

Jan. 2, '74 -- A cold snap; Carol swears she windburned her lips merely walking to and from the car. Mtns have been out in arctic glory the past two days. Weather has been clear the past 4-5 days. So glorious we made a mini holiday out of it:

-- On the 30th, went to Windjammer for late afternoon drink.

--On 31st, we shopped most of morning at Rec Eqpmnt, and the day was so stunning we went to Hindquarter near Leschi for lunch. Cold salmon plate while looking out at lake, Cascades, Rainier -- our idea of living well.

--New Year's Eve, went to ~~the~~ Millers. Bobbie and Lou Doughty were there until their kids had to go to bed; Jean Withers also there. Linda was wearing purple split skirt or gown, gift from her mother-in-law which looked swank. Talked about movies and internal KING-TV politics with Jean W., who was film major and worked as sec'y at KING. Clint has started a mustache.

--Y'day again stunningly clear, and about 10, after each doing some work at desk, we walked the waterfront, Ivar's to Pier 70, then back to Ivar's for lunch. Possible combination of daiquiris and champagne at Millers and the fish n chips at Ivar's, but I'm still recovering. Easy does it tonight when John and Jean come for supper.

Worked this morn on Half-Life ideas. Also did checking on Chevron Expo article, calling pair of Expo guys to read excerpts to them. The environmental guy, Mel Alter, didn't like my graf about the fouling of air, earth and water, so I concernedly took down his suggestion, then threw it away and left in original graf. Chevron ass't editor Helen Bignell reported she's sending the story to the compositor exactly as I gave it to her -- pretty slick work, if I do have to say so myself.

Much work to be done. Plan to work on Half-Life in the mornings, towards getting sample set of three incidents to send to editors, or maybe an agent. Don't expect to hear from Ed Cutler at Scribner's for couple of weeks yet, and I suppose odds are hefty against him wanting Matter of Facts. Anyway, lots of ideas are brewing; hope we can do sample table of contents for reporting anthology to Harcourt Brace this weekend.

Kelly barked steadily for couple of hours this morn; I went over to see Frank about it this evening, and whether or not I did any good about the barking, he gave me a

Jan. 2 cont. -- sample of the applesauce he was cooking. Damn the dogs; between Fowlers in front of us and Kelly behind us, I seem to be doomed.

Before playing handball this afternoon, drove to G'wood shopping area for this diary and yellow copy flimsies. Notebook paper like this costs nearly a penny a page now.

Carol worked at Shoreline all morn and some of afternoon. Classes begin tomorrow -- a Thursday. We've had fine time the last few days to ourselves. But overall, I come out of another holiday season again convinced Dec. is the worst possible month for a self-employed. Between relative and visiting and shopping and parties, the time goes, and unlike the rest of the world, there's no pay regardless of work or not.

Jan. 7 -- Cold bright weather has continued; about ten days of it now, a tremendous run of nice days. Frost is heaving the driveway, making garage door hard to open. Mountains stand out spectacularly, day after day.

Friday night, the 4th, we visited the Chamberlins. Bill is carrying incredible amount of work as Ph.D. candidate and TA with more than 100 students.

Marshall came for dinner last night; Ann still is in St. Louis.

Have been working on Half-Life, which continues to go slowly, at least the beginning. Carol read 1st few pages for me, said it's very fine, but I dunno. I rework the words almost like writing poetry; badly need a streak of days of 2-3-4 pages per day. Even worse, need feel of structure, style, and word choice going together all at once, as they did in the Chevron Expo piece and haven't ever since.

Sat. the 5th we worked on ideas for reporting antho, divvied up some library work. It looks okay -- at least we have set of good examples for 3d section of book.

Called G'ma on Sun., she said it's been about 30 below every morn since we left.

Y'day went to Ft. Lawton for 1st time; lovely large chunk of land, but it does need a lot of work to become a full-fledged park.

Jan. 8 -- Terrible scare today while playing handball. I hit Carol on the right eyebrow with a smash. Knowing how hard I had hit the ball and seeing her with her face in her hands, I screamed Oh Jesus and felt my stomach turn over. But she was all right; the ball had hit the top of her glasses and jammed them down onto her cheek, so she'd had only a glancing blow. Apparently she won't even get a bruise out of it. The devastation I felt, not knowing whether she had been hit in the eye or nose or mouth...

Jan. 11 -- Carol has the day off -- ML King's birthday. Y'day afternoon I began shaping sample table of contents for reporting antho, finished it this morn.

The 9th, I reviewed letters and notes from AF, wrote a bit about it. That night Frank and Linda Zoretich came for dinner, about 8:30. Frank, who was a crewcut kid when I last saw him in summer of '62, has a fierce dark beard and shank of long hair. Linda, a touch of Nebraska still in her voice, has just started as reporter for KTW. A good evening. The pair of them left their Rochester jobs last June, heading west to stop they knew not where. Got married as they passed through Linda's hometown of Lincoln, camped their way to here. Oddjobbing at first, they went to Kelly Girls, where Frank scored high on typing and went on to secretarial test, while Linda's typing left her on manual labor list. She has been part-time on P-I copy desk until KTW job opened up. Frank found us by reading News; said he'd had it in mind since seeing reviews, and when he got it from Seattle Public he found that we live here in Seattle. Rather a nice reunion -- not much time spent on auld lang syne.

It was snowing as the Z's left, and M y'day morn Carol walked to work. Last night we walked to Rodens, to talk about hiking plans at Rialto and the Hoh River this weekend. We plan a mighty dash in the face of the gas shortage -- fueling up at the last chance out there on Sat. so we'll have full tank to bring us home Sun. By all calculation, it should work.

Looking back at week's work: not as much written as I'd like -- there never is. But some progress on Half-Life, antho queries shaped up, a query to Bob Boynton about utopias antho and some thinking on that, office cleaned up a bit -- a reasonable week, perhaps.

Jan. 11 cont. -- If by the end of the month I can have the reporting and utopias queries done and the Half-Life samples in hand, I'll be satisfied with the month.

Jan. 14 -- So-so Monday after an odd, disappointing weekend. Carol had Fri off for ML King's birthday, so we'd planned to get away, Vancouver or somewhere. Then John and Jean came for supper one night, and Carol suggested we ought to do the holiday together, do some hiking. I was slightly disgruntled, because the evening of planning hemmed and hawed; John wanted some mtn hiking in which we wouldn't be backtracking our trail, Jean preferred the ocean. More planning another evening, then John remembered he had a much-needed dental apptmt, wiping out Fri. I said ok, we'd do it on Sat and Sun: go to LaPush, hike the beach on Sat afternoon and go up ~~the~~ the Hoh on Sun. Everybody happy. Sat. morn, very light skift of snow had fallen; Jean called just after six, impressed with dire weather forecast she'd heard for freezing rain. Weekend cancelled. Jean was embarrassed at wiping out our holiday weekend, as was John because of cutting into the Friday plans; Carol was chagrined for bringing it up with the Rodens in the 1st place; I was ticked at myself for not trying harder to talk Jean into braving the weather, as I was about 75% sure we could punch through the storm front and be into better weather on the coast (which turned out to be the exact weather picture). Electricity went off here about 10:30, so we went to Rodens' for lunch, and they came here for supper. Spent a day of talk with them, good fun, but weather was windy on Sun as well and I dropped into a bad funk, acute cabin fever. Sat. afternoon I worked off frustration by rejigging the stored stuff in the back room, but didn't feel like chores on Sun; read too much, watched Super Bowl, then we went to movie (The Sting; good) just to get out of the house, and I came home with tremendous headache. The lesson, I think, is that I'd better get out of the house more, even if the weather is foul.

An achievement: 3 of 4 queries about reporting antho went into mail this afternoon (Carol will get editor's name for the 4th tomorrow).

As for Half-Life: not much of a morning, still felt rocky. But in afternoon, edited and retyped baseball story. And tonight I intend to begin journal for the book.

Jan. 14 cont. -- Added 4 books to the household today, 2 each. Boynton sent me The Fem Image in Lit plus Hayden's book illustrating film-making with Marvel Comics frames.

The latter intrigues me, because I've read comics as art technique for years. Carol came home with 3d series of Writers at Work and Steinbeck's Journal of a Novel. The S book maybe can help; S wrote daily letter to his editor to get going each day. I've tried some of that by writing to Tom Holden (though purposely unsent) when I feel stuck.

Jean came home with Carol for lunch, and I think has put the weekend embarrassment aside. We told her and John that fretting on their part would only make it worse, which was true. I badly regret not getting to the coast, feeling the need to recharge in the outdoors, but lambasting the sweetest of friends isn't going to help.

Jan. 18 -- Much, much rain. None y'day, but 1st 2-3 days this week it poured, and is back at it again today. Flooding thruout the NW -- Stanwood, Yakima valley, much in Oregon.

Fair week of work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life. Started diary for it.

Last night Carol's former student Fred Leaf came, to keep in touch and to have her write him recommendations for law schools and Oxford. He's been at Stanford.

Wed. the 16th, I did sundry chores -- buying file folders, manila envelopes, picking up repaired shoes, haircut, lunch at Pike Place Market.

Steady work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, after mailing off Reporting queries on Mon. Probably the same next week, except for Wed. on utopias.

Recent reading: Marion Sanders' bio of Dorothy Thompson; Sylvia Ashton-Warner's Bell Call; Steinbeck's Journal of a Novel, and now piqued by that, his East of Eden. Had resolved to read less and think and write more, but it doesn't look like it. I know full well that if ever I turned in, say, a month of work I considered the best I could do, always in control and the words and ideas flowing and even earning some money, my next fret would be that it couldn't continue.

Jan. 22 -- To catch up:

--Sat. the 19th, Bill Keeburgh called from airport abt 10:30. His flight from SF had arrived at 3, and he'd fly to Fairbanks on a 2 p.m. flight. We drove down to have lunch with him. We thought we'd be pressed for time if we went to Ivar's, but seeing Bill a bit crestfallen when we said so, we went anyway and it worked out okay. Bill has been doing intriguing research: sea ice samples from Ice Island T-3 in the Arctic to study strength of ~~fracture~~ ice of different ages, and effects on Russell Fjord (near Malaspina Glacier), which is slowly being dammed by a glacier. Showed us snaps of his house, which looks grand. We renewed vows to get to Alaska, maybe summer of '75.

That night, Linda and Marsh, both travel ~~widow~~ widowers at the moment, came for stew supper.

Jean called Sat night and proposed hike on Whidbey the next day. We left at 7:30, went to Ebey's Landing. Snow squall when we arrived, but with immediate clearing and beautiful subtle lighting of Olympics by morning sun, making them look like the Dolomites in Carol's photos from near Cortina. A fine hike, marred only by couple sets of trail bikes, which John efficiently ran off. Saw bald eagle briefly; submarine near Point No Point; several freighters went past. Discovered with delight a new picnic area at far end of hike, tables overlooking the Sound and mountains. Likely will be a mixed blessing, tho, because it means more access to the hike. John recited much poetry, which he has fine facility for. I won inspiration of the day award when he was telling that at the Alamo is a plaque reading: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none." I said he ought to get a felt pen and write underneath: "Texans are too bowlegged to run."

Y'day I called Ed Cutler at Scribner's to ask about Matter of Facts, and found it'd been torpedoed by trade editors (see book diary). Brooded about that for awhile, salved the mood with lunch at Ribber. Worked on income tax awhile, wrote Bob Boynton about some details of How Can We. Our order from LL Bean began arriving, tried on my sundry shoes and pants.

Have been sewing on Carol's backpack, patching mouse holes in bottom, putting in new pocket for utensils, and now sewing padded sleeves onto the straps. The rig is looking ancient, but serviceable.

Jan. 22 cont. -- Have just read Richard O'Connor's very short book on Steinbeck. Had forgotten Steinbeck's fervid articles on Vietnam, and Mike McGrady's responses in Newsday.

Not really feeling broody this morn, but am mulling a bit. Wondering about the future of $\frac{1}{2}$ life, I suppose, hoping it is good and true and comes across to others. Had better try samples on friends soon.

Jan. 27 -- Wed. the 23d spent at UW library, researching Realms of Utopia. Spent 8 to 6 there -- Lisa R. photocopied for me for 2 hours -- and found and organized the material needed. Finding it hard not to be too sanguine about the proposal; feels like a comfortable, good idea. Spent the 24th putting ~~mt~~ material together, Friday the 25th writing prospectus and letter.

Night of 24th, went to Rep with John and Jean to see A Family and a Fortune, American premiere of adaptation of Ivy Compton-Burnett novel. Glacial pace, and incredible plot. Biff McGuire terrific as the brother, Dudley.

Night of ~~25th~~ 23d, Carol met me at Salmon House after my day in library, then we went back to campus to hear NBC correspondents -- Carl Stern, Roy Neal, Rebecca Bell, George Montgomery, David Burrington. Stern very impressive.

Saturday night, the 26th, saw Day of the Jackal. Both liked it, agreed the detectives steal the show, esp. Michael Lonsdale as Lebel.

Today, walked around Pioneer Square, lunched at Pier 70. In afternoon, I cleaned up back room. Y'day I planted some vegetables; back room now overflowing with pots and cartons. Also planted some beets, lettuce, spinach, peas outside as experiment.

Killing time at Pier 70 while waiting for Chowder House to open, wandered into Getchell Hill Boots shop, I saw pair of hiking boots I liked, marked down to \$37 (from 44) Tried them on, ended up putting \$5 down to hold them for a few days.

Jan. 30 -- Snowing lightly; ground turning white now. Two days of heavy wind before this.

Unsettled by learning friends' marriage is rocky. We knew they'd had tense moments, but not that it may be collapsing. I've speculated at times about odds of friends' marriages breaking up, simply because so far hardly any have and statistics have to work their consequences.

Have written on $\frac{1}{2}$ life this week; good the 1st 2 days, so-so today.

Vegetables began popping up today in back room pots -- a cabbage first of all.

Millers came for lunch today; Fran is taking gymnastics at Y near here. Clint has respectable mustache now, plus longer hair.

Letter from Scott Foresman journalism editor on Mon., asking for stix on journalism enrollments. We laugh about this, all the editors we've encountered (except Bob Boynton) knowing pitifully little about their fields.

Did a bunch of chores on Mon.: made lunch apptmt next week with Harriet Rice at Pac. Search, called Bill Oliver to prod him on list of adoptions for News (which he again faithfully promised), mailed utopia query to Boynton.

Finished East of Eden. Some good material, but a sprawl of a book.

Gave Millers sample of $\frac{1}{2}$ life for comment today, will pass others to Rodens and Marsh tomorrow.

Feb. 3 -- Neither Carol nor I feel really great today. She has about half a cold, and I just feel a bit blah.

Went to the Duells' in Everett last night to show the family our slides. Pete, Alice and the 3 daughters are going to Britain for 3 weeks in June. Everybody seemed to lap up the slides, including John and Jean who have seen them umpteen times. Carol got quite a dose of Dabby, Alice's 83-year-old mother; with fresh faces in the house, she trotted out all her old stories and recited poetry. I know it was great for Dabby, but I hate to see Carol stuck for a whole evening that way.

Friday night, went to Harvard Exit with John and Jean to see The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. All loved it; I thought it was better than the 1st time Carol and I saw it.

Feb. 3

~~Jan. 30~~ cont. -- Thurs. the 31st, we met Marsh at The Smugglers on Pier 70 for lunch. I picked up the hiking boots I'd bought at Getchel Hill Boots there. In the afternoon, Carol had a committee meeting, I did some work in Shoreline library. Sabbatical results came out the next day; Jean, Dave Daheim and Fred Olson all shut out, Ann McCartney got hers.

Did chores y'day; laundry in morning, sewing pads on Carol's pack in afternoon. Gas situation tight at the moment; I went looking while laundry was in, found a few cars lined up at Stubbs' station waiting for it to open at 9, I pulled in. Was the 3d car in line at a pump, but still it took about 20 minutes to get 10 gals.

Feb. 4 -- G'ma called last night with news she'd been in hospital two days last week. Felt heart trouble Wed. night, Florence McAfee took her to hospital. Says the EKGs were okay, show no damage, and she feels about the same as before. I wonder at the fright she must have when this happens -- this is the 2d or 3d time since her heart attack. She must fear she is dying when it happens, and how does it seize her, what flashes through her mind? Is she terrified of dying alone -- as the odds are that she will? She is both simpler and more complex than I can fathom, so there's no knowing about her, I suppose. But she endures, and that is a mighty triumph for her.

Both Carol and I mildly under the weather with semi-colds.

Recent reading: finished George Stewart's Storm. Now on Dodie Smith's I Capture the Castle -- a delight. At Duell's, our slide of Yeats' grave brought out a book of his poetry and John read The Second Coming. I've read it a couple of times today for the wonderful craft of it.

Feb. 5 -- Turning and turning in the widening gyre -- but with some exuberance, not despair. Boynton called tonight with enthusiasm for *Realms of Utopia* (see book diary). And Carol, Jean and I spent lunch hour at American Ass'n of Publishers show at University Tower, writing orders for freebie books. Nice.

Wrote this morn and then in late afternoon on sheep-herding. Not bad. The pages pile up, though they're so terribly far from final.

Some sunshine today, first in a long time. Lines at gas stations continue long.

Feb. 11 -- Getting far behind in these pages. Last Thurs., the 7th, had lunch at Pacific Search office with editor Harriet Rice and asst Editor Rebecca Earnest. HR wants articles from me, and I'll do a reprise of McGilvra and the timber question for her first. Friday the 8th, I did various chores, and rewrote old piece on keeping a notebook to send to Seattle Times. Sat-Sun., did the income tax. Hefty refund due because of sabbatical expenses.

Carol's virus today is worse than it was over the weekend, so she checked with a nurse-practitioner at Group Health. Tonight my throat is getting sore. Have a sinking feeling about the scheduled trip to the ocean with the Rodens this coming holiday weekend. Unless this virus lets up promptly, I don't know that I'm going to be fit.

Harriet Rice called today and asked me to lunch on Wed., when they have regular writers in for monthly feed.

Saturday noon, we went to Pike Place for lunch, then shopped at Eddie Bauer's. Carol bought new slacks and rain jacket, I got rain jacket and pants. Car battery dead when we started home, I bought a new one through the Campbells today.

Haven't been anywhere else or seen much of anyone because of Carol's virus. Jean did come for lunch today. Did I note that she didn't get her sabbatical? Nor did Fred Olsen or Dave Daheim; the Doig luck doesn't seem to rub off on friends.

Feb. 19 -- Back from holiday weekend, and from death. I look down at scraped hands and can feel bruises along my legs to the knees and raw skinned patches on my toes, and have a huge delight at being alive to feel anything at all. The story, from notes I took after the incident at Ellen Creek:

The morn of Sat. the 16th, we began hiking north from Rialto Beach with John and Jean Roden, intending to spend the day, perhaps go as far as Cape Johnson. Waves were huge, breaking as far out as the horizon sometimes. Up the beach, we found Ellen Creek much too wide ~~and deep~~ to jump, and the tide carrying water quite a ways back into it; high tide had been about 2 hrs earlier, but still much surf coming in. We crossed the creek on logs at the edge of the underbrush, but for a hundred yards or so the creek was running tight against the underbrush, with no clear bank to walk on. We log walked and scrambled, and about 50 yds from crossing point came to a spot with only the width of a log between the underbrush and the ten foot drop into the creek. John went ahead to try it, and to test the brushwhacking beyond. I waited at the end of the log and watched uneasily; I remember thinking that if he broke a leg, at least we weren't far from civilization. He finally made it through. I turned to Carol and Jean and said I didn't think they'd want to go this way, that it wasn't a route Carol and I would go if we were alone. So we waded the river a little ways back, then set out to wade it again after it made its right angle bend into the ocean, to join John on far side.

Surf would come in heavily every so often and flow far up into creek; we knew we'd have to time a crossing. I said I'd go first, then come back ~~for~~ to help them. John pointed us a route to a big stump on his bank, which I already had in mind. When the waves looked right, I plunged out. I made it through the deepest part of the creek, about waist deep, and was coming out with 8 or 10 feet to the stump when the tide surged in at least chest high and the undertow caught me.

This was 10:27; my watch stopped.

As I tried to dig in and plunge my way out of the surf, I knew instantly I was overwhelmed. I can't put the precise words to the thoughts then, but the feeling was that I was going to die, and it was a futile, stupid way to go.

Feb. 19 cont. -- As my mind pretty calmly dwelt on the feeling of dying, my body automatically was trying everything to get out. I remember this sequence: the undertow took me, sucking me viciously quite a way, then a wave broke on me and slammed me back up the gravel beach. I tried to dogpaddle, and the water simply rolled me over and over. Another undertow, and another wave rolling me in, which I tried to handle by body-surfing with spread arms. I simply was rolled over and over again. I was swallowing some water by now, and feeling terribly battered. No way of knowing how long this went on, but when one wave had washed me back in, I looked up to see John running toward me, his mouth open shouting, perhaps 40 or 50 yards away from me. Water came over me, and it seemed instantly he was at my left side, right arm across my back and under my armpit.

My sensation was that I could barely move in a three-pointed stumble, far too slow to survive the undertow and surf. I could feel John and see the stump, which we were headed for. We were ankle-deep in surf -- John remembers saying then "We've got it made now" -- when I could sense another set of waves coming from behind, and we were knocked flat again. It must have been then that my shoes at last floated off from around my neck, and John somehow caught them out of the surf.

We made it up out of the surf, beyond the stump, and Carol and Jean ran up from my right. They both came across when they saw I was in trouble, and must have luckily caught a lull in the surf. Jean remembers being neck deep at one point, and thinking she'd be swept out like me. John says he hadn't realized from his angle how much trouble I was in, and started for me only after he saw Carol head into the creek and surf to help me; he knew it would be disaster to get two of us in there.

That is the chronology: we dried out as best we could -- no wind or chill that day, and eventually a bit of sun came out -- and walked on up the beach to the Hole in the Wall, where we stopped for lunch.

Other points from notes and my thinking on it for the past 3 days:

--The incredibly intricate skein of luck involved. If John had been farther away ... if the sets of waves had been a bit stronger ... if I had panicked instead of struggling, or been knocked out by the pounding from

Feb. 19 cont. -- the surf ... If I hadn't crossed that creek a dozen times before and been sure I could again ...

Most of all, the incredible good fortune that John, the only one of our friends who could have saved me there, was ~~there~~ along with us. He has the size -- 6', 168 pounds -- strength, stamina, background of living with crisis in combat -- and entirely lacks fear.

--The irony that I got into the predicament by trying to be careful. The same fearlessness that made John save my life makes him a risk-taker on the trail, forever plunging off on some dubious route and going against any odds to keep from backtracking. I calmly made the decision that Carol and Jean would be safer by wading the creek than following him -- the wrongest I have ever been.

--I didn't think at the time to use the rope in my pack, but I believe now it was because the crossing area was too wide, with the tide surf sloshing in, for it to be put to use. But God, how much better off I would have been if I had been on a rope with John snubbing it on the stump.

--From my notes a few hours after it happened: I look at everything with sense of 2d life -- but also sense that the end may be surprisingly easy, fast, terrifying but calm in a way, not panicky. Felt I was in water for a long time, lost all thought of the other 3. Much aware of noise, but force was immense... Afterwards, chagrin & embarrassment of being caught in situation. No real shock, but stunned feeling at enormity of it.

Also from those notes: Resignation: this is the way it ends. Futile way to die. No sensation of life passing before my eyes, but terrible inevitability...

From Carol after she read the above: she remembers Jean crying, "My God, Ivan can't swim" when they 1st realized I was in trouble." Then after they started for me, she recalls saying to herself, "My God, I can't get to him, and he can't help himself." Then: "I can't make it either, but it really doesn't matter." She didn't see John until he got to me, then glanced around for Jean and saw her deep in water, but pulling herself out before Carol could start for her. Carol estimates it all lasted 3-4 min., and I was rolled over maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen times by the waves. She says looking back, the surf was about the biggest she's ever seen.

Feb. 19 cont. -- Have wondered how to sum up the weekend to friends like Millers and Nelsons, and it seems to come down to: "We had a great time, but on the other hand, I almost drowned." We saw much wildlife: two bald eagles above the hole in the wall when we stopped for lunch, elk as we left the Hoh campground Mon. Morn, otters at the Hoh, an ouzel, then on short hike at Dungeness spit on the way back a snowy owl and several kinds of ducks. Had some good hiking: went up the Hoh 5.2 miles to the 1st shelter on Sun., hiked a couple of hours on the spit on way home Mon. Spent 1st and 3d nights in tent (in rain), night of the accident in Forks Motel -- where I topped off the day by breaking kitchen window with pressure of my thumbs as I tried to close the balky sash, and cut myself near the wrist artery. This was a gas-short weekend. We filled tank at Pt. Angeles on way out, but apparently because car was so loaded ~~the gas ran back out~~ the gas ran back out the spout before tank was really full. We were down to about $\frac{1}{4}$ tank when we pulled into Pt. Angeles on way home; drove into the 1st station on western edge of town and got the very last of the day's pumping there.

Talked with Jean last night to get her memories on the accident. She said seeing me in the water was like watching a toy float away, I was picked up so simply by the surf. She sees the incident in 5 or 6 large flashes: among them, me being swept out, John running for me, me on hands and knees for instant before a wave fell on me, then the swirl of water turning her around until she was facing the beach and her thought that she had to give it everything she had to get out of there, make maybe 4 steps to the stump.

She and John talked about it at dinner last night, she said, and he remembers being alarmed when he saw how far out I was getting. He feared that if he had to swim with me, I'd be too strong and heavy out there. Said he later thought that he should have been shedding heavy clothes as he ran, because he came in for me with his field jacket and rain pants which came up to his chest.

Told Jean I'd pondered some way to thank John, to give him something, but knew that isn't the way he'd like it handled. She said yes, you can hardly even give him a birthday present. But who knows, she said, maybe he's secretly thrilled to have done what he did.

Feb. 19 cont. -- Final footnote on Ellen Creek: John got me and my shoes out of the surf okay, but struggled vainly for almost an hour to get a fire going to dry me out.

Feb. 25 -- An odd, chore-filled week which kept me busy but produced almost no writing. Hoped this week will be better, but woke this morning with what feels like start of raging cold.

Y'day and Sat. the 23d I tinkered with garden plot. Ann loaned me their loaned cultivator, and I tore up both the old raspberry patch and last summer's garden, with about $\frac{1}{2}$ again as much space added. As with a lot of machinery, the cultivator turned out to be probably more work than doing it by hand. Set out a couple of squash plants, which have been growing absurdly gawky in the back room, and planted a few more Welsh peas, which I see have been germinating in the garden.

Sat. night, went to the Millers. Clint is on jury duty, and still looking for another job. Seems truly fed up with Formost now. Linda talked us into a scrabble game, for the first time in eons. She kept glancing at the score and saying I was winning, so naturally I came in dead last. I think I been psyched.

Friday, a barking dog behind Fowlers woke us for 3d night in row, ~~xxx~~ so I called Roy Fowler, who angrily told me it wasn't their dog and go bother somebody else. Not wanting civil war in neighborhood, in the morn I went over and said if I'd wakened him unfairly I was sorry, but explained why I figured it was their dog. None of it calmed him down, and apparently the Fowler family will be in a sulk against us from now on, one of those silly pouts involving snubs at the mailbox and such.

Thurs. the 21st I spent at UW, searching for ill'ns for masts article at Oceans. Bob Monroe steered me to wonderful new Hester collection of waterfront photos, and as I was going through file cabinet, a passing student watched a moment, then opened the file next to me. Bob showed up, told ~~xxx~~ him they were a closed file he'd have to have permission on first. Kid argued, Bob closed argument by telling him, "Hey, don't be shitty about it." Later I dropped the McGilvra timber article at Pac. Search office. Harriet Rice was out for a moment, so Lucille Palmer began talking to me. She truly is a Lucille; Linda reminded me

Feb. 25 cont. -- the other night how many women writers of a similar type are named Lucille. Actually, I think she's a better writer than she herself thinks, but she takes many drafts, starting with longhand. Also frets a lot about whether what she's doing is "professional", apparently a nostrum left over from writers' conferences. She was amazed when I told her I cut and paste, because she'd heard a speaker say it's not professional. Anyway, she's nice but a bit too fretful. Surprised me when she said she had some of my S. Times clips on file.

When Harriet came, talked with her a bit about articles. Probably best bet is on Lewis and Clark, for a Columbia issue.

Gas situation has been getting worse. I waited in line about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hrs on Friday, Carol spent about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, both at Gov-Mart on Aurora. White Front across the st. from there has been worse, lines snaking from pumps on 130th back thru entire parking lot and out onto Aurora. Many stations are closed.

Current reading, Howard Teichmann's biog of George Kaufman. Excellent.

Oh, yes: late Fri afternoon, the 22d, Carol answered phone and it was editor at West calling about the reporting antho. Turned out to be hard, nosy questioner. Upshot is he's sending our proposal to Larry Schneider and somebody at Texas for response. I'm a bit queasy about getting involved with Larry on this, figuring it's the surest way to end a friendship, but we'll see. The editor sees the antho as a package to go with Larry's text; not sure how Larry will take to the idea, not sure how I would in his position. Will be surprised if Larry is able to move on his text because of teaching load, family, and all the things he gets involved in, and Elizabeth hinted in Xmas card that he's cooled on the idea. Think we'd better phone him promptly and see what he thinks.

Feb. 26 -- Forgot to add y'day: night of 20th, we were invited to dinner by Louise and Don Douglas. L teaches speechh at Shoreline, Don at the U. He wanted to talk to me about full-time writing; during evening it turned out he's published a lot more books than I have. Pleasant but pedantic fellow; felt as if I'd spent evening being lectured at.

Also, toe on right foot is slow healing from Ellen Creek accident. Finally improving the past few days.

March 1 -- Day of the Watergate 7 indictments. Now to see whether the hoods finagle the legal system with contention that all evidence is not in, because President Truthful won't yield it up. Both networks spent much time on story, with NBC's Carl Stern doing impressive job of showing how grand jury seems to be saying Nixon lied about Hunt payoff. Statements from White House and Gerald Ford about innocent until proven guilty -- awfully legalistically pious all of a sudden.

Saddled with cold and sore toe, so asked Carol to go to lunch at Pier 70 to get mind off myself. A success. We took day's mail with us, and she read the new lead I'd worked out for this week's $\frac{1}{2}$ life segment. She has hardly any grading at moment, and had hoped for some weekend hiking -- which I seem too crippled and nose-runny to do.

The aching toe: went to Group Health y'day for eye exam, and so had Nurse Practitioner McCloud take a look. She spent about 30 seconds, promptly putting me on penicillin tablets and telling me to soak toe in salt water. It's healing, but sometimes hurts like hell.

Spent y'day at UW library and doing chores such as Group Health and haircut. Got some Lewis and Clark books to work up query for Pac Search. Last night, weird evening with Jean and John. Rep theatre night, so we first went to show of Skagit Valley artists in Seattle Center Art Pavilion, expecting traditional barn scenes and so on which we all like. Art turned out to be ultra-vogue, and the crowd more so. Told Jean I felt like visitor from Edwardian England. Next, Rep production of The Seagull was leaden. Nina Foch as guest star wasn't much, young actors as Nina and Konstantin didn't click -- which meant 3 main characters failed. Beyond that, it simply seemed to me a play which doesn't work, in symbolism or main tenets. Overseas Guardian sent by Amy has good review of Jonathan Miller production at Greenwich, which makes me wonder how the play should be done.

March came in today with clammy weather, rain, and huge fat snowflakes for few minutes this afternoon.

March 6 -- Weather still an affront. Sun broke through about noon, we exulted that the weather was better, and by late afternoon it was snowing and thundering. Just a squall, and at least it's warmer than it has been.

Carol came home from first of her house-looking tonight, and is somewhat intrigued with place below the college. We'll both go back for a look tomorrow -- I wonder if we'll buy it?

Party caucuses last night, and at Ann Campbell's invite I went to Demo caucus for this precinct. Only 9 of us there, so I was glad I went. Did my bit, getting the caucus to add "and remove" to general party question about impeachment, and to support initiative 276 disclosure law. Karma Fowler came with Ann, and we were sweetness and light all evening, though I had to keep biting back impulse to ask Karma if Roy still is pouting at me over the dog incident.

Worst dog night of all last night. Finally got up about 3 and was able to find out where the dog was, because he's always moved around behind houses across the st. Turns out to be next door to Fowlers -- Schloredts? -- and I hope I know who to put the clamps on now.

Magazine work has been coming in. Harriet Rice called y'day to approve 2 ideas I suggested -- Vancouver's Stanley Park and Lewis and Clark as Columbia R. naturalists. Today called Chevron to see if they want anything on Vancouver; they don't, but Helen Bignell assigned me short piece on Pacific Science Center. Tonight I queried American West on Meagher piece; their issue with Metlakahtla article arrived on Monday.

Tired tonight, after little sleep last night and some trace of cold lingering on. To bed.

March 10 -- We've looked at the Daleys' house -- went on Fri., after Carol's prelim look on Thurs. -- and I think we're making up our minds to buy it. At least, I feel remarkably sanguine and confident about the prospect, which is not to say panic won't set in when it hits me how much money we'll be laying out. Anyway, the place has many features we like, including the forest out back and the roominess, as against some drawbacks such as being farther from stores, post office, etc. We'll talk to Marsh about how to look up zoning, road-widening plans, etc., and think we'll hire a house inspector to report for us.

March 10 cont. -- Has rained all weekend, stymying any plans to go to Skagit Bay or elsewhere. Intend to go out for lunch today to get out of house. Carol's cold is breaking up; she sounds awful, but says she feels okay. Mine isn't entirely gone yet either.

Bob Boynton called y'day lunchtime; see book diary entry. Would like to do the Utopias book -- think it's a psychological boost to do a book a year, whatever kind, as a sort of minimum -- and hope I can get something like the \$2500 advance I'm asking. Bob will take that figure into board meeting 1st week in April. If that's turned down, maybe I'll sign for less, to have the money for the summer and a definite contract to work on.

Beginning to feel there's a lot of work piling up ahead. If I can get into strong working fettle for a week or so, could clear up a lot of it.

March 12 -- Still in midst of Daly house affair, awaiting response from them. We made our offer y'day, and so did somebody else. Theirs is \$30,500 against our \$29,000, but we're offering mortgage assumption and cash against their refinancing. They were to put their new offer into writing this afternoon for Dalys, and we figure to go to \$30,000 -- phone just rang, the real estate agent saying the Dalys are both off on business meetings tonight and it'll likely be tomorrow before she catches them -- back to catching up: we figure to go to \$30,000 once that happens. Both feel steady about what we've done so far, and I'm convinced we should try hard for the house, as another one is bound to cost more and not have the land.

No writing this week with the house affair, but sent pics to Oceans y'day, wrote business letters for trip to Vancouver, today wrote Bob Boynton and sent him New Yorker cartoons for book illustration.

March 13 -- We seem to have bought a house. Mrs. Brown came at 3 with earnest money agreement revised by Dalys to read \$30,000. We pondered a few minutes, having hoped to negotiate some of the appliances into that price, but then signed. Tomorrow morn I go inspect the place with a hired inspector.

Feelings: neither of us especially elated, but we are contented, I think. It may be good that the house has some disquieting oddities; we're ~~xxx~~ under no illusions we're getting the perfect dream house. Decision feels right to both of us, even feels firmer the further we go.

Earlier, went to the monthly Pac. Search edit meeting. Sat next to Mary Daheim, which brightened the meeting considerably. Assessments so far: Mary, Rocky Sorensen and I are the pros, the brightest writers; Russ Mohny is good and prolific, but not quite as craftsmanlike; Ann Saling gets bogged in things like transcribing all the tapes of all her interviews.

March 18 -- Some catching up, though not fully:

Night of ~~Friday~~ the 16th, Dalys invited us over to look at house; measured the study and poked around. Agreed to buy stove and refrig for \$425.

Night before, the 15th, went to dinner at Salmon House and then to "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" at Harvard Exit. Uneven but good movie; Martin Balsam terrific in last 1/3.

Last night, Millers came to be driven by the house, stayed for chicken supper.

Sun shined today, inspiring us to walk around Green Lake, then lunch at Eggs Inc. I sorted clippings and worked on files most of day.

March 21 -- Y'day was a trek among bush leaguers. Began when pr gal Carol Atkins stood me up at Pac. Science Center; nowhere to be found, despite appointment. Went to Pac Search ~~x~~ to drop short Expo piece, Rebecca E. tells me the McGilvra piece must be cut by about a third. Ask her if I'm to assume Harriet means 2000 words when she tells me 3000, R is much surprised I was told that. I cut 500 words, but anything beyond that is dire because of story structure. Will check on it after we get back from Vancouver, when Harriet is back in the office.

Chevron issue came with my Expo piece. Pretty.

March 24 -- Packing for Vancouver tonight. Today was sunny, so we drove to Skagit wildfowl area. Saw the wonderful snow geese winging their dramatic lines abreast, though noticeably fewer geese than in previous years. Also a couple of hawks, countless redwinged blackbirds preening on perches, a blue heron seen at the closest range ever. Ate lunch at end of finger dike south into Skagit Bay, watching the geese and a dozen canoeists bright in flotation jackets. Drove into LaConnor, prowled an antique store or two, had good coffee and excellent sherry cake at The Courtyard cafe. Smelt were running in Swinomish channel, and the docks were lined with fishermen pulling out the tiny fish with rod and reel. Came home, I washed the car and cleaned out the inside.

Friday the 22nd, both went to the U District, where I left my typewriter for cleaning and we bought three books in bargain book loft. Had lunch at Skipper's Grotto on Portage Bay, a good plain place we've enjoyed before.

Both Thurs and Fri, I worked on Jick, and worked hard and well. Have much of it roughed out, though 2nd act needs much dialogue written yet. 1st scene startled me at how well it reads.

Y'day, I did laundry, we walked around Green Lake, and I read. Currently on Stephen Birmingham's bio of John Marquand, which is so-so. Marquand sounds like someone I'd like to kick in the shins.

Friday night, John and Jean came for dinner. John seems to envy my planned fix-up trip to Montana; wish he could go and I could stay home. Not really true, because I do want to spend some time with G'ma and interview some folks. Not sure if I made the entry last week that she had another heart spell, an uncomfortable night which she called Wally to spend with her. She'd cleaned the house that day, and likely it was too much for her. Seemed to recover as ~~prompt~~ promptly as usual, but I fear this won't go on much longer, maybe no more than a matter of months.

March 31 -- A too short entry, but about all I can afford on a day when I'm busily clearing the decks for coming week.

Went to Vancouver on Mon. the 25th, on combined vacation and Stanley Park magazine assignment. Came back on Thurs. the 28th. Friday Carol prepared for coming quarter and went to college, I did chores such as calling editors, taking Pepys' Navy back to public library so it could get on its way to Oceans magazine, and collecting typewriter from repairman who was late in cleaning it. Hectic day which had me mumbling. Y'day it rained all day, tidied back room and read. Today dawned nice, we walked couple of hours in arboretum, had coffee at Continental Cafe on the Ave., both worked away at the desk this afternoon. I've gathered magazines to be given to Shoreline, will clip papers in a bit.

Over coffee we talked about future travel plans -- Fla. at Christmas, or can we afford? New Mexico next spring? -- and things to be done on new house.

Had unusual surprising news that mistake was made by Dalys in describing the mortgage: it's not $6\frac{1}{4}$, but $5\frac{1}{4}$.

Vancouver summary: much rain, but Wed. was nice and we walked most of the seawall, then spent some time in zoo. I talked with Terri Smith, the pr gal; Ernest Pitt, grnds and mtnce chief, and Alan DeBue, regional parks director; biggest coup was talking my way into Sun morgue, which takes managing editor's permission. Our room in the Sylvia was great -- biggest on the top floor, 4 windows facing English Bay, where up to 14 freighters were anchored. Good food: one lunch at Ferguson Pt. tea house, a dinner at Schnitzel Haus, an even better dinner at Oreste's (Terri Smith told us about), and good but odd seafood at The Other near Gastown, a seedy lunch counter place. Enjoy Vancouver's site and sights, but traffic there drives us nuts, and both feel unease about the high-rise sprawl. A good trip, tho.

April 1 -- Spent most of day on Stanley Park piece, which is tending toward an intriguing (to me) semi-somber tone, the loveliness of the park interspersed with the problems of keeping it alive and well. I suppose the combo of Pacific Search and this energy crisis year have brought me back to intense feelings about environment.

Also called a flooring firm and arranged to get an estimate on Fri for flooring kitchen and dining room of new house. And we told Ann Campbell we'll be moving. She was pleasant as ever, seemed happy for us being homeowners.

Jean came home with Carol for lunch, I asked her if it's ok to invite John to drive to Montana with me in May. She says it is; doubtful he can find the time to do it, but it'd be fun to have him along.

Nelsons came for a drink last night. Marsh had been home all weekend, they both seemed relaxed. Ann is talking about writing -- maybe a Redbook piece, maybe the pair of them will do a libel handbook. A good sign, I hope.

Carol has been a ball of fire the past few days, full energy back now and maybe the house prospect pumping some adrenalin too. She was highly satisfied with this 1st day's classes, still is working this evening.

Should note that a lot of the time now I'm virtually a walking ad for LL Bean. Have been wearing cords and shoes ordered from there, and sometimes a chamois shirt. Like the stuff a lot -- comfortable and finally warm enough for this chilly house.

April 8 -- Glum day; allergy or biorhythm or something has me feeling tentative and logey. Some work on writing notebooks, but not much.

Quick catch-up: Fred and Rosemary Olsen came for dinner Sat. the 6th, we talked about their possible trip to Ireland this summer. Night before we went to Blazing Saddles with Linda and Clint. I spent the week on Stanley Park article and on mailing out Matter of Facts again. Did all the work I wanted for the week, but am depressed at sloppy start to this week. Want to get rolling on $\frac{1}{2}$ life. Nearly forgot: Thurs. the 4th, went with John and Jean to excellent Rep production of The skin of our teeth.

April 16 -- Sent off the poem The Fireworker to Yankee today, first tinkering with poetry in a long while. Also queried the magazine about piece on 1876 centennial.

Have been working on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, hoping to get sample into mail by time I go to Montana in May.

Sat. we did some shopping for the house, looking at stained glass and floor covering. Sunday night invited to dinner at Zoretiches. Drank wine on their back porch, watching sun set over Olympics.

Good weather last weekend for 1st time in eons. We walked marshland trail at arboretum, Shilshole Bay, had lunch at Pier 70 on Sat.

Invite came to Governor's Writers Day on the 28th. Pondered a bit, tonight filled in to say we'll come.

April 20 -- Not a bad week for work. Did considerable on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, redid old piece on Wellington avalanche into piece for Pacific Search, queried Yankee, and we managed some house chores besides.

Our annvsy on Wed. Carol gave me pair of Sunset do-it-yourself books. Already planning an idea or two from 'em. Last night, went to Le Provencal in Kirkland for celebration of 9 yrs.

Played handball one day, walked around Green Lake another. Still a cold spring.

Today, we look at doors for new house, to replace the antiques the Dalys will take with them.

Slowly -- or maybe not so slowly, in fact -- we're putting together ideas for house. A good feeling from making decisions with Carol; it reminds me that we're pretty damn good at it.

April 22 -- Catching up: Fri night the 19th, we went to Le Provencal in Kirkland for annvry dinner. Sat., looked some more for doors; hard to find quality work. That night, went to the Movie House with John and Jean to see I.F. Stone's Weekly. Theater was jammed, the movie is a runaway hit here. We'd had Carol's stew beforehand. John surprised us all by killing lobby time doing pushups, amid curious crowd.

Sunday, I wrote Sid and Harriet Rice proposition letter about trying for Bicentennial funds to publish book, read papers, slept. Slept a lot during the weekend.

April 22 cont. -- Current reading: today began on Carol's instructor's copy of Donald Hall's Writing Well, which I'm using to stir thinking about $\frac{1}{2}$ life. Have been idling through Terry Coleman's Going to America, which is good. Read Airport after Carol did in Vancouver; awful writing, but I stuck it out for curiosity's sake.

Ann now has the back yard cleaned, clipped, trimmed; looks like a fine small park again. Frank Headrick was out this afternoon with air rifle to scare crows away from the huge garden he and Isabel have planted.

Today after lunch, Carol and I went down to architectural supply firm which advertises premium doors, found they cost \$250, gave up on that. Did find there that we might put fiberglass in bathroom instead of stained glass, much cheaper. We're willing to spend \$300 or so for stained glass but so far we're not thrilled with the traditional designs, and haven't seen many modern designs.

April 25 -- C and I went to Seattle Times just before lunch. Larry Anderson called y'day, asked if they could photo some of my notebook to illustrate my article. Talked with Larry awhile, then with Cliff Howe on our way thru newsroom. Had lunch at Ivar's and lamented how dull the Times is.

On way home, looked at door locks.

Good letter from Mark Wyman today, along with reprint of WHQ article by him.

Milestone: the first \$10 tank of gas of our lives today. 20 gals. at 50¢ at Gov-Mart.

Tues. night (23d) went to Sand Point with John and Jean to see Travels with my Aunt at base theatre; focus and sound so bad we left. Told them I felt better now about having taken them to fiasco of Skagit Valley artists' show.

Carol very busy, many papers to grade; she goes to E'burg tomorrow to jlsn profs conference.

April 29 -- Mitchell and Stans acquitted, Nixon on the tube with stack of transcripts: cruel gruel, citizens.

Ah, well, to yesterday: early afternoon, we went to Olympia for Gov's Writers' Day shindig in state library. Mob scene, 3-400 people there. Mostly managed only to talk to few people we knew -- Allan May of Ev. Herald, Larry Rumley of S. Times. Spotted Enos Bradner and introduced ourselves as Frank Headrick's neighbors. Enos and Frank look uncannily alike.

Evans was good and light in presenting awards. Best acceptance maybe was Steve Raymond's; winning for The Year of the Angler, he said he was especially pleased because it was the 1st time in years the awards day hadn't come on 1st day of fishing season.

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Drove back to Seattle and got on ferry for Bainbridge -- the Walla Walla, our 1st time on super ferry, and we were impressed. Pacific Search party was thrown by Alec and Liz Fisker at their enormous summer home at Reconstruction Point. Talked with: Mike and Fred Hayes, couple who sailed over on gorgeous blue Swedish sailboat; Bill and Marjorie Holmes (Bill runs the Burke Museum, knowledgeable in Indian art); Jerry Henderson of the Pacific Search board; Bob Hitchman and wife (H is having scale model of the Beaver built, at open end price tag; one model done by his builder cost \$44,000); Ruth Kirk and Richard Daugherty (about their book on Cape Alava dig, and Kirks film on same which was shown. Film needs editing by about 1/3, Ruth very stiff on camera; the Alava dig itself is the star, colossal in detail it's yielding up.). Big party, maybe 60 or so couples. Called Herb Belanger at S. Times today, discovered he'd been at the party too and we didn't even see each other. Carol commented it's fun once in awhile to meet people with so much money they don't have to put on airs. We agreed it's something neither of us wants to do every weekend.

Good day today, work on Jick seemed strong and I've felt good. We walked around Green Lake this afternoon. Carol still in busy schedule, with much grading ahead. Told her about all we can hope for is to endure till about July 4. She came back from E'burg fired up with stimulation of meeting and talking with people there; among them Pete Steffens of Western, Lincoln's son?

April 30 -- Wrote couple more pages of Jick today, not as good as y'day. Trouble writing man-woman scenes; reflects my background, I suppose. Can do fairly well on bunkhouse scenes, swapping action and lingo around among several characters, but one against one is tough. 1st act is thoroughly roughed out, the second needs a Mike-Marie scene, fleshing out of breakfast table scene and bunkhouse argument, and needs fight scene and final between Mike and Marie.

H Rice called today, to see if I expected to come to mo'lly lunch tomorrow or next week, confusion on her own calendar. Told her next week was what I expected, but I'll be in Montana. Said she liked the Stanley Park piece, put it into the works. Especially liked some of sidelight material I marked as possible cut; dunno if that ploy of mine for longer peice will work or not.

Leftover note from annvy 2 weeks ago: with the pair of do-it-yourself books she gave me, Carol included note:

"To my husband, the emerging homeowner. Raise high the roof beams, editor. With love ... and assistance."

Lovely lady she is.

May 4 -- Boat Day, and lovely. Went with Linda~~m~~ and Clint per tradition. ~~Many~~ Several~~h~~ steam boats this year, tremendous symphony of whistles. Cheered the dredge W.T. Preston as it went through. Oddity of the day was Goerring's yacht, Groote Beer, bought by (I think) steak house king Stuart Anderson.

Migod, how times change: NBC News tonight reported on W.R. Hearst Jr. turning against Nixon -- and identified him as the uncle of Patricia Hearst.

Much socializing recently. Thurs. night, the 2nd, Don Wells of WSU comctns dept came over after visit to Shoreline. Took him for drinks at Windjammer, then back here for supper. Nice guy, very likeable, but with anecdotal style which tells you every least detail. Next night, March came for supper, then we went to The Apple War at Harvard Exit, splendid and funny.

Spent Thurs. at UW, researching for Lewis and Clark piece and some sundries. Fri morn, front tooth felt dubious and I went to Group Health to have it looked at. Dentist recommends capping it, which I guess I'll have to succumb to. This morn, went next door to see if Frank will carpenter a study door for us; he said he'll see if his son can do it.

May 4 cont. -- Mon. morn I leave for Montana. John R. says he's going with me, which mildly surprises me. Should be considerable fun to have him along.

A first tonight: the first nut call about our News book. From Gene Brewer, dentist in Bloomington, Indiana; said he was libelled by a newspaper, and wanted me to look over the story to evaluate it. Asked him why he wasn't suing for libel, he said Oh he is, then ranted against Rosenbloom decision for awhile, saying "Ramsey" (Ramsey Clark) was right about it. He didn't sound drunk, but was nearly a non-stop talker. Said he's been forced to quit dentistry because of the story. Finally told him I didn't see what use I could be and I can't spare the time, and broke off the weird monologue. Told Carol it was a shame she hadn't picked up the phone; she claims it was my turn anyway because she's ~~late~~ had the last couple of weird phone calls from editors.

May 8 -- WSS: arrived in Helena y'day about 11. Fairly long hard drive by myself; eyes tired out pretty badly. Made a bad choice of motel in Missoula and was kept awake by train whistles, comings and goings on Motel stairs.

Countryside lovely around Missoula, green and pleasant.

Today, we see about paneling G'ma's living room.

Last night, phone rang, somebody asked for me. G'ma joked, "How'd you know he was here?", thinking it was Ken Twichel. There was the puzzled reply: "I'm calling from New York." It was Bob Boynton, to tell me the Utopias contract has come through and will be on its way. The dubious news he had is that Streets galleys are being handled by Vijay somebody, an Indian, who Bob says isn't much of a proofreader.

Feel better this morn after rocky stomach the past day or so.

May 11 -- After many a twist and turn, G'ma's living room is paneled. Took us about 2 days total -- 12-14 hr. days. Job went no worse than I expected, maybe even better, although bad light and cramped space were constant problems. Our job looks surprisingly good, including the chimney which took a lot of work to fit. Most of the room is crooked; the house record is the NE corner, where the piece of paneling is about 8 inches wide at the bottom and 11 inches at the top.

Weather has been cool and chilly. About 32-36 each morning. It was raw 46 when I arrived in Helena on the 7th. The 8th was fairly warm and pleasant, tho.

Visiting so far: Marion has come 2-3 times (Debbie briefly hospitalized with hyperventilation or something); Florence McAfee; Dan and Wally. Isabel Smith loaned me nail gun and caulking gun when I bought supplies there; her clerk Mary Berg is very savvy, and also the prettiest girl I've ever seen in this town. (I wearing stupid coveralls.)

May 11 -- While G'ma was at Senior Citizens card party last night, I taped Cliff Shearer, asking about him and Dad. Before I started, Cliff talked about his trip to Alaska last summer, 2½ month drive in his camper. Said he drove to the end of every road in Alaska. Various surprises; for one, the road country is easy and level -- "y' can drive all the way up there without ever shiftin' gears." For another, Cliff couldn't find Bull Durham all thru BC and Alaska -- people hadn't even heard of it. As a roll-it-himself man, Cliff found that whenever he'd talk with someone, they'd watch him and want to try it -- which meant with his Bull, very hard on the supply. Said he took a carton with him, and was hard pressed to make it last, what with the amateurs borrowing his fixings to try their own hand at it.

Cliff especially liked the fishing town of Homer, where Bob Haines of WSS works.

--Cliff and Marie's house: it's the old Anderson place (I think he said Anderson was Virginia Schye's grandfather). Lloyd Sedgwick bought it when an estate was settled, it was standing vacant when Shearers needed a place in town when Cliff has some heart trouble. Sedge offered it to them rent-free, they went up for a look and were astounded to find house in good shape with original wallpaper and all (house was built in 1886). Cliff bought it in 1946. He showed me around. It's an 8 room house. Downstairs, 11-foot ceilings, trim around top with about a 12-in painted strip between. Fireplaces with carved woodem mantles, fine tiles. Two-inch solid oak doors. Parlor, which they use as living room, has original gold wallpaper. Stained glass windows. What looks like oak trim everywhere. Downstairs rooms are parlor, living room, dining room, and rambling kitchen which has a bath and two pantries off it. Abutting ~~xxx~~ is fuel shed with servant's room above it. Four bedrooms upstairs, the west-facing rooms with hexagonal ceilings because pointed turrets sit atop them. Off the SW bedroom (Cliff's) is snug little porch which looks west across town to mountains -- and over to the Castle, companion piece on another hill.

May 12 -- Sunday, day of rest from revamping the house. Except for fixing asbestos sheets behind the trash burner this morn so G'ma will have at least one stove -- the electric stove a casualty of moving for y'day's linoleum laying

To catch up on y'day: began painting the kitchen yellow, then laid new linoleum. Painting started off as a disaster as paint failed to cover the old green. But as paint thickened in roller pan, it did the job in one coat. The linoleum, we took out on the front lawn and cut, and it fit neatly.

Today: we drove to Burt~~4~~ Ranch this morn. I stopped and took photos of countryside often along the way. Saw antelope, many hawks, herd of cattle being trailed near Roger Hanson place. The Burt ranch, now called the Manger ranch, is incredibly junky -- auto carcasses, rundown sheds. Told G'ma, looking it over, it near sickens me to see how the Mangers, with all their money, run the ranch, compared with how Dad would have done in their stead.

This afternoon, drove to Sixteen, then to Jim Keiths'. (Flat tire a mile or so out of Sixteen, which kept me on needles wondering if we'd get back over the rocky road to the highway without a 2d flat.) Had tried without luck to call Jim this morn, and when we dropped in both he and Flossie were asleep. Bad start for interview plans, as JB sat around groggily, but after ten minutes or so I asked him if he'd answer questions for me, he perked up and said let's have some coffee. Moved into kitchen, G'ma adroitly got Flossie into living room where they could visit without bothering us. Jim talked and talked, as tape shows. Mystifying guy, fairly bright and well read and sort of a dope in a lot of ways. Anyway, very useful tape session. And now, it's snowing -- been coming down thick for 2 hrs.

May 14 -- 26 above this morn. About 6" of heavy wet snow fell Sun. night, and spatters all day y'day. Some much-needed moisture for this country.

Am typing this on tv tray in G'ma's living room, cheek by jowl with Capt. Kangaroo on tv because best light in living room is here.

Y'day we finished painting kitchen, which turned out to be long, fairly grueling job. G'ma's stove is on the blink, ever since we moved it to lay linoleum. Ray Thrums is to come by to fix it this morn. Florence McAfee invited us to supper last night. Her four sons: Smokey has been accepted at West Point, is justifiably very proud and very bragging. Pat, the next, is personable and probably the cleverest. Bart, a freshman, is showoffy. Jud is maybe the quietest and most pleasant. After supper, I went in living room where Pat pulled down his pants and dressed gay gory left knee he'd massacred in motorcycle accident a few days ago. He and others began showing me their tape cassettes. They have them the way I used to have books -- Smokey has 40-some, Pat 30-odd. The kids have penchant for showing off things -- Pat pointing out their 4H ribbons on wall, Smokey digging out his West Point correspondence. Jud, likely too young to have tapes etc., showed me his ropes (he's supposed to be a crack roper already) so as not to feel left out. All the showing rankles me a bit, yet it's done in a natural way not really meant to offend. Maybe the boys are acting out what has been an Old McAfee family trait, love of a good story or posturing over accomplishment. I doubt that the boys would be different had Tuck lived, and G'ma says they'd be worse. Anyway, they'll grow up, survive, one or two might prosper; quite a task for Florence, who does house work, has a city job in afternoons besides and tries to raise them.

more

May 18th cont. -- After supper at McAfees, I went to tape Pete McCabe, who ran the Stockman Bar when Dad was a regular there. Hadn't seen Pete for many years, still had in mind how he looked then, and was shocked to see how old he looks. Mrs. McCabe is pleasant. She remembers that I was a boy who was usually alone, and that Dad and I were close.

Forgot to note that Bernie Lucas came for supper Sat. night, the 11th. Interesting kid. I must be getting old, because I notice how Bernie and the McAfees need seasoning, but Bernie is fairly impressive. Thinks he wants to become a conductor. I can't tell whether he has the single-mindedness to do it, or whether his extensive family ties and the family money will be hindrance or help, but he probably will be successful in some phase of music. Remarkable friendship between G'ma and all the Lucases, but especially Bernie. He ~~likes~~ likes to sit and gossip with G'ma, is very like me at his age in either having no interest in girls or having such a streak of shyness he can't approach them. But he does have the courage of the brain, the courage to want to try music as a life, to prefer horses to tractors, to be a bit of an effete in this rough-edge country. The other night was surely the only time a house such as this one has heard the word "chromatically" spoken, for instance as Bernie talked about music. How much credit Marion and Chuck deserve I don't know -- probably a lot -- but Bernie is an odd soul out here. And there's no sense denying that I'm interested in him because I was one, too.

Details of McAfee kids' cassette collections: much soft rock, hard rock, country. Carole King, Concert for Bangladesh, Cahrlay Rich, Charley Pride, Helen Reddy, the Byrds, the Carpenters, 3 Dog Night. They have a tape player in their pickup.

May 14, afternoon -- Just back from taping Dick Allred. Ken Twichel had said Dick is quite a story teller, but I had only so-so luck with him. He's big-bellied now, going blind in one eye. He remembered what everyone else does, that I had bright red hair.

List of projects done at G'ma's:

- paneled the living room
- new linoleum on back porch and in kitchen
- sink cupboards covered with linoleum
- chrome lino binding put down on door sills
- painted kitchen honeydew yellow
- fixed catch on bathroom door
- new guards on bottom of kitchen chairs
- asbestos sheeting fitted around kitchen stove-pipe
- new molding around bottom of paneling

May 17, morning in Lamplighter Motel in Coeur d'Alene -- Waiting to go to Expo when gates open at 10. Catching up:

--Night of May 14, Wally invited us to dinner at Mr. Ed's outside Townsend. So we drove 40 miles over, 40 miles back. Emma (something nee Doig) and her 4 youngest kids (of 6) were with Wally. Emma, who I guess is my second cousin, is pleasant, and the kids behave beautifully. She has the Doig chin, including the same dimple as Dad. Wally seem to be courting her hard. G'ma naturally and likely accurately is afraid Wally will marry her and move to Townsend, leaving G'ma alone in WSS.

We hit fierce snow squall going to Townsend. It snowed another 3" that night.

--Wed., May 15, probably 35 mph wind all day. Made the court house flag pop like gunshots. Raw and miserable; I moved around town in it cursing under my breath. Reminder of how much I've always hated persistent wind.

Paid house taxes at courthouse, then saw Joyce at home a few min. She is lonely, apparently stymied about what to do next and probably baffled about how to find male company without seeming to be a pushover. Wally, on the other hand, told me he's surprised how easy it is to find female company.

May 17 cont. -- Night of May 15, G'ma fixed deer and elk steak. After supper, she began to do the dishes, and had a bad heart spell, having to breathe very heavily for several minutes before the pill made it pass. Watching her carefully, I began to do the dishes. She protested, saying she hated to see me do them. Told her we wouldn't argue about it, I was going to do them and she was going to sit there ~~xx~~ and take it easy. Incredible.

--May 16: G'ma felt good enough to go to Helena with me. We left about 7:30, stopped to talk with Wally a few min. at section house. It was about 20 above, ~~xx~~ and he was standing by highway pickup with his sleeves rolled to the elbows. In Townsend, stopped at Emma's Town Talk cafe for coffee; met her Dad, Walt Doig.

On to Helena, arriving at the Sparks-Donovan place a little after 10. The 3 widowed sisters -- Mary Brewer, Kathryn Donovan, Julia Sparks -- lived together on the 60-acre place for years; Mary died year or two ago. Kathryn is as gentle as ever, not ethereal gentle but so kindly and mannered she moves in an aura of gentleness. Because of her friendship with my mother, she practically is in awe of me, which is a little discomfiting. But taping her was fun, and G'ma enjoyed the visit a lot. While Kathryn was talking with me, Julia was efficiently putting together a lunch of pork sausage and cream corn, and I suppose that's pretty much the way that household goes. Kathryn wears a brunette wig, which G'ma says must also conceal a hearing aid. She still looks quite handsome.

Back to Helena, picking up G'ma's coat at dry cleaner on the way, to visit with Bud before leaving about 1:30. Set up tape recorder on front seat, propped legal pad under it and near my knee, and notated the Donovan, Allred, and Chearer tapes (about 4 hrs total) as I drove. Plan to do same with McCabe and Keith tapes driving to Seattle this afternoon.

Wonderful evening light, backlighting new greenery on trees, as I drove across neck of Idaho.

~~March~~ ^{May} 17 cont. -- Some randoms:

--May 12, as we drove from Keith ranch to county road, we saw pair of bald eagles about 60 yards away, closest I've ever seen. They were on the ground, and as I tried to sneak up to take a pic, they adroitly flew away, one in each direction.

--Y'day morn, May 16, ~~a~~ thermometer read 24 above. G'ma went out in her nightgown, not even a robe, to put food out for sparrows she feeds every morning.

--Enjoyed the time with G'ma. I was a bit taut at first, tired from driving and looking at all the work to be done. Also, I don't take with very good grace her constant asking if I'm getting enough to eat or am warm enough, even though I know ~~it's~~ it's simply that enormous streak of concern which makes her such a super person to me. But as the work went well I loosened up and we joked much. She also told me some bits of family history I hadn't known: that Ed Doig had a different father than the other Doig brothers, because ^{G'ma} ~~Mary~~ Campbell Doig was pregnant with him when Peter Doig married her (so Dad told G'ma); that Tom Ringer left G'ma stranded virtually penniless and with 4 kids on ranches while he was off on a drinking spree, and she finally left him for it; that Tom was older than her, worked in logging camp with her dad, and courted her so insistently that she, a very raw 19-yr-old, finally gave in and married him, to her very evident regret.

--Something new on the Montana landscape: as we drove thru Townsend area y8day morn, we saw brilliant streaks of ice against green of fields -- water from irrigation sprinkler systems which had frozen in night's heavy frost.

--Night of May 6, when I ate at Red Lion in Missoula, terrific U of Mont kid was playing piano in bar -- Kevin Peterson. Wonderful stylist, both with piano and voice. Sang Most Beautiful Girl in the World and Brickyard Blues equally well. Must watch for him to see if he makes a career.

May 20 -- Back yard came to full bloom while I was in Mont., and I look out on dogwood, camellias, azaleas, rich dark tones of Japanese maple.

Spending the morning trying to line out tasks. Just thought over Bob Boynton's latest letter, decided I'll kick about Hayden plans not to use cartoons as ill'n in Streets. Several chores about house to be done, much writing, etc.

Y'day we hiked Dungeness Spit with Judy Gates, math teacher at Shoreline. Pleasant, about our age, coping with the singles life since her husband killed himself 4-5 yrs ago. She's veteran canoeist and hiker, so knows her business out of doors. Dinner at 3 Crabs, then a swim and sauna at Judy's apt in Edmonds. Judy is capable and self-assured, but still there were hints of loneliness of being single. Thank god for the lady of my life.

Sat. the 18th, went in morning to Backcountry show at Edmundson pavilion, picking up material about safety. Chatted with woman from Pt. Angeles visitors center, who said Enchanted Valley trail is open to within about a mile of chalet, then is under 3' of snow. Around noon, we went to U. Dist st fair, which was jammed. According to P-I, 50,000 that day, and twice that on Sun. Saw some palette knife painting by artist named Russell we liked, and may buy. Had lunch in Unicorn, more or less replica of English pub. Good food and Guinness.

John and Jean came for a drink around 4 that day, and I eventually played them a few stories from tape of Cliff Shearer. They were entranced.

Catching up on last of my trip: spending night of May 17 in Coeur d'Alene, had a hint of gouging which must be going on for Expo. When I called from WSS, the office man made me a reservation for \$14.50. When I got there, the woman on duty began checking me in for \$17. I squawked, she noted that indeed they had me down for \$14.50 and charged me that. I figure the lower price is the pre-Expo price which the fellow absent-mindedly quoted me.

Went on to Spokane the morn of May 17 and started on Expo about 10:15. Temp 50, rain squalls constantly threatening. Moderate crowd. Russian pavilion very impressive, fantasia-like motif of gigantic greenery and sparkling lights inside. Rather liked the US pavilion, though the courtyard displays didn't seem to be catching attention. Australian pavilion was fun, especially a

May 20 cont. -- nook of aborigine art where the twanging aborigine music overwhelms the looker. Folklife festival is good; most excited people I saw anywhere were gawking in the cab of the huge UP locomotive there. An old miner was explaining a sluice box to some rapt watchers. Two boat-builders were starting the friendship sloop.

Display of US art in Wash. pavilion was disappointing, as confirmed by Maggie Hawthorne in this morn's P-I. Second-rate Russell and Remington work, for instance; no Edward Hopper that I saw. NW work was especially weak; poor early work by Callahan, a nice but not great Horiuchi, and that stupid Lake Union water faucet by Claes Oldenburg. My favorites of show: She's A Mighty Engine III, by A. Brockie Stevenson, tremendous green Southern steam locomotive on red background; Paul Sarkisian's Untitled (Mendocino), wall-size work showing details of accumulated items on old porch; Trail Riders by Thomas Hart Benton (his only work on display); and what seemed to be a big hit with audience, Charles Christian Nahl's Sunday Morning in the Mines, an 1872 huge canvas showing a card ~~fight~~ game and killing in one area, a horse race in another, miner holding raggedy britches up to light in another.

State pavilions were weak. Montana's far and away the best, because good slide show of state scenery played constantly. Idaho's looked like amateurish dioramas you'd find in a county museum; ~~there~~ there was public fuss about how bad it was, and they rushed in a great statue of a hard rock miner from the state capitol rotunda. It helped -- I saw people stopping to look at drama of the miner holding his drill high like an ack-ack gun. Oregon had inventive idea of encasing small displays in stalactite plastic forms, but most were the wrong height; had to hunch down to about breast height to see them.

Canadian exhibit area exceedingly clever: the only playground I saw in the main Expo area. Moose slide built of slabwood is hugely winsome, and kids begin tugging parents to it the instant they spot the thing.

Spokane River was very nearly stealing the show, running high and mighty, not far from top of banks. Could hear the roar all over the Expo grounds, and spray was coming up onto footbridges. The falls were tremendous wash of white water.

May 20 cont. -- After about 2½ hrs at Expo, drove on to Seattle. Continued with tapes, listening to Pete McCabe and Jim Keith as I drove. Stopped in Ritzville for lunch, in Vantage for coffee and toast to keep awake. Got home about 7, Carol fried oysters for dinner.

Westward the pioneers: driving past eastern Wash. freeway sign which reads Coker Road, saw a guy snapping pic of his chum standing under sign pantomiming snorting cocaine.

May 22 -- Just called Larry Anderson at Seattle Times to hassle him for mere \$50 check for last Sun's notebook article. Got another \$10 out of him, still far too little. Depressed about writing pay (lack of it), and I suppose I'll get more so as real costs of inflation sink in to me.

Jean came for lunch Mon, I asked her to read the Wellington avalanche piece. Did chores all day Mon, and most of y'day. Utopias contract came from Hayden on Mon, and I mulled that and Hayden's decision against cartoons to illustrate Streets. Am having Marsh look over contract to see if we can fight the indemnity clause if need be; if so, will let that ride and tackle Bill Cook about Streets illustration.

Y'day got haircut, delivered Wally's birthday present to Nellie (damned nuisance, that), returned books to UW library, dropped Hayden contract with Ann N. Came home about 3, Carol and I walked Green Lake.

Recent reading: skimmed publishing sections of Harding Lemay's Inside, Looking Out and read Sam Toperoff's deft Crazy Over Horses.

Lunch y'day at Van Etten's Dutch Treat, hamburger place off Aurora on Qn Anne Hill. Good food, good view.

Number of comments on Sun's notebook article in Times, including from realtor Virginia Brown and another woman in her office. Frank Zoretich called, asked if I expected folks to read that full article just to get to twist of final line.

May 24 -- Wrote 600 word piece on Metlakatla y'day to go with pics in Times Pictorial article. Hope to do 500-worder for Chevron today, on Pac Science Center.

Raining; continues to be the spring there was no spring.

Patsy Grant, young reporter for shopper newspaper Today, came y'day noon to consider renting this house. Jean was here for lunch, and when I let Patsy in the front door, I got to use a throwaway line: waving casually toward Jean and Carol, I said "these are my wives."

On another front, I came back from the new house feeling Lou Daly is a bit of a pain in the butt. She began sharp-shooting me about whether we wanted this or that -- towel racks, guest bedroom storage unit, hanging lights in living room, and most of all, desk units in kid's rooms. Ploy seems to be that they want the units in return for Dave taking down the partitions. I've invoked Carol, and said the two of us will come by on the weekend for a definite look and decide. Lou also is set against my putting in any elec. baseboard heat, especially in entire house. Since we don't plan to put baseboards throughout but at least wanted to get a full estimate while heating contractors were looking over the house, it's a case of misunderstanding. Lou has been giving me, in role of rube who's never owned a house before, somewhat more protective concern than I'm comfortable with. For my part, I keep thinking if she's as cool as she thinks she is, the house would be in a lot better shape than it is. Anyway, I'd better mellow and shrug off y'day's mild attack of irritation.

Last night we went to Roethke poetry reading; this year's poet Elizabeth Bishop. Tiny woman who could scarcely peek over lectern. Some nice quiet humor in her work.

Read Larry McMurtry's All My Friends Are Going to be Strangers. Weird and not too good.

4:15 -- good writing day. Did 500 word Chevron piece which feels crisp, roughed out about half of Mr.

Blandings-Mr. Doig comic piece, worked for hour on poem In O'Connell's House. Daheims coming for dinner.

May 25 -- Did laundry this morn. Drew odd looks with portable typewriter in my lap, working on idea for The Gunstock Deaths. Dunno how idea will look in a few weeks, but it's been ricocheting in the brain with remarkable clarity and detail the past 24 hrs.

Later in morn went to Dalys to resolve question of the study partitions. Turns out Dave D isn't hot to have them, since they seem to be hard to get out. Apparently it'll turn out that the partitions still will be in place when we take over the house. Mixed blessing. Lots of wood to salvage, but likely considerable work to take them down.

Went on to lunch at the Wharf, dropped overdue book at UW.

Dave and Mary Daheim here for dinner last night. Mary has been having troubles with Pac Search, Harriet R rejecting a piece or two. Also tardy with pay. Warning flag for me.

This afternoon, touched up Metlakatla and Science Center pieces, will put them in mail now.

May 28 -- Finished Lewis & Clark piece for Pac. Search.

Have written 3 articles in 4 working days, most of it pretty good and all in 2 drafts instead of my usual 4 or so. Also worked a bit on poetry and the Gunstock idea, a fast and fertile period for me.

Catching up: Ann and Marsh came night of 25th, Marsh advised me about Hayden contract for Utopias. Have written in my amendment to the damned indemnity clause and mailed it in -- probably to get it steaming back from Hayden's lawyers.

Sun the 26th, lunch at Pier 70 with Linda and Clint and Linda's high school friend Peggy. Clipped papers in the afternoon.

Y'day, worked on Hayden letter in morning, after trying unsuccessfully to phone Bill Cook there and H. Rice at Pac Search. Rest of world was taking day as Memorial Day, while we take ours on Thurs. because of state legislature.

Began Lewis & Clark in earnest.

Today was lovely sunshine, and we went to lunch at Gasworks. Terrific food, and immense drinks, for total of \$8. Carol continues to slog away at grading papers, both of us very busy. Tomorrow I intend to begin tapering into the house project.

May 31 -- More sunshine; some beautiful weather at last. Mark and Lou Damborg came for dinner last night, and Mark said we nearly had another power shortage this spring because the weather was so cold the spring run-off didn't start.

Damborgs have just bought a house, too, but are going to Palo Alto for the summer a few days after they move. Told Carol it's probably good for us to get together, because each couple can look at other's house projects and say, "At least we don't have that problem."

Picked up John and Jean y'day at 8:30 and we set off around Lake Union. Fine day to do it, everybody working at lakeshore jobs and the weather warming and brightening all the time. Saw fishing boat loading for Alaska, taking on cargo of pre-fab homes. Across from NOAA hdq., saw a fellow in open doorway welding a piece of artwork, and stopped to talk and look around. He's Al Hanson, who does some fine metal work, getting lovely colors into his work by heating and dipping metal. Tough, interesting old fellow. Then stopped at St. Vinnie's. Jean had been joshing about what a pushover John is for such a place, but Carol and I were the ones who bought -- some bits for boring brace, old jaw grip pliers, paint scraper. Also looked at two chairs, which I later drove back and bought. One we hope can be refinished into an easy chair, the other is an oak desk chair with some problems in support metal but not too bad. \$3 for the first, \$22.50 for the desk chair. On around the lake, stopping at Gasworks Park and then to good lunch at Le Gasworks.

Wed. the 29th, I finally tugged and hauled at the escrow co. to get statement of house closing costs. If we hadn't started at them several days early, they apparently wouldn't have been ready by this morn as agreed. Did many other chores -- looked at doors for desks at Dealers Millwork, bought some tools (discovered the boring brace is a vanishing bit of Americana, ended up buying a so-so one at Ernst's for \$8.30; small hardware stores no longer carry, and even Ernsts' didn't have a full set of bits to offer), got Grandma set of butterfly potholders and small butterfly plaque for birthday.

June 1 -- First big day on the house. Got there about 7:15, began tearing down partitions in study. 1st the big sliding doors, then makeshift walls between center section and walls of room. Then took out drawers and their hardware, ditto the storage doors; then took out shelves and desk tops. About 10:45, began prying out the support pieces which had held the sliding door rails. Both Dalys had assured us the partitions were merely glued in, no nails, but of course we ran into lots of nails. Top support pieces were spiked in with about 4" nails. Even so, we pried them loose, using little sheets of cork under pry bars, without much trouble; had them out by about 11:30. After lunch, went back to attack the big spine of the entire partition. First the big bookcase which faced into center of room; managed to break glue loose, then drilled hole in $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood sheeting slotted into back of it at right angle and sawed from ceiling to floor. With bookcase cut loose and overcoming a toe nail put in by Dave, got the bookcase out entire and stood it behind door in shop for instant use. Did the same long vertical cut to separate next section of spine from the final one. Then pried the last piece off the N wall fairly easily. Along the way, Dave showed me how to disconnect the fluorescent lights he'd had installed above the two desk units; put the outlet plates back on when all was down and wall looks respectable.

Made good progress all day, but morning's results were dulled when we found Lou had taken the living room drapes in one of her packing sweeps through the house. Carol braced her about it after lunch, and apparently we'll get them back.

Y'day, we arrived at Peoples Escrow at 11, and by about 11:20 had looked over our paperwork and signed. Dalys arrived late, and there was some problem on their side about size of reserve. By about 11:45, they were done too, and we invited them to drink next door while we made out check for stove and ~~fridge~~ refrig. Afterward, we had fish n chips from Spuds, and walked around Green Lake. I did laundry while Carol was at Shoreline, then loaded the car with tools for this morn.

June 3 -- Missed making entry last night; Millers invited us for trout dinner, and felt weary from day's work when we got home about 10. Carol didn't sleep well, looked a bit tired this morn.

Told the Millers they save our hides every year about this time; last year they let us live in their house for about a week when we came home from Britain. They went to Expo couple days last week, said they noted multi-media emphasis and lack of human contact except in Korean pavilion where dancers perform and in Folklife Festival. They liked the UP locomotive, as I did. Said British Columbia media show, which I missed, is best.

Big day of work on house y'day. I went over about 6:30 in the morn, took baseboards off study, guest rm and spare rm for the floor refinishing. Carol came about 8 after grading some papers, took off baseboards in spare room for the experience, then spackled holes and mars in study walls and ceiling. Rodens came little after ten, Nelsons a few minutes later. Dave Daly arrived with one son to haul away wood

blocks; our first houseful of folks, all in all. Marsh especially liked the house, told me he thought we'd downplayed it; his eye for visualization must see the place's possibilities. Got some good detail ideas from John and Jean too. Everybody left and we went home for lunch about noon. Afternoon, we found full can of interior latex paint the Dalys had left, and decided to cover some of study to see how spackling was working (original paint job has had mix of sand to give plastered look; too much sanding on spackle would wear off the sand). Painted west wall, which seemed to cover well; went ahead and did ceiling, which needed second coat over marks where partitions were, and which may need still more. I also took sliding doors off bedroom closet and set up partition shelf unit as shelves in shop.

So far, two good days of characteristic work out of us: long steady hours, project by project until we work through the list. It's gonna be a long month of work on the house but we've made a good start.

June 4 -- Weary, so just a short catching up. Have finished painting study, hall and living room; Carol and I did the latter this afternoon. Chimney and furnace flue have been cleaned; both had such buildup it's miracle the house didn't burn down. Andy Anderson of Electric Home Service came today to give estimate on heat; he's high priced, but clearly the best of 3 guys I've talked to so far. Also, man from City Light came today, but not the guy I'd hoped for, and not especially helpful on estimates about baseboard heat.

Linda and Clint came by last night, and said they liked the house. All the friends so far seem to like it, all right.

Called G'ma last night; she's better, after bronchitis put her in hospital couple of days last week.

Y'day morn, I did no work -- mailed off Chevron piece on Pac Science Center, took final look at Wellington and L & C pieces for Pac Search.

Galleys for Streets came y'day; I promptly mailed off a set to Ainsley. Design looks pretty good.

Spilled hot water on my left foot tonight while fixing tea; not severe, but there is a spot which continues to hurt.

June 10 -- Hope the length of time between entries shows how busy it's been. To catch up as best I can:

Wed. the 5th, went to Pac S lunch meeting, turned in Lewis & Clark and Wellington avalanche pieces. Mary Daheim was not there, wondered if she's miffed at Harriet R. Archie Satterfield came; seemed savvy and impressive. Russ Mohnney did a lot of talking when Harriet should have been; is he nudging her out of some editorial control?

~~That~~ ^{THAT} night, we painted the bedroom. Floor finisher came soon after noon that day, began sanding and filling.

Galleys of Streets arrived Mon or Tues of last week, began reading them in spare time and during the floor finishing. Y'day went to UW library for last of double checking, and to come up with some cartoons for ill'n. New Yorker won't let us use more than 25% of total ill'n from it, so I hunted up some Sat. Rev cartoons instead; am pleased with finds.

June 10 cont. -- Fri. the 7th about 5:30, Jean showed up at the front door, unable to work her front door lock, and John was in Everett. I went over armed with kitchen knives and graphite, found John had just arrived and was having no luck getting in. They had steak dinner with us, Jean and Carol went to Shoreline grad'n. I expected John would go and remove putty from a window to get in while still light, but he kept sitting, talking, reading galleys of Streets, until finally Jean and Carol were home. When they went home, that time the door lock worked with no trouble.

Sat. morn the 8th, read proofs, which were becoming drudgery, then Rodens came by for us at 12:30 for hike at Pt. No Point. We took buckets and digging tools for clams, and promptly dug 3 buckets of horse clams, a haul bigger than any of us realized. Walked the beach for another couple of hours -- gorgeous day, warm with no breeze most of the hike, log freighter Jujo Maru went past as did many tugs and barges. Came back here, John and I began cleaning clams while Carol and Jean began on shower for supper.

Worst news of week is Ann Campbell's: Patsy Grant, the Today reporter who'd come a couple of times to consider renting this house, gave Ann a deposit, then told her she has a black husband. Pete won't let them rent -- he says it's for his kids' sake, but pretty clearly (I think) it's his own bias. Ann is shaken and troubled; she'd be willing to rent, but now is caught between Pete and anti-discrimination laws. Patsy Grant had misled her somewhat, because the newspaper ad of hers which Ann answered read something like "professional mother and child"; next week's ad 1st mentioned a husband, and she evaded Ann 2 or 3 times when Ann asked to have her husband come by and see the place because of all the lawn upkeep which would be involved. Probably the Grants have had a bellyful of being turned down, and decided to play it this way. Ann asked me the other day what I would do; I said I'd rent to them, but in her current situation, 1st thing she'd better do is get a lawyer's advice.

June 15 -- Carol's been finishing up at college while I've worked at the house. Said she woke up this morn and thought to herself that it's $3\frac{1}{2}$ months until her next paycheck.

I've put in some long days at house, usually going there 7:30 or 8, working after supper until near ten. Have one desk nearly built -- much work on desks and bookshelves this coming week.

\$2000 advance from Hayden on Utopias book arrived the other day, in envelope with the flap open. Called Ainsley the other night to see what his proofing schedule is, then called Vijay Franklin at Hayden to say the completed proofs from me, incorp'ing Ainsley's work, should reach him by the 24th.

Had compltry letter from Helen Bignell at Chevron, saying how much they like my Pac Science Center piece and my work in general.

Last night went to Harvard Exit with Nelsons to see Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe, very funny movie. Had drink afterward at lower bar in Windjammer, crowded and noisy; reminded us how little we get out into the ~~Friday~~ Friday night world.

June 19 -- Ainsley gallantly got his set of proofs done several days ahead of time, so they showed up in mail on Mon. the 17th. I spent y'day putting his corrections on my corrected set, doublechecking, answering Vijay's questions, and mailed off the completed version about 4:30. Grueling day, but fine to have the galleys done.

Carol meanwhile was having exasperating day trying to cope with General Tel, which is proving an awful bane. They'd scheduled us for a phone 1st thing y'day morn. When nobody arrived, Carol went up to Shoreline, called and found that because our nonlisting agreement form -- which is an insulting piece of bureaucratic mishmash anyway -- hadn't arrived, they canceled the installation and put us down for next week. Carol pointed out that we mailed the form in plenty of time, and it isn't our fault if the US mail didn't get it to them in 4 days or whatever. She then called Doug Smith to see what he could do. Even he was fairly helpless, managing only to move up installation to Friday -- which is the one day this week we didn't want, hoping to go strawberry picking. So it appears Carol will

June 19 -- housesit on Friday for the phone, while I go picking with the Rodens.

Catching up: Sat. the 15th, Carol scraped and sanded the kitchen cabinets for painting, while I put together the shutter-type doors for bedroom closet. Next day, Jean helped Carol paint while John and I hung the closet doors. Took us nearly all day, tricky to get them into place on long, unsupported run across closet.

Monday the 17th, I began installing more shelves in kitchen, had deuce of a time getting one above the dishwasher to fit. Spent nearly all morning on that, was thankful when ~~smaller~~ shelves in kitchen closet went in more easily that afternoon.

Other news: Mrs. Campbell next door had heart attack about 4 pm y'day. Shepard ambulance came, ambulance wouldn't start, 2d ambulance had to ~~æ~~ come. In spite of it all, she's in decent shape in hospital.

Last night Carol was weary from painting and I was from proofing, so went to Pizza Pete's for supper. This morn I'm trying to get desk under control and do some chores on way to house to build bookshelves.

June 22 -- Weary tonight, but a short entry. Book shelves began taking shape in earnest today. Y'day was hard day of staining supports and general getting ready. Today began fitting 2x10 supports into wall brackets I'd devised, and by tonight most of supports were up, including nearly all of east wall. Very handsome, dark stained wood against white walls.

Y'day lunch at Casa Lupita. Terrific ^food, and a lot of it; we had combination plate and the Friday special (poella del sol?), both excellent. Pitcher of sangria "for two" was so big it astonished us. Only drawbacks are noise level of the restaurant -- noise bounces around off tile floor and stucco walls -- and hard chairs.

Thurs. the 19th, I rented an 8" circular saw and cut shelf supports for study. Tough cutting 2x10s even with a saw that size. Noise left my ears ringing rest of day.

House is progressing nicely. Carol virtually has kitchen under control, many groceries on shelves and moving more every day. Should finish with bedroom tomorrow morn, maybe 2½ or 3 days yet on study.

Portent: 1st mortgage statement came today. Welcome to wonderful world of homeownership.

July 26 -- Afternoon of chores. Worked at house this morn --I put up more shelves in study, Carol worked on the bathroom -- then just before noon went down to Times so I could have pic taken for editor's column about me, to run with my palindrome piece on July 14. Roy Scully took some shots; chatted with John Haigh and Larry Rumley, helloed Linda Daniel in the slot as we passed through newsroom, passed Cliff Rowe at entry desk as we went in, said hello and a bit more to Don Brazier on way out. As ever, newsroom was tomblike, everyone at desks instead of out reporting, and the gray shy men of the features dept. made us marvel again at mediocre level of the newspaper. Larry Rumley told me one reason Arch Satterfield left the Times for P-I was that he wanted consecutive days off -- i.e., weekends -- which no one on features staff gets, of course.

Yesterday, worked on study, drilling holes for shelf supports and putting up shelves. Had headache in morn, but lunch, Alka-Seltzer and a nap cured it.

Monday the 24th, picked strawberries with John and Jean at Remlinger's farm near Carnation. We got 27#, they got about 30; price 21¢ per lb. Berries weren't as big as we'd have preferred, but growing season has been so wretched it's a wonder there were any at all. Cashier told Carol he'd lost 20 of his 50 acres to wind damage this winter.

Weather was perfect Monday, beautifully clear and with slight breeze for cooling. Picked berries with Mt. Rainier jutting above horizon at end of green Carnation Valley. Had lunch on Skykomish at Monroe, then drove on towards Haystack Mtn. and hiked couple of hours. Waffles for supper at Rodens, then 2 or 3 hard hours of putting up strawberries.

Have set Monday, July 1, for moving date.

And tomorrow I am 35, which I have not had time to think about. Birthday lunch today at Le Gasworks after visit to the Times, fine steak teriyaki.

July 4 -- Dank and chilly 4th. Feel just as well off to be inside working on the house.

A "first" last night -- first night of a barking dog across the street. Wrecked a lot of sleep for both of us despite trying to drown him out with background music.

Catching up: Moved on Monday, the 1st. Rented a 14' U-Haul truck, John and Jean helped all day. John arrived in blue Mao cap Lisa had bought him in Berkeley, proclaimed he had come to lead me on a long march. Light drizzle quit soon, didn't hamper. We made one full truckload with furniture and boxes, then a second with about cord and half of firewood and remainders of furniture and boxes. Ann Nelson had insisted on feeding us on moving day, and all 4 of us went there for supper.

Moving proved not a terrible job -- long, but not as hard as expected. Told the Rodens the full measure of their friendship is that not once did either of them say, "You sure do have a lot of stuff."

The 2nd, we went back to Linden Ave. house to clean up and finish chores such as taking down TV antenna. Took all day, with load to dump, vacuuming, clearing out garage and so on.

Yesterday, Carol worked on kitchen while I began setting up books in study. Study looks chaos right now, with piles everywhere, but 3/4 of books are in place on shelves, and much of rest can be done this morn. About 4, we headed for Pier 46 to see new Alaskan ferry, Columbia. Freeway was tied up with tanker accident about 45th; we headed for Fremont bridge, were nearly there when radio traffic alert reported the bridge was tied up with an accident. Veer'd to Ballard Bridge, finally got to waterfront. Columbia open house was thronged; neither of us liked plasticky, tacky-decoration of ferry. Bought doormats at Trident had salmon at fish bar adjoining Pirates Plunder.

Sat. June 29, we went with Rodens to Margaret Svec's place on Hood Canal. Pat Vesey was there, long time no see. Heard much library gossip, hiked hour or so in Twanoh St. Park, Margaret and Pat fed us roast beef lunch, drinks and huckleberry pie. Glorious clear day which if anything got a bit too hot.

July 4 cont. -- Little reaction yet to leaving the Linden Ave house of 5 years -- my longest span in one place -- except that we both seem to like new house more and more. Most notable, it's warm and stays warm, a dramatic difference.

Carol reports that previous owner's daughter left some mementoes: in the guest bedroom, "Laura, girl detective" is written on wall, and on the john seat, "Laura" is scratched.

July 8 -- After more than month of work on house, back to some desk work. Plan to write and catch up on desk in the mornings, whittle away at house projects in afternoons and evenings.

Y'day, replaced baseboards in study and put filing cabinets in place. Last night, went to movie Chinatown -- near-perfect casting, and some tremendous scenes -- then to dinner at The Smuggler, watching pastels of sunset highlight the Olympics and top of Mt. Rainier.

Sat. night the 6th, Millers came for drinks. Clint is quitting his job, starts with Equitable last week of month. Linda has been trying to do an article on image of women in jokes to submit to Ms.

House has shaped up in past 3-4 days; night of the 4th, knowing it would be noisy, we worked late, and shaped up quite a portion of the place.

July 11 -- Lunch y'day with Clint in Woodinville, to get together with him before he leaves Formost job. Later went to antique shop he knew, bought 3 bits for my brace at 50¢ each. Before and after lunch, was at Federal Records Center to mine Snoqualmie Nat'l Forest photos for S. Times ~~pictorial~~ pictorials. Phil Lothyan showed me around when I arrived; hadn't been there for couple years. Phil has turned from an amiable archivist into a clever bureaucratic infighter, and took a lot of pride in showing me what he's connived and finagled. He's tremendously expanded the archives -- think he said some 14,000 feet now, as against 2000 or so shelf feet when Elmer Lingard was there; has cadged one end of building strictly for archives, where he's shelved material by state instead of agency, and has slipped around employment ceilings by using work-study help from UW and Western Washington. He said Paul Kohl backed him in all this, and they hope

July 11 cont. -- they've got the system in place so firmly it can never be undone. As Phil showed me around, took me to microfilming room furnished with equipment finagled from other agencies such as BLM, and a guy was busily microfilming papers of Alaskan governors before the collection is returned to Alaska state archives -- 840,000 microframes worth. Phil says he is set to do microfiche, but thinks National Archives is about 5 years from beginning to use it. Finally, Phil said Paul Kohl was fired at end of June, turning down transfer to D.C. one day and being told his federal career ended the next. Wheedled unlisted number out of secretary so I can call Paul.

After arranging for negs of pics on homesteads, fire fighting and packhorses, went by lumberyards on way home, and last night cut and stained baseboards for bathroom. Carol finished laying tile there. We've spent tremendous amount of time working on bathroom; now to put epoxy paint around sink and caulk the tub, and that should finish it.

Did desk work on Mon. the 8th, nudging publishers and the like. Probably should spend this morn doing the same. Pac. Search is out with my McGilvra piece, which reads nicely.

Recent reading: All the President's Men, good crisp job. Now on The Edwardian Turn of Mind, interesting for minor episodes such as power of Kipling as public poet.

July 15 -- Phoned Mike Olsen this morn to see about using his thesis for Pac Search article. He agreed. Asked him about Navajo rugs, sounds as if he could buy some ~~from~~^{for} us; said bottom is out of market right now because of over-production.

Last night, Ann and Marsh ~~for~~ came for grilled hamburgers, Frank and Linda the night before for same meal. Discover it gets cool early in the evenings here; didn't even try sit on the patio last night.

House work continues; have built wooden towel rods for bathroom, cut baseboards, put down rugs. Carol painted e wall of kitchen, made big buy of supplies today. Next big job is painting dining room floor, then tiling the kitchen.

July 15 -- Worked at desk this morn, as I plan to tomorrow morn and Wed. Feel I must get something written this week, either the Palouse article based on Mike's thesis or dream house piece for Times.

July 22 -- Left with John and Jean the morn of Thurs the ^{18th} to backpack into the Elwha Valley. ~~And~~ Gloomy weather as we drove, light rain around Hood Canal, but cleared at Sequim and was fine and dry the rest of the trip. Stopped in Pt. Angeles, bought 4 fish hooks, 3 sinkers and jar of salmon eggs; John talked me into trying some fishing on the trip. Got to trailhead at Whiskey Bend about 11. Went in 11 miles and camped along river at Stoney Point, just beyond Elkhorn campsites -- same spot Carol and I spent a night at when we went up the Elwha a few years ago. Jean and Carol began picking up blisters, put on moleskin.

Tried a little fishing after making camp; John tried a few minutes, said he'd never stream fished in his life. I lost two hooks and sinkers trying to fish edge of riffles in pell-mell river. Tried a backwater the next morn before breakfast, found I was remembering how to cast; fine thrill to feel the skill come back.

Fri the ~~19th~~, Carol and Jean hiked a few miles with us, turned back for sake of their feet and spent the day fishing and soaking up sun. John and I set out to hike, soon found he didn't have much energy and I was developing blisters. Stopped at Hayes Ranger Station, 5 miles from our camp. John napped in sun, I ate lunch -- including can of sardines I later discovered had been meant for both of us -- then soaked my feet and drank lemonade. As John pointed out, we were lying with heads propped on low stump exactly the right height for a pillow, with the temp just right, a mild breeze keeping flies away for the moment, and gorgeous scenery -- what more could we ask?

As we got ready to hike back to camp, guy and gal showed up. The girl, fairly attractive, had hiked into Elkhorn the night before, intending to surprise her boyfriend who hadn't known she was coming. She couldn't find him, apparently hooked up with the other guy overnight. John and I lamented nothing of the sort ever happening to us when we were young, and trudged out.

I tried fishing again when we got back, sampling several eddies and pools where Elwha divides just above Stoney Point. Still nothing -- one fingerling chased my bait

July 22 cont. -- as I reeled in -- and finally I lost my last hook by casting too exuberantly and draping the line across a branch on far side of water.

Long session over campfire that night. Had noodles for supper, which John doesn't much like, and he kept scrounging for dessert. Carol finally dug out the birthday surprise for Jean -- carrot cake with 4 candles (multiply by 11), a card, and apricot brandy. Talked around campfire about plays, songs, comedians. I tried a futile defense of some country music, John remembered some Gilbert and Sullivan.

Hiked out the next day, all of us but John fairly sore-footed by the time we reached the car, and he was feeling it a bit too. Absolutely clear day as we hiked, peaks showing up at far end of Elwha. At pace we were going, I dropped to rear, read some Robinson Jeffers as I walked and worked on few lines for poetry. As we toiled up a grade, read aloud Jeffers' Rock and Hawk, and To the Stonecutters; helped take our minds off our feet.

Birthday dinner for Jean at 3 Crabs. When food came, she said something like, "Oh, happy birthday to me," alert waitress overheard, brought small birthday cake as dessert.

Coming home on ferry, John and I were on forward observation deck when we got to talking with short man in cable knit sweater. He's exec director of Conn. League of Cities, here for conference; had rented a car and gone around Olympic Peninsula. After few minutes, he hesitated, blurted "This may sound corny, but this has been the most spectacular day of my life." He had been in Quinault rain forest that morn, along the beach later, up to Hurricane Ridge in afternoon, and now at 9:30 Mt. Baker and Mt. Rainier were hovering in twilight as vivid sunset streaks lit the north sky and Whidbey Island bulked out of the smooth water.

So, a fine trip. Some ~~randoms~~ randoms from it:

--Talked with John about Lewis and Clark, his stay in New Zealand. Jean told hilarious story about her dad on radio quiz show \$64 Question; after giving mc Bob Hawks a bad time throughout, he was asked what "98" meant. Answer should have been Tom Harmon's number, but George replied that it was a skeet shooting score. Hawks declared him wrong, but mail flooded in, and next week he had to announce that George was right after all, and would get his \$64. Jean has letters from incident.

July 22 --

--Doe and twin fawns grazed and lazed around our camp. Fawns were delicate, still with many spots showing.

--Also saw ouzels while I was fishing, including a fine moment morn of the 19th as I fished an eddy with enormous rock in river beside me and ouzel bouncing his way over the rock.

--Elwha was spectacular, tremendous rush of white water and constant roar.

--Carol and I were using new LL Bean tent for 1st time, discovered our sleeping ~~bag~~ slides toward bottom of tent because of slick nylon floor.

--Lunched going in and coming out at Lillian River, a breakneck stream which hurtles into the Elwha about 1/4 miles from trailhead. Beautiful spot with big trees and small canyon walls above water, great boulders in the flow.

Yesterday, lazed in the morning and read both Sunday papers, then built some shelves in shop storage area for camping gear. Put up map of Admiralty Inlet-Puget Sound in bathroom last night, mounted Nelson's gift Klee print in living room.

Last Wed., the 17th, went to Pac Search lunch meeting; Harriet loved idea of Willamette Valley worm story. I can likely put together several assignments from her and others on Oregon trip, if I can make room to write them.

In mail when we got home, 2 letters about palindromes from folks who had read my Times piece. Prize is name one of them passed along: Keblbek.

July 30 -- Another bright morn in this run of lovely weather, and it'll be hot at UW when I go down in hr or so. Last night, we went to waterfront about 6:30 intending to eat there, found it still warm and very bright. Looked over new waterfront park, watched tourists briefly, then tried the Salmon House. Busier than I ever saw it; 35 parties on call list ahead of us. Gave up, went down st to Le Gasworks, which was nearly empty, cool, quiet. Superb view of downtown in red and gold evening light, boats of all kinds busy on Union Bay. The Bluebill of Day Island, beautiful cabin cruiser, came in with 18 partying folks just as we were leaving. Gasworks food was good -- both had salmon, and plenty from salad bar. Then went to Edgemont in Edmonds to see Bang the Drum Slowly, which we both liked. Michael Moriarty and Robert DeNiro both

July 30 -- very fine in lead roles. Plot a bit slow and some scenes drag, but some excellent slow motion of baseball.

Much to catch up about: The 24th, Carol's birthday, I worked up Palouse article for Pac. Search from Mike Olsen's thesis -- a major day's work. Jean had us over for Carol's favorite chocolate filling dessert.

Next day, Thurs. the 25th, went to Dealers Millwork in morn to pick out doors for bedroom, bathroom, study. After lunch, got camping gear ready in an hour and headed for N. Cascades highway, our 1st trip across it. Fine, fine country. Camped at night at ~~Kip~~ Klipchuck campground on far side of mtns -- good site in corner, about 1 o'clock on ~~sank~~ west loop of campground. Tried fishing rapid Early Winters creek, promptly lost a lure.

Morn of 26th, went on into Winthrop, which has been touristied up, in sense that everything has "Old West" style, since we last were there, and which was absolutely clogged with tourists. Bought some fishing gear, drove to Sun Mtns Lodge for coffee and roll. Very nicely done lodge, with overlook high above Methow Valley and into the mtns. Talked with waitress, who said she and other "local yokels" are in bit of shellshock about change in the area since highway opened.

Stopped at Nat'l Forest info office, found a smokejumper wife (Julie Thomas) on duty, talked about Francis Lufkin; she steered us to Monument Creek hike, which leads up Lost River and over mountain to Lake of the Woods. Liked the idea because it was new country to us, looked strenuous and we could fish at end.

Left trailhead about 1:20, 2 hrs later were 4 miles in, where Eureka Creek boils out of its canyon into Lost R. Then the switchbacking starts. No topogphcl map avbl at Nat'l Forest office, so we were using one which didn't show total rise. Slogged uphill in constant switchback -- and beat off slope and scree for next 2 hrs. Finally came out on a false summit, with another high ridge ahead. Carol's feet bothered her, new boots raising heel blisters as they had in Elwha hike, and we both were weary, but decided to try next incline briefly to see if we'd come out on top. We didn't, and decided to make dry camp ($\frac{1}{2}$ qt of water in water bottle) in saddle where we were. I found I was played out, could barely move in setting up camp and then could barely eat as we started on dry supper. Figured

July 30 cont -- out the dry heat, which we're not used to, and steady pace of climb must have gotten me. Beef stick, cheese, fresh fruit we'd bought in Burlington all helped, but I still was the weariest I've been since high school football. Irony is that after trying to shed a few pounds I apparently shed too many too fast. We didn't have proper lunch that day -- coffee and roll, then an ice cream cone later -- and with the sweating of the climb, I've come home to find all my pants sag off my waist now.

Anyway, morn of 27th, we tackled the ridgeline again about 6:15, found after half an hour we still seemed only 2/3 or so to top. Carol's blisters were bad, and we considered the fix she'd be in if infection set in at Lake of Woods, a day or more of hard hiking from anywhere. I felt better, but still tired from day before. So we turned around, 1st time either of us could remember giving up on hike because it was too strenuous, and headed for Lost E. I counted steps in some average stretches on way down, found I was doing 90 steps a minute and it took 90 ~~minutes~~ minutes of that to come down -- which would mean we went something over 4 miles up the switchbacks, and still weren't near the end.

Fished and recuperated at Lost R., found nice camp site on a sand bar. Mid-afternoon, after holing up in tent out of heat for couple of hours, I tried fishing again, put on just plain hook and sinker instead ~~spit~~ spinner and lure I'd been trying, and promptly caught 3 fish, about 6, 7 & 9 inches. Carol was delighted, I think to see me have some success after all the fishing effort up the Elwha and on the Lost, and also with a ~~loss of~~ taste of fish for supper.

~~Morn of 28th~~ Lazed along the river bank, drinking water like addicts, soaking our feet, watching play of light on high slopes. That night read poetry a little while in tent.

Morn of 28th, we hiked out early to beat heat. Halfway down trail, I stopped to watch 2 woodpeckers in a tree, saw large black shape in bursh about 100' away, coming up out of river bed. Carol came up just then, got a good look at the head and said it was a bear; I knew by all logic it must be, but from my angle seeing it through brush it looked oddly like a big cat. Anyway, 'twas a bear, and an unexpected one that far down the trail.

July 30 cont -- After leaving the hike, moseyed back west over N. Cascades, better views going that direction.

Stopped at Diablo L. resort for coffee and roll, then at Burlington for more fresh fruit and vegetables, then at Turkey House near Arlington exit for turkey sandwich lunche

Y'day, I read pages proofs of Streets -- found dozen or so errors, most major the misnumbering of p. 72 so there were 2 p. 73s-and mailed them back to Vijay at noon. Layout of book looks nice. Afternoon, worked at shaping up office.

Fishing note on Lost River: caught the trout at sand bar hole about 20 yds s. of where Eureka C. flows in, past end of triangular island in mid-stream.

Aug. 2 -- Carpenter John Engberg came y'day, installed door to study and hung new solid core doors on bedroom and bathroom. We hoped solid doors would provide some soundproofing; they help, but still aren't ideal.

Anyway, study doorway looks nice, and will seal off room very well. Hope to get an electrician in next week to install study lights.

Jean came for lunch y'day. Said stock market has been so bad for them, John is talking of maybe getting a job. Apparently margin calls may just keep rolling in on him. Have puzzled a bit over my own feelings. Have always been leery of the market, while John, much more professed pessimist than I am, has staked much on it and another structure I mistrust, the military. John's military retirement benefits, such as medical care, have been eroding recently too. I am sure I don't want to see Rodens' finances fall apart; they're fine friends, probably our best.

Asked Carol last night if summer is going okay for her, because I've done plunging in and out of writing, tend to tackle the house projects in bulldoggish way. She said things are okay, though she's about ready to start her summer now and it's about over.

We repainted dining room floor with white epoxy paint y'day while carpenter worked in here. Today we lay the floor tiles, job I've been dreading.

Wed. the 31st, spent some time at Shoreline library, Peggy O and Melvylei helped me find material on earthworm industry for Oregon piece in Sept.

Aug. 2 -- Peggy remembered seeing good WSJ article, but we couldn't turn it up in any index. Finally she tracked down approximate date in her head, by figuring the article had been close to time her son moved to Yakima. We went to stacks of newspapers, and found the piece in a few minutes.

Tues. the 30th, went to UW library, got photo for Palouse article, looked over theses and dissertations on NW history, did chores on way home. Nelsons and Jarretts came for dinner -- about hr and a half later than planned, because ~~there~~ they were late getting back from Whidbey I. Felt sorry for Carol, who put in lot of work on the house and the meal, but all went okay. Al J. is awaiting word on new plane contract from Navy. Marsh said passingly he still doesn't like corporate law practice.

Aug. 9 -- The day of our Ford. Nixon is gone, a malignance potent in political life ever since I was 13 years old. And is he really gone, or will he be a martyr at San Clemente? Went to a resignation party at Millers last night. The 7 or 8 of us watched the quitting speech quietly, occasional crack in response to some Nixon gloss. All in all, I suppose I think Nixon was remarkably cool about it all, none of the bathos and sneering slams until his White House farewell this morn, when he got into recital of family history which sounded like his old campaign tearjerker, The Day the Pony Died.

Listened to National Public Radio y'day (KUOW) as we painted the guest room and the study door. Night before, John and Jean were here for steaks; Carol and I wrongly argued with Jean that Nixon probably wouldn't resign for some time, to insure some deal for immunity. The deal isn't yet apparent, but must be agreement by Ford to pardon.

Week mostly of work on house. Cleaned out shop on ~~Monday~~ Tuesday, carport looks as if we've gutted the house and dumped it all there. Carol bought washer and drier, it was installed Wed.

Major fun of week has been dickering with West Pub'g. Clyde Perlee called on Tues. to say he can't convince himself to publish our reporting anthology idea, but wondered if we're interested in doing intro to mass media book. Told him it'd be such a helluva project we'd want

Aug. 9 cont. -- sizable advance, agreed to talk with Carol and call him back on Friday. So y'day called him and said we'd need \$9000, about \$1000 a month for our work. Surprisingly, he didn't shriek and hang up, but said he'll call us next week after talking to Chicago home office.

Aug. 13 -- G'ma called last night to say she'd learned that Gertie died last week. Shocked me -- a part of my life gone now.

Shaped up the shop y'day, laying linoleum and moving wood in. Looks spiffy, and as I walked through house last night, thought of how much work we've done on this house.

Camped with the Millers at Dungeness Spit on the weekend. Dug clams for supper, made splendid chowder -- which made Linda and Clint both sick during the night. Stove went on blink as we made supper, had to build campfire and start from scratch; Gabe insisted "I hungry" for about an hour before grub was ready. Weather perfect on Sat -- Olympics showing successions of valley clefts, brilliant clarity, Mt. Baker floating in a mist at its base. Sunday was cloudy and cool; went to Pt. Townsend and looked around on way home.

Aug. 16 -- Frank and Lucie arrived y'day. Day before -- the 14th -- Carol nearly lost middle finger on left hand when we borrowed folding bed from Rodens. She, Jean and I carried it downstairs ~~innumperumpon~~ by holding it closed, since bed won't stay closed without mattress on it, and has no lock. As we set it down on lawn, bed sprung open and caught Carol's finger. Tried futilely to work the bed mechanism, finally Jean and I forced the frame apart enough to get her finger out. Finger was gouged open from 1st knuckle to second, along an angle; bled heavily, and must have hurt like hell. Carol clenched her jaw and held up superbly. Put some gauze on, and got her to Group Health at Northgate quickly. Black medic named Philips, 20 yrs an Army corpsman, expertly sewed her up, with 10-12 stitches. X-ray showed top extensor tendon torn, so she will have a splint forcing up end of finger for next 6 weeks. Damn nasty accident, but could have cost her the entire finger. We agreed afterward that for placid, safe-living cautious types, we're having a weird year.

Aug. 16 cont. -- Oceans came out with my piece on masts, very handsome layout. Check came y'day, but without pay for two pics I provided. So will write a letter today.

Spent this morning working on heaped desk, wrote Bob Boynton to ask about cover design for Streets and to urge copy on back cover. In a few minutes, will take Mullers to lunch at Little Pebble at Shilshole.

Aug. 22 -- About to begin series of calls to editors; first, quick catch-up. Last night Carol and I went to UW Readers Theatre for performance of Appalachian and Ozark tall stories -- very good. Lucie has been going through Mason Clinic, and had considerable stomach trouble y'day. I went to Pacific Search lunch y'day, noted the growing inventory of articles and will try tailor my work accordingly. Tuesday the 20th, reworked 1st scene of Jick.

Over drinks after Readers Theatre last night, Carol and I talked finances, prospects for next year or so. She said Shoreline's bleak salary prospects this year won't be fatal to us, but it does hurt her pride. Agreed we still want \$6000 advance for West text. Told her I'm undecided yet what I want to do in '75 -- willing to do text for halfway reasonable money, but know I should get back to Half-Life, etc. Mulling over how we're doing, occurred to me that maybe our mutual metabolism is such that doing one big thing a year is about right for us -- writing a book one year, the British sabbatical the next, buying a house this year.

Aug. 25 -- Scanty entries recently; will try to flesh out a bit:

Before I could put the sheet in the typewriter, phone rang and it was Pete Steen. Invited us to party Tues. eve; told him we'd try make it, depending on Vancouver trip.

Said he's on 10th of 15 chapters, hopes to finish by Xmas, spend 6 months rewrite; book to be published in '76. Hopes the UW Press will take it; Forest Service would buy 2000 copies, which Pete says "makes it a best-seller by unvtv press standards." Said he's seen Yonce in Denyer, and he's becoming number 2 person in the Public Library's Western history dept., seems in good frame of mind.

Aug. 25 cont. -- Today, took folks to church in Edmonds, then after lunch walked along Shilshole to watch boats and then went to locks, which Frank enjoys. Tonight cooked steaks on barbecue.

Y'day, I worked on files, and straightened out a much stuff. Think I see a way to organize the files more workably and can feel things start to shape up in the study. Also, in late morn we took ferry to Bainbridge, had lunch in Winslow, drove to Kingston to take ferry home. All in all, have done very little during this visit of ~~the~~ Carol's folks; Lucie has seemed too shaky to do much, so we've scotched a 4-day trip to Vancouver and Victoria in favor of a day trip or 2.

Other events: Grandma went into WSS hospital the 16th with apparent flu which made her dizzy, stayed a couple of nights; have phoned couple of times since and she seems okay, though the usual heart condition.

Friday the 23d, Jean came for lunch, and brought with her microfilm machine and roll of NY Herald from 1873 I need for Fox Among the Modocs piece. She arranged loan from Claremont College -- service so ~~good~~ superb it's a bit embarrassing.

Spent couple of days at UW library last week, went to Pac Search meet on Wed., sent off Dream House article to Yankee and Grand Tourists piece to Mainliner. Pretty good work week. If I can write Fox Among the Modocs tomorrow and get in another day or so of work on Jick, this week will be okay too.

Also must get together with Carol to talk over possible mass media text. When Clyde Perlee called again -- Tues. the 20th, I think -- our terms of \$6000 advance made him ask to see us when he comes to Seattle after Labor Day. Other calls during week were mine to Mainliner (editor said he'd like to see Grand Tourists), Chevron (Helen Bignell to call me back about Maryhill piece) and unsuccessful try to Am. West. Don Kelley of Oceans called to say they consider I've been fully paid for masts piece because they changed their rates (lowered 'em, naturally). I responded with letter to publisher asking \$130 for time and effort put into photo hunt, feel that I'll sue if I don't get it.

Aug. 25 eent -- Suppose entries should show ebb and flow of current history, but mostly what they show is that life flows on for us whatever stones make splashes elsewhere.

Rockefeller as Veep: 1st time in ages Carol and I have agreed on much with Frank and Lucie. None of us are keen; Frank made surprising comment that he wished Ford had apptd Sen. Brooke. Tonight, Carol listened to NBC evening news on TV as I started the steaks, came to tell me the three top stories were a manhunt, a fire and a shipwreck -- political tranquility after all the Watergate.

Have had odd visitor -- varicolored half-grown kitten who showed up atop the fence couple days ago, meandered back & forth for couple of hours unable to get off, finally half-fell and half-jumped on our side. Shooed him off, last night he was back peering in living room window; back again today, though another shooing and putting a board at gate where he comes in may have done the job. Mentally nicknamed him Spy, as he keeps wanting to come in.

Current reading: David Day's bio of Malcolm Lowry, which Carol read earlier; interesting to us because of Lowry's Vancouver life. The Air Cage, weird and about half-ept Swedish love triangle, with at least some mildly imaginative sex. Blandings' Way, as sequel to Dream House. Now on Thornton Wilder's Eighth Day, which I enjoyed 5-6 years ago. Keep coming onto things I read years ago, wonder how I got through UW with all the interests which had not a blessed damn to do with seminars and reading lists.

Sept. 1 -- Labor Day weekend. Much to show for the summer -- work on house, office files somewhat reshaped and winnowed (prospect of doing more by Oct. 1), some writing and quite a few ideas. On the baneful side, inflation is going like hell and Carol's salary prospects at Shoreline aren't good.

Last night, celebrated ~~by~~ Frank's 71st birthday with dinner at Doug and Lois Smith's. Lucie made baked beans and peach pie to take, with considerable fuss. Was reminded of Jean's comment that her mother's status in life rested on her cooking. At lunch y'day, conversation turned to cooking, and I got surprising (tho maybe it shouldn't have been) revelation that Lucie, and probably Frank, had expected Carol would end up as a housewife. I'd given them great credit for her professionalism, by giving her a frame of mind

Sept. 1 cont. -- which inevitably took her to college and a job afterward; now begin to see that while some fundam~~ental~~x may have been provided, Carol's life has been shaped more in spite of the folks.

Night of Fri the 30th, Ann McCartney came for supper. She's here from San Diego for couple of weeks, will use her sabbatical this year to finish up master's down there. Says she misses Seattle, doesn't look forward to the year, but will tough it out. Seems pretty stable.

Thurs. the 29th, I went to regional meeting of American Historical Ass'n at UW. Sat in on forest history sessions, then went to Forest History Society lunch. In session, papers were read by Tom Cox (San Diego State; former student of Earl Pomeroy at Oregon, and a nice guy I'd like to know better) and Susan Flader of Missouri. Flader snowed the ~~max~~ audience with knowledge of Aldo Leopold; could feel the envy in the room from countless veteran historians who could have done the topic if they'd had the wit. Talked briefly with Tom Gedosch, found he's the same dour personality as ever. Enjoyed visit with Pete Steen, a favorite friend. Pete's history of Forest Service should be out in '76, he says.

Overall, found myself reminded how humorless and insular historians are as a group. Journalists are infinitely better company.

Tues. the 28th, went to Vancouver with Frank and Lucie. Spent much time in Stanley Park -- lunch at Ferguson Pt. tea house, watched lawn bowling, kiddies driver training. Then to Maritime Museum, drove the Foreshore and headed home. Had supper at ~~Rx~~ Turkey House at Arlington exit. Got home about 7, called Pete, who told us to come on to the party even if it was underwa. We went for an hour, met Tom Cox of San Diego State, Doug Davis (?) who edits Forest History, other ~~max~~ forest historians.

Recent writing has been Fox among the Modocs for Pac.

Search, which came out nicely y'day. Involved NY ^Herald microfilm, which Jean got for me from Claremont College. Xeroxed pages of Fox's scoop, project Melvylei and I spent about hr and half on before copying machinery finally worked right.

Current reading, re-read of Cooper's Creek, by Alan Moorehead.

Sept. 16 -- Back from a grand vacation, tho a day like this blasts away the good of the vacation. Both of us carefully avoided work and chores y'day, knowing life would start full steam again today, and it's done at least that. No checks in mail from Pac. Search, which means Harriet R indeed has gone to payment upon publication, and will have to hassle that with her on Wed. Mainliner rejected tourists piece, for no reason the editor wasn't aware of when I phoned him. G'ma called to say new doc not only doesn't want her flying out here, but wants to hospitalize her. I called him, found that he diagnoses congestive heart failure which is failure of pumping capacity. He wants to start her on digitalis, and would like her hospitalized while he does. Must phone her tonight and try talk her into the doctoring.

Meanwhile, Carol and other faculty were told at meeting today that all class loads have been increased by 3 students. Rancor keeps building at Shoreline, administration grinding away at the union.

Some good news today. Carol learned that Bill Thompson is on leave for dissertation work at Oregon, freeing her of his tenure problem. I had call from 77-yr-old Alice Kohler, who saw my Metlktla piece in y'day's Times and has stories about living in the village in 1919-20. Should go tape her.

Made Grp Health apptmt tomorrow afternoon to have pulled groin muscle looked at. Right leg doesn't quite feel right, whether it's that or what.

To reconstruct Oregon trip, which was a fine one:

--left Sept. 6, stayed next 2 nights with Jan Bateman and Margaret Vanderford in Albany. Good visiting, though less serious than sometimes. Jan seemed in good spirits, relaxed. They drove us around Albany-Corvallis area, where amazing amount of homebuilding -- suburban sprawl -- is going on. Also, Jan has added to her two cats (Jeremy and Rorshcach) a growing pup named Sam, who may be pony-sized when grown.

Sun. morn (8th), we went on to Springfield; next morn, I did some research for worm article at UO library, after'n visited worm farmers. Odd folks, crusty and secretive, but I did get enough material for story.

Sept. 16 cont. -- On 10th, we roamed the Oregon dunes out of campsite at Honeyman St. Park, had crab and wine supper.

Dunes were exotic, considerable spread of desert hard by the coast.

11th-12th, camped at Oswald West St. Park and roamed the area. Climbed Neahkahnie Mtn~~x~~ the 11th, me taking notes for Pac S article (as I'd done at Cape Perpetua on way up coast). Neahkahnie still is a thrill for me, with lovely detail in views to all directions. Also an unsettling place because ridgeline is only few feet wide in places, threatening you with fall down either slope. Carol finds it spooky; I guess I do too, but like it hugely even so.

12th, hiked the Cape Falcon trail, also with beloved views. Both nights, cooked salmon steaks at Short Sands picnic area and stuffed ourselves, washing it down with white wine. Grand living.

Stayed in Surfview Motel in Cannon Beach the final night-- 13th -- to clean up. Ate at Crab Broiler, again excellent.

Came home next day by way of Portland to see Capt. Cook exhibit at Ore Histcl Soc. Both enjoyed the artifacts of Cook's voyages, were left cold by portraits and paintings.

Perfect weather for Ore coast (Willamette Valley was clotted with smoke from grass burning while we were there; vsblty about 3/4 mi). Wind blew sometimes (from east) so strong couldn't keep hat on head, but temp was ideal 70-75 sh even so.

Just stopped to call G'ma; talked her into doing the doctoring and going to hospital, delaying her flight a week. Hate this playing god with a life, which I did with Dad for so long, but apparently I have to lend knack of making decisions. Whatever cost to me in discomfiture of trying to run a life at long distance, it's worth it for any moments of prolonged life I may help provide, I suppose. Anyway, we'll postpone G'ma's trip a week, and hope for the best. New doc in WSS didn't say so, but as I read the situation He's trying to correct lapse in treatment by that quack Jellen.

Ford pardoned Nixon while we were in Ore -- idly turned on TV for Sunday eve news in Springfield motel, and found CBS special on the pardon. Infuriates us both, as does cover story about Nixon's phlebitis to keep him from testifying.

Sept. 23 -- Catching up on last week: fine relaxed mood from Oregon trip lasted only few hours, as phone began ringing and niggling problems set in. Big problem helluva lot more serious than niggling, was G'ma's health as noted in last diary entry. She spent Mon-Fri in hsp'tl, is to see doc again today. As far as we know, she should be okay to come out here now.

After mulled Pac S failure to pay as agreed and plotting for meeting with Harriet Rice, Mary Daheim and I apparently did some good. Stayed on after edit'l meet -- which dragged on until we wondered whether it was plot to glaze us over -- and kicked to Harriet about pay by word. She agreed the dime a word formula was headache for them too, and I suggst'd a fee, starting with \$180 for 1500-2000 words. Also she agreed to kill fee of 1/2 price if article isn't accepted after 2 months. For our part, we agreed she could be more stringent about when she wants articles, delivering them on date in the future we agree on.

So if we brought any rationality to an edit'l office, we made a minor miracle.

Thurs. I worked on Jick -- at about 1/2 speed, felt tired and logey, p'haps from barking dog night before. Carol was at AFT meeting at Henry Thomson's summer place; perfect day for me to get a lot done, but I didn't. Did write stage directions for scene 1, improve dialogue of scene a bit.

Fri went to Evgn St for Oral History meeting. Mostly librarians attending; program largely run by Bill Langlois of Br. Columbia. So-so meet; picked up some ideas, impressed as usual at how few people know what in hell they're doing.

Weather has been so fine Carol suggested we go on to ocean for weekend, so we did from the campus. Spent night camped at Lake Quinault. Had drinks in the bar until a guy raised so much hell, blustering and swearing and breaking an occasional glass, that we retreated to porch, which was

infinitely better anyway. El called for law, which came 45 min later, long after the nut departed. We bought fruit and ice cream at store, had it all as cold salad for supper. Fine sunset on lake, fish jumping madly. Next day moved on to Kalaloch, which was near full; lucky to find good quiet campsite. Loafed that day; I'm trying to take care of right groin tendon, which Grp Hlth doc diagnosed as tendonitis. Still, we walked considerably, and I had no problem.

Sept. 23 -- Remarkable sunset at Kalaloch, sun going down as red ball into bank of mist and then reds and golds catching mares tail clouds far to southeast and northeast. Like colossal feathers of some brilliant bird.

Both relaxed much on trip. Y'day drove to Hurricane Ridge for lunch, unsuccessfully tried to dig clams at Dungeness Spit, bought oysters instead. Invited John and Jean for supper. Described beach trip and Oregon trip to John, he asked me how long I thought my idyllic life wd last, or what would break it. Told him yes, I think about it a lot, probably health will break it. We'd been talking about Grandma's health, and age; John said he's 54 and scared as hell about growing old.

Carol began classes this morn; seems in good mood at lunch.

I spent morn catching up on letters, filing things away, painting pic frames for vanity wall in office. Must try to get fluorescent fixture up above Carol's desk today; prime of last week's aggravations was that fixture didn't work after elctn got it up. Had to take ~~it~~ back to Seattle Lighting and get another; bitched, and got \$8.40 worth of light bulbs as recompense, but that's not enough if we have to have elctn come back. Will try it ourselves lst.

Sept. 25 -- Never know what's gonna pop next. Called Mary Daheim to thank her for passing along bit of editing business -- more on that later -- and found that the pair of us maybe have some mild notoriety for the meeting with Harriet Rice a week ago. She'd been talking with Bill Ames of UW Com School on phone, and he ~~said~~ said he'd heard that Mary had been giving poor Harriet Rice a hard time, here she was struggling to run a magazine and Mary's giving her a tough time about fees. Both of us baffled as to how the hell Bill heard about it, but agreed he's a helluva gossip and would pick up anything to be heard. Possible that Russ

Mohney went right upstairs and blabbed to Rebecca or anybody else when he left after we d talked for 5 or 10 minutes -- in fact, it's ~~likely~~ ^{certainly} certain. But I'd guess Bill must have heard it from Harriet herself, probably at weekend party or somewhere. Mary said Bill seemed surprised to hear I'd been in on it too; and apparently Bill was joshing, twitting Mary about the report.

Sept. 25 cont. -- Still, I was piqued, and at UW library this afternoon looked up few clips on Harriet. Sure enough she and her mother and a sister are the holders of about 90% of the KING broadcasting properties. Which makes her maybe not the richest lady in town, but in the running. Which makes it all the more ludicrous that we sit around hassling with her over a few hundred bucks.

Other unexpected bit: call came last night from Jake Moe, who with brother Dave runs skiing magazine called Powder. They needed fast edit on article done for them by film maker Norm Clasen -- real basket case of a piece. Fred Walsh does their design -- magazine looks like son of Cascades, very fine -- and he'd suggested Mary Daheim. Mary disclaimed any feeling for the outdoors, and suggested me. The Moes came over -- blond kids, maybe mid-20s, make me feel like ancient -- and left the piece. I did most of editing last night, caught up in fun of shaping writing into honed style, and retyped this morn. Charged \$15 an hour, which I've since decided is far too low. Took piece over to Walsh's this afternoon, met Fred for 1st time after years of both of us doing work for Cascades and Pac Search; exceedingly pleasant 60ish gent, looks wise and fatherly and is one classy design man. Dave Moe went over piece with me, seemed satisfied after few minor changes.

Have meant to add other figures on fees agreed on with Harriet last week (more in Pac S file):

\$180 -- 1500-2000 words

225 -- 2000-2500

265 -- 2500-3000

325 -- 3000-3500

Oct. 1 -- G'ma arrived Sunday night, the 29th. Dave & Nellie also at airport. As she came up ramp from plane, I could see she was having trouble, and went down after her.

Dave followed, and we got her up and into a chair. She took a glycerin pill -- had had to take one after climbing stairs onto plane in Helena, too -- and began to be okay. 1st pills since she'd been in hospital a week before -- tho she took one before supper tonight after cooking chicken and otherwise being on her feet for awhile. She can't walk too much, but does pretty well with shorter distances. Must make some sort of decision by weekend about whether to ~~risk~~ risk an Expo trip; just don't know if she can get around well enough.

She's clipped huge pile of papers for me, and this morn ironed shirts; continues to keep busy.

I've been sorting clippings and winnowing files. Have thrown out many clips from ages past -- old Time, Newsweek and Life clips, some reaching back to college days. Am trying to be fairly ruthless about clips now, but even so I'll end up with jillions which won't be used. Suppose I should simply accept that, and winnow every year or so.

Have been working on gravel in pit behind house, hauling it out ~~to~~ by buckets to front drive and filling space along house.

~~Conroy~~ Last Fri night (27th) went to Millers; Peggy and Jack ~~Quigley~~ (P) also there, pleasant folks. Next night, Nelsons here for supper. Marsh helped me arrange photos and articles on vanity wall in study -- looks fine, colorful mishmash of places been and things done.

Meant to note that sometime last week I winnowed old article files and re-read pieces. It ~~may~~ may not be memorable literature, but on the other hand I found nothing I was ashamed of.

Clyde Perlee of West called y'day. His offer of advance for media text is \$4000; we're asking \$6000. If we can't get him up to \$5000 or so, I doubt that we'll do it.

Hate to let any book contract go past, with inflation tearing at us and Carol's salary probably stymied for who knows how long. It may well be time to tuck in and take whatever we can get. On other hand, it may be time for me to say to hell with articles and text work for awhile, and cut loose on $\frac{1}{2}$ life and anything else floating loose in the imagination, aiming for trade market.

Oct. 1 cont. -- Current reading is The White Dawn, much better than the movie. More subtle, cultural clash better told, and what seems to be marvelous exposition of Eskimo life and perceptions. Other recent books: Fat City by Leonard Gardner, ~~taut~~ taut and pretty good, and Breslin's World Without End, Amen, also pretty good.

Carol busily at work with courses -- grading papers this afternoon and tonight. Not doing as fulsome class prep'ns as in past, but still hitting it a pretty hard lick. Said last week she did find the teaching still to be fun; I'd wondered a bit thru this summer of wage deadlock and union busting by the school.

Oct. 7 -- G'ma spent Y'day with Dave and Nellie, all 3 of them coming here for dinner last night. Carol and I spent day on the future -- I whacked out long letter attempting to raise West's advance money on media text by \$1000, Carol began application for Rockefeller Foundation grant. Hard work, both. Carol has been saying goodbye to class work at 5 pm last 2 Fridays, but as she told Jean today, it simply means we set to work on something else on week-ends.

Sleepy and dragged out this morn; went back to bed for 45 min. But then had an efficient day, handling many chores including getting G'ma lined out on project of making drapes for study. Splendid bright cool weather continues; I kept bucketing gravel to front of house as I've done for past couple of weeks.

G'ma had good vigorous day, doing some shopping with me at N'gate after ironing and finishing paper clipping this morn. (Sold what she's clipped since she came: 124 #) She ~~manages~~ occasionally has to pop a glycerine pill, but has had only one really bad day, about a week ago. I regretted letting her come out here that day, but ever since she's managed pretty well. Today got her to agree that the only way she can see Expo is from a wheelchair, and she's surprisingly agreeable to going ahead with it that way.

The 3 of us went to movie Friday night -- That's Entertainment, reprise of MGM musicals. Some good craft on display, especially in dancing of Eleanor Powell and Astaire, and Gene Kelly; if nothing else, movie was always piquant for the gaudiness of sets and arrangements.

Oct. 7 cont. -- Have cleaned out many files in past week, discarding ~~no~~ countless old enthusiasms: aging Newsweek clips on media folks and historical figures, "think" pieces. Still about 2 days work ahead getting files in order. Have done nothing yet on Utopias, which should worry me but doesn't. I purposely want to push some of the work late, to make use of December for a change; also, the book idea simply feels as if there's amply material to go any direction, and I simply hope to make some attractive design from the amplitude. Must send out for permissions soon, however, so I'll have at least that to report to Bob Boynton.

Economy continues to thrash. By now our stocks are pretty low. Even though I've always half-feared the stock market, I find it doesn't bother me much. I suppose it's a matter of telling myself we simply have done the best we could, and if that's not good enough, it can't be helped. We remain solvent, in good health, and both have good work to do. Carol is becoming convinced the entire Western system may crash, which I guess has been in my head as a sort of half-expectation ever since I began thinking seriously about what social systems can and can't do. But I look back over clippings of what's concerned us in the past: the race issue when I was in high school and college, Goldwater rightwingism next, Vietnam, the environment, and now inflation. Can't say this too shall pass, because there's always the chance it won't. But it does convince me we're right to tuck in and live according to what we find pleasurable and productive, instead of money and position.

Oct. 10 -- How I can stay busy as a squirrel and still not get a word written, I don't know, but that's the recent record. Much time spent on G'ma, of course. Y'day ~~xx~~ she made drapes for the study, handsome bright plaids. This morn took her to Penneys at N'gate and bought her new winter coat as barter for the drape work. On Tues (8th), went to Ballard and bought \$94 of paper, envelopes, office supplies from small stationer going out of business. Also got a telephone # file which seems efficient, solving a problem I've always ~~had~~ had of easy access to phone #s.

Still a day or two to be spent filing clips; basics done, but just haven't gotten to piles the last few days.

Oct. 10 cont. -- This morn typed up vita to go with R'feller Fndn application; y'day did some rewriting on Carol's precis. Looks pretty good on paper.

John and Jean came for dinner last night. G'ma had ~~angina~~ angina spell during meal, I got her a pill promptly; dunno if Rodens noticed how much trouble she was having. Tues. lunch, Carol's former student Fred Leaf came, to say goodbye before leaving for Oxford the next day. Felt some memories stirring, remembering that Oxford had been one of my college dreams. Pleasant, too, to see Fred wondering what awaits him, the same wonder I had before going off to Northwestern. Beyond all that, felt ~~nostalgia~~ nostalgia for our year in Britain, a portion of our life we did very well indeed.

Plan to go to Spokane this weekend. Convinced G'ma on Monday that a wheelchair is the only way she can possibly see ~~the~~ Expo, and she was surprisingly agreeable.

Carol very busy, especially y'day with full teaching day, AFT meeting in afternoon, then Rodens coming for dinner. Tried to talk her out of house-tidying and any fripperies for the meal; should shut up and let do things in whatever style she wants.

Oct. 14 -- Lovely weather continues, now into the ~~34~~ 4th month of it. Took letter to mailbox about 7:45 this morn, looked up at brightening sky and wondered what the hell I was doing inside on such a day. Nonetheless, came back in and wrote Cape Perpetua travel piece for Pac S. Nothing fancy, but workmanlike, I think. Hope to do livelier job tomorrow on Neakahnrie Mt. piece.

Also feeding laundry piecemeal into washer-dryer; Carol has office hrs., should be home in few minutes. Marsh called this morn, said they had SF papers to drop off with us; I asked them for lunch. Carol promptly called, said Jean was coming too. So, a sizable crowd.

G'ma should be home by now, will call her tonight. Put her on plane in Spokane y'day morn at 8:30. Just before ramp door opened, to let her and family with several children on, family custody fight broke out in front of us. Husband apparently was taking the 4 kids ~~to~~ to Minnpls, wife flipped out, grabbed him by necktie and shrieked to NW pax service man not to let him on, she had restraining order. Terrible scene, the woman florid, kids crying, one knocked over in bellyflop as the dispute swirled, the

Oct. 14 cont. -- husband trying ~~radjock~~ vainly to calm things down. Finally the melee shifted away from door, and I put G'ma aboard plane. She had just taken 2 glern pills for being excited anyway, and I was concerned it would upset her more, but she seemed okay. Kissed her goodbye after settling her in plane seat, and walked away thinking, as always, that it could be the last time.

What did I feel during her visit? Some tension, trying to keep her occupied. Some conscious effort to be loving and to touch and hug, which doesn't come easily to me with anyone but Carol. Great sense of being careful, trying to walk a line, in taking her places but not walking her too much, for instance. Time or two, thought it a real mistake to have brought her here; angina spells were bad, tho none as bad as the one she had in kitchen when I visited her in May. But all in all, I still think it's right to have her active as possible, to let her go and do and not become a cripple. So it went on Expo trip. She had upset stomach most of night before, not much sleep, but she took the trip pretty well, seemed to enjoy it. Said she liked Expo just fine, and I think she probably did.

Must do some snatches of writing, and the Perpetua piece makes me think I can manage them fairly crisply. Wrote it as I've been doing all Pac S and other magazine work this year -- once through the typewriter, rewriting and editing as I go, then the final copy. Still haven't started on Realms of ~~Te~~ Utopia, tho I've brought home enough books and sent off for a few permissions so I can truthfully tell Bob Boynton I've started, should he call. But still feel sanguine about it, feel I can bat it out in Nov and Dec. and still do a pretty good job.

We've decided Carol should apply for Nat'l Endowment for Humanities fellowship, for the autobiography seminar at Dartmouth, and will manufacture application in the next month. Could be an interesting project -- clearly the best of the Endowment possibilities. Friday afternoon, I went to UW library and copied down grant posblties for me, sent off postcards for info.

Oct. 16 -- Queasy stomach y'day afternoon and last night, plus some allergy when we walked at Shilshole. Better by noon today. Went to Pac S lunch, which was pretty calm. Talked briefly with Archie Satterfield beforehand; says he's turned down trip and assignment to Alaska for Alyeska magazine because of environmental conscience. During meeting, talked about possible piece on gun control, possible NRA reaction. When Archie mentioned NRA now promoting family togetherness in shooting, I offered slogan: "The family that slays together stays together." Mary Daheim and I both fairly quiet in critique of issue; layout is still a mess, but we've both said so before and without effect. Harriet announced the magazine has edged into the black this quarter, for first time. Said circulation is about 17,000. After meeting, Russ Mohny mellower than usual, actually chatted with me a few minutes.

From Pac S, drove to Issaquah to tape Alice Kohler, who read my Metlakatla piece in Times Pictorial and called me. Delightful lady, 77, living with her daughter; good memory, pretty fair storyteller, considerable knack for detail. Pleasant area where they live, several miles S of downtown Issq, still has wildlife: Mrs. K saw big bobcat from living room window recently, about 5 years ago saw a wolf from same spot.

Good working week so far; wrote Neahkahnne piece y'day, Cape Perpetua day before. Will start on Kohler piece for S. Times tomorrow, go to UW for lunch with Pat Vesey and some research.

Oct. 18 -- Finishing week a bit desperately, but have accomplished considerable. Y'day was nearly an overload of visiting. I had lunch with Pat Vessie at UW: talked about how to use govt docmts, my writing, her long-languishing Chinese bibliography. Reassured her not to retype entire thing for sake of editor's quibbles about updating a few things. Pat pleasant, sharp, a bit shy around men, tho she evidently is impressed with me and my work. Am wondering whether I can hire her to give me cram course in library research sometime. Pat continues her fill-in job in Docmts before picking up the reference course from somebody Nov. 1; joshed her that she's the only free lance librarian I know, she laughed and said she's a ~~jok~~ joke around the library, people ask her where she's working now.

Oct. 18 cont -- Gathered some utopias books, photocopied some history pieces, then headed home. Crossing Red Square was hailed by Bill Chamberlin, who then talked for about half an hour. Main gossip was that Pember's book is selling around 25,000, said Pember has contracts to do law book and ~~re~~ newswriting book with Roger Simpson. When he manages to do it all, I dunno.

Last night, went to State of Siege, which we thought not as good as Z, then stopped by Zoretiches on way home. Linda is freelancing for Seattle Business magazine, now on piece about Seattle TV news. Showed us KING's policy manual, which is full of incredible philosophical ruminations about who and how to hire. She's just talked to Cooney at KIRO, found him charming in person. Linda is getting very savvy about the city, making connections in her KTW work and free lance writing. Frank is doing some photography -- new enlarger in their pleasant new bungalow in Wallingford.

Carol napping now (5 pm), had rough morn of classes, delay at Grp Health during annl physical, then meeting me at Electro-Chek to have '62 Buick worked over in next few days.

Began sorting writing clips today, winnowed some things which impressed me a few years ago but don't quite as much now. Joan Didion columns, especially. Still see some fine touches, but also the tics. Noted that of 7 or 8 Life cols of hers I had, 2 began "I had better tell you" and one "I had wanted..." Notebooks and research files getting in order. This morn studied journal ~~pieces~~ pieces on invention of gasoline tax and early drive to save scenery in Oregon; have been interested lately in power of laws to wreak societal (and envnmtl) changes.

Also, thought a while y'day, when I wasn't talking to somebody, about my writing. Wondered how good it really is, where it will go. Came out of the day with Pat V praising me for going at it as I do, Frank Z admiring of amount of magazine work (mutual admiration there; Frank shows very deft touch in his P-I work). But wonder as always if I'm falling between stools: not working full-time on jlsn books, dabbling on in NW history, not getting to Half-Life and other looser ~~idea~~ ideas. My fate must be to wonder.

Oct. 22 -- Weekend, went to Mt. Baker with Rodens. On way up, argued energy situation with John, none of us making much logical sense, probably. At one point Carol and I were arguing for cutbacks in lifestyle, thwarting new energy plans, etc., at another John was arguing that he'd thrive on a simple farm in Nooksack valley while we pooh-pooched the ~~utopia~~ notion. Carol or Jean noted on way back that our returns, after calming influence of hiking, were always saner. Anyway, gorgeous day at Mt. Baker. Hiked past Bagley Lakes, through saddle where you look at Shuksan to east, Baker to west, down to Chain Lakes and then around Table Mtns to complete circuit. Much red and yellow foliage. Many skiers on long trough of old snow near Bagley Lake; also, parking lot at Artists Point level full with snow, which is why we left car at Heather Meadows. Saw a pika, heard several whistling. Camped at Douglas Fir campground, steaks for supper, hr or so of 5-card stud poker in our tent before bed. Carol lost about 60¢, I lost 12¢, John the big winner. I had pairs of queens and kings one hand. About 4 Sun morn, heard rain on tent. Still raining at b'fast, snow had fallen ~~most~~ on high slopes. Headed for LaConnor and Conway; lunch at fine cafe run by Norwegian couple in LaConnor, walked the town, stopped at nursery on way to Conway so John could price poplar trees.

More work on writing files Y'day and this morn, also began some utopias reading this morn. Felt under the weather y'day afternoon, went to bed about 7:30 last night, to sleep abt 9. Y'day lunch, eerie little scene on the patio: a single leaf continuously floating in air, seeming to swim like a fish. Continued all through lunch; after first 5 minutes or so, I went out and passed a hand over it to see if it was on spider web, but it wasn't. Crimped so it was concave, it apparently formed perfect airfoil. So it flew, now climbing 4-5' off the ground, now back down almost touching again. All this in apparently calm air, when no other leaves were blowing. Looked like tropical fish with a mouse's tail as it cruised over hundreds of fallen comrades (off our birch trees at w. end of house). Watched all thru lunch, checked on it later from bedroom window and it was still flying. Not only did it stay off ground like something alive, but it explored, darting around in circumference of several feet, at all different altitudes about up to man's height. Wondrous.

Oct. 24 -- Aggravating day. Couldn't get rolling on Alice Kohler piece for S. Times. Have hacked away at it, and must have it 2/3 or so done, but it's taken all damn day. Serious loss of efficiency this week. Last week, I batted out Pac S travel pieces on successive days, but today ... Have been reading Kenneth Roberts I Wanted to Write, and maybe I caught something from the old reprobate. His book is one long agony of trying to get down to work, rewriting, re-rewriting. Certainly I've had enough of that too, and my own especial torment usually is whether I'm choosing the best project at the moment. Added to the day was rejection of Dream House piece by Yankee as being too sophisticated. On the better side, Yankee will look at something on New England utopias, and should be able to cobble an article or two from Realms work. Also on better side is that I have settled down this evening, laid plans for next week, will even type up 1st few pp. of day's writing which are okay. I suppose a day like today simply shows that I'm never home free, even with work and prospects ahead.

Oct. 28 -- Arrived home from ocean weekend last night, phre began ringing as we walked in door, it was Dave to pass the word that G'ma had died Fri afternoon. I'd been expecting that her heart couldn't last, and shock was not too great. More grief this morn as the links between us flashed in my mind: it was 24 years ago she and Dad and I formed up, longer span together than she spent in raising any of her own children; she died, in all likelihood in the new coat she and I had picked out together just 3 weeks ago, one which we both were very pleased with and proud of; I'm so hugely grateful we managed her one final trip here, and that it was a good one, all in all. I feel the loss, too, of the expanse of life which passes with her. She was born when Grover Cleveland was president, years before manned flight and the auto; and what she went through, from living in winter tents on Goat Mountain to raising 4 kids despite a drinking husband, to all the cooking and ranch work in her time with us.

Thru it all is undercurrent of half-anger. Chances are she was victim of small-town doctoring. Her last letter mentions that last Mon., in her 1st checkup with new doc in town, he took her off blood thinner and (apparently) digitalis, to see how she'd do for the week until her

Oct. 28 cont. -- next checkup.

So now it is to WSS to break up her household.

Oct. 28 -- Arrived home from ocean weekend last night; plane began raining as we waited in door; it was dark to see the word that I had had the afternoon. I'd

been expecting that her heart couldn't last, and shock was not too great. How great this was as the time between is flashed in my mind; it was 24 years ago she and Dad and I formed up, long ago together than she spent in raising any of her own children; she died, in all likelihood in the new coat she and I had picked out

together just 2 weeks ago, one which we both were very pleased with and proud of; I'm so deeply grateful we managed her on that trip here, and that it was a good one, all in all. I feel the loss, too, of the expense of the watch passed to her. She was born when Grover Cleveland was president, years before married light and the auto; and what she went through, from living in winter beds on Coast Mountain to raising 4 kids despite a drinking husband, to all the cooking and ranch work in her life with us.

Now it all is a monument of half-remembered. Grandchildren are now a victim of small-town doctoring. Her last letter mentioned that last Nov., in her last coming with her dog in town, he took her off blood thinner and (apparently) all this, to see how she'd do for the week until her

Nov. 3^{WSS} -- Finally alone, this foggy Sunday. Curds¹ of snow on lawn outside kitchen window, screen of fog blocking out everything beyond the grain elevator. Grandma's house is starting to seem skeletal, will seem more so when Ray M and Marlo move their stuff tonight.

What do I feel? Not much. My penchant for efficiency and scheduling has taken over, and I've had trouble shifting myself to do these notes. But y'day, for about half an hour in the mid-morning, was a hard ~~time~~ time. As Carol and I went thru the house clicking off packing chore after chore, I came to the dresser top and unthinkingly began going through G'ma's purse. I no sooner had it open than the emotion hit me, stronger than any time since the day after we learned of her death. I should have remembered from Dad's death what an emotional explosion it is to look into a wallet or purse, the most personal of belongings. I choked tighter and tighter as the traces of her everyday life came out of that purse: the glycerine pills which kept her alive these past 2½ years, a paid bill or 2, tissues, safety pins, rubber bands, the wallet with her Senior Citizens Club card, Soc Sec card, pics of Wally's new stepdaughters Sharol and Sandra, and \$13. Characteristically, too, she also had Dad's old safety razor, with a blade still in it. I had to stop several times from going thru the purse, back off for deep breaths, retreat to bathroom a couple of times until emotion would simmer down. Then I came to the point of having finished and was left only with the wallet, which Carol had given her and which I wanted Carol to have. Barely managed to hand it to her without breaking down -- as I'm doing now while writing this.

Took Carol to plane last night in Helena, dreaded to see her ~~go~~ go. She has been perfect this past week, efficient and strong when I needed her, and fending wonderfully as household items were divvied up.

Carol Kuja was manning NW counter at airport.

Nov. 3 cont. -- We said hello, shook hands, he took Carol's ticket and said with a straight face the plane was so empty it needed some balancing, so he'd put her up in 1st class. One more amenity of small town neighborliness/

When we pulled into Helena, we stopped for gas noticed the station handled Goodyear tires. Began dickering, and left the station about ~~at~~ an hour later with 4 new G'year Power Cushions for \$155, just about what I paid for a set in Seattle couple of years ago.

Rest of y'day's schedule: we got up early -- I was awake at 5:30 -- and began packing two big suitcases for Carol and generally wrestling with the strewn items. When Wally arrived at 9, we were in good shape. Talked with him over coffee -- mostly about Bill Higgins' financial straits -- then he called Dan to help him move his stuff to Townsend. Dan arrived, then Ray, Sean and Dawn. Flat tire on Dan's pickup; he and Wally tackled that, Ray meanwhile began packing Bud's stuff from dresser G'ma had stored for him. House was a swirl, and I decided we'd do well to clear out. We did, about 11:30, with Wally and Dan still in midst of moving. Stopped in T'send at Emma's Town Talk cafe for lunch, then went to house to see Emma. No sooner arrived there than Walter Doig showed up. We had a cup of tea, went on to Helena, got the tires, dropped stuff at Sherry's -- Alma was there, 1st time we'd seen her since she and Bud broke up -- then to Western Care Nursing Home, where Sherry was visiting Bud. Bud is not good, having stomach pains. He is a living mind in a nearly-dead body. Said goodbye there, went to airport to buy Carol's ticket, then to 4B's for dinner and a drink. (Breaded veal cutlets, which you can't even get in most parts of country, for \$2.65. Also good stout drinks in upstairs lounge, which is beautifully done in some Old West motifs.) Then the plane, and most of a week apart.

Nov. 3 cont. -- Impressions of past week:

--Funeral service was fine, until minister's remarks. He somehow had G'ma and Tom married in Bozeman, 2 yrs before they ever came to Montana. That was excusable, but his sermon dwelt on "Old Black Joe's" refrain, "I'm tired of living but scared of dying." I had thought when he started that he would work on the theme of what death means to us, but he quickly was lost in the swamps. Matters little, probably; Wally said afterwards he thought it was all fine. A minor miscue, my fault: I asked minister to include some Ecclesiastes, which he did, but I forgot to specify King James language.

--Funeral was closed casket, which is unusual in WSS. But it was specifically G'ma's request, something she said to me after Dad's funeral. Also, in the casket she didn't look like herself, the mouth set wrong and the face too full.

--So, G'ma went from view tolerably well, tho without the powerful dirge of Job and the loveliness of Loch Lomond which I arranged for Dad's funeral.

--As people passed out of funeral home, I was thunderstruck by the total, and by how many I didn't know. Long line of cars to cemetery. Cold and bitter at graveside, clammy wind snatching at us during brief service.

--Then to Senior Citizens Center for coffee hour, same sort of affair which G'ma had served at the very day she died. Many people there. I can remember talking to: Katherine Donovan (gentle and lovely as ever) and Julia Sparks; Edith Brekke; Howard Zehntner, for 1st time since we were in grade school together; Mrs. Jake Mitchell and Charles Mitchell from Townsend, just about the last of the people from the Basin; Chuck and Marion Lucas, and Bernie; Jim and Flossie Keith; Gordon and Sherri, Jay and Linda; Fern and Clarice Vinton; Glen Zehntner; Marlo's parents, Harold and Mary Zehntner; Clifford and Gerri Olsen, and Dellamae; Ray and Virginia Russell; Janie (McAfee), and, briefly, Mrs. McAfee and

Nov. 3 cont. -- Daryl; and various of G'ma's friends from Senior Citizens, such as Marie Buckingham, Brooke Young, Fern Culler, Goldie Cox. Walter and Villa Doig came with Ray Doig's wife, Darleen; Walter met Esther Skerritt, 1st time they'd seen each other since 1928, tho they grew up together in Sixteen country. And as I stood talking to someone, Johnny Gruar came up to me and said that with this red beard, I'm the living image of Dad's father, Peter Doig. I was deeply pleased, having always thought I took after the Ringers' undistinguished looks instead of the Doigs' handsome square lines. Also, was amazed to find anyone who could remember Peter Doig, dead now for 64 years.

--Then to the house, the bunch of us laden with potato salad, cookies and cake from coffee hour. We had 20 people in here, which must be a record: Ray, Marlon, and their 4 kids; Clifford and Gerri Olsen; Sherry, Dave and Dan; Wally and Emma, and Emma's daughter Roxy; Florence McAfee, Smokey, Pat and Bart, Carol and me. House filled with smoke -- we're staggered by constant smoking that goes on here -- and soon with uproar, as Dave and Dan alternated between telling stories and roughhousing Ray's kids. At supper, we went thru an entire ham, oceans of salad and bread and cookies. People cleared out by 8:30 or 9. Unable to ~~xx~~ sleep, I went thru photos, sorting into piles for us, Wally, Paul, Ray and Sherry. Did that for about 2 hrs. Remarkable trove of family photos, including my mother's album from late 20s, many pics of the Doigs.

Nov. 8 -- Home, after marathon drive from Townsend y'day. Stopped often for food and coffee, kept twirling radio dial to keep my head free of anything but driving and listening. Much rain, from St. Regis off and on into Seattle. Break from Ritzville to Moses Lake about sunset, as clear band opened above horizon; setting sun came down into it and flooded the plain with amethyst glow.

Ate well -- Mueller's in C d'Alene, Highway Cafe in E'burg -- and my eyes held up surprisingly well during the hours of night driving. Arrived home soon after 10 pm. Carol had been to dinner ~~at~~ at Nelsons. This morn, have tinkered, unpacking suitcase, untying chair from top of car, balancing checkbook, waiting for Carol to come home about 10:30 before unpacking car. It is crammed like an Okie truck fleeing the Dust Bowl.

--Y'day, set alarm for 5:30; Walt Doig had told me Bill Higgins eats breakfast at Mint about 6, and I wanted to visit with him. Said goodbye to Wally for few minutes as he got ready to go to section house, then went to Mint.

No Bill, but several hunters and locals. 3 hunters in booth near me. When waitress brought food, one looked down and said: "Now I ordered eggs over easy. Them sonsabitches ain't over easy." And he sent 'em back. The cook next botched their sandwiches for lunch; the egg fancier sent his back to try get plain fried ham on toast, finally gave up and accepted cold ham on white: "Either I'll get hungry enough to eat it, or I'll throw the bastard to the magpies." Guy next to him called waitress, asked: "Didn't I order a plain hamburger?" She checked ticket, nodded. He said, "What I got here is a hamburger with lettuce, tomato and all that other shit on it. Take 'er back." I thought all this was funnier than hell until my own breakfast came -- dollar cakes which went down like blobs of dough. Gave up after $3\frac{1}{2}$ of the 8 on my plate.

--Wed. the 6th, got up early to finish packing car. Had tried fitting items in day before -- 4 big buckets of frozen meat in trunk, for instance. (They came thru ok, plastic bags of ice cubes I put with them hardly melted; only 3 packs of meat showed any softening. Amazed to find we could fit all that meat, plus what Carol had brought, into freezer side of refrig.) Tied Dad's armchair atop car with jillion ~~xxx~~ knots, then tied on rakes, hoe, pitchfork. Inside of car filled until there was just room for me in driver's seat.

Nov. 8 cont. -- Soon after 8, went over to have Ray Russell help me drain pipes and blow 'em out to prevent freezing. Helluva job. No drain at all on hot water tank. After taking apart hot line in basement and getting only a trickle, and opening bathtub faucet and getting only a trickle, Ray happened to turn a valve on the cold line, which sent hot water gushing out open petcock on the cold line. Baffled us both, but were glad for the result. Brought over Ray's air compressor, blew out lines by way of faucets. As I was finishing up at house, very last of packing and sweeping, Mary Berg showed up with her mother Nancy, Wally Bailey and Buz Short, to have them all look at over the house. They all seemed satisfied enough, which gives me good hope Mary indeed may buy it.

Stopped at Florence McAfee's to say goodby and thanks, goodbyed Joyce at court house, dropped house keys with Mike Johnson at Borland's, and headed for Townsend about 11:30. Had lunch at Emma's Town Talk -- Emma and two hired help were frantically busy -- then went to Emma's house to put meat in freezer and unload stuff for Wally and Emma.

Roxy was conked out on couch with flu, never stirred despite my constant banging of screen door in and out. Decided I'd go down to Walt and Villa's, luckily found Walt was home. Got him to go thru my mother's photo album, then taped him about the Basin. Spent couple of hours there, went back uptown to get oil in car and have coffee. Wally was at Town Talk by then. Rewound tape, headed to Mr. Ed's trailer court to tape John Gruar. Spent hr and $\frac{1}{2}$ with him. Liked him very much, felt sorry for him living alone in trailer now after death of his wife in August. Also felt moved by talking with someone who could remember Dad's family, even when and how my grandfather died in 1910. John and Walt both told me, in almost identical words, that I am a close copy of Peter Doig -- about the same height and build, and he had a red beard about the color of mine, "which he kept nice, like you do yours."

Walt and Villa brought supper to Emma's, we all talked at kitchen table until 10:30. Found that Townsend brims with mining talk. Walt has 2 claims in Confederate Gulch near Diamond City, told of many would-be prospectors. Also talked of heavy equipment Walt and son Ray have run, the irrigating machines now so widely used, stories of XXXX DL Doig and the Basin.

Nov. 8 cont. -- Day before that, Tues. the 6th (election day), spent all day and a bit of evening packing and cleaning up house. Had thought I might have $\frac{1}{2}$ day work, maybe get to Harlowtown to tape Garland Ellison. Couldn't get Garland on phone, which proved to be just as well because of incredible amount of chores to be done. Wanted out of house for lunch, so went to Truck Stop. Got thru most of my lunch before Clifford Olsen spotted me and sat down at table. Better luck was that Isabel Smith came in for lunch, must have been reminded that I'd told her, as I'd been telling everyone, about putting house up for sale. Promptly after lunch, she and another woman came by to look, to see if it would be right for Mary Berg. Isabel liked the place, and pretty soon Mary herself came to look. Also, Carrie Sibley, whose living room had burned the night before, came by wanting to rent. I invited myself to supper at Florence's; Spike Short was there, and I liked him ~~xxxxx~~ promptly.

Turned on TV for election returns. Republicans in Mont. were annihilated. Even perennial sheriffs in Helena and Bozeman were kicked out, and the most senior legislators. Demos took 2/3 majorities in both houses. Economy very shaky in Montana. Anaconda laid off 1000 miners day or 2 before election; lumber industry in doldrums, ranchers able to get only 30¢ for steer calves.

--Mon. the 5th, did chores around house and went to Livingston about noon. Got Bart McAfee and chum to load swivel easy chair (which Bill and Corinne Higgins gave her for babysitting) into trunk of car, lashed it in. Meant to put it in carton and ship it here on Burlington Northern, couldn't manage that and shipped it by truck instead. Girl where I shipped, at Salt Creek Freight Line, turned out to be Shelly Isabel of Wilsall family. Next had lunch, went to Volga's. She was helpful in identifying people in old pics. Then on to Ed Doig. He was less helpful, offering some positive identifications I knew were wrong, but did get some family material down on tape. Ed searched in vain for pic he has of Peter and Mary Doig at time of their marriage -- the only pic of my grandfather I've heard of.

Driving home, in Potter Basin coyote loped across road about 50 yds in front of car.

Nov. 11 -- Hectic day. Letter from Bob Borland, saying Mary Berg plans to buy the WSS house; phone call from Clyde Perlee of West Publishing, meeting our stand for \$5000 advance but still dickering on some details; finished off Carol's application for Nat'l Endowments fellowship which we labored over most of y'day; John and Jean came in midst of it all to pick up the long-borrowed bed; Ann Nelson called about something. In between, I raked leaves before they kill what little lawn we have, stacked wood in carport, worked over the low chest which belonged to my mother. And tonight, some sneezing from allergy. Carol too is pooped from the day. This has been a 3-day weekend, and we're ready for another one, immediately.

Fri.

Haven't even put down the brightening news from ~~Sat.~~ copies of Streets came, and it looks fine, a good cover and all. John and Jean came for supper, and I strewed all 15 copies of Streets around living room. They politely didn't comment for few minutes until it dawned on them something weird was going on.

Bill and Jeanne Chamberlin here for dinner last night, much talk with Bill about UW school of com.

So, much work to be done, and a major decision: do we tackle the media text for West?

Nov. 13 -- A morning of chores, many on the phone. Just called Harriet Rice to ask about my check for Palouse piece, she said she'd nudge Bev about it, apologized. Agreed I'd write future pieces in ~~block~~ 44-character lines for easy estimating and prompt payment. Called Susan Moe and asked about \$55 owed me on rewrite for Powder, she said Dave and Jake don't handle paperwork very well and she'll get the \$ to me. Called Marsh to ask about "prompt" publication promised in West standard contract. Decided to take him to lunch tomorrow and have look over entire thing. Also have worked out clause guaranteeing us a minimum dollar amount of royalties, which I'll have him check. Carol and I feel some sort of clause like this is a must; unwilling to trust West that net proceeds will always stay the same, 80% of list price.

Just called Bob Boynton; agreed we both like cover design, but running "literature of City" in black instead of white like rest of lettering was a botch which makes the line hard to read.

Nov. 13 cont -- Asked him if there's ~~anything~~ anything he's interested in from me, he said there might be, he'll send info about new lines they plan. Also would be interested in a journalism book.

Spent y'day morn at Shoreline library on ~~utopias~~ utopias research. Took copies of Streets to Peggy, Mel and Judy, all had me autograph 'em. At noon, Carol and I set out to have WSS house deed notarized, tried 3 places before finding a notary on the job. Then had lunch at Taco Time. Continued to work on utopias permissions and assorted letters in afternoon. Last night, finished pasting indentifications into Montana photo albums. Have been reading Anthony Sampson's Drum, good lively book about the native paper in S. Africa.

Nov. 18 -- Gad, the time goes. Thought I'd made an entry a couple days ago, instead of 5. Highlight since the 13th was our party Saturday night (16th) -- Dave and Mary Daheim, Fred and Rosemary Olsen, John and Jean, Amy Mates. This has become a sort of annual shindig, which began when the Daheims threw a going-away party for us before the sabbatical. Everyone seemed to enjoy it all hugely, much chumminess and compliments on our house. John wore a black turtleneck and checked jacket, and was handsome as hell. Dave and Fred both want sabbatical. Much talk with Carol and Amy as a committee to work out some application criteria.

Over the weekend I worked on taxes, trying to figure what we should do if both the WSS house money and a West contract come through yet this year. Borrowed Linda's adding machine and totaled business expenses, big jump on the tax work next spring.

Thurs. the 14th met Marsh for lunch, we walked from Seafirst to Antenian at Pike Place. Good to see Marsh relaxed, able to spend some time. We talked over the West contract, worked on devising a clause to insure a net proceeds figure of near \$8 for our ~~roy~~ royalties to be figured on. I came up with what we want the next morn, called Marsh about it and he said it's perfect, from our point of view -- define the net proceeds as 80% of list ~~price~~ price, and list price not to be less than \$9.95.

Nov. 18 cont -- Spent that morn at UW library on utopias research, brought home bales of books. Am lining out the selections, writing for a permission or two almost every day (today's choice, 1st chapter of sci fi novel The Space Merchants, remarkably good and prescient book of 1953). No writing done on book yet, but I don't feel pressured. Hope to begin by end of this week, tho.

Y'day afternoon, Linda and Clint came for drinks, showed Clint everything brought from Montana. He liked a lot of it, especially Dad's sheep shears. He took close look and discovered they're from Sheffield, England, which startled me; I'd assumed they were just grab-bag shears ~~made~~ Dad had picked up somewhere.

Much to be done around here, but today I've been calm and orderly, lying around reading utopias books most of day and attending to chores -- permissions, Kohler article and copy of Streets to S. Times, put up G'ma's thermometer outside my window -- in burst of about an hour from 4 on.

One note: have missed Grandma deeply, especially late last week and over the weekend. Maybe it's the fact of no more letters between us finally catching up with me, or just ~~messing~~ my head playing with memories of her last stay with us, or having to go through papers or mementoes of hers -- but I sob inside for that lady.

Nov. 22 -- Ignominious end for the negotiating with West on a mass media text. Just when we had tightened up the contract to our ~~liking~~ liking and began girding ourselves for the long task, another editor at West signed a U of Texas prof to do a similar book. Clyde Perlee professes to be chagrined, and maybe he is. I pressed him on how 2 editors could be charging off in different directions signing different people, and he only said lamely that the other editor supposedly hadn't had journalism as one of his targets, but simply came across the competing book and signed the author. So, it's mixed feelings for us -- and our usual resolution of time and lifestyle at cost of money. Not doing the book saves us eight months of wrenching labor to meet the West deadline. It also costs us probably about \$15,000, had the book sold the not unlikely total of 10,000 copies or so. I feel relief at having the work load ahead eased, chagrin at the loss of money and this rare chance to sign a contract without having had to write so much as an outline.

Nov. 22 cont. -- Carol I think feels mostly relief, at not having to teach and write at the same time.

And in the mail today, stilted letter from Gordon Fairburn of Harcourt Brace saying no to the reporting anthology idea. No surprise there, I'd given up on him long since. HBJ gave me long runaround on STREETS, too, and I can't see working with them unless they proffer a contract on the basis of our reputation. Also, Pac Search with good layout of Palouse article, and letter from Karen Fiser, latest in series of introspections which pulse in from her every so often like light from some odd star.

Have written on Realms the past few days, fair progress. It is piecing together. Am wearying of reading books about utopias, a sign it's about time to write full speed.

Today, we went to ^{Hind}quarter for lunch, talked about what we might do this coming year with no ~~word~~ mass media book ahead. Carol would very much like the Dartmouth seminar, and maybe has a fair chance at it. As always, I need time to plan, but have saddled myself with writing in the meantime. After lunch, went thru driving rain to Wells Medina nursery in Bellevue and bought three fruit trees. Carol now at Group Health; maybe has attack of cystitis, or flu.

Wed. the 20th, Mike Scott came, talked all afternoon. He's editing Sumner News ~~Review~~ Review, told us tales of his publisher's freewheeling finances.

Should be making entries about the economic apocalypse which seems to be gathering, but what do I say? Ford's people seem to have no ideas, except to lie that the worsening signs don't look all that bad. There is growing talk of war, possibly ignited anywhere along the long line of resource disparities. And I know nothing to do but hunker and live as we please until the day comes when we can't.

Dec. 1 -- Planted fruit trees this morn -- a plum, peach and apple, on lower slope of hill. Weather fine, as it has been all 4 days of Thanksgiving holiday, and I stayed outside couple of hours, tinkering with the tree planting and nosing around the hillside. This afternoon, rapped and finished Dogs of War (not nearly up to Day of the Jackal), as well as Sunday papers.

Y'day, hiked with John and Jean near Eatonville, on Dobbs Mtn. road. Not the greatest hike we've ever had, but pleasant enough. Lunch spot looking at Rainier, all had turkey sandwiches. On way home, loaded Rodens' Chrysler with downed branches for firewood, looked like a camouflaged tank emerging from the forest. John and Jean had drinks and supper here; I read them a bit of Don Marquis, later we argued about information ~~technology~~ technology.

Friday the 29th, I spent all day at UW, gathering material for Realms of Utopia. Best find was The Agitator of Home, good feisty syndicalism.

Thursday, Thanksgiving, went very well, everyone enjoying each other. The people: Frank Zoretich and his wife Linda Sullivan; Frank's sister, Linda, and her 5-yr-old Bobby; the Millers; and the Millers' friends, Jack and Peggy Gordon. All brought food; Frank and Linda arrived with ~~apple~~ apple pie, pineapple loaf, and ice cream pumpkin pie which was delicious. Carol did the turkey here, a 20-pounder. Much talk, only somewhat addled by fact that three of the women were named Linda. Linda Miller, after talking with Linda Sullivan, is thinking of part-time copydesk work at P-I. Frank says there's some talk that the new P-I publisher, Robert Thompson, was sent here to kill the paper, which Thompson has denied. Some incredible economies at the paper, such as strict reliance on WATS phone line for in-state calls; Frank said notice on bulletin board recently reminded them all to use the 2 WATS lines, scolding that the in-state phone bill last month had been \$65. Clint seems steady as ever, though recent visit from ~~Maxx~~ Maryjane and Patti apparently hadn't gone too well. Jack Gordon says he's fairly well pleased with UW school of social work. Peg is teaching retarded children, a task which makes the rest of us blanch as she describes a typical day of dealing with wild emotional problems.

Dec. 1 cont. -- Other stuff from last week: Carol had flu or some such early in week, missed classes Monday for first time in her Shoreline career. ~~Shakey~~ Shakey for a few days, seems okay now. I had annual physical at Group Health, am pronounced sound; weighed 5 pounds less than last time, even though I've put on some of weight I so carefully lost last summer. Tendonitis continues to make me steer clear of strenuous exercise; keeps being aggravated by my work around the house, anything involving crouching.

Have been at work on Realms of Utopia, though I do feel behind, and dubious I can get it all shaped up by Jan. 1. Matters not a whit, except for my pride in always meeting deadlines; maybe I'll manage to pull it together yet.

Letter from Rockefeller Fdn tn y'day, saying our application won't make it to the second stage. So, no money there. No surprise to either of us.

Dec. 3 -- Wrote on Part I intro for Realms -- or tried to, amid chores. Carol discovered leak in bathroom cold water pipe this morn; I eventually got it fixed, after half a dozen false fixes which promptly broke loose. Went to Group Health to have wax cleaned from my ears, which ended up taking nearly 2 hours. Still, got some writing done, which seems pretty good. Tonight, wrote a few Xmas cards, letter to the Baldwins.

Realms permissions slow in coming; so are tax guides I ordered from IRS several days ago, money for WSS house. Makes me wonder if world is at a standstill out there.

Dec. 8 -- Fri. the 6th, went to UW and brought home couple dozen more books on ~~many~~ utopias. Most for skimming. Made a start on the writing last week, seem to feel the work shaping in my head. Permissions have been coming with satisfactory prices.

Last night, went to Broadway theater and saw Harold and Maude. Agreed it was well-made, but weird -- close to being a necrophiliac movie.

Today, walked waterfront and had salmon lunch alongside Pirates plunder. Ferry workers walking picket line in front of terminal.

Phone call Fri afternoon from Louise Parker, Forest Service pr in Portland; may lead to writing project for them, for possible couple thousand dollars.

Dec. ~~15~~¹⁶ -- 4:15 now, going to Millers for dinner at 7. Went Christmas shopping this morning, downtown. Found me a new watch and cap, brought home a bargain sale curtain to see if it'll work as living room drape. We had lunch at Athenian Cafe, on way out of Market Carol bought very nice scrimshaw necklace for Lucie.

Last night, went to Ann and Marsh's Xmas party. Good to see them again, but Carol and I agreed afterwards the lawyers and their wives were fairly grim fare. Enjoyed the Petersons from Edmonds and the Nelsons' neighbors the Waggars, but it was tough sledding making small talk with the others. We did visit a while with Malcolm and Phoebe Ann Moore, who have huge house and $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres near the Rodens. He is very Princeton, and very much the estate lawyer. He obviously was puzzled how I can afford to be a writer, eventually asked if we have any children, and relief went over his face when I said no. For all that, he seemed a person I would like better the more I knew him. Ann had rich array of food and eggnog.

Last week on Realms was fairly tough; bogged seriously on my own article the last 3 days, found it was going slowly. Decided to drop it for awhile, get on with everything else first so I'll have that much to send Bob B. soon after the 1st. Accomplished a lot Thurs-Sat.

Have I noted we've been fighting leak in bedroom corner? Patched with tar, now have spread chunks of plastic twice; raining hard now, and I'm leery of going in to see if the drip still can be heard.

Nearly done with Christmas cards; intend to finish them off after this entry, spend all of tomorrow on chapter intros for Realms. Outsmarted myself by leaving so much work on Realms so late; the 2 weeks in Montana have put me in a hole. Would like to be done by New Years and begin crisp and uncluttered on Montana writing, but I'd like a lot of things I can't seem to manage as a writer.

Dec. 29 -- Woke at 4:30 this morn, apparently still on Eastern time. Have read Sunday P-I, feel good and alert now at 6:15.

The Florida trip: left Seattle the 19th, home on 27th. Frank and Lucie met us at Tampa, we stayed at Admiral Benbow motel near airport. Fri. the 20th, we drove south on Rte 41 to Ft. Myers -- fierce traffic on 41, as thruout our stay. Stopped at Venice to leave note for Mary Breslin at her parents', the Magills. Late afternoon, arrived at Shell Point Village to stay with Chuck and Hazel Roesse. Frank was sick, promptly went to bed in motel; turned out to be one-day virus which had him heaving. Hazel, knowing Carol and I are avid ^{seafood} ~~fish~~ eaters, had shrimp for dinner. I had seafood every night but one the whole trip -- as I remember it, pompano, shrimp, lobster tail (with smoked mullet and sample of stone crab for lunch at Hazel's), kingfish, deepfried shrimp, and a clamburger.

Sat. the 21st, Chuck and Hazel took us to Thos Edison winter home; grounds thick with exotic plants Edison used in experiments. Side-by-side prefab houses, joined by a kitchen, were interesting; 14-foot porches to keep rain from beating in. Afternoon, we all went to Sanibel -- Frank able to be up and around; Carol and I walked the south end and looked for shells, the rest came back for us in hr and $\frac{1}{2}$. Sanibel sand dazzling white; sea and sky pastels.

Impressed with Sanibel, Carol and I got up at 6 next morn and drove to Ding Darling Wildlife Refuge ~~xx~~ toward other end of island. 5-mile drive thru sanctuary; we crept the car along, constantly stopping to get out and watch birds with fieldglasses borrowed from Chuck. Saw ibises, La. herons, egrets (common, cattle and snowy) -- enchanting array picking through the water of the red mangrove swamps. We brought thermos of tea and fruit for breakfast. Morn was high point of the trip, I think. Got back to Shell Point Village at 9:30 to go to church with Roeses. Chuck's driving terrified us, Hazel at last convinced him his watch was fast and the slowed-down version was a bit better. In afternoon, Chuck uncovered his 16-foot boat, but we found bay was too choppy and he only rode us up and down the channel behind the village.

I was up early next morn, walked the village, watched constant buzzards floating like hawks, bought morning papers. After b'fast, helped Hazel clip plants on their

Dec. 29 cont. -- Japanese tomato ring, which is growing tomatoes by the bushel. Good chore, and good chance to chat with Hazel, whom I like and enjoy. She made it plain, from one of my sallies, that she too finds Lucie a changed woman, often hard to put up with for her dwelling on health problems and bossing Frank around. Carol meanwhile was buying from Chuck's fine display of rock jewelry. The pair of them get along famously; Chuck lights up when he talks to her. An accidental bonus, this warmth between the Roeses and us. Their visit with us when on their way to Alaska a few summers ago went so well and was enjoyed so hugely by all four of us that the afterglow plays across a real friendship. It's near embarrassing that we openly enjoy their style more than we do Frank and Lucie's.

Left Roeses near noon, stopped at Venice on way north to see if Breslins had arrived from NJ. They hadn't, but the Magills were home this time. Paul, who I'm assured is truly as bad a SOB as he seems, immediately left to play golf, but we visited for hour or so with Mrs. Magill, who apparently is doomed with hardening of arteries. A fine, likable lady, very much like Mary; it is a tragedy to see her dying at 63. She said not a word about her health, acting cheerily. Lucie afterward remarked about that, and Frank and Carol both pointedly said she wasn't burdening other people with her health problems. Both spoke out of exasperation with Lucie's endless descriptions of her skin problem and other ailments, I know, but the comments didn't seem to strike home with her.

At Sarasota, our ^{Royal} Palms motel was loud with ^{traffic} noise from 41 until we turned on air conditioner to ~~dry~~ ^{drown} it out. Frayed my nerves promptly until we drowned the noise.

Next day, the 24th, we drove Longboat and Anna Maria keys off Sarasota, had 5 o'clock dinner at Zinn's. Fine huge cuts of prime rib for all of us, chatty deep South waitress. Lucie showed us family pics ~~x~~ she'd brought along, including one of Carol's great-great-grandfather, a photographer in Frome.

Christmas morn, Frank and I went to nearby cafe for rolls, coffee and juice, then we went thru Muller Christmas traditions. Oldest -- Lucie -- opened her presents first, working around to youngest -- except that I swap so that Carol is last as she always was at home. Pleasant morn; we're not sure how well Frank likes the calculator we got him, but Carol thinks he'll grow to like it.

Dec. 29 cont -- After opening presents, drove to Siesta Key, had good lunch at Sheraton inn there, then went to John Ringling estate for afternoon. Ringling house is a Venetian comic horror, splendid monument to gross bad taste. Great fun to see. Liked display case of Ringling's complimentary rail passes, most listing him as president of the WSS & YP RR. Then went through circus museum. Dinner reserved at 8 at Martines. Thronged with people, and we veered through gift shop to come out at cashier and ask about our reservation. Told to stay there until called. We stand, watching people file past paying their dinner checks. Frank was in that wonderful I-own-the-whole-damn-county stance of his, hands behind his back, little round middle out, head up. Man paid his check, reached over and clapped Frank on shoulder, said "All the business ~~here~~ tonight, they sure need you here." He thought Frank was security man or manager guarding the cash register. Broke us all up and gave us the funny story the trip needed.

Day after Christmas, we went to Nokomis Beach at 10 to see Breslins. Enjoy them all hugely and wish we could see more of them. Mary fixed huge lunch of friend chicken and mashed potatoes and vegetables; Carol managed to visit with her in kitchen and later outside. Buddy fine and funny as always; recently has been traveling around ~~the~~ country hitting companies for material contributions to the com satellite agency's Bicen exhibit, says it's good change from usual budget battles. Kathleen, soph at Cedarcrest, is poised and impressive.

Went back to Tampa motel that night, to catch 9:10 flight next morn. I woke early -- I see from putting it down on paper I'm doing it a lot recently -- and went down to lobby to read papers. Happily going thru Miami Herald, which I liked a lot, when I hear somebody at desk checking out with litany of housekeeping complaints, delivered in mild but firm tones. Thought to myself, geez, he's had a really bad room, and peeked around my paper to find it was Frank.

He spotted me, came over to brace me -- he'd just called Carol, waking her up 20 min. early, with same question -- to ask if we ought to eat at motel so we ~~wouldn't~~ wouldn't have to carry the two $\frac{1}{2}$ -bushel bags of citrus fruit we were taking on plane with us. Assured him we could carry it okay, and said I thought we ought to eat at airport.

Dec. 29 cont. -- Airport was start of nightmare travel day. Not only did 9:10 flight not appear; neither did any Braniff personnel to give any info at all. Carol got suspicious and went to pay phone, where she got thru to resvtn central in Houston; sure enough, plane hadn't left Miami yet at 9:15. C slogged away until she got new resvtns for us in Dallas, then got us on Eastern ~~flight~~ flight leaving in less than 10 minutes. We grabbed citrus bags, said hurried goodbyes to Frank and Lucie, and made it. At Dallas an Eastern passenger rep rushed us to Braniff flight which supposedly leaving in a few minutes. Sadly, it wasn't. Ice-damaged plane was being worked on, and further delay was announced 3 or 4 times, I lost track. We finally left about 5½ hours late,

Dec. 30 -- Carol is down badly with cold or flu -- has a temperature and queasy stomach this morn, and seems to feel rotten. Concerned about her; she had terrific dose of flu a few months ago, too. Will try to do what I can for her, but leave her alone as much as possible.

--More on Fla. trip: on way down, from Portland I sat next to Pendleton wheat farmer W.F. Byers, talking about farming and Oregon coast where he has summer house. On way home, we sat next to Braniff pilot John Pasley (sp?), talked with him about the patterns of land he sees below as he flies.

--At Dallas airport, group of Texans bound for Alaska; fairly drunk and rowdy mid-afternoon, around the 2d delay of flight. They continued loud, but fortunately sobered up by time we boarded. This trip I got sick of southern accents pretty rapidly.

--John and Jean met us at airport as we came up ramp with ½ bushel bags of citrus fruit on shoulders. Several inches of snow on ground here. Jean fixed crab and shrimp salad; having had 4 meals and couple kinds of booze during day, I had to pass.

--Recent reading: Ann Charters biog of Kerouac while in Fla.; Wambaugh's The Blue Knight on plane on way home; V.S. Pritchett's Midnight Oil. Pritchett an elegant stylist.

This has to be chore day: getting mail from post office as early as possible, then going downtown for tax info if it's not in mail. We may sell a few losing stocks ~~if~~ to cut down capital gains on house sale. Figured stocks this

Dec. 30 cont. -- morn, and they're about \$9500, half what they were at peak couple yrs ago.

Last 2 days, I've done minor chores, much reading. Went to sleep about 9 last night, woke abt 4:30 this morn again. Weird schedule, which I'll work out of, but I do feel strong and alert these early mornings.

Didn't take time before trip to note Pac S lunch on the 18th. Harriet had some financial figures: per-copy cost of magazine was cut from 76¢ in '73 to 67¢ this year, return per-copy went up from 40¢ to 43¢. Made \$24,000 from auction, much of it going to pay off bank loan. Still \$90,000 loan to go. Harriet interested in food shortage and land use planning; I agitated for series on vanishing valleys, Russ Mohney chimed in and we'll likely do major coverage. Sparse meeting -- neither Mary Daheim nor Archie Satterfield on hand.

(Note: carbon copies of my letters to Grandma provide a periodic version on my doings; they're in '74 letters file, along with hers of that year to me.)

17021 10th Ave.
Seattle, Wash. 98144
December 14, '74

Dear Tom and Ro¹

Holden

A hasty letter, but a letter. Which you'll recognize, Tom, as my perpetual hint for one of your biennial-quadrennial-or-whenever-the-hell-they-are letters. We need to know all the news from Milan, Ypsilanti, and even Ann Arbor.

We're taking a weird step for Christmas -- all the way to Florida. I can't really account for it, except that Carol's folks didn't want to come here because it's too smushy with rain, and we didn't want to go to New Jersey because it's New Jersey. Anyway, her parents usually go to Florida for a month or two to visit friends there, and this time we're going to meet them there. We'll be around Tampa and Ft. Myers, wherever those places are; before we get on the plane Thursday, I've got to take a look at the map and see where anything is. My whole notion of the South begins and ends with courthouse square scenes in Faulkner.

Been an interesting year out here, grand in a lot of ways and damn spooky in others. Last February I came a bit too close to drowning while crossing a creek out at an ocean beach -- A story I may tell you sometime with enough drinks in me. Or I may not, because it still twangs pretty hard inside of me sometimes. Anyway, I came out it no worse than wet. Then Carol had a gory accident when a bed we were moving unsnapped and caught a finger on her left hand. Helluva gash, severed nerves -- but not nearly so awful as it looked, and now it's healed and near normal again. Blessing number two counted. And in October, my grandmother died in Montana, the absolute last of my direct family. Quite an emotional charge there, too; I find I miss her a lot. Well, we've weathered it all in pretty good spirits, and the good part starts with the house we bought in early summer. We enjoy it greatly. The study, for instance, is close to a dream (as it should be, because we built the thing ourselves in a 20x20 room where the previous owners had a couple of kids dormitoried). Dark wood against white walls and ceilings -- sort of a San Clemente north motif, we modestly feel. 200 feet of wild hillside behind us. Much work to be done yet, but it all feels right. As for what we supposedly do for a living, Carol continues to teach in a high-class way -- she don't say much about it, but I encounter students and faculty folk who tell me of the strong grace to her work -- while I sits and writes. My urban anthology will be on the market Jan. 2; I asked the publisher to send you a freebie c/o Milan, Tom. Now I'm in the midst of another anthology -- tentatively, The Realms of Utopia -- and yup, it's about utopias. I'll likely impose on the two of you with some of the writing for it before long, so no more need be said till then. Early next year, I'll get back to some of the Montana writing I've begun. Lots of things inside the head, if I can just get them down right. Maybe some poetry again, even, and maybe at last the rest of a play I started in London.

So, I don't know how we look from this letter, but we truly are fine and functioning. We'd like to see you. Our only chance is a longshot, a National Endowments fellowship Carol has put in for; it would take us to Dartmouth next fall, but we think it's a very long chance. How about you guys coming out here a while next summer? It's nice, the rain warms up a lot that time of year. No, really, summers are very fine here, and we could have a helluva great time showing you around. Think on it. Write in my direction while you are thinking.

best