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Montana Kaimin, June 3, 1983

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New summer protection plan offered by Health Service

By Jerry Wright
Kaimin Staff Reporter

University of Montana students staying in Missoula this summer may be provided with Student Health Service services without having to be enrolled in Summer Session.

The Health Service wants to try a pilot program designed to give students some continuity in their health care, according to Joyce Dozier, administrator at the Student Health Service. Central Board had approved of the plan, but the administration must also give its OK.

The program would allow students who have paid their Spring Quarter Health Service fee and who are planning to return in the fall to receive care at the Health Service. This would be a deviation from university policy, which says a stu-

dent must be enrolled in courses to be eligible for Health Service benefits.

An unenrolled student who uses the service would be charged about what it costs to get care off campus, Dozier said.

The program stems from a problem held by married students who are settled year-round in Missoula, but work over the summer and lose their Health Service rights during that time, Dozier said. These people usually don't know other doctors in the area, she said.

"It seems a little bit inhuman to take care of them all winter and kick them out during the summer," Dozier said.

Since the idea for the program originated from a problem with married students, a

pilot program this summer would be aimed at Married Student Housing to see how it goes over. Flyers for the new program would be circulated at Married Student Housing, but any off-campus student could take advantage of the service, Dozier said.

The dental service would be included in the program, but fees for the unenrolled students would be about 80 percent higher than they are now to bring them in line with standard dental costs.

This summer the Health Service would be looking for reaction to the program from students and the community, Dozier said. The program might be competing with local medical care, which is something the Health Service would like to avoid, she said.

montana
Kaimin

Vol. 85, No. 111
Friday, June 3, 1983
Missoula, Montana

Study says arsenic causing health woes

By Jerry Wright
Kaimin Staff Reporter

Skin problems, frequent colds and respiratory problems are the most common ailments of Milltown residents whose water is contaminated with arsenic, according to a health study released yesterday by the Montana Public Interest Research Group.

The study was conducted by six University of Montana student volunteers who interviewed 30 of the 36 Milltown residents affected by the arsenic contamination. None of the residents have been drinking the water since contamination was discovered in December 1981, though all but two were using it for bathing, dishwashing and laundry, according to the survey.

The report states that "most of the children in the (Milltown) community report having frequent colds and other respiratory problems. Many residents complain of skin problems, including rashes, scales, dryness, itching and hair changes. Skin and respiratory illnesses have been associated with aqueous arsenic contamination in other studies."

The report points to arsenic contamination in Taiwan and Chile in which children suffered pneumonia and chronic colds, and suggests that these health areas be further studied by health professionals. Mont-PIRG plans to distribute copies of the report to the Missoula

Health Department, the Environmental Protection Agency and others involved in the issue.

The study also says that more data should be gathered on the health effects of heavy metals such as arsenic in residential water, since there is a possibility that a larger area of the Clark Fork River Basin may be contaminated. Another purpose of the study was to test the effectiveness of using a health survey in uncovering the impacts of hazardous wastes on a community.

The survey had some flaws in implementation assessed to inexperience of the six volunteer interviewers, says the report, and it should have been conducted immediately after residents stopped drinking the water in 1981.

The survey should also have included a control group against which the Milltown results could have been compared, but there wasn't enough time, said the report.

The report says that a survey can be an effective means of gathering information on health effects from hazardous waste problems, but suggests more stringent interviewer training, a survey conducted immediately after a problem is discovered and the use of objective questions on the survey.



ELENITA BROWN, right, leads her dance class at the Lincoln School yesterday. The group will be presenting a free dance tomorrow night at the Stevensville School multipurpose room at 8. (Photo by Jerry Lane.)

Rattlesnake plan to leave area 'fairly primitive'

By Greg Moore
Kaimin Contributing Reporter

The Forest Service will release its proposed management plan for the Rattlesnake Wilderness by the end of June, Tom Spolar, Rattlesnake National Recreation Area manager, said yesterday.

Spolar said that the plan will propose to leave the area in a fairly primitive state.

The Rattlesnake recreation area contains about 60,000 acres, over half of which are classified as wilderness. The Forest Service is charged with drawing up a management

plan for the area.

Management alternatives proposed by the Forest Service have in the past elicited public criticism over the issues of motor vehicle travel, wildlife protection, water quality and the construction of trails, parking lots and facilities.

The issue became most controversial in February when the Forest Service presented its management alternatives to the public. Critics said the proposals were too complex and slanted too heavily toward developing the area rather than leaving it in a primitive state.

Much of the criticism has come from Friends of the Rattlesnake, a citizen group advocating a primitive condition for the area.

Spolar said that after the new management proposal is released at the end of the month, the public will have 45 days to respond to it. Based on that response, the Forest Service will draw up its final management plan by the end of the summer, Spolar said.

Phil Crissman, secretary of Friends of the Rattlesnake, said he doubts that events will proceed that quickly.

"They've been significantly behind in their schedule," it," Crissman said. Crissman said.

However, he said that he was confident the Forest Service would propose a plan close to what Friends of the Rattlesnake would like. He said the Forest Service has been under pressure to produce a primitive-

type management plan from the public, the Montana congressional delegation and the Forest Service bureaucracy. Crissman said that even if the Forest Service proposes a plan agreeable to Friends of the Rattlesnake, the group will remain in existence to monitor

"The public response was so one-sided and so clear that it seems almost impossible for the Rattlesnake Creek drainage the Forest Service not to take age.

Bent Offerings.....Joanne De Pue

A gift of honesty

I got back to Missoula yesterday from a short trip to the north of the state, where my younger sister at last commenced from the shelter of high school to the open prairie of the "real world."

The ceremony took place in a crowded and sweltering gymnasium and I think it seemed to all of us that the speeches would never end and that we'd never see the graduates cross the stage for their diplomas.

But end it finally did and my sister came home to change from cap and gown to jeans and sweatshirt (the graduation party uniform), an educated young woman.

And boy, did she ever haul in the gifts. A Sony Walkman, various cassettes, \$200 in cash, a clock radio, a few books, a camera, a Tweety birdcage (complete with switch to make Tweety tweet) with Sylvester clawing up the bars with a hungry expression on his mug and assorted other novelties and necessities.

I must say I considered being jealous; I don't think I saw so many gifts when I donned my own gold robe and cap, but time and greed, perhaps, have dimmed my memory and depleted my gift pile.

In fact, I don't recall much about my graduation booty, except that I got one gift I'll always remember, though it cost the giver nothing but some honesty and guts.

The gift-giver was a young man I'd struggled and learned with through elementary, grade, junior high and high schools. He was extremely bright and somewhat of a nonconformist. Though we had always got along well, we were never close friends — ran with different crowds, you know; the kids I ran with thought he was weird and I was too busy following to ever try to defend him.

The last day of high school he approached me at my locker and handed me a folded sheet of notebook paper with a rough self-portrait sketched in pencil on the front. Then, without saying a word, he turned and walked away and I haven't talked to him since.

It was a letter. He told me things he thought about me that I never would have expected to hear from anyone, let alone someone I didn't know that well. It wasn't a love note; the tone wasn't intimate or mushy; he just told me that he had admired and respected me since our elementary school days and that he thought I was someone special.

I was so insecure and so self-conscious that at first I thought he was joking, but the words were so sincerely and simply stated that I realized he meant it.

I got on the bus and cried all the way home. I read and reread the note and every time I did it made me cry again. I've carried it with me ever since, through moves from hometown to dorm to hometown to apartment to dorm to apartment and I must have read it 100 times or more.

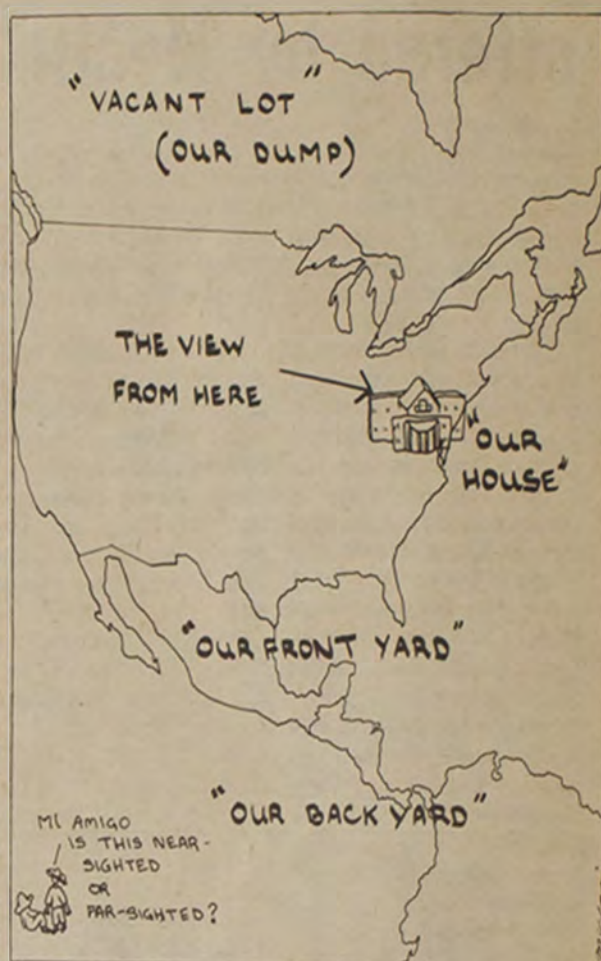
I read it sometimes when I doubt myself, or feel horribly alone or unable to cope. And it always makes me feel better and it always makes me cry.

It also always makes me feel like a heel, because I never acknowledged to the writer what a wonderful gift he had given me. For all he knows I laughed at him and showed his letter to all my friends and finally crumpled it with a smirk and threw it in the trash.

And now, perhaps, I'll never see him again.

My only chance at redemption is to follow his example. The friends I've made and the people I've admired and who've inspired me since I've been in college are gradually drifting to careers or marriage and being replaced with more who'll do the same. And so many of them never heard from me what wonderful people they are. So many of them will never be back.

I wonder, sometimes, if I really need say anything. Perhaps they already know how I feel; perhaps they don't want to. But that's silly — I suspect nearly everyone would treasure a gift of honesty, particularly when the giver has something nice to say.



Letter

Disappointed

Editor: I am disappointed that the Kaimin neglected to report on the Clancy Gordon Aber Day Award ceremony sponsored by ASUM. The Award epitomizes an important part of what Aber Day is about — maintaining or improving the quality of our surroundings.

Few people attended the ceremony this year because of rainy weather. In fact, those of us doing the presentation only learned where we were to do it five minutes before it was time. As the most important goal of the award is to inspire further efforts towards caring for our surroundings, it is particularly important that people be informed about the ceremony. The Kaimin should have made coverage of this event a priority.

Who was Clancy Gordon, and why is the award named after him? Clancy Gordon was a professor of Botany here (until his death) and founder of the Environmental Studies Department. Characterized as the "warrior with a smile," a man who incited awe, anger, laughter and shock, he often confronted threats to the quality of our environment — particularly those caused by air pollution. What made Clancy effective, (according to current director of the Environmental Studies Department, Ron Erickson) was that he practiced good sci-

ence, cared about improving our world, and took action to produce such improvements.

This year two students shared the Clancy Gordon Aber Day Award (of \$200 and recognition). They were selected from among several worthy candidates by the Clancy Gordon Aber Day Award Committee. Theresa England, an undergraduate majoring in natural resource conservation, was recognized for her efforts with the Environmental Information Center during the legislative session in Helena, as an active board member with the Montana Public Information Group, and as a researcher with the School of Forestry's Wilderness Institute. Jeannine Edelbut, a graduate student in art, was honored for her efforts to encourage more recycling on campus through creating a slide show on the topic, building an attractive, functional newspaper recycling bin for the second floor of the University Center, researching the viability of having our university shift over to recycled paper, and enthusiastically participating on the University Recycling Committee.

These students have made worthwhile efforts towards enhancing our environment, and in the spirit of Aber Day, serve as a reminder of what is needed, and possible.

David M. Frieband
Graduate student, environmental studies

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Letters to the editor should be no longer than 300 words.

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Hitchhiking: 'The single most successful example of trust'

By Janelle Patterson
Kaimin Contributing Reporter

"The primary thing by which hitchhikers, and those who stop for them, survive is trust. And hitchhiking is perhaps the single most successful example of trust in the world."

This quote is from page 618 of "Hey Now, Hitchhikers!" A how-to book for hitchhikers written by UM graduate Larry Evans and his brother Don, it includes chapters on "The Zen of Hitchhiking," "Getting a Ride" and "Hitchhiking Survey."

Evans, a Missoula resident who was on campus yesterday to speak about "how to get out of Missoula," said that "getting in with an axe-murderer or a rapist is not most people's first worry."

He said in an interview yesterday that myths promoting the idea that "hitchhiking is very dangerous" abound.

"Ninety percent of the people we interviewed had never had any problems with sexual assault," he said. Surveys were distributed to 10,000 people,

and 1,000 were returned.

In the chapter on "Accepting a Ride," Evans said that the survey showed that "bad vibes" hitchhikers got from hitch-pickers (those who give rides) caused 80 percent of the men and 92 percent of the women to turn down rides.

He stated that some questions a hitcher might ask himself about a hitch-picker include: Does the rider look distracted? Does he look you in the eyes? Are his gestures genuine or overplayed? Is the

smile plastic? When the driver looks at you, is he looking at your sexual parts? Is he trying to pressure you to "hurry up and get in" for no reason?

"In the supermarket surveys we conducted," Evans said in

the chapter on getting a ride, "over one-third of the people interviewed made a decision whether or not to pick up a hitchhiker based on appearance alone."

Art gallery and coffee house to feature local visual and performing artists

By Marcy Curran
Kaimin Contributing Reporter

Artists, writers and musicians who are looking for an audience and a place to display their talent this summer, may find both at the recently-opened Medusa Art Gallery and Coffee House.

The gallery-coffee house, located at 520 North Pattee St., will feature works by local artists in both the visual and performing arts, as well as provide a menu of homemade cheesecakes, pastries, breads, imported cheeses and coffees.

Displaying "good, contemporary, original art," as well as attracting fine writers and musi-

cians to do coffee house performances, is what Renee Long, Medusa's owner, says her gallery is all about.

A resident of Missoula for 20 years and a mother of six, Long says that her life-long interest in both art and food led to the idea of combining both to help support the gallery. She said the arts in Missoula are "flourishing" and that she wants to help support local artists by exposing their works to the public.

"My purpose here is to survive," she said, "... I don't expect to get rich doing this."

Long says she thinks there is

a direct connection between the beauty of the Missoula area and the "unusual" number of talented artists here. The beauty of the wilderness here, she said, should "inspire people to reproduce the beauty they see."

Long said that she would like to convince people who go to larger cities such as San Francisco to buy fine art that they can find it here. An artist herself, Long has lived in San Francisco, Paris and New York. But no matter where she's been, she always comes back to Missoula, she said.



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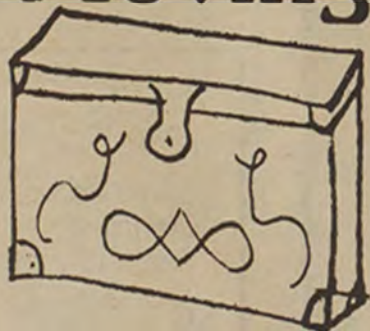
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Kaimin classifieds

personals

CHAR, IT'S been fun! Especially the ice tea's. Work wouldn't have been the same without you. wt 111-1

THANK YOU, thank you, thank you Char, Wendie, Patty, Anne, Laurie, Karen—J.P. 111-1

SEX, DRUGS, rock and roll! Only Jerry Wright can fulfill these wildest dreams. — Surfin' USA and California dreamin'! — Have a jumpin' summer, man! Yo. 111-1

FARRAH — LIBBY, Helena, Glacier Park — where do you hide, in the dark? 27 credits, lots of classes. Makes you drink, more beer glasses. Graduate school—she's on her way. Farrah O'Gara is here to play. Good luck — I'll miss you! 111-1

THANKS JACKIE, Anne, Karen, Patty & Laurie, it's been a great year. wt 111-1

GARY B. — Veronica and Vernon want to party! We love you and want you to be happy! Let's go to Wyoming—together! 111-1

YES, IN a box and with a fox, in the rain and on a train, I DO love H.M. 111-1

MARK: WHEN can we do lawn dancing again? You better let us or we'll make you celebrate your birthday all alone. 111-1

SEARCH PICNIC 4:00 p.m. Friday, Bonner Park. In case of rain will be held in lower center — Christ the King Church. 111-1

HEADACHE? ANXIETY? Stressed out? Learn to relax using biofeedback instruments and begin enjoying life. Phone 721-1774, Life Development Center, 1207 Mount Ave. Student rates. 111-1

KENNY, THANKS for being my Sweetie. I Love you! Schnookums. 111-1

MOON — THANKS for the support. Take care this summer — Killer 111-1

"I GET a thrill from punishment, I've always been that way." Maybe I'll stay in school and work for the Kaimin another year. 111-1

TALL, SKINNY, and cute: I found your I.D. Ha, Ha, hilarious picture. Good luck on finals. Hope you find a job. 111-1

I.T.—CONGRATS on your upcoming graduation and marriage, and have a very happy 24th. May we flourish by our good times and grow from our differences. I don't know what I would do without you, kiddo. Thanks for a great year! C.W. 111-1

EELHEAD — GOOD luck as business manager. What a career woman! 111-1

R-TV AND Journalism Picnic — Keg this Saturday! Check it out! Only \$2.00/person. 111-1

MEMORIAL DAY Weekend 1983! Did you blow it off! Or was it overkill? 111-1

HEY "BUSTER" thanks for everything. 111-1

CONGRATS WEENIE. Watch out Texas. 111-1

SPECIAL THANKS to everyone in the business office. Good luck, gals. C.O. 111-1

HEY EGAP and JR — who wins the affair of the quarter award. My vote goes to you, J.R. 111-1

WELL ELLYN, this is it! It's been a fantastic four year marathon! Thank so much for teaching me the art of drinking. Red's Bar will never be the same. Broken Arrow is going to get one special lady. 111-1

KAIMIN STAFF applicants: sign up for an interview so you can get it over with, O.K.? Sign up at J-206. 109-3

STAFF APPLICANTS: You picked up an ap, now sign up for an interview, dammit! Do it at J-206. 109-3

HEY KAIMIN staff applicants: Have you signed up for an interview yet? You better get at it! Do it at J-206. 109-3

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help wanted

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Qualified as Lifeguard & W.S.I.
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Superior, Mt. 59872, Phone 822-4672. 111-1

INTERNS NEEDED for Summer Quarter to do public interest projects for MontPIRG. If you are looking for a different sort of education experience, then apply for an internship with MontPIRG. Projects include: hazardous waste, housing, utility reform, cable TV and toxics in art supplies. Call 721-6040 or come by 729 Keith Avenue for application. 111-1

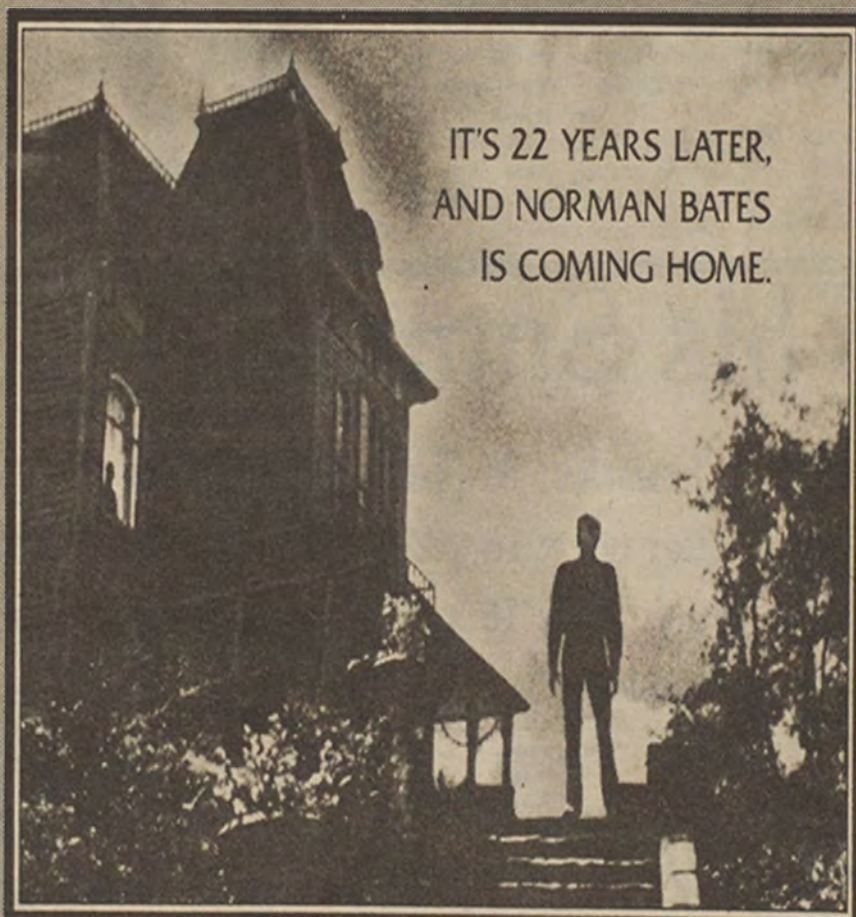
SUBSTITUTE "MOM" for 2 children, our home. Weekdays 8-5 throughout summer. Car desirable. \$12 per day. 543-5902. 109-3

SUMMER JOBS promoting ecology, environmental protection and consumer rights. MontPIRG has a proven record of passing legislation — "Lemon Law and PAC Reform. Additional work on Hazardous wastes, utility reform, energy and good government issues. MontPIRG is hiring summer staff for public education and fundraising. \$135 to \$200 per week. Hours: 2:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. M-F. Will Train. Call 721-6172 for interview, ask for Charlie. 109-3

THE MONTANA Public Interest Research Group (MontPIRG) is accepting applications for Campus Coordinator at the UM Campus. Organizing experience with citizen or student groups is required. Must be flexible in working schedule, including weekend and evening hours. Salary \$500 to \$700 per month. Send letter of introduction, resume and writing sample to: Personnel Committee, MontPIRG, 729 Keith Ave., Missoula 59801. Application deadline June 20, 1983. 108-4

THE MONTANA Public Interest Research Group (MontPIRG) is accepting applications for senior field organizer. Applicant must have ability to work with and motivate college students. Prior PIRG experience required. Salary \$600 to \$800 per month. Send letter of introduction, resume and writing sample to: Personnel Committee, MontPIRG, 729 Keith Ave., Missoula 59801. Application deadline June 20, 1983. 108-4

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LITTLE BIG Men needs you! But only if you're an extremely hard worker, have a lot of snap and plan on keeping the job through next school year. Apply 10-12, 2-4 Friday only. 110-2

HELP WANTED: Work-study students to work full-time or part-time. Data entry, surveying and aerial photogrammetry background desired. Contact Dr. James Lowe, School of Forestry. 107-5

CutBank, UM's literary/arts magazine, is accepting applications for 2 Co-Editors (paid) and 1 Assistant Editor (volunteer). Any full-time graduate or undergrad student is eligible. Application forms and further information are available at the English Department office, LA 211. These are not work-study positions. 107-4

work wanted

PROFESSIONAL EDITING/typing of term papers. Tom, 543-3929. 110-2

services

SUMMER ENRICHMENT

A licensed day camp sponsored by Campus Recreation is for kids ages 6-12. Operates June 13-August 19, 7:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Mon-Fri. and is located at Kiwanis Park. The rate of \$310 for 10 weeks includes breakfast, lunch and snack, extensive arts and crafts, educational field trips, swimming, hiking, camping, movies and more creative learning fun. The staff is qualified and enthusiastic. AFDC recipients are eligible. Contact Campus Recreation Women's Center 109 U of M — 243/2602 110-2

4 HR. EKTACHROME/B & W dev/custom prints/Rosenblum/337 East Broadway. 543-3139. 29-84

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EXCELLENT SUMMER sublet: 2 bdrms. + basement for storage. \$220/m. includes all utilities except lights. Available 7-14-83-8-25-83. Will leave all furniture. Call 542-2577 or 721-1148. If single female is interested—I have a roommate for you! 111-1

3 BDRM. house to sublet for summer. Great location, nice and quiet. Please call 543-5868 anytime! 111-1

APARTMENT for summer sublet: \$135.00/mo. furnished; great mountain views. 543-6356. 109-3

CHARMING 4-BDRM. home in lower Rattlesnake, close to UM. Furnished w/fireplace. Available 7/1/83. \$400.00 mo. + dep. Call (206) 246-7310. 109-3

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ROOMS for rent 4 blocks to campus. \$90.00. See manager at 1011 Gerald, Apartment 1, after 6 p.m. 102-10

transportation

RIDE NEEDED to Cleveland, OH at end of finals. Dave, 543-5785. 111-1

DESPERATELY NEED a ride to Billings for me and/or all my junk. Will share gas expenses. Can leave any time after June 8. Kathy, 243-5326. 110-2

RIDE NEEDED: to East Coast, early July; share driving and \$. Call Terry, 549-8221. 110-2

RIDERS NEEDED to Ft. Collins, CO in early July. Call Carol at 728-1097. 110-2

RIDE NEEDED! to San Fran/Monterey area. Can leave June 12th or after. Please call and leave message for Kathy Brown at 243-5122. 110-2

RIDE NEEDED: S.F. Bay Area. Can leave after June 9th; must be in Cal. by June 17th. Kelli, 542-2509. 110-2

RIDE NEEDED to Seattle June 12th. Call Marie, 243-4157, 326 Craig Hall. 109-3

RIDE NEEDED to Seattle or Vancouver. Can leave afternoon of June 2 or leave June 3-4. Share gas and driving. Call Mike Eder, 543-7518. 109-3

GOING EAST! Ride needed to Brainerd, Minnesota on or before June 7. Little or no luggage. 1 to 3 people. Kathy, 728-5234. 109-3

BILLINGS: JUNE 10, 11 or 12. 1 travel light. Mike, 721-1409. 109-3

RIDE NEEDED to Portland, June 12 or 13. Call Carol, 543-5269. 109-3

ONE WAY airplane ticket to New York City. \$150.00. 543-6156 or 542-0071. 109-3

2 RIDERS needed: Missoula to New York City (and points between). Traveling very light. End of Finals Week. Approx. \$45 for 3 people (Honda). Call 728-5735. Hurry! 108-4

RIDE NEEDED to Denver. Can leave June 7. Will share expenses. Call Bob, 243-4628. 108-4

DESPERATELY NEED ride to Portland or Eugene. Can leave afternoon of June 9. Thurs. Call Alexis, 728-6634. 108-4

for sale

TOSHIBA STEREO system, includes receiver with AM/FM cassette speakers, turntable. Sacrifice \$150. Call Carol, 549-1905. 111-1

AIRPLANE TICKET, cheap, Montana to St. Paul area. \$60. Call 721-7710 after 6 p.m. 111-1

YARD SALE: Sat.-Sun. 9-6. 907 Rimini Court. Cast iron cookware, rocking chair, dining table, plants, 10-speed, dresser, desk, shelves, glass-top table, books, clothing, misc. 111-1

TWO STEREO speakers. Good condition. Call 721-2877 after 8 p.m. 110-2

COUCH with hideaway bed. \$45. Call John at 543-8922. 110-2

3 BEDROOM log home 30 minutes out. Quiet, big pines. 728-4682. 110-2

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AIRLINE TICKET — one way Great Falls to Boston or New York. Leave June 25. Call 549-6788 after 4. \$150. 107-4

automotive

FOR SALE: 1977 Chevelle Malibu Classic. New radial tires, new paint, 2 door, P.S., P.B., tilt, cruise, swivel, buckets, console, AM/FM cassette, 55,000 miles, orig. owner. Asking \$4,000. 542-0216. 107-5

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TEN SPEED bike, Manishi-Road Ace 202. Good condition. \$100. 549-9267. 111-1

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ARE YOU moving at the end of Spring Quarter? I would like to buy any reasonably priced furniture you may want to sell. You keeping it until the quarter's end can be arranged. Help me furnish a house. Dan, 728-7171. 110-2

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FEMALE ROOMMATE needed starting mid-June. Mature, non-smoker. Nice house. \$170.00/mo. + utilities. Call Cindy, 728-1735/728-0944. 109-3

SHARE LARGE house on northside. Private bedrooms, communal use of all-electric kitchen, laundry room, dining room-study area, living room with cable television. Big, shaded yard. Looking for cooperative folks interested in summer or long-term rentals. Jim, 542-2240. 103-10

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ATTENTION ALL APPLICANTS for Fall Quarter Kaimin Staff positions:

Sign up for an interview on the door of the Kaimin office, Journalism 206. Interviews will be held Friday, June 3; Monday, June 6; Tuesday, June 7, and Wednesday, June 8. Please sign up as early as possible. The new staff will be announced Friday, June 10.

"the times, they are a changin'"

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Lies

(Copyright Steve Saroff, 1983)

By Steve Saroff

When I was 19 I was naive. At 19 I was strong. Able to take care of myself, as they say. Able to walk all day through the desert. Able to go without food and sleep. Able to get by. When I was 19 I had been alone, a bum, for two years.

My one time in jail had been in El Paso, in the county drunk tank. When they let me out I decided to walk east and not try to catch a ride. I had no food and no money. That's how I was though — and there I was, walking into the desert. Summertime too.

I walked along the Rio Grande, through farmland and wasteland. There were fish in the river, yucca grew in clumps, I stole onions from the planted fields. I drank the muddy river water, I swam in it, I watched it flow by as I walked. Sometimes the light from my fires would shine across to me. I would shout then, "hellooo," and a shout would always come back. It was a happy time.

At the farms no one noticed me. I passed by slowly, watching wetbacks bending and swaying in the sun; I passed by cotton and onions; I passed by hay and beans; I climbed fences; I waved to men who wore straw hats; I stood still in the cool spray of irrigation sprinklers, listening to the "ka-atcha, kaatcha," of metal and water.

In the long stretches between the farms there was little besides sagebrush and red sandstone. The ground was hard and my feet bruised. Beneath the blue of the sky the color of the desert turned to dust. Heat waves moved the air and my eyes became dry and sore. I stopped and swam often. I wasn't in a rush.

I don't know how far or for how long I would have walked if I hadn't met Mr. George. Probably I would have walked until my boots wore out, or until someone else came along

and got me drunk. Even in a desert — granted, I was next to the river — there are people who carry bottles and make sure no one goes too long without a drink.

He came out from the dark, Mr. George did, carrying a shotgun. I had been nearly asleep, watching the last embers of my fire die, when I heard the soft, low sounds of a man walking. He wanted to know who was on his land and why there was a fire. It was his land and his responsibility to look after it. Right off he broke open the shotgun and put the shell in his breast pocket. It was all right that I was there, bums didn't bother him, he said, as long as they closed gates behind themselves and watched their fires. I got up from my blankets then and put more wood on the fire, sappy limbs of mesquite that sputtered and snapped as they burned. Mr. George sat down on the ground next to me and both of us had watched my fire. He had a full bottle with him, and he broke that open too.

"You've really walked from El Paso?"

"Yes."

"Taken you a long time, hasn't it?"

"Not in a hurry," and I laughed, holding the fifth — good whiskey — between my face and the fire, making the flames become amber spirits, "I was trying to dry out..."

Mr. George laughed, reached and took the bottle from me, "didn't mean to interfere with your plans."

But I took the bottle back from him, took a deep drink, felt the burn warm down into my gut, and then I gave the bottle back. "Can't interfere with someone if they really don't want to be interfered with."

We didn't finish the bottle, but we both got drunk. Mr. George, as he had first introduced himself, putting out his large, rough hand while the

other still had held the shotgun, wanted me to come and work for him. I told him that I was a bum, that I didn't work. He told me that I was a liar, that if I could walk 150 miles through the desert that I could be no bum.

"I'm lazy."

"Like hell."

"I'm worthless," laughing (I had been thinking of taking a night swim).

"We're all worthless."

"How much pay?"

"There you go. \$10 a day..."

"Not enough..."

"And 3 good meals..."

"I'm your man."

We talked for two hours or so. The stars moved, the moon rose, we let the fire die. Mr. George was having trouble with his wife, trouble with his workers, trouble with the weather. His ranch was large, inherited and his troubles were complicated. He told me that he was 30 years old and had always thought that as you grew older you also grew happier. That's what I thought too, I told him. Not so, he said.

"We're both young, Sam," he said to me, "I'm not really any older than you. What I know now you'll know soon." He was right.

I slept that night next to the river for the last time; I was too drunk to go the short mile with Mr. George back to the ranch. "See you in the morn' George," I said as I rolled back into my blankets.

"Hope so," and Mr. George was gone, walking away from the river with a shotgun in one hand and a near empty bottle in the other.

At dawn I woke and swam. Shivering while I dressed, I decided to go and work. More for the food than the money, I needed a job: my body looked like it was all ribs.

His ranch was 4,000 acres of desert. He raised cattle, scrawny animals that looked as dry as the land, and he grew alfalfa, beans and cotton in the

irrigated fields.

I was put to work on the fences; I worked with a Mexican restringing the barbwire in the places where it was loose or missing, and straightening leaning fence posts.

There were miles of fences on Mr. George's ranch — fence that kept the cattle away from the fields and the river; fence that kept the cattle off of the dirt roads; fence that kept the cattle on the ranch, and fence that crossed and recrossed the land.

Though we worked well together, the Mexican and I didn't talk. We helped each other — one of us straining to keep the fresh wire taut, the other fastening it into place — but we didn't care about each other. So, on the morning of my fourth day on the ranch, when Mr. George told me that the Mexican had quit, all I thought of was how would I be able to string fence by myself.

"Guess I'll have to help you," Mr. George said.

Mr. George talked. So did I. Miles of bad fence, most of it didn't seem to have a purpose.

"The old man built this place," Mr. George said as he drove his pickup looking for bad fence, "and he put up all of this," he waved out the open window, "don't know what they're for, but as long as I'm able I'll keep it all up."

"Maybe to keep the cattle off of sections."

"Maybe. I keep the gates open though."

"Maybe he planned to irrigate out here," I said.

"Maybe."

"Your old man dead?"

"Yes," and he stopped the truck next to a place where the wire, rusted and tangled, lay on the ground. No cattle in sight, no tracks, not even old turds, and no reason to repair the fence, but we did, we did. And I thought, what the hell, I'm being paid, I'm eating well, I don't mind this.

He had a bad wife, Mr. George did. She kept leaving him and she kept coming back. Each time she left he hoped that she would stay away, but she always came back.

"She blames me, that's the rotten part, she blames me."

"You should leave her."

"You ever been in love, Sam?"

"No."

"Well, it will happen. It's something that happens to all of us. I love her."

"You should leave her."

"Where to? I love this ranch too. Can't tell her to stay away either. I love her."

She had a lover in Marfa, the nearest town; Mr. George knew about him, though she didn't know that he knew.

"How did you find out?"

"Wasn't hard."

She was tired of the desert, tired of the smell of manure and alfalfa. I saw her. Beautiful. Tall, dark, her cheekbones high and bold, her face lovely. She talked to me once, in front of the bunkhouse, she was wearing a long dress, I can't remember what color. She told me that her husband liked me, that I had a job for as long as I wanted. She called me "Walker" and made me blush.

On a Sunday Mr. George drove to Marfa and I went with him. We got drunk, but it wasn't like the night we met; it was a bitter drunk.

"I'm going to kill him," Mr. George said.

"You better not."

"I know, but I'm going to kill him."

He didn't deserve what she did to him. He was a good man. It was her lies that broke him; Mr. George was strong enough to have dealt with everything else. On the fence lines he told me how he waited for her every time she left. He knew where she went and would imagine what she was

See "Lies," page 12.

In a Lean Woman's Land

By Phillip McNally

She closed her eyes and held them closed, but she couldn't sleep. Her head lay against the wall of the coach and she could feel the train pulling sleepless out of the station. It rattled and bumped and razed her head against the metal wall. She told herself it was the jostling of the train that kept her awake. But she knew better.

She knew better about a lot of things, and leaning there with her eyes closed she couldn't fool herself about any of them. She couldn't sleep, it was the middle of a black rainy night late in the winter of 1915 and she was riding a train bound for someplace she didn't want to be, for some piece of prairie grass Robert had bought in Texas, and now she was pregnant for the third time, and she was only 24. There was still an ache around her eyes that meant she was carrying a fever. It left her tired at the same time it wouldn't let her sleep. And not love nor loyalty nor luck was going to stop that train and let her rest.

But the boys were both asleep, finally. That was a blessing.

Lucy got up and went to the bathroom again, and the specks of blood were still there. Looking at herself in the cracked mirror, she felt weak and her breath was hot against her nostrils. She looked at her eyes and saw all the redness there too.

"Christ, if I could just get some sleep," she whispered.

Walking back down the aisle she reminded herself that there were no cramps, just her stomach was upset. There would have to be cramps. That's what she'd heard when Agnes Kehoe lost her baby.

Agnes was the lucky one now. It was their first baby that the Kehoes lost, and then Kevin was born early too. They had such trouble to have a son. When Kevin was born he almost dragged out Agnes' intestines with him. The midwife had to take Agnes' insides and stuff her back together. For a baby. But Agnes Kehoe was lucky enough to be barren after that. She was the lucky one now.

Lucy sat down in the empty seats across the aisle from where the boys slept, because she didn't want to sit next to them now. So she wouldn't see them, she watched what she could out the window.

The train came through a break in the trees then. The coach tilted downhill. It was running along the river suddenly, and she could see the water almost level with the tracks. There was a barge out on the Mississippi; she saw the pale yellow of its lanterns

through the mist and rain. Lucy couldn't see the tug though, whether it was pushing upstream or sliding down. But then the train pulled up an incline and they ran back in against the dark of the trees. The train kept pulling uphill, so she knew they were headed away from the river.

Outside there was nothing but dark trees in the rain. Against the dark, the dim light of the electric lamps in the coach reflected yellow in the window, and she saw her face in the glass. The reflection wasn't clear. All the exact detail was gone, slipping into the shadows inside and the blurred dark of the moving countryside, so what was left was an impression of her face, a yellow image that highlighted her features. She saw how pretty she was when all the details were erased, as if she'd left her sharp edges in the clear glass of the restroom. Her black hair, as curly and wild as ever, had come loose and framed her face in a black that was darker than the dark outside. The slate grey of this hobgoblin mirror gave her pale skin a swarthy color she liked.

Men had always admired her skin. Once, when she was young, the summer would always give her a rosy color that was warm and pretty, a perpetual blush in a world of eyes. But ever since she had given birth to Vince, that shade never came back. She kept a cold winter pale all year round. So Lucy admired her dusky looks in the window; her eyes were hidden in the dark of her skin.

It was not the color of any Iowa farm girl.

There was an impurity in the glass, a wave that distorted her face. If she turned her head, her face stretched sideways. Another twist and she was a long warped smear of blue. So Lucy turned her head this way and that, playing with her reflection and rebuilding her face.

She tried a longer nose and a shorter chin; she sat higher in her seat so she could give herself fat high cheeks like a big-boned Swedish woman; with a thrust of her head she could make her eyes disappear. She was stretching her eyebrows higher in the glass, when suddenly her eyes grew terribly small and her brow folded into a brutish lump, and Lucy saw something she didn't want to see. She sat back in the seat and closed her eyes again.

Her own reflection in the window had reminded her of that poor little boy Emily Counter had. Emily was an old maid who left River Falls, Iowa, in her middle age and moved to Chicago, and two years later came home to her father's big empty house at the end of Tyler Street and had a baby.

Miss Counter had a boy, born with a head larger than his body, and a face as small as his hands. She used to bring him to church on Sunday, with a lady's bonnet covering his head, and everyone tried to ignore it all when she had to leave Mass early every week, because the boy was moaning so loud and spitting on the people in the pews around her.

The child actually lived to be one or two years old, and never even learned to stand up. Emily Counter left her father's house after that; no one knew when for sure. They found her two months later living in a cave on the Muskewgo, half starved to death and talking about Lake Shore Drive.

A curse and a punishment, people said. Let it be a lesson to these young women. But Lucy had wondered from the start if a child could be born for no reason other than to be a punishment on someone else, a lesson for us all. With a sharp rattle the train rose again and they went over a bridge. They crossed another river, smaller and vague in the misty rain. It was gone before Lucy made much note of it. She avoided looking out the window now,

and wished she could sleep.

About half a dozen seats away, Corallis Smith was reading something she held in her lap. It had to be her Bible, of course. This woman did nothing but stare at that book.

Lucy remembered the pictures she still had in her pocket, the postcard pictures of Texas that old woman had handed her without a word. Before it had seemed too much of a chore to return them. The less she saw of that woman the better. It was the two boys who had taken a liking to pestering her about Texas.

But now Lucy stood up and pulled out the crumpled envelope that held the cards, and she walked up the aisle, lazily

See "Land," page 8.

The Montana Kaimin is looking for an Ad Manager

Must have experience in ad layout/design, sales, promotion, and management.

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(Must be available for work 1 week prior to registration.)

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AT

No
Cover



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Cover

Downtown beneath the Acapulco

Land

Continued from page 7.

letting the fingers of her left hand touch and rest on the back of each seat along the way. Mrs. Smith was reading the same worn Bible, and the woman did not look up when Lucy's fingers finally rested on the edge of the seat near her shoulder. In fact, she covered the page she was reading as if some sort of unknown infidel might tamper with her truth.

Lucy said, "I enjoyed your pictures, Mrs. Smith." The old

woman slowly raised her head and stared blankly at her. Lucy held the worn envelope out to her, but Corallis Smith made no move to take it.

"They're really very nice, and they did give me an idea of where we're going," Corallis Smith stared at her without any sign she understood, until Lucy lowered her arm with the letter still in her hand. "Would you mind if I sat down?" Lucy asked.

Slowly the old woman looked over at the seat across from her, her breath wheezed in her

nose, and then a smile glowed up into her eyes and creased her cheeks with oddly familiar lines, lines that were worn there with use, like the old paths in a forest she grew up in. She snapped the Bible shut with a crack.

"Please do," she said brightly.

So Lucy sat down facing her and settled her green dress on the seat around her. When she looked up, the smile on Corallis Smith's face had disappeared, the comfortable wrinkles entirely gone, and in their place were the lines of an old woman.

"It sounds like your son is doing well in Texas," Lucy said, immediately regretting it. She had betrayed her reading of the letter she found in the en-

velope with the pictures. It was from Mrs. Smith's son, a minister in Houston, coaxing and cajoling her to come and live in Texas. It was the only way, her son pleaded. Otherwise, if she stayed in Milwaukee, Corallis Smith would have to go live in a home, it said. "That home" were the words he used.

"Yes," the old woman said, "he's very happy there. And he thinks that I'll like it." She was quiet for a long moment, and Lucy heard the woman's foot tap briskly once against the floor of the car.

"We'll see," she said.

"Well the pictures make Texas look like a wonderful place," Lucy said. This small talk was making her feel better.

The old woman nodded her head, but she seemed con-

fused. She hummed two descending notes that came from no song. Then her eyebrows raised in a kindly way.

"You're pregnant?" Corallis Smith said, out of nowhere.

Lucy was surprised. She didn't think she showed yet. After all, she hadn't told Robert for fear he would give up his big plans, so her own husband hadn't even noticed. "Yes," Lucy said. "Yes, I am."

Corallis Smith glanced at Lucy's dress lying against the grey of the seat. Her hand moved as if she wanted to touch it, but then it just touched her slate grey hair and rested back on her own black dress.

"I'm not very far along," Lucy smiled, "how did you notice? I'm not showing yet. Am I?" she said.

The old woman shook her head no.

"It's still very early, you know, but I've had two already. Oh, of course, that's pretty obvious. You've met them. They've been bothering you all day," and she laughed at herself, at the way she could run at the mouth.

"This time I'm a little worried though. Just today I've had some trouble. How many children did you have? Just the one? If you don't mind me asking."

Corallis Smith didn't answer. Her brows just furled up and she looked frightened of something. Then she mumbled a

See "Land," page 10.

Enjoy traveling?

(around Missoula)

The Montana Kaimin is accepting applications for Ad salespeople for the 1983-84 academic year.

Sales, graphics, or layout experience preferred. This position requires a minimum of 20 hrs. per week pay on commission.

Applications available in the Journalism Bldg., Room 206

(You must be available to work 1 week prior to registration.)

ATTENTION NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS:

The Kaimin is accepting applications for a PHOTO EDITOR who will join the Fall Quarter Kaimin staff.

Submit an application (available in J-206) and sign up for an interview by 5:00 p.m. Friday, June 3.

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Phone 728-3845

The Toy

A parable by Sandie McQuillan

When Adam was very young, his parents gave him a beautiful toy and they told him to take very good care of it as it was very precious. Adam hung the toy from a silken cord in the window of his bedroom and when the window was closed, Adam would blow on the toy or fan it with a paper to make it move. The light would catch on its prisms and circles and it would sparkle and shine. It cast moonbeams at night and kaleidoscope colors during the day. As the sky and the sea are different each hour, the toy changed according to the colors of the day, the season, the weather and sometimes, Adam thought, according to his mood.

Adam spent many pleasant hours simply watching the toy, letting it cast its spells and weave its tapestries of light. He shared its pleasures with his special friends; and whenever he met someone new that he particularly liked, he would bring them to his room to show them his wonderful toy.

When Adam went to high school he met a little Greek

boy named Ari. Ari was very intelligent and Adam was fascinated by Ari's knowledge about so many things — things Adam hadn't even thought about. But most of all, Adam was interested in the way Ari understood and saw the world around him. They would talk for hours and Ari would explain things to Adam that Adam had never understood before. Sometimes even after they had talked, Adam wasn't sure he understood Ari. But it was such fun just discussing all those subjects.

Ari and Adam became friends. As Adam had done with his friends in the past, he invited Ari home to dinner and, of course, to see his old and precious toy. Ari thought it was a beautiful toy and the two boys spent the evening watching it change and spin, turn and sparkle.

One evening, several weeks later, as the boys were watching the toy, Ari asked Adam if he had ever really looked closely at the toy to see just what it was that made it so beautiful. Adam said no, mostly I just enjoy it. Ari then told Adam in order to really enjoy something, you must under-

stand it and to understand it, you have to find out what makes it work. Besides, he said, if we once understand it then we can make a bunch of them and give them to the other kids. Adam said O.K.; but he wasn't really sure he understood what it was that Ari meant.

The boys took the toy off its silken cord and Ari told Adam to write down, in order, the pieces as he removed them. It was only when Ari started to dismantle the toy that Adam became uncomfortable with what they were doing. But Adam watched as Ari very carefully began disassembling the toy. As Ari removed each circle, square, triangle and other unidentified shapes of glass, plastic, agate and so on, he explained to Adam why that particular piece helped create a particular effect and why that effect was necessary for the toy to function as a whole. Although Adam found this exercise very interesting, somehow he kept feeling it wasn't his toy they were talking about. When Ari finished taking his toy apart, all the pieces lay on the floor just looking like pieces of glass, steel, plastic — just pieces of "stuff" with no par-

ticular purpose or beauty. Ari sighed and told Adam that they could put it back together again.

Ari said, "The problem here is that if we make others, I don't know if we can find exactly the right materials. Some of this stuff is so old it just isn't made anymore. So, it won't be exactly like yours; but they will probably come out all right."

Ari put the toy back together exactly the way it was before and took the plans for other toys home with him. Ari was quite excited about the possibility sometime in the future of making facsimiles of the toy.

After Ari left, Adam was very quiet and for a long time he watched the toy. Then he cried and cried. He finally fell asleep.

The next morning he called his parents to his room and asked them if the toy looked different to them. They laughed and told him the toy always looked different — and beautiful.

Although Adam and Ari remained friends, Adam did not help Ari build new toys. He noticed, too, the other kids didn't seem to like the toys Ari made. Finally, Ari just threw the toys away.

Adam still has his toy. His sister, Judith, spends a lot of time in Adam's room watching the toy. Adam isn't there much anymore; he spends most of his time wandering through the fields and woods, watching butterflies and listening to the birds.

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INFORMATION CALL 243-4383. All programs and dates subject to change.

Land

Continued from page 8.

word or two.

"Excuse me, I shouldn't be so nosey," Lucy backed off. "It was rude of me. I just thought that —"

The old woman interrupted her very quietly. But what she

said was garbled. Lucy leaned forward, trying to hear, and resisted the urge to reach over and touch the woman.

Then, with an anxious gaze still lurking in her eyes, Corallis Smith whispered to her, "Don't you hear the applause?"

Instinctively Lucy sat back in the seat. She had absolutely no

idea what to say to this woman now. As several long seconds passed, her confusion turned to fear, and then fear to embarrassment, and she began to wonder how she could gracefully get back to her own seat. She looked away from the woman, toward the floor, and momentarily tried to ignore her.

"He's down there," Corallis Smith said to her. Then the old woman sighed loudly. "There's going to be bare places by the Nile, right up on the banks."

She shook her head in disgust. Then she stared directly into Lucy's eyes, holding them with the fervor of her glare, and nodded her head to emphasize every important word. "He's going to cut off the shoots with a pruning fork. And there'll be

fire around the well holes." Her mouth set firmly into a frown.

Lucy laid the envelope of photographs beside the woman, and she pushed them softly until they slid down into the seat. Then she began to sidle her way toward the aisle, her dress wrinkling beneath her with every inch she moved. She kept thinking the whole while of how easy Robert's life was. He just rode back there

with the freight and the livestock and planned what he was going to plant where on his big Texas farm, never had to deal with squirming children or odd-

ball strangers. As she came near the end of the seat, she was stopped by a sharp pain in her stomach.

The old woman just sat and stared at her own knees, and ever so slightly nodded her head. Corallis Smith still clasped the Bible tightly in her left hand. Lucy saw the black night outside through the coach window, silhouetting the old woman's profile like some sort of bleak cameo.

But then Lucy Mahon turned back. She leaned over to the woman and took her right hand in both of her own, still wondering what she would say. The pain in her abdomen had

eased as quickly as it had come over her. The hand she held was meek and warm and alive, and despite the way Corallis Smith glared sternly into her own lap, the hand gently wrapped around her's.

"It will be all right," she said. The old woman made no sign she had heard. "Texas will be good," Lucy said, and squeezed her hand reassuringly.

When she let go, that frail hand slipped away from her, closed into a fist and sat rigidly in the lap of the woman's black dress. Then the train rattled over a break in the tracks, and the tiny, electric lights blinked, off and then on, then off again.

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The LIFTERS



LIVE

Friday June 3 at noon

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Driving Red Bush Lane

By Jon Davis

I've got my own way, see,
I don't want to live like my father —
thirty years in a sweat shop
when one day you're fishing
beers out of a tub of ice
with the whole family jabbering
and flinging Jarts, and your heart
just swells and bursts
and you're dead. I know.
I saw it all. And my mother,
her face went flooey — eyes
wide and darting. She looked at me
like I could fix it, then
watched the whole thing, moaning,
"Jimmy, Jimmy." She just watched,
just watched him die like that
in front of the whole damn family
and me just a kid, what could I do?

I could've played basketball;
I can handle the ball, shoot
ten-for-ten from the top of the key.
My father knew the coach of Notre Dame;
I could've gotten a scholarship.
But then he went and he died.
It pisses me off sometimes
to see other kids and their fathers.
I hear them in the stands saying,
protect the ball with your body,
or yelling three seconds
when I'm standing in the lane.
No, I'm through with sports.
I've got my own way now,
my own plans. I'll learn to
drive a semi, join the guard, maybe
pick up the guitar again. There's
a lot of things I could do.

Saturday I spend waxing my Camaro.
I pop Black Sabbath into the tape deck
and all the kids ride down on their bikes
to listen and help clean. This
is the fastest car in The Valley — bar none.
It's got an Edelbrock Hi-Rise manifold
with a big old Holly Three-Barrel
squatting right on top
pissing gas into that motor
faster than an elephant. Yeah,
I've got my own way.
I don't like to be bothered. My mother
comes nosing around here sometimes
on weekends. But I don't let her in my room.
I don't tell her not-in'. She checks
my tires for wear, but what does she know?
I tell her it's normal. These tires, I say,
they're soft rubber — for traction —
they wear down.

But I didn't say nothin', just drove.
Drove fast enough that neither of us
had time to think: not about what we hit,
or what's right and what's wrong,
or about my father, dying like a fool
in front of the whole family.
We closed The Frog Pond that night.
The Series was on, Joey got drunk,
Jackson hit another homer. I had a friend
hung himself in the halfway house
across from The Pond. I used to
whip his ass on the asphalt courts
back of Beaver Street School. Lately,
I think about those games, how,
with the score nineteen to one,
I'd drive the lane and jam it, or,
in a close game, I'd rock back on my heels
and nail a twenty footer. What did I want?

Home from The Pond, I stood in the driveway
until three-thirty just looking at my car —
how the moonlight glittered in the chrome,
curved along the windshield. I listened
to cars rushing on the highway; twice
I heard sirens. I know what I've done,
but I'm young, I've got a life to live.
In the morning I washed the car,
walked to the Highway Diner for coffee.
I avoided the papers, even The News
spread out on the counter, a picture
of some woman who killed her doctor husband.
Only I know, maybe Joey but he won't say.
Later I walked the fireroads through
Water Company land, and looked down on Red Bush
Lane — two cop cars cruising, then, for no reason,
flooding it past the torn garbage bags, tool sheds,
stacks of railroad ties, their 440's howling....

Today, for the first time in a week,
I stopped at the courts, shot
baskets with the gang. Chuck's van
was pulled up close, the tape player
blasting. There was a girl there
used to be in my home room. I drove her
to school once and she said
she'd seen me play basketball
and she thought I was good. I remember her eyes
looking at me through her brown hair.
I think I'd like to go see her, to talk
about those games on Beaver Street, maybe
go for a ride up the River Road, past Newtown
and Sharon, past the lake where Joey keeps
his boat, the dam, past the Crossroads Diner,
farther than I've ever needed to go...
I don't want to live like my father, that's
not my way. I've got something better in mind.

But I tear 'em up on Red Bush Lane,
alongside the railroad tracks. I carve J's
all over the road and the kids go wild.
No one's ever seen a driver like me —
I'm a little different. I like to take a chance.
Some nights I'll run that whole goddamned road
without lights. All three miles. Last week,
driving like that, I hit something.
I felt it thud against the bumper;
the car shook and jumped. It sent us
skidding, but it felt good —
like a grape popping out of its skin.
Like I said: I've got my own way.
We turned around — Crazy Joey and me —
and went back to see what we hit.
We went past it once, fast, and Joey,
well, he said it was a dog.
but I saw it good, and I know.



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James Watt to visit

HELENA (AP)—Interior Secretary James Watt will attend portions of the Western Governors Conference in Kalispell late this month, Gov. Ted Schwinden's office said yesterday.

"The secretary will join the Western governors and Canadian premiers at the state dinner Tuesday evening, June 28, and meet with the governors early Wednesday morning, June 29," the governor's news release said.

"The closing plenary session on Wednesday begins at 9:30 a.m. and is open to the public, and that's where we have him scheduled," said Paula Walker, Schwinden's press secretary.

She was not sure whether Watt would deliver a speech.

Watt is to arrive in Kalispell on Tuesday, but Walker said she did not have an exact time. The state dinner is scheduled for 8 p.m., and is preceded by a reception at 6:30 p.m., but Walker was not sure whether Watt would arrive in time for the reception.

"I'm unclear at this point what his schedule is on Wednesday," Walker said. "He has an engagement in Denver later that day and has to leave Kalispell by mid-morning."

The Western Governors Conference will run from June 26 to 29.

Lies Continued from page 6.

doing and it would make him ill. He wouldn't be able to sleep, he wouldn't eat. She would leave him for days at a time and then, when she came back, she would tell him that she had been visiting friends. She would say that she just had to take off, that she was going mad, that she needed the privacy of her own life.

"I asked her once, at the beginning of this, straight out. Almost a year ago. I asked her if she was cheating on me. I al-

ready knew that she was," Mr. George was sweating, rivulets ran down his temples, his hat was stained dark, "and she looked right at me," he put down the spool of wire and stretched, "Sam, she looked right at me, her big eyes, and said, 'don't insult me. It's you I love. I would never sleep with anyone else.' Damn it all, Sam why does she lie?"

I couldn't answer him then. I wouldn't be able to now.

She had blamed him for

squeezing her, for keeping her in Texas, for trapping her in his way of life.

"I guess she wants her cake and wants to eat it too — as they say," Mr. George said, smiling, even laughing a little, "I think maybe I'll have to walk away from here and leave you with her and the ranch, what you say, Sam?" and I laughed, wiping sweat off my face, thinking of walking again, of swimming, of the silence of the desert, of being alone.

I think of all this now too.

Mr. George was sentenced to 20 years. I had to go to the trial and tell them that he had been drunk and was nearly mad.

The defense lawyer asked if Mr. George had acted out of passion. I said yes, he had. The judge agreed and called it a crime of passion, but said, "20 years," in a passionless voice. I didn't tell them that I had tried to stop him, or how he had hit me and how he had cried. I wish that he had hit me more, I was strong when I was 19. He wouldn't have hurt me.

Dan Aykroyd

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