

did not use this version in Feb. '92 writing:

I have come into wealth. Coyotes were anathema on any ranch then, and Frank Morgan promised ten dollars whenever any of the lambing crew killed one. My father's rifleshot bowled one over, but the corpse couldn't be found. My father wouldn't take the money because he couldn't produce the coyote, so Frank Morgan bestowed the bounty to me. The carefully folded tenspot is tucked in a pocket of my mother's purse, where I peek at it as many times a day as she can put up with.

We were back in sheep country, tufts of wool on (the lower strands of) barbwire fences (paralleling the ~~xxx~~ road).

use w/ "Charlie is whig like a beaver" ?

(One thing about our season-^{conjured}run existence, it was never listless.)

Maudlow I chapter can be the shortest, brisk and bright to go with the spring mood of my parents at the Morgan ranch.

HEART EARTH--possible "imagining" scenes

lambing at Morgans'

--"burned" sheep

--shepherd smitten w/ Hazel

--sense of our life busying up? of my folks finding a footing, doing work they know how to?

Radio Free Maudlow (I was...)

Gallatin Co.--Cattle

"In Gallatin County...the mountains with their draws and canyons provided natural barriers so that so many men were not needed to ride and keep them in check as was needed on level lands.

vitality is back in both of them (at Morgan ranch).

dinner bell (at Morgans'? My mother had me ring it?)

unused in Feb. '92 revise:

The lambing crew was short-handed, and my mother viewed a couple of them as short in the head, too. The kid herding the drop band has a saddle horse and he never gets off all day long outside of to eat lunch.

The urban equivalent would be a doctor presiding over a maternity ward by riding around it on a polo pony, so my mother's ire