

The mess with the grizzly spooked all three of us.

(begin modulation of the 3 of them becoming more of a team, almost  
in spite of Jick's feelings towards Riley)

- I know I (thought a . gring for a couple of days)

Centennial celebrations were starting to pop all over Montana.

(list some from schedule)



Morning after morning it was saddle and ride.

me - Shelby

And in a way they were

cut

pretty close to right, even without knowing fact A, B or C about Montana.

I had to have it pointed out to me. I can see yet that minute of

more?

thirty-five years ago when I told my father that his first grandchild

had been named Mariah and as ever when he was pleased or amused, his

damaged left eyelid descended into a half-squint and he grinned as he

said, "Pronounced like the Marias River, is she? Old Meriwether would

be proud of the girl." My profound response was, "Huh?" My father

knew all the Lewis and Clark lore frontwards and backwards, and

thumbed right to the place in his Thwaites edition of their Journals

where Meriwether Lewis in 1806 looks upon the greater river that the

Two Medicine, and for that matter Noon Creek and English Creek too, is

tributary to and writes: "I determined to give it a name and in honor

of Miss Maria W--d called it Maria's River. it is true that the hue

of the waters of this turbulent and troubled stream but illy comport

with the pure celestial virtues and amiable qualifications of that lovely

fair one; but on the other hand it is a noble river..."



~~2-1-5~~  
Shelby?

Celestial, amiable, lovely, fair. Turbulent, troubled. Whatever Marcella and I expected, the hue of our Mariah turned out to be all of those and more. ~~Our other daughter, Lexa, was a real ranch kid, always out with me among the sheep, forever atop a horse, so much like her mother and I had been in our own growing up that it was as if we'd ordered her from the catalogue. Mariah, though, seemed to be the only author of herself. Even as a little girl she seemed like a disguised adult, in possession of a disconcerting number of the facts of life.~~

I believe it is not too strong to say that my family loved Stanley Meixell. Almost the way you are meant to love the person beside you at the altar, before the bands of gold fasten your lives together. There actually was a McCaskill-Meixell mix of lives, although not of the wedded sort, from farthest back. My father was but a redtopped sprig of a boy, seven or eight years old, the day he saw Stanley arrive as the ranger sent to create the Two Medicine National Forest. Then when some sort of falling-out occurred between my father and my grandfather--Angus McCaskill had red hair too, I am told, of the dark shade that the Scots claim is the color of their fighting blood--<sup>it</sup> ~~which~~ resulted in my father spending the last of his teen years at the English Creek ranger station in the job of flunky that Stanley <sup>contrived</sup> ~~made~~ for him. In time that led to my father emulating Stanley entirely by joining the U.S. Forest Service. My mother had entered the picture by then, and brisk as she was about the shortcomings of the world and particularly the male half of it, Beth McCaskill adopted that bachelor ranger {twenty-some years older than her and my father}, fussing over Stanley when he shared our supper table as though he were her third small son beside Alec and me. The word love,

visit Mac  
to  
home at

Later

that  
in  
-war

41?



My folks were there at that Shelby fight. They and the ranger who'd got my father started in the Forest~~S~~ Service, Stanley Meixell, drove up for the Fourth of July weekend.

There was a dance the night before, in a big barn of a place. Dempsey's entourage showed up for it, although not the champ himself. During the square dances they stood around like posts, but when the band finally got a round to a waltz they did some dancing with the local ladies. One lug who must've had his eye on my mother asked her if he could have this dance. During it she asked him what he did in the Dempsey fight apparatus. "He's my bruddah," he explained.

Shelby people were renting out their bedrooms, all the hotels were full. So your mother and I ended up in the bedroom of one family's teenage daughter--they'd fixed up a cot for her in their own bedroom. Well, we were in bed there. We'd, uh, checked out of the dance a little bit early. That my father would skirt this close to talking about sex was remarkable; Shelby really made its impression on him. Anyway, there we were and the next thing we knew, here came footsteps up the stairs in a real hurry and right into the bedroom. 'Janie'--it was a young woman's voice--'Janie, I've got to use your pot, bad. There's a line a mile long at the dance hall's toilet. Do you mind, can I?' I credit your mother. Right there in the middle of what we were, uh, doing, she had the presence of mind to say in a sleepy way, <sup>so that it cd have been anybody's voice:</sup> 'hnnn nnnh.'

Our visitor scabbled the chamberpot out from under the bed talking a mile a minute: 'Janie, you ought to be at the dance, there are some of the dreamiest guys there.' Your mother goes, 'uh huh.' 'What, won't your folks let you go?' 'Hnnn nnnh.' 'Well, I just don't think that's fair at all.' Now we could hear her doing business there on the pot, the waterworks going. 'Are you sure you don't want to get up and come to the dance?' 'Hnnn nnnh.' 'Well, all right then, thanks for the loan of your pot.' 'Uh huh.'



I saw it happen. It still seems to me I ought to have been able to head it off somehow, but the truth is I didn't.

We'd gone into the Whoop-Up Bar for the drink before supper. An average place; a few guys in tractor caps and straw stetsons, a young woman behind the bar who looked like she could handle any of them with one hand.

I got my scotch ditch and Maria's Lord ditch from the bar lady while Riley was ~~was~~ doing his shopping of the bottles behind the bar. "Blackberry brandy," I heard him choose.

"So, did you get the pictures you wanted today?" I asked Maria as Riley joined us in the booth.

"I never get those," she said. "But maybe today's are as close as I can come."

Shelby fight possibility: Jick remembers Mac's story of watching the fight, Beth upping her bet (on Dempsey) (or possibly on Gibbons not getting KO'ed by Dempsey) with Mac and Stanley every round; intersperse with Riley's round-by-round account of the fight: news being spread around Montana, to softball game such as my dad was in at Sixteen, to bars in Missoula maybe, etc.

— we 3 remember: Mac, Beth & Stanley.



final comment from Beth about "the other man"?

--en route to Havre or Chinook, the Bago hits bird , fulfilling the Roadkill Angels' verse in Missoula I (although this shouldn't be pointed out, just let it happen).

--make the "pheasant" in the song verse correspond to what the Bago hits; logically it might be sagehen, hitting the windshield.

--or if it is a pheasant, have Jick refer to it ~~as~~ by nickname--Chinese?

The thrust of this is that the Roadkill Angel songs forecast (a bit) what happens; in the Chinook supper club, the one on the jukebox thus can predict Riley and Mariah spending the night together.



Jick at Chief Joseph site:

Time was doing it for me. This day was my 65th birthday.

--i.e., in the "repeats" being brought on by Jick's timestorms (the killing of grizzly, the bar fight in Shelby), Jick at Chief Joseph battlefield, with his Attu tattoo aching, has moment of mortality, thinking of death and how it could have happened to him in the Aleutians; then he braces himself, telling himself the above.

This scene maybe has to be a turning point. Events have been repeating, or at least echoing the past, so far for Jick in this chapter: the grizzly killing, the fight in Shelby, ~~and~~ here he faces his mortality, accepts it and goes on; and the lives of the three of them begin to go their changed ways hereafter--Riley and Mariah coming back together only to go final separate ways, California and Montana, and Jick ridding himself of grief for Marcella and his worry about the ranch by ultimately turning to Leona and giving the place to the Conservancy, ~~the~~ land back to the land.

Jick makes some reference to speech he has to give.

→ --maybe in Chinook supper club scene, he thinks: What I ought to do is get up and say, the more years I live through the less I savvy anything. My question for the human race is, what is it that gets into people?

--or he could sourly think to himself after hearing the "social worker" gripe, There's the specimen they should have doing their C-Day speech for them.



have Riley do as a column,  
in which ~~pick~~ recognizes  
himself?

Riley took another drink of his sloe gin. He looked at me,  
then away, and said: "Jick, you're a kulak."

*Riley?*

*a who?*  
"Whatz the hell is that?"

"Kulaks were the ones Stalin got rid of, in the Thirties. Russia's  
richest peasants, whatever that said. Stalin wanted them off the land.  
They were stubborn bastards--'kulak' is the Russian for 'fist'--but  
the government had more bullets than the kulaks had stubbornness.  
Governments generally do."

*improve -  
show Riley's  
actions or  
oppression  
SOPA*

If that was meant to make me uncomfortable, it succeeded in a  
hurry. "Nobody's been shooting at me that I've noticed."

"No, in this country we let economics do it instead of ~~fix~~ the  
firing squads."

I knew he liked to argue just for the sake of arguing. But even  
so. "Riley, you're getting pretty radical on me here."

He shrugged, then drained the last of the sloe gin. "I'm not  
saying the government's been loading a rifle for you. Reagan and his  
Administration, this country was run by guys who could barely operate  
an umbrella. But what they did was turn you ranchers and farmers  
over to the corporations."

*RK was  
hardly  
ought along  
to recognize  
a cow.*

Fist, huh. If only it was that simple, to bunch my knuckles  
and let fly against the situation. (them all.)



What was I doing to do with myself. Mabel OO had <sup>an</sup> one idea.

Maria had an even harder one for me: that I somehow go back to being

the guy I was before Marcella died. Good enough in theory, <sup>but</sup> hell to

practice. Other than those, there was fishing, but that's <sup>only</sup> 0 months

of the year in Montana. There was kiting around the country, of the

sort Maria had talked me into with this centennial stuff, but traveling

alone is still being alone; motion <sup>can't</sup> doesn't make up for the rest of it.

in. Bogo

"Okay if we dance, is it?"

The wide bar lady shrugged. "A lot worse than that's happened in here."

Riley punched a button on the jukebox and out began to come:

"'King's X,' you said the last time ~~when~~

*when*

<sup>love's</sup>  
we played this game of love.

*tried to play*

'Time out,'... "you called just <sup>when</sup>

*you called  
'No fair.'*

<sup>score</sup>  
Talk about wanting to call time out. I'd have crossed all my

*push might have come to shove  
sides allowed a shove  
I'd chosen you by name*

fingers and toes <sup>too</sup> if that would have brought even a moment of moratorium

into this situation. { There they were, Mariah and Riley, the pair that had torn themselves apart three years ago, dancing as if they'd been to the same school for it. I wanted to believe that in the war of love dancing is just reconnaissance, but I know better. }

"This time when we cross our fingers 8

Let's make it for luck,

<sup>break the old . . .</sup>  
Let's throw off the hex,

Let's neither one say, 'King's X.'"



"I'm gonna call it a day. Anybody else ready to turn in?"

The big silent moment answered that before Maria began to try.

"Jick. We, Riley and I, we're not going to be back at the Winnebago tonight."

I had an angry instant of wanting to ask her where they were going to be, but I all too well knew: m-o-t-e-l. I tried to remember across the years, whether I had yearned for Shirley after we broke our marriage. Even if I did, I hadn't gone and ~~done anything~~ committed it. But Maria was about to.

*Called her up & hot-tailed*

*hot-tailed  
off to  
No-Tell  
Motel*

"Didn't you say ~~you~~ they've got a back-up piece? Which one is that, anyway?"

"Just a thumbsucker. Any number of your shots of the country will go okay with it."

"Well, then?"

R: "What do you think?"

M: "I think tomorrow."

*unused*



*unused* ✓

"Here you go, kids," said the waitress, sliding plates of dinner in front of Riley and me. Mariah already had her salad pile. I manned my knife and fork and enthusiastically began on my pork. Riley was about to follow when the videotape began behind the partition and a voice like that of God's older brother boomed out: "Swine diseases are ever lurking. Parasites, bacteria and viruses are always on the attack, and each and every pig in your swineyard is their battlefield."

Riley looked down at his waiting plate and said, "I wonder if I can trade this in on Jello."

When I advised him to follow my lead and eat with his mouth instead of his ears, he gave me a hard look but then sawed off a bit of his pork. Just as he began to chew, "Transmissible gastroenteritis," announced the videotape voice. "This devastating virus induces dehydration, diarrhea, and vomiting. Your piglets are dangerously susceptible to this viral wildfire."

Riley managed to swallow without quite choking. He put down his fork and listened warily. The voice through the partition was extolling Biotic Betterment, the years of laboratory search that had gone into...

*what day*

Sixty-five years ago today, union between my parents ~~was~~ passed

existence along to me. On the Aleutian mountain in 1943, the bad aim

of an enemy soldier lent me life from then until now. But what next.

Or was this already the next. People do end up this way, alone in a

*of one sort or another*

mobile home, their remaining years shrunken to fit into a metal box.

And this same day, Mariah with all the life that ought to be ahead

of her, trapping herself with Riley again.

I put my face in my hands and as if she could still be reached

*Marcella?*

by such a clasp, I cried out: "Marce, what the hell am I going to do?"

*was riding  
to  
Ragan?*

*outside  
can?  
or in. Bago?*

*# —*

*battlefield?*

*more  
details*

*was a  
rifle,  
porting  
bag*



work in a quick explanation that these Hutterites are the pig bosses--  
how they parcel out responsibilities etc.

I fingered my own advancing set of whiskers, but then figured Mariah  
wouldn't appreciate a joke about my future possibly awaiting in a  
Hutterite colony. It was true, too, that the Hutterite elders parceled  
out responsibilities, one of them the sheep boss, another the vegetable  
boss, etc., and that all those were overseen by a big three of the  
preacher, the German teacher, and an overall head of the colony simply  
called the boss.

*improve!*

I stared out the side window of the Bago at the empty main street of Chinook. Jesus H. Christ, Chinook, the [Montana state] capital of romance. My hot mind tried to remember across the years, whether I had yearned for Shirley after we broke our marriage. Even if I did, I hadn't gone back and committed the deed. But Mariah was about to. By now, probably was.

You wonder how life singles you out for something like this. Half the parents my age were worried about their married kids breaking up. Why was I the one to worry that mine would get back together?



transition: Jick leaves the supper club, goes to the Bago.

--in this section, Jick's focus must be on Mariah falling for Riley again; glide past Riley's feelings towards her--Jick assumes it's only horniness--so his marriage proposal will have impact.

Bread and ink making their morning rounds were what woke me. The bakery truck...  
and then the kachunk of the newspaper boxes filled...

✓

"This place still is in a bad mood," I observed of the site of the 1877 battle as we hunched in out of the gale. Scanning the battleground in front of us, Mariah said an eloquent nothing. Everywhere out there the dead grass, tall as flame, flowed in the wind. Coulees and brief benches of land merged against each other, as if there were just slightest dents and bulges in the grass-color of everything. The tan horizon all but lost itself into the gray sky. I am not a camera person, but <sup>even</sup> I could see that for Mariah's photography purpose, this site was hiding its face.

The Joseph story, I knew enough of to savvy that after a dodging route of more than a thousand miles and several successful battles, the Nez Perce had been defeated and forced into surrender here only forty miles from Canada. What I saw now, at history's actual place, was that the Nez Perce had two more horizons to get over--up onto the little benchlands above the Snake Creek bottomland where they pitched their tepees, and then over the wider rim of skyline ridge to the north, Canadaward. The small horizon was the one that doomed them.

*more beyond*



of hideyholes  
} move to earlier?

A lot of different levels of land at this site, like crazy stairs

leading all directions. The steadiest element of the day was the wind constant against my back.

as if my hair was blowing  
pete's skin aches

↙ "What was the weather like during the fighting?" I asked Riley.

"Cold. Murky. It ended up snowing, the 0th day." I could readily see this prairie in white; a first sift of snowfall not quite covering the long grass, the bald brows of the hills showing through.

~~Suddenly~~ <sup>Then</sup> I recognized the weather. As much so as if the wind

had put on a uniform and the chilly air assumed a familiar mask of ice. It was blowing from May 18, 1943. I was nineteen and supposedly a soldier. After enlistment and basic training I was sent to the Aleutian chain of islands. If you look at a map they are a line of stepping stones in the North Pacific between Asia and Alaska, and the Japanese were using them in just that way.

At breakfast Riley's beeper did its business again. Off he  
flew in search of the nearest phone, and Mariah and I mused around  
with our hotcakes and fried eggs and tried to think of what to say  
that wouldn't aggravate one another. We hadn't managed yet when Riley  
was back, looking poleaxed.

use in  
Lavo has scene

use

"The BB," he revealed. "He wants to see us back in Missoula  
again. Yet today."

Missoula was one hell of a drive from <sup>Chinoct</sup> ~~Havre~~. What did this  
buzzard Bolitho think, that we were fish he could just reel in whenever  
he felt like it? Or as I put it now: "Can't <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ goddamn guy talk into  
the telephone?"

300 miles



Riley and Mariah dance to another Roadkill Angels song.

don't use?

In a TV Purvislike drone, Riley informed us: "Longest trail drive in the history of the universe."

I wasn't going to let him get away with that. "What, from Roundup to Billings? Hell, it's only sixty miles--they're going to walk those cows there in six days."

"You're forgetting the miles up to the satellite. 'Beam them beeves up to us, Scotty,'" he said in what I guess was now a science fiction voice. The guy was a regular goddamn choir tonight. "Them there cows, Jick," he sailed right on, "are being beamed up 000 miles up to the satellite, then to OO, then (the station's transmitter)."



✓

Riley rapidly stabbed another piece of his pork. Just as he got it into his mouth, "Erysipelas," the video voice warned. "Nodules, discoloration, lesions--this dread disease afflicts swine at any age."

edne>

"Leptospirosis. When leptospira organisms enter one pig, it  
may be only a matter of time before your entire herd is infected.



When you come right down to it, smokejumping was not the greatest idea for somebody who'd had his leg shot apart. My Attu tatoo was a clean break, though, and the bone grew back together strong enough that the doctors said I should be able to do about anything ~~sick~~--although neither they nor I thought of smokejumping at the time.

*along?*

But I suppose I thought I was unkillable. Cold Mountain ought to have taught me I wasn't, I know, but I had that set of years when I believed I knew how to handle risk. There was more to it, the smoke-jumping, than just the juice of youth; the wage was decent, the people were interesting...

A battle magnifies a site, gives it odd proportions as if put  
under a microscope.

The grass thick as flame. Wild roses and willows make a brownish(?)  
thicket along the creek.

The brow of the hill to the east wears strips of farming like  
a striped cap. *used*

Sunlight through the clouds, like flags of light on the hills. *used*



"OO," Riley came barging in through the Bago's side door. Matters must have grown pretty dense in the discussion between Mariah and me, because Riley stopped as if he'd stepped into a glass wall. "Ahhh," he said. "A family conference. I'll just wait outside until the blood quits flowing."

"Why don't you hang around?" I offered. "You might learn something about yourself."

"Depends on the source," he said. He regarded me, then Mariah. "This is the fatherly-counseling-against-the-swain-~~likes~~ who-would-compromise-the-maidenly-daughter session, I suppose?"

"He thinks we're crazy to give each other a second try," Mariah told him.

*synopsis*

"Never heard of try, try again, hmm?" <sup>Even though the words pittered</sup> ~~Riley looked more serious~~ out of him as lightly as ~~than his words.~~ ever, Riley looked reasonably serious. "It

wasn't anything I intended. You better know that, Jick. Probably Mariah either. We both came to this trip despite the other one."

*in garden hall*

"Then why didn't you keep it that way? You <sup>were managing to</sup> ~~were both getting~~ your jobs done, without having to tumble <sup>into OO - "alone"</sup> ~~into~~ bed ~~with~~ each other. I just don't understand why you're willing to set each other up for hurt again."

*copy*

1st draft

At breakfast Riley's beeper did its business again. Off he went ~~in~~ in search of the nearest phone, and Mariah and I mused around with our hotcakes and fried eggs and tried to think of what to say to each other. We hadn't managed yet when Riley was back, looking concerned.

little SOB

"The BB," he revealed. "He wants to see us back in Missoula again."

Missoula was one hell of a drive from Shelby. What did this guy Bolitho think, that we were fish he could just reel in whenever he felt like it? Or as I put it now: "Can't the goddamn guy talk into the telephone?"

"The BB is a Bunker Hill type of boss," Riley said grimly. "He likes to see the whites of our eyes before he fires."

Hours and hours later, the three of us filed into the BB's office.



Riley: "Longest trail drive in the history of the universe."

"What, from Roundup to Billings? Hell, it's only a hundred miles--  
ten days' worth, is all."

"That's not counting the miles up to the satellite. Then there cows  
(in a superwestern voice) is being beamed up 000 miles up to O, then  
to NY or Washn dc or wherever The Haircut is, then back to... Greatest  
Frankie Laine sung  
thing since Ghost Riders in the Sky.

Mariah was critically watching the TV pictures...

Riley, mimicking Star Trek as they watch cent'l cattle drive via satellite:  
"Beam them beeves to us, Scotty."



in bar in Chinook or Havre or Shelby, the centennial cattle drive comes on the TV news (use appropriate newscaster happy talk?), maybe even the network news (Riley: "~~That~~ He's got a \$100 haircut. You only need a \$39.95 haircut to anchor local news."). Thus the cattle drive not all that far from the bar is being beamed up to satellite, bounced back down again, longest cattle drive in history.

As time  
goes  
meaning,  
local  
station →

For  
column,  
or  
comment,  
next p.

Jick: Somebody tell me this. (~~xxxx~~ 1 shepherd can handle 1000 sheep, if they call shepherders but 5,000 cowboys on this drive of 10,000 cows, so why do they call dumb, where does that leave cowboys?)

Mariah: Now, now. Don't be mean to those poor cowpokers.

Riley: Hey, better to be a poker than a pokee, Riley drawled in a trailhand voice.

Mariah gave him a mock smirk, or maybe not so mock. Oh, I don't know.

We pokes figure there's a lot less strain involved. (for us)

So much for heading off the flirty<sup>flirty</sup> stuff. "If you two are done talking nasty" (we cd have another drink?)

Sept. 4

--This scene could be Labor Day, which falls on the same date in 1989 as in 1939; and thus it's also Jick's birthday. (also, cattle drive is supposed to begin on Labor Day; or TV news could be abt preparations for it)

--immediately after Labor Day scene, shd be some mention of schoolbuses now on the road.

TV  
turns

Really  
great  
into  
the  
pick  
of  
heading  
off.



"Surveyors are not heroic figures. They come later than the explorers, they douse with system what was once the incandescent excitement of danger and the unknown. They conquer nothing but ignorance, and if they are surveying a boundary they are so compelled by astronomical and geodetic compulsions that they might as well run on rails." (Stegner)

From here, the invisible stripe on the earth is halfway to the horizon.

I don't quite feel right in country like that. (Havre) No wall  
of mountains to lean your eyes on. But that's just me.



*Lyle*  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
"How's Steve?"

"Good. He's on a cariboux count..." Any time they went anywhere  
is s  
it was by small plane or boat, which scared hell out of me whenever I  
think  
thought about it. But their lives are their own.

Tam was skeptical about Riley from the first. For his part, Riley  
was entertained by the fact that Tam had married a Fish and Game guy--  
the Frog and Goose business, as Riley called it.

*Lexa*  
*Lexa*  
"Tam, thanks for calling. It helps."

"Love you plenty. So long, Dad."

--Riley locks them out of Bago at the surrender site; they have to break ~~the~~ rear window of Bago and boost Mariah thru. (This has been set up by Jick gratefulness that the pheasant didn't break out the windshield).

--in town they have to patch the window with turkey basting bag, which Jick considers appropriate where Riley is involved.

- R does it by going back for heaven coat.

"They're in my other pocket."

"So, dig them out, it's cold out here."

"... pocket of that jacket," indicating . one inside . Bago,  
jacket he'd tossed into  
in there

of locked in.



in Howe?

Riley and/or Mariah say "Been done" ~~before~~ about the Chief Joseph site. Jick says something about, isn't anything worth a second look? At his urging, or nagging, they go to the site, and a story is the result.

--show that this is part of the three of them melding together into a team, even as Jick is increasingly dismayed about Mariah falling for Riley again. When a place chimes with Jick--when he gets one of his chinooks of memory--the other two are able to get a story.

Gyp slapped down our cheeseburgers in front of us. I spooned piccalilli on mine in celebratory fashion while Gyp hovered in front of us. "Uh, Riley," he asked, "you ain't gonna write a column about the, uh, you know, are you? The pasta?"

Riley switched his grin to the bony counterman. "It'll be just our secret, Gyp," he whispered [dramatically.]

After Gyp retreated in relief, Mariah pressed the question that I figured Riley had as much as answered with his proud announcement of California's desire for <sup>him</sup> ~~me~~. She asked it as, "So what did you tell

Riley dangled a piece of fry in front of himself & came all the way out & mid-air  
nervously loudly.



make Riley's Chief Joseph story a comparison of that battlefield and the modern line of missile silos.

--rifle pits: silos

--the potshots are now thousands of miles long.

--end with change of silo crews, arriving in their AF pickups, "blue taxis to Armageddon."

Jick thinks about the Lt's decision, instinct, whatever, to shoot  
that sentry: was his own wounding a ricochet from that dumb shot?  
The Nez Perce and the soldiers who died at Snake Creek: similar for  
them?



So that was my combat career, quick. Nonfatal except to the piece of my leg where the ache lay under the bullet scar, my Attu tattoo. I--

No. Not so. Not here, not this day. To my peace of mind as well.

The storm of memory carried by this wind, this place, rattled me far worse than any of the others the summer's traipsing into the past had brought on. This one was trying to play for keeps.

With a gulp I reached down and wildly rubbed the aching shin, trying to scrub away so much more than that local pain. How long did we have to stay here being augured by the goddamn wind? Mariah I saw had sorted her way across the deceptive levels of the battlefield and was at the

No. Not so. Not here, not this day. Any other time, yes, I might be able to outwait the mood as just one more storm of memory carried by the wind, the place. But this one was trying to play for keeps.

yet climbing  
too  
an ache  
of life

was steady  
-10

more?

unloaded  
of  
pain

No. Not so. Not here, not this day. The bullet of forty-six years ago now was deadly to my peace of mind as well.

Nonlasting...

No. Not so. What had lasted, from that bullet of forty-six years ago, I was trying to shrug off as just one more storm of memory, carried by this wind, this place.

Any other time, yes, I might be able to ~~outwait~~ <sup>e</sup> outwait the mood as just one more storm of memory carried by ~~this~~ wind, ~~this~~ place. But this one was trying to play for keeps. The reprieve of that <sup>less than deadly</sup> Attu bullet was wearing out, <sup>in its every breath</sup> this day said, This day was my sixty-fifth birthday.



"Clark's son was here."

"Clark who?" "Lewis & Clark Clark."

"In Miles' army?"

"Wrong side."

"On the other side. He was a Nez Perce, named Daytime Smoke."

I figured the years...(1806-1877)

"It happened plenty, our big heroes leaving little bundles of

joy behind them out here. U.S. Grant. Pickett, ~~the~~ who led the charge

at Gettysburg. His son ~~was~~ worked on the Oregonian."

If he was a bastard, yeah, it stood to reason he'd be a newspaper

guy.

*Clark's son was here.*

*He gave me his foxglove.*

*I thought to myself,*

*That'd go without saying.*

#

So we didn't leave the greatest of moods behind us when we rode off from the English Creek station that next morning. My father and my mother were agreed against Alec's intentions, but from sharply different angles. Alec seemed to be drifting, or maybe even trying to cast off, from us all. And it was nowhere near clear who I was <sup>an</sup> ally to, if anybody, in any of this.



(Leona) "I see by the paper that you two are teamed up ~~up~~ again."

Then she got a good look at me and her eyes widened. I suppose even  
with the beard, I do look like him--the long bones of our build, the  
McCaskill nose.

cut  
or  
move

*her stage of*  
with a ~~radiant~~ smile.  
"Jick," she said, "Hello," *again*

as neutrally as I could.  
"Lo, Leona," I said, "It's been a while."

Half a century, it had been. A full fifty years since Leona Tracy,  
*Leona radiant in 17-yr-old lovebird*  
as she was then, was all but married to my brother Alec.

We both  
knew that  
"again"  
was meant  
(1939)

[ You wonder how life singles you out for something like this. ]

Half the parents my age were worried about their married kids breaking

up. Why was I the one to worry that mine would get back together?

of how +  
was,  
worrying



innocent  
as  
a goddamn  
sunbeam  
apparently / cough / good  
I think  
an  
angel

empire

life until then there had been what I ~~thought~~ assumed was the natural

order of things, and then all at once my brother had gone into exile.

Would something of the sort have happened even if Leona hadn't come along?

Possibly, quite possibly. But <sup>was who</sup> Leona had <sup>a</sup> come along...

of photo.  
then  
Riley &  
Manah.

rather to have had blue eyes

San Quentin

Morgan eyed Riley, then said, "Alcatraz or Lompoc?" which at least

proved to me they were full-blooded brothers.

..."Twice as many readers every day as there are people in Montana."

"Sounds to me like that might dilute the quality," Morgan observed.

"There's more to it," Riley went on. "Mariah's going with me."

"He hopes I'm going with him," ~~M~~ Mariah interjected.

They say  
writing loose  
holds there  
eventually

hand  
up  
for  
words  
don  
care

change?



was it.

Urge wasn't the real matter here, though, It was where it led  
 back to; where these two had tangled their lives together the first  
 time. How could it be that memory was a regular epidemic in me while  
 had grown immune  
 Mariah and, yes, Riley as well, were immune to their past together?  
 For as if my mind suddenly was picturing into the future as clearly  
 as it had been into the gone years, I could see Mariah and Riley  
 in failure together again; not tonight, ~~not~~ maybe not for weeks, months,  
 possibly not for years; but at last the solitude of each of them would  
 win out, and they would break in anger again.

And was that simply the terms of the contract in their generation?  
 Together until the weight of life gets ~~a little heavy,~~ to some exact heaviness,  
 and then pull  
 apart? For ~~the~~ the old to try to tell the young how to live is like

~~lecturing a lightning storm.~~

Does act  
 as much  
 good as  
 as act as  
 far behind as ...

taunder

It was now Leona put in, "We'll miss you," and quietly gave Mariah

a steady studying look.

"I'm--" Mariah blurted.

"We're--" Riley blurted simultaneously.

*improve*



The road across the Noon Creek benchland was a dike through the dark as I drove the Bago toward Gros Ventre. The only other creature up this early was a jackrabbit that skittered back and forth in the tunnel of light. I switched onto dim and he managed to break free from the road on one of his sidewise darts. Otherwise, nothing but blackness on either side of the road until the high gateframe of the Double W came into the headlights. I flipped onto bright again, as if the wash of light would bleach away the sign and the cow skull swaying in the wind.

in front of road

leapt in fright for part of headlight

dart

into narrow pit

hurtle

before - dusk

at turnoff into

increased then

with an eye

cabl-  
string  
baker

As I drove past

"You seem pretty int'ested  
in what I'm wearing."  
"Yeah. & what you aren't."

"I'm what you might call an undercover agent. I do research  
on ~~pastry~~ pantyhose. Who's wearing any and who isn't, for instance."

"Listen, you--" I began.

"It's okay, Jick," Maria said. Turning back to the bozo, she  
said: "I'll be <sup>t</sup>you're interested right now whether I'm wearing any."

"Sure am," he answered with a snicker.

"There's just one way to find out," Maria told him pleasantly.

"Yeah?"

In the same pleasant voice, she said: "When I fart, it blows my  
shoes off."

"Oh, Christ," Riley uttered wearily and began to get off his  
barstool. (to start toward the heckler)

"Don't look at me," said Riley. "She was only ever my wife.  
She's your daughter permanently."

I don't wear  
pantyhose either.  
I don't mind  
telling you.  
I never  
wear  
stuff



unit ~~add~~ after p. 63

buffalo details--use by Indians--cd be added from MHS cards in Moiese filecds.

insert after p. 72

decided  
against

I forbore from saying it looked to me like they had to learn how to tie their shoelaces first.

- a: Some students mostly limp, so far, ~~at~~ even she seemed to be admitting.



~~insert after p. 165~~  
decided against

do more with the antlers (sharp spikes etc.; total of spikiness?) in

BB's office.

insert on p. 165 before "I do have to admit" >  
(make it "Oh, I do have to admit")  
or: "I do have to admit, though, ...")

do u need  
account

I can't really say I was startled within an inch of my life by what was plopping down on Riley and Mariah here. Maybe I don't know the alphabet of the newspaper business from A to Why, but back there in Helena it had occurred to me that if their boss wasn't upset over nickels and dimes, there ~~industry~~ was only one other likely commodity for him to be perturbed about--words and pictures.



insert after p. 167

insert explanatory line by Jick that goat permits are by drawing--  
GFT clip Aug. 20 '89 about drawing results, in Missoula III file.

- luck  
- out of a hat

Sty: reply--my policy is never to look into my own eyes;  
[somebody you don't want to see might be looking back at you.]

young guy in truck is scraggly, wispy beard, tractor cap;  
the Toothless Ferries are properly dubious about him.

*in, implies in  
he gave.*

Jick at one point asks him if he knows Ray Heaney in  
C d'A; "Mr. Heaney?" he replies. "Sure. I used to mow  
his lawn."

"Well, what do you think, men?"

"Hell, I dunno. Anybody can get his self <sup>F</sup> in a pinch,  
I guess."

"Yeah, but what he did was extra dumb."

"You never did anything extra in your life, Rog?"

Jick listens, chips in his own \$5.

*one of those old ones a <sup>little</sup> catchlocks to open & close them  
that wing windows  
He told us. tale.  
"You're quite a sleeper."  
"What line of work you in?"  
"Right now, none, I was...  
draughted out  
You hear stories of people  
in wheel chairs, then when y'he out of sight,  
stand up & stroll off to buy booze or dope.*



One of those misfitting faces with not enough chin ~~and~~ or mouth but prominent ears, and a wispy blond mustache, scraggly, really. His big ears framing

eyes were red-rimmed, and darted <sup>frantically</sup> around ~~among~~ <sup>us</sup> what must have looked

to him like a posse from an old folks' home. Treed, ~~by the posse,~~ <sup>in a</sup> ~~snap~~ <sup>sapling about to snap,</sup> of us, was the impression he gave.

4 Roger Tate spoke the doubt of all of us. "One thing that's hard to savvy, is how ~~is~~ somebody could get at you that way in a locked pickup."

"For the longest time I couldn't figure that out either," the <sup>confused</sup> <sup>(see)</sup> guy said tiredly. "I knew goddamn good and well I'd locked both doors.

But what the bastard did, I finally caught on, was he <sup>opened</sup> left the wing window <sup>of</sup> not quite latched." ... <sup>left it</sup>

"You're from Fargo, what were you doing ~~back~~ all the way over in Coeur d'Alene?"

"Looking for work. I'm <sup>come</sup> from Coeur d'Alene originally. <sup>See,</sup> I <sup>but</sup> been farming for my wife's uncle outside of Fargo, but he <sup>got</sup> droughted <sup>out</sup> last year, <sup>of again this yr</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>He</sup> had to let me go. I hoped <sup>something maybe'd</sup> ~~there was~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~would~~ open up back <sup>home</sup> in ~~R C d A~~, But all there is in CdA any more is changing bedsheets for tourists, and they don't want people like me for that. Mining's gone to hell. Logging is down. What ~~is~~ am I supposed to do?" [I can drive equipment, but that's about it.]

"What line of work are you in?"

*not any*

"Right now, none. I been driving tractor for my wife's uncle outside of Fargo, but jeez, he got droughted out again this summer, same like last summer, and he had to let me go."



any more  
You hear stories of people begging in wheelchairs, then as soon  
you're out of sight, they stand up and stroll off to buy booze or dope  
with the money you ~~to~~ just <sup>gave</sup> given them. My thought was the same as the  
Toothless Ferries': was this broke-and-barefoot note some kind of cheat?

*R organ - (all names)*

Another round of democratic debate ~~was~~ produced the idea of  
actually going ~~to~~ and taking a look at the guy in the red pickup. I  
was born curious, so I set off with the others.

*One of  
W. Brown,  
pointed  
it to me*

As we were crossing the parking lot, Riley popped around the hood  
of a Continental Freightways semi, spotted me, and veered our directions.  
"The women were starting to wonder if you fell in," he <sup>in</sup> said to me. Then  
he recognized the group I was with. <sup>as he came up</sup> "Don't tell me. The Methusaleh  
<sup>addressed</sup> "Oh, for Christ's  
Hot Rod Club is on the loose again. Watch out, world."

Naturally the Toothless Ferries greeted Riley with assessments of  
what he had written about each of them, the gist of it that they had  
seen worse. Then I explained to him our mission to the <sup>east</sup> end of the parking  
lot and he <sup>glanced</sup> looked nervously over his shoulder <sup>in the direction</sup> where his mother and Mariah  
were waiting for us in the Bago, but he came along too.

*On our way, I asked one of the other boys, Julius,*

The guy in the beat-up GMC pickup--"red" was an optimistic memory  
long-ago <sup>didn't look like much.</sup>  
of its original color--looked like ~~kind~~ one of life's orphans, all right.

rest area scene west of Billings: Jick goes to the toilet, and as he sits in the stall guys come in to use the urinal. They're the Toothless Ferries, transporting cars to Billings this time. They read the note duct-taped above the urinal, from man who's money and ~~shoes~~ shoes have been stolen by ~~kick~~ hitchhiker and is asking for a loan to get home to Coueur d'Alene. The Ferries debate the issue, decide to go question the guy and decide then whether to finance him. Jick goes along; at one point asks the young man if he knows a fellow named Heaney. Yeah, the young man (scruffy, not too trustworthy to look at) says, Ray Heaney, he used to mow Ray's lawn. (Calls him "Mr. Heaney"?) It proves that much of  
? his story is on the level, and so the Ferries and Jick and Riley chip in (\$10)\$5 apiece to get the guy home to C d'A.



use Jick's Aleutians wounding with missile site scene? (contrast of  
war then and now)



The mountains were clear and close today. The bowed cliff

of Jericho Reef still had a few patches of snow atop it. The outcroppings

of Rooster Peak and the tall steep slopes of Phantom Woman Mountain

*where Koon Creek has its source*

above it... Then, south across Flume Gulch, came the next section of

the wallrock: Roman Reef, which I had grown up looking at from my

English Creek

father's ranger station. Back ~~was~~ a few years ago when Riley Wright

*some guy had written that some*

and I were on speaking terms, he'd told me <sup>mountains are the islands</sup> ~~there was a theory that~~

of the earth sea; that Montana, ~~which~~ ordinarily thought of as <sup>about as high</sup> ~~mountains are Catholic and plains are Protestant. Like me, Riley~~

<sup>as you can get</sup> and dry, <sup>is</sup> was actually a kind of archipelago--all the valleys like bays wasn't really either one, so I don't see why it was on his mind. But

between the mountain isles.

you never knew, with that guy. "Just think about it. Italy, Spain

This ranch, which was started by my grandfather Isaac Reese,

*is situated*

was the right distance from the mountains--close but not so close

*reach out and dump*

*place was*

they could ~~drop~~ every snowflake on you. Only one ~~place~~ had ever been

*homestead*

nearer, the old Ramsay ~~place~~ that was now the upper hay meadows of this

ranch, and there you felt as if Jericho Reef might twitch in its sleep

some night and squash you.

*My eyes blurred familiar w/ an w/ 4. 10/11/44*

*3 miles of Broad Butte - divide just in EC of KC*

*about as high as high of any you can get Well, a think you see*

*2 1/2 miles of about a mile,*



They named the place Butte, as a 00 is called a 00 or a 00 a 00. It was echoingly what it was: a 00-shaped ridge, with a namesake city tossed onto its slopes.

The red earth drew other red to it. (name a miner and cite his bloody accident, from Wyman's book?) Bloody Butte then, with its copper corpuscles.

Under the rind of rock and sagebrush lay copper ore.

Scars. Badges of honor, too, as scars sometimes are? It depends how much blood you mind having in your copper.

Your copper, and mine, because we bought it in its final form: telephone lines etc. The machinery between the miner's <sup>drill</sup> pick and our telephone was the Anaconda Copper Company, aka Rockefeller and Rogers; after all, that is the way these things work.

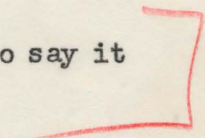
(amid R's opening grafs, describe Mariah's pic of Butte: long-lens shot up Montana Ave. to the top of the butte, for ex? or the rims of the pit, pretty and terrible at the same time; like geologic ages, augur of time down through the earth)

Butte was the most American city in the West, which is to say it was wildly ~~Russian~~ European.

break here, use this to begin section of some section named by RIA column

1889, profits of 5, profits of

planet was showing it with it checked into





Washington 98177  
Seattle, Washington N.W., 19021 Tenth Avenue  
(206) 442-8638

Ivan Doig

move to  
before  
dancer

Ed served in France during the war, in fact spent I don't know

how much time in the trenches. Enough ~~to ruin his feet in all that~~ <sup>squander</sup> that he didn't want to spend

~~one~~ <sup>and</sup> further minutes of his life talking about it, evidently. Ray

showed me the medals Ed had won--Ed gave them to him...

Ed didn't look <sup>at all</sup> soldierly. The lumberyard life had put a middle on him, and he was bald as a jug. Thinking back on it now, my guess

is that Ed Heaney thrived in the army because of his knack for routine.

Bald  
as  
glass  
Was that  
Butler  
or was  
just Ed?

like clockwork, a one-man shift



by Ivan Doig  
 BY Ivan Doig  
 IVAN DOIG  
 BY Ivan Doig  
 by Ivan Doig

**Ivan Doig**

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177  
 (206) 542-6658

13 Jan. '83

Dear Jim---

Over the holidays when Carol and I saw Margaret Svec and Pat Armstrong, they updated us on your adventures to Ireland--you and I seem to be high on their list of favorite Montanans--and their conversation also nudged me into asking some medical advice from you. Advice, that is, I need fictionally, not personally.

*Handwritten notes:*  
 Pat Armstrong  
 Margaret Svec

*Handwritten note:*  
 This is a common, a common life



Ever since Dill Egan passed away several years ago, mine is  
the last independent ranch on Noon Creek. A lot of the buying up  
happened as long ago as the Depression, when the Double W--"the Gobble  
Gobble You," as Stanley Meixell said it--got hold of ranch after ranch  
as the small cattlemen couldn't hang on. <sup>Enrich,</sup> Torrance, Chute, Wainwright,  
<sup>any more</sup> Fair, Eiseley, Nansen; not many of us even knew the roll call of  
the families that belonged to those abandoned <sup>age-known</sup> ~~places~~ clusters of buildings  
spaced along the creek like a community that has been pulled to pieces.



Weeks on end, the early part of each night Pete would go up Noon Creek with his shotgun and sit sentry for beaver. His contention with the beavers about the creek--Pete of course wanting water for his hay meadows, the creaturely hydraulic engineers employing it for their dams and lodges--was never-ending. Pete in fact bequeathed me the shotgun when I took over the ranch, and my history with the beavers continues his, water won from them one summer but impounded sharply by them the next until I could get up there with firepower again.

50 up  
will



as a time device, have Jick muse that August of '89 at least isn't like August of '88, the Yellowstone and all the other fires (or if ~~there~~ there is another big fire season, muse on similarity).

--'88 fires near Noon Creek ranch?

--or Jick might do this musing in ch. 2 dawn at the ranch, out at the beaver dams.

- Greenhouse



"Jick," Riley answered all those mental questions, "Mariah and I are splitting up."

Right out of nowhere like that. Whatever is the biggest size of fool a person can feel like, that ~~is~~<sup>was</sup> me, ~~there~~ there as Riley dropped the end of their marriage on me.

I turned away, my eyes smarting. By god, I would not bawl in front of this guy. [Surprisingly, it turned out that other women were not in the picture; Mariah said she was sure Riley didn't stray. In fact, without it being entirely said, I gathered that him keeping himself at home that way had made it an interesting marriage. "Well, what then?" I repeated to her my question to him.]

They both had mouths on them, so you can imagine that when they disagreed some ~~hard~~<sup>rough</sup> things got said. But that doesn't have to be fatal. No, Riley said he was restless, bothered about filling up the column week in and week out; he wanted something different. What? If he knew that easily, he'd go do it. Well, she was not budging until it presented itself in definite form. "The ranch would have been different," I pointed out. "That offer still stands, if--" No, Mariah said, maybe if it'd come along earlier, but things were too far gone now; they'd shown each other sides they hadn't known were there...



"Jack" Riley answered all those mental questions, "Marish and I

having a father on the school board. The children from the other

families of that branch of the creek as well, the Petersons and

Roziers and Van Bebbers, all lived near enough to walk to school and

soon they were ricocheting around outside in those double-quick

end of their marriage on me.

I turned away, my eyes watering. By God, I would not bawl in front

of this guy. Surprisingly, it turned out that other women were not in

the picture; Marish said she was sure Riley didn't stray. In fact, without

it being entirely said, I gathered that him keeping himself at home that

way had made it an interesting marriage. "Well, what then?" I repeated

to her my question to him.

They both had mouths on them, so you can imagine that when they

disagreed some hard things got said. But that doesn't have to be fatal.

No, Riley said he was restless, bothered about killing up the column

week in and week out; he wanted something different. What? If he knew

that easily, he'd go do it. Well, she was not budging until it presented

itself in definite form. "The ranch would have been different," I pointed

out. "That offer still stands, it--" No, Marish said, maybe if it'd

come along earlier, but things were too far gone now; they'd shown each

other at the time they hadn't known were there...



use in Helena ?

keep some reference to "the cowboy artist, Charlie Russell."

Riley was beginning to look a little wary. One of his most notorious columns was when he wrote that Montanans were as proud of Charlie Russell as if the guy had been Bertrand or Jane.



insert in 2nd ¶ of p. 163, before "But when"?

use Rogers  
pass 2

two-hour  
Not a sound out of any of the three of us on the drive from Helena  
to Missoula; Maria and Riley didn't even have the heart to argue. When  
we had parked the Winnebago in the Montanian lot, I said, ~~that~~ <sup>he</sup> "I'd kind  
<sup>interested</sup> of ~~like~~ to come along and meet this famous boss of yours."

"Oh, just great," Riley grumbled. "That'll help us a lot in  
handling the BB, -your general enthusiasm..."

MS @ my  
gray  
whisker  
your  
elegant  
presence


"Every minute you've spent on this, I've been there too. Doesn't  
that entitle me to hear what's going on?"



possible last line, within Riley's dawn story:

*articulate*  
→ its light, the dawnclick of the day's arrival.

...the sun articulating its <sup>long?</sup> first light onto the land, dawnclick of  
the day's arrival. *invert?*

 end with:

, the sun articulating its long light onto the land.