

winnowed for Whistling Season Feb. '03

Duff family chronology

Hugh and Dora b. about 188~~8~~⁵; in their ^{early} mid-20's when they emigrate to America; they come to Scotch Heaven in the fire summer of 1910, are dismayed, and move on east to the Roy/Fergus country.

Owen is about [?]~~30~~₂₆₋₇ when Ft. Peck project begins in 193~~4~~⁵; thus b. abt 190~~4~~⁵, old enough to remember the Scotch Heaven summer of smoke. (Could also remember the bigger boy, Varick McCaskill, b. 1899)

Neil is probably the next oldest, 3-4 yrs younger than Owen; the middle child.

Bruce is the youngest, only a year or two old when the family came to America.

11/1/90

The Duffs--

The Duffs could be family of three brothers, their father, and uncle from Scotland who went through the '26 General Strike, a fierce Glaswegian leftist.

(Owen)
One brother, probably the oldest, got away to college, has become an engineer or project bigshot on the building of Fort Peck dam. Another brother, the rakehell one, becomes the diver in the pilework under the Missouri. Last brother, carpenter, works at drilling and fastening (bolting) the pilings and braces, as Frank Henderson did.

The father, perhaps a nephew of Ninian Duff, has been driven from land by the Depression. (Perhaps one son's wife stays behind on the land, does the farming, as my Havre woman informant did--child left in the car as she drives tractor; could use grasshopper scene here?)

The uncle has abandoned Scotland for America, hoping the political/economic system will fall and a quicker cleaner start on a new society can happen here.

possible names: * *Colin*
Bruce
Duncan
Ewan
* Hugh (father?)
Myles
* Neil
* Owen (Goin' Owen)

* Rod(erick) wives: * Dora(mother?)
(*Scotch uncle*) * Kate
Gordon * Rosellen
Can ? (Cornelius?) Jessie
Darius * Lilia
Wyomia

Still, they are Scots, so God couldn't have made much of a mistake with them.

- Nincan

on way to Groos V?

Bob Marshall

I could remember ~~Lucas Barclay~~ somewhat. He had (physical description), much like Rob's father (and Rob himself). I remember he (incident of something Lucas said). All the ^{Duffy} Barclays had that quick tongue. Even the littlest (Adair)...

I would greet her "Hello, you." and get back, snappy as ^{beans} OO, "Hello yourself."

- set this within their seasickness?

Bucking

He figured they were in there fucking like fury.

--a character with DeVoto's incorrigible show-off habit (as desc'd in Stegner bio)? ^{Bruce?}

--" " " Maclean's salutary--that is, deliberate, maybe considered--mean ^{Darius?} streak?

Angus, listen to me half a minute...

There's the story of the man standing by the sea looking at a great gash... His neighbor came by and asked, "why^{are} you standing there daft as a gowk?"

The other says, "My tatie patch is

point to where his potato garden was and says, "My tatie patch is gone. The storm last night washed it away." "That happens," the neighbor says. "But it was the best tatie patch in ~~Scotland~~ all of Scotland. Grew taties big as your head and twice as firm, it did. I don't know how I can get along without that tatie patch." "You can't go about life obsessed this way. Make yourself not think about that tatie patch. After all, it's not even there."

"You're pure right," the other agreed. "That's just the thing I'll do."

... A week later, the neighbor came by and found the man ~~standing~~ in the exact

7 "Now I'm obsessed with not thinking about my tatie patch that isn't there." same spot.

"Why're you standing there ^{about it} now?"

The other tells him.

Now what're

Lucas did not look down where his hands had been. "I try not
be that way."

over

The Duff women:

Meg: b. in Scotland (Crail?); use Rascal Fair files

--beginning to look like her mother--high sheep-like hairline?

Rosellen: *Moulin* - like use of gestures?

Kate: *Cassidy* like fast-talking (in bursts)

OVER

OVER

TH

Hugh MacLennan Is Dead at 83; A Canadian Novelist and Teacher

By ELEANOR BLAU

Hugh MacLennan, one of Canada's best-known authors, died Wednesday night at his home in Montreal. He was 83 years old.

The cause of death was not disclosed. Mr. MacLennan wrote "Two Solitudes" (1945), the second of seven novels, whose title became a byword for the strains between French and English-speaking Canadians — although that was not its original connotation. The title is from a definition of love by the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke, as "two solitudes" that "protect and touch and greet each other."

The book focuses on a venerable French-Canadian family: an aristocrat who confronts the fanaticism of a village priest and the wives of an Englishman, and his son, who is left without roots after his father's ruin and death. Few of the English characters in "Two Solitudes" are likable, and the author, himself an English Canadian, said in 1977 that the book had been used to support the move for French Canada's independence.

Before 1945, he recalled, the dominant, Protestant English who lived in the middle of Montreal were "the most arrogant people I have ever seen in Canada," and the Roman Catholic French of the area were largely uneducated, poor and "did what the priests

told them."

Since then, he added, the old English society has virtually died out, leaving an English minority mostly, though not entirely, free of bigotry. And among the French, he said, there had emerged during and after World War II a "large educated and at times brilliant middle class" that "began to demand things and to ask questions," and whose hostility for the English decreased because the French were no longer being put down.

Later, though, Mr. MacLennan grew discouraged by the state of English and French-Canadian relations. Recently he told an interviewer: "I'm sure Quebec will become quite independent, but it'll take some time to happen. You don't amputate a nation easily."

Mr. MacLennan's other novels include "The Precipice" (1948) "Each Man's Son" (1951) "The Watch That Ends the Night" (1959) and "Return of the Sphinx" (1967). He also wrote non-fiction, including "Scotchman's Return" (1960), a collection of essays, and "The Rivers of Canada" (1962), a political, social and natural history book.

Taught at McGill

He was born in Nova Scotia, and grew up in Halifax. He graduated from Dalhousie University and attended Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar.

similar

with one of the Duffs?

THE NEW YORK TIMES OBITUARIES SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10,

1920

Anya Seton, A Author And Other Novel

By GLENN FO

Anya Seton, the author of several popular historical and biographical novels, two of which were made into successful films, died on Thursday at her home in Old Greenwich, Conn. She was 86 years old.

She had been ill for several years, died of heart failure, a daughter, Pamela Cottier Forcey, said.

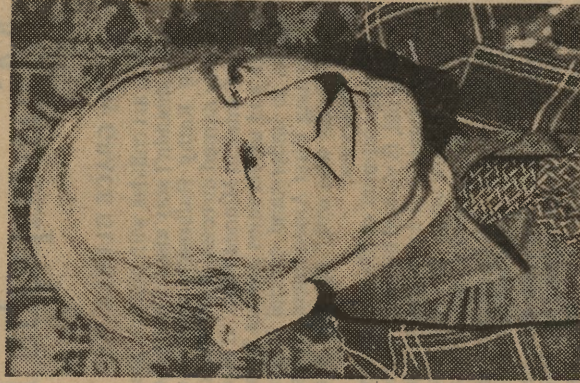
Miss Seton developed a devotion following from the 1940's to the her carefully researched and works, two of which, "Dragon and "Foxfire," were made successful films. She won credit for her attention to the life style of the period about, but she was famous for reworking families

A First B

The daughter of a author, artist and Thompson Seton, writer of travel Miss Seton did successful books

old. She had two husbands raised their seriously

She was a news-cherry car By



Esmond Choueke, 1977

Hugh MacLennan

He later received a doctorate in classics from Princeton University.

In 1963 he moved to Montreal. He taught English there, at McGill University, and made the city his home, although he never mastered the French language.

A longtime friend, Alec McGinnis, a professor emeritus at McGill, said Mr. MacLennan had reacted strongly as an adult against a rigid upbringing. "His novel 'Each Man's Son' was really a blast against Puritanism," he said.

Surviving are his wife, Frances, and a sister.

"We need more children. This one's going to be spoiled silly." ^{Hugh} (Bruce says?)

"Have some, then." (Rhonda retorts?)

--or, have this @ the grandparent level, Hugh and Meg?

changed in Aug. '95 revise:

("doorknobs" used earlier in ms)

the male Duffs' customary build of broomsticks and doorknobs; her main
complaint about Darius so far ^{had been} ~~was~~ that his boney knees were wicked in
bed.