

winnowed for WORK SONG and MISS YOU 14 March '08

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^{an existence}
Ringling's was a life without hurry. The entire town had to be

^{any life}
looked at each time you went outdoors, just to remind yourself it was
there: gaps between houses were so great that there was no other kind
of reminder. Once you did trudge to the neighbors, there would be
^{May 4 1991} ^{Kate & Walter}
the becalmed rocking of the Brekkes, the slow gossip of the Badgetts.

To read the maestro of it all, Thomas Wolfe, himself a kind of literary
locomotive:  "The

great rains cleave through gulch and gully, they ~~will~~ rumble with spoked
thunder... I will go up and down the country, and back and forth across
the country on the great trains... I will go out West where states are
square...."

Yes, well; west was my polar direction, but Montana is nowhere near square.

The flight to Texas was one more step from family history. It was my first time in an airplane. I had always traveled to college by train. At the Ringling depot, I would stand on the platform with my luggage and the Milwaukee passenger train ~~would~~ stretching itself out from behind the hills would clamor to a stop. It was a special feeling to be the only one on or off a train when it stopped. A hint of having effect on grand forces, of commanding for a moment the great power chain of railroad, bunched in the colossal engine and spanned across all the graded, tie-built miles.

Similarly, the telephone. The first phone I can remember in my family was after the folks moved to WSS (note that Gordon and Sherry Doig got there phone on the ranch just this winter), which must have been about '67. Before, it meant going to Brekkes or Argus' to use the phone; even earlier, when I was in jr high, it meant going down to pay phone at Mike Ryan's store. Phone calls were vaster then, more momentous.

Garage, or any shelter for a car; never had any in the family, and the house in WSS still doesn't. Cars sat outside, as God intended, though they would be parked out of wind as much as possible.

at least in
winter
it
didn't
hurt to
park
them
out of
wind

A blue norther would come from the horizon like an instant ice age.

Except for Aldous Huxley's Island, which is off my local library shelves at the moment, the photocopied selections for Part One are attached. In the sample

I was called Old Man, like an Indian name. The first haircut down to the skin at Lackland left me bald for weeks. At last a slight red bristle showed. But always I heard "how old are you?"

I read the tension and dry tone of my letters home, and wish for better. Why does talking across a generation drain the life out of what's said? Not until my late 20s was I fully at ease with Dad, searching for talk to make with him instead of merely being desultory.

For the first time in my life, I saw a snowstorm come from the southeast, and it disoriented me, as if rain were to ^{fly} come up from the ground or sideways out of trees.

use

Outline for THE REALMS OF UTOPIA

Part One: Visions in the Dawn

Except for Aldous Huxley's Island, which is off my local library shelves at the moment, the photocopied selections for Part One are attached. In the sample

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For the first time in my life, I saw a snowstorm come from the southeast, and it disoriented me, as if rain were to come up from the ground or sideways out of trees.

The body has memory, too. You would have to pay considerable to get
me onto a horse these days, but the elevated feeling of being on horseback
returns readily enough when I need to write of it. That trick of the
tongue, prrr prrr, which my father coaxed sheep with ~~and managed~~ ^{stunt} to more or less teach me--
its way into the mouth of an English Creek character. "Basic everyday
^{if} matters": they are the majority of life, why not

I had become their talisman against the strangest new world--the guarantor
that if I were with them, ~~the~~^{their} airliner would not crash from the sky, their
automobile would not break down on the fierce freeway--their doctor would
not say anything so awful.

Along the way toward today, this country of ours lost its
"territorial" system. It is a revolution we can regret most heartily
during an election year. Consider: up until the adoption of
Article IV of the Constitution in 1787 -- the last clause of the original
U.S. to be emphasized into statute -- there always was some
unhappy western territory which could absorb some of our excess
population. But then we ran out of territorial governments in
the great western backyard, and we've been up to our eyeballs
in surplus population ever since.

The great point about the territorial system was that would-be
politicians could obtain office out there without subjecting all
of us to the rigors of campaign and election. The main
office-holders of a territory -- and between the time of the
original thirteen states and Alaska's 1912 admission, a total
of 32 territories had existed as provinces in statute -- simply
were named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. This
brought some undignified styles of government:
--"Territory after the Civil War had an acting Governor

I had become their jailer against the stranger new world--the frontier
that if I were with them, the airplane would not crash from the sky, their
automobile would not break down on the fence freeway--their doctor would
not say anything so awful.

Along its way toward today, this country of ours lost its
big backyard. It is a deprivation we can regret most keenly
during an election year. Consider: up until the admission of
Arizona to the Union in 1912 -- the last chunk of the continental
U.S. to be shepherded into statehood -- there always was some
unshorn westward territory which could absorb some of our excess
politicians. But then we ran out of territorial governments in
the great western backyard, and we've been up to our eardrums
in surplus politicians ever since.

The great point about the territorial system was that would-be
politicos could obtain office out there without subjecting all
of us to the rigamarole of campaigns and elections. The main
office-holders of a territory -- and between the time of the
original thirteen states and Arizona's 1912 admission, a total
of 29 territories had existed as preludes to statehood -- simply
were named by the President and confirmed by the Senate. This
brought some unforgettable styles of government:

--Montana Territory after the Civil War had an acting governor

The train lit my imagination. It showed me the high plains

country, mounted the sweet apprehension of coming home -- How will I

tell them I want to continue for a Master's degree? Will they be

speaking to one another? On those homeward trains, I could feel myself

changing, see against the earlier journeys that I was not the same,

as if there were rows of sets of eyes and nerve ends, used in the

past trips and now outmoded. What I was becoming I didn't know,

although I daydreamed about it constantly, but whatever it would be,

it would not be in the Montana (valley) footsteps.

Once, when I had gone to the dome car, I came back to find my

seat taken by a Dakota farm woman and her new baby. The train was

near-full, and I called the conductor. Should I have?

Look out the window, then read. Often I would re-read Of Time

and the River, lines that beat on the rails and into the future:

It would be unfair to say that ALL the major officials of Washington Territory by then were embroiled with one another and snitching to President Lincoln at the least opportunity. Judge Wyche was keeping his peace and dealing out "substantial justice." And Judge Oliphant, who surely would have stumbled into somebody's disfavor had he been around, was holding court off in the far-flung Eastern Washington district most of the time.

The best testimony to Washington Territory's minor position out in the national backyard at the time -- and maybe to the essential sanity of the Lincoln administration -- is that in all these political vendettas, nobody really won or lost much more than anybody else.

In the entire set of top Republican officials, the only person who was relieved of his job in Washington Territory during the Civil War was Victor Smith, and he immediately was handed another which he liked at least as well.

The countless pleas for intramural vengeance by these office-holders to that friend of friends, Abraham Lincoln, largely were futile. The man did have a war to run.

What, then, were the results of these efforts to make new careers,

The body has memory too. I ~~look~~ bring a hand close to my eye in strong light, and the small white scars ~~xx~~ are still there. They are the cuts from a jackknife, or a sharp edge of machinery -- all small flows of blood and then a healing into a white line of memory across the skin. If I bump my right knee, pain erupts there, as if the two years I wore it bandaged are shrieking to get out. When I played handball for the first time in my life at age 32, I found myself touching the back wall behind me to find it with my fingers. It is the same touching from the hours of bouncing a rubber ball off a house and catching it against a tin shed. Even the tongue muscles work in remembered patterns. In the living room where my father sat so many hours, I find myself talking like him.

The location is Washington State. In the Pacific Northwest, the travelers are vacationers and their families, and their destination is a common one: Expo '74 World's Fair. In Spokane, the only officially sanctioned international exposition of this decade.

Canada, Japan, the USSR. . . All part of the exhibit. In addition to the major nations, in which the major nations will be taking part, will be taking part.

Moss Agate was bone-and-gristle country.

From May through October 1974, Expo '74 will be the largest of the world's largest exhibits and exhibition from all parts of the country. The theme, of course, is the environment, and what mankind can do to restore, protect and enhance it.

She for the national exposition could hardly be more "environmental." On two islands right in the middle of a river. The top of Spokane River, to be exact, reaches and spreads its way right through the center of the city. Once an amazingly tangle of bridges, railroad tracks, elevated trestles and warehouses, the 100-acre site is on the way to becoming a picture-book setting for a thrilling World's Fair. With construction nearly complete, exhibit buildings and facilities are beginning to take form.

Canada's exhibit, located on Canyon Island, will include an ecology center for children, explained to the youngsters in their own language about the world around us.

In a quiet, protected section of the main island, Japan will construct the exhibit, which might include a working model of a pollution-free industrial complex and possibly a new type of city traffic system. Outside, the exhibit will feature a beautiful, formal Japanese garden.

There was distance to contend with. Travel meant riding by horseback for hours, often in bad weather. Even when the car came into that country, the rutted roads and mud made going somewhere no easy task. But in the factors of distance and isolation came a freedom of sorts -- the space to move in according to your own whims and bents. It was this openness, this fact that a person was a speck on an ~~earth~~^{wide} sea, that was too much for some of the settlers. Some retreated into the dimness of their cabins and the grimmer darkenss of their own worst impulses, and lost touch with hope. There still were some alive when I was a boy, near-hermits living off somewhere with their lives festering. But for another mood, the openness was a chance and a challenge. The day had long past when the country was unfenced, and it is one of the legends of the west that the coming of barbed wire had ended the ~~xx~~ freest era. But that did not hold true in our area. The fences instead pulled together a way of life, a pattern of support and basic supplies inside which a person could move. It was not strands of wire which made the great change in that land -- it was the growth of units of government and business.

*some
enrolled*

some talent, then losing them to bigger newspapers.

The work was splendid. The Lindsay-Schaub management saw itself in the role of obliged gentry, and took its editorial page seriously. Seven of us wrote for it, spewing out copy for the morning and evening papers in Decatur, the chain towns across southern Illinois, the big Sunday edition. I found I could write four editorials in a day, deft and unoffending, and still have time to lay out the editorial page.

The Editor of the editorial page, he had gone nearly blind years before, and with ~~the~~ the brink of sight left to him had stayed on the job. Through his thick glasses he could read copy held close in front of him, and ~~could~~ make his editing marks in fat pencil strokes.  He had been a ~~young~~ newspaperman in Springfield when Vachel Lindsay was alive and reciting his poems there. He had an elegance. Handing me the wire service story that the traditional puff of smoke had announced John XXIII as pope, he said Habemus papem, hmm? He kept on a shrine-shelf in his office the martini glass of his predecessor as editorial page editor.

And living in Decatur was duller than Ringling. The city's home-family-church was more staid than I could stand. I dated the publisher's college-age daughter a time or two, looked at the perplexities of that, and backed off. Afternoons off, I went next door and drank beer with my landlady. Then, a few times a month, I began to go to Chicago on assignment, to report on meetings of the board which governed the Downstate universities. I began seeing Carol, whom I had worked with in the summer job at Northwestern.

A note came from Carol, whom I had worked with in the summer job at Northwestern. She had moved back to Evanston, taken a job as a magazine editor. My reporting assignments took me to Chicago every few weeks, and we began seeing each other.

But. Was the true rhythm of this travel in pistons, or in the apparatus
back of my eyes? I half-knew that even as the train flung headlong,
faster across the ~~prairie~~ middle-American prairie than the earth ought
to be able to hold, I somehow was moving ^{even} beyond its pace. The train, for
~~in~~ all its cleaving toiling striding power, aimed itself back and forth
along given lines. I felt that I was hurtling free of ^{any} such markings.
~~Each~~ In each space of journey, I could count up ^{all} ~~what~~ I knew that had
not been known the time before: ^{course upon} ~~the~~ courses in writing and reporting,
the adventuring into Russian as I had once followed Mrs. Tidyman into
Latin, the hours of history. College ~~was~~ had turned out to be a map
I was going across in zigs and zags and loops of joy, and all I knew
about a destination was that it would be somewhere I could work at
writing. The train hours were ^{the pause in} ~~a capsule of~~ time when all this ^{came pulsing} ~~pulsed~~
in the mind. When I stepped down again to a Montana depot platform,
Dad or Grandma would be ^{there to} ~~asking~~, as ever, How was your trip? I might
answer There was a herd of antelope, forty-fifty of them, on the flats
a bit ago or Fields are green ~~ac~~ across Minnesota already or We were
held up in Miles City waiting for a freight--any answer but the one
headlong
which said what a plunging time those journeys were.

4 spaces

I think that there can never be such instants
in my life again.

in after you when

Years after, when soldiers talk, it is not the muck and tedium

Not the muck and tedium of combat life but the furloughs in Herculaneum ^{into 7 leave} or Paris are relived when soldiers talk. I can understand such a wile of the past. Throughout the Cuban missile crisis I was on duty at an Air Force base, yet what I remember first is not the tremor of near war but latrines.

Nations' pantomimes of power are no joke, though they are absurd.

The buds grow day by day. I worry that they are too early, that cold weather will ambush them. Outside my window is a crab apple tree which was surprised that way and the past year has seemed dead. Now it is reincarnating in awkward splays of new branches, a funny half-dead half-alive skeleton amid the green of rhododendron and OO.

Sixteen looked like a scattering of houses which had spilled

off flatcars as the Milwaukee trains flew down the canyon. Such

map scatters along
~~dots on the~~ mainline -- Ringling, the previous stop along the

of the railroad's run through the county: Lennep, Loweth, Ringling, Maudlow --
tracks, was even worse scattered -- were so tiny they had no

to them
~~building~~ pattern at all. A town even of 500 people would show

some straight-sided blocks of homes, a main street. But Sixteen

added up to maybe one-tenth of a small town, and the houses

went in
~~happened to go up~~ wherever anyone ~~felt like it~~ *happened to feel like putting one a*

Yet Sixteen had a reason in life, *even* ~~in fact~~ two reasons. The

~~the~~ passenger trains did stop there, and Tom Kerr ran a store

and post office.

*... what you got
was Sixteen*

In those photos of the Boig ranch, the rimrock of Wall Mountain is in the background, arcing along the horizon like a fence of rock pillars. It is a meaningful setting, because that country was walled off from many things...

The families were mainly of a different economic class, often of a different color. It was hoped that through interaction with the family and observations of their "different" way of life, participants would be able to see for themselves such a way of life, perhaps destroying old stereotypes and gaining new insights.

Many were surprised. One person wrote later, "This did not turn out as I had expected. What vision did I have? Poverty? Lack of education?

Dialogue: I suppose he was going girling....

Broken homes? Children--school drop-outs? All these stereotypes were blown right out the window by this warm, strong, dignified widow and her wonderful children. Oh yes, she was black. People who expected to find total differences often discovered just the opposite. Another said, "I found a commonness of problems and hopes of this Indian family and families of my own culture. Discovery--they are warm people!"

Such realizations opened doors to better communications. Another observer emphasized this, writing, "The ability of each of us to be open and honest made the experience valuable for both of us." Communication became a two-way street in many instances. Others echoed the person who wrote, "I really felt like part of the household by the time I went to bed."

Conclusions were varied and eye-opening. Many concluded in summarizing the stated purpose, as told by one, "We learned more about each other than we knew at the outset. Even that brief and superficial visit can have the way for future visits and greater mutual understanding and cooperation." Such an experience gave some further insights. Another spoke of "a greater understanding of what is needed to be done concerning race relations for all people of the United States--working together and

of siting ourselves
wests, personal as well as geographical. This matter of place
in fact
may be something like learning a second language: fluency, comfort
with it

How do I woo the past? What turn of my hand above the keyboard
will bring it near?

And why do I work at it? I dream forward, but those are different
towards
dreams than those into the past

20.00	Office supplies and postage
12.00	Reimbursement to museum and exhibits
27.50	Travel to museum and exhibits
25.00	Medical tickets for rehabilitation research
284.00	London apartment rental, Jan. 1-March 1
202.50	Food, Jan. 1-March 1 (9 weeks @ \$22.50/week)
1224.00	Travel expenses for research, Jan. 28-30; March 1-June 15 (Jan. 28-30 trip to Canterbury, 3 days @ \$30/day; visits to abandoned hospitals and new outpatients in Britain and Ireland, March 1-May 3 -- \$600 lodging, \$200 car rental, \$100 plane and car travel, \$275 food @ \$22.50/week for 12 weeks)
3894.00	Salary reduction for six months (rehabilitation pay was 60% of contract salary; remainder not forfeited under rehabilitation agreement)

money is gone, then back to a job. These men make themselves plain when you tend camp, though you assume generally that's what they are anyway. They get meaner and surlier each time you come, hoping to force a fight and an excuse to quit.

--The sheepwagon. The last child of the prairie schooner. A long wagon bed set on high wheels, with a white canvas top. The inside is compact as a ship's cabin, full of chests which double as ~~the~~ seats, a table which hinges down from the wall, snug cabinets. The bed extends across the back of the wagon. A small woodstove is near the front door. The door is a dutch door, so from the inside with the bottom portion closed, it is remarkably like looking out of a ship and seeing an ocean of grass and archipelagos of trees.

A sheepwagon sits high -- the floor is chest high to a man on the ground -- and ~~it~~ ^{on its running gear} moves with a topheavy gait. A good move is one that doesn't topple the stovepipe.

We all are murdered by mortality in due time, but sheep ^{behave} ~~act~~ as if they can't wait. They ^{seek out} ~~arrange~~ appointments with death which boggle the mind. ^{rendering} ~~dates~~

A sheepwagon on the move is a bin; the little front steps are thrown in, plus any firewood the herder has chopped, plus the fuel oil can and maybe a milk can full of spring water, ^{a saddle, sacks of salt & sheep, & last of all} If a cabinet door works open and drops a dozen eggs or an open can of Carnation milk in the middle of it all, there is a fine mess. } At the end of the move, there is the leveling up to be done -- small holes to be dug for the wheels to drop into, or stout stick under a corner of the wagon box. Put a cup of water on the table and see how level it is.

She was 5'3" and 155 pounds--three inches shorter than Dad and 30 pounds heavier. She was strong enough to lift a bale of hay, and had the stamina to work all day, then fix the meals.

Gee golly, what'll I cook?

She could not stand to have her arms covered, always wore short-sleeved dresses. Her arms were ~~like~~ scarred as a torture victims, small white lines of scar from dog's claws and barb wire and rough siding.

Robert Block
Travel Editor
The New York Times
232 West 41st Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

Dear Bob

I'm enclosing the inserts you wanted for the jogging piece-- the advice on decorum and health to go between pages 2 and 3 of the original draft, and a new ending, to go at the bottom of page 7.

Also, there are three editing touches:

--Page 2, 3d line from bottom: should be "Road Runners" instead of "Roadrunners".

--Page 1, 2d line from bottom, a clarification you wanted: change "which runs gently in the wind" to "which the wind gently stirs through." If that still doesn't do it for you, let's drop the phrase entirely.

I think this covers everything you mentioned on the phone. By the way, Ann and I are pleased with the "What's Doing in Seattle" and thought you would want to know that the accompanying map has the space renamed: it names Lake Union "Union Bay", which is actually a portion of Lake Washington; Pier 21 is a puzzling choice, of no apparent significance, to be sure; and City Hall has a little distinction or significance --

until the house was a kind of brindled color. When we bought asphalt

siding which looked like red brick, we told ourselves we had improved

the looks of the house a millionfold, and the siding would keep some of

the wind out as well. It didn't, noticeably. Blizzard mornings, I

would wake up and find snow finely sifted on the windowsill above the

head of my bed, like spilled sugar.

what he had been through in the bog of months just behind us.

It happened faster than any of us could follow. This man who had spent six careful years courting my mother now married the young ranch cook he had known only weeks. Ruth, Dad: only the loins could have drawn together this pairing. For the sake of the both of them, my struggling father and the woman who had stepped inside my mother's outline, I hope that there were times in bed before the quick marriage, and that something close to love kindled then. Because all too soon, the war between them had begun.

Even now Ruth is mysterious to me, and her time in our lives a strange season all mist and dusk and half-seen silhouettes. I can write of these few years only through this hazed sensation, and only as far as I have been able to find what has been so long obscured. For nothing of Ruth--photograph, written line, keepsake--has survived. It is as if my father tried to scour every trace of her from our lives.

But always there are the farthest crevices of memory, and along them I glimpse Ruth. I see best the eyes, large and softly brown with what seemed to be some hurt beginning to happen behind them--the deep, trapped look of a doe the instant before she breaks for cover. The face was too oval, plain as a white platter, but those madonna eyes graced it. Dark-haired--I think, brunette; slim but full breasted; and taller than my mother had been, nearly as tall as Dad. A voice with the

Neither of us had been lectured that a saloon is no place for a six-seven-eight-nine-year old. Had we been, and had we thought the argument through, I think we could have decided that a saloon had its good points for a child, ^{at least a supervised child such as I was} For in those knots of drinking men, I learned much about listening, and how to see in detail. There is nothing like watching alcohol change a person before your eyes to learn about shades of character.

^{saloons} The bars put a shoring in my life nobody else my age had. They were a place ^{almost entirely} ~~mostly~~ without other children, -- ~~certainly none as regular~~ as me at Dad's elbow -- and this ^{narrow} open ticket into the country of adults was much livelier and more ^{instructive} ~~informative~~ than school. [I had a full role to play.] When Lloyd Robertson teased that if he was unlucky enough to have Scots blood in him he'd cut his throat to let it out, I was expected to retort that he might as well because a Missourian like him was nothing but a Scotchman with his brains kicked out. When Pete McCabe leaned across the bar to ask what kind of pop I wanted, both of us took my deciding seriously, even though the answer nearly always was grape.

The first taste of high manners I can remember came the night Dad was drinking with the black sheep brother of ^a ~~our local state~~ ^{legislator} ~~senator~~. The brother was known to be a wizard in handling horses, but also a ^{of hopeless} ~~hopeless~~ lush. I was used to drinkers teetering off the bar stool every second beer to head for the toilet. But this one paused, tottered, ^{when a range of horses} ~~turned to~~ and gravely said: "Excuse me. I have to go empty my bladder." I had ^{primp up} never heard a man ^{we do right} ~~preen~~ words that way before. ^{was of} ~~announced~~

The writer's dread is that only the fingers are talking, that the mind's story has dodged the attempt to piece it out ^{to stroke. biggest} [artfully] into sentence and episode. Yet fingers may know a coax or two to try on memory's ^{flatly} [wile.] One is the plain stroking of fact onto paper. From there the past must stipple in the details if anything is ever to be explained. ^{So} Now the broad strokes are ^{first} these:

 The writer's dread is that only the fingers are talking, that the mind's story has dodged [the attempt to piece it out into sentence and episode.] Yet fingers may know a coax or two to try on memory. One is to stroke the biggest facts flatly onto paper. From there the past must fill in the edgework of detail. ^{all in blanks.}

So, in broad strokes, Charles Campbell Doig in 1945:

He had a son to raise by himself.

He needed a job.

We needed somewhere to live.

^{grieved hard}
He felt a long grief for my mother.

The son and the grief were the long problems. In me, he had an odd little sobersides who would toss rocks at a cougar one afternoon and the next want to know why the gypsy boy couldn't have chocolate milk and cookies when the rest of the first grade did. ^{made of comic books} How the two of us managed each other will be told time and again. His grief for my mother was a different bafflement for him. For 16 years, they had been inseparable. Some months after she died, a man told him to buck up, not let a thing like that keep bothering him. Years later Dad told me how he still despised the man for that pair of sentences.

08

You've lived all those years since, so you know what happened. What I thought would happen, I don't know. About all I can remember

June 27, 1946 -- A lot has happened. It was my first year in school. The first several days I didn't know anybody, and shied away at recess. Susan B knew me from when Dad put up the hay on her father's ranch, and she made friends with me. I already knew how to read, so learning how to read was dull. We lived on the Straugh ranch, about 15 miles from town. I had perfect attendance. At graduation they called up the two of us from the whole school who had perfect attendance -- me and Stanley Stamper, the center on the basketball team. Steve and Larry Ward lived on the neighboring ranch. We wandered around the hills and sagebrush, and one day we saw an animal in the coulee behind the house and threw rocks at it and drove it up a tree. When we told our parents about it, they said it was a cougar.

Carol once said she bet she knew where I was when JFK was shot. I told her no, not if she thought I was on the job. Instead I was having lunch in a saloon. We had a composure test for political aspirants. The whole editorial page staff -- usually seven of us -- would cram into a booth with the candidate crammed right in with us. This proximity, Bill Rango's coffee and our quick questions tried his mettle to our satisfaction or disappointment. In this booth I was having lunch, with one and probably more of my fellow writers, when the bar quieted and the voice from the television set suddenly came clear.

June 27, 1963 -- Twenty-four today. My first birthday celebrated outside Montana.

I've been working as an editorial writer for Lindsay-Schaub Newspapers here in Decatur, Illinois, since April 15. I earn \$112 a week, almost three times as much as I did on ranches in Montana. I'm about to buy a car.

The job is ^{fine} ~~excellent~~. The paper here -- papers, rather, since they publish both a morning and an afternoon paper -- is the headquarters for a chain of dailies here in ~~Down~~ Downstate. There are seven of us on the editorial staff, and our editorials on state, national and international matters appear in all the papers.

Besides writing a couple of editorials a day, I also edit the editorial page for either the morning or the afternoon paper. This involves layout, writing headlines, editing the copy -- the whole shebang. And what continually amazes me, it also involves deciding which columns of feature stories to use. Rather than subscribing to a few columnists and running them regularly, the papers subscribe to damn near everyone and let us choose the best material each day.

The great topic of this summer is the racial upheaval, [of course,] and it's both an opportunity and a burden to be writing [editorially] about it. It's not enough to point accusingly at the South, but it's a considerable job to keep editorial comment above such an obvious level.

I've been here more than two months now, and have learned a hell of a lot more about newspapering than I once thought I'd ever know. I like this job very much -- although Decatur still hasn't persuaded me the city has any charms -- and seemingly my work has been satisfactory. I still think I'll likely be moving on around the first of the year. There's still an itch to get away from the Midwest for awhile.

change
to cover
I live

One value of America is the richness of memory it has provided.

In a way, it accounts for national weakness for nostalgia fads -- media open for all, so much about an era is known, then can be recapitulated as common property later.

Geography accounts for a lot -- isolation between oceans has meant no warfare on our soil, no boundary feuds north or south. What we have is collective national memory of family unit making its way on the vast and quiet land.

*Not got a
weather, because
contin +*

Suddenness and vastness of change goes into our memory, too. Born in 1890s, person saw us go from horseback to jet plane.

In the skull vault is everything we have ever taken or been given. The 00 of 00 rests against 00, and both compressed to dots

firecracker

^{of}
~~within~~ memory and so made intense.

One way or another, the workings of memory have taken up
A son
my life. A student, imprinting into my mind the imprintings of generations. A writer, ferreting into memory of others, the printed versions. A husband,

And now, at middle life, all of these

I am older now than my mother when she died, and the very age
^{when she fatally}
~~when my grandfather pitched sideways~~ ^{I dropped him}
a heart attack spun him sideways ^{to his homestead} and he died.

*flopped him
- dust of*

I am spaced between having been young and not yet middle aged,
What stays and what goes

Doctors who work in the mind can offer explanations why the huge moments stay with us -- first love, death. But how explain the particles --

I read the Tribune for the baseball scores and stories, memorizing batting averages, etc. Then, since you can read a sports page only so many times, I began reading everything else in the paper. By the time I was 7 or 8, I would sit on a bar stool reading, oblivious to all else.

I had the sensation that I knew what it meant to be each of them --

the man

the woman

^{sensation came}
And with ~~it~~ ~~went~~ the moroseness that these would never be an easy
match

Notions jittered in my mind like fancywear on a clothesline.

00 around on my head. Sweat on hat bands - dress hats for town.

The son was his long concern. In me, he had an odd little sobersides who would toss rocks at a cougar one afternoon and the next want to know why the gypsy boy couldn't have chocolate milk and cookies when the rest of the first grade did. I doubt that Dad had any theories about raising a child. His answer simply was to treat me like a small ~~adult~~ man, take me wherever he ~~went~~ went, if I wanted to go. Perhaps best of all for my upbringing, this included the saloons of White Sulphur Springs.

may not have been
The ~~town's~~ non-drinkers ~~probably weren't~~ enthused about it, but ~~the crowd at the bar~~ ^{Sat. night} ~~was~~ ^{and} ~~proud~~ ^{yelped} ~~that~~ ⁱⁿ a town of 1200 could support nine saloons.

Quite young he must have begun to have the cat's cradle of

lines at the corner of his eyes. The squint of looking into

of industry as failures. Robert Owen of New Harmony and the enthusiasts
the sun and wind does that, and he spent nearly every day of his
of today's macrobiotic community adventures may both look comic inside
the vaster story of this country. But this is the same country which
life.

The landmark showing where my father was born can be seen from nearly anywhere in the valley, too, and I remember mixed comments from him about it. Down the length of the valley from White Sulphur Springs, ~~may reach the back of the~~ Wall Mountain rises into sight, a great regular band of rock along its north face like a vast wall. In the homesteaders' community beyond Wall Mountain, he was born in 1901. It is a fine thing to see a monument above your birthplace. On the other hand, Wall Mountain ^{red before his eyes every day as} ~~was~~ a perpetual reminder of hard times. "Things were so tough nobody lived back there but Scotchmen and coyotes," Dad would say, "and it got ^{cleared} so tough the coyotes ~~moved~~ out."

When the pair of us came back to the Smith River Valley, we lived some weeks with Dad's favorite brother, more weeks with his best friend from boyhood. I started school in White Sulphur Springs.

The single moment most intense for our lives was my mother's death: it changed everything that would happen after it. But the direction of change, the tone of our lives for the next several years, began on that ranch. It put my father back into the slog of job and country which his own father had started 50 years before: the slog of

to work a living out of the land.

out of country which did - I want to give it up.

70 years of labor on land began this - 70 yrs

content betw man & land. Then betw man & man.

out of land standing empty

The single moment most intense for our lives, like the hot light of an explosion, had been my mother's death: it reached into us and charged everything that would happen afterward.

It was too much to admit that country stood empty for a reason -- that its grass lacked nutrition

it would feed

the winter stacked snow on it

Touched

like hot light from an explosion

it + chd us
in ways

land standing empty

want

My father suddenly had a son to raise by himself. He needed a ^{work} job.

He had to find somewhere for us to live. [Across half a lifetime,] I look ^{on what I can remember of him there} back at him and try to find why only the first and most confounding of those ^{tasks} ~~botherments~~ seemed not to baffle him.

He set out ^{for} after a job and a roof by bringing us ^{down from} out of the Bridger peaks to the highlands of south central Montana where he had spent nearly all his life. The Smith River Valley is a ~~sage-grass~~ deck of land between surges of mountain and ridge, so broad and elevated that the sweep of sage-grass miles is more valley in name than intent. White settlers had rooted in the area only eighty years earlier, and [already] weather and livestock prices had flattened most of the ^{first} [original] homesteads and [a next generation of diehards] as well. I have wondered about Dad's [full] emotions for this landscape ghosted with ^{futility} [lost effort], [but] like many feelings, they were lost unsaid between us. Clearly he liked to hunt deer and elk along the timbered slopes edging the valley. And to the end of his life he spoke fondness for the Dogie Ranch on the east fork of the Smith River, where he became foreman with 00 men under him when he was 22 years old. Beyond that, what he felt for this [unpromising] home territory of the American generations of Doigs stayed within him.

Perhaps because I inherited no open enthusiasm for the terrain, I see there with a hard eye. Whenever I return to the valley, the ^{old} odd, unfinished feeling comes into me.

tasks

grief
sweet
family

I caught hints

~~the~~ background which runs from . first little homestead to P.D.'s grave.

^{This}

That is as much as can be eked out, then, about the background my father came out of. - Countryside, settlers' patterns, family --

✓ read into them all ~~you~~ can, and still ~~you are left wondering~~
the story draws down to the

making
guesses
about
old times

boundaries of my father's life. Charles Campbell Doig. Charlie.

I am never going to know, with much truth, just what it must have been to be young Charlie Doig. Everything from the tone of mind to the surrounding years stands in the way of such understanding.

In that ship
which gentles
seem to take
& seem to
have turned
out + like
his father
than him.

June 27, 1946 -- Today I am seven years old. I will be in the second grade this fall.

I didn't like school when I started. I didn't know anybody and at recess I sat on the sidewalk by myself. Except Susan Buckingham knew me from when Daddy put up her daddy's hay at the Loophole ranch and she made friends with me.

A gypsy boy was in our grade. When we had a party he couldn't have any cookies or chocolate milk. He lived in a trailer house down by the river.

We live on the Straugh ranch. The school bus comes from Ringling. Daddy or Wally drives me in the pickup to the gate to meet the bus. Sometimes we have to walk when the snow or mud is deep.

I go to town when Daddy does. He goes in the bars and drinks beer with his friends and I go with him. People buy me pop and talk to me. When I get sleepy I go ^{out} to the pickup and lay down.

The first grade was easy except for coloring. I already knew how to read. I have more funnybooks than any of the other kids. But coloring with crayons is hard. I draw pictures of cowboy and Indian fights. Mrs. Holmes says I don't do a good job of coloring out to the edges of the paper. I turn the paper around and color the other way along the edges.

There are boys I play with now at the ranch. Steve and Larry live on the ranch across the road. We play in the hills and the sagebrush and one day we saw an animal in the coulee behind our house. We threw rocks and yelled at it until it ran up into a tree. We told Daddy about it. He said it was a cougar and it could have ate all three of us.

The winter of 1948-49 in ~~Montana~~ our part of Montana was the one to measure all other winters against. Day upon day, it was weather in which to look out the window and curse, being a little afraid. Death-cold months, as if the sun had ^{not} gone forever and the planet was giving over to glaciers. Snow fell, drifted, crusted over, then fell and drifted and crusted ^{gray} over again. The [county] roads were blocked solid for long periods.

back to
1919-20

to 2 gray crystal
layers

col drive
pickup 0
some
drifts

the neighboring ranch were a runty pair of boys about my age, and

we prowled and ambushed and explored together. The three of us

came on an animal in one of the farthest gullies, and howling happily,

like ~~frantic~~ friends, pelted rocks at it until the creature loped

into the trees. When we ~~described~~

~~happily~~ reported it all to Dad, it became

clear to him that we had treed a cougar on a foray out of the Castle

Mountains

foreman, who ran other men's ranches entirely, taking a rest here

of my mother. By the time I was born in 1939, Dad and my mother

were settled at a ranch owned by Jay Stewart's brother. They stayed

until the final winter of World War Two, when they moved to Arizona

to try that climate for my mother's asthma. It may have been that

they would have moved there for good,

Whatever brought them back to Montana the next spring,

FLIP
SAVE for

change

→ The stories of the other three family members tell themselves with fewer curlicues, but even their lives were out of the ordinary

in the trek off to some remote fate. The second sister, ^{Jeannie}~~Mary~~, change
married a Scots homesteader across the mountains southward from
the ^{ie}~~Turney~~ Basin. A brother, Jack, has nearly vanished from memory
because of his early death, in all likelihood while ~~working~~ ^{he was} ~~at D.L.'s~~
ranch in the hope that the mountain air would help his health.

And the morning after that, the life of nine-year-old Charles ^{ie}~~Campbell~~ Doig began to point away from the Basin. It would take
almost a dozen years to convince ^{everyone}~~them~~, but the ~~legal~~ swamp of
inheritance law and mortgage in which my grandfather's death
mired the family was going to mean that my father and the others
would take ^{next to nothing}~~little benefit~~ out of that homestead ranch. They
would try in those years to ~~make the place work and to fend~~
with everything that was pressing in on the Basin settlers. But
in the end, all paths from Peter Doig's grave ^{were taking}~~took~~ them out into
the world on their own.

This portion 7. story

• surprising thing is mo they came b c the eyes open;
hav'g worked at ranches b. area, they knew something
of weather, grass, tonesomeness of trace-roads thru
sage. ~~mo~~ They were like any of us b. + imp't
failing: they did - see some and - yet b seen. growth
of gov't, of big ranches.

• idea (homsta) was a small, too boring, to work
to mo up & down entry. If ~~mo~~ those Scots homstders could
have had a land apiece, and have held range free, if 7 them
would have made it, c the hard work. As it was, none did.

Since then, the valley farmers and ranchers have discovered

water -- or rather, discovered the pumping systems which siphon
water from the water table. The valley is saved again, until the

water table begins to play out. When the water table begins to play out, the valley is saved again, until the

water table begins to play out. When the water table begins to play out, the valley is saved again, until the

call them up again.

But the bestowing was being asked in a hard place, and at the wrong time.

But notions of a grass heaven are one thing, and winter in the Big Belts is another. At first, the hill country did pay off with its summers of free pasture. In the bargain, however,

came ~~isolation and~~ Januaries of three-foot snowdrifts. The homestead staked out by Peter and Anna Doig, ~~my father's parents,~~ lay at an elevation of 5700 feet, ~~and 35 miles by dirt road from the nearest town.~~ Those Scots families of the Basin -- Doigs, Christisons, Mitchells, a few who came later -- could not know it at first, but they had taken up land where the habits and laws of settlement were not going to work. There was no help in law for the blizzards which would seal in the Tierney Basin in the terrible winters ahead. No foothills ranch you built for yourself could head off a future of national forest boundaries and big cattle companies. ~~These Basin people had come thousands of miles for their squares of land, they held them longer than good sense or bank balances said they should have been able to, and in the end they could hold on no longer.~~

In the

buildings a
along a cre

along a cre

between his

between his

The Prescotts, in a pretentious moment, had built a kind of guest house. As I remember it, it was a bungalow above a garage or storeroom, a verandah all around. Sitting high as it did, living there was like being in a tower over the ranch yard.

There was a gas tank, big enough for me to clamber on as if it were a stagecoach. A big sheepshed.

How do a man and a boy ever get along, I wonder? At least in our case, the man was scrabbling hard for a living, while the boy drifted along reading everything in sight.

For a week or so, I had a run of prosperity. By listening to the evening news on the radio, I could get the baseball scores which would not show up in the Great Falls Tribune until the next afternoon. I began betting one of the bar regulars about the ~~games~~ ~~games~~ games which would show up in the Trib. This went on ~~for many weeks~~ with me winning every day, a dime a game, until Dad took some notice. He made me quit it, but read me no moral lessons from it that I can recall.

What it must have been like to be just past twenty years old,
foreman of the Dogie, and already to have escaped death at least
three times, can be read in bits of my father's behavior then.

^{killings}
That slaying winter did away with the family stake which could have been shared out to start the Doig brothers on ranches of their own. With one or another of the ^{them} brothers trying to keep it going for their mother, the original homestead stayed in family hands until 1937. But from the spring of 1920 on, the seven Doig youngsters were headed away from the foothold their father had made in the ^{hand} ~~marsh~~ hills above Sixteenmile Creek. ^{One} The oldest became a barber, the next ~~son~~ a handyman in a grain elevator, one after another of them drifting out of the Turney Basin like seeds on a cold wind. Only one ever succeeded in starting a ranch of his own and hanging on to it. My father was never to own an acre of land. His life would be spent on other men's ranches.

The proportions of his features. His face was straight lines,
regular. Square shoulders. His turns of phrase....

A few of the settling families hung back so far on the fringes of the community they were more like forest creatures. ^{like} ~~the~~ ^{the} ridge-running coyotes than ~~the~~ ^{the} children of the Basin, eventually some three dozen of them, ~~fringes of xxxxxxxx~~ ^{fringes of xxxxxxxx} ~~OO they were on their way back to pre-~~ ^{OO they were on their way back to pre-} attended went to a one-room school from late spring until fall ~~tribal days. All the children, eventually some three dozen of~~

them, attended a one-room school. The children from the family ^{they must} farthest into the hills came to school, as the law said, but were as shy as wild creatures. If they met someone on the road, they would dart into the brush. Schoolmates met one of them on a brushless stretch one afternoon, and they flopped down with their lunchboxes in front of their heads to hide them.

In Glasgow or Edinburgh, boys such as my father ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{might} soon would have been ~~in industrial jobs, working in the shipyards of~~ ^{clerk} the Clyde or for some shopkeeper near ~~the~~ the Firth of Forth.

brotherhood

The community of drinkers had its types. There were regular bar flies -- a cruel term, but right in its image of hovering within range and smell of booze. Some would try to borrow money for a drink, others simply sat and waited out the bartender. There were sheepherders or ranch hands blowing in all their money, which might mean a week or ten days of successive drunks. There were binge drinkers, more regular than the ranch hands.

When it got too much for me, I would go to the pickup, shove the gearshift into low to get it out of my way, lie down on the seat, pull a coat over me, and try to sleep. If I couldn't keep warm enough or something else woke me, off I would go to hunt Dad down again and start asking when we could go home.

Ruth, I have not seen you for twenty years, nor spoken to you
for twenty-five. If memory reaches to you from this patch of the
past as it does me, there must be a sourness about it, the aftertaste
of disappointment and regret

When the marriage finally ripped beyond repair, it tore loose
all reason in Dad. His bitter dismay went on and on. Its strangest

effect was that he no longer would say Ruth's name. Instead, he

took up the taunt provided by an elderly lady, one of the true

respectables of the town. The town could never resist choosing up

sides in something like this, and the lady, coming to Dad's defense,

reached for a contemptible enough phrase for the deceiver who had

married him. She sputtered: "Why, that, that little flip!" For

whatever some reason, that somewhat Victorian *blunt* expression of disgust captivated

Dad, it seemed to free ~~him~~ him of all he had been battling. From

the moment the taunt got back to him, he never referred to Ruth

by her name: it was forever *she had* "Flip," *no damned Flip*

*put him to
right*

Dad and I went for a weekly bath at an artesian hot well near the ranch. No running water at ranch, so any bath at home meant heating tub atop stove. It was a chore ~~x~~ Dad must have disliked, because other times we went to town -- to Carl's barber shop -- for a bath. The artesian well bubbled up through a twelve-inch pipe, putting out an endless spurt of water you couldn't quite hold your hand in. By the time the water streamed off down the hill about 50 yards -- leaving a bed of that slimy grass I so disliked -- and poured into a wooden frame set into the ground, it was a perfect warmness. The only one who didn't like the arrangement was our barber, who found ~~xxx~~ the sulphur made our hair stiff and hard to cut. You could lie back and look at the Castle Mountains, Baldy, or the Crazies.

he had been numbed into doing almost nothing. Now he tried to do

everything at once. The cafe across the street from The Stockman

came up for rent. Dad and Ruth took it on. At the same time, he

put our cattle in winter pasture in the foothills of the Big Belts.

Mornings he drove out to pitch hay to the cattle, then worked in

the cafe from mid-afternoon until closing at 2 a.m. Often I was

with him one place or another -- Ruth would have nothing to do

with the cattle, although the cafe held her interest -- and he

seemed to be trying to set life in place all at once. None of

it worked out, although the year in the cafe went better than

anyone had a right to expect. I loved the place -- milkshakes

for supper, the sizzle of food on the grill -- steaks were cheap

and nearly everyone ate them -- the singing of the boisterous *red-headed*

dishwasher. I give them due, Dad and Ruth worked ~~at~~ that cafe

like a tool, and it added ^{much} something to the town. They stayed open

until the bars closed; Pete McCabe would come across from the
phone over

Stockman a few minutes before two in the morning, to tell them

to put his steak on the grill.

One change did come into my life with Ruth: I spent more time living in town, "boarding out," ~~as~~ we called it. All through the

boarded out
school year, I lived in transit: Monday morning until the final

bell of Friday as the town boarder, Friday until Sunday evening on

whatever ranch Dad was working on. It made me always a visitor

to town, outside the mesh of family. If ~~I had been~~ independent

+ of time
of a mother, now I was independent of Dad, too. *It made a gap*

could have been

If Ruth had any effect on my life, I have no idea what it ~~was~~

She and my father fought their own private war, and I know he was torn

one more time,
badly inside by the experience. But Ruth and I slid past each other,

polite, ~~small~~ ^{large to one another} warmth, no harm. Strange to be unwounded from a marriage

maybe,
flying apart over my head, but I was carefully within myself. *too carefully*

is a rich, varied and complex ecosystem in this corner of the country, and

we ought to look at it through the lowest possible veil of myth and

confusion.

The issues raised by that West Virginia case should be some incentive

to start sorting through our own unclear annals of classcutting. But

they probably won't be, and I and unless something like the Monongahela

decision goes off here in our own forested backyard.

most of
Now my life took on the one pattern which lasted the rest of

my boyhood -- I "boarded out" in town during the school year. It

extended the role I had when I bar-treked with Dad: I was in the

town, but not of it. The five schooldays of each week, I lived

the boarding life, walking to the schoolhouse, going around town

after school. Friday afternoon or evening, Dad would come to town

for me; after a round of the saloons, we would drive ^{there} in the dark,

^{Jack} in midnight rabbits darting in our headlight beams, to the ranch.

*I lived in town wherever
someone cd
be found
to keep me -
"boarding
out;" we
called it*

Munger might have had his own initial research in mind when he insisted on carefully-plotted expenditure of time and effort. In 1908, not quite 25 years old, he had been somewhat offhandedly sent from Forest Service headquarters in Washington, D. C., to study the encroachment of lodgepole pine on Ponderosa pine in the Pacific Northwest. Since Munger's Forest Service career at the time amounted to the grand sum of two months and he had never laid eyes on either species of pine in his life, the assignment was, as Munger later understated it, "rather presumptuous." But it served to get the young New Englander to the Pacific Northwest; the brief project into the pines led to a full career in this region.

Trained at Yale, the academic hub of American forestry at the time, Munger knew the New Haven men who ran the U. S. Forest Service during the first quarter of this century. Henry S. Graves, Chief of the Forest Service from 1910 to 1919, had been one of his professors in graduate school. William B. Greeley, who headed the Forest Service from 1919 to 1928, earned his master's degree in the Yale forestry program a few years before Munger did likewise. And Munger not only knew Gifford Pinchot, the storied and flamboyant father of the modern Forest Service, but was on hand the night Pinchot was fired by President Taft. A public vendetta had erupted between Pinchot and Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger about Interior's plans to lease out coal and timber lands in Alaska. On the evening

^{none of us}
Machines ~~I~~ had never seen before arrived to fight the winter.

A OO which the men called a weasel crawled over the ~~top~~ snowdrifts, bobbing and bouncing ~~as~~ like a slow sled as it headed down the hill toward us. A bulldozer with tracks as high as Dad's shoulder butted a lane through the drifts. An airplane on skis landed some mail and food at a neighboring ranch.

great to
Dad climbed the treads of the ~~great~~ bulldozer cabin and went off with the crew to plow out Jim and Flossie Keith on the ranch to the north. Dad had run that ranch for nearly five years, and knew its every inch. But as he guided the bulldozer driver through a ground blizzard on the flats, the two of them broke through a drift into a newly dozed swath. They had
plowed
circled onto their own track.

/ The Stockman Bar would start us for the night. Walking through

circled onto their own track.
by one

place through a drift into a newly covered area. They had

driven through a blowingizzard on the flats, the two of them
covered place

leaves, and knew the exact time. But as he entered the bulldozer

lunch to the north. And had had lunch for nearly five

went off with the crew to blow out the new blizzard kept on the

had climbed the clouds of the heavy bulldozer cabin and
least to

some well and took at a surprising lunch.

putted a line through the drift. An airplane on the ground

will follow us. A bulldozer with tracks as high as a horse's shoulder

padding and padding as it is a slow sled as it passed down the

A 00 which the men called a messenger crawled over the top snowdrifts.

Machines I had never seen before arrived to light the winter.

We drifted like nomads across the Blackfoot reservation, but being American nomads we had everything from a washing machine to a straight-back chair. Moving once or twice a week was a major job. The trailer house had to be packed so things wouldn't fall out of cupboards. The jeep took a tremendous load: the washing machine, water cans, firewood, gasoline drum. All packed, we would trail off across the ridgeline, the jeep pulling the dowdy trailer house, the faded Dodge bumping along behind.

→ Across all that small empire of pasture, there was only one source of water, ~~axxxix~~ spring with a small reservoir. We came in the jeep to fill milk cans with water, and every so often to have a bath in the little reservoir. For their part, the sheep drank in pothole lakes left over from the spring thaw of snowdrifts. One measure of the summer was how quickly the ~~lakes~~ ponds dried up, and how you could make use of the remaining ones in planning the herd's grazing.

Not a twig of shelter on the entire summer range. This was grass country, pure and simple, and nothing there was besides grass, rolling ridges, the ~~coulter~~ ^{pothole} dregs of lakes.

While the reservation went into its summer drought, the snow on the peaks of Glacier National Park gleamed fifty miles away. The big Two Medicine River rolled down its gorge at the edge of our land; no way down the ~~xxxxxx~~ steep cliffs. So we sat on the high ~~ridges~~ island of ridges, in sight of all the water needed and with little of it at hand.

our second reservation summer (?)

In early July of 1955, we sheared the sheep. A Mexican crew came, set up on the prairie where we had built corrals out of steel posts, woven wire, and panels.

We drifted like nomads across the Blackfoot reservation, but being
 American today lived at the University of Washington is a straight-back
 chair. Moving "somewhere in between these sentiments...."
 And finally, squinch. One of the beguilements of a jotted
 line is that you never know how promptly it can help out. Squinch
 no sooner has been jotted into the notebook than I bump into a use
 for it. You've just read it -- in the lead for this article.

###

of water, exactly spring with a small reservoir. We came in the jeep to
 fill with cars with water, and every so often to have a bath in the
 little reservoir. For their part, the sheep drank in pot-hole lakes left
 over from the spring thaw of snowdrifts. One measure of the summer was
 not directly the index points dried up, and how you could make use of the
 remaining ones in planning the herd's grazing.
 Not a twig of shelter on the entire summer range. This was grass
 country, pure and simple, and nothing there was besides grass, rolling
 ridges, the deeper troughs of lakes.
 While the reservation went into the summer drought, the snow on
 the peaks of Glacier National Park gleamed fifty miles away. The big
 two Medicine River rolled down the gorge at the edge of our land; no
 way down the steep steep cliffs. So we sat on the high mountain island
 of ridges, in sight of all the water needed and with little of it at hand.
 In early July of 1955, we started the sheep. A Mexican crew came,
 set up on the peaks where we had built corrals out of steel posts,
 woven wire, and panels.

Tom and I were in Frenchy's when one of my classmates came in and said a bunch of them were going to burn out the Hoots. What

brought the idea on just then -- the Hoots had been there for years, people had lived in peace with them -- is unclear; it apparently came

like a fever, and lit 8 or 10 of the Valier boys at once. Tom and I turned them down, I suppose more out of concern for our own necks

than regard for the Hoots. Of course, the raiders managed to start enough of a stubble fire to draw attention and cause someone to call

the sheriff; of course, the entire carload of them panicked and they lost their nerve and panickily drove

into a ditch, where the entire carload of them were caught and arrested.

THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF ECOLOGY

I thought that job on the forest survey ... was the best possible job in the world. It was exploring an unknown resource, in beautiful places, with some wonderful timber -- and getting paid for it.

--Philip A. Briegleb, recalling his start at the PNW Experiment Station

Through at least one lens of history, you can look at the 15 years or so after World War II and say that the PNW Experiment Station was catching up with the times, in terms of facilities and administration and thrusts of research. During the next decade or so, the times did a mighty squirm and began crowding hard at the Station once again.

This was the era when the words ecology and environment passed from their customary usage in the bio-sciences into the national vocabulary. It was the time when a sizable body of Americans turned to something like the ethic of the late conservationist Aldo Leopold, himself once an eager young forester in the U. S. Forest Service: "Like winds and sunsets, wild things were taken for granted until progress began to do away with them. Now we face the question whether a still higher 'standard of living' is worth its cost in things natural, wild,

It may have been those engaging eyes which accounted for much of the town's ^{open} affection for Tom: they reflected exactly his slow appraisal of life, his mulling effort to make his head speak as ^{well} ~~surely~~ as his hands could. Two years ahead of me in high school, Tom merely was pacing through until he could get out to join his father full-time in the service station and use ^{his} ~~the~~ inherited magic with machines. Each of us had a resource the other didn't--my wordpower, Tom's instinct with machinery--and so something to respect in each other. And we saw, although neither could have said it at the time, that each of us had been raised alone as best our families had been able to find time for us; it had made us self-reliant enough not to demand all of each other's hours, yet intrigued enough with a similar life so close at hand to want to become full friends. It was Tom, of course, who had been behind Gettie's hunch to take me into her household. You two are a lot of company for each other, aren't you? she said cheerily, and we were.

205
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ture takes place: stimulus to fresh invention: stimulus to departures from routine. Long distance trading and long distance administration help further invention and create a necessity for abstract symbols: pictorial signs, numerical tables, alphabets. A foreign population of traders and students enters the metropolis: unabsorbed as citizens at first, since blood and neighborhood may still count, they bring the shock of fresh habits and ideas: challenges to old ways. Further specialization of economic and social functions: the specialized workshop: the specialized trading class: subdivisions of these. Large-scale development of library and university as storehouse and powerhouse of ideas. Development of more effective organs of centralized administration, apart from primitive courts and assemblies. Agriculture tends to be secondary to manufacture: manufacture in turn becomes an instrument of trade. Rivalry between patricians of the soil and new traders and industrialists of the metropolis: splitting off of landless workers, selling their labor, with no prospect of rise in economic rank. Also migration of an élite within the polity.

Religion, literature, the drama reach the stage of self-consciousness and expression: the systematic-rational grows at the expense of organic and instinctive modes of expression. Every part of the environment and the culture is deliberately remolded: written law supplements custom and common law, written language helps to shape the labile dialects of the surrounding regions and gives them a common medium of secondary intercourse: rational inquiry challenges customary acceptance. The representatives of religion, philosophy, and science, no longer united as a single priestly hierarchy, pursue separate paths: the gap between sacred knowledge and secular knowledge, between empiricism and theory, between deed and idea, tends to widen; but out of these oppositions and likenesses, out of these hostilities and wider friendships, new syntheses come forth. A similar refocusing takes place in every other department of life: emancipation from fixed patterns and stereotyped routine. Fusion of the instinctive, the imaginative, and the rational in great philosophies and works of art: maximum release of cultural energy: Platonic Athens: Dantean Florence: Shakespearean London: Emersonian Boston.

Signs of weakness appear beneath the surface. Increasing failure

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to absorb and integrate disparate cultural elements: beginnings of an individualism that tends to disrupt old social bonds without creating new order on a higher plane. Professionalizing of war, already differentiated as a culture-trait, acquires new energy through increasing technical equipment, and new impetus from economic rivalry. Opening up of a grave breach between the owners of the machinery of production and the workers, whether slave or free: beginning of the class struggle in active form. Fixation on pecuniary symbols of gain, as the growing class of merchants and bankers begin to exercise greater influence.

Fourth Stage: Megalopolis. Beginning of the decline. The city under the influence of a capitalistic mythos concentrates upon bigness and power. The owners of the instruments of production and distribution subordinate every other fact in life to the achievement of riches and the display of wealth. Physical conquest by military means: financial domination by trade and legal processes: loans, mortgages, speculative enterprises. The agricultural base extends: the lines of supply become more tenuous: the impulse to aggressive enterprise and enterprising aggression grows as the lust for power diminishes the attraction of all other attributes of life: as the moral sense becomes more callous and the will-to-culture increasingly impotent. Standardization, largely in pecuniary terms, of the cultural products themselves in art, literature, architecture, and language. Mechanical reproduction takes the place of original art: bigness takes the place of form: voluminousness takes the place of significance. Triumph of mechanism in every department: passivity: manual helplessness: bureaucratism: failure of direct action.

Megalopolis ushers in an age of cultural aggrandizement: scholarship and science by tabulation: sterile research: elaborate fact-finding apparatus and refined technic with no reference to rational intellectual purpose or ultimate possibilities of social use: Alexandrianism.¹ Belief in abstract quantity in every department of life: the biggest monuments, the highest buildings, the most expensive materials, the largest food supply, the greatest number of worshipers, the biggest population. Education becomes quantitative: domination of the cram-machine and the encyclopedia, and domination of megalopolis as concrete encyclopedia: all-containing. Knowledge divorced

¹Abstr m: overly derivative or artificial. } Webster's 3d

For all its reputation then as a country-club university, Northwestern had a number of academic strongholds. I was within one of them, the school of journalism, and on the faculty there made the friends and allies for a lifetime.

the streets of Great Falls or Helena, where young women went to escape to a store job and the start toward marriage and a life they hoped would be bigger than the hometown had offered--city eyes, expecting eyes. Yet here Ruth was in the valley, passing the syrup pitcher along the table, and for all anyone could tell, she seemed ready to stay until she sorted through to whatever she was looking for.

Already Ruth had misread twice--two marriages failed, and still she couldn't have been much older than 25. And Dad must have known about the husbands before him; the valley kept no such secrets. But living womanless had left us wide open for Ruth. To me, she was someone who might provide some mothering again. Not much mothering, because she kept a tight, careful mood, like a cat ghosting through new tall grass. But the purr of a soft voice, fruit and fresh cookies added to my lunchbox, even a rare open grin when I found an excuse to come into the kitchen--all were pettings I hadn't had recently. And for Dad, Ruth must have become a chance to dodge the past, a woman to put between him and the death on the summer mountain. It happened faster than any of us could follow. This man who had spent six careful years courting my mother now married the young ranch cook he had known only weeks.

Ruth, Dad: they were a pairing only the loins could have tugged together, and whatever they felt for each other before the quick marriage, it was not enough. Because all too soon, the warfare between them had begun.

College life is tribalism of a kind, and Latham House, in its Aleutian
adriftness from the rest of the campus, fostered its own logic of ~~infer~~
behavior.

It was like living at the far end of a mile-long trough of
moles, the picking following and whispering as Dad cursed his
way back and forth. Yet the ranch was too dry for good hay
or grain, and too shallow up where the cattle had to graze.
The hills were treacherous in another way. One afternoon I
climbed the sharp gulch behind our house with the two boys
from the neighboring ranch. Throwing flat pieces of shale
against the rock outcroppings to hear the ring, we went farther
up the foothills toward the Castle Mountains than any of us had
been before. A top of rock, in the gray of the sage against
the sky, we spotted a tanned outline of man. The animal flashed
away from our rocks and yells. When we told Dad, his mouth
went tight. Cougar, he said.

By then Dad had begun to call the ranch this goddamned
rock pile, the surest sign that he had started to talk himself
into dropping the chair-lease. Ruth probably was ready to
leave after the first night of howling coyotes, or of the cougar
edging out of the Castles to screech down a gulch. Working as
cook on the big ranches out in the open expanses of the valley
was one thing, but slugging away there in the cramped foothills
was another. Her mouth could like words chose not yet seemed
to know nothing about. I can hear her across the years
Charlie, I don't have to say more. I didn't carry this

Doig/66

I remember that the two of them began to carve at one another before we moved from the ranch, several months after the wedding. The ranch itself nicked away at everyone's nerves. Every sprinkle of rain puttied the road into a slick gumbo. It was like living at the far end of a mile-long trough of molasses, the pickup wallowing and whipping as Dad cussed his way back and forth. Yet the ranch was too dry for good hay or grain, and too shaley up where the cattle had to graze. The hills were treacherous in another way. One afternoon I climbed the sharp gulch behind our house with the two boys from the neighboring ranch. Throwing flat pieces of shale against the rock outcroppings to hear the zing, we went farther up the foothills toward the Castle Mountains than any of us had been before. Atop a rim of rock, in the gray of the sage against the sky, we spotted a tensed outline of tan. The animal flashed away from our rocks and yells. When we told Dad, his mouth went tight. Cougar, he said.

By then Dad had begun to call the ranch This goddamned rock pile, the surest sign that he had started to talk himself into dropping the share-lease. Ruth probably was ready to leave after the first night of howling coyotes, or of the cougar edging out of the Castles to scream down a gulch. Working as cook on the big ranches out in the open expanse of the valley was one thing, but slogging away there in the tumbled foothills was another. Her mouth could fire words those soft eyes seemed to know nothing about. I can hear her across the years:

Charlie, I don't have to stay here, I didn't marry this

Latham House was, then, an edgy, scruffy place to live--and I would not have ^{every} changed a whit of it. I think I found relief in a situation where all that needed be done was to get along with your roommate; after my career of boarding out, that was simple enough. My first year, with Ackerman--twice my size and three times as red-haired and freckled--went in easy chatter; my second, when Zimmerman and I traded no more than a thousand words during the entire year, went as companionably. In ~~the~~ Latham's welter of angled walls and random hallways were a few leftover chunks of space which had been made into single rooms, and in

My junior year, I qualified for The Shoe, a tiny single room nicknamed for its shoebox dimensions. There was barely space to slide into the room between the cot crowded against one wall and the dresser against the other. The metal clothes closet stood outside the door in the hallway, like a fat man thwarted by a narrow gate. The Shoe congested further when I saw the chance to swap its spindly desk for a huge, handsomely-shelved one down the hall. With the biggest accomplice I could recruit, I emptied The Shoe, dismantled the desk, wedged it into the room and across the far wall, and reassembled it to bulk there like an oak galleon in a bottle. Rooming alone, I levered my grades up and my reading rocketed: Dinesen murmured in after Faulkner, Turgenev tipped hats with Wilder.

negative
imaginative
about it
was

The great river of my childhood flowed in the sky. The valley's own dab of stream only nosed and dithered along the flanks of the mountains, like a puppy shadowing its mother. Beyond the Big Belts and across a second valley from ours lay the Missouri, but so new and narrow from its headwaters that it too lacked the proportion

Doig/85

shoulders. Brothers indeed, Taylor and Bob, in desperation as well as in skin, the one daydreaming of New York and second fame, the other fumbling for his next bottle of whiskey.

Rose Gordon lived apart from her brothers, in both place and behavior. She was the one in the family who had chosen to be jolly toward the white faces all around, and a time or two a week she came along Main Street with her constant greeting, How do you do? And how are you today? Rose had faith in words and manners. The death of any old-timer would bring out her pen, and a long letter ^{to the editor} extolling the departed. She was especially fond of two groups in the valley's history, the Scots who had homesteaded in the Basin and the Indians who had worn away before the tide of settlement.

Her passion for the Indians, fellow sufferers for the dusk of their skin, was understandable enough. They were the first ladies of this land, she would say of the Indian women she had seen when she was a girl, and the saying of it announced that Rose Gordon knew ladyship from personal

But the transplanted Scots, my father's family

I am told now that I was something of a mechanical man, typing
up course notes until they became private, ^{hand}crafted texts all my own,
and concentrating where it counted most--the journalism courses, history--
and running a second education in random books alongside the coursework.

I was not humorless, but not much more than wry. College was a job

^{recognized that}
I ~~knew~~ I could do well, and I ticked away ~~through~~ its tasks.

mumbled Russian verb declensions ~~and~~ as Archie chorused Dishes
comin' through, Ivory!

I said little of my background, or of Dad and Grandma; I was in another
^{land} country now, and the earlier one ~~seemed~~ separate.

I was of two minds

In my first two days, I was asked a dozen times whether I was an
army veteran belatedly ~~arriving~~ starting an education.

By now I have seen real cathedrals, and none of them hold the ~~holy~~
force that OO library did then. It was the most elegant building
I had ever seen. The campus legend was that Frank Lloyd Wright once
had been driven past, and remarked that it looked like a pig ~~was~~ lying
on its back.

But the Rainbow never became the danger to us that it could have. Dad did not become one of its night-after-night drinkers; he must have seen the risk clearly enough to back off in time. Every third or fourth trip to town, he might end up there and we would be in for a late stay, but most of the time the routine which carried us through the other saloons and all their attractions was enough for him.

Through those first hard-edged months after my mother's death, then, our life began to steady out this way in the valley. I coasted through school and spent my real learning time on barstools. I liked Dad's notion of treating me as though I already was grown and raised, only wishing that it would lengthen me up beyond the height of everybody's elbows. Dad's grief was easing up, and he seemed sound enough again to drop the scab-hilled ranch and take on a better one. But one more time, something turned his life, our life: a new woman stepped inside the outline where my mother had been.

ly now I have seen real cathedrals, and none of them hold the tiny force that OO library did then. It was the most elegant building I had ever seen. The campus legend was that Frank Lloyd Wright once had been driven past, and remarked that it looked like a pig snout lying on its back.

The Rotarian gave me what I had thought I wanted: the chance to do
Manuscripts
everything connected with a magazine. Magazines poured across for editing,
assignments made to writers, illustrations approved--and

FROM THE SAGE CIRCUIT TO WHISKEY FIELD IN

ONE DESPERATE BOYHOOD

The Whiskey Field was a small, empty, silent

behind me, I was desperately at the ball. It

moreover into center field, my fifth looping fly ball

in a row.

The area around home plate filled with spectators

language--mine!

I stamp towards second base, my 32-ounce bat

dangling a grim trail on the infield grass, standing

over the bag, I see myself. Toss a ball in the air.

Being -- and I want by the second hem of Linda's pants!

Ivan Doig
15004 Linden Ave. N.
Seattle, Washington 98133
phone 206-364-9408

FROM THE SAGE CIRCUIT TO WRIGLEY FIELD IN
ONE DESPERATE BOYHOOD

^{stands of}
The Wrigley Field ~~grandstand~~¹ ominously silent
behind me, I swing desperately at the ball. It
mortars into center field, my fifth looping fly ball
in a row.

~~The area around home plate fills with memorable
language. Mine.~~

more precise → I stomp towards second base, my 32-ounce bat
more precise ^{at} dragging a grim trail on the infield grass, ^{across pitcher's mound} ~~Standing~~
~~over~~ the bag, I set ^{stance} myself. Toss a ball in the air.
Swing -- and I swear by the sacred hem of Ernie Banks'

I had met the woman I wanted to marry. Rather, re-met her: she was

FOREST AND RANGE, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Carol, one of the staff at the summer sessions I had worked in

Transient little chips of history spread from the
saw cut, and accumulated on the snow before each
kneeling hiker. We sensed that these two piles of
newborn were something more than wood: that they were
the interrupted fragments of a century; that our saw
was slicing its way, stroke by stroke, decade by
decade, into the chronology of a lifetime, written
in concentric annual rings of good oak.

--Aida Leopold, A Sand County Almanac

Chips of history, and the give-and-take strokes of
 those who make them: they accumulate into a record we can
 read as the recent past of Pacific Northwest's timberland
 and grassland, and the federal research centered on them.
 But the accumulation goes on even as we slice up what is
 already there; already the PNW Station is halfway through
 the decade that opened with the environmental push of 1970.
 A new Director presided over most of this half-decade.
 Robert E. Buckman, a silviculturist with a research back-
 ground earned in the conifer forests of the Northern
 Rockies and the region of the upper Great Lakes, came into
 the Portland job when Philip Bridgled retired on May 31,
 1971. Buckman had been serving as assistant to the Deputy

FOREST AND RANGE, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Fragrant little chips of history spewed from the saw cut, and accumulated on the snow before each kneeling sawyer. We sensed that these two piles of sawdust were something more than wood: that they were the integrated transect of a century; that our saw was biting its way, stroke by stroke, decade by decade, into the chronology of a lifetime, written in concentric annual rings of good oak.

--Aldo Leopold, A Sand County Almanac

Chips of history, and the give-and-take strokes of those who make them; they accumulate into a record we can read as the recent past of Pacific Northwest's timberland and grassland, and the federal research centered on them. But the accumulation goes on even as we size up what is already there; already the PNW Station is halfway through the decade that opened with the environmental push of 1970.

A new Director presided over most of this half-decade. Robert E. Buckman, a silviculturist with a research background earned in the conifer forests of the Northern Rockies and the region of the upper Great Lakes, came into the Portland job when Philip Briegleb retired on May 31, 1971. Buckman had been serving as assistant to the Deputy

Northwestern was an Olympus of fraternities and sororities: the ^{wood-patched} houses with Greek markings proffered themselves row upon row along ^{the} ~~Sheridan~~ ^{New} Road, ^{part. campus} The Latham residents were like a rebel tribe grinning madly at the edge of the plantation. ~~House~~ Our Homecoming tradition was to hold a one-minute house meeting on the motion: to hell with Homecoming. It passed with tumult but no debate until the year someone suggested we rent a theater marquee to say it. No theatre would cooperate, and we swathed the front of the house in toilet paper instead. In my sophomore year I presided over intra-mural teams of such inept ferocity--a brawl with the team from the Episcopal ^{in 1st basketball game} seminary; in ~~basketball~~, wholesale evictions--that we began to make forfeit a style, sometimes sending one or another of us in street clothes to present himself to the other team, other times not showing up at all and then insisting by note the other team had been at the wrong place at the wrong time and we were claiming the game. Votapek came in from his piano practice, walked straight to the ancient upright at the back of the house and tinkled out the first two bars of Nola. Benjamin held stage in the front hall. He did his impersonation of Wrigley Field--arms arced wide, eyes bulging in fullness, ~~mouth~~ ^{out} of his mouth the ^{hkh} Hwaaa sound like a crowd heard far away. The same again, this time in silence: his impression of an ^{liked to stand} open date. Zimmerman ~~stood~~ on the radiator, hands in his pockets, thinking through ~~his~~ his philosophy texts.

cut from
needed

fringe
impulsiveness

Forfeit caught
our interest, &

harangues

non-play

Grandma, and I herded the sheep on rented reservation land about ten miles from Browning, Montana. We lived in a battered trailer, which we moved every few days with our battered Jeep to follow the grazing sheep. The long ridges and coulees are endless there, and it took no effort at all for me to imagine a nearby hillside as the left field bleachers in ^{W Field} ~~Yankee Stadium~~.

The more important change was two new team members. A band of sheep without sheepdogs is like a doubleheader without umpires. So, soon after we had moved north to the new ranch, we obtained two pups, brothers, wobbly little concoctions of collie, shepherd dog, and whatnot. In a frenzy of imagination, we dubbed them Spot and Tip. (We were pretty straightforward about naming dogs back then. A reddish mutt with a sort of Irish face was called Mike, I recall. My uncle's grumpy cowdog was aptly referred to as Growler. ~~And when I was a tot and my family got a month-old German Shepherd to grow up with me, he was named Pup.~~)

My grandmother always was a softy for any manner of dog, and as Spot and Tip grew up, they learned not only how to work with sheep, but how to shake hands,

No two rooms in these ramshackle warrens had much in common except the residents their age and mood, and the principle seemed to fix itself onto ~~roommates~~ as well. The forty or so of us living in Latham brought a mesh of tensions inside the walls with us. Intense family hopes goaded at some, perhaps as the first ever to have ^{made it to} ~~qualified~~ for college, or the one to ^{stand in} ~~substitute~~ for a dead brother or a lost father, or to bear the lineage out of one ghetto or another. Many were majoring in music, or speech or drama; the fevers of performance already were cooking in them. Almost all were under the necessity of a high grade average, to keep scholarship funds flowing. All this gave the house a charged, ~~crackling~~ ~~crackly~~ atmosphere, ~~in which~~ ~~it was almost standard that roommates would fall into months of feud, or simply wing past each other~~

~~crackled~~ ~~currented itself~~ out at the rest of the campus as derision.

~~the wrong place at the wrong time.~~ ^{the university fielded a} When ~~Northwestern's~~ team in ~~xxxxxx~~ a television game show called College Quiz Bowl, ^{and lost,} it was Latham House that hung the coach-- the Dean of Students--in effigy at the campus's busiest corner, ^{and called phoned} the Chicago Tribune for coverage.

^{houses} the Greeks worked on elaborate floats for the Homecoming parade, our own tradition was to hold a ten-second house meeting on the motion: to hell with Homecoming. It passed with tumult and no debate until the year someone ^{put it up on} suggested we ~~rent~~ a theater marquee. No theatre would rent to us, and we ^{invited} swathed the front of the house in toilet paper. ~~instead.~~ It was another ^{Latham} standing policy to ^{scorn all} ~~participate in~~ no campus activity ^{ies} except intra-mural sports, and in my sophomore year we fielded teams of such ferocious hopelessness-- in tag football, a brawl with the team from the Episcopal seminary; in the first basketball game, wholesale evictions--^{we began to work on} ~~that~~ styles of forfeit, ~~ought~~ ~~our interest~~. Sometimes one or another of us would go in street clothes to present himself to the other team, other times we would not show up at all but insist to the intra-mural office that the other team had been at the wrong place at the wrong time. By the end of the year, the Latham intra-mural program had perfected itself out of existence.

A chunk of

up

up

scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing.
Ready for the Big Day: Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandannas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new country. The Wildest Bunch in W.S.S.-- seven of them from Ringling and the Basin are ganged along the side of a car, handrolled cigarettes angling out of the men's mouths, my mother and her cousin small prim fluffs in the dark cloudbank of cowboy hats. Angus, in showy riveted chaps, slips an arm around the cousin. Dad looks squarely as ever into the camera from where he has tucked down on the running

such excellent participation by all
possible to do this because there was
everywhere we possibly could....It was
Our feeling was to go anywhere and
representatives of the timber industry.
the park....I debated in public with
so I found a lot of fishermen were FOR
But fishing is permitted in the parks,
Angus sits the saddle deep
and solid, the loose ready loops of his lariat held by a pommel
strap. Dad straddles snug behind him, and as they both turn
toward my mother's camera, all the lines of their bodies repeat

Doig/42

others after that, whenever he was unfractured and in the
saddle. Still putting a hand to the Basin homestead every so
often with a couple of the other brothers, as if they couldn't
quite let the sage hills take back that grudging patch of ranch

had much in common ^{their} except ^{long} age & ^{mood} mood,
No two rooms in these warrens were quite alike, and the principle seemed
to carry over into roommates. The forty or so of us ^{living there} ~~came together~~ ^{but in a} mesh
of tensions: of fulfilling family hopes, of making the grades needed for
a scholarship, of fending in a strange new region. A majority were majoring
in music, or in speech or drama; the 00 of performance already were coursing
in them. It gave the house a charged atmosphere. It was almost expected
that roommates would ~~fall~~ fall into months of feud, or simply wing past
each other. In my sophomore year, Zimmerman and I mumbled civilly to one
another a few times a week, the rest of the time shared a comfortable
obliviousness.

The chasm made the house into facing-but-distinct warrens
of dim hallways, angled walls, ramshackle rooms. No two rooms were quite
alike, and in the welter were a few leftover chunks of space which had been
made into single rooms. Although the house personnel seemed scarcely to
change, seniority came fast, and in my junior year, I could claim the tiny
top-floor room called The Shoe, for its shoebox dimensions.

There was
no room for
diablog

of marriage were the quiet, wandering ones they spent herding sheep in the mountains. Other seasons, Dad hired on and moved on as he had always done. Old age and the Depression were dislodging his mother from the Basin homestead she had come to so doubtfully forty years before; its eventual sale for a few dollars an acre closed the circle back to the landlessness the Doigs started off with. By then, Dad had found his way around that lack of footing. Notching up from the jobs as foreman, now he ran other men's ranches on shares, all the responsibilities and decisions his, and the profits divided between him and the owner.

By the time I was born in 1939, he was managing a cattle ranch owned by Jap Stewart's brother, beneath the south slope of Grassy Mountain. The years there made steady money, but my mother's asthma was clenching worse and worse. The final winter of World War Two, the three of us went to Arizona to try the climate there. It may have been that my parents would have moved there for good, once the war was over and they could have talked themselves into a new direction of life. But they had arranged to run sheep on shares the next summer, and so we came back and rode the high trail into the Bridger Mountains, one to her last hard breaths ever and the other two of us to the iron time after her death.

Dad and I had for ourselves, by the end of autumn in 1945, the stunted ranch which he had agreed to manage on shares, the improvement in mood earned by his keeping busy and my new tolerating of school, and a routine. Without the last,

College life is ~~acrossed~~ tribalism of a kind, and what it was like to live at Latham House in those four years came back to me when I read something of the aborigines of Australia's eastern seaboard. ~~When~~ The first white voyagers there noticed that the aborigines glanced out at beating in On the great-sailed ship, gave scarcely a blink, and went with whatever they were doing. So vast was the apparition, apparently, that the tribal people assumed it was an ~~image~~ apparition from the unknown, out of what they called "the dreaming," and so too strange ~~to~~ for any effort of comprehension.

hellforsaken ranch . . . I got places I can go, Charlie . . .
Places, Charlie! . . . Charlie . . . Charlie . . .

And I can see my father, the jut coming to his jaw as
 it always did when he was ready for argument. Damn it, woman,
d'ye think we can walk away from a herd of cattle? We got
to stay until the calves are shipped. You knew what you were
getting into . . . And always at the last, as he would rush
 from the house out to another of the ranch's endless chores:
Will ye forget it? Just forget it?

But nothing was forgotten, by either of them. They both
 had the habit of storing things up against one another. The
time that you . . . I told you then . . . There was a calendar
 of combat, and either one would refer as far back as could
 be remembered.

If they had fought all the time, the marriage might have
 snapped apart quickly and neither would have been severely hurt.
 But they bickered in quick seasons. Weeks, maybe a month,
 would pass in calm. Saturday nights, we went to dances in the
 little town of Ringling. Dad and Ruth whirled there by the
 hour; often my Uncle Angus called the square dances, and I
 saw Dad in a circle of flying dancers while a voice so close
 to his cried: Promenade all! Sometime after midnight, I
 would stretch on a bench with a coat over me and go to sleep.
 I would wake up leaning against Ruth's shoulder as the pickup
 growled down the low hill to the ranch buildings. The low

For my father had begun to die.

PART 7

His death took seven slow years.

befuddled
us all.
Not pain,
No const
drowning

~~a~~ ^{more,} ~~one~~ story, ~~one~~ ~~sage~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~memory,~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~not~~ ~~told~~

~~it~~ from my father
~~As a boy,~~ I heard my father's favorite story a hundred times,

and never enough:

It was along about 1934. Your mother and I were herdin' sheep at the old D.L. place. Jobs was scarce in those days. You had to take anything you could get. Well, a damned bear got to comin' in to the ranch there, killin' sheep. Boy, he'd kill 'em right and left. He'd always wait ^{till} ~~until~~ after the moon went down, till it got good and dark. All the neighbors, there'd be some of 'em there pretty near every night with me, to try get that bear, but we never could.

~~Your Uncle Paul,~~
~~Her eldest boy~~ ^a ~~and here at my grandmother~~ he came

down there. The two of us was gonna spend the night in a old log barn there, ^{and we} ~~was~~ ^{were} gonna get old mister bear for sure. ^{the} ~~the~~ loft end of it was open, This bear'd just kill his sheep and leave 'em lay, that's the way a bear does. They don't like fresh meat, they like it after it gets spoiled. So we got one of the first sheep he'd killed, up on the hill, and drug it down there, to lure him down there under that loft. We both swore we never slept a wink, but that night ^{that} ~~the~~ bear ate the whole sheep within 30 feet of us, and we never knew it.

We went on not havin' any luck that way. Generally all we'd see would be ^{the bear's} ~~his~~ eyes as he'd take off out of there in the dark.

This one evening, Berneta and me and the neighbor, Mrs. Christison, were sittin' there in the ~~kitchen~~ front room of the house. It had big windows, and the house sat up on a knoll, we could see down to where the sheep was bedded in just below. We didn't corral 'em, we didn't dare; that bear'd get into 'em and pile 'em up, and kill half of 'em at once. So I heard the sheep bells aringin' and I looked out the window, and here comes the whole band, right towards the house. That bear was after 'em. ⁹ I grabbed the rifle -- didn't have a very good rifle, either, just an old broken-down one I had loaded and sittin' there -- and went back through the dining room through the kitchen and sneaked out the back door. I got ^{out} ~~behind~~ the bunkhouse. ~~there~~ Then there's a creek there with heavy willows, I was gonna get on the edge of them and sneak around behind the bear. I thought I'd sure fix that boy this time.

I got about halfway to the brush and I looked up and here he had a sheep cut out right against the house wall. There's a pole fence come up and nailed right onto the corner of the house, and ~~that sheep was tryin' to dodge to get away from, and he was trying~~

this sheep
to catch ~~her~~ there. The radio was agoin', and Berneta and Mrs.

Christison were standin' there in the window just like that, watchin'.

I cut down on him with that old rifle, and he went WOOF. I don't know if I hit him or not, but I changed his mind anyhow.

Well, he either had to come toward me or go right back through the middle of the sheep, so here he comes toward me. He got, oh, about sixty feet from me, and he was gonna ~~be~~ ^{head} around the edge of the sheep then. I cut down on him again, and I know I hit him that time.

He let another WOOF out of him, and he was mad now. Here he comes. He had his ~~old~~ head turned sidewise. I could have counted his teeth there in the moonlight.

I never give it a thought to run. Anyhow, he got up, oh, pretty close, I'd say about here to that window, six feet or so. I was tryin' to shoot him between the eyes. He had his head ~~and~~ turned a little bit, and I got him right -- you know ^{the way} a bear's head is, his ears are up towards the top of his head -- I got him right the side of the ear there. It went down through his neck and all the way into his lungs. ~~That took the WOOF out of him.~~

That took the WOOF out of him. Set him back on his haunches,

and he made a pass at me, and I ducked him as he come around or he 'd of ripped me in four pieces. Just as he went by I jammed the gun again his ribs, right behind his shoulder there, and pulled her off. WOOF, he says, and away he went.

That took the fight out of him. He had to go about 30 feet there till he hit a brand-new four-wire fence with cedar posts. He tore out about a hundred yards of that fence when he hit it.

He went across the creek into the brush, and boy, he was cuttin' up in there, groanin' and growlin' and tearin' up the brush. I looked up and here's Mrs. Christison and Berneta, standing right on the bank above me. They'd been there all the time while I was shootin' at him. And one of 'em had a lantern. I don't know what they were gonna do with that lantern.

Mrs. Christison had this other old gun that was in the house. She says, "you got any shells left?" I says, "yeah, I got some in my pocket" -- that'd been the last shell I had in the gun when I put it again him there.

"Well," she says, Mrs. Christison says, "let's go in and get him."
"You can go in and get him," I says, "I've had enough of him."

So we waited a little bit. It was all quieted down in there,

and I knew he's either dead or gone. So we went down the creek a

little ways, there's a bridge there, and come up where the brush wasn't

so thick. [#] He was layin' there in a heap of brush, dead.

I didn't get scared; ^{during it} never gave ~~me~~ a thought to run when that

bear was comin' at me. ^{But} I shook all night afterwards, after it was

all over.

A hundred times told, and always that last lilt of wonder ^{in his voice}

that he could ^{have been} ~~be~~ both hunter and hunted.

to be said. Yet the doctors were finding nothing alarming, he had more than enough reason for mild lung discomforts from the breakage in those horseback accidents of his...and years of smoking.

In the spring of 1965, a few days before Carol and I were to be married in Evanston, my father and grandmother once again stepped down from a train--and I stared in alarm not at him but at her, pale, wobbly and smiling grimly. I discovered she had had pneumonia--Wouldn't let me tell you about it, said she was coming to your wedding irregardless, Dad explained unnecessarily--and been told by her doctor not to make the trip. She gave this report her pursed look and said: Well, I'm here, ain't I? I'll get along okay. And inevitably she did, recuperating almost minute by minute as was her custom, proving herself right to have come and drawn on the pleasure and excitement of it all. Against the wan look she had brought with her, Dad of course had strengthened--nervously watchful over her, and at the same time beguiled by the happy flow of wedding dinner and ceremony and reception. There was a special exuberance among us that a lifelong friend of Carol's family, a stroke victim in a wheelchair, had been able to come and share in it all. His voiceless courage, I think now, rang through those days, and added to the thankfulness of the time. He's never gave up, Dad said in admiration. No, he hadn't, I answered vacantly, my mind playing across a hundred things besides a man's capacity against affliction.

Went to see Dad yesterday. Was rather dissapointed to see him not feeling better then he was. Ivan I'm pretty worried about him. He doesnt have much strength. When he walks to the bath room and back he's just about all in. And now he's loosing his appatite says he just cant eat. The dr hadn't seen him since wednesday. But likely got to see him last nite any way I hope so as that worried him too. The nurses gives him an IV every nite. Which seems to help him. He got your card all right and enjoyed gitting it.

I'm going over again tomorrow to see him on the buss.

Ivan thanks for the money. We have plenty to go ~~xxx~~ on with. What I mean we're not short. I called up Foster the other day to see if he would change the door for me but he said he was to busy. I ask him what he charged and he said \$4.50 an hour. We'd better just keep the old door. I think we'll get Mrs Gratz to paper the cieling for us. She charges a dollar and a half an hour. And she's a good hand at it. Well dear ones guess this is going to be all for this time. Glad Carol that your folks are enjoying them selves in Florida. So heres hoping you are both fine so Bye with lots of love and kisses Your loveing grandma

were strangers in the saloon, or one of Dad's friends had pressed
a dime into my hand and steered me off to play a tune while he
said something I shouldn't hear. Months on end, I spent the bonus
dime every time ^{on} ~~to play~~ Good Night, Irene. The record would slide
out of hiding and flip into place, I would press my nose against
the jukebox glass to see the needle hit, and then I would feel
the sound strum out: Sometimes I live in the coundree, sometimes
I live in town... A lot of times, men would turn sideways along
the bar to listen ^{as} ~~to~~ the sad chorus ^{went on a} ~~Some~~ Sometimes I take a great
notion, to jump into the river and drown...

For once, in all the years, I knew the exact words to say: I always

wanted for Dad to visit Scotland, to go back where his folks came from.

He never could because of his health. Now you can take his trip for him.

--Captain Meriwether Lewis,

February 4, 1806, describing

the Sitka spruce

The storm track in from the Pacific on collision

course first with the Olympic Mountains and the Coast

Range, and then with the longer jut of the Cascade Range

north to south through the states of Washington and Oregon.

We can't say for sure what at least one writer has

alleged: "The first thing reported about the Northwest

Coast was rain." But anyone familiar with the downsides which

this rumpled corner of the country undergoes in a cycle

of the seasons might agree that rainfall should have been

high in the reports of the earliest European mariners who

cruised this coast. We do know with more precision how

impressed the explorers were with the vast growth fed by

this damp North Pacific weather -- the dark-green forests

of the coast, according to Lewis and Clark

THE LAND, THE TREES

...a species which grows to immense size; very commonly 27 feet in the girth, six feet above the surface of the earth, and in several instances we have found them as much as 36 feet in the girth... they frequently rise to a height of 230 feet, and one hundred and twenty or 30 of that height without a limb...

--Captain Meriwether Lewis,
February 4, 1806, describing
the Sitka spruce

The storms track in from the Pacific on collision course first with the Olympic Mountains and the Coast Range^s, and then with the longer jut of the Cascade Range north to south through the states of Washington and Oregon. We can't say for sure what at least one writer has alleged: "The first thing reported about the Northwest Coast was rain." But anyone familiar with the dousing which this rumpled corner of the country undergoes in a cycle of the seasons might agree that rainfall should have been high in the reports of the earliest European mariners who cruised this coast. We do know with more precision how impressed the explorers were with the vast growth fed by this damp North Pacific weather -- the dark-green forests

1/ Plural, according to Housen. RMR

was through with cigarettes.
he had quit smoking. His nerves jumped, he looked thin, but his appetite was improving and he hoped to go back to work.

in November,
I saw him next at Thanksgiving, when he and Grandma came to spend the weeks from Thanksgiving through New Year's with me--and to meet Carol. Dad had to take the stairs to my apartment a landing at a time, but otherwise seemed spry. Quickly he and Grandma took over the walking chores of grocery shopping and doing the laundry. They met my friends. Dad was in near-awe of Professor Baldwin. The Baldwins invited us for Christmas dinner, and it was a rich moment for me to watch in one room this group--Ben and Jeanne Baldwin and their bright children, Dad, Grandma, Carol--who held for me every facet I prized in life.

~~In the spring, when Carol and I were to be married in Evanston, they arrived again from Montana--and my attention went to Grandma, pale, wobbly, I discovered smiling grimly. She had had pneumonia--wouldn't let me tell you about it, said she was coming to your wedding irregardless, Dad said unnecessarily. As was her custom, she recuperated almost minute by minute, and in the because Carol and I were each an only child, festival of marrying--I think now there was somehow a sense that this was the one last time this festival of all families and friends could gather--there was an exuberance which overrode all else. Also, a friend of Carol's sight family, a stroke victim in a wheelchair, had come, and the bright courage of him enduring his voiceless entrapment with such bright courage made anything less seem entirely without consequence.~~

In the autumn came our trip to Montana, Carol's first, and again there seemed little wrong with Dad. I found he had done some work on the Ringling house--the planked boardwalk around back to the woodhouse and the outhouse--probably with the thought of Carol's visit impending. And in high spirits about this new daughter-in-law, he seemed more joyous than I had ever seen him.

where the railroad snaked through, was a youngster's worst dream. All day, for one square meal, the privilege of an apple at bedtime, and a few dollars a week which he had to pass along to his mother, Dad did a man's share of ranch work; then mornings and evenings, he slogged through the chores of chicken-feeding and hog-slopping and kindling-splitting which a country child grows up hating.

It got worse. The soldier son was put on a ship to France, and now every day Dad was sent off on the mile and a half trudge down the railroad track to the Sixteen post office, to fetch a newspaper so the fretful parents could read through the list of battle casualties. One footsore trip after another, Dad cursed to the crossties that he hoped to hell the so-and-so would be on the casualty list today so this everlasting walking could stop.

But the soldier son survived, and it was Dad who nearly died in that last year of World War One. It was like him to call down bad luck on somebody else, then go through worse himself. In the early winter of 1918, he had set out on a day of deer hunting with a cousin, one of D.L.'s strapping sons. Both came down with pneumonia. For weeks they lay delirious in the ranch houses their fathers had built a mile apart. On the first night of December, Dad's fever broke, and the cousin died.

Those two had started out even when they put their first

In March, 1972, a little less than a year after Dad's death, she suffered a heart attack. I flew to Montana to do the cooking and housework ^{her} for the first week out of the hospital. To keep her busy but seated, I took along the index cards for the book Carol and I had just completed. She ~~alphabetized~~ ^{sorted} cards by the hour for me, but just so far. After a word's first two letters, she would simply say: I don't just see how this goes. ^{alphabetize} to ~~order~~ Caldwell-Caen-Candy into Caen-Caldwell-Canby was beyond her.

Went
Poland
I'm
2012
to
made
you

castie had to be placed around, and my pretend games simply

brought up in January 1971, he has learned how to reach the hearts of the great mass of voters. He does not bother about reaching their heads. It is his belief that arguments and campaign literature have never gained votes.

He seeks direct contact with the people, does them good turns when he can, and relies on their not forgetting him on election day. His heart is always in his work, too, for his subsequent depends on its results.

If he holds his district and Tammany is in power, he is amply rewarded by a good office and the opportunities that go with it. When these opportunities are lost, shown by the quick rise to wealth of so many Tammany district leaders. With the examples before him of Richard Croker, once leader of the Twentieth District; John F. Carroll, formerly leader of the Twenty-ninth; Timothy ("Davy" Dolan") Sullivan, late leader of the Sixth, and many others, he can always look forward to riches and ease while he is going through the drudgery of his daily routine.

This is a record of a day's work by Flunkin.

7 A.M.: Arouse from sleep by the ringing of his door-bell; went to the door and found a policeman, who asked him to go to the police station and tell out a policeman who had been arrested for violating the election law. Returned ball and returned to bed at about 7:30.

8 A.M.: Answered by the ringing of his door-bell. Handed to the scene of the first meeting to the corner of the Tammany district leaders, to give substance to

the Tammany District Leader

NOTE: This chapter is based on reports from Flunkin's Diary, and on my daily observation of the work of the district leader—W.E.A.

The life of the Tammany district leader is strenuous. To his work is due the wonderful representative power of the organization.

One year it goes down in defeat and the prediction is made that it will never again raise its head. The district leader, undaunted by defeat, collects his scattered forces, organizes them as only Tammany knows how to organize, and in a little while the organization is as strong as ever.

No other politician in New York or elsewhere is exactly like the Tammany district leader as regards his day-to-day life. As a rule, he has no business on occasion other than politics. He plays politics every day and night in the year, and his headquarters is the investigation. "Never closed."

Everybody in the district knows him. Everybody knows where to find him, and nearly everybody goes to him for assistance of one sort or another, especially the poor of the neighborhood.

He is always obliging. He will go to the police court

Strenuous Life of the Tammany District Leader

NOTE: This chapter is based on extracts from Plunkitt's *Diary* and on my daily observation of the work of the district leader.—W.L.R.

THE life of the Tammany district leader is strenuous. To his work is due the wonderful recuperative power of the organization.

One year it goes down in defeat and the prediction is made that it will never again raise its head. The district leader, undaunted by defeat, collects his scattered forces, organizes them as only Tammany knows how to organize, and in a little while the organization is as strong as ever.

No other politician in New York or elsewhere is exactly like the Tammany district leader or works as he does. As a rule, he has no business or occupation other than politics. He plays politics every day and night in the year, and his headquarters bears the inscription, "Never closed."

Everybody in the district knows him. Everybody knows where to find him, and nearly everybody goes to him for assistance of one sort or another, especially the poor of the tenements.

He is always obliging. He will go to the police courts

Strenuous Life of the Tammany District Leader

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to put in a good word for the "drunks and disorderlies" or pay their fines, if a good word is not effective. He will attend christenings, weddings, and funerals. He will feed the hungry and help bury the dead.

A philanthropist? Not at all. He is playing politics all the time.

Brought up in Tammany Hall, he has learned how to reach the hearts of the great mass of voters. He does not bother about reaching their heads. It is his belief that arguments and campaign literature have never gained votes.

He seeks direct contact with the people, does them good turns when he can, and relies on their not forgetting him on election day. His heart is always in his work, too, for his subsistence depends on its results.

If he holds his district and Tammany is in power, he is amply rewarded by a good office and the opportunities that go with it. What these opportunities are has been shown by the quick rise to wealth of so many Tammany district leaders. With the examples before him of Richard Croker, once leader of the Twentieth District; John F. Carroll, formerly leader of the Twenty-ninth; Timothy ("Dry Dollar") Sullivan, late leader of the Sixth, and many others, he can always look forward to riches and ease while he is going through the drudgery of his daily routine.

This is a record of a day's work by Plunkitt:

2 A.M.: Aroused from sleep by the ringing of his doorbell; went to the door and found a bartender, who asked him to go to the police station and bail out a saloon-keeper who had been arrested for violating the excise law. Furnished bail and returned to bed at three o'clock.

6 A.M.: Awakened by fire engines passing his house. Hastened to the scene of the fire, according to the custom of the Tammany district leaders, to give assistance to

He was everlastingly weak now, could scarcely have put breath on a

mirror. To put it simplest, he was suffocating--drowning in mere air

whenever he was away from the pure oxygen of the metal bottle.

Chief for Research in the national office at Washington, D. C. He was prompt to proclaim the new complexities of federal forestry: "The problems of forestry today concern not so much the lack of knowledge about single uses and single commodities; they concern not fully understanding the interrelationships of multiple uses -- water and recreation or timber, wildlife, and livestock."

A reorganization of research began under Buckman. In 1971, four projects at Fairbanks, Alaska, were melded into a single interdisciplinary team -- entomology, botany, silviculture, and forest management all represented on the study of the forest ecology of the Alaskan interior. Since then, many of the Station's scientific projects have been retooled into research work units which combine several areas of expertise (for the current roster of research, see page 00).

The experimental areas the Station had drawn on for decades also began to show new approaches. In late 1974, the handsome set of headlands and estuaries midway along the Oregon coast which had been the Cascade Head Experimental Forest became the country's first scenic-research area. Even before that, in 1972, an inventory of the federal government's research natural areas in Oregon and Washington -- there are about 60 of them, under various agencies; the Station administers 29 -- had been published.

Alaska was given larger research emphasis. The global scramble for natural resources has coincided with

pull them out
apart

during
thruout

Watching a father die is seeing the past and the future move.
Dad died ^{across} for seven years, the emphysema killing him slowly and steadily.
He changed from the father I had known to a shell of walking death --
or rather, a shell so frailly near to death that he lacked the breath
to walk. His face hollowed away. The backs of his hands became
ridges of bone and vein. He lived not by day and night, but by moments
at the oxygen tank. He caught pneumonia so many times we lost count.
Weeks in the hospital would clear up his lungs and steady his shallow
breathing. He might spend a month, two months, at home and then
pneumonia ^{again,} and the hospital ^{one more time} again.

He hated the labor of breathing, the constant hint of drowning.

We knew only that breath was coming harder and harder for him. A dozen paces uphill, and he would stop to make the harsh blowing ^{purfs} breaths through his mouth.

was coming harder and harder for him. A
 ould stop to make the harsh blowing ^{purks} breathe

I became a memo guerrilla, arguing policy detail ~~large~~ when in ~~con.~~ arguing policy

And myself staring at go b. next office as I prison visitors. I put up posters & walked & see who was happy; what did we a long snips match of memo.

We worked in the campaign against Goldwater; Lyndon Johnson was spoken of as the lesser weevil in our household. J

We were so much alike it startled both of us.

I dated the publisher's college-age daughter twice, looked at the perplexities of that, and backed off.

Leaving Chicago--rock on windshield--Carol thought shot--Same to you, Chicago.

The Rotarian gave me what I wanted: the chance to do everything on a magazine.

Which 1 of us said it, the other said it may have been both;

One or the other--or both--said: what are we doing here?

+ when

I agreed with the drop-outs, but thought they splashed too much.

Two sets of lives now, half a continent apart, and a world between. C and I sent the bylined articles we wrote, G'ma jumbling them into a scrapbook, Dad thrusting them onto all visitors.

Writing tricks at TR; free-lancing at same time. No one edited me; my style galloped.

perfected itself out of existence

habemus papam

. caging flatness, barred a corn field

[fano was - farms; it was man/cure done by a tractor seat]

. prance 7 words

I was proving 26 + CD's son than I was how guessed!

Baseball was not even something we played at school. Softball was our game, I think because girls and teachers often filled out our skimpy teams, ~~and that ilk doesn't share a boy's passion for a genuine major league hardball.~~

No, baseball was descriptions in the familiar voices of Al and Art. The Yankees won year after year and the National League waged its annual free-for-all because Al and Art told us how it happened. "Bottom half of the ninth inning. Cleveland needs two runs to tie the Yankees, three to win. Doby, Rosen, and Luke Easter are the batters. Don't go away."

Don't go away! Al, would I go away from the greatest drama ever to play between a boy's ears? Art, I thrill even to your every digit as you cheerfully report the day's attendance along about the third inning.

Don't go away? Where would I go, anyway? There is nothing outside our trailer but a few thousand sheep and a horizon of tan grassland. The huge battery radio my father and I huddle around from the first pitch until the last roundup of ~~other~~ scores is the only game in the universe.

only game in
town

Any time after dark

Late on a Saturday night in White Sulphur Springs, you could stop every few steps along either side of Main Street and hear somebody kiyi in a saloon. In from the ranches for 50 miles around came the cowboys, the hay hands, ^{anyone & wages to blow in.} Sheepherders who had been alone for months would be drinking themselves crazy to try catch up with the rest of life. Jokes, stories, even songs.

detail: → see who was sitting in lobby of hotel

I roam the town, perhaps as far as hot water well. Or I would try to sleep ^{on the seat} of the pickup, shoving the gearshift up so I'd have room to lie and pulling a coat over me. Dad would tell me where he'd be next, and maybe the bar after that, and if I couldn't sleep, I would get up and track him down again.

At one point, Dad was a close friend of the barber who had a tiny shop next door to the OO -- the first man I can remember with a mustache, a small crisp white one -- and we spent a lot of time in the OO then.

The drinking was beer and beer and beer and beer. At least at my father's elbow, you could stand all night and never see whiskey pass anyone's lips

I know when I was growing up

Across the Sixteen country and other of the sheep ranges, there could be seen cairns about the height of a man. Sheepherders' mounuments, they were called, and ^{what they were} monuments they were, to bordeom. I would bet that most of those cairns were built ^{worked on was} before noon, before lunch could be eaten and the sheep laze to a water hole.

mason
layer
place
best
mason
differs

Once or twice I can remember a two-day rain, which was all the rain we could imagine, and the loss of two noons in a row was befuddling

the hotel lobby, a wide high window had been installed
 from the outer edge of this prow-like jut to take advantage

Doig/76

it, then you could dare the taste of the sulphur spring water.

One of my classmates, Kirkwood, downed the water as if it were lemonade. His grandfather, a nasty-faced character who indeed gave every sign that he might live forever, had convinced Kirkwood that the stuff was an elixir for a person's insides. After Kirkwood had slurped down a cupful, I would reluctantly sip away. What bothered me even worse than the taste was the rancid look of the spring. Sulphur water has a way of layering its minerals into a kind of putty on stones and clay and even the underwater strands of grass, and the spring always was coated with this sickly whitish curd, as if something poisonous had just died in it. And yet, nowhere else had anything like this place, and so the slough and its ugly water drew us.

White Sulphur had other lures I thought must be the only ones of their kind in the world--the giant carcasses of buildings to be poked into. Late in the last century, when the town had figured it might grow, a few grand buildings had been put up, and they had not yet fallen down entirely. Near the sulphur slough stood the remains of the Springs Hotel, a long box of gingerbread-work and verandas which had been built for resort-goers who came to take the waters. I seem to remember that whatever was left of this building was so treacherous none of us would go out on its floor more than a few feet from the

I would shorten up the next five pages actually the next 10 pages seem kind of pointless to me

I try to think myself back into that other boyhood, to feel

Those Basin people had come thousands of miles for their squares

of land, they held them longer than good sense or bank balances

said they should have been able to, and in the end they could

hold on no longer. My own grand. My own grand. My own grand.

but my father's boyhood crooked off at angles almost beyond my

imagining.

For the Basin, the Basin was a mystery. No matter that
the high walls which held them in

the people were only a handful, or that the canyons around them

were weathered granite cliffs instead of brownstone: they were

immigrant, poor, spoke dialect, had endless children, and clutched

together in terror countless to try to make a living. Like any

the Basin mostly
ghosts, it ran on memory and hope rather than current income.

hung at the corners of the settlers' minds,
The backdrop of Scotland was always there, and the notion that
reminding everyone

reminding that the home country could not support them. And

in from those brain corners like birds forced to fly came the

hope that this Montana land

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} ~~in~~

^{The far} ~~that~~ mountain basin, in a large fatherless family, with winter

holding the country five months of a year and bankers in wait

for it the rest of the time. My ~~own~~ growing up had its ^{own} odd skews,

but my father's boyhood crooked off at ^{some} angles almost beyond my
imagining.

^{Fruit of all} ~~For one thing,~~ the ^{fellows,} ^{open to - they} Tierney Basin was a ghetto. No matter that
the high walls which held them in

the people were only a handful, or that ^{any} ~~the~~ canyons around them

were weathered granite cliffs instead of brownstone: ^{those homesteaders} ~~they~~ were

immigrant, poor, spoke dialect, had endless children, and clutched

together in narrow confines to try to make a living. Like any

the Basin ^{mostly} ~~it~~ ran on memory and hope rather than current income.

hung at the corners of the settlers' minds,
The backdrop of Scotland was always there, and the notion that

reminding everyone ^{household} ^{enough} ^{enough} ^{enough}
reminding that the home country could not support them. And

in from those brain corners like birds ^{shooed from a rook-edge} ~~forced to fly~~ came the

hope ³ ~~that~~ this Montana land ~~and~~ ^{was} better all those

Before, death had made hasty swipes at him. This time it fastened onto his chest and rode him day and night. He could breathe only as if he were trying to stave off drowning--the deep, clutching grasps at breath, chest swelling, the air blowing through his lips in his haste to draw more in. His life was ending before his existence, and I watched helplessly as he drained away.

sex attractant, or pheromone, which lures the tussock moth; putting out a synthetic attractant in traps may provide an early-warning system to signal the growing infestation of a forested area.

By the end of 1975 -- a half-century since the wonder-worker of the gooseberry bush dropped by to see what the Station's name meant -- the PNW Forest and Range Experiment Station had a complex family tree of current and past research. Sorting out the lineages might produce some of these conclusions:

--An agency is pushed and pulled by the times. It has to be, or history leaves it drowsing into oblivion. Decade by decade, though never in quite so tidy a time span, the PNW Station has felt the Depression, ^{four} ~~three~~ wars, the growth of environmental concerns, ~~(the energy crunch, inflation)~~ and the burgeoning of science in the nation's everyday life.

--The bloodline of an agency is its people. The decades of research by a Leo Isaac yield not only a body of skills and data, but a model of human capacities. In the eras of the six Directors who have headed the Station can be read, not surprisingly, some guiding notions of each man: Munger's brisk administration, and just as brisk an emphasis on the great Douglas fir species; Wyckoff's delegation of authority amid the many demands of war; Hall the biochemist focusing on methods of better using the forest's wood; Cowlin the economist presiding over the growth of

The rider took one look at the Doig steer and began to realize what he was in for. He tied the saddle every direction he could think of and got on. Before the afternoon was over, the steer had scraped and torn the corduroy pants to tatters, and the rider had to borrow a pair of jeans to go home in.