

~~Then there's~~

Or there's the fact of the flooding. English Creek most years behaves predictably enough. The melt in the mountains comes down to the valley as rapid tan water, about twice as much of it as the usual clear flow of the creek. But one winter ^A February thaw loosed some of the runoff months ahead of time and the creek overflowed into the meadows of the north fork at OO's place--where it promptly froze with the next switch in the weather and left the meadows like a series of hockey rinks. OO's cows slipped and slid on the ice, and he had any number of calves born backwards that spring

use CCC?
color - corner from
mint salmon?

A blind man was standing alongside a stack of orange newspapers,

the Great Falls Leader. I have always had fear for my eyes. Not

to see what is going on around me would be my edition of ^Hhell. Yet

sightless people carry on lives, too. Suddenly the blind man called

out: Llleader. Llleeader. Whadimp-whadimp-whadimp-whadAYYY.

Llleader. Llleeader. Certainly if you were anywhere within earshot

and had any least notion of reading a newspaper that day, you would

step over and buy one from that blind crier.

→ want
over to did-
(michel?)

✓

For one instance, I never saw why it was necessary for OO,
the government trapper, to kill trapped coyotes in the manner he did--
by stomping his bootheel onto the coyote's chest to burst its heart.

The argument may be that dead is dead, the method doesn't matter,
and of course I know that keeping the pelt whole and undamaged is
a consideration, too. But still. I just think there is a way to behave
and a way not to; and that it's unnecessary for man to disgrace himself
against the other creatures any more than he ordinarily does.

The crowing was 3 hours of sleep, under the most beautiful
weather of the entire voyage.

saw
for 138?

pumped its
wings against
painted
fender

A pair of yellow wings lit on the fender of the truck. Jackie pointed. "Buttafly."

"No, sir," Owen advised him. "That's a flutterby." Normally he wouldn't have troubled to converse with a two¹/₂-year-old, but there was something so judicious about Jackie... "There, don't you see how it flutters by?"

Jackie considered this. "Fluttaby," he agreed.

Feb's *cruelly*
The glacier of cold air slid down from the north until it covered

Montana from corner to corner, then stood there for a solid week. Temperature readings were its cutting edges, red stubs of mercury in the bottoms of thermometers across six hundred miles, saying implacably 35 degrees below zero at noon, 38 degrees below zero at dusk, 45 degrees below zero in the night.

On the dam project, the engines of the bulldozers were never shut down in weather this cold, throttled onto idling all night long. Their diesel monotony broke the silence of the frigid spell, and down on the river there was the periodic buzzsaw-sound of ice being cut, but the Fort Peck project mainly was groggy with this weather. In the Wheeler saloons and dancehalls the air went stale with cigarette smoke and the accumulated pack of not recently bathed bodies, but then the instant you stepped outside the fresh keenness would all but take the lungs out of you.

The record winter of '36, the year they had all been looking for.

—————
more to come

was undergoing *backed - both with* *twinge*
The damwork underwent that same sort of (whiplash) (stupor and awakening)...

** as usual
at start of spring*

If the Fort Peck townsite looked sickly, Wheeler looked leprous.

in patches
As the snow went off, rubbish reappeared from the previous autumn,
usually amid a backyard swamp of mud. All the new had faded from
the building fronts that had been fresh lumber when the Duffs arrived
in 1933; the Blue Eagle ^{*salmon*} by now had a venerable ^{*brownish*} tint, like a weathered
pirate. *pirate ship*

*more:
personal
feel, details
of winter*

Owen

Spring couldn't come fast enough to suit Darius or Hugh or Meg

or Neil or Kate or ~~Rosellen~~ or Bruce or Rhonda. Only Owen and ^{*Rex*} Easter,
~~each~~
^{*both*} accustomed to indoor work, had not particularly minded the confinement
of winter.

resigned

"Let's clear out of here until Kittrell gets off the warpath,"

Sangster said. "Come on, I'll stand you to coffee and pie."

As usual the Rondola was brimming with customers. Owen's head was so full of the OO problem it took him a moment to sort out which shifts these were, coming and going. He and Sangster had been wrestling with the OO plan from time immemorial, it seemed like.

"Jesus, I hate it when ^{Gunn} Kittrell gets this way," Sangster said, rubbing his eyes. "And he's this way now."

"Yeah. But he's right that we have to come up with a faster rate of fill. We can't just let the river gain on us every--"

Sangster cut him off with an upraised hand. "No more engineering we can mix it with pie," until ~~Sangster~~ He was winking theatrically at the waitress. "I'm surrounded, am I. How you doing, Kate?"

Owen looked at her in surprise, having forgotten she'd be on shift now. "Hi," he said.

While Sangster talked through mouthfuls of rhubarb pie, Owen let his gaze drift after Kate, curious to see whether she went at things the way Rosellen would have. Not really, he decided: this Tibbett sister

Bruce
Neil
Darius
&
Gunn

pie
love

a little
tender?

scurried with the plateloads of food, the coffee pot. None of Rosellen's
take-it-or-leave-it style. Watching her, he saw that her figure was so
like Rosellen's that it stirred him up in a strange reminiscent way.
As if he 'd been where he hadn't.

She came over to him again with the coffee pot and the question-grin.

"No, I better not," he said against another refill. Which sounded stiffer than he'd intended, so he looked up at Kate and kidded: "Bruce claims there's something in the coffee here--that's how Rhonda got him."

Kate gave her half-chuckle, then looked in amusement at the coffee pot she was holding.

And refilled his cup.

^{clear}
"Let's ~~out~~ out of here ~~for~~ until OO gets off the warpath," Sangster
said. "Come on, I'll stand you to ^{coffee &} pie."

As usual the Rondola was brimming with customers. Owen had to think
for a moment, which shift was coming, which going. He and Sangster had
been wrestling with the OO plan for a season, it seemed like.

"Jesus, I hate it when OO gets this way," Sangster said, rubbing
his eyes. "And he's this way ~~now~~ now."

^{come up w...}
"Yeah. But he's right that we have to..."

Sangster was grinning at the waitress. "I'm surrounded, am I." ^{she}
How you doing, Kate?"

Owen looked at her in surprise, having forgotten she'd be on shift
now. "Hi," he said.

^{let his gaze drift}
While Sangster talked, Owen ~~watched Kate~~ after Kate. She
scurried with the plateloads of food, the coffee pot. Her figure was
so like Rosellen's that he felt himself stir... As if he'd been where ^{some?}
he hadn't.

She came by with the coffee pot and the question-grin.

^{No, I better}

"Bruce claims there's something in the coffee here--that's how

Rhonda got him."

^{Kate refills}

"Does that mean a refill, or not?"

stabs?

In the next few years Peter Stapfer rose to become horse boss of

the Frenchman River Hutterite colony, in charge of the use of 180 workhorses.

Ten yrs beyond that, colony

In 1949, the Frenchman River hived, and Peter Stapfer was among the members

who established a new ^{OO} colony in northern Montana. That colony converted

to tractors, and Peter Stapfer, horse boss without horses, settled toward

*Somewhere still hidden on .00 Colony in M'gth
daringly capless*

old age. ...of himself, stiffly smiling, outside the back door of the

Blue Eagle saloon.

"I must trust you. The colony, they cannot know of this. We do not...^{photographs} haf such things. Mail it, please, in this." He thrust at her a seed company envelope of the sort that came to him as vegetable boss of the colony.

Easter nodded.

...

Peter Stapfer gestured to his head. "They are thieves, here."

There. He had not actually said his cap was stolen, and among this collection of people there surely were some who qualified as thieves.

The younger man, George, looked as excited as Peter felt. "The constable, Peter! He can--but do we dare--?"

didn't even
notice.

"Where begin and where end, Jackiejack.... You've a grandfather, me, ^{here,}
who's a thorough fool.... Your father is something of the same, but
motorized.... Your mother, by great good fortune, is an ^{approximate} apprentice saint...
You've a grand-uncle who ~~wilds~~ in a wild-ass way chases after politics.
Not that the politics don't need chasing.... We've tried two countries
and eleventy ⁻⁷ occupations, Jackie, and we're still on the drift. The
only one of us making a go of it is your uncle who knows how to stop up
rivers... Your grandmother, did I think to mention, Jackie? Your grandmother
~~I am still trying to figure out after 00 years."~~

(Meg overhear this, as Hugh tends to the baby?)

do an overlap of Mott making a Plentywood stump speech and FDR a
fireside radio speech?

Hugh?
--and have one of the characters look up from a newspaper and ask:

"What's this Hitler?"

Darius & Owen?
Proxy?

"There's this man Mott, a person hears of."

"Mott's got his own catechism," Darius said. "Printed in red,
wouldn't surprise me."

Hugh goes on the wagon for a while, but falls off.

--"Tie me to the wagon."

...

"It's one way to keep warm."

"You can talk. You don't have to put up with cold feet, cold hands..."

Rollen?

Tom Harry was interested now. "Cold everything?"

you telling me?

"Close enough to everything."

just about everything

"How's your everything?"

used in previous bk.
Marath?

bird migration, to indicate coming of Autumn, in Sept/6?

use for Dorius

Riley, snowstorm in Billings:

Hmm. Autumn in Montana, when the leaves turn snowy white.

possible lead:

An October⁹ day, chilly and OO, even though the calendar
was still testifying to September. Usually the weather gets it
out of its system after Labor Day and (Indian summer comes to Montana),
but this was...

purges

like a rabbit out of a hat. Toasty
Spring came pell-mell. Warm
as berserk as the winter had been, Chinook winds

Hawaii, it seemed like, and Fort Peck's
billowed in all the way from the slopes of the Rocky Mountains
~~degned~~ distilled into
snow ~~promptly~~ Fort Peck's mud. As usual at the start of spring,

Wheeler looked leprous. With the snow going off in patches, rubbish
reappeared from the previous autumn, and the backyard coal piles had
become ash heaps (dishwater, gray tossed with gray)

By the first day of summer, just over two months since the dredges
started up, the dredging was nearly a month ahead of schedule.

The river:

textbooked easily. (quote from 1920's geology or hydrology book?)

Nothing to it, savvying the Missouri River from the distance of a college classroom.

Owen Duff wondered about that a little upon first reading it in
Geology 301, his junior year in civil engineering. But he was the one
who had been capricious enough to abandon the family's foothold along
the Missouri, so maybe he ought to pay attention to the text version
of the river and see what he had missed. Geology professors were usually
rock docs, but 301 was taught by an exception named Zell who told them
the course was about process, which he pronounced as if it rhymed with
no less. In the next breath he was regaling them about ice, the edge of
glaciation that had reached into Montana and royally rearranged things
for a few thousand years. It came as a relief when he shut up about
the glacial pro-cess and warned the class to clear their lives for a
field-trip all of the next week.

Zell was built like a dumpling, but that didn't stop him from
strutting around as if he owned Montana State College. None of the

Geology 301 students were much surprised when he showed up in jodhpurs
for the show-me trip. They jounced north along the Missouri, Zell and
the five students in a Model T touring car. Around Fort Benton, Zell
seemed to lose interest in the river and potted on northward, up
the valley of dinky Big Sandy Creek, ignoring the Missouri's big bend
where it turned sharply south on itself and then swung eastward across
the rest of the state of Montana. The Big Sandy country wasn't much for
scenery, unless you had a taste for being down in a big swale for hours
at a time, then at last they clattered into Havre, and on through, Zell
choosing to make camp in the Milk River Valley just east of town. The
next morning, they weren't entirely done with breakfast before Zell
cleared his throat, paced back and forth a dramatic few times, and said,
"Welcome to the Missouri River."

The other four students bent sideways glances at Owen, on the basis
that he was the one from up in this country. Owen furnished the corrective
as offhandedly as he could:

"This's the Milk this morning, Prof."

"You don't say," said Zell.

Uh oh, in Owen.

"The Milk River, hmm?" In the jodhpurs, the professor seemed to strut standing still. "Not much volume of flow, is it, to cut a valley as broad as this? Better take a look, hadn't you?"

As a unit, the five young men stood up and took a lot of looks at the overwide valley and the small milky river winding slowly through it. Zell was right, naturally he would be. Where the hell were there any rock formations resistant enough to divert this river back and forth into the big bends needed to carve this much valley? Or if the water hadn't cut the valley this wide with centuries of patience, where then was the till of glaciation, the boulders and other gouging material? The young men milled restlessly. Where was anything the damned textbook said ought to be here?

"Ice had something to do with it," Zell gave them a hint, then couldn't resist spelling it out. "An ice dam."

Zell swept an arm toward their route of yesterday. "Somewhere back around Fort Benton, the ice sheet blocked off the Missouri and contributed its own meltwater until there was a glacial lake perhaps as big as one of the Great Lakes now is. Then the ice receded and

and the flow resumed in the channel of the Missouri. Some of the
channel. You of course were right, Duff. This morning, this is the
Milk River. But some thousands of mornings ago, before that ice dam,
this was the Missouri. The big river itself--here, and...?"

Owen and a bright kid named Farrington caught on simultaneously.

"Big Sandy," they said together.

Zell almost smiled. "Another valley that's too big for its britches,
isn't it. That had to have the force of the Missouri to cut it, before
the ice dam changed the process."

Owen's mind raced. The big bend of the Missouri; the White Cliffs,
the Breaks, the home place: "Where the Missouri goes now--that's all a...
shortcut?"

"The younger channel, yes. From the big bend to Fort Peck, about.
That must have been the edge of the ice sheet, and the Missouri cut its
way along there while this"--Zell again swept his arm importantly around
in indication of the Milk River Valley and the Big Sandy Valley over the
horizon--"was dammed off."

My God my God my God, ran in Owen. The home place, the alfalfa-seed

change the Zell scene, possibly tightening it as well:

--drop "The river" device, saving it for later or just using it as is at start of chapter and then "The dam" just once, later on.

* --Possibly peg this into Owen @ office work.

- 7060P of copy?

The power of water. (link to glacial version of the Missouri)

--hydraulic: tearing down entire hills in Seattle, reshaped the city;
gold-mining; Panama Canal.

By the end of the third day, Owen Duff already was office-famous for POGOP.

Major Santee, the Corps' chief of operations, poked his head into the temporary warren where the civvie engineers had their desks. He had in his hand a contractor's letter, citing numerous reasons why a ten-day delay was needed in a contracted-for portion of the dam project, and his thumb on Owen's penciled comment in the margin.

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You know by now that I am a noticer. What was worth noticing about Malvina Peyser was the way those bib pants failed to defeat her womanliness.

Not that she would ever cause men to turn their eyes inside-out, in the way Leona or Velma Simms did. Malvina was a bit short-legged, or at least so she seemed in those overalls. As I say,

"Be awful careful of this stuff," the bait foreman warned them.

"It already gave me a little love bite." He pulled up his pantleg to show them. A burn about the size of a dime was on his shin where the top of his sock ~~was~~ normally would reach. "Reminded me to watch what the hell I'm doing."

"What's in the bait?" Hugh asked.

"Arsenic."

The infestation set preachers to thumbing their Bibles, and I
imagine most of them ended up somewhere in Joel, where pestilence is
visited upon the Israelites(?): That which the palmerworm hath left
hath the locust eaten...The field is wasted, the land mourneth...Be
ye ashamed, o ye husbandmen; howl, O ye vinedressers, for the wheat
and the barley; because the harvest of the field is perished. Because
of our nonattendance habits to church, though, I don't know whether
~~they~~ ^{pulpiters} went on to the part that reads, howl, ye ministers of the altar:
come, lie all night in sackcloth, ye ministers of my God...

✓ still
from reports
I get from
my +
churchly
classmates

Gr
acct of
Gives

Dale Copenhaver, baggy-eyed as if he was ending a long and terrible day instead of just beginning one, was telling a farmer: Slow those guys down in the field, ^{damn} don't let them roar across the country at twenty miles an hour.

I remember that as a day when human life seemed to make no sense.

As if those of us in the infested fields were on some moon of Saturn

where insects ruled and we were but a marginal species.

of a
desert
planet

Halve that on the likelihood of exaggeration, and it's still a
world of grasshoppers.

Bill Reinking of the Gleaner was there, carrying a big square camera.

I saw him sight through it a couple of times, then shake his head and put the camera back in his car. He was right, there was no capturing this scene in anything as ~~xx~~ small as a photograph.

into traps, and the use of traps of various kinds of the following

The infestation was heaviest in the eastern part of the county.

Ten thousand pounds of bait a day was being spread there.

and the use of traps and the use of traps of various kinds of the following

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and the use of traps and the use of traps of various kinds of the following

Drought, Depression, and now these goddamn ravenous bugs.



✓

It became evident why Dale Copenhaver had called my father.

Crews had to be run, and my father's experience with fire crews made

him a natural.

✓
Be awful careful of this stuff, Dale Copenhaver warned us.

It gave me a little love ^{bite} tap...

A burn about half the size of a dime was on his shin where ~~his~~ the

top of his sock normally would reach. Reminded me to watch ~~what~~ what

the hell I'm doing, is all.

What's in ^{this} ~~the~~ bait? I asked.

Arsenic.

✓
underlinings retyped
for Bucking ms.

In the air the 'hoppers sounded bad enough, a whirring as if
sage chickens were taking off, except that the noise was more distant

than that, thinner and sharper. But on the ground their noise was

of eating. You could actually hear the goddamn things making a meal

of everything that grew, millions of tiny mouths each biting through

a steam of wheat. Commotion would have been less ominous than that

undersound of eating, eating, eating.

And then there was the sound worse yet, the crackling as you
stepped on them on a road or ~~some~~ other hard surface. The closest

I can come to is to say it resembled walking on peanut shells--but as

if the shells were alive and in motion and endless in their total.

I know of no way to tell this except to lay it out and let you

believe whatever you can stand to. I couldn't credit that day myself

if I had not been there and seen the fields begin to move.

How many grasshoppers there were in that creeping invasion is so

far beyond imagination that ~~people~~ people fell back on basic numbers.

At Malta the cloud of 'hoppers filled the air for four hours. At

Havre, it was six and a half hours. They came as insect blizzards.

✓

I don't recall that much was said between us as my father drove toward Gros Ventre, and reaching there, went on across main street and east out of town. Maybe it was on both our minds that this was an unusual direction for us. To face the farming country. Our view of it was customarily from the mountains; we thought of the farmland as big patterns, blocks of green. To be down here driving ~~through~~ past the fields, the grain thicker than any forest, on each stem the Trying to imagine such sums was like--I don't know, counting stars. individual kernels. To think that there could be enough grasshoppers to threaten ~~each of~~ those kernels was stupefying.

Looking back on all this, I don't ^{see} ~~know~~ why the poison didn't kill
^{about as} farmers ^{as} ~~faster~~ than it did the grasshoppers. ^{The stuff} ~~What it amounted to~~ was

sawdust soaked with arsenic. The county men had an old cement mixer

into which they put the proportions of sawdust, arsenic and banana oil

and then some ~~more~~ water, then spun it all up together into about the

consistency of mush. In the evening or before dawn, people lined up

for sacks of the stuff, because it was said to work best if spread in

the morning while the fields were still damp.

Dale Copenhagen told my father that one of the worst problems he

was having was with farmers who strewed the poison too heavily around

their fields, on the notion that if a little was good, a lot was better

yet. ^{know to} ~~About~~ all I ~~can~~ do, Mac, is try head the knotheads off by asking

them if they work on that same principle when they take a laxative.

✓

My mother always rode herd on Alec and me about calling older people Mr. and Mrs., but out of her hearing we ~~always~~ ^{often} lapsed into our father's natural inclination toward first names.

grasshoppers:

At Malta, they filled the air for four hours. 0 days later at Havre, for six and a half hours. Ministers turned to (biblical citation for plague). The insect blizzard whirled and leaped.

across
in Mont.

(use early refce: the damp June had done in the grasshoppers...) In 00, a farmer north of town ~~found~~ saw motion in his winter wheat field, a crawling... The grasshoppers reports flamed from there...

Retribution began its own flights. Planes showered mixes of 00 onto the 'hoppers...

✓
Malvina Peyser and I already knew each other in a hello-trading
way, as almost everybody does in an area no more populous than the size of the Two country.

You're good to help, she said now.

Actually she needed only the minimum of help, somebody to feed
the sacks of 'hopper bait into the spreader. She had the spreader
hitched behind a 1929 Dodge touring car... As I studied the set-up,
a small tanned face popped up between the steering wheel and the
rolled-down window on the driver's side, and began scrutinizing me.

Norman,
Walter, say morning to Jick, Malvina prompted.

Morn', the boy complied and stood examining the ^{pair} ~~two~~ of us. I

^{Norman}
supposed Walter to be somewhere between two and three, whenever a
kid can just talk.

My curiosity about why I ~~was~~ instead of her husband was in this
wheatfield with Malvina overcame my manners. I did manage to ^{angle} ~~put~~ the
question a little: What, is Lloyd laid up?

No, he's hired out this summer. On the Fresno dam job up by

Havre.

farm, this wheat crop, this wife and child.
Havre. A good 000 miles from this ~~field~~. Lloyd Peyser plainly
had to hire out, go off to earn WPA wages for survival's sake.

were telling him ^{ed}
What ~~they had to say~~ sounds like war, which in a way it was. I

boiled my clothes, ate a couple hot meals and grabbed about 5 hours

pockets are dragging out my tracks. By God, if I never see another

coat hanging on the door handle of the pickup and they ate it to

pickup. . . . What I want to know is, how much more of this can we

stand? One year it's drought and the next it's wheat rust and then

come a couple of years of these buggers. I just don't see...

I know people up around Havre and ~~Chinook~~ ^{Chinook} and ~~Malta~~ ^{Malta} even today

who tell me that a banana sliced onto their breakfast cereal will bring

back the scene of those grasshoppers. Banana oil--it actually was

amyl acetate, which has a smell like ripe bananas--was the attraction

mixed into the 'hopper poison.

is thing
called

✓
~~Eddie~~

~~Norman,~~

~~Walter,~~

don't touch any. Don't ever, ever touch any. Make

you sick, hon. Give you ^{the} a tummy ache.

~~Eddie~~

~~Norman~~

~~Walter~~

balled his little fists against his chest and stared at

the mysterious uneatable mush we were dispensing. He seemed to

ponder, then asked: G'asshoppers get tummy ache?

Mmmmm. Grasshoppers eat a taste of this and they go to grasshopper

heaven. ^{The woman} ~~Malvina~~ looked out across the wheat of her field. Or someplace.

Just so they go.

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. [As for the Two country's grain crops, even on the irrigated acres of the Valier water project the grain stood so short it looked like a color of the ground itself, a tan flat panel of the earth; in the dry-land fields of the 'steads, not even that color met the eye--only dead stalks.]

✓

We had been hearing about grasshoppers the previous couple of summers. The eastern part of the state was heaviest hit, for the 'hoppers preferred grainfields to range grass. On the scale by which we would choose T-bone steak over dry crackers, according to accounts of how they ate their way through that grain. (quote Gleaner descriptn?)

Not just the loss of crop was involved here. People reacted to the 'hopper invasion as if to say Damn it, now that's just too much! The Depression, and then the drought, and now these hungry bugs trying to outdo both of those.

There also was a spooky kind of suspense about the 'hoppers. Any given summer of those years, you couldn't know ~~You couldn't know if they were going to show up~~ if it was going to be a grasshopper season again, and if they did hatch, there was no predicting which areas they would descend on, and which fields within the areas. As if someone was wildly waving a revolver in a crowded room: no knowing if it was loaded, and if it did go off, who would get struck.
~~when you think you're safe~~

I suppose my father deliberately had me go with Dale Copenhaver's half of the crew, on the theory that it might be good for me to be bossed around by somebody outside the family for a change. That the end result was any different is not at all certain, however. For when the truck stopped at the third wheatfield along the ~~high~~^{dike} road, the person waiting there for a bait handler was a woman. Dale Copenhaver cast a glance over the grown men in the truck and called, Jick, how about you helping Mrs. Peyser here.

Now, I don't know ~~what~~^{why} Dale thought ~~something~~ anything was likely to ensue between a woman and a man in an open field with a swarm of grasshoppers imminent. Possibly his decision wasn't that explicit, he only wanted not to embarrass either side--people not married to each other, awkward time together. Which ~~isn't~~ nominated somebody too milk-toothed ~~to~~^{to} be any cause for embarrassment of that sort. I swung off the truck.

How long's Lloyd been on the dam job?

Since it thawed enough for them to work. Early March.

Then who
~~was~~ did this farming?

I did.

~~Norman~~
With ~~Walter~~ and all?

~~Norman's~~
~~Walter's~~ getting his start early. ~~And~~ All I could do was leave him in the car

~~motion~~ aside the field here. Every round I plowed, I'd climb off the tractor

and go over and check on him. She looked at ~~him~~ ^{the boy}. We made out okay,

didn't we, hon?

Dumb me. If I had that moment back I would without hesitation say
what deserved to be said: Lady, you did a lot better than okay.

Instead I hefted the next sack of bait into the spreader, and we set off
to give the grasshoppers some more hell.

The day was a swelterer. By rights the poison-spreading should have
been done hours before. ~~But the day was so hot,~~

Sometimes life has to be makeshift, though. If we were spreading bait in the heat of the day instead of while the grasshoppers were drinking dew, that was just the way it had to be.

Not only the day was hot; so was that Dodge. For one thing, Malvina was doing what a lot of people did in those days--covered the radiator with a gunny sack. That way, OO could be burned instead of gasoline.

But the Dodge also was grinding along through this field in low gear, for the sake of spreading the bait thoroughly. Between that, and the OO, and the blistering weather, I had to put water in the radiator frequently. Which is another of my least favorite chores, unscrewing the cap of a boiling radiator. All there was to do, though, was to wrap my right arm in my coat each time, and with my gloved hand cautiously loosen that cap a little at a time, until the pressure--and the chance of me getting scalded like a hog--went down. Then I would pour in some more ditch water, and off we would go again.

begin ch. w/ word: Siderius...

Siderius was staying leery of all Duffs, but particularly that old bearcat Hugh. He himself couldn't see that they had any gripe coming, they'd been paid the exact damn same as everybody else. And now they had jobs, the whole slew of them. He could stomach Owen, who knew a job was a job, but the rest of the bunch...

...

whatchamacall'er

The old woman, whozit--Dora-- seemed to be the only one on the place when he drove down, that day in early '34. But to hear her tell it, there were Duffs up every coulee... He asked for her husband... She studied his car and he was glad he didn't have the Corps of Engineer license plates...

Hugh Duff was (at some chore).

Siderius always kept to the same spiel--here for the government--going to be a project--fair offer on your land-- But for some reason, the look of this Duff caused him to jab out: "You heard? They're going to be building a dam at Fort Peck."

"What's that to us?"

"This'll be part of it. Under the lake."

"That's daft. The Glasgow country"--he said it a way Siderius had

even
I crossed - st
To avoid cheer
Women - good Goss,
the women -

in working order yet
Not nearly all of Wheeler was complete. Directly in front of

boards of surrounding
them down the block, a tall man in a suit and vest shot out from a vacant raw-framed building, turned, and gave the structure a kick. He seemed to think it over briefly, then kicked the wood ^{an siding?} twice as hard.

edge
"I felt that from here," Bruce said aside to Neil. "If that guy keeps on, he'll be in the market for assistant kickers."

"Wait a minute," Neil said. "Let's just see." He went over to the disgusted man. "You putting up this building, mister?"

"No," the man said sarcastically, "I'm just throwing money at the goddamn place for exercise."

"What's left to do?" Neil peered into the walked-in shell of building, atop gray Fort Peck clay. "Only the flooring? My brother and I can handle a hammer."

"Look, junior, the last jackleg sonofabitch of a carpenter left me in the lurch here. I need the real item ~~here~~ ^{here}. Every minute this place isn't making me money it's costing me money. Fort Peck's got carpenters up the geegee, and they're all out there"--he waved toward the trestlework-- "on Frank D.'s payroll, God bless him."

By now Bruce had his head in the structure beside Neil's. Off behind the stack of floor boards stood a pile of cardboard boxes which advertised Mighty Mac bib overalls and Peerless worksocks and so on. "So, you're opening a line of dry goods."

"Wet," said the suited man. "You're looking at the Blue Eagle Saloon. Or would be, if it had a sonofabitching floor in it."

"We can lay your floor for you," Neil asserted. "Give us a crack at it, Mr.---?"

"Harry. Tom Harry." He looked at the pair of them as skeptically as if checking the sex on new puppies. "This 's got to be done on a contract basis. Meet the deadline, or no pay--I can't be forking out to jacklegs who don't come through on the job. You two ever worked that way before?"

"All our lives," Bruce vouched, Neil cutting him off with:

"What'll you pay, if we do contract it?"

Tom Harry named his price.

"You're on," Neil and Bruce told him together. It was Neil who cast a second look at the stack of floor boards and asked:

"How long have we got to do ^{this} the flooring?"

✓ see...
main line
connected
Sunny Jim.

tried to
talk it

"Taxi-dancing." Hugh figured he had him there. "~~Mister~~, the Wheeler
~~beat~~ Inn beat you to it. Half the women in the ^{world} universe are already working
that place."

"Check ^{out} ~~your~~ the arithmetic," Tom Harry said unperturbed. "A work force
of ~~ten thousand here~~, when they get really geared up on ~~the~~ building the dam.
Three shifts a day--one ^{gang} ~~batch~~ working, one sleeping, and that still leaves
about 3500 guys off-shift, ^{lks for nothing to do} any hour of the day or night. Lots of them will
be married men," he looked coolly at Hugh, "but plenty won't," switching
his look to Neil and Bruce. "[There's] not going to be any shortage of guys
hanging around hot to trot."

The hammers hit higher notes while the pile driver gave bass whumps
beside the river. The Missouri had heard clamor before: the rumble of
buffalo herds, the axes of woodhawks cutting wood for the steamboats.

^{But} There had been fifty years of comparative silence since either of those.

Now the first pinions of the Fort Peck project were being driven: the
supports of the ^{spur} ~~road~~ railroad trestle, the nails of a dancefloor.

Neil tried to take it in seasons. He would hammer
snug his end of a board
into place, drive the nails, draw a breath while Bruce whaled at his end
of the board, then start down the board nailing it at every joist.

Whang! (have Hugh hammering o's'thing?)

Everything about Fort Peck Dam was going to set a record.

Depression portrait of Gros Ventre unused(?) in Eng Crk:

Gardens of that time were tremendous, any food that could be grown was that much less to have to buy. Too, a lot of town families still raised chickens, and quite a number had a milk cow. Besides doing as much as possible to feed themselves, people did a great deal of puttering around. Men with no other job in sight tackled house repairs, or fenced the yard, or split wood--almost every back yard held a woodpile like a small hill. The women~~x~~ planted flower gardens to splash some color into life. So anything that was a matter of energy, of puttering and contriving, the hard times did not particularly quench. What had come to a standstill were the parts of life requiring actual money. Build or repair something, but then you couldn't afford to paint it. (That lack of paint, houses fading toward gray and machinery turning to rust, to me is the tone of those Depression~~x~~ years.) Cars got more and more Ajlopy-like, the triumph simply was to keep them running. And whenever somebody moved away, the house or business simply stood there empty, the life cored out of it.

"You heard about how Johnson got hired, didn't you. The personnel

guy asked him, 'You ever had any schooling?' 'Yes.' 'Whereabouts?'

'Yale.' 'Well, that's ^{terific} wonderful. You're hired. What'd you say your

name is?' 'Yohnson.'"

from REMEDY IS NONE, Wm. McIlvanney:

p. 15: Was this how death happened, in the middle of a bright day that was too busy to notice?

p. 15 -- He seemed hardly to have thought about his father as himself for as long as he could remember.

p. 28 -- ...he seemed to understand something for the first time. He knew what it must have been to be his father.

p. 44 -- His forehead, ploughed with effort, slowly took on a faint dew of sweat.

p. 49 -- He went on from boyhood to manhood, ~~rearing and certainly~~ living always between the plaster and the poultice...

p. 59 -- The present was riddled with the past.

p. 70 --...even when he was a boy there always seemed to be some central worry occupying him at any given time.

p. 72 --Needin' her tongue scrapit.

p. 95 -- Margaret was no more than an elemental extension of the baby...

p. 103 -- ...Ah'd better no' write a letter tae ma feyther. He'll just have learned tae live wi' the fact that Ah must be dead by now.

p. 141--...a big-boned and bluff man, body and limbs put together roughly in powerful slabs.

p. 201 -- ...moods that sway the tides of our bloods like moons...

p. 205 -- A city in ruins moves us less than one widow weeping.

Odd, that I always think of Gros Ventre as a town of nearness to the mountains, because the site more closely neighbors the ^{flat} farming country; you only have to pass Lawrence van der Post's place with its few dairy cows at the eastern edge of town and the patterns of cultivation begin. Grain is the word from then on, echoing and echoing across northern and eastern Montana and the Dakotas all the way to Minneapolis where the giant elevators rise in response. Seventy and eighty years ago the homesteaders were the ones who found out, by trial and error, that you could grow things in some of the soil of Montana. Provided that some of the weather of Montana didn't swallow you first.

regular
as a
rug
pattern
of
yellow
strip
planted
it in

[Anyway, that sight of Gros Ventre as ~~you top~~ ^{the road drops you down from} the benchland south of town is mostly of mountains and the tree-lined creek leading to them. Maybe it is that link made by the creek, English Creek twining westward and then dividing into the South Fork and the North Fork, and those two threading on up into the mountains, that connects the skyline and the town.

more

granted, but then "Too
"Decent enough country," Riley popped off with: ~~Too~~ bad it's
never been settled by human beings."

My father had an attitude toward his Forest Service bosses that I can only call patient fury. The everlasting exasperation he felt toward those higher-ups at Region One headquarters in Missoula and the main fudge factory in Washington, D.C., was a kind of fuel for his ranger work--a stack of waiting paperwork was the ^{quickest} ~~best~~ possible thing to propel him into a three-day horseback trip up into the mountains to look over the Two Medicine National Forest, his forest--

adapt if not used
in 72 Jan

I had years of nights alone to make up for. And Dair had
enthusiasm of her own. Do it until you get it right, wedding jokesters liked
to advise. We strove to.

If I had
anything to
do with it,
we were
going to
strive to.

To say that my mother and Florene were friends puts it somewhat

too strong. They were more like crewmates who happened to be in the

same boat: born as women into a region ^{which} featured male livelihoods.

than said but...

Anna's people, Margaret and Walter Ramsay, were as advertised:

you could see from her where Anna got her starch, you could wonder from

him how he survived around these women. The Ramsays had bought a

the horse rancher Isaac Reese the only neighbor near.
relinquishment, the farthest homestead under the mountains. A place

~~where~~ with a possible hay crop along the creek, and a view of the Rockies

and Breed Butte, and with wind and winter. I hoped they knew what they

were in for, when January and February came.

I thought of Edinburgh's famous cannon Mons Meg ~~and~~ Great Meg ~~and~~
Great Meg she became in my mind ever after.

"You were schooled where?" she asked.

"At a 'venture school, in Nethermuir."

"Anna and I ~~both~~ both matriculated from OO Dame School in Brechin."

"So I understand." (tricklated)

Whoof. Great Meg was going to be something to put up with, but

Anna was worth all.

I am trying to recall Walter Ramsay's full contribution to that

conversation. I believe it was, I ^{would} ~~be~~ have the butter, ^{if you} ~~please~~, please.

A
very
decent
house

If God had His eye on every sparrow, ^{why hadn't He noticed} he couldn't help but notice

this Adair as the waif of the flock.

use of me. Indeed, by the second day I was hearing from him:
"Angus, I've some matters at the house. You can preside here till I
get back, say." And there was my promotion into being in charge of
the Medicine Lodge during the buttermilk hours of the day.

"How do, Red." The taller of the pair who were bowlegging
their way to the bar gave me the greeting, while the shorter why one
beside him chirped, "Pour us somethin' that'll cheer us up." In
that order of presentation, Perry Fox and Deaf Smith Mitchell these
were. Riders for one of the Moon Creek cattle ranches up near the
Blackfoot Reservation. Progeny of Texas who, to hear them tell it,
had strayed north from that pathological prairie and hadn't yet
found their way back. The one called Deaf Smith was no more hard of
hearing than you or I, but simply came from a Texas locality of that
name. Not easy to grasp logically, was Texas.

In not much more time than it would have taken Lucas to serve
an entire saloonful, I managed to produce a bottle and pour my pair
of customers a drink.

They lifted a glass to each other and did honor to the
contents, then Perry faced me squarely. "Red, we got somethin' to
ask you."

RECEIVED
The wives of English Creek had a ladies' club, which met every month

or so to play cards or work on quilts or maybe just visit. Whoever

hostessed the meeting would place a plate in the middle of her table

and each woman would put in a dime, to help out with the cost of ^{the} coffee

and baked goods. Once ~~when~~ in these years, when Florene hadn't shown

up for three months in a row, everybody noticed and commented on it,

but it took my mother to figure out the reason. Florene did not ^{have} the

dime to drop on that plate. It was my mother, too, who saw to it that

the plate thereafter resided somewhere less conspicuous and that

Florene resumed coming to the meetings.

I'd had my

say, such as it was, about her and Riley after their ^{Chineok} night of ecstasy.

~~in Chineok.~~ For the old ever to try to tell the young how to live is

as hopelessly far behind as [thunder lecturing to lightning.]

Thunder
speaking
-10
lightning

On a straight stretch where the Bago's headlights steadily fed the
freeway into our wheels, I cast another quick glance over at the
half-stranger who was my undeniable daughter. A parent has some powers,
accuracy of... seldom
but prediction is nowhere among them.

Jicks says he sees bestowing the ranch to the Conservancy as a kind of
tithe. Giving back to the earth.

"There's a saying: 'If you want to know what God thinks of money,
take a look at who he gives it to.'"

Angus
+
Vance
start for
Two Med
Sheep?

when can you?

can't just

You can never open yourself up like a satchel and say, here is everything I feel and think, every moment of it. No, in any case I can think of there are silences to lived with, too. The night ones while you wonder what the price of lambs and wool will be; and I suppose on Adair's side, maybe 00 or 00--I don't really know, I have to guess, and that's the point.

Try do nothing today that will ^{haunt} ~~taint~~ tomorrow. That hardest commandment when you are young--or any other age.

You can never open yourself up like a satchel and say, here is everything I feel and think, every moment of it. No, in any case I can think of there are silences to be lived with, too. The night ones such as this, especially.

The bus traveled a veering, jagged route which took an hour and a half

to carry us the twenty miles to Valier. Boredom set in fast. I played

cards so relentlessly I have hardly touched them since. The game was

Pitch, brisk and with small strategy to it, and we hunched into the aisle

like near-sighted conspirators. Charles would fan his cards an inch

from his glasses, lensed thick as goggles. The world was an unedged

blur to him, and he had spent time in a school for the blind until they

discovered he was hardskulled enough to get by in life, blurred or not.

Mearlin offered his bid with a wry grin, which either meant he had no

strength in his cards at all or that he held devastation for us ~~and~~ if

we let him have the bid. Tom calculated long, as numbers forced him

to do, then always said abruptly: Pass. I flicked my cards, hooted over

the capture of a jick or jack,

use
w/
Mott?

use
w/
Dad?

Bruce?
A shepherd might learn ~~on his own,~~ but damn seldom would he take instruction.

"Except those cards." This unexpected reply from Bruce, whose
game now floated serenely along three foreheads instead of two.
Wernberg shot him a look which all but choked.
"Yes, except those cards," Melander chuckled. "And even
the Russians might find it hard to believe that we've been busy
storing away treasures of such sort. No, Wernberg, it's you against
the three of us, and we'll see who the Russians choose to believe.
Our souls are fresh and there's a spring green in our eye, so far as
they know. You wouldn't be the first one here to be thought of
his head, or a corner of mischief for some other reason." Melander
paused, then said in his know-all fashion: "You play a hand of cards
now and again, don't you, Wernberg? I suggest you have a second look
before you wager."
The blacksmith began to retort hotly: "Now listen, you three
wines-drinkers..." But Melander beat him to speech yet again.
"Be careful of your words, Wernberg. If you're talking with us,
we have much time ahead together and don't need the burden of bad
feelings. If you're going to the Russians, you don't want your
last sentiments to weigh wrongly on your soul."
Wernberg was ponder-still, in state as Melander. Fury had his,
but evidently something other, too, for he had clasped his mouth
until his lips all but vanished. Words were having their spines snapped
there, the other three could see.
Finally Wernberg broke his silence, swung a heavy look to Bruce,
at last and longest to the silent one, Karlsson.
"You set of apur-sheds may be better at this than I thought,"
he mumbled. "I'm with you, Gustaf help me. Now you've to tell me

At the start of the Thirties when drought came along and joined
hands with Herbert Hoover, the talk in Montana and I suppose elsewhere
in the west began to be of averages, averages, averages. How far below
the ten-year average the current calf or lamb or wool or wheat price
was. Even more than that, how the year's moisture to date compared
to the annual average. Month by month and especially all during the
growing season, those precipitation averages were always in the newspaper
and radio reports. ~~That perpetual~~ ^{at last} ~~All that~~ attention to them, ~~in fact~~, caused Bill
Reinking, the editor of the Gleaner, to write ~~one time~~ that the wrong
arithmetic was being performed-- all that was needed was to average out
Hell and the North Pole, which would sum up Montana's climate once and
for all.

use for
1936

used

For all the glory of the Fourth, it also made me think of school....

I got along well enough in school; the only thing I much minded about

it was the time it consumed. What people we would be if born with

our schooling already in our heads, or could ingest it all in some

single avid stretch of months instead of stint after stint filling

twelve whole years, I don't just know. More individual of each other

than we already are, possibly, and that wouldn't necessarily be to

the good. But anyway, school did mean to me--and had, to Alec--a

passage into different world, one with English Creek and Two only

along its edges. My mother, with her notions of improvement, I think

looked forward to autumn as a time when Alec and I would get some of

our summer habits corrected out of us. But I believe my father saw

the start of school as the point when he began to have only part-time

sons again. ^{And} Sons on their way into their own lives, out of his.

miss
for
Owen!

^{we wore}
The shoes ~~worn~~ to school were a kind of bank account for all

tot up

to read. Mine were scuffed but adequate, like our family condition.

Ray Heaney's oxfords always looked as if they had come out of the

Monkey Ward mail-order box that morning. Whatever conglomeration of

boots and brogans was divvied onto the nine pairs of Heaney feet at

any given time was more holes than leather.

4 all's

But

use in center 2 wk -
Frew son of
Left-handed Rainbow

✓OK

Charity Frew

This scene is fresh in my mind. ~~Betty Cox~~ was calling on my mother about something or other, and although I supposedly was out of the way, doing schoolwork at my father's desk, I happened to hear my mother say to Betty: You look thriving.

I glanced over in time to see Betty, a little ~~bit~~ blond bit of a thing, ^{and then} grin, cup one hand and make an outline in front of her stomach as if tracing a half-watermelon in the air. December, she said.

From what I could tell, women seemed to communicate that way ^{just} a lot, ^{Had} to ~~have~~ their private network of what was going on in the world...

lot. Theirs was a private network. A male could only half-guess at the information they were passing to one another.

you had
to half-guess,
& yet, you
knew in your
bones what
they were up to.
They were
up to
nothing.

Merle Dorrance, who had the place farthest up under the mountains,
right against the national forest line, faced almost combat conditions.

In winter the wind slammed through there like you wouldn't believe,
and snow drifted until it covered Merle's fenceposts and left him

guessing its depth beyond that. Summers, Merle retaliated on at least
ransacking the ranch for hay,
three fronts. His days he spent getting ~~the~~ hay in, mowing every coulee

that ~~had~~ ^{showed} enough grass to fill a sheep's belly. Then the early part of
each night he went over to the south fork ^(with his shotgun) and sat sentry for beaver.

~~with his shotgun~~ His ^{contention} tussle with ~~the~~ beaver about the south fork--

Merle of course wanting water for his hay coulees, ~~the beaver engineering~~
it for their dams and lodges--went on and on...

His third field of contention, though, ~~was~~ ^{made. beaver battle seem-ling.}

Bears. Merle was a burly man with a big low jaw that always reminded

me of a picture of a pelican. The thought of him out after a bear

was kind of amusing, that pelican jaw in pursuit of

I suppose the bears never saw the entertainment in the situation, though,
The bears must have found it less amusing, for Merle trapped them

relentlessly. More than once my father came onto

No-man's land

marauding

they figuring they deserved it for

never-ending

in pursuit of a creature

no argument

always had a beaver who could shoot

Nothing gave a forest ranger more grief. Several years ago a new

regional forester arrived ~~with~~ from California with the conviction

that burros would be as good as mules. It of course turned out that

burros, being shorter-legged, could not step over windfalls as easily

as mules could.

I suppose. They would be
Today, it might be theorized that the two of them did not say

openly enough to one another what really was on their minds. But

in that time, by those two people, such troubles could not be said

that way. They could only beat soundlessly inside them, like birds

walled in by glass.

'39 diary - also etc?

use in Montanians ✓

- as one of Nelson's
columns?

- pick wandering which was
are his/other's & which his
own?

Somebody has since told me that Gifford Pinchot himself was a
diarying fool, that he wrote in it without fail every day of the year--
talking in it to a young woman he loved who died. It is somewhat spooky
to think of Pinchot possessed by a dead love. Pictures of him, that
frozen face and latch of mustache, you'd never know he was ~~burning~~ smoldering that way.
Besides, he was one of the big ticks supposedly running this nation,
governor of Pennsylvania now that he no longer had anything to do with
the Forest Service.

more
I don't ~~really~~ ^{for certain} know ^{proclivity} if Pinchot's ~~case~~ brought about the ^{diary} ~~daybook~~
notion, but the U.S. Forest Service anyway wanted to know, in writing,
what you'd done with your day.

sources that in its early days the Lunchery, or whatever name it was under at the moment, had a sign on the wall reading:

Meals 50¢

Big feed 75¢

Hell of a gorge \$1

In short, the Lunchery's main claim to fame was that it made the Sedgwick House menu look dainty and delectable by comparison. Yet its pedigree as a going business went most of the distance back to Gros Ventre's origins; the building had begun as the stagecoach station. Toussaint Rennie perhaps was the only person old enough to still call the place the Way Stop. Guys of the next generation had the habit of calling it the Fargo House, and my father and his generation mostly referred to it as the Doozy, from when a man named Deuce Harrison ran it. To me, though, it was the Lunchery, and Lunchery lore was a kind of seasoning, an attention-getting spice, in the history of Gros Ventre. The most famous tale was that once when somebody asked an old sheepherder when he was going back out among the woolies, he said he was washed up at that, too creaky to tramp the mountains, but he figured he could always get a job herding flies at the Lunchery. I think that exaggerates. The occasional times when I would be with my father when he was on Forest Service meal money, traveling back late from Great Falls or someplace, his suggestion of "Let's go try the Doozy" never did us any real culinary harm, that I know of.

Of course, that may have had something to do with the fact that

Jack's note to know when
of July - or o.
scatter rocks? ✓✓

I do like the big sweeps of mountain and plateau and plain that
the Two country presents. Gimcracks of nature bother me. Where English
Creek flows into the Two Medicine River, there are formations of rock
in all kinds of crazy shapes. I have been there to take a look just
once. Rocks that are mimicking toadstools and OO and OO make me uneasy.
It seems to me the life of the planet ought to be more serious than that.

———
To own land, though. To be the lord of each spear of grass, king
over the spring flowers. Nothing excels^g it, I thought then.

———
~~Yet the key to Scotch Heaven was not our homesteads. 160 acres
is not nearly enough to pasture a band of sheep on. The free range,
the grass of the foothills and on up into the mountains, was the
larder for our livestock. Ninian Duff had seen this, and I can at
least puff myself that I saw what he meant.~~

I have the theory that my mother's cooking lured us all into our democratic attitude toward food. Grow up on the assumption that everything on your plate is going to be delicious, and the habit of tucking away can come pretty easily. Specialties of hers I still can taste. A venison mincemeat she made from deer neck. Noodles broad as a finger and rich with the taste of the chicken accompanying them. Chocolate ice cream cake. Her recipe for hot water pie dough was the envy of half the county. I remember once we were all at the Ear Creek ranger station, a ~~garden~~ Forest Service gathering of some sort which included the supervisor of the Two, 00. Louise Bowen had set a decent enough meal, and now ~~then~~ brought out a couple of gooseberry pies. 00 cut into his piece first, the fork making a tunk as it forced through the crust and hit the enamelware plate. It sounded like a hailstorm on a tin shed as the bunch of us worked at that pie, and while my mother's face stayed perfectly pious, I somehow knew how gratified she was by the downfall of a rival crust.

3/10/19
slim down the waist and hips that the seat of his pants always
baggied in, and the tongue of his belt had to flap far past the

This couple from Dundee and Perth had alighted in the remotest corner of an untamed county draped amid severe mountain ranges. That was simply the outer geography of their situation. Within that came the fact that their fallow, open-to-the-sky Tierney Basin was -- although it can be doubted that anyone there knew the word -- a ghetto.

No matter that the people were only a handful across the flank of an entire mountain range, or that the heights walling them in

were weathered granite rimrocks instead of brownstone. Those homesteaders were immigrant, spoke dialect, kept their old ways, had endless children, and clutched together in narrow confines to try to make a living. Like a ghetto, too, the Basin ran more on memory and hope than on the pocketbook of the moment. Always the backdrop of Scotland hung at the corner's of the settlers' minds, reminding that the overworked home country could not provide job enough, household enough, chance enough. And in from those brain corners, like sparrows trapped in a barn, ^{circled}came the hopes that this Montana land was going to bestow all those.

But the bestowing was being asked in a hard place, and at a late time in the route of America's western settling.

every
usually
Ed
He would say, Time for the kicking contest. Then he'd put on

overalls and change ~~into~~ to an old pair of shoes and head out back

to milk the Heaney cow. They were among the last very few families

in Gros Ventre to keep a milk cow, what with the creamery providing

a contentious
an easier source. At this time the Heaneys had ~~an~~ old Jersey. Ed

of course hobbled her to contain her kicking, but then she took

to whapping her tail around as he sat to milk her. Being hit across

the ear with a cow's tail with fresh manure on it is not a recommended

way to start or end the day. But in his mtehodical way Ed solved

the tail situation too. He ran a line of clothes wire across the

back of the milking stall, took a clothespin, and pinned the end of

her
~~he~~ tail to that.

move?

二

Stegner's
~~dir~~
admin's
ep task 7
Dev

7. 12. 19

Victorian
diction

Proxy started to say something like Claudette, but decided brass might be better. "Does it matter any?"

or: "Does it matter any?" She had started to say something like Claudette, but decided brass might be better.

"You're who?"

"Does that matter any?"

but said

This one isn't scared, the sheriff thought to himself, and wasn't sure whether he liked that fact or not.

"I have to tell you what's involved here?" he asked.

"I hear you like--you always want a trip around the world."

As much as it galled him to know they talked about him, he was
relieved not to have to instruct ^{issue instructions} on something like this.

"That's the deal, all right," he said gruffly. Then: "That sort of thing suit you?"

"That doesn't matter either, does it."

+
"Candell"
sd proxy
had been
ready to
say

He had
been running
out of better
terms than
this

*different
version used*

the man was an absolute revelation, Darius now found. Like some goggled ambassador from Utopia, Mott laid into the existing system with savage fact or, when he was short of that, scalding sarcasm. One of his political adversaries was a local lawyer who had tried to drum up trade among the Norsk farmers by painting advokat in gilt on his office window; Mott ever after referred to him as the abokat, which was Norwegian for 'monkey.' (Darius, upon being apprised of this in a whisper from Jaraala, whispered back: "Now I am impressed. A man who can slander in more than one language.")

..."In ^Russia, it sounds as if they've knocked each other around, a bit much. Now, you can agree with Lenin that the old regime needed smashing, but once smashed, then the workers ought...

The Producers News was overrun with wordslingers. Every fluctuation
up, down, away, red, blue, yellow
of politics was registered in its prairie ink. Tom O'Flaherty, brother
of the more famous Liam, wrote a weekly column remarkable for its lilt
and vitriol. Although O'Flaherty by now had removed to New York and
taken up a role *referred to as* there in what was called the Drinking Man's Wing of the
Communist Party, his memory lingered on in Plentywood. One of the farmers
caught Jaraala by the elbow and, nodding toward Darius, demanded to know:

"This isn't another one of those drinking talking Irishmen, is it?

Because if it is--"

"He's from Glasgow," Jaraala said righteously, then thought to add:

"The Scotland one."

Darius in the damwork promptly recognizes---in the way the man looks at a foreman---a fellow radical workman. (^{Tom} John Jiraala?) J. is an old Wob, and he steers Darius to Plentywood radicalism.

--They arrive there w/ the May '34 duststorm: do dscptn from Producers News etc.

--The leaders in Plentywood are the ex-sheriff (base him on Salsbury's general career, but don't ~~have~~ have him identical?) and the newspaper editor (use Taylor, or make one up?)

--Jiraala vanishes in the '36 fingerprinting. (somebody says, "J quit the country.") (*Darius goes to Pl' wood by himself.*)

--The sheriff naturally hates the Plentywood ex-sheriff; it was a bit before his time (?), but he's shocked that a Bolshevik could have been elected to office.

--possible angle to aim the sheriff and Darius together: Darius has a near-accident, p'haps the cement bucket shearing down the rungs of the ladder just after he'd been on it. He (in general revenge against the working situation) then commits sabotage: drops a wrench into something, maybe. A contractor or a Corps honcho mentions this to the undersheriff and the sheriff?

"I'm still feeling my way," Darius was saying to her now. "So far, this seems to be a country where they allow you to fly any kite as long as it doesn't have a shred of an idea attached." She felt him shake his head from side to side on the pillow, as if trying to take in the meaning of some outrageous tribal behavior. "But there's a potentially useful paradox there, don't you s--, I mean, it would seem to me," he loped the argument on. "Precisely because nobody in America seems to care damn-all about political thought, that leaves room for those who do, now doesn't it. And that's interesting about this country. You can maybe get at the political roots here. Here there's a local chance, to march in there and operate things. Mott ran that county. By an open election. In Scotland, anywhere in Britain, we were always having to wrestle London. We'd put a bit of aggravation into the streets, try to claim our own turf for ourselves, and out would come troops, slap like that." He hit the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other.

Darius stayed at Jaraala's elbow in the Plentywood Temple of Labor.

If Darius had never expected to be making an excursion to a clapboard

Temple of Labor in Plentywood, Montana, it was no small departure for

From the time of
Tom Jaraala either. The IWW ~~HAD~~ been his rough school, the lumberjack

of combat
bunkhouses and the street theatres of Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Everett,

Industrial
Centralia: the International Workers of the World ~~agitated~~ fought where

it could, endured casualties--Frank Little lynched in Centralia, OO in

Joe Hill
Butte, O dead in gunfire from the deputies at the Everett pier--and

cast them into song. (Darius, hearing J's whistling, had sought the

chance to say, "There's another I quite like from The Little Red Songbook.

How does it go? 'I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night..."

the by all reports,
Airdrie, Motherwell, Vale of Leven, Longcroft, Condorrat; out

of the West of Scotland.
there in the coalfields and the industrial towns, the strike was holding

strong

place
The soft part, against all expectation, was Glasgow and the Clydeside.

The strike committee which Darius had joined was stunned by the Glasgow
when the

Trades Union Council in Glasgow

Perhaps it was the presence of ~~of~~ the warships the government had sent

... I was in the movement.

...Then men lined up in ranks to kill men just like themselves.

...Well, nearly is a bit strong. But they were off balance, the owners
and the government. And all there is to do is to keep coming back at
them, press on...

Geography. Damn the geography, geography was the blubber of America,
great fat spaces, paddings of distance between human groups. No wonder
it was so hard to agitate against the big bugs; Jaraala had recounted
from him, more in sorrow than anger, the IWW's woes; of striking a blow
in one western town, and being struck down in another.... Darius almost
felt nostalgia for Great Britain's (social order), vertical instead of
bending away out of sight over ridge after ridge.

But that was the point, here at Plentywood; to see how to take
control in a smaller place, and enlarge from there. The foothold had
too damnably many,
failed at Clydeside; now to try it where there ^{might be} ~~were~~ just enough (people).

Darius: (the difficulty of getting to Plentywood etc.)

Geography. Damn the geography, geography was the blubber of America, great fat
spaces, paddings of distance between (groups that could be usefully agitated)...
He almost missed the (British social order), vertical instead of bending away
out of sight over ridge after ridge... (ladder instead of sprawl?)

(Darius recites certain syndicalist or communist theory to himself, to bolster
his hope?)

Pick it in
at least
it's
was felt up and ran.

weight
of big bugs
came down you
in 30

use for Neil or Bruce, if not
used in R Fair?

Varick was readying the wagon for us. Dair looked to the door where

he had gone out. "I'll tell you something you've not seen before."

"What's that, now?"

"Varick at the stove lids a minute ago, blackening his boots..."

It startled me enough. Fifteen and he was shining boots to...

"Raising a Highland flinger, are we. He must be yours."

She had to grin.

adapt if not used in Britain

Schoolhouse ^{my new} dances were ~~impossible~~ difficulty. I couldn't not go, even if Adair would have heard of that--which she wouldn't, for the dances were a release for her. How many times, to how many tunes, did I tread the floor of the South Fork schoolroom or the Noon Creek one, glimpsing Anna, while Adair flew in my arms. She was astounding, my wife. Automatically now she was the most popular for men ~~men~~ to dance with. Yet you truly weren't dancing with Adair; you were dancing with something she had become, music in a frock, motion which wore an Adair mask.

choice

"She's another person, out there in the music." This from Rob.

imagine

He meant it to extoll, but that he said it at all was a surprise.

"Yes." (Rascal Fair line?) It was more than noticeable that Adair did not pitch in with the other wives when they put midnight supper ~~Take~~ her, together. Eating wasn't in the same universe with dancing. Everyone at that. was civil to Adair. But it stopped there. She had no friendships beyond myself, Rob, Judith--I wasn't that sure about Judith--and no enemies As far as Scotch Heaven was concerned, ~~like~~ either. She still was a visitor.

sister-in-law

use "stone" seq.?

as the

North Fork wound down the valley it seemed as if the water and the
land were working together, making a fit.

here
should

join

501. night
OO drawled, "Those'll be the only bedsprings in town that ain't singin' tonight." The man in the dark suit turned and went back to the lady photographer...

(Make this a scene of Bourke-white setting up with whatever kind of camera she used?)

make this
into
dialogue.

"A bit of a favor, I need to ask of you," Darius had waylaid him

the night before.

"Where've you had your thumb that you don't want ^{anyone} ~~the police~~ to know about?"

"It's, well, I'm embarrassed to even tell you, ^{have to} ~~about it~~, Hugh, but it's Clydeside ^{dates back to} ~~trouble~~. ^{It's} Political, a person would have to say.

They barred me. You remember, they ^{ended to make} ~~made~~ a habit of that, the big bugs--

bar a person from their 'yards if he'd been too active in favor of a

strike. You can understand, I don't want them matching ^{me} ~~up~~ here and

using that excuse to sack me." I'm - ^{exactly one of your people} ~~exactly one of your people~~ ^{conquering} ~~conquering~~ ^{Montana} ~~Montana~~ ^{and I} ~~and I~~ doing the same."

^{re going to} "They'd just figure it's a different Darius Duff, I suppose." ^{Hugh asked} ~~drily~~

^{LA, H,} "If ~~there are~~ different fingerprints at the Clydeside than on

^{my} ~~my~~ papers here, that's what they have to conclude, don't they," Darius

said calmly. "Fingerprints are supposed to be an exact science of ^{accept} ~~apt to be as far as it'll go~~, w/ any ^{paper-} ~~self-respect~~ ^{shuffles} ~~shuffles~~ identification."

"Then what about--

^{well, that} "yours on record here as mine, has to be a ^{clerk's error} ~~clerk's mistake~~, doesn't it. Same last name, understandable how the forms got mixed up, and so on."

As if making a clean sweep

I v. A. or all be some other sort of name

well, that

clerk's error

handed wrong to someone

should get

The lines snaked slowly into the propped-open double doors of the personnel office. As soon as he was in, Darius had a panicky moment when he saw that the head of the dam security guards, Vern Bantry, was there in the office. Darius tucked himself as thoroughly as he could behind the broad-shouldered pipefitter ahead of him in line and watched. Bantry was joking, laughing. Darius saw then that a couple of Bantry's men had been enlisted at the fingerprinting pads, along with OO. Darius relaxed a little.

When his turn came, Darius coughed a little as he presented his left thumb, then a really wracking ^{outbreak} ~~cough~~ as the thumb was lifted off the ink pad and applied to the first ^{of two} space ~~s~~ on the identity form.

"Hey, now, take it easy," the fingerprinter said. But Darius launched into a ^{Fearful} ~~terrible~~ coughing fit, ^{half-gagging} doubling over with his hands over his nose and mouth--^{which he used as cover to sleep} ~~flaring which he thrust~~ his inky left thumb ^{in a drying wipe along, inside of} deep in his mouth; then out and down his pants leg as the right hand ^{continued with} continued to ~~cover~~ his alarming coughing.

Bantry himself came over to pound him on the back, ^{whomp} ^{of commiserate, until} Darius at last managing ^{ed} to straighten up, eyes running and nose snuffling. Confusion

To our enemies, he ~~passed~~ ^{continued to} himself. [I went thru w/ rest of it.]

of whammed
him o. back to
see if that'd
help.

"Catarrh," Darius pronounced, which in his burr sounded ^{perilously} ~~like~~ ^{on its way} ~~another~~ ^{threatening?} ~~glottal earthquake~~ ^{rapped at} ~~coming~~ ^{tapped - offending}, and he pounded his chest with ^{diagonally}

his right fist. ^{presented} Meanwhile he meekly ~~volunteered~~ his thumb onto the inkpad, where the fingerprinter ^{impatiently} ~~took~~ ^{graved} hold, lifted it over to the second space on the identity form and ^{the delayed} ~~with impatient~~ ^{finality} ~~imprinted~~ ~~Darius's~~ thumb.

~~Never~~ ^{Darius's} ~~Without~~ noticing that it was ~~his~~ left one again.

was supposed to have so
The fingerprinting had come without much warning, ~~but~~ Darius

The fingerprinting was supposed to have come without warning, but
of course Fort Peck's tide of rumor ran a good twenty-four hours ahead
of anything. So Darius had ^{plenty of} chance to think through the matter, and
he'd decided to stay; to put his flesh in the government ink, ^{make their damned daubs,} and take
his chances thereafter. Partly he was counting on governmental lack of
dexterity; he didn't ^{not} really think London was going to ask Washington, D.C.,
to scout ~~around~~ through the entire WPA payroll for him. More than that,
? though, he didn't see how to explain to Easter if they fled.

Extra early, Neil started the truck's long low-gear climb out of the bottomland, the morning fog off the river sealing away the terrain above so that only the ^{everlasting} same amount of steep grade, a hundred feet of sloping twin ruts, continuously showed ahead. The ^{suggested} lugdrone of the truck was monotonously unchanging, too. Nonetheless Neil whistled a bit, feeling he had the jump on the day, plenty of time to make this haul between now and noon when he had to go on shift at the dredgeline.

He palmed the gearstick knob beside his knee for a moment, tattoo of vibration up from the gearbox into his hand. The transmission took a beating, on these hilly hauls, but he intended to snag Bruce or Owen one of these soon weekends ~~and~~ to help him take down the transmission, check the gearteeth and all.

The truck finally dug free of the fog, up into the grass horizons of the ridgeland. Not quite dawn yet; the sky was ^{now} ^{was staying} a little more inky than he expected, making him wonder if his clock was fast. Maybe something to do with the fog. This last stretch of the road from the homestead switchbacked into a long curve eastward, and even before the road topped the ridge, Neil saw that the lid of cloud lay on the river all the way

That's if he cd
Get Bruce
out of. said
w/ Rhonda...
(assumed to think
that way Owen
& Rhonda)

ahead. At Fort Peck they doubtless were cussing the damp gray morning, and Neil whistled some more at the prospect that the fog would burn off into a bright day by the time he hit the dam.

As the sun came up, Neil conscientiously squinted down at the side of the road, same way he did the first minutes of sunrise on all these drives into the start of day. Foggier than he'd thought: the cheatgrass along the road edge seemed dim today, not catching the first light as usual. Curious, Neil glanced ahead and instantly ducked his head as if slashed in the eye, both eyelids clamped shut but a green fuzzy arc of light under the left one. He jammed on the brakes, his

breathing at a panic rate. The ~~vivid~~ feather of green ^{stayed} was in hot outline against the inside of his eyelid. Neil ^{cautiously} opened his eye and the green ^{vivid} blaze ^{smear} arched there across the left half of his vision. He closed his ^{draw down?} eyelid ^{again} and the green blaze ^{, too,} stayed there the same way.

— "What the Jesus--?" Birdlife ^{High} dropped his hammer and looked ready

to run, if he only knew where. "It's turning night again already!"

Fagerli himself appeared startled for a moment, until he remembered. ^{got} ^{clumsy truck at the falling darkness} ^{falling @ 6:30 a.m.}

"Eclipse. It was on the radio. Couple of minutes' worth, is all, and

then it'll be regular light again. Everybody have a ^{take} smoke, ^{why not,} if you ~~if~~
~~want~~, while this gets over ^{with}."

"End of the world, Birdlife!" Bruce teased. "St. Peter'll be sorting us out here in a minute, you better figure out which chicken you're going to start repenting on."

"Lay off him," Fagerli called to Bruce. Then to Birdlife: "But don't be gawking up there, in case that fog lifts. They say you can get your eyeballs fried by looking into one of those."

#

Neil didn't see how he could drive, couldn't see to drive with ^{the} that green corona branded into his eye, and after automatically shutting

off the truck and leaving it parked in compound low, he plunged down the

road toward the river, left hand held over that same eye. The ^{sting of color,} ~~green~~

^{green beyond...} ~~green~~ ^{all in} lifted and fell according to his strides but never went away, ^{leaving his vision,}

^{ins} never dimmed from its hot turquoise ^{arc inside his eyeball.} ~~xxxx~~ across the seal of his eyelid.

Neil breathed desperately from his plunge down the ridge, down into the cover of fog, and from the terror of the blazing brand in his eye.

He knew by now that this wasn't from some shatter of the windshield,

some sliver of glass driven into his eye; that this must be the eclipse

blindness everybody was warned about, every ten years or so, from
childhood on. Except this wasn't blindness, this was maybe worse;
this was a blazing opposite of blindness, something always there you
didn't want to see, couldn't stand to see but couldn't keep from seeing.
Sliver of light.
This would be like living with, what--a scream. No. You might grow
gradually
gratefully color shrieked
used to a scream eventually, or deafen from it. This shrieked vividly
that it was going to stay vivid forever. Even in sleep. My God, how
could you ever hope to sleep with this blazing like a green lamp
inside your eyeball?

He reached the river, clambered out onto a gravel bar, dropped to
his knees and frantically sloshed water, handfuls as fast as he could
scoop it up, onto the eye. The cold shock of ^{the Missouri} it made him gasp, shudder,
applying the ^{too?}
but he kept ~~bathing it~~ water until his hands grew numb. The green
eyebrow still glowed in the center of his vision. Neil lurched to his
feet, the river purling past him, and looked around wildly, trying to
shoot looks here and there more quickly than the green tuft of fire
could follow. But always it was there, in fact it seemed to get ~~where~~ to
where he was looking ahead of his sense of looking there, if that was
possible. Impossible as outrunning your shadow, he ^{realized} knew this was.

"I've to go to Plentywood, and--I'd like you with."

Easter was surprised. "What for?" (more?)

"A funeral."

...

Big Muddy Creek.

The community hall was down by ~~the old river~~
at the top of the town, overlooking the

square streets of Plentywood and the new county courthouse and the bends

of Big Muddy Creek. The Packard was ^{distinct} in a minority among the parked trucks

and pickups.

At the door of the hall, Leo Mott met them, a gangling figure of

grief; determined not to cry behind his thick eyeglasses.

"Sorry for your trouble, Leo," Darius said, gripping
losing his hand into

Mott's massive grip. He indicated Easter. "My wife."

Mott leaned toward her and peered
She looked steadily at him as ~~the~~ Mott's eyes

until ~~the~~ he could make out her face. "We thank you for this show of support,

Mrs. Duff."

Darius took her elbow in surprisingly formal fashion--she couldn't
help casting him a little look out of the corner of her eye--and they
went into the hall. Slatbutt wooden folding chairs had been set up in
rows, and people sitting in them were looking around uncomfortably.

"This tears it," Darius said on their way to the car.

[^]
^{would think}
"I ~~say~~ so," Easter agreed. ^{"Those farmers looked like they were}
^{seeing somebody piss in church."}
^{on the shoes}
^{in soup.}

He seemed not to have heard her. ["You saw the looks on them."] ^{take a leak in middle of church}

They'd never admit they're still churchly. Maybe they're even not.

But that---that in there shook them."

And not just them, Easter thought, looking at his agitation.

"Why does it keep happening? Almost more damned times than I can count, the movement trips over itself like this. You get people halfway lined up behind the workers, manage to make them see what a fraud the old order is, push things to a brink of success--and then it all crashes."

He shook his head. "Mott. I know he's a grieved man. But he lost all sense of tactics with that funeral."

- final impression of D, furious/distraught over election loss.

only once if he wanted a turn at driving. "If I so much as hit a bug^{smot} with Tom Harry's car, I would never hear the end of it," he declined.

lysed
At the door of the hall, Lawrence Mott met them, a looming figure of grief. Proxy could not help staring. Determined not to weep, behind his thick eyeglasses Mott squinted as if pulling up his face like a coverlet.

"Sorry for your trouble, Lawrence," Darius offered, along with his hand which instantly was lost in Mott's mammoth grip. They stood that way until Darius indicated Proxy. "My wife."

*only like
007
wldg
hand*

Hugh & Meg (& possibly Owen?Charlene) when he decides to take the cure:

Meg: "I'm leaving."

H: "That won't be necessary. I'll go."

M: "You? ^{Meg erupted} You?...Where is there for you to go?"
fully

A look on him she hadn't seen since his days of courting her in Inverley.

"College," he said.

begin next scene w/ small cap sign of KEELEY INSTITUTE?

It maybe was not higher learning but it definitely was an education,

Hugh takes the Keeley cure?

--goes to Chicago

'He took off/out of here just like that? Whr. hell to?'

--Owen asks: "Gone? Where the hell, gone?" ↓

Meg: "He said to tell you he's gone to college."

--as per Harold Chadwick's experience, Hugh is told he cannot ever take another drink, or it will set him off again. Also, Harold's experience of someone trying to bully him into a sociable drink, having to turn it aside time and again.

--he drinks root beer instead? Dr. Pepper? Neki? *Orange Crush?*

--he needs a job again when he comes back: asks Owen?

--in the aftermath, Hugh is not noble; he's maybe a bit self-righteous? or is he simply implacable, a new cordage of behavior wound around himself?

In the days subsequent, Hugh Duff had moods he hadn't known he was capable of. The blare of Halvey Street would summon him in the night. After the first week the jag boss was gone; in his place, dollops of wax which could be used to plug the ears. The Carteret staff prided itself on hard cases; this is the belly of the beast, this is Jonah's time in the whale, and you had better make yourself survive it. Pink

shots in the arm gave way to phails of soup; all of it dope of some kind,

Hugh figured, but if it worked he didn't care what it was. ^{if I did, job as him,} The other

inmates, some of them remittance men from the South or the East, talked whom even O'Connor was heard to refer to as thick Micks, of what they would do when they were dried out. Hugh

...he'd have cleaned your clock six ways to Sunday. And after two weeks,

midpoint, Hugh was allowed to go a movie with... ^{granted permission} m O'Connor and a few others of the staff ^{W/} ~~along as~~ a coproral's guard.... And at nine-o'clock, ^{out, Carteret ~~was~~ marched,} ~~in the darkness of the 00 theatre, fifty men simultaneously lifted little~~ ^{turned in a shot of "soup"}

~~but~~ their community gulp of taking the Carteret cure.

one-eyed

The jag boss searched his suitcase, then the chest of drawers,
ed on, melancholy

Hugh looking on bemused.

then under the mattress, for the third morning in a row. Since the

for them both.

jag boss, a back-of-the-yards Chicagoan named O'Connor, stayed with him

how Hugh could have conjured alcohol into
day and night, it was not clear when

the room.


announced

"Clean as an angel's drawers," the jag boss said. He cocked his

ear to the sound of the cart in the hallway. "And here comes your slug

of concrete."

The damnable stuff

Rosellen often turned to the river for company, sometimes following it
all the way south to where it wound out of the Horse Heaven Hills. They
were the ugliest hills in Montana, Rosellen was pretty sure (Charlene
had been totally sure), but the river pranced out of them high, wide and
handsome, its waters freshly braided together from the Gallatin, Madison,
 and Jefferson Rivers at the Three Forks headwaters. The steady-stepping
 river sought into the valley around Toston as if just released, and that
 was Rosellen, too. If she wasn't tracing the riverbank one more time to
 the swallowing hills, she was across the Toston highway bridge, on the
 west bank where the ospreys nested high in the cottonwoods and fished
 the river with their talons; around town, they would be shot at as fish
 thieves.  Coming back from one of her osprey outings, Rosellen met a
 cattle drive, cowboys from the Sixteenmile country. She hurried the
 rest of the way across the bridge and darted over to a telephone pole
 she could stand half behind to watch without spooking the herd of cattle.
The highway

cont'd
 italics

The cowboy winked at her. "Easier to show you than tell you, sis.

Hop up behind." He slipped his boot out of the stirrup, the empty U of it now an open invitation for her to climb on behind his saddle.

For an instant Rosellen wished Charlene was there to nix this.

The cowboy was old enough to be her father. But not as old as her father.

In the next instant, she was up onto the horse and riding double

say, You wanted to know. She could feel it, all right, even up there on the horse: the mass vibration set up by the cows' running hooves; the sensation that the bridge would shiver itself to pieces. Quickly the cowboy spurred the horse around toward the approach to the bridge and shut down on the next cattle who tried to run, deliberately breaking the rhythm so that the vibration could not build and build until it was dangerous to the bridge. Push some, hold some. Rosellen swung down off the horse onto the bank pleased that, thanks to the river as usual, she knew something new, one small thing more about the invisible gearwork of existence.

encl
itals

—
Bruce had been thinking about this all week, a span of concentration that had his head buzzing. A kind of tingle built up behind his ears as he at last reached the point of telling himself ask, go ask, they can't any more than tell you no.

The minute his shift ended, he trotted up the gangplank onto the workbarge.

The famous photographer, a woman, threw the colonels into a tizzy by wanting to visit Happy Hollow. When she asked about the brothel situation, one of the whole cobs hemmed and hawed that, well, yes, the boomtowns had plenty of whatever^s. ~~Then~~ Let's see one of your whatever^s, Colonel, the famous photographer said, and ~~away~~^{off} they and the camera headed, to the Riding Academy.

While the camera worked away (without much success) at trying to capture the Riding Academy, stories grew. It was said that when the famous photographer asked the names of a trio of women, she got back the semi-jingle, "We're just three destitute prostitutes." Well, maybe. It was further told that while the famous phogotraper's escort was inside clearing the way for her, a drunk tapped on the car window and asked if she was in the market for a man. "He's inside," she said. You are the most even-tempered woman he'd ever heard of. Well, ~~xxx~~ maybe.