Tom

when attentive, lines in his forehead as straight and regular as lines in a schoolchild's tablet.

--his forehead crinkled.
raised an eyebrow
angled his head a few degrees more
Eyebrows raised,
arched an eyebrow
commenting with his eyebrows
   His brow worked on that for a while. Finally (he said)...
addressed that w/ his eyebrows
His brow dipped.
Tom

Don't come apart at the seams.

Don't get bent out of shape.
I am imperturbably
Tom

His brow worked on that.
Tom: Got that?

Mainly.
Tom

You can't change human nature.
Tom, early in ms: "It's probably in Shakespeare somewhere."
Tom

"That's a mute question."
"You're a surprise a minute."
...he stroked the curved edge (of the bar) as if he had just discovered the grain in wood.
"Don't be upset."
when

"Wiggle your ears if you're being serious. Otherwise, how the hell am I supposed to tell?"

F reacted as if he was goosed somewhere tender. "Sorry...."
Tom

his blue eyes alight with interest

his quick blue eyes
his forehead so furrowed it looked like it was made of wicker
"Rusty, when you go through a--"

That damn gate again.
It seemed to me Pop's conscience was working overtime...
The widow's peak was more pronounced, and could a count have been kept of his wrinkles, undoubtedly there were more these recent years.
Tom

He gestured with the towel.
Pop was giving me his fullest attention.
Susan made a gesture, that was enough of that.
Father rubbed the back of his neck.
Tom's creased face
His forehead cleared.
having a son sometimes seemed to be news to him

catch him by surprise.
Tom looked beleaguered
"Rusty, lay off, okay?"
I did for fully a minute.
I had never seen my father defeated by anything.
He looked so sad it hurt to watch him.
OO buried his head in his hands.
his face wrinkled at the corner of his eyes
Tom

cigarette smoldering
His eyebrows lifted.
abrupt slight lift of chin
Tom passed a hand over his face.
He arched his brows.
Tom

(inquisitive) crook to his eyebrows
I knew he still was smoking a cigarette when he went to bed; maybe two or three to make up for (the day)
I'd dearly wanted to...

―"dearly" as a Montana *augmenting* modified meaning "badly, greatly"
That's a new one on me.
on the money (i.e., on time, or right on the mark)

He was on the money about that.
That might be so.
"Howie can pour a drink, but you"--O0 knotted up trying to think how to express it--
"make it amount to something."
Tom Harry looked so much like a bartender...

...black hair w/ a bartender's lick
Tom Harry, later owner of the Medicine Lodge: his Fort Peck past is on p. 138 of Eng Crk, and he is briefly shown on p. 19k.

—have his Fort Peck saloon straightforwardly called The Mint?
Tom Harry would let matters go so far and no farther.

...beyond some abrupt line, there was the matter of Tom Harry himself.
drunk and incapable

drunk but still capable
Some faces outlast their eras, and his, I came to understand, was (the 1930s)
Tom in the saloon

primping the place up
Tom

says Deevide for (cont'1) Divide
words for "drunk":

carrying too much sail
getting polluted
about half-swacked
lit up like a church
just getting slick
topheavy
got a load on
Tom

hobblegation
maddermoany
The McCaskill men are big, or at least tall. Some distinctive trait common to them all—maybe the set (and color) of their eyes, and notable eyebrows.
"We need a stragedy." (strategy)

--his mispronunciations sometimes are deliberate--maddermoany for matrimony--but sometimes aren't, as in always saying decor as dee-cor.
Somewhere within that body was an athlete. (peripheral vision, timing
...once saw in San Francisco a bartender with shoulders like a longshoreman and a
00 head, and women looked at him hungrily. (Tom H is built like that)
Yet it still seemed to Tom Harry a hell of a time to have to step out into the world. He didn't envy the kid that, at all.
Tom Harry was in the oasis business.

(Medicine Lodge) like a car dealership.
Tom Harry eats out somewhere:

Pork this, pork that.

"You're saved. Chicken fried steak has never been known to oink."
about TV: "It'll rot your brain."
poorer than Job's turkey.
dealing in intoxication
dissatisfied with the human race
Tom Harry talking to FDR etc.
They put people away for (that kind of behavior).
Thirty years gone, where? That was for memory to determine.
1963 wasn't 1933, sure as hell.
Memory is a tease. Sometimes...
Tending bar gave a person the attention span of a raccoon. Whenever anything more interesting came up, the conversation padded off toward it.
dried-up spider parts
luckbringer
I'm waitin' to see the color of the man's money, and if it's green, I'll be much and pleasantly surprised.
nohow else. (That way, and nohow else... )
souse
"swackhounds"—drunken lumberjacks

Tommy says somebody in bar?

Bruce, in a fist fight?
had a big time

Blue Eagle

The whole crew had gone into Gres-Ventre and had a big time.
By then I had only laboratory traces of a hangover, while (Neil) believed he might perish at any second.
Sweetman
The dredge crew
103 - had all worn out - night
  (about worn out - night)
  - was a joke of Ray, on 4th of July?
  - " " dance?
which was as bad an idea as he could have had.

(use with dance fight scene?)
he was a-dancin' and a-singin' and lickin' 'em up...

Tom Harry abt Bruce?
The Montanans

taxi-dancing @ Blue Eagle

One my guy was fiddling into a clarinet.
He'd been using the bottle pretty good.
In extreme seriousness—no one can be more serious than a drunk man...
Jick when they drink: Two is my limit. But I'll make a start on tomorrow's.
He was two-thirds serious about that, but the other part of him had a drink in its hand.
Two men sneering.

I had all. Do I want—more than enough

(Granger, 64)

Check to see if used in Eng. By Jack o' Stanley
Tom Harry?

was w/ was?

I like the company of the dead. I must take care not to absolutely prefer it.

He
(Put it) any old where.
All the time she met people smarter than she was. And people who maybe could work harder than she did. And people who had a better head for business than hers. But she didn't meet them all in any one person. And that was Lexa's (niche), good enough at this, that, and the other, while the more proficient lurched along overgrown in one direction.
(Tom Harry) felt insulted. What, did they think...?
We're getting both worst ends of the deal.
You find in that classroom another lengthy person, the one who is me,
watching Varick in the desk next to Samuel's
"Who said I'm going back (to Ft. Peck)?"