

- Q Lee
- Charles Rantz
- Jack Bonnett
- others
- Jennie Davis
- Ralph

Dum Dum (another title maybe)

notes: boy yelles
 Whoopie! throughout } people in & out:
 these you heard about
 our men getting shot.

From the store porch,
 they watched the ^{strange} car come, out of the south and blue
 like the highway was blue, but not like the sky was
 blue, not that blue.

Best
 scene

The car slowed for the railroad track, crossing east to
 west or west to east along side the 2-story peeling white
 store. The pear shade tree threw still, deep flocks on
 the roof & slid off as the car bucked & dipped across
 the track & double rails & didn't pick up ~~more~~ speed
 again which meant it was going to stop at the store.

The driver had the window up with the air conditioner
 running -- engine hum always gives that away -- you can
 tell it everytime. He just sat there for a minute looking to
 his right & down, maybe taking money from his wallet on
 the car seat, maybe writing something down, maybe hiding
 something.

older men - Jack younger

Bill Woodruff

He stepped opened the door & stepped one foot out like
 he was testing the grass & gravel ~~with~~ his shiny brown
 loafer. Then the surging round in the seat & braying
 the other foot out and standing, closing the door.
 "Not already, ain't it?" said Q Lee, reared back
 in the stout chair, left right side of the door way.
 Belly & egg stained blue shirt stuck out before him, almost proud.
 "I guess it is," the stranger said, stoppage
 gazing up at the morning sky, then all around at the
 little town. A few ^{modest frame} houses, some empty, a doll-
 house like voting house, one bigger red brick house, the
 same everywhere you, the town by shot is.

He stepped up to the ~~loose~~ ^{smooth} splat concrete with ~~grass~~ ^{grass} growing through a long jagged crack, like a doormat for cleaning your shoes.

"How y'all boys doing this morning?" he said, peering in his fine white shirt in his ~~trousers~~ ^{trousers}.

"Can't complain" said Charley, the one to the left of the door.

The one ~~next~~ to him with curly brown hair beamed up from his chair with both hands on his knees. "Reckon you'll be wanting a co-coaler?"

The stranger didn't fool them with that "y'all" business. He'd likely just passed thru so many of these little towns in Georgia & Fla he'd caught on. Funnin' with em maybe.

"Something cold'd do the trick," he says, taking his white ironed handkerchief from his back pants pocket & mopping his ~~fore~~ ^{fore} neck with only a shadow of black beard. You could comb your own hair ~~look~~ using his ~~only~~ ^{only} black hair for a mirror.

"Reckon you just passing thru?" Of Lee said & walked his chair out from the wall away. The ~~legs~~ ^{chair} were splayed from his huge body. (Cape myrtle - birds - etc) The man seemed to be weary of this all ~~bid~~ & care much what they thought when he turned from the waist to take in the myrtle bush, railroad, tree, ~~why~~ ^{why} booth, single livery house. Why would anybody do better than ~~just~~ ^{just} pass thru?

one calf wearing an old small tarnished brass bell
"Guess you heard about our president getting shot yesterday?" "See actin'?" "Bad ain't the word for it."
"I guess any judge on this planet has heard that." "Shouldn't wear it?" "Bad ain't the word for it."
A bell tinkled up the road, north of the store, and kept tinkling like somebody was walking, shaking it.
Here he comes with them calves. Lee and Charles laughed. Whooey Whooey Whooey!

The man steps up onto the dusty hardwood floor to the dim pressed coolness of the store. (smells, sights, etc)

"Looks like Cranford'd go on and take that bunch to the sale."

"Price is down, he says." Lee rocks to the floor so he can see beyond the roasting booth the herd of red & white spotted calves following the tow-headed boy, Middle of the road. "Good thing ain't much traffic thru here," Charles says.

The stranger is now standing in the doorway ~~swallowing~~ ^{swallowing} long from ~~Good Col. Pepsi~~. A Pepsi man. To each his own -- they watch glare at him then back at the calves.

Two have perfectly round white spots, polka dots -- across their backs. Another is wearing a ~~hat~~ ^{deflect} that belonged to the boys' dead grand daddy, as fine a man as ever lived in this county. Another one ~~was~~ ^{the one wearing the tarnished bell} walking backward showing no tail only a stub of a tail like a bull dog.

"Old bull about needs doing away with," J Lee says.

The store keeper Jack yawns standing next the stranger. Jack steps down & ambled back to his chair. "They don't give em away, you know?"

"Well, somebody around here mighta rep & offer to swap. Alton Fender maybe - - he's got a bull been with the same cow herd you or 5 year now. They could swap out."

~~The boy is~~ "That's a thought," says Charles "only they Cranford & Alton kind of on the out."
"How come?"

They hatch up some reason, notion, ~~planning~~ already to have forgotten the stranger, or not to care, except occasionally J Lee would ~~be~~ scratch at the ^{dried} yellow dribble of eye on the belly of his shirt. Lookey down his neck folded to a string ^{not} fleshy cord. (A black woman comes in, a'Corner... "When you heard about our pres. getti' 'Don't say," "Yeah, over there in Dallas, to men" "Lippo ruff!" "Let him go" "Good mornin'")

The stranger was ~~drinking~~ the last of his cold drink. That or hand was looked soft as a ladies - - he is the boy and the calmer, now scattered about the various ^{& naked dirt} mowed yards, ~~for~~ ribbly a ~~petunia~~ & Binnar & mornin' glory, one whole vine ripped from the lattice trellis at the end of one of the porches.

The woman of the house ^{was a white eye} stood out on the porch ⁵
with a raised broom & jammed it at him as
if to strike him. The calf just kept on eating at
the vine, unravelling it from the lattice to his
mouth, while Jim slapped him on the rear
flank. The calf never looked behind but
gradually began to back, following Jim out
toward the highway & the other 3 calves
saying up & about like the stranger.

"What you think about that?" "I see ask
the stranger who has finished his paper & now
~~he~~ goes back inside to place it in a rack.
He comes back to the doorway. "Blooded huh?"
He takes his white handkerchief & wipes his mouth,
then checks it for stains.

"That paper'll leave a stain," Charlie says.
The man glares at him.

Jim & the calves ~~have one~~ ^{now} ~~gone~~ ^{gone} again now.
His cheeks are red & his blood-cold boots damp. He
is tall for 13 -- ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~was~~ ^{was} nearly a foot last year,
and his feet show no signs of getting sore. They
look like sleds.

"Boy, put some shoes on them feet & they'll
put some," Jack calls out.

The boy looks down at his long slab feet, ^{brushed & dusty with hoof tracks} ~~now tracked~~ by the ~~horns~~ ^{hooves} of the cows.
 "Naw," he says, "I'm wanting to see how much they'll grow. Size 12 already & I'm hoping to make it in the Guinness book of records."

"Makes sense to me" ^{Jack says} & laughs. "Yaa lordy!" ^{Guess you've all heard about our prairie, & the shot!} ^{Boy says, "Daddy said something about it!"}
 (The calves are about 6 months old) (tough high to the boy - ^{warmy} - ^{sway} - dull ^{at the doorway})
~~she~~ ^{the calf} ~~walks~~ ^{walks} backwards ~~steps~~ ^{steps} ~~with her~~ ^{with her} ~~long head~~ ^{long head} ~~back side~~ ^{back side} facing the porch & tail tucked

"Wants a cracker I reckon?" says Jack & gets up again & starts thru the door ^{way} nudging the man's ^{elbow}. "Watch this," he says. ^{The man looks at the spot in his arm as if to see a smudge like the one on Jack's face.} The sound of a glass lid ^{clatters} ~~cracks~~

Jack comes back & hands the cracker to ^{Jack} Jim ^{plac} waves it under before the calf's ^{walked} eyes then his feathery new nose, all that has any calf like ^{look} to it. All that shows he might have come from good stock, somewhere down the line. (Boy yells whoopie!)

The car turns, but ^{sure} ^{enough} they ^{hit} his tail as if to take the corkie in thru his brown wrinkled rear surface.

The men on the porch whoop & beat their legs and ^{the} ^{strange} ^{has to} ^{smile} at that.
 Jim pats the calf on the head & ^{shuttles} ^{around} & holds him under the chin to feed him the corkie

"Boy's hearts be an all out doors," says J
of Lee. "Ain't nothing like a try heart," my man
always said. (^{so back} ^{wrinkled} ^{reaction} ^{brown} ^{skin})

"Yes sir," says Charles, "don't think the
Lord ^{up above} see you out there mornin' &
evening, leady them cows back & to to make
them eat."

"Didn't they would come," Jim says. "Besides,
Daddy'd have my hide."

"That's the truth," they all agree.

While they talk swags bey hood stown about
incredible beating with switches and belts, trying
to top each other, the stranger wanders over &
leans on a porch post, talking to Jim about the
calves. Well, part is, — the boy does most of the
talking.

(train coming) (go back -- one calf wears a brown
felt hat like he would be seen without it)

The man points to the calf wearing the cap hat with holes
cut jagged for his ragged ears to poke thru. "How did you
get him to wear that hat like that?" (Calf ~~is~~ grazing half hearted
at the ~~streak~~ ^{streak} of grass showing thru the ~~gaps~~ ^{gaps} ~~of~~ ^{of} the ~~cap~~ ^{cap} ~~of~~ ^{of} the ~~calves~~ ^{calves} ~~of~~ ^{of} the ~~country~~ ^{country}.)
Who Darned? The boy's large steps to calf over to
bony back. His ~~Darned~~ belly is so bloated it looks like it
might burst any minute. "Bald as a baby's behind," Jim says &
left the cap so that the ~~peaks~~ ^{peaks} ~~of~~ ^{of} his eyes of his ear, ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country}.
No hair, not a spring, just a knob of shining white flesh like a
scraped hog's. "Durn up in this heat without a hat."
One of the calves is now trying to nibble the man's
hand. He crosses his arms.

West of the store corner a broken rumble, growl & boulder. (Other sounds - a tractor somewhere)

"Train's coming," says Jack, slow as if he's just a better to get that one with the bell of the train. He says it slow as if saying it might come up a rain this afternoon. Yawning.

Jim takes off with three of the calver galloping (with swing heads) behind. all of them on the track at about a minute & the train coming out, now a slow rumble and a whistle and toot toot toot.

Jim shouts at the calver & they scatter up & down the tracks, every which way, white heat darts barefoot from the hot cross-ties to the sharp flinty ballie bedded joint to inside the tracks. Boy yelly whoopie!

"Let's help him," says Charles. Gets up with his cane, ambling out.

Jack jumps off the porch & runs with his elbow pumping, while Lee rises from his chair & toddles out.

The stranger stands cross-armed, grinning, listening to the now train chugging closer.

The boy & Jack have disappeared from view, west of the store & along the tracks. Lee has the one called Danden by the tail & is turtling him off the track to the pecan shade on the other side. Charles is swinging his cane at another calf, chasing it into a tassel

room patch -- somebody's garden -- west of the road, south of the tracks.

The train passes, tooting whistling, and the engineer in his square gray-striped cap, waves & smiles. "Tell that Shanty something which you don't have to be real intelligent to figure is one more warning to keep those calves off the track."

The train rumbles out, east bound for Jacksonville, F.L., and the ^{red faced} boy comes walking around the side store nearest the track. Two calves following close; one has a ^{blow} bunch of purple flowers caught in the hinges of his mouth.

Charles comes hobbling about the tracks haying his calf with a cane. Of Lee, ^{cross} ~~has~~ the road to the store, brushing his hands on his khaki pants. The stranger now sees that he is wearing green suspenders which he hadn't seen before because they were pushed so far to Lee's side by the bulge of his stomach.

The calf he'd been pulling by the tail is now grazing from a hedge of orange flowers at the start of the dirt road running along the track in front of the store.

(Back)
Jack steps up on the concrete porch, brushing his feet while boot heels on the floor. "Cye, lordy? If it ain't always something!"

pres. has been
dead 6 months

boy goes around back &
gets a shovel to
scoop up manure
turds (des.)

intergration (man says)

introduction?

man says bless you
when I sneeze
tho he wouldn't ever spit on
him if he was on fire

The boy is now stony with ~~all~~ ^{at the step again,}
 before the stranger again - He sits at the
 stranger's feet, wiping his forehead & eyes with
 the sleeve of his white ^{FFA navy} shirt, gazing down
 His calm ~~face~~ ^{is} ~~wardenly~~, ^{two on the south side}
 of the building, ^{gazing} ^{at the ~~west~~ ^{part}}

"Everybody else is now seated in their chairs,
 discussing the ~~close~~ call with the train which
 leads into other close calls, some closer than
 others."

"Wade & that Ralph Newington had a row but by the
 train a while back? Sued the railroad?"

"Let 250 dollars, they say."
 "How ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Lord~~ ^{Lord} in Heaven."

"You know, boy," says J Lee, ^{disgusted} ^{practiced} ^{his chair} ^{several}
 "you oughta think about that."

The boy looks up. "Now," he says, ^{staring} ^{at}
 the calm ^{gazing} ^{the} ^{orange} ^{flower} ^{broken} "Could I
 do nothing like that." But he looks tempted.

~~What'll you take~~

The strange crosser ⁱⁿ ^{slender} ^{polished} ^{loafery} ^{smart} ^{shined}
 leaning on the porch post. "What'll you take
 for them?"

The all stare ^{silenced} ^{dumb} ^{with} ^{dishbelief}.
 The boy ^{eyes} ^{blue} ^{eyes} ^{gazing} ^{his} ^{unpainted} ^{face}
 calm. " (Back - mention polka dot again) "What? ~~my~~
 calm."

"Yeah." The man stands straight, ^{pockets} ^{his}
 hands & rattling ^{his} ^{change} [&] ^{keys} - - could he
 bottle caps.

"Hey," says J Lee. "What's a man like you // wanting with a bunch of crazy calves?"

The man doesn't look back but says, "I figure to sell them to the fair ^{up there} ~~up there~~ in Macon."

"The fair?" says Jack. "What's a fair gonna do with 'em?"

"Yeah," says Charles.

"Side show," says the stranger watching the folks ~~walk a dollar~~ ^{walk} the hat amble over to the steps turn his narrow rump to the boy for a cracker.

"~~Look~~" He ^{is} ~~is~~ a ^{thin} ~~thin~~ ^{Dunbar}, "the boys says daps his rump. His tail wags side to side, ~~slapping~~ ^{slapping} the boy in the face. He holds down till it ~~stays~~ ^{stays} between the calf's legs & stays.

"~~What~~ ^{What} did you have in mind, ~~how now~~?" J Lee asks, sitting forward in his chair.

"How much?"

"Ten a piece," says the man.

"Hell, they'll buy more than that on the sale, ~~low~~ ^{dollar} ~~money~~," J Lee says.

"Okay," the stranger addresses the boy. "Twenty // I'll make it twenty."

"Hey now," says Charles. "That ain't bad a tall, at all."

"Cranford'll be glad to that," says Jack.
"And you won't have to nurse them day in
& day out, boy."

The boy rubs his head blond curls forward. "I
don't know. Ain't no telling is what - all they'd
do to them is no fair."

"Look at it this way," the man says. "They're
not going to mistreat an investment are they?"

"Yeah," says J Lee, "and we ain't gone
been running em off the rail road track since
morning Sunday. ^{Gettin' garden patches & clothes off the line.} I'll take it - sure, boy."

"Haw." The boy holds out both long
spanning arms, propped on his knees
examiner his long-fingered hands. (Boy yells whoopin!)

"What you mean naw?" J Lee says loud.

"You better talk to your daddy before you go
saying naw." <sup>"Yeah. Sister boy, you get shed of that calm
& that hold up the road might come around!"</sup>

"Haw," says J Lee, "she ain't studyin' me."
J Lee says, "I ain't sayin' nothin'." The man steps
down the front porch. Dunder turns
& plucks at his pants with his lips. The
man pushes at his head. He swings it
butt at his groin. The man steps back
onto the porch.

"He's taking a liking to your mister," says
Jack, "Look yonder, boy, Polk & Dot's back in

Mr. Genette ~~now again~~ ^{again}.

The boy's legs up & nose & they all watch him side walk on the side of the ^{hot} tracks highway & tip across the track to the pecan shade, take it a stick & gently tap the calf till it tips ~~over~~ like a woman on high heel back across the track.

The boy sits on the step again. "30 each," he says.

The man laughs, starts out toward his car with Dunder & Polka dot surging their heads, following. He has to push them away to get into the car; they kip & breath vapor on the window. The man starts the car, air conditioner humming, lowers the window staring into the wall eyes of the calver with their heads poked inside.

"Nice meeting you folks," he says & puts the car in gear & motor out slow to keep the from running over one of the calver now trotting up from the weed patch north of the store.

They all follow trotting. Brake lights flash red. The car stops Jim is on his

Jim ~~stays~~ ^{sits} seated on the steps, watching.
 The other men watching but not saying a
 word. (Jim goes out talking to the man, then
 herds his cows on up the road, home)
 (boy still talking to man - white clouds in sky - may be
 rain later)

could have boy still there "What you reckon he 'll offer ^{now} ~~for~~ ~~me~~?" Jack ask
 "Fifty, seventy five," says J Lee
 "Could be a hundred, man like that."

~~They watch the boy & his calves trail off down a
 wooded side road, north of a house. Bell ringing~~

~~(calves blating)
 Could go on - - man comes back
 Spotted houses - boy could~~

Calves blating surround the car like a dust cloud
 The brake lights on the rear of the car blink
 off -> ~~the backing light~~ the car backs slow,
 with one calf barking & the others turning, following,
 toward the store.

Park his car where it was parked before, the
 man hums the window down. ^{He says} "Look like they're
 hell bent on following me." He says
 "Do, we'll have to call up the sheriff." J Lee
 laughs but not a happy laugh. He's serious

The man is ^{looking down,} listening to the radio, turned down.

"Lee Harvey Oswald got shot." they say -
"Who?"

"Man who killed the president?"
"Don't say? Who shot him?"

"Jack somebody?"

"Jack huh?" says J Lee. "Am your Jack, all unknown." They all laugh.

"Forty a piece," the man says suddenly, speaking to Jack.

"Fifty," says J Lee. "You give the boy 40, that mean they're worth 50 to the fair."

"Good point. Fifty it is -- final offer."

"Sixty?" the boy says. (The calves have

50
130
60
360

switched back to their loyal master, gathering the one wanting a cookie backing to him & slapping him with his tail.

Murphy on the porch. (Calves) Somebody says, "That's 360 bucks, we're talking. Dang!!"

"Fifty," says the man.
"It's still 300," says Jack.

"How come the man named Jack to kill that Oswald? They say?"

"Crazy," says the man, "like everybody else."

"Huh, says Charles." "But he didn't like

the notion of somebody shootin' our prez."

"Sixty," the man says, turning off the radio.

"He y'boy" says I see loud. "We got at going 16
now. "So get that calfa cracker somebody, will you?"

"I gotta talk to Daddy first," the boy says.
"Leave your telephone number & I'll get back to
you."

"On the road. Ready for Macon. Can't do that?"

"Boy, take him on up to the house to talk to
Crawford right now."

Daddy and Jack hands the boy the cracker & he walks
around to the calfa & begins feeding it into his mouth
holding him chin. They don't have no bottom teeth,
mister. You know that?

"Make up your mind," the man says. "I've gotta
hit the road." He looks down at the gold watch on
his dark haired wrist.

"Your daddy 'll have a fit, you pass up a deal
like that. 300 dollars 'll buy a fine ^{new} bull."

"Yeah & when the four come down to Valdosta,
~~in~~ ^{November}, you can see them calves all
if you want."

He cracks one on the head for hitting
his groin. "How you aim to get em up to
Macon?"

"Same way you get em to the sale," says Char.

"Ain't that right?"

"Right." The man now has his brown leather
wallet out, taking out bills. 100's, fifty, twenty, five.
Mouthin' the amounts till it total 300 dollars."

17
He wants ~~that~~ ^{to} ~~out~~ the window at the boy.

And the calmer walks over & tries to eat the bills. The man taps him on top of the head.

The boy goes over & takes the money, holds it high. The man opens his hand to shake the boy grab it, pumpfy.

They all wait while the man, still inside his car, writes out a bill of sale, and a receipt for the money. He passes it to the boy ^{with a full pound} & he places it on the ~~dash~~ ^{sun-flashed} hood of the ~~car~~ & leans over signing carefully while the calmer hits him in the rump & nibble at his jeans.

The boy passes the paper back to the man, holds the pen high to keep Dundan from grabbing it between his ^{lower} ~~upper~~ & top teeth.

"It'll be back in a week or so with a trailer," the man says.

"They'll be here," J Lu says & laughs.

The car pulls away, with the calmer trotting behind, and the boy following, calling out for them to come. Whoopie whoopie whoopie.

Charles says "That's a sad thing," says Charles, "giving up calmer, you raised." "in his pockets."

Opel says "That's a sad thing, our president getting shot."
"Well, Boy learned a lesson today."
"What was it?"

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