

Antwerp

snow off the North Sea

Moxie (when leave is canceled)

thoroughly half-assed (as usual)

Cals

"It's indicative.)"

class

"All the same, I want you to... (or: "All the same. I want...)

Glass

"That's on him. I had nothing to do with..."

Glass

"I figure it this way.

Glass

It's getting so you can't...

Glass

If that isn't OO, I don't know what is.

G 2013

Bastard him anyway...

62110

Can't even make up his mind which side to crease his hair on, that guy.

G. Rals

My eyes have been across these words before.

G 211

Tell you what. (as 1st sentence in graf of dialogue)

← 200

"Just asking, but..."

Class

Thing is,

Class

"I do know a little something about..."

6 law

"Spell it out, OO."

6 lines

"Priss." (~~Lexa~~ to ~~Maiah~~?)

"You're throwing yourself away on (the magazine job, Lexa tells Mitch; or he tells her, about whatever job she has.)

Marion to Lexa?

"You're dangerous to yourself." (Lexa tells Mitch? other way around?)

Glass

"Trotsky is still dead, is he? Then I'll..."

(storm) clouds, knuckles of the sky. Bring up the theme music.

Tadpole

The covering darkness.

- use to end a scene - or, look?

Ben

Maxie

Danzon

OO stared at his uncle. Darius could hate across the board when he got going.

Maybe that was ^{war} politics. Maybe it was just Darius.

watched the day begin.

"... , you find that comical, do you."

"I never said a word."

a majority of dawn

Mozie
~~Angelides?~~
- only married one?

By then he surely had told her everything of himself down to his shoe-size.

00's was an extreme chapter, even by (WWII) standards.

As far as he knew, he was dead. (i.e., discombobulated by near-fatal event)

--Ben in a car wreck?

Battle of Bulge?

Snowlight brightened the mountaintops even before the moon came up.

luna-colored sky

no bitterer day

chain of nights (writer)

Suddenly we were in ...

Now we had icicle weather.

his
Hunter walking on steep slope, carries ~~in~~ gun on side
nearest slope, to better his ~~fix~~ balance with its
inward pull.

WINTER

What dawn there is seems snagged in the bushes, hanging

--extremely detailed descriptions of trees, ferns

use late in Danang >

the challenging sky, more colossal than armies, unbeatable as age

~~It~~ days do pass even when they are slowed with cold, and I ~~told~~ ^{at least could tell}
myself that Adair and I ~~at least~~ would not have to go through a time

tank warfare

a spot of ground

Pondera Cnty - blog

Conrad Pub Lib

→ Janis Carlsson essay: caught in blizzard, "Mr. Carlsson walked around & around his sled "to keep from freezing.

→ - once or twice a yr, travel'g dentist came to . general store.

Laura Berg essay: "they would pile rocks as markers to follow on the return trip."

→ - apple boxes for chairs

→ - winter nights, wd bank. store & coal & leave tub of snow on it to melt for water

Leland Yeager essay: man picked 81 loads of rock from 80 a. of farmland

Kenneth Dyreid: Fin in who called broth "burned up soup"

Mark Sorlie essay: bands of 20-30 antelope wd come c. 100 yds 7 km out shade

Buddy Klemenhagen: man caught in blizzard walked on s. side of his wagon for windbreak

read to Charlotte Cr from essay, #29

Moxie

provides Ben "long handles" (long underwear)

Ben, shipboard?

Hours refused to budge, yet days went to no good use.

This was not winter, this was a white coma on the land.

--link to Russians fighting Germans year after year

death-cold weather, as if the sun had vanished for good and the planet was giving over to ice and snow.

The wind perturbing the snow

check SKY & RFair for this

There was no distance or nearness, just the blank of gray snow and gray sky
run together.

old slabs of dirty snow

We ^{windborne} ^{sifting}
sat listening to the sound of snow drifting against the window--the
softest of nature's keening, and the most deadly.

rime of frost

Hunter scoops snow from rock, takes off his left glove,
puts it on rock, sits on it. (to protect butt from cold)

The cold burn of ^{that} wind (met him as he stepped to the beach.)

thorns of frost on bushes and dead tree limbs

use a pin on knob @
mouth of N Fork

Feb. 15, '80--Snowstorm today, flakes coming down like feathers, but every so often the wind will dislodge branchloads from the fir trees and that produces a half-minute or so of snow like white dust, with some white clods falling within it.

--the process is that the wind shakes loose the dry-packed clumps from upper branches; ~~they~~ those that hit the longer lower branches as they fall explode into "dust"; the fist-sized clumps which miss the branches plummet without much coming apart.

silent crash of snow
all but

Snowing so hard, there seemed to ~~be~~ be more snow than space between the flakes

the land quiet with the weight of snow

When the silver winter began to tarnish,

The flecked sky, filled with fat snowflakes