

Frank Henderson's story of him and another carpenter laying the floor of a Ft Peck saloon in one night; tongue-and-groove flooring, with a few helpers doing the carrying etc. while he and the ~~the~~ other carpenter hammered.

--the sound of this, going out into the night; carpenter and helper hammering steadily.

--the Duff uncle from Scotland, or the Duff father and a son, could do this; getting themselves fiercely established at Fort Peck.

--Maybe better: the carpenter son (Neil?), either as the carpenter or the helper in this scene, establishing himself into Ft Peck scene in this blinding night of work, a legendary night of labor.

where Neil would ache, in the monumental night of hammering: wrists, knees...

...crick in back

the rhythm of it: check w/ Ken MacDonald, as to how the nails would be handled, how many strokes per nail, the sound of it (different for each carpenter? bang-- bangbang for one, maybe, bangbangbang for another?) The war of noise...

the look of the wood; the floor gap being filled in, like geometric ice?

Out in the town (camp), nobody complained; work and wage were in that nightlong ruckus...

what food or drink kept them going? canned food that'd lost its labels, so they never knew whether plums preceded beans...

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. 194.

--have his Fort Peck saloon straightforwardly called The Mint?