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# CLARK FORK FREE PRESS

Monday, May 3, 1982

A Student Action Center Publication

Volume 1, Number 6

## Will We Become the Missoulicon Valley?



Photo by Steve Saroff

Missoula's economic future looks bleak according to authorities on the subject.

by Steve Saroff

For more than two years there has been a low key effort to attract clean, high technology to Montana. Recently, there has been talk among the Chamber of Commerce, business speculators, the county commissioners, Missoula mayor Bill Clegg and Governor Ted Schwinden about upgrading the effort and finding ways to bring industries here as soon as possible. "Clean," high-tech industries—computer and micro electronic businesses for the most part—are looked at as a way

to save western Montana's dying economy.

With the depressed lumber industry, smelters and mines shutting down and local unemployment at near depression levels, it is not curious that these people should be working at ways to save the local economy.

Santa Clara county in California, the area between San Jose to the south, San Francisco to the north, the Santa Cruz mountains and the San Francisco Bay on the west and east respectively, was known a generation ago as "The Valley of the Heart's Delight." Producer of half of the

world's prunes, the valley was a sleepy agricultural area with good weather, clean air and not much else. Today Santa Clara county is Silicon Valley, the heart and brain of the mammoth, growing microelectronics industry.

In December 1980, a delegation from Missoula composed of Missoula businessmen, Lt. Governor and former mayor of Missoula George Turman, County Commissioner Germaine Conrad on returning from a sight-seeing trip to Silicon Valley shared their findings with *The Missoulian* as quoted here from December 9, 1980, "...following the trip, the group asked for a public commitment based on their convictions that the computer industry is right for Montana. They recommended that the state government become directly involved in economic development and that Governor elect Ted Schwinden lead the next pilgrimage to Silicon Valley."

What the delegation in 1980 and other pilgrimages since undoubtedly saw as so right in Silicon Valley is a very rich area. What also was, and still is, so intriguing about Silicon Valley is the clean look of its major industries. Unlike most industrial areas, Silicon Valley is not studded with cooling towers and smoke stacks, nor are there the other tell-tale signs of concentrated industry such as railroad sidings, rusing distilleries or sooty air.

Instead, Silicon Valley packages its industries in efficient looking buildings of glass and aluminum, surrounds them with manicured lawns and links them with fast expressways (one of the major north-south arteries in the valley, interstate route 280 is labeled, "The World's Most Beautiful Freeway").

Low unemployment, lots of cash flow and, in appearance, environmental cleanliness, but how to bring all this potential prosperity home? It's not just western Montana who has been asking this question. Many cities across the country have sent their own economic pilgrims to California to witness the gospel of microelectronics and for good reason. Silicon Valley is rapidly filling its confines. The former Valley of the Heart's Delight is running out of room and it is now looking to new areas for expansion. What the various pil-

grims is that they can entice expanding corporations and businesses from Silicon Valley to set up branches in the pilgrim's home cities. The offers of lots of room, low real estate costs and available work forces have not fallen on deaf ears. Branches of such large companies as Hewlett Packard and Spectra Physics have sprung up in places like Albuquerque, New Mexico and Eugene, Oregon and much more expansion will take place.

Besides space, there are other basic prerequisites a city must meet before a major electronic company considers it, according to industry specialist Larry Amon's account in *The Missoulian* (December 6, 1980). These include a university, a willing and able work force, a large airport with regular flights to the Silicon Valley area, the support businesses that the manufacturing companies require to supply materials used in electronic component production, a clean supply of water and a good supply of electricity.

With a bit of overlooking, Missoula nearly meets the requirements. Then why don't we have a growing electronics industry yet?

"A bad freight problem," is what Phil St. Angelo, part owner of Satellivision, Missoula's token high-tech industry says. St. Angelo and his partner Ron Morgan started Satellivision two years ago when it was originally located on Ronan St. The product they manufacture is an expensive satellite reception antenna system that allows people to receive many television stations when normally they would receive none. A year ago they moved their entire assembly operation to Spokane leaving only an office located in Missoula at 2502 Brooks St. The freight problem, the difficulty in obtaining essential parts and materials when they were needed, along with the difficulty of finding skilled workers were the two major reasons St. Angelo gave for the move. He spoke bitterly in an interview about how difficult it was to operate an electronics business in Missoula and he blamed most of the difficulty on the local politics which, in his

Cont. on page 2

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Cont. from page 1 \*\*\*

opinion, is not making it as easy as it should be for small electronic businesses to get started. He believes tax breaks and zoning changes are essential to attract the smaller electronic businesses to Missoula.

And it is the smaller businesses which are vital. Without the small fry the larger companies will not come. It is small businesses that establish and work out the logistics of trade links to Silicon Valley and it is the same small businesses which become the support businesses if and when the big companies arrive. Also, the success or failure of the local small enterprises is considered by the big companies. If small business thrives it is a good indication that big business will too.

It is interesting, especially when trying to draw parallels between Silicon Valley and the Missoula Valley, to look at Silicon Valley's history and current condition.

In 1956 William Shockley, who had recently received the Nobel Prize along with two other Bell Laboratory physicists, for the invention of the transistor, moved to Palo Alto, California and founded Shockley Transistor Corporation. He had brought with him from New Jersey a handful of highly trained and skilled engineers and researchers. A year later, eight of his employees quit and founded their own company, Fairchild Semiconductor. From Fairchild Semiconductor more employees quit to start their own firms until today there are more than 40 different companies.

Whenever there is a niche to fill someone will start a business and new niches are created constantly in an industry that specializes in specialization. Every high-tech business has its supporting high-tech

business and as technology advances there is a constant demand for new support technology. In Silicon Valley there is a plexus of support and manufacturing high-technologies all symbiotically dependent upon each other and all growing and budding rapidly. At key points in the whole complex system sits the military giving crucial injections of capital whenever things are going slow.

Silicon Valley's largest single employer is Lockheed Missiles and Space of Sunnyvale, California. Lockheed moved its missile division to Sunnyvale in 1956, the same year that Shockley started the microelectronics ball rolling. An integral part of the Silicon Valley plexus, Lockheed does mostly military manufacturing and research. There are many other large companies along with Lockheed who depend on military and Defense department contracts especially during the cyclical economic slumps that even Silicon Valley goes through.

Today Silicon Valley is a sprawling, interwoven mass of high-tech industry where what is strange and exotic won't be tomorrow, where multi-million dollar companies are born almost overnight with little more than a good idea to start with and where competition is so fierce that industrial espionage is commonplace. It is an entrepreneur's dream.

Another aspect of Silicon Valley that is not often mentioned is that the "clean" high-tech industry really isn't that clean. The electronics industry actually is far from an ideal, non-polluting industry.

Although the air isn't sooty and even though the grass is still green, Silicon Valley does have its pollution problems. The valley's pollutants are the more subtle chemicals which act slowly and may not show up for several years. These poisons

and carcinogens are inevitable by-products of the micro-electronics industry.

The California Department of Labor Statistics says that job related illness in electronics is more than four times greater than that of all other industries combined. This may be because the electronics industry in California uses ten per cent of all the chemicals produced in the US and as any chemist will verify, get enough chemicals together and they will interact in many ways producing an endless variety of new, unclassified poisons.

Also, Silicon Valley's industrial growth rate has been accompanied by a twenty per cent increase in Santa Clara County's death rate over the past eight years, according to a 1981 report by Health Systems Agency in San Jose.

Steve Saroff is a past employee of both Spectra-Physics and United Technologies, Inc.

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# Special Education in Revolutionary Nicaragua

by Katherine Hoyt Gonzalez

At age fourteen, Jose Torres of Matagalpa, Nicaragua, likes to ride horseback and take care of his chickens (which he bought with his own money). He also is interested in auto mechanics and draws well. This, however, is only his second year in school. Before the Sandinista revolution there were no schools for Jose and other children like him. For Jose is deaf.

At the beginning of the first complete school year after the revolution, in October of 1980, the government established special education schools in all the provincial capitals around the country. Under Somoza there had been only one school in Managua. Now there are 27 with a total of 1,500 students.

The school in Matagalpa visited by this writer has 130 students registered: 79 retarded children, 23 deaf children like Jose, 18 children with speech problems and 10 children with motor problems. There are other children with motor problems who are visited by therapists in their homes. Some children come weekly with their parents to learn exercises to practice at home.

The school is preparing to move to a better building. They have been in an ordinary house with limited classroom space and almost no yard. The new school will have room for more classrooms and shop areas as well as outdoor space for sports and agricultural activities. Since the school is a little way out of town, students will be carried back and forth in a small bus borrowed from another center for a few hours a day.

When asked about the specific needs of the school, the principal, Carmen Uriza, explained to me her long list of needs that began with a large bus of their own and funding for at least one more teacher, through office equipment (such as a filing cabinet and a typewriter) to educational materials from outdoor play equipment, sports and vocation education equipment down to didactic materials and toys of all kinds.

The material the school has is either made by the teachers or donated by UNICEF. The teachers have done an amazing job of creating educational tools from available materials. The counting box in the deaf students' classroom is full of round sharks' vertebrae painted in bright colors. Workbooks for the students to take home during vacation are made by pasting cutouts from discarded textbooks into notebooks in a manner appropriate for each student.

The teachers at the Special Education School have varying backgrounds. None studied to be special education teachers. Carmen Uriza, the principal, is a normal school graduate with training in vocational education. Ana Ubeda de Osejo, teacher of the deaf children, has two years of university level studies in geology. Jacoba Haar and Mauris Castro are primary school teachers which in Nicaragua does not always mean special training beyond high school or even completion of high school. The principal (who also teaches) and the teachers have been prepared for their new roles by intensive vacation courses and Saturday seminars. Future teachers of special education, however, are being prepared in a new full course of study at the National University.

The school has two committees which help it to function. The first is the Parents' Committee. They have elected their officers and help out in volunteer work in the school. This committee is affiliated with the Parents' Federation, one of the revolutionary mass organizations. Meetings are combined with "Parents' School" at which the parents meet with their children's teachers to learn how to work with their children at home.

The other committee calls itself the Lady Volunteers and is composed of women who are financially able to help the school with monthly donations. The Lady Volunteers are also applying for a small projects donation from AID for the school. Although the present administration in Washington has suspended all aid to the government of Nicaragua, non-government groups can apply for small donations (of up to \$5,000) which can go to benefit a school or other institution run by the government.

The revolutionary government through the Ministry of Education has established four general Objectives of Special Education. They are:

- 1) Achieve the integral development of the children.
- 2) Compensate for and correct their secondary defect.
- 3) Develop cognitive activity and achieve linguistic development.
- 4) Organize senso-perceptive and motor experiences which provide them with an adequate reflection of the world around them.

Ms. Uriza explained that for the retarded children the two social goals are to enable the children to get along by themselves and to enable them to hold a job or engage in productive activity of some kind. In the academic area the students will advance as far as they are able, in some cases as far as the sixth grade level. Right now the Matagalpa school has pre-school, preparatory and first grade levels. Due to the non-existence of these schools before the revolution, many older children attend now for the first time. Those over 14 years of age go directly into vocational education (the school already has a small shop).

In their work with the deaf children, Ms. Uriza explained, the teachers use pictures to teach the children the words they will learn to spell with the manual alphabet (dactylology). Members of the children's families are also taught to use dactylology so they can communicate better. But, as the school year progresses, the students are taught lip reading and to articulate sounds themselves, beginning with the vowels.

Ms. Osejo, teacher of the deaf children, showed me the notebooks where the children have printed each word that they can pronounce with a picture of the object pasted or drawn beside it.

When I visited the class, Jose Torres was subtracting, using a box of sharks' bones to help him. His numbers were clearly written but he was having some trouble.

"He's better at addition," his teacher said.

While Jose subtracted, Ernesto Jarquin (age thirteen) read me the words in his articulation notebook. He pronounced all 20 words clearly. The teacher said that he adds and subtracts well, too.

Jose wanted to read his words to me also, so I listened while he pronounced his eight words with more difficulty than Ernesto had had. There was no jealousy between the boys, however, they both seemed to be enjoying the class immensely.

All the children seemed to have that in common—they love to go to school. When I talked to the mothers at a parents' meeting, they were unanimous in saying how their children enjoy their classes. Mothers of retarded children emphasized how their children how improved in temper-

ment as well as saying that they had learned a great deal.

Aquilina Molina said that when she first brought her retarded daughter Luz Maria (who is twenty years old but very tiny), she did not talk and was afraid to go out or to go down stairs.

"Now she talks, knows names of animals and other things and is not afraid," said Ms. Molina proudly.

Most of the children who attend the Special Education School are very poor and some of them have suffered from malnutrition. (In fact, serious maternal and/or early infant malnutrition is one of the causes of defects in Nicaraguan children.) The school is poor also and teachers have to "work with their fingernails" as Nicaraguans say.

But the revolutionary government firmly believes that poverty is no excuse for neglecting the education and health of the population. It is in these two areas that the revolution has emphasized the voluntary participation of the people in carrying out projects that would be impossible without their efforts.

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# Free Press Impressions

## Editorial

### Silicon Chips: Stakes Are High for Long Shot Gamble

There is the belief among some that Missoula should invest its economic future in chips. These are microelectronic silicon chips, not the poker variety but to invest heavily in drawing these high-tech businesses to Missoula it just as great a gamble.

Missoula shares the same dream with myriad communities in the Northwest where laid off workers of the lumber industry expect high-tech transplants to pick up the slack in their local economies.

The fact is that offshoots of Silicon Valley's microelectronics industry will only bring a host of different problems to the Missoula Valley.

A quick look at towns where this has already taken place would be wise before expending any more energy in luring high-tech to the high country.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, for example, is a few years ahead of us in efforts to draw high-tech transplants. So far,

the bulk of new jobs have been limited to skilled electronic technicians and local job service officials there estimate that it will take up to 10 years to fill the demand for these skilled positions from the local work force. Meanwhile, techni-

quick fix schemes that would merely replace in a one horse town an old plug with a new colt. What the economy needs is diversity to build up a resilience for leaner times.

Neither do we need any sa-  
mauri loan sharks like Kaytaro

A more recent example is the Hmong Medical Equipment Company. This is a local business that builds medical lab equipment for regional distribution and may employ as many as 50 by mid-summer of 1982. While Hmong Medical was having difficulties securing investors city and state officials were in California trying to convince companies from Silicon Valley to relocate in Missoula.

Perhaps the best step that officials could make in the near future would be the support and hopefully the passage of Initiative 95 this fall which would tap the burgeoning Coal Severance Tax Fund for investment instate to revive Montana's economy.

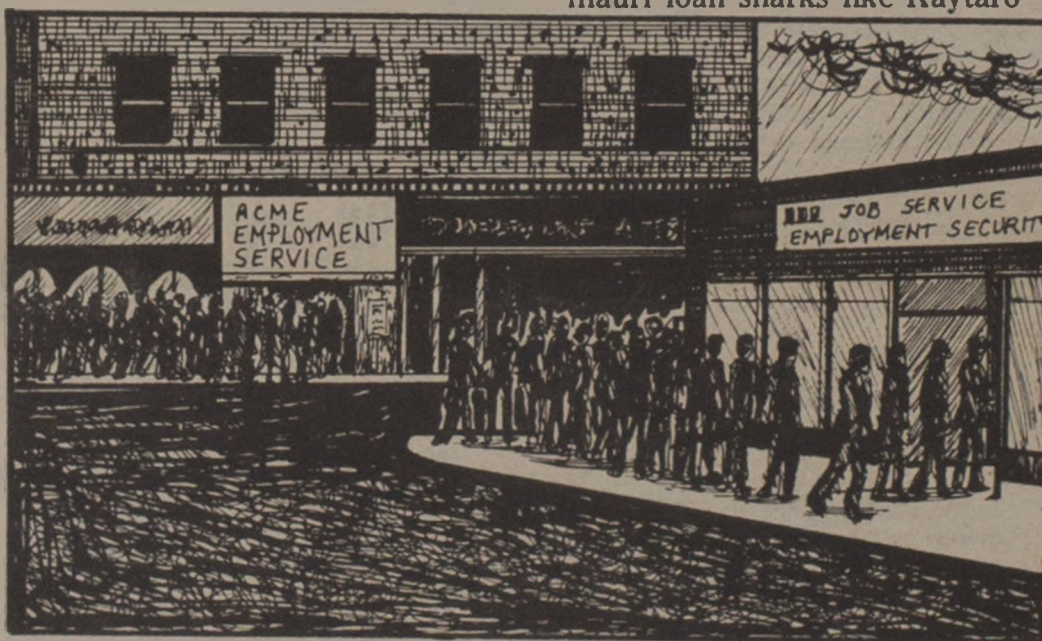
Since 1976 one half of the Coal Tax has been deposited in a permanent trust fund. Presently, 96 per cent of the \$100 million in trust is invested out of state and 3.5 per cent more is invested in Canada.

If the initiative is passed, 25 per cent of new deposits will be invested instate in the first year with that amount being either increased or decreased in following years.

In addition to injecting much needed capital into Montana's economy, it could have the added effect of enticing reluctant businesses to relocate in Montana.

As it stands right now you can hardly blame investors for their cold feet when the state government itself is hesitant to invest in its own economic future.

— George Everett



Graphic by Jim Duran

cians are imported from California and unemployment has been marginally affected.

Missoula's future should not be handed over to such

Sugahara to invest in Montana when we should be investing in ourselves.

We should be supporting our own small businesses instead of looking to import answers to our serious problems.

I might offer as a prime example of this the Crystal Springs Trout Co. In 1978 a Montana businessman proposed to open a trout processing plant in Missoula that would potentially employ over 60 workers. The plant never materialized because the City Council failed to grant a zoning variance to an anachronistic ordinance which had long been voided by technical advances in curbing foul odors. Meanwhile Hoerner Waldorf was permitted to double its operations.

#### Bill Will Dilute Pesticide Law

A controversial chemical industry sponsored bill which would weaken the federal pesticide law is currently being considered by the U.S. House Agriculture Subcommittee on Department Operations, Research and Foreign Agriculture. If passed, HR 5203 would amend two (2) key sections of the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act (FIFRA) limiting both public access to health and safety information about pesticides and states' rights.

Section 10 of FIFRA currently gives the public the right to health and safety information on pesticides. Section 24 currently gives states the right to adopt stronger regulations than those in effect at the federal level. According to the Na-

tional Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides (NCAMP), a national pesticide reform lobby, HR 5203 would place disclosure restrictions on both the public and scientific communities' ability to review health and environmental data and would restrict the states' power to regulate pesticide use.

NCAMP coordinator, Jay Feldman says, "HR 5203 could have detrimental impacts on public health and the environment for years to come."

Fearing similar impacts, a growing network of concerned community, labor, environmental, scientific and consumer groups have joined in opposition to the bill.

# Impressions

## Time to Get Back From Vacation

Ed. Note: The author's name was withheld pending notification of next of kin.

You have heard of the Sagebrush Rebellion? This "rebellion" was to result in a massive transfer of public lands currently under federal control to individual state governments. That was scary enough, but it is no longer necessary to worry about the alarming consequences of such a policy. The current administration has

### Local Opinion

come up with a new plan. They call their new strategy "Privatization," and it would instead promote the sale of these federal lands to the private sector. This frightening shift in strategy makes the original idea of the Sagebrush Rebellion appear tame in comparison. Maitland Sharpe of the Izaak Walton League states, "Privatization is a root-and-branch challenge to the very existence of the public trust."

Senate Resolution 231 would direct the executive departments to inventory their

public land holdings and then determine the value of each parcel. These public lands would include National Forests, the BLM lands, and the National Wildlife Refuges. The President then decides which parts of our forests and wildlife refuges are "surplus" and recommends them for sale. This power in the hands of the current administration is absolutely unthinkable.

Things are happening very fast in Washington these days. The pressing need to reduce the national debt is supposedly the justification for this 'closeout deal' on the American West. The speed at which the current administration would like to consummate this deal is evidenced by Reagan's executive order #12348 which set up a Federal Real Property Review Board. The order was signed February 25, 1982, and, according to Sharpe, "the initial agency reports of holdings that are underutilized or not in optimum use are due on May 1." These will be the first of our public lands to disappear.

The extent of the land divestiture is tremendous. Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada has reported to advocate the sale

of as much as 100 million acres of public land. Representative Ken Kramer of Colorado speaks of 500 million acres as possible sale items. One wonders about the effects of this privatization in Montana. An official in the state BLM office quotes, "The Feds were also saying that Montana would put up 500,000 acres in fiscal year 1983, but now the orders are not to set any specific figures." One must realize that these are one-year totals from only one of the state agencies that manage public lands. The senior economist of the Council of Economic Advisors, the architect of the administration policy, has stated that the goal of the privatization policy is the ultimate sale of all public lands to the private sector. Every acre of forest. Every acre of our wildlife refuges.

The major focus of these public lands would include grazing lands and lands rich in oil, gas, coal, and hardrock minerals. It is not hard to imagine who the buyers of these lands might be. One thinks there are enormous cattle ranches in the West now? Just wait. Those companies now restrained from exploiting the public lands by certain federal regulations might also be interested investors. It is somehow

rather difficult to see the current user and beneficiary of our public lands standing much of a chance in the bidding wars for his land that the government plans to sell.

Imagine for a second the effect of private ownership of the wildlife habitat of the West. Ponder the idea of having to ask permission to backpack, canoe, hunt, or fish our mountains and streams. But then again, permission slips from Champion International or Arco to wander through clear-cut "forests" and strip-mined fields would probably not be items of great demand anyway. The public, non-commodity values of public lands would become values of a society past.

This privatization policy being advanced — very rapidly advanced — by the administration is its latest attempt to rid the American public of the lands that belong to us all. In this deal, somebody is selling something that does not belong to him in the first place. Some might term it thievery. You would not be pleased if your neighbor sold the house you had asked him to watch while you were on vacation. Well, unless we get back from vacation real soon our house is bound to have a dangerous new occupant in each and every room.

## College Environmentalists: Kiss My Adze

by Jon Jacobson

Sit down I want to talk to you. I'll talk, you listen. You see, I have some things I have to get off my chest.

I'm just a woodworker, so you will have to bear with me. My education is not all that good, you see, I dropped out of school when I was 16 to go to work setting choke for my uncle's logging operation.

### Local Opinion

It's a damned dangerous job, but I probably don't have to tell you about it. You've probably read Ken Kesey's *Sometimes a Great Notion*, and think you know everything about working in the woods. You know, the long days, miserable weather and hazardous conditions. It's all true.

But, I don't want to talk about me. I want to talk about you. You see, I'm out of work now and I don't have too much to do these days except think about things.

When the economy was going good we did okay, but you kids, damn you; you lazy, fat-assed college environmentalists. You even tried to screw things up for us when the times were good. Damn you. All you seem to care about is having a pretty place to play. Hell, I can't even take my motorcycle up the Rattlesnake without worrying about one of you damn fools trying to wreck my machine, not to mention my tired ass.

You see, kid, I have to earn a living and things being as they are, the only place for me to work is in the woods.

I suppose I could go somewhere else and go to work in some factory, but this is my home. It is my daddy's home and his daddy's home before that. I want to raise my kids here so I'm not leaving. Do you understand that? I am not leaving.

I probably wouldn't enjoy a factory job that much anyway. Working in a damned box, breathing all those industrial pollutants. That's not for this boy.

You know, kid, I really love the

woods. I love dancing across the floor of the forest with my corks on, free as you please. I love the smell of woodsmoke on a winter night. I love the sight of a newborn fawn, the colors and smells of springtime. There is no other place to be.

But, lets be realistic, we need that wood. We need it for houses, for furniture, for those beautiful polished bars that you kids lean on while you put us working men down. We need to harvest that timber so that you might have paper to write on and books and newspapers to read. If we don't cut that timber and use it, it will just die and rot someday. That wouldn't do any of us any good.

Don't misunderstand me now. I'm not saying that I like clearcuts. I'm not saying that we shouldn't have wilderness. The good Lord never intended for us to live in cages, just as he never meant for us to cage the animals. Hell, they need someplace to live too, we're all God's creations.

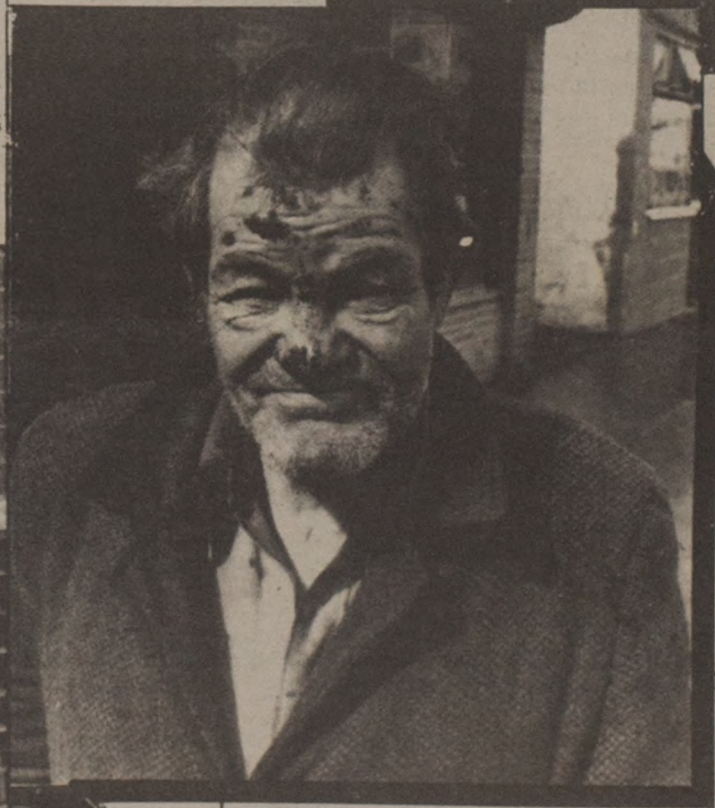
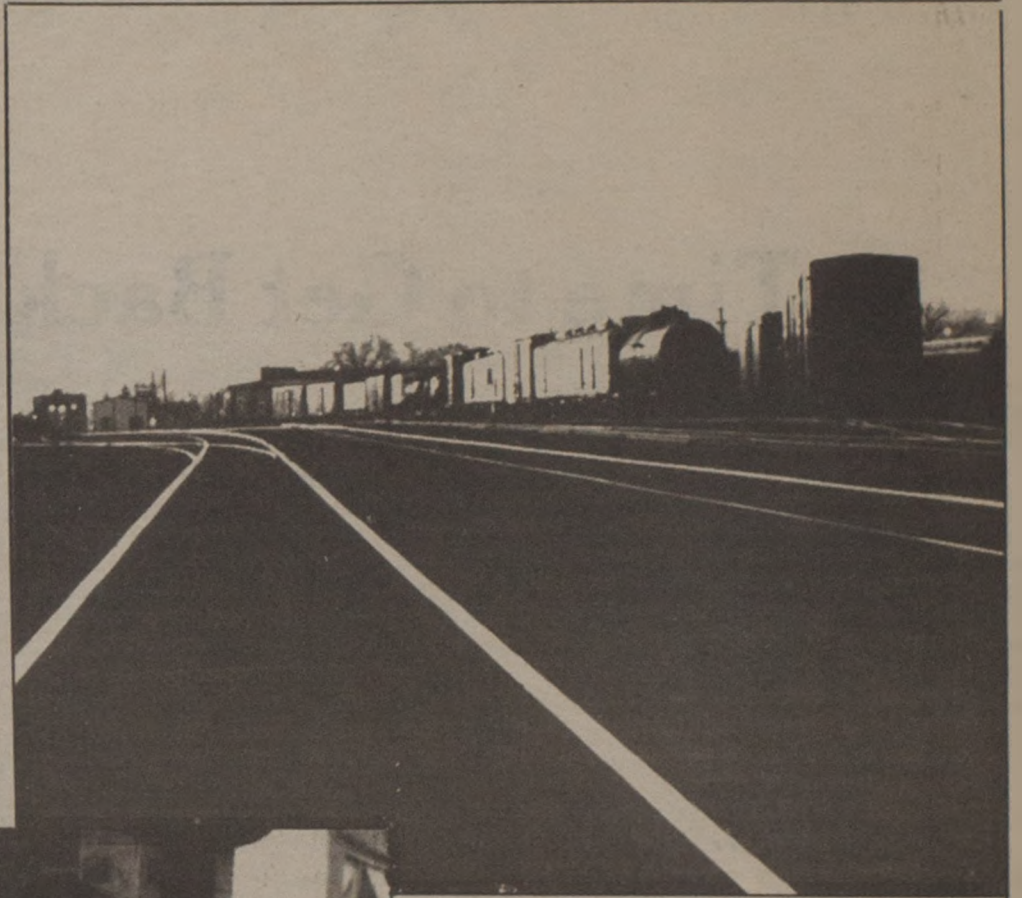
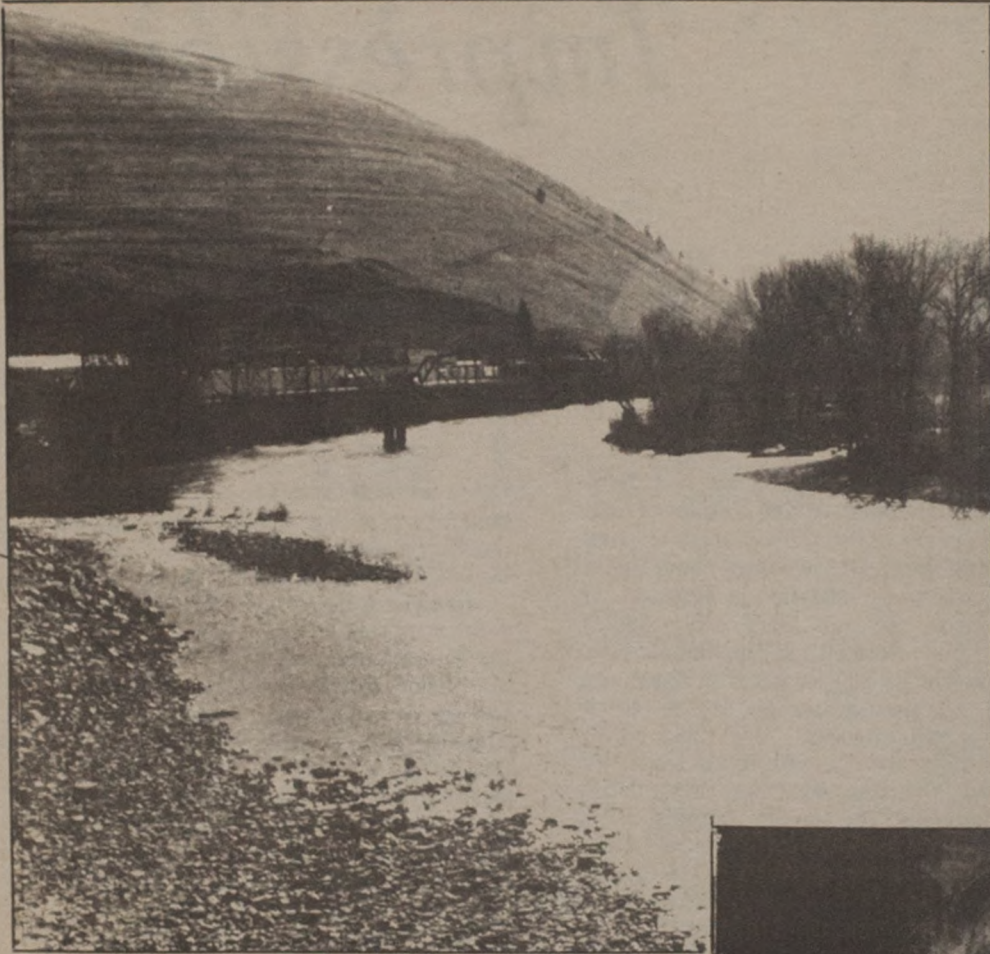
But, give me a break, kid, I'm not some kind of ogre. My work is in the woods. I rely on timber for my livelihood. The garden, and the few livestock our

small piece supports, is not enough to get the family through. The kids need clothes and money for school, and the taxes on the land need to be paid. I have to work, but I never thought doing so would get me in such hot water with all you folks down in the valley. Hell, I'm just trying to make do, just like everyone else. If you have a bitch take it to those greedy bastards in the front office. I just work out there. I don't like everything they tell me to do, buy a guy has to make a living.

So do me a favor, kid, would ya? Next time you see some woodworker looking pissed at the world and ready to spit nails, smile at him. Smile at him and say hello. We aren't monsters, we're just people, just like you.

Ed. Note: Jon Jacobson works in the woods of the northwest, planting trees and trying to keep all his teeth in his mouth.

# *Natural Beauty and The Need to Eat*



Photos by  
Steve Saroff



# Poetry

## Lake Ellen Wilson

for John Jarvis

it is good  
to sit  
by this dark water  
lapping  
a rocky shore  
some myth  
whispered  
long ago  
in buffalo robes  
huddled  
on snow swept  
prairies  
sagebrush fires  
smoking  
phantoms shaped  
from depths  
the twin  
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of a jet plane  
slash  
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streak  
faster than radio  
waves  
I am alone here  
but for the sound  
of water the jet's  
fading thunder  
a whisper of breeze  
and the secrets  
of trout

— Dave Thomas

## The Arcade

"Come in and see"  
she beckoned me  
"two bits is cheap  
to peer and peep  
through window glass  
at bare harass"  
So, I pitch paid  
the pitcher's blade  
to see.

And all I saw  
exposed or raw  
were whores, half-wits,  
and me.

— Stephen Shaffer

## Hearing the Hills

As I would tell a small child,  
I tell you.

The hills talk.

No, they do not talk of births  
and marriages, famous  
personalities,  
economics or politics.  
You must get away from the city's  
hissing, slithering blabbing  
to hear them.

The hills do not talk of weather.  
They talk of the water droplets  
on their grass-heads,  
of mist tickling  
their brown shoulders.  
The hills do talk, and they talk of  
the cavernous giants who lifted  
them up, 30 million years  
before the Pleiocene.  
They talk of the rumbling bones  
and entrails of the earth,  
down below.

They talk of the ages before  
the ages before  
those who think they know  
knew anything.  
They know everything.

If you try hard to listen,  
you will hear them.  
They will sound  
as a thing inside you.

— Tom Robison

## Boy Montana and the Silo

The boy stood over the silo, where his eyes became lost with wonder.

He heard the echo deep in the earth of voices from the past.  
"We let our children run free, we teach them the simple the kind  
and the pure, so we cannot let you lest they can't endure."  
Suddenly the boy's foot slipped underneath him, brought on by the  
snow.

But two hundred pine trees quickly formed a net, and before he  
could  
fall caught him in mid air.

There in Montana the legend began, of the boy and the silo, how the  
net was his friend.

So, children still gather, the song is still sung  
as it rings through the mountains, for all and for one...

Not many hear it but the silo has rung.

The snow has stopped the fire is gone, but the silo's still there  
where the story begun.

— Rita Gerondakis

## Making Camp

Pine stump knots,  
elfin spruce snow -caps,  
a free-running stream.

Looking back  
at the glistening white expanse  
sliced by  
wavy quavery snake tracks,  
I feel a mixture  
of wonder and regret.

Virgin powder is broken.

Tucked  
in a hidden vale,  
a log upon which to sit,  
snow bridge across the stream,  
perfect level tent spot,  
needles of cold shoot into  
tender babied hands  
urging chores of very existence.

Afternoon becomes evening becomes night.  
Warm bag is warm home.  
Mouse comes visiting.  
The tent top becomes diamond frost.

The Pleiades peek through tattered clouds  
(Look at me! Look!)  
In this place of nature,  
enchanted.

— Tom Robison

## A Secret

Maybe a star fell  
past the window  
of a child who promised  
to tell no one.

White silence sliced  
a gap in the sky.  
Black refilled it.  
Darkness did not seem  
empty, after that.

— Karen Moulding

## Clark Fork Sunset

One Montana moment  
between day and night  
sky's color flashes,  
glowing on sun's memory.  
Light blue lights itself  
as if it could live on passion alone.

A day's memory dies quickly,  
devoured by night.  
A black blanket suffocates all.  
There are a few air-holes of  
hope, stars.

These expand to another dying day  
until one moment  
flourescent sky feeds itself.  
A man walking his dog  
by the railroad tracks  
drank sun as it drowned  
in the river.  
I do not know him.

Mountains remain. They  
reach up, touch the dark,  
yet live on.  
I watch the strange man walk away.  
As color disappears  
I miss an old friend.

— Karen Moulding



# One Day in the Life of the Unemployed or Horatio Alger Hits the Skids

## 9:00-10:00 am

Pat awakes and prepares his daily continental breakfast of a week old bagel, obtained from his favorite dumpster behind a local bakery, and instant coffee. His spirits soar as he recalls a dozen croissants wrapped in cellophane which he found there a few weeks before.

## 10:15-10:16:30

Pat reads the classified ads in *The Missoulian*, all 23 of them. He waxes nostalgic as he remembers the days when there were at least 100 jobs listed. Even though 75 of those were for nuclear technicians in the US Army and the rest either for babysitters, dental assistants or dishwashers with resumes, it took him back to simpler times.

## 11:00

Pat stuffs *The Missoulian* into his worn shoes and readies himself before the mirror for a long day of fortune seeking. He practices such ad-libs as "At least five years experience" and "No sir, I'm not joking."



Photo by Steve Saroff

## 2:15

Pat visits the Food Stamp Office and begins a critical study of their varied magazine collection. He concentrates on the most recent issue of *Life* with incisive reports on the Zoot Suit Riot and Patton's continuing push toward the German border.

## 3:00

Pat checks 20 establishments where he has previously submitted applications and finds that 10 have gone out of business.

## 4:30

Pat earns five dollars when he helps an old lady carry her television to the pawn shop.

## 4:45

Pat is approached by a transient panhandling on the Madison St. foot bridge. He feels surly after a long day of looking for work and he tells him, "Get a job, you bum!"

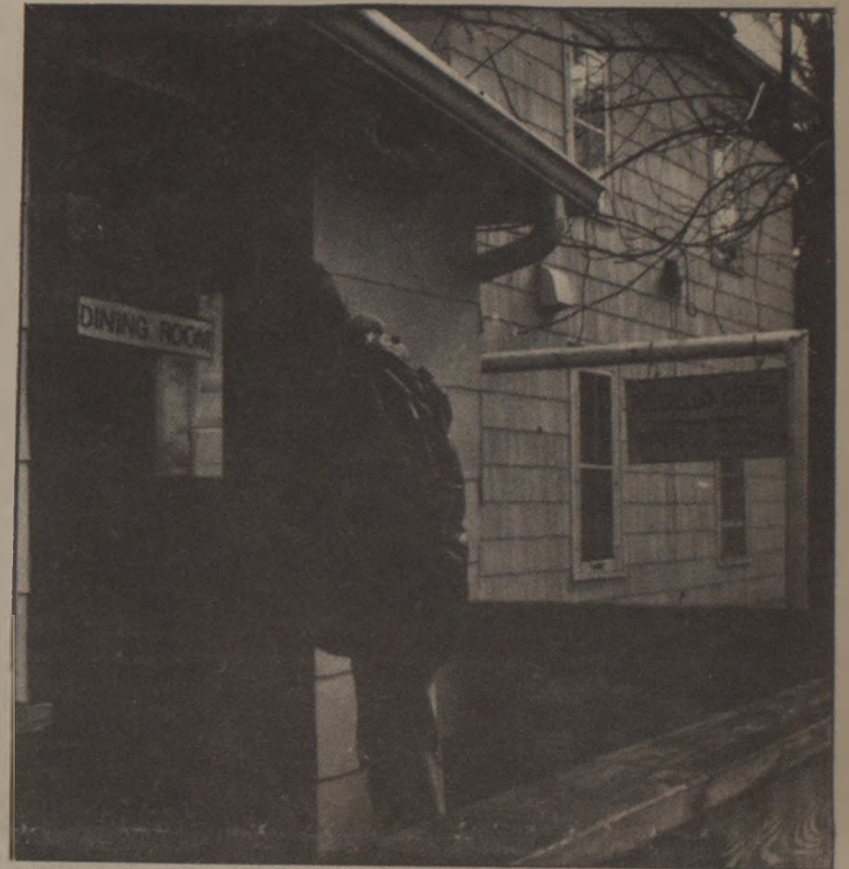


Photo by Steve Saroff

## 12:30-1:45 pm

Downtown, Pat stops at the Poverello for lunch. He savors the wickedly subtle spam casserole, kowtows to the culinary ingenuity of the peach slices and cottage cheese and daringly indulges in the apple cobbler for dessert. He engages in the postprandial repartee while stuffing buttered bread slices into his shirt pockets.

Photo by Steve Saroff



## 5:00

Pat relaxes on the beach under the Orange St. bridge after another long day of eventful unemployment.

## 7:30

Our hero enjoys a gourmet candlelight supper of bologna and fromage sandwich sans pain. The unexpectedly romantic ambience is courtesy of the Montana Power Company who, in the course of the day, has disconnected Pat's electricity.