

NOVEMBER 10,1988

For days after one of my trips, it's hard for me to settle down and go back to work.

On the last trip, I tried a few ideas out on the Eskimos and the Smithsonian folks just to keep in touch. I might as well admit they didn't work, but I think it's going to pay off on future expeditions, as I'll know to take along some samples.

The first effort took place at Eskimo Point. While I was standing back out of the way watching a hot and furious sale of arts and crafts in their community center, I asked a schoolteacher if he'd be interested in representing a line of finely crafted Texas arrowheads, or maybe take on a showing of Mexican border town curios.

Like I told him as fast as my colleagues were pushing their money and credit cards across the tables to buy that Eskimo stuff, it'd create a dangerous situation if another wave of visitors hit before they'd had time to saw up some more religious charms from the caribou horns and whip up some more dolls on their sewing machines.

To prove my good faith, I showed him a piece of a tent stake I'd found off a road that I was going to take home and see whether it couldn't be sold as part of the center pole of an authentic Eskimo lodge. But I think all that money crunching and the credit card press stamping out the carbons must have had him hypnotized.

My other effort failed, too. The ship's charter ended at Reykjavik, Iceland. My plans were to offer eight rolls of exposed but undeveloped film to the highest bidder. I figured that in all those frames there'd be enough award winning shots to control every photography contest for the next 20 years, or at least they had looked that good through the lens when I was shooting them.

Iceland, however, turned out to be a bad place to do business. A modest lunch costs over \$20 in our currency, and a four-course dinner without wine or spirits was apt to be 75 bucks. Faced by that sort of overhead, plus so many days of seasickness previous to a landing, ruined my customer's interest, and I couldn't raise one offer.

I'd sure like to have placed some arrowheads on Hudson Bay. They'd of been slow sellers during the winter months, but I think the summer trade would have been quite sappy.

The state's aquifers may be contaminated from either man-made or natural sources. Man-made sources include population density, industrial development, agricultural development, water well completion practices and abandoned wells.

Because of the availability of good water, Texans used about 11 million acre feet of ground water in 1980, he said. More than 80 percent was for irrigation, the remainder for public supplies, rural and domestic consumption, rural livestock and electric utility and other industrial uses. About half the state municipal water is obtained from ground water sources.

"Because the state's ground water resources are finite and, in many cases easily contaminated, it's important that Texans become aware of these resources and decide how they ought to be managed and protected in the future," he said.

"Everyone should support the efficient use, sound management and protection of the state's ground water resources."