gracenotes (of Ringling dance night) would go on for years.
If he (Dad) wasn't for sure Mr. Right, he definitely was Mr. Approximate.
conning towers (Castle Mtns?)
Better to wear out than rust out. (to work than loaf)
changed in Feb. '92 revise; check it again in final ms--

p. 24: "...it must be asked if his, too, didn't constitute an incurable condition."
As with so much else, the land was stingy with (my mother's schooling?)
--refusing to recognize how stingy this land is.
Heart Earth

look over Elly Simpson's chs. on landscape—my marked copy of her draft in *Writing about Writing* / Deb Olden.
notion of what both Christmas and Phoenix ought to be. [Snow she was accustomed to every Yule of her life until then, sun she would have accepted in the spirit of experiment, but drizzle for a holiday?] And
It is a rhythm lost to us -- even my father later lost it -- but...
(improve)
Reliable wide-apart eyes
in Berneta's photo album is pic of my dad and Angus, slicked up and posing stiffly, with her inscribed comment, "the scared preachers."

Anna pic: "some bompole"
the gab-knacky Ringer family
Dad rolled the bottoms of his Levis (pants legs) because he was so short-legged; some photos when he was young have a six-inch roll.

---turning necessity into style
trapline on Faulkner Creek.
dairyhand years at Moss Agate. Years milky in more ways than one.

Not exactly a ranch, even less a farm, Moss Agate flapped on the
It makes you wonder what was in (their; the man's mind) to side himself up there.

--use w/ Doig homesteads?
"He could stick on 'em like a tick." (said of a good bronc rider)

'Doc' boys
in WPA files, I think on q'airre for encyclopedia of Montana, for my family's home area (of Meagher County etc.) the laconic reply to "racial groups" was "mostly Scotch."
People pulled back from dubious ventures, from the earlier boom mood that anybody could take up a homestead and prosed as a farmer or slap together a building and thrive as a merchant.
purse-proud
(showing off one's money) (niggling: big house in USSR?)
dance: take up collection for orchestra to play after 2 a.m.
Folklore of Great West - John Greenway

- description of school's dance in "Play Party" section
Bygones

154 - Dupuyer dance hall upstairs; people sold up stairsway "a-fightin"
supper hour of a dance
"ladies' choice" at any dance
check file cards of '91 Maudlow trip (in Maudlow I scene) for possible Moss Agate usable details—lines of sight to various mountains, for ex.
Meagher County ranching

file folder "Meagher County—Agriculture" has annual beef editions of Mgr Co News.

—'77, article (w/Axel Holmstrom as source) on A.B. Cook, who had 30,000 ac. in Mgr Cnty; 3,000 head of commercial grade Herefords, plus purebred herd of 160 cows and 4 bulls (Cook when asked if he'd sell a prize bull pointed to his right eye and said not as long as this eye is in my face.) Forced sale (overextended finances?) occurred in 1928; Cook lost herd but hung on to land, died soon after.

—'76, Theresa Buckingham's history of the Luppold ranch; somebody else's history of the Mayn ranch, as homestead in same family for 100 years.

—78, Theresa B'ham's history of the Rader ranch.; repring of GF Trib '60 article on the Watson ranch; Carol Zehntner's history of the Zehntner ranch

—'79, history of the Cameron ranch; Lee Rostad's history of the Rostad ranch; history of the Lucas ranch; Theresa B'ham's history of the B'ham ranch

—'80, history of Voldseth ranch; history of the 71 ranch (Smith Brothers ranch); history of the Thorson ranch

—'81, 1926 memoirs of John Moore of Moore ranch; Theresa B'ham's history of the Walter family (Roy et al.); history of the Doggett ranch; history of the Corkill ranch; history of the Van Camp ranch

over
'82, history of Fort Logan ranch; Becky Johnston's history of the Moore ranch

my note: the Cook ranch, along w/ the Ringling and Bair landholdings, shows the big-ranching aspect of Meagher County.
Ringling family:

Meagher County News, Dec. 9 '36: "John Ringling...died at his Park Ave. home in NY Wed. of bronchial pneumonia... 70-year-old circus czar... surrounded by a few relatives, friends and servants with whom he talked in a low voiced, laconic way just before he died.

His last years saw him involved in numerous law suits, including an action by the federal govt' to collect $3,000,000 in income taxes it alleged were past due. This suit is still pending.

At one time Ringling owned the Smith River Development Co with its 90,000 acres of land and the hot springs at White Sulphur but later relinquished these holdings, which had been purchased on sales contracts. His nephew, the late Richard T. Ringling, retained mortgages on the projects and what remains of the once extensive Ringling holdings in that section is now owned by his widow and children.

possible source, on MHS microfilm avbl for loan:


not in file but on list of ph' copied catalogue cards, "Ringling, Richard T." --Froid Trib (insert) 14:4 64, farmers for Smith River Valley
By all reports, the Doigs brought a frontier tang with them whenever they hit a Saturday night dance at Ringling or Sixteen or any of the schoolhouses between—dancing up a storm, though gallantly taking turns with their mother, assaying any Anna’s potential beaus whether or not she wanted them assayed, then heading home in the dawn, characteristically doing the chores before sleeping heading to bed.
The Ringlings could afford Montana as a hobby; the Ringers were barely clinging to the planet. Look for Moss Agate today, the dairy creamcan in a paintless house, it left. The land has swallowed those years of six people, cull cows creeping;
I don't see how they did it. (homesteading; or living at Moss Agate)

...we...

Chains of people who knew

Ruggins @ Moss A
Grandma and other Ringers always around the Stewart place; in case of B's asthma?
Ringling doesn't know it, but its future is (already) past.

(The Milwaukee railroad) electrical zipper across Montana; who says this country will never amount to anything?

Train goes by (while they're dancing?)
Two other ranches lay hidden even farther down the gulches of Sixteen Mile Creek and Battle Creek, but otherwise weather was the only neighbor.

Clouds walking the ridgelines, hurried by chilly wind. Rain, rare as it was, slickening the road as quick as it lit. And before Faulkner Creek's first snowfall, my mother would purchase an entire truckload of groceries. If it was a tough winter—-they always were—-my father fed hay on the road so that as the sheep ate they packed down the snow and improved the chance...
crew my father was running. One thing about that roughcut set of Big Belt horizons, it held pockets of ranchcraft for people as acquainted with work as my parents were. But ranch wages were always thin coin.

Settled down now, comparatively, into marriage, my father felt he had to turn his hand to operating a place "on shares," which was to say
unused in March '92 revise:

Their romance constantly had to work around more than the miles between Moss Agate and Wall Mountain. My mother's youth (she still had high school to finish, although she never did) and tricky health were
spasms of my mother's asthma attacks. The cost of air to her became an increasing wheeze, a hunching into herself to ride out the faltering lungwork, then a spell of coughing so hard it bruised you to hear. The pernicious breath shortage could go on for hours. When my grandparents stared down into a Wisconsin cradle and for once agreed with each other that they had to take this smothering child to the drier air of the West, they gave her survival but not ease.
Ringling's railroad, as the Milwaukee & St. Paul transcontinental railroad that Ringling's line branched into—like a toe and ankle and leg that dipped into Montana's economic waters and yanked back out. At the time,
unused in ch. 1 because of similarity to usage in Sky.

with timber below and up-in-the-sky summit meadows, seems to have stayed
with my parents as a perpetually developing photograph, memory-composite
of the album snapshots they clicked day by day of their tent camps, mob
of ewes and lambs, sheepdogs, saddlehorses, imperturbable pet cat named
Pete Olson, and most magic of all, each other in that horseback summer
of herding—my mother slender as filament, my father at home at timberline.