winned for WORK SONG and MISS YOU, Feb. '08
The Williamsons:

--Warren is on the scene when Angus arrives to Gros Ventre in 1890
--Wendell is running the WW in '39
--Wesley is of sufficient age to have been a major in WWI (1917-18) and a gubernatorial contender in '20. He'd also have been in the Montana legislature before the war, state senator in 1912 as a Bull Moose progressive?
--if born in 1878, Wes would be 5 years older than Susan; as a South Fork schoolgirl of 10-11-12, she'd have viewed him as swanky teenager sometimes at the ranch in summertime.
--college for Wes (Stanford?), 1896-1900; a travel year in Europe, then into business under some tutelage arranged by his father?

One possible background: Warren in the '90s set up 2 sons w/ ranches: Wendell's father @ Double W under him, and Wes's father @ Deuce W.
--Barons at either end of immense swath of land, they're like a Shakespearean lineage, Wes thinks (or perhaps Warren surprisingly says?)
"It's the clutches and brakes of life I can't handle."
Dell Stark diary, April 23

Sometimes I wonder if we’re...
we are running this outfit for exercise.

- have Wadd say?

Waddell
You been listenin' to what you been sayin'?
spandulix (sp?)—derogative term something like "scissorbill,"
as in "Old spandulix there..."
life is the fight against eternity, the losing grapple with eternity

would war, as a catholic, have this attitude?
strengthen Wes's Catholicism w/ Bernanos' "Diary of Country Priest" & Thos. Merton
Does Wes see Journey's End on NY stage in '24?
Wes mulls the nature of faith.
Wes tried to dispatch the mood, box it...
Does Wes need a male secretary, named Robards?
see "Harvard background" file folder
The Williamsons had always owned. That meant possessing.

--in their possession, the prairie from horizon to horizon, this belt across
the middle of Montana.

NYT, 20 Jan 00, on storm-downed trees @ Versailles:

"...the garden reflected the thinking of the time. Unlike medieval gardens, which
were islands of civilization in a chaotic world, the Versaille gardens were designed
as a monument to the human hand on the landscape. Every vista led to infinity,
as did Louis XIV's view of his rule."