

winnowed for WORK SONG and MISS YOU March 10 '08

early draft -
rewritten July 8-10,
1987

Now that.

an even
one
a big
round

The Fourth of July has turned up on the calendar a hundred times since Montana's statehood year of 1889, so wouldn't you think we could do the holiday with some style by now? But no, today and all day it's going to be more of the usual. From Ekalaka to Yaak, we Montanans will bake our brains in the sun at rodeos, meanwhile consuming enough beer and fried chicken to cholestorate a vegetarian convention, waiting for dark so we can try to burn down our towns with fireworks. A centennial of the same old stuff; is this the best we can do? Maybe it's an American condition, in this strange nation we have become, all helmet and sword and no brain or heart. The calendar this morning says "Independence Day," but I wonder. Nowhere in the doings of Montana does there seem to be a really independent idea--like changing the name of this state of ours to something more appropriate, such as Destitution.

white
1
found only
main body

same

--"The Life of Riley" column
in the Missoula Montanian,
July 4, 1989

Click. From where I was sitting on the bumper of the Winnebago

postmark
ought best

~~I was doing my damndest~~ ^{did} ~~to outstare~~ ^{ocular best} that camera of hers, but as usual, no such luck. You ^{would} think a person with an entire rodeo going on around her could find something ^{more worthwhile} better to take a picture of than me.

did super
adj

out-goes
things ...?

what
you

Huh uh, not this Maria person. ^{No more} ~~About~~ an arm's reach away she was
 down on one knee with the gizmo up to her eye like she couldn't see
 without it, and just as soon as she'd shot she ^{out} ~~said~~, "You're not such
 a bad-looking old coot, you know that?"

"The old part I do, yeah."

Click. Her next snap of the shutter caught me by surprise as
 it always did. After all this ^{while} time, why didn't I know that the
 real picture Maria wanted was always the unexpected one, the one
 after you'd let your guard down.

As she came up out of her picture-taking crouch, ^{at just as} a red and white
 calf sleepily trotted past us into the catch pen at the end of the
 arena. "And Kevin Frew has missed with his second loop!" the announcer

recited the obvious in that tin voice we'd had to hear all afternoon.
 By habit Maria fitted a long lens onto her camera and aimed out through
 the arena fence at the horseback figure who was disgustingly coiling
 his spent lariats, but didn't bother to take the scene. "Folks, let's
 give this hard-luck cowboy a big hand of applause! It's the only pay

he's going to take home from here today!" My thumb found the Frew boy

No more than...

there she was
as though

gave the bulletin

appropriate

Now why don't you get that -

Not for, but
 there, I wondered
 if her behavior
 went c her name,
 McTEVE with when
 + of others in
 - McTEVE were
 McTEVE with.

use on
 met + p. 17

Woman
 wife
 of

on the program. Christamighty, he was only the first contestant in the third section of calf roping. Down through all the Fourths of July, if I had a dollar for every guy who entered the Gros Ventre rodeo under the impression he was a calf roper I could buy up Japan.

I stood up, partly to unstiffen but mainly to turn it into the opportunity to announce, "I've had about enough of this." Of course my words meant the calf roping and the rodeo, but more than that, too.

Maria ignored the more and responded, "What's your big rush?" As she turned to face me she made that gesture of swinging her hair out of her eyes, the same little tossing way she ^{always} did to clear her view into

the camera. Hair deeper than red; the double rich color that on a fine horse is called blood-bay. Maria's mane of it was atop a ~~plenty~~ ^{narrow but}

good-enough face and the lithe figure that in its faded blue jeans and purple rodeo shirt was both long-legged and thoroughly mounded where women are supposed to be mounded. No wonder every man who ever saw her sent his eyes back for a second helping.

I might've known she'd start right in again. "I'll tell you another thing while I'm at it, Jick," and I was all too sure she would.

What am I doing?
doffs his hat & holds it over
in a more pretty way
Harris makes
a comment to M,
she gave him a
used smile of aim. He shy
picked him. Pines.
M's, leaning only
javelin she wore
popped his hat on
M shrugged regretfully
Korn's shrug-to-waiting-up
sheir back-to white
his laisses while
M accented. crowd

descended
from phase
man
of
Maria

horseback
or foot,

have

more o
Maria?
big thru
curved C
her big
lean?
scoping
crowd?
trail,
woman and
of arena
here
change
advice

Lonky for a
woman,
Lonky!
for a
woman
fold &
unfolds

Only one other person was anywhere in the same race with Maria when it came to prescribing behavior for me, and I wasn't going to hear from that one ever again. [All damn afternoon] Maria [had] seemed determined to take up the slack. "You can't keep on the way you've been," she was informing me now. "Sitting around like your tail is caught in a crack--that's not the usual you. You haven't even been fishing yet this year, have you." She knew I hadn't. "Sometime or other you're going to have to roust yourself out into life again. Here's a chance being handed to you, so why not glom onto it?" She let up just long enough to see if any of that was registering on me. Then here it came again, Topic Number One: "Jick, you've got to go with me on this."

I'd already told her no. Three times, N-O. Actually I guess it must have been four, because Maria never even starts to listen until you say a thing the third time.

"Sitting sounds good enough to me," I tried on her. "The world can use more people who stay sat."

All that drew me was the remark that I might as well sit behind a steering wheel where I'd at least be doing somebody some good, instead

staying

letting me know

down u

more

receptably

rebat if that was case, then

of holing up like I'd forgotten how to get out ^{my own} the front door.

How could I make her savvy the situation? Everything had changed on

that night six months ago, none of it for the better. You can be told
it will

~~it will~~ all heal, but that doesn't make it happen any faster.

Maria wasn't interested in waiting for my deep thoughts to swim

to shore. She ^{stated} said as if everything was settled: "So I can count on

you coming?"

[Nothing else having helped, I resorted to reason.] "Like hell

you can. This big ^{driving} trip of yours--if it was just you involved, I'd

maybe see it different. But goddamn it, Maria, you know I don't

even want to be in the same vicinity as that Missoula whistledick."

"Jick. If I can put up with Riley for a couple of months, it

shouldn't be that big a deal for you to."

She had me there. Of all the people in Montana who'd gladly buy

a ticket to Riley Wright's funeral when the time came, Maria was

entitled to the head of the line.

"You and him, that's up to you," I answered as I had any number

of times before. "Though I personally can't see why you'd spend

We eyed
one another,
each wondering
in how the hell
I'll be so
alone suddenly.

more?

told that

right

e

half a second with him, let alone from now to November." The rest of July, August, September, October, the first week of November. Four months, Maria's version of "a couple."

"Because it's a chance that'll never come again." She still was working me over with those gray eyes. "Or anyway not for another hundred years, and I'm not famous for waiting, am I."

No, but she ^{definitely} ~~sure as hell~~ was getting notorious with me for persistence. How many ways did I have to say no to this woman?

One more:

"Christamighty, Maria. Just take the rig yourself, why don't you?" I fished into my pocket for the Winnebago keys and held them out to her. "Here, the rig is yours for however long you're gonna be chasing around to this centennial stuff. But as the guy said, include me out, okay? I'm not in any mood to go gallivanting all over the state of Montana with you and that Riley dingbob."

She didn't take the keys, she didn't even answer my offer of them. She simply did that little toss of her head again, as if clearing her hair out of the way would clarify me somehow, too. People either side

And he did

more!
This isn't
getting us
anywhere.

of us sitting on fenders and bumpers were starting to watch the pair of us more than the rodeo. Wonderful. See the geezer and his girl while they duke it out on the glorious Fourth; we ought to have sold tickets. I started to turn away and do what I should have done an hour ago, stick the key in the ignition of the Winnebago and head home to the ranch. Maria crippled that intention by saying slowly and softly:

"I need to have you with."

It stopped me. It would anybody, wouldn't it? Need instead of want; this put a different light on the matter. If Maria really meant it that way. I scrutinized her. Need. Did people know what they were trying to say with that word? I wasn't sure I could tell, any more.

"Maria. You're not just saying that, are you?"

Our looks held each other. Then she gave me a grin and provided:

"If I was it'd be the first time, wouldn't it?"

God, that grin. That world-by-the-tail grin that brought back what I was missing, these months since.

in a
voice like

I still didn't want to do it. The fact is, I'd rather have kept on doing what I seemed best fitted for these days, exactly nothing.

But, I need to have you with.

How can you turn down somebody when it's put like that?

no # Especially when it's Maria?

In back of her, out in the arena dirt a grunting guy was kneeling on a calf, trying to collect three of its legs to tie together. I knew how that caught calf felt. Finally I said:

"Well, hell, okay then. Sitting in a Winnebago is something I guess I can manage to do. As long as nothing physical or mental is required, I can give this a try."

"That 's more like it." Maria closed the distance between us with a quick step and gave me a kiss. One of the things about Maria was that she closed her eyes to kiss. I always thought it was uncharacteristic of her, but I suppose kissing has a life of its own. Now she was busy informing me, "None of the trip is going to cost you a nickel, did I tell you that? The newspaper will pay for it all, the use of your rig and everything."

informing

got out

"Free stuff is generally overpriced," I pointed out. But she didn't bother to hear and was gathering her camera gear, giving the rodeo a last look to make sure there wasn't some calf-roping miracle to be recorded, and simultaneously saying, "I've got to get back to Missoula, tomorrow's a workday. So it's set? All you've got to do is drive over and meet us about noon on Monday. You can put the rig in that lot behind the Montanian, and the scribbler and I will find you there." Another blind kiss from her. "See you then, Jick. 'Bye."

So that's how it started, four entire months ago. Tomorrow it will finally [all] be over with, but that was the how of it. How I ended up seeing enough of Montana's birthday doings to last anybody a hundred years. How I found myself in the path of the past whichever way I turned. How I got myself just exactly where I ought to have known not to get, between the pair of them. Maria the newspaper picture-taker, my headlong daughter. And writing Riley Wright, my goddamn ex-son-in-law.

next to

and don't
write

squirmed
Wied
to turn

adj?

more?

(some community, perhaps Gros Ventre, makes a colossal centennial flag, the size of the huge one at the Ritzville Perkins pancake house (also at W'hauser hq?). It's so big it's a problem to hoist the damn thing every morning; and near the end of the book a big wind comes up and shreds it into banners of tatter.)

(get in touch with W'hauser pr office or Perkins about watching that huge flag be hoisted)

(the wind of the Two country could be used to set this up: Gros Ventre's community centennial project is to have the biggest flag in the state, and it dominates Main St, although it couldn't be set up in the creekside park because the cottonwoods are so tall around it.)

Jick: "It was kind of interesting, though. The thing looked better (as banners after the wind tattered it)..."

(Jick or the newspaper writer maybe conclude the book:)

The banners ride the wind of the Two...the way Baez could hang her voice in the air...

(The day before centennial, Jick etc. drive home to Gros
Ventre--describe the journey thru the hills Angus rode the
freight wagon across, Jick rode to haying jobs, etc. They
go to the Medicine Lodge for a drink. Get up early the
next morning for raising of GV's centennial flag.)

--Write a Gleaner item ~~xxxxxxxx~~ for title p. of THE DAY section;
about the ceremony to raise the flag, gathering before dawn in
emulation of the statehood day ceremony in 1889, etc.

The flag is sewn, the pancake ingredients are stockpiled, the music
is arranged for

Asked what he thought of Gros Ventre's centennial events today,
~~Buffalo Bill~~ odds-on
89-year-old Garland ^Hebner, winner of the beard contest, declared:

"A time was had by all."

--Gros Ventre Weekly Gleaner, November 8, 1989

insert in SW Montana travels, to show how dry it is in Dillon country:

When a Montanan doesn't have anything else to do, he can always worry
about the weather.

- greenhouse effect

when we call ourselves Montanans?"

"Like everything else under the sun, I did a column on that once," Riley reflected, spearing another biscuit. "The early settlers mostly said it 'Montanian,' like 'Missourian,' which a whole hell of a lot of them were. Or 'Virginian' or whatever. That kept up until around the turn of the century

insert after p. 69

on p. 71, after

G-ball.

--change Va. City bar name to The Montano; build Jick/Riley dialogue about it from Montana postmarks article in Va.City folder.

--have this lead into Montanian/Montanan?

- Jick asks: "Can't they spell?"

... Then where does Montanian come from

(Nelson looks over Tam's pics of Montana during their centennial tour.)

"How good are you gonna get?"

"How good is there?" (she replies)

Jick cd then ask his question abt meaning of Montanian.

But soon Mariah and Riley are having a hell of a fight, touched off by her taunting him for not doing his book. (mistaking hiccups for pregnancy)

Riley: "You've still got a mouth like a corncob, haven't you."

(possibly have Jick simmer them down: "Children, if this is gonna be a fight to the death, would you kindly step outside to do it? I don't want the Bago to get all spattered up in here.")

Riley's speculations abt why Montanian became Montanan.

He ~~scribbles~~ doodles (describe) on newspaper as he talks.

"There's one thing I don't savvy about this newspaper of yours."

Riley promptly said, "No, I don't know why the ink has to come off on your hands."

"It's not that," I told him, mentally adding you smartass. (Jick asks about Montanian.)

Riley has been out for his morning run (desc. his distinctive high-stepping stride). As he goes to enter the Bago for a shower, "Whup, off limits," Jick tells him. "Mariah's souping." (developing film).

As they stand outside together, Jick eyes R's Spandex running garb, which he thinks ~~renders~~ makes R look like he's been painted black from the waist down to just above his knees. ~~Jick~~ Jick: "What's that stuff made of?"

"Morey," Riley said. "It'd be a whole lot cheaper ~~just~~ to just do a Colter, I do admit."

(tell of Colter, being turned loose ~~and~~ naked by Indians and then being chased; Jick daydreams pleasantly of Riley hotfooting it across the valley, going oo! ow! across the prickly pears.)

--at start of this, Jick knocks on Bago door and asks "Safe to come in?"
Mariah's muffled answer from bathroom of the Bago, "Not quite yet."

Mariah to R in Spandex: Good morning, Thundershocks
... yet

Melted money, he formulated

legs 7 her tripod

Since C
was

change Mariah's camera bag to ^a modern lightweight but painted to resemble
appaloosa horsehide, complete with her ^{initial} M brand (or at this first mention,
just say "^Mher initials...as if burnt in by a branding iron!").

one made out of some sort of synthetic

← probably
best
choice

either here or elsewhere in ch. 1--maybe in Helena RV Park scene--
Riley's gaze (Jick sees) falls on Mariah's camera bag: Jick reflects
that Riley gave it to her as a wedding present (had it painted up to
resemble horsehide and the branded-looking initials, told her they stood
for Mariah Montana.)

He fixed a gaze ^{long look} onto M's

Riley studied her camera bag as if the fake white hide with
~~appaloosan brown~~ ~~spots~~ spotted pattern was in fact the rump of an
appaloosa. He had given her that bag the first Christmas they were
married. I wondered if during the breakup of their marriage it had
occurred to Mariah to tell him he was the logical expert ^{even} on a horse's
ass, all right. _{resident}

Now he prowled some more,

insert, perhaps where Riley comes to the sheepshed looking bedraggled, the wear and tear of bad news Riley and Mariah usually deal with. Earlier, maybe in span between Moiese and Va. City, Jick could refer to this topic.

--school bus wreck they once covered together

--Waltermire plane crash

--guy, high on something or other, blew his family away with his deer ~~gun~~ rifle, down to the year-old.

--Riley and ^Maria often were blunked out, when they came to the ranch, by the bad news they'd been covering. (*sheepshed scene?*)

--Carol: news is things going wrong.

--The Montanian saw itself as a state-wide newspaper; Jick thinks it must cost a fortune to fill those newspaper boxes across the state.

Riley telling Mariah abt Helena prostitutes owning property until
men cut them out of it.

Mariah: "Pimps, do you mean?" (repayment for his earlier "Whores" usage)

summer of '88, Jick could see mountaintop wall of flame of big fire
in Teton country; check with Germain Stivers, who saw this from Boone
& Crocket ranch.

Electronic Poker Game! Test Your Skill! I wondered how they get away
with saying that. Poker is a lot of things, but it isn't a game.

They did it like chess

"Where's your opponent?"

~~Transistor~~

Take turns calling

"Tucson. Chess by ~~radio~~ phone. Call each other every fifteen

minutes with a move."

Nobody was smoking at the moment, but the ~~tebacco was about enough~~

~~to tan your skin.~~

the room had enough accumulated

tobacco smell that ~~actual cigarettes probably weren't necessary.~~
to ~~be snort~~ directly.

The green felt of the pool table ~~stood out like~~ a ^{desperate sample} patch of lawn

~~in a slough.~~

~~The pool table stood out like~~

insert after p. 161

insert Montanian explanation--by Jick asking Riley why the paper is
named that--as they're driving to Missoula from Helena, after Isaac
has referred to himself in letter as "Montanian."

Riley column about vanishing of G₁. Falls smelter stack: change in

cultural geography; in what the eye sees...was economically trained to see.

- We were somewhat that way too. (lost, directionless?)
or Jick says; I was " " " " (M & R are growing
closer together?)

change to:

All four of them are quiet. (cut the Riley-Mariah dialogue) Leona cramming Russian thru her headset. Riley occasional pukka pukka on the computer, but sporadic, not of his long runs that said he was getting somewhere with the words. Mariah looking out at the horizontal endlessness outside, occasionally fiddling with an earring (describe).

--Running down, maybe. (use this to inject info that centennial day now only 0 days away; R & M to rent car in Billings, scoot for Missoula and begin closing down their lives there, before coming up to GV for dawn ceremony.)

--Long country.

She knew. deal

... after p. 278

Jick to Marcella: "If something happens and he takes me, gun the motor
and ~~XXXXXX~~ try run him off."

--or: jx Jick thinks to himself that if ... Marcella would...

--also hold the horn.

J
-
Jick, during memory of trapping the grizzly:

"(Marcella's) memory pierced at me, her with her hair bobby-pinned,
no gray in the hair then."

...Across Montana they imprint themselves...

teepee rings

pilgrim communities

Riley's piece about town letters on hills; an eloquent graf
about community and commonality.

After this italic graf the next page resumes with Jick.

They imprint themselves

Lettering themselves onto the nearest hill, these towns

Riley's column on Billings wedding:

She:(interior thoughts)

He: " "

1 ✓ Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth....

He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts....

His banner over me was love....

#5 His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. 3

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed
among the lilies.

#4 Thy lips, oh my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are
under thy tongue... 2

#3 His mouth is most sweet

#2 The roof of thy mouth ^{is} like the best wine (that giveth dr. sweetly...)

✓ "...there will I give thee my loves." 4

✓ "...for love is strong as death." 5

· /are 7 words 6. Bk.

Said
children
from
sworn

More to point

Riley: "What's all this damn bit? (st*hood message hit Helena at 10:41)

How'd they know here, that far ahead of time?"

Jick: Ah, that's never been made clear.

Riley: I'll bet it hasn't.

J: ~~What's~~

They had agreed readily enough on the phone to (R & M's presence)...

But probably not even Riley could dent them today.

*dainty cracker
loaded w/ a Tapioira-looking substance. I tried it. Not bad, ~~really~~ ^{I assessed} ~~partly~~ ^{partly}
c a chain of champagne.*

Montanski kavyar, Leona reported, bemused. Montana caviar.
on the High Line

you'd ~~the field~~
Where's it come from, up by Kremlin?" which I thought was pretty good.

But Leona only shook her head and informed me, "Over by Glendive--
it's sturgeon eggs, out of the Missouri River."

A waitress offered me a cup of punch or a glass of champagne, and
of course punch wasn't even in the running. I sipped at the bubble stuff...

- desc wedding setup - arch & flowers*
- videogames area
 - sound & w/ all
 - crowd desc; dialogue?
 - overlapping murmur? (jabberwock)

--Riley had been in Vietnam

after graf abt what R & M cover at n'paper:

Not that they would ever say much. I once asked R (about Vietnam)...

Journal

Business
Jare
tits-up.

Riley goes out to see how things look, down under skyscraper Montana--

counts the dead stores in Billings downtown. (Jick goes along with him)

possible details:

--Garfield the cat remainder sale like an attack of --

--brands burned in bar wall

--Plenty of people elsewhere in Montana thought Billings was ridding

for a fall.

- constant c Riley, o Calif.; why he has to go.
- West is poorest section 1. entry now. (R column.)

Listen, you two,

"Riley, what the hell are we--you doing, gawking along ^{at} ~~like this?~~ ~~the god damn~~

"Hmm? Counting the ^{shops} ~~businesses~~ that've gone tits-up." He gave me

a look. "Or inventorying the economic health of downtown, if ^{you'd} ~~you prefer~~

rather think of it that way."

*business
demand
cycle*

Mariah calls out "store," "brokerage office," etc. to R as she snaps
dead businesses, he writes them down. About the third one, Jick notices
the windows are blank, asks what we--you--are doing.

R: Hmm? Just what it looks like. Counting the ones who've gone tits-up.

M chides: Riley. (In as close as she could come to a chiding tone, these days.)

One-way streets ~~always~~ seem to me a contradiction in terms, and so my

^{city} Billings driving was a constant exercise in correction, the Bago always

about three right turns away from where I was trying to get us to.
~~we were aiming.~~

*to Dana,
though,
know her
way out...*

splatted
Kind of like a cannonload of cats had been fired against the glass.

~~and splatted~~ ^{over stuck-on} They were the stuffed ones ^{like had} ~~that had been grinning out~~ ^{upside down in}
a clowder of Garfields,

the back windows of every second vehicle that had passed the Bago all

^{Remainder, 1/2 off on Garfields}
summer long. Clearance sale, ^{saved a sign,} of the hope

for humanity.

Lockwood

Leona there at seventeen had looked like she was on automatic.

Smile. Let her hair gleam golden in the sun. Beautify whatever scene

she found herself in, on the back of a horse or twirling in ~~ext~~taffeta

at a dance. But huh uh, how wrong the world ~~was~~ was about her. [^] [The

confusions of love/or-is-this-really-love? } A seventeen-year-old head

on a body with the collected urges of centuries in it. ^{on it;} [No more than

the figurehead is steering the ship...

was L T in charge of herself then.

Ekalaka: strengthen Jick telling Mariah to go ahead with Riley; says
he's played out the calendar; ^{of trying to change her mind} his trying to hang onto her is like her
regret that she won't always have him.

--show Mariah here simultaneously sad and mad when she says "Because I
won't always have you."

Leona and I had the candy side of the job, I admit.

--how they pass time:

--chores, laundry, etc.

* --visiting with others in RV parks, *People tell you their lives - glimpses into other parts of U.S. ?*

--Leona keeps a diary

--Jick reads ; *thinks a speech ; fixes repairs for Bago*

--they play pitch. When it's 2-handed, Jick and Leona are fairly evenly matched. When the 4 play partners, Jick always tries to saddle Mariah with Riley, hoping her exasperation with him as the worst card player will carry over into general attitude toward him. (But she grits and bears it.)

Hunting season antelope

Leona: "You people are a little ~~hard~~ rough on equipment." (the Bago)

The sleeping situation in the Bago is shyly confused. It was all too plain R & M were going to be bedding down with each other, and equally plain that Leona and I had a dignified distance to maintain... Riley and I kept on together, while Mariah (rolled her eyes) and took the pull-down (letting L have her couch).

Sweet dreams. (Chunook)
bid dosrodanya to Ek'a

It gave me a sneaking admiration for Riley; this jotting stuff down wasn't as simple as it looked.

I pretty much had been the one (who talked Leona into coming along to Ek'a); it seemed only the courteous thing to do.

...even if we had to kick them out in the ditch someplace.

Then I knew. (similarity between Ek'a and Gros Ventre)

Jick: You taking up residence?

Mariah: Just for the ni--until morning. I need the dawn light to shoot (the C).

For the first time in a long time, then, we were separated into the Wrights and the McCaksills, and maybe it was that almost inadvertant siding up into families that finally did it,

That figured it out for me. What I had been, Ek & EV, 600 mi apart, worlds apart.

I admit I was a bit keyed up, with a goddamn speech to put ~~g~~ together and all.

all eyebrows ~~we~~ includ'g L's, went up a notch when... West

A 4 1/2 evasive action by saying A for once on some trip wanted to travel in as flat a line as possible

~~Myrmecophilus~~

"Think of it!" Riley said in awe. "Fifteen hundred sportswriters
at that ballgame and every one of them trying to ~~phone in~~ ^{transmit} the same lead:

'On this beautiful sunlit afternoon, God chose to shake the 'Stick.'"

Jick's impression is that if R and M could have climbed on a plane and

(right into middle of all that mess

joined the Globe newsgatherers, they would have. *(in an instant)*

*(Mariah) "Helicopters," said M. like a kid pointing
out toys in a catalogue. (used in photo'ing. Bay
Bridge dropped links, & freeway collapse, &
marina area fire. (Jick) Oh sure, I'd just
see her, darting 7/ (to shoot whatever she wanted)*

Mariah forced into overhead bed when Leona joins them in the Bago?

(Leona's ample proportions wdn't fit the overhead...)

at Shelby, again it is Jick's timestorm--remembering Beth's bet on Gibbons--that makes him say, Yeah, what about the other guy? i.e., never mind Dempsey, what about Gibbons? And this leads to their getting the story.

Riley earlier says: Jack Dempsey was written to tatters; nowadays they put these fights in (other unlikely places).

--have him remark that holding the fight in Shelby was about like holding one in Africa? Maybe every place in the world gets to be famous for fifteen minutes.

to simplify, Jick could give full recounting of Toussaint/Lila scene
in his mental flash during the cent'l com'tee meeting; then at the dawn
ceremony, say he repeated that tale... and lead into Riley's itals with
Lila's "new day" quotes.

group photo: Mariah on stepladder?

By goddamn telephone, no less. (Jick, reflecting on calls to Conservancy
and Leona)

Leona's 1st sentence to Jick after his proposal by telephone:

"You are a wonder."

"Damn him, I love--"

She stopped herself, or maybe my sharp glance sheared her words off. Oh Jesus, I thought to myself, she's worse off than I ever dreamed.

The night flew by the motorhome's windows. Eventually Mariah resumed in a voice trying not to quiver, "I love the way he'll tackle anything or anybody."

So will a wolverine, I had the impulse to point out, but that doesn't make the creature an ideal domestic companion.

As if needing to think it through to herself as much as to me, Mariah was slowly saying: "He writes like...he writes like it's a way of making love to the world."

There it was again. The word love in the same breath with Riley. This I couldn't take any more of.

"Yeah, well, it's okay to like Riley's writing, I guess. But Mariah, if you want to hear what I think of the rest of him, why--"

"Dad, I know your opinion of Riley by heart."

changed in June '89
revise

"My name is Bud Aronson and I drove heavy equipment. Fact is,
I worked there in Butte when they started digging the Berkeley
Pit. Ran one of the big shovels. Those babies had a bucket
on them that'd muck out nine tons of rock at every scoop. We
moved some country in those days. Not everybody in the world
knows that the Pit begun only back in 1955. People look at the
size of it now and figure it's been there almost forever, but
huh uh. It still surprises me that the Pit is played out already,
in less than half my own lifetime. But a lot surprises me, any
more. I was at the Pit until, let's see, I was there until all
the missile site work started and I moved back up north along the
High Line for that. Then I got on highway work when the freeway
was built from Vaughn Junction on up through to Shelby. The big
bridge across the Marias River, I was in on that, driving Cat.
Fact is, I can look just about anywhere in the middle of the state
here and see some project I was on. Some still look like a good
enough idea. Some don't."

*Jack reads Riley column
@ ranch - o V Nam?*

Ink outlasts blood.

It wasn't any of my business, but the fact was plain that when people a hundred or five hundred years from now looked back at Montana in 1989, there Riley's version would be. My only experience in this sort of thing was when I was a youngster, and my father had me keep up his daily diary as a ranger, which he never could remember to. If a packhorse encountered a hornets' nest and strewed the packs along the trail and cost half a day of travel, I learned to phrase it Had horse something like commotion, didn't get quite as far along trail as expected. But Riley might have. and horse crap and was putting in the hornets and all. [For that matter, so was Maria, in her photos.]

insert @ p. 68?
move Montanain "i" exponent in there, to?

The hand of pitch they play in the Bago:

Mariah dealt, Jick bids 2 on ace and a couple of smaller ~~trumps~~ spades, Riley grandly bids 3, Mariah passes.

unhappy
den

Riley leads queen of hearts, Mariah with unhappy look has to top it with her king. Jick studies (simultaneous convstn between Riley and Mariah); ~~xxxxx~~ trump was led, so he has to follow suit, and he has the 7 of spades and the joker. Decides to sluff the joker to Mariah. Riley gives him a dirty look, which gets another load of topsoil added to it 2 tricks later (on next trick, M leads, Jick plays something innocuous, Riley takes the trick) when Riley leads back his ace, gets no-trump from Mariah, 7-spot of spades from R Jick. Riley now decides to lay back with his jack to try take any game-count trick that shows up, so innocuously leads something which Jick takes. Jick leads his ace of diamonds, which Riley studies, lets go (i.e., doesn't trump) and tosses on a meaningless jack of ~~hearts~~ clubs clubs; immediately Mariah sluffs Jick the ten of ~~hearts~~; last trick, Riley's jack of hearts takes Jick's meaningless six of diamonds and Mariah's equally meaningless trey.

R had to
be saying
back e n' taking
jack of jokers,

Jick has low (his 7-spot) and game (total of 15--10-spot, jack, ace--);

which Mariah had sluffed to me

Mariah has ~~jack~~ joker; which I had sluffed to her

only had gone

Riley, with high and jack, goes set. (Jick breaks 2 kitchen matches into v's, broken-backed matches to signify R ~~is~~ is 2 in the hole.)

c no tricks
beyond...

Not all that many quick hands ~~xxx~~ later, I went out--we were playing to 21--with Mariah close behind ^{not} ~~xxxxxx~~ with 19 and Riley with two lonesome matches in front of him. ^{about (set/seen)}
"My God!" said Riley, looking genuinely shaken. "Playing pitch with you two is like trying to eat a hamburger in the middle of a wolfpack."

Joe Zuel

Mariah riffles the cards at him. (~~xx~~ reproduce sound of riffling)

game of pitch--which can also explain Jick's name, and carry a conversation about why Mariah and Riley have turned down story chances they've looked at in SW Montana--could go in here.

Mariah: "He's lucky Mother is-! in game, too."

(Marcella had been shrewd pitch player)

Lexa's real cutthroat

We played to 21, which, given the way Mariah and I whomped Riley
hand after hand, didn't take all that long. I went out, M hot behind
me at 19, R had 2 matchsticks

if the three of them play pitch during evenings in the Bago:

--describe a hand, in which Riley gets the bid, leads ace to see what it'll draw, comes back with queen, drawing king from Mariah; Jick has ~~jack~~ joker and eight in his hand, decides to sluff joker to Mariah; sure enough, Riley comes out with a jack, now the high card, and gives Jick dirty look when he gets only the eight.

--during sluffing: Riley gave me a dirty look.

When Riley gets 8 and knows for sure Jick has sluffed: Riley added another load of topsoil to ~~his~~ ^{the} look he gave me now.

--perhaps move the Montanian "i" explanation into this scene, when Riley folds the game in disgust.

--try do this in dialogue; or just recital of the cards played. Such as:

 Mariah, ten of spades.

 Six of spades from me.

 I'd better , I guess.

--pitch terms: run with this (playing jack after other two players have played their cards)

 go set

 bidding: 2. 3. 4. (Riley wild bidder?)

 High, low, jack, jick, joker and game.

 Counting for game.

 Matchsticks to keep score? or crosshatches:

possible bar scene for Jick: somebody asks him to join a game of poker.

 Poker is a lot of things, but it isn't a game. I looked the guy over; he didn't look clever enough to just be saying that.

A couple of hours later, Jick is up \$128.

how
M&M
may
on
include

Asked by Jick what kind of Butte piece he'd wanted to write, Riley says something that would have hit home with the guys in the M&M, would make them fall over and kick their legs in the air saying, "that's me!" Riley leads out of this by saying, you saw those faces. Jick's Ed Heaney memory follows.

add to Jick's Va. City reverie about the Big Hole: feel of reins in his hands, his butt on the seat, the pattern of windrows; make it evocative of English Creek haying season.

--Sure as hell, take a different summer age for myself...

--move the washer woman story to elsewhere, maybe the Gros Ventre centennial committee meeting? Cd the woman be Althea's mother or aunt, remembering Adair?

possible change in buffalo scene (on the theory, make this baby dance):

While Mariah is on roof of Bago, old buffalo bull ambles over, begins scratching himself against front of Bago. Jick nervously wants Mariah to come down, she tells him nothing doing, she wants pics of this. Riley has moved up to front seat with Jick, both watching the buffalo through the windshield. Riley says something like, "Maybe we better back him off a bit" and reaches over and honks the horn. The buffalo jumps back, but then swings around and butts the grill of the Bago, shaking the entire motor home. Jick:

"Hey, ^{quit(?)} you sonofabitch!" I shouted. Properly that utterance would have been in the plural, for I was including in it both the ^{horrifying} ~~battering~~ buffalo and goddamn ^{blow} ~~honking~~ Riley.

- Ranger: "Oh yeah, Eraser."
- Riley tells Jess they'll get grill fixed later when he can squeeze. expense acct for it. Some character - takes Ferry? - later comments on lumpy-up grill.
- Jick (to Riley?) call for M to come dn off roof of Bago, she pts out they're closer to buffalo than she is. - "I know he is not going to climb up here. He's to. cab, I'm not so sure."
- Buffalo ~~blows~~ ^{Banks} Bago - ^{"id give that story 2" on pet care p.} ~~inches story on p. 50~~

Buffalo had them buffaloes

Mariah when Jick (and/or Riley) tries to get her down from roof:

"You've got to be kidding. When am I ever going to get closer shots?"

~~EXC~~

action sequence: as buffalo rubs against front of Bago and Jick nervously wants to get Mariah down and inside, he leaves the driver's seat to go open the side door, so she can come down the back of the Bago and sneak in and they can drive away from the buffalo. As Jick is partway to the door, Here's an idea. Riley says something like, "Maybe we can back him off instead" and reaches over from passenger's seat (where he'd joined Jick to look out windshield, down at the scratching buffalo) and beeps the horn. Buffalo jumps away, but only enough to whirl and butt the Bago head-on in the grill.

Buffalo stays on the pad, Jick asks Mariah if she can hang on up there, she says she can, he slowly backs the Bago (a considerable way?) away from the buffalo, who stalks the m'home for a while but gradually loses interest.

Jick ever after thinks of the butted-in grill as the Riley ding.

Eventually someone, maybe a Toothless Ferry, asks "What'd you do to your grill, hit a deer?" (Jick: "Uh, not exactly.")

in middle of p. 39, change Jick's remark to something like:

"Are you so goddamn hard up for a story you need that bull trampling her?"

a secured monkey
flapping and
butted. and 1. B. c a crashing BATT!

(possible 2nd scene, after opening scene introduces Tamsin, etc:)

J m
I am called Jick McCaskill. Oh, it reads John Angus McCaskill, born Sept. 4, 1924, Gros Ventre, Pondera County, Montana, on the certificate, but who the hell wants to pack around two names instead of one. But if I can do nothing about most of that, I at least can whittle the name down to where it makes some sense.

*whittle
ang
will do.*

Riley's beeper went off. "Can't the world let a man enjoy his
Wallbanger in peace?" he said, and headed for the pay phone at the ^{rear} ~~back~~
of the bar.

He was back in a minute, with an odd look on his face. "It's for
you, Jick. Somebody you know."

I figured it had to be Kenny, telling me some catastrophe on the

Even the phone earpiece didn't sound good, full of those frying
ranch. Apprehensively I said into the phone, "'Lo?"

Full of
sounds of distance. Apprehensively I said into the mouth part, "'Lo?"

"Hi, Dad. Happy birthday."

~~Transmitted from Sitka~~ ^{Lexa!} "Tam! Christamighty, it's good to hear you!"

What I could hear, that is, through all the swooshes and whishes across
the miles to Sitka.

"Where are you, anyway?" she asked.

"In Havre. In a bar." I squinted at the front window, but couldn't
make out the script lettering backwards. "I don't know the name of it,
but it's probably a Mint or a Stockman."

"What's it like, traveling with those two--the Civil War?"

"More like watching a bad dream start itself all over."

Distance hummed to itself while Tam took in my news. Then she
was saying: "Maria ~~hasn't called~~ ^{isn't falling for} that mophead again? She can't be."

in his
style of
happy
at separation

Did you
get salmon
A sent?

use in The Montanain as prose-column by. writer abt Melody Roundup
change to "you" instead of 1st person.

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

by Ivan Doig

Curlicues of drawl from the car radio.

The girls sing along, and prairie hills squat
all around our highway.

^{Our} My green Studebaker coupe hurtles to the music of time
melodied radio-special for us
by Mr. Hank Williams.

Fast miles of ^{hazy} lost romance banner behind us,
who still think high school is the world.
The gold-haired girl leans soEtlly nearer the radio
and hums at the hills easing past.
Mr. Hank Williams echoes
the whine life made
as it happened to him
and might to us.

#

(Jick and ex-soninlaw go in a bar. One of the things Jick has always liked about him is that he too is a Scotch drinker, rare in Montana.

One of them orders:)

"A Scotch ditch."

"Same."

Bartender: "Cutty or Johnny?"

"Cutty will do."

"Jesus," the soninlaw says, "remember this place." (Meaning, how rare to find a bar where the house Scotch is Cutty Sark and Johnny Walker.

"I'll remember," Jick says.

(Jick goes to a Withrow family picnic, after Marcella's death. Bea is the sister now living on Dode's old place--she looks most like the mother, Midge. Midge is long dead; Jick thinks to himself that all the wonderful women he knew, Marce, Midge, Beth, Marie Reese, are gone now.)

(Jick: his wife has died of cancer, and he says something like:)

"The whole damn world is gonna die of cancer. . .

(Jick: a characteristic to be carried forward from cabin scene in ENG CRK--)
Jick, the morning after a lot of drinking, feels better by eating a big
breakfast. To the nauseated astonishment of his previous night's drinking
partner, maybe Tam's ex-husband.

--Jick sees in Missoula the woman he was briefly married to after college. He does not approach her, but somebody notices him watching her and asks what's up. He says:

"Just somebody I thought I knew."

--the feature writer Jick and Tam are traveling with has historical notes or summaries of places they visit on a portable computer: replicate a few of these in text of the book

--Jick now owns and lives in the Heaney house in Gros Ventre, bought by him and Marcella after her health turned bad, or they just turned most of ranch work over to a renter (?)

I don't even
"Goddamn, Tam, you know (Jick telling her he doesn't want to be around
her ex-husband)

that dingbob
Riley Wright, it shd' be that big a deal for you.
"If I can put up a ~~byes~~ ...
She had me there.

(Tam urges Jick to come on the centennial trip)

"What," she demanded, "do you intend to sit around like your tail was
caught in a crack?"

Sitting
"Sounds good to me. (J's response) The world can use more people who
stay sat."

I'd already told her no. Three times, N-O. Actually I guess it must
have been four, because ^{even} Maria never started ^{5 to} listening until you ^{tell her} ~~said~~
a thing ~~to her~~ the third time. (Where in all hell did she...)

"Jick, I need to have you with."

That put a different light on the matter. (Jick looks out window to GV.)

"Oh, hell, okay then. As long as nothing physical or mental is required,
I'm your ~~guy~~ guy."

...my everloving daughter Maria and my goddamn ex-son-in-law.

She had me there. Of all the people in Montana who'd ~~gladly~~ buy a
ticket to ⁴Riley Wright's funeral when the time came, Maria qualified for
the head of the line.

At the opening when Tam is trying to persuade Jick to come along, she at last says simply: "I need you."

That put a different light on the matter.

Jick or someone else says, about Reagan adminstn:

"This country is being run by guys who can barely operate an umbrella."

a spoon.

notes for Riley's rancher article

eclipse (hotline) (use as final sentence?)

dance; children trace along hotline

chameleon

highwater mark / tide line

hot in hand

hay prices (to buy)

crop prices (to sell)

worries: has climate changed?

wringing out

a wife that wd put up c (meals at all hrs, ...)

never mechanized to teeth

water scarcity: gte S Yegner

precip map: John W Powell

memory of a yr when everything clicked

b'cast weather reports brainlessly tout sunshine; moisture is inconceivable
sentimental?

"old land" - est'd families

His bones [are begin'g to] complain of long hrs

outside ownership:

(meat wholesaler)

Tokyo meat importing firm

- any bigger than Glacier NP

- " " " LA Basin

Turner

Brown

Van Trapps

31A - ~~No~~ add line of R physical descrip?

~~33~~ - insert "strictly"

~~42B~~ - add a line o memory?

~~44~~ - insert "mustache not a latch on his mouth?"

~~44~~ - change "Decm time" to "Time for a reality check?"

~~64~~ - change "next day"

~~67~~ - # ?

~~68D~~ - change to "be doing it ~~right~~ along a team"

~~74~~ - crx headline

~~74A~~ ~~No~~ - insert "still pawing his cookie duster"

~~76~~ - loosen up turtle joke?

~~83~~ - Goldpanner

- ~~last~~ line, crx "it"

~~90~~ - pick o taking sides?

~~101~~ - change copper collar?

~~103~~ - comment from pick, a M, a dialogue?

- pick's beard?

~~115~~ - ~~admitted to~~

~~125~~ - 25 - Andy/Tony Russo?

~~138~~ - more o Mariah (as pick?)

132 ~~No~~ - more o memory storms?

158 - Valley? ?

~~154~~ - 22 yrs or 21?

~~155~~ - more a memory storm?

~~157~~ - desc R & M?

500 yrs' worth of geegars in
one bunch, ca ut.

R murmured

Marian re-read, March 11 '88

- 4 - purple rodeo shirt & red hair?
- 5 - 1st use of "fuck" seems rightly timed
- 6 - other instances of Marian not listening?
- 7 - middle of rewrite?
or you call it.
- 8 - C-Day instead of The Day
- 9 - add to 1st line? - "We can debate this till..."
 - change fuck's "okay"? (to "wud you?") (or: "got that?")
 - more o Marian
 - # at People?
- 11 - ending of 1st scene seems to work
- 15 - cut "pain or not"? or change it?
- 16 - add how Mac died
- 17 - add descrip of Marian
- 18 - " " " " , or is p. 17 addition enough?
- 20 - expand fuck's reaction to seeing Shirley
- 21 - Highlander been inst'd of Kessler?
- 23 - Christ's sake?
- 24 - more o Marian?
- 27 - Riley & wud processor in hand?
- 28 - change "several thousand yrs" to "several thou' whelld moments"
- 30 - more o Riley
- 32 - fix buffalo nickle reference
- 34 - mid p., insert "been done" exchange (once by each of them)
 - other changes as indicated in margins.
- 35 - "dumpload" used too many times?
 - more texture?
- 36 - insert + o ranch? "Bring along"?
- 38 - fuck, to effect, "I am not as limber as I once was"
- 37 - more texture o birdsong?
- 45+ - set. scene
- 48 - more texture o return to Bago?
- 51 - + descrip of Trnt? or instead, in sep. scene?
- 52 - + voice of Trnt in column?

Marion

- 52 - gotten?
- 54 - add phrase after Glacier Nat'l P?
- 60 - as M orders, make her distracted or abstracted?
- 61 - add after apricot brandy "from a dusty bottle"?
- 62A - more texture?
- 64 - last line, insert dashes?
- 65-66 - more texture? use "Jute outlasts blood"?
- 67 - change to "Are you batty?"
- ~~71~~ more in final line? - coincided "like ghost of things past"?
- 73 - change "confidant" to "just betw you & me & gatepost"?
- 78 - name valley floor?
- 81 - move final portion of Riley's Butte column? or change it. (see People of Plenty?)
- 74-5 - lk over J's rember of Stanley & Velma

re-read of opening scene after Ann McC's comments, Mar 31 '58:

- 3 - insert visual - a sense of nodes or day - after "let guard do"?
 - 4 - more on Mariah, top of p. ? or move middle # up?
 - 5 - possibly delay 1st "jick" mention to bottom of p. ?
 - 1st sentence change M after "mounded"?
 - last #, begin c "jick, you can't keep on" ? (follow with a might have Ann)
 - 6 - cut + of 1st #, esp. beginning @ "Only one other"
 - 6-7 + visual details somewhere? (mtns descpn?)
 - 7 - refine middle # ?
 - cut "have you heard 1 wd" sentence?
 - 9 - more of an eruption from jick in 1st #?
 - 10 - more in 1st # ?
 - + visual at start of "Going Wbgg" # ?
- bottom of p. 11, after "av. place": "Mayoola, emphasis on 'you',
 p. 31 - explain Bison Range; set scene?

- p. 7 - insert mtns descpn?
- p. 45 - " " " here instead, in shp shed scene?

~~182~~ ^{particular} (really) -- real

183 - fish response!

184 ? five

~~188~~ clean to

~~195B~~ it all up

~~195E~~

199

~~201B~~

294E - Pulitzer

Lee: watch pace

286 - does bees go down?

294B - change time: the night before

-omit

294c - that

321 - no

342 pick up ←

Checks. chess scene -

player making move or

repeating other player's.

Possible cuts if needed for pace:

Hallway

add bridge here next

346 - "Everybody traced" to

352 If I thought that (---) might
take enough

ch. 2 re-read, Dec. 26 '89

pp. 170-183 speed up; improve texture a bit

183 - For a change, simply summer instal of a year (drought)

184-9 speed up?

194 - have pick drive up Bad Butte past Rob's h's head, look out over N Fork of Noen Crk - . entirety of his ranch & 'Two entry?

201 - cut descrn of Helena pic; just say 'piece went well

208 - Dawn of Montana: gm from Riley? or other dialogue?

213 - change grain to stream

217 - ~~some~~ Jack's mood as he begins to stitch?

- s'thing definite he can get done?

Enumerating is one thing & making add up is another. Oh, I had tried. I'd even had a ranch just then a computer

contrail: silver bullet
career
ack ack₁ - broom - crosswise

"You still care us, Riley?"

Then get out your notes.

It began... ^{alt} spectically, splendid in grass. An canyon
& natural advantages have a ^{habit} ~~habit~~ of eroding ^{away} ~~cut from under~~ ^{when under}
exploiting [settlement]

He wonders how he & his way of life have ended up
some way, forgotten but not gone.
eclipse-line

10 June '88

call her in early July

Foss 481-3240

Linda--
1

I'm glad you can take on this manuscript mark-up for me. It's not particularly inspiring work, but it does help me see whether verbs are too weak or too ostentatious, whether I'm repeating certain devices too much, etc. This copy of the manuscript has been read by Linda Bierds, a friend who's a fine poet, and her comments on style and content are penciled in the margins occasionally. For the purpose of what you're doing, ignore those, and simply mark the following for me throughout the manuscript. (Also, ignore all blue pages, which indicate where I'll be adding material) and begin on p. 2, as p. 1 may get changed.)

verbs: underline in red, as I've done for example in the 1st paragraph of p. 2. Don't bother with adjectival usages such as "bad-looking";
~~Exclamations and expletives~~

infinitives: bracket the "to" in blue, again as per example in the 1st paragraph; you needn't mark the verb part of the infinitive, the bracket will be tip-off enough for me.

transitional uses of "then" and "and then" ^{and "but then!"}: put a green check mark over each such usage, as in the example on p. 3

exclamations and expletives: circle all these with purple--Jick's use of "Christamighty," "for Christ's sake," anything of the sort-- as I've done on "Huh uh," on p. 2

"Which" at the beginning of a sentence: box it in orange, as shown.

all uses of the word "just": underline in orange, twice.

And of course I'd be glad to hear of any other stylistic tics you might notice; if you do notice any, don't bother to go back through the ms and mark them, just jot down for me what words or devices they are.

thanks.

16 March '89

Dear Linda--

I'm attaching the original sheet of underlining guidance, and simply need that same kind of marking-up you've done before, plus any readerly reactions you'd like to add.

Both these pieces of manuscript are coming to you without much context, sorry to say, but maybe this will help a bit:

--The Pine Butte scene takes place about the middle of the book. Jick, Mariah and Riley are going on the road again, after an interlude at Jick's ranch and the local centennial committee, and Jick is a bit bothered th~~at~~ Mariah seems to be softening toward Riley.

--The Shelby scene begins abruptly with Riley saying "Naw, Jack Dempsey has been written to tatters." They're looking for a story to do, there in northern Montana, and the biggest thing that ever happened was the 1924 heavyweight boxing championship bout which the muddy little ~~town~~ oil town of Shelby staged; the boxing match was between Dempsey and his underdog challenger Tommy Gibbons.

Would you call me on the 27th or 28th to suggest a time to drop the manuscript off here at the house?

Thanks. Hope you get some vacation these next 10 days.

Wren

November 2, 1983

Dear Ivan,

So nice to hear from you and to hear the book is coming along so well. I read your last novel and was spellbound throughout. We're very proud to be helping in a small way a writer with your talent and attention to detail.

First the questions addressed to Brad. He says "the dump raker usually raked into windrows, then into piles, but if hay was a heavy crop the buckrake could pick up from windrows. I have seen one-horse sulky rakes but most rakes were pulled by a light team."

"I'm a little fuzzy on dimensions of an overshot stack. I would guess about 20' in height would be about the limit."

"In hot weather in August, if you were haying on the plains you could start early in the morning. In mountain valleys the dew would keep you from starting till about 10:00 A. M."

"First Avenue South was where the hands hung out. We referred to it as First Avenue South because there is a First Avenue North."

Now to the food questions. I consulted with my mother and she says a lot of the vegetable canning would be done before the fruit came in. First, the peas. Later beets which were often pickled and then they'd start on the beans. They referred to beans as a "pickings." There were several pickings and several kinds of beans. Pole beans matured later than row beans.

The women on farms in the thirties canned all summer starting with rhubarb which would usually be ready by June. Brad's mother said she always counted on canning at least 400 jars of vegetables, fruits, jams, jellies, pickles and meat. Freezers came into use on the farm after World War II and if a family butchered meat, the women canned it. I can remember my aunt canning cooked home-made sausage. She would fry it, put it in large jars, and pour the fat over the sausage. They canned chickens for ficasées and salads too. In the winter, families would use the back porch to hang a quarter of meat. They would saw off whatever came next. This was their home freezer. I can't remember what they did if they had a chinook.

I can remember on my aunt and uncle's farm, the hired men always harnessed the horses and tied them to the fence while they ate breakfast. Breakfast was at six, and it was some breakfast. Always sour milk soda biscuits, hot cereal, fried eggs, fried sausage, ham or bacon (all home-cured). Sometimes immediately after butchering a hog, we would have slices of fresh pork tenderloin.

I'm sure your hay field lunch is accurate enough. The dishtowel is a nice touch. No plastic or aluminum foil in those days and wax paper wouldn't stay put. They did have paper plates which would have been a joy to any ranch wife. I can remember washing all those dishes in one pan of hot dishwater. It was pretty thick at the end. We used to drink more lemonade back then than we do now. People weren't so afraid of sugar. Used to buy 100 lbs. at a time. And those ladies canned everything. Gooseberries, chokecherries, currents, raspberries and strawberries. All raised at home. Much of the produce they stored in root cellars. Carrots, rutabagas, cabbage, potatoes, turnips. They made sauerkraut and stored it in stone jars. They even made apple cider in the fall.

Hope to see you next summer - Jay

November 2, 1983
St. Falls 84402

8 Nov. '83

Dear Joy and Brad--

An immensely helpful letter from you guys. I particularly liked the facts of a "light" team on scatter raking, and the "pickings" of bears for canning. But all the information is of use, and I'll set about working it in.

Not much to report here except the effort to finish the book. About the time it comes out--next fall--I'll also be anthologized for the first time: Viking/Penguin will publish what looks like a strong collection called WRITERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, and they're going to use a chunk from House of Sky. Also Maclean, Jim Welch, Bill Kittredge, David Long, Rick DeMarinis, and Tom McGuane--7 more-or-less Montanans out of 19 writers.

Again, my gratitude, and yes, we'll hope to see you guys about Sept. of '84, our next intentional trip to Montana.

best regards

I can remember on my first and wife's farm, the hired men always dressed the horses and led them to the fence while they ate breakfast. Breakfast was at six, and it was some breakfast. Always some milk soda biscuits, hot cereal, fried eggs, fried sausage, ham or bacon (all home-cured). Sometimes immediately after introducing a hog, we would have slices of fresh pork tenderloin. I'm sure your pig field lunch is accurate enough. The dishwasher is a nice touch. No plastic or aluminum foil in those days and wax paper wouldn't stay put. They did have paper plates which would have been a joy to my ranch wife. I can remember washing all those dishes in one pan of hot dishwasher. I was pretty thick at the end. We used to drink more lemonade back then than we do now. People we eat so afraid of sugar. Used to buy 100 lbs. at a time. And those ladies canned everything. Cossatotics, chokocherries, ornaments, mappatoes and strawberries. All raised at home. Much of the produce they stored in root cellars. Carrots, rutabagas, cabbages, potatoes, turnips. They made permanent and stored it in stone jars. They even made apple cider in the fall.

Handwritten signature and notes at the bottom of the page.



KATHLEEN MERRYMAN
Staff Reporter

The *Morning*
News Tribune

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Ivan-

Call me
with any
questions -

1/15

Leafax-35

SPECIFICATIONS

- **Analog Transmission Formats**

- AP AM 144 LPM
- CCITT AM, FM 60 and 120 LPM
- UPI AM, FM 120 LPM

Note: Transmission times vary according to the selected standard

- **Digital Interface**

- GPIB IEEE-488
- Speed is approximately 40ms per line
- Resolution and cropping are controlled through a command set
- Selectable output formats

- **Resolution**

- 2000 × 3000 pixels over the entire negative

- **Dynamic Range**

- 12 or 8 bits per color (user selected)

- **Filters**

- Neutral, C, M and Y automatic

- **Display**

- 5" Color monitor for image and control
- Composite color RS-170 output can be attached to a larger monitor

- **User Interface**

- Zoom from 1:1 to 100:1
- Aspect ratios of crop area are from 1:10 to 10:1
- Contrast and brightness adjustments in 256 steps
- Shadow, mid-tone and highlight adjustment
- Manual and automatic color balancing and exposure
- Burn and dodge
- Captions of up to 600 characters
- All controls through a standard PC keyboard
- Speaker for monitoring telephone line

- **Processor**

- Imbedded Intel 80186 20MHz
- 3Mb data memory

Note: For OEM customers, users can add custom programs which can be developed on a standard IBM-PC

- **Telephone**

- Dual RJ-11 connectors for line and telephone connection with talk/xmit relay
- 600 Ohm balanced load

- **Physical**

- Dimension 13" × 21" × 6.5"
- Weight 29 lbs
- Power 110vac or 220vac approx 200 watts

- **Options**

- Leafspooler
- Macintosh digital interface

Note:

- Leaf Systems reserves the right to alter specifications without prior notice.
- IBM-PC is a trademark of IBM Corp.

Leafax-35



PORTABLE 35MM
COLOR OR B&W
NEGATIVE OR
POSITIVE
SCANNER
TRANSMITTER

The LEAFAX-35 is a highly-capable multi-mode transmitter for 35mm color or b&w negatives or positives designed to perform the same editorial functions available to a photographer in a wet-chemistry photographic darkroom. Its easy to use, menu driven operations are all controlled from the Leafax-35 keyboard. It is small and portable, with rugged construction, and can be carried on-board aircraft, or transported as checked baggage. The Leafax-35 allows a photojournalist to take film processing equipment and one transmitter case for a fully portable darkroom. Using the digital interface, the Leafax-35 can also serve as a picture digitizer to be used in-house as an input device for producing color separations for an electronic darkroom.

FEATURES

- Color or b&w, negative or positive 35mm film.
- Portable—fits under an airline seat.
- Inexpensive—replaces an enlarger, chemicals, photographic paper, typewriter and drum transmitter.
- Simple user controls through menu selection.
 - color or b&w transmission selection
 - pan and zoom cropping
 - contrast and brightness adjustment
 - caption entry and editing
 - color balancing
 - burn and dodge
 - multi-standard transmission formats
- Digital interface (GPIB IEEE-488).
- Color monitor.
- 84 key keyboard.

 Leaf
Systems, Inc.

USER NOTES

This manual has been designed to familiarize the first time user with the AP / Leafax 35 negative transmitter and to serve as a "Quick Reference" guide for the more experienced user. Please take a few moments to read this and learn how easy it is to send high quality images without making prints. Although the AP / Leafax 35 has been designed to withstand the rigors of news assignments, keep in mind that it is a piece of computer equipment and that it should be treated this way.

USA - FCC REGULATIONS

WARNING: This equipment generates, uses and can radiate radio frequency energy and if not installed and used in accordance with the instruction manual, may cause interference to radio communications. It has been tested and found to comply with the limits for a Class A computing device pursuant to the Subpart J of Part 15 of FCC rules, which are designed to provide reasonable protection against such interference when operated in a commercial environment. Operation of this equipment in a residential area is likely to cause interference in which case the user at his own expense will be required to take whatever measures may required to correct the interference. Shielded cables should be used with this unit to insure compliance with the Class A limits.

CANADA - EMI REGS

This equipment is a Class A digital apparatus which complies with the Radio Interference Regulations, CRC c. 1374

INTRODUCING THE AP LEAFAX 35

The System and What It Does

For the photographer in the field, the AP Leafax 35 solves many problems. In a package that fits under an airline seat and weighs less than 30 pounds, the system literally replaces a trunk of equipment - an enlarger, developing trays, chemicals, paper, typewriter, and portable transmitter.

Using a powerful computer processer, a TV monitor, and a keyboard, the AP Leafax 35 eliminates wet darkroom print functions. The system transmits negatives or transparencies - either color or black and white - displaying them on a small TV monitor. No prints are necessary.

Prompted by on-screen menus, the photographer can perform a full range of darkroom functions. Cropping is a simple keyboard function. And the system's built-in densitometer makes it easy to adjust such variables as brightness, contrast, and midtone values.

The AP Leafax 35 also makes it possible, for the first time, to preview color separations on the TV screen, and to send all three color transmissions sequentially, with no user attention.

Through the system's keyboard, the user can also write and edit captions which are electronically appended to the photograph during transmission. Photographs and captions can then be sent to destinations via phone lines.

The system can handle many currently used transmission modes and can serve as a high speed input device for larger picture systems, such as the AP Electronic Darkroom and the Leaf Spooler.

The AP Leafax 35 is simple to set up - a matter of connecting components via cords and plugging into a standard electrical outlet. It takes less than 5 minutes for setup, a fraction of the time it takes to ready a conventional portable darkroom.

25 Aug. '89

Dear Kits--

Well, thanks just tremendously; not only for the Leafax-35 info but for thinking of Mariah and me for it in the first place. That technology indeed is going to solve one of my technical problems in the book--how to have Mariah's pics instantly on hand so they can be described in the flow of the story. So you done real good, as they say in Montana and maybe Wyoming?

I've been meaning to ask you how you genuine newspaper people say something: when you're working on, say, a feature, how would you refer to it in talking about it to somebody else in the office (editor, photographer, etc.)--as a story? article? piece? I'm a lot of years out of date on this; when I was freelancing travel articles to the Sunday New York Times, there'd inevitably be a phone call from NY and an Abe Rosenthal-cloned voice saying, "It's a nice piece. It just needs a few fixes." Anyway, what I'm of course after is a customary term for both Riley and Mariah, reporter and photographer, to use as they talk over what they're doing: "Let's see, we've got to get this piece/story/article/whatever in by..." If you see a solution here, would appreciate a quicky phone call or line.

Wanted to tell you, too, your plotline in your novel sounds really good. And to offer gratuitous advice. I don't think there's any danger with you, given the kind of stories you do and the kind of person you are, but where newspaper people usually go wrong with fiction is in not giving the reader a character or characters to really like. That is, in being professionally cold-blooded, as is necessary in journalism but off-putting in fiction; a few years ago Nicholas Von Hoffman and Michael Arlen, terrific journalistic writers both, came out with novels, and in neither was there anybody ~~you~~ the reader could have any sympathy with, identification with. So I guess I'd say, cut loose and make your heroine/hero somebody you feel good about there on the page; the baddies will take care of themselves. Looking forward to a copy of the Kathleen Merryman mystery, one day.

all best,

p.s. Maybe, but only maybe, will be in Tacoma for the last day of the Western History Conference, Oct. 14. Will call if that eventuates.

Kathleen Ni'man phone call Aug 14, '89

Man - crouches in to deep in dark place

- black curtain - Velcro over window -
- light-free
- usable negative -

#15,000 AP Leapax 35

30# - stainless steel suit

keybd - small TV screen

- neg into screen; can crop; plug
in to telephone jack