

Feb. '08, winnowed for Work Song

Lexa's husband Lyle cd be on Exxon Valdez oilspill; Riley allude to in  
convstn about his Butte column?

Jick, just before Butte memory storm abt Ed <sup>H</sup>eaney, has been eating in the M & M thinking to himself how glad to be in a place where there was no reason for the past to swoosh out at him.



"Who dealt this mess?" (as they play pitch)

hotshot (Jick calls Riley, or Mariah)

--used on ms p. 97; have him call them the newspaper aces, before this (i.e.,  
before the card game)

p. 99, in pitch game: explain pitch as a six point game?

(high, low, jack, jick, joker, game)



Toothless Ferries: if you ~~xxx~~ ain't careful, we'll leave a used car under your pillow.

Mariah

en route to Helena from Butte, 'toothless /erries' van in front of  
Jack & Mariah has 'bumper sticker: Dirty old man, hell - I'm a  
very senior citizen.

Mariah remarks that 'Bago ought to get a bumper sticker of  
its own. Jack says he has ' seen ' right one yet.



possible add to Toothless Ferry who lost daughter in Viet Nam:

What were those bastards Johnson and Nixon thinking of, can you answer me that?

Frank's friend Mizner, former cnty road engineer at Hamilton, MT:

source for nicknames of eqpmt operators--Gatskinner etc?

Butte: have this one an idea of Mariah's--she wants to do a pic of the Berkeley Pit's "geological" look--so Riley isn't setting all the story ideas?



Jick et al notice the car ferryers, in a cavalcade: "Didn't we meet up with those guys before?" (Cavalcade lks like funeral procession, except no lights on and traveling 65 mph.) At next meal stop, there the cars are--old Cadillacs, Jeeps, etc. Inside they ask the geezers <sup>guys</sup> who they are, and one of them says, "we're the toothless ferries."

--a couple of wives with them?

Wd you believe they pay us just for driving?  
Tune to put.  
Pedal to metal

Reley: "Is this a great country, or what?"

and it gives us"--he jerked his head to indicate the further half dozen  
oldtimers, now clustering around Riley as he grunted away at loosening  
the lug nuts of the flat tire--"something to do. We're all retired.

more

if Jick sees an Ed Heaney lookalike in Butte, J cd recall Ed saying the news  
of WWII into the night

--when we heard that the world was suddenly bloody.

--that first of Sept. of 1939



How many women's names on Vietnam Memorial?

--Jick's gut reaction to Butte, when he and Tam visit there: part of continuing theme, from mention of labor troubles in Scotch Heaven to Jick's hayrake musings in Eng Crk.

# Manhattan

## On way to Butte

During "jelly sandwich" drinking - the reporter trying unused bottles in each bar - they are in Manhattan & he decides to drink manhattan in its honor. Jack joins him, has a monumental hangover.

- They & think up other drinks & Mont. town names - Gimme a Butte  
(beer thru a garden hose ?) (a garden hose, leading direct to the beer vat.)



A couple sitting in the back of a pickup at high noon in downtown Butte

## The Montanians

--possible use: summer '85, Gene Bonnet and other geezers ferrying cars for rental companies and used car dealers. 3d of M<sup>J</sup> July, Gene went to Butte--2 car-loads of guys went; sometimes they go in a van--and drove back a Cadillac.

Butte:

use Bill Lang's insight (on card in "Plot" category) that the Berkeley Pit symbolizes the end of resource extraction; have Jick ~~ex~~ remark--in M&M scene--that it's the world's biggest dry hole.



geezer talk, overheard at Allentown restaurant and Old Timers Cafe in St. Ignatius: it was disgruntled, full of definite dates and figures whether or not they were accurate, along the lines of "in 1948 I gave away five Model Ts--GAVE 'EM AWAY". Much grouching ~~xxx~~ about govt and inflation; one sentiment about the good old days when somebody earned \$15 a week or whatever, "A dollar was a dollar then." Also much law-and-order bitching about guys being turned~~x~~ loose--"But write a bum check and you'll get life."

father of my best friend in my growing-up years. To my fascination the

Heaneys were Catholic, unlike my family which wasn't identifiably anything,

changed to Pat Hoy material in Nov. '88 revise

fact, the final guy Roger Tate, the stooped elderly-looking one, thought

I looked as familiar as I thought he did, and it turned out he had bought

a bunch of ewe lambs off me some years in the past. In Montana you

really only have to talk to a person for two minutes before you find

you know them some way or another.

"How about you?" one of the group asked me, meaning what was the

purpose of my own travels.



She rarely slipped and called me Dad. Who knows where a tendency

better  
transition

of that sort begins, but Mariah arrived home at Christmas from her

first quarter away at college calling her mother and me by our given

interested Mariah. Only the camera lens cupped life for her. Proud  
of Mariah as her mother and I ever were--as I to this moment am--there  
still was the sense of forever being startled, of where did that come  
from in one of ours? at her camera intentness. On a straight stretch  
where the Bago's headlights steadily fed the freeway into our wheels,  
I cast a quick glance over at the half-stranger who was my undeniable  
daughter. A parent has some powers, but prediction is nowhere among them.

improve:  
Mariah's  
sister -  
mindless.  
Which ancestor  
did she get  
it from?

changed in April '89 revise

"Just a thumbsucker," Riley grumped from the couch where he was thumbing through my old Thwaites edition of the Lewis and Clark journals, I suppose looking for something to swipe about their discovery of the three rivers coming together here to make the source of the Missouri River. Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin, they named the tributaries after their bosses back in Washington, which I thought was highly interesting.



Forrest Anderson killed himself July 20: the Bago crew wd have been appxly at the  
Butte portion of the book. (Anderson Trib obit in ~~Butte file folder~~)  
Events, Jul-Nov file folder)