facing the living quarters of the bus. "I'm beat," he says in a Southern, matter-of-fact voice. "Let's hit the campgrounds so I can crash."

Two hours later, as the excitement of our show is replaced by quiet and a feeling of being back to normal, the moon falls over us as snowflakes begin to fall. The shadow of the trees makes a strange pattern on the ground, or is it strange? The cross they make grabs my mind like a persistent reminder of my past and my future.

The darkness of the Rocky Mountains and the distant lights of Laramie blend into the scene to give me a reminder of why I am really here.

Yes, that's why I'm really here.

The Welfare Rules

by Esther "Billie" Mellon

Out of work and starved to death, off to the welfare line I went.

The Caseworker there said to me, "Sell your house and car, then we will see."

I sold my house, then my bed, sold the car, and shot the dog in the head.

Back to Welfare I went; no roof, no bed, and my shoulders bent.

The worker said, "You now have the money to pay for rent---no help from us will you get."

I bought a shack, and an old straw bed, a junker car and a hat for my head.

The welfare lady handed to me an old tin cup and said, "Work for a fee, then after a week return to me. Maybe then, we will wait and see."