winnowed for WORK SONG and Miss You, March 11-12 '08
It wasn't as if he was on speaking acquaintance with her--although he had heard enough rumors of her and the Major--but somehow the fact that both of them were from the TM country, of that country, was a kind of knowing each other. Her father, with that beard you could see from here to Sunday, he must have been a familiar

captured him off guard

The woman had surprised him then with a little twitch of her mouth, as if they both had been in for the Major's help trying the taste of help from the Major were tasting

You'll have a chance to project, here, the woman said

The woman unsettled him with a quick little pursing-up of her mouth, as if she too had the taste of help
Wes regards his knee wound as a tithe of war. His father had come thru the Civil War (remembering the amputations?) (or is Wendell W'son too young for Civil War? work out a lifespan from him; note he's active on ranch in RFair when nat'l forest comes in, 1912? any later reference to him?)

--His father had seen that, wagonloads of limbs
only a Williamson could dispose of Europe, Edinburgh, and for that matter Helena with that--

"Susan, back there--everything I knew how to part with, I threw into loving you. I can't vouch for how it came across, only you can do that. I'd do it again."

This was the picnic tarp again. Wes and his carpets of

"All right, Perseverance. I miss how we were."
Is there any use in even trying? I didn't pick out my color, like it was house paint. Some of 'em is always going to try to pull me down. And that's the way it's always going to be, because that's the way it's always been? Whole hell of a lot of good news in that. I am not some their notion of things, they can look the kind of a goddamn stain on how they think things ought to be other way if they don't like my face. all they have to do is

"What's the sense? Give them another run at me?"

"What doesn't make sense is to let your voice go to waste. " Then wreck you my neck?
...make another pass at me to

"You've put up with some of that before. That bull's horn. And somebody gave you a working-over...

"Monty, that idiot with the ax handle will be in the penitentiary until he comes out in his coffin."

"I don't hear much wrong with your voice. The rest of you is a mess."

"Thanks for that... Some O.O tries to separate my head from my shoulders...

"You're going to tell me to get back at it."

"I thought I would, yes."

"What'd they have to bring you back here just for that?"

"Montgomery? Visitor."
She had a singing school to put back together.

---finding it not easy to resurrect singing school, having left her students in the lurch. But she's a woman of immemorable leisure, if she can just credit that, from Wes's fee to her; has time to take up operetta again?

It somehow seems necessary, no, mandatory

that a diary should be a servant,--

--not a master. Ho ho. I can no more OO these pages than fly.

seemed wan after him.

This must not seem like a brag. It is more in the nature of evidence

You and your golden touch, Wes. If that's what it is.

As Wes would say, I am not yet Kipled.

with our skins still on us (barely)

life was a letdown. She had been through this before, too

She knew the presence she was standing in for, and while she could never be Angus reincarnate,

Her hair was down, and the shawling effect on her shoulders

She'd had just enough of a taste of it, before critics turned...

This was a word for a woman who did 'sing her time', actually, can we a tidy pull
These pages suffered neglect during my reign in Angus’s schoolroom,
and now I suppose they will stagger under the weight of my (attentions?)
I find I can barely move my hand fast enough to...

Being back in Helena is

flighty

Wes and I are like children playing with matches. One of us ignites...

and the other one stamps it out. Then the turns are reversed...

Wes & diary: Whatever was in it would be Susan to the core; and

The Broadwater was a hotel and a half, verandahs sloping off it

like OO, gables and balconies, and topping it all a four-story tower

Tin Man-style

hatted with... All this was only a run-through for the architectural

next door, the natatorium, where round moorish windows

Susan always felt she was witnessing a collision of Cadiz and OO...

She looked at a figure in the gardens...

Between the behemoths lay...
If the blocks known as Strivers' Row were a kind of Klondike, a lode of talent and ambition earned confidence pecuniary. There was an air of swank and, yes, of striving in this section of natural given Harlem, and it warmed Monty every time to walk along here as recognized as a man

"We need that damn woman here."

genial grasping

Collectors at Wes's level necessarily embraced the pretence that provenance was a region of France.

B'water: a hotel and a half

Monty @ B'water: "Audiences,

"They're not. Can you believe it, they're not."
to have
but electricity was such a treat
   light was a treat she practically bathed in
again

to the illuminated set of pages brightly awaiting her continuance.
could be as lax as whether
As if the habit of summing one's days into ink were like dusting the top of
I don't say I find myself in... But neither do I lose myself.

There is in here—she flipped back—more than I intended to say

Maybe it is a vanity

Sentences at least can be coherent.

No, it is more like the confessional wherein Wes closets himself periodically
regularly,
to be granted a clean new page of behavior
  put some blotted page of behavior
reciting sin and atonement in the same space of breath; but a diary has the
pleasant difference that
   absence of imminent verdict
an everlasting verdict is not imminent every day.
no churchly "That's that."
The words can go on their way, so to speak,

Satisfied with
A constellation in her own bedroom

The bedroom constellation in full fire, she sat
And the talk, the talk. It was practically a world tour, gumbo accents on those lullaby intonations declamations of the cottonbacks and the lilts of the Caribs and the diction wallopers up from the South just a step short of being preachers. He himself was a bit shy.

It let him digest as much of Harlem as possible. Every mealtime he learned ..., a lot of it cautionary.

People tended to construe it. It could be taken as dignified, he was pleasantly surprised to find, and keeping a decent silence also let him

Not a meal passed but what he learned. With every meal he learned some new side of things here, a lot of tucked away knowledge of puttering—this kind of life involved an amazing amount of puttering only nourishment though it all was, counted only as a every bit of it,

The fact that hands the color of his put fillings in people’s mouths or

At this hour Strivers’ Row went to work school, to work, to wher’ver there was one more bit of a climb from their beginnings. Men so dark they made him look like a moonlight shadow nodded good morning to Monty and hustled to put fillings in people’s mouths or to just Harlem was a kind of Klondike, the shared color a different luster than gold, and Monty...pan out.
Rooms like this were stacked through history, jewel cases and music boxes filigreed puzzle and puzzle chests shelved with royal filigree on them eventually elaborate in their time and stacked away generation by generation, on the shelves of time probably Pompeii, had rooms such as this. Wes had been walking into them since he was eighteen and the first 00 on the Gold Coast. In one of them he had met Merrinell. But never had he strolled into one where there waited a woman he had been in bed with all afternoon. In the flash between the butler taking his hat and Howard Brewster descending on him, he took in the... mingling
Half a head taller than nearly all the other women, Susan. And 00 at the Metternich of Montana the piano, Monty. He had deposited both of them into this room, and whether it was reward or not, Howard B now swirled him to the musicale.

Cecil peered up at Monty from the piano bench.

The foll hadn't come out of that beating any easier to work with. less determined to have the songs done his way and no other.

just oiling up enough to get loose, is all. I'll be right on, soon as we start.

"That'd be good," Monty
"What we want is you to be known."

A little over nine months. About as much time as it took to get him
into the world in the first place, squaller at Ft. A.

"Six songs an evening, eight tops. Rocking chair money, Montgomery."

The OO in charge of radio stations listened like (snitches @ keyholes;
telephone
lonelyhearts on a party line his third night in Medicine Hat, the telegram
came from a Minneapolis station. Two weeks there, and a Chicago station
Chicago were wanting to sponsor him there.
He had to keep reminding himself they were jealous of his upbringing...
"I convinced them this was practically on the way."

"Send for that damned woman.
"Tell me whether I'm seeing things.
"I had him hired.
"We'll be taking him back to New York, Major. Had enough hospitality
"My railroad car...
"That'd help.
"One we missed," Bailey said, shaken. "Goddamn OO in Potter's bunch--
we
"If I came up here at night w/00, that would be just fine. But I can't
in broad daylight.
"I don't make the rules, Miss Duff."
"Susan. Something you'd better know
Fifty blocks away, Wes was shopping among railroads. The wall rack held passes... He would pick up his own rail car in St. Paul...
The house was about to be sealed up like a cask. Merrinell and the girls to Saratoga

His secretary, McIntyre,

"Major, I'm sorry...
I don't understand. You know I'm getting ready for Montana."

(Monty's success) Even that didn't sit quite right, yet.
He was just as glad to have his voice between him and the world
You've never heard me at the real thing

He thought back over the Sitwells, they're plural
Oh, there's Blanche and Alfred...Oh, you've met WV, haven't you?
Another He thought back over the woman at... A digger. Knew how to polish a knob, that one. He was worth being dug

"It's always going to be chancy, isn't it.

He was jotting down names.
Back in the Two Medicine country, everybody he ever met he already knew.
By family resemblance or trait, people were out of the same bin.
They came of some family he had heard of... There wasn't that here.

The push for funds (Over There)
He knew how to live alone. He knew Yancey, who had a family crawling with kids, had him figured for a hick.

A few of the more fly types--Harlem never ran out of types--

Afternoons, he slept. The 00s here on Strivers' Row lived here because of, but he had chosen one for thick walls and drapes.

A few times the Major was there. The other night his wife was along

He'd had to snap at Yancey that his soul was didn't need repair
Monty's "phantasmal" sound, Wes's reaction to it:

He could feel the chill of its presence ever
...as when he had stepped out of officer country to the enlisted men's quarters, or whenever he had to go in the Double W bunkhouse.

familiar?
--Wes felt it as a chin-level chill, up around where his officer tabs used to be.

--insignia on collar instead of sleeves
--muster of (in the song)
There was no mocking to it,
where OO (honor?) attached
this was an upper plateau of the Rabiznaz

Monty winks @ Wes during Med Line song? Or just looks straight at?
Wes and Susan dine at the Brevoort? When he came back from Montana, Sept.

--he has clams in cream

--"discreet" area?

--she can tell Europeans from Americans by sound of their heels? (Americans have rubber heels.

They've made love at her rooms in the afternoon, as soon as he got back to NY; he's surprised by the fervor.

--his daughters are away at school; wife won't be back until social season starts in Oct.

--he has to go up to Lake George, get house open, etc.

--W: "We haven't had much chance to talk."
needed:

the radio district: the city colonized itself (always new districts)

-- Paul Whiteman in '25?

-- '25 examples of programming from Barnum
needed:
a sense of Vandiver's office; of the Over There warren
n'hood, without pinning it down?
Van's view of her? what he knows of her story?
'wife's mother
--his mother-in-law, in one of those small world stories, knew of Susan's
earlier NY career?
Pershing: one of the creeds (he had learned) at West Point was that all men are the same color in the red part.
The big Dutchman he had been warned away from... The man's wife with a frozen smile...

"Had you heard of him in Montana? His singing is amazing. So-so natural."

Monty close enough to overhear; trades glance with Susan, both of them aware how close that compliment was to naturally so-so.

"Phil, I'm sorry, but I don't flap."

The Medicine Line song had gained power.

S felt obscurely sorry for him, an evening with no harvest in bed @ its end.
Susan's retrieval of *** WWI diary from dump: use her musings then to refer to Nov. 11 observances at Carnegie Hall.

--what war(s) were going on in '24? Or since 1918: Russia, for ex.

Point is, Susan wonders if Over There has done any good, war goes on and the remembrance takes place now under the proscenium, literally staged.
Whatever
JJ did a skip-step to keep in stride with her. Susan was marching to
today, it was carrying them to the EL station
didn't know slow. There were already bearing down on the EL
station and he was still was trying to catch up with her prognosis.
"Really ready," he persisted. "To get up in front of people and
His voice is ready, she repeated. "Enough that I can put him up in front of
rightly,
All right then, if his voice is ready, he's ready. mob us to get their
money back?

A stranger living downstairs in his throat.
catch to it.
the arch of his foot, the moons of his toenails, the singe
his saddle-leather skin still darkly durable over the same arrangement of
bones,
NY, London, Tokyo when a rogue tidal wave of time washed them into
the same silt as Herculaneum.

The Mountains still stood and the creek still ran. (the rest of Scotch
Heaven) had gone their knees. The human

Where the blues had Monty by the ears.
He hadn't come from that.
Now that, he knew the route of
most steps of the way. The Zanzibar
He wished she was right. He wished she was...

Makes me homesick, if that was home.

Monty, I have a house there, a biz. An existence. I'm set in my ways
Wes finds yardstick-atop-head markings on the Duff doorway

Major, you forgot-- or Major, did you want me to--? followed him like
Wes abt the prairie:  Appendix of "Two Meds"

—Two Medicines, all right. The Indians' sense of cyclical life, the whites' economic push... Into the powder pan of rifles, against energy of horses.
Wes: something to the effect that the singing lessons are Monty's own doing, although not that exact phrase, which I've used elsewhere. Perhaps "It comes from him. He wanted...

Yes and no, (Susan thinks)
Wes: "I didn't do this to start a Lonely Hearts OO for him, that's for sure."

"All right, I'm not over you."

"Maybe a misnomer/fool."

Mose Rathbun, whatever other utility he might have had as a human being, sent trotting in to (harry the homesteaders).

--imported to do the (dirty work)
Wes to Susan, late in book:

"All right, I haven't gotten over you. There's no sign I'm ever going to get over you."

--she asks him, doesn't absolution handle (what he's done?)

--"It doesn't take, any more. Not with me."
"Cuba? You never?" She touched (something black) "You didn't touch a woman this color?"

A singularly
---chaste young soldier, were you.

--I thought even your Sta. Anthony prayed for virtue only when he wanted it.

--You really must have been an exceptional soldier, if not.
"That may not be quite the right of it," Wes told her (of his truncated version), "but close enough. Whit and I were the ones who found the hat."
M: (abt audiences) I'm getting by, with them. Still not my favorite part, going out there (in front of all the faces)
S-W colloquy to insert in scene of S @ homestead:

(to explain why there, for M's lessons, instead of say Helena)

"Why me? Male teachers do exist

"You have edge. If M is going to be serious abt this singing, he can gain from your...
    seeing how you take things on.

"Couldn't you have (hired a place for this in Helena)?"

"Helena has its distractions."
He hadn't expected this. Maybe a little money on the come, couple months' wages (advanced), or a word put in...

The W'ison brothers were not anybody's pushovers. They got it from their father—roared around the ranch, you could play cards on his shirt-tail. But there were (good sides) to them too. Even Mr. Whit would cut you a break, if you caught him on the day of the week his heart worked.

The Major was...
Time to break in (the rookie trooper).

"You stay hushed, hear? If you want a stripe on that arm ever, you stay hushed."

—troio of scalps in his warsack, one from each of the campaigns... He had no
doubt the Indian joke about (10th's) scalps like that of a buffalo calf.

—The Tenth had showed them.

—There wasn't much showing to be done on a brushy little creek...

—Mose detaches the corporal and the rest of the squad to fetch the beef on the
hoof from the WW, takes only the rookie with him to hunt down the Indian.

—Mose eventually joins the beef fetchers (show this in his thoughts in the
rustling scene as he's trying to lasso the cow)
W & S on cattle drive:  

--The buy of the Field diary lets Wes find the fight site—it mentions Flag Butte, which Lewis' doesn't(?). The three trees...  

--Should I transpose the Two Medicine Lake scene to bluffs above the fight site?
Monty:

Strivers Row as a gulch, hit-it-rich, like Last Chance or Confederate.

Wes:

Officerly skepticism still was uppermost in him.

the expedition they captained

famously had to make its escape in a thunderous ride

chapter and verse

The exploring party

Riveted, Wes read

The vicinity was a pleasant level plain but for a lake stinking of alkali...

Flag Butte pastureland.

Alkali Lake: on the WW's range near where the TM River flowed into the Marian R.

and it was all here

but the tilt of history was against the Blackfeet and other tribes

now had newdoubt
Susan in NY:

--NY as compressed world, thick as geology; streets for glaciers of people

--HG Wells, War of the Worlds (she's read?)
"You're available to us through the summer? That would take some strain off, the staff could have its leavetimes without my trying to schedule them in and out like racing pigeons."

Professional at not showing (what he was thinking?)

"You would work here, but not here?"

"Afternoons. Most of the afternoon. Van,

"You'll need to find quarters, I suppose? Miss Cooper or Mister Lehrkind could go around with you. Or, my wife's mother knows Mrs. Maeterlinck in the Village, she might take in--"

"That's quite all right. I'm taken care of."
Wes to Susan, when they are in Eburgh 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?
E'burgh: 3hr in rare book dealers, Wes fondling 1st editions of Sir Walter Scott--finally bought a scrap from Asphodel(?), Scott's own handwriting in contretemps with an editor.

--At her insistence (she wanted to watch him at it) they go into the rare book dealers? She teased him into it, and he passed an eager half hour fondling

--prostitute in a close calls out to them, "He could eat dinner off the front of me and I wouldn't mind, dearie." W's face went hot, but S only laughed, in what sounded like anticipation.
The summer chafed Wes.

Wes spends a day @ N Fork, "excavating" the past:

--valley is empty as his father would have wished.
--memory of Angus? W's side of their meeting @ Breed Butte?
--discovered he couldn't put a name to all the homesteads; got the paperwork from the Land Office.
--traces out a particular route: up Breed Butte, to where Noon Creek can be seen, and north toward the Rez. (i.e., Ninian & Donald's route)
--@ Montana Cattleman's meeting he got drunk, the first time since his first leave in France.
--haying, as he goes past to the N Fork
--The matched grays had been replaced by a team of OOs bought at the Miles City horse show. They were livelier at the rein, which Wes liked.
--"Wes, that goddamn fence would hold back elephants," then corked up at the expression on Wes.
--Their patterns still were there. He went from homestead to homestead...
--Varick McCaskill had not sold the place, taking his time.
--as though something had been concluded.

--The Duff place and the neighboring Erskine place, the first wax two.
--(Angus) The man had lived side-by-side lives out here (several lifetimes one on top of the other)

The Erskines: died in flux epidemic(?); crippled son, horse accident; Wes is able to bring back (general features of Donald); his father call them Ninian Quixote & Sancho? (prob'ly not) "Pair of a kind" in stubborness abt thr land.

Land always costs more than shows up on any bill of sale. any bill of sale can hold.

--in search of Susan, or not?
Wes @ Scotch Heaven:

---Mose Rathbun did not homestead here, although land was available; shaped as a soldier, an order-taker (orderly). Aware that Warren W'son was already pressuring the homesteaders?

---how that would have changed Monty's life: Susan & Samuel grew up here, went out into the world; Angus as teacher.

abt Ninian & Donald: they were a pair to draw to.

root crops @ homesteads: last frost May 25 in Helena, cd be early June in Sc Hv?
By the book, the man always wants. He better cram it to me while he can
All's I
Gonna keep my on skin ice all the way to the Medicine Line. Not gonna cost me my honorable if I have anything to do with it, though
by damn. He rode at the easy trot that covered ground without tiring his horse
play out his horse; there still was a lot of ground to be covered today before this piss-thin prairie parade reached Birch Creek for the night.
And two days, maybe three, to the Canadian border after that. Then it's old Fort Bone home to Ass-in-a bone, and I'm a mustered Mister.

With a short-timer's
Short-timer that he was, one more payday until he became a mustered Mister, veteran
the sergeant actually took some relief in answering to a West Pointer

There was usually side money to be made in the vicinity of a Reservation, by a man who knew what he was doing.

no lazy nappy behavior.
He knew that by
By making them snap to, he pointed them up in the estimation of the white platoon officers like Pershing, no lazy nappy behavior to be written up.
He had to admit, they were doing him proud so far; they long-practiced the necessary
Putting up his new pretense that all orders from a white officer were created equal,
lost
"Things get from sight. Tucked into trunks, squirreled away in
drawers. Susan, I spend all my time raising funds. That part of the
office, I admit it, has had to be neglected. Other chapters weren't
as quick off the mark, as you were in Montana
The monument, the observance—they take everything we've got...
Some people can't stay with it
Van
Odd woman. Had chosen to bury herself back in Montana. Now here
she was
"Best if Montgomery is tuned up in private, like."
"The newspapers will lap it up."
Yancey as usual sat there in
even-tempered, dour at it all.

"It's ragtag and bobtail. Here. Love letters to my wife.
not sure I'm able to tell, but I think JJ, I believe you're blushing.
"You're not supposed to be able to tell
"People think you're a doctor."
Susan laughed, unsettled. tt
of the...epiglottis
Voice specialist. Studied in Vienna.
"Let's—let's see what happens after your tour of Europe."
"My wife thinks she is married to a crazy man."
Tom Mix unhorsed.
expecting a war poet. Vandiver looked like an old sea captain.
"We can sprinkle him around town."
Inferno of war, Paradiso of the music of survival, each person pocketed in the clasp of this night as if in the assigned pocket of heaven or seated in their ordained hell clasped by this night as if each fixed into some assigned seat in a heaven or hell, a gaily habitat, gaily music pressing them into their seats as inseparably as if this was ecstatic for trembling & joy as if this was assigned seating in a circle as if each in a seat assigned in some circle, a heaven or a hell, War's own as usual civilized-made.

M's transporting voice to her 50 song

the Carnegie habitues, the Harlem initiates, the curious, the melancholic war-
"You shd be fine over there. There won't be any"—she gestured toward his throat.

"That's what JJ says. Tells me they practically made Robeson the second king of England last winter, and the French upped the ante. Bricktop, J Baker, they're all learning to eat snails."

about it.

He had meant to say something by way of J.J. or Phil. Too late now; the theater show people were just beginning their day.

He wondered how Monty was taking it. Lord, he shou'd have called.

That doesn't help us any.

Haven't wanted to admit it, even to myself.

"That's me as well," she said at last.

barefoot without it

Make it such a habit you'll feel lost if you don't do it
Madex sure to do his voice exercises first of all. Then he puttered—until he had to face the month-end matter of outgo and income.

Before he dealt out the rent and whatall, he carefully looked over his

Still on matters financial, he remembered he had

The deposits

No woman had got her hooks into him, he wasn't picking himself in grin, he had learned to spot con men and bloodsuckers and other drains on what his voice was earning (bringing in). He was proud of his new leaf of life thus far.

All right. It was time.

his latest chorus girl always blonder than the last

That's the dumbest thing since Little Nemo.

But maybe it was just the atmosphere; Strivers Row, after all, knew its stuff about prosperity

His complexion was dark honey and his suit was fashionable London brown, both accentuated by a carnation of nearly blinding whiteness in his lapel.
beneficiary of thirty years of

which had profitably carried Williamson cattle to market for thirty years, ed handsomely by from shipments of W'son cattle each time a trainload of W'son cattle went were would be shipped to market, was waiting for him as usual in St. Paul.

The stillness was remarkable quiet almost like a lovely trance, the machinery of mansion life stilled. Wes all but tiptoed over to his desk and sank into the rare silence, x aware it was a spot of time lush this time of year Funny. The house has the best of it. We clear out, and the walls get to rest their ears.

scattered to beckoning poles accustomed different latitudes.

were Joseph Fields and his brother Reuben, and the hunter-scout D'rd were under Lewis's command with Meriwether Lewis on the exploration of the Two Medicine country in the tussle When they encountered a small band of Blackfeet, Reuben Fields killed one one-day with a knife and Lewis shot another to death. The X vast ride back the Great Falls of the Missouri came out of that. Wes knew now what he held in his hands was the Wes could scarcely believe it.
Until that day I wondered what I had let myself in for

not getting it right, I knew how game he was. It made me stick with it.

that first day at
X on the stage, to call it that, at Fort A.

When he stood his ground

She had toed the mark
Perhaps toeing the mark...

inked
under the spell of the words and their curlicues of memory.

enough of a
She had to keep telling herself...woman of leisure did not come naturally to her, but she was trying

when the boar on the roof...she couldn't
hit such a pitch she couldn't hear herself
think, she quit the desk again, this time for the gable window and the rare sight of
watched

sharp-edged squall
She stayed at the window until rumbled off.
She had Christmased with Varick's family at 00. Then, windborne...

She had been one of the first to go; and two days ago, she was the last.

The North Fork

Only the Double W cows on her land...

But Ninian's land, the lower end of the valley, she would sign the lease on. On some matters Wes had the patience of a glacier. When it came to matters of land

The ground under them

rainwater puddling between them like

into little swamps around them

to the west

She checked the sky to see if this was going to last and of course it wasn't

but either side of it was

The only thing feeble about... was duration; she checked to the west, and while some of the sky looked like black sheep's wool, already on either side of that were patches of bland blue-gray. Not a drop of reached this worm-drowner extended far enough north to do the Two Medicine country any good.

These were part of the W'sons' northern herd, a thousand or so mother cows who had calved earliest at Fort A and the other outposts of the Deuce W.
"A letter for you, sir."

Here? Wes let his face show nothing as he plucked the envelope from the servant's hands. "Obliged, Jenkins." He went on in past the portraits of the Lowells...

His Harvard was not on these walls. Josiah Royce...Brooks Adams

"Say, Williamson, The Virginian...

Dear Wes--

I thought you were due some accounting of 00, and it seemed best to send it

Monty is willing, to a point. He seems to think the lungs that were installed in him at birth are adequate, but I am determined to build him up, there in the solar plexus, and down. A scene I thought you deserved to share for your money. It has been a lovely spring here in the Two, but is now turning dry.

Wes checked his watch; time yet before his lunch with Adams.

male

Did she know that these clubs, bastions though they were meant to be, most were where he felt the presence she had been in his life?
Monty stayed wary.

"Mister, I can sweat with the best of them.

I can't seem to get

"It's not that so much."

She's maybe a little rusty.

you do want to remember, any of us are pocket change to them.

"It's not that so much."

Angus waited him out.

"I don't seem to
"I'm maybe not cut out for this," Monty finally said.

when it comes to..., Susan knows more in her little finger than the two

of us combined."

"Curious is a habit I never been able to break.

"Say on."
"He said it was during the--1918."

"Susan, I was overseas. All I ever heard from Wendell about ranch doings were...

Tell her. See how she likes knowing. Carrying it around.

Wouldn't be so bad losing it, if you had some to lose."
"A minute of your time?"

"I'll catch right up."

"Tell you the truth, I'm about to bung it. It's just not working out."

"Doing her job, in other words."

Only knew him to nod to.

"You're lucky it's me and not the incarnation of Ninian Duff.

"That old scissorbill."

"We ain't riding for cows at the moment, are we, Monty."

You can take them, or I can dog them halfway to Canada onto Wendell Williamson's front porch.

Tell the Williamsons for me the fence is up..., trying to encourage They'll be wasting their time letting their bastardly cows..., encouraging

The very next morning, Monty stayed planted
The kitchen was the center of everything, as was to be expected, but this one looked as if appeared to have had a boxcar emptied into it. Susan dismissed it with "It's a bit of a mess..."

She was almost as tall as he was, and acted taller.

desk, photo of her brother

"It's odd to be back...

"Let's go on in here...

She recited the scales, Monty emulating her... It took many tries, but at the back of

It made his own room in the WW washhouse seem snug as a chip captain's.

"We'll start easy.

"I'm for that."

"Can't count on getting any younger."

"Your mother sang, I think I remember?"

came

"She did." (itals from Angline?) She was from church people. Although it was hard, out here."

"Let's just see."
And the Duff woman had a stare that put you in your place; bossy wasn't it quite right, but O0 came close. Dolph couldn't figure it out.

After all my years at this, I do not know where true music springs from. No more so than a tune on a violin is produced by a set of strings that once inhabited the inside of a cat.

When all else had been nothing else appealed, there was always her half-finished operetta as sprawling as the prairie always waited, always unconquerable. Her half-finished operetta, which on some nights she added notes to and un navigable then took them out the next. that was its setting. Prairie Tide

Her half-finished operetta Prairie Tide always awaited, always unnavigable.
Ninian Gilchrist Duff,
Flora MacKinnon Duff,
Susan Ann Duff
baby boy Duff,
Betsy Duff,
Samuel Duff,
The Bible seemed more at home here than she did.

Ol' Snowball, he thinks he's in high cotton. (Klan man makes him join.)

Wes to detective @ Helena agency: As you know, I've had a taste of how well you do your work.

"The famous Major."

"Famous Angus," Wes said back with grace.
I hear what you're saying, about how soon his color might get in his way. quick

Samuel, a jump with ideas.

Onward, to call it that, into the trenches of death in France

Samuel's fate took the heart out of

Susan had taken him under her wing for high school in Helena, then seen him climb onto the troop train onward, to call it that, that never brought him back. Then, their hearts out of them, her parents had given up here and gone no sooner had no sooner had N & F fled from here to Susan lodged themselves with Susan than

Angus winced within.

You've been thru regarded her
The thick of things," he soberly I know. "Maybe this is life's your turn at some of the thin.

She made a face at that, as he wanted.

One pupil—shall I change the name of Scotch Heaven to Easy Street for you?"
I am so down I can hardly write. She moved the lamp, annoyed at how spoiled the electricity of Helena had made her. Monty in works hard at it, but there is no reservoir of breath in him. He chops along from note to note...

...until you're blue in the face.

He stared at her. "Monty, I..."

"That may be a while."

Angus: "I've yammered on. There's not that much conversation to be made, any more." (around here)

He was sure Ninian Duff went down to his grave still arguing with the Lord.

"I'll stay out of your hair."

"Don't you dare be scarce."

"Susan, quit beating your head against the shed."

"I never thought I'd see this."

"That makes two of us."

"Are you trying to make an old gaffer bawl? You're doing a good job of it?"

"You were putty when you came to me, at age what?"
The first night in the lines... He was making an inspection of
of machine gun positions... Fritz sent up a Very light... "Don't move!"
Hunched there
He and his men kept perfectly still, as he and his men were a tableau...
They weren't seen by the enemy...

"A salvo in your honor, Captain."

"Duff!" roared Wes. "Front and center."

"Saw my chance, sir."

The Germans would replace the sniper with one who inevitably would
be a better shot.

Curious, Wes put up a helmet on a stick...

"I... I didn't get the word, sir. I thought we were to kill...

"He's a miserable shot, sir."

"You're in for it now, Sam!" "Too good a shot, old kid."

"What's this about?"

"We did a kind of Punch and Judy, Captain. He couldn't hit a bull
in the ass with a shovel."

"Everyone keep down. We'll try him again in an hour--I want to see
"No teasing him, any of you, and no firing back.

for myself."
When they shook hands, her hand was nearly as big as his. A rawboned woman, under the oo coat.

Monty had come onto the scene about the time Susan was leaving it.

A glimpsed face.

They had never actually met, although, as thinly salt-and-peppered as...

The medal from Pershing. Small talk from Black Jack himself.

Did Major Williamson know the Fort Assiniboine country? Adjacent to it, sir.

...

...Heard shots.

...could've been them homesteaders after coyotes.

...Maybe. Oo up and quit the country, But Rathbun's got a wife and kid over east.

"Cecile? Could you take Mrs. Rathbun's son here and give him some milk and cookies?"
settling

She poised for a moment before sitting to the desk, in an attitude

a reviewer once likened to a canny abbess

considering,
"There was this bull."

One moment you are zigzag
your feet are under you, dancing in the arena dirt,
scarred stell all the you've ever needed
the barrel a barrier between you and the horns, then you are down
trip, the
slip, maybe
hempen snake of the rider's grip rope
on...

maybe just on the law of averages. The crowd responds with glee,
and
thinking you are teasing. The noise goes O0 as the bull piles in on
all
you, O0ing, hooking. The chute bunch yells at the bull and somebody dashes
out and bats it across the face with a pair of chaps, keeping it the
cursing spur
animal off you until Dolph can get his horse between. Wendell Williamson
comes charging out. "Snowball! He get you?" You can't quite catch
your breath to answer. Bunting loops down the announcer's perch,
the Fourth of July, 1918.
The ancient patience of the water was undisturbed
trenched around the standing rocks
trenched through the folded rocks

hundreds
cd not help but
How many thousands of lifetimes, she wondered, must it have taken for
the ancient patience of water to trench through here.

everything met

with fascination & admiration & nothing more. -

J-U

~J.i.

Cl.A

~i.

She
cd tell lies as fast as a horse cd trot.

it did not appear to be sin

without being married, and for the life of her, she could not see them

as living in sin.

She had thought through

Lucas Barclay, his hands gone in a mining accident, and Nancy Rides Proud,

adrift from her Blackfeet people, if they were living in sin it didn't

seem to be much of one.

that OO's bouts of OO came from a bottle.

\[\text{to dry out from whiskey}\]
This mob of comforts drew her up out of public day as if lifting her into a lifeboat, and she acknowledged this. At heart Susan held a homestead child's amazement at...

Electricity was...

She still felt like, well, lathering herself in it—the fluid light at least as luxurious to her as the waters of any spa. Out in the gulches and across the prairies, kerosene lamps glowed yellow. The cups of light she had come from.

The time of footlights and the song-led marches for the right of women forever to vote were tucked into the past, she knew, and while she missed them she savvied she was not surprised at their going.

It had made her wonder how well she knew herself. She was not surprised at the knock of tongues that had followed her since those days.
needed:

p. 15, better transition and integrate Monty's physical appearance & costume.

Monty was a sight... (Angel Momma ought to see me now; lik' owd Two Med country) Peel that off and he was...

pp. 15-16, better timing on hangup in chutes

Wendell's role as rodeo producer: giving orders?

p. 17, descptn of the loudmouth, and add a buddy. (a pair of the calf ropers)

--add to "didn't have enough on their minds, prissy little tosses of the loop..."

They ought to try picking on thousand pound animals

--Their event wasn't much harder than tying their shoes.

--the roper startled at the word and the depth of sound; the boom

--improved "peeled"? fill out the last of confrontation

p. 18, transition into bull erupting from chute

--trim uses of "kid"

--fill out Monty's face-off and race w/ bull

p. 19, smoothen the scene w/ Dolph; bring on steam tractor demonstration?

possible use: "pink people" usage he picked up in the Zanzibar

If he could trust anybody, he could trust Dolph. If he could trust anybody.

mention Doubt W

a bit more alt night on Clare St, for "nocturne" theme
and her laugh which started somewhere down in the Scotch gravel of her evenings family footing, and the stolen nights when he managed to permitted him lift itself to hear the lilt of her voice in public—he missed name it, he missed felt it missing from his storied life. missing in action, all those moments

everything was there to be missed, even as she sat distanced

he saw as Susan sat across from him in

in this singular woman.

"for heaven's sake, with your eyes out like organ stops.

as she sat watching him like a

as the two of them sat watching like armistice
She was hardly a prisoner of herself. Of the pinion between one era and the next, perhaps. But...

She remembered the first-footing... of the new century. (The tall unspeaking man fumbles the task?)

...

It was like her, to have these compartments of diversion.

...

kept at
The lanky form moved as if casting a spell back and forth as if in slowest dance as if magnetized to the automobile machine kept the cloth stayed at arched into leaned into the already burnished metal as already

The lanky form leaned into the already burnished surface as if magnetized to the machine.
today
Maybe it was the ozone, but everything seemed sprung out of the usual passage of time.

Running up and down the stairstep Hahns and of mental light like a lighthouse keeper of minds stairsteps of lessons like the keeper of a mental rapidly lighthouse, as she had come to think of it, she was practically panting she'd had to keep she came back always to the mark of the presence she

They'd have had to be ix astral as comets to predict the final sum of Scotch Heaven: Adair Barclay McCaskill and Susan Duff its last residents. And Adair only until she had Christmased w/ Varick's. At the new year she had gone to Scotland on a visit that showed no sign of ending. Susan still found it was adjusting wished fate hadn't juggled so hard and fast would quit juggling so hard and fast, but all she had known to do was to make up her mind about her share of SH and hold to that. Varick

she would lease to Wes

She thought of it as leasing the ground to Wes, although she knew better:

Duff to W, itx would stand starkly on the in all the annals that counted.

Grass and hay...and she hadn't the heart. Angus wasn't there any more to use them:

She held herself it was.
The that
and those of their sergeant, Gass,
Lewis and Clark's own day-by-day reports were the basis of the published narratives formed journals of their expedition.

The enlisted men had been told to keep journals as well, and a few had surfaced. but evidently both had kept account
With astounding copiousness Lewis and Clark had each kept a journal of their expedition day-by-day, as did their sergeant, Gass. The enlisted men had been told to do the same, but evidently few had.

Eyewitness to the first blood spilled by American soldiers in the contest for the prairie.

drewyer and self sent hunting...Capt Lewis and Reuben let our horses graize... for the sage chickens

The people there had turned to statues, not even the clink of a glass, at Monty's immersion into his father's prairie soldiery. Even Merrinell, who had no time for anything west of the Palisades, was struck by it.

Vanity, thy name is human. Automatically she reached down a music sheet and jotted that in the margin in case it would fit into the operetta.

she found herself inscribing into today's resuming to today's on diary marathon.
Shouldn't I see myself as a kind of collectible, like that journal? when I'm with you
like this?

We both know if you were one of those cow chousers squatting around the
bean pot, d
instead of wearing the name you do, We'd never would have a chance
at each other.
Privilege has its rank, it looks to me like.

Wes, there's something on my mind—surprise, surprise, right?"

And you as

Monty: "To be honest with you?"
S: But if I see you back here milking Double W cows—
"No danger. No danger of that, really. I'm socking it away like I was
the Scotch one."

Life treating you all right, I hope?
No. I haven't (had a magical voice to wrok with) until the one I'll hear
tonight.
More what I had in mind (was her guts in staying @ N Fork)
"I'm catching hell from JJ. About us."

"I was given a helping of that myself. You know who from."

Maybe she would disguise it as committee work, maybe it time not to bother.

She gave him a soft biff to the collarbone, as if to announce her readiness to trade love taps any time he wanted.

JJ hands her M's number slip. "Wd you give him this. He gets on my back when I don't... but I do buy it for him every damn day. I don't know why he has to do it that way (bks of #s, play yr birthday...)

"I'd do the same."

"I see."

probably

Susan didn't know whether to laugh or cry that she was the only person in savvied Harlem, or for that matter all of NY, who knew (it was because of his 30.06).

Monty writes on paper, nixing Cecil: no more patience than a 00 or: doesn't know what patience is.

Susan watches the el light change like piano keys... (as she waits for her train)

JJ books Monty in Rochester, Sheneec-whatever-it is, etc.

"Was all her Carnegie plan? You think that'd work?"

S: "Obvsly I think it's perfect... Don't you?"
He nearly said she wd have to come NY sometime to hear him, but he didn't know how that would sit. "The Major left word he'll be (late getting in)...

"So I understand. And Whit is coming w/

Monty let out a sound that was not a laugh but (had a sound of surprise)

JJ checked his watch against the grandfather clock as if two opinions were needed on the matter of time, then recited

JJ: "It's sold out."

"Five minutes, Mister Rathbon."

JJ had been in some kind of spirited discussion with the house manager.

M: There's still plenty I get wrong. Maybe always will be. But at least I'm not a kid.

Whit: "Earthquake weather. I went through a couple in California (when...
The hooty spirits of the rodeo stands that could turn for or against you as quick as your footwork or the bull's, the audiences for his music had to melt with ear-geared music

It crossed his mind—all the time—that if he didn't somehow have the gift of voice, he would not have made it onto Strivers' Row. Color alone didn't qualify.

Now that the herd was onto grass and water and heat close

In what had been a calm June noon, drawn in to frown ever Sphinxlike mountains with manes of timber seemed to hover the intrusion. had been very

The trail camp was nearly on the boundary of GNP, which Susan could only find typical; another Williamsontightrope dance along an edge

munch of as much of the mountains as

could be got, another tightrope dance at road's edge.

Next to him there in the shade of the boss tent
He was irritated with himself for not being able to wall out such thoughts keeping with work. But the arithmetic ticked unstoppably in him, the days, weeks, months until he could return to New York.

whatever Double W ledger or Deuce W title abstract he tried to settle his attention into, the arithmetic that kept ticking in him were the days, weeks, months... Wouldn't it be the next...

Targeting a date on the calendar held its own danger:

the perverse way luck was playing with all of them since that night at the 00 Theater, he could imagine Susan stepping on a train to leave NY, climbing his private car was coupled onto rail

Monty's voice irreparable despite all she had tried, at the same time just at the moment at the exact instant

Try as he would for his trip east.

'twain and west, he present grimly

usually something that a man of anticipation such as he was could take a certain pleasure in,

like an archeologist reviewing the evidence at a scattered dig. (cliff dwellers?)
Layers of frustration that he could write down and down into until his exhausted hand fell off and they still would be deeper than he could reach.

I wasn't exactly a flaming success with him, Mister Jackson.

We have to hope he'll come around to it
He'll either come around to it or he won't Miss D
Yehudi, ye hiide-y, whenever I try to find ye behind the

Beside her, carrying the same small black case that he had met her at the El station with, Jace Jackson looked like a prof'1 man making his rounds.

Jace Jackson himself was in candied orange

The jostle of the days on the train still was not out of her.

What makes you think I'm the right medicine for him?

if trying to finagle Monty back to mr what he had been into a functioning performer counted

as a professional endeavor.

escorting an outlandishly white woman in and out of Harlem

It was nearly noon and as far as Susan was concerned the heat had turned the streets into block-long giddles, but people were flashing by as if they were ice-skating.
"There's fencing to be done. There's...

"Short grass?"

"How could I forget...your father's daughter...

Getting Wendell through Stanford is like pushing a camel thru a doghouse takes some

"We'll lose some. To grizzlies and stewpots. Slow elk." Wes looked oddly musing @ the prospect of losing cows to enterprising Blackfeet; rustling was rustling, wouldn't you think?

"Is it enough? Never. But it helps. I hope it does with you, too. [Susan, if there's anything I can give you, you just have to ask."

The cattle were rivulets highstanding mothering up under the noon sun, cows... moaning anxiously

and making sure with thorough sniffs that the calves diving for their raiding milk from their milk were their own offspring. The Double W riders udders

"Tsk. What would your father think, paying good money for land and you don't get to keep it."

"He would think we've taken leave of our senses, as every generation thinks about its offspring."

"Oho. Old now, are we."

"It's only a masculine trait. Women (ripen).

On your toes, Montgomery, a combined brain chorus of rodeo arena experience and his mother's preaching combined in chorus in his head, in this life it's be on your tippytoes or flat on your backside.

another of those his mostly successful bull-dodging experience
and his mother's another of those anthems he was no longer authored into him
sure another of those way back there by his mother or himself, he no longer could be sure which--
"We could take up plowing. Tom Campbell is going great guns over by the Bighorn."

"I can't see you as a tractor man, Whit."

(And sure as hell not you."

"That dust storm didn't come from grass. I don't see the sense of cutting up the ground if we're just gonna we have to chase it across the country."

"Too bad the old man didn't hit in here five years sooner. Got hold of the North Fork before the haggis eaters did, we'd have a clear shouldn't shot up to the mountain pasture—that'd have been good, all these years."

"Teddy put a national forest in there, remember?"
Funny how they left out the weather
the weather wasn't part of the deal on Manhattan Island.

As far as he could tell, the Indians must have hung onto it,

**NY**

Climate, it had in plenty

"I'm cold," Yancey complained.

"Jace"--Yancey was the only one who called him that--

Yancey was fastidious

JJ: Have you lost your mind? They're never going to go for this. *You see that look on thought Phil Sherman? He didn't know whether to shit or go blind."

Yancey's mouth... drawstrings.

Susan: "I have unfinished business in NY."

Wes: I don't say it happened that way in every particular. But in the main, it had to have.

Yancey is best in business.

He's not wild for you.

They're...I wonder. You're asking for it

Our man Monty here
Angus watches Monty run across resvr

--Rob died of lack of air

--line of verse?

- cottonwood stand / line of verse?
Monty hadn't seen much of the world. That time he & Dolph rode the cattle train to Chicago, during the war (when ranch hands were scarce)... use "furnished" story. Laugh, God, they'd laughed over that.

- times he was dead-dog alone.
- wouldn't raise an eye.

-
Monty when Wes makes him go to Ft. A:
"I don't want to be running from them."
"You won't be, you're just going to the other ranch."

..."Mis Susan (is Klan's target too)

Wes calls in sheriff abt "trespassers" of cross burning; sees he has his finger to the wind, goes instead to Helena private eye.

M: "Don't seem right. " (too obvious)
at Fort A:

Susan and Monty have use of the band auditorium

--they work on his repertoire, stage presence, awareness of acoustics;
make this highly visual, the two of them (and a chaperone?) in the ghostly space

--the fort triggers one or both of these flashbacks:

--Susan and Wes in Europe

--Black Jack (Wes in Monty's office qtr room) "Quick promotion."

--Monty takes one of the (white) officers' quarters?

--Wes: where better to guard somebody than in a fort?

--perhaps by way of radio gig, this leads on to Monty's Helena debut

--if Ft. A/Havre can plausibly go thru winter, train/blizzard can be used?

--Helena quake June 28 '25
Susan goes back to McCs after finding the cat;
"Christ..." Angus swears; says they've got to get themselves to WW.
--as they load up (into S's car?), she has a butcher knife, all she cd lay hands on
--can see the last of the burning cross as they near the ranch; are met (on the bench?) by WW crew and/or Wes?
--Angus takes fencing pincers so they can go cross-country
--at WW, Susan & Adair are given room together, Angus asks to bunk w/
Monty, if he doesn't mind
--Angus has time w/ Wes during this
--Angus & Monty in M's room; when M says something about why Wes is going through all this, A thinks he knows (Ninian and Donald) but now is not the time to say.
--Angus at fenceline has made up his mind to tell Monty and/or Susan, when he feels short of breath and...
  or he has just figured it out when...
Susan comes home from supper at the McCaskills', finds cat nailed to door

'ugliest

'worst words about her and Monty

--at same time, cross burning above WW

'... somedifferent...'

--on her drive home, insert refce to Monty and Wes having been to Helena,

their behavior since? Monty more than once seemed on the verge of telling her something (***his session in the Zanzibar**). Or he refers to it obliquely when she tells him 'something about holding an audience.'
Wes made Samuel his orderly (after Sam bagged the sniper)

Wes to Susan: "You don't know, then." "Sam was my orderly."

--Susan realizes this is "the Major" of Sam's letters; was he ashamed to be serving a W' son?

Cd this go within Susan-Wes scene at Fort A?

Wes: It seemed vital (to have Samuel around)

--What the devil was it? (his reason)
Wes & Susan listen to Monty on radio (lead-in to last of chapter).

S: "That's odd."

W: "Hmm?" What says 'I'm a good damn miracle,' his choral o. radio.

S: "I thought I knew all (M's songs)

No, listen —

M's song: Soft More
Says: 500 more stripped
I'd go ya pipe

Wes, do you peel all night?"
If...makes you think better of your father here, I see nothing wrong
wipes out
with that. I wouldn't say it changes your mother's version of him.

You did want my opinion.

I knew I'd get it, too. How about we race Bailey to the stables?

You had a soldier in your family.

I don't see why a man can't be a good soldier, and be whatever else he
is besides.
amount to,
She encouraged him by not trying to herd him w/ qns. He rode alongside her in easy fashion, his hands parked the reins lightly between, but he wasted no time in indicating toward the hospital and laundry. Could be--Maybe it was something like this parade ground. Maybe this was his auditorium, you think?

He was more anxious about this

She did not say While an officer stood over him? Nor Until he had to go out on his own? It didn't matter a spark to her what his father...unless it ran in the family. Or unless M talked himself into...

I don't see why he couldn't have been a worthwhile trooper--Striper. He was a sergeant, that's what the Major says they were called.

That, then--

One quality in a person doesn't there can't

(She didn't say: Ivan the Terrible perhaps loved his staghounds.)

for reasons
Monty, if you're fishing for why your father...pulled out have to abandoned, I of you

I was hoping that sounded right.
The Major claimed she was the sharpest thing going, where spiffing (sprucing) up a singing voice was involved.

It would have been better, though, if their skin tones weren't as far apart as those black and white Scotty dog magnets he'd played with as a boy, pushing one invisibly with the other gap otherwise unseeable.

That's if she took him on consented to take him on. He could have got off kick himself all right, a hell of a running jump, but this would at least give him somewhere to spring from--

He was bound to do better than his first try back there. this time around.