1st pass

~~ad~~ n: small type

~~3~~ - 03 dump heaps OK

4 - ~~04~~ comma?

- ~~cutlets~~ etc: too small?

6 - ~~Camelot~~ OK?

- ~~2~~ uses GF

~~8~~ - cutlets

~~10~~ - 15, , you,

~~11~~ - check Speculator OK

~~20~~ - copper collar copyrt-free?

~~22~~ - 26, spacing?

~~35~~ Everybody - type size?

~~39~~ - comma

~~41~~ - Every bit.

~~43~~ - watch fobs: used before?

~~44~~ - ~~Latin~~ itals?

- ~~Tanned~~ etc: check notes

~~46~~ vellum Oh, His counterpart

~~52~~ - 03 spacing: add a word ? H considered off to west

~~56~~ ~~69~~ - Marx OK? Das Kapital or...?

~~83~~ - 16, our ?

~~92~~ - 23, and ? doing; performing

~~134~~ - comma

~~125~~ - ☺

~~143~~ - Eccl scholar expert/prophet devotee

~~145~~ - ☺

~~150~~ - Serbs

~~168~~ - Qn Marie OK?

~~181~~ - Buffe ?

~~183~~ - ~~Teleg~~ OK

~~188~~ - fiery

→ ~~214~~ - David C' fld

~~212~~ - ~~F~~

~~213~~ - spacing

- ~~Shaftsbury~~ OK sp?

~~217~~ - Lyre Society / Club

~~224~~ - wheeze bad break

232 - eisteddfod: itals OK?

~~234~~ - headline too small; match p. 4.

- Neostie etc " "

~~259~~ - Redlegs

~~263~~ - ~~Cornish~~: Centerville? OK

- ~~Italian~~: Meaderville? OK

~~264~~ - tallysheet

~~Acknmts~~ Bow

, you'll see.
S: gleam in eye
blue gaze
, am I right?
no hyphenation
buccaneer
old brigand
Tsk
Wobs invisible.
that figure w/ Triple S initials

copyed ms
ded cn

~~3~~ - Athenian
18 - Grieg
~~23~~ - add dimple or s'thing after "she said"?
~~29~~ - check n'hoods
~~53~~ - " Gallic Wars title
57 - " Lux ex Libris
69 - " Marx
79 - Paris peace con/ce? & p. 117?
91 - check Welsh
96 - S into Sandison's name earlier?
~~109~~ - check Comiskey Park
114 - small caps - caps & sc?
~~138~~ - snorted - made a face
~~140~~ - Ld George in 1919?
143 - speed of sound
~~153~~ - Florence N'gale
~~164~~ - 3d mention, Paris peace con/ce
? 172 - Asphodel OK? Bride of Lammermoor
? ~~173~~ - another mention, desk chair groaning - too many?
204 & earlier - Columbia Gardens
207 - cap I to show diff'nt time
219 - spacing?
~~220~~ S's chair groaned / He shifted haunches in his throne ↑ chair
S reared back in his throne of desk chair
~~223~~ - Union Pac / Irish OK?
~~238~~ + - change carbide lamps?
~~239~~ - Copper/ld gte - think abt things
brainy learned
~~295~~ - cultured; improve? ethical; honorable; sensitive
got standards
298 - just
302 - horse Midnight
~~323~~ - C'ville: Cornish
~~313~~ - C: Rn writers enumerated before?

Grace's dimple; My,

7950 Jones Branch Dr.
McLean VA 22108

Work Song prospectus

Liz and Becky, we convene again. I'm tempted just to say, *The Whistling Season* was a lot of fun, wasn't it--let's see if there's some more where that came from by upping the ante from whistling to singing. But I suppose you pickily want to know a little something about plot, characters, setting and such. So here goes, perhaps at more length than I usually do this, to think out loud to you and have you think back to me about how we can do what is nominally a sequel and have it be a fine fresh piece of work--a veritable lyrical *Work Song*-- in its own right.

In its wild heyday in the early twentieth century, "Butte, America," as the unlikely melting-pot city almost atop the Continental Divide was called, had the further reputation of "the richest hill on earth." Butte spun copper out of its veins into the wiring of the new electrical world, and in so doing, sent thousands of Welsh and Irish and Cornish and Italian and Slavic miners into deep shafts beneath the downtown streets. Neighborhoods right out of the Old Country, wherever that may have been, sat mere blocks from plutocratic wealth on display, and in the political grip of the aptly named Anaconda Company, the entire state of Montana was said to wear the copper collar. In every seam between Butte's rich and poor, of course, were adventurers, drinkers, gamblers, grifters and drifters, fallen women and some risen, radical 'Wobbly' unionists and moderate miners' leaders trying to keep the lid on matters, on and on. Even when I was a kid growing up halfway across the state, Butte was still known to us as a place as crazily off the charts as, say, Las Vegas is today.

All in all, rich in human flavor as it was, the city with copper in its blood seems to me just the place to draw our favorite schoolteacher back from Down Under.

> "Morgan, eh? Any relation to J. Pierpont, Mister Gotbucks himself?"
>
> My welcome to Butte from the depot agent was the type of remark that could not be farther from the mark, and my severe gaze in return told the fellow as much. I must confess, however, it is difficult to repel such barbs when one is threadbare in as many ways as I was on that day I stepped off the train at the bottom of the richest hill on earth.

It is 1919, after Morrie sat out World War One in Tasmania and perhaps elsewhere in Australia, as far away as he could get from an American draft board. He's restless once again, in the head and pocketbook as he and Rose and the Capper were in the early mists of *The Whistling Season,* and what precipitates

Morrie's story this time is that old lure of Montana land, this time with fat chunks of ore in it.

In brief, Morrie knows from his experience on the Australian mining frontier the money is in mining the miners, and with Butte's reputation for prizefights, fortunes won and lost overnight, and general con-man opportunities, he feels he is on promising ground as he leaves his sea chest with the sardonic depot agent and heads up the hill toward town. Something draws him to one particular small boarding house along the way (it may be a sign cheekily reminiscent of Rose's 'Can't Cook But Doesn't Bite' ad) and he obtains a room from its proprietor, a miner's widow named Grace Moynihan. He notes that she is interestingly near his age and not a bad looker.

There are two other boarders, permanent as the floorboards, scrawny old miners named Tom Griffith and Frank Cooper. Griff and Coop look enough alike to be brothers, but Morrie figures out that they simply worked together so long in the mineshafts that the stoop of their bodies and other inclinations have made them grow together in resemblance as some old married couples are said to.

At the boarding-house meal that night comes Morrie's real introduction to Butte when he mentions his intention to seek an office job with the mining company. (In his Australian excursion, Morrie with his talent for manipulation of numbers and and other matters occasionally specialized as what he calls a *chef de cuisine* of ledgers--which was to say, expert cook of the books--for mining firms running more on jawbone than actual funds.) When he speaks that job intention, forks crash to plates. The Widow Moynihan tells him, "I'll not have a man in my house who wears the copper collar." Griff and Coop take turns being vitriolic about the Anaconda company. Bewildered, Morrie asks for enlightenment.

Butte has been put through hell the past ten years by the conflict between the miners and the copper company, he learns. Six times in those years the city was occupied by the National Guard. (Historically true.) In 1917 the fire in the Speculator mine killed 164 miners. (This would bear checking, but I think it is still the worst U.S. mining disaster ever.) Radical unionists have fought moderates, the copper company fought them both with goons and crackdowns. Grace Moynihan's husband perished in the Speculator fire, Griff and Coop are by nature foes of the copper bosses, and Morrie thus has landed in a hotbed of anti-Anaconda ire. If he ought not to work for the Company, he asks, what is he to do? This ensues:

> Griffith looked the length of the table at Cooper, although I was yet at the early point of acquaintanceship where I had to monitor to myself which was looking at which.
>
> "Creeping Pete," said Cooper. "Cryer."
>
> "Maybe," said Griffith. "Too sober?"
>
> "Not for long."
>
> "Righto. Got just the thing for you, Morrie."

In one of Butte's ethnic disjunctions, the local undertaker, Peterson, is unfitted by nature to join in adequately in the boisterous wakes (mostly Irish, of course) thrown to commemorate the departed. Thus, as Morrie tends to say, the unctuous undertaker disparaged by the neighborhood as "Creeping Pete" must employ a "cryer" to attend wakes, for business' sake. In the job he has been put onto by Griff and Coop, Morrie does not have to actually cry, but he must appear sufficiently mournful, he must imbibe despite his demurral that "I do not partake much," and, more to the point for him, he must be splendidly dressed. Staked to a new suit, vest, hat and so on by the undertaker, Morrie indeed attends a Butte wake, and I promise to keep it to only one. Two purposes will be served by immersing him in the drinking, weeping, laughing night of the wake: he will

discover, as a man of words himself, that Butte has its own sensational gift of gab, and he will meet a young miner and union activist essential to the storyline later on, Jared Evans.

I intend to keep this early part of Morrie's story brisk and beguiling, so just imagine that not very many opening pages have passed and he now finds himself, as a "cryer" only after the sun goes down, with time to while away during daylight hours. He of course resorts to the company of books, and there he draws the attention of the Butte librarian, Samuel Sandison.

Sandison in his domain of books is very like a Jehovah, bearded, long-boned, towering over Morrie. He is also, of all things, a onetime cattle baron. (This is based on an actual Montana historical figure, Granville Stuart, but I want some leeway with the character and so he's my creation, Sam Sandison.) The following exchange is rough draft, but indicates the quality of back-and-forth possible between these two from their very different worlds, bridged only by books and interest in classic languages. Morrie has just remarked on the impressive holdings of the public library, and Sandison answers:

> "A good many of them are mine."
>
> "Yours?"
>
> "Hell yes. From the ranch."
>
> "Ah. The ranch. You were a livestock entrepreneur, I take it? Sheep, horses?"
>
> "Cattle." He delivered me a look that made me want to duck. Well, how was I to know? Montana and Australia both appeared to me to be as populous with fleeces as the heavens are with clouds.
>
> "You mean you really never have heard of the Triple S ranch?"
>
> "I confess I have not, but I have been in town only a matter of days."
>
> "It's gone now," he growled. "That's why I'm here. It was the biggest spread in the state, everybody and his dog knew the SSS brand."
>
> "Mmm. By 'brand,' do you mean the practice of searing a mark onto the animal?"
>
> "That's what branding is. It's the Latin and Greek of the prairie."
>
> That startled me. "Intriguing. And so SSS would translate to--?"
>
> He laughed harshly. "Saddle up, sit tight, and shut up, my riders called it. Most of them stuck with me anyway." An odd glint came to him. "I had an army of them, you know."
>
> "I regret to say, I am not seer enough myself to know the intricacies of reading burnt cowhide." It fell flat with him. "But I am eager to grasp the principle behind alphabetizing one's cows--"
>
> "It's not alphabetical, fool. Brandabetical."
>
> "--excellent word! The brandabetical concept, then. Do you start with the full lingual entity, in this case, 'saddle up, sit tight, and shut up,' and condense from there?"
>
> "Hell no," he let out and immediately after that, "but you're right in a way. SSS stood for Seymour-Stanwood-Sandison. I had to have partners in the ranch operation. Money men." Those last two words he practically spat.

With what I hope is supreme inevitability, Sandison hires Morrie as assistant librarian. He's put in charge of whatever Sandison doesn't want to do, which is most everything, and among his tasks is to deal with classes of schoolkids

when their teachers herd them in on field trips. He is tucked away at his desk trying to prepare for just such an incursion when the schoolteacher sidles over and causes him to look up.

> "Rabrab!" I blurted.
> "Mr. Morgan. Your mustache is back."
> I had last seen Barbara Rellis as a sixth-grader. She was always advanced, physically speaking, and now she was a stunning young woman.

Ten years on from when she was that feline schoolgirl, Rabrab/Barbara is now twenty-two, launched with a teaching degree from a "Normal" school into one of the tough neighborhood schools of Butte. Hers is, yes, a sixth grade, in memory of Morrie's "populous sixth" that gave him some adventures in learning, and while her students are a handful, so is Rab, still the sensuous sly plotting sort who memorably slid across the top of the boys' dogpile that snowy day in the Marias Coulee schoolyard. She has found a focus for her ardor these days: her beau, her fiance, what we in Montana used to call her "intended," that young activist miner, Jared Evans.

Morrie is no little bit alarmed at bumping into Rab in this next new life of his, inasmuch as he conspicuously kept his promise to Paul Milliron by removing himself from Montana and any vicinity of Rose and the Millirons at the end of *The Whistling Season*, and there's also the unresolved matter of those bilked Chicago gamblers back there in Chicago in the earlier book, and how long their memories might be. And so he has to take Rab somewhat into his confidence and ask her not to leak word to Marias Coulee that he is back in the country.

Rab agrees, but after a few more of Morrie's up and downs in Butte--she will no doubt inveigle him into a session in her classroom, giving him a chance for another of those 'balloon ascension' imaginative performances as teacher, and he will have on-the-job episodes with his odd library boss Sandison--but quickly enough she makes him an offer he can't refuse: a song-writing contest to come up with an anthem for Jared's legion of miners as they take on the copper company.

This requires a bit of explanation, and I'm condensing here what will be dramatized in the book, but the basic of the situation is that one convulsion Butte has been through was the near-war between the Company and the Industrial Workers of the World, the despised and beloved 'Wobblies' who tried to organize all workers, including the miners, into one big union. The Company fought them in the streets of Butte with goons and much else, its night riders even lynching an IWW organizer in 1917, and while there still was a lot of sentiment for the Wobblies, the battle for fair wages, decent hours, and indeed life and limb in the deep treacherous mine shafts has fallen to the more moderate miners' federation Jared is involved in. But the Wobblies scored one indisputable moral victory in their battles in Butte and elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest: they won the music. The IWW's "Little Red Songbook" contained "Joe Hill" (and the foreshadowing of Joan Baez singing into my ear as I write this, "I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me...") and a virtuosic number of other unforgettable rousing songs.

Thus the central situation, as Morrie's ascension to the schoolhouse was in the earlier book: he must use a meeting room of the library, and his wiles, and his arcane talents with the language, to draw songs forth from Jared's motley miners.

And hence the title, for both the book and the winning anthem, *Work Song,* which keeps the whistling/singing motif of the earlier book.

Here are a few sample elements that can go into this scenario:

--Morrie does have reason to worry, because there is a long memory on one of the Company goons who happens to be from Chicago and who begins giving him the suspicious eye.

--He also has reason to be jumpy around Sam Sandison. During one of Morrie's scenes with Rab, he says something about Sandison's erudition, and she gives him a look and says:

"Don't you know who Sandison is? He's the Strangler."

That reputation, Morrie learns, has followed Sandison from his cattle baron days, when he had his cowboys fight rustlers by hanging first and asking questions later. "String 'em up Sam" is another of his nicknames, putting rather an edge on Morrie's relationship with his patron in the library.

--A running joke of this book is that Morrie, avatar of obscure knowledge in his earlier time in Marias Coulee, must resort to Griff and Coop (and the increasingly fetching Widow Moynihan) whenever Butte baffles him. At least one more time Griff and Coop have one of those exchanges that Morrie characterizes as "both telepathic and telegraphic" (it's a shtick, but I won't overuse it) and manage to save Morrie's skin from the goon, and when the time comes to have the song contest to choose the miners' anthem and Morrie must somehow disguise what that event in the library actually is, it is Griff who says:

"Are you dim, man? What you need is an eisteddfod."

As we surely all know, that's a Welsh bardic festival pronounced "ay-steth-vod," and so it comes to pass that with Griff and his Welsh miner cronies outside blabbing incomprehensible Welsh to confuse and turn away any Butte citizens who show signs of coming to the song contest, the event goes on in peace. Until Sandison the Jehovan librarian shows up.

Well, that should give you some idea of how this book can go. We all know it must have some of the ingredients that readers liked so much in *The Whistling Season*, yet it needs its own undertow of history and situation. I'll be glad to have counsel from my esteemed team of agent and editor on any of that. I know I will need to take some care that Morrie's voice does not just copy Paul's, but some of the same play of words and love of knowledge for its own sake can dance there. My first-person narrators--Jick in *English Creek,* Angus in *Dancing at the Rascal Fair,* Paul in our dear *Whistling Season*--have generally done well by us, and Morrie feels like a good fit for me. As to Rabrab, when I've told audiences she'll be back in this book, I've had wild rounds of applause, notably from the women.

###

by Ivan Doig
BY IVAN DOIG
by Ivan Doig

17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

26 March '09

FAX to Rebecca Saletan

Becky--here, in haste, are the copies of the two proposals.

All best,

Ivan

23 Feb. '08

Dear Liz--

Well, hey, *The Eleventh Man* is now in the hands of Becky and her troops, so we can start thinking about the next book. And possibly, the *next* next one.

You know I've always been more the hedgehog who knows one big thing--write a book sooner than later--than a fox who sniffs around for other things to do. Now more than ever, of course, I'm concentrated on getting the stuff of my imagination onto the page--with the exception of the wondrous civilities of the life Carol and I have fashioned for ourselves, it is literally all I want to do. And while I've told Becky I am game to travel if some extraordinary gig for *Eleventh Man* presents itself, it's accepted at Harcourt that I won't be doing any more national booktouring (although I've said I can do strategic signings here in the Pacific Northwest from Portland to Bellingham; that would be more like a dozen or fifteen, not forty or more as my booktours usually have been). So, what the hell, I can sit here and write, sooner than later. I leave to you the exact timing of presenting one or both--more on that in a moment--of these ideas to Becky, but I do want to officially get underway yet this spring if at all possible. The books-to-be:

--I want to do *Work Song* next, for the advantage of writing in first person (and Morrie is the person!) and to get us a sort-of sequel to *The Whistling Season* as pronto as possible. When Becky was out here last year, I very sketchily told her about the notion of dropping Morrie into raucous Butte, and she thought it sounded good. The more I've mulled and tinkered with it, the better it sounds to me.

--The potential one after that, *Miss You When I'm Gone*, started insisting itself into my head more recently, when I was going over *The Eleventh Man* corrected ms and realized that maybe the deftest parts of the book are the couple of scenes of Tom Harry and that goddamn saloon of his. I helplessly just seem to know all about Tom and the Medicine Lodge denizens, and I think there's a pretty funny book waiting in the situation of the Sixties meeting the Thirties.

I'm passing along both of these at once mostly so you'll know where I want to be headed, but also in case you see any advantage to another two-book contract. I don't know that I do, and it seems to me we would want separate accounting this time if we did sign for both books in one contract, as we can't count on the sales bonanza of *Whistling Season* repeating itself? Anyway, you are the agent, my dear, are you ever, and I stand waiting to hear your strategy on this.

Speaking of contract stuff: can you now in good conscience hit up my beloeved Becky for our *Eleventh Man* acceptance money? And speaking of money, the movie guys are renewing their option on *Whistling Season*.. Blaine Novak, the scriptwriter and general factotum, is some piece of work; he flamboyantly wanted to send the money straight to me instead of via Lynn and Mike. I just grinned.

All best,

pace/flow
plot logic

~~35~~ - usually sted always

~~36~~ - add MOST

bot ~~48~~ - end of scene?

bot ~~50~~ - [redacted] sp.?

Our story continues, approximately like this:

The explosion that sends such a tremble through Butte, Morrie finds when he hurries to the Hill, is not a mine accident, but the dynamiting of the Anaconda Company's pay office at a mine called the Flying Dutchman. The ensuing scene there in the dark of night swirls him in with Jared and Rab, Griff and Hoop, and clamoring newspapermen, all of it centered around the question of who bombed the building. Jared's disgruntled union members? The Wobblies, to incite things? Morrie is bounced from theory to theory until:

> "Mr. Morgan, put your thinking cap on," said Rab. "It's so obvious."
>
> Weary as he was, Jared took pity on me. "Anaconda itself. Some of their goons. To blame it on the union."

The next few days, quickly told, are a standoff between the mining company and the union, with Jared keeping the peace by sending the miners back to work. The third day, Morrie arrives at the library to find the street full of miners waiting to get in again--Jared has called out the morning shift on a work action. This is also a story-hour day, so Rab's class arrives, simultaneous with Sandison telling Morrie he will have to deal with the tykes, the excitement has been too much for Miss Runyon. Faced with skeptical sixth-graders bored with having first aid drilled into them, Morrie has to equal one of his classroom inspirations of *The Whistling Season.* He looks the schoolkids in the eye and begins:

> "Blood," I said.

After he wows the kids with the gory story of blood, he goes back upstairs in the library just in time for the idled miners to rush from the building. Jared and the union have won, Anaconda is restoring the lost dollar of wage (about 25% at the time).

In the next major scene, Morrie is at the boarding house with Grace when they are startled by the appearance of Ladislaw, the kid called Russian Famine.

> "Miss Rellis needs to see you. At that Poority place."

As Morrie has a conversation with Russian Famine on their way to the Purity Cafeteria, he notices that the skinny boy does not have any of the bruises, scabs or black eyes that his Marias Coulee pupils accumulated in the schoolyard.

> "The bigger boys don't give you trouble?"
>
> "Would if they could. Can't catch me."
>
> "How do you make sure of that?"
>
> "I run until they drop."
>
> "You're quite the runner then." An idea was coming to me.

At the Purity where Rab and Jared await him, two developments:

--Morrie learns that Anaconda gave in on the dollar of wage because Butte's biggest holiday of the year is coming--Miners Day--when the city's thousands of miners parade through the streets, and the company did not want to risk strife that would shut down the mines for an indeterminate time.

--Jared says the meeting hall of his union council is rife with eavesdroppers and company snitches and they need a safer place: can Morrie get them a spot in the library?

In the rest of this chapter, not many pages:

--Morrie has to talk Sandison into letting the union council meet in the library.

--He learns, by way of Grace's relentless buying of cheap turkey for supper, that the Montana homesteaders have hit hard times. This turns his thoughts to Marias Coulee, and he fantasizes about breaking his promise and going there to ask Rose to run away with him again. He wrestles with this in his room, tempted toward the satchel again, until finally he bursts from the room and heads downstairs, where Grace is distractedly at some chore. They speak simultaneously:

> "I was wondering if you might want to--"
>
> "If you don't have anything better to do--"
>
> We stumbled to a stop, each waiting on the other.
>
> "You first," she prompted.
>
> "I'd be impolite."
>
> "Morrie, out with it, whatever it is--we can't beat around the bush all night."
>
> "All right then. I wondered if you might like to go to Miners Day. With me, that is."
>
> Grace covered her hand with her mouth and hiccuped a laugh. I felt ridiculous and, calling myself every kind of a fool, was ready to slink back upstairs when she put out a hand to stop me. "Great minds run in similar tracks. I was about to knock on your door and ask you."

<u>Chapter 6, Miners Day</u>

Butte's festive day is barely underway before it becomes apparent that the triumph of Jared's union is shaky. As his men march through downtown and the gloriously uniformed miners' band plays, there are persistent phantomlike squads of Wobblies, faceless but relentless, who mockingly sing:

> Work and pray,
> Live on hay.
> You'll eat pie
> In the sky
> By and by.

Morrie recognizes that if Jared's labor faction falters in any way in the struggle with Anaconda, the Wobblies are there waiting and ready to take things to a more radical and bloody course. On this holiday, however, Jared and Rab are soon absent--she is conscripted into a first aid demonstration by her sulky students, out of those story-hour sessions in the library--and Morrie and Grace go onward to the main feature of the day, contests at the amusement park called Columbia Gardens.

Columbia Gardens was another of Butte's fantastical aspects, a civic playground (built by an early mining mogul) with an Italianate pavilion, roller coaster, ferris wheel, elaborate gardens, and so on, tucked between the slag heaps and the slopes of the Continental Divide. In this weirdly Elysian enclave, contests of miners' skills and strengths are being held, along with competitions involving the women and kiddies. Seeing one of these form up, Morrie excuses himself briefly from Grace and goes in search of Skinner, the message runner who bounced in on him in the library office on p. 68:

> "What's up, buddy?" the halfpint messenger, in Sunday suit and bowtie for the day, called out when he spotted me. "Hey, how about those White Sox? They're burning up the league."
>
> "The Comiskey Cheap Sox," I scoffed as I came up to him. "They'll unravel."
>
> "You Cub guys don't know real baseball when you see it."
>
> "I shall keep looking," I left that at and got down business. "Skinner, I believe you might know how a man could place a bet."
>
> "Think so?" He scanned the grounds. Satisfied that no strolling policeman was going to violate his chosen territory, he whipped out a much-used notebook. "What's your pleasure? The boxing matches? The mucking contest?"
>
> "The boys' hundred-yard dash."
>
> Indignantly he pushed away the money I held out to him. "You kidding me? Not till I look this over. How do I know you're not running Jim Thorpe Junior in on me?"

At the footrace site, Russian Famine is wearing a cut-down jersey with the words FARRADAY BOARDING HOUSE practically wrapped around him. Grace mutters that this had better be worth the $5 sponsor fee, Morrie assures her it will distinguish the boarding house. ("I did not need to say with precision that it would distinguish it from the different sort of houses a block or so away in Venus Alley.") Naturally, Russian Famine runs like a flash and wins the race.

> Disgusted, Skinner ponied up my bet. "Hardly fair. That skin-and-bones kid is like a streak."

"Exactly." I made a show of taking out my wallet and plucking the money from his bookmaker hands. "Don't you think he would make a messenger, if the right someone were to put in a word for him?" Skinner was giving the money hovering over my wallet a sad farewell gaze. "Who knows, I might forgive the bet if that were to happen."

Skinner perked up. "I guess I could see about it."

"At," I emphasized with a riffle of the money, "the Hennessy building."

"At the Hen? Whoo, that's tough." He scratched his head as if digging out a thought. "They do hire an office kid for the summer. Usually it's some bigwig's fat nephew."

"Put it to them that in the relay of their messages, they have a choice between a flatfooted chairwarmer and winged Mercury."

"I'll skip that lingo, but those sixth floor guys are always on fire to get their messages delivered fast." He watched in dismay as I tucked the wagered sum into my wallet. "Hey, when do I get my bet back?"

"At the time Ladislaw Krasinski becomes a messenger you-know-where."

When Morrie rejoins Grace, the next event they come across is the oldtimers' drilling contest--and there, of course, are Hooper and Griffith, shirts off, ready to compete. Sighing but feeling obliged, Morrie looks up the bookie Skinner again and places a bet on the boarding house pair.

The drilling contest is a dramatic set scene, John Henry-like: one man holds the long steel drill against the stone block while the other hits the end with a sledgehammer, the holder deftly turning the drill between every stroke so that the drill bit cuts into the rock. It is a hypnotically rhythmic performance, with the resounding beat of the hammer, and Hoop and Griff are on the brink of winning when Griff's hand cramps up and he can't turn the drill. With the match lost that way, Morrie and Grace go over to commiserate, but Griff avoids them and they see him wipe his eyes with his shirttail. Hoop, drained by the effort, tells them:

"We'll see you at breakfast. He's gonna need some liquid refreshment to get over this." He stood there with the sweat running down his face, some of it possibly tears as well. "Me, too."

The fullness of Miners Day drawing to its close, Grace and Morrie leave Columbia Gardens to head for home, somewhat content in each other's company but still tentative and uncommitted, and she ultimately cannot resist asking:

"The curiosity is killing me, you scamp. How did you come out on the day?"

"Even. More or less." Skepticism wore the most delicately dimpled

expression possible beside me, but it still was skepticism. "Never fear, I still have the rent money."

"I wasn't worried about that. Well, some. But how are you ever going to get ahead?"

The trolley rattled to a a halt in front of us and I provided my arm to help her up the step. "You have to understand, Grace. I have always been very good at getting rid of wrinkled money."

Chapter 7, the Muckaroo mineshaft

This section goes to the dark deep corner of Butte and the story, the copper mines that are both the source of treasure and travail. Very briefly put, in his struggle to hold the union and its ethnic factions together, Jared with the urging of Rab enlists Morrie in coming up with a defining anthem to counter the Wobblies' maddeningly mocking refrain of "You'll eat pie in the sky..." In other words, a work song. The Anaconda Company, now that Miners Day is past, is reverting to strong-arm tactics, watching for a chance to split the union and take back the wage raise. Jared needs to inspire the various miners' factions on the work song idea, and Morrie with his gift of gab is the one to do it for him, but where and how? Morrie gulps when told:

"There's one place in all of Butte where the goons know better than to go. Down the shaft."

Thus Morrie must be sneaked into the Muckaroo mineshaft, in the company of Griff, to meet with Pat Quinlan of the Irish, a dour Finn leader, a cocky but skeptical spokesman for the Cornishmen, and so on. From the moment Griff, with Morrie behind him disguised as Hoop, gives the cut-the-throat gesture to the mine elevator operator that sends the cage plummeting a quarter of a mile into the earth, our hero is in another world, both fascinating and nightmarish to him. Suffice to say, there in the deep underground he manages to make the case for a union work song.

Back on the surface, after this set scene, Morrie's next task is to put song-writing conclaves in the library past Sandison somehow. Sandison skeptically asks what these evening sessions will be about:

"Versification," I said, honest enough as far as it went.

"Aren't there enough bad poets in the world already?" he asked.

With a grudging go-ahead, Morrie is set to begin the clandestine songwriting sessions in the library's basement auditorium. Only to be interrupted by:

"Famine! You startled me."

The skinniest messenger in Butte wiped his runny nose on the back of his sleeve and handed me an envelope. "Told me you wanted to see anything with Shycago on it."

> I looked at the Chicago postmark.
>
> The Theosophists' electric tea kettle steamed the envelope open quite nicely.

The letter is from a honcho of the Chicago gambling mob, in reply to the Anaconda goons' inquiry whether Morrie sounds like anyone who interests them, and it says yes indeed, we have an old score to settle with him, nab him and turn him over to us. Swallowing hard, Morrie with his access to a typewriter in the library concocts a phony version that says No, the gamblers never heard of anyone by that description, forget it, and has Russian Famine deliver it to the goons.

With that finessed for the time being and song sessions ahead, Morrie feels things have taken a real turn for the better. He says something of the sort to Rab, remarking on what fine fellow Sandison is beneath the gruff exterior. Rab laughs slyly and he asks why. Says she:

> "Don't you know who Sandison is? He's the Strangler."

Chapter 8, Section 37

> Rabrab's words went directly to my windpipe.
>
> When I recovered enough air to speak, it still was more of a squeak. "Rab, you might have said so before now. Are you telling me the man I share an office with goes around throttling people?"
>
> "Not barehanded," she said as if explaining etiquette to a child. "He had mugs who worked for him do it. Vigilantes." She looked at me closely. "You know: types who hang first and ask questions later."
>
> "I grasp the terminology. What I am uninformed about is whom my employer has had strangled and why?"
>
> "Cattle rustlers," she answered both of those. "Or anybody who looked like one, to those cowboys of his." Rabrab calculated with the aplomb of a hanging judge herself. "Plenty of them had it coming, probably. But some might have been homesteaders whose cows and calves the Triple S herd just got mixed in with. You know the saying about a rope"--she looked at me as if I likely did not--"one size fits all."

The revelation about his library lord, master, and officemate hits Morrie in his nerves. It suddenly makes sense to him why everybody in Butte is a little spooked by Sandison, inasmuch as the old titan represents Montana's hempen vigilante past as well as its modern cultural pretensions. Sandison's reputation also eerily coincides with Butte's dark-side omens--the "gallows frames" atop the mineshafts, the infamous lynching of a Wobbly organizer, and there is always the nagging thought of the madman-in-the-library for Morrie to fret about. Unnerved as he is, he feels panic when Sandison orders him:

> "You're coming with me in the morning."
>
> "Where to?" I asked over the thump of my heart.
>
> The white whiskers aimed at me. "A place out where my ranch was. Section Thirty-seven."
>
> Was that a joke from Samuel Sandison? If so, it was his first. I knew from my time among the homesteads of Marias Coulee that land is surveyed into townships of thirty-six sections, each section a square mile. The numbering starts over at each township. Where then--and for that matter, what?--was Section Thirty-seven? Did I dare find out?
>
> "Perhaps, Sandy, you could elaborate a bit on our destina--"
>
> Somewhere within the whisker cloud he snorted. "What's the matter, coming down with a case of *Hic sunt dracones*?"
>
> I had to bridle at that. A measure of caution about going off into the outback with someone nicknamed the Strangler did not equate me with skittish mariners of old who feared sailing off the edge of the map into the abyss that carried the warning *Here be dragons*.
>
> Sandison did not pause over my hurt feelings. "Meet me at the depot, good and sharp." He specified the six a.m. westbound train.

Once again, Morrie has to decide whether to bolt and run, or stay and face whattever the Butte version of fate is sending his way.

> There was a midnight train. Eastbound.

His old traveling companion, the satchel, looks appealing as he wrestles in the night with his decision. Then, with his mind made up, he leaves his room and goes down the hall, ever so quietly slipping into another bedroom:

> I crept to the sleeping form and, hesitating just a bit, shook the bare shoulder where the nightdress had slipped down.
>
> "Grace, I hate to interrupt your slumber. But I must talk to you."
>
> My whisper penetrated as if I had jabbed her. Bolting upright in the bed, she clutched the coverlet around her, huskily reciting: "In the name of decency, Morrie, we really ought not--"
>
> "This is imperative or"--I looked at the ivory slope of shoulder still showing--"I would not come uninvited. Please just listen, Grace."

Vigilantly, she did so while I told her she had to be my witness, to attest to my good health before boarding the train with Samuel Sandison. "That way, he will be made to know--I won't reveal your name to him--someone saw me alive and in one piece when I left with him. Someone who will go to the police if I do not come back intact."

"The police, is it." Grace ran a hand through her tousled hair. "Morrie, you are the most complicated boarder there ever was."

"I wish I could dispute that."

"Why do I have the honor of this, why not Griff and Hoop?"

"They're at a union meeting and you know the condition they come home in after that."

She sighed. "All right, you want a sober witness. But why go with Sandison at all?"

"He's the kind who will not let loose of an idea--the man is a bulldog. If I don't humor him on this, he'll do away with my job at the library."

That was wordlessly weighed on the landlady scale of things. Then she patted my hand there in the dark, in a feathery way that was either shy or sly. "I would only be telling the truth if I said you had life in you the last I saw of you, wouldn't I."

An honest enough affidavit, under the circumstances. I returned her caress pat for pat. If I could trust anyone in Butte, it was Grace.

If I could trust anyone in Butte.

Here is a rough version of Morrie's journey to Section 37 with Sandison, written just after Carol and I made our research trip to Butte and the smelter town of Anaconda.

"Sandy, how are we to do this?" Stumbling along before dawn in Sandison's wake, I dubiously approached the depot platform. "If I am not mistaken, those are ore cars." The line of heaped railcars stretched off as far as I could see in the dim light.

"Keep walking, don't be a nervous nelly." Sandison strode along recklessly enough himself that I wished the pair of depot goons would pop around a corner and be steamrollered by him. No such justice, however, at that early hour. Only a yawning conductor, beside what I perceived to be one lone Pullman car behind the train engine, stood in our line of march.

We were the only passengers. As the train lurched into motion, I could contain the question no longer. "West is a long direction--where exactly do we get off?"

My traveling companion grumpily pawed at his whiskers as if herding the word out.

"Anaconda."

"The company?"

"The town."

It turned out to be both. A company town, Anaconda was as orderly and contained as Butte was sprawling and tumultuous. The train pulled in past boxy workers' houses lined up in neat rows, along streets laid as straight as shelves. Sandison appeared to pay no heed to the town itself, gazing away into the valley beyond and, I supposed, whatever the neverland of Section Thirty-seven proved to be. At least, I thought as I looked out the window on that side of the train, it was a bright clear day for this. I happened to look out the other side, and the sky was clothed in heavy gray.

When the two of us climbed off at the trim crenellated depot, another chess piece of municipal order, the division in the sky over Anaconda was made plain. On a slope above the murky side of town could be seen the immense smelter for copper ore such as had accompanied us from Butte, and dominant over the smelting works stood a skyscraping smokestack, thickly built but hundreds of feet tall. The scene leapt from every accusatory line ever written about dark satanic mills--the smokestack like the devil's forefinger, black fume trailing evilly as it pointed its challenge to heaven.

Dumbstruck as I was by this sight, only slowly did I register the other product of the smelter besides copper and smoke, a series of slag heaps surrounding the town like barren hills.

"That's Anaconda for you," Sandison growled. "Let's get a move on." So saying, he stalked off toward a livery stable across the tracks.

Now I was alarmed. A saddlehorse is not my preferred mode of transportation. Of necessity, I had spent some time horseback during my prairie teaching career, but no more than I had to. Sandison brayed to the stableman that we wanted genuine riding stock, not nags, and shortly

I found myself holding the reins of a restless black horse with a bald face, named Night. When a rangy steel-gray steed was brought out for Sandison, he looked in disgust at the stirrups on the rented saddle and lengthened them six inches to account for his height. That done, despite his bulk he swung up onto the horse as easily as a boy and waited impatiently for me to hoist onto mine.

"Going to be a blisterer out in the valley. Here." He tossed me a canvas water bag to tie to my saddle and spurred his horse into motion, leaving Night and me to catch up.

We managed to do so at the edge of town, past one last ugly dark slag heap where children ran up and down. With the cries of their playing fading behind us, the horseback pair of us cantered into another existence entirely, a sudden savannah-like landscape that seemed to exhale in relief at leaving the pall of Anaconda behind.

The valley extending before us was a classic oval of geography, broad and perfect as a French painting. Rimmed by mountains substantial enough to shoulder snow year-round, the valley floor was uninterrupted green except for a pair of settlements strung out near a willowed river like memory beads on a thong. I was startled when Sandison named them off to me; both were notorious enough that even I had heard of them. Gazing afresh at the breadth of landscape--truly, here a person was a fleck on the sea of ground--I said something about this amount of open country so near the industrial confines of Butte and Anaconda.

Sandison massively turned in my direction. "I owned her all."

At first I thought he meant the plot of land we were riding across. Then realized he meant the entire valley.

I cannot forget that moment. Picture it if you will. A woolsack of a man, surely two hundred and fifty pounds, nearly twice of me, sitting on his horse looking down on me like a wild-bearded mad king. Suddenly he raised a meaty hand and swiped it toward me. Paralyzed, I felt the swish of air as the thick palm passed my face and descended to mash a horsefly on the neck of my mount.

Flicking away the fly carcass, he rumbled: "Don't just sit there with your face hanging out, Morgan, we've got a ways to go."

He put his horse into a trot, and mine followed suit. I rode tightly holding the reins and my Stetson. In Montana, it is a good idea to keep your hat on your head so the wind doesn't blow your hair off. Besides, it gave me something to concentrate on other than Sandison's behavior. Keen as a tracker, he stood in his stirrups every so often to peer ahead at the print of ruts we were following; it might once have been a road, but looked long unused.

After an eternity of joggling along, we came to a plot of land boxed by a barbwire fence. We--rather, I--opened the treacherously barbed gate, and the horses stepped through, skittish enough about it that they had to be reined hard.

It could be said they were showing horse sense. The ground changed here. The soil, to call it that, had an unhealthy grayish hue, like the pallor of a very sick person. The sudden change was puzzling to me. I did not know thing one about the raising of cattle, but what was beneath our horses' hooves would not pasture any creature, I was quite sure.

My riding companion now simply sat in his saddle, lost in contemplation of the expanse of valley. I resorted to my water bag. The day was warming to an extreme, and I could see sweat running down Sandison's cheeks into his beard, although he paid it no heed.

"Back then," he all at once spoke in the voice of a man possessed, "it was just our spread and the pen." In the distance, at the edge of Deer Lodge, the farther of the towns, could be seen the unmistakable high rust-colored walls of the state penitentiary. "Except for the slammer, every square inch of this was Triple S range." I tried to imagine the valley filled with red cattle with that sinuous brand on their hips.

"Then government started sticking its nose in." He inclined his head to the nearest settlement and its cluster of grim official buildings. As with Deer Lodge, Warm Springs was well-known to me from taunts my pupils liked to toss at one another in the Marias Coulee schoolyard. *You get any crazier, you'll end up in Warm Springs.* Supreme disgust seemed to grip him as he stared at the insane asylum. "Hell, that was a reason to be ranching here, a waterhole that wouldn't freeze up tight in the winter. They could have put the bughouse anywhere else."

Nervously I eyed the barred structures of incarceration, the one for the mentally unbalanced, the other for the criminally inclined. Was either of these hellholes Section Thirty-seven? And did Sandison, in his own labyrinthine mind, somehow think I was fit to be institutionalized in one or the other?

The bearded head swung in my direction. His voice dropped ominously. "The madhouse and the big house aren't the worst of it, though, Morgan." The meaty hand swept around again and pointed, past my flinch, over my shoulder.

"That thing."

He had taken dead aim at the smelter stack. Even at this distance, the giant chimney dwarfed all of nature around it, clouding that half of the horizon like a permanent storm. Staring at that ashen plume along with Sandison, I felt something more oppressive creep over me than the heat of the day.

With a great grunt he climbed down from his horse, stooped low and scooped a handful of dirt. Holding the dull-colored stuff up to me, he uttered:

"Here. Have some arsenic."

Choosing to consider that rhetorical, I cleared my throat and managed to respond.

"Sandy, am I to understand we are camped on a patch of poison?"

"That's what it comes down to," he said, letting the unhealthy soil sift from his fist. Each word bitter, he recited to me that the furnaces of the smelting process released arsenic and sulphur, and the Anaconda stack piped those into the air like a ceaseless spout. Wiping his hand on his pantleg, he went on: "It kills cattle like picking them off with a rifle. The first year after the smokestack came in, we lost a thousand head. Hell, Morgan, it wasn't ranching any more. All we were doing was burning carcasses." He shook his head violently at the memory. "We sued the mining company every way there is. The Anaconda bunch had the big money for Eastern lawyers, so they beat us. But that was later." His voice sharpened again. He gestured as if in dismissal toward the smokestack and its almighty smudge. "That isn't what you're here to see. Let's get to it." With cowboy agility, he again swung onto his horse

and headed us toward a grove of trees along a slip of a stream not far ahead. Damp as I was with sweat from the unrelenting sun--and perhaps from Sandison--I welcomed the notion of shade.

The trees, though, as we approached were mainly leafless. What had been a thicket was now a stand of lifeless trunks and limbs, graying above the soil that had sickened them. In the midst of the witchy trees stood eight or ten huge old cottonwoods, dying more slowly than the rest. Sandison dismounted and walked his horse over to the nearest great wrinkled trunk. Under a big overhanging limb, he turned to me with that unsettling royal glint in his eyes again. "Welcome to the grove of justice, Morgan."

At first I did not take his meaning.

"It was before copper was on everyone's mind," he began. "This valley was just sitting here, best place on the face of the earth to raise cattle. My partners and I built the herd, cows from here to breakfast. Until one branding time when the count was way off. My riders said they'd seen some of the honyockers up in those hills"--he indicated across the valley to coulees that must have held homesteads at that time--"acting funny around our stock. And there were always drifters riding through, you could bet they'd about as soon rustle your cattle as look at them." His gaze at me never wavered. "You've heard of a vigilance committee?"

I had. Vigilantes who took the law into their own hands, along with a noose, in the early gold camps of Montana had a reputation to the far ends of the earth.

"My riders knew how to handle a rope in more ways than one," he was saying as if addressing an ancient tribe. I could not help but think of the biblical Samuel, none of whose words fell to the ground. "Anybody they caught in the vicinity of a cow or calf with a Triple S brand on it had some hard answering to do." Samuel Sandison turned ponderously, broad back to me now, toward the line of sturdy cottonwoods. "We hung them like butchered meat. Right here."

My blood froze.

As I watched, his shoulders slumped. The full man had come into sight now, the lord of the valley who had crossed civilized boundaries; land always costs more than any bill of sale can hold. After some

moments, managing to convince myself that whatever harm he intended here was self-inflicted, I found words.

"But the graves--when the settlements started coming in, weren't you afraid someone would find--"

Wordlessly, Sandison dug his boot heel into the grayish ground.

I caught on at last. This part of the valley had been filled with smelter slag. And beneath it, sealed away under the poisoned soil, lay the rustlers, or otherwise, hanged by his Triple S cowboys.

"Now do you savvy?" Sandison's eyes had hazed over and his tone had dulled.

I could hardly bear to look into that face. I glanced down, saying what I knew for certain. "Section Thirty-seven is off the face of the earth."

"That's where I sent them, on a length of rope," he was speaking quietly now. "I look back on it and try to figure out what got my blood up like that." One more time he shook his head. "Cows are just cows. Morgan, I goddamn well know if there is one thing I will have to answer for on Judgment Day, it's this."

Samuel Sandison stood there under the hanging tree, monumental and weary, lord of the valley, whose true nemesis had turned out to be the lords of the mines.

Chapter 9, The Song Contest

Having steeled himself not to flee, and more or less to cast his lot with Sandison and Jared's union, Morrie in this section must orchestrate the sessions that will produce the work song. There are nice chances for wordplay in the miners' attempts at songwriting and the bursts of personality. The roguish Irishman Quinlan, songleader when Morrie was the cryer at the wake, mordantly offers as his nomination:

"On this hill we're digging hollow,
Wonder when she'll cave and swallow
You and me, you and me."

Similarly, the Finnish miners want something doleful and Sibelius-like, the Italians something else, and on down the line of ethnic divisions. Morrie has to hold things together with his quick wits as he did in the Marias Coulee classroom, and meanwhile the drama in the mines is building, as the Anaconda Company maneuvers toward lowering the wage again and breaking the union by provoking a strike and causing troops to be summoned in. Jared and Rab, Grace, Hoop and Griff, and the haunting kid Russian Famine all play their parts in this chapter, as do the goons in the background, and it all leads toward the night of the song contest to

choose the miners' anthem. By now it is early autumn, signaled in the story by the messenger Skinner razzing Morrie that the Cubs ended up nowhere while the White Sox are in the World Series, and Morrie has to figure out how to slip the crowd of miners into the library for the song contest past Sandison's unpredictability and the "unlawful assembly" ban that could bring the cops down on everybody. The handling of this that I set forth in the original prospectus still looks pretty good to me: when Morrie must somehow disguise what that event in the library actually is, it is Griff who says:

> "Are you dim, man? What you need is an eisteddfod."

As we surely all know, that's a Welsh bardic festival pronounced "ay-steth-vod," and so it comes to pass that with Griff and Welsh miner cronies outside blabbing incomprehensible Welsh to confuse and turn away any Butte citizens who show signs of coming to the song contest, the event goes on in peace. Until Sandison the Jehovan librarian shows up.

Sandison's presence dramatically freezes the event. Is he to be followed in by the police? Or Anaconda's goons, acting as modern vigilantes? In the tension, he mounts to the stage beside Morrie and delivers...the work song.

I'm still tinkering with the lyrics, although there may be a lilting chorus something like:

> "There is a hill
>
> We've climbed before.
>
> We'll work until
>
> There's a hill no more."

In any case, Sandison's version is the obvious inspirational choice as the union anthem. With the miners more firmly behind him now, Jared can continue the struggle against Anaconda, although as he soberly says to Morrie of the brave new song: "They may sing it over our graves."

Then comes Morrie's last scene with Sandison, in which Morrie puckishly cites him the original source of the soaring song: Sandison has swiped it--rustled it--from some poet or minstrel in the distant past. Sandison looks at him over the resting cloud of beard, to see if his effort to make amends for his hang-'em-high past is going to be done in. Morrie smiles and shakes his head; the work song will endure.

His own song task done, Morrie goes back to the boarding house and, again drawn to his satchel, picks it up and quietly leaves.

He returns downtown, to where he knows Russian Famine is hanging around the Hennessy Building as a runner after school, and has Famine fetch the older messenger, Skinner.

> "How'd you know?" Skinner asked sourly. "The World Series stinks. The Sox shoulda won."

This is 1919, let us recall, and thus Morrie has correctly divined that the heavily favored Chicago White Sox were so disgruntled with their owner, Cheap Charlie Comiskey, that they were susceptible to gamblers, and have thrown the World Series. Skinner growls:

> "The bookies ain't happy, but they pay off honest in Butte."
>
> "I was counting on that." I opened the satchel. Skinner dumped in the bundle of cash.

With his winnings, Morrie goes back to the boarding house one last time, for the finale with Grace. This is a rough version, but maybe it can go along these lines.

> Still trying to blink away her disbelief, she peeked into the satchel for the third time. "There's an absolute fortune in there."
>
> "A junior fortune, let's say."
>
> "You bet the library books? But what if you had lost?"
>
> "Sandison I am quite sure would have ransomed them."

Morrie now tells her he has to move on from Butte; it's only a matter of time before the Chicago gamblers notice the big winnings in Butte, put two and two together, and get on his trail again. Grace makes her decision:

> "Morrie? I've never been anywhere."

And seeing her willingness to leave with him, Morrie faces up to his own moment and proposes they do it as man and wife. "Or if you prefer, woman and husband?"

> "Grace *Morgan?"* she tested out. "I'll need to make a clean start on the name."
>
> I gave her a smile that went all the way back to magical beginnings, disguised when they came. "You wouldn't be the first."

###

Work Song changes to be made on copy-edited me:

Butte stood more erect as the ground rose.

Jared after song contest: a sharp salute. snapped me a salute

Sandison harrumphed?

get pic

grinning like a buccaneer (boarding party)
leading a

w/ a small headlamp atop like a bright Cyclops eye.

S resembled Jared in determination. They might both have buccaneers in earlier times.

, in my experience.

Here was a gain. (Quin) Jared and I exchanged glances; the Little Red...

fighting spirit

a few glowing helmet lamps

313 Did you enumerate Russian writers once before?

318 footballs - better to leave it ambiguous -

320 Start new sentence?

329 Maybe....

330 stet. You just used pair, two sentences before.

336 OK to your addition

288 ⊗ after auditorium
289 Space out between words
290 delete sentence

295 Stet.

296 ⊛

297 Ignore comment

298 Stet.

299 It's simpler to call it a pistal.

301 and ?

309 Stet. Your punctuation is clearer.

" punctuation clear?

~~214~~ stet

~~216~~ I muttered (absent-minded reply)

~~222~~ Just let it go as coincidence

~~223~~ stet

bot. ~~224~~ t is missing

Top ~~238~~ ~~after helmets, then a sentence about lighting the lamp~~ ?

stet

Considers, when they get down in mine.

174 was going to approximate ...

175 stet - that's what he thinks at the moment

178 covered her mouth w/ her hand... (transpose)

mid -67 current OK — as just delete

71 aha! a ~~dash~~ hyphen

top 75 delete thereafter

77 Is punctuation clear?

bot 95 stet.

90 change of scene?

95 colon stet semi?

Work Song

Check text type. We like Adobe Caslon (whistling) and Minion Pro (Ita Man).
cf p. 54

~~5.~~ Space out between words

~~6.~~ Omit question mark

~~12~~ yes, intensional. Stet

13 ? not needed

47 at

top 53 ~~stet~~

bot 54 ~~stet.~~ Stairstepped sounds like someone did so, deliberately.

Top ~~57~~ match sted go with?