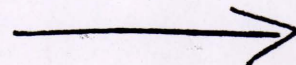


cut this p?

Still needing to orient myself--after my past weeks of reluctant  
snuggle next to Riley in the back of the Bago, the bedroom of the  
ranch house yawned around me like an auditorium--I slid my achey leg  
carefully to the floor and sat up on the edge of the big double bed.

Already there was enough dawn to see the bulk of the mountains; the  
rimrock of Jericho Reef, the tall slopes of Phantom Woman Mountain above  
and beyond it, and beside them to the south the most mountain of all,  
the ~~giant~~ ~~immense~~ bow of cliff that was Roman Reef. When we built this new  
house Marcella and I purposely put every possible window to the west,  
to that view of the jagged rim where the Two Medicine country joins onto  
the sky.

I swallowed hard on the thought of Marce again and tried to center  
my mind only on watching this day begin itself. The mountains were  
going to be clear and near today. A last few desperate patches of snow  
still showed bright among the topmost clefts of Jericho Reef, but their  
destiny was evaporation in another week or so.



more  
mtm phrase  
to cut 91?  
cut



Besides my mother and me, ~~our~~ our square was Bob and Arleta Busby,  
back from returning T to the TMed and  
and the Musgroves who ran the drugstore, and Pete and Marie, ~~who~~

~~was~~ dancing hard for the past hour or so to make up for time lost.

~~to them~~ All of them but me probably had <sup>dance</sup> danced the Dude and Belle

500 times in their lives, but it's basic enough <sup>a</sup> <sup>dance</sup> that I knew the ropes.

You begin with everybody joining hands--my mother's firm feel at the

end of one of my arms, Arleta's small cool hand at <sup>my other extreme</sup> the ~~end of the other--~~

and circling left, a wheel of the eight of us spinning to the music.

<sup>to my father's call of "you've done track, now circle back"</sup>  
Then the circle reverses, ~~back to~~ <sup>us</sup> a prance back to where we started.  
<sup>now a mol chain of us</sup>  
Swing your partner, then the lady <sup>my mother's companion</sup> ~~on the left~~ <sup>from a blue whirlwind</sup> ~~on the left~~, which in my

<sup>now</sup> instance meant hooking arms with Arleta, another first in my life.

<sup>Now</sup> Then ~~back~~ return to partner, all couples do some sashaying right and

left, and the "gent" of <sup>this</sup> that round steps forth and begins swinging ~~his~~ the  
women in turn until he's <sup>with all gusto,</sup>  
~~way through the women~~ back to his own partner. And ~~then~~ swings her ~~around~~

as the Belle of the Ballroom.

"Third gent, swing the lady in blue--"

What I would give

winnamed  
for  
Heart Earth



In the Forest Service in Montana at that time, a person rose to Forest ~~Supervisor~~ Supervisor one of two ways: by achieving ~~a~~ some big, big timber sales, or by making his name as a fire boss. Given that our east side of the Continental Divide is not much for lumber, only some cutting for pulpwood and some lodgepole taken for corrals, it was not surprising that the Two Medicine National Forest was overseen by a fire squire, Ken Sipe. Sipe ~~was one of the first to see how to use the plentiful new manpower when the Civilian Conservation Corps was set up, and~~ was one of the first to see how to use the plentiful new manpower when the Civilian Conservation Corps was set up, and

Sipe

As a fire boss, ~~he~~ liked to take a fire by its face: defeat it head-on, let it burn as little area as possible. Which was a wonderful answer when it worked

which  
was  
a  
wonderful  
answer  
when  
it  
worked



He liked to tell that the first time he voted, he cast three  
ballots for Congressman Carter--one at the half-way station on  
his stage run, ~~one~~ another one when the stage pulled into Craig,  
and a final one when he bot back to Augusta on his return run.

stage coach  
driver was  
17. pol  
power



~~condensed~~

condensed to one great cube of saturation. Karlsson stood within the heavy warmth for a moment, slender and very white in his nakedness, before bringing the small woven reed breathing mask to his mouth and holding it there within his cupped right hand.

"At least this cloud is a hot one. New Archangel could use a few such outside, aye?"

Melander's voice, deeper for being muffled, came from across the room, and in three steps Karlsson could see the hazed man, his body alone in its long-boned angles on the bathing bench. Melander's reed respirator mask all but disappeared in the big hand palmed around it, so that he seemed to be covering a perpetual chuckle.

"Are you tasting it yet?" Melander went on. "Our venture, I mean? I find myself thinking of salt air. Ocean air. Better than sniffing herring, I can tell you."

"Where's our pickpurse?"

"He will come. The hours of Braaf's day are not like any other man's."

"How far do you trust him?"

"Ordinarily, only a whisker's width. But Braaf wants to shake New Archangel from his boots as badly as we do. He'll do much to achieve that. Much that neither of us can do, just as he can't canoe himself down this coast. The three of us are like a bundle of rye when your Skane fields are harvested, Karlsson. Together we lean in support of one another. Take any one away and we fall."



my favorite  
I was starting to work on a piece of white meat, the breastbone...

when Toussaint turned toward me. The potato salad and some other dishes  
were nearest my end of the blankets and I guess I expected that he was  
going to ask me to pass him something. Instead Toussaint stated: You  
have become a campjack.

So moccasin telegraph had the story of my sashay with Stanley.

What coursed through me just then, I would need Methusaleh's years just  
to begin to sort out. Apprehension and confusion maybe came first.

How did Toussaint know, and what exact details did he know? Geography  
came next: how far had the tale spread? Was I <sup>traveling</sup> on tongues throughout

the Two country? And if I was--since that time, I have read of the

(soul?)  
Indian notion of a photographer as a shadowcatcher... The mix of

wonder and apprehension, and even a corner of pride, which I felt must

be something like that shadowcatching. Part of me now was in Toussaint's

knowledge, his running history of the Two: in there with Phony Nose Hogan

and the buffalo and the first sheep... They say when a cat walks across

the ground that will be your grave, you shiver. As I sat there that

July noon with the breastbone forgotten in my hands, I shivered....

more  
and -

3mo old son  
4. Two entry



insert a  
Christensen  
sketch

Meeting the ocean swell at the mouth of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the brig rocked and dipped as though in introduction. A bob and curtsy, it may have been, for the vessel was named the Jane.

Within the Jane's <sup>hold</sup> <sup>feet of</sup> lay 00 piling stock, good round Douglas-fir to underpin the docks of a new port of the Pacific. The pilings had been taken aboard at one of the sawmill settlements which had popped into existence along Puget Sound in the past year or so, and now, outbound, the Jane worked clear of Cape Flattery, adjusted its 00 sails, then bore south, San Francisco-ward.

Wennberg saw the vessel two hours later. Its 00 sails and trailing gaff sail were like two 00 and a tepee on the water, two miles or so out from the shore island and already passing. "Karlsson, Christ-of-mercy, look out there..."  
Braaf, ~~what'll we do...?"~~

They stared  
~~what they did was stand and stare~~ at the ship like men yearning to jump to the moon. Under full sail as the Jane was, they hadn't a prayer of catching her with the canoe. A signal fire, even if one could be built in time, was unlikely to persuade a ship to hove to along this wild coast, but guaranteed to attract the whale-hunting natives.



In any other circumstance, I would have killed for the chance

to explore what she seemed to be suggesting. But...



"Hold me," Karlsson directed Wennberg. <sup>¶</sup> The burly man clamped <sup>his</sup> ~~both~~ arms around Karlsson's knees as Karlsson stretched himself <sup>flat, down</sup> ~~flat~~ toward the spilling water. Like a man peering down a well, <sup>Karlsson now</sup> ~~with~~ both hands <sup>he</sup> ~~Karlsson~~ held the rifle at its ~~barrel end, and Braaf popped~~ barrel end, thrust the stock into the channel as Braaf popped to sight once more. <sup>¶</sup> "Braaf! Grab! We'll pull..." <sup>¶</sup> A wrath of water--it bulged a full three feet over all other froth in the channel, as if some great-headed creature was seeking surface--~~careening~~ <sup>ed in.</sup> Surf spewed ~~over~~ over Karlsson and Wennberg, both of them clenching eyes tight against the salt sting.

When they could look again, Braaf <sup>bobbed</sup> ~~was~~ yards past them, on the landward side, his boy's face in a grimace. He seemed to shake his head at them, <sup>then</sup> the tide abruptly sucked back toward the ocean and Braaf was spinning <sup>toward</sup> ~~past~~ his rescuers <sup>once more,</sup> ~~again,~~ his arms supplicating in <sup>search</sup> ~~of~~ the gunstock. <sup>¶</sup> But short, a hand's-length short...

...God's bones, it never behaves the same twice. Have to be quicker, make ready... <sup>¶</sup> "This time, Wennberg! Lower me more, there, now'll ~~that'll~~ reach..."



Double Win right - bring Alce to mind -  
Jack wants to ask Mac - get him to talking  
o. jam sit'n

also (besides dust route) arenas where Depn  
had been fought out - Noon C & Eng Cr -

farmers selling pork - cattle price joke - sheep  
survived -

insert Two Red Depn earlier?

-- School: I myself boarded out during most of my  
school years, but always with some other family -- not at a  
boarding facility as I read that Ingemar had. I'd like to hear  
any memories of what it was like to live there. Also, anything  
that particularly sticks in your mind about school days: a  
memorable teacher or fellow student, for instance.

-- Finally, I'd appreciate any information on how the  
homestead life ended for your family. For mine and a lot of  
others, it simply was done in by weather, lack of money, or the  
rigors of the work. Those things too are part of the story of  
where we came from.

Thanks for your time.



17021 10th Ave. NW  
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Bonnie Jean McCaffree,

I'm at work on a book about Montana during the homestead era, and I wonder if you'd be game to help me out by providing a few of your memories. My own memory doesn't go back far enough; it was my grandparents who homesteaded south of Helena, and the Depression had wiped out the place by the time I was born. As I've been casting around to find people who have first-hand homestead experience, a friend who grew up in your home area of Montana -- Ken Weydert, whose father once managed the sheep-shearing company in Ingomar -- loaned me a copy of the history written for the Ingomar-Sumatra-Vanada reunion in 1976. I hope you don't mind my getting in touch with you; the only way I can be accurate about what I write is to ask people who know.

You may have heard of my previous Montana book, This House of Sky, which is a memoir of my father and my grandmother and myself when we worked on ranches in the White Sulphur Springs Country, and later ran sheep on the Blackfeet Reservation out from Browning. The book I intend now will be fiction -- which means that names don't matter in any stories you might be willing to share with me -- but I want it to be truthful to homestead life. I'd particularly like to hear from you if you have any details on such topics as these:

-- Living arrangements in a homestead cabin: where everybody slept, what you ate, how you passed the evenings, what games you played with brothers and sisters or neighbor kids.

-- Chores: how old was a homestead child when, say, he or she got the responsibility of gathering the eggs? Filling the woodbox? Milking the cow? Did you help with the farming, and if so, at what age did you start?

-- School: I myself boarded out during most of my school years, but always with some other family -- not at a boarding facility as I read that Ingomar had. I'd like to hear any memories of what it was like to live there. Also, anything that particularly sticks in your mind about school days: a memorable teacher or fellow student, for instance.

-- Finally, I'd appreciate any information on how the homestead life ended for your family. For mine and a lot of others, it simply was done in by weather, lack of money, or the rigors of the work. Those things too are part of the story of where we came from.

Thanks for your time,

IVAN DOIG



Which is like trying to describe all the Indian tribes just by saying they were Indians. Sure, we call them by that single word,-- even though it has such a half-assed history, <sup>origin from</sup> of Columbus figuring he was sailing into Bombay instead of Puerto Rico--but the truth of the situation is that some tribes had horses and some didn't, and some built birch canoes and some used cedar, some favored tents and others built lodges or hogans or cliff apartments: there were differences wherever you looked closely. That was the way with sheepmen, too.

*chucki  
Carroll  
used*  
OO would <sup>never</sup> leave ~~his~~ <sup>more than</sup> any herder of his ~~only~~ three cans of vegetables each week, for fear somebody would rob the wagon. OO provided his

*more*  
~~herders, with plenty of old magazines and newspapers, even the ones who it was pretty clear couldn't read, with plenty of old ~~magazines~~ issues of Saturday~~

*on motion  
they could be  
improving  
themselves  
in evenings  
hours.*  
~~Evening Post and Collier's. The big Long-Cleary outfit up <sup>toward</sup> at Browning~~  
~~was~~ <sup>amounted to</sup> a kind of ranch confederacy, with headquarters at OO and OO and

OO. Walter Craig meanwhile herded his sheep himself. But they were all sheepmen.



Perhaps think of that trick to be done with an apple and a knife:

to peel the fruit in one continuous cutting, the peel spiraling down, *and down*

in ~~greater~~ <sup>*ever*</sup> and greater likelihood of breaking. Their voyage was

like that, each day's dangle--made by the canoe slicing <sup>*distance from*</sup> ~~at~~ the ocean--

more ~~like~~ <sup>*apt*</sup> to snap than the one before.



told that he  
Stanley Meixell first came through Gros Ventre in 1908 or '9,

on his way to . . .

(use descptn of "lunches put up" hotel; italicize M's pun that  
place looked like it could use a prop, all right. Continue italicized  
anecdote with some memory of staying or eating in the place, or something  
to characterize the town.)

December-January The Boston Bird



Stanley Maxwell first came through Gros Ventre in 1908 or '9,

on his way to . . .

(see description of "lunches put up" hotel; it is the same M's pun that

place looked like it could use a prop, all right. Continue it at the

anecdote with some memory of staying or eating in the place, or something

to characterize the town.)

December-January      The Boston Bird



Originally the creek simply shared the name of the town.  
this was simply GV Creek, to go with the town. But

people took to calling it English's Creek.

old rivers to us sense  
migration stream  
nature's joyous tears whence  
flows ~~man's green~~ green field dream



itself and instantly was vanished around the corner.

For three hundred yards across New Archangel Melander strode rapidly, then halted outside the workers' barracks and drew deep breaths.

Entering the barracks, he clattered the door shut behind him, began to shrug out of his rainshirt, mumbled something about having forgot his gloves in the toilet, and was gone out the doorway again.

A person attentively watching the arrival and departure of Melander would have had time to blink perhaps three times.

Wennberg had been idly stropping a knife as he spectated the card game being played by three carpenters and a sailmaker. Now he grunted that he too was off to mount the throne of Denmark, if the Russians allowed pants to be dropped on such a holy night, and to the chuckles of the card players pulled on his rainshirt and stepped into the dark beside Melander.

The pair of them, tree and stump somehow endowed with legs, moved with no word through the night for two minutes, three. Apprehension rode them both. Apprehensions, rather for their anxieties were as different as the men.

Late-going Russians yet within the officers' lodgings...clatter within the gun room heard by a sentry at the eastmost blockhouse... Melander's months of planning now teetered on such chances, and the fret of it all moved with him in the dark.



Some years before, when Alec and I still were attending the

~~South Fork~~ English Creek school, Ed Heaney came out <sup>from a V</sup> one summer day to talk <sup>business</sup>

to my father. And with him came his son my age, Ray. I could see

what was intended here, and that's the way it happened. My father

Ed and ~~Ray~~ went off toward OO to eyeball the stand of timber which

interested Ed, and Ray and I were left to play together for the

morning.

I always was stumped about what of my existence would interest

another boy, so Ray and I ended up wandering the area around the

ranger station, and I suppose the boredom built up pretty fast in

both of us. I showed him the OO (fish in creek) and we thrashed

along the brush for awhile, but if I couldn't be on horseback, I

didn't really have much to show anyone. Ray I think didn't make <sup>much</sup>

effort on his part, either. He was dressed in what I suppose his

mother thought were old enough clothes to go into the country with,

but his old clothes were considerably better than my everyday ones and

he maybe was embarrassed about that.

It was one of those ~~rough~~ slanging matches you afterward wonder

how you ever got into.

We only knew  
each other by  
sight, since that

any other  
boy in  
world

What  
touches  
it off



As the leader of the Koloshes sought to balance it all in his mind and the exertion of his crew shortened the water between the canoes, the craft in front suddenly began to swing broadside, a bold-necked creature of wood turning as if having decided, at last, to do fight even if the foe was of its own kind.

As the canoe came around, the figure in its stern leveled a long hunting gun.

Startled, the range being greater than they themselves would expend shots across, the Kolosh paddlers ducked and grappled for their own muskets. But the chieftain sat steady and watched.

Here was an instant he owed all attention.

The slender whitehair swung his rifle into place, on a line through the air to the Kolosh leader.

The chieftain knew, as only one man of combat can see into the power of another, what Karlsson was doing. The whitehair was touching across distance to the chieftain's life, plucking it up easily as a kitten, either to claim or to let drop back into place.

The other three whitehairs aimed their weapons as well, but not with the slender one's measure.

Rattled by the turnabout of men who were supposed to be desperately fleeing them, the Kolosh crew still were trying to yank their rifles into place, the canoe rocking with their confusion.

The chieftain still watched ahead. He knew himself to be twice the watcher here, the one intent on the waiting rifleman across the water and the other in gaze to himself at this unexpected seam



Isak Riis arrived to America from OO in Denmark in 0000. By way

of an immigration official's pen he promptly was Isaac Reese, and by

dint of his own observations on the way west, he arrived to North

Dakota set on a ~~business~~ living from horses. The Great Northern

railroad was pushing <sup>west</sup> across the top of <sup>U.S.A.</sup> America---Jim Hill had promised

to cobweb North Dakota with rail~~road~~ iron-- (Isaac followed construction

of the roadbed west. The mountains seemed to hold him. He came south

along them to Gros Ventre in 0000....)

(Reese married a Scotswoman, who died in WWI flu epidemic.) When

my father came to ask for my mother's hand, Isaac spent the whole evening

talking about horses. My father at last managed to get the question in.

Isaac eyed him hard. "Do you ever took a drink?"

Mac figured honesty was the only answer in the face of public

knowledge. "Now and then, I do."

"Ve'll took one now, then." And with OO reached down from the cupboard,

the pairing that began me was toasted.

High Line

Joans & Bakiang of  
Never crowd  
Don't tell me a  
Scandinavian was a  
same 7 names

Alce  
Isaac  
reached to  
consider  
me. I am  
he got to  
his ft  
I should  
over  
my father.

wedgie  
Marriage  
my  
itch  
ay



Day fifteen

what I should of this winter.  
I have not said enough about the startling weather. In usual

winter I can simply accept rain and cloud as our regional ~~rain~~ cloak,

the season's garment of

interesting texture and of patterned pleasant sound as well. "Rain

again," a friend will growl. "Right," I will smile absently. But

as rainless day after rainless day has gone past, it dawns on me ~~that~~

how different is

this winter; ~~is different~~ drier, colder. Until yesterday morning,

the temperature ~~had been~~ <sup>hung</sup> below freezing for four days and nights in

a row, the longest spell of its kind I can remember here. I bury

~~our~~ the kitchen vegetable scraps directly into the garden patch for compost,

and the shovel has been bringing up six-inch clods of frozen soil,

like lowest-grade coal.

What brought the weather to mind is the renewed presence of birds.

This morning kindled into

~~This morning brought~~ bright sun, and already, just to be out in

the tide of warmth, I have walked up to the rim of the valley. The

view west from there is bannered in five blues today: the foreshore

of the ~~peninsula~~ Olympic Peninsula in its heavy ~~wood~~ forested tint; the

Olympic Mountains <sup>behind</sup> ~~with~~ their blue dust of distance; the clear cornflower

sky; the water of Puget Sound in two shades, azure nearest me, a more

Alec and I both inherited not just our father's build, but the

As I remember, I held

McCaskill tendency to be a little too quick with our ~~fix~~ fists. ~~I~~

off until he came out with "pus gut!"

~~think it was "OO" that did it.~~ I swung on Ray and caught him just in

front of the ear.

He popped me back, alongside the neck. We each got in a few

more swings before it degenerated into a wrestle, and...

When he  
called me  
"pus" that  
did it.  
Turkey Dink



→  
~~Meadows~~ of wild hay were splotched all along English Creek,

some of them narrow nests of brome grass which a mowing machine could

scarcely maneuver in, others fat sweeping fields which took a day or

so apiece to cut flat. As in so much of the west, in the Two country

hay is as necessary as air. The earliest stockmen didn't think so,

believed they could graze their herds of cattle through a Montana

winter. 188<sup>6</sup>~~5~~ showed them that they hadn't yet seen a <sup>genuine</sup> ~~real~~ Montana

winter.... Carcasses on the prairie I suppose as the buffalo had lain

after one of the slaughtering hunts for hides. <sup>Some foreign traveler</sup> ~~Someone from another~~

~~crossing~~  
~~time frame~~ ~~checking on that~~ ~~prairie~~ every decade or so <sup>might</sup> ~~would~~ have

thought it an experimental site for killing four-hooved animals.



How could. . .

The grip was off Karlsson's ribs now, he and Wennberg stock-still, face-to-face. But not eye-to-eye: Wennberg was trying to see around the side of his <sup>you</sup>head, not to Karlsson's hand which yet was beside his ear as if ready to stroke there, but to Braaf and the rifle.

The mouth of the rifle barrel stayed firm against Wennberg's ear as Braaf spoke. "Not the first one to jig in front of a bullet, Melander wasn't. Or last, <sup>maybe."</sup>~~perhaps~~

"Braaf, wait now." Wennberg labored to suck in breath and <sup>spill out words</sup>~~speak~~ at the same time. "It's Karlsson, <sup>he</sup> played us fools. . . Running us blind down this Hell-coast. . ."

"'Right fit or not, he's our only fit.' Melander said that once about you, didn't he, Karlsson?"

*which*  
Karlsson nodded, tried to think through the ache of his ribs, work out what he ought to be saying. But Braaf was doing saying enough:

"Let's think on that, Wennberg. Melander maybe had truth there."



180 on outer  
use a Halmer boy?  
I was the gutwagon man. They didn't have any hay, and these old ewes were thin. We went clear over there on OO butte to get any grass for them at all. And these ewes was dropping 80 and 90 lambs a day out there.

I worked every horse on the ranch, saddle horses and everything--he wouldn't buy any feed for the horses, their hair was about that long and they were weak, pulling that heavy wagon<sup>in</sup> in those hills--I'd walk as many as three times a day and get different horses, play them out out there. So I was coming in at almost dark with the last load of lambs, and took them over to the shed and unloaded them. That was my third team of horses I'd played out that day. I was pretty well warped anyway, and still had to drive a mile from the shed to the ranch. And here was old OO out there, corraling a band of ewes and lambs. I thought, well, to hell with him, and I just kept going. Old OO: Hey, come over here and help <sup>us</sup> ~~me~~ corral these ewes and

<sup>Halmer!</sup>  
lambs. Well if he'd asked me I'd probably been fool enough to done it, even though I had put in my day. But yelling at me that way...I said, You go plumb to hell, you old sonofabitch. And I just kept driving.

<sup>Sam's</sup>  
At the breakfast table, we had <sup>was</sup> our checks in our plate. Mine was a dollar a day short, from what I'd hired out for. I said, what's this, OO? He said, that's your time.



revisits in  
w B dialog  
K only at end

"We could make a wintering of it."

The words halted Karlsson and Braaf in mid-chew. <sup>Carefully</sup> They eyed across the fire, ~~carefully~~, as if to be sure some daft stranger had not put on Wennberg's beard, this morning.

"Keep snug here, we could," the broad man was saying. "You're clever with an axe, Karlsson, whyn't we grapple together a shelter of some sort, wait out this pissy <sup>winter?"</sup> ~~weather~~?"

Braaf palmed a hand out and up as if to catch rain, gazed questioningly into the air. The sky <sup>over the three men</sup> ~~this day again~~ was as clear as if scoured down to blue base. A moment, it took Wennberg to catch Braaf's mockery.

"Hell swallow you, Braaf. So it's not pissing down rain just now.

That only means it will tomorrow and the forty days after." Wennberg

<sup>Wrote off!</sup>  
~~paused~~, evidently finding his way back to his original sally.

"Why not a wintering? Wait till better season, not fight this ocean at its worst..."

<sup>#</sup> Rapidly as he could

Karlsson was ~~rapidly~~ fitting angles to a reply, but meanwhile

Braaf chimed, as if to the air:

<sup>till better</sup>

"Wait for a ~~canoeing~~ season the way the Kolosh <sup>es</sup> are, d'you mean?"

<sup>blacksmith?</sup>

~~Blacksmith,~~ the last time you were in the company of a few of them



for To be around Alec then, you'd have thought nobody in history

had known love before. He was inventing it all.

had come  
rapidly  
Rapid

Governorship—"If health...family reasons." In truth, a solicitation  
of New Archangel. With a successful bid at clerkship, this matter  
of the runaway Sweden could slide out of sight into the recesses of  
darkness; his successor would inherit. For his part, Rosenberg would  
keep one further anecdote with which to regale dinner parties in  
St. Petersburg.

"These, Louis and a Jewess in a Koloss canoe," he intoned  
against the window pane as if practicing.

Then, realizing he had rehearsed aloud, the governor added  
without turning: "That will be all, Pastor. If you know a  
prayer for the souls of Louis and Jewesses, you perhaps might  
go say it."

"Excellent."

That evening, some ~~four~~ miles downstream from New Archangel,  
and a secure ~~several~~ beyond the Osherski outpost, the four  
canoes pulled ashore behind a small headland, in a cove snug  
as a mountainside tarn.  
Westness weighted every smallest move as they tried to unstrap  
their legs, shrug the bunch from the top of their backs. Graciously,  
Melander leaned toward Brant and whispered.  
Brant nodded and ran a swift hand into the supplies stowed  
within the canoe. When his hand came up, it held an elegant dark  
bottle.

had gone off to Russia requesting that he be relieved of his governorship--"ill health...family reasons." In truth, a sufficiency of New Archangel. With a resourceful bit of clerkship, this matter of the runaway Swedes could slide out of sight into the morass of inkwork his successor would inherit. For his part, Rosenberg would reap one further anecdote with which to regale dinner parties in St. Petersburg.

"Three fools and a lunatic in a Kolosh canoe," he intoned against the window pane as if practicing.

Then, realizing he had rehearsed aloud, the governor added without turning: "That will be all, Pastor. If you know a prayer for the souls of fools and lunatics, you perhaps might go say it."

"Excellency."

That evening, some ~~forty~~<sup>twenty</sup> miles downcoast from New Archangel and a secure ~~away~~<sup>several</sup> beyond the Ozherskoi outpost, the four canoeists pulled ashore behind a small headland, in a cove snug as a mountainside tarn.

Weariness weighted every smallest move as they tried to uncramp their legs, shrug the hunch from the top of their backs. Creakily, Melander leaned toward Braaf and whispered.

Braaf nodded and ran a swift hand into the supplies stowed within the canoe. When his hand came up, it held an elegant dark bottle.



I suppose <sup>now</sup> hardly anybody knows

Nobody knows any more that horseback way of life on a trail...

(this, early in ch. 1, is reprised as Jick and Stanley near the

ranger station, Jick's mind working back over the family situation and what he has learned of & from S.

as he rides....)



was not going to be good. Because of his ability of handling men and, from time on the Baltic, his tongue's capability with a bit of Russian and spatter of Finnish, and his Gotland knowledge of fish, henceforth Melander was in charge of the crew which salted catches salmon and of herring and halibut for New Archangel's winter larder.

Seven-year men. "The Russians' hornless oxen," as Melander more than once grumbled it.

"Deacon Step-and-a-Half is at it again."

Melander peered with interest along the card-players and conversationists in the workmen's barracks to see where the gibe In New Archangel, a had flown from. A fresh turn of tongue was all too rare in New Melander Archangel. ~~He~~ himself had just tried out his latest declaration to no one in particular: "A seven-year man is a bladeless knife without a handle, aye?" That had attracted him the anonymous dart, not nearly the first to bounce off his seaman's hide.

These shipmates--Melander corrected himself: barrackmates--were an every-sided lot. Finns and Swedes under this roof, about all they could count in common were their seven years' indenturement and the conviction that they were sounder souls than the Russian workforce in the several neighboring dwellings. The Scandinavians, after all, had been pulled here. Most of the Russian laborers <sup>simply</sup> had been shoved; stuffed aboard ship at Okhotsk on the coast of Siberia and pitched across the North Pacific to the Tsar's Alaskan fur field. Be it said,



Stepping out a door somehow seemed to change my father, and  
the farther ~~more~~ he went, from a house, the more he seemed at home.

You could see him feeling the country when he was out in it. It

somehow came into him, a layer just beneath his skin as sod is

~~under~~ beneath grass. I don't know, maybe it flowed up into him through

the space between his toes, but anyhow, the attitude arrived into

him.

Thinking about it since then, and going over in my mind how

a person arrives into the time he does, I see that my father was of

a ~~particular~~ sort of <sup>ones who are</sup> that special generation, the first-born in <sup>a</sup> the new land. The old

country, Scotland in this case, was as distant, <sup>and?</sup> as the North Pole,

and the <sup>fresh</sup> ~~new~~ one, America, was still making itself. Particularly a

part of it such as the Montana he was born into and began growing

up in. The west seemed to be theirs, that generation's, if they

could figure out what to do with it.

Of course the decisions ~~were~~ were happening all the while their

figuring was going on, and a lot of those decisions <sup>majority</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>originated</sup> from somewhere

else. I suppose it was not possible to see this until about World War

One...

make him  
like more  
like he  
knows  
what he  
was  
doing

I don't know how

to say it  
other than that

however  
it got  
there

more -

just what  
hell  
ought to  
be done  
- it.

just  
getting  
started



between existences. There was this and that to be said for courage and a calm death, but the fact was that here was not the place and audience a canoe chieftain of his years had a right to expect. So if life was tasked with a decent departure, was this one, straddled between the strange tribes of whitehairs and Tsarmen?

The decision was out of the chieftain's mouth before his mind knew it had concluded the weighing.

The Kolosh paddlers slid their muskets into the bottom of their canoe. The craft rocked on the water, gentling, a steed of sea cavalry settling into rest.

In the other canoe, the slender man set aside his rifle; as did the big whitehair in the bow. Silently the Koloshes watched as the two of them, strokesmen of power, paddled the canoe away while the other pair maintained rifles.

The craft was passing from view around a shorewall of timber when the chieftain said one thing more.

"Let the sea eat them."

Shortly before noon, Naval Captain of Second Rank Nikolai Yskovlevich Rosenberg, governor of Russian America, pinched hard at the bridge of his nose in hope of alleviating the aftereffect of the previous night's festivities, decided that no remedy known to man could staunch such aches as were contending within his forehead, sighed, and instructed his secretary to send in the Lutheran pastor.



Can handle  
both packs  
from 1 side  
of horse?

Even then I had size, my father's long bones the example to

mine.

Handling  
Pack  
Saddles

March The Cracked Canoe



Even then I had seen, my father's long bones the example to

mine.

March    The Cracked Canoe

imaginary  
conv. str. = dark  
before each line of dialogue  
- Stanley,

Who  
was  
leaving  
mainly

I was in the mountains with a one-handed man leaning on a bottle.

"Stanley, this isn't gonna work."

"What's that, Jick?"

I tried  
it,  
out in  
my  
head.



stockade, next by these tremendous mountains, and last, the distances to anywhere else, of the world.

Melander moved off toward the central street of the settlement and here encountered one of the Company clerks, no doubt on his way to stroll in the Governor's hill garden. Many of the Castle Russians took such a constitutional at evening, any custom of home being paced through more devoutly here than in <sup>Muscovy</sup> ~~Russia~~ itself. Melander considered that the man was wasting footsteps; more than beds of pansies and fuschias were required to sweeten the soul of any Russian. ~~Nonetheless--~~ ~~Nevertheless--~~

"Drastia," the lanky Swede said with a civil nod, and was greeted in turn. Since Melander could not rise at least ~~took~~ <sup>invested</sup> at New Archangel, he was ~~taking~~ some care to stay level.

This was one of the first lengthening evenings of summer of 1852, the moment of year when New Archangel's dusk began to dawdle on until close onto midnight. The long light copied Swedish summer, so while this slow vesper of the day was the time Melander liked best, it also cast ~~all~~ the remindful shadows of ~~all~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~that~~ he had become absented from. His birthland. The sea. And his chosen livelihood. Triple tines of exile. Much to be prodded by.

Only because it afforded the most distance for his restless boots, Melander roved on west through the narrow shoreline crescent of settlement. Past log building after log building; if bulk of timbering were the standard of civilization, New Archangel would have preened grand as Stockholm. Sea-drifter he was, Melander had never got used to this hefty clamped-into-the-wilderness feel of the port-town.



On the Beartooth he spent at least 160 days a year in the saddle, pack horse behind, living always at an elevation of nearly two miles. "That high up, the clouds just drug along the ground and lightning played all around you.

nearly  
2 mi.  
into  
sky

A time when I was riding on the Line Creek Plateau I got caught in an electrical storm so strong that when the horses got wet there was a blue flame about three inches round that run almost <sup>constant</sup> continually off their ears. I remember that we

Truth,  
Jeb.

~~happily~~ broke off from the end of the plateau down onto the flat towards the Line Creek ranger station and as we come to the fence around the station the young ranger with ~~me~~ jumped down to open the gate and I hollered to him, "God amighty, man, <sup>y</sup> stand away from that fence." He jumped back and said, "Well, how we gonna get in?" I got down and took a club and knocked the wire off from the top of the gate and drug the gate out of the way with the club. We just got to the station when lightning hit that fence and melted the top wire for about 50 yards either direction. It dropped off in little chunks like you'd cut it up with fencing pliers."

make this  
happen to  
Jeb?  
✓



1st draft

write as if the Depression set in the day Wall Street tripped over

itself in 1929 seem not to know it, but <sup>by then</sup> Montana had been on rocky

<sup>entire</sup> times for ten years ~~by then.~~ Hard times were delivered to the stockmen ~~The winter of 1919 delivered the stockmen~~ by the awful winter of 1919.

~~crippling losses.~~ As Dode Spencer, who had the ranch farthest up

English Creek, used to tell: "I went into that winter with four

thousand head of ewes and by spring they'd evaporated to five hundred."

Trouble never travels lonesome, so about that same time livestock and

crop prices nosedived because of the end of the war in Europe, and

drought and grasshoppers showed up to take over the dry-land farming.

Consequently,

It's not much remembered, but <sup>back there</sup> in the early Twenties half

the banks in Montana were driven under. You could still see that

right in Gros Ventre--the English Creek Valley National Bank still

doing business, such as it was, there at the main intersection downtown,

and catty-corner across from it the West Pondera Stockmen's closed down

and boarded over all those years.

So it was time hope showed up.

"Jick! Set your mouth for it!"

~~It was~~ supper time, and ~~that was~~ my mother. I remember that all

insert a  
verbal sentence.  
long effect

no #1?



REVISSED

And then once at lunchtime, when I sat

~~Eating lunch, sitting~~ facing the glassed doors of the patio,

~~I~~ <sup>and</sup> was startled <sup>by</sup> when two shapes <sup>ing</sup> flashed down <sup>over</sup> ~~onto~~ the patio, one

detached from the blurred pairing, hit the patio door about two feet

beneath the latch, bounced away onto the concrete. The other shape

stayed with it, pummeled and pounced: it was a hawk, about the size

of a crow, tan with patterned chest--in my Field Guide Book, it

appears to be a Swainson's hawk--which had chased a robin.

The hawk sat clenched on its prey for a couple of blinks,

then lifted off with the corpse and flew into the woods at the

back of the house--those forgiving woods, where the birds vanish,

regroup. A tiny pile of feathers remained on the concrete, and

a few sifted down from the sky for a minute or so afterward, apparently

the remainder of aerial combat before the last fatal dive. The

hawk had seemed no more than three times the size of its victim.

The day was pale, sunshiney, birch leaves littering lawn as a

backdrop. I looked down and found I still clutched my sandwich

in my right hand.



Doig/

especially babysitters with five raisings of children to their credit. Grandma began spending entire days with the small daughters of a family busy with travel, then evenings for other families. When a night came that two stints of work were offered her at once, she eyed Dad: Why don't you take this other one, Charlie? I looked at him for the fight to start. Instead he said, Yes, and why the hell don't I?

Through the evenings of winter after that, the two of them regularly went babysitting several times a week. The notion at first embarrassed me; it didn't seem genuine work for grownups, especially for my top-hand father. But I began to see that they both enjoyed the change of task and scene. The household was easier to breathe in when we weren't crammed against each other every moment. The pair of them soon had more babysitting than they could handle, and I took some evenings of it myself. It was, I suppose a way for Dupuyer to lend us a hand, and for us to lend one in turn, not the least of the town's graceful moments in our life.

In that last year of high school, 180 classroom days between me and the world, I began thrashing for ways to go away to college. I did not know it, and it seemed least likely, but the one ally more I needed I met on the football field. I had begun playing the autumn before,

Jick's friendship with Ray Heaney:

yrs before, Ray had come with his father, lumber yd owner on business with Mac (talking sawmill possbty, perhaps?), and played with Jick while the men were gone. They didn't get along--traded slobberguts etc insults--and got in a fistfight. (Jick: besides Mac's build, he and Alec inherited their father's tendency to be a little too quick with their fists.) But when Jick begins school, they somehow become friends, and he stays at their house occasionally; maybe does so again over 4th of July.



Swedes and other outlanders who signed on with the Russian-American Company's fur-gathering enterprise did so as indentured laborers, seven-year men. And that our man Melander's name thus is not to be discovered anywhere among the frontier baronage.

For as

As will happen, Melander after pledging to the Russian-American Company did find his life altered by the alluring new nautical machinery, ~~in the direction~~ but not as hoped. Only seldom the Russians fired up the Nicholas, which proved to require approximately two days of chopping by the wood crew to feed the boilers for each day of voyage--a visiting Hudson's Bay officer once amended the vessel's name to Old Nick, on the ground that it consumed fuel at ~~about~~ the rate you might expect of Hell--and on the occasions when its paddlewheels were set into ponderous thwacking motion, positions aboard were snatched by bored officers of the small Russian navy contingent stationed at New Archangel. Melander's service aboard the Nicholas occurred whenever the Russian governor, Rosenberg, took his official retinue on an outing to the hot spring at Ozherskoi, an outpost south eighteen miles along the coast from Sitka Sound. In Melander's first Alaskan year this happened precisely twice, and his sea-time-under-steam totaled six days.

Why would  
a Russian  
have a  
German  
name?  
P.

The rest of his workspan? A Russian overseer conferred assignment on Melander as promptly as the supply schooner vanished over the horizon on its voyage back to Stockholm and Kronstadt. ~~the overseer began, "we~~ "Friend sailor," ~~we~~ are going to give you a chance to dry out your bones a bit," ~~the overseer began,~~ and Melander knew that what followed



REVISSED  
I have been privileged to know a beaver man. I was in high  
cafe-owning  
school, boarding with a family in the northern Montana town of

--his name, impossibly, was Joe Smith--  
Dupuyer. Joe took his meals there, and for four years I chuckled

along with his ha-ha-haw. He was the height and build of my father

--midway between five feet and six, a hundred twenty-five-thirty-five

pounds--but his shoulders lacked my father's squareness, and Joe's

face was more wrinkled, hard-used.

He had come out of Minnesota, the son of a preacher, and spent

some decades as a shepherd. With that life, he also took on its

habit of spree ~~drinking~~ drinking, coming to town at the end of a season

and blowing ~~the money~~ his wages in a few weeks of non-stop drunk.

During one of these, he woke to find himself in motion, swaying back

and forth as mountains sped past him. He was aboard a train for Idaho,

having hired out for a ~~job~~ herding job there, been tossed aboard, a

bottle of rotgut contemptuously tucked beside him because he would

need it when he awoke--and he could remember none of the transaction.

His drinking ended there, and he became a sober citizen in double

senses of the phrase, ever helpful around Dupuyer, liked, respected.



the rest of her growing years entirely at home. That upbringing of choring for her mother and edging past her father's thunder-head temper left her unsure of herself, but guessing that the world must have something else to offer. So that's the how of it, she would say whenever some new turn of life had shown itself, and she seems about to say it there to the camera eye. It is, all in all, an offering glance for the world, of which she might yet have had a strong gleam four years later as she held her prized daughter and watched the western Montana mountains begin to stand high ahead of the train.

Alongside Bessie, the train window shadowing his face close in beside hers, sits Thomas Abraham Ringer. Housepainter, handyman, wiry Irishman with a hatchet nose and a chin like an axe--last and least, husband. All three Glun children flew as quickly as they could from that narrow home, but Bessie went with one last disfavor from her father. He singled out for her this seldom-do-well Tom Ringer and bent her, at the age of 18, into marrying the man. Gee gosh, a girl like I was who didn't know her own mind--I done it because my pa said it was my way to get by in the world. Tom was twice her age, nearly as old as her father himself, and the one thing he had done exactly right in all his life until then had been not to take on a wife and a family. In fair charity--one half of those who speak of Tom Ringer



It is one of my lost chances, failings of imagination, that I never

went with him to his trap-line. Somehow Joe had learned the secret

of catching only sizable beaver....

They found him, face-down

as  
to  
him



remember my pa so stern. I was always scared of him. Now train tracks, hour upon hour, were leaving always to the past, to the land falling away behind the West.

On Bessie's lap a daughter dozes in the train's cradling motion--my mother, Berneta, waking now and again to see the land flying and flying past her six-month-old eyes. She is plump and pretty, and with her full dark hair has begun to look like a small jolly version of a much older girl. A version, that would be, of Bessie herself not long before. On the wall by me is a studio portrait of Bessie when she had reached the age of sixteen or so, posed with the two Krebs sisters who were her best of friends. Out the oval window of photo, the sisters stare down the camera and any lookers beyond it, mouths straight as Bible lines. You would not tease with this pair, nor dare their wrath without an open door behind you. They are iron and granite side by side, and are going to leave some bruises on the world. Beside them, Bessie's look is all the softer, the eyes more open and asking, her face wondering at life instead of taking it on chin-first. She must have had much to wonder at, raised as such an apron-stringed girl, snuggled all the more firmly into the family by the one lapse in her father's strictness. John Glun had brooded against a way of schooling which even for in instant could taunt a daughter of his, and after her third year, Bessie was not made to attend again. She spent



The end of the next winter--on the 17th of March of 1898, t'be  
exact--Stanley boarded the first train of his life. From someone he  
had heard about Montana, and a go-ahead new town called Kalispell.

on that train.  
"The trip took three days and three nights. The ~~big~~ shoebox full of fried  
one of those Kansas girls  
chicken ~~a girlfriend~~ fixed for me didn't quite last the trip through." As  
the train approached the Flathead Valley Stanley became curious as to what  
kind of country ~~they were~~ <sup>he was</sup> getting into. "Just above Columbia Falls I went out  
on the back platform and stood there all the way to Kalispell, and it was solid  
timber, <sup>& more except just</sup> the forest whirling past that train. Two or three times, I saw cabins  
in little clearings. The sight is still clear in my mind because it was early  
in the morning and each one of those cabins had a little thread of smoke  
coming out of it, <sup>and they</sup> like people getting up and starting the <sup>day's</sup> first fire."

At An Kalispell, ~~was bringing itself into existence in a hurry.~~ "You could hear  
hammers going all over the town." For the next few years Stanley grew <sup>up</sup> with  
the town, working ~~the~~ mill jobs -- driving a sawdust cart, sawfiling, foremanning  
a lumber piling crew -- until the winter of 1902. "Then a fellow came to me  
and wanted to know if I would manage his outfit that winter; he had a contract  
for hauling lumber from Lake Blaine into Kalispell. He had three four-horse  
teams and a two-horse team, and the ~~honyocker~~ <sup>scissorbill</sup> he'd had in charge was inclined



shells and remains of ancient forest-trees that for ages have been buried.

All in all, a vast estuarine pudding in a clay bowl. One of the few advances since Swan's time has been the amendment of the shallow bay's name from Shoalwater to the less embarrassing Willapa.

When Swan showed up here, more than likely shaking the rain off his hatbrim, Shoalwater Bay's sum of civilization



to hang around saloons and play poker and let the setup go to hell. So right

away I <sup>made it taw</sup> ~~insisted~~ that the drivers <sup>had to</sup> ~~be~~ at the barn 6:30 every morning in order

that they could hitch up and be on the road by 7. It had been their habit

under the <sup>scissorbill</sup> ~~henyocker~~ to get away from the barn late as 8 or 9 o'clock and then

trot these horses out about 10 miles to Lake Blaine and by the time they got

to the lumber mill there the horses was all warmed up and they stood there and

got cold and of course they were all getting sick and losing flesh. I made

the drivers walk the horses both ways and we never had a sick horse all that

winter."



In the summer of 1916 a big sheep outfit in eastern Washington shipped in five thousand head of ~~some~~ sheep to graze the ~~prairie~~ Kootenai. Stanley was in his office at Libby when a telegram came: "Come at once. Sheep dying by hundreds."

<sup>They</sup> He found that the sheep had been unloaded early in the morning, hungry from 18 <sup>from stock appears at daylight</sup>

hours on the train, and ~~been~~ allowed to drift onto a flat blooming with death

camas and lupine. Stanley sent men to every drug store in the county for <sup>constant</sup>

pinanginated potash and sulfate of aluminum. Mixing the stuff in wash tubs, <sup>we used</sup> of all day long

Stanley's crew and the sheep man's crew dosed stricken sheep by the hundreds.

Most of the dosed ones survived, but it was too late for about 800 of the others. <sup>though a show those</sup>

<sup>at last</sup> Stanley put <sup>part</sup> some of his crew to dragging carcasses on to nearby brush piles and <sup>+ part to pitching dry dead from nearest stream,</sup>

all that night brush and sheep burned on that <sup>prairie</sup> Kootenai flat.



"I helped draw most of 'em."

This compounded my confusion. "What, were you <sup>up here</sup> with <sup>a</sup> the Geological  
Survey ~~the~~ crew?"

~~Stanley~~ The look Stanley gave me was the levellest thing in that  
cabin. "Jick, I was the ranger that set up the Two."

I had heard my father and the other Forest Service men of his  
age mention some of those original rangers, the ones who were sent  
out with not much more than the legal description of a million or so  
acres and orders to transform them into a national forest. Glen Smith  
down on the Custer, Ellers Koch over on the Bitterroot; the stories  
of them still were around, refreshed by the comments of the younger  
rangers wondering how they'd managed to do it. But that Stanley Meixell  
had been the original ranger of the Two Medicine National Forest, I  
had never heard a breath of, and that was strange.

best  
arrangers,  
Mac liked  
to call them

"best  
arrangers"  
they were  
called.  
more?



The rest of the way to Andy Gustafson's camp I rode with constant

looking back over my shoulder at the packs on Bubbles. They never

shifted. I did get my mind off them long enough to stop and eat

a ~~can~~ <sup>tomatoes</sup> can of ~~pork~~ and beans, so I'd be able to say I'd had lunch and

didn't need feeding by another herder.

The sheep were spread prettily along a timbered draw. (more descptn)

Andy Gustafson had no dead sheep, nor any particular complaints, nor

even much to say. He did seem puzzled as to why <sup>it</sup> I was tending his

camp, even after I explained as best I could, but he evidently took

the Norwegian view that as long as his grocery supply was in order,

he was not going to pursue philosophy.

Where a day goes in the mountains I don't know, but it was late

afternoon by the time I reached the cabin again. Stanley's horses

were picketed there, and he emerged to offer me some left-handed

help in unsaddling mine.

He noticed the spliced cinch. "See you <sup>had</sup> ~~have~~ to use a little

wildwood glue on the outfit."

I grunted something or other to that, Stanley I suppose observing

that it was a topic I <sup>not</sup> ~~didn't~~ care to dwell on. Instead, he asked:

"How's old Gufferson?"

crash  
in  
my  
neck

had  
never  
shifted  
though

truthfully

he did  
a particular  
cunt of  
two  
sardines -

he  
checked  
spec/dly  
for  
sardines

change?



biographical information about Ivan Doig:

and  
Ivan Doig was born in 1939 in a small town in Montana. He grew  
up on ranches and farms along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

He attended Northwestern University, ~~near Chicago~~ and a Ph.D. in history  
holds two degrees in jlsn from

from the University of Washington in Seattle, where he now lives.

He has worked on ranches, and as



--Norwegian ~~was~~ sheepherders seemed to come in two varieties, those who couldn't read a word and those who would quit in an instant if you forgot to bring their mail copy of Tidskrift Aftenbladet--

water between island and coast, stone knuckles everywhere.  
"The island," Karlsson said, and they probably had no shore

on the island side.

After the supply day, a supply camp.

The canoes had come in near the south reach of the island,

where some high hump of boulder watched the shore just north of

them. They lodged an end of the mast-shield onto one of these

rocks and so kept that corner of the weather out. But others got

in, the rain evidently willing to probe toward humankind for however

long it took to find some. The men managed to coax a choling fire

long enough to heat beans and tea, then gave up on the evening.

Surprise it was, then, when Karlsson woke sometime later and

saw that the sky now held stars.



timbered island loomed out on their left. They ~~came along the~~ <sup>followed its</sup> outer edge, ~~off to~~, intending to turn to shore ~~near~~ beyond it. But through the rain-haze they could make out rocks bulking in the water between island and coast, stone knuckles everywhere.

"The island," Karlsson ~~said~~ <sup>chose</sup>, and ~~they~~ <sup>they aimed</sup> gratefully ~~put~~ to shore on its inland side.

# —  
After the sopping day, a sopping camp.

The canoemen had come in near the south reach of the island, where some high humps of boulder weighted the shore just north of them. They lodged an end of the mast-shelter onto one of these rocks and so kept that corner of the weather out. But others got in, the rain evidently willing to probe toward humankind for however long it took to find some. The men managed to coax a choking fire long enough to heat beans and tea, then gave up on the evening.

Surprise it was, then, when Karlsson woke sometime later and saw that the sky now held stars.

# —



The exodus stories had been coming out of the High Line for years,  
*about the furniture-*  
~~the~~ tales ~~of~~ loaded jitney trucks with ~~words~~ *farewells* painted across their

boxboards in big, crooked letters: GOODBY OLD DRY and AS FOR HAVRE

YOU CAN HAVE 'ER.



by Ivan Doig  
BY IVAN DOIG  
DOIG by By Ivan Doig

# Ivan Doig

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Ivan Doig J 61, GJ 62, narrated and appeared in



The fracture of a family is not something that happens at once

clean & sharp

sharply

and then begins to be over with. No, it is like one of those worst

bone breaks, <sup>a shatters</sup> you can mend the place, peg it and splint it and work

to strengthen it, and while <sup>surface</sup> it can be brought to look much as it did

before, it <sup>remains</sup> is a spot that has to be favored.

you at least  
have known  
that from  
back on it

needs



and Karlsson had watched to insure that its possessor was scrupulous. On New Archangel's rare warm days, the native sloshed water over the cedar interior to prevent its drying out and cracking; in normal damp weather, heaped woven mats over the craft for shelter. A canoe of fit and fettle, and style endorsed Karlsson.

Melander and Braaf took turns at casual glances down the shoreline to Karlsson's nominee.

True, the canoe had so sprightly a look that it seemed only to be awaiting the right word of magic before flying off upward. But Melander believed he too knew something of canoes from having paddled a number of times with Kolosh crews to the fishing grounds off the western shorefront of Sitka Sound; indeed, it can be realized now that those journeys were first filaments in the spinning of his decision that seven-year-dom could be fled by water. The fishing canoes were half again the length of this keen-beaked version singled out by Karlsson, and this question of size balked Melander.

Asked his opinion, Braaf mumbled that any canoe was smaller than ~~desired.~~  
he ~~preferred.~~

Karlsson maintained that his nominee had all the capacity they needed. What did Melander have in mind, to stuff the craft like a sausage?

Melander could not resist asking Karlsson if he was arguing that his wondrous canoe was bigger on the inside than on the out.



*you know that*  
"Leona, we got nothing against you." Which was only about half  
*to look its parts*  
true, but I'll delve into that situation a little later. "It's just

that, Godamighty, Alec, cattle have gone bust time after time these

last years. That way of life just has changed. *Whether anybody'll ever*  
~~Whether anybody'll ever~~

be able to start off from scratch in the cow business ~~now~~ and make

a go of it, I don't know--"

*see how*

*a us like any of us,*  
"Rather have me herdin' sheep up on one of your allotments,  
would you? There's *I be sub* something to look forward to, *I suppose think,* sheepherdin'."

*+ probably in our case.*  
My father seemed to consider. "No, I suppose not. It takes  
a trace of common sense to herd sheep." He said it lightly enough  
that Alec would have to take it as a joke, but there was ~~an edge~~ barbed  
~~"Godamighty, Dad--"~~

edge to the lightness. "Alec, I just think that whatever the hell

you do, you need to bring an education to it these days. That old

stuff of banging a living out of this country by sheer force of

behavior doesn't work. Hasn't for almost twenty years. This

country can outbang any man. Look at *them* *Spencer* ~~on~~ along this creek. Cooper,

Ed ~~Berber~~ Van Bebber, the Busbys, they've just managed to hang on,

and they're as good a set of stockmen as you'll find in *this* the whole

*any of them*  
goddamn state. You think they could have got underway, ~~in~~ years like

these?"



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RECEIVED

"Last year was better than the ones before. This one looks good."

"And if about five more come good back-to-back, everybody'll be  
<sup>up at</sup> back to where they were <sup>15 or</sup> almost twenty years ago.



"last year was better than the ones before. This one looks

"How far are we going in this?" Braaf this was, his tone suggesting

that he for one had gone a plentiful distance.

~~"Far enough past those~~

~~past the~~ whale-stabbers. Unless you want to sail in on them

and ask breakfast."



REVISER

My father finally thought to set down his coffee cup. "Alec,  
let's keep our shirts on here"--language can be odd; I had a vision  
just then of us all sitting around the table with our shirts off,  
*pure*  
Leona across from me in full double-barreled display--



At New Archangel they had known every manner of rain, but none of it was anything to this. This was as if the sky was trying to step on you.



Focused as he was on how <sup>our</sup> my parents were going to respond,  
this philosophical <sup>question</sup> inquiry from my side of the table jangled Alec.

"Because, because we're--we love each other, why the hell do you think?"

"Kind of young to be so certain on that, aren't you?" asked my  
father.

"We're old enough," Alec said back. And meanwhile gave me a  
snake-killing look as if I was going to ask old enough for what,  
but I honestly didn't intend to.

My mother cleaved matters entirely open. "What you're also  
saying is you intend to stay on at the Double W. To forget about  
college."

"Yeah. It's what I want to do."

"How you gonna support yourselves on a cow chouser's wages?"  
came my father's next query.

"You two did, at first."

"We starved out at it, too."

"We're not gonna starve out. Wilson'll let me draw ahead on  
my wages for a few heifers this fall and winter them with the rest  
of the outfit's. It'll give us our start."



104 OK

The Indian arrived at the Astoria customs house with an item and a tale. South from the village his people called Hosett he had gone to hunt seals, but soon sighted instead a great tangle of kelp brought ~~inshore~~ inshore by the tide, and the kelp had seined in with it the body of a white person. Now he had ~~come~~<sup>adventured</sup> downcoast aboard a lumber schooner to report of this find. "Tole," the native said, the coastal jargon words

for "boy." Not until he pantomimed and pidgined the description of a downy fluff of beard did the customs collector grasp that a grown man was being depicted.

*With thought of the days*  
~~Thinking of the week~~ of sloshing canoe travel it would take to reach the coastal spot and return, the customs collector prodded hopefully: And...?

And the Indian had done the ~~disposition~~, rapidly ~~had~~ buried the corpse in hope that the spirit had not yet got out of it. But had thought first to clip proof for his report. He handed the customs collector a forelock of straw-colored hair.

That the weather since Christmas had been violent against vessels trying to cross the bar into the Columbia River was all too well known to the customs collector. Merrithew, Mindoro, Vandalia, Bordeaux-- two barks and two brigs,



How's this, how's that, fine, all right, you bet. If this was the level of sociability that was going to go on, I intended to make some excuse to get back to working on my saddle, the attractions of Leona notwithstanding, and I was trying to gauge whether an early piece of pie could be coaxed from my mother when Alec came right out with:

But even just as I was

"We got something to tell you. We're getting married."

This kicked the conversation in the head entirely. My father seemed to have forgotten about the mouthful of coffee he'd just drunk, while my mother looked as if Alec had announced he was going to ~~take~~ take a pee in the middle of the table. Alec was trying to watch both of them at once, and Leona was favoring us all with one of her searchlight smiles.

"How come?"

Even yet I don't know why I said that. I mean, I was <sup>plenty</sup> old enough to know why people got married, there were times, seeing Alec and Leona <sup>moonning around</sup> ~~seemed to savvy more than I actually knew, if that's possible. together, when I savvied more than I was comfortable with.~~

more  
had fact  
about



This day, different eyes had been set in their heads. Nothing they saw except the beak of the canoe had sharpness, definite edge, to it. This must have been what it would be like to drift amid the mare's-tail of the sky.

Fog, a gray dew on the air. During a rest-pause Karlsson touched

Wennberg did not like it, but hated the prospect of seasickness more. He dipped his paddle.

He did not know  
was chosen to  
and swallow  
motion.

W  
Alec  
Karlsson

NOONLINE AROUND



REVISOR

"How's cow chousing?" My father was handing the mashed potatoes to Leona, but looking across at Alec.

"All right." Alec meanwhile was presenting the gravy to Leona, before he realized she didn't yet have spuds on her plate. He colored a little, but notched out his jaw and asked back: "How's rangering?"

My father studied the meal traffic piling up around Leona, then replied: "All right."

I had the bright idea this conversation could benefit from my help, so I put in: "I'm ridin' up with Dad tomorrow and the next couple days to count the bands onto the forest. Remember that time, <sup>Alec</sup> you and I were along with him and <sup>Spencer's</sup> ~~Cooper's~~ herder's dog <sup>Mopee</sup> got full of porcupine quills and we both--"

Alec gave me a grin that was tighter than it ought to have been, <sup>(from a brother.)</sup>  
"Don't let all those sheep put you to sleep," <sup>sprout.</sup> <sup>Sprout?</sup>

sprout?

"How do they feed at the Double W?" My mother, here. "Leona, take some more ham and pass it <sup>on</sup> to Jick. He goes through food like a one-man army these days." I might have protested that if my plate hadn't been nearly empty, particularly of ham.

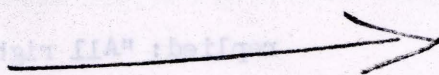
"It's--filling," Alec said.



The fog hid all, as if the canoe had been clasped up by a cloud.

4 Karlsson and Wennberg stopped paddling. They could barely see to one another, but each knew that the other <sup>could only be</sup> ~~now was~~ listening, listening until it seemed <sup>each</sup> ~~an~~ ear must narrow as a squinting eye would. If the ocean was pushing them through this <sup>sightlessness</sup> ~~blindness~~ onto tidal rocks...

4 But the slosh around them stayed steady, no drum of rock behind it, and the canoe continued to move.





"How's the buttermilk business?" my father asked Leona. Her

parents, the Tracys, ran the creamery in Gros Ventre...

"Just fine," Leona <sup>responded along</sup> said with her flash of smile. She seemed

be on the brink of saying something more,  
to ~~think a half-moment, then asked:~~ but then just passed

<sup>around</sup> that smile <sup>at</sup> along to the rest of us. She had a knack of that, <sup>producing</sup> ~~getting~~

~~by with~~ some pleasantry then lighting up the room so you thought <sup>the remark</sup> ~~at~~

amounted to more than it did.

letting it  
rest last  
on also.

do  
I envy it  
in people,  
who, likely  
woud have  
patience to  
practice it  
myself even  
if I had.  
know

natural  
ability  
at  
that



Shortly before noon, Naval Captain of Second Rank Nikolai Yakovlevich Rosenberg, governor of Russian America, pinched hard at the bridge of his nose in hope of alleviating the aftereffect of the previous night's festivities, decided that no remedy known to man could staunch such aches as were contending within his forehead, sighed, and instructed his secretary to send in the Lutheran pastor.

The pastor, a Finn from Saarijaarvi who was considered something of a clodhopper not only by the Russian officers but the Stockholm contingent of Swedes, dolefully had been anticipating his call into the governor's chamber. By breakfast every tongue in New Archangel knew of the escape. The double number of sentries along the stockade catwalk retold the news, and the sidelong glances every Russian was casting at every Swede and Finn this morning bespoke most eloquently of all. The pastor's hesitant entrance into the governor's presence gathered beneath a single ceiling two of the three unhappiest men in New Archangel. The third was named Bilibin.

"Excellency."

"Pastor. As you may have heard, our citizenry is fewer by four this morning."

"I did happen to hear the, ah, rumor."



By the time I came back <sup>in</sup> with the chair which had been serving

as my nightstand, Alec and Leona were arriving through the doorway.

*I will always admit,*  
They were a pair, to <sup>look on</sup> ~~see~~. Alec was even taller than my father...

He wasn't bowlegged, but had begun to stand in that shambly way

cowboys do, legs a little farther apart than they need to be as if

hoping a horse will trot in there between them.

Leona too was a horseperson, I guess you'd call it these days.

Right now, though, in my mother's kitchen, her role was to be milk

and honey. Which she also was good at. ~~There seemed to be a kind~~

<sup>came & L</sup> of pause whenever <sup>she</sup> Leona arrived somewhere, a heartbeat <sup>or three</sup> or two during

which everyone seemed to weigh ~~whether~~ whether her hair could really

be so gold, whether her figure lived up to what it advertised. I

noticed once that her chin was pointier than I like, but by the time

any male had looked Leona over enough to reach that site, he was

prepared to discount that and a lot more.

a cowboy adopts,  
(well when  
he's in sight)

by now

with bone

spraddled  
hinting  
what  
he's  
just  
hoping  
a horse  
will

eyes



"Back there at the tide trough..."

Karlsson waited, impassive.

"If I'd been to the right of you and Braaf to the left, I'd've gone into that millrace instead of him."

... If that'd been, my ears would get rest <sup>this</sup> these nights. . . .

Aloud: "If the moon were window we could see up angels' nighties, too.

Lay it <sup>away</sup> ~~up~~, Wennberg." Less than anything did Karlsson want to discuss

the perishing of Braaf. "Tomorrow paddles will still fit our

hands, and the canoe will still fit into the ocean. Live by that."

*W. W. to discuss something*  
# Wennberg  
Karlsson moved his head from side to side. ~~He was a boulder~~

~~with a beard now.~~ "You can wash your mind of such matters, Karlsson.

I can't. Death this side of me and then that, I ~~have to~~ <sup>need</sup> think on it.

See through to why I was let live."

# "Maybe God's aim is bad."

"No, got to be more to it than that." Wennberg would not be

swerved. "Maybe like sheep and goats. . . 'And He shall set the

sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. . . ' No,

Braaf  
~~was~~ was to ~~the right~~ the right. . . "

"Wennberg. Stow it."



REVISSED

I went on in to wash up, and I suppose was a little more  
*offhand*  
dramatic than I had to be by waiting until I'd dipped water into  
the basin and added hot from the kettle before I announced, "Company."

*loosen this up*

My mother's eyebrows drew into that alignment that let you know  
you had all of her attention and had better be worth it, and my  
father looked up from where he was going over paperwork about the  
grazers' allotments.

*reverse?*

"Alec and Leona," I reported, *through a face rinse.* "Riding like the first one here  
gets to kiss the other one."

"You seem to know a *remarkable* lot about it," *my mother said.* Actually, that sort of thing

was starting to occur to me. I was fourteen. Fourteen, hard on to

fifteen, as I once heard one of the beerhounds *around at* *Medicine Lodge saloon* in the *Mint bar* in

Gros Ventre describe that *complicated* age. But there wasn't any of *this* that I was

going to confide to my mother, who now instructed: "When you're done

there, you'd better bring in that spare chair from your bedroom."

*Please*

She meanwhile put a stick of wood in the kitchen range and made

some rearrangement of the pots and pans which held supper.



In truth, fen country, trying to decide whether to remain marsh or to danken into bayou. Tide, stream, current, seep, all were steadily at work on the decision, sometimes almost within splash of each other. During the sleep of Karlsson and Wennberg, this bay's rivers ~~had been~~ were flowing into themselves, turned backwards by the tide advancing between their banks; for some hundreds

Wennberg peered earnestly through the firelight to Karlsson.

"You know what the <sup>pastor's'd</sup> ~~persons'd~~ say, about all this."

<sup>damn well</sup>  
"No, and I don't give a . . ."

"They'd say I'm being put to test. All this, bedarned coast, you other

three, Kolosh<sup>es</sup>. . ." Just now a thought could be seen to surprise

Wennberg: "Maybe even you, too, Karlsson! Being put to test!"

<sup>his</sup>  
~~The~~ proclamation of eligibility did not noticeably enthuse Karlsson. "Wennberg, I know at least this. We're not playing whist with God along this coast. Either we paddle to the place

Astoria or die in the try. One or other. Just that."

~~Wennberg~~  
Wennberg shook his head. Not, as it turned out, against



REVERSED  
"Alec ~~can pick~~  
it need be,"  
loosen up  
this P. 8  
next

Actually, our family was scraping along better than many. Even  
though during the worst years the Forest Service <sup>did lay</sup> laid off some rangers--  
Hoovered them, the saying went--my father wasn't among them. True,  
his salary was chopped from 000 to 000 and Christ only knew when it  
might ever go back up again, but we were getting by. <sup>Nothing</sup> Not much extra,  
but getting by. <sup>But</sup>

"Jick! Set your mouth for it!"

It was suppertime, and that was my mother. I remember that all  
this began right at the start of June because I was working on my  
saddle, readying to ride up with my father on a counting trip the  
next morning, <sup>anyway,</sup> and her call brought me out of the barn just as the  
pair of them, Alec and Leona, came galloping into view. That is,  
<sup>knew</sup> I would have ~~known~~ Alec as far as I could see him by <sup>that head-up</sup> the way he rode.  
<sup>would need</sup> Leona ~~had~~ had to be somewhat nearer before I could verify her by <sup>her</sup> the  
blouseful.

<sup>But just  
drew it as  
them I saw  
saw. then too.</sup>  
↑ INSERT : Probably I can even safely say what the weather was,  
one of those tag-end days under the Rockies when...

bright



Karlsson aimed inland, off the mud of the tideflat. When he reached sand and made his turn north, now he was wallowing through dune grass high as his waist. He pushed it aside as he trudged, until he became aware of the sharpnesses biting at his hands. To stop the stabs he put one hand inside his rainshirt and held the other atop it, woodsman's habit against brush.

The whetted grass was on all sides of him now, color of a faded ryefield, lines of these sown dunes rolling parallel with the bay.

... The heart's out of Wennberg. Somehow get him on his feet, get us out. . .

Karlsson tramped north until it came through to him that the footing was wavering, ~~emerging~~ creeping, in front of him. A slow crawl like tan snakes: sand blowing in ropey slinking patterns. He was out of the dune grass, water lay a ~~field's~~ <sup>meadow's</sup> width in front of him.



"We were dehorning these Texas steers one  
ornery sonofabitch of a time. There was one old buckskin steer we never could get ~~into the corral~~ <sup>lead</sup> with

After so long,  
the rest. ~~So~~ the foreman said he'd pay five dollars for anyone that would  
bring this steer in. ~~So~~ <sup>snot-nose kid</sup> another ~~and~~ <sup>be the ones and</sup> and I decided we'd just bring him in.

We come onto him about five miles away from the corral all by himself, and he  
was really on the prod. Tried to drive him and couldn't. ~~So we just thought~~ <sup>Well, then we figured</sup>

we'd rope him and drag him in. Then we got to thinking, five miles is quite a  
ain't it? <sup>loosed out</sup> So we each ~~took~~ <sup>took</sup> our lariat, about 15-20 feet of it, and ~~take~~ turns to

get out in front of him and pop him <sup>across</sup> ~~on~~ the nose with that rope and he'd make a  
big run at us and we'd dodge out of his way, and he choused us back toward the

corral that way. We finally got <sup>him</sup> ~~up~~ within about a quarter of a mile of the

dehorning, then each of us roped an end and tied him down and went into the  
ranch and <sup>hitched up</sup> ~~got~~ a stone <sup>boated</sup> ~~boat~~ and loaded him on and ~~took~~ <sup>in high old style.</sup> him in. The foreman

was waiting for us with five silver dollars in his hand."



Fresh dollars in his pocket, Swan is found again at Shoalwater at the start of summer, 1854. For the first of numerous times in his life, he now wangled a brief, modest niche in the federal payroll. He was appointed assistant customs collector, for that portion of the coast north of the Columbia, including Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor, to Cape Flattery; the duties of the office being to report all vessels arriving at or departing from Shoal-water Bay, and to keep a diligent watch on the coast to see that none of the Russian or Hudson Bay Companies' vessels came around either for smuggling or trading with the Indians.

Since this comprised an all-but-empty stretch of shore, with only the lackadaisical oysterers at Shoalwater, a few stump farmers and sawmillers up around Grays Harbor, and the tiny drowsing tribal settlements at a few river mouths, Swan's precinct seems to have been spectacularly free of smuggling prospects. The only time he is on record as having had to exert himself was when the Indians, as a joke, lured him several days up the coast to check on a vessel which turned out to be a U.S. Geological Survey steamship. Swan being Swan, he did not much mind the futile jaunt: So far as related to smuggling, I had walked sixty miles up the beach for no purpose, but I did not regret having started, as I had seen a line of coast which few, if any, white men had been over before.



Stanley Meixell came out of Missouri, off a farm east of St. Joe  
in Daviess County. <sup>As he told it,</sup> The summer he turned thirteen, he encountered

the down-row of corn--that tumbled line of cornstalks knocked over

by the harvest wagon as it straddled its way through the field.

Custom was that

The youngest of the crew always was put on the down-row and Stanley  
was the last of five Meixell boys; so ahead of him stretched a

green gauntlet of down-row summers, except that by the end of the

sweltering  
first day of stooping and ferreting for the ears of corn, ~~when~~ he

<sup>came to</sup>  
~~him had sweated out and only~~ reached a decision about further Missouri

life. Within the week he had headed to the high plains of Kansas.

Four or five years of ranch jobs ensued, and it was there Stanley

got his reputation for determination.

As he told  
it,

If you're  
like me  
you think  
7 Kans  
as 1 big  
with 1/2d,  
but won  
1 Kans was  
cattle  
critic!  
Dodge  
city is  
these  
general.



He hesitated in that job, and at the firm's dockside office in San Francisco, for only a matter of weeks, then signed on as the purser of a schooner bound for Hawaii to take on a cargo of potatoes.

Why he so promptly went sailing off for spuds is not known, but the jaunt into the Pacific seems to have been instructive enough. Swan managed to linger at Lahaina for twenty-five days, and one of his rare surviving letters to Matilda gives a dozen pages of blunderbuss observations of the islands and islanders . . . on great occasions or when the white men will pay the expenses they get up a feast called a Lu wow . . . This Lu wow consists of a series of Baked dishes such as Dogs Hogs Turkeys fowls fish Fruits and Greens . . . Their native dances being prohibited are only given by stealth or by express invitation of the whites. They are called Hoolah hoolah. I was desirous of seeing one. . . The natives all call themselves mickonaree or missionary which is the term they use to express their ideas of christianity. . . there are but very few really sincere & devout persons among them. and are mostly like one I saw in Mr. Bolles store, who was cutting up some capers, when Mr B remarked, I thought you was a missionary Yes said the fellow pointing to his mouth "me mickonary here, all rest no mickonary."

Say for Swan, however, that censorious as he sometimes



The line cabin was just outside the forest boundary, through a fence, and I climbed off to open the gate.

I was reaching for the top wire hoop when Stanley yelled, "Get away from that!" I jumped back as if shot, looking around to see what had roused him.

"Get a ~~stick~~ <sup>club</sup> and knock it open with that," he instructed. "If you're touching that wire and lightning hits that fence, I'll have fried Jick for supper."

I humored him, tapping the hoop off the top of the gate stick and then ~~flipping~~ <sup>using the club to bring</sup> the gate off to one side the way you might flip a big snake.

roused  
to admit it

roused  
hit

hell of it was, right?  
I know he was right.  
I'd seen (into a  
big my-hit fence)



town in the manner that the spire and dome crown the cathedral, the peaks are precisely those a child would draw. Sharp tall pyramids of forest, occasionally a lesser summit round as a cannonball for comparison's sake. Topknots of snow show here and there, but the color everywhere else on these stretching peaks is the black-green which only a northern coastal fir forest enmixes.

As Karlsson begins hewing pine at the shipyard, Braaf materializes at the southwestern extent of the settlement, beside the eldermost of two schooner-hulks beached there. When Braaf arrived to New Archangel and it became evident that he was not, as listed on one manifest, a shipwright, nor, as supposed on another item of record, a shoemaker, and Braaf with shy innocence denied knowing how such misunderstandings possibly could have come about, a perplexed Russian-American Company clerk assigned him to the readiest unskilled job, as a cook's helper. Daily Braaf manages to use this livelihood to manufacture free time for himself, much of it spent hiding out somewhere within this maritime carcass. The hulk neighboring it yet is in service as a cannon battery aimed into the Kolosh village, but dry rot has made a casualty of this vessel of Braaf's. He slips through a gangway carpentered into the ship's hull when it became a storehouse, creeps to the forecastle, and within a particular one of the several stave-sprung barrels there makes a deposit, a walrus-ivory snuffbox which hitherto was the possession of a Russian quartermaster. Then, per Melander's instructions, Braaf begins to measure by





Yet, I didn't want anyone coming to my rescue. There was that  
about this damn <sup>ed</sup> in-between age, too. I wondered instead if I could

contrive the cinch back together somehow.

A search of Bubbles and the packs didn't produce any hope. Then  
I got to looking myself over. A bootlace might do it.

With my jackknife

<sup>task - while</sup> I punched holes in both pieces of the cinch, then threaded the

bootlace back and forth and tied it to make a splice. Bubbles' <sup>next</sup>

standard of behavior <sup>having</sup> ~~occurred~~ <sup>me</sup> to me, I made <sup>another</sup> more holes farther along

each part of the cinch and wove in <sup>, next 1. bootlace as a 2d</sup> another splice, for safety's sake.

It took all of the lace and I ~~now~~ had one boot gaping open at the top  
like an unbuckled overshoe, but the cinch looked as if it would hold.

Now there was just the matter of getting Bubbles back up where  
he had launched from. <sup>4 min</sup> That was <sup>E</sup> probably a twenty-minute fight-and-

drag, though it seemed some hours. Bubbles would take a step and  
balk. Balk and take a step. Balk again, and let himself slide back

down the slope a little. <sup>4 min</sup> I at last got his head ~~up~~ level with the

trail, and when he saw <sup>that</sup> ~~it~~, he pranced up <sup>on</sup> ~~onto it~~ as if it was his

own idea.

Got to  
wondering

My belt

as if  
wonder  
ed  
snap it

20 min  
of

more  
detail?

more  
detail?

No hope came  
out of my search  
of B & packs.  
Leather was  
absent



Doig/

dressing scrofulous sores syringing out sore ears, bathing  
sore eyes and bandaging up wounds. Then round to visit patients.  
By this time it is eleven o'clock and I then sit down to write,  
or if any children come in, try to teach them. And with the  
exception of a walk to Jones or Jordans, keep in the house  
all the time so as to be ready either as teacher or physician.



quote -  
panto  
behind  
back

I spent a strong hour being furious with my father before it occurred to me to wonder just how he ought to have alerted me to Stanley's condition.

Cleared his throat and said, "Stanley, ~~excuse us, but~~ Jick and I got something to discuss ~~a matter to talk over~~ here in the bushes, we'll be right back"?

Worked his way behind Stanley and pantomimed swigging from a bottle?

Neither of those ~~None of it~~ seemed to be what could be called etiquette, and that left

me with the disturbing notion that maybe it'd been up to me to see

the situation for myself. Which gave me another hour or so to chew

on, trying to figure out how I was supposed to follow



Day five

Christmas. Carol steps from the ramp of the airplane at 6:03 p.m., five air hours from New Jersey. Swan in his lifetime managed to go from one coast of America to the other a total of five times. In the fourteen years of our marriage, Carol and I have crisscrossed the continent on visits or business so many times we have lost count.

The pun I have been saving for days--So you're the Christmas Carol?--draws her groan and grin. We hold each other, amid the community of hugs of families re-uniting. The New Jersey report is good: her parents are in health, and chipper. On a winter day in 1860, the mail off a revenue cutter calling at Neah Bay brought Swan news of the death of both his mother and his wife. Next words in the diary: With aching, breaking heart we must submit and say, 'Thy will be done.' But oh, how hard.

Our car enters the freeway aqueduct of headlights flowing north to the city. We are to stop for Christmas dinner at the home of friends. On the table, we can predict, will be sauerkraut from her Baltimore, pecan pie from his Texas. Christmas Day of 1861, Swan's first at Neah Bay and with two other white men for gustatory company, Swan seriously set to work at the business of holiday dinner. Duck stew and roast goose he produced, then undertook the gamble of the day. That autumn when the Makahs bestowed a chunk of whale



1st draft.

never quite  
do come & same.

Our second day out was a lot like the first, although mountain days are never quite identical. Vic Haugland's sheep were late,

I don't know whether because of a slow start by the herder or if they just were reluctant. If you <sup>try</sup> ~~tried~~ to follow some exact time when you worked with sheep, you would drive yourself crazy. While ~~my~~ we were waiting, my father said he would go have a look at the timber (for brush as fire hazard, for ex?)...

will rapidly  
loony

I took out my jackknife and put my initials into the fallen OO

weather?

log I was sitting on: J McC. That was absorbing, but after a while

I heard the first blats of the Haugland sheep, and went down ~~the~~ through ~~the~~ the timber to help bring them to the counting vee. Vic Haugland saw me and called, "Mornin', Jick. That father of yours come to his senses and turn his job over to you?"

"He's inspectin' timber..."

The three of us, Vic and his herder and I, shoved the sheep on up the mountain slope. It took a while, because up is not a direction sheep particularly like to go, at least at someone else's suggestion.



Plump flotsam on the outmost of shore, the seals were there. So  
was a new style of coast to any the men had seen yet. Having clambered  
downbeach to the point, the  
found themselves  
three of them were at the inshore edge of a rock shelf high and flat  
as a quay--although no one but nature would employ ~~any~~ some two hundred  
that much again Odd in this, too:  
paces wide and ~~twice that~~ in length. ~~There~~ in the blue and brown  
morning,  
~~afternoon~~, the Pacific tossing bright around the somber ~~weather~~ rock  
this  
face of the coast, ~~the~~ huge queer natural wharf lay thinly sheeted  
with wet, like puddles after rain.

By now Braaf had tides in his bones alongside the weather. "The  
high drowns all this, then," he ~~said~~ <sup>stated</sup>, nodding the attention of Karlsson  
and Wennberg to the remnant pools. "We'll need be quick." Even as ~~he~~ <sup>Braaf</sup>  
said so, earliest waves of the incoming tide tried to leg themselves up over  
the seaward edge of the rock quay.

"Quick we'll be," Karlsson responded and was in motion while the  
words still touched the air." "Over here, that horn of rock."

Onto the tidal plateau he led the other two, to where a formation  
the height and outline of a ketch sail bladed up. Beside this prong,  
from view of the seal herd, Karlsson studied out ambush. ~~To the right,~~

Leftward, the rock shelf lay open and bare. Any least twitch of  
invasion there would be instantly seen by the seals.

To the right, close by Karlsson and Wennberg and Braaf, the ocean  
with undreamable patience had



1st draft  
overhold

Autumn, in a sense, was the onset of a McCaskill year. School of course started then, which accounted for the next many months for Alec and me. What people we would be if born with schooling already in our heads, or could learn it in a single stint of months instead of stint after stint filling twelve years, I don't just know. More independent of each other, <sup>possibly</sup> maybe, and that isn't always to the good. But anyway, Alec and I went into a different world when school began. My father I think did too, because then we <sup>he had only</sup> became part-time sons. Sons on our way into our own lives, eventually out of his. Which <sup>maybe</sup> possibly accounts almost as if making sure he at least had it left. for the way he would rework the Two each autumn, A ranger is supposed to ~~inspect~~ inspect the range conditions at the end of the grazing season; my father all but X-rayed the Two. And when the bands of sheep trailed down, he was on hand to look them over, talk with the herders, the ranchers, the lamb buyers. I suppose it was the time of year when he could tot up his job, see the results of his rangership; in a man who sometimes seemed doubtful whether his life totted up to all it should, that must have been a necessary time.

and

autumn  
season



OK

And when the lurch of argument and temblors of predicament at last shook the two men silent, Karlsson knew he ~~had~~<sup>needed</sup> to begin ~~again~~<sup>his true work</sup>. And did.

had responded

"Can't paddle in daylight, you say yesterday," Wennberg ~~said~~

somewhere between bafflement and fury. "Now it's can't paddle at night. Tell me this one thing, Karlsson. This one Goddamned ~~thing~~<sup>sideways</sup>.

\*Where're you going to find us hours that aren't one or other, day or night? Whistle up your ass for them, are you?"

"Dusk." Karlsson had repeated it carefully. "Dusk, Wennberg.

We need make ~~a~~ short runs of it, ~~until~~ we figure we're clear of

any Koloshes along here. Just the two of us paddling ~~we'll~~<sup>now,</sup> need

learn about that, too. So we've got to. Stead enough twilight to

paddle an hour, maybe two, we can. Whatever we make is gain toward

Astoria."

Now, the day stepping down toward dark, Wennberg sighed dismally,

looked to the ocean, gray and steadily grayer, as though it were

dishwater and he were being asked to drink it ~~as~~<sup>it</sup> a swallow.

"Wennberg, we've got to."

# —



season  
more than  
next few  
hrs

Spring is an uneven time on the Two. First of all, you can't be sure when it's going to arrive, or if it's going to stay when it does. <sup>More than a few</sup> ~~times~~ times, I have known mid-May snowfalls, the damp heavy <sup>ones</sup>, to hit <sup>this</sup> the country. That they are perilous to the lambs and calves but also are great grass-bringers is the usual sort of ~~one~~ the one hand this, on the other hand that, <sup>Montana</sup> situation. My father seemed to green up with the country, though. Paperwork he had avoided all winter would get tackled and ~~disposed~~ disposed of. Any of the gear of the <sup>Creek station</sup> ~~English station~~ received a going-over---saddles, bridles, pack saddles, fire equipment...

And all through spring, he would read the mountains. Watch the snow level along the peaks: how fast the drifts were melting. Kept an eye on English Creek, to see how high it was day by day. Kept track of the wildlife, when the deer started back up, how soon <sup>a fresh</sup> the piles <sup>cool-</sup> of black crap would show that bears were out of hibernation. The mountains are their own almanac, you might say. <sup>That being true,</sup> The Two seemed to us a special edition, positioned as it was along the east slope of the divide of the continent, its water and welfare touching out to the plains...

I know for sure if once around a shift on Memorial Day.

(If you had a 3rd day there'd be some other (complicated) hard proposition on those.

in mid-J a trail

gold-leaf

it was a big pile supply



89  
a seal which lay a bit inshore from the others, a young

bachelor, bullied into solitude by the bull of the herd.

"Tickle luck's chin," Braaf said softly as Karlsson aimed.

"Or it's <sup>smoke</sup> soup tonight," Wennberg muttered.





Only the northmost part of the national forest is actually

in the vicinity of the Two Medicine river. The forest joins onto

the southern boundary of Glacier National Park, and fits between

the Continental Divide and the Blackfeet Reservation up there....

I suppose it is just the ring of the words that has carried the

so far  
name south. The derivation as I've heard it is that the Blackfeet

made their medicine lodge two years in a row ~~beside~~ in the valley

near the lake, and the name carried from there. However ~~it~~ came

to be, it is an interesting piece of language, I think.

like 00

Py whelera

pretty

somehow

Two Medicine



"Let's get back to the beach before I go chasing raindrops myself."

Melander discovered from the summit that the arc of beach continued some miles north eastward, to Hecate Strait. This intelligence turned into taunt, however, by the time he and Karlsson returned to the campsite. A stiff wind was pushing in off Kaigani. Not wanting a repeat of the crossing they had just endured, the canoe men sat to wait out the bluster.

Braaf scuffed a boot against something in the sand, close by where the other three sat sheltered. A dead loon, its bill thrust ahead like a bayonet, one checkered wing stiffly cocked a bit as though readying to fly, the rest of the body beneath the beach surface.

"Buried as Bering," said Melander.

"Means what?" queried Braaf.

"It's something the Russian navy men say. Bering was a skipper, an old sir, first one into the islands up where the Aleuts come from. He was sailing in the Tsar's hire, a ship called the Saint Peter. A true Russian vessel, leaky as a basket. Somewhere up there among the Aleuts they got themselves wintered in. Those islands don't have a whisker of timber, so Bering and his crew dug into sandhills, pulled over sail canvas for roof. Lived in burrows like lemmings, aye? Lived till they died, at least, and then, the Rooski tell it, foxes would come into camp and gobble the bodies. Bering himself took frail



Bubbles

He of course took the lead rope with him, and me at the end  
of it like a kite on a string. <sup>4</sup> I can't say how far downhill I lit,  
but I was in the air long enough to get good and worried. I landed  
standing up, though. Standing about ankle-deep <sup>into</sup> ~~in~~ the sidehill, which  
had been softened by all the rain.

add a  
sentence!

4?

A horse's eyes are big anyway, but I swear Pony's were the  
Lincoln Zephyr as ~~down~~ size of headlights ~~when~~ she peered over the rim of the trail at  
Bubbles and me. <sup>4</sup> "Easy, girl!" I called to her. All I needed next  
was for Pony to get excited, <sup>jerk</sup> ~~pull~~ her reins loose from that stump  
and quit the country, leaving me down here with this tangled-up  
packhorse. ~~Easy~~ "Easy, ~~the~~ Pony! Everything's gonna be--just

Easy there!

goddamn

begin

dandy."

a total

Now I tried to sort out the situation. Bubbles still was floundering

around a little below me and snorting a series of alarms. He too was  
on his feet, though. The main damage I could <sup>find</sup> ~~see~~ anywhere was a gash

to pack?

where a side of the pack had snagged on something on the way down.

Sugar or flour was trickling from that, but it looked as if I could

move a crossrope over enough to <sup>close off</sup> ~~hold~~ the slit closed.

I gave Bubbles a general cussing, meanwhile working along the lead

rope until I could reach his neck. [I patted my way back from there,

If anything, he  
was shoving & rising  
over than he had thought  
didn't go as far as  
so far.

salt

delivered



quarter million, and James Gilchrist Swan long since in the sum.

The many weeks to round Cape Horn in 1850, the long climbing voyage along the Pacific shores, arrival: and then Swan was like a good many of us ever since in not quite knowing what to make of California. I am reminded that only months ago Carol and I drove casually through the Sierra Nevada foothills where the gold towns had blossomed, and found all rivers bucking in high white fury and daily reports of rafting Californians drowning themselves. "Damn river is like Niagara Falls laid out flat," somebody complained, and so the waters of the lode country all looked. To the annals of exasperation about forest fires, earthquake and drought heard during our previous California journeys we now added crazed streams, and wondered to one another when the place he was trying to homestead with the old whaling captain, Purrington. The captain was famous for cooking every thing that had ever lived. We had eaten of young eagles, hawks, owls, lynx, beaver, seal, otter, gulls, pelican, and, finally, wound up with crow; and the crow was the worst of the lot. The captain once tried to bake a skunk, but, not having properly manages to catch its breath. Certainly it already was in full exotic gallop when Swan disembarked one-hundred-twenty-eight years ago. Dozens, scores of deserted ships clogged the San Francisco harbor, a fleet of Marie Celeste left ghostly by crews which had swarmed to the goldstrikes.

Swan himself completed the pilgrimage up the Sacramento to the mining camps, but only as a purser on a river steamer.



to get to the ruptured places on the pack.

When I put my hand onto the canvas, the pack moved a bit. All the load on Bubbles' back moved a bit.

*managed to*  
"Son of a goddamn sonofabitch," I <sup>came out with.</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>swear</sup> It was either that or <sup>must have figured I was</sup> start crying, and I ~~was~~ moving out of the crying age into the cussing one.

<sup>downhill</sup>  
Bubbles' excursion had broken the lash cinch, the one that holds the packs into place. So I had a packhorse still in one piece--I

~~could have testified fluently right then that Bubbles was such an~~  
and mixed emotions about Bubbles having come through in good health--

~~ornery~~  
but no way to secure the load onto him. I would have to ride somewhere for a new cinch, or get it repaired.

~~My~~ <sup>about like Frank Dant's menu of mutton or sheep meat.</sup>  
~~The choices were bad and worse. Stanley was~~ ~~not~~ at the other herder's <sup>and his thirst both the way they were, I wasn't sure</sup>  
~~sheep camp by now, and with his hand~~ <sup>the way it was, might not be</sup> he would be

much of a repairer anyway. Or I could get on Pony, head back down

the trail all the way to the English Creek station, and tell my father to come mend the fix he'd pitched me into.

That last notion had appeal of a sort. I would be rid of Stanley and responsibility for him. I'd done what I could, it was not my fault that Bubbles had schottisched off a mountaintop.

*was  
strong  
have  
to*

*I  
sew'd  
rings*

*It was  
my  
father  
right*



the Columbia, including Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor,  
to Cape Flattery; the duties of the office being to report  
all vessels arriving at or departing from Shoal-water Bay,  
and to keep a diligent watch on the coast to see that none  
of the Russian or Hudson Bay Companies' vessels came around  
either for smuggling or trading with the Indians.

Since this comprised an all-but-empty stretch of shore,  
with only the lackadaisical oysterers at Shoalwater, a few  
stump farmers and sawmillers up around Grays Harbor, and  
the tiny drowsing tribal settlements at a few river mouths,  
Swan's precinct seems to have been spectacularly free of  
smuggling prospects. The only time he is on record as having  
had to exert himself was when the Indians, as a joke, lured  
him several days up the coast to check on a vessel which turned  
out to be a U.S. Geological Survey steamship. Swan being  
Swan, he did not much mind the futile jaunt: So far as  
related to smuggling, I had walked sixty miles up the beach  
for no purpose, but I did not regret having started, as I  
had seen a line of coast which few, if any, white men had  
been over before.

handful  
of

On January eleven, his forty-sixth birthday, Swan entered:  
I shall be glad when this building is completed, for the constant  
interruptions and the duties I am called on to perform prevent  
my giving attention to the children. I have no time that I  
can call my own or in which I am not liable to interruptions



Out of his experience, Stanley testified that he'd rather work

with shepherders than cowboys. "You might <sup>have a herder</sup> find one that's crazy

now and then, but at least they <sup>ain't</sup> ~~aren't~~ so likely to be <sup>such</sup> ornery sonsabitches." ain't

# I wondered. If <sup>Canada Dan</sup> ~~Fred Dant~~ was representative, shepherders didn't seem

to ~~be~~ be any bargains of hospitality either.



As the headlights felt out the thin route between driftwood debris and crashing waves, our Coast Guardsman bucked the vehicle through cloud upon cloud of spume drifting thigh-deep on the beach. The journey was like being seated in a small plane as it sliced among puffy overcast.

From that night I have the sense of what the early pilots must have felt, ~~Saint-Exupery's~~ ~~Saint-Exupery's~~ men aloft with the night mail over Patagonia, avid for ~~one~~ "one" vagrant ray of light...even the flicker of an inn-lamp--of little help indeed yet shining like a beacon, earnest of the earth..." We had our ray of light, leading us ~~in fine~~ <sup>with tireless</sup> reliable winks, but even it could not see into our foaming route for us.

At last at the lighthouse, with the motor cut, no next encounter between four-wheel-drive and fat driftlog having been ordained, we breathed out and climbed forth to the Dungeness sand for our weekend stay.

Two moments stand in my memory from the next day. The first was seeing the light itself, coming onto the fact of its art here on a ledge of sand and upcast wood. What I had expected perhaps was something like ~~titanic~~ <sup>titanic</sup> a colossal spotlight, ~~a~~ <sup>some</sup> modern ~~capsule~~ <sup>metallic</sup> of ~~intense~~ <sup>unfathomable</sup> power: not a seventy-five-year-old concoction of prisms which took ~~the~~ just one thousand-watt ~~bulb~~ bulb



"How long's this going to take?"

"Well, you ~~seen~~ what we got into yesterday with ~~Canada Dan.~~ ~~Frank Dent.~~

*most of*  
Could take a day a piece for these other two herders, too."

*tend*  
"What about if we split up? Each go to one herder today?"

*more*  
# Stanley considered.  
"I guess that'd work. Which yahoo do you want, Gufferson or Preston

~~Rozier?"~~

~~Rader?"~~

*in his 2d or 3d yr of time in the mtns*  
*Rozier*  
I thought on that. Preston ~~Rader~~ was a young ~~her~~ herder...

*a long-timer in the Two country*  
Andy Gustafson had the range between Frank Dent and Preston, *doubtless* for the probable reason ~~was likely~~

*that*  
~~because~~ he was savvy enough not let the bands get mixed...

"I'll take Andy."

"Okay. Let's go ~~back~~ see sheepherders."

The drawback to my choice was that Andy's supplies were in the pack ~~back~~ rig that went on Bubbles. I stayed well clear of his hooves

while getting the packsacks roped on, and Pony and I headed west,

Bubbles grudgingly behind us, as Stanley went north toward Preston's camp.

*deep in B's mood*

*change? - too many names in new-a-*



Melander soothingly agreed it was an understan<sup>d</sup>able ambition, and laudable too, but no. He had thought the issue through and through, and the death of a valued smith such as Wennberg, especially when the killing would have to be achieved here within the fort, would breed more questions than it was worth. "Besides, he is a hill bull for strength. We can use him."

Karlsson squinted in reflection, then said that what galled him was to be at Wennberg's mercy in any way. What if Wennberg took it into his narrow bull mind to betray them to the Russians for a reward?

Aye, Melander concurred, that was the very problem to be grappled. "We shall have to set a snare for Mister Blacksmith."

A few nights later, their first time as four.

Karlsson openly appraised Wennberg as if the blacksmith were marrying into the family. Their newcomer was both hefty and wide, like a cut of very broad plank. An unexpectedness atop his girth was the fluffy set of sideburns--light brown, as against the blondness of the other three Swedes--which framed his face all the way down to where his jaw joined his neck. Except for young dandies among the Russian officers no one else of New Archangel sported such feathery sidewhiskers, but then it would be assumed that no one either was going to invoke foppery against this walking slab of brawn. A time or two Wennberg had re-edged an axe for Karlsson, but Karlsson <sup>knew</sup> ~~new~~ little more of him than those spaced hammerblows onto red metal. He found it interesting that the man was amounting to <sup>something</sup> ~~so much~~ more than arm.



Somewhere out back, Mac knew, there would be a woolsock hanging from a tree limb. The bottom of the sack would be in a bucket of

water, and within the sack, being cooled by the water as it wicked

up through the burlap, would be a hind quarter of venison. Good Help

Hebner was known to prefer his deer the way some people liked their

eggs--poached. The forest larder was the certain part of the situation;

the question part of it was where the next square meal for the Hebner

kids would come from if Good Help were shut away for his deer proclivities,

and that was the part Mac had never been able to answer.

wicking

same way  
he liked his  
eggs



✓

The next morning, the twenty-third of July, 1864, Swan intended to go out with Peter and sketch his way along the Ozette shoreline, but awoke instead to heavy fog. He and the Makahs prepared instead to hike back to Alava. I had accomplished two things. I had proved the existence of a lake and had made a sketch of a portion and as I was the first white man who had ever seen this sheet of water I concluded I would take some other opportunity when I <sup>might</sup> have white companions with me and make a more thorough survey. The trailside brush was saturated from the fog; by the time Swan was back to the coast he was as well drenched as if I had been overboard.



The Hebner place looked as if a demolition crew was working on it and had just taken a break for lunch. It was said locally that nothing held up the Hebner barn but wind. Good Help Hebner himself was more than a little ramshackle, one bib of his overalls perpetually torn loose and flapping across his face abristle with a shoulder, a gray-white grizzle of whiskers which mysteriously never matured into a beard. Years back, Hebner unexpectedly had volunteered for the Two Medicine roundup, and the first morning hoisted himself onto an iron gray pony which promptly slung him off and then tried to pound him apart. Hebner proved elusive time and again the furious horse missed the rolling ball of man on the ground under it, until one of Ben English's cowboys reached in, grabbed a Hebner ankle, and snaked him out under the corral poles. Hebner had got to his feet, looked around at the crowd, and declared "Well, I ~~schick~~ ~~muchobound~~ had some Good Help gettin' out of that, didn't I?" The nickname stuck partly because of the story and partly because Hebner was of ~~xxx~~ such thoroughgoing inutility.

reliability  
7. west

up into  
story

that  
story



In the middle of the barnyard, a defeated looking gray mare stood with two of the Hebner boys astraddle its sway back. The front one was kicking the mare heartily in the ribs and piping, "Giddyup, goddamn you horse, giddypu."

Good Help yelled across the yard, "Giddyup, hell, the pair of you giddy off and giddy over to the woodpile."



"Morning, ranger. Hello, Jick." Good Help had materialized

behind the screen door of the log house. "Ought to have been paying attention to the world so I could have seen you coming and got some coffee <sup>going</sup> on."

<sup>Garland,</sup> "Thanks anyway," said my father who had heard years of Hebner protocol and never yet seen a cup of coffee out of <sup>any of</sup> it. "We're just

~~dropping~~ dropping off some baking."

<sup>Belk had</sup> ~~Just then there was~~ commotion began in front of the barn. The <sup>came out 'long an. "</sup> <sup>interrupted 54</sup>

front boy atop the old horse was whacking her ~~across the~~ alongside the neck with the reins, while the boy behind him was kicking the mount heartily in the ribs and piping, "Giddyup, goddamn you horse, giddyup."

Good Help yelled across the yard, "Giddyup, hell, the pair of you giddy off and giddy over to <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ woodpile!" <sup>9</sup> We all watched for the effect ~~of~~ of this on the two would-be jockeys, and when there was none, Good Help addressed my father through the screen door again: "Ought to have taken that pair out and drowned them with the last batch of kittens, way they behave. I don't know what's got into kids these days."



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

# Ivan Doig

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1 June '82

Dear Tom--

Celebrated much of the Memorial Day weekend by going thru page proofs, and a celebration it was. The book looks dandy, reads better to me than I remember having written it (must be the alchemy of your editing). A chevron on all our sleeves, I say.

As to crx, they're few, and only one semi-critical--one of those nightmare dreads which came true, the compositor mucking up a line of the acknowledgments on p. 279 when he supposedly was correcting another. I've left paper clips in where I caught things, but fyi here's the list as well:



"I don't mind Good Help snitching a deer every so often,"

my father put it, "or even that he's so damn lazy he can barely

breathe. But when he starts in on his oughtobiography--how he

ought to have been this; <sup>done</sup> ought to have been that,

that  
gooddamn  
ought to be  
of his.  
How  
he  
ought  
to...



Not since taking their quit of New Archangel had they paddled at night, and the memory of that stint did not go far to reassure anybody. Ordinarily dark was Braaf's time, the thief's <sup>workplace</sup> ~~apprentice~~; but here in the canoe with blackness around, Karlsson could sense Braaf's distrust of the situation, feel how his paddling grew more tentative, grudging, than ever. Wennberg meantime seemed in every hurry to yank them through the night single-handed; his paddling was near-flail.

Karlsson drew ~~a deep~~ <sup>deep</sup> breath, ~~exhaled~~ <sup>oh so</sup> exasperation ~~carefully~~, and decreed:

"Hold up, the both of you. We need to ~~beat~~ <sup>flap</sup> our wings together.

At my word, do your stroke. Now...now...now...

The night Pacific is little at all like the day's. With the demarking line of horizon unseeable, the ocean draws up dimension from its deeps, sends it ~~spreading~~ spreading, distending, perhaps away into some meld with the sky itself. If stars ever kindle out there ~~on~~ <sup>amid</sup> the wavetops, we need not be much surprised. And all the while every hazard, rock, shoal, reef, shelf, snag, ~~is~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~whetted~~ <sup>against</sup> by the solid dark.

In their watch for collision, Wennberg and Braaf and Karlsson stare tunnels into the black.



Where horses were concerned, my father's imagination took a vacation. A black horse he invariably named Coaly, a sorrel Red.

Currently he was riding a big dun gelding whose ~~shades~~ color had inspired

the name Mouse. I was on a short <sup>-legged</sup> mare called Pony. Frankly, <sup>high</sup> among

about this business of my hopes ~~for~~ growing up was that I would get a more substantial horse out of it.

dialogue →



on just about any frontier task, Swan did his part to fulfill the reputation. The tribal people arrive to him with complaints of headache or rheumatism; he doctors them with a liniment concocted of ammonia and whale oil, which was considered, from its pungency, to be very potent.

All too soon, Swan's doctoring stopped being a jest. One evening he noticed that the face and neck of one of the Chinook women were covered with little spots like flea-bites. I said to Russell, "This woman has either got the small-pox or measles." Smallpox it was, and that frontier plague tore like an assassin through the Shoalwater community. Swan did what nursing he could; all his life he would show a fine compassionate touch for that task. But several of the natives died, Russell and a number of other whites were laid low for weeks. Somehow Swan himself went untouched. I trust, he wrote somberly afterward, I may not be obliged to pass through such another trial.

Life at Shoalwater thereafter proved to be seldom dull, hardly ever strenuous. In the spring of 1853, when the region north of the Columbia River was hived off from Oregon to become Washington Territory, several of the Shoalwater oyster-boys were inspired to file for land claims. Swan in May selected a site at the mouth of what is now the Bone River--the Querquelin, it was called by the Indians: Mouse River--on the bay's northeastern shore. Reasoning that the absence of a wife by



The sky split white outside the cabin. The crack of thunder

I honestly felt as much as I heard it: a jolt through the air.

~~"Now that," Stanley observed, "was a whit too close."~~

I believe my hair was on end, but Stanley didn't seem ruffled.

"The quick hand of God, my ma used to say," ~~was that~~

Yeah, well,  
I'd just  
as soon  
it  
grabbed  
around  
sampled  
else.



to the harbor's spruce islands and the sudden spearing mountains behind the settlement, the usual morning wind off the bay lazed to a breeze, to approach Karlsson before work call. His thought was that if Karlsson would ~~entertain~~ <sup>this</sup> escape on the most silken of New Archangel's days, he truly was ready as ready.

"Take our tea outside the stockade, ~~why don't~~ <sup>whyn't</sup> we? The farther ~~can ever traipse~~ <sup>anything</sup> you get from the Russians, the better ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> tastes."

Tin mugs in hand, the two of them ~~sauntered~~ <sup>passed</sup> past the sentry at the opened gateway of the stockade and ~~went~~ <sup>sauntered</sup> to the edge of the native village which extended in a single-file march of dwellings far along the shoreline. more

As Melander and Karlsson stood and sipped, a dozen natives emerged from one of the nearest longhouses, men and women together and all naked, and waded casually into the bay to bathe.

"Those canoes are longer then they look, aye?" Melander began, motioning to the natives' cedar shells in a row on the beach before them; the line of lithe craft, like sea creatures dozing side by side on the white sand, which his gaze had been drawn to when he stood atop the stockade. "We could step into one here and step out at Stockholm."

Karlsson's face, all at once not nearly so bland, suggested the standard skepticism toward talk of uncooping oneself from New Archangel. Because of the isolation so far into the North Pacific and because muskeg and sinkholes and an alpine forest so thick it



*someone*

The day book was his worst burden in being a ranger. Early on, Stanley Meixell had told him the story of a rider-turned-ranger down on the Shoshone. Cut short my horses tail and the wind blew all day, read his first day book entry. Then with further thought, he concluded: swallow advice if he had to, From the northeast. My father could recognize a cautionary tale, and he did what he could with the day book. When he did it was another matter. He would go two or three dutiful weeks, then would come a Saturday <sup>morning</sup> when he had seven little yellow blanks to show, and the filling in would start.

"Beth, what'd I do on Tuesday? That the day it rained and I put in a new stall..."

*expand*

"That was Wednesday. Tuesday the 00..." Her sense of order usually prevailed over her exasperation, which was what he was counting on.

When I became big enough to go into the mountains with him, he saw some relief <sup>instantly perceived some</sup> to the day book situation. "Whyn't you kind of keep track of today for me?" he said, handing me a fresh-sharpened <sup>new</sup> pencil and a 00 notebook.



Doig/

happy at all times to add my humble collections to specimens in your museums. From then on, his mailings to Baird read like an inventory of Gulliver's pockets after several years on the road.

16 bird skins, mostly large

2 Indian skulls

1 backbone of fur seal with skull

2 grass straps for carrying burthens

1 dog hair blanket

specimen sea weed

1 fur seal skin

2 fur seal skulls

4 specimen fossil crabs

2 miniature hats

2 down blankets

shells taken from ducks' stomachs



patrolled

It took me a bit to catch onto my father's style. But after  
some days of me reporting in the manner of We met up with Joe Robinson  
on the south side of Billy Creek and talked with him about whether he  
could get a bigger allotment to run 40 <sup>on</sup> steers he wanted to run on his allot more steers and my father  
squashing it down in the day book to Saw J. Robinson about steer  
proposition, I adjusted.



On the third day, the canoes flashed back into sight, the crews announcing themselves across the water by exuberant musket shots and songs of victory. The war, however,

turned out to have been considerably less than total.

~~swaggered ashore with the heads of two Elwhas. Two Elwha heads,~~

The avenging Makahs landed on the beach opposite the monument of Swell...

and forming into a line came up the beach in single file with old

Cowbetsi, their great war chief, at their head. A short distance

behind him came a savage holding with both hands a bloody head that

had been severed from the body of an unfortunate Elwha. Two or three

Indians followed this and then another grim trophy, held in the same manner

as the first.

Swan learned that the war party had come upon the unlucky pair of Elwhas hunting seals at Crescent Bay, the precise site of Swell's murder. When blood was most ready to answer blood, then, the two

were simply the targets of opportunity. Having shot and beheaded

them, the Makahs noted the alarms being shrieked by <sup>several</sup> ~~some~~ Elwha women

who had watched the ambush <sup>h</sup> from a distance, held a rapid council, and

decided revenge had been sufficiently done.



1st draft

The English Creek station was a different place this summer, we seemed to be different people under its roof than we had been.

I tried to think how any of this had happened. Went back through that supper the night before my father and I rode up for the counting.

Godamighty, it wasn't even a week ago. One thing did seep through

to me, about what I had asked that night. Instead of "how come?"

what I intended maybe was what my parents were asking of Alec, too:

"already?" What was the rush? How could it be happening so soon?

My parents ~~supposedly~~ I suppose were looking at it as the loss of a

son; although moony as Alec had been most of this year of Leona,

*personally*  
I couldn't see that he was all that much loss. What I felt, or sensed

and was trying to bring into focus, was the unsettling marvel that

Alec's course was somehow shaping my own. It was like looking at

a suit of clothes and saying, ~~but~~ they'll never catch me dead in

those, but at the same time noticing that they seem to be your fit...

my. can't

faners



Karlsson's shot struck the seal in the neck, not far beneath the base of its head.

A lurch by the animal. Its foreflippers and tail flapped briefly. Then the head lowered as if into doze.

. . . Fetched him! Shot-and-pot, we'll surprise our bellies yet. . . Meantime, the other seals writhed rapidly toward the rock edge, were gone.

"Square eye, Karlsson," Braaf congratulated. He was first onto his feet, stepping to the right of the bump of rock Karlsson had shot from, Wennberg and Karlsson moving now too, the three of them <sup>setting off</sup> beginning in hurry toward the seal, the tide in mind. . .

Of what happened next, only this much is sure: that amid a climbing stride by Braaf as he began to cross the wrist of rock, surf burst strongly in front of him; that a startling white weight of water leapt, seemed to stand in the air; that it then fell onto Braaf.

Comical, <sup>this</sup> ~~it~~ might have been. A drenching, ~~and~~ an ass-over-earhole tumble, as Wennberg might have said, and there the sum of it, Braaf bouncing up now with a grin of rue. But the <sup>toppled</sup> push of the water slung Braaf backward more than that, and the hand he put down to halt himself met the wet slickness of a barnacle colony.

Braaf slid on into the tidal trough.



REVISSED

The accumulated cold in the cabin had us both shivering.

*in here*

"Feels like it's gonna frost," I muttered.

*agreed*

"Yeah," Stanley ~~responded~~. "About a foot."

That gave me a thought I didn't particularly want. "What, ah, what if this turns to snow?" I could see myself blizzarded in here for a week with this reprobate.

"Aw, I don't imagine it will. Lightning like this, it's probably just a thunderstorm."

*Still, you  
never  
know,*



peering directly down at the edge of shore subjacent to the outside end of the stockade.

Here his looking held for a good while.

Eventually, and so softly that the sentry nearby in the block-house mistook it for another mutter against twittering Finns, the tall man murmured: "Perhaps not bladeless."

Do such things have a single first moment? If so, just here Melander begins to depart from a further half dozen years of the salting of fish.

Karlsson was a part-time bear-milker. That is to say, ordinarily he worked as an axman in the <sup>timber-felling</sup> wood-cutting crew, but, ~~his upbringing~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~upbringing near the forests of Shana~~ <sup>himself</sup> had sufficiently skilled him as a woodsman that he was sent with the hunting party which occasionally forayed out to help provision New Archangel; to milk the bears, as it was jested. The sort of fellow with nothing much he cared to put to voice, and of whom even less was remarked, Karlsson. It is told that at a Scandinavian free-for-all, Danes will be the ones dancing and laughing, Norwegians endeavoring to start a fight, Finns passing bottles, and Swedes standing along the wall waiting to be introduced. Melander constituted a tall exception to this slander, but Karlsson, narrow bland face like that of a village parson, would have been there among the wall-props.

Sociability was ~~not~~ <sup>nothing that</sup> Melander sought out of Karlsson. A time, he had noticed Karlsson canoeing in Sitka Sound, back from



REVERSED

I had a dark brown taste in my mouth, and the <sup>small</sup> pieces of my head  
above there didn't seem to fit together, sort of oozed and swayed  
into one another.

*ground & scraped*

Stanley was at the stove. "Mornin'," he said. "Wash down your  
insides with this." He ~~handed~~ handed me a tin cup of coffee...

"No guarantee on this left-handed grub, but how do you take your  
eggs?"

*Ugh*  
"Uh, flipped."

He hovered over the stove another minute or two, then turned and  
presented me a plate. Stanley's left-handed eggs were masterpieces--  
fried to a crisp brown lace ~~was~~ at their edges, their pockets of  
yolk... Big tan strips of sidepork fenced in the eggs, and in a minute  
more, Stanley was providing bread fried in the grease.

*Eggs like that are perfection.*

*not runny but not solid*

*had swarmed on to*  
I was on the last bite or so before it occurred to me to ask.

"Where'd you get these eggs?"

"Aw, I always carry a couple <sup>small</sup> ~~little~~ lard pails of oats for the  
horses, and the eggs ride okay in the oats."



being what it was, the gate sometimes peeped open in the evening.  
Until dusk went into solid night, it was not unknown that a  
recreative stay might be made among certain bargainable women in  
the Kolosh village. For those dwelling within New Archangel rather  
than without, then, ~~the~~ <sup>big gate's</sup> second and unofficial--and by order of the  
governor, absolute--curfew ~~at the big gate~~ was full dark.

~~"There you are, then," Melander explained to Karlsson. "Free  
ride on the spotted pony, so to speak."~~

~~for him a typhoon of emotion.~~  
Karlsson quirked his mouth enough to show skepticism, Melander  
was one who would have you believe that sideways is always true north.  
But Karlsson was a vane of ~~another~~ <sup>stiffer</sup> sort. He possessed a close idea of  
his own capabilities and could gauge himself with some dispassion as  
to whether he was living up to them. (That he had not much interest  
in people who lacked either capability or gauge, his stand-off style  
more than half-hinted.) What Melander was proposing, <sup>in this gate enterprise,</sup> Karlsson doubted  
he could fashion himself to.

"Right fit or not," Melander assured him, "you're the only fit."

And so Karlsson began to increase his frequency of visit to  
the native village, and by lingering on after the other visitants,  
to stretch each stay deeper into dusk. Eventually he was nudging  
regularly against the second curfew, much to the discomfiture of  
the night watchman at the gate of the stockade, Bilibin.

Bilibin was one of the longest-serving of the Russian indenturees  
who had been funneled out through the Siberian port of Okhotsk and

him all of the next week to accumulate a trio of Haida  
Hearing this, Braaf frowned. He had full reason. It took  
saddles



REVISÉD

"Oh, to be young and fuckin' twice a day again," he pronounced.

He took notice of the <sup>considerable</sup> impact of this on me. "'Scuse my French, Jick.

It's just a saying us old <sup>coots</sup> ~~foots~~ have."



prominently beckoning to him was kastell: prison.

So Braaf ~~became~~ <sup>turned up as</sup> another in the 1851 contingent to New Archangel, and at once skinning knives and snuff boxes and twists of Kirghiz tobacco and other unattached items began to vanish from the settlement as if having sprung wings in the night. The Russians vented fury on the harborfront natives for the outbreak of vanishment, but the coterie of Swedes and Finns rapidly made a different guess, for ~~Braaf was~~ <sup>the new young Stockholmer</sup> among them ~~had set up shop as~~ <sup>Braaf</sup> becoming a kind of human commissary in the barracks. Because ~~he was~~ <sup>remuneration</sup> reasonable in his prices--interested less in ~~income~~ than in chipping the monotony of Alaskan life, which he found to be a rain-walled prison in its own right--and was diplomatic enough not to forage anything major from his own barrackmates, nothing was said against him.

How hard it would have been, anyway, to lodge a believable case against Braaf. At twenty, he displayed the round ruddy face of a farmboy--an apple of a face--and in talking with you lofted his gaze with innocent interest just above your eyes, as if considerately measuring you for a hat.

The morning after tea was taken outside the stockade of New Archangel by a pair of ~~men~~ <sup>Swedes,</sup> it was taken by a trio.

"Me?" Braaf murmured when Melander loomed over him and Karlsson appeared at his opposite shoulder. "No, I was just about to...Sorry, I must...Maybe the noon-break, I'll..."



I have long thought that the two commonest afflictions in Montana--  
it may be true everywhere, but then I haven't been everywhere--are drink

and orneriness. True, my attitude has softened somewhat since I have

become old enough to practice the pair myself now and then, but back

there on that mountain, all I could think was that I had on my hands

the two worst of those representations, an imbibor I was responsible

for and a cantankerous packhorse.

Bullies  
Stomach

all those  
yrs ago

but headed

Volitional  
bottle-tipper  
They  
have  
4 or 5  
getting  
Bullies  
undrawn



Swan next carried the matter of Swell's death to the federal Indian agent for Washington Territory. Met inconclusion there. Sent a seething letter to the newspaper in the territorial capital of Olympia . . . an Indian peaceably passing on his way home in his canoe, laden with white men's goods . . . foully murdered . . . agents of our munificent government have not the means at their disposal to defray the expenses of going to arrest the murderer. . . And at last canoed once more along the Strait to accompany Swell, still nailed up strong, for the hundred miles to burial at the Makah village of Neah Bay.

There, Swell's brother Peter came and wished me to go with him and select a suitable spot to bury Swell . . .

I did as he desired, marked out the spot and dug out the first sand.

And this further: He also brought up the large tomanawas boards--the Makahs' cedar tableaus of magic which would be the grave's monument--of Swell for me to paint anew. . .

That friend-of-the-family request for a man from Boston to trace fresh the sacred designs of a buried Makah chieftain came in one of the earliest of Swan's decades of winters along this frontier coast. I would wager much, however, that it will be not the last unlikely instant in so brim-full a life as this of his.

James G. Swan had hastened west in the same scurry as

change



*used*

It rained heavily across northern Montana the last day of May and again on the first day of June. Showers continued the next couple of weeks, and the country greened and greened, and the crop forecasts with it. Best wheat outlook in 20 years at Fromberg and Froid, Dutton and Wolf Point. Down on the Musselshell, wool sold for 22 cents a pound. On the sixth of June, one of Mac's fire guards saw cow elk on the move from Sun River across the Divide to their calving grounds on the west side, a good three weeks earlier than usual. On the 17th of June, the heaviest rains yet; snow fell in the Big Belts and Little Belts. At last it was "next year", the one Montanans had been waiting for all through the Depression.



used

I know it was more complicated than that. Anything ever is.

But if you could have got the two of them under oath, each Bibled

to the deepest of the truths in him, my father would have had to

say something like this to Alec: "I don't want you making my mistakes

over again." And Alec along this line to him: "Your mistakes were

yours, they <sup>got</sup> ~~have~~ ~~me~~ nothing to do with me."



To reach any close understanding of Varick McCaskill, though, I believe you would have had to spend a full year at his side. Season somehow seems to bring out more about him than sketchwork does.

Despite what the calendar indicates, autumn was the onset, the threshold, of a McCaskill year. School of course started then, which as far as Alec and I were concerned accounted for the next many months. What people we would be if born with our schooling already in our heads, or could <sup>ingest</sup> it all in <sup>some</sup> <sup>stretch</sup> ~~stint~~ of months instead of stint

after stint filling twelve years, I don't just know. More independent of each other, possibly, and that isn't always to the good. But anyway, Alec and I passed into a different world when school began, one with English Creek and the Two only <sup>along</sup> ~~at~~ 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 <sup>believe</sup> ~~think~~ my father ~~just~~ saw it as the point when ~~he began to have only his sons began g~~ part-time sons. Sons on their way into their own lives, out of his.

Which may account for the way my father would rework the Two each autumn, almost as if making sure to himself that he at least had <sup>his forest</sup> ~~it~~ left.

Every ranger is supposed to inspect the conditions of his forest at

or  
can't hold  
you can say

moved  
to



A while back I ran into him b. Mea  
Lodge & we sopped <sup>up</sup> a few drinks  
together, then he

Insert:

move the Paul Eliason question/story elsewhere, and have Dode ask

about Alec still at the Double W. Dode ~~then~~ then says he met up with

Wendell Williamson in the Medicine Lodge recently:

*will can be without half-trying,*  
He is an overbearing sonofabitch, I'll say that for him. Got to

telling me the superiority of cattle over sheep. Finally I told

him, "Wendell, answer me this. Whenever you see a picture of Jesus

Christ, which is it that he's holding in his arms? Always a lamb,

never a goddamn calf."

*- We hooted over that... For a time all day, my father did!  
like as if he'd eaten nails for w/c/y.*

on p. 71, Dode's reference to "life is wide..." can then be applied

to Alec (i.e., shd Alec change his mind about sticking with the Double W.)

~~on~~ on p. 73, as Dode leaves, insert remark about him heading down the

mount ain ~~before Midge~~ <sup>a</sup> or face <sup>from</sup> scalping by Midge when he got there...

*- about once a year, they built up to a battle Chave/pick  
make chov/m during rodeo)*

My father wagged his head as if he ~~had~~ hoped so but was dubious.

*Asks Dode  
ok p business*

Dode: Alec'll pretty soon figure out there are other people to work  
for in the world than Wendell Williamson.



Winter brothers, perhaps call them.

# But Swan. What besides tireless ears did a domestic fugitive from Massachusetts have to offer ~~Swell~~ and the other Makahs? That answer puts itself together too emerges from these diary entries, in the remark of a sketch here, a carved gift there; clearest of all in the laconic and intriguing entry for an October day in 1859 that he had gone down to a sandstone cliff along the Neah Bay beach and carved a swan into the rockface.

Artistry. Right there, in the fact that virtually the only skill of hand lacking in ~~Swan~~ <sup>James</sup> was the ability to clutch a dollar, was his ticket into the Makah community. Draw, cut stone, invent patterns of paint, produce creatures from within the covers of his books: ~~he~~ <sup>Swan</sup> could perform a gamut of tasks admired by a tribe in love with ornament. What was more, not

much daunted Swan: Went to Billy Balch's house and finished the Thunder bird. This was the hardest sketch I ever undertook. The lodge was dark and the board covered with smoke & grease and hid by boxes & baskets of food. The Indians removed these & washed the board with urine & then the only way I could decypher the painting was to mark round the drawing with a red crayon. . .

In fire and reek, as the storymasters of sagas would have said, and Swan blithely tracing ~~away~~. The Makahs met him at least halfway in rampant enthusiasm for picturizing, as Swan noted some years later when he wrote at length about his role as a frontier ambassador of art.

noth/ I have painted various devices for these Indians and have decorated their ta-ma-na-was masks; and in every instance I was simply required to paint something the Indians had never seen before. One Indian selected from a pictorial newspaper a cut of a Chinese dragon, and another chose a double-headed eagle, from a picture of an Austrian coat-of-arms. Both these I grouped with drawings of crabs, faces of men, and various devices, endeavor-



Alec on a horse borrowed from  
WW Foreman

Alec was a little nervous, swinging his rope more than was  
necessary as he waited. But then I discovered I was kind of nervous  
too, jiggling my foot on the fence rail, and I had no excuse whatsoever...

The starter's little red flag whipped down, and the calf broke  
into the arena. It was Alec's luck that he drew a straight runner  
instead of a dodger. That calf went up the middle of the arena as  
if he was on rails, and <sup>Carl Mitchell's big</sup> Alec's horse gained ground on him every  
hoofbeat. I think if you could have pulled the truth from my father  
right then, ~~he~~ even he would have said that Alec looked ~~like~~ the way  
a roper should. Leaning forward, swinging the loop of lariat over  
his head strong enough to give it a good fling but not overexcited  
about it, either. Evidently there had been some practice done on  
Double W calves as Alec rode the coulees these past weeks....

Alec dabbed the loop onto the calf, and the calf gave out a  
bleahh as the rope choked its neck and yanked it backward. Then Alec  
was off OO and scampering beside the tight line of rope, and down  
gathering calf legs and pigging string...

The time--for Alec McCaskill--nineteen and a half seconds.

galloped

of mother  
cheer

performed

ought to.

Alec's head  
only held up  
three more  
years.  
18 feet



as Melander said, but the canvas carried them across the strait and once more into a scatter of shoreline islands.

"Even this hardtack isn't as bad as it might be." Melander, musing, their first day of south-paddling after wafting across Hecate Strait. "A time I can tell you on the brig Odin, we had to break our biscuits into our coffee and skim away the weevils as they came up.

No, not so bad, aye?"

Braaf, at the onset of their second day after: "I know what Valhalla is now. It's where I never again hear Melander say, 'Tumbleup.'"

Wennberg, midway of their third day and yet another Melander monologue: "Melander, I wonder you don't swallow your tongue sometime for the savor of it."

"Good job of work done": Karlsson, startling them all as they hefted ashore at the close of their fourth straight progressful day.

The river shoved through the land like a glacier of slate. Had the surface been solid as its turbid appearance--one newcoming settler



Ray was as surprised and delighted as I was. How much is up?

<sup>wondered</sup>  
he ~~asked~~. I wasn't sure of the roping prize myself, so I ~~asked~~ asked

<sup>the question</sup>  
~~up~~ to the booth, and Bill Reinking <sup>leaned out and</sup> ~~asked~~ told me, Forty dollars, and

supper at the Sedgwick House.

Pretty slick, Ray admired.

*Pretty slick*



of around you."

"Melander, serve you a plate of fly shit and you'd declare it pepper," muttered Wennberg.

"And you'd lend me your soul as salt, aye, Mister Blacksmith? But we have deciding to do. We've been holed here too long. The water ahead of us doesn't shrink while we're here. I say we had better chance the next stretch today, wind or no. Karlsson?

"You're the sailor of us. But how much of this wind is between us and the next island?"

"I think six hours' paddling.

"Six hours, we can last. I say chance."

"Braaf?"

The thief glanced out into the white-capped water, then somewhere above Melander's brow. "Chance."

"Wennberg?"

"The only thing worse than that water is this waiting. Chance, Melander. Teach us how to eat the wind. May it sit better on my stomach than that last ration did."

For a change, luck puffed on them. Once the paddling men had struggled the canoe around the horn-tip of the beach, they came into a wind skewing directly across Hecate Strait. For the first time since their leaving of New Archangel, up went the canoe's small pole of mast and a lugsail. "Not much of a suit of sails, more like a kerchief,"

30/1/1911



When I was out of eyeshot behind the catch pen at the end of  
the arena, I gave Mouse a jab in the ribs that made him woof in  
surprise. But I suppose my actual target was life, this situation  
of being old enough to have notions occur and make themselves felt  
but not yet old enough to know what to do with them.



three men, "Come look."

Within and around an opening in the forest they found other acrobat columns of gargoyles, some atilt as if peering more sharply down at the interlopers.

"What is all this?" Braaf asked.

"I'd guess a kind of cathedral," Melander replied.

"Don't give us your fiddles, Melander." Wennberg was reaching a hand up to inspect the joinery of the beak-piece onto the column seen first by Braaf. Rather, which first had seen him. In spite of himself, the blacksmith was tugged close by the serene craft of these goblin poles.

Melander looked steadily at Wennberg. "A kind of cathedral," he repeated. "Whatever it is that these people believe is said in these carvings. Like rune stones, aye?"

Until now, insofar as Melander and company could discern in their clamber down the precipice of coastline, not another human might ever have existed among these shore islands. Take the matter to truth, though, and their journey more resembled the course a late-of-night stroller might follow through slumbering neighborhoods. In tribal clusters of gaudy culture, Tlingits, Haidas, Tsimshians, Bellabellas, Bella Coolas, Kwakiutls, Nootkans, perhaps as many as sixty thousand residents peopled this long littoral of what would become British Columbia.



A few years before, when Alec and I still were attending the South Fork school, Ed Heaney drove out from Gros Ventre one summer day to talk <sup>forest</sup> ~~business~~ to my surprise and no little consternation, and with him came his son my age, Ray. I could see perfectly well what was intended here, and that's the way it did happen. Off up the North Fork my father and Ed rode to eyeball a stand of timber which interested Ed for fence posts, and Ray and I were left to play together for the morning.

Living out there at the ranger station, I always was stumped about what of my existence would interest any other boy in the world. There was the knoll with the view all the way to the Sweetgrass Hills, but somehow I felt that it might not hold the fascination for others ~~as~~ that it did for me. Ordinarily there would have been horses to ride, but Isidor Pronovost had every one of them in a packstring to a spike camp of CCC tree planters. Matters were made no better by the fact that Ray and I knew each other only by sight, given that I went to school out here and he went in Gros Ventre.

So we were afoot with one another and not quite knowing what to do about it, and ended up wandering the area around the ranger station, with mutual boredom building up pretty fast in us. Finally I got the

3mo  
pm - 5 y 4

invert

both



~~Well,~~ <sup>was adapting.</sup> ~~at least Braaf had adopted.~~ <sup>and Wennberg had</sup> When Karlsson returned to camp  
<sup>who-must-lead</sup> with Wennberg and the proposition was put to Braaf, it took the young  
 thief an instant to realize he was being polled <sup>at all.</sup> He blinked and said  
 as if it were common fact: "You've to do it, Karlsson. I can't read  
 the maps and Wennberg couldn't lead his shadow. You've to do it."

And at least there were the maps, <sup>these</sup> the extra eyes needed to know  
 the intentions of this coast and ocean. Glancing to the bottom of  
<sup>down from where Melander's tracery of route left off,</sup>  
 this fourth map, Karlsson saw that the coastline was shown as far as the  
 northmost tip of Vancouver Island. Cape Scott, Melander had penciled  
 in beside the ragged thumb of land. Karlsson remembered Vancouver  
 Island to be the third of the landforms, those wheres of their escape,  
 scratched into the dirt by Melander the day of last summer. The maps  
 next would bring Vancouver's shore and then the ~~last~~ <sup>southering</sup> final coastline  
 from the Strait of Fuca to Astoria.



Pus gut.

Turd bird.

in admirable rein

As I remember, I held myself ~~back admirably~~ until he came out with

For some reason turkey dink. That one did it, and I swung on Ray and caught him just

in front of the left ear. Unluckily, not quite hard enough to knock him down.

He popped me back, alongside the neck. We each got in a few more

swings before the battle degenerated into a wrestle.

yellow



Only the top map of the lot had Karlsson ever seen, the one on  
 which Melander's pencil route made its start at the square house-dots  
 of New Archangel. That once, Melander was borrowing opinion, and here  
 Karlsson's advice was traced, the canoe's side-loop around Japonski Island and  
 then veering down and down, at last out the bottom of Sitka Sound.

<sup>night-</sup>  
 Karlsson, the forest of a continent ten paces on one side of him and  
 half a world of night-ocean thirty paces on the other, could scarcely  
 credit it--that there had been time when he, when any of this canoe's  
 adopted men, existed at

<sup>fought fleas, wintered on salt fish...</sup>  
 that regiment of dots, answered work-call, dwelt in barracks--set  
~~honey~~  
~~best~~ for a gate guard named Bilibin.

On the next map, the penciled line <sup>hugs</sup> ~~hugged~~ the west shore of  
 Baranof Island to Cape Ommaney, then, as if deflected by what waited  
 south, <sup>struck</sup> ~~strikes~~ east to Kuiu. Because of Melander's simplified  
 route-sketch in the dirt and the knowledge that their port of  
 destination lay southward, Karlsson had supposed that they were  
 going along the escape route much like men shimmying down a rope--  
 a sidle of effort this way or that, but the total plunge all into  
 one direction. It <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ a revolution in his thinking to see now  
 that all the <sup>time</sup> ~~while~~ they <sup>were</sup> ~~have~~ been canoeing south they also <sup>were</sup> ~~have~~ been  
 sidestepping east.



When I started school in Gros Ventre in the seventh grade, Ray came over to me at recess the first day. He planted himself just out of arm's reach from me and offered: ~~Apple~~ <sup>Horse apple</sup> ~~horse~~.

I balled up both my fists, and my tongue got ready the words which would resume our creekside battle: Beaver tooth. Yet the direction of Ray's remark caught my attention: "horse apple" was pretty routine, especially <sup>for down the scale</sup> from "turkey dink." For once in my life I caught on to a possibility. I held my stance and said back to him: Mud minnow.

It started a grin on Ray while he thought up: Slough rat.

Gumbo gopher, I said, just getting it out before we both laughed.

Within the week I was asking my mother whether I could stay overnight with Ray, and I was at the Heaneys' a lot all the time after that.

Theirs was a family ~~concern~~ as different from ours as crochet from oil cloth. For one ~~the~~ thing they were Catholic, although they really didn't

show it all that much--just through a grace before every meal, and by eating fish on Friday, which eventually occurred to me as the reason

Ray had looked at me suspiciously there at the creek when I asked him about fishing. Their house was a two-story white one...

hardly managing to get before we were both laughing.

1st diff was



Dear "ancy--

Tom Stewart called with the news of Liz's father's death; the enclosed envelope is simply a note of commiseration. I know this aftermath will be a hard and frantic time for her, so the enclosed stuff can ~~wait~~ wait until things settle down for her, I think.

Quinto Robert, I said, "that getting it out before me both helped."

It started a fight on my mother's part: "Don't let."

With my absence and said back to him: "My opinion."

How much of it? For once in my life I caught on to a possibility. I

my, a remark caught my attention: "How about me being mentioned?" especially

would be one. "Check the paper: Beaver tooth." Let the question of

I pulled up both my legs, and my tongue for ready the words which



~~He was a haunting kid to look at. His eyes were within long, inset arcs; they, and the eyebrows over them, were sort of the shape of an orange slice...~~

together, widened, more broad, a broad boned triangle

~~When he grinned--I didn't see that this day, but eventually I would-- of times in the years to come-- slice-lines cut his cheeks, all the way out opposite the corners of~~

~~his mouth, like a big set of parentheses around his grin. His lower lip was so full that it too had a slice-line under it... And like~~

~~a lot of us at that age, his front teeth were~~

~~of him in size; there always was a lot of traded jibes of beavertooth~~

~~at school, but Ray's frontals really did remind you of a beaver.~~

they'd been made for toppling willow

(like carved pumpkin?)

A and saw, haunting

I have seen grown men, guys who ordinarily wouldn't so much as spend a glance at a boy on the street, stop and study that face of Ray's.

of how he was, thank you a whole hell of a lot, my guest for day at Eng Ck.



. . . One gain, Wennberg's a stone these mornings. No knowing what's prowling in his head, but at least it's not jumping out his mouth. . .

~~stowing~~ fussing the breakfast fire to life. Wennberg was ~~striking the last of camp into the canoe.~~ The

weather seemed to have cleansed itself the day before, now was

clear, but with the sun blanked by a high overcast. Braaf had ~~gone~~ <sup>drifted off</sup>

to the north [end of the island], ~~forward~~ to check the ocean

horizon for lurking storm. Karlsson wanted them <sup>canoe</sup> to be on the water

by now, but even he had overslept, Wennberg's ~~breakfast~~ <sup>proving</sup> fire was a

<sup>damp and</sup> slow proposition, and <sup>new</sup> Braaf was dawdling ~~wasn't~~ at the end of the island.

"I'd better

~~try~~ fetch him," Karlsson told Wennberg, and started off.

"If I had arms for three paddles, y'could leave the little bastard there and yourself as well."

. . . Coming awake, is he? Depend on Wennberg, hammer for a tongue and the world his anvil. . .

Just then, Braaf <sup>arrived</sup> ~~came~~ to sight. ~~But stopped when he saw~~ <sup>Running, bent low.</sup>

~~Karlsson, and beckoned.~~



# Uh huh. Revelation, all 22 chapters of it.

# Aw, the hell, Alec. I--

no I was about to say that I had other things in life to <sup>do</sup> than fetch

him whenever one of Leona's ex-boyfriends came sniffing around, but

as I <sup>glanced</sup> ~~looked~~ over at her <sup>again</sup> she smiled and patted the car fender beside

her. Alec touched the bay <sup>roping horse into a fast walk,</sup> ~~into motion~~ while I was still in the middle

of that look, and so I figured <sup>there was nothing to do but</sup> ~~I had to go over.~~

insert  
section  
for it

'Lo, Leona.

Hello, John Angus. Which tangled me right at the start. I mean,

think about it, the only possible way she could know about my high-

toned name was from Alec, which meant that I had been a topic of

<sup>between them.</sup> conversation, which implied--I didn't know what. Damn it all to hell

Just Tint,  
now  
this.

anyway, I merely was trying to have a standard summer, not provide

word fodder for the entire damn Two country.



Hi, Ray greeted as he climbed onto the fence beside me. The grin-cuts were deep into his face, the big teeth were out on parade:

Ray could make you feel that your arrival was the central event in his recent life. What've you been up to?

Oh--summary seemed impossible, so I chose neutrality--about the usual. You?

4 Pilot again  
Piling. So saying, Ray held up his hands to show his calluses. They were across the base of each finger like a set of knuckles...

I nodded in admiration. This made the second summer Ray was stacking

lumber in his father's lumber yard--the pile it here, pile it there

nature of the job was what led to the pilot joke--and his hands and forearms were getting stronger than mine.

job descrip

an inside net



Just now Braaf was the one of them to speak that dialect called if.

"Why's this deserted? If it is."

"Likely they do as the Kolosh," Melander guessed. "Hunt from a summer village right around here, in winter pull back to a main village somewhere."

In the dusk, eagle poised eternally atop bear. Whale stood on end in dive through contorted lesser creatures. One thing, possibly frog the size of calf, pranced merrily upside down. Every sort of winkless forest changeling, they goggled in unison at the backs of the retreating men.

Later, the others breathing their rhythms of night beside the fire, Melander could not find sleep. His memory was at a New Archangel market morning, hubbub of Sitka Kolosh and three or four dozen visiting tribesmen from somewhere to the north. Amid the newcomers hawking their wares squatted a seam-faced carver. Word had spread through the settlement about this man's daggers: blades of power with each hilt carved as the rising neck of some beast. The head topping a hilt-neck sometimes would be a bear with glinting abalone inlays of eyes and teeth, sometimes a long-faced wolf; always, angled and fierce and unforgettable. The interpreter Dobzhansky tried to converse with the northern carver. Dobzhansky's first question received answer, then the native stayed silent. Melander inquired what had been said. Dobzhansky related that he had asked how many years it took to attain such skill.



We seemed to catch it from each other. Rob would page through

Croft, asking me...

We studied and restudied the map of America's railroads...

Some of it might have been the brags of Manitoba and Alberta our  
compartment was full of...



118A

Woman Peak south beyond it both stood in sun, as if the little square of window had been made into a summer picture of the Alps. It still awes me, how the ~~the~~ mountains are not the same any two days in a row. As if hundreds of copies of <sup>those</sup> mountains exist~~ed~~ and each dawn brings a fresh one, of new color, new prominence of <sup>some</sup> ~~one~~ feature over the others, <sup>a</sup> ~~some~~ different wrapping of cloud or rinse of sun for this day's version.

~~Time~~ <sup>#</sup> I lit a fire and went out to check on the horses and brought in a pail of fresh water, and even then <sup>Stanley</sup> ~~he~~ hadn't budged, just was breathing like he'd decided on hibernation. The bottle which had nursed him into that condition, I noticed, was down by



Between the Atlantic Ocean and Montana we saw more than our eyes  
could hold. At least I remember that half of our journey as if it

was dream happening after dream, with a nightmare every so often.

New York was Edinburgh and Glasgow and then some

From the train Indiana and Ohio and those were like the plump farms

of Fife. Then, after St. Paul, this big country America grew gigantic.

Nothing in Croft or any other book prepared a person for the horizons  
of the west of America.

Dickinson. The long low valley of the Yellowstone River. The Bozeman

Tunnel?) At last we were to Helena, and a bed, and out of our

clothes for the first time in 100 days.

Helena. Helena looked as if it had commenced a week before and

~~would~~ might be moved some place else next week.

uncontrolled  
very and  
control

etc  
Croft



and Tollie was declaring "We are just about to get the pumpkin rolling. Bareback riding will be our first event."

"Pumpkin?" questioned whoever it was in the chute society that was keeping tab of Tollie's excursions through the calendar. "Judy H. Christ! Now the whistledick thinks it's Halloween."

About all that is worth mentioning of the early part of that rodeo is that its events, a section of bareback riding and after that some steer wrestling or mauling or whatever you want to call it, passed fairly mercifully. Ray and I continued to divide our time snorting laughs over something either Tollie or the chute society provided. Plus our own wise-acre efforts, of course: Ray nearly fell off the corral from cackling one time when I speculated whether this much time sitting on a fence pole mightn't leave a person with the crack in his behind running crosswise instead of up and down. You know how that is, humor is totally contagious when two persons are in the same light mood. And a good thing, too, for by my estimation the actual events of a rodeo can always use all the help they can get. Although like anybody out here I have seen many and many a rodeo, to me the arena events are never anything to write home special about. It's true that bareback riding has its interesting moments, but basically the ride is over and done with about as it's getting started. I don't know, a guy flopping around on the naked back of a horse just seems to me more of a stunt than a sport. As for steer wrestling, that is an absolutely phony deal, never done except there in front of a rodeo



Tom OO, the workman who lived farthest, always was the first to

arrive--isn't that always the way?--and would murmur OO to me. I

liked it then, the couple of hours before true day. The ledger

fat and open in front of me, the quill pen between my lips as I

traced a finger along...



I could see the Zane boys were living verifications that the human head is mostly bone.

"That's past history," Alec was maintaining.

I punctuated that for him by popping the lid off the Karo can the gingersnaps were kept in. Then there was the sort of scrabbling sound as I dug out a handful. And after that the little sharp crunch as I took a first bite. All of which Alec waited out with the too-patient annoyance of somebody held up while a train goes by. Then declared: "Leona and I ain't--aren't skim-milk kids. We know what we're doing."

My mother took a breath which probably used up half the air in the kitchen. "Alec. What you're doing is rushing into trouble. You can't get ahead on ranch wages. And just because Leona is horse-happy at the moment doesn't mean she's going to stay content with a ranch hand for a husband."

"We'll get by. Besides, Wendell says he'll boost my wages after we're married."

This stopped even my mother, though not for long. "Wendell Williamson," she said levelly, "has nobody's interest at heart but his own. Alec, you know as well as anybody the Double W has been the ruin of that Noon Creek country. Any cattle ranch he hasn't bought outright, he has sewed up with a lease from the bank--"

"If Wendell hadn't got them, somebody else would have," Alec recited.

"Yes," my mother surprised him, "maybe somebody like you. Somebody who doesn't already have more money than he can count. Somebody



A fairly quick winding down of this first chapter; they are on hand for Montana's statehood celebration in November; at year's end they get a few drinks in them and decide to have their photograph taken "to show them in Nethermuir what Montanians are". The photo provides a full description of both Angus and Rob, and concludes the chapter.



Angus's habit of addressing someone in his mind: Rob, Adam, etc.