

as the mountains parted ahead  
to where the mtns parted,

a gap in the mtns that broadened & bnd

a brd gap where the vier & the road both relaxed, so to speak, w/ a wide-open  
valley of the best ranch country I had ever seen. I was used to mtns snow-  
streaked peaks always high & mighty in the wn skyline, but here the mtns  
circled the skyline to the west,

an unfgtbl surround of peaks painted b'ful w/ streaks of sno and the blue of d  
distance.

*unbroken crests  
a cliffs*

*always towering to. dds in. w  
I sat ahead of me now*

Two worlds of wisdom meet in this HO, nature's own in the evolutionary

~~wonder~~ <sup>survival</sup> marvel of an owl family through the generations and the all-seeing eye of  
the artist who is their host and diarist. Tony Angell <sup>manfully</sup> beautifully depicts  
this long mutual <sup>near-kinship</sup> in words of grace and illustrations  
<sup>masterful</sup> ~~max~~ straight from the heart and

"too early to OO the Waldorer," altho I didn't see why.

"Hey, we're not going to spend the night out here in grizzly (country), are we?"  
heaven

Hoppy: You didn't want that one anyway.

Supper instead of dinner. We definitely weren't in Manc any more.  
The mind can go the damndest places at times like that.

my exasperation at his short-sightedness, both kinds, boiled over.

as in the joke about Ole Olsen asking for s'thing to spread on his toast

Those men are with me yet. Nobody's heroes, but nobody's fools either.  
OO soft in the belly.

freckles congregating as she wrinkled her nose in a grin of confession.  
<sup>at herself</sup>  
foretell it

In his presence, I could foresee it (like a OO; clear as OO), the bus w/ name  
on the side. the voice of rodeo

Rags: "I wdn't bet against you."

his spirit in the world of rodeo as great as that of Manitou...the dream (becoming  
real) taking shape (in actuality)

and the ladies, led by Aunt K, were going thru them as if they were gumdrops.  
Vienna sausages ' pimento cheese

sort of icky/OO and bony, because it was homemade, off a jackrabbit. She  
OOed and said she did not need to see the horrid thing.

<sup>silly</sup>  
giving me a look of consternation with maybe a bit of admiration mixed in.



that model of sewing machine had a small light on it.

Herman never entered...it was safe from him, and for that matter, me.

And there it was as I half suspected, the dump of loose change that most people wd keep in a jar in the kitchen. Nickels...

Ever so carefully, I opened the roll of quarters not to tear them. and thumbed out eight, my two-dollar share of canasta winnings.

to count out  
enough  
emptied it about half way, enough to

Then I slipped eight nickels, thankfully almost the size of qters, into the middle of the roll, topped it off with quarters and sealed it back up. The bank wd have some explaining to do, but it could afford it.

I felt a little guilty that

I wished they were fighting the German, the race of fiends who had lain in wait for my father and tried

at Om Bch and done their best to kill my father.

My stomach was gnawing my backbone.

Those quarters had to live somewhere.

This place spooks me silly. It's like a fairy tale forest or something.

Shh. People can hear. (cracks of light from rooms) You could throw a cat under such old doors.

Did you know...Now I did, and I was impressed.

I heard you at it when I was out cutting flowers. Manitou this, Gitche that.

Letty's contribution to the autograph album, life is a zigzag journey. As I was finding out the hard way.

Ja"--which I finally heard right--

But why do you stay together. People get divorced, don't they?

& wasn't she smart to make it simpler than Smythe, the fam name back in ND that Gram said

change it from the funny spelling of  
was a dollar word on a two-bit homestead famkly.  
sighed & said it was just

when I once aksed  
about it.



boy oh boy, those old Germans really went for some funny stuff, didn't they.

Ha. Good one.

So this is for your own benefit--which sas right up there with  
treacherous  
Canasts, which even sounded foreign and dangerous and about as appealing  
as being jailed in the stony lonesom .

and there was the one abt RHood & the evil sheriff: 's spy in Sherwd Forest

Noble Robin sheathed his knife  
and spared the interloper's life.

The noble Trojan  
sturdy

that other's misbegotten life

It's a jackrabbit's foot, sort of long and bony and lost some its hair.  
Did you want to see it?

Heavens,no, It's a silly superstition. If it makes you feel better to carry  
it, I suppose you may as well.

If they (lies) had to be called anything, major fibs would do.

and punctual  
regular as the days of the week in

I cd tell by the ancient iron legs...skreek

fakey green

cold dismay welled in me.

Try as I might,

131 special guest

How did I land in this fix? More to the point, why? Did AK hate me on sight?

I wonder if you fully understand something. (loco parentis)

Are we...gambling?

You are not. Just a little something to make the game more interesting.

That and your general demeanor



KIP

"She can kiss you a way that fries yr shoetooes."

tell

I nmm know. I mean, you can just lk at her and know she's that kind of kisser.

*Under* ...people drift together (as well as apart), in with the passage of time they became a couple. accepted as such in the Wisdom community at dances &...

Drift wd seem to mean people OOing apart. but they can drift together as well,

*It might surprise you how that turned out.*

*& either way, I wonder if you might be surprised @ how that turned out.*

*But that's a story for another time,  
thing led to another, & then that*

*& the us L w/ all sense of OO to be  
barterable*

Rags was in and out, sometimes with another bronc rider or two along to split the driving to a rodeo in Col or Nev. Jones ran ~~the~~ things *was on top of things*

No you won't he can't breeze in her w/ no cause & start picking us off.

No need for shooting. I will go w/ sheriff

busy as bloodhound

Carl, you're getting carried away

If it was all in the timing, wasn't it time...

Was this how shootouts happened in the old West? Some dumb pistolero, goes for his gun and next thing, there is bloodshed everywhere? H & I could see it happening, clear as a oa page from Karl May.

What are you standing around for, get back to pitching horsesho s while you can. We'll make hay tomorrow.

*Wanna string as new from H's sharpening or  
evening us/an edge  
You ed have got yr cozier shot off*



Jonesie left me a note to that effect.

There. H was provided for. & all I had to do was go to the boss house & call G

Rags: what abt the sick Granny

A horse and a half, isn't she.

pitching horseshoes, MF against Sh. Skeeter. Had dragged chairs

whump. patrol car. What the hell?

sickly smile,

Sorry to disturb you, gents.

Qn, what am I gonna do?

Came down to see some of the ponies. Thought I might ride up to the OO line cabin, just to be a horse that wdn't try to throw me.

It's been said of me that I were my heart on my sleeve, in my OO. Better there than..., I say.  
buried

*as bites, but + from*  
→ *... saw it. Look home still in high spirits*  
*exuberance... even booze.*  
*beer?*  
*alcohol*  
*Babs's beverage*  
*what they'd been drinking, chilly*  
*note... covered*

~~waxes~~ winnings vying for my suitcase,  
I clutched the in triumph, over AK and the thieving ex-con and the preaching pickpt  
And then stuck it down the front of my pants for safety sake.

Get me to a nunnery...Skeeter went further

So tall I thought at first it was Harv or Hppts.

*...Babs*  
Babs has always written off fights as the cost of doing in business.

*Jones told me*

*Well, sure, that's Sabs. might for you*



Gerda: ...a new lawn chair when I have enough grn stamps saved up.

I have to use the con--bathroom, please.

I tell you what, I have some of those Grn S.

How many? Oh, a full book.

Why is that? Mercy, that's a lot! What's a little--what's a boy like you doing  
w/ so many?

I'd be glad to sort of trade them to you.

It's sort of had to put into words. But you know how AK likes to win at canasta?

Do I ever. She's It's only a game.

What I was thinking, see, she's (behind the eight ball) with me as partner  
and so if you could help that along. It's only a game.

A Deal? I'll bring them to you next canasta game."

Her dry hand

*time we play*

Rags: What's up buddy?

Something like Snag, do I remember? you go by?

Or Scotty. You know how the ho--the crew treats names.  
When I'm not

I'm learning. pretty fast.

7. I whispered silently to myself, braver  
gone...  
all spent in prewellfare w/ H in  
well  
crapper, but spent. Now I was (afraid)  
Graham & I seemed like, what, marriages,  
distant & beckoning but... Herman  
"Herta, you are so tight you sgh  
Look who was talking."

All, right, geniuses.

Jones: Might as well tell you the rest.

*2990*  
*(Gars owns) husband scene*

Peerless: feather up his butt & I had any kind of a diamond, we'd both be tickled

Donny: He's a nice guy (,honest).

Jones: Heard of him, have you?

Joghockets: More or less, We don't exactly ride in the same OO (boxcars/brons)

~~xx~~ In the bar, Deaton: Got his brand on you, does he?

Let him get didja.

Payday: Smiley swipes D's miccasins, parades out of bathroom w/ towel draped like (what Indians wear), warwhoops etc.

--Herman wrestles him down, takes mocs off; Highpckts or someone help? or do the hoboes just watch? Someone makes a move to help, Highpts stops him?

Vastly relieved and glad that Gram was nearly  
herself again, nonetheless that

emotion was shot through with remorse, already halfway to longing, for all

I'd be leaving  
abandoning at the Diamonb Buckle. The real job, as haystack teamster.  
genuine  
ranch

The Johnson family  
hoboes who in their rough way had taken me ij to the J  
bunkhouse  
nimadic  
coarse

The prestige of of being a ranch hnd for RR, a source of pride I knew I

wd carry with me all my life. Sgainst those rewards, I now was free  
hardwon

a dream coming true but not without cost.

ready to consequences

only if + paid up with either deceit or confession.  
about my summer on the lose.

The devil's eyedrops

There's something to the saying that when it rains, it pours, becuase during  
the night the heavens opened up on the Big Hole,

*one of those sudden summer storms*

Raining like a cow taking a whizz on a flat rock. What's going on?



I took some ribbing for my fancy moc'ns, being called "Chief" as I padded

to the washroom, but I didn't mind

since that was only one word off from RC, I didn't mind.

--Shakespeare possessed a small pearl-handled jackknife, a lady model, which

he fastidiously cleaned his fin ernaills w/

They were a school, of a kind

-garden

Ed maldine

we hereby join in the tootling of Hb that shall ring thruout Helena,

from the many who know and adore you. We're firmly in that number.

Herman was thriving. The blacksmith shop was a shambles at first, littered with old chunks of metal, nothing sorted. Between sessions of sickle grinding, Herman straightened things up, ut them away. It has taken me until now to fully realize: he remade it into the greenhouse, a place of orderliness.

The hayfields in neat patterns right to the base of the mountains all around-- "Maybe *is* Switzerland," Herman said--lived up to their reputation, the mowers having all they could do to cut the high stands of "Jeezus, this resembles work," Peerless said after a day of in the good weather and bountiful windrows the crew turned into haymaking fiends, the loaf-shaped haystacks rising in the fields. Harv was a haystacking marvel Some days we skidded the beaverslide to three new fields...

The purple Cadillac pulled in one evening, like an automobile ad in a slick magazine. Rags You always see him from here to Sunday, in those 00 duds. With him was a blackhaired beauty who instantly reminded me of Letty, except that this one's uniform was a fringed white leather rodeo rig like 00 wear. "Go on in and make yourself at home, honeybunch. climbed out stiffly I'll be right there." Going to the trunk of the car, he lifted out his saddle and rigging and headed for the the barn. Jones met him on the way. "Got a visitor, I see. Another buckle bunny?"

"More or less. Sueie Q there is only gonna be here overnight until we pull out for Pendleton in the morning. She's an exhibition rider, stands up in the saddle at full gallop and that sort of thing. Says she needs a dose of country air."

Jones chuckled. "Is that what it's called these days?"

"Don't have such a dirty mind, Jonesie." "Saw on the way in you're actually puttting up some hay. How'd you do in rounding up a crew?"

*need  
to be  
a  
rancher*

*actually  
laughed*



taken me until now to fully realize: he remade it into the greenhouse, a place of orderliness.

Herman was peeling the poles to a sharp point with a drawknife. Jones had come down to give an instruction. "Cut them kind of turvy on the end," an instruction Herman seemed to understand better than I did.

"Look, it's Rags!"

Unmistakably, the purple Cadillac was pulling up to the house, like an automobile ad in a slick magazine, what with evening enriching the color of the car and . Rags climbed stiffly out from behind the wheel, still in his bronc riding clothes. For once he was not the real feature, though, because with him was a blackhaired beauty who instantly made me think of Letty, except that this one's uniform as she popped out of the convertible with a flounce and a laugh was a fringed white leather rodeo outfit like palomino troupe riders and so forth wear. Herman and I tried not to stare, without success.

"Go on in and make yourself comfortable, darling," Rags shooed her into the house with her ditty bag. "I need to act like a rancher a little bit. Catch up with you in no time."

As she sashayed on in, Jones went to greet Rags. "Got a visitor, I see. Another buckle bunny?"

"Naw, she's a performer," Ragws drawled, flicking a spot of arena dust off his 00 shirt..

"I bet," Jones said with a straight face.

"Suzie Q there is only gonna be here overnight until we pull out for Pendleton in the morning. She's an exhibition rider, stands up in the saddle at full gallop and that sort of thing. Came along with me because she says she needs a refreshing whiff of country air."

Jones actually laughed. "Is that what it's called these days?"

after  
tally us  
day  
has  
forage

Jason  
saw

we heard  
another one,  
Jones  
sighed

~~at least~~

"Don't have such a dirty mind, Jonesie," Rags 00ed. Herman's expression said he wished he'd kept me in the man talk in the bunkhouse. "Saw on the way in you're actually putting up some hay. How'd you do in rounding up a crew?"

✓  
"Old hands from the jungle same as ever, except for" --Jones swept a hand toard us--"our Quiz Kid stacker driver and his one-eyed grandpa from the Alps."

^  
"That's different. Gives the place a little foreign flavor." He spotted Herman and me. "Let me take a wild guess," he said as he came over to shake hands, "which of you is the Alpine one-eyed jack."

Herman gave him a handshake that made him wince. "Hey, be careful. That's the hand I dance with."

I shook hands with him almost soft as a sissy, blurting "We saw you at Crow Fair."

displayed  
"Did you now." Rags showed a long-jawed grin. "You had to look quick, the way that hoss had me coming and going."

"Buzzard Head," Herman exclaimed. "You rided him until the whistler."

"I'm a fortunate old kid," the best bronc rider on earth said modestly. "That hoss was part fish." He initated with his hand the way a trout would jump straight ahead, in a series. "Looked a lot harder to stick onto than he was."

"Hah

"Well, nice meeting you. Got company waiting."

Here was my chance and it would be gone by morning. Recklessly I  
"Uhm, can I please ask a favor? I need to make a phone call. I mean, I won't get in your way with the company or anything."

hurry  
"Hey," Jophes 00. Rags looked surprised at my boldness. "What's the hurry on a phone call?"

as a  
waited

Hold on,  
Jonna



"To my sick grandma." Seeing Rags glance at Herman, I hastily inserted, "On the other side of the family. She's in the hospital in Great Falls, from an awful operation she had to have, it's a way long story."

Rags rubbed his jaw, a gesture I have always associated with sharpening what comes out the mouth next, as smart guys seem to do it. "Sounds like you have every reason to get on that phone. Come on and use the one in my office."

Somehow I had not anticipated this,

"Just so we're straight on this phone business. You can check on Granny every so often even if I'm not here. I'll tell Jones and Mrs. 00 it's okay."

Somewhere upstairs a radio was going, nice and soft. He winked at me and headed for the stairs, calling, "I'm coming, Delilah."

I sat at the desk Across a summerful of distances was Gram, putting on miles in her wheelchair, reading my weekly letters supposedly chronicling the good times in was having in Manitowoc with Aunt Kate. I knew I should phone her, but was afraid to. What if she decided to make up with her stuckup sister, find out I was no longer in Wisconsin, and demand to know where in 00 I was and what I was up to

As I had my courage up and was reaching for the phone, I heard a shuffling of slippers in the doorway. The cook, Mrs. 00 was on her way to the kitchen, probably for a snack which her ample build did not need,

She and Smiley hated each other, wrangling daily about the condition of the milk buckets he bought in and she had to wash along with the kitchen dishes.

"Is it my fault that cow can crap and kick like 00? I'm gonna shoot that bitch someday," not making it as clear as he should have that he meant Waltzing Matilda rather than Mrs. 00.

to deliver  
even  
Mrs. 00

you're  
scolding  
scolding  
scolding

Cooley

Banister  
only do  
out of  
matilda

Exactly as I had seen myself when I approached Wendell Williamson to drive the stacker team in Double W haying, I was proudly in charge of a pair of workhorses and a steel cable that the team pulled to hoist the stacker fork laden with hay, and, ultimately, responsible for dumping the load where Harv wanted it, on the top of the stack. The best way to think of my but vital job, and you can bet I did, was as something like an elevator operator, in that era when lifts in tall buildings were run by an attendant in a spiffy uniform who asked "Floors, please?" and let you out at Four in the Great Falls department store for linens or, to take it to in larger terms, at the Empire State observation deck 100 floors up if you were going to the top of Ameri ca back east.

A difference was that the elevator attendant was operating an Otis motor while I was manipulating a couple of ton of horses at the end of leather reins. Horses are not thrilled with walking backwards--me either--but that was half our job, backing to the stacker after the load of hay was dumped at Harv's altitude. My salvation was Queen, as smart as she was huge, tugging sleepy Brandy along with her. In the construction of each stack--and Skeeter's question back in the hobo jungle had been pertinent, the Big Hole method was giant stacks--the team and I wore a path in the stubble, like the front walk to the mansion of hay Harv was building. It was hard work, being on my feet all day long, with the sun beating down. I would end up each day all in but my toenails.

And see, I held a triumphant mental conversation with Gram, I wasn't too young to live in a bunkhouse like a regular ranch hand, right in there with the other hoboes--well, haymakers we had all advanced to now--as if I belonged. Of course, I owed that to Herman, watching out for me.

"So the town whittler gets hooty with me--"

4<sup>th</sup> lot 100  
dollar

had a  
fist

of general  
shape  
big as  
like  
round  
Gib

from a  
hill de  
dis tance

but  
vice  
versa, too

in  
give  
tape

more



or probably Apaches, and a number of them will fall into types. It is human nature producing basic varieties on the family tree of man. Skeeter was the storyteller.

--and nextest thing I know, he's got his smoke wagon out and cocked and in my beezer--"

"Whoa, smoke wagon must be a gun," I said breathlessly. Herman "pistolero." Pooch's contribution to conversation was almost entirely "Damn straight" and "You said it" as he oo. At first I wondered at the lack of teasing him, because in a schoolyard anyone with a slow mind was in for it. Until I overheard Highpockets take Jones aside that first morning and explain that Pooch had been seriously worked over by a sap-wielding railroad bull in the Pocatello yards, notorious as the toughest anywhere, and been slow in the head evr since. Jones said nobody needed to be a mental giant to drive a scatter rake, and he'd make sure Pooch was given the tamest team of horses, after my own.

*peerless  
antagon*

--and he marches me off to the calaboose, thirty days for expectorating on the sidewalk."

stony lonesome."

Herman murmured to me, "How many languages does English come in?"

Peerless was the bunkhouse lawyer...

"I done it! Beat the Midnighter at his own game." His moon face lit with a grin, he celebrated with a fresh chaw.

"Care to make it two out of three," Midnight Frankie said over the purr of his shuffle of the deck, "playing for something besides matchsticks?"

"I sure as hell would not," Peerless declined the offer to be taken for a ride.

"I'd a whole lot rather play rooty toot toot on my trusty skin flute."

I was working on that anatomically and not really getting anywhere when Highpockets said sharply, "Watch your mouth around the kid, can't you?"

"I ain't burning his ears off, am I, Snag," Peerless protested. "He has to learn the facts of life sometime."

"Insofar as you ever seen any from a distance," Skeeter gibed.

"Sure, I'm kind of interested," I encouraged Peerless. "What's that flute thinger mean?"

That brought about rare hesitation in Peerless as he studied me sitting there on my bunk, rough-clad in a thousand-miler shirt like the rest of the crew but still plainly a kid, although a husky one. Whatever other changes the summer had produced in me, I had grown considerably, right past any semblance of eleven going on twelve.

"How about it?" Peerless defended his position to the bunkhouse generally but Highpockets in particular. "Let him sail around the world?" It was years down the line before I fully understood that the phrase meant something like learning the dictionary of sex.

"It's up to One Eye," Highpockets ruled. "None of your concern, so just can that kind of mouthing off and--"

"The Pockets is right." Knuckles showing white on the handle of the water bucket, Herman loomed into the room, there is no other word for it, fixing Peerless with a look that would not be argued with. "Scotty is good boy. I will take care of his educating."

Truer words were never, as the man said.

"Let's go for walk."

"I know they cuss like crazy and carry on like that. But they've been places and done things." "Like you have."

"Not much good has it done me for being 00 grandpa."

He gazed into the dark, as he must have gazed into many a night since that one in a Munich beer hall.



That sank in to me

nonethelss  
hand on her thigh marking his place, he stil couldn't resits (looking at entries.  
He whistled softly. "this is so far outit's in. Way to go, buddy."

my worry growing every secone

Some big danger I am. KBDil, public enemy # ein.

She put me in mind of my granddaughters at her age,

there was an old lady from nantucket  
who had a favorite place to tuck it  
under the bed--it was her night bucket.  
it slid in it slid out  
slick and sure in its route

hey diddle diddle  
it's a tune you can fiddle  
or play on your organ  
has begun

the king called for his fiddlers 3,  
he bade them, play he-did prettily play for me yr -dee  
the fiddlers cried, sire we are  
on ho oh no sire, now wethat  
the queen giffled and said, they only fiddle it with me.  
fiddle only with me  
at  
you are in luck. Swiss are famous for sickles.

Sickles. Ho ho, handled hundreds in the old country.

lpough jockies *smiggled*

you cd have knocked me over w/ a sparrow feather

Where's Sweeney?

He's getting his ashes hauled.

Getting the ranch on its feet.

rust off pitchforks

Not to brag, but I had a bit of experience, ~~xxxxxxx~~ probably more than any self-  
r specting hobo wd admit to, ~~xx~~ at milking, under my mother's... (becalemed) (stranded)  
times *periods*

However, some visiting angel of common sense instructed me  
"Damn damn damn it," the foreman seethed. "all on hell I., asking is for some one  
of you toslop the hobs, pitch a little hay to the horses, gather the eggs--  
--and milk that OO of a cow you won't go anywhere near yourself, Peerless said  
w/ a smirk.

"Now listen here...A foreman is not supposed tio be vulnerable to anything,  
even the truth.



giving me the ye.

You know how them fancy riders li,e well. rags, sail their hats up.. So I sends mine (wd you believe,  
up and what's she do but catvhes it, and then sitso on it. Right there under her  
her sweet thing. I know Come and get it, bigx boy, as well as any man, so's...  
I moseys over...

to me as magnifctly big as the Trojan horse in the story

Hey, you're crossint the line a bit much, Jones, jumped on that to put me in  
my place. We can't have every <sup>Rag</sup> 90 in the bunkhouse 00 to the phone whenever he  
wants.

*the road sharper*  
*scissored*  
*tying up*  
*whenever motion strikes*  
*costing us*

Hey, you're way out of line there, asking that," J bristled at once into full  
foreman mode, putting me in my olace with a warning finger. "we can't have  
~~xxx~~ every yayhoo in the bunkhse tying up the phone and costing us--  
Simmer down, Jonesie.

*>*  
*glancing angrily*  
*@ H*  
*Giving H a*  
*(nasty) look*  
*demanding*

Hands into his front pockets as 00ing a hinge, he inclined toward me and asked  
wanted to know,

"Fam emgcy."

for R to let you...

"Must be. When I was rodeoin w/ him R didn't even like any of us haging8  
around that fancy car of his."

Particularly you, I bet, I thought to myself.

Even to the hlbo nation that mocked society by calling itself the J family

*seemed quite a dare*

no. the opposite. we got kicked out of the ranch, g<sup>α</sup> me, so she's sending  
(shipping) me to Wisc to have some someplace to go, honest.

What if I hadn't been there and he got in the fight and something happened  
to his other eye? Blind

Or if Babs the bartender had called the sheriff

about this place."

"W-why?" The Big H waw showing off... "It's the best ranch you'll find  
anywhere  
the first lights of Wisdom in the distance.

"You are working like  
"bad company, you are keeping. Not your fault. Mine.

He had me there. Gram putting on miles...w/o hearing from me gave me a  
real reason to feel guilty.

If he was wrought up about ..., so was I  
Aw, come on, H, don't let S get you down.

Anyways, not just S

I am thinking you shd go back to yr grossmutter

Just up & leave you? W-what

You are lyyal. He blew his nose

They are hoboes. No home except the boxedcars.

I'm not goibg. Not yet anyhow  
Minute ago, it was a long time



Laddie the dog.

"You know what, he ran away. Quit the country." I dropped my voice. "Couldn't take any more of Aunt K, I guess. Anyway, nobody knows where he is."

There are streaks of time when, looking back, you can scarcely believe how much was packed into your life in so short a period. Bhole haying was that way.

*I had my wish, did I ever*

I suppose it wd be like a kid of today awaking to a message that a couple digital to look in the mirror, robust of years and 00 inches had been added to his o her pouty 11-yr-old-self. significant had been slipped onto...overnight. Electrifying, to use a word...

Donny, not Scotty. The donny I 00ed w/...

I knew this much, I would not be asking him to write in the aut bk any time soon.

I pulled back in my seat away from the accusation, staring in fright at the yanked 00 sheriff. Cartoon characters sometimes display

I was feeling festive in my rodeo shirt. Gram had been overly generous in saying people wd think I was a bronc rider, but at least they wdn't think I was...

Aunt K a million miles behind us

swoop in

The pair of Indian pick-up men, whose job was to OO on their spotted horses and pluck the rider off the bronc after the whistle blew, were driven back BH hated everything on 4 legs as well as 2.

It turned out Fr 1 meant dsertion, although in this case not from an army but a country. Germany as the Nazis

Hitler, pah. If you seen the OO from me to you, you cd not think he is OO to kill millions.

can grab B

Too bad I did not break his neck, hah?

in newly righteous indignation at her,

Caught up as I was in indignation that

And she had called me a storier? What about living under false pretenses with an enemy alien hisband was also a-- c

Louie: "Git out there and shoe 'em how the cow ate the cabbzge."

Maybe we weren't poorer than lint, like some people, but evidently close enough

Even at our worst, G and I had never been flat broke, although as she said, there were times we could see it from where we were

The

Any help from Gram, even if she still was up and able,  
Worse, the number for the Col pavilion, was also in the auto bk on its way to Wisc w/e me  
Even, it dawned on me

I cd tell from H's changed breathing in my ear there was exasperation w/ me at both end of the line to be dealt with in a hurry, & I hastily tried,



"It's like he's in...another country."

"Donny, where in heaven's name are you?"

"I-I can't tell you."

"Why on earth not?"

Because

"You'd come and get me."

"Letty."

What happened to Havre?

"A boss who pinched her bottom once too often."

Donny, tell me. Right now.

N-no.

He was growing dangerous. Not in the way he'd rightly scoffed at. But (to D)  
Because he was winning my heart.

You'll never in a hundred years....

Make that 2 hundred. Because she said next: Letty.

What's she doing there?

Waitressing at the wlvth's lunch counter.

What happened to Havre?

Bunk a together

Gsther a group of men for an amount of time, I don't care whether it's *Apaches* *hoboes or*  
soldiers or cowboys or OO or OO or probably Indians, and ~~they~~ some of them  
fall into types. Peerless was the bunkhouse lawyer, a number  
It is human nature producing OO on the family tree of man  
basic varieties

You were the one who made us into Schneiders.

Good ~~ide~~ eye-dea at the time, it seemed.

Midnight F was as sly as his name, you played cardw/ him at your own risk.  
Highpocjets was the top kick, the push, the OO straw boss,

Mrs. OO also did the crew's laundry, which bothered me. Done right, cooking  
for a ranch crew was a full-time job, never mind dealing w/ washtubs and a wringer.  
--Rags: Mrs. OO is going back to town, to her natural talent for walloping clothes.

These fellas are wakjub the strt & narr wm they'r w/ us.  
Yeah, the hobo OO, I can tell. sd distastefully  
tail end of it

Feisty as a bantam rooster, his adversary shot back,

Hpckts got Lon & Rags asidw that 1st morning and explained that Pooch had been seriously worked over by a sap-weilding railroad bull in the Poc yards, known as the toughest anywhere, and had been slow in the head ever since.

*Rags* They said he didn't have to be mental giant to drive a (scatter?) rake, and *of told* assigned him the tamest team of horses after (D's own).

*Lon to make sure Pooch was given*

I didn't know the meaning of indelible at the time, but these names (wd sur3ly last)...

The D Buckle was no OO in the valley of Eden  
Even

*was taking*  
was not the longest journey of my life, yet it took farther than I ever dreamed.

who made you topkick here? *soldiers*

topkick of the hoboes

each & every one was in the memory book in my head as well as the one in my pocket

Tp put it unkindly, she reminded me of AK too much.

If there ever was a time to hunch up and take it, now was it.

You're the Big Ole.

thinkerer. He always Germaned up the word that way, and while I cd not have said why I thought so, thinkerer did seem to add a little something to the meaning.



such prominent there to me anymore  
what she was called... There was only one name I wanted to see there anyway  
displayed  
Leticia . What a miracle it was, at the end of that summer  
break when I was done with

to come home to Gram, good as new  
meeting me at the Ghnd station in GF, looking like she  
truck  
always did, saying guess what. I have my old job back at the bus stop  
in Browning. And guess what again. Letty's there as wiatress. Havre  
where she left off  
didn't work out." And sure enough, ...she took up with Rudy the trucker,  
He was a OO guy a lot like the bus driver who had saved me...  
We all lived in apartments...and I went to school with B'foot kids  
who all wore meccasins but none as good as my fancy-dance pair.

I wqas about to say

I met a boy with hair so red  
it lit up everything he said  
whatever  
he does not need a lucky star  
hisOO will cary him far  
gift of gab

You're a regular traveling libraryk aren't you.

All rty let's say I believe you.

took in my suitcase & H's duffel. "You for the last bus?"

"How do you mean?"

"Last bus to Wisdom. With the other...(?\*  
Or aren't you that sort?

"2 more, Hoppy."

"The merrier." ... "Let's git to gitting."

Out of nowhere, which was just like her, Aunt K clouded

fabled

There we were at the great ~~tribe~~ Indian gathering, the ~~tribe~~ tribal heart of the West.

1

We grabbed a spot along parade route along w a few thous other pale/aw walkers.

...I suddenly felt I had grown by about six inches in the past hour

Gram maybe had seen some such ceremonial splendor on the B rez, but I never had.

in any case, the Cs were not bashful  
doing this up in their own style,

What is the saying, anticipation is half the pleasure?

rodeo's answer to heaven, as the lofty spot where decisions descended from  
and a fatherly voice commanding the scene,  
speaking out of the blue,

Even tho she can be so full of b

"Angora. These other kids can have their run-of-the-mill goats."

He looked so much older, the way people do when they are t erribly sad.

Achoseel back a side

I felt as awful as he looked.

Smell that air, feel that sense of arrival  
piny elevation!  
highaltitude

The eruption

It was one of the sights of a lifetime, all right, but I cd only watch

fantastic

I cdn't deny that, but who cd enjoy it  
having just been robbed

it

my bright idea



In my experience, there is no other thrill quite like disappearing, as H  
and I now did aboard the dog bus. As if the racing  
with each mile

yipped to H

Giddy over my luck, I heard as if in a horse's ear talking to me almost as an equal.  
Flopping his chaps over a shoulder, he ambled off to meet one of the meanest broncs  
a sure sign if I needed any this was meant to happen. Arrowhead, fate,...

something was working in my favor.

law of  
averages

All kinds of thoughts

Manitou is with us here. Where else would he be? Gitchee Gumee  
Abandoned us for

And so it was that the

And then there was breakfast.

Minn

We were in the Grand depot at O, the very last town -- the bus driver had joked  
about stoking up for all of the and had  
the long stretch ahead -- having used the convenience and washed up

and now were settled in the cafe section

little part of the depot. I'd tied into ham and

eggs and hotcakes, with syrup carefully applied, while H, not much of an eater,  
ordered

had scrambled eggs and bacon and toast, and while the eggs went down him in

not many bites, I noticed him nibbling at a piece of toast. Finer than

nibbles, whatever that would be, and while I did not set me off into oo

as it did AK, I found it odd. He kept at it, turning the toast this way

and that, until finally ~~the~~ he dropped the piece into the middle of  
putting and sitting back.

"So, D. Where is that?"

what kind of breakfast was that?  
"It's in your plate."

Huh-uh, think bigger. Gee-og

Italy?

Got it, not yet

I danced for Gram, for my parents, for  
and for the

I danced for the people who no longer existed

For ~~those~~ those she kept in touch with even though they no longer existed,  
The buffalo hunter who carried

for sought the buffalo with arrowheads of obsidian, I danced for.  
And Herman.

The skin drummer couldn't help himself. He made the beat faster

I danced to let the OO out of myself,

Put it this way. I outcrazied

I danced to be ~~a~~ no longer eleven going on twelve, but

These guys had braids like quirts, down over their shoulder blades.

"Where are you gentlemen headed, may I ask?"

"I'm a minister.

Who, the reverend?

"There I go again, with my preaching collar on." He got off at Livingston.

said had a train to catch.

My life took on meaning

back when I was weaning.

The best invention in tarnation

is this can of Carnation.

It's milk, you see,

but not from me.

Take life easy, free of a cow

And if the day had ended there, the Indians drums bringing the moon out perhaps  
and Herman and I boarding the bus back to Billings..., how much difference it  
would have made. Life--his and co  
mine and his, combined as it now was--is not a timepiece  
that trustworthy.



Generals who think with their fingers, like Napoleon. He seemed to be serious. Baron H'mann who tore up Paris and put in bløds  
Marco Polo, maybe, explorer like us, hah? Capt Cook, how about,  
Clark & Lewis

sailing the world around and around. Had tp spend  
have feel of

I know now that what he describing with the world long as a boxcar was something like intuition in the fingertips, instinct or genius meeting OO  
tjere at the end of the na hand. tracing out

my favorite greening up  
This was a great time of year, as far as possible from winter, the country  
at its greenest. The best season by far, when ranch work went from the da-  
and-night mess of calves and lambs and colts dropping from their mamas, to  
the OO of haying...stacks of hay...polka dots. Gram,t. the summer table





that night I traipsed up to the attic for bed w/ my head full of  
feeling stymied every direction I turned  
nothing was going right

*But*  
What is it about life? You do what the Double W cowhands wd call your giddyup damndest  
to (find) come up w/ fashion an answer, and the question changes.)

Oh sure, a regular RR, champ of the world at not bucking off saddle broncs,  
that'd be me, riding the bus like a bum. getting ed  
letting him  
straddling

I knew enough not say that out loud, and instead:

Now is the time for all good men to come to the

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party

now is thw time

Now is

You ~~pup~~ pup! she cried. Is this the thanks I get, that kind of language

*remembers*  
*4 ever ever*  
money talks, flat broke walks, and small change rides the bus. *12 1/2*

In yr  
As you strive, may you thrive, the lesson

addressed the unwavering red light that held us up at the cross st.

On the other side, so near & yet so far, ...terminal

Frustration

I was so frustrated I took it out on the autograph book, slapping it shut

11 going on 12 is a

His laugh was like a car starting up on a cold morning. When it caught,  
he shook...

Blackie  
Queen & Roanie

handling the reins

driving the

what a hand I was w/ horses

smart old

driving the horses--Queen, a high-headed OO mare, tugging sleepy Blackie along  
w/ her

cd about do the job herself

back-and-forth

the familiar pair

abt cd operate the stacker that way by herself,

First, G's OO, now this. Life was really pouring it on.  
bad luck

There was a whole section

on cover after cover was someone smiling big. Biggest of all, in every way,  
was the OO face of the hefty singer Kate Smith on life mag, w

well-known

identified as Blessed w/ talent

that talent matter

magazine

the weekly photo OO that showed what was what in America

unless you

a person was a complete moron and deaf to boot,

Hanging around with Herman was fine ~~after~~ as long as it lasted.

I could single out some family or man and woman in the photographic plates overhead  
catching them on the back of my hand

daydreaming about ~~what~~ who they might have been, what their story was, the digest  
version of their lives.

I was just a kid and did not have every thought fully formed, but it bugged me

My mind raced ahead of the D's leisurely pace, as Aunt K oo fi her thoughts  
of her own from the look of it



101G  
10th Ave. NW  
Seattle, WA 98177

Frantic and into the street  
"C-can't we getit back?" Wildly I ran down the driveway, followed by  
direction  
Aunt Kate at a heavy gallop. I looked one way for the garbage truck and  
she the other, then our heads  
we switched

I know you're an editor and not an elf,  
transpose  
But please briefly metamorph yourself  
and distribute these boozy caps--ain't they cute?--  
*to our K head pals in - pants of* Butte.

O the song of the working man,  
thunder  
Ringing out as only OO can

All in all, a terrific stay in the city by the Bay.

Here in the town by Puget Sound,

thankful for what life gives.

gleefully invoked one of his favorite scenes  
ing

I tried to shake my head, but even  
fish out of water, I OOed my mouth but nothing came.  
But words to that effect failed me as I  
I cdn't get that said as I sucked air like a fish and Aunt K  
still anything of the sort

Squincing her eyes shut  
Shu tting her eyes as if such behavior was too much to look at, she  
closed as if to shut out such

Kit was pretty amazing how little the maidens of Bali strutted around in.

At that,

I itched to tell him

go all out and tell him that was nothing, nice as the mocs were

the treasure I really possessed was the black arrowhead in all its luck and luster. As the

That close call with the mean little sheriff, though, when having the arrowhead possession cd

have landed me in a world of trouble, kept me leery

made

Showing it off to H

If I

and he blabbed about it to K and though her, word reached Gram, that I had

(in her hospital condition

that I was going around Man showing off the

what she had expressly told me stated

did not belong to me-- that wd be a total mess.

Again, I chickened out on letting a grown up

as I had w/ the braided Indian on the bus and then the jailbird, I chickened out on some instinct

Grownups had a bad habit of not seeing such matters as clearly as a kid

and you know what,

The quick grown fox jumped over the lazy dog's back.

He was the professor of bovine, ovine, and equine economics--cattle, sheep, horses. The critter prof, he was called by OOrchers who came looking for him to find out why their herds were not providing them much more than exercise.

--lunch and dinner for ARTIST and wife April 25; breakfast and lunch April 26

shall terms of . clause as necessary provide for

--ICICLE CREEK will amend the above phrase to permit a booksigning conducted by a bookstore ICICLE Creek designates, with the artist's consent.

designated by by

She pulled up across the table from me before I could even make a brief escape to the bathroom.

great

In a terrific tale of what-if as lively and OO as its title, Sundance brings back HL, the OO Kid, from that rumored hail of militarista bullets and turns him loose in 1916...

made an impact on me w/ each drop of a valentine, as the poker regulars...called the cards they were dealing out.

I watched her deadly flip of the valentines, as the poker...build up in front of me into a pile

Wide-eyed,



It took all the restraint I had, but I didn't let on that right over there  
in my suitcase was a practically magical arrowhead that may very well have  
something have killed slain  
many a buffalo. This H was wound up enough, without me O.O'ing that story.  
; the night might never end if  
we got off on magical arrowheads and so on. I stuck to the strictly nec'y.

The full danger of my situation became glaringly obvious  
sent a quiver through me.  
sudden understanding of all I wanted  
hit me like a lightning bolt. I could maintain I was finder keeper,  
forever and a day  
But WW was not used to being loser, weeper.

the mess I was in  
of my action back there at the DW's showoff was bring on hit me  
spontaneous grab  
full  
Then and there, w/ that star badge aimed in my face, the full consequences  
of my impulsive grab off the show-off table at the DW hit me as few other  
piled into me  
things went thru me like an  
I realized that in pocketing the arrowhead I was  
electric shock. I'd howl to high heaven maintaining I simply had only  
ing  
retrieved what was rightfully mine, finder, keeper. But WW was not apt to  
...loser weeper.  
the kind to

Plainly she was something unto herself,

Gee-oh-graphy."

trying to think what and a piece of toast had in common--  
I tried to think back to the geography book.

"Italy? That's Italy?" "You got it right. I can do most any country."  
the world of toast, ja?

That's the story, almost.

restlessly  
The chatterbox at my side noticed me shifting in my seat. Sren't you  
comftbl? Here, I'll give you a couple  
make more room. She wallowed a few inches away from me.  
Why didn't you say so more

It's not that, I had to confess because I still was sitting wrong on the  
thing in my pocket and had to squirm enough to reach in and do something  
about it. It's, un my good luck charm, I headed off her inquiring gaze.  
alibied, knowing I did not dare  
show it to her. "Just an old rabbit's foot. on a key chain kind of thing.

Oh, those, they stell them everywhere thes days, don't they. I'm surprised  
the bunnies have any feet left. And with that she was back to

So mad I cd hardly see straight, I OO dn the hall. As I passed the show-off  
table, I scooped the A'head and put it in my pocket.

Good find, Buckshot. It's pre-Columbian.

the show-off table. Artifacts

Urgent as my mission was, though,

I was heartbroken when G made me give it up.

all kinds of Indian things. For starters, my Indian name, RC. More than  
that, tho,

That ought to get us going, and then I cd lead right around to arrowheads.

I'd have to be a little careful in asking about

, in bringing up the topic of the black ",  
but I could just say I hadseen one and wondered if it was something special.  
once

Talk about double luck. Not only...but if I was smart about it,

Then when the black arrowhead became the topic, should I tell him, just  
kind of casually, that I had one in my suitcase? For all I knew, possessing  
such a thing maybe made a person special in the tribe. Possibly I was  
already a sort of honorary chieftain and didn't know it, from whatever  
sacred quality--to me, that was the same as magic--a glistening dark treadure like  
arrowhead carried. But there was another consideration, wasn't there. that  
I was surer than sure that WW did not deserve an arrowhead older than  
C, but what about the Indians from way back then? What if it turned out  
the black arrowhead was a long-lost hol lucky piece that they worshiped,  
and there was a whole story about how tough life had been for the Indians  
ever since it was lost? I'd feel bad about having it.



When I handed it to Herman, he stared without saying anything.

sort of  
one stop from my destination, something came over me, a feeling like  
the start of a cold, but in this case it amounted ~~some~~  
odd funny, not funny funny

pressed in on me as surely as a squeeze chute to hold a calf for branding.

w/  
And then here it was, H pushing open a door

the suspicion seeped thru to me  
And as the stairs kept going, quite a climb, it began to dawn on me where  
as to where we were headed, even before H elbowed open the dr that squeaked  
alarmingly

Well, I'd rather have slept on the liv rm couch



Columbus did not take the bus, and...faces

Even after I hurriedly fixed the money matter by retrieving the stash  
from the shirt in the suitcase and pinning it under the pocket of the  
one I was wearing,

and why hadn't I seen that coming?

was navigating streets where the buildings grew taller and taller.  
People, pple everywhere as we neared  
the downtown traffic swarmed around us,

and I cdn't help gawking at the OO in suits and snappy hats and good dresses.

If you stop and think about it, a big city

which seemed to be about the size of 3 or 4 blocks of Mnpls

Strange to think, that I was discovering...a Palookaville compared  
to what they had in Minn.,

There now, you look swayve and edebonure, she said--  
jokie--I thini it was,  
anyhow--about anyone putting on airs of being suave and debonair.

Every person in Mnpls seemed to be in my way, as I frantically dodged  
my way plunged  
through the depot crowd

saying my big trip was a chance that did not come often in life, really,  
to (get out & ) see new sights and meet people and so on.

*like that*  
*7 (finally) groaned*  
*none of it noticeably improved*

This woman who meant everything to me  
4-lane

Interstate highways did not exist then, and so there was that old experience of

There was no such thing as a 4-lane Interstate yet, and so... it was that old  
experience

the oncoming headlights and the bus8s lit up the white centerline in overlapping  
beams--jackrabbits trying to cross didn't stand a chance

Even the bus smell of hard-used

In this scene, MM has been thrust from

Picked by his editor at the  
Enlisted as the

As "Mounted Corspdent" for the plucky union npaper, the B Thunder, MM here  
B's

rides in the annual Miners Day parade

In this scene

Uaving come up with a front-page scopp while riding

Riding in the company of Sam S, B's famous vicilante turned pulbic libn,  
storied

MM

in the annual Miners Day parade, MM had chanced onto a front-page scoop

Involuntarily on horseback

"Promoted" out of his usual role

As editorial wordslinger for the B Thunder in its crusade against the

ruthless ACMC, MM finds himself



I slept on the bench seat in back of the table, a tight fit but no worse  
than our circumstances seemed designed for.

We had to live practically on top of each other  
That came next

barely two, while the dam site  
the excitement of the big project--a hill of earth  
comfort enough

but at the time...of being in on the big project

I was loose from myself. A schoolyard game

The best way I can explain it is that

In our younger years, before maturity works us over,

long enough to win the prize  
make friends but not hang onto them.

It's funny how dollars & cents can change so much from then till now,  
but that's the story of money.

They were made for the best Bft fancy dancer, that's how. See, when  
there was a big powwow coming,  
prettiest

For all I knew, that approached the truth. Maybe circularly, but my  
grandmother the Browning fry cook had OO somehow.  
from donning

Middle-of-the-night visits calls of nature  
Expert of a kind that I was from...excursions, I described the prancing figure  
blue & white They're real beauties, see, and when the guy, RChf I mean,  
put them on for the fncy-dance fomp contest against all the other Resvtns,

That had him looking at me...

colossal dam

Saddling up the old corral...oatburners

In this day and age party  
To today's ears, canasta sounds as distant and out-of date as a singalong around  
an upright piano.  
may  
But let me tell you, it was not that way at all in 1951,  
new means modern in any day and age, and the freshly  
conceived  
invented card game swept like 00 into the living rooms of mid-century America.  
This I knew only by, played mainly by dried-up old ladies  
hearsay, the impression that it was  
vague

Collecting autographs was  
00 (kid who 1st gets aut bk)...one of those manias that ~~swamp/sweep~~ thru  
student pop'n, and at the SF schl it started when AB, as spoiled as she was  
school... At once everyone had to have an au bk, from the littlest kids  
→ blonde & cute, showed up with  
just able to print their names to the 7th & 8th grade galoots edging up  
on the existence/matter of girls in their world. Like other schlyd manias,  
this one lasted only a week or 2, but I kept at it. Gram...

Sitting idle is not my best

it hardly deserved to be called the dog bus, did it/

at how apt G was at calling things as she saw them in our limited world  
naming ", nailing them to the wall of our given world.

then that was that.

I still think it made sense of a kind

When I didn't say anything, she burst out:

she was really exasperzated. honey from hominy  
topsy from turvy  
she said with a fling of her hands  
here came

And so, he said, let'd just do it

blue and white  
Each w/ a morning star design

pattern shimmering in  
a prancing figure made up of countless sky-blue  
made up of beads like tiny drops of sky  
and snow,

curly  
haired  
&  
dark-eyed

make shift



*m*  
*2*  
It says worlds about my father

I always felt there was a long way to go, though, because I wanted to set a record. I loved the Believe panel on the funnies page of the GF T that the Wsns passed along to us when they thought of it, with its incredible facts that a ND man ate 71 pancakes in one sitting and that Siamese twins Eng and Ping shared a total of six wives in the lifetime and so on. I could just see myself in full-color drawing, *2c - mm ran around pulling everything* the Montana boy who collected more autographs than any other known human being. What that total was, of course, remained to be determined, but I was working at it.

He was more dressed up than the rest of us on the bus, however,

I didn't care that it came from the old country with my g's father or somebody, to me it was just old and rickety. G ignored my fallen face and directed,

*often*  
I had dreamed, as I sometimes did,

I had my footings poured, as the FP saying was, in one of the consctn shanty

towns *later,*  
thrown-together damsite shacktowns called P; whenever we were living in some

at some consctn site or another in not much more than crude housing, my parents wd think back to

*those that time of a*  
~~the~~ drafty tarpaper shack ~~and~~ between us and weather of 60 below, and say,

Well, it beat P.

See, I wouldn't even be here if S back at the ranch had let me drive the stacker team...

*Life's tough, ain't it?*

the  
Then I remembered my haul of Green Stamps, of inestimable or at least  
unknown worth, and stuck those down there to safety too.  
thought of

stuck  
While I was at it, I tucked away the Green Stamps and collection book as well,  
cleared  
to get them out  
out of my kacket pocket, sticking them in there too.

the mottled shadow I hadn't paid any attention to

When JK unrolled that scroll of  
on the road is paved with  
the beat of

And for the next classic of lighting out for the territory, nothing beats  
grt Amcn joyride... that eddures. lasts to this day.  
reckless love of restless spirit  
hi-octane odyssey took the American spirit  
original master of lighting out for the territory, MT  
In its reckless love of the highway

Take my advice,  
I don't need it.  
Don't think twice,  
before you heed it.

*you said  
I'm - have over only this  
A*



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You nailed it

Their headache, for a change  
you've maybe got something there.

Sounds like their weak spot,

stalwart Cavaretta, coy MMH, Sibley the go-getter, Matthews the old hand  
on rewrite, twenty others--

I was never sure if that was a joke masquing as something really smart  
saying  
I'd never been sure if that meant something incredibly smart or was  
a nonsense saying like

bare as dried bones, The Thing

Well, yeah, that was pretty vlose to true, and a story went with it,  
but this did not seem the time and place for that.

Wdn't it be something if

asked w/ no urgency, t rning a page of the M H

You two. Do what you want.

The menace is the unknown

I stared at the thing, the OO kid, trying to keep the OO verse from prancing  
in my head. In its way, it was as catch as

Did they even kno anyone who died, the kid and whoever wrote the catchy damn  
verse?

You're on your own a lot of the time around here anyway, you know how  
you'll just have to be the same the couple of days on the bus.

real well  
to do with yourself for someone your age, don't you

in the spisodes

played hide & seek in the thickets  
where fame quartered itself in shifting OO like phases of the moon.

waited to play its games of hide and seek  
sometimes cheated

hitchhiked

rode along and sometimes stayed off

home

was on the list & s'times crossed off

Imagine that.

Passing by the known

it all, I felt

the confusions of

my years on earth crisscrossing with the onrush of time ahead

life until then

meandering interseting w/ onrushing time ahead, whether I was ready or not.

duration

days

Oh man, I thought, that cd be KS talking, but it sure isn't.

*started*  
That was the first day of the week from Hell. Even yet I marvel at the  
the descent of my life those next days, or rather, the canasta afternoons

... ~~fixmany~~

...a 12yrold male whose mind had a tendency to skip around.

You are distracting me.

She reminded me of something, but I cdn't think what.

use them to fight fire with. What, Polacks? No, pulaskis. They're...

You are a fund of information.



Wouldn't it be great if she and G could get a job together again  
back at the  
TS cafe in GV, after H for her and  
didn't pan out for her but G was  
and after as good as ever from  
her operation and after I survived the summer of Wisc  
whatever waited in

Make sure you go before the bus does, and she meant in a toilet  
was talking about the

Now that I am as grayhaired as my talkative companion was, I look back on myself  
a polka dot  
then with wonder, a chunky youngster, freckled as OO, big for my age but  
every inch

twelve  
OO inside  
shakey  
uncertain

wishing that  
only on the outside, particularly then. I ache for him across the years, yearn to  
youngster

It was quite a tour, actually, that first leg Of... Down from the OO of the  
TM country

chunky or sturdy, edpending on how you looked at it,  
your definition,

When I wasn't, this first leg of the journey was a tour of something like spots  
so much of my  
existence since I was old eno gh to remember

When I wasn't with my talkative seatmate, the route down Highway 89  
kept occupied

Leaving behind GV and its green covering of cottonwoods, Highway 89 wound  
past the southernmost rangeland of the TM country, DW cattle even here  
pastured

wherever there were not sheepherders' white wagons and the gray spread of  
ewes and lambs on the benchland slopes

foothills in the distance. We passed Frrezout Lake  
with its islands of pelicans, near where I went to scho

the one-room Tetonia school where I spent  
part of a year. ★ Then where the road briefly turned its back on the RMts,  
to cross the Gfld Canal of the large irrigation project, I was transported  
back to a summer of jigging for trout at canal headgates.

this roiling cauldron of a place,  
common wisdom about the rough-and-tumble constantinopel of the Rockies  
mining camp turned metropolis,  
that was proctically a civic  
this scarred blood in its eye

Whassamatter?

Them Greyhound dickheads. Jump in.

Will you take me to Wisc?

Naw, can't quit3 do that. C'mon, we'll catch it in St. Paul.

Intnatl bhd of teamsters

Do you drive horses?

In the old days, everybody did, you bet your OO. pucker string they did.

They ain't unionized, see. *points to*

Huh. The dickheads.

I'm waiting for the delivery of Relmd, and calling to see if it has arrived.  
It's getting ~~too~~ late in the day for my wife or me to pick it up  
Brenda

It was going to take a tricky b climb over...

which kind of bothered me as a *well-pledged* ~~new veteran~~  
passenger of ~~some standing~~.  
*by now*

The furnace tended to balk, the plumbing liked to clatter.  
time and again

used throughout by the cast of characters as a cry to the heavens--Oblosnsky  
despond

in despair over his debauched life, Leveni--in guilt over his  
the political

paralysis of his privileged class, Anna herself in despair over the shackle of  
torment

married life woman married to man

over a marriage coming apart

*at Rm 1007*  
the very same catchphrase *afforded* used time and again by the cast of characters as a  
a cry to the heavens: Oblonsky in despair over his debauched life, Leven--Tolstoy's  
country squire stand-in--in guilt over the political paralysis of his  
privileged class, and most tellingly, Anna hereslf in torment over a marriage  
coming apart.

*supposedly  
sinister*

*written long  
before*

*Boleslows even existed  
to be used as bogeymen*



W

maybe that's not worth it to the publisher, but it seems to me it is for us.

Glad to have yr take on the b'k phrasing, that the \$1000 flr is adequate to prevent these bks from becomng imprisoned in excelsvly e-bk form. A quick lk back shows this b'list batch has been selling a total of.... on automatic pilot an annual , which may not be worth it to the publisher but mightbe to us, if only in modest advances & deals in peddling the reverted rights.  
works

I felt like I could tell her anything--my REd Chf name, with a lot better result than the OO woman.

She had a large mouth, full-lipped and heavy on lipstick.

glossy  
She herself was eye-catching, at least to me, with her black hair and big dark eyes and large...too as well, with plenty of dark red lipstick. You cd imagine her helped by generous application of cherry-red giving as good as she got

I really only intended to read back

Life was against me, was all I cd think. Start with Gram

I resented the human plumbing or whatever it was in Gram's case that started all this

caused this situation. If that nun wanted to do something useful, why didn't she pray up a better internal system in women's insides so a boy wdnt fret abt losing his gmr to an operation? I cd have driven that stacker team just fine, and if ww didn't think so, he ought to have his sparrow head examined.

And getting booted off the ranch the way we were wasn't

I'd grabbed out the clickless pen Klikless Kwik Klik; it wasn't like...

I was finding

thru OO country with not much to show itself but..., so there was time to tackle other passengers

spook specs By now I had a first-class crush on her. *Wd- it be s'ching.*

D & R Chef taking too much explaining

*2/27*  
The wheels on the bus of life go round and round,  
horizon's  
Across the 00 miles, both short and long,  
Faster than we

*2/27*  
on the road to where we're bound  
the bus's wheel go round and round  
each mile a tune sung short or long  
The 00 music of the traveler's song.  
lasting

Are you on the road a lot?

It must show. Every 00 minute of my life.

if yo u want to live life as she be in this mad bad buggered old rip  
of a country called Uhmaerica

full-length United States  
English language edition  
through ordinary trade channels,  
excluding

full length United States English language edition through ordinary trade

full length United States English language  
edition through ordinary trade channels,  
full length united states english language edition  
through ordinary trade channels, excluding



I can't say I relaxed, really

<sup>measured</sup>  
cruised at that speed busses always seem to travel at, ~~w~~ even in the wide open  
spaces of Montana

*there? ahead  
w/ all of it*

If you requiruh me,

you have but to call.

help to give

Is he trouble you, missus?  
bother zz

I am at your call

serious as churchgoers, as she chatted away in her somber undoubtedly stiff  
revelation

he had a habit of that throat-clearing remark that sounded like he was half-strangled.

Hatched the scheme that wd keep me on the ranch thru the summer and simltnsly  
hold the spot for G by my remindful presence. I cd see it all

imagination, how my remindful presence had it all worked out in my

if I was on the job, my  
one of the hay crew, doing the job

you're growing like a weed

You8ll make the trip just fine  
do

you've been on your own just like this when you boarded out for school,  
haven't you. She maybe was persuading herself, but not me; in no way was  
this like that, and my

she read my face  
crowded

on the bus of life  
when the going gets tough  
rhyme

a mile at a time  
and the miles are long  
the traveler's song.  
the sound of the OO  
the tires sing on the road  
They sing the traveler's song  
on life's crowded bus, greyhound or not

Fuck & phooey, I said under my breath abt Wisc and all the rest. I was  
that employ thrilling  
at the stage of learning to use swear words, and this combination  
--part of growing up, as I saw ~~me~~ it-- expressive  
cowboys  
set I'd lately heard one of the bunkhouse men express when sent out to  
herd on stray cows It expressed  
ride00 in the rain all day. A bus trip to Wisc deserved  
What was that? G asked from across the



the Seattle dailies

faster than anyone who was better & better than...

a magazine job & a woman named C lured me north to Chi

I ws the youngest, altho not exactly a cub

And we worked atx the writer's trade

Many a magical book we made.

for J&J who know my tales of TWs

some holiday reading of the arks of learning where  
the WS was launched from. prairie

that

they feel to me like old shipmates, as Conrad's

in the time-honored tradition of comforting the afflicted &...

You know what else, though? I have an Indian name, too.

From the time I was little, he'd kiddingly say something like  
huh-uh, say something like

No, honest, it's becaue of my hair.

Now you're spoofing

People are full of surprises. She had not let out a peep of doubt  
abt Pvl and so onx

but now when I told her something absolutely truthful

It wd only have complicated things to to add that the name came from my  
father.

You're getting kind of previous,

Wait for your folks, sonny. (driver<sup>3</sup>)

"They're not coming?"

...a journey that seemed to have n~~o~~ end. Nor has it.

D hoped to drive the stacker team in WW haying, but Wendell W'son kicks his Gram & him out of the cook~~house~~ shack.

GF ticket seller--God bless you real good--but then I heard her say the same to the elderly couple next in line.

I was as redheaded as they come, unlike the (bald) OO on bk jackets

"Pleasantville. It's part of NY."

"Is it.

Donal, she marveled. Without the d. *Why, I've never heard of that*

It's Scotch. Like my father was--is.

her own imagination ws rampaging off to, I was too taken w/ my own version...  
had flown

carried me farther than even I cd imagine.

while way short of transcntl

carried me farther th n even my imagination cd reach

Off to a great start

Why do I have to be polite if there throwing us out?

"He's quite the gentleman," Gram said (Major)

They weren't pets, more like OO nuisances

so by rights they shd stay w/ her.

Some were obviously wise--OO--and others were (baffling)

The autograph book was unpredictable



My land, next thing to Eden in those 00 days, reached from Warm Springs  
Creek to (the Con'l Divide).... Cows in grass to their bellies.