

Quinlan should be set up as possible rival to Jared for union leadership.

Liz, Sept. '08 after reading 1st 100 pp:

--suggests more of Grace and Morrie being drawn to each other, to justify the ending where they get together in life.

Make sure Morrie talks on the page, not me.

see notes on Becky's call, 9/15/08

--more of Grace

--watch the pace; romantic subplot(s)?

--a mounting sense of the strike? (my note: or at least the struggle?)

As song contest nears, in Sept/⁰ct. of 1919, Morrie could notice that a Chicago team is going to be in the World Series. He checks whether it's the Cubs or White Sox; learning it's the Sox, he asks if they're still owned by Cheap Charlie Comiskey. He then "borrows" library funds and bets against the Sox, on hunch that the Chicago gamblers have fixed the Series.

2 boarders, old miners

--they play gin rummy (and drink?) in parlor of boarding house

--communicate (Morrie's notes) not so much telepathically as telegraphically. For ex, when Morrie poses one of his "If a person were to...", the less talkative one says something like:

"Murphy. Klan."

"Maybe. Toss?"

"Grab."

"Jackpot." OO turned to me. "We'll take care of it." (They arrange for Irish postman to intercept the return mail from Chicago, by telling him the Co. goon is a Klan member; give the incriminating packet to Morrie, so he can substitute "never heard of him")

--the goon, still suspicious, later tells Morrie there was a lot of postage on that packet for the little inside it; M blandly says he cannot help it if Chicago is profligate with its postage. (Goon shd toss the faked return letter on M's desk, raising fear he's caught on; instead he has to say something like "It looks like you're in the clear," but he's still suspicious.

Morrie returns to America after 9 years away, after WWI, much has changed:

--typewriters are ubiquitous

Morrie's original notion is to seek a job with the mining company.

--at first dinner in the boarding house, the widow and the 2 old miners all stop eating and look at him. (the crash of forks to plates)

--"I ll not have a man in my house who wears the copper collar."

--BeWilderred, Morrie asks for explanation.

--The 2 miners take turns being vitriolic about Anaconda

--Morrie" What am I to do for a job?

--They get him on as greeter at undertaker's? better, rep at wakes:

"Creeping Pete. Cryer."

"Maybe. Too sober?"

"Not for long."

--wake can use "enters into heaven" story?

one of the old miner/boarders takes Morrie down in mine to meet with union activists

Welsh boarder to Morrie:

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

I confess, that word had not occurred to me. (give dic definition)

--song contest is held, in auditorium wing of library? it's disguised in public by its name, and the boarder & other Welshmen greeting the curious at the door and driving them away with Welsh gabble. Inside, the contest is done, various versions, until Sandison appears. Everyone assumes he's there to run them out, have them arrested, whatever. But his otherwise silent wife Minerva, hardly ever seen in public, is with him; S'son orders everyone to stay sitting, Minerva goes to the piano, and S'son in a croaky voice sings a worker's anthem he has cribbed from John Clare poetry, beginning "A language that is ever green..."

To tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"
- S'son rumbles it from Clare

Tasmania

--try to characterize in "picnic, lightning" style: unshorn, 00

I whiled away the Great War there, lest some U.S. draft board think my services were required in uniform.

possible lead:

"Morgan, eh? Any relation to J. Pierpont, Mister Gotbucks himself?"

It was the type of remark that could not be farther off the mark, and my look at the OO depot agent said as much. (*steamer trunk*)

...

"Need both names on the claim ticket. What's you other'n?"

"Morris."

"What, you got two last names?"

Actually, they were both firsts, but...

I had arrived to 'the richest hill on earth' with little more than my abused names, the head on my shoulders, and a slight jingle in my pocket.
faint

Morrie's arrival into Butte

--on C's suggestion, he's walking uptown from train station, looking at "the richest hill on earth," rough and rugged, the shaft wheels against the sky.

he sees sign on boarding house (C's original idea is an alternate: neat home advertising for a boarder, owned by miner's widow w/ 2 kids; Morrie bargains to eat supper with them as well as room there); sign should chime w/ CAN'T COOK BUT DOESN'T BITE, maybe alluding to defiance of Anaconda.

--It's run by The Widow Monahan, whose husband died in the Speculator fire. Boarding house can provide some characters to play off M at mealtimes etc. Unexpected abilities among some of them, maybe, which plays into the plot (one a musician?).

--Minerva Monahan is attractive; despises Anaconda Co. because of husband's death, is interested in union movement. Work out whether she is husband-looking or not. Maybe has a son ferociously against anyone taking his father's place?

--When Morrie arrives, he begins: "Madam, I am seeking..." She cuts him off, "I'm not the madam, the cathouses are (gives directions). Morrie: "I use that term ~~XXXXX~~ a mode of address, not a characterization of occupation."

--The Widow ^serves turkey, from the turkey herds of the locust year; Morrie and other boarders are impressed, but she then serves it incessantly.

Rab

--comes to library, asks to see Little Red Songbook.

Morrie remonstrates that he needs to know more than the color of the book, what is its title?

Rab looks at him in exasperation, says that is its title, doesn't he know anything about the IWW?

He still can't find it on the shelves, goes to S'son, who keeps it in locked drawer. Asks why M wants it, M thinks fast and says linguistic research, the Latinate versus the vulgate, Miss Rellis is doing the research to continue her studies...

This ultimately leads to M teaching class about verse, for miners' movement song or songbook. Sponsored by New Masses-like journal?

book idea:

Morgan Llewellynn: bring him back from Tasmania, put him in a bookstore in Butte?
or working under Granville Stewart in the public library?

I have begun to notice
Tasmania, Montana, melancholia, (sicemata)--my way though life is somehow compassed
by locutions open at the far ends, Once a Latinist, always a Latinist, I suppose.

I can't help noticing

--I found employment of a sort (accountant for mining firm). Numbers are an easy
enough matter of manipulation for me, although ^{unfortunately} that facility does not always extend
into my wallet. (He heard of) a place of reputation. It was spoken of as the 1849
argonauts must have talked of the California goldfields ^{varies in vicinity of} ~~It~~ name was Butte.
My earlier adventure in Montana, cut short for reasons not vital to this deposition,
lingered in me.

Morrie travels to the Judith Basin w/ Stuart?

IWW song contest in Butte

--Morrie teaches course to miners, on rhyme etc.?

that St. Patrick's day of 1916,

I arrived in Butte with nothing but the head on my shoulders

*assumed name,
little more than my M/M*

I arrived to "the richest hill on earth," that springtime of 1919, with nothing more than the head on my shoulders.

Morrie's book, possible titles:

The Singing Season

The Songbook Season

The Song Season

Season 7. Songbook

The Widow OO (runs boarding house?)

--I succumbed.

Movie, alt song rhythm

The rule of 7--(seconds, words)

Murray