married but not churched. (Proxy & Darius, in Meg's view?)

--This obscurely bothered her, although she knew she'd be bothered too by Darius and this whore receiving ministerial blessings.
"They didn't go off together to learn to play the zither." (improve this)
"I walked out w/ my skin still on me."

That's something."
Why was it that the hard-headed Scotch melted into gumdrops at a phrase of music song or poem?
As the man says, you can inex count on one hand the only six decent people in town.
That just about broke me of that spring wheat idea. (Gwynn, 83)

We'll break you of that idea.
Monty: That never bothered me, bashfulness.
John Porteen--2nd folder MHS oral history summaries

lingo:

"I've seen too many hard winters." (memory is going)

"I've froze in Montana so much that only one half of me has thawed out yet."

Hard work: "It was all in a day's work. We didn't know any better."
What in the name of Hell is going on out here?
"feel

...felt like the ant standing up to the steamroller. (Lexa in Alaska?)

Spanish.
The war (years) had wilted the state.
strung through the weathered valleys and across the girth of prairie.
Didn't recognize you, disguised...

So now you're disguised as an honest man?

(one Duff to another who's been unexpectedly frank about something)

— Owen to Darren

Hugh
Kramer, VV

118--"Well-wintered is half-summered."
War, and war.

The furrows behind my brow seemed that same way, utter and basic. What was it that had hold of me, to make memory as intense as the experience itself?
Susan to War? Flanders scene

Bad intentions will only (get you so far).

carry
I can't give you an absolute affidavit, but I think...
all gowed up

pretty badly gowed up
The shadow on that house was (drunkenness?)

greed? (Worsen)

courtesy

ness
Complain

95-

land was voted out

called to death

called?
MontSt from Eng Crk "Forest Svce" filed ctgry lingo

WPA--Folklore, customs

scrub pine: bull pine, or jack pine
Even then, Wandell was...

a SOB waiting to happen
complicated, as I suppose love ever is.
Ailing though she was, she could put out the work.
The way her life had been, (Dad was a romantic, vivifying element)
As he gapes at Velma, into Jick's mind comes one of Stanley's songs:

"Oh sweet daughters of the Lord/Grant me more than I can afford."
since he was a sprig
night was sloping across the sky to where the sunset had been
they had cronied together since...
--cronying together
Watts, Dick

- short-tail outfit: small ranch

gobbled up by WW
How can your own children become strangers to you? (Let us count the ways.)

How not?
DARE, I, 351

boughten—commercially made, purchased, as opposed to homemade

boughten teeth: false teeth
Endure the day. Around here, there didn't seem much else to do with it.

He settled in Ya...
Dell Stark, Aug. 3, 1940

Dear [Name],

I was so mad I could hardly breathe.

-Arlee, in Ray's grip at dance?
haywire

--Cass cd refer to Tepee Weepy as "that haywire outfit you're with"
cursing methodically as he
Woe-oh. (elongated "Whoa.")

Whoa-oh.
Mariah to Riley: "Instead of a brain you've got a little file cabinet in there, don't you."

(I originally overheard this as: "You just have a little filing cabinet for a brain, don't you.")
Greene interview, in Eng Crk "Mont. trip '82" filed category:
calls CCC "the three C's"
"You tell it, you're going to anyway."
All these years in the business, and Proxy still couldn't predict.

(whether cold weather was good or bad for the brothel trade? or something to do with Easter?)
state of Montana

Over the winter the Montana highway department had slammed in a new paved highway between Fort Peck and Glasgow, and that was to Neil's benefit too, he could roll right along into Glasgow and then onto U.S. 2.
...twitch the switches (of society) (i.e., Darius's belief that things can be changed by politics)
Hanson, 18--Ill-fitting clothes: fit where they touch
make the Duffs a family where nobody (except maybe Neil?) gives anybody any quarter; they are frank, even blunt, in telling each other off.

--This family trait startles, and takes some getting used to, when the Tibbett sisters (especially Kate?) marry into the family; the Tibbetses never admitted much to each other, just glossed over life in Toston.
Jick can note that one night they'll be in a fern cafe with this sign up, and the next night in an older place with a SMOKING PERMITTED sign which seems to imply it's compulsory.
"Riley, I don't give a rip what you think. That's never sunk in on you, has it."

"Sunk in, well, you pounded.

"Probably it got pounded right on through."
current slang for Mariah/Riley

Way to go.

nut out (as if, "Don't nut out on me"; i.e., freak out)

Hold that thought.

loop out ("Don't loop out on me here")
an educated guess

Susan: I'll take an educated guess and say,
How many times have I seen it happen--kids who were so goddamn ornery it seemed to have been put like the only thing to do with them was put them in a gunnysack and dropped in the creek, now raising kids of their own in strict politeness.
I can't keep track of...
"Take a minute not to be silly, can't you?"
"And you, Alexandra?" (pointed question from Mariah)
The five years of Fort Peck started to unravel shortly after noon on September 22nd of 1938.
He's hopping busy, as usual. (Ch'ine to Mag?)
- Ch'ine hires Mag to clean up beauty shop?
All of Fort Peck seemed to be on stilts. Trestles...
mentioned in "Ft. Peck—A half-century & holding":

p. 5— "deafening trip-hammers which ran day and night" (driving the steel beams of the sheet pile cutoff wall into shale at center of dam)
p. 598--check to see whether D's bony knees in bed" is used earlier.
"Maybe winter will forget to come this year."

leave
B's usages:

conspicuous by its absence

Don't founder yourself.

pretend as an adjective; she never wanted to be a pretend anything.
"I'd bet that I will."
"Feeble." (Susan says dismissively.) "You really ought to be able to do better than that."
"I thought you were over that."
"You are over that."
starve-out country
Bsr.
Winterish.
She makes a person twist. (i.e. overworked)

- Beth
bossyboots
Hear we almost lost old 00. (i.e., he nearly died)  
(More educated character: "Understand we almost...")  

Hear we just about lost old 00 there for awhile.  

-lst person to get flu?
Better hours than a threshing crew. (i.e., this isn't so bad)
possible turns of phrase in "Jick" play in Book Ideas file drawer
Most the time,
Nonplussed and hoping against the odds that it was not going to be his regular condition around this...
The weight shifts when a society has more dead than living. (Riley's column on highway crosses.)

Mitch estimates 155 graves, versus its population.
not used in Feb. '98 version of Divide:

Twin Sulphur Springs plainly had more population in burial stones than up walking around.

--have Mariah ponder this and ask Mitch on the trail abt "our distgshed hitchhiker"
Rebecca Jannusch Brewster, Ovando MT, (406)793-5577, called 9/17/96 abt how to get another copy of Heart Earth—she'd spilled chokecherry juice on the dust jacket of neighbors' personally inscribed copy she'd borrowed! By the time I called back she'd found a replacement dust jacket, and in course of conversation I found that she and her husband Joe (he's from Conrad, related to Bisnets; she's Bill Jannusch's 33-yr-old daughter) have moved back to Montana, a la my Keeping characters. They sound like good sources; Joe manages the U. of Mont forestry school's research ranch @ Ovando; they came back to Mont. to this job this year after his college work @ U. of Nevada/Reno and some Ph.D. work @ New Mexico St. in Las Cruces. Rebecca knows Dupuyer and its people from growing up there, and has a keen sense of how the town is fading away; she mentioned how people have become "hardened to" driving to Gt. Falls for anything, versus the 3 times a year her family would go when she was a kid, one of them a school-clothes trip.

--Rebecca's dad Bill lives in Kalispell now
--her sister LeAnne (sp?) is married to John Hayne

Rebecca invited us to stop, stay overnight.
Lexa's sea-colored eyes had gone to slate.
Her sister Mariah was lanky, daring, and edgy. Lexa had grown up watching M. tugging on the world by its short hairs, aiming a camera back its expressions. She herself was better at grooves of life...
the exclamation in of a cat's eyes. Riley, green-eyed?

the kind of exclamation you sometimes see in a cat's eyes
prom-date chest (Lexa's?)
unused: (for Lexa) You know you're in trouble when your best feature is your collarbones. (or...?)
The country was going gaunt, like a grayhound's flanks. You always had to pick your days in the Two Medicine country.
"That slowed up Mr. soh-and-so."
(Bill Reinking) agreed with the dropouts from society, but thought they splashed too much.
stiptic

stiptic pencil: C remembers her grandfather using one for cuts from shaving, thinks maybe it was made of alum—a crayonlike thing in a wrapper.

---look up in an unabridged dictionary
P.J. Joyce, A Forgotten Part of Ireland (Tuam, Ireland, 1910)

p. 127--In the famine of "Black '47," an old man told Joyce, "The people died like midges."
Colcord, 69:

dry nurse: experienced chief mate serving under inexperienced or incompetent captain

Hugh to Daniss
"Damn it, man, I'm not interested in your Trotsky and thisky and thatky."

(Darius, against factionalism, simply wanting an encompassing workers' movement.)

Darius refers to the Triple Alliance: "We had them." (Clenches a fist so hard the knuckles go white.) "We let them get away." (WWI)

---Among Darius's memories of '26 General Strike: young college fops directing traffic or some other civic fill-in, singing or reciting silly song of their set:

"Sitting around/Samarkand/Eating a tamarind..."

Sitting...around...

a

Samarkand.

Eating...a...

Tamarind.

Darius: The lanky bastards.
Lanky bastards they.
And the voice was more hypnotic than ever, her wrap of it around his name and arrival—"Darius, welcome!"—even huskier, richer, than in his memory. Don't hear more than is there, he told himself one more time. Never do that again. Don't ever put yourself through that again.
beauty shop scene: should it be interior thought by Darius, or dialogue:
'Permanent,' though—why's this (weekly) hairfixing called that?

One thing puzzled Darius. "'Permanent, though—why's this hairfixing called that?"
"That's American for 'more than overnight,'" Hugh informed him.
Even in the growing confusion of his old age, his memory would gather occasionally on Darius Duff, and he would pray yet again for that soul lost to Glasgow.
family Bible of the Duffs? (wd provide a way to give family background, maybe genealogy)

--Darius says he's not surprised Hugh has hung onto it. Hugh, taken aback, asks why not, as he's not religious. D says no, but he's amply hypocritical.
00 had a tongue in him like a clapper of a bell.

Darwin?
Toussaint about dogs: "If they tasted better, I could see some sense to them."
Gt. Falls, 5 July '85:

Gene and Hazel Bonnet told me of Frances Tidyman instructing her husband to take the doors off her kitchen cabinets—"I do not have time for cabinet doors."

(to be opening)
kit

Not much kit (our household) for...
Easter: maybe deliberately don't sketch in her background, make the point that she considers she's not bound to the past as Darius is.
Darius:

He has to seem as mysterious and unexpected, at first, to the reader as he does to the other Duffs. Gradually the threads of his past come out, some in dialogue with Easter, maybe some in interior monologue, bleak moments of D. reflecting on what he did in Scotland that brought him to the Montana tundra.

--One of the other Duffs, probably Owen, is suspicious of Darius and why he left Scotland.

--And Hugh is uneasy because of Darius and Meg?

**Is Darius, without admitting it to himself, punishing himself?

--has Darius killed a (more moderate) union official in autumn '32 street demonstration?

--does he ask Easter to marry him to spite the other Duffs?
Don't specifically mention Darius until he appears at Fort Peck?

— if so, an allusion can simply be made earlier, keyed to Hugh: "He and his brother...(something of their background in Grail)". Perhaps also use, without specifying Darius, tension between Hugh and Meg over her attraction to Darius when they were in Scotland; or suspicion of what happened between them when Meg went to Scotland in 1913.

— When Owen, Bruce & Neil meet Darius for the first time, vague bgrmd again can be alluded to: one of them had imagined the Scotch uncle, compares that with the actual.
Darius feigns drunken disappearances of a day or two—"off on a tear"—to cover his trips to Plentywood.
character--Darius?--who hated wholesale (i.e., entire categories at once)

Or the sheriff: he could hate wholesale when a specific person didn't rate it...
Asquith was M.P. for East Fife (1886-1918); tried out speeches on railway workers
--allude to Asquith's romantic fixation, writing letters twice a day to his mistress?
Darius in the barracks (before Proxy & the houseboat)

--women in the shower

--Darius despises the feeling of regimentation
There are things life wants you to do, and things you want to do.
Possible Bucking the Sun use:

"Better be on your toes, kid. They (deaths) come in threes."

--from MSU WPA folklore—misc. studies

--wind so hard it started to lift rocks up off the ground

--description: black hair with bartender's lick.

--"Jordan for many years enjoyed the distinction of being the farthest inland town in the United States." (WPA flklr—anec—persons)

--give him a working over
knolls (in the mind)
numerous ticks picked off a person during day; those doing the picking kid the pickee that it's always the same tick.
quakiness
came near dying (or could mean extremity of some other kind—"came near famishing" for very hungry;
I only want all I can get.
It was a country proper only for dusk, the tan and gray of grass and ridge at last looking right, the softnesses a day should end with. The gullies would blank into shadow, the ridgelines fire themselves red with the last sunset embers. But we were there to raise sheep, not to watch sunsets...
In the schoolyard and at home and all the world between, the contradictions towered over us.
Memory sets its own hours if not watched.
The isolation had bent some of these people, as a prevailing wind will bunch a tree.
words so sweet they were practically edible
00 pointed his first two fingers like a double-barreled derringer. (actorly trick)
 One wd have done for me, given it...
The water not frozen but thinking about it.
Of course, so does water on stone, drop by drop.
That drew/produced his automatic headache.
Tom

hawk-like (?)
Along with a voice of welcome like the start of a song.
If he was flattened out, he would reach into (the next county).
"Capacity is my middle name."
(This was) like a remembered song.
brighter than a burning bush.
almost picturebook masculine

jemmininc
...w/ a spoon and a cherry on top."
handed me that...
carcass soup (Thanksgiving leftover)

—in C's family, it was called boney-part
teased to death
so as not to get...
Peter Penner, 1st folder of MHS oral history summaries

—as teenager, hobby was walking on stilts; afterward, scaffolds and the dam trestle didn't bother him.
Plainly put, 00 was a savage.
That idea fozzled off, and 00 stayed on at 00ing...
According to Pete, through the winter Grady stood around pondering and pulling at his dewlap until he had about stretched his throat inside out, but he at last thought the power buckrake into existence.
as if cut out with a ripsaw

- neutered person
not the brightest button in the box
half-acre face (Arlee?)
acreage of body
So tough you couldn't cut him with a knife
"Listen, you, we don't have to take that kind of noise from a--"
The Stanleys of this world do not show pain easily.
each every (deliberate exaggeration: each every one of us...)

have Rob ...
chunky (physical description of person or plane)
He was a small man surrounded by the world. convinced that the world was trying to surround him specifically.
He is one of the most disliked persons in the world.
Jick abt Jim Bill Rango: nickname shortened to JB, Jick choruses it phonically in his head, jaybee, yeah, the guy was some kind of a cross-creation, all right...
"Someway", pp. 87, 89, 108A (in June '86 unWanged revision)-- change to 2 words or keep as idiom?
adapt to Monty being in minor? (of D’Eync?

Well, what the hell, what's wrong with having a face that admits it's had plenty of life lived in it?
...yet.

...Oo put a lot trust in yet.
Harlem ran on darkness

like ooo's world over. Med L
follow you to the downslope of Hell.
Lust was no respecter of time and place. Bruce looked at Easter as if...

He wasn't sure if he even liked her or not. She was just interesting as hell.
Tom w/ black bow tie and white shirt looked like Paris waiter but w/out silly mustache.
"Life is one damned thing after another. Love is two damned things after each other."

Somebody said that. At lest shd have.
Tom cuts off customer who'd drunk enough: "You know what? All the drinks with your name on them are empties."

--or: I'm all out of drinks w/ yr name on them.
Tom says of R's mother: "Gone to her reward."

When R calls him on it, T: "You have to tell people something."
Francine

@ reunion? ... in wraparound sunglasses, practically a bandit's mask, snuck a beer from the tub.
"I loaded up on flood insurance, a while back."
You know the difference between in-laws and outlaws, don't you? Outlaws are wanted.
"There at the reunion, you ran the cutting gate, didn't you."
"She has blue eyes."

"So what? You do too." Too late realizing the implication of that, he added: "Half

the people in the world do."

on the face of the earth

--Rusty has seen her at the reunion, wolfing down a hotdog or burger (w/ distaste?). She came and grabbed a bottle of beer from the tub, which seemed to help. (Tom & Del were busy, didn't notice. Rusty wondered if he ought to guard the beer.)

dark glasses
"Your old man is really with it."

after GF Trib piece: "Your old man is really, really (ital) w/ it."

---other possibility: ...the living end.

---She and Rusty cd mimick someone they've overheard: "Ain't that the living end?"
(Give me) a shot of miracle cure, on the rocks.
How now, brown cow.

...lesson that when people mf back there in history greeted each other with "How now?" the effect was, well, Shakespearean.
Oysters weren't the only things stewing.
AF missilemen coming off a tour of duty at the M'man silos buried across the northern MT prairie,
She car was backed up to the rear door.
a portholed gunboat Buicks nearly big enough to live in,
successor to the Hudson
Del was always writing things down.
louver like watching from projectionist's booth
Russell (overdone?)...every time I had to write it on a school assignment.
"How's life as a mutton conductor?"

"The old biddies miss their lambs. Bunch quitters..."
If this was happening on a stage,...
"You old so and so."
Zoe

"Tee hee." (sardonic)
a terrible lot of 00
Rusty

"Super."

"That's super."
shotglass w/ double bottom
Earl Zane

the most obnoxious man in town

nicknames for people: T-man for Tom, Howitzer for Howie, Rustcutter for Rusty

Tomahawk
tommygun
tomtom
tarbender

Tom old boy?
Big T?
What was it about the Zane family line?
hobblegation
Rusty abt listening in.

I definitely had his ears. (i.e., Tom's knack of really listening)
...before fame came.

Tom is the sparkplug of oral history, having heard people's stories in the Blue Eagle; what he recites inspires others who Del interviews.
Duane Zane

the son of an ess of a bee

--what...looked like
dance the Twist
He himself drank very cautiously.
Mad magazine

"What me worry?"

furshtunkiner
caught like a chameleon on plaid
How people talk has always fascinated me.
Velma?

She thought she knew what she wanted, and she hadn't seen it yet.
Earl Zane

00 was a specimen of mammoth mouth if there ever was one.
Isidor and George (or Gabe?) Pronovost, packers

—scrawny little guys, neither of them much bigger than a minute...
There was just enough unbroken in him to hold whiskey. (Bilibin?)
Very probably he was tumbled by alcohol.
somebody of Eng Crk or G Ventre is a drinker.

"has been maimed in machinery accident."

(ask Jim Lane about this, and about death of rodeo rider)

NYT Magazine, Dec. 26, '82, "Theater's First Couple"—Hume Cronyn lost his left eye to cancer:

"He stands up and suggests I change seats with him, so that I'm on his right. 'Glass eye,' he explains, sharply tapping his pipe stem against the replacement—an impish but bizarre gesture... 'I can't comfortably see anyone whom I'm speaking to if he's on my left.'"
Eng Cke characters to carry over into The Montana:

No. - Saul Withrow of Lewistown

Yes. - Jack’s 1st wife, in Mirronda

- Norman Peper, boy in wheatfield during hopper poisoning

? - If Carl & Arlene Zone (or similar others) aren’t mentioned at end of
Eng Cke, their later cd be told here.

- Paul Eidson?

- have somebody from Eng Cke very old: Frisky Hahn? Ed Van Betten?

Good Help Helmer? (into his 90’s?)

Yes

born c. centuri
archaeologists diving for jugs to see how ancient Greeks lived...

If the ocean came back to the Rockies,
"Before you head for the Riviera, can I get a drink?"
the dead pawn
(from Ann and Marsh; phrase they've heard in Southwest when trading post jewelry that's
been pawned comes available because the owner died.)
Velma

Had there ever been anything between them? Only a cautious distance, to judge by Pop's demeanor.
Flivver Music
It was a kind of bedlam, and therefore perfect. (from kid's point of view?)
The mountains went up like the farthest rough edge of everything, the rim where the earth tore loose from its (flat) beginnings (footings).
The sentinel rustle of wind in cottonwoods.
- of cottonwoods at touch of wind. No other sound like it.
the mtns with caps of cloud
4 July '82: y'day's views of mtns:

--In more ways than one, the mountains are the biggest things in our lives here in the Two country. They forge our weather...give shape to our day.

--C's point: the mtns give a person location. They are a guide; seeing them, you have an instant fix on where you are. They're reassuring, in that sense. A sea wall.

--The mtns are something to lean your life against.

--difference between a continuing plain's prospect, and the mountains' prospect: the mtns are more to be relied on, more reassuring.
cottonwoods (Choteau Park)
--cotton flying overhead like bubbles
--small tree, w/ tiny dapple of shade
--islands of people; or, people on islands of shade, the c'wds like palms
--tiny fleeces of cotton
--people sleeping on their stomachs
just in time for a bone-snapping blizzard
check Sky

(Wall Mountain) rimrock, arcing along the horizon like a fence of rock pillars.
With the cottonwoods that rose old and tall along English Creek...
The businesses along Main Street looked considerably than they otherwise would have, trying not to disgrace the trees. The neighborhoods, with all that green over them as shelter from the sun and as a breeze-catcher whenever any air was moving, were wonderful for walking.
The bluffs (ridgelines) never looked finer than right now, green grass tickling blue sky.
Del says of sheep ranching:
"It's going to go."
Tom: "Gonna go? What do you mean?"
"Your dad is snake boots!" (Wd have to be set up w/ boots in back room, Rusty reporting what someone said, etc.)
The Wagon Herder

--Eddie Turley?
fan letter from Depoe Bay

"I have exposed myself to your other works of fiction..."
check the "Writing Fragments" file in my top file drawer for English Creek bits and pieces that might be adapted for Keeping the Days.
check these Phyllis McGinley lines: (possible epigraph?)
"Off in the wilderness broad and level,
St. Anthony wrestled with the Devil.
And when he'd done the Devil down,
Anthony turned his sights toward town."
At OSU book signing, Dec. ’87, woman named Marcella told me Jan. 31 is St. Marcella’s day; also said the owner of Raggedy Ann was named Marcella.

—amid this, Cheryl Maze produced one of her staff members named Marcella. Only other one I’ve heard of in modern times is Dave Walter’s wife.

—one of the above Marcellas said it was originally an Italian name, MarCHELla.

—Somewhere in the book, Marcella shd have a scene, bringing her to life, so to speak. Late in Section 3, maybe at the MOC dance?
A beautiful touch in The War of the End of the World, p. 70, 1st graf: Vargas Llosa shows how the Counselor's ragtag army, on way to its first battle, sifts itself into compatible groups—"people from the same hamlet, the same slave quarters, the same district of a town, members of the same family were now grouped together"—and the killers among them emerge to the front, "knowing without having to be told that because of their experience and their sins they were called to set the example when the hour came to attack." A superb bit of sociology, which sounds exactly right; where did he get it, out of imagination or a source?
Maybe we weren't simply ricocheting. All years lead somewhere.

(used in Heart Earth?)
Meeting myself on the long road, I took the chance to ask:

"Am I who I think I am?"

The answers ran various.
Duane Zane

had the family trait of too much mouth.
Duane Zane

lardhead
Igdrasil seemed twitchy today, a limb (leaves) stirring here or there...
This may be the opposite of scientific, but I think people take a drink to put away 00. ...to unmoor themselves/ to unmoor the mind from its dock, as the narcotic of sleep leads to dream.

Not a good idea if one or two (drinks) leads to too many, but that is the human race for you.

...to leave some part of themselves.
lodge night--drinking in the Medicine Lodge
shaking dice for drinks

--Tom won't do it; but customers do w/ each other?
Zoe abt Duane: "What a lunker."
back room:

irrigator's gum boots
Zoe steps into dress shoes in back room.

--snake(skin) boots?
Zoe & Rusty

The Bomb; duck and cover
Rusty

I (still) was so mad at him I could taste it.
In a small town, each place of business is a neighborhood.
...a daughter who was not the most OO child in the world. She could go from impish grin to sulking at the drop of an eyelash.

I had watched her smush her food around on the plate as if mixing mortar.

--If you can imagine Audrey Hepburn as a tomboy with a chip on her shoulder, there you have Zoe.
They can't object to Zoe & R spending times together because...

profit? solvency?

They realized Pop was the key to (not only his but theirs), the Medicine Lodge...(the anchor biz
Francine

You could still find in sheepherders' wagons pulp mystery magazines with a woman on the cover w/ a cigarette dangling from one corner of her lipsticked mouth. F was straight off one of those covers.

--maybe make this the kind of reading material Tom has in the motor court?
The Two Med country was a crossroads...
If you can imagine Audrey Hepburn as a tomboy w/ a chip on her shoulder, there you have Zoe.
palaver of the radio.
dress shoes hocked in back room of saloon
Zoe was one of those persons you couldn't keep your eyes off of.
"No acting, got that? Just be kids."
"People are gonna drink. It's a law of nature."
Naturally the brewery smelled like nothing else; around some vats, the aroma was strong enough to taste without even trying. Zoe couldn't resist (xx crossing her eyes)...
Once or twice in a lifetime, if luck smiles on you, you meet (a personality like Zoe)... who give off vibrations...
If nature's processes had never included fermentation, who knows (how humanity wd have developed; 00, certainly. But (it) exists, the proverbial genie in the bottle, and people are going to sip or slurp (according to taste)...
Japanese battle flag

"Either that or some smart sailor painted up a bedsheet and sold it to some green louie."
Pop liked big cars; he had traded in the Hudson for a 00 Dodge...
"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."—Shakespeare
animal head seen from louver; seems to be listening along
Isn't there a poem by a cranky English poet that saying intercourse was invented in 1963, too late for him? Perverts must have been invented after that, because (no one concerned abt Del taking Rusty and Zoe on interviews).
Tom

When asked what he's going to do if he gives up the saloon:

"Take my turn at oblivion."
"Funny how the wee hours of the night (turn into) the weewwe hrs, hey?"

"Taking a leak. Haven't you heard of the wee, wee hours of the night?"
Lovely bit of lingo from Joe Mobilia. His Boston Italian mother always asks him if he wants breakfast, which he never does. She's now shorthanded the question to:

"Do you want breakfast? No."

— Similarly, Tom can do this: Do you want to do thus and such? Naw. Or conversely:

Want to go fishing? Sure you do.
stick w/ the missionary position.

"Whst's the missiona--"

"Never mind. It has to do w/ saying your prayers."
prefers to sell GF Select; if he has to, will sell one of the beers that made M'kee famous.
ing

featured a fry kitchen and counter on one side and a serious bar along

the other and a gambling emporium in the entire back half of the building

and a high, high old pressed tin ceiling, and within it all a grizzled
before he could drink it all away.
"Don't get hysterical."
"If you ever think about..."

"Only all the time."
...more indistinct than that.
Pop was not in the business of (denying customers' desires).
by "medicine" the Indians meant something like magic
the Pastime saloon

owned by down-and-outers who never had the wherewithal to fix it up
- so it stayed dark, dingy...
- mean money signs, bad sign of the meant no Gunn.
the imbibing community
(Was I ever glad. Now that I had Pop to myself, I wanted to keep him.)
green outfield etc.

--makes the male human being turn to mush.

American into instant mush. I felt it myself
detriment to society.
"Don't get hydrophobia."
"When you go through a gate, you ought to close it behind you. Get what I mean?"

--later: But it's a gate, not a wall.

--A gate is just a gate; it works both ways.
(used the louver) like turning on a radio (or: clearer than TV, was the view thru the shutters)
from Eric Nalder: Constantine (Gus) Angelos, ex-PI education writer, grew up in a Greek cafe.
Rusty at bedtime to Tom:

"Don't burn yourself up."

"I'll sleep in furnace pants, don't bother your head about it."
or: "What am I supposed to do, sleep...?"
Beyond the borders of (logic), and on into the wilderness of astonishment.
skull-cracking idea

Another of Robin's
Life was sifted through the (grill of) the louver.
There were people (in the Two Medicine country) who drank too much, of course there were. I don't know where there wouldn't be, except maybe the North Pole.
The dawn of a new era is always heralded...

--usually with a round number on the calendar.
Fishing is the answer? To What question?
In those years, everyone had stories. Plural. That was the point.
the weenies of the world
Adoration was one thing, 00 was another.
keen as magpies
"You've got a heart as big as a prune."

or: a heart no bigger than...
"You're pretty much the authority on 00, all right."
came along and swacked me.
Was, missing out Can she...

Pinch off a bud here, and another grew, somewhere else? Was that how it worked?

The war was a welter of hatreds. Darius saw it as an interruption of the workingmen's movement...
Nothing but a cloud without rain.

"Who, Hugh?"

"Cloud without rain, him."

Proxy聘请 H.

Susan or her mother, but Ninián?

Monty o Yancy.
When he sang, he seemed to...

unfurl
She entertained herself w/ the notion
Like Australians, Montanans

drought

no funk: people are afraid of things that count—lightning, blizzard, their own tendencies.

As w/ Susan's opera

w/ Susan's opera
- large half and small half

- He was a guy who always wanted the large half of anything.
the marriage twanged with it
Grace?

Easter:

My mother had one child and she didn't have any fools.
Taint was everywhere (use w/ Dad-Grandma feud?)
Maybe (for her) the mountains anchor the old thoughts, the fleet of moments that is the past.
...the sweet apprehension of coming home (to Montana)
You can't just open yourself up like a suitcase and say, here it all is.
from here to Betelgeuse. (Was it discovered by the 1930's)
"Now I'll tell one." (skepticism at what he's just heard)

Do I get to tell one now?
I'm mortally certain (or morally?)
Kate
00 brought a blush to. Nell
each other.
"Bruce isn't happy unless he's in trouble up to his bottom lip." (have Neil say?) Owen?
He (Darius) still hadn't been able to figure out the difference between over the hump and over the hill.
in thrall

thrall to... an idea
"Who, mannerly me?"

Darius swung off the bed, keeping his face away from Proxy after that unmissed guess of hers. He went to the water bucket and drank from the dipper. He remembered the sound, 00, of Crawfurd's skull splitting. Acts have echoes too. The hiding, until the could be slipped aboard the ship... None of it, did he dare let show on his face, even this far away...
Gwen: You were a bright light even when you were 2 years old.

Dennis to Hugh?

America

QO hasn't sapped your mental powers.
every nick of those gone times came back to Hugh (w/Darius arrival)
like a sorrowing child, "Darwis..."
There were times when (Proxy? Hugh?) was talkative, and times when she/he was drunk, and times when she/he was drunkenly talkative.
This was another day that was fast going to waste.
cockade
You can spend four-thirds of the time worrying, if you let yourself.
As much as can be said on behalf of money,
Wendell, drinking w/ War?

Here's to younger women, older whiskey and faster horses. None of which meant much to me at the time.
hard grind
Believe this, next.
As clear as today, I remember...
Does Jick see himself as an individual, surprised by history washing over him?