

[1982]

4 Jan.--A beginning in snow. Only a half-inch or so, but the city as usual is struck paraplegic by it. With us, snow days are a kind of pleasure. C backpacks to work, as she's just done this morn--1st morn of classes--and I walk around the n'hood before the cars get out. Life is quiet, and there are some nice constancies: I'm crockpotting a colossal lentil soup, and at breakfast we listen to the KOMO radio team do its superb job on school closings, traffic, weather, good humor without gimmickry through it all.

C and I are both extraordinarily sanguine just now. What'll bring us down is the rest of the world, which seems to be going to hell on the downslope while we're holding fine in our lives. My mood derives from Sea Runners, where it's all so far, so good. Likely I'll hear from Tom Stewart this week, and that could turn things around. But Liz called y'day, said she loved the ms, thought the language wonderful. And the session with her ~~in~~ and Tom in NY went fine. Tom said what I wanted to hear--a Paul Bacon cover, a handsome prod'n job, early fall pub'n so the book can gather reviews.

Tom is younger than I expected, probably 35 or a bit more; Harvard, which I didn't expect either, but it doesn't seem to have affected him too much; good-looking, in a kind of young Leslie Howard sort of way. Wore a hand-tied bowtie, first I've seen in decades. He likes a good story, seems to thrive on the gossip which is the lubrication of the publishing industry. His wife Amanda is a Viking editor--I guess she's Amanda Vail, who edited The White Hotel--and when Carl Sagan's idea for a novel was put out to auction, the Viking staff knew they didn't want to get into the bidding but wondered what Sagan and Meredith had in mind. Amanda piped up, in Sagan-like trill of ecstacy: "Billions and billions of tiny dollars." On the same score, the likely quasi-apocryphal tale of Simon & Schuster's winning bid is that Michael Korda called Scott Meredith and said, "Okay, we'll take it for a million." Meredith said thanks, he'd put it on the list, there were other pub'rs to be heard from...Korda, astounded: "Did you hear what I said? We're offering you a million dollars!"

4 Jan. cont.--Meredith repeated, yes, he had it down, there were others to be heard from. . .Korda, sputtering: "Well, what if I'd offered you two million?" Meredith: is that an offer? Korda, more splutter: "Well, YES!" Meredith: Michael, you've just bought yourself a book. And a footnote goes that Richard Snyder later called Meredith and nervously confirmed that his firm had just bought a \$2 million book. Meredith said: "That's right, and let me be the first to assure you, Dick, you can afford it."

Liz, whom I'd predicted to C on basis of her phone voice would be small and blond, turned out to be big and brunette. She's 39, an agent the past 6 or so yrs, married last yr to Tony Schulte, Random House v-p. Good-looking lady with slight tendency to plumpness which she likely has to fight perpetually. After the lunch with Tom--next day, that is--I took a bus up to Liz's townhse near the Guggenheim and visited with her for another hr or so. Extremely useful to ~~x~~ be around her in person, as on the phone she has a bit of "well-Marty-what-do-you-wanna-do-next?" which turns out I guess to be just Brooklyn background, she's truly good-humored. She also seems to be damned diligent and I think pretty good with details. Carol Hill mentioned that Tom Stewart is a real~~m~~ bird-dog on details too, so I may have wandered into good careful hands with both these folks. Liz's writers include Ray Carver and Terry Davis, so ~~xxx~~ she has an obvious bent for literary work.

Also had lunch with Carol Hill, who looks terrific, is as wired as ever, and still wrestling a big novel. She is singular. Said during her MacDowell stint, the enforced isolation got to her so much she would waylay the guy who brought lunch around to the front porches-- "Hiya, Charley, what's goin' on?" Also, she left after 3 of her 5 weeks. One of the anguishing and languishing literary types asked her why she was leaving early. She shrugged and said, "~~Finished~~ the book." (It was a try at a romance or something, not the big novel.)

The NY stay then went fine, though the rate of expense kept me constantly blanching. We used the Algonquin as a bastion ~~and~~ of convenience and calm, and I suppose it's thus worth the money; able to walk anywhere in midtown from there, get to theatres in a few minutes, the bar is

4 Jan. cont--good (if priced as if it's the only one in the city), the rooms quiet. We saw good theatre, particularly The Dance and the Railroad, David Henry Hwang's play at one of the stages in the Public. The Dresser was fun, a vehicle for overacting. And Dancin', the most expensive ticket at \$30 each, was worth seeing as a reminder of how brilliant American extravagance can be.

C came along to all the meetings with editors--Tom Stewart, Carol Hill, quick call on Phyllis Goldblatt at NY TIMES travel section--which gratified me. It's overdue that she meet some of these people. Then the Xmas visit to NJ, which went better than expected but still were the longest deadest days I've put in for a ~~the~~ while. The logistics cause it; there's no place to be except in Frank and Lucie's room, perched on a bed or straight-backed chair. Both F & L came down with ~~the~~ stomach flu on Xmas Eve--epidemic of it in the building--and so didn't go out to dinner with us and the Gerners. Other than that, I guess we all fended okay. Lucie is vastly improved, much more lucid, though still frail and still in her mood, which may be permanent, of not ~~wanting~~ wanting to do anything but sit in that room. Frank is perking right along; has been juggling finances and medical costs, keeping occupied.

Travel had a couple of snags to it: an immense line when we descended into the bowels of the Port Auth terminal for a bus to NJ, which turned out not to be as dire as it looked, some people getting on another bus than ours; and all the family travel sluicing around us from Chicago, where we changed planes--C picked up a cold from amid that planeload of snuffling children.

Oh yes, the welcome home: the blower on the furnace had burned out, and the furnace closet was exceedingly hot, maybe close to fire. We got home about 9:30-10 pm, furnaceman came pretty promptly but didn't have the right blower motor; went to home of Harold, the furnacemen who usually services this one, for another motor, but it turned out not to fit: which meant we were furnaceless through the night. I built a big fire in fireplace, got up every 2 hrs to feed it. Took until 10 next morn for ~~me~~ another furnaceman to get the problem whipped.

4 Jan. cont.--The other waiting delight was a dead battery in the Buick, and a miasma of rust and corrosion in the battery pan and surrounding area when I got the battery out. Spent maybe a half day, total, drying out that area, scraping rust, spraying it ~~ag~~ with acrylic. We in fact went on a kind of binge of chores, C doing various shopping, me buying a bunch of office supplies for the sake of '81 business expenses.

Latest prof'l news is my inclusion in "writers of the purple sage" piece in NYT magazine. Not a big mention, and kind of strangely angled, but I think a good strategic one, tucked away back of the gaudy treatments of McGuane and Abbey. The writer, Russell Martin, put me and Maclean in with the western "natives"--Indians and Chicanos--who're trying to use poetic language and sense of story. A strong insightful point, I think, and he calls this group maybe the "surest" of western voices, but it's a very scant portion of the article, and he didn't include there Jim Welch and Leslie Silko, the best evidentiaries for his argument.

Anyhoo, it's a sizable year cresting: Sea Runners, Winter Bros p'back, Winter Bros on tv, a couple of hefty speeches, time in Montana. May Reagan and ilk not fry us off the face of the earth before it can all happen.

7 Jan.--On the 4th, Tom Stewart's reaction to Runners came in the mail, beginning: "I have read, and I pronounce myself delighted! It's a brilliant performance, engrossing, bright but never clever, and very exciting." I'll take that anytime. Weather has held cold and snowy all this week, so I veered my intention of taking time off, have been back at the ms instead, doing the checking and final nicking changes. Tom has about half a dozen smallish suggestions; called him and said I'd get revise in by Feb. 1. Have flogged hard at the Sitka details, and ~~x~~ I hope tomorrow may finally clinch them; next week the Winter Bros filming, then 2 weeks on the rest of Runners. Could be worse, and was, infinitely, on Winter Bros.

8 Jan.--One down, 51 to go. A species of week I hadn't expected, long hard work on verifying the novel's bkgnd--the kind of stuff nobody knows about but me, unless I don't do it and get something wrong--which I hope has cleared the way for a look at the craft and shape of the ms. Warm weather finally took the snow today, I drove to Copy Mart in late morn, first time we'd had a car going.

27 Jan--Am very nearly, at by god last, at the summit of the manuscript. Tomorrow should do it, in terms of substantive changes. Then maybe tinkering on Friday, read it over on weekend, mail it off on Monday. These past 3 days in particular have been the weary but good kind, faintly like after-sex, of expending myself and seeing the ms emerge better and better. This week's work has been mostly on the last of the book, Karlsson and Wennberg after Braaf's death, and the Willapa material especially has been deepened, made more dramatic.

So, the month is almost gone. The second week went into Winter Bros filming, which I'll try catch up on when the ms is out of the house. Last week was another of slog, reviewing file cards, stitching revisions into ms as I went along. Seems to have been worth it. C has been reading ms for me, can barely find anything to comment on except occasional commas or word choice.

And then there was the Monday morning of this week. I woke at 10 past 5, mull'd getting up, decided not to, and went deep back to sleep. Alarm went at abt 6:05, and when I went to kitchen, I saw flashing lights and cop cars to the south, considerable traffic of them. Figured it'd been a car accident or maybe a heart attack, and being very bleary I likely would've gone on getting B'fast but for noticing another red flasher on other side of us, apparently at Cochranes. Notion that we were maybe blockaded, for whatever the hell reason, got me into my clothes and out there. Other neighbors around, fringing an absolute fleet of squad cars, I spotted Dick Lankford and asked what was going on.

27 Jan cont.--Dick said, pointing: "This guy has shot two people." The guy, hands cuffed behind him, was being put into squad car in front of Hirsches, yelling "You won't even let me do that, will you, you sons of bitches!"

There was such a moil of cops and aid persons in that vicinity--the shooting was in the second house from ours, between Hirsches and Poths--it didn't look like a place to wade into. But the second aid car was by itself at Cochranes, clear view there into the house, the door open, medics emerging with guy on his side, pantsless, on stretcher, Bob in background in dressing robe. We all thought it was Lee Cochrane.

That conclusion was too obvious. After reporting to C-- she says I looked ashen, while I recall ^{her} gaping at me-- I was in and out a few times, finally saw Bob emerge to his pickup parked in front of our place, went out to ask him if there was anything we could do, was Lee okay? He said come on in, he'd tell me about it. What'd happened was Bob being awakened by someone at door, opening it, the wounded guy and an unhit companion tumbling in on him, telling him to call the cops and asking if he had a gun, the shooter might be following them. Bob, who likely has a gun of some sort from his Alaska outback days, said he decided things might go better without a gun ~~showing~~ into the situation, called the cops, tried to help the guy, shot in thigh and butt, stretched bleeding inside his front door. An aid car evidently arrived to the house of the shooting before the ~~rapid~~ cops did, a medic talking the gunman calm. And then came the descent of all the squad cars.

They still were around, the last 4 or so of them, by 9:40 that morn. One was parked in front of our kitchen window with some witness, or participant or whatever from that house, in the back seat.

So, one hell of an unnerving morning. Had I indeed got up earlier, the wounded guy undoubtedly would have tumbled in on us; he simply headed for the first light he saw, and that was ~~the~~ Bob's all-night ~~porch~~ porch light.

Dispute in home leaves 2 wounded

A young man was critically wounded and his sister was shot in the leg during a disturbance in a Richmond Beach home early today.

Police said a 50-year-old tug-boat captain, who lived at the home where the shooting occurred, was arrested for investigation of assault.

Clinton Anderson, 21, of Shelton, was shot in the stomach. He was in critical condition in Harborview Medical Center. His sister, Letha Gudnason, 32, who also lived at the Richmond Beach home, was in stable condition today in Northwest Hospital.

Pat Ferguson, police spokesman, said the shooting happened about 5:30 a.m. inside the home. One of the victims went to a neighbor's house to call for aid.

Tell
the
world
you're
in LOVE!
Place
a . . .



27 Jan. cont.-- Still, life has got to go on. C went up and taught her classes, I went back to the ms, both tired and harrowed but getting on with it.

3 Feb.--On the 1st I mailed off the revised ms to Tom Stewart, Liz Darhansoff, and Carol Smith in London. Y'day sent Tom the 4th Tebenkov map to pass along as possible inspiration for the cover, and some other random stuff. Today, am free of Runners for the first time in one helluva while.

Have been cleaning out accumulated pocket notebooks, inc. one going back to Montana last summer. Couple of things left over from our visit with the Schwindens. The night we were sitting around talking to Ted, the phone rang, he picked it up, ~~XXXX~~ person at the other end obviously asked if he could speak to the governor, Ted said "You got him." Also Ted told a couple of stories of Indian politics. One is that a politician has to remember ^{to reverse} his usual style of handshake--getting in fast, hard, and out immediately--with Indians, whose style is simply a gentle clasp, almost limp. The other is that he attended the funeral of the long-time Browning state senator, Percy someone. The service was in Browning, and as Schwinden was preparing to leave afterward, tribal council chairman Earl Old Person came up to him and said, Of course you'll come out to the grave. Ted says you don't turn down Old Person, so into the procession he went--out across the prairie the line of cars, across haphazard ditch bridges and swales and maybe a creek crossing or two, to the Indian graveyard. Then he stood off to one side, trying to look ~~XXX~~ properly pious and dignified during that ceremony, when he heard Old Person proclaim, We are honored today that the Governor of Montana would come to speak the last service for Percy. . . Ted said he scrambled together some mention of Percy's habit of bringing the tribal kids to Helena as his Senate pages, a new one or two each day, and made it through, but it was one of the real startlements ~~of~~ he's ever been up against.

5 Feb.--Bright sun, a day I should have grasped at its start and gone to Ebeyes Landing for sunrise. Misread y'day's weather, though, which seemed to be filming over into change. I did walk the n'hood about 7 this morn, then mid-morning went to the Cont'l for early lunch and on to the marsh walk. A downy woodpecker was working on a tree there about 10 ' from me; startling how much his tapping there sounded like mine at typewriter.

It's an in-between time, a deceleration from Sea Runners. So far have managed it without going limp or moody. I do need to get something done every day or life feels wasted. Earlier days of this week I dismantled the Runners material--stowed the file cards except for the Blue ones and possible ms adds to be reviewed at galleys time, and stuck ms drafts and the letters and clips files into a drawer. Have caught up on correspondence, or at least caught up as much as I ever do anymore. Y'day afternoon spent an hour on income tax, a schedule I'll try in the hope it's less onerous that way. Also, am very much hiding behind the phone machine, trying to winnow who I want in my life and who not. A continuing project, that. Y'day I finally stopped by the Catholic church n. of 50th, in response to a priest who'd called and said his parents, admirers of Sky, have an antique shoehorn/buttonhook from WSS they wanted me to have. I'm trying to keep some grace toward the world, so said I'd come by. The priest turned out to be Father Wm Ruddy, a published poet, very voluble; presented me not only the famous shoehorn but a copy of his pub'd book of poems, which I thought was nice; then with a handwritten volume of his current ms of poems, which I thought was excessive; then with a tape of him reading them, which I thought went beyond excess. I guess maybe excess is what strikes me about a person riveted on the soul, the spirit, whatever it is; as I tried to describe Fr. R to C, she at once saw the resemblance to Karen Fiser, which I hadn't brought up because I figure I've taken too many shots at Karen thru the years as it is. But the instant capacity of such people--both Fr. R and Karen are or have been profs of philosophy--to spend endless time discussing, or searching, or thinking aloud

5 Feb.--simply goes right past me. I'm not up to it. Told C that I may now have to fend Fr. R out of my life, something I don't like to be coldblooded about but refuse to be warmblooded about. Quite simply, I don't have anything to provide to a person with need to discuss--the situation sends me amiably bland--nor does their questing for answers provide me with anything; so it seems to me literally a waste of time on both ~~sides~~ sides. There is a dilemma here, which nicks at me considerably. Ruddy I think is probably an extremely valuable human being; was in the Vietnam resistance, spent 3 years in India, has taught at Berkeley, all brevets of valor and mind. He might indeed be an enriching force in my life. Not religiously; ~~if~~ if anything ~~exists~~ I seem to be going from unreligious to antireligious, thanks to the ministrations of the Moral Majority and other Christian vigilantes. But I'm unwilling to make that space in my life: the cost of time and attention, I won't pay. None of which is well said; I seem not to want even to spend time thinking it out.

Other fronts: Channel 9 work is stalled until at least some time next week, Wayne Sourbeer having fallen on a slick boardwalk during his solo filming and cracked a rib. C Smith in London has a deal with Insel for German rights to Sky--3000 deutschmarks, I guess about \$1600-some.

9 Feb.--Bright weather continues, and I continue to misfire on chances to go off into it. Made up my mind this morning to go to Point No Point, checked the tide table and found there'd be no beach. Have wanted to do a dawn hike at Ebeys Landing, but have twice misguessed this weather; overcast afternoons have fooled me about chance for clear weather the next morn. Am out of chances now until after our Methow trip this weekend, which may after all give me all the outing I can stand.

Both C and I had a terrible night's sleep, after being jerked awake by phone about 10 pm; I'd already been asleep about an hour, and being awakened that way is one of the worst experiences I undergo, heart hammering and adrenalin pumping and all chance for sleep ripped out of me. Ordinarily I now pull the plug on the phone before bedtime, but forgot. So the day couldn't help but get better, and has. I walked the n'hood at dawn, then went to Edmonds for coffee and toast, felt nearly human when I got back.

Am still in the pattering period, waiting to get the Channel 9 stuff out of the way. Looks like next week at earliest, Sourbeer still laid up ~~wick~~ and W'shaw having to reshoot the opening of her Jim Wickwire show. I spent a lot of y'day, and some of Sunday as well, on the Atheneum publicity qnrre and listing likely reviewers and people who're to get courtesy copies from me. The courtesy list at least will save us a lot of mailing later in the year. Still have the income tax to peck away at, too.

Couple of parties recently. At Forbeses, Sat. night. Not bad, except for punch instead of real booze; got to catch up with several of C's faculty colleagues I haven't seen for awhile. Sat. before that, the Rodens gave a dinner party, 12 or 14 of us there. That's one, remarkable ~~to~~ us, featured group singing, Alice Dewell on piano, Pete with his banjo; C and I passed most of that by smartmouthing with Bob Kapp. At one point Pete was singing some song about a Texas town, so I looked at Bob and challenged: "Nagadoches." He instantly set to work on a lyric for that town, and through the next hour or so we--mostly he; it's a pleasure to see his quickness of mind do its arabesques--came up with lines such as

9 Feb. cont.--"There cain't be nothin' deadner/A
Saddiy night in Edna'r." It beat the real singing all
to hell.

11 Feb.--Have been doing a spate of stuff, none of which
adds up to anything permanent but I suppose has got to
be tended to. Am pecking away at the income tax an hr
or two a day, which so far is not too onerous a way to
do it. The Ath'm pr stuff is now done, and the Insel
contract for the German edition of Sky is ready to be
mailed. Y'day noon I talked to Laird Nelson's 4th
grade class at Bush about images, last night talked to
the free-lance historians' guild about the TVing of
Winter Bros and the research on Sea Runners. Today went
to UW library and U District, then across to lunch with
Bellevue Journal-American Bob Hartley, who also has a
Decatur Lindsay-Schaub bgnd. Kind of liked him, fairly
old-shoe newspaperman who offhandedly pumped me and
pumped me with questions, leading around to the book
section he intends in the soon-to-be Sunday J-A. Touted
Susan Pelzer to him.

Weather changed to cold and damp today--C is cooking
stew to take to Methow, I'm vaguely diddling around with
desk chores, which except for income tax have begun to
vanish.

17 Feb. --Arrived back from the Methow weekend abt 4 pm
on the 15th, and amid the soggy mail waiting in the
box was Tom Stewart's letter about my revise of Runners,
beginning "It's beautiful, simply beautiful." May you
live forever and I never die, Tom. He remains serious
about chapter-head illustrations, in style of the novel
The Greenlander or something like Rockwell Kent's work.
Economics of publishing being what they are I'll believe
this nicety when I see it on page proofs, but Tom hasn't
tripped up on anything yet, and he does have a #1 best-
seller in the Andy Rooney book, so we'll see. He's asked
me for advice on a possible artist, and I'm mulling at
it.

17 Feb. cont.--No word yet from the Chan 9 crew, so I guess Sourbeer's rib is still healing. I'm still biding along, got the income tax finished by end of last week, disposed of the ~~z~~ couple of talks I was obligated to, and so on. I suppose I'm as free of schedule just now as I ever get. Think I can continue tinkering the rest of this week, then will need to get at something in the typewriter again. Have been reading TH White's England Have My Bones and enjoying it vastly. It's a kind of south of England Winter Brothers, tho with the rest of the community in place of Swan; glad I didn't read it before W Bros, but it's an admirable companion at the moment.

Spent the weekend at Lloyd Keith's cabin in the Methow, the venture bought by Carol and Ann and Phil at the union auction. It was a good time, tho C and I got home agreeing that 3 days with Ann is about one too many. Ann has a plane flight upcoming, which always unhinges her, and mid-quarter pressures at school and so on, so was considerably jumpy, but it's likely good for the pair of us to see how other people have to fend. All in all, the 6 of us got along smoothly enough; I liked Lloyd and his lady Sherryl, as did C. The Methow was spectacular; between 3-4' of snow on the level, and the plow-banks at roadside often as high as my head. We had plentiful luck. Got across Stevens Pass Friday night, to stay in Leavenworth, a good idea by Ann; better in fact than we knew, because an avalanche closed the road by morning. We were to meet Lloyd and Sherryl for breakfast at the Edelweiss restaurant, and as we sat around after eating, beginning to work out how to proceed without them, they walked in, just 45 min. late, after detouring by way of Snoqualmie Pass. Similarly, on Monday we got home across Stevens, I guess between spates of avalanche closure; it had begun to rain by then and the rivers were roaring.

Snowshoed a bit on Sat. at the cabin--past noon by the time we got there and tobogganed or hefted our gear in ~~the~~ over the snowed-in driveway--and then tried cross-country skiing the next afternoon. C had a troublesome binding on one of her college skis, and I didn't feel in condition to embark on the 5 or 6 mile loop which

17 Feb. cont.--Ann and Sherryl and Lloyd were setting off on ~~one~~ (lucky I didn't; it turned out to take them about 3 hours) so the pair of us went up the closed highway above Early Winters, practiced as much as we wanted, then drove Ann's car back to the cabin. A weekend of much talk, a shaggy poker game the first night, stew, pea soup, incessant feeding of the fire... pleasant enough.

Last night, we went to My Dinner with Andre, very fine. The line I'll take away from that inspired gabfest is Wally Shawn's about the inability of a fortune cookie to predict a plane crash--"I mean, the cookie is in no position to know."

And not much else going on. Am trying to walk a lot each day, get some condition back and some weight off. Both of us felt more vigorous after the Methow stint, despite all the ~~zillions~~ eating that went on there. Worked in the garden y'day afternoon, season opener of about an hour; worked in some compost, trimmed and fertilized the strawberry plants. I suppose one mark of my being out of a book schedule at the moment is that I almost hunger for dawn; am waking up early, still trying to read the weather--currently it amounts to waiting it out--for an excursion to Ebeys Landing.

Almost forgot a prime reason to be thankful: while waiting for Bob Hartley at lunch last Thursday, I opened the NY Times I'd just bought and found that Jovanovich says he's moving HBJ to San Diego and ~~the~~ ^{California}. The chaos that will bring about is staggering to contemplate; if Sea Runners was amid it, it'd be downright flattening.

22 Feb.--A difficult, logey day. Hard-pressed to find anything I've made an advance on, the whole time leaking away in effort to keep even. Handled some mail, which seemed to take an inordinate amount of time, did the laundry, and that's about it.

This despite a good weekend at Dungeness. Arrived there in windstorm on Sat.; spume and sand blowing across the spit in a steady cloud. Next day was fine, we walked as much as we could against the incoming tide--likely total of eight miles.

Today was some of the bleakest weather of the winter--40 degrees and raining when we got up, then a few spats of snow, then wind came up. I've just walked a paltry 6 laps of the Sh'line track, all I want to be out in it. Felt all day long I should get out and exercise to see if it'd clear my head, but it was so miserable out I couldn't see it as any kind of remedy.

Things are going well enough, I guess. I did get considerably pissed off last night, to get home from a deliberate weekend off--one we'd taken some trouble to go off to--and settling into the evening, get a phone call from Jean Walkinshaw on Channel 9 matters, followed promptly by one from Bob Papenchak full of questions about my Boise State stint. I can't imagine businessmen blithely calling me up at the tail of a weekend about anything, ~~can~~^{can} barely imagine friends doing it, but academics evidently keep their own other-worldly schedules.

Went out to ~~Thursday~~ Bothell on Friday for lunch with Archie, first in quite a while. He at last has all his contracts in hand, with Eddie Bauer Inc. for 2 books and with Harper for an oral history of railroading. So he's juggling, as usual. Funny story of the day came when we got in his car, found a banana peel on the dash, and Arch said, Look at that, goddamn teenagers. I asked how many were at home currently, he said they all were, including the oldest daughter whom there'd been a family hassle over. Damn that kid, he said, one time you want to murder her and another time you want to take out an ad in the newspaper to congratulate her--the occasion of

22 Feb. cont--his rueful admiration being her job, as accountant for a fish-processing boat in Alaska, which means at 19 she'll be making what Archie was when he departed the P-I a few years ago.

1 March--Interesting day, fiddling with the start of the Montana novel. Seems to me a very fine lead. Now, as ever, to see if it holds up.

Gearing up goes differently for every book. Winter Bros, I more or less plunged into; couldn't get out from the Sky promo work soon enough to dope out what I intended. Runners sometimes seemed all preparation, one thing after another to be learned, ferreted out, made to jibe. This one feels ready to happen, chunks of it stashed around in my brain if I can just get them out whole; along with the readiness, tho, goes the physical reluctance of facing day-by-day wordage again, and also a kind of haze of wondering, trying to figure out what to do first on the ms, just begin it or try to jerk into being some of those chunks up in the mind, wherever they fit in the book.

No movement on Runners recently; I'm awaiting the copy-edited ms, which could come any time. Am also waiting word on the G'heim, which will tell me how much to really plunge into the Montana novel just now.

Stayed home this weekend, did yard work, walked Green Lake and the waterfront. Weather wasn't great, but we got things done around stints of rain.

Last week seemed kind of messy and chore-choked--finally got the Buick defroster working again, after risking my neck with fogged windshields the past month or more--but it got me more or less done with the Channel 9 filming. Anything more there I guess will be taping, rewriting, looking over. Wed. morn W'shaw and Sourbeer filmed me in the reading room of Suzzalo with the Swan diaries. They hammered a librarian into letting us use the reading room, I guess because they think it looks and sounds gothicky for film, and so we interrupted the studying of countless students, to the point where

1 March cont.--the agitated librarian reappeared and told us we'd have to get out. W'shaw, who can rise to about anything, said Well no, we can't get out now, we're almost done, just a few minutes, etc. And so it went. After lunch, we went to her house on Capitol Hill for a quiet place for me to tape the rest of my part of the script; astoundingly, the channel 9 building leaks noise into every room, even the main studio.

It made a long draining day, but I did all the taping, gaining W'shaw some time--she could use some, after 3 wks of trying to work around Wayne's rib-hampered schedule--and getting myself an extra day as well by not having to go back on Thursday. Rather, I did go back to the UW that day, but for mag articles I need for the Montana novel, not for filming.

What else? Have worked my garden, tho it's too wet yet to plant, even potatoes or peas. Am trying to winnow books out of here. That's connected to a larger project which ought to be undertaken, repainting this office, but haven't yet thought up a time when we can stand the week or so of confusion. Called Linda Sullivan about landscaping outside the office, today called Tony Angell about prospect of our buying a piece of art from him; I guess I am pecking away, tho there's sure as hell a lot to peck.

Letter last week from UNebraska Press wanting me to do intro to p'back edition of Montana: High, Wide and Handsome. Passed it along to Liz, asking her to try get a royalty for me doing it, otherwise I'm not interested. Had a poem in the Sunday Seattle Times, first one in print in a lot of years. And have been whole-d diligent today, walked the ~~NE~~ n'hood this morning, walked the track this afternoon despite rain, have not had any coffee at all, ate an orange mid-morning instead of going out for coffee-and-toast. Clean living and a fast outfield.

March 8--Reviewing copy-edited ms, which came Saturday the 6th. Numbing work; find myself wishing this were proofs instead of ms one more time.

Epic mail day Saturday: the ms, Liz's check for final advance from Ath'm, \$6750, and Channel 9 \$500 for final Winter Bros work.

Friday, something I'll try fill out when I'm less weary, we went over to Tony Angell's to see about buying sculpture--want him to do us a Sea Runners canoe, and have just written him for first dibs on a murrelet he's done for upcoming Foster-White show.

Linda Sullivan came at 1 today, looked over the side yard outside the study for landscaping.

An unrainy weekend, we walked the marshfront trail on Sat. and went to Ebeys Landing y'day. Dismal lunch at Capt'n Whidbey, we ~~st~~ waited nearly an hour for food.

Worked last week on Mont. novel, mostly bits and pieces. More on that, too, ~~in~~ another day.

12 March--A week of hard work which could not have turned out better. First 3 days going over the copy-edited ms, my tinkering helping the flow of the book quite a lot. Thursday a foray to the UW for ill'n possibilities, and there they were in the Harriman Expedition volumes, stuff I like hugely. Today Paul Bacon's cover, looking splendid. All in all, Sea Runners has begun to leap into being, this week.

16 March--Catching my breath, after working up a descptn of the Montana novel for Liz to negotiate from; drafted it y'day, retyped the 3 pp. and did cover letter this morn, just now have inserted it all at the post office. Strenuous damn chore, as ever. But it's done, the slate is coming ~~mx~~ out clean in time for C's spring break. May even finish with Chan 9 this afternoon--it's a glorious bright day, and I phoned early to W'shaw and Sourbeer to say I'm available, if they want to catch the Olympics in classic profile. Wayne and I are to catch the 3:10 Edmond's ferry, for him to shoot me up against the mtns.

16 March cont.--The glow of last week carried thru the weekend, the feel of Sea Runners at last coming into being, and attended with good signs. Bacon's cover, which I think even outdoes Sky's, was among the best, but there also was the report from Tom Stewart that Bacon said he liked the book--"It's really different from House of Sky, but it's good."

Should detail the search for ill'ns last Thursday. Tom had sent some Bewick possibilities, all but one of which seemed to me too Englishy, too 18th centuryish. I decided to do my own looking after I'd finished going over the copy-edited ms, and hit the UW NW Collection by about 11 last Thurs. morn. First hour or so I simply eyed along the shelves of the Alaska stuff, the 978s or whatever they are in the Dewey system, looking for pre-20th century books which might ~~have~~ hold decent linework. Had made some progress, found some candidates, in the first hour or so, when the tail of my eye caught at a long streak of rich green. I looked, ~~and~~ the spines read Harriman Alaskan Expedition, and I thought hot damn, here it is. So it proved to be, Harriman's money having provided sumptuously illustrated volumes of Alaska scenes of 1900; I found 5 of the needed 7 Sea Runners ch. heads right there. All in all, by about 3:30 I'd gone thru 18 books, selected from I suppose two full stacks of shelves, and the Harriman stuff remained the most attractive prospect. Came home, wrote a cover letter to Tom, jammed the photocopied scenes into an envelope, and mailed on our way to dinner with Irene Wanner and Michael Conant.

News continued its good run thru the weekend. A surprise phone call from Jan Bateman, who sounded terrific, saying she hopes to see us in Boise. And I called Jim Welch to see whether he's coming to UW for spring quarter, he reports he is. String ran out y'day when I got my 4th consecutive turndown for a G'heim, but I am so underway on the Montana novel I'm actually somewhat relieved not to have to set it aside for the G'heim project, Blue as the Odyssey. Those accumulated Blue notes give me a kind of book in the vault, tho it's hard to see when I'll make time to do that one; much will depend on reputation of Sea Runners.

29 March--Spring quarter underway today, C in such a blithe mood she hasn't even flinched at (a) the presence of Shoreline's disabled perpetual student, Chuck, in her mass media course and (b) autumn qtr schedule showing her teaching an English 101.

I seem to be still recuperating from a heller of a cold, which I came down with a week ago, 1st day of vacation on the Peninsula. Have felt pretty good except for terrific sieges with my nose. Today I wanted to get underway with the Montana book, but felt too spineless to begin the long march, the necessary cold plunge into the file cards.

Talked with Liz on Friday, after sending her a long descriptive letter about the book the week before. She said she's "comfortable" asking no more than \$25-30,000, so I told her to try for 30; she also said maybe there's a chance for a bonus payment of some sort, geared to Sea Runners, she can try Tom on. I told her I'd like \$15,000 up front, and inclusion in libel insurance if Ath'm ever follows Viking's lead in providing it.

Had a call on Thurs. from Annick Smith, on her way to Neah Bay and the Hoko dig, for sake of her script on fishing rights. Kittredge will teach at Davis this spring, then has a sabbatical, so they're going to be living in San Francisco, wintering maybe in Mexico, christ knows what all.

The 4 days on the Peninsula, hiking D'ness Spit each day, were fine weather, and rich with sealife and birds. Sea lion, countless seals, brant, red-breasted merganser, buffleheads, several loons--constantly something interesting.

31 March--At last, or so it seems, a day when I've felt decently vigorous. Apparently the cold had to run a 10-day course. Today, and to some extent y'day as well, I've managed to tinker usefully with the Mont. novel, which has the current title English Creek. Have sorted file cards and the snatches of rough draft; this one continues to occur to me in sentence- or graf-size ideas, which seem to come out in language with the proper ring to it. Am still wondering, tho, how it'll go in day-by-day wordage.

31 March cont.--Liz called this morn, just to report that she's been in touch with Tom about the English Ck contract but he has to talk it over with Pat Knopf, who has been leery in the past about signing on a next book before the author's previous work has shown its stuff. Tom wondered if we're open to something keyed to pfmce of Sea Runners, which is what Liz proposed to me. Sounds OK by me, if we don't have to sacrifice too much advance for it; I'd hate like hell to take less than \$25,000 for this book.

Wild weather the past three days, some snow flurries, mucho rain, wind in the night--sun right now.

5 April--First really scheduled day on English Creek, and it went ok. Managed 4 pp. by lunch, added another in early afternoon after a walk around n'hood. About 3, went up to the track, came back with a page or more of dialogue thought out. Now to see if I can turn off my head.

Decent weather today for first time in a hell of a while. Weekend was raw, stormy. We walked the n'hood y'day, partly in rain, but otherwise just tried to get thru the days without cabin fever. Cleared away some chores, even a minor start on the perpetually clogged shop. Frank and Linda here for supper Sat. night, Linda brought initial plans for some landscaping at this office end of the house. Frank seemed in good fettle, tho I think he's just scraping along in the freelancing; in that hard trap I was in, of not being able to crack nat'l markets.

What else? Saw Das Boot at the B'way on freebie tix Dick Roth somehow lays his hands on; terrific sub movie, all the stock characters and situations imaginable but done royally.

Am finally feeling over my cold, which took damn near two weeks. Most mornings last week were grim, loginess and sloshing nose and sinuses for the 1st couple of hours. I'll see now whether I can work myself into somewhat better shape, and hang onto vigor, if the heat of English Creek happening doesn't burn all else out of me.

7 April--4:40, the rather ragged end of a midweek miscellaneous day I'm trying out in the current writing schedule. Have just tried to make 3 phone calls and couldn't click with any of them, which reminds me why I tend to put off such chores.

Wayne Sourbeer when ~~was~~ we were on the Peninsula for Winter Bros every so often would proclaim of some just-done piece of filming, "It's gonna be so good"-- "good" not particularly stressed, just said quickly as if he couldn't wait to get to that conclusion. So far, English Creek is gonna be so good. First two days of writing went steadily, ideas occur promptly, the voice of the ms still seems ~~to~~ remarkably good. Can it go on?

29 April--5:10 pm, waiting to Ann to come for supper, a few minutes of needed catching-up. A full day on the English Creek ms today, first in 10 days. Last wk went to speech writing, ~~the~~ then the trip to Boise to deliver it. The trip went well, except for horrendous ~~Friday~~ Friday night in Idanha hotel room cornering onto Main Street, where every teenager in southern Idaho was cruising; the drag lasted until about 3 a.m. We saw Jan Bateman considerably during the Boise days, and were hugely heartened at her steadiness.

--One piece of gossip picked up in Boise: Diane Broom, children's book buyer at the Book Shop, one of the key stores of the west and of booksellers nationally, says the word on me when Sky came out was that I must be a one-book author, nobody could go on with material of that quality. Which may be right, but I'm doing what I can to disprove it.

Major development of this week came first thing Mon. morn when I returned Liz's call (on phone machine while I was in Boise), learned Ath'm won't budge on \$20,000 advance for English Creek, and I told Liz we'll sit it out until fall. Feel surprisingly blithe, or at least untattered, about a decision which rules my income for the next couple years.

29 April--Recalled from dinner with Irene Wanner and Michael Conant a month or so ago: the other guests were Mike and Ruth McGloughlin, both Montanans originally, and Ruth told of having sent a copy of Sky to her parents, somewhere around Wolf Point. Back came the query, "How do we know this Ivan Doig?" Ruth wrote that she just thought they'd like the book, which crossed in the mail with her mother's missive to never mind, they'd figured it out, there was Elsie So-and-so, she'd married a Doig and they'd moved over to the Gallatin where he'd been killed by a horse...So, queerly enough, they did "know" me. That same night, Carol was making a point about small-town westerners' self-reliance by describing something Diane Zink had done, never mentioning her by name, when Ruth said: "I think I know her. Is she from Ketchikan?" She did know Diane, from having met her at a Pt. Townsend writers conf. All in all, either the west is small place, or the McGloughlins have eerie powers.

C is down with a cold, evidently caught on the Boise trip. I've threatened never to take her on an airplane again--this is something like 3 out of the last 4 plane trips which have brought a cold on her, and the other one was the Monterrey Xmas trip when I came down with a heller. She did feel up to fetching the Tony Angell murrelet, which now graces the living room. A beautiful work, which we both seem to like more and more. We may be doubly lucky to have it; during Tony's show at Foster-White, somebody nabbed one of the stone fish in a trio priced at \$4500 or so.

I feel fairly exuberant because Sea Runners galleys arrived this morn, and I've been much awaiting them. Will take tomorrow just to read them, then begin the actual proofing Sun. or Mon. The type is glorious, a face called Scotch which looks properly venerable yet is easy to read.

I suppose fuel'd by the galleys' anticipation, I had a strong day of English Creek ms, 7 pp roughed. That ms continues to feel good; C and I separately noticed at Boise the best reaction to anything in my speech was to a brief graf I quoted from English Creek, an appreciative murmur thru the audience. Right on.

7 May--A hinge week, the turn from Sea Runners to English Creek. Finished Runners galleys on Tues., mailed them Wed. noon, took off the rest of Wed. The book continues to seem good, to have its own inexorable or implacable tone and form; hard to believe, looking at some of those lines, that I have 4 or 5 earlier drafts of them. Also, proofsm of the cover came, a beautiful job by Paul Bacon.

Talked with Tom Stewart y'day about getting galleys quotes. My nominees: James Houston, John Gardner, Guy Davenport, Shirley Hazzard, Tom Keneally, Barbara Tuchman, Alastair Cooke, Wendell Berry. His: Macdonald Harris, Peter Matthiessen, Geoffrey Wolff, Ray Carver, Michael Arlen, Mary Renault, Jim Harrison, Robert Stone, Evan Connell, and one we agreed is merely a stretching try at the brass ring, John Fowles.

Tom said he's decided I wrote Runners as a combination of Jack London and Stephen Crane--"Londonesque topic and Cranial prose"--"with more than a touch of Mr. Conrad thrown in." I said good god, you're not gonna put that on the jacket, are you? He said no, not unless somebody else said it so he could quote. Flummery aside, he reported that the catalog price of the book is \$13.95; that he guesses there'll be press run of 15,000, with an initial 3-4000 to cover bookstore orders; and that he's sent the book with special cover letter to John Kinzer at Reader's Digest, saying he knows it's a richer book than they'd ordinarily run but he assumes the high-powered parts are what would go onto the cutting-room floor. Tom said the RD is an incredibly sweet deal, that when they take a book they say OK, here's \$40,000, then in six months they give you another \$20,000. I doubt considerably that RD gravy is going to rain down on Sea Runners, tho.

Y'day and today, have been doing desk chores, trying to line out the Mont. trip, specifically to find us a place to live for most of the 3 wks--month. Will call again to the Westmont Agency in Choteau this morn to see how rental situation sounds. Odd, but the customary apprehension, which I felt before the '77 Montana trip and the '80 Alaska trip, is coming into me; the wondering about how to make the best of the time for the sake of

7 May cont.--the book, how to see people yet not get overwhelmed by visiting, which o'whelms both of us pretty rapidly. Why I can't lean back and sail into these journeys I dunno, but I can't.

C has had a roaring cold the past week and more, took off last Fri and this Monday; she's down to the coughing stage now, anyway.

My mood these days is pretty good, though tugged various ways by the complications of the work. This week, for ex, I have worked in one way or another on the tv Winter Bros (C and I went to station on Monday to hear the whistling soundtrack W'shaw wants to use), the Harvest p'back Winter Bros (OKd back ~~xxxxx~~ cover copy and quotes sent by John Ferrone), the Sea Runners (galleys and blurb quotes), and English Creek (the Mont. planning). House of Sky meanwhile is never far away, a letter or call from someone each week or so, the April royalty statement showing it sold 3700 p'backs in the last half-yr of '81, up about 50% over previous year--and sold about 6200 in all of '81. So, I am trying to work off the lesser projects--shd be substantially done now with the tv and p'back W Bros--and focus on English Creek. But there's one hell of an autumn impending, the tv show and both new books all aiming into the same month or six weeks, and I know I'd better try to control my time and my responses during it all.

19 May--Have maybe got a grip of myself this week, the phone having finally gone mute and some of the projects having tucked themselves away. Called Genise Arnst the other night and asked if we could, in a pinch (which is the prospect), rent their house while they're away vacationing for a couple of weeks; she seemed to think it was dandy, will get together with Wayne about their plans. Have set myself to write 4 pp., 800 words, four days a week at least the next 3 weeks, and the one beyond that if logistics of Mont. don't overwhelm me. Past 2 days have gone tidily enough, the ms adding to itself less stubbornly than any I can remember: I draft a page, promptly revise it, and that second draft so far stands as a decent enough ms.

May 19 cont.--The rhythms and lingo may account for the insouciance so far; English Creek simply feels like a comfortable book, the boy/reflective grownup narrator a good flexible voice. It'll still be a lot of work because of the size and scope, ~~but~~ and last week I was fretting some about how to schedule perhaps as much as 110,000 more words in the next 18 months, but I remain up about this book.

I took last week to sort at chores, and to try get the front of Eng Crk flowing to greater length. Took some hard-fought days of a page or so, but I think I do have that portion working now. Also have been hearing from, and corresponding with, grasshopper-poisoners from the late 30's, responding to my ~~x~~ classified ads in the Havre, Malta, Glasgow papers. Some good stuff, and fine salty Montana orneriness--"why are you a Washingtonian writing about Montana?"

Pete and Gail Steen here for supper last Thurs. night, Pete mildly trying me out on project to write a sponsored history of private forest conservation, me telling him no go, it's English Creek turtles all the way down in my concept of the universe these next years. Pete said Utah State is wooing the Forest History Society, a move into Mormon country I'd kind of hate to see happen. Also, in Pete and Gail's tales of the Santa Cruz flooding last winter, they verified that govt and the media collapsed for several days, no info, no sane effort; ~~xxxx~~ but that they lived on the southern edge of the ~~st~~ storm and so could drive down the road to functioning civilization for meals, it could have been a real predicament. I ought to couple that info with y'day's news that the St. Helen's seismologists think they've spotted a helluva fault line, and do some thinking about earthquake preparation here, I suppose.

Sat., we went up to San Juans, for first time in a lot of years, on a Nature Conservancy field trip to Yellow Island. The ferry travel was hectic as hell; I had to sprint back to auto toll booth to buy us tickets, stand in long glacial line there while sailing time ticked near; then the boat was thronged with Masons, on their way to some ceremony at Roche Harbor. A couple of

May 19 cont.--hundred of them, some with astounding faces which remind me how cloistered I am; if we have the faces we deserve at forty, you had to wonder just what it was some of these guys have been up to.

The island itself was terrific, thick with wild-flowers: camas, chocolate lilies, paintbrushes, buttercups...About 30 of us on the trip, led by Fay Krause and Elliott Marks of the Conservancy. Particlrly liked Dave and Gail Karges; he's an orthopedic surgeon, she's a UW-returnee who took English courses in recent years. Seemed good bright folks, Dave in particular fluent in keeping up a conversation. Other adventures: Charlie, the Friday Harbor postmaster, took us to the island in his fishing boat Eager Beaver, and in shuttling the early group of us over to Orcas to catch the ferry home, he promptly ran the boat full length over a rock. A good experience to have survived. He also pointed out to us, on way in to Orcas, an eagle's nest where the mother eagle's head could be seen, ~~showy~~ dipping in and out of sight as she fed the young.

3 June--A fulcrum time, as I tip from Sea Runners to English Creek. Mailed the Runners page proofs to Atheneum y'day morn, the last big chore. The book seems to me to read smoothly, and to look wonderful; with the generous type and white space it even has some heft, 280 pp. as compared with W Bros' 250 or so. So it's going to be handsome. What its career will be, I haven't a clue; it seems to me a book that might teeter off into oblivion because of its historical period and topic, or that might end up being used in lit classes, or damn near anything in between; it's simply sort of a stranger, old-fangled and somewhat austere, time-warped into this era. Stephen Crane visiting a disco.

I've felt busy the past few weeks, but have made no headway of the only sort that counts--words--on Eng Creek. I do have 20,000. It's probably going to be, a scratch to get 50-60,000 by end of the year, but I've scratched before.

3 June cont.--Only a dozen days now until we head for Montana, and C is heading into the kamikaze busyness of exam wk and end of the school year. I've felt hectorated by logistics of the trip, as I always do, but maybe am coming out of that; feel that we're maybe embarking more sanely than we did last year, when we over-visited, simply saw and stayed with too many people. At least we're trying hard to get space to ourselves this year, the Arnsts' house for 10 days or so while they're on vacation, and then, if it comes through, the teacherage at the New Rockport Hutterite colony. I can't believe the Hut prospect will ~~happen~~ eventuate; if nothing else, I figure someone will come across my pages on the Hoots in House of Sky and take them amiss. But the council ~~wt~~ is to meet about taking us on, and we should hear early next week.

Spent an unusual but decent Memorial Day weekend. Worked at readying the living room windows for new blinds, which are to come today; took down the old drapes, patched screw holes, reupholstered, repainted, work which went across quite a lot of the 3 days. But on Sunday went to Zoretich/Sullivan's for smoked salmon supper, and it was a fine time. A newspapering crowd, including Eric and Jan ^Nalder, Steve and Nancy Johnston, Jack Broom and Judy Gardner, Evelyn Iritani and Roger Ainsworth (?); also Linda Gist, Susan Lane and Roger Fontana, Rose Johnston and her man David, Chuck Schuster, and a few more I didn't manage to meet. Some good lines, which may be why I like being around news people. Steve Johnston said working at Seattle Times is like swimming in Jello. Jack Broom was one of Carol's students, he's now ass't city editor in charge of govt'l coverage, well on his way up. Nalder we both like, and are intrigued with, a guy of unusual angles and facets. Says he's wanted to write something American Graffiti-like about his adolescent years, when he would go to Afghanistan to spend summers with his diplomat parents. Then there's Zoretich, the one and only. At one point, the leaning chimneys of the house across the street reminded me that Z has a weather theory as to why all Seattle chimneys lean the same

3 June cont.--direction, and I mentioned this. Steve Johnston immediately said, the theory of his I like is about how people could genetically shrink to inhabit the P-I globe. No, said "wilder, the theory of his I like is about how if you could slow down sufficiently, other people's motion would seem to you rapid as hummingbirds'...So it goes, around big Z. I enjoy him more than any of the rest of our friends, just now.

Everybody else finked out on us for the Memorial Day Lake Union hike--Jean backed out late in the week, when it was too late for us to call around to other candidates for the walk, which ticked us off a bit--so just the two of us did it, and liked it okay. Good weather, in fact all 3 days were ideal.

Last night, Jim Welch came for supper. He'd been to Deer Lodge for parole board meeting, said it snowed the whole damn time. Asked him what he'd heard at UW about Dick Blessing's health, he said evidently B is a goner, the tumor destroying him. That is grim as hell to all of us, as Blessing is about our age and was coming into his own as a poet.

Grace note to end on. Y'day's mail brought Montana mag of history, with Dick Brown's ecstatic review of W Bros.

8 June--C is undoubtedly right: write this down, she says, as the start of it all--the call, minutes ago, from Chuck Robinson of the Bellingham bookstore asking me about coming up for a Sea Runners signing.

Today also brought \$500 money order, 1st $\frac{1}{2}$ of the German rights to Sky.

Am scuffling toward the Mont. trip, have spent much time trying to org'ze files, figure out what I need to get from this trip. Tomorrow I hope to go thru ms to date, make insert notes of what's intended, and needed, for its gaps.

19 June--In Arnsts' basement. We pulled in last night a little after 9, having driven from Helena after supper. The Helena stint went exceedingly well; with C helping me scan and then photocopying what we selected, we came out of the Historical Society at 4 y'day with 305 pp. of material.

From there, went uptown, dropped in at Little Professor bookstore, where Judy ~~Flinders~~ Flinders said her store grew most, of the 100 stores in the LP chain, last year, and is #1 again this year. Said she sells Sky constantly, maybe a couple hundred p'backs last year. We left to go meet Sue Mathews for a drink at the Bakery, but on the way decided to look in on Susan Eaker's bookstore. Last I'd heard, Susan E. was having radical cancer surgery, at an advanced age, and having seen someone else running the store then, I figured she'd died. But y'day there she was, vigorous, talky, exuberant that we'd come by to introduce ourselves; openly sizing us up, saying "I think you're genuine." She is aware she's a character, and likes the reputation; and does it well. She'd read Winter Bros, grasped the structure of the book better than almost anyone else who's talked to me about it. Anyway, after signing what books she had on hand, we went on to the Bakery, found Sue, her daughter Mouse, and Sue's ex-father in law, Sam Gilluly. Sam is the middle generation of the remarkable newspapering family; his father ran the Fergus County Argus, his 3 sons are journalists. He's likely in late 70's, looks a bit like a thinner version of Jean Roden's father; has edited the Glasgow paper, been a wire service stringer during building of Ft. Peck, headed the Mont. Press Assn, been director of the St. Historical Society for a stint, now is writing a history of the Mont. Press Assn. A good gentlemanly sort.

19 June cont.--Sue Mathews herself had nothing good to report of her situation in the Eastern Mont. English dept; her Montana writers course and frontier women course have both been voted to be dropped. She's also had a tough spring--Mouse is amid a series of knee operations, and Sue came down with pneumonia. She says Jim Grady's book, Catch the Wind, ~~amant~~ ignites her students into anecdotes of the impact of coal and oil exploitation on their towns and areas.

We overnighed with Bill and Sue Lang on the 17th, both much enjoying seeing them again. Bill has been nudged by Bob Burke into thinking about the director's job at Wash. St. Historical Soc. when Bruce Leroy retires, and we tried to nudge the other direction, telling him it's been a paltry organization and that Bob B. may have some angle of his own in mind, such as setting up a landing site for PNQ if UW funding for it falls thru.

Bill and ass't ed Barbara Fifer were closing a trouble-dogged special issue, on women, during our 3 days around the His. Society. It ought to be a handsome one--a design theme est'd on the cover and carried thruout--but Bill said it was a bastard for details.

What else? We've been away from Seattle 5 days, and while the time has flipped past, it also seems a considerable spell. A fairly painless drive to Missoula the first day, the Ketchikan Ford behaving better on the road than it does around town. As ever, dinner at the Depot fixed us up, then we walked an area near the university for about 45 min. to unstiffen from the car. Were in Helena by 10 the next morn, Dave Walter at the His Soc library immediately began two days of swift shrewd help to us; he was away on Friday and we missed him greatly.

19 June cont.--I did some body english on the library's card catalog, trying to make it yield up what I thought it ought to have. Never did find a way ~~to~~ into pics of 1930's towns--the pics are catalogued by town, period--but did pretty well otherwise. Dave suggested some archival possibilities on forest fires, and amid them I noticed the file listings of the Neil Fullerton papers: he looked like a pack rat after my own heart. Sure enough, C came up with much anecdotal material and valuable Forest Service detail in what Fullerton called "crud" files.

Last evening's drive from Helena to Gt. Falls was lovely: a mild haze on ~~the~~ everything, which somehow lent differentiation to all the ridges, and the Wolf Creek Canyon rock formations; each stood out distinctly, in a plane of light-and-color all its own. Also, the country looks very green, from rain and very late snow--Memorial Day storm here, and 1st week in June in Helena.

20 June--3:25, the house miraculously quiet since the Arnsts left at 11:30. Much confusion around here all morning, what with their packing, the kids swirling, and added into it Wayne's nearly blind Aunt Babe, who arrived by plane at midnight and is riding up to Valier with them. In full spate, it is not an easy household for us cloistered types. Also, we got in on an unanticipated extra day of it, because of Wayne and Genise waiting for Babe's arrival. I did manage to get some reading done on the Helena research finds, and C remained sanguine thru it all, so we fared okay. But it does take the nerves a bit to settle.

Helena went more smoothly than I'd counted on, Gt. Falls has gone less so--not just because of the extra day of sharing the house with the Arnsts, but Wayne's infatuation with Amway. I'm chagrined for him, sorry and surprised to see him diving into the franchising and self-help stuff.

20 June cont.--But into it he is, with a convert's zeal. C and I can see the circumstances behind it: he's hitting middle age with not much financial prospect in his Trib job, it also has built-in newsroom exasperations, the kids are growing and college is coming. Also, he has more imagination and energy than his situation allows for. Am much afraid he's in for a burn, though, and the potential for letdown could be harsh, it seems to us. I've coincidentally been reading of the radical politics of the 1920s-30s in the Plentywood area, and have been mulling whether self-help, go-get~~ter~~emism is a modern counterpart. In this too, of course, is my befuddlement at being confronted with his zeal, and some resentment at enterprise based on preying on one's friends. Wayne isn't really pushing hard on us personally, and I think we're fending not too badly--C speculates that if it was up to Genise, Amway wouldn't even have been mentioned to us--but it has shifted the terms of our friendship, a bit for the worse. Which saddens me, but I guess I haven't had much adverse to cope with recently.

This is a recuperating day; we'll go walking for exercise after a little, come back and have a drink and supper, likely go see E.T. Then tomorrow I begin trying to make the schedule work again. Not an easy proposition, but we've done it before, and we both seem in good fettle on this trip, thus far.

22 June--A muggy day, and I found it hard to get under way. Napped briefly after b'fast, then took C to Holiday Village and I stopped downtown for coffee. Have scanned most of the Valier community history, and this afternoon (now 4:30) made notes on y'day's taping of Bradley and Joy Hamlett. Brad is a Montanan of a prototype which, if it didn't exist, would have to be invented. Big tanned balding fellow of about 65, he looks much like Ernie Lauffer, as recalled from my Dupuyer days; solid, capable, and been around.

So I have slogged at matters today, hoping to get some writing done but still able only to pile up the research. Tomorrow to Ft. Benton, a research trip, and then camping with the Arnsts, so it'll be the weekend, if then, before I try again for words.

We find ourselves unexpectedly inundated with the Arnst pets, the 14-yr-old dog Mudd, who calmly has been throwing up all her food, and the kitten Smokey, who is so rambunctious she's a full-time job if not locked in the garage. The kitten also has learned to scale the chain link fence into the yard next door, where an Irish setter waits eagerly to devour her; I knocked her off the fence just in time last night, as she was about to teeter off into the dog's mouth.

Y'day I worked further on the Helena notes--in fact, unsleepy last night, worked on them until after 11-- and went with C to GF pub library after lunch, then I went on to the Hamletts. So the stuff is piling up. C read the 1st half dozen pp. y'day for first time, thought the narrative voice sounds terrific.

A bit of our routine: about 5, toolshed on the back deck casts enough shade to be a bit cool, so we go out there and drink Scotch out of tall Muppet glasses. We're operating without a shot glass, so I pour in ~~up~~ midway up the golden arches of the McDonald's trademark down toward the base of the glasses.

26 June--Back at Arnsts', 8:15 on the best-looking morning yet here in Gt Falls. We've been on our fishing trip with Wayne and Genise, and I am the sort of worm drowner who more enjoys having fished than the doing of it. The trip did turn out well, the Sheep Creek landscape so gorgeous it's almost daunting; how will I get the look of those willow-thick drainages and the massive ~~front~~ Front into words? Anyway, that was not the concern on the camping trip, just pleasure. We met the Arnsts in Dupuyer at 10 o'clock the morn of the 24th, were having coffee with Tom Chadwick in the Home Cafe when they came in. Sat down to have a cup with us, and Wayne, next to Tom, said, "Comin' fishing with us?" Tom said, sure, and that little exchange redeemed me from what I now see would have a thoughtless error. Hadn't occurred to me at all that Tom would want to come fishing, much less camp overnight. But he came and did both, following Wayne's pickup with his Camino and sleeping in the back of it overnight. So that offhand generosity by Wayne enhanced an already fine day.

Fishing these brush creeks is not pleasure for me; it's just another form of work, and much of the time a fairly exasperating one. As little fishing as I do, it takes a couple of hours to tune my casting, and the brush gives no room for error. Which means hung-up hooks and snapped leaders, real exasperations. But we were up on that creek on the basis that we were willing to work for fish--Wayne says fewer people are now, turning to lake fishing instead, we were the only ones except a seismograph crew for I don't know how many miles--and we by god got them: I caught about a dozen, including an 11-incher (first fish of the day, and all much smaller thereafter), Tom got 3 or 4, Carol landed one when she and Genise tried it a little, Genise got 3 or 4, and Wayne, who'd gone up the creek by himself, got 25 or 30. All eastern brook trout, mostly about 7", and unbeatable eating. Wayne taught us to eat them corncob style, saving much boning.

After supper, I saw a doe step out of the trees across the valley and we watched her feed for awhile; all took a walk toward the mountains--still much daylight

26 June cont.--at 9, 9:30 pm--and saw a skunk feeding on crickets in a small park along the creek. Perspective is astounding, the skunk when I first saw it looked big as a dog; in fact, my first thought was that it maybe was a grizzly cub. Sheep Creek and the other under-the-Rockies drainages between Glacier and Sun River are prime grizzly habitats, the game officials have been telling Wayne, and they're having a prime year, a number of sows with a pair of cubs seen so far.

Arnsts had to be in Billings last night for an Amway meeting--I told Carol that I give Wayne about half a dozen of these instances where he has to leave a fishing creek to fling himself across the state to one of these sessions, before he ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves} to rethink Amway--so we were back in Dupuyer by about 8:30 y'day morn. They headed off to pick up the daughters in Valier, and C and I and ~~with~~ Tom headed to Choteau, to take pics of bldgs and homes for the 1930's setting of English Creek. Poked around town doing that, and scouting the rodeo ground to see where I want to be to cover the events on the 4th, then went up town and bought 9 reserved grandstand seats we'd singled out--us, Tom, the Arnsts, the Rodens--and had lunch. A bonus of ~~Choteau~~ Choteau: while C was taking a pic of the courthouse stonework for me, I glanced up into a tree and three owls were staring down at us. We supposed they were young ones, in that they had baby-fluff feathers, but they were about a foot and a half long, grave loony birds seeming to disapprove our picture-taking.

C and I got back to Gt. Falls about 2:30, made a pass by the end of this st and saw the Arnsts were still here rejigging for Billings, so we decided to stay out of their way, went downtown to a residential area and walked the shaded streets, a saving grace of Gt. Falls. Then went out to Readers World to say hello to Kathy Whidden, who says business has been terrible, January about did her in. She bought the place 2 years ago, just about as Gt. Falls' economic slide got underway--the number of houses we see for sale is astounding--and I guess is able to get by because she's the only game in town for books.

26 June cont.--The days are whirligiging past here, to the extent that I have to work at figuring out when we did what, but I think ~~the~~ Wed. the 23 was when we went to Fort Benton. I'd vaguely had it in mind to loop out there if we had time to kill, then a letter from soil conservationist Jim Smith in Forsyth told me his mother, a possible source on the '30s, lived there, so it looked more and more worthwhile. It turned out well beyond that. C and I were much taken with the town, a river town with that instant feel that river towns have, maybe some regulation of life which the flow of the water casts over a place. ~~It~~ It and Choteau are the only kempt, somewhat stately towns we know of in Montana, and Jim Smith's mother, Alice Klatte, turned out to live in the big old white house where she was born about 80 yrs ago. She was a good interview, and suggested in turn her brother, C.G. Stranahan. She told me he'd been ill, so I went to that house first, to be sure interviewing would be okay, and came out to report to C that he looked like death warmed over, but he was game to talk. Downright eager, it turned out when I got the recorder set up, and he provided some excellent details. He's 86, and started farming in the Benton country in 1929, so talking with him was a bonus of about 20 years of history I hadn't counted on. He and his sister Alice Klatte are both short, broad people; CG has a shock of white hair, wears suspenders, looks like a small town judge, or maybe the lawyer his father was.

We also did some pic-taking around town, and wandered into the Grand Union hotel, a 100-year-old bldg which two ~~complexes of~~ local couples have taken over to prevent its being torn down and sold as antiques by Californians. The husband in one of the couples showed us around, cigar stub stuck in his mug, tractor cap on his head; said hell, it's too wet to farm anyway, so he might as well give us the grand tour. When we thanked him and were about to leave, his wife asked where we're from. I joked that I was from downtown Dupuyer, and the farmer lit up, saying hell, my brother used to be in that Dupuyer country. Oh, I said, who was that?

26 June cont.--Ray DeBruycker, he said; whom I had known pretty well when I was in high school and Ray was trading at Chadwick's. Well, where's Ray now, I asked. Dead, said ~~him~~ farmer/hotelier. Shot to death out in Oregon, him and his wife both, nobody knows just what happened. Y'day I learned from Tom Chadwick that the Dupuyer version of all that is that Ray shot his wife and then himself, after years of her mental disturbance. So life in Montana continues to make its loops and figures, which I touch against with constant surprise out here. Learned from Tom too that Ila Agee is dead, Roy is in the Choteau retirement home with his voicebox gone (I guess to cancer), Gyp Agee is dead, and Margaret is more or less trying to run one of the Dupuyer bars. A real casualty toll on people we knew well in our Dupuyer stint, but when I count the years it is 29 since we stepped onto the Jensen ranch in the fall of '53, and so there ~~there~~ is going to be loss, ~~gains~~ and more of it to come.

30 June--Last full day in Gt Falls. Now 11:50; C and I will go to FS hq this afternoon in search of historical pics, then meet Norma Ashby for coffee at 3. I've spent morn sorting stuff into files, gathering phone #s for days ahead, writing postcards, trying to plan. Past 2 morns I revised, working on section of ch. 1 about Jick and Stanley; nothing great in way of progress, but spruced it up a bit. C read first half dozen pp., thought they're dandy. Afternoons, I've spent an hour or so in Montana room of GF Pub Library, then come home and taken notes on taped interviews. So the material accumulates, even if it doesn't write itself just yet.

Monday eve I went to south part of town to interview ex-ranger Geoff Greene, was there when 1st of the night's 2 terrific storms hit. Rain came horizontally, a couple inches worth in abt an hour. Then at 4 in the morn (Tues.) we were awakened here in Agnsts' basement by what sounded like hail, but was another rain gusher; abt 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " that time. Helena got terrific hail storm, for which I'll try get Trib clippings.

So the trip continues to go well, I continue to be damned diligent--loafed around here on my birthday last Sunday, but otherwise have made myself do whatever looms--and C has been relaxed and happy too. Forgot to note what proved to be minor accident but looked worse at the time; C lost a chunk of flesh in the V of her right thumb about a week ago as she was trying to figure out Wayne's slide screen. Scared hell out of me; looked gory enough I nearly took her to emgcy room. But she talked me out of it, and the Sheep Creek fishing trip a day or so later evdly helped dry the gash; it's healed at a record pace.

1 July--8:25 a.m, moving morning. We depart Gt Falls and Arnsts for ~~km~~ Choteau and the Hutterite colony in a couple of hours. Y'day was a mixed bag, but with a bonus or two. Worked here in the basement all morn, sorting stuff into files and file boxes and planning, then in afternoon C and I went to Lewis and Clark hq to look for pics of historic ranger stations. Found some promptly, thanks to Maggie Nybo, whom Wayne had touted to us; she led us back thru dim corridors of the CasCo building, a former hospital and still with the gloom and smells, to a room of file cabinets; 2 drawers held historic photos, which she said nobody wants to hang onto or be bothered with but they'll be on hand as long as she is. C winnowed an old file of personnel pics for me and came onto shot of Clyde Fickes, old-time ranger on horseback, which I'd seen in Missoula; was reminded of how good it is, got Maggie to xerox it so I can have it as cover sketch possibility. Maggie also produced the 1900 report on the old Jefferson Forest Reserve, which I skimmed and at once chose pp for xerox too; it has original description of the country behind Dupuyer, excellent for English Creek purposes. We achieved all this in about 45 min. of grab and run; told C I'm not sure it's how Michener does it, but we got some goods. Then went to the Rainbow Hotel to meet Norma Ashby, who is effervescent as ever, despite a year which has included death of her mother, her husband's retirement, her daughter's going off to sing for a year with Up With People, her son's graduation from high school to probable life as auto mechanic or some such. After talking with Norma an hr or so, C went to the public library to photocopy some of a book on packstrings I'd spotted here on Wayne's shelf, I raced back to Forest Service hq to pick up those photocopies; we went back to the Rainbow, which has been excellently renovated, for a decelerating drink.

2 July--Y'day must have been a day of no little culture shock, at least both of us were truly fagged by bedtime and then couldn't sleep. We made the move from Arnsts' here to the New Rockport Hutterite colony, and I honestly think both of us were more unhinged by Wayne's Amway enthusiasm than by the Hutterites. He's greatly self-hypnotized--C notes how close the Amway spiel is to evangelical religion--and the night before we left "drew the circles" for us: the schematic which shows how inevitably a fortune can be made out of Amway. C and I mildly raised a few of the more obvious doubts, but concentrated on getting across to him that we're not candidates for inclusion. Beyond that, I know not whereof to speak; I have the idea that nothing is as detrimental to a friendship as an unsought warning that proves to be right. So, we'll see the Arnsts in Valier late Monday afternoon and evening--I think it's indicative of what Wayne faces with this stuff that the day after he comes back from the big 4th of July motivational rally in Phoenix, he's going fishing--and then I think will skirt Wayne for awhile until this calms down. We were trying to guess, driving up here from Gt. Falls, how much it's going to cost him to reach disillusion; we figured at least \$4-5000, and maybe a year or so.

Enough, more than ~~much~~ enough, on Amway. Our new Montana phase is in the New Rockport colony's teacherage, a tidy little white house about 15'x 25' (plus garage we're not using), decorated with white-and-pink veneer wall paneling and light pink ceiling tiles. It's ~~more~~ better outfitted than I expected--with a nice round table and good light from windows, it's actually more convenient to work at than Arnsts' was--although C spent the night on what she says was a recordly hard bed, a high old metal thing which seems to be a hospital bed, probably picked up as surplus. But the teacherage all in all is fairly nifty, reminiscent of the cabins at the Juan de Fuca we like so much.

We got here by meeting Dorothy Payton and her daughter Patty at the log cabin drive-in in Choteau for lunch. When I saw Dorothy I did recall her from a picnic at the Arnsts 5 yrs ago, during our House of Sky research trip; she's plump, a bit dignified looking, and evdltly

2 July cont.--very capable. She has a 1-room, 8-grade school here, I think 27 students last year, and the 1st-graders arrive speaking no English, as the kids here are taught only German until they're 6. She and the Hutterites evidently think the world of each other. This colony soon will divide and by the drawing of lots a number of them will go off and start a new colony, and John Waldner, the German teacher, earnestly told Dorothy that he hoped she didn't leave them for the new colony--which made her wonder if she'll be included in the lot-drawing.

Dorothy gave us two major warnings: keep car and house always locked, as there's one young man here who might be tempted, and remember that the rhubarb wine is potent.

With Dorothy was her daughter Patty, even plumper and jollier, a soph at UM who also intends to become a teacher. She too shows fondness for the colony; when we arrived here and were being shown around, the Hut girls clustered around Patty and wanted to know how many boyfriends she has at college.

C has been keeping a diary since we got here, so I'll leave main details to her, and give impressions which otherwise might get away instead. I think we both liked John Waldner, the German teacher who is Dorothy's main contact here, right off. When we met him he turned to Dorothy and asked if she'd brought us to help him weed his garden, I immediately kidded him back that we had arrived as paid renters, not hired hands. John is strong, I suppose Germanic, on facts and figures; as he showed us around, the numbers of ducks and geese and fryers recently slaughtered were presented. He's also very courteous, telling us to come and go as we please, evincing no interest in our ~~it~~ itinerary. It occurred to me today, though not at the time, that the senior pastor, Mr. Wipf, also was courteous, in an unusual way, when he promptly showed up to warn us against any of the young men begging rides to Choteau; he'd worked it out that ~~we~~ we could respond "yes" to such requests, "But" they'd have to be cleared with him; I think his language was close to this: "Say to them yes, you'll be glad to, let's go see Mr. Wipf and see what he says about it."

2 July~~xxx~~ cont.--As C noted, the~~x~~ pastor also was apologetic about the \$2.50/day we're being charged. From what he said, I gather the charge is to keep Hutterites from other colonies from taking advantage of the avblty of the teacherage--He said something to the effect, a hog boss might ask, well, here's this other hog boss who's my friend, what about him?--and the charge, small as it is, of course takes care of that, because the Hutterites don't have appreciable personal money.

All in all, our situation seems to be that Dorothy Payton's clout, especially with John Waldner (Patty said the colony asked Dorothy to sign a 15-year contract!), has paved our way here, and in turn House of Sky paved our way with Dorothy.

I haven't managed yet to put down anything abt the class reunion on June 26, but before the names slip away, here's who showed up of my class: Butch Lauffer, Vern Monroe, Lynn Palin ^{Mohman} ~~Jefferson~~, Dorothy Bruner Perkins, Arlene Jacobson Anderson, Fay Stokes, Denis Bonnet, Jan Bonnet, Barbara Bowman, Antoinette Widhalm Dempsey, Bill Rappold, Anna Lee ~~Shute~~ Sheble.

Before long we'll go up to the main buildings of the colony and buy some food supplies. Should note y'day's work, which wasn't great but was a bit of progress. In afternoon after we moved in here I did the notes on the Geoffrey Greene interview, then last night we went in to the Choteau library and I found a few stray bits of useful history. Will go back in this afternoon and look thru old newspapers, then we'll go on to Dupuyer for supper with Tom Chad. This morning I went thru some of dialogue file cards, ~~sixking~~ allocating them to specific characters; not a sizzling morn of literature, but again, something.

2 July cont.-- 12:15, just made our foray to buy groceries, and we were taken in tow by John Waldner. He had some spare time--this morning he had only taught 3/4 ~~an~~ hour of German school, put in a culvert, and plowed a furrow to enhance moisture for the ~~x~~ line of trees around the church/school; he said he's slowed down by a bad back--and so after fixing us up with the groceries, showed us the school. It's unadorned--Dorothy can't use bulletin boards because of the bldg doubling as a church--but bright. Then he took us to show where he binds books--we'd expressed interest in the beautifully bound schoolbooks he showed us. His bindery is also a small classroom where he teaches the pre-schoolers; he began hauling out examples of the copy books the kids make, learning penmanship, grammar, capitalization; very exacting, neat, tiny handscript. After that he still had a little time for lunch, so said he'd show us one more thing. Pointing to a white shed north of the teacherage, probably 150' long, he said there're 20,000 chickens in there, and it's windowless. So explaining, he took us to nearby small building, which proved to be the emergency power plant; a \$32,000 diesel engine can run the entire colony. It cuts in within 2 seconds of power outage, within 12 secs is providing power so the chickens won't smother; if they did, it wd be something like a \$100,000 loss. John also turns out to be in charge of the garden, 7 acres; said he's selling 8 tons of cabbage to Kentucky Fried Chicken. I asked him how long he's been the German teacher, he said 6 yrs; was the electrician and I think in charge of some of the construction before that.

4 July--10:35: Only a quick note this morning, as I try to organize y'day's notes and get ready for today's rodeo-going, but it should be recorded: y'day we found the site for the English Creek ranger station, George Den Boer's place ~~in~~ where Scoffin Creek runs into Dupuyer Creek. Heart Butte can be seen to the north, the Sweet Grass Hills to the east, Walling Reef behind--wonderful, much better than anything I could have made up.

5 July--Y'day was massive day, probably marginal to the book but interesting nonetheless. Spent some time in the morning trying to dope out a schedule for this week, as well as sorting research so far, then went to Choteau. Got to the park about 12:10, no sooner picked out a picnic spot under a small tree in the middle of the park than we looked around and saw Tom arrive. So we settled down to fried chicken--C the day before fried up 2 big fryers we bought at the colony--potato salad, hard-boiled eggs, beer. The day was windy, and stayed that way all thru the rodeo, but sunny; I wore my down vest all day, C her Alaska shirt. Every so often a cloud of dust would sweep thru the park, but still it was pleasant--old-style "eating on the ~~grass~~ ground." Howard Billips came by, and Don Dodge, and after the rodeo we bumped into Darryl Swanson's parents; Tom meanwhile is greeted by person after person.

As reflected in my notes, the rodeo itself is something of a bummer. The producer, Red Kesler, is a lantern-jawed, potbellied guy who vaunts around all over the place but doesn't manage to make the rodeo move briskly. Our seats this year were prime--top row, n. end of the covered grandstand--but also up amid alpine blasts of wind. We'd scouted the seats beforehand, recalling last year's punishing heat and the unshaded bleachers, and bought 9 tickets. When Arnsts decided to go to Arizona to learn millionairehood Amway style, ~~we~~ and the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Rodens canceled out of Montana because of Jean's health, we bestowed half a dozen tickets on the Payton clan, so we were joined y'day by Gary and Cille and their daughter Michelle, Dorothy's daughter Patty and a friend of hers named Roberta, and a family friend, Brady farmer Ted Wiest.

5 July '82--cont.--Afterward, Ted Wiest rode with us as guide to the foothills ranch of Bud and Vi Olson, Dorothy Payton's sister and husband. The Olsons have an annual family semi-picnic and Dorothy invited us. The ranch is 18 miles or so w. of Choteau, likely not far from Guthrie's; a pleasant log house set near the brush of a creek that runs into the Teton nearby. Bud Olson is a strapping, forthcoming guy who runs his cattle at Heart Butte in summer--the Teton flood plain which the ranch sits on is glacial till/gravel, which Bud says a Pennsylvania friend laments to him would be worth a fortune, as construction gravel, in Pa.--who has an interest in history and the area. Told C when we got home I wish I could bottle the people ~~from~~ we're meeting out here this summer, as the essence of Montana folk. Also on hand for the buffet-picnic supper, which ~~featured~~ featured much food and megatons of desserts, were Ted Wiest's wife Mary; their son Gary and his wife Kim; Olson's daughter Judy, a summer FS employee who's had House of Sky in class at Bozeman; Dorothy Payton, who was pretty badly under the weather, perhaps from something she'd eaten; and the 9 of us from the rodeo.

We no sooner got home, about 9:30 or 10, than John Waldner appeared, on the excuse that he wanted to check the door to the garage here, where he stores his chemicals, so no kids could get in; pulled a flat pint of rhubarb wine out of his hip pocket and asked if he could treat us, since we'd said we liked it. He sat down to visit, though it soon ~~became~~ became evident that he'd become a bit perturbed about what I might be writing; asked me if any ~~part~~ of it was about "now"--i.e., the colony--because once a newspaperman had come and published some frank remarks some of the ~~most~~ colony people had made. I assured him ~~no~~, told him since he'd shown us his book-binding I'd like to show him how I assemble a book, displayed my file-card box on 1939 events; also told him I'm doing a book of fiction but with factual details, on the principle perhaps of biblical parables. He seemed reassured and I deeply hope he was. He likely has stuck his neck out for us a bit, in going along with Dorothy's request that we stay here, and I can understand that he doesn't want his trust in us to backfire.

6 July--11:25, just back from garden tour by John Waldner. He's in charge of 6 acre garden, which grows such items as 59#-per-plant rhubarb, copious pumpkins, tons of cukes and corn; peas, beans, lettuce, cabbage by the ton--8 tons of it sold to Kentucky Fried Chicken--tomatoes which are already setting, thriving potato plants of 3 varieties, Detroit red beets; on and on, a veritable ~~exotic~~ cornucopia. John is hugely pleased that the growing season is ahead of itself-by 3 weeks, in some instances. When we arrived here on the 1st, he said, "They say if your corn is knee high by the fourt' of July you got it made. We made it by the first."

C and I went up about 10 to buy milk and bread, saw a wagonload of rhubarb backed up to slaughterhouse door, where John said he'd be, so we went to have a look. Two boys were pushing the rhubarb to the back of the wagon, where young women came and got it, took it to stainless steel tables normally used for butchering, where lines of women were cutting it into pieces. They are processing a ton of rhubarb this morn, for wine, and they likely were done by the time we delivered John back from the garden a few min. ago. Besides John, Pastor Wipf and Boss Waldner were both on hand too, the Boss kidding that they were making vinegar. Pastor W is fixated on why I can't remember specific Hutterites from the Rockport colony of 25-30 years ago, so there was some dead-end conversation about that. Boss W told me if I hear of anybody in Seattle who wants a few thousand geese, let them know.

After the garden, John, evidently enjoying riding in our car, suggested we drive down to the river. It is a beautiful bottomland, Priest Butte in the bgnd, the Teton winding thru. He showed us where the water level of the '64 flood was, burying that bottomland which must be a third of a mile or more across to a depth of maybe 24 feet.

On the way back, having noticed that the oats too are far ahead of schedule--already showing some heads--I asked about hail insurance, John said no, they trust in the Lord. He added, though, that farming is getting so costly--he pointed to a field west where a pivot water system was operating, saying it costs about \$100

6 July cont.--an acre to plant, what with electricity and fertilizer--that maybe the day was coming when people would have to insure at least the cost of their sowing.

At the start of our tour, John showed us the cemetery, which is also in his charge. 14 headstones, the total mortality of this colony since 1949 origin. Only two were deaths by old age, a Waldner who had been the elder of all the colonies of this moiety or whatever it might be called, and his wife. A casualty of cancer, some youngsters killed in accidents, a few infants--including one of John's own, a twin--all in all, a remarkably unmarked group of people here, less than 10% mortality in nearly 35 years.

24 Dec.--As I cleanout notebooks today, and consolidate C's New Rockport ^{Journal} into the back of this diary, I'm inserting here some details of the New Rockport stay I don't want to get away:

--John Waldner, showing us textbooks for his German school, said he'd bartered corn for photocopying of text ppl in Gt. Falls.

--He showed us a book of the dead he maintains, the total mortality of that particular branch of H'ites since coming to North America: as I remember it, name, date and place of birth, date and place of death, all in fine handsript. He flipped into early part of book to show us the death of a man in Alcatraz, a WWI draft resister.

--Showing us the exercise books his students have to compile, he came to Sam Wipf's and shook his head: "This boy wasn't born to memorize."

--In buying food at the colony, when we heard that the once-a-month batch of ginger snaps had been baked we asked to buy 3 dozen, and instead were given them.

--Asking to buy butter, and envisioning homemade farm butter, we instead were presented with Bluebonnet margarine.

--I asked John Waldner what the most profitable of his vegetables might be, he said the 700' of pumpkins he once planted; sold a bunch, gave pumpkins to other colonies, New Rockport ate pumpkins endlessly, and still there were pumpkins left.

8 July--I'm nagged a bit this morning by what seems a mild throat infection or, worse thought, the start of a cold. Except in the sinuses and back of throat, and a little lack of alertness, I feel pretty good. We'll head for Conrad later this morn, and Dupuyer this afternoon, and I think being in motion will mostly take my mind off nasal drip.

Everything has gone so well on this trip it's past time for some flub or another. Y'day ~~was~~ I got up, saw that the Rockies--the shard of ~~the~~ them visible here between a barn and a barracks--were nearly clear, and got us going early to Dupuyer. Stopped at Tom Chad's, made ourselves some coffee, I tried to call George Den Boer but got no answer. We headed the 8 miles up Dupuyer Creek to the Den B place anyway. The site still seemed marvelous for my English Creek ranger station, so we drove in to the house, found nobody home, and took a few quick photos from the yard west to the Walling Reef and rest of the looming mtn horizon there. Then went the $\frac{1}{4}$ mi. or so to the knob I'd had my eye on as a favorite viewpoint for my character Jick, and after looking carefully around for anybody, we edged up the north slope of it, taking photos of the view that includes Lake Frances and the Sweetgrass Hills, picking wild flowers as samples to be IDed for us by Judy Olson. A beautiful morning, all the flowers in bloom, the wind rippling in the meadow along Scoffin Creek below us, the mtns high and clear, the prairie going off to the Atlantic. After a bit, we climbed down, went to the creek for notes and pics there. Then back to Dupuyer for picnic lunch on Tom's lawn, and on to Valier, detouring on the way to go out toward where Dupuyer and Birck Creeks join. Spent a little time in the Valier public library, which is a beauty, then went to Jim Sheble's house for interview I'd arranged with him. Jim shows some age since having seen him 5 years ago--I suppose I do too--but he's still sharp, and I think provided considerable useful detail about sheep ranching. About 5, went to Harold and Maxine's. had rather wooly conversation there until 6--hard for anyone else to get a word past Maxine, which makes it tough to get anything out of Harold--and then all went to the Two Travelers supper club. And to the worst meal of the trip thus far, glacially slow.

8 July cont.--On the 6th of July, I worked around here awhile in the morning, then John Waldner showed us the colony garden, as I've noted, then after lunch we went to Choteau. I worked my way thru the rest of the Acantha for the summer of '39, then took time to freelance a bit into issues for '38 and '40 summers and came up with some surprisingly useful bits there: story of a ~~man~~ herder struck by lightning, some rodeo slang, etc. The couple of sessions I put in with the Acantha were very useful; a great bonus that the library has the bound vols. all the way back into the 1890's. I took a break midway that afternoon, went over to the post office to sign Dorothy Perkins' copy of Sky, asked if Earl's dad might talk to me about sheep; D said, you know, he said the other night he probably has a lot of stuff that might help you; why don't you come for supper? So tomorrow night, we do. Visited briefly with Dorothy and Carol Wall Jimenez, went to Log Cabin drive-in for cup of coffee and ice cream, C promptly showed up from her uptown shopping; in a minute we looked up and there was Tom Chad, who'd brought down his latest load of scavenged beer cans. Then after I'd finished at the library and C and I were doing some food shopping, we were haled from a parked pickup: John Waldner, in town with 2 other men on some sort of supply run. I turned to go somewhere else, was haled again: Vi Olson. Told her we wanted to link up with Judy on Saturday, she led us into clothing store where Judy was eyeing blouses, we made the arrangement. Vi when she'd met up with me was on way to library to get copy of Sky.

After all that bonhomie, C and I walked around Choteau some more, getting more Gros Ventre pics. We both like the town a lot. C commented last night, as we drove in after one more trip with the Rocky Mtn Front in full sight, that even what could have been an inconvenience--the distance the colony is from anywhere, the time we spend in the car--has worked out, by providing us with constant sense of the country as we travel it.

11 July--8 a.m.--Today we start for home by what sounds like circumnavigation, heading east to Havre. A sunny cloudless day, possibly our hottest during this stay. Whatever develops, we're grateful for as cool weather as we've had here in the Choteau country.

I finished the main chunks of research Friday night, with the interview of sheepman Ira Perkins of Bynum, and yesterday dawned so fetching we decided to drive to Augusta just for the hell of it, to go along the glorious Front one more time. Came back for picnic lunch in the park in Choteau, then drove up the north fork of the Teton to consult with summer ranger Judy Olson about wildflowers of the area. About 3:15, we pulled in for a quick call on Bud and Carol Guthrie. They had newly-arrived company, a Glen Falls, NY, high school ~~teacher~~ teacher named Robert Fulton and his wife; Fulton has long corresponded with Bud, and uses his books in a western lit course. It must actually be a Guthrie course, because in the conversation it developed that Fulton had never heard of Mildred Walker, Jim Welch, Dick Hugo or me. Bud has worked up the nickname of Steamboat for Fulton and occasionally calls his wife the Delta Queen; it seems to be one of those friendships that started off as sycophant-writer--I remember reading of one DeVoto had, and Flannery O'Connor had maybe several--and deepened. ~~into the present~~ The notable part of our quickie visit, though, was seeing the cover of Bud's Sept. novel: a fine watercolor of the view out his window, Ear Mountain and the jackpine foreground. So a handsome cover, and a not-bad title: Fair Land, Fair Land. We hope like hell the prose is good.

How a reputation dogs a person: we've heard endlessly that Guthrie is (a) a drunk and (b) getting senile. For the third time in a row, our total acquaintance with him, he is nowhere near either. An 82-yr-old man, yes, but even his thought processes haven't slowed down nearly as much as might be expected. It may be that like any of us, he repeats himself somewhat--he told the Ted Morrison/western movie story y'day, and his friend Fulton said yes, he remembered that from Blue Hen's Chick--but he's up and dry and functioning.

11 July cont.--We stayed a little more than an hour at Guthrie's, left after seeing his writing room--portable typewriter at a desk near high loft window out to Ear Mtn--and headed back to Choteau. In town, we decided to have a drink before supper at the Log Cabin, so looked around a bit. Choteau's bars are bucket-of-bloodish--one of them, the Pioneer, is said to be where the dopers of the oil crews hang out; indubitably it has a shagnasty clientele, by whatever mode they're altering their consciousness--so we looked around contemplatively until we saw the Antler, decided to give it a try. Walked in, ordered scotch, the barmaid said Johnny or Cutty, and we knew we'd hit it right. The whole trip so far has gone like that, right decisions with or without our help.

Back here at the colony, we did some packing of the car, then really simply were sitting around waiting for dark; the immensity of daylight out here and the problem of shutting off our stimulated heads in favor of sleep continue to boggle us. I'd seen a van come down the road about 8:15, though, and had the expectation which proved out: about 9, John Waldner arrived, back from his visit to family in the Saskatchewan colonies. We poured him a farewell snifter of wine, gave him a bottle of Almaden mountain rhine in thanks for his hospitality and help, and said goodbye with real regret. He is one of the memorable people either of us has ever met.

John had not much more than gone when Dave Wipf, the sheep boss/machinist, showed up. Our first visit from him, and since we haven't been able to figure out much return courtesy to the Hutterites except to offer wine of outside varieties they don't ordinarily get and to seat them in the easy chair which is probably the only comfortable place to sit in the entire colony, Dave soon was so sprawled into the chair we wondered if he might go to sleep. He's a different sort than John, but admirable and capable in his own way. Dave has a bit more Germanic accent than John, and with it a striking knack of phrase, perhaps a love of language in a man whose life doesn't allow for its full flowering. When we met him some days ago, he said of the hypochondriacal nature of sheep, "Sheep have such mercy for themselves." Showing me the enormous metal-bending machine they'd built, he said a man at another colony had done a smaller model

11 July cont.--"and we exaggerated it." Along that same line, he said of the inventiveness of Hutterite machinists, "Some of them are very aggressive." (And when I said back, more aggressive than you guys?, he thought a moment and said, no.)

There's more, immensely more, to be noted down, but in sum this simply has been a fascinating stay. The land, the weather, the good people we've met in this colony, the way we've whipped the research we set out to get--it'd be hard to better any of it. And so on to our next leg, of which Dave Wipf last night gave us one of the lines of this trip: If it's Havre, you can have 'er.

13 July--Havre, and what I hope will be the only diary entry I ever make from here. This place has been the bummer, the dud, of the trip, though it's been such a good trip even Havre's skew hasn't hurt it much. We came over here from the New Rockport colony on Sunday, arriving about mid-afternoon, and as I began making phone calls to talk with people, I knew the idyllic Choteau-Dupuyer portion of the trip was over. Everybody on the other end of the phone was gabby or loose around the edges or more likely both. The middle call of the 3, to Charlie Brill, alarmed me considerably. Brill had run stories in the local daily and the local weekly about my coming here and my research interests--the description of those was off by about 179 degrees--and rambled on to say he'd set up various interviews for me, arranged for a signing at Bear Paw books, on and on. I bailed out of that phone call as rapidly as I could and furiously dialed Dean Vaupel of Bear Paw Books, to see what the hell was going on with this purported signing which I knew nothing of. It turned out that Vappel had had somewhat better sense than Brill and simply let it be known that I'd be around for a few days and if people wanted books signed, they could leave word at the store. But that was our intro to Havre, and most everything here has been slightly or sometimes majorly out of whack ever since. We're both sanguine this morning, looking forward to clearing out of here about noon and hightailing for Glacier Park. But I see now that this dogleg to the trip was a mistake, and

13 July cont.--the corollary lesson seems to be not to try deal in person with people such as those who answered my ads.

For all that, the stay here might have produced more than it did but for Charlie Brill's overhelp. He is of the type who complicates everything he touches, and y'day I repeatedly found myself losing time coping with something he'd "arranged" or was eager to arrange. He's a retired railroad conductor, I guess a sort of civic do-gooder, and a further guess probably not a bad person; Dean Vaupel and the local librarian Bill Lisonby both seem to think he's a good enough soul. Anyway, y'day went like this. By 9, C and I were at the farm of Elmer and Grace Gwynn 13 miles n. of Havre, Gwynn another of the correspondents who answered my ad. Had not too bad an interview where, came back to town by about 10:45, went by Bear Paw books, found Vaupel in the middle of moving his store from one floor of the Atrium shopping center to another. Then went over to sort out Brill, with C to come back for me in half an hour in case he proved as gluelike as he sounded over the phone. He didn't; if anything, he has bursts of shyness--the only person I can think of for whom that is possible--between his scheduling excesses. He had a typed list of interview possibilities, including 4 in ~~the~~ the very apt. bldg where he lives. I haven't been able to get in touch with the fellow who I think would prove to be the most rational of Havre sources--in fairness to Havre, Brill et al, that's a sizable part of the skew in the situation--and so thought I might gain some quick interviews off Brill's in-house list. Told him I'd be back for those, late afternoon. Went back to Bear Paw books, C and I had lunch with Vaupel, and confirmed what every Montana author has told us, that signing in Havre is futile, the handful of books just isn't worth it, despite Vaupel's enthusiasm. After lunch a whispery sort of kid from the local radio station asked to interview me, and it struck me that his questions weren't too bad. Then to the public library, a crammed sad little old Carnegie. I asked Bill Lisonby for bound volumes of summer '39 Havre paper, it turned out he had the microfilm but bound copies were in storage. All right, we'd get them out of storage. Off Lisonby and I

13 July cont.--went to the basement of city hall. In a tangle something like a rubbish heap were back issues of magazines and of the Havre daily; the newspapers are bound month by month, and of course were not in chrono order at all. We flummoxed and at last came up with May and Sept. of '39 (not helped by inability of Lisonby, who seemed a pleasant guy and with his head screwed on well enough otherwise, to remember what year I wanted) and I said I'd settle for those. Back to the library, where C ~~was~~ started on the bound vols for me and I tackled the microfilm for the rest of the summer. The Havre paper was and is maybe the most dismal I've seen, very near criminal in its neglect of local news, so at least the scanning went rapidly. When I was about 2/3 done, Lisonby came by with somebody he announced as, like himself, an emeritus prof from ~~W~~ Northern; I didn't catch his name, but he seemed to be a historian: tall Don Quixote-like figure with white goatee. He promptly sat down and began asking me about Ft. Logan/Camp Baker in the WSS country. This was entirely typical of the day's discontinuities, but fortunately lasted only 10 min. or so. C and I had disposed of the Havre paper by about 3, came to the Gountry Kitchen for coffee and ice cream, she stayed at motel and I went off to Brill's interview candidates. The first of them, Frances Inman, proved to ~~be~~ justify the effort; good story of spreading 'hopper poison herself while her husband was off on a constcn job. The next candidate was about to go feed her father in the rest home, so nothing possible with her. The one after that, when the door finally opened, proved to be a man with terribly advanced emphysema; he'd staggered to the door to let us in--why, I'll never know--and was exhausted and breathless. The spectre of Dad's illness filled that room and I got us out of there pronto. The last candidate, Frank Lammerding, provided a few good phrases.

I then departed Charlie, came back to motel to make a few notes and have a shower, then we met Charlie and Rita Long, the researcher he'd gratuitously hired and set to work on his addled notion of what my research wants were; I had thought I ought to both ~~be~~ pay him off, (buy him off maybe better says it) and shed him with dinner. Actually dinner turned out to be fairly

13 July cont.--painless, Brill not too bad a guy when he's not trying to take over your life. But naturally, when the check came he grabbed it and wouldn't be reasoned out of it. All in all, the Charlie Brill episode has been a reminder of how lucky I've been so far, in not having to fend with many characters or hangers-on.

Other Havre quirks: while I was in Bear Paw books, a guy who'd been at the UMont alum meeting recognized me from my brief reading there; he turned out to be from Seattle, on his way home from Paris and England. The weather too has been zany: cool enough ~~at~~ y'day morn, then increasingly sultry, then a downpour about supper-time which left the gutters flooded.

Should note before I forget that we invited Mary Clearman for a drink our first evening in town. Glad to meet her, as C and I both admire some of her short story work; it sounds, though, as if being ~~about~~ dean, and having 5 children--and she's pregnant again--is keeping her from any work on a novel.

That, with luck, flushes Havre from my mind. I've been telling myself not to keep this stint as the final memory of a superb trip, and so to recap a bit of the last New Rockport days. Our stay at the colony was both remarkable and pleasant. The Hutterites are something like a peasant community time-warped into a technological world. The men have adapted wonderfully, meanwhile keeping their women trapped back in peasantry, so far as we could see. The one thing neither of us liked ~~about~~ about the Hutterite life is the dim role of women. One gets to be head cook and one gets to be in charge of the milk--I suppose because of all the equipment-scouring that involves--and that seems to be the limit of their possibilities. Within the families, relationships looked better. But the men do indeed run that world, inevitably to the detriment of whatever talent may be in those women.

Fragments from our New Rockport time:

--The woman in charge of the milk, a blunt-looking chunky woman, told us the Meadowgold truck had just

13 July cont.--picked up 6750# of milk. For the week? I asked. No, she said triumphantly, effery ~~was~~ ot'er day! She thought for an instant, then reached under her apron, held her palm up in front of her, tapped into it with a forefinger--her cows were producing an average of 55#, she announced over her pocket calculator. ("fifty-five and a heff," as she put it.)

--This same day, when we were shown around ~~the~~ the machine shop, Peter Wipf showed up. At 79, he's the oldest in the colony, a graybeard with a ticky heart, a cane and a courtly manner. He was something like a Chinese ancient to be around. We talked with him a bit between his son Dave's tour of the shop for us, C shot a pic, asked if she could take one out in the sunshine. It turned out that Peter very much wanted his pic taken; invited us to his home--he and his wife proudly told us it's where Dorothy Payton always takes her coffee break from school--and poured us a snifter of rhubarb wine. Evidently clocks, thermometers and calendars are all that are allowed on walls, so the Wipf household had a number of those. After a little conversation with Peter, we gathered that he must have been a Hutterite technology victim; as a young man in Canada he'd been a horse boss, responsible for 180 workhorses, but New Rockport had gone to tractors when it was founded in the late '40's and Peter seems not to have been one of the colony's top leaders. He has however contributed 8 sons, including Dave and Sam the blacksmith, guys who could rebuild the world if they had to. Peter's wife Mary is an old German portrait, somebody out of maybe Holbein; she was playing with her year-old grandson Timmy, pretending horror and dismay as he tapped her with a flyswatter.

--Dave Wipf said there's a newish Hutterite colony east of Malta which in its first few years had such dismal crops the Hutterites have thought about giving up on it and selling it off; this year's crop looks good enough that they're holding off.

--The New Rockport machine shop includes a homemade bending machine which can put angles of up to 90 degrees in 10' long ~~sheet-metal~~ sheet-metal, and a lathe of at least 12" diameter capacity; Dave showed us a

13 July cont.--sausage-making machine turned on that lathe which was about the size of a coffee urn.

--Dave Wipf, when he visited us our final ~~mid~~ night, had just got settled in the easy chair and, after mulling a bit, decided to take us up on our offer of a scotch instead of wine; I got the bottle, with about a third left in it, out of the refrig and began to pour when Dave suddenly said, Can I ask you something? I said sure. He said, did you just start on that bottle when you came here? Actually it was at least our second bottle, as we've tried to tone ourselves down enough for any hope of sleep after the overstimulated days, but I said, yeah. You're doing pretty good, Dave said in some mix of incredulity and I think admiration.

--Along this same line, George the chicken boss told me I certainly was growing a beard, which indeed must look sumptuous to the chinline-growers of the colony.

--A story I forgot to note down from Carol Guthrie. When Bud was honored with a Gov's Day award, ~~the staff fixated on~~ a photog was sent out to get a picture of him at work. G's wall behind his typewriter ordinarily has some awards and such hung around, but Bud and/or Carol G got the idea of having just the pics of Bud's two most ~~admired~~ ^{inserted} admired friends, Robert Frost and Theodore Morrison, ~~as~~ backdrop. (Carol G has a sense of stage; C pointed out, though I hadn't noticed it, that she had a copy of Sky in prominent display in Bud's writing room when we visited it) So the pic was taken, and a copy sent to Morrison, whom neither C nor I imagined was still alive. Bud heard back from Morrison that the pic was a fine inspiration; he'd had a hard time recently, age and his wife's ill health, but if Bud could still work day by day beneath his portrait, he supposed his life had been worth something.

--Probably the best tribute I've had this trip, and one of the best possible: When I asked Ira Perkins about approaching tetchy sheepherders when he tended camp, he replied, "it's just the way you ~~described~~ described it"--in Sky--"They'll be looking off across the country instead of at you..."

16 July--Home the night before last, and in y'day's grocery boxload of mail, the 1st Sea Runners reviews, handsome twins. Pub's wkly was good, Kirkus was grand, calling Runners a distant cousin to Deliverance but more lyrical, less manipulated: it'll do, it'll do.

So the dice roll continues, all three books--no, the three extant and the fourth aborning--prospering: Sky in sales and reputation, W Bros on its way in p'back and tv, Runners with the best initial reviews of them all; and the Montana trip chocked with stuff for English Creek, and maybe books beyond. I am much overdue to skin my nose on misfortune.

As noted the morning we left the place, Havre was the lone hangnail of the Montana journey. It wobbled on as it had been after I ~~wrote~~ wrote that diary entry. We made a quick stop at the county library, found next to nothing. I went on to Bear Paw Books for newspaper interview arranged ~~there~~ by Dean Vaupel the previous day; was being questioned by lanky Kathy somebody in the coffee shop when an announcement came at my left shoulder: "Mr. Doig, I'm Karen Davis." The situation turned out to be that Davis had been canned from the job on the Havre daily now held by Kathy somebody. Davis settled down to take notes--to poach on Kathy's qns, that is--and matters flummoxed on from there. I have no idea whatsoever how either story will turn out; at one point I mentioned the radical Depression politics of the Plentywood area and Kathy turned cow eyes to me and asked, are you a socialist? (I assured her not, that I'm a historian, but christ knows what she ~~bl~~ mangle into print.) When Kathy left, Davis stayed on and on, thru lunch, then with us to the car, at last taking reluctant final photos ~~xx~~ virtually as we climbed in. Havre was my first real sense, in the whole trip, of people all but clinging to me, evidently for the sake of any ripple at all in their lives. Davis, I should say, was also quite funny about Havre and her couple years there. She'd just done a GF Trib piece on a geese counting project, because Havre is where the flyway splits, one migration of geese going from there to the Midwest and the other to the Pacific regions, and she said all she could think of as she wrote the story ~~k~~ was that 50,000 geese

16 July cont.--refused to fly over Havre. She said too that a friend of hers in the military had been in Germany before assign't to Havre, and he referred the experience as two overseas tours in a row.

We ~~x~~ could see heavy weather ahead in Glacier Park, so chose the Marias Pass route. Hit terrific rain there, smack on the Divide. Nearing W. Glacier, both of us getting travel-groggy by that time of day, I vaguely vetoed camping at Apgar on the basis that I wanted a real bed that night, so we went on to Whitefish and a motel. It rained and lightnined terrifically that night, so my bed-yearning kept us from a drenching. We had supper at Stump Town Station, another of our regular stops, and were restored. Both of us like Whitefish, and maybe we ought to spend some time there.

Wild weather continued on the drive home on the 14th--clouds down almost to the base of the Glacier mtns as we drove along Flathead Lake, a gale-force wind and spasms of dust storm across eastern Washington, heavy rain again in the Cascades.

I came out of it all feeling pretty good, not even particularly stiff when I went to the track y'day, but C again has caught a travel cold, disturbing to both of us. We're trying to dope out what might cause these--what might head them off--but no luck yet.

Nothing catastrophic in the mail; the good reviews, copy of a poem a California poet named Robert Madoc dedicated to me because of Sky, some bookstore requests for signings. Oh, and 3 boxes of C's pics, which we went thru at once and I labeled. They're good work, should help immensely in trying to hang on to feel of the country for English Creek ms.

Mid-afternoon y'day I started tackling the garden, which is something of a runaway mess. Last night we had fresh peas and beets from it, this morn had a 3-berry breakfast--raspberries, strawbs, and small black-berries.

18 July--4th full day home since Montana, and tomorrow I begin again on the English Creek ms. Daunting, how much time it's taken to ~~assemble~~ sort out the trip's aftermath. But I am caught up on correspondence, the garden and grass under control, 5 of C's 6 boxes of pics sorted and labeled; perhaps a decent amt done, though I do have the feeling of needing to get the ms underway again.

Have slept long and sound all 4 nights we've been back, and surprisingly don't feel much better for it; merely a mark of how far behind I was in sleep in Mont., evidently. Or it may be that humidity or allergy is dragging on me, despite all the sleep. Or it simply could be chores, which seem to debilitate me pretty quickly. I actually feel not bad, just not up to ~~me~~ the do-anything ~~x~~ capability I had in Montana.

19 July--Air is heavy today, I could use much more alertness than I have, but did manage to work on start of ms all morning, and take notes on 2 Havre interviews this afternoon. Have revised the lead to ~~me~~ begin with, "That month of June swam in...", a section which read livelier to C and I in Mont. than the original lead, and which still read that way to me today.

C's cold worse today, a real siege. Exasperating to both of us to have her sick a week or two after every piece of travel.

21 July--Hard sledding, most of the time since we've been home and particularly the past couple of days. I have managed to recast the 1st half dozen pp. of the ms and to take notes on 3~~x~~ interviews, so I evidently am getting things done. But energy comes and goes pretty rapidly, and I find myself putting things off; must have used up a lot of determination in Montana, when it was notable that I marched through whatever needed doing. Current affliction, somewhere between lassitude and frustration, maybe is made up of tiredness, complexity of work ahead, distractions impending (Sea Runners, Frank and Lucie's visit). Nothing serious, and the cure or at least palliative likely is just to fasten onto some number of tasks and do them.

27 July--The past 6 days have gotten away from this diary; luckily, didn't get away from me to quite the extent. Have just finished 2 straight hrs of doing whatever I could lay my hand on--replacing visors in the Ford, fighting mildew off bathroom ceiling, making Sept. eye exam apptmt, emptying ashes from barbecue grills, calling for garage apptmt for Buick tomorrow--in effort to jerk the schedule into place a bit more. All this, and an Ebey's Landing hike this morn. Left here about 7:30, were back a few min. after 2. Some fog blew through as we hiked, but a good outing even so. C promptly washed the Ford when we got home.

Y'day I revised 4 ms pp. of English Creek, pace I'll try do the rest of this week. Today's hike instead of work was an effort to take advantage of the year's best weather, and also to provide C a change of scene, in these last throes of her cold. I'm still not underway at full speed on the ms, but am getting something done.

Call from Liz first thing y'day, answering mine which was simply to pass along Pac NW request for galleys last Thurs. L's mother is ill in Florida and she's much hassled about that. Nothing new on Sea Runners, this is the in-between time.

Didn't do much memorable on the weekend--rather, on Sunday; Saturday was C's birthday, and by day's end we'd been called on by Phil, the Nelsons, and Ann McC who came for dinner. The Nelsons especially seemed thriving, Ann and Marsh taking tennis lessons, Sarah bound for pony camp, for god's sake... I didn't do a great job of birthdaying C this year, both of us increasingly stumped for presents: finally simply gave her Susan Stamberg's book and took her to lunch at Maximilian's at Pike Place.

Went to UW and dabbled in the NWC a couple of days at the end of last week. I'd felt so bedraggled, evidently partly because of humid weather, that I was considering taking off this week. Then the weather turned bright and clear, I laid off the ms shifts in favor of other work, and have felt much improved.

27 July cont.--Last Thurs. night, we went to the Crest to see again The Man Who Would be King, probably our third time; still liked it, great craft all through.

Have recently read Scott & Amundsen book, which I think makes its pro-Amundsen case with marshaled facts but misses no chance to dump on Scott--who maybe royally deserves it. Also Floater, funny.

So, now to see if I can make the next 4 weeks function reasonably, before the commotion of Frank and Lucy's visit.

29 July--A gray semi-muggy day when I don't feel the greatest, yet the morning's work went pretty well. Am revising a dozen pp. this week, and so far am a page ahead of sked. Also, I may have seen a route to simplify English Creek, drop it to 4 or 5 chapters instead of 7; this 1st section I'm doing showing signs of getting so long, I'd better consider something of the sort.

Y'day went to U Dist for lunch with W'shaw and Sourbeer. No definite news out of that, no specific date set yet for showing WBros on Chan 9, no other stations or PBS network will consider the show until it airs here. W'shaw says Sourbeer is going to Dallas, in Richie Myers' wake, but S himself mumbles around the question.

Afterward, I went to NW Collection, did hr or so of ferreting for lingo for English Creek. It's a task to go thru the self-published and other quasi- stuff as I am, but material is there.

C is out shopping this morning, the Buick is in for radical surgery. I'm dreading the phone call which will announce it'll take \$600 to fix up the front end, while my limit of what I want to spend is \$3-400. We are beginning to whack at major chores around here, not easily done because it requires one of us at a time to be quite vigorous and the other at least rousable, and such energy levels aren't that standard around here.

Surprise in mail from Havre y'day, a decent article by the daily's feature writer who interviewed me.

3 Aug.--Because of an attack we've launched on house chores, diary time has been scant. But y'day should be noted: letter from Tom Stewart saying pub date of Sea Runners is Sept. 30, letter from Howard Sandum of HBJ saying pub date of Harvest edition of Winter Bros is Oct. 20. Twins such as that, welcome any time.

4 Aug.--12:50, just emerging from one of those household snafus that pop up from nowhere. C flushed a bucket of scrubwater y'day morn, too late realized a toothbrush was still in it; today, abt 24 hrs later, the john quit flushing. She was at the college seeing Denzil, so I called RotoRooter, the guy arrived promptly, and before long it was like WWI^I around here. As the noise grew and grew I finally went to have a look, and the toilet was upside down in the middle of the bathroom floor, the plumber running some kind of a ream into it. I recoiled in startlement, without thinking of what all that was likely doing to the bathroom floor, and tried to go back to work. Noise worsened, went on and on, the plumber at last informing me his final resort was to try melt the plastic brush with a propane torch. He had a torch but had forgot the head of it; had to go buy a head. Came back, his torch kept going out in the confined space. Said he'd have another plumber come, one with a real cutting torch, within the hour. The second guy just now has solved the situation, somehow quickly flicking the toothbrush out of the bend without all the megatons of attack, and is now restoring the toilet to its place.

Luckily I had the morning's 4 pp. written before all that ensued. The house is something like a bivouac area anyway, even without the plumbing mess, because of the new shelf I installed in the kitchen cabinet; all the glassware had to come out of the cabinet, and so is sitting on every level surface of the kitchen. C of course has been monumentally~~x~~ ticked with herself over the toothbrush accident, but seems to be restoring now that we don't have to buy a new john. Some day.

5 Aug.--C is hiking Dungeness with Jean and Lisa, I opted to stay home for some quiet time. It's only semi-worked, because most of the morning I had a helluva headache; fought it with alka-seltzer and aspirin until I was half-sick from those, finally went to the ~~State~~ Cont'l for an early lunch, which helped. Browsed Arbur and E U book store, then went to Pike Place to stock up on Bavarian meat mart stuff. Have more or less munged thru the afternoon--it's 4:15 now--with not much more than pr puff releases to ASJA newsletter and NU alum news to show for the day, but maybe that's okay. Have been hitting this house some real licks in recent days, as well as maintaining 4 pp of rewrite a day on English Creek, and it's a hefty enough schedule.

Occurred to me today that I've been looking at the next month as a time to be endured--C's folks' visit impending as a real barn-burner, with Frank's notion of moving to Seattle--but I think I should try turn that around and get some positive use out of the time. I still haven't made the plunge into the English Creek file cards, for ex; also, have deliberately held back on note-taking on the 3 last Montana interviews to have them as work during the Mullers' stay. If I can bring myself to bear more sharply on the writing in the next week or so, it'll likely be all to the good,

Didn't get around to reporting the other day the phone call from Father ~~R~~^Eddy, telling me of the arts festival his church is having in Sept. and of course anticipating that I'd give a reading, or be on a panel, or...He was fairly dismayed when I told him no, I'd be on a writing schedule then, couldn't interrupt it. He told me David Wagoner was coming "and he's much more a recluse than you are;" I said I doubted that, I was trying for the local record.

Y'day afternoon, after the plumbing war, I went to Edmonds for Wayne Sourbeer to shoot pub/pics of me on the ferry. Hope to get usable pics for myself, and maybe even an English Creek jacket pic, as well as the stuff for the Channel 9 show.

5 Aug. cont.--Either Mon or Tues I called Susan Peltzer to see when she needed my review of Bruce Brown's salmon book for the Reader, she said I was the first to know the Reader is kaput. Brewster is killing it, not even giving it the chance ~~to~~ at the fall book season. I was so relieved at not having to write the review that not until later, when C pointed it out to me, did it occur that the folding is ~~now~~ inopportune to The Sea Runners and the Winter Bros paperback. But I ain't agitating myself much over such things these days. Evidently Susan will now be parting company with the Weekly, but she said Brewster likely will run book reviews in it and would I like to do the Brown book that way? I said a prompt no, that if Brewster isn't going to give attention to the writing community with the Reader I don't see why the hell I should contribute to him. Susan took it as a vote of thanks to her, which I did somewhat intend but moreso a flip of the rigid digit in Brewster's direction, and so I guess I got some easy credit from it with her. She's stepping in part-time at Pac NW where Deb Easter stepped out, so it's since occurred to me that I may be crossing paths with Susan again there, about the galleys of the Sea Runners I sent at Deb's instigation.

What else. Uncomfortable weather, surprisingly humid, much of the time since we returned from Montana. Beyond doubt it contributes to my feeling of not being geared up. Wish I could work out a behavior formula against it: exercise, or rote chores, or something. One morn this week, I think Tues., I woke up absolutely dragged out; after b'fast, managed to nap for half an hour or so, felt okay and promptly did the morning's 4 pp. I suppose a lot of the situation is just my own excuse-making, but I can't seem to get into the physical shape I want because the weather drags at me, and the weather seems to drag at me because I'm not in the physical shape to combat it tooth and nail...For all this, I was proclaimed healthy at my Cp Health checkup abt 10 days ago.

9 Aug.--Decent day of writing; 4 pp. revised, plus one rough-drafted, a sked I am going to try keep this week. Over the weekend I worked up a schedule for the 3 wks of Frank and Lucie's visit, determined that the time won't just vanish into hot air; have just made resvtn for 2 nights at D'nness Bay motel to immerse myself in the ms there, too.

Few minutes before 4 now, and it began raining abt $\frac{1}{2}$ hr ago as I was readying to go to the track for exercise. Am feeling cabin fever considerably, so will go out for a Seattle Times.

3d straight good review of Sea Runners, from Booklist, came today. Also invite to speak to Oregon Hist'l Society in Nov.; hate to think of writing another damn speech, though.

15 Aug.--We've decided to head for Vancouver tomorrow, lured by free accommodations with the Schneiders in their swapped house. Time for both of us to get out of the house again, anyway. The weather has been so wan this summer, it hasn't lured us out much. Which has made it quite a summer for my getting English Creek work done, though.

Finished jacket proof of Runners came y'day, with good blurb from ~~Thomas~~ Thomas Keneally and the Kirkus Review quote on back cover; all looks great. With it, good letters of endorsement from Ray Carver and James Houston, the ~~last~~ latter a considerable relief to me, H knowing more of the North Pacific than I ever will. So the winning streak continues.

Also, since last entry I struck bargain with Tom Vaughan of Oregon Hist'l Soc, \$500 for retooled version of Boise speech.

Tony and Noel Angell here for supper last night--folks we seem to enjoy quite a lot, and may see more of.

My mood currently, at least this weekend, is teetery; wanting to have Frank and Lucie's visit, and all the tensions of that, behind us; wanting to be transported to about Sept. 12 and an Oregon coastal cape.

18 Aug.--3:15, of a day that has gone out from under me without my much noticing it. Have taken some reading notes for English Creek, written to Tom Vaughan of the Oregon His Society, coped with invitation to Sitka--or maybe didn't cope, since I seem to have accepted it--and not much damn else. I don't have a word output to meet this week, simply am gearing up toward Frank and Lucie's three weeks here.

A good trip to V'couver, though the drive back bothered the eyes of both of us. But it was a pleasure to spend more time with the Schneiders, who with their affable unscheduled style are probably the least hassled of any of our friends by such a visit. We got there a few minutes before noon--had stopped in B'ham for gas and to visit the Robinsons in their bookstore--on Monday, and that afternoon C and I went downtown to see the new courthouse complex designed by Arthur Erickson, visited the native prints gallery (and bought a James Houston print), walked a little in Stanley Park, then met the Schneiders near the Maritime Museum for picnic supper. Y'day we left the house about 8 a.m., not a peep out of any Schneider yet, and went to Stanley Park to walk some more. Spent a couple of hours, then went to the Maritime Museum where I browsed for 45 min. and C flopped on the beach and watched the freighters in English Bay. Had lunch at Simpatico, terrific ~~g~~ Greek food; then on to Museum of Anthro at UBC. The coastal art collection there is so dazzling it's overwhelming; needs to be browsed for about a week, rather than tackled in one stint. The entire trip to V'couver was worth it for me to see Bill Reid's raven-and-clamshell sculpture. It's so powerful a piece it seems ready to lift that room of the museum, explode the walls. Yet also a moving, emotionally strong a piece as I've ever seen. Tremendous, tremendous.

HBJ catalog with Harvest edition of Winter Bros in it; C and I both still find it hard to believe that they're bringing out the book. I hope to Christ they sell some.

As to English Creek, I'm at 84 pp. of rewrite, hope to make at least 90 by the time the Mullers' stay is up; then get another 30 by Oct. 1; then revise and fit together for two more weeks, for sending to Liz.

18 Aug. cont.--So the ms work has gone pretty well since we came back from Montana. Much fitting together is needed, and some patches are yet to be tackled at all, but Creek is the most willing, least hassling, of my mss yet. It also seems to present its own ideas as it goes along, unlike Sea Runners which had to be contrived and contrived.

23 Aug.--2:30 of day 4 of Mullers' stay; we're getting along pretty well, although C, now out on a walk with Ann McC, says she'd like more space today than she's so far been afforded. I spent the weekend tightening up the woodhouse--a lovely run of weather--and have it ready for winter, only awaiting a cord of wood. Frank was considerable help, with advice and even some woodworking to make door catches.

I'm not doing too badly at marching thru tasks, so far. This morn, batted out a brief piece requested by Library Journal for its first novels article; also have taken notes on Elmer Gwynn tape, read quite a lot of McGregor diss'n, and still have an hour or more until going to the track for exercise.

4th good review of Sea Runners, in Library Journal--which breaks the string of pallid-or-less reviews there.

25 Aug.--Record hot weather, high 80's the last few days. Stays comfortable here beneath the trees.

C and her folks are out looking at retirement homes Frank wanted to see. I've been working like hell during their stay--this is day 6--and am piling up results. Just finished taking notes on Jim Sheble interview; I have one tape left, of Ira Perkins, to dispose of the Montana tapes of this summer. Haven't been writing these days, though I hope to on Friday, so the schedule has been a conglomerate of household chores, reading, tapes, phone calls.

My mood isn't bad, though it is wearing to have visitors in this house, every sound piercing through and customary schedules and behavior askew. The Mullers' visit is always about twice as long as it should be, I guess because of Frank's craving to be out of that retirement home. I'm considerably apprehensive that he's going to talk himself into a move out here, and then after about the first month of rain and arthritis-sharpening chill find that he's made

26 Aug. cont.--a helluva mistake. Along with this goes the peril of having Lucie in proximity of C. So, I dunno. If it happens, it happens, I guess.

Called Archie today, will go up to Edmonds tomorrow to have lunch with him.

27 Aug.--11 a.m., decent morn's work, 2½ pp. written, sheep anecdotes derived from Ira Perkins' tape. C is at Sh'line, to pass along to Denzil the UW Com School changes.

A big beneficial day y'day; finished piling the cord of wood into the woodhouse, tk notes on the Perkins interview, got in some reading, wham bang thankye ma'am on whatever chore showed up. Went to Edmonds for sack lunch with Archie and his officemate at Alaska Pub'g, Terence Cole. Archie's been hired as editor to launch an Alaska NW-type magazine for the Northwest, brainstorm of pub'r Bob Henning. Like its progenitor, it's going to feast off semi-pro contributors--a pic and text piece tops out at \$300-\$400; at H's suggestion, Archie has sent spec sheets to 600 regional n'paper offices, inviting staffers to free lance. So it's bucks for Archie, on his salary, but nobody else except Henning, if the ~~gk~~ thing flies. I wonder though if it will, lacking the us-against-the-world mood of Alaskans who comprise the audience for that magazine. Once again, Archie is saying maybe the \$\$ from this job will free him to someday do the writing he really wants to.

Cool, a bit clammy, weather today and y'day, down into low 60's. No rain yet, though.

Day 8 of Frank and Lucie's stay. They've had a look at 2 retirement homes--one they can't get into because their income is too high, and one on Qn Anne which Frank proclaims himself interested in, even though it lacks a kitchen which is one of his prime complaints against their current situation. There are a couple of more to be seen, then I guess whatever eventuates, eventuates. The stay had its rocky moments this morning, luckily with a comical fringe; C was taking a shower in her hurry to go up and see Denzil when Lucie began banging on the bathroom door and calling, "Carol, are you in there. Are

27 Aug. cont.--you in the shower? Carol?" It turned out she had forgotten her teeth, and it turned out too that she had no qualms whatsoever about hauling C soaking from the shower to hand them out to her. When C managed to get off to campus, I went out for a cup of coffee and to say a civil good morning, and was at once met by Frank with an avalanche of philosophy about how lucky we are, not having parents living with us, etc. I tried to parry that noncommittally and get out of there--I was just getting underway on the day's writing--when he somehow curlicued to the observation that it sure was lucky that noise didn't bother him like it did me, he had been able to sit right in the middle of the Colonial office and work with all sorts of noise around him. I gritted against that and set off ~~xxx~~ out of the kitchen again, only to be barricaded by some other turn of his which somehow led to the story of driving to work from Wayne NJ in a snowstorm, the story of getting a tire fixed in said storm, and even ~~like~~ a chapter of the Evanston hospital story when C was ill, which really alarmed me because that one goes on and on. None of this was meant with any malice--I think; I'm pretty sure not--but it epitomizes the difference between our households, the measured (and I guess dull, to them) pace of ours and the discontinuity, spill-it-right-out style of theirs. Minor enough aggravation, but aggravation.

So far, I have had success in using their visit as a lever to get work done. C too; we're both starting to get comments that we work too hard.

Sept. 1--So now it is Sept., and it feels like a hinge of the year, even some autumn in the air. Came home y'day from my Dungeness days to find the best harbinger of what's on its way, the first copies of Sea Runners. It's a beautiful book, distinction standing out all over it. Of the two copies I got--Tom Stewart's note says "rest coming by canoe"--I at once signed one up for Frank as a birthday present but forswore him and Lucie to silence about it until I can spring one, and the dedication, on John Roden.

Somewhat weary today, I guess playing out because of the schedule I've been keeping, the folks' visit, the general busyness. I went to the Dungeness Bay Motel

Sept. 1 cont.--on Sunday, holed up there to quarry Eng Crk material out of Montana tapes. Middling luck, I'd say, partly because I was a bit lackadaisical on Monday, my one full day over there. Some usable stuff, though. Today I've done 3 ms pages out of what I roughed there, and likely can garner another 5 or 6.

C, Lucie and Frank are at Mason Clinic, likely a real heller of a day for them all. Belden Durtschi was just here, looked over the hill for me and provided some advice on whether we can get reasonable amt of firewood from it.

Frank and Lucie have visited the Wesley Gardens retirement home at Des Moines and Frank is 1000% enthused about it. C says she's come around somewhat, thinks it might be a reasonable place for them. I'm still dubious, though I take the point that if they were out here we'd all be spared these crammed visits, and C wouldn't face the transcontinental problem in the health crises that are sure to come. So, I dunno. I think it could be a considerable mess, though, if Frank is the first to die and Lucie takes it into her head that she doesn't want to be out here.

So, I'm a bit out of steam today, and hungering for some empty time, and for us to have the house to ourselves again. A week to go now.

Pleasant birthday party for Frank last night, us and the Rodens. John and Jean are spectacularly good sports about visiting while Frank and Lucie are here.

Sept. 7--1st day of work after Labor Day; the birth of autumn, I suppose. Now 5 min. past noon, I've written the 2 pp. needed to total 100, and have gone thru abt half of ch. 1 to mark with yellow pp. where inserts and transitions are needed. In the doing of this, it always looks like an appalling amount of reworking needed, yet so far I've indicated abt a week or wk and a half of work, which is very close to schedule. There is going to be the problem of fighting off the distractions of this book season, but I've known that; will simply need to protect my mornings at all costs.

Frank and Lucie couldn't be inclined to any activities over the weekend--I offered three morns in a row to take Frank on the new waterfront trolley ride--and so C and I

Sept. 7 cont.--blithely went about working on the house. She has the majority ~~work~~ of the outside painted, and I've kiboshed a number of longstanding chores.

Saturday was one of those bonanza mail days that sometimes hits us, letters from Athenaeum and HBJ and Country Journal and 4 more copies of Sea Runners and all the Sea Runners dead matter, a bundle a foot high. Tom Stewart's news was that the book is ~~still~~ doing pretty well out here, spotty elsewhere; they have gone back to press for 2500 to add to initial 7500, which I think is the earliest back-to-press I've ever had. HBJ is meanwhile remaindering 4000 Winter Bros hardbacks. Cntry Jnl wonders if I can make an article from Eng Creek interviews.

It's now after lunch, 1:15; have just had a call from Liz, about her whacking some of the Gordian knot of Duncan Kelso's Sky pic book. She got in touch with Irene Skolnick, who's stayed on in NY as HBJ's rights person, and says she and Irene have "agreed to agree" that HBJ will take "some small percentage" of the project. So it's now up to Kelso, whether he decides to deal with Tom and me separately or whether Liz represents both of us to Tom. Liz added that Irene assumed she was calling about something else--an inquiry somebody has made about film rights to Sky. Irene hasn't had any ~~work~~ written inquiry yet, so hasn't passed it along to me.

The n'hood today sounds like a boiler factory, the Hirsches chainsawing trees and the heavy equipment roaring on the new park site. I am getting some work done, despite the uproar.

Which I suppose testifies that my mood is pretty good, C and I both looking forward to having the house to ourselves. We've both worked damn long days the past couple weeks, marching chores to completion, and are about ready to draw breath.

9 Sept. --And considerable breath got drawn last night, abt 10 hrs sleep for both of us. First autumn rain came in the night, too, a real drencher. Am actually glad to have weather of such definiteness, ~~which~~ makes easier the decision as to when we head for Oregon coast. Both feel comfortable, for now, with waiting out the rain until Sun. or Mon. if need be.

So the visit is past us, and we're turning to the remainder of the year. In the final week Lucie became a considerable thorn; when she's feeling poor she grows vague, and when she's feeling better she tends to nag and/or complain. We all know that medication is ~~behind~~ evidently behind most of it, yet there's also the point that whenever any one outside the family is around, John and Jean for instance, she gets hold of herself and is perfectly civil. Anyway, for all the attempts to discount her moods, in itself a considerably wearing effort, the proximity of all of us in this house is tough to put up with.

Enough said on that score. Although a bit worn from the schedule of the past 3 weeks I feel pretty good; got over drowsiness at the start of this morn by going out for a cup of coffee. And I don't feel too unstrung, at the moment, about having to build on the Eng Crk ms in the next month.

Called and wrote HBJ y'day to try delay their remaindering of W Bros; it seems to me dumping those 4000 copies in Oct. ~~is~~ is bound to undercut the Harvest ed'n, not to mention the hardbacks I might sell at signings. I likely won't sway them, though. Also called Duncan Kelso and passed along Liz's info to him. And did a little scheduling of signings and some other desk chores, not too badly situated at the moment on this fall's schedule. Thank god I hammered at matters as I did the past 3 weeks.

16 Sept.--Arrived home abt 4:30 y'day from Oregon coast, and after we unpacked the car C ran the phone message machine, which registered 9 messages. They recited nothing out of the ordinary, and were interspersed with sullen silences of non-messages, until #9; Nancy Michaelis of Liz Darhansoff's office, calling "about the paperback rights for The Seam Runners." Well, okay: as a welcome home, I'll take it. Phoned Liz's number, got the answering service, left my name and message that I'd be avbl this morn; ~~somebody asked for~~ answerer asked for my number. Oh, she has it, I said. Give it to me, the answerer reiterated. All right, so we're playing by NY rules: I gave it to her, and hung up. Pretty promptly I went out to pick strawberries, was just coming in when I heard phone ring and C answer it. It was Nancy Michaelis again, having checked with the answering svce-- and the news was Penguin, \$7500 and 7½%, pub'n fall '83.

So a book I wasn't sure would woo any paperbacker until it had been in the world awhile and maybe got plucked up for a trade p'back on the basis of its reviews, and which I figured wouldn't bring more than \$4000 at the ~~next~~ upper outside, has hit considerably better than that. It's again a case of more elegance than nutrition, as the 50-50 split with Atheneum will mean a thin return per book to me, but Penguinhood will --or ought~~to~~ to--mean that the book will be in print damn near forever, in there with the real literchur.

In short, giddy news, and C and I undoubtedly slept through the night grinning.

Will try catch up with the Oregon trip later today, but if I don't, it was a good one. We caught Indian summer--left here in clouds on Sat., holed up in Astoria in full-tilt rain that night, the next morn the weather cleared and got better day by day until y'day, when it still was pretty damn good. We walked Nehalem peninsula twice, restorative in itself.

20 Sept.--The money run begins. Day 1 of revising and bolstering the Eng Crk ms sample. In spite of a major summer of work, it'll be a stiff schedule--a couple of fresh pp. per day and revise of 4 or 5 of the existing ones each day as well, across the next 4 weeks. I guess it'll get done; I hope in fact to lean back and let it happen with some measure of enjoyment. But it is a week or two tighter than I prefer. This morn's work went reasonably well; opening pages brushed up fairly nicely into the lingo I want, anyway; but I had to force myself back to the typewriter after lunch to get the 2 fresh pp. I've had worse opening days.

C's first day back at Sh'line, and the weather declares it definitely is autumn--considerable rain in the night, overcast today. Nothing dire at the college this morn, she reports, altho there's some technological silliness: the new phone system makes it impossible to dial her directly, all calls must go thru college operator or a humanities sec.

Both of us have been in a good mood, feeling we have a lot to show for the summer. I pitched in on the house-painting on Friday, doing the ceiling of the car port, and she finished the rest the next morning--then went on and washed both cars. A mended woodshed, a patched roof, a fresh-painted house, considerable cleaning out and restowing here inside; progress, palpable progress.

Scott Reeburgh and his Fairbanks chum Sam Lynch dossed with us Th-Fri-Sat nights, passing through on their drive to start to college at Corvallis. Good independent kids, whom we simply gave a key and told to come and go as they pleased, holler if they needed anything; both have pilot's license, Scott has worked summers ~~xxx~~ for a Brooks Range guide, Sam has flown supplies for his family's construction company and run their tree-clearing machine. I know one motive of the Reeburgh's move to Alaska was to raise their kids in a saner way than they thought possible on the East Coast, and it seems to have worked. Scott will be interesting to watch in the years to come; besides his upbringing and his maturing jobs, he's had the experience of a terrible accident, an eye mishap which made him lie motionless in a hospital bed for weeks. And Sam in his own way already is capable well beyond his years, looking and behaving

20 Sept. cont.--more like a middle-aged construction worker than a college freshman. Having them around brought me the thought, which I carefully didn't announce to them, that it was just 25 years ago that I was doing exactly what they are, heading off for Northwestern.

Sat. night Phil invited us and Jack Gordon up for dinner. Good low-key evening, with terrific cooking by Phil. He seemed more relaxed and talkative, now that he and Ann have split. Jack gets more distinguished looking all the time, his red beard tremendous and gorgeous.

Began reading Gorky Park y'day afternoon, found it such a headlong story I kept at it somewhat too late last night. It's not as good a piece of writing as reviews said, but it is a clutcher.

Catching up on the Oregon trip, which was less than a week ago but somehow seems more like last spring already. After the motel night in Astoria rain, we put up the tent at Oswald West for next two nights. Both slept enormously the 1st night, somewhere around 11 hrs, and atrociously the next night. Cooked salmon and spuds in foil at Short Sand Beach one evening. Cape Falcon trail was closed because of storm damage, to my immense chagrin; it's maybe my favorite single coastal place. But I recovered, and we both notched ourselves down to relaxation; in my case, and maybe C's, it took until well into the second day, after we had the camping logistics solved. ~~Back~~ The Nehalem walking is always splendid, the combination of ocean, broad clean beach, the high assertive grass dunes, and mtns around. Both days we walked down to the jetty, where a dragline was grappling Volkswagen-sized rocks off trucks to build an extension. And we saw pelicans, a first on this coast so far as either of us could recall. Tuesday night, we went back to the Crest motel in Astoria, having decided against the over-priced place on the Manzanita beach, and next morn crossed the bridge, went to Ft. Canby interp center briefly, then walked the beach below Cape Disappointment. Customarily a drive home will frazzle me, but this time I tried to occupy myself with reading, and came out feeling OK.

Quiet on the book front the past few days, except for good ~~xxx~~ blurb quote for Sea Runners from Gary Jennings of Aztec.

Sept. 21--Another tough day, necessary pages winkled out of early afternoon hours after full morn of work. But the hard scene, the family quarrel, is beginning to bend. Today I sent the first 5 or so pp. with C to Marilyn for typing, just to have some visible progress toward the pile of ms. By the end of this week, I think I will have made real gains on the first 25 pp. or so.

Interestingly, Tom Stewart called today, he said just to chat about the Penguin buy and so on, but I think also in a slight twitch of nerves in our waiting game. He said, after I'd mentioned to him that I'm hard at the ms, to have Liz call him soon "and hold a gun to my head." A little hard to read this signal, although it looks like a good one in any interpretation; was he saying that with the Penguin sale he can now bring Pat Knopf around to more advance \$\$? or as C thought of, is he reading portents of Sea Runners success and wanting to sign a contract before we get uppity over that? or, as I figure, just going by the calendar and the seat of the pants and wondering how things stand? Anyway, I still intend to break my butt getting a good ms sample ready, figuring its both our best bargaining chip and a jump ahead on the book.

After a smarmy start of greyness and humidity, sunshine this afternoon. I've been getting to the track about 3, 3:30, and walking the n'hood just before lunch as well, necessary interludes toward sanity in this writing binge.

Have intended to add about the Oregon trip: the last morning, we were having b'fast in the Pig and Pancake in Astoria, going thru the Oregonian; Princess Grace was dead, and the president of Lebanon, and as I worked thru the paper, Leicester Hemingway had shot himself. C commented that it was a hell of a day for deaths, then I turned the page ~~next~~ to the story of John Gardner. That one I felt sharply, almost physically. Gardner was one of the good ones, astray at the moment on professorial themes but a valuable head--Grendel, On Moral Fiction, honorable craft.

27 Sept. -- 5 for 5 so far; Sea Runners reviews off to the best start yet. Today's mail brought the Sun-Times one sent by Ben Baldwin, and as C said, it praises all the right things.

Since last entry, Dick Estell has been heard from, asking to ~~read~~ do Sea Runners on Radio Reader, and the W Bros paperbacks arrived, late Fri. afternoon. WBros ~~cover~~ cover is creamier than the hardback was, very bright and spiffy.

Carefully kept a low-key weekend, which consisted of mostly rain anyway, and despite a kink or two--C and I both inexplicably came wide awake about 3:30, eventually did drop off again; I was slow-starting this morn, until going to Edmonds for coffee--I did a big day of work, revising 14 pp. Over the weekend C asked whether Tom Stewart might have been saying in that phone call that he simply wanted to get a contract signed, irrespective of ms sample; I think the ms sample still is a good idea, to focus both Liz and Tom onto a contract, but do believe I had better make it trimmer and leaner than my original intention, a rough of the 1st third of the book. Today's work was big step toward that.

Publishing party last night for Bruce Brown and his book Mtn in the Clouds; I've only skimmed the book but it looks like a good honorable job, dogged reporting and striving language. And the party was a good one. We met, for the first time, such literary citizens as Murray Morgan and Jack Brenner. Liked Murray a lot, a good wry pro. People were mentioning my novel and he asked about it, then said he's been scared off from fiction after two early tries, a mystery that did little and then a proletarian novel about a murder at Grays Harbor. He claims the prol'n novel sold 332 copies, which Dutton assured him was the least ever in their history, poetry included. Soon after he somehow met Malcolm Cowley, who urged him to write a history of Seattle, which Viking would publish if he could get a release from Dutton. M says his request was granted by Dutton by instant telegram, and so he did Skid Road for Viking, which in its various incarnations has sold about $\frac{1}{2}$ million.

Sept 29--The Sea Runners tide is tough to keep up with, but the main news is Tom Stewart's call to say there's a rave NYTBR piece by Mary Lee Settle. He read it to me, and indeed it sounds unreservedly fine.

Also today: returned call to Paul Pintarich of the Oregonian, who I think is going to do a praising column, though he maybe was a bit baffled by the voice of the book. And called Nancy Meiselas, Liz's ass't, who told me the Bellevue J-American is offering \$200 for Sea Runners excerpt of about 20 pp.; she said she and Liz had started at \$800, came down to \$500, still thought the exposure might be useful, did I want to take the J-A offer? I told her hell no, I've put in too much time out here trying for living-wage ~~income~~ fees, I wanted the message to reach the J-A, which says it's trying to compete with the Seattle Times, that it better learn to pay a reasonable fee. Nancy said Liz is sounding better, in this aftermath of her father's death, and will be back at work tomorrow; said she'd read to Liz my report of Tom Stewart's "hold a gun to my head" comment, and Liz giggled.

Oct. 1--Yesterday breakfast C advised me it was the 4th most important day of my life. Getting born, getting married, House of Sky pub day--and now pub day of my first novel. Pointed out to me I'll never again be a first novelist.

For all the swirl, this has been a tremendously good week of work: abt 40 pp revised and sent to typist with C this morning, and I've tinkered about another half dozen today. C read the 40 pp. last night, the cabin scene with Jick and Stanley, and claims its all hilarious. Whether or not it's that, it is fluent in my head and out the typewriter; some of those pp. are literally 1st drafts, and she couldn't single them out.

Today, at Sourbeer's call, I went to Alpha Cine with W'shaw and him for their final screening of WBros. And bonus of the week, not to say surprise of that whole tv project, I thought the show looks pretty damn good. I'm satisfied with myself on screen, the WBros prose sounds nifty, Wayne has some excellent coastal footage, and they came up with some memorable photos of Neah Bay and Makahs.

Oct. 1 cont.--S'beer and W'shaw also conveyed the good news that their Jim Wickwire show is going national, on the public network. Since I think WBros is even defter work on the^u part, I speculated with C whether that portends PBS picking up WBros as well; she figures the mtn climbing mystique, and Wickwire and his horrific experiences, give that show a tang and appeal which ours doesn't automatically boast, and that's likely right.

Last night, to celebrate Sea Runners pub day, we went to Pantley's for a drink and to watch sunset--y'day's weather was glorious, one of the brightest clearest days of the year--and then to Chez Claude for dinner. We've both had a gargantuan good week--her teaching has gone exceptionally well, she feels--and now at 3:15 Friday p.m., I'm about to close it down and go to the track for exercise. About, that is: there's yet the photog from the Oregonian to show up and shoot my mug for Pintarich's ~~review~~ review on Oct. 17.

Oct. 4--2:30, am beginning to recuperate a bit from energy dive of about an hr ago, when I told C I need a houseguest--Bill Reeburgh, on his way from airport right now--like a need a hole in the head. Will try mend further toward civility by the time I pick up Bill at the Westin. But in self-defense, I'm so focused on the Eng Ck sample, and so feel that I'm closing in on it, that interruption seems beleaguering.

Decent day of work, though not another of the big slabs of achievement of last week; likely do not have the stamina just now for more of those. I think the prospect is that days such as this, and maybe a larger one on Wed. or Thurs., may achieve the ms sample by the end of this week, or early next. It still seems a fine start to the book, reads right along.

Today's mail brought a copy of Sea Runners from its second printing; nice to see.

Fairly quiet weekend, both of us regathering stamina after the fireworks week. Saturday after lunch, went to Arbur for copies of NYTBR with Sea Runners review, then walked Green Lake. Y'day we walked the marsh trail, then lunch at the Cont'l, bought the entire Sunday NY Times and came home.

Oct. 8--Maybe have achieved the English Creek ms sample; maybe, because some chunks yet are to come home from the typist with C and I'll have to determine how smoothly or not they fit in. But it looks like a decent enough stretch of 90-100 pp., without the richness a final version would have but at least a fairly rapid deployment of the storyline and voice.

Have struggled with it this week; pecked and poked and picked. I think I've managed something like 15-20 pp.; yet usually, I would think that a damn decent week's work. Have felt a little mauled and weary, though--partly from having Bill here a couple of days, partly from onset of autumn/winter weather, often raining me out of late afternoon walks; mostly I suppose just from the perpetual lean on the ms, shoving to make it form itself.

This has been a quieter week than the last few, tho y'day brought something major: interview by Noah Adams of All Things Considered, at KUOW next Wed. Pete Steen sent ~~ES~~ SF Chron review, the first of the my-god-the-man-has-stooped-to-FICtion variety; today's mail brought Chi S-Times editor's picks list, with Sea Runners aboard. Could be a spate of reviews this weekend, possibly including the P-I. Anyway, a week and a day after pub date, Runners already has had considerable happen to it, and my guess wd be that it'll need at least another printing--the 3d--by Xmas. See how I am as a prophet; have tried not to let myself get too sanguine recently.

Did enjoy Bill Reeburgh, altho he's a lot of energy for this household to absorb. C commented that she stopped by the living room to look at the mail, ended up talking to Bill for an hour steady; I told her yeah, I'd had to break his forcefield when I passed thru for a cup of tea, the only remedy is to stay on your feet and keep edging, as has to be done with C's dad. Bill went up both afternoons and walked the track with me, mucho visiting during that, and we took him to supper and then the airport Tues. night. He talked us into a Computerworld stop on the way to supper, but I think the result probably operated against Bill's conviction that I ought to get a word processor.

Oct. 8 cont.--It only was an instance of preliminary messing around, but onlooking at the machines' processes and the coding by which they work I'm struck by how much is ~~an~~ elaborate operation to do things I do perfectly simply by hand--such as ~~sc~~ scratch out a word or enter a correction. Also, there continues to be the basic quandary that having a printer, etc., puts onto me a phase of the work I don't now have--I simply send it to Merlyn or Marilyn for typing. I'm trying not to be too negative ~~of~~ about computerization, recognizing that I court a kind of illiteracy that way, but until some of the stuff gets much more straightforward to use it'll remain an expensive answer to problems I don't have.

Am expecting Floyd the tree cutter, to take down the three dead pines in e. corner of the front of the property, in the next few minutes. Some house chores have slid, and will slide worse when I begin this fall's traveling, but we rally against them once in a while. C's 1st two weeks of teaching have gone wonderfully, she says. Only misstep recently was that she y'day got a speeding ticket, on way home from looking at dishes with Ann McC; she was considerably mortified, as I was when I got mine in Woodway a couple years ago.

Oh yes, ought to record: Bill bought 5 copies of Sea Runners at U Bk Store as Xmas gifts, had me sign them; I inscribed his mother's something like, "in appreciation for having provided the world with Bill, without whom this book couldn't have been written!" And damned if he didn't downright blush.

Oct. 13--Y'day the 90 pp ms sample went off by express mail to Liz, and so begins the season of contract negotiation. It's simultaneous with various other seasons; y'day I also wrote Wayne Sourbeer a recommend for his work on Winter Bros, and prepped for today's All Things Considered int'view abt Sea Runners--only Sky did not present itself.

The ATC interview by Noah Adams turned out to focus on the history of Russian America, and thank god I had done some reviewing of sources, especially Chevigny. I ended up

Oct. 13 cont.--giving more of a *En America* dissertation than I'm quite comfortable with, or really capable of, but maybe it'll sound better than I anticipate.

Noah began by saying he had a story for me--the tale of him overnighing in Seattle, I guess after his Alaska series this summer, eating a dispirited lonely supper, pitying himself for not knowing a soul in Seattle; then the next morn as he sat down on the plane seat, having it occur to him that he ought to have called the Doigs. I consider it a great missed chance. At any given time there's only another person or two in this country I much care about meeting--couple years ago it was Norman Maclean and Kim Williams, and the Who Owns the West conference accounted for both of them--and right now the quota is roughly Noah Adams, Jonathan Schell and James Houston.

Anyway, the ATC interview, if it runs Fri as intended, begins a spate of Big Things: next week the WHA speech in Phoenix, the Or His'l Society speech a couple weeks after that, Sitka after that, WBros on tv after that--with all the Sea Runners reviews threaded among it, not to say the Eng Creek contract situation. I had better keep reminding myself to keep my head screwed on straight.

Glorious weather, some of the best of the year since Sat. On Sunday we went to Mt. Baker with the Damborgs, an unbeatable day there--remnant of fresh snow, and terrific clarity. Had to park down by meadows because of snow, walk to Artist Pt parking lot and on out to the ridge. A good visit with the Damborgs, too, Mark noticeably less edgy than a year ago when all the UW budget catastrophe was beginning.

Sat. I read thru the Eng Crk ms sample--odd how long ago that already seems--and C did the same that afternoon; she thinks its first-rate. We'll see what New Yorkers think.

After the ATC interview today I went to NW Collection, spent hr or so looking at microfiche pics of Dorothea Lange's Farm Security Admin work, in search of faces for English Creek. Some remarkable stuff by her. I'd been put off by Stott's accusation in *£ Doc'y Expression...* that she posed so much of her stuff; some is but ~~is~~ much doesn't seem to be, and there's magnificent detail in her work.

Oct. 13 cont.--The only drawback I found was that the microfiche made me a bit queasy with its slur of motion from pic to pic--Dennis Andersen kiddingly asked me before I started if I'd brought my dramamine; he was about right; I will go back with a typewriter and make notes on some of the rural pics from Lange in Oregon and Washington.

Then went to the Eur'n for lunch with Irene Wannier. She seems much as ever, continuing to write short stories, to review for P-I, go to Dorland Colony, etc. She's to do the P-I review of Runners, much to my surprise and pleasure; if even if she doesn't like the book unalloyedly, it's likely to be an intelligent appraisal. Told me, I suppose 2ndhand from Michael Conant's review of last Sun., that Jack Olsen's current book for Atheneum hasn't earned back the advance, gotten ~~£~~ p'back bid or tv or movie bid; which makes me prize the Penguin p'back deal for Runners all the more.

Oct. 15--A dabbling morning; haven't done much of anything except finish Anne Tyler's Dinner at Homesick Restaurant; nice job, though her famous filecards of quirky detail are showing through. Better watch out for that in myself.

Likely am a bit subdued because I semi-blew the All Things Considered interview; or at least, what I thought was my best stuff got excluded when ATC ran the thing last night (to go with news story of Alaskan oil leases) instead of tonight. The ~~■~~ breaks. thinking

I did chores and a bit of Eng Creek ~~think~~ y'day; nothing sizable. Tim Appelo came by about 4:45, picked up the Duane Hoffman ill'n from Winter Bros review of 2 yrs ago, to re-use with Sea Runners review by Bruce Brown. He had a beer and we gossiped until just before 6, when he left; as he went, I stooped to turn on the radio, the phone rang, it was Jean shouting "It's on right now!"--meaning the ATC interview. So we caught last part of it, reheard it on the Tacoma PBS station. And both went to bed abt 8, and to sleep about 8:30. Evidently there's a heavy pace catching up with us.

I feel pretty good, though not super-vigorous today; am aware life will begin to whirligig next week, with the Phoenix trip. But I've at least tried to keep some control, space things out thru Thanksgiving and then bunch the bookstore signings. If I can keep from getting dizzy with distractions, I'll get by.

Oct.

19 ~~Aug.~~ -- This is shaping up as a week that was. Sunday, the Wash'n Post review of ~~W~~ Sea Runners by Evan Connell; haven't seen it yet, but as selectively quoted over the phone by Linda Miller it sounded fine. Monday, call from Liz -- Tom Stewart had dropped by, "visiting with his little daughter," and told her Runners is into a 3d printing, 4000 more; she in turn handed him the ms sample of English Creek. Today, Nov. issue of The Dial arrived, with W Bros tv version featured in 2-page treatment. Tomorrow, W Bros p'back pub day -- and then I'm in Phoenix.

Have spent both morns this week, plus an hr or so each day, on the Phoenix speech; more time than I'd intended or wanted to invest. Y'day afternoon, had to scramble together some tax estimates for this year and next, for the sake of Liz's negotiating with Tom.

Clear cool weather, and I've gone to the track each afternoon, though not exerting myself as much as would do me some real good. Over the weekend, we had decent weather for hike of D'ness Spit on Sunday, though missed out on late-afternoon hike on Sat. because of high tide and wind. Saturday's signing at the Sequim Bookworm was middling -- 15-20 books, I guess -- but worth doing since we were passing thru town anyway.

I have the hope that tomorrow I can do something on Eng Creek, a point of pride I'm at least struggling toward.

Oct.

20 ~~Aug.~~ -- 1:10, have had a quiet day of thinking, mulling a novel for Montana's centennial in '89; it has to be called mulling, conjuring a project 6 years from now.

Today is pub day for Winter Bros p'back, the good news. The middling news is Bruce Brown's review of Sea Runners in Weekly that came today; he has criticism of last half of the book, which is ~~inappropriate~~ Marquis of Queensbury rules, but also blandly gives away the plot, Braaf's death as well as Melander's. This startles me; one other reviewer has gone that far, and most of them have tipped off Melander's death; would they begin a review of a mystery by announcing the butler did it? I suppose because Runners is the first book of mine where turns of plot have had any importance, I'm particularly sensitive about having the suspense ruined. But it seems to me something I'd take care not to do.

20 Oct. cont.--C will be home shortly, and I'll see if she wants to walk the n'hood. Then I have to focus on the fact that I go to Arizona in the morning.

Earlier today I'd intended ~~some~~ introspection here, look at this point where I've been thinking over books I'd like to do, which total several; and couple that with uncertainties about there being that much future, either for me or a planet run by Reagan and Brezhnev. But the mood is gone, I'm back to thinking about what to pack for Phoenix and what Eng Creek research I need to do next; back to day-by-dayness.

26 Oct.--Death and the good life. The one, terribly, Dick Hugo's; and the other, mine. On the 23d I came home from Phoenix, buoyed by the response to my WHA speech and by my own conviction I'd done it as well as I could; about 2 pm Frank and Linda came to help us put in plants at the front of the property, and when C happened to be in the other room looking for something, Linda said she was sorry to hear about Hugo. I said sharply, is Dick/Hugo dead? Didn't let on to C until that evening, after Frank and Linda and yet another arrivee, Tim Appello, were gone; ruining a day with the news can't help Dick. I feel a tremendous loss to the West and to writing; more so than a personal loss, for while Dick and I were friends we were not close friends, too many distances and differences ever to be, ~~probably~~ probably; both C and I are closer to Ripley than we were to Dick. But how can it be: a world in which Ronald Reagan is alive even after being shot, and Dick Hugo is dead. I feel a kind of disgust at Dick's death; that and the complicating dread that proposition at the top of this graf just as easily could have been reversed.

Appello phoned last night, asking if I'd do the Wkly's piece on Dick. Quicker than I've ever turned down anything, I said no; said it reflexively, was aware of the word only after it was out of me. Which can only be a mark of ~~how~~ the impact on me. (David Wagoner evidently reacted the same, in rejecting Tim's query; Tim asked what I thought about Kittredge doing the piece, I said he'd likely do okay, but Tim might try Robert Wrigley of Lewiston.)

26 Oct. cont.--Y'day morning, when I went to Bainbridge to the AAUW author's lunch, I felt I had to do something to impress Dick's death on them, and so began by reading *The Right Madness on Skye*. What a wonderful sly poem it is to read aloud: essential Dick.

Will try tomorrow to do an entry on Phoenix. For now, quick note on today: I did get back to Eng Ck ms, despite morning restlessness which sent to me the U District for early lunch. The work wasn't great, just a light rewrite of some rough draft, but it goes down as 4 pp. marked on the calendar count just as if it was Genesis. Otherwise, have been fielding phone calls and working at mail. I do have a decent feeling of capability just now, and must try stretch it through this week and most of next until the Portland shindig.

Oct. 28--3:40 p.m., have been struggling against desk work the past hr or more. Am not in topnotch mood to try recount Phoenix trip, but better ~~x~~ make a start at it.

I flew down, much to my surprise by way of San F'co, last Thurs., the 21st. Plane was hung up on SF runway for 45 min., which put me to the Phoenix Hilton about 12:50 and the bus tour to Taliesen West leaving at 1:30. By forced march thru registration--hustling luggage to room myself--buffet lunch in bar, I made it. As it turned out, Taliesin W was underwhelming. My lasting impression was not of Wright's use of rock, in some "organic" way, but of all the concrete used to display the rock. Also curious reddish flying buttress-like beams on the outside of structures, and various patches of warp or peeling which show the arch'l notion hasn't weathered well. Reverential guides tippytoed us around, constantly talking of "Mr. Wright." Somebody cracked that it was all a great plot for a James Bond movie, a guy gathering acolytes in loony surroundings... Actually, I guess the place was better than that, and my reaction was tinted by my dislike for the urban sprawl of Phoenix-Scottsdale-Tempe-etc., but I am definite that the Wright houses we used to see in the Chicago area were a helluva lot better work.

Oct. 28 cont.--At Taliesin I did come across the Carstensens, Bill Lang, Dick Brown. That night, rather than face any more tubular transportation--another bus ride to the WHA barbecue, after the plane trip (remkably, abt 5 hrs total) and the nearly 3-hr foundtrip to Taliesin, I fetched up with Lang and Beverley Beeton, a Gov's St. College vp whom Bill owed a drink for messing up her name in his table of contents. We were joined by Mike Malone and 3 or 4 profs from Texas A&M and Lita Tarver, Malone's editor at UW Press, and off we went, 2 cabloads, to a Mexican restaurant somewhere. The hostess blanched when we walked in without resvtns--it took 2 or 3 head counts just to determine how many of us there were, Malone having a tendency to bounce off somewhere to see what's happening--but before long shoved together 3 small tables for us in the bar. Food was terrific, reminiscent of Santa Fe style although somewhat more smushed together, and my only régrét was not getting to sit close enough to the A&Mers to get to know them, as they seemed a lively brigade. Did talk to Lang, heard about expanded press plans of the Mont His'l Soc, etc. We were back to hotel by about 9:30, I had a last scotch with the throng--Lang said when he left about an hr later the Texans were getting into "power drinking"--and headed for bed.

Best line of the day, or of the whole convention, was Malone's, describing jogging on the Hilton's little 20-laps-to-the-mile track around the swimming pool: "You feel like a hamster."

The next day I went to the session on folklore and history, which had its decent moments, although there's also an astounding amount of blinkeredness. Morgan Sherwood of UC Davis demanded to know of the guy giving the pro-folklore paper if there wasn't some math'l way folklorists can quantify versions of stories--even as little dipping into folklore tomes as I've done, it's immediately evident the folklorists already have an ID system for recurring types of stories. Also, it was useful for me to see that while everybody is in their own little western pens, I've got all that territory in between to graze.

Oct. 28 cont.--2nd session of that morning was slide show by John Ewers of Smithsonian on liquor trade with Indians--the Firewater Frontier. A first-rate piece of work, 150 yrs or so of depiction searched out; I was bowled over by the 1821-22 winter count pictogram by an Ogallala Sioux, stark drawing of whiskey barrel on its side with potent fume rising from bung-hole. Ewers' talk was jammed--I stood along back wall, beside a guy who turned out to be Alvin Josephy, and there met up with Margaret Garrison Szasz, ~~my~~ the two of us the only survivors of C'sen's seminars on hand at the convention. She looks great, the years helping her little-girl face, and if about 4" taller, just enough so that her shortness wdn't be the prime impression, she'd be a real beauty. She's doing well, in history dept. at U New Mexico.

Enough for today. Of today, notable that I've done scheduled # of pp. on Eng Crk for 3d day in row, and that Winter Bros is finally in black; royalty check of \$609 today, thanks to \$1800 infusion of Chan. 9 screen rights.

Oct. 29--2:45, another crammed day, but I am dogging thru it. Got 6 pp. this morn, fielded 4-5 phone calls, have written some letters--it doesn't look like so much in sum, but it's full-time.

Another installment on Phoenix: curiosity made me go to the WHA pres'l lunch and address by Mary Lee Spence. I sat between Tom Pew of Am West magazine and Josephy, which turned out to be a mistake on both points; Pew was occasionally conversable, although with a real tendency toward anecdotes, while Josephy was being wooed by two of Pew's editors on the other side of him; apprtly he's being looked on as a big-name byline for them, since he has a piece in the current issue. Mary Lee's speech--They Also Serve Who Wait, social history of waiters and waitresses on the frontier--was a good idea gone on too long with; these pres'l addresses are always given as a paper, a hybridizing which brings out the worst of both species. Josephy snorted that the speech, which went on for close onto an hour, cd be done as a 2000-2500 word piece.

Oct. 29 cont.--I didn't think it was that bad, but it did set me up in favorable light for that evening, when I looked comparatively crisp and brief. I holed up most of the time after lunch--except for meeting Dick Brown for a drink, my one chance to visit with him; he proclaims to love Sea Runners--and went thru my speech one time aloud, then laid down and listened to the tape another. Went down about 7:30 to check out the mike and podium--Dick Brown was selecting a front seat, he vouched that the mike was sounding good--and then went to the drinking, for a mild scotch. Lang saw me in my suit--after I'd wandered thru the past 2 days in shirtsleeves and general muss--and exclaimed that I really looked together; told him I'd come to play hardball. Malone did the ~~intro~~ intro of me, a nice swift job, and while the audience seemed to me none too lively, reaction and report afterwards indicated the speech went over grandly. Somebody came up after and said with all seriousness, You know what I really liked about it--you never said uh once!

Nov. 1--Quickie diary entry (5:25 pm and panting; helluva day); though I won't count it until Liz calls tomorrow that she's nailed it down, it looks like \$27,500 for Eng Creek. Tom offered \$25,000, Liz asked if that was best he could do, he said if she really meant to hold a gun to his head he'd see if he could do better--which she decoded as another \$2500. Asked me, I said I'd be a lot happier with the further \$2500. So--with fingers continued crossed--good on us for ignoring \$20,000 last spring.

Nov. 2--By Jesus, we've done it, or rather Liz has. \$5000 on signing, \$12,500 on March 1, \$10,000 on complet'n with the hint that we can winkle maybe \$2500 of that last chunk next fall if I really want it. Pat Knopf asked that if they're going to be "understanding" of us, then we need to be understanding of Ath'm's cash flow, hence the March 1 payment instead of in Jan. It ain't cosmic, but at least I have some definite, nonsneezable chunks of money ahead.

15 Nov.--Enormous gap, which I'm not sure I can fill today. This looms as the busiest week yet; interview at 11 this morn by Bellevue J-A feature writer who so far stacks up as a stuffed turkey in a 3-piece suit, "review" of Sea Runners to Mortar Board tonight, plane to Sitka at 7 tomorrow morn and 5 talking sessions in 3 days there, then Frederick & Nelson signing at noon on Friday. It all looks particularly appalling compressed this way, and I simply am going to have to try whip the tasks one by one all day today.

Meantime, a quick catching up. Friday the 12th, had an early call from Bill Doell at F&N, wanting to know if I could provide him somebody at Ath'm who could reassure him he'll have books for my signing. "You thought House of Sky was a seller, this one is flying out of the store," says he. I gave him phone #'s of Renita Helfling and Tom Stewart, let him do some cage-shaking with them and area sales rep John Rantala, then got on the phone myself. Upshot is that Sea Runners' 3d printing, of 4000 copies, was due off the press on the 9th and ought to be on way to warehouse. All suppliers at this end of country, Ingraham, Baker & Taylor and Pac Pipeline, are out of the book; Pipeline has 500 on order. Jean Roden and Renate Hayum passed along to me their dubious experience of shopping for copies on Friday, finding just one at B. Bailey, 3 at U Book Store, etc. Anyway, after talking Ann Rittenberg at Ath'm for awhile--she's still a little apprehensive on the phone with me over my nagging to get my own 60 copies--Tom Stewart got off the other line and I gave him the message too: "Hey, Tom, we sold all the copies of this one, guess we can close up shop." I think books will seep to this end of the country by the end of this week, but obviously the 3d printing was about 2 weeks too slow, and the ~~the~~ initial printing, of 7500, too small, which will have to be watched out for on English Creek. If nothing else, this book famine ought to get their attention: Bill Doell has ordered 200 copies air freight, sent directly to him at the store, not even to the F&N warehouse.

15 Nov. cont.--Much of last week--considerably too much--went to Channel 9 promo for Winter Bros. Maybe this will all pay off, in eventual rights money or in boosted sales of the p'back, but I doubt it. On Wed. I went to lunch with W'shaw, S'beer and John Voorhees of S. Times at Jazz Alley. Voorhees was excellent to talk to, bright, likes nuance and craft; he also plainly likes the show. I went back to UW the next day, on various errands and in case Jean could line up interview by John Snell of P-I; int'view didn't happen, so I got a helluva lot of chores done, such as distrib'g Sea Runners to Carstensen, Saum, Warne, Holm, Quimby... A perplexity, or aggravation, of working with W'shaw and S'beer--and I think it's endemic to tv rather than them, because they're pretty orderly when they get a chance--is the quicksilver nature of schedules. Things get constantly shifted around because something else has come up. I managed to make the point to them in the work on the show that I function on definiteness, set dates and efficiency, but should have reiterated it for this promo stuff. Other than that, I'm pleased with their efforts for the show--the posters are elegant, and the postcards nearly as good, while evidently all the covers of newspaper Sunday tv guides have been captured for the show.

Will try for an entry sometime about the OHS speech in Portland on Nov. 7, which went well but not great. Main story not to g forget is Tom Vaughan's intro of me, in his slow tumbling voice: His book This House of Sky was WONDERFUL. Winter Brothers was WONDERFUL. He is a WONDERFUL writer. Just listen to this. "The old ocean at the land's foot..." ...launching merrily into the line of Robinson Jeffers on the ded'n page.

17 Nov.--Shee Atika Lodge, with Marylin ~~and~~ Newman's loaned Olivetti portable. Daylight, such as it is, is just coming now, at 8:15. I have the morning to myself, which feels a considerable luxury, though I do have some tinkering to do with both my talk to the Sitka Historical Society and tonight's reading.

A long ride up here; I came on the milk-run flight which landed at Ketchikan, Wrangell and Petersburg before here--about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hrs of airplane. Half of the landings, Wrangell and here, were bounce jobs, the kind that bang into the brain the thought, "at least we're on the ground, a belly landing is better than a crash..." The airfield at Wrangell is even more appalling than the others up here: a single slab of runway behind the town, on the one flat site around, with an ugly knob of hill just off the right wing of the incoming plane and of course water on all other sides. Weather cleared after ~~K~~ K'kan and the Alaskan mtns were everywhere, in fresh white, like sharp shapes under sheets. Much fuel for thought about the hopelessness of surviving if the plane went down in any of that. Maybe because this is my final flight for this year and for the foreseeable future, and I guess also because I was weary and sleepy, I was uneasy about the fillips of the flight--the bumpy air which bucks you around coming down to the Ketchikan channel, the 10-min. zoom between mtns from Wrangell to P'Burg, then the next over-mtns shot to here.

But I am on New Archangel ground, and coping fairly well. Noise is the worst problem; I wasn't able to get the one verifiably quiet room, #530, here in the Shee Atika, and so have stuck with what I was assigned, #427, on the back street rather than the bayside; my reasoning was that there might be less street noise, and while that's true, there's still a hell of a lot. But I am away from the rock band which plays in the bar--score one, forfeit one.

17 Nov. cont.--About half of my schedule evaporated y'day, which discomfited Don Muller of the bookstore a bit but suited me dandy. The newspaper interview got put off until today, for some reason clear only to the newspaper guy--given this, and recent encounter with the stuffed turkey from Bellevue, I'm coming to prefer the company of photogs, who show up and bang away and are done--and the com col English class I was ~~xxxx~~ to talk to meets today, in conflict with the Sheldon Jackson class I'm going to. So I was able to spend an hour or so walking, down to the park point, lay around and generally get civil before 4 pm interview at new public radio station KCAW. The station is a terrific boon to the town--I have it on now, and have just heard a newscast snippet of my interview, a bit about Alaskans maybe not writing about their own area because so much of their energy goes into living up here--and the interview was a pretty good one, mostly due to the qns of Caroline Servid of the bookstore. Then went to dinner with her, Marilyn, and Don and Mary Muller at the Channel Club, which turned out to be packed and boisterous; there's a fisheries convention in town, and a group from the ~~xx~~ pulp mill, and lord knows who all else. I like the bookstore people fine, but the most interesting of the bunch seems to be Don's wife Mary, who was the one ~~xxxxx~~ botanist for the Tongass Nat'l Forest--the nation's largest--before being Reaganized into ~~anxxxx~~ a recreation job. She's bright, wry, blonde and pretty, which I would think must bring a lot of wistful thoughts in the Mullers' direction by mid-winter up here. All the bookstore people seem to bear out my point about the expenditure--often the diffusion--of energy up here. The Mullers have a couple of gimpy-winged crows living with them because Don thought it'd be good for Sitka to have a bird rehab facility and so started one.

17 Nov. cont.--Mary meanwhile wanted KCAW to play some classical music, so is the disc jockey for it--station draws greatly on vol'rs, evidently--from 1 to 3 each Sat. afternoon, and reads the news then as part of her stint. She and Marilyn's husband are taking a figure-drawing class together at Sitka com col; Caroline meanwhile is ~~workingx~~ getting up a lit class to teach there.

And so it goes. I'd better put in time on what I'm here to do. Light now, and ~~dark~~ clear again; y'day was stunning, the white mtns so sharp over the town.

18 Nov.--Shee Atika, 8:30 a.m., just back from walk to the park point, done in the dark--all power in Sitka went off about 6:50. Luckily I was up and dressed, just finishing ~~my~~ packing; I was about a long step from the door when it all went black. I got the door open, which ~~it~~ let some light seep in from an emergency lamp down the hallway, then was able to stretch an arm into the bathroom and reach a towel to jam under the door to keep it open. Looked up and down the hallway for smoke and went to the emergency stairs, to be sure they were lit; then got back in the room, where I could see that the lights were also out in the automotive store across the st., which meant at least this end of town was blind. By memory I rounded up my down vest, wool jacket, cap and gloves, and went down the emgcy stairs and out. From the front of the Shee Atika I could see the rest of the town was black too, but trouble lights were on in the dining room. I went back in, found the plce was functioning, evidently with a gas grill; had breakfast--serviced by an Eskimo or native waitress who was chuckling with nervousness--and coffee, then came back upstairs to get boots on, and went walking. With daybreak coming onto the mtns, this is one of the world's tremendous sites; I was down at the 1st totem in the ~~park~~ park when the town lights glowed on.

18 Nov. cont.--I'm all but done with Sitka--
in terms of this trip, and maybe beyond that--
by now. Y'day's main events, the talk to the
Historical Society and last night's reading,
both went well. Afternoon class at Sheldon
Jackson was so-so; SJ sure as hell ain't
Harvard, or maybe even as good as a decent
community college. Ditto the local paper, the
Sentinel; I was more or less interviewed by a
raw kid who moved up here 7 months ago from
Eugene. He may be more skillful than I think;
his questions were pretty good, including a
few sophisticated ones about East Coast writing
vs. Western writing, but he was skimpy in his
note-taking, which I consider a bad sign. An
odd mixture up here, all the more noticeable
for the compression of life in a town this size,
of second- and third-raters, and really capable
types. At the His'l Society y'day, for ex, I
met Dick Nelson, self-described as an anthro-
pologist who'd like to do some writing, and
eventually at Don's prodding it turned out he
has written a number of books for UChicago
Press, including Shadow of the Hunter. He's
lived among northern tribes as far back as
1964, seems to be a helluva brainy and interest-
ing guy; says he wants to write some fiction,
but like so many superbly-trained academics I
encounter he doesn't yet ^{have} the literary guts to
do it. I intend to try ^{to} encourage him, because
he probably has a Kabloona or Kings of Thule
in him--if he gets down to turning out day-by-
day words. Have talked with Carolyn Servid a
bit about what seems to me the fatal problem of
living up here among unmatched landscape and
stories and characters, that the living draws
off the energy and hours needed to write about
it all; she and Dick agree that's much the case.

Nov. 18 cont.--At last night's reading, to a full chapel at Sheldon Jackson--maybe 100 people or more--the Eng Ck scene of Stanley and Jick at Canada Dan's camp stole the show. (Also read the Sea Runners scene of the escape from New Archangel.) All portents for that book are good.

Beginning the reading, in thanking Don Muller, Marilyn Newman and Carolyn, I joked that for cloistered types who sit around a bookstore reciting Robert Service to one another, they do a mean job of scheduling. At the reception at the bookstore afterward, near the end I was talking to someone and gradually became aware of thumpety-thumpy chorus of verse in the background--the bunch of them reading aloud from Service for my benefit.

About all else that's notable right now is that last night in this room was the worst--most raucous--since the night in the Idanha in Boise last spring. The Shee Atika has a rock band in the bar every night, making the place the crucible for most of the shagnasty behavior in town, and the whoopers exit the place in the weex hours on this side of the building. My guess is, with the noise plus the adrenalin of y'day's doings, I maybe slept from 3 to 5:30 this morn. I feel fine this morn; it's the literal dark night of the soul that's tough.

22 Nov.--A good day--both in weather and production, 2 pp. of Eng. Creek as intended--which has rather come apart this afternoon as I've tried to catch up on letters. Wrote 3 hayhand info letters, which took more time than I estimated. Would like to clean up cor'spce by Thanksgiving, but now I dunno.

Main news is y'day's acquisition: after going to the Antiqrn Bk Fair because George Tweney offered us free tickets, we bought (a) galleys of Triggering Town, (b) Dick Blessing's first book of poems, and (c), or more accurately, (C!!!) a boxed autographed edition of Hamlin Garland's Son of Middle Border, for \$150 and 10 signed 1st eds of Winter Bros. Book was priced at \$250; I frankly don't know whether we got took or not, but I'm operating on the ~~mk~~ theory that books escalate when they come onto my shelves these days. C and I are working on notion of a bookplate which would help them escalate, in fact. The book fair was a mind-blower for more reasons than that--in very short order, we saw Geo Tweney, Bob Monroe, Diane Wright of Ev. Herald, Peter of the Arbur staff, Sandy Kroupa and Kate Leonard of UW, the Sopers, and John What'sisface who used to run the Mtneers Press. Well, as we intended, it got us out of the house.

No, that's not the main news: Saturday's acquisition, Sea Runners cover, is. Marsh brought it back from his conference trip to NY, and it's truly dandy. More than somewhat in recompense, we tonight are going with the Nelsons to Bush School to see Laird star in Young Tom Edison.

Friday, I went to downtown Frederick & Nelson, in the biennial breaking of my biennial vow never to sign there again, and sold 13 Sea Runners and 2 Skys. Real profit of the day was selling F&N 10 copies each of my cache of WBros and Sky. Loaned Bill Doell 20 copies of Sea Runners to get him thru weekend; his 200 air frt ones didn't come, and the 13 I sold were his total stock.

Other news--it's quitting time--rave review of Chan 9 WBros in Ev Herald, good review by Voorh's (actually the more accurate review) in S. Times.

24 Nov.--Another in this span of cold clear days, but so cold, despite thermometer temp of 45, I'm going to fink out on going to the Sh'line track as I've been doing, and walk the n'hood instead. First will try to get down stray items that've been floating thru this tumultuous fall:

--While I was in Phoenix C had a call from Dave Wipf of the New Rockport Hutterite colony; he identified himself as, "I'm the one who had a mixed drink with you."

--The night of Nov. 15 I talked about Sea Runners to Mortar Board at UW Pres's house. Met the Gerberdings, who seemed decent people. G, in explaining that he cdn't be at my talk, said he was busy with legislators; told the story that that day, he'd been someplace with Jim McDermott when a guy came up to G and said, "Whatever you do to that university, DON'T CUT THE HISTORY DEPT!" G looked at him and said, "Well, I've got to, they're so obnoxious." The guy, suddenly concerned: "Really?" G said he turned out to be a former Pressly student.

--On the ferry back from session with Bainbridge AAUW, I was getting a cup of coffee--meanwhile dangling the basket of dried flowers the ladies had given me, after I'd told them of the upcoming Chan. 9 doubleheader, Jim Wickwire climbing mtns with people dying on all sides of him and me walking the beaches in a posy-sniffing way--and the 50ish burly guy at the next table struck up a conversation. The centerpiece of it was his story of working in the engine room of the old ferry Kalakala, before WWII, and coming down with ferocious dysentery once when the dishwasher used too much Fels Naptha (I think it was); claimed he spent 11 hrs on the toilet on the ferry, occ'ly visited by a doctor, and that another guy in the fleet then actually died.

As for today, it's been a rather strange strung-out one. I made a dump run first thing this morn, picked up P-I for John Snell's tv review, found myself called (or my recited written words) "pretentiously pontifical"; pretentious smarted a bit, though pontifical I don't seem to mind. Then a phone call about 9:45 from HBJ, which proved to be a pr person passing along request from KIRO radio. I mulled that, tried to call W'shaw to see if she'd been interviewed so I wdn't have to, then

24 Nov. cont.--did get in touch with the station. Procter Elizabeth Burke said they'd like to have me interviewed by Jim French on mid-morn show. Oh, says I, when wd that be? Ah, 10:15, said she. I.e., 12 min. from then. Interview seemed to go decently, though I'm awful damn slow of voice and wit for these slambang broadcasting gigs. Then came the mail, which includes a letter to HBJ from the pres of the James Willard Schultz Society proclaiming me the most exciting writer about the west for the past 50 years--"at least!"--and an inquiry from a guy in Marsh's law firm about one of his relatives from WSS. I truly am about ready for life to tone down.

Have managed to write 2 pp/day this week, but mostly by picking on cripples, running drafted stuff thru the keyboard another time. Eng Crk remains a willing book, though; have had a couple of major ideas for it just in this semi-dabbling phase.

29 Nov.--This ought to be an interesting day, as in the Chinese curse "may you live in interesting times." Am to sign Sea Runners at Sh'line bookstore and quite possibly the books won't be there. ~~Maybe~~ Maybe we can do IOUs.

Main news is Friday's, Tom Stewart's note reading: "Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's back to press we go. It's number four, three thousand more, hi-ho, hi-ho hi-ho hi-ho!" Which totals 17,000, for chrissake. Along with this, the book business being the mixed blessing it is, comes the spottiness of supply; U Book Store was out of Sea Runners when I was in there on Friday, JK Gill meanwhile featuring it and Andy Rooney in a big Sunday S. Times ad and Tower offering it as a loss leader. Meanwhile reviews have gotten even better--Cleveland, Worcester, St. Louis, not even a quibble in the latest batch.

Another vintage Thanksgiving gathering, fully equal in its smaller way to last year's dozen-person gala. This year, Frank and Linda, Ann McCartney, Jack Gordon, Peter Rokas, and Judy Love. Frank is recently back with tales of the rails from his USA Today assignment to find "new hoboes" riding trains to the SW, and Linda had been to Carmel, Monterey and Mill Valley, with hilarious sociology reports about the latter.

29 Nov. cont.--Thanksgiving is perpetually our favorite holiday, a gathering of friends, some of whom--Peter--we usually don't see otherwise in the year, others--Jack--not nearly as much as we'd like. The potluck policy produces a gorgeous gamut of food, with us supplying just the turkey and the house. And this is the strong time in all our lives, everybody young enough yet not to be battling ill health, all of us going about our work in a ~~xxx~~ decent way--the four women in salaried jobs, the four males in more oblique livelihoods, though Jack and Peter do have regular incomes. Along this line, a moment I liked was when, just before dinner, Frank and Jack and Peter were all in the kitchen with C, fussing the last-minute details of food they'd brought, Judy and Ann and Linda helped me pack the chairs in from the shop.

Thanksgiving was overcast but stayed dry, and weather deteriorated from then on. We walked the n'hood a time or two, and y'day went around Green Lake, but otherwise stayed close to home. I am, miraculously, done with writing Xmas cards, except for strays that need reply, and have read about half of Judith Thurman's biog of Isak Dinesen, superb job. C read Left Hand of Darkness, which I picked up ~~in~~ off remainder table at U Bk Store on Friday. Both of us have slept enormously, 2-hr naps on F iday and Saturday and 9-10 hrs of sleep besides.

If I can just realize it and move on the opportunity, I finally have a chance at a productive December. It always has griped me how tough the month can be for somebody self-employed, the rest of the world diddling around on paid time, either in celebration or on vacation. So, to see if I can pace through in a reasonable manner.

Wed. night, the 24th, we went to Walkinshaws at 6 for dinner and Winter Bros on tv. A highly pleasant gathering--Tom and Joan Buell of Portland, Jack and Judy Brown (she teaches at Lakeside, he's a Grp H psych't), Hilda Appelbaum, and Ron Rubin--exec prod'cer of Chan ~~Q~~--and his lady, Harriet. I like about the W'shaws that they live genuinely despite their money and upper-classness; not out of vagueness like Harriet Bullitt, but just because they seem to know they'd be sacrificing their natural vitality if they paid any attention to class and \$\$.

29 Nov. cont.--As for the tving of Winter Bros, I still think it was pretty good, maybe a B or B+. The Wickwire portrait ~~it~~ which ran just ahead of it, though, is a truly tremendous piece of ~~work~~ work, the best of W'shaw/S'beer ~~x~~ shows by about 50%. I now agree with the P-I reviewer, that the Wickwire piece is purer, better tv; a cold eye cast on Wick and his predilection for killer mountains. Winter Bros naturally looked pretty tame in that company, though I continue to think it's a well-crafted effort. Reviews ranged from Ev. Herald's proclamation of "masterpiece" to Bellevue J-A's note that it ~~it~~ was totally boring.

Speaking of the Bellevue J-A, the long profile piece resulting from Margeson's interview of me came out last Wed., and while it's highly favorable, it's also a text in East Side suburban money fixation--he must allude to my income or lack thereof at ~~ix~~ least half a dozen times--and in cribbing, often semi-accurately, from earlier sources, such as Diane Wright's profile of me in the Everett Herald. May Margeson someday soon wake to his true vocation, stockbroking.

1 Dec.--Welcome to December. Sat down with Eng Crk this morn, reviewed some of the ms, took some notes, began some thinking, went to Edmonds for coffee--and came home to phone call from screenwriter who says he's been trying to option House of Sky since June and thinks HBJ has been botching it horrendously.

2 Dec.--Now 12:30, and I spent all morn until lunch revamping the agenting. Last night I called Ann Nelson, to see what her notion is of whether she's entitled to any \$^φ from screen rights; she, like me, isn't clear, and will ask Marsh. I was considerably whipsawed y'day afternoon, trying to think that through: wanting to be fair to Ann in line with our original notions about Sky and yet not wanting to see myself whittled any further than necessary by endless agents. Anyway, on C's advice I simply asked Ann what her understanding is, and I guess we'll work something out from there. Then first thing this morn, I outlined points to talk to Liz about--when I had her on the phone she said at one juncture, "you're

2 Dec. cont.--really mobilizing, aren't you?"--and the upshots are these:

--Liz checked with Irene and Carol Lazare at HBJ, was told they've now responded to Jim Sadwith's lawyer about the Sky option; money involved is \$1000 option, \$10,000 per tv hour. Liz said she thought she'd tell Carol that seemed kind of low; Carol's notion is that because it's a book that's been around and doesn't have people clamoring for it, they prob'ly can't do better.

--I've mailed airletter to Carol Smith in London, severing her as overseas agent because I've had no indication at all from her of any action on Sea Runners.

--Went to Sh'line and xeroxed HBJ contracts, British contract on Sky and a few other things I figured Liz should have, and shipped them off to her with cover letter designating her to handle foreign rights on Sky, WBros, Sea Runners and Eng Crk and to pitch in on other Sky and WBros rights if and when situations present themselves.

There, by christ.

Liz has the Eng Crk contract, had been awaiting answer from Tom abt liability insurance; he's going to handle it in letter to us. She also had news that Sea Runners will be in Sunday's NYTBR as an outstanding book of the year.

I made what proved to be an abortive start ~~in~~ back into Eng Crk y'day, will put it off now until tomorrow. Joan Connell of B'ham Herald coming for interview this afternoon, and I think I'll mildly fend with desk chores until then.

4 Dec.--A much improved day, after semi-stunned mood of y'day. A terrific storm hit, about 12 hrs of downpour, and C and I wonder if the low pressure area dragged us down with it. She said her head felt as if her brain had expanded until there wasn't really room for it, and I had sinus woes and about half a headache. We just now walked the n'hood, and the air is sharp and clear today; both of us feel a thousand percent better.

Those physically shabby days are ~~not~~ worrisome, as my lack of will to cope with them bodes badly for coping with real illness when it comes. Part of y'day's

4 Dec. cont.--funk, maybe most of it, was the tangled situation of the inquiry about Sky tv rights, where I suddenly found I had 3 putative agents--HBJ, doing something desultory they'd never even bothered to tell me about; Liz, intervening with HBJ on my request; and Ann, original agent for the book negotiations on Sky. I spent most of a day and a half trying to find some Solomon-like decision on all that, and Marsh too found himself stymied about clarity on what Ann is or isn't entitled to. He came up with the proposal that he have Dan Wagoner, a sort of ~~legal~~ human legal computer, look over the situation, and I agreed that was okay on the legal side, and then maybe we could reach some common sense formula as well. All this knotty thought was abruptly severed by Ann y'day, in a call to C while I was at the store, to say that she'd looked over the agreement between us, it doesn't say she gets anything from movie rights, and so she doesn't, and to hell with lawyeral pondering of it any further.

Surely part of y'day's discomfiture was the quandary that a week where I'd intended to get back to Eng Crk, and apparently had clear sailing and good recuperation out of the Thanksgiving holiday, somehow fizzled off into everything but work on Eng. Crk. I'm still not badly off, needing to get about a wk and a half of pp. written sometime during the next 4 weeks; not easily done in Dec., but maybe not too daunting since we don't have a Xmas trip east looming this year. I do feel some pressure building to get back to ms work, say finis to the celebrity stuff. As best I can tell I don't seem really seduced yet; I don't have sycophants around, our daily life hasn't changed radically, and I say no to a lot of requests. I need to watch out, though, that I'm not diddling myself away in subtler ways, into letters and this diary, which I notice is probably the fattest I've ever done (as this yr's letters file likely is). Maybe will put myself on a semi-wkly diary basis, or maybe even weekly, in the new year.

Meanwhile, contradictting all such resolve, I'll put down that last night we were at Carstensens--others were Joan Ullman of the UW history faculty and her new husband Don Spickard--and the night before we went to Tony Angell's preview show at Foster-White Gallery.

4 Dec. cont.--The gallery shindig was a kind of old home week. We were meeting Mark and Lou Damborg there, to go out for supper afterward; walked in, said hello to them, I spotted Duncan Kelso and went over to tell him the latest I knew (not much) on the proposed Sky pic book; after a few min. with him, C came over and chided me that while I was socializing, Tony's oyster-catchers pic had got away from us. Turned out it hadn't, but we didn't buy it either--instead ended up with his pic of a minke whale about to devour a school of herring, a piece of work neither of us had any intention of getting when we walked into the gallery. I was still unstrung from the Sky tv cogitations, and from lack of supper, but as C and I made a sort of godlike swoop around the room--she'd earlier made a tour on her own--in front of the whale pic something clicked in me, and we agreed to buy it. C thinks it was a case of my camera eye picking out something good--Tony later told us the whale was the one pic in the show that had brought exclamations from Donald Foster--and I hope that proves to be the case. If nothing else, the pic has an unusual amount of scene, action about to happen, which may make it distinctive among Tony's more usual thing-in-itself work. Anyway, after the buy, back to the social side: spotted Victor Scheffer, whom I like and admire greatly and would like to be around more; he in turn intro'd us to Gordon Orians, whom Tony is to do a blackbirds book with; meanwhile we'd been joined by Lita Tarver, UW Press editor I met in Pheenix and now Vic's editor on a forthcoming evolution book with the great title, The Spires of Form. After all that, dinner with Mark and Lou at Mitchell's, and a stop at Elliott Bay bkstore to see if NYTBK with Sea Runners was in yet. It wasn't but EBAY has Runners 1st eds on one table--contribute to Walter Carr's buying strategy--and Runners, Sky and WBros side by side on the next table.

8 Dec.--Hella busy day. Wrote my 4 pp. by 10:30, when stringer photog Doug Wilson showed up, in fulfillment of y'day's phone machine message: Ath'm pr calling to say Newsweek wants a pic of me to go with possible review. Since then I've wrestled correspondence, exercised at the track, filled Ford, answered phone calls, helped C replace Buick headlight, contended with garbage and compost, been to bank...and yet I wonder where days go. I must simply be a chronic wonderer.

Doug Wilson turned out to be about my age, about my size, and maybe not too far from my looks if he had my beard. He evidently has truly made it as free-lance photog, is the Black Star guy here. There was some winter sun, so he took me into the back yard, then into the Cochran's yard, leaning me against their alders as he shot up a roll of 36 and a few color besides. After he ~~left~~ left I phoned to the Cochrans and apologized that photogs, like the proverbial 800# gorilla, go wherever they want.

The other news is that one of the pillars of the world went down: Ann Campbell is dead. C heard it at Sh'line from someone in the library who lives in the Linden Ave. n'hood and we were both stunned, Ann seeming to us one of those who'd go on and on, hardly even changing in the 13 years since we moved into their rental house. Heart attack, evidently. And to our surprise, as the Campbells never showed religion, a Catholic funeral--tomorrow at St. Luke's, while I have to be at the Bellingham bookstore. Ann was comely, in the old way of that word: attractive in personality and looks, yet with places we, and maybe no one, I think ever knew. I suppose a reason we liked her--beyond liking, admired too--was that she excelled at task. Gardened beautifully, kept up the immense yards of those two houses, raised good kids, coped with Pete's stock car crews at all hours, coexisted with a mother-in-law. As I think about it now she reminds me of a stronger Alma, one who never finally snapped under it all--just has vanished, complete as ever ~~before~~ even as she died.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS

(Paid Notices)

Glenna N. AVIRETT

Renton, Dec. 5. Beloved wife of Wilton. Mother of Russell J., of Kent; Gregory R., of Renton. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Martin, Maple Valley. Sister of Lenore H. Hurley, St. Paul, Minn.; John E. Hernandez, Buffalo, N.Y. Private family services Wednesday, 3 p.m.,

WASHINGTON MEMORIAL FUNERAL HOME

16445 Pacific Highway South
Burial, Washington Memorial Park.

Thomas BROMLEY

Of Bellevue, Dec. 5, at 69 years. Husband of Kerube. Father of Susan LaFollette, of Renton. Brother of Beatrice Brozovich, of Seattle; Edward Bromley, of Redmond. Services Wednesday, 1 p.m., St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bellevue. Interment, Sunset Hills Memorial Park.

GREEN'S

BELLEVUE FUNERAL HOME

1215 140th Ave. S.E.
Memorial contributions to American Heart Association or American Cancer Society.

Ann J. CAMPBELL

Of Seattle. Wife of Pete. Mother of Allen, Pete and Roberto Lynn Campbell. Daughter of Lizy Dvirnak. Sister of Frank, Joe, Andy and Alice Kostenko, Lucy Frank, Mary Jane Snook and Katy Kukla. Many nieces and nephews. Rosary Vigil 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, Chapel Beck's Funeral Home, Edmonds with Mass of Christian Burial 2:30 p.m. Thursday, St. Luke Catholic Church, Seattle. Interment, Holyrood Cemetery. Memorials to Shoreline Medic Unit in care of Fire Station No. 4, Seattle.

Floyd E. LAWRENCE

Of Renton (retired chief Renton Fire Department). Beloved husband of Della; brother of Lillian Spray, both Renton and Earl, of Bryn Mawr. Services Thursday, 2 p.m., STOKES MORTUARY, RENTON.

Ruth A. LINHOFF

Dec. 4, age 84. Beloved mother of Mrs. Vern (Irene) Haney, Mercer Is.; Dorothy Johnson, Yakima and Clarence J. (Jack), Jr., Kennewick, Wash. Sister of Doris Brown MacDonald, Maple Valley. Grandmother of ten. She was daughter of Edward Collins and Lela Parker Brown, descendants of the pioneer families of David and Emma Parker and James C. Smith and Catherine Sarah Smith. Memorial service at Einar's Home, Richland, Wash. 1 p.m. Dec. 9.

Michael A. MASSA

Beloved husband of Shirley. Beloved father of Paul Massa, Seattle. Stepfather of Kent; Daniel Buckley and of Seattle; David Buckley of Bothell. Brother of Ann Johnson. 35 years. Dept. Memorial 2 p.m., at

Florence P. WINN

Beloved mother of M... Sister of Mrs. C... Napolitano, Seattle. Children and... service Thur... SHER-KAI Memorial Washin...

AL

11 Dec.--The huckstering season of Sea Runners is at an end, and next the time of trumpets or tambourines, whichever it turns out to be. Last Sunday's NYTBR Christmas books issue has 102 notable novels listed, Runners among them. Y'day Paul Pintarich of Oregonian phoned, said he figured I knew anyway but what the hell, thought he'd call in case--in case being that he'd just received Henry Kisor's syndicated Sun-Times column picking Runners among his ten best books of the year, and as his favorite 1st novel of the year. Meanwhile the Newsweek review ~~was~~ brews (or has been ~~quenched~~ quenched; who knows).

As best I've been able to figure, there's a fairly short list of strong 1st novels this year. Out of the NYTBR I was able to identify these: Steve Tesich, Summer Crossing; Jennifer Levin, Water Dancer; David Wiltse, Wedding Guest; Laurel Goldman, Sounding the Territory; Susanna Moore, My Old Sweetheart; and Alice McDermott, A Bigamist's Daughter. Whether Runners is going to be in ABA or PEN competition with these, I can't yet know, but the odds don't seem too long; what may happen is that some book I haven't singled out as a 1st novel--Night Thoughts of a Classical Physicist or the Water Music--will swoop in and win all.

But it's been a ~~damn~~ damn good showing for my Swedes. What's really surprising about the sales strength of the book is that it's in the face of so-so luck at the signings I've done. 31 last night at Arbur; OK but way short of what I'd hoped. 18 at B'ham the day before, though another dozen or so were bought beforehand and awaiting inscribing. Oak Harbor in a way was the strongest signing, I think between 30 and 3 dozen; Norman and Patti had a thousand dollar day, which thrilled them. It may be that I've skewed the signing strategy badly this fall; not done enough appearances, and perhaps did them either too early or too late. But I think it's really a matter of the economy; consistently the signings produce about 2/3 the books sold during the Winter Bros shindigs of 2 years ago.

So, anyway. Except for prating to the U Women's Club next Wed., I am a free man again. And will have to justify it at the typewriter.

13 Dec.--Stray moments I've been meaning to get down here:

--At the Bellingham signing, I was talking with a couple of people when a bearded guy in a plaid wool shirt came up, with a sort of self-conscious grin on him. I said hi, he kept on with the grin and hung around one side of the table. When the other folks didn't and didn't go away--one was Eldon Barrett, whom I was trading writing gossip with--he finally picked up a paperback of WBros and asked: "Would you mind signing this to Jackpine Judy?"

"Sure, glad to." Next, a Sky p'back, and:

"Would you sign this ~~book~~ one to Pondo Pete?"

"Uh, sure. How's Pondo spelled?"

"Like in Ponderosa. That's my nickname."

--At Or His'l Society signing, a woman presented what I think is the all-time most difficult name I've confronted, though she'd kindly written it out: Schmeckpeper.

--At Oak Harbor, Norman and ~~Judy~~ Patti's clerk wanted a book signed for his Montana mother, and I think thru Norman's mixup rather than mine I instead put in the clerk's name, Robin. So I Xed that, wrote in "oops!" and then his ma's name. Satisfied with that, he asked if I'd sign a Sky to her, To Ann of Formwell. It was near the end of a long ~~day~~ and I didn't quite muster curiosity to ask what the hell Formwell was, but the clerk picked up the inscribed book and said, No, no, it's supposed to be Four Mile! So, scratch scratch "oops!" again...

--Y'day at Arbur we went in to get Sunday NY Times and look at the Wright Morris book, which we ended up buying, and I also ended up signing copies of Winter Bros for the store. Sally was on duty, and amid one spate of business, conversation and who knows what else--C and I marvel that Sally truly can do at least 3 things at once--Sally assured me that she and Michael are convinced the first words out of their 10-mo-old Elizabeth were "Ivan Doig."

16 Dec.--News today from Howard Sandum at HBJ Harvest that the 1st printing of WBros--5000--is gone, and they're back to press for 5000 more. Allgoddamnright.

Also today, by henscratching my way across some already roughed material, I reached the yr's quota for Eng Crk: 150 pp in semi-respectable draft. Have done 80 of those--rather, 60 of actual ms pp; 80 in their triple-spaced draft form--this fall since mailing in the ms sample for contract negotiation.

The past couple of days have been ping and pong on yet another book, Duncan Kelso's proposed pic book of Montana with Sky quotes. Monday Liz called to say Tom Stewart, after taking 3 months to assemble figures on doing the book, offered \$4000 advance and wants it by Feb. 15. So OK, I began dopping out what share of the dough I wanted, while Liz set to work on HBJ's rights dept. Tuesday Liz called again, to report that Peter Jovanovich "is being really pissy about this." He has balked, evidently taking the chance to get a little revenge on Liz for leading me away from HBJ, on me for being led away, and probably on Tom for moving his editorial shingle to Atheneum. J'vich said they still hope I might come back to them when I do non-fiction and asked Liz, by the way, what's he doing now? A novel, just like I told you he was going to, retorted Liz. Upshot is that J'vich is going to look over Duncan's pics and proposed quotes and give a final answer then.

Y'day was final public appearance by me, for this season and the foreseeable future: a talk to Women's University Club about Sea Runners. Trudy Forbes and Ann Nelson went with me, and as Ann said, we all came home with corners of our mouths sore from chewing to suppress laughter about assorted biddyism we encountered. It occurred to me going to Rainier Club would be a x useful balance, ~~to remember~~ as a reminder of endemic dopiness there too, but you can damn well bet the Rainier Club doesn't even have a book review club.

17 Dec.--Also in y'day's mail: note from Dave Hawke that he'll use Big Sky and House of Sky in his West course at CUNY next semester.

18 Dec.--Another day of rain, in what is promising to be a sopping winter, so we are hunkered in until going out tonight with Ann McCartney and her new guy.

In y'day's mail Tom Stewart sent a photocopy of a letter from Colorado writer Bill Dieter, commenting on the copy of Sea Runners given him by Tom. The gist is that while Dieter found the style convoluted and the dialogue idiosyncratic and sundry other grousable aspects, he's haunted by the strength of the book. I'm tempted to, but won't, send back a reply that Bill Faulkner and Joe Conrad and I have something to say to Dieter about style: hee-hee-hee.

Real value of the above is in Tom's carboned comment back to D., that he "loves the surprises that come out of (the knotty prose), the amazing rhythms and words that you couldn't get to any other way." Precisely the point, and what luck that I have in Tom an editor who grasps it. Wish I could spend more time around Tom in person; even on the phone and in letters, it's evident he has one of the goddamnedest chockfull heads I've ever met up with.

Think I haven't managed to note that I've done a blurb for James Houston's spring HBJ novel, Eagle Song. Seemed to me a wonderful feat of imagination and lore, telling the tale from the Indians' side; and it has one of the best closing lines ever.

21 Dec.--Before last Sat. night gets much farther away from me, should make at least a start on recalling dinner at Lee and Joie Sopers'. We got there in good time, Joie's directions proving very exact, and in the kitchen were Lee and Joie and daughter Ann, and Bill (whose last name I've lost) who used to manage the bookstore across the st. from the UBS. We started on a drink and were jabbering a bit, when Lee said there are two more couples coming--you know Nancy Pryor and her husband, don't you?--and do you know Kenneth and Beth Callahan? My knowledge of NW artists is so scant and murky that I'm never sure which of the Tobey-Graves-Guy Anderson-Callahan pantheon is still alive, but evidently Callahan was. He proved to be an inch or two shorter than I am, and slighter, with very carefully trimmed little Van Dyke, reddish complexion, and very alert and chatty. He and I began talking as soon as we met in the kitchen, and as the bunch headed for the

21 Dec. cont.--living room, the pair of us trailed and somehow ended up at the doorway between a front hall and the living room, where we stood and talked for about the next hour and a half. My right leg went through the siege of pain it does when I stand very long, but I managed to prop myself against the wall and alleviate it, and meanwhile supper was delayed because Joie had forgot to turn the oven on, ~~wasn't there~~ the most fortuitous party mishap I've ever been around. C'han talked and talked, fed by my occasional questions. Among it all: he spent some of his boyhood in Glasgow, Montana, his family moving there when he was about 4 (he was born in Spokane) so that his real estate father could get in on the homestead boom of land snatched from the Ft. Peck Indian reservation. He remembers Charlie Russell visiting his family, and C'han's mother ironing out for Russell the cheesecloth paintings he'd brought to sell in the bars and had carried rolled behind a saddle; she would turn them face down and iron the backs. A local half-breed, who I think he said worked in the livery stable and whose name maybe was Bill Breckinridge, was interested in painting, in ~~emulating~~ emulating Russell's style, and he let young C'han dabble with his paints; it was acceptable for the boy Kenneth to do so because the half-breed was so macho, no hint of namby-pamby about him. C'han also recalls riding the cowboys' horses when they were stabled while the cowboys were in town on a toot; the boys weren't allowed to use the saddles, but rode with a rope around the horse's middle and a gunny sack I guess as a makeshift saddle--anyway, they'd tuck their feet in ~~in~~ under the rope to stay on.

C'han ranged over various jobs he's had: a night teller --5 to midnight, I think--in a San Francisco bank, with most of the customers madams or pimps getting their night's earnings in so they wouldn't be robbed; a deckhand stint in the merchant marine, where he'd kibitz the perpetual poker games and casually take the scorepad, sketch the guy across the table, and thus eased his way into acceptance as somebody who happened to have a knack for drawing. And for a couple of years in WWII he worked for the Forest Service, sometimes as fire lookout and sometimes as a crew chief of kids and winoes who were

21 Dec. cont.--the trail crews of the time. Because of fear of sabotage--such as Japanese fire balloons--C'han was not only a FS man but sworn in as a state ranger, which gave him the right to pack a gun. He told of once rappelling down about a 50-yard slope to pry loose boulders which would have threatened the trail being put in below; he did it himself, held by a rope windlass around a tree and held by another crew member, because he figured the kids and winoes couldn't be trusted with the task. When he was on the cliff a head-sized rock came bouncing from above and hit his shoulder. He later asked the wino he'd put on lookout below if he hadn't seen the rock come loose, and if so, why he hadn't yelled warning; the wino said he just got caught up watching the rock, wondering now will it hit him or won't it?

I asked C'han about whether he was painting during the lookout stint, and he said he thought that ~~his~~ had been a real influence on him, the sight of fog and mist moving in those forest valleys (he was up around Verlot and Darrington). He talked then and later of the patterns and connectedness he's sought; I'm chagrined to say I can't reproduce nearly all he said of it. But his point was, as I got it, that he's been seeking in his work the structures which repeat themselves in various living things; told of looking at a dragonfly wing under a powerful microscope and increasing and increasing the magnification until the cellular structure, I suppose it was, began to show the same kind of a form he'd seen in the dragonfly's wing-joint on the very first level of magnifctn.

His work habits are that he has several paintings, maybe 8 or a dozen, ~~waiting~~ standing around all the time, and he looks and tinkers with them constantly, to see whether each will finally amount to something or ought to be destroyed. He ~~was~~ claimed he'll sometimes have a painting around for 10 or 15 years that way. Now, at 77, he sometimes gets up in the night to go in and look at the waiting work, think about it, dab at it; he has a sleeping room right next to his studio, and Beth has a room next to ~~his~~ his.

22 Dec. --This morn we went to Edmonds to have pics taken by Wayne Sourbeer--C's Xmas gift request--and found a terrifically high tide, lapping at the very tops of the pilings of ferry dock; I think the car ramp actually sloped up onto the ferry.

We're socializing giddily, I think to the very thin edge of what I can stand. I just called Sourbeer and slightly against my better judgment took him up on his invite for "eggnog and cookies" tomorrow night. Y'day was, the Val Gals have the phrase, grody to the max: Pat and Margaret here for tea and cookies(!) in midafternoon, we popped in and out of Dalys' open house after supper, then went to Ann and Marsh's for potent Dickensian eggnog.

And amid the above graf, doorbell rang and it was Burt Weston with two Runners for me to sign. So now it's the 23d, 8:30 a.m., C about to go shopping in the U Dist. This hasn't been an entirely hasslefree holiday yet, but we haven't had the mess of travel, and neither of us has come down with a seasonal cold yet.

Call from Liz 1st thing y'day morn, saying HBJ has decided to yield the rights so the Kelso book can be done. She suggested Duncan and I split everything 50-50 once HBJ gets its rights dough and Duncan's expenses are covered, and that sounds good enough to me.

I'm within sight of getting my desktop entirely cleaned off, scouring down to a fresh '83 slate. Virtually all year, at least so it seems, I've had two or three or ten or a dozen letters needing answer from me, and atop that spate of correspondence there's been the recent swirl of Christmas cards. I definitely need to control the correspondence better in '83; watch out for my loopy gabby style, which waxes more the tireder I am, and try to handle things by postcard as much as possible.

This in-between stint, when I'm purposely not working on ms and don't seem to get much of anything else done, I've meant to use for some final diary maundering, to top off what I think is the fattest diary year I've ever had. One thing I've wanted to set down is how the temper of the times is showing up in our friends, by way of Xmas cards or otherwise. Age forty is wracking some: Madeline Olson reports her husband has brooded off to Portland,

23 Dec. cont.--TL of Institute days and lawyering (and also a stuffed shirt I have trouble sympathizing with) has met a honey at a dance and moved out on his wife and 2 kids. Ann McCartney got over being unstrung about 40 and has run and lost weight and rewardrobed herself until she looks better than ever; Jack Gordon is muttering toward his 40th birthday but likely will handle it equally well. Ann Nelson changed her hairdo, decided to just let the fast-coming gray come, and looks thriving; similarly Marsh if anything looks handsomer as he brinks on 40. C said the other night she's glad she's not 10 years younger, given the woes we've been hearing. I had the great good luck of vaulting past 40 on the strength of House of Sky's success, so I don't empathize as much as I ought. Any regrets I have are physical rather than mental--in fact, my head seems to get better, my thought processes more interesting to me, as I go along; sole barrier I bump up against there is the finiteness of language and the book form--because I do feel myself thickening, gimping.

And the other coping going on: Lisa Roden going with a divorced fellow with a 10-year-old son, not anything she probably ever imagined doing even 3 or 4 years ago. I'm glad for Lise, think she'll get cannier from this era than just about anybody else. Wally, remarried in Montana, wife number 3; Grandma would be momentarily astounded, then adjust. Dave and Nellie Ringer with a baby on the way--maybe here now--7 or 8 years after John, and I think with Dave's job at Boeing increasingly teetery. Emma too remarried after Wally, number 3 for her too, a guy who ran for Broadwater sheriff and lost, and a daughter now in a wheelchair after one of those Montana teenage car wrecks. Doug McCormick, out of a job when the Cleveland Press folded, 5 kids at home. Susan Buckingham Evans, my 1st grade chum, pregnant at 43, with 2 boys about out of college and 2 more in high school. Dick Hugo dead, and Ripley trying to find her way without that vast presence in the house; Ann Campbell dead, and that family now without its key person. It goes on, astounds me with what ought not be surprising--that people aren't ~~frozen~~ frozen in time where I last saw them.

24 Dec.--Cleaning out notebooks this morn, I came across this Green Lake incident of this fall: C and I were walking, a runner came toward us, and when even with us looked in my face and gasped "Doig," apparently unconsciously working out who I was from my pic with the S. Times ~~Runners~~ Sea Runners review.

27 Dec.--The new typewriter ribbon proclaims itself, and some other stuff is getting done around here too. C has just totaled the yr's utilities for the sake of tax calculations, and I've written a couple of letters, plus spending part of the morning re-reading Eng Creek files for the writing schedule which begins next week.

A vintage Xmas. We got to Dungeness Spit before noon, ate a lunch of leftover salmon from Phil's dinner the night before, then set off and hiked about 10 miles. Didn't quite go all the way to the lighthouse, as the weather looked more and more dour over V'ver I. and the mouth of the Strait and we didn't particularly want to face the whole length of the spit in a whooping storm. But the weather held off--a few spatters of rain just after we were back at the car--and all in all we did the hike in windless hours, with even some patches of sun. Came home--with ~~the~~ Son of Hood Canal Bridge now in place, the total trip is about 8 hours--to a steak supper, opened our presents (mine: new Am Her dic'ry, almanac, alarm clock, Baez ballad album; C's: Pendleton robe, ill'd Treasure Island I couldn't resist, and Doig Bros Grain Merc cap; ours: booze from Nelsons, booze from Phil, camping stove from Rodens, moosewood cookbook from Ann McC) and listened to Baez and had a few drinks. Damned nice.

Xmas Eve, we went over to Lankfords open house for an hr or so, then up the hill, to Phil's for dinner. Phil baked a silver salmon, ^{made Jack's} Jack brought salad, we provided fruit and cheese. A good evening, Jack and Phil both seeming sanguine and relaxed despite, or maybe because of, bachelorhood.

31 Dec.--The last hurrah of '82. A quickstep week, for all that it's a supposed vacation. Y day was exasperating, as I tried to fight the income tax into shape without the forms to really do it. Day before, a kind of frazzling afternoon on the town, picking up loaned books from F&N, difficulty in parking near Pike Place, lunch at peak of rush, and so on. Eventually got to Pioneer Square and life improved, some browsing in Elliott Bay bookstore and then coffee and dessert in the basement. Walt Carr thinks he sold about 150 Sea Runners; the last one departed the store while we were there. Then we went to Clint and Elizabeth's, to see the house re-do; the place is indeed handsome, Clint having spent the past couple of years on it. Tonight, John and Jean come at about 8:30 for trad'l poker game; for some reason I don't much feel up for it, but likely will improve.

The week has been clear and cold; smog building over downtown.

What else. Possibly '83 will be grim, nationally. I don't manage to think ahead to that as much as I should. Instead I rest back into the present, when C and I are both in health, have some money stashed and a roof above us, and are working about as well as we can.

(Note: carbon copies of Carol's letters to her parents, and an occasional one from me to them, in the '82 letters file provide a week-by-week version of our doings.)

Thursday, July 1 - Gt. Falls to New Rockport Hutterite colony.

Left Gt. Falls after 10:30 a.m., having bid temporary goodbyes to Anst, off to take bids and Mudd to Hazel + Gene in Valier. Then they're off to Scottsdale. We'll see them Monday in Valier.

The ride to Choteau, we agreed, was a relief from suburbia! Land still nice + green - clouds + mountains - and the better + ruined castle slopes toward Choteau.

Lunch at Log Cabin w/ Patty, who has finished two yrs as education major at Missoula, and Dorothy, who has finished 2 yrs as teacher to ^{New} Rockport Hutterite Colony. Last yr. had 27 children in 6 grades. Saw 5 have graduated 8th + only two new ones coming for fall.

She said ^{New} Rockport started in 1947, an offshoot of a Canadian colony. Has 18 families, about 130 people and is ~~about~~ ^{near} to splitting, which is done by drawing lots.

Arrived at colony about 1 p.m. to be greeted by numerous children. John, the German teacher is Dorothy's main contact. He wanted us to see the new dining hall kitchen - which is full of professional-size stainless steel equipment - stoves, sinks, french fries; in another room huge bakery equip with rotating shelves.

Cooling run stacked w/ pebbles + other veggie -
and freezer, w/ many balcony yards - are
huge. Today's soup meals are fixed for
each day of week + they have a lot
of things + find chicken + noodles.

Ceramic-tile floors, formica-like
walls + ceiling - the entire place could
be holed out.

D. rm. features picnic tables along
3 sides - plenty of rm in middle.

Next, to laundry - each family has
own time - John's is shed for the
they get up at 3:30 to start, according to his
wife.

Dairy is being greatly expanded + will
have 70 cows + computer feeding.

Partly processing area - hot scalding
tank for chickens - larger apparatus for
ducks + geese where they can be hung by
neck + rotated 4 min at hi temp. Once
plucked + cleaned they are cooled and/or frozen.

One girl said they'd butchered 1,000
geese last week. Much of the special
stainless steel equipment in this area
was made by at the colony, too.

Next to John's quarters, which seemed
to involve an entry hall w/ sewing/laundry
run on one side, and two bedrooms on the
other. There seem to be 6 daughters, who sleep
in 3 double beds neatly lined up against
one wall of a big spacious bedroom. There's at

+
1700
chickens

least one son - a 5-year-old who had been a bit sick here of yesterday's tetanus shot.

I figured John in his 50's, but from later conversation seems he was born in 1936.

The women, w/ no makeup & hair slicked back, look older than they are, too.

Dairy lady said it was her birthday, & if she wasn't kidding about her brother's comment is 40 - a full 15 yrs younger than I would have guessed.

We were served, shulshib wine made at colony, & had been warned by Partley to go easy, because it's strong. It's clear, a little sweet.

House is all linoleum - floored & no pic on walls - a calendar, the stairs in entry hall to upstairs - loft? Plain, almost barracks look to place - square rooms.

Met boss on way to teacherage.

also old Mrs. ~~Wiff~~ WIPF.

Hardly had got into door at teacherage which sits off by itself to east of main colony building, when guy headed preacher Wiff came by (permanently startled expression) with admonitions: 'If anyone wants ride to town tell 'em it's ok if Partley W. says so. Shall we go check w/ him.' That'll probably do it, he said w/ small smile. Same for TV. Ivan & I checked w/ each other later - is there TV? No. Did he think we brought one?

Was apologetic about the \$2.50 a day they'll charge us to stay. Susan kept straight face and allowed us to know that was very fair.

These folks had just cleaned out + we were unloading car when 3 stair-stop boys came by - Eli, Jacob + Sam. Seemed just to want to meet us + know where we came from.

Dorothy said the men are most interesting, the children well behaved, but not creative. The women too settled, ~~but~~ they don't get to go to town, except for going to doctor or dentist, which she thinks they do at every opp'ty. Never saw such inclinations to run off to doctor, she said.

Also thinks there are some women rather envious of her independent status + mobility (car.)

Note: Colony is on standard time: 1 hr. earlier.

Visit of the Chinaman: where is your pigtail?

(This was a visit by someone from the Peoples Republic; told that he was coming, the Hutterite kids got John Waldner to look up "China" in the colony's ancient Britannica, where there was a pic of a queued Chinaman. When the modern version arrived, the "where is your pigtail" question was foremost.)

The boss commenting I looked much younger than Susan, and Susan responding, "child bride"

Friday, July 2 - New Richport

The teacherage is a small house, built in 1947 at the east side of the building complex so that it sits out by itself, facing sunrise and also w/ a window to the north. A few farm buildings are visible, and occasionally a John Deere tractor rumbles by, w/ men aboard & hay in pursuit.

The teacherage consists of entryway, joined room which contains refrigerator & storage shelves; a living / dining / kitchen w/ heater in corner; bedroom, and bath.

The two main rooms are paneled with what I'd call phony wood paneling, if it weren't white w/ pink markings. The regulation ceiling squares are pink, too, as are the table top and the back of the hot plate - and heck entryway. Is this perhaps the Hutterites' idea of what the teacher would like & expect? At least it's cheerful, with plenty of daylight streaming through the relatively few (3) windows.

Living rm is 12x15 & Bedroom about 11x13.

There's a small square window in the door, too, and an opaque one in the bath facing west. But since it's not see-through and can't be opened there's no way to see to the main buildings of the colony w/o venturing out. Whether that's for the protection of the teacher's privacy as the Hutterites I wouldn't venture to guess. Certainly the people are friendly. Last evening after we'd been to town, a Sam in his early 20s & seat for a while stopped to talk w/ Swan, who'd gone to get a few things from the car.

From the colony, the drive to Chateau consists of six miles west on gravel, a road that starts from their own driveway; then six miles of route 220 south, then ²²¹ a mile ^{west} to downtown.

The library was open 7 to 9, ^{and when he was here,} ~~then~~ we walked past community outdoor pool and tennis courts for a spin around town before heading back to the colony.

Sunday, July 4 - New Rochport

We brought 2 big frying chickens, milk, eggs, potatoes + seed from the Hutterites on Friday morning, and they gave us 3 dozen ginger cookies. Shopped for lettuce + got Blue Bonnet margarine. Plentiful supply of fresh radishes.

Packed them up, bought more supplies in Chateau while Sean washed at library, reading old issues of the Acantha. Then it was off to Dupuy to cook up the chickens + potatoes. Took an evening drive west of Dupuy.

On Saturday morning we ate at the Home cafe, then headed for Swift Dam, with weather coming down the valley. Made for interesting pictures, and produced considerable wind, but rained little.

Back for fried chicken, potato salad + ice cream sandwich lunch on Tom's lawn, then maps in sun + off again west of Dupuy some miles to where Sean plans to plant his fictional Forest Service station. Technically handsome country, with views back to the East of the Sweet Grass Hills.

Made more potato salad & left instructions for Tom about what to bring to the Chateau picnic on the 4th then off to the steak fry, which turned out to be a tasty meal of steak on each head, fried potatoes, baked beans, salad & ice cream for \$4.00 a head.

Headed back to colony, where shepherds being brought in for the night, and John Waldner pretty promptly showed up en route to spraying his ~~cab~~ cabbages to inquire about our trip. Drinked him in for a glass of wine & he told us about the farmers flood, with calves hung up in trees.

Also an indication of how the Hutterites manage frugally - vice school desks bought at govt. auction in Heart Butte. He said only bidders were 2 Christian schools & they managed to cooperate & get the desks for "practically nothing." He seems bemused by recent payment to individual Blackfoot of \$2,100. I infer that he wonders how they were smart enough to wedge that much out of Uncle Sam, yet so profligate in how they spend it.

Joan and I managed a couple of scotches before bedtime, to try to simmer down from the sensory overload of this hellscape of land and people.

Today it's off to 4th of July picnic and rodeo, then maybe to picnic at home of Dorothy's relatives.

After the day's activities:

Last year on the 4th we had 95°+ temperatures, & gave up the rodeo at halftime to go for ice cream sodas at the big Colium.

This year we bought seats as high as possible in the covered stands - and the wind blew clear through my Alasha jacket. Such is the consistency of the Montana weather, but our party of nine stuck it out, then drove the 18 miles NW to the home of Bud and Vi Olson for buffet supper in a nice log cabin home.

Vi is the sister of Dorothy Payton, who arranged for our stay at the colony. We know Dorothy because she's the sister in law of Cary Payton, who married Lucille Bonnet. And Lucille is the sister of Dennis Bonnet, Ivan's Valise classmate, and of Genie Arnst, who's married to another classmate, Wayne, who's out door editor of the Crest Falls Tribune and has chased quizzles with the Olson's wildlife biologist son. And thus does the Montana connection grow, and entangle. Bud Guthrie is a neighbor of the Olsons, and we'll try to pay a courtesy call on him soon, if he's well enough.

The Olsons have Apaloosas, including a 3-month old colt much favored by college student daughter Judy. Bud Olsons property is mostly gravel, and he runs cattle up at Heart Butte, checks on them a couple times a week, and says this generation of Indians is much harder to get along with than the old timers of years past.

Tuesday, July 6 - ^{New} ~~Get~~ back part

at 10:30 a.m. we went down toward the kitchen for milk & bread, and spied the chubark operation in process. Two little boys - John's sons? - hefting large chubark stalks inside, where a roomful of girls washed it (in an old bathtub) and then cut it on stainless steel tables. Pastor Wipf, from Iowa & John Waldner presided. A ton & 50 pounds of chubark, John said, all to go for wine, which works for 10 days & is then aged for 3 yrs - to 18 or 21 years. No wonder it is so good!

We collected over 1/2 gal of milk (fresh from cow) and big loaf of bread for \$1.55, then John volunteered us a look at his garden & himself a ride in the Ford.

First stop the cemetery - 17 deaths since founding of colony, about half of children - some of them & blues of accident. One 2-yr-old run over by truck; a ~~gold~~ boy in a house & wagon accident, another boy of lockjaw. One patriarch is lunatic there - a couple of Irish adults died of cancer.

The 6-acre garden is terrific - corn, tomatoes, cabbage, lettuce, broccoli, lots of cukes, gooseberries... - chubark is being & after harvest the leaves are left as cover for new growth.

The year is ahead of schedule so far. John has things under control & will be toward home, & wife to visit his sister & family at colony near Sashatoon. And no doubt to gather intelligence along way.

He seems to know just about everyone, in & out of colony. He plans visit to Clatsop literary fair this afternoon, having heard there's a used book sale that includes a German/English dictionary.

John would be successful anywhere, I think. He's endlessly interested & interesting, and so helpful that we begin thinking of ways to help him in return. Buy him a nice bottle of wine? Ask if there are books we could find for him in Seattle?

Pastor Wipf has been thinking of names from Raabert colony when Ivan neighborhood there & can't quite figure out why Ivan can't remember everyone. Wondered why we hadn't visited. Under it all, he seems to have a sense of humor.

find just 2 or 3 of interest to Juan. He, meanwhile, had a good day at the local library, gathering 1939 detail from the county weekly.

I tackled the laundry, so I bought fresh cherries at Buttery's for 98¢ a pound, and found out that new pins for the Ford will cost \$35 apiece, plus labor. Luckily the Ford agency didn't have any in stock.

When we were done we drove the short route to Dupuyer - 20+ miles of gravel, most of it good, so that I managed 50-55 mph part of the time. Tommy Howe later told us he's lost 2 windshields to rocks on that road.

By the time we got home from Dupuyer it was 9:30 - another 12-hour day.

Juan just looked at the thermometer and said, "I guess another day w/o heat." It's 60° at 10 a.m. + overcast. We're not fried yet, ~~yet~~ though we had a few days in Carlat Falls better + stickier than we like. Here in the Dupuyer country we've had a few days of uncomfortable wind, and one patch of rain, and otherwise thoroughly pleasant sunny weather in 60s. Howe may have something else in store.

It's a bonus to drive back to the colony near dusk - the sun disappeared behind the mountains at 9:10 last night. Nearly every night we see something interesting ~~from~~ on the 6-mile gravel road that leads to the Hettite colony.

Last night a pleasant walking across the road, and a large jackrabbits hopping birds like a kangaroo. A couple of nights ago an enormous V of ducks, perhaps heading for Frisquet Lake. And then there's been a gorgeous full moon - I tried taking a few pictures of the colony in that.

There's a quibble, too. A little rain ~~the~~ on Wednesday left the 6-mile road in such condition that our tires were encased with a mud-patch second-cousin to cement, with rocks from the road embedded in it. Makes for no tread until you can get out on blocks & wear it off. By now the Ford is encrusted w/ enough dirt & mud to have won its battle stripes.

Saturday, July 10 - ~~East~~ ^{New} Rochport

A cloudless day dawned, and by about 8:30 we were en route to Augusta, the landscape is quite different, with mini-lookend scenes, and broad vistas, angled, of the Front Range.

Augusta had a fine old mere, now an eating place for senior citizens, and a considerable taxidermy shop.

Returned to Chateau to buy some wine for John, then lunched in the park with a variety of bottle drinkers.

Had an afternoon drive to Cave Mt. campground to find Judy Olson, summer Forest Service employee, in charge of 6 campgrounds. Her former guide helped Jack identify some of what we found by Dugway Creek. We noted that the Cave Mt. area, + with part of the Teton in general has healed noticeably in the five years since we last visited. It had been devastated by flood.

Then we found our way to Cottaries' "Beer," a pleasant place sitting in lovely splendor among jackpine. Spent a pleasant hour and a half and found Cottaries old, but coherent + softer. Carl showed us the cover art for his new book, "Fairhand, Fair hand" to be published September 15. It's a water color of Elk Mountain, which their house looks toward, and very handsome it is. We hope the book is a good one, and does well.

He plans an autographing circuit - though he says he doesn't look forward to it -

that will cover at least Missoula, Great Falls
and the Canal at Choteau. Definitely not Havre,
they say, echoing Jim Welch that you can't sell
books there. Dean said later he was somewhat
taken aback to find an 82-year-old Pulitzer
prize winner on that kind of autograph
circuit.

panathies



New 72 outport colony,
Mummas '82

wind break

6-acre
garden

computerized
cow barn

Dairy
cortol

Slaughter-
house

cook house -
dining hall

Kinder-
garten

machine &
carpentry
shop

shed

geese
8 per

geese
8 per

Shoemaker

School -
church

pre-
school

emcy
power
plant

garage

old
chicken house

automated
chicken house

Cemetery

teacherage

haystack

Sheep & horse pen

Sheep
shed

automated
hog house

automated
hog house

- I'm going to begin today by doing something I hadn't intended, & somewhatly wish didn't need doing, but I take it that you're all here ~~today~~ because of love of language & structure ^{of} this particular NW neighborhood of the planet. & so I hope you'll understand my need to make what happened last Friday. I post 74 died in Seattle, of Leishmaniasis, at 58.

Dick Hugo gave to us unusually in his writing about Poe KWD. He was born white Gitan - lived out here until he became head of MFA writing program at U of Mont 17 or so yrs ago - & besides poems he left us, lots of this PS & Strait country, & of one-abstract Mont towns, he left examples of several. Dick was a vivid man in all ways, but to me his capacity for reversing his life was most extraordinary.

He worked in a hotel run at Basing, I guess until he was into his 30s. Then he became one of the R's, a ^{poet} ^{at} ^{the} ^{University}, then, although he had never taught before, went to U of Kent & created 1 of best writing programs in motion, & all, while wrote poems & poems & poems & ^{read,} ^{at} ^{the} ^{University} ^{of} ^{Kent}, & mounted ^{on} ^{words} ^{of} ^{love}, & Cape Abana, & Pat Tind, & a ^{visually} ^{software} ^{game}. US etc. removed.

always continuing: he produced a generation of young writers out of U of Kent & writing ability to, US & other countries, people will be reading all sort of our lives, & wrote. ^{unread} ^{book} ^{at} ^{writing} ^{I've} ^{even} ^{read}. THIS Town. It is last book of poems, after a career of writing all P.S. and Kent, was written ⁱⁿ ⁶ ^{days}, ^{at} ^{the} ^{University} ^{of} ^{Kent} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁷¹ as a kind of goodbye from those of us who had said on that Scotland, it's like to beg in some morning, ^{very} ^{reading} ^{patterns} ^{of}.

this poem of that book. (This won't be vintage Hage - Don't read a

- Nothing born

- R he - n, in m. Italy

poetry I've ever witnessed - just maybe his words will carry, performance, poem is typical of him (personally embracing language, & ^{being} ^{surprised} ⁱⁿ ^{human} [&] ^{emotion}).

Before I begin, I have one stage instruction, and an explanation of a couple of words. The stage instruction is that although my reading of this I suppose amounts to an elegy, don't be afraid to grin or even laugh if any of ~~the~~ the poem strikes you that way--Dick Hugo would have liked that better than anything.

And there are maybe 3 words, which are perfectly understandable when read in print but might baffle the ear a bit:

--the death figure, the oxcart driver...pun on Nottingham

--Ree, I think refers to a river in Northern Italy

--Floddigarry, a place in Scotland

OK - on to scheduled business

- not much of behavior in speeches - collectively, 4th person

- not same of look - Dejm - Hoover one - Dick - Mac - counting trip

- read pool # : then Stanley, i.e. explain camp tending

- words: Montanans ... cuss. Pretty mild by + com. standards. Myself,

I've never indited concern a cussing. I told c. theory me: 1st env'd byd human
us. 1st person who cussed out his mber to. came next door rather than
beating his head a rock. But I realize this is 'yet a univrsly accepted
theory, so I'll try to unpepper my character's peppery language a
little bit as I go along.

Aug - Sept. '82

22 woodshed roof	23 European tape with 1 ml piece Sister after	24 walk P. S. and Michael carts Fay, Krause lunch? UW NWC	25 Shuttle tape	20 Mullers am. 12:30	21 woodshed roof
27 Dungeness 10 pp.	30 tracks - 4 Rudens - 6	31 →	26 Parkins tape	27 write 4-6 pp. HH	28 house roof
29	1 order firewood	2 tapes recorder from SA	3 eye exam, 12:10 UW NWC MWS H&I Cont'l, 1:15 Browell G21-1890 pub-pins	3	4
5	6 Labor Day	7 Frank's birthday	8 Mullers LV	daily: exercise at track do sit-ups keep diary walk n'hood in morning?	read: Stallman McGregor disc in Western Works

House:
 shelves in study
 help C paint?
 get fencing done
 drive way
 bedroom windows
 boots
 prune plum tree
 Boblen Dutchies 546-5488
 touch up cars
 call Parks 542-4287

Eng. Creutz:
 interview CCC alumni?
~~convert story tapes to cassette~~
 firmants cards for specific use
 find portraits for character - Mrs. H&I
 Davison Owen
 interview postcarding file
 Post. pics

Starts to Tom Chad
 pic to Peter Wipf
 call Archie
 Mrs. files to UW?
 write Wyman
 still bookstore appearances
 clean closet shelves
 advise speech policy
 buy pen/butter phone
 buy jackets
 buy slide case
 call Gay Faint
 buy boot cases

write Krenally
 photo pics
 NEA applic. m
 Utopia prod letter
 write Owen