

The past calved them, as surely as icebergs emanated from the glaciers of Greenland (she and Wes had seen). A skein of event that changed what would come, what would be fixed into memory. She thought back to the auto tour of the little towns...

To the cost of a cause. "Suffs"

She would pay it again, whatever that said about her.

Susan, Susan, you don't have to pour it on.

(That left* out

It went without saying that he was always going to have a general desire
lately had time to
for a Leticia Number Two, which he had not been thinking that much about
had to think about that much
until damn Dolph ~~knocked~~ mouthed off the other
touched it off ~~by last~~ Saturday.
that way

More we're
"This singing, it seems to be solo in more ways than one. I keep
at this, the more I
feeling kind of--singled out. Wondered if you ever got that feeling.
a little spooked
that way."

I did not prate to him that solitude is the school of genius, quote
to him "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," nor any of that.

Finally

"Now I know a little what it's like for you. It's as if they're counting ~~out~~ the pores on us, isn't it.

Marnie

Wes took it back to Latin. Impellere--clarity in the root. Impel; that was more than an inclination, a whim.

How it looked to them. They had a right to wonder.

Motive. ~~That~~ The birthright of that did not read in his favor either: the infinitive(?) for move, causing to move.

Monty at times like this felt like he was living inside himself (some version of himself); operating in the barrel

--Times like this, he wished he had the barrel to duck into.

has been
"The Major Williamson, I gather? Phil here was holding out on me.

Corporal Jace Jackson, 359th Infantry.

Belleau Wood
Pattycake compared to
Wasn't St. Mihiel, from all I heard.

Mister Jackson is my preacher uncle. I answer to 'J.J.'

redcaps down at porters...Why?

"Because, J.J., to me you're all men of letters."

"She has something there.

Susan sent her Well, then? look to Sherman, then to Wes.

Helena that evening lay under a forming storm, the sky to the west turning inky and an occasional shimmer of heat lightning makings its distant crackle. (Unlocking the door) Susan was thankful to be in.

--You mean after housecleaning?

--Oh, there won't be any pupils for a good long while.

--(Wes) I never thought--

--the weather interferes, some, with the radio reception

--Susan pictures Monty singing in the studio

-- Susan either:

--Tells Wes, abt her going away, "You'll see."

--or says, "New York, actually."

- Susan: You owe me more talking than that.

the four walls of whose faith was a one-room schoolhouse...Susan would have been unconditionally his all this time.

He was quick-witted, she had caught on to, although he stood around in front of that capacity until he absolutely had to show it.

It always rankled him, something like this, from one of the bunkhouse boys or anybody at large. A banked anger he didn'd dare let flame up.

rodeo
Monty has been to NY with ~~WIKENS~~, 1918

--use "do you want it furnished?" story. M miffed by the notion they could tell he was a hick by looking at him.

--when there was a knock on the door. When he opened it, there was an obvious kind of woman there.

Furnished.

"You want it furnished?" Monty looked at the man in amazement. "Hell Yes."

2 He slapped his money down, ~~xx~~ went on up to the room and threw his bag on the bed, glum that people back here evidently could tell by looking at him ^{that} he was from someplace like Montana. Try to fob off a room with no furniture on a poor hardworking rodeo hand, huh. He was surprised by the quick knock on the door, and more so by the woman furnished there when he opened it.

Other than that, his New York experience had been a fizzle. America had just gone into the war in Europe, you could hardly ^{create} get a go-round of bullriding in before another War Bonds speaker took over the arena, and ^{it} the bulls were peeved with all when they did come out the chute. *He'd been glad enough to get out of NY w/ his wife on.*

“There, I knew if I held my face right there’d be a moon tonight. A new one at that. Surely there’s music that goes with?”

“*I saw the new moon, late yester e’en/with the old moon in her arm’--will that do?*”

“Couldn’t ask for better.”

It was boggling: a different life to fit over the one he already had.

Was there enough of him to wear all that?

NY
Chicago, that once.~~xxx~~ On the cattle train. He and Dolph had to split up for the night...hotel that catered to colored. Next morning, they compared experiences and found out the same had happened ^{thing} ~~xxx~~ both places. Desk clerk ^{asked} said, "You want it furnished?" "Hell yes," they each of them say, and stomp off fuming about city bastards who'd give a cowboy a room with~~xxx~~ no furniture. In each case, in the room about five minutes when the knock came at the door and there was the furnished woman. Laugh, God, they'd laughed at that.

Plop the Major or Mr. Whit into Harlem and they'd be in the same fix.

If it was a fix.

Susan to Wes after the Ft A night together:

"That was a lapse."

"Is that what it was?" ("I'd have said it amounted to more than that.")

- "You're short-changing us both."

Prairie

Remembered it as

had to be covered

Rent day, and the tab at the E&E too, and his walking-around money needed
an infusion. Humming, he dug out his bankbook, gave the kind of whistle
he had been waiting a lifetime to give when holding his financial worth
in his hand... *or well* *Copper (Rose rd)*
It did add up

"Oh, never mind what it's called--"

"No, put a name to it for me," he said firmly

arioso, *then*

(hang people like M) for putting a name to how I feel about you.

W'sons: passions several sizes too large... Wes wonders if it's simply because they've always been able to afford it. He devoutly hoped he would never have to find out.

--@ ranch, he has the western end of his collection. The scrap of Spanish abt Anglos coming on the Santa Fe Trail. Washington Irving's Astoria. Granville Stuart's books?

--Whit and their father were the ones taken w/ Charlie Russell. Whit circling in and out the Mint (use unused scene from Bucking?) CMR dead man's prices. Wes himself prefers Koerner (time period correct?), broken color; or Maynard Dixon?

The saloon the time of night

--(WW ranchhouse) Not monastic, surely, but clerical in its way.

--his father's politics: If Theodore Roosevelt had said OO, Wendell W'son would (have thought it just dandy)

Piano - used?

The time that horn went in me... Not just everybody in the crowd was bothered to see a colored person get it that way. I heard some things while I was laying there.

S: You have to get ^{at it} as good as there is on the stage. (Plays Chopin, one of the silliest men in Europe in person.)

^{still}
It sort of shuts me down, sometimes.

[She blazed past him, gown crackling like a comet's tail, and whammed down onto the piano bench. Faster than his eyes could follow, she ^{her hands} wove the ravishing music of the nocturne again. It took only a few seconds to transform the auditorium into a glorious chamber of sound again, and she broke off. "Chopin was one of the silliest men in Europe in person. But nobody called him a moonstruck Polack when he ^{after music like that."}

Maybe that works okay for Chopin. But...

He ^{ranked lines of seating}
Soberly he swung his head, in an indicating scan of the ~~the~~ banks of seats and the overhang of balcony, as though the multitudes ^{an invisible} was out there crouched and waiting. ^{were} auditorium's populace
of seats and

add to Fort A: (from MT trip '02 filecard in Ft. A file)

--sagebrush (which cd mean greasy smoke as area is cleared; use w/ Rathbuns?)

--red-brown of brick buildings

--rattlesnakes make Bailey's men step carefully; they yell out something like "Rattlers!" as an alert before they blast away

--squadrons of clouds and shadows move over the site

as if pr. delectation of whatever weather

port was a cluster of mounds ~~also~~ on a colossal platter of earth, broken at eastern horizon ^{into} sharp hills ^{low}

Out here where tallest ~~steepest~~ was sagebrush, port was like mounds on an immense ^{soft-edged} platter of earth pr. weather to pick at. Squadrons of ^{small} clouds ^{drifted} over site put down ~~random~~ shadows, sudden & random,

benign

Even on a ~~calm~~ day such as this, restless squadrons of soft-edged little

clouds ~~were~~ put down shadows, sudden and random, that sopped disconcerting lent motion dragged constantly moving shadows across the span of prairie.

Monty resigned himself to a climate only rattlesnakes could prosper in.

"Keep an eye out for rattlers,"

"Rattlers," B reminded them everybody with as if it his cautious tread didn't, even though already had,

possible add after "head of valley": The Over There materials she had brought with her; next batch to go to NY...includes diary from MHS, found in a dump.

- Condemned, was she, to turning (a room) into a papermill?
- studies her reflection in window? describe her face (large teeth?)
- Where we start from (in life) counts.

(or: Was could be paging thru MHS diary, as a gift to her?)

- thoughts of Samuel (of Wes? Might he have known, didn't?)
- currents of society that had sent her back to M.T.

"Praine"

insert after "white lady variety":

They could be worse than the men. Treat you like some kind of moron who sleeps in the sheepdip trough.

The Major must figure he can ride herd on her, though. *Either that or he needed someone else to sic her onto.*

Dad and I went for a weekly bath at an artesian hot well near the ranch. No running water at ranch, so any bath at home meant heating tub atop stove. It was a chore ~~■~~ Dad must have disliked, because other times we went to town -- to Carl's barber shop -- for a bath. The artesian well bubbled up through a twelve-inch pipe, putting out an endless spurt of water you couldn't quite hold your hand in. By the time the water streamed off down the hill about 50 yards -- leaving a bed of that slimy grass I so disliked -- and poured into a wooden frame set into the ground, it was a perfect warmness. The only one who didn't like the arrangement was our barber, who found ~~that~~ the sulphur made our hair stiff and hard to cut. You could lie back and look at the Castle Mountains, Baldy, or the Crazies.

Wes to Susan, when they are in Edinburgh while '19 winter begins back home:

Livestock prices

Cattle futures are sensitive to the drop of a snowflake. Evidently a lot have dropped.

--Warren Williamson is still alive (?); dies that spring?