loudly vanished (possible use with opening volley of shots?)

delivered to me the script of the dream/nightmare of my family.

(Exiting loudly...)
"Better see this." (2nd rustler to Mose.) "The honyocker army."
"It's been a long while since they chaired us through the town (for marksmanship)."

"You shot well." You can again now.

--have to drag horse into beaver dam.
hat w/ the thingamabob on it. (Mose's 10th Cav...)
Between stands of sage you would see a cow carcass, the papery hide stuck to the rib bones
"They took two wagons out a little ways from camp and raised their tongues up high and tied them together. They also tied the front wheels of each wagon to those of the other so they would not roll back. They hung this man Watson on the wagon tongues."

(Palmer transcript, p. 34)
description of freight wagons/freighting

(Palmer transcript, p. 7)
Mose's cavalry hat, hung on fencepost by Ninian and Erskine:

--Williamson boys (Wes and Wendell) find it

--Now it's in NY @ Wes's.

tooled in around

--embossed on the inside leather: Like hell its your's. This belongs to Sgt. Wes Rathbun, Co. D, ... 10th Cav.
tooled inside Mose Rathbun's hatband:

"Like hell its yores. This hate belongs to Sgt Mose Rathbun...."
He/she was as young as 00 and I had been, and that was young beyond belief.

---He and Wendell had been as young as his daughters now were, ...
It had been Santayana(?), that old mostre sacre (that old classroom monster), who pointed out that memory handles the past with heavy mittens on, occasionally fumbling onto a treasure while letting all else drop.
Memory is a detailist. (Wes recalls the inside leather of Mose's hat... )
Wes & Wendell:

royal cubs, w/ the run of the ranch