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the crowd loved to be scared at this stunt, the human ball in the barrel and the bull determined to butt the infuriating object until it presented something to gore.

When the barrel at last seemed to have quit rolling and he opened one eye and cautiously raised his head, he saw the ornery whiteface bull paw the ground one last time, and then its departing rear end, the tail switching slowly back and forth as the critter lost interest. Even so, he waited to hear the whap of lariat on rump as Dolph galloped in to haze the bucking bull out the far end of the arena. "He's on the run, Snowball," Dolph called, "better git yourself out of there."

Monty gulped air and unkinked himself. Somewhat groggy, but he remembered the routine and tossed his hat out first. Reliably the crowd guffawed. When no harm came to the hat, he stuck his head out the end of the barrel like an inquisitive turtle, gawking this way and that. The rhythm of the laughter built, orchestral, mass chortles of anticipation as the audience waited for his next maneuver; he'd been right about this, rodeo-goers could handle the idea of him fooling around. He clambered out, spun around and peeked back into the barrel, as if the bull might be in there. Thunder of laughter at that, any more and they'd shake the grandstand to pieces. He quit while he was ahead and picked up his dusty hat, bowing to the announcer with the megaphone who was whipping up a nice round of applause for "our artiste of the barrel after that dosie-doe he just did with the gentleman cow." Then back to business, kicking the big barrel along until it was in the vicinity of the bucking chutes again and he was standing ready for the next bull rider who needed his neck saved.

'Artiste' now, am I. Hope they didn't hear that across town. He drew another deep breath and concentrated on the gate where the bull would rampage out. Only one more rider in this go-round, and wouldn't you know, there was a hang-up in the chute. Another recalcitrant whiteface with hay on its horns. He watched the rider scramble up off the bull's back as if it was suddenly too hot a

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This bull erupted sideways from the chute, a side of beef writhing eerily in the air the instant before it struck the ground with all four hooves extended, the rider clinging on but in trouble. *Damn. This one would have to be a twister.* Monty danced from one foot to the other behind the upright barrel, the red handkerchief held ready behind his back. He wasn't to make his move until the whistle blew at the end of the ride or the rider was bucked off. This bull's third jump, the man on his back went flying. Instantly Monty scampered in to draw the animal's attention before it could wheel around and find the figure pancaked into the arena dirt.

The bull turned toward Monty faster than he wanted, and he backed off a step. Just that little half-dance set off titters of anticipation in the crowd. Audiences were the damnedest creatures.

Some bulls just stood there in confusion at the sight of the clown, some tamely turned away. This ~~animal~~ one lowered its head and looked like it meant business. "If you like the look of my tracks so much, I'll make you some more," Monty chanted to the animal for the crowd's benefit, then backpedaled until he had the barrel between him and the ~~bull~~ danger of the horns. When the bull charged one way, he dodged to the other side of the barrel. Back and forth, beast and man, like drunks trying to navigate past one another in a narrow space. This was another part the crowd ate up.

He knew the time had come to hop into the barrel, the bull was getting good and mad. Hesitated a moment. He'd had enough rides in the barrel for one day. He bolted for the fence at the far side of the arena, sprinting as hard as he could.

The bull blinked once at this turn of events and took off after him.

Running for his life, Monty had the presence of mind to hold the red handkerchief out at arm's length and daintily drop it, as if the bull were a suitor.

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from the man who ordinarily fumbled the Scottish tongue, no less. Where did he summon that from, even given his knack to perform up to what nearly any circumstance asked? She should know something about gauging that capacity in him, and it bothered her that she did not. Rehearsals were her field, but run those clinching sentences of Wes's over and over in her mind as she was, she could not decide whether he had rehearsed those lines.

DROP CAP

"Hated to ask you to come all the way across town, but I didn't know how else--"

"All that way, tsk. This is a treat. I'd have been happy just to poke my head backstage and say hello after you floor them tonight."

"Couldn't let you off that easy. Get you something? Tea and honey?"

"You. Inflict my own medicine on me, would you. But thank you, nothing. Monty, this--I have to say, I'm impressed."

"Not exactly Fort Skin-and-Bone, is it." He followed her gaze around the parlor of the Broadwater Hotel, Helena's finest, which made it Montana's finest. Now that he and she were established in the plush chairs, nicely out in the open but far enough from the lobby not to have every word overheard, he felt relieved. Even yet this was not easy to make happen right, not here, not anywhere that he knew of. From the window of his room he had watched like a hawk, if hawks are ever nervous, until she pulled into the grounds in her car, its doors and fenders still peppered with what likely was Scotch Heaven ~~North Fork~~ mud. Then made himself hover just back out of sight at the top of the stairwell while she announced her purpose to the desk clerk, to see how it went before he would have to go down and try to bluff the clerk. *Damn it. All we want to do is visit with each other like human beings.* They lucked out on the clerk: the man turned out to be the father of one of her pupils in years past, and Susan's sweetly put *"here for a musical*

consultation with your famous guest Mister Rathbun" did not stand his hair on end. Here then they sat, decorous amid the nearly smothering decor of velvet and Victoriana and tasseled rugs. Monty could tell she meant surprised along with impressed. "Year ago, they wouldn't have let me in here," he said what they both knew but it helped clear the parlor air by saying it. "Maybe even now, but the Major put in a word."

"Tell me whether I'm seeing things. A man out in the gardens looks all the world like Bailey."

"None other. I had him hired. There's a bruiser or two around somewhere, too." He rushed through that as if it was an ordinary part of business, but Susan was looking at him so pointedly that he broke off and made a small patting motion in the air. "Nothing to be excited about. The people I'm with are sort of spooked by what the clucks tried on you and me, is all. I thought they were going to back out of town when I told them about the Confederate Gulch gold and the Johnny Rebs who turned into galvanized Yankees out here as soon as they had money in their pocket. Took the pair of them around to Clore Street and that settled them down some." His turn to put a point to her with his eyes. "Life been treating you all right, I hope?"

"Atrociously. I haven't been around a world-beating voice for what seems like ages. Until the one I'll hear tonight."

"More what I had in mind was you being out there alone at Scotch Heaven all that while. It's been bothering--"

Surprised at the urgency in his voice, she cut in with what she always said when people got going on how much time she spent with herself: "Don't fret, 'alone' isn't spelled the same as 'lonely.'"

"Maybe around the edges, it's not," he said as if his experience did not jibe with hers.

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this a mile a minute until they heard a notifying cough. In the doorway of the parlor stood J.J. and Cecil, fluffy bathtowels over the arm of each.

"This is Miss Duff, my teacher I told you about," Monty ~~said~~, reel~~ing~~ed off the introductions. "Wasn't for her, the most I could look forward to would be changing sparkplugs every three months."

"Ah? Then the ears of the world are in your debt, Mrs. Duff," J.J. said with something between a nod and a bow. Cecil's wordless acknowledgment of her certifiably amounted to no more than a nod.

"It's Miss."

"Mizzz Duff, excuse me all hollow." J.J.'s sibilant antic made Monty want to bat him one.

"Sorry to interrupt," J.J. swept on, "but we were just passing. We are off to the waters," meaning the Natatorium across the hotel grounds. "Cecil here needs to cook like an egg to thaw out from this Rocky Mountain air, he claims. We are told we will have a pool to ourselves." J.J. smiled as if at the wonder of that. "Which will then be drained after we use it, I gather the procedure is. Western hospitality is really quite something."

"We did give the world Monty, from out here," Susan offered as though it were a neutral observation. "We may be coasting a bit much on that."

"That was generous, I can't help but admit." J.J. fussily checked his watch against the parlor's grandfather clock as if two opinions were needed on the hour of day, then recited: "Keep an eye on the time, Montgomery, don't forget to catch some rest."

"It's as good as caught, J.J."

"Good day, Miss Duff. Been our pleasure."

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This night she had come upstairs in something like a daze of duty, the rhythm of obligation as insistent in her as the tides of her heart. Her hand was fixed to the diary page before she made herself pause and review everything that had danced out of place since the last time she seated herself there. The past twenty-four hours were a jumble, at every level. She blinked hard, barely staying dry-eyed, as it registered on her that Samuel's photograph had been toppled. Might she just now have done that herself, in her ~~willed unseeing~~ reach for ink, pen, and pages to testify on? Or--? Whether or not it was her own doing, she picked the photograph up off its face, stood it where it belonged, and again put herself for all she was worth into her pen hand.

Mrs. Gus and I had arrived to the theater together, bookends that don't match but surprisingly few people seem to notice. An audience huge for Helena was pouring in and the lobby was a crisscross of former pupils of mine grinning at me as if they had good sense and mothers on the warpath about my absence for the past--dear me--year and then some. I fended as well as circumstances would allow, promising probably too many of them that I now would be giving lessons again and if they dreamt of their child one day filling a theater this way, lo, that chance awaited in my music parlor. I could not account for why I was such a sudden celebrity until someone said in near-awe "You've met Montgomery Rathbun then, what is he like?" and that quick it dawned. Word had spread from Milly Tarrant's father, the desk clerk, that the famous Mr. Rathbun had sought me out for advice on a point of music; the image of us meeting like heads of state of the musical world there in the parlor of the Broadwater would have bowled us over at Fort Assinniboine.

Of course every stitch of a performance night interests me, even the straggly processional of the audience sorting itself into place, and we were going

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conspicuous enough. Whit was in the Knights of Columbus with the Helena chief of police, and it had been decided that any dregs of the Klan who showed up with picket signs were going to find themselves charged with spitting on the sidewalk. Privately Wes believed last summer's crackdown had sent any of them who counted slinking off to safer climes, tails between their legs, but an extra shift of police should make Monty's entourage feel better. Right then a lantern-jawed man stepped out of the lobby, took a look around, and nodded to him. One of Bailey's. They probably were unnecessary too, but wouldn't hurt either. "What do you think then," Whit was asking as he gave a last tug at his tie and straightened up, "will Monty add *'The Palm Trees Sway When You Say I May'* to his list tonight?"

Wes looked at his brother in surprise. Whit getting off a thigh-slapper over a song of the day was about as likely as Al Jolson making a joke about Herefords. But Whit himself would have been the first to say he was an improved person since the North Fork was offered up. For his part, Wes had stuffed the lease papers into his attache case before they left the ranch as if the document was any other transaction. Which, pretend to himself as he was trying, it in no way could ever be. He still was working on tomorrow, when the two of them were to meet with Susan in the morning and signatures were to go onto dotted lines. When they pulled up in front of the theater he had glimpsed her for a moment there in the lobby and knew he would be aware of her during every note of Monty's performance and it still seemed beyond reckoning, that a bumpy encounter in France had led all the way to this. And Monty at the heart of it. In tribute to that he started into the theater, but Whit rerouted him with a shoo of the hand.

"Let's hold on out here a minute--we're in for more culture than I can usually sit through. Condemned man always is given a chance to roll a last one,

922 Choteau
Helena, Montana 59601
January 10, 2003

Dear Ivan:

Thank you very much for the opportunity to read portions of the PRAIRIE NOCTURNE manuscript. I apologize for how long it has taken me to get to it. The holiday season was more hectic than I had anticipated.

The only comments I have made here are the result primarily (but not exclusively) of reading along and being slightly jarred by a statement. That jarring led to questions.

--pp. 4 and 12: a thought came to me in reading of Susan's background in the suffrage movement: the tie in Montana between suffrage and prohibition (especially the WCTU) was especially strong during the 1905-1914 period. Some historians (like Rich Roeder) have played up this aspect, right into the 1920s, when it runs headlong into Prohibition.

--pp. 4-5: the appearance of radio in Montana in 1924 needs to be handled carefully. The first broadcast station and the first licensed station begin in 1922 (in Havre and Great Falls, respectively). From accounts of Montana radio reception in the mid-1920s, folks heard Great Falls and Butte particularly. More important, because the airways were relatively interference-free, Montanans heard faraway stations from California, Minneapolis, Denver, Texas, etc. On the other hand, a receiver on the top floor of a three-story mansion at Cooke and Highland ought to have tremendous pull, except from the west-southwest (in the shadow of Mount Helena).

crx: change Ft A. Roland Hayes ref to Mpls into Pittsburgh

--p. 14: would you consider having Hank Mathiason read the "Whiteface, 1914" chapter? I feel really out-of-water with the rodeo material--to the point of not knowing even what events might have been run that early. And I would guess that Hank has been inside a barrel at least once!

crx: Hope they don't pick that up across town."

--p. 16: there's a lot of empty space (rolling dryland prairie) between the houses/business district of Helena and the fairgrounds in 1914.

--p. 17: would a rodeo clown have a rubber chicken available for a performance in 1914?

--p. 21: can much of the crowd really hear him from the chute-side of the arena (as opposed to the exchange with the calf-roper)? crx: loudly chanted

--p. 26ff.: (I very easily could have missed it, but) it would help the reader out if he knew--very early in the chapter--that the boat was moving <u>with</u> the current or <u>against</u> it prior to reaching the canyon-amphitheater spot. This especially applies to the folks who have taken the Gates of the Mountains boat trip from the Hilger landing and are trying to make the two trips match up. p. 30 rel solves

--p. 33: (my feeling is that it is correct, but) were those cute little black-and-white Scotty-dog magnets available and popular in the 1890s?

possible crx: which put it in. running for MT's finest

--p. 307: "one of Montana's finest." There are some pretty classy places coexisting in Butte, Anaconda, and Billings.

--p. 311: it's just a gut feeling, but the draining of the pool seems extreme to me. That's a huge pool; draining it seems inconsistent with allowing the party to stay at the Broadwater at all, even with Wes's intervention. pix per ticket on p.

--p. 317: no structural damage to the house at Highland and Cooke? Susan is pretty brave to return to the top floor, with the prospect of aftershocks immediate. ? crx: had come to. diary... hand fixed to. p....

--p. 318: (my guess is that you have blocked this all out, but) would the sun be going down "behind Mount Helena" this close to the equinox, or would it have moved so far to the northwest that it would skirt the mountain? I suppose that this is a function of how close to the base of the mountain the Marlow was, and I don't have a solid sense of that.

--p. 319: would the Klan protestors be carrying "picket signs" in 1925 or would they simply group-up and throw choice epithets at the people filing into the Marlow?

mix per sticker on p.

--p. 322: is the bobbing-bird a popular 1920s phenomenon?

So, I'm done being picky. I sure do love this stuff, but, as always, "I get it" better on the second and third readings. Hope that this is the least bit helpful.

Dave

922 Choteau
Helena, MT 59601
December 30, 2002

Dear Ivan and Carol:

I better confess that I writing from my new penthouse office. There's so much about it that's amazing: light, spaciousness, the smell of new paint and new carpet. Best of all, it's not just quiet—it's ringingly free of the first floor's budget and personnel sniping. I can't remember when I didn't have to work in short bursts, trying hard not to hear or not to feel what was swirling around me!

I read your wonderful manuscript, Ivan, several Sunday afternoons ago, but did not get my notes written. And, with all of his 56 loaves of cranberry bread baked, Dave asked me for the manuscript not long ago.

So, quick thoughts, mostly questions, mostly about things that are really in your league and Dave's—not mine.

Most of all, it's not fair to wait another 15 months for the whole story. I want it now! The manuscript is as compelling as your writing always is.

I am writing this without driving Highland Street again, which I should do. Because my first questions have to do with that setting.

Page 2 - The hallway bath stopped me. I wasn't sure how to peg the date and elegance of the house. The servants' quarters space led me to picture Victorian with some size. Even with that a second bath on the first floor might be pretty unusual?? Installed for pupils who can't wait?? The Original Governor's Mansion (mid-sized to small late Victorian) had a second floor bath---and maybe something in the basement, but nothing else.

Page 3 – I do struggle with the Capitol dome as a giant's copper helmet, but it's taken me a long time to figure out why. It's not that the shape isn't accurate. It's proportion. The helmet perches not at the top of a vertical shape, but over a long low squat one. Maybe it's also that I've just come to see a dome as a dome. But I can't, for the life of me, summon a better analogy.

Page 4 – The typewriter and the radio left me wondering about Susan's finances and technological acumen. Both items are possible in 1924 (first "portable" radio in 1923), but seemingly so new that it might beg the question of how she came to get them. I became willing to believe—as I read on—that Wes would just be buying her anything that her heart might desire!

Page 5 – Although the door and the key figure prominently and we are dealing with a single woman, I ended up wondering whether anyone in 1924 locked their doors.

Page 27 – I thought twice about a girl in overalls in 1896. Dave tells me that that's possible, especially if she is wearing something from her dad or a brother.

Page 33 – I suspect that you have some very specific information on the black and white Scotty dog magnets that you mention. I knew only to wonder. I tend to think of decorative magnets as a later phenomenon, but honestly don't know.

Page 318 – Now you were the ones making notes that evening when we stood on the old Marlow site, but I really thought twice about lilacs still blooming a week after summer solstice. In my perhaps flawed memory, our backyard lilacs usually bloom around the first week of June and then are starting to fade by solstice when the Russian olive begins to bloom, followed by the mock orange. But it is tricky here. Lilacs are always a month later in Avon and Elliston.

Otherwise, the element of your writing that always astonishes me is the depth of your characters' thinking. I learn from it. I envy it. But I don't live it. My mind dodges among some big thoughts and then on to groceries, my cold headache, Amanda's birthday, etc. I'm not proud of that and I don't know whether I'm atypical. But your folks think like the two of you!

One other "what about." More description of the Marlow? It may be in other places, too.

The real word, though, is "wonderful" and there's nothing much that I can see that you haven't likely already researched and analyzed.

So I'll let Dave read.

I hope that you've had a good holiday season. Ours has been quiet, but very wonderful. Amanda is, for 24 hours, over in Ronan with Bill the new boyfriend. He feels compelled right now to either be in Helena or to have Amanda there. To her great credit, Amanda at least knows better—but made this trip anyway. Dave and I are left in charge of her part-Siamese cat, which has to be sequestered in your room, and a Siberian gerbil, which is living on top of the freezer. This is, of course, the best of the football seasons for Dave. I continue to work on Christmas/seasonal cards!

Be well!

Dave and Marcella, again--

As best you can manage in your copious free time, what I'd like is simply a quick surface go-through, the way you'd pick up any other book that's set in Montana and you're mildly interested in, to see if anything about the setting or the local history doesn't ring right. I'm consciously going farther than I've usually done in stretching or amending history in this novel because the story seemed to me to need it: the diary device, the undertow of event transforming into memory and written record, I think require some touches of mythification which I'm trying to do with setting and circumstance--Monty's audition at the Gates of the Mountains, for instance. I'll 'fess up to the worst of my historical stretchers (Pershing serving at Ft. Assinniboine 8 years ahead of actuality, for instance) in the acknowledgments/sources, but I'm also intending an epigraph quoting the great stage director Peter Brook that the intention behind the story is to create "the closeness of reality and the distance of myth, because if there is no distance you aren't amazed, and if there is no closeness you aren't touched."

So, then, I stand fully guilty of any mythicism or grandiosity, but if you see any details that strike you as stinko, please zero in on them. A few random thoughts on this first of the three chunks I'm running by you:

--Lorie couldn't come up with a pic of the capitol dome strung with lights, though I thought I'd seen one once, but I decided to light it up anyway. Susan's house is at about Highland and Cooke, and Carol's pics from there show a good enough line of sight down toward the capitol and where the Duesenberg was parked.

--I don't like using the near-cliche of the dome "resting as it did on the center of the government of Montana like a giant's copper helmet." But you know, it's kind of like making hay when the sun shines: trite but true. If you've ever seen any brilliant non-cliche term for the dome, I'd give a listen.

--It'd be pretty chilly for Monty to be out there polishing the car in late March or early April, but I absolutely need him seen and remarked on for plot purposes. I at least dressed him warm.

--I put the rodeo at the fairgrounds, does that sound reasonable? YES The rodeo participants are maybe earlier into bull-riding and rosining up their lariats than in actual history, but again I need those as setting; any malleable details you see wrong in Monty's rodeo-clowning?

Logistics of this: make it as easy as you can on yourselves, circling stuff in the ms or jotting in the margins--if it's simplest just to pick up the phone after you've cast an eye over this, please do. In short, don't get yourselves into writing extended analyses, what I need are gut reactions. Hell, it's *fiction*, remember? If you could give me your thoughts by the end of the year, that'd be nifty.

To catch you up on what's happened since the first chunk of ms: Susan obviously has taken on Monty as a pupil, and after various vicisittudes in her trying to train his voice, they've reached the point where his progress is highly promising. But as the start of this section indicates, it's also where the Klan starts to sniff them out.

--I'd ask you to watch for any anachronisms here beyond my fundamental one of stretching the lifetime of the Zanzibar Club. I don't know why I feel Clore Street needed a food vendor cart and availability of a tamale--could be I just fell for that chant of *Baloney cold, molly hot!*-- but maybe I was trying for a little exoticism beyond the usual white-guy description of a ghetto. Too exotic?— NO, GOOD FLAVOR

--The Zanzibar denizens kind of give Monty a bad time, I know, but I based that on bar memories from when I was a kid, those of us from the ranches were all of a sudden a lot hickier when we went into drinking places in Bozeman or Helena or for Christ's sake even Livingston.

This section is Monty's return to Helena after he's made it as a singer, been lauded in the New York papers as the latest Harlem rival to Paul Robeson, Roland Hayes, Taylor Gordon et al. The dialogue that begins the scene is between him and Susan, after most of a year apart. While he's been having his meteoric rise via radio and the onset of the Harlem Renaissance, she's spent the school year filling Angus McCaskill's shoes (after his death, alas) at the South Fork one-room school. Some of the references that may otherwise mystify you:

--When the Klan made them targets, they were tucked away by Wes at Fort Assiniboine, which he earlier had bought lock, stock and rusting rifle barrel. The references to Bailey and his men, the "bruisers"--they're the private detective and his operatives Wes hired to protect them and to work on busting the Klan in the Two Medicine country. (Which I have them do, a few scenes before this. Told you it's fiction.)

--"Galvanized Yankees": I go out of my way to put this phrase in Monty's mouth because the Klan leader earlier was referred to as one, a Missourian coated over with Montana "respectability." I think I'll also define the term in the acknowledgments; if you have any handy references, Dave, I'd appreciate one.

CHARLIE RUSSELL

GOV. JOSEPH K. TOOLE

--"The Rabiznaz": Monty's term for white New Yorkers who come up to Harlem for nightlife thrills, i.e. the reverse of how the Zanzibar Club's denizens stick out in Helena's population.

--J.J. and Cecil: Monty's manager and accompanist, NY Harlem guys both.

--The Natatorium bit about draining the pool after the black guys have been in it: I know this is pretty rough on Helena's civic sensibilities, but I have a hunch it's not off the mark--what do you think? I consulted Lang on this whole deal of Monty and his little entourage staying at the Broadwater in mid-1925 and he said he didn't think it would have been permitted unless some local heavy-hitting politico intervened for them, so I have Wes do so. Anyway, I want to walk some line of a "colored person's" success and recognition and yet petty segregation tripwires everywhere--Paul Robeson right then was stumbling over them in London, where he and his wife were the toast of the Savoy Hotel one night and not let into the dining room the next because some English twit protested about having to eat with wogs.

--p. 315, reference to Senegalese: J.J. served in WWI in Harlem's 369th Infantry which saw combat under French command, i.e. alongside the French colonial troops.

--The scenes of the earthquake, ah, the earthquake: I'll really admit in the acknowledgments to conflating the 1935 Helena quake with this one of June 27, 1925, which as you likely know was epicentered nearer Three Forks. So, this version is meant to be mythic, but if there's anything about it that's utterly beyond "the willing suspension of disbelief," lay it out for me.

And that's that. You'll get to see the rest of the stuff, in bound covers, in a mere 15 months or so. One more time, humongous thanks.

# of interior thoughts by characters: enough, or too many?

# of Susan's diary entries: enough, or too many?

make sure the italicized interiors are roughly proportionate throughout the book.

"Sandgy man" and "molly hot" used in other book?

make sure Gros Ventre is identified in relation to Two Med country

have Susan go back to undisclosed diary entry to show her unadmitted pull toward Monty?

Susan: "And I'm supposed to what--swear off Monty as if I were taking the temperance vow? Or toss this along to him. 'By the way, light of my life, my father killed a rustler who happened to be your father. Shall we dance?@

blurb material

(Wes)scion of the baronial West but married to a dowry of faith and wealth he cannot bring himself to relinquish.

go through pocket notebook

cut "Christamighty" from Monty's talk?

change Varick & family @ Indian Head?

Is there somewhere the wind has never blown?

Does a wind have a home of its own?

Praying Jones verse change: Do the waves choose to tiptoe?

p. 115--sanctuary of the car

p. 160-- " of the door

p. 363-- " of the Medicine Line

p. 420-- " for widow and orphan

p. 8
p. 339 (change?) → rattled off

check # of uses of "reeled off"

p. 11 – change to "out of the clear blue"?

p. 12 – check Ewd VII, 1910

p. 53 – check Katharina's G'man version for "etc."

p. 340 – bottom, she knew that much of his job: smoothen

p. 342 – shd Vandiver name a wage? after "I've told you that before," he cd cautiously venture a figure, it's not as much I'd like to offer but –

check # of uses of "unmoored" p. 62 p. 367

p. 354 – soup course OK when he's having clams in cream?

Apollo Theater usable for '25 ref'ce?

- Encyc NYC (next card) → "stage shows began in '34"
Showtime at Apollo
Ted Fox

Ode
PN2277
N52
A684

(also in Children's Lit
& Drama General)

Roland Hayes biog: his mother nicknamed Angel Mo?

Mus My Songs: Aframerican religious folk songs...
Roland Hayes

M 784.756
H 328 m

Suz/Al Angel Mo' & Her Son, RH
780.92 - MacKinley Helm
H 328 h p. 269-70: buys farm, "named it in memory of my mother: Angel Mo' Farm." (He evidently did not call her that to her face, according to my scan of whole book.)

Ode
ML 420
H 25
H 3 p. 289 (last p.): "As my Angel Mother used to say..."

Encyc Am y "Rhapsody in Blue"!

on-line catalog: UA's "historic Aeolian Hall concert of '24"

Paul Whiteman OK in '25?

Paul Whiteman, king of jazz
Thos A. DeLong

Mus & Ode

ML 422
W4
D4

Gustafson OK as Swedish name?

--check Encyc Amcna, "Sweden" : King Gustav etc

~~La~~ Scala: OK as opera house fre'ce?

--check Encyc Amcna

--on-line ref? database of performances etc @ Teatro alla Scala (La Scala)

Edward VII d. 1910? yes - May
--check Encyc Am

Halleys Comet in 1910?
--check Encyc Am yes - May too!

Edinburgh, Royal Mile
--Encyc Am : "link between (Holyrood) palace & castle is popularly called Royal Mile."

"st leading from castle eastward to Holyrd Palace is known as Castle and as Lawnmarket"

go through ms once in traditional looking-over: every verb, adj, adv, rhythms...

scene where Wes returns to NY: focus maybe shd shift to Susan, showing disconnect from him.

--or cd it be in Brevoort dinner, when he's initially reluctant to go to Monty's musicale: intensify that?

--or is some scene-shifting wanted: Wes & Susan in bed <u>before</u> Monty's declaration to her?

check provenance of all songs including those that seem to be old gospel--make sure there's no copyright.

review for too many 3-part sentence rhythms such as ms p. 441, "She picked the photographx up off its face, stood it where it belonged, and put herself for all she was worth into her pen hand."

make sure the book has enough crystalizing details, as per Owen's nighttown scene in Bucking.