

Sue Lang, 10 Sept. '87: differences between western and eastern Montana
--she perceives w. MT as mysterious, closed in with its mountains; e. MT more open and welcoming. The human element predominant in e., topography in w. Horizon of the e. vs. the verticalness of w. mountains. There is a closed-in feel of w. MT, which regards itself as more intellectual and esthetic, the e. as more rube-like (my paraphrase). She finds herself liking the parts of e. that remind her of the w., that break the horizon--badlands between Chester and Fort Benton, for ex, and others near Circle.

--the cocoon (driving) of experience as you move through the landscape: do something with this as Jick et al make their trip. Capture the road~~n~~ experience.

en route to Billings:

stop at rest area on Yellowstone w. of Billings, use it as site of Jick re-meeting the Toothless Ferries and the broke young man who posts a note in the rest room.

6-22-'88 6 mi W. of Terry. Roll # 2, pic. 30.

- topography to north of I-94 looks like ruins or settlements.
^{math} horizon like a wall w/ chunks out of it.

- backing sun; @ 9:45 a.m., terrific heat wave windshld; Terry put mistress said - forecast is 105°.

- @ Miles City, badlands inc. round gray mounds, hill-size, like giant beehives.

- Miles City to Terry: Wood blue Y's tone; green panels of field beside out of concrete

Roll 2, # 31 - better n. of Glendive on Sidney rd; entry looks like made

32 - opp. side. Greenness of yellowstone R.

- continuous cotton w/ doves make a rash of dark green - 600 mi.?

puffs of clouds appear by early afternoon

- Glendive RV m'hor who got out of a going: noahound from Opla.

Bago, 21 June '68

- constant reminder of Y'stone R valley, green bottom land fields,
Billings to Greter: fresh green of cottonwood groves

- Bago bounces - gallops - @ dips in freeway; shock absorbers soft

Riley: "White line fever" (white stripe along passenger edge of freeway)

- sitting up high @ Bago, alt like in truck cab?

- beautiful valley of Big Horn R. joining Y'stone (cite - rivers joining
Y'stone from S of
Missouri " north)

2:30: 5 mi du Colstrip rd, RV bucked, then beach/ried; I turned around,
headed back to 'd freeway a couple of miles before RV quit. I reached it
to ~~the~~ shoulder 7nd cont power. Tried ignition, it ~~is~~ right off.
Called Gauger's, it's likely loose ignition wires behind switch.

rest area, nr Reedpoint

- on a little rise: 4 stone R below, a stand of c'wood trees; n. curves around
- campers & pickups b. middle of pkwy lot; North Amen van lines; idling ^{semi} loudly
- a few picnic tables on lawn b. sun; a couple shelter areas ^{loudly} steadily
- Pet area & fire hydrant in middle
- pine ridges to n. across river

in men's room:

- green partition; metal mirrors over sinks; urinal is right next to lat toilet stall, guys' legs wd be only a few' from feet.

- a commanding site, really.

- #18. Montana Historical Markers

The Montanians

from Bill Lang, Mont. funeral trip, Feb. 2-3, '86: the originator of the instream reservation idea that so far has saved the Yellowstone River from damming (Bill's article in autumn '85 Montana Mag of History) was a Kalispell legislator named Murphy--it became known as Murphy's law--in the late 60's(?), and it began not with the Y'stone specifically in mind, but with the highway dept's disruption of streams by construction.

--note Bill's idea that the Yellowstone's history is its protector: that the longer it is "the last free-flowing river," the harder it becomes to justify damming it.

Reed~~st~~ Pt. rest stop scene:

Riley was beside me, at the rear of the crowd, and I noticed he for once wasn't taking notes.

IN Billings 6/25/88 we briefly went to horse auction at Billings Livestock Commission Co., N. Frontage Road, 245-4151. Horses were hazed, by 2 ring men with light stock whips, in one gate and out the other, at rate of a horse every 30 seconds, while the auc'r did his unintelligible spiel. If I ever went to try capture it in print I likely should contact an auc'eer school and find out what sounds are taught there. But remarks amid the patter included:

- "Well, it's more than I had." (after somebody made a tiny bid; for ex, one colt sold for \$15, another for \$25)
- "Here we go." (to start bidding)
- "Where's the money, boys, where's the money?" (trying to encourage bidding.)

Jick may have to summarize most of mid-Sept. thru mid- or even late Oct.;
the three of them have to link up with Leona about mid-Sept. and there can
be only 3 or 4 story scenes, probably including the MOC dance, between then
and Centennial Day.

The debris of hubris is the chassis of genesis.

Pete Steen: 16 July '88 visit, I asked him about wing window on his old pickup;
he said it had wing windows, and was a '52 or '53 Dodge.

Snoose Syvertsen: add explanation that he was called that because he went through so much Copenhagen snuff?

Interesting, that Leona (showed no animus) toward Mariah when telling tales
on Riley. Womanhood must be stronger than...

Marrick

- mentions 1st part of their trip; just after Labor Day?
- part on windshield & top of Bago?

Roundup: coal mining--Del Stark material?

use at Y'sstone R. rest stop,
as Jack etc. on way to
Billings & eventually Plantgard?

incident from March '88 trip to Calif., for possible Mariah use:

at a rest area, in men's toilet was taped a handwritten sheet of paper, saying roughly:

I hope you're having a better day than I am. My wallet with \$300 was stolen by a hitchhiker. If you can contribute anything so I can get home to Spokane-- I'll mail the money back to you--I am in the blue Chevy pickup.

--get the culture of the road into the book: rest areas, service stations, fast food places, rv parks

Big windmills on flats east of Livingston: Mariah remarks that only one of the windmills is turning. Leona ~~say~~ tells her "There must be only enough wind today to turn that one."

changed in Jan. '90 go-through

431

You know how that is, though; toilet walls in a public place have a number of their own topics they're insistent on. I could not help but skim the anatomy lessons drawn there and the scenarios written under them, and in perusing around that way I at last noticed, in fairly neat small penciling directly in front of me on the stall door, one lone unillustrated epistle. Leaning forward as much as was prudent, I just could read: