Jan. 5, '81--Rocky start to the year. Either because of y'day's variety of alcohol or last vestiges of a cold, or more likely both, I feel pole-axed this morning. Also am blacked from work by not...I was about to write, by not having heard from Marsh about the Atheneum contract, but just then he called. He has some niggles about the contract language, but likely nothing substantial enough to delay on. Liz called promptly this morning--I had the phone machine on, while I was lying down trying to shake a headache--and I've just tried to call her back. One way or another, I should be able to tell her the contract is on its way out of here today.

So, that clears the barricade to getting back to Sea Runners, altho I'm not sure how much I can gear myself up to today. I caught this cold two weeks ago tomorrow, at the Forest History Society in Santa Cruz, and it's been fairly brutal. As to yesterday's alcoholic activities, they began early afternoon when we coincided with Jim and Lois Welch at Pier 70, went in the Smuggler and had a couple of drinks before Lois's plane back to Missoula. Then to supper at Damborg's, celebrating Lou's birthday; to my earlier couple of scotches, I added a pair of gin and tonics, then wine with dinner, and as I came out of the john ready to go home, found Mark breaking out a small bottle of sauterne. It's probably a wonder I have a head, even aching, on my shoulders at all.

Jan. 9--1 pm. A so-so day, in a so-so week of work. The gearing-up is not easy--C has been going thru her own version, feeling considerably stressed by the first 3 days of the quarter and then easing into routine y'day--and I continue to be perturbed, probably with not much reason, about my efficiency and energy. I'm still coughing out the last of the Christmas cold, and that perhaps has drained me.

But there's also been the perplexity that I've wanted, against all good sense, to simply step into the Sea Runners ms again and watch it write itself out the ends of my fingers. Some calculation the other day, as I set a schedule to finish roughing the ms, about 180 pp beyond what I already have, by the last week in March, that the book may have as many as twelve dozen different scenes. This will be the third book in a row that has got more

Jan. 9 cont.--complex than I dreamed it could. No wonder the bastards are hard.

The rest of life, I try to grapple as catch can. I seem not to get a lot done except read, which I think adds to my illusion that I'm putting in very long days to turn out not many pages. Working for myself does not seem to get easier--having to reinvent my world every morning is a considerable matter--yet I still can't imagine myself putting in hours for someone else.

I think part of my mood these past days has been the feeling that the Sea Runners work is not yet fun again. Ordinarily, if there is an "ordinarily" in such a life, I'd look ahead to grooving into the work, a span of stepping off into the blank of my mind and seeing what will happen, but I can only about half do that with the ~~xxxxxx~~ Alpha Helix trip impending. It probably is going to be one of the great sets of days in my life, as ~~the~~ last fall's hunting with Wayne proved to be, yet it takes attention and time I don't want to give. So, to find a balance; to edge-walk again, the writing on one hand, the living and questing on the other.

The busyness of Winter Bros promo has slowed, or at least I am managing to ~~xxxx~~ quench it down. I've been saying no to something nearly every day: y'day to an invite to the state library conference in Ellensburg in April, the day before to photog David Barnes, who's to do a Pac S book on farmlands and wondered if I'd take on the text. This morn on the phone machine, a call from Jean Walkinshaw, who I think is with Channel 9.

Winter Bros meanwhile continues to have a kind of nonchalant existence of its own. Noah Adams, calling last Sunday for our address to send us the tape of his All Things Considered piece, said he'd seen that the Wash. Post is to have a review this week. Tomorrow night is the King tv bit, and possible the NYTBR piece will show up some Sunday.

Jan. 12--10:50, a decent morning's work already: 5 pp. of ms--albeit rough and ready rewrite of existing material, mostly, but 5 pp.

Life has seemed to sort itself out a bit, I think an indicator that I'm feeling better, having shaken the cold. Saturday we went to Pt No Pt to hike and were rewarded with gorgeous weather. More fishermen than ever at the point, C counting abt 70 boats when we arrived. Y'day the weather still held, and after C had done the laundry and I mucked along and got 1 page written, we decided it would be criminal to ignore such a day. Went to Bloch's for lunch, then parked near W. Montlake park and walked beneath the Montlake bridge--luckily, while it was cantilevering itself to let a big sailboat thru--and on to the marsh-Foster Island loop thru the Arboretum. After we came home, I stayed on outside and worked the garden dirt some more, bucketing 10 buckets of soil down from the hill in the bargain.

The King tv clip didn't appear Sat. night--losing out to interviews about the murdered land reformer in El Salvador--and I haven't managed to catch up with the review that was supposed to be in the Wash. Post. I've pretty much settled into Sea Runners, am in that phase of having the previous book go dim on me, to the point where I'm surprised and have to do some focusing when someone talks to me about it. One part of the routine, if routine it can ever be, that I haven't resolved yet is the reading to be done toward usefulness for Sea Runners. I'm still pretty much dabbing away by impulse as usual. Have recently read MacDonald Harris's novels, Yukiko and Balloonist, and while they're not perfect, they are fine examples of thoroughness of craft, of the book-notion being realized into completeness.

Should try, even though the date is late, to mention the Calif. Xmas trip. We flew to San Francisco on Dec. 18, an early afternoon flight which took us over Mt. St. Helens and showed the extreme cut of crater, like the intact half of a broken cup, left by the blast. Took airport bus into town, walked the several blocks to the Carlton Hotel, and, installed, decided to go to Shroeders for dinner.

Jan. 12 cont.--Beforehand, since it was only about 5 pm, we stopped across the street from Shroders at a bar called Harrington's. It has a financial district clientele, and a bartender we began to notice ~~ix~~ who is a Baryshnikov among bartenders. As a waitress gave him an order he already would be pouring it, and he would smoothly swoop along the bar for whatever needed, for instance opening four bottles of beer by doing it two in each hand, snick snick snick snick. He wasn't a great looker, fortyish, Kurt Vonnegut-ish, but I noticed at one point three women simultaneously and separately ~~m~~ going calf-eyed at him.

2 pm: I quit this for lunch--Marsh came down, after talking to C's class--and so now have read the NYTBR review of Winter: the mail brought a copy from HBJ and, remarkably, one from Bob McCaig in Gt. Falls. The review, by Raymond Sokolov, is good, though like the others it doesn't entirely know what to make of the book. C and I just walked around the n'hood, this the third straight day of warm sunshine, and I thought out loud to her that it might take someone like Stegner, or Wright Morris in a mood to really work at it, to entirely get at the book; someone who both knows the western threads and has experience of the writing. Which may say that it is too rarefied a book. But it's out there in the world, good enough that no harm has come to it from the NYTBR, so I'll more than settle for that.

California: Friday the 19th I rode BART to Berkeley to look at the Sitka ms in the Bancroft library. First time I'd used the Bancroft; it's efficient enough, and certainly has vast holdings, though I was a bit surprised at how office-like it seemed. Not any of the patina of the Huntington, say. C joined me about 3:30 and we caught a bus to Spenger's, another constant in our affections. Afterward, caught a bus back uptown and saw the Kirosawa film, Kagamusha, which was a knockout. The second scene, of the messenger running and jinking thru the entire resting army, seems to take the Potemkin steps scene and say, oh hell, look what I can do with <u>that</u>...

Jan. 12 cont.--Sat. the 20th was a day of wandering; went aboard the Balclutha, went to G'lli Square and discovered Senor Pico's is defunct, so bought a crab at Fisherman's Wharf and ate it with sourdough bread in the park.

Rain, the first break in weather, caught us the next morning as we set out to walk some more, so we packed up early, caught bus to the airport, got our rented car and went on to Santa Cruz. We fetched up there with Pete Steen and his new housemate, Gail Lawrence. Gail later admitted she was nervous about meeting us, I guess as friends of Pete's who'd known him all thru his years of marrigge to Judy, indeed about 15 years, and she arrived talking at high mileage, but when she calmed down and we all got used to each other, we got along well. I went with Pete to the Forest History Society the next two days, to dig thru any materials about forest rangers for Last Roof. Ron Fahl's wife Kathy had a couple of boxes of possibilities waiting the first day, and the second day Mary Beth Johnson, the ostensible Society librarian, evidently felt put on her mettle and in turn provided me suggestions and stuff all day long. I went thru perhaps 8 shelf feet of material, digging for detail and anecdote. As happens, one of the rich finds came late on the second day, when Pete on impulse brought along from the archives a set of file boxes maintained by a Missoula forester in the 1920's: among the file cards, in Swan-like compulsiveness, were lists of wardrobe, of what to take on an elk hunt, of birds seen and when...excellent stuff for me.

I began to come down with a cold that second day--the Santa Cruz style of habitation is that since it never gets really cold, nobody installs enough heat or insulation to forestall chill--and bagged the idea of going back for more work the morn of Xmas Eve. Instead we headed on to Monterey and Pacific Grove. The weather stayed warm and bright; probably 65 at Point Lobos on Xmas, 75 along the waterfront at Monterey the next day. Both days were great pleasure. At Pt Lobos, we could see the spouts of whales going south, a couple of times the Y of a tail; a sea otter came into the water below our sitting place and lunched on seaweed for quite a while.

Jan. 12 cont.--We ate Xmas dinner at Rappa's, on the end of the Monterey Fishermen's Wharf--bouillabase. The next day, walked the coast near the motel, this time saw seals; went again to the Monterey waterfront, had lunch gin-and-tonics in Rappa's bar, full of Italian fishermen standing one another holiday rounds. Then lunch at Consuelo's and the drive to SF airport, and home that night.

New Year's Eve, Jean came over alone, John having gone to Everett to travel with Pete Dewell to the dome the next morning. The 3 of us simply talked, C and Jean had champagne at midnight and I had some cider, then I headed for bed, done in by my cold.

So, '81 is launched, and I feel better a dozen days into it than I would have thought; this is one of those calendar years in which, because the first real workaday Monday is the 5th, several days have vanished before anything gets done. But I do feel underway on Runners by now--last week was tough, getting geared up--and the Atheneum contract matter is behind me, so it's a case of get on with the work.

Jan. 15--2:40; Just got home, finally feeling zippy, in what had been not much of a day, because of handsome review of Winter Bros in Washington Post. A phone message from Jim Welch was waiting; called him and learned Dick Hugo had a cancerous lung taken out on Tuesday. Jesu Maria, as my Swedes have been saying.

Jan. 20--8:15. "Just unbelievable, just unbelievable," Roger Mudd has just said on NBC ~~of~~ of the report that hostages may leave Iran in the next minutes before Reagan takes oath. I agree, but maybe not for the same reasons.

I've brought the tv into the study, will try tinker toward the Alaska trip (tomorrow) as the coronation goes on. Phone call from Carstensen last night, to offer me extra copy of the Wash. Post review sent by his son, but he also said, think today of that 6'2" red-haired Virginian who in March of 1801 walked from his boarding house to take the oath, got back too late for the first setting at supper and so stood by to await the second...

This is a time when I feel at a loss for perspective, even of so little as I generally have. That this country is to be governed by these incoming people baffles me to the point I'm not even sure what to fear first. I tell myself to hunker in and do my work--on the principle of the lines in "Travesties": "What did you do in the war?" "I wrote Ulysses, what did you do?"--and perhaps I am. But it's hard to know if that is enough.

What I do know is that the most affecting moment of this time for me is not the televised foofraw, but what Dick Hugo said of himself y'day when I visited him in Va. Mason hospital. I was out doing chores toward Alaska, decided to stop by ~~kxxxtp~~ hospital in hope of seeing Ripley and finding out how Dick was. Instead, found that Dick could have visitors, went up and learned from him that Ripley had left that morn, driving their car back to Missoula. I stayed about half an hour with him, and at one point, after saying a doctor in Missoula had written him off, "was kicking dirt on my casket," he said, half-humorously, "I can safely say I didn't show a shred of character (when he thought the cancer had doomed him). I moped, I cried, I stared out the window, I was depressed. No guts at all. (But) Ripley was wonderful!" I told him I bought his version about Ripley, but not the one on himself.

Juneau, Jan. 24--Am aboard the Alpha Helix--or, as some of the crew disgustedly said y'day, often misprnced by Coast Guard and others to Alpha Felix--at the Coast Guard-NOAA dock. Flew in from Sitka y'day afternoon, after 2 days there. The Sitka stay was useful for Runners mood and detail--how Verstovia looms in on the town in winter, for ex. Weather there broke to couple of hrs of sun late y'day morning, a tremendous dazzle striking obliquely across the Sound to town. Only apprehension so far has been flight into Juneau, with the plane diving down, in a sort of roaring aerial skid, over the hill at the end of the runway; can't decide whether I more dislike landing or taking off with that hump looming in front.

Seem to be off to a reasonable start with the crew. Bill volunteered this morn that the wise policy is to get in good with the cook, Mary, and by instinct from ranch days I already was taking some care in that direction. At dinner last night, I chipped in $2 with one of the crewmen to buy her the wine carafe as a vase.

My mood is pretty good this morning, reassured at having seen the setup aboard here. Haven't managed to get done any real ms work, either at Sitka or here, altho in Sitka I figured out the ms spots where more detail is needed and concentrated the research accordingly (I hope). Public library here opens at 1, and I intend to go up there for the afternoon, see if it's possible to write.

The ship is supposed to leave before noon tomorrow, altho Bill's colleague Tom Royer says he wonders if Super Bowl won't delay it; Bill said this morn he's betting on Dolly Dieter to get it out of harbor as sched'd.

Juneau cont.--Tried to call Sheila N'son y'day afternoon, found she's out of town, a real regret. Did talk a bit with Phyllis DeMuth at st. library; I feel remarkable familiarity with that library, indeed with both Sitka and Juneau, even though it's half a year since C and I were here.

School of sea lions are in channel, s'times as close as 100 yds to the ship. Also can see on the mtnside the old mining site, where I think the tailings poured out into the channel.

1:05: AM now in basement of ~~PXXXXX~~ Public Library, which opened at 1. Did some typing in the ship quarters this morn, but nothing serious, what with sundry comings and goings as Bill and others prepared for today's public open house. About 10, I went uptown, walked for awhile, browsed Baranof and Hearthside bookstores--a copy of Sky someone was buying was on Baranov counter as I went out--then had bowl of soup for lunch in coffee shop of the Baranov hotel and went back to ship for half an hour or so. This morn I called Connie Stewart and said I'd gladly go to Rob't Burns night with them; on ship Bill intro'd me to 3 guys who are in the pipe band. A small town, and small population of a state, indeed.

With considerably more privacy here, I can say that the one member of the crew I haven't clicked with is, unfortunately, the Marine Supt. Dolly Dieter. I am about to decide she is simply brusque, be civil and minimal toward her, and let it go at that. Can't think of any reason I should be in automatic ill grace, since she and Bill get along well and Bill is my voucher, but anyway...

The Helix is not as large as I expected, yet it's plenty sizable--133', with crew of 9 and capacity for 15 scientists. Good-looking ship, like a plumper version of a big fishboat, with white superstructure and baby-blue from railings down.

25 Jan., Juneau--9:40 am, and we're to depart at 1 or a bit before. Sunny morning, the sun has just come around the base of Mt. Roberson and over Ascension I., ~~xxxxxx~~ evidently will slide just above the horizon across s. end of Gastineau Channel. Sea lions and whale are in channel again this morn, I've just spent abt 20 min. on deck taking notes on them.

Last night, was picked up at 7 at Sheffield House by Connie and John Stewart, to go to Elks hall for 1st annual Robert Burns birthday celebration. Turnout of likely 2-300; pot-luck supper, which I hadn't been aware of and so had supper at El Sombrero beforehand--have undoubtedly put on poundage on this trip--then piping and dancing. Or I should say, first the haggis was piped in, the Burns poem read over it, the piper and bearer and reciter all were poured a straight Scotch--the piper asked, I suppose trad'ly, "Piper, what'll ye have i' your whiskey?" and answering, "More whiskey"--which they sim'ly tossed down. It was explained that because they hadn't been able to find a sheep's stomach in town they'd sewn together a few pigs' stomachs for the haggis; it was surprisingly good, rather like a turkey stuffing with grain in it.

The main piper, Bob White, a wildlife biologist from Fairbanks, was very good. He's an Australian, now interested in reindeer, which Bill Reeburgh said are similar in habit to White's original specialty, sheep. When White was aboard ship visiting with Bill y'day afternoon, he said he'd sailed on the Helix once, and piped to the sea creatures.

Connie held places at one of the long tables while John and I were fetching drinks, and we came back to find the Hammonds seated across from us, talking with Connie. The governor has something of a Santa Claus face with a trimmed triangular gray bird, a kind of fuller version of a Van Dyke. He's hefty in the upper body, looks vigorous.

25 Jan. cont.--Bella Hammond is extremely attractive, with a very composed, serene face, large dark eyes which look at you as if seeing a human for the first time but not astonished at the discovery. A kind of timelessness about her.

As we dug into the pot-luck supper--the Hammonds had got into the milling line with the rest of us; no bodyguard, tho Connie says a state trooper accompanies him out of state now--the governor said, These are Mrs. So-and-so's beans, aren't they? A bit later, John was razzing the gov, asking when he was going to return the wrench he'd loaned him, and the gov said well, he hadn't finished fixing his chainsaw yet. I asked Hammond if he'd gone to Reagan's inauguration, he said no, he had the distinction of being the only Republican gov not there. This didn't seem to be ideo'l, just social; he said he'd been to DC last month and had to go again next month, and besides all the inaugural socializing didn't much appeal to him. Later I asked him about the court challnge to Mont's coal severance tax, if that concerned Alaska, and found myself getting a spiel--a good one, but a reminder of how much a politicia Hammond is--about the relationship of the resource-rich states and the covetous (and broke) eastern ones.

One other detail of gub'l life; evidently the Hammonds have a 72-yr-old Tlingit housekeeper named Frances, who has her own ideas--mostly obeyed, I gather--about how the mansion should run.

I mentioned to Bella H. that she'd been out fishing last summer when C and I were here and C was shown around by Connie, she said yes, someone had asked her why she goes fishing every year, she told them, for the money. She said the gov had come up to Bristol Bay and helped near the end of the season.

25 Jan. cont.--The Burns shindig made a good evening--these have been very long days, tho not unpleasant, on this trip; am having my usual travel problem of not sleeping much--and I like Connie Stewart quite a lot. John is a case of "not proven"; last night was no fair indication, since he'd evidently had a few drinks at home before they picked me up and then drank scotches thru the evening, but I'd suspect he's a boozer. He offhandedly said, to someone he was just meeting and had mistaken him for another Stewart, that no, he'd gotten that guy's mail for a while when John and Connie were separated, but... Anyway, John is deputy comsnr of fish and game, just past 50, has a neat toothbrush mustache and indeed looks the very image of some xxx self-ruining Scot, a lawyer or merchant not able nor trying very hard to be easy with the bottle.

Stewarts brought me back to ship a little after ten, I began reading Endless Love, then tried for sleep, Bill and Tom having rolled in about 2 am the previous night.

6 pm--Have just finished supper, which is a fairly full affair because the ship turns out to be populated with numerous free-loaders besides me: the chancellor, Howard Cutler and his wife; 2 Foundation members, Odin Strandberg and Brian Bundine, who has brought his wife, son, and another couple. All this was considerably more than Dolly Dieter, the UA marine supt., had expected and bargained for, and while I'd felt some chill from her before today, when all these others turned up she was so pissed off that she began to regard me as an old-timer. It helped, I think, that I uncomplainingly and promptly moved rooms this morning when she asked me to.

Spent the afternoon standing on the bridge, more standing than I've done in some time. My back came out of it pretty well, though my right heel began to rebel by end of the day.

26 Jan., in Clarence Strait nearing Behm Canal: got up at 5 this morn, b'fasted with crew, went to bridge at 5:45, when the watch was to change the capt'n taking over from the mate. But Mike the mate--crew also seems to include Mike the engineer and a third Mike called just Mike Miller--let the capt'n sleep in and stayed on bridge until 6:10. I stayed up there until 9--it's now 9:30--details are noted on Blue cards. Trip seems to be going well, so far I've balanced myself aloof enough from crew and passengers to get work done yet, I think, stay civil. Shut myself in my room pronto after supper, took an early shower a little after 7--just before the ship began a spell of pitching--then cont'd reading (Bill Turner's Call the Beast Thy Brother) until just past 8. Had trouble falling asleep, but no more so than in a motel room. So far the ship's motion hasn't bothered me. Mike the mate said we did come through a gale in the after-midnight hours, I guess s. of Wrangell Narrows, with 40-50 mph wind.

My feeling so far, though I may get bored with this trip by tomorrow or the next day, is the one I've had on last summer's trip to Alaska and the recent times in Montana, that, hell, I can do this as well as these people, and so I pretty much do it.

27 Jan., 7:40 pm--Am behind in today's diarying, partly due to abt 2½ hrs spent in bunk this afternoon, to avoid seasickness while crossing Qn Ch Sound, but material is mostly on the notecards. Should record my bravura stand against seasickness, tho. This morn, during the crossing of Milbanke Sound, I had to come down from the bridge for about ½ hr because of queasiness. So this afternoon, knowing we'd hit the Qn Ch swells about 3, I prepared myself by taking a Dramamine-type pill ½ hr beforehand as directed, then had couple cups of coffee to

27 Jan. cont.--fend off any drowsiness from that, plus some handfulls of gorp for energy, then went up to the bridge, declaring to myself that I'd by god whip seasickness this time, stick out the entire Qn Ch crossing. 20 min. later, I was sprawled flat on my bunk.

The bonus of this voyage has turned out to be Enid Cutler, wife of the UA chancellor. Y'day morn I was on the bridge watching day-break, and she hesitantly came across and asked what I was making notes about, then began talking colors to me and tipped me to the technique of looking not quite squarely at the object to get a truer sense of its tone; then she went down and got her paints and did me 2 quick watercolors of shoreline. Then after supper, she did a portrait of me, an astonishingly good one, and I asked her if she'd ever had a show. She said yes, she'll be in one in Lincoln Center in May...Since then, she's done rapid but quite fine portraits of most of the crew, the engineer's son from a photo, etc.

The other thing I have intended to put down--I've been feeling it all during this voyage--is that this coastline awaits its great book. I wonder if I can do it.

28 Jan., 8:45 am, in Strait of Georgia, likely off Hornby I.--Am feeling good at the moment, after a tough night. Couldn't get to sleep, spent more than 4 hours trying. As with y'day's effort against seasickness, I tried all the logic I could think of, sitting in galley talking to Howard Cutler until about 8, then went to bed, read, and about 8:30 took a Dramamine, hoping it would put me to sleep in the next half hour or so. Nothing. Finally tried another D'mine after midnight, either it or exhaustion of lying sleepless in bunk so long did the job.

28 Jan. cont.--But I got up at 5, flailing at alarm as if it were a snake as it racketed on the floor beside my bunk, and went up for the morning watch with the captain as I've done each day. We're making good time, he says--a following wind has put us up to 11.6 knots; ship had been doing 10.95 average. He thinks now we'll reach the Duwamish shipyard by 11, 11:30 tonight.

Just now passing east of lighthouse on raft of rock; Sisters light, maybe?

Have enjoyed the captn, Roy ~~E~~ Robeck, and the rest of the crew. R served in merchant marine and 2 yrs aboard a hospital ship--the 1st one into Yokahama at war's end, to take aboard American POWs--and is coming up on his ~~60~~ 60th b'day. Watching both him and the mate, Mike Demchenko, provides that pleasure of seeing someone good at his job. The ship seems to have excellent people at the vital jobs--captain, mate, cook, engineer--and at least middling good crew below that.

29 Jan--Home, as of about 12:45 this morning. Lack the energy to do a full entry today, but should note what kind of day it's been: Jean Walkinshaw of channel 9 called; then Larry Rumley, about S. Times' intention to run excerpt from Winter Bros, which was news to me; in the mail C left for me to open was Miami Herald review; when I called a few prime bookstores to tell them of S. Times, Marilyn Martin at U Bk Store told me Winter Bros is reviewed in this week's People magazine, which I told her at last has given me the ultimate definition of mixed emotions.

6 Feb.--Winter Bros continues to roll along; reviews in Signpost (enthus'c), Baltimore Sun (baffled) and a second essay on it by Denzil Walters in the Teamster; the Oregon-Washington quote led the Walt Evans column in the S. Times on Tuesday, and the channel 9 film team of Jean Walkinshaw and Wayne Sourbeer want to make a half-hr piece deriving from the book.

This last could well be something I'll regret getting involved in, given that it's bound to take more time than anybody originally estimates and, as Carol points out, the pics could overwhelm the words. But I think I will say ok, go ahead and try get funding (W'shaw would try for Humanities grant). There'd be some money for my time, by HBJ contract I'd get 90% of permissions fee, and there's possibly, maybe even probably, some royalties, if the film is shown anywhere else. This pair has done good work--W'shaw showed me part of their film on the Columbia, which she said isn't at all her favorite, but I thought it quite deft--and Sourbeer seems particularly attuned to the geographical mood here.

Carol's first response was that a useful film, somehow showing the work on Winter Bros and its evolution, would be best. I told her ideally I supposed it would be, but I don't think I want to do it in this situation--leave it to Blue as the Odyssey, if that eventuates--because I don't want to spend the time that would take, nor do I have the faith that the result, a half-hour flash of blue light, is really worth the effort. Perhaps short-sighted, but I'd rather have the focus on the piece of work than on me. This may not be the best time for me to make such a decision, given the rash of attention I've had this past month--in the long work ahead on Sea Runners I may lament whether anybody remembers I exist--but I do feel I need to regulate this sort of stuff, as best I can.

I took y'day as an outside chore day, so went to UW in the morning, took a prelim look at the Methow Trading Co. material; this trove of Guy Waring's Methow life is remarkably detailed, but I don't know yet what might be done with it. Then lunch at El Patio with the filmers, then to Seattle Times for "interview" with Larry Rumley. I came away baffled as ever with Rumley; he went over my past book titles, asked a couple of semi-questions, and that was it, though I did force-feed him a few sentences

6 Feb. cont.--about the western theme of my writing. It may be that because I'm a guy here in town, he's never been able to believe I amount to anything; somehow, for instance, he gets enough quotation from authors touring thru town to fill his column, but he doesn't seem to have any notion of what to ask me. This intended excerpting in the Times is a particularly strange situation; the features editor, Dick Cheverton, took it upon himself, at no hint from Rumley, I think--it seems to me more likely he went and wrested the review copy from R--and did the editing himself. Cheverton came out of his office to meet me while I was going past with Rumley, said "You're a helluva writer," and we got along from there.

Interruption: just now, a little before 9, I decided to call Marcia Magill to tell her the S. ~~Sind~~ Times excerpts were fine by me; the HBJ rights dept., which is proving more and more a bane, told Cheverton it'd have to clear the edited-together excerpts with her. Asked about sales, the total is 15,831, with some returns coming in; I gather there are 16,000 in print, which is cutting it pretty fine, but on the other hand Pacific Pipeline has something like 1400 on hand, so it's a bit tricky to argue that more copies are desperately needed.

And now just have called Jean Walkinshaw, to say ok on the Winter Bros film notion. Told her I'd want $1000 for 1st week of my time, $500 for a subsequent, and would want to limit it to 2 weeks, possibly the last 2 in August or 1st 2 next Jan. She immediately began thinking up members of advisory committee; I suggested Bob Monroe, Susan Pelzer, Gene Smith of UW English dept, Bob Hitchman, Norman Clark, Bill Gulick's wife...

11 Feb.--Snow, first of the winter; first of much of any indication this is winter, even. Only a skift, going fast now, at 3:10 pm, but plenty to slicken roads. C walked to work this morn, at noon I walked to Richmond Beach QFC for shopping bag of food.

This has been the most achieving, and right-mooded, day on Sea Runners in a long while, likely since before promo season got underway last fall. I revised 8 pp., which along with 6 y'day I think gets the ms launched from where the 65-pp sample left off. I've always had the feeling on this book that at some point, it should take off, accelerate toward completion. I don't yet know that it will happen, given my clockwork style of schedule, but at least the ms feels as if it's rousing itself a bit.

Call from Liz on Monday, to say Tom Stewart was bringing her the advance check that night and she'd mail it the next morning. I've been considerably perturbed about the slowness of Atheneum in ponying up money; it'll be something like 5 weeks since I got the signed contract to Liz.

Otherwise, life seems to have steadied down this week. We had a decent but useful weekend, and that seems to have helped, along with the facts that I got done a number of distracting chores last week and C finished with the sabbatical committee work. Friday night, took Ann & Phil to the Red Snapper in Edmonds, in thanks for his loan of backpack on my Alaskan trip and celebration of his new job with Seattle Childrens' Center. Saturday, we called Frank and Linda to come up, and Linda eyed out the gardening work we want done at south end of the property. Sunday, went to the Cont'l for lunch then walked the UW campus, then I went up on the roof to see how it's wintering and still had time to rake leaves from under vine maples at front of the house.

During the spate of Winter Bros' commotion the past few weeks, I intended to make an entry about how increasing celebrityhood, to the extent I've had it, has felt to me. It must have a frail hold, because in this more workmanlike week much of the impression has faded. But I think what I had in mind was details such as the

11 Feb. cont.--sudden run of caricaturing and other presenting of my face, a face which hasn't been presented to the world all that much in my preceding 41 years. But now there's been the Pac NW caricature, the Weekly's illustration of Swan and me, and if the S. Times excerpt happens, another Swan-Doig motif; along with it has gone considerable photographing and requests for pics of me. I begin to wonder about the Indians' notion of the shadow-catcher or soul-catcher; does such stuff alter who I am? I suppose it must, but the next question is whether it diminishes me or revivifies me. My only policy so far, if it amounts to that, is to keep as much control of my time as I can; put from mind as quickly as I can the more silly of what's going on (astonishing how easily I forgot the People magazine review; I kept coming onto the issue around the house, thinking what the hell is this doing here, then remembering, oh yeah...); and postpone people, of whom there's a startling new legion, who are determined they're going to have lunch with me.

Went with the Rodens recently to see Days of Heaven, which I thought was gorgeous from scene to scene and thoroughly silly in almost all its details of the purported harvest season. I suppose it can be called metaphorical; it sure as hell wasn't how anybody ever brung in the wheat. Told C it was wonderful socialist realism, though; the Russians should eat their hearts out.

Recent reading has been Wm Trevor's Other People's Worlds, which I liked for his craft but isn't as good as some of his short stories, and an early novel by Bob Cormier which I thought wasn't very good at all. Am now on McKay's Bees, which is well-done, and deft, but seems to me to have the dead-end all Marquez-like novels have to face; there's nothing the writer can do but introduce more and more characters, contrive more and more absurd situations. Marquez is one of my literary heroes, but I'm beginning to think the rest of us just ought to give him the patent and let him do all such work.

16 Feb.--Weekend of storm, on annv'y of Hood Canal Bridge capsizing 2 yrs ago. Today, Presidents Day, we've both tinkered at our desks, half-working; I've mostly been searching for a clipping which quotes a poem to the effect that it is in modern times men should write on maps, Here be monsters. Haven't come up with it, but placering around in the files has produced some other notions.

On the weekend, we went to Dungeness; had a hike of 8 miles or so on Sat., not much y'day because of high tide and storm. Got off to a good start on the weekend by buying early edition of Sunday's Seattle Times on our way to the ferry Sat. morn, finding that them promised excerpt of Winter Bros had been rwn, royally: a big ill'n, me sketched within a Swan diary page.

Friday night, Jim Welch came for supper about 6, stayed until about 10:30. At 10:10, according to news reports, an earthquake went thru the area, but we felt not a thing; C was sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace at the time. A good evening with Him, whom I like for his genial shrewdness; I think he's very keen about people and situations. The best news he had, in evening of mild gossip, was that AB Guthrie has managed to keep on with his Big Sky sequel. He had 6 chapters done when I saw him in Billings; Jim saw him in Missoula just before 1st of the year and he had it up to 12. Bud's wife and stepson, not the least biased of sources, are saying it's Bud's best writing; we can all hope that's true, because this is one helluva gallant episode, a man of 80--Jim said he's sure Bud has the sense of racing time--trying such a book. The night Jim saw him, Bud was in a mood to talk, bringing aloud his questions about whether he can bring off the book, and a fret that he had daunted someone, I think a newspaperman from outside of Montana, far from an intended book set along the Rocky Mtn Front by mentioning that he's doing him. Inasmuch as Jim's next book will be set there, and likely my next Montana book too, I think it'd be hilarious if all these Choteau-Dupuyer-Browning books descended on reviewers at once; not likely, I guess, as Bud and Jim should have a year or more start on me.

23 Feb.--An in-betweenish day, a start made toward some necessary chores, such as getting the Buick fixed, and some Runners material vetoed and some rearranged, but no substantial ms progress. I have to feel out the schedule in my mind for the next month or so, and it didn't let itself happen today.

Most notable news probably is the weather, which after the siege of storm early in the week--I didn't pay too much attention, but the weather was almost on the order of the big blow of two years ago--turned spring-like over the weekend. We went to Ebeys Landing Sat. Morn, through a dubious outlook, and had a good unrainy time there. Came home and I managed to do a couple of hours of garden work, including the start of transplanting strawberries from under the birches into the garden plot. Y'day, Rodens invited us for brunch, we all walked the Burke-Gilman trail for about hr and a half, and I got in another hour of gardening at dusk. Today there've been a couple of hard afternoon showers.

28 Feb.- -8:15, a morning Linda and Frank are to come and get us underway on some landscaping for south end of the yard and driveway. Fine clear day, after same y'day; Feb. has had some storm, including a big one, but mostly the month's been springlike.

A decent week--I think--on the ms, although I feel about a week or so behind in the rough drafting I'd hoped to do. I left with Merlyn the section to fit on after B's champagne salud; spent most of y'day reviewing file cards and lining them out for the narrative from here on. I must try crank out rough draft the next three weeks steadily--am aiming for 25 pp/week--and then spend the spring smoothening, smoothening. My energy flow has been pretty good since Wed., spluttery before that; C pointed out that I was taking on too many chores--I'd reached that point of feeling them mounting all around us, a limping car here (two limping cars, as it turned out; we managed to get the Volvo worked on y'day), a patch of yard there... Told her I supposed it was avoidance behavior and she said okay, so long as you know what it is...But the ms began to unclog then, the Pacific-overview piece which had stumped me got itself done.

28 Feb. cont.--Hilarity in The Reader which came early this week. Tim Appelo's review of Jack Cady's novel The Well begins: "Jack Cady is one of Washington's best-known writers. In fact, he has led a far more writerly life than such superceleb colleagues as Robbins and Doig, who came to literature via the much-trudged route of journalism...." Thus cometh supercelebdom, like the tooth fairy in the night; problem being, Tom R got left a ton of money and a style of life which would kill me in 24 hours, I got a couple of dimes. Anyway, the pairing broke me up. Appelo's review, and his specific point here, actually are very acute, I think. I read once, either by or about Olivier, that some actor had all the tools of genius: now if he only had some low vaudeville cunning (as Olivier does). To judge from the quotes of Cady's novel, he's done things in there that yes, a "writer" writer would do, but neither Tom R in his way nor I in mine would leave in; low journalist fellows that we are, we know not to let literary yearnings get in the way of the dance of language or plot. Appelo, incidentally, seems to me an extremely gifted writer himself. His reviews have great pace and nuance. He's young, must be in his mid-twenties and looks less; I hate to see him frittering time and words into Weekly work, but I did worse in my free-lancing, so who am I to say.

Other notable news of the week was a letter from Jan Mason of Life, saying she'd like to arrange to have me do a mood piece on people seeking out small western cities; I doubt that it's going to happen, tho, given the Byzantine ways of Life.

6 March--1:45, end of a decent writing week: 25 pp., bang on schedule. Y'day was a muss, a recalcitrant grab-and-paste day, but the other 4 went well enough, better first-drafting than I'd expected, or so it seems now.

Other events of the week: Country Journal came with the Mt. Rainier cabin excerpt from Winter, handsome job of display. And Lee Soper said, when I ~~xxxx~~ crossed paths with him at U Book Store on Wed., that both Sky and Winter still are in the running for Am'n Book Awards; if I understood him aright, they're on the list from which nominees will be balloted--a step short of nomination, I take it. He said each book had two votes apiece, in whatever this short-listing process is--Dave Hawke accounts for half those. Warned me competition is tough in the category, I guess it's general non-fiction, and I said yeah, don't I know.

Had lunch with Carstensen that noon at the European Cafe, then walked back to his office and he gave me, for good and all, his copy of Guy Waring's book, in his drive to tout me onto writing about Waring. His best crack of the day was when some mention was made of Henry Steel Commager, on campus now as the Bullitt Memorial Million $ Historian or whatever, and I asked how Commager is, having seen in the paper that he'd had to cancel out of one public talk. C'sen thought and said, "I'm not sure he's got all his marbles, but he's still got more than any of the rest of us." Said that at the one public talk by Commager he'd gone to, it ~~xx~~ was remarkable--"humiliating"--to watch C'ger, 79 or so and with hearing aid and blind or mostly so in one eye, handle the question session: by the time the questioner was getting underway, C'ger would be fully loaded for him. C'sen said he must have one of those minds where everything he knows can be focused down onto whatever he's being asked.

Weather has continued mostly sunny all week--right now it's beautifully bright, and mid-50's--and I've seized most late afternoons to work at putting new bender-board as edging along the planted areas in front of the house.

7 March--Steady shower this morning; I've become so spoiled by this sunny late winter that the rain today surprises me: what's it doing ~~xxxx~~ raining on a weekend? But it's made a good casual morning, C tinkering at her deskwork while I catch up on clippings. Am just now going thru the file of Winter Bros reviews, which accounts for this entry. John Roden noticed that reviewers can't resist listing Swan's harum-scarum livelihoods and then trumpet, "but most of all, diarist!" (Linda Miller similarly noticed that Sky reviewers couldn't resist the word "hardscrabble.") I'll keep a running acount here of that device as I come across it in the sorting: Argus, New Yorker, Signpost, Washington Post, Miami Herald, UW Daily, Publishers Wkly.

Winter never got the big recognizing review I thought it would need--as Sky needed the one in Time--yet it seems not to have mattered much; the book went out on Sky's reputation and exceeded what I wanted from it. Looking over these reviews this morning, I don't find much acuity, especially any about the technical aspects--the format of Winter, its effort at pace and at stippling together Swan's life detail by detail. A number of reviewers were bothered that the book couldn't be readily classified, a number more regretted that I hadn't somehow rewritten Sky. Both complaints I happily accept as testimony that Winter came out as I wanted, something chancy, odd-sided.

Other impressions of reviews: both the most serious and, I think, insightful reviews were local--in The Argus, and in the Reader's combo of review and interview. The worst pans of the book, which really weren't that bad, also were from this region: the Daily, the B'ham Herald, the Tacoma News-T. My language got praised, or at least characterized, both directions: The Argus, "the words understated and nuanced, homely yet precise...", The Baltimore Sun, "prose is ornate and lyrical, his verbs often soft..." Similarly, about an even proportion of critical reviewers said I had too much of me in the book, and said I had too little.

All in all, good enough, for this wild-card book.

12 March--An Edwardian spring? The sunlit weather goes on, days in the 60s. The season seems sprung, out of kilter; this is like having the start of summer 3 months too soon. Pete Steen told us that when he and Judy moved to Santa Cruz, day after day they'd say, gee, we better get out and do something while this weather holds--it took them weeks to realize the weather was going on and on like that. Something like that here, these days: now at 8:05, there's a wall of sunshine up from the cutbank behind the house into the firs. We've installed the patio garden designed by Linda Sullivan, and edged the front planting beds with new bender board, and I've worked the garden ready (daily have to resist the temptation to plant beets and lettuce), besides transplanting a couple dozen strawberry plants. And I still have the daily nag that I should be out there, taking on the fence project that still waits.

Meanwhile the national politics are going more putrid by the minute. Some of this Reaganism may be rhetoric, horse-trading, but there seems to be a notional core of survival of the fittest in what's developing. I'm not sure I personally oppose some of that, if the scales aren't tipped toward the fit who happen to be corporate and military, but Reagan and his people have scale-tipping thumbs the size of those on Tom Robbins' hitchhiker. I feel a lot of bafflement about what I ought to be doing, might be doing, against the Reagan trend, especially the gut-the-West Interior policies. C at least does some daily battle in her classroom. Do I hunker in even more, go deeper into the work? Or try stretch myself out into opposition of some sort? Since my every impulse is against stretching myself, indecision may take care of itself. But christ, it is a depressing time. I realize I haven't liked the politics of this country years on end, and maybe I've had as dour views in the past; but that doesn't make these days' any less dour.

I'm meanwhile very steady in the work and the daily life. Have turned out 5 pp. a day these past two weeks, done some exercising (walking), saunaed off a couple of pounds, we've done a few things--hiked at Pt. No Pt with Phil last Sunday, re-saw Tall Blonde Man last night--

12 March cont.--and kept the household vaguely in order. Edwardian; we'll be twirling parasols next. Yet it may be that the pressure of the outside world forces me--us?--into equilibrium of our own. Dunno. I keep expecting things to go to hell, somehow.

For all that, my daily working mood is as good as I can expect; Runners seems to progress and to do a lot of good things on the pages. I continue to have the brinking feeling that I can make some kind of leap toward completion of this book. There're geographical crevasses, though; the Vancouver I. and Wash'n coast portions of the book haven't had the eyework done on them yet.

15 March--As C said y'day, it turned out to be a week in which I lost no ground: no turn-down either by G'heim or the Am'n Book Awards. Which, though, makes both more imminent for this week.

Despite Sunday, I'll try gain a couple of revised Runners pp. this morning. Got three y'day, on the start of the Dixon Entrance crossing, and I think they were pretty good. I am just close enough to being able to pass along a sizable piece of ms for Merlyn to type over spring vacation that I'm trying to exert it into happening. It needs one enormous day somewhere in there, maybe Wednesday. We'll see.

Last week's work was respectable, 15 pp. roughed and then 5 revised on Friday. Thursday was an odd pro bono day, an accumulation of things I'd promised to do: spoke to a writing class at Shorewood High, then went to KUOW for interview--I think a surprisingly good one--by Kim Hodgson for use in fund-raising week, then on to talk to Elizabeth Case's and Dorothy Bestor's expository writing class: then over to the U Tower bar to have a couple of drinks with Bellevue lawyer John Hanson, who's to lead a book group discussion on Sky. That last turned out to be mostly a fan's gesture rather than serious enterprise to find out what I was up to in the book, but it's one of the few leakages of that sort of thing I've permitted so far this year.

Rain this morn, for I think the first time in 8 days.

15 March cont.--4 pm. At about 2:30, when we'd come back from the Rie Munoz showing at the Frye and I'd just come in from putting out slug bait, Julie Golding called to say Winter has won a Pac NW Booksellers' award. C and I joked that, well, there's one award for this week, and it's only Sunday yet.

Should record that Jim Welch came for supper Friday night, second time since he's been teaching short fiction at the UW this quarter. And we went to a reading he gave, a week ago last Thurs. At that, he read the bar scene from Winter in the Blood where the customers are offering comparisons of their wives' breasts, and afterward Jim amiably, contritely said he guessed that was kind of vulgar, he'd should have said so beforehand so anybody uncomfortable could have left...Jim reported Friday that he's begun a story, possibly a novella, with a Seattle setting; about a "food stamp giver-outer," he says, who lives on the lake, as Jim does, and spends a lot of time duck-watching, as Jim does. I think it's likely excellent news that he's underway, in that he seems to spend considerable fallow periods; with this story going and the Blackfeet novel working in his mind, Jim may be into strong production again. C and I both like him greatly; he's low-key, funny, there doesn't seem to be any ego problem on the part of either of us, and I'm quite taken with his shrewdness. He seems to be good at sizing people up.

I did manage to revise 4 pp. this morning, ones that were in pretty fair shape to start with; so this weekend has gained me 7 pp. on the revision total, without colossal effort. Tomorrow lunch, I go to Channel 9 to talk with John Coney and Jean Walkinshaw, who say they're serious about doing Winter. I've mixed emotions about it, especially if I'm to get involved with the scripting, as Coney seems to think; could be an interesting project, but I hate the intrusion on the Runners work, if intrusion there'll be--and I figure inevitably there will.

16 March--An eventful week, right enough. This morn came the Boise State U. offer of a 2-day residency sometime next academic year, for $1000. I had lunch with the KCTS crew who are forging ahead with plans to do Winter Bros. And just now, a little before 4, mail came with the G'heim turndown, third in a row.

18 March, 9:45--Nothing of import happened y'day, but just now had a phone call from Selma Thomas of the Evergreen Foundation, a film-making org'n, wondering if I'm game to talk about them doing Winter Bros. Said yes, I can listen, sometime the week after Oregon trip. 3:40--Jean just called to pass along that Belden Durtschi, having written to the Radio Reader in praise of Tracings and Sky, got back response from Estell asking, have you read Winter Bros? So evidently he's at least aware of the book. And about an hour ago, call came from Lewis & Clark St. College in Lewiston, wanting me to read at their annual arts festival on April 24. Two days to go in this week: what next?

Have had a very rocky day, inexplicably hungover to a fare-thee-well after last night's St. Pat's festivities. Went with Ann & Phil & Don and Sandy McVay to hear Liam Clancy and Tommy Makem at the Seattle Center Arena. Wonderful show, the pair of them as at ease on a stage as anyone I've ever seen, and full of magnificent hokum. Clancy did a skillful hilarious bit in Down South accent, alleging that the pair of them were really from Boone, North Carolina, and they'd thought up this Irish gig while passing thru Shannon on their way home from the Arrumy...Afterward, we stopped at McV's for an Irish coffee, and it must have been the snifter of Bushmill's before the lone I. coffee that did me in. Was woozy when I got up this morning, have gone thru Alka-Seltzer, Tylenol, coffee (straight), food, nothing has helped much. Struggled two pp. onto the "revised" list, but the day's been a bummer.

20 March--4:35, and am thoroughly sapped. Had to exert greatly to get the 36 pp. ms chunk ready for Merlyn to type during spring vacation, plus the chores and interruptions of this crazed week. (The last--I hope--giddy event was a call about an hour ago from Sherri Smith of the Pt. Townsend bookstore asking me to be a judge for the royalty contest during Rhod'n festival. Told I couldn't do it--used excuse of Lynnwood book fair--she asked if C wanted to.) In the morning, someway, we pull out for Long Beach and Astoria.

It was a week of some loss--the G'heim turndown in particular, a kick in the head for the Blue project--but the schedule more or less held. Continue to be of two minds about Sea Runners: the book often seems to be just getting underway, yet I've worked on it quite a lot of the past year, now. I may yet, depending on mood after the Oregon trip--I'm counting on that to freshen energy--try a few days at Dungeness to see how far I can wrench the rough draft toward totality. Most of the spring's work, though, I hope will be smoothing of the typescript, and I hope it'll be less draining. This ms section of the past some weeks has had big complicated sequences--Dixon Entrance, M's death--and I suppose that's why I feel like I've been in a bout.

30 March--Am somewhat apprehensive about today, which includes such matters as the income tax and dealing with the HBJ rights dept. on the KCTS proposition. Must try grind thru the stuff and put it from mind.

Arrived back from Oregon Thursday night, the 26th--gone six days, total. Best portion of the trip was Sunday at Leadbetter Point, the north end of Long Beach peninsula. We were out for more than 5 hours, hiking most of the while, to study the setting for the Swedes to come ashore. Every manner of weather. And coming back, we found that a canal-like small stream we'd hopped over on our way out was now filled by incoming tide; had to strip to underpants and wade thigh-deep. Luckily the water was narrow. Bonus of the day was seeing two snowy owls, including one during lunch which sat atop driftwood 70 yards from us like a big sleepy white cat.

Went on to Portland the next morning, I spent the day at the Oregon Historical Society, found some minor touches about Astoria and, surprisingly, Sitka. Stayed at the Mallory, an Algonquin-like hotel which except for the bed's squeaking headboard was fine. Headed south on Tuesday, stopped in Corvallis for lunch with Northwest history prof Bill Robbins and his wife. OSU history dept has miserable quarters, cornered away somewhere in the Home Ec bldg, and Robbins said humanities have a tough time of it. R twice now has asked me to OSU, for a conference on regionalism this fall or to give a reading this spring, but I've told him no on the basis of writing schedule.

Drove on to Eugene after lunch, down highway 99, a handsome route; some of the land reminded both of us of Kent. I put in a couple of hours at U of Oregon library, as appalling a place as ever. Dick Brown, history prof we had dinner with that night, told me he believes it's the worst university library in the country. He said he'd warned the new library director of that when the guy came looking at the job; the librarian thought and said well, the U. of Kentucky has a terrible one; Brown said no, he'd researched there, UO's won the contest for worst.

30 March cont.--Brown I am interested in because he is working toward (slowly, evidently, but working) the best idea book I've heard of in the Northwest, to study the region as a raincoast. Brown is low-key, but C points out he has a kind of sly humor; he seems to be a muller, somehow finds good central ideas--as with his best-known work, on violence in America--and slogs away at the research until he gets the book. We had a good enough evening with Brown, even though, due to his wife being out of town with their car, I ended up chauf'r'g him thru more rain-black Eugene streets than I wanted.

Our intention was to spend time at the Oregon dunes south of Florence, but while booting up in the parking lot we could hear dune buggies rasping and decided the hell with that. That day, Wednesday, became one of the sort we sometimes fall into on a trip, spend too much time in the car, neither of us decisive enough to say, this is crazy, let's go someplace and hike. I glaze pretty badly after a couple of hours, these days. Also, I guess I am not much of a vacationer, in the sense of being able to flop somewhere and shut my mind off. Anyway, we ended up at the Tolovana Inn just south of Cannon Beach, walked the beach for half an hour, went to the Crab Broiler for supper. Next morning, a storm sat on Nehalem Bay where we'd intended to hike, so we went out Cape Falcon instead. Weather stayed dubious, so we had leisurely lunch at ~~Carb~~ Crab Broiler, came home along east shore of Willapa Bay. Stopped for a drink and supper in Olympia. The drink was at the Aladdin, which swarmed with caricatures of lobbyists and fat-cat politicians. Supper was at Crackers, where a Tall Blonde Man-type and an unattached women were striking up an acquaintance by way of their neighboring tables; C was seated to see it, said it was the best and worst of Woody Allen.

The 3 days at home since the trip, C took on chores, such as closet-cleaning, I deliberately spent part of the time doing nothing but reading. John Buckley, whom we said hello to in the Cannon Beach bookstore he now runs, touted me onto--in fact, gave me--Joshua Slocum's narrative of sailing around the world, and I liked it greatly.

30 March cont.--My real relaxation lasted only till noon on Friday, when C brought home the accumulated mail from post office, we looked in Pub'rs Weekly and found both Sky and Winter failed to make the ABA nominations. Two considerable irritations in the list--no trade paperback whatsoever was chosen, and Jane Kramer's The Last Cowboy was a nominee, a book I am not happy to have Sky run second to, under any circumstances.

I'd like a clearer line of thought on matters such as the prizes and the G'heims, I suppose on "success" generally. I am doing well enough; better than that, if I view it that I've leaped from being an obscure magazine writer to someone who's read in lit classes and can get projects okayed by publishers. Also, I had the feeling after the NBA nomination of Sky that while it was disappointing as hell to have lost, in the sense that I might never be so close again, it personally wasn't such a bad thing that I didn't have any more sudden success to shoulder. Perhaps the same applies now; I've already done better with Winter Bros than I ever expected I could. Anyway, while I did smart at the ABA pass-over, the resentment didn't last long.

I could chase myself in circles on that all morning long. Enough.

Dinner last night at Nelsons, with Duncan and Mary Bain(?). This is the 3d or so time the Nelsons have paired us with law-firm types, and this time C got in a considerable argument with the Banes, and Ann and Marsh too, for that matter, about the abandoning of public education by the "best" people. I believe arguing with lawyers has about as much effect as trying to out-cuss a mule-skinner, but C felt it was time to let the sanctimonious so-and-so--Duncan is a pretty heavy case, right enough--have it. I shut up and spectated, to the point where the others commented on it a couple of times.

30 March cont.--7:45 pm: The day Reggan was shot; or as it's turning out, the day the President was merely wounded. Reagan himself, who seems to live by taglines when the breath to deliver them literally might have been his last, capped the day be saying he'd rather be in Philadelphia, the old W.C. Fields proposed epitaph. I was on the phone with Lois Welch--she'd called asking is this the famous Ivan Doig?--when C came home after lunch, poked her head in the study, saw I was on the phone and didn't interrupt, but I heard the tv go on in the living room, and after a few minutes of tv mutter, I asked Lois to hold, called to C to ask what was happening, she said Reagan's been shot and I relayed it to Lois, who said she'd heard he'd been shot at but missed. A weird day it has been, only Lynn Nofziger, veteran thug that he is, seeming stable in the administration: Haig as shook as a green recruit, Bush not much better and phonily pious to boot. I think we're going to come out of it with the worst of both worlds, an intact Reagan and an administration which will use his wound as a sympathy bandage on all they aspire to do.

C had been monitoring tv, for sake of her classes, for several hours. I've been in and out, continuing to work on income taxes--can fasten my mind to the arithmetic--after the 1st hour or so of coverage. This also has been the day I've been mulling both tv and movie rights on Winter Bros. Weird, as I say.

Should note that when I went to the Safeway about 4, there was no evident emotion in the store about the shooting; perhaps because Reagan wasn't dead, but perhaps too because of what he is and what we've become. The checkout girl complained that the networks were overplaying it, having it on all the networks that way. So what are we: a people that now takes regicide casually?

31 March '81--Lunch today with Jim Thebaut of Evergreen Internat'l Films, to talk about Winter Bros. He said the backers of E'green are him, an Eastern Wash'n agricult'st of some sort, Will Sampson the actor of Cuckoo's Nest, and Phil Lucas, an Indian film-maker. Their notion is tie-ins with Canadian investors and distributors--would shoot some interiors of a film like Winter Bros in Canada for sake of tax write-offs, I guess. They're said to have the rights to Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, but it turns out they've been in court with the original holder of the rights--Dee Brown apparently signed them to someone before the book became a hit--and won't have a verdict until May. Thebaut said they've also talked with Frank Herbert about Soul-Catcher. But come right down to it and I think E'green, with its umbrella of 4 or so enterprises, has so far made only one short film, Regionx at the Cross-roads or some such.

I asked Thebaut about distribution, it became plain he doesn't have that solved. Said he'd hope a Winter Bros would play and re-play--be re-released--a number of times in this area, and that there'll be some distribution thru the Canadian connection.

Thebaut said they hope to make films for between $2-#3 million; one thing he likes about Winter is that it wouldn't need big cast or expense.

Asked me how involved I was willing to get; I said not very, might be game to look over the script, is all. Asked if I'd be interested in three-part deal on Sky, Winter and Sea Runners, I said not really, I tend to take deals one at a time.

He said he didn't know what to offer for rights on something like Winter, I said I didn't either, we'd see what Carol Lazare could suggest.

Thebaut again said that he has no conflict with what KCTS wants to do, sees it as the Elephant Man situation where the play and the film, different versions, are going simultaneously.

I wouldn't care to have Thebaut broker the household's food money; strikes me as like a lot of people in film, vulnerable to runaway enthusiasms. I think the odds are about 1 in 6 that he'll get things together enough to make offer on Winter--at least a realistic offer--and if he does make it, I'd say 1 to 15 odds against him ever making the film.

31 March '81--My notions out of all this are that I'm interested only in money up-front and perhaps a set fee for script review; the "send me the money in a brown paper bag and thereafter leave me alone" policy. Talking it over with C when I got home, she convinced me I d better see if Liz will represent me, in effect represent me to Harcourt. And finally, that I'll tell Carol Lazare I want to go ahead with the KCTS deal, figuring this movie caper is a long way down the road, if ever.

Thebaut has suite of offices in glitzy new Martin Selig bldg on W. Mercer, which I took to be a bad sign--money into surroundings rather than output. When I got off the elevator, he was in a large argument with some sales rep or some such over a copy machine; ominously, the first words I heard Thebaut say were, "we already cut a deal." The other arguer stomped off--last words, from inside elevator, was half-yell, "You're making a big mistake."--and Thebaut, somewhat embarrassed, headed off with me for lunch.

This afternoon, call from Bruce LeRoy of Wash. St. Historical Society, asking me to speak at their annual luncheon. Was cordial as I could manage--I consider LeRoy inept and overbearing, and the one-man ruination of the historical society--in saying no, maybe next year.

Also, C brought home a phone message from Empty Space theater guy, Bill Partlan, about talking in symposium in using the NW in lit. Jim Welch has agreed to be the other person, so maybe ~~xxxx~~ I'll do it.

Spent this morn on taxes, the estimated taxes for this year fairly appalling. Meanwhile, the coldest, dankest weather in many weeks.

3 April--8:15 am; This week has consumed itself in dollar matters, which I slog through like a homesteader digging up a stump. The income tax and estimated tax have taken a couple of days, despite work I did on them just before turn of the year. Part of the problem is the ineptitude of Wash. Mutual savings dept., with its erroneous reports on our certificate interest, and the mess is made worse by our having lost 3 of the certificates involved and thus the interest figures shown on them.

There was another day or more of hassling the Winter tv and movie stuff--the channel 9 small deal may happen, the Evergreen movie notion I count a real long-shot. It's perpetually complicated to deal with the HBJ rights dept.; even when they're in a decent mood, as Carol Lazare currently is, it's impossible to get her on the phone early in my morning--she's in meetings, then goes to 2-hr or more lunch--so that whatever I'm trying to transact has to be carried in my head until my early afternoon. But on Wed., I did get her, told her I want to go ahead with KCTS, and that I'm game to have Thebout and Evergreen take an option for movie of Winter; both he and John Coney of KCTS swear their projects are not competing. Lazare says she thinks they're crazy, in being willing to have rights divvied, but it's their concern, not ours; I agreed, telling her it's a small town out here and Coney and Thebout seem to be trying to get along. Earlier I'd called Liz, asking her to deal with me to Harcourt on this; she said okay, no percentage needed, just have Carol Lazare consult with her. This, of course, Lazare refuses to do, saying if I want to consult with Liz, okay, but HBJ has the dealing rights and she'll do the job. I take her point, that she doesn't want the intrusion of another agent; nor do I have any leverage at HBJ now to tell her, Look, this is the way I want it done...So, my effort to get out of the traffic didn't work. Grit and bear it.

Just before supper, Wed., call from Serena Moon, a Carroll College freshman and sister of Missoula writer Michael Moon. She said her English class is studying Sky this xxxxx semester, and could I xxxxxx answer a few questions?

3 April cont.--Anyone that enterprising, I said sure.

Y'day, went to the U Dist to try straighten out the Wash. Mutual mess, get a salmon for dinner ~~tonight~~ tonight--when Kittredge and Annick are coming--and just to get out of the house. Was starting lunch at the Cont'l when Zoretich joined me.

Not too much else to report. It's been a jumbled week, the Reagan shooting, the chores I've been handling, with no attention at all given to Sea Runners, but I think I've stayed fairly steady-minded thru it. It may not be a bad thing to have the further time ~~away~~ away from the ms, if I can manage to close down this other stuff now.

6 April--A better Monday than it had much right to be. I've come down with my second cold of the winter--so far, the weather of the last of March and into April has been the rain and cold we didn't get earlier--~~and~~ and this is, too, the tenth anniversary of Dad's death. I've been aware of the impending ann'y for a few weeks now, though I don't know why such digits affect us; somehow they clang together, clapper on bell, to toll off for us. My only fresh thought is that I find myself more and more like Dad in some behavior, noticing myself in some attitude of body or way of response, sometimes now even a turn of his sayings or his burr, as very much like him. Meanwhile, astounding to me, he and Grandma have an existence in pages; on the average over the past few years, something like 25 people every day have picked them up in a purchased Sky.

Spent the day on first re-read of Sea Runners typescript so far, about half the intended book. It's not bad, although somewhat choppy. Considerably short of what I hope to achieve, but that's customarily the case. Oddly, the dialogue, which by rights I should have had fits with, seems to me better than the narrative.

Am getting weary, now at 4:45, the cold sapping me. Should record that Kittredge and Annick were here for supper Friday night. The Associated Writing Programs met here in town, at the Edgewater, and I perhaps

6 April cont.--missed a bet in not going down to hear Wagoner, Merwin, Kesey. I had a grindstone week, though, handling the income tax and the tv-movie questions about Winter, and couldn't get myself talked into letting anything more into my head. Best story from Bill: he was driving near UM campus when a cop car pulled behind, flashed lights, veered him to a stop. Out got Bob Reid, who asked: "How'd Dick?" (meaning Hugo, after his operation. Kittredge said he thought Christ, am I reduced to this, being arrested by my former students?

A surprise today, packet from HBJ with ten or so Winter reviews I hadn't seen. Some are the most glowing yet, some the dourest yet. An unsettling book to the brethren and sistern the other side of the typewriter, it seems.

13 April--So there we sat, the trio of us in hearing room ~~of~~ 433 of the Public Lands Building, me in my aging blue herringbone sport jacket, Dan Levant next to me in his aging brown herringbone sport jacket, ~~and~~ beside him Archie Satterfield in his aging blue-gray herringbone sport jacket. I told them if we'd put our hands over eyes and ears and mouth, we'd be the genteel version of ~~three~~ see-hear-speak no evil.

This started on Thursday, or at least escalated then. Because Dan Levant had called me and got me curious enough to look at the "anti-~~pron~~" bill being pushed by the Moral Majority--pushed with enough momentum to whiz it thru the House a few weeks ago--I joined him, Archie, Walter Carr, Roger Sale and Veda Hansberry of the State Library Ass'n in a press conference at Elliott Bay Books. Two of my phrases generally led or were high in the coverage: that "any pious vigilante" could sue an author and ~~the~~ "Make no mistake about it, it seeks to police whatever any of us want to put in front of our eyes." There was some radio coverage--Kiro in particular--and pieces in both papers, but no TV coverage; the back of an armored car had ~~it~~ come open and dollar bills were flying around the Alaska Way viaduct, so of course the TV crews were all chasing that, entirely typical of TV's sense of responsibility.

13 April cont.--If nothing else, the press conference caught enough attention to pay off this morning, at the hearing in the Pub Lands Bldg in Olympia. This morn's P-I had a lead editorial denouncing the porn banners, and when the bill's House sponsor, William "Skeeter" Ellis, got up to present it to the Senate Judiciary Com'tee, he immediately was on the defensive against the P-I edit'l.

Ellis is a grim Digger O'Dell-the-undertaker type, the sort I'd bet would cheat at solitaire, and he said at one point there'd been this press conference in Seattle a lot of people crying before they're hurt, because they must have seen the original version of the anti-porn bill instead of today's. Then he introduced the House committee's young lawyer, counsel, whatever, named Larson--"a straight A student from Yale (or Harvard), and he's a lawyer with the Seattle firm of Davis, Wright!" The young lawyer was plainly embarrassed--he's just the hired gun whose job it was to fit the bill as closely as he could to the Burger Court's holdings--and time after time under questioning from the committee, particularly Phil Talmadge, had to say that point was a matter of policy which perhaps the sponsors could explain, he couldn't.

The committee ran late, having gone thru a numbing total of amendments to a sentencing code already that morning, and George Clarke, the chairman, asked if, in the interests of time, we had a spokesman to consolidate our opposition to the bill. We didn't--wisely, I'm sure, because we had drumfire impact by going up one by one. Dan led off, Clarke tried to cut him off, Dan still managed to make his point of being a beset-upon businessman, facing penalty for a crime he couldn't define or identify beforehand. Walter Carr led, again was hurried short by Clarke but got in his points; same with Archie, who read Ernest Gann's strong letter against censorship. Then me, and besides an edited version of what I'd intended, I got in the shots that I could assure Ellis we'd had the current bill at the press conference, we knew what we were up against; and that I'd been so concerned about this bill that I'd sought the advice of my lawyer, a specialist in comm'n law, at a

13 April--firm which coincidentally had been mentioned here once today already, Davis Wright. That brought a big laugh, with Clarke ~~xx~~ chiming in something like "lawyers will stick up for anybody." Then I recited the name authors of this state, said we only dealt with sex when necessary, as do people in real life, at which point Clarke began calling time on me. The ACLU lobbyist told me on the phone last night that if that happened, just say, ~~"My point is"~~ "The point I want to make is this"; so I did, and charged right on to say, don't install censorship in this state. I don't feel I was particularly ~~smooth~~ about any of the above, but I did elbow it all in somehow.

After a couple of other testifiers, Michael Farris of the Moral Majority got his turn, and began by saying that "those who are crying that the sky is falling have their heads in the sand." That's a pretty good index of Farris's smarts, luckily; if there's any reassurance I've had from all this, it's that Farris and Ellis don't seem either bright or clever enough to be really dangerous. Anyway, Farris tried to ~~b~~ rebut what we'd all said, again the bad idea of going on the defensive, and after a bit, Clarke cut him off in the middle and adjourned. I went up afterward to Dick Hemstad, an Olympia Republican who'd been nodding sympathetically or approvingly or something when I was talking and he said, don't worry, this bill isn't going anywhere. So we can't be sure until tomorrow's vote, but it looks as if we may have smotched those blue-nose bastards.

Surprising to me, since I'd spent part of the weekend worrying about whether we were organized enough and could handle ourselves up against lawyers, we won in large part because of generalship, or maybe just captaincy. After the Thurs. press conference, Kathleen Taylor of the ACLU told Dan how to phone down and enroll our names to testify, which he immediately did. When we walked in there 15 or 20 minutes ahead of time, Farris and a couple of others on his side were already there, but they had arrived to find Levant-Doig-Carr-Satterfield already in the first four places on the list of those testifying--a fact on which Farris tried to comment sardonically to

13 April--Dan and got back an innocent grin. Dan has been debating Farris fairly often, and says he's trying, and evidently succeeding, to drive Farris wild by being entirely nicey-nice to him personally, kidding him about the Mike-and-Dan show, then going for his jugular on the platform.

So, I hope this public sorty is over. I've been greatly proud of Dan and Walter and Archie, in some ways the most vehement of any of us against this censorship measure, for taking on these superpious wimps, and I've felt a lot better about myself for pitching in.

Last week was also the week of my cold, ~~mf~~ and of Carol's cold getting underway. Thru all the combined bleariness we managed to visit--dinner at Jim and Lois Welch's Friday night, Ann and Phil here the next--and to do more yard planting, when Linda and Frank came on Sunday noon. The weather until today has been ferocious; perhaps fittingly, life has seemed to roar past in daily gusts. Now I'll see if I can shut down the phone tomorrow, and resume my supposed occupation.

14 April--This normal way-of-life isn't such bad stuff; I maybe should try it more often. Tidily edited 6 pp. today, the sun is warm and I managed to exercise and sauna, and the ~~pxn~~ porn bill glugged to the bottom in Judiciary Com'tee. An estimable day.

A few notes I didn't manage to get down y'day. When I arrived at Dan Levant's at 5:10 a.m., we decided we had time for a quick cup of coffee before going on to Walter Carr's place, and Dan took to feed his sheepdog. The dog is so old and ailing he's on a salt-free diet, Dan explained--and reached down a box of salt-free matzohs, fed him a few like doggie biscuits. Dan added that he has to carry the dog up and down from the basement where he sleeps, then pondered, saying he wasn't sure this was the way Blanche and Alfred (Knopf) started their day. I said no, from what I'd heard they'd likely start off by kicking the dog down the stairs.

Dan I count as a civic asset; he has a steady ripple of humor, fights a lot of good fights, and has steadied us all by showing that a decent publishing house can be

14 April cont.--operated here. He made the point of our carload as we drove to Olympia, Archie crammed into the front seat of Walter's mini-whatever, Dan and I in back, that the four of us are the kind of risk-taking entrepreneurs the Republicans supposedly extoll--that there isn't much more unlikely businessmanship than Walter starting a major bookstore from scratch in Pioneer Square, him setting up a Seattle pub'g house, me making it nationally with the topics of Sky and Winter, Archie spinning out the array of books he has. One of the odd angles of this porn-bill battle, in fact, was that we all--the Elliott Bay Four of us--reacted as and focused our comments as aggrieved small businessmen. (It took Carol's comments to simmer me back as I worked over my testimony, but even there I was giving in to sarcasm, not philosophy.) The Moral Majority evidently figured the issue would be slugged out on philosophical questions, and Ellis in presenting the bill to the committee warned, now they were going to hear protests about privacy, about this right and that right...none of which occurred from any of us as we stuck to the harassment argument.

So, life has improved. I'm feeling better, with my cold drying up and with this public-crusader foofraw behind me, I hope for a good while. We'll see what detonates next, in this minefield of a year.

22 April--Hiatus in the diary, reasonably reliable sign of progress in the ms. Have been slogging hard, editing 10 pp/day. The pace is more stringent than it should be --I end each day caved-in--but this is one of those betwixt times, when I need to muscle the existing ms into revision before I can get on with original drafting. I suppose the progress is enormous, a couple thousand words of the ms much improved every day, but it's hard to appreciate it because of same sort of days looming ahead. I still would like a bit more fun out of Sea Runners than I seem to get; it continues to tantalize, say, there's revelation and ease ahead, just around the next bend of time...

Weather has been noncooperative, damp and blustery since the weekend. Am not getting exercise, nor even

22 April cont.--saunaing as I could, regarding that as an expensive use of time if I'm not able to walk the track or run a bit as well. I am pretty nearly past the cold I had; C's had it the past last few weeks.

Anniversary 16 last Friday; went to Chez Claude in Edmonds for dinner. Deliberately had left the weekend unscheduled, spent much of it on gardening.

4 May--A brave new month? Last week I finished revising Runners into a considerable semblance of what I want; y'day C read it and gave me her comments. There likely are ten or a dozen spots where I want to bolster; by and large, though, this first half of the ms isn't far from retyping, then going off to Liz and Atheneum. I plan to peck away at the ms problems this week, then go over the whole thing for a week at the end of this month, and call that good.

Friday night, we went to the Levants' pub'g party for the Schlerman cookbook; agreed that if those hors d's were a fair sample, it must be a fairly awful cookbook. Did get to see a number of bookstore people--Lee and Joan Soper, Vito Parillo and Michael Coy of Pipeline, Michael Brasky of JK Gill. Lee was a juror for Gov's Day awards, one of which is going to Winter Bros. Said he used to be a juror during Dan Evans's time, but wasn't asked during Dixy's.

Having pronto given up on Schlerman's food, we went to Ivar's to watch boats go by for next day's Boat Day, had a good cold salmon supper in the bar. Then over to the playwrights' conference, to see run-through of Ten Minutes for Twenty-five Cents, by regional playwright Janet Thomas. The next night, Jim Welch and I and Rob Thompson, screenwriter of Hearts of the West, were the show; C said it was instructive to see how differently the three of us do things, me methodically, Rob off the top of his head, Jim off the cuff but well knowing what he's doing. Beforehand, we had supper with Welches and Larry and Pat Barsness at the Cont'l; Larry, a founder of the Va. City Players, is adapting Winter in the Blood as a play.

4 May cont.--I see I haven't made a diary entry since the PNBA awards the previous weekend. Night of April 26, we and Welches went to awards banquet at Trade Mart; Winter Bros, Jean Auel, Terry O'Donnell, Jane Rule, Sam Hamill and Madrona's volcano book were the winners. For me, a good unpressured occasion, I pretty much just popped up, said I was glad to have my book in this year's crop, all of them books of risk, intro'd Jim and Lois and Carol, and let it go at that, considerably the shortest talk of the evening.

Currently am feeling pretty good, although plump; have managed to walk-and-run most afternoons, tho we haven't managed to get out on recent weekends, thru weather or house chores. I even feel reasonably decent about the amount of roughing on 2nd half of Sea Runners to be done yet this month--50 or so pp. Most of April was a true grind at revising the 1st half, one of those marathons I don't like to get into but which seem to make the difference on a book. Easing down from that on Friday and over the weekend seems to have worked; what thumbing of the revise I've been able to do today has been pleasurable, unhassled.

Not much else to report. C has considerable slog ahead to end the school year, I'll have some more in doing the rough drafting. Oh yes, this: out of the playwrights' conference, y'day afternoon I took a look back at Jick, the play begun in London in '72-3, and was surprised at how much of it there is and how it seems to hold up. Don't yet know whether I'll take it up again, but the idea is there to be turned over for awhile.

18 May--Have splattered to a stop today, just now (1 pm) getting around to anything at all useful. Last week was extreme, putting together average of 8 pp/day to bring some semblance of a second half of the ms into being. It's into, but I'm fagged.

Also have had a case of the jitters today about the first several pp. of Sea Runners, fearing it's too slow-starting. There's such a helluva lot of background to work in there, I have to carry it all somehow, with language or storytelling manner, and at the moment am not sure I have.

Ironic that this would be a blunked out day, since y'day Winter Bros received a Governor's Writers Day award, the only book this year to receive both that and a PNBA award. C and I got to the State Library about 2, at once ran into Victor Scheffer, then met George Quimby of the Burke Museum; learned, with vast relief, that George admires the job of Winter Bros. He and Bill Holm know colossally more than I ever can about the Indian coastal art and culture, and that they've liked the book hugely gratifies me. I asked George if Bill had come--they'd won an award for the book they've done on Edward Curtis--and he said, No, Bill's at a potlatch...Indeed, it turned out Bill was going to be in the ceremony, at whatever tribe is involved. I continue to think Bill's work is the most valuable, and best, regional scholarship going on out here.

Next encountered Harriet Bullitt and Alice Seed, and H and I were very chatty for two old antagonists over dollars. Also saw Neal Hines, Don McQuinn...then it was ceremony time. Spellman is surprisingly ill at ease, given that he must have been thru thousands of public gizmoes of this sort by now. He pretty plainly hadn't seen the text of his short remarks beforehand and stumbled occasionally there, and in the citations as well. I asked C her evaluation, she said; good-natured and bumbling. When my award turn came, I got to the mike and said it was a special pleasure to receive the award in a year in which the State Library had stood in the forefront against the minority who would censor what any of the rest of us can put in front of our eyes--a brief

18 May cont.--jab on this censorship stuff which the State Library people seemed to appreciate. Spellman, to my surprise, murmured under his breath to me as I ~~stepped~~ stepped down, "good." C and I figured out afterwards that as a good Catholic, he probably doesn't need this Moral Majority crap any more than any of the rest of us.

Surprise of the reception afterward, in what I guess was the Cabinet room of the gov's office area, was Mrs. Spellman, who came up to me, said she'd been born in Havre and for the next 16 years prayed to God to get her out of Havre. C and I concluded she's about twice as bright and lively as the gov. Credit him, he did say as he visited around in the reception afterward was that one of the next things to be done, once he gets through with signing or vetoing this session's bills, is to get ready for the next session, so that the legislature doesn't have the jump on him this time. Also, he and the missus are both diligent and adept at working a crowd, as we'd heard. Standing talking to us and the Scheffers, Spellman noticed the Scheffers' grand-daughter, 11 or so, and said he guessed he'd missed meeting her, intro'd himself.

At the tag-end of the reception spent a few minutes with Ann Rule, whom I've gotten to know a little bit at book-selling parties. Ann is an original, a tough lady who made her living out of 'tec magazine hackwork until hitting with her Bundy book, and she said she coincided with George Bush's wife at a Portland TV appearance and, to try strike a common chord, brightly told her that right up until before he was caught Bundy had been a dedicated Republican.

Saturday was a strange day, one when we'd intended to go to Dungeness and overnight. The 10:05 ferry proved to be full, so we contemplated going downtown for a Bainbridge or Bremerton ferry, thought about complications of possible at the Lofall ferry, rejected that, considered driving around Hood Canal, I rejected that as too much time in the car. Decided to go to Whidbey and Ebey's Landing. Mukilteo ferry wait proved to be an hour, the Issaquah having had another of its endless breakdowns; bagged that. C headed us for Lake Union and Ivar's for lunch; Ivar's not open until 4. Veered to the America's Cup and at last got a drink and lunch, then walked the Arboretum.

26 May--An instance of things going too well to last. Came home just before 3, from running the track and saunaing, to find county trimming crew cleaning up after having whacked off the limbs that ~~thank~~ shielded the front of the house from the road. They apparently arrived just after I went to the track at 1, knocked on the door, shrugged, and starting clearing away. C got home, not much later, to find the damage already done; she was so obviously orbiting, the crew came back, took some dead limbs from the driveway side, tried to make amends, I guess. But it's entirely changed the feel of the front of the property, as if the house had been moved 15 feet closer to the street traffic, and it's probably going to cost us like all hell to regain that protection, by landscaping or fencing. It also threw both of us, furious, off work schedules; middle of a beautiful afternoon, we'd separately arrived home ready to tackle tricky pieces of work. She's grinding through hers at the moment, but I'm terminally flummoxed for the day, will wait until morning to try again on a section I've literally tried for years to write and this morning think I saw how to use it--material speculating if "what we know as memory were set in the other way." I guess when the gods rein you in, they really bring you up short.

27 May--Linda Sullivan came last evening, doped out for us how we can landscape the gaping hole. C stayed home today, raked the heavy duff from the area. I made a mid-morning dump run, went to have my driver's license renwed, bought books at ~~UA~~ U Book Store, drove to Bothell for lunch with Archie. He is busier than ever, having taken on editorship of the ferry bi-weekly, the Enetai. Showed me dust jacket of The Home Front, coming out from Playboy Press this Nov., after 18 previous publishers looked at it. His Alaska Airlines history will come out about then too, and he said he's a bit bothered by looking so prolific.

Fine weather today; I'm squandering a chance to run the track, in hope of catching up on diary and a few other chores. Have just winnowed the ms to see which pp. are okay to send off to Atheneum, and I think a surprising number are, although there'll be the usual

27 May cont.--nagging logistics of getting the rest typed, proofed, assembled. But unless I come across something truly wretched in the ms, I think I'll spend the next two days on some tricky background paragraphs--expansion of the Pacific-portrait, of the imperialism-as-constellation notion, and some more niggling on the "what if memory ran forward" stuff--and call it good.

I'd better do so pretty promptly, because 2 weeks from Sunday we head for Montana. That will take a considerable shift of attention on my part, and I need to start realizing it.

Memorial Day, we hiked Lake Union with Jim and Lois Welch and Frank and Linda. They'd not met, but it came out as a happy combination: Frank, eclecticism itself, at once brought out and gave to Lois a photocopy of a journal article on metaphors of aesthetics or some such, and at a later point C overheard Lois and Linda walking thru the Lake Union weeds discussing Proust. Frank, to my surprise and joy, was chosen for the U. of Chicago summer seminar (which I wrote ref'ce letter for). Came here after, had drinks and hamburgers, a good day with a good set of friends.

On the walk I asked Jim what he thinks of the adaptation of Winter in the Blood which Larry Barsness of the U of Mont faculty is doing, and talked about at the playwrights conf'ce; Jim said he's not much taken with it, B'ness having added dialogue Jim thinks is pointless, maybe violative--a barroom discussion of Green Stamps, for ex. Also said he thinks B'ness has been pretty casual about the project. What astounds me is that B'ness has gone this far without ever having struck agreement with ~~Hx~~ Jim or Jim's agent on rights.

Jim has been a bonus to us this winter and spring, no ego problems between us that I at least can discern. Been interesting to see how different, given some similarity in our backgrounds, we are about our work. I tinker at mine all the time, Jim does various other things, teaching, conferences, readings, and when his fiction happens, it happens. (Lois seemed to notice this, too.) One incident I should record, see if it shows up in Jim's next book: he and Lois were visited by somebody this spring, not an Indian, I think even a person from the east or midwest, but the next morning, she came down and told him she'd had a

27 May cont.--dream that Jim and Lois had a son, whom they called Names Himself. A wondrous name, of course, which Jim says he wants to use in the upcoming Blackfoot novel. Another name he has ready for it: Skunk Cap.

Thursday of last week, the 21st, we heard Donald Justice give the Roethke poetry reading. Afterward, C at once said, "Dick Hugo lost the Pulitzer to this guy?" (We saw Hugo in Missoula last year soon after that Pulitzer, and he was trying to talk it down, but it plainly was on his mind.) She also provided the word for Justice's work--precious, none of Hugo's drive and chance-taking. I may have missed the context and so be doing Justice injustice, but he had a line I nominated as the second worst I've ever heard from a mainline poet--"The night is a giant cactus"--right up there behind the Stanley Kunitz line about the sun like an orange nailed to his forehead.

Well, so it goes, or has went. I'm mostly in a tinkering time, trying to tune up what I have of the Runners ms and pray the second half will present itself this fall; C is trudging out the last days of the school year, much anticipating Montana.

29 May--Am dabbling today, having declared the first half of the Runners ms sufficient unto itself; did the last graf of revising y'day, adding williwaw to the N. Pacific portrait. In cleaning out pocket notebook, came across items about writing that I've intended to put down:

--Maybe without being conscious about it, I think what I've done these past few years is to combine the day-by-day intensity of journalism--as in magazine writing--with book-length ambitions. This has meant that all the tinkering with language and technique, instead of hitting that magazine-article point of being about as good as it can within the limits of 1500-2000 words (and for the scant payment involved), goes on and on, the ms getting more and more craft put into it.

--A phrase came to me for what I'm trying with this book: "thrift of line, extravagance of result"--indeed, I put it into the ms, in description of the Kolosh canoe, although I thought of it first in connection with the ms.

29 May cont.--Also seems to me that I try to work against the upper boundaries of language and technique; see what they can be made to do. Which I think is going to leave some over-extravagant touches in each book I do, but it seems to me the payable price for the rest of it. It would take a perfect job of editing to bring my stuff into balance; I think Carol Hill had that in mind when she undertook to cut down Winter Bros to something gem-like, and found she couldn't. In theory, I'd like sometime a clean-lined brisk book--had some early notion of trying Runners that way, but found it's not the right voice for this story--but it seems that some of my best work is the rolling, rhythmed stuff, such as the windships graf in Winter Bros and the title piece of Sky.

--This last brings me to another point or two about Jim Welch and our times together. Jim says he's interested in minimalist work, particularly Vittorini. Yet there are portions of Winter in the Blood which I'm not sure are so far apart from some of my work, in voice--though I think Jim does avoid the busting-out sort of background chunks I tend to put in. Anyway, we seem to like each other well, admire each other's work--in spite of being diametrically apart in describing our aims.

Wanted to remember, too, Jim's remarkable performance an evening in April when he and Lois came over. We'd both lost out on a G'heim for third year in row, and I brought out the list of recipients for Jim to see. Writer by writer he went down the line, ticking off capsule evaluations--this one a big name, but deserving; this one an operator--a truly virtuoso job. Again, one of our opposites: Jim is enormously acquainted among this country's writers, I've tried to keep my distance; both seem to work.

3 June--Went to UW library today, leaving the Buick at Westlund on the way--result, $310 of work, which damn well better see it thru the Montana trip. Had lunch with Carstensen, who's worrying over his WHA pres'l address on the uses made of the West; a big topic, he's discovering. Says he's done some material on Wister and Zane Grey.

Also saw: Karyl Winn in MSS, when I went down to find mid-19th c. letters to see what the salutation style was (for mock letter which may conclude Runners). Met Howard Droker, whom K. was interviewing for possible Jewish History project.

--And George Quimby at the Burke Museum. I went up to sign a couple of books for him, as he'd asked at Gov's Writers Day; he gave me several reprints of journal pieces he's done, some hilarious stuff. Impressed, I told him he'd better copy Vic Scheffer's recent Adventures of a Zoologist, do Adventures of an Archgst, he said he retires in a couple of years, at 70, and maybe then. Said Bill Holm wanted to see me, led me into the bowels of the Burke, we talked with Bill until he had to go teach a class. Bill showed me a bow and arrow he'd just made, of mountain sheep horn; he's becoming interested in Plains Indians art. When Bill left, George took me deeper into the bowels, showed me a Japanese urn which had floated across like glass fishing float. Said someone, he thinks a Japanese woman, is writing a novel about Japanese boats drifting ashore on this coast; the Japanese consul in San Francisco kept track of such reports, evidently.

Otherwise, I've been whittling at chores, looking at stuff for the upcoming Montana trip; read vol. of remnsces of Forest Service wives for details. Merlyn is supposed to be finishing the last of the ms typing for me tomorrow, so perhaps that can be assembled a few days earlier than I'd planned.

5 June--3 pm, just back from mailing off the 1st ½ of Runners ms to Liz. Mystifying to me, but assembling, photocopying and mailing a ms always takes a day, and a rugged one at that.

Funny scene at the Aurora Copy Mart this morn. The one clerk who's been there from the very start had been out, pregnant; she was there this morning, I said, "Back at it, are you?" She said, "There he is!" I looked, and one of the other women was sitting down, doing something, with the baby in a front sling. So the mother asked me about my manuscript, I asked what the lad's name was (Patrick), all very villagey.

Hasn't yet sunk in to me, if it ever does before we take off to Montana, that I've wrapped up the first half of Sea Runners. Re-reading the ms--not very definitive, because I'm too close to it just now--it seems to me pretty good line by line, but maybe doesn't yet have the resonance, depth, I want. Anyway, it's been a major half-year of work; seems an awfully slow process, but the language of this ms does seem to me to be farther along than either Sky or Winter at this stage. I do see, now and again, just what a hell of a dare this book is: the scene-by-scene effort it requires.

Raining now, and the past number of days have been damp, muggy. Tree diagnostician came y'day, informed us the lodgepole pines out front have blister rust, likely because of this damp weather and the overgrowth hemming them in. Wednesday night, Frank and Linda came, we put in Japanese privet in the chasm left by the county tree crew.

Tired now, but am feeling pretty good these days, my right leg having improved. Haven't run this week, mostly because of weather, but did some walking almost every day, and have tried to cut back on food a bit. The middle-age belt of fat simply sits there on me, though, daring me to get drastic enough to do anything about it, and I haven't yet mustered myself to the dare.

7 June--A quiet day of rain, and now, at 3, some mild stray entries, just because I don't feel like doing much else.

Early this afternoon I finished The Book of Ebenezer LePage, which I'd been reading nights this past week, and was greatly moved by it--the wheel of years, the bafflement that is life, caught by Edwards in it. By chance, and also to savor LePage a bit longer, y'day and this morning I began in Vic Scheffer's memoir; and though I don't know him well, I much like and admire him, and it came to me that knowing him is a link to the old stags who were his mentors--Olaus Murie, Frank Brockman, Trevor Kincaid. I have been thinking of this communityhood, off and on, since seeing George Quimby mid-week; or more likely, since being beside George and Vic at the Gov's Day awards: thinking what a community there is here of these good and gifted men, Scheffer, Quimby, Bill Holm, Floyd Schmoe, Carstensen--until weeks ago, Bob Hitchman--Bob Monroe, and how generous they've been to my work.

Another thing along these lines: last night the Welches and Bevis and Juliette came for salmon dinner, and after, Bill said something of Kittredge's potential book on his Oregon ranch background. All of us, and I think Kittredge himself, recognize what a wonderful book awaits there. Meanwhile Jim perhaps has a great story in his intended Blackfoot novel. I likely will never have as strong a Montana book again as Sky, but at least I have that, and idea and effort yet to come, I hope. We are, Bill and Jim and I and quite a number of others, a generation who can write a literature for our region; already have made a long start, maybe. If we can get to it; hold off the world. So I have been wondering if we are analogous to some earlier bunch--poised; possibly doing our best work before we're really conscious of it. The Southern Fugitive are the natural comparison, I suppose especially in the sense that we're writing of loss of our region to change, although I don't like to think of us as like those rarefied Dixiecrats. I dunno...

10 June--4:30, C is at negotiating session, perhaps the inning that will end it. She's having a hellacious end of the schoolyr year, exams, negotiating and the looming Montana trip, but so far is holding up in decent spirits.

I'm mostly choring, trying to get loose ends gathered, and by now, last of her school year and of my half-year on Runners, loose ends are all around. Went to spray some planting pots this afternoon preparatory to putting them under the house--no hose nozzle. Stopped to fill Buick with gas--no credit cards. Considerable tucking and mending of this sort needed. I've vowed I wouldn't let this getting-ready week hassle me too much, and except for part of this afternoon, when every chore was lodged against every other chore and none would jar loose, I don't think it has.

12 June--Still choring toward the Mont. trip, altho I have managed to read Spence's history xf and much of Malone and Roeder's. C came home this afternoon with unexpected triumphal news that the contract negotiations are over, the admin'n having come around--evidently at Ron Bell's urging--after the union exec board unanimously rejected their stonewall offer. So tomorrow we putter and pack, then go.

--Strays from the notebook:

--Jim Welch joked once when he was here that when someone got overbearing about Jim's Indian-ness, or maybe lack of ostentation about it, he told them he'd start calling himself Types-at-Night.

--Carstensen, when I asked him what he'd been up to, responded "Substituting for you, for one thing!" He'd done the State Hist'l Society talk after I, and evidently a couple others, turned down Bruce LeRoy, LeRoy being the keen intellect he is, he evidently told Vernon he was a final desperate choice.

--C'sen commented, when I said I still have to convince myself periodically that writing is worth it despite the lack of money, that xxxxx those of us who grew up xx with a background such as mine have little out of that which now applies (to the inflationary economy).

24 June, Bozeman--8:15, C has gone to do laundry, I'm to catch up a bit on notes, befor we rejig the packing and head on to Helena. We're in the apartment of Eileen Harrington, Mike Malone's mother-in-law, and it's been a good private stop; a place to hole up by ourselves, set our own pace. On Sunday, we did that entirely,loafed the day away until going to Mike and Gail's for dinner.

The research for Last Roof has gone well, prob'ly even better than that, both here and at Missoula. The trove here is the WPA--Federal Writers Project material, 7 file cabinets of it which Merrill Burlingame saved just as a truck was being ordered up to take it to the dump in Butte, in early 40's. There's much anecdote and detail in the stuff, and with C helping me for most of y'day, I pillaged what seemed likely out of the whole collection--research totaled a couple of hundred photocopied pages, several dozen file cards. In Missoula, the find was a ten-folder transcript of an early ranger named Glen Smith talking to some unknown interviewer in 1956 or 7.

This is the first diary entry of the trip, which seems to say the diary is being sacrificed to the research and social rounds. May try catch up a bit more in Helena. For now, I don't have the zip for it. It's a cloudless day in the Gallatin, mountains are breath-taking all around, I've just put in two days as a human dredge, and to hell with the diary.

26 June--In Bill Lang's office, up a gulch from Montana City: 11:15, have spent the morning sorting the archival research of this trip, noting down possible uses of material. Also put down the kernel paragraphs of 2 possible scens, the bedsprings photo taken by LIFE at Ft. Peck and the "everything on the place was mortgaged except the air" graf. A fine blue day, I look from Bill's window to what must be the north, timbered ridges with rock castles.

This stay at the Langs' has been auspicious, both in this morn's work toward Last Roof and in the incident which happened within ten min. after we arrived on Wed., about 5:20 or so. C and I had followed Bill out from the Histcl Society after work, were standing around the kitchen table with Bill and Sue, starting on mugs of beer, when phone rang, 7-yr-old or so Joel Lang picked it up, listened, said it's for you, Ivan. I was startled, then muddled as I unclearly heard someone saying congratulations on something or other. Asked who I was being congratulated by, it was Liz; said she likes the Sea Runners 1st half, so does Tom Stewart--wish I could remember her exact phrase, but it was something like he's "thrilled" with it. She said he's ordering up a check, I maybe would have it by when I get back to Seattle, which I doubt. Anyway, great good news.

Chatted with Liz a bit, she said (a) she's been sick for ten days until then, (b) Tony is in China--he works for Random House, is trying to sell Chinese on encyclopedias; and (c) her cat fell out the window.

30 June--8:20 a.m., in Arnst's basement. Am about to start back to work, after a 3-day weekend which started in the governor's mansion and ended in the Arnsts' camper.

Friday the 26th, Bill and Sue Lang and kids left at 8 for Big Sky, so we holed up in their house until late afternoon; I sorted the Last Roof research gathered to date, did some thinking, a bit of writing. Then arrived at Gov's mansion at 4:30, were met by Jean Schwinden, who explained that the Gov was in Billings, wouldn't be home until maybe midnight. We had a drink and supper with her, talked until about 9, then C and I went uptown to see Raiders of Lost Ark. Jean was rattling around alone in the mansion; she seems to long for the old days of the Wolf Point farm; so I think the couple of hrs visiting with her was appreciated.

Next morning, my 42d birthday, we appeared for b'fast, met Ted Schwinden, he fetched us coffee and asked what we intended for the day. Told him prob'ly a trip to Canyon Ferry. He suggested instead that we fly with him to Livingston, since the route would be right over the Doig homestead country. I considered that about a half-second and said sure.

Sometime mid-morning Leo Berry and John Ornsdorf of state Dept. of Natural Resources showed up--the Gov was going to Livingston party to dedicate a windmill project--and Ted drove us in a Citation to the airport. Got into a twin-engine Beechcraft Duke, and with me in co-pilot seat, pilot Randy Link flew to Toston, then began to follow the Milwaukee line through Sixteen Canyon. First time I've ever seen Sixteen and the Basin country from the air, and by picking out Wall Mountain, I guided Randy to the Basin, directly over Dave Doig's homestead; a terrific moment as we circled there.

Carol and I and John O.--ironically, a former Air Force officer--paid for the moment with some queasiness on the rest of the flight as the Duke fishtailed and bounced; I reached the sweating not-quite-but-almost-upchucking point by the time we landed at Livingston.

30 June cont.--We were met at airport by one of Ted's young staffers--pilot, press sec and this one, a new Carroll College grad named Mark, were remarkably young--and driven in a green Chrysler to Paradise motel in Livingston, where Ted was to talk to lunch of Demo women's clubs. C and I went along out of curiosity, staying out of the way with Randy, Mark and Leo. On a beautiful day, the Absarokas soaring over town, the lunch of course was in a hot basement. Ted brought over to meet me Mike Miles, the Bozeman aide of Sen. Max Baucus; Miles, a married priest, wants to write a ~~xxx~~ book about his experience. Then Demo nat'l committeewoman Dorothy Bradley came over, intro'd herself and talked until the lunch began. Of the speeches which followed, hers probably was better than Ted's or Baucus's, a point-by-point performance.

Afterward, as we waited outside the motel for Ted to politick his way out of the room, Miles intro'd us to Max Baucus. Baucus is so kennedy-esque, up to the very hair, that I'm surprised he goes over in a state which also votes for Melcher and Schwinden, both old-line Montanan in style. Mike Miles told me I'm undoubtedly the favorite author for Montana politicians to quote these days; Baucus ended his speech to state legislature with some quote from Sky.

About 2:30, ceremony at bandshell in Livingston park, Ted and Baucus again, local legislator and a pub svce commission guy; Livingston mayor was thoroughly inept as m.c. Then Ted did quick handshaking at machinists' picnic, and we flew back to Helena, luckily a less stomach-tossing flight. A spectacular day for flying, the country so unusually green, the consta nt valleys like visions of the Western dream.

Back at the mansion, we had a drink with Ted and Jean, then he began barbecuing a 3-inch thick slab of sirloin. Ted's press sec Paula Walker came over, wanting to meet me, and her live-in Lon Hoklin, who's written a thriller.

30 June cont.--Then the Schwindens' daughter Chris arrived with a salad, and their son Dorrie and daughter-in-law Les with another salad, and with the wind whipping thru the gubernatorial backyard, we had a feed. Ultimately, a chocolate birthday cake was brought out for me, which C and Paula determinedly tried to light the candles of, while Ted and I derided the effort of anyone trying to light anything in a Montana wind.

After supper the family drifted off, Paula and Lon stayed on to talk for awhile, then we spent an hour or two talking with Ted and Jean. It's hard to gauge how much of Ted's engagingness was for my benefit--the Heisenberg effect--but if he's anywhere within the neighborhood of face value, he's a very engaging and obliging gent. I particularly like about him an evident sense of proportion, ability to laugh at himself and to realize he's not the end-all of the political history of the world. He seems determined to be a common-folk governor. As we sat talking about 9:45, phone rang, he picked it up, listened, said "You got 'im," and spent the next 20 minutes or so talking with somebody who has a nephew in trouble with the law in Wyoming.

1 July--The Arnst basement again. Spent y'day at public library going thru GF Trib for summer of '39. Started on microfilm, after a couple of hrs that got excruciating, and I asked refce lib'n Sister Marita if they had bound volumes anywhere. She set me up in Montana Room with the vol. and life improved.

Birthday gathering here last night, for Genise's sisters Vicki and Cille: grilled hamburgers, a drink or two, swirling kids, cake and homemade ice cream.

We arrived here about 1 on Sunday, and by 4 or so were on the way to Sun River game range with Wayne and Genise in their camper. Pulled in at Dickens Lake on a spectacular end-of-day, Sawtooth Mtn over us and Castle Reef to the north; some of the best country on the continent.

1 July cont.--Wayne fished awhile--in a loony-looking rig which includes waders, ~~xxxxxxx~~ inner tube to float in and diving flippers to paddle and guide with--and the rest of us fought the charcoal fire to get it going enough to cook venison steaks for supper. About 9, we managed. W and I went up on ridge above the lake; must have been nearly 10 by time we got back, and still enough light to see fairly well.

13 July--Weathered in at home today. We'd intended to hike at Dungeness today and tomorrow, but woke to a roar of rain on the roof; it's much a midwinter day.

Spent the morning looking over Montana research xeroxes, wrote a few letters this afternoon. Am going along at something like 1/3 speed, it feels like. Probably a letdown from the trip, in which we spent 2 nights in a motel, of a total of 25 days' travel. Seeing that many people, that constantly, isn't something to try to repeat soon, I guess.

The trip was a wonder, though. Hard to pin down in memory, because of the pace. I should try peck away at it, maybe with vignettes:

--A bonus piece of the trip was the stay with Langs in Helena. I'd barely met Bill and Sue at the Hist'l Soc meeting in Billings last fall, ~~xxxxx~~ didn't know what we might be in for at their place, but everything clicked: C liked Sue and admired the non-pesky kids, Joel and Becky, I had a fine time with Bill, who's very funny and a gifted ~~xx~~ mimic. Much sardonic stuff out of both of us those couple of days. I'd asked Bill abt my confusion over His'l Soc Director Robert Archibald's nickname, thinking he'd been introduced ~~xxxxxx~~ to me as Bob but hearing him called Rob by others; Bill says Archibald goes by both, apparently likes to confer "Rob" on intimates and ~~xx~~ favored staffers. Bill's ass't Barbara Fifer, who has her own sardonic vein, refers to him as Bobrob. (In similar style, Barbara and Bill call the endless Charley Russell work they have to run as covers as "Chuck Russells.") Bill evidently still is in the Bob camp rather than the Rob one, and as we left work the last night we passed Archibald, I cheerily said G'night Bob, then nudged Bill and assured him I was on his side.

13 July cont.--The Dupuyer stay, July 3-6, had a poignant tinge for me. For one thing, it dawned on me that it's coming onto 30 years--27 this fall--since I arrived to the Chadwicks. Harold must have been about the age then that I am now. Thoughh he seemed in goof fettle, pleased with a new wife, it ached in me to see the erosions of age--hearing aids, occasional nervous dry-wash of his hands which I never saw before. Tom meanwhile is fending on his own in Dupuyer, also a bit wrenching to see--yet he is fending, getting by on his own, which is the vital point.

Harold's new wife, Maxine McGrew, we'd been warned about by Wayne and Genise Arnst; she indeed talks too much by about 150%, but I kind of liked her; probably my tendency to forgive a person much if for an interesting gift of gab.

Our Dupuyer schedule generally was: Tom and I got up first, he made hotcakes and I did over-easy eggs and bacon, then I'd decide with C where to go to shoot pics, and off the three of us'd go. 1st day to Swift Dam, on the 4th of July out thru Jensen ranch country on our way to Choteau rodeo, next day to Cow Creek; day after, our last in Dupuyer, I transcribed the usable pieces from George Engler interview and sorted file cards a bit, then abt 5 we visited Hazel and Gene Bonnet in Valier, then went on to supper at Harold and Maxine's.

14 July--Just after writing the preceding I went to the track for exercise, and as I pulled into the carport the Volvo began spewing steam. Waiting now--8:25--for AAA tow up to N. End Radiator. Besides the Volvo eruption, the Buick's transmission is tremulous, the kitchen sink drain is leaking (after my effort to fix it) and the toilet is making noise. This shows every sign of being a splatter of a week.

10:25--car is now in hands of Mike the radiator man; in his accent, the trouble is something like the gleeferpflug; whatever the hell it is, he showed me the leaking place on the side of the block.

27 July--Just was on the phone with John Marshall, Bellevue J-A columnist, doing a piece on Columbia survey of writers' incomes. He mentioned he edited Shirley Rosen's book on Harry Truman of St. Helen's--actually, I think it probably received sundry editings--and that it's doing so-so, about 7,000 sold with the break-even point 10,000. Said it was a nightmare working with non-writer like Rosen.

The summer is going, at a pace which has me uneasy about Sea Runners. Deliberately have laid off the ms, trying to get down ideas for God's Shoestring while the Montana material was fresh; didn't manage to get down as much of that as I'd hoped, but at least there's a kernel of ms and an astoundingly well-organized set of notes and file folders. This morning, took up Runners again, but without any real advance, so often the first-day-back result. Have had trouble sleeping, and didn't feel at all keen--just now, nearly 2 pm, really beginning to function--but I think I've set a schedule which may make a couple of weeks' progress between now and Sept. 14, when C resumes teaching and I go full-tilt on Runners again.

Quite a lot of energy, more than I ever dare admit, is going into house chores. Staying ahead of collapse has been tough recently. C brought home a fluorescent bulb for one long burnt out in shop, we installed, the next day the entire fixture next to it blew out. I've been tarring the gap between the roofing and the raingutters, a snotty job if there ever was one, and meanwhile we've discovered ants, which probably is going to mean a spraying job I abhor. Some headway I guess is being made; have managed to clean some of the shop, the woodhouse is nearly ready for winter, both cars finally are more or less running, I rewired and cleaned our 51-year-old toaster, 4 ailing trees have been cut from the screen along the road, and there's been a quantum jump in amenity, in the plantings done under Linda Sullivan's plank.

Summer always passes at a strange sideways gait--like a man with a sprung body, somehow out of kilter--and has for as long as I can recall. There was a kind of fascination not far from dread in calculating the ranch summers; all those days stretching ahead, some of them

27 July cont.--to be vast and hot and likely with a family fight, yet somehow flicking away faster than could be imagined. I think now I mind the summer pace less for myself than for C; I'd much like to see her have greater time off than a summer seems to amount to. When August comes, it's pretty much over for her; her parents' visit then impends, and some years, as this one, that's a fairly grim prospect indeed. But she's been very sanguine the past week or so. I think it's helped that we've done the travel of the past two summers, to Alaska and Montana; so much happens in those trips that they expand the summer experience. Also we had a fine celebration of her birthday, dinner with Ann and Phil the night before--with a megaton-chocolate cake I'd smuggled to their place for the event--and then a half-day hike at Ebey's Landing and dinner at the Capt. Whidbey, a sensational meal. The weather turned good that afternoon, finally some sun after nearly a week of cloudy but rainless and muggy weather which drained and nagged both of us. The weekend was gloriously clear and even hot, and today too is hot.

Week ago today, went to KCTS for 1st meeting with Jean Walkinshaw and Wayne Sourbeer, now that they have a Humanities grant of $25000 for Winter Bros. Matters truly get underway about mid-August, with meeting of the advisory committee and I guess then some script work. I still am only about moderately interested in the project, although I intend to do as good a job as possible; keep thinking of the ephemerality of tv, that half-hour flash of blue light and oblivion, altho I know it's not actually so. If I can put my mind to it, should be able to learn a lot from W'shaw and S'beer. Coincidentally, picked up 2nd volume of Kenneth Clark's autobiography, read there of his conversion to tv.

What else? A middling mood, and a middling weekend of progress on chores, when I want both to be vaster, I suppose. In an hr, Diane Wright of the Ev Herald is to come for an interview. Tomorrow we intend to head for Mt. Baker.

3 August--10:40, have just finished morning's intended 5 pp. of revision, will try do 3 more this afternoon, in this shortened week's drive to average 8 revised pp/day. This work is more rearrangement than original progress, but it does move me toward the first draft total I need.

Set the alarm for 6 this morn, both got up and got functioning. This summer's weather has made it tough to do so, much humidity and grayness.

Sat., I finished a bastard of a job, tarring between the raingutters and the roofing, to stop seepage behind the gutters. Also did some shop cleaning, though that looms as almost a permanent project. Y'day I winnowed some books, reshuffled some files in archival boxes; summer has been so damp the acid-free boxes were feeling it.

Sat. night we went out to Clint and Elizabeth's "farm" s. of Snohomish, to see Fran and Gabe at the last of their visit. They are fine enjoyable kids, Fran very tall and voluble, Gabe with his off-center humor; at one point in dunner, as he was telling some story, something happened to interrupt him and he blithely said, That's probably funnier than what I was gonna say anyway.

Fri. night, Wyman and LeWare families here, a kind of reunion of us grad school vets, Carstensen's Army. At least I intended it as a mild get-together, the 3 couples of us having drinks and supper and talk, but with the 3 Wyman kids and then with the 2 LeWarne boys deciding they wanted to come, suddenly we were 11. All the kids were dandy, 15-yr-old Charlie LeWarne exceedingly personable and Ruth Wyman astounding and charming us by asking how she could help out in the kitchen, and then doing so, genuinely. The logistics of 11 did fray me more than I intended, though; the hamburger patties, which had been frozen, crumbled on the grill, a sizzling edge of one falling into my left palm and giving me a blister just below the thumb, and a spatter hitting one of my Bean shoes, which seems an irrevocable splotch. Socially it was a good time. I spent some time talking with Pauline LeWarne and found her likable and lively, which hadn't been the impression I had in my head, wherever the hell I got it.

Aug. 3 cont.--And, on Sat. came the $4500 check from Liz, 2nd chunk of Sea Runners advance. Atheneum is slow to pay, about 5 weeks this time, 6 weeks on the 1st chunk, which ticks me off considerably.

10 Aug.--hottest weather of summer; of any summer since we came to Seattle. Y'day's 99 tied all-time record; driving home from Rialto camping trip with Wymans we came thru Quillayute, Hoquiam and Olympia and they all had record days--97, 97 and 104. It was damnably hot, on a day we spent mostly in the car--the Buick's air conditioning of course having burnt out in Montana. Today is much more bearable, tho now a few minutes before 4 the thermometer is getting direct sun and has gone to 104.

I'd planned today to work on plot of Sea Runners, but a poor night's sleep and I suppose some hangover from y'day's heat left me not vigorous enough. I wish I'd managed some good work today, because tomorrow begins the TV Winter Bros' invasion of my time--advisory committee meeting at UW faculty club. I did begin desk work abt 2, have put notebook jottings of past month or so onto file cards.

4:02--thermometer now at 106.

We caught 8:35 ferry Thurs. morn, hiked and overnighted at Dungeness, then headed for Mora campground early on Friday, put tents up for us and Wymans. They managed to get there about 8, minutes before we got back from supper at Slathars and a drink at Vagabond in Forks. Saturday we hiked Rialto with them, Eva and Carol and the girls stopping just beyond Hole in Wall, Mark and Dan and I going on around corner to the next cove north. Everyone seemed to have a good time and I guess it was worth doing, tho C and I found it nerve-wracking to have 3 kids loose on that coast, when their parents are rookies to it too.

4:07--108

None of them realized the full power and danger of the shore, or more to the point, how instantly something can go wrong--someone be swept off a tidal rock into surf. Out from the tidal troughs, Mark and Dan would hunker to look into a tidal pool with their backs to the surf; both C and I tried to warn without nagging about it, I don't know how successfully.

10 Aug cont.--One small thing which mushroomed surprisingly in me was different attitudes to tidepool life; I had to all but bite my tongue about Ruth and Miriam Wyman picking up starfish, Ruth in particular wanting to take one home. I was startled that Mark, with his summer experiences in the West and his liking of the Wisconsin woods, didn't at once instruct them to look and not touch; while Ruth had an obviously live starfish in one hand and a stiffer one in the other, I finally finally asked, You couldn't talk her out of the live one, could you? Mark asked why, I said because it's going to die needlessly, and he made some amendment to the wholesale packing around of the creatures, but never did stop the girls entirely. A fathers viewpoint as against a nature fanatic's, I guess.

4:18--110.

Other than those small Midwest/West oil-water situations, we enjoyed the Wymans. Ruth is a particularly attractive kid, lively and smart. While C was keeping Eva company, Ruth climbed up and over the Hole in Wall rope trail, no mean feat for an 8-yr-old.

Y'day morn, I woke about qtr to 6, decided to walk from Mora to Rialto, C decided to go with me. An eagle made passes at the water at the bend of the road and river just before the Rialto parking lot, we had long unhurried stint of watching him from not far off. Beach was hazed and handsome. Got back at 8, breakfasted with Wymans, they headed for Hurricane Ridge, we headed south to visit the shore area between Westport and Tokeland for Sea Runners' sake. It was ungodly hot and the beach was jammed with people and cars, but we got done a chore I'd had trouble getting to.

4:26--111.

So, tomorrow starts a work regimen of some sort, tho I don't yet know what: whether I'll need to go immediately on the W Bros scripting, or have some leeway to work on 2nd half of Runners. A week from today, C's folks arrive, for what could be a harrowing visit if Lucie is as forgetful as Frank says she's getting. Will try salvage what I can of that period. I much regret for C's sake this winding down of the summer, and the emotional gauntlet of her mother's visit.

10 Aug.cont--Stray items from notebook:
--Linda Doig mentioned that one bonus of my reputation in Montana thanks to Sky is that she finds it easier to cash checks now; they ask if she's related to me, she says yes, and the check's accepted.
--Have been reading the Klein biog of Woody Guthrie, and coincidentally in the past week or so Arlo Guthrie was scheduled for a concert here. He canceled on some health excuse or another, which made me wonder whether the Huntington's disease which has haunted the family is starting on him.

17 Aug., 10:10 a.m.--A glum enough day, sunless so far and with C's folks' visit looming. C is readying the house, and the past few days has been in good spirits; she'd better be, because if Lucie's mind is wandering as vagrantly as Frank has suggested to us, this could be a rough 17 days ahead. The woe of age on our parents, and ultimately on us; I've never known a thing to do about it except grit through, and C is having to do so now.

I'm going to try plod thru the next 2½ weeks getting done whatever chores I can and try tune my way into the last ~~2~~ half of Sea Runners~~s~~ once more. An enforced holing up in the study may not be all that bad for me, though my nerves will never believe it. This morn, I began about 2½ hrs ago on my desk and miscellaneous strew, and pretty well have the accumulated correspondence whipped by now.

18 Aug--5:10, a long day winding down. This morn did some b'gnd reading for Runners, and some letters; made a dump run, did couple of chores in U District, had lunch with Carstensen and Mark Wyman, then near-3-hr session with W'shaw and S'beer on tv Winter Bros. Stopped at track and walked 8 laps on way home--too hot to run.

Where to start. For some reason, I'm less sanguine about today's script session than I was about last week's, but don't really know why. W'shaw is to type fresh draft, out of what we did today, so I'll know better when I look it over tomorrow. Perhaps my hunch is that the changes have begun to make a stew of the show, less straightforward than what I started with. Maybe I just have the quimsies. Couple of points I'll likely continue to disagree with W'shaw on, main one whether my 1st time on camera should be conversational (her view) or voice-over authorial (mine). The three of us do seem to work together pretty well, although it ain't my idea of the way to get much done.

W'shaw is fairly indomitable. Her house was broken into last night, Bea Roethke's camera stolen and Jean's jewelry strewn--Bea and her husband must have arrived and scared off the intruder--and this morn her effort to talk to Horace McCurdy about $$ for this show not only got stonewalled, she may have lost his permission to use his photos at Museum of History and Industry. But she swore she was going to zoom home and retype the script.

Jean reported that when she told Bea Roethke and her husband, Steven Lushington, who runs a British school for dyslexics or some such, about the Winter Bros, they looked down their noses, disparaging any writing about NW that wasn't Ted Roethke's. Then she got them to read it, and Lushington at least told her it was "magnificent." Jean also said she'd met Jim Wickwire, the mtneer, who told her I'm one of his heroes--which I told her was easily the most absurd thing I've heard in years. I must watch out for these tidbits W'shaw drops, tho I don't think she makes them up, and so they're worth the record here.

18 Aug.--Lunch was singularly uneventful, except for Mark saying he sure hopes I bring off the fiction try, and me saying back that anyway I get $20,000 out of it, neither comment particularly suave, it occurred to me. C'sen was a bit subdued, perhaps bothered by the heat. Said he's stuck for an ending on his WHA speech; I told him there's always, "I see my time has expired..."

Met Frank and Lucie at airport just before 2 y'day, Lucie fairly peaked from a virus or some such. She seems better today. I think this first day of the visit has gone reasonably ok, except for the gobbling up of C's time, which is one of the least comfortable things to happen to either of us.

Don't think I got around to entry on all the socializing at the end of last week. Saw Ann and Phil for dinner one night, the Shoreline negotiators' dinner the next night, then I guess a blank spot, then Friday hike with Lisa Roden to Snow Lake, then Daheims here for supper the next night. I don't have energy just now to do justice to all that, except maybe the Daheims. Dave is setting out to produce one of his own film scripts: the long and short of it is that in trying to raise $3.1 million, he's likely gonna put the touch on us and other friends for $5000 chunks and parties to interest other friends, and when we say no, it's probably going to be kaput for our friendship. Dave may find a lot of that going around before he's done.

19 Aug.--Impossible to anticipate the discombobulation of an ill person in the household. I have the memories of Dad, but the details by now have healed over; now with Lucie, the hard time has come around to C. We woke abt 6:30 to sound of tub water running, Lucie had wandered in, decided to take a bath. C talked her out of that, took her temp, got some tea into her and got her paced into the day somewhat more sensibly. It's now 8:30 and C has had to fend pretty constantly the past 2 hrs, with Lucie's trip to the doctor coming later this morn. Mnwhle, Frank flipped on the tv, heard that planes from the Nimitz have got into it with Libya. Hope to Christ it's not another Tonkin Gulf.

23 Aug.--A sunny Sunday. I've just redone the ending pp. of Sea Runners, to have K light a signal fire. Intend to get underway on the ms tomorrow, for the next 2 weeks. Most of last week went to Winter Bros tv script; should note that I'd truly have been in a hole on that work, and Runners too, if I hadn't sat down one day--I think it was Aug. 12--and written a complete damn version. In the conferences with W'shaw and S'beer it's been changed considerably--tho I've hung onto my westernness theme thru it all--but having that 24-pp. script to start from gave us an enormous headstart. I wanted not only to clear that work out of the way, but to have something to work from when I started with the film-making duo. Jean wondered how the length of my effort compared with the script of the Japan/Northwest show they'd just done, so she worked out the length by average wds/p--mine was 3240 wds total, vs. the Japan script's 3250. I asked her if that was close enough.

24 Aug.--Rugged day for all of us, Lucie waking up disoriented and unable to get out of bed to go to the bathroom about 12:30 this morn. Frank and Carol got her calmed down, then she was up again before 6. Today she had a further set of tests at the Mason Clinic, and some results from the earlier ones--which C says are devastating showing not only the bad heart valve we've known about but a blockage in a ventricle; plus the doctor's opinion that the brain damage or deterioration, whichever it is, may not be reversible.

This visit, then, which we'd known might be grim, is proving worse than that. There's not much to be done but watch Lucie's misery, work around it, and sorrow for the lady. C and I are moving out of our bedroom for the remainder of their stay, hoping that a lower, more familiar bed and proximity to the bathroom will get Lucie through the nights. But about her phasing in and out of dementia, there seems nothing to be done.

So this house has a mood of mortality in its air which I haven't breathed so heavily since Dad's last year. I don't mean it unkindly to Lucie, who simply is helpless in this ravaging, when I say the feel of it seems a kind of contamination. Some of it I remember from Dad's time, the disorder, items here and there as props against the

24 Aug.--illness, and this morning, something I don't recall from that earlier horror, a palpable sensation in the air, a kind of dankness, likely from the muss of towels for four persons in a single bathroom, Lucie's travailed bed and nightclothes, who knows what all.

While the others were at the clinic--until nearly 2 this afternoon--I hacked at the Runners ms, producing the scheduled 4 pp., thin mush though they are. The laboriousness may not have owed much to last night's turmoil, may have been the usual gearing-up problem.

Went to the track about 4 today, walked 14 laps and jogged 6. Thank god the weather has held; I've used these ends of afternoons for time alone at the track, and have made some progress toward getting into reasonable shape.

28 Aug.--4:45, a bleary day sinking to a close. Woke last night about an hour after going to sleep and had hell's own time getting back asleep. Between that and the harrowing time all four of us have had in this household, I could not get underway on the Runners ms today, which is at a tricky stage just now, needing some fresh ideas and plotting and characterization. So I sloshed around, counted the pp. of the 2nd half rough--57, which means I'm just 3 short of the shedule I'd set. Wrote, or at least jacklegged together 15 pp. this week. Next week, tho, I need about 20 and am not sure I can ~~fetch~~ fetch 'em. I'm about three weeks short of where I desperately want to be: done with the 2nd half rough draft, ready to begin tuning the entire ms. I hope like hell to hit that stage by the end of Sept., then polish, polish, polish~~xx~~ this obdurate book.

C and her folks not yet home from Mason Clinic, where they're to get summing-up of Lucie's tests. And just as I write this, I hear them in the driveway. The news is likely to be grim.

5:30--The report on Lucie was greatly better than expected: blood-thinner may perk her up, make her less miserable, across the next 3-6 months.

1 Sept.--9:45 a.m.: I can ill afford the time to be doing this, but life is unraveling so remarkably around here I ought to get down the latest ragged edges. Foremost, Lucie's health has gone from bad to worse, in spite of the hovering ministrations of the other three of us. Y'day afternoon she fell in the bedroom; bumped her head and probably only her wraithlike lightness kept her from breaking a hip or leg. So the visit has become a real gauntlet, somebody having to watch her all the time, she's in and out of misery and dementia, the rest of us frazzled from tension and lack of sleep. Carol thank god has felt strong and level, and has been a miracle of care with Lucie.

Naturally, in the midst of all this other matters begin to concatenate: since Frank and Lucie have been here, I've been involved in the Winter Bros tv scripting, have been invited to a Missoula book-signing (declined), to speak at library dedication at Northern Mont. College in Havre (declined), to speak to book-collecting group (accepted for Oct., in return for some collecting counseling from George Tweney), to answer questions for Mercer I. book club in Oct. (accepted, but put off until Nov.), felt out about going to Sitka for arts week appearance and book-signing (have said I'll do it for expenses and $500, haven't yet heard), to be at Cancer Society benefit at Milltown (said try me next year) and y'day's event, notice from HBJ that they're remaindering nearly 1200 Sky hardbacks. I pondered taking the Skys, called the U Book Store to see if they'd buy at least 500 from me if I did, found both Lee Soper and Marilyn Martin away for week and nobody else with authority to buy; then called Bob Silberling at Mont. Historical Society, who promptly said he'd like to have all the books, but in any case would take 500 without having to go to his bd of directors. That was the chunk of sale I needed--at $2 plus shipping, per copy, it'd cover most of my investment, I'd still have 500 copies to try on other stores, and a couple of hundred for myself for selling at appearances, etc., plus the chance to cull out any 1st editions. Elliott Bay then took 100 and Arbur 25, and I stopped there until the U Book Store powers-that-be can be checked with next week.

1 Sept.--cont.--So, hunky-dory, I have the prospect of making something like a prompt 80% on an $1165 outlay, on books from which I'd make no royalty, and still come out with a couple hundred xxxx copies I can make further money on. Too good to work out, of course, for I called Silberling back this morning to suggest I have HBJ ship directly to him instead of me, he said his bd of directors had got into the matter because of the inventory bulk the books would be, and... He's to call me back later today with their decision; likely though he isn't going to take any 500 books, and I'm going to have to peddle elsewhere.

Then about half an hr ago Jean Walkinshaw called to see what I thought about showing the W Bros script to the advisory committee; I had some qualms, but she pretty much talked me into it. It seems a sane committee and their advice might be useful, tho it also opens up early on whatever objections Ed Claplanhoo may have on behalf of the Makahs, I pointed out to her. Then asked her when lit rights $$\Phi$$ would be paid to HBJ, so I could calculate what royalty statement I'll recoup it on. She said she didn't know, and further didn't know where the negotiations with HBJ stood, John Coney had been doing that. I told her that'd better be nailed down pronto or we all may be wasting our time. She agreed, said she'd get on it. But there's a considerable chance here that project may go down the drain, right at that infamous whirlpool the HBJ rights dept.

I take spasms of nerves, more about the books deal and my concern whether I'm making decent decisions, in the uproar this household has been; also am bothered by the collapse of my writing schedule the past 3 workdays, putting me towards 10 pp. behind on the Runners draft. But just now am surprisingly sanguine, figuring there's not much money involved in any of the crashable deals, and that I can usefully do research reading and correspondence on Runners today and tomorrow, begin regrouping the writing life on Thursday. Ricochet onward, the byword seems to be.

--A point I took great care with when Sky, and I think Winter Bros as well, was making its way into print, was to be skeptical of other people's intentions and proclamations, remind myself that a thing isn't in place until it happens. Have tried to keep that in mind, but the above instances,

1 Sept. cont.--where I relied on Coney's assurance of the lit rights being handled and Silberling's of being able to take on 500 books (tho I specifically re-asked S if he could shoulder that many, and got his specific reply that yes, he could, any beyond that wd mean bd of directors involvement), suggest that I may be getting too loose about this doctrine. These are minor deals, but I'd maybe better tighten my skepticism all a round, especially when it comes to dealing with Atheneum on Runners next yr.

7 Sept.--Labor Day and I'm laboring, at least for this morning. Lovely weather, which I suppose for means C and I have missed a bet by not being on the coast now. She pretty much said so y'day, which I hope was a swing of mood talking, rather than real resentment. She was quite down y'day, either the woes of her folks' visit catching up with her or more likely, recurrence of the swing in her chemistry. Depressing to me to see, as she'd been so steady while Frank and Lucie were here that I'd hoped the pendulum swings were past. Hang in and see what happens, I guess.

We're in a kind of murky time anyway, the sort that seems to happen without either of us intending it. I've been trying, without much luck, to regain writing ground lost during the last days of Lucie's time here. Probably I simply should have written off this time, got us out to the coast over this long weekend. Yet we've never thought it particulary sane to go out on these holidays, and we both wanted to see Hazel Roese and Doug Smith, who indeed were here last night. So I dunno--these household splutters are tough to figure.

My dire prediction of the Montana books deal, in the last entry, didn't come true; the His'l Society is not only taking 500 Skys, but wonders if it can have more.

Am writing letters this morn, trying to clear at least those out of the way for an intended full-scale resumption of Runners on Sept. 14, when C begins again at Sh'line. Life feels choppy just now, yet looking back over the calendar of the summer it's been a fairly productive season.

14 Sept.--2:50 pm, likely the end of an underwhelming first day back at work on Runners. Have written 2-3 rough pp. today, but never really geared up, mostly because I dumbly topped off dinner and ~~xxxxx~~ drinks at Ann and Phil's last night with benedictine, forgetting as I do once or twice a year that the after-dinner stuff can hang me over like hell. Woke at 5:30 this morn with a headache, took aspirin, slept another hour or so, still had headache--still have the last jabs of it.

So that takes away, I hope only for today, the building mood I felt on Saturday and y'day morning, an anticipation of going thru to the end of Runners; almost a before-sex feeling, a tumescence. The time on the coast brought me to the mood, particularly the last of our 5 days, Sat., on Dungeness Spit in brilliant weather. We both badly needed the coastal trip, and maybe should have done it days earlier, though that would have meant ignoring the visit of Hazel ~~Xxxx~~ Roese and Doug Smith. On the 8th and 9th we hiked D'ness, got up the morn of the 10th in a sopping fog, found that it only hugged the Strait and that Sequim was totally clear, and headed for C. Alava. About a 6-hour excursion there, as we hiked out, then down the beach to Sand Point and back in to L. Ozette. C took pics for me for Sea Runners scenes set there; we lucked~~xxx~~ out, fog closing around us just as we made Sand Point. That night at Mora, and next morning at Third Beach, again for scenes for the book. Drove back to D'ness in bright sun, found the Strait and Spit befogged; very nearly decided to come home that night, but I thought C ought to be kept from home and the NJ situation as long as possible, so we gambled and got a cabin at Juan de Fuca motel. Saturday was gorgeous, we hiked out to Graveyard Spit, about 12 mi., a fine, fine time.

Which was lucky, because y'day morn the shitstorm began to blow. Frank again was at C about moving himself and Lucie here to Seattle. He had called the morn of Labor Day with that idea, C tried to tone him down, pointed out this climate has nearly killed him 3 times, that Lucie needs nursing care just now, not to be dragged back across the country. Y'day he was more stubborn on the idea, saying there's no alternative; it is possibly coming down to the point of C not simply trying to

14 Sept. cont.--dissuade him but telling him flatly, don't you dare do it. It's a hellish situation, Frank weary beyond reason from his siege of trying to cope with Lucie and C having suddenly to try stage-manage some sort of life for the pair of them. She's been very firm about it, likely firmer than I could have been in the situation, saying she's not going to sacrifice the lives of the other three of us to the accident of Lucie's health, and is not going to be guilt-struck about standing against Frank's effort to bring everything out here to her doorstep. That life is unfair is no new thought, but C is getting a remarkably heavy load of it just now: she was never consulted about Frank and Lucie's decision to give up their house, which was a horrendous misstep; she was never heard out on Lucie's insistence that they go into the Methodist Home rather than, say, Shell Pt. Village in Florida as Frank would have preferred, and the Meth. Home has proved to be such a disaster Frank won't even use the nursing care facilities for Lucie; but out of these monumental screwings-up of their last 8 or 10 years, C now is supposed to make some sort of dutiful salvage job. She says the situation is likely to blow apart the family, and I'm afraid she's right. Frank may give in of weariness, put Lucie in nursing care, get some rest and begin sorting his life out better, but the odds don't look good.

C says life has got to go on, and I guess it will. Other news of the day: phone call from Lee Soper of U Bk Store, saying they'll buy the 275 copies of Sky I saved for them, indeed will come pick them up. Called Deb Easter at Pac NW, slid out from under their invite to help pick "25 best" NW books. Dick Etulain and Hal Simonson have agreed to be G'heim recommenders for me this year. And it's a beautiful day out and I'm dumb as hell for sitting in here banging my aching head against this typewriter. Off to the track.

15 Sept.--Just after I finished y'day's entry, about 4, Frank called to say he'd put Lucie in convalescent center in Neptune. Astounding what difference a day, and that decision, have made. C has talked with him twice, and tonight he was vastly calmer than he's been, making decisions about finances and so on, watching some tv.

As entered on a Blue card, today was the day of coming up to the pace I need on the Runners ms. 7 pp. revised, a hefty piece of work I pretty much need to average for the next 3 weeks. Astonishing, when I dare think about it, how much work remains after the amount I've already done on the book. An obdurate project, it's been, never wanting to come under control: if I can persist, this may turn out to be a benefit to the ~~x~~ book, lend it a who-knows-where-it's-going-next feeling.

Anyway, I did work fairly strong today, am still unsleepy, even untired, now at 5 before 9. Went to the track abt 4:15, walked 12 laps and ran 6. Weather continues lovely. Call today from Wayne Arnst, saying if I came to Havre in Oct. he'd meet me there and we'd go antelope hunting toward Roundup. Regretfully told him can't do, for the ms's sake.

Sept. 17--Incredibly long full days. Y'day a writing morn, trip to the UW, then picked up Roseens for supper here--will try fill in on that later. Today, a writing day, 11:15 arrival of 1188 books by Consol'd Freightways van, the phone ringing, ringing--Marshall wondering if we're interested in going in with them on Cannon Beach house (maybe), Jean W'shaw saying she's put in for the $1000 for my 1st work on Winter Bros tv but she isn't sure if I'll get it until the film is done (which pisses me off some), Duncan Kelso pestering me to see his Mont. pics (which pisses me off more, but can't get him to take no for an answer), my calls to Rachel at HBJ about all the books arriving here instead of 500 of them to Mont. His'l Society, her calls back saying they sent my total buy here and 500 to Mont., which is their hard luck not mine. So it's gone. I feel remarkably sane out of it all, tho somewhat weary. Went to the track about 3 and walked 11 laps, ran 7, so physically I'm feeling reasonably good. Thank god we're both in mental fettle just now, because the world is demanding it of us.

18 Sept.--4:20 pm on a Friday, this has been a week that was. It began with C's duel of nerves with Frank over convalescent care for Lucie, surged on thru my revise on last half of Runners--targeted 30 pp., just now achieved them someway--and C's 1st contract week back at Sh'line, y'day revved into near-record of phone calls (after my diary entry of y'day, Dave Ringer called to enthuse about his trip to Australia, Pleasant de Spain called wanting to know how to get an agent), last night C and I vetted all 44 cartons--1188 copies--of Skys (and found no 1st editions), today the governor's 10% cutback hit the state and of course Sh'line. To boot, the weather is souring, more like rain each minute toward the weekend.

28 Sept.--2:10, have begun the third of what I hope are last weeks of dynamite-and-quarry on Runners; after this week's 25 pp. are got, it should be construction time, embellish and revise toward completion. Have gone thru these weeks, 30 pp. reworked in each of last 2 weeks, somewhat appalled, wondering why there proves to be so much work left on Runners when I've already worked like a haystacker on it all these months. I guess--am praying--the answer is that the effort has lifted the 1st half of the ms into better shape than usual.

Last week was another heller, but with some more decent results than its predecessor. Frank has come around to having Lucie in the 5th floor care center in the Home; it's at least easier on him, lets him get some sleep. She seems to be in a last decline; was taken to hospital emgcy room last Thurs. when they thought (mistakenly) she was having heart attack. She's on oxygen some of the time now; seems, from what Frank says, in her lucid moments to want to have the terribleness over with.

This is quick catch-up, maybe can expand on it tomorrow: but anyway, Friday noon C and I went to a senior center in Holly Park to hear Judith Espinola's reading from Winter Bros; that night, to dinner at Ragens' on Federal Ave.--the Capitol Hill colony of Montanans, I guess--and Sat. night, to dinner at Rodens. Stormed much of the weekend, and thru today so far. Hope to get to track to walk and run, but I dunno if the rain'll hold off

30 Sept.--2:45: A pivot day on Sea Runners, or so I hope. Have done, for 3d day in a row, 5 pp. of mostly fresh material. That leaves 10 to go to make the week's end goal of 85 pp. draft of second half of ms, and those 10 I can write in the next two days if I have to tear off fingernails and write them in blood. (What I will come up with may be about that messy, but I hope to hell less painful.) So this is something like the beginning of the end, and I'm amply ready for it.

The diary has moldered recently. Not much remedy to that comes to mind, except to record that I've tried mightily these 3 weeks not to let matters run wild. Have been more machinelike even than usual, so many pp. a day every day, at the end of each afternoon if it's not total storm so many laps of the track (usually a dozen walked, 6 run), in the evening read about the same amount...It do get things done.

When I do get myself out of this, ~~xxxx

7 Oct.--The trance of rewriting seems to have begun, a couple of weeks earlier than intended. I am tinkering at the 1st half of the ms, trying to bring up luster, and the days fog away somewhere.

Am not sure this is the way to end today, or any day, but I've been trying to get to an entry about the mortality in the air recently. Sadat's assassination is only the most instant example; what that mainly calls up in me is the devout hope that he won't be the 1980's Archduke Ferdinand. But the other instances. There was startlement on Sunday when the phone rang, I answered, it was Lucie, sounding strong and asking for Carol; a voice I suppose I'd not expected to hear again. It turned out that she has rallied some--maybe considerably, since she was down in their room with Frank to make the call--but the brain damage probably is not unscrambling, which makes her "improvement" a problematic thing. As C said, her father had worked himself around to seeing Lucie's condition and the need for him to think beyond her death, and now he has to swing back with her health. Then, early in the week, I was putting a letter carbon away and came across C's letter from Peg Hyman's mother and her reply. C got the letter while her folks were here, did not even mention it in the upheaval of the time. When they'd gone, she remarked that the time we'd just had was not entirely the worst of it, she'd heard from Peg's mother...I swung to her and swiftly asked, "Is Peg dead?" Of course, yes. Last spring. She went out as she lived, leaving word to her students--she'd just received some teaching award--that she bequeathed them nothing financial, but the discontent with the way the world is that they'll need as journalists. Maybe the purest individual the two of us have known, her. Then yet another death, word of Ross Toole's in a Mont. Historical Society pub'n. Toole we met only once, at the Missoula conference in May '79, but could see from that what a scoundrel/saint he was. His history classes at UMont were massive, for he was a spellbinder; we saw him pick up a statistic mentioned to him just before he went onstage during the conference, something about coal

7 Oct. cont.--or water quantity, and weave it into what he said as if everyone knew it were gospel. The Bozeman historians, Malone and Roeder, have poormouthed him greatly to us; Roeder evidently loathed Toole, believing he had found him out in sundry plagiarisms, such as one from the Depression movie The River. Malone tells that at a WHA conference Toole delivered a paper, someone got up to say it was very good, he'd thought so when he first heard it delivered by so-and-so all those years ago--and Toole pointed a finger, jovially said "I'll see you after this, John," and swept on. Just today came the results of Harry Fritz's poll on the "5 best" Montana books, and Toole's Uncommon Land was right up there, I think third.

Well, enough. The best note I can end on is that Sky was also one of those 5.

15 Oct.--Day in the life of a tycoon, y'day. Wrote till 10:30, then: delivered 50 books to U Bookstore loading dock; went to Cont'l for lunch with Ted Lucia; on to NW Collection to meet Duncan Kelso and see the pics he wants to use in a book with snatches from Sky; shopped around in NWC for fur-post lore; went to Ballard to deliver ms copy to Irene Wanner, who's to give it a reading for me. Results of the day: an eventual $120 from U Book store, $150 fee to Irene, $30 loss--but was treated to lunch by Ted, who says he'll write it off to Doonesbury or somewhere.

Lucia's main news was his impression that while the area's bookstores aren't expanding, they're not fatally suffering either, which given the finances in this state is saying considerable. Said the Fix-Madore store at Pike Place Mkt is the last new store. Hunter's, he reports, is suffering in Bellevue from Dalton compet'n and from what I consider their own half-assedness; he says they're on hold with Holt, which deprives them of one of this fall's best lines of books.

As to Kelso and his pics, he is something of a bafflement to me, a more fervent admirer of Sky than I'm comfortable with. He went to Montana this summer, traipsed around thru the WSS and Sixteen and Dupuyer

Oct. 15 cont.--country and shot pics which don't evoke the places for me at all. His stuff is all contrast, and that landscape has much gradation, the softening sage, tan grass, foothills and buttes leading to mtns, and so on. I told him I didn't object if he found a publisher and they wanted to buy permission rights; can't believe it's going to happen, he doesn't seem to have a clear idea of how to go about it, just an urge to want to have it happen.

Also, amid that graf of when-and-where, went by KCTS to sign contract for my Winter Bros money, everyone around there seeming to think they're providing me something grandly special by coming up with my $1000 for scriptwork now instead of a year or so from now. Also had to amend part of the contract, John Coney having it written that HBJ held Winter Bros copyright instead of me. They don't yet have a signed agreement from the HBJ rights people, which I continue to think is big trouble for this projedt. Their headache, not mine.

Weather has turned bright this week, and every afternoon I've managed, as I will after this, to go to track, walk 8-12 laps and run 4 or so. Missed most of last week to the rain, and my right leg pronto began aching again.

Have had a strong week on Runners, particular advance y'day morning when I wrote 3 pp. of bgnd and charztn on Karlsson, one of those hard-to-cross bridges. Am bang on schedule so far this week, tho tomorrow may be a heller, since I've used up a lot of the easily-rewritten stuff already. I have begun to feel that I'm over the hump on the ms, with the 2nd half at last shaping up, but there's also the nag thatt this is coming late, not all that much of the year left.

Much stuff hasn't found its way to the diary recently. Couple weeks ago, sent off a pic to a stringer supposedly gathering them for NY Times Mag piece on western writers; will believe that when it happens. My first blurb, which I'm not sure is a landmark to be proud of, is in print, on David Plante's The Country. Had word from HBJ about a month ago that they intend a Harvest edition of Winter Bros in spring; shortly had a letter from Carol Meyer announcing herself as my new editor there, Marcia Magill having jumped, been pushed or fell.

25 Oct. cont.--Some chores have gotten done; doddering fence outside the study taken down, new part-fence put up. Some socializing: dinner at Amy's on the 3d; saw Dave and Nellie's pics of Australia trip Fri. night; Sunday had lunch with Betty Hoffman, ASJAer free-lancing a "can this marriage be saved?" piece up here for Lady's Home Jnl. We're hoping weather will hold so we can get to Mt. Baker one day this weekend.

And that's about it. My mood is pretty steady, pretty good. This is the part of writing a book that Orwell said is like having a long illness, a kind of sameness and haze about it, but some pleasure of advance too.

10 Nov. --Bataan time again, I barely look up from the slog of ms for anything else. Am beginning to whip the thing, or at least the first $\frac{1}{2}$, which seems to me increasingly good, while the second $\frac{1}{2}$ is still damned recalcitrant.

So, ms apart, not all so much to report. Sunday the 1st we went on Summerland hike with Damborgs, under e. skirt of Rainier, and it was a gorgeous day. C said she had the illusion of Nepal, Snow Leopard style; I could see her point, Fryingpan Creek running thru great stone cuts and chutes with Rainier clear in every detail above it and us.

Must have been about Oct. 21 when call came from Terry McDonell, now m.e. of Rolling Stone, asking if I'd do 1000-1500 words for the "time capsule" yr-end issue he's planning. Said he's asked Kesey, Barry Hannah, John Irving, Leslie Silko, named off dozen or more writers who'll do anecdotal memories of their year. I didn't much want to take time out from Runners, but told Terry if I could cadge from diary and ms, I'd do it. Spent part of Sunday the 25th of Oct. on it, then about half of Wed. the 28th, and mailed it off. Never count a chick till it's in print, but after one call to my phone machine Terry never called back after I'd told his sec I was available, so we'll see if the piece shows up pristine, and brings home $1000.

Night of Oct. 28, Mike Malone gave his lecture on Butte, a good enough one but one he winged without a script and which got somewhat long and laden with "incredibles".

10 Nov. cont--So I had mixed emotions, admired the chutzpah of winging a prestigious prize lecture but wished for the editing which'd have made it a really good talk. C and I saw Gail, sat with her and talked a bit afterward; urged us to come out and rent her mother's apt. again.

Not much else. Haven't managed to maintain the 16-laps or so of exercise I was getting, tho I get a dozen as many times as I can in the week. Have put the weight back on, usual writing nerves; at least this autumn showed me it still comes off. Tonight we're going to Mercer I., to a book group which I guess has read both Sky and Winter Bros. Weather has just turned snotty again, black and rainy the past hour.

16 Nov.--Pretty much all of life is ms, to the point where C evidently bought us a car (Diane Zink's Ford) at noon and is going to tell me about it at suppertime.

Am now on the 2nd ½, after polishing the 1st ½ on Thurs-Fri-Sat. to the point I'm ready to let it go to typists. Odd, but I'd still prefer to work more on 1st ½, it's a much more attractive part of book than the rest, for whatever reason. I suspect one reason is that it was new territory, the Alaska and BC stuff, while in this 2nd ½ I have to recast the Wash. coast one more time.

Have wanted, and failed to now, to find time to get in entry about last Thurs. lunch with Jim Wickwire. Think I've already waited too long, some of the powerful impression he made having faded, but here goes. I'd called him, knowing thru Jean Walkinshaw that he's read and liked my books, to see if he'd talk about exhaustion and extremity of physical effort. Turned out to be maybe 3-4" shorter than I am, a hard kernel of our friend Doug Smith: thriftily but strongly built, what I remember as ice-blue eyes, black hair with just-gray sideburns. Told me some of his McKinley adventure of last spring (?), where his climbing partner fell head-first down a crevasse, jammed there, and they both knew he'd die. W himself had an injured left shoulder (he is a lefty) which turned out to be broken; had to work his way up out of the crevasse by nicking in, with his right

16 Nov. cont.--hand, little pairs of holes for his the tips of his crampons to go into, on the face of the crevasse. Once out, he lay there for five days, then decided he'd better try get out. That took another 9 days. All the while, broken shoulder and all, he kept his diary going, sometimes several entries a day, many addressed to his wife. Also said he read paperback of the Snow Leopard.

Talked too of other climbs--of the way the mind divides, into awareness of the unmatchable beauty of view from K-2, say, and the nag that he's in danger, better get on his way down.

On Rainier once, I think in '71, he and partner were caught just below summit, without full gear, how ever that came about. Spent the night in ice cave, until partner feared suffocation and burst them out; then sat out night in 70 mph winds, with just nylon tent shell of some sort over them--and wind pronto tore that in half and they had to hold it together atop them. In morn, it cleared enough for them to start down, W's partner went first, W stood, stepped, and fell flat on his face. Tried again, did same. The partner came back, they linked arms over shoulders, and once underway, W said matters improved a lot. Got down I guess to their camp, were weathered in another week or so.

I got from Wickwire a feeling of great ability to focus; he would zero on my questions very closely. Seemed interested to try put some of it into words. Says he has a shelf of diaries by now; turns out he much liked Winter Bros, admiring Swan and my approach to him.

Speaking of which, Swan last week was chosen one of 1st dozen members of the state hall of fame. I maybe gave him the leg up for that.

Big blow on Sat., supposedly biggest windstorm since Columbus Day '62, though here it didn't seem to me a patch on Hood Canal blow of '79. I went out in it about ½hr Sat. morn, up to bluff above Sound, came back and wrote a couple decent grafs about the Swedes being in windstorm in Qn Charlottes.

5 Dec.--Sat. morning, and a bleary one, evdtly my eyes played out from past week's work on Runners. Did make enormous progress, bringing about 2/3 of the second ½ of the ms into shape. It's been a beast, back there in the deep part of the book, but now I begin to think it may be the best part of the ms. Next week's task is to get the concluding 40-50 pp into shape.

Have let myself get too weary, as I suppose I do on every book at this point. C and I walked the n'hood first thing this morn--it's warm, in spite of storm--and that helped both my headache and body some; am doing laundry now, intend to go up and walk the track for a while yet before lunch.

Thanksgiving has happened since the last time I could get to this, and it was one of our best ever. It sort of fit itself together, building out from Frank and Linda and Ann and Jack Gordon and us. Ann's friend from UW days, Dixie Canfield, was at loose ends and had a grand new job--director of training for the Hilton hotels; she said she'd gone home to celebrate "and there was nobody there but two kids"--and Dixie brought the guy doing some remodeling for her, Dewey Butler. C asked her prize student, Diane Zink, and Diane brought a friend named Teresa Self. Phil was in California, but his social worker friend Peter came. A good exuberant day, Dixie and Phil with new jobs and Jack having just begun a part-time private practice; Dix brought 4 bottles of champagne, Frank and Linda one, and we cheerfully went thru 'em all, plus some of Ann's plum wine, plus eventually most of the bottle of Glenfiddich I'd bought C for handling the purchase of Diane's '77 Ford. The food was sensational--C did an 18# turkey, Frank brought the best candied sweet potatoes I've ever had--cut horizontally, a bit thicker than for fried potatoes and done in a big roast pan, no marshmallows or such glop--Ann brought cheesecake

5 Dec. cont.--and pie, on and on. After dinner, a fine mellow time which sort of startled us all, an 11-way conversation that worked, and went on and on, till about 10 at night. The jibing that can happen within that total of people is perpetually surprising: out of 11, 2 people who's crewed on freights, Frank on Gt. Lakes ore ship and Teresa on an Arco tanker out of Valdez; 2 people from Cleveland, Frank and Dewey; all the years of acqtnceship of Ann and Dixie, Jack and Peter, C and I and Frank.

14 Dec. --Belated entry, but the Runners ms was done on Friday, the 11th. Managed it by noon. Got back last of typescript today, 260 pp., exact total--65000 words--I wanted it to be.

(Note: carbon copies of Carol's letters to her parents, and an occasional one from me to them, in the '81 letters file provide a-week-by-week version of our doings.)

Feb. 17, '81

Dear Frank and Lucie--

Carol and I must have enjoyed the holiday weekend too much, because we both noticed how tough it's been to get back to work today. I didn't get my daily pages on the Sea Runners manuscript written until this afternoon, and then it was fairly pale work. It's mysterious, what affects the working habits of this household (or at least mine). Last week, I had a good run of days of work, evidently triggered by a change in weather--the day of snow we had.

What we've had since Saturday morning is gusty storm; it's calm at the moment, and in fact has been more showery than windy today, but at bedtime last night the weather was still whooping in from the southwest. We did manage to do some hiking on Dungeness Spit on both Saturday and Sunday, but not as much as usual because of the weather and high tides.

I keep wondering when Winter Brothers will have run its course, and it keeps on running. Today's stuff was the review from the Alaska Airlines magazine, which I'm enclosing with the two showiest pages of the Seattle Times excerpts (Monday's was considerably tamer), and a request to be on a local radio talk show. I turned down the talk show, thinking there'd better be limits to this somewhere. I can't remember if we told you the latest sales total on the book, but it's about 15,800. The $15,000 advance I received takes care of sales up to about 11,200, I think I once calculated, so there should be at least a few thousands copies yet to pay royalties, come April.

Some even better money news: the advance check from Atheneum, by way of my agent and of course lightened by 10% by her, came over the weekend. It's $6750, and I'd been getting antsy about it, but at least the money market certificate rate has been going up while I was waiting. We'll see what Monday's rate is, then either ~~xxxxx~~ take on a certificate at the current 15% or wait for the new higher rate, if that's the way it goes.

Wanted to tell you a bit about the Alaska voyage, since I didn't manage to write you from aboard ship as I'd intended. The ship, the Alpha Helix, is 133 feet long and fairly wide; it's something like the big crab boats we have out here--I suppose similar craft fish out of Shark River or elsewhere along your shore, too. There's a crew of 9, and room for 15 scientists beyond that. I was the only one who could be construed as "working" on the voyage down from Juneau, but there were 8 other passengers, most of them members of the U. of Alaska Foundation, which I suppose is a fund-raising group. That made it somewhat more of a social gathering than I had counted on or quite wanted, but the others did take some of the attention off me, so it probably was helpful in the end. Of course, everybody wants to spend time in the wheelhouse, watching the ship being run, and while one of these foundation guys was up there, he backed into a switch which sets off an alarm of some kind. There was a terrific racket until that got shut off, and he was much mortified. Another of the Foundation guys later was standing around in the wheelhouse and idly started whistling, and the first mate sternly told him, "No whistling in the wheelhouse, you'll whistle up a storm!"

For my part, I watched my p's and q's pretty closely, tried to stay out of the crew's way and make it apparent to them I was working in my own way, even if it is a fairly strange one. I got up at 5 each morning, ate breakfast with the oncoming watch--the crew works 6 hours on and 6 off, around the clock, day after day, when the ship is at sea--and was in the wheelhouse by 5:45, when the captain would take over from the mate. I'd stay until the end of his shift at 11:45, get lunch and do some typing, then go up to the wheelhouse for the last 2-3 hours of the mate's shift. All in all, I put in about 9 hours a day up there, standing on metal deck plates, and my back and legs and feet knew it.

I liked both the captain and mate, both men about 60 who did their first sailoring in World War Two. The mate, Mike Demchenko, is from your area; he lived in Asbury for awhile, and fished out of Shark River for many years. He told me about watching Hurricane Carol from a phone booth along the Asbury boardwalk, then coming back the next day and noticing that the phone booth was gone!

So, the voyage produced a lot of coastal details for me to put down on note cards, and it's going to help the Sea Runners book a lot. I may have told you, I got seasick twice--rather, got queasy enough I had to go lie down, which made me feel okay again--and I'm sure it's a matter of the body, not the mind. The second time was on Queen Charlotte Sound, the body of water north of Vancouver Island, and I particularly wanted to see it. I carefully took Dramamine, went up and stood in an open doorway of the wheelhouse so I'd have plenty of fresh air--and none of it helped; I could stand it only about 20 minutes. Luckily, I was able to jot down the details I wanted in that time.

I may be not entirely through with the Alpha Helix yet; a note came the other day inviting me to lunch while the ship is in the shipyard, so I think some good day when Carol can take pictures, we'll go down there.

I think that's about all the news from here. I have to hunker in at the typewriter and turn out a lot of manuscript pages in the next month, while Carol finishes this quarter of teaching. Which is to say, life about per usual.

all love

27 June '81

Beechcraft Duke - pilot, Randy (these notes were made during my birthday present flight w/ Governor Ted Schwinden)

40 min. flight, Helena - Liv'n

Gov; John Ohrndorf; Leo Berry, Dept Nat Resces

flight: Helena to Toston; followed 16 Canyon, circled Tierney Basin, on to Liv'ton

Paradise Motor Inn (?) - lunch → chicken pie & lettuce salad banquet b basement rm, increasingly hot. (approxly 120 people)

- Many intros; when chairwoman ran out, she asked for sug'ns o who she'd missed.
- Baucus spk 1st. 1st applause o mention of "trad'l Demo beliefs." Hits Reagan
  - o Soc Sec; Rep'ns o Un Air Act, El Salvador
  - o 8' ceiling, growing smoke haze & heat
- Schwinden speech;
- "CA", head of Demo women, is presented c model locomotive
- Dorothy Bradley report as Nat'l Comtee woman