

"How you doing, Lyle?"

He just grinned.

"Make yourself at home," Mitch said, gesturing toward a chair he'd taken a pile off of. She looked around the room, analytical but not surprised. Everybody's clutter was different from everybody else's. A OO caught her eye.

Stick of dynamite, like on a logjam...

All right, Mariah, you had the Roziers pegged. Together, the resemblance of Mitch and Lyle rhymed. The wavy hair, still nearly a full head of it on Lyle, Mitch's black with wisps of gray around the ears.

...
"I thought I'd go for a walk." She looked west... "Okay to trespass on the Rozier Bench?"

help yourself
"Sure, sure," Lyle said. "Just remember you're walking on money"

2
"How's the Lexa?" Lyle said without inflection enough...

inquired, leaving her to decide whether or
not it was a greeting.

51
"For somebody dying, he's pretty lively." *wired up?*

Mitch looked ahead bleakly, to where the mountains stood. "You don't know the half of it yet."

... "How's, uhm, business been?"

"Weddings ~~up~~ up the wazoo," *she said quite cheerfully.*

"Really." He ~~looked~~ *stood* around the cafe. "You might have to cater *signals for any variations* *run to*

at
supper here, the rate ~~things~~ nothing's happening."

... still is wearing them
"I know the faces. But maybe not which generation they belong to."

add p. 182?
" p. 193,
before Mitch?

Now it was country she wanted to keep at arm's length. The McCaskills had come and put in their century--homesteading, ranching, holding to the land. She had hoped for a repeat of that in Alaska. No kids, Travis was shooting blanks. The only crop she felt at home with was the fishing, and that had its problems too, of booming and waning. ^{in her experience} Otherwise, Alaska was cut-something-down or drill-something-up, and she grew damned sick of it. She knew Seattle life, the coast, was a kind of retreat. But the land there mended itself. Tundra didn't, desert didn't. People were going to live in places such as Seattle in multitudes, that was a given. (Until physics, in the form of earthquake or volcano, leveled the place, Mitch would have pointed out.) She had to search a little for elbow room there, but so far she had found it.

adds to computer ms:
start w/ highest p. #,
otherwise additions
will reorginate everything
from lowest p. # on &
make it hard to find

of M saw in mind's eye...

Much was adding up. Lyle propped against the pickup, those pauses

for disquisition on this or that (cd include watching Rin w/ magpie)--

saw
Mitch now knew that his father had been parceling himself out, saving

exertion whenever he could. Slow motion was the only motion left in his

father.

add p. 148?

Mitch looked at the town again. Cyberspace or nowhere, little municipal
chums.

add to myns depth,
p. 118+?

If he'd stayed--no, come back after college. "Married local,"
as they said in this town. The school principal's daughter. Versions
of Jocelyn and Laurits. He had the feeling they'd still be sailing
through the streets of San Francisco and the ^{lingual bypaths} tongue paths of Jakarta.

And worked at what? Become his father's partner in seasonal
muscle? You bet, divvy a job that barely supported one person.

All the outdoors you could eat.

any more,

✓ Mitch felt as authentic here as Flynn, world's
oldest roadrunner, ^{projecting} spitting himself into Nepal.
jogging - redgelines of

Even in Montana towns not many places had bunkhouses.

"Mitch, I thought you were big on history. ^{history, what's word, artifacts -} ~~of~~
There aren't ^{history} - L slanted. It agmt - 00 - "I
~~guess~~ ^{don't know} what is."

probably don't use -
you much like
Film scene -
condense, M imaging &
blapping
the
channels.

"Oh, hey, let me show you something." Lyle picked up a remote control, studied the buttons and finally pressed one. A soap opera voice and countenance came on, saying "But I thought she was a friend of yours" to one saying "Not any more. Not after this." Lyle blapped that channel, hit another button, and the video channel came on.

"Dad? There are many branding irons.

Teton County isn't that big...

"Well, sure, there's elsewhere in here, too, Patm^{ette},
Scout around records a
Co., it's about empty, & Garfield, & I was able to
quite a bunch up around GV (WW?)
buy up quite a bunch...

"& you used what for money?"

"Oh, I see what you're getting @," I said in
what indeed like admission, "financing. Took
out a mortgage o. place. & property, of course.
See, though, that's beauty of selling. Bench.

Pay off mortgage & still come out ahead."

"AT is a little complicated..." after tentacle

M cd alt feel tentacle [of complication] wrapping
around his knees. Lawyer, lender, ~~car~~ ^{gravel} man, grief.

Mitch ~~went~~ on into the house. (describe) *& He unabashedly prowled.*

He heard tires crunching in the driveway. His father's latest pickup...

Lyle stepped down. He propped himself proprietorially against the fender long enough to light a cigarette, take a deep drag, then Mitch realized his father was going to wait for him to come out. came toward the house. He was moving more stiffly with the years,

Lyle saw, and...

Choosing the ground to fight on already, old sergeant?

"How's the Mitch?" Lyle greeted.

... *"Present & acctd for," M said duly. Shake hands. Appreciate that you came. I hated to impose*
Lyle cleared his throat. "Kind of keep your voice down, okay?"

Not just everybody knows about this gravel deal."

Mitch pitched a murmur..."Like, say, Donald Priddy?"

"You already met the improvement to the neighborhood, did you."

Lyle tossed down his cigarette and ground it into the driveway gravel

always
with his foot. It also surprised Mitch to see the workshoes on his

tooled
father. Lyle seemed like the type built for calfskin cowboy boots. *stunt*

"Oh, hey. Before we go in, let me show you something."

There was always a large gray canker a few feet from the front
step where we threw wash water and ashes, I think even emptied the
slop pail. The chickens pecked away the slops, the lye of the soap
and ashes had killed the ground for good.

cut from ch. 1
Aug. 29, '53

has. ^{Sheba's} ~~Freda's~~ place, he makes his headquarters, and for the first week he drinks whiskey and his women are pretty good lookers. The next week or so he's mostly on beer and his women are getting a little shabby. Then for about two weeks after that he's on straight wine and squaws. Generally it took Dode three or four trips to Great Falls to fish Pat out of a spree. I'll get there to the Quality and track him down and sober him up a little and have him all lined out to bring home, and he'll say, "Oh hell, I about forgot, I gotta have ten dollars to go pay a fellow." Then he takes off with that ten and that's the last I see of him. I wish to hell I had a nickel for every hour I've spent leaning up against the cigar counter in that joint, trying to wait that bugger out. Jesus, one time I never will forget, I drove down there just bound and determined to get him back on the job, and I went into the Quality, and no Pat. Freda told me, "He's around here somewhere, Withrow, you just wait, he'll blow in here." So I waited. And waited. Leaning a hole into that goddamn counter. The bar was full of guys, it'd been railroad payday, and Freda's whores were working the crowd, Big Tit Lou and Bouncing Betty and Nora Buffalo and some others. Bouncing Betty had the first table, right in front of me, and she'd smile like a million dollars at everybody who came in. And all the time those gandy dancers were getting more and more boozed up. The place sounded like Hell changing shifts. So I stood there and stood there and stood there. Taking it all in, passing the time by thinking to myself what a sap I was. Finally Bouncing Betty got up and came over to me and said, "Withrow, I think you need some fun. On the house. We'll make it up out of Pat's next wages." I thought about how I'd been leaning there two-thirds of the night watching all this disgusting stuff, and I thought to myself, "By God, she is about a hundred percent right. I think Withrow DOES need some fun." Right then, wouldn't you just know, in the door comes goddamn Pat. "You looking

cut?

Nowadays you have ranchers who always swore they'd die before giving up the saddle, and they're out romping across the range aboard Japanese cutting horses--4-wheel-drive Toyotas and Hondas.

Nowadays you have travelers who always swore they'd die before giving

Wennberg pointed southwest, where a ^{dim} ~~dark~~ bulk rose on the horizon.

up the saddle, and they're out romping across the range aboard Japanese

"You've sighted Cape Flyaway," Melander said. "Clouds. Sometimes

cutting horses--(wheel-drive Toyotas and Hondas

they sit down on the water like brood hens and you'd swear they're land,

(use with power buckets, as evolving technology)

couldn't be anything but. That Finn skipper spent half of one morning

searching our charts for a thunderhead he thought was a piece of Hawaii.

We need to take care, this coast'd gladly stand ~~mm~~ us on our ears.

Read the map, read the compass, read the landmarks, and not go chasing

clouds. That'll fetch us to Astoria. Aye?"

"What'll it be like?" This was Braaf, who took the chance to

2-2-81

stop his paddle while ^{asking} ~~talking~~. "Another wet woodpile like New Archangel?"

"The sailors' buzz I've heard is that it's a proper port but small.

Sits on a fat river with hell's own sandbar~~ry~~ at its mouth. The Americans--

paddle, Braaf, a scissor of a lad like you is ^{sharp} ~~smart~~ enough to move

your mouth and arms at the same time, aye?--the Americans, recent years,

have taken it back from the British and they boast it as tomorrow's town

of this coast. But all we care is whether ships ^{touch at the place} ~~come in~~, and ^{touch} ~~come~~ they do."

They carried in their heads

It The one piece of luck they had was that theirs was a ghetto not marked off by ~~their~~ religion, or the shape of ~~their~~ noses or the shade of ~~their~~ skin. The Scots, who lived 00 in their homeland, had the right sense of drift for America's west.

I try to think myself back into that other boyhood, to feel from the skin inward what it would have been like to grow up within the far mountain basin, in a large fatherless family, with winter holding the country five months of a year and bankers in wait for it most of the rest of the time. My growing up had its own odd skews, but my father's boyhood crooked off ~~at some~~ ^{along} angles almost beyond my imagining.

new word

Mariah's

On impulse I reached over to her camera bag and traced a finger
along one of the brands incised into the leather. Marcella and I had
the bag made for her by the leathersmith up at Browning, and ~~he~~ he'd
done a nice job of freehanding the old ranch brands, which were those
His guide had been
of the great roundup of 1882 in the Two Medicine country. A chuckbox
that
with all the olden brands on it had come down ~~through~~ through my family--
scorching
somebody must have done that decorating in an idle moment after supper
~~and remembered~~
in the cookfire
at the chuckwagon, gathering ~~all~~ the branding irons and heating them
and then searing the brands into the wood one by one--which the leathersmith
D-S, the famous
Davis-Houser-Stuart outfit. Billy Ulm's TL. The Floweree outfit's
Dan Floweree's big
lone
solitary F. My finger though
Neither those nor
Of the dozen brands cavorting at angles on the sides of the
camera bag, though, my finger had alit

Marcella and I had (the camera bag) made for her by the leathersmith
at
up ~~in~~ Browning, and he'd done a nice job freehanding the ~~scotch~~ old
in a nice sewing
ranch brands--(inc. Isaac's horse brand)

--copied from chuck box on the roundup of 0000 (told in Eng Crk)

✓✓

Alec and I made the trip to Great Falls with my father when the first CCC contingent unloaded at the depot there. The camp was to be in the Old Agency district out from Choteau rather than in my father's, but they would be building fire trails and so on at English Creek as well, and so he was naturally curious to see what was showing up.

The eastern boys surged off the train as if being let loose from a dungeon. Most of them gawked at the buttes which rim Great Falls, or chattered to one another. Accents which I had only heard on the crackling radio came out of actual mouths: Hey, Ace, see enny cawboys ennywher? ~~See enny cawboys ennywher?~~ Nah, it's cawgirls I'm looken fah. But also a startling number of fistfights broke out. I realize now that these must have been grudges which were promises to be settled as soon as the train stopped. At the time, though, it seemed to me a band of savages had alit. Or, more baffling yet, a band of would-be savages, for the fistfights tended to be roundhouse knockdowns, which went against the western style of staying on your feet at all costs.

So my lasting impression of the arrival of the CCCs to Montana was those sloppy brawls, and the calls back and forth in New York and Illinois and Kentucky voices. My father, taking it all in, said

1818
Seattle Washington 98108
Phone (206) 685-5044

✓ ✓

ORIGINAL

to Alec and me: Glad these 'rangutangs will be ^{living} on ^{else's} somebody's district

instead of mine. But he half-grinned as he said it, and I believe

he actually was relieved to see the eastern youngsters arrive full of

vim and sass, rather than being the trainload of pale rabbits that

had been expected.

Now I was being perfectly polite with Shaun because even if he was
^{current}
the TriGram guy, I'd known his family and him from when he was a pup.

Even I had to admit, there was a trend here.

→ Maybe it'd have made things simpler if there was a ^{genuine} ~~real~~ money

reason for them to want my place. Oh, there were some annoyances
involved, first for the Double W and now for the TriGramites, in having
an independently owned ranch where mine was. The boundary of the Two
national forest adjoined my place on the west, so my land was a kind
of obstacle there at ~~the~~ TriGram's western pastures; cows had to be
shoved around my place. And I suppose it was bothersome to have me up
there above them on Noon Creek, with some water rights, even though a
little hayfield irrigating was all the use that my ranch could make of

going over
that water. Nor were mineral rights a real issue; geologists and
seismologists gave that whole area under the Rocky Mountain Front a
thorough working-over, and my ranch showed nothing worth digging or
drilling. No, I'll tell you what I think has always bothered the big
bugs about my ranch: the splotch it makes on the ~~the~~ map of their world.
They roll out the paper and every inch from hell to breakfast is shown
to be theirs, except for ~~the~~ that one chunk which for ⁶⁵ ~~70~~ years ~~the~~ said
Reese on it and for the past 35 has said McCaskill.

"He's in court, as usual."

#

She spied the roof of the Winnebago in the lot behind the Park

County courthouse.

...

"Psst."

"Lexa!" he whispered. "Hi, petunia. What brings you?"

"Wanted a cup of ^{so-called} coffee with my father."

"Got some turning to tar right now, out in the Bago."

Decals
of 427

"Lexa, I would have to ride with hobbled stirrups."

...

"You go ahead. Morgan's got a pretty good appaloosa you might like. I'll vouch for you."

"Morgan's seen me ride. We kicked ^{MSU's} butt in the nationals my junior year, remember? I remember him ^{sailing} flying off a bareback ^{that} who sunfished."

"You might do well not to bring that ^{have your} up. Anyway, go ride. ~~I've~~ ~~done my riding.~~"

...

"This country breaks your heart," Jick said. "About all you can do is to fuse the thing back together until the next time."

...

"Leona's out politicking. Conference of county chairpersons, over in Kalispell. They're trying to figure out ^{whether to} ~~how to~~ ~~let~~ stand back and ^{kindly} Gingrich talk himself to death or help him ~~make~~ on his way."

? Mom km.

Montana
STL

taught himself
"Manslaughter has learned how to catch magpies. Damnedest thing.

He lays out there by his dish and a magpie gets to strutting in and
taking the food, Manslaughter just dozing there. Then all of a sudden
he plops out a paw, on that long tail of the magpie. That's all she
wrote, for the magpie. Manslaughter had bird for dinner." ^{dessert}

Jick looked at the dozy dog. "He was a pup when I pulled in here."

Didn't know sic 'em."