

Dell Stark diary, June 1, 1940

--drinking a whiskey Coke (?) called a Brown Bomber

-- "Tom Collins"

--June 9: "Janet kept demanding cherries on her Tom C's but Brown was out
and assured her there wasn't a cherry in town--he told(her) the kid (Dell)
had been busy all winter."

The laboring whir of the ceiling fan above the bar in summertime...

a glass that would soothe both your thirst and your worries

Whatever kind of drinker, light or heavy

check Sky

~~drinks~~ teetering off the bar stool every second beer to visit the toilet.

check Sky

There is nothing like watching alcohol change a person before your eyes to learn about shades of character.

check Sky

Buzzing-

Barfly was a cruel term, but right in its image of hovering within smell and touch 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.

Med Lodge as sanctuary:

--it sounds like a (wildlife refuge) or (place for monks), but look it up and...

"You're the best goddamn bartender." OO "The goddamn best. Howie can pour a drink,
~~but you~~ OO one."

but you"--OO knotted up trying to think how to express it--"make it amount to something."

bar material in Sky raw material file folder, Oct. 1 '73 n'bk page in plastic

To step in, you never would have known that the Medicine Lodge hadn't been in business every day of the past few hundred years.

check Sky

from Sky raw material folder, n'bk p. in plastic:

spitoons in all the bars

scratching match on the steering wheel

silver dollars: people didn't like paper dollars

ranchhands chewing snoose

ranchhands went by first name: surprise at settling-up time to learn what the last name was.

"Wouldn't that frost you?"

Keno

Always Bet on the Butcher

punchboards

patron/ patronage/patronize

paying customer

Customers gravitate to the Medicine Lodge because it is something reliable in unsettled time. The Two Medicine country was changing from sheep...

customer who tells jokes, only the punchline of which is ever heard.

"--Mexican weather. Chile today, and hot tamale."

"Can you cache a small Czech? Get it? C*a-c-h-e"

a male preserve but not entirely. (Velma Simms; somebody's wife)

The Medicine Lodge wasn't changeless. Nothing is. But it held a sense of...

Norman comes into the bar?

"I teach."

"Mazoola?"

"Not quite. The University of Chieago."

"Heard of that. Chicago, I mean."

Rusty reads license plates and signals Tom where customers are from. (Tom leads the conversation around to that part of the state.) ("There was a guy in here from OO the other day..." "I'm from OO myself." "No kidding? Then you know all about...")

You could riffle them together like playing cards, and you would come up with...

They found that their abilities had to be riffled together like playing cards...

Tom never hesitated to throw out a pest. Bodily. The first time I saw it happen,
I could hardly believe it.

No Keno, punchboards, etc.

the roughhouse kidding (changed w/ generations, but always went on)

bartender named Howard.

as in "Howie you gonna piss me off next."

wh Space Adieu

OC had

The bars gave me the attention span of a raccoon. Whenever anything more interesting came up, the conversation padded off toward it.

Med Lodge

ice machine makes a fortune from tourists

Tom to missile site sgt:

"Your civvies in the wash, Sarge?"

Velma Simms

--still a looker, though thin as some women get as they age; comes in certain night(s) of the week, has 2 Manhattans.

00 headed for the toilet (walking) like a sailor on a rolling deck.

Whatever kind of drinker, light or heavy...

...a glass that would soothe both your thirst and your worries.

Herb asks Tom how old the Med Lodge is. Tom shrugs. "Way to hell and gone back."
when it dates from

customers who drink until their eyeballs were floating.

Waste They Breath Asking

Moses Forgot One: Thou Shall Not Ask for Credit

the one about credit: thou shall not ask