

several letters to Rodens during their round-the-world sabbatical in '76 letters file.

Jan. 4 -- Both have been diligent the past 3 days to clear up work at end of trip, and get ready to resume working schedules. We arrived home about 10 pm on the 1st, having driven all the way from Garberville, Calif. Beautiful day to travel -- brilliantly clear, so clear we could see St. Helens, Adams and Hood in bold detail as we came north to Portland -- and since we felt we didn't have time to do much worthwhile on the Oregon coast, we simply kept driving.

Spent a quiet New Year's Eve in Garberville: excellent seafood at Torentino's -- I had little neck clams, new to us and very good -- and a noiseless night of sleep at Sherwood Forest motel. Stopped on way up the coast at Mendocino, largely on my hunch and remembered reading that some good artists lived and worked there. Found that mostly isn't true; most gallery stuff is shlock or worse, and Mendocino itself is a rustic Steilacoom, or worse, a lot like White Sulphur in shabby streets, unpainted houses. But we kept poking around, and making 2nd try to find a place called Wildlife Artists open, we hit gallery owner Wm.

Dailey and his work. Bought a print of a golden eagle, a tremendous piece of work, and looked longingly at the several unfinished wildlife pieces he had on wall -- most already sold for \$1200-\$1600 or so. We liked Dailey, too, who loves to talk about his work, big affable guy of about 60. Then returned to Gallery Fair for 2nd look at Emmy Lou Packard logging print, which we bought. I maybe like it better than Carol does, but am confident it'll be a lovely piece when it's framed and hung.

The night before, the 30th, we stayed in Occidental, the real find of the trip. Town of about 300, it has an odd central square -- two little streets of business facing each other across demolished area (a few foundations still left) now used for parking. There are 3 huge Italian restnts; everyone in town seems Italian, at least every business name is. We ate at Negri's, a place about half a

block long, with warehouse-sized bar at one end where they have Sat. night dances. The food was great, though in desperation we ordered ravioli dinner to avoid the ravioli and spaghetti which preceded all other entrees. A party of 18, apparently in from fishing at Bodgga Bay, came in, other families of six, groups of 8 or so, until the place was full, and we were one of only two couples in the whole place. Next morn at the Koffee Kup cafe, we learned Occidental's claim to fame is the 100,000 Xmas wreaths

Jan. 4 cont. -- the inhabitants make every year, starting about mid-Nov. They gather boughs which grow out of red-wood stumps in the logged-over lands. And all the Italians came there late in the last century to make charcoal for logging locomotives. Remarkable place.

On the 30th, to catch up on last diary entry, our day in Napa Valley was splendid. Started wine-tasting at Moldavi, which we didn't like much, although the tour was good; went on to the Martini winery tasting room, which had some varieties we liked, and we bought 4 bottles. A bit woozy after morn of drinking, we went into town for lunch at Lord Bruce; good food again. Then backtracked to Heitz winery, which is supposed to be good but also is very high-priced. Bought one bottle for \$7.50, to put away for a few years. Next to Christian Bros., back through Napa and on our way west; an excellent tour there, but no wine we liked well enough to buy. Drove back roads from there over summit to Sonoma Valley; spectacular views across valleys and ridges from the summit on down. Earlier, in the Napa there had been all the symmetry of the vineyard rows, fine big houses, hills rising abruptly out of flat valley floor. A day to mark with a white stone.

Spent this morn writing a clutch of letters, this afternoon resolutely clearing my desk of the trip debris. Will start on $\frac{1}{2}$ life again in morn, intend to work on it every morn, do other work in afternoons.

No surprises in accumulated Xmas mail; no one dead, divorced, or dismayed. Dorothy Krueger mentioned that ~~there~~ their Xmas mail noticeably did not run rife with deaths, but with news of recoveries after efficient medical care -- sign of the times?

Recent reading: McPhee's Survival of the Bark Canoe while on trip, not as enjoyable as some of his others, but still good; Social History of the Machine Gun, not as imaginative and compelling as it could have been; biog of Robert Louis Stevenson at Silverado in Napa Valley; and Billington's Genesis of the Frontier Thesis, which has me interested again in frontier theories. Also began Eiseley's All the Strange Hours, which I think is going to be disappointing; life is not all metaphor.

Jan. 5 -- Hefty morn's work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, one more rewrite of opening, then review of part 2 and listing of elements to go into it. Hope to write intensively enough to have pt 2 done, or virtually done, by month's end.

This afternoon, called to make apptmts with Ann, Harriet Rice; wrote letters, now catching up with notebook entries from Calif.

--Leftover diary notes from the Calif. trip:

Diversity of Berkeley people still is striking. They're still hairier, scruffier, less inhibited than other campus or street folk. Good session of people watching the night we ate at the Heidelberg on Telegraph: seated in front window, could see folks carrying eccentric items past, anarchic traffic as someone parked in middle of street to wait for boyfriend.

--Along Grant St. in Chinatown (in SF), we were passed by young man with Rocket Messenger uniform, slowly pedaling old baloon tire bike with package on behind; some blocks later, as we ambled, he passed us again, still with same package.

--During lunch at Senor Pico in Gdli Sqre, much activity in sunny park below -- Oriental woman flying several kinds of kites, guy arguing endlessly with young gardener who was supposed to be hoeing flower gardens. And then, a guy with large old beagle. He lay down on the grass facing sun, put his sunglasses on; dog lay with front quarters up on his chest, guy put big sunglasses on the dog, and there they sunned.

Jan. 8 -- Routine of writing 4 pp. (1000 words) on $\frac{1}{2}$ life continues, every morning. Between that ~~xxx~~ and serious dieting and exercising, this household is downright sanctimonious.

Went to Pac S to talk story ideas with Harriet Rice today; she happily went for Bob Marshall, smokejumping, and probably Silen's forest genes piece. She's puzzled about response to my clearcutting piece; timber execs and others have phoned or said in person that they ~~xxx~~ were impressed with it, but nobody will write a letter to ed one way or another (except retired Simpson man Dave James). Sid told me a W'haeuser exec had assured him he personally had put a copy on George W'haeuser's desk, his very self. Harriet said Alex Fiskien, W'haeuser vp, said he'd read it and learned a lot from it -- which impressed her, as she

Jan. 8 -- says he isn't the type to sit down and read all the way through an article.

Sid also said, on his way thru edit'l office, that he'd heard David Brewster is leaving Argus to start his own Argus-like publication. The downtown josh (?) is that SeaFirst money is behind him -- obvious joke being that it would be payoff for Brewster's piece praising Mardesich a few weeks ago.

Otherwise, this week I've done some hassling with Hayden to find out Utopian pub'g sked, and to try jog it ahead a bit (end of April is current date for bound copies). Full go-ahead for index awaits Vijay's dummyming, to see what final length of book is, and if there's space left in a signature. And the FS history is expected out by 3d week of this month, which probably means month's end.

Current reading: Early Days in the Forest Service, mimeo set of remmsces by oldtimers; full of tidbits of language and anecdote.

Jan. 12 -- Good progress on inner room storage area; we put up framing for closet section on Sat., everything fitting well and looking fine. Y'day I cut leftover plywood into a large overhead shelf, and last night, after Carol and I had tense ten minutes of trying at every angle to get it into the framing, it finally fell into place.

Friday night, went to Claude LeLouch's movie, Happy New Year. Very fine, wonderful casting, and L's usual deft tricks. More spoofing of himself. Also, he gets away with ending with one of worst cliché lines: "I'll have that cup of coffee now."

Y'day afternoon, went to Seattle Art Museum to see show of recent Japanese photogphy. Some interesting, but much the grainy or Brownie box camera sequence kind of stuff which leaves us cold.

Was surprised Fri. to get ~~xxxxxxx~~ copies of S. Times article on Broderick & Green -- had begun to doubt the Times would take the piece, fánding it too offbeat. Instead, they made it cover story. Two calls today about it. Man named ~~Thorwell~~ ^{W. J. Thorwell}, retired Queen Anne grocer, is going to send me clipping about his uncle, early day finc'l figure here. The other was Martin Johansen, fnder of the charity Millionaires Club; wanted to know if I have a pic of Thos Burke, who was interested in

Jan. 12 cont. -- Millionaires when J founded them in 1921.

Sicced him onto Bob Monroe at UW.

Spent tough morning writing, groggy and daydreamy. Got out the scheduled 4 pp even so.

Jan. 15 --Forgot to say in last entry that Frank Zoretich and I went to Chittenden locks last Fri. afternoon, and Frank took pics of viewing area to go with my fish ladder article for CHEVRON. The fish stop and think it over when they hit fresh water, so there was solid wall of steelhead, marvelous sight. Since the area still is under constn and not open to public, I posed as tourist for Frank to shoot. Called Helen Bignell today to be sure pics were ok, and she said they one of me looking at fish is so good they'll use just it, blow it up.

Y'day went to UW library in morn, then at 2 went to Ann Nelson's to start her off as my agent on some magazine work -- Broke this off in mid-sentence. It's now eve of the 16th, have done long day of work on inner room. Carol had day off, ML King Day, and besides helping me, cleaned off her desk, which ought to inspire me. About Ann as agent: thought of this idea about 6 weeks ago, and she agreed she'd like to try it, would talk about it after holidays. I took her 8 story folders, pieces in limbo or unsold, to have her edit, scrap, or whatever. Will have her try fetching article assignments later on, and handle some book contracts if she wants to. My notion is to get rid off some of the most burdensome chores; must watch myself to prevent taking on more and more magazine work, if it's going to rob work on books.

Y'day, the 15th, spent most of day reading ~~memorably~~ for Life, saving the immersion into notes and editing for next week and a run of several days, instead of gearing up for a single day just before holiday.

Just now, life is quite a matter of clicking ~~off~~ along by the numbers. I sit down every morn to write during allotted hours -- 7:30-11:30 -- try to do given amount of words -- 1000 1st draft, or 800 revised -- and even eat by counting calories, about 1500-1800 a day. We're both taking phys condtn course Mon. eves, 5:30-7:30, at Shoreline. Carol's idea, and it's worthwhile: learn something about techniques of physical upkeep, try for exercise regimen. I find Dwight Nyquist, who teaches it, pretty slow in pace of teaching, but nice guy who pretty

Jan. 16 cont. -- well knows his stuff.

Damborgs and Olsons coming for dinner in about an hour; will try better diary entry this weekend.

Jan. 27 -- One of widest gaps in diary since I began keeping one. I imagine it's been because I've done so much other writing that I haven't had the steam to catch up with diary.

Electrician here now, moving light switch in inner room. Pretty fey character, at least as he was hacking away at wall to make hole, and I hope the results are better than his personality.

Spent strenuous weekend carpentering on inner room. Got much of it done. Major chores now are painting the inside, and making and hanging all the doors.

Sunday night at Nelsons. Marsh had been looking into business arrangement I want with Ann, to have her act as my agent. Found various snags to being a business, partnership, or even a co-op; likely will end simply as me employing her on piecework.

Saturday the 24th, went to Joshua Green mansion with Millers, then to lunch with them at Pier 70. Green house has been drawing throngs; we got there well before it opened, and people had piled in by time tour began. The house itself is mostly dark and glum.

Surprise on Sunday -- tho he'd called Sat. night to tip me -- was Archie Satterfield's review of STREETS in the P-I. Nice job. Arch talked for quite a while when he called, about woes of agent-editor contention over his WWII book, general gossip.

My work has been getting good attention recently. A number of calls and letters about Green-Broderick article; considerable response to clearcutting piece, including request from Alaska state legislator who wants to use it for some purpose, asked Pac S about my background.

Today photocopy dummy of PNW Station history came, and it looks handsome. Louise P changed the title -- from my "Horizons of Timber and Grass" to typically bureaucratic "Early Forestry Research" -- and I think probably niggled out some of the minor style and flow points I wanted in; but all in all, it looks a pretty good job.

Jan. 27 cont. -- Have pegged away hard at $\frac{1}{2}$ life. About 9000 words roughed out now, and some of the early parts starting to take on rhythm and angles. It remains a hellish amount of work. Decided to take this week on other work, both for respite and because I was beginning to be bothered by things piling up ahead. Also, week is chopped up with 2-day land policy meet we're going to on Fri-Sat, and Pac S monthly lunch tomorrow. This morn I edited together Silen's stuff on forest genes, and think I have a presentable article out of it. Tomorrow or next day, hope to write Sawtooth piece for Pac S.

New regimen, inc phys condtnng class each Mon night, is beginning to pay off. I've lost $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, down to about 155 in clothes, and Carol has lost nearly that much. Also beginning to be in better fettle, I guess.

Fri night (23d) went to Harvard Exit to see Swept Away. Very funny in places, especially political polemics, but overlong and somewhat uncertain.

Only real blight on work at moment is Utopian America, which has been bogged down by Vijay's 10-day illness. He called today, saying he hopes to make up loss to the schedule.

Feb. 3 -- Another disastrous gap in diary, but I've lacked the spunk to keep up with it. Notable news is that last Thursday, we finally mercy killed the '62 Buick, after 141,499 miles. Took it to transmission place because it was beginning to show trouble, found that transmissn was leaking, and needed a redo of \$250-\$400. We shook our heads, and the transmission man asked us how much we wanted for the car. Hemmed and hawed and settled on \$100.

Thursday and Friday, went to conference at Science Center on Public and Private Rights in Land. Surprising turnout of more than 600. Carstensen spoke the 1st day, we took him and Jeanette to lunch at Food Circus. He talked mightily, and seemed to get a kick out of it.

Pac S lunch last Wednesday. Nothing momentous I can remember. Portland Chamber of Commerce wants to do 100 reprints of clearcutting piece, which I find a mixed accolade. Russ Mohny spoke up at meeting in praise of my Oliphant Tracks article, which I look back and find was pretty deft.

Feb. 3 cont. -- Dieting and exercising is going well for both of us. I'm at 152#, Carol at 122, and both still losing. My belt is in two notches, and I've started to do some jogging.

Last week I edited down Silen's scare piece on forest gene pool, will mail it off to him for a look tomorrow.

Began again on $\frac{1}{2}$ life y'day; slow day, little done. But today I began rewriting the Valley section, and things took shape. Good day of work; tried to end on a point I can pick up in the morning. Am trying to tell about Dad now.

Feb. 12 -- The $\frac{1}{2}$ life struggle continues to doom the diary. If it works out as fine as it sometimes feels, it'll be worth it.

This week, the PNW Station history and the Jnl of Forest History piece have both showed up. The PNW job is very handsome, niftily laid out and illustrated by Karen Esterholdt. It reads like silk, tho I miss some of the points edited out.

Call this morn from Bob Boynton, who says Utopian America at last is dummied, and I should get a photocopy soon. The length -- 288 pp. -- flummoxed Hayden, even tho it wasn't unexpected. Bob got Bill Cook to decide to go ahead with full ms and keep price at \$4.25, tho books of that length usually are \$4.95. I've tried not to let the delay rattle me, since there's not much to be done. Worst part of it for me has been having to put off Ainsley time and again on indexing; not a serious matter, but embarrassing.

Am on schedule for this month of work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, despite blank day y'day. I seem to have about one a week, when I feel low or groggy or some such. It may be the work pace, or the number of things I try to do, or simply spending too much time in my own company. Y'day afternoon, did manage to rewrite Lincoln's Friends article along lines of Ann's editing. The project of having her act as agent still seems a good one, though her editing so far hasn't been as vigorous as it could be. Think she will do well when query letters start going out, in a week or two.

Carol has been busy with papers, this afternoon clearing up a set so she can have some time for the 3-day weekend ahead. And now, we're off to college for exercise and sauna.

Feb. 16 -- Carol has had day off, Presidents' Day. I did desk work this morn -- some of indexing for Utopian America, revise of Silen's tree genes piece -- and we went to lunch at Little Pebble at Shilshole. Worked a while more in afternoon, then about 4 began sanding and painting on shelves and doors for inner room closet. Having a hard time with doors; plywood is showing all manner of nicks and blotches, helluva time to get it at all smooth.

Lunch at Nelsons' y'day. Ann is going ahead strong as my agent, getting queries out to mag editors. Marsh designed letterhead for us, a fine handsome thing with pattern made of my bylines.

Utopian America finally seems on way to page proofs. Bob Boynton called on Friday, said the hangup -- mmm, looking back I see it was Thurs., and I've already made entry. Anyway, made sheepish call to Ainsley to say I couldn't go thru with plan for him to index because of time bind; he said with his current work load, he's just as glad. Instead am having Ann make index cards on about 2/3, and I'll do the rest.

Managed to do some outside work recently -- put up woven wire for peas to climb on, dug out clay and carried soil from hill for squash patch area next to strawberries. Also, we put in a few lingonberry and wintergreen bushes near patio a week or so ago. Plan to try some more blueberries outside the study.

Got done as low as 149 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs stripped late last week; will be 1b or 2 more now, after weekend's eating and no exercise class tonight because of college holiday. Carol has hit her target weight of 120.

Should try assess my mood: Had a couple frustrating days last week, when work came hard or wouldn't come at all. Also, must keep up hard push to keep to $\frac{1}{2}$ life schedule. But much of what I'm doing seems to come with better competence and mature tone. Have written leads for articles Ann is trying to repair and place, for ex, in quick bursts, and they're pretty good. Likewise, some of last week's $\frac{1}{2}$ life work about Stockman Bar seemed to me very good, some things in it I didn't know I could do.

Note on clearcutting piece: both Portland C of C and envt1st Alaskan legislator asked Pac S for reprint right, obvsly for their own viewpoints.

Feb. 23 -- Day of choring: this morn went down to Beatty bookstore to buy copy of Treasury of World's Great Diaries, needed to frame diaries book query we've been mulling. Also to Dunn's for fenceposts for back gate. Just roughed query letter to American Forests for Ann.

Last Fri., typed the index for Utopian America and mailed it off. Grand to have it out of the way. Ann did 2/3 of the index cards, despite being down with lobar pneumonia. She is a more ruthless worker than even I had thought, and I must take some care not to get her going on projects when it'll raise too much hell in the Nelson household. Marsh, however, thanked me the other night, saying this agent idea is great for Ann; she loves it so far, and of course is at her best with tasks to relentlessly work to death.

So-so week on $\frac{1}{2}$ life last week. Some good work done on it, but it still needs a sustained streak of lacing some transitions together to make the intricate Valley part work. Had intended to get back onto it this morn, but the momentum has been to do other ideas, and I've decided momentum is the important thing, that if I can keep it up, it will swing back onto $\frac{1}{2}$ life okay.

Carol went to meetings 3 nights in a row last week, unprecedented. First was school board, to see what they intend about the motorbike noise on the hill; Wed. night her investment course meeting at downtown Y; Thurs., King County meeting about capital improvements, to consider buying the noisy hill for a park. She brought home quairres from that one, Sat. morn we handed them to couple of dozen homes around n'hood. Sunday morn, Dick Lankford from across the street came over. He's been leader in past community fights, outlined for us some of the community clout organizations. Undoubtedly has done potent work in the past, but both of us wondered, out of reporters' instincts, just how up to date he is now. Also, I'm glad of L's pitchmanlike abilities -- he's in sales for Beeing -- but am not entirely sure I would buy a used airplane from him.

Friday night, picked up Marsh and we went to Empty Space Theatre to Pinero play, Dandy Dick. Very fine and funny; Empty Space ensemble did usual stylish job, playing the farce in style of its era instead of modernly camping it up. Burke Edwards did fine direction, and excellent role of Blore the butler.

Feb. 23 cont. -- Good weather over weekend, so we did some outdoors work. (If I checked last yr's diary, likely would find identical entry.) Carol washed windows, I planted sugar peas and a pair of blueberry bushes, also stained boards for inner room bookcase.

Both of us very busy. I keep at $\frac{1}{2}$ life in tension to keep it going, get it done this year, but also feel some need to do magazine pieces along the way.

Feb. 24 -- Life is always interesting. Carstensen called last night to ask if I'm interested in being hired by UW to write history of the Metropolitan Tract. They're after him to do it, but he doesn't want to take the time. Told him I didn't mind having my name put in the hopper; he said mine was the only name he would put in.

This morn, he called back to ask if I can have lunch next Tues. with him, Katz and Conrad at Fac Club. So, it begins to get serious.

Last night, also edited letter for Dick Lankford about the hillside site, as he tries to keep up pressure for turning it into a county park.

Y'day and today, wrote proposal for the diaries book, tentvly titled Writing to Yourself. Feels pretty good.

March ²~~3~~ -- Lunch today at Faculty Club with Carstensen, Solomon Katz, and Ernest Conrad. Came away doubting anything will work out for contract for history of UW Metropolitan Tract. Conrad, V.P. for Metropolitan Tract Affairs, seemed to me a major pain in the ass. He may be someone you like better as you get to know him, but I wouldn't bet on it. Doesn't really listen, doesn't seem to have thought out his own notions. Seemed to go out of his way not to be impressed with me. That's his right, but most likely he was simply being peevish with C'sten for his not agreeing to do the Metro history himself, and taking it out on C's "protege". Which is howlingly ironic, considering the distancing and wariness I've practiced against C in the past several years.

Most of lunch went to Conrad joking that he'd like to turn Olympic Hotel into brothel, since that's about all most of the rooms are big enough for. Says the hotel will be kept, but it's baffling what to do with it, given those old and small rooms. Conrad and C'sen both had various stories about prostitution, Katz (whom I liked quite well) periodically trying to drag talk back to the

March ² cont. -- Metro history. It became plain that Conrad, and probably the Regents subcommittee he's acting for, has no clear notion what the history ought to be. He seemed to be saying that they want an uncensored, scholarly job which will redound bountifully to the credit of the Regents.

Conrad went out of his way to say that there are other, maybe plenty, ~~and~~ of candidates for the writing. One is Shelby Scates, who he said wants to do it "in the worst way." Another is Donald Alexander, who has written history of U Book Store.

Upshot was that C'sen and Conrad suggested I talk with Harold Sheffelman, the old regent who had so much to do with the tract. Also, Conrad agreed that I could take a look at Metro files in his office, to get some notion of what's there. I will get in touch with Sh'man, as mutual feeling out -- see whether I can garner from him whether an honest history can really be done, and let him look me over. Also will try to see Conrad by himself, to give him a little sass about the job and see how he takes it. If it works out at all with Sh'man and the look at the files, I think I will go ahead and submit proposal, with double committee cushion on research and manuscript, and with precise expenses, just to have it on record, and see how it goes.

C'sen at end of lunch came up with idea that Charles Odegaard and I might do the project together. Conrad chuckled and said he'd bet I'd quit at least 10 times; wish to hell I'd snapped that I quit jobs only once. Anyway, prospect of working with Odegaard, notoriously abrupt and overbearing, doesn't thrill me at all. C'sen thinks there's something of value to be learned there, but I couldn't get clear of Conrad to find out what that might be.

Strange jibe from U Archivist Rich Berner as he saw C'sen and I walking toward lunch: "There go the amateur historians!" C'sen muttered what the hell's he talking about, we've got the union card; I said Rich has s'times seemed nonplussed about my writing for magazines and newspapers. Still, very odd, and I'd better see about the state of my fences with Rich, who is both edgy and a brilliant archivist.

March ² cont. -- A good gesture from Bob Monroe of NW Collection, offering me photocopy of letter from Archbld Macleish to Audrey Wurdemann upon pub'n of her Pulitzer book of poems Bright Ambush. Striking letter, valuable for any article about W'mann.

Finally bright and cold (froze last night) weather, after 5-6 days when it did everything but rain tabasco sauce. Much wind, some snow, sleet, small hail, and much much rain; Carol and I thought it the worst weather since April '73 in Scotland.

Worked on income tax y'day and this morn until I left for UW.

Read 3 books last week: Stoppard's Travesties, even more brilliant techniques than his other plays; Susan Flader's book about Aldo Leopold and game management; and Tove Jansson's Summer Book, thoroughly wonderful.

Some good work on 2life last week, including revising which lined out much of first part of Valley. Carol read a few dozen pages for me, thought them fine.

Forgot to add above the current reading: Billington's history of F.J. Turner, which I'm reading from the back to the middle, not that entranced with all the material on T's youth. Account of T's failure to write "the big book" and constant taking on other tasks struck me as very much like C'sen.

Good progress on our fitness program. My weight has been right at 149 stripped the past 3 or so weeks, am now running more than 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Carol got down to 118 last week, is firming up and feeling better.

March 8: Array of birds outside study windows this morn: jays, varied thrushes, couple of big robins, juncos, black-capped chickadees, and bushtits. Y'day morn when I stepped out for the paper, 8 or 10 jays in corner trees, muttering to each other. The birds this morn are working on bank of hillside behind house, occsnly in garden plot. Jay outraged me by picking, of all the trees around, the young peach tree to land on; hung sideways on it, feet around its young trunk, then pushed off with velocity which made the whip of a tree sway violently.

March 10 -- Trying to sprint through next 10 days before Carol's spring vacation, which we want to spend at Cannon Beach. We're arranging to rent summer house of friends of Peggy O'Coyné.

Spent time this morn laying out schedule, and life at least looks a little more manageable that way.

Writing on Flip section of $\frac{1}{2}$ life; intend to rough 25 pp this week, and should make it.

Friday the 5th, went to Farewell, My Lovely, liked it pretty well. Next day Clint called to ask about going to movie with them that night, and we went to Story of Adele H. Very, very fine, precisely photographed and the entire story line laying out the theme of Adele's madness. Cindy and Lisa Roden spotted us, and all 6 had coffee and baklava at Continental. Cindy has her hair dyed blonde. Both seem to be thriving.

Much work on inner room both days of weekend. Hung some doors, including the big closet ones; project is beginning to look good.

Y'day afternoon, worked on back fence and gateway. Set the gateposts Monday afternoon. Digging for more than an hour in hard clay, then went to phys condng class and worked up another sweat. Small wonder my weight was $148\frac{1}{2}$.

Monday afternoon, Carol and I went to Ann's, to leave her prospectus for Writing to Yourself book idea and talk over the project with her. Ann's first triumph in agenting is a "yes, let's look at it" from NY Times travel editor -- a mixed blessing, since I'll have to spend much time and effort getting the article into shape. But Ann was properly overjoyed with the coup.

My jogging increases; can now run more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, working up to 2. Also, exercises Monday night ~~more~~ went easier, sign I'm working into shape.

March 16: Our social life, which has been pretty quiet all winter, has gone off like skyrocket. Sat. night, we had dinner at Chamberlins; y'day I met Pete Steen in U. Tower for drink and hour's gossip; then to Nyquists for conditioning class's salad party; then Paul and Peggy Marley came home with us for a drink. Today, I head into a round of seeing Harriet Rice at Pac S, Harold Shefelman about Metro Tract history, poke into Metro files in Ernest Conrad's officem, and then we go to Olson's for dinner.

Te try unravel some of this:

--Chamberlins are happy with Bill's job at UNC j'm school. Bill is writing dissertation on Fairness Doctrine. We noticed how much he's toughened up in these 3 years of Ph.D. work -- has become more aware of how bright and capable he is, and looks at people with a colder eye. He had some acute comments on Pember and Ames, for ex, which he wouldn't have a few years back.

--Made a memo on Pete's Quinault project (in Wash. history file). Pete thinks his book is going well at UW Press, tho they seem to try to shuck him about how long it's going to be -- and it'll be only 320 pp or so, much shorter than their usual history works. At Forest History Society, Maunder is going on sabbatical for a year, but it's not clear whether Pete will run things or whether M will hire new administrative types. Pete says Ron Fahl is upset with uncertainty of what's going to happen; also, Ron will take some time off for his dissertation work. Plainly, M is an odd duck to work for.

--Salad party at Nyquists to mark end of physical conditioning class was low-key, kind of interesting. Learned that Dwight has taught archery for Olympic Committee in Colombia, made me think I'd better snap up his casual invite to teach me some evening. Also learned more about other class members -- woman who works for Boldermakers' Union, another selling organic health stuff, an Edmonds school nurse and her weird husband who's mence man at US Plywood. Also told Carol later I must be getting old: hadn't much noticed the young free-lance model when she was running around in exercise shorts, but last night when she had a red dress on I thought she looked ~~xxx~~ smashing. The Marleys followed us home for a drink -- we've liked them from the start, pleasant competent people in their mid-50s. Peggy is bookkeeper for Clyde's Camera, Paul heads State Dept. of Game office in Seattle.

March. 16 cont. -- They have weekend house near Anacortes, and we'll likely get together with them up there, learn more about Skagit area.

Good day of writing y'day, roughed 7 pp of $\frac{1}{2}$ life. Also painted some cabinet doors, ran (nearly 2 miles now), and tinkered more with Land Conference piece for Pac S. That article idea simply isn't working, and I'm going to ask Harriet if I can junk it.

Chevron USA came with my Lewis & Clark piece -- art work a cliché, and editor's foreword slapped in where it looks to be the lead. Helen Bignell wrote embarrassed letter of apology.

On the subject of editors, nervous-making news from Vijay this morn, one more in the series of his flailings which began about 1st of the year: he's sending me page proofs, but only the 2d half of Utopian America. 1st half already has been corrected and sent to printer, he says, and declares everything is okay. I won't be reassured until I see it all in print. Anyway, Vijay declares he intends to send the remainder to printer next week, and then there should be a book in about six weeks. All this is going on while Bob Boynton is in Britain, and so, with his scrutiny of Vijay's work lost, I simply have to write off the result to kismet.

March 22, Cannon Beach -- Mon. morn, and road crew beginning work outside Crowthers' summer house; remains to be seen if we want to stick around this morn, or head off on a day trip.

Rainy today, y'day cloudy but dry. Throngs of people in C Beach and on the beach -- many kites flying, ~~many~~ cars around Haystack Rock until the sand looked like a parking lot. As regards driving on beach, Oreg'ns aren't entirely ready for Ecotopia.

Crowther cabin turns out to be an ultimate seaside place, so full of beach finds and gewgaws that I have to resist urge to clean it all out. Two electric heaters, plus fireplace, are proving to be enough to keep us warm. Both of us have slept 9-10 hours the past 2 nights here; I took my resting heart rate y'day morn before getting up, and it was 50.

Walked for couple of hours y'day, from Cannon Beach to where rocks begin south of town. Before supper, I ran for about 20 minutes as well.

Good eating so far -- crab (at \$1.19 #) the first night, smelt at 10¢ a pound last night.

Catching up on last week: Wed I went to Pac S to talk story ideas with Harriet. Had apptmt with Harold Shefelman set up for 1:30, but Harriet took it into her head to get us lunch in KING cafeteria, and by about 12:30 we still hadn't eaten. Got back to her office, called Shefelman to postpone, and talked with Harriet and Alice an hour or so. Highlight was standing in KING cafeteria line with Harriet, feeling quick nervous and curious glances from KING news folk -- Mike James, John Lippmann, Doug Rives -- as they wondered who in hell was being rung in on them now.

Thursday, met with Shefelman for an hour or so in his office on 18th floor of IEM Bldg. He is 77 or 78, looks in ~~mid-50's~~ mid-50's. Short, 5'5" or so, stocky; obviously used to power, but pleasant enough. I was careful to be frank and even blunt with him, citing my doubts about Ernest Conrad (Sh'man thinks Conrad has been wonderfully dedicated UW public servant; I also began to gather than Sh'man probably had done his thinking for him during Sh's 17 years as ch'man of the Metro Tract committee) and about how Regents would react to critical portions of Metro history. He not only agreed to my idea of arbitration committee in case of

March 22 cont. -- but before long seemed to think it had been his idea.

All in all, the visit with him went well, and I followed up with tough letter to Conrad -- though at Carol's suggestion I took out the most arrogant sentence -- which put to him the basic terms I see for the Tract history: a 2-yr project, in range of \$55,000, and an arbitration committee as the only method to dispute my findings. Sent copy to Carstensen, saying I'm not interested in project unless it's on these terms, and maybe not even then.

Tuesday night, the 16th (?), party at the Olsons -- Amy, Daheims, Denzil and Maxine Walters. Hilarious night, one of the best any of us could ~~remember~~ remember. Maxine, Mary and I were all quick on the tongue, maybe as result of Irish whiskey Fred broke out. And Fred showed his slides from Minn. hometown, Ireland, and Japan, truly excellent work, very well crafted.

Worked some last week on passports piece for NY Times -- have a good but long lead. Friday, simply ran out of steam in early afternoon, read Roger Bannister's book on 4-min. mile to prepare for planned piece on running the sand. Good ideas continue to flow, but the usual problem is to muster time and energy to write them.

March 24 -- Weathered in. High winds and rain since late y'day afternoon. Had a tussle to keep the fire going last evening, so this morn went to gara ge and chopped a helluva supply of dry wood. We went up beach toward the cove before that, wind at our backs, and cut inland to come home.

Monday night, I went to beach here on n. side of Ecola Creek to jog, and at north end of beach found a large Japanese fishing float, about size of a medicine ball. First one we've come onto in ten years of beach hiking.

Earlier on Monday, we went to Ft. Clatsop -- chill, damp day, about the time of year Lewis and Clark were getting ready to pull out eastward again. Had excellent, quiet lunch at Crab Broiler.

Rainy much of y'day; about 11, took car uptown for lube job, had lunch at Log Cabin, winnowed the used books at Innisfree (bought 4 for \$15), looked at some of the art galleries, which seem sheer schlock.

March 24 cont. -- Mid-afternoon, we drove down to Cape Falcon, hiked out to top of Cape during storm. Funnels of wind at places along cape edge -- wind made a noise in cliffside trees we'd never heard before, a huge zippering noise. White surges of surf filled entire depth of Short Sand Beach -- that is, surf all the way out to a line from end of Falcon to Neahkahnie headland. On the cape where we could see sideways to incoming waves, watched the tremendous roostertails of spray flying back off each big wave. Also noted that some waves were breaking $2/3$ way up a pinnacle rock probably 80 or 100' high. Both liked the hike hugely, feel of weather and gale. And got very wet; I got wetter still by going to beach to jog after we got home. Have managed to run, one way or another, every day; also, we've twice walked the length of Cannon Beach south of river, probably 7-mile round trip, plus y'day Cape hike.

Found the 2nd night there were rats in the attic; I saw one, to confirm the droppings, when I went up y'day to check D-con poison trays, and put out two more. Found the trays showed signs of eating. Also went to lumber yard and bought piece of plywood to fit over attic hole, which Crowthers have covered only with an old hammock or something. Last night, no sound of rats (night before, they woke us up several times).

March 26 -- Another blustery day, tho we've dodged the wettest squalls. Walked the Cannon Beach length -- about 6-mile round trip, I figure -- after lunch, sheltering at one end of public john near Tolovana inn as whip-end of one storm went past into the Coast Range. Then looked around town stores briefly, buying Linda a handsome cup for birthday, and just got in door of cabin as hail and sheets of rain began.

This morn, went to Ft. Stevens, to gather material for Pac S article. Terrific wind at South Jetty at mouth of Columbia, spray flying over rocks like explosions. Came back, buying crab (still at \$1.19 #, an incredible bargain) in Seaside for supper, had lunch for 3d day in lunchroom at back of bakery. Standing joke had been that we would order clam chowder, waitress would tell us it wasn't ready yet -- would be ready at noon one day, 1:30 another. I had been eating pancakes, which the place does up wonderfully. Today we pored

March 26 cont. -- over menu to divvy up a pancake and eggs order, knowing we were the earliest we'd ever been -- and waitress marched over to announce the chowder was ready.

Found two more glass balls on Cannon Beach today, roughly softball size. Also came onto a crippled grebe being washed in by the tide. Two dogs were at him, Carol held one and a kid the other as I picked up the fighting grebe and carried it out into the surf. Probably prolonged its life only hours, or maybe minutes, but we wanted to see it have a chance.

Found one other glass float at far end of Cannon Beach the other day, maybe Tuesday -- this one about size of tennis ball. So after 10 years of beach hiking and never seeing any at all, we now have four.

Y'day went to Nehalem Spit, hiked for total of 2 hours. Again, a lot of wind, and squalls hitting up and down the coast. Our biggest day of walking &/or running; went to beach behind our cabin when we got up, I ran from far end back to cabin; ~~the~~ then Nehalem Spit, then mid-afternoon I ran usual route from cabin to far end of beach and back again. Uptown at lunch, Dave Wright hailed us from across street; he and family are at Surfview Motel. Carol invited them for drink late that afternoon, which went pleasantly enough -- both Dave and Shirley pleasant enough people. Remarkable talent for gossip, tho; they knew all about (from friends here in town) the weird woodman up the street I'd encountered just two hours before. I'd gone up to buy \$10 worth of wood for Crowthers to replace all we've burned in this weather. The guy, mid-20ish or so, lives in house with clapboards painted alternate red and white; wood is piled high all round like fort walls. I knocked; radio was blaring, and pack of dogs began barking inside. In a minute, lock~~s~~ or two turned, 3 dogs tumbled out barking, and guy appeared in door, wearing Levi jacket with red day-glo stripes painted up either sleeve. Told him I'd like to buy some wood, he said his pickup wasn't running, he'd lost the key. I said that sure would keep it from running, so I'd be willing to haul wood in trunk of my car. He said no, he didn't want to split up load of wood that way. I shrugged okay, and dropped the idea.

March 26 cont. -- I've been running dutifully every day, tho it'll take some girding this afternoon to go out into more wind and squally weather. Partly it's for Pac S piece on Running the Sand, partly to fight calories of the grand seafood eating we've been doing, but mostly it's my doggedness about working into shape. Both of us are in better condition than any spring we can remember. Carol looks marvelous, very slim, and also very relaxed after this vacation.

A final note for today: the rat(s) I thought I had exterminated was back at his skittering on Wed. night and much of y'day. Didn't wake us last night, tho, and no sounds today.

March 30th --- 2nd day back on the job after vacation, and at least it was better than y'day. Night of Sunday the 28th, Jean Withers had arranged surprise birthday ~~part~~ party for Linda Miller. We had misgivings because it was Sunday night, but said we'd come. Helluva good party, but misgivings were more than borne out; both of us queasy next day, and I only managed to rummage around the desk a bit. Party was total surprise to Linda, a careful gathering of all her closest friends -- us, Peg and Jack Gordon, Susan Brown, Kay Okimoto. Good folks; we especially like the Gordons when we're around them, and wonder why we don't make it more often.

Am now tussling with passports piece to try on NY Times travel page. Considerable misgivings, because my material and approach likely aren't profound enough. But will try bang it out this week.

Came back from Cannon Beach the eve of the 27th, after day of persistent rain and ~~wk~~ wind. Tried a beach walk after lunch, but wind too miserable. Sunday, did laundry like mad and considerable other house cleaning.

Just now back from exercise at Sh'line. Running was hard, took me 3 laps to loosen up. Both pleased that we gained so little weight during the vacation break -- about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each.

Apr 8 1961 -- Am drawing down to the end of passports piece; will turn it over to Ann tomorrow. Difficult research and writing. Last weekend -- I wrote on the piece Sat. morn, unusual for me -- I thought the piece had about 1 in 4 chance of acceptance, now have it up to about 1 in 3, I think. Anyway, it'll soon be done, and on to other projects.

Y'day morn talked with W. Bruce Weaver, head of Seattle passport office; thoroughly a bureaucrat, but a congenial one. Had lunch with Clint at Olympia Oyster House; seafood chowder not nearly as good as when Carol and I first went there, and a sporadic fashion show, which brings models beaming to your table about every 10 mins., was going on. Good to see Clint even so; he told me about the irregular heartbeat he's been having, which apparently isn't serious but has scared him into aerobics running.

Sunday afternoon, we finished putting doors on storage cabinets in inner room. Result is stunning -- very striking gallery effect with the white surfaces of the doors and their frame-like edging. We're enormously pleased.

Carol very busy, teaching 4 courses this quarter.

Exercised at Shoreline late y'day, Carol's weight is about 118½, I was surprised to be down another pound, to 117. Earlier, I had a filling replaced at Gp Health Dental; novocain injected about 3:15, didn't wear off until 7:30. More dentistry ahead, which I dread and resent; 4 more fillings, and probably a crown on the chipped front teeth.

April 12 -- Good day of work, redid 10 pp. of ½ life, managed an hour's work this afternoon on Running the Sand. We exercised at Shoreline, I ran 7 laps for 1st time. Wt is 117½, better than I expected.

Sat., Nelsons came in morn so Ann could pick up Diaries query letter we'd looked over, plus my redo of ~~Wa~~ James G. Swan story. Afternoon, after lunch at Mill Town in Edmonds, Carol and I went to Point No Point. Several boats of fishermen, but no ships. Sunday, worked all day on closets, put up plasterboard in linen closet, cut a shelf, etc.

Finished passports article last Wed., Ann sent it off the next day. Did a final rwrite which I think gives it about 40% chance of being accepted by NY Times.

April 12, '76 -- Clint came for dinner Friday night; Linda was in Denver for NOW convention. Had Clint help me move couch to inner room so we could plan around it.

A busy spring so far, but one with hopes that I may get a lot done. Summer looms busy too -- Rodens likely here last two weeks in June, Carol's folks probably the last two in July.

April 20--Y'day a broody one for both of us. The killer of Denzil and Maxine Walters' son escaped from min'm security at W Walla; then Carol learned that Willy Clark's husband, Allen, died at age 48. The Walterses and Clarks aren't our close friends, but they are people whose lives are hinged somewhere to our own. Allen Clark's death is in a series of Shoreline people dying unexpectedly -- Don Heard and the labor history teacher -- and each time, I feel the lightning cutting down around us. We've been living in a hiatus the past few years, no deaths within the family, no severe illness or injury.

Friday the 16th was as giddy as Y'day was gloomy. During lunch the travel editor of NY Times called to say he likes the passports story (then asked for editing which I spent most of y8day on). We'd invited Ann and Marsh out for dinner, promised for his designing my new letterhead. Went to pick up Ann, she met me at door with letter from Modern Maturity offering \$700 for piece on poetry writing. Dinner at City Loan Pavilion, then the play at the Empty Space, -- Edward Bond's The Sea, which I liked very much for its nicely sustained scenes. Occasion was also our 11th anniversary. The two of us do splendidly, if the world will leave us to our own lives. But it won't, can't.

Some more work on new linen closet on Sat. A few more shelves to be cut and painted, and all this closet work at last will be done.

Sunday, we had lunch at Cont'l, then walked the marsh-side path and through the Arboretum. Temp was about 50, so of course Seattleites behaved as if it were glorious weather -- people picnicking, wearing shorts, a few lying on grass.

Recent reading: Honor Tracy's The First Day of Friday, which has some funniness but runs out of direction. Now, Jonathon Schell's The Time of Illusion, marvelously lucid book which argues that Nixon was a sort of maniacal fantasist, and did incredible harm to system of govt.

April 27 -- Am coming down with the cold Carol had last week; not bad yet -- slept in an hour this morn and have felt relaxed.

Last eve, the 1st of daylight saving, I walked up the hill about 8, and was almost giddy with happiness and optimism. Weekend's work finished the inner room cabinets and painting. Am writing well -- much improved ms of $\frac{1}{2}$ life, canny editing of Silen's forest genes article for Pac S, Tricentnl coming up in Pac S the month after; NY Times passport piece should go, and Modern Maturity piece I'm to write this week. Also, feel better with weight now just over 146, running up nearly to two miles. Hesitate to say how well all this going, for fear of calling down the lightning.

To Nelsons Sat night, when Lib Rogers was in town from Chi. Ann is Buddha-like with pregnancy, the date now 3 weeks off.

To Pac S last Wed afternoon, talked story ideas with Harriet, worked up one on Forest Grove and one on Tualatin wire to go with NY Times piece on Portland; Ann is trying to query up another one or two.

~~Spent~~ Spent day and $\frac{1}{2}$ last week revising Passports. State Dept would give me comment only by mail, and then begged the questions.

Friday, did much straightening of desk, copying notebk items, organizing. Seems to be one of those periodic moments where I grapple things into shape momentarily. Somehow am feeling less pressure on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, instead of more (as I should be?). Am not clear why, except taking ~~taxi~~ time on it seems to be improving it vastly, and the material and ideas continue to pile up.

Begun, with misgivings, Salisbury's The 900 Days. It's massive book which I will get little out of in terms of writing usability, but notches my mind into "interested neutral" each bedtime. Have changed habits -- seem to be reading more than ever, watching almost no TV except news, Space 1999, and after supper on Sundays if anything looks possible.

Carol is high on her media class, which has some bright heads and endless topics -- such as Barbara Walters' \$5 mil contract last week.

April 28 -- Pac S lunch today. Archie said beforehand he's thinking of bagging his Search work, which makes me think his mind is already made up. Says he has some personality problem with Harriet, tho they're both so low-key I have trouble imagining it. Arch is under obvious pressure on his Home Front book -- says he's done 100 pp of ms, has 300 to go, some 40 interviews, etc. Also says he's hassled even at free lance meetings by people who want reviews for friends, or other favors.

Frank Z was there, and Ann Saling, very talky and I think twanging nerves on several of us. Main result of meeting was idea of issue focusing on se Oregon, where Malheur Game Refuge has fallen on evil, over-grazed days.

This morn wrote last page of Clatsop Explorings piece, which is fun and somewhat overwrought.

Carol had lunch today with Madeline Olson, caught between her husband's indecisions about whether to make career move to Salem. Carol was still giving M a chance to talk some of it out when I got home at 4.

I cleared up some letters this morn, filed some clippings. Am getting things organized again.

Bad news y'day: learned from Vijay that Utopian Am'ca won't be out until early June. Last they'd told me, it was to be end of this month. Called Bob Boynton to reinforce his notion of having Hayden at least get out a mailing about the book. He said the production screwup has been that Hayden settled a lawsuit which had been holding up long-awaited revision of electronics books, and 8 books were fed into the schedule around 1st of year, bollixing the rest of us. I've cursed, and tried to g forget it.

May 11 -- Just finished phone call from Bob Stock of NY Times travel page. Gave me a few ideas for P'land piece, read some editing changes on passports piece. His editing sounds damn good -- trimming back my tendency to overexplain. He'll run it in tandem with some other piece on passports on his front page.

Am finally feeling over the flu. Began coming down with it last week in April; by weekend of May 1-2, I was dragging badly. Missed Boat Day on the first; Carol went, had trad'l picnic with Millers, Jack Gordon, Frank and Linda.

I plugged away at poetry piece for Modern Maturity during flu -- also did some cleaning out, reshelving, filing clips. Finally finished poetry piece last night, will have M. Svec read it for me.

Ann is in hospital this morn, so ready that the childbirth is being induced. Should hear from Marsh before long.

Much work around house accomplished last weekend. Garden has been put in, including tomato ring and squash patch; lawn cut, small bed moved to Millers so we can put up Carol's childhood bed in small guest room. Last Wed. night, we framed my PhD and the huge Lifetime Alum certificate I hang next to it as a gag; found that even at do-it-yourself frame shop, the two none-too-big frames added up to \$20, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs of time.

Some progress on $\frac{1}{2}$ life; redid section on WSS bars, and Sue Karban retyped. Carol thought it very good.

Party at Amy's last Sat. night: the Ben Cashmans, the Maloofs; Ann and Martin Brady, English couple here on professorial exchange for a year (now ending); and John and Sandy Rosten, John being the Pan Am man who supplies Amy with British newspapers which she passed to the rest of us. Bradys were so English we thought we were back at Egerton Crescent -- Ann talking thru her nose, Martin listening to you with head slightly forward and his eyes somewhere down your front. Ann made pro forma defense of class system when I said it had bothered me during our stay; she said it creates a certain educated level of person at its best. Kathrin Maloof sideswiped her by saying Wm. F. Buckley is an American example of the sort.

May 12 -- Call just now from Mrs. VL Parrington, Jr., to say (in response to my letter) that indeed the P family does intend that the P papers stay in this area; her husband's wish was that they go to the UW. Apptly her husband did a bio of VLP, but it was never pub'd -- for one thing, pub'rs thought he shdn't include VLP's autobiog sketch as he had. He intended to polish the ms, but died of cancer before getting to it. I asked Mrs. P if he had been thoroly happy with Hofstadter's treatment, she said no, he'd intended to write some rebuttal, some defense of VLP. She added that H had lived in their house a week while using the papers, and she never saw anyone work so hard and fast. Later realized that H must have known he had cancer, and was working to try beat it. Also from her comment, it was P family trait to be methodically thoro -- and thus slow -- about projects.

Mrs. P knew my work from Pac S; says she's a dedicated reader, was at U with Harriet R, Liz Fisk, Pat Baillargeon. Told her I was about to go to Portland on assignments, she turned out to be from there -- dtr of Paul Neils, 90-yr-old lumberman still living there.

Lunch today with Pat Vessie at Woerne's German cafe on Ave. Pat has had long spell of sickness, out of medictn for flu or pneumonia -- one of several such spells since we've known her. A fine lady, very interested in my work and my #1 fan, almost to embarrassment -- and I wonder what her life is like, what the compass bearing is in her head.

Various research at UW today, then to SeaGraphics to arrange for business cards printing. Stan Stapp showed me his composing gizmos while I waited, told me he may buy the Puget Sound Mail in Lacomor -- he has cabin on Swinmsh Resvtn, could retire up there; says he misses the writing of the newspaper business, but also wonders if he wants to get back into what is pretty much a starvation way of life. He has 50-75 jobs going at a time in print shop now.

At 6, went to see Ann at NW hospital; she's dandy, pleased with herself that pregnancy, delivery etc all went like clockwork, and the result -- Sarah -- was a girl just as she's proclaimed.

May 17 -- Diary catching up, as part of my new notion ~~to~~ to begin day by warming up at typewriter before tackling ^{the} life.

Sat. afternoon, went to Seattle Public Library for their Meet the Authors afternoon. Gorgeous weather, and I regretted having said I'd come. But thought if Friends of Library were willing to do it, I might as well cooperate. Was glad I did, a good chance for meeting other writers and trading gripes. Can hear an oral archive of horror stories about publishers; never did hear a good word for a publisher directly, tho someone said they'd heard an ok word for Dutton from somebody else. Anyway, I met several folks:

--Alphabetically next to me at the 4-persons-per-table arrangement was Stephen Cosgrove, who writes and publishes Serendipity Books -- a whimsey character named Wheedle, etc Kids love 'em, and they are wonderfully illustrated, by a withdrawn gal named Robin James, who looks all of 19. Cosgrove had been partying night before, started off bloodshot and a trifle shaky as he put down his 1st cup of coffee. Said he'd sold ~~at~~ his press's distribution wing to someone, who promptly screwed it up and he's having to take it back. C is maybe late 20s, rough good looks, and already is a helluva successful entrepreneur.

--Chuck LeWarne I talked to briefly; he was coming down with flu, and had spent all morn at Labor History meeting besides.

--Ray Mungo: introduced myself, asked how Return to Sender is selling, and he was off. Liked him: pixy guy, about 5'5" and 100#, black hair ~~and~~ and big bright eyes which ~~focus~~ draw attention smack into them and hold you there. Busy talker, putting on a bit of a gig, but mostly coming across as his writing does: here I am, open, a little flakey and smartass and vulnerable all at once. He's been through 6 or 8 publishers now; said SF Book Co had to be nagged for money, they were too busy living San Fran'co elegance to be bothered with things like authors' \$\$\$. M says now he's busy reviving magazine called Green Mtn. Post, which he did 4 issues of several years ago; said Montana Books~~x~~ and his pub'g co can take care of themselves, so he's on to the next thing. Said jokingly he's gonna make a million bucks, and I told him he probably would, right enough.

May 17 cont. -- Mungo also said he can't imagine living anywhere besides Seattle, where he's been 3 years. Said he revisited Boston, hated the crowding and brusqueness. Asked him if he'd pilgrimaged to Total Loss on the trip, he said no, Total Loss is now a Total Success, but there are all kinds of tensions -- one he threw in was "sexual jealousy" -- between him and some of the folk.

--Sue Osborn, co-author of Assertive Training for Women, was a smashing blond, and God knows how I could defend that line to a g feminist jury. She teaches assertive training at Bellevue CC, had the funniest pub'r horror story of all: her editors, at firm called Chas. Wright in Springfield, Ill., changed all pronouns in her ms to masculine. Said it took her weeks to change 'em back, straighten it out.

--Floyd Schmoee, Quaker and naturalist, whom Archie S. has written admiringly of: big gentle man, probably early 70s. Talked books briefly, said he'd recently got \$2000 royalty check for The Big Sur. Asked him if he'd had advance too, he said no, none had been offered. Said Victor Scheffer's wife told him S got \$2500 from Scribner's for The Year of the Whale. Criminal stinginess.

--Introduced myself to Paula Simmons, mentioned Pac S, and found the talking damn hard going. Finally hit on it: asked if she has more cookbooks in words, she said yes, but not for pac s. Next to her sat Vernon Skeels, dr who had written sci fi book called Tetrasomy Two, said moresely he hasn't been able to repeat, has 3 chs on another and has been stuck.

--Met E.M. Sterling at next table, having read his Mtnrs stuff for years; as old newspaperman, he talks more easily than most of the other writers there. Said the Forest S had sent around objections to his criticisms of cut in Gifford Pinchot, Nat'l Forest in latest book -- Pac S got one -- but they'd steered clear of him personally. Next to him was Ira Spring, who had spent the morn skiing before coming to town. Quiet, obviously sizing me up; looks like what you'd expect, a capable gent who belongs outdoors.

May 24 -- Very good day of work. Some of $\frac{1}{2}$ life took on much more strength. Also, \$700 check from Modern Maturity came -- Ann's 1st sale. She wants the check photo-copied.

House projects have finally begun to pull together -- built-in shelf installed in inner room on Sat., and it looks good. Carol has guest bedroom ready. Rodens apparently will be here 1st week in June.

Pleasant weekend, low-key. Walked around Green Lake on Sat.; also had lunch at Pike Place Mkt, looked at sleeping bags at Eddie Bauer's. Sunday, lunch at Cont'l, and walk to UW library and around campus a bit; also went around n'hood at sunset. I ran Sat. eve, it shows up in my good weight at exercise today: 145#.

Recent reading: Turtle Diary, by Russell Hoban; liked it very much. Have been reading every night in Arnold Bennett's journal; colossal amount of wordage he would put out in a year.

Saw Harriet R early last week; her horse had fallen with her, put one arm in a sling. I fetched lunch for us from KING cafeteria. Broached some increase in rates to her, agreed I'd suggest something and we'd talk it over. Worked on that memo some today, along angle of making me some sort of senior writer or contributing editor, and paying me an advance on 4 or so major articles per year.

Did some garden work on weekend; must finish trench around garden and get slug bait into it pronto. Have about fought slugs to standoff on peas and squash. Pea plants grow mightily -- most are more than waist high -- but no blossoms yet. Strawberries look very vigorous.

May 26 -- Continued hard stint of work, $\frac{1}{2}$ life piecing itself together.

To Nelsons last night; allotted Ann 35% of Modern Matrty \$700, feeling I had promised her that % on the $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen unsaleable articles she first took on. She's raring for work; Sarah proving to be a quiet, untroublesome baby.

Ideas flowing in real spate; now if I can get them onto paper.

Carol busy, beginning to look tired in end-of-qtr push.

Both of us backing and filling on bathroom remodeling. I've decided we'd better invstgt fiberglass possblties, since we seem reluctant to pay for expensive retiling.

June 1 -- Dismal day of work. Got up depressed, have been struggling ever since to get anything done at all.

This is precisely the week I should get much done, before going to Portland, and now I've messed it up considerably. Don't understand the problem, which has happened after some other holidays, but not nearly all; 3-day weekends may simply crowd so much into my shortened work week that I buckle. Anyway, it's a hard time, and I think I'll escape to the Shoreline track and sauna.

Spent y'day afternoon with Damborgs; too much rain to walk Lake Union as we ~~planned~~ planned, but had lunch at Gasworks and then wine and talk at their place.

Worked very hard on $\frac{1}{2}$ life last week, much accomplished.

June 11 -- Worst diary gap in years. But last week is easily summed: trip to Portland and Forest Grove went well, all 3 articles feel good.

Reported to Harriet and Alice Smith y'day lunch. Not much new there, except that Harriet said Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman has been renewed by KING and is slotted for the same controversial time slot. Also said NBC News is talking about 1 hr of evening news.

Saturday was lowest tide of yr, so we went to Skagit Bay (Jensen access) to dig clams. About $\frac{1}{3}$ mile of greasy mud out to tide flats. Clams were good but very mild. Called Frank and Linda to come for supper. Frank is writing all of 'ac S's Scannings now, for \$300 a month.

Y'day, I worked on Oregon stories in morn, went to Pac S for lunch, stopped by AAA for maps and books on Banff trip, tried in vain to buy phone book at PNB, came home and we exercised. Ran 8 laps without much trouble, tho I tired out in weight room pretty quickly. Gained about 2 lbs during Portland dining out, not bad. Y'day was lovely, so we went to waterfront for salmon-and-chips supper.

Utopian America came while I was in Portland -- NYT passport piece also appeared -- and it turns out to have vivid violet cover which I kind of like. Have only looked through the book rapidly, enough to feel that I should have edited myself down more than I did. But that's a problem: by time a book gets into print, I'm somewhat out of phase with time and mood in which I wrote it.

June 21 -- Weird and trying day. Startled from sleep last night by Cindy calling to relay message from John and Jean in Spokane, then couldn't get back to sleep. Then Carol was hit with cramps, and moved to living room couch. After b'fast, I was still groggy, and had touch of diarrhea. Carol came in with groceries this afternoon, tonic bottle dropped thru bottom of sack and shattered like a bomb, glass splinters everywhere.

I've hacked away at desk work, sorted clips and thrown out many -- day of some small progress, at least.

We had a good weekend. Puttered at house, outdoors. Saturday, looked for chest of drawers for inner room, finally decided we want something to fit in closet.

Fairly strong work last week. Roughed the Forest Grove and wine stories, both of which should be damned good.

Sat. night, went to Edgemont, to Robin and Marian. Liked it -- very well acted, good gritty Richard Lester look to movie -- except for soap opera ending.

Carol worked with tremendous diligence last week and cleaned her desk entirely, filing everything that was floating loose. Proud of herself, and she ought to be.

Talked business with Ann on Tues. She's floating queries out steadily, but we're in bit of limbo until some responses come in. I have scads of article ideas, but hasn't have her put them all out until we get a feel for pace.

June 29 -- Last week was reasonable one for work -- rough of Forest Grove article, near-finished ms of Wil'mette wines article, some assorted chores. This despite difclty of working with people in the house. John and Jean arrived the 21st, and problem of voices carrying evlwhere thru this house has been serious, mostly in shorting my sleep. There'll be almost 3 weeks more of this when Frank and Lucie come.

Pac S meeting on 23d very quiet, uneventful. Archie Satterfield has checked out, saying he can't get along with Harriet -- disagreement over how much time he devoted to magazine, apparently. I took in 2 bottles of Oregon wine for sampling, we unanimously liked Bill Fuller's Tualatin Riesling better than Coury's.

Pete Steen called early last week. Has had job nibble from UW forestry -- to teach photogrammetry -- but no follow through from them. Also said the gov't is

June 29 cont -- dissatisfied with Forest History Soc's study of Quinalt logging case, feeling it goes against the govt's case. If it's fair, it probably does.

Garden has at last begun to grow, with past 3 days of sun. Peas continue to climb into trees, a few vines nearly 7' tall, and a few peas finally appearing.

Carol and I went on hiking trip, leaving Thurs. the 24. Left in drizzle, found open weather at Sequim as usual but also a strong wind along ~~Star~~ Strait, probably 25 knots or so. Weather had looked so uncertain we spent 1st half of day in Port Townsend, shopping antique stores for oval wall mirror Carol wants for guest room. Then to Dungeness Spit, hiked out couple of miles and rapped in driftwood sheltered from wind. Slow and happy dinner at 3 Crabs. Next morn, drove to Sequim to look at weather, found it clear. We went on to Elwha Valley. Had our minds so clicked off we took wrong fork at Liddell Cabin and went mile up the Dodger Point Trail before figuring out what was wrong. So, by time we got to Elkhorn, we'd done $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Camped near usual site by river; long lovely twilight, still some light near 10 o'clock. Both slept exceptionally well on new Ensolite pad under sleeping bag. Next morn, fished a bit, but river far too high, swift, and cloudy. Back at trail-head, talked with 2 kids who'd caught 7 fish at Humes Ranch, at an eddy where the river forks around an island.

Fine hike, in the clearest weather we've ever had in Elwha -- all peaks ~~in~~ [&] ridgelines in almost touchable clarity. Both of us had better stamina than usual because of jogging and exercise. But both had foot trouble, Carol's boots rubbing in half a dozen places, and mine rubbing in some and letting my feet pound in others because of what I suspect is inadequate arch support. We've been plagued with boot problem since our original ones wore out, and apparently will have to look again for a good pair.

Anyway, a fine and renewing trip; hardly anyone along trail, and we were the only ones except a trail crew at Elkhorn. Critters seen: several rabbits, tame doe and delicate fawn at Elkhorn; several ouzels just offshore from our campsite; bufflehead with 8 ducklings; and what must have been couple of female harlequins.

July 2 -- Friday afternoon, desk-cleaning time. A tough week to work, the Forest Grove piece going slowly and my nerves twanging. This house is very hard for me to work in with anybody else on hand, and I've particularly felt the lack of sleep, impossibility of catching a nap. Perhaps managed to work at about 75% capacity some days, a lot worse on others.

To Nelsons last night, for their annual gin bust to mark Laird's birthday. Craig and Tina Martin were there, Craig considerably mellowed than usual. I talked with him much of evening, about his Boeing job and other prospects. He's a helluva keen mind, if that cynicism isn't too corrosive. Find I like him fine when we talk one-on-one.

Lunch y'day at P-I with Archie Satterfield. I wanted to talk with him about self-publishing, as he and Merle Dowd did with their Seattle Guide. Turns out Dowd has taken a financial bath on the venture, signing an exclusive contract with distributor Jan Van Oosten, who has gone bankrupt. Van O was also handling Pac S book distribution, and Arch says Delphine Haley and Ann Saling haven't received any return on their books because of the losses; I've also noticed the enormous pile of Mohny's edibles book in one corner of the editorial meeting room, never seeming to diminish.

Arch is having troubles with Lippincott about approach and format of his home front book. He's always intended a straightforward oral history, the editor in charge now wants a narrative history incorporating his interview stuff. Arch says he has others publishers interested in the book, and thinks he can pull it back successfully. I have the feeling Arch is going to be too late with this one -- seems to me Goulden's The Best Years and some other stuff which has recently come out may play out the interest in the '40s. Maybe not. Archie seems to have no fears on that score; says he thinks this is his main chance to make money as a writer, build the bankroll to buy time for future projects.

July 5 -- Day of planning article queries, to take advantage of NY Times piece. As ever, pace is the problem -- to find the time for magazine work and $\frac{1}{2}$ life as well.

Warm, beautiful day. Worked in garden a bit after lunch, but too hot for transplanting, so I'll wait until after supper. Much, much to be done around house, everywhere I look. Cleaning shop will have to come first. Then I suppose the bathroom, then fencing, and so on.

John and Jean got their house back on Sat. the 3d. I don't fare well with guests in this house -- especially feel the lack of usual sleep, or the chance of a nap to catch up if need be. Noise goes all thru the house. Also there's at least one rooster and maybe more somewhere at top of hill now, crowing very early and sometimes most of the day.

Clint and Linda and kids here for picnic supper y'day. They've bought Capitol Hill house for \$86,500. Carol and I find it a stunning price, almost three times what we paid for this place, and incalculably beyond the limits of our "think small" philosophy. But Millers have some rational reasons -- or at least the powerful emotional one of "now or never" because of inflation. Peg and Jack Gordon also have bought a house recently; Frank and Linda are looking for one, and Craig Martin told me the other night that if they stay (not at all certain now) they'll be buying too.

Spent a relaxing 4th, avoiding everything we could, in real-life or on TV. Walked around Green Lake in morn, around n'hood at dusk, and I ran the Shoreline College loop as well. Also, we put up in inner room the Ukrainian wall hanging Jean brought us, a lovely work.

Meant to mention that John ran with me during their stay, and I do mean with me: very 1st day, he ran the same 2 miles around track I did, slower than me but very steady.

Had dental work last Tues., the 29th: the chipped front tooth has been ground down for a crown to fit on it. Have a temporary crown now, go back on 15th for real thing and some new fillings. Dentist, Dr. Self, didn't get enough novocaine in me, and was finally convinced when my legs would levitate in pain response. Stopped, gave me more novocaine, and finally got done, after I'd been in chair 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

July 5 -- Recent reading: The Final Days, which I liked; Peter DeVries's I Hear America Swinging, which was interesting for D's punning agility, but wander s and doesn't really have an end. Now reading McMurtry's In a Narrow Grave, which John gave me. Enjoying it, McM a fine lively talent, but I do get tired of the Texas syndrome.

July 7 -- The kind of day, which happens 3-4 times a year, when everything cuts loose: the gutter repairers showed up unannounced to work on the front of the roof, Carol put the car thru Electrocheck and found it needs \$550 work, Chas. Coury called in response to my wine article and talked for 45 minutes, Carol and I ~~xxx~~ had to herd along a clerk for more than half an hour in ~~steno~~ order to get the wallpaper for the bathroom on its way to us. Struggled betweentimes with lead for NYTimes piece on Portland, think I finally have the 1st page in hand, if I don't look back and find it too elongated and elegant.

At 4:15, went to track and ran, meeting John and Jean there. I ran a mile without stopping, for the 1st time, but my times still are slow. Still am running 2 miles each time. Y'day, Carol and I went up to gym about 11, to use sauna after run and some work in weight room.

Last night Carol painted the bathroom sink counter tile, our longtime bane, and may have solved the situation.

Did some garden work the other night, filling in places where nothing has appeared. Rain again this evening. July began hot, but has slacked off. We've had some helpings of peas, off the vines which are climbing up into the birches; taken just big enough to eat, they're delicious.

Y'day worked on smoke jumper article, including layout. Coming along well, tho there'll have to be considerable phoning around for missing facts. Jim Hughes of FS provided nice pics, but no captions and no b'ground.

Carol just read the Portland lead and likes it. I counted the drafts I went thru today -- total of 9.

Now reading: Goodbye to a River, by John Graves -- truly masterful, immensely better than the run of self conscious Texas horseshitters; and Bang the Drum Slowly, which always is funny and easy.

July 14 -- Weary, but have finished the NYTimes piece on Portland. Finally got it in shape y'day, retyped this morn. Carol was beat from painting shower tiles this morn, so we went to Golden Tides for lunch, then walked Green Lake. Now 4:20, and will do mechanical tasks of cleaning desk after this.

Bright beautiful day; Green Lake had carpet of sun-bathers around it.

Much expense in past week: gutter repairs for \$240, car repairs for \$600, and my dental work tomorrow will round off at \$230.

Saturday eve, met the Millers at Aurora theater to see Murder by Death (mediocre), then had dinner with them at Black Angus. They've bought Capitol Hill house for \$86,500, apparently the colossal roll of the dice many people are making in face of inflating prices. They said Tracy and Susan Brown have put up for sale the house they paid \$66,000 for -- now for \$140,000.

Monday, Alice Smith called from Pac S and asked if I wanted to go on American Forest Institute junket to SE Alaska which had been offered to Sid Rice. Told her I'd think about it, talked it over with Carol and found I still dislike junketing and don't want to cooperate with the system. Told Alice I'd go only if Pac S paid my way and I would do story on junket itself. She passed along my objections to Harriet, who said I'm absolutely right to oppose junkets; Alice said they'd like me to help write policy of some sort.

Garden continues to languish, tho gigantic pea vines have finally put out some peas.

Demo convention on. Barbara Jordan about the only interesting attraction so far, and she wasn't as good as she ought to have been. Chancellor and Brinkley are the class of TV coverage so far; all networks have amazing dimwittedness to put skilled reporters all over the floor, then scrooge them only a few seconds of coverage whenever they do come up with something.

Carol has been muscling the bathroom into respectblty, grim hard work but what we prefer to try rather than \$900 bill for dubious rehab project.

July 15 -- 3:10, and mouthful of novocaine from cheek to cheek. Six fillings and 1 ~~exam~~^h cap, hr $\frac{1}{2}$ in dentist's chair. Also about \$300. At least I'm caught up on all possible dental projects now.

Dropped NY Times piece with Ann, stayed only briefly because it's hard to talk with this mouth.

Think the Times piece is good, if somewhat over-elaborate as my work is getting to be. Haven't been getting the kick out of recent work that I ought to be -- I suppose shadow of undone $\frac{1}{2}$ life and the perpetual fret that I don't work fast enough account for it. Also, writing remains very nearly as hard work as when I started -- probably harder than when I was tossing off 4 editorials a day in Decatur.

Watched nominating and roll call of Demo convention last night. Pleasantly surprised that Mondale is vp.

July 20 -- Quick entry, before running and then the Rodens arriving for Jean's birthday supper. Frank and Lucie are here. Lucie quite tired last night after flight, seems to be aging more rapidly than Frank.

Day of good work, revising Willamette wines article and finishing smokejumpers piece. David Lett at The Eyrie was full of praise for the wine piece, said it was best wine writing he's seen -- which dumfounds me, determined non-wine-snob that I am.

Tough weekend of wallpapering the bathroom. Now about 2/3 done. It looks fine, especially with Carol's paint job on tile.

Have watched some Olympics, much taken with Comaneci's incredible gymnastics performances.

Called Rebecca Earnest to congrtlt her on job at Weekly, found she's 2 days a week there and 2 at Castoff, which I gave her a line on. Sounds content, which pleases me; she's a competent enough soul who's not smooth enough to get by as well as she might.

Archie Satterfield just called, to ask about books abt 1890's. Said Loren Eisely provided good coverline for his Yukon book, out of Archie's showing him around on a lonely evening during his UW speaking here years ago.

Y'day worked on major magazine queries, think I have some good ones. Ann called to say Atlantic will look at Poeting piece, and I believe I have a fair chance of making it there.

July 27 -- Kamloops, BC: 8:25, Carol about to go to B b'fast with Frank and Lucie. I woke at 5:45, jogged, had b'fast at 7. Brilliant clear day, the town laid out in valley below this motel (the Argus).

Will be home tomorrow; trip has been cut 2 days by lack of things to do in Banff and Jasper, and by Lucie's shakiness about travel. Carol says this likely will be the last trip of this sort, which is rather a sad landmark. The Muller family took its first trip in 1950, and have done much together since. Frank still travels well -- seems mellower ~~now~~ now than he was in Britain and The Netherlands -- but Lucie has frailties, whether real or imagined, and probably both. She sometimes seems to me to be wisping away, as her sister Esther is. Makes a tense situation for Carol, and probably much worse lies ahead, as her folks' health declines more.

Trip summary so far:

--Left on Thurs. the 22d, overnighed at Sandpoint, Idaho. Motel on Lake Pen d'Orielle, fine site. Jogged, as I've done every day but one.

--Banff the next two nights. Town crammed, almost like the Jersey shore with mtns. Motel, a brand new one, noisy and a bit off the mark. Carol, Frank and I went to Indian Days one aftn. Announcer said the Indian dancers couldn't be hurried, since they figured made plenty of time -- then he and other white honchos spent 45 mins. or so introducing one another, giving awards, etc. Things moved so glacially that Mexican family in front of us thought it was too slow. Dozen or so young Indians finally did a few dances -- boy named Tyrone Gillis won the chicken dance, judged by Saudi Arabian, Austln, and two other overseas types. Banff so thick with tour groups we scarcely heard English on streets. Many Japanese, some Germans and Scandinavns.

Frank and Lucie took us to dinner at Caboose for Carol's birthday, good restaurant. Accomdtns and eating have been shakey on this trip.

July 27 cont. -- Waitresses are all teenagers, orders have been perpetually mixed up, dishes dropped so often it seems the crash of chinaware must be Canadian nat'l anthem. Mixed with CBC's dog-in-the-mangerish coverage of Olympics and much self-doubt in press over latest bilingualism crisis (over air traffic controllers), it all makes Canada seem truly a 2nd-rate country, slapdash or worse.

--Cut short Banff stay because of motel and the town's crowds, tho we liked the wonderful thrusts of mtns all around. Drove Icefields Parkway to Jasper, marvelous scenic drive of unending peaks. Probably worth the trip for that one day's scenery. Found our cabin at Jasper not what Carol had expected when she made resvtns -- just a built-in alcove, like window seat, for C & me instead of any separate room. And weather turned rainy there y'day morn. We pulled out, after much logistical banging around to get new resvtns, money at bank, postcard stamps etc. Good drive y'day along Thompson River, high grand bluffs above valley. And newish, spacious motel here, quiet enough for good night's sleep for a change. I woke at 5:45 very fresh.

At Banff, phonex message from Ann awaited. Bob Stock of NyTimes had called about Portland's status in EPA livability study, I finally got him Mon. morn and told him I'm sure he has nothing to worry about, but I'll check on Thursday and call him again.

Aug. 5 -- Hectic and harried recently, tho a bit better today than others recently. Work sked bent out of shape by having anyone staying with us; house turns out to be near ideal for the 2 of us, but an echo chamber for anybody beyond that. Frank and Lucie leave tomorrow. Their visit hasn't been bad, a lot calmer than some others, but I do look forward to flexibility I haven't had since they -- and Rodens -- have been in house. Wandering the house, going off to read, trying to nap are all impossible with company here. Not really company's fault, just a fact of proximity.

Aug. 5 cont. -- Going to Rodens for dinner, C and Lucie cooking corned beef to take over. Chamberlines here last night, farewell as they head for U of N Carolina. Bill has not finished dissertation; says Pember told him at 1 point that it was good enough to be accepted, but not the best work he could do. Bill being as conscientious as he is, has reworked, and as consequence must begin new job, in new region, with dissertation ~~work~~ hanging over him. C and I surprised at Pember, both thinking the vital thing is to get done with the dissta, get the union card; will have to be revised anyway before it can ever become a book, so Bill is doing one extra revision for no good reason.

Bill said Pember and Roger Simpson may be on way out of UW Com School -- Simpson to another job if his book on media economics gets him enough attention, Pember to full-time writing and consulting. P is making \$ from his text -- Bill says \$1 a copy now -- and maybe can afford to junk the Com School.

Night before, we went to Smiths for dinner. Doug is in love with summer here; just week before had survived a chance that he might be transferred to Stamford. He's interesting to watch, in his dilemma: plenty bright enough to question the corporate transfer ladder, relaxed enough now with his sailboat and afternoons of golf to talk about rewards of living comfortably, yet I wonder if he can possibly resist the next elevator ride up the GTE hierarchy.

After dinner, C, Frank, Doug and I played incredibly inept game of pool.

Raining today, 1st real moisture for awhile.

Did some work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life this week, a worthwhile rewrite of 1st section. Linking section between 1st and 2nd still undone, troublesome -- key to entire book, so I can't expect it to be easy.

Pac S y'day, hr or so with Alice and Harriet. Smoke-jumper piece taken care of. Today reworked Wilmt wine piece, tried in vain to call Cal Knudsen, who has just been named president of Macmillan Bloedel. Called Frank Z to invite them to ride with us to Pac S picnic, Frank reported they've bought house in Wallingford.

Current reading: Margaret Drabble's biog of Arnold Bennett, marvelous.

Aug. 11 -- Decent morn of work, until going to Shrln for exercise and sauna at 10:30, to meet erratic gym sked there. Little accomplished this afternoon; have just -- 2:45 -- bullied myself back to desk, at least to clean it and see whether something can be tinkered with. Writing has been glacial recently. The "Poeming" piece aimed for Atlantic barely creeps along at all. Ditto the linkage section for $\frac{1}{2}$ life, tho I feel I've found the approach for that one.

Y'day a pretty good day, doing a query precis for Ann, some other work. Also great relief to be able to work normally for 1st time in almost 3 weeks. Frank and Lucie flew on to Calif. on Friday, C and I spent weekend relaxing, catching up on sleep, and I feel much more at ease again.

Called Millers for lunch on way back from airport, went with them to new Mexn restnt in Pioneer Square. Good food. Linda talked about increasing computzn of banking; says Seafirst handles a million checks a day now, feels the technlgy must be done. Next step is machines in stores which will transfer funds from purchaser's acct to store's at moment of purchase.

Sat night the 7th, went to Empty Space to see Yanks 3, Detroit O. Tour de force by J.V. Bradley as the paranoid pitcher. Good and enjoyable; talky in spots, and author simply steps the play instead of really ending it.

Sun., walked around Green Lake -- joggers in some time trial, funnier than ever when seen in packs -- and then lunch at the Cent'l. Past 2 days, have exercised at Shrln. Found that I'd put on 4#, up to 149, despite fairly faithful jogging. Sauna is turned off by 3 now, which wrecks our late-afternoon exercise habits. Took off 1 lb today, will see if I can get off another this week and 2 more next.

Apptly haven't noted in recent entries what pleasure we took in watching the Olympics. Found Rodens too, surprising to us, watched them zealously. Carol said it simply is fine to see someone do something superbly, and I think that was the lure. Agenized for Shorter in his marathon loss.

Finished Drabble's bio of Arnold Bennett. Quite taken with Bennett's career. Suppose I share some of his middle-brownness, amiability; what I don't have is his machine-like production of wordage.

Aug. 18 -- Have just put in a good 1½ hrs on Poeming, lining out the article and coming up with ideas such as the ejection slip -- good stint, but I'm playing out. Stopping now -- 4:25 -- for Sanka break and this diarying.

Spent morn at UW, poking around in NW Collection: talked again with Bob Monroe in preparation for Fri's session with Vi Shields about Audrey Wurdemann, looked up Ed Parker's novel Timber to see if it's good enough to warrant Pac S interview with him (it's not). Saw Pat Vessie, who said the summer has mysteriously vanished, common complaint; then Karyl Winn, who talked some about doing thesis under Burke. She is sharp; every time I'm around her, I feel C and I should get to know her better.

Mostly a morn of chores -- car lube during my library stint -- after last 2 days of grinding work on the linking part between 1st and 2nd sections of ½ life. Finally devised something y'day, on 3d full-scale try, which looks pretty good. Heartened to read back over some of the ms, especially the 1st section. Patches of it are mightily damn good.

Dinner at John Campbell's last night. John is one of the most interesting guys we've met recently -- thru Ann McC, who now has decided, probably rightly, that she is not going to pair off in life with John -- and oddly enough, he's a rarity among ~~ex~~ people we know: a male intellectual with wave lengths something like mine. He's also the badly mauled victim of a divorce a year or so ago, and obviously is trying to pull his life together amid new loneliness. What strikes me is his talent -- marvelous talker, as rhetorician ought to be, a fairly clever writer, and an even cleverer idea man -- which would churn out stuff of its own accord if he doesn't spend his time wondering just what its scope is. (I made a notebook entry today: The overexamined life is not worth living.) He's much interested in my work habits, organizing patterns, and so on. Have tried to tell him, as I did Don Douglas (also of UW speech dept. at that time and other academics, that my secret simply is doggedness. That and the open confession that I can't teach and write at the same time, and so I've chosen. In a few minutes, the Schneiders are to be here for picnic supper, on their way back to Calif. after L's Argonne year, and I'll be interested to see if he still yens to be a writer, too.

Aug. 18 -- Work has been going well (tho hard, if that's possible), but one thing I have slacked is the NY Times rewrite on Portland. Must try get to it in next 2 days or so.

Last Thurs. afternoon, I proclaimed "Screw the NY Times" to Carol, and we took some time off. Took off Friday as well, went to Oly Pensla and bought the pie cabinet I'd looked at in Pt. Townsend antique shop: makes a fine and handsome paper cabinet. Had lunch at # Crabs, where I had the single stiffest drink of my life (gin and tonic). The 3 Crabs has been a pleasant part of our life, giving us good food, astounding drinks, easy stints of time to talk in. Afterward, did a little hiking on Durgns Spit, in slight misting rain. Delay at the Kingston ferry when we came back -- 1½ hr wait.

Sat. night, John and Jean came for oyster dinner -- C's payoff for losing bet with Jean about # of sunny days.

Aug. 20 -- Depressed today. Not much reason for it; ostensibly, rejections from Horizons and Nat'l Wildlife of queries I had thought would make it. That, and the impending rewrite for NY Times, I suppose. This is one of the times when I tot up 7 years of writing and find the results not much, markets hard as ever, and the words maybe harder.

Schneiders were here for dinner night of Wed. the 18th. They've hardly changed at all (and said the same of us) in 4 or so years. Didn't talk with Larry as the length I'd hoped; he had apparent touch of sunstroke (!) from walking the Seattle waterfront with afternoon sun on his bald head, and laid down in guest room for awhile. But did talk enough to find him as gentle, and prob'ly undecided, as ever. He has just finished yr as prof at Argonne Nat'l Labs, said there was problem with the lab types seeing his group of student interns as pr flunkies. Eliz as blunt as ever; had been in house maybe 2 mins when she told us we'd been right to stay on in Seattle. No mention of Larry's aborted text for West; he didn't bring it up, and neither did we.

Called C'sen the same night, after reading in Watson that he'd broken his kneecap. Tripped while making a fast step for an elevator in Padelford, leg bent back, tendons on either side of knee snapped kneecap in half.

Aug. 20 cont. -- He sounded cheery, undoubtedly is making the most of it. Was full of praise for Mark Wyman's ms, said Rodman Paul was too.

Have convention-watched 3 nights this week. Rep's this year a mediocre lot even for them. Only good news I can see is demise -- I hope -- of Reagan and maybe Connally; if those 2 are gone, besides Agnew and Nixon, who says there's no such thing as progress? Impressions of convention: the greed, almost lust for power in Howard Baker, who somehow seems to me to show it more openly than just about anyone else (except Carter). Plodding cliches of speeches. The one fine bit of TV drama and interest on Wed. night, when the Virginia delegation was polled and the 50-some delegates trooped to the mike (and camera) to announce their votes. Close-ups of those faces, mannerisms, anger of Reagan people -- announcements on order of "Spencer W. Cadwallader the Third casts his vote for REAGAN!" -- were most human moments of the convention, and about the only ones that reminded me the convention form itself is not necessarily at fault.

As for outcome, Dole is another in queer succession of GOP veeps -- Nixon, Lodge, Miller and Agnew before him, in astonishing lineage back to '52. Dole in fact may be brightest of that lot, and at least may be sardonic instead of the thug-type that Nixon-Miller-Agnew were.

Rainy weather -- all day y'day, some this morn. Now -- 11 -- it is brightening. 2 of Carol's writing students coming for lunch. At 3, I'm to interview Vi Shields about poet Audrey Wurdemann; tickets tonight to Arms and the Man at Intiman. Tomorrow, we help the Millers move to Capitol Hill.

Aug. 25 -- Still trudging on NY Times rewrite, but it's coming under control at last. Turning out to be almost entirely different piece. Can't understand why story elements don't come more automatically, but I've been fitting and shifting as if the piece was a jigsaw puzzle. Dismaying, and exhausting.

Depews arrived last night. They seem to get along fine in our incommensurate guest quarters; worst problem is funneling 6 people thru a single bathroom. They apparently are going to be out visiting during most of their stay, so no great problem that way. Bedtime is a bit more so, with me not able to stay up very late if I'm to keep working hrs, but not able to sleep if anyone else is still up and around in the house.

Aug. 25 cont. -- Spent 1½ hrs after lunch today to find shelf pegs for refrig; annoying kind of maintenance, but the refrigerator is perpetual problem until they were fixed. Floor man is here now, redoing the threshold to the inner room, which sank a bit when he first did it last fall.

Came home grouchy and headache, but feel better now, sanguine about getting rid of NYT piece tomorrow or Fri. Also, talked with Roy Silen, trying to arrange to see him during Oregon trip, and that was pleasant. He said W'haeuser guys have chided him about the genes piece.

Have noticed that after lunch, I've been getting low-grade headache, low point of day. Am wondering if it may be pollen, hanging on and on because of cold summer.

Saturday the 21st, helped the Millers move to ~~new~~ Capitol Hill. Two big rental truck loads. Jack Gordon and I did much of heavy lifting and loading. John took his Vega wagon and loaded it. Frank Zoretich showed up for a few hours work, and lunch, as we pointed out to him.

~~Exxx~~ Charstely, Frank had the line of the day. Jean Withers told at lunch of giving the finger to a Chicano motorist who nearly forced her off road on her bike. Guy had stopped and given her hell. Frank said she missed her chance to do him in: "I'm making a citizen's arrest. Get on this bike."

Moving took most of the day, Millers having enormous quantities of stuff. Worse, the house they moved from was upside-down for convenience: Linda and Clint's room upstairs had all the heavy stuff, such as two mammoth desks, hideabed and so on, to be aimed down stairwell with about ½ clearance.

Good times at lunch, brought by Jean Roden. Crowd was Rodens, Millers, us, Jean Withers, Gordons (warming up for their own move the next day), Frank Z and Linda S. Much talk about houses, since Millers-Gordons-Zoretiches have all bought this summer, in the great house-buying mania which has hit.

Gossip from Leonard Depew: in San Diego, he's encountered Pat Collins, Harriet Rice's sister. Sounds as if she has the same family traits. I said she undertook to rehablitate an alcoholic on his staff, whether or not the guy wanted it, and was miffed at L for eventually letting the guy go when it didn't work out.

Aug. 30 -- Fine sunny day. Went to Shoreline and exercised at 2, intend a couple more sessions this week.

Worked at desk-clearing today: called Bobbie Loukes to check facts in NY Times story, queried Rotarian on passports, called Alice Smith about wines article, etc. Just now -- 4:30 -- took apprehensive look at Forest Grove article which I'll resume tomorrow, surprised to find it looks good, and more done than I had remembered.

Some hope that I'm working out of writing slump. When I finally got the NYT Portland piece done on Friday, both Carol and Ann thought it very good, smooth, easy. I feel hugely better with it out of the way, look ahead to banging out work this week.

Catching up: Depews left Fri. morn for Spokane and then Colfax; on Sunday, Len's bro-in-law called to say L' father had died, but we couldn't help in locating. Depews turned out to be pleasant, flexible folks. Gary, younger son with disease which cost him a leg, is very bright, personable, mature; brother Steve is big and handsome, shows no signs of resentment to what must have been difficult family situation. Pat has the Dean family interest in language -- which Len does not, being more a bureaucrat in style. All good people. Thurs. the 26th I took some time off and we went with them to Pioneer Square. Nobody was much impressed until lunch at the Breadline, which was huge hit -- good food, lots of it, endless gawking to be done at gimmicky decor.

While Depews, San Diego sailors that they are, were here, I coincidentally had call from Archie Williams of Castoff, to say he has more ms from round-the-worlder Chas Carter, wondering if I'd edit it into respectable book. I said no because of time and being so busy, suggested Frank Zoretich. Situation seems to be that Carter has been writing off sailing expenses as writer's expenses, now needs a book contract.

Saturday, went to Kingdome to pro soccer ~~xx~~ chmpshp game on free SeaFirst tickets from Linda. Picked up Marsh on way. Impressed by stadium inside (still looks like concrete hamburger on outside); we were about 18 rows back, excellent view. Game was good; Toronto Metro-Croatia over Minnesota Kicks, 3-0. Eusebio broke game open with penalty kick which blasted above line of defenders and must have twirled away from goalie, a great feat. He also directed Toronto attack like traffic cop, despite a bum leg.

Aug. 30 cont -- After game, took Marsh home, had drinks in Nelsons' backyard in perfect weather. Ann and Marsh had learned day before that Sarah is missing a hip socket; must be in corrective brace for next 3 months, and if that doesn't work, surgery. It is grim, but they seemed to take it well. I've been everlastingly surprised by suspension of law of averages among our friends -- no divorces (except Holders), tragedies, deaths. But now, Sarah.

Y'day, Frank and Linda came about 9:45, and we went across Stevens Pass to Icicle Creek: Pac S picnic at Harriet and Sid's place, Copper Notch. Had expected mob of a few hundred, but turned out to be more like 30. Met Leroy Ostransky, UPS composer; Jack Henry, retired bank exec who explained to Frank his plan for making people like weather better (simplified, it would be a forecast and policy board, who would decree work during impending bad weather, play during good). Hot day, and the 4 of us cowered in the shade, true fog-gulping ice-blooded Seattleites by now.

Talked a bit with Fred Tobiasen, pleasant PLU chemist who does photo essays on birds. Also there was Jean Enersen, whom we didn't meet; but I noticed on one of my trips to beer keg an appraising look from her, exactly the kind I'd just given her. Must be what comes of making your way in world on your own, whether at KING or free-lancing.

Sept. 7 --In an hr or so, we'll take off for Oregon coast, our annual post-Labor Day trip. It gets harder every yr for Carol to get away, as college admstn tries to harass faculty into clockwork hrs on campus. We have shortened plans this time, so that she'll miss this week but be back for meeting next Monday.

Trip has also been in doubt because of my bad back, posbl result of moving furniture for Millers 2 weekends ago. Middle of last week, back was very sore, and I laid up a day or so, putting heat on it. This morn, phoned for Gp Health apptmt next week.

Called Ann this morn to give her trip schedule; she was enthused about Am Legion letter of okay (more so than I am). Also highly praised Half-Life; said she and Marsh both read it in a sitting, thought it lovely and full of love.

Quiet holiday weekend for us. Damborgs invited us for dinner Sun. night. Also there, Greg and Marilyn Zick (?), G one of Mark's teaching colleagues.

Sept. 7 cont. -- A good, funny couple, full of tales about plumbing leaks in their new Kirkland house. Mark has begun a beard, looks good.

Night before, to Rodens for fondue supper prepared by Lisa; also Cindy's birthday. Lisa just back from her summer at Glacier Park, full of Montana stories, espclly the one of a rancher who got drunk and wrecked his brand new pickup, next morn called dealer for a new one: "It just didn't hold up."

Did some work the other morn on Forest Grove article, and poeming piece. Should have both done by end of this month. Carol suggested I'm spending too much time and craft on Pac S pieces, and I'm sure she's right. Will try to cut back to doing interview pieces and history for them for a while, tho I'm probably somewhat committed to a logging roads story out of this Ore trip. I am still having periods of moodiness about ~~the~~ work load, slowness of work, espclly glacial pace of $\frac{1}{2}$ life. Time for another new schedule, another jolt of adrenaline, to start this new school year.

Friday, I think, Carol and I went to Pike Place Market for lunch, and to do some looking for terrarium and/or planter for study. Maximilien's was uncrowded, so we stopped for lunch. Luckily, Francois Kissel himself was cheffing, and food -- Carol's veg fritters, my bacon and cheese sandwch -- was delicious.

Also went to two movies last week, frantic pace for us: The Shootist, very good, and Logan's Run, so-so dystopian sci-fi.

~~Sept. 16-- Far, far behind in diary, from busy week on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, Poeming, interview pieces for Pac S.
Oregon trip.~~

Newport, Sept. 9 -- In the Windjammer motel, on bank above beach. 5 pm, and still hot in the sun; 90 when we arrived downtown a few hrs ago. Considerable smoke downtown from forest fire in Coast Range, though beach breeze takes care of it here.

Walked the beach south from here, and I went 3/4 of the way out the jetty at the river mouth while Carol sunbathed. Earlier today, we found our way to Nature Conservancy trail to Cascade Head, spent abt 1 1/2 hrs going out and back. Wonderful scenery (entry in notebook), and my back didn't bother me at the time -- a great jaunt.

Stayed last night in Oceanside, at clifftop motel called House on the Hill. Wind blew terrifically during night, making me wonder a time or two whether it would shatter the glass doors. I looked out once to see the Buick rocking back and forth.

Hiked a bit and sunned ourselves at Cape Meares y'day afternoon. Saw brown pelicans for the 1st time, going over like slow frigates. Also stopped briefly at Cannon Beach, watched fishermen launch dories into surf. Drove down thru Pacific City today, and there were dozens of dories at a trailer park.

Lunched y'day by buying sandwiches at Arch Cape deli -- corned beef and turkey, both with cream cheese -- and walking down to Short Sands beach. Delicious eating, as most meals this trip have been. Exception was last night, when the crab we bought at Garibaldi proved somewhat flat from having been frozen. Also tried Erath riesling for the 1st time (bought at Arch Cape deli which has large selection), thought it okay but not great.

Tuesday, 1st day of trip, we had lunch at Jacaranda in Olympia, where I nearly foundered myself on crab salad sandwich called a dinghy. Beautiful weather, better and better as we neared Astoria. Stayed at Crest Motel, 1st of 3 rooms now with fine views. Went uptown to see maritime museum, where curator was reluctant to let us in because he didn't think we'd see

Sept. 9 cont. -- enough in the 40 or so minutes before closing. Museum a wondrous grab-bag of nautical stuff, including some fine models, photos of early-day Astoria fishing. Then went up to Astoria column, and I fought my acrophobia all the way to the top and the view, clear and beautiful, all around.

Turned out to be opening of special salmon season, so Astoria was booming. Glitter of boats all across ~~xxx~~ river near the bridge. Had a drink at Thunderbird before supper, and found ourselves near table of charter skippers, telling tales of crossing the bar (one described a former boat of his as "a real neck-breaker").

Much enjoyed Astoria, the sunshine making it a bit like a New England town with the frame houses near the water. Until now, this trip has largely been to places we hadn't been, and it's been a good one. I have relaxed, gotten more sanguine; as usual when I'm on this coast, all things seem possible again.

Sept. 16 -- Far, far behind in diary, from busy week on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, Poeming, interview pieces for Pac S.

Oregon trip continued well. Called Bob Stock at NYT the morn of 10th (from Newport), found he's pleased with Portland revise, running it almost as is. Visit with Jan and Margaret pleasant, though it's turning almost into a timeless repetition. We see them each year about this time, hear their school problems, talk journalism (which spills into Institute remnscing which must bore M silly). There was the difference this year that Jan has a draft of her thesis on womenSports; Carol and I edited ~~first~~ 1st chapter or two, I was surprised how rough some of Jan's writing is, though her research is both dogged and imaginative. Went with them for dinner to a cafe called The Depot, on their assurance it had good seafood: it did, as good or better than what we'd been eating on the coast. Climbing out of back seat of M's small car, I caught my foot in seat belt, fell out door and came within whisker of smashing my face into the car door.

J & M both tense about prospect of strike in 2 weeks; they were ~~of~~ 2 of 12 who voted against intent to strike -- about 180 voter for it.

Sept. 10 cont. -- Met M's son Mark this time; he begins college at Berkeley next week, and all of us ancients sat around and somewhat envied him, though maybe only somewhat.

Ate at Mo's our night in Newport -- it was uncrowded, to our astonishment. Next morn, walked beach for an hour, then packed and went to Corvallis. Temp sign atop a bank there read 106 as we pulled in for lunch. I went to Forestry Sciences Lab to tape Doug Swarston about logging roads, Jim Trappe about truffles. Trappe's subject proved to be at upper limits of my scientific understanding, but he talked lucidly and precisely enough that I plan to use interview as article. Carol looked over OSU jlm setup.

Left Albany about 11 Sunday morn, drove to McMxvl to The Eyrie winery. Met Dave Lett there, busy siphoning Chardonnay into barrels. Lett a bit like Coury in being assertive, dedicated to himself, but more akin to us, more likeable. He had pre-med and philosophy before turning to wine-growing -- said he wandered up to Napa Valley one school vacation, looked around a winery, said "What is reality?" and moved on to UC Davis and oenology. Pains-taking, or at least godawful hardworking, in his process: uses only barrels instead of vats, moves wine by pressure instead of pumping, samples every barrel instead of taking average. We bought a mixed case from him. Irony of my Pac S article -- which is timely because Wilmet wines just showed themselves very well at gathering of 1000 ~~at~~ held by Seattle Enological Society -- is that it may come into print just as this year's grape crop fails because of cold rainy weather.

Felt relaxed after getting home, altho Carol was heading the opposite way into being miffed about useless hours to be spent on campus this week. By Tuesday she was over it, but we intent to go to coast or Dungeness this weekend as a last fling before her classes.

Y'day afternoon I taped Conner Reed about his experiences as watchman on fish trap in the '20s. Strange dour man, a good intellect tho not ~~as~~ quite as good as he seems to think; has written letters to editors for decades, yet says he's absolutely pessimistic about having had any affect at all.

Sept. 20 -- Busy and somewhat baffling day (not helped by just having phoned Millers, and talking with both kids on their new house's extension phone). Had Billee Keeney come in to type transcript portions of Reed interview, and still it took virtually entire day to do that one short interview article. Tape recorder balky, Billee couldn't pick up Reed's voice entirely accurately, I spent time annotating tape for her -- try as I will, using "efficient" machinery doesn't seem to save me time. Especially ticked off that the recorder's ailment is exactly the one I took it in for fixing, a month ago.

Fine Indian summer weather the past 3 or so days. Went to Oly Peninsula on Sat. morn, after glowering weather Fri. afternoon persuaded us Mt. Baker trip was not a good idea. Sat. on Dugeness Spit, we got all the sun we could stand; I flaked out for couple of hours at our farthest point (about 3/5 out), fighting a headache. Mtns were in bright haze all day. Saw herons fairly close, got to watch them for unusual lengths of time. Dinner at 3 Crabs, which was raucous with middle-aged drunks; the place truly roars on a Sat. night. Camped at the Spit. Sun. morn was absolutely clear, drove to Hurricane Ridge because we hadn't been there for so long. Idled home by about 1, and did some house chores, mostly laundry.

Carol began classes today, seems very cheerful about it.

Forgot to mention that Friday night, we went out to Black Angus, a simple excursion which does us some good. Also must note that Friday must have been some sort of landmark for me: 1st thing in the morn, I read Portland galleys for NY Times, then worked on poeming piece for Atlantic, then hustled to UW for info for biblio notes for American West.

Feeling good now -- back has eased off -- but baffled about how to put out the output. Ideas zing in my head -- notebook entries more frequent now, but I'm behind even in transcribing them.

Sept. 22 -- Pac S lunch today. Guest was Jack somebody-- name lost in typical Pac S semi-introduction -- who is retired from promotion dept of Better Homes & Gardens, had much to do with best-selling BH&G Cookbook. Seemed a good, level type, willing to say so when he doesn't have answers. He's here for several days to advise Harriet and Sid on Search enterprises (another of Harriet's network of contacts: he's a friend of ~~Rapaport~~ ~~somebody~~ ~~somebody~~ someone on KING). He talks as if Search surveys and demogrphc info are really very good -- probably typically, someone touted surveys and demos to Harriet &/or Sid and not knowing enough to do a small job of it, they did a big one. Much impressed with edctn level of readership, 86% home ownership.

Rain again today, after chilly y'day.

After Search lunch, went to Beatty's and Shorey's bookstores in search of some Ring Lardner and harback of Ellison's Invisible Man; encountered Bob Monroe both places. ~~2nd~~ 2nd time, he said: "This town isn't big enough for the both of us."

Exercised y'day, found that I was only up to about 148#, tho it feels flabbier than that. Ran 6 laps -- $1\frac{1}{2}$ mi -- without stopping, a first. Back has improved, maybe thru some exercising and maybe of its own accord.

Worked on "Flip" section of $\frac{1}{2}$ life y'day and this morn; some good material, but slow ~~ix~~ in lining itself together.

History goes on apace, I reckon: Mao died last week, which may set loose forces not evident for long and long. Carter's presdl campaign has had the wobbles. Primary election y'day, Dixy Lee Ray most likely won Demo nomntn narrowly, a win that baffles us because her campaign has seemed inept and a bit scary.

Sept. 30 -- A riptide of emotions this morn. I have the elation of having finished the poeming article, and done it well enough that I think there's a better than even chance of getting it in Atlantic. If that happens, that's an entire new credentialing for me, a grace note which ought to help this job a lot. But there is also the dolor from last night, when I called the Millers to see if Clint is free for lunch today. Linda answered, we talked a bit, I casually asked how she was -- and she said she is undergoing tests for multiple sclerosis. I was blasted by the news -- the more so because of having seen Bud's case of ms these past 20 years, and I suppose because I do have a vague private terror of such a disease. Thank god Linda is as tough as she is; there may be hell ahead. Diagnosis is not certain yet, but spinal taps -- she had hers y'day -- are not casually done.

Have long had a kind of statistical curiosity about our circle of friends: there have not been deaths, divorces, illnesses, tragedy to extent they seem to happen generally.

This good fortune has been a wordermment -- and a portent, because always there is the thought that it will be broken, and the privater thought that C and I could be -- someday will be -- hit by a turn of health. Now, within weeks, there has been Ann and Marsh's concern for Sarah's well-being, and this with Linda.

One of the catching-up entries to be made is that we saw the Millers the night of Fri. the 24th, looked over the house-straightening they have done. Clint has replaced wall lamps with his own antiques; stylish, but C and I found the place dim, eye-straining.

Last weekend, fog closed off the mornings, and plans for hiking, so we went around the city. Friday night, had dinner at Cont'l after walking Green Lake, and before going to Millers. Sat., looked around Pioneer Square -- Carol wanted to see photo show at Foster-White Gallery by the new ~~photo~~ photog teacher at Shoreline -- and had lunch at The Breadline. Sunday, went to locks to see the salmon run pass thru the new viewing area; wonderful to see the huge intent fish -- mostly chinooks -- and people boiled around the windows in excitement. Another entertainment mote: Tues. night, went to Harvard Exit festvl to see Jack Lemmon comedy Avanti, quite good.

Sept. 30 cont. -- Haven't made a diary entry which took in last Friday, when I had a helluva fine day on $\frac{1}{2}$ life.

Wrote 1250 words, lined out the first dozen or so pages of the Flip section; had Carol read it, she sucked in her breath a bit and said it was good, good.

Phone call from Harriet Rice the other day, saying that Pac S couldn't honor the expense slip I put in to cover typist's transcribing for the Conner Reed article -- and telling me, in almost so many words, to jimmy future expenses if I have items like that I want covered. Took the chance to suggest to her a new status for me -- contributing editor -- and she seemed agreeable. Must make a deft memo on topic for her.

Bad news is that the tape recorder is on the fritz, maybe mortally. It's a model -- Wollensak 3500 -- which had parts made in Japan, and now, 8 years later, the parts (needs a new motor) are no longer made. Haven't yet been able to find a new recorder comparable to it -- light, handy, with counter and 5-inch reels (the world is going over to goddman cassettes).

Oct. 8 -- Hectic week, more than a day lost to allergy, some more time at half-speed because of logeyness. Still, some good writing done on $\frac{1}{2}$ life this week, and did the truffle piece for Pac S in evenings, off moments.

Not much to report except staying home and trying to write. Latest on Linda today, from Clint, is that diagnosis is not definite on multpl sclrs, but it would explain symptoms. Clint says she feels better about the situation, doc told her to stay healthy, sleep, etc.

Last Fri night, met Ann and Marsh for supper at Boondocks -- all of us late because of underestimating Fri night traffic -- then The Man Who Would Be King at Harvard Exit. Grand story-telling, and hellish fine acting; I lapped it right up. Sat. night, C and I went to Intiman theater to Anatol, odd disjointed play but a pleasure to see John Gilbert in the lead.

Carol down with headache, maybe minor flu, last night; okay today. Grand Indian summer weather; if it holds, we go hiking with Rodens tomorrow.

Oct. 12, -- First attempt at typing with new desk chair. Bought it this afternoon at Seattle Office Furniture Mart, in effort to improve my back problem.

Day of chores. Mostly wrote letters this morn; after lunch, bought chair, and a new tweed cap; dropped Forest Grove article at Pac S; took tape recorder in for repair; and picked up NY Times check from Ann. C and I exercised after I got home; am trying to get down to 145#, was 146½ after sauna and shower.

Y'day, finished Forest Grove article, which did not turn out particularly well. Seems to ~~be~~ me to be not crisp, not probing as I'd hoped. I let it go too long, the story faded.

Alice Smith told me the customary 3 pp. of Pac S. book ads is being ~~xxx~~ cut to two, as I've suggested a couple of times; the high-powered marketing man from Better Homes & Gardens told Har. the same thing when he was here.

Sunday, picked up Clint and went to lunch at Earl of Sandwich -- Linda was at NOW convention in KC.

Saturday, hiked with Rodens up Mt. Dickerman. 4 miles and 4000 ft. up, but I took it in pretty good stride, as did Lisa; everyone else felt the hike considerably, esp. John. A gorgeous trail and a fine Indian summer day. Panorama of Cascades -- astonishing how many of them are to the west from that site -- and Glacier Pk very imposing from the Dickerman summit. Enjoyed talking with Lisa as we hiked -- forestry job prospects, her summer in Glacier Park.

Reading Turtle Diary -- for the second time, this time underlining. A wondrous book.

Oct. 18 -- Back at work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, so-so day as usual in getting started again. But some promising work on the 2nd prism piece this afternoon. C and I exercised at 3:30, each trying to lose a pound or so of weekend's grand eating.

Went to Mt. Baker Sat. morn, fine hiking days both Sat. and Sun. On Sat., went out Artist Point trail, much fall color, clouds boiling around Shuksan, drifting around Baker a bit. Supper that night at the Chandelier, just outside Glacier; a true ski dive (much slush skiing at Baker that day), shagnasties galore in the bar. At table behind us was classic frat boy quartet, likely from UBC as most cars were BC: almost good-looking wiseass leader, slow and homely kid who doted on his every word, strong silent kid across the table, and a regular-guy good-looking one.

Early to bed at D Fir campgrnd -- unwilling firewood, cool damp night even if we'd had fire -- and up early, when I thankfully got a fine fire going. We went up Glacier Creek to Kulshan trail, took the branch to Coleman Glacier. No one ~~sle~~ else on trail -- bit of a scramble, but not bad -- and in 3 hrs we'd done round trip to very base of glacier. Blue ice, crevasses, alders being ground under; Glacier Creek coming out from under glacier in terrific gush of milky water.

Got back to Seattle in time to go to Seattle Center to mushroom show -- thronged with people filing past long tables, peering down at hundreds of varieties of mushroom. Also a game bird breeders' show at Center, some wonderfully colored birds.

Useful but not inspiring week last wk. Rapped out Forest Grove article, as noted, then spent last 3 days on maps piece Ann apprtly has Am. Legion mag committed to. A bad magazine, and I did something rare for me, a true skim job written in one draft (tho with a cloud of changes and drx) and then passed along to Billee K for typing.

No sign of NY Times piece on Portland, which slows us up on some other projects.

A fine Indian summer still goes on -- cool, clear, so bright today I hated to sit and try to work.

Oct. 18 -- Don't think I've noted that Pete Steen's book came several days ago, with me singled out nicely in his acknowledgments.

One article miscue lately: letter from Will White at The Rotarian, saying the \$750 tag Ann had put on the passports piece was much too high for them and they would pass. This all happened because White dodoishly asked us what it would cost him, I called Karl K for advice and got \$700 figure, added \$50 because Will wanted ill'n ideas too -- all in line with prices on Modern Maturity and Am Legion pieces. Will have Ann try to retrieve for \$500 or so; the article is hard to dispose of if we don't do it there.

Oct. 20 -- A dispiriting time. Atlantic rejected ~~Flim~~ Poeming piece, there is the misstep with Will White at TR, Harriet and Alice dislike the Forest Grove piece. Jesus, what a hard business this is. I hate to retrieve on a piece, and now here are three cases all at once that need it. I have a hunch that I have gotten just good enough to be disappointed -- that I am overwriting because of lure of experiment, technique. but am not an individualistic stylist enough to remake the overwriting into something fresh.

Oct. 25 -- Catching up: Set about to right the articles situation the day after preceding entry. Called editor of Westways, sold her on idea of Portland's cast-iron bldg conservation and got assignment. Heartened Ann considerably. She meanwhile wrote diplomatic letter to Rotarian, trying to get that piece back on the rails.

Friday, I finished draft of Flip, hurried it to the Cat Lady for typing. Seems to me some excellent writing in it, but probably lack of character development.

Thurs.night, we went to Rep on Seafirst tickets from Linda, to see Music Is, the Richard Adler musical directed by George Abbott. The show was considerable fun -- big chorus line, several bit actors doing shticks for all they were worth; the expensive kind of show which no regional theater can do. But it has lightyears to go, seems to me, before it'll make it on Broadway. Female lead -- Christine Cox -- is good, but winsome rather than powerful. No blockbuster songs such as 7½ Cents or Whatever Lola Wants, either, tho there's a good

Oct. 25 cont. -- ballad or two. Most powerful member of cast is David Ben-Zali, but the role is fitful, never threads through the show or takes command. (Ben-Z plays Shakespeare.)

Next night, went to Intiman to see Bus Stop. Very fine production, all supporting roles impeccable, but Mark Murphey pretty strident as the cowboy.

Next night -- a streak of social butterflying -- went to dinner at Daheims. Mary continues pr work for PNBell, Dave says it's the ~~excess~~ cushion they get by on these inflationary days. Dave was scholarship student ~~th~~ at 2-wk Squaw Valley writers confce this summer. He was one of 16 screenwriting hopefuls, and the only one not from Calif. Among the staff ~~were~~ were Robert Anderson of Tea and Sympathy, screenwriter Lorenzo Semple, Herbert Gold, Page Stegner. Dave, after hearing and seeing evidence of how difficult the screen and play-writing fields are -- Robert Anderson is working on a novel because things are so bad, for Crissake -- came home to peg away at screen play. Also says he's picked up a Lorenzo Semple mannerism -- a dismissive "hmm?" as period at end of sentence.

Saturday before Daheims, we finished papering the bathroom; not a great piece of craftsmanship, but cheaper than \$900 to have carpenter do it.

Sunday, headed for Mt. Baker with Rodens. Some communications lapse -- I never quite got clear on why the long weekend (Veterans Day) had to be used in the outdoors, but apparently it was to get Jean away from the library tensions. In any event, we headed for Baker knowing full well it would be raining, and it was, steadily. Had a good hike even so -- up Kulshan Cabin trail 3 miles to Colman Glacier, view of Glacier in driving rain and sleet made the trip worthwhile. Dried clothes in Glacier laundromat afterward. Went back to Douglas Fir cmpgrnd to broil steaks for supper, incredulously found someone had left a fire going in the cooking shelter and hustled up wood to keep it. Played poker in the tent, Carol the big winner (25¢); mostly played 7-card stud, which appealed to us all with its promise of flashy hands. I lost one sizable pot with a straight -- Carol had full house.

Still raining Monday -- and the floor of our tent soaked, the Rodens small tent leaking -- so we came home. Jean found an outraged neighbor, still steaming about

Oct. 25 cont -- the big party Cindy had thrown on Sun. night. So whatever good the trip may have done, she came right home to tension again.

One more week in election campaign. When it's on to more of the half-ept same of Ford or the uncertainty of Carter. I don't look forward much to either, find myself pulling into my own life more and more, writing off government as inevitable problem and only hoping for the lesser evil to happen whenever I cast a vote.

Oct. 29 -- Y'day very flat, virtually nothing written. Today a bit better -- reworked 1st prism piece, improving it much -- but will lose afternoon to chores: new story for Ann, pick up tape recorder, Pac S photo.

Carol very busy -- mid-terms etc. -- and a bit distracted this morn. We're staying home this weekend, and perhaps catch up on life a bit.

Pac S meeting on Wed: Alice Smith ran it, Harriet at some other meeting. Some sniping between Ann Saling and Alice (one at either end of the long table, like rivals in a boardroom struggle). Ann feels, likely with cause, that she is getting less Pac S work than in past; pointed out number of free lance pieces recently. Alice replied that free lances complain the mag is too much staff-written. They are on edge against each other, and the room crackles pretty good when they get going. Other arguments, in less personal spirit: Frank spoke fervently against the Better Homes & Garden ~~xx~~ promo expert's notion that mag should become more travel-oriented, maybe do restaurant stuff -- all the gimmickry which comes under euphemism of "reader service." Alice asked what anyone would think of, say, airline ads and an in-house column ~~like~~ offering travel brochures etc. I asked if it would be labeled as an ad, she said no, I said why Not? Tried to make point about ad shilling crossing editorial lines, the new promo gal for the books dept muddled the question a bit by talking about soliciting ads to back up a special topical or regional treatment; I agreed that was okay, but a shill column was something else again. Made the point about Sat. Review being killed by milking readers in name of "reader service"; have a hunch there is a list of promo gimmicks from the BH&G man which ought to be rebutted, and I ought to get to Harriet about them.

Oct. 29 cont. -- Also have the feeling I should talk to Alice alone, to try gauge shift in power I seem to sense at magazine: apparently she is getting more editorial direction powers of her own. Dawned on me that there's no way to talk privately to anyone at Pac S except Harriet -- hers the only separate office -- and that may be deliberate.

On the magazine front, Ann has hit at Bookletter with query on dedications article idea, which seems promising. She and Marsh got the grand news that Sarah's brace has worked, a hip socket is forming and no operation will be needed. On another health front, Carol had lunch with Linda y'day, said L is taking life in stride and not thinking about possible ms until another spell comes on, if it does.

Oct. 31 -- Halloween party last night at Zoretiches. As Dad would have said, we won everything on Bear Creek. Cindy made up Carol as vampire, me as wolfman, both brilliantly exotic jobs. (Fine point of my costume was dribbles of "blood" down my fancy shirt front.) We were judged best costume, doubtless with the help of Peg Gordon on Frank's judging committee. And I won the 11 pm vestigial footrace around the block, overtaking Jackie somebody (female) in her Navy brogans and swamping the rest of the field. Can of foot powder for the foot race, bottle of cheap rum for the costumes.

Party was fun, though a couple of times a year in throng that size is about often enough. Linda and Clint were there in Army outfits, Clint handsome as hell in his captain's uniform. Peg Gordon was gypsy, Jack had a phony horrible eye and vampire teeth. One guy came as a toilet wall -- sandwich board with roll of toilet paper attached, and pencil for you to write on him. One woman was a flasher -- seedy in dirty old man raincoat, would come up to someone and leer, "Do you want a piece of candy, little girl?", whip open the raincoat to show long underwear, then hand over an M&M. Frank was the Jolly Green Tall Person -- not quite huge enough to be a giant, but with green face. Linda Sullivan wore a referee's outfit, blasted her whistle often -- and did a lovely charade of calling an "offensive foul": blasting the whistle, then reeling back in disgust from the spectacle before her. Also prominent, a raunchy belly dancer who kept after me to bite her neck--for real.

Oct. 31 -- cont. -- Should describe our costumes a bit more. Carol had ghastly whitish face, with scar painted down across left side of forehead and cheek; dark hood, with fake hair medusaing out. She drove to the party, and sitting next to her, able to see only the hood and not her face, was like a Bergman movie, riding with death. On me, Cindy attached fake fur eyebrows, low brow, hair on backs of hands, and lipstick around mouth and beard like a bloody froth. Every so often I would pass thru the 2s' kitchen, the only really lighted room in the place, and somebody would say, "God, you really are horrible."

At one point, I came to the table for piece of Frank's pumpkin pie, stood next to Clint, whom I had been having a conversation with not 10 minutes before, and found him and Linda deep in debate over how much sugar there ought to be in whipped cream (on pie). Suddenly he looked square at me and said, "God, I'm drunk." The punch had caught up with him. Luckily Frank announced the footrace right after that, and Clint industriously rounded up a few of us. He took off like a bat from the starting point, but came sagging in a few minutes after I was back on the porch collecting my foot powder. All in all, I was glad I stuck to the wine we had taken, and not much of that. Pot smoke eventually filled the house, damn near doing in my eyes and nose (and Carol's too, she told me this morn). Felt one other generation gap twinge besides the pot: everyone introduces by first name only, and often downright reluctant to talk about what they do in life. Content to sit around, smoke and listen to music, I guess -- which I find dull as hell. Anyway, did meet Paul O'Connor of P-I, an architect named John, a half-wild sculptor named Jim (who kept adding a wooden deck chair to Frank's midnight "deazle" fire).

All in all, a good enough party, tho nothing to compare with the Guardian Xmas party in London in '72. Memorable moment there was when coffee-colored gent from Ceylon padded up to me, poked his face up at mine, and yelped, "Yankee, go home!" Then grinned, and added: "Fly Pan-Am."

Oct. 31 cont. -- Another social event on Friday, the Pac S Xmas photo. This year on Dorothy Bullitt's tug on Union Bay: it lured me out for the 1st time, and as I joined the throng to the cars, glanced beside me and it was Dan Chasan, lured from hermitage on Vashon. Completed Dan on his "rights" series in Pac S; he is quite shy, and I try make conversation without pressing him over much. A helluva fine writer -- and thinker -- I admire a lot.

Photo brought out about 3 dozen of us, including the old ladies who do the calendar pages. Oddly, Russ Mohny not there, and I wonder if it's significant (not at last monthly meeting either).

Other news: Ann retrieved the Rotarian assignment on passports article, sold Dream House to S. Times finally, got a "hold on, maybe" from Nat. Observer, all on same day. I did some rewriting of prism piece for $\frac{1}{2}$ life on Friday, much improved it, I think; lost most of Thurs. to sense of flatness, lethargy.

Nov. 3 -- Night after the flattest pres'l election I can remember -- which may say more about me just now than the election. There was at least this: for once the malignant Nixon was not involved. As for Carter, he is an enigma to me. My only hunch is that he may be adventurous enough to get the country into economic or military swamps. But I could not stomach Ford, whose appointments were mostly wretched. In this state, Dixy is even more a mystery than Carter. She's shown almost no sign of knowing what she wants to do in office.

Perfect weather today. Scrapped plans for afternoon when Carol got home and walked Green Lake instead. This morn, edited a chapter of Schrepfer ms on redwoods -- very long and convoluted. Am West today sent check for James Swan article, after stalling around for months. Ann also has Holiday interested in an article -- which makes about 4 to do for her, a couple for Pad S.

Nov. 4 -- Diary entries tend to be done at end of day or week when I'm worn down and not in best of mood. Tho it's robbing time from $\frac{1}{2}$ life, I ought to make this one this morn while I'm thinking about how fine my situation is in most respects. Just walked down the hill from Shoreline, after using library where everyone kowtows to me shamelessly; had coffee in the Pub, which with its swirl of people somehow pepes me up; and there is a fog on the hill, lovely to walk thru, leaves flaming amid the gray, spider webs between branches like wheels cut from the fog itself. Y'day, as we walked Green Lake C said she had been visited by Arlene Corey, who said she is leaving Shoreline because of husband's transfer. Arlene has been a figure of courage at the edge of our lives, fighting rheumtd ~~arthritis~~ arthritis which has crippled her. C says she is in command of herself, keeping herself steady and mellow and purposeful. I look at someone facing a life-wrenching problem such as hers, and remind myself I'm damned fortunate.

Nov. 8 -- Did editing and inserting on ch. 3 of $\frac{1}{2}$ life today, along lines of Ann and Carol's suggestions. Still needs work, but good enough to be sent off for a first testing of publishers, I think.

Last night, Smiths invited us to Sonics game. Dinner at French Invention beforehand; good, but slow. Missed $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1st period. Sonics won 98-91 over Philadelphia. Julius Erving got in fast foul trouble -- he was benched by time we arrived -- and never really showed his stuff, tho there were flashes in 3d period. When he did get loose, he was brilliantly fast; one of his jump shots was the slowest, softest I've ever seen. For Sonics, Leonard Gray had best game of career. A good, running, tight game all the way.

I suffered badly most of y'day with allergy or sinus, perhaps from smog buildup during this rainless period. Felt weak, dispirited.

Saturday, worked in bathroom; nearly done, except for paint touchup.

Friday night, went to Cousin Cousine. Very funny, skewed movie.

Nov. 15 -- Mid-Nov. already; the fall has flown by. This morn wrote sample travel diaries lead for Holiday; y'day finished editing on Shrepfer ms, which was longer and more work than anticipated. Roughed out passports piece for Rotarian last week, as well as some rewriting on $\frac{1}{2}$ life. All in all, in fair shape, if I can get quite a bit done this week.

Have been sleeping a lot recently, maybe because of work pace or allergy or some other health reason. Find I need an hr or more nap after lunch. Also had stubborn headache almost all of Sat., even after taking enough tylenol that it should have numbed me like a rock. Between that and nose problems, wonder whether I have a real sinus condition.

Fog almost all of last week, day after day of thick drifting stuff. C and I liked it, lovely to see trees edging out of it, but it did hold pollution in the area.

Did some yard work y'day; C limed and fertilized lawn. I worked on car a bit, touch-up painting, vacuuming.

Sat. night, went to Empty Space to see David Maret play American Buffalo, which was ~~xxxx~~ splendid. 3-man cast perfect, and the language and craft of the play stunning. Met Jack and Peg Gordon there, they invited us home for a drink afterwards to see their new house. It's lovely, a San Francisco-like place of stucco and leaded windows, much unlike usual Seattle houses. Enjoyed the Gordons, who seem like hellish nice people. They'll be here with Millers for Thanksgiving.

Friday night, Amy and the Rodens here for dinner; C made stew, which lasted the two of us for a couple of meals afterward. Amy deep into planning of Shoreline summer-abroad course, needs 20 students to make it go; at \$1400, it may be problematic, tho she has an excellent curclum set up.

Saturday late, I went to Shoreline track to see if I could run myself into feeling better. Ran 3 miles for the 1st time -- 2 without stopping, the last 4 laps by walking the east turn each time. The marathon man was there, told me he had a bruised foot and would have to take it easy -- and then within 50 yards had left me 20 yds behind. Some of it was ploy, because he didn't gain more on me the longer we ran, but even so it reminds me what a plodder I still am.

Nov. 21 -- Spent considerable time last week on book dedications article for Bookletter, finished draft by Fri. noon. Also finished editing on Schrepfer ms, sent it off to her with proposal for co-authoring PS article from a bit of it. Did lead for Holiday travel diary piece early in week, will look at it again today. Ann comes back tonight -- we'll pick up Nelsons at airport at 6:30 -- and must get status report ready for her. I spent very busy week -- much digging at libraries for ~~new~~ dedications research -- 2nd one in row where I've worked very hard all 5 days. Pre-Xmas drive, to meet year's goals in article production. The great goal I won't meet, of course, is the finishing of ~~life~~, but I feel less pressured about that (probably only temporarily) than in past.

Beautiful clear day y'day, C and I went to Pt. No Point. Got off to flummoxing start, as our democratic household style sometimes ~~looks~~ does: Carol was sleepily and contentedly settling down to read P-I when I suggested we could make the next ferry -- because I was at groggy point where I either had to get moving, or flop back in bed.

We got underway, then I made dumb decision to fill gas tank then instead of on way home. Made the ferry by a minute or so, and once out on water and in sun, we settled into the day. No sooner had started the walk from lighthouse when we heard scratchy, querulous bird sounds on cliff above -- 2 bald eagles in tree tops, clearest view we've ever had. Walked the beach all the way to the point which looks straight to Rainier -- just beyond huddle of beach houses where owners were cool about us on their turf -- and then scrambled a bit as incoming tide took most of the beach on our way back. Went on to Pt. Gamble to see new museum, small but well-done. (Prize exhibit is 1912 tractor which pulled lumber, semi-style; fine, odd 3-wheeled cross between roadster and truck.)

Talked on the beach about taking some time off. C says she intends to take all of Xmas vacation after Florida, plus whatever else can be managed. I should do same. I suggested we think about a mountain summer in '77 -- July and August in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming. She liked notion. Both are half-intrigued about Australian trip idea, but have trouble talking ourselves into the money involved -- which probably would start with her taking a quarter's leave.

Nov. 21 cont. -- Friday night, went with Rodens to Shoreline to see Lawrence off Arabia; they'd heard Costigan's lecture on the radio and were interested. Interesting movie -- to me, watching the acting; John I think didn't like the scenario much -- but so damned long. Got home about midnight, had a drink~~um~~ with J&J, got to bed just before 2.

Raining heavily today, and I am trying to spend some time clearing desk and thinking ahead. One thing I've done is to think back over the year's reading, ~~so~~ to see what I'm doing and what I'm missing. As best I can reconstruct, have read these books, and I think a few I've missed:

The Summer Book	The Final Days
The Armada	Lathe of Heaven
Bullet Park	The Air Cage
Time of Illusion	If It Had Happened Otherwise.
Turtle Diary (twice)	All Creatures Grt & Small
Arnold Bennett's Journal	Mad Ducks and Bears
Drabble biog of Bennett	The Grand Acquisitors
In a Narrow Grave	So Far from Heaven (re-read)
Goodbye to a River	Writing Well -- D. Hall
xx Bang the Drum Slowly (re-read)	
Zinsser, On Writing Well	Folklore on American Land
The Art of Writing Non-fiction	How Does a Poem Mean?
Joe Hill	Back Home (re-read)
Gettysburg	Short Stories from New Yorker
Rebels of the Woods	Pilgrim at Tinker Creek
Tatlin!	92 in the Shade
The Hentys	The Seven Sisters
Encounters with Arch-Druid	Thinking Like a Mountain
Dear Wister...	Frederick Jackson Turner
They Came to Cordura	A Cab at the Door
God Stand Up for Bastards (re-read)	Letters of B. DeVoto
Eastern Establishment & Western Experience	
China Court	The Art of Nonfiction
Roundup (Ring Lardner)	read since Nov. 21:
The Lardners	Momkey Wrench Gang
I Can't Stay Long	Roseanna
I Hear America Singing	The Man Who Went Up in Smoke
Breaking In-Breaking Out	The Locked Room
The First Day of Friday	A Small Town in Germany
The Condor Passes	The Go-Between
The Massacre at Fall Creek	The Seven Percent Solution
Cogan's Trade	

Nov. 21 cont. -- It's obvious that with magazine reading added in, I'm spending enormous energy on reading -- as I have for as long as I can remember. May well be that this short-circuits my writing. Toy once in a while with notion of taking time just to look back over books, see what I've marked in them, what it brings to mind. Also found myself thinking the other day that I perhaps ought to give up on TV entirely -- hardly watch anything but news as it is, but news, so-called, disgusts us both increasing for its show biz habits and lack of touch with reality.

Wed. the 17th, went to Pac S to talk to Harriet about more interview pieces, she's for it. Spent hr with her and Alice. I asked H what she knew about Dixy Lee Ray from working under ~~her~~ her at Science Center, she said Ray is known as a quick study and not systematic adminstrtr; she thinks -- suspects -- that Ray was inveigled off to Wash. DC by people connected with Ehrlichman, to clear her out from haphazard Science Center admin. Over-run on aquarium (H said about \$2 million cost for \$800,000 estmtd job) lack of accounting system, top-heavy staff all reslts of her run-it-out-my-head style. H said recent firings of 3 top staffers was trimming of deadwood. She also recalled that Dixy used to be fretful of oil tankers, ocean pollution.

So, doing interviews should free time spent on Pac S a bit -- with typing help, such pieces ought to take less effort than usual articles. Also, I should try make them add up to a book, which ~~ix~~ has been one of my blind spots: more than 120 articles written, and no recycling into a book so far.

Nov. 29 -- Diary down the drain again. Anyway, last week mostly holiday. Gordons and Millers here for Thnksvg, a good time. Excellent food all around -- Carol cooked turkey and spuds, everyone brought something. Drank our berry wine from Nehalem a couple of years ago, damned good went thru 2 bottles of blackberry. Linda played Clint and Jack in RSVP, 3-D form of Scrabble, and trounced them while reading a magazine at same time. Later all played poker, pretty inconclusively; surprisingly, Jack the only other one who knew anything about it.

Weather has been clear and frosty since Thgvg night. Brilliant on Friday; we went to Skagit flats, could see the shading of fresh snow on evergreens in Cascades.

Nov. 29 cont. -- Mt. Baker loomed in very close; a wondrously lovely day. Lunched at Courtyard in Laconner. Now known to owner on sight, he chatted with us about local business.

Saturday, clear again, lunched at Pier 70 -- the Chowderhouse, where service is reliably awful, food so-so, and the view unbeatable. Xmas shopped for Miller and Nelson kids. Also did some work Sat. morn -- some letters, some looking over of Wells Fargo IRA plan for me.

Ran on 3 of 4 vacation days, apparently it paid off: despite all the food, including lunches out, I weighed 146 tonight after exercising.

Key day last week was Wed., when I pulled together the 1/2 life sample and dropped it and several other things on Ann. Also Pac S meeting. Harriet said the magazine is going to 2nd class mail, dropping all affiltns which have kept it 3d class until now; hope to save half on mailing cost. Also going to 16-pages of color in outside wrap; if inside stays the same, as she thinks it will, it'll mean an extra 8 pages in mag. At meeting sat next to Ann Saling, who I'm finding fascinating. Idly asked her if she was primed for a big family holiday, she said no, she and her husband no longer speak to their son, tho it would be nice to see grandkids sometime. Apparently there was family split over Chilean politics -- I gathered the son had written a letter to the editor disputing the Salings' defense of anti-Allende coup. Just as idly, Ann talked about taking poetry course from Joan Swift, writing a poem about the liquid braille of fog touching her face. She is a conglomerate, sure as hell.

Today, spent some time at Shoreline Library 1st thing, photocopying and tracing phone #s of possible Pac S interviewees. Called one, folklorist Dwight Wales, and found he's likely ~~tho~~ too far gone from stroke. Then worked on H-Mifflin Lit'ry Fel'p entry and other desk chores. Went to run and exercise about 2:30, so as to still have some sunshine. Bought copy of Some Time in the Sun at Shrln bookstore; have not been in mood to read serious history, such as new Sale and Clark regional work on hand, and have found DeVoto's Year of Decision exasperatingly chauvinistic where it's not imaginatively written. Carol reading journals, on the arc into end-of-quarter work.

Dec. 1 -- Blank day y'day, almost nothing accomplished. Begin to wonder whether weather, and smog, have something to do with it. Nov. was almost rainless, a trace of an inch; along ~~with~~ with some gloriously clear weather came fog, smog.

Today considerably better; rewrote dedications piece for Bookletter this morn, mainly improved the lead. Still not dead sure of the piece; about 50% chance of acceptance. Phoned Fred Martin at Rockport, he agreed to interview; called Portland and arranged to see Bill Hawkins of Friends of Cast Iron on Dec. 15. Wrote Susan Schrepfer to say I don't see how to make Pac S article without duplicating some of ch. she has sent out as jnl piece, and that we ought to let ~~the~~ idea drop until she sees how the jnls go for her material. And sundry other chores; 3:15, and I feel as if I've put in a big day.

Totting up the articles done in '76, and they should add up about like this:

Pac S -- forest gene pool
Running the Sand
Clatsop Plains
smoke jumpers
Willamette wine
Connor Reed interview
Barney McPhillips interview
Jim Trappe interview
Forest Grove
Fred Martin interview
John Gray interview

for Ann -- passports, NY Times
Are You a Poet?, Modern Maturity
Portland, NY Times
Maps, Am Legion
Dream House, Seattle Times
James Swan, Am West
passports II, The Rotarian
Lincoln's friends -- possibly P-I
book dedications -- possibly Bookletter
travel diary -- sample lead for Holiday
Sanibel -- possibly Nat. Observer
poeming -- prob'ly rewrite for S. Times
Portland cast-iron -- assigned by Westways

Dec. 1 cont. -- Given the amount of work on $\frac{1}{2}$ life, and some of difficulties of year -- summer company, some slumps -- it's a fair amount of work. But as usual, it falls between being either earning much or providing much prestige. Note that there's one fiasco in each group -- Forest Grove piece, which I still have to rewrite for Pac S and dread doing, and poe'ming, my absurd miscalculation abt the Atlantic. I suppose that's not too bad, less than 10% foul-up, but it's messy when it happens.

Finished reading Some Time in the Sun, a so-so job, out of balance (mostly about Fitzgerald and Faulkner, tho James Agge was the prime film man of the bunch) and not conveng in a lot of arguments. One appalling and reassuring bit of info, the paucity of royalties for Fitf and Flkner even with 8 or 9 books in print.

Am undecided whether to keep on with desk work, or run. Have kept my weight about 146 -- even did so despite Thnksvgv, apparently by running 3 of the 4 vacation days. But do have a big appetite, and the craving to get out of house mid-morn, go to Shoreline pub for coffee as I've been doing most every day. Will try break it starting tomorrow, when Carol will be home for quarter break.

C took pity on my dithering mood y'day as we walked around n'hood, suggested a movie; went to Silent Movie at N'gate, fairly good tho still with a lot of the Mel Brooks overkill which wasn't supposed to be in this one.

Current reading: skipping through DeVoto letters.

Dec. 6 --Rewrite day on 1st 3 pp. of $\frac{1}{2}$ life. Slow start-- almost nothing done this morn -- but got moving and the new version looks much better. C this morn mailed off the H-Mifflin Literary Fellowship etnry for me -- no chance of winning, but should get the ms read.

Both just back from exercise; I'm still at 146#, want to get down a few more # before the Florida binge. Running at least 2 miles 3-4 times a week, sometimes as much as 3 mi.

Gray, rainy day, first moisture in a month or so. No ski season at all yet.

Mark and Lou Damborg here for dinner Sat. Low-key; they are good, pleasant types. Talk with them since I wrote the W'mette wines article has been too much about wine, which I find myself more and more a proletariana about. Made a notebook entry the other day that I suffer from oenophilophobia -- fear of wine fanciers. But good to see Mark and Lou again anyway.

Dec. 7 -- Cont'ing last night's entry: Last Thurs, went to UW for bgnd on Fred Martin for interview, lunched with John Campbell in his office. Radiator banged and clattered, helluva racket. John seems more stable about his upcoming winter quarter of free time. Said he's about dividing his free time between religion and womanizing, and fortunately there's no Sunday school class to explain to. Read me an editorial he'd done for diocese newspaper, quoting Edmund Burke to support a point as he so often does, and I told him if Burke did not exist he would have to invent him.

Recent reading: The Man Who Went Up in Smoke, first of the Wahloo-Sjowall mysteries I ve read. Quite taken with the flat, broodsom style: could be a momentary answer to my current exasperation about what to read to ease off at night. Also have been reading DeVotoe's The Year of Decision, which is both good and awful. Even with my habit of overwriting, I come on stuff in there and wonder what the hell it's doing there. Did a little re-reading

last night in Stegner's biog of DeV, who was ~~was~~ something like I might be if I'd been given a dozen times the brains and a hundred times the drive.

Spent a quiet weekend. Put the garden away for the winter, digging in the vegetable stalks and leaves as compost; Sunday morn, I bucketed about half of compost on hill down to new area for squash patch. Compost was being overgrown, and I didn't want to lose it.

Good news from Ann last night: her tweak to the Am Legion editor got him to admit he'd said \$500 instead of \$300 for the maps piece.

Famous in my own time: Carol bought something at Kay's Bookmark in U Village, clerk asked if she's related to me, said she reads my stuff in Pac S.

Dec. 13 -- Day of choring, but not a bad one. Spent some of morn on tax estimating, checking out against Carol's suggestion we think about end-of-year buy of car for business depreciation purposes. She came back from IRS and Volvo dealer advising against it, saying may as well wait till next year. Also, taxes don't look as bad as expected this year.

Dinner last night at Rodens, with Amy, Olsons, Capps. Jean and Fred showed Japan slides, Fred's very good as ever. Enjoyed Bob Kapp, a quick and funny mind. Party not without incident for Jean -- Mary C took ill, John somehow elbowed an heirloom dish off the sill -- but went okay all in all, I think.

Sat., we Xmas shopped at Eddie Bauer's. I got a chamois camel-hair color shirt, very nice; Carol bought slacks and turtlenecks. Sun came out, so we walked Green Lake on way home. Decided to try standing room tickets at ACT's Boccaccio; got there and found the ground rules were intricate and funny -- a gaggle of us stood on line musing the options -- but we went ahead and bought plain

standing room tickets and found we could sit on platform for the music mixer, excellent seats. Show and cast were very fine; Megan Dean and Kelly Walters especially funny.

Forgot to mention that y'day we went to Ebey's Landing. Fog and chill when we got there, but the weather improved. Lunch time, at far end of bluff trail, ships began parading through -- tanker and tug, two Canadian destroyer escorts and their tug, tug and barge from the north. I glimpsed 2 eagles far off, but no ~~tax~~ other startling bird life.

Friday went to Rockport to interview Fred Martin for Pac S. Not a great interview, because M is not naturally eloquent about himself, but I think a good one. He is much like Dad -- about the same size, the rancher look, and a face something like Walter Doig. He seemed to enjoy talking to me, invited me back with Carol to see the eagles in the refuge. He's a few months short of 80, looks about 65.

Did the Forest Grove rewrite last week, still not as good a piece as I'd hoped but more sharply crafted along usual Pac S lines.

Dec. 13 cont. -- So, the year draws down, and I am getting things tidied. The TR passports piece still awaits overseas mail, so won't be able to get that done until Jan. But intend to leave tapes and typing for Billee on couple of Pac S pieces, and at least rough the Westways piece upon return from Portland.

Dec. 21 -- Leave for NJ tomorrow. Fla plans collapsed a week ago when Frank called to say Lucie has the flu. I went thru with P'land trip I'd scheduled to coincide with Carol's leaving; reluctant to do it, but the trip went ok. Extensive interview with Bill Hawkins about cast-iron; also managed an interview with Elizabeth Buehler at Ore. Historical Society after other interview choices weren't available. Thurs morn the 16th, went to Ch of Commerce b'fast at Sheraton as guest of Walking Tours folks. Bobbie Loukes was sick, and I used her ticket. B'fast was pure Babbitttry, mc named Monte McBride (I think) semi-shouting the introductions ~~of~~ and praises of people being honored for helping to bring conventions. When Mayor Goldschmidt got a chance to talk, he was impressive -- funny, deft. Hard to talk at table over noise of band playing in berserk fasion, but 4 of 5 Walking Tour partnrs turn out to be architects' wives. Talked with Persis Schmeer, the most senior, afterward; a pleasant, knowing lady. Also talked much with Kimbark MacColl, who has just written history of Portland 1885-1915: Ivy Leagueish, turned out to have had Arthur Link at Princeton; a bit toney, but bright and in his way sort of a free lance like me.

Fagged out on Friday, did virtually nothing. On Sunday, did some transcribing from Buehler interview -- so discursive I couldn't have Billee do it. Finished that article y'day, not a great one but I hope adequate. Sun. night, went to Nelsons Xmas party with some dread, since the one 2 years ago had been deadly, earnestly dull lawyers as far as glazied eye could gaze. This year was better; Martins were there, talked much with Craig, who describes himself as working in "death sciences" at Boeing. Says Boeing just now is trying to figure out what went haywire in decline of late '60s; he's in on multi-media project to sell a company officialdom on computer findings of a guy who's doing the figuring out. So far, the guy has been pilloried and scorned, Craig says.

Dec. 30 -- 7a.m.; still waking early, tho jet lag and partying just now wearing off. Y'day morn, Margafet Svec called to ask us to lunch with her and Pat. They lavished food on us and we went thru bottle of wine; Carol and I walked Green Lake afterward, came home and napped from 4:30 to 7, had milk and ice cream for supper, watched Julie Harris in Belle of Amherst, and went to bed. Odd, skewed day, but ok for vacation, I suppose. Pat and M are funny with their motherly fretting over two new cats. Also Pat has hilarious story about the time a kitten fell out of the wall on her head. Green Lake was a festival too -- y'day's springish weather brought out people in droves, and among others, we saw a guy playing hide and seek with his dog (peeking from behind tree until dog would uncertainly nose around trunk for him) and a fellow on cross-country skiing training rollers, who made at least 3 laps of the lake while we were there.

Tues night the 28th, party at Amy's. We picked up John and Jean; others there were Bob and Mary K Kapp, Trudy and Howard Forbes, Kathryn and John Maloof, Horst and Marilyn Rabura. A good gathering. Some inevitable, and fascintng replaying of WWII, with John, Amy and Horst; also John Maloof as footslogger in Korea. For the 1st time, heard John talk of being shot down over Korea; reluctantly, under series of questions from Howard Forbes, he said he managed to coast down about 100 yds behind his own lines. Bob Kapp turns out to have nimble verbal skills, a far-out punster; he had the prize, and grossest, pun of evening. Amy recalled that during WWII in London, when she and service chums went to Royal Albert Hall, they could sit in the royal family's box if royalty wasn't there. "The royal box was often open," she said. Bob: "I'd heard that about the house of ~~Wasserman~~ Hanover."

Dec. 31 -- Interrupted y'day to take advantage of good weather and go to Dungeness Spit. Beautiful morning, the Olympics pink with sunrise as we caught 8:30 ferry. Some broken clouds at the spit, but a good day even so -- no wind. No exotic birds, but many buffleheads, widgeons, mallards. We walked out on the inside edge of spit, and flights of ducks would explode ahead of us from the indentations of the shore. Saw a few seals; watched a quartet of buffleheads in some sort of pecking order battle royal, much fluffing and arching, and some small

Dec. 31 cont. -- ~~ix~~ flights of 20-30 feet, with ploughing landings like water skiers at full speed. Bought clams and oysters and fresh tomatoes on way back, had 'em for supper.

Clint called last night, invited us tonight. Low-key New Year's eve, apparently; Gordons may be there.

Catching up on NJ trip: Jean and Cindy took us to airport morn of Wed. the 22nd. Flew on Northwest, stood in 4 different lines before getting on plane. I watched the country pass below whenever I could see thru clouds, taking notes for possible Pac S piece. At Newark, Frank was not at gate to meet us. Finally I set off to see about luggage, found Frank at the security check: no one without ticket is allowed into the gate area any more. Carol drove Frank's new Chevy Malibu. Found Lucie still weak and hacking from flu, and depressed; she was much better by time we left, maybe near normal. There is going to be her continuing fear, tho, that she won't be able to cope if Frank dies first; the answer, as she sees it, is for them to move into Methodist Home before a death or incapacity. There is a waiting list, and her point is that she can't see how she'll make it thru such a wait on her own. But Frank is vigorous and not at all ready or willing to be warehoused at the Home. Carol saw an ironic consequence there: the more Frank does of the household chores, to show Lucie they are coping well enough not to need the Home, the more dependent and fearful she feels.

~~Anyx~~ Anyway, our Xmas trip seems to have been an appreciated gesture, and we'll all go on to see what time will yield. As I customarily do, I kept pretty quiet during our stay, walking out early each morn to the Asbury bus depot cafe to buy NY Times, News, and Phil. Inquirer, spent much of morn reading them. Also read The Go-Between, some of The Good Soldier Schweik; began Powers of Mind on the plane out, read The Seven Percent Solution on plane home. Weather was clear and cold -- snowed day after Xmas. I ran the beach about noon on Xmas Eve, went for long walks couple of other times. Only visiting was to the Belmans, to see Harry's work on his house. He is a marvelous craftsman, and I wish there was a way to get him here to do some work on this place -- new kitchen cabinetry, for instance.

All in all, a low-key trip. Most excitement was on plane coming home, when at Dulles stop-over two guys

Dec. 31 cont. -- in chains and manacles were brought on, one of them muscled down the aisle. (notes on it in anecdotes section of notebooks)

Weather here continues dry and clear; ferns and grass are laced with frost now (10 a.m.). Am mulling changes in working schedule, how to get going on New Year (and at last finish Half-Life). More leftovers to be resolved than I had hoped -- must ~~fix~~ finish passports, write cast-iron, revise book dedications -- but I suppose that's nothing really serious.