Was,

married past redemption

Herself, a woman long single by choice
"I am a forty-year-old woman who wants not to be ridiculous."
She found this indicative of a mind that can't make itself up.
What odd bits we remember.

--use in Susan's diary?
Not that whatever carried me and my thoughts could be called a clear current of history, not that at all.
The Scotch Heaven community has various guesses why Rob and Angus are feuding:

--Rob's instinct to try make a dollar any way he can

--gossip that Rob took OO (his wife) away from Angus (who actually wasn't interested in her, tho she was in him)

Tittletattle (Angus calls it)
It wasn't as if she cared. She just couldn't not notice.
Did I...? Not really.
the tracks of my eyes on the diary pages
We are about to...
Pick up and pack up
No, not quite right.
Susan wonders about her diary habit
She did not know—who ever does?—(something about herself)...)
Love is the great leveler.
another day in a diary page
Yet I don't know. I do not know. How...
Truth to tell,
(diary entry?)
How does it happen that we can come to this earth with unchosen hazards already in us?
"Too busy to marry. Does that make sense at all? I didn't think so."
"You're talking against yourself now."
"Have a guess."
"Well, why not." (i.e., Let's.)
"That pleases me." (characteristic saying by Susan Duff?)
Of night, here.
The small hours.

—Susan, @ diary & opera. Is

Nights are warmer here,
"You don't know a spoonful about it."
I do not want it thought that...
That took the mad out of me.
I cannot find it in me to (condemn him).
little tiny
...little else that we could see.
No blame to you.
possible 1st page:

Susan's diary, 00, 1926:

I first met Wesley Williamson and Monmorency Rathbun in a disturbed dream; merely
or maybe it was life that night.

beginning over