

Jan. 5, --Hectic week, Carol down part of time with flu. And last night, leak sprung in bedroom, water dripping down central light fixture about 2:30. Both of us strung out anyway from too much coffee and not ~~g~~ feeling well -- Carol with flu relapse, I had headache -- and that capped off the night. I went onto roof this morn and put more plastic sheeting over leaky area. Must call roofer tomorrow.

Still struggling with Realms MS. Went to UW Friday, got most of remaining selections photocopied, have been pasting them up. Still a few bios to write, and the intros to finish -- plus end of chapter questions, if I write them before sending ms off to Bob B. Did some good work Thurs and Fri; only pecked away some on Mon., when Carol was very sick, had chores to catch up on Tues., then sat down to desk Wed. and had prompt allergy attack which I had to sleep off.

Pete Steen called Fri night, asked me to edit his ms of history of forest service. He can send it in chunks and doesn't need it pronto, so I said sure.

Last night, night-before-12th Night party at Amy's. Talked some with Dave Daheim, who'd had horrendous day of catching no steelhead, being bothered by n'hood motorcycle freak, and so on; with Jerry and Ans Scott (?), Amsterdam-born couple, about her wish to write children's stuff and about his career as KLM purser. Then went to Salmon House with John and Jean -- fine meal.

Jan. 12 -- Week of big progress on Realms. ~~Wrote~~ Wrote intros, bios, finished pasting up. Still have to finish Part 1 intro, do questions, then mail it off -- maybe on Tues. Then, I suppose on to my own utopias article.

Bill Reeburgh called Wed. night, and we picked him up at U Tower and brought him out for few hours. He seems somewhat harried; his institute is involved in survey of of entire Alaskan coastline, and this work plus the everyday labors of Alaskan living seems to be straining him a bit.

Friday night, Linda and Clint came. Kids were really loud and rowdy, which made for evening of trying to carry on conversation I could barely hear.

Jan. 12 cont. -- Morn of Wed. the 8th, I talked to Carol's 2 English classes about keeping a writer's notebook. Went fairly well, especially considering almost no preparation, and I enjoyed the feel of doing it again.

Have had some good moments this past week, feeling Realms pull together into a book, but it's dampened somewhat by still having my own piece to write. Also, haven't felt quite good today, which has Carol suspicious that I'm getting her flu.

Also this week, letter from Wally suggesting I pay all G'ma's funeral expenses out of WSS house money. Hurt me and made me mad, and worse, it'll more than likely mean a coolness or an outright break. Maybe it's ~~x~~ not that dire, but if Wally -- and/or Emma -- has it in the head to brood about the funeral costs, it likely ain't good. Wrote this weekend, trying to tell him no go as civilly as possible.

Y'day, we walked around Green Lake, then terrific lunch at Greek Continental Cafe on the Ave., then some work at UW library. Today, I've written a few selection intros, pecked away at routine letters, watched most of Super Bowl game (stubborn defensive brawl, Pittsburgh dominating Minn. most all the way).

Recent reading: short stories of Frank O'Connor, wonderfully wrought.

Carol read history section of Realms this weekend, liked it pretty much. Seems good to me, too.

Incredibly nice plug for STREETS in S. Times book reviews today; Larry Rumley did me a job for fair.

Jan. 20 -- Must do better with diary; maybe this week.

--Spent long weekend -- Martin Luther King holiday for Carol -- on coast with Rodens. Left ~~xxx~~ on 4:55 ferry Thurs., ate at 3 Crabs, drove thru terrific rain and fog to LaPush. Next day went up Bogashiel, as far as big washout of trail; then hiked Third Beach near LaPush.

Sat., did triangle hike at Cape Alava. Timing was wrong for tour of the dig, so John and Jean didn't get to see it. Did poke around Ahlstrom's homestead; shed by trailside is down, but other buildings survive.

Sun., on way home headed for Olympic Hot Springs, ran into snow, hiked couple miles in it before turning back. Fun to be in snow again, after years of hating it. Had picnic lunch on hillside in bright sun.

Evenings at Lapush, we ~~ma~~ played poker, and I was big winner both nights, inexplicably.

Mailed off Realms ms last Thurs morn. Also went down to see Harriet R., came home with 3 article assignments.

Did various chores today, including repiling wood. Very sleepy tonight -- will try pick up diary tomorrow.

Jan. 24 -- A decent week. Invited Tom Cox of San Diego St. history faculty for supper Wed. night (22d). He's here to give Sick lecture series, do research towards book on NW conservation. Good lively evening with him, talked of lot of backwater topics. Tom must be in mid-40s, a bit talky, but knowledgeable and less self-centered than many historians. Much impressed with his description of his courses, including 1st same historiography course I've ever heard of.

Same day, went to Pac S lunch. Big attendance, including Dan Chasan for the 1st time. Dan has one blue eye and one brown; Lucille Palmer is slightly cross-eyed; looking around table was somewhat disconcerting. Rebecca had made new calendar of planned stories: much on hand, but also much they're counting on me doing. Harriet said afterward I'm still the only one with verve in my articles. Also said they foresee a lean six months financially, ad not growing and subscriptions maybe dropping.

Byplay: sat next to Rebecca, and she put me up to opposing Harriet's plan to drop color from p. 2-3 spread, to save few hundred bucks. Since I agreed, I tried to talk her out of it, apparently without luck. Rebecca, who's not much

Jan. 24 cont. -- of a diplomat, told me Harriet respects my opinion.

Tonight, Dewells and Rodens coming; tomorrow night dinner at Zoretiches, Monday night Marsh comes here. Catching up on social life with vengeance.

A fair week on US of Utopia. Not too much written, but Carol thought my lead is very good. ~~Didn't do much~~ Wasn't managing to make it move, so I loaded it with 3 quotes, all strong ones, and it about muscles the reader into the topic now. Y'day, read Mark Holloway's Heavens on Earth, found it's excellent and has section on Oneida I probably should include in Part Two.

Various house chores tinkered with, in good weather the first few days of week; repiled wood, mulled how to get garden dirt through narrow gap ~~behind~~ between house and shed, will try borrowing Campbell's carryall.

Called Jan the other night to borrow her stuff on Oregon gun nuts, learned that one of Barb's roommates was killed in car wreck in early Dec., Barb was asleep in back seat and unhurt. Also another friend of Jan and Margaret died; Margaret is teaching course on death and dying.

Feb. 3 -- What I hope will be start of better diary regimen. Have finished busy and useful week, one of the hardest-working I can remember, certainly since the writing of NEWS. Wrote my US of Utopia piece last week, finishing by Friday noon, and it feels like a good job. Have been annotating sources this morn, a dogged job I always dislike but is essential the way I work; already have found half a dozen small errors. Quite simply, I try to key every fact to a source or two -- doublecheck all the way.

Also good letter from Bob Boynton last week, saying at 1st glance he thinks Realms looks great. Has passed ms to Parvin Sharpless, general series editor, by now; he'll be an unknown quantity, which makes me a bit nervous.

And much done around house. For a break from writing, I began working on paperback shelves for corner of study weekend before last. Tinkered with them last week, and they're up now. Y'day afternoon, put up workbench in shop out of two desk units the Dalys had for their kids -- nicely workable, with 4 drawers already built.

Saturday, I worked on shelves in morn while Carol handled finances, then in afternoon we did some mild pruning of runaway trees.

Feb. 3 -- Y'day morn -- Sunday -- weather looked promising, so we went to Skagit flats to see birds. The place always renews us. This time the snow geese were farthest away ever -- at east end of tideflats, and on the far (Camano) side. Water was high on their usual tideflats, much the highest we've ever seen. Also saw hawks, bushtits, red-winged blackbirds, buffleheads, blue heron in flight. Then lunch at Courtyard Delicatessen in LaConnor, where Scandnvn couple put out marvelous food. Listened to owner grouse to another localite about town problems, such as lack of public johns so that people troop in to use his.

An omen, or whatever; Carol nor I couldn't remember having seen bushtits before y'day. This morn, flock of couple dozen jinked thru the birches outside study window. Funny quirky little birds, who seem to prefer being upside down or sideways.

Friday night, celebrated end of utopias article by going to Salmon House, and were overwhelmed with amount of delicious salmon -- a large piece and small piece each.

Apparently when business slows, the already cooked fish is divvied out a bit to waiting orders. Glorious.

Looking over these notes and myself, this is a good time. I'm working hard, we're both feeling good and loving each other deeply. Must channel some of my energy into free-form writing, work on notebooks and Half-Life.

Feb. 11 -- Just wrote cover letter to Pete Steen, after editing his 1st ch. of history of Forest Service last night. Much work, much more than any fee I'll make can justify, but I guess it seems worthwhile to me. For one thing, I doubt that UW Press would take Pete's ms in its original form, with considerable problems of structure and elucidation.

Should have done a diary entry y'day: doubt that I can recreate the thrill of going back through Half-Life roughs and finding some of it so lovely. Heartened me about the project, and I set in at editing -- I think at last solving the lead which ~~has~~ has never quite worked.

Much traffic y'day: Clint and Jean came for lunch, Clint to see his toys on exhibit outside Jean's office. He may have been a bit shaken that the 3d man in his office is being fired, although it seems for personal reasons

Feb. 11 cont. -- rather than economy. Last night, Mary DeMers came and began paste-up of another copy of REALMS ms.

Sunday afternoon, Ann and Marsh came for couple of hours Thursday night, we met Damborgs for dinner at Beggars Banquet in U District. Later went to Damborgs house -- Mark first helped me carry utopias books back to library, and I helped him move in a bed -- which always dumfounds us with its expanse. Mark and Lou are good folks -- consciously quite stylish, but laughing a bit at themselves all the while.

Spent some of last week annotating US of Utopias, mailed it to Bob Friday afternoon. One day -- Thursday? -- took the guns article to Pac S; wrote in ~~in~~ single day, keeping to the pace ~~and~~ I've set for Pac S work. Carol liked it hugely; I'm leery about putting myself on the line as much as I did, but the writing felt fine and crafted.

Sat. the tree pruner came to give an estimate; at same time, $\frac{1}{2}$ cord of wood was delivered.

Carol went to Grp Health osteopathic spec't y'day, got great news that her massacred finger is doing fine -- in fact is infinitely better than one the doctor himself has. Also, Shoreline faculty y'day accepted contract, end of long and futile struggle to get decent raise and hang onto vital rights.

Feb. 12 -- Hard day. Leaks in bedroom roof began again in last night's pouring rain, shot much sleep for me. Felt like hell this morn, and went back to bed for awhile after Carol left. Got up again, was feeling pretty good until allergy set off my nose -- and as I was snuffling around, occurred to me that I was hobbling because of pain near ball of left foot. Had to laugh -- a bit bitterly -- and wonder if I'm becoming hypochondriac. Foot is worse tonight whenever I put weight on it; probably will have to go to Group Health in morning.

Bought roll of 8' plastic this morn, this afternoon Carol and I put yet another patch over leaky area, this time all the way from ridgepole to gutter.

Mary de Mers here again tonight, pasting up 2d ms of Realms.

Feb. 12, '75 cont -- Pac S lunch today, combined with board meeting so everyone could meet new member Barney McPhillips of Oregon. I met new member Lee Soper, I think a bookseller; said Zucchini Cookbook has sold ~~220x~~ 20,000 copies. Talked at length with Bob Hitchman, who said St. Histcl Society is thinking of starting a quarterly. Urged him to make it one that pays writers. He said he was at meeting with Bob Burke and Emily Johnston day or so ago, they were mentioning me. Surprises me -- never got clear from Bob what context was. Probably the Alice Kohler piece in the Times, which several people commented on today.

McPhillips talked to staff and writers after lunch; impressive enough, having been on Ore. envtl scene for 30 years (though not as impressive as other writers' reactions afterwards warranted, I thought; I wondered at his reiteration that everything the Env'tl Quality Com'n does under him is a compromise.). With him was Marge Davenport of the Oregon Journal (?); they're very open about being a pair, traveling to Europe and Hawaii together. She met him while covering envtl beat; seems a lively envtlst, canny and knowledgeable. How much an influence on McP?

Liz Fiskén, who I guess is still a board member, was there today, asking McP for advice about fighting proposed timber cutting near Cape Alava. Her daughter is at Alava dig. Told Carol tonight that Liz was there in what looked to be a suede pantsuit. Seriously am thinking of writing her to urge putting up some seed money for Nature Consvcy to buy the land in question... maybe saying something like "if a donor could be found..."

Forgot to note y'day: 2 calls on Alice Kohler article, one from woman wondering if one of Indians in parlor pic was her grandfather, another a Mrs. Barnes who had been Alice's next-door neighbor in U Dist 55 years ago and had lost track of her ever since. Gave her Alice's address & phone number.

Feb. 17 --Spent this morn and part of aftnn working on notebooks, especially poetry pages. Did some reworking of Two Medicine.

Millers and Nelsons all have been down with varieties of flu, so we haven't seen them recently. I had lowgrade flu or some such last few days of last week, also touch of metacarpalitis (?) in left foot. Actifed for head and arch support for feet fixed me.

Since last entry, have done some more work on Half Life, edited two more chapters of Pete's ms. His writing improves as he goes along, although there's still plenty to edit.

Carol has been grading papers mightily -- including today, holiday (Presidents' Day). We're about to go for a walk at Green Lake.

Now have reading corner set up in study. Saturday we shopped for lamp to put over chair, disgustedly could come up with nothing; I took another look at the flexible lamp

I've had on my desk and managed to rig it okay. While shopping, Carol bought slacks and turtleneck at Eddie Bauer's, we had lunch at Ivar's. Miserable day of sleet and rain.

Friday night, went to Harry and Tonto at Ridgement. Uneven, but good. Did wonder if we will ever see an end to on-the-road pictures. Kerouac thou shouldst be living ...

Later: troubling call from Tom Holden about 4:30. I'd just started off to walk around n'hood when Carol called me back. Not surprised to hear from Tom; in this morn's poetry file winnowing, came across an old Feb. letter from him, reminding me some belated Xmas word usually comes about now. But the report this year is that his father died in Sept., and he and Ro have just been divorced. Wasn't surprised to hear of his dad's death; he had heart trouble. But the divorce ripped me; the two of them seemed tuned to each other, even tho so different in temperament. Tom says it seems to him a sickness of the times, a person feeling she had to find herself somehow. She moved out in June, did some work in a bookstore, I guess quit~~te~~ her teaching job; Tom said he saw they were not getting back together, and in Nov. he filed for divorce.

Tom sounded steady, saying he's having a good year teaching and is plugging away at Ph.D. courses. But I mourn. Statistics have at last caught up; this is the 1st divorce among our close friends.

Feb. 18 -- Woke up groggy and I guess laid low by allergy; tried to nap part of morn. Finally got going about 1:30, wrote poem called Cat and otherwise worked on poetry notebooks, will work a while this eve not to disgrace the day.

Intend to knock off at 8:30 when Ascent of Man comes on; we're hooked on series. I like Bronowski style hugely.

Calls today: 2 fans of Alice Kohler article (notes in fan file), and Pete Steen to say he likes my editing on his ms. Also said fee is fine. Had a number of questions about subheads, chapter-starting vignettes. Learned that Cuyningham of UW Press is seeing the same draft I am, which I don't think is good news for Pete. Pete said he hadn't wanted him to have it, but C said if they're to meet the publication schedule he had to see it, and he knows rough drafts are rough.

Recent reading: finished mammoth biog of Robert Moses sometime last week -- fine study of power, but much overlong. Read Dan Rather's The Palace Guard the weekend it came in from BOM Club; flows nicely. Finished Ken Macrorie's A Vulnerable Teacher, interesting as ever for his own good writing and that of his students. New books came today -- gorgeous Eryri as membership bonus from Friends of Earth, and UW Press books I'd had Carol order thru Shoreline, Tom Cox's book on Pacific Coast lumbering and a booklet on Seattle shorelines.

Oysters tonight, brought back from Hood Canal by John and Jean. Very fine.

Feb. 21 -- Major chore done: dirt wheelbarrowed to garden spot in back yard. Have dreaded this, because there's no room to get vehicle of any kind to back of house and any dirt would have to be shoveled and wheeled; with bad weather, could be helluva job. But y'day I bought 4 yds dirt and 1 yd manure from Denny Hill Fuel on Aurora, delivered about 9:30 this morn. Borrowed John's wheelbarrow, enormous old brute of a thing he found at his Snohomish farm, after lunch; Carol helped shovel, and in about 2 hrs work we had garden plot full, more than ton of dirt. Still 8-10 wheelbarrow loads in driveway.

Jean came for lunch. 38 classes have been cut at college, all in humanities and social sciences. None of Carol's, but she reads it as prelude to added class load next fall.

Damborgs came for supper last night; kitchen is torn out of their house during remodeling. Mark is fascinated with my style of working at home, talked about it last night; he said logically most jobs people fill on campus or downtown or somewhere could be mostly done at home, but so few of us do it we don't really have data on how well it goes. They invited us to oceanfront cabin during some of spring vacation, which sounds good.

Y'day I went to UW and did a scad of chores on way home. Gave Streets to Bob Monroe and Andy Johnson, both very appreciative. Worked on Rice Mills of Port Mystery at NW Collection, then at law school library. There Jean's friend Ann Van Hassel recognized me from grad school days, said she reads my stuff, was terrifically helpful.

Bought six books at UW bkstore sale, took antique chair to furniture stripper near Ballard Bridge, bought steel posts at Sears, left shoes for resoling, returned utopias books to UW, bought postal scale at Littles.

Brilliant cold day y'day; walked around n'hood promptly when I got home about 4.

This morn, brown Buick wouldn't start; no turnover at all in starter.

Have been systematizing my notebooks; surprising amount of work. Wed's work played my eyes out by mid-afternoon, disgustedly went to bed right after supper. But it seems like much good material.

Pac S came today, best issue I've seen; my Neahkahnne piece in it.

Feb. 24 -- I'm sitting around in bathrobe, waiting for ~~naparin~~ repairman to finish with furnace; he arrived just as I was about to go in the shower. Furnace has been sending vibrations through the house, one symptom of what has been almost a pandemic among devices around here (brown Buick is dead at the moment, TV set I brought from Mont. blacked out last week).

Worked outside nearly all weekend. Carol was grading papers and we couldn't budge, so I kept at it. With barrow and pick borrowed from John, I broke up matted overgrown turf outside study window; much of it turned out to be fine rich soil, apparently a supply pile Dave Daly let get overgrown. Also broke soil on hillside for raspberry and potato patch, moved two seedling cedars to north property line, put more gravel in driveway hole, cut choking blackberry vines from rhododendron, put out slug traps. Carol, in breaks from reading papers, pruned small trees, raked.

Also went to top of our property for 1st time; helluva way up the hill, to a webbed wire steel fence which ~~m~~ reaches halfway across our lot. Big stand of cedars; also considerable open space where more trees could be planted.

Weather over weekend was ideal, warm enough to work in sweatshirt; I finished about 4:30 y'day afternoon, and within minutes a soaking rain had started.

Just read: Law and Order, by Dorothy Uhrak. The kind of potboiler I read gladly enough for entertainment, but shot thru with holes in logic, character development.

Feb. 28 --Week of reorganizing, tho not a word written. Have reorganized notebooks, broken Half-Life material into files, cleared random notes and jottings. Must get a work schedule for next several months clear in my head.

This morn sent off US of Utopia to Chuck LeWarne for comment, offered him \$25 reading fee.

Brown Buick fixed today at Acme Auto Electric; battery cable and alternator trouble.

Called Paul Kohl this morn, arranged lunch with him next Wed.

Early in week, put in raspberry bushes on hill; began germinating peas for planting.

Feb. 28 -- Sabbaticals announced this week at Shoreline, and Jean got one. To celebrate, we went to Rodens while they were at UW, tacked runner of paper saying SPECIAL DELIVERY AT FRONT DOOR to garage door so it would banner out as door flew up, then left bottle of Beefeaters at front door. Others who got them: Steve Gearhart, Morrie Hendrickson, Carolyn Blount, Bill Thomas. Dave Daheim is being offered the 1/3 sabbatical.

Same day of sabbatical word, Carol came home with news of proposal to boost enrollment in her spring media class from 30 to 40.irate, she wrote letter to College Council, has since been told adminstrn is backing off from plan anyway. But one more chunk of grit in her eye, in what has been dispiriting year.

March 4 -- Fighting a baffling depression, or more likely, being done in by it. Whether it's lack of energy because of allergy problem or a funk about writing, I dunno. Have pecked away at Gunstock idea last 2 days, managing only about a page a day. Dismal pace, even for start of something I've never tried before. Truly don't know if this is worth doing; may find that I simply can't craft fiction, especially a mystery. Guess I must simply try it a while, to work it out of my system if nothing else.

Planted peas and spinach y'day, tho garden soil very wet and heavy. Over weekend did little but few chores such as painting shop workbench drawers, putting pulls on hall closet doors. Sunday night, went to Nelsons for supper, played Tripoley; Ann the big winner, me next.

March 5 -- Call from Rebecca Earnest this morn, to say my gun article is being held until May to coincide with tv scheduling -- and to say she's leaving Pac S. Moving to editing job in books division of Alaska Pub'g Co. Asked if she's going amicably, she said yes, then added it's somewhat with teeth gritted. Went on to say she hadn't anticipated having to make this move. So what is it -- economy firing by Harriet? Most likely, I think; if Rebecca isn't replaced it'll be fairly obvious. Recall that a recent time I was talking to Harriet and mentioned editing the piece for Powder, she asked what I charged for editing. Anyway, this is recent decision, at least as far as Rebecca is concerned; at last monthly meeting (or one before?) she was trying to have me lobby Harriet about things which wouldn't mean a damn to her if she knew she would be leaving.

March 5 cont. -- Or will Russ Mohnney turn up in some editorial slot? He wasn't at last mo'ly meet, which was odd. But he recently moved to Bellevue, leaving Olympia log house he liked to boast about.

Later: lunched with Paul Kohl at Lake City Elks; good to see him again, listen to stories of buried bodies in the federal bureaucracy. (Made notes, put them in History-General file)

This has seemed an immense day, what with call from Rebecca, seeing Paul, considerable work on Half-Life, considerable thinking about future projects, walk around n'hood after supper, Showed Carol revised version of 1st page of Half-Life, which I largely recast into present tense; she likes past tense better. Think I'll stick with today's idea, though; it's finally felt as if I'm finding a style for Half-Life.

March 7 -- Seems to be a shopkeeping morning; since I haven't had one yet this week, suppose it's okay. Have been trying to call Louise Parker of Forest Service about their history project; she's to call me back once finished with meetings.

We went to Salmon House last night, to celebrate end of a project -- tree pruning -- and I suppose to get out of house on a beautiful evening. Walked at Shilshole first. Tree pruning went well -- a job which feels about right to us, and for \$160. On the other hand, also had carpenter Virgil Baarstad here to estimate storage area for inner room and a cabinet above washer-drier; inner room project would be \$775 (ouch), cabinet \$185.

Seem to be over my spasm of working on Gunstock. Seemed so dismal and prospectless I'll likely lay off it, at least for awhile. Since the idea had been with me awhile and seemed to keep its promise and even look better, I had some hopes it might work. But not just now. On to Half-Life.

March 10 -- Was rocked y'day morn by news that Frank and Lucie are coming for 2 weeks, on another California trip. Set me to brooding badly, distressed about what such a visit does to my working schedule and, probably worse, Carol's; she teaches 4 courses this spring, including the media course she's greatly looking forward to. Seems to be nothing to be done about these visits, and lord knows I never solved my own family situation in Montana. Carol typically began thinking at once how to make the best of it; if Forest Service contract comes through, I could spend week or so in Portland on that, while she would work at office at college. She's dead right as usual, and I must go ahead and convince myself this can be turned to advantage. Make the time into a work orgy, keeping myself busy and efficient; also, this lifts us of the flag-showing trip to NJ Carol had intended to make sometime in summer.

Did get through to Louise Parker Fri afternoon -- rather she called back -- and after talking with her, made out contract form. Totaled \$2920, plus maximum of \$600 expenses. May be too high for them to give me contract, but it's worth the try. Project could turn out to be quite a lot of work -- my diligence is my own worst enemy -- and so I may as well try for half-decent pay.

Friday night, dinner at Rodens; Amy also there. Much talk about Roden's sabbatical trip, especially to Britain. Next night, dinner at Millers, and they too wanted some travel talk about Britain, beginning to plan for 3-week trip next year.

Worked in yard all day Sat., preparing strawberry patch and putting in the plants. May have been hasty -- frost again this morning. Find worst problem is dogs -- or at least a dog, with tremendous pawprints -- go through the area outside the study daily. Making emergency plans for fencing, probably this afternoon if Carol and I can find materials on lunchtime jaunt to Dunn's.

Y'day lunched at Pier 70 to lift our spirits; rest of day, I dawdled, read Sunday papers, helped Carol a few minutes as she pruned cherry tree, shoveled some dirt in garden.

Current reading, Elizabeth Longford's Wellington. Very good.

March 10, later -- Turned out to be helluva day. About 9, the roofers showed up, and I bagged all ideas of working on $\frac{1}{2}$ Life as they began shoveling and stomping overhead. Instead, did laundry, worked on sorting clippings, made phone calls. At 11:30, Carol and I took off for lunch at Highland Seafoods, checked Dunn Lumber for grape stake fencing to put between shed and shop side of house. None there, went to Bothell and Woodinville places which advtsd it. Bought what we need at Cedar Grove lumber company; also stopped at nearby wrecking yard, went out into wrecks and found hubcap for '62. Home about 4, and I began cleaning up outside -- all the plastic patchwork over leaky bedroom roof (which roofers had thrown to ground), put up jerrybuilt fences to try keep dogs out, stashed bricks and 6' grape stakes (to be used as patches as current fence wears out) under house.

Call from carpenter Virgil Baarstad this afternoon; he'll do kitchen cabinet work Wed. morn. This does not shape up as much of a writing week. I begrudge the loss of time to these house chores, yet take a pleasure in their accomplishment and in the accumulating comfort and style of the house and property. So I think the time and energy is necessary -- and worth it financially, tho it may never show up in income calculation.

March 12 -- Waiting for carpenter to show up and begin on kitchen cabinet. This place is virtually afloat in projects. Y'day afternoon, among spate of chore-doing, I bought steel posts and 4' welded wire fencing for back yard. Carol and I made start on it last night, couple hrs more should finish it. Then the fence and gate between house and shed.

Chuck LeWarne sent back reading comments on Realms, 3 pp. of good comment and suggestion. He liked my piece; looking it over this morn, I thought it looked good.

Ann N. also finished some reading for me, mostly the ch. intros and selection intros. She too liked it, thought the organization very good. Both she and Chuck like idea of dystopian Pt. 3, which reassures me because it had seemed to me the least solid of the 3 parts.

Hope to write piece about legal rights of nature today for Pac S, maybe take it down tomorrow afternoon if I go to farewell party for Rebecca.

March 19 -- Diary gap somewhat accounted for by my eye trouble of past few days. Beginning Sun. morn, or even before, eyes felt tired, lowgrade headache at back of eyes. Kept up, and y'day I went to Group Health to have glasses straightened, and made apptmt for exam. Better today, nearly normal; must ~~be~~ have been combination of too much reading and bent glasses.

Pac Search lunch today. Met Alice Smith, Rebecca's successor; she's everything R was not -- open, pleasant, eager to please. Working 20 hrs a week until late in year, when she goes full-time to handle auction. Still don't know why R's demise; maybe I'll find out from her eventually. Usuals at meeting -- Russ Mohnrey, Ann Saling, Joy Spurr, Bernard Nist, Lucille Palmer, Pam Dorrance; new, Dorothy Mason, who writes OMSI, and Pat Baillargeon, who does new Arts column. Archie Satterfield there too. Archie urged an issue or series on alternative energy possibilities; I backed him up, afterwards told Harriet I'd like to do windmills article when it happens. Much brainstorming of title for Russ's book on wild edibles; best, though unusable, was A Wok on the Wild Side.

Last Thurs., went to ~~Rube's~~ farewell shindig for Rebecca; pretty tame, cake and coffee; I long for Karl K. and his style of getting down to the booze on such occasions. Ann S. asked R who was going to replace her, I said decorum on such occasion demands saying who is going to succeed her, because she's irreplaceable. Met Tim Nieland (?), who runs wilderness survival course, and Duane Niatum, the poet who's begun writing monthly poem for Pac S. Niatum interesting guy, interested mostly in poetry; got him to talking a bit about using notebooks -- somewhat in Roethke style, keeping notebook and picking stuff from it -- and pace of publishing. He feels it takes him 4 years to get poems into books, which he thinks is about right; says he did 1st book too rapidly, some poems needed more work. He's had \$1000 advance from Harper & Row on each of two books of poetry for them.

Friday night, we went to The Go-Between at the Neptune; very fine movie, meticulously cast and acted.

Sunday, spent nearly all day in yard work; finished back fence and part of side cedar fence, spread gravel, planted potatoes.

March 19 -- Gad, forgot to note in y'day's entry the triumph: finished the income tax. Complex as hell this year, what with buying this house, selling G'ma's, setting up new office expnses for both Carol and me. Eyes were bothering me over lines of figures, so I borrowed Linda's adding machine. Finally worked it all into a refund of \$673.

Carol y'day wrote her 15 min. presentation for NCTE regional meeting on Sat., on how political language intrudes on rest of language. She said this morn she's beginning to feel alive and efficient again, after hard psychological year of no raises and admin. ~~in~~ harassing at college. Y'day also brought letter saying she hadn't got the Nat'l Endowment grant to go to Dartmouth; not much remorse by either of us, though I'm a bit peeved we didn't do better with the application (140 of 660 were chosen, not very high odds). Anyway, we seem to be resolving toward a summer at home, shaping up the house further. We're spending much time, effort and \$ on this house, but I think it's a psychological necessity. This is the first owned home I've ever lived in, except for the shanty in Ringling, and 1st time I've ever had much chance to fix something up as I'd like it. Carol maybe feels something similar, since her parents shaped the Ocean Grove house. Anyway, I suppose it will wear off, and for now, the projects offer some fulfilling.

Later: excellent day of work. Wrote Rice Mills of Port Mystery, complete and entire, did a few phone chores besides, and talked at length with Bob Boynton by phone 1st thing this morn. Made notes on talk with Bob for Utopias folder. He said he's getting good comments about Streets at ~~conventions~~ conventions, thinks it'll do okay in colleges, says it depends on economy as to how many school districts will be buying.

March 28 -- Much to sum up from past week. Chrono'ly:

--Sat. the 22, spent morn packing for ocean trip, then went to Wash. Plaza for Carol's 3:10 talk. Only handful there, 15 or 18 people. Other speaker didn't show, so Wayne McGuire had to finesse that. Left about 4:15 and took off for ocean. Talked over summer plans on way over, concluded we'll largely stay here, with hiking trips and some special trip in early Sept.

Arrived at Golde cabin a bit after 8. Mark and Lou fixed some Sunset gourmet dinner, much with apples and onions stirred in with pork tenderloin; looked awful in preparation, and tasted fine.

--Sun. the 23d, after late getting up and leisurely breakfast, the 4 of us went up the Queets to hike the 3-mile Sams R. loop trail. Had a glimpse of elk; watched a doe watching us until both sides got tired of game.

--Mon. the 24th, went up N. Fork of the Quinault, new country to Carol and me as well as M & L. Patches of snow on trail -- ridgelines white all around -- and a lovely hike. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ mi. up trail, I saw on nearby slope what looked like a spotted white goat watching us. When it moved its head and two does became evident near it, could see that it was a white deer. We watched the trio graze for 10 or 15 min., studying the white one thru binocs. I took notes: the head (it was a doe) was regular deer-colored, tho with noticeable gray-white hair in ears. Then large white patch on throat and breast, patch of deer color, then mostly white all way to tail. A dozen or so spots on the white -- possibly 1" across up to size of my hand, varied from gray-brown to as black as the color of the tail (these were black-tail deer). Large dark spot near front legs. Remarkable critter.

Few minutes farther up trail, saw 3-4 elk. I got a good look at cow standing broadside to me briefly as we cut into woods after them, but then they stampeded.

--Tues. the 25th, good weather still held; brightest day yet. Headed for Rialto beach, where Mark and Lou hadn't been. Stiff wind, heavy surf, big combers and whitecaps. Ate lunch near Hole-in-the-Wall, dozed while waiting for tide to go down a bit, then started around first prong of Cape Johnson. Hiked rocks for hour or so, turned around and began looking over tidepools. We'd told Damborgs about time we cooked mussels, and Mark wanted to try 'em. Gathered about half a plastic bag full.

March 28 cont. -- On way back to cabin, stopped in Queets to see about buying fresh salmon. Indian at fish house had 4 fresh steelhead, and we took smallest -- 7-pounder, at \$1.10/lb. Boiled mussels first, very fine. Then the fish and fresh asparagus for supper, terrific meal. Steelhead is chewier than salmon, but excellent.

All in all, a good stay with Damborgs. We get along well, having many of same enthusiasms.

Morn of 26th, got up at 6, packed car, ate around 7, left for Portland at 7:30. Arrived about 11:40. Sheraton proved not to have our room ready; I roused a maid from down the hall to at least clean bathroom so I could shower 3 days of hiking off me. She somewhat grudgingly obliged while we had quick lunch downstairs. I cleaned up, went to Experiment Station at 1. Looking back in diary, I see last entry was before I received Forest Service contract. To catch up on that: Fri., March 21, mail brought award of contract for \$3550 for me to do history of Pac. NW Range and Experiment Station. I called Louise Parker, info director, and arranged that I'd come down next Wed. on our way home from ocean. When I showed up, Louise was at a conference leadership course she's taking, but she'd left material for me on her desk. I skimmed for about half an hour; noted that Cowlin ms, the compilation which is to be basis of my project, is detailed but dry. Louise arrived soon after 1:30 -- all her professional life, probably 10 or a dozen years, with Forest Service, and seems competent. Showed me around a bit, especially to library. Bob Cowlin, former head of the Station and author of the detailed ms, came in at 2 to talk with us. Got interview ideas ~~via~~ from him; may have to handle him a bit gingerly in interviewing him. Didn't get real signals that he resents my appearance on scene -- knows he's not a writer, and that the station wouldn't undertake his own 459p. ms -- but he may be a bit chary about anyone outside his beloved bureaucratic career.

After Cowlin left, I dived into library to glom any source materials; library is to be closed and divvied out pretty soon, and I was afraid of what might vanish. Got into boxes Cowlin had gotten back from Sand Point Fed. Records Center -- earliest monthly reports etc. which seem very promising for detail and life.

March 28 cont -- Put a double armload of material into car and left Station a little after 4, arranging that I'll spend week of April 28 there. No rude shocks that 1st day; still have hopes I'll be able to bang out the job at fairly rapid pace, and thereby scoop in \$3000 clear for a month or so's work.

Carol had shopped at Lloyd Center, without much luck except for birthday gift for her mother. We went to dinner at the River Queen, ~~next~~ boat on the Willamette; decided steamed clams didn't taste as good as mussels of night before. Cruised downtown for promising movie, saw none, and went back to room to read. Sheraton proved noisy -- street noise coming up, also hallway noise; not much sleep. Both awake about 6:15 y'day morn, we checked out promptly and went to Inn at Quay for b'fast. As ever, an oasis -- quiet, good view, good food. Another clear day, Hood and St. Helens out nicely, and Rainier very detailed.

Stopped at St. Historical Society in Tacoma on way home for quick check of further biog material on B.F. Heuston of my Rice Mills piece; shoddy ~~msg~~ cataloguing and service but in spite of that found an old Tacoma newspaper annual which added a bit. Lunched at Clinkerdagger's. Home about 2. Carol called Jean about hiking plans sometime this weekend, learned she'd caught end of finger in the Chrysler door and needed 5 stitches, likely will lose nail.

Late afternoon, I finished editing Pete's ch. 5. Early to bed.

March 31 -- Satisfactory pace today. Read about $\frac{1}{4}$ Cowlin ms to get feel for how much is usable, then wrote letters setting up interviews during Portland trip. Little after 4, we walked up hill and put mail in box on campus.

Royalty checks today on News: \$66 each. Now that it's started earning, book is outdated and should be revised. Must decide soon whether to press Bill Oliver about a revision after '76 election.

Y'day, stained and painted new kitchen cabinet. Helluva job, took the 2 of us from 9 to 5. Ate at Aurora Pizza Haven last night because of house paint smell.

Saturday, hiked hr and $\frac{1}{4}$ along Lake Washington in morn, lunch at Wharf, then walked to locks and back. That night, went with Millers to Murder on Orient Express, great fun.

March 31 cont. -- Hard frost last night; I'm eager to get garden in, but this area seems much more frost-prone than Linden Ave.

Carol's spring quarter began today; her main media evaluation course is full, with 30 students, and more wanting in. She'll do a grand job.

Letter from Chuck Le Warne today, responding to my suggestion that we might do an anthology together sometime. He's thought of doing one on small town life, which might be a good idea.

Also phone call from UW history dept.; Treadgold wanted my address, to pass along to someone who's a story possibility.

April 1 -- Another decent workday. Finished editing and commenting on Pete's ch. 5; had my eyes checked at Lynnwood Cp Health (okay, no change of glasses needed); wrote Chuck Le Warne about idea of doing small town anthology, saying we both ought to think on it and talk it over in May; left car at Sears to have muffler fixed, left it undone when they wanted to replace entire exhaust system for \$115.

Call from John Doig this morn; apparently UW history dept woman had called him y'day in attempt to find me (as ever, history dept and everyone connected never heard of unlisted phone). As blowhardy as ever.

Tomorrow, on to utopia again.

April 7 -- Unbelievable that I've let almost a week go by without an entry. To try recall: did some editing on Pete's chapters, then about Thurs., the 3d, began rejigging the utopias table of contents. After about half a day, hit on what I like (and what Bob Boynton liked when I called him about it this morn): a new idea-chocked lead, then the US of Utopia, interlude on women and utopia, the historical material, interlude of Chad Walsh piece, then Monsters in the Garden, and postlude of 1984. Looks good on paper, and hangs on to most of what I want in. Bob was enthused this morn; also said the regional meet of social sciences teachers he'd just attended in Boston brought more good comment about Streets. ~~Whether~~ Whether it really did or he says that each time to make me feel good, I dunno, but he's never seemed the type for unnecessary BS.

April 7 cont -- P-H royalty statement came last week, and we at last began to make a bit on ~~St~~ News -- \$67 each, I think. Began reviewing the royalty statements and contracts, and started brooding. We wrote a solid book at the right time, for one of the biggest and most reputable publishers, and have puny rewards so far. Set us both to thinking, Friday afternoon (?), about doing our own publishing. For my part, I don't know how we'll ever beat the contract gimmicks which are so stacked against the author; and Carol is much disgruntled about P-H's lack of marketing and general fucking up of the book.

Friday night, went to Edgemont to The Seduction of Mimi, which was spotty but good. I had low-key weekend, slept and read much of Sat. morn, then we put in asparagus plants, helluva job. Sun. pattern similar, easy morn and then cleaned out shed, stored stuff under house, made ready to finish side gate.

Sun. lunch, went to Pier 70, began talking again about possible Alaska trip in Sept. Carol is leaning toward teaching this summer, so we ought to have the \$. Just finished Supership, a terrifying book.

April 8 -- Frost again this morn.

April 11 -- 8:30 pm, very quick catch-up. Hard at work on utopias revise. Thurs (10th) and Fri wrote 2000 and 2300 words. Sat. while Carol was out teaching Jean to use her new camera, I revised the selection intros, about 6 hrs steady work. When she got home, we planted most of the garden. Sun., lunch at Cont'l cafe on the ave -- exclt feta omelette -- and then I got books from UW library.

Night of the 10th, went to 2d Stage with Nelsons to see After Magritte and The Real Inspector Hound. Hound very good, John Gilbert excelled as Moon.

Late y'day afternoon, Millers came for couple of hours. Talked about education in view of school levies failing last Tues.

Carol apparently can get 2 summer classes, which she seems to intend.

April 22 -- Hectic catching up of hectic ten days. Finishing revise of Realms turned into hard slog, writing couple thousand words every day to lengthen intros, revise selection bios. Finally put 1 copy of ms in mail y'day, another today. Was so tired and sinus-bedraggled y'day I couldn't even feel elation. Recuperated today, tho I've spent most of day on chores having to do with Mullers coming, inc. fetching them at airport this afternoon. This visit is about the last thing either Carol or I need just now (tho I have no room to gripe, bugging out to Portland as I am), but no help for it.

Randoms: dinner at E. Watson's 11th Hour with Damborgs on annvrsy last Thurs., then to UW NW Collection to hear photog Dave Bohn lecture on frontier ~~photo~~ photog Darius Kinsey.

--Tues. (15th) had lunch with C'stsen, learned he goes on some kind of 2/3rd retirement next year, is talking of book for Oxford Press. Much less filibuster once he's out of his office (lunched at Faculty Club; mediocre), but lingo and mind the same. Telling story about a girl, described her as "lithe some, post-nubile".

Doubt that I'm through with Utopias ms even yet. Am virtually sure it'll be too long for what Bob B. wants; have some cuts in mind if needed.

April 26 -- Returned from Lake Quinalt a couple of hrs ago. Frank and Lucie seemed to enjoy; liked the view over the lake, and seemed impressed with Big Tree Grove. Left here y'day noon, making 12:30 ferry; Carol taught all morning, I was at UW researching Bitterroot fire story.

Good weather at Quinalt; clear skies and sunset last night, fog lifting on lake this morn, and dry overcast for woods walk.

Last night played card game called 31, with amendments because Frank and Lucie couldn't entirely recall rules. ~~Frank won 1st game~~ Carol won 1st game, I won 2d.

Considerable work done last week. Wrote about 2/3 of Bitterroot story Thurs; particularly pleased because I'm able to stick to pretty reliable sources -- avoiding junk which had been written before -- and still have exciting story.

May 1 cont. -- Mon., I tried to get feel of job, looking over material and such. Took 2 or 3 tries to get me into an office where I wouldn't be disturbed or shooed out. Mon. I was given main conference room, big and sumptuous, and rest of time had small 2d floor conference room, nearly as big.

Tues. night Louise took me to dinner at Bush Garden. Rendezved at Station parking lot at 7 for her to pick me up, and arrived simultnsly. L is apparently fairly capable, but maybe with some sort of spark lacking. Plainly she's not as dauntingly prof'l as the pair of us in the Doig household. But, seems to be a pretty decent boss. Invited her to a return dinner with us when she's in Seattle.

Sun. night, arrived about 6:30. Squalling cat kept me awake some of time (rm on landward side at Inn at the Quay), switched to riverside room the rest of week. Then discovered the Inn is on airport flight path, at least in afternoons; luckily can be drowned out with air cndtner fan.

Speaking of afternoons, forgot Mon., when prostatitis acted up. Made excuse at Station, came back to room and began phoning urdlogists. Finally fnd with an open ~~xxx~~ appointment, and headed down to have damn stuff taken care of.

Histcl note: Saigon surrendered since I've been down here, and I've hardly had time or energy to read about it until today.

Warm weather here last 2 days; smoggy today. Dntwn, people sitting in sun everywhere.

May 1 -- Slowing down after very busy 4 days.
2d trip to doc this afternoon for prostatitis, he
put me on new drug called Septra this time.

Interviewed Alfred Hall this morn, had a pretty
good time. People at Station had said he's crusty
old devil, but we got along famously. Only thing
I couldn't pry out of him was what he knew about
Ross Lockridge's death, and I doubt that he knows
any more -- or as much -- as John Legget found for
his book.

Got to the Station this morn by 7:30, imdtly
coded photos and chivvied Karen into prompt photo-
copying, then wrote my comments and justifications
for pics, to leave for Karen and Louise to look
over for layout purposes. I liked Karen's layout
for Copper River delta pamphlet they showed me, and
hope she'll do the job on this history. About 9:30
I packed everything into car and left for Hall
interview.

Y'day, spent the morning plucking photos from
Stn's several file cabinets full. Had to run
mostly on instinct, since it would be weeks of work
to winnow all the pics. Everyone seemed impressed
with what I was coming up with, even so. Coffee
break and lunch with Tom Baugh, who is quite a
talker, tries to be something of a character. Wd
like to see his writing; I gather he's fallen
between stools, maybe plenty good enough for his
FS job and vaguely discontented, but maybe not
good enough to make it without salaried job. In
afternoon, left for 3 pm interview with Phil
Briegleb. Very methodical in his recollections,
but with a few lines of sheer poetry about what
he loves about forestry.

Tuesday, spent much of day on writing project
plan and outline, on which my 1st 20% hinges. Bob
Cowlin came in at 9:30, talked for couple hours
on tape. As he was leaving, he began asking
whether I'd seen this or that, and soon had secs
scuttling all over bldg to come up with histcl
materials. Prizes were some early station history
from some locked room in library.

April 26 cont. -- Wed. the 23d, went to Pac S lunch. Everyone much admires the gun article, which brought at least one epically angry phone call.

Also managed to finish another of Pete's chapters this week; will write up comments and mail off after supper tonight.

Leave for Portland tomorrow about 3 p.m. Smiths are coming after church.

May 9 -- Bad gap in entries. What I began thinking about writing 3-4 days ago, and just now am getting to, is this: Lightning continues to strike around us. My near-drowning, Carol's finger accident: about 1:30 the morn of Tues. the 6th, Frank came down with what seemed heart attack symptoms. Carol called Shoreline fire dept. emgcy squad, which arrived in a hurry. Put Frank on oxygen, called ambulance to take him to U. hospital. Carol & Lucie went along, I stayed to try get some sleep and relieve Carol at 6:30. But in hr or so, all 3 were home. Tests showed no heart attack signs, though doctor thought it might have been argina. Allowed Frank to fly home the next morn. And he did, with much trepidation on our part.

So, a nerve-wracking end to the visit. Carol bore up well, but was tired and behind by the end. The next problem likely will be that Lucie won't ever want to travel out of fear for Frank.

My week, and more: May 2, Friday, spent useful day at Forestry Sciences Lab in Corvallis, talking with gamut of Forest Service scientists. Stayed with Jan and Marg't that night. They took me to some semi-shady steakhouse in Albany which turned out to have terrific food. Marg's car had been totaled a week before when she was hit broadside. Jan has trained Sam to stay put until given the code word -- "zebra" -- but can't stop his whining while he's staying put. J says she plans to finish master's thesis this summer, her last chance on it.

Came home through wind and rain on Sat. the 3d; Carol went to Boat Day with Millers and Gordons, liked it even though weather was foul.

Have been doing catch-up chores all week -- corspdce with Forest Service folks, finished Idaho fire story and revised Rights of Nature for Pac S, read chapter for Pete, today did Utopias footnotes and mailed to Bob. Also called Bob, Helen Bignell at Chevron (apparently will take 2 articles from me for Spring).

Mark Wyman called y'day afternoon on way to Vancouver labor history conference. Will pick him up at bus at 10:40 in morn, loan him car for the day; dinner at Carstensen's tomorrow night.

May 9 cont. -- Have been to Group Health for stubborn prostatitis, am on drug for 10 days. Some improvement.

Fiercely fighting slugs for the garden. Some losses, but I seem to have quelled them the past few nights. Am considering putting a moat of plastic around garden.

Beautiful weather last 2 days, almost too warm today. Thermometer, which gets late afternoon sun, hit 80.

May 12 -- Good day of work: Forest Service corpdce, ch. sent to Pete, permissions readied to send to Bob, plus afternoon of garden chores. Perfect weather; we walked the loop around the n'hood tonight, the Sound lovely and flecked with sailboats. Everything imaginable is in bloom.

Made a Japanese tomato ring this afternoon, wondering if it'll be worth the effort. Over weekend, got back yard cleaned up, more lawn planted along side of house.

Both have been very busy and feel the strain a bit. I've worked liked blazes all last week and today, and just now am at point where I grudgingly can start on FS history,

ignoring the utopias biblio and some other work to do so.

May be pulling out of overloaded spell, if the FS project flows okay.

Dinner at Carstensens Sat. night, when Mark Wyman came to town. Aldens also there; she is a terrific pain in the ass. Carstensen's new wife Jeannette very pleasant. C seemed happy and fairly mellow, tho early in evening he unloosed a slander about Bob Monroe's abilities as spec'l collections head which surprised me (began by calling him a "long-bearded queer", then backed down to saying we provincials can't recognize when the word queer is meant to mean eccentric). Must be no ~~blast~~ love lost between them.

I picked Mark up at bus at 10:40 Sat. morn, he came out for lunch and then borrowed car to see friends around town. He seemed to be enjoying trip, despite frenetic pace and emotional overload of seeing so many old friends at once.

After dinner at C's, I drove him to airport. Said he had told C he'd like to teach some summer out here, which may mean he regrets a little his decision not to try for C's job.

Last night, crab cake dinner at Roders. They are busy getting ready for ~~Saba~~ sabbatcl trip, still have much to do.

May 13 -- Began reading Stegner's book on DeVoto tonight, and am not sure it's good for me. It frets the old question of whether I am doing anything worthwhile. Of whether the writing will ever get anywhere close to what I think it ought to be. Tomorrow I begin in earnest on the Forest Service material. Is it sheerly hackwork? It maybe. Yet I am probably the only person in this corner of the continent with the background and writing and editing and interviewing skills for it. Well, hell. I am a considerable craftsman at the quantities I work with. It may be that I don't bite off enough, or lack the scope of imagination for really notable work. NEWS, STREETS, and now UTOPIAS have all been performed at about as high a level as I've been able to work. Now Carol and I find that NEWS has been pretty much a failure, tho we largely blame P-Hall for it (in the midst of the boom in j'lsm enrollments P*H hasn't managed to sell it adequately, and now can't see the reprint possibilities of updated version). STREETS probably will sell only moderately -- the recession if nothing else should insure it. UTOPIAS could do well, but god only knows; it too is probably 5 years too late. And where do I go from here? Into Half-Life this summer and perhaps the rest of the year. It must be my best chance, the sole piece of life I have which could make a distinctive story. I hope I have been readying myself to tell it in the slow work and material-gathering to date. The problem of being in phase perplexes me, as it must have innumerable writers. I'm now a fairly slick and rapid magazine writer, at least in my own regional field -- and have only a couple of scanty outlets. When I at last become ready to do Half-Life, how will I be able to junk the text writing and articles which I work at habitually? Anyway, there are direr problems I ~~might~~ could ~~have~~ have.

May 19 -- Quick and inadequate catching up:

Bill Reeburgh called Thurs. night, in town again on cont'l shelf oil project (envtl impact statements). Promptly picked him up at U. Tower and went to Ivars (Pier 54), standby for Bill whenever he's in town. C and I had clams, Bill a customary Grab louie. Bills says pipeline impact is terrific in Fairbanks -- lines, bum checks, bum people.

Day or so before, military flexing over Mayaguez took place, horrifying us. Apparently a dozen or more Marines' lives were traded for crew which apparently was in perfectly good shape. Kneejerk militarism, and the country went along. Dismal.

Sat. night to Amy's, with Rodens. Also there -- Amy arranged because of Rodens' travel plans -- Bob and Mary Catherine Capp; Bob teaches Chinese history at UW, MC teaches ESL at Shoreline. Bob sometimes verges toward overbearing, but seems to me brainy and conversant enough to get away with it.

Earlier Sat., we walked thru Arboretum, lovely with azaleas and rhodns in bloom. Lunch at Pier 70, then yard work -- moved ferns from side of house to front tree patch, then put in flower seeds by house. Beginning to have awareness of great amount of work we've done here. Late afternoon, we walked to top of our property, enjoyed the wildness of it (including what may be an old coyote den).

Sunday afternoon, I worked a bit at annotating start of FS history. Wrote the 1st three sections, all brief, last week, and at 1st blush I think they're good, very deft but with solid spine of history. Much more to write, and I hope to whack out a lot this week. Probably can't meet end of May target I'd wanted -- Memorial Day weekend likely will take us away for 3-4 days, maybe ~~xx~~ across N. Cascades. Both need a vacation.

May 21 -- Keeping a hot pace on FS ms: 2000 words each of past 2 days, even though had to take time out y'day for Group Health call and today for Pac S lunch. Grueling, but nice to see pages add up. Should go past the halfway mark on ms tomorrow.

Prostatitis clearing up, but not out of the woods yet.

Pac S lunch a bit sparse. Russ Mohny not there, and life was much simpler. Harriet just back from LA meet of NBC affiliates, appalled by Bicentnl puffery. Got the idea for Sad Heart at the Tricentennial, jotted out some of it on yellow pad; can hardly resist writing it yet tonight. Gossiped with Archie Satterfield at meet; says his Yukon book for Lippincott is going hard and slow. Next month he and family drive east along I & C route, I kidded him about having to make the whole trip with his head turned to see what it looked like to the explorers. Three letters on my gun piece; Harriet found out NBC got only 200 from their network piece.

Heard Costigan last 2 nights at Danz lectures; too much history and not enough confessional Costigan, but he's always lovely to hear.

May 25 -- Sunday eve of very relaxing Memorial Day weekend. Fri noon, it was cold and threatening, so we scrapped plans for N. Cascades. Both slept all afternoon instead, then salmon dinner at Salmon House and to the Northgate for Return of the Pink Panther. All restorative, and all needed. Y'day bright and clear, so we went to waterfront for tag end of Maritime Week, idled around, had great lunch at new outdoor Elliott Bay Fish & Oyster Co. -- wonderful chowder. Came home, weeded strawberry patch, planted more vegetables. Today even prettier than y'day, went to Volunteer Park, took long slow look around city from top of water tower, had 2nd breakfast at Continental, walked marsh trail to Foster's Island. Stopped by Rodens on way home to see if they can come for hamburgers tonight, and they are. More weeding and puttering outside, both hated missing the fine weather and procrastinated outside nearly all afternoon. Both feel better, tho I have to put in work-day tomorrow. Wrote pretty well on FS ms all week, am on adequate schedule if I can keep at it.

more

May 25 cont. -- Excellent letter from Bob Boynton on UTOPIA -- Sharpless likes new version, Bill Cook sounds willing to get it underway promptly. Very fine.

Nearly forgot, Ann and Marsh came for dinner Thurs night, Marsh on much needed week off.

June 4 -- The final hard slog on Forest Service ms. The Cat Lady is typing as I take her rough draft piecemeal. Still have at least two big days of writing.

Tonight: first went to Greenwood TV to retrieve radio. Had an exasperating time with repairman last several days, with him either delayed in fixing or not there when I wanted to pick it up. But as I thought he would, he seems to have done a good job. Then we went to UW, where I returned utopias books and we went to forestry library for things I needed. Met librarian Barbara Gordon, who seems helpful and efficient. Then supper at the Continental.

Over weekend, I wrote biblio essay for UTOPIAS, job I'd been dreading. Actually it went pretty well, but still was considerable work.

Spindrift came out Monday, with my poems Borrowings and Flameheaded Man. Lovely production job.

Wally called y'day from Gig Harbor; must gird for having them up for a meal, perhaps as many as 10 people.

June 12 -- Have been decelerating from Forest Service ms. Mailed copy to Louise Parker on Mon. the 9th, y'day got note from her praising after 1st look.

Big social weekend. Fri night the 6th, Frank Zoretich and Linda Sullivan here for grilled hamburgers. Frank quits his P-I job this week to try freelancing again; I thought he'd become adequately discouraged when he tried it a year or so ago. Root probably is that Frank doesn't want to work full-time.

Next night, to Olsons' for dinner; Daheims and Schotts also there. Enjoyed talking with Mary D., and hearing Dave give Fred hell about capitalism turning into ripoff; Ans Schott is talky as hell, and something of a trial.

Sunday night, the 8th, Wally and Emma came up from Gig Harbor, and John and Jean came over to meet them. Thoroughly pleasant, all seemed to enjoy each other.

June 12 cont. -- The Cat Lady finished the ms on Sat. afternoon. Mon. morn I proofread, then went to UW to xerox 7 copies for assorted readers. Worked a bit at finding ill'ns for utopias book, tho I got so tired after lunch I thought I was going to conk out. Anyway, got the ms mailed to Louise Parker, then after coming home readied the copies for Hall, Cowlin & Briegleb, the former PNW Station directors.

Y'day, went to Edmonds for lunch with Rebecca Earnest, who turned out to be battered all to hell -- pickup wreck during motocross race last weekend left her with broken left hand, gimpy left knee, torn cartilage in chest, wrenched shoulder, and sundry bruises. But she insisted on walking 2-3 blocks to Brownie's cafe, trying to keep mobile. Not much chat of substance during lunch -- she did let drop that at Pac S she'd been leery of Russ Mohnney's accuracy, that at Alaska Pub'g she'd heard Archie Satterfield's Chilkot book was "derivative", and that Ann Saling dropped by about R's 3d day at work at Alaska Pub'g, mostly to let her know about typo in Ann's Pac S article edited by R. Only the gossip about Arch surprised me any, and I think I discount it.

Then to Fed Records Center to nose into PNW Exp. Stn files for anything about history of clear-cutting controversy within Forest Service. Couldn't spot the correspondence files in shelf list, but did find a good memo of 1939 supervisors' meet where clear-cut was discussed.

Walked around Green Lake on way home -- teeming with folks. Y'day morn, also got up little after 5 and walked around N'hood before breakfast. Loosed flood of nostalgia for early morns in London, and the incredible walk I had across the Albert Bridge through Battersea Park and looping back through Chelsea one of our 1st morns. Anyway, am trying to get in shape, and lose a few pounds. Have been to Shoreline sauna past 2 days, taken off a pound or two.

Recent reading: George Higgins' novel, Cogan's Trade; August 1974; JH Faulk's Fear on Trial.

June 15 -- Just finished a crawl under the house, tracing the ants which show up in the kitchen. Found some around base of fireplace. We'll likely have to get a sprayer in. Once again, welcome to homeownership.

Chilly and rainy today. Weather has slowed up the caterpillars which have been everywhere -- but encourages the slugs.

Letter from Bernie Lucas y'day, saying he's coming to Seattle for the Wagner Ring Cycle at the Opera House in late July. Took the hint and offered him and a friend a place to stay. Could be fun to have them around for a few days.

Drinks at Millers last night. Clint reported on his week or so in NY, which sounded very fine.

Friday the 13th, I searched for Utopias ill'ns, shuffled together a selection of 6 I like pretty well.

Y'day, we both spent much of day working over camping gear, which was good therapy. Carol is decelerating from heavy year of work, pressures I don't pay enough attn to. Today, more packing and chores, including making rain fly by putting grommets in chunk of plastic. At lunch, returned books to UW and ate at Continental, talked about our finances. Puzzle of our speculation in Rocket Research stock -- could clear about \$1500 right now, but would like to escape short term gain tax level by holding until after July 1. Stopped on way home for John's advice, he said he would hold on another two weeks if he were in our place.

Pull out in the morn for the beach strip, hoping to hike from Rialto to Alava and back. Both need the vacation.

June 21 -- Easing into chores after our beach week. A fine, fine trip, in the teeth of unpromising weather. Mon. the 16th we hit rain soon after starting out, amended plans to head for Dungeness Spit. Hiked about 3 hours total there, had early dinner (and fantastic drinks) at 3 Crabs, went on to Forks. Phoned for a room at La Push Ocean Park, strolled the beach there and looked over the town, which goes its slow shabby way. Next morn when I got up, fishing boats were coming out of the harbor channel, 2 or 3 a minute for about half an hour as I watched. Tide was against us for going up

June 21 cont. -- beach beyond Rialto, so we both ~~mapped~~ mapped in motel after b'fast. On low tide, hiked to Cedar Creek, probably $6\frac{1}{2}$ -7 miles. Found a good camp site back on the creek (which is duplicate of Ellen Creek, angling into ocean and beach about 45 degree angle, n'westward). Tried lighting our campfire without paper, did so but ran through most of book of matches. Had better improve my woodcraft on that score.

Wed., both somewhat footsore and lacking the 5th day needed to make the round trip to Alava, we opted for hike into Allen's Bay on Lake Ozette. Turned out to be strenuous enough trail, a good day's workout. Lake and circling hills very pretty, tho Ozette lacks a shoreline you can comfortably sit on, let alone walk on.

Gathered mussels on way back on headland just north of Cedar Creek, later found beds on sentinel rock and even a few smaller rocks right at creek mouth itself. Boiled them in sea water for supper -- excellent. Before supper,

~~Thursday the 19th~~ lay on beach in afternoon sun for couple of hours, napping, reading a bit of St. Ex, and just looking.

Thursday the 19th, coolish and damp, we hiked off beach. Started about 10, at high tide, and had to scamper only at 1st small headland south of Cedar Creek. Rocky stretches as punishing as on the way up the beach -- they don't get any easier. At 1st point south of Cape Johnson, saw seals on near offshore rock -- 8 of them, including two pups. One pup was lovely silver gray; the mother was off-white. Watched them for some time, as they carefully eyed us as well.

Off the beach, couple who had camped below us on Cedar Creek found their VW battery dead, we luckily had jump cables in car and got them started. Detoured to LaPush to pick up socks I had forgotten at motel, then early salmon dinner at Slathar's. Drove out of cloud cover as we went inland, found the Olympics clear and gorgeous, Pt. Angeles basking in bright daylight about 8:15 p.m. Bought me a Levi jacket and fishing license at Swain's, headed for Dungeness Spit to camp for morning hike. Fog and a regular gale out there -- probably 35 mph wind, the fog swirling and racing eerily. Carol properly was reluctant to spend the night in such weather, so we tried Sequim Bay St. Park. Perfectly calm and dry there.

June 2^d cont. -- Pitched the canvas tent. Slept like logs until 3 a.m. when train went through, passing about 20 feet from our tent and flashing lights and clanging bells for nearby crossing. Drizzling the next morn, decided to try the Spit anyway, found it was dry and pleasant. Dug clams as soon as we got to beach -- very low tide -- and hid them in driftwood. Easy digging, virtually all the clams from two small holes.

Hiked to about halfway point on Graveyard Spit; fascinated anew with the miniature desert ecology there. Different flowers and growth every little way. Also saw a nighthawk, and about a dozen blue herons in a flock. While eating ~~lucky~~ lunch, watched killdeers go through mysterious rituals -- scampering, then snuggling into sand, then more scampering and crying -- and listened to incredible array of their calls.

During the trip, we saw whimbrels and knots (on Spit the 1st day); ~~a~~ a small black ducklike bird with twin white spots on back, which we couldn't identify; a flicker of some sort, briefly spotted on Ozette trail; the seals s. of Cape Johnson; and what must have been a weasel, though I was nonplussed by the ~~size~~ large size and long rat-like tail (seen at the point I call The Noggin, the small conical headland just south of Jagged Island). Also many fishing boats, which make a game for me to see how many I can pick out on the horizon; and 2 freighters at the Spit y'day, including giant SeaLand Finance vanship.

Y'day's hike a good close for trip, flat but strenuous enough. Finishing up, we went to oyster house, bought oysters, a smallish crab (last night's supper), and a lb. of chopped geoduck -- for a total of about \$4.90. Tonight, John and Jean come, probably for clam chowder.

Both in good mood, sanguine about summer. Much to be done around house, but we intend to schedule the bejesus out of the chores.

June 23 -- Carol is off teaching her 1st classes of summer -- official start to what we hope will be a busy but fine summer. Went out of here this morn in her red party dress. Heavy artillery, I told her.

Y'day went with Nelsons and Tina Martin to pick strawberries at Remlinger farm near Carnation. Tough picking -- rows were spotty. But we got 23#. Vowed to try some other farm, maybe at Monroe, next year.

Carol and I had lunch at Cont'l, then processed berries for about 2½ hrs. Both spent evening doing some scheduling. I apparently could spend full-time all summer, and maybe beyond, on chores if I would let myself. Deliberately am setting aside 1st couple hrs each morn this week to work on notebooks, against that fiddling habit.

John and Jean came for dinner Sat. night -- clam chowder and oysters fresh from our pensla trip. Begin'g to take on some routine tasks for them while they're away -- John left me house payments and tax payments to mail in while he's gone, and is also telling his broker I have power of att'y. And we're apparently going to take Kitty for month of July, until Cindy takes over. I have some qualms, including Kitty's view of the garden, but guess it'll be okay.

Both feeling good currently -- I've slept straight thru the past 3 nights, probably my best sleeping since London. Miraculously, no dog noises. On the other hand, one of the Hirsh kids just got a motorcycle.

Jan Bateman called Sat. night, asking if she could come up for an overnight and talk with us before going to San Mateo on research for her womenSports thesis. She'll be here about noon on Wed.

Current reading: re-reading of Track of the Cat. Van T Clark missed the chance to write the great western novel; much of it is very fine, especially the outdoors descriptions, but relationships are labored.

June 30 -- Catching up: Y'day afternoon helped Rodens get ready to leave, Carol housecleaning while I muscled boxes up to John in storage area. They're coming for dinner tonight, will bring Kitty to get her accustomed a bit.

Several chores done over weekend. Sat. I crawled under house to wire radio speaker into kitchen, and to put out ant poison. Discovered water leaking under water heater. That afternoon, both of us worked on cleaning up the shop; that stint and a bit more y'day morn put it almost in shape.

Friday -- my birthday -- went to Bellevue to buy a Taneka lighting fixture for front of house, and a Japanese maple for side yard. Carol took me to lunch at Salmon House; her gifts were LeWarne's utopias book, book on homemade power, a frisbee, and Russian tea.

Saturday night, went to Nelsons' for Laird's birthday; Lib Rogers on hand from Chicago, Craig Martin newly arrived from Atlanta.

Fri. Morn, I talked to Carol's classes about keeping a notebook. Went well; 2nd class much talkier and more affable.

Jan came up from Albany on Wed. the 25th at 1pm, left next day about noon. Her head very full of womenSports magazine; has herself pumped up to finish the thesis this summer. Apparently wanted to see us just to have someone to bounce ideas off for a day.

July 8 -- A newly painted house since last entry. Began on 4th, took us 4 six- or seven-hour days. Trim yet to be done. Place looks grand.

John and Jean left about week ago, just now put some mail in envelope to forward to N.C.

Night of 4th, went to Sleuth at ACT with Nelsons -- good production. Next night, Millers came for patio supper.

Saw Harriet Rice y'day, talked a bit about future pieces I'll do for her.

Have been despairing over my garden. Thought it merely needed warm weather. Warm weather is here, and it seems to stand still even so.

July 9 -- Much better day of work. Prostatitis settling down, feel less depressed.

Clipped papers and straightened desk much of morning, went to UW about 10:30 to return overdue books and get Lewis & Clark article. Had lunch first at Skipper's.

This afternoon, worked more at desk. About 3, we went up to college and played badminton. Both felt better afterward. Carol now vacuuming; Damborgs are coming for supper.

Saw Bill Chamberlin briefly in UW library, was appalled to hear his schedule of grad exams and papers to write the rest of the summer.

Dry weather continues. Keep watching garden hopefully, tho it's far from prospering.

July 14 -- House is virtually painted; only back trim to be done after gutter repairs. Both elated to have the summer's major chore done.

Also have had work done on water heater, which was leaking around cold water intake. Plumber's call was \$33, but at least it didn't take a new heater.

Spent couple of hours y'day trying to resuscitate garden, transplanting and putting in new lettuce and beans.

All in all, we have been clicking off various chores. Carol is pleased with progress, and convinces me we're doing well. And a fine evening out of this on Sat. Tired from painting -- finished up the house trim that day -- decided to eat at Shilshole and take advantage of the bright, warm dusk. Had a drink at Ray's Boat House, but couldn't get table for dinner. Walked next door to the Golden Tides, got a table with splendid view toward Magnolia and the locks, and had excellent meal, espclly salad with fresh zucchini sliced in. Made a fine glowing evening remnsct of so many others we've spent together -- Carol said she's always been a sucker for a good meal.

So, the summer goes. Not quite as efficient as I always hope -- haven't been outdoors enough -- but a good workable summer even so.

July 15 -- Foul mood today. The cat has been costing us sleep and exasperation -- and what nuisance it's not responsible for, I'm blaming it for anyway. Yowled last night at 11:30, was allowed to sleep on Carol's bed, yowled as usual at 5 anyway; was put outside, and at once there was a scrap with one of the prowling n'hood cats. I came out bleary to b'fast at 7:30 after all this and found the cat snugly asleep in wicker chair. We both have a lot of affection for Kitty, but this pattern of her sleeping all day then yowling us awake is a serious disruption. Handling early morning yowlings and cat fights left me groggy and strung out most of Sunday morning as well.

Other news of y'day, which is major cause of my mood: call to Bill Cook at Hayden revealed he plans to put off publishing utopias book until a year from now. Says he's caught in a budget bind, too many manuscripts with too little funding. Wrote him what for me is a fairly angry letter, saying that if nothing else I'll feel justified in asking for further advance money. Most likely I am simply stuck; too much hassle to take book to another publisher, who wouldn't get it out any sooner now anyway. Of my three books, this is the third major delay by the publisher.

And, the final bit of fulmination is that I began looking back at Half-Life, and saw how poor some of it is. The raw material is good, and there can be more, but my writing so far doesn't click. Size of the job scares me, I suppose.

Y'day lunch, went to Kirkland to pick up our new porch lamp. Beautiful piece of wood working -- and at \$250, expensive as hell. Had a so-so lunch at restnt called the Happy Clam. I made phone calls -- Louise Parker on vacation at PNW Station, but Karen Randle said all seems well in comments on the ms -- and wrote letters in the afternoon. Evening, sanded our antique armchair and tried some clear finish on it, got ready the downspout by the kitchen window. Have been reading Dorson's history of British folklorists.

July 16 -- Have worked on $\frac{1}{2}$ life material last 2 days with high diligence. Sorted jottings and retyped them into ring binder -- it at least feels like progress.

Carpenter showed up this morn to redo gutter line on back of house; seems to know his stuff. Tonight, it's raining to test his work so far.

Pac S lunch today. Hardly anything worthwhile accomplished, but food was 1000% better -- sausages and potato salad. Archie Satterfield, Pat Baillargeon, Ann Saling, Lucille Palmer, Alice Smith, and Harriet were there. Also Alice's short-term replacement, whose name I didn't catch; Alice is to be out for 6 weeks for hysterectomy. Enjoyed Archie as ever; he reports from his camper trip back along Lewis and Clark route that every camper owner he met also is a gun owner. Afterward, went up to see if Alice had any editing on Idaho fire story, slightly surprised when she had none. In fact, I thought she was overly pointed in interrupting a line-by-line going-over she was giving Ann Saling to say to me "I don't have any editing to talk to you about. It's perfect." Also collected \$300 for Rights of Nature and the Idaho fire piece. Bev Finseth, who handles ~~xxxx~~ checks, is just back from honeymoon; she's married the Pac S printer, which has made Harriet a bit nervous about the new confluence of the magazine's production tasks.

Afternoon, we went to Prairie Mart, stocked up on nearly \$100 worth of groceries. Tonight I put another coat of plastic sealer on antique chair, which is beginning to look handsome. Also, Carol has come up with exciting plan for the inner room mess.

Calmer last 2 days after Monday's snit against Bill Cook. Beginning to feel writing and work schedule flow again, maybe.

July 21 -- Decent day of work -- revised lead on $\frac{1}{2}$ Life, roughed out Tricentennial satire. Madeline Olsen here for lunch; the 3 of us grouched about state politics aftwds.

Beautiful weather, bright and warm (too warm right now; am sweating from cleanup work for Bernie and his friend tomorrow). Garden still languishes.

Sunday, Carol finished painting trim while I cleaned up shop. Saturday, went to Point No Point, fine short hike. Friday the 18th, weather wasn't good enough to gamble the overnight camping we'd planned, so simply went out for lunch at Earl of Sandwich (excellent smoked salmon and cream cheese sandwiches) and then walked an hour or so on Queen Anne Hill.

Sat. night, went to The Four Musketeers, which has a chaotic plot, or lack of one.

Read True Grit the other night, liked it. Now reading Burr; intriguing, though I don't quite know what to make of it historically. Not much, I suppose; accept it as a feat of fiction.

Cat continues to be a problem, waking us 2 or 3 times a night, demanding affection (which it doesn't lack for anyway).

July 24 -- Carol's birthday, and we're about to head for Jake O'Shaughnessy's for dinner. Bernie Lucas and Fred Wenger arrived on 8 a.m. train Tues. the 22d. That night I went to 1st opera of Ring cycle with them; liked the staging and even the Wagner music, but was displeased that I couldn't decipher the sung words.

Spent much of y'day at U library; saw Bob Monroe, Carstensen, Karyl Winn, Rich Berner, Barbara Gordon at Forestry -- a considerable slate. Not much result in research Kirkland-Brandstrom selective logging report, but I have considerable material from PNW Station ms.

Little writing this week, though I did some roughing of Tricentnl piece the other day and it doesn't need much more. Carol and the operagoers got home last night just before midnight, cat woke at 2:30, again before 4 and around 5.

July 29 -- Bernie and Fred have come and gone, a visit pleasant on both sides. Had some qualms about Fred before he arrived -- stranger in the house for a week -- but he turned out to be mature and thoughtful, and we enjoyed him. The fellows learned the bus system by trial and error, and pretty quickly were getting back and forth okay.

Some time Thurs. (24th), Louise Parker called and suggested there's no need for me to make Portland trip, since so little revising seems needed on the ms. I began on Fri. to edit and doublecheck, put it into envelope ~~at~~ at 5 p.m. today for mailing. I feel it's a good job, wrought from dull but complex sources.

Have done much phoning the past 2 days -- Pete Steen y'day about clearcutting history, Karen Randle both days to have b'gnd material sent, Phil Briegleb and Bob Cowlin today about clearcutting and forest survey, respctvly. Am amassing info for what, in case of clearcutting piece, feels like a fine and distinctive story.

Writing schedule beginning to present itself: Tricntl piece in the morn (~~is~~ supposed to sail with Smiths in the afternoon), $\frac{1}{2}$ life on Thurs. and couple days next week; likely begin the clearcutting piece next week.

Brilliant weather ended Sun. night and y'day with rain; today overcast but warm. Sun. eve, we went to Seattle Center for opera buffet dinner Bernie had invited us to. Good meal -- salmon -- but I didn't feel much at home in the crowd. Opera apparently isn't for us; Carol and I each went one night on Bernie's extra ticket, found it sufficient.

Sat. morn, went to Bellevue art fair; thought the crafts, especially wood work, outstanding. Brought home cards of several artisans, and visions of decorating the interior room.

Current reading has been David Leitch's God Stand Up for Bastards, which has hilarious story of Leith accompanying Lord Thomson to Russia.

Aug. 5 -- Some scant catching up: Wed. the 30th, sailed with Doug and Lois Smith on their boat -- 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ foot Cal -- from Everett to Langley. Perfect weather, enough breeze to keep us underway. Long enjoyable spaghetti supper aboard boat at Langley dock. Doug talked about decisions he has to make in corporate career, and their puzzlement over son Greg; no family is a serenity, apparently. No sooner got on the boat than Doug turned the wheel over to Carol -- just as his dad would have done, she said -- and then I took it most of way to Langley.

Sat. night the 2nd, to Craig and Tina Martin's for low-key housewarming. A few of Tina's social work friends were there, but the hardcore NU-journalist chapter -- Doigs, Nelsons, Zoretich, Craig -- drove 'em out before long.

Have finished the house painting; did the last of touching up on Fri. the 1st. Place looks grand. Did some gardening on Sat. Also touched up beam paint and Navajo rug wall in study.

Much reading for clearcut piece. Also, call today from Archie Williams of Cast Off magazine, wondering if I'd edit a book ms for them. Set me thinking again about incorp'n.

Aug. 7 -- Read Mill Town today. Nicely done -- Norman Clark can write.

Chilly, drear day. Started fire in fireplace when Carol got home from class. The garden languishes on.

Annvsy of Nixon leaving office. Hope the year has been more productive for me than I feel it has in my lower moments. The Utopias ms, the Forest Service ms, articles, some pegging away at $\frac{1}{2}$ Life, work on house; I continue to ask whether the writing is anywhere near what the main mark ought to be.

Amv here for dinner last night, before she goes to London next week. Asked her to learn any more details she ~~it~~ can ~~fax~~ about WWII Dublin bar story.

Aug. 10 -- Phone call on Fri (8th) -- Bill Cook being determinedly conciliatory, telling me my arguments had persuaded him and the utopias book will go ahead as originally scheduled. I was hugely surprised -- we'd lost same precise scuffle with P-Hall -- but tried to keep cool. I suspect my moral arguments -- why should an efficient author be penalized for efficiency? -- had an effect on Bill.

Same day, wrote more than 1000 words on Forest History piece, pecking away at it all day until Nelsons came for dinner. Am doing it in odd style -- writing chunks I'm certain on, and then will paste them into sequence -- but it feels okay so far.

Good evening with Nelsons. Marsh squelched my notions of incorp'g, saying the tax advantage just isn't there any more. The tax man in his firm said our problem is simply that we're middle class -- the worst taxed. But I still wonder whether to become a "business", looking for editing and oral history jobs. We have the name picked out if I do -- Wordsmiths, Ink. (unincorporated).

Also advice from Ann and Marsh on inner room plans; Ann against the doorway from living room, Marsh for it if we put window above. Not sure we're on wavelength with their advice this time around.

Sat. was beautiful day, and mid-morn we walked around Green Lake. Lunch at Olympia Oyster House, splendid oyster ^{stew} ~~chowder~~ and seafood chowder.

Feel that I'm languishing on this month's chores, tho I think I foresee getting done the magazine pieces in pretty fair time. Slowed down again by drugs ; hope to hell this summer of urinary tract infection is ending.

A Kitty story: the other night, she faced down and then ran off one of the large fighting cats of the n'hood. When Carol finally got her in the house, Kitty'ss adrenalin was still boiling: headed for her food dish, began knocking it about in enthusiasm of devouring.

Aug. 19 -- Just finished Lewis & Clark piece for Chevron, stubborn job which didn't want to be crammed down to 1500 words. Good start on the week, and feel as if I have good impetus.

Carol is in U District -- y'day clothes shopped and did other chores. Going through her vacation like a house afire.

Socializing recently: Fri the 15th, dinner at Damborgs, looked over their redone house, went to midnight showing of Edward Curtis movie IN THE LAND OF THE WAR CANOES and Franz Boas 1930's film on Kwakiutls. Very bleary when Boas film still going after 2 a.m., and umpteenth identical Indian dance in a row was on screen, so we left.

Sat. the 16th, Millers were here; Linda has landed job as asst director of publications for SeaFirst. They were having a happy weekend, and we were happy for them.

Next day, Cindy and Kevin came for lunch, and took the cat to spend rest of year with Cindy. The quiet is a bit eerie with Kitty gone, but no real regrets about her absence.

One evening -- Sunday? -- we walked the waterfront, had Ivar's chowder for supper.

Carpenters are trooping through, giving estimates on cutting ~~door~~ to inner room. 3 have been here, and we're still baffled as to which one would do the best job. The answer probably is that none would.

I went to Nashville night of the 12th with Nelsons and Martins -- Carol was in midst of grading-- and didn't much like it. Chaotic as hell, and sound coming and going like hubbub of Chicago ~~grain~~ commodities exchange.

Aug. 25 -- Last week was busy, and this one looks as bad. Finished Lewis & Clark piece last week, then the Forest Survey piece; did another quick runthrough on PNW Station ms; read Pete's next-to-last chapter. And on Wed., went to Pac S meeting and took ms back to Castoff.

Have spent more time than I want hassling with editors recently. Been dueling with Louise Parker of PNW Station about her notion that the ms should be automatically cut by a certain percentage; have told her as diplomatically as possible that was nowhere in the contract, her letters or anywhere else -- the roughly-20,000 words total was stipulated time and again. Still may be in a ~~xxx~~ tussle about it. Also, letter from Boynton on Fri saying there's a standard format for their Humanities Series books, and will I be content with it? It's not a layout I like, but I don't have the energy or inclination to fight to the death on this one. Will accept the basic layout for now, and do what tinkering I can in galleys.

Quiet Pac. S meeting on Wed. (20th). Russ Mohny talky, ebullient about his book, I suppose -- as an author has a right to be. Frank Zoretich came to the meet for 1st time.

Friday was opening day of Bumbershoot Festival; we went down, but found things slowed by rain, not much happening. Came home, Smiths arrived to plan our overnight trip with Lynn and Billy. Lisa Roden came while they were here; she stayed for supper, took her stored stuff.

Tried Bumbershoot again y'day, and loved it. At 11, heard Western Wynde Consort play renaissance instruments, very fine; lunch at Earl of Sandwich, which had sold out many of its specialties because of Bumbershoot and coincident mention in P-I restaurant column; then watched Empty Space theatre's melodrama The Fieri of Gotham, hugely enjoyable. Next, and last, Dumi Maraire and the Minanzi Marimba Ensemble, a tremendous favorite with crowd for its rhythms. Sets went on and on, crowd joining in by chanting and dancing.

Began The Best and the Brightest last night.

Aug. 28 -- Returned last night from camping trip with Bill and Lynn Bush of Tampa (Doug and Lois Smith's daughter and son-in-law), with every last item of gear sopping wet.

Hiked into Boulder Lake, 3.4 miles above Olympic Hot Springs (up the Elwha) on Tues. the 26th. Pretty decent weather then, but after breakfast on Wed., it began to rain hard, and rained all the while we hiked out. Still, Lynn and Bill took the trip well, seemed to enjoy it. I was pleased with them, not having been sure how Lynn would react (the trip being mostly Bill's idea). And enjoyed them both as I got to know them a bit.

Boulder Lake was a pretty enough site -- and with 2000' climb, enough of a hike to make everybody think we'd done something. Drawback is that the lake is poor fishing, and also weather sweeps through the cirque. I'm more interested now in the Three Horse Lakes, about an hour of fairly rugged hiking southward along the ridge-side. Bill and I had decided we'd try fishing there, on a ranger's advice, and Lynn decided to come along. Trail proved to go down and down, and Lynn had some doubts along the way about how wild it all was. Bill maybe did too, although he voiced them as questions for Lynn's sake. When we finally got to lake, I promptly gave Lynn my watch and told her we'd leave by 6, keep an eye on the time for us. Both Bill and I did some decent casting -- he's better than I am, with a 2-handed surf casting style -- but couldn't even raise a bite. At any rate, the pair of Three Horse Lakes do have fish -- we could see them jumping -- and would make an interesting camping spot off the main trail. Likelihood of seeing wildlife there; marmots or pikas were whistling at us as we fished.

Tues. night in the tents was raucous, wind gusts rattling our plastic rainflies. But no drowning rain until after breakfast, luckily. After hiking down, Carol financed lunch and drink at 3 Crabs to celebrate the Bushes's 4th anniversary.

Good news in mail today: Chevron loved the L&C piece, tacked on extra \$50 for amount of research I did. Very pleasant people to work with.

Called Harriet Rice on Monday, got free hand to write a few travel pieces out of the Idaho trip.

And after noon on Monday, did some rewriting and editing on Half-Life opening which at last felt like the simple, flowing style I've been trying for.

Aug. 28 cont. -- Bit baffled this morn about enormity of getting ready for Idaho trip, finishing various articles, doing house chores. Went out and did mindless chores -- banking, lubing car, returning UW books -- and feel more sanguine about it all now.

Sept. 1 -- Labor Day. Packing car for Idaho-Oregon trip, chore I always dislike. More stuff than ever must be crammed in this time, because of interviews and other writing work.

Damp chilly weather continues. August was rainiest on record. Neither of us mind much, but are getting ~~kix~~ tired of hearing friends bitching about weather. Am beginning to wonder if it's a mark of how well off our stratum of friends really is -- that the most serious thing bothering them is the weather.

Y'day, decided to walk Green Lake and eat lunch out. Went first to Smiths to pick up our backpacking stove, ended up staying an hour or so, mostly talking to Doug. He's just back from big GTE brass meeting in Conn., sounded as if he's glad to come home to his sailboat. Then went to Continental for lunch, and did our walking. Met Andy Johnson bicycling around the lake. Indian canoe teams were racing on lake as we walked.

Frank and Linda here night of the 30th; expermnted on them with geoduck casserole. Linda thought it was great, Frank found it too rich. Had it in mind to talk with the pair of them about current reading, thinking I'm behind current trends. Found instead I'm more adventurous than either of them: Frank is a New Yorker devotee, Linda is just getting around to Justine, has never read any science fiction or mysteries even. I've decided to read some favorite stylists on this trip -- Frank O'Connor, Dinesen -- and try to see how to hone my work. The editing down and sharpening I did on Half-Life lead last week enthused me.

Good response from Chevron on L&C piece; they liked it, are dolloping another \$50 onto fee.

Just read back into diary, and noted my summing up last Labor Day. This summer was somewhat crimped by urinary tract infections and the 7 weeks of the cat; as ever, I haven't written as much as hoped or planned. But some progress, and a lot of pleasure.

Sept. 5, Grandjean Camp in the Sawtooths --

4:35 pm; drove in about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr ago from Boise.

N. Fork of Payette River flowing past, plan to try some fishing later. Spent this morn at Idaho State Library and Archives, going thru some of Gary Bettis' domain. Xeroxed 61 pp -- mostly on Vardis Fisher, some on mining boomtowns of Pierce and Florence. Idaho archive facilities are good -- convenient to have everything under one roof (tho Gary says storage is a problem, and he has archival stuff stashed all around town).

Fine time with the Bettises -- put us up in their basement room, paid for our dinner (good food at The Royal Restaurant), drove us around town last evening. Boise surprised us both as pretty pleasant -- many big old homes, tree-lined streets (locusts). As long as they put water on anything, it'll grow; otherwise it goes back to sand and sage. Gary drove us up to high-priced area on benchland NE of town -- classy homes, with lawns and shrubbery, emerging out of desert scrub. Very much a feel of southwest -- reminded us of Las Cruces, NM.

Downton Boise has its problems -- urban renewal has leveled acres, and nothing in sight but parking lots. Gary said the project hinges on Penney's coming in with big store; said he thought LJ Davis piece in Harper's was entirely accurate.

Catching up: arrived at Bettises about 4:45 last night, having left Riggins about 1:15. Earlier in morn, had driven up the Salmon a few miles from our camp site, tried a bit more fishing, without luck. Got out to try short trail and fishing hole just above Manning Bridge, spotted a rattler in the rocks where we intended to go down to the river, and decided we'd give it up.

Campsite at Spring Bar on the Salmon the night of the 3d was pleasant; got there at dusk, after wondering whether we'd find a campground up there. Wrong site listed on our map, and no signs anywhere to help. Set up camp quickly, and I quickly tried fishing, but without even a bite, and it promptly was too dark.

Sept. 5 cont --Drove from Lewiston the day of the 3d, by way of Orofino and Pierce. Both liked

Orofino, a neat and personable town. Set out to find Dent Bridge in new Dworshak recreation area, stymied by total lack of signs and instead went on to Pierce. Pierce proved to be still a rough-hewn frontier town, but now the boom is lumbering. Shacky subdivision called Whispering Pines climbs a hill just out of town. Decided to have something to drink in a cafe; it was all the waitress and cook -- both new on the job that day -- could manage to make me an iced tea from mix and Carol a hot tea from elusive bag tucked away on a shelf. I stopped at library, found the librarian helpful, and with her directions found the old courthouse, dating to 1862 when McGilvra and Oliphant held the first court there.

A fine highcountry drive from Orofino to Pierce (though the best country we've seen so far has been around McCall, with its big lake, and near New Meadows, with its fine lush basin of grassland and streams).

Night of the 2nd, we spent in Lewiston, after drive from Seattle. Best scenery was at Chinook Pass, where clouds were whirling past below the peak of Rainier. Had a good lunch break in Prosser, eating fruit from a hiway stand as we watched roustabouts tear down sideshow which had entertained on Labor Day. Then went thru decent ~~small~~ museum, also in park. Day's drive was hard, bright glare on horizon giving us both headaches. Good meal and drink at The Helm restnt in Lewiston cured us, and we walked around town for hr and a half, mostly to look over the Lewis & Clark Hotel which dominates ~~west~~ ^{west} end of town.

So, a good trip so far, with brilliantly clear weather. What it'll be on backpacking we plan, I don't know. Fellow who runs the lodge here says it was 29 this morn -- and it must have been 80 when we pulled/in this afternoon.

Sept. 8 (Mon), Elkhorn -- 4:15, and we just pulled in for tonight and tomorrow night. Spent the day hiking up N. Fork of Hyndman Creek -- wonderful country, but by now we've both had enough sun for one day.

Rented this condominium studio apt -- \$24 a night so I'd have a chance to catch up on writing, and also as a chance for us to clean up. Elkhorn very stylish -- nicely done, and posh.

Catching up: camped last night at campgrnd on the Wood River about 8 mi. north of Ketchum. Good site; tried fishing for an hour or so, but no bites. Drove from Alturias Lake, over Galena Summit; tremendous views back over Sawtooth Basin, the length of the Sawtooth Range, and just below, the piddling stream which is the start of the Salmon River. Came into Ketchum-Sun Valley abt 11, had excellent lunch at a deli in shopping center. Looked around town some, I bought a spinner with a single hook which I'd been wanting, and we headed to campsite. Came back to town for terrifically good dinner at Alpine Mexico restaurant, likely will go back tonight, Then went to local movie house to see Rancho Deluxe, which I enjoyed a lot. Some spectacular footage of the area around Livingston.

Night of the 5th, after I'd made previous diary entry and fished for about an hour, came back to camp to find Carol perplexed about how she felt. Had felt a pain across her chest, then her heart raced. Both hated to leave, but I felt we were a hell of a distance from anywhere if she got worse. Packed up about sunset -- around 8 -- and drove to Armada motel in Stanley, where there's at least emergency medical service from a nurse.

Before packing, tho, we ate the 2 trout I'd caught for supper, about a 10-incher and an 11. Hugely pleased to have caught them, after quite a bit of fishing with no results.

Carol felt fine again on morn of 6th, so we drove to Redfish Lake. Decided we'd still better

Sept. 8 cont. -- take it easy on her account -- had scratched any backpacking plans the night before when she didn't feel right -- so she loaded on lake shore while I waded into the lake and fished four couple of hours. Went out thigh deep where Fishhook Creek flows into lake, near the lodge; red kokanee salmon were plainly visible in the creek, but season was closed because they were on spawning run. Could see fish all around my bait all the time, but caught only one small whitefish. We cooked him as tidbit with lunch, then went on to Alturias Lake. Carol read a book on the beach, I walked up the road and back for an hour. Tried some more wading-fishing there, again with bushels of fish in plain sight, but no bites. Canned stew for supper.

Country has enthralled us -- constant mtn ranges, such as the White Clouds just showing over horizon from Alturias Lake, or the Pioneer Mtns on today's hike, not to mention Sawtooth Range. More brilliant clear weather, and hot enough that except for a breeze, it would be uncomfortable. So it's been a fine trip.

Sept. 11, Sunriver -- 9:10 am, and just finished letter to Rodens. Bright sun again -- 10th day in a row.

Sunriver is handsomely done development -- we are in condominium with good view out to Deschutes Nat'l Forest and the Cascades and Mt. Batchelor beyond. Coming here straight from Elkhorn somehow makes me a bit uneasy, tho; a bit edgy about high style, I guess. Keep having the vague feeling I want to sneak a sabot into the computer-cash register and break into a chorus of "Joe Hill". But this was a good chance to see a place we'd been curious about, and so here we are.

Drove from Ketchum y'day, some clouds in morn (started at 6:45 from Elkhorn) but into clear and hot weather by time we hit Oregon. At rest area west of Burns, car's hot light came on, and wouldn't go off, even when we let the car cool and put in water. Decided to drive on, since the car plainly wasn't overheated, and an hour or so later the light went off.

Day before y'day -- the 9th -- we hiked up Corral Creek in the morning. Sage country, passed sheepwagon. Followed an old road up a steep ridge for couple miles, to view of Devil's Bedstead. Back to Ketchum, lunch at the Deli, which had great sandwiches. At 3, I went to interview program manager of Sawtooth National Recreation Area, while Carol tackled our mountain of laundry. The SNRA guy, Tom Kovalickie (KO-vuh-lick-ee), started off belligerent by telling me his gripes against SUNSET for its article -- which never mentioned the fact that Sawtooths are Forest Service NRA -- and other writers who have steered backpackers into areas he considers over-used. Calmed him down, eventually got him to talking about management dilemmas which should make good short piece. K is tall, lanky, dark-haired -- handsome stereotype of forest ranger. Also stereotypical in frequent recourse to written guidelines and such, as if life weren't a matter of individual interpretation.

Sept. 11 cont. -- Ate in the room that night, chili and melted cheese on buns. Cheap, and good

Repacked the car, which gradually becomes a mobile mess as we travel.

Some culture shock y'day noon when we stopped for lunch at Ontario, the 1st town on Oregon side of the Snake. New shopping ~~center~~ center has virtually killed the old downtown; I was somehow dismayed to see the farmers in overalls and caps, ranchers in boots and big hats, amid the plastic, air-conditioned mall shops. So ends one more scene of my past, I suppose -- the country people coming to town, ~~and~~ going from store to store, talking on the sidewalks whenever they meet a friend.

Eastern Oregon was remarkable scrub country -- first some glowering hills with rock faces, then sand and rock with sage damn near head high, then the sage and scrub pine country with conical buttes on the horizon.

Large hawk just landed in lodgepole about 40 yds outside our window -- lovely, lovely. But hectorated by swifts and other agitated small birds and moved on.

Sept. 14, Albany, Ore. -- Pulled in to Jan and Margaret's about 4:30 y'day. Cleaned up, went for dinner at the Hereford Steer. Now, 2:45 Sun. afternoon, Carol, Jan and Marg. have gone to the Oktoberfest at Mt. Angel, while I try get my head arranged for next few days of work. Hard to do -- my work is badly scattered at the moment. Have done some thinking about $\frac{1}{2}$ life on this trip, and some jotting for it, but also have the FS ms, the clearcutting piece, and Idaho travel pieces going on. Have decided that I'll wait till morn to gird for the Silen interview on clearcutting, as one attempt to comptmlize.

End of trip is nearing. On the 12th, we left Sunriver late morning, after I'd written to Rodens and done other writing chores. Came over Santiam Pass and thru Albany, out to Newport. Supper at Mo's, where we sat next to two spaced-out types who half-shouted back and forth

Sept. 14 cont -- to each other. I seemed to feel from them and other encounters -- a crazed driver who tailgated us with his bus then passed wildly on blind curve, pair who came into our campsite at 3:15 in the morn and noisily bedded down -- more threat, more contempt maybe, than I ever did from the long-haired flowering several yrs ago. Is this some sort of hard-core, or am I imagining?

Camped at Beverly Beach State Park n. of Newport; saw Young Frankenstein in local moviehouse, and both liked it. Next morn, with my interview with Barney McPhillips wiped out by his travels, we headed up coast to Oswald West St. Park. Were surprised to find it so crowded, and with different complexion. In past, it's usually been young longhairs, with us as campgrnd elders; this time, it was some of them, but also families with kids, older folks, Jesus freaks, very straight young marrieds. Refelction of high cost of motels and restaurants, maybe.

We did find a beach-side site, which meant total of 3 wheelbarrow trips to set up camp (one for wood)

Spent afternoon at Nehalem Bay St. Park, ending up with the 8 mile or so round trip hiked to the jetty at river's mouth. Fog all day at water line, sun bright about 50 yds inland. From Neahkahnie viewpoints, entire ocean was covered with fog, like looking down on clouds from airplane -- vast cauldron of fog. After some sand-sitting and the hike, went to Nehalem Bay winery, bought mixed case. On to Cannon Beach, and bought salmon filets to cook in campfire, bottle of wine, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of crab legs for appetizer. Another fine meal at the Oswald West campsite, likely the 3d or 4th we've done identically there. Still less than \$5 for all of it. The campground is probably Carol's all-time favorite, and these annual Sept. trips renew us both.

Y'day morn, drove to Forest Grove to Coury winery. Found Chas. Coury a singl~~ed~~-minded pedant about what he's doing; will brook no bs except his own, as Carol put it. We tasted wine while a young doctor, a wouldbe winophile and thoroughgoing wine snob, took his lumps from Coury. Eventually we

Sept. 14 cont. -- bought a mixed case, and left.

Current reading: at Nehalem beach read The Black Moccasin, the Heart Butte news by John Tatsey; in car on way to Albany y'day, read Frank O'Connor's "Guests of the Nation" aloud to Carol, will read more O'C for that wonderful style.

Sept. 20 -- Sat. night, after day of chores -- sanding door jambs so both front doors will stop catching, unplugging bathroom sink drain, trimming tomato ring, moving woodpile from behind strawberry patch. Beautiful weather, pleasure to be outside.

Arrived home late afternoon of Tues. the 16th. All went well in Portland. No hassle with Louise about cutting the ms, because it's in hands of Station editors and nothing yet to hassle about. Went over Karen's layout plans with her the afternoon of 15th, was impressed with extent and style of planned illustration. Finished product will look much slicker than I had imagined.

Dinner Mon. night with Louise and her friend Connie Columbo, a psychologist working with state corrections dept. They came over to Inn at Quay to meet us, and dinner was excellent. A good time by all; Carol liked them both.

I had reasonably good interviews with Roy Silen and Jerry Franklin at Corvallis that morn; they were on the ball more than I was, still vacationing inside my head, maybe. Also an adequate session on Tues. with timber management man Jack Usher in P'land regional office of Forest Service.

We've low-keyed around the house since getting home, trying to take a walk somewhere every day (missed today because of chores). Have gotten quite a bit done, including a batch of letters I wrote y'day, and some work on utopias permissions at UW in the morn. Bob Boynton had called the other night to ask about last few permissions. I had thought they would all be in public domain, but phone call to Marsh changed my mind. Now I'll have to put in Mon. morn at library to track down info and retrieve myself on them. Good news from Bob is that he's been pressuring the art director for more white space than she's been giving other books in series. Also, he says Vijay is worrying, so all is going well with the production.

Sept. 20 sent. -- Had annual physical at Gp Health y'day, from Dr. Stuart. Seem to be in good shape, even the prostatitis etc. cleared up.

Borrowed the electric sander from Clint today, and while doing so ~~they~~ he and Linda told me that the bomber who was killed behind the E. John st. Safeway blew himself up all over the car of Jack and Peg Gordon. Apparently the guy was hunched over the bomb, placing it at back of store, and he took the full blast, spattering him around the n'hood. Gordon's car was a gory mess, and police blithely told them to take it to carwash; when Peg pointed out the carwash folks would be on the phone pronto if she drove in with a car dripping blood, the cops called the fire dept. to wash down the car.

Current reading: Liberation of Lord Byron Jones. And last night read The Boys of Boise, about the homosexual scandal there in mid-50's. Has much to say about monied power structure of Boise, which would tie in with the remarkable number of wealthy homes we saw thruout the city.

Sept. 22 -- SF woman took a shot at Ford today, 2nd attempt on him in 17 days. Will politicians ever stop this messing around with crowds, huckstering like gladhanders at a county fair?

Am fighting my desk, even though it's just my 1st full day back at work. Spent nearly all day straightening out the final few utopias permissions. Library searching, phone call to Cambridge U. Press, permissions letters, call to Bob Boynton, call to Vijay, and finally a letter and enclosures to Bob. Gad. If I ever again handle permissions for an anthology, I hope they're simpler.

Carol's 1st day of the school year. Says the English students look depressingly young after her summer classes.

I spent morn at UW, mostly trying to find copyright-free version of Big Rock Candy Mtns. Didn't succeed, but

liked looking at the IWW songbooks Bob Monroe dug out for me.

Start of Shoreline classes reminds me that nearly all of my life I've lived by rhythms of school~~xx~~ year -- 20 years as student, plus Carol's teaching years. I like it, because of summer freedom and periodic re-starts. Carol commented that this is year 9 at Shoreline for her; never thought she'd hold a job this long, but on this one they give her summers and all the other vacations.

Sept. 22 cont -- I am trying to gear up to get some articles out of way -- Bicentennial piece for Times, the clearcut article for Search, the Idaho travel pieces.

Days like today don't help much; I work like hell, and never get around to putting a publishable word on paper. Have changed working habits a bit; am now shaving and showering before bed, meaning I won't have to wait for Carol to clear bathroom in morning. Got started at desk at 7 this morn, which I think will be my target.

Speaking of shaving, I suppose I've had nearly a month now since I shaved off my beard. Face is clearing up, but I'm exasperated by having to wash off greasiness of skin so frequently.

Current reading: some parts of Philip Knightley's book on war correspondents, The First Casualty.

Yesterday: we did some major chores, Carol cleaning up both cars while I put sealer on front doors of house.

Sept. 25 -- Just finished Times Bicentennial piece, which I'm sorry I ever got into. Far too much work for the paltry \$. Struggled hard with it Tues., didn't find story structure until evening. Y'day went well; wrote about 1500 words. Finished with little trouble this morn (it's now 9 am).

A quantity of chores to be tinkered with rest of morn: crx on Chevron piece, phone calls, acknowledgments for utopias book.

This has been a week of settling back into routine. By noon Tues., I was depressed and on edge; writing was stiff, on a project I had fallen out of love with, and the pecksniffery of chores all around me. By now I've calmed down, am feeling some rhythm of work.

Forgot to note on Monday that I called the Forest History Society first thing. Gave Ron Fahl the few crx on Forest Survey piece, talked about his upcoming visit here; had him switch me to Pete. UW Press has accepted his ms, though no contract yet; they say they can't follow through until they get the written report from their ms reader. Also said Tom Cox's contract had the clause giving UW option on his next book, and he expects the same. In turn, Pete hasn't told UW that Forest Svce oldtimer Ed Crafts has threatened suit against the FS over Pete's book; upset by quote Pete has from some lumber baron that Crafts, proponent of federal

Sept. 25 cont. -- regulation of lumbering, was some kind of socialist threat to the nation. Pete feels not much will come of it, but is afraid the FS now will want to have lawyers go over everything in ms for other possible problems. I told him he'd better get a lawyer of his own, to counteract advice he's likely to get from the FS beagles. Also warned him about the standard contract clause that dumps all legal fees on author.

Y'day after lunch, we took advtge of clearing weather, walked arnd Green Lake. Carol seems steady and matter of fact about start of teaching year; the chemistry as her classes come alive should soon have her pleased.

Sept. 28 -- Very lazy today. Loafed, read papers. Likely reaction to busy day y'day of putting sealer coats on front door, which gave me headache. Put final coat on this afternoon.

Daheims here for dinner last night, full of stories of Beverly Hills and Hollywood from their summer sabbatical there. Dave seemed relaxed, had obviously enjoyed the stint despite all the bs of the movie business they were on the fringes of. His best story was of taking his movie script to Wm Morris Agency. Said he entered, found offices with plush foyers, stunning secretaries. Went down hallway, offices stepped down in quality, finally he found the guy with his script in a back cubbyhole, typing his own letters. Dave wanted him to pass script for reading to young actor named Alan Bursky (?), who Dave thinks is a comer and would go well in prime role of his script. Agent explained it wasn't worth doing, because Bursky isn't enough success yet to have any heat. Dave said he picked up the catch phrase and said, well, he knew B didn't have any heat at the moment, but why not have him read it so when he gets his heat they might have an in with him? Agent said no, that isn't the way it works, everybody waits until a guy gets his heat. Dave said then when B has his heat, everybody will be thronging him with projects. Agent says yeah, that's the way it's done.

Dave and Mary report that everyone they met was into deals, litigation, or divorce. Sounds like IA as ~~it~~ a caricature of itself.

Sept. 28 cont. -- Fri. the 26th, in morn I worked on notebooks, thought about future projects. Afternoon, we went out on house chores -- picking up refinished bdrm chair, dropping it at upholsterer, lunch at Eggs Inc., on to Sleep*Aire where we promptly bought hideabed for interior room, to Dunn's where we bought doors for the " project.

Thurs. night, went to Guild 45th to see And Now, My Love. Liked it immensely; I chuckled thru much of show.

Oct. 1 -- Have been slogging at clearcutting. Should finish in the morn, last page or so of 3000 words. Hard piece to write, as was the Times piece before it; I'm making things too intricate for my own good.

Continued great weather; no measurable rain all thru Sept., a record. Took advantage of nice day by going to lunch at Salmon House, then returning books to forestry library and going on to UW bookstore for wild edibles book.

Not much else doing. Watched TV for 2½ hrs last night, the most in ages; couldn't quite put up with the printed word any more.

Oct. 6 -- Much done since last entry. All of Fri. and the morn of Sat., I revised edited version of FS ms. Put it in mail this morn, with what I intend to be carefully aimed letter to have Louise Parker leave alone the segments I restored. So, in 2 weeks, I did pair of difficult articles and revised the 20,000 word FS job. Feel good about being free of those tasks, went promptly to Half-Life this morn. Ideas beginning to form, both for details and structure. Intend to immerse myself in material for a few days, before trying to write given ~~amount~~ amount per day.

Low-key but good weekend. Sat. morn, went out to have FS ms photocopied at Ballard Copy Mart. While we were having cheeseburger lunch at Shilshole, spotted the tilted drydock White Sands getting underway off the breakwater. Ship is 81' wide, and had to be tilted to 38 degrees to get it through 80-wide locks. We went to locks, watched nearly all afternoon as tugs inched the huge (491' long) project along. Tug Josie Foss in front, Dorothy Foss behind. Huge plates welded along lower -- southern -- side of ship, and small powered barges like

Oct. 6 cont. -- LSTs fixed to ship at bow and stern pushed it flush against south side of lock as tugs inched it ahead. Huge pontoons on north side of ship. Probably 3' clearance between tilted hull and top of lock on n. side as the movement got underway with coming of high tide -- vessel was creeping into lock from waterway abt 2:30-3 pm. Crowd gathered and gathered; steering directions were broadcast on pa system, and "Dead slow #2" etc. heard all afternoon. Corps of Engrs guys in life jackets and hard hats everywhere. Early on, some anxious measuring with tape measure as first of hull started past NW tip of lock -- we were on hill above by then, and it looked to be about 2' on the steel tape. Great crowd scene -- people gathered and gathered. Kids rolled down terraced lawns above locks, little old ladies eyed the angle of ship from head-on vantage of eastern lock gate (where we ended up, and left as water was nearly high enough to bring vessel through). Sightseer boat came in from Shilshole, everyone thronged to n. side to gawk. Meanwhile, salmon were boiling in lock and all waters around; sometimes 6-8 would jump at once, other times you could look down and see schools of the big fish; could see tags and marking strings on some. Cool, overcast day, but ~~unusually~~ pleasant enough.

Early on, we stood at west end of locks and watched as compartments were flooded to give ship more list. One C of Engrs guy to another: how far do they go before it's too far? Other guy said "they" really were more worried about ship flopping back to normal rather than tipping too far. Jokes from boaters in crowd about the whole shebang not having "WN numbers" -- boat regstn numbers. Ship loomed high above the locks office as it went thru -- could be seen from streets in Ballard. Also, Salmon Bay (?) rr bridge tilted straight up -- back farther than we'd ever seen -- to let ship thru.

Interrupted this for walk arnd Green Lake after lunch -- unexpectedly fine weather. Other catching up: went to Harvard Exit with Nelsons to see Return of Tall Blond Man, which was uproarious. They came here afterward, gave them 2 bottles of Oregon wine. Ann is pregnant, expected for late May.

Y'day, I redid source notes on FS ms and the letter to Louise, then in evening began on interior room. Took down shelves, began moving stuff.

Oct. 10 -- Having a groggy morning, so have slogged away at chores. Letters to Ron Fahl, Bob Boynton, Wally, a few phone calls, some schedule making.

Company the past 2 nights. Last night, Ann McCartney, back after 2 yrs in San Diego. Wed. night, Ron Fahl of Forest History Society. Ron is about 6'4" and lanky, remarkably like Pete Steen in cadence of speech. Brand new as editor of Journal, and must tidy up office chaos left by his freewheeling predecessor, Doug Davis. Ron has just finished massive forestry bibliography, is here to gather material for article on Port Blakely Mill Co. The Eddy family of that company has a family history ms which has been unpublishable, and Ron said he'd throw my name into the pot for the editing job.

Have been getting under way on $\frac{1}{2}$ life this week. Worked y'day on description of WSS bars; earlier in week, I think hit on 7-part division of the book, and theme of relationship between Dad and me until his lingering death. Hope to do 15,000 words by end of Nov. to serve as this key 22nd section, telling of WSS and Dad's past.

Leave for lunch at Pike Place, where we'll meet Clint, as soon as Carol comes home. Some chores this afternoon.

Tuesday, I talked to Carol's classes about keeping a notebook. Went ok, but they're not so savvy and enjoyable as her summer students.

Oct. 15 -- Y'day incredibly busy and hectic. Carpenters arrived to knock doorway in living room wall, much sawing and hammering. Checking work on 3 articles all came together at once; at one point, I was editing the Times 1776 piece, calling Alice Smith about the Pac S clearcut piece, and awaiting call from Corps of Eng'ns about fish ladder article for Chevron -- and trying to write on the Green-Broderick remnsce for the Times. By now, it's all out of the house safely except for the G-B piece, which I'll work on today.

And Monday the 13th was slogging day of checking and research at UW. Had lunch with Pat Vessie, talked about how she teaches her reference course.

Have been to the Shoreline sauna twice this week, intend that we'll play badminton or get some other exercise tonight

~~Oct~~ 15 cont. -- Marsh called y'day after reading the clearcut piece for me. Said when Alex Edelstein of UW comms school called, Marsh mentioned Carl, and E said, "Oh, she's an amazing person." Passed it along to Carol, she snorted that E has been around her only twice. Told her it only takes once.

Spent some time last week moving stuff out of interior room so carpenters could get at it; also started a compost pile on the hill, moved some gravel by bucket to the driveway, began bucketing clay from intended peapatch beside the strawberries.

Hadn't thought I'd pay much attention to World Series this year, but tuned in 1st game at lunch last Sat. ~~and~~ just in time for Red Sox rally triggered by pitcher Tiant, and have watched chunks of games ever since.

Oct. 22 -- Big gap in the diary, and I don't know what really accounts for it. Life has been busy, as everything has been falling about a week behind schedule with the delay in Utopian galleys and no word about the FS ms.

Have accomplished some writing -- the Green-Broderick piece for S. Times, which Carol liked very much, and one of the short Idaho travel pieces for Pac S. Hard to work the end of last week as carpenter hammered away. Floor man is supposed to come this morning to patch the hole between the two rooms fronting the new doorway, so more hammering, then next week the carpenter is to come back to finish the doorway job and mount the doors. We painted them white over the weekend, time-consuming job.

Kathrin Maloof came for lunch on Friday, interesting lady born in E. Germany. Carol likes her, and I can see why -- the sort of competence and coping which Carol herself excels in.

Fri. night, we went to Edgemont to McCabe and Mrs. Miller. Liked it.

Recently read Ursula Leguin's sci fi novel, The Left Hand of Darkness, and was hugely impressed. There's more craft and imagination in it than almost any modern fiction I can think of. Now reading Annie Dillard's Pilgrim at Tinker Creek.

Tho only Wed., this is the last office workday for a while -- the NARS conference on family history the next 2 days, then a 3-day holiday for Veterans Day.

Oct. 22 cont. -- Just back from Shoreline library and the bank, and the brown Buick has exploded anti-freeze all over its engine. Must be a blown hose, but can't get the car started -- wet wires -- to trace it. Better now than during upcoming 3-day trip.

Oct. 24 -- 2 days of National Archives conference on family history, very so-so and sometimes worse. Little attention to tools of trade, techniques. Phil Lothyan as stiff and bureaucratically overblown as his predcsr, Paul Kohl, was not.

Galleys for Utopian America came today. Read the Preface and my intro for Part I, and thought they read excellently. Some problems of typog'y -- selection headings shd be jumped up to 18 pt and centered to set them off better.

Left the MARS meet today at noon, had lunch at Black Angus nr Elliott Bay; both wanted someplace dark and quiet, and it worked. Then went to Nordstroms, where I bought two pr of slacks on sale, new brown oxfords, and looked in vain for ltwt sport jacket.

Radiator problem mentioned above turned out to be corroded and plugged radiator, a \$40 job. Lucky~~we~~ we had it worked on y'day; car heated up just in short drive to radiator shop on Aurora.

Tomorrow, unless we change minds, off to the peninsula for Kalaloch or Victoria.

Oct. 28 -- So we did change our minds, and in the face of heavy rain went to Vancouver instead. Fairly pleasant low-key holiday. Got a room on 24th floor of Sheraton¹ Landmark for \$25 a night. Some sort of jr soccer doings, and every soccer kid and family from Wash. was in town. The Bayshore, where we'd intended to take advtge of wkend package offer, had about 20 people lined up at desk in lobby, and we promptly gave up.

Hailstorm and heavy rain as we arrived in V'cver, sts ran with water. Did some walking during our stay despite rain -- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ or so in Stanley Park on Sunday, finally taking path thru interior of park back to 2nd Beach because easterly squall hitting the seawall was just too bitter. Monday morn, walked around town to native art galleries. Nearly bought \$500 acrylic painting by Sam Ask, a young

Oct. 28 cont. -- deaf-mute Ojibway; stunning picture of 3 loons and a symbolic sun. Both uneasy at spending that much money in one toss, and so we ~~was~~ last backed off.

Ate at the Schnitzel House the first night, the Black Angus the next. Went to Peter Sellers movie, Undercovers Hero; Sellers funny. Next night (Sun.), couldn't find parking and gave up on movie ideas; instead, watched CBC 2½hr documentary The October Crisis, about the war measures act in Quebec during FLQ incidents of 5 years ago. We thought it very good -- James Cross, the kidnapped Br. diplomat, was riveting ~~xx~~ when he told his story -- and amused by media sniping attacks, such as in Macleans.

Rain again today -- a very wet October, nearing record in V'cver. Some of my tomatoes are going bad, and we'll try chutney-making this weekend.

Lundwick & Brown floor man came today, patched the doorway hole and stained the new boards, in total of 1 hour. Back tomorrow to do Swedish finish, then Homeowners carpenter comes again on Thurs to finish the doorway.

Spent day proofing Utopian America, did about 85 pp.

Composition generally quite clean. It's looking like a pretty slick book.

Tonight got ready for mail the Chevron piece on fish ladder at the locks, simple story and pretty easy money. Pleasant surprise in ~~xx~~ y'day's mail was inquiry from Jo Nugent at The ^Kotarian, asking whether any of Utopian wd be fit for them. Shd be able to beef a piece without much effort.

Carol lunched with Marsh and Bill Chamberlin today, since they'd never met and both are teaching the UW comens law course. She took 'em to Trader Vic's. Said Bill comes across quite confident these days, willing to spar with Marsh about levels of govt' regulation (Marsh is mostly against, Bill wonders if FCC can't enforce more time for news and documentaries).

I went up to Shoreline about 4 for quick work in exercise room and then a sauna. Intend to try for sauna every day this week, sweat off a few pounds.

Nov. 3 -- Beginning to come alive again after last week's slog on Utopian proofs. Put them in the mail late Friday afternoon, but at heavy cost of exertion and some eye-strain. Worked at chores over weekend -- cleaning up walls after the doorway carpenter, etc. -- which usually helps decelerate me, but still was weary and aching last night. Good night's sleep has helped immensely.

Tackling the desk mess this morn. Just phoned Karen Esterholde in Portland to gingerly determine whether the fly-speck type of the FS manuscript was indeed what's going to be used, or simply a photocopying reduction. Turns out to be a reduction, although why Louise Parker reduced it, I don't know: proofs are hard enough to read in sizable type. Also wrote Jo Nugent at Rotarian, mailed her selected galleys to see if article can be mined from Utopian book for them.

Catching up:

Pac S lunch last Wed. Mostly talk by Emory Bundy, KING-TV's director of public affairs programming, or some such. Talked about People Power Project, which had produced a not-very-good article appearing in this mo's issue of Pac S. Archie Satterfield, Frank Zoretich and I increasingly squirmed as Bundy talked on about energy studies and how they'll affect decisions; those of us who've been reporters I think don't buy the notion that that's how decisions get made. Arch has agent dickering a contract for his book on the home front in WWII -- could be a big hit for him. Frank is funny as ever -- starved for conversation and ideas now that he's self-esconced at home as free-lance, and kept hitting Bundy with idea tangents, which B found somewhat nonplusing. Frank invited me for coffee afterward, talked for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr or so; he's expert on Mt. Baker volcanic threat by now, and from info he's gathered thinks there's pretty fair chance of some sort of eruption. Urged him to get on phone to publishers with book idea.

Frank came up with good line to describe Pac S. As usual, lunch was crazy quilt of academics who'd done their 1st and probably last "popular" article, cynical journalists, dabbling semi-writers. But as Frank put it, Harriet and the editorial staff -- instead of customary editorial door-barring and scowling "what do you want?" -- simply look around as ask, "Does everyone know everyone?"

Nov. 3 cont -- On Fri the 31st -- Halloween -- we met the Damborgs at Meany Hall to hear the Phila String Quartet. I was so keyed up I mostly wrote inside my head instead of listening relaxedly, but liked it even so. New 1st violinist for quartet -- Stanley Ritchie, 40-yr-old Australian, replaces Veda Reynolds, who had been the leader for past 13 yrs or so. Ritchie is handsome, with beautiful head of blond hair, golden in the spotlights, and the Quartet was obviously delighted with how well the concert went. Damborgs had a wine-and-snack party aftwd, and Alan Iglitzin, the viola player, came for awhile. Carol got to talk to him, and he said he and the others really are happy with the choice of Ritchie, that he'll produce a warmer music; Veda R was consummate musician, Iglitzin said, but so coldly technical that she was as pleased with a fine rehearsal as with a good concert.

Carpenter from Homeowners Club finished doorway project about noon on Friday -- and the doors wouldn't fit. Twanged my nerves plenty; he began talking about cutting down the doors, tho part of the problem was that the door jamb he'd put up bulged a bit in the middle. He planed and planed, and finally got them to fit. His work continues the so-so results we've had from all kinds of carpenters; fortunately the best result is that the doorway and doors look very fine from the living room. But we began spot-sanding and working on walls where he'd left hammer or hand marks, and spent most of Sat. afternoon and all of y'day morn before getting it all repainted and patched.

Sat. noontime, we made chutney from our green tomato crop and damned if it isn't excellent. Carol also experimented with a green tomato curry, which was good.

Walked around the n'hood last dusk for air and exercise, and was joined by the patch-eyed dog up the street. Stuck with me the whole route, looking over shoulder to make sure I was coming, and then on to wet yet another mailbox or car tire.

Weather finally letting up after very rain October. Warm wind blowing this morn, patches of blue sky.

Phone call out of the blue from Roth Wilkofsky of Holt, Rinehart, asking about book idea we sent in 22 months ago. Carol will write some explanation of reporting anthology we had in mind.

Nov. 4 -- The time of toing and fro-ing in the White House politburo. Ford has sacked Schlesinger and Colby, and Rockefeller has jumped, fell, stumbled or was pushed. All it seems to mean for certain is that we're heading into the presidential election year with confusion in both parties, and no rallying figure for the country. Ford seems to be the ultimate proof that a President no longer can do much governing of this country, if he ever could -- he spends himself mostly on political charades and jet-hopping.

Spent most of the morning on FS proofs. Louise Parker had lopped off ends of some grafts, for reasons which mystify me. As far as I can tell, the project isn't suffering for space, and hardly any of the edited-out material was at all touchy. Apparently she simply has a bureaucratic habit of chopping down and opting for the innocuous -- she likes to change verbs to "was" -- even when the project no longer needs it, and in fact begins to bleed from the severed places. I like her, but she do lack nuance and craft.

Read Pete's final chapter y'day, and mailed it back to him today. He too is having his review problems with the Forest Service on this ms. And to think the FS is one of the saner and humaner ~~bx~~ bureaucracies.

Have worked doggedly at chores past 2 days, and desk is now clear and ready for $\frac{1}{2}$ life work again.

Fantastically fine day today -- warm, spring-like, clear. We went out after lunch and walked Green Lake, then I stopped for exercise and sauna on way home. Nelsons due any minute; coming to pick up jars of chutney. I found y'day that many of the green tomatoes were starting to rot, and so picked them and made 5 more jars of chutney last night (about 4 hrs work!).

Nov. 10 -- Heavy day of writing, from 7 to 11:30 this morn and 3 to 4:40 this afternoon; now knocking off to do this catching up.

Dinner at Zoretiches last nite, excuse for Frank to make his prized veal ragout. Linda now on Intntl copydesk at Times, talked about using VDTs, which she likes.

Walked Green Lake about 9 y'day morn, early lunch at Cont'l, then I did yard work until 4:30. Raked leaves, bucketed dirt into new pea patch, took down tomato vines, cleaned gutters.

Nov. 10 cont. -- Sat. morn, I thought thru the inner room plans. Hideabed came Friday, folds out longer than expected, so some rejigging needed.

Fri. night (7th) went to Readers Theater at UW, where they did portion of Terkel's Working. Some of it very fine, emotional; cast standouts were tall lovely girl named Jennifer Jones and thickset Brandoish type named Myron Wejbright.

Thurs. night, went with Fred and Rosemary Olson to evening of Russian food and music at the Polish House on Capitol Hill. Good evening -- excellent food -- though Fred's haphazard driving scares us to death.

Tues. or Mon., tree crew came and cut down the huge willow tree behind the house. I hated to do it, though the tree was hazard to roof, plumbing and garden, and I went to UW to be away from the scene. Came back at noon to find 4 men working at the roots; took them rest of the day to get out the stump, which the boss estimated would weight 1200-1400 pounds. Anyway, with the tree gone, we've gained about 20 feet of space in backyard, and opened the garden plot to much more sunshine.

At UW, I xeroxed bgrnd material on Bob Marshall, wrote his brother in LA to try line up interview at Xmas. Can't understand why there's been no biography; must be some family hitch.

Sometime in week, read the proofs of FS ms, did 3-page gripe to Louise Parker to try get her to restore ~~xx~~ cuts. Nothing vital, but some good lines and grafs have been lopped off for no good reason -- editing starting to hit bone as it ~~snuck~~ cuts -- and I won't sit silent for that. I like Louise, but she edits with bureaucratic broadaxe.

Current reading is Knightley's The First Casualty, study of war correspondents; very good in pointing up myths and distortions by govt and media.

Nov. 12 -- Justice Douglas resigned today. The greatest Washingtonian, perhaps the finest American, and in agonizing brief TV interviews tonight he was a ruined ghost of himself. It is a crazed ~~xxx~~ course of destiny that destroys Douglas and lets Ford govern, Nixon recuperate and rehabilitate. Fittingly, as I write a spider is weaving his web around a trapped inchworm, outside my window. Evil does its stalking, and slowly wins.

Nov. 17 -- Last Thurs. nite (13th), were invited to Ann McCartney's for dinner, surprised to find there the guy who played Studs Terkel in UW reader's theatre the week before. Haven't learned his last name yet -- John someone --but he teaches rhetoric at UW, is lively and interesting and I liked him a lot. Has his head screwed on better than some of the guys we've met at Ann's over the years, too.

Next night, we went to Vampires, play by Brtsh author Snoo Wilson, done by Empty Space theatre. Acting troupe is very good, as we found when they did Fiend of Gotham during Bumbershoot. And the play was interesting, better than reviews led us to believe. First scene, set in fundmtlst Welsh home, is hilarious. Both glad we went.

Sat. night (15th), 3d night out in a row and I was beginning to pant: this time to Daheims for dinner, the more or less annual gathering of Daheims, Olsons and Doigs; when it's at the Daheims, Derzil and Maxime Walters are usually added, as they were this night. Amy Mates there too. Good evening; Dave is relaxed and mellow as he enjoys his sabbatical, and I like him more all the time. Maxine is fun about once a year; Denzil is enigmatic as ever.

Sat. we painted the closet-to-be walls of the interior room, and I roughed out some idea of how to build drawer frames, which are a bafflement to me and don't seem to be explained in any carpentry book I've looked at. Yesterday, read papers in morn, then walked around at Salmon Bay and Shilshole Bay to get some air.

After b'fast this morn, my nose began to run so badly and energy dipped so quickly that I went back to bed for an hour or so. When I began writing, what I think will be central idea for 1st prism piece -- the distinctive tones of memory in America -- began to come. This afternoon, I returned books to UW, bought float unit to try fix toilet, other chores.

Called Vijay with crx late last week, found him under impresson there's not to be index in Utopian America. Called Bob Boynton, who will try straighten him out, via Bill Cook.

Stormy weather, rain and wind coming in periodically as if thrown by great pinwheel of weather over the N. Pacific; hail, lightning, buckets of rain in region.

Nov. 20-- Ann McC came for lunch, between her classes. She and John Campbell, the guy we met at her place and liked so well, are mulling whether to live together, she said.

After Ann left, we took advantage of dry weather -- past 3 days have been cold and clear -- and went to Dunn's to buy lumber for inner room. Carol is down for a nap; I tried, but barking dog bothered me, and I walked around n'hood instead.

Have been working diligently on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, turning out 500+ words each day; not finished product, but some of it pretty good. Structure seems better and details begin to fit the more I go along.

Read Wright Morris's The Works of Love y'day, on Dave Daheim's recommend; first Morris I'd read, and I liked it, especially the prairie part of the book. Also reading Swanberg's Luce, and liking it.

Called Louise Parker today to talk about draft of intro she had sent, found that the Station Director didn't like it and she's revising. Asked if she'd made the proof crx I wanted, she said about half of them. Will see when she sends xeroxes of layout how well she did. Sounds as if she'll do captions herself, to save time, and it suits me.

Last night, wrote long letter to Bob Boynton, to pass along to Bill Cook, explaining why I think Utopian America needs index, and why it ought to have some library sales.

I don't know what I must be like to live with just now. Spend much time lost in thought about $\frac{1}{2}$ life, don't get out enough to bring anything interesting back into the house. Carol claims not to mind, and is so unbelievably marvelous she probably doesn't. She may feel as I do -- that it's a book worth sacrifices. But I hope the Calif. Xmas trip will be fun and rejuvenating for us both.

Letter from George Marshall, agreeing to be taped about his brother Bob; I intend at least an article from it, and to try find out why there's been no biography.

Nov. 25 -- Another chore day, 3d in row: now going through PNW Station historical material, marking usable stuff for xeroxing. Just came onto a 1900 study by E.T. Allen titled "Red Fir in the Northwest", full of detail about logging costs and equipment, so called Pete Steen to ask if he'd like to see it. Said he would, then talk veered to his FS history. Y'day he was hit from both sides -- Forest Service top echelon asking him to drop or emasculate his final chapter material on Rachel Carson, UW Press saying yes they'll be glad to publish, for full under-writing of \$25,000. Pete said UW Press uses a good guy (Cunningham)-bad guy (Ellegood) team technique, with Ellegood playing the administrative bastard and C'ham reviving you with good humor and flattery. Pete suspects, and I agreed, it may be negotiating ploy, the UW Press smelling some gravy and getting a case of the greedies. The FS side of it is grimmer; Pete said the Chief and top staff will meet next week to consider his final chapter --

he's been told by FS types that they'll never again enter an academic contract, in future will commission manuscripts by buying them outright and retaining all rights. Pete's mild material about historical importance of Rachel Carson seems to drive the FS right up the wall; they reject the very notion, he says. Which interests me; my Station history therefore should upset a few stomachs at FS hq.

Spent quiet weekend; I worked on drawers for inner room, Carol graded papers. I've been doing much reading -- The Works of Love, by Wright Morris, Swanberg's blog of Luce, Wm McIlvanney's Remedy is None (good early on, but deteriorates).

Dec. 1 -- Out of a quiet Thsgvng 4 days, into 2 busy weeks before going to Calif. Spent the holiday by ourselves, doing carpentry on inner room, walking the city when weather permitted. Carol cooked turkey, and we've had much fine food from it. The inner room cabinet and closet area is about half framed in now.

Wed. nite, the 26th, we met Millers and Jean Withers for dinner and movie. Since Linda and Clint were already downtown, they had us pick up Gabe and Fran at their day care center and take them home to baby-sitter. Then we met at City Loan Pavilion -- a good meal, very quiet and

Dec. 1 cont. -- low pressure. Talked some with Jean W about Harper & Row's offered contract to publish NOW's assertiveness training handbook, told her 7% seems much to low for royalties, and that there should be graduated schedule. Gave her considerable food for thought -- and maybe distress. Carol pointed out earlier the irony: Jean and the other NOW members rather docileley going along with the H & Row offer, when the very topic of their book is assertiveness. After meal, we went to Hearts of the West, skillfully done comedy.

During the day, I had done chores in U Dist -- mainly getting FS historical material xeroxed for my files. Ran into Bill Chamberlin in UW library, found him talking himself into job offered by Baylor. Sounded as if the job has some advantages -- decent faculty and finances-- and Bill seems to think he could abide with living in Texas. Next I went to Pac S meeting. Meetings are even more polyglot now that Harriet is inviting ~~ex~~ anyone who has something in current issue -- which is a good idea, a nice fillip for contributors -- and the gang this time included a super-serious NOAA captain who had co-authored piece on tides and a chemistry prof from UPS who had taken pictures of hairy woodpecker. The prof -- Fred Tobiason -- got in mild debate with Russ Mohney about how much petroleum is used for agriculture, and Russ came up with the trump that he had done a research study of the question for some agency. This must have been when Russ worked for Fish and Wildlife or some such, and illustrates common technique of his to pull out some research or project "he" has done. Yet there's a telltale mishandling of detail -- he calles Aldo Leopold "Leopold Aldo", sometimes slips on other names or pronunciations -- which makes me doubt all his major points are solid either. We treat each other warily, and meanwhile I am writing more and more major pieces for the magazine, such as the clearcutting. Out of the blue at the end of this session, Harriet suggested I do something on smoke jumpers, which fits perfectly with interview with this state's first jumper, Francis Lufkin, a few years ago.

Cold weather over the holiday. We walked along shore at Alki Point one morning, faced very ~~n~~ cold breeze on way back. Walked Green Lake another day, and began talking about possible travel. Carol is interested in Pac S excursion to Alaska, which I'll find out about.

Dec. 5 -- Intriguing mail today. Roy Silen of Forest Svc lab in Corvallis sent copy of speech he made, asking if I thought it publishable. He points out that the true ecological wealth of the Pac NW ~~is~~ has been the genes of its conifers, which thru various accidents have remained remarkably pure. But planting -- commercial tree farm notion -- threatens to dilute or change the rich gene pool. I've written him to say it certainly should be published, tho I'm not sure where; offered to edit it into Pac S piece for \$100 of \$250-\$300 article fee, or if he'd prefer, just to pass it along to Harriet Rice with recommendation. Don't know how he will take to all this, because he has some abrupt edges, but it's about the best I can do -- or hang out my shingle as a full-time charity instead of only 90%.

Finished roughing out income tax today; spent all day y'day and about half today on it. Turned out better than I had hoped, thanks mostly to office expenses and deduction. Most of Tuesday, worked on Jick. Think I see where it should be lengthened. Stickiest problem still is how to share the stage in scene 2 finale where both the bunkhouse and cookhouse should be shown. Will talk it over with Carol on way to California, maybe.

Today called Ann Nelson to ask her about being my agent on unsold articles. She surprised me by accepting at once. Marsh had said she might not, because this 2nd pregnancy had made her tired. This could solve much for me -- hassle of querying editors, some editing help, maybe some shared writing.

Rain finally quit shortly after noon. Worst flooding in area in decades -- parts of Snohomish Valley under several feet of water. TV pics tonight of drowned dairy cattle -- one guy lost a couple hundred. Last night, wind was whipping rain against our bedroom window; this morn, I went out to investigate a dripping sound at one drainpipe, found the pipes running like faucets even though rain had slackened a lot, I thought.

Carol gives her 1st exam tomorrow. Both have done much the past few days, but will have to keep pushing for the Calif. getaway.

When sun broke out about 1, I walked around n'hood -- 1st time out of house all week (4 days), thanks to weather and balky brown car, which apparently has healed itself Christian Science-like.

Dec. 9 -- Poor day y'day, dogged by allergy or sinus. Sapped all energy, so I propped up and read most of aftnoon, Clark's biog of JBS Haldane.

Sat. night (6th) went to dinner at Kathrin and John Maloofs'. Liked John very much -- big, bluff Boston Lebanese. Intrigued by one angle of evening: on one side of me sat Amy Mates, who served in the underground ops hq in London in WWII, and on the other Horst Rabura, who was in a radar unit in Berlin (and then in Russian POW camp). Horst, now prof in UW German dept., is a very interesting man. He's off to Germany now for rest of academic year, setting up for German govt some audio-visual courses to teach the children of immigrant workers, mostly Turks and southern Europeans. Says the immigrants are the niggers of Germany, politically powerless; it takes 10 years to get citizenship, and they're mostly rotated out of ~~the~~ jobs and country before that.

Others at party were Sara and Charlie Hart. Charlie asked Horst what the Germans knew of the concentration camps.

H said people knew something was going on, because some Jews vanished -- on the other hand, some didn't, apparently left on display. The real info broke while he was in Russian POW camp, and he and fellow prisoners didn't believe the published versions, thinking it more Russian propaganda; also, he said, the horror pics of starvation and so on could have been taken in their own camp; 700 of the 2000 there died.

Over weekend, winnowed article files and rearranged some filing in the cabinets. Found I've written about 100 articles, some long enough ago that they can be recycled.

Furnace problems over weekend; it wouldn't start except by manual switch, and late Sat. not even by that. Got repairman Sunday morn, furnace vacuum job y'day morn, and repairman again; now seems to be running splendidly.

Dec. 12 -- Full day of readying for Calif. trip, and we're nearly set. Will go to Millers in few minutes to drop off Xmas presents. Right now it's snowing, and I heard forecast earlier for heavy fall in mtns of SW Oregon, which could mean Siskiyou. With this and the United Airlines strike which will force Frank and Lucie to change their plans, this trip isn't getting underway under the best of omens.

Did chores y'day, too; Xmas cards all morn, then some running around to buy lumber so it can dry while we're away.

Wed., went out on sundry chores, and had coffee with Archie Satterfield at ~~the~~ P-I. Talked books for 45 min or so, badmouthing New Yorkers; Arch said the incident which led his Sunday column -- agent shrieking at author "Who the hell ever heard of Seattle?" -- happened to him last week. Talked quite a bit about his upcoming book, to be called The Home Front; oral history of domestic life during WWII, it could be a big one for Arch. In general gossip, he said Ray Mungo has many projects in the air at his Montana bookstore, including forthcoming NW Review of Books, and a newsletter to '60s radicals. Arch said he's gotten to know Jack Olsen, tho Olsen is withdrawn, obviously out here for solitude; A says Olsen spends a lot of time being bitter, another victim of NY-Time Inc ravages. Also, Arch thinks Pac S is thick with office politics, says Harriet every so often seems to cut someone down to size just because she thinks it's time. Must watch out for that, tho there's been no sign so far. Arch is on retainer; he thinks my fee system is better, and I sure as hell do.

Dec. 16, Berkeley-- Bright cloudless weather here in Bay area. Beautiful day y'day in SF. We left Marriott Inn here at Berkeley marina, drove to BART station, and about 40 min later were at ~~Montgomery~~ ^{Powell} St. Took cable car toward area of Coit Tower; SF Sunday paper had article about New Deal murals in tower. They are locked away from public, but I showed the tower ticket man a Pac S card, and he reluctantly but promptly let us in. The murals around base of round tower are intriguing -- full of in-jokes as ~~the~~ the many artists involved pictured one another in proletarian scenes, put in fanciful social protest newspaper headlines and book titles. Style is much like Diego Rivera, but fascinating for wealth of detail and angles of social protest (opening was delayed in '34 because of the protest themes, some of which were painted over).

Also, view from Coit was fine, tho some murk in the air. A KRON TV reporter and cameraman were doing a sign-off, with Golden Gate bridge as backdrop, about pollution hearing; about 20 seconds' worth of air time, and innocuous content but the cosmetic side of TV nonetheless sent the high-priced pair beetling up to Coit instead of doing something journalistically useful.

Walked down from Coit, through incredible drop of n'hood and stairs, to dock area. SF docks so dead we wondered if there's a strike; no ships at all, scant activity of any sort. Walked past Fishermen's Wharf to G'delli Square for lunch at Senor Pico's. Great food and view. Swimmers in cove, street vendors; Oriental woman arrived in small park and began putting up kites, tying them or staking into ground; had 3 or 4 up at once, mostly the snakelike ones with long billowing ~~tails~~ tails. After lunch, we walked, zigzagging, over Russian Hill to Union Square. SF somewhat like London in wealth of detail -- grill work here, an odd grotto garden there, elaborate cornices, strategically lovely trees.

Dec. 16 cont. --Back at Union Square, wandered through Abercrombie and Fitch, then walked to Montgomery st to BART. Had a drink at Solomon Gruddy's at the ~~the~~ marina as sun went down, vivid shades on cirrus clouds over the city and bay. Watched KQED Newsroom at 7:30; not as good as 1st time we saw it, during AEJ conventn, but still good. Then to Spenger's for dinner; the place still is a marvel, with 40-minute wait apparently the minimum, and a couple of hours not unusual. We got in after abt 35 minutes.

Catching up on drive down; icy roads around Centralia the morn we left (13th), a tough stint during Carol's driving shift; snow along most of route to Ashland, where we stayed. Good meal at Chateaulin restnt there. Next morn was cold, with fog coming up from Medford -- it drifted up through Ashland as we had b'fast -- but road easily driveable over Siskiyou summit. Mt. Shasta visible for next several hours of driving. We were in Berkeley not long after 4. Looked over some motel prospects, chose Marriott Inn for quiet site despite its price (\$31).

Dec. 18, Pacific Grove--After wretched night in Islander motel in Santa Cruz, tonight we've fetched up in peaceful place (the Bide-a-wee) at point of peninsula next to Monterey. We had asked Pete! for recommendation -- both the Fahls and Steens in last throes of flu -- for motel, and it turned out to have more traffic noise than anyplace I can recall since Stirling, Scotland. Breakfast and brilliant weather made us feel better, and I spent day at Forest History Society. Much talking -- work pace isn't exactly frantic, or even too efficient, around Society -- but I also got much research done, leads on articles. Used Ron Fahl's massive biblio work in ideal form; referring to index in typescript, I'd then find the references in file cards from which the biblio was assemble, and photocopy the cards --instand reference duplicate.

Dec. 18 cont.-- Dinner last night with Steens, and lunch today with Pete so we could see the 1852 house they've been restoring. Incredible amount of effort they've put in, and impressive.

Y'day morn, stopped by Am West office in Palo Alto; unimpressive meeting with m.e. Ed Holm, who pretty much does the mag himself, has little pay to offer. Then lunch in San Jose with Pat Ford and Helen Bignell of CHEVRON USA, both very ~~capable~~ capable ladies (and Pat quite bright and personable -- Helen quieter, tho pleasant).

Day before in SF, we walked some more, after going thru cable car museum, which was great. Warm day, had to shed jackets; people swimming off Maritime Park; we bought lunch to eat in park. Walked back downtown -- had come thru Chinatown that morn, just as food stores were opening and n'hood women were coming out for shopping. Then back to Berkeley, and early supper at Spengers.

Santa Cruz is a bizarre blend -- historic n'hoods, shabby seaside resort patches, so-so modern areas, and magnificent UC campus. D'town mall has helped. Pete is on historic presvtn commission, and says much has been done, tho some good buildings were lost first.

Not very illuminating notes; may try to improve in morn.

Dec. 20, Pacific Grove.-- Will head down the coast this morn after I make this entry -- we have tickets for San Simeon tour early aftnoon.

Y'day, began by looking around Monterey histcl area. Drove along Cannery Row, which now is the old cannery bldgs sloppily rouged over with arts and crafts shops. Walked out Coast Guard pier at s. end of Row, found the rocks at the end were thronged with sea lions. Endless barking and commotion, which we enjoyed hugely. Next went to Customs House plaza, where new park has gone in. Went thru Customs House, now a museum with display of ~~Calif's~~ Calif's sundry cultures. Then went on uptown to Allen Knight Maritime Museum. Walked in and began glancing around, were quickly told

Dec. 20 cont.-- by a guide that museum normally was closed at that hr during winter, but we could take a quick look. We began, and another guide--retired men apparently do the job as volunteers--took us in tow and gave us a rapid and remarkably inaccurate tour. The one bit of good he did was to mention that a couple of really fine ship models had been done by the guide who'd met us at the door. When we got back to the front, I went over to him and began to try josh him into talking about making his ship models. He promptly took me up on it; his name is Col. Richmond, a retired army ordnance officer; when I asked him how he got started on ship models, he wryly began "Well, I was in the army..." He took us back to show us the plans he's drafting for his next project, a Spanish frigate which put in at Monterey Bay in 1775; he admits some of dimensions are guesswork, but he apparently strives hard for accuracy. He's found that the captain's cabin had only 5' ceiling, for ex. Also pointed out to us the toilet arrangements on his model of frigate SAVANNAH -- tiny private baths on each side of stern for captain and commodore, then 3-hole plank beneath bowsprit for crewmen (going to the "head" literally meant that), and he said ~~had~~ below decks were 2 other johns, I believe for warrant officers and bosuns.

Next went to Colton Hall, site of Calif. constl convention, and woman in charge there also very quick to talk, very pleasant. We were curious what Colton's newspaper, called the 1st in Calif., had been printed on, and she looked it up in what seemed a good-humored and valuable book by Colton: the newsprint had been cigar paper.

Went on to Carmel for lunch -- at a tea shop called the something nook -- and set out to find Jeffers's Hawk Tower. Went into drug store to ask directions, woman clerk was baffled -- "WHAT's it called?" Hadn't heard of either the tower or Jeffers. Older woman at back of store did know what we were talking about, sketched map for us to get to "Jefferson's" place.

Dec. 20 cont. -- We went and had a look; I took notes (for writing notebook). Tower is not open to public, and I didn't try to get in, not wanting to bother someone who's probably bothered too much as it is with such requests.

Went on down coast to Point Lobos, which is remarkably varied scenery and ecology. Watched for sea otters, but saw none.

On way back just past mid-afternoon, decided we'd like to have a drink; poked around Cannery Row, finally went into over-water place called Tia Maria because it seemed the only place open. Waitress took our order, then brought two drinks apiece -- we had hit happy hour, 2 for price of one. Sipped and looked at scenery happily.

Both nights here in Pac Grove, we've eaten at Consuelo's, Mexican restnt in old house. Good food, pleasant staff, meal and wine for both of us ~~for~~ for about \$7.50 -- a great find.

Both have liked Monterey-Pacific Grove area. Pac G is pleasant, stylish (probably thru tight zoning). Our motel has been blessedly quiet.

Reading San Jose Mercury at b'fast this morn seems to confirm Frank Lloyd Wright's notion that everything nutty slides into Calif. sooner or later. A woman deputy tried to talk jurors in her charge into leniency for 2 guys charged with rape-murder -- ~~stagi~~ straight out of Didion, o dreamers of the golden dream. A "professional cheerleader" offers spoof idea of having US east of Miss. yell UNITED, populace ~~of~~ west of Miss. respond STATES!, to mark high noon, July 4, '76. And on and on, espely thru SF's garbled mayoral vote count.

Add notes to Santa Cruz stay: Interesting personality differences at Forest History Society. Elwood Maunder, who runs it, is longt-time prof'l at fund-raising & pr -- yet is socially kind of awkward and unsure, a bluff chunk of cliché to talk to. Pete, Ron and I were making small talk the other morn, Maunder happened by on way to coffee pot, joined in briefly, but at 1st 30-second lag in conversation, uncomfortably got up and vamoosed.

Dec. 20 cont. -- Also, as we were leaving, I began gathering some extra copies of Nat'l Forest histories Ron and Pete suggested I take -- they have 3 copies of each. Maunder was nonplussed that I was taking the stuff, but couldn't figure out smooth way to object, apparently.

Doug Davis, who does pr work: baffles me as to why he's ~~st~~ on staff, but Pete says he's a safety valve for Maunder, someone M can spill troubles to and derive support and soothing from. Doug strikes me as aging hippy, the lines starting to gouge age around his eyes; seems almost to plead for friendship, comes across to me as ingratiating. I'm obviously missing his good points, as Pete says he's really pretty bright.

Pete himself seems sanguine about job. Has had many hassles about his FS history which he's not too well equipped by position or experience to handle -- i.e., telling critics as civilly as possible to go to hell -- and the strain maybe has made him look older than we'd expected.

Ron Fahl is probably easiest for me to get along with, tho it may be that he's low-key right now simply because his big project -- the forestry biblio -- is behind him.

Anyway, the stopover was valuable. I'm confirmed in how glorious my own office and schedule are; in the quirkiness of organizations; and in the intellectual freebooting I can do as an unattached, somewhat eccentric, soul who does nothing but write.

Dec. 22, Anaheim -- Just back from intvew with George Marshall. It went well, especially on early family history, and on Bob Marshall's '24 summer in Pac NW; M found the letters to the family from that summer, some of them almost ~~diary~~ diary-like and was willing to read them aloud into mike.

GM himself is my height, with wiry gray hair; very trim, though he must be 71 or so. The house in Bel-Air Estates, apptly lived in by just the 2 Marshalls, is large, on more than acre of ground, with fine gardens mostly done by Mrs. M.

Dec. 22 cont.-- When I arrived, M led me thru house to his study or library, facing east across LA. Huge room, I thought maybe 25 or 30' sq, with walls of books, archives cartons and paper piled around; not sloppy, but obviously much used. M says he intends to do book of Bob M's collected writings, but doesn't get to it because of contemp'y projects.

George Marshall is almost shy, somewhat nervous about meeting me; paced back and forth until we sat down and got started. A bit withdrawn in providing personal insights, either about his brother or himself. But he seemed genuinely pleased with me as I was leaving -- a reaction I've had from other interviewees, and which I don't fully understand, since I don't think I'm as smooth as interviewer as I might be.

Anyway, a good day's work. Looked around Bev. Hills for awhile, got caught in traffic so that it took almost 2 hrs to come back to Anaheim.

Catching up on diary: arrived last night about 4:30, driving down from Santa Barbara. Had spent morn reading Sunday LA Times, then sight-seeing downtown Santa B, including marvelous courthouse built in Spanish style in 1920s. Liked Santa B fine, but couldn't manage to get a decent, uncomplicated meal; some thing always went wrong (including frozen wine at lunch at marina). Day before, we moseyed from Monterey to San Simeon for 1 pm tour of Hearst's castle; enjoyed seeing the place, tho the Calif brand of splurging away money brings out a bit of the socialist -- or at least Scots Presbyterian -- in me.

Christmas day -- 2d straight Xmas in a motel room. At least the weather is good on these jaunts. 8:10 am, and sun is warm on me as I type. Later this morn we go to Harpers, then all of us go from there to Everett Harpers'. The logistics of ailment are incredible; Lorraine Harper came home from hospital y'day, under orders for 3-6 months bed rest for heart condition; Everett has had flu; Barbara came down with flu y'day. Carol's aunt Esther goes thru life now with frailty caused, I guess, by arthritis. She is very quiet, features somewhat whittled down by years of poor health -- sort of a wraith. Pleasant person, in spite of it all. Her manner is a bit ethereal; she talks after brief, serene pauses, as if something in her is mulling whether speaking is ~~with~~ worthwhile any more. Oddest of contrasts to George, who died a year or so ago; he was a crash-around personality, the bull in a china shop, and Carol's cousin

Barbara has some of his traits -- the skipping attention span, the rush off to do before thinking it over.

I find the Harper household too crowded -- when I'm there, it makes 6 of us, of wildly diverse states of health, personality, interests, and everything else. We all get along amiably, which is all that can be asked, but I have been glad to be out at work as much as possible.

On Tues. the 23d, I drove to Huntington Library. 1st big misstep on LA freeways; ~~spangging~~ spotting sign for Long Beach freeway north, which I wanted, I swerved into right lane for exit, only to see it blithely fly by on the left, across 3 lanes of solid traffic. Managed to recover quickly enough by pulling off at next exit and navigating from Barbara's street guide. At H'ton, spent day going thru 10 vols of Thos Prosch scrapbooks, full of topical clippings about Puget Sound area from 1870's or so until about WWI. H'ton photocopying now is 85¢ for 1st 5 pp., 25¢ thereafter, so some winnowing is in order. Decided to make notes of possible items, then have Carol help me make refce cards and mark for ~~x~~eroxing tomorrow. Then we'll

Xmas cont.-- head for Long Beach to see Kruegers.

H'ton as remarkable and staid as I had remembered.

I took early lunch to beat rush at cafeteria & get back to work, only to find my scrapbooks had been whisked away because no one stays on duty over lunch to watch over the reading room. Also, an innovation since I was there 7 yrs ago is a coffee nook -- downstairs, thru corridor, past photocopy room, right at mocking sign which says Rue de Cafe, past storage shelves and piping, to coffee machine in hall. Nearby is nook with a few tables and chairs for maybe 15 people -- nice grillwork sign over it proclaiming The Footnote. At coffee, I met -- by noting how gritty the coffee was, with grounds clouding the top -- English prof Albert Black of CSC Long Beach and his wife. B is doing research on either Ben Jonson or Samuel Johnson, I couldn't decipher which, and his wife on Matthew Arnold. Hton is full of such folks on errands into musty ~~literature~~ literary topics. At lunch -- outside lunchroom on patio, in fine weather -- I was joined by 3 or 4 such scholars, eldest of them Dick Davis of U of Tenn English dept. Good-looking gent of mid-40s sat next to me, extended hand and said "I'm Stanton Linden from Pullman, Wash." Pleasant guy, whose research is on alchemy in lit; he was spending a few days with H'ton collection of alchemy tracts, said he'd grudgingly ~~has~~ agreed to knock off at noon on Xmas eve for family's sake.

Y'day, Carol and I finished shopping 1st thing in morn -- prime gifts are new coat for her, new sports jacket for me. After lunch I washed car, retreated to motel ~~for~~ until supper, then helped wrap gifts.

Tap water here is awful. Harpers use I guess 3 different kinds of water -- bottled for Esther, some lesser kinds of bottled for dog, tap water -- with softener -- only for dishes.

Dec. 27, Anaheim -- The risk of going back, even for a brief visit with a good friend: we went to Long Beach late y'day afternoon to see Karl & Dorothy Krueger. I was glad to see Karl again, and to find him looking very fit, trim. But all thru the evening there were lapses in this man I remember as very ~~unimpaired~~ sure-witted. He mistakenly spoke of mutual friend Nelson Price as being Rotary's head in Britain instead of Europe; had the impression I've been teaching. Both very excusable, almost slips of tongue. But also there were odd veers, distracted actions: driving us to dinner, Karl failed to notice his brights were on until Dorothy pointed; afterward, he made left turn on wrong side of island -- luckily, with no oncoming traffic; pointed out Xmas tree atop tall building as being on Signal Hill; then on Signal Hill assured us we were looking south along coast when we could only have been looking north. I

don't know whether there some tension or self-control involved when he's around people; he told me he's developed epilepsy, and virtually has no awareness of a day or so when it hits, but with medication it hits only every 3-4 months. And Dorothy startled me as we sat around sipping Scotch by calling across: "Ivan, did you know Karl had been on the sauce?" I had noticed he made no drink for himself, and it was starting to click in my mind. Both then said job pressures had him hitting the booze pretty heavily for awhile; he quit hard stuff couple of years ago, tho he says he didn't have to go hard-core alcoholic route. Still permits himself a little wine.

All in all, a mixed evening. The Kruggers talked much about their children, a richly varied lot which includes an artist who does vivid montage

work, a teacher who lives in the woods of N. Carolina (and by the album photos shown us, has built an oddly inept log house, with the logs too far apart and no way to chink such gaps; has had to wrap the whole place in plastic for the winter); and the Santa Monica son who runs a flying service, lives with his sec who has a son, sounds very much

Dec. 27 cont. -- a prototypical Calif'n. K and D seem honestly to enjoy their kids and the kids' generation, and I'm sure get along wonderfully with them all.

~~✱~~ Anyway, I found Karl different than I remembered, and if some of difference is in him, so is some in me and my perceptions. Looking at Karl's recent prose in newsletter he helped his flying son with and the mock-newsletter Xmas message, it struck me as cutesy bonhomie, and set me brooding whether Karl's editing had set me onto some of my own infatuation with gimmickry. (On balance, I don't think so, and my writing ever since college at least has had a spine of directness and content which most Rotarian staff work didn't.) I'm coming to realize, maybe all too slowly, ^{never} that men I once thought very good in the craft had flaws, gaps. I suppose much of this is the glacier of change altering my standards and perceptions slowly over the years, hmm?

Earlier y'day, Carol went with me to Huntington Library to help type file cards on Prosch scrapbooks. We got much done -- some 50 file cards on different topics, plus ordering about 50 pp of xerox. Library very quiet -- Carol counted 10 people in reading room when we left at 3 pm. At lunch, met Wilfred Prest of U. of Adelaide, history prof who's writing book on English common lawyers of 17th (?) century. Walked some gardens with him, learned he walks to and from H'ton to quarters at Cal Tech, advised him being affoot in LA marked him as wierd.

On Christmas, we all gathered up from Harpers' & drove few blocks to Everett & Lorraine Harper's place, joined soon by their son Buddy and family. Lorraine was just out of hospital for heart ailment, is supposed to have 3-6 months bed rest. Unbelievable behavior; during package opening, would hop up to push toy to grandkid, bring over tape recorder. Worst was when we prepared to leave, and she insisted Carol and I see the house. We went along as the quickest way to get it over with; at back of house, L deliberately began opening high closets to show us, dragging out hanging stuff, until

Dec. 27 cont. -- Carol at ~~last~~ last calmed her a bit and we scrambled. I was baffled by it all, but Carol may have hit it exactly when she said I was acting almost suicidal in rampaging around that way. Death of her son Richard in S America earlier this year, other hardships and ill health in family, somewhat manic personality -- who knows what is going on in her head.

Carol put together Xmas dinner, despite Lucie and Esther invading kitchen at about 2/3 point and complicating matters about 300%. But turkey was exclnt, everyone seemed happy. Our main gifts ~~was~~ to each other: London Fog coat for C, light sport jacket for me.

Dec. 28, Anaheim -- Incredible coincidence. This morn went with Frank and Lucie to United Methodist Church in south Anaheim (1000 S. State College Blvd.) for 10:30 service. Early on, minister annced infant baptism of two young sons of Mr & Mrs

Raymond Frankenberg (? -burg?), and up to font came the capt. of 3769th squadron I was in at Wichita Falls in late '62. Aftwds, to make sure it truly was ~~he~~ him -- same height, build, resmblee, name -- ~~he~~ I went up aisle to him and asked. He at 1st thought I must have been in a class he taught -- was amazed that I had been in his sqdn. To extend coincidence, he & family are visiting here from DC, had kids confirmed in that church where wife's parents are members. He's still in AF, still only a major, said he'll likely get out next year. He's now much chunkier than he was, has dark mustache. Obviously not overenthused to find I'd been reservist, maybe not much enthused by my beard either (apptly the only one in church).

One last extension of coincidence: Frank & Lucie found the church last Sun., liked its modern architecture (and wanted to avoid various evglcl churches the other relatives belong to), decided to go back this Sun.

Dec. 30, St. Helena -- In the Napa Valley, waiting for wineries to open for day. St. H is a dandy place, with an unruined main street and tidy streets of interesting houses. After checking ~~into~~ into the lone motel last night, went uptown and had a drink at Pastime Bar, a converted bank with 20'-plus ceilings of pressed metal, stone walls 2' thick, polished cream marble as facing about 4' up the walls, tremendous breakfront behind the bar (from an old hotel in Sacramento), old card tables to sit at. Then ate at the Lord Bruce, primarily soup and sandwich place, but cold cut plate was large and delicious. Had $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of Beringer Traubengold, also good. This morn, only place open for breakfast was Valley Coffee Shop. Classic elements: one pretty waitress handling the entire place, knowing all the truckdrivers or whoever they were by 1st name, calling across room to confirm that so-and-so wanted a short stack as usual; bringing our food pronto, she said "My name's Dolly if you want anything" and whirled off. Swamper-dishwasher went around slowly but thoroughly gathering dirty dishes, putting up clean ones -- 60ish man ~~xxx~~ with drinker's face but no shakes. The cook, and maybe owner, was large efficient guy, plucking dishes from high piles to fill with food.

Also to be seen downtown: centerpiece of main street, old Masonic building (Ritchie Block inscribed at top), elaborately handsome bays out over the street.

Napa Valley lovely this morn just before sunrise as we drove down to Yountville on mistaken advice to have breakfast at Leonti's there (it was closed). Ground fog on fields, thickened into tree-high clouds in places. At Yountville, saw a place near the Vintage 1870 shops complex open for business, went in thinking the people going in & out must be breakfasting -- what else at 7:20 am? -- but instead found they were drinking, and that there was no place in Yountville to eat breakfast until 8. (*Later discovered there's a veteran's home in town, which might account for most drinkers.*)

Dec. 30 -- St. Helena is prnced Hel-ee-na. Motel man said he expects the place to be like Carmel within 5 years, what with specialty shops like Vintage 1870's coming in.

We left Anaheim a little before 6 y'day morn, hoping to beat freeway traffic; we didn't entirely, hitting some slow-and-go by 6:10 or so. Then up I-5 ~~thru~~ through Imperial Valley, with bright fog-haze its full length. Valley impressive for variety of crops, but also dispiriting because it's virtually agri-mining -- pumping fertilizer into soil, bringing water from god knows where thru tremendous canals, no signs anywhere that anyone actually lives on the land. Also a couple of colossal cattle feedlots, the critters a dark pool on the land.

--The 28th, after church with the folks, Carol and I did some pruning in Esther's backyard, lush with trees and bushes. With Frank's advice -- he seemed to feel good and active the entire week we were there -- we cut for an hour or more. Carol's cousin Marilyn and husband Bob arrived to visit briefly; she's a school nurse in tough Compton n'hood, he's ~~still~~ 3d-grade teacher in LA system, seemed good folks. Then dinner, and we left about 9 to finish packing, go to bed early for early start.

Day or so after Xmas, missionary friend of Barbara's arrived from Berkeley to help B with translation for taping Bible for Sudanese. Evelyn proved to be nearly caricature of missionary, strong-voiced, mannish spinster, a bit edgy whenever she thinks she's not directly on some errand for God. Lucie and I suppose Frank found her pretty disruptive, mostly because of penetrating voice; unforeseen complication for their stay at Harpers'.

We went to Disneyland with Frank & Lucie on 27th after lunch, found it jammed with people, and cut in half by endless Xmas parade. Mangged to go on jungle ride and through Monsanto inner space exhibit, then gave up because of throng and chilly weather.

17021 10th Ave.
Seattle, Wash. 98177
February 21, 1975

Dear Tom ^{Holden}

Well, what can I say after I say doggone? What a thug of a year you've had. If it's encouragement to you, you sounded steady on the phone -- sounded to me the way I've heard you when you've pulled through other hard times. You'd hate for me to call it courage, but I do.

Give some thought to a trip out here this summer. Our plans are wavering in half a dozen directions, but in a month or six weeks they'll firm up somewhat. We're waiting to hear whether Carol wins a National Humanities fellowship for a seminar at Dartmouth next year (terrific thing -- seminar in American autobiography). We know it's a very long shot, but until it's definitely ruled out, the prospect crowds a lot of other notions into limbo. Come what may, we're pretty certain to be around here the early part of the summer.

Life zings along pretty well here. Been a surprise to me how much actual musclework is involved in this house and property. Today we wheeled barrowed and shoveled a ton of dirt into a garden spot, other days it's been piling firewood, planting a few fruit trees, all manner of carpentry projects. Which is fine, because both Carol and I are good at dogged tasks where we can simply persevere until the problem gives up. I don't mean to make this sound like homesteading, but the change in lifestyle is appreciable. I'm more comfortable with most of it than the way I've ~~lived~~ lived ever since college days; the necessity to do some physical work on my own behalf calls up a lot of old patterns in ~~me~~ me, I suppose.

The writing seems to go well, too. This instant I'm surrounded by notebook pages; I'm reworking the writing notebooks I've been keeping the past six years, organizing them better. As I go through the stuff, some of it looks very good. One afternoon last week I roughed out a poem, the first full one in a couple of years. The articles I do for the local magazine called Pacific Search give me a chance to be the prototypical freelance -- slouching toughly over the typewriter, banging out a full 2000-word piece in a single day -- and make a little quick money at it. Also, I'm still a better editor than I am a writer -- one granite fact that has not changed since NU -- and am doing a bit of moonlighting editing. The heavy projects are work about Montana and me, and they go slowly but fairly well. If there's any theme to this endeavor, I suppose it's the James Joyce line: imagination is memory.

Anyway, I'm sending you a grab bag with this letter. Most notable is an extra copy of Ken Macrorie's new book; one of the few fringe benefits of writing for Hayden is an occasional bonus of books. The current issue of Pacific Search may read to you like something from Mars, but it's very representative of our life here: Carol and I know most of the authors and places they write about, fight the environmental issues features, do the outdoors jaunts mentioned. My own piece in this issue is p. 42. Also am sending you the tentative table of contents for the utopias anthology, just to give you a vague idea of the project. The newspaper piece ("A spooky house..."; not my title, I vow) I send along just for fun, and it's the only item of the batch I'd eventually like to have back. And finally, the first 3 pages of the Montana memoir, currently known as Half-Life.

over

No need to comment on any of this, Tom, unless you feel like it. I'm sending it just for diversion and informational purposes.

Not too much else to report from us except the steadiness of our work. Come spring vacation, we'll head for the ocean, to a cabin high on a bluff above the surf; friends have the loan of this cabin for ~~they~~ year, and we enjoy it.

And so it goes, as someone must have said sometime. Let us know what you're up to; in fact, if letters back and forth will help anything for you, I more than volunteer. Sometime when you get a moment, for instance, tell me what current fiction I should be reading, and why.

See you this summer?

best