Jick:

Memory. Why should it forever own us the way it does?
He was the kind of guy who crossed every i and jotted every t, just in case.
Old dogs bark the loudest.
There was a mind clicking behind that 00 face.
One thing about Mariah, putting herself to work always improved her mood.
By now they seemed to have found their writing and picture-taking legs, so to speak.
Mariah at some point cd repeat the "you know that?" to Jick from a opening page.

No, but don't set ya hopes too high.
use "half-vast" in a BB scene?

...He didn't get it until somebody suggested he try reading it out loud.

(Riley has called some public pronouncement or scheme "vast, or is it half-vast."
View is hard to eat, though.
pretty thin to eat
makes thin stew
Riley looked at me like a cat who'd just been given a bath.
If Riley did a tour of duty in Vietnam—he could have, if born in 1949: 21 in 1970—have Jick remark that all Riley would ever say about it was, "Nam was a fucking mess. But what else would anybody expect it to be?"
Talk to self-

Pandemonium in me

Some trip was doing it to me, something fierce.

How. had to wind it off, though.
Insert early in book, perhaps in Missoula I:

A mark of Mariah was that she always held herself so straight,
as if parting a current with her breastbone.
Riley seemed in favor of my beard, \textit{undoubtedly} because it ticked Mariah off.

"Look at it this way," he told her, "it gives him a hobby where there's no danger he'll saw his fingers off."
Maybe I was given somebody else's share of imagination on top of my own. Yet tell me how to keep matters from entering my mind, when they insist on coming in.
the firefly thoughts of the mind—names and scenes blinking out of the past for no good reason; simply because they exist.
You just couldn't predict this pair. Here all of a sudden they were both on their best behavior.
Life is temporary, after all.
He was in for a lot more (aggravation), if it had anything to do with it.
What a size life was these days. A person had to get up twice in the morning to begin to fill it.
It builds character. (have Riley or Mariah say to each other?)

(Perhaps in ironic reference to Jick having said it first)
(Riley) reached in and pulled something else from the pantry of his brain.
One thing sure, that mustache wasn't a latch on his mouth.
--It wasn't any of my business. (Jick, abt Maria/Riley in their marriage)
Yet if you don't feel strongly enough about it to take sides, what in the hell
did you spend the years raising the kid for?
chasing around (Jick's term for the Centennial trip--chasing around Mont.)
You couldn't be more wrong.

- Lew was to pick, telling him she thinks Marion and Ridley should remarry.
In the skin of a woman, how does life seem?
There I was, witless witness,
Mariah’s pic of Joseph bust: flat-bottomed lopped clouds—lopped in the same way as J’s head is freestanding.
Maybe Helen Ramplinger (or: my herder Helen) had the right idea, go and live with rocks.
possible use, in Lexa's birthday phone call to Jick:

Quite asks: "How'd you find us?"

"Couldn't let the day pass, and I figured the newspaper would be keeping an eye on Riley wherever he was. Just where are you, anyway?"
hair roots (while scared) go deep into our past
There's an awful lot of that, people wearing hundred-dollar hats on two-bit heads.

add to box scene
out 2 shagnostrics

add another scene
in last for
comitee scene
I'm not nocturnal. (Hazel Bonnet)

- Jack, life c R 6 M, bars etc.
growing my beard again, and looking scruffy: looking like I fell face down on a porcupine
At least my eyes aren't lame yet.
I was totally unlaced by that.
have Mariah's blouse turquoise-colored? (with snapbuttons--Jick says, "her snapbutton turquoise-colored shirt"?)
—Hungry again? (Relay to Jack)
—Thought I'd eat before I get that way.
Riley, with just his mustache for company (at end of the book, going off to California.)
Riley: Are you telling me you're marrying my mother?"

Jick: Who said anything about marrying? We'll have to see how things go.

I couldn't resist. Actually, I didn't try overly hard.
probably a guy in his position gets paid according to how many handshakes he makes in a month
final scene: toothless turns up at TUV flag ceremony, telling Jack they can't miss it - "Hello, it's only 90 min back to C + T all - we'll be home in an hour."

They tell Jack they've got something to show him, & lead him to his W. bag. On bumper is sticker: HONORARY TOOTHLESS FERRY.

"If we had it made up special," said one called Jerome, rocking back on his heels,

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, it likely did a mix of two.
"Goddamn, Tam, you know (Jick telling her he doesn't want to be around her ex-husband)

(Tam urges Jick to come on the centennial trip)

"What," she demanded, "do you intend to sit around like your tail was caught in a crack?"

"Sounds good to me. (J's response) The world can use more people who stay sat."
I am called Jick McCaskill. Oh, it reads John Angus McCaskill, born Sept. 4, 1924, Gros Ventre, Pondera County, Montana, on the certificate, but who the hell wants to carry around two names instead of one. But if I can do nothing about most of that, I at least can whittle the name down to where it makes some sense.
The day before centennial, Jick etc. drive home to Gros Ventre—describe the journey thru the hills Angus rode the freight wagon across, Jick rode to haying jobs, etc. They go to the Medicine Lodge for a drink. Get up early the next morning for raising of GV's centennial flag.)
(Nelson looks over Tam's pics of Montana during their centennial tour.)

"How good are you gonna get?"

"How good is there?" (she replies)
Jick, when someone in local historical society shows him Isaac Reese letter about death of Angus (gathered by "professor from Dillon" researching Montana Danes), to question from Tam:

"I don't know that much about the old boy."
THE MONTANIA NS

(Jick, Tam & Nelson visit a retirement home, maybe in Billings, maybe to see Good Help Hebner—tv crew there, too?)

(Jick to himself: I wonder if I am going to end up in one of these places. I hope not. I hope to Christ not.)
Jick sees in Missoula the woman he was briefly married to after college. He does not approach her, but somebody notices him watching her and asks what's up. He says "Just somebody I thought I knew."

—the feature writer Jick and Tam are traveling with has historical notes or summaries of places they visit on a portable computer: replicate a few of these in text of the book.

Jick now owns and lives in the Heaney house in Gros Ventre, bought by him and Marcella after her health turned bad, or they just turned most of ranch work over to a renter (?)
"I didn't know you have a brother."

"No, I don't guess you did."

He was killed in the war. Although these days I guess you have to specify which one. WWII."
(Jick and ex-soninlaw go in a bar. One of the things Jick has always liked about him is that he too is a Scotch drinker, rare in Montana. One of them orders:)

"A Scotch ditch."

"Same."

Bartender: "Cutty or Johnny?"

"Cutty will do."

"Jesus," the soninlaw says, "remember this place." (Meaning, how rare to find a bar where the house Scotch is Cutty Sark and Johnny Walker)

"I'll remember," Jick says.
(some community, perhaps Gros Ventre, makes a colossal centennial flag, the size of the huge one at the Ritzville Perkins pancake house (also at W’hauser hq?). It’s so big it’s a problem to hoist the damn thing every morning; and near the end of the book a big wind comes up and shreds it into banners of tatter.)

(get in touch with W’hauser pr office about watching that huge flag be hoisted)

(the wind of the Two country could be used to set this up: Gros Ventre’s community centennial project is to have the biggest flag in the state, and it dominates Main St, though it couldn’t be set up in the creekside park because the cottonwoods are so tall around it.)

Jick: "It was kind of interesting, though. The thing looked better (as banners after the wind tattered it)..."

Jick or the newspaper writer maybe conclude the book: The banners ride the wind of the Two... the way Baez could hang her voice in the air...
Are you getting any?

Are you missing some?

(Hazel Bonnet, July '85, passed this along to me; George Williams, Valier ditch rider, deflated Jim Briden with it.)
If Alec had lived (the McCaskill/Reese ranch could go on, there'd be heirs)...

If Tam hadn't met a camera and Maria hadn't met an Alaskan... There was a helluva lot of if about the McCaskills, but maybe that's true of all.

I had to call the Pine Butte guy for the number in Helena. When Helena answered, I said, "I need to keep the house and the sheep pasture until they pack me off to the marble farm. But the rest of the place, your bunch can have. Come and get her," I told the Conservancy guy.

(set this up by having Jick, Tam etc. do a centennial piece on Pine Butte, mention the Conservancy there; and have TriGram trying to buy the ranch from Jick.)

(have Jick do this the day before Centennial Day?)
Montanians

(Jick learns, at MHS through Isaac Reese's letters home to Denmark, what happened to Angus.)

Jick is waiting while Nelson and Tam go thru historical photos. Decides to see if there's any mention of family in card catalog. Maybe something brief on Beth or Mac, but nothing else. Then he decides to try Reese side of family.)

^JiHR Behind the desk there was a guy big enough to eat hay, but he looked more or less civil. (Dave Walter.) (Takes Jick to some ethnic city collection of letters, maybe in Small Collections. Jick finds 3-4 Reese entries, but each parenthesized as whatever nationality Reese is.)

^TThen I remembered. I went deeper into the Rs, past (Rigsby, for ex; whatever name wd be in that spot) to Riis, and there he was, Isak. (letters to his sister Karen, beginning when he came to Noon Creek, and in contrast to his mumbojumbo version of Danish English, these in translation from Danish are eloquent, moving. Jick reads through--Anna's death, I knew something of that--and finds Isaac's description of Angus and his death, in aftermath of winter of 1919, of worn-out heart.)

over
(apparatus of Isaac's letters: they were found in Danish archives, translated by someone like Rex Myers of Dillon for Centennial ethnicity study funded by Mont. NEH; addressed by Isaac to "Dearest Sister Karen" or whatever is appropriate, they end with her death or Isaac's, in late 1920's.)
"She looks sweet enough to melt in your mouth, don't she."

"I'd sure like to give that a try."
"As long as nothing physical or mental is required, I'm available. Your guy."
"It ain't elevator music." (somebody says of the Roadkill Angels' music)
in the Golden Belle bar, Northern Hotel, Billings, the barmaid had hair which could be used for Kimi: came down long on either side of her head, crinkly and wavy, like the ears of a spaniel.

— Also, she began sentences: "Like, I was..."
— " used: "I go, 'What?'"
Some of his ideas were vast, and some only half-vast.

--possible use: R slipped that into a column about a politician; the BB didn't get it until somebody told him to read it out loud.