

ch. 3 add.?

use in summer scene?
probably not

Think of it as a bit of a wager, lads. The government is betting you that land, against your three years of work. This formulation was not Crofutt but Lucas, and he was all too near the truth with it. Three years of earning ownership of your homestead, of living upon it and improving it by your building and husbandry labors. Do I laugh or cry, now, at the innocence with which we set about to be homesteaders? Either is apt. Nobody new to it knows thing one about the homesteading life. Nobody can know what three years will bring.

more
to
improve
moved
from
p. 5

...t of

^{Now} The summer mountains ~~came into~~ ^{filled} my mind, the rising tide of Double W
cattle we sheep graziers were encountering ^{now} in each grass season up there,
Wampus Cat Williamson's ^{offhand} imperial complaint You people ~~was going to~~ ^{would like} sheep
this country to death. The awful echo of that in what this ~~Meixell~~ ^{for ruin} had
^{Suddenly cold} just said. I studied coldly the face over the badge, under the campaign
had he come as
hat: ~~was he going to be~~ agent of the Wampus Cat Williamsons of the world,
those who had the banks and mills and fortunes in their white hands?
I clipped my next words carefully: "I hope while you're guarding against
grass being sheeped out, you'll have an eye for any that's being cattled
out, too."

From his saddle perch
~~Meixell looked~~ ^{me} Meixell gave a straight look. "Yeah, I figured
^{and doing} to do that."

Did he? Who knew. Ruin's wheel drove over us/in gold-spoked quietness.
Maybe it wasn't yet. Maybe so,
I had thought it wouldn't be like that in ~~America~~. I kept my eyes ~~locked~~ ^{maybe no.}
with Meixell's. ^{as if merging each other}
This Meixell didn't look like anyone's person but his own. ^{Yet} Even if he
~~was here~~ was coming ~~here~~ here neutral, that eternal seep of Double W
cattle to wherever Williamson's eye alit... "You

There's been some pretty sad ~~going down~~ behavior toward the country.

I did various things in life before they put one of these badges on me.

Some of those things were about like what you do for a living....

The situation ain't that bad yet.

The ranger had decorated the inside of the station with calendars from saloons and hardware stores. The calendar pictures, twenty or so, were of women, women in hats the size of spans, carrying a riding crop, anking up into Ford's automobile, admiring a rose... The lone exception to this female nation on the walls was one small calendar from the Gros Ventre Mercantile, with a picture of a kitten playing with a ball of yarn. ~~After~~⁴ I surveyed the walls and said, "Ford of kittens, are you, Mr. Meixell?"

Why'd
you
call
me
Stanley

pass in the forest of the Two, and I suppose even yet up there some logs and stumps announce J McC to the silent universe.

Carving initials as elaborate as mine takes some attention. The J never was too bad to make and the M big and easy, but the curves of the c's needed to be carefully cut. Thanks to the tardy Withrow sheep, I had ample leisure to do so. I suppose sheep have caused more time to be whiled away than any other creatures in the world. Even yet on any number of Montana ridgelines there can be seen stone cairns about the height of a man. "Shepherders' monuments" they are called, and what they are monuments to is monotony. Just to be doing something a herder would start piling stones, but because he hated to admit he was out there hefting rocks for no real reason, he's stack up a shape that he could tell himself would serve as a landmark. Fighting back somehow against loneliness--that was a perpetual part of being a sheep herder. In the wagons of a lot of them you would find a stack of old magazines, creased and crumpled from being carried in a hip pocket. An occasional prosperous herder would have a battery radio to keep him company in the evenings.

no # Once in a while you came across a carver or a braider. Quite a few though, the ones who give the herding profession a reputation for skewed behavior, figured they couldn't be bothered with pasttimes. They just lived in their heads, and that can get to be cramped quarters. Those religions which feature years of solitude and silence, I have grave doubts about. I believe you are better off doing anything rather than nothing. Even if it is only piling stones or fashioning initials.

Squint as hard as you will, you can't see ^{to tomorrow} ~~what is to come~~. Had

I been told ~~you told me~~ in the wheelwright shop in Nethermuir, Angus, the day will

arrive when you trace the hopes of homesteaders onto the American earth

with a OO buggy wheel...when the turns of that wheel become the clock

that starts these homestead families on three years of striving...

when the wheelmarks single out the square of earth for the ripping plow...

I would have gawped and gulped out, You have the wrong Angus. Yet there

~~I was, on the wagon seat counting the ordinations of wheelsping. Ten.~~

Seeing the craft of my father, the band of iron circling the (parts of

the wheel, holding all together, write the future of railroads and who

knew what else onto Montana. ^{a hundred} ~~That's twenty~~. Conveying, in a day, lives

from what they had left to where they had dreamed of being. ^{A hundred fifty} ~~Thirty~~ now.

Fifty?
unbearing
other

hundred





At the Erskine place, a white-faced Donald and

I laid a mattress in his OO wagon and put Davie onto it for the journey

No.

to Gros Ventre. (Or does the doctor have to be fetched?) Davie was to

recover ~~it~~, if you ~~may~~ can call it that. The twisted ~~shoulder~~^{spine}, the

stiffened leg.

~~stiffened~~

~~(Adair says something)~~

Oh, it is hindsight, there is no way

~~ahead~~
~~sped toward~~

Adair and I could have known as we ~~sped to~~ Gros Ventre to tell

~~lessened half-attill~~

Doc OO what was coming, that Davie would lead the ~~OO~~ life he had to

afterward. But I still feel, we both somehow did know.

on its
way
to him
that day

#

But

When I went to the ranger station and applied for the ^{grazing} allotment

we would need to put a thousand more ewes onto the national forest,

I was at once asked by Stanley Meixell:

free and clear

"Would they be your sheep, ~~entirely~~, Angus? Or is Bob Barclay

gonna be in on them, too."

"Rob and I would go partners on the band, yes."

I hate to say so, but that's it.

Stanley apologetically shook his head. "Nothing doing, then."

This ain't against you at all, Angus. But I know how you and him have got to trade off with the campending and steering the herder around and so on, and I don't trust how those sheep would be handled when he's the one doing it. If it was just you, I'd go ahead and squeeze those sheep onto the forest. But a guy like him is just too goddamn hard on the country."

#

"Meixell isn't the ranger of the whole world," Rob met my news with.

It barely seemed to ^{ruffle} ~~perturb~~ him. "Give me a couple of days. I just maybe know the place for those sheep, and Meixell won't have a hoot in hell to say about them."

#

left Davie with his browsing band, the Reservation grass had begun
to crispen from green to tan, the pothole lakes now lay in outlining
crusts of drying mud, the broad flow of the Two Medicine River had
become orderly instead of headlong. Even the weather was under control,
a day of bright blue that positively couldn't bring a storm pouncing
onto newly naked and shelterless sheep, and with that off my mind I
could work with an eye to other horizons than the weathermaking mountains
of the western skyline. The long swoop of prairie several miles north
to Browning and the traced line of the railroad, iron thread to cities
and oceans; the chasm of the Two Medicine River seeking eastward to graft
itself into the next channel of flow, the Marias, and that next
next after that, the joined forces of water setting forth together to the Missouri--
every view from up here was mighty.

Past noon, south got more and more of my attention as Rob did not
appear from the direction of Scotch Heaven as promised.)

cloud of
sheep

over

glide like

runway

winced

away
joined
majority
7

He?
Two
with

Even without the swimming, he and you doted on one another. The two
of you made a kind of league against your girl cousins, Rob's daughters
who for all that he treasured ^{them} like wealth were unmistakably four versions
of Judith. Your tenet of the time, "girls are bossy," fit snugly with
his customary joke about unexpectedly running a convent, and it was your
Unk more often than me who enlisted you into riding the haysled with us,
even in the sharpest cold of winter, as we fed the sheep.

You never failed to ask, "Can I drive the team?" And there you were,
little more than a tyke
at the front of that hayboat in the snow, the reins in your small mittened
hands as you tugged the workhorses into making ^{their big oval of route} ~~the long-looping design~~
while Rob and I pitched the hay off.

Mamma's Team

I tried to imagine what that was going to be like.

To be a Tebbet. I knew by the map the survey designation of the Tebbet patch of land: (00...) like sums of another tongue they were being added in an endless list. It was said there were twice as many people in Montana now ~~xx~~ than five years ago. The growth, the towns, they were what Lucas dreamed of and Rob calculated on.

But this was a sort of weaving too, the homestead squares, the lives threaded in and out. The mill was America, Montana.

Adair saw that ~~it~~ I was concerned. "Angus, I know how you feel about this country. But things always change, don't they?"

"The question is whether they change for the better."

"Either case, what can you do about it?"



William Duncan in his study. In later years the warm relations between the missionary and his converts turned into bitter gall, as he became increasingly authoritarian and inflexible.

is there within the glove just the same all the time?"

And what, a growing number of Metlakahtla natives were beginning to wonder, was that hand really crafting? As the aging Duncan grew more and more inflexible in his notions of what the island colony should be and do, the Indians found themselves locked into a quandary. Nearly four decades after founding his frontier experiment in capitalism, the missionary still held total control of the colony's financial and business matters. But Duncan's education policy, with its emphasis on religion, failed to include training which would equip the natives to handle their own account books.

In January 1908, 111 Metlakahtlans petitioned for a government school. They carefully said that great and noble as Father Duncan's work had been, Metlakahtla's young people needed a better education.

Duncan continued to brush aside the Indians' complaints about the schooling he provided, but the Metlakahtlans persisted. In August 1910, W. T. Lopp, chief of the Bureau of Education's Alaska Division, arrived to investigate the school situation. Lopp's report to the Department of the Interior was critical of Duncan on several points.

For one thing, the famous Metlakahtla salmon canning company was not a profit-sharing venture. Duncan ran the local canning industry and paid the Indians lower wages than

other canneries in the area. (The missionary claimed, however, that deductions to support the church and school made the wages appear lower.) For another, Duncan seemed reluctant to make provision for willing the Metlakahtla enterprises—still in his name—to the village when he died. Lopp concluded his report with a recommendation that a government school definitely was needed, "at once."

Perhaps encouraged by Lopp's findings, the Metlakahtla town council in November 1910 wrote to Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger. Who, they wanted to know, held land rights on Annette Island: William Duncan or the Indians of Metlakahtla? This explosive question of property rights was to rock the island town for the next five years.

Other government investigators came and went. In sum, they reported that Duncan was running a company town, with the Metlakahtlans lacking real influence in the vaunted model of industrial capitalism.

Duncan defended his policies, arguing that the Indians weren't competent to handle anything above physical labor. The stock which provided capital for the enterprises of Metlakahtla originally paid a return of 15 percent a year, he said, but the native stockholders proved unwilling to plough profits back into "the village affairs." (Such reinvestment, Duncan added, "was the original intention" of his plan.) He pointed

physical description of Adair?

free to think of another danger

--after Dair learns to ride, another "danger" on Angus's mind: Anna

--sees her at dances (compare with Adair's tranced dancing)

--first winter of marriage: length of days, Adair's discomfiture; her mother dies

--Angus hopes she'll see it as adventure, like a visit to Siberia

--mention Rob and Judith's role

--summary of early part of their marriage; Angus's lingering affliction over Anna.

--the coming of spring; Dair brightens

--Even Christmas and Hogmanay did not soften the winter (for Adair),
for in mid-December came word that her mother had died.

--Dead and buried long ~~af~~ before letter arrives.

--In Nethermuir people even died in pairs.

--Dair's depression, and their faltering marriage, after 2nd miscarriage

--their second winter together; an open winter

^{spelling}
"And what's the word for that? Write it for ~~me~~ me, Miss Noon Creek Schoolkeeper."

"Angus McCaskill who can read the air, are you? We shall see."

She began tracing

"An unfair advantage," I protested. "You can't expect me to read your old word backwards." I moved around behind her, peering over her right shoulder, my hands lightly on her shoulders. "Now, then. Write

Anna Ramsay.
your utmost,

^{stock-}
Anna stood ~~was~~ still. "Angus..."

What we suddenly were saying to each other was with lips, but words were nowhere involved.

is still trying to read...

Then

"Angus, do you ever have any feeling at all for Scotland?"

"If I do I take a tonic and it goes away."

"I don't mean going back for good, But for a visit."

"No, Dair, it doesn't occur to me. But ~~it~~ it must to you."...

"We can get the money ahead and you could go for however long
you felt like."

She shook her head. No, she truly could not. We both knew
there was the question of whether she would come back to this land,
once out of it.

Just once in this span
of years were we alone
anywhere near

of us
called a meeting
Valier Before school began that fall, the superintendent called us to

a meeting in Valier. I stayed overnight with Lucas and Nancy, and in
the small hours rode eastward.

horse
corral -
Isaac's
Long Cross -
men walking
to work

It was dumfounding. The land I had ridden across when Rob and
I first came to Gros Ventre, where I had seen only the Seven Block
ranch hands building fence, was specked with homestead cabins. Built

took
my breath
away

of lumber, not our logs. A hotel sat immensely above the main intersection
of streets, as if lines had been drawn from the corners of the world
to mark, here, this is going to be the Paris of the prairie. A stone
schoolhouse was being built.

like
a stack
of hay

BU was
growing
but some on
prairie was
explosion.

was where best
circled in
we be
limit.
Gold
prairie
was
of
circled

Already the Valier school had six teachers, more than Gros Ventre's
school did. Four of them were young single women, none ^{so} pretty ^{as} enough
to make a man break down a door but all unhomey enough that Valier ^{marriage}

proposals were in the offing. The morning's ~~talk was of how a high~~
~~year, a high school would be begun. The day's talk was of school~~

wagons to bring children from the nearest farms, of country schools
the high school to be begun next year.
to be built east and south of Valier, of how to handle so many pupils.

around
some not
distant
corner

bring
language

A half-hundred
half-spoken
to have
wonder

The 00th of August, Rob came tearing into the yard. "There's
smoke at Gros Ventre. A lot of it."

Enough that the whole town might be afire.

"How much
~~that would be better for you~~ better ~~for you~~ if we had never met. For you,

I mean."

"We should go to the others." Meaning, people will notice, people
will talk.

"We can tell them we're allergic to ~~the~~ wind."

"Something seems to conspire. To put the two of us off into a
corner by ourselves."

"That's odd. I thought"--I thought everything had conspired the
other way. "Anna, do you have the life you want?"

"Yes. If a person had more than one, it would be another matter.
But you know I chose when I had to."
Other things would be possible.

Chose for both of us, because I have never ~~had~~ ^{yet found} choice in the
matter of you. ^{of my eyes on you.} Not from the first minute ~~in your schoolroom~~
Nearly fifteen years of trying and the astonishing
hold goes on.

"I'm glad we could."

"For once, I'm glad of wind."
~~"I hope you are."~~

"Three of my pupils are children of ^{some of my} ~~the~~ first pupils."

"I have that beginning to happen, too. ^{Wait until} Do you suppose we'll sit
here one day and be telling that we have these ~~pupils~~ children's children
in our schoolrooms?"

Montana winter has no known remedy, just whatever balms you can
concoct to nurse yourself through it. Scotch Heaven's standard salve
for winter fever--the schoolhouse dances--were my next new difficulty.
own

I would never have believed it of myself. The first dance of that
winter, fresh snowfall softening the night,
silvef of

When the man ^{Stanley} Meixell rode away, I ^{stood} ~~looked~~ ^{ing} for a while at the

mountains. They did not look like a national anything, they still

looked like mountains. A fence around them--it did not seem real that

a fence could be put around a mountain range; but I would not bet against ^{him}

Meixell when he said he was going to do a thing--a fence around them

was not to control them but us. Did we need it? Most, no. But some,

yes. The Double W cattle were more and more. I even had my moments

of being displeased with Rob as a grazing neighbor. Rob. There was

one, now--what was Rob going to think of a national forest, permits to

graze our sheep? He was going to know soon enough what he thought of

it, for Meixell and his horse were already ~~going~~ cresting over the valley

rim and on to Breed Butte when I glanced there.

277

was 33 miles down the highway.

"WELCOME!" crackled a thunderblast of voice over our heads.

"To the Gros Ventre rodeo! Our fifteenth annual show! You folks are wise as hooty owls to roost with us here today. Yes sir! Some of everything is liable to happen here today and--" Tollie Zane, father of the famous Earl, held the job of announcing the Gros Ventre rodeo on the basis by which a lot of positions of authority seem to get filled: nobody else would be caught dead doing it. But before this year, all that the announcing amounted to was shouting through a megaphone the name of each bucking horse and its rider. The shiny new 'glory horns evidently had gone to Tollie's head, or at least his tonsils. "The Fourth of July is called the cowboys' Christmas and our festivities here today will get underway in just--"

"Called what?" somebody yelled from the chute society. "That's Tollie for you, sweat running down his face and he thinks it's snowflakes."

"Santy Claus must have brought him that goddamn talking contraption," guessed somebody else.

"Naw, you guys, lay off now," a third one put in. "Tollie's maybe right. It'd explain why he's as full of shit as a Christmas goose."

Everybody below us hee-heed at that while Tollie roared on about the splendiferous tradition of rodeo and what heart-stopping excitement we were going to view in this arena today. Tollie was a kind of plodding

end that way. In this case, the worst was that my life could go on and

on this way. But can't you ~~say~~ say to life,

there's been some slipup, you have the wrong man here, I only want to

go along the years...

I was going to ~~have~~^{need} to try, wasn't I.

Can't you?

miss
can

C. J. Mc
Worman

like
almighty

move
to
earlier?

midst of

Often I saw her as I waited for sleep. Her in the music, She

heard the horseman's silvr'y call, 'Come braid your golden hair',~~xx~~ of

that first night of dancing. Her in the Noon Creek school, turning to

me, the braid swinging over her shoulder. Her beneath me, watching as...

I opened my eyes to explode these scenes, driving sleep even farther

away. As Rob was, Adair was one who slept like part of the night.

There in the dark was the one time she seemed to fit the homestead.

like I had married her
into.

TO COME:

A fairly fast-paced section which gets everyone through the summer, by way of such events as:

--a shearing contest which Angus and Rob participate in;

--Adair not hitting it off with Montana and the local beaux; when Angus, down from herding in the mountains to get supplies, has a conversation with her he finds she's homesick, but will tough out the summer to keep Rob's wife Judith company. Angus had hoped Adair would make a match with the other most eligible bachelor in Scotch Heaven, Allan Frew, but Adair tells him, "Angus, you know as well as I do that Allan Frew is stupid as a toad." Angus feels sorry for her situation but sees nothing to be done about it, concluding it'll be better all around when she writes off this Montana trip of hers as one of Rob's follies and returns to Scotland.

--Which brings the story to the point where Angus, when he and Rob have trailed their sheep down from the mountains, fat lambs and big profit wherever they look, hears that Anna is back from her railroad summer with her parents. He heads at once for Noon Creek.

over
said
same

Don't
that
way
at
them
is

hurt?
for

#

"Angus, you dasn't blame yourself." Seeing me silent and long-
faced, she ~~threw~~ herself at last brought the matter into words. "We had
to help Davie. That's just the way it happened. You heard the doctor
say it's not even certain the wagon ride caused it--maybe so, maybe no."

I had heard. And as best I could divine, Adair meant it when she
said there was no blame on me. Perhaps she blamed the rocks for jarring
the wagon wheels, perhaps she blamed the wheels for finding the rocks.

If bone strike stone, ^{a hurt} too bad for bone. If stone strike bone, ^{hurt} ~~no~~ harm

to stone. ~~Another~~ If blame had to be put, the first place Adair would
lay it was Scotch Heaven itself. Another case of dasn't; she did not
dare see any blame in my di rection. Really, Adair was taking the situation
as well as you can take a thing such as that. ^{Not} so, me. To me, ~~there~~ a
~~had~~ double death was in that loss of our child-to-be. The child itself,
the packet of life, we had taken from us; and we ~~had~~ had lost as well Adair
as she could be, Adair with a chalice she needed to free her mind from
the homestead, the isolation of Montana. As if the ill person had climbed
from bed to dance and cheer up the mourning visitor, Adair was doing her

best to bolster me. "We'll have another child," she assured me.

"You're definitely a man for trying."

How many possible^s are in us? I had lost my own best self when
Anna spurned our life together. The miscarriage had cost us a possible
Adair.

move
to
prev. p. ?

George Frew, quiet ox in a sheepskin coat and a flap cap, followed me in. "Anything you'd like from town, Dair?" I asked cheerily. "George is riding in."

"Yes," she responded. "Adair would like a deck of cards."

George positively echoed with ^{significant} ~~meaningful~~ silence as he took ^{A's words} ~~this~~ in. Flora Duff might want OO, Jen Findlater might want OO, but what did Adair McCaskill want but ~~me~~ a-- "You heard the lady, George," I said with desperate jolliness. "We're in for some fierce whist in this white nights. KUUVUS's best household, these ~~long evenings~~ deck of cards, if you please--I'll ride down and pick it up from you tomorrow."

Thereafter, Adair would indeed play me games of whist or gin rummy when I took the care to suggest it in an evening. But her true game was solitaire. When the cards arrived, I began to notice the card columns of solitaire laid out on the sideboard; amid her ~~the~~ chores Adair would stop to turn up a card, play it where it belong, and then go about whatever she had been doing. It came to me often that winter, the oddness that it had to be George Frew to carry word of Adair to Scotch Heaven; the oddness too that I, who had never overmuch ~~not much~~ cared what people said, was perturbed to know without even having to hear it what was being said of Adair: "She's different."

to inspect

truth?

For we intended this would be our only childless winter. We both wanted children, soon and several. Adair seemed to have an indefinite but large ~~in~~ number in mind--it came with being a Barclay-- , I supposed-- while I lived always with the haunt of that fact that my parents had needed to have four to have one who survived. It would be pretty to think the world is growing less harsh, but the evidence doesn't often say so. In any case, the next McCaskill, the first American one, was our invisible visitor from the winters to come. It made sense no matter how I looked at it, that Adair would be a happier woman once she had a baby. And I was working on it, even Adair would have to admit that.

—

edit
"it's"

Montana winter has no known remedy, only whatever balms you can nurse contrive to ~~bring~~ yourself through it. At first I thought Adair was taking interest in the winter weather, pausing ~~at~~ ^{at any} ~~one~~ ^{she passed} window to gaze out into the whiteness. ~~But then she asked~~ Only slowly--too slowly--did I realize that each of those gazes was of resentment, of challenge to the weather for the crimped life it was forcing onto our homestead. A number of times I tried to talk her into bundling up and coming with Rob and me on the haysled as we fed the sheep. Nothing doing. She was even apprehensive--not, not quite right; she was distrustful of sleigh trips to Breed Butte to visit Rob and Judith. It was only when we stamped the snow from our feet and entered that house, the swirl of Rob and Judith's girls around us, that Adair seemed where she wanted to be.

Christmas came and went, Hogmanay the same, and this wife of mine was as much a quiet mystery to me as ever. She was there and yet she wasn't. At times, talking to her was like speaking to a person the real Adair had sent out to deal with you; Adair the actual was otherwise occupied.

Angus sees Anna in GV's
Local election day.

that meant anything.

We had not exchanged a word. We had not been within a hundred feet of each other. Yet the sensation fell on me out of the clear sky, still in love with her unerringly as the first time I saw Anna. I was as deeply, tangledly, doomed, as ever.

"Angus, you look peaked. Are you all right?" (Adair)

"A bit under the weather, ~~no sense in it~~ It'll pass."

My head cleared on the ride home, although the rest of me went on aching for Anna. What was I going to do with myself. Marrying Adair was supposed to cure me of Anna. Why hadn't it? I had never invited any of this. I was in some stray room of life, windows all around and only Anna to be seen in them all.

on Angus door, leaving Anna after his wedding if you

In a way, this held as much fright as my first nights aboard the emigrant ship. The unexpected ~~power~~ power I was up against, its hold on me. The lack of logic in the situation: I could apply logic to it all day long and nothing changed.

A sick scaredness--and yes, with the tint of thrill there in it, too--such as that I had experienced in the hold of the Jenny. Except, in that case the worst that could happen was that my life would ~~not~~ promptly

might

~~Why does such a thing happen. A fraction further out and Varick would have a cut cheek, one quick cry and healed in a week. But a fraction inward and the eyeball would have been speared. The tiny territory between, the stick struck.~~

~~Varick was to lie still for a week. Then the doctor would ~~have~~ gauge.~~

Lila Sedgwick moved herself and Sedge from their bedroom and installed Varick and Adair. It was the quietest room, with the creek flowing beneath the window....

I turned to Lila to settle up. She would take nothing.

"No, really," Adair protested. "You must ~~take~~..."

Lila shook her head firmly.

Varick's eyelid drooped about half down when something amused him.

cockeyed
My son who squinted to laugh. What if something ~~worse~~ worse, what if

the next accident of boyhood took him from us. What would Adair do.

What would I do, how could I buoy her in this Montana life without her

child... I sucked in breath and sneaked my fortieth look of the day at

this son of ours. He seemed so strong, so active; why the winter illnesses?

When, where, would they stop.

TO COME:

--a quick summary section showing that the hard times following the economic crash of 1893 keep Angus at the teaching job, all the while the sheep business and homesteading in Scotch Heaven in general remaining a touch and go situation, prices are so bad. Angus, Rob, Lucas, everyone is trying to ride out the economic storm, the first they've encountered in America. In the spring of 1897, economic conditions are improving, wool and lamb prices have gone back up, Angus and Rob see that if they can scrape through the summer--doing their own herding in the mountains--they're going to be okay, indeed mildly prosperous. It's in this sunny outlook that the story resumes, early spring of 1897.

I had just put the cow in her stanchion when I heard the sound. An auihh, a low cry of surprise and pain. Then the awful silence in my ears told me Varick's chopping had stopped.

I knew there would be blood somewhere, but I was not ready for the scarlet fact of it on my son's face, on the edge of the hand he was holding over his left eye as he stood hunched, frozen.

"Varick, let me see, son, I've got to see"--I lifted his hand far enough away for the eye to show. "Hold still, perfectly still." The blood was streaming from the outer corner of the tight-shut eye, ~~eye's corner~~, there was no telling whether the eyeball was whole.

"The stick of wood," Varick was gasping. "It flew up. I--"

"Sit, sit right ^{here} ~~his~~ on the chopping block." I held both his hands in one of mine. "Dair! DAIR!"

When ~~she appeared~~ ^{taking} the door flew open and she saw us, fear ~~on~~ her face, I yelled for her to bring water and clean rags. As she tended Varick with them I harnessed the team to the buckboard, thinking every moment of the dozen miles of ruts between us and Doc OO in Gros Ventre. Then it was ^{that} ~~the~~ journey, Varick ice-still between us as he held a rag against the red seep from the eye, Dair silently crying as she hugged him to her. We passed the fenceline where she and I had found Davie

It is time this was talked out. Past time, far. I believe--I hope

use e
anous -
Vance
composit n ?

with all that is in me--that you grew without knowing the shadow between

your mother and me. In those years your mother lived for you and, in

her way, for me. I lived for you and for her, and for ~~the~~^a third

presence, a presence ^{in me} ~~in me~~ despite the actuality of her existence on Noon

Creek.

As all
that was
to come,

Is it too much to say Adair lived for our son? For I feel it must
be said, and the proposition looked at. There was never open war between
us. Nor would have visitors noticed much, for Adair had a full helping
of that Barclay style.

--thread events of 1900-1907 through Varick's growing up:

--Angus continues teaching, until Vari ck begins school?

--hard winter of 1906

after
a 2mo p

"It's a damn shame, to have somebody looking over your shoulder all the time."

our choice?"
"Lucas, what's the alternative?"

"To stand together against this Meixell and his forest, is one."

"I've heard that somewhere else, just recently."

"Rob has a point, you have to admit."

"Angus, Rob is not wrong about this costing us the chance to put more sheep up ~~on~~ on that grass."

"But how many more can you put up there?"

"Rob's notion has always been to go ahead and find out."

"Back in the years of '93, you weren't so sure."

What country
can carry
you don't know
until you try
We'd know
when we
got there

Robbie
"Angus, ~~Rob~~ is not wrong about this costing us ~~the~~ chance to
put ^{ten's} whatever sheep we want ^{ed manage to} up on that grass."
what gms can do to us.

thing we've
always had -

"And how many sheep is that ever going to be?"

~~"But how many sheep is that?"~~

"You've never been convinced that Robbie and I know ~~enough~~ the word
enough, have you."

"I've seen you show signs of recognizing the word, Lucas. Back
in the years of '93, for instance."

us; and we had also lost Adair as she could be, Adair was ; 20

the answer to that. In any event, ~~the~~ coal was on its way to the South Fork and I agreed to be its welcomer.

The big wagon and its team of eight were no sooner in sight on the road from Gros Ventre than I knew. Isaac himself as teamster today. I would give a strip of skin an inch wide to know what Anna's mate in life To know what he thought. But there was no sign I ever would, in what he knew... that mustached face.

"An-gus," he greeted. "You ~~are~~ wish for coal?"

"Isaac," I reciprocated. "I'll see if your shovel fits me."

Not much more was said as we began unloading the coal--it was as clean of dirt as if it had never been in the earth at all--and let our muscles talk. ~~Coal~~ Coal flew from our two shovels. I suppose we were saying without words, letting our muscles talk.

You maybe
ought to know
what I pass
say o mmo.

My own view is what the first Roosevelt's was: I hate a man

who skins the land.

I can easily
agree and
that

and my questions are what. Whether the seabirds shadowed the canoes
in flying flocks as the whaler stroked out from Cape Hattery into
the ocean. Whether there came--I cannot see how else it might could
have been--an audible silence of left breast before the first paddler
behind the harpoon. Judged the distance to the whale and cried: Now
turn! Whether the crew made a great cry when the harpoon blade
snagged home, a chorus of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ conquest. And whether there was
a mix of fear with whatever else they shouted, for ~~xxxxxxxx~~ success
meant life: the canoe lashed behind the harpooned whale: a seagoing
cart harnessed to a creature several times the size of a bull elephant
and dying angry.
Whale hunters, art fanciers, allegorists, the Makahs also were a
people who chased more than a little under the pale regime of frontier
bureaucrats who wanted to relax the tribe's life. The colors of
this theme weave through Swan's written words year upon year, but never
more brightly than in the aftermath of Swan's dark murder at the
start of March, 1801. Swan was once more at Nash Bay--his sixth stay
there--that autumn when the Makahs decided to exact their price for

His knowledge of the whale hunts, then, stops at the shoreline, and my questions are unmet. Whether the seabirds shadowed the canoes in gliding flocks as the whalers stroked out from Cape Flattery into the ocean. Whether there came--I cannot see how else it ~~could~~ could have been--an audible silence of held breaths before the first paddler behind the harpooner judged the distance to the whale and cried: Now throw! Whether the crew made a ^{united} great cry when the harpoon blade snagged home, a chorus of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ conquest. And whether there was a mix of fear with whatever else they shouted, for ~~xxxxxxxx~~ success meant this: the canoe lashed behind the harpooned whale: a seagoing cart harnessed to a creature several times the size of a bull elephant and dying angry.

Whale hunters, art fanciers, allegorists, the Makahs also were a people who chafed more than a little under the pale regime of frontier bureaucrats who wanted to refashion the tribe's life. The colors of this theme weave through Swan's written words year upon year, but never more blazingly than in the aftermath of Swell's ~~death~~ murder at the start of March, 1861. Swan was once more at Neah Bay--his sixth stint there--that autumn when the Makahs decided to exact their price for

"I wouldn't necessarily say ~~he's~~^{you} got to like it. If ~~he~~^{you} just
got used to it, that's be plenty to suit me."

"Rob Barclay has a mind of his own."

"There's some others of us th at way."

"Stanley, can you go this far: can you

(let Rob
save face)

"You're telling us there's ~~absolutely~~ absolutely nothing we can do
about you and your goddamn grazing permits?"

"Me personally," Stanley said to Rob, "I guess you could kill.

Or at least you could try." The schoolhouse filled with silence. "But

~~what~~ about the permit sysem, no, I don't really see ~~what~~ anything for

you to do. 'Course, your neighbor Williamson--fellow with quite a few

has decided he's
cows, as I hear it--~~he~~ gonna try lawyer the situation to death. That's

happening ~~and~~ here and there, guys taking the Forest Service

can keep on being the ~~first ones~~^{main hogs}
to court to see if they can stay at the trough because they've always
~~the~~ main
forest hogs. If any of you got deep pockets enough, that's one
been ~~the~~
way to go.

I turned onto my side, to ~~see~~ contemplate ^{the sleeping} ~~my wife~~ stranger who was my wife. ~~And~~ ^{was startled to meet} her awake, her head turned toward me.

"Angus, what--what if we can't have any children." Silence of darkness, our silence added into it. "If I can't have any children."

"You don't ^{seem} look like a stone field to me." I moved my hand to her. "Or feel like one either."

"I need to know. Will it matter? With us?"

Now to answer that, in the face of the fact that it already mattered.

"Dair, remember what the ~~doctor~~ doctor said. 'There's not that much wrong; as young and strong as you are, there's every chance...'

"Every chance. But none has come yet, has it." She didn't add the question but it was there anyway. Will it ever?

She had done her utmost to bolster me after the wagon ride cost us the first child. My turn now. "Dair," I said with the kind of declaration that can be said only in bed, "we'll get you a baby. We"-- I rose over her and kissed her lips--"will"--next kiss, for the point of her chin--"get"--down to her throat for the next kiss and the tender unbuttoning--"you"--this kiss on her breastbone--"a"--kissing back and forth on her breasts now--"baby"--as ^{she lifted them to me} ~~they and she rose~~ with ^{her} quickening breath.

Irrigation was the word of the day. The waterflows from the Rockies would be harnessed as if they were mares, and made to nurture grainfields. Dam to canal to ditch to head of wheat was going to be the declension. And soon enough it was. We of Scotch Heaven were only watchers of this, because the valley of the North Fork was narrow and slanted to the extent that only a bit of hayfield irrigation could be done. But along the lower creek, from the new ranger station to Gros Ventre, ~~much~~ hayfields began to have regular ditches...

A project such as the one around Valier, eighty thousand acres of irrigation being achieved and homesteaders pouring off every train, made me wish I had the shovel concession.

A man who ~~didn't have~~ was ready to make money in these years of the ditch was Isaac Reese. His workhorses were in heavy demand for the miles of canal banks to be graded, then for the streets of Valier, for the roads... Isaac Bedamned Reese. My enemy whom I did not hate... my rival ~~whom I did not know or know~~ whom I could not even contend with...

new word?
characterized

Rob-john?
↓ with me
had.
→ novel
concession.

could think up a reasonable loll. Matters were not at all improved by the fact that, since I still was going to the South Fork grade school and Ray went in Gros Ventre, we only knew each other by sight.

He was a haunting kid to look at. His eyes were within long deep-set arcs, as if always squinched the way you do to thread a needle. And curved over with eyebrows which wouldn't needed to have been much thicker to make a couple of respectable blonde mustaches.

good description

And then a flattish nose which, wide as it was, barely accommodated all the freckles assigned to it. When Ray really grinned--I didn't see that this first day, although I was to see it thousands of times in the years ahead--deep slice-lines cut his cheeks, out opposite the corners of his mouth. Like a big set of parentheses around the grin. His lower lip was so full that it too had a slice-line under it.

This kid looked more as if he'd been carved out of a pumpkin than born. Also, even more so than a lot of us at that age, his front teeth were far ahead of the rest of him in size. In any school yard there always were a lot of traded jibes of "Beaver tooth!" but Ray's frontals really did seem as if they'd been made for toppling willows.

As I say, haunting. I have seen grown men, guys who ordinarily wouldn't so much as spend a glance at a boy on the street, stop and study that face of Ray's. And here he was, thank you a whole hell of a lot, my guest for this day at English Creek.

...So we were afoot with one another and not knowing what to do about it, and ended up wandering the creek bank north of the ranger station, with boredom building up pretty fast in both of us. Finally, I got

I measure the next span of years by you, Varick. You who were
Scotch Heaven and
born into one century, one era of the Two Medicine country, and by
the time you were approaching eight years of age, different time and
place had been brought around you. Or so it seemed to me, watching.
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow/round and round the seasons go. Of those
first years of your growing, and of your mother and myself in our
off-angle marriage, there are bright ^{est} pieces ~~of days~~ that stay with
me.

find a
water
well.

from a
father's
sentimental
post.

trinkets
in
dew
nest

The first major talking-to I ever gave you, the afternoon I found you in the barn: down amid the ~~horses~~ workhorses' hooves, crooning happily amid the fetlocks and pasterns and those hooves that could have smashed you like ^{a pullet} ~~an~~ egg with ~~one~~ a casual swipe. Had your mother seen you she

would have forfeited years of her life to fright. To say the truth, my own heart pounded several months' worth before I managed to sidle among the horses and snatch you. Snatch only begins to say it, for

I also gave you a shake that rattled your eyeballs, and the appropriate gospel: "If I ever ^{again} catch you anywhere, anywhere, around ~~a horse's~~ ^{the} hoof, ^{of a horse}

I'll lather you black and blue. Do you understand me?" You looked shocked--at me rather than realization of your peril. But you said apologetically, "I unnerstand," and ~~you~~ lived up to it.

You ~~went~~ on, in the next few years, to your ^{lariat} period of lassoing the chopping block, the dog, the chickens--and fortunately got over that.

But horses, you did not ever get over. By the time you were five you could ride as well as I could, and by six you were twice the ~~person~~ person

I was on the back of a horse.

Varied!
Do you?

on horseback, but of the odd moment of fate, the unpredictable that
would not really be your fault, nobody's fault and yet the disaster
would have happened.

-Dand-
locating idea
come here,
at WY no.

"Wait, wait!" Rob met us on the porch. "We have to do this thing right. Sorry, Adair, but we didn't let you be the first one of the year to cross the threshold. Am I right, Angus?"

"If the first-foot be a woman/and that woman she be fair/In ^{year's} ~~all~~ the days that follow/You will have cause to care."

"Just to be on the safe side," Rob teased, "we'd better have Varick be the first-foot."

lassoing

Varick went through a period of ~~roping~~ the dog, the chickens... and fortunately got over that. But riding horses, he did not get over. I knew it was a torment for Adair--it was enough of a worry to me--to see Varick heading out of sight on the back of a horse; she also was seeing Davie Erskine that terrible day of 0 years before. But all I knew was to tell ~~xxxxx~~ Varick occasionally to be careful. I did not fear our son's judgment; I feared the odd moment, the unpredictable that wasn't really his fault, ~~nobody's~~ nobody's fault and yet the disaster had happened.

Too well
I knew
that
(nothing to
be done)

(Lucas to Stanley) "You're pure serious about this permit business."

(Stanley later) "Can I get a show of hands on how many permits...?"

(Lucas, raising his:) "Will an arm do?"

"That'll do just fine, Luke." (Ninian follows

Angus
(AT) of
for award
only!
to
raise
hand

do, roads
have to be
so awful,

"But why can't the roads be kept up?"

"Dair, counties in Montana are the size of a dozen in Scotland."

more about Adair/Angus trying to deal with possible childlessness

I carried her over the threshold, put her down in the middle of the cabin, and kissed her fully as long as I had at the ceremony.

Before she had so much as a chance to glance around, I asked: "How do you like homestead life so far?"

"If it's all ~~ix~~ this way, Adair will like it indeed," she responded.

"Not all," I mock-warned. "The chickens need feeding once a day.

Every few days we'll need ~~ix~~ a bucket of water. But otherwise"--I

resumed the kissing.

TO COME:

A fairly fast-paced section which gets everyone through the summer, by way of such events as:

--a shearing contest which Angus and Rob participate in;

--Adair not hitting it off with Montana and the local beaus; when Angus, down from herding in the mountains to get supplies, has a conversation with her he finds she's homesick, but will tough out the summer to keep Rob's wife Judith company. Angus had hoped Adair would make a match with the other most eligible bachelor in Scotch Heaven, Allan Frew, but Adair tells him, "Angus, you know as well as I do that Allan Frew is stupid as a toad." Angus feels sorry for her situation but sees nothing to be done about it, concluding it'll be better all around when she writes off this Montana trip of hers as one of Rob's follies and returns to Scotland.

--Which brings the story to the point where Angus, when he and Rob have trailed their sheep down from the mountains, fat lambs and big profit wherever they look, hears that Anna is back from her railroad summer with her parents. He heads at once for Noon Creek.

Was our child, our son, conceived in one of those dawns? I

hoped so.

*a daybreak
son.*

"Angus! Come quick!"
"Look what's happening. (Snow)"

^{But}
"Angus, how can it ~~snow~~? This is May!"

^{Takes a notion to}
"In Montana it snows whenever it ~~feels like it~~."

^{though,}
"But my wash, ~~What'll I do about--~~" ^{garden.}

"It'll freeze dry."

"But what will this do to the grass? And the lambs?"

"I'm on my way to shed up the sheep.... The country needs the
moisture."

"A strange way to get it."

The beard moved back and forth across the chest. "None of us has bragging rights to this country yet."

— Up to that point in life Rob's materials of work had been wood and metal, mine had been words and numbers. Now we were trying to fathom the mysterious substance known as sheep.

In its way, a band of sheep is like a garden on legs. Every spring a crop of lambs, every summer a crop of wool. Feed us and clothe us too--not even potatoes yield so beneficially. But the fleecies are a garden that wanders around looking for its own extinction. In the Two Medicine country there was much that was willing to oblige their mortal urge. I can tell you to this moment the anguish when, a week after we had trailed our yearlings home to the North Fork from their former owner in the Choteau country, Rob and I found our first dead sheep. A fine fat ewe on her back, four legs in the air like hooved branches. In her clumsy cocoon of wool she had rolled helplessly onto her back when she lay down to scratch a tick itch. Rob was shocked, I admit I was a bit unsettled myself. And as any sheep owner does, we began thinking the awful arithmetic to ourself: if we lose another ewe next week...if we lose one again tomorrow...A little of that and in your mind you not only have no sheep left, you possess less than that, cavities of potential loss that will grow to the extent of however many sheep you can possibly buy in the future.

Thus you try to think instead of the benefits of sheep. Watch them thrive on grass a cow wouldn't even put its head down for. Watch the beautiful fleeces, rich and oily to the touch, come off

Through all this, I never hated Isaac Reese. Not for lack of trying; how many thousand times easier it would have been had I been able to despise the man who was Anna's husband. With him as a target my despair would have had a place to aim. But Isaac was not a man to be despised; calm, solid, entirely himself in the way a mountain is itself. That, and nothing else. Even the rummaged lingo he talked was sheer Isaac, not a shortfall.

As far as my ear could tell, and I listened to every word I ever heard from this man as if trying to hear the mysterious tune of a far-off bell, ^{managed to make} Anna never a dent in his language. Only gradually did it dawn on me that Isaac's muss of language was not a weakness, but a strength. ^{something} So ~~was~~ solidly ^{is} he centered in this world that he could talk to it as he pleased, not as the rest of us needed. Isaac Reese was primal speaking to primal.

*is like a strong
impair*



No, what I

felt when I was around Isaac was a kind of illness, an ache that I was myself instead of him.

stripling

Gros Ventre ^{these days} was ^{a growing} getting to be a youngster of a town, all elbows

and shanks. By now there was a bridge across the creek ford. The

Northern Hotel looked as if it had been in business since Lewis and

Clark went through. Rango had moved on, ^{a man named} ~~and~~ Dolph Spenger now running

that saloon. A new saloon, the Pastime, was trying to provide the

equivalent of Rango's "nieces" but there was general male agreement the

standards had ^{sadly} declined. An eating place had been opened beside the O.O.

Post office

A barber... ~~the Dantley's~~ A stagecoach line now ran to Choteau, travelers

disembarked at Dantley's stable in higher style than Rob and I had done.

"There's more to come, Angus," I was assured by Lucas. "We need

a bank, ~~there's no~~ it's bad business to ^{let} ~~have~~ Choteau and Conrad have

our money in their pockets. A creamery...

"If we were to put the ^{royal} mint next to the bank, with a chute between

for the money to flow in... ^{and spigot out front.}

"Angus, you'll see the day this is the county seat." Lucas ...

"And how ^{is} ~~is~~ life treating ^{its} ~~you~~ schoolteachers?" ^{keepers}

Enough innocence in that that the perpetration was plain. So word

had spread about my attentions to Anna. Of course it would.

The town roofed over and...

spent a night there

Lawyer?

such place as lumber

is a whispering more than one of word's and

school papers?

Sum R. Sum

243

these past weeks.

"Dab it on him!" I heard loudly, and realized the yell had been by me.

Quicker than it can be told Alec made his catch. A good one, where all the significant actions erupt together: the rope straightening into a tan line in the air, the calf gargling out a bleahh as the loop choked its neck and yanked it backward, Alec evacuating from the stirrups in his dismount. Within a blink he was in front of the tall bay horse and scampering beside the stripe of rope the bay was holding taut as fishline, and now Alec was upending the calf into the arena dust and now gathering calf legs and now whipping the pigging string around them and now done.

"The time for Alec McCaskill" -- I thought I could hear remorse inside the tinny blare of Tollie's voice, and so knew the report was going to be good -- "seventeen and a half seconds."

The crowd whooped and clapped. Over at the far fence Leona was beaming as if she might ignite, and down at the end of the grandstand my parents were glumly accepting congratulations on Alec. Beside me Ray was as surprised as I was by Alec's first-rate showing, and his delight didn't have the conditions attached that mine did. "How much is up?" he wondered. I wasn't sure of the roping prize myself, so I asked the question to the booth, and Bill Reinking leaned out and informed us, "Thirty dollars, and supper for two at the Sedgwick House."

"Pretty slick," Ray admired. I had to think so myself. Performance is performance, whatever my opinion of Alec's venue of it. Later in the

1915

Rob

Gros Ventre and the country around were visited
this week by road commissioners OO of Conrad, OO
of Valier, and Robert B. McCaskill of this locale.

The commissioners were here to see for themselves
the bogs that are called roads hereabouts, and we
wish them every speed in discerning what must be
done to pull this end of Pondera County from its
mire.

--Gros Ventre Weekly Gleaner, March 00,

*Rob in
Conrad
now
Touring car*

The night during our vacationing trip when I was departing my
interior with alcohol and Stanley Metcalf was telling me the history
of the Two Medicine National Forest from day one, a surprise chapter
of that tale was about the hostility that held the root prominent
in Gros Ventre. Stanley's arrival to town when he came here to
the ranger for the two was along the route house and I had just done,
from the south, and as Stanley rode around the first curve back there and
could see along the length of Main Street, there at the far end a broad
lance-front with a veranda beneath it was proclaimed:

meals at all N O R T H E R N H O T E L Lanches
H ours
C. A. Anderson, prop.

I have wondered since why so much of it all had to happen in that first year of Dair and myself. Why time ~~did not~~ ^{could have given} us a chance to let to catch our breath as a married couple; ~~and now~~ Dair gradually ~~is~~ feel the hard edge of homestead life instead of flinging her against it.

There came the May morning when she and I started to Gros Ventre for provisions. There had been no question of her coming--"Of course I am. Adair has earned an outing."

"In that case, she can practice her driving. I'll ~~take~~ ^{, can't she. go see if} OO and OO (horse names) are agreeable to you handling their reins."

"They'll better be."

The day was raw, despite the new green of the grass and the fact that the sun was trying its best. We were a bit late starting, because I'd decided to take a quick look at a bunch (of ewes and lambs)...

"Now I call this high style," I said with my arm around Adair.

"A man of leisure out for a trot in his carriage, his faithful driver

at the reins. ^{Have heard} Do you ~~know~~ ^{travel} the one: Here ~~trundle~~ trundle I / with love my cart/try out my reins, try out my heart?

^{Depend on you and your old verses.} "I've heard it now, haven't I." We were approaching the trail up

Breed Butte..."Had we better see if Rob and Judith want anything from town?"

whether
or
not

Tell
them

improve -
(too much
Rob
along
ship.

yourself,
"Hello, Angus McCaskill with a mustache."

Of course I ~~knew~~ ^{in my mind} that Adair had grown from the scrap of a girl she was when Rob and I left Nethermuir. She was, what, twelve then. Even so, not until I saw her in this instant did I understand that she ~~was~~ ^{had reached} now eighteen, and considerably more than a girl in every way that I could see.

"Welcome to Montana, Adair. It's not Scotland."

"I think that's why we're here."

... "Did you mind the ocean?"

"Yes. All the time I thought it was ~~as~~ as odd for us to be on it as for fish to be on land."

Well, here was the first Barclay yet who traveled in my frame of mind.

"This land is like your letters. The mountains are where I expected."

... "I've missed your letters."

"You'll hear me once in a while in person, now."

"I'll be listening."

improve

"Shaving."

After a while Ed glanced up from his eating and realized that Ray and Mary Ellen and Genevieve and I were all regarding him in a stymied way.

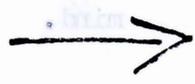
"We had to shave every day," he elaborated. "Wherever we were. Belleau Wood, we only got a canteen of water per man per day. But we still used some of it to shave. The gas masks they gave us were a French kind. Sort of a sack that went over your face like this"-- Ed ran a hand around his chinline. "If you had whiskers it didn't fit tight enough. Gas would get in. You'd be a goner."

Ed began to take another bite of his supper, but instead repeated: "Belleau Wood. About mid-day there we'd be in our foxholes-- graves, we called them--all of us shaving, or holding our shirts up to read them for lice. Thousands of us, all doing one or the other."

The other four of us waited, dumbstruck, to see where this sudden hallway of Ed's memory led.

But all he said more was "Pass the stringbeans, please."

—————



"This land is like your fathers. The mountains are where I expected."
... "I've chased your fathers."
"You'll hear me once in a while in person, now."
"I'll be listening."

If Rob and I didn't know much about homesteading when we undertook it, we were royal wizards compared to these newcomers. Family after family, arriving with hope in the benchlands between Gros Ventre and the Reservation, and what shocked me was that these were families, down to babies at the breast, four-five-six people living in a shanty the size of a freight wagon. Or in a tent while they tried to build a shanty. And meanwhile were trying too to break the sod and plant a crop, dig a well, achieve a garden. It was said homesteading was a bet the government made to you that you ~~xx~~ couldn't put yourself through 0 years of punishment... From the failure of the 00s and 00s and what had happened to 00s mind, we of Scotch Heaven had seen that the bet was a harsh one. Here were people ~~from~~ straight from cities, from jobs in post offices and stores, from climates that weren't a patch on Montana's.

This was 00. Winter was a ^{considerable} long way off. Nonetheless I said a prayer to it: be gentle with these pilgrims.

but of bargaining? was not a sure one

insert sentence "bargain" (to suggest the hills)

0 month 9/1

ribbon

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for You."

When I started high school in Gros Ventre, Ray came over to me at noonhour the first day. He planted himself just out of arm's reach from me and offered: "Horse apple."

I balled up both my fists, and my tongue got ready the words which would fan our creekside battle to life again: "Beaver tooth." Yet the direction of Ray's remark caught my notice. "Horse apple" was pretty far back down the scale from "turkey dink."

For once in my life I latched on to a possibility. I held my stance and tendered back to Ray: "Mud minnow."

It started a grin on him while he thought up: "Slough rat."
"Gumbo gopher," I provided, barely managing to get it out before we were both laughing.

Within the week I was asking my mother whether I could stay in town overnight with Ray, and after that I made many a stay-over at the Heaneys' throughout the school year. Not only did I gain the value of Ray and me being the best of friends; it was always interesting to me that the Heaneys were a family as different from ours as crochet from oil cloth. For one thing they were Catholic, although they really didn't display it all that much. Just through a grace before every meal, ~~and a saint here and there on the wall and~~ eating fish on Friday, which eventually occurred to me as the reason Ray had looked at me suspiciously there at the creek when I asked him about fishing. For another, in almost every imaginable way the Heaney family was as tidy as spats on a rooster. (The "almost" was this: Ray and his sister Mary Ellen, three years younger, were allowed

Stanley was taller than he looked on horseback, close to six

feet.

much of him left

This question... the day...
your back...

That's about...
your back...

Another...
"Think you... we can race..."

"Assured... I have... whose...
... we will not... need to...
... a...
... the devil... look at...

"And the...
they might be...
I already... the devil...
Only for... a hill...

his...
Just before he... the...

this Russian shitpile, or stay and be caught one day lifting one snuff box too many. You've seen what these Russians can do with a knout. That sergeant of the sentries will sign his name up and down your back. Aye?"

"Pretty choice you paint. Rock and stony place."

"What else is the world? ~~Come~~ ^{Step} in with us, Braaf. It'll take your fast fingers to get us ~~out~~ ^{from} here. But we can get ~~away~~ ^{from} here."

"My fingers should ever see the day they're fast as your tongue, Melander."

"Thank you, but we can race ~~some~~ ^{another} other time. ~~are you with us?~~ ^{With us, are you, or not?"}

"You know for heaven-certain that we'll find this American fort at--what's the place, ~~Astoria?~~ ^{Astruria}"

"Astoria. It is there. I have known sailors whose ships have called there. Perhaps we will not even need to go that far, if we meet a merchantman or supply ship along the way. English, Spanish, Americans or the devil, it won't matter. So long as they're not Russians. Aye?"

"And the downcoast natives? Kolosh and whatever-the-hell-else they might be?"

"I already said the devil."

Only for an instant now, about the duration of a held breath, did Braaf's eyes come steady with those of Melander and Karlsson. Just before he nodded agreement to join the escape. And that is how

--back-and-forth discussion between Angus and Lucas, on the old McCaskill-Barclay question of how many sheep are enough. Neither arguer yields to the ~~ka~~ other. Finally Lucas breaks it off with:

protest meeting about national forest, fomented by Rob; perhaps in the South Fork schoolhouse, perhaps on basis of Rob's reasoning that if the sheepmen boycott the grazing permit system Stanley will be removed by the Forest Service as unsuccessful and an irritant. In attendance are the Scotch Heaven homesteaders, plus Lucas as a partner in Rob's sheep. After their resentment had been made known, mostly through Rob, Stanley begins his response:

--brief ruminative section of Angus, Adair and Varick; status quo between Angus and Adair in these years as Varick is growing and becoming the person he will be. The homestead boom grows and grows, automobiles began to appear in the Two country, Rob is the first in Scotch Heaven to get one, which he has to back up the slope of Breed Butte in muddy weather (early Fords had, I think, greater power and traction in reverse). Main thrust of this section is to convey the change occurring in the Two country.

--Angus Adair dialogue over land locating; she points out to him they must have something to leave Varick, that the money from land locating would help set Varick up in life when the time comes, not many years ahead now. Angus reluctantly agrees, and in the spring and summer of 1913 becomes a partner with Rob and Lucas in helping 'steaders find homestead claims--Rob delivers them by auto from Valier and Gros Ventre to Angus who takes them up into the undrivable ridge country by wagon. In the spring of 1914, as soon as the roads dry out the land locating resumes again, with Angus's first customer, named Otto Tebbet, and his wife and two children. Angus begins taking the Tebbets by wagon into the bare ridge country south of Scotch Heaven:

My crew couldn't hold any more Tablets.

--Tebbet is the last straw for Angus. He talks over with Adair what they might do instead: propose to Rob that they buy another band of sheep together, which Varick could get his eventual start in life from, and run the sheep on the Reservation, as Rob has long wanted to do but has had too many other irons in the fire to manage. Rob jumps at the idea. Varick is at the independent age, looking ahead eagerly toward his first summer job of helping Stanley Meixell, so Angus and Adair do not really tell him the Reservation sheep are on his behalf, but Angus does ask him to help trail the band to the range north of the Two Medicine. With high heart, the trailing of the sheep is about to begin, with Angus seeing this new sheep venture, something he knows and is comfortable with, as a way to carry himself, Adair and Varick into the future together:

Angus and Rob leave their argument about Anna at a stand-off, for the sake of "peace in the family." Angus goes back to his distant worship of Anna, still wondering if they have any eventual future but knowing it can't be until the years sort out such matters as their children, etc. Meanwhile, after the 1910 homesteader rush to the irrigation projects such as Valier, dry-land homesteaders also begin to flock to Montana and the Two country. As more and more land is taken up, ~~more~~ homestead claimants begin to settle at the south edge of Scotch Heaven--the bleak ridge country (of the Jensen ranch etc. in actuality) Angus and Rob slogged through on their original journey to Gros Ventre. It is Adair who names these dry-land unfortunates "the 'steaders," remarking (in the classic words of Tom Chadwick) that their places look like more stead than home. Angus watches this with fascinated uneasiness, as on the couple of following pages:

Gros Ventre these days was a growing stripling of a town, all elbows and shanks. The main street was beginning to fill in--fresh buildings for the Gleaner newspaper, for a saloon begun by a newcomer named Dolph Spenger, for the stagecoach office next to Dantley's stable, for other enterprises a true town needed; barber, lawyer, even a tailor, kept themselves honed in Gros Ventre these days. A bridge of bright new lumber now hurdled the ~~the~~ creek ford. By weathered comparison the Northern Hotel ~~now~~ looked as if it had been in business since Lewis and Clark spent a night there. Across the street from the Northern an eating place had been opened beside the Medicine Lodge, pure luxury, as Lucas put it, ~~whenever~~ ^{strikes} whenever the notion of a meal ~~occurs~~ ^{strikes} to a customer. Whenever a thought of another sort ~~occurred~~ ^{struck}, the saloon at the opposite end of the main street was now called the Pastime--Wingo had moved on down to First Avenue South in Great Falls and there was general male agreement that standards for "nieces" had gone down with him.

But in every other way, I was assured by Lucas in the next breath after I stepped into the Medicine Lodge, the town was advancing grandly. "A man Heaney is coming in here to start a lumber yard, and some other folks a creamery. And we're going to have to get ourselves a bank. It's bad business to let such places as Choteau and Conrad have our money in their pockets."

We're getting ourselves a bank

Angus eyes
' weather -
early for
shearing

We were near the end of the first day of shearing, which is always

the worst, the work patterns to be relearned by everyone, the sheep alarmed.

by far
- one most
dreaded (X) →

I felt weary, OOed with wool grease. But this site was like being on

the bald brow of the world, the vast grass ridges around on all sides,

the mountains enormous to the west. Up from the trench of the Two

Medicine the rutted road came, and I was watching a wagon follow it

up ~~low~~ toward us. ~~As it came I could see it was~~ Not a Blackfeet rig,

but a democrat wagon; something about the shoulders-back erectness of

the woman driving made me know, moments before I could let myself admit

that it was Anna. Her children on either side of her.

Probably
a Blackfoot
family
on way
into BWS

more -
out and
wagon
coming
(Red-
expected)

The punchers came and gathered, laughing up their sleeves
counting on their zebra bronc to do just what he pleased.

And when I hit the saddle, old Dunny quit this earth
went right up to try the sky, for all that he was worth.

Susan Duff was wrinkling her nose at Davy's minstrelsy. But as soon as I gave her a severe look, she joined in the chorus with Davie and me, and the rest of the children followed her. Onward

Davie warbled with his verses:

Old Dunny pawed the wood and passed right by the sun

He chased some clouds a while then came down like a ton.

You could see the tops of mountains under our every jump

But when I hit the saddle, old Dunny quit this earth

went right up to try the sky, for all that he was worth.

in ideas file
- Ninian, @ Lucas's funeral.
- blessing of sheep school.

"Flora Duff has asked me to read the Twenty-third Psalm, the treasured words of which were ~~was~~ the favorite Scripture of Ninian. Before I do this, let us strive to see whence these words have come to us. The tending of sheep in ancient Israel, do you see, was a work quite different from that we know here in modern Montana. The flocks were small in number. Each sheep had a name, and answered to that name when the familiar voice of his own shepherd called forth. And the shepherd of Israel did not herd his little flock from behind, as you do your great bands on our mountain slopes. Rather, he went before, finding out the safer ways, and his sheep followed him in confidence, depending upon him to lead them to safe watering places and to good pasturage. And that shepherd

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unsettled?"

"How?"

"Well, Christ, I don't know. Just in general. People behaving like they don't know whether to include you in or out of things."

"What kind of things?"

"Things that went on years ago. Say there was an argument or a fight or something, people fell out over it. Why can't they just say, here's what it was about, it's over and done with? Get it out of their systems?"

"That's just grown-ups. They're not going to let a kid in on anything, until they figure it's too late to do him any good."

"But why is that? What is it that's so goddamn important back there that they have to keep it to themselves?"

"Jick, sometimes--"

"What?"

"Sometimes maybe you think too much."

"Now I shall read the Twenty-third Psalm, in light of that ancient time of Israel."

"The Lord is my shepherd! I shall not want! He maketh me to lie down in green pastures! He leadeth me beside the still waters!... Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod, and Thy staff, they comfort me!"

*astonishment
me + no u
provided to
each of us*

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"Right," I affirmed. "And like I say, I, uh, got to go."

What made me add to the total of my footprints already in my mouth, I can't truly account for. Maybe the blockade I had hit again in wanting to ask all the questions of Stanley. In any case, the parting

...! I now blurted out was:

"You two in a dancing mood tonight? What I mean, see you at the dance, will I?"

Stanley simply passed that inquiry to Velma with a look. In theory, Velma then spoke her answer to me, although she didn't unlock her gaze from him at all as she said it: "Stanley and I will have to see whether we have any spare time."

So. One more topic clambering aboard my already bent-over brain. Stanley Meixell and Velma Croake Bogan Sutter Simms.

"Ray? What kind of a summer are you having?"

We were ^{up} in the double-window of his bedroom, each of us propped within the sill. A nice breeze came in on us there, the leaves of the big cottonwood in the Heaneys' front yard seeming to flutter the air our way. Downstairs the radio had just been turned on by Ed Heaney, so it was 7 o'clock--the dance wouldn't get underway for an hour or so yet, and as long as Ray and I were going to be window-sitting anyway for the next while, I figured I'd broach to him some of all that was on my mind.

"Didn't I tell you? Pilot."

"No, I don't mean that. What it is--do things seem to you kind of

I thought of a pen ~~moving~~ being propelled by Lucas's stubs, proudly
saying to Scotland This place Gros Ventre is a coming town, leading Rob
and me from Helena with its loops and swirls. Matters pile up in a
person. They can surprise you, how they want out. They were out now,
Lucas saying with this signature that Rob and Adair and I must ~~reconcile,~~
look at
reconciliation, must face it
must at least agree, if only to reject it.

Two days from then, in the office up over the First National Bank of Gros Ventre Rob sat at one end of the arc of chairs in front of the lawyer's desk, I at the other with Adair and Nancy between us. The reading of Lucas's will had just ended, and its effect was beginning.

"Is this some sort of joke lawyers make?" Rob broke out. "To see if they can rile up the audience? If so, you've damn well done that."

The lawyer shook his head. "I've only read you what's on the paper. And this is Lucas's signature validating it." Even from where Adair and I and Nancy say, the loops and swirls of ~~that~~ ^{that} the coil of signature could be recognized. "Moreover, the will has been properly witnessed by"--he glanced closer at a much smaller ragged scrawl-- "Stanley Meixell. It's an unusual document, I'm the first to admit. But it's plainly legal."

Unusual, he said.

Ninian paused, as if to let the wind carry the Twenty-Third Psalm where it wanted before he gave it more words to transport. Then he resumed: "Ay, it may not seem so, but ~~those~~ those old treasured sentences had in mind the likes of us, and Lucas. In ancient Israel the tending of sheep was a work far different from that we know here in ~~modern~~ Montana. ~~Each~~ The flocks were small in number and each sheep had its own name, and answered to that name when the familiar voice of his shepherd called ~~out~~ forth. Ay, and another difference--the ^ashepherds of Israel did not herd his little flock from behind, as we do ~~now~~ with our bands of ^{a thousand ewes} ~~thousands~~ and their thousand lambs. Rather, that shepherd of Israel went before his flock, finding out the safer ways, and his sheep followed him in confidence, depending upon him to lead them to safe watering places and to good pasturage. And too, that same shepherd of Israel

"Dair. Are you leaving me? Because if you are, let's do ^{the thing} ~~it~~
straight out, for once." (Let's...?)

"Leaving?" She considered the word, as if I had just ^{coined} ~~invented~~ it.

I'll live in town with Varick
"Angus, have we ever been together? during the school year. That's all."
in all these years
you've never really left Anna. So do you think leaving is
something that can be done?"

call
"What do you ~~this~~ then, whatever it is you intend."

"I call it living in town with our son, so that he stays on
terms with at least one of us."

My wife, the ambassadress to my son. How do people get in such
kinks? I asked Adair now: "And summers?"

"Summers I'll come back here, of course." Of course? Seventeen
years with ~~this~~ Adair and I still didn't recognize what she saw as
certainty. Say this for my love for Anna: at least it had definiteness,
solidness; it was always there. Adair has said something I missed...

"If you want me to."

"I ~~do~~ want you to." (Of course.)

try to get
Adair and
of my notice

has

"I wish he hadn't bothered."

"Bothered? Dair, the damn man has set Varick against me. [There's no way I'll forgive that.]"

"I suppose Rob thought he was doing it for my sake." She looked...

"As when he brought me over here from Scotland."

("Rob thinks he has a right to put a finger in anywhere he wants to.")

"That's as may be." I drew a breath. "In both cases, he may have

had you at heart. But I've done what I could to be a husband to you--

and you know what I've had to do it around. I'm ~~no more and no less~~ ^{the} ~~that same~~ husband, no less

and no more, after seeing Anna. ~~We'd be~~ ^{we've} on the same ground ~~we~~ ever been

~~were~~, except for Rob undercutting me. He and I are finished."

"That's not all that ^{have to} will change. Angus, I want ~~to move to town~~ ^{for Varick and me}

~~this~~ to live in town. (this school year)

"I've kept what I feel for Anna in myself."

I give him that much. But he can't just ~~run~~ ^{claim} into our lives whenever a thing shows up next door. We're not his to do with. "Are we each other's than "Are we over our own?"

+ V cow, still have to change.

^{Guz}
~~This~~ site atop the lofty grass ridge above the Two Medicine River was

like being on the bald brow of the world, and by rights I should have

been worried sick about what a cold ~~rain~~ storm from the snow-thatched

mountains to the west } a storm
possible storm from the snow-thatched

mountains onto newly ^{vulnerable} naked and shelterless sheep. But I warned storm ^{studied snow to west}]

away; if it came, it simply would see how incredibly fast a man--me--

could herd sheep into the stands of trees along the river. I should

have been weary or snappish, the first day of shearing always greatly

the worst, the work patterns to be relearned by everyone, the sheep alarmed.

I should have been miffed at Rob when he did not appear at noon as

promised

At or
his loss
Evil in
in clarity

Varick came home Sundays, but I wanted to tell him about the
split between Rob and me

--Angus and Rob go through the rest of shearing on short speaking terms, Angus continuing to believe his marriage is none of Rob's business and Rob had just better come around to that idea. Angus meanwhile is thinking ahead to the next phase of Adair and him, now that he's been told definitely by Anna that there's no eventual future for Anna and him: he and Adair can go on together for the sake of getting ~~B~~ Varick started in life, maybe become more of a marriage than they ever have been, now that Angus's dream of Anna has been resolved.] ?

In this get-on-with-life mood, covered in a page or so, Angus rides home to Scotch Heaven after shearing (Rob huffily left by car a day or two earlier) and swings past the English Creek ranger station ~~to see~~ ~~Varick~~ on his way home, to see Varick:

--graf or so of details of shearing and Angus amid it.

--the scene concludes with Lucas telling Angus, "I can't think it's forever, this between the two of you." And Angus responding that if it's not forever, it's as close as can be to that.

The next few pages are a historical rhythm section, carrying Angus through a sometimes-alone, sometimes-with-Adair life: he winters at the homestead, she and Varick in town, Varick joins Stanley every summer, she joins Angus. The homestead boom and prosperity are continuing, thanks to the war in Europe boosting agricultural demand and prices. This short reflective section carries the story to the point ~~where~~ where Angus reports:

"And then it was our own war year, 1917. Wilson and America had been saying long and loud that they would not, but now they were going into Europe's bloody mud with both feet."

What is on Angus's mind now, of course, is that men 18 years old and up are beginning to be drafted; and in November of this year, Varick will turn 18. But first, at the start of summer of 1917:

--more Angus-Adair dialogue in this same scene, leading to conclusion:

~~possable kernel of a scene showing process, a transition to next scene:
--Adair and Angus dialogue about the scene. The next is the~~

--Through the summer and autumn of 1917, Angus struggles along in his enforced sheep partnership with Rob (quick acerbic exchanges of dialogue will show this, bitter echoes of their comradely dialogue chunks earlier in the book) and wondering where the hell all this is going to come out at. After the lambs have been shipped, when it is mid-October and the prospect of winter is nearing, something else is imminent in Angus's concern: Varick's 18th birthday (Nov. 11), when he'll become eligible for the WWI draft. Moved by the fact that Varick may soon vanish into the war, Angus decides to go have an unannounced look at Varick, in a public circumstance where Varick can't openly disavow Angus's presence: the final Sunday of bronc riding at the Egan corral on Noon Creek, a gathering place for the young bravos such as Varick. Angus has never gone before, largely because of his rift with Varick, but now he rides over from the North Fork, and as he arrives at the Egan corral the first person he encounters is another unexpected spectator, Toussaint Rennie:

--Rob finally drives in at suppertime, startled and perturbed to find Anna there. He and ~~Rob~~ Angus have an inconclusive conversation about her, with Angus letting him know it's none of Rob's business.

The dawn meeting between Angus and Anna is something of a reprise of their Valier meeting, but this time Angus does get to ask her if she sees any chance for them in the ~~year~~ years ahead, when their children are grown, etc. She tells him no, that as far ahead as she can see, Isaac is there in her life.

yes { Angus perhaps comes out of this dawn scene feeling that at least he finally knows, that whatever kind of love he still has for Anna is just going to have to ~~be~~ be a distant sort, that he now has to get on in life with Adair and ~~Anna~~ Varick. Rob, though, has tumbled to ~~the~~ the dawn meeting and begins to give Angus hell about it; Angus's response is what it's always been toward Rob in this regard, that it is none of Rob's goddamn business. They argue, leading to Rob saying:

--several further sentences of conversation between Angus and Anna as they move to the shearing pens to watch the goings-on, Angus all the while wondering whether this is some new chance with Anna, or just a coincidental visit, or what.

--After shearing, when Angus is tending a shepherd's camp (cut of the cards has decided it's his turn to do so), he encounters Stanley heading into the mountains on some forest ranger task or another:

The next is the possible kernel of a scene showing Lucas's dismayed reaction to the Angus-Rob split:

--Angus confronts Rob: the following page is the possible kernel of a major confrontation scene, whose basis is Angus's question to himself: "What Rob did (in telling Varick) is nothing I ever would have done; how then could Rob have done it?"

A plot question still to be resolved: is it more dramatic and effective to have Angus and Rob rage their way into a fistfight--or not?

ok. 5

21.6

--Maybe a brief description of shipping time, and of Angus readying to go into winter with Rob; maybe nothing here, if the Ninian scene can carry to the next one:

L 70

I looked around, at a broad-bellied figure on horseback, with a short-handled shovel protruding from the rifle scabbard on his saddle.

Irrigation had enlisted even Toussaint Rennie.

"I am a ditch rider, Angus. Did you know a man can ride a ditch?"

I'd heard of the Reservation's Two Medicine canal project, ~~but~~ which should have been the same as inferring Toussaint was somehow involved in it.

"You surprise me as ever, Toussaint. You can tell me this, though," and asked him as delicately as I could how the riding job came to be his instead of a member of the Blackfeet tribe.

"Those Blackfeet," he chuckled. "They got so busy keeping each other out of the job, I got it."

use in
ch 3 or 4?

A note in the bank is a great annihilator of time. When you owe, the days are crowded together in thin layers, and the nights are like a smear from a blacking brush.

By now hundreds of hundreds of such wagons were laying their wheeltracks across the Montana grass. Locating land was the religion of 1910.

The steaders were entirely like Rob and me when we came to Scotch Heaven, not noticing yet that they were working for nothing or less. Who had time to notice, the work taking so much time?

Scot and Belgian, Norwegian and German, Russian and Dane, we were trying to plaid ourselves into this American land.

An entire colony of Belgians came to the Valier land--men, women, children, grandparents, babes, likely cats and canaries too.

The national memory of Scotland is defeat, Adam Willox had said to me. What is America's going to be?

Homestead, instead of...

They say the steaders on the flats north of Conrad haul a barrel of water at a time on a stone boat; they strain the cloudy water through a gunny sack as they bucket it into the barrel.

My good,
name a
way to
use.

NOON CREEK

Times are as thin in Montana as they can get, we are among the first to admit. But as surely as the moon changes, so shall the business climate. Meanwhile, Montanians' spirits are bent but unbroken. From three different persons this past week your faithful scrivener heard the joke of the Gros Ventre sheepman who shipped ~~some~~ of his lambs to Chicago to test the market, received a telegram from the stockyard buyer which read REGRET TO SAY SALE OF YOUR LAMBS YESTERDAY BROUGHT ONLY HALF ENOUGH TO PAY YOUR SHIPPING COSTS, I HAD TO PAY ~~OTHER~~ OTHER HALF FOR YOU, and at once telegraphed back DO NOT WORRY, AM MAKING IT UP TO YOU BY SENDING TWICE AS MANY LAMBS TODAY.

--Choteau Quill, June 18, 1896

What the outline of this chapter shows is that Angus, at this point, ~~is that Angus~~ isn't in control of anything and is being battered by everyone -- except Lucas and Stanley. *out-of-control begins a land-leaving?*

He may be too laconic about this? Maybe some more musing about it?

dismay? frustration?

To be added:

Preliminary reasons for Varick's leaving. (There could be a scene just after the one with Varick where Angus & Adair talk about it, to help w/ background)

About the Anna/Angus ~~xxx~~ situation:

Anna should say something enigmatic, when she tells Angus of decision to marry Isaac, so that it's clear why Angus holds out hope. Did she?

Scenes with and about Anna may not need much more dialogue -- they'll fill out when you put in the observational details of people shifting their feet, etc.

Infact, one idea for the Anna/Angus dawn scene is not to have it in dialogue; have Angus musing over his conclusions instead.

flashback, with a bit of remembered dialogue?

Nancy, affluent after Lucas's death, could take in Touissant's family or someone else, or help someone or say something, in later time of trouble. (Ch. 6?)

1919 winter

a few min
"Anna. As I was saying, ~~four~~ years ago in Valier--"

a few min or a few yrs
She had to laugh. "Is it all ^{just} one conversation, everything we
ever say?"

... "As far as I can see in life, Isaac is there."

"And I'm not."

"Not in the same way he is."

... "Did you make this trip to tell me?"

--the second section of legalistic language leaves Lucas's ~~stake in~~ stake in his sheep partnership with Rob to Rob, Adair and Angus, in a three-way partnership they can dissolve ~~it~~ only by unanimous consent. In effect, because Rob as usual has had Lucas back him in expanding their sheep holdings (this time because of booming market brought on by WWI) the will puts nearly all the Rob-Lucas sheep in the hands of this imposed partnership. Marshall Nelson tells me this is legally feasible, and he's to provide me documentation of a similar case he knows about.

"We've both done it before." (started new lives)

"Doing a thing once doesn't ~~make~~ it a habit, Angus."

~~that~~ "At least it's a start," ^{on it} I tried to smile.

..."That railroad at Browning runs two directions. Or there's
Canada, straight ahead of us."

"You're serious. You ^{are} ~~are~~ still serious~~x~~ about--"

"I didn't ride this ~~distance~~ distance after you ~~to~~ just to stretch the
horse's legs."

..."And my children? And your son? Where do Bet and Pete and
Varick fit into ~~all~~ this notion of yours?"

"Varick is all but grown. He'll be on his own any day now. The
homestead can be his, Dair will do that for him." I stopped, looked at
the boy Pete and the vigilant Lisabeth at the creek side. No, they did
not fit handily into what I was proposing to their mother, but it had
to be tried. "I can't say to you what to do with your own children,
Anna. If they come with us, I'll be all the father to them I possibly
can." Silently, this: if they stay with Isaac...

"Angus, we can't tear up other people's lives the way you're
wanting."

might
on next p.
@X

To stand there and look at hundreds of creatures with wool firmly
attached to their backs, it seemed an impossible amount of work ahead.

as over

yet utterly

But it had to be possible, in the calendar eyelet of warm weather between the end of

Too cold
too hot

lambing and the start of haying.

instead of that kind
"---Rob pointed with his chin up the Ghyde, to the horizon
we had come from---" back there.
But
"You tried. Your parents wouldn't bear so, and they're Adair's
would be the first to say so."

To say that Rob and ^Awere short with each other (the next days of shearing) doesn't begin to cover it. Fewer words never were rationed... If he wanted to attain a new standard of being vexed with me, it was up to him. I had too much else on my mind. Now that Anna had declared herself out of my future, I felt as I had the morning of coming up from the steerage storm: whatever perils...they would be different. Adair and I would need to ~~go~~ go on for the sake of getting Varick started in life. Rob could come around when he felt like it.

You can talk yourself into any notion with a little trying, and I convinced myself Dair would be better off without me. She would have the place, most of our money, any help she needed from Rob. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ Varick, too; she would have him. All that, Dair would have.

I would have Anna.

almost

She would have
Sc HVM

them.

"Up here you see how the country looked
before they put buildings on it."

--Carol Doig, noon, July 4, 1977

At the end of one of those summers I glanced away toward college and career, and when I looked again I was twenty years older, although the mountains didn't seem to be. Someday had arrived and was already going as my wife Carol and I climbed the trail out of my remembered mountains. Our backpack trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness had been gloriously solitary; only sun, frost, wind, wildflowers and us. We had dined on trout caught in Strawberry Creek. We had not been dined on by grizzlies. Now after four hiking days and thirty miles at the knees and laps of the mountains, we abruptly were riding on a shoulder. Behind us, below us, lay the Continental Divide. Ahead, our exit--a colossal bowl of steep rock-and-timber slopes, and beyond through a cracklike notch, the northern Montana plains patterned into the chocolate and gold of strip farming. Suddenly I recognized this exact peak we were on. Hadn't I gazed at it entire summers from those fields? A squall came, dove on us. Yes, this was the familiar behavior of my mountains.

"It's clearing. So where does the map
say we are?"

--Carol Doig, 12:30 p.m., July 4, 1977

"On a place named Family Peak."

--Ivan Doig, 12:30:10 p.m., July 4, 1977

The Gleaner had reported an instance in South Dakota, among
a of some sort
~~some~~ religious clan called the Hutterian Brethren, whose men would not

serve in the war; one of their objectors had been placed in Alcatraz
and died there. Where was right in that situation? Why kill a man

by prison just because he refuses to die in war? I thought of Varick.

Can a father wish

Thank heaven, or at least my winning cut of the cards, we had bought

twice as much hay as Rob had wanted to, which still was not as much as

I wanted to. By now there wasn't a spear of hay to be bought
left for sale anywhere

on any ranch
in northern Montana . Trainloads of what was being called hay, although

trash
it was simply slewgrass and other wiry stuff, were being brought in to

Valier and other rail points from North Dakota and sold at astounding

prices. ^{Cost} ~~Wannawannat~~ ^{were} Price and distance and all else was against our

Besides,
resorting to a so-called Dakota hayride. Rob and I both believed
calculated

that

Even so, every way I could calculate it--and the worried look on Rob

said his sums came out the same as ^amind--we were going to be scratching

~~as the next m passed the~~
for hay in a few months if this harsh weather kept up.

It kept up.

Vanck to
Angus

"Have you ever seen anything like this?"

"No, but then I've never been to the North Pole."

before

file

"Wendell Williamson had the Double W handed to him on a platter and he's been doing his best to drop it ever since."

"Not entirely, now. It takes time to learn a ranch of that size." I swept my hand around the homestead. "It takes time just to learn one of these."

"That Williamson money is buying him time, all right. We should have such an education."

MORE TO COME

Even 00, whom horses and blizzards and whiskey could not kill--even he was now frail life in a rawhide sheath of body.

People tried whatever they could think of. The 00s slept in the dirt cellar beneath their house to keep warmer. 00 was a Bernarr McFadden believer. Whenever he felt a cold or any other ailment coming on, he drank hot water and forced himself into activity. Asafoetida sacks appeared at necks. (MORE) And the flu kept on killing.

Death has different fathoms, and 00's was in the shallows, making it all the more horrible. He came down with a cough on Tuesday morning, by noon was feeling a fever; for the first time since childhood he went to bed during the day. Late in the afternoon of Thursday, he died.

MORE TO COME

"Hear we just about lost old 00." (1st person to get flu?)

Varick. He's not ~~not~~ here. Not with us. Is he all right? I thought

I saw blood, his eye... She shook her head.

~~"We'll look for them in the morning, Dair. No sense in us falling~~
~~over a cliff up here in the dark."~~

tumbling

Back at the sheepwagon, Adair began supper while I ~~chopped~~ picketed our horses and fed Davie's dog.

So here we are, Dair. The McCaskills of Montana. After 21 years of marriage, cooped in a sheepwagon. Sheepless. All the scenery we can eat. Not exactly what you had in mind. Is this what you had in mind for us, ay, Lucas? Rob somewhere scouring for a herder in these hireless times, at Choteau or Conrad if none was to be had in Gros Ventre, as there likely wasn't. Everyone in the war ~~at war~~ effort, these days. It was an effort, they were right about that.

+ as if

"How do you like shepherding so far?"

Sheep sound like... Now if we just had sheep.

"The company is the best thing about it."

more dialogue

"The bed's going to be a snug fit."

Adair looked at me in the lamplight. ~~Adair~~ "Is that a promise?"

she said.

top of her dress riding skirt loneliness

The bachelor air, the aloneness of the Davies... Adair and I went back and forth from hunger for each other, to slow stroking. The close arch of canvas over us held us as if in a shell, ~~for~~ concentrating us into ourselves & each other.

Excitement Desperate release tongue stretched open, our charcoal to... hold

press of

most open
"I threw the sheep onto the biggest patch of grass I could,"

Leaving a band of sheep to its
Rob told me, not quite looking at me. It went agai

perils went against everything in either of us, and for a savage moment

~~grimly~~ off ~~and the same~~
I was glad it was him and not me who'd had to ride away from the band

with Davie.

Rob had shut Davie's dog in the sheepwagon so that he wouldn't

follow. He came out inquisitive as to why I was not Davie, but ready

When I leaned down and called him from the saddle, he leaped against my
to work. I called him after me, back down the trail, and when we reached leg

whooped and
the WW cattle I dogged them over the next ridge.

and the
stirrup and I
boosted him the rest
of the way into my lap.
"I'll give those cows a dose
of the dog."

In. went away,
ted to

~~use in the~~
out cases for
shaving

At least Rob and I had found a thing to agree on, the ^{putrid} ~~bad~~ taste
of the war. Pulling England's chestnuts out of the fire

Rdr. word
any ~~other~~
form. Coast
ie, rain

At least Rob and I had found a thing to agree on, the putrid taste
of the war. They're cats fighting in a sack, Europe and England, I'd
heard him declare in disgust to Adair. Why're we jumping in it with
them? Yet for every one of us such as Rob and I who had no least wish
to fight a war on England's behalf or if you came right down to it,
old Scotland's either, there was an Allan Frew impetuous to fight
simply because the Frews always had fought the enemies of the crown
of London.

Victims of the Epidemic

Angutter, Hans, homesteader. Age 44. Died at his homestead east of Gros Ventre, Oct. 28.

Clark, Marie, infant daughter of John and Helen ~~Clark~~ Clark. Died at the family home in Gros Ventre, Oct. 27.

Fain, Clyde, son of Arthur and Althea Fain. Age 9. Died at the family ranch on Noon Creek.

Frew,

Where was mercy.

Allan, soldier of the American Expeditionary Force. Age 43. Died in a field hospital near ~~Ypres~~ 00, Oct. 2.

Erskine, Jennifer, mother of David-- "Not Jen," I squeezed out. "Not old Jen too."

"Yes. It's an awful time, * Angus," Adair answered in a voice as strained as mine.

Gaines, Charles, homesteader

infant daughter of...
Clark, Marie, wife of...

Even
Jean, poor
old Jan.

Erskine, Jennifer, wife of... "Not Jen. Not old Jen."

"Yes. It's awful," said Adair.

an
awful
time
during
dancer,
a former
pupil
It was
too
much,
I col,
continue

done
or as
mommy

Every name I recognized, and half of them I knew as a friend...

I went as far as the bottom of the page, list continues on p. 3, and
put the Gleaner away from me.

"Angus." I heard Adair draw a breath. The newspaper was back
in her hand, thrust to me. "You have to."

No. ⁴No no no. The paper shook in my hands as I opened it to
the third page, as I dropped my eyes to the end of the list and forced
them back up to the Rs.

Age 00.

Reese, Anna, wife of Isaac, mother of Lisabeth and Peter. At
the family ranch on Noon Creek, during the night of 00.

I choked out to Adair: ^{what} "What's today?"

"The 00th."

But I
did
have to
know.
I did have
to

to
walk

use to
and ch.

The mountains still were thatched with snow.

, would be
until new
snow came,
unless it was
- driest of
years.

I missed Lucas, By Jesus, I ^{did} miss ~~ed~~ that man. Angus, what would
, ay?
you say to a glass of buttermilk? Angus, have a drop of argel's milk,
you look as though you need it. Angus, there are times when it feels
like I still have the hands but they're on fire. But I don't have them,
do I, so where does that pain come from? Where does it. In all our
the
cases, is pain ~~the~~ price for feeling? Who or what ordained that?

--Angus ruminates about the problem of toughing out this one last year of running the sheep with Rob, of skimping through the winter if it's an open one. But all around is the mounting evidence of hard times in Montana, the drought and the crash of prices from war-time levels hitting everybody. Just before shipping time that fall:

--More drought. Varick's is the summer's only good news, and it turns out that Beth accepts his proposal, marriage is set for the fall, after shipping time. Angus begins haying, with great misgivings:

"My hay was worth cutting only because it was better to have little than none. I could cover the width of a windrow with my hat."

In this ominous scarcity of hay, he goes into the house for supper at the end of another sultry day of haying:

*For
once
my
misgivings*

damned

Adair
c. 1840

He wouldn't look at me. Heart, mind, tongue, and now eyes, the
that was
last of Rob left to turn from me. Whatever his mood, we had sheep to
feed.

"What's this, now?" I called to him. "Rob, ~~why don't you~~ wait with
damn
that packing ~~until~~ until the ground is drier and the sheep get some green grass
in them, why not."

God damn him
damned
man
his damned...

He didn't answer, but his actions did. He was going ahead with
~~the~~ driving the sheep along his damned reservoir, just as if this
was any spring. I could see he was in a silent rage against not only
creatures
me but against the sheep for being things that let a winter kill them,
against Scorpion for being old and slow, against the earth...

"I'll bring the bastards to you in a bit," he delivered. "They
at least can do this work."

There was no swerving him. Let him have his damn escapade with
that damn reservoir of his. "Behave yourself with that horse or I'll
come talk to you by hand." If I had the strength to make a fast...

damn
man
use

"Go operate that pitchfork. It's what you're good for."

Winter coming out of both of us, was it. The strains that had
built up, the sourness...

"Rob, I'm telling you, once. (Take the sheep across the dam a time or
two if it'll make you feel better. But then let them come have their hay.)

And Angus McCaskill, if they could have seen into him. Here was a zoo creature indeed, this person ~~me~~ in silent love with a woman not his wife, seeing her at dances, talking with her at school meetings...

wordless

thinking
across
'divided
to her

Out on the prairie west of Valier, we had our own tracks of yesterday to follow, smooth snow grooves of the sled runners and ~~the~~ twin ~~sharp~~ rough channels chopped by the horses' hooves. These Reese horses, straining steadily as they pulled ~~us~~ our hay loads. With every step they were rescuing us a little more, drawing us nearer to Scotch Heaven ~~of~~ and out of this width of winter. If worst came to worst, we would have to rescue ourselves another way with these horses. If the worst came, we would each need to kill a horse, gut it, and get inside the carcass for ~~the~~ the warmth of its body. Whether Rob and I had the stamina to last through a situation like that, I did not know. But I had to believe that Varick could. My Montanan son could last.

*make a
cave
for us
long
as I
can*

peeking over the snowbank at me. I lurched in, the heat of the ^{interior} store
stifling after the cold of our doors. I briefly wished there was some
way to take armloads of the heat with me where we were going. After
a quick transaction at the hardware section, I went back out to my
haysled with the killing and cutting implements.

First, though, the chore that had lain in my mind since yesterday, since the white vastness our sleds drew their thin channels of tracks across. As the three of us readied to climb onto the loaded haysleds I said: "We'll stop a minute at Rieder's Merc."

Rob swung a look at me. "What the hell for?" he demanded. "Love of Christ, man, this is no goddamn time to be frittering around in a--"

"Axes and gutting knives," I answered him.

Varick took my meaning, and then Rob with a startled frown. They both sent ^{uneasy} gauging glances to the big Reese horses hitched to our haysleds.

"We've sure as hell got to hope it won't come to that," Varick said. "But Dad, you're right we'd better have the stuff just in case."

There along what in other seasons was Valier's main street, Rieder's Mercantile had a graceful white drift in front of it nearly as high as the tops of its windows, so that the store seemed to be

"I've tried to tell Varick it doesn't matter. He just looks at me in that way of his."

"He's the one who got it into his head, he'll need to be the one to get it out."

What did she feel, in all this? That I deserved the rift from Varick? ... There was no telling.

"It's not what you or I would have done. ^{I'm afraid} But it's Rob's way."

"Dair, your brother has put a boot through our family."

general