How Liz should sell the proposal

1. Rascal Fair, to which this novel is directly linked, has sold 2xx,xxx copies, according to your royalty statements as of _______________.

In Whistling Season, you will work outward from the schoolhouse, and take the families' lives forward to the year _____.

In marketing terms, this means there's a large core of loyal readership to be mined from RF, as well as from your other books.

2. This novel will be of interest to all ages, and will have universal themes that have the potential to make it a national bestseller.

3. As an added incentive to a publisher, you have a further novel in formative stages that would take Susan Duff beyond WS. A successful launch of WS would build readership for that novel, too.

4. Your hardbacks have sold widely as gifts (in this case to be marketed as one-stop-shopping-for-all-ages), and in the run-up to Christmas special efforts could be made. For example:

   --your signing of bookplates for individual bookstores.

   --special promotion on Amazon.com, which is especially adept at getting rural orders.

   --special efforts with other purchasers-in-bulk. Note also that you have a relationship with Costco, with figures from Mountain Time, if possible.

IN SUMMARY, sell the Rascal Fair record, the universal appeal of the Whistling Season plot, and the chance also to sign Prairie Nocturne as your next fiction.

C adds: if S&S/Scribner is going to hold me to what my previous books have done, I may as well take the one with the best record and run w/ it.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Whistling Season interview sources</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>Campbell</td>
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<td>Farrington</td>
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Don't let me make it sound like life and death, the long scrimmage of
00 between Daniel R. and myself. But it was everyday existence...

...that we fought out between us...

Snakes are only the half of it.

Snakes, however, were a new species of contention between us.

And that imemorial spring bought the telltale little wrinkles in the
grass, and everything that followed.

crumped together

go our at last separate ways
The Whistling Season lead and synopsis:

1893

Don't let me make it sound as if we set out to use snakes on one another, Daniel Rozier and I. After all, ten years apiece in this old pig-iron world—together we amounted to a responsible age, or should have. But Daniel and I were the entire fourth grade of the South Fork school, as we had been the entire first, second, and third, and there was not a minute of any of it when the pair of us didn't resent sitting stuck together there like a two-headed calf until that farthest day when we would graduate from the eighth grade. Until then there would be battle between us, and that dazzling spring forenoon when Daniel's attention went out the window, he happened to spy our next species of contention.

"Daniel Rozier is so mean he's plaid with it," Mother granted when I galloped home after school with my disastrous news. She clattered the cookstove lid aside and
made the sparks fly as she consigned a chunk of firewood to the flames, then gave me a look. "That does not entitle you to smite him in the face with a garter snake, my girl."

_Does too!_ the battle cry of the South Fork schoolyard swelled within me. My voice, however, would only venture:

"Mr. McCaskill wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think."

"Susan Duff"--there were times when the rhyme of this pranced like a forgiving melody from my mother, but now out it came with hob boots on--"that is enough!"

(description of mother?) "See to Samuel." And when Father came in from the sheep, I would be the one seen to, it went without saying.

Down the years I have wondered about the paradoxical nature of childhood.

Here is the pith, here is the inmost chamber of this person: here is the heartwood.

My father could not quite forgive heaven for presenting me. An infinity of males up there in The Maker's bin, and for Ninian Duff's first-born he was given a girl.

Every day was Judgment Day, or at least a few ticktocks of... My father addressed our food at such length...

There were rustlers. And then there were none.

I was outraged. Enraged. The swatch of the alphabet in between.
I have his line of bone. Tall for my age then, and ever since, I...

“Ay, then. Tell me the particulars.”

“He said--” I paused. “He said I was worse than snot.”

“Paltry vocabulary.” He studied me. “Not to put too fine a point on this, Susan, but what might have caused him to say so?”

“It takes showing.”... “I need for you to close your eyes.”

(She puts something disgusting down by him.)

“That was how it was with me, as well.”

“Fife cows can knit stockings with their horns, I know, Ninian. Allow for us dimmer folk to...”

Sometimes gallantly, sometimes smugly, it has been put to me various times that the West was hell on horses on women. It held woes for men and mules too, of which Daniel was both.
Robins on their sharp errands hurtled past the schoolroom windows.

Children’s shoes were a kind of bank account for all to read. Mine were scuffed but adequate, like our family condition. Jimmy Spedderson’s were more hold than leather.

We doubtless had our faults, but laziness was nowhere among them. Miles Spedderson would expend himself circling around work to keep away from it.

My heart was high. It was spring, we were to have a school play, and I was to be the King.
1897

The story may be the eternal one of we who do not marry as soon as we are out of our cradles.
The Whistling Season lead and synopsis:

Don’t let me make it sound as if we set out to use snakes on one another, Daniel Rozier and I. After all, ten years apiece in this old pig-iron world—together we amounted to a responsible age, or should have. But Daniel and I were the entire fourth grade of the South Fork school, as we had been the entire first, second, and third, and there was not a minute of any of it when the pair of us didn’t resent sitting stuck together there like a two-headed calf until that farthest day when we would graduate from the eighth grade. Until then there would be battle between us, and that dazzling spring forenoon when Daniel’s attention went out the window, he happened to spy our next species of contention.

“Daniel Rozier is so mean he’s plaid with it,” Mother granted when I galloped home after school with my dismayng news. She clattered the cookstove lid aside and
made the sparks fly as she consigned a chunk of firewood to the flames, then gave me a look. "That does not entitle you to smite him in the face with a garter snake, my girl."

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"Mr. McCaskill wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think."

"Susan Duff"—there were times when the rhyme of this pranced like a forgiving melody from my mother, but now out it came with hob boots on—"that is enough!"

(description of mother?) "See to Samuel." And when Father came in from the sheep, I would be the one seen to, it went without saying.

My father could not quite forgive heaven for presenting me. An infinity of males up there in the bin, and for his first-born he was given a girl.

Every day was Judgment Day, or at least a few ticktocks of... My father addressed our food at such length...

There were rustlers. And then there were none.

I was outraged. Enraged. The swatch of the alphabet in between.
The Whistling Season lead and synopsis:

Don't let me make it sound as if we set out to use snakes on one another, Daniel Rozier and I. After all, ten years apiece in the world—together we nearly amounted to a responsible age, didn't we? But Daniel and I were the entire fourth grade of the South Fork school, as we had been the entire first, second, and third, and there was not a minute when the pair of us didn't resent being locked into each other's company like a two-headed calf until that farthest day when we would graduate from the eighth grade. Until then there would be battle between us, and that spring forenoon when Daniel's attention went out the window, he happened to spy our next species of contention.

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*Does too!* the battle cry of the South Fork schoolyard swelled within me. My voice, however, would only venture:

“Mr. McCaskell wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think.”

“Susan Duff”--there were times when the rhyme of this pranced like a forgiving melody from my mother, but now out it came with hob boots on--“that is enough!”

(description of mother?) “See to Samuel.” And when Father came in from the sheep, I would be the one seen to, it went without saying.

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"It takes showing."... "I need for you to close your eyes."

(She puts something disgusting down by him.)

"That was how it was with me, as well."

Sometimes gallantly, sometimes smugly, it has been put to me various times that the West was hell on horses on women. It held woes for men and mules too, of which Daniel was both.
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Don’t let me make it sound as if we set out to use snakes on one another, Daniel Rozier and I. After all, ten years apiece in the world--together we were bringing into a responsible age, weren’t we? But Daniel and I were the entire fourth grade, as we had been the entire first, second, and third, and the two of us hopelessly resented being locked into each other’s company like a two-headed calf until that farthest day when we would graduate from the eighth grade. Until then there would be battle between us, and that spring forenoon when his attention went out the window, he happened to spy our next species of contention.

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"Mr. McCaskell wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think."

"Susan Duff"—there were times when the rhyme of this pranced like a forgiving

melody from my mother, but now out it came with hob boots on—"that is enough!"
The Spooning Season lead and synopsis:

"Daniel Rozier is so mean he's plaid with it." Mother clattered the cookstove lid aside and made the sparks fly as she consigned a chunk of firewood to the flames. "That does not entitle you to smite him in the face with a garter snake, my girl."

*Does too!* the battle cry of the South Fork schoolyard swelled within me. My voice, however, would only venture:

"Mr. McCaskill wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think."

"Susan Duff"—there were times when the rhyme of this pranced like a forgiving melody from my mother, but now out it came with hob boots on—"that is enough!"
The Spooning Season lead and synopsis:

“Daniel Rozier is so mean he’s plaid with it.” Mother clattered the cookstove lid aside and made the sparks fly as she consigned a chunk of firewood to the flames. “That does not entitle you to smite him in the face with a garter snake, my girl.”

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“Mr. McCaskill wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think.”

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Does too! the battle cry of the South Fork schoolyard swelled within me—rightfully, I still say. But my voice, always more clever than I, confined itself to:

“Mr. McCaskill wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think.”

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“Does too!” the battle cry of the South Fork schoolyard swelled in me--rightfully, I still say. My voice, cleverer than I, confined itself to: “Mr. McCaskill wanted to swat him with it himself, is what I think.”

“Susan. That is quite enough.”
The Spooning Season lead and synopsis:

"Daniel Rozier is so mean he’s plaid with it." Mother clattered the cookstove lid aside and made the sparks fly as she consigned a chunk of firewood to the flames. "That does not entitle you to strike him in the face with a garter snake, my girl."
"Daniel Rozier is so mean he's plaid with it." Mother clattered the cookstove lid aside and made the sparks fly as she consigned a chunk of firewood to the flames. "That does not entitle you to smite him in the face with a garter snake, my girl."

battle cry
Does too! the schoolyard cry of me shrieked. My voice kept to:
by the time it reached my voice
I still say. Daniel Rozier should have been gartered to his ears, were his life it up to me.

tall for my age, as always, I nevertheless did not want my mother knew that my mother could talk

Say so, laugh, of
to me by hand, and my father

"Susan. We will wait for your father."
The mind of Daniel, to call it that. What roved in there, drawn
tasty
to trouble like...a ferret to a nest of eggs? All too clearly there were
no allowances made for the presence of a stringbean girl in the same grade
in a one-room school; Daniel and I were the 8th grade, as we had been
the 1st, second, and third and would be...like a two-headed calf until
the day we graduated from the eighth grade.

The West, President Roosevelt said during his ranch try in the Dakotas,
was hell on horses and women. It held woes for men and mules too,
of which Daniel was both.

My father could not quite forgive heaven for presenting me. Two
00s in the bin, and for his first-born he was given a girl.

Every day was Judgment Day, or at least a few tiktoks. My father
addressed our food at such length...

There were rustlers. And then there were none.

I was outraged. Enraged. The directions in between.
Devilish as he was, I think he was as surprised as I

Mother would recite "love is like a red red rose" as though

Don't let me make it sound as if we set out to be....

Daniel Rozier and I.

After all, nine years apiece in the world—together we were bringing

responsible

full-grown age

into 00, weren't we? But Daniel and I were the entire fourth grade,

and we

as we had been the entire first, second, and third, ... each other's

locked into

when would

company... like a two-headed calf until the 00 day we graduated from

the eight grade.


As with others who lapsed where a serpent was concerned,
got beyond us,

what is surprising
Daniel's attention went out the window, he happened to spy the next species of contention between us.
The matter of the snakes

Probably it was only a matter of time until he resorted to snakes,

and I gave as good as I got.

until snakes came to hand

It helped matters not at all that we both knew he could not have spelled serpent if you spotted him both e's.

So it helped matters not at all that when weren't were royally fed up

with each other and the valley was wild with spring, snakes were at hand.

Until then

In the mind of Daniel, to call it that, I suppose

Perhaps we had simply run out of other species of contention between us,

when the telltale wriggles in the grass, and everything that followed.

that uncommon spring

written in those

He was quicker than I, though not by much, in seeing the possibilities

in those telltale wriggles in the grass.

when his attention went out the window

Side by side in our fourth doomed spring together

Until then there would be battle between us, and this spring day when
Brant
Sad - Penny's mother passed away
1500 W 50 St
96107

Outill
Tidyman - audit / Landis
Cath, Mattchikin
Births 2002

- all Tim's work at water co.
- Valari: Carjill took out people
  for project
  engineers - Spain / Atwood
  - nothing to do after 4
  - go home @ 4 & drink
  - Chris & Back, Maylin
  15 & 17

- 3 doctors: Bill's granddad
dad - civil engineer
Fay Stokes runs it all
Wayne Sands: Ph D / NOAA / weather & climate
- father junk dealer
Side by side those years
We oo, we oo, if we resisted to separate
Wild w/ spring
So restraint (toward each other) was not strong point of either
of us
went out window
we we have carried on our 17 w/ 00 if they had been a hard
that spring hot quick windsble in grass
When spring came, 3 1st yield she wriggles, 4. through those
we we exploded into success
Whistling Season

1893

Susan

other children on way home

Ninian & Angus (+ Susan?)

school: outhouse

- Hadn't bro. @ JEffy Daniel

1895

May Blizzard (R. Fair, p. 127)

Spedersons leave (Susan has crush on Jimmy?)

Camm Enkine dies (< Tom Morkeschen)

Spedersons 1st because of Ninian threat?

1897

Angus meets Anna
One has to imagine the foreshortened index finger of my father stabbing thoroughly tracing its weekly route through the want ads of the GV Cleaner, tap-tapping thoroughly coming across