Obituary

Margie Anne Worthington of Fort Collins, age 64, died Monday, September 30th, 2002, after a 27-year battle with Lupus -- far outliving her doctor's expectations. She remained active right up to the last few months and died peacefully at home. She spent the last few years of her life traveling to visit family and friends all along the West Coast from Alaska to California; Michigan, Missouri, New Mexico, and Florida, as well as vacationing in Switzerland and Austria.

A memorial service will be held at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 5th, at Community of Christ, 220 East Oak Street. Elders Walt Self and Sue Jannetta will officiate.

Margie Doig was born July 13, 1938, in Bozeman, Montana, to Jim and Elsie Doig. She married Donald Worthington on September 10, 1960 in Independence, Missouri.

Margie earned her A.A. at Graceland College, Iowa, and her R.N. from the Independence Sanitarium and Hospital, associated with the Missouri School of Nursing. She served as an obstetrics nurse in Missouri; Lansing, Alpena and Mt. Pleasant, Michigan; California; and Fort Collins, Colorado. She was also a prenatal instructor for young unwed mothers in Michigan and Colorado, and a volunteer Hospice nurse in Michigan.

Margie was an active member of the Community of Christ church and volunteered as Sunday School teacher, participated in bazaars and bake sales, and served as a youth and family camp nurse for 35 years.

Survivors include her husband; a daughter, Elizabeth McFarlin of Fort Collins, Colorado; a son, Bruce Worthington of Redmond, Washington; two grandchildren, Katie and Sam McFarlin of Fort Collins, Colorado; three sisters, twin Marilyn Doig of Fort Collins, Colorado, Joan Green of Golden, Colorado and Beverly Doig of Farmington, New Mexico; a brother James Doig of Independence, Missouri; and a step-father Wendell Townsend of Manhattan, Montana.

She was preceded in death by her parents, James Doig and Elsie Andes Doig Townsend.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that memorial contributions be made to the Community of Christ Memorial Fund or Hospice of Larimer County.

Community of Christ

Celebration of Life

October 5, 2002

Margie Anne Worthington

Born on July 13, 1938
Departed on September 30, 2002

Footprints

One night a woman had a dream. She dreamed she was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from her life. For each scene, she noticed two sets of footprints in the sand; one belonged to her, and the other to the Lord. When the last scene of her life flashed before her, she looked back at the footprints in the sand. She noticed that many times along the path of her life there was only one set of footprints. She also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in her life. This really bothered her and she questioned the Lord about it.

"Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why, when I needed you most, you would leave me."

The Lord replied, "My precious, precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

Celebration of Life

Prelude of Margie's Favorite Songs	
Welcome	Walt Self
"The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost	Peggy Gordier
**Hymn of Grateful Praise "For the Beauty of the Earth"*	75
**Prayer of Grateful Praise*	Walt Self
**Response*	Sharon Fulton
Reading of the Obituary	Dawn Gaffield
"The Ways" by John Oxenham	Betty Jones
"Myself" by Edgar A. Guest	Kathy Bridwell
Hymn "A Charge To Keep I Have"	39
"The Tentmaker"	Gary Gordier
Margie: The Unofficial Version	Bruce Worthington
Hymn "O My People, Saith the Spirit" verses 1 & 3	387
Memorial Thoughts "Let's Do The Rounds Together"	Sue Jannetta
"Footprints"	Walt Self
Prayer of Blessing on Friends and Family	Dick Zmyslony
**Hymn of Commitment "O Jesus I Have Promised"*	463
**Recessional "Amazing Grace"*	Cheri Baker

** All who are able please stand*

Twenty-third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

GRANDMA

Her mind is like Einsteins...
knowing everything one asks.
She's been through many times...
telling tales of each.
She is as sweet as taffy...
opening her heart to anyone
in need of some love...
You're always welcome at her house...
for she never lets you
turn her down.
If lying on her deathbed...
she'd do anything she could
to make you feel better.
Her talents are her loves...
walking through her garden daily-
she picks the weeds and kills the bugs.
The sewing machine has went
ten-thousand miles...
giving a bright array of clothes
to her family and friends.
Most people remember her by years past...
when they sat so young
in a cold wooden desk
answering her questions.
Everyone in her class knew discipline
for she was as tough as iron
and strict as icy wind.
She was as fit as an athlete...
never going to a doctor but
to bear a child.
But now, bad health has caught her.
surviving by will power.
She still gets around
not allowing it to take her for good.
She put her life, experiences, and talents
into me...and it's a part
of me that will never die.
by: Joanna Gibson

In Loving Memory of

Mary Hazel Gibson

In Loving Memory of

Mary Hazel Gibson

Born: December 23, 1917, Ross, Montana
the daughter of John U. and Helen Allen Winter
Departed this Life:
August 5, 1993 at Miles City, Montana, (age 75)

ROSARY
Sunday, August 8, 1993 - 7:00 p.m.
Chapel of Stevenson & Sons Funeral Home
Jordan, Montana

MASS OF CHRISTIAN BURIAL
Monday, August 9, 1993 - 2:00 p.m.
St. Aloysius Catholic Church at Winnett, MT

OFFICIANTS
Father Wayne Pittard and Father Jay Peterson
Rosary: Coleman Murion

MUSIC
Mass: Mrs Brenden "Joan" Murphy (Organist)
Mass: Mrs. Jim "Dee" Johnke
Rosary: Mrs. Dallas "Jackie" Currey
(Soloist & Organist)
"Old Rugged Cross" "Beyond the Sunset"
"Amazing Grace"

PALLBEARERS

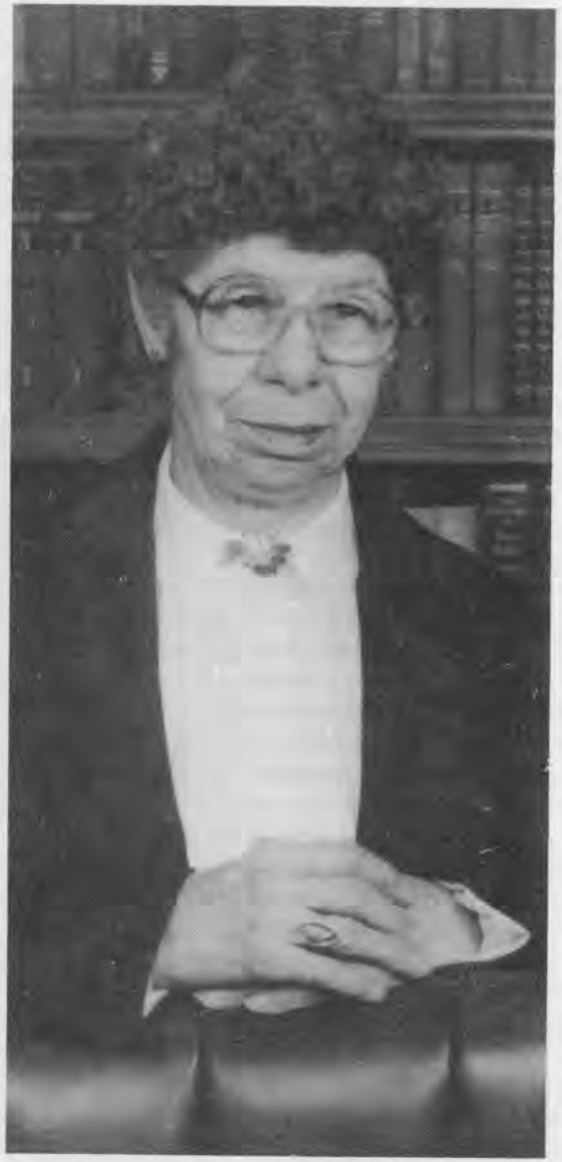
Dick Hanson	Ron Kastner	Alvin Rick
Phil Matovich	Kent Mosby	John Whitmer

INTERMENT
Family lot in the Winnett Cemetery, Winnett, MT

ARRANGEMENTS BY
Stevenson & Sons Funeral Home
Jordan, Montana

DIRECTORS
Dale M. Stevenson
Joe D. Stevenson • Jon L. Stevenson
Todd F. Stevenson • Terri L. Stevenson

Following Graveside Services there will be a luncheon at the Hospitality Room. Everyone is invited. Served by the V.F. W. Auxiliary.



Mary Hazel Gibson

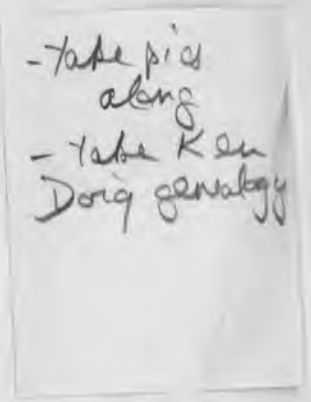
Mary Hazel Gibson age 75 of Lower Musselshell passed away Thursday, August 5, 1993 at the Holy Rosary Hospital in Miles City, Montana.

Mary Hazel, born December 23, 1917 at Ross, Montana the daughter of John U. and Helen Allen Winter. She attended rural schools on the lower Musselshell and High School at Winnett, graduating from Loyola Sacred Heart Academy. Following she attended college at Great Falls where she received her teaching certificate. Mary Hazel taught throughout Montana and Wyoming.

James Richard Gibson and Mary Hazel were married on December 20, 1947 in Billings, Montana. Mary Hazel continued teaching for twenty eight years, retiring in 1980. She lived at the ranch during the summer months and in Jordan in the winter. She was a member of the Legion and VFW Auxiliary, Royal Neighbors and the Sacred Heart Alumni Association.

Mary Hazel is survived by her husband, James Richard Gibson of Cat Creek, Montana, four sons, John Richard and wife Margaret Gibson, James William and wife Rene Gibson all of Jordan, Montana, Joseph Clarke and wife Sandy Gibson of Sand Springs, Montana and David Roland Gibson of Chico Hot Springs, Montana; two half brothers, Ted Hill of Columbus, Montana and Jack Hill of Macomb, Illinois; half sister Pohney Rich of Sand Springs, Montana and six grandchildren.

Should friends desire memorials may be made to the Jordan Ambulance Fund at Jordan.



April 16, 2001

Dear Ivan and Carol:

I don't know if you remember me Ivan, as we were both very young the last time I saw you. I am Darlene, Claude and Dora Doig's oldest daughter. I moved to Seattle last year and now live in West Seattle.

We are having a sibling family reunion this weekend, as we all haven't been together in over ten years. Claude, Jr. and his son Scottie are coming from Florida; Kathleen and Sid Logan are here from Alaska; their son and daughter-in-law Heather and two girls live in Arlington, WA; Bill and Wilma, son Bobby and wife and son Ray will be here from Idaho. They are all arriving Friday and leaving Monday around noon. We would love to have you and Carol join us Saturday or Sunday for a 2:00 dinner or later for coffee if possible. I realize this is short notice but we weren't sure everyone was going to be able to come until this last weekend. Kathleen has MS and Wilma had open-heart surgery this winter. I decided we weren't getting any younger and we needed to do this now instead of putting it off.

If you guys aren't able to join us this weekend Ivan, I would like to get together sometime at your convenience. I have a lot of Doig family pictures that Daddy had, some of which you may not have. I need help identifying some of the people in the pictures. I have all of the family pictures and I am trying to put family albums together for everyone. I would also certainly share copies of any of the pictures with any of the other members of the Doig family. I would also love to know what has happened to all of the other cousins.

We have all certainly enjoyed your books Ivan. Daddy used to tell a lot of stories about the early times and so much of what you have written about, I remember him talking about. One of my biggest regrets is that I didn't drive to Wisconsin and bring him to the big Doig family reunion you had. I was busy running my construction business and didn't feel I could afford the time. What I forgot is that these times usually only come up once.

I have two sons, Spencer, who met you at a book signing here in Seattle several years ago. He moved to Seattle in 1994. He graduated from U-Dub and is now in his first year of law school (at 32) at the University of Wisconsin; and Dennis, who is married to Kim and lives in "hell" – Detroit. (his words). Unfortunately, I am not a grandmother yet but I have lots of adopted kids.

We would really enjoy having both of you join us Saturday or Sunday. Please give me a call and let me know if this will be possible.

Darlene Doig Forhart
206-937-9358 or 206-915-9336 (cell)

Darlene

4752 51st Pl SW
Seattle

J-B CARDS
Box 67 Wilsall, Montana 59086
Rodeo Chaps ©1996 by Joanne Berghold

Hi!

My shy sister, Marilyn, called with a great deal of excitement following the recruitment sessions at CSU for the Western Lit Club. 3 ladies joined just because the club would be review "Bucking the Sun" this year. I urged her to drop a note, but she struggles so to compose it just right! So ~~until~~ until such a time that she has her words picked out, I shall just pass on the news.

She also had read of your recent life-time award. Congratulation on this further recognition of work well done!

Except for the on-going effects of the El Niño, ~~[illegible]~~ I do hope that all is well in the Northwest, in particular the Doig household.

Beverly Doig

P.S. Did catch the Web Page — not a bad layout!

2/19/97 ✓ Margaret — John d. in '86 / not close to Helen
Don Taskila — Fern's adopted son
Wms, Minn. ⟷ Havre / Grand Junction / Delta / Montrose
(218) 783 - 8771
— has been writer for many yrs — features / vet'n supply / old cars
— write a bk o Fern; do together? help him?
— evenings?
— raised by Fern
— did'nt kno o her death until last wk!
— Christian! / 13 sets of rings! / dad #5!
— didn't hate her, but cd'nt understand her
— dark side but qualities too: message
— 44 yrs old — 5 yr-old-dtr
— '50 mid / m: 14 yrs

Cat Creek Postmaster
Winnett, Mt. 59087
August 23, 1993

Friends Ivan and Carol Doig.

It is with much sorrow and some rejoicing that I send you this. Sorrow because of our loss - Rejoice at Hazel's gain. She is at last free of all man-made interference with natures blessed coma. I often wonder why God has alowed some individuals to have such power to prolong misery. She was aflicted much as your Charlie and Bernetta, and had to have oxygen at the last. Had I the foresight I wouldn't have called the "air ambulance" the eve of June 2. The weather was wet and chilly and she was turning blue, and my small bottles of oxygen didn't seem to help much. As I deduced later; the pneumonia had already setin, as she went into a coma before they got her to the hosp. After five days I got her home again for around a week; then another attack. That time the Hosp. released her to the rest-home in Jordan. From there she went to the Miles City, Hosp. twice - the last time final. Sixty-Four days of turmoil and uncertainty, but "it could have been worse". She knew me all to the very last, but couldn't remember for even

a few minutes. The boys were very supportive, but I tried to not lean on them, as they are facing a more uncertain world than Hazel and I ever did.

I give you Hazels thanks for both books; although this last one arrived too late, she likely knew all you have put in it and then some. She never told me all of this, and I never asked. We had a pact that way. "This House of Sky," she read a lot; I observed her with it open many times, but only read it myself after her passing. My Comment: I am "gonna" read all your other books. Which leads to another subject.

Hazel was very proud of a letter she recieved from Walt Coburn, the author of not so ficticious western fiction. Let me know if you would be interested in seeing this letter. Also Hazel was a early and long-time subscriber to "Old West" and "Frontier times". In the attic there is perhaps a near complete collection of these Mags. Comment?

I thank you for this oportunity to let loose a bit; and if you are passing this way, "the latch string is always out," for I plan to be here always.

Sincerely,

Dick Gibson

4 September '93

Dear Dick--

Our sympathy to you. Yet Carol and I know what you're talking about, too, in a kind of relief that Hazel's breathing ordeal at last is over. I'll tell you frankly that like you, I wondered if I d done the right thing in getting my dad the medical help that propped him up from the emphysema for a while but also prolonged the inevitable. But in the circumstances we can't make any other decision, seems to me. I am as sure as anything that Hazel felt she had a good life with you.

The Walt Coburn letter to her that you mention: don't send the original, but sometime if it's convenient to xerox a copy, sure, I'd appreciate a look. The collection of Western magazines might be worth something to a collector--I don't really know, it's out of my line--and I think sometimes people run a classified ad in Montana, The Magazine of Western History (the one published by the Montana Historical Society in Helena) to buy or sell old magazines of the sort.

Thanks for the invite to come by your place again. You never know, we might take you up on it. Carol joins me in wishing you the best, and thanks again for the hospitality and the thoughtfulness in writing to us about Hazel.

sincerely,

Wm Doig

15 Aug. '93

17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Hazel--

Here at last is the book I talked to you about, three years ago, rising out of my mother's letters to Wally.

I saw no reason to use your real name in the scene based on my mother's letter about your visit to us in White Sulphur in April, 1945--pp. 69-80--as I know that Wally and the Ringer family were a long time ago in your life. I guess it probably won't be news to you that Wally was writing to my mother for her opinion about him and you, and I think her effort at replying shows how highly she thought of you. In any case, this book is my best try at looking back at Berneta and Charlie and the rest of us in those months just before she died, and I hope it sounds that way to you.

All the reports are that this has been a terrific summer for moisture and grass, and I hope you and Dick and the place are thriving.

best wishes,

Ivan

A Note For You

MADE IN U.S.A.
50G937

From Winnett to Mosby you can call on the phone no cost. We live 35 miles no. east of Winnett on the Musselshell river near the mouth or Dot Peck Lake.

Will keep all my chatter chatter till I see you

Your friend
Hazel.

Cat Creek, Mt. 59019.
June 3 - 1990.

Dear Ivan

Received the book and have read it - & really enjoyed it, possibly more than others may being I was acquainted with the leading characters

You really took times, occupations, hard work & combined them into a very interesting book without making it boring -

I am really looking forward to seeing you this summer.

May 1, '90

Dear Hazel--

I'm not surprised that old letters didn't survive any better in your household than in mine, but thanks greatly for writing back and letting me know. I do think it would help me a lot to talk to you and get whatever memories you have of my mother, however remote, as there aren't that many people now who knew her well. My wife Carol and I will be in Montana in early September, and some evening I'd like to take you up on your kind offer and come out to Cat Creek, probably from Lewistown. (We've been through the area before, on our way to Jordan last summer.) I'll call or write a couple of weeks ahead of time, and if you wouldn't mind I'll send copies of a few of my mother's letters where she describes visiting or being visited by you, on the chance they may remind you of anything about those times.

You wondered about Wally's dad, Tom Ringer. I can't remember much about him myself, but most of what I was able to find out--not only about him but others of my family as well--is in my book I'm sending along for you. If I'd had this set of my mother's letters to Wally before I wrote the book, I might have softened the portrait of Tom a little, or at least have shown his situation as more complicated; he seems to have been ill a lot in later life. But I think the basic truth still holds: he and my grandmother were a pair of stormy tempers in an ill-matched marriage. Incidentally, although my life with my grandmother ended up a lot more mellow than your experience of her, I can well understand your view of her; there were some tough times between her and my dad as they were bringing me up.

I was intrigued to hear you crossed paths with Wally at a rodeo. He and I had something of a falling-out ourselves, which makes it all the more remarkable to me that he left me the batch of letters. I don't know how much you know of his later history, but when I was a pallbearer at his funeral his first and third wives were both there and his second wife sent regrets from New Mexico! Remarkable, the way lives such as his and my mother's turned out after those Ringling times. Anyway, I'm grateful to you for helping me to look back into those lives a little, and I look forward to meeting you again; I guess I was five years old the last time.

all best wishes,

Ivan

Cat Creek, Mt. 59017
April 20 - 1990

Dear Ivan -

Rather a surprise hearing from you and the correct post mark plus the name -

I'm sorry I can't help you any, as I've destroyed all my old letters etc years ago. When we were first married my husband built dams and did dirt work in general, we lived in a sheep wagon to begin with, then a trailer house so I shed every thing not being used. Ever once in awhile I wish I hadn't but we were crowded at the best.

We have four living boys three are married and each

have two children so grandma is busy always.

I saw Wally at Roundup, perhaps ten years ago at a rodeo. To top it off my son had just made a terrific ride on a bull and I was a bit shaken so don't remember too much of it only he wasn't very friendly so didn't talk much. He worked with a fellow I knew quite well from Grass Range, Charles Buck.

Yes, I went to the Knigley Reunion last summer. It was nice but few people I knew. The Kirby girls were all there - Bill Schaller (spelling) his sister Marjorie and mother. The younger Doig boy & his mother were there. Also J.T.

Did you know your grandfather Kinzer? I've always wondered about him. No one spoke of him in any way.

The reason for asking is your mother was so kind and considerate of others she knew and your grandmother wasn't like that it seemed and I always wondered about what the father was like.

I'm sorry I couldn't help you alot Joan, better luck next time -

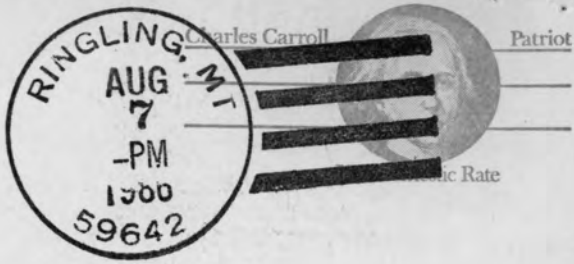
My phone is 406-429, 6461 if you wish to call me -

I've never read your book, but must try to get a hold of it & read.

When you come to Montana I'd be glad to visit you. We live in an off the road place, but it's home, and you are more than welcome.

Best of luck

Hazel



Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. N. W.
Seattle, WA 98177

©1982 USPS

8-7-86

Dear Ivan - & Carol

Enjoyed your short letter, Bernie's response to news clipping was that he would just have to get out there one of these days. Have address of Hazel Winters Gibson (husband James) Cat Creek, Montana 59017 They made reservations for re-union but am not positive they were there. So many people, hard to remember them all.

Looking forward to seeing you on your Montana travels. Take care.

Chuck & Marion

April 12, '90

Dear Hazel Gibson--

Please excuse a voice out of the past, but I'm attempting to do some writing about my mother, Berneta (Ringer) Doig, and I know you were a close friend of hers. When my mother's brother, Wally, died a few years ago, he left me a small trove of letters I hadn't known existed, written to him while he was in the Navy just before her death in June of 1945. My mother wrote to Wally every week or so, and thus there's an interesting record of the life of my family in that last year of World War Two; as you may know, I've written one book, This House of Sky, about the stormy relationship between my father, Charlie Doig, and my mother's mother, Bessie Ringer, as they brought me up together, but I think there may also be a book focusing on the two of them and my mother--and on Wally aboard his destroyer in the South Pacific at the time.

As your name comes up a number of times in my mother's letters, when you visited her at White Sulphur or Maudlow, I thought I would ask whether you happen to have any letters from my mother to you that I might look at for details of this WWII period. Failing that, I wonder if you'd be game to talk to me sometime, either by telephone or in person the next time I'm in Montana, about any memories of my mother you may have? In this regard, I should say that I'm willing not to mention you by name, if you'd prefer, as I get to delving into this chapter of the past. But my mother's letters and comments I remember from my father and my grandmother both make clear that you were a great friend, a special person, to my mother, and that wins you all respect from me.

Both times that the Ringling reunion has been held I've been deep in the writing of books, and so may have missed a chance to cross paths with you there. But I hope I can hear from you, either by the enclosed self-addressed envelope or collect by phone (206)542-6658. Until then, all best wishes--enough, I hope, to fill the 45 years since we each last saw Berneta.

sincerely,

Ivan Doig

Joyce M. Celander
P O Box 214
Wht Slphr Spg MT 59645

HELENA MT 596
PM
26 AUG
1993

Mr. & Mrs. Ivan Lang
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA. 98177

"The Castle"

Aug. 26, 1993

Dear Joan & Carol,

I received your new book on Friday, and of course I could not put it down until I'd finished it. Then I went back and read parts of it again - as I'm still doing.

I just want to say "Thank you so much." I am truly honored by your consideration. It was so nice of you to send me the book. I do so appreciate it.

I'm so sorry that you and Wally had an unreconciled rift. I guess when one is dealing with another's finances, it brings out underlying characteristics in all of us. I am hoping all this was resolved before his death, but got the feeling it wasn't.

The rodeo meeting with "Winona" Hazell was inadvertently my fault. She & I were in the rest room at a High School rodeo in Roundup, discussing our sons' rides and happy they were not hurt. She asked who my son was and when I told her she said she knew some Ringers & Doigs. I told her I was married to Wally & you know the rest. He was not very happy that I led her to see him. He didn't enjoy being put in a vulnerable position, I realized afterward.

All your books are so well written and a joy to read. You are a wonderful

(over)

"Darnester of Words" as you so appropiately put it at your Governor Awards Speech. This book "Near Earth" truely shows the fighting spirit, the endless struggle, the ultimate futility and the great rising of life, as in your first book "This House of Sky," which I also read parts of again + again.

It was good seeing you both at Dave's + Debbie's. Their visit here was nice but short. If you're ever in this area - Stop by.

The house tour went very well. We had 213 sign Have had lots of nice comments. ☺ Love ed + Joyce our book.

15 Aug. '93

Dear Dave--

Here it is, the book out of the letters. I don't know how it's going to be, meeting your dad in my pages, but I think the affection and the reconciliation after that funeral-debt situation comes through. In any case, I tried to be honest about what any of us thought of each other at any given time, and as I say in the book, I think your dad performed a true "betterment" by passing the letters along to me.

Am sending copies today to Dan and your mom, too. So, I know Heart Earth will have at least three interested readers.

best,

15 Aug. '93

Dear Dan--

Here's the book inspired by my mother's World War Two letters to your dad. I don't know how it's going to be, meeting your dad in my pages, but I think the final affection and the reconciliation after that funeral-debt situation comes through. In any case, I tried to be honest about what any of us thought of each other at any given time, back then, and as I end up saying in the book, I believe you dad performed a great "betterment" by passing the letters along to me.

Am also mailing copies to your mom and Dave today--so, I figure this book will have at least three interested readers.

best to you and the family,

Dear Joyce--

15 Aug. '93

Just a quick note to accompany the book. Figured you'd better have a copy, as Wally is so much in it. You aren't, except in a quick unnamed mention at his funeral--no writer can pass up the fact of a guy's first and third wives at his funeral!' Am also mailing copies bo Dan and Dave today, so I figure this book will have at least three interested readers.

It was good to see you and Ed when you were out here, and Dave reports that he was back visiting you. I hope the onlookers on the WSS Victorian homes route were properly impressed with the Celander manor!

best wishes,

4 Dec. '92

Dear Dave--

In haste...Carol and I are about to go to Portland on book business, and I may end up making a trip to New York, so ain't no way to get together any time soon.

This brief section of my manuscript, an aside from the main story of my mother's last half-year of life in 1945, as you'll see is about Deep Creek, the section house and the big elk hunt you guys did. Please point out any errors--just jot in the margin and mail in the enclosed envelope, or give a phone call (probably be to the answering machine, the way things are going), whichever is easier. I wrote the elk hunt stuff from pics and a letter of my dad's, but let me know how this version of it squares with your memory of it; I'm also sending a copy to Dan to check. First thing: do I have your ages right?--I went by Grandma's record of how old everybody is.

The tape, which I was going to hand to you in person with "Happy Matrimony" wishes if you could have made it to the Bellevue bookstore, is just a bit of a wedding gift. And the enclosed military papers of your dad's are the ones you signed off on for me; I have some other material about his ship--deck log of combat actions etc.--which I'll pass on in the new year when I'm done checking the manuscript.

Hope you're thriving.
Talk to you eventually.

Alex

4 Dec. '92

Dear Dan--

I'm just finishing writing the book which will use those World War Two letters, from my mother to your dad, that he left to me. The book mostly takes place in 1945, in the half-year before my mother's death, but there are occasional other scenes of my dad, Grandma, your dad, me, and so on. I'd appreciate it if you'd look over this one (have also sent a copy to Dave) for any errors about Deep Creek, the section house, the elk hunt you guys and our dads went on; I based the scene on photos and letters from my dad, but let me know how this version of it squares with your memory of it, okay? First thing: do I have your ages right?-- I went by Grandma's record of how old all her grandkids were.

Whichever is easier, Dad, just jot any remarks in the margin and mail the pages back to me in the enclosed envelope, or give a phone call (you'll probably get the answering machine; I'm away on book business quite a bit these next few weeks). Thanks.

I hope you're all thriving there. Carol and I are going great guns, but it's busy.

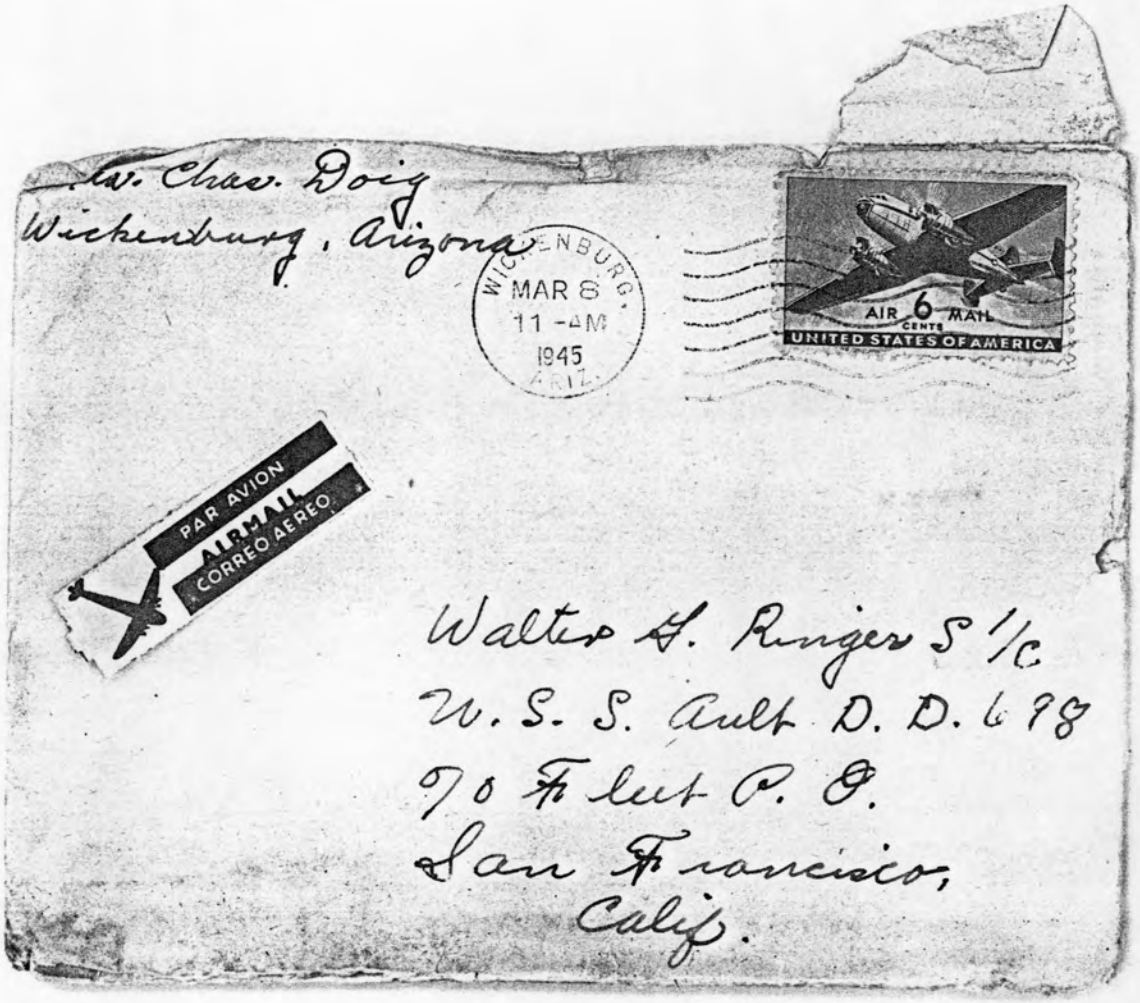
all best,

Mark

Mrs. Chas. Doig
116 B Alzona Park
Phoenix, Arizona

PHOENIX
FEB 5
9 PM
1945
ARIZ.
2

Walter A. Ringer S 2/c
U. S. S. Ault D. D. 698
%o Fleet P. O.
San Francisco, Calif.


Lt. Chas. Doig
Wickenburg, Arizona
WICKENBURG, ARIZ.
MAR 8
11 -AM
1945
AIR 6 MAIL CENTS
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PAR AVION
AIRMAIL
CORREO AEREO
Walter G. Rungen S 1/C
U. S. S. Ault D. D. 698
% Fleet P. O.
San Francisco,
Calif.

originals of Heart Earth letters, plus some family pics, stashed in U Savings safe deposit box 1/8/91 before AZ trip.

#733

3 August '86

Dear Marion (and Chuck and Bernie too!)--

Glad I got to visit with you briefly at Wally's funeral, though it wasn't the pleasantest place to do it. I didn't know it that day, but Wally has produced a question for me that I have to pass along to you in your capacity as straw boss of the Ringling reunion last (?) year. Did the former Hazel Winter show up at the reunion, do you know, and if so do you have her current name and mailing address? I ask because Wally left to me a batch of my mother's letters to him--he was on a destroyer in the South Pacific in 1945, in those months just before my mother died--and in one of her final letters to him she mentions that she and my dad had just been visited (at the Morgan ranch at Maudlow) by Hazel Winter. So, Hazel was probably the last friend from the Ringling school days to see my mother before she died, and I'd like to get in touch with her now that I have these letters, if possible. Can do?

We're doing OK here, though sometimes I feel so deep in this homesteader novel I'm writing that I don't know when I'll see daylight. Actually I'm to be done with it by the end of this year, and Carol and I are to spend some time in Montana the next couple of years for the sake of a Montana centennial novel I'll write. We ought to cross paths with you sometime then. Meanwhile we thought Bernie ought to know what they're doing to "The Ring" when he's not here to keep an eye on them. Hope you're all thriving--best from us both.

Ivan

Midyee
28, May, 1945

Dearest Mom,

I'd give anything to have you with me now, Mom. You see Joyce & I are being married Thursday, May 31. It just doesn't seem right for you not to be with me. I think it is best this way Mom. No use waiting & waiting. We'll have a month together, and perhaps the war won't last forever. I know you'll love Joyce, Mom. She's the best.

The ceremony is at 7:00 Thursday evening, at St. Paul's Cathedral. Joyce's cousin (Gwen) is to be bridas-maid & her boyfriend best-man. We'll, having a wedding breakfast after at Joyce's Aunts. Then we're going to Yeppoon for a few weeks (two or three). I went down day before yesterday & got an apartment, that is Mrs. Roberts did. You see, they were unable I went there as soon as I got into Yeppoon. Then we took their car & went around looking at apartments. Not much to pick from as Yeppoon is only a small place, but the one I got will have to do. Most of the good ones were already booked. Joyce was busy that day having her gown made & Virginia was pretty busy with things too. Such short notice & so much to be done in preparation.

The Roberts are coming to my wedding. I don't know just how many people in all but some where around 40 I have also Mrs. Rothery & Mrs. Shaw.

been invited. Wish you were here to hold my hand Mom, I'm that scared. I'll have to make a speech too. My knees will be knocking to-gether. I'm sending you a wire. Don't know if it'll reach you in time. Not much time Mom, as leave is always too short no matter how long it is, + one has to rush everything.

Joyce quit at Barnaba Hospital + we both landed home here at Midgee at about the same time. Gee, it was good to see her and the folks again.

We wanted Ron to be best-man, but guess he's not able to get leave. Oh yes, we're having our photos right after the ceremony, + we're sending you a big one just as soon as they are finished.

You can tell Berneta + Bud + Wally. I'll send them all photos too.

Coral has grown. I hardly knew her. She quite engrossed in dancing. Takes private lessons + is really very good. She's working on the apron + things you sent. Does fine work to. Even busy knitting a sweater. Every one it seems, knits around here. Joyce is always at it. She trying to tell I'm going to learn while we're at Yeppoon. I can hardly see myself at such though. Can you, Mom? Any how, if I should happen to learn + get good I'll knit you a sweater.

It seems strange that you've recieved none of Mrs. Roberts letters. She has written several times. Perhaps they'll get there some day.

I will close now Mom. Joyce is writing to-nite.
Good-nite, Mom. I'll write again Friday or Sat. + let
you know how the wedding was. I'll be thinking of you, Mom
even though you can't be really here.

Lots of Love + Kisses,

Paul.

Midyee
28, May, 1945

Dearest Mom,

I'd give anything to have you with me now, Mom. You see Joyce & I are being married Thursday, May 31. It just doesn't seem right for you not to be with me. I think it is best this way Mom. No use waiting & waiting. We'll have a month to-gether, and perhaps the war won't last forever. I know you'll love Joyce, Mom. She's the best.

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Good-nite, Mom. I'll write again Friday or Sat. & let
you know how the wedding was. I'll be thinking of you, Mom
even though you can't be really here.

Lots of Love & Kisses,

Paul.

Rt. 1, Box 77
Manhattan, Montana 59741

Dear Mr. Doig,

When Greg Callison received your letter this week and he showed it to our reading group we were very glad he had heard from you. We feel it is a very honest letter, as was your book.

I don't know when I have been so impressed with a book about Montana as with your "This House of Sky". The first time I read it I read it as quickly as possible because I could hardly lay it down. Then I read it again to savor every paragraph. I enjoy the way you phrase things in a way that is unusual and when I read them I think there would be no better way to say it, as when you stated the SmithRiver country is "full of distance" in your letter; or in your book when you wrote about Ringling and said "railroad tracks which glinted and instantly fled in both directions". Or at the end of the book when you wrote the "valley's mountain-chilled wind skirled hard among us. I recognized it from the afternoon of my father's burial".

In your description of the frantic efforts to save the sheep from going over the Two Medicine Cliffs during the storm, was so well written I feel as though I had been there with you.

I saw a brief article in the Montana Standard a few weeks ago where some literary group had judged the best five books on Montana that have been written over the years. Your book "This House of Sky" and Montana High Wide and Handsome" by J. Kinsey Howard were two of the books on the list. Wish I had cut out that clipping for you.

We live about a half mile south of where Dennis Bonnet lives and our son and daughter-in-law ,Bill and Cheryl Ott, met you there one time last year. They gave us "This House of Sky" for Christmas and we have enjoyed it ever so much. I plan to send one to my sister in California for Christmas. She and I grew up here in the Gallatin Valley, in fact on the place where my husband and I still live. I know she will enjoy the book.

I taught in the Twin Bridges High school a few years, ~~age~~ and as you probably know, Twin Bridges is a little town in livestock country, probably not too much different from the area around White Sulphur Springs, and most people around there don't have too much contact with churches due to distance and other reasons. I enjoyed knowing the people there and felt at home.

I remember meeting your uncle Jim Doig one time when I was in high school, when he came to our place to buy some seed grain from my father.

Here's wishing you the best of luck on your new book,

Sincerely,
Mary Ott
Mrs. Mary Ott

Maynard Brekke will be happy about your comments about his family in your letter.

14 Jan. '79

Dear Paul--

And I certainly remember you and Alice, and given a minute or two could have come up with the names of Bob and Nick. One of them, I remember, was a much-admired ball-handling basketball player.

I'm pleased that you liked House of Sky, and that it seems to ring true with you. I did spend an enormous amount of time on the book, not only in the writing but in trying to get things right. But there's been at least an equally enormous amount of luck in my favor. It began to seem doubtful I could find a publisher--about a dozen publishing houses turned down the manuscript sample--before an editor at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich liked the material, and she has done a near-perfect job on behalf of the book.

Your Grand Central story was grand. I vividly remember Lester Daniels--I was about half-afraid of him, as I think a lot of the kids were, but without really knowing why; I don't remember that he ever did any of us any harm, he just was somehow unnerving, threatening. Anyway, about the Grand Central: you may recall Tony Hunolt, one of the long-time hands at the Dogie. I interviewed Tony during research for the book in the summer of '77, and he said, "You know what killed this town?" (He meant as a ranching town.) "When the Grand Central burned down." I about fell off my chair, but he went on to make the point that there no longer was a place for the itinerant ranch-hand to flop, that the Grand Central had been a cheap place to get a roof over your head, and now there wasn't any at all. I think I ended up agreeing with Tony, and I'm not at all sure WSS is a better place without the Grand Central, the Sherman Hotel, and some of its other eccentric places. It certainly doesn't seem to me any better-behaved a place, the shaggy behavior just takes place on the highways--and probably in the loggers' homes--instead of those old saloons.

I was through Bozeman, but in the middle of the night, on my way from Billings to Missoula. Carol and I will be there again; good friends from my high school days in Valier now live near Belgrade, and we stop with them when we can. We'll add the Wylies to the list. And thanks again for troubling to write.

PAUL WYLIE
~~1410 SOUTH THIRD~~ 2014 South Rouse
BOZEMAN, MONTANA 59715

January 9 , 1979

Dear Ivan:

I remember you very well as a grade school youngster - a very likeable boy with red hair and freckles and an I.Q. that regularly tested 140 plus.

I was always sure that you would somehow someway make your mark in the world.

You have certainly done it with your remarkable and beautifull, book "This House of Sky". The book was fascinating to me because after eight years as White Sulpur Springs school superintendent I owned and operated the Meagher County ranch. The people ,the places and the events you describe so well all come alive in your excellent book. Alice and our two boys Bob who was four grades ahead of you and Nick who was two grades ahead of you have enjoyed and appreciated it as much as I have.

I was particularly interested in your accurate description of the Grand Central Hotel and Saloon. It is sort of a travesty but I learned to respect it's owner and operator , Ollie Hall, as a rough diamond with a heart of gold.I had helped her several times in her honest and dedicated efforts to raise a rather errant grandson (Lester Daniels). One day during an office meeting of the Student Council with a couple of female teachers I answered the telephone. Ollie's voice boomed out for everyone to hear," Paul, what in the hell are we going to do with that god damned grandson of mine this time"? She approved wording for a high school annual, The Grand Central Hotel and Saloon , " Many passin and some pass out".

They told us at Phillips Book Store in Bozeman,where we bought three of your books, that you had been in Bozeman. If you are ever again in Bozeman we would be delighted to visit with you.

All of the Wylie family join in wishing you - and Carol- our very best. We hope , that for your sake and for the good of the reading public, you will write many more books the calibre of "This House of Sky".

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul Wylie

Diane M. Tipton, APR
Public Relations Manager

Room 1525
1875 Lawrence Street
Denver, CO 80202
303 298-6259

November 6, 1990

Dear Mr. Doig,

I had hoped to meet you at the Tattered Cover here in Denver last Friday, but was delayed trying to fly into Denver during the snowstorm.

Your work is particularly interesting to me because I suspect our families lived in and around White Sulpher Springs near the same time. My great grandfather came to Montana and settled in the Springs in the 1880's and my grandfather was born there.

At any rate, I'm fortunate to have many family letters and diaries from that time. In reading some of these dusty notes, I came across the enclosed letter that mentions either your father or grandfather. It seems too great of a coincidence that there would be another Doig family in White Sulpher Springs in the same time frame.

I thought you might enjoy a copy of the letter. It has given me a lot of pleasure to be able, by reading these letters, to see into the day-to-day lives of family long gone.

Thanks for your books. Montana is a very special place filled with some one-of-a-kind characters. It deserves to be preserved by your sensitive eyes and vivid words.

Diane

Diane M. Tipton

7 Jan. '91

Dear Diane Tipton--

It has taken me too long to say thanks--spent another month on the bookstore tour after the Tattered Cover, and have been gearing up into writing my next book--but I appreciated the copy of the letter and the pics. The Doig mentioned in the letter is likely my great-uncle, D.L., though it could be my grandfather Peter; D.L. was more of a mover and shaker, more apt to be involved in anything, I think. Do you know about the letter's dateline of Rm Dorsey? That was a stop on the Jawbone Railroad, later part of the Milwaukee RR, near Ringling; a kind of dreadful book titled The Montana Railroad, Alias the Jawbone, was published by Pruett Press in Boulder last year, if you're interested in that part of your family's past. Again, thanks, best wishes, and maybe we can cross paths at the Tattered Cover next time.

top row right is "Charlie" Tipton my grandfather. Kleber (his brother) was the recipient of the attached letter.

Tipton home in White Sulpher Springs
John Craig Tipton and family

Dorsey, Montana.
Feb. 14 - 1907.

Mr. J. K. Tipton,
Gould, Montana.

My dear Sir:

I am very sorry to know that you thought I treated you unfairly with regard to the sale of the lambs, as I tried to do what was right for both of us.

The lambs were only fair, hardly that. Doig told me here that they were very poor, and after that no one would go way up there to look at them. I had to make a trip to look at them before I could know what to ask for them. Then another trip at a time when I was very busy with my own sheep, to receive them on time. Tried in every way to do for you just as I would do for myself, hoping that you would appreciate the fact that I would

do so, but it seems you did not.
I finally sold the lambs to Geo. H. Webber, the only offer I had, for $2.65, and thought I did unusually well to do so, as this was the highest price received by any body in the valley for good lambs. Heitman sold some for $2.70 very late, after the cost of keeping them would amount to more than 5¢ the head.
I brought them here and ran them on my own range till delivered.
When you wrote Heitman, he made me stand good for the money, till he got it back, I had to do the same at the bank till he put it in, more than a week.
There was nothing in it for me in handling them any way. Now if I pay all expenses on them, as you seem to think I ought, I'm out all around.

Yours truly,
Albert Bruckert.

73-4343 Ama Ama St.
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96740 Phone 808 325 7749
May 3, 1993

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

You may wonder how I obtained this address. Well it was from a list sent out by Ray Doig in October of 1987 when he was trying to put together a "Doig" second reunion. I save things. Although he misspelled my name I am still a Doig descendant. My grandmother was Mrs. Christison, mentioned more than once in your "The House of Sky". I enjoyed the book very much as much of it was set in the area where I lived as a small child.

My family lived in Ringling in 1932-33 and 34. We moved to Bozeman in 35 where I completed high school. Went to my 50th reunion last summer in Bozeman. Stopped at Ringling on our way to visit my wifes folks in the Melstone area east of Ringling. What a change. Took some pictures of what little is left. The only things I saw unchanged were the Depot, what you refer to as the Breke home and the Catholic Church. Your description of the house you lived in while in Ringling fits the description of the house our family lived in while we were there. It was a small house up the hill slightly above Mike Ryans store and hotel. We got our water from a common pump slightly down the hill. The house had originally been a very tiny house to which Nick Listaris had added an old box car. He and my dad cut some windows and doors in the box car and as it had originally been a refrigerator car it was well insulated and quite confortable.

I am going to include a memo I wrote to the reunion committee for a get together in Ringling scheduled for August of 1986. I was not able to attend but you may find it of interest. if you would like to continue this conversation I would like to hear from you. My wife will include a note.

Very truly yours,

Wally C

Wally Christiansen

3 June '93

Dear Wally & Elva Christiansen--

We're just back from a long trip around the West, trying to catch up on mail. So this is just a note of thanks, for sharing your Ringling lore. I think the house you describe, Wally, was just down the hill from ours--the Ringer house never had anything as substantial as a boxcar, that I know of. I met your mother, as I remember it, at a booksigning in Helena; it sounded to me as if she and my father went together sometime before my dad met my mother? As to the next book, it is back to Moss Agate and Maudlow, drawing on some WWII letters of my mother's--Heart Earth, to be published this Sept. Appreciated the material from you--excuse the haste...

May 4, 1993

Dear Ivan,

Having read + enjoyed all of your books, I feel that I know you quite well + also Cahal. However, Wally + I would like to know you both much better, so, should your travels bring you to Hawaii please let us know in advance.

Along with all of your enjoyable books to date, we have the copy of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" which you autographed for Janette Eaton, Wally's Mother + my best friend. Were you in Helena + with her at the time? The Lord called her home October 25, 1991 at age 87. Shortly after that, Ray Kaiser was killed in an auto accident enroute to Townsend from Helena.

While I read "Ride With Me, Mirah Montana" I gleefully bumped along in the Bago. Between us, Wally + I have relatives or friends hither + yon through-out Montana. Even though we lived in Ketchikan, Alaska thirty-six years we managed to keep in touch with most! Wally had lived in Ketchikan previously but together we arrived there, via steamship, on April 14, 1947. We became acquainted with many Tlingit, Tsimshian + Haidas but to our knowledge no Makahs.

When shall we look for your next book?

Best Wishes, Elva

73-4343 Ama Ama St.
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96740
July 4, 1985

Marion Lucas
Box 137
Ringling, Montana 59642

Dear Secretary:

By very mysterious ways an invitation to the August former Ringling school students re-union has come into my hands. I was a student during my 2nd, 3rd, and 4th grades at Ringling school in 1932-33-34. After that my family moved to Bozeman where I completed high school.

By a stoke of fate I will be making a trip to the mainland about the 1st of August and it appears that this may take ten days or so in Seattle and it would not be difficult to arrange to be in Ringling on August 17 so I enclose a check to cover my registration. If I don't make it use it for stamps or whatever.

My memories of Ringling after 51 years are somewhat dimmed but still have a few that I might share. My mother is till living in the Eagles retirement home in Helena and she has all the Ringling pictures. I will try to have her dig some out that I might bring with me.

The only name of a fellow student that I can instantly recall is Kathrine Brewer. A year ahead of me was E.W. Mertens who, with his younger brother, lived with his grandmother who owned the drug store.

My father worked for Jack Donavan at the garage. Jack was a very bright red headed Irishman that enjoyed playing bridge. I remember him getting in a new Chevrolet for a local rancher. It was a deluxe model and sold for $750. A very talented high school student that played a mean saxaphone lived with the Donavans. I believe he went on to some fame and fortune as a musician and composer.

My teacher was a Miss Callahan from a family of 12 or more in Three Forks. She was a quite attractive red head in her early 20's and a pack of fun.

The grocery store next to the garage was operated by Henry Foster who was an old man at that time. He later retired and was killed in a crosswalk accident in Pasadena.

The Postoffice, general merchantile, hotel, etc. was operated by Mike Ryan. He had a good sized hall over the P.O. where they held Saturday night dances. Everyone in town went a when the little kids got tired they went to sleep on the benches

around the walls.

Nick Listaris was the Milwaukee Road section boss and had a crew that kept the rails ship shape. He later moved to Three Forks and Bozeman. Nick was one of the most generous men I ever met in all my life and would give anyone the shirt off his back if they did not have one.

June Pitman was the high school pretty girl. Very lovely and fun. Had a brother Joe. Great guy.

Mr. Seeley was the town barber and Mrs. Seeley a pillar in the church. She moved back to Broken Bow Nebraska after his death. They, like my parents were great bridge fans and played several times a week.

Entertainment was scarce and cards and dances were about it. I remember the Sons of the Pioneers appeared in White Sulphur Springs and we all went including my grandparents who lived out of Sixteen about 15 miles.

When you are 7-9 years old things appear different. I went back to Ringling just once. That was about 20 or more years ago and we just drove thru. At that time the Foster name could still be read on the building where his store had been. The hill where the Catholic church stands had shrunk terribly. The creek where we used to swim was not nearly as wide. The hill where we went sledding in winter was not as high nor as steep as I remembered it. The one thing that had not seemed to change was the Bar that that was built in about 1933. It still seemed to have the same customers.

I am truely going to make an effort to attend the re-union. If I don't make it I hope you all have a bang up time.

Very truly yours,

Wallace Christiansen

SENW¼ 32; Designated Act Feb. 19, 1909, by Sec. Aug. 1, 1914, "C" Aug., 13, 1
Plat of part of Twp. approved Dec. 22, 1914, filed in
Part of Twp. (See Secs. 1 to 6. - Those parts of Secs. 23, 24, & 26, W. of

50

For additional notations of withdrawals, designations, etc., see page 247

Part of Secs. 12, 14, & 34.

DOIG

DESCRIPTION OF THE TRACT. CONTENTS.

Part of Secs. 18, 30 & 32. Within 20 ft. of center line of trans lines of Mo

Part of Section.	Section.	Township.	Range.	Acres.	100ths.
temp. with by "R" see hd. Tjo. ~~All of Sec~~	4	5 N	5 E	Reserve	
All				Restore	
Withdrawn Mar. 1, 1907 see hd					
Hd. ~~By metes & bounds, part of~~ All	"	"	"	104	—
Hd. By metes and bounds				104	—
Hd. Lots 1 & 2, SE¼NE¼, NE¼SE¼				145	27
Lots 3 & 4 & SE¼NW¼, NE¼SW¼, NW¼SE¼ & SW¼SE¼ - strip 40 lks wide excepted from List 1-32					
Addl Hd. N²SW, NW¼SE¼, SW¼NE¼ (Except such part of orig entry in List 1-252)				160	
Hd. Lots 3, 4, S² NW¼ (Sub. to right of way of Tel. line)				145	25 ~~45~~
N²SW¼, NW¼SE¼, SW¼NE¼	"	"	"	56	—
Desert. S²SW¼, S²SE¼				160	
~~Lot 3 & 4 & NW~~ appl. of David B. Do					
temp. with by "R" see hd. Tjo ~~All of Sec~~	5	5	5	Reserve	
N² & SE¼	"	"	"	Classified a	
All				Restore	
Withdrawn Mar. 1, 1907 see head Tjo.					

Eliminated from forest by Proc. Feb. 25, 1919

COPY PROVIDED BY THE MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

T5N/R5E

"C" Aug., 13, 1914, Effective Sept. 10, 1914. 444246.
914, filed in local office, Helena, Jan. 6, 1916 - 597550.
4, & 26, W. of 16 Mile Creek, Sec. 27, & S½ Sec. 31) - Eliminated from forest by Proc. Feb. 25

Township No. 5 N

1, 12, 14, & 34 - Within 20 ft. of center line of trans. lines of Chic. Mil. & St. P.
s lines of Montana Power Co. approved as Power Site Classifn #232 - Mont. No.

CONTENTS.		RATE PER ACRE.		PURCHASE MONEY.		NAME OF THE PURCHASER.
Acres.	100ths.	Dollars.	Cents.	Dollars.	Cents.	
Reserved see sec 1. Restored by letter						
Restored to settlement June 13, 1905, to entry later;						
07 see head Tp.						
Feb. 25, 1919 - & restored - 763816 - (Top of page).						
104	—	Act June 11, 1906. Restored, List		1-252		Frithiof Arneson
104	—	Act June 11, 1906. Restored, List		1-252		Stanley Gordon
145	27	Act June 11, 1906, Restored, List.		1-2782		Ida Balch
... List 1-3270 # - see also List - 1-252						Telephone line - Forest service
160		Act June 11, 1906. List 1 3271				Stanley Gordon
145	25 ~~45~~	Act June 11, 1906 Restored, List.		1-3270.		David B. Doig
56	—	Act June 11, 1906, Restored, List.		1-3271		
160						David L. Doig
... B. Doig ... amend ... filed List ...						
Reserved see sec 1. Restored by letter						
Classified as non mineral Sep 1900. App'd Feb 15, 1902						
Restored to settlement June 13, 1905, to entry later						
d Tp.						
Feb. 25, 1919, & restored - 763816 -						

— 1919 — Land restored to Hd entry only Apl. 29, 1919 — & to settlement &c. unde

Range No. 5. E , District of

— Ry — approved as Power Site Classification # 230 — Mont. 9 — by Secy. J

DATE OF SALE	NUMBER OF RECEIPT AND CERTIFICATE OF PURCHASE.	BY WHOM PATENTE
by Secy June 25, 1929 — 1343674		

"C" November 13, 1891.

see R to C June 19, 1905. Subj to entry el

Aug. 29, 1910	04678	Helena. — Canceled by "
Nov. 19, 1912	07660	Helena. For add'l Hd 014
Mar 27, 1913	011324	Helena — F.C. Aug —
Mar	021707	Helena — ~~[illegible]~~ — see Dept —
Sept. 22, 1916	014946	Helena — add'l to Hd. o
Mar. 29, 1913	08074	Helena — Amended by "
June 16, 1903	8232 — 02275	Pat. 546563, Sept. 21, 1916 Helena. Adjusted by "

"C" November 13, 1891.

see R to C June 19, 1905. Subj to entry

...under any public land law. May 6/19 - "F.S." Mch 8/19 - 763816 -

...cy. June 7, 1929 - 1341123 -

...ENTED.	DATE OF PATENT.	WHERE RECORDED. Volume.	Page.
...y etc Dec 5, 1905; see head Tp.			
...by "H." Sept 30, 1912.			
...014946 see below F. C. Pat. 616968 - Feb. 14, 1918.			
...2 - 1918 Pat. 705985 Sept. 10 - 1918			
...ft. letter dated Jan. 13, 1916 - "D 17542" -			
...d 07660 - above F. C. March 16, 1917. Pat. 616968 - Feb. 14, 1918 -			
...by "K." April 6, 1917 from 32-6N-5E ~~etc.~~ Nov. 15, 1918			
...by "G." Sept. 2, 1916. F. C. Feb. 3, 1916.			
...ny etc Dec 5, 1905; see head Tp.			

RELEASED BY [illegible] JUN 11 1915

640 DOIG —

All 32 6 5 Restored

Withdrawn Mar. 1, 1907, see head Tp, to amend Hd 04623 Act RES

Hd ~~By metes & bounds Part of~~ SW4 " Eliminated from forest by Proc. Feb. 25, 1919, 160 Act RESTO

All " 113 50

Hd, ~~By M&B, part of~~ SESE4 Forest Service

COPY PROVIDED BY THE MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Hd. E2NE4, SW4NE4, SE4NW4 160 00 Act Ju RESTO

SW4 Except 88 acres heretofore restored under List 1-46 72 00 Act RESTO

S2S2SW4 Constructed maintenance Telephone Line Right of Way - Across Hd app 40

Hd SE4 160 - Act

By M&B. List 1-155 Revoked by Sec P.D. NWNE4, N2NW4, SWNW4 Charles M 160 — ac

addl Hd - NWNE4, NNW4, SWNW4,

T6N|R5E

640 All 33 6 5 Classified a Restored

Withdrawn Mar. 1, 1907,

Sel WNE4, NW4, SW4, SSE4, NWSE4 ~~All~~ 520 ~~640~~ — Jul

In lieu of E2NE4, NE4 SE4 120 Act

All E2NE4 NE4SE4 see D.L.E. 022 " Eliminated from forest by Proc. Feb. 25, 1919

E2NE4, NESE4 120 Relinqui

D.L.E. ENE4 NESE4 120 -

ored to settlement June 13, 1905, to entry later; see

4623 Act June 11, 1906. RESTORED, LIST No. 1-46 Filed April 3, 1915 Daniel O. Lawrence Au

5, 1919, & restored - 763816 (p. 61)

30 Act June 11, 1906. RESTORED, LIST 1-1506 David B. Doig M

Service Telephone Line Helena National Forest Apr

o Act June 11, 1906, RESTORED, LIST. 1-2528 Charles Mitchell

o Act June 11, 1906, RESTORED, LIST. 1-2749

H & App 408-04623 & D.O. Lawrence - Forest Service (Helena Nat'l Fo Map

Act June 11, 1906, Restored, List. 1-2748 Jacob Mitchell A

by Secy. June 7, 1916, "K" June 6, 1916, - 622694, (See Sec. 4,

rles Mitchell. 020235. Helena - Apr. 24, 1919 -

— Act Feb. 19. 1909 Charles Mitchell Sept

fied as non mineral Sep 1900. Appd Feb 15 1902

ored to settlement June 13, 1905, to entry later; see

— July 2, 1864 Nor. Pacific Ry Co Ja

Act of July 1, 1898 Nor. Pacific Ry. Co Oc

022 74 - originally 8239 [illegible]

5, 1919 & restored - 763816 - (p. 61)

Relinquished to U. S. Act July 1, 1898, No. 193 by NOR. PAC. RY. CO. "F" Oct. 25, 1916

Mary Doig Jun

see R to C June 19, 1905. Subj to contest etc

Aug. 9, 1910 04623 Helena. Amended by "K."
March 29, 1913 08074 Helena. Amended by "K."
26C 457-12 Helena
April 7, 1915 011445 Helena. For addl. 020235 see bel

Map filed Nov 10. 1914 467840 Helena — Decision Final-C
Apr. 6. 1915 011435 Helena. F.C. March 1, 1918 - Pat 678
Sec. 4, 5 N., 5 E. for new list 1-3270).
Sept. 17. 1920 020235 - Helena - addl to 011445 - a

see R to C June 19, 1905. Subj to contest etc

Appd. List 263 Pat. 55161

Jan 6. 1916 013512 Helena SE¼SE¼
Oct. 31, 1917 019408 Le Dalles Selected S½SE¼ SE¼SE¼

June 13, 1903 02274 / 8230 } Helena F. C. March 23, 1

y etc Dec 5, 1905; see head Tp.

by "K" March 24, 1916 F.C. Sept. 14, 1916 Pat. 588330 June 18, 1917

by "K" April 6, 1917 to 4-5-N-5-E.

see below. F.C. Nov. 14, 1922. Pat 893904 Jany 25. 1923.

First Asst Secy of Agriculture Aug 29. 1911.
Pat 678166 May 17, 1919—

445- above. F.C. Nov. 14, 1922.

y etc Dec 5, 1905; see head Tp.

Pat. 551616 Oct. 23, 1916 ENE¼ NEDE¼ reconveyed to U.S. by Deed accepted by F Feb. 2, 1917
SE¼SE¼ Sec. 14--8 S., 18 E. W.M. Oregon
SE¼SE¼ " 2- 9 S., 19 E " " Used appd. Mar. 25, 1922 List 107,
SE¼SE¼ " 10- 9 S., 19 E. " "

Nov 23, 1917- Adjusted to Survey Dec. 27/16. "F" Pat. 599985 Sept 13, 1917

Temp. with. by R. see hd Tp. ~~All of Sec~~ 8 5 5 Reserve

Reserved Oct 3/05 See Sec 1
640

Part of " " " See Sec. 9.

DOIG-

SE4 (except part restored under List 1-131) 85 —

Sel. W2 320 00

D.L.E. NE4 160

COPY PROVIDED BY THE MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

T5N/R5E

Temp. with. by R. see hd Tp. ~~All of Sec~~ 9 5 5 Reserve

640

Classified

N2 resto

Hd. By metes and bounds, Part of Sec. 8 and " " " 160 —

Sel. all 640

2d Hd SE4NW4, N2NE4, SW4NE4 160 —

NNE4, SWNE4, SENW4 160 Relinquic

In lieu of N2NE4, SWNE4 120

In lieu of SENW4 40

S1/2 of Sec resoml Oct 3/05 See Sec 1

Reserved see sec 1. Restored by letter

— Sec. 9.	Act June 11, 1906. RESTORED. LIST 1 — 131	012374
85 —	Act June 11, 1906, Restored. List. 1-2929	012394 Sec. 9-
20 00	Exch. applic 11/19/38 Acts 3/28/22 2/28/25	Dean D Francis
60		Peter S. Doig

Reserved see sec 1. Restored by letter

Classified as non mineral Sep 1900. Appd Feb 15, 1902

2 restored to settlement June 13, 1905, to entry later

60 —	Act June 11, 1906. RESTORED. LIST 1 — 131 2929	Anna C Doig.
40	Act July 2, 1864	Nor Pacific Ry Co
60 —	2d Hd. Appl. Apr. 4 1916	David Doig
60	Relinquished to U. S. Act July 1, 1898, No. 205 by NOR. PAC. RY. CO. "F Apr. 27, 1917	
20	Act July 1, 1898	Nor. Pac. Ry Co.
40	Act July 1, 1898	Nor. Pac. Ry. Co.

"C" November 13, 1891.

	037991	Billings Patent 1105
June 13, 1903	8231	Helena. 01387- Adjus

"C" November 13, 1891.

see R to C June 19, 1905. Subj to entry etc Dec

Sep. 3, 1915	012394	Helena - F.C. Nov. 21, 191
Jany 6, 1916	013513	Helena Appd. List 263 Pat. 551616
May. 1. 1917 -	013926	Helena. F.C. July 17, 1917
April 25, 1917	050982 ~~205~~	Glasgow. Selected SE mi, ~~SE NW~~ 4,
Mar. 14, 1930	051059	Cheyenne Sel. SE nw 41-26

1105940 Nov. 14, 1939
Adjusted by "G", Aug. 31, 1916 - F.C. Feb. 2. 1916. Jul. 11. 1917. Pat. 591652

te Dec 5, 1905; see Read Tp.
v. 21, 1916 Patent No 583603 May 9, 1917.
Pat. 551616 Oct. 23, 1916 as to SE NE[4] NNW[4] sw nw[4] S[2] (480 a.)
7, 1917 Pat-616755 Feb 13-1918
SE nw[4] Lots 2, 3, 4, E sw[4] Used appd, Sep. 27, 1923 List 325.
~~NE NW~~[4], SW NE[4], N[2] SE[4], SW[4], sec 19, 26 N, 30 E
w 41-26 N. 83 W. Wyo.

Dear Ivan + Carol,

Received your letter, and the part of the story you are writing the other day. I'm looking forward to reading the whole book, once it is on the market.

The only things in the story I can think of are our ages, Dave was 12, and I was 10. It was Daves first year of hunting, and I packed the spotting scope instead of a gun. The story brought back memories of a time gone by. I still have the antlers of the big bull out in the garage. I think about the hunt every time I go by them. I also didn't know if you should mention the ordeal with the delineators. Some people may get upset with destruction of property, but then Dad did hate the delineators, so however you see fit to write it is okay by me. When the brakes gave out, we went off the east side of "Coyote Bottle" and got onto the Lennep hiway between Lowell and US 89. Any real steep pitches of terrain, us kids would get out and run along as dad would drive, and Charlie would put his right hand against the top of Jeep and brace

himself. The engine would wind up and keep winding until we would hit leveler terrain. Then Dad would laugh. (I'm sure you can picture it.) Charlie would wipe his brow, and us kids would pile in and go again to the next pitch.

Your story ~~brought~~ painted a picture in my mind basically as the events happened. You are a good storyteller.

I would like to keep the copy you sent to me. My kids really enjoyed it, and Chancey wanted it for a format for some of his school work. If its okay to do that?

Well I better close for now. Please excuse my writing. This is the first letter I've written in some ten years or so.

Heres wishing you a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year.

All our best,
Don, Charlene, Chancey
and Joni.

Dave Ringer's version of '62 elk hunt I referred to in NEART EARTH

INITIALS _____ DATE _____

774

8 December 1992

Dear Juan -

First of all, I want to thank you for the tapes of "A River Runs Through It." We're looking forward to listening to your reading. Thanks so much.

I have enclosed the manuscript pages you sent to me. I've made several notes for you as you can see.

It was indeed a memorable hunt. We had left the Section House about 2:30 AM in your Dad's Jeep, and wanted to get into the timber above the elk that we had spotted the afternoon before. We went up into the Castles from Highway 89 near Moss Agate; going up past Coyote Butte & Coyote Basin to the parks east of there, on the next ridge over from Coyote Butte. We crawled along quietly in the Jeep, as it seemed to even sort of ground its way along, the noise of the engine & transmission not unlike an animal of prey. We parked and walked up inside the tree line; and when we got closer to the elk herd, we could hear them whistling. I remember whispering, asking my Dad what that sound was, and he gently whispered back the information. When we came within shooting range of the herd, I sat down

and drew a head on a big bull (a 7/8, later shot by my Dad). But before I could pull the trigger, Charlie shot at and wounded a big spike bull. We all broke out of the trees, and as the elk had started to circle, both Dad & Charlie fired almost simultaneously and dropped a 5-point bull in his tracks. He never moved; basically dropped where shot, as they both hit him. We ran down hill a short ways, and saw the wounded spike, so I shot him in the neck, and he dropped, basically dead before he hit the ground, as my bullet had severed his spinal cord or brain stem, and as we approached, his eyes were already starting to glaze over. Charlie yelled at me to remind me not to get to close, but by the time we both had covered the 30-40 yards, the spike wasn't even breathing.
My Dad then took off running after the herd, down the ridge, and we heard him shoot 6 times, counting what we thought must have been 3 hits judging by the sound after the shots. Dad must have been rather excited, as his actions & shots belied his credo

of "main thing is not to get excited." It's hard to believe, but I suspect the time was as you have stated; within a minute, or perhaps even less. It all seemed like it was in slow-motion, even though the action was rather furiously quick.

While we were cleaning the elk (the first 2), a big mule deer buck came right past us, spooked by other hunters, I guess. There was some debate between Dad & Charlie about whether or not I should shoot it. Dad said, "Don't'cha think we've got enough meat?" Charlie agreed, but also said, "That's sure a nice buck." The buck was probably a 5/5 if I remember right - he was big and had a big rack of horns.

Anyway, we got the spike and 5-point bulls loaded onto the jeep after we'd cleaned them, and then went over to the big bull. We got him cleaned and loaded, and headed down the mountain. That got real western at times, because Dad would gear down, using all his strength to jam the transmission to a

as I re-read this - I remember that Dad was also using the emergency brake too, but he seemed to not have a lot of faith in it.

lower gear to decelerate. Dan & I would jump out the back and run ahead to open the gates we came upon so that the jeep could coast through. Then we'd get the gate closed and run to catch up, usually just in time for the next gate to appear, although in reality, we probably only had about 5 or 6 gates to deal with. It was a real team effort, as I recall it now. Even getting those elk loaded. We had ropes on them and some of us would pull and tie off while the others lifted and shoved those carcasses onto the jeep. More than once, Charlie exclaimed, "I sure wish Evan could have been here." My Dad replied, once at least, "me, too," but I'm not sure we're talking about the same reasons," while we were loading those bulls.

When we finally got down out of the Castles and back onto the highway between Moss Agate and the Nine-mile Y, we could only travel about 25 miles per hour maximum, and we created a real ~~road block~~ traffic jam, as each car that passed us would slow

and stare incredulously, perhaps even with envy, at the jeep and its cargo of boys, men, meat and guns. It was exhaustive work, but we all had energy enough to hoist them up in the garage of the Section House and shin them after we had posed for the obligatory photos of the successful hunt.

Some of my most vivid boyhood memories are about hunting or some other adventure that was at least, if not all, directly proportional to the adrenalin factor (maybe blood-lust?). I ~~believe~~ believe the imprint of those memories may be deeper because of that adrenalin factor - like it carved it a little deeper in my memory, because of the risk, danger, or excitement, involved.

Hey - hope you can read this - I just tried to write as fast as my memory was spitting it out to me.

Thanks for the tapes - hope to see you soon - Good luck in '93. I'm sure looking forward to the next book...

Dave

Box 98

July 13. 19 79
Manhattan, Montana
59741

Dear Ivan,

The choice of "This House of Sky" as a dual purpose gift for a husband at the time of his retirement and to honor him on Father's Day was a just right selection. Many hours during his first week of retirement were spent in your Montana experience. My turn came next and together we recalled people and places we'd known during our brief sojourn in N. D. And real comfort was provided.

For several years after we had moved to Bozeman to serve Hope Lutheran Church, my husband returned to hold services, instruct and confirm some of our youth there and upon request return for specific events. I recall, as though it were yesterday, his return one Summer day from a funeral service. After giving some general information, he concluded "And there was the cutest little red-headed six year old boy left without a mother." Further exchanges between us gave me a vivid mental picture of a father who would take care of that boy.

Your story sent us to the "Preste bok" where events of this nature are chronicled. And there was
Mrs. Chas. Doig b. 9-28-13 d. 6-27-45 burial 6-29-45
And the text used was Phil 1:21. We looked in the 1943 book which recorded events while we were still in N.S.S. and there we found:
Mrs. Annie C. Doig b. 1871 d. 2-13-43 burial 2-16-43
And the text was Job 7:6a
Others from Sixteen-mile area came with their needs Scotch, Presbyterian, sure, but the services of a pastor who happened to be Lutheran were beautifully received. Your choice of a chapter from Job for your father's service and the fact that something from the same book for two who had known adversity and hardship, was, I believe, a rare coincidence. Be assured that the K.J.V. was used in 1943!

I am sorry not to have known your maternal grandmother. Many people and incidents in that brief time I was in N.S.S. added new dimensions to my sheltered upbringing and I treasure the memories. We even make a sentimental journey back

there from time to time. Thank you from this last journey via an easy chair!

The inclosed clipping will tell you more effectively than I can about the intervening years. The Lord has been good to us and I've borrowed from a song-writer the line "Ten years that passed swiftly like birds on the wing. Thanksgiving & Spring!" If we ever concur to write a book it could well be entitled "Thirty-five years of Hope!"

Should you return to this area we'd be delighted to meet you and your Carol.

Sincerely,

Alta E. Oustad

July 15

P.S. Your address was provided by Pat Morgan who for twenty-four or twenty-five years was our next door neighbor. She was on her way to early Mass as we came in to do the chores prior to services at Hope. Until a new pastor comes, my husband will take care of the immediate needs there. Anyhow discussion about good reading lead to another revelation of common interest!

July 18, '79

Dear Mrs. Onstad--

How remarkable to hear from you. Of course, I'm deeply pleased that you and your husband liked House of Sky. But I'm also moved by the information you provide about my mother's funeral, and by the thought of your husband holding the services.

Yours is one more in a quite incredible skein of reminiscences, or other angles of view, provided to me by people who've read the book. I've heard from a woman who as a teenager in 1934 rode into my parents' sheep camp on Grass Mountain, for instance. And from any number of friends of my father and mother and grandmother. One of the most fortunate acquaintanceships has been with Pat Morgan, whom I wrote more or less casually during my research for the book. Through Pat, I met her brother Horace, who took me and my wife back to the cabin in the Bridgers where the book begins.

You may know some of the other Bozeman-area people I've been in touch with since the book's publication: Paul Wylie, who must have become principal of the White Sulphur schools about the time you were leaving WSS, and Eleanor and Jake Mast, longtime friends of my father's family. Given the total of friends I have in the Gallatin, it's going to be a "must" stop when I'm next in Montana, probably next spring; perhaps we'll encounter one another then.

I want to add a line of gratitude which I hope won't be taken amiss: I'm very pleased to have so generous a response from the Onstad family for a book which has its rough-and-ready moments. I count that as much a tribute to the two of you, as Montanans of the soundest sort, as to anything in the pages of the book.

very best regards

June 17, 1979

Pastor Onstad retires

By CAROL SCHMIDT
Chronicle Staff Writer

For more than three decades more Bozemanites than can be counted have looked to him for guidance, inspiration and leadership.

And that's why it's only fitting that Hope Lutheran Church will celebrate the retirement of their long-time pastor, Rev. Lyle Onstad, this Sunday — Father's Day.

Pastor Onstad, the dean of Bozeman ministers, will officially retire Sunday, June 17, after serving as pastor at Hope for 35 years.

During that time he has seen his church, the local church community, and the Bozeman area grow and prosper. But the people, and their spiritual needs, remain constant, he says.

Pastor Onstad is a hearty, vigorous man who looks as though the cares and concerns of his congregation could easily rest on his sturdy shoulders. He has the laugh of a lumberjack, and the demeanor of a senior law partner, which is not surprising considering Onstad comes from a family of lawyers in the Plentywood area.

Actually, Pastor Onstad was studying pre-med at the University of Montana when he decided to join the ministry.

"We believe the call to the ministry is a call from God," Onstad said. "I definitely did not plan on it while I was growing up."

He finished his college courses at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa and then attended Luther Theological Seminary in St. Paul, Minn. where he was ordained a minister in what was then called the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

He interned at Ft. Peck, where he preached at four neighboring town churches each Sunday, but his first church was in White Sulphur Springs where he stayed for 27 months before accepting a call to Bozeman in 1944.

Pastor Onstad said Hope was a small, white frame church when Pastor Onstad came to Bozeman on July 11, 1944, and the town dwindled away on South 9th.

"There were only about 1,900 students at the college then," he recalls. "Everything has sure expanded."

Including the membership of Hope Lutheran, which has increased more than threefold in that time from 200 to 750 members.

Along with the growth came a new church, built in 1951, and an education unit, completed in 1964. But Pastor Onstad credits that to the congregation.

"It's not my due, it's the people's," Pastor Onstad said. "I didn't pay for it, they did."

And that's one of the reasons Onstad is retiring now.

"I thought since I got them into debt, I better get them out," he said. "We burned the mortgage on the place in March. Everything is paid for around here."

The decision to retire now, at age 64, wasn't an easy one, Pastor Onstad said.

"It's about as hard to decide about retirement as it is marriage," he said. However, he will continue to preach and serve the church until a new minister assumes the duties, hopefully this summer.

In the meantime, Onstad and his wife Alta, are packing up their belongings from the parsonage where they've made their home for so many years and moving to Manhattan. It will be a retirement for Alta too, who has also faithfully served the congregation for 35 years.

"She's been a big help, she's done everything," Pastor Onstad said. "She can play the piano, organ, hold bible studies, direct the choir. Anything."

Pastor Onstad admits that 35 years is a long time for a minister to stay in one location, long enough to raise a family, including two daughters and another well-known local resident, son John Onstad who has been Gallatin County Sheriff for more than four years.

"It may be somewhat unusual for a minister to stay this long, but there are wonderful people here," and he adds with a glint of mischief, "and the hunting and fishing are pretty good, too."

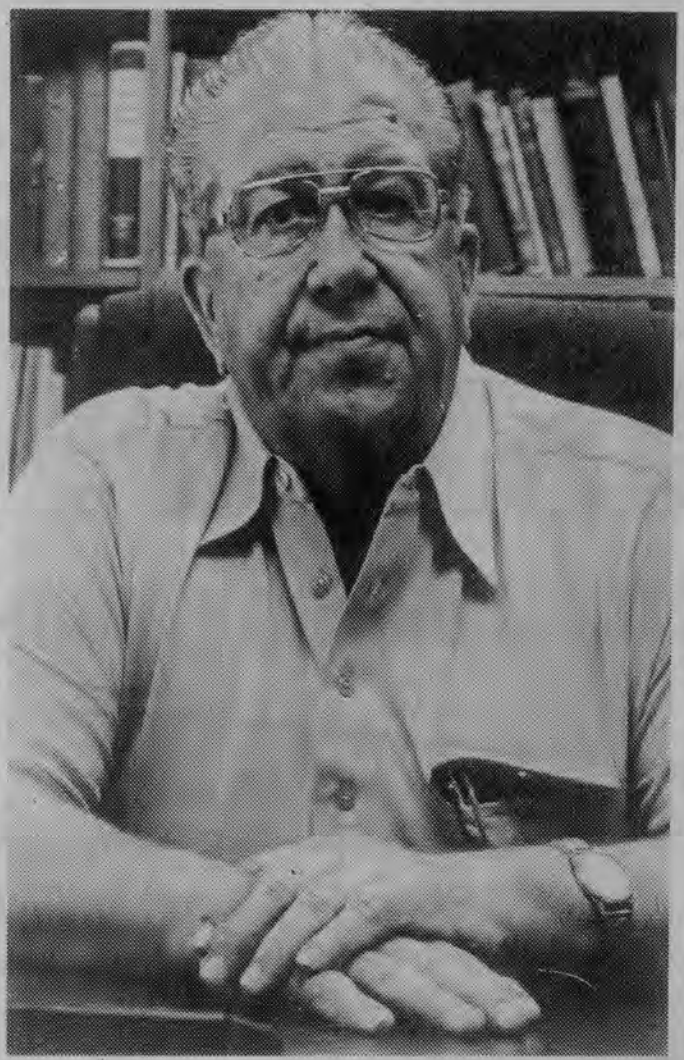
Onstad says he expects to put in even more time fishing at Canyon Ferry during the next year, evaluating what directions his life will take in the future, and has a raft or reading and possibly even some writing he would like to do.

After working with the past three generations, Onstad said he is confident about the spiritual future of the next generations.

"I'm quite optimistic," he said. "People now may live faster, but they're much the same as their grandparents."

"Bozeman's spiritually a good town. People are church-minded here."

Those wishing to personally extend their good wishes to Pastor Onstad are invited to a reception honoring him and Mrs. Onstad from 2 to 5 p.m. today in the Fireside Room of the Hope Lutheran Church, 210 S. Grand.



Retires

Onstad ends 35 years as Hope Lutheran pastor when he retires today.

1815 N. Lexington
Tacoma, Wash 98406
Sept 28, 1984

Dear Mr. Doig:

Yourlletter of the 17th was much enjoyed. Many thanks for taking time out to write.

My contacts with David Doig were solely through his son-in-law Art Jersey and his daughter Mamie. Art and I spent most of our lives working on the Milwaukee Railroad. I attended his funeral at Toston but I did not learn of Mamie's passing until some time later as we were living in Illinois at that time. Naturally the name Doig has brought back many memories to me.

It would be a pleasure to meet up with you some time when you are in this vicinity as your letter mentions. I do not know what I might be able to tell you about homesteading, although I did see many come and go up to the early 20's.

My Dad filed on a homestead eight miles north/east of the town of Choteau in 1895, shorly after the Indian reservation had been shortened from the Sun Rivee to Birch Creek. That is where I was born nine years later.

You were asking about fish stories: I am a top hand at telling them.

Sincerely yours,

Vic Peterson

1815 N. Lexington
Tacoma, Wash. 98406
Sep't 13, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N. W.
Seattle, Wash. 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

It was a nice fall evening when I waded across the Missouri a few miles above Toston to meet up with my two fishing partners who awaited me on the opposite shore. As I left the water and climbed up the river bank the usual fisherman's pleasantries were exchanged. After conversing with them for a few minutes, the older of the two lifted the lid on my creel and examined the several nice trout nested inside in damp grass. He then took off his well worn staw hat, bowed, swooped the hat to near the ground, straightened up and said: 'Young man you are the first person I ever fished with on this river who caught more fish that I did'.

Coming from him this was a real compliment. His name was Dave Doig; the other man was his son-in-law Art Jersey.

To me your book This House of Sky was somewhat like reading a copy of the home town newspaper. Great. Come again.

Sincerely yours,

C. V. Peterson

17 Sept. '84

Dear Vic Peterson--

A very intriguing letter, about your memory of Dave Doig. It's particularly moving to me, as I spent a month in Scotland this summer; Dave was the first of the Doigs to come over to Montana, so to think of your encounter with the old patriarch is quite stirring to me.

You might be interested that I'm at work on a Montana trilogy; fiction, but in the vein of This House of Sky, I hope. The first one, English Creek, will be published in about a month. I'm at work now on one about Montana homesteaders. Is the homestead era of 1900-1920 in your range of lore, and if so, would you be game to talk to me about it sometime? I occasionally get to Tacoma, andmay come down later this fall to sign this new book in a store there. In any case, thanks greatly for writing, and I'm pleased House of Sky rang well with you.

all best wishes,

Montana Family

Motel Room Copy
Please Leave in Room

An Author's Tale With Life

By KATHLEEN JOHNSON
Staff Writer

A few weeks ago, a yellow-haired, blue-eyed, bespeckled man with a brilliant red beard came sauntering into the Missoulian newsroom.

He introduced himself as Ivan Doig, 39, free-lance writer from Seattle, former Montanan, on his way to a family reunion in Ringling.

Billings Gazette Photo

Annie Campbell Doig and Peter Scott Doig, grandparents of author Ivan Doig, settled on a homestead near Ringling in 1892. They were one of three families of Doigs to settle in the area of Ringling.

Which wasn't too unusual except for the fact that Life magazine, which will come to life again in mid-September, was going to be at that family reunion.

On top of that, Doig's book, "This House of Sky, Landscapes of a Western Mind," had just been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich to be released in September.

Oddly enough, "This House of Sky" is a non-fictional account of Doig's family, starting with the immigration of Jeannie and Donald Doig from Monikie, Scotland, to a homestead 20 miles south of Ringling in 1888.

Family.

It all pivoted on family.

A week later, Doig again visited the newsroom, full of matter-of-fact tales of being photographed for a possible cover of Life.

Some 160 members of the Doig clan met under the Big Sky at the homestead for a day of reminiscing, celebrating, eating, drinking, dancing and, of course, posing for photographs — 1,200 of them.

"It was a class reunion kind of thing rather than a family album. It was a feeling of 'This is where the family started out. We're all here now and not doing too badly'," Doig said.

Doig, the unofficial family historian, busied himself by taking a multitude of mental notes while the Life photographer, Brian Lanker, Eugene, Ore., repeatedly snapped the shutter.

It was the Doigs' first family reunion, a once-in-a-lifetime-affair that brought blood relatives together for a long look back, a steady gaze at the present and a glance into the future.

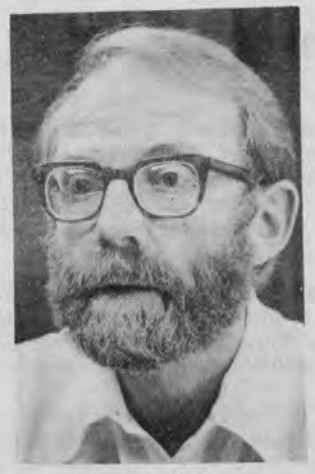
Life magazine is looking back, gazing around and glancing into the future, too.

According to Doig, the first issue of Life in the '30s featured a Montana cover story, Margaret Bourke-White's pictures of the Fort Peck Dam project.

It seems logical, he said, for Life to feature the Doig family reunion on the cover.

"The cover decision, of course, will be made by the Life editors in New York," Doig added.

He spent some time in New York, writing travel pieces for the New York Times, doing free-lance work for



Ivan Doig

McCall's and Parent's magazines and working on his text books, "News: Consumer's Guide" and "American Utopia Colonies."

The second-generation Scotsman received a B.A. degree in journalism from Northwestern University and a Ph.D. in frontier history from the University of Washington.

But these days, everything seems to come down to family for Doig.

The writer recalled a gift he had been given long ago as a boy drinking soda pop at his father's side in the taverns of Ringling.

It was the gift of knowledge, valuable lessons of life a Montana school boy can't read between the lines of a book.

Doig's mother had died when he was 6, leaving the boy's father to bring him up.

"He took care of me the only way he knew how — in the bars," Doig said.

"You get a great education when you're brought up in a bar," he added, smiling.

Doig's teachers were sheepherders and ranch hands, miscellaneous men with names like Mulligan John, Diamond Tony, Bow Tie Frenchy and Long John, among others.

Their gift was an appreciation of old-timers, a gentle understanding of family relationships, a unique childhood.

"I had a good upbringing, a singular upbringing. I spent much of my time alone, and much of my time with adults rather than children my age," said the soft-spoken man.

The men of the saloon are gone now, but their gift has stayed with Doig, imprinted in his heart and mind.

And being a compulsive writer, he has imprinted the gift on paper in "This House of Sky."

Doig insists his book is different from the hundreds of others by Western authors. "My book is unique not only because it is a first-person account of changes in the West," he said, "but because it is a story of my family."

Brian Lanker, a photographer for Life magazine, sets up his camera to photograph a family reunion of 160 descendants of the Doigs who came to homestead near Ringling.

The Entertainer
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That's LIFE

In fine family tradition, a reunion is celebrated and America's classic photojournal captures it

By KATHLEEN MERRYMAN
Billings Gazette

Ringling may be terminal, but the Doig family blew the breath of life into the dying little town, if only for one day. And **Life** will give it a taste of immortality.

Last Saturday, 160 members and friends of the Doig clan — descended from three sturdy Scots immigrants who homesteaded near Ringling 90 years ago — met for a classic American family reunion.

AND THE PHOTOJOURNALISTS from **Life**, the classic American family magazine, were there to record the event.

"It was a surprisingly mellow day," said Ivan Doig, free-lance writer from Seattle, Wash., and unofficial family historian. Counting friends and relations, the Doigs numbered 160 — four times Ringling's population of 40, or 42, "counting all the kids," as the bar owner explained to Ivan.

As the Doigs reviewed their origins, the staff of **Life** began to revive its tradition of keeping a pictorial record of America and Americans.

The product of the combined efforts should be made public by mid-September.

The **Life** reporter and photographers were all "stringers," called in to cover the event.

JAN MASON, THE REPORTER from the magazine that succumbed to financial pressure and stopped weekly publication in 1972, is an organized, calm, unobtrusive woman who wasted no time and got down to business. Her technique reflected the style of the magazine.

Rather than wander through the crowd of Doigs talking with people, she stayed close to the

called in to assist Lanker.

After Lanker shot, she moved into the crowd to get the background on the subjects. All in all, the photographer shot 1,200 frames.

When the magazine goes on the market again in September, this time as a monthly, it's likely that fewer than five of those pictures will be used.

THE EFFORT PUT INTO getting those few pictures was astounding, said Smith, who spent two days on the job.

On Friday he picked up 450 pounds of lighting equipment flown from **Life** Headquarters in New York City to Billings. He then hauled the nine boxes out to a quonset hut on Jay Doig's Ringling property.

Lanker and Smith worked from 10 a.m. to midnight Friday, rigging lights and setting up for the next day's shooting.

Ivan said Mason told him **Life** was planning to lead the issue with a story on reunions, and the Doigs would be the focus family. Based in Seattle, she had heard about the reunion from Ivan's wife.

It seems appropriate, as the family illustrates America's history from the era of Western expansion to the present.

"WE'VE SURVIVED A lot. Our grandparents survived the immigrant passage. Our parents survived childhood on the homesteads, and then losing the farms during the Depression. And now this generation has been able to go to college and follow careers. For us, the reunion was a day of celebration," Ivan said, chronicling his family's history.

Life photographer Brian Lanker prepares a portrait of the Doig clan.

Lifestyles

Reunion no easy task for Townsend rancher

By KEVIN GILES
IR Lifestyles Editor

For Ray Doig, a 51-year-old Townsend rancher, planning a family reunion for 160 relatives and 40 friends was no easy proposition.

"I wrote more letters than I've written in my whole life," he says.

IT WAS RAY WHO conceived the idea of bringing the Doig clan together at Walled Mountain, 30 miles southeast of Townsend at the boundary of Broadwater and Meagher counties.

He had visited an aunt last summer who had suggested "it would be really nice if we could get together sometime."

In January, Ray began sending out form letters to every Doig family he knew, asking their opinions on the date and location of the reunion.

Meanwhile, Life magazine was looking for family reunions to feature in its first monthly edition since the magazine's financial collapse in 1972.

A DOIG RELATIVE IN Seattle, Wash., suggested her family reunion. Ray consented to Life coverage.

"It turned out real well. It was sure a lot of picture takin', though," he says.

He believes the lure of national media coverage attracted some family members who had been hesitant about making the trip.

"It created some enthusiasm as far as some of the others went," he says.

Ray says about "seven or eight" Doig families live in the Helena-Townsend area. Other relatives are scattered across the United States to such an extent that "about two dozen" who showed up at the reunion were people Ray didn't know existed.

Ray says he couldn't begin to estimate how much money was spent by the 160 family members for food, travel and lodging, but he bets the sum would make anybody's pocketbook ache with fatigue.

"I KNOW I SPENT about $300," he says. "It gets expensive."

Although he spent a lot of evenings planning this year's extravanga, Ray says he would do it again.

"It was worthwhile, listening to some of the oldtimers talk," he says. "They talked to one another, but they wouldn't talk to the group."

That disappointed Ray, because he wanted the oldtimers to convey the history of the Doig family to the younger generations. He had a public address system ready to record the history of the Doigs.

"I had four to five cases of tapes there. I was really prepared. They just got stage fright," he says.

Ninety years ago, in 1888, Jeannie Doig and Donald, her husband of one week, left Monikie, Scotland, to board an immigrant ship bound for New York.

Monikie, Ivan said, is a crossroads settlement smaller even than Ringling and near Dundee. From New York they took a train to Townsend, and from there a stage to Whitsulphur Springs. Then, carrying all they had in the world, they set out on foot to cover the 40 miles to Ringling.

Jeannie and Donald began to raise a family and work their homestead 20 miles south of the tiny town. Then, two years later, Jeannie's brother David Doig arrived to homestead nearby.

In 1892 Ivan's grandfather, Peter, another of Jeannie's brother's, rounded out the Doig influx.

THE THREE SIBLINGS raised huge families and surprisingly, most of the children survived to adulthood, although one died in an influenza epidemic. Several of that generation did fall victim to farm accidents.

The economic debacle of the Depression drove the family from the land and scattered them across America. The second-generation Doigs, reared on the homesteads, built their families and fortunes across the continent.

It was Ray Doig, a rancher near Townsend, who decided to find out how they'd fared. Last summer he'd gone to a reunion of his wife's family and had such a good time that he decided to stage one for the Doigs.

In January, Ray began to take care of arrangements, contacting the family members by phone, collecting more names and setting up activities for the day.

HIS TWO COUSINS, Jay and Gordon Doig, both farmers near Ringling, agreed that the reunion should take place in the tiny town.

They arranged with the two cattle companies that now own the original homesteads to let them have the old farms for the day. And they provided transportation, in the form of two huge trucks, entertainment by a "three piece orchestra" and quonset huts in Ringling to use for the evening's activities.

Saturday morning the clan gathered, with David's descendants meeting in Townsend and Peter's in Ringling. By 11 a.m. they were massed in Ringling, where they set out on the 20-mile trip to the homesteads in a caravan of trucks.

Those who had come in cars piled onto grain trucks, for heavy rains had made the roads nearly impassable.

Once at the homestead they staged two picture-taking extravaganzas: one for the family, and one far more subtle for **Life**.

THEN THERE WAS THE requisite picnic.

"There were several tons of salad, pies, cakes, hot dogs, turkeys. Everyone brought food to the point where a 20-foot table was covered with it," Ivan said, adding that the only thing missing was the 100 pounds of prime rib that had been barbecuing all night. To the chef's chagrin it wasn't done by lunchtime and had to be reserved for dinner.

Late in the afternoon, and racing against the storm that had been threatening to break all day, the caravan headed back to the quonset huts in Ringling. There the conversation was of the small things.

"The conversations had lots of detail instead of dwelling on the overall family fortunes, which are, in the third generation, very good. There was lots of storytelling from the horseback and running board days," Ivan said.

"It was a terrific dancing family, and it wasn't unusual for them to drive 20 to 25 miles to go to a dance in Ringling. One of my father's brothers remembered coming in from the fields and shining his shoes with tallow and stove black before going to a dance."

APPROPRIATELY, THE reunion ended with a rousing dance: music provided by the three-man orchestra.

"Though some of the second-generation Doigs were apprehensive about the event, they all had a thriving good time," Ivan concluded.

In any event, America will be able to see for itself come September.

Largest-ever farm still to be built at Ringling

By MICHAEL CRATER
IR Staff Writer

When the Milwaukee Road left Ringling, it seemed the town's economy might collapse: the grain markets were suddenly too distant, the transportation costs too high.

But the Doig brothers were not dismayed. "We looked that much harder for markets," Gordon Doig said yesterday.

Doig and his brother Ray weren't content to look for a market; instead, they decided to create one.

The Doigs are building a fuel-alchohol distillery that will use all the barley they grow and much of their neighbors'.

The distillery will produce pure alchohol, which can be blended with nine parts gasoline to create gasahol.

This distillery is unique even outside of Ringling. The largest on-farm distillery in America, it will produce 2,000,000 gallons of anhydrous or water-free alcohol a year, using more than 800,000 bushels of barley. The distillery converts the barley's starch to sugar, then converts the sugar to alchohol, leaving behind a high-protein mash.

(More on STILL, page 10A)

Still (Continued from page 1A)

One unique aspect of the Doigs' plant is the dryer for the mash. While most distilleries discard the mash because it is too expensive to dry it, the Doig brothers will use excess heat from another part of the operation to dry the mash out. "It costs us absolutely nothing," Doig said.

Called "distiller-dried grain," the mash will be about 30 percent protein, and the Doigs plan to sell it to stockgrowers or pet-food manufacturers.

"The only thing you use up in the alchohol process is the starch, and that's the great thing about it—the world has too much starch in its diet anyhow. Some people would be really glad to get rid of that starch," Doig said.

"From an energy-efficiency standpoint this is a really good deal," Doig said, adding "we'll also help our neighbors because of the grain we'll be buying."

"We'll produce a little over half the grain it takes to feed the plant," he said, "and the rest will come from about 8,000 acres of cropland which is in the immediate vicinity."

Doig hopes to help his neighbors in other ways, too. The plant will employ about 12 people full time, and asked about the population of Ringling, Doig laughed and said "Thirteen. . . Oh, well, maybe about 40 or so."

"It's a pretty sizable boost to the local economy," Doig said, noting that about 45 trucks a week will come to haul out the products.

Adding alchohol is a cheap way to boost the octane rating of gasoline about three points, so gasahol is often sold as premium and can easily beat premium in price because the state gives a tax break to gasahol made with Montana-made alchohol.

Gasahol is not new to Montana. Many gas stations offer the renewable-energy product, although as Doig points out it generally costs five to eight cents more than unleaded. "But that's because they import the stuff from Bellingham, Wash. or Decatur, Ill. We will be able to sell the jobber (gas dealer, who will mix it with gasoline) the alchohol at a price that he'll be able to sell gasahol lower than the price of gasoline, and still give him a little added profit," Doig said.

Alchohol production is easy to understand. It starts with 2,900 bushels of barley, which are ground "about like flour" and put into one of five huge cooking tanks. Enzymes are added which turn the starch into sugar during the four-hour, 212-degree cooking. Then the mix is allowed to cool, and yeast is added. The yeast feeds on the sugar and yields up a "beer" that is about 3 percent alchohol. The beer is run through a set of stripping columns, which separate the water out; this yields a brew that's about 98 percent alchohol.

This brew is then put through a glass bead filter which separates out the last of the water and gives the pure alchohol.

The mash comes out of the stripping columns, and is dried with heat from the water that comes out of the filter. So nothing is wasted, no water is dumped out: "the only thing that leaves this plant is water vapor," Doig said.

Alcotech, the company formed by the Doigs, will spend about $1.5 million on the project, he said. The brothers "seriously started looking at distilleries about a year ago, and toured the majority of the existing facilities in the country."

An early problem was financing. The Doigs rejected government funding because "we're trying to maintain our independence. Before Reagan took office eeight others were in the works, but now they're gone by the wayside because they were depending on government."

So the Doigs got a loan from the Montana Production Credit Association to build the plant. They hope it will start producing its 250 gallons an hour by mid-August, and construction is proceeding apace.

It may just look like a collection of silos and a great big shed, but it's something new in Ringling—"The first new thing since the circus," Doig said.

Three killed on highways

A head-on collision on Interstate 94 Monday killed a Miles City man, and a one-vehicle crash near Lavina killed a North Dakota man and his son, the Highway Patrol reported.

The deaths raised Montana's 1981 traffic toll to 147, compared with 151 through June 30 last year.

Highway Patrolman Warren Schiffer said Wallace Milligan, 78, of Miles City, was killed in the headon collision 10 miles east of Miles City about 11 a.m. Monday. Schiffer said Wallace was in transition from a two-lane segment of I-94 to a four-lane segment, and in the process got into the wrong lane. The driver Thomas Finucane, 34, of Regina, Saskatchewan was hospitalized in Billings. Both men were alone in their cars.

Lawrence Schweitzer, 35, and his 13-year-old son, Lawrence Jr., both of Dickinson, N.D., were killed early Monday when their vehicle crashed near Lavina, the patrol reported.

The patrol said Schweitzer apparently fell asleep at the wheel, and the vehicle hit an embankment.

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Subdivision huge for a rural area

Meagher County residents', commissioners' reactions mixed

By GRANT SASEK
IR Staff Writer

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS — A real estate company that markets the dream of owning a piece of Montana is causing some nightmares in Meagher County.

Yellowstone Basin Properties, Inc., a subsidiary of Patten Development Company of Florida, plans to develop one of the largest subdivisions in the state on Grassy Mountain 23 miles southwest of White Sulphur Springs.

The proposal calls for scattering 162 lots over 5,300 acres near the top of Deep Creek Pass. Most of that property is in Meagher County with a small portion reaching into Broadwater County.

The lots will be marketed to families from other parts of the country with incomes of at least $70,000 annually who are looking for second homes, Jerome LaLonde, president of Yellowstone Basin Properties, said from his office in Bozeman.

The lots, which will be between 20 and 239 acres in size, will sell for between $35,000 and $200,000, LaLonde said.

Two Meagher County commissioners said county residents don't think much of the idea.

"I'm trying to keep an open mind about it," said commission chairman Jeff Doggett. "But the first reaction I've been hearing from people is, 'We don't want it.'"

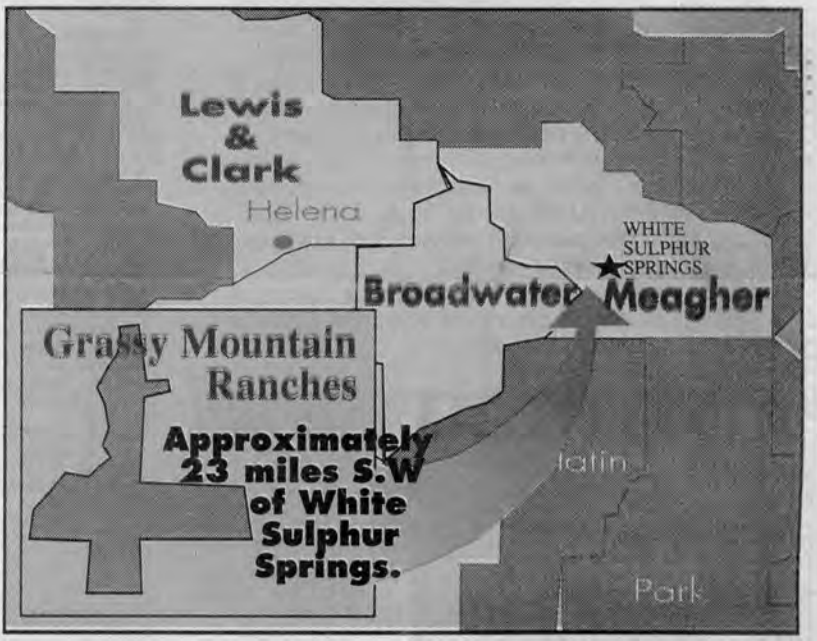
Commissioner Errol Galt has been hearing similar comments from his constituents.

"They're saying that we don't need this in Meagher County," Galt said. "But they're not saying why."

It sounds like folks in Meagher County had better adjust.

"It's against the law to use public opinion as the criteria for denying a subdivision," LaLonde said.

(More on Subdivide, page 8A)



Subdivide

Continued from Page 1A

Galt seemed to agree.

"It would be a stretch to say they couldn't do it," he said. "I don't know that we can do that."

LaLonde said the commissioners shouldn't want to do that anyway.

"This will do wonderful things for Meagher County," LaLonde said. "There will be seasonal residents paying taxes as if they were primary residents."

He said a lack of work in Meagher County ensures that the bulk of the property will be sold for second homes.

Lalonde sounded confident that he can find plenty of people wanting a piece of the action.

About 40 percent of his customers are from the West with the remainder scattered throughout the country, he said.

"We have a constant stream of people contacting us who are interested in Montana property," he said.

The company averages about 32,000 inquiries a year, he added.

The company currently is selling property in about a half dozen subdivisions scattered from Billings to Thompson Falls, LaLonde said.

The Grassy Mountain property currently operates as a dude ranch with some cattle grazing, LaLonde said.

He described most of the property as open, rolling hills with stands of trees in many of the draws.

Doggett described much of the property as "out there in the sagebrush."

"It's hard for me to envision," Doggett said. "Much of this area is on a God-forsaken, wind-blown ridge."

Public hearing Tuesday

Meagher County commissioners, members of the county planning board and representatives of Yellowstone Basin Properties will be at a public meeting Tuesday in White Sulphur Springs.

The meeting is at 1 p.m. at the City Hall.

Jerome LaLonde, president of the land company, said he will be at the meeting to "answer questions as best he can" and to try and convince residents and county officials that his idea is a good one.

The public also may offer comments during the meeting.

After considering the proposal and comments, the planning board will make a recommendation on the subdivision to the Meagher County Commission.

Site the scene of 'House of Sky'

Grassy Mountain, which may become a backdrop for a large subdivision, served as a different backdrop in earlier times.

In 1978, the area was the setting for Ivan Doig's first book, "This House of Sky."

That autobiography, which helped establish Doig as one of the West's great living writers, unfolds near the sometimes harsh, sometimes beautiful "Grassy."

The area Doig elegantly describes growing up in has changed since 1945, but not as much as it might in the next few years if Yellowstone Basin Properties develops its planned 162-lot subdivision.