

cut in Jan. '92 revise:

Yet, again, as with my mother, to frame my

father and his capering brothers as a group picture of carefree cowboyism is just too handy. There is the not-little matter of the morning after.

Most people after those rural nightfuls of music and other intoxicants would wobble home for too few hours' sleep before groaning up to milk

the cow and pitch hay to the livestock and other chore miseries. The

Doig boys, no matter how strenuous their Saturday night, flew at the chores

the minute they reached home and slept uninterrupted after. To try to

put a denominator on these saddle scamps who also had a reputation for

working like blazes, the Doigs were something like practical throwers

of flings.

possible add to ch. 1, Moss Agate scene, appxly p. 18?

The Ringlings could afford Montana as a hobby; the Ringers were barely clinging to the planet. My grandmother came out of those ~~Moss~~ ~~Agate~~ years ever after referring to any item that reminded her of Moss Agate as "old junk," and ^{which in fact} that was pretty much what the place consisted of-- ^{that milkpail life had} junk cows, a junk ranch... It wouldn't have taken much for society to consider the family, itself, junk. But they ^{fended} behaved better than their circumstances suggested. They stayed fed--no shortage of dairy products, anyway--and they put their shoulders wherever that thin edge of settlement needed propping up; my grandmother, product of a third-grade education, served on the school board so they could have a one-room school, my grandfather Tom ^{hired out} ~~worked~~ as carpenter or painter... [Except for my mother, the kids went on to high school diplomas and Paul, the musical one, even ^{start at} struggled out a bit of college before he was called up in the war.] ^{the Ringers} So ~~they~~ could hold their heads up, and did. Not with the jauntiness of the Doigs, who seemed to think life's hard whacks were all the more reason to laugh betweentimes, but adequately.

This was a language I liked and heard very little.

(My mother teasing my father? the two of them arguing? joking?)

My father could run something as everyday as a ranch fine and dandy.

What he refused to regulate was his lifelong opinion of bosses. "Can

ye imagine that Helena scissorbill wanting me to put that upper field

into alfalfa? The sheep'd get onto that and bloat to death until Hell

couldn't hold them." His askance attitude toward the moneyed folk who

owned so much of Meagher County and told bunkhouse whizzes like him what

to do

"A five-year-old kid--hell, Ivan here--knows better than that."

mob of ewes and lambs, sheepdogs, saddlehorses, imperturbable pet cat named Pete Olson, and most magic of all, each other in that shirtsleeves-rolled-up summertime of herding--my mother slender as filament, my father jauntily at home at timberline.)

After the lambs were shipped that fall a skein of other ranch jobs followed,

my father
Dad capable with sheep or cattle or haying or whatever, my mother cooking *whatever* for the crews he was on. But the center years of my parents' story together were to take place at the hem of Grass Mountain, the first years of World War Two when they were running the Stewart ranch.

The Stewart place. Handsomely neighbored by the landmark rim of Wall Mountain, ramrodded by my parents into a nicely profitable ranch, and God, was it remote. Two other ranches lay hidden even farther down and Sixteen Creek, the gulches of Battle Creek, but otherwise weather was the only *neighbor* company.

Besides what my folks could can or butcher, my mother would buy a truckload of groceries before the Stewart place's first snowfall. If it was a tough winter--they always were--my father fed hay on the road so that as the sheep ate they packed down the snow and provided a better chance of getting out to the hospital, when one of my mother's hardest

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at the hem of Grass Mountain, the first years of World War Two when
~~they were running the Stewar~~

the pair of them were running the Stewart ranch.

You followed a scrape of road through that sagebrush country toward
Wall Mountain
~~Sixteen~~ until veering toward Grassy, and the Stewart place. God, was
it remote. I have to wonder whether some of the distances in me come
from being conceived out there beside Faulkner Creek. Two other ranches

tribe 7 Dings was saying
Tew deus in a dewcut, one of Dad's incessant Scotch relatives said ^{and B}
about them, and if they ^{in fact were as lovely} ~~behaved as cozily~~ as two doves in a doveote, ..
^{before we were}

with been his
they had started up
for this.

ch of his
new girl

before, might
we out

27-44-44

Promisingly full of bad intentions, my father must have been

~~teenage~~
just what my mother was trying to figure out how to order.

Dance together -
hand in small
& back

In years after, I slept away dances
on benches along hall wall...

Proprietess, altho
I hope they didn't
overdo chastity.

ch. 4 - Morgan ranch?

if not used when the Doig boys are introduced in ch. 1, insert somewhere else--in reference to Dad--their habit of doing the chores after a dance, before going to bed.

--"practical throwers of flings"; insert into descptn of Big Belt life?

--w/ Berneta's attraction to Wall Mtn and the Doig homestead?

He had a keen sense of smell, and so the aroma of sage after

a rain must have come clear and heady to him. He had good

eyes, quick to spot them ~~faces~~ cautious pace of a deer

on a hillside. ^{His} A knack for seeing well in the outdoors is the

only body trait of his that I have.

He had a costly temper. For days, weeks, he would simmer

a grievance, and then quit a ranch with a few explosive sentences.

Once built, the anger would hang in him for hours, coming out in

retellings which in each fresh version put him more and more in

the right. Since ranch work was full of chores which sawed at

the nerves, the blow-up could come at any time.

~~In my father's tellings, each quitting had the form and pace~~

~~of a dramatic scene. It would begin with a rancher coming into~~

~~the bunkhouse after breakfast to assign the day's work. Dad would~~

~~reply, No, someone else could do that, he was through. The rancher~~

~~would ask, what do you mean, Charlie? Dad would reply that he meant~~

~~he was quitting, that's what. The stricken rancher would ask why,~~

~~what was wrong? Dad would tell him with all barrels blazing -- that~~

~~he'd never worked on a haywire outfit that had such broken-down~~

~~equipment, or maybe that he'd been on a place before where they~~

~~expected one man to ride so much pasture. The rancher next would~~

~~plead, Hell, don't quit Charlie, we'll fix it up. Dad would trump~~

~~in by vowing No, by God, he wouldn't work on ~~xxxxx~~ any ranch run~~

~~the way this one was, not for any amount of money. Write out his~~

~~check, he was going to town. Since Dad's reasons for rolling his~~

~~bedroll ~~xxx~~ almost always had a lot of truth to them -- ranches~~

~~in those days were mis-run wretchedly -- the epic stories of his~~

*Short- fused
Somewhat in
him Dad had
a fuse which*

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November 24, 1975

phone 206-542-6658

George Marshall
800 Bel-Air Road
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Dear Mr. Marshall

I have talked with friends of the family who remember that at first they could not tell the five Doig brothers apart. ^{But} This is odd, because photos from those years show ^{different} how diverse they were, ~~different~~ in build and height and ^{even to faces.} facial features. So I believe what mixed them together in ^{family} people's minds was the Scots burr -- the lowland lilt of their parents which softly furred all their voices. "Damn ye," my father would say to a balky sheep, and the ^{play} underlay of accent brushed the words smooth.

It is possible, too, that the Doig brothers were hard to distinguish because they behaved ^{so} much alike -- riding rodeo horses, courtting, dancing all night.

But one by one they veered off, married, sought a living away from the failing family ranch. The one who came out of this group to become my father was 5'6", wiry -- the kind called a "sticker", forced to learn to stick to it because ~~the~~ physical size and strength would not do it for him.

straight

He had square shoulders. Like many good ranch men, the power strength of his arms was not in his biceps, but in his forearms,

which were strong and corded from the years of reining horses. He was bandy-legged, made ~~wax~~ even more so by the slimness of his hips and rump; his pants bagged limply at the seat.

He wore the same size shirts I do, although I am 30 pounds heavier and 3 inches taller. His shortness was in his legs.

several inches

The tongue of his belt lapped past the buckle.

He walked fast to make up for the shortness of his legs, and so his pace at work was just short of a run.

Ernest Callenbach	AMANA
Nathaniel Hawthorne	Ecotopia
Thomas More	Icaria
Raymond Mungo	Morning Star
George Orwell	New Harmony
Frederic Pohl & C.M. Kornbluth	Oceania
Upton Sinclair	Oceania
B.F. Skinner	Oneida
Wallace Stegner	Port Royal
	Tahiti

*a man dying out of his image
as soon as he put on white
gown of a patient.*

*He began dying as soon as he put on
white gown of a patient, tho he would live
another 20 yrs.*

a man out of place in the white gown of a patient.

As I write of generations of death, juncoes feed beneath the shrubs outside my window, and a breeze stirs the swags of branches. A squirrel crosses the lawn in slow arcing jumps. Motion, life, promise of further motion and life.

He had flashes of art in him. He would have given anything for a singing voice. As it was, he knew a verse each of Squaws along the Yukon and Springtime in the Rockies, and beyond that had to settle for endless whistling. He once astounded me, as we were driving across some endless sweep of pastureland, by reciting Hiawatha to me. My own writing awed him; he embarrassed me constantly by pulling out things I had written and urging visitors to read that, it's pretty darned good if I do say so." *myself*

He liked a story, and ~~was~~ had a gift for telling. "You're like the fella"... he would begin a joke.

What gestures of grace does a son need? -- does a father? Heart-to-heart, the one line runs. But the hearts are different ages, pump different lineages of experience, race and flutter to different excitements. Perhaps chin-to-chin is what is needed. I damn myself now for not telling him more, not confiding. *Seldom* Never saying: I have something bothering me, and I want to talk to you about it. *So* But it was not my style,

Dad was short, cocky. He told stories on himself. His face was full of straight lines. Hair thin. He had a direct look. He would shake his head regretfully. I would talk to him in the late nights as we drove home. Always there was a drive home, sometimes on muddy roads or through ruts in the snow.

Let it flow. Let it go. This story I want to tell is in me, but lost. Lost because the years mountain up and cut off the past. But I will tell what can be pressed from the mind. The littlest words meant much in those angers. Worse yet, the silences. The phase was that usually one or the other was repenting, and trying to make up. If they both were mad at the same time, the air was like ^{cold} iron.

In simple short words, I write out what happened. My father kept me at his side wherever he went.

They were the ends of a teeter-totter; when one was up in anger, the other tried to bring down the

Dad's temper would have been less if his height had been 3" ^{half} more.

use
Mar
final
scene

Tom, the mariners of long and long ago were accurate: there are edges of the world which we can tumble over. Each of us lives on footing sided with precipices -- each man has his own universe, with his own polar pulls and winking lights to steer by and deep caverns in the night where his mind warns: Here be dragons. My father's world, Tom, is far from me and even farther from you. I want to describe it now.

Charles Campbell Doig was his name in its full Scottish roll. He was the second of seven children born out on the homestead. Six brothers -- my people ~~tradition~~ say they couldn't tell the half dozen of them apart at first -- and at last the lone sister. By the time she was born, their father was five months buried. For the next twenty years, until they one by one took wives and settled down, the Doig boys cowboied and joked and frolicked.

The shadow of the nearest years throw themselves heavily between us and other times. Better times, in my father's case. I have two final memories of him, and they overwhelm the years before. One is a moment in his bedroom after he had come out of one of his countless hospital stays. He had been home a few days, and already the shortness of breath was becoming severe again. I had come to be with him while he recuperated, but he was not recuperating. he sat on the edge of his bed, the oxygen bottle beside him huge and clammy. I sat next to him as we talked, elbows on our knees, about what we must do. I happened to glance up to see both of us in his dresser mirror, youth and age, health and illness. A day or so later, when I ^{had} convinced him that he must go to the hospital again, that he needed a doctor's constant eye, I saw him for the final time. He sat up on the high edge of the hospital bed, his feet on a stool,

1500 Linden Ave. N.
Seattle, Wash. 98133
Sept. 2, 1972

of the world which we can tumble over. Each of us lives on looking at
Dear Karl

A long-overdue, postponed by the exigencies of hiking in the Olympic mountains and clam-digging along the Strait of Juan de Fuca. In short, it's been a good, relaxing summer, and we're going directly from it into an eagerly anticipated jaunt to Britain. Carol has a sabbatical for the coming sabbatical year, and we plan to spend it in Britain.

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Dad: flatbacked. From a block away, the level frame of his shoulders, the angle of his hat.

William B. ...

Robert A. ...

James B. ...

John C. ...

George D. ...

Richard E. ...

Thomas F. ...

Charles G. ...

Edward H. ...

Frank I. ...

Harold J. ...

Arthur K. ...

William L. ...

James M. ...

John N. ...

Stan Stapp

(Continued from page 44)

enlarged, and subscribers were given the choice of receiving the paper free or paying for it. ("About 40-50 per cent choose to pay," Stapp reports happily.)

In the past year and a half, the Outlook has gone into two new neighborhoods, including the store-laden University District, in head to head competition with a strong chain of Seattle shopping papers.

Stapp thinks back to the Depression, when he sometimes traded ad space for coal or other barter, and says he's not overly worried about the current economic pinch. "The nature of the business is, you come out every week whether you're gonna make money on it or not."

The hallmark of the Outlook has been Stapp's effort to have any viewpoint expressed freely. One of the columnists he once talked into doing radio-television criticism for the paper was Lorenzo W. Milam, a writer who can sear his targets to a crisp. Milam's first column compared proceedings on "The Dating Game," one of the staples of daytime television, to the sort of exposure which sexual exhibitionists get locked up for.

Stapp unblinkingly printed it—and every other column which smoked out of Milam's typewriter.

Also, the viewpoints carried by various "underground" weeklies have found expression through Stapp's help. "Stan has been the godfather to some of the best underground papers here," said Dr. Lawrence Schneider, assistant professor of communications at the University of Washington. Composition for the *Helix* and *Sabot*, probably the most notable of Seattle's underground weeklies even though both have ceased publication, was done in the Outlook's shop.

Teaches the craft

Schneider suggested that a main reason for Stapp's affinity with the underground papers has been his skill at teaching young newsmen about the craft of journalism. "Stan is much more than a businessman. He offers the warmth and personal attention young people respond to." Schneider made a session with Stapp in the Outlook office a regular feature of his copy editing course.

Stapp's enthusiasm for divergent points of view sometimes goes down better with his professional colleagues than with some of his weekly's readers.

Letters to the editor collide regularly—and angrily—with Outlook editorial stands.

Over the years, Stapp has printed the most caustic criticisms, and asked for more. He summed up the Outlook policy in May, 1970, after the Cambodian invasion and the shootings at Kent State brought forth large student demonstrations in the newspaper's circulation area.

The paper covered the demonstrations intensively (lengthy stories by five writers, ten photos showing events along a line of march of several miles), and numerous letters to the editor began arriving. Some praised Stapp and his staff, others damned them—often for precisely the same points of coverage. Stapp's column in the next issue included this passage:

"Though we attempt to give a well-rounded picture of any event we cover—regardless of our personal views—it is impossible to be everywhere at once. If you know something we have missed, call it to our attention. If you don't like our personal appraisal of the situation—send us yours. But sign your name, please, just as we do on all stories dealing with controversial events."

Jorgensen firm buys weekly in Winchester

Century Publications Inc. of Arlington, Mass., publisher of the 10,000-circulation weekly *Arlington Advocate*, has purchased the *Winchester Star*, a 90-year-old, 6,000 circulation weekly in adjacent Winchester, Mass.

C. Peter Jorgensen, president of Century, will become publisher of the *Star*. Jason W. Dade and Ernest B. Dade, from whom the paper was purchased, will remain with the company. Jason Dade will become controller of Century Publications and assistant publisher of the *Star*, and Ernest Dade will continue as chairman of the board of the *Star*.

Jorgensen said the *Star* will be converted to offset later this year and that the acquisition will permit advertising sales on a combination basis. The *Advocate*, which is offset now, will celebrate its 100th anniversary in December.

Century Publications was formed two years ago when Jorgensen and his wife, Kathryn, purchased the *Arlington Advocate*. He has been editor of the *Bedford (Mass.) Minuteman* and she has worked as a reporter for the *Pottstown (Pa.) Mercury*, *Quincy (Mass.) Patriot Ledger* and weekly *Danvers (Mass.) Herald*.

Deaths

JAMES F. DERBY, 66, retired (1970) senior assistant city editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and chief of local news copy desk; May 13.

NOEL KIM JERSON, 53, chairman of the board of Jepsen-Murray Advertising, Lansing, Mich.; May 11.

JOHN A. HOLMES, 54, publisher of the *Villa Grove (Ill.) News* since 1945; May 9.

HELEN E. DUNN, 62, a former society editor of the *Toledo (O.) Blade* and director of public relations for the Toledo Chapter, American Red Cross; May 13.

RAY HORSCH, 76, a former city editor of the *Haverhill (Mass.) Sunday Record*; May 12.

CLARENCE E. VELLER SR., 81, circulation manager of the *Toledo (O.) Times* 1914-1940; later a state tax department employe; May 11.

MRS. JAMES M. BARNES, 68, the former BETTY GROVE, society columnist for the *Washington (D.C.) Evening Star* in the 1940s; May 12.

BENJAMIN F. LANTZ, 75, retired (1963) business manager and treasurer of the Patriot-News Company, Harrisburg, Pa.; May 13.

WALTER S. CASTLEMAN, 26, sports editor of the *Lebanon (O.) Western Star*; May 8.

EUGENE B. MOORE, 67, retired (1968) assistant managing editor of the *Dayton (O.) Journal Herald*; May 9.

VINCENT A. PALMIERI, 39, assistant classified advertising manager of the *Colorado Springs (Colo.) Gazette Telegraph*; May 8.

CHARLES P. OHLING, 79, former reporter for Oregon and Washington newspapers and head of a public relations firm; May 1.

H. LEE BANKS JR., 50, assistant city editor of the *Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal*; May 1.

HERBERT L. LEWIS, 72, retired (1964) editor of the *St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press* and *Dispatch*; May 5.

MURRAY FRIX, 47, photocomposition specialist with Mergenthaler Linotype Co. and former

mechanical superintendent at the *Casper (Wyo.) Tribune-Herald* and *Star*; April 20.

RICHARD H. ELLIOTT, 78, former reporter for the *Baltimore American*, the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, and the AP; editor of the *Annapolis (Md.) Capital* before he retired in 1965; May 3.

MRS. MARY B. BOLAND, 63, wife of Thomas N. Boland, managing editor of the *Reading (Pa.) Eagle*; April 25.

CARL A. ROGAN, 41, chief of bureau for the Associated Press in Oklahoma; previously with the *Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun-Telegraph* and International News Service; May 9.

RALPH F. SCHRAEDLEY, 73, city editor of the former *Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph* from 1928 to 1948; director of research for the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association; May 6.

LESLIE C. CLEVELAND, 75, a former advertising director of the *Lexington (Ky.) Leader and Herald*; May 10.

ROY F. BAILEY, 88, retired (1949) editor and general manager of the *Salina (Kans.) Journal*; May 15.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN, 80, former city editor of the *Philadelphia Ledger* and retired manufacturer of auto parts and airplanes; May 5.

Jensen Beach Mirror judged Florida's best

Winners in the 1970 Florida Press Association "Better Newspapers Contest" for weekly newspapers were announced at a luncheon during the association's annual spring meeting May 8 at Winter Haven.

The *Jensen Beach Mirror*, a weekly newspaper in Martin County with a circulation of 3,843, was named winner of the Sweepstakes Award as the outstanding weekly newspaper in Florida during 1970. Richard Campbell is editor and publisher of the *Mirror*.

Atlanta reps elect

Atlanta Chapter, Association of American Newspaper Representatives, elected officers for 1971-72, as follows: president—Jim Woodward (Story & Kelly-Smith); vicepresident—Brendi DeMetrotion (Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker); secretary—John Spaulding (Scripps-Howard); and treasurer—Larry Walker (Story & Kelly-Smith).

Charlie Doris

anthology

By age 30, he was a medical history--near-death in the 1918 influenza epidemic, three or four times smashed up by horses... His, though, were healable. My mother's was a single perpetual affliction.

Sage covered that WSS and Ringling country like a dwarf orchard -- light
gray bushes as far as you could see, ~~showing~~ coloring the entire landscape.

Dad always said someday someone would find a use for it. So they have,
clearing it for the plough: breaking the sod, raking the sage into heaps, then
lighting it into a greasy-smoking burn. As a traveler home and one who
dwells there only in memory and emotion, I feel as the Indians might have
when they watched the sodbusters arrive. The blades of ploughs skin the

earth, ^{flaying} cutting designs ^{into} on it like scar tissue on the faces of African tribesmen.
All the logic of food is plain to me, but the question still rings: when is
enough? When do we change the land too drastically?

But the point in the landscape which fastens my gaze
beyond
is on the horizon at the southern hem of the valley. It is
a mountain with a collar of rimrock angling around it. Only
when you are up close begin to go around do you realize that
the rimrock makes a half-circle of stone around the mountain.
With abrupt description, someone early into the area looked
at the scene and named it Wall Mountain. Along the sage
north
ridges west of Wall Mountain

Dad had a small man's belligerence, perhaps because of growing up ~~5'8"~~ 5'6" in a family of strapping brothers. With wide square shoulders and regular features, he was a handsome man.

~~His~~ ~~was~~

His retellings of clashes boosted his own role. Telling any story in which there wasn't a fight or an argument, he was accurate and skillful, with a good knack for detail. (examples) But when he figured in a story in which someone crossed him, his role got more righteous and vigorous ~~x~~ with every telling. "You lyin' sonofabitch," I says to him" I came to recognize as the signal where imagination was taking over. But Dad quickly believed his own version and would have been astounded to be called a liar.

Before I was
very old,

He had gone through eight grades of school, in summer sessions to avoid the winter weather. His handwriting was a crabbed slant of surprisingly good grammar. He read slowly. My ploughing through books awed him.

One afternoon he began reciting ^{Longfellow's} Hiawatha, and at "by the shining big-sea-waters" I had nearly fallen out of the pickup with astonishment. His mind had nooks and crannies where jokes fell in and stayed. "You're like the fella who ..." he would start, and both of us would be grinning before he got to the punch line about the fellow.

I said - how ben
+ surprised I
he turned
black & began
jamboning
Siwash

He could string along a practical joke with a wonderfully straight face. Once ~~hex~~ ^{winter day} ~~took~~ ^{visiting city relative} a ~~duke~~ ^{carefully} hunting jackrabbits and had the greenhorn feeling the tracks in the snow to see if they were still warm.

He and a couple of his brothers trained a bucking steer and invited the best rider in the county to have a go at him. To their delight, the rider showed up ~~in~~ wearing ~~an~~ fancy new corduroy pants with leather trim.

cut down
neighbor
and father,
young man who
7/4. girl -
the more riding

He also had a fairness. However much he liked or disliked a man, what counted was his work.

And yet, my father was always vulnerable. It may have been illness and accident that taught him the odds of life are not good. He knew when he was beaten, and he was beaten a number of times. Worst of all, he was beaten in the one way he was best fitted to win -- he never could buy a ranch of his own.

My father knew when he was defeated

liked to tell a joke, even of himself. The other side
of me as his refusal to be faced down. In his version,
I would be aligned = put him to rest - reasonable, patient,
mild, long-suffering until at last his love drove him
beyond all limits - & then would back off abjectly by
my father's brave fury. It is a brave little peasant,
exactly. Kind of myth entire nations live by, & it
~~was~~ saved him by being so small to a large world.

a less

It was not a desperate time. Dad could keep happy with work and beer with his friends. We didn't even know we were living like migrants. It never dawned on either of us that it was peculiar I was the only child in the bars.

I am sure Dad had no theories about raising children. He never spanked me, hardly ever corrected me. I remember him getting mad only once, when I was in what he called "that whistling stage", about 13, and absent-mindedly whistling through my teeth after he asked me three times to quit it.

My mother must have had the same notion. When they went to dances, they took me along, and when I got sleepy, they put me under a coat on a bench. Since I was a person, who just happened to be shorter and have fewer years than anybody else, I might as well be wherever other people were. Also, he liked to show me off.

I remember my astonishment when ^{a classmate} Barbara Musgrove told me she'd never eaten in a cafe. I was about to head for the Rainbow, as I'd done countless times, look carefully at the menu while swinging back and forth in a counter chair, and order a hamburger and a cherry milkshake for supper. Or oyster stew. Dad and I shared a passion oyster stew, breaded veal cutlets, chicken-fried steak.

I began newspaper reading then; did it all the years in Chadwick's, too.

There was a moment when we marveled at each other

What it meant to be 25 and a bronc rider and a ranch foreman -- and more than that, a man who already had escaped death twice. Looking as coldly as I can at this man closest to my own life, I see there were ages in him, like layers blown bare in a cliff face. The time in his twenties was his age of 00. He went at life as I never could, being bookish and plodding. He soared.

By the age of 30, Dad was a walking display of medical history. During the influenza epidemic of 1918, he was in bed for months. A cousin on the neighboring ranch, a strapping young man, died of the flu. His oldest brother taunted him. Dad vowed he would recover, and "beat the hell out of that sonofabitch someday"; he lived to do both. There were accidents with horses which make my skin crawl. -- calamities which broke his body as exploding casually as lightning blasting a stump. The first time he was nearly home, riding a horse he had been on for two days while hunting elk in the Castle Mountains. Dad got off to open a gate, ^{began to} As he swung back into the saddle, the butt of his scabbarded rifle hit a small sore on the horse's side. The horse dodged from under him, flopping Dad across his back, his right boot caught in the stirrup. Then the horse ran, dragging him face down, the rear hoofs kicking Dad in the back of the head as he went. Finally Dad's foot worked out of the boot, and left

*crushed
at him*

For my father, the freedom meant the chance to test himself against broncs -- and his brothers and neighbors. There is high excitement to bronc riding, especially to that country brand of riding until the horse quit bucking. There is constant and unpredictable action, the horse sunfishing or OO to shake off the man on his back. There are sounds of danger and contest -- the snorts and grunts of the horse, the pull of leather. And there is the danger itself, the horse several times the size of the rider, able to hurt him by flinging him into the air, slamming him against a fence, kicking him while he's down.

Man's control is in the stirrup and the rein. Between those two, he makes a line of tension the horse cannot defeat. It is a fact of behavior as basic as a peg holding a beam in place, and as powerful (chancy)?

There were horses to be ridden. It was how the young men put themselves up against one another, much as ~~the~~ young Blchft tribesmen must have counted coup.

right

My knee had healed. I went out for football and at once broke all the bones across the back of my left hand, as if the quadrants of my body were taking turns ^{going to} ~~at~~ ^{being fractured} ~~affliction~~.

used
in
spj

possible use: Dad's injuries were in the quadrants of the body; hers was a single fixed OO, compassed next to the heart

scientific inquiry, but
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Union will not reach it. Whatever are the advantages they have over us as the result of perfected techniques in dispatching heavy objects into space, these cannot possibly mean an economy for them so substantial as to make the effort economically painless for them. If it costs us \$50 billion, they couldn't do it for \$5. Under the circumstances, a sober estimate of the Soviet Union's economic resources would justify our strategists in assuming, with an educated confidence, that the Soviet Union is not going to hurry to get to the moon—not if it's going to cost them *that* much money.

And then we need to explore the extent to which the administration, as the most public-relations conscious administration in the history of this country, is driven to the goal of reaching the moon by the impulse to score a great victory in international public relations. We suffered, granted, from the initiative of Sputnik. We are determined, said President Kennedy at a recent press conference, not to permit the Soviet Union to take a fresh lead in interstellar acrobatics. But what lies beneath the reasoning of Mr. Kennedy is the superstitious reliance on unrealized achievements as the means through which to propagandize successfully for the West; vast efforts to be the first to penetrate the unknown—quick, before the other fellow does it—so as to avoid doing public relations battle on the basis of our present accomplishments. But we do not need galactic bombast to prove to the people of the world that ours is a superior society to the Soviet Union's; we could, had we the imagination to do so, prove that point again and again, profoundly and convincingly, if we could only free ourselves from the inferiority complex to which we have been enslaved for years. One riot in Birmingham, Alabama, having to do with the acquisition of rights for Negroes which are not enjoyed by the top elite of a Communist state, and we fall back abashed before the judgment of the men who sent in tanks to Budapest to run over students who would have been happy to have one-half the rights enjoyed by sweatshop Negro workers in the industrial South.

I grant, and am humble before, the mysterious promptings of the historical imperative: the desire to get there for no other reason than that to get there appears now to be physi-

Promisingly full of bad intentions, my tuned-up father must have been just what my mother was trying to figure out how to order. Not cut?

*Cross Mtn
summer*

that we can ever really see in on those impossible beings, our parents before they are our parents; but in the years after, I became a familiar bundle sleeping on a bench along the wall of the halls while these two danced, and like the nightpulse of music I can all but feel the ^{slim}~~small~~ hand of my mother and the broad palm of my father find that first touch of each other in the small of the back, there that first night of promenade.

Trending into love still had a lot of unpromising geography to cross.

The Doig place was twenty horseback miles from Moss Agate. My father being my father, he simply made up his mind to treat that as virtually next door. Berneta Ringer and her newly given fountain pen reciprocated.

My grandmother would tell me decades later, still more than a little exasperated at it, that she could never set foot off Moss Agate without having to mail another batch of Berneta's letters to Charlie Doig--

"If that's who she wanted, I couldn't do any other."

So. There was ink, ink, ink then too, trying to speak the moments of my parents' earlier wartime, the battle toward marriage. I overhear

Sitting up in a railroad coach seat for a day, a night, and another day, Bessie Ringer journeyed from Wisconsin to Montana in the ~~war~~ summer of 1917. By the time the train was clacking through the townless distances of eastern Montana, she was ^{a world} far away, and for good, from the close rural background she had grown up in. Her people were Germans who had settled in the cut-over Wisconsin pine country.

The emotion stored up in her went to that daughter. Born asthmatic, Berneta would go through life like a person wounded.

products, another analyzed the problems of getting enough antifreeze to keep logging and lumber equipment at work, still another reported on the use of Port-Orford-cedar to make separation walls in ~~submarine~~^{submarine} batteries. At other times, the Station was called upon to determine the number of wooden barrels used to pack the Pacific Northwest's fruit crop, to see whether Douglas-fir bark could be used in making cork, to estimate the supplies of hemlock bark as a source for tannin.

Such war-induced research projects notwithstanding, the most notable tempo of work by the Station in these years was month-by-month monitoring. This marked a ^{drastic} transition. A research facility which had customarily measured its projects in terms of years now had to pump out monthly evaluations of lumber production. Every month, shipments of Douglas-fir pontoon lumber, ship decking, and lesser grades of plank were compiled and reported. Every month, shipments of spruce for aircraft production were totaled. Monthly reports on plywood production were made; so were continual log inventories of the Columbia River, Puget Sound, and Grays Harbor timber regions. By and large, Station personnel now were in the business of calculation, and month after month the reports had to flow in ^{response} to the war effort's demand for statistical information.

The war, long and hard as it was proving to be, would not be forever. A scant few weeks after Pearl Harbor, the

~~WSS~~ weather: ^{still} it threatened to be the month of March all year.