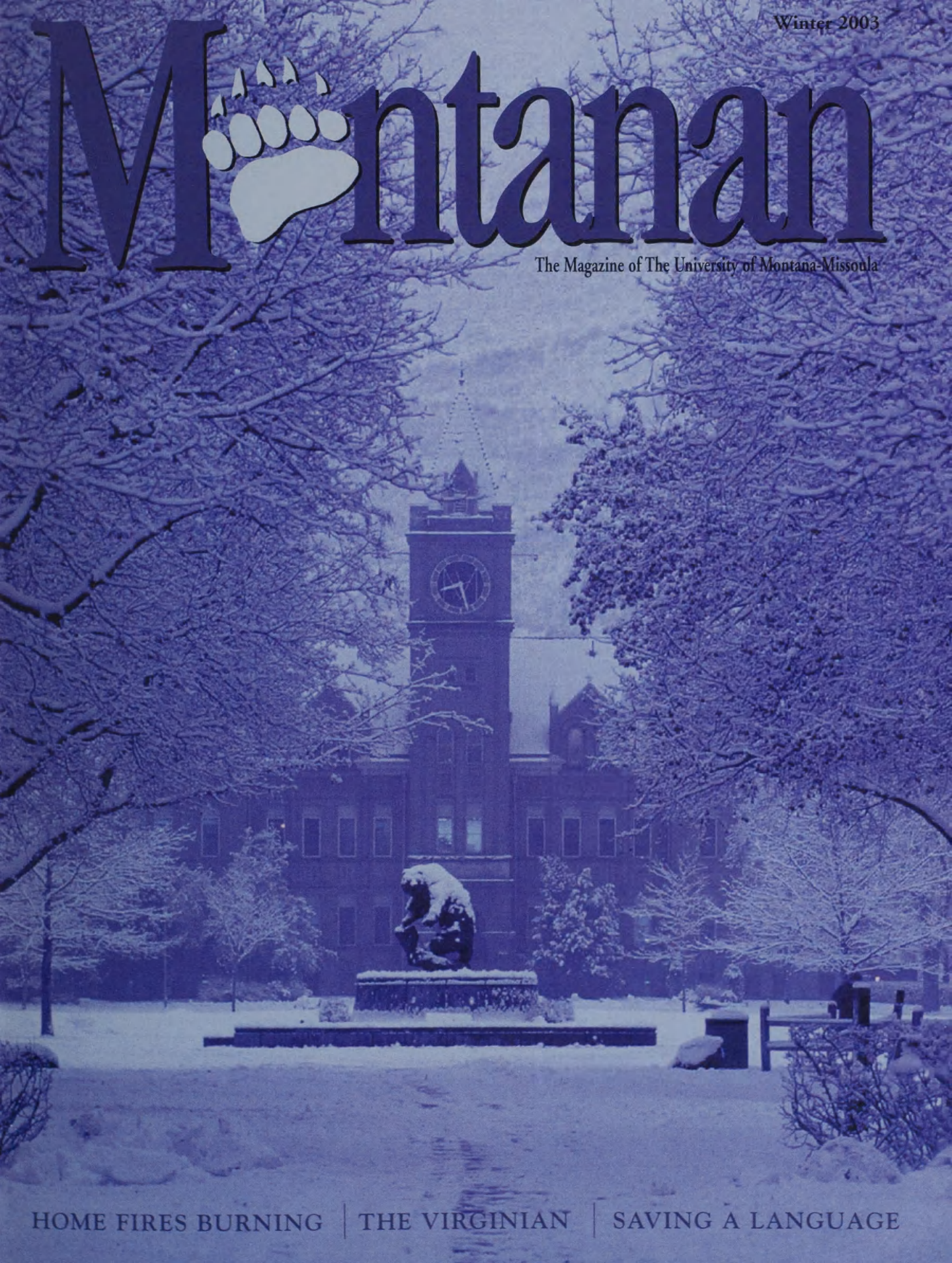
Winter 2003

Montanan

The Magazine of The University of Montana-Missoula



HOME FIRES BURNING | THE VIRGINIAN | SAVING A LANGUAGE

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The *Montanan* is published three times a year by The University of Montana for its alumni and friends.

Change of address:
1-877-UM ALUMS
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Cover photo by Todd Goodrich.

Interior photos by Todd Goodrich, except as noted.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mildred Walker Remembered

WOW! I just finished reading another issue of the *Montanan* from cover to cover and, as usual, found much to enjoy. But your story on Mildred Walker's book *Winter Wheat* immediately caught my attention. I was one of those who first read it way back in 1944. It was at the height of World War II, when the campus was reduced to an almost-women's college. And we women were "hanging on" by sheer determination.

I was a "J" school member and head of the *Kaimin* organization. We were well into plans of holding a banquet event that would honor the outstanding women on campus who would represent their various vocations. As we searched about for a top-notch keynote speaker, Mildred Walker came to our attention. I remember contacting her—and being elated with her unequivocal "yes."

The event was a great success in so many ways and has been a heartwarming memory over the years for me. I'm now retired from the communications/publications field but try often to return to my alma mater. It's been a favorite spot!

Lorraine E. Lindahl '45
Minneapolis, MN

Freshmen and the 'M'

I note that you missed a chance to clear up the errors of David Armstrong '67 (Letters section, Fall 2003 *Montanan*), claiming it was some athletic organization that painted the 'M' in the early years. The M was painted by freshmen in the fall. Freshmen volunteers were sought in the spring, but often it was the two service organizations, the Spurs and the Bear Paws, who did most of the spring touch up. As a long-time Missoula resident, I know this was true for the '50s and '60s.

Dave Browman '63
St. Louis, MO

When I was at the University (1941-47, with time out for World War II), the M was traditionally whitewashed, stone by stone, by the freshman men, who were supervised by sophomore members of the Bear Paw chapter of Intercollegiate Knights. Thus, the Bear Paws (I was one) had to do it twice, once as freshmen and again, a year later, to supervise the next class of freshmen. In those days, with no fire road, there was no way to get a vehicle up there, and the buckets of whitewash had to be carried by hand up a steep switchback trail from the campus. Having grown up in Missoula in the 1920s and 1930s, I had always taken the M for granted. I was glad to learn from your research that it was created in 1908 by the Forestry Club. I believe that UM is the only university in the country with a mountain on its campus. We should all be grateful to the foresters for "topping it off" with that magnificent M and to the volunteers who whitewash it each year. It's a unique and distinctive gift.

Arnold (Arnie) Rivin '47
Montana Kaimin Editor '46-'47
Santa Fe, NM

Counter Punches

As described by Joan Melcher ("Politics as Unusual, Montanan Fall 2003), Garry South epitomizes the current underbelly of American politics, which has turned off millions of Americans, regardless of party affiliation. A career political operative whose singular achievement is packaging Gray Davis to California voters, South packs a dubious one-two punch: the unbridled megalomania of the politician without the requisite charisma or chutzpah to actually BE a politician.

As a UM alumnus, I only wish this minor-league version of James Carville had discovered his love for Never-Never Land sooner, and never graced UM with his three-piece suits. South's disdain for the Montana Stock Growers no doubt is reciprocated. In fact, to paraphrase the old ranching cliché: in the real world where most of us live, South provides about as much value as a certain body part on a bull. You can fill in the blank.

Bill Barlet '77 '78
Centennial, CO

Until now, the content of the *Montanan* has been, for the most part, blessedly nonpolitical. Now we have this puff piece about an alum, a hired gun political operative, who helped get Gray Davis elected, a pol who so ruined California that a huge cross-section of voters are recalling him. And South considers that an achievement? This is the Garry South whom some have called a "proven political killer," who coined the political phrase "murder-suicide," meaning negative campaigning that destroys both the intended target and the initiator of the campaign.

John B. Dwyer '76
Dayton, OH

Editor's Note: Garry South was in Missoula visiting the campus with his wife shortly after the article on him appeared in the Montanan. *They stopped by my office and he related running into the current ASUM student body president, Aaron Flint, who boasts several photos of former Republican presidents in his office. Flint had just read the article on South, recognized him, and hurried up to introduce himself. Flint said he might be able to arrange for South to return to give a lecture. I relate this story only to point out that the spirit of tolerance and respect for other people's abilities and opinions is alive and well on the UM campus. And I must point out that South did indeed coin the term "murder-suicide" in American politics, but it was not about work he did. It was about a large amount of money spent in negative ads by Al Cheche against Jane Harmon when Gray Davis was in a three-way race for governor in 1998 with those two people. Cheche's negative ads hurt Harmon (murder) but backfired on him (suicide) while Davis took a low profile and emerged the winner after the "murder-suicide."*

Bragging Rights

I thoroughly enjoyed the current issue of the *Montanan*! I forwarded links to the online edition to lots of my friends. I had to brag that not only is a Montanan running the Governor Davis campaign, but also a

Montanan is the youngest American to summit Everest! My co-workers at KVOA TV4 get really sick of my blathering on and on about how great Montana and UM are. But your articles provide incontrovertible evidence about what wonderful and varied people hail from the state and the U. Thanks so much!

Grizinexile,
Frank Field '97
Tucson, AZ

Editors Note: This message first appeared in the Montanan Chatroom, www.umt.edu/comm. Log on and tell us what you think. It's the easiest way to send a letter to the editor or to discuss issues explored in the Montanan.

Getting it Straight in Libby

Daniel Berger's article on Libby and its asbestosis problem was well written and told the story well. There was, however, one line that rubbed me (and, I hope, other School of Forestry graduates) the wrong way. It had to do with the town now looking toward a better, healthier future "with the departure, for the moment, of extraction industries." I have worked in the natural resource management (and extraction) industry for several years now in a number of clean and healthy towns. It is a disservice to the timber and mining industries as a whole to clump them together with one bad apple. I'm sure that many of the "good-natured, hard-working, creative, and charming people of Libby" were not so delighted to see Stimson's mill close its doors.

Josh Anderson '96
Colville, WA

As a Libby resident who attends the Community Advisory Group meetings, I would like to compliment you on the article, "Clearing the Air" (Fall 2003 *Montanan*). You present a clear picture of the health situation and concerns of the victims and families. I would, however, question your data to make the statement "Libby is safe." Many of the discussions at the CAG meetings deal with concerns residents have about how safe Libby is. EPA has cleaned up some critical areas and it is safer than it once was; however, the cleanup process is still going on. Many victims feel that any tremolite fibers are unsafe; many homes still have vermiculite to be cleaned. Perhaps "Libby is safer" would be a more accurate statement.

Mary Tevebaugh '74
Libby, MT

A Special Place

As always, we enjoy receiving our copy of the *Montanan*. It is an excellent alumni publication. We visited UM in the summer of 2001. The campus looks great and I am impressed with all the changes. I know how difficult it is to run an institution in these economic times. I enjoyed some excellent fly fishing while in the state. I was taught by one of the very best—your "Jigs" Dahlberg, one of my instructors. I still have some of the royal coachman flies he tied and gave to me.

Keep up the good work. There will always be a special place in our hearts for UM. It was our first year of marriage. Kate from the East Coast and me from the Midwest. Montana sure seemed like a big place for two so far from home. The University became our substitute family while we both completed our degrees.

Thomas Flynn, M.Ed '64
President, Monroe Community College

Kate Niebling Flynn, M.Ed. '64
Rochester, NY

One of Our Voluntary Subscribers

It's about time you heard from me! I do like getting the *Montanan*. Great articles all the time. Really interesting about the multigenerational UM families, Libby health connection, and the story on Patrick Calf Looking.

Deanna Dean Popp
Belgrade, MT

Correction: *In the story "Clearing the Air" (Fall 2003* Montanan*), there was an error of misidentification. The person pictured on page 22 is Helen Clarke, not Dixie McLaughlin.* Montanan *staff members deeply regret the error.*

The *Montanan* welcomes letters to the editor. We ask that letters be signed and include the writer's graduating year or years, home address, and phone number or e-mail address.

Unfortunately, because of space limitations we are not able to include all letters sent to us. Letters that appear often are edited for length or clarity.

While universities are places of discussion where people of goodwill do not always agree, letters deemed potentially libelous or that malign a person or group will not be published. Opinions expressed in the *Montanan* do not necessarily reflect those of The University of Montana.

It was a picture-perfect Homecoming, with weather in the 70s, the second largest parade ever, alumni returning from all corners of the globe, and a 17-14 win over Cal Poly.

Homecoming 2003

Greetings from the President

I recently returned from a trip to South Korea and Japan designed to cement relationships with cooperating universities in those two countries. These relationships provide opportunities for students, staff, and faculty to participate in exchanges and symposia, thereby enriching the educational experience available to them at UM. I continue to believe that students in the twenty-first century need an international experience during their academic careers, for we know well that these students will live in a global society.

Of course, the challenge for the University comes in helping students manage the expense and the time required for such an experience. It frequently happens that students must sacrifice a semester or even a year to participate in international exchanges. In discussions with representatives of the cooperating universities in other countries, we will seek to make certain that the credits will count toward graduation by including courses that contribute toward the students' majors. Achieving that result will require careful planning and much more coordination of curricula. Nonetheless, I believe we can accomplish the objective, and we will work toward that end.

In addition, we will plan very carefully the symposia that we sponsor jointly with other institutions. From these symposia will come joint research efforts and collaborative degree programs that will prove even more valuable to our students, staff, and faculty. UM has a distinguished record in international education that will serve well as the foundation for future initiatives. We must do more in order to serve the students in this new era.

George M. Dennison '62
President

Bringing the Outside In

Workout time. You enter the building, swipe your Griz card through the meter, and push past the entry gate, intent on logging some flights on the Stairmaster, then lifting a few weights.

From overhead you hear a noise. Thwo-o-o-o-n-n-n-g. Eh? You crank your neck and look ceiling-ward, where you see what looks like four pared-down, futuristic banjoes connected to a large box bisected by a tic tac toe grid. Thunk-twa-a-a-ang. What the . . . ?

In a fusion of art and science, Patrick Zentz, M.F.A. '74, has created the "Hellgate Translator," an oak, mahogany and plexiglass sculpture suspended in the atrium of UM's Fitness and Recreation Center.

Raised on a ranch southwest of Billings, Zentz is widely recognized as an innovative artist and an inventive sculptor, known for work that examines man and nature in a modern context. He now divides his time between ranching and his art installations, which appear across the country.

Meticulously crafted and often beautiful, Zentz' mechanisms are energized by the forces of nature—wind, flowing water, changing temperatures—and register these elements in mediated graphic or musical forms.

The Hellgate Translator in UM's Fitness and Recreation Center.

The environmentally interactive system in the rec center, specifically designed for the space it occupies, translates the flow of air outside the building into acoustic patterns in the lobby.

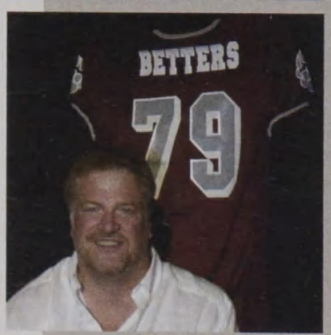
Here's how it works: on the roof, an anemometer, measuring wind speed, and a wind vane, indicating wind direction, send electronic signals to a control panel hidden within the sculpture. Inside, a programmed computer chip commands the movement of four mallets that strike corresponding strings. For example, if the wind blows from the north, the north mallet strikes its companion string, producing a tone specific to that direction. When the wind blows from the east, the east string sounds its own tone. And when the wind blows from the northeast, the tones are heard together. The harder the wind blows, the more forcefully the wires are struck. The Translator, in effect, brings outside information, normally occluded from perception, inside the building.

Intrigued? Come see—and hear—for yourself. It's beautiful. It's dynamic. It's art.

– Paddy MacDonald

GRIZZLY GREATS

Four Grizzly standouts who went on to play in the National Football League have been inducted into the UM Grizzly Hall of Fame. This year's inductees included defensive end Doug Betters '78, who played ten seasons for the Miami Dolphins and was named the NFL's Defensive Player of the Year in 1983, and Guy Bingham '84, the 1981 tenth-round draft pick of the New York Jets, who also played for the Atlanta Falcons and the Washington Redskins. Also inducted were offensive lineman Kirk Scrafford, who played for nine seasons in the league, and defensive lineman Mike Tilleman '65, who started for eleven NFL seasons.



ALUMNI HONORED FOR LEADERSHIP

UM alumni Ken Toole '79 and Christine Kaufmann '87, co-founders of the Montana Human Rights Network in Helena, recently received national recognition, winning a 2003 award from Leadership for a Changing World. The program is sponsored by the Ford Foundation, the Advocacy Institute in Washington, D.C., and the Robert F. Wagner School of Public Service at New York University.

The MHRN leadership team is one of seventeen awardees, selected from a pool of more than 1,300 nominations, representing individuals and groups that tackle some of the nation's most entrenched social problems. Each will receive $100,000 to advance their work and an additional $15,000 for supporting activities over the next two years.

With a small staff, Toole and Kaufmann built MHRN, a membership-based association whose mission is to promote democratic values, challenge bigotry and intolerance, and organize communities to speak out.

From confronting extremist militia organizations to advocating for gay rights and tribal sovereignty, program administrators describe Toole and Kaufmann's work as that of unflinching spokespersons for social justice.

"These awards recognize the achievement of remarkable people working to bring positive social change to their communities and beyond," says Susan V. Berresford, president of the Ford Foundation. The program also includes a major, multi-year collaborative research initiative that works with awardees to explore how leadership is created and sustained.

Ken Toole (right) and Christine Kaufmann receive their awards.

Brush Your Teeth, Vote for Monte

Monte, our own widely celebrated, motorcycle-riding, crowd-pleasing, baby-hugging Grizzly mascot, has been named again to the Capital One All-America Mascot Team. This is the first step in a quest to retain the 2003 National Mascot of the Year title he won last January.

A national advertising campaign will showcase the competition, featuring Monte and his furred, feathered, and scaled rivals, including Hairy Dawg from the University of Georgia; YoUDee, the Fightin' Blue Hen from the University of Delaware; Cocky the gamecock from the University of South Carolina; Brutus the buckeye from Ohio State University; and the University of Tennessee's Smokey VIII, a blue-tick coon hound.

A rowdy lot, the competitors were chosen from Division I-A and I-AA athletic programs with college football teams. A panel of judges selected the twelve finalists based on their interaction with fans, sportsmanship, and community service.

No stranger to tough competition, Monte defeated Florida's Albert and Western Kentucky's Big Red to win the title last year. During his reign as National Mascot of the Year, Monte traveled the country, performing at trade shows, attending parties and photo shoots, appearing on television shows, and filming commercials for ESPN and Capital One. He attended last year's SuperBowl in San Diego and was featured, along with Joe Montana, in an ESPN commercial that aired during the game.

But Monte needs your help to keep his title.

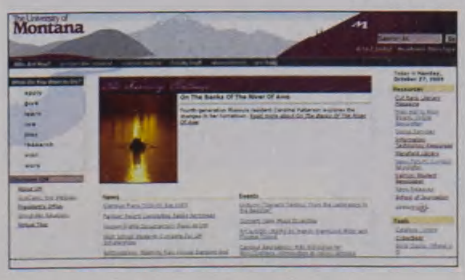
"It's really important for people to get online and vote for Monte," says Greg Sundberg, UM's director of marketing and promotion for intercollegiate athletics. "Monte's success is great exposure for the University as a whole." Griz fans can vote daily—that's right, *daily*—for Monte online at www.capitalonebowl.com until December 22.

"It's an exponential growth idea," explains Monte. "We need volume. Tell five friends to vote once a day, and ask them to tell five of their friends. It's like, brush your teeth, vote for Monte." The national mascot will be chosen based equally on the judges' ranking and the online voting results. The winner will be announced during the Capital One Bowl telecast on January 1.

New and Improved Surfing

Tired of slogging along in the slower traffic lane of the information superhighway? Ambiguous navigational tools got you down? Help is at hand: After eight months and some 1,400 work hours, the University now offers a new, improved Web site that gives viewers a simple yet comprehensive look at the University, along with access to UM news and events and related University pages.

Martha Burtis, UM Web development director, and Patia Stephens, Web content manager, along with the University's Web development committee, created the new site. Stephens produced the news service Today @ UM and will maintain the home page news section.



"Today @ UM was a good start, but I want to make the home page more responsive and make more news available to our readers," Stephens says.

The home page's center is dedicated to University feature stories, news headlines, and current events. At the bottom of the page you'll find "Faces of UM," casual interviews with various campus personalities and alumni. From the home page, click, point, and navigate anywhere you'd like—from the Mansfield Library to the latest art exhibit to the live, bird's-eye view of campus on GrizCam. Check it out: www.umt.edu

The University and the Mansion

The Bitterroot Valley's Daly Mansion: historic, cultural, genteel—and UM's newest outpost. At a signing celebration this summer, the relationship between UM and the mansion became official, as President George Dennison agreed to assume governance of copper baron Marcus Daly's Hamilton estate from the Montana Historical Society—an alliance approved by the state Board of Regents earlier this year. The new arrangement will enhance and expand educational, cultural, and outreach opportunities, allowing the mansion to work hand-in-hand with the University on projects ranging from Web page design for the mansion to fund-raising events for the University. At the same time, the property will continue to be managed for its historic integrity.

Built in the late 1880s as a summer home for Daly's family, the mansion was part of the estate known as "Riverside" and included Daly's 22,000-acre Bitterroot Stock Farm. After Daly's death in 1900, Margaret Daly, his widow, had the home remodeled into the current structure, a Georgian Revival designed by A.J. Gibson and completed in 1910. The mansion occupies 24,000 square feet on three floors, with twenty-five bedrooms, fifteen bathrooms, and seven fireplaces, five of which are faced with Italian marble. After Mrs. Daly's death in 1941, the mansion was closed and boarded up until 1987, when it was opened to the public and managed by the historical society.

"It's a mutual benefit," says Daly development director Kate Olney. "Students gain knowledge and we gain knowledge. The University has many departments that could really help the Daly Mansion out."

Under the agreement, the two institutions will team in a mentoring relationship designed to take them a step beyond the more conventional oversight role assigned by Montana law to a nonprofit entity.

With about two thirds of the museum's $100,000 annual operating budget coming from grants and fund-raising, the mansion's management could prove to be a big job, a risk that President Dennison thinks is well worth the added exposure for the University.

"Because of the partnership with the Daly Mansion Preservation Trust, the University will not incur additional direct costs," says Dennison. "Together we can accomplish a tremendous amount by involving the larger community."

The Daly Mansion in Hamilton

Once Upon a Stage

Caron and Collins reprised their roles in Man of La Mancha in a 2001 production. They first starred in the musical in a 1970 UM show.

Two well-known Montana figures, UM alumni Jim Caron, M.F.A. '77, and Don Collins '95, will be the featured guest artists for UM's School of Fine Arts 2004 *Odyssey of the Stars—A Celebration of Artistic Journeys*. The University Theatre stage, where the Caron and Collins collaboration and friendship first began, will be the setting for the fourth annual *Odyssey of the Stars*.

This showcase event, a benefit for the School of Fine Arts scholarship fund, features Fine Arts alumni who have gone on to stellar careers in the arts, in concert with current students who dream of just such careers.

Caron is the co-founder and executive director of the Missoula Children's Theatre and MCT Community Theatre. Caron and Collins founded the company in 1970. For the past thirty years, Collins has appeared on stages throughout the United States and Canada, performing leading roles in New York, Memphis, New Orleans, Portland, and Vancouver, BC.

Scheduled for 7:30 p.m., Saturday, March 20, Odyssey 2004 will include participants from throughout the School of Fine Arts, and will spotlight the department of music. The event will feature more than 200 outstanding UM student performers.

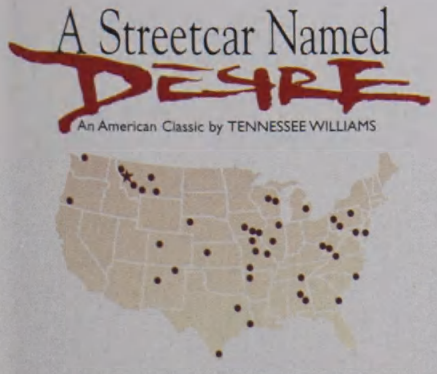
STE-E-E-E-E-L-L-L-L-LA

Continuing its tradition of presenting plays that explore the depths of the American character and the mysteries of the human heart, the Montana Repertory Theater is staging *A Streetcar Named Desire* by Tennessee Williams for its 2004 National Tour.

"No one in America rivals Williams as a poet of the theater," says Greg Johnson, MRT's artistic director. "Few other playwrights sought to articulate beauty with such intensity, clarity, passion and empathy for the human experience. Williams's courage in revealing what we really are to each other is celebrated in every breath of Streetcar. This play is truly worthy of being considered the best American play . . . ever."

A Streetcar Named Desire opens at the Mount Baker Theater in Bellingham, WA, in January, and will swing through several western states, including Oregon, Colorado, and New Mexico. Returning to Montana, the Rep will perform in Butte, Helena, Bozeman, Billings, Lewistown, Plains, and Missoula, where Streetcar has a weeklong run, culminating in a benefit gala February 19. From there, the MRT production heads east, performing in St. Louis, Savannah, Chattanooga, Green Bay, and other cities in at least eighteen states before winding up the tour in Mt. Pleasant, IA.

For more information, including dates and times, consult MRT's Web site at www.montanarep.org or phone (406) 243-6809.



WRITING IN THE BLOOD

One of Montana's premier poets, James Welch, Jr., 62, died August 4 in his home in Missoula following a ten-month struggle with lung cancer. The communities that claimed Welch ranged from Montana Indian tribes to the French government, which knighted him in 1995.

Welch '65, Hon. Ph.D., '97, came to the University in the 1960s where he studied with another literary great, Richard Hugo. Welch was a naïve young man whose first attempts at writing ranged far from his own experiences. Stories of Hugo urging him to write what he knew are legendary. And when Welch wrote what he knew, the literary world stood back and took a breath, beginning with *Riding the Earthboy 40*, published in 1971, to *Winter in the Blood, Fool's Crow, The Death of Jim Loney, The Indian Lawyer, Killing Custer, and The Heartsong of Charging Elk*. His soul shone through his work. He will be mourned for many seasons. – *Joan Melcher*

Song for the Season

It was September,
September fourth, I think
the night his light went out
in the great bedroom
on the lake. Moontime
seared the junipers
rimming the great house.

September and the mountain ash
was stopped quite cold,
its spindly bole going dead
as though the fingers
of the quite dead man
had pinched a vital nerve.

Think of it. The man had done
so much and now, even
the trees would fold
and wither at his icy touch.

His small boat, tied securely
to the dock, fiddled out
across the lake its dirge.

Too late, he found, that for the great
as well as for the weak,
the wrong instruments ease you out
and the coming on of autumn.

Blackfeet, Blood and Piegan Hunters

If we raced a century over hills
that ended years before, people couldn't
say our run was simply poverty or promise
for a better end. We ended sometime
back in recollections of glory, myths
that meant the hunters meant a lot
to starving wives and bad painters.

Let glory go the way of all sad things.
Children need a myth that tells them be alive,
forget the hair that made you Blood, the blood
the buffalo left, once for meat, before
other hunters gifted land with lead for hides.

Comfortable we drink and string together stories
of white buffalo, medicine men who promised
and delivered horrible cures for hunger,
lovely tales of war and white men massacres.
Meaning gone, we dance for pennies now,
our feet jangling, dust that hides the bones
of sainted Indians. Look away and we are gone.
Look back. Tracks are there, a little faint,
our song strong enough for headstrong hunters
who look ahead to one more kill.

Poems by James Welch that originally appeared in *Riding the Earthboy 40*


HomeFi

A UM forestry grad saves the day in Missoula.

BY PADDY MACDONALD

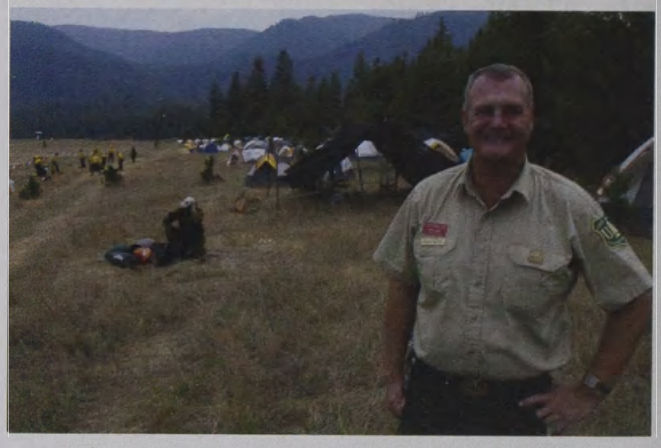
"Low visibility next ten miles," reads a road sign outside Thompson Falls on a late-August morning. The razor-sharp edges of converging rock, evergreens, river, and sky are dulled under a shroud of smoke that blankets the valley. A train whistle blasts through the vaporous air. Across Main Street from the railroad tracks, sit Krazy Ernie's Tackle and Bait, Chelsea's Tea Room, and the Boom Town Bar and Café—all open for business. Down the block, the doors at Harvest Food swing open as yellow-jacketed, heavy-booted firemen file out with sacks of doughnuts and jugs of juice, taking a break from Teepee Creek, ablaze like dozens of other western Montana forests.

A few miles north of town, tucked into the woods, lies the Thompson Falls base camp, the brains and support system of the Teepee Creek and Cherry Creek firefighting effort. There's no drama here. No exploding trees, columns of smoke, or walls of flame. Instead, what you find appears as methodical, organized, and efficient as a well-oiled military base. Trailers circle the area like modern-day covered wagons. Canopies rigged with rope and poles enclose long tables and stacks of supplies. Scattered among the pine trees are multi-colored tents. People in dun-colored clothing dart about like flickers, handing over papers, moving boxes, checking inventory.

Striding across the dusty ground, clipboard in hand, is Mike Dietrich, the fire camp's incident commander. If the camp resembles an army, Dietrich is its general. Tall and rangy, shoulders squared, hair cut close, Dietrich's military bearing has the unmistakable authenticity that comes from experience. He comes to a stop and sweeps a muscled arm in an arc, encompassing the sprawling complex. "This is our home," he says.

Dietrich, in Montana with his forty-four-member incident management team, is well-schooled in such "homes." He and his team, based in the Cleveland National Forest in Southern California, are one of several dozen units that participate in a national rotation, spending two weeks at a time in various locations around the country. But this particular assignment has a poignant twist: just before arriving in the Thompson Falls camp, Dietrich's firefighting efforts were directed amid landscape he once knew well. The hiking paths, biking trails and fishing holes were places he frequented while a student at UM. "I felt some ownership,"

PHOTO BY MARTIN ESPARZA, LOS ANGELES



Dietrich says of his experience at Black Mountain west of Missoula. "I know how important these places are. I felt emotional—but then, it's always emotional."

Black Mountain wasn't in the original game plan when Team Three was deployed to Montana.

"We were assigned to Cooney Ridge on August tenth," Dietrich says, "but as we flew in, the situation changed, priorities were reconfigured, and we were re-assigned to the Black Mountain fire."

Black Mountain, with 650 homes in close proximity, had a tremendous potential for disaster when Dietrich arrived on the scene. His immediate concern was to keep the fire in check by use of retardant planes and a heli-tanker, while he and his team ordered ground crews, bulldozers, and fire engines. "What we needed was to get people and equipment into the fire and go to work," he says.

The following evening found Dietrich hosting a community meeting to brief homeowners about the fire's progress and his team's firefighting plan. As families from Horseback Ridge, Big Flat, and O'Brien Creek filed quietly into the hayfield west of Missoula, the Black Mountain fire looming in the background, Dietrich found the words he needed to assure the residents that he had a personal stake in protecting their land and homes.

"I am a 1976 graduate of The University of Montana," Dietrich said after introducing himself. "Go Grizzlies!"

A week-long battle ensued, during which time a horrific windstorm propelled the fire into a run that "exceeded every expectation," with 300-foot high flames and 30,000-foot columns of smoke, forcing hundreds of residents to evacuate, and burning two homes to the ground.

"Nature was in control," Dietrich says. Despite the hellish conditions, Dietrich's team saved seventy-five homes in the fire's direct path by spraying each with Class A Foam. The crew managed, ultimately, to contain the fire without injury or loss of life to firefighters or residents.

As Team Four took over, Dietrich and his crew moved on to Cherry Creek, near Thompson Falls, to "finish up." But shortly after their arrival at the new camp, lightening struck yet another region and they suddenly had two fires on their watch. Firefighting, it seems, is not unlike a war, with new skirmishes erupting on a daily basis.

PHOTO BY MARTIN ESPARZA, LOS ANGELES RIVER RANGER DISTRICT

Dietrich explains tactics to Missoula residents.

"It's similar to a paramilitary operation," Dietrich says, entering Trailer One, which houses the situation unit, the brains of the camp. Inside, men and women tap on keyboards, scrutinize data, bark into cell phones, and stuff color-coded cards into pockets on a nylon bulletin board. Jewel-toned weather maps pulse and quiver from computer monitors. "We meet every night at seven," Dietrich says, gesturing to his crewmembers. "And a new plan is produced for the next day."

Around the compound sit the operation's other necessary components: the check-in and demobilization unit; communication and safety units; the medical trailer, where two EMTs tend to injuries or other health situations; the finance unit, where invoices are signed and time cards recorded; the ordering desk, which can get you "everything you need, from printer cartridges to Tylenol;" and the ground support unit, which schedules buses, SUVs, horses, and pack trains. Off to one side stand shower and laundry facilities.

The smell of simmering beef wafts through the air. "Our kitchen serves 1,500 meals a day, both here at the base and at the spike camps nearby," Dietrich says. The huge, white-glove-clean catering trailers are ringed with beverage dispensers. Near the menu board, which lists the day's three 2,200-calorie meals, are bottles of instant hand-sanitizing liquid, stacks of plates, and bins of cellophane-wrapped, plastic silverware. Under the mess tent, rows of cafeteria tables and folding chairs await the next onslaught of ravenous firefighters. In one corner, pink helium balloons hover over a table littered with tiny leather booties and crumpled pink wrapping paper, remnants of a hastily-prepared baby shower.

The camp's central focus is the supply unit, which resembles a giant, industrial, garage sale. Tables bow under piles of clothing and gear: aluminum tents, Pulaskis, cots, hand tools, and shovels. Boxes and boxes of pants. Five different kinds of tape. Road flares, fuses and

cans of Raid. Valves. And thick bundles of hose. "We lay 100,000 feet of hose during a week of firefighting," Dietrich says.

Dietrich gestures to the jugs of florescent-blue liquid stacked nearby. "This is Class A Foam," he says, and his eyes take on a new cast. Turns out Dietrich was instrumental in the development of the firefighting tool, beginning in the 1980s with an experiment involving dishwashing liquid. "Dawn was the best soap," he remembers. By 1992, the firefighting gel used today had been developed, with the help of several other household products. Its basic ingredient was derived from the same material used in disposable diapers. "Those were innovative days," Dietrich recalls. A ghost of a smile softens his sun-reddened face.

Dietrich's journey at UM began after he transferred from Paul Smith College in upstate New York. While studying forestry, Dietrich remembers attending a concert or two—Mission Mountain Wood Band and Willie Nelson come to mind—and succumbing often to the lure of the western Montana outdoor wonders he now is struggling to preserve.

After graduation, Dietrich married, fathered two children, and moved to various locales around the country, from New York to North Dakota to Oregon. While working for the Bureau of Land Management in Eugene, Dietrich became involved in fire management and eventually, development of the Class A Foam. He then transferred to the San Bernardino, California, area, which is still his home base. "It's an intense firefighting environment," Dietrich says. "And it's year-round."

The Thompson Falls base camp is eerily silent—bereft of the 450 firefighters who live here. They arose at 5:30 a.m., showered, ate breakfast, then assembled, coffee cups in hand, for the 7 a.m. briefing before moving out, en masse, to the fires. After a twelve-hour shift, the fighters will return to camp, where they'll clean up, eat, and, Dietrich hopes, get some sleep.

"The fighters are free to come and go," Dietrich says, then, after a pause, adds "in theory." Dietrich's duties aren't limited to putting out fires, but extend into population management. "I once had 4,500 in my camp," Dietrich says, and notes that he's occasionally had to send fighters home for disciplinary reasons ranging from alcohol and drug abuse to fighting. But his experience in Montana so far has been a positive one, with people he describes as "outstanding." He also has to stay on top of fatigue management. When Dietrich and his crew deploy in a few days, they'll have two days of uninterrupted down time, "where we can't be called," before being scheduled back into the rotation.

According to Dietrich's colleagues, his long suit is the ability to communicate with and coordinate disparate response teams and to build relationships by bringing local law enforcement and fire districts into the planning. "I've known Mike a long time," says Greg Greenhoe, deputy director of fire and aviation for the Northern Region Forest Service and area commander of Black Mountain. "He's an incredible fire manager, largely due to his leadership skills."

These days, Dietrich and his team manage more and more non-fire incidents, including the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, the Oklahoma City bombing, hurricanes in Florida and the Caribbean, and typhoons in the South Pacific. They spent two and a half months on the Columbia space shuttle recovery operation. "We recovered 88,000 pieces of the shuttle," Dietrich says. "That's 37 percent of the shuttle's weight—using the same principles as firefighting." Which is tedious, methodical, work: the team forms a line, each person spread ten feet from another—then they tread the ground, over brush, brambles, and swamps rife with water moccasins. "We recovered objects that were anywhere from flake-sized pieces to an attach ring from one of the shuttle's solid rocket boosters."

PHOTO BY MARTIN ESPARZA, LOS ANGELES RIVER RANGER DISTRICT

During the recovery effort, Dietrich and his team also happened upon an abandoned vehicle, inside of which was stashed a body—the victim of a year-old murder.

Fire, hurricanes, bombings, terrorist attacks, shuttle recovery, murder. And what does he make of the infinite variety of incidents he manages?

"Sometimes I have no clue," Dietrich says with a stoic, hard-earned unflappability. "Sometimes I just have no clue."

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HOW THE WEST WAS SCRIPTED

"...ain't yu' heard of the improvements west of Big Timber, all the way to Missoula?"

—Owen Wister
The Virginian

BY BRYAN DI SALVATORE

Once upon a teenage time, desperate to escape the drab shadow land in which I felt hideously trapped, I picked up Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. I only made it through a few chapters. The handsome cowboy protagonist had not yet married Molly Stark Wood, the plucky gal from Vermont, nor been ambushed and gravely wounded in lonesome terrain. Nor had he been straw boss for the lynching of his former partner, who had taken to brushing dark trails. The hapless, amiable Shorty had not been bushwhacked; the dependable cayuse, Pedro, had not been mutilated by the despicable Balaam, and the craven desperado Trampas, the Virginian's sworn enemy, had yet to meet his well-deserved fate. (Trampas is the one on the receiving end of one of American popular literature's most famous—and misquoted—lines: "When you call me that, smile!")

I didn't pick the book up again until a few months ago. In some ways, things worked out for the best. It isn't that the novel is entirely wasted on the young, when most readers engage it. Instead, the book's multifaceted illuminations and complexity are best appreciated by adults. It's written for the bifocal set, not bright puppy eyes. Had my reading not been torpedoed by the purloined paperback of *Candy* a buddy slipped me in fifth-period Spanish, I suspect I'd be stumbling, poorer, through middle age, recalling the book as little more than another rootin' tootin' horse opera and not the grand, fascinating novel I now believe it to be.

Weirdly though, the second time around, the book seemed oddly familiar, rife with clichés. That perception, I realized soon enough, is deceiving. Rather than the silty stale-water delta it might appear, *The Virginian* is a gin-clear headwaters. From it has gushed nearly every element that, rightly or wrongly, constitutes the perceived landscape of the Old West. (At least from a European viewpoint: Wister's West is white, his Indians cartoonish.)

Its pages hold some of America's hoariest frontier images: main street showdowns, shifty-eyed drifters, goofy coots, hapless tenderfeet, laconic cowboys, virginal schoolmarms, reined-to-a-stop runaways, God-glorious panoramas, loyal saddle mates, and powerful cattlemen. In short, every ten-gallon in the posse, from Rick O'Shay to the Man Who Thought He Shot Liberty Valance.

If Owen Wister didn't compose the Code of the West, he certainly wrote its rough draft.

From strange acorns grow wide oaks.

In 1885, one year after Huckleberry Finn declared his intention to light out for the territories, Wister, a twenty-four-year-old mother-tied, Harvard-educated, musically precocious, neurasthenic, high-born Philadelphian, did the same.

Huck, whose likely destination was present-day Oklahoma, had had it up to here with "civilizing." Wister, however, fetched up in now-Wyoming for a prescribed summer "rest cure" on a ranch. Idea was he would regain his balance, hie back East, study law, and cowboy up with the ruling class.

But the law made him cough up hairballs and the dad-blamed fool became a writer. Though his collected work—fiction, nonfiction, biography, political screed—runs to eleven thick volumes, the reputation of that long-ago greenhorn rests solely on a single, patchy novel.

The Virginian, published in 1902, was hardly America's first cowboy tale—literally millions of Beadle's lurid dime novels had been circulating since the Civil War.

Wister's achievement was to brush trail dust off this emerging genre and yank it from the bunkhouse into the parlor: morph "Gun Lords of Stirrup Basin" into "Stagecoach."

The book was a phenomenon—reprinted six times in six weeks and fifteen times in six months. Never out of print, it has sold well over two million copies—in English, German, Spanish, Czech, French and Arabic, for starters. It became a popular play, several times a motion picture—the first, in 1914, Cecil B. DeMille's solo directorial debut—and, famously but fatuously, a long-lived television series.

Be warned, the novel's language often ranges beyond florid. The Virginian, in one mild example, moves "with the undulations of a tiger ... as if his muscles flowed beneath his skin."

As well, its view of womanhood is wincingly traditional. Women are nurturers. They need protection. They are necessary (in unstated ways)

"'When you call me that, smile.'"

"By his side the girl walking and cheering him forward."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER FROM A REPRINT OF THE FIRST EDITION, 1903.

and therefore grudgingly tolerated by Wister's "bachelors of the saddle." But beware these pushy things, boys: no sooner'n they learn you table manners they'll try to turn you into some pink-fingered vegetarian.

On the other hand, the book is infused with the modern. The Virginian smokes, drinks, gambles, cusses, plays cruel practical jokes, and has at least one dalliance with a lusty widow. Not to say he doesn't abide by the Good Book, it's just that he isn't some bellerin' churcher. One of the book's most winning episodes is his philosophical kneecapping of a pompous circuit rider: Don't run Sunday on me, preacher man.

Additionally, the lynching scene is raw. (Wister was witness to Wyoming's Johnson County Wars, in which cattle barons battled those they felt were impinging on their herds and grazing land. These "rustlers," however, were, in many instances, merely small-beer cattlemen. The sympathies of the patrician Wister lie decidedly with the big-money boys.)

A century old, *The Virginian* still shines like a new nickel, albeit in ways Wister could hardly have intended: the looking glass into the past becomes a mirror, reflecting our century.

He described his book as a "colonial romance." And romantic it is: instead of cursing the absence of rain clouds in the night sky, Wister—gooey with the majesty of it all, the tourist who makes his living elsewhere—sees only glittery astral chandeliers.

His narrator—dubbed by the cowboys "Prince of Wales" and clearly a stand-in for Wister himself—is pure rookie. He de-trains, breathing deeply of air "pure as water and strong as wine" and trembles with delight at the easy, masculine camaraderie of the Virginian and his fellow buckaroos.

Our enamored dude immediately disavows his roots; tries in vain to distance himself from his lily-livered fellow travelers. The constant, hilarious belittling of "back east" is one of the book's abiding pleasures. Even rough saloons, Wister says, tower over their "stateside" counterparts: "More of death they saw, but less of vice.... And death is a thing much cleaner...."

The Prince sees some newly arrived drummers with re-born eyes, calling their chatter the "celluloid good-fellowship that passes for ivory with ... the city crowd." Noticing a local "character" heading east (to be married, natch!), he asks the Virginian "Are there many oddities [like that fellow] out here?" The Virginian pauses and says "Yes, sir. A right smart of them come in on every train."

Soon, like moonstruck tourists throughout history, the Prince sets to appropriating "his" discovery, turning things and people into tailor-made commodities. Of the Virginian, he decides "The creature we call a gentleman lies deep in the hearts of thousands that are born without a chance to master the outward graces of the type."

Here's where things get interesting. Wister has whisked us into the New West, his narrator some version of that ilk of contemporary Montana arrival who wants it all of a thoroughly authentic piece—the unpeopled vista, the convenient airport and three-star restaurant, the colorful locals—just so it isn't too, you know, downright authentic. The narrator decries the distance he will have to travel to his summer digs (effectively a dude ranch), turns his nose up at the basic cuisine, and disdains the communal washing facilities. Sure, your nature is magnificent, he says, but can't you do something about town, that "wretched husk of squalor," a "soiled pack of cards" whose outskirts are littered with discarded bottles and tin cans and piles of reeking garbage?

The good people of *The Virginian* all live happily ever after. The narrator, at last, earns his bona fides, becomes a true westerner. We know this because we see him bathing—luxuriating—in the warm waters of nostalgia. The amber casing of his new play land has begun to fog, crack: "This country's ... doomed," he says, all of several summers under his belt buckle. "The west is growing old." He might as well have dubbed it The Last Best Place, with every syllable of arrogant, drippy fatalism the phrase suggests.

The Virginian, that noble savage—who like every major character is himself a newcomer— couldn't agree more. So, reluctantly, he makes his separate peace. By book's end he is rich, married, a father. There's nothing left for him to do but cozy up to the hearth of wistfulness, blissfully unaware that he himself has planted the seed of the demon future: "When the natural pasture is eaten off," he says, "we'll have big pastures fenced. I am well fixed for the new conditions .... When I took up my land, I chose a place where there is coal. It will not be long before the new railroad needs that."

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Saving 'Nocksum'

UM alumna Christina Willis works to record an endangered language at the top of the world.

PHOTOS AND STORY BY DAN OKO

The goats are the first sign that the spring migration has started once again for the Darma people of the Indian Himalayas. All along the winding mountain road that runs alongside the Kali River, separating India from Nepal, families on their way to their summer homes attend herds of shaggy, curly-horned goats, wooly sheep, and supply-laden donkeys. Pavement notwithstanding, this is the route the Darma have followed for generations. If modern life in the form of racing jeeps, motor scooters, and garishly painted "Public Carriers"—India's ubiquitous trucking fleet—encroach on this annual resettlement, the vehicles have no choice but to idle at pedestrian speeds until the livestock can be herded to the shoulder.

For most of the past year, my partner Christina M. Willis '96 and I have been living among the Darma in the remote town of Dharchula. In the coming weeks, our plan is to follow the migrating Darma to their villages in the high basins of the Darma Valley on the border of Chinese-occupied Tibet.

A graduate of UM's Davidson Honors College, Christina has been working toward her doctorate at the University of Texas, Austin, since 1999. Her discipline is linguistics, the study of how people communicate and how language evolved. Christina is trying to help this ethnically distinct indigenous people record their language. Unlike Hindi, the dominant language of northern India, Darma is a Tibeto-Burman dialect that remains strictly oral with no writing system.

Certainly, the Darma language looks like it could be in serious trouble. Out of an estimated population of 4,000 individuals, less than half are reported to speak Darma; children from the community are educated in Hindi; and the young adults we've met are more concerned with picking up some English and job prospects in the States than with maintaining the culture of their grandparents.

"Development is coming" is a favorite local refrain in Dharchula, although hardly anybody talks about the cost of this progress. According to scientific literature, any language with so few speakers is likely to vanish within two generations.

In order to approach this work, Christina traveled twice to India to study Hindi so that she could talk with the locals. Christina focuses primarily on songs, stories, and ceremonies, which provide a window into both the speech and traditions of the Darma people. She attends weddings and funerals, recording songs, stories, and ceremonies and hangs around with a digital recorder to tape day-to-day conversations. "There's no way to do the research I do without getting into people's homes to record conversations and stories," she says. "So even though it's sometimes been difficult to meet just the right people, I'm feeling pretty lucky to have chosen this topic."

For members of the Darma community there's a growing interest in creating a permanent record of their language and culture. "I've wanted to make a project like this happen for some time," says tribal member B.S. Bonal, director of the National Zoo in Delhi. "But we're happy to have outside help if that's what it takes to get this job done."

Often, though not always, "language documentation" deals with languages that are on the verge of extinction. Contact with foreign

Found in a remote corner of the new Indian state of Uttaranchal, in the heart of the Himalayas bordering Nepal and China, Dharchula and its neighboring communities are the winter home of the Darma.

Our Byans landlady operates according to a social code the Rang call "nocksum," treating most strangers as guests, and guests—even paying ones—as family.

cultures and economic pressure are two of the most likely culprits for this global phenomenon. Some linguists fear that as many as ninety percent of the world's languages could be eliminated over the next fifty years. Beyond language-preservation efforts, language documentation provides linguists with the ability to look at the interaction and development of languages worldwide.

Using tapes and direct observation, Christina has been transcribing spoken Darma into something known as the international phonetic alphabet, which enables her to record not just the sounds of consonants and vowels familiar to English speakers, but also any sound made in human language, ranging from various tones found in Vietnamese to the clicking sounds of African bush dialects.

Christina received a Fulbright fellowship in 2002 and a grant from the National Science Foundation in 2003 to support her work. She is quick to acknowledge the role played by UM professors in her career: Anthony Mattina and Robert Hausmann, professors of linguistics, G.G. Weix, professor of women's studies, and Katherine "Tobie" Weist, professor of anthropology.

India first cropped up on our radar when a professor in Austin suggested it would be easy enough to find research funds to pay for a trip to the Subcontinent. With eighteen official languages recognized by India's constitution and some 1,600 additional dialects and regional varieties counted by census takers, Christina realized she would be able to build travel into her research. Having reluctantly agreed to leave Missoula with her for Austin, my only request was that we end up in the mountains. Neither of us had ever heard of Dharchula, thanks in part to its remote location; this geographic isolation, on the other hand, has contributed to Christina's ability to gain government and institutional support, as well as funding, for her research program.

The haul to Dharchula from New Delhi takes twenty-four hours of straight travel, although only the desperate or insane attempt it in less than two days. Heading out from the New Delhi Train Station, our habit is to catch an overnight coach and then schlep fifteen or so hours in local so-called "shared taxis," bare-tired, diesel Jeeps driven by

Christina (far right) with friends.

eighteen- to twenty-five-year olds who are paid about $2 (USD) per day to negotiate the high mountain passes. People make better time on Going-to-the-Sun Road in Glacier National Park in August, although I suppose this hair-raising trip could be considered part and parcel of the charm of relocating to the Himalayas.

Living in this remote corner of India, Christina and I have had to reckon with a new set of rules for the road. From the crushing poverty of India's so-called mega-cities to the ringing temple bells in our own backyard at evening prayer time, there's no escaping that we're not in America anymore. The sound of people breaking rock to eke out a few extra rupees each day is the rhythm of our mornings. The hourly bellow of cows in the alley reminds us that whatever industrial development has come to this nation of a billion people, we have landed in a predominantly agrarian community where ancient traditions echo through daily life.

Following the war with China in 1962, the Indian government classified the Darma and two other closely related tribes—the Byangs and Chaudangs—as descendants of Tibetan ancestors. The three groups, however, resist this official grouping—noting their religious practices are an amalgamation of animism and Hinduism, emphatically not Buddhist as in Tibet.

With about 30,000 residents, Dharchula forms the business and

population center along our stretch of the Kali River. The Darma, the Byans, and Chaudangs are known collectively as Rang people. Dharchula's population also includes Indian Army and paramilitary squads stationed to defend the international borders and a host of workers, including a handful of Europeans and Koreans, who are employed at the hydroelectric dam being built at the base of the Darma Valley.

The corridor is dotted with small communities, where the main highway is the only street in town. Shops supply necessities, such as laundry soap, rice, beans, and fresh fruit trucked up from the plains, as well as consumer items such as plastic furniture and Chinese-made handbags.

Away from the road, villages persist where locals tend small farms and orchards on terraced hillsides, growing citrus, potatoes, and grains. Back in Dharchula proper, you'll find some semblance of indoor plumbing, but throughout the region many people rely on public spigots and natural springs. Open sewers still run through town, while on the outskirts and beyond public latrines remain the norm. Meanwhile, our water only comes on for a couple of hours twice a day, so we must fill buckets for everything from washing dishes to taking showers. Electricity is sporadic, but we have enough energy to keep the laptop charged, and many families have a television.

Christina in a recording session with village women.

Despite the availability of Coca Cola, Levi's, and HBO on satellite television, the cultural divide between East and West continues to hold sway hereabouts; the further you are from such metropolises as Delhi, Madras, and Bombay, the farther behind you leave any similarities between the United States and India. I may have had to surrender my penchant for longnecks and cheeseburgers during our sojourn, but there have been many rewards. Christina and I have come to appreciate the joys of a fine cup of well-spiced chai—sweet tea with cardamom, ginger, and black pepper—not to mention well-seasoned plates of rice and lentils, served with heaping side-orders of cauliflower, potatoes, eggplant, and okra, known in these parts as "subzi masala."

It's not just the food that is different. For an American at the edge of the habitable world, as north India has been called, the pace of life, social niceties, and religious practices never once let you forget that this is an exotic destination. In our Himalayan home away from home, we find a certain quietude lost in many Indian and foreign cities, if it was ever there at all, but all the same, day-to-day living can be a real challenge. Thankfully, our Byans landlady operates according to a social code the Rang call "nocksum," treating most strangers as guests, and guests—even paying ones—as family.

Our shared house is made of brick and cement, a thoroughly modern dwelling by Dharchula standards with its marble floors and indoor toilet, nestled between several houses made of stone and wood. These older homes beyond our glassless windowpanes give a feel for what this place must have been like before development began in earnest. These two-story structures are not much taller than our single-story abode. Most of our neighbors' living areas are accessed via a narrow wooden ladder-type staircase. The lower rooms housed cattle in the days of yore; now they are used most often for storage. Fewer and fewer of these traditional houses remain.

As befits a community barely a generation removed from village life, hollering for your neighbors is still more common than ringing them on the phone. In our back-street neighborhood nearly everyone is related to our landlady, and she has frequent visitors, often before we are even out of bed. A notable consolation is that we happily receive our daily quotient of "bed tea" while still drowsy and indeed still in bed. It's a ritual we'll miss when we return to Texas.

While some old ways linger, other traditions have been mingled with the dominant Hindu practices of the region. Within the first few weeks of arriving in Dharchula, we were taking our daily walk. I had discovered a new trail off the main road. Along the path we noticed a small temple whitewashed on the outside like many we see dotting the hillsides. Following us, a group of local men led a goat to the temple's small interior shrine, tossed some rice in the air, and said a prayer. Then they chopped the goat's head off with a sickle and collected some of its blood in a cup. They waved when they noticed us watching.

After a winter in Dharchula, we are more than ready to explore the Darma Valley, the tribe's traditional summer home. Like a wildlife biologist tracking a rare critter in the backcountry, Christina needs to observe her subjects in their natural habitat. So, after spending a month watching idly while friends and neighbors packed their bags and saddled their livestock, we too finally load our backpacks with sleeping bags, dehydrated noodles, and Christina's high-tech recording equipment.

It takes us two days of hard walking to reach the open plateau where we will spend most of our time in the Darma Valley. There are fourteen villages located in the valley at altitudes of 8,000 to 14,000 feet that are occupied from May through October. Following the path of the roiling Dhauli River that helped carve the valley, we skirt massive granite cliffs, inch our way across icy glaciers, and cross wobbly wooden bridges over rushing whitewater. We pass through broadleaf forests where oak, Himalayan walnut, and rhododendron trees provide plenty of shade, eventually emerging into sub-alpine evergreen forests where the air smells like vanilla. We share the trail with goatherds, military patrols keeping a wary eye on China, and families joining the migration. Many of the people we meet say they've been expecting us; our time in Dharchula evidently has made us a little famous.

We establish a five-day base in the village of Baun, where fortune would have it our friend Mr. Bonal from the Delhi Zoo and other familiar faces can be found. Across the valley, we can see five massive peaks of the Panchachuli Range towering to heights of nearly 25,000 feet. It's the season for offerings, sacrifice, and feasting, and we join the Darma families as they visit temples and shrines, wolfing down goat meat and rice, and the sweets and fried flat bread called "puri" they pass around. The hills are sprinkled with blooming wildflowers, and every morning we make our way to the river to bathe in the brisk snowmelt.

Christina carries her digital recorder everywhere and tapes Darma folk songs, old men telling stories, and housewives gossiping. She has collected a dictionary of nearly 1,000 words and begun to parse the grammatical rules of Darma. After leaving the valley, she will sit down with consultants to transcribe the tapes and translate the words from Darma into Hindi and English. The idea is that this will form the basis for future generations to learn their language, if it comes to that. Christina takes time to learn the local name for mountain iris and forget-me-nots as well as wild strawberries and various medicinal plants.

In the meantime, we enjoy the Darma nocksum in this rural setting. Many descendents of the village have been away for fifteen to twenty years and this is the first time they've had a chance to come back. Many of their children barely speak Darma. We trade stories and snack on blood sausage made from goat intestine and other delicacies. I'm invited to participate in a strength contest involving a very large rock, and when I muscle it onto a platform I am offered a sweet local alcoholic brew. It tastes a little like Mexican mescal, the smoky booze with the worm in the bottle. Again and again, people tell us they're happy Christina has taken an interest in their language and culture.

When we've had our fill of Baun, we take our recording equipment a little further into the backcountry—to the last village in the valley, about fifteen miles away. Past Baun, the villages are more sparsely populated, and many of the small stone houses have been abandoned. The schoolyards boast volleyball nets, but the schools themselves have no teachers. Those who will spend the whole summer and part of the fall in the Darma Valley farm small plots of land or supervise workers who have been brought in to help with this subsistence-level agriculture.

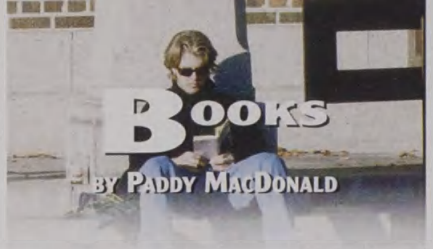
I take these images with me to the States when Christina's work brings us back to the University of Texas.

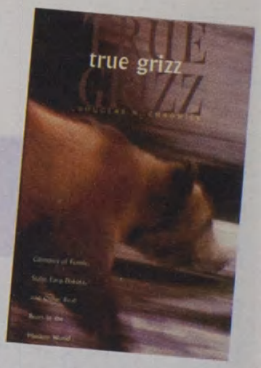
Some dream that one day tourists will come and boost the economy of the Darma Valley, but despite the remarkable scenic beauty of this section of the Himalayas, it's tough to imagine all but the most adventurous making the arduous trip simply to go trekking.

However, in addition to the inherent value of cultural diversity, there are clear economic and environmental bonuses in studying indigenous traditions. The government of the cash-strapped new state of Uttaranchal, for instance, sees a business opportunity in the herbal medicines harvested from this region. But if native knowledge and cultural resources are lost, any number of such assets might disappear as well.

This realization is part of what feeds Christina's interest in continuing with this sort of work—in fact, we're heading back to India this winter, so that she can work on completing a dictionary and descriptive grammar of Darma. "It's a never-ending project, really," she says. "I mean, I can keep doing this for the rest of my life, and probably there will still be a lot that escapes me. So my goal is to get enough that somebody in the community can eventually take over."

Dan Oko, former editor of the Missoula Independent *and author of* Mountain Biking Missoula, *maintained a Web log of his trip to India at www.danoko.blogspot.com. His work has appeared in* Mother Jones, Outside, *and* Texas Parks and Wildlife.





True Grizz

by Douglas H. Chadwick '74

San Francisco: University of California Press, 2003, 176 pp., $24.95

Ursus Arctos Horribilis is a species defined less by science than by human emotion, Douglas Chadwick explains in his seventh book on natural history. But grizzlies are far more complex than the indiscriminate carnivores of legend. In fact, Chadwick, after a decades-long study, sees a remarkable correspondence between a grizzly's nature and our own.

"Bears are about as different from one another in terms of habits and temperament as one human is from the next," Chadwick says, portraying grizzlies as intelligent, mercurial creatures that have little choice but to share the landscape with us. Most of the ursine personality profiles in Chadwick's book were gleaned from bears as they engaged in their ongoing quest for food: Daryl, a "C student in need of improvement;" her brother Blade, who fritters away his afternoons digging for the starchy roots and kinnikinnick near a Flathead County roadside; Stahr, who once scored a 300-pound sack of dog food; Louie, who burglarized an unoccupied cabin to feast on the strung-up deer carcass hanging inside; Fernie and her cubs, Nip and Tuck; and B.C., a "North Fork troublemaker."

Chadwick joins a crew of wildlife managers as they attempt to re-educate grizzlies that habitually venture into human settlement. According to Chadwick, averse conditioning—using frightening or painful stimuli, such as rubber bullets and "cracker" shells—is far superior to relocating, since the grizzly will either return to its original scavenging ground or find a new area, equally close to humans.

The book's core lies in a dramatic passage that chronicles Chadwick's encounter with a grizzly in Glacier National Park. Watching and following "Real Bear," the author paints a dazzling portrait of the wilderness, its inhabitants, and his own awestruck response: "You can't escape . . . the feeling of having cast off earthly things to stand unadorned before powers far greater than your own." But when Real Bear switches roles from the trackee to the tracker, Chadwick quickly discovers that "you face questions about the stuff you're made of . . . and that what you want out of life above anything else . . . is to remain alive." In spite of this heart-clutching encounter—perhaps, because of it—*True Grizz* reads like a love story.

Every Good Boy Does Fine

by Tim Laskowski, M.A. '88, M.F.A. '88

Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 2003, 176 pp., $23.95

Robert Nyquist, the narrator of Tim Laskowski's debut novel, lives in a group home, where he struggles to find an anchoring reality, consistent patterns, a way to behave that's acceptable to him and to his caregivers. "Normal" is no longer possible for Robert, who sustained permanent brain damage in a rock-climbing accident thirteen years before the story begins. Instead, he and the other residents are encouraged to learn appropriateness: "Being appropriate is what we strive for, what we live for, waiting for cues from an able-body to know whether we should laugh or goddamn cry or sit there and do nothing."

Adapting to his environment, Robert negotiates a relationship with Lorna, a fellow resident, and endures the occasional, pained visits from his parents and son. He plays the piano and soaks in his bath tub, enjoying his only "private time." Then, Robert is offered a chance to improve his situation: "Transitions," a program that could teach him more self-reliance and lead, possibly, to his own apartment.

But Robert has a secret. He's uncomfortable with the new options available to him. Choices have consequences. In Robert's experience, those who allow themselves to be seduced by life's possibilities are sometimes made to pay—like Robert himself, who left his Hi-Line roots for college, fell in love with a new landscape, and dared to dream different dreams. He harbors the conviction that falling off a cliff was his punishment for wanting more, for not being a "good boy."

Robert's most reliable escape from a sometimes cruel and difficult life comes through acts of imagination, where he conjures up memories of his pre-injury self or floats through a powerful, self-preserving fantasy, such as that of his own miraculous recovery.

The candid glimpse into a disabled person's consciousness is at once the most poignant, astonishing, and nerve-thrumming aspect of Laskowski's novel. We shrink from Robert's pain as we're again reminded that life isn't fair. But Robert is able, finally, to find grace in acceptance, even as he continues his struggle to establish common bonds and share intimate moments with those he holds dear.

Miracle Girl

By Keith Scribner, M.F.A. '91

New York: Riverhead Books, 2003, 257 pp., $23.95

If recognition begets mirth, Catholics, in particular, will appreciate the humor in this rollicking, iconoclastic novel, Scribner's second. A software employee named Sue Phong, through no design of her own, begins appearing in people's dreams and in the process, disrupts routine, quietude, and all common sense in Hudson City, a hard-up town that missed the economic miracle of the nineties. Suddenly, bum legs are restored, kidney stones dissolve, and pilgrims clog the streets, all hoping for an audience with the "miracle girl."

The miracle girl is a thorn in the side of Bishop Frank O'Connor, a "practical man in a spiritual world." But for Buddy Jensen, a morally ambiguous real estate agent, the miracle girl is a commodity to be hauled out at parades, groundbreakings, and ribbon-cuttings.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy Quinn inventories and sells space for Bishop O'Connor's diocese. Periodically updating the color-coded maps that line his office wall, Quinn strikes an occasional underhanded deal with Venable Realty, while trying to stay out of the bishop's gun sight. At home, where he lives with his yoga-practicing girlfriend Rita, Quinn sands wood on his back stoop or labors over a jigsaw puzzle. To him, the miracle girl is "mostly about traffic," since her advent has brought on a massive parking dilemma.

But Quinn soon becomes entangled in the conflicting agendas of Bishop O'Connor, a man who "takes secret pride in cracking walnuts with his bare hands," and Buddy, who likens the potential economic windfall to "opening up China," and who's not above using a little blackmail to involve Quinn in his schemes.

The novel is peopled with off-beat, marginally flawed characters, among them the wise-cracking Sister Rosemary, "who looks like she belongs on the cover of *Redbook for Nuns*," and Father Timothy Floquet, the spindly parish priest whose church sermons are now heard by throngs, who's caught up in the carnie-like atmosphere, and who will, if the bishop has his way, "have a few years making jam in a monastery to think this over."

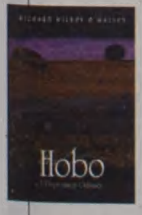
The novel's theme is faith: in the miracle girl; in memory; in effort; and most importantly, Quinn's faith in himself—that he'll find the correct puzzle piece, make it fit, and do the next right thing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Hobo: A Depression Odyssey

By Richard Kilroy O'Malley '35

Sun City, Arizona: Jeanne B. O'Malley, 2002, 272 pp., $14.95



After losing his job in Butte's copper mine during the Depression, the narrator of this largely autobiographical novel by the late author of *Mile High Mile Deep* embarks on a train-hopping search for work. Armed with a knapsack, a blanket, and twenty dollars stuffed into a Bull Durham sack, Slim Maloney encounters, over the course of a 10,000-mile journey, a Shakespeare-quoting bootlegger, a hangman, a Chinese ranch cook, and "Terrible Turk," a carnival strongman. For eating money, Slim digs potatoes, plays piano, pushes broom, and washes cars. Slim, not quite nineteen when he returns home to his family, is an authentic voice for those who struggled to find their way through one of the most desperate times in history.

Hope and Dread in Montana Literature

By Ken Egan Jr. '78

Reno, Nevada: University of Nevada Press, 2003, 183 pp., $34.95

Ken Egan Jr. examines Montana's rich literary tradition in this intellectually provocative survey, in which he calls Montana's literature dialectic "to the core, reflecting competing responses to common concerns." Juxtaposing tales of violence and tragedy with those of endurance and triumph, Egan demonstrates the state's conflicted history and offers the possibility of thoughtful solutions to the West's daunting social and environmental dilemmas through the writers' insights. The works of such literary luminaries as A.B. Guthrie, Ivan Doig, Jim Welch, Richard Hugo, Mary Clearman Blew, Bill Kittredge, and Richard Ford are discussed, as are the narratives of early explorers, ranchers, American Indians, and women settlers.

Apostles and Agitators: Italy's Marxist Revolutionary Tradition

By Richard Drake

Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 2003, 283 pp., $45

In his timely study of the ways in which an ideology of terror becomes rooted in society, Richard Drake, UM professor of history, explains the character of the revolutionary tradition to which so many Italians professed allegiance, examining its origins and internal tensions, the men who shaped it, and its legacy. The book ends with a disturbing coda in which Drake recounts the recent murders of the economists Massimo D'Antona and Marco Biagi by the new Red Brigades, whose Internet justification for the killings is steeped in Marxist revolutionary tradition.

Shroud Across the Valley

By Kalli Deschamps '69

Missoula: Kalli Deschamps, 2003, 247 pp., $21.99

Conflict between environmental extremists and cattle ranchers provides a backdrop for this murder mystery, set in a Rocky Mountain valley in the 1990s. The book opens with the disappearance of Kyle Johnsrud, a prominent rancher. After weeks of intensive searching, his body is found by four friends. Clues to the murder accumulate, and just as a prime suspect is emerging, someone shoots him, sending the plot into a new direction. The novel ends with a type of rangeland justice.

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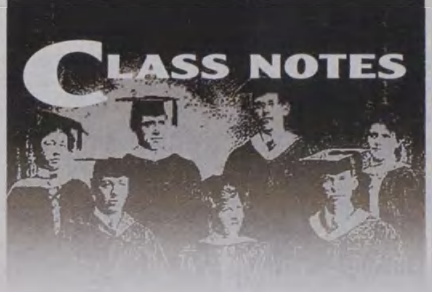


Lucile Strausser '41 & Bonnie Burns '54

Valerie Walther '49

Lawrence K. Pettit '59

Class Notes are compiled by **Betsy Holmquist** '67, M.A. '83. Submit news to the UM Alumni Association, Brantly Hall, Missoula, MT 59812. You may fax your news to (406) 243-4467 or e-mail it to alumnote@mso.umt.edu. Material in this issue reached our office by September 15, 2003. Please contact UMAA with all name and address updates at the above address or phone 1-877-UM-ALUMS.

'30s

Emmeline McKittrick Lee '35 and her husband, Wade Lee, of Missoula celebrated their 65th anniversary at a July family reunion at Flathead Lake. The couple met while working for Montana Power Company.

'40s

The 60th reunion for the class of 1944 will be held on campus May 13-15, 2004. Contact the Alumni Office for further details.

Albert C. Angstman '41, LL.B. '46 writes from Kingwood, Texas, "I note in the Fall *Montanan*, that many more alumni names from the '30s and '40s appear in the In Memoriam section than in Class Notes. I got to thinking I would rather my name appear in the latter column than in the former. This is to let you know that I am still alive and kicking. I've been retired now for 26 years, after 27 years in the legal department of Shell Oil Company. The retirement years have been spent enjoying life, with lots of travel and golf. As proof that I still get around pretty well, I recently 'shot my age'—an 82, which most golfers know is an admirable feat for an amateur." Al's letter also acknowledges Dean Charles W. Leaphart and the other UM School of Law professors who, he writes, "went out of their way adjusting schedules to meet the numerous needs of veterans returning to law school during the years following World War II."

Lucile Lofland Strausser '49 enjoys having her daughter, **Bonnie Boyd Burns** '54, of Goldsboro, N.C., read her the Montanan. "Mother is 96 years old," Bonnie writes, "and rides her exercise bike five miles a day. She has logged a total of 18,000 miles on it now." Bonnie continues, "Mom worked for many Air Force generals and took depositions from returning POWs after the Vietnam War. She worked until she was 70. Then she took up oil painting and did over 100 beauties." Bonnie, a retired elementary school teacher, did commercial modeling in San Francisco and appeared in the 1937 movies "52nd Street" and "Doctor's Diary." She admits that her "real claim to fame was being considered for the part of Bonnie Blue Butler in 'Gone with the Wind.' I was too old by the time it was cast," she explains, "but such was life in Tinsel Town!"

Valerie Jean Yule Walther '49, Missoula, can stir her tea or coffee with a sterling silver teaspoon featuring UM's Main Hall topped by an engraved naked woman. Among her spoon collection are two other UM spoons, one engraved with "Lux et Veritas," the other with "Bess" and "1914." "I expect it's for Bess Reed," Valerie explains. Her collection includes 32 spoons from Montana alone—Valerie's favorite, a Butte teaspoon featuring Buckskin Charlie, the scout who took Teddy Roosevelt up the Gallatin River and into Yellowstone Park. Valerie's father, **James B. Yule** '08 sister, **Jamie B. Yule** '56 and Val's Missoula-based sons, **Peter R. Walther** '92 and **Jonathan Y. Walther** '82 all graduated from UM. Jamie, a retired professor from Mercyhurst College, lives in Erie, Penn. Peter manages the record department at Rockin' Rudy's, and Jonathan is a troubleshooter for the Deep Space Network, part of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. The boys' father, **Peter E. Walther**, '80 is a retired math and computer science instructor at Salish Kootenai College in Pablo.

'50s

The 50th reunion for the class of 1954 will be held on campus May 13-15, 2004. Contact the Alumni Office for further details.

Jack L. Sutton '52 was honored at this summer's Old Timers' Reunion and Summer Festival in Fairview. A high school English teacher in Fairview for 30 years and a ticket-taker at all school events for the past 40 years, Jack's looking forward to next fall when he can at last tell the first students he had in high school 41 years ago that they're old enough to get into events free. "Those once 17-year olds will be 60 then," he laughs, "and I'm looking forward to telling them they don't have to pay any more because now they are senior citizens!" Jack substitutes, serves as a library aide, junior class sponsor, and directs an annual play for the high school. He walks 100 blocks each day delivering the Billings Gazette and admits he didn't even buy a festival button that featured his picture. "I just don't understand why Fairview wanted to honor me," he concludes.

Lawrence K. Pettit '59 retired in August after 11 years as president of Indiana University of Pennsylvania. Larry served as Montana's first commissioner of higher education and will remain in Western Pennsylvania where he continues as chairman of the board of the National Environmental Education and Training Center Inc.

'60s

Larry L. Christopherson '64, Columbus, Ohio, retired as a loan officer for Huntington Mortgage Company in February 2002. He recently took over the financial literacy and homeownership education program for the Columbus Office of Neighborhood Housing. Larry also has developed a financial and credit card management education and counseling program for students at Ohio State University. **Ginny Johnson Christopherson** '64 has her own Suzuki-based violin music school. Larry and Ginny have two grown daughters and invite friends traveling by to "stop in for a visit!"

Daniel R. Blake '65 has been married to Bonnie Ericson for five years and enjoys their blended family of a son, a daughter and two step-daughters. An economics professor at California State University, Northridge, Dan was voted the Outstanding Business Graduate Teacher last year. He directs the San Fernando Valley Economic Research Center at CSUN and recently produced the first economic forecast for the San Fernando Valley.

Richard W. Barr '66 received the Melvin Jones Fellowship Honor from the Ennis Lions Club at its annual spring banquet. This award marks the highest form of recognition conferred by the Lions Club International Foundation and recognizes Dick's dedication to making the world a better place through humanitarian service. Dick formerly owned and operated the SilverTip Lodge in Ennis and was a member of the UM Alumni Association Board of Directors.

William F. Wright, M.S. '66, retired from the Montana Department of Natural Resources and Conservation in December 2002 after nearly 38 years as a state employee. Bill writes from Kalispell, "My wife, Linda, and I plan on traveling more to visit our children and spend time spoiling our granddaughter, Paige."

Roger A. Barber '67, J.D. '71, M.B.A. '83, is the newly-appointed interim deputy commissioner of academic and student affairs in the Office of the Commissioner of High Education in Helena. An administrator and member of the faculty at MSU-Northern for 23 years, Roger served as provost of the college since 1999.

Peter H. Ormson '68 retired in December 2002 after 33 years with ConocoPhillips. Peter spent his entire career in marketing, beginning as a vendor contract negotiator on the Apollo Project following graduation from UM. He and his wife, **Carol Olson Ormson**, '70 live in Albuquerque, N.M.

'70s

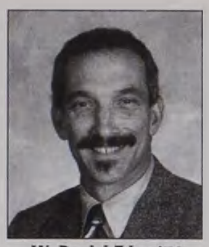
Carl G. Darchuk '70 is the founding director of the Fort Peck Theater, Helena's Grandstreet Theater and Scobey's summer theater, now known as the Dirty Shame Saloon. Carl also founded three theaters in Washington—the Mercer Island Children's Theater, the Renton Civic Theater and Issaquah's Village Theater. Now living in Los Angeles, he is working on a motion picture adaptation of his stage play, "Tringle."

Robert L. Lohrmeyer '72 is dean of Lewis-Clark State College's School of Technology in Lewiston, Idaho. Robert has been serving as interim dean since July 2002.

Stephen E. Medvec '72, M.A. '77, resigned in August 2002, after nearly 21 years with the Philadelphia Industrial Development Corporation. He is an assistant professor of political science at Holy Family University in Philadelphia.

Maggie Bennington-Davis '78

Joseph W. Bowen '79



W. Daniel Edge '79

Corinne S. Craighead '80

Gordon Thomas Zimmerman '72, Albuquerque, N.M., is director of fire and aviation management for the Southwest Region of the U.S. Forest Service.

Michael J. Nitschke '74, Amarillo, Texas, is senior systems analyst at Anderson Merchandisers—the music, video and book distributor for Wal-Mart Stores Inc. A member of the development team for Wal-Mart's music, video and book order fulfillment Web site, Michael was recently admitted to the Texas State Board and State Society of C.P.A.s.

Charles E. Erdmann, J.D. '75, serves as a judge on the U.S. Court of Military Appeals. One of the nation's foremost experts on judicial reform in countries emerging from war, Charles traveled to Geneva, Switzerland, with the U.S. Institute of Peace in June to help develop a model legal code for post-war countries. Previously he spent more than four years as the judicial reform coordinator in the Office of the High Representative of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and became the only American judge to hold an international judicial position in Bosnia. A retired colonel in the Air National Guard, Charles lives in Clancy.

Richard R. Tobin Jr. '75, executive chef at the Ramkota Hotel and Conference Center in Sioux Falls, S.D., is especially proud of his brother, **James R. Tobin** '80, M.Ed. '82, the secretary-general of the Micronesian Olympic Team. Rich writes, "Jim walked into the 2000 Sydney Olympics with his team of seven (count 'em!) athletes. He had served in the Peace Corps in Pohnpei, Micronesia, since his UM graduation, and was hired [as a coach] by the island group. Jim is looking ahead to the Summer Games in Athens in 2004."

Maggie Bennington-Davis '78, Tualatin, Ore., was named "Psychiatrist of the Year" by the National Alliance for the Mentaly Ill. Maggie is the medical director of Salem Hospital's Psychiatric Medicine Department where she has served since 1994.

Tom C. Alexander '79, manager of human resources for NorthWestern Energy Company in Butte, earned his certification as a professional in human resources from the Human Resource Certification Institute.

Joseph W. Bowen '79 is president and chief operating officer of Mutual Materials in Bellevue, Wash. Joe has been with the company since 1995 and recently served as its executive vice president.

W. Daniel Edge '79, M.S. '82, Ph.D. '85, is a wildlife ecologist and head of Oregon State University's Department of Fisheries and Wildlife. He was one of eight educators to receive the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Food and Agriculture Sciences Teaching Award at the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges annual meeting last November. The recipient of a $2,000 stipend, Dan was noted for his innovations and publications on the development and promotion of distance education courses. Dan turned 50 in September and writes that he and his wife, **Sally Olson Edge** '84, of Corvallis, Ore., planned a party "like those we were known for in Missoula."

Luana K. Ross '79 is a sociologist and associate professor in the Department of Women's Studies at the University of Washington, Seattle. Author of "Inventing the Savage: The Social Construction of Native American Criminality" and co-author of "Violence and Native Women," Luana spoke to UM law students this past spring. She gave credit for her motivation to her mother, **Opal Swaney Cajune**, '79 of Ronan, who was in the audience. Luana's sister, **Julie Cajune**, '74 was one of 100 recipients of this year's Milken Educator Award. Julie is the Indian education coordinator for the Ronan-Pablo Schools and also credits Opal, "the family's number one trail blazer," for her success. Opal accompanied Julie to Santa Monica, Calif., where she received the $25,000 award.

Paul R. Fossum '80

Jeffrey A. Weldon '86

Andrew L. Tuller '87

Eric Thorsen '89

'80s

Corinne S. Craighead '80 teaches library science at Whittier Elementary School in Pasco, Wash. Her mother, Arlyne Craighead of Missoula, reports that "Corinne and her friend, Brett, built a Harley in their living room and rode 2,026 miles round trip to Sturgis, S.D., as well as participated in the Harley–Davidson 100th Anniversary Ride Home." Corinne was featured on the Harley-Davidson Web site and in the Great Falls Tribune. "It was a dream come true for them," Arlyne adds.

Paul R. Fossum '80 was promoted to associate professor of education in the School of Education at the University of Michigan-Dearborn. Paul joined the UM-Dearborn faculty in 1997 and is co-author of the textbook "Comparative Education: Exploring Issues in International Perspective."

Larry E. Wilkerson '80, M.Ed. '93, is principal for two elementary schools in Miles City. His wife, **Gail Shaw Wilkerson**, '80 is the library manager for the V.A. Montana Healthcare System.

Randy L. Kuiper '81, Pharm.D. '00, a clinical pharmacy coordinator at Benefis Healthcare in Great Falls, was named Pharmacist of the Year by the Montana Pharmacy Association. Randy also was elected president of the Montana Pharmacy Association for 2003-2004.

Dixie Goeres McLaughlin '85 is project manager for the National Rural Bioethics Project-Libby at UM. She previously worked at the Institute of Medicine and Humanities at Missoula's St. Patrick Hospital.

Jeffrey A. Weldon '86, M.P.A. '95, J.D. '97, is legal counsel and executive director of human resources with the Billings Public Schools. Previously Jeff served as chief legal counsel for the superintendent of public instruction in Helena.

Bonita K. Peterson, M.B.A. '87, received the Montana Society of Certified Public Accountants' Jack J. Kempner Outstanding Educator Award in July. An associate professor in accounting at the College of Business at Montana State University, Bonita recently was appointed the Scott and Barbara Heck Faculty Scholar for her outstanding teaching at MSU's College of Business.

Andrew L. Tuller '87 owns and operates Outa Ware, an outdoor clothing manufacturing business in Belgrade. Andy advertises only by word-of-mouth, is the sole employee and gives a transferable, lifetime guarantee on every item of clothing he makes and sells. "Field testing my apparel is really a full-time job," Andy admits, and he enjoys rafting, kayaking, windsurfing and mountain biking with his sport pooch, Ash, who often wears his own designer dog Outa Ware.

Eric Thorsen '89 won the C.M. Russell Art Show and Auction People's Choice Award for Best Sculpture for the fourth year in a row. Limited edition bronzes of his award-winning "Sleepy Bear" sculpture are available at the Eric Thorsen Fine Art Gallery in Bigfork.

'90s

Bradley A. Robinson '92 is executive director of the Montana Natural History Center in Missoula. He and his wife, **Susan Mandeville Robinson** '95 welcomed their second child, Erin Leigh Robinson, on March 7, 2003. Susan teaches at Sylvan Learning Center and operates a home-based business, Mountain View Ventures. Brad is a co-founder of Big Sky Brewing Company and has served four years as vice president of the International Film Festival held annually in Missoula.

Barrett L. Kaiser '99 is communications director for U.S. Senator Max Baucus out of the Billings office. A former president of ASUM, Barrett was Baucus' deputy press secretary in Washington, D.C., from 1999 to 2001.

'00s

Lynn Hendrickson '00 has begun a year's fellowship at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. Her research will focus on the physiological effects of exercise in disease prevention, specifically with diabetes and Native Americans. Lynn recently directed a National Institutes of Health grant for UM that involved motivational interviewing of Native Americans at high risk for diabetes.

Marcus E. Kosena '00, M.B.A. '02, and **Denise Rattray Kosena** '02 were married at UM's Main Hall on July 26, 2003, by **Jean A. Turnage**, J.D. '51, Hon. Ph.D. '95. The Kosenas live in Sunnyvale, Calif.

Kathleen A. Tonkovich, M.B.A. '00, is an assistant vice president at First Security Bank in Bozeman. Kathleen recently graduated from the Graduate School of Banking at Colorado conducted on the UC-Boulder campus.

Shannon G. O'Hare '01 is a real estate lender in the Bozeman branch of Rocky Mountain Banks.

Patrick D. Connole '03 is a data support specialist with Wayport Corporation in Los Angeles.

Ramses Ruziev Samatovich, M.P.A. '03, is a program assistant at American Councils for International Education in Washington, D.C. He is helping administer the Open Russia Ambassadors Program, an exchange program for 104 students from the Russian Federation who live with host families and attend high school in the United States for one academic year.

New Life Members

The following individuals have made a commitment to the future of the UM Alumni Association by becoming life members. You can join them by calling 877-UM-ALUMS. Annual memberships and payment plans are also available. The Alumni Association thanks them for their support.

Isaac Bertschi, Ph.D. '02, Bothell, Wash.
Marcia Meagher Bragg '63, M.Ed. '74, W. Linn, Ore.
Candace Mariani Brett '75, Park City, Utah
Walter Brett '76, Park City, Utah
Glenda M. Carr '99, Pharm.D. '00, Boise, Idaho
Jeff Carr '98, M.S. '00, Boise, Idaho
Sandra Leech Chabot, Eden Prairie, Minn.
Jane M. Green '82, Albany, Calif.
Michael Gustafson '97, Spokane, Wash.
Gary Holt '88, Meridian, Idaho
Mollie Hogan Holt '89, Meridian, Idaho
Dale Huhtanen '67, M.Ed. '73, Hamilton
Dianne Popham Huhtanen '68, Hamilton
Kaaren Hillstrand Jensen '64, Kalispell
Wayne Jensen '61, Kalispell
Glen Johnson, M.Ed. '91, Ed.D. '02, Butte
Viola Farias Jones '52, Walla Walla, Wash.
Bobbi Aldrich Kearney '96, North Hills, Calif.
Denise Rattray Kosena '02, Sunnyvale, Calif.
Marcus Kosena '00, M.B.A. '02, Sunnyvale, Calif.
Amanda L. Reopelle, M.B.A. '00, Belgrade
Kevin Mayer '82, Sidney
Arlo Skari '58, Chester
Darlene Johnson Skari, M.Ed. '66, Chester
Florine K. Smith '64, Missoula
Erin H. Suhr '99, Sacramento, Calif.
Steven Volk '82, Albuquerque, N.M.
Charles W. Willey, J.D. '59, Missoula

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In Memoriam

The Alumni Association requires a newspaper obituary or a letter of notification from the immediate family to list a name in this section. We extend sympathy to the families of the following alumni, faculty and friends.

Frances Nash Davis '29, Minnetonka, Minn.
Esther Edwards Ankeny '30, Oak Harbor, Wash.
Idella Alta Kennedy '32, Eureka, Calif.
Ruth Polleys Sale '35, Polson
Harold C. Kohlhase '36, Stevensville
Thomas Y. Savage '36, Virginia Beach, Va.
Norman E. Hanson '37, J.D. '40, Billings
Lucile McDonald Logan '37, White Sulphur Springs
George J. Vucanovich '37, Helena
Alexander Blewett, J.D. '38, Great Falls
Theodore J. Walker '38, Seattle
Stanley H. Lewis '39, Muscatine, Iowa
Ruth Wigfield Phillip '39, Missoula
Jane Berland Hall '40, Hamilton
Harold Earnest Koontz '40, Billings
Marjorie McNamer Sands '40, Pueblo, Colo.
Stanley Patrick Klesney '41, Midland, Mich.
George K. Nicholson '41, Pensacola, Fla.
Helen Coughlin Perko '41, Seattle
John C. Stephenson '41, Flora Vista, N.M.
Katherine Sire Bentley '42, Los Angeles
Rosemary Jarussi Milmont '42, Cheyenne, Wyo.
John R. "Jack" Burgess '44, Helena
Glen Herschel LaPine '44, Salt Lake City
Eleanor Larson Potter '44, Missoula
Carroll Roberts Power '44, Globe, Ariz.
Ann Woodward Wood '44, Fresno, Calif.
Maurice "Bud" Maffei '47, J.D. '50, Butte
Sarah Ann McNelis, M.A. '47, Butte
Robert B. Tweto '47, Richland, Wash.
Fredrick W. Cantamessa '48, Wallace, Idaho
Betty Durham Gregory '48, Goodyear, Ariz.
H.L. "Mac" McChesney, J.D. '48, Missoula
Robert L. Leinart '49, Fort Benton
Beverly Brink Badhorse '50, Fairbanks, Alaska
John A. "Jack" Morrison '50, M.Ed. '68, Billings
Donald K. Peterson '50, Bigfork
Gordon A. Samuelson '50, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho
Angier J. Shelden '50, Lander, Wyo.
Joseph E. Buley, J.D. '51, Lake Oswego, Ore.
Ralph Booney Pirtle '51, Cordova, Alaska
Laurel Koefod Holloway '52, Gilbert, Ariz.
Donald C. McDermed '52, Carmel, Calif.
Patricia Ferguson Biggerstaff '53, Missoula
Bruce G. Milne '53, M.Ed. '57, Ed.D. '69, Vermillion, S.D.
Louis F. Borchers '54, Polson
John P. McDonnell '54, Redmond, Wash.
Kennette Kenison Smith '54, Dillon
James T. Petersen, M.Ed. '55, Polson
James E. "Gitch" Combo '56, Butte
Stuart P. Hughes '56, Missoula
Floyd J. McDowell, M.Ed. '56, Spokane
James Edward Cutts '57, Truckee, Calif.

IN MEMORIAM (CONT.)

Charles Edward Palmer '57, Littleton, Colo.
Carole Domke Allen '59, Englewood, Colo.
Ronald Foss Geraty '59, El Cajon, Calif.
Vanetta Lewis, M.Ed. '59, Bellevue, Wash.
Gilbert A. Millikan '59, Missoula
James A. Berry '60, Miles City
Gerald L. Anderson '61, Seaside, Calif.
Florence Dyer Long '63, San Clemente, Calif.
Ruth Johnstone Duppong '65, Missoula
James P. Welch '65, Hon.Ph.D. '97, Missoula
David G. Armstrong, M.A. '67, Greensboro, N.C.
Lea McGuinness Carver '67, Anaconda
Alice Peterson Leland '67, Great Falls
Hazel M. Neff '67, Phoenix
Ben Alfred Bradbury, M.Ed. '68, Rudyard
Muriel McNeil Sperry '68, Kalispell
Harold W. Ramsey '69, Big Arm
Brian T. Balock '74, Missoula
Kenneth Howard Grenfell '74, J.D. '83, Missoula
Michael C. Laisnez '74, Franklin, Tenn.
Ronald H. Newman '75, Frenchtown
Lynn Decker Stevens '76, San Francisco
Nancy Lee Emerson '77, Fullerton, Calif.
David W. Goens, M.S. '79, Missoula
Daniel P. Hillen, M.F.A. '79, Helena
Michael LaVerne Thraen '85, Florence
Douglas J. DiRe '87, J.D. '93, Anaconda
David Leslie Pengelly, J.D. '87, Missoula
Linda Gill Nolvanko '88, Buhl, Idaho
Robert Edward Eagle '89, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Gary Bruce Orr '89, St. Ignatius
Patricia McGinnis Roemer '89, Missoula
Janet White Sansoucie '93, Helena
Laura Susan Kuzel, M.S. '94, Helena
Matthew Paul Tunno, M.A. '98, Missoula
Gerald Scott Stone '99, Missoula
William Grant Johnson '00, Missoula
Patrick Andrews Guffey '05, Missoula
Teresa Joan Brenner, Missoula
Lucille Clark, Big Timber
Helen Louise Dwyer, Missoula
Carl W. Kreitzberg, Media, Penn.
Chester M. "Chet" Murphy, Missoula
Martha Jean Nolan, Hamilton
Susan York Sheldon, Missoula
Eunice Julie Shoemaker, Missoula
Vernon O. Sletten, Missoula

BIRTHS

Abigail Marie Wells to **Matthew E. Wells** '96 and **Sarah Pippin Wells** '96, May 30, 2003, West Des Moines, Iowa

Joshua Adams to **Brian L. Adams** '99 and **Jaime L. Adams** '99, June 9, 2003, Helotes, Texas

Avery Stone Ribich to **Jennifer M. Vezina** '00 and Mark Ribich, June 21, 2003, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Blake Zachary Buckner to **Teresa McElwain Buckner** '93 and Garland Buckner, July 5, 2003, Walnut Creek, Calif.

Kellen David Bradt to **David Dean Bradt** '90 and **Jolene Thomas Bradt** '90, July 8, 2003, Florence

Hayes Sundermann Kohler to **Elizabeth Anne Sundermann** '94, '97 and **Glenn Kohler** '97, July 10, 2003, Davis, Calif.

Michael David Schwarz to **Connie Kruger Schwarz** '90 and Tim Schwarz, July 17, 2003, Seattle

Lauren Nicole Dick to **Kelsey Boyle Dick** '98 and **Ryan J. Dick** '98, August 8, 2003, Missoula

Abigail Ann Disburg to **Tyler Disburg** '03 and **Stephanie Ann Disburg** '05, August 24, 2003, Missoula

Matthew Edward Durkin to **Lisette F. Carter** '90 and Tim Durkin, September 9, 2003, Spokane

MONTANAN CLASSIFIEDS

Alumni Contact

COULD YOU LEND US AN EAR? Or better yet, a few bucks? We have big plans for this magazine, including a total new design for Fall 2004. But, due to overall University budget pressures, we've had no increase in the *Montanan* budget in more than a decade. We're hoping voluntary subscribers will continue to ride to our rescue. We suggest a $15 voluntary subscription, but any amount is welcome. Send it to: Montanan, 315 Brantly Hall, University of Montana, Missoula, MT 59812. And many thanks to our current voluntary subscribers!

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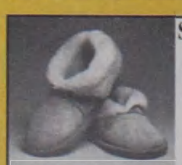

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ALUMNI EVENTS

February 2004

6 **Alumni Social**
San Diego

6,7 **UMAA Board of Directors Meeting**

20 **Charter Day**
Missoula

April 2004

30-5/8 **International Travel**
British Isles/Celtic Lands Cruise

May 2004

13-15 **Class Reunions (1934, 1944, 1954 and 50+ years)**
Missoula

15 **UM Commencement**

The Good Life

By Betsy Holmquist

When Robert C. Graham '25, M.Ed. '40, submitted information for his fiftieth class reunion in 1975, he wrote that he was a retired school administrator, a fifty-year Mason, a forty-year member of the Lion's Club, a licensed public accountant, and a real estate broker. "Play golf as much as possible," he also noted.

This past summer—at 102 years of age—Bob continued to "play golf as much as possible." A member of the Stillwater Golf Men's League in Columbus, Bob golfed each Tuesday with his foursome. According to his wife, Ruth, "he doesn't golf a long ways but he golfs straight." And he turns in some fine scores.

In May Bob and Ruth attended her sixtieth class reunion at MSU. When the dance music began and no one was dancing, "Bob grabbed me and swung me around the floor," Ruth says. "It was a fine tune and I love to dance."

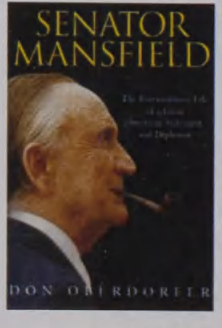
The Grahams had each lost their former spouse by the spring of 1966 when Bob came calling with a bouquet of peonies. "Until then I had always thought of Bob as my boss," Ruth explains. "I had been a home economics teacher in Columbus when Bob was the county superintendent of schools." Ruth accepted his bouquet and the two went for a drive. Soon came an invitation to drive to Billings and see *The Sound of Music*. The next summer on June 4, Bob's sixty-sixth birthday, they were married.

Bob and Ruth Graham

Bob and Ruth still live in their family home in Absarokee. "We're right on the Stillwater River," Ruth says. "It's beautiful here." When pressed to suggest what's contributed to their long and healthy life, she volunteers, "Well, we eat good food. Bob used to smoke cigars. But he quit." It also could be the dancing. The golf. The Stillwater. Those peonies. And two fine people.

Remembering Mike

By Bill Johnston



Standing under the larger-than-life portrait of him that was never authorized, in a room named after him—even after he cast the lone dissenting vote in the U.S. Senate to do so—listening to the author of his unofficial biography was an interesting way to spend the recent alumni reception in remembrance of Senator Mike Mansfield. I greeted more than 220 alumni, U.S. Senators, and friends of Montana at an October 15 reception in the Mansfield Room of the U.S. Capitol in Washington, D.C. We were there to celebrate the just-released biography, *Senator Mansfield: The Extraordinary Life of a Great American Statesman and Diplomat*, by Don Oberdorfer.

UM Regents Professor Paul Lauren welcomed the group on behalf of the University and offered comments on the extraordinary life of one of our most distinguished alumni. Don Oberdorfer, former journalist and now professor at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, spoke on how he was able to interview Senator Mansfield more than thirty times for the biography. Don never mentioned the word "biography" to Mike, although Senator Mansfield knew what Don was doing. The result is a wonderful book on the life and teachings of Mike Mansfield.

We all enjoyed our brief time together, but soon our guests left to return to work or head for home. Thanks, Mike, for allowing us yet another opportunity to recognize your life and accomplishments. As Senator Mansfield often said, "Tap her light."

Going . . . Going . . . Gone!

By Betsy Holmquist

Who'd a thunk it? Monte bobblehead dolls—gone almost before they arrived. Seven and 1/8 inches of pure delight. Limited, numbered, and now . . . highly collectible. While he was president of the Alumni Association Board of Directors, Joe Whittinghill '89 Seattle, suggested the bobblehead doll as an association fundraiser. Joe knew Rob Bourriage '97 of Lynnwood, WA, who works for Alexander Global Promotions, the company that supplies bobblehead dolls for Disney, Major League Baseball, the NFL, and NASCAR. With Joe's urging, help from Rob, and the blessing of the board of directors, the Alumni Association took on the promotion and selling of 1,008 *Classic First Edition* Monte bobblehead dolls.

Marketing was key. The association first advertised the doll with a postcard to dues-paying alumni. Then, an ad in the Fall *Montanan*. Office phones rang off the wall. On the Monday following the postcard notice, the office voice mailbox was full. And, for days as calls were returned, the mailbox continued to fill. (In addition to bobblehead orders, calls were also coming in from alumni ordering Homecoming football tickets—another service provided dues-paying members of the association.) Alumni Director Bill Johnston took orders for bobbleheads wherever he went. The board of directors went wild. UM's national champion mascot is one hot item and the bobblehead doll portrays Monte's likeness, energy, and personality to a T. Sorry if you'd like to order one. We're sold out. But start checking eBay. A Monte bobblehead just might show up before too long. We think he's a fine investment.

Montana Needs and Wants her Alumni to Come Home

Come Home Montana empowers Montana communities and individuals to send an invitation to "come home." Through technology and collaborative effort communities are sharing assets, challenges, and community vision with those who would most enjoy living and working in Montana. For more information, log onto **www.comehomemontana.org**

An unidentified UM student enjoys the whipped cream delights from the pie-eating contest sponsored by the Alumni Association at the Big Sky Beach Party. The event welcomed students back to campus on September 2. UMAA also helped move new students into their dorms and participated in the second annual ice cream social held for UM students by campus-area neighborhoods.

Missoula's Clancy L. Cone '65 sports a Go Griz lobster topper at the August 30 Griz-Black Bears football game in Orono, Maine. He was joined at tailgate festivities by his wife, Beverly Cone (center), Jane and UM President George Dennison, and Jodi Moreau, UMAA's off-campus events coordinator.

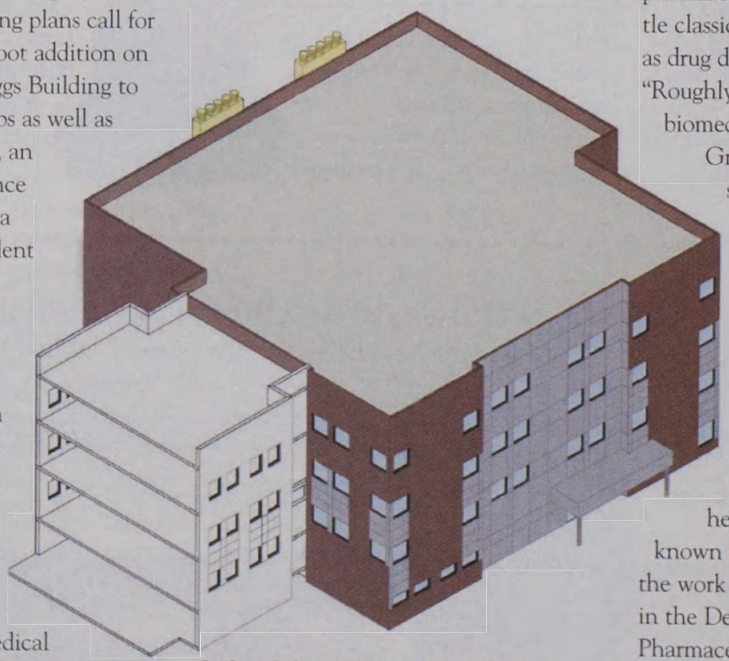
Pharmacy Plans Building Addition to Support Increased Research

Research space in the Skaggs Building has become very tight since the School of Pharmacy and Allied Health Sciences jumped to fourth place nationally in terms of funding generated by faculty members.

A $3-million challenge grant from the National Institutes of Health earmarked for a $14 million construction project could change that. Building plans call for putting a 42,000-square-foot addition on the south end of the Skaggs Building to house interdisciplinary labs as well as offices, conference rooms, an electronic classroom/science learning center complex, a tiered classroom, and student support areas.

The addition is necessary, according to Dean Dave Forbes, to support the tremendous growth in research and scholarly productivity. Over the past decade UM has attracted world-class researchers and has projects on virtually all the major modern-day medical problems. "Clearly," says Forbes, "our scientists are involved in studies that have tremendous implications for Montanans in particular and for the world."

Researchers at the University put particular emphasis on environmental health issues, cardiovascular research, and neuroscience. Currently there are more than ninety active research grants within the school, making it the No. 1 funded entity on the UM campus. In addition to its own studies and cooperative ventures with other UM departments, the school collaborates with St. Patrick Hospital and Health Sciences Center, the International Heart Institute, and Montana Neuroscience Institute and operates two interdisciplinary centers—one for Environmental Health Sciences and another for Structural and Functional Neurosciences. It will soon begin a joint doctoral training program in neurosciences with Montana State University. The building addition will support these investigations as well as two new doctoral programs the school will offer.



In the existing building, lab space totals 12,000 square feet, while comparable pharmacy schools average 42,500 square feet.

The scope of the research studies prompted the school to add "biomedical" to its Department of Pharmaceutical Sciences. "This is much more reflective of the training we offer students," says Vernon Grund, chair of biomedical and pharmaceutical sciences. "We do very little classical pharmaceutical research such as drug delivery anymore," he adds. "Roughly 90 percent of our research is biomedical."

Grund's team of scientists and their students are unlimited in their investigation and imagination, but they are limited by space. "Recruiting top researchers is not an issue. We have some of the best in the world and can attract top investigators to The University of Montana to work with our resident faculty," he says. Montana is fast becoming known in the scientific community for the work done at UM. With total funding in the Department of Biomedical and Pharmaceutical Sciences at $6.7 million and long-term commitments of $25 million through September 2007, the building addition is necessary, Grund says "for UM to take the next significant step in terms of being recognized as a power in biomedical research."

To receive the full $3 million from NIH, the school must raise the remaining $11 to construct the building. The school is pursuing all avenues of non-federal funding to complete the project.

Missoula Physician Gives UM a Band that "Sounds Great, Looks Great"

It's not surprising that the Grizzly Marching Band has a little more skip to its step this year, some more bass to its beat.

The rhythmic walkers recently received a five-year pledge of $150,000 from Steve Kemple, a Missoulian who has taken great strides the past three years to create a solid foundation for the UM Marching Band program.

"This is just another way to help kids go to school, and it propagates what we all love—music," Kemple says.

As a result of continuous contributions to the scholarship and endowment fund by Kemple and others, the UM Marching Band has nearly doubled in size since the 2000 football season. Currently, 108 musicians are on board, helping to create the type of spirit that all college football towns strive to achieve.

With close to just sixty members three years ago, the marching band was a mere side note at Grizzly football games and other events. Nowadays, the boisterous sounds of drums and horns resonate throughout Washington-Grizzly Stadium.

"The biggest thing we've seen in the past three years is the fan participation," says Randy Zschaechner of Missoula, a third-year trumpet player. "Having a bigger band really boosts the involvement of fans."

Contributions to the marching band have provided Zschaechner and other band members with scholarships to help ease the financial burden of tuition and other expenses. Due to limited funds before the 2001 football season, marching band scholarships did not exceed $200. Now, first-year members receive $500 scholarships, second-year members $750, and after that, member awards are $1,000. This scholarship level keeps current members involved and draws new members whose job opportunities are limited by a rigorous practice schedule.

"Participation in any marching band is a big-time commitment," says Bob LedBetter, band director and associate professor of music. "To have the supplemental scholarships encourages students to get involved."

Contributions to the marching band endowment, which Kemple helped initiate, will secure the future of the UM Marching Band.

"The endowment is a great way for the program to support itself if substantial donations are scarce from year to year," says Kemple, who ignited a marching band donation trend with gifts totaling $39,000 prior to his most recent pledge. Kemple's $150,000 five-year pledge will annually allot $20,000 to the endowment fund and $10,000 directly to the program.

"Steve Kemple has been the moving spirit behind the Grizzly Marching Band," says Shirley Howell, dean of the School of Fine Arts. "He is the marching band's ever-present fan, and he has worked with the band directors and UM athletics to find ways to maximize the band's effectiveness."

Others have followed Kemple's lead in securing a solid musical future on the UM campus. "It just took someone to get the ball rolling," Kemple says. "The University has really gotten involved and now we have a band that sounds great, looks great and people are proud to be a part of it."

Three New Trustees Elected to the Foundation Board

Three UM graduates joined the Foundation board at the October meeting in Missoula.

The new trustees are:

Philip Barney, Missoula, '60 zoology;
Scott M. Brown, Aspen, CO, '67 history, and
Mike Covey, Roswell, GA, '80 forest management.

Re-elected to a second term were Dave Enger '67, Seattle; Priscilla Pickard Gilkey '62, Spokane; Jack King '50, Kalispell; Robert Munzenrider '70, Minnetonka, MN; Charles Oliver, Hamilton; Dorn Parkinson, Prescott, AZ; Kent Price '65, Kentfield, CA; and Phyllis Peterson Washington '64, Missoula.

A new way to Get Involved...Stay Involved with your Alumni Association

The new interactive Web site:

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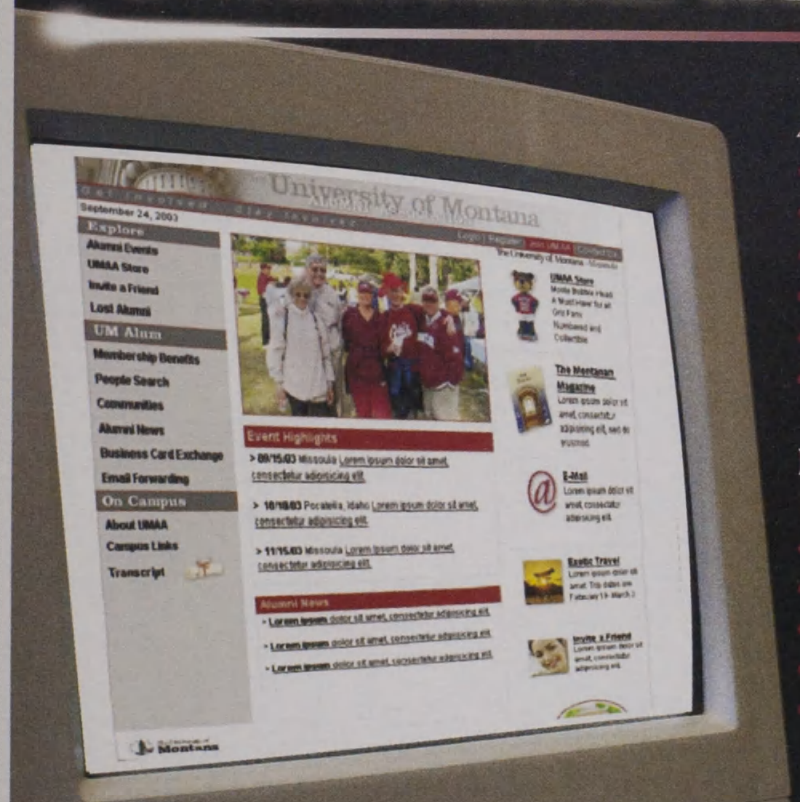

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To register for the secure features of the site, you will need alumni I.D., the nine-digit number found on the mailing label of your *Montanan* magazine. Be sure to include all symbols and zeroes.

Check umt/alumni.edu for updates on launch this December. For more info call 877-UM ALUMS.

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