Mariah has Sundays to shoot (i.e., feature pics for Sunday paper)
In no time Mariah had fallen 100 yds behind.
antpaths

(trails into the Rocky Mtn Front)
None of them wanting to end up as a hide on the floor of a grizzly's den.
"Too old for drugs, too young for Alzheimer's." (Mitch says wrily.)
Lexa and Mariah, bras undone as they sleep in their clothes in sleeping bags
Sept. 8, '97
Augusta - Chetone country
- Blanket of clouds against sky
- Wings of marat's tail chord, then an avenue of opaque gray smoke with a silver (?) burin shining thru - > weather system? (as tall?)
- Pit-pit-pit of insects hitting windshield (like plane striking of rain)
- Windshield 4 x spotted with exclamatory smears
- Layer of landscape: Bumpy hills, rocky timberland with beards, long ridges, 6. Front beyond (Preachers R. Pies - weather system)
- Bunched in corner of field
- Panels of strip farm to NE (F. Fox Bench?) in contrast to barren farms and TWS.
- Trees on Dome Range cast shadows on cliffs & coloration for Botkins (series of pics)
- Igneous bumps (?) pie mean rocks (see hayfields below)
- Dumped or way of avalanche path pie
- pie wind view over lake in dome Range pie, timber base of reef
20th June/ Augusta/ 2
- pic e. from Game Range, butcher found G + Falls
- erratic boulders pic: "rock feels old" (like "free radicals")
- Lyle as an erratic boulder
- pic @ Gibson Dam: interior view of Bo the hike Capone profiles ya - good
- Gibson Dam & Ranger irrigate - Greenfields Beach
(2 regulating reservoir, 11 mi. main canal, 1,000+ miles of laterals & ditches; dam completed 1929; 1974: 15,296 acre feet)
- temperature drop as red ( trail ) winds into shade of cliff/mile
- 2 pm: BLEEDING SPOT
- Augusta: Western Day 5th Dinner, Homemade Pizza, Country Burgers
  - Chounters: road w. even&wooded cliffs & benches
- pic: benches, Fig 5. from Egg White road
- pic: bench 3N of town on Aug’a rd
  - "" corner past "" chuti
  - "" grain Y. Trunt ( wild oats + w/ wheat
- "" series of 5 benches, for Brit’s picnic into TM
- dirt in planted field likeflower, coating, croutons; armchair-size shadows
  in hundred of soil
Augusta - Chateau - Feb/Mar/Sep
- pics on fl/dk cut off, winding stream in drawing curiously
- fl/dk town edge pic
- Silver Dollar Bar 🟢
- fl/dk businesses off I-95: NAPA (auto parts)
  - Fashion Y Mirror (video store etc.)
  - Cozy Corner Cafe
  - dead square/flat store
  - VFW Club!
- Silver Dollar Bar: different siding on every side - old green wooden, front is rock, stone on, other side new asbestos-like
- corner "ATM inside" (Auto Teller...
- modular & mobile homes - cheap under $40,000, mixed car/homes
  - pic: note window clean up, drain and windows: wooden shutters
  - dead-edge "asbestos" siding on boxy little houses

Valdier: driving in, you see weatherworn signs & sporadic dead hedges
the old boundaries (of family) somehow run through you.
The firetower trip, for each of them, wd yield:

--Lexa's expertise on trail, where she can outdo Mariah

--Mariah's pic(s) to match the Bell Rock lighthouse

--Mitch's evident but grudging end to Lyle
The strength and beauty of edges: shore, Rockies and plains, Yellowstone River and its rimrocks, buttes against the sky.

--strength and beauty and tenacity

--the eloquence of the edges of the world
Rocky Mtn Front reefs: vaults of time—oil/gas the flare of that, like the books burning at Alexandria.
If the three of them share the firetower for the night, Lexa can think ruefully—the separate sleeping bags, Mariah on hand—it's like bear-tagging camp again.
These towns (this country?) (Mariah/Lexa) loved and despaired of.
She (Lexa) knew hers was a life 00 enough to argue with itself, if she would let it.
Dear Uncle Harry,

I want to come and see you.

Stop. (Come to see me, not come to see me.)

Good morning, Uncle.

To Uncle

Love,

[Signature]

Dear Uncle Harry

I want to come and see you.

Stop. (Come to see me, not come to see me.)

Good morning, Uncle.

[Signature]

July 1 - Rain in 9:10

Don't let it put you off.

[Signature]

[Date]

Don't put it off.

[Signature]

[Date]
I. Introduction

1. To understand your brand, you must

   - Identify your target audience
   - Know your competition
   - Define your unique selling proposition

2. To launch your

   - Conduct market research
   - Create a compelling
   - Use social media

3. To grow your

   - Increase your
   - Offer incentives
   - Build a community

4. To sustain your

   - Monitor your
   - Adapt to changing
   - Keep your

5. To exit your

   - Plan for exit
   - Protect your assets
   - Consider tax planning

II. My Story

I had a goal to start my company.

First, I had to

1. Identify my target audience
2. Know my competition
3. Define my unique selling proposition

Next, I had to

1. Conduct market research
2. Create a compelling
3. Use social media

Then, I had to

1. Increase my
2. Offer incentives
3. Build a community

Finally, I had to

1. Monitor my
2. Adapt to changing
3. Keep my
Day 3 (cont.)

Alas 2
till 9. For lack of

2 external calls. Lost lunch, so

12 noon. Total west = 115. 100 feet.

3:40, went fishing. Came back

at 4:30 p.m. Found wood, but no

Smuggler's. Badger Pass ahead.

Descent by special rain so we ate

lunch & went hiking. Decided we'd

not be sure what to do.

Book of camp just after 12 o'clock.
to a par of wind & altitude, narrow
- L. coast, surgery. To analyze &
marketing of rice. sick
season. Then, identify other. alone
- which I wore some. back. each, also
how did they do it?
- from 50's last, basically to Zee-
am 7 a.m., he that I vacation
- so do Bob's Paul. C is Z
- what he want put there and;
- C. You less cut your eye, many.
- and 7 hour, keep. another, also.
- amount with surgery & analysis. To
- should live same nothing. To
- again. Have a good a 10 ago, my.

Day 4.
I guess something is wrong.

To bed at 9, worked 7 1/2 hours.

Chevy & me 2 1/2 hrs. hit.

0 when I tired, needed to stop.

Got home 7:40, went to bed 1:00.

Took my blood, brand, then y.d.

Got home 4:15, needed food.

Drove to Burn, Spin's cream.

Steady crock, got 2 numbers.

7:20, camped near 0 1/2 mi. up.

Thin, losing it, ate lunch.

Came down 0 1/2 mi.

Renee & her mom. decide to stop.

So counter, 0 can go up too. but

concentrate 7 minutes in case

for what else I can hang up any.

Yes, Gun & Gateway (creek) around.
Day 9: We win by my 2 keep
"Good day in small, puffy clouds.

France: Gas sales at 12 - 30 a.m.

We have reached the small town of..."
Church
- Every Thu, Sat, Sun, 10:30 AM - 11:30 AM
- Service: 10:30 AM, 11:30 AM
- Bible study: 6:30 PM
- Outreach: 7:00 PM

- Casual dress

- No need to register

- Place: 123 Main Street

- Contact: 555-1234

- Visit our website: www.church.org

- Follow us on social media:

- Visit our church Facebook page

- Check our website for more information

- Join us for a great time!

- Have a great day!

- Don't forget to pray.
Can't find song or key tovers. Came for it but it won't play. "Can't find song or key tovers."

Dear [Name],

Can't find song or key tovers.
The text on the page is largely illegible due to the handwriting style and quality. It appears to contain a mix of dates, temperatures, and possibly instructions or notes, but the exact content is difficult to discern.
and I really hope 2 turn on this.

- Got some 4 today pre-c. no
- Yummy, Yummy, 7 carrots.
- Had lunch by 6/30 (at lunch - cauldron.
- We're going to go home.
- Finish up tour! 4pm 2 day.
- Mmm mmm g00d. It's not even 2:00 tomorrow. See you all.

- o 20 min. - a bit.

- Please & wills can't accommodate
- dance at 7. Frustrated is continuing.

- I do need fire, you know. School-

- Service a/N & have each other.

- OK! /55.

- Not sure if it's legal or not.

- I must do to pen in.

- Last minute with the go on Monday.
Day 5 cont...

- Climbing lesson - climb early -
- Clearing away from above -
- Every plant above - least 3
- Climbing early - grey sticks

En route, lake began - she up,
- Bore and trace
- Check ok, both pots ached

Sudden ledge - 0
Dear [Name],

Our stay in [Location] was wonderful. We fell in love with the town and all it had to offer. Our favorite spot was [specific location or activity].

Looking forward to seeing you soon,

[Your Name]
Day One: On the map, our route makes an abrupt, pincerlike reach into the top of the Marshall: in along the south fork of Birch Creek, squiggling west and north along Gateway and Strawberry creeks, then out along the north fork of the Birch Creek to Swift Reservoir again.

On the actual terrain, the trail slowly threads us along beneath mammoth rock-crusted mountainsides — so streaked and whorled with reefs and concavities that they seem like an ocean bottom tipped empty and left propped on its side. Gradually we begin to adjust to the distances yawning away all around us — just us.

Promptly at lunchtime, we come to the first of the day’s three fordings of the fast-running south fork. We note that the flow is about knee deep, boulder-bottomed, and perhaps uncrossable this early in the summer but for the several months’
An incident (on Bob's hike?) "occupying space & time" (Lord Jim, p. 28); i.e., for Mitch having corporeality of a daybook page.
drought in this region of the Rockies.

Reading our opposite fording styles — Carol simply sloshes in, I go it barefoot for the sake of my fragile boots — we start across. Just then, a four-point deer appears a hundred yards upstream and eyes us in surprise before vanishing in three bounds.

The buck is merely one of the trail’s bonuses. The mountainscape all around proves more open and sweeping than we had anticipated, the south fork more dramatic in its clear swiftness. And after 10 miles, enough for the day, we find a fetching creekside campsite where autumn hunting parties have done their overnighting.

Day Two: It is four miles to the Continental Divide at Gateway Pass, and every inch of it in a ripping, head-on wind.

Up the long meadowy incline toward the pass, gusts come strong enough to stagger us, yet the day is warm enough for shirtsleeves.

After the trudge up, Gateway Pass and the divide prove to be an easygoing surprise, a mild cleft between square-cut mountains. Quickly we are across — now in the Marshall Wilderness proper — and into a bowl of grassy upland called Big River Meadows.

There we lunch, and study a collapsing log cabin once used by a hunting guide I knew. He had tales of the furies of these mountains, and the morning’s wind made me respect them anew.

In the afternoon, we creep our way through Gateway Gorge, a Yosemite-like pair of rock domes hovering over us on either side. Here the wind’s buffeting gets a bit more serious: The trail ribbons thinly across a slide area of talus, with a drop of a couple of hundred feet on our left.

Reminding one another to hug the inside of the slope, we inch across and into the haven of timber once more.

This night, after another 10-mile day, we camp on Strawberry Creek, just north of its juncture
with Gateway Creek. Someone has erected a large canvas teepee as a fishing camp and we put up our tiny tent nearby. With daylight left, I unlimber my fishing pole and catch two cutthroat trout for supper.

Day Three: Peeking from the depths of our sleeping bag, I discover frost on the outside of the tent.

Carol pokes a finger to the roof. "Nope, it's on the Inside."

I bring a fire to life, Carol makes a breakfast of hot soup and hot chocolate, and soon both we and the day are warming.

This is a fishing day, and my luck is running: a catch of eight nice trout, and the two best casts of my sporadic angling career.

Carol, meanwhile, read, relaxed, took pictures, and at one point banged tin cups together when she heard a crashing in the woods. The crashing stopped immediately, but reminded us that we are in bear country. The nearby teepee offers positive proof: its sides are splotched with muddy paw prints and show rips where some stray bruin finally clawed in.

We have been taking bear precautions throughout the trip. We watch along the trail, tie cups on our pack frames to make a warning clatter as we hike, keep a garbage-free camp, and rope the food backpack high out of reach each night.

Day Four: The frost is thicker and whiter this morning, and with our tent sopping from it inside and out, we decide to pack and make an early start on the trail.

The day unfolds into our most rugged. North along Strawberry Creek, the forest begins to pitch into abrupt little gulleys. The clay-faced trail is baked as hard as concrete, and despite every precaution, I develop a severely blistered toe.

By noon, we have recrossed the Continental Divide through another gentle notch, Badger Pass, but now climb steeply and steadily for a full hour to go over a knife-edge ridge of Family Peak.
At the crest, nearly 7,100 feet in elevation, we truly feel as if we are atop the roofline of the continent. Peaks of the interior Rockies north and south, and to the east are more peaks and a notch view of the farm-patterned plains beyond.

Then a howling squall of rain and sleet hits along the ridge, and we pull on wool jackets and rain gear. In 15 minutes it has swept past, and we start down the mountain to the north fork of Birch Creek.

At our campsite in a few miles, the weather finds us again. We shelter under trees and around our campfire until the persistent rain begins to filter through. Then pitch our tent.

Day Five: The outbound day, usually a leisurely one that passes quickly.

We have some nine miles to go. I protect my blistered feet by encasing them in fresh moleskin and three pairs of socks, and it quite protesting. The wind has come up once more, but this time we have our backs to it, and we ease along the trail snug and snug.

The north fork offers a picture-perfect fishing hole, a spot where the creek pours off a 3-foot ledge into a deep, shadow-dappled pool. For 20 minutes, I flick fishing line and lures into it, casting up, down, and sideways across every lambent blue precinct of the pool — and catch exactly nothing.

But if the fishing is slack, the scenery is not. As on our first leg of the trip, the valleys are exquisitely colossal, the rock formations intriguing and formidable. And then, soon after noon and a pair of farewell fordings of the creek, the blue-green of Swift Reservoir comes into sight. Across it, we can pick out the trail up the south fork, where we had set off, into this classically commemorative country of the Bob Marshall Wilderness 5 days and 40 miles earlier.
HERE ARE A FEW GUIDELINES TO KEEP YOU WITHIN THE MARGINS OF SAFETY WHILE BACKPACKING.

THE BASIC RULES OF BACKPACKING IN HIGH COUNTRY, SUCH AS THE BOB MARSHALL WILDERNESS, ARE TWO: KNOW YOUR CAPABILITIES, AND DON'T GO BEYOND THEM. BACKTRACK TO SAFETY WHENEVER WEATHER, ILLNESS, BEARS, OR ANY OTHER PERIL SEEMS TO WARRANT IT.

IN YOUR BACKPACK, CARRY SUCH EMERGENCY SUPPLIES AS A FIRST-AID KIT, SOME FAST-ENERGY FOOD, AND DESPERATION ITEMS SUCH AS A POCKET-SIZE RESCUE BLANKET, WATERPROOF CONTAINER OF MATCHES, AND CANDLES OR FIRE-STARTING TABLETS FOR USE IN DAMP WEATHER. ALSO, TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS' EXTRA RATIONS.

MOUNTAIN WEATHER CAN TURN FREEZING WITHIN MINUTES. TAKE WARM CLOTHING — WOOL STILL IS A FAVORITE FOR RETAINING WARMTH EVEN WHEN WET — AND RAIN GEAR.

PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR FEET. HIKING BOOTS AND SOCKS SHOULD BE SNUGLY COMFORTABLE, BUT NOT TIGHT; AT THE FIRST SIGN OF BLISTERS, PAD THEM WITH MOLESKIN OR ADHESIVE FOAM. NEVER START A HIKE IN BOOTS THAT AREN'T BROKEN IN.

CARRY A COMPASS, AND KNOW HOW TO USE IT. AND OUTFIT YOURSELF WITH UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS FOR YOUR ENTIRE ROUTE. DO THIS WELL IN ADVANCE; IN THE AREA RIMMING THE BOB MARSHALL WILDERNESS, FOR EXAMPLE, THE NECESSARY TOPO MAPS ARE AVAILABLE ONLY IN GREAT FALLS—AT HEADQUARTERS OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK NATIONAL FOREST OR AT BLEND'S COPY SHOP, 1ST AV. N., GREAT FALLS, MONT. (THEY ALSO CAN BE BOUGHT BY MAIL FROM THE U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY IN DENVER, COLO. 80225, OR WASHINGTON, D.C. 20242.

Ivan Doig
Lexa:

It was a kind of burn in her, worse than she remembered the barbwire rip of her hands.
Mariah looked sublime while yawning
the trail and the regulation of the body
...persistent as a horsefly. (Jick, abt Riley)
the air of the brain
On (his, her) best behavior, for what that was worth, ...
By Ivan Doig

BOB MARSHALL would have loved his namesake neighborhood atop the Rocky Mountains.

As father of the United States Forest Service system of wilderness areas and a founder of the Wilderness Society, Marshall was an unequaled outdoors enthusiast. Fittingly, the Bob Marshall Wilderness of northern Montana is matchless in its own right — nearly a million acres of rampart peaks, alpine meadows, crystal streams, and isolation from civilization.

In early summer, my wife and I backpacked for five days through the northernmost thrust of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. On our 40-mile loop route, we did not see another human being. What we did see was a landscape of unforgottably brawny grandeur — and, as Bob Marshall would have known, some limits of our own capacities.

— That is to say, the Bob Marshall Wilderness is not for the novice backpacker. A suggested guideline: You may be ready to try the Marshall if you have had three-to-four years of outdoors experience and have spent at least a week at a time in some of America's premier high country, such as the California Sierras or along the Pacific Crest Trail of the Pacific Northwest.

OTHERWISE, THE Marshall Wilderness is best sampled in the capable company of commercial outfitters and guides. They are plentiful enough; a list of those that are state-licensed is available from the Montana Fish and Game Commission, Helena, Mont. 59601.

Whether you do it afoot or on horseback, choose your area of the wilderness with forethought — do you want primarily to fish, see big game, explore mountain trails? — and with the advice of National Forest personnel.

(The Bob Marshall Wilderness lies across two national forests: in its eastern portion, the Lewis and Clark National Forest, with headquarters in the Federal Building, Great Falls, Mont. 59401; in the western, the Flathead National Forest, 290 N. Main, Kalispell, Mont. 59901.)

Because I had lived on a ranch nearby and come to know old-timers there who know the mountains, we chose the little-used northeasternmost route into the Marshall Wilderness — starting from Swift Reservoir, 20 gravelly miles west of the tiny town of Dupuyer. On July 1, in we plunged, with the Rockies thrusting and tumbling ahead of us, our packs snugged high on our backs.
Bucking

read in Mont. paper during July '78 trip: one fisherman telling other to
play his trout to shore, "don't horse 'im"
Mariah lean and whippy; Mitch tells himself to stop looking at her.

--looks instead @ Lexa w/ her prom-date chest.
Do any good? (i.e., catch any fish?)

Jack to Mariah abt photography?
got that down pretty good (i.e., is expert at)
He was getting that down pretty good.

Hey, you're...
(Possessed of) one idea, and it wrong.
Trailing sheep - it becomes a saga in my mind, although it was only a lot of foot steps.
a tea of... (geographical description; or description of mood or situation?)
orderly fields, disorderly hills
the alfalfa, the greenest thing that the country grew
a crooked sleeve of water reaching \textsc{zh} through the valley
The 00 repeated the 00.

mtns           shale cutbanks
We were at one of America's edges, an edge queer and hard to read as a jigsaw puzzle's.

--use with "heart earth" section? or Moss Agate?
from Mom: Carole: clean main 7 My Betsy; Crazy Mins to 5.
- drank milk train & corns
- Smith R.
- Black Butte prominent
- waves of sage
- apples with
- Dad's brother and her maiden aon shades 7 Black Butte, Mtn Ag to 16
- Grass Mtn clearly 7 sage (above monadry 7 sage winds up)
- lot pic: parts + operna
- pic: Bridges to Grassy & coming over shades 7 Black Butte;
  entry that drew my mother (five peaks of Crazy)
- pic: back to 7 Black Butte (7 More email) from 16 road; knows
  entry they'd have ride across.
- pic: Stairs through gulch, Keith trees in foreground, Grassy behind
- pic: Bridge to Wall Mtn to Grassy
stigmata: use to describe the land, as in saline seep?
There still was snow in the heads of coulees (and on north slopes)
Deer Lodge valley, Warm Springs etc: salubrious climate?
"I almost hate to say it, but it's nice to see a friendly footprint again."
original notebook of Bob Marshall Wilderness trip is in top 1. drawer of financial affairs desk, a blue Mead \(4x6\) "memo" n'bk.
the sky padded w/ clouds
field notes
black notebook, near back: Catalbasly
5 luncheside} diagonally
Keeping

Lexa:

"Let's try something." She hurls the satellite-navigation device (a la Desert Storm) over a cliff or into a river.
--down one of the endless holes atop a reef?
wordprocess letters to George Engler & Jim Peterson about hiking the Bob:

—remember anyone with a particularly good trail stride (or other hiking habits)?

—stoop-shouldered stride the best?

—weather stories?
Mitchalara

make Riley a gear freak?
Michael Downey & wife Ann (see SOURCES filed category) wd be sources on current camping gear; cd have them show us their stuff if we're in Helena in summer '97. --Seattle REI and hikers in this area, other sources
Satanah
102 - snake trail; where logs + poles have been snaked on step grade (Mitch + Lexa see, early in this hide?)
Glen Smith

reel 1, p. 8—nested camp outfit when he was a young man: big tomato can, inside that a small corn can, inside that a milk can; handles of baling wire; "could put this nested outfit in our coat-sleeve and by folding our coat inside out we could carry this nested outfit without anybody knowing that we had such a nested outfit along. It was surprising how many things you could cook in those three little cook dishes."
Chinese Wall of the Bob Marshall: Brecht quote about where did the masons go...
Where does being a relative leave off, and human-to-human begin?

—Lyle wd flunk the party test w/ Mitch: if M had met him at a party, he wdn't like him.
All 3 of them had attitudes like tree knots.
rockpicking: if the rocks had been made into walls, those stone walls would be as high as the Rockies.
even more startling.
...tagged after by Mariah (on the trail?)
The leavings of mountains. (glacial till)
should Lexa and Mariah revisit the English Creek/Noon Creek "old country," even if in passing mention?
'77 diary entries to look @ for Keeping the Days:

--June 27, Swift Dam etc.

--Jim Sheble sitting in on court cases
from notes of trip to Montana for G'ma's funeral, '74:

--Walt Doig: tin fishin'. (using lures?)

Jick could say, I never liked tin fishing...
fire towers: Kerouac, Snyder...

--the Two's towers?
Manisha: What do I hear?

What's this I hear?
little buzzes at the edge of (thought)
Mitch could type like crazy (on laptop or computer keyboard), big fingers tapdancing (?) clog...

--possibly use on mtn hike?
With oil, the Great Land turned into the Big Barbecue.

—Lexa use?
Why am I not surprised.
(The) time got away from her.
How did he get here from there? (Mitch about his life)
Mitch:

"Goddamnit, though, you know, I just...don't want to do it."
Mitch about his father:

"If I met him at a party, I wouldn't like him."

"But you don't meet him at... Or if you do, you're still sperm."
the mountains took on the first tincture of night.

rain
Geologists and seismologists gave that whole area under the Rocky Mountain Front a thorough going-over.
I try to think myself back into that other boyhood, to feel from the skin inward what it would have been like to grow up within the far mountain basin, in a large fatherless family, with winter holding the country five months of the year and bankers in wait for it most of the rest of the time. My growing up had its own odd skews, but my father's boyhood crooked off along angles almost beyond my imagining.

---adapt to Mitch in the Bob?
Maybe the mountains anchor the old thoughts, the fleet of moments that is the past.
On the horizon, north to where the namesake river of the region carved through the prairie of the Blackfoot Reservation,
the last of Lyle
football field--the striped escape route
Lyle's life a museum of failed schemes, Mitch's a wing of...
the razor edges of the past
stone
arrowhead
sharpened
chipped
Alaska pipeline: act of levitation
(as are oil tankers...)
(gravel roads into the Two's reefs)
gigantic, swollen plumbing
Travis, that pillar of cork.
It was going to be like that, was it.
Maybe it's all been a tent city. (the West)

--gone as the Anasazi

- Chinle, which at least had a zoo dig
- Canute, which at least had elk hunters
"Good evening, diners, I'll be your Guido..." (Mitch on the hike?)
foxfur of cloud around the peak
the mtns held lodes of time (memory)
the rim of it all

(chipped)

(the Divide) the rim of it all
the tick tack toe of America (patterns on the land)
4/18/90: C. notices change between NW cloud patterns & inland West patterns.

- Big continuous cloud cover gives way to smaller puffy clouds, "like being turned out by an ice machine."
undersides (of mountains) tipped into view
redwing blackbird, chevrons against the Rocky Mtn Front
The early minutes, she loved. (i.e., daybreak)
By January the gleam of snow began to tarnish, and there were a hundred days yet until spring.
Mariah was on another planet. Mariah was another planet.
Mitch sawed off a bit of his (Thuringer?) (on mtn trip)
"The roving photographer roving, is she."
Lexa on finding that Mitch & Mariah both brought laptops on hike:

Gear freaks, Jesus. Techiegear freaks. (worse.)
Was this fair? (World doesn't care, bub. He knew that, too.)
Moisture pearled on the inside of the tent...
(Mitch's) mind turned things over and over like a washing machine; (ideas) came out with a good soak, if a bit rumpled and soggy.
Phantom Woman:

the stone face of a woman

the stone suggestion of a woman's face
the tall islands (Sweetgrass Hills)
salted with his sweat
"The sucker is wonderful, and I wish to Christ it didn't exist." (Mariah abt P'Book?)
Soda Creek...before it meandered on and joined (the Teton? the Sun?)
Without the town in the way, .... (scenery around TWS)

" " " and the benchlands hemming the Soda Creek Valley in the way, this was OO country.
Lexa kids Mariah abt mtn goats: "Career built on a golden stream."

Mariah reddened. "You're getting awful."
"Can we go primitive, a minute..." (i.e., off the Internet or out of PowerBook), and eat supper?"
Gear freaks, Jesus. Techiegear freaks.
"Oh good, all God's children got Power-Books..."
Lexa: "But it's a good tired."
do a high lonesome (i.e., a solo into the Bob)

--Lexa half-wishes she was...
hiking: the sense of rise and fall, even on short stretches of trail
cloud bridging the canyon