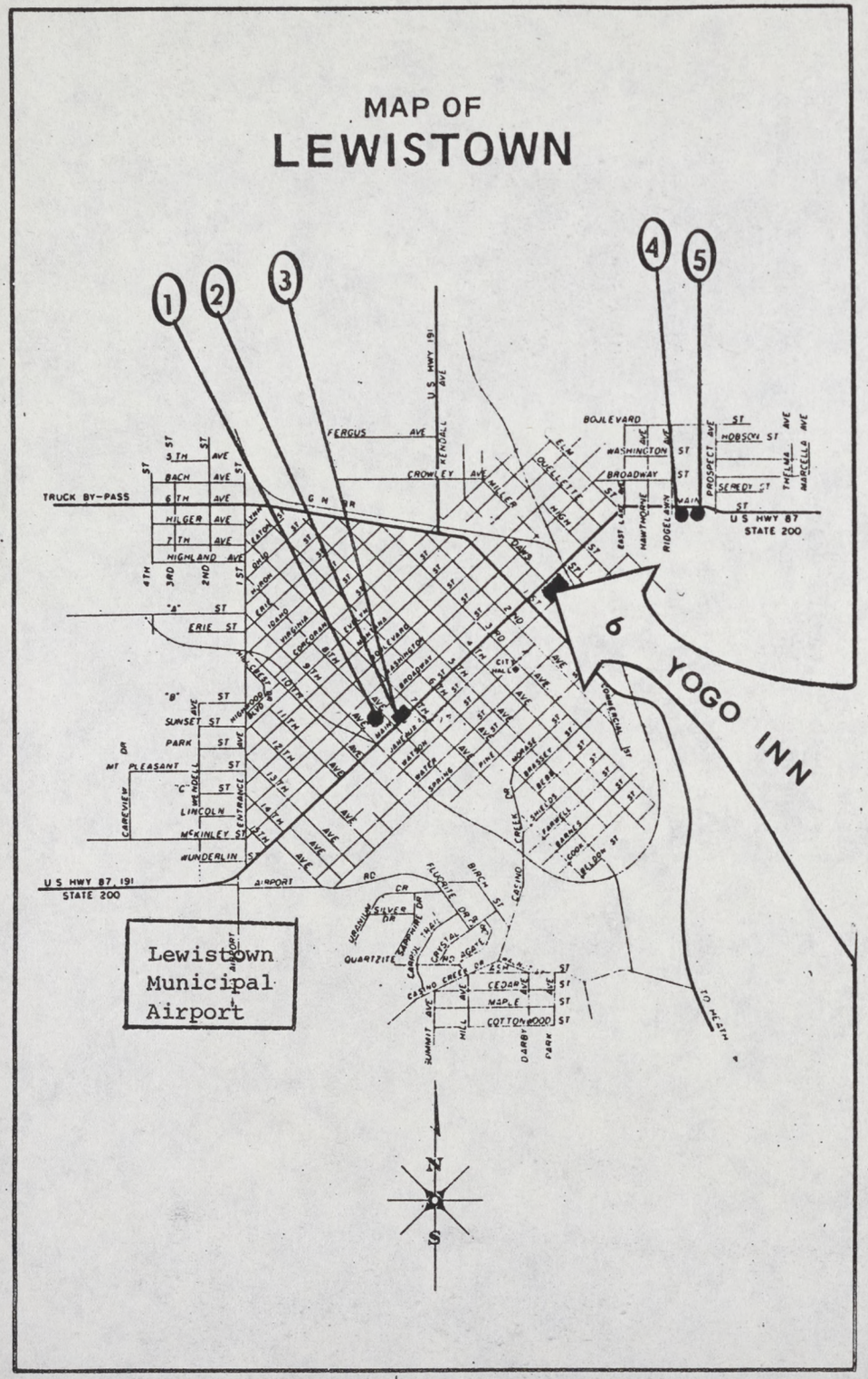
"Steamboating in Central Montana"
William Lass, Department of History, Mankato State University, Mankato, MN

"The Last to Build and the First to Disappear: The Physical Effect of the Milwaukee Road Bankruptcy"
C. V. West, Historian/Consultant, Helena

"The Effects of the Milwaukee Road Abandonment"
Robert Swinth, Department of Managing and Marketing, Montana State University, Bozeman

"The Carroll Trail and Fort Maginnis: Keys to Central Montana"
John R. Foster, Counselor, Lewistown

2:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.	Case Studies in Montana Research, Looking in Unusual Places and Finding the Unexpected: Structures & Sites, Mountain Rooms Moderator, **Marcella Sherfy**, State Historic Preservation Officer, Helena "Tipi Rings as Reference Documents" **Sherri Deaver**, Anthropologist, EthnoScience, Inc., Billings "Looking Twice at Harlowton's Buildings" **Lon Johnson**, Historical Architect, State Historic Preservation Office, Helena "No One Loves a Coal Mine" **Paul Anderson**, Senior Historian, Geological and Cultural Management Services, Inc., Butte "Mining, Farming and Transportation Sites: An Introduction to Their Historic Value" **Fred Quivik**, Architectural Historian, Renewable Technologies Inc.
2:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.	Field Trip Ford Creek Hutterite Colony Arranged by **Ellen Cornwall**, City Preservation Officer, Lewistown
4:30 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.	Field Trip (Box Lunch Enroute) "Understanding What You See: Mining, Farming and Transportation Sites" Led by **Fred Quivik** and **John R. Foster**



ELEVENTH ANNUAL

MONTANA HISTORY CONFERENCE

OCTOBER 25, 26, & 27, 1984

LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

1 Lewistown Art Center
801 W. Broadway

2 Lewistown City Library
701 W. Main

3 Courthouse

4 Central Montana Museum Assn.
408 N.E. Main

5 Old School House
408 N. E. Main

6 YOGO INN
211 E. Main

Montana will prove Newsweek is wrong

Newsweek Magazine made few friends in Montana — or the five other states celebrating their centennials in 1989 and 1990 — when it published an article describing the region as "America's Outback," a land prone to resource exploitation and chronic recession.

There's no doubt that the magazine in its Oct. 12 issue took a hard look at North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington. There's also no doubt that Newsweek's view was distorted.

The story points out that economic progress in the six-state area has traditionally depended on mineral, timber, energy and agricultural production — and the profits or losses are determined by distant markets. It goes on to say that job prospects have diminished during this decade, devastating many small towns and sending young people elsewhere to look for jobs.

And "desperate bargains have been cut in which wealth has been extracted from the land with little regard to the long-term cost," says Newsweek. It specifically mentions pollution from oil drilling in North Dakota, empty coal pits in Wyoming, open-pit mining in South Dakota and an overcut of timber between Montana and the West Coast.

The rhetoric flows on: "The desolation encompasses an enormous swath of land. It is a lost frontier ... a region that has steadily declined" despite heavy subsidies from the federal government.

This binge of negativism ignores the natural beauty, the quality of life and the admirable qualities of people in all six states. But this newspaper isn't primarily concerned about that: the people themselves know better.

Newsweek says the promise of 1989 is far bleaker it was in 1889. It claims the upper Great Plains and northern Rocky Mountain region is, for all intents and purposes, dead.

We disagree, thoroughly and with purpose.

Take Montana as an example. This state lost its industrial base in the early 1980s and suffered through a severe business and farming recession. It lost 4 percent of its people before a slow recovery began in 1987. The slow recovery continues.

Compare this to the Rust Belt of the northeastern United States. Compare it to states such as Ohio, Pennyslvania, Michigan, New Jersey and Illinois. Those states lost more jobs and population, on a percentage basis, than Montana.

In truth, Montana needs vision. It doesn't have a clear path into the next decade or the next century. The taxation and economic climates are hoary holdovers from an industrial age that no longer exists. A political coalition — involving the best minds of both parties — is needed because the individual parties lack leaders in solid numbers.

Montana is not a barren wasteland, as Newsweek claims. What it needs is a better focus and a passion for change.

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America's Outback

Amid scarcity and broken dreams, six Western states mark 100 hard years at the end of the cracked whip

BY JOHN MCCORMICK AND BILL TURQUE

It was a land of vast silent spaces, of lonely rivers, and of plains where the wild game stared at the passing horseman . . . In that land we led a free and hardy life.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT recalling the 1880s in the Dakota Territory

Forty small oil rigs dot Byron Connell's remote acreage, just across the Little Missouri River from Teddy Roosevelt's long-abandoned Elkhorn Ranch. On the worst mornings, Connell's family must huddle indoors until poisonous hydrogen sulfide gas from the wells escapes their valley. Dust clouds raised by noisy fleets of oil-well service trucks sear the lungs and eyes of Connell's cattle. Tanks that capture salt water, which rises naturally with the crude oil, often leak and deaden his soil. Then there are the natural-gas explosions at scattered wellheads. "Sometimes we hear the bang," Connell says. "Sometimes we just find the shrapnel." Gone from the Badlands of present-day North Dakota is the "free and hardy life" Roosevelt extolled. Connell, like other struggling ranchers, endures hazards worthy of a war zone only because oil royalties of $20,000 a year allow him to make ends meet.

North Dakota and five other Western states—South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington—will mark their hundredth birthdays over the next nine months. The anniversaries have already spurred exuberant celebrations—including a re-created Montana cattle drive—and presidential visits to three of the states. But for the ranchers, farmers, miners and millworkers of this Centennial West, the commemoration is pocked by scarcity and stillborn dreams. The region most emblematic of the nation's grandeur and strength is, today, the region most exploited and ignored. Worse yet, with its economy stagnant and its environment increasingly imperiled, the Centennial West has seen too many Byron Connells give up and move on. Those who remain face a thicket of problems. "I'm not sure why we're celebrating," says South Dakota novelist Dan O'Brien.

Decades of federal largesse have relegated the area to near-colonial status. On a per capita basis, five of the centennial states are among the top 10 recipients of federal spending. Despite such heavy investment, from the New Deal to its descendants—massive water and agricultural subsidies—the region has steadily declined. Visitors to its magnificent national parks thread their way through a terrain of increasing destitution: grazing land selling at $20 an acre; the robust era of oil exploration only a memory; small towns hemorrhaging their young. In spots the land is slowly reasserting its dominion; windblown grit covers untended roads, scrubby sage fills abandoned railbeds.

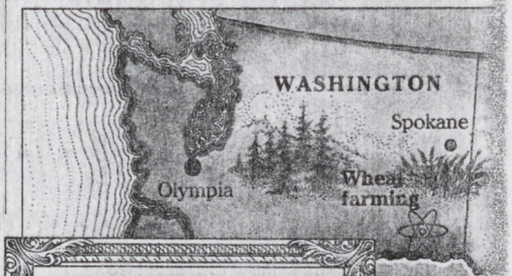
The desolation encompasses an enormous swath of land. It is a lost frontier, an abstraction to urban Americans inured to rush-hour gridlock and noisy neighbors. People are sprinkled across the Centennial West like a light dusting of overnight snow. Five of the six states have fewer than a million inhabitants. Montana, with 800,000 people on its 147,000 square miles, could easily contain New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio—four states that have 48 million residents.

Desperate bargains: There are a few bright spots amid the tumbleweed. Boise, Idaho, has grown into a thriving corporate headquarters town, and Sioux Falls, S.D., after the state legislature erased the local usury laws, attracted credit-card processing and other back-office financial jobs. In Montana, Butte has engineered the most dramatic turnaround: the dilapidated copper capital has built a U.S. Olympic speed-skating center and a thriving port authority that ships grain by rail to deepwater ports.



PHOTOS BY DAVID FRAZIER

No 'free and hardy life': *The Connells*



Tapped Out

The Centennial West must subsist on commodities it sells elsewhere. But the mining, agriculture, timber and energy industries will never provide the jobs that they once did. The decline has devastated many towns.



Riding boom and bust: *A withered economy subservient to the push and pull of distant markets*

But apart from these boomlets, the frontier's precious vein of promise and possibility is running out. Desperate bargains have been cut in which wealth has been extracted from the land with little regard to the long-term cost. Some experts say the slide is inexorable. Already there are serious proposals for returning much of the area to its primordial state: empty grasslands. "We wanted all of the West to be a national success story," says Donald Worster, a Western historian at the University of Kansas. "But the West is more than California. These rural states are bleeding."

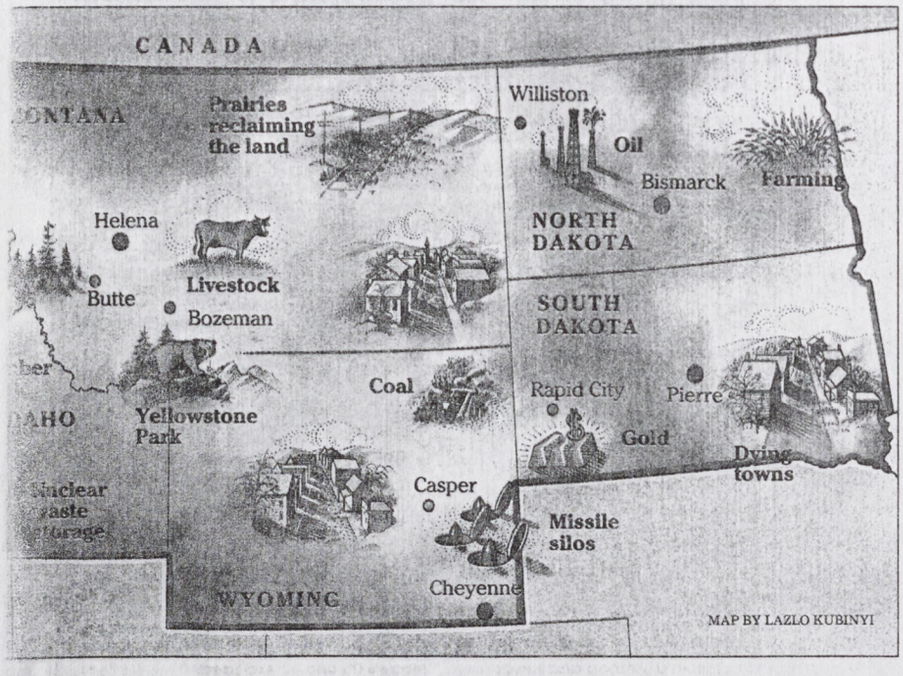
A century ago this cluster of new states signaled the closing of the American West. Taming the frontier surely would reaffirm the American truism: expansion begets abundance. The upper Great Plains—the Dakotas and eastern Montana—offered what at first appeared to be excellent farmland. Farther west, settlers found the so-called Inland Empire, a rich immensity of minerals and timber stretching from the Rockies to the Cascades.

So seductive was the promise of 1889 that no scheme seemed too outrageous. Encouraged by a decade of abnormally good weather, James J. Hill pushed rails west across the prairies and mountains. He wanted to settle the region as densely as Ohio or Illinois, produce oceans of wheat to ship across the Pacific—and convert Oriental diets from rice to flour.

But the promise never materialized. A hundred years of backbreaking work have only reduced the Centennial West to a permanent outback. For decades the economy rode cycles of boom and bust, dependent on whatever prices its oil, gold, timber or cattle could reap in distant markets. Today the busts are growing longer, the booms not nearly as redemptive. "The history of this region is a history of trouble," says University of North Dakota historian D. Jerome Tweton. "These six states have become colonies. We're buffeted by what OPEC does in Geneva and how crops grow in China."

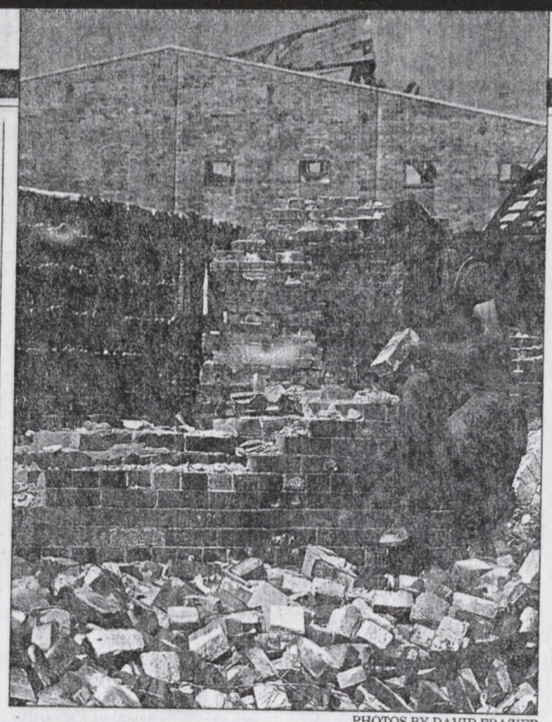
Perpetual recession: Montana, once described as "the end of the cracked whip" for its inability to control its own destiny, pokes along in perpetual recession. It boasted world-class copper mines and smelters in the 1880s, earning Butte the moniker, "The Richest Hill on Earth." A hundred years later, with cheaper raw materials and labor available abroad, the smelters are gone and the ore is processed in Japan.

Montana's desolate neighbor to the south has fared even worse. Like a carriage



hitched to wild stallions, Wyoming careered through the oil economy of the 1970s and '80s. When oil was good, Wyoming was good. But with producers getting 50 percent less for their crude than they did in 1982—and oil severance taxes comprising a third of the revenue base—the state has become what one economist calls "a Third World energy colony." The velocity of the slide has been stunning. Personal income grew 11.9 percent nationally in 1986-87, and 7.1 percent in the Rocky Mountain region. In Wyoming, it fell 5 percent. Nine percent of the population moved out between 1986 and 1988. Gillette rancher Bill Barlow fears Wyoming's future may be "wolves, Wal-Marts and waste." Colorado companies now cast a covetous eye on Wyoming's empty coal pits as repositories for Denver's garbage, raising the specter of "trash ranches." In South Dakota, one company has already bought 1,200 acres of Alonzo Rogers's land for the future Lonetree landfill, the permanent resting place for millions of tons of imported garbage.

Gold charms: Across the West, towns are dying. The population of Williston, N.D., the epicenter of an oil basin underlying three states and part of Canada, swelled to almost 20,000 when energy prices peaked in the early 1980s. Teenagers quit high school for $35,000 jobs as oilfield roughnecks; many bought their girlfriends $450 gold charms shaped like tiny drill bits. A new city planner, unable to find housing, spent one year in a campground. "People came door to door, begging you to sell them your house," says former mayor Jim Haugen. Today so many of the young have fled that huge trailer parks stand empty, their waist-high utility posts lined up like tombstones. Williston, which during the boom borrowed heavily to expand its streets and sewers, must pay a lasting price: the 12,000 residents who remain now face an onerous municipal debt of $22 million.



PHOTOS BY DAVID FRAZIER

Life at the precipice: *Chipping bricks in Lovell, Wyo.*

The land's inability to sustain its people reaches well beyond the energy patch. In northern Wyoming's Big Horn County, an austerely beautiful swath of mountains and sagebrush steppe, sugar beets are the main cash crop. This, too, is life at the precipice. Should the government ever roll back widely unpopular sugar price supports and import quotas, the county would all but blow away. Although other local industries are in decline, unemployment has edged downward in recent months—if only because so many people have left. A few new jobs have come along. In Lovell, Wyo., workers busied themselves tearing down a clay-products plant and selling the bricks for six cents apiece.

Diminished job prospects are driving away the young. Census estimates portray a massive migration of 19- to 24-year-olds well into the 1990s. As many as 60 percent of college graduates leave the region. Only coastal Washington, where Seattle anchors a booming "Pugetopolis," has escaped the exodus. Bill Powell, who is closing his clothing store in Lovell, Wyo., after 32 years, has tried to interest young local people in taking over, but without success. Those with ambition and drive simply leave. Soon, anyone in Lovell who wants to buy a pair of pants or a shirt will have to travel half an hour to the next town. "Our children are like a crop planted, nurtured and then stolen one day before harvest," says U.S. Sen. Tom Daschle of South Dakota.

Even where the economy is not in full crisis, trouble signs abound. Although the Washington-Idaho timber industry is in relative health, lawsuits by environmentalists have limited harvests from national forests, the source of half the states' commercial timber. Idaho Sen. James McClure warns of "a new Appalachia" if more federal timber is not made available to Western sawmills with low inventories.



'A new Appalachia': *Technology has chopped jobs in the Idaho timber industry*

Empty vigil: But thousands of jobs lost in the recession of the early 1980s are gone forever. Those not eliminated by market forces fall prey to mechanization. "New technologies produce more coal, minerals, timber and crops with fewer people," says University of Montana historian Harry Fritz. Wyoming, which passed Kentucky last year as the nation's leading coal producer, dug 38 million more tons out of the ground than it did in 1984 but with 20 percent fewer workers. Communities waiting for the next boom are holding an empty vigil. "Our most likely future," says Fritz, "is a warlord economy—a few people and corporations getting whatever they want."

A decade of weakened commodities prices has reduced the Centennial West to everyone's easy mark. Often the land itself must pay the price.

For a century the lush hills of eastern Washington's Palouse have yielded some of the country's most bountiful wheat crops. But the drive to increase production has exacted a terrible toll on the mineral-rich

soil. Years of overfarming and poor crop rotation have led to alarming rates of erosion. For every bushel of wheat harvested, a bushel of topsoil washes into rivers and waterfalls already brown with sediment. "Remember the worn-out cotton fields of the South? In a few years they may be talking about the worn-out wheat fields of the Palouse," says Dennis Roe of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service.

The "Let's Make a Deal" mentality threatens fragile environments that have endured for millennia. South Dakotans have been reluctant to rein in gold-mining companies leveling portions of the scenic Black Hills 40 miles north of Mount Rushmore. Using a modern technique called heap-leaching, miners reduce ore to huge heaps of rubble, then spray it with a cyanide solution to leach out gold particles. Because it takes several tons of ore to produce one ounce of gold, the open-pit process devours increasingly large areas; one company wants 800 acres of U.S. Forest Service land just for its waste rock. Critics say the mines imperil scarce water supplies to benefit foreign mine owners. But last year voters, fearful of losing mining jobs, rejected initiatives that would have raised extraction taxes and forced the mines to restore the original contour of the land. Tensions haven't abated: a scornful sign at the Grubstake Bar in Lead, S.D., says, "Strip mining prevents forest fires."

Heavy hardware: Other communities are wrestling with their role as neighbors to some of the nation's most forbidding nuclear infrastructure. For a generation, ranchers and townspeople from Cheyenne, Wyo., have resigned themselves to a range wired for Armageddon. The dozens of Minuteman III and Peacekeeper MX missiles buried in the soil are a source of deep ambivalence. "I don't know who really feels safer. You walk a little bit on eggshells and try to look the other way," says Linda Kirkbride, whose children pass four missile sites on their way to school. They may soon face another chilling intrusion: the Air Force wants to make Cheyenne the nexus of the $12 billion Peacekeeper Rail Garrison program, placing missiles in trains to be deployed onto commercial rail lines if war is imminent. Humans aren't the only ones vexed by the heavy hardware: low-flying Air Force helicopters also spook livestock.

The federal government dominates the Centennial West. Extensive federal landholdings (nearly two thirds of Wyoming and Idaho) limit the states' ability to levy property taxes or develop comprehensive land-use plans. That looming presence also offends the sense of independence that suffuses these states. In truth, the region is largely a ward of the government. Local governments depend on royalties from timber and oil that are extracted from federally owned lands within their borders. Ranchers look to the Bureau of Land Management for rangeland they can lease at below-market rates. Last year direct federal payments provided the region's farmers with 60 percent of their net income.

Much of the money is intended to backstop a region that cannot stand on its own. The Idaho town of Kellogg—a moonscape devegetated by smelter fumes during its silver-mining heyday—is quixotically remaking itself into a Bavarian-style resort town. Key to the effort is a $13 million suspended gondola ride. To build it, McClure finagled half the money from, of all places, the U.S. Forest Service. University of South Dakota economist Ralph Brown offers the most damning evaluation of government overspending: "Private enterprise never would have spent all this."



JIM HOLLAND

'Wolves, Wal-Marts and waste': *Alonzo Rogers's ranch will become a landfill*

The decline of the Centennial West has triggered radical proposals for its future. Scot Stradley, a University of North Dakota economist, envisions a big-game safari park to attract international tourists. Frank and Deborah Popper, two Rutgers University professors, have an even bolder idea. They predict that the current migration from the Great Plains will only accelerate. To fill the emerging void they propose creation of the Buffalo Commons, an immense national park covering parts of 10 states east of the Rockies. This huge reclamation project, including reintroduction of bison and other wild game, would cover one fifth of the contiguous United States. "We believe that over the next generation the Plains will lose almost all its people," the Poppers have written. "Then a new use for the suddenly empty Plains will emerge, one that is in fact so old that it predates the American experience."

In a region where lonesome doves abound, efforts to attract new development aren't always welcomed. "We don't know whether to brag about Idaho or denigrate it to keep people out," says University of Idaho historian Carlos Schwantes. "Our oldtimers say they'd rather eat barbed wire than surrender this isolation," says Dick Willey, a fourth-generation Montanan who ranches a 15-mile-long strip with his pal, country singer Hank Williams Jr.

Williams is part of another trend: the advent of wealthy broomstick cowboys bent on making Montana their playground; broadcast magnate Ted Turner recently raised his holdings to 150,000 acres. And any novelist with a big advance and a taste for spare language can get himself a Big Sky spread. Some locals resent these interlopers. "The money people are buying what we wish to hell we could buy," says Charles Jonkel, head of the Institute of the Rockies, a regional study group.

For most of the country, America's Outback is out of sight and out of step. "Our people grew up learning that you didn't have to be a success before sundown," says Jim Yockim, a state senator in North Dakota. But the new and predatory economics of the region threaten that and other patient frontier values. At this moment of celebration, the promise of 1989 is far bleaker than the promise of 1889. The breathtaking Centennial West may return to what it was: vast silent spaces where wild game stare at the passing horseman. ■

GF Trib clipping, Dec. 17 '89, of NASA space shuttle photo of Montana, showing the US-Canada border pattern etc.; send the original to Beth LaDow, Don Worster's Brandeis student working on the Medicine Line after we talked about it in Reno, Oct. '90 WHA; I don't think the pic is of use for Heart Earth.

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ZIN.ZINNER@gmail.com
425-645-0256

Sept 10, 2013

Dear Ivan,

My name is Zin Marie Matheny and I am the great-granddaughter of Moses Manuel. I would like to share part of this intriguing story with you, and hope you enjoy reading about his mining adventures.

Moses and his brother Fred discovered the Homestake Gold Mine in S. Dakota which became the longest operating (and most productive) gold mine in the world.

Sadly, I do not have a single nugget from his mining days but carry instead his spirit of adventure, which is priceless!

My other great-grandfather was Malcom Morrow who homesteaded a large cattle ranch out of Ft. Benton on Shonkin Creek.

It was just such men as the Morrows and Manuels that helped make Montana possible. They feared no foe and did their best.

Enjoy! Zin

ps. Looking forward to reading Sweet Thunder!