High ground never comes cheap. 

doesn't come

(use with Jick's regret that he didn't make some move on Leona?)
after Labor Day—they begin seeing schoolbuses.

--use as lead, and transition, into Central section of book?

--schoolbuses in bumblebee colors (yellow and black?)
How does Leona's arrival change life in the Bago?

--Jick waiting to use the toilet remarks that 4 people somehow use a toilet twice as much as 3 people.

--old saying, no kitchen is big enough for two women.
possible title for this section:

Bucking the Sun

East to November
Selden Road/1
Horse Creek Rd: pic #1, horse & beide - like, mtn behind, handsome animals
- pic leading - to Bridger, near Wilsall

- brushy hill on side
- milos (Cragans) yo. east, all for fiek
- again south up yo. base of mtns

- pic of white-painted ranch & long barn = shed; split = name = ranch, e.
  - can see Baldy on horizon yo. N W.
- Bridger to yo. abe here. yo. S, croquis & big bible behind
- Croquis Olive long tenter
- cattle pens below. horo, pedes, doing things
- irrigation on dirn cattle & shovel across his lip
- cats on stove in yard?
Shade, R and R.

- most ranches have eaten last year's hay, because of drought. Winter.

- pic a week cattle in Jan. 89 to 90 Clyde Park.

horse trailers heading to Willall rodeo
cut him out of the picture as if he was a paper doll.

Alec ... Earl Zane
Her saying that, and Leona's horse interest, brings to mind a comparison that maybe makes the point I have been after: amid the other four of us on hand that evening, Leona stood out like a palomino among blood bays.
p. 84—possible add: Jick's feeling that "to me, marriage seemed then as
distant as death."
It is strange for me to say, dwelling on that gone summer as I am, but I believe each of them was calling out to the other from a precipice of the past.
That pivot summer. 50 years before.
the exclamation in a cat's eyes
--a Leona characteristic?

also 🧲
Jick and Leona:

--Jick to Riley, possibly at Custer dance: "I didn't mean you and her (Mariah). I meant me and her. (Leona)" (Meaning, as possible matchup.)

--For once, Riley Wright couldn't come up with words. Not one. (end graf with this?)

--Jick comments, or says to Riley, it'd serve him (Riley) right if Jick becomes not merely an in-law again, but his step-father.
Jick's new face (beard); Leona comments on, when she first sees him again.
One reason Jick was disappointed that Riley wouldn't accept his ranch: Jick saw him as a substitute Alec, thought it would be a closing or repairing of a circle if Leona's son, the son she and Alec might have had, were to inherit the Reese ranch.

Maybe circles can't be closed
Jick-Leona will have to be modulated as Mariah-Riley was earlier in the book.
Leona tells the story on Riley, of the summer when he was 3 or 4, she couldn't get him to pee in the inside toilet, so taken was he with the spraddled-on-the-prairie method he'd seen his father do while he was out with him.

—L: He killed off my entire bed of pansies.
Alec was crackerjack at any kind of ranch work. Handling livestock, fixing fence, all that. Myself, I tend to surround the chores of a ranch, putting my effort here and there and it all eventually gets done, but Alec flew right at the work. This can only be guesstimate, but my hunch is that Pete Reese would have offered the ranch to Alec rather than me in 1952, had Alec been alive.
You can’t run a ranch as shipshape as the Wright place without knowing some arithmetic, and Morgan frowned in puzzlement. “Is that all? Twice as many as the Montanian?”

“No. Twice as many as there are people in Montana.”

Leona asked,”
Family feelings are a kind of spider spin strong as cables. Before the three of us headed into eastern Montana, Riley was going to drop word of his California future. It was interesting to me that he felt to what was left of his family he had to deliver the news in person instead of by way of one of the gadgets holstered on his belt.
All the while the pup ran himself dizzy in circles around us.
cut in May '89 drafting, because "cougar color" didn't jibe with "lightish there in the dusk."

the Crazy Mountains I could see a horse frisking in a pasture next to the cattle lot. A palomino, close to cougar color. Beautiful lightish thing there in the dusk, its mane blowing like flax. Morgan Wright
After the food even Mariah looked better, marginally. The determined silence she was maintaining while waiting for Riley to choose the magical moment when Leona would gladsomely welcome an ex-daughter-in-law back to her bosom was fascinating to me, for I had spent thirty-five years within close range of this daughter of mine and would have sworn she could not keep her lips hermetically sealed for this length of time under this amount of provocation.
The planet California.
California was another planet. Hell, Riley himself was another planet, one Mariah had already tried once and couldn't exist there.
What is the saying? Life is one damned thing after another, and love is two damned things after each other.
That he and she intended to be married. That proclamation overturned our family's law of gravity, because what Alec really was dumping onto
"Life happens fast when it gets rolling," Riley proclaimed. "Think of this as both of us coming to our senses simultaneously." He must have seen me opening my mouth on that, for he quickly changed to:
"I suppose it's kind of a surprise," he said around me to her.

Still leaning forward, he seemed to have gathered himself for this, poised to plunge as far and deep as it would take to convince Mariah.

"But why wait with it? Here's our shot at a fresh start." He dropped his voice into the rich tone of an announcer: "Together again, for the first time!"
"Mariah, this is a chance to go on up, in what we do," Riley was still rabid on the topic. "It's like being turned loose at the circus of life. There's just more, well, hell, more California than there is Montana to the world any more."
length of time under this amount of provocation. Watching the two of
them in their suppertime of predicament, it did make me wonder why,
with all the communicative gadgets that generation hung on their belts
or strapped on their wrists, they hadn’t dreamed up some mechanism to
fend with their parents. Something like a one-way transmitter, where
they could beam home Mom-and/or-Dad, you’re-not-going-to-like-hearing-
this-latest-escapade-of-mine-but-here-it-comes without having to endure
a return earful.
Outside, the day for once was rainless and fresh, the Absaroka Mountains standing to the south huge but clustered, shouldering into one another in a geologic jostle that has been going on since before human eyes were formed. Weather within the motorhome, though, was heavy and electrical, just as I'd hoped. Mariah was keeping her eyes remorselessly on the Yellowstone River as if seeking a spot deep enough to sink a mother-in-law in while Riley, as I say, was promisingly grumpy.
As the Bago headed past the end of the Crazies and eastward along the Yellowstone—and, really, although we who live in conjunction with the Continental Divide hate to admit it, onward to the two-thirds of Montana ahead—Leona announced out of nowhere: "Snoose Syvertsen. You remember him, Riley?"

Directly behind me Riley grumpily confirmed he remembered.
just as I’d hoped. Out on the flats east of Livingston, the world capital of wind, some giant experimental generating propellers have been erected and Mariah of course had me pull over while she scoped them with her camera. She made the mistake of wondering out loud why a couple of the propellers of the windmills were merrily spinning and one was not, and Leona sweetly suggested to her that maybe there was only enough wind today for those two.
Billings Northern Hotel mgr: check with her—or her mother—abt chinooks in Crazy Mtns country.

—or Van Zimmerman
Mr. Doig -
Welcome to the Radisson Northern Hotel.
I am a great fan of your favorite book, "This House of Sky".
Enjoy your stay with us.

Sincerely,

James Paris
secret pal in Wilsall women's club Grandma belonged to, members drew names and sent whatever "secret pal" they drew little gifts and cards throughout the year, birthdays etc. and maybe just at surprise intervals.
The Crazies are an unexpected turbulence on the plains, an island Andes jutting 11,000 feet high.